















BALLOU'S  
PICTORIAL  
DRAWING-ROOM  
COMPANION.

VOL. XVII.



H. M. BALLOU,  
PUBLISHER.



# INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page.	Page.	Page.	Page.	Page.
A New England Family..... 61	Fourth of July Scene, Boston Common..... 17	Vestibule, Mr. C.'s Private Room, Engine..... 56	Field Marshal Von Benedek, Commander of the Army of Vienna..... 392	The Great Crater of the Fudai Jamma, Japan..... 197
Austrian Troops at Lake Maggiore, Italy..... 81	French Troops in Italy—Horse Artillery of the Guard..... 41	Regulating Machine Shop, Dimension Room..... 57	Granville Wood..... 414	The Keranchie, or Kidrapore Omnibus..... 201
All-Souls Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth St. N. Y. 117	Officers and Soldiers of the Engineer Corps..... 41	Case Room, Sounding-Board Room..... 57	Regatta on Charles River..... 8	The Famous Sea-Fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis..... 205
A Chinese Gentleman's Reception Room..... 173	Chasseurs at Ponte di Magenta..... 41	Vener-Sawing, Top-Room, Finishing Room..... 57	Riverside, New Jersey, late Bishop Doane's Residence..... 53	The Convalescent French Soldier returning to France..... 209
American Mail Steamer in Harbor of Havana..... 189	The Rally by Four..... 44	Portland, Maine—The New Mechanics Hall..... 157	Rong Jing, Dancers in the Interior of Java..... 191	The Turcos marching through the Streets of Paris..... 225
A Neapolitan Letter-Writer..... 248	Loading on the March, Gymnastic Step..... 44	Places in New Hampshire..... 72	Refectory in a Greek Monastery near Athens..... 105	The Old Salt House, Long Wharf, Boston..... 258
A Pastry Cook's Shop at Naples..... 249	The Rally by half section..... 45	Lake Winnepesaukee..... 72	Remarkable Trees—The Pioneer's Cabin..... 264	The Watering Place..... 269
A Scotch Sporting Party..... 377	Chasseurs employed as Tirailleurs..... 45	Laconia..... 72	The Three Sisters..... 264	The French Soldier at Home..... 272
All-Souls Church, Halifax, N. S. 407	Congratulating Officers after the Battle of Solferino..... 109	Center House in Centre Harbor..... 73	The Miner's Cabin..... 264	The Great Eastern under Weigh..... 285
Boston Street Characters..... 24	Flags of all Nations..... 120	Lake Village..... 73	The Big Tree..... 264	The American Aloe in bloom..... 288
Bull and Bear Fight, New Orleans, Louisiana..... 141	Franklin Mills..... 136	Wolfborough..... 73	The Horse Back Ride..... 264	Travelling Inland in China..... 297
Bungalow of the Rajah of Sarawak, Borneo..... 157	Rapids below the Dam..... 136	Plan of Improvement to be made in Boston Public Garden..... 361	Plane Tree, near Smyrna, Asia Minor..... 265	The Hindoo Money-Changer..... 312
British Men-of-War lying in Bay of Naples..... 169	Pond above the Dam..... 136	Portraits—Paul Morphy, the Chess Champion..... 1	The Boabab, or Gouty Stem Tree of Australia..... 265	The Learned Seals, at the Aquarium, Boston..... 321
Bedford Township, Pennsylvania, view of..... 381	Interior of Franklin Mill..... 137	Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria..... 5	Royal Palace at Berlin, Prussia..... 285	The Chaussey Islands, Coast of Normandy..... 344
Cambridge Cattle Market..... 8	Festival of the Madonna Del Arco at Naples..... 160	General McMahon, Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta..... 32	Scene on the Trotting Park, South End, Boston..... 112	The New Suspension Bridge, at Chelsea, England..... 349
Chester Park from Washington St. 33	Females of the Oued-Nail Tribe, Sahara..... 301	The Royal Family of England..... 37	Suburban Scene around Boston—William F. Homer's Residence, Belmont..... 152	The Happy Choice..... 352
Chickering & Sons' Piano Forte Warehouse, Philadelphia..... 181	Face-Slapping in China..... 333	Leopold II., Duke of Tuscany..... 40	J. W. Edmonds's House, Newton Centre..... 152	The President of the United States 80
Chickering & Sons' Piano Forte Warehouse, New York..... 181	Fakeers of India..... 333	General Geffard, President of Hayti..... 40	Jesse Locke's House, Watertown..... 152	The Accepted..... 364
Calpee, on the Jumna, India..... 185	Great Isaacs Lighthouse, Bahama Banks..... 345	Prince Humbert, Duke of Piedmont..... 64	Lyman Place, Waltham..... 153	The Rejected..... 365
City of Corfu from Island of Vido 200	Hyde Park and Fairmount, from Mt. Neponset, Dorchester, Mass. 104	Marshal Regnard De Saint D'Angely..... 81	Oliver Hastings's Residence, Old Cambridge..... 153	The Sand Key Lighthouse, Florida 368
Chinese Doctor..... 216	Horse-Racing among the Japanese. 224	Captain Robert B. Forbes..... 113	Auburndale, Mass..... 153	The Great Eastern at Holyhead, England..... 376
Chinese Head-Dressing..... 216	Harper's Ferry, Va., from Jefferson's Rock..... 317	Water-Carrier of Venice..... 125	Falls of Beaver Brook, Belmont..... 153	View of Carlsbad, Bohemia..... 48
Costumes of Auvergne, France..... 240	House of a Rich Banker at Adjimur, India..... 320	Hess and Wimpffen—Austrian Field Marshals..... 129	Scene in a London Gin Palace..... 165	View of the Port and City of Matanzas, Cuba..... 85
Chicago—putting down the Nicolson Pavement..... 253	Iron Manufactures—Flower Stand, Folding Bedstead, Card Stand, Aquarium..... 133	Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, M. C..... 177	Sunday Meeting of Colored People at Chicago..... 208	View of Lake Maggiore, Northern Italy..... 93
Chapel of Borromeo, Weybridge, England, burial-place of Louis Philippe..... 253	Japanese Sporting..... 406	Commander Urban Rattazzi, Minister of the Interior, Sardinia..... 185	Sketches of Indian Tribes—Pimo Women..... 232	View of Isoma, on the Scrivia, Northern Italy..... 105
Cashmere and its Products..... 281	Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, England..... 304	The Duke Orsini and Viola Governor General of Cuba in Council..... 213	Papagos Women..... 232	Vivandieres of the French Army..... 128
Castle on the Frontiers of Montenegro..... 297	Lake of Como, Scene of Garibaldi's recent exploits..... 49	M. Albert De Pourtales, Prussian Minister to France 217	Diego Indians Travelling..... 232	View of the Piazza Del Popolo, at Rome..... 128
Chinese Mourning for the Dead..... 328	L'Aigle, the new French Imperial Yacht, at Cherbourg..... 248	Portrait of a Spanish Lady..... 224	A Lipan Warrior..... 233	View of Lake Thai-Hou, China..... 169
Chickering's Piano Forte Ware-rooms, Washington St. Boston..... 337	Long Eared Rabbits..... 329	L. J. Czapkay, M. D., of San Francisco, California 237	Griety Bear, a Seminole Chief..... 233	Village Scene in Savoy, Switzerland 217
Charcoal Burning in France..... 384	La Comete, French Steam Gun Boat..... 360	Louis Napoleon at the head of the Army in Paris..... 241	Yana Indians..... 233	Vanderbilt's American Steamer, the North Star..... 237
Dairy Cows and Farming—Ayrshire Bull, Jersey Cow, Short Horn Cow, Lady Devon, Dutch Dairy Cow, Hereford Bull..... 89	Monument at Richmond, Va..... 48	Leigh Hunt..... 305	Visit to a Lima Convent..... 256	View on the Chenango River, New York..... 261
Departure of the Baltimore City Guards..... 161	Mill in Jura, Switzerland..... 137	Madame Gueymard Lauters 312	Statue of Hosea Ballou, at Mount Auburn..... 273	Village of St. Nectaire, Department of Pay-De-Dome, France. 345
Emperor Louis Napoleon among the Peasantry of Milan..... 25	Marischal College, Aberdeen, Scotland..... 329	Captain Jerome Bonaparte. 313	Street Scene in Seville, Spain..... 290	View in Boston Harbor..... 397
English Long-Horned Cattle..... 145	New Mechanics Hall, Portland, Maine..... 157	Statue of De Witt Clinton, at Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island..... 77	Service of Plate, presented to Major Roger by Boston Light Infantry 65	View on the Hudson River, near Newburgh, N. Y..... 400
Exiled Hebrews..... 336	New University College, Toronto, Canada..... 392	Sidi Sadok-Bacha, Bey of Tunis..... 328	The Alps and their Inhabitants... 280	View on the Harlem River near High Bridge, N. Y..... 411
Eglinton Suspension Bridge, Macquarie River, Bathurst, New South Wales..... 393	One of the Camel Corps of India. 184	Abd-El-Rhamar, the late Emperor of Morocco..... 344	The Up-Anda Dance in Tahiti..... 20	Welcoming Italian Volunteers at Milan..... 96
French Troops—Cuirassiers of the Guard..... 9	Ornamented Panel at the Capitol, Washington..... 406	Hon. John F. Potter, of Wisconsin..... 353	The Un-Universalist Church, Cambridgeport, Mass..... 97	Washington's Rock, Somerset County, New Jersey..... 208
Grenadiers of the Guard..... 9	Piano Forte Manufactory, Chickering's..... 56	Statue of Brigadier-General Neill..... 369	The Nativity..... 143	Washington Building, Washington Street, Boston..... 385
Zouaves of the Imperial Guard..... 9		Leonetto Cypriani, Governor General of Romagna..... 376	The Suite Street Block, Boston... 168	Winter Scene in New England... 401
French Ships-of-War in Harbor of Genoa..... 13			The Wreck..... 173	Yacht Fox—Arctic Discovery Vessel..... 296
French Skirmishers at Battle of Palestro, Italy..... 16			The Sakers..... 176	Iron Screw Steam Yacht, Norah Creina..... 296

# INDEX TO MISCELLANY.

Page.	Page.	Page.	Page.	Page.
A Scene on the Mississippi..... 3	How the Widow was Managed... 12	My Cousin Madeline..... 342	The Burning Transport..... 6	The Blind Girl of Castle-Cuille... 236
A Uno Femme..... 42	Hen Pecked and Rooster-Pecked.. 55	Music on the Wave..... 350	The Belle of Florence..... 7	Tom Rocket..... 244
All the Night Long..... 54	Here..... 76	Moll Pitcher, the New England Fortune-Teller..... 354	The Lacksmith of Lyons..... 18	That Night..... 246
A Story on Letters..... 92	His Noisy Neighborhood..... 132	Near Ticino's Stream..... 30	The Robber's Repentance..... 20	The Roadside Inn; or, The Fortunes and Mishaps of John Smith..... 258, 274
A Wedding Trip to the Moon 130, 146	Helene of Hungary..... 134	Nil Desperandum..... 70	The Magdalen..... 22	The Forsaken..... 268
A Memory..... 150	Harley Langdon's Widow..... 180	Now and Then..... 94	The Antiquary..... 22	The Manœuvring Aunt..... 276
A Voyage to Sweden..... 167	Half an hour with the Parisians... 247	Nelly's Room..... 132	The Rescues..... 23	The Golden Thread..... 278
A Sea Fight..... 174	Hope On—Hope Ever..... 276	Outward Bound..... 6	The Women of Savoy..... 28	The Spanish Bride..... 278
Astrea..... 182	His First Affair: or, Pistols for Two..... 403	Our Willy..... 317	The Mysteries Picture..... 36	The Woman Hater..... 284
Anew..... 204	I'll do it this very moment..... 108	Of a Dream..... 316	The Beggar of the Sea..... 38	The Goldsmith's Daughter: or, the Secret of Frants..... 290, 306
A Judicial Murder..... 214	I've Stood on the Shore..... 238	Peace be with You..... 78	The Reunited Evergreen..... 46	The Spectre Lover of Saint Cecelia 294
Anna Morton: or, The Self Sacrifice..... 242	Incidents in the Life of a Physician 310	Plato and Proserpine..... 92	The Sculptor of Bruges..... 52	The Obliging Young Man..... 295
An Adventure in the Arctic Ocean 260	I knew Thee, ere I saw Thee..... 359	Pactolus..... 119	The Queen of the Vineyard..... 54	The Crazy Steamboat..... 300
A Modern Ghost Story..... 268	Indolence..... 374	Phebe Marlow's Three Lovers..... 212	The Outcan..... 55	To Annie B..... 302
All the Day Long..... 294	Kit Carson's Bear Adventure..... 32	Parted..... 286	The Gory Lock..... 66	The West India Heiress..... 309
Animal Musings..... 326	Lines for an Album..... 12	Poesy..... 390	The Red Beast..... 68	The Maiden's Leap..... 316
An Epic Poem..... 374	Lines to one Bereaved..... 14	Roses..... 38	The House of Bruges..... 92	The Antumn Sunset..... 318
A New Pleasure..... 380	Love—Not Money..... 70	Reverie..... 166	The Old Father's Story..... 98	The Banished Wife..... 324, 340
Belt Sparkle versus the Lawyer... 68	Lucey Eldon's Life History..... 76	Roborgias Tankins: or, Praise & Censure..... 172	The Dying Soldier's Address..... 110	The Soldier's Daughter..... 348
Ben, my Lover..... 236	Love and Surgery..... 86	Rest..... 342	The Actress's Victim..... 114	The Novice of Quebec..... 355
Bad Luck! Bad Luck!..... 410	Last Eve's Missing Guest..... 118	Rosalie De Clairville. A legend of olden days of France..... 372	The Exiles Sister..... 116	The Captain's Boy..... 357
Change..... 391	Love me Little, Love me Long..... 126	Song..... 60	The Diamond Star..... 147	The Lady of the Swan..... 370
Chiriqui..... 398	Leonora..... 150	Shirley Broughton..... 100	The Christmas Weaths..... 149	To a Bouquet of Flowers..... 375
Christmas Carol..... 405	Legend of the Starved Rock..... 154	Smoking them out..... 122	The Setting Sunbeam..... 156	To my Father..... 382
Edith Dorrance..... 119	Losing and Finding..... 182	Summer..... 140	To my Husband..... 158	The Red Hand..... 386, 405
Edith's Departure..... 387	Lines..... 188	Song of the Mariner's Wife..... 156	The Double Tragedy..... 163	The Rover of the Gulf..... 388
Frost and Hebe..... 34	Love against Gold..... 292	Sallie Lost and Won..... 166	The Old House on the Plains..... 164	The Hunchback Girl..... 391
Family Pride..... 252	Lines..... 342	St. John's Little Finger..... 194	The Wind..... 172	The Yankee Privateer..... 396
Flush of Morn..... 292	Life's Lessons..... 357	Sonnet, Inferus..... 212	The Burgess of Brill..... 178	The Sufferings of a Mother..... 402
Five Years: or, The Story of Linden Lodge..... 332	My Sunbeam..... 30	Serenade..... 224	To Jost Cottrell..... 190	Ugly..... 335
Florence Gale: or, First and Last. 375	Mickie-Mouthed Meg..... 60	Song..... 254	The Wave-Sweep City..... 196	Violet..... 62
Greystone House..... 188	Misconception..... 103	Supplication..... 316	The White Apron..... 196	Wild Madge: or, Reminiscences of a Romp..... 50
Guests at the Red Lion..... 230	My Nineteenth Birthday..... 108	Synil..... 326	The Children of Nature..... 198	Winning Consent..... 102
Gossip with the Reader, 14, 30, 46, 62, 78, 94, 110, 126, 142, 158, 174, 190, 206, 222, 238, 254, 270, 286, 302, 318, 334, 350, 366, 382, 398, 412.	My Birthday..... 230	Shadows..... 327	The White Lady of Muckross..... 198	Would I were Dead..... 124
	Miss Betty's Pictures..... 246	Story of an old Settler..... 359	The Haunted House..... 204	Wee Willie's Smile..... 206
	Manfred De Lisle: or, The Secret of a Life..... 262	The Secret of the Ring..... 2	The Portuguese Sisters..... 210, 226	Waiting for the Harvesters..... 270
	My Lilly..... 310		Twilight..... 214	Willie's Christening..... 334
	My Boyhood's Trials..... 332		The Robin's Nest in the Maple..... 220	Which will win her?..... 390
			The Valley of the Innocents..... 220	Wait..... 396
			The Flower of Liddesdale..... 228	



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. VOL. XVI, No. 1...WHOLE No. 393.

## "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL"

Such is the title of the beautiful and expressive design drawn for us by Billings, engraved by Pierce, and executed in the best style of both artists, which forms the initial engraving of this, our first number of the new volume of the "Pictorial." A prominent feature in the picture, in which allegory and fact are happily combined, is a graceful sketch of Boston Common, with the State House and the old elm tree, so dear to every Bostonian. In the foreground a fine two-horse sleigh is dashing along in gay style, boys are snow-balling and sledding, ladies and gentlemen promenading. The shadow in this sunny picture, is the figure of the poor woman with the children crossing the street, typical of the penury which exists in every city, and calls into activity the warm sympathies and kindly charities of the benevolent and beneficent. Surmounting the landscape, is old Time, reclining on a dial which marks the progress of the hours, and bears the warning notes, "Time flies." A beautiful female is inscribing, with a light hand, the figures representing the incoming year. On either hand are allegorical figures representing Agriculture and Labor, with the mottoes, "Prosperity," "Peace," and "Universal Good Will." The

grace and purity of this design stamp it as one of the finest from the pencil of Billings we have ever published. In commencing another twelve-month, we most cordially wish a "Happy New Year" to our host of old friends, and to the many new ones who have rallied to our support, and given a fresh impulse to the spirit with which we continue our labors for the amusement and instruction of the public. Ours is no new enterprise, it is true, but a permanent institution, placed on an enduring basis by liberal patronage. We have been steadily and surely advancing since we commenced our publication—a result owing to the fact that we have concentrated all our energies and our means upon the paper itself, preferring to make that worthy of support and to speak for itself, instead of telling the public through flaming announcements, what we would do, or have done. In the interest of our patrons, we have preferred to spend our money on our pages, and not outside of them. The present number may be taken as some indication of what our course will be for 1859, though our motto is "Excelsior," and we mean that every fresh achievement shall be a stepping-stone to something higher. As we have elsewhere mentioned, we have secured the services

of some of the best designers and engravers in the country, who will furnish us with excellent pictures throughout the year. We have, moreover, made such arrangements with correspondents, photographers and artists in foreign countries, to supply us with faithful descriptions and views of important cities, striking landscapes, etc., that we shall be enabled to present whatever is most striking in the material world, and most interesting in its social aspects and progress. So much for the illustrated portion of our work. But our readers are well aware that pictures, though a prominent, are not an exclusive feature of our design. The size and type of our journal, enable us to devote a large share to literature. In this branch, we have enlisted the services of some of the best and most popular writers of the day, and are continually adding to our list of contributors. Among our new recruits we refer with pleasure to Walter Clarence, Esq., long connected with "Dickens's Household Words," and one of its favorite writers. His sketches of adventures as a naval officer in various parts of the world, are much in the vein of Sala, the author of a "Journey Due North." Our old favorite writers will continue to operate with us, and the favorite feature of a portion

of a stirring novelette in each number, will be kept up. Occasionally these continued romances will be illustrated. Of the editorial portion of the "Pictorial," it does not become us to speak, except to say that we have extended its space, that we may impart more variety to it, and that we shall continue our labors more zealously than ever. This much we have felt compelled to say in justice to ourselves and our generous friends; for the future the "Pictorial" will tell its own story. Again we wish a "Happy New Year to All." There is a strange link which binds the editor to his readers. Of the many thousands we address, there are very few whose hands we ever grasp, with whose faces we can ever become familiar, the tones of whose voices may ever reach our ear. They are hostile to us—we address them, but it is only indirectly that they echo our thoughts. Yet we know them to be like ourselves, and subject to the vicissitudes of life. Many of them in the past year may have been summoned to strew flowers on the graves of the loved and lost—to them may the future bring consolation! Many of them, on the other hand, have added joys to be grateful for—to them continued prosperity! To each and all may this record of our thoughts and labors, come as a friend.





[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Changeling: —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PRESS-GANG.

A BRIGHT fire diffused warmth and light through the neatly kept apartment of a cottage of the humbler sort, near the southern shore of the Tweed. A woman was sitting in front of the fire, busily employed in weaving a fisherman's net, several of which were suspended against the wall. Now and then she looked towards a cradle, which, with its rich carvings, rose-colored damask lining, and embroidered silk coverlet, seemed strangely out of place when compared with the clumsy chairs, and a few other articles of furniture disposed about the room. A boy a year old, and beautiful as a fabled Cupid, lay wrapped in rosy slumber in this luxurious bed.

It was getting late, and the woman was about to lay aside the unfinished net, when a man, ten or a dozen years younger than she was, entered.

"Hamish Braxton," said she, "this is a late hour to call on such as I, who have to work for a living. In two minutes more the door would have been locked and the fire put out."

"It is rather late. But why do you worry yourself making nets? I don't see any need of it, now you've got the rich Mr. Danbridge's child to take care of. He pays you pretty liberally, I take it?"

"Yes, liberally enough, but I want to earn all I can, that I may lay up a little something. If my son returns safe from sea, I mean that he shall stay at home a year, and get a little learning, so that he needn't be obliged to sail before the mast all his days. How is Mary this evening?"

"Better, I suppose you will say, than she has been. She's dead."

"Yes, I do say she is better; for she's beyond the reach of your neglect and cruel treatment."

"I never pretended, as you do, to be tender-hearted. Yet with all your pretensions, I suppose you will refuse to grant her last request."

"What was it? Yet why need I ask? Don't I know that her last care would be for her child? She wished me to take charge of it."

"Yes, that was her wish; but I suppose it went down for the boy of a poor man like me, who earns his bread by performing the drudgery of a domestic tutor, to be warmed by the same fire as Mr. Danbridge's son. I don't see how he came to think of giving him into the care of a poor fisherman's widow."

"What Mr. Danbridge wants, is to have his motherless child well treated, and he knew that I could be trusted."

"Well, what do you say? Will you take my boy or not?"

"Yes, I will take him, and treat him as well as Percy Danbridge. I can't rock him in so fine a cradle; but he shall have the one my own Walter was rocked in, and if he prove to be as good as he is, you can ask nothing better for him."

"It is settled then. I will bring him to-morrow evening, if I can find a boat to cross the river in."

"What is his name? Hamish?"

"No; Robert. I didn't choose to give him such a heathenish sounding name as my parents gave me."

Braxton sat in a musing attitude a number of minutes; and then looking up suddenly, asked Mrs. Cline when she expected her son home.

"I am looking for him every day," was her answer.

"How old is he?"

"Twenty."

This answer, for some reason, appeared to please him. A smile which had something evil in it, passed over his countenance as he rose to go. He had already raised the door latch, when he stopped and looked round.

"What's the name of the ship your son sailed in?" he asked.

"The Cornucopia."

"A merchant ship?"

"Yes."

He then bid her good night, and withdrew.

The following evening, as Mrs. Cline was every moment expecting Braxton with his child, some one knocked at the outer door. On opening it, she found that it was Mr. Danbridge. Ever since the loss of his wife, he had been thinking of emigrating to America, with the view of making that country his home. An opportunity of going thither with several of his acquaintances had unexpectedly presented itself, and he had called for the purpose of speaking with her concerning his child.

"Shall you take him with you?" she inquired.

"I think not," he replied, "unless you will consent to go and take charge of him."

This she could not think of doing, on account of her son; and when he left, it was with the understanding that his little son should, for at least a few months, when the weather would be warmer and pleasanter, remain in her care.

In a minute after Mr. Danbridge was gone, Braxton came with his child.

"His mother was my sister," said Mrs. Cline, as she took him into her arms, "and for that reason I have consented to undertake the care of him."

"I had as lief it would be on that account as any other; though I suspect it wouldn't have much weight with you, if you didn't expect to have pay for it. But we won't waste words about it. Mr. Danbridge has been here."

"He has."

"To let you know that he has concluded to go to America?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad he is going."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because he might have objected to your having another child to take care of, lest his should be neglected. Now, he need know nothing about it. If he should call, it will be easy for you to keep your nephew out of the way."

"I shall do no such thing. I shall tell Mr. Danbridge all about it the first opportunity."

"The more fool you. Any news from your son yet?"

"No."

"I'm glad to hear it, as I am not quite ready for him yet," muttered Braxton to himself, as he turned to go.

"Did you speak?" asked Mrs. Cline.

"I only said I should be glad to hear from him," he replied.

Soon after he left the cottage, he was joined by a man who appeared to be waiting for him, and they walked slowly away together.

"You are certain," said Braxton, "that it was the Cornucopia that the Argo spoke with?"

"I am."

"Then, according to what you told me, 'twill be in port some time to-morrow."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied his comrade, whose name was Finchley.

"Luck is on my side, then. Wat Cline, if he's alive—and there isn't much danger but that he is—will be certain to be here in season."

"I don't see how his being here is to turn to your account."

"Wait till the time comes and you'll see."

They now parted, after having agreed to meet again for a certain purpose, which had been previously discussed between them.

A little after dark, the following evening, a sealed note was handed to Mrs. Cline.

"It is from Mr. Danbridge," said she to herself, looking at the signature.

It appeared to have been written in great haste, and it was with considerable difficulty that she read as follows:

"I have been prevented from calling to-day, by being obliged to be absent on business. I am now aboard the 'Enterprise,' in which I have taken passage for Virginia. Fortunately, I have found among the passengers, a woman who is willing, and in every respect competent, to take charge of my little son during the voyage, and having from the first, felt a great reluctance to leaving him behind, I have concluded to commit him to her care. I did not expect that the 'Enterprise' would sail so soon, and certain instructions to be forwarded to my London agent are yet to prepare. This, much to my regret, will prevent me from accompanying the woman, who will call for the child in a carriage I shall cause to be provided for the purpose, in something like an hour, or perhaps a little less, after you receive this. In the meantime you will make the necessary preparation. I was obliged to send for him to-night, as the captain tells me they shall weigh anchor at early dawn."

For a few minutes Mrs. Cline was too much surprised and agitated to set about the task which had been enjoined. She could do nothing but walk the floor; for she had become so much

attached to the beautiful and intelligent boy, that the thought of parting with him was extremely painful; the more so, from having been led to expect that he was to remain with her. After a while she succeeded in composing herself so far as to gather together his rich clothing, which was soon packed ready for removal. She had barely time to finish, when she heard a carriage stop. The next minute a man put his head inside the door and asked if all was ready. The night was bitter cold, and having carefully folded a costly India shawl, which had belonged to the child's mother, around his other wrappings, fortunately without waking him, she inquired if the woman was in the carriage who was to take charge of him.

"To be sure she is," replied the man, who stood waiting. "Here, let me have the little fellow, and I'll hand him to her."

"No, I shall carry him myself," she replied.

It had grown cloudy, and was so excessively dark that she in vain tried to obtain a sight of the woman's face, underneath her deep hood. She withdrew her hands and arms from under the folds of a capacious cloak, and without saying a word, reached forward for the child. The man then closed the carriage door, and took his seat beside the driver.

Mrs. Cline, as she turned away, experienced a strange foreboding of evil, for which she could not account. She did not speak, neither did she move a step from the spot when the carriage drove from the door, till the last faint sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

"There seems to be something strange about this, now that the child is gone," she said, half aloud to herself, as she turned and slowly went into the house. "Why did the woman sent for him appear as if she did not wish for me to see her, and why didn't she speak? My mind mis-gives me."

She passed a restless night; but the joy of beholding her son, who arrived early in the morning, for a time dissipated the doubt and gloom which had filled her mind.

He had improved in personal appearance since she saw him; the rich crimson glowing through the brown, which the sea air and sunnier climes had planted on his cheeks, as well as his clear, bright eyes, speaking eloquently of cheerfulness and health. The day glided swiftly away; for the sailor boy had much to say of what he had seen in other lands. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the mother and son were sitting by the fire, when the door was abruptly opened, and Hamish Braxton entered.

"Walter Cline," said he, hurriedly, "come with me. The press-gang are in pursuit of you, and will shortly be here. I fell in with them and put them on a wrong beat, or you would already be in their power."

The young man started up, alarmed and bewildered, hardly comprehending the import of what Braxton had said. Mrs. Cline was more quickly alive to the impending danger, and urged her son to hasten his departure.

"It is so dark," said Braxton, "that we can easily elude them, and I will conduct you to a hiding place near at hand, where you will be perfectly secure."

Walter, who by this time was fully alive to the nature of the fate which threatened him, delayed only long enough to exhort his mother to keep up good courage till he could with safety return, and then followed Braxton, who stood waiting for him just outside the door. After an absence of about fifteen minutes, the latter returned.

"You are back soon," said Mrs. Cline. "Are you certain that Walter is safe?"

"That depends on you."

"How can that be?"

"I have certain conditions to propose, which you must accede to, or I will deliver him up to the press-gang. From that hour he will, in all probability, be the same to you as if he were dead."

"I know it. I had a brother once who was fourteen years on the sea, without ever once setting his foot on his native shore."

"A fate, which in your son's case, you have the power to avert."

"How? In what way? Tell me."

"That's what I intend to do. You sent Mr. Danbridge's child away last night?"

"I did. It was in compliance with his written orders."

"You did right; but remember that the world must believe that Mr. Danbridge's son is here still."

"How can the world believe it?"

"Won't it be as easy to call the child now lying asleep in this cradle, Percy Danbridge as Robert Braxton?"

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"Simply this. No one knows that my child is here except we two and your son. No one knows that Percy Danbridge was sent away last night but you and me, and two others, whose silence has been bought. It was I who sent for the child, in Mr. Danbridge's name. He knows nothing about it."

"But he will know it, if my life is spared long enough."

"You have got to take that back again, or I will point out to those in pursuit of him, your son's hiding place. By consenting to what I require, you will do no harm to the son of Mr. Danbridge, and will save to more than one a world of sorrow and trouble. Among others, Mr. Danbridge himself."

"What you say is to me incomprehensible."

"It shall be made plain to you hereafter. There is no time for explanations now. The press-gang is almost at the door."

This was true. The trampling of their feet was plainly to be heard.

"What can I do?" said she, wringing her hands in an agony of doubt and terror.

"As I have told you."

"Have pity on me."

"Words are useless. Things have already gone too far to suffer me to recede, even if I wished it. Give me the required promise, or you have seen your son for the last time."

"I must not. Do not ask me."

"Be it so, then, and reap the reward of your obstinacy. Do you hear them? They are already at the door. Ten minutes from this time, and the son you are so proud of will be delivered into their power."

At that moment the latch of the outer door was lifted, but it was suffered to fall again. They probably wished to confer longer among themselves.

"Have it all your own way, Hamish Braxton," said the unhappy mother; "only save him."

"You give the promise?"

"Yes—yes."

"That is well. Now sit down and appear calm. If they ask you if your son has come home from sea, tell them the truth."

The door was thrown open ere the words had left his lips, and a number of hard, resolute looking men, headed by a lieutenant, rushed into the room. A glance would have sufficed to show that no suffering, no entreaty, could cause them to swerve from what an arbitrary law had made their duty.

"You are the man, I believe," said the lieutenant, addressing Braxton, with a look and tone of severity, "who sent us on a fool's errand."

"I directed you to where I was told his sweetheart lives, naturally supposing that as soon as supper was over, he would be attracted thither. You thought the same, I suspect, or you would have come here in the first place."

The man, without making any reply, turned to Mrs. Cline.

"Is Walter Cline your son?" he asked.

"He is," she replied.

"He came home early this morning, I'm informed."

"He did."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Let me tell you that quibbling and equivocating won't pass current with us. We are on the king's business, and mean to perform it faithfully."

He made a sign to his men, and they commenced to search the house. It was a task easily accomplished. The attic and two or three closets, to all of which there was ready access, were, as was soon apparent, the only places which could afford even temporary concealment.

"He isn't far off, that is certain, according to the information we've received, and we shall take measures to guard against his escape from the neighborhood. So you see, ma'am," pursued the lieutenant, again turning to Mrs. Cline, "it's no use to try to throw dust in our eyes. The longer he's kept out of the way, the more trouble there'll be for you and him, and all of us; but we shall be sure to find him at last."

"I have already told you," said Mrs. Cline, "that I don't know where my son is. That is the truth, and I can say nothing more."

Braxton, who had seated himself by the fire, to all appearance, regarded the whole affair with



indifference. When the men were about to withdraw, he spoke to the lieutenant.

"Going to Scoresby's?" he said.

"Yes, we shall take up our quarters there to-night."

"I'll go over with you."

"Is this fellow we are in pursuit of your nephew?"

"No, he's nothing to me. As far as I am concerned, I am as willing his next voyage should be in a ship-of-war as a merchantman."

"I will look to you for advice, then, as to the best means of preventing him from giving us the slip."

"Nothing can be easier, if you will follow my directions, which I will explain to you, on our way to Scoresby's."

We will now leave the unsuspecting lieutenant to listen to such directions as will best suit Braxton's purpose; while the poor sailor boy in his uncomfortable hiding place trembles at every noise, and his mother, quite as much to be pitied, passes a wretched and sleepless night.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SOLITARY HUT.

NORTH of the Tweed, some thirty or forty miles, were a group of miserable, uninhabited huts, some of them without chimneys, all without the luxury of glass windows, and with their sloping roofs reaching within two or three feet of the ground. They stood in a solitary place, half a mile from the high road, and were formerly occupied by a band of gipsies, whenever their vagrant habits led them to that part of the country.

At an earlier period, these huts could be approached by a bridle-path, which, now, in many places, was so obstructed by bushes and briars, as to seriously impede the progress of a foot-pedon.

The same evening that the incidents took place related in the latter part of the foregoing chapter, a woman of thirty, large and masculine, and with strong, harsh features, was sitting by a fire in the least dilapidated of the huts. The fire had burnt so low that the coals were nearly concealed by the ashes which had crept over them, though occasionally there was a slight scintillation, which gave a glimpse of the damp and squalor of the wretched apartment.

"He should have been here by this time," she muttered to herself, after sitting silent and motionless for half an hour.

In a few minutes footsteps were heard without. She gave the coals a stir, threw upon them a few dry sticks, and after fanning them into a blaze, lit a lamp. The interior of the hut was now plainly to be seen. In one corner was a pile of dry leaves covered with a coarse blanket, and on this lay a sleeping child.

"So you've come, at last," said she. "I've been expecting you this hour."

"I lost my way. Is he asleep?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I dare you to touch a finger to him."

As she said this, she rose from the low, three-legged stool on which she was sitting, and with her large black eyes glittering like coals of fire, placed herself directly in front of the rude couch on which the child was lying.

"Why, what's come over you, Sib? You look like a Fury."

"There's murder in your heart, Bart Finchley. Didn't I hear what Hamish Braxton said to you? And didn't I hear you promise to do his bidding?"

"I needed the gold, Sib, though it wa'n't much that he could give me. But making a bargain and sticking to it are two things. Step a little aside, I want to look at the child. I haven't seen him yet."

"Stand back—I've no faith in you."

"Do you think I'm a fiend in human shape, Sib? I've no more wish to harm the little fellow than you have. Much as I needed the money, when he put it into my hand and whispered in my ear what he wished me to do, I felt like dashing it to the ground, and trampling it under my feet."

"If you had as good reason as I have to hate Hamish Braxton, and to almost worship Hugh Danbridge, the child's father, I might believe you."

"I bear Braxton no good will—that you may be certain of. But what's to be done with the little fellow?"

"That's my affair."

"I am glad to hear you say so. All I ask of you is to be cautious."

"I don't need to be asked anything of the kind. I should be a simpleton to be otherwise than cautious."

"You may well say that. If Braxton should find that I'd broke faith with him, he'd be on my track like a sleuth hound, and you wouldn't fare much better. He has gipsy blood in his veins, though I suspect it, and he never forgives. But I'll be off, since you choose to manage the matter yourself."

"You've a long tramp before you, and better eat and drink first," said she, removing a clean cloth which was spread over the remains of a loaf of brown bread, some dried salmon, and a flask of ale.

"It won't be amiss," he replied; "but I should like something a little better than two-penny ale. In the meantime, pick out a few of the meanest of the little Danbridge's clothes, and let me have the rest."

"What are you going to do with 'em?"

"Deliver 'em up to Braxton, according to orders. He was obliged to have 'em sent, you know, for fear of exciting the woman's suspicion."

"So he is going to keep the best for his own bantling?"

"Of course, seeing he's going to pass him off for Mr. Danbridge's son."

"I should rather that they would be burnt than that Hamish Braxton's child should have the wearing of 'em. I'm glad you got Tony to bring 'em here, at any rate," she muttered, below her breath, as she busied herself in looking over the clothing, and selecting such as she chose to keep.

When she had finished, there were two piles of a size nearly equal. One she returned to the trunk in which they had been packed; the other, containing among other things a coral necklace, and the India shawl which had belonged to the child's mother, and which Mrs. Cline had wrapped round him to shield him from the cold night air.

"Well, Sib," said Finchley, "you've helped yourself pretty liberally, I should say. When you're dressed up in that shawl and some of the other finery, I shall have to call you Miss Finchley, I suppose."

"If I've helped myself liberally, 'twill make your load the lighter," she replied.

"If Braxton don't miss 'em and find fault, I'm sure I don't care."

"Let him find fault if he chooses; but he won't dare to when he finds that I overheard what he scarce ventured to say to you, bad as you are. Were it not that you're my brother, Bart Finchley, Mr. Danbridge should know all before I'm a year older, if I was obliged to cross the sea for it."

"It's well for me that I am your brother then."

He now rose from the rude table and took up the trunk, which was so light that he could easily carry it.

"I shall ask you no questions, Sib," said he. "You can, as best suits your purpose, be bold, wary or cunning, and I shouldn't wonder if you have need of all three of these qualities by the time you get through with what you've undertaken."

The child still slept, and as soon as he was gone she resumed her seat by the fire. After a while she went to the door and looked out. The air was clear and frosty, and though there was no moon, she knew by the position of the stars that it was not far from eleven o'clock.

"There will be none too much time," said she, taking the coral necklace and examining the plain gold clasp. "Grace Danbridge learnt me the trick of it herself, the first time she ever put it round her child's neck," she added, unconsciously continuing to soliloquize to herself. Pressing the edge of the clasp as she spoke, the upper part of it flew back, and disclosed a lock of bright, silky hair, through which gleamed the letters P. D., enamelled in gold on a blue ground. She then took from a capacious pocket, such as was worn in those days, a sheet of paper soiled and crumpled, and a brass inkstand, with its pyramidal top tightly screwed on, and answering the double purpose of a pen-holder, and of preventing the escape of the ink. Not being deeply versed in the art of committing her thoughts to paper, it was not without many blots and erasures that she succeeded in writing as follows:

"Though the nurturing of the child, with whom these lines are found, will make present trouble, it will bring good fortune in the end to the person whose hands he may fall into, who

has the heart to use him well. The good fortune must be waited for patiently; it may be ten, fifteen or even twenty years. This do not forget. Remember, too, that dismal will the weird be of whomsoever, be it man or woman, that refuses him a home, or giving him one, should dare to treat him ill. Guard the coral necklace round the child's neck as you would the apple of your eye; for the golden thread which must brighten his destiny and yours, will be wanting if that be lost. Above all, treat not what is here written as idle words."

Folding the paper, she carefully sewed it to the inside of the child's night dress. Then clasping the string of coral beads around his neck, and warmly wrapping him in flannel blankets, she took him in her arms and left the hut. It was now past midnight. She struck into the path which led to the highway, and though burdened with the weight of the child, she walked rapidly, for she wished to reach the road in season to intercept a certain carrier on his way to the first post-town. She was just in time, having, as she intended, emerged from the gloomy and broken path before the carrier came in sight, though she could plainly hear the distant rumbling of his cart-wheels. She waited for him to come up. The child showed signs of waking, but she succeeded in quieting him. The carrier, seeing that some one appeared to be waiting for him, checked his horses when he arrived opposite to where she stood.

"Which road do you go to night?" she asked.

"The one that passes by Holwell's."

"Have you any passengers?"

"Not a single individual."

"I wish to go as far as Holwell's," said she, handing him the fare.

"Right," said he; "I handle too many bits like this to need light to determine their value. Pass along your bundle, ma'am, and then you'll have no trouble in climbing into the vehicle."

"I shall have none with it," was her answer; and the next minute she had taken her seat beneath the canvass covering of the cart.

"When does the Liverpool coach start from here?" she inquired of the carrier, when they arrived at Holwell's.

"In about fifteen minutes."

It wanted half an hour of daybreak, and entering the room where several passengers were waiting for the coach, she took a seat in the most obscure corner, and scanned the countenance of each, with looks of keen inquiry.

"There's not one here 'twill do to trust him with," was the thought she entertained.

The time was fast slipping away, when a gentleman and his wife entered whose appearance pleased her. She soon found that they were going to Liverpool. The next minute the word came that the coach was ready. She waited till two or three of the passengers had taken their seats, then boldly going up to the coach door she held out the child to a good-natured looking young man, who had taken his place on the forward seat.

"Will you please take him?" said she; "his mother and nurse will be here in a minute."

The young man mechanically held out his arms to receive him.

"I suppose," said he "that the child belongs to the family who are going to Liverpool?"

"Yes," she replied, and turned quickly away. Faint glimmerings of day were already visible in the east by the time the other passengers had taken their places. The young man who had so obligingly taken charge of the child, so unceremoniously thrust upon him, remained quiet for some time after the coach had started, expecting every moment to be relieved of his task.

Nothing was said, however, by the lady he supposed to be the child's mother, or by a good-looking woman, apparently a little older, whom he took to be the nurse. He noticed that they often spoke to each other, in tones inaudible except to themselves, at the same time casting quick, furtive glances towards himself.

The constrained position, imposed by what to him was so new and awkward a task, began at last to be almost unendurable. It was not long before the child began to grow restless, and was soon decidedly awake. His hopes revived. The nurse would certainly offer to take him now; but he was not long in ascertaining that she had no such intention. His patience was thoroughly exhausted, and he determined, in a delicate way, to hint at her delinquency.

"As the child has finished his nap—a pretty long one, I think—I may as well give him up to you now," said he, directing his speech to the supposed nurse. "He may be afraid of me, as I'm a stranger."

"You can't be more of a stranger to him than I am," was her reply.

"Aren't you his nurse?"

"Certainly not."

"But you are his mother!" he said, addressing the lady who sat next her.

"So far from it," she replied, "that this is the first time I ever saw him; but let him belong to whom he will, he is a beautiful child—don't you think so, Mr. Anvers?" she asked, looking at her husband.

"I don't know how he could well be more so. Yet, beautiful as he is, there appears to be no one to claim him. Permit me to inquire how he came to be in your care?" said he, addressing the young man.

The story was soon told, and the narrator, who gave his name as George Heath, was found to be the son of a merchant well known to Mr. Anvers; a circumstance which freed him from the suspicion which began to be entertained that he might be an impostor.

"I don't know," said the young man, after a few minutes of silence and perplexity, "but that I had better hire some conveyance at the first stopping place and take the child back to Holwell's, if I can find a woman who will go with me and take care of him."

"At any rate," said Mr. Anvers, "it is nothing more than right that you should in the meantime be relieved from your onerous task."

"It certainly is not," said Mrs. Anvers, "and if you please, Mr. Heath, I will take my turn first."

"As respects what you said about returning to Holwell's," remarked Mr. Anvers, "I am persuaded that it will be of no avail. The people there are undoubtedly as ignorant of the mother as we are; and as to the woman, she wouldn't have ventured on so bold a project to get rid of the child, if her plans had not been laid so as to make it nearly certain that she could escape detection."

"When we reach Liverpool you can get him into some orphan asylum," said the woman Heath had taken for the child's nurse.

"Yes, I can do that," he replied; and for the present the subject was dropped.

Yet, though nothing was said, the remarkable beauty and good humor of little Percy Danbridge was doing its silent work in his favor, and by the time they arrived at Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Anvers had decided to give him their name and a home.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

MERELY glancing at Mrs. Cline and her son, to say that in a few days they were relieved from the terrors of the press-gang, we will follow Mr. Danbridge across the Atlantic.

The Cornucopia, bound to Boston, arrived in due season. Here Mr. Danbridge concluded to remain in company with several of his fellow-passengers, while maturing certain arrangements for a pretty extensive exploration of Virginia, where it was his intention to purchase a large tract of land should an opportunity offer.

About ten days subsequent to his arrival, having, previous to leaving his native land, engaged to transact some business for a friend with a person residing near the sea-coast, some twenty or thirty miles from Boston, he embarked aboard a fishing boat, as the easiest mode of conveyance; the master having, for "a consideration," engaged to land him at the place designated.

There had been several days of fine weather; but the morning the Sea Gull was to sail was the most beautiful there had been for the season. The sky was without a cloud, and a silver brilliance pervaded the air. Those, however, skilled in signs denoting atmospherical changes, looked grave, and predicted that rough weather was near at hand. The friends of Mr. Danbridge advised him to defer his proposed excursion to a season which promised to be more auspicious.

"What is your opinion, Korper? Is this a weather breeder?" he inquired of the master of the little craft, who, at that moment, made his appearance on the wharf.

"Well," replied Korper, "there'll be a change of weather sometime between this and sundown—that's a pint not to be disputed; but there'll be plenty of time, and to spare, to reach where you wish to go first; and where, if the weather looks threatening, I shall find a snug little haven for my boat, if I think best not to venture further."



"But if the change should be sudden?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"There isn't much fear of that. A northeaster is what we're to look out for, and I shouldn't wonder if it should prove to be a tough one."

"I'll go," said Mr. Danbridge. "I shall be as well there as here."

"Don't let what I say influence you too much," said Korper. "I can give you another chance in a few days."

"I hardly know why," said Mr. Danbridge, "but though I'm not straitened for time, and can as well wait for your next trip, I feel an almost irresistible inclination to go to-day. I will yield to it."

The breeze was fresh and fair when the boat left the wharf. After a while it died away, so that they made but little headway, and it was almost sunset when they put into the cove, where a short distance from the shore was a small hamlet, whose proprietors were mostly fishermen, and where, a little farther inland, was the more pretentious dwelling of the person Mr. Danbridge wished to see. On inquiry, he found that he was absent from home, and consequently had recourse to the one small inn of the place for shelter and refreshment.

Although the western sky was still bright, the silvery brilliance which had all day filled the atmosphere, began to give place to a cold, gray look in the north and east, as if a thin, gauzy vapor was spread over that portion of the heavens. Mr. Danbridge stood on a slight elevation near the shore, to watch the most gorgeous sunset he had ever witnessed. A pile of purple and crimson clouds, glowing here and there with dashes of golden splendor, formed a vivid contrast with the clear azure of the upper sky. Nor was the sea scarce less resplendent than the western heavens, long lines of sparkling radiance being thrown upon the waves by the sinking sun. But the dim haze darkening the north and east, was now rapidly approaching the zenith, and at intervals there was a heavy gust of wind, which, having spent its fury, died away into low and hollow moans.

"I knew 'twould be a northeaster," said Korper, approaching the spot where Mr. Danbridge stood; "and if signs don't fail, 'twill be more'n equal to anything we've had of late."

"The sea-fowl are on the wing, seeking shelter," said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, and they're never out in their reckoning."

Several fishing-boats being expected to arrive, as the crews were principally made up of men belonging to the hamlet, their friends had assembled on the beach, anxiously watching for their appearance. The night shadows were deepening. The pile of clouds, which in their magnificence had resembled a jewelled palace, had now turned to a black, sullen mass, except that here and there, through some rift, shone a light, red and fiery, which shed a lurid glare upon the darkening scene. One of the fishing boats could now be seen in the offing, and in a short time two more.

"They are all that are expected, I believe," said Korper, "and always excepting the Sea-Gull, are among the swiftest and safest craft that are afloat. If they were not, the men, women and children you see yonder, so earnestly watching them, would stand little chance of ever again meeting those aboard of 'em."

At this moment a furious gust swept by, whirling aloft the loose dry sand, and nearly blinding them.

"Look," said Korper, when the gust had spent itself.

Mr. Danbridge looked in the direction indicated, and saw, at a considerable distance from the shore, a long, narrow sheet of foam.

"A reef?" said Mr. Danbridge, interrogatively.

"Yes, the same I pointed out to you," replied Korper. "Many a good ship has gone to pieces on it, and all on board perished."

"There will be no danger of the fishing-boats."

"No, 'twould take a harder gale than this to drive one of them upon it; but it's different with a heavily laden merchantman."

The lurid line of light, occasionally breaking

through the inky cloud in the west, had now faded, and the darkness of night had fallen on the troubled waters. Many of those who had neither friends nor relations aboard the boats, which, wild and gloomy as was the weather, were now considered in little or no danger, left the beach and sought their homes. Mr. Danbridge, accompanied by Korper, who first swept the horizon with his night-glass, returned to the inn.

A thick, heavy mist had commenced falling; which made the fire burning in the wide mouthed fire-place of the apartment which served the double purpose of bar-room and parlor, look peculiarly pleasant and cheerful. Soon after their arrival, there was a lull in the gale, and Mr. Danbridge remarked that he thought the worst of the storm was over.

said Korper. "A northeaster is a wind that isn't easy to get rid of, any more than the old man of the sea, that fastened himself to the back of Sinbad the sailor."

Mr. Danbridge placed his light on the table, and resumed his seat by the fire. The wind continued to blow with little cessation.

"Well," said the landlord, who had been a sailor himself, "I'm glad our neighbors have had time to reach the shore; for even the fishing-boats, light and buoyant as they are, could have hardly weathered this. Do you remember the merchantman, Brailer, that struck on the reef and went to pieces, just two years ago this very night?"

"I shan't forget it soon," replied the old seaman, who was the person addressed. "Joe Lory perished that night. We were the same as

The report of another minute gun at that moment came booming along, mingling sadly with the shrieking of the blast, which, as it drove by, shook the house to its foundation.

"I am more of a sailor than you imagine me to be," said Mr. Danbridge, in reply to Korper. "I always loved the water, and from a boy have known how to manage a boat. Who knows but that I may aid in saving some one, who might otherwise perish?"

The landlord now made his appearance, furnished with bathtubs, and such other articles as might prove useful in such an emergency. He was followed closely by his wife, with a large roll of blankets, wrapped in a piece of canvass to shield them from the storm.

"Some one must take these," said she, "for I shall never forget the poor man who perished with the cold after being rescued from the water, because everybody was so thoughtless."

The distance to the beach was short, and they were among the first to arrive. The white foam cresting the waves could be seen through the gloom, and the flash of the minute gun served to show that a vessel was stranded on the dangerous shoal which has been alluded to. The vessel itself, now that the precise spot where it struck was ascertained, could be dimly descried.

"The ship that Joe Lory was in went to pieces in less than ten minutes after she struck," said Brailer; "and the quicker a boat is launched for to go to the rescue the better."

"In my opinion 'twill be tempting Providence to try to reach the wreck," said a man who stood near. "There's no boat here that can do it in such a storm as this. It would be swamped before it could go twice its own length."

"Any common boat would, I grant," said Korper, "but the Sea-Gull isn't a common one. It will skim over the tops of the waves almost as well as the bird she's named for. Come, lend a hand, my boys," speaking to the men composing his crew, "and you too, Brailer. We'll soon have her alongside of the wreck."

It may be doubted whether the little craft of which Korper was so proud, would have made good the praise he bestowed upon it, had not the wind, after raging several minutes with a violence more terrific than ever, suddenly dropped down to an almost breathless silence.

"Now's our time," said Korper; and in a few seconds they were ready to push off from shore.

At the moment they were about to do so, Mr. Danbridge sprang aboard. The last signal gun had been fired half a minute perhaps previous to the lull of the tempest; and Mr. Danbridge, though he did not mention it, imagined, deafening as was the roar of the wind, and the noise of the boiling surf, that almost at the same instant he heard a piercing shriek, which sounded like a woman's voice.

"There should have been another minute gun before now," said Brailer.

"That's what I think," said Korper.

A few moments' silence succeeded, while each listened for the hoped-for sound. Korper, then, still without speaking, looked through his glass.

"'Tis as I feared," said he. "The ship is no longer in sight."

"She has gone to pieces,"

said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, that last heavy gust was too much for her; but some of the unfortunate crew may yet be saved."

The clouds were already breaking, and objects which had been shrouded in impenetrable gloom began to be discernible. As they drew near the shoal, bales and boxes, and pieces of the wrecked ship were seen driving towards the shore, or caught by some adverse current, went shooting by with the speed of the wind.

Brailer was at the helm, and knew how to take advantage of the eddies and conflicting currents. The boat was soon brought close to the lee side of the shoal in a shallow and comparatively smooth expanse of water, just outside of which different tides hurrying to meet and oppose each other, formed a dangerous eddy. Just



STREET SCENE IN LAHORE, INDIA.

"Not much hope of that," said an old, weather-beaten seaman, who entered in time to hear the remark. "What do you say, Cap'n Korper?"

"That it's gathering its forces, and before long will burst upon us with redoubled fury."

"At any rate," said the seaman, "'twill give the boats a chance to arrive and be safely sheltered."

Nearly half an hour had passed, and still nothing was heard of the wind, except now and then a low, wailing sound, like the voice of some troubled spirit. Mr. Danbridge rose, and calling for a light, said that he would retire to his room. He was about to withdraw, when a gust of terrific violence struck against the house, and forced open the door.

"I thought I wasn't wrong in my reckoning,"

brothers to each other. I never met with another like him, and never expect to."

He and the landlord went on speaking of the shipwreck, when the deep voice of a cannon was plainly heard mingling with the roar of the storm.

"A signal of distress," said Korper, starting to his feet, and snatching his hat from the peg where he had hung it.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with you," said Mr. Danbridge; and he hastened to put on his overcoat, which he buttoned to the chin.

Brailer had risen without saying a word, and stood with his hand on the door-latch.

"Take my advice, Mr. Danbridge," said Korper, "and remain where you are. You ain't hardened to such rough weather, and can't stand it as Brailer and I can. The wind is strong enough to take a person off of his feet."



the boat was entering this comparatively safe and sheltered spot, Mr. Danbridge caught sight of some dark object floating towards the outlet. It was so near the boat, that bending quickly over the side, he succeeded in arresting its progress. It proved to be a woman lashed to a spar, with a child clasped in her arms. They were soon taken aboard the boat and wrapped in some of the blankets, with which, by the thoughtful care of the landlady, they were well supplied; Mr. Danbridge having first succeeded in disengaging the child from the rigid and tenacious clasp of the arms in which it was enfolded.

While attempting its release, as for a moment he placed his hand on the heart of her who lay so still and death-like, he imagined he detected a slight tremor. Signs of life he found to be still more apparent in the child, which he held in his arms, after seeing that the mother was placed in a position to be sheltered from the wind and waves.

Such search as they were able to make for others, who they thought might be near the place where the vessel went to pieces proved unavailing; while the loud calls made from time to time by those in the boat remained unanswered.

"It's of no use to make further search," said Korper. "Besides, if we remain much longer, aid for the two we've rescued may come too late."

"Isn't that a piece of the wreck yonder, cap'n?" said Brailer.

"Yes, I should say so, and a pretty large one too. It has been whirled to the northward by some of the eddies which are so plenty about here, and now seems to be drifting towards shore."

"If my eyes don't deceive me, said Mr. Danbridge, "it carries a living freight."

"Yes, that is what it does," was the eager response of more than one.

This time, though the wind was in a direction to carry the sound from them, they found that their hail was answered, and the course of the boat was so laid as to give it the best chance of intercepting the insecure float, every moment in danger of being submerged, in season to save it from being dashed to pieces against the rocks, piled along that part of the coast towards which they were drifting. It was not without imminent hazard to themselves that they succeeded in their endeavor. Five men were found clinging to the fragment of the wreck—the captain, three of the crew, and a passenger, who proved to be the husband of the lady who had been so fortunately rescued.

A part of the crew, when it was found that the ship must go to pieces, had succeeded in lowering a boat; but intent only on their own safety, pushed off without paying any attention to the command of the captain to take the passengers aboard. It was fortunate for the latter that they were so selfish; for the boat, after struggling a few moments amid the wild vortex of the waves, disappeared, and was seen no more.

Accommodations for the gentleman and his wife, and their child, were procured at one of the best of the private houses, still nearer the sea-side than the inn. The mother and child were at once conveyed to a comfortable apartment, where those were in attendance who had learned by experience how to best take advantage of those signs of returning animation already apparent.

Mr. Danbridge, who had delivered the child up to a woman who met him at the outer door, returned to the inn, where he learned that the wrecked vessel was from Liverpool, and that the name of the passengers who were saved was Anvers. Thus, without being aware of it, he had been the means of saving his own child from perishing in the waves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**HUMILITY.**—You lie nearest the river of life when you bend to it; you cannot drink, but as you stoop. The grain of the field, as it ripens, bows its head; so the Christian, as he ripens for heaven, bends in this lowly grace. Christ speaks of his people as "lilies"—they are "lilies of the valley," they can only grow in the shade. "With this man will I dwell, even with him that is humble."

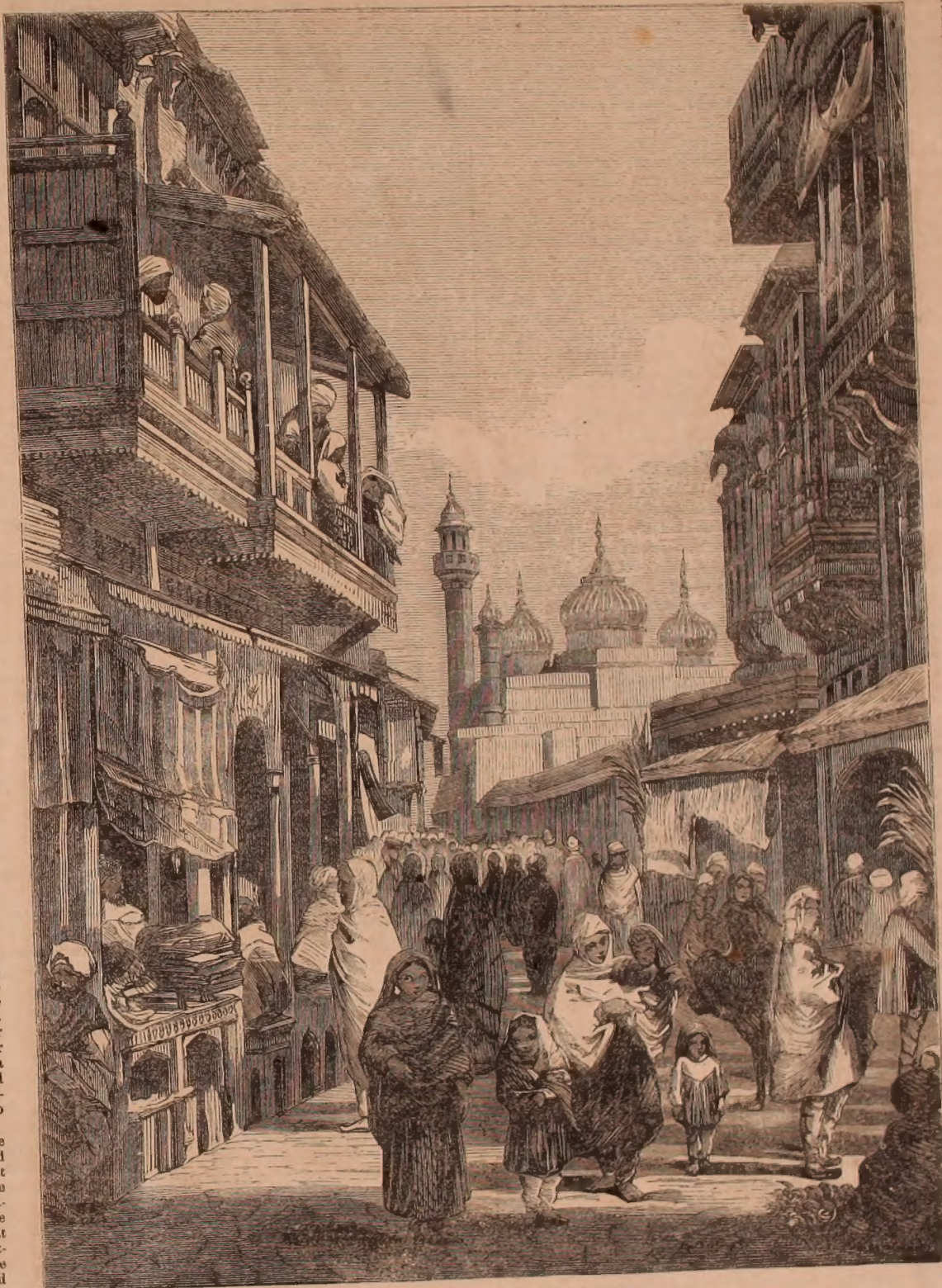
#### STREET SCENES IN LAHORE, INDIA.

The accompanying street scenes in the famed city of Lahore, were drawn upon the spot, and literally rendered without exaggeration. We may therefore abandon ourselves without hesitation to the guidance of the artist, and be wafted in imagination into the very heart of the East. These street scenes are like scenes at a theatre, so singular are they in character, and so do the houses jut forward on either side like the side-wings of the stage. Then the curious people pausing at the bazaars, or stalking solemnly along, the odd-looking children queerly muffled up, the pet animals roaming about the streets, the idlers in the projecting balcony of the caravanserai, all make up a living picture, seeming like a histrionic pageant. Few cities have undergone the vicissitudes to which the capital of

row, and the houses lofty; the quarter for the shops or bazaars being separate from that inhabited by the rich, whose houses, within gates, resemble French hotels, having enclosures at the top, with lattice work made of tiles for the accommodation of the women, that they may enjoy the cool breeze in the evening without the danger of being overlooked.

Almost all the lucrative trade is in the hands of Hindoos. There is a very large trade in corn and silk; but it is inferior, both in wealth and population, to Umritsir. When the whole of the Punjab was annexed, a large military station was formed in a suburb called Anarkullee, from a large tomb which was occupied as the centre of the civil administration, and still remains so; but the troops were removed to Meerut, four miles off, where magnificent barracks have been

travestie of human form, rattling uncouth forms of speech in their vitrified throats. These hang about your feet like reptiles, or crawl around you like loathsome vermin, and in a demoniac whine beg charity from you. One can hear the men; ferocious and repulsive as they are, a penny and a threat will send them cowering and cursing to their noisome holes again. One cannot bear the women without a shudder, and a feeling of infinite sorrow and humiliation. They are so horrible to look upon, so thoroughly unsexed, shameless. Heaven abandoned and forlorn, with their bare liver-colored feet beating the devil's tattoo on the pavement, their lean shoulders shrugged up to their sallow cheeks, over which falls hair either wildly dishevelled or filthily matted, and their gaunt hands clutching at the tattered remnant of a shawl, which but sorrowfully veils the lamentable fact that they have no gown—that a ragged petticoat and a more ragged under garment are all they have to cover themselves withal. With sternness and determination one can bear these sights; but heavens and earth! the little children! who swarm, pullulate—who seem to be evoked from the gutter, and called up from the kennel, who clamber about your knees, who lie so thickly in your path that you are near tumbling over one of them every moment, who, ten times raggeder, dirtier, and more wretched looking than their elders, with their baby faces rendered wolfish by privations, and looking a hundred years old, rather than ten times that number of days, fight and scream, whimper and fondle, crawl and leap like the phantoms a man sees during the access of delirium tremens. I declare that there are babies among these miserable ones—babies with the preternaturally wise faces of grown up men; babies who, I doubt little, can lie, and steal and beg, and who, in a year or so, will be able to fight and swear, and be sent to jail for six months' hard labor. Plenty of the children are big enough to be "whipped and discharged." Yes; that is the pleasant totum; "six months' hard labor," "whipped and discharged," the merry prologue to Portland and the hulks, the humorous apprenticeship to the penal settlement and the gallows. See the children coming out of the gin shops and the pawnbrokers'. Ask the policeman whether every court in the vicinity is not full of thieves, and worse. Look at the lanes themselves, with the filthy rags flaunting from poles in the windows in bitter mockery of being hung out to dry after washing; with its bawling doorways, and thresholds littered with wallowing infants, and revealing beyond a Dantean perspective of infective backyard and cloacan staircase. Peep, as well as you may for the dirt-obscured window panes, and see the dens of wretchedness where the people whose existence you ignore dwell—the sick and infirm, often the dying, sometimes the dead, lying on the bare floor, or, at best, covered with some tattered scraps of blanketing or matting; the shivering aged crouching over fireless grates, and drunken husbands bursting through the rotten doors to seize their gaunt wives by the hair, and bruise their already swollen faces, because they have pawned what few rags remain to buy gin.



STREET SCENE IN LAHORE, INDIA.

the Punjab has been subjected. It is on the high road from Central Asia to the rich plains of India, which have been the desire of every Moslem conqueror, and has seen the tide of conquest sweep backwards and forwards for ages, never itself, but for a brief period, a sovereign city. Its brightest time was perhaps, that when Jehangir made it his winter quarters on returning from Cashmere; and almost the only buildings of importance now remaining date from that period.

But its present aspect was given to it during the sovereignty of Runjeet Singh, who built the walls and ditch (about four miles round), together with the fortified palace; and here he and his sirdars spent the intervals between their campaigns in the grossest debauchery. It is constructed almost entirely of brick, the streets nar-

built, and a fine military station formed, but not before the great mortality among them had rendered it absolutely necessary.

#### PICTURE OF ST. GILES'S LONDON.

From a hundred foul lanes and alleys have debouched, on to the spick and span new promenade, unheard-of human horrors. Gibbering forms of men and women, in filthy rags, with fiery heads of shock hair, the roots beginning an inch from the eye-brows, with the eyes themselves bleared and gummy, with gashes filled with yellow fangs for teeth, with rough holes punched in the nasal cartilage for nostrils, with sprawling hands and splay feet, nestled with dirt—awful deformities, with horrifying malformations of the limbs and running sores ostentatiously displayed; Ghoules and Afrites in a

serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—talent is skill; talent is weight—talent is momentum; talent knows what to do—talent knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—talent will make him respected; talent is wealth—talent is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one anywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*

#### TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something; but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—talent is skill; talent is weight—talent is momentum; talent knows what to do—talent knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—talent will make him respected; talent is wealth—talent is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one anywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
A SONG FOR THE DAY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURAND

Muscle light as I shall be—  
Joy and grief combine,  
A tear for fifty-eight  
A smile for fifty-nine.  
Lay the poor old fellow  
In his grave with care—  
Strike up pipe and fiddle  
For the poly him!

Slowly, next, slowly,  
Toll the funeral knell!  
Quick! a merry melody  
From the marriage bell  
Moan in the churchyard  
Lullabies in the breeze—  
That's the queer succession  
On this roiling sea!

How we've all allegorized  
Unto fifty-eight!  
How we've all had hopes  
Of his fallen fate!  
Fifty-nine, the victor  
He's the king to-day—  
As for that old pagan  
Take his bones away!

Thus, across the water,  
When a sovereign dies,  
Not a courier lingers  
Where his corpse lies  
And at once they scatter  
Birds upon the wing  
Loyal oaths to proffer  
To another king

We of course must follow  
Published Europeans,  
In their mourning hollow,  
In their *Jo-jans*  
Who'd be out of fashion?  
Raise the merry shout?  
Fifty-nine is in  
Fifty-eight is out!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 3.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A dead calm at sea—A negress and her infant child—Discovery of a well-shipped vessel—An unlucky shot—A rescue—A capture—Discovery of Spanish doubloons—Trial and execution at Sierra Leone of the slavers.

CAPE PALMAS loomed in the distance, not through a fog, but through the haze rising from the water, occasioned by the intense heat of the sun. Dead calm! Not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the ocean! The sea smooth and glassy, reflecting the schooner, in an inverted position, hull, masts, spars and rigging, even to the most slender cordage, as if a vessel, modelled after the *Alert*, were attached to our keel, the slender, tapering mast-heads pointing downward into the unfathomable deep. The rudder is lashed amidships, the helmsman and quarter-master are at their posts—discipline requires that; but they are lounging idly about, or looking listlessly over the taffrail into the deep blue water.

The vessel's head is swaying around to every point of the compass, as she listeth. The death-like silence in air and sea is painfully oppressive. Not a sound is heard, save the dull, weary, monotonous flapping of the sails against the masts, as the schooner lazily rises and falls with the long, smooth swell, setting in from the northeast—a proof that the trade-wind is blowing strongly a few degrees further north. O, that we had a small portion of the breeze, if it were ever so little. Anything at all to occupy our minds, for three days and nights have passed away, and we have not changed our position a hundred yards. Now and then the black fin of a huge shark is seen above the surface of the water. A number of these voracious monsters are swimming about the vessel unmolested, notwithstanding jack shark is termed "the sailor's natural enemy." We can't afford to waste any more fat salt pork, for the sake of capturing the ugly brutes. The men are clinging in the shrouds, or lounging about the decks, making believe to work, but nobody can, really, work with such a sweltering sun overhead. The monkeys—we have at least a dozen pet monkeys on board, are the only active, restless creatures on deck, and they are tormenting the cat and a brood of young pigs out of their lives. Puss, overpowered with the heat, is endeavoring to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, in the shelter of the hammock-nettings, but Jocko has espied her, and has mounted the rigging above

her, whence he makes frequent descents, in order to pull her tail. Pass mews, and spits, and darts forth her claws, but to no purpose. Jocko, in a moment, is half a dozen ratlines above her, only waiting till she twists herself round, and, coiling herself up, composes herself to sleep, to perform the trick over again.

Three or four of Jocko's companions are making similar demonstrations against the juvenile porkine blood, hanging on to their tails or hind legs, and wholly regardless of the squeals and struggles of the pigs, and the remonstrative grunts of the old sow, who is looking on from the pig-house with motherly solicitude, evidently disapproving of the torment to which her young family is subjected, while the monkeys themselves maintain an aspect of solemn gravity while performing these antics—as if they considered themselves to be most laudably engaged—which materially enhances the ludicrousness of the scene. Pongo, the ourang-outang, which we obtained from the Guinea coast—or, the chimpanzee, I should say—ourang-outangs are only to be obtained from Borneo. Pongo, I say, is seated with a handkerchief bound over his head in front of the dog kennel where he sleeps, looking at the gambols of the inferior monkeys with an undisturbed gravity of visage, as if he regarded them with contempt. Pongo is not of a playful disposition, and he holds himself aloof from the common monkey tribe. However, there is now cause for his solemnity. I regret to say that Pongo is addicted to strong drink, and his master, the doctor (not the cook), is prone, for the fun of the thing, to indulge him in this bad habit. Pongo has swallowed two glasses of rum since breakfast time, and is now—after the example of the human beings of whom he is so ridiculous a caricature—assuming, in his cups, a ludicrous endeavor to appear sober, for he really is ashamed of himself on these occasions; but it is of no avail, for his glassy eyes and unsteady seat too clearly betray his weakness. There are plenty of books in the cabin, but our captain is not much addicted to reading. He is sitting on the cabin skylight, weariness and dejection in his eye, engaged, for the sake of fixing his mind on something—in what? Actually in the unofficer-like, unmanly occupation of knitting a pair of worsted mufflers for his wrists—an art he learned when a boy, under the care of a maiden aunt. The first lieutenant is gazing mournfully upon a flute which he has held in his hand all the morning, but has not life enough left in him to play. The remaining officers and crew of the watch, with the exception of the man on the lookout aloft—who seems himself to have fallen asleep at his post—are looking at the gambols of the monkeys, and generally employed doing—nothing.

At length the man at the masthead stirs himself, and raising a spyglass to his eye, peers long and earnestly to seaward. Presently he hails the quarter deck.

"Hilloa, what is it?" cries the captain, starting suddenly to his feet, and dropping the mufflers and a stitch, at the same time, while the first lieutenant, equally eager for the man's reply, disposes of his flute by putting it into his coat-pocket.

"There is some black object out to seaward, sir, just visible. I can't well make out what it is."

"A boat, perhaps."

"No, sir; it's not a boat. It's only a mere speck on the water."

"Pooh! One of those cursed shark's fins, you simpleton," says the disappointed captain, turning on his heel.

"No, sir, it's more like a man's head. There are two black specks visible now."

"Bring me my spyglass, steward; quick, man," says the captain.

Long and anxiously he scans the horizon before he can discover the object of which he is in search. At length he perceives it.

"I don't know what to make of it," he says.

"Take the glass, Mr. Murray, and see what you think of it," addressing the first lieutenant.

"It does appear like the head of a man—yes, now I can see two objects."

"Perhaps a spar that's got sodden by being long in the water," continued the captain. However, we'll see. It'll be a tough pull for the men. Confound this calm! But we'll send a boat after it."

A quarter-boat was lowered and the crew, comprising six hands, was despatched under the command of the boatswain. The weather was so hot, and everybody so lazy, that no superior

officer disputed the command. Probably it would turn out nothing but a sodden spar, or an empty barrel, after all.

The object might have been any distance between one and two miles from the schooner. The exact distance of so small an object seen through the thin haze on the water, could not be calculated.

The officers watched the boat's progress with the aid of their spyglasses. She reached the mysterious object, and they saw two of the men lift it carefully into the boat. Still they could not make it out. It appeared to have two heads, like to the heads of human beings, but the bulk of the body was out of all proportion, and there was only one pair of legs. However, the boat was pulled back to the schooner, and then the mystery was solved. The men returned with two human beings, a negro woman and her babe. The infant was tightly bound with a handkerchief to the body of its mother, and a life-preserver encircled both mother and child. Both were living, but so utterly exhausted that a few hours—perhaps a single hour's longer exposure of the heads and the upper portions of the body to the intense heat of the sun, while the lower limbs were in the water, would have terminated their sufferings. Both were unconscious when lifted to the deck of the schooner, but under the doctor's care they soon revived. The infant instinctively and greedily sought sustenance from its mother's breast, but in vain. Nature was exhausted. The woman made signs for water, and when it was brought to her she drank so greedily that the tin pannikin had to be forcibly taken from her. Fortunately we had a she goat on board, and the first lieutenant, taking upon himself the duties of a nurse, administered a sufficient quantity of goat's milk to the child, by dipping a piece of sponge into the milk, and then placing the saturated sponge in the infant's mouth.

Under almost any other circumstances, the sight of the burly, black whiskered lieutenant, thus employed, would have been irresistibly ludicrous; but no one was inclined to laugh—not even young Halsey, the ever mischievous midshipman. The woman and child were worn to skeletons. One might have counted every bone in their bodies, and the shoulder blades and ribs of the woman seemed ready to pierce through the skin. They must have been a long while without sufficient food, for it was hunger alone that had reduced them to this frightful condition. Otherwise, they were in perfect health. How long they had been in the water, or how they came to be so cruelly exposed, it was impossible to discover; for, although we had two Kroomen and a Fishman from the coast, among our crew, none of these men could understand the peculiar dialect of the woman, nor could she understand the Kroom dialect. However, but little conjecture was needed to explain the mystery to our own satisfaction. Mother and child had, doubtless, been thrown overboard by some slaver closely pressed, in hopes that the pursuer would, for humanity's sake, arrest her course and pick up the wretched victim. This thought, and the sight of the poor helpless creatures, touched the hearts of the rudest and most hardened among the sailors.

A berth was provided for the sufferers; they were supplied with food and clothing, and both quickly fell into a sound slumber.

Another long day and night of calm weather and smooth sea. Another dawn with the like prospect before us. We began to fancy the waters of the ocean were becoming putrid in consequence of this long stagnation. The surface of the sea assumed a slimy appearance, and hideous greenish-colored masses of jelly like substance floated around the vessel or clung to her sides. The atmosphere seemed tainted as with the smell of carrion!

But when the sun rose again, to our great joy, a light air of wind sprang up from the eastward, diffusing fresh life and imparting renewed activity to all on board. It was very faint at first, but as the day grew older it freshened, and before noon we were bowling along before a six knot breeze.

"Sail ho!" from the masthead.

"Where away?" was the response from the quarter deck. "Perhaps," added the captain, "it may be the slaver whose brutal crew threw those poor wretches overboard."

"Right ahead, sir. Right in the sunlight."

Spyglasses were brought into requisition, and soon we could make out the upper sails from the deck.

"Set all the studding-sails, aloft and aloft, Mr. Murray," said the captain. "We are carrying the breeze with us. We'll overhaul her if possible."

"Can you make out what she looks like, my lad?" hailing the man aloft.

"I can just see the line of her hull," replied the man. "She's 'hove to' I think, sir. From the cut of her sails, I should say she was the *Active*."

"Confound the *Active*!" cried the captain. "She is always thwarting our hawse, when I was in hopes it was that infernal slaver, too!"

He dashed his speaking-trumpet to the deck, and, after a habit he had when he was annoyed, passed his fingers through his hair, till it stood on end, like pig's bristles.

"Blast them 'ere new cloths," muttered the old gentleman, *sotto voce*, calling to mind the trick played upon the *Alert* by the Spanish slaver.

"Mr. Higgins," said the captain, sharply, glad to find an opportunity to give vent to his ill temper, caused by the disappointment. "How often have I insisted that there shall be no swearing aboard the schooner. You're a petty officer, and ought to set an example to the men. Duty, sir, can be carried on quite as well, and better, without wearing than with it. Don't let me hear any more oaths, or by the —."

The captain quite forgot that he was apt to give expression to his feelings by swearing himself when he was vexed, and he was about to conclude his remonstrance with an oath, when the humbled quarter-master saved the "recording angel" some trouble, by interrupting his superior, ere the profane word fell from his lips.

"I beg your honor's pardon," said he, respectfully touching his cap. "Hopes you'll excuse me, sir, but I thought as how that 'ere *Active*—"

"Well, well, Higgins. Don't swear again, my man. As you say, that *Active*. Always crossing our path. It is 'excusable, by—thunder."

"It may be another trick," the first lieutenant ventured to say.

"Hardly probable, Murray," said the captain, smiling somewhat savagely. "At any rate a shrewd bird will not be caught a second time with chaff. However, we'll make sure."

Again the man aloft hailed the deck.

"It is the brig o'-war, sir. She's laid her main-yard aback and hoisted signals."

The captain raised the spyglass to his eye.

"Have you seen any suspicious looking vessel," he read off.

"It is the brig," said he. "Mr. Halsey, hoist our colors and the negative signal."

"I will lie to till you come up," was the response.

In a short time we were within speaking distance.

"Have you seen anything lately?" inquired our captain, after the customary salutations had passed between the rival commanders.

"Ay, I chased a full-rigged barque four days since and came up with her. She was well armed and manned, and, by George! the fellow showed fight—"

"And got clear off," said our captain, chuckling to himself, half pleased to think that the *Active* had lost a prize.

"Not exactly. We lost one man—killed—and the scoundrel wounded two others; but I have reason to believe that we punished him severely. If I don't greatly mistake, the barque is water-logged. It fell nearly calm toward dark, but I heard the chain-pumps going for hours."

"How was it that you did not succeed in effecting a capture?"

"The rascal crippled us. Shot away both our topsail yards. We had to lie to all night and get up fresh spars, and at daylight nothing was to be seen of the vessel."

"It's been calm with us for five days," said our captain. "Never had such a weary time. By-the-by, I picked up a negro woman and child the day before yesterday."

"Ha! They came from the barque, doubtless. The fellow threw half a dozen negroes overboard while we were in chase. Two we picked up, and I saw three sink. What became of the other I don't know."

"Do you think there are any hopes of coming up with the slaver?"

"Can't say. As I told you, I believe we struck her below her water line. I know she was leaking fearfully. She may have foundered before now."



The breeze was freshening rapidly. The brig squared her main-yard, and waving their trumpets in token of farewell, the two commanders proceeded on their respective courses. We still hoped to be fortunate enough to overtake the slaver, although we could not be very sanguine after the report of the Active. However, two days passed away. We had stretched out a long distance from the land, and, believing the slaver had either foundered or made good her escape, the captain resolved to haul the schooner to the wind, and return to his accustomed cruising ground.

The orders were actually given to brace forward the yards, when a hail from the topmast-head announced a sail in sight to leeward.

"Square away the yards again. Up stun-sails. Hoist every rag she'll carry," shouted the captain, and in a few minutes we were again standing on our former course, with a staggering breeze astern.

The captain looked anxiously around him, scanning the horizon carefully, fearful lest the Active might be in sight, and might also have espied the stranger. But the brig had hauled to the wind several hours before we had done so, and was no longer visible.

"The stranger may prove a merchantman," said he, when satisfied with his scrutiny; "but, please Jupiter she prove the slaver. We've got her all to ourselves."

"Aloft there!"

"Sir!"

"What do you make of her now, my man?"

"I can see her hull, sir. She's deep in the water, and yawning about strangely."

"The slaver, by Jove!" cried the captain. "Hand me the glass, Halsey."

He took a long look at the vessel, now visible from the hammock-nettings, with the aid of the spyglass. His scrutiny was satisfactory, and springing to the deck, he gave orders to the gunner to load and point the bow guns.

The vessel was lying helplessly upon the water, and we neared her rapidly. Very soon we were within gunshot. The hull was deep in the water and she was rolling heavily, her yards untrimmed and her topsail-sheets flying loose. Her topgallant-sails, as well as her courses, were furled.

"She's abandoned by the crew," observed the first lieutenant.

"No. I can see men on her deck. What does the impudent rascal mean by not hoisting his colors? Give him a shot, gunner, to teach him manners."

"Shall I point the gun athwart her bows, sir?" said the gunner.

"No; the infamous scoundrel deserves no mercy. Give him point blank. Fire into his stern."

Another moment and the sharp crack of the gun and the crash of timber were simultaneously heard. Then came a shriek, and a horrid yell of mingled pain and fright such as chills the blood to hear.

"He got that full and sharp," said the gunner, proud of his aim, and forgetful of humanity and every other feeling in the pride of his profession.

He was about to apply the match, anticipating the order, when the captain, who had raised his spyglass to mark the mischief done, cried, "No, no. Hold, man, hold, for mercy's sake. By heavens! I believe we've hit some of the poor, wretched negroes. The cowardly bounds have abandoned the ship, and left the poor creatures on board to go down with her. She's settling fast. Lay the main yard aback, Mr. Murray, and out boats. We'll not approach any nearer with the schooner. But she'll float for some time yet. Please God we'll save the poor slaves."

Three boats were manned, the captain, first lieutenant and boatswain respectively taking command, the second lieutenant remaining in charge of the schooner.

A shocking sight presented itself to the boats' crews when they boarded the barque. The shot fired from the schooner had passed through the quarter-railing and had struck two negroes, who lay weltering in their blood, one quite dead, the other fast breathing his life away. A swarm of negroes of all ages and both sexes, all entirely destitute of clothing, lined the decks, manacled and fastened by the feet to the chain cable, which had been ranged, apparently for this cruel purpose, fore and aft, on both sides of the vessel.

With a refinement of demoniacal cruelty, the brutal commander of the barque, before abandoning his vessel, with his crew, had caused the

negroes to be brought up from the hold, and had then secured them in such a manner, that when she sunk, as she was certain to do, they must all go down with her.

Descending to the slave deck, they found forty or fifty others, mostly women and children, who were too sick and too weak to stand. These lay as they had been packed, closely wedged together, their heads towards the ship's sides. The stench was horrible, and the heat suffocating, for the slave-deck, on which, at night, some four hundred negroes must have been packed, was barely four feet high, and the only means of ventilation was through the hatchway. The furnished condition of all the negroes showed conclusively, that they must have been a long time waiting in the slave-pens on shore, very sparingly fed—nay, more than half starved. Subjected to the brutal usage of men of their own race and color.

A cursory examination of the cabin showed that the crew had carried with them all portable articles of value; but there was an abundance of rice and other provisions for the slaves, in the hold. However, we had no time to remove it to the schooner. The vessel was settling so fast that it was even doubtful if we could save the poor victims of cupidity and hellish cruelty. But this was happily effected. The wounded negro was not dead when the boats left the barque, but he was dying, and to remove him would have been useless. He was reluctantly left to his fate. The schooner was crowded to suffocation with the rescued negroes. It was anything but agreeable to the senses, besides we had but a few days' provisions for so many. Our only plan was to get to Sierra Leone with our dusky freight, as quickly as possible. Half an hour after we left the barque, she foundered.

The wind was light and baffling, and ten days elapsed before we made the land. Ten of the most unpleasant days man ever passed on board ship.

We kept a sharp look out for the boats belonging to the barque, for we knew that they too must, necessarily, make for the nearest land; but we fell in with nothing until we arrived off Geolend's Bay, toward the close of the ninth day. A large sail-boat was reported in sight, close under the land.

The cutter, in command of the first lieutenant, was immediately despatched in chase. The capture of the boat was easily effected, for she was crowded with men, and so deep in the water that her gunwales were scarcely six inches above its surface. The captain of the slaver and fourteen of his crew were on board. They offered no resistance, indeed resistance was out of their power. It required every effort they could make to bale out the water and keep the boat afloat. The captain, who had exhibited so much desperation in showing fight to the brig-of-war, and such fiendish cruelty in his conduct toward the helpless negroes, was naturally an object of intense curiosity to the inhabitants of Sierra Leone.

He was a young Frenchman, of good family, belonging to Lyons, and, strange to say, he was exceedingly handsome in form and feature, with an expression of gentleness in his countenance, approaching toward effeminacy. He was, also, evidently a man of cultivated mind. What could have induced such a man to engage in the slave-dealer's nefarious profession, or what could have led him to exhibit such wanton and altogether useless cruelty towards the negroes, all who saw him were at an utter loss to conceive. The most strenuous efforts were made by his counsel to save his life, but in vain. He was tried on the joint charges of piracy and murder, and the evidence against him was so conclusive, that, as a matter of course, he was found guilty and condemned to be hanged, together with ten of the boat's crew captured with him. The sentence was carried into execution the Monday after the trial, which took place on Thursday. Two other boats laden with the remainder of the slaver's crew had put off from the barque, but what became of them was never known.

We secured a fair prize, for, although the greedy ocean had swallowed up the barque, we received the head money for the rescued negroes, and what was better still, shared nearly two thousand Spanish doubloons, which the captain of the slaver had secured before he abandoned the vessel, and which were snatched from him at the moment when, desperate to the last, he was about to throw overboard the bag which contained the treasure, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of his captors.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY MARY L. GRANNIS.

A pleasant picture! Well do I remember,  
When, proud careerer o'er a wind-swept sky,  
The autumn sun, light with glowing splendor,  
Turned on the rain-washed earth his golden eye.

Within a sacred shrine that morn, assembled  
The glad faces of a waiting throng,  
While on the air soft organ-music trembled,  
Or in full tide of sweetness reined along.

Here, in this temple holy-consecrated  
By incense rising from devotion's flame,  
Where every heart in hushed expectancy waited,  
In festal garb approached a bridal train.

Along they passed, on to the flowers-bedeked altar,  
There, a fond father the bride's hand received,  
And through his veins from emotion's altar,  
With trembling hand the marriage tie he weaved.

By quivering lips the blessing words are spoken  
That yield his treasure to another's claim,  
With golden chords secured, love's mystic token—  
Two hearts, long joined in thought, are one in name.

Then on that fair young head, his hand caressing,  
The reverend sire in yearning fondness lays,  
And o'er the twin from God's embrace a blessing  
For each experience of their coming days.

A touching scene! That pair now reverent kneeling,  
The bride, arrayed in robes of stainless white,  
While morn's bright rays around the chancel stealing,  
Baptize each bonded form with saintly light.

Then, 'neath triumphal strains of music pealing,  
The noble bridegroom and the gentle bride  
Pass forth to a new morn, new life revealing,  
Henceforth to tread its pathway side by side.

O, wondrous source of truest earth affection!  
Grant that whate'er befall, Thy gentle dove  
In these linked hearts may find a sweet protection,  
A peaceful atmosphere of changeless love!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## RUINING A BANKER.

BY THE "OLD 'UN."

IN the troubled days of Ireland, towards the close of the last century, a daring fellow, one Teddy Mulrooney, was at the head of a band of his desperate and starving countrymen, who scoured the district in which they belonged, waging merciless war on the oppressors of their country, and visiting with the direst outrages those who had the reputation of grinding the faces of the poor.

One of the most obnoxious men in the county where their operations were conducted, was one Sir Lawrence Wood, a rich man who had a bank of his own, and was supposed to have amassed an immense fortune by his financial speculations. In the course of their predatory career, Mulrooney's band seized, at various points, a large amount of Sir Lawrence's notes—some thirty thousand pounds' worth, all of which they placed in the hands of their leader to dispose of as his wisdom thought best.

One dark night a shout like that of a thousand demons announced to Sir Lawrence that the rebels had broken into the park that surrounded his elegant country seat, while, at the same time, a glare of light gave him to understand that the incendiary torch had been applied to his dwelling. He was mistaken in that, however, for when he had hurried on his clothes and presented himself at the hall door to beg that the lives of himself and family might be spared, he saw that the invaders had merely kindled a fire of brush-wood on the lawn. But the spectacle was alarming enough, as the light fell on a wild group of fierce men, ragged and yet armed with every species of strange weapon—pikes, pistols, reaping-hooks and scythes.

"For Heaven's sake," said the terrified banker, "spare my life!"

"Whist! ye murderin' thafe of the world!" said Teddy. "It's not yer life we're after destroyin'; but it's what ye live for we'll destroy before yer eyes, ye omadhaun. Look there, ye could devil! and there! and there! what's them?" And Teddy thrust an immense heap of bank-notes under the nose and eyes of the banker, and then, elevating his torch, took Sir Lawrence by the nape of his neck, and bent his head forward so that he could scan the paper.

"They're notes on my bank," said he. "Do you want to present them?"

"To make yer a pristin' of them?" cried the rebel. "Do ye think we're after makin' fools of ourselves, whin we've had the trouble of col-

lectin' yer dirty paper? No, ye spalpeen! we'll destroy every scrap of 'em—burn 'em up before the eyes of yer."

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the banker, secretly delighted at the intelligence; "you wouldn't beggar myself and family!"

"In course we wouldn't!" said Mulrooney, ironically. "No, we come here to fill yer pockets, av course. Look here, there goes a thousand pounds!" And he threw a handful of notes into the blaze. "And there's another thousand! and another and another! Och, there's fashin's of 'em! And there goes the last; and now ye're as poor as the poorest man among us."

The banker affected to be in the greatest agony; he tore his hair, wrung his hands, beat his breast, groaned and even pumped up a few tears. Teddy watched him with ferocious satisfaction, and when the sacrifice was completed, exclaimed:

"There, boys, we've ruined him, intirely. And now, ye ould thafe of the world, go to bed and say yer prayers, and phasant dreames to yer."

With a cheer, the midnight marauders, after dancin' round the expiring bonfire, retired in high glee, completely satisfied with their exploit in "ruining a banker." Sir Lawrence Wood waited till the last man had disappeared, then he burst into a horse-laugh and went up to bed, in the happy consciousness of being thirty thousand pounds richer than he was five minutes before. We know not whether Mr. Mulrooney ever discovered his mistake, but the banker had provided against such a contingency and his consequent vengeance, by securing the presence of a strong detachment of troops till the troubles of the day were over.

## AN ABSURD FASHION.

IN the year 1713, one hundred and forty five years ago, the Duke of Shrewsbury was English ambassador at the court of France. The Duchess of Shrewsbury was on the wrong side of forty-five, and having been a beauty in her youth, she was unwilling to believe that time had made any change. She spoke bad French fluently, was eccentric, gave magnificent balls and suppers, and all the nobility of Paris felt honored by her invitations. The duchess disliked the head-dresses in fashion. They were made of wire, ribbons, gauze, and other millinery materials, intermingled with the hair of the head, and were more than two feet high, so that the face of the wearer, if a short woman, appeared in the middle of the body. Old women wore them made of gauze, from which we infer that gay colors were worn by the young. The slightest motion of the head caused the edifice to tremble, and the fatigue of carrying it was excessive. Louis XIV., so absolute in little as well as great things, disliked exceedingly these head-dresses, and although they had been the fashion for ten years, he was unable to change it. What the Grand Monarch could not accomplish was brought about by the will of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, in a surprisingly short time. She gave out that no lady wearing a high head-dress should be permitted to appear in her rooms, and from the extreme of elevation to the extreme of depression the change was then made, and with slight modifications the fashion has remained the same as ever.—*Horne Journal*.

## A WATER LOCOMOTIVE.

The very name excites a smile, just as did the first steamboat and the first telegraph. But a New York mechanic, determined not to be outdone by either, has been sometimes engaged in building a water locomotive, which a Lockport editor says was tried successfully, in a small way, sometime ago. Its principle is that of a floating locomotive, to move upon the water after the manner of an ordinary locomotive on a railroad track. The engine and wheels are built so as to float, but the latter enter the water sufficiently to propel the boat forward. The inventor does not describe his machine with sufficient distinctness; but he claims that by his plan a boat can be propelled with greater ease and faster than a railroad engine, while it is peculiarly adapted to canal navigation, as in going at the high speed which he asserts it can maintain, it would not raise as much swell as an ordinary propeller would in going five miles an hour. If all is realized from this invention which its projector claims for it, it will revolutionize the whole business of canal navigation, and liberate from a most laborious bondage a vast army of abused and shoulder-galled horses.—*Scientific American*.

## THE HORSES OF NORWAY.

Laing, in his travels in Norway, says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food. Instead of swilling themselves with a painful of water at a draught, no doubt from the fear of not getting any again, and then overgorging themselves for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.





A NIGHT SERENADE BY THE GERMANIA BAND, BOSTON.

## OAK HILL, SEAT OF PRES. MUNROE.

[From our own correspondent.]

Leesburg, Virginia, Nov. 25, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—Herewith I send you a sketch of Oak Hill, the seat of the late James Munroe, President of the United States, from a photograph taken expressly for your Pictorial by Mr. Charles W. Morgan, of

Leesburg, Virginia. Oak Hill is about ten miles south of Leesburg, on a commanding eminence, in a beautiful grove of oaks, locusts and poplars. It commands a view over a wide lawn, of a grand, romantic and almost boundless panorama. The sketch is a south view, and shows a part of the garden. It was built by Mr. Munroe while president. It has a Grecian front, is of brick,

and in dimensions, architecture and ornaments, such as became the fortune of the owner.

Yours truly,

ARTIST.

## GERMANIA SERENADE, BOSTON.

The beautiful accompanying picture was drawn expressly for us by Waud, and is a fine and effective composition. It represents our un-

rivalled Germania Serenade Band, performing under the window of some lady fair at the West End, of a moonlight evening—one of those brilliant nights when music, suddenly and unexpectedly bursting forth, most charms the listening ear. The contrasted effect of the moon and the lamplight, together with the spirited figures and the architecture, make this a pleasing picture.



OAK HILL, NEAR LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, THE SEAT OF PRESIDENT MUNROE.





FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, ONE YEAR SINCE.

**FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.**

We publish on this page two accurate and pleasing views, drawn and engraved expressly for our Pictorial, illustrating in a striking manner, the rapid progress of our city, and the transformations it is undergoing, at the command of capital, to meet the exigencies of business. The first picture shows us Franklin Street as it appeared one year ago, when it was almost exclusively occupied, except at the extremities, by private residences which were considered as palatial

at the date of their erection, in the early part of the present century. The change then wrought in the appearance of the locality was scarcely greater than that which the past year has effected. How extensive this has been, the details of the second picture show. Only the alignment of the former houses, with its crescent sweep, has been preserved. Granite has usurped the place of brick, and towering stores and warehouses have arisen on the site of the private dwellings. There yet remains as a landmark, the Catholic

Cathedral, with its many associations, but which has been for many years insufficient in its accommodations. The new buildings are in a bold and commanding style of architecture, in accordance with that improved taste which does not seek to exclude grace and ornament for structures devoted to business, and which is so fast revolutionizing and improving the aspect of our city. Though Sentiment may drop a tear at the desecration of household altars and displacement of household gods, yet Common Sense rejoices

at the evidences of prosperity and wealth. In the southern part of the city, room is provided for the establishment of new settlements on a scale commensurate with the increase of wealth and style of living. Franklin street has succumbed to a necessity which presses on the whole central part of Boston. In the two pictures on this page, we have brought home to our readers the contrast between the past and present and we shall continue, from time to time to present such changes as the features of the city produce.



FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, AS IT IS TO-DAY.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUBVAGE, Assistant Editor

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL and one copy of THE FLAG FOR OUR UNION, together ..... \$1.50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- D. B. M., Freeport, N. H.—Your favor came to hand too late to receive attention in our last issue. Time is later as we travel westward because the common reckoning of time is based on the apparent motion of the sun, which, from the rotation of the earth on its axis, appears to rise first in the east and to move gradually westward. Thus, when it is noon at London, it will be in daylight at a point 180 degrees west, or half the circumference of the globe. In other words, time travels westward with the apparent motion of the sun.
- PEARLERS, Covington, Ky.—1. The price of a single volume is \$2.50. 2. We have no means of ascertaining the mechanical arrangements of printers.
- M. D. S., Worcester, Mass.—We care nothing, and can learn nothing of any such contemplated expedition from this port.
- P. F., Wilton, N. H.—Unless you have some capital, we would not advise your going West at present.
- L. F., Portland, Me.—1. C. is at Washington, D. C., where he proposes to spend the winter.
- R. F., St. Paul, Minnesota.—The work you inquire for can be obtained in this city for one dollar a volume. We have found a copy.
- C. D., New Utrecht, Long Island.—The Gray Dockings and Black Spanish are best, but both kinds are difficult to procure.
- THURSDAY.—The Miss Placide you refer to died many years ago in Mississippi.
- R. M.—We do not know the whereabouts of Bayne, the artist. He was in Boston last summer.
- J. C. C.—The conduct you describe stamps its author as a detractor of the characteristics of a gentleman, and, if known, should exclude him from society.
- M. M.—We do not believe in the ability of any writer to render a novel acceptable in which supernatural incidents are introduced. The age of superstition has passed away—it is only the truthful and beautiful which can now command success.
- AMATEUR.—Trees may be transplanted in winter, but the process is a very expensive one.
- ARTIST.—1. You will find in Hogarth's works accurate delineations of the costume of that day. 2. The Athenian exhibition of this year far surpassed any preceding one, and was pecuniarily profitable.
- R. A.—The sense of smelling in man is an exquisitely sensitive, that air containing a 29th,000th part of bromine vapor will instantly be detected by it. It will recognize the 1,300,000th part of a grain of otto of roses, or the 15,000th part of a grain of musk.

## THE DUTCH IN JAPAN.

From the time of their first establishment in the country in the seventeenth century, up to the present time, the Dutch have occupied a most humiliating position in the empire of Japan. For the sake of the extensive trade between Europe and that country, they have submitted to the most debasing and shameful conditions; ignoring the Christian religion, undergoing perpetual imprisonment, and patiently bearing the abuses and insults of that people. By the regulations of the empire, they are confined to a narrow islet called Desima, upon which their trading establishment is located. This islet is joined to the town of Nangasaki, on the island of Kionsion, by a small stone bridge, at the end of which is a strong Japanese guard-house, with soldiers constantly on duty, to see that none pass without license. This little island is of artificial construction, and measures 600 feet in length, by 240 in breadth; and to this narrow prison-house do the Dutch submit to be confined, for the sake of the limited trade which is accorded to them. The whole islet is fenced in by a strong paling of high boards, with a narrow coping, on the top of which is a double row of iron spikes. The Dutch houses within this enclosure, are low and mean, and built of fir-wood and bamboos, the strangers being forbid to build of stone. The place is subject, at all hours, to the intrusions of the prying police of Nangasaki, and a most rigid surveillance is kept up, by special guards, agents, and spies of the government. The Dutch are all doomed to celibacy while at Desima, no female being allowed to live among them, whether European or Japanese.

At the north side of the islet are two strong gates, opening through the pickets to the water; but these are kept constantly closed, except when a Dutch ship arrives or departs. They are then opened, and always in the presence of a government commissioner, supported by an armed guard. When a ship arrives, the first thing done is to remove the ammunition. The Japanese officials then search every part of the vessel, and take lists of the goods, and everything else on board. The ship's company are then allowed to go on shore and enjoy their liberty in the cramped up and noisome prison of Desima. There they remain for two or three months, while the ship is getting ready to depart, and are never allowed to pass the bridge, or to take a boat for the town. In the harbor, near to the factory, are thirteen very high posts, at regular distances from each other, with small wooden tablets affixed to them, upon which are

painted the government order, forbidding all boats to pass the said posts, or to approach the Dutch quarters, under very severe penalties. Such are the degrading conditions upon which the Dutch have enjoyed the monopoly of trade with Japan, for about two centuries; and as their obsequious servility has thoroughly disgusted the Japanese with them, there is little prospect that the nation will profit much by the favorable commercial arrangements which our country and England have recently made with Japan.

## CHEAP POSTAGES.

We have heretofore discussed this subject, and do not intend to trouble the readers of the Pictorial with any extended remarks upon it at the present time. The annual report of the Postmaster General has just been sent to Congress by the President, and in that report is a recommendation to abandon the cheap postage system, and to go back to the old rate of five cent postage. This step backward is proposed as remedy for the deficiency of the receipts to meet the expenses of the post-office establishment. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1858, the total expenses were about twelve and three quarter millions of dollars, and the total receipts about eight millions and one quarter, leaving a deficiency of four millions and a half to be provided for out of the public treasury. For the year ending June 30th, 1859, the expenditures will exceed the receipts by the sum of five millions and a half. It is to provide for this annual deficiency of four or five millions in the receipts, that the Postmaster General proposes, among other changes, to raise the postage rate from three to five cents, and to abolish the discount on printed matter paid in advance. This, he thinks, will give about three millions and a half of dollars more revenue. He also proposes to save a half million by restricting the abuses of the franking privilege, and a million more by doing away with four-horse coach service in carrying the mails, when not necessary. All these changes will require the action of Congress, to modify existing laws, before they can be carried out. We have no sort of objection to those affecting the coach transportation, and the use of the franking privilege; and should be very glad to see a million and a half of dollars saved by these means. But to raising the rate of postage we decidedly object; for we see not why the private correspondence of the country should be burdened with the cost of ocean mail routes to Europe and the Pacific, or of overland mail routes through the continent, to the extreme borders of the Union. The truth is, that these are public enterprises, for the promotion of commerce and the settlement of the country; and whatever deficiency of postal revenue arises from the cost of these enterprises, over and above their receipts, should be defrayed by the public treasury, and not by the letter writers and newspaper publishers. We sincerely hope that Congress will adhere to the cheap postage system, and insist upon the national treasury's paying all expenses not necessarily incurred in the receipt, carriage, and delivery of printed matter and private correspondence of individuals.

## COD FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

The marine picture which occupies the whole of the last page, will be appreciated by our friends for the remarkable spirit of the drawing, for its bold effectiveness and dramatic character. The fishing craft and the boat are admirably delineated; and the figures of the hardy fishermen pulling up their prey, are instinct with life and muscular action. We have given heretofore representations of cod fishing on the banks; but this is our first sketch of the European cod fishery. The life of professional fishermen is very laborious, and their existence hangs by a feeble thread. The storms that sweep along the coast of Norway

"Round the shores where loud Lofodden  
Hurts to death the roaring whale,  
Round the shores where Rinde Odin  
Howls her war-song to the gale."

often wreck whole fleets of fishing-boats, carrying desolation to hundreds of humble homes. If the ocean is bountiful in its supplies, it is also terrible in its wrath.

AMERICAN NOBILITY.—Four knights have been created in Canada by the British sovereign, viz., one Englishman, one Scotchman, and two Frenchmen. We shall probably hear of the Earl of Toronto, the Marquis of Quebec, and the Duke of Montreal, before long.

## OUR ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

With the present number of *Ballou's Pictorial* we commence the seventh volume of the work, with a new heading and in a new and improved style. The change we have made enables us to give a much larger amount of reading matter, and by printing the paper one week nearer its date, the contents will be found to be just seven days fresher than it has been heretofore. It will be seen that we shall give more attention to all current matters of interest, and discuss, for the benefit of our patrons, all that is noteworthy, and which it is desirable to understand in the doings of the world about us.

The new heading of our paper was designed and drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, and is a chaste and appropriate work of art. The central figure represents the Muse of History engaged in recording passing events. She is surrounded by articles emblematic of the fine and mechanic arts which conduce to civilization, and represent painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. There are the palette, the chisel, the pen and the printing-press, with other significant accessories. In the distance is seen the new dome of the capitol at Washington. On the right is a view of Boston, with a part of Charlestown, including the Bunker Hill Monument, and a steamship in the foreground showing one mode of locomotion. On the left are factories, suggestive of industrial pursuits, and a train of cars in motion, the whole being framed in a civic wreath of oak leaves, and forming a characteristic heading indicative of the purposes and aims of our illustrated journal.

We have made arrangements in the illustrated department to give more engravings each week, and shall show a gratifying improvement in the pictorial character of our journal, having secured accomplished draughtsmen and engravers, in addition to the regular corps attached to the paper for the last year. In short, we shall strive to make the Boston Pictorial a credit to our city, and a valuable and welcome visitor to the firesides of our patrons all over the country.

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Hume has placed on record his opinion that the liberties of the press and the liberties of the people must stand or fall together, a truth which has been so fully recognized in modern times, that in free countries, such as England and the United States, even the license of the press is permitted to go unheeded, so sacred is this engine of civilization, enlightenment and truth held by legislators. Free institutions must rest on free discussion in the forum and the press. The existence of despotism, on the contrary, depends upon the suppression of both. Absolute governments wage a continual warfare on the press, fearing the light and courting the darkness as their shield.

To appreciate the advantages we enjoy, we have only to contrast the almost boundless liberty of the American people, with the trammels which surround it in France, and which have recently been brought into strong relief by the late prosecution of Count Montalembert, for what we should consider a harmless article on English politics, published in an able review called the "Correspondant." It is true that Count de Montalembert wrote strongly, as he felt deeply. He said, among other things, "When my ears ring, now with the buzzing of antichamber gossips, now with the noise of fanatics who think us their dupes; when I am stifling with the weight of an atmosphere loaded with servile and corrupting exhalations, I hasten to breathe a pure air, and take a vital bath in free England!" He divides France into two classes: "Honest men whom misconceptions and defects have never abused, and cowards." There was altogether too much truth in the article to be palatable to the emperor, and the aggravation of the offence was, that the police were only able to seize four copies out of the whole edition of the review, the remainder having been scattered broadcast and eagerly read. As the whole world is now interested directly in the trial of this bold French writer, we subjoin a sketch of his career.

Charles Forbes, Comte de Montalembert, was born in London, on the 10th of March, 1810. He is the representative of an old family of Poitou, and his father was a peer of France, and ambassador at Stockholm from the court of Charles X. His mother was an Englishwoman. At the outset of his career he was an advocate of the union of Catholicism and democracy, of which Lamennais was the apostle, and was one of the editors of a journal founded to advocate that union, called *L'Avenir*. He opened in

April, 1831, in conjunction with MM. de Caux and Lacordaire, a school called the *Ecole Libre*. His opposition to the existing government brought him at last before the "Police Correctionnelle," but during the process his father died, and as M. Montalembert then became a Peer of France, he claimed the right of being tried by the Upper Chamber, by which he was condemned to a fine of 100f. His defence pronounced before the Chamber may be considered as the beginning of his political career, but he was prevented, by his not having attained the legal age of 30, from taking his seat until 1840. The condemnation of Lamennais by the Pope greatly increased the severity of M. de Montalembert's orthodoxy, and, both by writing and speaking, he made himself thenceforward known as the great champion of Catholicism. He published his famous *Life of Elizabeth of Hungary* in 1836. In 1843 he strongly opposed the Educational measure of M. Villemain, and in 1843 he published his *Catholic Manifesto*. He married in 1843 the daughter of a Belgian Minister, *Mademoiselle de Merode*, and after a short absence from France, he returned to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three celebrated speeches on the liberty of the Church, the liberty of education, and the liberty of the monastic orders. In 1847 he established a religious association to work in favor of the Sonderbund. He also made himself notorious for the active part he took on behalf of oppressed nationalities, and on the 10th of February, 1848, he had a solemn funeral service celebrated at Notre Dame to the memory of O'Connell.

After the establishment of the Republic, M. de Montalembert was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and there acted sometimes with one and sometimes with another of the parties that divided the Assembly. He was opposed to the measure for again requiring journals to furnish security, to the continuance of the state of the siege, and to the admission of Louis Bonaparte. But at the end of the session he supported M. Dufaure in a bill for the restriction of the press, and was loud in his approval of the French expedition to Rome. He was re-elected by the department of Doubs for the Legislative Assembly. He there distinguished himself principally by the part he took in preparing the law to restrain the suffrage within narrower limits, by his frequent encounters with M. Victor Hugo, his only rival in oratory, and by his defence of the President.

When the *coup d'etat* came he protested strongly against the imprisonment of the Deputies; but he nevertheless was named a member of the Consultative Commission, a distinction he declined, and was elected, in 1852, into the Corps Legislatif. As a French biographer laconically, but happily expresses it, "he stood almost alone as a representative of the opposition." At the last election, in 1857, he was defeated in the Department of the Doubs by the government candidate, and had since retired from public life until this article in the *Correspondant* brought him again before the world. Of course M. de Montalembert is not a Liberal after an English fashion. But we cannot doubt that years and experience have taught him something. And especially as regards England, no one can now be a more zealous, discriminating and firm friend to everything that is English than M. de Montalembert. No one, also, can doubt that he is one of the first men in Europe, both as a writer and as a speaker; and both by his eminence and his great interest in literature and education, he is among the leaders of the French Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1852.

## MARIE TAGLIONI.

The question is often asked, "what becomes of old opera-dancers?" Nobody knows. Somehow or other, they manage to disappear from the theatrical firmament, like those meteors which flash for a moment and then vanish from the summer sky. Now and then you hear of one turning up, not as a street-sweeper or box-opener, but in good condition, a landed proprietress and possessing any amount of bank stock. This is the case with the lady whose name heads this article, and who not very many years ago set all Europe a-fire, and "turned fops' heads while turning pirouettes." Marie Taglioni (she is a countess, by the way,) lately visited Paris, went to the opera, applauded *Livry*, the new Terpsichorean star, and had a jolly time with the Parisian ballet-girls at the *Trois Freres Provencaux*, where, not to have dined, is not to know what elegant epicureanism is. Taglioni is rich—her



feet having brought her a legitimate fortune. She never danced for less than eight hundred dollars a night, and at the zenith of her fame she was loaded with presents. She lives in a magnificent villa on the Lake of Como, and has two or three palaces in Venice. She is by marriage the Countess Gilbert des Voisins. In private life she is described as a sensible, well-bred, good-humored and simple, but far from brilliant, woman. But on the stage, she was indeed a sylphide—a creature all airiness and grace. She waved her arms like garlands, she smiled and seemed happy; she was a child, moving in perfect time, not thinking there was any difficulty in the world, executing sportively the most surprising feats, marvels of buoyancy and grace. In three bounds she crossed the largest stage; she flew—she spurned the boards; her breathing did not grow thick, her feet never failed her, and when her prodigious efforts ceased, she resumed her habitual attitude, easy and unconstrained. All other dancers give you a look as much as to say, "I hope you are satisfied—I have labored to please you, and accomplished impossibilities." But Taglioni seemed so unconcerned and happy, that the audience felt as if she had been dancing for her own amusement. She exhibited no more exhaustion than a bird, when, after wheeling for hours in the air, she folds her wings and settles on some nodding flower. Taglioni possessed, above all other dancers, the great art of concealing art. Her old admirers declare that they shall never look upon her like again.

#### SILK MANUFACTURING.

According to the Philadelphia American, the manufacture of sewing silk and various fabrics from the raw silk of China, is carried on in that city to a considerable extent. There are several factories in operation for this purpose, and the only limit to the extension of the business appears to be the want of a sufficient supply of raw material. The raising of silk-worms will not pay in this country, owing to the great amount of labor it requires for the rearing and culture of them, and for the preparation of the cocoons. The cost of labor is too great, as compared with that of Asia, to enable us to compete with the countries of the old world in this production. But the new treaty with China, by which that country is opened to foreign commerce, will add greatly to the supply of the raw silk which our manufacturers need; and in return we can send the Chinese our cotton fabrics, which being made by our machinery, can be afforded at rates far cheaper than they can make them for themselves. No skill of man has yet been able to apply machinery to the raising and preparing of raw silk; it is a work which must be done by hand, and therefore, while they can give up the making of their cotton goods to us, and devote a larger share of their labor to raising silk, we can buy their raw silk with the products of our cotton mills, and weave it into fabrics for our own use. In this way a legitimate, extensive, and mutually beneficial trade between the United States and China will be apt to spring up, as one of the good fruits of the new treaty just made by our minister, Mr. Reed. The annual value of raw silk imported from China is at present not much over half a million of dollars, and by far the greater part of this is manufactured in this country. This manufacture has been developed within the last fifteen years. There is every prospect that in future the importations will be greatly larger than they have been, and that there will be consequently a much larger employment for domestic labor and capital in the manufacture of silk fabrics for our own use.

#### HUGH MILLER ON TEMPERANCE.

When the celebrated Scotch geologist was a young man, and first entered upon the active pursuits of a life of toil, he was strongly tempted by the intoxicating cup, and was driven to make his election whether to yield or to resist. The drinking usages of Scotland at that time were of the broadest character, and the exhilarating draft was commended to the lips of the young men in respectable society, both by precept and example. Young Miller's situation among acquaintances and companions of daily labor, was no exception to the general circumstances attending the condition of life in which he was placed, and before he was aware of it, he was led on by the custom of drinking, to the very brink of a perilous precipice. His early love for learning was the Mentor that warned and saved him. At the tender age of eighteen, while an apprentice at stone-quarrying, he encountered the enemy and

achieved a decisive and enduring victory. In his own account of the crisis he informs us, that, when overwrought with labor and depressed in mind, he had come to regard the ardent spirit of the dram-shop as a high luxury; that gave lightness and energy both to body and mind, and substituted exhilaration and enjoyment, for dullness and gloom. On going home one evening, after having assisted at drinking "a royal founding pint," Miller found, on opening the pages of a favorite author, that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he was unable to master the sense. Disgusted with himself after this indulgence, he resolved upon the spot, never again to sacrifice his capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and he informs us that through God's help, he was enabled through life to hold by the determination. This little scrap of Hugh Miller's personal history conveys an invaluable lesson to the young. How many are there that are led on from step to step in the path of social indulgence, to their certain ruin, more because it is easier to comply with an absurd custom than to refuse! Whereas, if, like Miller, they would turn their own minds inward, and be a law unto themselves, they might triumph over the temptation, and thus make their lives an honor and a blessing, rather than a shame and a curse.

#### HEAVENLY DISTANCES.

The sun being ninety-six millions of miles from the earth, a ray of light is estimated to travel from that body to the earth in eight and one-third minutes. This does not appear to be a very long time, but then we must recollect that light travels at the rate of 192,500 miles a second. A body travelling with the velocity of sound, which is only 1125 feet per second, would require over fourteen years to reach the sun, and even a cannon-ball which is sent from a gun with a velocity of 1600 feet per second, if it should continue at the same uniform speed, would be ten years in performing the journey. The planet Neptune, the most distant one of the solar system is, however, thirty times as far from the sun as the earth is, and consequently the light of the sun occupies over four hours in travelling to that body, and a cannon-ball from thence would take three hundred years to reach the sun. Yet even these distances shrink into insignificance when we come to consider the fixed stars, the nearest of which is at least thirty-five billions of miles distant, or nearly three hundred and sixty-five thousand times as far from the earth as the sun is. The light from that star takes five years and three-quarters to reach the earth, and our imaginary cannon-ball would be more than three millions and a half of years in making the journey!

**ROW IN UTAH.**—Quite a civil row has sprung up in Utah territory, between the legislature and Mr. Buchanan's governor, Cummings. The former say the seat of government shall continue at Salt Lake City, the latter that it shall be restored to Fillmore City, where it was first located. Cummings holds the purse-strings, and the Saints will have to succumb.

**MINING IN STATE PRISON.**—A bed of iron ore has been discovered in the yard of the New York State Prison at Clinton, and the prisoners have been set to work upon it. Heretofore the State has worked mines in the vicinity of the prison.

**POLICE LIBRARIES.**—A movement has been started in New York City, for providing libraries at the several stations, for the use of policemen when off duty. Not a bad idea; though schools for adults would better meet the case of some of the M. P.'s of that queer city.

**THE MORTARA BOY.**—The parents of the Jewish boy Mortara have been permitted to visit him at Rome, and the lad was very glad to see his mother. He is six years old, and can say his prayers in Hebrew.

**POWERS THE SCULPTOR.**—This distinguished artist has received orders for statues of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, which will detain him in Italy for some time longer. Price \$10,000 each.

**VOLUME NINE.**—We will give two dollars a volume for a few volumes of *Ballou's Pictorial*, volume nine. Please send or hand in at our office as soon as possible.

#### VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

On page 12, we give a fine view of this place, and our own correspondent there furnishes the following account: "I send you herewith a reliable sketch of the town of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, away here on the northwest coast, and up in a tolerably high latitude. The drawing gives you the appearance of the town as seen from the water. It is not unlike many, or a majority of our western towns, the architecture being quite Yankeeified. The government buildings occupy the centre. The shipping in the foreground will give you an idea of the present activity of the place, to which recent events have given an extraordinary development. Vancouver's Island, though extending from latitude 48 to nearly 51 (if I remember rightly), possesses by no means a severe climate, and the fertility of much of the soil well adapts it to agricultural pursuits, which will prove eventually a great source of wealth. In the interior there are mountains, forests and prairies. The island is 278 miles long. The coal mines are quite profitable, and this will be a great coaling station for steamers. It is about the foggiest place I ever pitched my tent in, a circumstance which interferes sadly with my outdoor photographic operations. After getting all ready to take a landscape, a dense fog shuts down, swallowing it up instantly, making a 'dissolving view' of it. The winters are remarkable for their severe storms. April and May are very pleasant months. The heat of summer, however, is excessive. Farming is principally confined, at present, to the neighborhood of Victoria, and enormous crops frequently reward the labors of the tillers of the soil. There are plenty of beaver, raccoon, land and sea otters here, and the furs bring high prices. There are between nine and ten thousand Indians here, very docile and peaceable, and very unlike the fierce tribes of the northwest. They are willing to work, and perhaps as susceptible of civilization as any of the aborigines. The whole island was ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1849. You will remember that the island was thought to be a part of the mainland till 1789, when an American sea captain proved the contrary, by actual navigation. It was brought into public notice by the Oregon question, and many American statesmen strenuously contended for it as a part of our territory. It was, however, yielded entire to the British government, by the Boundary Treaty. It is only recently that successful attempts have been made to colonize it."

**UNITED STATES NAVY.**—The proposed increase in the American Navy will meet with the approbation of every American who is observant of national affairs and national events. Prevention is worth more than cure; and the visible evidence that we have the power to sustain our rights, will make other nations more cautious when they meditate infringement. We hope the concentration of the American vessels of-war in the Gulf will be as large as is possible.

**MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.**—The action of Congress in regard to Mexico and Central America, will be watched with deep interest by the whole civilized world. It is time that the representatives of this nation shall take a bold, concerted, determined and dignified stand in matters regarding our foreign relations and let some of the overwrought domestic questions subside into wholesome slumber for a while.

**COAL IN LONDON.**—Coals are sold in London in sacks containing one hundred pounds each. The carts which convey these sacks to the houses of consumers are provided with scales, so that each consumer has the opportunity of testing the honesty of the dealer. This is an Anglo-Sacks-on method.

**THANKSGIVING LUXURY.**—It has been estimated that the extra feasts, on Thanksgiving day, in the twenty-three States which observed it, cost from eighteen to twenty-five million dollars. Who says the Americans are not a merry people?

**RUNNING TO FIRES.**—Those who wonder at the tireless interest which a portion of our citizens manifest in running to fires, consider that it may be a mild form of pyromania.

**PAYING DEARLY.**—A man in New Orleans was recently fined \$43 for enclosing and sending by mail a letter inside of a newspaper.

#### M'LEE, PICCOLOMINI.

After an interval sufficiently long to intensify the appetites of lovers of the lyric drama, the opera was re-inaugurated at the Boston Theatre by Mr. Ullman's magnificent troupe; the most prominent attraction being the new prima donna Piccolomini, a young and beautiful artiste, freshly crowned with European laurels. Her first appearance was in *La Traviata*, which she followed up by several other characters, such as Maria, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," *La Serva Padrona*, *Lucrazia Borgna*, etc. Here, as elsewhere, Piccolomini has achieved a brilliant success, to which her youth, beauty, archness and admirable qualities as an actress largely contributed. As a singer, she is good, if not great. Her voice is of pleasing quality and considerable compass, exhibiting the most careful training, and managed with consummate art. She never sings out of tune, and has a very happy faculty of gliding over dangerous difficulties. Comic opera is decidedly her field of battle; she is too *petite*, too *jeune*, too much of a soubrette, to shine as the representative of imperious tragic passions, such as *Norma* and *Lucrazia Borgna* exact. But those who go to the opera to be pleased, soothed and fascinated, to be amused and bewitched, will never criticize the fresh and youthful Piccolomini. She storms the citadel of the heart, and the applause she elicits is spontaneous and universal. She is one of the most attractive performers that ever appeared on the lyric stage.

**PERSONAL NEATNESS.**—The advantages of a tidy personal appearance were lately shown, in the case of a member of Congress from Iowa, who entered a railroad car, having in his possession "a pass for a year." He was very slovenly in his dress, and the conductor, looking at the pass with contemptuous suspicion, told him he was a "nigger!" Unwilling to argue the point, the luckless Congressman paid his fare; but the conductor was even then in doubt whether to let him stay in the car, or put him out. Wanderers should take heed, and recognise the existence of soap and water, and the tailor.

**THE NEW POLICE UNIFORM.**—Most of the Boston police are now pleased with their new uniform, though some still object. Some are undecided. One of them remarked the other day, "Spos'n I should git into a row, and some other policeman should hit a fellow a crack on the head. The man that was hit might mistake me for the one that hit him, and hit me a crack on the head. But then, agin, if I had a hit him, he might mistake some other policeman, and give him the crack on the head that belonged to me! So I s'pose it don't make much difference."

**FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.**—We call our readers' attention to the view of Franklin Street as it is, on page 9 of the present number. Among those to whom especial credit is due, for the style in which the street has been remodelled, is Mr. J. G. F. Bryant, of this city, whose suggestions with regard to the improvements have been carried into effect, and who designed some of the finest structures that now adorn it.

**"THE OTTAWA; or, The Female Bandit"**—This remarkable story, by Lieutenant Murray, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, is a thrillingly interesting tale, founded upon a vivid period in Italian history.

**GOOD NEWS.**—General Paez, the Venezuelan hero, who dislocated his great toe by a bad fall in New York, has recovered the use of it entirely, that is, *in toto*.

**JAPAN.**—Recent knowledge of the good qualities and civilization of the polite people of Japan, prove that there is not much *gun* in Japan varnish, after all.

**ECONOMY.**—The man who puts flannel rags in the middle of his sausages, says he is determined to make both ends meet.

**QUERY.**—Have you seen *The Flag of our Union*, in its new and brilliant dress for the new year? Price four cents per copy, everywhere.

**MALIGNANT CRITICS.**—wish the talents of others to be so fine as to be invisible.



## JOSEPH AMES.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Kilburn, after a fine photograph by Whipple & Black, of this city. Mr. Ames, though yet young, ranks among the first of our artists, having achieved his position no less by the force of his genius, than by his conscientious and laborious study of art. During his residence in Europe, he made the very best use of his advantages, and, especially won the key to the mystery of that splendor of color which forms the glory of the Venetian school. Mr. Ames is particularly successful in his treatment of female heads, though his portraits of men have breath and vigor. In historical painting, his most successful effort, is his "Last Days of Daniel Webster at Marshfield," of which a fine engraving has been made, which time will render as popular as the "Death of Chatham." In that clever book, "Ernest Carroll," lately published by Ticknor & Fields, there is an interesting account, purporting to be given by the artist, of his painting a portrait of the present Pope: "I received an order from a church in New Orleans, to go to Rome and paint a full-length portrait of Pío Nono. I had a letter from the archbishop, introducing me, and requesting His Holiness to give me the necessary sittings. I was most cordially received, and the Pope ordered an apartment in the Quirinal to be made ready for me. On the day appointed I was at my post. A Swiss guard came several times to request me to be in readiness, as his Holiness was soon coming—at last he made his appearance, accompanied by two cardinals. He was dressed in a short scarlet cloak and white under-robe. Wishing me a lively good morning, he gayly mounted the platform on which I had placed his chair, and the two cardinals stood while he was seated. You may imagine that, to an American, the etiquette of the Roman court was interesting, if not amusing. The two cardinals, in waiting, stood like respectful statues—never venturing to speak unless addressed. The Vicegerent of God sat, tapping the lid of his gold snuff-box in



JOSEPH AMES, THE AMERICAN ARTIST.

time to the airs of an opera which he would occasionally hum. Whenever he rose they would fall upon their knees, and remain in that position until he took his seat again. At first, I was a little puzzled to know what to do on these occasions; but, as my business was to paint his portrait, I stuck to my work, and at last got so used to hear the rustling of his robes, when rising, followed by the sound of the marrow-bones of the attendants, rattling on the pavements, that I paid little or no attention, excepting to my picture. On the second or third day, while I was busily engaged in getting up the effect of my picture—thrashing in color right and left—as I was stepping back to examine the effect, I came very near knocking over the Pope, who had descended from his throne, and stood behind me, totally unconscious of his vicinity. "Bravo! benissimo!" said he, approvingly. "I see you paint after the manner of the English school;"—turning to one of the cardinals, "How does it strike you as a likeness?" asked he. "As true as the reflection from a mirror, Santità." "Ci ho gusto," said he, with a pinch of snuff. I finished my study of his head in a little more than a week, and told him I should require no more sittings, if I could have the use of the robes, jewelry, etc., necessary to represent him in the act of giving benediction at high mass. He immediately gave orders to have them brought to me, with the key of the apartment. It was my first whole-length of life-size, and I was obliged to proceed with great caution. I selected one of the academy models, who was of about the size and figure of the Pope, intending to use him not only as a model for the action, but as a lay figure for the costume. He was so clated at the idea of having been rigged out in all that papal finery, that he got as drunk as a fiddler on the money I paid him for his first pose, and I was obliged to dismiss him, and employed another model, who proved better suited to my purposes. When the picture was finished, the Pope was pleased with it, and paid me a very flattering compliment."



VIEW OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND, BRITISH AMERICA.

[From our own Correspondent.]



**FRIGATE EURYALUS.**

We publish the accompanying engraving of the British steam frigate Euryalus, as a spirited marine picture of a ship under a peculiar aspect. It derives additional interest from the fact that it is the vessel on board of which young Prince Alfred has just shipped as a naval cadet, to learn the profession to which he is destined. The Euryalus is one of the finest of her class—a taut and trim steam frigate, carrying 51 heavy guns. Her length (over all) is 245 feet; breadth of beam 50 feet, 9 inches; tonnage, 2371; horses power, 400. She carries on her main-deck, twenty-two 32-pounders of 56 cwt., and eight six-inch guns of 65 cwt. On her upper-deck she carries eighteen 32-pounders of 45 cwt., and one ten-foot pivot-gun of 95 cwt. Her commander is the distinguished officer, Captain Tarleton, C. B.

**ARTISTS' FESTIVAL.**

The spirited engraving below represents the regatta of the German artists on the Starnberger See, at Munich, Bavaria, on the evening succeeding the three days' festival, Sept. 20—23, on which occasion the picturesque sheet of water was covered with splendidly decorated barges, galleys, gondolas and steamers, bearing the artists and their guests, with bands of music, and every holiday accessory. Great taste was exhibited in the decoration of many of the boats, and the scene which the lake presented during the evening was brilliant in the extreme. The water was dotted over with boats carrying torches, while fires were lit upon the surrounding hills.



BRITISH STEAMSHIP EURYALUS, IN WHICH PRINCE ALFRED IS AT SEA.



THE LATE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL, AT MUNICH, BAVARIA.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WE MET AND PARTED.

BY WILLIAM E. PARKER.

We met and parted, neither heart  
Conscious that in the coming years  
Our hands would join and never part  
With the messenger of care.

We met and parted, side a child,  
In the path that comes with age,  
She, in her young years gay and wild,  
I sobered by time's forward stage.

We met and parted—Years rolled by,  
And then it chanced we met once more,  
We gave the welcome and reply,  
And I proudly she her station bore.

We met and have not parted—Now,  
Her life henceforth will blend with mine;  
We at last share together bow,  
And I drink affection's priceless wine.

Her white hand has within my own,  
Her white heart beats a love as pure  
As that which centres round the Throne,  
And like that one will her care endure.

Her young life and my older years  
(Like Africa's south August sun)  
Are blest by ties that mock at fears,  
And I ever to joy's channel run.

## WINTER RENOVATES NATURE.

A winter feels the renneting force  
Of winter, only to the thoughtful eye  
In ruin seen. The frost corrected gleam  
Draws in abundant vegetal life,  
And gathers vigor for the coming year.  
A stronger growth on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire, and lucid in deep,  
The purer rivers flow, their channels deep,  
Transparent, open to the sky, and in gale,  
And murmur hoarse at the living frost.

## HOME.

Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look  
When hearts are of each other sure,  
Sweet all the joys that crown the household nook,  
The hand of all affection pure.  
Yet in the world, even there abide, and I we  
Above the world, our calling host,  
Once again the mountain-top, and then art free,  
The lion who rest, presuming, who turn to look, are  
lost.

## AVALANCHE.

Avalanche, earth-shocks  
Its festal mark, with abundance cursed,  
In waste, the ill of poverty endures—BARRY.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSIP WITH THE READER.

And is it indeed a year, reader dear, since we were wishing you happiness and all sorts of good things at the beginning of a twelve-month? How time flies, to be sure—as fast as the Progress, the last time Ten Brook tried her on the English turf. Well then, here we are ready for another heat. We have just taken a breath, a sip of water, and are now in condition to run for a man's life. We intend to "make play" this time. Elsewhere we have expiated our "points" and our purposes—you shall judge of our performance, and we will only say at the start that, if pluck, perseverance and industry can command success, you shall say "well done," when we come in at the "fourth quarter." And what do you think of Picochombi? Is the question asked on every hand. Think why, that she is a pretty, plump, fascinating, bewitching creature, not "voice and intelligence," like some *prima donna*, but acting in manner with sufficient vocal ability added to make her interesting but not wondrous—a very attractive little person, and quite worthy of a third, fourth, fifth and sixteenth round. How we improve upon our "fabulous." Once the little Frog Pond again gave us scope for the flashing steel and the furious "hockey," but now a broad field of ice expands its dull mirror on the Common at the bidding of the City Fathers, large enough for the manoeuvres of a regiment of those Northern warriors who go to battle on skates, and "cut the figure 8" before cutting up their enemies with the broadsword. Skating is all the fashion this winter. By the way, wouldn't it be a good idea for the Jamaica Pond people to get up a carnival on the ice, admitting none but fancy dresses? Russian, Polish, Norwegian and Dutch costumes would show to advantage, and a Pulcinello or a few brass on skates would furnish a heaven of fun. The late Rev. John T. Reddin, of the church of St. Vincent in Paul, who died last month, was a man of varied learning and powerful mind, pious, worthy and beloved. The funeral services at the extended in Franklin Street were very imposing and largely attended. A young Italian, fresh from Sicily as his own oranges, a well-educated, talented person, who has labored hard to get familiar with English letters, and has read the best authors, from Chaucer downward, dilated thus on the poets: "Poets are very much like Homer, I have him very much, but I think Byron was very sorry poet." "What? Byron a sorry poet? I thought he was a favorite with Italians." "O, yes, I adore him very much, I almost do adore him; but he was very sorry poet." "How so? Byron a sorry bard?" "O yes very sorry, don't you think so? *molto triste*—very much melancholy, don't you find him so? I always feel very sorry when I read him. I think he's far more sorry than Petrarca; don't you?" This will remind the reader of the very strong term used by a Frenchman, who, on being asked what was the cause

of his evident sadness, replied: "I am just like my father he die. I am very much *disappointed*." Three Moorish gentlemen and their Moorish servant have arrived in England, to purchase guns for the emperor of Morocco. The three Moorish gentlemen are great guns in their own country. Never was the French better translated into plain English than in the story which is told of an old-fashioned couple, who received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. B. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French. "Respondere sibi non potuit" (answer, if you please). The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awakened by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out. R. B. V. P. It means—remember it very punctual. The Salem Register remarks: "With all that is said of the 'masterly inactivity' of Salem, and the croakings in regard to its future as a place of business, each census shows an increase in its population, and each year shows a respectful addition of new buildings. The Ottoman Porte is getting decidedly economical. Sumptuary laws are in force. Pipes enriched with precious stones are forbidden. In the public offices neither coffee, pipes nor alcohol are looked upon to be served. No one, says Dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of Dean's is rarely violated in society. Tiger Tail, with a band of over one hundred Seminoles, is still loose on the eastern coast of Florida. It is to be hoped that this band of marauders will be got rid of at less expense to the government than it cost to get rid of Billy Bowlegs. Mr. Hildale, who died in England lately, was a sporting man of some notoriety. It is said that years ago he had a hundred horses, and was worth thousands; he died with only 8d. in his pocket, and a subscription saved him from a pauper's funeral. That's a lesson to fast men—will they heed it? The New York Saturday Press says: "A Western publisher announces a new edition of 'Tupper's Persuasive Philosophy'; the price of the book per verb is not stated—an occurrence which, considering the verbose tendency of the author, is rather serious." Somebody says: "Words are but the banners of an army, a few bits of waving color here and there; thoughts are the main body of the footmen that march unseen below." You can buy almost everything in London. Snakes and adders are sold for their skins. Hedgehogs, which are found principally in Essex, are sold for a shilling apiece, their speciality being the destruction of black beetles. Lizards, for which it seems there are many chance customers in the streets, sell for twopence apiece, and are generally caught in the neighborhood of Hampstead and Highgate. Frogs fetch sixpence and a shilling a dozen, and it is greatly asserted they are regularly and constantly purchased by Frenchmen for culinary purposes, and one itinerant vender of these *guinea comestibles* is said to have supplied the keeper of a French hotel in Leicester Square regularly with three dozen a week during the season. Snails, which are used for feeding birds principally, but which rumor assigns also to foreigners, for the purpose of making soup, are sold for half a crown a pallful. The grand duke of Tuscany has recently raised the duty on cigars, and to punish him, a league has been formed pledged to pipe-smoking exclusively. The opposition, of course, will end in smoke. The new-fashioned handkerchiefs in Paris are very pretty, and remarkable for neatness and simplicity. They are small and square, and are ornamented by narrow plaits on which is a light embroidery, between the plaits the cambric is also embroidered, and has the appearance of a muslin insertion. Louis Napoleon is certainly a shrewd man, and his recent coup is a great one in a small way. Wearied and disgusted at the reproaches which had been heaped against his government, in consequence of the high rate of rent in the capital, which had driven all small fortunes beyond the barriers, he had requested a research to be made after the remedy. None had been found, even by the clearest heads in that department of administration, when his majesty himself came to the rescue by suggesting the imposition of a heavy tax upon all empty apartments. This is forthwith to be done, and the terror of the proprietors is visible in the sudden depression of rent, which has lowered one-quarter since the last term. Dr. Adolph Hirsch, a young Israelite, has so distinguished himself as an astronomer, that the imperial academy of Vienna has published several of his treatises in its memoirs. He was also appointed assistant in the imperial observatory of Paris, under Leverrier, and has now been elected director of the new observatory at Neufchatel. Some people are curious in their selection of presents. A Texan paper mentions having received a letter from a friend accompanied with the scalp of a Comanche Indian. Rat-tail soup is the new dish in the Paris restaurant since the China treaty. A fine mixture of bamboo sticks, and electric eel stew are also favorably mentioned. We should think the last-mentioned dish would be "shocking." Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" our old nursery rhyme told us was a "delicious dish to set before a king;" but Zimmerman tells us that Frederick the Great required something more substantial. He says: "Today the king had taken a great quantity of soup, made as usual of the strongest gravy drawn from the most healing things. With his portion he mixed a large tablespoonful of pounded unce and pounded ginger. He then eat a large slice of beef stewed in brandy. This followed up by a copious allowance of an Italian dish, composed half of maize flour and half of Parmesan cheese; to this is added the juice of garlic, and the whole is fried in butter till it acquires a crust as thick as one's finger. This favorite dish is called *pasta*. At length the king, praising the excellent appetite which the dish had given him, concluded the scene with a large plate of eel pie, exceedingly hot and highly seasoned. While at table the king fell asleep, and was seized with convulsions." If he had escaped the convulsions he would have had the digestion of an ostrich, which rather prefers gravel-stones and ten-penny nails to anything lighter

for a diet. The last dog story we have met is as follows. Some time ago a resident of Marlborough, Mass., sold a large dog. The purchaser took the dog to New York. The dog followed him about the city until he was suddenly found to be missing. At two o'clock the next afternoon the dog arrived at his old home in Marlborough, having, in twenty-one hours, travelled about 160 miles. A good anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press in this city. The professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and thoughts. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society was ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz. "I cannot afford to waste any time in making money." Cholera was carrying off a great number of people in Japan, at last advices. Its first appearance was said to have been after the arrival of an American man-of-war, on board of which a case had occurred. The circumstance had prejudiced the Japanese against foreigners. They supposed their walls had been poisoned. The Central Park in New York is to be flooded for a public skating ground, and some public-spirited citizens of Buffalo have hired some uncultivated land for the same purpose. The Manchester Mirror says that the ladies of that city have petitioned the Amoskeag Company for the privilege of skating upon their enclosed reservoir. Pippins is an extraordinary joker. He will go any length to make a pun. The other day he called on "ye taylor man" to order a pair of oh-no-we-never-mention-ems. He wanted them done in a hurry. After giving the necessary directions, he informed the knight of the needle that they should be done by Monday. "They'll be done, I'll promise you," was the reply. "All right," said Pippins. "Don't disappoint; now that I have a promise of breeches, don't let me have any breaches of promise." The tailor has been raving ever since.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The last arrivals from Europe have brought us no news of very startling importance. The English press continues to publish bitter articles on the prosecution and condemnation of Count Montalembert to an imprisonment of six months and a fine of 3000 francs. The publisher of the "Correspondant," in which the obnoxious article appeared, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 francs. The speeches of Menns, Berryer and Dufour, counsel for the defendants, were magnificent specimens of eloquence, logic and independence, and have raised the French bar in the opinion of the world. The prosecution by the government was what Talleyrand would have styled "worse than a crime—a blunder." The Galway line has concluded a contract with Palmer Bros. & Co. of Newcastle-on-Tyne for the construction of three first class side-wheel steamers, to be ready for sea respectively in June, July and August next. They are to be of large capacity, and it is said that a guaranty has been given that they shall be equal to the performance of 20 miles per hour, minimum speed, with a consumption of only 70 tons of coal per day. The "Great Eastern" steamship, which has occupied so large a share of the attention of the world since the laying of her keel, will most certainly be ready for sea early in the summer, and will make her first voyage to Portland. Her safe arrival in the United States will create as much of a sensation as the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. The London Times still continues to berate Mr. Reed, United States commissioner to China, and to sneer at our treaty.—Mr. Lemon Oliver, the London stock broker, who was found guilty of forgery, and applying to his own use securities and property entrusted to his care, has been sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude.—The Queen of England regrets the impossibility of her paying a visit to her loyal Canadians, but one of the princes will be sent over and may come in the "Great Eastern."—There have been recently some gales in the Mediterranean, doing great damage to the shipping.—The King of Naples is said to have decided that all foreigners who are employed in his States must be naturalized.

## Magnetism of Iron Ships.

Mr. Archibald Smith, an English mathematician of much ability, has published a paper on the principles which affect the development, destruction, and changes in the magnetism of iron ships. According to Mr. Smith, the magnetism of iron ships in its action on the compass may be represented by a vertical and a horizontal iron or magnetic bar swinging round a compass, that the changes take place in a ship's magnetism by change of magnetic latitude, that there are influences in a ship derived from the varieties of form and position, relatively to the compass of particular masses of iron, which may act as natural correctives; that the plan of correcting the duration of iron ships by fixed magnets—unless in places or limited voyages—is unsafe, and in going to southern regions aggravates the error; that the twisting of the iron materials of a ship will tend, especially in ships recently launched, to alter the magnetic action on the compass, that it requires time to effect the changes in a ship's magnetic distribution, which ultimately may, in regions distant from the place of building, be effected.

## Air as a Locomotive Power.

Experiments have been made by Messrs. Andrand and Julien, at Paris, on so large a scale as to place beyond doubt the feasibility of using compressed air as a means of locomotion. By their experiments it is ascertained that with one cubic metre of air at eight atmospheres—that is, eight cubic metres reduced to one—the power is obtained of transporting on rails a charge of fifteen tons to a distance of one kilometre. A train of cars will then require—say of 200 tons—18.3 cubic metres of air at eight atmospheres to run over one kilometre of road, and 625 cubic metres to pass the length of the tunnel

These 625 cubic metres of compressed air will carry into the tunnel 5000 cubic metres of air of the normal pressure, so that ten trains of the night will conduct in 50,000 cubic metres. The dry trains, less heavy but more rapid, will conduct in about the same amount of air.

## French Opera.

Louis Napoleon has refused to authorize the erection of a new opera house in Paris, and so his subjects must be content with the present one in the Rue Lepelletier. One would think the emperor would hardly care to visit a place where he came so near being annihilated by Orsini's bombshells. His majesty cares very little for music, but is passionately fond of the ballet, which is a prominent feature in the attractions of the French opera.

## Chinese Priests.

The foreign papers are full of details of Chinese life, many of which are quite interesting. It appears that the fanaticism of the Chinese bonzes, or priests, is purely external. To move the compassion of the multitude some of them fasten heavy chains thirty feet long to their neck, and drag this vast weight, saying:—"You see what it costs us to expiate your sins—can't you let us have a little money?"

## A French Quack.

A carpenter has been hauled up before the police court in Paris for practicing on the credulity of the public. He had invented an infallible remedy for curing diseases of the skin. If you were troubled with a cutaneous eruption, he applied a plaster which took away the skin. No skin, no disease of the skin—a very logical theory.

## Monaco.

The Prince of Monaco, they say, is willing to sell out his little ten-mile-square kingdom on the Mediterranean to the Emperor of Russia or anybody who will pay a pretty fair sum for it. The prince himself lives in Paris, and as he is rather "flat" is hard up for money, and very likely the Czar may get Monaco at a bargain.

## French Luxury.

A dinner was lately given at the Trois Freres Provençaux, Paris, at which the dessert alone cost 3000 dollars, though there were only six guests. This is easily explained when we know that at Cheval's in the Palais Royal, they often get sixty francs for a single pair.

## Sarawak.

The London Times, faithful to the idea which impels England to attack by turns all nations when its interest requires it, defends the pretensions of Sir James Brooke, rajah of Sarawak in Borneo, who wishes the British government to annex his territory.

## Madame Rossi.

This distinguished French singer has abandoned the stage for the frying-pan—not being deterred by the hissing so odious to the ears of a performer. In other words, she is keeping an inn somewhere on the coast of Normandy.

## Switzerland.

It is reported from Berne that the federal council has informed the Swiss chambers that the Clock-makers' Union of Chaux de Fonds was preparing an expedition direct for Persia, China and Japan—the chambers of commerce were invited to take part in it.

## Oriental Pilgrims.

One hundred and twenty Arab pilgrims, returning from Mecca lately landed at Marseilles.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MUSEUM OF LOVE AND LIBERTY. By B. F. PRESLEY. Boston: Shephard, Clark & Brown. 12mo. 1853.

The scene of this story is laid in this country. It contains some interesting adventures, and evinces a good deal of power.

ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated from the German by HERBERT PALMAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 434. 1858.

These stories, if not quite equal to the Arabian Nights, are in the same vein, and are delightful and entertaining. The true spirit of the Orient breathes through them, and the illustrations aid in the understanding of the text.

THE SOCIABLE. OR, ONE THOUSAND AND ONE HOME AMUSEMENTS. By the author of the "Magician's Own Book." New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 377.

There is an endless fund of rational amusement for home circles in this work—acting, proverbs, charades, tableaux vivants, parlor magic, puzzles, a perfect encyclopedia in fact of all that the wit of man has devised for social entertainment. A better book for a holiday present we know not. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 281. 1859.

Beautifully printed and liberally illustrated, this complete essay on one of the most charming characters in history comes to us in a fitting garb. The life of Sir Philip Sidney has been touched upon by able pens, among others that of the poet Longfellow, but no complete biography has hitherto appeared. The work has been well done by our author, and we trust it will be found in the hands of every thoughtful reader.

A YACHT VOYAGE. LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES. etc. By Lord DUFFERIN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 37. 1859.

In 1856 Lord Dufferin made an adventurous voyage to Iceland, Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen in the schooner yacht "Lion," and he has given the fruits of his observation in a book as readable as "Bubbles from the Brunns," or a "Journey Due North." One of the best things we ever read, is his lordship's after-dinner speech in Latin in response to the proposition of his health by the Bishop of Scotland. But the book is bristling with good things, and must be a universal favorite. In England it has already gone through many editions.

THOUGHTS ON THE CONCEPT OF OPINIONS. BY WILLIAM SMITH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 64. 1859.

This work, which will command the attention of every thoughtful reader, is written in a style so charming as to make its metaphysical attractive, while its theories are ingenious and its thoughts original.

CHRISTMAS HOURS. By the author of the "Homestead Path." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This little work considers Christmas Day under its moral and religious aspect, and is well calculated to exert a happy influence.



## Editorial Maelange.

Augustus XI, a king of Poland, could roll up a silver plate, like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse shoe under.—The actual outlay upon the English navy for the year ending March 31, 1857, was nearly two millions of pounds less than the money voted by Parliament; but the army and militia exceeded several thousands the money voted, the difference being covered by drawing upon the vote for the extraordinary expenses of the Russian war.—In Baltimore, Thomas Connery shot his brother who tried to persuade him to go home when he was drunk.—A "floating derrick," the second ever made in England to raise sunken ships, was lately launched at Blackwall. It consists of a strong hull plated with iron, built on the cell principle, of light draught, flat bottomed, and propelled by steam power. A gigantic crane capable of hoisting one thousand tons is fixed in the hull.—It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights only, in the autumn of 2147.—There is now living in Norfolk, Va., on Queen Street, a negro woman who is in her one hundred and twentieth year. Her name is Sarah Mallory, and she retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. Her youngest son is now living, and is between seventy and eighty; his youngest is thirty-four, who is himself the father of an interesting family.—The first steamboat launched on Western waters was built at Pittsburg in 1811, seven years before the first lake steamer. More than a thousand steamboats are now employed on the Mississippi and its tributaries.—Mr. Ellett, the engineer, is engaged in a grand scheme for improving the navigation of the Kanawha River, by forming a vast reservoir or mountain lake to feed that stream during low water. The cost of the land and damages it is supposed will exceed \$1,500,000, while \$200,000 will be required for the dam.—On searching the house of an old gentleman who died in a town near New Bedford, a short time since, a bag was found containing about \$1000 in Mexican dollars and half dollars, and \$1200 in bills of one of the New Bedford banks, being among its earliest issues, and dating back nearly thirty years.—Gen. Niel, of the French Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." He states that during the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shells from mortars, and 8000 rockets; during the war the French infantry fired 25,000,000 cartridges.—Quebec has become a dangerous place to live in. The Mercury says:—"The City Council, which often sits under a guard of fifty police, was again besieged last night, and the flour stores have been threatened by riotous assemblies of the people. These are the circumstances under which the navigation closes and the winter commences in this city."—A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, carrying a weight of 600 pounds.—The people of Brooklyn, N. Y., are agitating the subject of a grand public park for that city. The locality proposed to be devoted to this purpose is Ridgewood Heights, where the water reservoir is situated.—The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for 200 years. They actually wear the same style of dress that their grandmothers wore.—In the Church of All Souls, Langham Place, London, was a very fine picture of great value, "Jesus Crowned with Thorns." Some person secreted himself in the church, and during the night cut up into shreds and completely destroyed the picture.—It is told as a fact, that there is not an unmarried man on Cape Cod.—Seventy-five thousand three hundred and ten emigrants have arrived at Castle Garden during the past year to Nov. 24, which is a decrease of one thousand six hundred and five as compared with the number of arrivals to same date the previous year.—At the Indian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the venerable Bishop Early ordained twelve Indians, principally chiefs of their tribes, to the gospel ministry.—A. C. Johnson, a young man living at Mount Vernon, Illinois, is said to be a master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Russian languages. At the age of ten years he commenced the study of Latin, and he continued his studies as rapidly as his means would allow him to purchase books.—The Board of Education of Marietta

School District, Marshall County, Iowa, have declared that no girls who wear hoops shall be admitted into the school of that district.—The application of American citizens for permission to run a submarine cable from Havana to Key West, has been granted by her Catholic majesty, solely upon condition that both ends of the cable are to be under Spanish control; and if otherwise the application is to be considered as rejected.—Queen Victoria has presented to the Emperor Napoleon the funeral car on which the remains of the great Napoleon were conveyed to his tomb in St. Helena. This *biere* will prevent any war from brewing at present.—The total value of steamers afloat on the Mississippi and its tributaries is more than \$60,000,000. They number as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all other parts of the world.—Since the discovery of the Lake Superior copper mines, in 1845, thirteen vessels, mostly steamers, engaged in the trade, have been lost. The value of the vessels was \$366,500, and of their cargoes \$125,500. Ninety-five persons lost their lives.

## GREAT TOP-SPINNING.

Mr. Harris, U. S. Consul General at Japan, gives an account of a juggler's performance in the way of top-spinning, witnessed by him, which is truly wonderful. In the first place, the performer took an ordinary peg-top and set it to spinning in the air. He then caught it on his hand and transferred it to the keen edge of a sword-blade, making it traverse from hilt to point and back again, by inclining the sword, the top spinning all the time. Another feat performed, was to set the top spinning in the air, and then to throw the end of the string towards it, and cause it to wind itself with the string, the other end being retained in the hand; so that the top returned to the hand properly wound and ready to be spun again. A sub-variety of this performance consisted in making the top spin up an upright pole, knock at the door of a little wooden house on the summit, and disappear within. In this case the hand end of the string was fastened near the door of the small house, and the top was made to climb the pole by the self-winding process. The Japanese jugglers perform many other curious feats, such as making paper butterflies fly in the air and alight where they please, by means of a common fan.

REFORM IN TURKEY.—A set of regulations has been issued by the sultan, in order to check the luxury of government officials and employees. Pipes set with precious stones are forbidden. In the public offices, pipes, coffee and tobacco are forbidden. Only officers of the highest grade are allowed two horses to their carriages, and the lower officials are limited to one-horse teams and caiques with two pairs of oars. The Turkish functionaries are requested to put this in their pipes and smoke it, and will find when they wish to make a show on the water, that all their caique is dough. We fancy that some of the swells will say, "Abdul Medjid is not the boss for us!" (Bosphorus).

THE BEARDED LOVER.—A gay young gentleman engaged to be married to a young lady in Lyons, was advised to shave off his magnificent beard and be married in a smooth chin. When the bride came to see him she fainted, on discovering a striking resemblance to a criminal who had been guillotined. So the poor bridegroom, finding it impossible to overcome the repugnance of the lady, consented to a postponement of the match, and, with maledictions on barbers, razors and officious friends, is furiously cultivating another beard, on the growth of which all his hopes of happiness depend.

FRENCH RESTAURANTS.—At the French eating-houses they have recently introduced several new dishes borrowed from the Chinese, such as bird's nests, shark's fins, grasshoppers, ants, lizards and water-snakes. These, in addition to the old standard dish of fricasseed frogs, and the more recent colt steaks, crown the delight of Gallic epicures.

FEMALE MODESTY.—Fontenille says that with women modesty has great advantages: it increases beauty and serves as a veil to homeliness—rather a pretty thought.

THE CITY OF PALACES.—At the rate we are building up Boston, it will soon be as renowned for its architecture as for its crooked streets.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Heenan hats and Piccolomini cigars are among the latest novelties in Cincinnati.

Judge Pruden has decided in favor of omnibuses running in Cincinnati on Sunday.

Mayor Swan, of Baltimore, has vetoed the bill for procuring steam fire engines for that city.

The Middlesex Company, at Lowell, Mass., are making heavy woolen Balmoral skirts for the girls to skate in this winter.

Advices from Japan state that a prince of that country was about to visit the United States, attended by a suite of fourteen persons.

The Cape Ann Advertiser estimates the loss to the Gloucester fishing fleet by accident the past year at \$10,000.

The assessed valuation of property in Philadelphia for 1859 is \$155,697,669, which is an increase over 1858 of about \$1,000,000.

Letter writers from Washington declare that women make the most successful lobby agents for managing members of Congress.

There are seventy-two papers published in Louisiana, of which forty-four are in English, eighteen in English and French, eight in French, two in German, and one in Spanish.

The Mississippi states that the experiment of excluding all paper money of a denomination less than five dollars has succeeded perfectly in the State of Mississippi.

A company of New York capitalists have bought a water power and two hundred acres of land at Moline, Wisconsin, and intend to erect several large manufacturing establishments.

The courts in Canada have decided that persons travelling on a railway with a free pass can claim no damages for an accident. Our courts have maintained the contrary doctrine.

Robert Dale Owen died at the Bear's Head Hotel, Newton, and what is strange, there is not a single inhabitant now alive in the place who was there when he left it, a child ten years of age.

It is reported that Commodore Stewart has been granted leave of absence by the Navy Department, for his intended visit to Europe. He will remain, it is said, in the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

There are some nice girls "down east." In South Penobscot some of them hauled a barrel of flour on a hand sled two miles to Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of Penobscot, and delivered it to him as a Thanksgiving present.

That young lady called the "Highland Maid," whose feats of pedestrianism at New York have attracted attention, performed the extraordinary operation of "walking" out of Poughkeepsie without paying her bills one night recently.

Col. Fremont's steam quartz mill at Bear Valley, Mariposa County, Cal., is said to be paying handsomely. Seldom or never less than \$1500 has been taken out after a steady week's run, and as high as \$3000 has been obtained.

Mr. Robert Stepel has finished his music to Longfellow's Hiawatha, and it will be produced during the present winter. Mrs. Stepel (Matilda Heron) reciting portions of the poem between the musical parts.

A foolish young man, recently from California, visited a gambling resort in Albany, and staking several hundred dollars and a gold watch at a faro bank, lost all. He was advised not to risk his property, but, like a fool, did not heed the advice.

Julia Smith, a professional thief, was arrested in Cincinnati, Ohio, a short time since, and under her hoops were found carefully stowed three towels, two table-cloths, one looking-glass, three tumblers, one pair of pants, and a quart bottle of Madeira.

Porter's Spirit of the Times states that more American racers are to be shipped to England. Robert Harlan, of Cincinnati, has just purchased a fine three-year-old and two-year-old, with the view of running them the next season on the English turf.

Mrs. Mary S. Edwards, wife of Alpheus S. Edwards, of the first comptroller's office, Washington, was so badly frightened a few days since by the attempt of a ferocious dog to spring upon her, that her nervous system was completely prostrated, and she died shortly after.

John Brobst, an old man, living in Cumberland County, Md., has just been discovered to be the rightful owner of a large tract of mineral land in the heart of the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, worth \$8,000,000. He has sold out all his right and title for \$2,600,000.

"Doesticks," or somebody like him, furnishes the New York Times with a sketch of the places of amusement in New York. He says the Germans have the most rational idea of recreation. They in turn to good moral drama and eschew unhealthy clip-trap.

The Third Avenue Horse Railroad Company, in New York, estimate the number of people carried over their road during the year at about 8,000,000. Nearly 4000 miles per day are run by their 69 cars and 12 stages. The receipts for passengers during the year was \$402,597.

An aged lady from Springfield, Ill., reached Detroit, a few days since, on her way to some friends in Vermont, but could go no further for the lack of money, when the Sons of Malta, being convinced of her worthiness, made up a purse of \$50 for her, and sent her on her way rejoicing.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Man loves little and often, woman much and rarely.—Boswell.

.... Hatred is keener than friendship, less keen than love.—Famennargus.

.... The more generally persons are pleasing, the less profoundly do they please.—Stoddard.

.... They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—Sheridan.

.... Poesy serveth and confereth to magnanimity, morality and delectation.—Bacon.

.... Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of silence.—Fuller.

.... Heroism is the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men.—Cairns.

.... A woman often thinks she is regretting the lover, when she is only regretting the love.—Madame de la Fayette.

.... The best reputation is that which is established within the immediate sphere of one's duties.—Boswell.

.... If we did not take great pains, and were not at a great expense to corrupt our natures, our natures would not corrupt us.—Clarendon.

.... Women like better to inspire love than esteem; perhaps they have a secret aversion to those who only esteem them.—Beauchene.

.... A loud voice commands attention; a low voice entreats it; and both receive it according to the natures they address.—Boswell.

.... Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle, who has done much less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.—Shelton.

.... However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.—Madame de la Fayette.

.... Most commonly the enthusiasm for study which distinguishes our morning of life, degenerates ere its noontime into an enthusiasm to live gently.—Boswell.

.... Compassion joined to friendship produces so ardent a sentiment in certain women that it makes them commit the same faults as the most decided passion.—Madame de la Fayette.

.... Woman is rather made to be loved than to love, like the flowers which feel nothing of their perfume, but yield it to be felt by others. Women are the true flowers of love.—Alphonse Esquiros.

.... Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer a laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.—Colton.

## Joker's Budget.

The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

We often hear of a widow mending her condition by re-marrying.

The lady who knit her brows, has commenced a pair of socks.

A couple wishing to get married, used a "ben line" to tie the knot.

Why are chicken's necks like door-bells? Because they are often rung for company.

Why are a young lady's affections always doubted? Because they are misgivings.

Although one swallow will not make a summer, still a pin maliciously inverted in a chair will make one spring.

There is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't always round his shop, interfering with his own business."

A woman abandons her opinion the moment her husband adopts it. Even in church the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in anything.

Jorum was told of a supper at which goblets of ice, formed by evaporation, were used, from which to drink champagne. Jorum heard the story through, and then exclaimed—"Well, ice wine!"

Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor-oil, with orange juice in it." Doctor—"Now don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me." Tommy (who has tasted it before)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor!"

A witty man who lived in constant fear of bailiffs, having absconded, one of his acquaintances asked what was the reason of his absence, to which he replied, "Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended, and so left to avoid apprehension!"

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

A man in Vermont, who has run for office for the last ten years, and been defeated every time, declines being a candidate any longer, and gives as a reason, "that the people have got so in the habit of voting against him that it is all nonsense to try and break them of it."





COD FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

[For description, see page 10.]



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



Mr. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM | Vol. XVI., No. 2...WHOLE No. 394.

## HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from one of the beautiful lithographic likenesses of the Illinois Senator published by Mr. C. H. Brainard of this city, who has made it his speciality to produce heads of all the prominent men of the times, in a style of perfection hitherto known only to European art. The engraving of Mr. Homer's drawing was made by Mr. Damoreau, and is done in admirable style. Though comparatively a young man, the subject of our present sketch has been prominently before the public for many years. His career is an interesting one, not only in its political aspect, but as an example of a resolute struggle for honor and distinction, maintained with true Anglo-Saxon pluck, and crowned with various successes. Stephen A. Douglas was born in Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont, April 23, 1813. In July of the same year, his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a physician of eminence, died suddenly, leaving two children, the subject of our sketch, and a daughter not two years of age. When about fifteen years of age, the circumstances of his mother induced young Douglas to relinquish, or at least postpone, his plan of completing his common school education by an academical course, and to learn a trade. He selected cabinet-making, and for nearly two years was engaged in that business. The severity of the labor, however, proved too much for a delicate constitution, and he was compelled to abandon it. After studying a year at Brandon Academy, he went with his mother, who had married a Mr. Granger, to New York, and became a student at Canandaigua Academy. At the same time he commenced the study of law. In 1813 he removed to the West, which has ever since been his home. We find him at one time engaged in the law office of Mr. S. J. Andrews of Cleveland, Ohio, with a prospect of becoming associated with that gentleman in business, but his hopes were prostrated by a long illness. On the restoration of his health he left Cleveland and visited various cities of the West in search of employment. We find him entering the town of Winchester, Illinois, in the winter of 1833, with thirty-seven and a half cents in his pocket, and no immediate prospect of adding to that enormous capital. However, he happened to arrive just in time to act as clerk to a large auction sale of a merchant's property, which lasted three days. This made him known, and enabled him to obtain a school with forty scholars, at three dollars a quarter each. He began his labors as a pedagogue on the first Monday of December, 1833. His evenings he devoted to the study of law, having borrowed a few books of a legal friend. In March, 1834, he obtained a license, and commenced his career as a lawyer. How well he succeeded may be inferred from the fact that in less than a year he was elected by a joint vote of the two houses of the legislature, State's Attorney, over Col. John J. Hardin. The position was a trying one, as it brought the youthful advocate as prosecutor in criminal cases, in collision with the first lawyers of the State. But he held his own, and triumphed by the force of energy, industry and genius. He resigned his office in 1836 for a seat in the legislature, as a representative for his county, which he carried at the close of an animated, fierce and exciting canvass, his opponent being the distinguished and gallant Colonel John J. Hardin, afterwards killed at Buena Vista, at the head of his regiment. We should have stated that Mr. Douglas had taken a warm interest in politics from his boyhood, and was one of the earliest and

most zealous supporters of General Jackson. In the legislature, he was a leader of the minority which opposed the increase of the capital of the local banks and the connecting of the State with its moneyed institutions, and also distinguished himself by his advocacy of internal improvements, and especially of the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal and of the Illinois railroad system. In 1837 he was nominated by a democratic convention, candidate for Congress, at the election to be held on the first Monday in August, 1838. He accepted the honor, without expecting to succeed, but hoping to strengthen and consolidate his party. He entered the canvass with spirit, "stumping" the State, and making speeches nearly every week day for five months. The contest was so close that Mr. Stuart, the whig candidate, was elected only by five votes, Mr. Douglas's friends contending that had some of the votes for him which had been rejected from an error in spelling his name, been counted in, he would have been elected. In the

Presidential campaign of 1840, Mr. Douglas traversed the State for seven months, delivering more than two hundred speeches. Though his health suffered severely from this extraordinary labor, he kept the field to the last day of the election. Our political readers will remember that Illinois, which had been confidently reckoned for Harrison, gave the Van Buren ticket a handsome majority. On the meeting of the Legislature, Mr. Douglas received the appointment of Secretary of State, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his official duties. In 1841 he was elected by both branches, Judge of the Supreme Court. The arduous duties of this office he discharged with fidelity and ability, again seriously injuring his health by attention to business. In 1843 he was induced to accept the democratic nomination for Congress, and, as custom compelled him to "stump" his district, he resigned the Judgeship, from his conviction of the impropriety of running for a political office while holding a judicial one. The severity of the

canvass, which lasted for forty days, may be inferred from the fact that, at its expiration, both candidates were prostrated by bilious fever which lasted for a month. Mr. Douglas was elected by about 400 majority, and the next year re-elected by about 1900 votes; and a third time, 1846, by nearly 3000 majority. Under the last election he did not take his seat, however, having been elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March, 1847—the congressional elections being held by law one year in advance. In April, 1847, Judge Douglas married Miss Martin, only daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina. Both as a member of the national House of Representatives, and of the Senate, Judge Douglas made his mark from his first appearance at Washington. In the 29th Congress he took a bold and decided stand on the Oregon question, as one of the advocates of "54° 40'." He introduced a bill to extend the maritime jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States to the lakes, which is now a law. He was

among the prominent supporters of the bill to refund the fine imposed by Judge Hale on General Jackson for declaring martial law at New Orleans, and made a brilliant speech in its defence, afterwards gratefully acknowledged by the old hero. Every prominent democratic measure brought before Congress since his participation in the national legislation, has found a vigorous and eloquent advocate in Senator Douglas. He sustained the measures which led to the war with Mexico, and supported the government throughout the struggle. The famous Wilmot proviso found in him an energetic opponent. The recent political course of Judge Douglas is too familiar to our readers to require repetition, even if our space permitted. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in which he took the initiative, his Kansas and Nebraska bill, his doctrine of "popular sovereignty," all linked together, are questions of the day, into which we have neither the room nor inclination to enter. Our readers are aware how he has been sustained by the people of his State in one of the bitterest contests ever waged in Illinois. In 1857, Judge Douglas married a second time, his wife being a beautiful and accomplished lady, the daughter of Mr. Cutts, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Douglas resides at Chicago, Illinois, during the intervals of the sessions of Congress. He is understood to have amassed a handsome fortune, chiefly from successful land speculations in the West. At the close of the recent canvass in Illinois, he visited New Orleans, Havana and New York, meeting with a warm reception in these cities. Our engraving is correct with regard to the features of Mr. Douglas, and shows him as he appears at the present time. He is short, but strongly built; and his stature taken in connection with his intellectual powers, has given rise to the popular sobriquet of the "Little Giant," by which he is familiarly known. He is a ready and vigorous debater, and owes his ability of commanding the attention of the Senate to his long training in his western campaigns. A western stump orator has need of perfect self-possession to satisfy his rough but intelligent auditors. Carefully prepared addresses would meet with no favor, and be of no use on the stump. A man must have his statistics in his head, his facts at his tongue's end, and be as prompt to attack and defend, as a gladiator in the arena. These qualities Mr. Douglas possesses, and when he rises in the Senate, the most careless members compose themselves to attention. We make no comment on Mr. Douglas's political views, as it would be out of place.



HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Changeling? —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER IV.

## BURNING OF A HOUSE BY THE INDIANS.

SHORTLY after the incidents of the foregoing chapter, Mr. Danbridge succeeded in purchasing an extensive tract of land in Virginia, under partial cultivation. It is now five years since, and the grounds surrounding the plain, substantial buildings erected by the former owner, are embellished with trees, shrubbery and flowers; while the buildings themselves, with the addition of broad verandas, shaded with flowering vines and clustering roses, would not have been recognized as the uncouth looking edifice of former years.

The proprietor had also changed in appearance. He had always been a handsome man; but his was a style of countenance which time makes more noble and expressive, and perhaps a little more haughty.

Day was drawing to a close, and he was standing in a verandah which commanded a view of the high road, some forty or fifty rods distant. From time to time he exchanged a few words with a lady, who sat by an open window near where he stood. Without being beautiful, there was something genial and attractive about her, which seldom failed to win confidence. Three years since she had crossed the threshold as the bride of Mr. Danbridge, and had brought light and joy to his hearthstone; none the less, that his thoughts would sometimes wander beyond the sea to the spot where the wife of two years was now sleeping.

"I can't see where Juba is," said Mr. Danbridge.

"Where has he gone?" asked his wife.

"Over to Stimpson's for the letters. He should have been here before now."

"It's a long ride over to Stimpson's. I think he can hardly be expected before sunset."

"Perhaps not, but I'm expecting letters from England, which, I suppose, makes the time seem long."

"There he is now," said Mrs. Danbridge; and as she spoke, a colored lad, mounted on a superb though untrained horse, dashed around the corner of the broad avenue that led to the house.

"You had better mind, Juba, or Fleetfoot will throw you some day," said Mr. Danbridge, as the boy reined up his wild and fiery steed so suddenly, close to the verandah, that he narrowly escaped being thrown over the animal's head.

"I isn't any more afraided of him dan I be of an ole sheep," said Juba, with a broad grin.

"Any letters?"

"Yis, Massa Danbridge, a whole heap," replied the boy, taking a small letter-bag from the pocket of his blue and white striped doublet.

Mr. Danbridge's anxiety to hear from his old home made him a little nervous, and in attempting to untie the letter bag, he drew the strings into a knot.

"It is equal to the Gordian knot, I believe," said he, after vainly attempting to untie it; handing it to his wife that she might cut it with her scissors.

"This is from Braxon, and will tell us all about little Percy," said he, eagerly breaking the seal of a letter marked, "by ship."

As he ran his eye rapidly over its contents, his wife noticed that something like a frown gathered on his brow, and that his lips were slightly compressed.

"No unpleasant news, I hope," said his wife, when he had finished reading it.

"In some respects the reverse of that, for my son is in good health."

"The letter is from Braxon?"

"Yes, and he tells me that it is some time—he didn't say exactly how long—since Mrs. Cline, on account of failing health, was obliged to give up the care of the child."

"Did he mention who has the care of him now? Is it any one you know?"

"He only says that it is a young woman my mother used sometimes to employ, and that, thus far, she has taken the best of care of him. But

I should have preferred to have him remain with Mrs. Cline. If her health is poor she might have some one to assist her. This Braxon—I hardly know whether my confidence in him is misplaced or not."

"Why so?"

"Before I answer your question, let me first ask you what you think of the allowance, which I have instructed my agent to pay quarterly for the child's support?"

"I am not much of a judge myself, but you know what Mrs. Selby said the other day, when you mentioned the amount in her presence."

"No, I don't recollect. What did she say?"

"That half the amount would be ample, judging from what was required for the maintenance of herself and brother for the last six years they remained in England, after the decease of their parents."

"And yet Braxon writes me that the sum hitherto paid is totally insufficient. That a third more, at least, is necessary, if I would have him maintained as a gentleman's son should be."

Mrs. Danbridge was about to reply to this remark, when her attention was diverted by seeing some one, half hidden from view, among some bushes on the brow of a steep, broken ledge of rocks, which formed a wild and picturesque contrast to the field of waving grain that swept round its base.

"Who can it be?" said she, pointing towards the spot with looks of alarm; for it was said that Indians had been recently seen lurking in a piece of woods at no great distance.

"It is impossible to tell so far off," Mr. Danbridge replied; "but it is a woman, I think, so don't be alarmed."

"Yes, it is a woman, as I can now see by her dress."

As they continued to regard her with a good deal of curiosity, and with some alarm on the part of Mrs. Danbridge, she crept to the verge of the rocky ledge and prepared to descend. They watched her with intense interest, for it was an undertaking involving imminent peril. But she did not hesitate. Grasping the bushes, she threw herself boldly over the edge of the dizzy height. Availing herself of here and there some inequality of the steep descent as a foothold, though to do so she was often obliged to let herself down by means of the tangled and matted vines, which found root in some deep fissure, she accomplished the descent with astonishing celerity.

Just as her feet touched the ground, a deep, fierce yell, more like the baying of a pack of blood-hounds than anything human, broke the stillness of the sunset hour. It was a sound that Mrs. Danbridge, many years previous, had once heard, and it now thrilled every nerve with horror.

"The savages—they are close at hand," said she, with white lips.

"No, not very near, I think," replied Mr. Danbridge, affecting a calmness he did not feel.

The person, whoever it was, whose hazardous descent from the summit of the precipice they had been watching, the moment the terrific cry was heard, crouched so closely to the ground that she could not be seen.

The sound died away, and all was silent again for a few minutes, when there was another cry, wild and fierce as the first, and as it seemed to those listening, full of exultation. It was, however, evidently at a greater distance, and Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge breathed more freely, and in a measure succeeded in soothing the servants who had gathered round them, some of whom were almost wild with terror. Readily influenced, they soon forgot their alarm, and chatted gaily among themselves, their attention, in the meantime, being more or less directed towards her who had let herself down from the rugged height, with a bold recklessness which must have been inspired by desperation.

She had risen to her feet, and after a moment's hesitation, as if deliberating whether to cross the field of grain, or take a foot-path which skirted one side, she decided on the path, rightly imagining that the facilities it afforded would more than make up for the shorter distance, obstructed as it was by the rich luxuriance of the grain.

"She appears as if she was afraid of being pursued," said Mrs. Danbridge, in a low voice to her husband. "I am expecting every minute to see Indians appear in sight."

"If they do we're not unprepared for them," he replied.

"I can't imagine who it can be," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Juba, can you tell who it is?"

"Dat be Minda, de gal dat live wid de widder Pemberton, ober hy de woods," replied Juba.

"Minda? She was here last winter to help Flora sew."

"Dat she was, and dat was when Pelus found out how powerful bright her eyes is."

The latter part of this speech was ostensibly addressed to his fellow-servants; though he took good care to speak so loud that all might hear. Pelus, a handsome mulatto, did not condescend to do anything more than to cast on Juba a look of ineffable disdain; who, on his part, wholly unmindful of this silent token of disapprobation, saw with secret elation that Mr. Danbridge turned away to conceal a smile.

By this time Minda, who was a pretty mulatto girl, had arrived within speaking distance. Her long black hair was streaming over her shoulders in wild disarray, her eyes were dilated and sparkling with excitement, and the red blood glowed like fire through the brown which slightly tinged her cheeks. She stopped, panting for breath.

"The Indians! the Indians!" she exclaimed, the moment she had recovered her breath, so as to be able to speak.

"We were aware that they could not be far distant," replied Mr. Danbridge, calmly. "In what direction are they from here?"

"They are on their way to Mrs. Pemberton's, if not already there, and they will either murder her and little Myra, or carry them off."

"At any rate," replied Mr. Danbridge, "I will see what can be done to prevent it."

He knew that he was the only one in that vicinity who could be looked up to at such a time, and naturally resolute, energetic and self-possessed, he felt himself equal to the emergency. It was the work of only a few minutes for him, and such of the men belonging to the plantation as could be of service, to arm themselves with rifles and bayonets, which he always made a point of having kept in good order, that they might be ready at a moment's warning. Others who lived near, he knew would join them. Meanwhile, Minda, who had now arrived close to the house, proceeded with great volubility to tell why she had come.

She had, she said, at Mrs. Pemberton's request, gone to gather some berries, which grew in great plenty near the woods, about half a mile from the house. A boy, the only servant except herself, set out to go with her, but she prevailed on him to go back, because her mistress and the child were alone.

She filled her basket, and entered the edge of the woods to rest herself in the shade. In a minute or two she heard voices. They came nearer, and she soon ascertained that there were two persons, and that they were Indians. Fortunately, a dense thicket intervened between herself and them, and ignorant of her proximity, they seated themselves so near the opposite side, that she could overhear what they said.

Though she did not perfectly understand their language, she knew enough to make out that they had ventured near the margin of the woods for the purpose of reconnoitering; a party of their companions being secreted at some little distance, awaiting the result. They decided that it would be best for their first onslaught to be made on the dwelling of Mrs. Pemberton, who, as they appeared to know, was a widow; and that their farther depredations should be regulated by their good or ill success.

They counted on little resistance, the inhabitants, as they supposed, having from long being unmolested, neglected to furnish themselves with the means of defence. As they were about to return to their comrades, one of them caught sight of the basket of berries, and darted forward to secure it. Minda knew that if she remained where she was, the moment he turned he must inevitably see her. She dared not attempt to reach the house through the open fields and pastures, or to conceal herself in the woods. There was only one alternative, and that a nearly hopeless one.

A ledge of rocks, high and steep, was before her, screened from view by the embowering foliage of vines and trees. She had ascended it many times in search of violets and columbines for little Myra Pemberton, and knew how to take advantage of every foothold afforded by the broken, and to the unpractised eye, nearly imperceptible path, by which the summit could alone be gained.

The Indian, after obtaining the basket, did not turn in season to see her plunge in among the bushes, though the flutter and rustle of leaves, or the swaying aside of branch or spray, impeding

her progress, indicated the course she had taken. They both started in pursuit of her, but when they arrived at the foot of the precipitous height she was beyond their reach, and they at once saw that her strength and agility were equal to maintaining the advantage she had gained.

She dared not waste even the single second of time it would have required to look back, and when, after regarding her a few moments in silence, one of them uttered a deep, guttural sound, expressive of anger and disappointment, and then turning on his heel, was followed by his comrade, she supposed them to be pressing closely upon her steps. To her surprise, when she had gained the shelter of some bushes on the opposite verge of the ledge, where she was obliged to stop for a moment to take breath, she could neither see nor hear them; yet imagining that one of them, at least, might be near, she dared not for a single instant forego her vigilance and caution.

Before she had half finished her narration, Mr. Danbridge and his men, who seemed to be endowed with a portion of his own courage and resolution, were on their way. As Mrs. Danbridge, Minda, and the female servants, together with those whose age unfitted them to join in the expedition, were watching their receding forms, they saw a faint, lurid light gleam through the trees surrounding Mrs. Pemberton's dwelling. It grew brighter every moment.

"They've set fire to the house," said Minda, wringing her hands. "O, if Mr. Danbridge had only been five minutes sooner!"

Scarcely a minute had passed, when simultaneous with a yell, which imagination might have likened to the cry of demons, spires of vivid flame shot upwards, revealing through an opening among the trees, the dusky forms of the Indians running hither and thither, or dancing round the fire in a manner expressive of wild and fierce exultation.

Their savage and tumultuous joy was at its height, when suddenly a shower of rifle balls, sped by unseen hands, fell amongst them. A number, including their leader, fell to rise no more, and others were wounded. So intent had they been on their work of destruction, and at the same time so little fearful of being interrupted, that Mr. Danbridge and those with him, by the help of bushes and trees, or whatever else would cover their approach, had thus fortunately turned their exultation into dismay and confusion. On their way they had been joined by a few stout, determined men, tillers of the soil, who by the labor of their own hands had gained the humble though comfortable homes, which could be seen here and there.

The wild tumult into which the Indians were thrown, was, as Mr. Danbridge thought, sufficient proof that not only their leader had fallen, but that there was no other party near from whom they could expect aid.

There were a number of random shots by the Indians, and a few hatchets thrown in the direction of their assailants, and then, without any attempt to carry off any of the valuable articles they had removed from the house, previous to setting it on fire, they fled, carrying with them their wounded.

"Save my mistress and little Myra," had been whispered by Minda to Pelus, as he passed her with his polished rifle on his shoulder, and his plume of red feathers in his cap, looking, as she thought, very brave and handsome.

"If it can be done I will, or I'll give you leave to call me coward," was his answer.

His first care now was to redeem his promise, but nothing was to be seen of Mrs. Pemberton and her little daughter, or of Tilly. Mr. Danbridge had not forgotten them; and with much anxiety as to their fate, he joined in the search.

"It's my opinion that they made their escape when the savages first came in sight," said one of the men.

"Or they might have hid away somewhere in the house, and perished in the flames," remarked another.

"Which, after all, horrible as even the thought of it is, would be better than to be carried off captive, and be tortured to death, as some of the prisoners are," said the first speaker.

At that moment, some one, just discernible through the cloud of smoke wafted in that direction, from the still burning timbers of the house, seemed in a hesitating manner to be moving towards them.

"It's one of the red-skins lurking round and watching us," said one, and he raised his rifle to fire.



"No no," exclaimed Juba, "it be Tilly. My eyes is sharp enough to see his great white teef too de smoke, which be a sign that Missus Pemberton, and 'specially de little one he sot sech great store by, is come to no harm; 'cause he wouldn't grin so ef de sabages had killed 'em."

Juba was right. By this time Tilly had arrived so near that there could no longer be any doubt as to his identity.

In answer to the inquiries of Mr. Danbridge, the others ceasing their clamorous questions when they heard him speak, Tilly said that half an hour after he left Minda, he saw an Indian near the edge of the woods, and thinking there must be more, ran home with all possible speed. He arrived in season for Mrs. Pemberton to reach a place of safety, carrying the child in his arms, before the Indians came in sight.

An hour later, Mrs. Pemberton and Myra, a lovely child between three and four years old, were welcomed to the home-circle at the Danbridge Plantation.

## CHAPTER V.

### ARRIVAL OF TWO GUESTS.

PASSING over an interval of fourteen years, brings us to the period made memorable by the French and Indian war. As far as Mr. Danbridge was concerned, or the members of his household, this intermediate time was marked with but few changes. One of these few was the decease of Mrs. Pemberton; who, after the burning of her dwelling, had, with her daughter, at the earnest invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, continued to reside with them. Myra was ten years old when her mother died; Mr. Danbridge having long before that event been appointed the child's guardian by Mrs. Pemberton's request.

It was the last of June, and the heat had been oppressive during the day; but now the sun was low in the west, and a cool, refreshing breeze had sprung up, and drifted in at the doors and windows of the apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge were sitting.

"It is now more than nineteen years since I left England," said Mr. Danbridge, laying aside a book he had been reading.

"Your son at that time was a year old," remarked his wife.

"Yes, and I sometimes regret, poor as the opportunities for education are in this country compared with those in England, that I hadn't sent or gone for him myself, when I had fully made up my mind to reside here."

"I wish you had. I have always had some misgivings about that Braxon, and have sometimes doubted whether he was exactly the person to be the tutor of a boy who was beyond the reach of parental control."

"And there was a time, you know, when I distrusted him."

"You mean when he wrote to you relative to the allowance for Percy's expenses?"

"Yes, but subsequently he made the matter all fair and plain. He has always been a punctual correspondent, and has never failed to enter into all those minute details, which, as he rightly judged, would be so satisfactory to me."

"And Percy has never failed to write regularly."

"Never. Well, if I have done wrong in placing too much confidence in Braxon, it may not yet be too late to remedy the evil. Let me see; if my last letter was received at the time it should have been, we may begin to look for them in about a week."

"You expect Braxon to accompany your son?"

"Yes; Percy wrote that he should like to have him, as you may recollect, and so, I suppose, it was arranged accordingly."

He turned his head towards a window as he spoke, and the grave, almost troubled look, which, unconsciously to himself, had overspread his countenance while speaking of his son, at once vanished, giving place to a bright, luminous smile.

"Look, Emily," said he, to his wife. "Can you imagine anything more spirited and beautiful?"

Her eyes followed the direction of his.

"I knew that it must be Myra you saw, returning from her ride," said she; "for I have often thought that, although her features are not regularly beautiful, she was the most lovely girl I ever saw. There is something about her—I hardly know what—absolutely enchanting."

"The charm is heightened, no doubt," said Mr. Danbridge, "by her being perfectly unconscious of the attractions so lavishly bestowed."

"And then she is so good," remarked his wife, with animation.

No one, who at this moment could have seen Myra Pemberton, would have thought that their admiration, at least as far as external attractions went, was exaggerated. She was riding towards the house with that abandon and careless grace which showed that she was an accomplished horse woman. Her habit of a dark, lively green, was well fitted to her form of exquisite symmetry, and swept down in graceful folds over the slight-limbed, spirited animal she rode. Her riding-cap with its wavy plumes were of the same color as her habit, and made brighter by contrast the rich vermilion of her cheeks, which glowed through the brown curls, that the fresh breeze was doing its best to blow into tangles.

As she approached nearer it could be seen that the red, moist lips were just full enough to admit of being moulded into that form which gives to the countenance a peculiar sweetness, and in which, perhaps, more than in any other feature, the witchery lay, which Mrs. Danbridge a few minutes previously had declared herself unable to describe. In short, she realized the perfection of sweet, careless girlhood, though careless only as respected herself; for in her heart there was a deep fountain of tenderness and sensibility, whose waters were readily stirred by another's sorrow.

"She is already a daughter to us by the ties of affection," said Mr. Danbridge; "and if Percy should prove worthy of her, I cannot but hope she may some day be really so."

"There can be no fear on that score," replied his wife, "if the son resembles the father. It is no longer ago than yesterday, that as Candace Atherly was bantering her about young Belford, she turned to me and said she never intended to marry, unless she should be so fortunate as to meet with some one as good and noble hearted as I did. I could not help thinking that when she made this remark, Percy was in her mind."

By this time Myra had arrived near the house, and without waiting for the assistance of Juba, her chosen attendant whenever she rode, and who was hastening to dismount for the purpose of rendering it, she slid from her horse, at the same moment, with a graceful adroitness, gathering up the long skirt of her habit.

An hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, with Myra and Candace Atherly, a young lady who was often their guest for several weeks at a time, were about to seat themselves at the table spread ready for supper. They were prevented by the entrance of Juba, who had been deputed by his master, as was not uncommon at that period among the generous and hospitable proprietors of extensive landed estates in the Old Dominion, to look out for travellers as day was drawing to a close, and invite them to pass the night, and partake of the liberal entertainment at all times provided.

"Well, Juba?" inquired Mr. Danbridge.

"Two young men dat look like ossifers, be waitin' in de road," was the boy's answer.

"Waiting in the road? Why didn't they come to the house? I suspect you forgot to do as I told you," said Mr. Danbridge, with a good deal of warmth.

"No, Massa Danbridge, I didn't forget. I tell 'em how you didn't like to hab de gentlefolks pass by an' not call, when night was comin on, 'specially when dar might be Indians about, and no tavern near."

"And what did they say then?"

"Dey speak two 'tween 'emselves, and den dey 'quire where Cap'n Mercer live. I tell 'em I didn't know, but would go an' ask you, 'cause you know'd eb'rybody."

"You should have said this in the first place," said Mr. Danbridge, putting on his hat. "They couldn't reach Captain Mercer's till after midnight, let them do their best. I shall be back in a few minutes and bring the gentlemen with me," he added, as he left the room.

"I hope he will be as good as his word," said Myra Pemberton; "it is so long since anybody has been here."

"Two whole days," said Candace Atherly, who was amusing herself by offering a mappie a piece of bread through the bars of its cage, and then withdrawing it the moment the bird attempted to seize it. "Your lonely life certainly renders you an object of compassion."

"Two whole weeks you mean, Candace," said Myra, earnestly.

"I stand corrected. I forgot when I spoke, that my brother, who left here two days since, is unworthy Miss Pemberton's notice."

"How can you say so, Candace? You know that I think no one beneath my notice. Your brother is here so often that he seems like one of the family."

"If he does seem so, you dislike him—you can't deny that you do."

"I always treat him well."

Candace was about to make some angry response, when Mrs. Danbridge interfered.

"Come, girls," said she, "all this is very foolish, to say the least. Nothing is a greater enemy to peace of mind than potty jealousies. Myra, as she says, always treats your brother well. Let him be content to be considered merely in the light of a friend, and cease teasing her to accept him as a lover, and I dare say you will find nothing to complain of."

Candace bit her lips till the blood almost started beneath the pressure of teeth glitteringly white; while her eyes, intensely black, appeared to be literally glowing with a fiery heat. And yet her answer to Mrs. Danbridge was soft and smooth.

"You are right, my dear madam," said she. "I shall think of what you have said, and endeavor to profit by it."

Mrs. Danbridge had no time to note the wide contrast between her looks and the humility which she succeeded in throwing into her voice, as she replied in phrase at once so hypocritical, for the steps of Mr. Danbridge and the two travellers, whom he had persuaded to accept his hospitality, were even then at the door.

The anger of Candace, for the time being, was lost in curiosity, largely mingled with surprise, at their entrance. This last feeling was fully shared by Mrs. Danbridge and Myra, for the younger of the two travellers bore so marked a resemblance to Mr. Danbridge, that it could not have escaped the eye of the most casual observer.

His figure, finely developed, resembled in all respects that of Mr. Danbridge, except that there was still a lack of that compactness, which a greater number of years than he had yet seen could alone give. Nor did the resemblance end here. His finely cut features wore the same frank and open expression, and indicated a similar firmness and decision of character. His hair, black and glossy, fell in the same rich, wavy masses round his broad, white forehead, and his skin, through which glowed the free and healthful currents, coursing through his veins, was the same dark, almost olive hue.

"It must be Percy," said Mrs. Danbridge to Myra, who stood close by her side.

"Yes, it must be," replied Myra, in the same low voice, while her heightened color showed her agitation.

So completely had their attention been absorbed by the younger traveller, that they had scarce noticed his companion, who was a fine, soldierly looking man, who could not have been less than a dozen years his senior.

Mr. Danbridge now presented the last named gentleman to his wife and the two young ladies, as Esquith Clayton, and then, in the same quiet manner, which showed his utter unconsciousness of the striking resemblance he bore to himself, he introduced the other as Mr. Anvers, a young gentleman from New England, who, by the influence of Captain Mercer, a friend of his father, had been appointed lieutenant in an expedition then in contemplation against the Indians.

Mrs. Danbridge was disconcerted by an announcement so different from what she had anticipated, and welcomed their young guest with evident embarrassment. She, however, soon succeeded in getting the better of this feeling, and so well seconded her husband's genial hospitality, as to make the two strangers feel quite at home.

Though Anvers was not bashful, he was, as became his youth, modest and unassuming; so much so, that it required some skill and tact on the part of his entertainers "to draw him out." When they had succeeded in this, it soon became apparent that his mental as well as physical training had been carefully attended to. Young as he was, it was found in the course of conversation that he had already had some military experience; while, as was afterwards attested by Mr. Clayton, his quick eye, unerring rifle, and power of endurance, showed that it had been to some purpose.

When, at a late hour, they separated for the night, it was with sentiments of mutual esteem

and good will, which subsequently required little fostering to ripen into a regard, which, without exaggeration, might have been termed parental on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge, and on his, an affection which stopped but little short of the filial love he had ever bestowed on his reputed parents, and who were really so, for aught he knew to the contrary.

Nor can it be supposed that so lovely a being as Myra Pemberton, and one like Anvers, rich in personal attractions, and in all good and noble qualities, to say nothing of those, which in accordance with the exigencies of the times, took a strong hold on popular favor, could be thrown together for even a few brief hours, without regarding each other with sentiments far removed from indifference.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Danbridge, involuntarily giving voice to what was passing in her mind, after the young ladies and the guests had withdrawn.

"What is strange?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

"I was thinking of the almost perfect resemblance which this young Anvers bears to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. Were you not conscious of it?"

"Well, I did once or twice think that his face was not unlike the one I sometimes see in the looking glass."

"Not only his face, but his form is like yours. Your voices are alike too. Before you introduced him I thought it was your son. I was never more disappointed in my life than when I found I was mistaken."

"Any person would have reason to be proud of a son like him. I can ask nothing better for Percy than that he may be like him."

"Neither can I. Didn't I hear him promise you that he would remain with us a few days?"

"Yes,—when I found it wasn't necessary for him to join his regiment for a week or ten days, I succeeded in persuading him into the belief, that it would be as well for him to pass the intermediate time here as elsewhere."

"Percy may come before he leaves."

"Yes, he may. I regret more and more that when I left England I suffered him to remain."

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE splendor which a golden sunset had spread over the western sky, was fast yielding to the gloom of night, when two travellers drew up their weary horses in front of a log house. It was of the better class, and stood near the margin of a sparkling stream, tributary to one of the larger rivers emptying into Chesapeake Bay. They were Englishmen, and had recently come to America in one of the vessels employed by the British for the transportation of troops to aid the colonies in their war with the French and their Indian allies.

One of the travellers had passed the meridian of life by half a score of years. His face, of that firm texture which gives depth and decision to the furrows stamped by time, care or passion, was longer, less massive, and with none of the ruddiness common to the genuine Saxon type. So far from it, that when seen in profile, there was even what might have been called a gipsy cast to his physiognomy. The extremely light color of his eyes, however, as they gleamed from beneath their thick, overhanging brows, conflicted with the impression thus produced, and at the same time excited surprise, that orbs so colorless should emit such keen and fiery glances.

But his mouth, more than any other feature, was the true exponent of his character. It was expressive of sagacity, determination and courage, such as when joined to energy and perseverance, seldom fail to accomplish a favorite purpose. As to the means employed, one permitted to share his confidence would have found that he was not over-scrupulous. That he was crafty, might have been seen in various ways; even by the manner his head was set on his shoulders.

His fellow-traveller was much younger than he was, being, apparently, not more than twenty. There was little in his appearance to attract attention. Taking it all in all, it was decidedly commonplace. With little or no manifestation of the shrewdness, energy and other qualities which gave character to the countenance of his associate, there was yet a certain general resemblance between the two, though of a nature so vague and shadowy, as hardly to admit of description. In short, he was one of those, who,



with cautious and skillful management, could for the most part be held in complete, not to say abject control, by a will strong and energetic as that possessed by his companion. Not that in certain cases, he was destitute of a full measure of obstinacy; but weak, indolent and supine, he was willing not only to have some one to lean on, but to point out the course he was to pursue. Joseph Price and his wife were well pleased with the opportunity afforded by the arrival of the travellers, to exercise their hospitality, and to indulge in those social qualities, which, owing to their lonely and secluded situation, they could seldom gratify.

This was made apparent by the warmth and heartiness with which they were welcomed. Even the servant, on whom devolved the duty of stabling the horses, evinced an alacrity in the performance of his task, which showed that any incident which broke the monotony of the daily routine, was hailed with delight.

Mrs. Price was a little disappointed, when, on their entrance, she obtained a distinct view of the elder stranger, for she felt that he possessed few of those genial qualities, by means of which the true gentleman, without compromising his dignity, diffuses light and warmth through the social circle. She availed herself of the first opportunity to communicate this impression to her husband.

"He is one of those upstart gentry," said she, "that delight in putting down those they think beneath them still lower than they are. The evening's enjoyment I promised myself when I saw him and the other one ride up to the door will turn out to be a poor affair after all, I'm afraid."

"Never mind, Margaret," he replied; "he nor the youngster will hardly be so uncivil as to be rude to us beneath our own roof."

"At any rate he'll be close-mouthed," said she. "I don't believe he will tell us a single word of what is going on in the world."

To her surprise, she found that she was mistaken. The moment her husband re-entered the room, he commenced making various remarks and inquiries relative to the country and the war in which the colonies were engaged, and finally asked if a gentleman by the name of Danbridge lived near.

"The only gentleman I ever heard of by that name," replied Price, "lives over fifty miles from here."

"So far as that? Does he you refer to own a large plantation?"

"Yes, he's one of the greatest landholders in Virginia; and what is better than that, for it has gained him the respect and good will of everybody, far and near, he is one of the most upright, noble-hearted gentlemen in the country."

"What kind of a road is there between here and where he lives?"

"Nothing but a horse path part of the way, and not very good at that."

"Is there any danger to be apprehended from the Indians?"

"There's reason to fear that there is; but if you have an idea of going there, and they should molest you, the best thing I can think of for you to say to them is, that you are on your way to the plantation of Mr. Danbridge, and—as I take it for granted you are—that you are his friend."

"Certainly, certainly; of course I am his friend; while this young gentleman is something more. He is Mr. Danbridge's son."

"His son? It must be the one, Margaret," said Price, turning to his wife, "that I've heard you say was in England to be educated."

"The same," said the stranger, speaking so quickly that she had no time to answer. "I was his tutor."

"Then your name must be Braxon," said Mrs. Price. "Before I was married I used to live near Mr. Danbridge's plantation, and often heard you mentioned."

"Yes, Braxon is my name. Mr. Danbridge has a second wife I believe—a lady he found in this country."

"He has. It is now more than a dozen years since he was married."

"But this young gentleman still continues to be an only son, does he not?"

"Yes, an only child."

"He has an adopted daughter, however."

"No."

"I've been told so since I arrived in America."

"It's a mistake. Mrs. Myra Pemberton, the rich heiress, must be the young lady referred to. Mr. Danbridge is her guardian. She has been in his family ever since she was a little child."

"A rich heiress, did you say?"

"Yes, a fortune fell to her mother very unexpectedly a few years before she died."

Braxon's face on hearing this lighted up, and he cast a sidelong glance at his companion, whom, for the sake of convenience, it will for the present be necessary to designate by the

name of Percy Danbridge. Braxon was about to inquire farther respecting her, when a large, tall woman glided in at the door, which had been left ajar, and without speaking, took a seat among the shadows which had gathered in a remote corner of the room, and which the light of the one dim candle burning on the table could not penetrate. Mrs. Price invited her to lay aside her cloak, but she declined, and appeared to be careful to keep it so arranged as to muffle the lower part of her face. In half an hour supper was ready, and Mrs. Price invited her to take a seat at the table, which was spread in an adjoining apartment.

"No," she replied; "I dined late, and have no need of food—only of rest."

"You are a stranger in these parts?"

"I am. Can I remain here to-night?"

of whom they saw nothing more after supper, had been gone full three hours.

It was near mid day, and the heat was beginning to be oppressive, when they alighted from their horses, and seated themselves in the shade of a wide-spreading oak which grew by the way-side. They had turned their horses loose that they might crop the grass, of which there was an abundance, and were partaking of some refreshment, with which they had provided themselves, when they were startled by a voice behind them.

"I'm here before you, Hamish Braxon, if I did have to come afoot."

Had Braxon been stung by a poisonous reptile he could not have recoiled more suddenly. The next moment he had risen to his feet, and stood face to face with the person who had spoken. It was the same woman who had en-

"You might have spared yourself the trouble."

"And you are of the same mind?" said she, turning to Danbridge.

"I think you might as well have staid where you were; but it is all one with me," was his answer.

"You may be mistaken about that. Were I so minded, I could whisper a few words in your ear that would rouse you from your indifference."

"Why don't you then? I am willing to hear whatever you have to say."

"When it suits my purpose you shall know."

Here Braxon interposed.

"Do you know what you're saying?" said he, sharply.

"I never speak without knowing, and I know when to stop without your checking me. The time is past, Hamish Braxon, for—"

"Please remember that my name is Robert."

"Hamish is the name your father gave you, and I shall call you by it when it suits me. As I was saying, the time is past for me to tremble and cringe, when I see the red fire-spark in your eye. Your ascendancy over me has long been at an end. I've got the weather-gage of you, and shall either take him into confidence, or be paid for my silence."

"You have lost your senses I believe."

"No, I think not."

"Step this way."

As he spoke, he seized her by the arm so suddenly that involuntarily she yielded to the impulse of his hand. It was only for a moment. She freed herself from his grasp with a look of mingled scorn and loathing, and she rapidly proceeded to a spot, at such a distance from the oak that what they said could not be overheard.

"Danbridge," said Braxon, looking back to where the young man stood, regarding them with a look such as showed that he was somewhat roused from his almost habitual apathy; "Danbridge," said he, "remain where you are and be patient. All this shall be explained to you at a proper time."

"Which means," said Danbridge, muttering to himself, "that you intend to mystify me still more deeply. No matter,—he has my true interest at heart, or rather his own, which is the same thing to me, if I am right in thinking that his and mine are so woven together that the welfare or ruin of one, will involve the same to the other."

"Well, Hamish," said Sybil Finchley, "what are you going to deal out now—promises or threats?"

"I simply wish you to listen to reason."

"Better listen to it yourself."

"I believe that I'm not in the habit of letting passion or caprice influence me. I can boast of having a cool head, at any rate."

"Yes, and a colder heart. For all that, your perceptions are less keen and clear sometimes than you may imagine. Now that lad who stands yonder, hides a good deal of curiosity under an appearance of indifference—so much, that it may some day prove troublesome to you."

"Yes, I know he has curiosity, when you are by to excite it."

"It was excited without my interference—how, I don't know—long before you left England. Now take my advice; let him know all. It will bind him to your interests more strongly than anything else."

"I will have nothing to do with your advice. I've been disturbed and perplexed enough by you. I wasn't such a fool, even twenty years ago, not to foresee the trouble it would bring upon me by your getting possession of a secret, which, if it so pleased you, you could turn to my harm."

"'Twas none of my seeking."

You should have made yourself certain that no one was within ear-shot, when you undertook to tempt my brother to crime."

"Undertook and succeeded."

"Don't be too certain. But go your own gait, Hamish Braxon, and I will go mine. I will, however, warn you that I've a secret that will prove worth your while to pay for, and that at a high rate."

"Do you think I'm made of gold?"

She threw out her hand towards Danbridge, who was reclining in a lounging attitude under the oak.

"Do you suppose me such a simpleton as to think I don't know that you mean to make him your banker?" said she.

"He will have nothing, only what Mr. Danbridge pleases to give him."

"And that will be no niggardly allowance."

"It remains to be proved."

"Yes, and I shall take good care to know the result. So don't attempt to deceive me. If you do, you may repent when it is too late." Saying thus, she turned to leave him.



THE CASTLE OF SEGOVIA, SPAIN.

"Certainly, if you can put up with our accommodations, which will be poor, for the two gentlemen mean to stay, I expect."

"Fatigue will make sleep sweeter than a soft bed. In the morning I shall rise with the lark, and be off."

"Does that woman live anywhere near?" asked Braxon, when Mrs. Price entered the room where supper was served.

"No, she is a stranger."

"If I didn't know that it couldn't be so, I would say that I had heard that voice before to-night," said Braxon.

"So would I," said Percy; "and I know where I heard it too."

"One like it, you mean," said Braxon, with a look evidently meant to put a stop to the subject.

It was somewhat later in the morning than Braxon intended it should be, when he and Danbridge resumed their journey, and the woman,

entered the domicile of Price, and who had carefully kept in the obscure corner to prevent being recognized.

"You don't seem glad to see me," said she, before Braxon had so far got the better of his astonishment as to be capable of speaking.

"I wasn't expecting to see you," he replied. "I supposed you safe in Old England."

"I would have laid a wager of a hundred guineas last night, when we were at Price's, that that was Sib Finchley's voice," said Percy.

"You thought to slip through my fingers," said she, without paying any attention to the young man's remark. "You are cunning, but I'm a match for you any day. The vessel I came in was a better sailer than yours, and I arrived three days before you. I saw you when you landed, watched your movements, and finding that you were going to set out for the rich planter's, thought I would travel the same road."



"Stay," said he. "That secret you value at so high a rate—what is it?"

"It is one that I can keep."

"As you please, but I shan't pay for your silence, unless I know it can benefit me."

"The real Percy Danbridge is not dead."

"You are certain of it?"

"As certain as I am that he who for nineteen years has been called by his name, is at this moment sitting under yonder tree."

"Your brother dared to deceive me, then?"

"He did. He was bad enough, and hard-hearted enough; but thank heaven, he wasn't like his cold-blooded tempter. He had a few drops of humanity in his heart."

"Where is he now?"

"My brother?"

"No, young Danbridge."

"I don't know."

"You can, at least, tell me whether he is in this country or Old England."

"If I pleased I could; but I shall answer no questions concerning him. If you find him, it will be without my aid."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### CASTLE OF SEGOVIA.

There is not probably in the world a more picturesque structure than the Alcazar, or Castle of Segovia, Spain, so faithfully delineated on the preceding page. The projecting turrets, the recesses and archways, catching light and flinging shadows, the bold height and massive dimensions of the fortress, combine to fill the eye of the spectator, and thrill his bosom with delight. It rises from the summit of an immense rock near the aqueduct, and looks down into a deep ravine, at the foot of which flows the narrow and winding river Eresma. Its history is deeply interesting. It was first founded by Alphonse the Wise, who lived within its walls, and to whom by far the greater part is attributed, though it underwent many changes during the turbulent reign of Juan II. Later still it passed through the hands of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, who, though undoubtedly a man of great genius, still had, like Michael Angelo, a profound disdain for the works of his predecessors, and never troubled himself to preserve the original idea of any buildings with whose restoration he was entrusted. This unfortunate egotism shows itself particularly in the courtyard, the balconies, and, above all, in the grand staircase; but, fortunately, the beautiful spiral staircase which leads to the donjon remained uninjured, and under the first few steps was discovered a heap of broken, but very curious, arms of great antiquity. The Alcazar was put into splendid repair between the years 1452 and 1458, by Henrique the Fourth, who lived in it and kept his treasures there. At his death, André de Cabrera, the governor, and who had proved himself, at a very early period, a friend to Isabella, possessed the fortress, and was in consequence most influential in contributing to her accession. The latter issued from it in state on the 1st of December, 1474, and was then proclaimed Queen of Castile. In 1476, the population of Segovia rose up against Cabrera, when the queen rode out dauntlessly into the midst of the insurgents, and immediately reduced them, by her presence of mind and her majestic bearing, to silence and submission. Charles was pleased with the resistance made by the Alcazar against the Comuneros, in 1520, kept it up in a befitting manner, and his son, Philip II., had the saloons redecored. The Alcazar was given up to the crown, in 1764, by the hereditary Alcaide, the Comte de Cambrón, whose ancestor had given Charles the First of England so hospitable a welcome in it.

The interior of the Castle of Segovia is in perfect accordance with the magnificence of its exterior. Many apartments are decorated with delicate traceries and pendant ornaments, in the style of the Alhambra, and, like those of the Alcazar of Seville, were executed by Arabian workmen during the Christian dominion of the fourteenth century, for in many places the crowns of the kings of Castile may be seen, surrounded by Latin mottoes and extracts from the Koran. The most remarkable apartments are the chamber of Alphonse XI. and the portrait gallery, so called from a series of figures carved in wood and painted, representing the kings and heroes of Castile and Leon, from the time of the Goths to Juanna the Mad. These figures are fifty-two in number. In the first story a small room is shown, perhaps less richly decorated, but not less elegant, than the others, where a tragic circum-

stance is said to have taken place in 1325. As the story goes, a lady of the court of Henry III., having approached the balcony with the infant Don Pedro in her arms, accidentally let him fall, and he was dashed to pieces, many hundred feet below on the rocks of the river Eresma. According to some historians, the unfortunate lady precipitated herself from the same window; others state that Henry III. ordered her to be executed. However this may have been, a monument in the chapel records the unfortunate accident, and represents the child holding a naked sword in his hand—certainly a singular kind of plaything for an infant, if it does not refer to the fate of the unhappy cause of his death. The chapel also contains an "Adoration," executed in a masterly style by Bartolomeo Carducho.

It is only a few years since that the Castle of Segovia has been used as a military school. After having served for a long time as a royal residence, it became, under the house of Austria, a state prison, and was used for that purpose up to the convention of Bergara. The side which

served, and after turning Catholic, then Protestant, and afterwards again Catholic, he embraced the Mohammedan creed, and became a pasha and generalissimo of the Emperor of Morocco's troops. He found it impossible, however, unscrupulous and skilled in every wile and artifice as he was, to preserve his dignities and good fortune to the end, for at Tangiers a miserable hovel is shown, where he is said to have died in almost positive want, at a great age, having devoted his last years to the cultivation of plants and flowers.

On the 7th of June, —, General Frere entered Segovia, and, though he met with no resistance whatever, ordered it to be sacked. Its prosperity was then entirely dependent on its wool, but the flocks were soon consumed by a ravenous French soldiery; and at present it only possesses a few poor cloth manufactories in the suburb of San Lorenzo. An attempt was made in 1829, to introduce some improved machinery, but it was destroyed by the hand-loom weavers. The manufactures of Segovia are used by the

to discover a comfortable conveyance across the snows of Guadarrama, which separate it from Madrid, would be quite fruitless. During three months of the year, it seems, like many Alpine animals, to exist in a lethargic sleep. Segovia lives within itself among its mountains, perfectly indifferent to the political and social convulsions which agitate the rest of the peninsula. Far different is it in summer, when the town is all life and brilliancy. That is the time to study the remains of antiquity which Segovia jealously preserves within itself against the attacks of men, who are more destructive than even time.

Generally speaking, Segovia is very cold, as it is above three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The population which, at one time, exceeded thirty thousand, does not now amount to nine thousand. It was the favorite town of the Romans, who built the noble aqueduct which the Spaniards have now strangely called the "Bridge of Segovia." It is an almost Cyclopean work, constructed of enormous masses of dark gray granite, joined to-

gether without any cement, and is at the present time about thirty feet in height at *Azoquejo*.

We say at the present time, as the sand which has accumulated at its base takes much from its real elevation. Not a blade of grass has sprung from the interstices of the stones, and then sombre color adds much to the grandeur of the structure.

It has always been a vexed and disputed point among antiquaries whether it was Adrian or Vespasian who constructed this aqueduct; and no inscription has ever been found which could throw the smallest light on this very obscure subject.

We will not enter into the merits of the two hypotheses; it would be neither an interesting nor a profitable investigation; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning that through it a small river, the Rio Frio, flows to Segovia, and near the convent of San Gabriel, over that portion of the structure which is called the "Bridge," consisting of 320 arches, of which 35 were restored during the reign of Isabella the Catholic. It is only at deep valleys, as at the *Azoquejo*, that these arches are found, since on the hill side the water flows through a simple channel of stone. This structure has the advantage over many other antiquities of being now as useful as it was the first day it was finished; and will probably endure for ages to come if it is able to resist the pernicious influence of the adjoining houses, many of which are of the period of Henry III., and much admired for their Gothic fronts. At the back of these houses, the piers supporting the aqueduct have been undermined to form cellars and store-rooms, and in other places the water has been conducted over the side by small canals to the gardens and fields on either hand, at the risk of seriously injuring the foundations by the continued dripping and moisture of the water. But in Spain such trifles are never considered worthy of a thought. The streets of Segovia are filled with fragments of antique sculpture, probably dating from the time of the Lower Empire.

#### HOUSEHOLD PETS.

The charming picture on this page has been accurately reproduced from a large engraving, after a celebrated painting by Sir Edward Landseer. The three figures, the little girl, the pet fawn, and the pet kitten, are very happily rendered, and the whole composition is graceful and masterly.

The fawn is at perfect liberty, dragging the ribbon which adorns rather than fetters him, and smells at the cake offered by the child, with a sort of disdainful air, as if it was rather a favor to his mistress to eat it. The cat, with the playfulness of her age, sports with the animal's ribbon. We cannot give too great an encouragement to the relations of children with domestic animals, those "humble inferiors," as a distinguished writer styles them. It affords a sort of apprenticeship of protection and fraternity, an exercise of benevolence which creates good habits. Gentleness to animals whose lives depend on ours, which have a place in our household, animating its daily routine, is at once just, kind and generous. We thus learn patience, affection, gratitude; entrusted with the happiness of living beings we are initiated into the great responsibility which will press on a more advanced age, when we are entrusted with the happiness of our fellows. Domestic animals are the last link in the family chain by which we ascend to domestic duties and joys, which in turn conduct to the public joys and duties that fill up existence.



HOUSEHOLD PETS.

overlooks the town is pierced with narrow-grated loopholes, which give but little light and air, and no view but that of a small portion of the sky. In the donjon several built-up cells are shown, and the dark mouths of many dungeons, which have never been fully explored.

Although this was a prison, it occasionally happened that those who were so unfortunate as to be placed within its walls were treated more as princes than prisoners; as in the case of the Duke de Ripperda, the descendant of a Dutch family, but a naturalized Spaniard, and the prime minister of Philip V., who having by his intrigues fallen into disgrace with his royal master, had the most sumptuous apartments of the Alcazar assigned to him as his prison, with a monthly allowance of three hundred doubloons, at that time considered an enormous sum. Notwithstanding all this, such is the love of liberty in the human heart, that, dissatisfied with this undeserved generosity towards him, the wily minister succeeded in effecting his escape from one of the balconies of the Alcazar with the aid of a young woman of Segovia, and his French

poor only, for the rich import their stuffs of good quality from abroad. And yet this is a city of that Spain which boasts of possessing the order of the Golden Fleece! She seems, however, to forget that this order was instituted by the Duke of Burgundy, as a mark of his preference for his substantial, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over a feudal nobility that represented naught but ignorance, pride, poverty, and idleness.

The city of Segovia, of which the castle is the grand feature, is built in a most delightful situation among the mountains, and as ancient as Burgos, Salamanca, or Valladolid, which have the poetic assurance of having been founded by Hercules. It has suffered less from foreign invasions or civil war than either of its Castilian sisters. Although warlike when occasion offered, it has never striven to rival its neighbors either in power or dominion. Even at the present day, little attention is directed towards it, although merited on more than one account. Though connected with the Spanish capital by two roads, it makes no attempt to extend the circle of its external relations; and in the winter any attempt



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)  
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY CHARLES STEWART

On starry wings hope's angel heralds bring,  
Proclaims the advent of the glad New Year,  
And from afar, the Old Year, pale and dying,  
Hugs his white shroud and totters to his pier.  
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the glad New Year,  
Who springs to his throne with a shout and a cheer,  
Whose brow is bright  
With a rosy light,  
Whose sceptre is a sceptre,  
With joy irradiate,  
Crowned with a wreath of purple vine,  
With faith divine,  
And health clate.  
Bells are ringing, hope's angel bringing,  
Blasphemy fast and free,  
Gladness thringing, hearts are thringing,  
New Year's jubilee.  
Behold the bow of hope in joyous display,  
Like a rainbow's gleam, the sky's wild way;  
Bright faces uplifted  
Bliss everywhere,  
As angels had it,  
The sunshine there  
And I and I their hair,  
All light and music and all life and motion,  
Enchanting spell of beauty and of bliss  
On life's charmed ocean.  
And all earth sends up from her happy heart  
A prayer of praise,  
And in shout of joy,  
From the laughing boy at the bonfire's blaze,  
And even old age,  
With his face so sage,  
Writ over with lines like an ancient page,  
Grows red, as in youth, with the honey rays,  
And the voices in the sky  
Now are low and now are high,  
But, high or low, are happy as the day is long  
Little tongues in music lift,  
With a glad "my New Year's gift!"  
And "A happy, happy New Year!" is the burden of the  
song.  
May this year so bright in youth,  
Still unfold in peace and truth,  
And that still vanquish might let us ever prech and  
pray  
(God be with thee, reader dear,  
May you find the glad New Year  
Ever bright and always happy as her first auspicious day

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

The Tragedy of Rachel Gove's Life.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Is it possible you have never heard of Rachel Gove, Maggie?"  
"Not only possible, but quite true. Tell me about her."

"Well, the story is not a long one. Sit down here beside me on the turf, and I will tell it."

We were off on an afternoon ramble—my sweet blue-eyed friend, Annie Chester, and myself. It was one of the loveliest days of the Indian summer—soft, golden and bland. We had wandered miles away from the village, and were standing in the heart of a picturesque wooded valley, which, gaily with its autumn drapery of scarlet and gold, sloped away on either side of a quiet stream, that glided along, dividing the vale into halves, like a winding blade of blue steel. It was a desolate, lonely spot, in spite of the gay verdure, the dimpling water, and the mellow October sunshine which sifted down through the rainbow-like foliage, like a mist of rarefied gold. A low brown cottage, half fallen into ruins, stood by the brook—so near that one side of its dilapidated roof leaned over and scowled at its mirrored counterpart in the water. Before its stained and battered door, a mountain-ash tree lifted its boughs, heavy with clusters of scarlet berries. The autumn wind had heaped up mounds of decaying leaves in the narrow doorway, and the autumn sun crimsoned the few struggling vines of ivy which fastooned the broken window, till they looked like climbing tongues of flame. It was a strange place to choose for a human habitation, albeit a singularly beautiful one; and looking about me, I was disturbed by a curious fancy, a feeling as if only a world-weary, perhaps a world-hating and misanthropic spirit could have selected such a place for its home; as if these blood-red ladders of ivy curtained rooms in which a human heart had bled and broken, a human spirit wailed itself to death. I mentioned my involuntary thought to my companion, telling her that the wild mournfulness of the spot was turning my brain, and urging her laughingly to return home with me.

She answered my gaiety with a smile, and an exclamation which led to the conversation recorded above; and then, drawing me down to

a seat beside her on the soft turf, pushing her gipsy hat back from her forehead, till its broad blue ribbons mingled with the brown of her floating hair, while the sunlight dived over her reclining figure, and mottled with specks of gold the white arms she had crossed upon my knee, she told me the sad story of Rachel Gove.

"She was a hard, cruel, bitter woman, Maggie, as I first remember her, hard, and cruel, and bitter, as women seldom are. Her neighbors shunned her with an instinctive dread, and little children fled from her presence with white faces and trembling hearts. People named her 'crazy Rachel,' and this was her home. I can call back very distinctly, her singular face—pale, cold and inexpressibly haughty. Her thin, almost colorless lips had a frozen look, as if no genial human smile had ever rippled across their rigid outlines, no tender human kiss ever warmed them into redness. Her large, dark gray eyes were brilliant with a restless fire—a wrathful, vindictive, passionate light—such a glance of fierce anguish as you might imagine would flash up into the strong, undazzled orbs of a soaring eagle, when the sportsman's arrow has struck, quivering, into its inmost heart. She was very beautiful in her girlhood. I have seen many handsome women in my life, but never one more dazzlingly lovely than Rachel Gove, in her youth."

"But how could you, Annie, who never saw her till she was middle-aged, judge so positively of her appearance before you were born?" I interrupted, with the impatience of a skeptical listener.

"From her portrait. It happened in this way: One spring she was prostrated by a low, nervous fever. Living so far from the village, and dreading even by the few who resided nearest her, she actually suffered from neglect, receiving none of those little attentions and delicate kindnesses which, as a general thing, neighbors are so ready and willing to bestow upon each other, in times of sickness and distress. My mother, who was a thoroughly kind-hearted woman, entirely incapable of allowing any natural feeling of dislike or prejudice to affect her at such a time, heard of her situation, and many were the quieting cordials, the simple, soothing, medicinal drinks, the cups of amber and crimson jelly that found their way from her store-room to the bedside of the sick woman. These were always accompanied by offers of assistance, which were quietly and sometimes almost disdainfully declined. My brothers had always been chosen for these errands, but one morning when they were both absent, my mother prepared a pitcher of warm, spiced gruel, and tying my little white sun-bonnet upon my head, bade me carry it. How well I remember that delicious May morning. These trees, so flamingly colored now, were green then, and the birds were just beginning to nest among them. All this long meadow was purple with young violets; the dew glittered among them like chains of linked pearls, and over all arched a sky intensely blue. I was too young to feel any of those fears with which the other children of the valley regarded 'crazy Rachel,' but when I unlatched the ricketty door, and tiptoed through the narrow, dark, silent hall to the threshold of the invalid's chamber, a feeling of childish terror stole over me. I found my pitcher down upon the table by her bed, and turned away the room. But my eyes, which had been riveted with all a child's instinctive curiosity, about the dim, shaded apartment, were suddenly caught by a picture upon the wall—a picture which I know now, must have been her portrait. I stopped still and looked at it in delighted wonder. I had seen but few faces then—beside those in my own simple home, and that superbly beautiful countenance was a new and strange revelation to my infant eyes. Had an angel suddenly winged his flight down from the white battlements of heaven and stood transfigured before me, I could not have regarded him with a more admiring surprise. Never shall I forget that pictured face, or the strange contrast between it and the thin, ghastly one lying so white and deathly-looking among the pillows. The full, ripe curve of the scarlet lips; the low white brow, so like the broad, rounded petal of a lily; the cheeks, rose-red and dimpled; the eyes, with that depth of color which you sometimes see in a gray cloud at twilight; the languishing, half-lifted lids, fringed as heavily as those of Oriental women; the luxuriant hair, half braids, half curls, the former wound like a crown of braided gold about her head, and the latter falling through it, and

clinging all about her ivory throat and shoulders, like tendrils and sunshine; the soft, exquisitely moulded—"

"There, that will do in the descriptive line, Annie, dear!" I interrupted again. "Pardon my interruption, but the sun is getting low, and I am anxious to hear your story through before we go. I will believe her everything beautiful. Go on."

"Well, then, Impertinence." My companion pouted with a pretty show of displeasure. "You shall have the dry details and nothing more. As you have doubtless surmised before this time, there is a lover in the story. Her rare beauty won her many admirers, but, strange to say, she was not what most any woman in her circumstances would have been—a coquette. She encouraged no attentions from mere vanity or impulse. Among all her lovers, there was only one whose coming flushed her cheeks and lighted up her glorious eyes. To him she was betrothed, and he that she loved him as few natures are capable of loving, with a passion well nigh amounting to idolatry, her blighted life bears witness. And he loved her. Fascinated at first by her exceeding loveliness, and thoroughly won afterwards by the simple purity of her life and character, it was a source of no small exultation to him to carry off the palm of victory before the anxious eyes of all his rivals. Perhaps the pride occasioned by his success, and the unquestioning faith with which she lavished the treasures of her young heart upon him, lessened the prize in his sight, for certain it is he did not value it as a true man should. He was worldly, scheming and ambitious to an extent scarcely dreamed of by himself, and in this fact lay the secret which crushed out every pulse of tenderness and joy from the heart of Rachel Gove."

"It is a story that I need not lengthen out. Rachel's only dowry was her beauty, and for a wealthy bride her lover broke his plighted vows, bartered his manliness, sacrificed his love and his hopes, and wronged as tender a heart as ever beat in a woman's bosom. At first, Rachel would not believe the whispered reports about him; but when at last the fatal truth forced itself upon her, the wild intensity of her anguish was pitiful to behold. She did not pine and fade as gentler women might have done, or rally proudly and recompense her lover's falsity with the womanly disdain it merited. Like one suddenly smitten blind, she groped about, helpless and bewildered, in the night of her unexpected grief. As her love had been intense, so was her sorrow and despair bitter and ungodward."

"The marriage of her false lover took place on the same week and in the same little church which had been appointed for his wedding with Rachel. The bridal festivities were on a magnificent scale. Night after night the mansion of the bride's father was a scene of splendor and gaiety, but many who were present say that Rachel Gove was always there among the guests—the only unbidden and unwelcome one. Sometimes when the dance was at its height, a burst of mocking laughter would ring out above the music, or an invisible hand sweep back the silken folds from the draped windows, and a white, wild-looking face, pressed close against the panes, peer in upon the startled dancers. Every chord of the poor girl's heart had been shattered by the cruel blow, and the sharp agony which followed had unsettled her reason."

"Among the wedding gifts which loaded the bride's table, she found one morning a beautiful floral basket. It looked like a perfect nest of blooms, as it lay there among the costlier offerings, a dainty mixture of wild roses, and moss. The handle was of white satin ribbon knotted in with evergreen, and the cover, starred with crimson and snowy blossoms, was tied down at the corners with streamers of the same. With an exclamation of delight and admiration, and wondering who could have originated a gift at once so novel and so delicate in its design, the bride lifted the beautiful toy, and commenced untying the ribbons which held the cover in place. But the silken knots defied the skill of her eager fingers, and swinging the basket coquettishly upon her braceletted wrist, she held it up to her husband and bade him help her. Bending gallantly on one knee before her, he undid the slender fastenings, and together they took a curious peep inside. With a sudden cry of disgust and fear, the bride tried to shake it from her arm, but it clung to her paralyzed fingers defiantly. It was full of serpents, wriggling and twisting in a loathsome, compact mass. As the young wife recoiled, shuddering, one of them, loosened from

its confinement, glided up her bare white arm and over her shuddering shoulders. She fainted from excess of terror, and not before her husband had read on an enamelled card pinned to the bottom of the basket, these words: 'Rachel Gove curses you both. Her hatred shall breed serpents in your path, so long as you live.'

"She was indeed crazed. None but an insane mind could have planned and executed so singular and so terrible a revenge. And that curse followed them. They moved away from the village, and the next that was heard from them, he had failed in business and was a poor man. He never was himself afterward. Some strange fatality seemed to blight all his plans, and follow on his path with unswerving malevolence. He had children born to him, but they all died in infancy. His wife, soured in temper by their misfortune, embittered his life with reproaches and recriminations. Driven by desperation to the wine-cup and the gaming-table, he gradually outgrew, by a life of low debauchery, all sense of shame, all ambition, and degraded, broken down in health and spirits, with the first shadows of old age upon him—a city almshouse became his home, and under its roof of charity his wife died, in giving birth to a son—the only one of their children whom an inscrutable Providence saw fit to spare."

"And she—the woman he had wronged—although years restored to her the blessed gift of reason, never outgrew the name of 'crazy Rachel.' Better for her, had she died in her madness, for her returning sanity brought with it only a hardened heart and a bitter hatred toward her race. All tenderness, all joy, all human sympathies seemed dead within her. She had staked everything on that one idolatrous love, and when that failed her, life held nothing more for her. Existence was a dreary blank—a dull, dead, monotonous waste, permeated only by the wretched ambition to revenge her individual suffering by a miserable spite against all the world. For this her neighbors disliked and feared her. For this she isolated herself from all companionship, and brought into this lonely spot the burden of her misanthropic life."

"One night a feeble old man came to her door and asked for admittance. It was a dreary, piercingly cold December evening, following a stormy day. The wind was wailing like a frantic demon, and drifting the white snow in blinding clouds through the air. The old man looked travel-spent and weary, and sunk down seemingly exhausted upon the doorstep, after knocking feebly on the door with his benumbed hands."

"Who's there, and what do you want?" called Rachel Gove, sourly, in answer to his rap.

"In Heaven's name, let me in. I am freezing!" was the reply.

"Not though all the angels in heaven stood by your side," she responded fiercely. "I would not lift a finger to save the whole world from freezing."

"But I have travelled all day in the storm without food or rest. I am poor, and old, and faint with weariness. The village is miles away, and I can never reach it to night alive. You will not turn me from your door to perish!"

"The old man's voice sounded like a tremulous wail, but Rachel Gove's heart was hard and stony. That bitter cry of distress only hardened it the more. In vain he pleaded, expostulated and prayed. She only laughed derisively, and piled wood upon her blazing fire, till the ruddy light from the hearth shot out through the uncurtained windows, and flickering redly upon the snow, mocked the agony of the poor old man who was starving and freezing within sight of its cozy warmth."

"At last when all his prayers proved unavailing, he rose up and tried to move away toward the village; but faint with famine, cold and exhaustion, he could only totter forward a few steps, and then with a long, low, despairing groan, he fell forward helpless upon the snow. And so he crawled back to the inhospitable door, reaching up his bony hands in a pitiful, childish attempt to warm them by the tantalizing light that danced and wavered through the windows. All night long he crouched there, his head drooped forward upon his breast in abject helplessness; and when Rachel Gove opened her door the next morning, a stiff, stark body fell forward at her feet. Even her fierce, hard nature was shocked, and she drew back with an instinctive shudder, but when her glance fell upon the ghastly visage of the dead man, a sudden and terrible pallor



overswept her features. For a moment she stood like one paralyzed, and then with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets, she sprang forward and knelt by his side. A long, wild, sobbing shriek broke from her lips:

"Richard! Richard! O, my God!"

"Then, with frantic haste and supernatural strength, she lifted the attenuated form of the old man in her arms, and carrying it in, laid it upon her bed. She chafed the pallid temples and the icy hands, and strove with delicious caresses to bring back warmth to the frozen lips. She tore open the rugged vest, and laid her hand upon his heart. No faint throb of remaining life pulsed against her palm. But as she withdrew her hand, there clung to it a long, soft tress of fair hair. She held it up to the light, and again that terrible cry of anguish floated out on the clear morning air. How well she remembered the day her lover cut it from among her curls, as a keepsake. All those weary years it had been lying next his heart, and she knew that in spite of change and desertion, the tenderest hours of his life had been true to her. It was a blessed thought even then and there, and for an instant, a smile of ineffable tenderness flashed over the wrinkled face that years of malice and evil passions had robbed of its beauty. O, it was pitiful to see her the next moment, covering those rigid lips with kisses, drawing the stiff arms up about her neck, and shrieking deliciously, as if her heart were forcibly rent in twain by the remorseful cry.

"Dead! O, my God! my God!—and I have murdered him!"

"It was a strange Providence that sent the false lover back to perish at the threshold of the woman he had wronged. The neighbors found her the next day lying insensible by his side, her head pillowed upon his frozen breast, her withered arms wound in a passionate clasp about his neck, her long, gray hair loosened and floating around her like a veil. They thought her dead at first, but God had not so ordered the ending of her sad life. He had work even for her hands to do.

"She lived, but her heart was softened. The Angel of Repentance stole into it, and fanned away with his white wings the fever of hatred and malice that had burned there so many years. She lived, but it was to become the benefactress of the poor, the friend of the needy, the counselor of the erring. She lived, but her life flowed thenceforward in a softer channel. Over the grave of the man she had cursed, Penitence clasped hands with Peace."

"And the boy—the old man's son—what became of him?" I inquired eagerly, as my companion ceased her narrative.

"She took him from the almshouse and toiled night and day to give him an education and a home. She was a mother to him, and by that sweet name he learned to call her, before she died."

"And his name, Annie? Tell it to me."

"He bears the same that his father did before him—Richard Ainslie."

"Richard Ainslie!" I gave a great start of surprise. It was the name of Annie's betrothed lover.

She met my astonished glance with a quiet smile.

"Yes, Maggie, the man whose name I am soon to bear, was the son of a city pauper, and the protégé of a crazy woman. But love overlooks with disdain the accidents of birth and adverse fortune. There is not a better or a truer man on the broad earth, and though the blood of princes flowed in his veins, I could not become his wife with a purer joy or a sincerer pride—my own dear, brave, true-hearted Richard!"

She rose up as she spoke, and looking up into her face so luminous with womanly tenderness, I saw that her violet eyes were full of tears.

## TWO LONDON LANDMARKS.

Two old London coffee-houses have lately come under the hammer. The first of these was the Rainbow Tavern, Fleet Street, mentioned by Aubrey, in his *Lives*, as a coffee-house, in the days when coffee-houses first came up. In 1657, its keeper, James Farre, was presented "for selling a liquor called coffee," as a nuisance. It is also referred to in number 16 of the *Spectator*. No buyer was found and it was withdrawn. The same fate attended the offer of "Tom's coffee-house," Cornhill, advertised by Mr. Haines. This place is almost coeval with the Rainbow. A hundred years ago the young merchants of London resorted thither; and Garrick made it his headquarters. The poet Chatterton, in 1776, dated from the house a letter to his sister, stating that his then profession obliged him to frequent places of the best resort.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## VESPERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

Like the low, sad sound of the wintry sea,  
As it booms and breaks on the desert strand,  
In the dreary wail on the autumn sea,  
When across it sweeps the storm king's band,  
O'er the weary waste of my raffine's soul  
The mournful tones of an echo roll.  
A song which I hear as I heard of yore,  
In the waiting calence: "no more, no more!"

When the day is done and the shadows lie  
Like ghostly hands on the joyless earth,  
When my heart's sole music is a sigh,  
And a stranger to that heart is birth,  
O, then do I hear that self-same strain,  
Which rises to my breast again,  
And, wafted up from memory's shore,  
I hear the echo, "no more, no more!"

Alas and alas, O lips of mine,  
That ever from you such words should fall!  
And alas, that mingles of the ruby wine,  
I should hold to you a goblet of gall!  
Cry "sorrow," poor soul—O heart, be not glad.  
O cheerful eyes! look never so sad,  
For I count my lost hopes o'er and o'er,  
With the sad lene prelude: "no more, no more!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## A DAY IN THE CARS.

### THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF MR. MUFF.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"Ah, Muff, how are you?" said I to an old acquaintance the other day, a gentleman on the shady side of the hill of life, very quiet in his tastes and habits, and a man who never is visible on public occasions, but courts the background of existence, and dwells there in religious reverence of the past.

"Miserably, my dear sir," said he; and indeed he did look pale and woe-begone, as if he had just been shaken up, for once in his life.

"What's the matter?"

"I have passed a day in the cars, since I saw you, and haven't got over it yet."

His expression of sickening horror, as he said this, and tried to draw his head in between his shoulders, like a cold man, or a misanthropic turtle, induced me to ask him to relate his adventures, and thus he was delivered:

"You see I was telegraphed by this deuced blind lightning of the present age, that my niece, Maria, was on the point of marrying a scapegrace, and I must come on at once in the cars, or I would be too late to prevent. I have great influence over the dear girl, and you may be sure I hopped into the cars in a hurry, just in time, as they were starting. Never was in the cars before in my life.

"Must have been full of novelty," said I.

"More novel than interesting," sneered he.

"Every bone in my body aches with the jolting I got. For the first forty miles or so, I felt sure I was a sacrifice; expected to go off the track every minute, and at the first stopping-place I was on the point of getting out and walking back, and I'm sorry I didn't. After that, I took courage, and began to admire my stoic fearlessness in trusting myself behind such a rickety-racketty steam machine, whirling through the country, perhaps into eternity, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But I soon began to bless the horse that was thus to save Maria."

"That must have been a consolation to you."

"It was my only one. A fat woman with a baby, sat on the seat with me. I hate babies."

"Will you have the kindness to hold this baby?" said she, bundling it into my arms, before I had a chance to refuse. "I wish to see some friends in the next car a moment."

"Certainly ma'am," said I, when I couldn't help myself; and off went the mother. Her minute lasted half an hour. O, the agony I endured. As I expected, the little junk of fat woke up, and began to squawl. What could I do? Everybody thought I was the father, and looked daggers at me. Said one:

"Fool—to bring a baby without a nurse!"

"Pitch it out of the window," etc., etc., were the impatient suggestions of others, and I—I, who never had chick of my own, and don't know the feelings of a father—I had to endure the responsibility for a whole hour. When the mother came back, she did not even thank me, but looked mad, as she seized the torment, and said she was "sorry I had woke the baby up!"

"I changed seats as soon as I could, conscious

that I was already the most unpopular person in the car. But I went further and faced worse.

"This time I sat across to a talkative man. His boots were on my seat, and his body on the opposite. His mouth was full of tobacco and his mind full of nonsense. He persecuted me, in a loud voice, upon every imaginable topic, and every eye in the car was on me, as the baby had given me a thorough introduction.

"Well," thought I, as the chatterer bored away at me, "somebody will be punching my head, if the cars don't go off the track, for my opinions. One way or another, this ride will be the death of me." But I thought of Maria and took comfort. By-and-by I felt hungry. We reached a station.

"Cars stop five minutes for lunch!" cried the conductor, and I followed the rest into a saloon, where they charged me fifty cents for some cold mucky coffee and some hard-hearted doughnuts. While I was waiting for my change, "All aboard!" was the cry, and the cars started! And I started, without my change, and ran a race with the train for about ten rods, before I could catch up. The brakeman waved me back, but I thought he was holding out his hand to help me in. I reached for his hand, missed it, and tumbled headlong. He thought I was run over and the train was stopped, when up I popped, hands bloody and dirty, and got into my car, everybody looking ill-naturedly at me.

"Try that again and break your neck!" said the conductor, very wrathly.

"I took my seat very meekly, but with great presence of mind, I avoided the talkative man. This time I chose a very quiet-looking man for my neighbor, and sat down opposite him. I soon found he was fast asleep, for he snored.

"Snore away!" thought I, "so long as you don't talk, we can get along like two kings."

"I now noticed that he had on a dirty shirt, and his hat bore significant vestiges of a late shower, and was bent in.

"Some hard working man," thought I, "resting from his honest labors."

"While I was inwardly reverencing the sons of toil, the man woke up, from a fierce jerk of the cars, which had just given an admonitory death-blow to a cow on the track. The man woke up, and fixing a malignant eye upon me, accused me of stealing his handkerchief.

"At this moment I discovered that he was drunk, for his foul accusation was made fouler by the strong whiff of breath which conveyed it.

"I will brand you as a thief!" said he.

"You are too much brandied yourself," said I.

"You can't come any odds on me," replied the fellow, in a louder tone; "just give me my handkerchief."

At this moment the conductor came along and gave me a hard look.

"What's the trouble?" demanded he. "Pears to me you make a deal of trouble in this car."

"This remark rather nettled me, a quiet gentleman as I hope I am; and so I arose in my boots, with a dangerous amount of indignation and ill blood in me.

"This miserable loafer," said I to the conductor, charges me with having stolen his handkerchief; though I very much doubt that he was ever clean enough to own one."

"My anger seemed to have a salutary effect on my accuser, who, muttering that 'he did have a red handkerchief with him, some'eres,' now felt again, and found it where he had stuffed it, inside the bosom of his dirty shirt.

"The conductor went away smiling, and I moved to another seat, wondering what next.

"Pity that your friend is so intoxicated," said a gentleman, very charitably; which expression of sympathy was entirely lost on me.

"I now felt so ashamed, that I turned my face away from everybody, opened a window, and looked out to survey the face of Nature, when a cinder got into my eye. I bore it as long as I could, and nearly rubbed my eye out, with no effect upon the cinder, when I appealed to a fellow-traveller to see if he could see anything in my eye. He very amiably undertook the task of investigation, with the encouraging opening remark that 'his eyes wasn't none of the best.'

"Roll your eye round," said he, bending over and seizing my eyelid with a thumb and finger, like a pair of tongs.

"I rolled my eye round," and he made several dabs into it with his big bandanna, when a severe jolt of the car nearly caused him to put my eye out.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed I, "you don't

think you can get the whole handkerchief in, do you?"

"When I said this, a general roar of laughter from my barbarous fellow-passengers showed how much they sympathized with my distress.

"I won't try any more!" said the man, exasperated at my supposed ingratitude. "I'll let your old eye go!" And he regarded me with a look of mortal enmity, as he restored his handkerchief to its scabbard.

"As he called my suffering optic 'an old eye,' I refrained from apologizing; for I considered it as good an eye as I ever had. O, how I wished Maria was there, with a corner of her delicate pocket handkerchief! As I thought of Maria, I shed a few tears, and the cinder came out with them. "Some gentle spirit that knows Maria, has done this," I thought.

"At this stage of my miseries, a boy passed through the car with all sorts of newspapers, pictorials and pamphlets, distributing them very freely, and not waiting for any pay. I considered this gratuitous, and took half a dozen of the best, supposing the arrangement was 'one of the improvements on the road.' But by-and-by the boy came back, and waited at my side.

"Well, mister!" said he, "when you've got through reading, I'd like to have my papers, if you haint going to pay me for 'em!"

"This took me all aback. I didn't want the papers, but I bought them, on Maria's account. Disgusted with such a series of troublesome mishaps and mistakes, I shut my eyes upon the world and finally fell asleep, dreaming of my dearly beloved niece, Maria, for whose sake alone I had undertaken this melancholy journey. The vision of Maria passed before me. I seemed to see her on the point of taking the hand of the man with the bent hat, in marriage, and I had just shouted 'Stop thief!' when a horrible roar startled me, and I awoke in pitch darkness, the roar continuing, and not a gleam of light in the cars.

"We're all lost!" I shrieked in terror, holding on to the seat, for I thought to be sure we had run off the track, and the next instant would be in eternity; and wherever we might land, I wanted to land firm. Another moment undecieved me, for we had only entered a thundering tunnel, while I was asleep, and now emerged with no bones broken. The relief I now experienced made the rest of the journey seem short; though I felt very much faded out and wilted away. At last, thank fortune, we arrived.

"I was on the point of leaving that hateful car, when I bethought myself of a handbox, containing a love of a bonnet which I had bought for Maria, and which I had left under the seat occupied by the talkative man. I hastened to recover the neglected handbox, and I found it—but O, chaos! what a find! That rascally magpie, that chattering bore had used it for a stool, and when I tore off the battered cover, and lifted out the bonnet—such a smash!

"I re buried that ruined article of millinery in the box, and took it with me, and I was just about entering a carriage, to drive to Maria's with all speed, when I ran full tilt against the loafer of the lost handkerchief. He said I had insulted him in the cars, and he wanted to fight me.

"Come out here!" said he, pulling off his coat and showing his dirty shirt.

"Go in there!" I exclaimed, instantly dashing the handbox over his head, and entering the carriage, I was soon out of sight and hearing of the hateful railroad. O dear!"

"That was an eventful day in the cars," I said to Muff, as he drew a long sigh over his railroad experiences. "I hope, however, that the speed made up for the inconvenience. You arrived in time, I hope, to prevent the unhappy marriage."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Muff. "What could I expect, but ill-luck, of those confounded cars? I arrived at the house just in time to be received at the door by Maria and her husband. They had been married in church an hour before. I kissed the bride, as in duty bound—poor lost Maria—took cake and wine and went to bed."

"And I suppose next day you took the first train for home?"

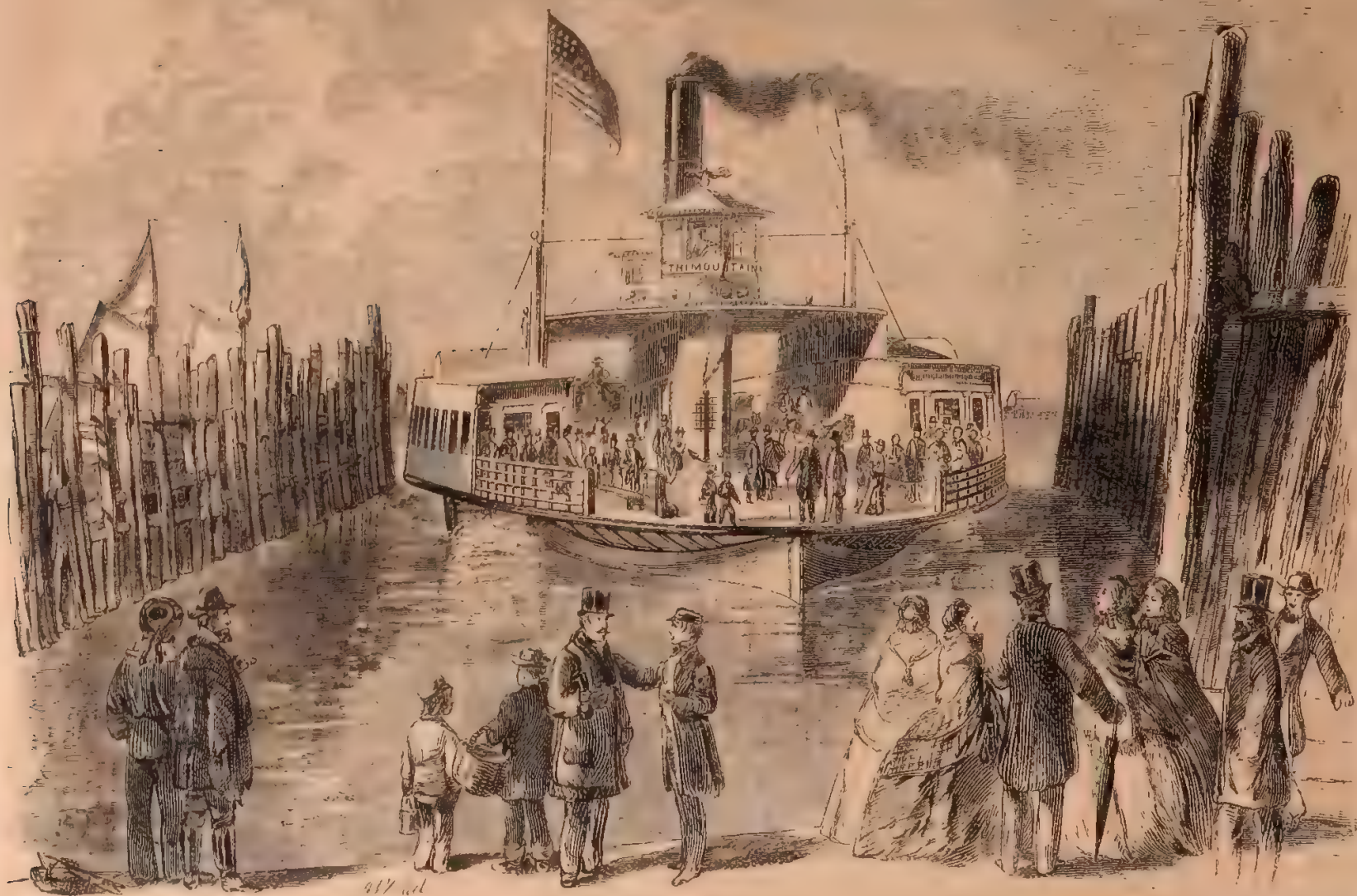
"First train!" said Muff, indignantly. "No, indeed. I came home by water. I've seen enough of cars! Good morning. When I get strength enough, I'll tell you more."

"Good morning, Mr. Muff."

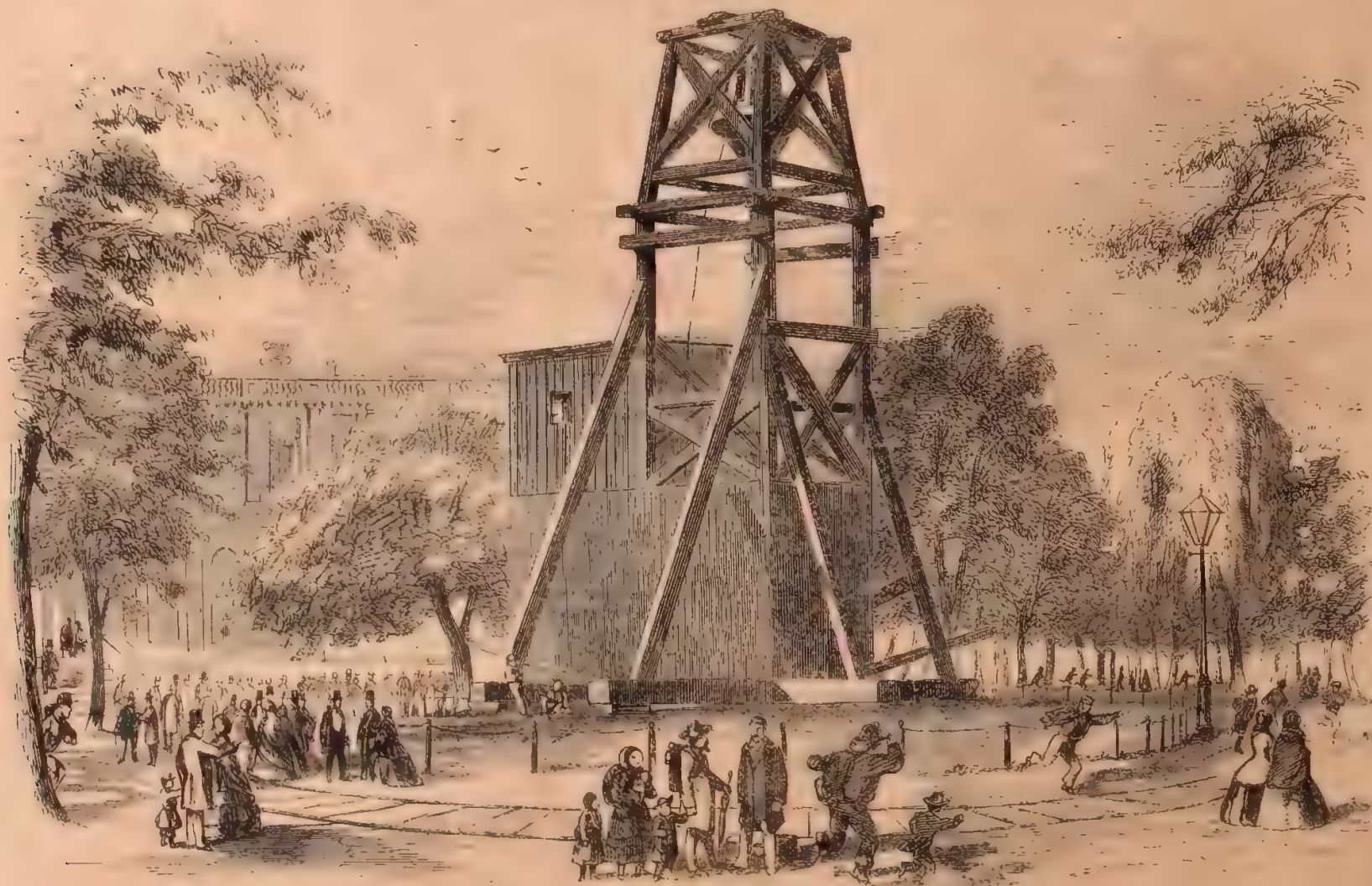
A moment afterwards I heard him calling after me. I looked back.

"I forgot to tell you," he shouted, "that I left my umbrella in the cars."





CHELSEA FERRY, BOSTON HARBOR.



THE ALARM BELL IN THE PARK, NEW YORK CITY.



## HEROISM AMONG THE POOR.

At the close of a chapter entitled *Children of the Poor*, in his very interesting volume, "Humanity in the City," the Rev. Mr. Chapin gives the following affecting incidents. They are given in illustration of his arguments for their relief and welfare. He says:

Take, for instance, the account of a writer who tells us that in the street he "met a little girl, very poor, but with such a sweet sad expression," adds he, "that I involuntarily stopped and spoke to her. She answered my questions very clearly, but the heavy, sad look never left her eyes a moment. She had no father or mother. She took care of the children herself; she was only thirteen; she sewed on check shirts, and made a living for them." He went to see her. "It is a low damp basement, her home. She lives there with the three little children, whom she supports, and the elder sick brother, who sometimes picks up a trifle. She had been washing for herself and little ones. 'She almost thought that she could take in washing now,' and the little ones with their knees to their mouths crouched up before the stove, looked as if there could not be a doubt of sister's doing anything she tried. 'Well, Annie, how do you make a living now?' 'I sew on the

a rough plank bench near the door." He worked in a glass-factory, earning a bare subsistence. "He is a little old man at twelve," says the narrator, "the paleness of his sunken cheeks was relieved by the hectic flush; his hollow dry eye was moistened by an occasional tear; and his thin white lip quivered as he told me his simple story; how he was braving hunger and death—for he cannot live long—to help his mother pay the rent and buy her bread. 'Half-past ten at night is early for him to return,' said the mother; 'sometimes it is half-past eleven and I am sitting up for him.' Sometimes, in the morning, she finds him awake, 'but he don't want to get up, and he puts his hands on his sides and says, 'Mother, it hurts me here when I breathe.' 'I can work, and I do work,' adds she, 'all the time—but I can't make as much as my little boy.'"

One more account. It is of a beggar-girl who "lives," as the narrative goes on to say, "in a rear building where full daylight never shines—in a cellar-room where pure dry air is never breathed. A quick gentle girl of twelve years, she speaks to the visitor as he enters—'Mother does not see you, sir, because she's blind.' The mother was an old woman of sixty-five or seventy years, with six or seven others seated around. 'But you told me you and your mother and little sister

next day. And then I fast, because, you know, mother is sick and weakly, and can't be able to fast like me.'"

## CHELSEA FERRY.

The spirited sketch on the preceding page, representing the Chelsea ferry boat, "Trimountain," coming in to her dock, full freighted with passengers and vehicles, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill. We know nothing more interesting to a *flâneur* than to watch the tide of human beings pouring out of one of these fine boats in the busy hours of the day. It is quite a New Yorkish affair. The boats on this line are admirable—of great size and capacity, with excellent accommodations, staunch and strong, as they need be, for however much "mariners of the long voyage" may laugh, the winter passages between the two great cities of Boston and Chelsea are sometimes trying. Those who prefer a land-route are now accommodated by the horse railroad. Winnisimmet Ferry, by the way, is probably the oldest establishment of the kind in this country, the first grant to Thomas Williams bearing date in 1631. There were no accommodations for teams in those "antient days," and carts and carriages had to perform a circuit of more than twenty miles to reach

structed, or replaced by a new one. The City Hall was for a long while one of the architectural lions of New York, though for many years past its splendors have been eclipsed by hundreds of edifices raised by private capital. Dr. Francis, in his interesting reminiscences, notes the fact that at the time of its erection in the early part of the century, the back part of the hall was built of brick because it was no consequence what aspect it presented on that side, which was then unsettled and likely to remain so. What a change has taken place since then! A city of palaces, not dreamed of by the prophets of fifty years since, has arisen to the north of it. And within a few years even change has wrought many transformations about the City Hall. Its old neighbors, the Park Theatre and the old brick church, have gone to the tomb of the Capulets—St. Paul's has been eclipsed by the prouder spire of Trinity, and marble palaces have risen in the place of unsightly buildings. Endless is the crash and whirl and rush of life about the Park. It sees scarcely an hour of perfect silence and repose out of the four-and-twenty. The throbbing pulses of the great city cease not till long after midnight, and re-commence long before daybreak. Only the holiday hours of other cities are like the habitual bustle of New York.



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK OPERA HOUSE.

check shirts, sir, and the flannel shirts; I get five cents for the checks, and nine cents for the others; but just now they won't let me have the flannel, because I can't deposit two dollars.' 'It must be very hard work.' 'O, I don't mind, sir; but to day the visitors came, and said we'd better go to the poor-house, and I said I couldn't like to leave these little ones yet; and I thought if I only had candles, I could sit up till ten or eleven, and make the shirts.' She had learned everything she knew at the Industrial School. . . . She never went to church, for she had no clothes, but she could read and write. . . . 'It was very damp there,' she said, 'and then it was so cold nights.'"

I will, in the next place, introduce you to a garret-room, six feet by ten. The occupants are a poor mother and her son. The mother works at making shirts with collars and stitched bosoms, at six shillings and sixpence per dozen, for a man who pays half in merchandise, and who, when she is starving for bread, puts her off with calico at a shilling a yard that is not worth more than fourpence! But he is not the martyr in the case. When the visitor entered, her son George, about twelve years old, "was just coming in for dinner, pale and apparently exhausted by the effort of climbing the stairs, and sank down upon

lived by yourselves.' 'Yes, sir, here it is,' and at the end of the passage the visitor discovers a narrow place, about five feet by three. The bed was rolled up in one corner, and nearly filled the room. "But where is your stove?" 'We have none, sir. The people in the next room are very kind to mother, and let her come in there to warm—because, you know, I get half the coal.' 'But where do you cook your food?' 'We never cook any, sir; it is already cooked. I go early in the morning to get coal and chips for the fire, and I must have two baskets of coal and wood to kindle with by noon. That's mother's half. Then when the people have eaten dinner, I go round to get the bits they leave. I can get two baskets of coal every day now; but when it gets cold, and we must have a great deal, it is hard for me to find any, there's so many poor chaps to pick it. Sometimes the ladies speak cross to me, and shut the door hard at me, and sometimes the gentlemen slap me in the face, and kick my basket, and then I come home, and mother says not to cry, for may be I'll do better to-morrow. Sometimes I get my basket almost full, and then put it by for to-morrow; and then, if next day we have enough, I take this to a poor woman next door. Sometimes I get only a few bits in my basket for all day, and may be the

Boston, of which it formed a part, though the distance across the water is less than a mile and a half. With the facilities of intercommunication, the village took a start, and the establishment of a steam ferry gave an impetus to the town which has resulted in a remarkable development. Few places enjoy more advantages in situation, or a territory more agreeably diversified. Chelsea is liberally laid out and contains a vast number of handsome buildings. The view from the top of Powder Hill is very extensive and full of interest. The popular phrase of "dead as Chelsea" originated in the old time when it was twenty miles distant by the road, but any one who would dispute now that it is a live place, would be considered a fit candidate for a residence in the "institution" at Somerville.

## ALARM BELL IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

The second engraving on the preceding page is from a drawing made for us on the spot by Mr. Hill. The alarm bell forms a striking feature in the midst of that busy portion of New York of which the Park forms the centre. It was put up after the catastrophe which marked the famous Atlantic cable celebration—the destruction of a portion of the City Hall by fire, and will do duty until that building is re-con-

## ENTRANCE TO THE OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.

In a former number we published two views representing the exterior and interior of the splendid Academy of Music at the corner of 14th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, and we now add the very characteristic original picture on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud. It exhibits a brilliant phase of social life as presented in the vestibule of the Academy on an opera night. The opera is the showiest booth in Vanity Fair—a little world within a world. We know no more brilliant spectacle on this side of the water than the interior of the opera-house presents when such stars as Piccolomini and La Grange are the attractions. We question whether the Italian theatres of London or Paris present such an array of beauty. And the audience is not composed alone of the rich and fashionable—the million always has its representatives within the walls. The company which built the Academy was chartered in the winter of 1852, with authority to raise a capital of \$200,000 and power to extend it to \$300,000. The building cost \$350,000. It opened October 1, 1854, the leading stars being Madame Gisi, and Signor Mario, that most imperturbable and gentlemanly of all cool and polished tenors.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURVILLAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year . . . . . \$2.50  
One copy, two years . . . . . 5.00  
Five copies, one year . . . . . 12.50  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club) . . . . . 25.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.00 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SUBSCRIBING CORRESPONDENT," Fayetteville, N. C.—We are unable to answer your question positively, but we should think the experiment worth trying. If you should think the experiment worth trying, by letter, will favor us with your name and address, by letter, we will send you a treatise on the culture of the fruit.

"C. C. Rochester," N. Y.—Very few, if any pure blooded Arabs ever find their way to this country.

"J. V. C.," N. Y.—The causes of the hemorrhage are unknown, and the disease often baffles the skill of the physician. The meaning of the term is painful spasm.

"C. S.," N. Y.—The invention of the "tibia" or flute of the ancients was ascribed to Minerva. It was a popular instrument, used on all occasions where music was employed, and was even considered as a means of curing diseases.

"J. C.," Hanover, Mass.—T. B. Read, the artist, is now in New York.

"E. A.," N. Y.—The word "soldier," in German, Swedish and French, is derived from the Latin *bellum* (war), and *bellator*, one who receives and the German for military pay, in which sense it is also used by old English writers.

"R.," N. Y.—The Greeks and Romans used a sort of stenography through the art with them was an imperfect one, and consisted of arbitrary signs.

"M. R.," Lowell, Mass.—George Sand's sketch of Talleyrand is bitterly prejudiced. The Duke of Wellington had of him. "No man's public and private character has ever been so loved," and Lord Holland remarked that no man's private character had been more shamefully traduced, and no man's public character more mistaken and misrepresented.

"M. C.," N. Y.—We are sorry to shake your historic faith, yet the story of Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head is doubted by the most earnest pundits, who say that incident is borrowed from a Danish legend. However, that Tell was a hero and the instrument of freeing his countrymen from the Austrian yoke are unquestionable facts.

"H.," N. Y.—The most eloquent men have frequently, when the occasion presents itself, proved themselves the most brave. The English Admiral Rodney was an instance of this fact, as he was physically of a very slight figure, and a mentally declared himself most easily influenced. His fear, which he surmounted entirely by considerations of honor and public duty. Marley, borough used to say of himself on the eve of a battle, "see how this little body trembles at what this great soul is about to achieve."

## CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The enormous prices paid by fashionable people for India Cashmere goods, is a subject of wonder to many persons, who can see nothing very attractive in their appearance. But a close inspection of a real Cashmere shawl will satisfy any one that this description of goods possesses some virtues over every other kind. Such a shawl is of very soft texture; it is also of very brilliant color, and the material and color are both so durable, that the article can be used a great while without its wearing out or fading. The border also possesses the same quality of durability of material and colors, and is a work of immense labor, it being entirely embroidered with the needle and by the hand. A genuine Cashmere shawl or scarf surpasses any other in clearness and strength of color, and it can be kept in constant use for ten years, and will still look bright and fresh. No other material, either worsted or silk, will stand such a test as this; and therefore, though the first cost of the Cashmere article may be very great, its durability should be taken into account, in estimating the question of value. These goods are imitated by the English and French; but there is a failure in brilliancy and durability of color, and in softness of material also, if the European varieties of wool be used. The borders of the European imitations are also woven in the loom, instead of being worked by hand. This renders the figures flat and tame, and makes them appear widely different from the real.

In India the possession of Cashmere shawls is the evidence of wealth. They are used by both men and women, for turbans, waist-ties and skirts, as well as to wear upon the shoulders. Some of them are exceedingly fine and costly, and are handed down from generation to generation, as heir-looms in ancient families. In European cities they are worn by the ladies of noble families, and by those of the wealthy classes, and as high as five thousand dollars is not uncommonly paid for a single shawl. In this country they are not in general use, but are more common in Boston than in any other city. New York ranks next in the realm of Cashmeredom, and as we go south from that city, they become more and more rare. In fact, the blooming belles of the South disclaim all allegiance to their power, and seem to live in blissful ignorance of the fact that female beauty is nothing, without a thousand dollar shawl, or a hundred dollar scarf at least. These wonderful fabrics are made from the fine wool which grows beneath the hair of the Thibet goat. The yarn is spun by hand, and by a pecu-

har knack is made loose and soft. The weaving is done by hand looms, and the embroidery is wrought by hand, with fine thread of the same material, dyed of different colors. The dyeing process is peculiar to the Hindoos, and in brilliancy and strength, stands without rivalry by any civilized nation. All the material used is dyed three times; before carding, and before and after spinning. The borders require an infinite deal of labor for their embroidery, and the completion of a single shawl is sometimes the work of years. Who can wonder, then, that these unique articles of Oriental production command such great prices, and are so bewitching to the fair sex?

## ABOUT ALBUMS.

Few people have escaped the dire effects of the rage for albums which in our day has, we believe, made the circuit of the globe, and yet perhaps few know the origin of these afflictions of literary men and women. Among the Romans all the acts of the civil authority, and in general all important facts which it was necessary to communicate to the public, were inscribed on tables of stone, or on walls whitewashed for the purpose. These tables were called *alba* (white), and the Greeks employed the word *leucoma*, which has the same signification, to designate the same object. Some of their official inscriptions, traced in red ink, have been found on the walls of Pompeii. Afterwards the name of album was given to every register, whether public or private.

In the sixteenth century, learned men introduced the custom of carrying blank books on their journeys, in which they noted down their thoughts or the remarks of the brethren they visited. About this time certain female writers adopted the habit of making annotations on the margins of their books. Certain learned men attached a great value to these copies, and added fresh notes, either from their own hands or those of their brethren and friends.

The famous "Julia's Garland," presented by the Duke of Montausier to the beautiful Lucille d'Angennes, and of which each leaf contained, under the designation of a symbolic flower, a complimentary verse to the praise of the "fayre ladye," would be, beyond question, the most gallant of albums, if the donor had not unluckily conceived the idea of having the verses copied by a penman, instead of being written and signed by the authors themselves. What a price this manuscript, which was sold for \$3000, at the sale of La Valliere's effects, would bring now, if, instead of being merely a marvel of penmanship and binding, it was also a collection of autographs! It is proper to remark, in honor of Montausier, that "Julia's Garland" was not the production of a contribution levied on poetical talent; the noble marquis did not think himself freed from the obligation to pay his writers, because he had paid for the illuminations, the velum and the binding of his album. This is an example which amateurs in our day have rather neglected.

The most extraordinary and most voluminous of known albums, is certainly that of Baron Barkana, a traveller and humorist, born at Aleppo in Syria, who died at Vienna in 1776, after having rambled over the whole world. This singular character had collected in his album 3522 testimonials, thoughts, sentences, epigrams, etc., signed by all the princes, savans, and other distinguished persons of Europe and the world. Beside Voltaire and Montesquieu, figured the *chevaliere* d'Eon, the poet Metastasio, the prince de Ligne, Dr. Van Swieten, Spanish marchionesses, German canonesses, librarians, literati, etc., etc. This album contained 1895 pages. It last belonged to Goethe; but nobody knows what became of it after the death of the great poet of Weimar.

After 1815 the rage for albums became intense. A few years ago we saw a caricature of that period representing a horn of plenty from which escaped a deluge of albums, while a crowd of men were flying from them at a 240 paces, sheltered by umbrellas. There are now very few young ladies who do not possess an album. Distinguished literary men are persecuted for contributions, and some of them have adopted a phrase, or typical sentence, which they repeat invariably in every album presented to them. Generally, however, they copy some apothegm from their printed works. Now this is the death of albums, which have no value or interest unless they contain unpublished thoughts. But this stratagem of authors is just-

tified not only by the importunity to which they are subjected, but also by the bad faith of certain amateurs, who have turned the celebrity of artists and poets into money, by selling the albums enriched with the contributions of their pens and pencils. Still a few indefatigable album-owners succeed in obtaining collections which will be invaluable in years to come.

At the great London exhibition an album was shown which contained contributions from the most distinguished writers in prose and verse, from artists, painters, designers, musicians, etc. This album made two huge volumes, and was purchased by a banker for two thousand dollars. A century hence it will doubtless be valued at five times that sum.

## THE BELL-BIRD.

In the forests of Guiana at day break, and at sunset, may be heard mingling with the morning and evening tributes of the birds, a loud, clear note, like the sound of a distant bell; and at noon when all animated nature in forest and grove seems hushed in tropic silence and repose, this tolling sound steals through the air at regular intervals, and rouses the drowsy hearer from his mid-day reverie. This peculiar music is made by the bell-bird, a native of those climes, called by the Indians, *Dara*, and by the Spaniards *Campanero*. This bird is described by Waterston, an English naturalist, as being about as large as a jay, with plumage of dazzling whiteness, and form much resembling a dove. The peculiarity which distinguishes the bell-bird from all others, in appearance, is a rounded and tapering muscular excrescence, of a jet-black color, and covered with short feathers, which proceeds from the forehead. This caruncle is flexible, and usually hangs down upon one side of the head; but when the bird would give forth its peculiar note, it is raised by muscular contraction, and protrudes above the head a distance of two inches or more, forming a hollow, spiral tube of small diameter. The cavity of this tube connects with the throat, and it is supposed by naturalists that the bell-like tones of the bird are produced by the quick vibration of the air through this singular crest. The bird's note is full and rich, like a silver-toned bell, and may be heard in the stillness of the forest, for a distance of three miles. It seeks not the companionship of other birds; but alone in the midst of those extensive wilds, perched upon the high and withered top of an aged mora tree, it gives forth this strange and solemn strain. First a single toll, and then a pause for a minute, while the sound floats away into silence; then another toll, and then again a pause of longer duration; after which the former succession is resumed.

FRANCE.—The sentence of fine and imprisonment pronounced against Count de Montalembert, for a severe but high-toned article on politics, has damaged Louis Napoleon more than anything he has done recently. Well does the Boston Courier remark, "What must be the end of a power that thus dreads criticism and suppresses discussion, and muzzles every muttering lip, and will have nothing less than slavish, silent obedience—the prostration of an oriental mute that obeys without protest? All history must be false—all experience must be wrong—if such a system can stand."

COMPLIMENT TO EDWARD EVERETT.—An English-Greek lexicon lately published in Greece, has been dedicated to Edward Everett. The author says, among other things, "The sympathy you exhibited, in your political station, in favor of my struggling country, is ever before me, and I embrace with delight this opportunity of making some sign of grateful remembrance."

PICCOLOMINI.—One night lately, when this little lady was "out of the bills," she went to the horse opera and enjoyed it amazingly, clapping her hands and laughing like a child. Catch her to patronize the Italian opera when there's a circus in town. She's been there!

PROSPERITY.—Prosperity has been likened to a fond mother who spoils her children. But almost everybody would like to try a little of that sort of spoiling.

LIFE.—To be born, to grow up, to remain stationary, and then to decay—that is life. As Shakespeare says:

"Life is a brief candle" then play out the play, Ye villains!"

## THE LYRIC POETRY OF EUROPE.

All poetry is from God. It is the highest form of revealed truth. It is the emanation of Divinity in man;—that subtle and mysterious power which invests every object on which it rests with the golden sunshine of beauty and love. It was undoubtedly the earliest form of revelation to man. What is there of higher poetic sublimity than the scene upon Mount Sinai, when in the midst of clouds and thunders the Almighty revealed himself to Moses? So is it the highest and most impressive medium for the communication of ideas which man can employ. There is no loftier aspiration of the heart, and no wider reach of the intellect, than that which the true poet feels and enjoys. To him the world is full of a divine beauty, as it appears to the eye of the Creator. The diversities of human life, its inequalities and its hard conditions, are but so many musical notes in the scale of existence, which under the magic power of his genius become united in a grand and beautiful harmony. Poetry is one of the requirements of every-day life, as it is the almost necessary food of every cultivated and refined intellect. What were the world without the rich legacy which the mighty spirits of the past have left us! How much harder were our condition, were it not for the inexhaustible stores of encouragement and consolation which it contains!

That poetry has exerted an influence of the most happy and enduring kind no one will deny. Its labor has been, and is, to purify and exalt. In its application to domestic life, it has invested the lowliest condition and the humblest character with the highest charm of the picturesque and the beautiful. It has reconciled the downtrodden spirit of the rudest peasant to a patient endurance of the severities of his lot. Through the impassioned melody of the sacred lyric it has warmed into vigorous life the early bud of religious feeling, and fed and nourished it by the timely ministrations of Heaven. It has filled armies with the delirium and glory of ambition, and led them to rush recklessly into the mid-horrors of the ensanguined field. There is no land and no sea which it has not celebrated, and no people, savage or civilized, which has not received the benefactions of its divine office.

"All, all are glowing with the inward flame,  
Whose wider halo wreaths the poet's name."

The lyric stands pre-eminent among the most impulsive forms of poetry. It is the most natural, direct and inspiring. It has preserved the traditions and kept alive the scanty civilization of the dark ages. As a national and historic muse, its power has affected widely the condition and destinies of nations and peoples. Nor is it necessary, for instances and illustrations, to go behind the earliest poetic literature of modern Europe; for the golden periods of Grecian and Roman history, which mark the appearance and the successes of the great masters of the ancient classic schools,—Homer, Pindar and Theocritus, Virgil and Horace,—can furnish no better examples of the effective lyric than may be found in the ruder structures of the northern nations of the modern world;—the poetry of the "ale-poets" or gleemen, and the scopos of ancient Britain, the skalds or minstrels of Norway and Iceland, or, coming down to the romantic periods, in the songs of the Trouveres and troubadours of France, the Minnesingers of Germany, or in the modern classic poetry of England, France, Italy and Spain.

The term lyric, as applied to the kind of poetry of which we are writing, is derived from the ancients. The custom of accompanying their songs with musical instruments, among which the lyre was an especial favorite, was the origin of the name; and under it are embraced all the varieties, whether in respect of subject or versification, of these kind of composition. The lyric poem, when accompanied by music, is better defined by the common English appellation of song; and when not so accompanied, rests upon the implication that it is to be chanted or sung.

"Thus sung the uncouth swains to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray."

The lyric poetry of Europe includes so wide a range of subjects and form—of rhythm, as scarcely to admit of any arbitrary distinctions. Viewed historically, however, we observe three grand and important eras which mark the distinctions sufficiently for our present purpose. The first is that of the ballad, or descriptive poem. This form was employed in the rudest



periods of society, in nearly all the European nations, before writing was known; and it was either sung or recited, with musical accompaniments, by the wandering minstrels of those days.

"The minstrels came at festive call;  
"Trooping they came from far and near,  
"The jovial guests of mirth and war."

#### SLEEPING CARS.

The Great Western Railway Company have recently equipped their road with improved and very commodious sleeping cars, for the accommodation of the night travel between Suspension Bridge and Windsor in Canada West, on the great line of travel from Albany to Chicago. These cars contain a double row of beds, three tiers high, running along the centre, and numbering in all thirty-six. On either side of the cars is a row of seats, one to each bed. The bed is a hair mattress, on wire springs, and is covered with Brussels carpeting. It is equipped with pillow and quilt, and screened by silk damask curtains. The cars can be divided into separate apartments by means of curtains, for the accommodation of family parties, or ladies travelling alone; so that three or more persons can be entirely shut out from the rest of the company, and occupy their beds in privacy. At one end of the car there is a double washstand, and mirror, for the use of passengers; and these accommodations are set off with very handsome cabinet-work. Those who have used these improved cars for night travel, speak in the highest terms of their convenience and comfort, and say that the vibratory motion is much less, in consequence of the greater weight being along the centre instead of the sides, as in the ordinary cars.

#### A HORSE ANECDOTE.

A Canadian friend of ours was telling us the other day how he managed to break a favorite horse of his of one trick—that of breaking his halter whenever he was fastened in the stable. Our friend placed the animal in question in a stable that stood exactly on the edge of a high bluff some thirty feet above the St. Lawrence. As usual, so soon as he was left alone, our pony broke his halter, backed out of the stable-door, and, as a necessary consequence, tumbled, heels over head into the river, disappearing below the surface with the impetus and gravitation of his fall. He was next seen swimming for dear life and heading in shore. He landed in a dripping condition, and was easily secured. Doubtless he pondered gravely over the lesson, for ever afterwards he never made the slightest attempt to break his halter. The philosophy of dealing with horses, and perhaps with nobler animals, is to fight them with their own weapons; to let them be punished by their own vices. If your pony has a trick of backing, back him a quarter of a mile—if he stops, tie him fast to the place for from twelve to twenty-four hours, without food or water, and he will be glad to obey you when you next call on him. At least, so says our Canadian authority.

#### THE CUCKOO.

The peculiarity of this bird, which has rendered the name thereof a disagreeable by-word, is its propensity to appropriate the care and labor of other birds to the rearing of its offspring. Shakespeare, the great extent of whose knowledge is to his reader a subject of constant surprise, has shown, by frequent allusions to the cuckoo, that he well understood the habits and natural history of the bird. In the reproachful address of the Earl of Worcester to the king, in the first scene of the fifth act of King Henry IV., part first, Shakespeare likens the conduct of the usurping monarch to the cuckoo, in the following passage:

"And, being fed by us, you used us so  
"As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
"Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest;  
"Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
"That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
"For fear of swallowing, but with humble wing  
"We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
"Out of your sight, and raise this present head."

The cuckoo is in fact a regular impostor, and gulls other birds into hatching its eggs and rearing its young, to the destruction of their own actual offspring. Making no nest of its own, it lays its eggs and then prowls about the hedge until it finds the hedge-sparrow absent from its charge, when it pops one of its own eggs in among those of the sparrow, and thus gets rid of the cares of incubation, and the nutrition of the young. There can be little doubt that the egg is carried by the cuckoo in its beak and deposited in the nest of the smaller bird, for those

nests are sometimes built in crevices too small for the female cuckoo to enter, and it is also certain that she does not press her body upon the frail nest of the hedge sparrow, which would be too small to receive her, and would be greatly deranged by such an attempt. Le Vaillant, the naturalist, shot cuckoos in Africa, which were carrying the egg in the throat, ready to be transferred to the nest of the bird's dupe upon the first favorable opportunity. The young cuckoo ill repays the kindly care of its foster parents, but, as it grows larger, crowds the rightful children of the household out of the nest, and monopolizes the entire accommodations to itself—the doleful parents feeding it and cherishing it until its strength and superior size enable it to turn upon its protectors, and requite their fostering attention by making savage war upon them. Such a bird was aptly chosen by the great dramatist to typify an ungrateful, tyrannical usurper; and its pitiful dupes equally well represent the man who cannot take care of his own household.

#### A BETTER CABLE.

An improvement on the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been made by a Baltimore manufacturer, which bids fair to work satisfactorily. The new cable consists of a single conducting wire of copper, covered with gutta percha and then overlaid with a woven coat of hemp, which last is saturated with a gummy solution. There are several advantages attending this improvement. In the first place, the cable is less than half the diameter of the old one, and therefore one vessel can stow away enough of it to reach across the ocean. In the second place, it is more flexible, and therefore can be handled and laid with more ease. In the third place, the iron wires which encircled the old cable, are dispensed with, and the danger of losing electric power by induction, is thus avoided. The presence of a conducting substance on the outside of the old cable, was a serious objection to it from the first, and led many electricians to predict what afterwards proved to be the fact, that the conducting power of the interior wire would be destroyed thereby. This new cable is sufficiently heavy to sink as fast as paid out, and when once the hemp covering is filled with salt-water, it will become so heavy that it will rest quietly on the bottom of the ocean. Owing to the smaller bulk of the new cable, its superior flexibility, and the use of a single vessel, it can be laid in any ordinary weather, and as fast as a vessel can run.

"SHOOTIN' BULLETS."—It costs a pretty round sum for powder and shot to play the deadly game of war with. General Niel, of the Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." During the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shell from mortars, and 8000 rockets. During the war, moreover, the infantry fired 28,000,000 cartridges.

FASHION.—It wont do for gentlemen to be railing at crinoline any longer, for they have just adopted a fashion as ridiculous—leg-of-mutton sleeves. The ladies used to encase their pretty arms in these balloons some thirty years ago, but the absurdity did not last a great while—and now the men must fall into the paganism of leg-of-mutton sleeves and peg top, cosack trowsers. Well, well—it's no use to philosophize on fashion. To dress up to the fashion, is to submit to perpetual self-burlesques.

CHINESE COOKING AT SINGAPORE.—The filth they eat in the eating-houses consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the restaurateurs carry their cookshops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-a-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made from large caterpillars, boiled in thin gravy with onions.

PRINCELY BANKERS.—The house of Rothschild have established a branch at St. Petersburg. The Rothschilds are the arbiters of peace or war.

GAMBLING.—The vice of gambling is the fruit of avarice and enmity, and its prey is always an empty head or empty heart.

OPERATIC.—Fehien Davil's "Last Days of Herculaneum" has been brought out with great splendor at the French opera.

#### INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT.

Some years since a project was started in the city of Philadelphia, for the erection of a national monument in Independence Square, in that city, to commemorate the Declaration of Independence. The proposition was made that the thirteen original States unite in this great and patriotic enterprise, and thus blend in union for the accomplishment of a work to signalize that far greater work from which our national union sprang. Of the thirteen, ten have responded favorably, through their legislatures, viz., New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Georgia. Virginia has not yet taken action. The North Carolina legislature now has the subject before it. South Carolina has just considered the proposition, upon the recommendation of the Governor of the State, and one branch of the legislature has indefinitely postponed it. But it is thought that wiser councils will prevail, and this hasty and somewhat petulant decision will be re-considered. There can be no doubt but Virginia and the Old North State will unite in the movement; and it would look very bad indeed, for South Carolina, —a State that did so much to help on the American Revolution,—to be the only one of the Old Thirteen not represented in the building of the Independence Monument. It would be a sight for the world to admire, to behold thirteen sovereign and independent States, uniting to build a noble monument to American Liberty. Such a patriotic union of independent powers for the structure of a national work, would be unprecedented in the annals of the world; and the thrilling story should not be marred by the sad narrative, that one of this band of sisters stood aloof in sullen discontent,—her golden crown dimmed by envy and malevolence.

#### THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Every one knows that in the northern countries of Europe, the days in summer are very long. Towards the frontiers of Lapland, for instance, at St. John, the sun does not set for several nights. A great number of tourists repair to Mount Ava Sassa, situated near Tornea, to enjoy the curious spectacle.

Among these tourists, a few years ago, was a rich Englishman. He reached the summit of the mountain on the last day on which the phenomenon was visible, at ten o'clock in the evening. He was followed by a servant bending under the weight of an enormous basket of provisions. Sitting down on the grass, he ate and drank copiously, and about half-past eleven fell down asleep. But when he felt his eyelids closing, our Britisher had called his servant and ordered him to awake him exactly at midnight.

At the appointed hour, the faithful John shook his master, exclaiming—

"Wake up, sir—quick, or you'll lose it—it's twelve o'clock."

"Let me alone, John—I never slept so sound before."

"But it's the last day, sir; and you know—"

"O, hang it!" said the Englishman; "let me be, I tell you. I'll come back next year!"

And he was fast asleep. The legend does not inform us whether he really came back the next year to enjoy the spectacle he had missed for the sake of a nap.

A HINT!—When you are purchasing the much-puffed weekly papers, buy a copy of the *Flag of our Union*, and when you get home, quietly compare it with others, then judge for yourself. The price is FOUR CENTS. It is fresh and original from headline to imprint, and, in spite of the immense exertions of its rivals, has never yet been beaten in a single issue!

A GENEROUS POTATO.—Mr. John Phinney, of Machiasport, Me., raised this year from one potato, three pecks of good ones. We respect such a potato; there's nothing small about it, and it must have had as many eyes as Argus.

NOW AND THEN.—Montalembert has been sentenced to prison for saying that Great Britain was more powerful than France. Some two hundred years ago, Galileo was condemned for saying that the earth moved round the sun.

A QUEER IDEA.—Horace Mann says that an annual cock-fight in Boston would be less detrimental than the competition for medals at the public schools.

#### BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

We have been much gratified by an examination of the recently published catalogue of that portion of the Public Library which is designed for circulation. It enumerates about fifteen thousand volumes, comprising a choice collection of works on all subjects, scientific and literary. Fourteen thousand of these are in English, the remainder in the modern languages. Many of the books are not to be found in old established libraries. The books are kept on the lower floor to be accessible to the public. The reference library, as it may be termed, none of the volumes of which will leave the building, contains about fifty thousand volumes, to which accessions of valuable works are constantly making. Mr. Bates of London, to whose munificence the citizens are indebted for this portion of their library, not content with what he has already done, is constantly adding gifts of valuable works, judiciously selected in Europe. Many of them are rare and costly.

Of what priceless value is this library to the people of Boston? Who can measure the results which will flow from this treasury of knowledge, thrown freely open to all? As the information thus spread before the public becomes diffused and digested, the city will more than ever merit its title of the Modern Athens. One thing more remains to be done,—and that is, to establish a free gallery of painting and sculpture, a free school of art. This would be a costly undertaking, but there is wealth enough and generosity enough to accomplish it. The taste for works of art is rapidly becoming universal, and their happy influence, even on the mechanic trades, is pretty generally estimated. Who will be the first to move in this matter?

#### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Mr. Appleboy, a rather susceptible single gentleman, has for a fortnight past been delighted by the singing and playing of a pianist in a room directly beneath his chamber. He lodges in the house of the lady's mother. Fancying that her continual concerts were intended especially for his ear and approbation, his heart was touched with gratitude, and he resolved to step down and thank her. And so he did, as gallantly as possible, at the door, with his hand upon the left side of his best waistcoat; and wound up with the hope that the acquaintance, so gracefully and significantly commenced, might be continued as pleasantly. "The jade slammed the door in my face!" says Mr. Appleboy; "and as I went up stairs again, I heard her and some young upstart of a fellow laughing themselves into fits." Mr. Appleboy is looking out for new lodgings.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.—Andrew Chénier says that lovers are fond of the country because Love was born in the fields. "The daughter of a shepherd, a rustic maid, found him one spring morning, newly-born, and lying in the heart of a rose. His lips were half open in a tranquil sleep. She seized him by the tips of his gilded wings, took him from his cradle with a timid hand, all dripping with dew as he was, and warmed him in her bosom." Rather a pretty conceit—isn't it?

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.—It cannot be denied that England is kind to the memory of her heroes. The number of subscribers to the Raglan Testimonial is 1550, and the total amount of subscriptions, £13,050. This sum has been expended in the purchase of a house and land in the neighborhood of Raglan Castle, as a residence for the son and heir of the late lamented Field-Marshal.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This popular weekly journal commenced the new year in an entire new dress, on heavier and finer paper, being otherwise vastly improved, and introducing some new and charming writers to the public. The best novellets ever issued by the publisher are commenced in number one, entitled *The Outlaw*, by *The Freedom Bearer*, by *Leopoldus Albray*. No literary weekly in the country has a stronger editorial corps, or list of contributors than the *Flag of our Union*, presenting an immense variety of original reading of the most attractive character. —*Philadelphia Evening Journal*

GETTING INTO BUSINESS.—Louis Napoleon has concluded to take a back at the filibusters in Central America, not having much to do in Europe just at present.

TRUTH.—If it is useful to make true friends, it is no less so to avoid making inveterate enemies.

HUMAN LIFE.—We are born amidst tears, live amidst complaints, and die amidst regrets.



STEPHEN MASSETT, ESQ.  
("JEEMES PIPES OF PIPESVILLE.")

A portrait-gallery purporting to embrace the "men of the times," would be singularly incomplete, if it failed to contain a record of an individual so much talked of, so adventurous and accomplished, as Mr. Stephen Massett, more endearingly known as Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville, vocalist, composer, elocutionist, lecturer, rhymor, editor, traveller, man of letters and good fellow to boot. The accompanying head was prepared and engraved for us by Pierce, and is considered a good likeness of Mr. Massett when he "holds still," for such is the Protean facility of expression that we dare say he could sit for a gallery of portraits, and they would all differ as much from each other as the likeness of General Taylor. Mr. Massett is an Englishman by birth, but has become thoroughly Americanized by a long residence in the United States. Of his earlier years there is no record that would prove interesting to our readers. We believe that he first appeared as a vocalist in 1842, at Charleston, S. C., at one of the Seguin's concerts, and at once became a favorite with the public. He also sang in the same city at the concerts given by Mr. John Sinclair, so well remembered here, whose praises and judicious instructions stimulated and improved our youthful vocalist. His favorite songs were, "As I view now these scenes so charming," from the Sonnambula, the "Light of other days," "Black-eyed Susan," and "O, would I were a boy again," in which he was invariably encored. At Charleston he composed his famous song, "When the Moon on the Lake is beaming," of which fifty thousand copies have been sold without exhausting its popularity or the demand for it at the music stores. From Charleston Mr. Massett came to New York and appeared on the stage as the Count in Rook's opera of "Amilio," which had a run of sixty nights. He was received with the highest favor by the public and the press. Then as now, he charmed his audiences by the beauty of his voice and the power of expression which characterized his songs. We next find him travelling through New England with "Yankoo Hill," whom he assisted in his popular entertainments. In 1843 "a truant disposition" led him to visit the East, and his letters describing the Greek and Turkish cities he visited, were published in the New York "Spirit of the Times," over the since famous signature of "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville." In 1844 he appeared as the "Wizard," in James G. Macder's opera of the "Pari," produced at the Melodion in this city. It will be remembered that his success was complete. Signor de Bagnis, at whose concerts he also sung with success, urged him to go to Italy and study music, assuring him that he possessed a fortune in his voice. But about this time he turned his attention to another career, and commenced the study of law in the office of James T. Brady of New York. The gold fever of 1849, however, found him swept away by the tide that set to California, and, in April, 1849, he landed in San Francisco. He was soon afterwards appointed a notary public by the acting governor of the territory, and also administered justice as an "alcalde." In June,

1849, he gave his first concert in California, in San Francisco, without any assistance, filling the old school-house in Portsmouth Square, and putting five hundred dollars into his purse by the operation. We next find him engaged in business in Sacramento, but when Herz, the pianist, visited California, he accepted of an offer of \$200 a night to sing at his concerts. We next find him one of the editors and proprietors of the Marysville Herald. He left California in 1852, for New York, and thence sailed for Europe, in 1853, making an extensive tour through Great Britain and the continent. His observations and

experiences were related in a series of brilliant and entertaining letters in the "Spirit of the Times." "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville's" name attached to an article, was sure to give it currency. In 1853 he revisited California, where he remained till 1856, when he departed for Australia, where, as in Tasmania, he gave his charming entertainments, consisting of songs, recitations, imitations, narratives of adventures, etc., reaping a golden harvest, and establishing an enviable reputation in public and in private. Mr. Massett next appears, giving concerts and readings in Bombay and Calcutta with great

success. But his projected tour through India was cut short by the mutiny, some thrilling scenes of which, such as the blowing of rebel Sepoys from the guns, he personally witnessed. From Calcutta he went to England by the overland route, and in London and other cities of Great Britain, met with the most brilliant success with his "Reminiscences of Travel." Since his return to this country, his entertainments in New York, Boston and other cities, have proved a series of triumphs. The high character of his performances, the varied accomplishments of the performer, his humor and pathos, the strangeness of the adventures he relates, the blending of wit and sentiment, music and elocution, in his entertainments, the absence of all theatrical adjuncts, combine to give them an attraction for all tastes, while the most rigid moralist can find nothing to censure. In the broad field which this country opens to a man of talent, a universal favorite like Mr. Massett, is sure of the most complete and honorable success.

## TANK AND TEMPLE OF THE SIKHS.

The brilliant oriental picture below, is striking in architectural and natural beauty. Umritsir, the religious capital of the Sikh people, was first constituted a holy city by Arjoon, fourth Gooroo, at the end of the sixteenth century; but it was not till the Sikh power had reached its zenith under Runjeet Singh that the buildings which surround its sacred tank were completed

in their present state; before that time, however, it was a place of great resort for the Surbut Khulsa, or whole Sikh people, after they had risen to political importance by their conquests, and where, before they were united in submission to a single chief, they used to meet for consultation at least once a year, at the festival of Rama, when the cessation of the rains made military operations practicable; for, though every Sikh was free, and each was a substantive member of their commonwealth, yet it was soon found that all could not lead, and it was hoped that the performance of religious duties and the awe inspired by so holy a place might cause selfishness to yield to a regard for the general welfare; and the assembly of chiefs was called a "Gooroomutta," to denote that, in conformity with Govindo injunction, they sought wisdom and unanimity of counsel from their teacher and the book of his word. During the contests with the Mohammedans for supremacy in the Punjab, Umritsir was several times taken, and its holy places defiled; but Runjeet Singh took ample revenge, when he undertook the rebuilding

of the temple, by carrying off the white marble pinnacles from the Padshahi Masjid at Lahore, and also rifling the tomb of Jehangheesi, at the same place, of all its beautiful inlaid work. It now adorns the lower part of this brilliant temple, the upper story of which is of copper gilt: the causeway leading to it is also of inlaid white marble from the same sources. With the crowds of worshippers, the gay dresses of the women, the groups of the bathers, devotees and other singular attendants, altogether it forms one of the most striking and picturesque scenes in the whole of the British Indian empire.



STEPHEN MASSETT, ESQ.



TANK AND TEMPLE OF THE SIKHS, AT UMRITSIR.





COSTUMES OF PEASANTS AND PORTERS, CAGLIARI, SARDINIA.

COSTUMES OF PEASANTS AND PORTERS,  
CAGLIARI, ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

To a majority of people nothing is so interesting in the pictorial line as representations of national costumes. Sir Walter Scott well understood this popular trait, and a large portion of his descriptions refer to the dresses of his characters; and we all know how sadly the effect of a stage-play is marred when the characters are not properly costumed. The accompanying engraving introduces us to a group of peasants and porters in Cagliari, Sardinia.

Cagliari (the Roman Caralis or Carnles) is the principal town of the island of Sardinia, and is situated in the Gulf of Cagliari, near the mouth

of the River Merlurgia. Since the establishment of the telegraph at this place, it has become of increased importance. Its streets are miserably paved, and are only twenty feet wide. Here are twenty-three monasteries and nunneries, thirty-eight churches, a handsome theatre, a spacious and secure harbor, with a roadstead. The inhabitants, above 35,000 in number, carry on a traffic in oil, wine, and, above all, in salt, prepared in the neighborhood. The houses and streets remind one much of a Spanish town, and this may be accounted for by the long period which the Moors had possession of both Spain and Sardinia. The costumes of the natives are very peculiar. The centre figures in our sketch

represent a peasant and his wife from the interior. The man's dress consists of a brown coat; a tight-fitting, thick red waistcoat, buttoning at the side; a black leather girdle, a short petticoat of coarse black cloth, very thick; and very loose white calico trousers, which, at a little distance, look like a white petticoat. A large black hat, with a red handkerchief falling from under one side, completes his costume. The other figures are porters.

## LANDING PIER, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

The spirited engraving on this page represents a detachment of British troops, on the way to India, debarking on the pier at Alexandria.

The European officers and soldiers, in their fatigue dresses, contrast strikingly with the natives in their oriental costumes, as the steamer with her bows on does with the lateen-sailed craft of the modern Egyptians. The troops for India sail from Southampton to Suez, and such are the facilities prepared by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, that they have declared their readiness to undertake to forward 2000 troops a month through the pasha's land-steppes. The British government provides the men with clothing, allowing them only to carry their great-coat, bread bag, and replenished water-bottles, more than this would unfit men to stand sudden changes of climate in these low latitudes.



THE LANDING PIER AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.







## Editorial Melange.

A dread of the effects of chloroform, in consequence of the fatality that has repeatedly followed its administration of late, may finally induce the dentists to fall back on ether, which was never known to do any harm.—A Japan letter says: The females of Nagasaki are of the ordinary height, and some of them are very handsome, and would create quite a stir in New York if they should happen that way. The married ladies are known from the single by painting their lips either green or bright red, and their teeth a jet black. They are frequently married as young as ten.—There is a letter addressed to "Modesty," lying in the Baltimore post-office, and there being no claimant for it in that city, the postmaster has advertised it.—Mr. George Flagg, a New England artist, for some years a resident in South Carolina, has painted for Mr. James Brewster of New Haven a large picture representing the "Landing of the Atlantic Cable," which is now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York.—Across the face of the Prussian bank notes is printed some fifty times, in very small type, the penalty for counterfeiting, which is from five to fifteen years' imprisonment. Convicted counterfeiters cannot plead ignorance of the law.—The English "bloomer" differs from the American female who is designated by this term. At a recent trial in London, a young Jewess described herself as a "bloomer," her occupation consisting in getting up elderly ladies in "bloomer style" for balls and parties. Her charge for blooming a countess, she said, was twenty-five dollars, and her earnings never less than \$100 per week.—The San Antonio, Texas, Herald states that Mr. Robinson, of Boston, who intends to go into the business of sheep-raising on a large scale, on the Gaudalupe, has received recently his first drove of sheep from Mexico, some 1500 head.—The application of American citizens for permission to run the submarine cable from Havana to Key West, has been granted by her Catholic majesty, solely upon condition that both ends of the cable are to be under Spanish control; and if otherwise, the application is to be considered rejected.—Volk, a sculptor in cameo, in Chicago, has received an order from an English traveller for a portrait cameo bracelet to include likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Webster, Clay and Scott.—A young lady in Hartford was seen wearing dry goods of a pattern similar to some that had been stolen in September last from an establishment in that city. This led to a search of the house, and a large variety of other property, supposed to be stolen, was found. The girl and her mother state that the goods were purchased of a Jew pedler.—At Athens, Mo., a teacher in one of the schools undertook to correct a scholar, when another scholar interfered to prevent the punishment. The master thereupon drew a knife and stabbed the boy in the neck. The wound was considered a dangerous one by the physician. The name of the teacher and also the name of the boy stabbed is John Rhines.—Yeddo, the capital of Japan, is said to be one of the finest cities in the world. The castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, is built on a slight eminence, around which there are three walls or enclosures, within the inner of which the Tycoon Emperor and heir apparent live.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce intimates that the frequent attacks of illness on the part of Mr. Harwitz, during his chess contest with Morphy, were devised for the purpose of protracting the strife, in order to subserve the pecuniary interests of the Cafe de la Regence, where the match was played.—In Cincinnati, recently, a Wisconsin cranberry dealer who wished to get a check cashed, but had no one to vouch for his identity, exhibited his name inscribed upon that classic garment, his shirt, whereupon the banker was satisfied and paid over the money, and Wisconsin went on his way rejoicing.—One of the leading attractions of the London book season will be the forthcoming life of Douglas Jerrold, by his son and literary executor, Blanchard Jerrold. Among the many attractions of the life will be found two letters from Mr. Dickens, describing, in his customary graphic style, his first interview and his last interview with Mr. Jerrold.—The design of Lord Murray to erect in Edinburgh a monument to the poet Allan Ramsay is now approaching its full realization. It is to be executed in marble, of quality similar to that of Sir Walter Scott's statue

in the Edinburgh monument.—Rev. S. W. Cogshall of Chatham, in a communication to the Zion's Herald, on "reading sermons," says it is "simply ludicrous for men to stand up, on the conference floor and elsewhere, to declaim against the practice of writing and reading sermons, who never wrote a sermon in their lives, and could not even if they should try. What is their opinion worth in the case? Why, simply, nothing at all. It is mere prejudice, nothing more."—Col. Fremont's steam quartz mill at Bear Valley, in Mariposa county, is said to be paying handsomely. Seldom or never has less than \$1500 been taken out after a steady week's run, and as high as \$3000 have been obtained.—An incorrigible book-worm, turning over some old manuscripts recently, at the Imperial Library in Paris, fumbled out a strange musty piece of paper which proved to be a pawn ticket of Torquato Tasso—a real curiosity of literature. It shows that the author of "Jerusalem Delivered" had pledged his father's waistcoat with "Signor Abraham Levi" for "venti cinque lire" on the second of March, 1570.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, has sent a hundred guineas, to be distributed among the students in prizes, the subjects of competition to be fixed by the faculty.—The queen has appointed Dr. Henry Barth, the famous African traveller, to be a Companion of the Order of the Bath. So he is now Ba(r)th of the Bath, a sort of human Baden-Baden.

## LAW AND LAWYERS EVERYWHERE.

Nearly ten years ago, a gentleman named Harley died, and bequeathed, by will, upwards of £100,000 to the corporation of Southampton, England, to be expended in measures to promote the intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of that town. The will was disputed by distant and dubious relatives of the testator, and litigation has been going on up to the present time in the Court of Chancery. It has ended in a compromise, at the recommendation of the counsel engaged on both sides, and the litigants have withdrawn their claims for £22,500, thus leaving about £78,000 for the corporation; out of that sum, however, the law costs have to be deducted, amounting to nearly £35,000, and the legacy duty, amounting to nearly £4500, so that all that remains to carry out the dying wish of the testator is £39,780. Much indignation is felt in Southampton, that after the reform of the court of chancery, litigation can last so long there, and its expenses be so enormous. The cost of taxing, that is reducing, the law charges was nearly £1000.

**A FAST YOUTH.**—A young declaimer at one of our public schools went upon the platform and began the recitation of a familiar poem in this wise:

"There is a ripper whose name is Death."

"Reaper, John," said the teacher, correcting him. John explained that he thought it was ripper, "because Death had such a ripper of a knife in his hand,"—and then "continued on."

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—The population of San Francisco is estimated to be 75,000 or 80,000 at the present time. The city has been filling up very rapidly of late; the hotels are full to overflowing, houses for family residence are all taken up, those in course of construction are engaged, there is great activity in the building line, and real estate has risen twenty per cent.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—If you wish to avoid a quarrel, be select in your choice of language. If a rude fellow addresses you in the worst imaginable epithets, remain unruffled, and meekly reply: "Your remarks do not agree with my views." This lamb like behaviour may induce him to take you for a sheep, and spare your wool.

**LARGE SAUSAGE.**—Mr. S. made in a single piece 75 feet, or 25 yards of sausage, using the trimmings or sausage meat of two porkers weighing 460 pounds. This, we should say, is a great extension of the pork business.

**NEWSPAPORIAL.**—The State of Louisiana has 73 newspapers, 44 of which are printed in English, 18 in French and English, eight in French, two in German, and one in Spanish.

**THEOLOGICAL.**—What matter if the forms of churches do differ, so long as they all point in the right direction?

## Wayside Gatherings.

In Wisconsin they call a bribe a "pecuniary compliment."

The London Times, in a recent editorial, speaks of the city of Portland, Me., as a Canadian town.

The amount of fishing bounties claimed in Plymouth collection district, for the season just closed, is \$16,287 04.

Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a graduating class: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults, and a small one for fees."

A reporter of the Albany Knickerbocker says that he lately saw a man shovelling snow from a roof, and that he had on a life-preserver.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford Abbott, who was last season a member of the Boston Theatre Company, lately died at Chester, Orange County, New York.

A Skating Club is organized at Buffalo; gentlemen's tickets five dollars, the ladies free; and a skating pond is prepared, to be used under certain regulations.

The Yarmouth Port Register says it is estimated that \$30,000 worth of mackerel have been taken by means of nets, in the lower part of the county, during the fall and present winter.

The Mayor of Cincinnati recently ordered a census of the inmates of houses of prostitution in the city to be taken. The returns show that the total number within the city limits is 900.

The manufacturers of printing cloths, in Providence, have entered into an agreement by which they fix upon 36 inches as the measure of a yard instead of 37 inches as has been the custom heretofore.

The value of furs exported from St. Paul, Minnesota, this year, is \$161,023. In 1857 it was \$182,491; in 1858 it was \$96,739. The apparent decrease this year is not in quantity, but is occasioned by the decreased value of the furs.

The notorious negro convict, Dade, lately escaped from the prison at Jackson, Michigan, by cutting through a plank six inches in thickness. He had chains on weighing 25 pounds when he escaped.

Recently, the wife of a farmer residing near Shippensburg, Pa., hearing the dogs barking violently, went out, and found them worrying a large buck. She took a knife, and seizing the buck by the antlers, cut his throat.

In Buffalo, some gentlemen have hired the vacant lots on the corner of Virginia Street, which have an area of fifty-two thousand square feet, which they are to fence in and floor with ice.

The English government, says the Sydney Herald, has granted the sum of £1000 for the publication of an Australian "Flora," and the work has been undertaken by Mr. Benthum, a distinguished botanist.

Postmaster Fowler, of New York, had his pocket picked at a political meeting one evening lately. The thief made a good haul—money and checks amounting to three thousand dollars. Rather high admission fee, that.

A number of concrete houses have been erected in California, giving entire satisfaction to the owners. They are said to be superior to brick houses, and can be erected at a cost not exceeding the price of the brick necessary to erect a building of equal size.

The total value of steamers afloat on the Mississippi and its tributaries, is more than \$60,000,000, and number as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all the other parts of the world.

Miles Standish's pipe and pistol were sold at auction in Albany lately. The pipe was the veritable one which came over with him in the Mayflower, and was smoked by him until his death, and was made of iron. It brought \$15. The pistol brought a like sum.

The telegraph to Cuba is to be commenced at Savannah immediately. It runs to Key West, thence by submarine cable to Cuba. It is intended to complete the line to Key West by next summer, when it will be connected with Cuba as soon as the cable can be laid.

A wild buffalo has been on exhibition in Toronto. It was captured by a Mr. Beeres, near Fort Kearney, in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. Though only eighteen months old, it weighs over 1000 pounds, and is a fine specimen of the species.

The price of land near the National Metropolis may be judged from the fact that Dr. Jewell, of Washington, has just purchased the farm and stock of Lieut. Bohrer, known as the Cottage Farm, for \$5000. The farm contains 180 acres, and is but six miles distant from the White House.

Moses Bailey, an employee at the Washington Foundry, Baltimore, Md., was roasted alive at the furnace of that establishment one afternoon lately. He had been sent into the cupola to attend to something and fell into the furnace, overcame it is supposed by the fumes of the charcoal.

Russia sheet iron is, in the first instance, a very pure article, rendered exceedingly tough and flexible by refining and annealing. Its bright, glossy surface is partially a silicate, and partially oxyd of iron, and is produced by passing the hot sheet, moistened with a solution of wood ashes, through polished steel rollers.

## Sands of Gold.

.... To love is everything; love is God.—*Leon Gordon.*

.... Paradise is always where love dwells.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... Love is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—*Balzac.*

.... Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.—*Rydon.*

.... Slight small injuries, and they will become none at all.—*Fidler.*

.... Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Johnson.*

.... Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swail.*

.... Life is a sleep, love is a dream; and you have lived if you have loved.—*Alfred Musset.*

.... It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled.—*Louisa.*

.... The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom: to serve all and love but one.—*Balzac.*

.... I am firmly persuaded that the man who has not a sort of affection for all women cannot love one as he ought.—*Stowe.*

.... Pleasure and pain spring not so much from the nature of things, as from our manner of considering them.—*Rice.*

.... True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

.... A single falsehood forever destroys that confidence which, with certain minds, is the very foundation of love.—*Balzac.*

.... In matters of love and appetite beware of surfeits. Nothing contributes so much to the duration of either as moderation in their gratification.—*Bonnet.*

.... That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whenever either of them stand in need of it, is music.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

.... It is ever the invisible that is the object of our profoundest worship. With the lover it is not the seen but the unseen, that he muses upon.—*Brown.*

.... What is the difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing difficult objects; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—*Warren.*

.... Love is a flame which burns in heaven and whose soft reflections radiate to us. Two worlds are opened, two lives given to it. It is by love that we double our being; it is by love that we approach God.—*Anne Shulton.*

## Joker's Budget.

"How sharp your too nails is," as the man said ven he coteched the hornet.

"Let's clinch the bargain," as the bear said ven he patted the man on the shoulder.

"None of your sauce," as the boy said to the crab apple.

"Anything in my line?" as the hangman said to the judge.

Which of the three cast into the fiery furnace reminds one of the gridiron? *Shad-rack.*

"Where there's a will, there's a way"—of getting it into chancery!

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

To make a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redder those of an impudent man, slap them.

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "You tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses, too."

In the days when rogues and thieves were branded with the letters R. and T., lettered men were more common than they are now.

A man was walking quickly down the street the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a thought, and knocked over into the gutter.

"If you are lost in a fog, Brown, what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," said Brown, and vanished.

The following motto is over the door of a recruiting rendezvous in Boston:

"List, List—O! List.—*Shakespeare.*"

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

"High heeled boots, a moustache, and a strut," says the major, "are the plainest signboards in the world, hung out in capitals, 'Chambers in the attic to let—inquire at the tailor's.'"

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

"Can you read smoke, ma?" "What do you mean, child?" "Why, I've heard some men talk about a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read anything in a volume."

Some Texas paper having complained that their best editorials are extensively copied without the proper credit, the Victoria Advocate replies that it is often served worse than that, for some of its best editorials are not copied at all.





CANAL OF MAHMOUDIEH, EGYPT.

## CANAL OF MAHMOUDIEH, EGYPT.

The accompanying view was sketched on the Canal of Mahmoudieh, which connects Alexandria with Cairo, Egypt. M. Lessep's project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, thus multiplying its relations with the rest of the world, gives great importance to this canal. It commences at Fouah, about a mile from the Frank quarter of Alexandria, and connects its waters with those on the western branch of the Nile. Formerly known as Cleopatra's canal, it had been abandoned for ages, when Mehemet Ali undertook its restoration in 1819. Making use of the resources which despotism placed at his command, he ordered the sheiks of the different provinces to furnish him with laborers. The Fellahs, men, women and children, were forced into the service, and 313,000 farmers, torn from their homes, worked under the superintendence of the viceroy's soldiers. Bad treatment, fatigue and hard-

ship decimated their ranks, but at the end of six months the canal was dug. It is broad, deep, and protected by high levees or embankments, in places where it might be injured by the periodical overflow of the Nile. Huts of earth, like bee-hives, square houses, ancient tombs, groups of palms and date trees are the remarkable objects which the traveller beholds on its banks. In the environs of Atfeh, where the canal abuts on the Nile, there are fine plantations of acacia trees. Travellers from Alexandria to Cairo make the passage in eight hours. Our engraving gives a good idea of the scenery. It will be noticed that one of the passage boats spreads a huge lateen sail to aid its machinery.

## THE PORT OF SPEZIA, ITALY.

The second engraving on this page is a faithful representation of the entrance to the Gulf of Spezia, the well known rendezvous of American

naval vessels in the Mediterranean. On the left of the picture is the island of Palmaria; next, over the central fishing-boat, is a ruined fort; Porto Venese is on the point of land, Varignana more to the right, and the Napoleon fort on the extreme right. The sharp cones of the mountains impart a bold and romantic aspect to the scene.

The port of Spezia has recently been selected by the Piedmontese government to be converted into a naval arsenal and rendezvous, a measure somewhat to the distaste of certain continental powers. This port, situated about forty-five miles southeast from Genoa, had formerly attracted the notice of Napoleon, who proposed to build a fort to be called after him, and wished to form of the whole gulf a harbor that should be equal to the most important in Europe. The gulf is of a long oval figure, running about seven miles inland, with an entrance two miles

wide. It is exposed only to the south-southwest wind, and encloses four bays, which may all be converted into important docks or inner harbors. The depth of water varies from thirty to seventy feet, so that ships of all sizes may lie along the quays it is proposed to erect. The scenery on either side the gulf is very picturesque; as many as eight or ten villages flank the roadstead, at the end of which stands the town of Spezia, which is finely situated, well built, and has a population of from 8000 to 10,000 inhabitants. About two miles from the town is a spring of soft water, which gushes forth with such violence, and so copiously, that the strongest wind fails to interrupt its course. It is of excellent quality. The most prominent objects seen from the gulf are the Citadel of Spezia, an old castle of the Visconti, and the islands of Palmaria and Tino. We may mention that Spezia is the quarantine station for passengers and ships arriving at Genoa.



THE PORT OF SPEZIA, ITALY.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM { VOL. XVI, No. 3...WHOLE No. 395.  
3 CENTS SINGLE

## VIEW OF HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS. (Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial)

HARBOR OF HONOLULU,  
Saturday, Oct 9, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq., DEAR SIR, — I can scarcely realize that only a few weeks since I was seated in your office, in the old Trimountain City, little dreaming that I should so soon be inditing you an epistle from the far Pacific. But you know the circumstances which induced me to set forth on my wanderings, unknowing, like poor Philip Slingsby, when I might set foot on my native soil. Yet, even an occasional fit of homesickness is unpardonable, for, with perfectly restored health, general good spirits, and fair prospects, I have every reason to be thankful, and am so. As you were kind enough to intimate that an occasional contribution from my pen and pencil might be acceptable to yourself and readers, I submit this letter and the accompanying sketch for your judgment, to accept or reject, as you see fit. I rather distrust my artistic powers, but of one thing I can assure you, that my sketch of Honolulu, as seen from the harbor, is accurate, and I presume your artist will find no difficulty in transferring it to the wood. Prominent in the view is the trim-built craft that brought us safely hither from San Francisco, and I have sketched an American whaler, and other characteristic shipping, which gives animation to the port. You, of course, are aware that Honolulu is a great rendezvous for American whalers, of which there are sometimes eighty in port. Jolly times the skippers, New Bedford and Nantucket men, have when they meet together; and as for the crews, you know well enough what "Jack ashore" is. I have been round with some

of them, and seen, among other things, the "hula-hula" danced by native women. This is one of the proscribed national dances, much talked of, and the character of it much exaggerated. The native women are very graceful, and their movements have, many of them, the true spirit of poetry. But on the whole, the "hula-hula" is rather a monotonous affair. The music, on the occasion I refer to, was a beating on a kind of rude drum, and a clapping of hands, aided by a sort of musical chant from some of the assistants. Many of the native women are very attractive; the figures of some I have seen are exquisite. The teachings of the missionaries have been attended with the happiest results, and, having a large influence in the government, most of the grosser offences against morality have been checked. But the ingrained proclivities of the aboriginal population, fostered by intercourse with some of the worst of the foreigners or transient visitors, often defies control. The father of the present king would frequently rebel against the control of his spiritual advisers and official counsellors, and break out of bounds, and many stories are told of his queer capers when under spirit influence. When Cook discovered this group of islands, each of them had a separate king or chief, but they were long since merged into one sovereignty. Honolulu is a mean looking place, but a very busy one, and increasing constantly in commercial importance. The business is almost wholly in the hands of the Americans and English. I send you by this mail a file of papers. You will agree with me that the Sandwich Islands press would make a good figure anywhere. The fact is, we have here all the elements of civilization—news-

papers, bookstores, emporiums of fashion, lectures, balls, refined society, and, once in awhile, the "horse opera." The climate in these islands is delightful. Agriculture flourishes, and the fertile valleys produce coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, yams, sweet potatoes, etc. Charles Lamb would have relished the pork raised here, and, as for the poultry, better is never served up at Parker's, in your city. The best yams are produced on the island of Niha, or Oneehow. Capt. Cook did a good thing when he discovered these islands in 1778. By the way, I have visited the spot where the gallant discoverer was killed, on the 14th of February, 1779. It was on the shore of Hawaii, or Owhyhee. You will recall the circumstances. One of the islanders had stolen a boat, and, as it was necessary to check the thieving propensities of the natives, and teach them a lesson, Capt. Cook went on shore for the purpose of seizing the king of the island, determined to detain him as a hostage until his property was restored. Perhaps the measure was an ill-judged one; at any rate, its results were fatal. The natives exhibited great anger, and collected round the captain's party in formidable numbers, with insulting and threatening gestures. Familiarity with their white visitors, had overcome the awe of them in which they stood at their first arrival. One warrior particularly distinguished himself in his hostile bearing, and Capt. Cook seized a musket, loaded with shot, and discharged it at him. Had the savage been killed, it would have ended the difficulty—but his thick war-mat received the shot, and he remained unharmed, a circumstance which encouraged his comrades, and they commenced a furious discharge of stones. The English re-

plied by a volley of musketry, and the fight became general. Capt. Cook turned his back on his foes for a moment, to command a cessation of the firing, and this act of humanity cost him his life. He was instantly stabbed in the back, and as he fell, with his face in the water, he was literally riddled with stabs, and shockingly mutilated. One of my earliest boyish treasures was a picture of this scene, engraved by Bartolozzi, the father of Madame Vestris. Little did I dream that I should one day stand on the spot where the tragedy was enacted. From the shore I climbed to the rude monument of stones erected to mark the event, and gazed forth upon a wide expanse of water, rock, and headland, and over these to the dark blue rim of the Pacific ocean. At the time of Capt. Cook's discovery, if I remember rightly, the population of these islands was computed at 400,000—but their numbers have gradually wasted away. They are generally tall, and of an olive complexion. Capt. Cook found them a gentle and intelligent race, a character which they still sustain. Yet, when in a state of idolatry, they waged bloody wars, and offered up human sacrifices to their barbarous gods. Their traditional customs and costumes have about wholly disappeared. I have seen many a Sandwich Island belle promenading under a full press of hoops, stately and proud as a peacock. Some of the "old fogies" still tattoo their persons, and all have a pretty fashion of using shells and flowers as ornaments. Both sexes are amateurs of horse-flesh, and great riders. But perhaps you have had enough, for the present, of a traveller's gossip, and so I subscribe myself, Yours truly,

VOTAGEUR.



VIEW OF HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## Up's Thugabing? —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED]

## CHAPTER VII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. DANBRIDGE  
AND ANVERS.

YOUNG ANVERS and his friend Clayton had been at the Danbridge mansion over a week. On the morrow, early in the morning, they were to start for Captain Mercer's, who, in a few days, expected to join Colonel Armstrong, who was preparing for an expedition against an Indian town on the Alleghany. Yet, although their departure had been postponed to the latest day—almost hour they could with safety remain, and still be in season for their journey, Anvers felt a reluctance to going, which he did not care to account for, even to himself.

The day was drawing to a close, and he had wandered into a wood path, deliciously cool, when compared with the open, unshaded fields, exposed to the ardent sun of an August day. The path, dim with the umbrage of interlacing boughs of the grand old forest trees, opened on a slope of velvet green, reaching to the strip of shining sand which margined the river.

The air was still full of a warm, rosy light, though the sun had so far declined, that his level beams pierced the foliage here and there, and fell like golden arrows across the path. He started a little at the moment he emerged from the forest, for he came near running against some person, who had been hidden from view by the intervening trees.

"My young friend," said the pleasant and cheerful voice of Mr. Danbridge, "I am glad to meet you here, for the walk home is something of a long one, and I shall enjoy it with you much better than if alone."

Anvers having assured him that the meeting was equally agreeable to him, fell into a mood so abstracted, that it seemed to contradict the assertion. Mr. Danbridge observed it, and did not interrupt him. After remaining silent several minutes, Anvers awoke from his reverie.

"Mrs. Danbridge informed me last evening," said he, "that you are daily expecting your son to arrive from England."

"I am. I thought it likely he might be here before you left."

"He may come to-night."

"Yes, he may. I wish he would. I should like to see you together."

Though Anvers longed to know the reason for such a wish, he forbore to ask. Mr. Danbridge did not need to be questioned.

"I have been indulging in a favorite plan," said he, "for the last six or eight months."

Anvers still remained silent. He appeared to have an intuitive perception of what this plan was.

"I have been thinking," Mr. Danbridge went on to say, "that if my son prove to be what I may reasonably expect from the care and expense which has been bestowed on his education, that it would be very pleasant to have a mutual regard spring up between him and my ward, Myra Pemberton. I have reason to believe, however, that my long cherished scheme will come to nought."

"Why so, sir?"

"Simply because her love, without her being exactly conscious of it, is, as I think, already bestowed on another. You may possibly have some suspicion of this yourself."

"I."

"Yes, for how can it be otherwise, when you are the object of her regard?"

"Pardon me, sir, but you must be mistaken. For myself, never for a moment have I had the presumption to suspect that Myra Pemberton, who, of all the fair and beautiful specimens of girlhood I have ever seen, or imagination has pictured, is the sweetest and loveliest—ever gave me a thought, which could be construed into anything beyond what might be termed a friendly regard."

"We shall see. If your life is spared during the dangers of the contemplated expedition, return to us, if possible, and give us every mo-

ment you have to spare. Percy will be here ere then, and Myra will be free to choose between you and him."

"Can there be a doubt that he will be her choice? Not on account of the wealth, and other advantages conferred by fortune, for I don't believe that she would give them a thought, unless joined with those superior mental and moral qualities which make the man who is so endowed with them the noblest work of God. And when all these advantages meet in the same individual—

But there is no need of my pursuing the subject—I am persuaded that there is no chance for me."

"Return, and, as I've said, we shall see."

"If I'm alive you may be certain that I shall be here once more, sooner or later. It may be several months first—possibly, only a few weeks—or it may be years."

"At any rate, be certain to come the very earliest opportunity."

"I will, and if years should first intervene, it may be to find Myra Pemberton your son's wife. Well, it may be better for her and for me, as glory—so it is said—should be the soldier's bride."

"If Myra, as you say, should at some future day be married to Percy Danbridge, remember that it will be of her own free will. I shall use no authority, or even persuasion to bring it about. So far from this, if he prove unworthy of her, and she, as sometimes happens, is blind to his imperfections, then I shall feel it to be a duty to use my influence to prevent, what to her would only be productive of misery and wretchedness. You may possibly think it strange why I have said this to you. I have been prompted by an impulse which I cannot account for myself. It must, I think, be referred to a misgiving, or, if you will, a kind of presentiment, founded on the improbability of finding in my son, to the same extent I have found in you, a realization of all I have wished or hoped for."

"I feel honored by your good opinion, and will do my best not to forfeit it. As for your son, most sincerely do I hope that he will prove to be all that you can desire; nor can I think that you will be disappointed."

Just as Anvers said this, a turn in the path brought them face to face with Candace Atherly. She was naturally pale, but the exercise of walking had imparted a brilliancy to her complexion, that was in vivid contrast with her coal black hair, which fell over her neck and shoulders in heavy and slightly curling masses. For some reason she must have been considerably excited, judging by the burning red of her lips, and the keen sparkle of her eye, which, if possible, were still more intensely black than her hair.

"You had better walk back with us, Candace," said Mr. Danbridge. "Who knows but that some red son of the forest may pounce upon you, and carry you off to his wigwam?"

"I'm not afraid," replied Candace, coldly.

"For all that, I don't think it safe for you to walk alone in these dim forest paths at any time of the day, much less so near night. There's many a red hunter who would be proud to lay his spoils at the feet of so pretty a white squaw as you are. You see that Anvers and I don't venture beyond sight of the house without our rifles."

"If you will accept of so poor an escort, Miss Atherly," said Anvers, "it will give me pleasure to accompany you."

There was a sudden lighting up of her countenance, indicative of the secret satisfaction which his offer gave her, though otherwise she remained impassive as ever.

"I thank you, Mr. Anvers," said she, "but I cannot think of monopolizing the time, which you may wish to devote to another."

"Nonsense—nonsense," said Mr. Danbridge, impatiently. "Either accept the offer of Anvers, or turn back with us; for though there might be some romance in your being carried off by the Indians, it won't halt pay for the trouble it will cost to get you back again. Myra never thinks of such a thing as walking or riding alone."

"Indeed, Miss Atherly," said Anvers, again interposing, "I agree with Mr. Danbridge in thinking it quite unsafe for you to walk alone; and as the evening is fine, and you undoubtedly need air and exercise, I must insist that you will permit me to go with you."

She made no further objections, and he turned and walked by her side. For some little time neither of them spoke. Candace was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Danbridge," she said, "is deceived in Myra Pemberton—grossly deceived."

"Why so?" he inquired, raising his eyes to hers, with a look of unfeigned astonishment.

"You remember what he said relative to her never walking or riding alone?"

"I do."

"And he thinks as he said; yet no longer ago than last night, she stole from the house at midnight, and didn't return for nearly an hour."

"Do you know why she left the house at such an unreasonable time?"

"For the purpose of meeting some person."

"A man or a woman?"

"It is hardly likely that a woman would request an out door private meeting at such an hour. It is only lovers who dare not meet openly, that appoint midnight meetings."

"She has a lover, then, whom Mr. Danbridge does not approve of?"

"I won't say positively that she has."

"But that is what you have reason to suspect?"

"Yes."

"And you know who it is?"

"I think I do, though for the present I choose not to name the person. Whoever it was, stood waiting for her in the deep shadow of those large hickories on the lawn."

"'Twas there they met?"

"It was, though the darkness was such that I could only distinguish that the person was much taller and larger than herself. One thing I am certain of. She received a billet from some one about sunset. I saw Minda, the mulatto woman, who is her favorite attendant and chosen confidant, hand it to her."

There was a scornful inflection of voice in pronouncing the words, "chosen confidant," which made him involuntarily repeat them after her.

"Yes, chosen confidant," she repeated, with emphasis. "Quite significant, I should think, of an exalted mind and a refined taste."

"Minda, the mulatto woman, you say?"

"Yes, and her boldness and impudence are beyond endurance. If I speak to her, I don't even expect to receive a civil answer."

"I know whom you mean now. Mrs. Danbridge related to me some interesting facts the other day, which would, I think, naturally create a strong attachment between Miss Pemberton and her."

Candace, without making any reply, remarked that it was time for them to return.

"Yes, the woods are getting to be rather dark," said Anvers.

As they turned, they caught a glimpse of some one who quickly glided in among the trees.

"It is Myra Pemberton's lover—I know it is," said Candace. "There will be another meeting to-night under the hickories."

"It appeared to me to be a woman."

"A very tall one, then. The trees I spoke of on the lawn, can be seen from your chamber window, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, as you seem to have so much faith in the frank, open-hearted Myra Pemberton, I don't think it unreasonable, after what I have said, if I require you to keep an eye on the spot they shelter, till after midnight. If you see no one, why then think me mean enough to be suspicious without a cause."

"Excuse me, Miss Atherly, I cannot promise to be a spy on any lady's proceedings. As to Miss Pemberton, it is to her guardian, not to me, that she is accountable for what she does. At the same time, if it will be any satisfaction to you, I am willing to confess that your suspicion is not unnatural, though I believe it to be undeserved."

"You refuse my request?"

"I do. I've no right to watch her. Were I her accepted lover it might be different; but I am not, neither do I expect to be."

This last sentence sent a secret thrill of joy through her heart, though her manner lost none of its coldness.

"Then," said she, "I have been misinformed—deceived—and I had too much regard for you—I mean it was not in my nature to look calmly on and see you trifled with—made a dupe of, even by Myra Pemberton, rich, handsome and fascinating as she is."

"At any rate," said Anvers, the asperity of his feelings towards her a little softened—at any rate, my thanks are due you for your kind intentions towards me."

By this time they had arrived near the western

veranda of the mansion house, and the sweet face which Anvers saw peeping out from amid the vines and roses, at once banished the feeling of distrust which Candace, in spite of himself, had succeeded in awakening.

At a little distance, where the ground was smooth and verdant, were Juba, tambourine in hand, and nine or ten others, some older and some younger than himself, and all in high spirits, engaged in dancing. Juba, whose mirthfulness and hilarious propensities had not diminished with added years, much to the admiration of a group of juveniles, who were spectators of the scene, suddenly commenced performing a series of antics, which, to say the least, gave wonderful scope to his really remarkable agility. Managing so as to catch the eye of Anvers, he approached near him, and, unperceived by Candace or his comrades, slipped something into his hand. Impatient to know what had been given him, with a caution and dexterity which seemed to enjoy secrecy, instead of entering the apartment where the family and Clayton were assembled, he repaired to his chamber. He found that it was a coarse and somewhat soiled piece of paper, folded into a small compass, and tied with a bit of twine. He found there were a few lines written on the inside, which there was barely light enough remaining to enable him to read. They were as follows:

"If you would listen to what one has to say to you, who has the will, and who believes she has the power to serve you, you will find her near the clump of large trees on the west side of the lawn, as soon as she sees that the last light is put out."

"The large trees on the west side of the lawn," said he, to himself, after reading the missive a second time. "It must be the hickories, where, according to Candace Atherly, Myra Pemberton held trysts last night."

Musing on the contents of the strange epistle from the unknown woman, and at the same time conscious of an unwonted buoyancy of spirits, as the thought struck him, that in all probability it was the same person whom Myra had met, he descended to the drawing-room. The eye of Candace Atherly he knew was fixed upon him as he took a seat by Myra and entered into conversation with her, in a manner which showed neither jealousy nor distrust.

"After all, he doesn't care for her," thought Candace. "If he did, it is not in human nature, however strong the will, to appear so perfectly unembarrassed after what I have told him."

Time flew unheeded, and the clock struck eleven before any one thought it was so late by more than an hour. Anvers and Clayton took leave of Mrs. Danbridge and the two younger ladies before separating for the night, as on account of the warmth of the weather, they thought it best to start on their journey by day-break. Mr. Danbridge had made arrangements to accompany them a few miles.

Juba, either by accident or design, was loitering in the corridor Anvers was obliged to cross to reach his room.

"In about half an hour, Juba," said he, "it will be necessary for me to go out for a short time. Will you fasten the door after me, and let me in when I return?"

"Yis, massa, I is al'ays proud to 'bleege a true gemman. De back door, dat open on de edge of de lawn, will be de best to go out at, 'cause I grease de hinges last night, and take all de creaky out of 'em."

"What made you think of doing that?"

Juba shook his head.

"Ef I is one of dem sort," said he, "dat don't know when to speak, and when to hold my tongue, what 'pendence can you put in me? Afore to-morrow noon, eberybody on de plantation would know dat de handsome young ossifer went out arter all de peoples of de house were abed and asleep, to hold a private confab'lation wid de tall woman dat is come to live in de house away yonder. No no—Jube couldn't be trusted ef he'd no more discretion dan dat."

"What you say is true, and I am glad to find that you know when to speak and when to be silent. I won't keep you waiting longer than I can help."

"Neber mind how long. I'll set close to de door, and sleep all de time wid one eye open, like de hunter."

Anvers, who knew that Candace was watching at her window, with the expectation that Myra Pemberton would hold a second nocturnal meeting under the hickories, instead of crossing the lawn, availed himself of trees and shrubbery



which grew on one side, to screen himself from her prying eyes.

He found the writer of the mysterious communication waiting for him. Though the stars shone bright and clear, their light could not penetrate the leafy canopy formed by the interlacing boughs of the trees, so that it was impossible for him to do more than to see that she exceeded the ordinary height.

"Is your name Anvers?" said she, "for it is too dark for me to distinguish your features."

"Yes, Anvers is my name," he replied.

"A single sound of your voice is enough to tell me that you don't deceive me. There is only one more voice like it."

"And that?"

"No matter, since you have failed to mark the resemblance. It is an unreasonable hour to request a meeting, but I had watched all day in vain to speak to you, when no one else was present, and to-morrow you leave here."

"I do."

"Last night, later than it is now, one, the bare glimpse of whose sweet face is enough to gladden the heart, had the courage to meet me here."

"You mean Myra Pemberton?"

"Whom else can I mean? The eyes of the other one, bright and brilliant as they are, have something evil in them. 'Twas but little I had to say to her—Myra Pemberton, I mean—but that little I could not leave unsaid. Mr. Danbridge has told you that he is expecting his son, and a man by the name of Braxon?"

"He has."

"They should have been here twenty-four hours ago. Something has detained them. You may meet them on the road. If you do, avoid them as much as you can."

"Why should I?"

"Braxon may recognize you."

"How can he? We are entire strangers to each other."

"For all that, he will see something in your face which will cause him to suspect who you are."

"And if he should?"

"It will make him your enemy, and a troublesome one."

"What you say needs explanation. I don't understand it."

"The time for explanation has not yet come; but it won't be long first. You believe your father to be dead?"

"I know he is. He died nearly three years since."

"'Tis as I thought—they never told him," she murmured to herself, in a voice so low as not to be understood. "Your mother still lives."

"Yes."

"When you were a little child you used to wear a coral necklace. You may have seen it since your remembrance."

"I have, many times."

"Where is it now?"

"My mother has it, and if it were a diamond necklace she could not treasure it with greater care."

"She never hinted to you why she set so high a value on it?"

"Never."

"I believe she did right. One the whole 'twas better not; but this much I can tell you, that one day it may be of more consequence to you, than if every coral bead had by some magic power been converted into a diamond of the first water. I was afraid that it might have been estimated at its intrinsic value, and that, at a time when poverty pressed hard, it was parted with. I must see your mother. Where does she live?"

Anvers described the New England village where she resided.

"You have said that you leave here to-morrow. You are bound on a dangerous expedition."

"That is true; but I am young and strong, and have no right to remain idle at such a time as this. If I fall, it will only be sharing the fate of others, who may be better and braver than I am."

"No harm will come to you," said she, with energy. "He who has already preserved you when exposed to the most deadly peril, will watch over you still. And I shall live to see the day when your destiny and Myra Pemberton's will be united."

"Mr. Danbridge has long wished her to be the wife of his son."

"He will have his wish, and so will you."

"That is a paradox."

"So it appears to you, but if you, Mr. Dan-

bridge and Myra Pemberton are alive two years from now, it will seem so no longer. Farewell, and remember that if you and Braxon meet, to beware of him. He will prove himself to be your enemy."

"Why should he?" asked Anvers; but without answering him she turned away, and the next minute was lost to view in the gloom of the adjacent shrubbery.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MEETING AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

THE morning star was shining brightly in the east, when Anvers and Clayton, accompanied by Mr. Danbridge, according to the arrangement of the preceding evening, took the road leading in the direction of Captain Mercer's. Juba followed at a little distance, as well mounted as either of the others, and who, unless expressly desired not to, always made a point of attending his master in his excursions on horseback.

The sun was just rising when they arrived at a spot where several faintly defined paths branched from the main road.

"Here I must leave you, my friends," said Mr. Danbridge, as they all, by mutual consent, drew up their horses. "The left hand path, will, after fifteen minutes ride, bring you to a rough cart-road, which will take you to a little shanty or tavern time enough for a late breakfast."

A few expressions, such as are wont to be interchanged by those, at the moment of parting, who entertain for one another feelings of mutual friendship and esteem, were spoken by each, and then Mr. Danbridge and his faithful attendant turned back, leaving the two young soldiers to pursue their way.

Thus did the father, who rescued from the waves his infant son, without knowing him to be such, after a lapse of nineteen years, again meet and part with him, as ignorant as then of the tie of consanguinity existing between them.

Anvers and Clayton, without incident or accident, arrived at the house of entertainment mentioned by Mr. Danbridge. On their arrival they found the only apartment, except one devoted to culinary purposes, already occupied by two travellers.

"Young Danbridge and his tutor," said Clayton, as he was about to enter, in a voice inaudible except to Anvers.

"Without doubt," was the reply.

At the same time Anvers recalled to mind the caution of the woman he had met the night previous. His first impulse was to call Clayton aside, and mention to him what she had said respecting Braxon, and consult with him as to the expediency of remaining long enough to partake of some refreshment, or to pursue their journey. A minute's reflection showed him that it would be better to remain, for at the instant he stepped on the door-sill, he had met the full, keen and searching gaze of the elder inmate of the apartment. If, therefore, as he had been warned, there was indeed something in his face which would cause Braxon to recognize him, and at the same time make him his enemy, who had the power and will to work him harm, the mischief must already be done, and would in no wise be remedied, but rather increased by his hurrying away, without being able to assign any plausible reason for his abrupt departure.

Having come to this decision—a point much more rapidly arrived at in his mind, than can be made known through the medium of words—he at once got the better of the slight agitation into which he had been thrown.

Though a careless bow was the only salutation by which either of the four travellers noticed the others, this indifference, as may well be supposed, was simulated, unless Braxon's companion was an exception.

Braxon himself took every opportunity to cast towards Anvers a quick, decided glance, by which he mastered in detail, each peculiar trait of his countenance; while Anvers, on his part, endeavored to impress on his mind the strong, though to him, repulsive physiognomy of Braxon, so as to be sure that he would recognize him, should they meet again. He whom he supposed to be Percy Danbridge, excited in him a different and much greater degree of interest.

As he scanned each feature, with a view as to what Myra Pemberton would think of him, it must be confessed that he did not think he would prove a very dangerous rival. He must, in truth, have been exceedingly humble, and totally unable to appreciate his own pre-eminent personal advantages, had he failed to see that, in all that

pleases the eye, or gratifies the imagination, he was incomparably his superior. Farther than this, as he preserved a strict silence, he could not judge.

To Clayton also, on account of his supposed relationship to Mr. Danbridge, the younger traveller was an object of far greater interest than Braxon.

Half an hour after the arrival of Anvers and Clayton, breakfast was announced, and when Braxon rose to seat himself at the table, they saw that he was lame.

"You have met with some accident," said Clayton.

"Yes, I was thrown from my horse day before yesterday, by which my foot was badly injured; but it is now much better, and I shall be able to resume my journey after breakfast. Shall we have the pleasure of your company, or does your route lie in a direction different from ours?"

"Different, I suspect," answered Clayton.

"I regret to hear you say thus."

By this time they had taken their places at the table, and the seal of silence having been removed, Braxon seemed desirous to continue the conversation.

"Your military dress indicates," said he, "that you intend joining the English against the French and the Indians."

"Yes, that is our intention," was Clayton's answer.

"You and your friend, I take it, came over with the troops recently sent by the British government."

"No, I was born in this country, and have never been out of it."

"America is his native place, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, I believe so."

Braxon looked towards Anvers, as if he expected he would either confirm or contradict what Clayton had said respecting his birthplace, but he remained silent. He was not altogether unmoved, however, for there was an unwonted fire in his dark eyes, as could be seen, though his attention appeared to be exclusively directed to the discussion of the eggs, bacon and bread, which constituted their breakfast.

"He is too inquisitive," thought Anvers. "His curiosity gets the better of his good manners; but it will remain ungratified as to whether I was born in this country or in England, unless he sees fit to put the question to me point blank."

Braxon would have done this, for he never suffered delicacy to interfere with expediency, had not the sudden kindling, already adverted to, of the young soldier's eyes warned him to desist, and at the same time roused him to his habitual wariness. He even tormented himself by the suspicion that Anvers had some grave reason for rebuking his curiosity by silence.

"Can it be," he thought, "that Sib Finchley, my evil genius, has sought him out, and given him a watchword concerning me? No, her greed of gain would not suffer her to do that," was the consolatory answer which presented itself to his mind.

Yet after all he felt ill at ease, and with bitter imprecations on himself, deplored what he termed his folly at not putting it out of her power to thwart him, the day she so suddenly and unexpectedly made her appearance under the oak that grew by the wayside, so far from any human habitation that there would have been little chance of his being detected.

"That is still to do—it cannot be left undone," whispered the busy fiend in his ear, "and his turn will come next."

As he seemed to hear the words, he involuntarily looked at Anvers. Their eyes met, and bold and self-possessed as he was, they drooped beneath the young man's clear, steady gaze, as if he imagined they mirrored the evil thoughts passing in his mind.

But Braxon was not one to be long thrown off his guard. The next instant his equanimity was so far restored, as to enable him to appear perfectly calm and collected; while, at the same time, he adroitly turned the conversation upon such topics as necessarily elicited information relative to the future course marked out by Anvers, which he doubted not by skillful management, might be made to subserve his base design.

When they rose from the table, and Anvers and Clayton spoke of resuming their journey, Braxon again expressed his regret that they should be obliged to part company.

"It will be with the hope, however," said he, "that we shall soon meet again."

"We may," replied Clayton.

"There can be little doubt of it, if you and

your friend, Mr.—I don't recollect by what name you called him—"

"Anvers."

"Yes,—strange that I should forget. As I was saying, there can be but little doubt but that we shall again meet, if you should, as you intimated, be at Mr. Danbridge's in the course of a few weeks."

"The dangers," replied Clayton, "necessarily attendant on a soldier's career, prevent our counting on it with any certainty."

"All are exposed to dangers," remarked Braxon—"sometimes the most so when we think ourselves safest."

During the foregoing colloquy, a few words were interchanged between Anvers and him, who, without any fault of his own, had usurped his rights.

"It is nothing to me, and I don't often take the trouble to be inquisitive," said the young man, "but for a certain reason I should really like to know if you were ever in England."

"And I, for a certain reason," replied Anvers, who recalled the warning of the unknown woman, "decline satisfying your curiosity."

"As you will; but that you may see that my curiosity is harmless, I will give you my reason for wishing to know."

"I don't ask of you more than I am willing to give."

"I will tell you without your asking. To cut the matter short, I am certain that I have seen you before, and that it must have been in England where I saw you."

"And I am certain you never did see me there."

"But it could not be in this country, as this is my first visit here."

He remained silent a minute, as if striving to recall something to mind.

"Ah, I have it," said he, suddenly. "It is my father's portrait you so much resemble. It must have been painted when he was about your age."

It may be that Braxon caught enough of what was said to enable him to make out its drift, for he suddenly broke off his conversation with Clayton.

"Come, Danbridge," said he, "as the gentlemen are in a hurry, we must detain them any longer."

Without answering him, or even looking up, Danbridge stood for a few moments as if lost in thought. Then, abruptly turning to Anvers, he gave him his hand.

"I believe," said he, "that the day is not far distant when we shall be good friends. You may now think that such an event is not desirable. When you come to know me better, you may alter your mind."

Though in a voice scarce above his breath, this was uttered in a manner so earnest, as to be in striking contrast with the apathy previously evinced.

"Did you hear what I said?" said Braxon, in tones which carried rebuke with them, and advancing hastily towards him and Anvers.

"Yes, but I supposed a minute was nothing, here nor there," he replied, relapsing into his usual indifference and indolence of manner.

"It is indeed time that we were on our way," said Clayton.

"Yes," replied Anvers, for though, after hearing the remarks relative to his resemblance to Mr. Danbridge's portrait, he would have gladly prolonged the conversation, he saw that the young man did not choose that Braxon should be a listener.

"Danbridge," said Braxon, the moment Anvers and Clayton were beyond ear-shot, "let me caution you against being over-communicative, when you fall in with strangers."

"'Twill only be following my natural bent to mind what you say, for I don't like the trouble of talking to anybody, though were I to imitate your example, rather than attend to your caution, I should do very differently."

"Remember that I know what to say, and when to say it."

"A kind of knowledge, I suppose, which cannot be acquired by young brains."

"Nor dull ones."

"Young or dull, it is all one to me, if I'm not made to overwork them."

"There will be little danger of your being required to do that. For the present, I shall think for you."

"That is what I like, and always did; but then sometimes I speak before I think."

"Yes, the same as you did just now to that Anvers, about your father's portrait."





THE MOORUK, A NEW SPECIMEN OF BIRD.

"The resemblance was so striking, any one could see it with half an eye, as the saying is."

"But you are not to say anything about it to Mr. Danbridge—I mean your father—or to any other person."

"If I looked as much like Mr. Danbridge as this Lieutenant Anvers does, I should be better favored than I am."

"It is of little consequence whether you look like him or not, if you only please the fancy of the rich and pretty heiress."

"What if she don't please mine?"

"She must—that is a settled point."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is all one to me. I shall have plenty to eat, drink and wear, and nothing to do—not even to think, if you are only by to do it for me."

A few hours later they were on their way to the plantation of Mr. Danbridge. Few words were interchanged between them, each being busy with his own thoughts. Those of Braxon were not very pleasant. He fully realized that it was but "a tangled web" he had been weaving the last nineteen years of his life, but this only spurred him on to greater desperation.

"I must take the game into my own hands. I must be courageous and daring, though not reckless. It hasn't come to that yet. And I must keep my own counsel—trust nothing to the performance of another which I can do myself. It would be well for me had I done this sooner."

The thoughts of his companion were on something very different, as was evident by the soft, dreamy light in his eyes, and the half-smile which parted his lips, banishing the cold, almost stolid expression of his countenance.

A young girl with large, lustrous eyes, dark as midnight, lips bright as the red coral fresh from the wave, and a rich crimson breaking through the olive of her softly rounded cheeks, was so vividly depicted in his imagination, that it seemed almost as if she was standing before him.

"Come," said Braxon, at length, "the sun is getting low, and we must quicken our pace if we would avoid being out after dark."

As he spoke, he put spurs to his horse, while his companion, a little vexed at being roused from his pleasant reveries, followed his example.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]

A GENTLEMAN.—What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought not a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?—*Thackeray.*

#### THE MOORUK.

Our natural history illustrations have proved so popular, particularly in family circles, where they aid in developing the spirit of inquiry among the young, that we shall continue from time to time to publish pictures of rare animals and birds, whenever we can obtain authentic drawings of them. For young persons we know of no branch of science so instructive and elevating in its tendencies as the study of natural history in all its branches. This study not only stores the mind with varied and useful information, but, if properly pursued, improves the taste, elevates the affections, and brings the

whole nature in contact with healthful influences, which prove a safeguard amidst the many temptations incident to youth. The only specimen of the "Mooruk," of which a correct representation is herewith published, to be found in Europe, has recently been added to the collection of birds in the famous Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. About nine months ago a small schooner, commanded by Captain Devlin, who makes annual trips to New Britain from Sydney, brought in to that port a bird of the ostrich family, which created a sensation there, and was ultimately purchased by Dr. Bennett, well known for his scientific attainments, and the liberal assistance which he has always afforded towards the progress of natural science

in Australia. The natives of New Britain distinguish this bird by the name of "mooruk," derived, as native names frequently are, from its note. The "mooruk" had been known to Captain Devlin as an inhabitant of New Britain for three or four years, and he has made two previous attempts to bring a living specimen of it to Sydney without success. Dr. Bennett, having become the possessor of this bird, and well knowing the attention it would excite in England, determined to present it to the Zoological Society, with which he has long been connected as a corresponding member. His desire to transfer the bird to their menagerie, was ably seconded by Dr. Planly, of Sydney, who came home as a passenger in the British Merchant, and by Captain Durbie and his officers, by whose united care the "mooruk" has now made its appearance between the ostriches and the pteryx, and added one more unique object to the treasures of the society. Hundreds of persons now visit the park daily to get a sight of this rare bird.

#### THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.

The accompanying illustration was drawn from two fine living specimens of the Great Australian Goat-Suckers, among the most curious of the strange birds which are natives of Australia. Cuvier's Podargus is an inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, which, says Mr. Gould, in his great work on the birds of Australia, "if not its exclusive habitat, is certainly its great stronghold, it being there very numerous, as evidenced by the frequency with which I encountered it during my rambles in the woods; and its distribution over the island is so general that to particularize localities in which it may be found is quite unnecessary, it being equally abundant near the coast as well as in the interior. I observed it both among the thick branches of the Casuarinae and on the dead limbs of the Eucalypti: it appeared, however, to evince a greater partiality for the latter, which it closely resembles in color, and, from the position in which it rests, looks so like a part of the branch itself as frequently to elude detection: it is generally seen in pairs sitting near each other, and frequently on the same branch. Like the other members of the genus, this bird feeds almost exclusively on insects, of which Coleoptera form a great part. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits; and, although not so active as the true Caprimulgi, displays considerable alertness in the capture of its food, presenting a striking contrast to its inertness in the daytime, when it is so drowsy that it can scarcely be aroused from its slumbers, that portion of its existence being passed in a sitting posture across a dead branch, perfectly motionless, and with the bill pointing upwards; it never flies by day unless roused from the branch on which it is sitting, and this is not easily effected, as neither the discharge of a gun nor any other noise will cause it to take wing. It is frequently captured, and kept in captivity, where it excites attention more from the sluggishness of its nature and the singular position it assumes than from any other cause. Raw meat forms a suitable substitute for its natural food. In captivity it will pass the entire day in sleep on the back of a chair, or any other piece of furniture on which it can perch. Like the owl, it is considered by some a bird of ill omen, principally from the extraordinary sound of its hoarse, un-

earthly cry, which resembles the words 'more pork.' It not only approaches the immediate vicinity of the houses, but emits the sound while perched in their verandahs and on the buildings themselves, and it is often to be seen perched on the tombstones of the churchyard."

#### THE ASSASSINATION OF RIZZIO.

The conspirators, who numbered five hundred, easily engaged Darnley in a plot to assassinate Rizzio, and appointed the evening of Saturday, the ninth of March, 1566, for the perpetration of the crime. One of their number, Patrick Lord Ruthven, a coward, a bigot, and a broken-down invalid, undertook to head the enterprise. Mary, totally unconscious of the plot now so near its consummation, sat down to supper in a cabinet communicating with her bedroom, at seven in the evening. Some half a dozen persons, friends or attendants, were with her, and among them was Rizzio. At eight, Darnley entered, sat down beside her, and threw his arms familiarly around her waist. Finding Rizzio there, he remained—the signal to the conspirators that everything was ready for the attempt. Ruthven rushed into the room, equipped in complete armor. He had lately risen from a sick bed; his eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow; his face was ashy pale, and his whole appearance haggard and frightful. Exhausted by the effort, his knees shook, and his armor rattled and clanked loosely upon his limbs. He threw himself into a chair, and gazed fiercely upon Rizzio. The queen indignantly bade him begone; but she had scarcely uttered the words, before torches gleamed in the passage-way, and the room was filled with armed and resolute assassins. Ruthven drew his dagger, and, exclaiming that his business was with Rizzio, endeavored to seize him; the wretched secretary, seeing that his time was come, and losing all presence of mind, pressed into the recess of a window, clasping the folds of Mary's gown, and exclaiming in his native tongue, "Giustizia! Giustizia!" Mary, though thus placed between the conspirators and their victim, retained her self-possession. She ordered Ruthven to withdraw, threatening him with an accusation of high treason. She called upon Darnley to protect her; but the recreant husband chose to remain a passive spectator of the scene. In the confusion, the lights were thrown down and extinguished; with hideous oaths, the assassins demanded the life of the trembling Piedmontese. The first blow struck was dealt by the bastard George Douglas; he seized Darnley's dagger from his belt, stabbed Rizzio with it over Mary's shoulder, and left it sticking in the wound. Rizzio was dragged to the door of the presence-chamber and despatched; fifty-six wounds were found upon his body. The alarm-bell was rung, and the civic authorities of Edinburgh hastened to Holyrood palace. They called on the queen to show herself at the window, and assure them of her safety. But, closely confined in her cabinet, and told, "that if she spoke to the towns-people they would cut her in collops, and cast her over the walls," she was not permitted to comply with their request. Darnley, however, assured the crowd that the queen was well and required no assistance. Ruthven, returning imbrued in Rizzio's blood, called for a cup of wine, and seating himself in the presence of Mary, drained it at one draught while she was standing before him.—*F. B. Goodrich.*



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-SUCKERS.





M'LE ARTOT, OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From our Special Paris Correspondent.)

## THE FRENCH OPERA.

PARIS, HOTEL DES PRINCES,  
December 15th, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR,—My unfulfilled promise of writing you, from time to time, commencing with the week of my arrival in Paris, has haunted my conscience in the midst of pleasures and occupations without number. The difficulty of fulfilling such an agreement under such circumstances, is a warning against rash vows. However, now that I am somewhat domesticated, I will endeavor to redeem my character. I send you enclosed, for publication in the Pictorial, if you see fit, a very accurate likeness, by no means flattered, of M'le Artot, of the Imperial Theatre of the opera, or the Imperial Academy of Music, as it is otherwise called. Isn't she pretty?—almost as pretty as Piccolomini, so great a favorite with "perfidious Albion!" M'le Artot has a charming voice, of great compass, and excellent method, acquired under the best of masters. Madame Viardot has given her valuable lessons by which she has profited. She is so highly prized by the management, that when a prima donna is indisposed—and you know how subject to illness these people are—M'le Artot is called on as a substitute, and always acquits herself brilliantly. I would not advise these ladies to give M'le Artot too many opportunities. You may depend upon it, she will yet rise to a European reputation, and then, of course, will visit the United States, for that has come to be a part of the travelling programme of every distinguished artist. By the way, there was a talk here of building a new opera house, but, contrary to expectation, the project was vetoed by the emperor. It was thought the associations connected with the Orsini attempt at assassination would induce him readily to consent to the removal of the establishment from the Rue Lepelletier. When, on the 13th of February, 1820, the Duke de Berry was assassinated on leaving the old opera house, Rue Richelieu, opposite the library, the government determined at once to pull it down. The present house was only erected to serve temporarily for the opera. Scarcely a year passes but the municipality of Paris decides on some spot for the erection of a permanent building; but time passes on, and you hear no more of it. The present opera house is not a very large one—there are about 1800 seats, I believe—but it is admirably adapted for music. The opera-nights are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; occasionally an extra representation is given on Sunday. The spectacular portion of the operas presented here, is admirable; Auber's *Muette de Portici*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and the *Huguenots*, Halévy's *Juive*, may be mentioned for the splendor and perfection of the style in which they were produced. The ballet attracts crowds of persons who care nothing for music. How many celebrities have established their fame on these boards. This was the scene of triumph for Fanny Elssler, and for a far greater dancer, Marie Taglioni, who, on her recent visit to Paris,

came here to encourage and applaud M'le Livry, on whose shoulders her mantle, say some Parisians, has fallen. The opera cannot boast now of so great an artiste as Taglioni in the ballet, or of Madame Damoreau, or Nourrit, or Duprez in opera, but yet it has excellent singers and dancers, a splendid orchestra, and the best scene artists and machinists in the world. Among the singers you have heard, and late favorites here, are Poinssot and Laborde, now with Ulman—among the dancers, Robert, who played an engagement with the Ravels in New York, and, I think, in Boston. It is a pity that Cerito, Plunkett, and Rosati could never be induced to cross the Atlantic. The government allows the opera 620,000 francs a year. The yearly receipts are about a million (francs). Here, 16,000 or 17,000 francs are enough to cover the expenses, but not to allow much margin, for a great tenor will command 80,000 francs a year. Among the writers of librettos for the opera, the most popular is M. Scribe; after him come St. Georges, Alphonse Royer, Gustave Vaez, etc. The author's rights, which are shared between the musicians and the librettist, are regulated in the following manner: For an opera of five acts, for the first forty performances, 500 francs (\$100) a right. After the forty-first performance, the right is only 200 francs. For an opera, in three acts, the right is 340 francs for the first forty performances, and 170 francs for all others. For a ballet in three acts, it is 170 francs at first, and 50 francs afterward. For a ballet in one act, it is 100 francs at first, and 30 francs afterward. To this right is sometimes added premiums, which are a matter of bargain between the author and manager. M. Scribe rarely presents an opera in five acts without receiving a premium of 5000 francs, which is almost always payable before the first performance; but then his name is such a "card" in theatrical parlance, that he controls his market. I trust that these details of how we do things at the French opera, may not prove uninteresting on your side of the water. They struck me as rather curious. I suppose you don't care to have me write about politics, so I will only say that the Montalembert trial is quietly talked about in confidential coteries a good deal. It is difficult to keep a Frenchman's tongue still, even if an involuntary voyage to Cayenne is the penalty of volubility. And here let me say, also, that the emperor cannot keep out of France all the English papers that censure his course. They are smuggled into Paris, passed from hand to hand, and read with the zest that renders forbidden fruit so luscious. With many wishes for the continued success of your various literary enterprises, and particularly of my favorite Pictorial, I remain, very truly, your friend and

ARTIST

## GEN. JULIAN CASTRO,

President (ad interim) of the Republic of Venezuela, South America.

The portrait on this page is characterized by strong individuality, and is marked by traits of intellect, energy, and resolution. He is one of those vigorous men to whom a strong revolutionary era gives birth. The policy of the Spanish government towards the several nations of the New World which have since constituted themselves into independent States, was to keep them deprived of all knowledge which might develop their energies, so as to hold them the more securely under its dominion. To carry out this policy of darkness, all communication with foreigners was forbidden them, as well as the sources of instruction which might have led them to the acquirement of their political rights. We may thence understand what difficulties they had to overcome to effectuate their emancipation, and what a wonderful natural capacity must have been possessed by the men who, without any other teaching than the consciousness of duty and the impulse of patriotism, directed their forces with such skill as to succeed finally in overcoming whole armies trained to European discipline, and commanded by generals of no small reputation. Among the great generals of South America, Bolivar is well known as the most prominent, either on the battle field or in the statesman's cabinet; and from his school have come forth many other generals who have kept up the honor of his country, which now bears the name of the Republic of Venezuela. Gen. Julian Castro, its actual President, and whose portrait we now give to our readers, is one of them. From his very birth he seems to have been predestined for a military career; for in the year 1810, when it took place in the city of Caracas, (birth-place, also, of Bolivar,) was first set up in those countries the war-cry of independence. And accordingly he embraced the military profession as soon as he had terminated his first studies. His conduct as a military man, and his success in the fulfilment of his duty, are best illustrated by the fact that he has passed by every degree of the ladder of promotion to arrive at the rank of Commander-in-Chief, which has been conferred upon him this year by the grateful voice of the population of Venezuela, as a reward for a most distinguished patriotic service. For the last ten years, the power of the State has become the monopoly of a few men, whose only serious

policy was their own enrichment, and under their tyranny the republic found its external credit perfectly abandoned, and suffered all the evils consequent upon a reckless and dishonest administration. This contrasted so glaringly with the conduct of its previous government, headed by the Generals Paez and Soublette, who were so well known, even in Europe, for their

honorable equity, and from the scrupulous regularity with which the interest of the public debt of Venezuela was then paid, that such a change from their system was too violent to insure a willing acceptance. This occasioned, during the whole period which the late arbitrary government lasted, repeated attempts to put an end to so scandalous a state of public rule. But they all proved ineffectual, being in every case overborne by the brutal violence of the men in power, who only acquired therefrom the more audacity, while the despair of the population increased with the belief in their unconquerable position. It was under such disheartening impressions that a more handful of true patriots, with a firm faith in their success, based on the thorough discredit of these rulers, undertook the task of restoring the common weal, and chose for their chief, General Castro. Braving all hazards against the prevalent despotism, they proclaimed the regeneration of their country on the 5th of March, 1858, in the city of Valencia, where the general resided, and where he began the achievement which has made his name so well known. Placed, as he was already, in so high a military position, and flattered by a power which lavished its favors on those who could contribute to its maintenance, he preferred the disinterested glory of being the liberator of his country to any selfish advantage, and directed the political movement which, in the space of ten days only, resulted in recovering for the nation its lost liberties, without bloodshed or disaster of any kind, which certainly was a most unforeseen occurrence. He has thus earned the heartfelt gratitude of the honest majority of his fellow-citizens, who have at last the satisfaction of seeing the re-establishment of public order and morality. His firm decision under such critical circumstances—his spontaneous promise to the National Assembly to resign his power as soon as the State is in safety—the readiness with which he has called together the representatives of the nation to pass the new fundamental law—the liberty of the press, and the pardon for all political offences which he has proclaimed, and his scrupulous respect for the civil authorities—all concur to mark General Castro as the worthy depositary of the trust of his nation, and is in every way fitted to consolidate the supremacy of the law. Means will not be wanting to him to give strength to his administration, for the recollection of the sufferings inflicted by his predecessors will induce all honorable citizens to continue the support which they have hitherto given him. The republic, moreover, can now reckon on the concurrent services of its former Presidents, the veteran Generals Paez, (who recently left New York for Venezuela), and Soublette, along with those of many others, who will contribute to found in this important State a firm and honorable government, no longer exposed, as heretofore, to the contests of claimants for power; for the most influential men of the conservative party, of which Gen. Castro is the representative, are generals and statesmen who have passed through the career of political honors, and have acquired the honest fame which is the ambition of noble hearts.



GEN. CASTRO, PRESIDENT, AD INTERIM, OF VENEZUELA.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## INTO THE LIGHT.

BY MRS. F. F. PARLOUR.

I cry for peace, O God!  
My soul is dark as night,  
I feel the chastening rod,  
But cannot see the light.  
I know Thou art not far,  
From every child of earth,  
But sinful passions bar  
Against the spirit's birth.

To calmer, holier life,  
O lead me: Thy strength,  
Thy aid, out of all strife,  
Peace may rise at length.  
I can would look to Thee,  
With never faltering trust,  
But Thou, O God, canst see  
How weak is this poor dust.

Thou knowest all my sin—  
Look at Thy feet I lay,  
Help me to enter in  
To rest before I die.  
To rest this weary way,  
That I Thy love may see,  
In deep distress I pray,  
O, Father, pity me!

I am Thy child, through all  
This fearful dreary night,  
I long to leave Thy side,  
I want to greet the light.  
The moon with calm, even now  
The mid-night shadows flee,  
With new-born hope I bow—  
My God, I trust in Thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 4.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A visit to the village of Zambou in the interior.—The slave pens.—Conversation with a retired slave merchant.—Blame attached to American and English cruisers.—General remarks upon the negro race.—Orders for Freetown.

In these latter days, the country in the interior of Africa, from Sierra Leone, has been pretty generally explored; but such was not the case, even fifteen years ago, and it was with no trifling anticipations of pleasure, that I agreed to form one of a party, bound on an excursion some distance into the interior, from this colony, in order to while away the time during which the Alert was being thoroughly overhauled.

Our course was to the southward, it being our purpose, if possible, to visit a noted slave-station which then existed, at a village called Zambou, about forty miles from Freetown, as the capital of Sierra Leone is called.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when we commenced our journey, on horseback. The atmosphere was cool and pleasant, and the party, six in number, beside the Kroo guide, in high spirits. It was our intention to be absent a week, and our guide led a horse laden with materials to erect a tent, under which to repose during the heat of the day, and at nightfall, until a couple of hours before daybreak, at which time we always recommenced our journey.

The country immediately surrounding Freetown, is pretty well denuded of trees; at least no dense forests have been allowed to remain, it being considered, and not without reason, founded on experience as well as theory, that the luxuriant vegetable growth of tropical climates is the chief cause of their unhealthiness. Consequently, the land in the vicinity of the seacoast, being generally level, the scenery, to travellers whose eyes have become accustomed to the novelty of tropical vegetation, is uninteresting and commonplace; but, as we advanced, dense forests and wide marshes of vast extent began to make their appearance. Monkeys of numerous varieties chattered from amidst the boughs of the trees, and grinned down upon us, their curiosity having, apparently, got the better of their timidity; and parrots, and other birds of gorgeous plumage, hovered around us in immense flights, filling the air with their discordant screams. Very often we were compelled to dismount, and leading our horses, to force our way over marshy ground, in which our feet sunk up to our ankles, and over which our steeds had serious difficulty in travelling through the dense and tangled undergrowth which covered the narrow paths; but we were delighted at the novelty of thus penetrating the savage wilderness, and sometimes, after ascending a toilsome eminence, we were rewarded with a magnificent prospect.

As daylight approached, when we had trav-

elled a few miles beyond Freetown, we met groups of the natives of the interior villages, bringing in their scanty produce to market, and occasionally individuals of more distant tribes—Mandingoes and Fellahs—laden with ivory, which they were carrying to Freetown in order to dispose of it for European goods. They returned our salutations with civility, and generally with a good-humored smile, and were always eager to dispose of their wares; but they were cautious and shrewd fellows at making a bargain, and always demanded a full price.

We could not help remarking the strong Jewish cast of countenance, peculiar to some of these natives of the distant interior. Their hair was certainly woolly, but not so knotted as is the case with that of the generality of negroes, and their faces were oval, their eyes deep-set and piercing, their noses aquiline, with their delicate nostrils, while their lips were thin and their chins prominent, bearing no resemblance to the generally received contour of an African countenance. What more strongly impressed this fancy upon our minds, was the dress of these people, which consisted of a sort of skull-cap, and a long cloak or gaberdine, of some light blue material, which extended from the shoulders to the feet, while upon their breasts, suspended from the neck, lung charms and amulets, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the decorations described in Leviticus, as having been commanded to be worn by the Jewish priesthood. These charms, we were subsequently informed, were revered as religious emblems quite as much as they were cherished as ornaments, and many of their religious forms and ceremonies partook of a Jewish character, mixed up with heathenish idolatry. I know that a theory has been started which fixes the whereabouts of the descendants of the "ten lost tribes of Israel," in the interior of Africa. Certainly the existence of tribes of Africans, having adopted among them emblems bearing a resemblance to those of the Hebrew faith, and having Jewish features, and even clothing themselves after a fashion, somewhat, however faintly, after the fashion of the ancient people of Judea, would bear out this theory—if any of the descendants of these dispersed tribes do exist—in preference to any other that has been advanced.

We pitched our tent on an eminence, which we reached before sunset, having rested for three hours during the heat of the day, and set our Kroo guide—a handy fellow, and a capital cook, after his country fashion—to light a fire and prepare supper, and far from human habitation, deep in the African wilderness, made a glorious meal. After supper we talked and sang, where song had never before broke the silence of night, until one by one, sleep seized hold on us, and we slumbered profoundly until the hour appointed for starting in the morning. Care, however, was taken to set a regular watch—one relieving the other—and to keep the fire burning during the night. We slept soundly, for we were overpowered with fatigue; but I spoke of the silence of the night. A tropical night is never silent, and the howling of wild animals, and the loud huzzing of the insect tribes, would have kept any one awake, under ordinary circumstances.

Towards the close of the second day's travel, we reached the village, to which it was said slaves were brought from the interior until opportunity occurred to ship them on board a slaver. It was a village consisting of some twenty conical mud huts, about eight feet high, and from ten to twenty feet in diameter, with a small aperture to serve for ingress and egress. A negro and his wife, and, on an average, four picaninies, slept in each during the night, and lounged during the heat of the day. They welcomed us, but did not appear to be too well pleased with our visit, and, as it was dark, we at once erected our tent, prepared supper, and passed the night as we had passed the previous one. The tent and its occupants were objects of intense curiosity to the dusky villagers, who crowded upon us somewhat too closely for comfort, consumed greedily the remnants of our meal, and made earnest appeals for a taste of our liquors.

In the morning we learnt, with much difficulty, and after much equivocation on the part of the headman of the village, that there was a slave-pen a mile or two distant, where, at this time, were confined over two hundred slaves, waiting till opportunity arrived to convey them to the coast, and to this spot we proceeded, after breakfast.

We found it to consist of a dozen huts of much larger dimensions, but constructed of the like

material as the huts in the village. The wretched slaves, men, women and children, were assembling out of doors to partake of breakfast, at the moment when we arrived, under the surveillance of four stout, athletic Africans, armed with long-thonged whips, which they appeared to use unsparingly, and, apparently, without any cause. At this period, these dens of misery were beyond the jurisdiction of the civil, military, or naval forces in the settlements, or on the coast, and the very fact of the coast being so narrowly watched by the cruisers led to an inconceivable amount of misery.

The headman of these proprietors, or overseers, we could not rightly tell which to designate them, could speak a little broken English, eked out with Spanish and Portuguese, and knowing that we had no legal right to interfere with him or his subordinates, and learning that such was not our intention—that we had merely been led to visit the slave-pen to gratify our curiosity—he, after a while, became quite communicative, and did not fail to jeer and taunt us upon the subject.

"It was massa's fault," he said. "Queen of England's fault, that the slaves were starved to death, or died of disease in the pens. Formerly they could be carried to the coast at once, and put on board the slavers in good condition. Now they were often kept for months till the pens became crowded, and the rice gave out, and they contracted fevers, or died of starvation. They had to save the rice, and when it run short, none could be afforded to the aged and sickly, and all because the queen's ships guarded the coast."

"And do you allow them to perish slowly with hunger?" we asked.

"What can do? No rice come, no rice make. Too old, too sick for sell to slave-massa! He no habbee. No wont eattee!" was the reply.

"And when the poor wretches die, where do you bury them?"

"No bury. See, much water dere. Ribber run em into sea. Carry em dere. Water take em off. Alligator eat em!"

We looked in the direction of a sluggish stream, at which our informant pointed, which flowed at the foot of a hill about half a mile distant, and then at some dozens of aged and sickly men, women and children, among the half-famished throng, and thought how soon they would become food for alligators; perhaps before life had departed from their feeble frames. The keepers would not acknowledge to this latter atrocity; but we could gather from their glances at each other when the question was put, that such atrocities had been committed; perhaps were habitually committed, and, after all, this was no worse than to perish by slow starvation.

Half-famished wretches we might well call them. Some had, we were informed, been confined for months in these miserable pens, scarcely ever getting a full meal, without a particle of clothing, no distinction of age or sex, and crowded at night, or in the rainy season, into these mud hovels, to such a degree that they could scarcely breathe; the thermometer in the open air standing at 100°!

For their breakfast on this occasion, a poor handful of "paddy," or rice with the husk on, of miserable quality and half-mouldy, was served out to each. This was cooked, in this state, by one of the keepers, and greedily swallowed in a few mouthfuls, after which a tin pannikin of half-stagnant water was given to each, and the meal was finished.

When food was abundant, double this portion was served out thrice a day; when scarce, as it was now, the half ration was only given twice. A child could have eaten five times as much at a single meal, if hungry enough to eat such filthy stuff at all. No wonder that the poor creatures before us were reduced to walking skeletons. Filthy sores had broken out among many of them; others were afflicted with a disease resembling leprosy, caused, said the keepers, by damp and overcrowding. These latter were covered from head to foot with a whitish scurf, and the hair had fallen from their heads until they were completely bald. They were confined in a pen by themselves, but we were told that they seldom recovered from the disease. Again, others were blind, and suffering under a complication of diseases.

It needed not the words of the negro keepers to satisfy us that out of the hundreds collected in the slave pens, scarcely half would ever be assigned to a slave-ship's hold; the rest would be-

come food for the alligators which swarmed in that dark, turbid river. Of the half remaining, if they were not recaptured by the cruisers, how many would survive the horrors of the "middle passage?" It would not be asserting too much to say, that not one third would ever reach their destination on the Cuban or Brazilian coast.

We were informed that in the palmy days of the slave trade, when it was the practice to carry the captured negroes directly to the coast, where they had comfortable accommodations afforded them, and abundance of food, and when only a few days, sometimes only a few hours, elapsed between their arrival and their embarkation, they danced and sung as cheerfully as if they were the happiest people in the world, and were altogether devoid of care. They actually seemed to be delighted at the idea of going on board ship.

"Then," said our informant, who had once been an extensive slave merchant, but who, having made a fortune, had quitted the trade many years ago, 'the middle passage' was not what it now is. Then, it was not necessary to overcrowd small vessels—necessarily small, that they may be enabled to creep up the narrow rivers on the coast, so as to hide from the cruisers—but large, roomy vessels were employed in the trade, and no more negroes taken on board than there was accommodation for. It is you English and Americans, with your cursed cruisers, that are answerable for this horrid cruelty on shore, and for this frightful mortality at sea. Do you suppose that the slave-dealers are such fools, as not to take all the care they can of the slaves they have purchased, to sell for gain? It is you who force them to cramp and confine the negroes, and thus lose half of what would otherwise be to them a valuable cargo!"

I noticed that the recently captured negroes did not, as a body, display much sensibility, but I must make an exception. The feelings of maternity are strongly developed. A mother who has been torn from her children, mourns their loss inconsolably. Often such have been known to commit suicide, and rarely do they survive the loss, generally dying of grief before they are shipped from the coast. Seated apart from the swarm of male and female negroes who surrounded us, we perceived a young woman squatting on the ground, with her head buried in her hands, her elbows resting upon her knees.

"What is the matter with that woman? Is she sick?" asked one of our party.

"She sorry, massa; no sick," said the negro driver, to whom the question was put. "Um loss um picaninny. Dem bof gone."

"Did they die since she was brought here?"

"No, massa, dem die up cuntry. Um picaninny sick. Moder sick, no walkee, no carry. Frow dem away in de reed-brake. No good for bring dem here. S'pose dem dead. Moder too p'raps die. No good; no eattee rice, no noting drinkee."

The brute was about to apply his heavy whip to the poor creature's back, as he bade her, in his native dialect, to get up from the ground; but we prevented the threatened lash. For a moment the woman looked up. She was worn to skin and bone, and such an expression of helpless, heart-broken grief, I never saw in the features of any human being. The days of that poor, childless negro mother were evidently numbered. She too, would find her grave, before many days, in that dark, turbid pool.

We had seen enough. We remained in the village that day, and early the following morning commenced our return to Freetown.

We reached Freetown toward the close of the sixth day from our departure, and on going on board the schooner, learnt that she had received orders from the commander-in-chief on the station, to proceed at once to the island of Ichaboe, on the Hottentot coast, to serve as a sort of guard-ship to protect the guano-trade then flourishing at that island.

## A BAILLIE ON THE BENCH.

The following acute specimen of legal decision occurred in a Scottish town not a great many miles from the Clyde, where a batch of municipal authorities was elected lately, and one of the new bailies presided the other day, for the first time, on the bench. One of the earliest cases brought before him was that of a servant girl who sued her mistress for her wages, which were refused on the ground that she had allowed a favorite squirrel to escape from its cage. The worthy magistrate, after hearing the parties, said, "that although the lass may be to blame for leaving the cage door open, yet the mistress was mair to blame than her, for she sud hao clippit the beast's wings, sae that it cudna flee awa!"

London Times.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## ONWARD AND UPWARD.

BY NABIL PARK.

Onward and upward, the path lies before thee,  
Seek to attain what thy spirit would win;  
Fame's mystic portals are wide to enfold thee,  
Only be brave, thou shalt enter within.

Onward forever, O, why art thou staying,  
When such a goal there is to be won?  
Haste, nor pause, should the tempter be saying,  
"Hold up thine hands, for all labor is done."

Onward and upward; in life's early morning  
Moments are precious, youth has come to spare;  
See how the sunbeams thy sky are lighting—  
Then wouldst thou sit down in quiet despair?

No; be thou strong like the oak, which hath breasted  
Storms that have bowed the tall pine in his pride;  
Firm as a rock by the ocean wave crested,  
Pure as the light which no darkness can hide.

Onward and upward, whatever betide thee,  
Brave as the eagle which soars to the sun,  
Leave the cool waters that murmur beside thee,  
Then shall thy labor of life seem begun.

Never look downward though clouds loom above thee,  
Still let the spirit be proud in its might;  
Heed not the world, when its phantoms allure thee,  
Manfully battle for God and the right.

Then shall thy glory-dreams all meet fruition,  
Then will the world in her cold homage bow,  
And 'twill be sweet to know life hath a mission,  
When the green laurel wreath rests on thy brow.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE MUTINEERS.

## A SEA SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Our scene is the wide expanse of waters—a solitary ship ploughing her way from gently rolling billow to billow. It is nearing twilight. The blush of the parting sun is touching the tops of the waves for the last time; the blush lingers yet in the mid-sky, and crimson the swelling sails. To the east, the ocean in the distance changes from blue to a rich sea green—from that to a chill gray, and thence melts into the sky which, on that side of the horizon, cannot be distinguished from the far waves. Two men stand on the quarter-deck, looking intently at the distant clouds, one of them the youthful commander, the other a passenger, an old and somewhat weather-beaten man who came on board just as the vessel was getting under way. The western sky presents a series of magnificent pictures; the grand masses of vapor are rolling up in their floating veils, the choicest splendors of the day. The one on which they gaze is matchless in beauty, a feast which may linger in the vision years after it has faded.

As if to give the mariner one glimpse of the land upon the wide waste of waters, this scene discloses hills, rivers and winding roads, so substantial in appearance, so frail in reality! Another is a bleak and mountainous region—but a plain spreads in front, and one white tent gleams there with a shadow like a maiden standing in the opening.

"It is well worth an ocean voyage to see sights like that, sir," said the younger man, raising his straw hat as he spoke, and allowing the breeze to lift the brown curls from his temples.

"Ah! indeed it is; I have seen many such on these same waters," replied the elder man; "but for the finest sunsets in the world, give me America and the coast of Australia. It is wonderful, the variety of shapes the clouds assume in the land I have but just left. The brazen lustre of the sun tinges the whole heavens and covers the whole earth, and sometimes seems descending in showers on the hills and fields below. You have never been to Australia, yet?"

"Never; my calling has taken me hitherto only as far as England. If, however, I should keep the command of this vessel for the next six years, I shall see more of the world, yet."

"Pardon me—how old are you, sir?" asked the elder gentleman, as he seated himself.

"Twenty-four in December next."

"At your age, young man, I took command of my first vessel, sir," replied the other; "but I was one of the unfortunate kind. Providence saw fit that I should meet with shock after shock—disappointment after disappointment. Till within a year I have hardly known what it was to have a dollar in my pocket."

The younger man looked in surprise at this. "Yes, sir; wrecked the last time near the

shores of Australia, I was the only person out of the nineteen that survived starvation, and was saved by a passing vessel. They landed me on that barren country, friendless and penniless. Then I said to myself, 'I will not follow the sea again;' so I wandered into the wilds, wretched beyond description. For many weeks I lived upon berries and the game I could contrive to snare, and at last I fell in with a company of herdsmen, all of the worst possible stamp of character. For nearly twelve years I worked with those men, and near the place where I first fixed my lot as a wanderer, is a flourishing colony with two churches, three school houses, and an orderly and Christian population of nearly seventeen hundred men, women and children."

"You astonish me, sir," said the younger man.

"I have witnessed great scenes in that land, I can assure you, sir. Many of my countrymen, now respectable men, were convicts from England. One of them is as wealthy as I shall ever wish to be. He has built him a palace of a house for that country, and has married a fine young woman, a native. His daughter went back to England with me."

"His daughter?"

"Ay, as beautiful and accomplished a young lady as I should ever wish to see. Her father was sent to Australia for an extensive forgery—some ten thousand pounds, I think. His daughter, though she felt the disgrace keenly, resolved to accompany him, leaving her mother in good hands. Ten years has she been the wonder and pride and queen of the place from which I came. Three years ago her mother died, leaving two daughters, and it is to be a mother to them, that she returns."

"She would not, of course, marry any of the population in Australia?"

"O, yes, sir; she is engaged to a splendid fellow who has made his fortune mining. But she will not settle either in Australia or England. She will marry and go to America."

"Shall you return to Australia?" asked the young captain.

"I have a daughter in the United States," said the passenger, with much emotion. "If on my return I find her yet living and in the same good hands to which I entrusted her, I shall leave with her that which will render her independent. But ah! what hopes and fears shake me by turns when I think of the chances of meeting with my child!"

For some moments the stranger was plunged in deep reverie, then he said, abruptly:

"You, of course, have heard of the gold discovery in Australia?"

The young captain, whose name was Lowrie, signified that he had.

"I was one of the first to find the rich veins cropping out here and there in the valleys and along the river-side. I have with me now some splendid specimens of gold, weighing—"

"Be cautious, if you please, how you speak of money," said the youthful captain, in a low voice; "we came near having a mutiny on our passage out, in consequence of the quantity of gold carried by the passengers."

"Ah! I heard of that affair," replied the elder stranger, with a look of admiration toward the young captain; "are the mutineers on board?"

"No; I sent them by a homeward-bound brig, and, as directed by the owners, took charge of the ship. You must know that the captain died when we were but fourteen days out, so I assumed the responsibility of the station, having once before gone out in the capacity of master."

"So you had a sick captain on your hands, with the rest of your troubles; how in the world did you manage?"

"Among the crew," returned the young captain, "was an old Portuguese, a long resident, if you might call him so, of this part of the world. He has sailed in this ship seven years. You see him, sir; that gray-headed man, busy aft."

The passenger peered through the gathering twilight, and saw an old figure with a conical woolen cap on his head, and attired in a blue shirt and leathery white trousers.

"That man was attached to the ship, sir, attached to its officers; so much so that the crew, a set of desperate fellows, saw that he was not fit for a tool, and determined not to take him into their councils. The old man declares that God told him of their conspiracy in a dream. I don't know but he did. When he became convinced of the horrible plot, he devised several methods by which to make me aware of the ship's danger. Sometimes—he is very cunning at carrying—he

would drop a chip in my way on which was cut a rude representation of an assassination. This, of course, stimulated my curiosity, and, seeing that he watched me with expressive glances, I began to feel anxious. He frequently fixed his eyes steadily upon my face, then turned to the crew, giving a mournful shake of the head. The man was watched so constantly, that he was in fear of his life, and dared scarcely ever to venture into the cabin, thinking that perhaps one or more of the officers might be implicated in the affair. I saw that he was watched, and acted with the utmost circumspection, that I might the more readily fathom their designs. It was an awful situation, sir. There were only two mates and myself against a crew of eleven men, all of them doubtless ready for any deed of horror. I soon took the mates into my confidence, and we saw that what was to be done must be done quickly. The captain's mortal sickness was, perhaps, under the circumstances, the best thing for us; it made the crew more careless; we had some chance to see the working of their plot.

"One day, sir, the captain was very bad. Evidently he could not live till night. It was my sad duty to inform him of the fact of his approaching decease, and I asked him if he would not like to bid his men farewell. He signified that he would, and I laid my plans. I ordered the mates to be in readiness, one to station himself at the door, the other near me, and left the strongest and stoutest for action. We were all well armed. Then I called the men together and made them a short speech. I had assembled all but two in the after cabin: Antonio was at the helm, and a young boy, who I knew was with the mutineers because influenced by fear, was in the steward's cook-room, cleaning the silver.

"Men," said I, "I have brought you here in order to inform you that our captain is very low. To-morrow, perhaps, we may call upon you to bury him at sea. I should like you to be as quiet as possible for the remainder of the day, and in order to impress this fact upon you, I want you to go, one by one, and take the last look at your captain. You will be obliged to go one by one."

"The first man went out with me. He was a heavy-browed Englishman, who looked as if it would be sport for him to draw blood. He had no suspicion; indeed, I don't think any of them had, of the plot I was laying for them, although two or three, I imagined, appeared a little uneasy. He looked in upon the captain—our poor commander was speechless—senseless. As the man came out, I quietly drew a pistol. His brow grew dark.

"One word," I whispered, "one movement, and a ball goes through your head. 'Saunders'—to the mate who was armed to the teeth—you and Holmes put this villain below; and if he resists, shoot him down!"

"In that way, sir, every mutineer was secured; a watch was set, the hatches fastened down, and my mates, myself, the Portuguese, boy and steward, were all that were left to work the ship. The captain died that day, just after the work was accomplished. There was no noise—no resistance; the men, completely stunned by the suddenness of the action, did not in the least attempt to defend themselves.

"There were eleven of them down there, sir, and we soon learned how deep, how demoniac had been their designs. Every man of us was doomed—three mates, six passengers, who saw the imprisonment of the men with astonishment not unmixed with fear,—myself, the captain (if he had not died that night), and the old Portuguese. We were to be murdered in cold blood, and the ship was to be turned out of her course and converted into a pirating craft. My resolve was not put in action a moment too soon. I often tremble to think how near we were to so terrible a fate."

"Give me your hand, sir," said the elder passenger, with much emotion. "Were you my son, I should be proud of you."

They went together into the cabin.

Antonio, the old Portuguese, followed them, cap in hand.

"Well, Antonio, what is it?" asked the young captain.

"If you please," said Antonio, "I speak with he," nodding to the stranger.

"Certainly; say on."

"You no remember me?" asked Antonio, going closer to the elder gentleman.

"I can't say I do," was the reply

"You no remember de boy fall from de yard-arm—I catch him? You was Captain Gray, then. I no forget you."

"Antonio!" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old sailor's hand, "why, yes, Antonio! I remember you. Yes, you saved the life of my darling nephew; I do remember you, my brave fellow;" and he shook the tawny hand heartily.

"Did I hear him call you Gray?" asked the young commander.

"That's my name, my friend," said the captain; "though I have gone of late years by my given name, Henry Wakefield."

"Ah! he was de fine captain!" exclaimed Antonio, his black eye sparkling.

"And your child—your daughter—may I ask if her name is Edna?"

"Yes, Edna Gray, a dear girl she was. God grant I may meet her soon."

"Sir," said the young commander, "I have been married but six months. My wife's name was Edna Gray. Her father was a sea-captain, who was thought to be lost at sea."

The stranger looked at his young friend in speechless emotion. Grasping his hand, when he had recovered himself, he exclaimed:

"Tell me, tell me how she looks—what is the color of her eyes—what is her stature? O! if it should be!"

"Come with me, sir," said the captain, smiling; "come into my state room, if you please." He opened a drawer, took from thence a miniature, and gave it to Captain Gray.

"Is this my little Edna? my baby girl?" exclaimed the old man, tears falling from his eyes. "O, sir, I know it! I know it by the mother in her face. Then, thank God! you are my son."

"I am your son, father," said the young man, reverently.

O! it was a blessed welcome that the captain's beautiful wife gave to her husband, saved from deadly peril, and her father, restored as it were from the grave.

## A MOTHER'S MAGIC.

The following illustration of the power of a mother's influence, was given by Wendell Phillips, recently, in a public speech which he made in New York. "I was told a story to-day, so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is a story of a mother on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And said he—for he told me the story—I gave her the promise, and went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the north pole and the south—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hills of Vermont, did not rise up before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No. 'Well,' said he, 'I was brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and am come to ask you to call and see me.' How far that little candle threw its beams! That mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! O, God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!"

## ONE DOLLAR.

## WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PRODUCE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- ✓ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- ✓ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- ✓ Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations are published in each number.
- ✓ Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unprecedented price of one dollar!
- ✓ It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- ✓ In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- ✓ It is written, edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seven or eight years' experience on the Boston press.
- ✓ It is full of news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- ✓ Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- ✓ Though published but four years it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 115,000 copies!
- ✓ Any person wishing to add to the proprietor, as above, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- ✓ Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for \$1.00.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## WALKING.

It is well understood that the general health of cities is due to the custom of constant walking, which prevails among the residents of crowded towns. This compensates for the want of fresh and free air. It is certain that city ladies walk much more than their country friends. The latter, when they can command a horse, think a mile's walk a great undertaking. Ladies in the country hesitate about venturing abroad on foot; and they remain within doors, or in quiet inaction, while the city dames, who are presumed to be "delicate," and unable to endure fatigue, walk miles over the pavements, without thinking of the exertion. Visitors to the city from the country, are worn out by a day's "shopping," while their city guides are apparently as fresh at the close as in the beginning of the day's work. Walking is the most natural, useful, and thorough exercise that can be taken. Infantry, in an army, can outmarch the mounted men. A proof of the superiority of the biped over the quadruped, is given in the result of a recent wager. A man undertook to walk from New York to Cincinnati in eighteen days, and accomplished the task, with nine hours to spare. The person with whom the bet was made accompanied him, in a carriage, and the pedestrian, at the end of the journey, was in a better condition than the horse or his driver. This accords with all experience. The human frame becomes injured to wholesome and proper exertion, and the biped gains strength under it, in a greater degree than any quadruped. We have no objection to dumb bells, and other paraphernalia of the gymnasium. But none of these contrivances are half so beneficial as the use of our natural means of locomotion. The people of this republic have the largest continent in the world to travel over, and are, as a nation, the greatest travellers. But while the rail, the river, and the horse-carriage, are all used to the utmost, we walk less than any civilized people under the sun. A man, no matter how much his leisure, or how great his need of economy, would be thought very poor, or next to insane, who should use his feet for a journey. He would, at the very least, be set

down as eccentric or a humorist. Where time is valuable, or strength is to be husbanded for active employment, it is well to take advantage of public conveyances. But if Americans would prescribe to themselves what John Bull calls his "constitutional walk," we should gain in strength of muscle, and banish or diminish the common complaint, dyspepsia. Athletic games are well in their way, but one cannot always get up a cricket or rowing match. The consent of others is required, whereas, to walk briskly and habitually, it needs only that we overcome our own inertia, and rid ourselves of the notion that a horse's legs are better than a man's. No motion calls more of the muscles into healthy play than walking—not gliding like a ghost, with arms motionless, but pushing along, with a hearty, springy swing. Nothing more exhilarates the whole man than a current of air created by his own brisk movements. If this exercise, so conducive to health, were more in fashion and in favor, we might meet the doctors with an independent air; and as to the nostrum mongers, starve them into taking up a more useful avocation.—*Phila. Gaz.*



THE NEW APPLETON CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## APPLETON CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The first engraving (made expressly for our paper) on this page, is a view of one of the new buildings attached to Harvard College. It is to be used exclusively for daily prayers, and for services on the Sabbath. The chapel was designed by Mr. Paul Schulze, a German architect established in this city. It is quite a conspicuous feature in the group of university buildings which occupy the level tract, diversified with noble trees, comprising the territory of the college. Erected at different times, some of them quaint and antiquated, others fresh and modern, the entire group, viewed from a little distance, produces a striking picturesque effect from its very irregularity and variety. This institution is now nearly two centuries and a quarter old, and is the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1636. The first president was Henry Dunster, who, with his successor, was educated in England. Rev. James Walker, D. D., LL. D., is now at the head of the institution, and the numerous professorships are filled by men of the very highest ability and attainments as scholars.

## SKATING &amp; FISHING,

## BACK BAY, BOSTON.

The second picture on this page, is a lively sketch of winter sports on the ice that at this inclement season covers the broad expanse of water to the south of our city. The central figure in the group, is a professional smelt-fisher, with his establishment of tent, camp-stools, hooks, lines and bait. Few amateurs are willing to endure the intense uncomfortable-ness of such a pursuit of fishing under difficulties. Yet, in by-gone days, we have "been there," and deemed a dozen or so fish an ample reward for hours of excruciating suffering. But the professional smelt-fisher seems perfectly impervious to cold. The most successful one we ever knew, was a colored man who invariably met with good luck. The secret of his success was supposed to lie in a certain "killing bait," the mystery of which he would never disclose, even to his nearest friend, and it is currently reported on the ice that he carried it with him to the grave. Certain it is that he could at any and all times get his basket full, and that he made a good thing of it. The scene before us is enlivened by

the presence of skaters, flying over the ice on the shining steel—skating being now a popular "institution." A few days since, Back Bay was the scene of quite an adventure. Notwithstanding it was the Sabbath, a large number of men and boys were engaged in skating on the ice, and, not content with this, made large bonfires in the vicinity of Marion and Fayette Sts., endangering some of the houses, as their occupants thought. They accordingly sallied forth and remonstrated, but were roughly handled by the skaters, and compelled to retreat. Information being given to the chief of police, the force was rallied by telegraph, and about fifty men appeared upon the scene of action; but as the officers had no artificial means of locomotion, the skaters had a decided advantage over them, and for a long time baffled them by their rapid manœuvres. Finally, however, the police, by extending their line, and driving the skaters towards the open water, compelled them to retreat, and the victory remained on the side of law and order. Such an occurrence is unusual, but against its possible repetition, skates might form one police equipment.



SKATING AND FISHING ON THE BACK BAY, BOSTON.





SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

## SOUND STEAMERS IN A BLOW.

The marine picture on this page, is from the pencil of Hill, who has drawn so many of our sea-pieces, and was both drawn and engraved expressly for the "Pictorial." It is no fancy-piece, but a reminiscence of one of those nights which sometimes occur to try the courage of landmen on their passage to and from New York during the winter season. But though our artist was tempest-tossed, he did not, like many of his fellow-passengers, lose the command of his faculties. He has faithfully reproduced all the features of a wild winter night—the heavy clouds driving before the wind, the moon wading through the rifts, and marking with a weird light the edges of the masses of vapor, and the crests of the tumbling billows, rushing on, like plumed warriors, to battle. Yet, through this wild commotion of the elements, the staunch steamers hold their own, buffeting and buffeted by the weltering waves, and triumphing over them at last. It is due to the companies which control the various lines of Sound steamers, to say the boats never leave either terminus in a dangerous storm, but they are sometimes caught in rough weather, and then their staunchness carries them through. But few calamities have occurred in the Sound navigation, considering the number of passages made on this route. Ordinarily the voyage to and from New York is very agreeable.

## SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The first engraving on this page, is made from an original sketch from a correspondent who signs himself "An American in Mexico," so that we know not to whom we are indebted for the favor. We have had it carefully drawn and engraved, and it makes a spirited picture. The subject is the recent dash made by the Liberals to obtain possession of the city of Mexico, after securing and holding many important points in the neighborhood. In the background is seen the famous cathedral, the most costly and splendid ecclesiastical edifice in the western hemisphere, and which, with its heaven-aspiring crosses, has looked down on many a scene of broil and battle. The foreground is crowded with combatants, engaged in deadly fray, and affords a striking idea of a hand-to-hand battle. Our readers will remember that the Liberals surprised, and came near capturing the citadel. The government forces were terribly alarmed, and, as rats fight well in a corner, made a desperate resistance, and the revolutionists retired to Tacubaya, and afterwards fell back still farther. The government troops marched out of the city, but did not meet the enemy, and it is shrewdly conjectured, did not care to meet them. But they met a party of peaceful villagers, making a bonfire of some of the gun-carriages which the Liberals had left behind them. The government

troops, either mistaking them for foes, or willing to shed blood when they could do it without danger, opened a heavy fire on them from their light artillery pieces, slaughtering many and mutilating others. And thus ended this bloody skirmish.

## A NEAPOLITAN DUNGEON.

Englishmen will not have forgotten the name of Baron Nicotera, who took possession of the Cagliari, and landed with a handful of men at Sappi, and was a fellow-prisoner with our countrymen, Watt and Park. The following letter gives more details of his fate: "The king spared the life of Nicotera (says the writer) for no other purpose than to make him die by degrees a terrible death. The executioner would have taken him from suffering in a moment, but he would have rescued him too rapidly from his ferocious talons; he wished to feed upon his agonies, and appointed him as the victim of a slow and fearful death. At first, instead of imprisoning him in the Ergastolo of San Stefano, whither the law consigned him, he shut him up in the worst dungeon of the Vicarial at Naples; afterwards he threw him into the Abyss of the fearful Columbuja of Trapani; and lately—that is to say, at the beginning of October—he shut him up in the sepulchral caverns of Favignana. But in describing that den, my hand becomes paralyzed, and terror takes complete possession of

me; yet, to the best of my power, I will describe it. In past times, the fort was reserved as a place of confinement for prisoners of state, but out of respect for advancing civilization, it was closed. Now again it has been opened, and there is buried a noble living being, capable of every self-sacrifice, every self-denial, whose only fault is that of having loved his country, and having offered himself up for its redemption. In one part of the fort, called the Fossa, just over the gate, may be read this legend: *'Si entra vivo, u esce morto.'* 'One enters it living, and leaves it dead.' Four hundred steps lead from the top of the mountain down below the level of the sea—to the infernal cavern where lives the unfortunate Nicotera, guarded at sight by two sentinels, without being able to see the sky, and scarcely to breathe the scanty air which passes in by the holes through which struggles in a dim light. That it is damp, cannot be doubted from its being in the very bowels of the earth, and from the fact that the very clothes of the prisoner become almost rotten in a few days. Imagine how he grieves over his existence. Such is a paternal trait of a religious and clement government, which visits continually the sanctuary, and which deludes this superstitious and ignorant people with its bigotry, making use of the most holy religion of Christ as an instrument of unbridled tyranny." —Times Correspondent



STEAMERS IN A GALE, ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.



{Written for Ballou's Pictorial}

## TO MY SWEETHEART.

BY F. T. BRYANT.

I'm weary, I'm weary of that fickle face of thine;  
For other eyes and other climes my heart does sadly pine.  
The bee may gather honey from the native flower he sips,  
And the lover revel in the kiss of his fair lady's lips,  
But the eye that gaily glitters in deceit upon us all,  
Can never hold a faithful heart in any constant thrall.

Thou art young, and thou art lovely, but the tempter  
gave you pride,  
Thou art rich alone and joined you would be a wealthy  
bride.

Yet the frost of fifty winters you prefer to early spring,  
And would throw away a truthful heart to wear a jew-  
elled ring.

All the diamonds that lie hidden in affection's secret  
mine,

I have offered, but I cast them like "pearls before the  
swine."

There is one, though not so lovely, but of finer mould  
than thou,

With violet eyes of azure hue, and fair, unsullied brow  
And as riches are her portion, the poor alone can tell  
The peace that wealth around her throws with all its  
magic spell.

To her my heart is given, and my faith is pledged to thee,  
Then, sweet heart, give my promise back, for I would  
now be free.

{Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial}

## STORY OF A PARASOL.

BY ANNE T. WITHER.

We are in a saloon of the Faubourg St. Hon-  
nore. The most exquisite taste, French taste,  
reigns there. One thing only seems to be want-  
ing—air, that vital element. It has been forgotten  
that breath is more necessary than food. Now,  
how can one breathe here? How many hang-  
ings, carpets, how much drapery on the tables,  
over the fire-places! Even the fire is contained.  
Count those at this window—large and small,  
silk and muslin, there are nine. Add the weight  
of these rich ornaments, the incumbrances of  
masterpieces of art, and you will see that one is  
here literally stifled. Ask these poor pale flower-  
ers in the sumptuous *parlours*, how much bet-  
ter would a breath of air and sunshine please  
them than all the canoes and giddings with which  
their cage is ornamented!

In company with these imprisoned flowers,  
how many young girls stifle thus pleasantly in  
the charming confinement of their boudoirs.  
These flowers, at least, are frequently renewed;  
but human life, if it have not its allowance of  
oxygen, by degrees becomes extinct.

Two ladies, mother and daughter, are seated  
in this saloon; the one holds a book which she  
is not reading, the other looks at embroidery  
which she is not embroidering. The eyes of the  
young mother, radiant with tenderness, are fixed  
on the fair girl. This maternal look seems to  
say "How charming she is!" And this look  
tells the truth.

The young girl is seventeen; her large black  
eyes are brilliant and soft; her hair, black as the  
raven's wing, forms a superb crown on her small  
head; her teeth seem a necklace of pearls which  
has mistaken its place; her figure, to elegance  
of form, adds the attraction of ease. Emeline  
is the grand daughter of a Creole beauty, and  
everything about her betokens a facile and ca-  
pricious nature.

A servant appears at the door of the saloon.  
He bears a delicious rose wood box, incrust-  
ed with shell and mother-of-pearl. This box con-  
tains the wedding presents offered to Emeline  
by her betrothed, Armand Varnes, who, scarce-  
ly thirty years, is already distinguished as an  
engineer.

The richest stuffs, shawls, jewels, and even a  
purse full of gold, nothing is wanting to the  
treasure. Nevertheless, Emeline seems to be  
looking for something more.

Armand appears; he comes, already an egotist,  
to enjoy the pleasure he has given. But his pret-  
ty fiancée has resumed her embroidery, and her  
needle seems very active. Armand thinks he  
reads, on this brow of seventeen, a regret. He  
hoped for joy,—great joy; he is uneasy, inter-  
rogates, insists.

"Have I omitted anything? If the colors,  
the materials are not to your taste, they shall be  
changed."

"No, sir; all is well, but—"

"Well?"

"Well, I hoped to have found here a parasol."

Armand breathes, he rises and takes his hat

"It is only a slight omission," said he, "which  
shall be repaired immediately."

"Sir, I would inform you that I desire a para-  
sol of Alencon lace."

"Alencon it shall be, then," said Armand, re-  
peating the word that he might not forget it.

"Sir, I would also inform you that I do not  
like imitations, and that I would prefer one of  
carved ivory, green."

Armand, already at the door, stops; and, dis-  
trusting his memory, draws out a memorandum  
book, and writes: "Alencon lace; no imita-  
tion; carved ivory—green."

Then he disappears. He enters the store of a  
celebrated manufacturer of canes and umbrellas;  
he takes out his memorandum book, repeats  
the directions, and adds:

"I wish, in fine, a very pretty parasol."

"That is easy, sir," said the manufacturer;  
"you shall have it."

"When?" said Armand; "I am very urgent."  
"It will take at least a week to manufacture  
an article of so much value."

"Of so much value?" repeated Armand, who,  
with his hand already on the door-knob, be-  
thought himself at last to ask the price of this  
parasol.

"Three thousand francs, sir."

"Three thousand francs!" exclaims the en-  
gineer; "it is a price for an empress."

"No, sir; the parasol of the empress cost six  
thousand francs."

Become thoughtful, Armand paused, re-enter-  
ed the warehouse, and said to the manufacturer:  
"I desire you to wait; I will consult the per-  
son who wishes the parasol, and will return."

He traverses the Boulevard, slowly twirling his  
moustache, and, in a fit of absence, runs against  
a friend who happens to be in his way.

"What a figure for a lover! What is the  
matter, Armand?"

It is a friend of his childhood, a college friend.  
Armand relates to him the history of the parasol.

"Do not marry that young girl," says his  
friend; "you will not be happy! This parasol  
is worth as much as the interest of her dowry."

How will you satisfy her with your ten thousand  
pounds, if you are obliged to give three thousand  
francs to shield her from an August sun? Re-  
treat, while it is yet time, and thank the sunshine."

The advice was followed; Armand requested  
a release from his engagement. Emeline return-  
ed the corbeille; and such is the blindness with  
which the love of luxury strikes young hearts,  
she experienced only the vexation of a child.

Perhaps she afterwards regretted Armand  
Varnes. Accursed luxury! how many woes  
may a parasol shade! How many stitches grow  
from one of Alencon lace!

Armand went to Germany. At the expiration  
of three months he became consoled, and mar-  
ried. He returned, bringing with him two beau-  
tiful blue eyes, which seemed made to look at  
the sky without the thousand crown lace. These  
eyes express a serenity of soul which still adorns  
Anna, the portionless German, whom Armand  
has made his happy wife.

He has given her the magnificent corbeille of  
the Creole; it surpasses all the simple child of  
the Rhine has ever dreamed.

One day, on the arm of her husband, she  
found herself in the presence of Emeline, on the  
Boulevard.

"What a pretty girl!" said Anna, raising her  
parasol of five hundred francs to look at her.

Do not think this a fiction. It is a true story,  
to which I have not added a word; a story of  
yesterday, which will be one of to-morrow, not  
for my young readers, if they have understood  
its moral.

## ROUSSEAU ON FAME.

"You see," said he, with the bitter misanthro-  
py which his later misfortunes had produced in  
him, "Jean-Jacques cannot even hide himself;  
he is an object of curiosity to some, or malignity  
to others, and to all he is a public thing, at which  
they point the finger. It would signify less if  
he had only to submit to the impertinence of the  
idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfor-  
tune to make himself a name, he becomes public  
property. Every one rakes into his life, relates  
his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings;  
he becomes those walls which every passer-by  
may deface with some abusive writing. Perhaps  
you will say that I have encouraged this curiosi-  
ty by publishing my Memoirs. But the world  
forced me to it. They looked into my house  
through the blinds, and they slandered me; I  
have opened the doors and windows, so that they  
should at least know me such as I am. Adieu,  
sir; whenever you wish to know the worth of  
fame, remember that you have seen Rousseau."  
—*Westminster Review*.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DUBUQUE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	..... \$2 50
One copy, two years	..... 4 00
Five copies, one year	..... 9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)	..... 20 00
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together	..... \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C. Bedford, Mass.—Capt. Maryatt, the novelist, died  
in 1845. His earliest nautical story was Frank Mid-  
way.

WATER COLOR.—"The color of the sky depends on the  
quantity of opaque vapor in the air. The less vapor,  
the darker the color of the sky, the particles of which,  
reflecting chiefly the blue rays, give this lovely color to  
the canopy of heaven."

M. P. Chicago, Illinois.—Your questions remain unan-  
swered for the simple reason that a reply would occupy  
several columns, whereas justice to our correspondents  
compels us to devote but a few lines to each.

R. A. Concord, N. H.—Those who have studied the  
subject, consider that among the ancient Jews the art  
of playing on musical instruments was almost exclu-  
sively confined to the daughters of Israel, no mention  
being made of men using the tubs or any other in-  
strument, but frequently—that all the women went  
out with tubs, etc.

STANLEY, Brunswick, Me.—The dying words by which  
Queen Elizabeth was supposed to infer her desire that  
James of Scotland should be her successor, were as  
follows: "I told you my seat had been the seat of  
kings, and I will have noascal to succeed me. And  
who should succeed me but a king?" And when Cecil  
asked her what she meant by the expression, "noascal"  
should succeed her, she replied, that "her mean-  
ing was, that a king should succeed, and who should  
be but our cousin of Scotland?"

Mrs. R. C. Haverhill, Mass.—Halleck's reputation was  
first made by "The Crackers," a series of humorous  
poems on current topics, written in conjunction with  
his friend Drake, and published in the New York  
Evening Post.

D. H. W.—Iturbide was proclaimed emperor of Mexico  
by a coup d'etat May 19, 1822, but finding it impossible  
to sustain himself in power, abdicated in the following  
March and went to Italy. In 1824 he returned, but  
the popular feeling was not in his favor, the govern-  
ment proclaimed him an outlaw, and he was defeated,  
captured and shot about a month after his landing.

MARIA S.—It is conjectured that gauze is so named be-  
cause a light fabric, composed of thread, or silk, or of  
thread and silk combined, was originally brought from  
Giza, a town in Syria.

BULLION.—The localities of granite in England are  
Cumberland, Cornwall, and Devon. In Scotland, the  
highlands and the Isle of Arran, and in Ireland, the  
Mourne Mountains.

## HUMANITY IN BRITAIN.

There is as yet no such state of degraded hu-  
manity in this country as in Great Britain. The  
superabundance of public land, the prevalence  
of common schools, the general exercise of po-  
litical rights, all contribute to save our country  
from that debased class of population which is  
the shame and disgrace of enlightened and pow-  
erful England. How long this advantage may  
be preserved to the United States, it is impossi-  
ble to say. There are indications in our large  
cities, that an ignorant and brutalized humanity  
is springing up among us, with a rank growth;  
and if the most stringent preventive measures  
be not resorted to, we shall in process of time  
have little to boast of, over Great Britain, in this  
respect. Too many of the young in our great  
cities are suffered by the public to grow up in  
idleness, ignorance, and crime. We say suffered  
by the public, and we use the phrase advisedly;  
for we hold it to be the clear duty of the body-  
politic to protect itself against the threatened  
danger, by taking absolute control and charge of  
the youth whose early education is neglected or  
perverted by their natural guardians, and placing  
them under reforming and improving influences.  
This fundamental measure of self-preservation  
must be taken as a security for the future; and  
for present relief and protection, the haunts of  
vice and crime must be broken up, their secret  
coverts thrown open and exposed, and the swar-  
ming votaries of sin scattered and dispersed.  
Constant vigilance and unrelenting, resolute ac-  
tion, on the part of the municipal authorities of  
our cities and large towns, is the absolute neces-  
sity of the case. The garden of humanity must  
be weeded daily, and with a faithful hand. It  
will not do to let the tares grow up with the  
wheat, in municipal culture; otherwise there  
will be no harvest except of weeds and brambles.

England is moving in this matter, and is al-  
ready taking active measures for eradicating the  
evil from its social system. National associa-  
tions for the promotion of social science have  
been formed in the principal cities, the object of  
which is to discover and expose the debased con-  
dition of humanity, and to point out the causes  
and the cure. These associations do not assume  
to usurp the functions of municipal government;  
but to act in co-operation therewith; and where  
the conditions and circumstances are beyond the  
reach of civil power, to exert those influences of  
moral suasion which, after all, must be the main-  
stay of every effort for social improvement, as  
well as the strongest support of the legal author-

ity. The subject of compulsory education has  
been considered and discussed by the Liverpool  
association, in its application to the misguided  
and neglected children of the vicious and de-  
praved. But school education alone will not do  
the work. There must be a complete withdrawal  
of these neglected shoots of humanity from the  
demoralizing influence of the parent stem, and a  
submission of them to those kindly and elevat-  
ing appliances of moral and spiritual culture,  
personal neatness, correct habits, industry, prop-  
er deportment, and mental training, which make  
up the grand total of that most important duty  
which society owes to the young, called educa-  
tion. That the enlightened mind and benevolent  
heart of Great Britain has entered upon this im-  
portant work, is a subject of sincere gratulation  
to the friends of humanity; and our own coun-  
try would do well to take a timely lesson from  
what is being done there.

## FUNERAL INCIDENTS.

The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has  
this incident about the ravages of the yellow fe-  
ver in that city, related to him by one of the  
Methodist pastors: "The preacher was called a  
few days since to attend the funeral of a young  
man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoy-  
ant, manly youth. He was from the State of  
Maine, and had been here but a short time. He  
was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died,  
with no mother or relatives to watch by his bed-  
side, or to soothe him with that sympathy which  
none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood'  
can feel or manifest. He died among strangers  
and was buried by them. When the funeral ser-  
vice was over, and the strange friends who had  
ministered to him were about to finally close the  
coffin, an old lady, who stood by, stopped them  
and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We  
have yet to find the first man or woman to whose  
eye this simple recital has not brought tears."

At the funeral of a little babe, in New Sharon,  
a few days since, says the Gospel Banner, a cir-  
cumstance occurred, remarkably cheering and  
suggestive. The little one, all beautifully robed  
for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morn-  
ing of its burial. The weeping friends placed  
in its little hand a small bouquet of flowers,  
among which was an unopened rosebud of the  
"Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed  
upon the coffin, and the funeral services perform-  
ed. When after the lapse of not more than two  
or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and  
the friends gathered round to look upon it for  
the last time, that bud had become a full-blown  
rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death.  
It seemed as though a voice came up from those  
beautifully sealed lips, saying, "Weep not for  
me; though broken from the parent stem, I am  
blooming in the Paradise of God. Millions of  
infant souls compose the family above."

## AN ART EXHIBITION.

A writer in the Transcript suggests a very  
plausible plan for getting up an art exhibition of  
great interest and value in this city. He says  
that "very few persons, comparatively speaking,  
are aware of the vast number of antique paint-  
ings, medals, engravings, busts, and other pieces  
of sculpture, and articles of vertu and curiosity,  
that are to be found scattered here and there  
among different private families, and most care-  
fully preserved by them, in Boston, Cambridge,  
Roxbury, Charlestown, Dorchester, Chelsea, Sa-  
lem, Worcester, New Bedford, and all the other  
principal towns and cities in Massachusetts, and  
the other States of New England. Some of  
these may be ranked among the most beautiful  
and rarest productions of industry and genius;  
some of them are, in fact, masterpieces; some  
are remarkable for their high cost, intrinsic  
worth, or the associations connected with them;  
and most if not all are deemed precious, if not  
invaluable on numerous accounts by the parties  
to whom they belong. Were one-quarter of  
them gathered together, and properly arranged  
and displayed in a suitable place for examina-  
tion, they would constitute one of the most novel,  
magnificent, and attractive exhibitions of the  
kind ever seen in the United States." There-  
upon he suggests "that suitable measures be  
taken at the present time, by some of our most  
public-spirited, enterprising, and energetic fellow-  
citizens, for the erection of an extensive iron  
building in this city, upon a central site, and ev-  
ery way suitable, where such an exhibition  
might be made. The expense would not be  
anything like what an unreflecting person might  
at first suppose, while the immediate gains and



collateral benefits might be very large. The third and fourth stories of such a structure would probably answer for the purpose. The other portions of the edifice might be rented for other uses; and as in a fire proof building such a collection would be perfectly safe, there are many families who, it is presumed, would readily lend their pictures and statues for a term of time; so that it would not be necessary to purchase them for the exhibition. The receipts, after defraying all costs, might be appropriated to some charitable or patriotic object."

#### HARVARD COLLEGE.

Much has been said as to the indebtedness of Harvard College to the State of Massachusetts, for its establishment and maintenance, and the propriety of continuing the control of the State in the direction of the institution. But the present wealth of the college is due in a very small degree to the bounty of the State, when compared with the donations of individuals; and by far the greater part of the present extensive establishment, which constitutes it a University, has sprung up entirely independent of public aid. Harvard was founded in 1636, and chartered by the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1638. During the two centuries and over, which have elapsed since that time, the public benefactions to the College have amounted to only \$216,000; while the private donations from individuals, during the same time, have been nearly two million dollars. The annual expense to the college, incident to its connection with the State, is quite large, and serves materially to diminish the value of the public benefaction, without any corresponding benefit to the cause of education. The Divinity School, the Medical School, the Law School, and the Scientific School connected with the College, have grown up entirely independent of gifts from the State, and are the creations of private munificence. So far as State aid has been extended, it has far less than a moiety of the present establishment to show for it; and there is, therefore, no reason founded in justice, for continuing the government control over the College. Nor does any practical good result therefrom, equal or at all comparable to the annual expense thus entailed by the visit of the government, and the examination of the Board of Overseers. It were better for all parties that the connection were dissolved, and Harvard left free to manage for herself, without the interference of Governor, Council or Senate. It is unnecessary to speak of the literary qualifications of the gentlemen usually chosen to fill these offices, in reference to their fitness to supervise the management of the highest American institution of learning; for every one knows full well that candidates for public office are seldom selected with any regard to their literary attainments or abilities.

**ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.**—Captain William L. Hudson, U. S. N., whose name is familiar to the public, from his connection with the laying of the Atlantic Cable, as commander of the Niagara, has received a highly complimentary letter from Lord Napier, on behalf of Queen Victoria, transmitting to him a gold box and a medal, the latter bearing the effigy of the queen. By the laws of the United States and the regulations of the service, Captain Hudson cannot accept these kindly testimonials until authorized to do so by an act of Congress, which will of course be immediately passed.

**HORSES FOR THE BRITISH TURF.**—Robert Harland, a colored man, an excellent judge of horses, and a first rate trainer, has purchased two of the best going horses in Kentucky, at high prices, and will take them to England in the spring, to contend for the honors of the turf. The names of the horses are "Des Chiles" and "Cincinnati."

**SKATERS.**—The usual number of accidents come heralded to us in our exchanges, this freezing weather. Jamaica Pond, in this neighborhood, has been the scene of several very narrow escapes from drowning. Be careful, boys!

**LECTURES.**—Boston has had, thus far this winter, a most brilliant lecture season. We doubt if any city in this country can equal us in this respect.

**ORIGINAL.**—A thieves' ball lately came off in New York city, the proceeds being devoted to one of the fraternity who was in trouble!

#### A DESERTER.

We find quite a romantic story in the *Echo du Nord*, published at Lille, France. A few days ago a man whose motions were rendered almost impossible by the cords which bound him, was brought to the barracks of St. Maurice, where the 39th regiment of the line is quartered. Two gendarmes held his arms, and behind him came a picket of soldiers under arms and commanded by a sergeant.

This man, Goffe, was a soldier of the class of 1851, and had been incorporated in the 39th, and was in the Crimea with his regiment in 1855. He was changed to the grenadiers and, in a quarrel with a comrade, stabbed him several times with a knife. The wounded man recovered and was killed a few days afterwards in battle. Goffe, to avoid the consequences of his offence, went over to the enemy and gave them information which enabled them to spring mines under the feet of his old companions in arms. From this time nothing was heard of the traitor and deserter.

Recently a Russian steam-packet anchored at Marseilles, on board of which was a Frenchman in the capacity of fireman, who asked eight days' leave of the captain to go and see his family. Not making his appearance on the ninth day, the captain gave information and a description of the deserter to the French authorities, and he was arrested on his return to Marseilles, two days afterwards. The fireman was no other than Goffe, the grenadier who had deserted from the 39th regiment of the line. After having identified him, and heard his confession, the authorities delivered him to the gendarmerie, by whom he was forwarded to Lille, the quarters of the regiment he had left. By this time he has expiated by death a crime, the greatest recognized by the military code.

#### WRITING AND FIGHTING.

In Paris now-a-days, it seems that a writing man must be a fighting man, and an editor must know how to manage a steel sword as well as a pen. He must not only be able to indite a bulletin, but to lodge a bullet in an adversary. M. de Pene, of that sweet little journal, the "Figaro," has just recovered from a couple of sword-thrusts received in a desperate duel, and now Mr. de Villemessant, director of the same paper, and Mr. Lucas, one of the editors, have had to "go out" at the call of Mr. Gustave Naquet and Mr. Plunkett, managers of the Palais Royal Theatre, these gentlemen feeling aggrieved at articles in the "Figaro."

But this affair was not a very terrible one. The two duels were fought with swords and on the same ground. At the first thrust, Mr. Lucas tore his adversary's shirt-sleeve, and then fell himself, his foot slipping on the wet grass. The combat was soon resumed, and Mr. Lucas received his adversary's sword in his arm, while the other got a touch from the cold steel in the left breast. The other duel also resulted in two wounds. Mr. de Villemessant was struck in the breast near the right shoulder, Mr. Naquet was slightly pinked just above the left eyebrow. Neither of these wounds was as "deep as a well or as wide as a church door," and the parties returned to Paris. Wonder if they use "Russia Salve" or "Mustang Liniment?" Wonder if this system will ever be adopted in Boston? Shall we ever have to record a rencontre between Col. Greene and Col. Schöuler? What a sensation such an affair would create! Can't we have at least a brace of fighting editors to make things lively in Boston? We "pause for a reply."

**THE EMPEROR'S CLEMENCY.**—Talking of Louis Napoleon's pardoning Count de Montalembert, Jones remarked to Brown that Montalembert was a great gun. "Yes," said Brown, "and you see that Louis Napoleon has let him off."

**HISTORY OF CUBA.**—A work on Cuba is now in course of publication in Paris, the seventh volume of which has just been issued. We suppose that the author has not time to make it shorter.

Without pausing to any of the isms of the day, *Billon's Dollar Monthly* comes to us characterized by an independence and unbiassedness of tone quite refreshing. It is unquestionably the cheapest magazine published on either side of the Atlantic and is destined to reach an immense circulation, having already an edition of one hundred and thirteen thousand regular issue—*Virginia Advocate*.

**A MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.**—Four Presidents of the United States were educated at William and Mary College, in Virginia—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Taylor.

#### RUSSIAN MAIL SERVICE.

The extent of mail service in the empire of Russia rivals even that of our own country. There is a regular semi-weekly mail from St. Petersburg, the capital, to Kyachta, in the easterly part of Asiatic Russia, on the borders of the Chinese empire. This mail route is four thousand miles long, and is traversed by railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of four hundred miles, and the rest of the way by carriages drawn by horses. There are two hundred and twenty stations on the road, for changing horses, and the trip is performed in about thirty days. The annual cost of this mail route, to the government, is about \$300,000. Kyachta, the easterly terminus, is the great emporium of trade between Russia and China. It is inhabited by Russian officials and merchants. A great annual fair is held there in December, to which the Chinese resort, and there is a very extensive trade between them and the Russians; the latter bartering cloths, furs, cattle, and other national products, for teas, silks, porcelain, etc. During the year 1843, this traffic amounted to over \$10,000,000; but it was greatly augmented at about that period, in consequence of the war which had prevailed between Great Britain and China, for several years previous. The Russian government appears to have preserved a very good understanding with the Celestials; for it is allowed to run a regular mail from Kyachta to Peking. This distance, estimated to be about a thousand miles, is traversed by a horse-post.

#### A ROMANTIC LIFE.

John Sullivan, father of General John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, soldier and patriot, and James Sullivan, judge, legislator, historian, patriot, and Governor of Massachusetts, was a native of Ireland, and to revenge himself on his mother, who thought a certain young woman not a suitable match for the noble Sullivan, ran away from his mother and also from his true love, and soon found himself in the Berwick forests in the Province of Maine. It is said that John never got over this, but consoled himself in a manner by befriending and educating and marrying a little, friendless Irish maid, a waif in the ship which brought them both hither. Mrs. Sullivan never more heard of her son John, and oblivion shuts down upon the after history of the early love.

He made good way in life. He knew Latin, became the most famous *dominie* in all that region, wrote deeds, settled disputes, and was a perfect *factotum*. At last he is pictured to us as an "ancient man, with a tall, slender frame, and fine old features, reading the Bible in his lonely dwelling," and so he died in May, 1796, in his hundred and fifth year, an extraordinary age for a man who had endured so much hardship.

**"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."**—The new volume of this excellent agricultural publication, issued in Albany, N. Y., by Luther Tucker & Son, editors and proprietors, assisted in the editorial department by J. J. Thomas, and other distinguished writers, opens brilliantly, with evidences of increased energy and liberality on the part of the publishers. It was always a favorite journal with us, as a perfect gem of typography, filled with valuable original matter, and thoroughly reliable in every respect. The editors are fully up to the times, yet cautious in all the opinions and statements they put forth, and uncompromisingly hostile to quackery and puffery. They deserve well of the agricultural public, and we are glad to know that they receive a liberal patronage.

**COAL MINES IN GREECE.**—The French geologists, who wander over the whole earth, picking up fossils and specimens, on which to found new theories and fresh hypotheses, wherewith to astonish the world, have discovered coal in Greece, and a company is now working them. They are situated about a mile from Comua, and are expected to be very profitable.

**GOING TO COVENTRY.**—Charles Dickens was lately presented with a gold watch by his friends in Coventry, England. So that being "sent to Coventry" is no longer a disgrace.

**LUMBERING.**—The lumber business near St. Croix River has revived much this season. There have been sent into the woods, with every prospect of success, 500 teams and 3000 men.

**IMPERIAL FETTERERS.**—Napoleon courted s bedaub him with fulsome compliment. We suppose they use "plaster of Paris."

#### COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

The race of misers is not extinct. A specimen exists at this moment in New York, a "poor rich man," with a fabulous income—no end of money, in short. His only daughter, a beautiful and accomplished woman, was married a few months ago to a gentleman almost as rich as himself. Since her marriage, however, the daughter has launched out into all sort of extravagances, diamonds, cashmeres, carriages, horses, etc., to indemnify herself for the Lenton fare and austerities of the paternal mansion. Her brown-stone house, on Fifth Avenue, is the scene of a succession of dinners, balls, soirees, concerts, private theatricals, etc. But, as she is a really exemplary woman, she always invites her father, old Hunx, to her prodigal entertainments. This token of filial respect is the more praiseworthy, since it is dangerous, for the old gentleman's style of dress is not exactly suited to a fashionable party.

Last Thursday, Madame gave a grand dinner-party. Her father always has a good appetite, and for a very good reason. He arrived an hour before the table was set—but with such a shocking bad coat—greasy, thread-bare, patched! in a word, an impossible coat!

"Really, my dear sir," said the daughter, "you can't think of sitting down to table in such a dress as that. For heaven's sake, put on a better coat—there's plenty of time."

"You're a wise child, I don't think," replied Hunx. "Shows how much you know about money-matters. How do you suppose I can afford to buy new coats when I have to pay sixty thousand dollars a year in taxes?"

And he sat down to dinner in the old coat. Of course he was flattered and caressed, for who cares for a man's coat when his pocket is known to be well lined. It is only your rich men who can afford to dress shabbily—a thread-bare suit ruins a poor man.

**CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.**—The work on this mammoth enterprise is now pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Three thousand laborers are employed. The drives, which wind very pleasantly around the park, are in an advanced state of grading, and the greater part of the force is now employed in macadamizing. A part of the soil is taken off from where it is rich and deep, and piled up to be used in covering the barren ledges which abound over the broken surface of the grounds. The land is pulverized and fertilized, and several large nurseries are already growing trees, to be hereafter transplanted. The parade ground and cricket ground are got up on a grand scale, and there is a skating pond, containing sixteen acres. The progress of the work is certainly encouraging.

**THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.**—The quantity of public lands sold by the United States government during the three quarters ending September 30, was 4,804,919 acres, for which was received \$2,534,192. The military land warrants located amounted to 6,983,110 acres. Over ten millions of acres of land have been sold under the graduation act of 1854, at the price of 12 1/2 cents per acre. Over 15,000,000 acres of land have been surveyed and are ready for market in Kansas and Nebraska.

**OUR ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.**—The flattering opinions, both of the press and individual expression, touching our late improvements in *Balloon's Pictorial*, are very agreeable to us. Our edition has increased rapidly, and we are determined to give our patrons a brilliant paper through the year just commenced. We can still supply the numbers complete from the commencement of the year.

**A TARTAR.**—A woman in Kentucky, who has recently been divorced, called upon her former husband, and flogged him with a cow-hide, after throwing cayenne pepper in his face.

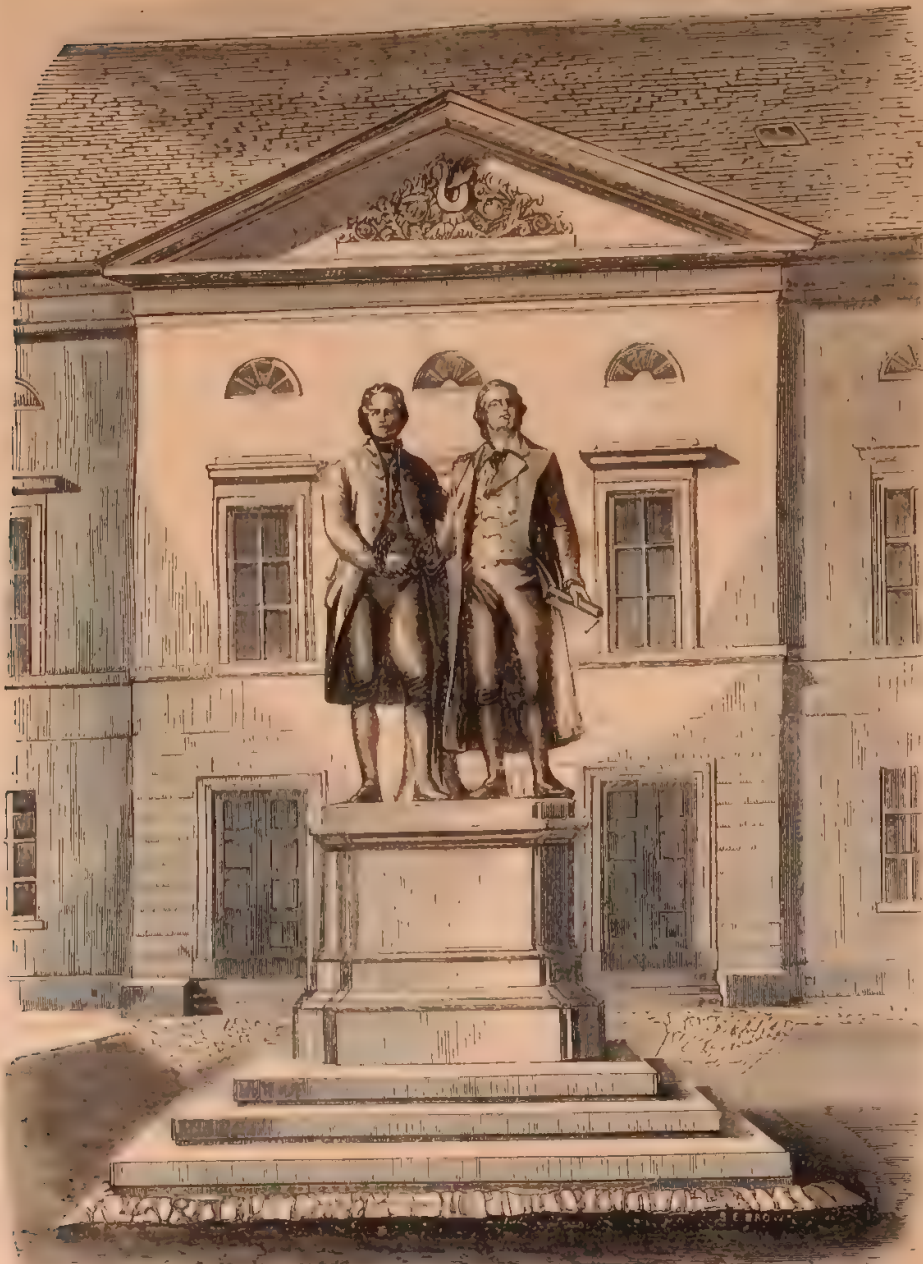
**MUSCLE.**—Somebody says: "Cabbage contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever." Yet we never knew that tailors were particularly muscular.

**JUST SO.**—Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

**RATHER DEEP.**—Some of the lakes of Switzerland are one thousand feet deep.

**TRUE.**—Short reckonings make long friendships.





STATUES OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER, AT WEIMAR, GERMANY.

## MARKET SCENE, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

The accompanying picture was sketched from life, and faithfully represents some of the peculiar dresses of the Chilean, male and female. The distinguishing feature of their apparel is the poncho, or short cloak. It is common to men and women of all classes. The two men in our picture both wear the poncho. The word in Spanish signifies "idle." The poncho is square, three ells long and two ells wide, with a hole in the centre large enough to put the head through. It is all of a piece, and has neither sleeves nor button holes. Designed to come over the shoulders and the upper part of the body, it serves as a cloak during the day, and a coverlet at night. The Araucanian poncho are considered the best. The women make them, the wool of the guanaco furnishing the material. The manufacture of a stylish poncho occupies a woman two years, and it will bring a hundred dollars. One of the Chileans in our engraving holds a lasso in his right hand. On his head he wears, like his comrade, a kerchief, negligently tied, and both have hats in which the form of the Spanish sombrero is blended with that of an Araucanian sugar-loaf. The other parts of their costume exhibit the same mixture; short breeches, or rather drawers (*calzoneras*), of white stuff, gaiters, or leggings of serge, hide sandals (*ajoles*), and a spur with an enormous rowel on the right heel. The man with the long stick in his right hand, is undoubtedly a Peon. Descended from the old Spanish shepherds, the peons have charge of numberless flocks in the desert plains of Chili, Tucuman and Paraguay. They sleep on an ox hide, feed only on half raw beef, and drink out of a horse's skull, or a bull's horn. They serve also as guides to travellers crossing the Andes. Nothing is more curious than to see them descend from the mountains. Seated on an ox hide, of which they grasp the lower extremity, they slide with the speed of arrows down the snowy slopes of the Cordilleras, and have no other means of steering but their long canes. The scene of our engraving is of a pacific character—a market scene. Of the three seated women, two sell shoes; the third is listening to the gossip

of the two Chilean men opposite to her, and leaning against the wall for their support; and she does not despair to see them interrupt their chat to make acquaintance with certain bottles, the long necks of which seem to invite the hand of the toper. The Chilean wines are generally sugared, and leave a roughness in the palate. The best is that which is made from the vines grown along the Itala River. A great quantity of this is exported to Peru. In the middle distance are two young girls, whose costumes, at once simple and elegant, scarcely remind you of the little ponchos, the black hats adorned with feathers, and the close fitting skirts worn by women in other parts of Chili.

brow,—tense and intense,—his irregular features lined by thoughts and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one looks, the other looks out.



MARKET SCENE AT VALPARAISO, CHILI.

THE STATUES  
OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER AT  
WEIMAR, GERMANY.

Rarely is the sculptor's art more worthily employed than in perpetuating the features and forms of those great men who stand like sentinels along the line of ages, passing the torch of genius from hand to hand. And a grateful tribute to true greatness is to set these statues cast in bronze, in the places they have hallowed by their living presence. Thus Weimar, the Athens of Germany, has honored herself in the erection of the two statues of Schiller and Goethe, which form the subject of one of the illustrations on this page. The friendship of these two great men is expressed in the attitude. Their right hands are joined, and together both clasp the laurel which belonged to both. The attitude of Goethe is calm and characteristic—his dress neat, his eyes not raised above the horizon; while Schiller's careless dress and upward, intense glance, well become the representative of Idealism, as he stands beside the representative of Realism. For these two men, Germany would be remembered long after all else had perished, as the name of Shakespeare would survive the name of England. And of what a brilliant galaxy were they, the planetary stars in the earliest part of the present century; even the lesser lights were such men as Herder, Wieland and Kotzebue. Altogether, they lit up this little German duchy-capital, quaint, antique, and nestling on the banks of the Ilm, ninety-four miles west of Dresden, with a splendor that, seen from afar, attracted visitors from all parts of Europe. In speaking of the friendship of Schiller and Goethe, Lewes points out their dissimilarity as follows:—"Goethe's beautiful head had the calm, victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the Future. The massive brow and large-pupil eyes,—like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto,—the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thoughts and suffering, yet showing that thoughts and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished, the strong man,—a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin, and an indescribable something which shines out from the face, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow

Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing; he seems much taller than he really is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller 'walks like a camel.' Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung. A similar difference is traceable in details. 'An air that was beneficial to Schiller, acted on me like poison,' Goethe said to Eckermann. \* \* \*

As another, and not unimportant detail, characterizing the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of the morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne. In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of Realism, the other of Idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them; Schiller was animated with the idea of Freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of Nature. This distinction runs through their works, Schiller always pining for something greater than Nature, wishing to make men Demigods. Goethe always striving to let Nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of Humanity. The Fall of Man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure instinct into conscious freedom, and with this sense of freedom came the possibility of Morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for Morality which was higher than Morality was worth; he had the idea of a condition wherein Morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed." The death of Schiller, severing a brief but intimate association, was a severe blow to Goethe at the time, and perhaps exerted an insensible influence on the remainder of his life. Both these men are immortal, and their intimate associates have all joined them in the other world. But the better portion of their nature—their thoughts, impressed with the signet of immortality, remain, a precious legacy, to kindle enthusiasm, to stimulate effort, to give birth to other creative lives. Honored be their memory! forever green be their laurels!

## DICKENS AT HAWTHORNDEN.

During his recent visit to Edinburg, Dickens visited the beautiful and classic scenery of Hawthornden. A correspondent of the Dumfries Courier gives the following amusing account of the visit:—"Mr. Dickens went out with an order for admission. When he got to the gate with his party, the old wrinkled woman who acts as Cerberus, refused most decidedly to let them in. Mr. Dickens was so astonished at the insolence of the old Scotch beldame in refusing admittance to such a respectable party as his, and such a handsome put-on man as himself in particular, that he was driven to the desperate resource of appealing to his fame. 'My good woman, my name's Dickens, and I can't come here every day.' 'I neither ken nor care what your name is, but ye canna get in excep' on regular days,' responded Cerberus. 'And then,' went on the great man, astounded at the old woman's ignorant contempt for his great name, 'I have an order, if you will look at it,' producing the document to the bleared lady, who ejaculates angrily, 'What's the use of lettin' me see an order when I canna read?' Utterly foiled in his attempts upon this female, the illustrious novelist was compelled to wait for about an hour until a messenger returned from the house of Hawthornden to allow him to enter." An interesting piece of wisdom perhaps.





WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE, LA VENDEE, FRANCE.

## WOMEN OF SABLES D'OLONNE, LA VENDEE.

In our researches after curious costumes, we have alighted on the graphic sketch which we have had engraved on this page. It represents the women of the town of Sables d'Olonne, a seaport in the department of La Vendée, France. The surrounding country is fertile and inhabited by one of the healthiest and most robust populations in all France. The men are almost all sailors; and the women pursue the avocations of fishing and farming. Their costume has a general character, differing only in the head-dress, which changes with every commune, the most elegant being the *coiffe frisée* or *cabriolet*. During the working hours the women of Sables go barefooted. In very cold weather they wear sabots, wooden shoes and pattens, with footless stockings, locally called *viroles*. When they go for water, they carry their jars suspended from a yoke. In winter they wear short cloaks of plush or fur, which give them a very singular appearance. Our engraving represents both the summer and winter costumes of these hardy and healthy women.

## WATER TANK

IN ST. GILES'S-IN-THE-FIELD, LONDON.

The accompanying engraving takes us into the heart of one of those squalid quarters of the great metropolis, which, we trust, will soon be entirely renovated and improved, which present so much to interest the artist and the student of character, so much to sadden the heart of every well-meaning visitor. Here in a new bright world we can scarcely conceive of the abject wretchedness which exists in the ancient cities of the old world, the growth of many ages of suffering and poverty. There are certain portions of London where the buildings are dilapidated and most of the inhabitants squalid, in which at times such picturesque scenes are found that an artist might enjoy the material with as much effect as some of the sketches procured by long travel in continental cities. In such neighborhoods as that shown in the engraving, which are occupied by numerous costermongers, in the spring and summer, the narrow roading is gay with roses, geraniums, musk-plants, wall-flowers, fruit, vegetables, etc., in their season, which are bought in large quantities from Covent Garden and other markets, for the purpose of being trimmed up and arranged for general sale. In those back slums, hidden from the public view, market bunches of flowers, watercresses, cabbages, turnips, etc., are carefully divided into smaller parcels, and arranged with a degree of taste which is in some cases remarkable. As well as taste, there are also evidences of prosperity among those itinerant dealers. Reared, as most of this class have been, under very unfortunate circumstances, we can scarcely be surprised at their roughness of manner and other imperfections. It should, however, be noticed that many of those men and women, by great exertions from early morning till late at night, contrive to keep from the prison and the workhouse; and it is difficult for those who are differently situated to form an idea of the amount of firmness which is required to preserve their limited capital, tempted as they often are by much poverty and privation. Generally speaking, the population of such neighborhoods as this are difficult to deal with in a sanitary point of view; and, although in the Model Buildings in Portpool-lane a spacious apartment at the basement of the premises was provided for the use of costermongers, so that they might in separate compartments, at a cost of from 2d. to 3d. a week, keep in safety and with the advantage of good ventilation unsold fish and other perishable matters, we believe that not a single offer was made to occupy this place, although the evil of keeping donkeys, vegetables, and other perishable goods in confined dwellings is evident. Owing to this indifference, it is necessary, for the benefit of those who are either so destitute of knowledge, or so young that they are not able or likely to help themselves, that both persuasion and force should be employed to remedy those ill conditions which amongst the poorer classes of London society have caused so

much remark and been attended with such bad consequences. The large tank in the background of the engraving was erected at a time when water in this dense population was almost as scarce and precious as in the desert, and has proved a great benefit to the neighborhood. A recent examination of this district, is said to have shown great improvement. In the lodging-houses the sanitary police watch with care and much judgment the condition of the drainage,

metropolis. They will be looked at with curiosity then, when, although there is no hope that the "poor will cease in the land," we trust that their condition will be much bettered. The very greatest men of the English metropolis, men who are the glories of English literature, are now devoting their talents to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and all that can be done for them will be done.

## MATRIMONIAL.

On the 23d of April, 1845, a Mr. R—, residing in the ancient town of Vienne, in the south of France, married a young lady, Mlle. T—. The husband was in business, but his private fortune and that of his wife secured the young couple an independent income of £1600 a year. Mr. R— was twenty-three, his wife one year younger. The honeymoon was hardly over when Mrs. R— evinced a strong disposition to wear that part of her husband's habiliments which is generally considered as conferring the privilege of undivided sway on its fair usurper. To please his wife, B— sold the good will of his business, and removed to Lyons in obedience to her wishes. This compliance did not soften the heart of madame, who lost no time in showing strong symptoms of insubordination. Without going into the details of the tribulations of this henpecked husband, suffice it to say that his wife persuaded him to borrow a large sum from her brother, then contrived to have a *separation de biens* pronounced, so as to secure her personal fortune, and, as a climax, caused her brother to arrest him for debt. When in jail he received a visit from his tormentor, and was deluded into signing a paper, making over to her the whole of his property by a promise of liberty. The promise was duly performed, and, on being released, he naturally went home. At the door of his abode, however, he encountered his wife, who, in the coolest way in the world, asked him what he wanted. His reply is not recorded, but the upshot of the conversation was, that he only obtained admission on signing an undertaking that—1. He would take his meals in the kitchen. 2. He would sleep in a garret. 3. He would be satisfied with a common camp-bed. 4. He would only require a clean shirt every fortnight. 5. He would be content to wear second-hand clothes, shoes, etc.; and, finally, never to venture to ask for pocket-money. Madame, in the meanwhile, was in the most extravagant expenses, while their two children were allowed to wander about the house deprived of the necessities of life. R— mildly expostulated, but was forthwith punished by being locked up for two days in a dark room, and kept on bread and water. At length he plucked up sufficient courage to bring an action against his unnatural wife, to compel her to leave the administration of the fortune in his hands, and to acknowledge his authority; but the court, thinking so weak an individual was unfit to have any large sum entrusted to him, more severely sentenced Madame R— to pay her husband alimony to the amount of £120 a year.



WATER TANK IN-THE-FIELD, IN ST. GILES'S, LONDON.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Bailou's Pictorial.]  
THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIE F. PARON.

The old has gone, the new has come,  
We herald it with singing,  
We hail it gladly to each home,  
For all the joy it's bringing  
Upon the air the advent chime  
Its way is sweetly winging,  
The bride of the year with Time  
Is worthy of the ringing.

The hopes that faded with the old  
Have with the new upstarted,  
The weak and timid heart grows bold,  
The feeble one strong-hearted,  
Along the grooves of promise now,  
New plans and schemes have darted,  
And where a cloud once wreathed a brow  
The sun that cloud hath parted.

O merry go the flying hours,  
Above a pile of roses,  
And hope lies hid among the flowers  
Where love and faith repose,  
And as old Time with vintage steers on  
The year's book now discloses,  
We give our promise we will learn  
True lessons ere it closes.

## THOUGHT IS FREE.

Thought is free!  
Chainless as the unfathomed sea,  
Buoyant as the birth of heaven,  
Rapid as the gleaming comet,  
It was born before the light,  
And will last beyond the night.

Thought is free!  
"Free as all men's thoughts should be,"  
So English Alfred said,  
So did preach the martyred dead  
In the land in times of old,  
Where truth bravely yet is told.

## DEEDS AND WORDS.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Bless us from what is low!—*LOS FELLOW.*

## TIME.

Think we or think we not, time hurries on  
With a restless, unmitigating stream,  
Yet finds more untiring in our midst a thief,  
That eases his hand under the miser's pillow,  
And carries off his prize!—*Byron.*

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## CONSPIRACY WITH THE READER.

Right glad are we to learn that Albert Pike of Arkansas, the poet, soldier, politician and lawyer, has not yet paid the debt of nature. Some of our contemporaries publish obituary notices of him, when the first rumor of his death reached the East and the colonel will have the same sort of gratification in reading them that his townsman, Timothy Dexter, did in seeing his own funeral. For our part, we can only wish he may live a thousand years. If it be true that music once heard, forever lingers in the memory, what a legacy of delicious encounters will the Italian opera have! We think it is Bulwer who says: "It is noticeable, that to those who are much alive to the effects of music, airs and tunes often come back, in the most unexpected pursuits of life, to vex, as it were, and haunt them. The music once admitted to the soul, becomes also a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbably through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living, as when it first displaced the waverings of the air." An advertisement in the Dublin papers states that the correspondence of the late Duke of Wellington, from September, 1805, to April, 1807, is missing. The grace was of opinion that he had deposited these papers somewhere in Dublin, on assuming, in 1807, the office of chief secretary for Ireland. They are supposed to be in boxes in some public store, or bank, or in some private house in Dublin. The Philadelphia Press does not publish a very flattering obituary of Madame Ju Pfeiffer. It says: "If ever a woman merited the appellation of Queen of the Dea-Heads, it was Madame Pfeiffer. She expected to travel free of expense, and if she carried a letter of introduction to any one, without being immediately invited to make his house her home and his purse her bank, she was sure to chronicle his want of hospitality in her next book. One of our Canadian exchanges says that General Eyre has offered a prize to the Montreal Snow Club, to be awarded to that member who shall fire the greatest number of snow balls in a given time. The general will never be called on to pay the prize—no man living can fire a snow ball. Dubuque's portrait of Rosa Bonheur is well spoken of in the London Athenaeum. The face so firm and masculine, with almost stern eyes, close, magulous mouth, and sprightly, elevated eyebrows is beautifully engraved with a truth and breadth worthy of all praise. The velvet jacket, daffy and Amazonian, the haughty, chief, skirt, and usual cloudy background are, of course, shirked for economy, as pure line engraving is much too slow, expensive and pedantic for an age that strives at quick profits and quick effects. The attendant short-skirted bull, on whose curved forehead this fair Europa rests her white hand, no whit dismayed, is excellently

wrought in, with its full, tranquil eye, short, stubby horns, and chit-lit, close, lady-like. It reminds us of the old French story intended if not actually to be, we suppose, to illustrate the force of habit, of the citizen of Ephesus who, from carrying a calf daily home upon her neck, acquired the power of carrying the same calf when it became a bull. But we believe this quiet-looking runt, with the chestnut hair and brown lake of an eye, is a pet of the painter's, and even follows her in country walks. It was a happy idea of so expressing her domination over the animal world, and the little French lady looks quite queenly or high-priestish as she plants her dominating hand (the colored palette just off her thumb) upon the forehead of this bull, that seems standing beside some Greek turf altar, doomed for sacrifice. If this were a painting we should look to see its gilded crescent horns hung with garlands of sacred ver-vain. . . . The Farmington, Me., Patriot states that not less than one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds of dried apples have been purchased in that village, of the farmers in that vicinity, the present season. . . . The most valuable span of horses in the United States are said to be owned by Commodore Vanderbilt, of New York. They are matched horses. They cost him \$7000, and he has been offered \$9000 for them. . . . The total gold colicage of the United States, including bars, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, amounted to about \$22,883,840.29. The silver colicage for the same period amounted to \$8,639,286.77. The number of cents coined was 23,400,000. . . . The New Yorkers enjoy themselves finely on the skating pond in the new Central Park. It is estimated that at one time lately there were twelve thousand skaters and spectators. . . . The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, speaking of an eccentric old woman there, says: "The old lady invariably takes note of the weather on each of the twelve days that follow Christmas day, and carefully records whether it has been cold, mild, fair, rainy or changeable. According to her, these twelve days typify the twelve months of the new year, each of which reproduces the weather of its corresponding day. The lady does what she says her father and grandfather did before her, and during the course of three-quarters of a century over which her personal observations have extended, she has never known her predictions to prove deceptive." We don't believe in the old lady's system. . . . Mr. Palmer is to prepare for the family of the late Gov. Marcy a portrait bust of that distinguished statesman, says the New York Courier. . . . A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 22d ult., says: "As far as depends on the emperor himself, the question of emancipation makes rapid progress. His majesty lately ordered that the serfs belonging to the mines placed under the minister of finance should be emancipated within the delay of six months. Three commissions have been appointed to carry this order into effect: one, for the workshops and peasants of the government of Moscow; the second, for those of the circum-spection of Orenburg; and the third for the Oural." . . . "Awful Gardner," the ex-prize-fighter, continues his shoe business in Portchester, N. Y. He related his experience recently in the Methodist Church at Tarrytown, on the occasion of a union religious meeting, held there by the Flying Artillery of New York city. This "Flying Artillery," by the way, is a religious not a military corps. . . . Edwin Forest recently received an offer from a reliable source to act at the Academy of Music, New York, for a limited number of nights, the parties proposing to give him a larger sum of money than was ever given to any actor in this or any other country. The offer was refused. This certainly does not indicate a great love of money on the part of Mr. Forest. He is wise, however, to rest awhile from his arduous labors. . . . Two young men, James and William Mason, aged eighteen and twenty, have arrived at St. Louis, after being rescued from Wilson's Island, in the Mississippi, where they remained five days without food. They were raftsmen, but a passing steamer scattered their raft, and they clung to a single timber till they were cast upon the island, where they endured terrible sufferings, and whence they finally escaped by swimming to the land on a stray log. . . . There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1869, viz., a partial eclipse on the 2d of February, invisible here; a partial one the 4th of March, invisible here; another on the 28th of July, partial, and very small, it will end at 41 minutes past 6 in the evening; another one, August 27th, visible only in the Great Southern Ocean. . . . The greatest instance of impudence on record is that of a Yankee who in an Italian city, stopped a religious procession, in order to light his cigar from one of the holy candles. Ere the procession recovered from its astonishment, the audacious smoker had calmly disappeared. . . . A shrewd scion of the Emerald Isle, observing, recently, a poultry dealer in the vicinity of the market busily engaged in chopping off the spurs from the legs of the turkeys he had on sale, accosted him with—"Misther, are yer sure that poultry came over the railroad?" "What do you want to know for?" asked the dealer. "I am rather thinking, if it did," replied our Hibernian friend, "you might have saved a considerable freight, if you had cut off the spurs before the poultry left Rhode Island." . . . The Hartford Times, reviewing a recent lecture of Mr. Emerson in that city, says: "Emerson is the best type of a clear, crystallized intellect, unclouded by interfering physical conditions, of any American author. In those unflinching interior researches into the hidden law and nature of man's own essential self—the ever eluding Ego of the human soul—Emerson, to use a vulgar western figure of speech, 'dives deeper, stays down longer, and comes up drier,' than any other such explorer of modern times." . . . A remarkably sudden death occurred at the Parisian Italian Opera House. Mercedante's "Il Giuramento" was in course of performance. Towards the close of the opera, the tenor, Viscardo, stabs the prima donna, Elvira. At the moment when this event took place, on Saturday night, a light screen was heard from a lady in one of the grand tier boxes. Her friends around her supposed she had simply uttered the cry in a moment of temporary excitement on witnessing the dramatic event of the stage, but her head was seen to droop, and she was instantly removed. Medical assist-

ance soon arrived, and then, to the surprise of all around, the lady was declared to have expired. She was a person of no ordinary beauty, about thirty years of age. Her name was Savore. . . . It is absurd in men to be constantly ridiculing and denouncing crinolines. What use is it to tell how a lady in Detroit who was warming herself in church at the register, came near burning to death by the accidental ignition of her plentiful crinoline? . . . The brigands in Italy are quite abundant just now. At Bologna, both within and without the walls, robberies, attended very often with violence, are frequent. The Marquis Pepoli, a nephew of Prince Murat, had a narrow escape recently. He had already taken his place in the diligence for Turin, but an incident preventing his departure, the diligence which should have conveyed him was stopped within a mile of the city and rifled. Why the police do not interfere is perhaps explained by the following answer made some time ago by a chief brigand, who, being questioned how it happened that he was left unmolested in his vocation, answered very simply and ingenuously, "I don't meddle with politics." . . . A vessel has arrived at London bearing for the British Museum 100 cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British vice-consul at Mytilene; also about 60 cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Among these from Cnidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons. . . . In the British House of Commons, half an hour's speech is considered a long one, and few men would venture on taking more of the time of that body. Suppose our Congressmen try the same plan? . . . The Troy Times states that a lady fell on River Street recently, and on going down stuck her foot through one of those cross-barred, wire-fenced affairs that the fair sex employ for some purpose, and—fainted. She was taken to an adjacent milliner's shop, and on having her foot taken "out of chancery," and aided by restoratives, she returned to consciousness and her business. . . . The governor of Jamaica has recommended to the legislature of that island measures for the promotion of more regular and frequent intercourse with the United States.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Without containing the record of any one event of startling importance, our foreign files, British and continental, contain many detached items of interest.—Brilliant successes continue to attend the operations of the English in India. Among these we note the storming of Birwa by Brigadier Bartur. Near Sultanpore, a body of rebels, the old Nussurabad Brigade, which had the audacity to approach the lines, were beaten by Brigadier Horsford, with a loss of eighty killed, and four guns, on their part. Other minor engagements have illustrated the British arms. The rebels are generally retreating to the mountain districts. The queen's proclamation is producing an effect.—The electors of Rochdale, England, are taking steps to ensure the return of Mr. Cobden for that borough at the general elections anticipated next spring.—A war is at present raging between the university students and the police at Cambridge. The undergraduates have been assaulting the officers and resisting them in the discharge of their duties. Five of them were taken before the magistrates and fined £5.—The citizens of Edinburgh have lately given a dinner to Lord Brougham.—The foundation stone of the new monument to Hugh Miller has been laid at Cromarty, the birth place of the eminent geologist and author. The monument will consist of a pillar fifty feet high, surmounted by a statue of Mr. Miller.—They have had excessively cold weather in Italy.—The Independent press of Madrid expresses unanimously the opinion that the honor of Spain has been too much injured to admit of the government still employing negotiations either with Mexico or Morocco.—Advices from Naples state that Mount Vesuvius is again in full eruption, and presents a most magnificent spectacle each night. The effect is enhanced by the deep snows that cover the mountains.—The sovereignty of the queen over India has at last been proclaimed at the three presidencies, and in all the great cities.—The spread of secret societies in Ireland has attracted the attention of the government, and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation, warning the people against the illegality of those bodies, and offering rewards for the detection of those engaged in them.—A semi-official paragraph in the French papers may be regarded as an imperial warning to the journals of that country to abstain from the insertion of articles that would provoke an ill feeling against Austria.

## A Veteran gone.

Mr. John Burton, who died recently at East Barkwith, Lincolnshire, England, was born on the 25th of June, 1760, and thus lived in the reigns of George II., III., IV., William IV., and Victoria. For seventy-five years he was tenant of the glebe farm under six successive rectors of East Barkwith. He was a man of remarkable strength and industry, being known, even after he was an old man, to work in the fields all day and remain up nearly all night threshing corn for the market. When more than ninety-six years of age he would walk to church and back, a distance of nearly three miles, and less than two years ago he took the plough and ploughed for about two hours. His hair was still black at the time of his decease, and his eyesight was so good that he could read small print, in church always following the service and joining in the responses with great precision. He was married, and leaves three children, born at an interval of ten years between each.

## Potato Crop of Ireland.

The Northern Whig speaking of the yield of the potato crop of 1868, says that, as a whole, it has been one of the finest raised in Ireland since 1840, that is five years before the fatal pestilence developed itself. It adds: "The quality of this season's growth is excellent, and there can be no ground of complaint from the

grower as to price. Whatever fluctuations may have taken place in the rate of breadstuffs, transactions in potatoes have been unquestionably remunerative; and even granting that one-fourth of the gross produce were unfit for food, growers will still pocket fifty per cent. above the amount realized in days previous to the existence of what the cronkers call the 'destructive mildew.'"

## A Relic of the Past.

The death at Versailles of a mysterious personage who for years had been known by the name of M'dlle. de Lavalette de Lange, who turned out to be a man, was announced about six months ago. Among the effects left by this person was a magnificent counterpane, in old gigue, bearing the arms of France, the initials of Louis XIV and Queen Marie Therese, and the arms of princes and princesses of the blood. As this object was known to have belonged to the palace at Versailles, and to have disappeared in the great revolution, it was taken possession of by the director-general of the museums, and is, by order of the minister of state, to be exhibited in the Museum of sovereigns in the Louvre.

## France.

The emperor's position toward Montalembert is completely compromised, and as destitute of good sense as of dignity. He attempted to play with Montalembert as if he had been one of the ordinary "reds" he despatches with so little ceremony to Cayenne. But he soon found he had fallen upon a different kind of man. He was going to let Montalembert feel his power and then magnanimously pardon him. But Montalembert also is a power in France, for he is not only the emperor's equal in intelligence, but he represents a great principle which has been outraged in this prosecution, and of which he is the defender.

## War on Crinolines.

At the Liverpool sessions lately, William Huntingdon, a baker and flour dealer, was charged with having assaulted two young ladies in Prince's Park, Liverpool, and cut off the crinoline of the elder one, at the same time exclaiming, "These hoops, these hoops, I cannot tolerate them," or words of similar import. Shortly after the prisoner's examination before the police magistrate, when he attempted to prove an alibi, his friends declared that the real perpetrator of the outrage, an Irish lunatic, who had escaped from Newry, had been captured in Liverpool and immured in a local lunatic asylum.

## British Museum.

A new room has been opened to the public in the British Museum, containing an extremely interesting collection of foreign plants and seeds—sections of the trunks of trees, showing their structure, and specimens of woods, British and foreign, polished and unpolished. These objects represent, principally, the vegetation of southern climates.

## Victor Emmanuel.

The Paris Journal des Debats affirms positively that King Victor Emmanuel did declare to his army that it must hold itself ready to march into Lombardy in the spring. The discontent in Lombardy is profound, and a medal is in secret circulation bearing the inscription, "Emmanuel, King of Italy."

## Madame Barrot.

Madame Barrot, the mother of M. Odillon Barrot, and MM. Ferdinand and Adolphe Barrot, died lately in Paris at the age of 98 years. She was the widow of the M. Barrot who voted in the convention banishing Louis XVI, instead of beheading him.

## Valuable Bequest.

The late daughter of Madame Roland, the famous revolutionary heroine, bequeathed the manuscripts of her mother's memoirs to the Imperial Library. They have been deposited there.

## Mazzini.

Mazzini has written a long letter, the object of which appears to be to convince his followers that the Piedmontese monarchy can never give to them the unity they demand.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WILD SPORTS IN THE FAR WEST. BY FREDERICK GERTACKER. Boston. Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo. pp. 399. 1869.

This work is by a German, and is really a most vivid and exciting picture of our western sports, and must prove particularly interesting to our young people. It is issued in elegant style, and illustrated by eight full page engravings, colored in oil, from designs by Harrison Weir.

HIESSER, THE HOME-SPIRIT. A simple Story of Household Labor and Love. BY ELIZABETH DOWEN. Boston. Abel Tompkins. 38 and 40 Cornhill.

The name of the lady authoress of this pleasant little volume is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence, while a glance at its clear and well-printed pages shows us a story of exceeding beauty, and life-like truthfulness, simple, impressive and natural. It forms a volume peculiarly adapted to Sunday School libraries.

POEMS. BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 312. 1869.

Our Boston publishers have clothed the productions of Mrs. Kemble's muse in an exquisite garb, which greatly enhances the pleasure of reading them. In these poems a vast range of subjects is treated with versatility, power and the fire of true genius. The slogger writes powerfully, because she has felt deeply, while her warm sympathies with the beautiful and true impart a grace to every line. The versification shows her a mistress of art.

THE MODERN COOK. BY CHARLES ELME FRANCESCATELLI. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 585. 1869.

This fine volume, written by a pupil of the famous Careme, and late chief cook to Queen Victoria, is a perfect encyclopedia of French cookery, minute in its details, and illustrated by sixty-two engravings. It has gone through nine editions in London, where the demand outruns the supply. Every housekeeper should have it. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

MUSIC.—100 Comic Songs Music and Words. Such is the attractive title of a publication by Oliver Ditson & Co., of this city. The selections are excellent and comprise many valuable copyright pieces, the whole affording an endless fund of amusement for social circles.



## Editorial Melange.

The pleasing Life of Sir Philip Sidney, just issued by Ticknor & Fields, was written by Mrs. Sarah M. Davis of Syracuse.—At Oshkosh, Wis., as Charles Martin and his son, a bright lad of six years, were looking at the operations of a steamboat engine, the boy had his head caught by a crank, that severed it instantly from the body. He fell back in the arms of his father, whose anguish may be better imagined than described.—The descendants of General Israel Putnam have presented to the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, a fine banner, bearing a portrait of the old hero.—A negro in Virginia last week came near being suffocated to death by having, while asleep, a lot of tobacco, which was being heaped up, thrown upon him, amounting in weight to about a thousand pounds. When discovered he had lost the entire use of his limbs and was supposed to be dead.—Deputy Marshal Tyler has been held at Detroit to answer a charge of murder, for killing Captain Jones, of the brig Concord.—The wife of Hon. Freeman H. Morse, member of Congress from Bath, Me., fell upon an icy sidewalk a day or two since and one of her legs was broken badly by the fall.—The author of Earnest Carroll, is stated by the Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune to be Mr. Henry Greenough of Cambridge.—The village school district of Dedham, in the Spring, will erect a new school house, at the cost of nearly \$17,000.—The Albany Knickerbocker says that, in consequence of the good sleighing in that city, the demand for buffalo robes and red-checked girls will increase wonderfully.—At the last session of the Recorder's Court in Chicago, twenty-eight men received passports to the state prison.—Beranger's library is about to be sold by auction. His library was very extensive, for all modern authors of repute sent him presentation copies of their works. Thiers, Lamartine, Lamennais, George Sand, Alexander Dumas, Michelet, Augustin Thierry, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo and many others, signed their names in their title page to complimentary lines dedicated to the great lyric poet of France.—The highest honors would appear too dearly bought to our honest men, if purchased by business.—A farmer on the Wabash has made four hundred gallons of molasses from the sugar cane grown on a single acre of ground the past season. The molasses selling readily at fifty cents per gallon, gives him two hundred dollars as the return of his crop on a single acre.—An attempt to poison Ristori, the Italian actress, in a glass of water, was lately made at Reggio, Modena.—Those nations whose moderation induces them to love peace, are most formidable when they make war.—The Sunday evening services at the New York theatres attract crowds. These services are free to all.—It is said that, throughout the world, three thousand persons are born and die every hour.—A steam plough is now used on Prince Albert's farm near Windsor, and is said to work very well.—The terrible and inexorable hardship of the rich, is the source of almost all human misery.—Madame Anna Bishop is giving concerts in London. She retains her good looks and sings as well as ever.—When once the crop of beneficence has been tasted, it appears so sweet that we always cling to it.—A woman eighty years old was picked up in the streets of Providence lately, so much intoxicated that she could not help herself. In her pocket was found an empty rum bottle, and by her side was a basket of cold victuals, which she had begged.—Sonora is said to have one of the richest mineral regions in the known world.—It has been held in England, that if a railroad company take charge of a dog, and agree to deliver him at a certain place, they are answerable for his safety, even though he break the chain by which his master has secured him; further, that their ticket to the owner requiring that the dog should be securely fastened, is not such a special contract as would save them, as it is their duty to see that the fastening is secure.—The census of Oregon shows that there are 42,000 inhabitants and 9900 voters.—The State of Arkansas will have nothing to do with banks or bank notes. Gold and silver are her currency. During the two last years the increase in her taxable property has been \$29,115,203; she owes but one debt, \$616,000, and that is not due before 1868; she is building railroads; is establishing good schools; makes nearly two hundred thousand bales of cotton, and has taxable property to the amount of

\$90,873,248.—The females in Greenland, a quaint writer asserts, wear necklaces made of links of sausages.—A private letter from a citizen of Bath, Me., now in England, says: "The ship owners near New Castle are trying to induce government to prohibit foreign vessels from engaging in the English coasting trade, and the carrying between England and her colonies because the United States will not allow English vessels to compete in their coasting trade."—A large quarry of slate has been discovered in Leeds, Lower Canada.—In a recent case in England, on the subject of the auction purchase of a horse, Lord Campbell said, that "if an owner bid at an auction, a real bidder, to whom the lot was knocked down, might avoid the contract, on the ground that he had been imposed upon, and his bid forced up to an improper mark."—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press suggests that the \$125,000 wanting to complete the purchase, for the nation, of Mount Vernon, should be supplied out of the public revenue.—Col. Albert Pike hunts wild grouse in the Indian country west of Arkansas with a piece of artillery, a six pounder, which he hauls into the prairie, loads with a pound of powder and a quarter of a bag of turkey and swan shot, and lets drive into the flocks at 200 yards, and never misses. In one shot he killed 38, and crippled any number more.—As an illustration of the rapidly growing demand for business facilities in this city, it may be mentioned that the houses on Bussey place, recently sold to make way for warehouses, were erected less than fifteen years ago, and it is a little singular that Mr. Bryant, the architect who then drew a plan of the houses, is now making plans of structures that are to take their place.

## GRAPE GROWING IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Andrew Reisinger, a vine-dresser of forty years' experience, settled some years ago in the town of Pulteney, Steuben county, N. Y., and in 1854 procured from Ohio six thousand cuttings of the Catawba grape, which he planted, four feet apart, on land well trenched and subsoiled, and in 1857, from an area of less than an acre, pressed three hundred gallons of juice. Last spring he increased his area of grape culture by an acre and a half, and from an acre of older vines (one-eighth only two years planted) pressed six hundred gallons of juice, beside keeping four hundred pounds of grapes to show to buyers of cuttings the quality of the fruit.

## WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.

In answer to the question "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint calculates as follows: The weight of one million of dollars of United States currency in gold, is 53,750 troy ounces. This makes 4479 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 pounds only to each ton. As weighty as this is, we have no doubt that if the amount were offered to anybody who would lift it, there would be enough persons found ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

MUNICIPENT LIBERALITY.—At the late meeting of the Alabama Baptist Convention at Gainesville, it was announced that Jeremiah H. Brown, Esq., of Sumpter county, Alabama, would support as many as fifty-one theological students at Howard College, allowing to each \$250. This would make \$12,750 a year given by this liberal gentleman. Howard College is a Baptist Seminary at Marion.

VERY OBLIGING.—When the Khan of Tartary has finished his horse-steaks, a herald proclaims that all the other princes of the earth can go to dinner; when he becomes a little more civilized, we suppose the herald will be instructed to cry out, before dinner—"Gentlemen, don't wait for me!"

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVING.—Mr. Fox Talbot, the inventor of the well known "paper process" of photography, has just been inventing a new process of engraving by light on plates of copper, steel, or zinc.

GOLD CANALS.—There have been built 4405 miles of canals for gold-washing, in the State of California, during the last five years. These artificial Pactoluses pay well.

JUST SO.—If a young lady has a purse with two ends—silver in one end, and gold in the other—she is sure to open the gold end first.

## Seaside Gatherings.

The Memoirs of Philip II., by Prescott, will, it is believed, extend to at least five volumes.

The Cochinchinese are said to have concentrated 1,000,000 men round the capital against the French and Spanish.

The sum of \$300 has been appropriated by the city of Hartford for the support of the orphans in charge of the Sisters of Mercy on Church Street.

The island of Jamaica has been lately visited by several severe tempests, by which considerable property has been injured and crops destroyed.

There are now thirty-six coast survey parties in the field and afloat—on the Atlantic coast, eighteen; on the Gulf coast, twelve; and on the Pacific coast, six.

The monument which the State of Louisiana is erecting on the New Orleans battle ground, has now reached the height of 60 feet. It is of white marble, and will be 130 feet high when completed.

A lady in Danbury, Conn., recently claimed \$6000 damages from a gentleman for having kissed her. The gentleman, however, concluded it would be cheaper to be married at once, and healed the breach without the aid of the lawyers.

At a recent meeting of the corporation of Yale College, Gov. Buckingham, who is ex-officio a member of the corporation, tendered to the treasurer a draft on the State treasury for his salary as governor, \$1100, during this year.

Mr. A. Barrott, of Henderson, Ky., has shipped to Ireland for America almost all the prize stock he could get from the late royal shows in England and France. The entire stock is valued at £5000. The freight alone will cost £1000.

In the case tried at Jersey City, when the question was raised whether the wardrobe of the wife could be sold to satisfy a claim against the husband, the jury disagreed. It is understood that ten were against the legality of such a claim and two for it.

Charles Lamb has always been highly appreciated in this country. At a sale of autographs in New York, the first leaf of a letter, addressed by him to Mrs. Shelley, sold for six dollars, and the purchaser had made up his mind to give twelve rather than be disappointed.

The New York Albion says: "The 'gems' of American engraving are to be found on those little dainty foul-smelling bits of paper, some of which you must part with when you purchase your holiday gifts." There's a compliment for Isaac Cary, Esq.

In Sacramento and San Francisco indictments were being found against professional gamblers, and they were generally fleeing to escape arrest. Many of the worst of the tribe had made good their escape to the South and to New York by the latest steamer.

There is said to be a man in Fairhaven, Mass., who employs several hundred hens, for their "board and clothes," to lay eggs for him, from the proceeds of whose labor he derives a handsome support, and is enabled to lay off and play the gentleman.

A heavy load of freight was received recently at the Lynchburg depot of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, from the west, comprising six cars of wheat, 1302 bushels; thirteen cars of hogs, 182,000 pounds; one car of flour, 64 barrels; nine cars of miscellaneous, 120,000 pounds.

Three children of Joshua Jackson, of Brown county, Texas, were lately captured by the Indians. The two youngest, a boy of eleven and a girl of nine, succeeded in escaping; but the third, a girl of fourteen years of age, was killed and scalped by her captors.

It is said that a locomotive in Cincinnati, coming in violent contact with another engine, was started along with such force and velocity that it bounded through an eighteen inch brick wall, timbers and all, leaped across the road tracks, and brought up in a huge pile of coal in a yard adjoining.

In Detroit, Michigan, two German emigrants, brothers-in-law, named Miller and Choener, quarrelled about the influence exerted by one over the other in bringing him to this country, and the disastrous results. Exasperated at last beyond endurance, Miller seized a gun, fired it, and killed Choener instantly.

The Atlantic cable, says the New York Times, seems fairly to have given up the ghost. We have no news whatever about it now either from De Sauty or Seward. The offices at Valentia Bay, which appear to have been the headquarters, are closed for the present; and all attempts at carrying on the working seems to be suspended.

S. J. Stanwood, who has but one leg and uses a crutch, teaching school at Bucoernuck, a district in Brunswick, Me., was assaulted by a pupil about 18 years old whom he attempted to keep after school as long as he had absented himself over time at recess. The assailant seized the teacher's crutch, knocked him down with it and beat him severely over the head.

In East Corinth, Me., just as the people were going to church, the alarm was given that a bear was making free with a neighbor's sheepfold. Leaving the women in care of the deacons, the males of the three denominations of churches went in pursuit of Bruin, and after a long chase and hard struggle succeeded in despatching him. The "varmint" weighed over two hundred pounds.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wilde.

.... No accusation should be advanced except upon proof probably sufficient to sustain it. Bore.

.... The only real thing on earth, I have always felt, was love; love under all its forms. Lamartine.

.... The world is the best book of women: when they read ill in it, it is their fault or some passion blinds them.—Rousseau.

.... Folly bears more commentators than wisdom perhaps because her works are more numerous.—Bore.

.... Women are indebted to us for the greater part of their faults; we are indebted to them for most of our good qualities.—Charles Lennox.

.... The merit of women is never more conspicuous than after the honeymoon. We must marry them to know what they are worth.—Jean Paul.

.... That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whenever either of them stands in need of it, is music. Bishop Berkeley.

.... With women immorality almost always springs from the direct necessity, whereas with men it always comes from a vicious inclination.—Maunt.

.... There is a corporeal lightness which all men have experienced at the moment when first love has transferred their life to another being. Balzac.

.... We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so.—Locke.

.... Ask a man for protection or assistance, that instant you make out his indictment, unless 'twas impossible for him to have discovered that you stood in need of either.—Zimmermann.

.... Love is like what is called the Milky Way in heaven, a brilliant mass formed by thousands of little stars, of which each perhaps is nebulous.—Byron. Stendhal.

.... Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power, for the time being, are always the destroyers of it, too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it.—Chesterfield.

.... There exists in the consolation given by a woman, a delicacy which has always something motherly, far-sighted and complete; but when, to these words of peace and hope are joined the grace of gesture, that eloquence of love which goes to the heart, and particularly when the beneficence is beautiful, it is impossible to resist.—Dumas.

## Joker's Budget.

An advertisement in a provincial paper begins thus: "To let for ever, or longer, if required."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it "a waste of water?"

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects, used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

Circumstances wanted.—1. A handle for a blade of grass. 2. A letter written with a cow pen. 3. A feather from the wing of a hospital.

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride, and has not since been heard of.

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

A wag once remarked with a very grave countenance, that, however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a widow-err.

A Hottentot got up a painting of heaven. It was inclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the counter was occupied with a fountain that sent forth pot-pie.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

A theological writer concludes that Noah's Ark, as none of the ancient paintings of it exhibit any paddle wheels, must have been a screw propeller.

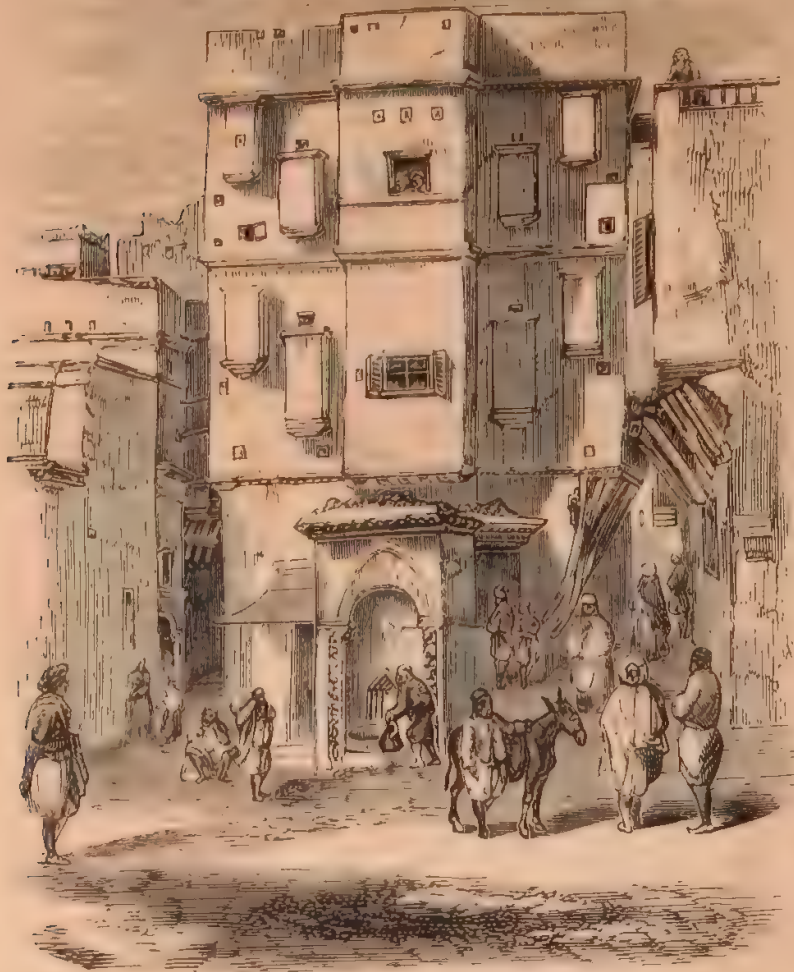
A young clergyman who found it impossible to provide for himself and family with his very slender income, wrote to his friend, "Dear Frank, I must part with my living to save my life."

In a convention of females, we have no doubt but whatever is voted upon is always passed by a handsome majority. Upon the question of matrimony, there is no fear of its ever being pronounced a tie.

Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these pumpers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning. I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

A druggist sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar; soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening and called out, "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! devil an eye," roared Pat, "but it's my nose that's skinned entirely."





STREET FOUNTAIN IN ALGIERS.

## FOUNTAINS IN ALGIERS.

We present herewith sketches of two fountains in Algiers, as interesting specimens of Moorish architecture. The most ornamental fountain of the two is in the Court of the Treasury—formerly the Barracks of the Janissaries. It is almost the only one of its kind now remaining in Algiers. It consists of a stone tank, with a mar-

ble basin in the centre, and has a conduit round it, and is covered with a kind of canopy, consisting of a dome supported by four columns, and round the dome a sloping tiled roof projects, which is upheld at each corner by a column. The tiles are painted green, the woodwork a bright yellow, and the columns red and green. Algiers has heretofore been without good water.



FOUNTAIN IN THE SMALL SQUARE, ALGIERS.

## MONASTERY OF CETINJE, MONTENEGRO.

The spirited scene below represents a group of Montenegrins engaged in making cartridges in a cloister of the old monastery at Cetinje, or Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro. The incursions of the Turks into their little independent country, the bloody struggles that ensued, and the stir the affair created in European cabinets,

must be fresh in the minds of our readers. Montenegro (literally "Black Mountain"), is an independent country of European Turkey, under the protection of Russia, bounded east by Herzegovina and Austrian Albania, and on the other sides by Turkish Albania. Its ruler, the Vladika, is high priest, civil governor, and commander-in-chief of the army, which is well organized.



A CLOISTER IN THE MONASTERY OF CETINJE....MONTENEGRINS MAKING CARTRIDGES.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE { VOL. XVI, No. 4....WHOLE No. 396.  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

## HON. CHARLES HALE,

*Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.*

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Homer from a photograph recently taken by Mr. S. Masury, 289 Washington Street, and has been engraved by Pierce. The subject of our sketch was born in Boston, June 7, 1831, and is consequently in his 28th year. He is the youngest son of Hon. Nathan Hale (son of Rev. Enoch Hale of Westhampton, Massachusetts, and nephew of Nathan Hale, the "patriot spy" of the Revolution) and Sarah Preston Everett, sister of Edward Everett. After receiving the usual course of instruction at several excellent private schools, he entered the Winthrop Public School, and afterwards the Public Latin, where he distinguished himself by his diligence and ability, and where he received the Franklin medal in 1846. He forthwith joined the Freshman class in Harvard College, and graduated in regular course in 1850. We next find him engaged as usher in the Public Latin School, and while thus occupied he established a weekly literary paper, entitled "To-day," which was well conducted and respectably successful. It contained many spirited and valuable papers from the pen of the editor and other writers, chiefly young men like himself just commencing their career. This publication was discontinued, however, at the expiration of the first year, 1852, and Charles joined his father, Hon. Nathan Hale, in the conduct of the Boston Daily Advertiser, the oldest daily paper in the city, having been in the hands of the senior editor since 1814. Several other establishments have been from time to time merged in the Advertiser, such as the Patriot, Chronicle, Gazette and Centinel. The paper has always maintained a high character as a first-class commercial journal, distinguished moreover by the excellence of its editorial articles and the accuracy of its information. In the latter respect we know of no sheet that for so great a length of time has exhibited more scrupulous care in the collation and statement of news. It has never published flying rumors one day, to be followed by retractions or explanations the next, and has thus become standard authority, and acquired an historical value as a faithful record of the times. The same caution has been exercised in treating of new enterprises and projects, yet notwithstanding its conservative character, no one can fairly charge it with having been in the rear of the great movements of the age who remembers that it was the pioneer of the railroads of this country, and that the learned and elaborate articles dedicated to that enterprise in its columns would fill volumes. Since the youthful energy and activity of the junior editor have been added to the learning and experience of the senior, it has fully kept pace with the ever-advancing standard of journalism and the growing wants of the public. We consider Mr. Charles Hale as one of the most hard-working of that proverbially hard-working class of men, the daily editors. He is thoroughly versed in all the details of newspaperdom, editorial, business and mechanical. He can even set type upon occasion, having when a school boy learned to do so as an amusement. There are occasions when the art of Faust does an editor yeoman's service. It has recently been announced that Mr. Charles Hale has completed, at an expense of \$40,000, the repurchase of half of the property, which had previously passed out of the hands of the family, but is now reclaimed. The various departments of the paper are now in able hands; and it has an excellent corps of correspondents, foreign

and domestic. The political life of Mr. Hale began in 1855, when he was elected a member of the legislature of 1856, as one of the representatives of the city of Boston. He has been three times re-elected, and is accordingly now entering on his fourth legislative term. In these days of "rotation," four years is a tolerably long service, and when we consider that he has been regularly employed as a reporter of legislative debates for a portion of every year, with two exceptions, from 1846 until the time he entered the House as a member, we need not be surprised that, although young in years, he has been regarded as possessed of sufficient experience to induce the House to elect him as their speaker, by a strong vote, nearly one half of the opposition uniting with all the members of his own party in giving him their suffrages. He received 185 against 17 for all others. He is the youngest speaker which the House has ever had, being only about 28 years of age. We have no doubt that Mr. Hale will fill the eminent position to

which he has been elected with honor and success. He is thoroughly versed in parliamentary rules, prompt, cautious and impartial, and is well posted on all the subjects which will be likely to engage the attention of the House. As a member, his legislative career has been marked by indefatigable industry, by business ability, and by great and varied political knowledge. He is a fluent and forcible speaker, and a fearless and ready debater. Among the public objects in the promotion of which Mr. Hale has felt a deep interest is the improvement in the Back Bay. He has recently been appointed one of the three Back Bay Commissioners, the other two being Franklin Haven, and E. C. Purdy. The "Back Bay," so called, lies in the bend which Charles River makes in the peninsula on which Boston is built, before its waters pass to the north and east of the city. The mill-dam, for the purpose of forming a water-power and a roadway, was built about fifty years since. In 1814 the legislature granted the mill corporation

the perpetual right of flowage over the flats enclosed by the mill-dam, the State retaining the fee simple of such flats as were below low-water mark, or 1650 feet below high-water mark. "In 1852," as we learn from a published statement of Mr. Hale, "the State took the first steps towards the improvement of its property in flats, for its own benefit, by the passage of resolves (May 20, 1852), for the appointment of three commissioners, with full power to determine and adjust the rights of the State, and of all other parties and claimants in the lands and flats of the Back Bay, and to devise a plan for improving the territory, changing its uses from mill purposes to land purposes, for filling it up, laying it out in proper squares, etc. No money at that time, or at any subsequent time, has been placed by the legislature at the disposal of the commissioners for carrying on the improvement. They have been confined to such arrangements as they could make by giving a part of the property itself in exchange for such valuable interests as it was necessary to give, or for such improvements as have been made. All that has been done, accordingly, has been done without the expenditure of a single cent from the State treasury, except for the compensation of the commissioners during the first five years, which amounted, altogether, to less than one thousand dollars per annum for that brief period. Even the small sums required on this account are now paid from the fund derived from the proceeds of sales, so that the prosecution of the improvement, while bringing substantial results to the State, entails no burden whatever upon its resources." In 1856 (the first year of his legislative service), Mr. Hale was appointed upon a special committee which sat during the recess to prosecute the enterprise in behalf of the State. The resolve for the appointment of this committee met with great opposition, so skeptical was the legislature of the feasibility of the undertaking. As late as May, 1857, a prominent member of the House declared in a debate upon a bill granting necessary powers, that he did not believe the whole territory belonging to the State in the Back Bay would sell for enough to pay the salaries of the commissioners. Mr. Hale was appointed one of the commissioners in September, 1858, and has since labored indefatigably in the discharge of the duties devolved on him. The sales already made, mostly since the last mentioned date, have netted \$187,000, of which more than one-quarter has been deposited in the State treasury in cash and the balance in good notes, besides paying for \$305,000 worth of filling. The whole quantity of earth and gravel filled in, according to exact measurements and computations, amounted, on the first day of November, 1858, to nearly one hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards. The material used is brought from gravel beds in Needham, a distance of nine miles, first by the Charles River Branch Railroad to Brookline, and thence by a special track built for this service parallel with the Brookline branch, Worcester and Providence Railroad. The contractors have provided an ample equipment, and their cars run night and day, Sundays excepted. It is now conceded that the clear profit to the State from sales in the Back Bay will be somewhere between two and five millions of dollars. This enormous pecuniary gain resulting from property which Mr. Hale and others found it difficult to persuade the legislature was not absolutely worthless, will enlarge the contracted area of Boston to a great extent, and tend to reduce the excessive burden of house rents by increasing the number of houses.



HON. CHARLES HALE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.



(Written for Baillo's Pictorial.)

## The Thugaling: —OR— THE FALSE HEIR. A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE OSGOOD.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER IX.

ANVERS WOUNDED.

By a reference to history, it will be seen that the expedition against the principal Indian town on the Allegheny proved successful. The town was destroyed, the chiefs slain, and a number of prisoners released, taken by the savages during their predatory excursions against the unprotected inhabitants of the border, to which they were invited by the French.

The Indians, who fought with great bravery, refused quarter when it was offered them, while their irregular mode of warfare compelled the English and provincials, in a measure, to depart from those more orderly methods resulting from military discipline.

Anvers, with an arrow that showed that he was either ignorant or forgetful that "discretion is the better part of valor," threw himself into the thickest of the fight. There he soon met in a hand-to-hand encounter with one of the Indian braves. Though not equal in strength to his savage foe, he proved, in other respects, to be more than his match.

At the moment, however, he had so disabled him as to put it out of his power to do him further harm, a hatchet came whizzing through the air, which had been thrown with an aim so true, that it must have buried its glittering edge in his brain, had it not been turned aside by a blow from a quick and friendly hand. Yet, timely as was the aid, it was rendered at such disadvantage, as not to be entirely successful, the deadly missile not having been so entirely diverted from its course, as to prevent a dangerous, though, as there was reason to hope, not a mortal wound.

Fortunately, the attention of those Indians near had been diverted to a different point, so as to give the friendly soldier a chance to bandage the wound, which was a little above his temple and bleeding profusely, with his handkerchief. He then, though Anvers was dizzy from the effects of the blow, and faint from the loss of blood, succeeded in supporting him to a spot of comparative safety, and in placing him in a half recumbent position so that he could lean against a tree.

"I must leave you now," said the soldier, "but will return the moment I can, and with the means, if possible, to convey you to my home, or any other place which you may prefer."

"Yes, go," replied Anvers. "Your duty calls you elsewhere."

"I shan't be gone long, I think. Already the savages are beginning to fly."

"You are right. I hear their cries of rage and despair."

As the soldier turned to go, several horsemen came dashing along at a hard gallop. One of them, when he saw Anvers, checked his horse, and turned towards the spot where he was reclining.

"Is this you, Anvers?" said he, throwing himself from his horse.

"Yes, Clayton. How goes the battle—for, or against us?"

"For us; or rather I may say, it is already won, and what is best of all, eleven prisoners are set at liberty, who in a few days were to be burnt, after first being subjected to the most horrible torture. You are wounded?"

"Yes," he replied, "and came near being killed. I owe my life to him," he added, indicating the man who had saved him, and who, when he found that the enemy were defeated, was in no hurry to go.

"Your wound is not dangerous, I trust," said Clayton.

"Not incurable, I think," said the soldier, speaking for the first time, since Clayton joined them; "but it will be best for him to be under shelter before night comes on."

"Do you know of any place near here, where he can be accommodated?"

"None nearer than my own house, which is seven miles distant. Though rough, it is comfortable, and since there is no place nearer and

better that he can go to, I claim the privilege of his being conveyed thither, where my wife and mother will take excellent care of him."

"I can ask for nothing better, I am sure," said Anvers.

"It is the best thing that can be done, certainly," remarked Clayton, "since your home and friends are so distant."

No time was lost, therefore, in looking about for some means of conveyance—for he was not in a situation to attempt riding horseback—and after some little delay a place was found for him in a baggage cart, which would pass near the place where he wished to go.

"Will you bear me company?" said the soldier to Clayton. "My name is Walter Cline—a name that was known to be an honest one in old England. Though I've nothing but the shelter of a thatched roof to offer you, it is a better covering than the blue sky, when the heavy dews are falling, and there are few of the three hundred men belonging to our party who will find any other to-night."

"I should like to go," he replied, "so that I may know how my friend finds himself in the morning. But first, I wish to speak to one of my superior officers. In a few minutes I shall overtake you."

The heat of the weather, and the jolting of the baggage-cart over the rough road, had not proved very propitious in their effect, and when a little after sundown they arrived within sight of a log house, Anvers was found to be feverish, and a little wandering.

"I'm glad we've got no further to go," said Cline, as with the help of Clayton, he lifted Anvers from the cart.

Two women, the wife and mother of Cline, came forward to meet them, showing by their looks, rather than their words, how glad and thankful they were, that he, who went forth in the morning to volunteer his services, had returned unharmed.

"Who have you here, Walter?" inquired his mother, in an agitated voice, and at the same time, turning pale.

"Lieutenant Anvers, I think you called him," said he to Clayton.

"Yes."

"You are certain that that is his name?" said Mrs. Cline.

"I am—we were schoolboys together."

She said nothing more, and as soon as Anvers was placed on the bed, assisted by her son's wife, she proceeded to dress his wound, the border wars having given her no little practical experience and skill in the art of surgery. She then, though he appeared quiet and comfortable, continued to hover near him, as if attracted by some secret influence, which she did not care to make known. Watching an opportunity she spoke to her son aside.

"I will sit by the patient's bedside to-night," said she, "but if you are not too tired, I should like to have a little conversation with you, after the others have retired."

An hour later, the mother and son were alone with Anvers.

"He is asleep," said Mrs. Cline, "and if we sit in this remote corner of the room, and speak low, we shan't disturb him."

"You of course often recall the time when you so narrowly escaped being taken by the press-gang," said she.

"I cannot forget it, even for a single day, as long as I remember anything," he replied.

"But you never knew that it was Hamish Braxton who pointed you out to their notice?"

"On the contrary, I thought I owed my escape to him."

"And so you did, contradictory as what I have told you may seem."

"If he was the informer, why should he take the trouble he did, to prevent me from being taken?"

"He had a purpose of his own to serve. He put them on your track, and then to buy my silence relative to another matter, promised me that he would save you from them."

"It must have been some powerful motive, which urged him to take so much trouble."

"It was, and has proved to be a bitter drop in my cup, ever since."

"Surely, my mother, it cannot be that you, who have always been so good, could do aught that should embitter your life."

"I was to blame for giving him the promise that I did. And yet—may Heaven forgive me—were it to do again, I am afraid that I couldn't withstand the temptation, for it was

neither silver nor gold that was at stake, but the liberty of you, my son—my only child. I refused till the press-gang was at the door, and then, when fixing upon me his fierce, glittering eyes, he said, 'Give me the promise I demand, or you have seen your son for the last time,' the words, 'I will—have it all your own way,' broke from my lips. The next instant, the men were in the room. It was too late to recall my promise."

"But what was this dreadful promise, mother? You haven't told me yet."

"You know Mr. Danbridge, after the death of his wife, engaged me to take care of his child."

"Yes, and I, myself, can testify that the few years he was suffered to remain with you, you faithfully performed your duty."

"Walter, it wasn't Mr. Danbridge's son I had the care of."

"While with you, and afterward, he was called Percy Danbridge."

"But should I have been called Robert Braxton, which was his true name?"

"Can it be possible?"

"It is even so. The child of Hamish Braxton has been made to pass for Mr. Danbridge's son."

"And what became of his own son?"

"After I sent him away, as I then believed by Mr. Danbridge's order, I lost sight of him, such cautious inquiries as, from time to time, I ventured to make concerning him being unsuccessful. Braxton told me that he was dead. I have no doubt but that he took measures to have him put out of the way, and supposed that those he had employed for that purpose had made thorough work of it; but, somehow, I could never bring myself to believe that he wasn't still alive. Now I know that he is."

"Know?"

"Yes; the real Percy Danbridge lies there, on that bed."

"I would give every penny I'm worth in the world, to be certain of it," said Walter Cline, much excited.

"You may be as certain of it as you are of your own existence."

"But what proof is there that it is he?"

"He carries the proof in his own person. It is written in every feature of his face. What his father was at his age, he is now."

"For all that, I'm afraid that other proof of his identity besides his resemblance to Mr. Danbridge will be required, should he attempt to claim his rights."

"And it will be found. Braxton has dug a pit, and will fall into it."

"Do you think it would have been wrong if you had broken the promise extorted from you, and given Mr. Danbridge a hint respecting the fraud that had been practised?"

"There were times when I thought it wouldn't be, and during one of these, I wrote to him a full account, as far as I knew, of what Braxton had done."

"And what was the result?"

"He took no notice of it."

"I don't believe the letter ever reached him."

"It might not."

"We may safely conclude that it never did. The bare possibility of such a fraud would have carried him back to England. It was easy for Braxton to keep an eye on your movements. One so wary as he is, would hardly neglect it. Depend on it, that the letter fell into his hands."

"I have more than once thought that it might, and yet, after the means I had taken to prevent it, I couldn't see how it was possible."

"If Mr. Danbridge did receive it, it will exonerate you from blame, should he, hereafter, become satisfied of the imposition which has been practised upon him."

"He has been imposed upon in more ways than one."

"How?"

"The large sums remitted for his supposed son's education, were mostly spent by Braxton. The boy used a great part of the time to lead an idle, vagabond life."

"Yes, I remember well seeing him with a band of gipseys, several times, where he appeared quite at home, and happy."

"And was, no doubt. But we will dismiss the subject for to-night. You need rest."

"One word more. Shall you say anything to him about it? Anvers, I mean, as he calls himself."

"In his present feverish state, certainly not. The excitement caused by such a disclosure, might endanger his life."

"Which, I most devoutly wish, may be preserved."

## CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL OF BRAXON AND HIS PUPIL AT THE PLANTATION.

WHEN arrived within sight of the Danbridge plantation, Braxon realized that to meet its owner, needed all the audacity and cool impudence he was master of, or he would fail to preserve the perfect self-possession which would enable him to neither over-act his part, or fall short of what would be just and proper.

If he was uneasy on his own account, his anxiety was still greater as regarded his companion. He was conscious that he was neither in person nor manners what would be likely to come up to the expectations of a father who had expended lavish sums that he might enjoy the best educational advantages.

"It must have been the foul fiend that sent him there," he muttered half aloud, as he thought of the meeting which had already taken place between Mr. Danbridge and his real son, who was, as he bitterly confessed to himself, all that a father could desire.

From time to time, he glanced uneasily towards the young man by his side, who presented that careless, nonchalant air natural to one whose sensibilities have lain dormant for want of an object to exercise them on, and who was too indolent to wish to take any responsibility on himself, while the pair of broad shoulders were at hand, which hitherto had been so ready, and even eager, to assume the burden.

"Percy," said Braxon, when the first glimpse of the mansion appeared through the trees.

"Well."

"I wish when you and Mr. Danbridge meet, that you would try to appear as a son should, who sees his father for the first time since his remembrance."

"How is that?"

"Your heart should teach you."

"Well, if it should teach me, perhaps it will. If it doesn't, I can't help it."

"How incorrigibly stupid."

"If you'll tell me what I must say and do, I'll try to remember."

"Which are you, a fool or a knave?" said Braxon, impatiently, and regarding him with one of his keen, searching looks.

"May be I'm a little of both. If I'm a fool, I suppose it is for lack of brains, and nobody is to blame. If I'm a knave, why, everybody that knows me, knows who has been my tutor."

"Well, there's no time now for idle talk. All I ask of you is to try not to disgrace yourself and me. Much depends on first impressions. It will be a feather in your cap, if you make a favorable one."

"Well, I take it, whether the impression be favorable or otherwise, I shall be sure of enough to eat, drink and wear."

"And that is the limit of your ambition?" said Braxon, with a sneer.

"Maybe it is, and maybe not."

"You need a few lessons on the subject. Hist!"

This last word was to prevent an answer from his pupil, for just at that moment, Juba, who had been sent by Mr. Danbridge to watch their hoped-for arrival, rose from under a hedge, where he had been indolently reclining, and stepped towards them.

"I expects this be young Massa Danbridge, and Massa Braxon," said he, raising his hat, and politely bowing first to one, then the other.

The young man carelessly nodded, while Braxon, with his usual sagacity, detecting by his air and dress that he was a favorite servant, bowed still lower than he did, and took care to give him a polite answer.

"I've found out that it's best to ingratiate one's self into the favor of the underlings, if we would be on good terms with the master," were the thoughts that passed through his mind.

"I is powerful glad you is come," said Juba, "for Massa Danbridge was beginning to be in a heap of trouble cause you stay away so long. Turn right round dis corner, and you'll soon be to the end of your journey."

Obedying his directions, they saw several persons grouped together on the lawn. One of them, whom Braxon recognized as Mr. Danbridge, came quickly forward to meet them.

Juba, in the meantime, eyed the younger traveller rather critically.

"I is willing to bet my bran new jacket dat Sylvia like so well, dat Massa Danbridge will be dis'pinted when he comes to see him, for he can't hold a candle to de young ossifer Anvers dat has



been here," were the thoughts elicited by this critical though surreptitious survey.

"He is a noble looking gentleman," thought Percy Danbridge (for so, for the present, it is most convenient to call him), and if, as regards myself, there is anything wrong, as more than once I have been warned that there is, it was without my concurrence, and I'm willing that it should be made right, so I don't know why I should shrink from meeting him."

This honest purpose inspired him with self-respect, and his eye kindled with unwonted animation as Mr. Danbridge drew near. When arrived within a short distance of him, urged by a sudden impulse, he jumped from his horse, threw the reins to Juba, and went forward to meet him. The next moment, both of his hands were held in the warm, nervous grasp of Mr. Danbridge.

"Welcome to America, my son, and welcome to the home from which you have been too long absent," were his words.

"Yes, too long perhaps. All things considered, I think it might have been better for me to have been here sooner."

As he said this, he felt, rather than saw, for his eyes were bent to the ground, that Mr. Danbridge was regarding him with deep scrutiny.

"I don't resemble you, sir, in the least," said he, in answer to this silent inquiry. "That I found out long ago, by comparing myself with your portrait."

"Never mind, never mind, and excuse me for what might be considered rude, under different circumstances."

"Whatever may happen hereafter," said the young man, "there is something that tells me that I may count on your being my friend."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Danbridge, the lack of anything like warmth of emotion on the part of his supposed son, joined to surprise at what seemed the singularity of this remark, acting as a check on his own feelings.

Mr. Danbridge now turned to Braxton, who had also dismounted from his horse, and had with a sharp eye regarded what passed between the two, though from fear of being deemed intrusive had kept so far aloof as to hear only imperfectly what was said. On the whole, he thought that his pupil had acquitted himself creditably, better than he expected.

"You are welcome, Mr. Braxton," said he, with a constrained and distant civility, very different from his usual frank and high-bred courtesy.

He did not intend this, nor was he exactly conscious of it; but, somehow, there was something repellent in the man's looks and demeanor. He had merely known him by sight, when in England, as a domestic tutor in the family of a gentleman who lived near him; a circumstance which he had deemed a sufficient recommendation for engaging him in the same capacity for his son.

The reserve and constraint of Mr. Danbridge's manner did not escape the vigilance of Braxton. His thoughts again reverted to Sybil Finchley. "Has she proved false, and turned informer?" was the thought which for an instant thrilled him like an electric shock. But his iron nerves soon regained their tone, and without descending to servility, he had the address to demean himself with a deference and respect which told in his favor. This was apparent by Mr. Danbridge's slightly altered mien, and Braxton, who for the moment experienced a sensation not unlike one whose footing was giving way from under him, felt himself on comparatively firm ground.

"Only find time and opportunity to make sure of Sib. Finchley's silence—and there is but one way to do it—and you will bring the game to a triumphant close," seemed so distinctly whispered in his ear that he gave an involuntary start, thinking that the others must hear it.

"Come, Percy, and you, Mr. Braxton," said Mr. Danbridge, "the ladies are eager to welcome you, and we mustn't test their patience too severely."

When Mr. Danbridge presented the younger traveller to his wife, Myra Pemberton and Candace Atherly, as his son, the latter had no thought as to which was the heiress. If he experienced anything like a preference for either, it was, as far as looks were concerned, in favor of Candace, whose ebony tresses, and night-black eyes—though there the resemblance ended—reminded him of the only being who had ever possessed the power to stir the deeper currents of his heart till they leaped up and caught the warmth and sparkle of the sunshine.

Braxton, on the contrary, had no eyes except for Myra Pemberton, the wealthy heiress. Her form, full of airy grace, her brilliant complexion, rendered almost dazzling by the excitement of the moment, and the contrast of the soft, dark eyes, and hair of sunny brown, abundant almost to profusion, were taken in at a glance. Not that beauty, in any of its different phases, had power to weave their spells for him. It was only in reference to his pupil that he made this silent and rapid inventory of her personal loveliness, which otherwise would have been to him a matter of total indifference. He knew that her wealth would be no attraction to him, but there was something so winning and so fascinating in her appearance that he imagined it would not fail to rouse him from his apathy. Vigilant as Braxton was, and had ever been, he did not know that it was too late—that the chords of his heart had already thrilled to that music, sweeter than the song of the bluebird in spring.

Mrs. Danbridge received the young man with less cordiality than she intended. His looks and appearance, in every respect, utterly failed to meet her expectations, and ere she was aware of it, she found herself drawing a comparison between him and Anvers, much to the advantage of the latter.

"Percy Danbridge, he cannot be," Candace said to herself; and something like a smile hovered on her lips, as she traced the lineaments of the two newly arrived travellers as they stood side by side, and drew a comparison between them. "No, no—it cannot be," was her reiterated thought. "But I shall keep my own counsel."

As for Myra, the confusion into which she had been thrown at first clouded her perceptions. She knew, though he had never said it to her in so many words, that it had long been her guardian's wish to see her, at some future day, the wife of his son. Though a knowledge of this, previous to her meeting with Anvers, had been far from distasteful, since then it had been the source of pain and anxiety. When she had in part recovered from her embarrassment, like Mrs. Danbridge and Candace, she could not fail to notice the great disparity between him and the young lieutenant, while at the same time she experienced a degree of sadness as she thought the high-wrought expectations of Mr. Danbridge could not be realized.

Even as the six stood thus grouped together, two of their number, Braxton and Candace Atherly, by that magnetism by which kindred spirits recognize each other, were conscious of a mutual sympathy. Not only this: there seemed to be a clairvoyance established between them, by which Candace—vaguely, it is true—penetrated the wishes and villainous designs of Braxton, and on his part, caused him to understand that he could safely look to her for aid.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MYRA PEMBERTON IN DANGER.

MORE than a week after the incidents of the foregoing chapter, as Myra Pemberton was sitting by herself reading, a girl, whose features were an exaggerated type of the African race, glided into the room.

"Well, Dilly," said Myra, looking up from her book.

"A woman out there wishes to see you," she replied.

"Out where?"

"There." And the girl pointed to the clump of hickories, where she had met Sybil Finchley at midnight.

"Did she tell you so?"

The girl hesitated, and Myra repeated the question.

"No, miss, but she say so to Miss Candace."

"And Miss Candace sent you to tell me?"

"Yes, miss."

Myra, as she looked towards the spot designated, caught a glimpse of some one through the trees.

"She has a whole heap to say to you, and is powerful aineet to hab you come, Miss Candace say."

"I will go," said Myra.

The sun was full three hours high, and the distance was trifling. Thus, though she was cautious about venturing out alone, even in the day time, since the Indians had assumed a more hostile attitude—in many a dwelling within a short distance having been made the scene of rapine and death—she concluded there could be no

danger in complying with the request, as she could, if she chose, keep sight of the house.

Mr. Danbridge had left home early in the morning, having some business to transact with a friend who resided a few miles distant, and his wife had accompanied him.

Myra intended to take Minda with her, but she was nowhere to be seen, nor did she answer her call, which was several times repeated. Arranging a stolen mantle, so as to screen her from the sun, she started for the hickories. Had she been less intent on the object she had in view, she might have noticed that the domestic servants were not, as was their wont at this season of the day, when their tasks within doors were suspended, loitering in the park, or on the lawn, either singly or in little groups, gaily chatting.

When she reached the trees, she stopped and looked round, but no one was in sight.

"She you wish to see, is here," said she, raising her voice.

All remained silent. She stepped towards a thick coppice, a short distance from the hickories. As she did so, she saw some one through a small opening among the foliage, though so imperfectly, as to be unable to determine the sex of the person thus beheld. She did not long remain in doubt, the branches of the small, low trees being thrust aside, while the next instant she was lifted from the ground by the strong, sinewy arms of an Indian.

A single, piercing shriek thrilled on the air, but a threat of instant death, and the gleam of a sharp knife, which her captor drew from his belt, prevented her from repeating it. Her only hope was, that her cry had been heard, and her voice recognized.

Had she been a child of a year old, the tall, broad chested Indian, seemingly, could not have carried her with greater ease. He directed his steps towards a piece of woods, which were within a stone's throw. Swiftly threading his way, in and out, between the huge trunks of the trees, for no undergrowth obstructed his course, they soon arrived at the entrance of a glade, in which were three Indians awaiting them, one of whom was holding a horse by the bridle. He who carried her in his arms placed her upon the saddle.

"Come," said he, speaking in good English, "we must lose no time, or the dog of a pale face, that shot my brother fourteen years ago, will soon return, and with a swarm of his blackimps at his heels, will be upon us."

"Stay one minute," said Myra, "I have gold—plenty of it—enough to buy you the handsomest rifles, the costliest jewels; and, in short, everything you can desire. Go, and leave me here, and it shall be yours."

"Who would be so simple as to listen to the words of a white squaw?"

"I never say one thing, and mean another."

"Nahatun loves to carry a good rifle over his shoulder, and to see Winneroo braid her long black hair with beads and jewels, but he loves still more to gratify his revenge. Hugh Danbridge shot my brother, who was a mighty warrior, when I was not higher than this sapling I hold in my hand. I loved him, but my arm was too weak to bend the bow, or give to the rifle a true and steady aim. Many times, since I grew older and stronger, I might have killed him, but my thirst for revenge had grown stronger too; so I let him live, that I might steal the beautiful singing-bird from its nest, that, ever since I looked on my dead brother's face, has gladdened his home. I have her at last, and she shall be the slave of Winneroo. It will be to him, as long as he lives, like the barb of an arrow buried in his heart. When Nahatun thinks of it, he will laugh."

"I never did you harm. Surely you will accept a ransom for me?"

"Never. You shall do Winneroo's bidding, if it be to dig the earth, and plant the corn."

One of the Indians made an impatient movement.

"Yes," said Nahatun, in reply; "we must go." He took the bridle from the hand of the Indian who held it.

"Revenge is sweet," said he, "and I shall guard the prize myself. She is a bold rider. I have seen her dash down the hills, and gallop across the plain swift as the wind. She must be well watched, or she will escape."

The woods were narrow at the point they crossed them, and they were soon free of them. At their margin, Nahatun and his comrades halted. Three paths were before them, diverging from the point where they stood, though so grad-

ually that their course could be traced by the eye till the view was obstructed by the inequalities of the ground.

"Which shall we take?" said Nahatun.

"Choose for us," said one.

"Let it be this, then;" and he struck into a path which, after traversing nearly in a straight line, the open tract lying before them, took a devious course; sometimes accommodating itself to the windings of a rapid through shallow streams, and then threading its way among deep fathoms and gloomy dells, overhung by dense and tangled thickets, which were impervious to the rays of the sun, except at noonday. Having arrived at the extreme verge of the open space, Nahatun again halted, the others following his example. A short consultation was held in their own language, by which Myra, though she understood what they said but imperfectly, found that if they were pursued, and were in danger of being overtaken, her life was to be sacrificed, rather than she should be restored to her friends, and thus balk Nahatun of the revenge for which he had long and fiercely thirsted.

An icy chill crept through her veins, and the color fled from lip and cheek, as she became aware of the fate that menaced her, though it returned on the instant, hope, in one of her buoyant and cheerful temperaments, being still stronger than fear, though the very circumstance in which she had most trusted for rescue, was thus converted into a source of the most imminent peril to herself.

This point decided, they resumed their march, going on steadily, though without hurry, and never in the least deviating from the path, though soon, in many places, it began to be so indistinctly traced, as to be undistinguishable to any save the practised eye of one familiar with those wild and savage solitudes. Thus, by husbanding their energies, though their progress was less rapid at first, they would, ere they arrived at the distant spot, where they intended to encamp for the night, be gathered.

Hour after hour they continued to go on, their steady, monotonous tramp alone breaking the silence; for after the brief consultation, above alluded to, not a word was spoken. The sun went down, but while the rosy twilight yet lingered in the west, the moon, a little past its full, rose in the opposite heavens, brightening with its silvery radiance the balmy night-air.

Leaving them to pursue their way, we will go back a few hours, to the time when Myra went to the clump of hickory trees, with the expectation of meeting the woman to whom, a short time previous, she had already granted an interview. What she then learned, had, without gratifying her curiosity, excited a warm, almost painful interest, relative to the fortunes of Anvers, independent of the preference, disguise it to herself as she would, with which he had inspired her during his short sojourn at the plantation.

The woman had promised her, ere they parted, that she would meet her again at the same place, as soon as the time arrived when she could speak plainly and confidently of what was then, in some respects, dark to herself. It is no wonder, therefore, that Myra was easily enticed to the spot.

Early in the morning, Candace Atherly had seen an Indian lurking in the woods, whom she soon recognized as Nahatun. They knew each other, and she fearlessly sought him.

"What seek you?" she demanded.

"Hark," said he. "Listen."

A sweet gush of song came floating from the window of Myra's room.

"It is the voice of the singing bird, that has nested under the roof of that dog of a pale face, ever since he killed my brother!" said Nahatun.

"It is the voice of Myra Pemberton," Candace replied.

"She shall cheer the heart of my enemy with her music no longer. She must go with me, and be Winneroo's slave."

"She will hardly consent to that," said Candace, for the purpose of inciting him to say more, a dusky fire kindling in her black, dilating eyes.

"You will help me."

"How dare you say that?"

"I see it in your eyes."

Candace smiled.

"That smile says so too."

"How can I help you?"

"The white woman is cunning. Why should she ask?"

Candace remained silent a minute, communing with her own heart.



"Anvers," thought she, "will soon be here again, and when she is present, he has neither eye, ear, nor thought, except for her; and as for this other one—this pretended Percy Danbridge—she neither cares for him, nor he for her—while my brother, she regards him with bitter scorn. Were it otherwise, I should not be driven to this—but now—" and she raised her eyes to Nahatun.

"You have thought of a sure and safe way," said he.

"I have."

"Let me hear it."

In a few words she made known to him her plan.

"But she will be seen by some of the black imps swarming yonder," said he.

"I will take care of that. The field hands won't be in sight, and as for the others, it will be strange if I can't find some amusement for them, at such a distance from the house, that there will be no danger to apprehend from them."

"Good," said Nahatun. "Didn't I say that the white woman was cunning?"

"Be at the place I told you, when the sun is three hours high."

"I shall not fail."

Candace succeeded in arranging everything as she wished; and when, at last, she had sent the message to Myra by her faithful attendant, screened from view by the curtain, she seated herself at her chamber window, and saw her as she crossed the park. Soon she disappeared among the trees.

Candace rose from her chair, and with lips apart, stood bending forward at the open window, that even a murmur, floating on the air, might not escape her. She quailed a little when Myra uttered that piercing shriek, at the moment she felt herself imprisoned in the brawny arms of Nahatun, and, grasping the window-sill with both hands, stood with suspended breath, expecting to hear it repeated. A sigh of relief escaped her when the silence remained unbroken, and turning to leave the room, she saw her sable attendant standing in the doorway.

"You here, Dill?" said she. "I told you to go down to the beach-grove, and amuse yourself with the others."

"I don't disremember what you told me, but—"

The girl hesitated, and nervously threaded her apron-strings through her fingers.

"Speak, and tell me what you were going to."

"I is in no humor to amuse myself."

"Why?"

"Cause, jes as I set out to go to the grove, dat orful screech go right through my head, sharp as a knife."

"You are not to speak of that. It is none of your concern."

"I s'pose it aint, Miss Candace; but it sounded a powerful sight like Miss Myra's voice."

"And what of that?"

"I s'posed dat it be a bad woman dat sent for her, and dat she kill her."

"Well, your fears are groundless, and mind that you say nothing about what you have heard to any one."

"Yis, Miss Candace."

"Remember, if you forget to obey me, you will be sorry for it."

"I al'ays obeys yo, Miss Candace; but I does wish dat screech wouldn't ring, ring, ring in my head all ob de time."

"No more of that," said Candace, sternly, her eyes kindling with the old, dusky fire.

"I has al'ays 'deavored to please ye, Miss Candace," said the girl, humbly, turning away from the door. "Yis, I has 'deavored to please her," she muttered to herself, when she was distant enough not to be overheard; "but what does I git for't 'cept sharp words, and looks dat be like de lightning from de black cloud. Missus Danbridge be greater lady dan Miss Candace is, and when Sylvin do her best to please her, she praise her, and speak pleasant to her; and as for Miss Myra, she treat Minda so dat de ole gal lub her as she do de eyes in her head."

## CHAPTER XII.

DILLARD, THE OLD HUNTER.

A little before sunset, Mr. Danbridge and his wife returned. "Where's Myra?" said Mrs. Danbridge to Minda, who stood on the lawn, looking anxiously in the direction her young mistress most frequently took when she returned from her evening ride.

"I believe she has gone to ride."

"No, that can't be, for there's Juba, and he always goes with her."

"I can't think where she is, then," and Minda looked more anxious than before.

At this moment Candace made her appearance.

"I was just inquiring for Myra," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Can you tell me where she is?"

"In her own room, I suspect," replied Candace.

"No, she isn't there," said Minda; "I've been to see, and have hunted all round for her."

"It is impossible for me to tell where she is," said Candace. "About three hours ago, I saw her cross the park, and that was the last I saw of her. It is not strange, however, for I've been very busy this afternoon, and she might have returned a dozen times without my seeing her."

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

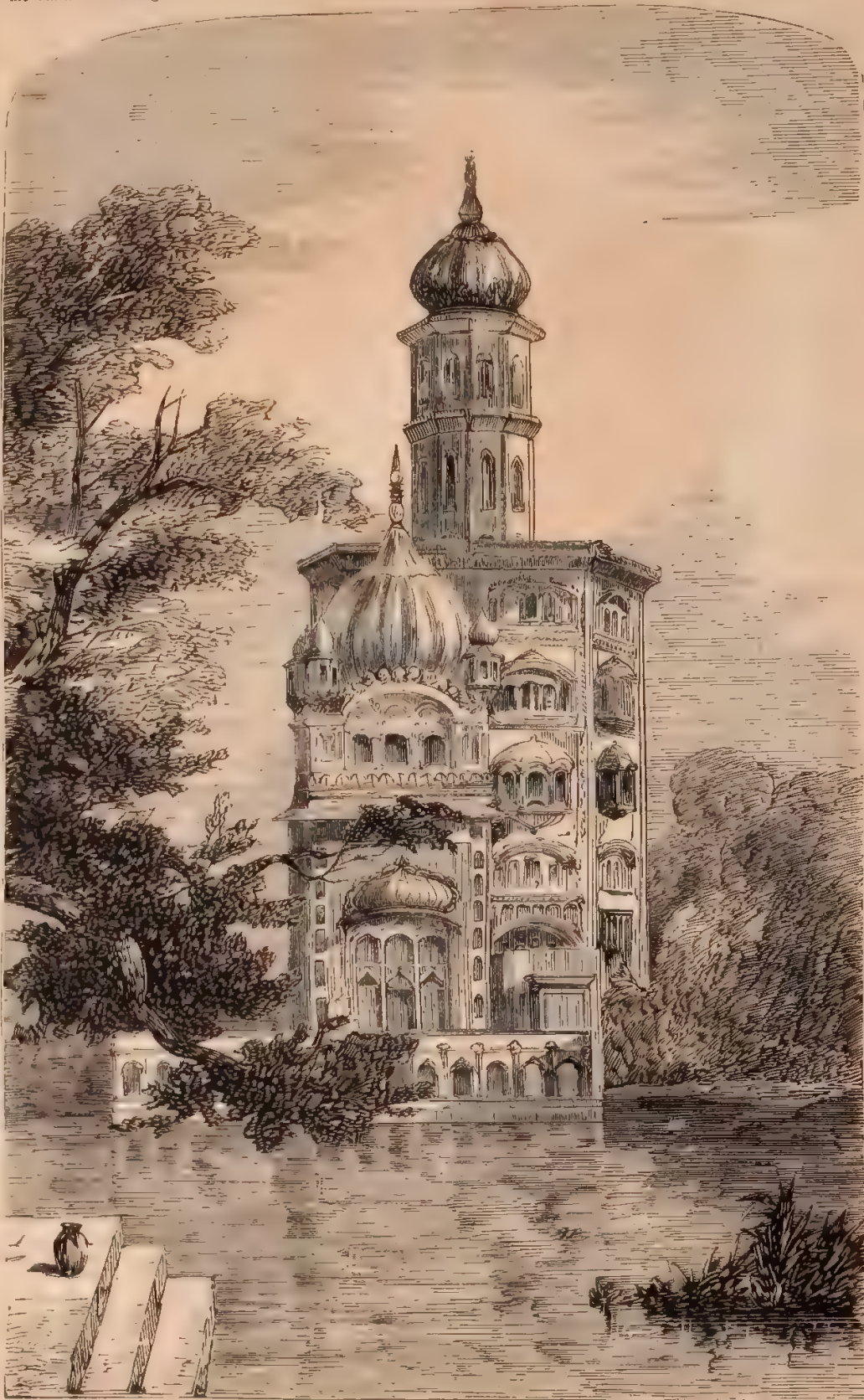
"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Danbridge.



AKALIS TOWER, AT UMRITZIR, INDIA.

[See page 59.]

"To make of what?" said Mr. Danbridge, who entered in season to hear this last remark.

"Myra is gone, no one knows where."

"I trust that nothing unpleasant has happened to her," said Mr. Danbridge, with ill-disguised alarm.

"Mat Dillard, the old hunter, is coming this way," said Minda.

Candace bit her lips as, looking from the window, she saw that he had just emerged from the clump of hickory trees, and had then stooped down, as if examining something on the ground. This was repeated several times, when, seemingly satisfied with the examination he had made, he approached the house with a rapid, swinging gait, such as is acquired by those whose object is to get over the ground as speedily, and with

as little fatigue to themselves as they can possibly avoid.

As he drew near, it could be seen that his face was flushed, and that his blue eyes sparkled with excitement. He came straight up to an open window, near which Mr. Danbridge was standing, and, resting his folded arms on the sill, having first leaned his rifle against the side of the house, cast an eager glance into the apartment.

"I don't see Miss Myra's bright face," said he.

"Where is she?"

"That is what we can't tell you," replied Mr. Danbridge.

"My wife and I have been absent all day, and when we returned she was missing."

"I was afraid to."

"What made you?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

of her sweet voice. Now the sight of the black-eyed lady, that stands back there, operates right contrary—makes me feel down in the mouth—but it's no fault of hers, I s'pose."

"And what discoveries have you made?" said Mr. Danbridge, unable any longer to control his impatience, though he was sensible that it was best to allow the old hunter to tell his story according to his own fashion.

"Well, you see, arter I'd satisfied myself that Siah was right, I thought it best to take a short cut, for, thinks I, the sooner the Squire knows the red heathen is prowlin' about, the better. I didn't see a sign of 'em till I come close to the thicket, the furdur side of the park, and then I seed tracks that I knew were never made by a

white man's foot. I soon found that they led in among them hickory trees, and, there I seed another foot-print, which, in the first place, made my heart give a sudden jump, and then, stand stock still."

"'Twas the print of Myra's foot?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"Yes, and I could tell it, if I seed it a hundred miles from here."

"Are you willing to go in pursuit of them?"

"Mat Dillard is al'ays willin' and ready, in sich a case, Squire Danbridge—ready at a minute's warnin'. My huntin' knife is in my belt, and my shoulder is ready for the rifle that never yet missed its mark."

"I will go with you, and any one else that you will name," said Mr. Danbridge.

"It's my 'pinion, that you'd better not go, Squire. You aint so used to the ways of the Indian thieves, as this old hunter is, and don't know how to dodge 'em so well. Ten chances to one, you'd be picked off, and then, who would there be to step into your shoes, and take keer of your airthly concerns, as you can? I don't speak to undervally the young squire, your son, that's jest come to these parts, but, as yet, he wears a young heap on his shoulders."

"What our friend Dillard says is true," interposed Mrs. Danbridge.

"Who is there to go, if I don't," said Mr. Danbridge.

"Percy is off on some excursion, and even if he was here, I doubt if he would be of much use."

"No more than that," said Dillard, snapping his fingers. "Not, as I said afore, that I would undervally the young Squire, but he doesn't know how to deal with the red varmints, any more'n a child three weeks old."

"Well, Dillard, choose for yourself," said Mr. Danbridge.

"I shan't have fur to go. He's my choice, for I larnt him the use of the rifle myself," and he pointed to Juba, who, having just learned that Myra was missing, with great earnestness, was communicating the sad and alarming intelligence to a group of his fellow-servants, who had gathered round him.

"You see, Squire," said Dillard, "that though I know what is best in sich cases, I should feel kind o' shy like about givin' orders to you, but with him, 'twill be another thing."

"I think you'd better take two or three more with you," said Mr. Danbridge. "There may be a large party of the Indians."

"No, on'y five at the most. I counted four different moccasin tracks by the thicket, and the print of a horse's feet, jest the same as Siah did."

Juba, who manifested great eagerness to accompany Dillard, was soon ready.

"There are plenty of good horses in the stable," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Select those that will suit you best."

"Horses will on'y be a bother," replied Dillard. "The right way is to steal upon the thieving dogs unawares."

"Yis, dat be de way," said Juba.

"Then follow my lead, quick time," said Dillard, "till we have reason to b'lieve that we've got a good gain on 'em. Arter that, cool and cautious will be the watch-

word."

In a few minutes, they reached the spot where the three paths met.

"They little thought," said the old hunter, "that Mat Dillard would be on their trail so soon, so they didn't think it worth while to go to work with any of their runnin' tricks to hide it." There were five of them, as I thought."

"But de print of Miss Myra's delicate little foot, is nowhere to be seen," said Juba.

"The print of a horse's foot is though. They let her ride, 'cause she couldn't keep with 'em, and not 'cause they keered whether she



red varmints are as polite to a white woman as a French dancin' master or an English lord, don't know anything about the matter. It's all moonshine, as may be known by the way they make their squaws dig and delve, and supply the places of so many pack horses, whenever they change their quarters."

"I should like to catch 'em makin' Miss Myra dig and delve," said Juba, in tones which attested the deep indignation with which the bare thought inspired him.

"I calc'late they wont get a chance to do it, this time," said Dillard.

They now proceeded in silence, till they arrived where all traces of a path would have been lost to an eye less quick and keen than Dillard's. To him, it caused not a moment's hesitation. The blinder the path, the lonelier and wilder the aspect of nature, the more he appeared to feel at home. His step was more free and elastic, his bearing loftier and more resolute.

The moon had attained its meridian, flooding with its soft and mellow light a broad, undulating plain which lay before them. On one side, it was skirted by a path, whose sinuous course, for the most part, was in the deep shadow of gigantic forest trees. Suddenly Dillard stopped and seized Juba by the arm.

"Look!" said he, pointing to the opposite side of the plain.

"De Indians," said Juba.

"Yes," replied Dillard. "Step behind this tree, for they have the same chance to see us, as we have them."

There was nothing to obstruct the view, and though distant, their forms were defined with sufficient distinctness against the dark azure of the clear, midnight sky, as to enable them to readily distinguish Myra on horseback from the rest.

"We can soon come up wid 'em," said Juba, "if we cut right across dis plain."

"Not so soon as you think we shall," replied Dillard. "A deep river is between us, which there is no means of fording. We must be content to take the same path they did, though it's a long and rough one. They've almost reached a spot where they'll beartin to stop and rest, if they don't camp for the rest of the night. I know every inch of the ground, as well as I do the way to my own cabin door. We will wait awhile here. A little more rest wont hurt us, more'n 'twill them."

"I is of your mind, for trampin' over de rough, rocky ground, isn't like dancin' on de lawn."

"Sleep as sound as yer a mind to," said Dillard, throwing himself on the ground. "I shall be sure to wake at the time I want to."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]



GEN. URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

#### GENERAL URQUIZA.

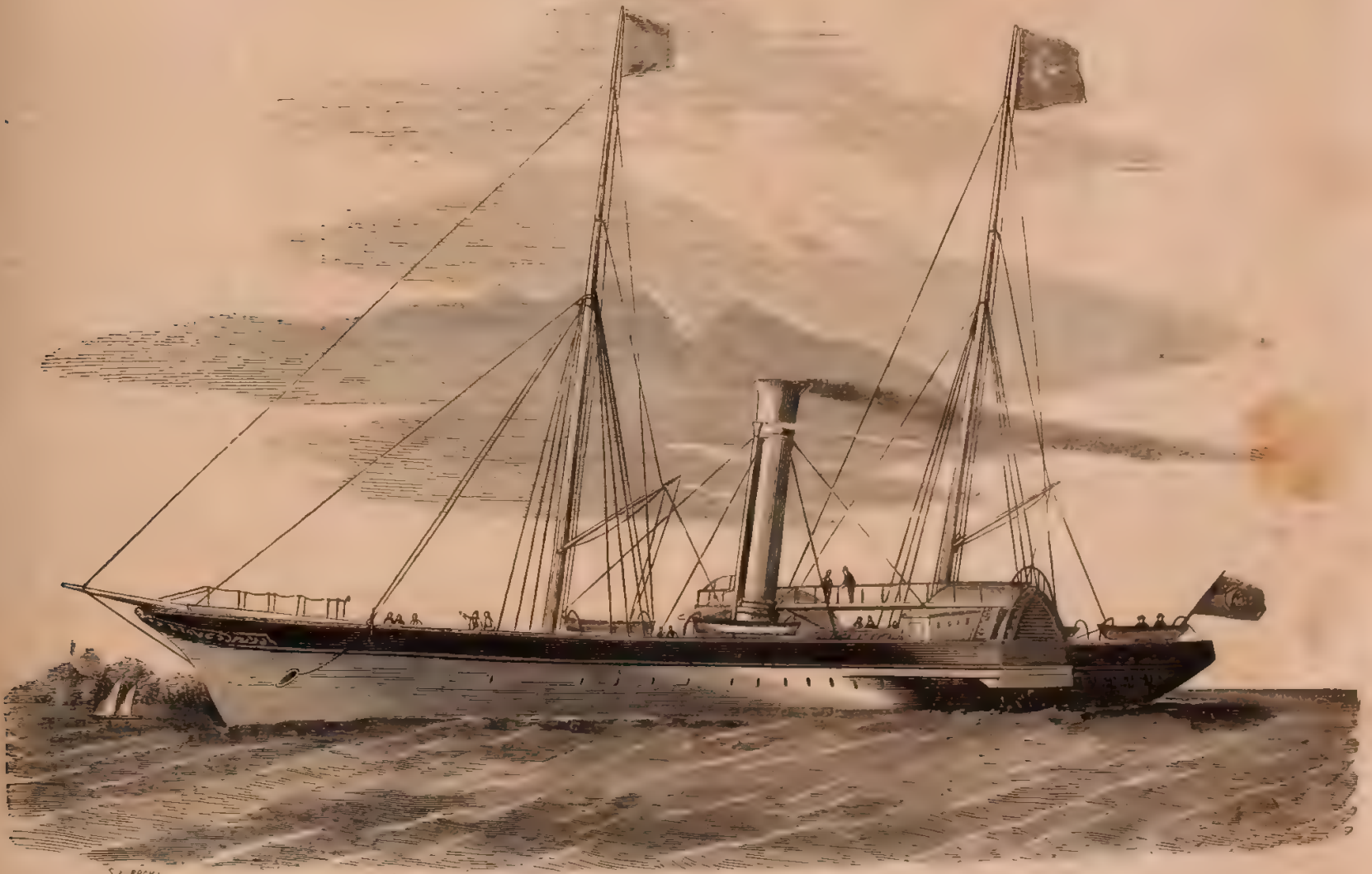
The accompanying portrait of General Urquiza, actual president of the Argentine Republic, South America, shows a fine looking man, of a candid and firm expression, but remarkable for the absence of the distinctive traits of the Spanish race. He looks rather like an English noble than a native South American. The general is one of the few distinguished men worthy

of being remembered among the mass of politicians and soldiers who have moved amidst the chaos of events in the southern portion of our hemisphere. He has moved as a conspicuously leading spirit in all the stirring questions which have agitated the republic, and his influence has effected many salutary changes and reforms. He risked all to establish a constitutional government. He brought together in Congress the

Argentine populations and promulgated the constitution, which they adopted, by which the first change was effected in the fundamental laws of Spanish America. The legislation so promulgated is devised to attract the attention of Europe to these provinces, and to people their fertile solitudes with its superabundant population. For this purpose he allowed free access to the inland ports of the Argentine territory, by proclaiming the free navigation of its rivers for ships of all nations, a principle of policy which has this very year been adopted by nearly the whole of South America. He has, moreover, given to foreigners the civil rights of citizenship, with complete exemption from all military service. Those principles are now embodied, by his means, into international treaties with the greatest powers of the world. General Urquiza has assisted strenuously to raise the religion of his country from the state of ruin into which it had fallen with the destruction of the Spanish rule in 1810. At the same time he has proclaimed freedom of education, and granted freedom of worship for all religions. He is on the eve of relinquishing the power he has used with such beneficial results, and that in virtue of the constitution he has himself promulgated, giving thus another striking lesson to the rest of South America. But his influence will still be felt. He is as yet comparatively young, and has fairly earned such a glory as will remain a permanent moral power in his hands.

#### NEW STEAM-YACHT "CLEOPATRA."

In pursuance of our plan of giving representations of vessels of note, whether launched in the old or new world, thus recording the features of life on the wave, as well as on land, we publish a fine representation of the elegant steam-yacht Cleopatra, built in England for Il Hami Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt—the prince on the occasion of whose recent marriage with the Sultan's daughter, such prodigious sums were expended in fêtes, processions and jewelry. The prince is a man of hereditary resources, and greatly encourages the commerce of Turkey, for which he has bought and built a considerable fleet of steamships. This beautiful vessel is wholly built of iron; and her extreme length over all is 202 feet, her breadth 21, and 10 1-2 feet deep. Her appearance on the water is singularly graceful. Her engines are very powerful, and have driven her at a speed of 17 miles an hour. The saloons for the accommodation of the Pacha and his suite are fitted up with exquisite taste. It really seems as if the leading men of the East were waking up from their lethargy, and remembering that they live in the 19th century. From the spirit of improvement now abroad in the East, we look for a large patronage of British and American mechanics and manufacturers in the future.



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT CLEOPATRA, BUILT FOR IL HAMI PACHA, OF EGYPT.



(Written for Ballo's Pictorial.)

## BALL SONG FOR THE 17TH JANUARY.

Written for the Celebration of Nelson's Victory, Given in Boston, January 9th, 1795, and 1805.

Tune—"Star Spangled Banner."

BY PHILIP WRIGHT.

There's a beauty and grace in the warlike hall,  
Where the standard-bearer plants his flag of glory;  
Turned high to the heart in the open air,  
With a partner whose eyes are with brilliant beams  
Of pleasure's employ,  
As successful in his life as in his play,  
And enriched by the sun of his proud day of birth,  
Of the man who drew his light from heaven to earth.

The man of research who never sullies his page,  
Nor omits his duty of justice and honor,  
In peace in the quiet of his study,  
In war for his country, when duty is his law,  
Patience he finds  
To stem the wild flood  
Of oppression, as rolling in dark and life;  
On our proud "Declaration," that scroll of the sun,  
With Hancock and Jefferson—Pharos was our

While America stands the great pride of the earth,  
An eagle whose wings are on each ocean's crest,  
Her freemen will never forget her brave birth,  
To Franklin's watch heart beating with emotion  
At the first of June, when  
In the gray haze of birth,  
Where the floor is alive with sweet beauty and worth,  
All will find each return of the "seventeenth," dear,  
And think that the spirit of Franklin is here.

(Written for Ballo's Pictorial.)

## TWO SCENES

## In the Life of a Beautiful Woman.

BY MARY W. JANVIN.

Distinguished above every other woman of her age for the rarest gifts of personal beauty, was one whose blandishments had ensured the naval hero, Lord Nelson, whose accomplishments were not inferior to her beauty—who was skilled in music and painting, who possessed most exquisite taste, and whose features would express every emotion by turns, who reigned the Queen of Fashion, as well as Queen of Beauty and Love—the celebrated Lady Hamilton.

There had been a period when the dregs of poverty, the humblest birth, and the badge of disgrace, clung to a beautiful girl—when her life ran on the same level with the lowest London life—but those wondrous gifts of personal loveliness which had been her only dowry, surpassing all who looked upon her, lifted her from out the slough of obscurity into a position where her ambitious nature soon found a foothold, and men forgot, in the exceeding grace and insinuations of the wife of Lord Hamilton, *who she was* or *how she had risen*.

I do not know a more potent wand to unlock men's hearts than rare personal beauty. So it has been from the days when the Trojan king became enamored of Helen, and Cleopatra of Egypt led an Antony captive in her toils; so swayed men's hearts, senses and wills, this beautiful English girl.

In Italy—the land of song, story and passion—where she presided over banquets of surpassing magnificence, or delectately wielded the tools of political power, at a banquet given the greatest naval warrior of the age, the hero of Trafalgar and Lord High Admiral of the seas, Lady Hamilton first met Lord Nelson.

Though bound to another, her whole soul immediately went out in an intense, but guilty love for this silent, grave man, who sat at the table of the English minister—who refrained from the sparkling wines of Italy, but to become more intoxicated by the fatal allurements of her whose white hand proffered the cup.

Then followed many meetings—at first, in the presence of guests and that court of wit, beauty, and gay life, over which this woman ruled as queen; then she stole out to meet him in the flowering gardens and by the gliding waters of the Mediterranean, till at length her foot entered the boat beside the shore, her eyes were turned to the white sails of the fleet riding out on the waters, and she trod the deck of the admiral's ship, and sailed away, the admiral's mistress.

Years went by, and no link of the powerful chain Lady Hamilton had thrown about Lord Nelson's neck, leading him captive at her will, was broken. On the seas where England's banner floated, he might be conqueror, but in her presence he was slave. A cabin in the admiral's ship was fitted up with more than Oriental magnificence, and there, amid velvet cushions, tapes-

tries from Eastern looms, viands of costliest luxury, and gifts of gems and diamonds, his sultana reigned. By day, when Lord Nelson found leisure from the duties of his fleet, he lay on silken cushions at her feet, while she read to him in a dulcet voice—by night, when the stars walked the deep skies above, and their ships glided over the blue waves of the tideless Mediterranean, past the frowning Rock of Gibraltar, or out into the wild Biscayan Bay, he trod the deck with the fair enslayer on his arm, and her blandishments thrilling all his being. He, who had not quailed when the grape-shot rattled among the rigging or ploughed his deck, when death and slaughter met him on the seas, who had, thus far, lived above men's common weakness, and smiled gravely at woman's lures, that turned to serve his country and his king, at last was conquered.

And thus, in the very zenith of her triumphal way and woman's beauty, in the height of Nelson's glory and fame, when the admiral's fleet lay in the harbor, and he, with his fascinating mistress, were received into, and caressed by, the gayest circles of London where, years before, a young girl had lived with her humble mother and performed the menial task of a washerwoman—the splendid mansion of Beckford of Fonthill Abbey was thrown open to welcome Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton as guests.

It was like a wizard's creation or an opium dream, that gorgeous festive scene. All that the wealth of the princely proprietor could furnish, was contributed to add splendor to the occasion; all that Parisian enterprisers and *maitres de cuisine* could provide, was secured for the feasting.

The grounds of that princely seat were illuminated by colored lamps and torches, bands of musicians were stationed in leafy coverts and paved courts, statues gleamed whitely from embowered trees, white swans slept on sparkling lakes and ponds, grottoes were erected on tiny islands, airy bridges spanned the waters, and in the walks crowds of people moved to and fro.

Within, a blaze of jewelry, gold and silver lighted up the luxurious apartments with startling splendor. Pictures, marbles, *bijoux*, Etruscan vases, carpets of Tyrian dye—what need to describe them all? It was all magnificence and stately grandeur, of which the eye wearies, and the mind gladly turns to simpler and refreshing scenes.

Attired in a rich costume, her brow sparkling with jewels and her white hands bearing a golden urn, Lady Hamilton, the envious of how many in that gay company, entered, and recited a poem which she had written for that festive hour. The most rapturous applause followed. The verses were hailed as an emanation from the Castilian fount; their bewitching author as a modern muse. Some, indeed, might have remembered *who and what* was the woman who stood before them, the companion and caressed of nobles, poets and civilians; but they knew, too, what influence she possessed over the hero of the hour, and politic feeling prevailed.

None were there to whisper in her ear that all this was deception; that sin, the gilded morsel, surely carries its own punishment along with it; and that the pleasure she was pursuing was a Dead Sea apple, fair without, but hollow at the core, and bitter as ashes. So the festival went on, and the Lord High Admiral was feted; and side by side, hand in hand with England's pure mothers and daughters—resplendent in jewels, and enchaining all by the fascinations of her wit and beauty—was Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's mistress!

Thirteen years after the banquet of Fonthill, a lady stood at a butcher's stall in the marketplace of Calais, buying some meat for her pet dog.

"Ah, madame!" said the butcher's wife, a fair-faced, pleasant favored *bourgeoise*, "you seem a benevolent lady, and up stairs there is a poor English woman, ill and starving, who would be glad of the smallest piece of meat which you are buying for your dog. If madame would but step up a moment."

"I will see her," said the lady. "Show me the way, my good woman."

Up several flights of dilapidated, dirty stairs in a gloomy, wretched lodging room, on a bed of illness, with the hollow cough of consumption racking her emaciated frame, and its sibilant damask on her sunken cheek, lay the form of a once beautiful woman.

There were few threads of silver in the still luxuriant hair, though deep wrinkles were

ploughed in the once marble smooth forehead, and the eyes, now blazing with unnatural brilliancy, looked eagerly and hungrily toward the opened door when her kind visitor entered.

"Bread! do you bring me bread?" she asked, starting up; then greedily grasping the slices of raw, bleeding meat from the lady's hand, she ate voraciously, like one half famished.

The lady turned away, sick at heart. This wretched room, this starving, dying woman, with the death-hunger plainly written in her brilliant, craving eyes; this story of want and woe! O, it was sickening! And here, underneath the very window where the sun streamed across the unfinished wall and bare floor, had the gay revelry of French life gone on—the sounds of business in the crowded mart, and the festive pageant.

"Who and what are you?" she said, approaching the bed and lifting one of the thin, transparent hands which lay upon the faded coverlid. "Does no one take care of you, now that you are ill?"

"The *maitresse* used to come up and bring me food when I could pay her," was the reply, in a faint, hollow voice, "but when my money failed she did not come nigh me. Then I used to creep down and beg a little piece of meat of the kind-hearted butcher's wife, of whom I had bought in other days—" but a sudden fit of coughing interrupted her.

"But have you no friends, no relatives, that I may send for? Where is your home?" asked the lady, compassionately.

"Home! friends!" and the wretched woman raised herself on her elbow, pushing back her tangled hair, and speaking in a hollow voice, then, closing her eyes with a shudder, while a few crushed tears silently trickled down her transparent cheeks, she waved off her visitor with feeble hands, moaning, "Go, leave me! I shall die unknown—alone!"

The kind lady stood by, filled with generous pity. Perhaps this wretched creature had known affluence, home, and sheltering care! It seemed evident that some might still be living on whom she had a claim, for she muttered moaningly, "I will not tell them—they have deserted me—I will die alone!"

"At least I will go out and procure some things to make you comfortable," said the lady, leaving the chamber.

"Poor woman, she seems in a bad way!" said the butcher's wife in the stall below, as the lady passed. "It is over a week now, since she came down here. She will never come down again, madame! My heart opened to the poor English stranger when she first came here, and took lodgings above. How did you find her, madame?"

"She is indeed very ill, and cannot linger many days. Do you know anything about her?—whether she has friends one might apply to?" asked the lady.

"No, madame, she never spoke of herself, but I think she has seen better days, for I used to see rings and jewels on her thin white fingers, but they've gone to the pawnbroker's long ago. She's an English lady, I think, madame."

"Well, I will make her comfortable and send my servant with some wine and other things. I will order a bottle of wine myself from the nearest vintner," said the kind lady.

"And I will run up and sit with her, so soon as Jean comes in," said the butcher's wife. "I cannot leave the stall alone. What will Monsieur have?—a capon, or this nice golden pheasant, fresh and delicate enough for *L'Empereur's* table?" briskly asked the lively Frenchwoman of her new customer, while the lady hastened away.

But, small need was there for the generous, life-inspiring vintage which the lady brought, or the care of the lively, kind-hearted *bourgeoise* who, half an hour after, tripped lightly up the tumble-down stairs into the wretched chamber; for, white, cold and still, with the garish sunbeams streaming in through the little uncurtained window on her face, her long, thin fingers locked tightly about a miniature painted on ivory and set in brilliants, the only relic with which she had not parted in the fierce struggle with want and starvation—there, alone, in that bare, desolate lodging room, had that poor woman met the mighty Angel of Death.

So they found her—the butcher's wife starting back to meet the returning lady, with a "Mon Dieu! she has gone!" on her lips; and when they went to the bed and looked upon the miniature which her fingers clasped, the *bourgeoise* said with sudden sobs, "Ah, madame, she was an officer's wife! See, the stars and golden

epaulets!—and I had a brother who went to the wars, and never came back. I would give my last son to a soldier's wife or mother. Mon Dieu! why did she not tell me, and I would have taken her into the country and nursed and tended her."

"Don't blame yourself, my good woman," said the lady. "I do not think you, or any other, could have saved her, though perhaps her days might have been lengthened. Sorrow, rather than want, wrote those lines, there," and the lady touched the wrinkled marble forehead. "There is a box yonder," pointing to the only article in the chamber, excepting a few miserable chairs and a table of similar description, "perhaps there are papers. Will your husband summon the *prefet de police*? and cannot the mistress of this lodging-house be made to come up and minister the last earthly rites to this poor being whom she has so evidently neglected? Take my purse, good woman, the sight of money may affect her hard heart, if pity did not."

The police came, accompanied by a coroner. An inquest was held, then the box was opened. Nothing was found but a few pawnbroker's tickets—the sad evidences of a better fortune.

The *prefet* looked upon the miniature. "It must be that of an English officer. She was undoubtedly his wife," he said. "Had seen better days."

"It is like an engraving my wife has hanging up in her salon—my wife is Anglaise, you see," ventured the coroner, taking his turn in looking at the picture, "but her's is the great admiral's, Lord Nelson!"

"And here is a letter—a fragment of a letter," said the lady, turning over the papers in the box upon the table, "but illegible and faded—but that signature! Surely, monsieur *prefet*, does it not read, 'Adieu, dearest Horatia, till the chances of the sea send back to your arms your Nelson?' And this dead woman, then, is one whose story we all know—you surely have heard, messieurs, of *Lady Hamilton*?"

There was a sudden silence there in that wretched chamber; then the *prefet* said, in a business air, "It may be, it may be, madame! I will see that the body has Christian burial. Let us go now, while the women robe her."

The kind-hearted lady went away, followed shortly by the *bourgeoise* who had assisted the landlady in their few preparations for the arrayal of the dead.

Next day, the coroner's inquest was read in the morning papers; but the name of the dead had long passed from every lip in her own clime—for the idols of an hour are soon forgotten—much less was she known there in France; and that day, without other audience than the friends of her death-bed—her body laid in a common deal-box without any inscription—over the praised of statesmen, warriors, poets and artists, the funeral service was read by an officer on half-pay.

Why, in her dying hours, the children, born of her love with the hero who died before her, and to whose glorious memory as a naval conqueror a proud monument now rises in Trafalgar Square, were not these beside their mother, we know not; why England, out of pure gratitude, if from no higher motive, should leave to die, deserted by those who had fawned upon her in her prosperity, at a wretched lodging in Calais, the woman whom Admiral Nelson bequeathed, "with their children, as a legacy to his country," and thus stain her fair escutcheon with the foul stigma of ingratitude, we cannot say; yet, as we have written, alone in a foreign land, the object of a poor stall-keeper's wife's charity, died the once beautiful English woman, the admired and courted of gay fashionables, the companion of nobles, and loved of Lord Nelson—Lady Horatia Hamilton.

Reader, had not her career of sin brought its own punishment in this life? Of a truth, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

## CONSUMPTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The consumption of gold and silver at the present day for household purposes is enormous, its application having increased rapidly since the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The amount of gold and silver actually taken from the mines of Europe, is valued at twenty-five millions of dollars. In America, the yield is computed to be one hundred and forty-six millions, and Asia produces twenty-five millions. Africa has no silver mines, but produces gold to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars. Australia is also without silver, but produces gold to the large amount of two hundred millions.—*New York Times*.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IN ABSENCE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Yes, darling, in the realm of dreams  
I'll come to thee,  
When deep, mysterious midnight gleams  
O'er land and sea.

For night is holy—all the air  
With life unseen  
Is filled, while silent guardians there  
Keep watch serene.

Soft-treading sleep, with stealthy hand  
Opens wide the door,  
Beyond which glides a shadowy band  
Forevermore.

Dim forms are flitting to and fro,  
In her vast hall,  
Like phantoms vague, which come and go  
At word of call.

These are the known of "long ago,"  
When I was young,  
Ere yet my "psalm of his" was so  
Divinely sung.

But nearer yet a halo gleams,  
Of wondrous light,  
And there, with its lambent beams  
Revealed to sight,

My hope and joy embodied are;  
Thou smilest on me,  
And life's glad song swells out afar  
In harmony.

Thou canst not go from me, nor I  
From thee am far,  
While love so glides our darkest sky,  
Our guiding star.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EARL ATHELWOLD.  
A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

BY MALBRICE SILINSKY.

DURING the reign of Edgar, one of the most illustrious and powerful of the ancient English kings, occurs an incident worthy of repetition. There is perhaps no period in history more favorable to the development of romance, than that of a semi-barbarous age; and England in the tenth century, in spite of the predominating influence of monkish superstition, was by no means deficient in this respect.

Edgar, although he was praised by the monks as a consummate statesman (which every one will admit), and a man of virtue, and a saint (which, of course, no one in this age will allow), is now represented by impartial historians as a prince of the most unscrupulous licentiousness. It is even recorded of him that, becoming violently enamored of Editha, a beautiful nun, he broke into the convent and carried her off by force, and even gratified his base desires by violence, for which act of sacrilege, it is said he was simply reprimanded by the saintly Dunstan; but that he might more effectually reconcile himself to the church which he had desecrated, not in fact, but in pretence, it is still further stated that he was obliged to retain her as his mistress, and to abstain from wearing that vain ornament, the crown, for a period of seven years. But that was an age in which the very semblance of virtue was subservient to worldly policy, and the very divinity they proclaimed, was degraded to the basest of political and secular purposes. There are many other incidents of a similar nature recorded of this same prince; but one in particular, though we shall not trouble the reader by repeating it,\* in which ancient as well as modern historians agree, shows conclusively, in spite of the pretended piety and goodness which contemporary priests have awarded him, the unscrupulous and lascivious character of the monarch. But the authenticity of the one incident upon which we have founded our story, has been admitted as a faithful chronicle by no less than eight reliable historians, and therefore we have been induced to make use of it as the basis of that which is to follow.

Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was reputed to be the handsomest lady in England at that period, and the wealth and power of the earl rendered her a suitable match even for a prince of the blood. The Lady Elfrida, who was then in the first bloom of womanhood, had not yet been presented at court; and, though the prince had not yet seen her, his imagination had already been inflamed to the highest pitch,

by the praises which had fallen from the lips of others concerning her, and he had determined to learn the truth of the rumor from some one upon whom he could safely rely, and if he found that the charms of the lady had not been overrated, he resolved to propose to the earl for her hand in marriage.

Matters of this nature were usually settled in those days by proxy—at least among the nobility—and Edgar employed one of his favorite courtiers, Lord Athelwold, to visit the family on some pretence or another, and bring back to him an accurate description of her personal appearance, before any overtures were made to the earl. Agreeably to this plan, Lord Athelwold started on a visit to Devonshire, where he was received with the highest marks of favor, for his intimacy with Edgar was well known to the earl, as indeed it was to all those turbulent barons, who hated him no less than they dreaded him, in consequence of the powerful influence which he exercised over their king. The earl was by no means blind to the political advantages which might accrue to himself in case that an alliance could be brought about between that nobleman and his daughter. It is true that the earl was in receipt of an almost princely revenue, while Athelwold, on the contrary, was dependent in a measure upon the royal bounty; but his high position at court was sufficient to counterbalance mere wealth, even in the opinion of the earl, who introduced him to his daughter without reserve, who in turn received him with all those winning smiles of favor which, with her great beauty, had already rendered her so famous throughout the realm. But what was his surprise on beholding her, to learn that the reports they had heard, instead of being exaggerated, as such descriptions usually are, had fallen far short of the truth.

Indeed, a more beautiful creature than the Lady Elfrida, it would be difficult for the imagination even of a courtier to conjure up. In an instant she inspired Athelwold, whose susceptible heart was wholly unprepared for such an extraordinary revelation of female loveliness, with the most ungovernable passion.

So completely enthralled did he become, that he forgot even his duty to the king, and resolved, in the frenzy of the moment, to win the hand of the lady himself. A little cool reflection at the time might have taught him the utter folly of the step, but when, I would ask, was an impetuous lover ever known to reflect? If he had stopped to consider, he would have seen the impossibility of carrying out the deception, surrounded as he was by envious courtiers; and he must have known that Edgar would, sooner or later, even had this not been the case, have discovered and punished this unexampled breach of confidence and trust; but, as we have shown, he was completely blinded by his vehement passion; and the seeming love which the Lady Elfrida bore him, which was no doubt genuine at the time, for the handsome favorite was young, impulsive, and of the highest fashion, only tended to strengthen it; and after basking for a few hours in the smiles of this incorrigible beauty, as she afterward proved to be, he determined to effect his purpose by employing deceit and falsehood. Accordingly on his return to court, he informed Edgar "that the riches alone, and high quality of Elfrida, had been the ground of the admiration paid her, and that her charms, far from being anywise extraordinary, would have been overlooked in a woman of inferior station."

This explanation was received in good faith by the king, who had every reason, as he imagined, to believe in the fidelity of Athelwold; and after that nobleman, by his deceit and cunning, had succeeded in diverting his attention, he took the opportunity, after a considerable interval of time, to turn the conversation once more upon the beautiful heiress of the Earl of Devonshire. He informed Edgar "that though the parentage and fortune of the lady had not produced on him, as on others, any illusion with regard to her beauty, he could not forbear reflecting that she would, on the whole, be an advantageous match for him, and might, by her birth and riches, make him sufficient compensation for the plainness of her person. If the king, therefore, gave his approbation, he was determined to make proposals in his own behalf to the earl, and doubted not to obtain his as well as the young lady's consent to the alliance." There were many afterwards who believed that he had already obtained it in secret, and was only awaiting a sufficient time to elapse to obtain the sanction of the king without exciting his suspicion, which was known

to be extremely violent when aroused. But Edgar was one of those persons who seemed to question the integrity of those he trusted, till after he had received the most ample proof of their treachery; and seeing so favorable an opportunity open for promoting the fortunes of his favorite, he graciously gave his consent, and even encouraged his suit by forwarding the most flattering recommendations to the Earl of Devonshire.

Under these favorable auspices, we may readily suppose that Athelwold met with but very little opposition, even if he had not already obtained their full consent and approval, for very shortly after he was rendered unspeakably happy in the possession of the most beautiful lady in England for his wife. But from that moment he began to dread the consequences of this covert act of treachery to the king, and employed every device he could think of to retain Elfrida in the country, and out of sight of Edgar; but in spite of all his precautions, his enemies found means in his absence, to acquaint the king with the deception which had been practised upon him, and with their frequent panegyrics upon the bride's beauty, at length succeeded in inflaming his desires and exciting all his former curiosity, but he determined to satisfy himself from personal observation of the treachery of his favorite, before he would allow himself to exercise vengeance on the culprit.

Accordingly one day he informed him of his intention of paying him a visit in his castle, and making the acquaintance of Lady Athelwold, who, being a plain lady, would of course excite no jealousies between them. This proposition from the king produced a visible shock upon the guilty Athelwold, who could by no means refuse the honor, and with a tremulous voice he begged leave to precede him a few hours, that he might have everything in readiness at the castle to receive him. He accordingly mounted his horse, and with a couple of attendants drove into Devonshire with all possible despatch. The moment he entered the courtyard, he sprang from his reeking steed, and flew instantly to his wife's chamber. He found her with no one present but her waiting maids, and she being curious as to the cause of her lord's excitement, ordered them to retire, that she might learn the motive which had brought him thus so unexpectedly from London.

With quivering lips Earl Athelwold revealed everything to his wife, and begged her, if she regarded either her own honor or his life, to conceal from the king, by the general disorder of her dress and appearance, those fatal charms which had been chiefly instrumental in seducing him from his fidelity to his friend and master, and which had unfortunately betrayed him into so many subsequent falsehoods. Elfrida had always professed the warmest love and attachment for her husband, and when she had soothed him with the tenderest embraces, and promised the strictest compliance with his desires, his overwhelming dread of the consequences of his treachery was sensibly abated, and he awaited the arrival of his kingly guest with considerable composure. But nothing was further from the intention of the beautiful but deceitful wife than the fulfilment of her promise. In the language of the historian, she considered herself little indebted to Athelwold for a passion which had deprived her of a crown; and understanding the full force and power of her charms, she did not despair even yet of reaching to that enviable dignity. Contrary, therefore, to the expectations of her husband, she appeared before the king in the most seductive attire, and what with her engaging airs, and her natural loveliness of person, at once excited in his bosom the most vehement love toward herself, and the most furious desire of revenge against her husband.

Being himself a master in the art of dissimulation, he contrived to impress his victim that his wife's charms had failed to produce any decided effect upon him, and under cover of this subterfuge, he managed to entice Athelwold into a wood on the pretence of hunting, and there treacherously stabbed him with his own hand. But murder in those days was not a capital offence. A king's life was valued at three hundred pounds, and a duke or gentleman's at one hundred sixty. But what is more strange, the Lady Elfrida, although she was aware that the king had assassinated her husband, received his caresses and favors without manifesting the slightest show of repugnance, and was soon after publicly espoused by him—her husband's death paving her way to a throne.

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

I saw that it was once in a railroad car. He was well dressed, and appeared to be reading, though his spectacles, the morning paper. A poor woman sat opposite, with a little child, the oldest scarcely a dozen years old. The husband was a stupid, hard hearted wretch, and administered blows unmercifully to a weaned little thing, who expressed his discontent by crying and fractiousness, as the hot dusty air swept over his flushed face. The mother's countenance wore a look of patient despair and continual anxiety, as the little restless company sat crowded together in a loaded car. Not one of them looked shrewdly or merrily, though very plainly dressed. When the engine stopped for fuel, the poor woman took out from a basket some bread and cheese, which she distributed sparingly among the little group. Great Heat had watched their movements all the morning, and as a boy approached the carriage with a basket of berries, he bought up boxes enough to go around, and gave them to the hungry children, whose eyes lightened as they saw such a rare dessert spread before them. One little girl, perhaps five years old, was nearly sick, and tried to rest in her mother's lap, but the need infant disputed vigorously her right, and she was obliged to yield to the claim. Great Heat had been gravely considering the company, and he did not hesitate to take the poor child tenderly in his arms, lay her carefully down in the seat beside him, with her head in his lap, and then gently fan her with his paper until she sank into a deep, peaceful slumber. When we stopped for our dinner, we saw them all seated by a beautiful table, loaded with luxuries to which they seemed almost strangers, yet which they knew very well how to appreciate. We knew it was Great Heat's, and we mentally blessed the kind, generous nature that had thus shed sunshine on the hard pathway of the humble strangers. —*Christian Watchman*

A RUSSIAN BABY.

Russian babies are always swaddled and rolled up in bandages, so that they may conveniently be put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their homes, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf, another hung on the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why that is a child!" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad, which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat dampened by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it was washed. "Washed!" shrieks the horrified mother; "washed! what, wash a child! You'd kill it!"

BRILLIANT NOVELETTES!

We have now on hand and for sale the following brilliant stories in bound form, elegantly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheap pocket books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or five copies post paid, for one dollar.

- THE SMUGGLER.** OR, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be the best graphic and best loved tale, from the brain of vivid incident, with a deeply interesting plot. By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
- CAPTAIN BELT.** OR, THE RED ANKER. A TALE OF THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE RED ANKER AND THE SHORE. This is another of those graphic sea stories for which our author is famous. By F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.
- THE BLACK KNIGHT.** OR, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is a characteristic roman of the type of chivalry, written in our author's usual taking style. By DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
- IVAN THE SERF.** OR, THE RUSSIAN AND CHRISTIAN. This is a highly graphic tale of life domestic and military in Russia, Turkey and Christian, depicting scenes of thrilling interest. By AUSTIN C. BURGESS.
- THE SEA LION.** OR, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PERSIAN GULF. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. An intensely interesting story, equal to the best. By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
- THE ROYAL GREENS.** OR, THE SECRET OF THE FUGITIVE. A tale of tragic interest in the Valley of Wyoming, during the days of our revolutionary struggle. By DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
- THE OCEAN MARTYR.** OR, THE HUNTER KEY OF THE SEA. This is another favorite revolutionary story of sea and shore, for which the writer is so popular. By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
- THE ARKANSAS RANGER.** OR, DOUBLE THE BACKWOODSMAN. A vivid story of land and water, loaded with incident and character. By CAPTAIN M. H. RAY.
- THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA.** OR, THE RED CROSS AND THE GREENE. A story of Boston Bay and the Mediterranean. A most gripping and thrilling tale, and greatest ingenuity of plot. By FRANCIS A. BURKAGE.
- RED HAND.** OR, THE SECRET OF THE ENGLISH CANNON. A graphic tale of sea and land, of the time of Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth. By F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.
- THE MAID OF THE RANCHE.** OR, THE REVELATIONS OF MEXICO. A tale of life in the Mexican Border in its early history. By DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
- THE WITCH OF THE WAVE.** OR, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVITY. This is a true story, written by a true seaman. It is a gripping and thrilling tale, as gripping as fiction. By CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.
- PAUL LARON.** OR, THE SUNKEN OF THE ANTILLES. This story is one which has been republished by us until it is now present the thirtieth edition, and is said to be Mr. Cobb's best. By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all of the periodical depots.

\* William Malmesbury lib ii cap 8. Higden, p. 268. Hume, vol. i p. 95-6.





EMIGRANT TRAIN ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

[Special Correspondence of the Pictorial]  
CALIFORNIA OVERLAND ROUTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,  
Nov. 5, 1858.

M. M. BALLOU, ENQ., DEAR SIR,—After a pretty extensive tour in California, I am at length established for the winter here, with the intention of resuming my westward line of travel next spring, visiting the Sandwich Islands, and probably Japan and China, before returning home. All the time I can spare from the special business that brought me to the land of gold, I shall devote to working up finished drawings from the photographs and rough sketches with which my portfolio is filled. Many of them are not of general interest, and only valuable to myself as memoirs of travel, memoranda of personal adventures, likenesses of personal friends and acquaintances, but it will not be difficult to select some which the great world of your patrons may find acceptable. The enclosed drawings will, I hope, meet your views, and prove available. They are reminiscences of our toilsome overland journey last spring, the excitement and strangeness of which overbalanced the fatigue and danger incurred—for I, too, like other travellers, can tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes."—I was going to say of "hair-breadth 'scapes," though no one of our party actually left his "ambrosial locks" in the hands of the copper-colored gentlemen whom we met on the war-path. One of my drawings represents this little incident of travel, latterly rather an unusual one. Yet no emigrant party should go, and none does go, without preparation for such contingencies. The best arm, whether for Indian-fighting or for killing buffalo, is Colt's large revolver—the small sized one is very handy for a close thing. With plenty of these tools, and a few western rifles in the hands of men accustomed to bring down prairie chickens or squirrels with a single ball, we easily succeeded in beating off the red-skins, leaving some of them on the ground as trophies of our valor. I have, reluctantly, come to regard the Indians much in the light in which they are viewed by the frontiersmen, that is about on a par with wild beasts. They are dirty, sneaking, thievish beings, degraded and sensual, when not brought into contact with whites, and by such contact acquiring only the worst vices of the whites without any of their higher qualities. It has been the fashion to ascribe nearly all the vices of the Indians to white influence, but they are bad enough in their natural state. Poets and story-tellers henceforth may fill volumes in praise of the "noble savage," but I shall no more listen to their syren song. In my youthful days Cooper's Indian stories was my favorite reading, but I have learned to know that Dr. Bird, in the "Jibbenainosav, or Nick of the Woods," was far more truthful in his portrayments. Yet, after all, they have some good traits. If you throw yourself on their hospitality, they will not injure you, and will share all they have with you; though, probably they will not hesitate to rob you of such trinkets and knick-knacks as they

covet, though you may sleep on the same blanket and beneath the same skin tent. Neither has their stoicism been exaggerated. Last spring I came across an Indian brave whose left hand had just been shattered by the bursting of his gun. He uttered no complaint—not a muscle of his face quivered, and he sat smoking his pipe unconcernedly, as if nothing had happened. I should think such accidents must be frequent, from the worthlessness of many of the guns they use, and from the utter reckless manner in which they load and handle fire-arms. I have said that the Indians rarely attack trains now-a-days—past experience has taught them that it is rather unwholesome to meddle with live Yankees, as their betters have found out in many a bloody encounter on sea and land. It is hoped that the increasing travel, and the posts established by the overland mail, will finally put a stop to encounters with Indians. What a triumph of Yankee pluck and perseverance that same overland mail is, by the way. Now give us a Pacific Railroad, and San Francisco and Boston will be near neighbors. Another of my sketches is of a more pacific character, and represents our party pursuing its peaceful but tired march across the plains. The slow progress of a train, and the monotonous character of much of the scenery on the route, tries the patience of a nervous man extremely. It is almost as bad as a calm on the Atlantic. Another of the enclosed drawings is an accurate representation of the party fording the river Platte. In the spring, when the melted

snow swells the descending torrents, the river is not fordable, and at all seasons of the year crossing is an arduous and critical task. It is interesting to see how horses and oxen used to western travel accommodate themselves to its exigencies. With mud up to their necks, the patient animals wallow along, stopping now and then to rest and get breath, and then pushing on again, using their muscular strength to the very best advantage. Cattle unused to the trial would be ruined by their frantic exertions.

Among the drawings I send you, is one of the famous "Devil's Gate," of which you of course have heard. It is a rocky chasm through which the "Sweet Water" flows. The precipitous elevation on the left affords a view of the section of the twisted range of rocky cliffs and mountains which extend for miles along the course of the Sweet Water river. The bold bluff on the right which compresses the river into a narrow channel, presents a perpendicular wall of granite from four to five hundred feet high, and half a mile long, and gradually slopes into the elevated plains. For some distance above the mouth of the yawning gap, the river is broad and tranquil, but here it rushes down through the canon, foaming and bounding over the huge boulders that have fallen from the cliff above. The "Devil's Gate" is certainly a striking and noteworthy place, and is a short distance from Independence Rock, on the other side of the South Pass. I will write again soon.

Yours truly,

T. G. F.

# WOUNDS OF THE BRAIN.

Nothing in nature seems more capricious as to the effects she causes to ensue than in wounds of the brain. Sometimes a slight fall, or a trifling blow that does not break the skin, proves fatal in a short time; and at other times not only may the skull be pierced or fractured, but large pieces of the skull-bone be removed, as by trepanning, and a considerable portion of the cerebrum or upper portion of the brain itself be lost, and yet the functions of life be carried on for years. If, however, the cerebellum, that is the lower and back part of the brain, be injured, it is a different matter. A slight wound there produces immediate death. But a man may, in certain circumstances, lose a teaspoon full of brain without death or the loss of reason even for an instant. Perhaps this may go far to show that the brain is the organ through which the mind acts, but nothing more. The mind is a whole and entire thing, independent of its organs of operation.

A few years ago a man, in blasting, exploded his charge too soon by ramming it down with an iron bar or drill. The drill was driven up through the roof of his mouth, through the brain, of course, and through the top of his skull, high up into the air. The man got into a wagon standing near, and drove some distance home. No one supposed he could live; but he actually did survive for some months, with his senses perfect, and we have not yet heard of his death.

Another case was that of a well-digger, who, while in a well, had his skull broken in by the fall of a heavy timber on his head. He was taken out insensible, and remained so for ten days, his death so momentarily expected that trepanning was not even tried until the end of that time. By degrees he recovered his mind perfectly, and even his strength, so far as to be able to walk about the room, after losing a considerable portion of the brain itself. Although near sixty, a new bone began to grow; and this, at the end of about eighteen months, proved his death, owing to a small spike of the new bone, not half an inch long, growing down into the brain, producing irritation, pressure and death.

It is, then, not the loss of the substance of the brain that is so much to be feared, as the irritation and inflammation which ensue. Congestion of the brain may stupify, or hemorrhage through the rupture of the blood vessel, cause death. But, as we have said, quite a considerable quantity of the upper portion of the brain itself may be abstracted without necessarily occasioning death, and, in some instances, without sensibly impairing the senses or mental powers. There is, however, we suppose, no doubt, a loss of nervous forces, especially of the power of endurance, in all such cases. Still it is worth while to bear in mind the distinction between the effects of the loss of the brain and the least pressure on it. Whether this pressure is produced by an external wound, or by an internal determination of blood, whenever it prevents a supply of pure and healthy blood flowing freely and continually through all the vessels, the mental action instantly assumes a disordered character. Remove the pressure, and sometimes the restoration will be as sudden. The removal of a portion of the skull that has been fractured and indented three years previously, was known, in the case of a sailor, at once to restore him to a state of sanity, although with a perfect oblivion of the whole intermediate time. Whether congestion of particular portions of the brain is not the true mode of accounting for the occasional idiosyncrasies of many men, and beyond what is ordinarily supposed, who shall say?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



EMIGRANTS ON THE ROAD, CROSSING THE PLAINS.



## THE INDIGO PLANT.

The indigo plant is a beautiful, bright green grass, or shrub, and is called a biennial, because it passes through all the phases of its existence in two years. Its leaves consist generally of a collection of leaflets arranged, alternately, one above the other upon each side of the petiole or leaf stalk. At the base of the leaf stalk, but separated from it, are two leaflets called upon, which are distinguishable from the others by having no vein down the middle. The seed-vessel of the indigo plant is like that of the common pea. Once sown in a loose and dark soil, the indigo plant requires no further care, until the time comes for cutting it. As the rainy season approaches, and the red blossoms begin to appear, the planter hastens to have it cut, for fear of the dye being washed away or spoilt by the inundations. In the month of July, parties of Hindoos may be seen in the indigo plantations in the upper provinces, clipping the bright green leaves and twigs to the level of the ground, followed by others who, picking up the plants as they are cut, bind them together and load them upon carts.

From the fields the indigo is taken into a building called a vat, which is about thirty feet broad and forty feet long. There are steps outside, leading to a platform within the building, from which a sort of immense bath is seen filled with the plant. Water being then let in from a reservoir, the indigo is allowed to ferment for about fourteen or sixteen hours. At the end of that time, the plant becoming entirely decomposed, and the water turning quite green, it is allowed to run into another building called a beating vat. A dozen natives, with scarcely any covering upon their bodies, and with their skins dyed blue, may be seen here, striking the liquid with long sticks, and making a sound like the splashing of oars in a river. When at work they shout and scream, as indeed they always do when trying to exert their strength. After having been beaten for about three or four hours, and the green liquor having become blue, just as our black blood becomes red from contact with oxygen of the air, it is left alone, to allow the sediment to settle at the bottom. The water is then gradually drawn off by taps fixed at equal distances in the sides of the vat, leaving a beautiful, soft, blue, pulpy matter, like very thick cream, on the floor. This blue cream is next boiled, until no froth or scum rises to the surface, and the blue cream looks as smooth as liquid glass. It is then poured into huge sieves, made by stretching coarse cloth over wooden frames, through which the water strains off gradually, leaving the indigo of the consistency of cream cheese. It is still, however, unfit for travelling to Calcutta, and from thence to all parts of the world. It must, therefore, be put into boxes with perforated bottoms, where every drop of moisture is finally squeezed out by mechanical pressure. The pressed indigo is then cut into cakes about three inches square, and is put into a drying-house, where it remains for three months.

The indigo is now fit for packing and travelling. It is truly astonishing to see the quantities of this paste which are annually sent from Bengal for the use of the painters and dyers distributed all over the globe. Indigo, however, is not only employed in dyeing blue, but it is necessary for the production of almost every other color. The indigo plant in itself is perfectly harmless, while the indigo paste prepared from it is a rank poison. When rubbed with the finger nail, the paste assumes a color. The smell of an indigo factory is very disagreeable;



THE DEVIL'S GATE.

and the Hindoos who work in it, besides having their bodies dyed of a dreadful color, are very meagre; yet they are contented with the work, and do it well.

An European indigo planter in the interior of India leads an isolated life, which, however, is not without its enjoyments. His business, though it has its anxieties, is not irksome. He often lives twenty or forty miles from any other European; but this does not prevent him from making and constantly receiving visits. One of the annoyances of a planter's life is the plague of flies. All over India they are a great nuisance during the rainy season, but nowhere to such a degree as in the vicinity of an indigo factory, where they are attracted by the smell. When the servants are preparing the table for a meal, they put a white muslin cloth over the plates, cups and saucers, and in an instant it is covered with black flies. Before taking off the muslin cloth, the bearer begins pulling the large heavy punkah or fan, which has generally a deep fringe at the edge of it; the waiters whisk about small fans in every direction to keep the flies from off the table; and as soon as the tea is poured out a silver cover is put over the cup. The cultivation of the indigo plant is carried on at present in India, Egypt and America; but the best indigo is manufactured in the Bengal presidency. French, Germans, Italians, and the Arabs have all in turn tried to cultivate the indigo bearer in their own countries, and have always failed.—

*Scientific Journal.*

## INCIDENT IN DOUGLAS JERROLD'S LIFE.

About seven o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the year 1816, the Chatham boat arrived in London. A sharp, damp, and foggy dawn very appropriately ushered in to Mr. Samuel Jerrold the three or four sad years he was destined to spend within the sound of Bow bell. His son Douglas, whose coat had been stolen from the cabin, and who, therefore, trudged, for the first time, along London streets hardly prepared for the fog or the cold, probably felt neither the sharpness of the wind nor the suffocating tendency of the fog. The scene was new to him, and all that is new is welcome to the young. Holding his sister by the hand, he walked the streets for some minutes on his own responsibility, while his father stepped aside to comfort himself with a draught of purl. The young midshipman might well try thus early, even for a few minutes, the effects of walking alone in London.

A house in Broad Court, Bow Street, received the family—a humble lodging enough, but the general peace, and the confiscation of the land upon which the theatre stood, had ruined them utterly. Fortune, food, had to be sought. Let me not lightly pass over this time. It is the key to the after character of him whose life I have to set before the reader. This Broad Court, with its dingy houses, its troops of noisy, ragged boys, its brawls and cries, was my father's first impression of the great city. Here, too, for the first time, he came to hob-and-nob with the stern realities of the world. As yet he had passed a

youth not remarkable for its vicissitudes, and he had been two years in his majesty's navy; in the position, and with the prospects of a gentleman.

When a home is broken up it is the position of the children that oppresses your heart. You see their neat clothes give way to something coarse and wretched—they tease with questions that cut to the soul. They want to have a child's party when there is not a crust for them. They ask for playthings when the cupboard is empty. Yet, in the new and humbler house, you will find them happily, because insensibly, adapting themselves to a poorer station. They will occasionally wonder why they have few treats now, and why the little companions of their prosperity never come. Knowing nothing of that dogged sternness with which the world follows success—not seeing that father and mother are of less account to their neighbors than they were when the board was bright with plentiful cheer—they still wonder that the old playmates avoid them. Till the truth flashes suddenly upon them—whereupon they cease to be children.

Broad Court was not then, I will fondly hope, so dreary a place to the children of Mr. Samuel Jerrold as it must have been to their parents. Indeed, I have proof that the young midshipman, still sporting his naval uniform, looked manfully about him at once, and was eager to see the wonders of the great city. He had only just entered upon his fourteenth year; yet had he begun to burn with a desire to do something—to be somebody.

He appears to have moved about freely, as one preparing to hold his own place shortly. Naturally, his curiosity was first directed to the London theatres; of the glories of which he had heard from the London actors, who had, from time to time, joined his father's Shoemoss company. I have traced him to the Adelphi, or Scott's, as it was then called, only a few days after his arrival in town. On this occasion he was the victim of a clever thief. A very authoritative person stopped the midshipman as he walked up the passage from the street to the boxes, saying: "Pay here, sir!" The unsuspecting midshipman, anxious to reach a view of the stage, paid his money, and went rapidly forward. Presently a head protruded from a pigeon-hole, and again a voice said: "Pay here, sir!" The midshipman stopped, and told the face framed in the pigeon-hole that he had already paid. At this moment a gentleman came up. The midshipman's statement proved that the first man who had demanded payment was a very expert swindler. The boy had no more money, and he was about to turn in bitter disappointment away, when the gentleman, who had heard his story, took him by the hand, paid for him, and conducted him to the boxes. That was a kind gentleman, be it remembered; and on many evenings, when the conversation has wandered back so far as 1816, have unknown friends wished him God-speed on his way through life.—*Ticknor & Fields's edition of the memoirs of Douglas Jerrold.*



FORDING THE PLATTE AT HIGH WATER.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## MORNING.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Gathering up the star gems  
That fell from the brow of night,  
Morning over the hilltops  
Scatters her golden light.

All over the dewy valleys,  
Laughingly up and down,  
Are playing the shimmering sunbeams  
Snook from her shining crown.

And all through the deep, deep forest,  
Still and chill and gray  
They glide like a band of spectres,  
Weaving the web of day.

The blue-bell down in the meadow  
Tidily looeth up,  
And showers of quivering light-drops  
Dance in its purple cup.

The tall pine tree on the upland  
Raseth its bristling spires,  
And light like a crown of glory  
Each slender fibre flares.

But onward the morning leth,  
With dew on her twinkling feet,  
And the noon comes fully creeping  
Along in the luxuriant heat.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## REUBEN JAMES.

## AN OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

BY LE. GEORGE H. FRIELE, U. S. N.

\* Died at the Naval Hospital, Washington, December 3, 1885, Reuben James, seaman.

LOOKING over a file of old newspapers, the above simple announcement of this humble individual caught my eye and arrested my attention. I was both grieved and surprised that one short sentence was considered a sufficient memorial of the man who saved the life of Decatur, and who braved the battle and the breeze for more than thirty years in the service of his country. Inspired with these feelings, I sat down and wrote out the following sketch of his services as a little monument to his memory.

Reuben James was born in the county of Sussex, State of Delaware, in the year 1777, and when quite young went to sea in a merchantman. In 1797, when but twenty years of age, he found more congenial employment on board a privateer. Soon after joining her, she fell in with a French privateer, of superior force, off Guadaloupe, and was captured. On his return to the United States, he shipped in the naval service, and sailed for the first time in the frigate Constellation, Commodore Thomas Truxton.

During this cruise he had a part in capturing the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, and stood to his quarters during her action with *L'Vengeance*, a vessel of superior size and force to the Constellation, which resulted in her sheering off under cover of the night, after an obstinate engagement, the Constellation being unable to pursue her from having lost her mainmast.

His next service was on board the frigate President, when she sailed, in 1801, under Commodore Dale, for the Mediterranean. His term of service expiring while at sea, he re-entered on board the frigate *Chesapeake* for service in the same sea. In the harbor of Gibraltar he volunteered on board the schooner *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Isaac Hull. While he was on board they gave chase to a Tripolitan sloop-of-war, which, after some sharp shooting, blew up, whether from accident or by design is not known.

In 1803, he was one of the sixty men selected by Decatur to destroy the frigate *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli. The success of that bold project is too well known to need repetition. It is enough to say it was pronounced by Lord Nelson "the most bold and daring act of the age." He continued in the squadron, and in 1804, in the attack upon the batteries, was on board the gunboat commanded by Decatur, the commander also of the first division. It was there and then that he showed a devotedness and attachment to his commander which has never been surpassed. Captain Decatur was at the time engaged with the commander of a Tripolitan gunboat he had boarded, for having treacherously shot his brother, and while fiercely contending, James observed another Turk aiming a blow at his head. Unable to contend with this treacherous assailant on his beloved commander, from having both his hands disabled by wounds, he sprang between

him and the sabre, and received the blow on his own head, whereby he was severely wounded. A small pension was allowed him for this service, a particular account of which is narrated in the "Naval Temple," though the name of this humble hero is not there recorded.

Soon after this event, Captain Robinson purchased four gunboats in the Gulf of Venice, and there being a scarcity of officers, James was assigned the command of one of them. Getting separated from the others at sea, he was picked up by a merchantman and taken to Messina and placed under charge of the American consul. He was next transferred to the brig *Syren*, Captain Smith, and received an appointment as acting gunner, in which capacity he continued to serve until a peace with Tripoli was concluded, when he returned to the United States in gunboat No. 6, Captain Lawrence.

During the embargo he was on board the frigate *Chesapeake*, and afterwards on board the frigate *United States*, under the command of his old favorite Decatur. The United States remained at Norfolk, as guard-ship, until the declaration of war, when she went to sea.

During the second cruise, James continuing still on board, they fell in with, engaged, and captured the fine frigate *Macedonian*, in the language of the English themselves—"the finest frigate in the English service." After this memorable action the United States put into New York, refitted, and sailed—was pursued by the British squadron, and escaped by running into the harbor of New London. There the crew and officers, including of course our hero, were transferred to the frigate *President*, which ship it is well known was captured by the British squadron, after having silenced the *Endymion*, a frigate of her own force. It is disgraceful to England that she has given medals to the captain and officers of the *Endymion* for the capture of the President, and perhaps not less disgraceful to the officers that they received such lying testimonials. In this action James received three wounds. Another "old salt," who was living a few years since, and had been a participant in several of the actions of the last war, told me that this was by far the bloodiest of any of them.

When war was declared against Algiers, we find James, discontented with the hard knocks he had already received, again shipped in the service on board the frigate *Guerriere*, Commodore Decatur—still following the fortunes of his favorite captain. While on board the *Guerriere*, he assisted in the capture of an Algerine frigate, bearing an admiral's flag, and proceeded to Algiers, where a treaty was completed highly honorable to the Americans.

His next service was in the Independence ship-of-the-line, Commodore Bainbridge, and succeeding that again on board the *Guerriere*, Commodore McDonough, in the Mediterranean.

His next reshipment, for three years, was served under Commodore David Porter, on the West India station, in breaking up those nests of buccaneers that at that time swarmed around the keys and coves of the island. After this service he sailed for the Pacific, on board his old ship the *Guerriere*, Commodore Thompson, where he remained another three years.

His next term of service was passed on board the receiving ship at Norfolk. He then re-entered for another three years, and sailed for the Pacific in the frigate *Brandywine*, but was obliged to return on account of ill health, and was received at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk, in 1835. His health having become partially restored, he proceeded to Washington in October of the same year, for the purpose of obtaining a pension, he being at that time sixty years of age, thirty-three of which had been passed by him in the naval service of the United States—having continued in it through all the wars, and participated in the most brilliant of our naval actions.

It has been and still is the custom in the navy to give the sailors on certain anniversaries an extra glass of grog, something more than the usual daily allowance, or as it is technically called, "allowing them to splice the mainbrace"—Jack being in one sense the main brace of the ship. Our veteran, like most old-time sailors, was an ardent admirer of strong waters, and felt it a duty to celebrate an unusual number of these anniversaries, and thus contrived for himself many merry-makings. Besides our national anniversaries, he always celebrated his own birthday, which somehow came oftener than once a year, the birthday of his favorite commander Decatur, the anniversaries of his "ten fights

and a many skirmishes," the officers seldom refusing him the extra "tot" whenever he pleaded the occasion.

He was acquainted with all of the older officers of the service, and had sailed with most of them. He considered all the officers, old and young, as his particular friends, and was their champion, and would never allow any one wearing "the button" to be spoken of disrespectfully in his hearing.

Soon after his arrival in Washington, his right leg, which had been injured by a musket ball, became extensively diseased, and he was ordered by the faculty of the navy to the hospital. It was found on examination that the only means of saving his life was by a speedy amputation of the limb. This he bore without a murmur, carefully scrutinizing every step of the operation, remarking, however, he "thought it hard that he should be put under jury-mast now that he was laid up."

He lost a good deal of blood in consequence of the diseased state of the blood-vessels, and violent symptoms of lockjaw followed. When the spasms were most severe, and he had given up all hope of recovery, he requested the surgeon to "ease him off handsomely," retaining his courage and coolness to the last. He and grim death had jostled together for many years, and at length old dry bones had come up with him, as he thought, and it would be no more than fair to let him have his own way. Unexpectedly, he rallied, and when it became necessary to use stimulants to strengthen his battered old hulk, he was asked which he would prefer, brown stout or brandy toddy. His reply was characteristic of an old salt of the olden time—"Suppose you give us both, doctor."

His visit to Washington was so far successful that a pension of a hundred dollars a year was granted, and he was permitted to remain at the hospital up to the time of his death. But for his devotedness Decatur would not have lived to have captured the *Macedonian*, or been so gloriously captured in the President.

It must have been observed from our account of this old salt and his services, that he became a great favorite with the officers of the navy, and was allowed that privilege of tongue only granted to sailors who from long service are seldom found fault with, and never punished, and are thence styled "officers' chickens." James, however, knew his place well, never took advantage of the esteem in which he was held, or was disrespectfully familiar. He could not, however, endure to hear his service disparaged.

During his service on board the receiving ship at Norfolk, an English officer visited the ship, and in excessive bad taste, spoke to the officer who was attending him rather disparagingly of our service, while at the same time he extolled his own. James, who was quarter master on the poop deck, heard him for some time in silence, but at last could stand it no longer when the Englishman began to talk of their superior despatch in stripping ship, remarking that he had seen one of their frigates stripped to a girtline in half a day. At this James, who had for some time been itching to say a word, advanced, and touching his forelock respectfully, said:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I have known one of your frigates stripped in less time than that, sir."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer, "have you, indeed. It was smart work then. What one, pray?"

"Why, sir, it was the *Guerriere*, sir; Commodore Hull, sir, stripped her, masts and all, in less than thirty minutes!"

James was of course reproved by his officer, but no doubt with an inward chuckle at his wit, which completely silenced the Englishman.

Such is a sketch of the life of "Reuben James, seaman," whose death has been simply announced in the newspapers. I regret that I had not the data for a nobler and more complete monument to his memory.

## HONOR TO LABOR.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wher-ever it listeth.—*Carlyle*.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 8 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 00 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. B. Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.—Edmund Waller was born at Colshill, England, in 1605. His mother was a sister of the famous Hampden, his father a gentleman of good fortune. The poet's love for the Lady Dorothea Sidney, whom he celebrates in elegant verse as "Sacharissa," is one of the romances of literature. Waller was a Roundhead under Cromwell, and a loyalist under Charles II., and was indeed, as destitute of fixed principles as his genius was of sublimity. His songs are elegant and will none preserve his name. He died at Beconsfield, 21st October, 1687.

CONSTANT READER John the Blind, King of Bohemia, fell in the fight at Crecy in 1346. Being informed that the battle was lost, he bade his knights conduct him into the thickest of the fray. "And," says quaint old Froissart, "he rushed so bravely on the enemy, that at each sweep of his sword went down a foe, and those who attended him fought in like manner, and fell where they fought, so that on the morrow their bodies were found piled around their lord, and their horses all close together."

F. B.—Leigh Hunt the poet is 74 years of age, and resides in a pretty cottage at Hammersmith, England. ART-SAVERS—A large eye is not only consistent with beauty, but essential to it. The eye of the eagle, even of the ox, is familiar in the similes of the poets. Thus we have the "ox-eyed Juno." The Arab expresses his idea of a woman's beauty by saying that she has the eye of the gazelle.

J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Enamel is the art of variegating colors, laid upon or into another body. It is also made of painting with vitrified colors, on gold, silver, copper, etc., and of melting it by heat. Gorgeous specimens of enamel upon gold was a specialty of Byzantine workmanship.

H. B.—Powers the sculptor has resided in Italy about eighteen years.

"Ox or us."—The pleasure boats on the Neva, at St. Petersburg, are far gayier than the Venetian gondolas, which latter are universally painted black. Formerly they were splendidly decorated, and so much expense was incurred in the rivalry of fashion, that the senate, by one of its sumptuary laws, decreed the color which has ever since distinguished them.

V. M.—The population of Smyrna is about 150,000, divided as follows: 80,000 Turks, 40,000 Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5,000 Franks. CAHIR—Daniel O'Connell died in Italy, May 15, 1847.

## THE OLD EGYPTIANS.

Thales, a Phœnician philosopher, though born in Miletus, journeyed into Egypt about six hundred years before Christ, for the purpose of studying geometry, astronomy, and philosophy. He however found very poor schoolmasters among the priesthood of Memphis, with whom he studied; for they were unable to measure even the height of their own pyramids. He taught them a very simple process by which to accomplish this object, and excited their astonishment and admiration by his performance. The shadow cast by the pyramids upon the surface of the earth, was made use of by him to determine the height of the edifice. Erecting a perpendicular staff of a given length, he noted the length of the shadow which it cast upon the ground, and the proportion which it bore to the length of the staff. Then, measuring the shadow of the pyramid from the centre of its base to the farthest point, he applied the proportion between the length of the object and its shadow, which the staff had given him, and thus determined the true height of the edifice. It seems strange that a people of such high repute for learning as the priesthood of Egypt, should not have been able to solve so simple a proposition by the rules of trigonometry; and still more strange that the off-hand expedient of Thales should never have occurred to them.

The knowledge of measurement was familiar to the ancient Egyptians, as is clearly demonstrated by the regularity of structure of the mighty and enduring pyramids which they have left behind them. Some years ago, Mohammed Ali, the Turkish Pasha of Egypt, having occasion to construct a fort, ordered one of these monuments to be blown up, for the purpose of using the stone in his new work. During the process of destruction, a workman's measure, bedded in mortar, was brought to light. It was a wooden rule, two cubits, or forty-two inches in length, and was regularly divided off into fingers, palms, and spans. This implement probably belonged to one of the masons employed in building the pyramid, thirty-five hundred years ago, and was dropped from his hands among the stones, where it had rested and been preserved in the mortar for that enormous period of time. This memorial of ancient art was applied to many of the entrances and chambers of the pyramids, and proved to be the measure by which they were erected. Some French savans secured this invaluable prize, and it is probably now preserved in the national collection of antiquities at Paris. The entrance ways to these pyramids



measure just two cubits; and it may be mentioned, as a remarkable fact, that the doors of the famous round towers of Ireland are of exactly the same width, showing that the ancient Phœnician colonists, by whom Ireland was first civilized, and who built these towers, employed the same measure in building as the early Egyptians.

#### A DROLL AFFAIR.

Our readers are aware that the French court has been recently sojourning at Compeigne, for the enjoyment of hunting and other rural sports. The priest of the neighboring village of B. is well known as a man of wit and the world, a "good fellow," in short, and quite a favorite with the imperial officers.

One day a caravan of a dozen persons, ladies, officers, and chamberlains, lost their way in the woods, and finally came out in the village of B. Just then the worthy curé was reading his breviary at his door. He rose to meet the party, and gave them a warm welcome. They had been wandering in the woods for hours, dying of hunger and thirst, and the captain asked the priest if they could not get something to eat in the village.

"My dear sir," said the hospitable priest, "isn't the parsonage here? Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. Catherine (his servant), be alive there. Fly to the cellar, the poultry-yard, and dove-cote. Bring a table cloth, napkins, and plates here."

At the same time the curate opened a wardrobe, took out a surplice, and put it on, saying:

"Excuse me, if I absent myself for a moment—only while dinner is getting ready. I am obliged to attend to a matter which admits of no delay."

"But where are you going, sir?"

"O, don't be uneasy—a parochial duty."

"But, sir?"

"Are you curious to know my business?"

"Very much so."

"I didn't wish to sadden you. But I must call on a poor dying girl, I confess, this morning."

"What is her sickness?"

"Ah, poor child—the small pox!"

With these words he vanished. The guests looked at each other in dismay, and then scattered, and for many days they gave the parsonage a wide berth. It was no trick of the good priest, for he was really hospitable; but they could not make up their minds to patronize his table after such an avowal.

#### A VERY FRENCH STORY.

Among the frequenters of the French opera, a very beautiful Italian woman has lately been the "observed of all observers," particularly from her resemblance to Titian's *Violante*. Her name is *Metella Sarti*, and about her the following true or false story is related: A young Frenchman, Count Max Something, left Paris, on account of the slanderous stories of a certain viper-tongued woman, which caused him to conceive a horror of all feminine tongues. He was a constant attendant at the Neapolitan opera-house, and never missed a ballet in which the beautiful *Metella*—for she was an opera-dancer—figured. The Marquis *Salviati*, observing the interest the young Frenchman seemed to take in his fair countrywoman, offered to introduce him.

"The immortal gods forbid!" cried the count. "I love her as she is—the ideal of my fancy. She is charming on the stage and—mute. If I should hear her speak, the charm would cease."

Shortly afterwards, all Naples was excited by the rumor of a strange adventure. The lovely Neapolitan's carriage was run away with, and her frightened horses came near dashing her down a precipice. She was uninjured, but her terror deprived her of speech. The best physicians were consulted, but all their skill was unable to restore her voice.

On learning this, the young Frenchman consented to an introduction, and was very much charmed with the modest and lady-like manner of the unfortunate danseuse. One morning, when he was paying her a visit, overcome by the warmth of the weather, and the fatigues of the preceding night, she fell asleep in spite of her utmost exertions to keep awake. Suddenly the beautiful dreamer murmured: "Dearest Max!" Astounded at the incident, the young man gently awoke her; but the young girl looked at him with astonishment, and remained mute. Max could not understand this phenomenon till he realized what he had said, long ago, to the Marquis *Salviati*—"If I should hear her speak, my illusions would vanish."

Kneeling at his feet, he took her hand and murmured: "Metella, soul of my life, I have guessed your secret! I restored your speech—I desire you to speak!"

*Metella* burst into tears, and replied: "Dear Max, do not cease to love me—I will be dumb again when you wish!"

The count offered his hand, was accepted, and they are to be married as soon as the dancer has achieved a reputation in Paris. If the story is not true—at least, it is a very ingenious puff of a very charming woman.

#### ABOUT DOGS.

The great naturalist, Cuvier, says: "The dog is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has made from wild nature." Scores of distinguished men—among others, Sir Walter Scott—might be cited as "friends to dogs, for they are honest creatures." Napoleon I., notwithstanding the trouble Josephine's pet dogs caused him, and particularly the famous *Fortuité*, whose body was embalmed, preserved through life a regard for the canine race. One day, at Longwood, Madame de Montholon was driving a dog away.

"Ah, madame," said Napoleon, "would you banish the dog? Then you do not like fidelity." Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon their city in the time of Themistocles, makes a digression to describe the lamentable moaning of the dogs they left behind in Athens. One of these dogs swam to his master at Salamis, where he died of fatigue, and the Athenians honored him by a tomb, and gave the name of the "Dog's Tomb" to that part of the island on which he was buried.

The son of the great Condé fancied he was metamorphosed into a hunting-dog, and ran barking about his house; but in the apartments of Louis XIV., out of respect for the monarch, he contented himself with whining in a low tone.

Voltaire says: "It appears that nature has bestowed the dog on man for his defence and pleasure. He is, of all animals, the most faithful, and the best friend man can have." And Rivarol, in his "Essay on Friendship," defines the bond between man and the dog, as "the most perfect union which exists in this world." We think that "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," owe us a card of thanks for this gratuitous puff.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**—During the last few months we have taken much pains to interest competent individuals, travelling abroad, and especially those sailing to distant parts of the world, to send us sketches of the interesting localities they visit, carefully prepared, so that we can engrave them for our Pictorial. We have already commenced to receive these sketches, and have given three or four in our columns. This enterprise will be of great value and interest to our patrons, and these fine original scenes will be multiplied in our pages, with care and accuracy. These pictures will be interspersed by numerous American scenes, and especially all notable matters of a local interest, such as choice portraits, fine new buildings, new ships, etc. We are determined that *Ballou's Pictorial* shall be the best illustrated paper in this country.

**MR. GEO. VANDENHOFF.**—This accomplished gentleman is giving a series of readings before the second Unitarian Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in their new and elegant church. Milton's "Comus" was one of the poems selected. Mr. V. has just returned from a successful reading tour to Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburg.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.**—We received, in one day, last week, four hundred and seven subscribers to our Dollar Monthly! One Dollar a year, fully illustrated, and each number containing one hundred pages of original reading matter. Twelve hundred pages a year for one dollar!

**DESIGNS.**—We shall feel obliged to our friends in any part of the country, who will send us sketches of notable scenes, public buildings, etc., for our columns. Such sketches should be accompanied by a brief but careful description.

**ILLUSTRATIONS.**—We are making arrangements to send able and experienced artists into various parts of the country, for fine original drawings of interesting subjects, for our pages.

#### THE AKALIS TOWER, URRUTZER, INDIA.

We know of no more beautiful specimen of oriental architecture, than the lofty and elaborate structure of which we publish an accurate representation on page 52. It stands in a charming grove, by the borders of a beautiful tank, whose still waters reflect the rich ornaments that decorate the stately and symmetrical pile. The main building is octagonal in form, and so is the cupola. Both the latter and the projecting vestibule are ornamented by rich and stately domes. The windows are sheltered by projecting canopies richly carved, and, notwithstanding this gorgeousness and luxury of detail, the effect of the whole, nevertheless, or, perhaps we should say in consequence of its irregularity and eccentricity, is pleasing. The origin of this tower is unknown, or for what purpose it was erected, but it has acquired historical celebrity. In the famous Sikh war, a band of Akalis, fierce and fanatic, held possession of this tower, having constituted themselves guardians of the tank and temple. These men were distinguished by a uniform of blue cloth, ornamented and defended by bands and chains of steel. Armed to the teeth, they swore vengeance on the invaders, and long after the city had been stormed by the victorious troops, this Spartan band maintained their post. The British forced an entrance into the lower story of the temple, and then ensued a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, the Akalis retreating, fighting desperately, from story to story, until they reached the summit. To repeated calls to surrender, they only replied by yells of defiance, and, finally, when all hope was lost, they flung themselves from the parapet, and were either dashed to atoms or drowned in the waters of the tank. So heroic a resistance would have honored a better cause.

**TENNYSON'S "ADELINE."**—Another exquisite photograph, by S. Masury, from a crayon drawing, by C. A. Barry, of this city, is for sale at our various print-shops. It is an ideal head of surpassing loveliness, and charming in expression, realizing the vision of the English poet. Those who possess the "Motherless," by the same artist, need only be told that it is equally pleasing and perfect as a work of art, and that it is executed in the same style of photography—in a light neutral tint. As a crayon artist, Mr. Barry has raised himself to the front rank.

**D'AVIGNON, THE ARTIST.**—We are pleased to learn that this artist, whose drawing of portraits on stone has never been equalled in this country, is now established in our city. He is engaged in drawing lithographed heads for Mr. Chas. H. Brainard, who has made it his speciality to publish portraits of the prominent men and women of the times. Many of those he has already published are from the crayon of D'Avignon, who unites to exquisite finish a grasp of character which gives his productions a rare value.

**THE BOSTON SATURDAY GAZETTE.**—This favorite miscellaneous weekly has just entered upon its forty-fifth volume, but though so well and long established, it gives no evidence of age, except the advantage gained by experience. It is fully up to the times, and richly merits the large patronage it enjoys. As an advertising medium, it is unrivalled; this we know from personal experiment in our own business behalf. The editorial corps of the Gazette is a strong and able one, besides which, it employs a host of the best correspondents and contributors.

**IS SURELY COMING.**—That wonder of maritime construction, the Great Eastern, is progressing in her preparations to cross the Atlantic. We shall certainly make a pilgrimage to Portland, when she arrives.

**ZOOLOGY.**—One Mr. Froilhan has recently put forth a handsome octavo of 580 pages, to prove that Louis Napoleon is the Beast of the Apocalypse.

**POPULATION.**—New York State contains over 3,000,000 inhabitants. Pennsylvania comes next, in point of population, containing 2,300,000. Our own State has just about 1,000,000.

**BANKS.**—We have thirty nine banks in this city, and two more are contemplated. There are also five excellent savings institutions.

#### THE NEW YORK PARK.

The citizens of New York are quite proud of their new Central Park in the upper part of the city, the work upon which has made good progress during the past year. The grounds have been partially graded, and the roads so far laid out as to give a very good idea of what the general effect will be when the entire work is completed. The natural surface presents a great variety of elevation and depression, and is well adapted to admit of the most beautiful landscape effects. The grounds embrace the highest land on the island of Manhattan, and are quite remarkable for their diversified and picturesque scenery. There are natural depressions for ponds, ample levels for gardens, parades, and play grounds, sloping hillsides for romantic walks, and excellent facilities for broad and level carriage drives. In some parts of the grounds the rocky ledge crops out into bold crags, which present superior opportunities for the production of striking scenic effects. It is anticipated that a large portion of the park will be completed, so as to be thrown open to the public during the next summer, and for diversion during the present winter, the commissioners have flooded an ample tract for a skating pond.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT REBUSSES.

The history of the rebus has never been written—a very great omission. The rebus, though the name is Latin, must have originated in Egypt. The obelisk of Luxor is a proof, and what are the hieroglyphics but pictorial riddles. Mythology corroborates this assertion. Apollo communicated his oracles in the form of rebuses; witness his answer to Philip, King of Macedonia: "Thou shalt be slain by a chariot." In fact, the sword which Pausanias made to slay the father of Alexander the Great, had a chariot embossed on the handle. Unluckily, Philip was a very poor guesser of riddles, and contented himself with sending all the chariots he could find out of his kingdom.

Under the empire, an Austrian general having been beaten both in Germany and Italy, the people drew a drum upon the door of his house, with the following words as an explanation of the rebus: "I am beaten on both sides." Alphonse Karr once sent a letter to a friend which contained only a note of interrogation—?. The answer was—0. The meaning of these notes was—"what is there new?" and "nothing." The brevity of wit could not be pushed much further.

**AN UNLUCKY ACTOR.**—At one of our theatres, while an "eminent" was lately doing up, in the usual butcher-block style, the character of "Macbeth," one of his favorite "points" was knocked into a three-cornered hat. When he had struggled, like a fish out of water, through to the passage, "We will proceed no further in this business," a tall, lanky countryman arose in the parquette, and, placing his "kowsheet" on his head, exclaimed: "I'm blained glad of it; for sich bad actin' I never did see!"

**ONLY A DOLLAR.**—We pronounce "Ballou's Magazine" the best publication in the United States, for the price. It is an octavo of one hundred pages, printed and published monthly, on clean white paper. It is elegantly illustrated, free from politics and all sectarian subjects, and indeed, all "trashy" nonsense, which occupies a considerable portion of the magazine literature of the day. Ballou is second only to Harper. The January number is excellent. Price, \$1 a year. M. M. Ballou, Boston, Mass., editor and proprietor. Weekly Star, Morgantown, Virginia.

**ANNUAL MORTALITY OF BOSTON.**—The number of deaths in Boston during the year 1858 was a little rising thirty-eight hundred—a decrease over 1857 of about one hundred and twenty-five. As usual, consumption was the leading disorder.

**GROWING.**—About three hundred new dwelling-houses have been erected in the southern section of our city during the year just past. All in ward eleven.

**THEATRICAL.**—There are twenty-one regularly conducted theatres in London at the present time, and they are generally successful.

**WHO CAN TELL?**—Our "devil" wants to know if Christmas was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

**EDUCATIONAL.**—Boston paid last year for the support of her public schools, \$345,294.





THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND, GERMAN OCEAN.

[Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]  
ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

AT SEA, OFF HELIGOLAND,  
NOVEMBER 5, 1858

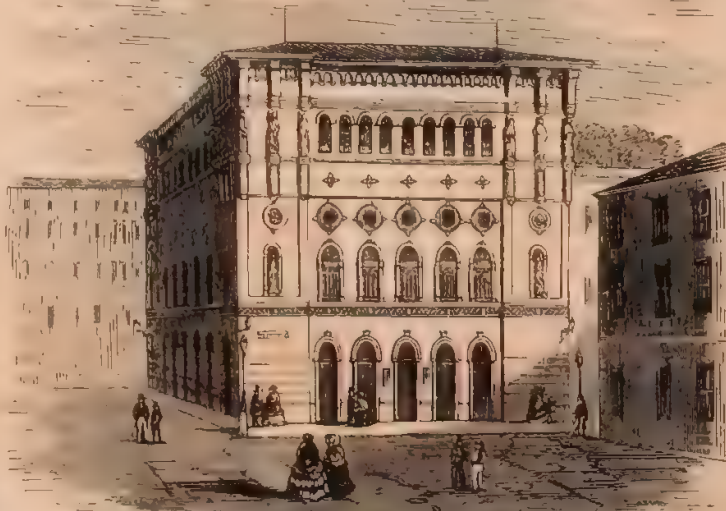
M. M. BALLOU, ESQ., DEAR SIR, — Our good bark is lying at anchor under the lee of Heligoland, and having visited the place and made a sketch of it, to while away the time, perhaps I cannot do better than to add a few descriptive items in case you should find the drawing worth engraving and publication. The sketch is a correct one, though made in a biting wind, and the island looked gloomy enough as it rose against the leaden sky, with the angry waves dashing against its base. Of course, in summer, with the warm sunlight glancing over it and lighting up the buildings, it would appear a very different place. Heligoland is a small island, not more than a mile and a half in length, I should judge, and lying about thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. It is composed of sand-banks and rocky, but it is yet one of the many important points on which Great Britain has succeeded in planting the "meteor flag" all over the face of the globe. The name signifies, I have read, in German, "sacred place," and here stood in former ages, the temple of some Saxon god or goddess. It was also the residence of the chief of the North Frieslanders. Denmark acquired it by the process of annexation in 1714. In 1807, when Great Britain made unholy war on Denmark, she sent a small squadron against Heligoland, and easily obtained possession of the island. Her object in holding it was to make it a smuggling station from which to throw into the continent those goods excluded by Bonaparte's continental system. In 1814 England retained it for its excellent harbors, and as a strong military station. The sketch indicates the division of the town into two parts—an upper and a lower one. The official buildings, all of which are plain and unpretending, are in the former part, while the lower town consists of fishermen's huts, mere cabins for shelter, scattered about irregularly, and a hotel. Fishing and the pilotage of vessels supply employment to the men, while the women, besides the care of their households, and assisting in curing fish, till the ungrateful soil, and tend the few sheep that feed upon the upland pastures. They are honest and industrious, but the hard life they lead destroys their good looks at an early age. Nothing, I should think, could be more discouraging than farming here—worse than tilling the most stony patch in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. In my rambles about the island I have not seen anything that could be dignified by the name of tree—though the inhabitants are very proud of a few distorted and stunted shrubs which have braved the sea blasts, and which they persist in calling trees. They raise some barley and oats, but their vegetables, as well as their fuel, have to be imported from the mainland. A little life is given to the island in summer, by visitors who come hither to enjoy sea-bathing; and in whose wake there always come a few sharp Hamburg traders who understand how to make hay while the sun shines. For this brief season an unusual bustle and animation pervade the

little island, and a good deal of money is parted with by the strangers, who submit with a good grace, to being charged about 100 per cent. advance on everything they buy, in consideration of the difficulty of making money here. During the Crimean war Heligoland, however, exhibited a little spasmodic agitation, for it was made a recruiting rendezvous by the British government, and here foreigners were mustered into service in the grand crusade against the czar. But with the conclusion of peace, the island has lapsed into its nominal, stagnating condition. Yet even a halt at such a place varies the monotony of a long sea voyage. Hoping to write you next from some gayer port, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
R. C. M.

#### VIEWS IN TRIESTE, AUSTRIA.

In a former number of the Pictorial, we published several views taken in Trieste, the only seaport in the Illyrian provinces, the duchy of Austria and the greater part of Hungary, but its great commercial importance, and its recent rapid development under the more enlightened policy of the present emperor of Austria, induces us to lay before our friends some fresh and authentic pictures of the place, which strike us as being both artistic and interesting. Trieste has lately been the place of meeting of representatives from the different railways which now traverse Germany. The line from Laybach to Trieste, which is now finished, is one of the greatest importance to Austria, and to Germany in general,

since a direct communication is opened between the Adriatic and the Baltic. A further line is now proposed, and will open up the rich corn countries of Croatia and Hungary, and be a source of enormous wealth. Hitherto the riches of these countries have been completely locked up from the difficulties of conveyance, and the expense attending it, there being really no roads deserving the name in either of these parts of the Austrian dominions. In many parts, at a distance from the Danube, the crops of two or three years have been housed, without the possibility of the proprietors disposing of them, as also the exquisite wines of the country, which are almost unknown out of it, from the damage they receive by the carriage over the tracts which cut up the country, and which tend rather to impede than promote exportation. A species of infatuation seems to have possessed the Austrian government, until the accession of the present emperor, with regard to these countries. The encouragement which the emperor now gives to everything which tends to improve the trade of Austria will, eventually, render her one of the richest countries in Europe, and the port of Trieste will far outshine the glories of ancient Venice. The situation of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, and few places can vie with it for cleanliness. The whole town is paved with flag-stones, and the greatest attention is paid to keeping the streets clean. There are several excellent hotels; of late years great improvements have been made, several magnificent buildings having sprung up. The bathing is very good, and the new baths afford every convenience for sea bathing. The first of our illustrations is the "Armonia" theatre, a building devoted chiefly to operatic performances, as its name indicates. It is in the Venetian style of architecture, and would not look out of place if located in the Piazza of St. Mark. The new sea baths are in a very pretty style of architecture, and are admirably conducted and liberally patronized by residents and strangers. The "Ferdinandum" is a beautiful palace lately erected, a fine structure, and commanding a most extensive and romantic view. These elegant structures show what improvements are making in the modern part of the ancient city. Trieste is a very old place. It was of importance under the Romans, by whom it was called *Tergeste*, and has the remains of an amphitheatre and some arches. In the middle ages it was the capital of an independent Republic. It was taken by the French in 1797 and 1805. Trieste is finely situated on the Gulf of Trieste, at the northeast extremity of the Adriatic Sea, and 73 miles north-northeast of Venice. The old town is built on the declivity of a steep hill, crowned by a fortress in a ruinous condition, and enclosed by old walls, and the new town Theresienstadt, Josephstadt, and the Franzen-Vorstadt, bordering the sea on a plain at its foot. It has altogether a very thriving appearance, and its streets are crowded with men of all nations. The new town is very well built, and few cities on the continent can vie with it in the solidity and comfort of its private dwellings, while its public edifices are, many of them, models of taste and elegance that would do honor to the architecture of any city.



THE ARMONIA THEATRE, TRIESTE.



## A WESTERN LINGUIST.

A. C. Johnson, in the State of Illinois, at the age of ten, took a fancy for the study of Latin. He soon found, and it was all he could find, Andrews' and Stoddard's very small grammar, which he borrowed, and kept long enough to master most of its brief lessons. He then had to return this, and he resolved to have one of his own.—He had ninety cents. He had found in the roads at different times, a dime and half-dime, and a relative had given him a Mexican bit; a neighbor, knowing his ambition and lack of means, showed him a side of old bacon, very rusty, and worm-eaten on the edges, of which he made him a present. A. C. took it, trimmed, scoured, and sunned it, and sold it for 62 1-2 cents. This just enabled him to buy Anthon's Latin Lessons, and he was rich enough. At every leisure moment, by day or night, he was poring over his treasure, until he had almost committed the whole to memory. A friend then allowed him the use of Andrew's Latin Reader; and, after he had finished this, an elder brother presented him the *Epit. Sac. Hist.* and *Viri Romæ*. After this he had little difficulty in procuring and reading Caesar, Ovid, Cicero, Sallust, Horace, and "Quidam Tractatus Logice—London, 1659."—In the meantime he had commenced the study of Greek. His father owned Wesley's works, and among them was a Greek Grammar. This was A. C.'s starting point, and few boys will consider it a pleasant one. But better luck awaited him. He found and borrowed a much larger work by J. Smith, S. T. D., print. Boston, 1809. Before he had finished this he borrowed Valpey, and there completed his knowledge of Greek grammar. After borrowing and reading Anthon's *Jacob's Reader*, he happened to meet an opportunity to buy for a few cents—learned works do not sell well in the West—a Greek Dialects, Greek Exercises, Græca Minora, Greek Testament, Xenophon, Homer, and a Lexicon. Long before he had finished these, he had undertaken the Hebrew. His father owned a Hebrew Grammar, by the Rev. Martin Ruter, which it was no difficult task to commit to memory, and a larger work entitled *Wilson's Introduction*. These employed him for nearly a year, after which he bought a Hebrew Bible, and was "in all his glory." Spanish came next. He found among his father's old papers a large bundle of Congressional Documents, containing the correspondence of the Secretary of State with the Mexican and Spanish Ministers. The letters of the Ministers were in the original Spanish, accompanied by a literal translation. A—C— studied these until he could read the Spanish alone with ease, or else had the whole by heart—

he scarcely knew which. But he now had the good fortune to borrow a Spanish Grammar, and eagerly did he devour it. He then got a Testament, which a soldier had pocketed in Mexico; also a prayer-book and Ortega's Poems, all of which he read; but as he had no dictionary, he had to note down the words whose meaning he could not decipher until he should find them in a construction that would throw light upon them.

Then came the French. For this A. C. had a pretty good beginning in Wanostricht, which he studied and re-studied carefully. Then, without a dictionary, he began to read *Telemachus*, a book he had borrowed as usual. He noted the difficult words as in the Spanish, till he could render literally every sentence in the volume. He then bought for fifty-five cents a French Testament, French Arithmetic, "French Guide," and Perrin's Tables, which he read with infinite gusto; also Racine and the *Juif Errant*. He had already turned his attention to the German. His only accessible text books were Jayne's *Medizinischer Kalendar* for a reader, and Jayne's *Medical Almanac* for a dictionary. They contain nearly 60 pages of matter not the most interesting, but A. C. pondered over them day after day, week after week, till he could translate literally every sentence in the *Kalendar*. He then happened to find a copy of Ollendorf, which he immediately borrowed. At last he succeeded in purchasing a German Bible, Dutch Reform Hymn Book, etc., which he read with the utmost satisfaction. But I grow tedious. I have said enough to convey an idea of his zeal, industry,

patience, and perseverance. By means like those I have noticed, he has become acquainted with a dozen languages—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, besides storing in a splendid memory the choice gems from 500 volumes of miscellaneous reading. He is quiet, retiring, taciturn, solemn; but writes a great deal, and many of his writings are humorous. If Elihu Burritt deserves praise for acquiring languages in Massachusetts surrounded with books, and having access to a town library, ought not a young farmer's boy, in the half-subdued wilderness of the far West, to enjoy a like reward for similar if not equal labors?

—N. Y. Tribune.

BARTON SMITH.

## WINTER ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

The Coos Republican narrates the successful termination of an enterprise several times attempted, but never before accomplished, viz., the ascent of Mount Washington in winter. Later than the early part of September, the ascent of any of the White Mountain range is attended with danger, and several who have made the attempt have lost their lives. On the 7th of December, however, two individuals surmounted all the perils of the ascent, and entered the Tip Top and Summit Houses. The title to these buildings has been for some time in litigation, and recently Samuel F. Spaulding, of Lancaster, obtained an execution, which he was anxious to levy immediately. Securing the services of Deputy Sheriff Lucius Hartshorn, and B. F. Os-

snow, was a labor of time. Unable to obtain ingress at the doors, they forced their way in through the windows, on which the frost had formed a foot and a half in thickness. The walls and all the furniture were draped with some four inches of frost, and the air was biting in the extreme. It was like a tomb, and a lamp was necessary in the snow cavern to enable the party to distinguish the surrounding objects. As delay was dangerous in the extreme, and having perfected their legal duty, the two prepared to return. Upon emerging from the houses, they beheld to the southwest a cloud rapidly increasing in volume, and rolling on toward them. When first seen, it was small in magnitude, but it increased in size with alarming velocity, soon spreading over the entire south. They knew it was a frost cloud, and to be caught in its folds would probably be fatal, and they hastened to avoid it. They had just entered the woods at the base of the ledge when it came upon them. So icy and penetrating was its breath, that to have encountered its blinding, freezing power on the unprotected height, would have been to have perished with it as a pall to cover them. The party reached the Glen in safety, and were heartily welcomed by their friends, who, well knowing the danger attending this never before accomplished feat, awaited them with much anxiety."

"Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions," and the contrary is produced by easy conversations, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion.



THE NEW SEA BATHS AT TRIESTE.



THE FERDINANDEUM, AT TRIESTE.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
IN AN UNKNOWN ALBUM.

BY E. T. HAYT.

I know not now to whom may be  
This short memorial here from me,  
Nor can the lady fair divine  
Who wrote this simple verse of mine  
But then my muse is like the flower,  
Which blooms and dies within an hour,  
I catch the perfume which it gives,  
And breathe it while the flower lives.

This little book before me lay—  
I opened to pick it up to-day  
"To Julia," ah, that name can tell  
A tale of blighted love too well!  
I saw the inscription written here,  
I felt to me two strangers dear,  
My pen I sought to write the name,  
And fanned to life a dying flame.

Forgive me then—I add a flower  
Perchance to lie within this bower,  
The but a withered leaf of pain,  
Its petals never will open again  
But if in some sweet song you find  
You chance to cast your glances here,  
Remember 'twas the poet's prayer  
That he might die by one so fair.

## TO THE DAT

Little hat, whose airy flight  
Kiss the evening with delight,  
Hut and hut and hlo along,  
Subject of my youthful song  
When in duple I twilight gray  
Thru the sombre grove I stray,  
Whose fair Paulina's throat  
Warbles forth its sweet note,  
Thru my dusky footsteps fly,  
Adding beauty to industry,  
Now along the glittering stream,  
Now beneath the Cynthia's beam,  
Now amid the vista's shade,  
Thou thy gliding circles lead,  
Lovers' I, thy fairy play  
Glides the gloom of parting day.

GUTHRIE'S MAGAZINE

## CEREMONY.

Ceremony has made many fools  
It is as easy way into a duchess  
As to a hated dame, if her love answer  
But that by timorous hours, pale respects,  
The degrees of fear, make make their ways  
Hard of themselves.—JOHNSTON

## SLANDER.

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined  
To see a kingdom or a house overturned,  
Whispered he had a mistress, a successful one,  
But for some time quarrels one will do.—BROWN

## CITIZENLYNESS.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grand preceptor in a chair?  
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jumble  
By being peevish.—BRIDGES PARK

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Mr. Wilks, in a late number of the "Home Journal," tells us how Lord Dufferin (whose admirable "Yacht Voyage" we noticed in the Pictorial) is. It appears that his mother was one of the three Sheridan sisters. Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty at Lord Eglinton's famous Tournament, being the others. Wilks says she has been better known, perhaps as the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood, her husband (Hon. Captain Blackwood of the Royal Navy) having passed most of his life as the expectant of a title, and becoming Lord Dufferin but a few years since. Hon. Mrs. Blackwood has composed poetry and music and was a celebrated beauty. Mrs. Kirkland, in speaking of Washington, alludes to an attempt at an acrostic he made, when a young man, on a lady by the name of Frances Alexander. It was a wretched stuff and he gave it up after he got to the X. She then remarks—"We must congratulate ourselves upon the failure, for who knows where we might have been now, if Washington had turned out a poet?" The Chinese lately poisoned a French officer who had gained the medal in the Crimea, and had established himself in business in Canton. It is said that poison is the favorite arm of the Chinese. One of their proverbs is—"A little powder produces more effect in a cup than in a gun-barrel." It appears that in Russia luxury and the desire of making a show are carried to a greater extent than in any other country. It seems the case wishing to repay a great service rendered by a petty official, invited him to come to Peterhof with his wife. The latter forced to sustain a rank which did not belong to her, mortgaged her husband's income for three years, and was thus enabled to put on a new dress every morning noon and night. The emperor learned the fact, and to give her a lesson said to her, on the day of her departure, "Do you know, my dear, that you are much to be pitied for having such a wretched milliner?" She can't have given you a single dress that fits you you change them so often? The first masked ball at the French opera, Paris took place on the fifteenth of last month. Strauss led the orchestra, and the multitude passed a night of frenzied enjoyment. A short time since, a clergyman of the reformed religion, settled over a German church, delivered an eloquent and powerful discourse over the body of one of his parishioners. "His purse," he said, among other things, "was always open to his brethren. I myself experienced his generosity—I borrowed forty crowns of him, and he never asked me

to pay him." Carried away by his improvisation the orator never suspected what effect his eloquence would produce. But the funeral over, the heirs put their heads together, and made a pressing demand on the minister to repay the borrowed money with interest. He was obliged to do so, regretting the eloquence in which he had indulged. The clergyman originated the *flask* expression, now so much in vogue, of "He's a very nice man, but he can't keep a hotel," which "brings down the house," at Laura Keane's, New York, and at which everybody is laughing without exactly knowing the reason why.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble has intimated that she will this winter read in Philadelphia, next winter in New York, and the winter following in Boston, after which it is her intention to take a final leave of the public. A safe has been invented which looks on the inside, and leaves no key hole, or other opening. A clock-work within opens it in an hour, regulated by being set before the door is shut. George C. Thorburn, the florist, will take charge of the grounds of the Mount Vernon estate when it shall be purchased by the ladies. It was a bright thought, that of Smithson when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said—"My friends, after I die, make a post mortem examination, and find out what ails me; for really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself." Some stupid says he thinks that if a fee was charged to see the sun rise, blue-tenths of the world would be up at day-break.

A person has just been discharged from jail in Cincinnati, who has been in prison since September, on a charge of passing a counterfeit \$10 on the Bank of Louisville. When the prisoner was arraigned, the note was pronounced genuine. If this is not a hard case, we know not what is. The last arrivals from England inform us that the British government have under consideration a proposition to advance the necessary funds to lay a new cable. Two card-playing friends, while passing through a pine forest, one asked the other this audacious conundrum, "Why cannot the proprietor of this forest sell his own timber?" "Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal." What an industrious man can accomplish has been exemplified by the life of the German dramatic writer, Blum, who died in Berlin, in the year 1844, at the age of sixty. His works for the stage amount to the incredible number of 680, including, however, many translations. But this is not all, nor nearly all. Blum was also a composer—his vocal and instrumental works of that description amounting to 162, including some comic operas; and his sprightly part songs are sure to be heard, whenever a party of young Liedertafel singers meet together. Then he executed many of the scenic decorations of the Berlin theatres; was first comic actor at the National Theatre of that city, from 1820 to 1831, and was its chief manager from 1838 to his death. John H. Prentiss, of New York, whose house suspended last fall, with liabilities of nearly one million of dollars, has given notice that he was ready to pay in full all demands whether compromised or otherwise. A sprig of divinity, preaching on the fall and repentance of Peter, referred to the crowing personage as "the feathered individual." P. S. Gilmore, the popular musician, has dissolved his connection with the Salem Brass Band, and is about organizing a band in this city. A man who has no bills against him, belongs to an order of no-billity in more than one sense. An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasing. Mr. Eliphalet Stubbs, a real live Yankee from Connecticut, in exhibiting his "Patent Back Action Spanker," thus scientifically describes it:—"One being attached to a baby of any age, it (the spanker) watches over it like a mother—makes it hush when it becomes naughty, obliges it to desist from swallowing thimbles, marbles, three-cent pieces, pins, or any other feed unsuited to its stomach; compels it to go to sleep when it doesn't want to, and, if somewhat colder, it sees that it keeps its hands off the sugar-bowl and jam-pots; besides making it keep its face clean—and all by the power of its back action." The noted Mrs. Bloomer is secretary of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, away off at Council Bluffs. The first cargo of ice ever sent to the Sandwich Islands reached there on the 14th of November. It arrived out in excellent order; and to avoid waste, was unloaded by steam—a government pile-driving engine being employed for the purpose. When Yehylus, the great poet was condemned to death, his brother, an orator and hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the defence of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved. The dumb eloquence of that maimed limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn." Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," who, so far as we can judge from his biography, looked very sharp after his own interests, especially when circumstances forced him to become a back writer in London, once made the following business like computation upon a great man's death:—"Lost, by not being able to dedicate to him, ten guineas. Gained, by writing his life, £12. Am glad he is dead by thirty shillings." Madame Persiani, so long the ornament of the Italian opera, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in music. The late Rev. Dr. —, of a neighboring town, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues—and having a short time previous bought a load of wood of one of the officers of his church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to press this point on the subject:—"Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery below or even in the deacon's seat." Mr. Ruskin, recently addressing an audience in England, said:—"Some of my hearers, this evening, may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to

contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly, till I have contradicted myself three times." For many years a German apothecary, named John Killingling, has resided at Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio. The Cincinnati Commercial says he was known to be rich and peevish, but there were few who guessed at a title of his riches. He died lately, and on opening his will, it was found that he left property in this country, and in Germany, worth \$750,000—the whole of which is to be deposited in a bank, the principal never to be touched, but the interest to be devoted to the education of the Protestant Germans in this country. Rachel confessed her "first impulse," on receiving a present from Queen Victoria, "was to feel the weight of the bracelet, and thus estimate its metallic value." Dr. Binns, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," recommends the following means of procuring sleep—Let the person turn on his left side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line from the head to the shoulder should form, and then, slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own retraction—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The patient should then depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and he sleeps.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Our advices from Paris state that the influence of the Montebello affair on the minds of the French people has been much exaggerated by foreign journals. In Paris it is almost forgotten already. The Parisians of wealth and fair circumstances amuse themselves with bulls, operas and drives; the mechanics have plenty of work, food and drink, and plenty of cheap amusements furnished them, property is secure, and so long as this is the state of things, the government is heartily supported. It is true that certain details of Louis Napoleon's administration are unpalatable, but, on the whole, it is acceptable, and he is fixed upon his throne firmer than ever. The effect of the annuity promised by the queen's proclamation in India will soon be known. It is supposed that the British abandonment of proselytism will have vast weight. The name of the formidable rebellious society in Ireland, is said by the English papers to be the Phoenix, and it is suggested that the members are offshoots of the Ribbon Society. The English ship-owners lately had a large meeting in London. The Gazette says, "the ship-owners demand reciprocity as not only a measure of simple justice, but as the completion of the commercial system which England has adopted finally. They want free trade, but they will not have the shipping of foreign States protected at their expense. They ask no legislative enactment to place them in a favored position, but they claim to be defended by the provisions of an enactment which was framed with a view to meet the contingency that has arisen, and which threatens us with nothing short of national disaster if it be not challenged in time."—In China it would seem that the Chinese rebels are again making head against the imperial government. It is reported that the insurgents have lately issued from Nankin, and have taken several cities from the imperialists. A proclamation has been issued in Canton which shows that the Chinese authorities are sincerely desirous of acting fairly by foreigners. It informs the people "that the Middle Kingdom and the two kingdoms (Great Britain and France), having concluded negotiations at Tien sin, are now actually at peace; that the high mandarins of the Fayum committee had bowed reverentially to the imperial will, and, peace being happily established with the outside countries, there is no more occasion for fighting; that the braves are prohibited from again appearing at Canton; and any one wounding a foreigner will be liable to severe punishment."—A singular restoration to life recently occurred to a girl named Amelia Hinks, at Nuneaton, England. She had been gradually drooping from some unknown cause, and finally died, as was supposed. Everything had been prepared for her burial, when her grandfather arrived, who noticed some warmth remaining in the body. Gradually animation was restored, when she related all that had occurred in relation to her funeral, and what some persons had said who came to see her. A singular desire took possession of her to kill her father and mother, and for this purpose she set fire to their bed-curtains secretly, when they thought her unable to leave her bed. The case has excited much interest.

## Workwomen in London.

An advertisement in a London weekly paper for fifty dressmakers brought 7000 applicants, many of them from long distances, to the "establishment" of the advertiser. The poor girls, after waiting several hours, got enraged, and went to the Mansion House for redress, under the impression that they had been hoaxed. Mr. Alderman Copeland listened to their complaint and sent an officer to the warehouse, who returned with a person to make the explanations.

## A Yankee in Paris.

A few days since an American traveller sat down to the public table in the great Hotel du Louvre, Paris. Immediately calling a waiter, he informed him of his earnest desire to at once eat his breakfast. The waiter gave him a seat at a nicely dressed table, and then handed the usual card whereupon to write the order for his breakfast

This was handed back to the waiter, having as the leading article of consumption, written in a bold hand, buckwheat cakes. The waiter informed the gentleman that nothing of the kind could be procured at the hotel. "What!" exclaimed the American, all the lineaments of his countenance portraying the most intense disgust, "no buckwheat cakes! Why, what sort of a country do you call this?"

## Armenian College.

We learn in a letter from St. Petersburg that Russia has devised a grand plan for securing the adhesion all through the Levant of the great Armenian community, the wealthiest, most honest and intelligent of all the religiousists in Asia Minor. An immense college is in process of establishment at Theodosia, on the Black Sea, and all the Armenian youths are invited to get gratuitous education at the hands of the Czar. Paris and Venice were hitherto the only schools they frequented; but by this new scheme that ancient Christian body, widely diffused all over Turkey, will become as steadfast allies of Muscovy as the orthodox Greeks all over Europe.

## France and Austria.

A Vienna letter in the Prussian Gazette says, "The French government has demanded an indemnity for the care bestowed on indigent Austrians who had fallen ill in France, and had been received into the hospitals. As there has existed for more than ten years a treaty between France and Austria, in virtue of which necessitous French invalids were to be treated gratuitously in Austria, and Austrians the same in France, this demand made suddenly by France has caused some surprise, and it is regarded as a step towards the speedy revocation of the treaty in question."

## Queer Doings in Milan.

A Milan letter says there is much talk of the discovery of extraordinary waste and fraud in the management of the archduke's household. Five of his servants turn out to have been bad thieves, and have been arrested. An author named Salari, having received from the archduke a diamond pin in return for a presentation copy of a book, found that the diamond was false. He returned the pin, thinking the archduke had been cheated by his jeweller. The intendant of the palace has sent no answer. Another similar case is cited.

## The French Homoeopaths.

The Paris *Union Medicate* some time since stigmatized homoeopathy as a pretended science, and its professors as charlatans. Upon this twenty-four homoeopaths of Paris brought an action for libel. M. Emile Olivier did his best for them, but the court, after a hearing of several days, dismissed their action with costs.

## The Press in Russia.

It is said that the Council of State is now engaged in examining a proposition for giving more liberty to the press in Russia—allowing it, for example, to speak on internal affairs, which is at present interdicted. The Prussian laws on the press are stated to form the basis of the measures submitted to the Council of State.

## Mount Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is cracking and opening at all parts from the base to the summit. Small craters vomit lava in all directions, without ceasing. It is feared that at the most unexpected moment an eruption will take place from the great crater, in which case the catastrophe would be terrible for Resina and Portici.

## Hindoo Generosity.

Two wealthy Hindoos generously liberated all the debtors incarcerated in Bombay jail, on the day when the queen's proclamation was read, by paying their debts for them. By this act of benevolence about thirty individuals were set free, and the cost to the donors was about 4000 rupees (£400).

## The French Tariff.

The Constitutionnel announces that the inquiry into the removal of prohibitions from the French tariff will be held this year. All the interests will have a hearing, and the industrial interests may be sure that there will be no reforms not compatible with the existence and development of national industry.

## John Bright.

Mr. Bright continues to be the target at which the British aristocracy are bending their bows. His offence is, that in advocating an extension of suffrage, and an equality of representation, he had the temerity to refer to the institutions of America as a model in these respects worthy of being copied.

## Statue of Napoleon.

The French sculptor, M. Leval, who has executed the statue of Napoleon the First for the city of Cherbourg, has now received orders from the emperor to execute a second statue of Napoleon the First, which is to find its place at Longwood, St. Helena.

## The Nobles of Moscow.

The nobles of Moscow hold secret meetings, and do not attempt to conceal their disaffection to the emancipation of the serfs. To the west of Moscow, however, no one dares openly to express disapproval of the projects of the czar.

## The King of Prussia.

The king of Prussia's health has not improved, and the air of Florence does not seem to agree with him. He never goes out, and the queen is seldom seen in public.

## A Ladies' Reading-Room.

Some gentlewomen of the school of reform have established, in close neighborhood to Regent Street, London, a Ladies' Reading-Room, which is open from 10 till 6 o'clock.

## The Coast of Africa.

The command of the French squadron on the coast of Africa is to be given to a vice-admiral, in consequence of the importance of that station to French interests.

## Madame Anna Bishop.

This distinguished vocalist has returned to London, after many years' absence and has been received with great favor.



## Editorial Melange.

The sum of \$648 has recently been received from various parties, by the trustees of the hospital in Channing Street, Boston, which has been instituted for the benefit of poor women.—The London Times has a satirical article on the proposition, alleged to be in contemplation at Washington, to place a tax on tea, drawing attention to the manner in which a like proposition was treated at Boston in 1783. Doubtless it does not occur to the satirical Times that people have a right to tax themselves, but not to be taxed by others. We may put a duty of a dollar a pound on tea if we please, but could not think of submitting to three pence imposed by *you*.—The old Dutch proverb saith, "Stealing never makes a man rich; alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business."—Of fourteen vessels which sailed from New York and Boston for California during June and July last, those which sailed in the latter month made the quickest passages. The average for the former was 153 days, and the latter only 127 days. The average for the whole fleet was 143 4-7 days.—Among the cases of insanity mentioned in the report of the Southern Lunatic Asylum, is one where the inmate declares persistently that he is about to marry the President's daughter.—Persons possessed of beauty of person are found to have the fine sensibilities of humanity in proportion, and genius marks them for her favorites; we may instance Alcibiades, Cleopatra, Milton, Creighton, Raffaele, Mrs. Inchbald, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Mowatt, and others.—The Schenectady Advertiser is printed on an Adams' press, driven by an Ericsson calorific engine. The cost of fuel is said to be 66 per cent. less than that of a steam engine.—It is a somewhat notable fact that Mr. Gillett, the district attorney for Hampden and Berkshire counties, who now closes two years of official services as public prosecutor, has not in all that time lost a case in which he prepared the indictment, nor a disagreement of a jury, or had an indictment broken.—After four months of patient investigation, the committee of the New York City Council appointed to inquire into the cause of the burning of the cupola of the City Hall, have reported that it was burned because it was on fire.—An intemperate man, being homeless, was allowed to lodge in a packing house in Chicago, and was accustomed to sleep upon the brick platform sustaining the boiler. One night last week he was picked up drunk in the street and carried to his usual resting place. During the night it is probable that he rolled against the boiler, and was too much stupified to get away, as he was found dead in the morning, burned to a crisp on one side.—Andrew Garrett, the naturalist, is at Honolulu, engaged in collecting specimens of all the fish in the waters around the Sandwich Islands for Professor Agassiz. He has already collected 200 different varieties, and has prepared colored drawings.—Some German "ladies" in New Orleans didn't like their pastor, Rev. Mr. Pressler. They accordingly assembled, at the hour of service, and forbade his preaching. He gently forced his way past them, into the church, when they descended upon him like an avalanche, with cowhides and pepper and salt, and flour and gypsum, lathering him mercilessly with the former articles, and powdering him all over with the latter. Their husbands stood by unconcernedly, ready to take their part, if necessary.—The post-office department at Washington, it is said, intends to resort to the most stringent measures to stop the practice so prevalent at the seat of government of using borrowed franks to cover private correspondence.—Mrs. Elizabeth Sinclair has sued before the Supreme Court, in New York, to recover the custody of her husband, John S. Sinclair, taken from her by his father, four days after marriage, and shut up at home. The imprisoned husband is nineteen years old, but the wife confesses to years of greater discretion.—The celebration of the event of introducing water into Brooklyn, has been postponed till May next.—The *Wheeling* (Va.) *Intelligencer* says that at a Christmas Eve party, given at Mr. Stam's, a few miles in the country, an old lady ninety-seven years of age took the floor and waltzed around the room until her partner, a young man of twenty five, was completely exhausted, and had to sit down.—Kissing is rather high-priced at Vinegar Hill, Illinois. A justice there charged John Watson \$20 for kissing a lady twice.—Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., denies in the Boston Journal,

that Mrs. Cunningham is in easy circumstances, but says she is poor, and would be glad to keep a boarding-house or do anything honorable for a living, and that Augusta has not married a southern planter, but a young man in New York who depends on his daily earnings.—John Whitman died suddenly at Brooklyn, N. Y., from the effects of a dose of tartar emetic, administered by a physician who was attending him, in a case of typhus fever.—A lady in Ohio began to lose her hearing, and used every remedy that could be heard of with the view of restoring it. All proved unavailing. A few days since she consented to have a physician examine the ear, and, to her astonishment, a bug, about half or three quarters of an inch in length, was taken out. It had remained there six years. In all probability, it found its way there while the lady was asleep.—The statistics of the criminal calendar of the city of New York, for the year now closed, disclose the startling fact, that there were upwards of sixty murders in the city during that period, and in all that time, only one murderer (Rogers) was hanged.—There is a company of five Americans engaged in gold mining in Siam, about thirty-five miles from Bangkok. The mines are located in an elevated basin, oval in shape, thirty miles long by eighteen broad, surrounded by craggy walls of rock, with only seven gaps or means of entrance in the whole circumference. Nearly the whole basin is covered with forests. The gold is found in ravines. The mines are very rich, but jungle fevers, heavy rains, and other circumstances interfere with operations.

## A SWINDLE.

Some of the papers call the following operation "pretty good," but we call it "pretty bad." A small keg of brass filings, worth perhaps two dollars, was sold recently to parties in Newark, N. J., as gold dust, for five hundred dollars, the parties selling representing themselves as in pressing need of money and willing to sell at a great sacrifice. When the "dust" was taken to New York, the old adage was found true, that all is not gold that glitters. One of the swindlers was arrested, but indignantly repudiated any intention of swindling. He said there had been a mistake in the keg taken, that he would make it all right, and, as an evidence of his sincerity, insisted that the "diddled" individuals should "keep a bar of gold" till he should rectify the error. This was accepted, and he went off to correct the mistake. It is needless to say that he never returned, or that the bar of gold turned out to be a bar of galvanized iron.

**NEW YORK TAXATION.**—The tax levy of New York for 1859, is \$7,840,174, apportioned as follows: For the police, \$1,043,198; schools, \$1,246,000; about a million for water; eight hundred thousand for the poor; a million and a half for streets; half a million for light; thirteen hundred thousand for the State, and six hundred thousand for salaries. The tax last year was \$8,620,926; so there appears to be a saving of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

**UTAH.**—There may be trouble in Utah yet. The rascal Young has been at his old trick, persecuting Gentiles, and could only be made to obey a writ issued against him by the employment of military force. It remains to be seen whether the saints will resent the marching of their bogus prophet into court, with United States bayonets in unpleasant proximity to his sacred person.

**BALD NEGROES.**—A new tribe of negroes has been discovered in Australia. They are all of the tribe of "Uncle Ned," that is, they "hab no wool on de top ob de head, where de wool had ought to grow."

**GOLD, GOLD!**—The weekly arrivals at London, from Australia, bring over a million of dollars each, in gold, to the great English metropolis.

**LITERARY.**—The book business was never better than at present. The holiday sales in this city were enormous.

**THE PRESIDENT.**—Mr. Buchanan, it is said, will make an extensive tour next summer.

**NEW YORK QUARANTINE.**—The buildings for the new quarantine will cost \$135,000.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Arkansas, it is said, is getting to be a great apple-growing State.

About 55,000 persons live in cellars and in basement stories, in New York city.

G. W. Thorburn, the florist, has been selected to take charge of the grounds of the Mount Vernon estate.

During the past year, twenty-two young men received gratuitous instruction in the University of South Carolina.

The Amazon River falls but a foot in fifty miles; the Rhine one foot in a quarter of a mile; the Nile a foot in one and a half miles.

A fir tree, completely petrified and entire, is said to have been discovered near Olynthus, W. T.; 120 feet below the surface of the ground.

There were 424,000 hides in port into Salem last year, and about 180,000 were received by railroad from Boston.

Brazil has sixty-two vessels of war, thirty of which are steamers. Her standing army numbers 25,000 men and her national guard counts up 400,000.

At a late festival in Bath, Maine, there was a very entertaining side show of a mouse trained to turn machinery. He earned about nine dollars in one evening.

Professor J. G. Hoyt of Exeter Academy has been invited to be Chancellor of Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo., with a salary of \$3000 per annum.

Skunk skins are worth fifty cents apiece in New York, and the oil, equal to Mustang Lament for horses, sells for \$1 a quart. Here's a chance to make money, boys!

Milwaukee, next to Chicago, is the largest grain port in the country. The shipments of wheat this season have been 5,020,680 bushels, and with other grain added, 9,709,179 bushels.

Two Mexican women were shot in Honitias, some time since, by a robber, who was firing at a sheriff in pursuit of him. One of the women has since died; the other has recovered.

Advices from Liberia, Africa, state that another French emigrant vessel had been attempting to secure a cargo of apprentices, but had been warned off by the authorities.

Jonathan S. Owen, a former church member and a citizen of respectable standing, has been committed to jail at Detroit, Michigan, charged with poisoning his wife. He was arrested, after a long search, in Indiana.

One of the prisoners who lately broke from the jail at Rochester, has returned. He says it took them three hours to saw off the bars of the window through which they escaped. They also had outside help.

Some sound beams, formed from the wood of the mulberry tree, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, where they are supposed to have been placed at least 700 years before the birth of Christ.

The arrest of John Newman at Milwaukee, some time since, for selling stolen railroad tickets, bids fair, it is said, to unravel a number of enormous frauds on the part of numerous young men connected with roads in the West.

Game is so plenty in the western cities this season, that it has ceased to be counted as a luxury. The daily receipts of quail, duck, etc., are so great that the prices range but a shade higher than ordinary meats.

The Bridgeton Reporter says the girls in that village recently turned out to sweep the snow from the ice, that they might continue their pleasant skating exercises. Gallant young gentlemen they must have up there.

Mrs. Clark of Pulaski, Va., while on her way to the Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, some days since, committed suicide by cutting her arm open with a razor, which she had concealed in her stocking—bleeding to death while her friends were in an adjoining room.

A St. Lawrence county, N. Y., paper says that recently a Board of Trustees of one of the neighboring towns checked a walking match between two men, because of its immoral tendencies, and a few days after, licensed the same parties to give a sparring match!

The presence of the army in Utah, and the Gentiles who have followed in its rear, is producing its natural effect among the Saints of both sexes, especially the weaker one. According to the news last received, Brother Brigham had found it necessary to excommunicate no less than 360 at once.

A workman in a paper-mill near Cincinnati, met with a painful death lately. He attempted to cross a vat of hot rags, in process of manufacture into pulp, when the covering upon which he was walking broke, and let him into the boiling mass up to his neck, scalding him so severely that he lived but a short time.

A gas generating fluid lamp on the mantel-piece of a house in New Bedford, Mass., some nights since, suddenly lighted, without, it is positively asserted, the aid of human agency. If this statement be true, it is certainly, as claimed by a cotemporary, the most valuable labor-saving lamp in existence.

The ladies of Dixon, Illinois, undertook to buy out a saloon-keeper for the purpose of destroying the liquor, but the fellow cheated them, selling them colored water instead. In trying to get the liquor, water we mean, down stairs, a Mrs. Sanborn had her skull fractured in a frightful manner.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Every war occasions a greater or less relapse into barbarism.—*Bacon*.

.... All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire*.

.... The value of a possession is in the use that is made of it.—*Bovee*.

.... The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.—*Shakespeare*.

.... In France all women are witty except the blue-stockings.—*Madame de Girardin*.

.... Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.—*Milton*.

.... Small have continual plodders ever won, save base authority from others' books.—*Shakespeare*.

.... Without belief in its perpetuity, love would be nothing; constancy magnifies it.—*Balzac*.

.... Great talkers use their minds as spend-thrifts their cash, bestowing it equally on objects worthy and unworthy.—*Bovee*.

.... The least coquettish of women knows when a man is in love with her sooner than he does himself.—*Florian*.

.... A woman who is a belle in France, would be homely elsewhere; a woman who is witty in France, would be so everywhere.—*Chevalier de Brion*.

.... Love has its instinct. It knows how to find the way to the heart, as the foolish insect moves to its flower with an irresistible will which nothing daunts.—*Balzac*.

.... Women fill up the intervals of conversation and life, like the cotton-wool placed in cases of china; the cotton-wool is reckoned for nothing, but everything would be broken without it.—*Madame Necker*.

.... Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

.... A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!—*Bulwer Lytton*.

## Joker's Budget.

**Family Ties.**—A marriage certificate and eight children.

"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said ven he saw the cat watching him.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them hear.

"This angers well," as the musquito said when he settled on a fat man's toes.

Why is the letter H like the cure for deafness? Because it makes the ear hear.

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he wont sit down to eat his meals.

He is a bold man who knocks at a dentist's as he would at any other door, unless he's going to dine there.

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she isn't what she paints herself."

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

An alderman having grown enormously fat while in office, a wag wrote on his back, "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning, that he slept like a top. "I know it," said the other, "like a humming-top."

"I say, Cuffee, what ribber am like a human critter?" Cuffee declined, for the best of reasons, to reply. "Yah, yah!" chuckled Sambo; "why him *Am-a-son*, you stupid nager."

*Query for Drawing Rooms.*—We wonder if servants find fault with their masters and mistresses as much as masters and mistresses are in the habit of finding fault with their servants.

"Law, ma, here's a heagle." Mamma (reproachfully), "A heagle! O, you hignorant gal. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully), "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awk!"

A man was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered as he went to sleep again, "Ah! how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

There is a man "out West" who says he don't covet wealth by any means, but thinks he should like to be a second "Rothschild" for a few moments, if only to show his contempt for riches.

"Piccolomini kisses?" inquired a waiter of a fashionable hotel lately of a crusty Benedict who was about to serve with dessert. "Of course she does," was the answer, "if she's like other women."

An Irish girl recently rang at the door of the residence of the Postmaster General at Washington, and demanded of the colored waiter to see the Postmaster General, for she wanted a letter that she expected from her brother over the seas.



## A LAMA OF THIBET.

The large engraving on this page is an accurate portrait of a lama of the Dalai sect. The lamas of the Buddhist religion in Thibet are divided into two sects, distinguished by the color of their vestments—the Dukpa sect wearing red and the Dalai yellow; and mostly, as in the instance before us, of brocaded satin. They also wear peculiar conical caps with long lappets. The prayer-cylinder, or manichoskhor (the precious religious wheel), which this individual carries in his right hand, is a very singular instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetans. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder about three inches in height, and from two to two and a half inches in diameter—the axis is prolonged below to form a handle. Every lama carries a chhos-khor, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain on the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the chhos-khor is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying their number without fatiguing the devotees. These instruments are found of all sizes and in all positions. Cylinders about one foot in height are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near the villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving, day and night. The earliest mention of the prayer-cylinders is by the Chinese pilgrim, Fa-Hian, A. D. 400, who saw it in Ladak. It was also in use in North-western India, introduced there by the Indo-Seythic princes about the beginning of the Christian era. Lama (in the Tangutianese dialect, "mother of souls," "pastor of souls") is, among the Mongols, the appellation of all the members of the priestly order; but among the Calmucs, it signifies only the more distinguished. Hence the religion of the Mongols and Calmucs is called *Lamism*. In this religion the Shigomooni is honored as the highest god, and the Dalai-lama (that is, the great lama), as his representative. He is at the head of both ecclesiastical and secular affairs in Thibet, and is considered not as a mere visible representative of the divinity on earth, but as a real divinity himself, dwelling among men. The belief of his eternal existence is connected with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. His worshippers believe that the divinity, as soon as it leaves the body of the Dalai-lama, immediately takes possession of some other body in a supernatural way, so that he only changes his exterior form, and not his actual existence. The usual residence of the Dalai-lama is in two monasteries in the vicinity of Lassa, in which he lives alternately, surrounded by a vast number of priests. He receives the throngs of pilgrims who visit him, seated on a splendid altar, with his legs crossed. The Tartars, next to the inhabitants of Thibet, pay him the greatest reverence. He salutes no one, never uncovers his head, never rises, and only lays his hand on the head of his worshipper, who believes that he has thereby obtained pardon of his sins. He sometimes distributes, it is said, little balls of consecrated dough, which the Tartars use in many superstitious practices. His power was once greater than it is now, for he appointed and deposed the khans. When the Dalai-lama dies, it is then necessary to discover where his spirit has chosen to be born anew. In this case, all must submit to the opinion of some of the lamas, who alone are acquainted with the



A LAMA OF THE DALAI SECT, THIBET, WITH HIS PRAYING WHEEL AND TRIDENT.

signs by which he may be known, or rather, who know what child he has appointed for his successor. The religion of the lama sprung up in Thibet, and knows no eternal self-existent being. Their idols number 108. Shigomooni, the chief object of worship, appeared in the world for the last time 1000 B. C., and instituted Lamaism, and now rules the world. The earth is inhabited by degenerate spirits from the upper world. The human soul, after it has been subjected to a state of trial, and has passed a good or bad life, enters upon a higher or lower condition. Such is the creed of the lama-worshippers.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

At last the problem of what is to be the ultimate fate and destination of the great ship seems in a fair way of being solved successfully. A new company has arisen which, as an earnest of their intention to make her pay at last, have begun matters with a most successful bargain—getting the noble ship, as she lies at present at Deptford, for a sum almost nominal, when compared to what she cost. The amount it will now take to finish her and get her ready for sea is about \$500,000. The work on her has commenced. In all probability she will be filling up with coal and stores, and ready for her first great trial trips by next summer. The only alteration which has been made in her original design is in fitting her with a poop deck. It will be between eight and nine feet high—the same height as the fore-castle forward—and this is the only change of note which will be carried out. The six masts are already nearly made. There are to be one fore, two main, and three mizzen masts; the first five of iron, the last of wood, in order not to influence the compasses. The foremast and three mizzen masts will be rigged with fore and aft sails, the mainmasts only being permanently square-rigged. The first mizzen is, however, of the same size as the last mainmast, and it is intended that when the weather may make it necessary that this also shall be square-rigged. All the masts, of course, are of iron, as wooden spars of such size, and required to do such work, could scarcely be depended on. Each is built of boiler-plate, with wrought iron discs, strengthened with angle iron, bolted inside the tube to give it additional rigidity. Constructed in this manner, each mast costs less than half the price of wooden ones, while, of course, the metal has the advantage of being nearly double the strength. By this plan, also, what would otherwise have been an almost insuperable difficulty—namely, stepping wooden masts into a ship of such a height—is entirely got rid of. The foremast is 2 feet 9 inches diameter, and 172 feet high from keel to truck. The first mainmast is 3 feet 6 inches diameter, and 216 feet high; the second is of the same girth, but 225 feet high. The first mizzen is of the same size as the first main; the second is 188 feet high and 2 feet 9 inches diameter; while the third and last is of wood of the same dimensions round as the iron, and 164 feet high. The lower yards of the square-rigged masts are likewise of iron. Each is 125 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches diameter in the centre. The upper top-sail and top-gallant yards are of wood, and of proportionately large dimensions. As the fittings progress, the ship's boats, with the two small auxiliary steamers, will be built. The latter are to be of 160 tons each of 60 horse-power. These will be decked and fitted as sea boats, and will be hoisted in and out by the aid of auxiliary engines, with which each set of engines on board is fitted.—*London Times*.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVI., No. 5...WHOLE No. 397.

## SKATING ON JAMAICA POND.

The graceful picture below was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and faithfully represents the favorite winter sport on Jamaica Pond. The larger figures in the foreground were sketched from life, as their spirited and natural action indicates, and are likenesses of individuals which will be readily recognized by their friends. The topography of the distant shore of the pond is accurately sketched, as any resident of this locality will testify, and the whole is an expressive record of winter amusements at one of the most popular and fashionable places in the vicinity of Boston. The companionship of ladies on the skating-field, and their earnest participation in the sport, is a pleasing novelty. We derive our skill from the English, with whom for centuries it has been a favorite sport, while the Knickerbockers have a legitimate right to their dexterity in virtue of their descent from the worthy Dutchmen, who are supposed to live half the year on skates. Upwards of six centuries ago we are told that the young men of London were accustomed to fasten the leg-bones of animals under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, by the aid of iron-shod poles, impelling themselves along. Of course, with such a clumsy equipment, they could hardly have made much progress, yet the old chronicler who records their sports, says that they moved "as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow." Olaus Magnus, a Swedish writer of the sixteenth century, describes the skates as being at that time made of polished iron; they were also rudely fashioned of the shank-bone of a sheep or stag; at the same period, also, were used wooden shoes, which were

armed with iron points, flexible circles, sharpened every way into teeth, and triangular points of iron. The wooden skates shod with steel, such as are now used, bound about the feet and ankles like the *talares* of the Greeks and Romans, are generally supposed to have been invented in the Low Countries, and were certainly introduced into England from Holland. At the present time the Dutch, men and women, are admitted to be the best skaters in Europe. On the frozen canals the peasant girl skates to market with her provisions on her head, the senator sweeps along majestically to a meeting of the assembly, and the clergyman buckles on his skates to repair to his church. The Friesland skaters frequently keep up a speed of fifteen miles an hour for a great length of time. In a skating race at Groningen in 1801, two young women won the prize, having performed a distance of thirty miles in two hours. In England some very skillful skaters have figured from time to time, one of the most surprising feats on record being that of a Lincolnshire man who, in the year 1821, for a wager of one hundred guineas, skated a mile in 2 minutes 58 seconds. There are skating clubs at London and Edinburgh, and such is the passion for skating in the former city, that artificial ice-ponds within doors have been invented, so that the sport may be comfortably enjoyed at all seasons. To skate well three things are requisite, courage, strong ankles, and persevering practice. Beginners should try to learn on smooth runners, grooved runners being only suited to very light weights. We recommend them to ladies, however, who wish to acquire a certain degree of skill in the shortest possible space of time. A beginner should be content to advance gradually.

When he can hardly stand, it would be scarcely justifiable in him to attempt to cut the "figure," or the "Dutch maze." And moreover a skater should rely on himself, and reject all assistance. You can no more learn to skate by being towed along by a friend, than you can learn to swim by the help of corks. When left alone you are entirely helpless. Who can forget the humiliation that awaited Mr. Winkle when he undertook to skate with the company at Dingley Dell? How naturally does Dickens depict his tribulations on the ice! "All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting his straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet. 'Now then, sir,' said Sam, in an encouraging tone, 'off with you and show 'em how to do it.' 'Stop, Sam, stop!' said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. 'How slippery it is, Sam!' 'Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'Hold up, sir!' This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice. 'These—these—are very awkward skates, aint they, Sam?' inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering. 'I'm afeared there's an orkard gen'im'n in 'em sir,' replied Sam. 'Now, Winkle,' cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that

there was anything the matter. 'Come; the ladies are all anxiety.' 'Yes, yes,' replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile, 'I'm coming.' 'Just a-goin' to begin,' said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. 'Now, sir, start off.' 'Stop an instant Sam,' gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. 'I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam.' 'Thankco, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'Just hold me, at first, Sam, will you,' said Mr. Winkle. 'There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam, not too fast.' Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank. 'Sam!' 'Sir!' said Mr. Weller. 'Here, I want you.' 'Let me go, sir,' said Sam. 'Don't you hear the governor a callin'?' 'Let me go, sir.' With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have ensured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down." Then it was, it will be remembered, that Mr. Pickwick, after insisting that the skates should be removed from the feet of his luckless follower, took him aside and denounced him privately as "humbug!" Let none of our readers try more than they can perform.



SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Changelings: —OR— THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORME.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XIII.

DILLARD AND JUBA ON THE TRAIL.

At the first faint blush of morning, Dillard sprang to his feet. Juba had so faithfully followed his advice, and was so sound asleep, that Dillard was obliged to shake him pretty roughly by the shoulder more than once before he could rouse him. The moment, however, that he fairly realized where he was, and for what purpose, he was eager to resume the pursuit.

Two or three minutes sufficed for them to partake of some slight refreshment, with which Dillard, habituated as he was to the exigencies of a hunter's life, seldom failed to provide himself. They then went on rapidly, till they arrived at the place where, a few hours previous, they stood on the opposite side of the plain, they had seen pictured against the midnight sky those dark, moving forms, which they knew must be the party they were in pursuit of.

Short as the distance had then appeared, they had been obliged to traverse a space of full three miles to arrive at it. It was now broad daylight, though the sun had not risen. Stepping aside from the path to some bushes which grew at a little distance, Dillard, after looking through a slight opening, made a sign for Juba to join him.

"Look," said he, drawing back and pointing to the opening.

Juba obeyed, and saw five Indians, four of them still lying on the ground, apparently asleep, while the other, reclining against a tree, kept watch. At a short distance from him, Myra Pemberton was seated on a rock, not in a hopeless, drooping attitude, but evidently with eye and ear on the alert, as if to catch some glimpse or hear some sound of those, who, she felt, were already near at hand to attempt her rescue.

The spot was one of wild and picturesque beauty. A smooth, level piece of ground, which in its widest extent could not have exceeded one hundred feet, was covered with moss and herbage of vivid green, and hemmed in on all sides, except that which looked towards the east, by huge rocks irregularly piled together, as if by some convulsion of nature; while outside of these rose many a noble forest tree, their massive trunks rising so high ere they threw out their branches, that they appeared not unlike the pillars of a sylvan temple. The soil, clothed with verdure so soft and fresh, was terminated on the east by a tabular rock, which projected a sheer descent of some seventy or eighty feet.

As Juba stood looking at Myra and her captors, and with difficulty suppressing an audible demonstration of the anger and disgust he felt at the presumption of the red rascals, as he called them, in carrying off the beautiful girl, she arose and approached the very verge of the rock which overhung the wild and gloomy ravine. At the same instant that she paused on its brink, the sun appeared above the horizon, flushing his golden beams over her long, bright hair, which in graceful disarray fell far below her waist, and bathing her whole person in his glory.

"She be an angel," said Juba, in a whisper, "ef dar was eber one suffered to walk de face of de airth."

"I'll jine ye in that," said Dillard; "but there is no time to talk about sich things. What we've got to do is, to get her out of their red clutches the best and easiest way we can. How do you feel—does your courage begin to fail you?"

"No, Massa Dillard, I is as bold as a thousand lions."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now come this way, and mind what I say to you."

"Yes, I is all 'tention."

"In the first place we've got to creep round this hill, till we come to the path, with as little noise as if we were two snails, for the crackin' of a dry twig would be enough to give the alarm."

"Yes, I knows; but arter all, if dey does hear quick, dey hasen't rich powerful big ears as I should 'spose dey would have."

"Well, Dillard, no, but not too close. Mind

and keep me in yer eye, and that's all. And remember that *caution* and *cool* is the word."

"I is sure not to forget."

There was little or no danger of their being seen, as long as they kept close to the base of the hill, which they were, indeed, obliged to do, it being on that side so closely circled by a coil of the sparkling and impetuous rivulet, which from having no means to ford it, had prevented them from crossing the plain, as to leave only a broken and rocky margin, in many places less than a foot wide.

So difficult was the narrow way, being often over sharp and slippery rocks, that it required the utmost care to prevent a being precipitated into the river. It was not strange, therefore, their attention being thus concentrated, a false step being nearly certain to betray their proximity to the Indians, that Dillard and his companion failed to notice two horsemen issue from one of the wild glades of a forest about half a mile distant, on their right.

For a single instant the horsemen paused, after emerging from the forest, and then took their way straight across the intervening space, sometimes crashing through the thick tangles of a copse, or leaping now and then one of the many deep gullies ploughed by some torrent during the heavy spring rains.

It was not till the dissonance of the sharp and ringing clatter of their horses' iron-shod hoofs, as leaving the swarded plain they struck upon the hard, gravelly shore of the river, broke harshly upon the clear, mellow bird-chorus floating on the air, that Dillard and Juba raised their eyes and beheld two men on horseback rapidly approaching. The old hunter was not a little startled at permitting himself to be thus taken by surprise, while Juba, who on the instant had recognized in one of them Lieutenant Anvers, was so wild with delight that he came near uttering a shout of joy.

The Indian who was on the look-out, though apprehending no danger from that quarter, had discovered them a few minutes sooner, and roused his comrades. Nahatan, with his stout bow-string drawn to his ear—for though he loved the rifle, the arrow sent by his hand was surer of its mark than the bullet—stood ready to let go the deadly missile the instant he deemed the one he had selected for his victim had arrived near enough for it to do its work.

This was Anvers, who from wearing the dress of an American officer, he supposed to be a personage of more importance than his companion, who was habited as a common soldier. He was also a little in advance of the other, which favored Nahatan's purpose. Soon he had arrived within the desired distance, when with so true and steady an aim did the arrow speed in its oblique and downward course, that as it hurtled by—the next breath nearly burying itself in the ground—the feather brushed the side of the young man's face.

Almost at the same instant Anvers had reached the side of the hill at a point where the river with a sharp bend swept towards the north, and where, like a glittering serpent unfolding its coils, it for miles could be seen winding its tortuous course through valley and glen. Dillard, laying his finger on his lip in token for him and his comrade to remain silent, was soon by their side.

"The brushwood—'tis high and thick—hide yourselves and your horses behind it," said he, in a hurried whisper, "or you're both dead men. Here's the only path, and a poor one at that—but as long as these don't fail me," and he glanced at his long, sinewy arms, "I shall find a way to climb they don't think of, and shall be upen 'em unawares."

They had barely time to follow his directions, he and Juba meanwhile keeping close to the base of the hill, when two of the Indians came forward and stood on the verge of the precipitous height. They looked carefully round in every direction, in the expectation, perhaps, that they were attempting to climb it. A cry of rage broke from them when they found themselves mistaken, and that they were unable to detect their place of concealment, though they knew it must be hard by. Nor did they by attempting to descend the flinty, zigzag path near which neither shrub nor sapling found root which the hand might grasp if the rocks loosely imbedded in the soil gave beneath their feet, dare expose themselves to the rifles of their unseen enemies.

At the moment Anvers and his companions came in sight, the cry of warning uttered by the sentinel made Myra aware that those he considered enemies, and as she hoped, were her friends,

were near at hand. Quickly turning from the platform which hung over theaby, she was listening to a spot where the view in the direction where he and the others were looking was unobstructed by the trees, when Nahatan sternly commanded her to remain where she was. Thus she did not even know whether there were few or many, though more persuaded than ever that whoever they were, she might safely count on their friendly aid, were they in a situation to render it.

Slowly and reluctantly the two Indians turned away from the sharp brow of the hill, and asked to meet of Nahatan.

"We are safe here," he replied, "and can wait longer than they can. We have dried venison, and a spring bubbles up at the foot of yonder tree."

As he spoke, he stood with his back against a beech tree. Scarcely had the words left his lips, when a bullet, which would have been for him had he not been sheltered by the tree, whistled by close to his ear and lodged in the forehead of an Indian who stood opposite to him. Myra, who saw that it was sent by her old friend Dillard, at sight of him uttered an exclamation of joy. Quick as thought, Juba, who had pressed closely on his footsteps, handed him his own loaded rifle, when Nahatan, who caught a glimpse of the old hunter and knew him, cried out to the Indian who stood nearest to Myra, supposing they were surrounded by foes.

"Seize her," he said, "and hurl her over the precipice. If we fail, she shall not escape. Gratified revenge will make death sweet."

The Indian to whom the command was given had likewise caught sight of Dillard. He did not hesitate to obey, but knowing him to be a dead shot, cunningly interposed Myra as a shield between himself and the old hunter. Dillard, who at the moment he took the rifle from the hand of Juba saw Nahatan bend his bow, though he knew it would be certain death to him to show himself even for the single second of time it would take to discharge the leaden messenger, determined to sacrifice his own life to save Myra's. Fate had not thus decreed. At the moment he came to this resolution, his foothold gave way, precipitating him such a distance as might have caused him serious injury, though fortunately he escaped with a few slight bruises.

In a minute more, Myra Pemberton would have been a crushed and bleeding mass on the sharp rocks below, had not her long and silky hair, falling like a lustrous veil over the Indian's brawny arm, presented to his savage instincts a temptation to possess himself of the scalp from which it depended which he could not resist. Still shielding himself by her struggling form so that the ball from the hunter's rifle could reach his life only through hers, he drew his knife from its sheath and circled it above the head of his intended victim preparatory to the consummation of his cruel purpose. Her eyes met the flash of the sharp and shining blade, and then they were veiled in darkness. Powerless to resist the mortal terror which assailed her, she had fainted. But even at the instant of its descent, the hand that grasped it fell nerveless. A bullet from an unseen hand had pierced the Indian's brain, and with a single wild cry he fell, with his hand clutching the thick and shining tresses of the helpless girl, who had already sunk to the ground.

Anvers, who the moment the two Indians had turned from the brow of the hill had sprung from his place of concealment with an energy and nerve which could only be inspired by desperation, though encumbered by his rifle, had succeeded by overleaping the zigzag turns of the path and the other hindrances to his progress, in scaling the steep acclivity in season to save a life dear to him.

With a single bound he reached her side, and freeing the rich masses of the bright and tangled hair from the unhallowed contact of the savage hand, he gently raised her and removed her from a proximity which he felt to be a desecration. This was done without a single thought of his own exposure, but a cry of warning from his companion, who was no other than Walter Cline, and who had followed him up the ascent, caused him to start aside and recolloid him to himself.

Nahatan having in vain waited a few seconds with the expectation of seeing the head of Dillard appear above the edge of the precipitous height, turned to Anvers, and with a cool, apathetic courage which his race in moments of the most imminent danger know so well how to summon to their aid, sent his arrow from the bow

with that steady, deliberate aim which he felt most early death to him for whom it was intended. But the slight change of position made by Anvers at the warning cry, saved him. The deadly shaft, sent with such force and aimed with such accuracy that otherwise it must have passed through his brain, merely grazed the side of his head, causing a momentary giddiness and confusion.

Though Nahatan saw that he had failed in his fell intent, his desire to rush upon him and in a hand-to-hand encounter, by his superior strength make sure of him, yielded to his deep and long cherished passion for revenge against the slayer of his brother. With a cry fierce and wild as that of a hunted panther, at the same time snatching his hatchet from his belt, he dashed towards the spot where Myra, still without any sign of life, lay near the verge of the platform impending over the dark and yawning abyss.

"The bird wont sing," he muttered, half audibly, "when the murderer of my brother comes hither to carry her back to her nest."

He reached the place where she lay, thrust aside the thick and clustering curls preparatory to sinking his hatchet in her temple, when his arm was stayed by an iron grasp. It was the hand of the hunter, who, having recovered from his fall, returned to the place whence he had been precipitated.

The reeling form of Anvers, Myra apparently lying prostrate in death, and Nahatan rushing towards her, intending as he believed, to tear the scalp from the beautiful head, which when she was a little child had often as she slept been nestled against the broad, manly breast now agitated with grief, fear, and an uncontrollable desire to avenge her—was taken in at a single glance of his keen, quick eye.

A sudden attempt to free himself from the vice-like clutch of the hand that held him, in which every nerve was tasked to the utmost, showed Nahatan that to repeat it would be utterly futile. Superstition likewise lent its aid in causing him, when once in the hands of Dillard, to submit in sullen silence; for it had long been a received opinion among the Indians of that region, and even many of the backwoodsmen, that it was by the influence of some charm which the hunter carried about him, that he was enabled, from time to time, to perform feats of prowess and daring which no other human being had the hardihood to attempt. Having on more than one occasion found advantage to himself in this prevalent and absurd belief, Dillard did not contradict it; and even on certain occasions contrived to display, as if by accident, a curiously wrought toy, which was preserved from harm in the same receptacle containing a supply of the fascinating weed so precious to the lone hunter when in the vast solitudes of the wilderness.

The other Indian, when he saw that Nahatan was captured, passively yielded himself to a similar fate.

The moment that the Indians were secured, Anvers, with all the skill and energy he was master of, addressed himself to the task of recovering Myra from her deathlike swoon.

"It can't avail nothing—she is dead," said he, as after chafing her hands and temples, his fingers sought in vain for a faint pulsation at the wrist.

"Don't be down-hearted—there may be life left yet," said Dillard, who was busy in securing his captive so as to put it out of his power to do further harm. "There's a spring at the foot of yonder tree. Bring some water, Juba. You'll find a gourd by the side of the spring, which I left there the last time I was this way huntin'."

Cool water was now sprinkled on the young girl's face, and it was not long before the efforts to recover her began to promise success. There was a feeble play of the pulses, and a slight quivering of the eyelids veiling the large, soft eyes of darkest velvet, which even Dillard, more experienced in such matters than the others, began to fear would never more open upon the light of day.

"She be alive, she be alive!" exclaimed Juba; and he gave a sudden bound, and clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"Yes, she is alive, and let the Great Ruler of all be praised," said the old hunter, reverently raising his eyes to heaven. "It's been my lot to have many a hard hit—so many that I've got kind o' used to 'em; but to 'ave seen her bright head laid in the dust, would 'ave been harder than any one I've ever 'sperienced." And he furtively brushed away a tear which had slowly gathered and hung upon his eyelash.



"More water, Juba," said Anvers.

A faint color stole to Myra's cheek, at the sound of his voice, which deepened to crimson as she opened her eyes and raised them to the face of him against whom she was leaning. This sudden quickening of life's cold and sluggish currents did more than aught else had done to bring her back to life.

"Am I at home?" said she, faintly; "Anvers and home, the only place where she had ever seen him, being associated together to her still half-closed mind.

But the Indian lying near, on whom her eyes the next moment rested, and whose features, now fixed in the cold rigidity of death, wore the same fierce and savage expression as when she saw him raise the glittering knife above her head, recalled the horrors of the scene which fortunately for her had produced insensibility.

"I know now," said she, with a shudder, and withdrawing her eyes from the stern, harsh features on which they had been resting.

One half minute she yielded to the languor, both mental and physical, caused by the terror and violence to which she had been subjected; when roused by a sudden realization of the present, she started, and made an effort to free herself from the encircling arm which supported her. She found herself unable to rise, and sank heavily back.

"I didn't know that I was so weak," said she, with heightened color, partly the effect of her exertion to rise, but far more from what she saw in the deep, earnest eyes which at the moment she raised hers were bent upon her; she read in them—for to him it was a moment of abandon in which he had never before indulged—the secret which he had sacredly guarded ever since the promise made to Mr. Danbridge, the evening previous to his departure from the plantation.

Anvers saw that she was agitated, and in its accelerated beatings, he might have recognized the whippers of a heart answering to his, had he not shrunk from, surrendering himself to what he feared would prove to be only a bright and beautiful illusion.

Awakened to a new life, which until then had shed round her only the light of a faint, uncertain dawn, her thoughts, by being diverted from the horrors through which she passed, and turned into a different and absorbing subject, made her recovery rapid, and in the course of half an hour she was so far restored that she declared herself to be perfectly able to commence her homeward journey.

The horse which Myra had been compelled to ride, was found tethered and feeding not far distant, and proved to be one which the Indians had stolen from the plantation of Mr. Danbridge. Such preliminary preparations as circumstances permitted, had already been made by Dillard, assisted by Juba.

Myra, whom habit had made adventurous and almost as sure footed as the young roe of the hills, at any other time would scarce have needed help in descending the hill, steep as it was. Now, the still lingering weakness and tremor consequent on the late terrible shock she had sustained, made her glad to accept the proffered aid of Anvers.

"One mile from here," said Dillard, when everything was in readiness to start, "is a cabin where we are sure to get venison steaks, good enough to set before a king."

"That is good news," said Cline, "after the long ride Lieutenant Anvers and I have had."

"On the whole, it was well that your route was in this direction," said Dillard, "for if you hadn't happened along just when you did, I really believe the red varmints would 'ave had the best end of the bargain."

"Our coming this way was not chance," said Anvers.

"Well, now, I calculated it was. What was it then?"

"We stopped to inquire the way to Mr. Danbridge's, of a young man we met, who told us what had happened to Miss Pemberton, and that you had taken some one with you, and gone in pursuit of her."

"That was 'Siah Wells. He know the exact route I meant to take."

"Yes, 'Siah Wells, was his name, and at my earnest request he guided us to the edge of the woods, from whence I could see some one I knew must be Miss Pemberton, standing near the verge of the precipice. The Indians I couldn't see—they were hidden by the trees. The rest was clear."

"Yes, and I know, too, that everything turned

out just right. I felt certain, when I set out after her, that the Great Ruler, whose voice I've seemed to hear many and many a time when I was alone in the wilderness and the stars were looking on me from the sky, would never suffer one so innocent and good, to remain in the power of the savages."

Dillard, who acted as guide, soon directed their attention to a wreath of blue smoke circling above the distant trees.

"There stands the cabin I told you about," said he.

In a few moments they had arrived at the rude dwelling and were cordially welcomed by its inmates.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE same afternoon of Myra's abduction, Braxon was returning to the plantation, from which he had been absent the last two days. He was in no very genial mood, for he had been making an unsuccessful attempt to find the whereabouts of Sybil Finchley, who, he believed, was not many miles distant.

He had arrived within half a mile of the mansion of Mr. Danbridge, when just as he entered the path, which crossed a piece of woods, he thought he heard footsteps behind him. The next minute some one was at his side. His hand instinctively sought one of the defensive weapons he always carried about him, but when he saw that he who had overtaken him was a ragged, barefooted boy, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, his alarm subsided. He, however, quickened his pace, as an intimation that he did not wish for company. But the boy showed that he was not to be easily shaken off, by carefully accommodating his gait to Braxon's, while, from time to time, he stealthily glanced at his face.

"Your name is Braxon?" he said, at last, apparently satisfied with the result of his silent examination.

"I don't know why it should concern you, whether it is, or is not," replied Braxon.

"Well, I reckon it does concern me, and you, too, if your name is Braxon."

"Why?" he demanded, with a startled look; for he was incessantly haunted by the fear that Sybil Finchley, by some means, would ensnare or betray him.

"I aint to tell till I know sartin whether you're the right man or not."

"My name is Braxon. Will that satisfy you?"

"I reckon this is for you, then," said the boy, taking a piece of soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket, and handing it to him.

"Have you read it?" demanded Braxon, sharply, and turning pale the moment he saw what the paper contained.

The boy shook his head.

"That wont do for an answer. Have you read what is written in this paper?"

"I is no scholar—I never learnt to read writin'."

"Have you let any one see it?"

"No, I promised not to."

"'Twas a man that gave it to you?"

"Yes."

"Did you know his name?"

"No, he didn't tell me, and I never seed him before. He said that you would know who the paper come from, by the two letters at the bottom of the writin'."

"Did you ever see me before now?"

"No."

"How came you to know me then?"

An expression, half sheepish, half comic, stole to the boy's eyes and lurked round the corners of his mouth, but he did not speak.

"I asked you, sirrah, how you came to know me?" repeated Braxon, angrily.

He bent his eyes to the ground and still remained silent.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I should be powerful hard o' hearin', if I didn't."

"Answer me then."

"I rath'er not."

"You must, and shall answer me."

"I reckon I shan't," replied the boy, coolly. Braxon bit his lips, and muttering to himself, "I shall get nothing out of him so," changed his tone for one more conciliatory. He took half a crown from his pocket.

"Do you see this?" said he.

"Yes, I see it."

"Tell me what I asked you, and it shall be yours," said Braxon, who every moment grew

stronger and stronger in the belief, that the reason he would be obliged to assign would convey some important information to himself.

There was evidently something extremely fascinating to the boy's eyes in the bright gleam of the silver, yet still he hesitated.

"Are you going to tell me?"

"Give me the money and I will."

"Come and take it," said Braxon, placing himself in such a manner that the boy could not, as he imagined, escape without breaking through a thicket of briar-bushes.

"I am to tell you how I came to know you," said the boy, taking the half crown and quickly thrusting it into his pocket.

"Yes."

"Well, then, after the man told me that I must be sartin to give it into Braxon's own hand, says he, 'if you see anybody that calls himself Braxon ever so much, you needn't believe him, if he don't look like a knave, and a double-and-twisted villain.' So I promised, and the minute I sot eyes on you, I knew by your looks that you was the one I was arter."

While the last words were still on his lips, at a single bound he cleared the briery thicket, and the next instant was out of sight.

As Braxon's eye caught the last flutter of his tattered garments, he tore in pieces the bit of paper he held in his hand, and scattered them to the winds.

"So the brother as well as the sister is on my track, and his cry too, is money! money! Well, he must have it, or—"

He did not finish the sentence, but the look of horror which darkened his countenance, showed that the alternative was a bitter one.

With hurried steps, as if rapidity of locomotion would dissipate the unwelcome thoughts, which, like so many spectres, came thronging to his mind, he resumed his walk in the direction of the plantation. When arrived there, he found all in commotion on account of the disappearance of Myra Pemberton, Dillard and Juba having just gone in pursuit of her. His pupil too was absent, a circumstance, as he wished to confer with him, that in no wise tended to soothe his high-wrought excitement. Candace Atherly was standing by herself, listening eagerly to what was said relative to the chances of Dillard's success in recovering Myra. Braxon approached her.

"Do you know where Percy is?" said he.

"No, I haven't seen him to-day."

"Not at breakfast?"

"No."

"He was here yesterday?"

"Not till the evening."

"He passed the evening here?"

"No, he came in at ten o'clock, and without stopping to speak to any one, went directly to his room."

"There is something wrong about this. When I am absent he takes too much liberty."

"When you and his father are both absent, you might say."

"Mr. Danbridge has been gone, then?"

"Yes, all day."

"He doesn't often leave home, since the Indians have caused so much alarm. Urgent business must have called him away. I heard him remark not long since that he was expecting a large sum of money by the first arrival from England."

"Important business, at any rate," replied Candace. "As to its being urgent, he might, probably, without any inconvenience to himself, do without the five thousand pounds a few weeks longer."

Braxon turned away to conceal his satisfaction.

"He has little use for money—he can afford to be generous to his son—I have nothing to fear," he mentally soliloquized.

As these thoughts passed through his mind—and he accepted it as an auspicious omen—he saw Percy emerge from the woods, and walk hurriedly towards the house.

"What I heard is true then," said he to Braxon, who went to meet him. "Miss Pemberton has been carried away by the Indians?"

"Yes."

"I am sincerely sorry for her."

"I began to be afraid that you were equally unfortunate, my dear Percy," said Braxon, assuming a bland, insinuating air. "You shouldn't wander away in such a manner, when you are liable to be pounced upon by the savages at any moment. Mr. Danbridge's only son and heir is of some consequence in the world."

"And yet, with all my consequence, I'd venture to say that he hasn't even inquired for me."

"I have just returned myself, and cannot, therefore, confirm or deny a suspicion, which, to say the least, is unfilled. You cannot deny that since your arrival he has always treated you as a father, should I treat a son?"

"He isn't a man to neglect what he considers a duty. In reality, he has no affection for me; neither have I for him. I haven't fulfilled his expectations. He sees my many deficiencies, and his pride is wounded. I should much rather be a poor man's son, for then I could follow my own bent, and might be happy. Now I am miserable."

"I don't understand your drift."

"You may hereafter."

"It is my pleasure to know now. Explain yourself."

"I prefer not to."

"Date you say thus to me?"

"I do."

Braxon could not comprehend how one, whom he considered completely subject to his control, was able suddenly to assume so independent an air. The young man hardly comprehended it himself.

"It will avail you nothing," Braxon at last said. "I shall find means to penetrate the wonderful mystery which causes a youth just out of his teens to be unhappy because he is the son and heir of one who in wealth and position ranks with the first gentlemen in Virginia. Not only that, there is a rich and beautiful heiress—for no doubt she will soon return in safety—to be had for the wooing."

"The wooer doesn't always win. She wouldn't marry me if I were the heir apparent to the throne of England; while on the other hand, I wouldn't marry her if I were the lowest peasant that ever labored for his daily bread."

"Let me remind you that your language and bearing would be more seemly in a youth of your age, if not so decided, and if it savored less of arrogance."

"You would have me cringe to you, the same as I have ever done."

"You have, as in duty bound, been the docile pupil of a faithful master. Continue to be so—you will find it for your interest."

"Your authority over me is at an end."

"Percy Danbridge, in one thing more you must obey me. Then I will voluntarily relinquish my control over you."

"In what must I obey you once more? Let me hear."

"To-morrow is the day for you to receive your monthly allowance."

"Yes."

"Exactly in season for my purpose."

"You want it?"

"That, and as much more."

"My usual allowance you are welcome to, the same as you have been heretofore. For more than that I will not ask."

"You must."

"Not unless I see good reason why."

"I must have it to save myself from ruin—a ruin which will involve yours."

"We are, at least, on equal ground then, and you can't blame me for not doing on your account what I will not do on my own. It would be mean and ungrateful to ask to have my generous allowance doubled."

"To save my life then, if I must speak in plain terms—will you ask it to save that?"

"Make it appear plain to me that a hundred pounds, more or less, will save it, and I shall know better what to say to you."

"I can make no explanations. You must take my word for it."

"That I will never do. I have been the dupe of craft and cunning long enough. Henceforth, if you lead me, it shall be with my eyes open?"

"Nonsense, my dear Percy,—you don't mean all that you say. You have it in your power to help me—save me, I may say. Do so, and in return I will do my best to insure the accomplishment of whatever wild and romantic scheme you may have in your head, the failure of which you foolishly imagine will make your life wretched."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I was never more so."

The young man remained silent a few moments, while, judging by the soft, brilliant light which illumined his features, some very pleasant picture was presented to his mental vision. Suddenly his countenance fell.

"If I am ever so happy as to enter my Eden," said he, "it shall not be over the trail of the serpent."



"Highly complimentary, to say the least. I may consider myself answered."

"You may."

Braxton smiled.

"My dear Percy," said he, in a soft, wheedling tone, "you'll think better of what you've said between this and to-morrow morning. Something has occurred to fret you, and I am willing to make allowance for you. This spirit of opposition which has got hold of you will be cured by a night's sleep."

"Don't flatter yourself with anything of the kind. I am not actuated by caprice. A corner of the curtain has been raised, and I've had a glimpse of what is behind the scenes."

As he said this, there was a determination in his voice and manner which made Braxton fully aware of what he had already apprehended. He knew, that for the future, he would not be a mere puppet in his hands. Even in looks he had undergone a transformation. His countenance no longer wore its former impassive, inane expression. It was thoughtful, earnest and resolute.

For a single moment Braxton regarded him with a fixed look. As he did so, his features assumed a repulsive, hard look, and the fiery gleam which sometimes visited them, kindled in his pale, almost colorless eyes.

"So you have had a look behind the scenes?" he muttered, between his teeth.

"I have."

Without saying another word Braxton turned away, and joining one of the groups on the lawn, with his usual quiet self-possession, entered into conversation.

## CHAPTER XV.

ZORAYNE.

A RANGE of lofty hills, in some places broken by sharp, ledgy rocks and dark ravines, in others descending with an easy declivity, half circled a broad, open space, covered with the softest and liveliest green.

On one hand, the hills sunk abruptly down, and were lost in the deep verdure of the solemn and mighty woods which bounded the eastern horizon; while the western view was enlivened by a mountain stream, which, after rushing in a sheet of foam over a barrier of half-sunken rocks wedged in between high and precipitous shores, gradually expanded, and flowed with a deep and even current.

Near the centre of the area thus formed, was what had once been a hunter's cabin. It had long been abandoned by its original occupant, and with the green moss adhering to its sides, and the wild grape vine which had crept over its roof, and hung from the eaves in festoons, heavy with purple clusters of fruit, it was in perfect keeping with the wild and picturesque beauty of its surroundings.

A girl of seventeen was standing in the doorway of this little vine-embowered hut. Her figure was of faultless symmetry and fairy lightness, and her dress such as would hardly have been looked for in such a place, resembling as it did the costume of the gipsy girl rather than of a daughter of the American wilderness. It consisted of a dark blue skirt with a deep embroidery in imitation of natural flowers, and a scarlet jacket ornamented with an edging and bands of gold lace. Nor were the bright colors of her dress in the least trying to her complexion. The play of "the rich and eloquent blood," shining through the olive of her cheeks, suggestive of a sunnier clime, gave that living freshness to their bloom which must ever remain unrivalled by art.

As she stood, bending forward a little, with her red lips slightly parted, her large brown eyes fixed earnestly on a distant reach of the river, and her black hair, the softest and silkiest that ever adorned the head of woman, falling on either side of her bright and beautiful face like a veil, her portrait would have heightened the splendor of one of Titian's most gorgeous pictures.

The sun, near his setting, lit up with a golden glory the craggy peaks and rocky pinnacles of the hills, and lay in long lines of radiance by the side of the deep and lengthening shadows, thrown from here and there, by the giant oaks across the open space.

The young girl now and then watched for an instant the shadow of the tallest of these oaks, as it silently crept towards the strip of smooth, shining sand which margined the river. She then, with a look more earnest and eager than before, would again throw her eyes to the spot

where she had first directed her attention. When she once more looked at the shadow of the tree it had reached the sands.

"The boat should have been in sight by this time," she murmured to herself.

The next moment a joyful exclamation escaped her. The boat she had been watching for with so much eagerness, darted like a bird round the corner of a little islet, which, with its pine trees, rose like a tuft of dark plumes midway of the river, and made directly for a little creek where it could be safely moored, and at the same time be concealed from prying eyes.

A few light, bounding steps, and she had gained the summit of an elevation, that she might see the boat when it reached the shore. She was disappointed.

"If it had only landed a little farther this way," thought she, "I could see if Sybil was alone; but there the bushes are so high and so thick, and grow so close to the water's edge, that all is concealed from view."

She remained where she was for a little time, and then went forward in a slow, hesitating manner. Very soon she stopped.

"No," said she, "I won't go. If he has come, he mustn't think I'm so impatient to see him. But it will seem so long to wait."

To beguile the fifteen minutes which must elapse ere her suspense could be terminated, she took a guitar, which, with some wreaths of partly woven flowers, was lying under a tree, and commenced dancing with a light, airy motion, indescribably graceful, and at the same time accompanying her voice with the guitar as she sung:

### THE SONG OF THE SEA-NYMPH.

O, go with me—go with me where  
My sister nymphs reside,  
No earth-born maid is half so fair—  
No home so sweet beside.

'Tis where the bright and cool green wave  
Rolls silently and slow,  
And though above wild tempests rave,  
Still tranquil is its flow.

And when on high fierce sunbeams play,  
And heat the sultry air,  
None but some mild and silvery ray  
Can find admittance there.

Our jasper halls bright rubies pave,  
And many a gleaming pearl;  
And where the snowy foot we lave,  
O'er gold the waters curl.

And oft the cool waves' sparkling spray  
Lights on our golden hair,  
As o'er our shelly roof they play,  
Glancing like diamonds there.

And when we tune the choral shell,  
Each soul-entrancing strain,  
As dies away its flowing swell,  
Echo repeats again.

Then go with me—go with me where  
My sister nymphs reside,  
No earth-born maid is half so fair—  
No home so sweet beside.

The last notes of the fresh, young voice, sweet, clear and delicious as the song of the mocking-bird, were floating away in the distance, when Sybil Finchley, the person she was expecting, entered the enclosure.

"Alone—alone," said she, sadly, the earnest, hopeful look which had lit up her countenance giving place to one of extreme sadness.

The next minute, happening to direct her eyes towards the river, she saw the boat Sybil came in returning. The mist of gathering tears dimmed her eyes, and then hung in bright drops on her eyelashes. But she dashed them away, and while an angry crimson flashed across her cheek, with a passionate exclamation she sprang forward to meet Sybil.

"He's gone—he's gone," she cried, "without even seeing me."

"Who is gone, my bird?"

"Don't mock me by asking. You know that there's only one in the wide world I wish to see."

"Yes, I do know, I suppose; but it wasn't he who came with me."

"Not Percy?"

"No, 'twas the boy Tony."

"And you didn't see him. I had rather you wouldn't have gone."

"I did see him, but only for half a minute."

"What did he say?"

"Not much of anything. In the first place there wasn't time to say much—in the next place that hateful Braxton was lurking round, and I didn't choose that he should get sight of me."

"Did he say anything about me? But why do I ask? Don't I know that he did?"

"How should you know it, my bird?"

"Don't I know that if I only had time to say three words to one I knew had lately seen him, Percy would be one of them?"

"He said twice that number to me."

"And yet didn't mention me."

"I haven't said that he didn't."

"You are unkind—cruel; you who know how friendless I am. No one—"

Here she threw her arms round Sybil's neck, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

"Come, my bird, cheer up," said Sybil; "I did wrong to tease you so. Percy did speak of you. He said in a whisper, but not so low that I could hear, 'Tell Zorayne I shall see her before I sleep.'"

"Those were his very words?"

"Yes."

"Tony came with you to take back the boat?"

"To be sure he did. If he hadn't, there would have been no way for Percy to get here."

"Dear Aunt Sybil, you never forget anything. I'll never again call you unkind;" and hurrying to the tree where the half-woven wreaths were lying, she finished one that was starred with rich crimson flowers, and so arranged it as to prevent her hair from falling over her forehead.

"Where are the bright coins to braid with it?" said Sybil.

"O, I'll have none of them," she replied, as she commenced winding her long, shining tresses round her fingers, in such a manner as to cause them to fall over her shoulders in rich abundance.

She then stole down to a place near the water's edge where there was a little pool, clear and smooth as glass. It was her mirror, and as she bent over it and saw the deep, dark eyes looking up to her, and the lips, fresher and more beautiful than any she had ever seen besides, return her smile, she had greater faith in the power of her own loveliness than she had ever felt before. Then she thought of a fair girl she had heard described, and wondered if she was like her.

"You have seen Myra Pemberton," said she, when she again joined Sybil, who was sitting just outside the door of the hut.

"Yes."

"You think her very beautiful?"

"I have seen few more so."

"Her eyes—are they like mine?"

Sybil shook her head.

"They are handsomer."

"They are very pretty."

"Are they black?"

"No, the color of violets."

"I'm glad of that. Percy likes dark eyes best."

"And her hair?"

"As little like yours as her eyes."

"It isn't black then?"

"No, it's a soft, rich brown, and so bright and glossy, that in the sunshine it looks as if gold dust was sifted over it."

"O, if mine were only like it."

"Foolish child. You say this because you think Percy might be better pleased with bright, sunny hair."

"And don't you think so?"

"No, he wouldn't give a single tress of this black hair of yours, for all the curls that ever grew on Myra Pemberton's head. He cares nothing for her, nor she for him."

Zorayne answered only by a smile, and a look which brightened her countenance, as if a sunbeam had passed over it.

"I mustn't forget the song he taught me last night," said she; and taking her guitar she commenced singing:

"O, tell me not, there is no bliss,  
Beneath the starry skies,  
While one bright, beaming hour like this,  
Sheds rapture, as it flies."

After singing the first two lines, a deep, mellow voice, softened by the distance, chimed in with hers, and half obscured by the purple gloom which now rested on the river, she could see the looked-for boat gliding towards its place of shelter. A moment's silence, and the strings of the guitar again thrilled beneath her fingers, and mingled its notes with her voice. But ere she had finished the first line of the second stanza, with a passionate gesture she cast the instrument aside.

"Why don't you sing the rest?" said Sybil.

"I can think only of him. I can remember neither music nor words. They are floating in my mind like something bright and beautiful, but all tangled together."

"I can think only of him—only of him. Just the words I've heard her mother say so many times," said Sybil to herself.

As Zorayne stood watching for the appearance of her lover, Sybil's thoughts were busy with the time when she first saw her. Prior to that time she had led the wandering life of a gipsy among the hills of Spain. Why her mother, who possessed all the wondrous and fascinating beauty with which the young Spanish gipsy is often endowed, came to leave her own bright clime for England, no one knew except Sybil Finchley. When one stormy night the beautiful gipsy, and her no less lovely child, came to her door to beg a few hours' shelter, she not only granted the request, but gave them a home.

She subsequently learned that she left her native land to seek beneath the dull skies of Britain, one, who, in accordance with the simple ritual prescribed by her people, was her husband. To her it had been a solemn and sacred rite; to him, a chain to be severed and cast aside whenever the flowers which wreathed it began to lose their freshness. Her search proved a vain one, for she had never known him except by an assumed name; and a year had not passed, when the grass was green on her grave.

Sybil Finchley, unworthy as she was, and in many things deserving of censure, accepted the daughter of the dying mother as a sacred trust, which thus far, to the best of her ability, she had faithfully fulfilled. Her dream of the past was broken by the voice of Percy, who, with a joyous exclamation, sprang forward to meet Zorayne. The clouds of sunset had not yet lost all their brightness, and he and the young girl for a while stood silently watching them.

Love is certainly a beautifier. As they thus stood together, his countenance, which used to be so dull and apathetic, was full of light and enthusiasm. But they soon faded, giving place to a look of sadness. The cloud could not escape the eye of Zorayne. Its gloom fell on her heart.

"You're not happy—half as happy as when you were here last," said she.

"What makes you think so, dear Zorayne?"

"Can a shadow fall on you without hiding the sunshine from me? Tell me, Percy, what has happened?"

He took both of her little hands, and looked into the large, soft eyes raised to his.

"Before answering your question," said he, "let me ask you if you are happy in this little nest?"

"Sometimes."

"But at others, you think you would be happier in some stately mansion—some magnificent palace?"

"No, I don't care for palaces."

"What is it then?"

"I am lonely. A bird, even a star, or a flower used to be a companion—a friend. Now I only think of the hour which will bring you."

"Yes, Zorayne tells the truth," said Sybil.

"She has had her home in the forest and among the hills too long to care for grand houses. But what made your thoughts run on that subject?"

"There was good reason why they should."

"You have been told something you didn't suspect—something concerning yourself and Mr. Danbridge. Am I right?"

"I don't know but that I may say I didn't suspect it, yet many a time long ago, and many a time since, something very similar to what I have this day learned has passed through my mind, like the memory of a dream."

"It makes the old saying good, that 'little pitchers have great ears.' 'Twas no dream. I remember the time as well as if it were only yesterday. When Mrs. Cline had the care of you, I called to see her one evening. You were about six years old then. Her son was absent, and she persuaded me to stay all night with her. We sat late, talking of old times, and the bad man who had so deceived her about Mr. Danbridge's son."

"Who was the man?"

"Have you no suspicion who it was?"

"None."

"It must have been my brother who told you about this affair."

"It was."

"He had some reason for not telling you his name, but it won't be hidden from you long. As I was saying, Mrs. Cline and I spoke about you, and between us both we told over pretty much the whole story, when all at once, happening to look around to your crib, I saw that you were awake. After all, I wish my brother had not told you quite yet."

"I wish he had told me sooner. I have too long been the usurper of another's rights, though, thank Heaven, innocently."





THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

"What does all this mean?" said Zorayne.  
 "Nothing, only that I'm not Mr. Danbridge's son."  
 "Not his son?"  
 "Even so."  
 "Mr. Danbridge knows nothing about it as yet," said Sybil.  
 "Not a word."  
 "Why need he know it then?"  
 "Would you tempt me to hide it from him?"  
 "The moment you tell him, you throw away a fortune which would enable you to live in ease and splendor."  
 "Better to have a light purse than a heavy heart."  
 "To see her surrounded with luxury—wouldn't that tempt you?"  
 "That, if anything Zorayne, does the thought that I am not a rich man's son trouble you."  
 "Thinking you to be a rich man's son, has caused me more unhappiness than ought else."  
 "And to confess the truth, ever since I first saw you, the thought hasn't been a pleasant one to me."  
 "Even this evening," said Zorayne, "while watching to catch the first glimpse of your boat on the river, I was haunted with the feeling that you might never dare venture to come again. I knew that the poor gipsy girl was no mate for Mr. Danbridge's son."  
 "Your goodness, innocence and beauty make you a mate for any one, and raise you far above me."  
 "Your love spoke then, dear Percy. It would have been different with Mr. Danbridge. He would have thought of me only as an outcast, and spurned me."  
 "No one, dearest, with any heart, could spurn you. Least of all, such a noble-hearted man as Mr. Danbridge."  
 "And yet," said Sybil, "he would hardly have consented to receive her as a daughter."  
 "I know it. I have found so well what he thinks relative to such matters, as to be certain he wouldn't."  
 "And what did you intend to do in that case?"  
 "Give up my inheritance, for I would not break my promise to Zorayne. For her sake I should be glad of a small portion of the wealth I expected; for myself, I am content to remain poor, the same I always have been. All that Mr. Danbridge ever gave me, as you know, went into Braxon's hands."  
 "For all that you're not penniless."  
 "No, for I've five shillings and threepence in my pocket. This morning, unfortunately, before I knew what I do now, Mr. Danbridge paid me my monthly allowance."  
 "You have that then?"  
 "No, it has gone the same way as all the rest."  
 "You gave it to Braxon?"  
 "Yes, in less than ten minutes after I received it."  
 "And yet I repeat that you're not penniless."  
 "Explain—I don't understand."  
 "For a long time—no matter why—it has been for Braxon's interest to buy my silence, and I've expected liberal pay. Can you guess why I exacted it?"  
 "You had a use for money, I suppose."  
 "So far from it, that I never have spent a farthing of it. I kept it for you, for I foresaw that the day would come when you would have need of it."  
 "All? Did you say that you kept it all?"  
 "Every penny of it."  
 "That is well. I shall have it in my power to return to Mr. Danbridge a small portion of what has been obtained from him by false pretences."  
 "Do as you like. There may be more worldly wisdom in such a step than you think for."  
 "I shall return it because it don't belong to me. I was taught the difference between right and wrong by my good nurse, and shall never forget it. As to worldly wisdom, I believe I haven't as much as some people have."  
 "No, your tutor took good care not to enlighten you on that subject. If he had taught you the value of money, you would have learned to love it, and then he knew that you wouldn't be so ready to give up all you had to him. For the future, necessity will teach you to prize it as you ought. Now let us speak of other matters. In the first place, you mustn't say a word of what has been told you to any person whatever. Above all, be careful that Braxon don't suspect anything of the kind."

"I must tell Mr. Danbridge."  
 "Not even him at present. There are those whose lives, even, may be endangered by a premature disclosure."  
 "I hope it won't be long before I can tell him. I am not so crafty as Braxon, and may say or do something which will betray me."  
 "It may be weeks first, or it may be only a few days."  
 Nothing more was said on the subject, and an hour afterwards the young man bid them farewell, after promising to visit them again the evening following.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## VIEW OF BEYROUT, IN SYRIA.

The view herewith published of Beyrout, Bairut, Boyrouth, or Bayruth, as it is indifferently spelled, is the best we have seen of that celebrated city of Turkey in Asia. It is seen stretched along the water, with its white houses and minarets, the distance being crowned by precipitous hills, which give a singularly romantic character to the landscape. In the foreground are specimens of the high caps and curious costume of a portion of the people. Beyrout, anciently Berytus, is in the pachalic of Acre, Syria, twenty-five leagues from that place, and twenty-four from Damascus. Its history is lost in the night of time. Fable assigns Saturn as its founder. Strabo speaks of it with praise, and it is mentioned by Pliny, Ptolemy and Dionysius. Berytus was the

country of Sanconiaton, the celebrated historian of Phœnicia, who is said to have lived in the time of Semiramis, or, according to others, in the days of Gideon, judge of Israel, about 1245 B. C. Glass is said to have been invented at Berytus. The Emperor Augustus made it a Roman colony, and called it Felix Julia, after his daughter. The epithet of Felix (happy—fortunate), was attributed to it on account of the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and the magnificence of its situation. Agrippa conducted two legions of the Roman army thither. Berytus, becoming the most beautiful city of Phœnicia, had a school of civil law which was celebrated throughout the East. Completely overthrown by an earthquake in 566, it soon rose again from its ruins. Still later it sustained two memorable sieges, one against Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, in the year 1109 of the Christian era, when he took it from the Saracens, and the other against Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1187. Saladin finally reconquered it, after a long resistance, and was then crowned sultan of Jerusalem, Damascus and Cairo. In 1197, the Crusaders and the troops of Malek Adel met between Tyre and Sidon, on the borders of Nahr-el-Kasbieh. Victory having perched upon the Christian banners, the inhabitants of Beyrout fled at their approach. The victors of Kaamieh, according to the chronicles, found in the abandoned city provisions enough for three years, and a sufficient quantity of bows, arrows and slings to load two large ships. Since the period of the crusades, it has almost always remained under the rule of the emirs of the Druses, princes of Lebanon. One of the most celebrated of them, the emir Fakhr-Eddin, made it his capital and habitual residence. He had brought back from his Italian travels, and a sojourn of nine years at the court of the Medici, in Florence, a taste for architecture and the fine arts. All the buildings ordered by him were in the Roman style. The sultan Murad IV., jealous of his power and renown, ordered Kutchuk Ahmed Pacha to depose him. Vanquished and carried prisoner to Constantinople, Fakhr-Eddin was decapitated, and his head exposed at the seraglio gate. Still his sons succeeded to his authority. About a century since, his race having become extinct, the authority was vested in an Arabic family. Beyrout is situated on a tongue of land which protrudes into the transparent waters of the Syrian sea. On the right and left are a few rocks crowned with Turkish fortifications, and producing a highly picturesque effect. It has three gates, and a khan (entrepôt of merchandise). Open on the seaside, the three other sides are surrounded by walls constructed by the emirs, and flanked by Saracenic towers. The houses, shops and bazars are generally well built of stone, and loftier than those usually found in Syria; the roofs are terraced. The streets are paved with flag-stones, and are narrow and tortuous, and the water is so bad that the women are obliged to procure it from the surrounding country. The ancient ruins scattered about Beyrout do not allow us to doubt that the modern city occupies a portion of the site of the ancient Berytus. On the west side are a cistern, and the remains of an aqueduct and ancient baths; towards the sea are the ruins of a semi-circular monument, supposed to have been the theatre of Agrippa. The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics and Mussulman Arabs. Consuls of various Christian powers reside here. All religions are tolerated—and Christianity is represented here by American missionaries.

## CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, LOWER EGYPT.

The accompanying engraving is an excellent general view of the famous city of Alexandria (Iekanderyeh), Lower Egypt, with its minarets, fortifications, its pier, lighthouse and shipping illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. It communicates with Cairo by the Nile, and the Mahmoudieh canal, of which we recently published an engraving. Our readers need not be told that it derives its name from its founder, Alexander the Great. The modern town is built on a peninsula, anciently the island of Pharos. The ruins of the ancient city cover a vast extent of the mainland. The present population is about 60,000, including 8000 troops and the workmen of the arsenal. Some of the wooden buildings, such as the pacha's palace, the naval and military hospitals and the schools, are really fine structures. Indeed the traveller, in some parts of Alexandria, might fancy himself in a European city. The Turkish quarter is, however, irregular and dirty. Alexandria is still the great commercial emporium of Egypt, and a large share of business is transacted here. The trade is increasing.



VIEW OF BEYROUT, SYRIA



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## CONSTANCE.

BY GEORGE W. BERRY.

When first we met, the budding rose  
Was in her bud, I think,  
Her heart was trembling at the close  
Of words I dared to speak.  
I held her passive hand to mine,  
And felt the ardent glow  
Betray its secret "I am thine,"  
As though she told me so.

When next we met, the vintage blest  
Another up thou mine,  
The purple clusters had been pressed  
Of an their libated wine,  
The fly had displaced the rose  
Upon her polished cheek,  
An angel plagiarized the glow  
Of words I heard her speak.

O did I then I knew on my lips  
Of which I reached her lips?  
O thine was to my finger tips,  
The love which in me stirred.  
For I am of thy all the life,  
By thinking of her slumber,  
And chiding every hour's delay  
From dreams by her renewed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

## NUMBER 5.

BY WALTER CLAUENCE.

*The Guano island of Ichaboe—Method of loading guano—Singular discovery on the island—Simplicity of the penguins—A visit from the *Nimrope*—Hottentots—Sad shipwreck—Departure from Ichaboe.*

THE island of Ichaboe is situated on the coast of Anger Peninsula, about the 30th degree of south latitude, and not more than a mile from the mainland. Thither was the *Alert* bound. We set sail from Sierra Leone, and after a tedious passage of four weeks, found ourselves in the latitude of Orange River. Somewhere near the mouth of the river we knew the island of Ichaboe to be, but it had not hitherto been laid down in the charts of the African coast, and its whereabouts, even its existence, had been, until lately, unknown, save to a few coasting skippers. The sudden mania to employ guano as a fertilizing agent, which had taken possession of the agricultural world, and the discovery of a vast quantity of the manure on this insignificant sand bank on the southern coast of Africa, had raised the island into a place of fleeting, but, for the time being, considerable commercial importance.

Sailing to the extreme south of the coast of Anger Peninsula, we pointed the schooner's head northward, and coasted along close in shore, until we made the island of which we were in search. Our first intimation that we had reached our destination, was the sudden appearance of a forest of masts towering above the summit of a low hillock, so near the mainland that at first sight it did not appear to be detached from it; but the hulls and lower spars of the vessels were concealed from view by the land, showing that they were lying sheltered between the hillock and the mainland. Long reefs stretched out to seaward, over which the swell constantly rolling in from the Atlantic, broke with a monotonous, melancholy roar, while the white foam dashed far up the sandy beach. The atmosphere was almost darkened with immense flights of sea-fowl which hovered over the land, filling the air with their discordant, shrieking voices; the atmosphere, though the latitude was low, was damp and chilly, and the coast as far as the eye could reach, sterile and dreary to look upon.

We sailed round a low point and entered a spacious bay resembling a semi-circle, and formed by the island and the mainland; and now a wonderful scene presented itself. We seemed, as if by magic, to have come upon a vast mart of commerce. At least two hundred vessels of all sizes and rigs, lay at anchor in the spacious harbor; and boats innumerable were passing to and fro, from the vessels to the land. The flags of the ships were hoisted to do honor to the appearance of a vessel-of-war, and half a dozen of the more ambitious captains fired a salute with the ship's guns. The shore was lined with white tents, as if an army had encamped there.

In the course of another half hour we lay at anchor with sails furled, in the midst of the fleet of traders. Several of the captains came on board to afford us such information as we might require. I have observed that we came to do duty as a guard ship; very soon the number of

complaints made, satisfied our captain that he would have enough to do in his new mercantile occupation. There were, as I have said, two hundred ships in the harbor, and on shore, we now learnt, there were five hundred laborers, Irishmen and Kroomen, hired by the owners of the vessels, from Liverpool and from Sierra Leone. These men lived in tents, and were provided with food by the captains of the vessels to which the several gangs belonged, and as each captain chose his own especial field of labor on shore, subject only to a code of regulations drawn up by one of the number, with the approbation of the rest, and, as a matter of course, frequently broken, the quarrels between the captains and the gangs of laborers on shore, were frequent and sometimes serious. Several men had been badly maimed, some had come within an ace of losing their lives. It was to arbitrate in the disputes which led to these disturbances, that we had been despatched to the field of operations. Our captain's duty was no sinecure, and by no means a pleasant one.

We were eager to go on shore and survey the island and witness the method of loading the guano; the schooner's boats were therefore speedily lowered, and we rowed away toward the landing place. We had not, however, calculated the difficulties which were to be surmounted before our object was achieved. I have mentioned the fact that the island was surrounded with reefs. There was no landing place that could with propriety be designated by that appellation. Only when the tide was very low—once, perhaps in three or four days—could any one, by any possibility, land on the beach from a ship's boat. The first comers had taken advantage of one of these low tides, and then, at the risk of their lives, effected a landing. It was imperative necessary, if the project of loading the vessels with the precious manure was not to be abandoned, to devise some method by which boats could be loaded at all hours of the day. To effect this, long wharves, stretching out beyond the reefs, had been rudely constructed with planks and timbers brought from Liverpool for the purpose. To support the planks, cross-pieces of timber were placed between huge masses of rock and securely fastened. On these the planks rested, and thus the wharves were stretched out, planks resting upon the end of planks, until the necessary length of the extemporaneous wharf was obtained. Chain cables attached to kedge anchors, were fastened both to the outer and inner terminations of the wharves. When the boats from the vessels neared the shore, they watched an opportunity until a swell of the sea lifted the boat high above the reefs, and sent it with great velocity toward the beach. As it reached the end of the wharf, the chain cable was seized by half a dozen hands, and the boat's progress arrested, and then the sailors clambered back-handed up the cable, till they reached the planks above. When all who desired had effected a landing by these means, the boat was shoved off and lay near by, waiting until it was necessary for the men still on board to go through a similar manoeuvre, in order to receive the crew on board again. The boats which received the cargo lay in the like manner, fast by a rope to the cable, and when the laborers appeared at the end of the wharf with a heavy bag of guano on their backs, they were pulled in, as opportunity offered, beneath the staging, and the bag tumbled into the boat, which again was allowed to swing off, and again pulled in when necessary, until its loading was completed. As may readily be imagined, this was both a laborious and hazardous task, and in rougher weather than usual, many an accident occurred. Several boats were staved in, and not a few lives lost.

Guano, as it may be necessary to inform some of my readers, is the excrement of sea-fowl and seals, and not the excrement alone, but also the decayed bodies. It is of a dark chocolate color when fresh from the land, resembling pulverized, dark, clayey soil. It is extremely heavy, with an almost insupportably pungent and aromatic odor, and abounding in ammonia. It is, of course, the accumulation of centuries, during which the seals and sea fowl have rested in their drear and desolate abodes, and lived and died undisturbed by man. The method of obtaining it was by digging on both sides and in the rear, to the depth of six or eight feet, until a square mass of the like dimensions each way was exposed, when a rope was passed round it, and the combined force of a dozen or twenty men was exerted in pulling the rope, until the mass fell with a crash, scattering several tons of guano

over the beach at the base, where it was shoveled into bags, borne on men's shoulders to the boats, carried on board the ships, and emptied in bulk into the hold, being subsequently properly trimmed by the crew. It was dirty and extremely unpleasant labor. The seals had left the island—scared away by the approach of man; but the sea fowl continued to make it their resort until not a ship's load of manure remained. Of these birds, the penguins were the most numerous, and so stupid were they, that they would often sit gazing upon the operations of undermining that were going forward, until it was loosened and they actually came tumbling down with the mass. A body of seamen could at any time march boldly into the midst of a flock and knock them down with sticks, killing a dozen before the rest were active or sensible enough to attempt to make their escape. Yet once in the water, and their nature seemed to have undergone a complete change. No sea bird is there more crafty or more active. It was their habit at night, when returning to their nests, or rather, holes in the guano, after a day's busy fishing, to assemble in line, an old patriarch of the tribe taking the lead, the grown male birds leading the van and bringing up the rear, and the females and the young birds occupying the centre of the column. As they stand erect on their legs to the height of full three feet, all with similar plumage, and all moving their flippers like arms, they bear a close resemblance, at a short distance, to a body of Liliputian soldiers on a march. Their flesh is a mass of blubber, quite uncountable, but the sailors killed them in great numbers for the sake of the down, and for the coarse feathered but singularly mottled skins.

That seals of enormous size had not only latterly, but for ages past, made the island their abode, was evident from the large skins that were found—as large as those of a moderately sized ox—tough and entire near the surface of the guano, and almost rotten far beneath. We saw none living of this size while there, but very often individuals of a smaller species made their appearance in the harbor, but they were too wary to allow us to approach them, or even to come within reach of gunshot.

In digging for the guano, which (I may observe in parenthesis) was so exceedingly pungent and irritating to the eyes and nostrils and lungs of the laborers that they could not remain longer than a minute in the trenches without the blood pouring from their noses and mouths, and the eyeballs becoming of a fiery red color, the men found evidence of the landing of mariners at a distant period. Knives, half eaten with rust, and pewter platters and drinking-cups of ancient fashion, were frequently found at the depth of twenty feet below the surface. On one occasion a quantity of dried herring-bones—the herring is a fish unknown in these waters—were disinterred, and other evidence was discovered, that some unfortunate mariners—perhaps a century ago—had landed and eaten a meal on this island; perhaps these relics were the only vestiges of some unfortunate, shipwrecked seaman, who had died in this desolate region, and whose flesh and bones had gone to add to the accumulation of guano! On one occasion a discovery was made which led to a general stampede from the ships to the shore of all who could quit the vessels, so great was the curiosity manifested. A rudely constructed deal coffin was disinterred from the depth of full forty feet, the following inscription still legible on the lid.

Peter— ————, undertrom.  
Timbermann,  
Ship Van Der—  
O— 17— 16— 4  
Age— 3— —

Many of the letters were entirely obliterated, but enough remained to inform us that the Timbermann, or carpenter, whose name was Peter—something, had died on board a Dutch vessel sometime during the seventeenth century, and had been buried in the guano when the accumulation was much less than it was at the time when the discovery was made of its value as a fertilizing agent.

Sometimes, to diversify the scene, and while away the weary time, parties would go ashore on the mainland, though the landing was accompanied with danger, and more than one boat's crew perished in the attempt, while we lay in the harbor. Once landed, a sterile prospect met the view. Nothing but sand, sand, stretching for weary miles in every direction from seaward. It was said that green and fertile houses were to be found scattered far apart, some miles in the interior—the site of krails of the Hottentots, who

roamed from one oasis to another, as the means of existence were consumed—what a miserable existence; and yet, doubtless, these miserable specimens of humanity were patriotically attached to their native soil, and considered it the happiest spot in the world.

One day a party of these Hottentots, consisting of males, females and children, visited the coast, and were easily persuaded to come on board the ships. They had, doubtless, heard by some means, in their distant abodes, of the advent of the white men to their coast, and curiosity, and perhaps the hope of gain, though they had nothing to dispose of, had tempted them to visit the strangers. They were a contented, docile, timid race, meaning no harm and anticipating none. Thus they were readily induced to visit the vessels, though, perchance, not one among them had seen a ship before. A single individual might have trusted himself, unarmed, amongst them. I have always found that harmless savages will fearlessly trust themselves among strangers, while fear and distrust are always manifested by cruel and treacherous races.

Our visitors were very small specimens of humanity, and the queerest looking objects to be found upon the earth's surface. The tallest among them did not exceed five feet in height. Their natural color appeared to be a dark olive, but their bodies were so completely incrustated with dirt that they were actually many shades darker; their heads small and conical in shape, with receding foreheads and a crown that approached to a peak; their necks were remarkably small and scraggy, even for their small heads, and their arms and legs were skinny and slender, while their bodies were large in proportion. A few scanty, undressed fox-skins comprised their sole attire. The hair on their heads—if hair it could be termed—stood in little woolly tufts, tightly rolled up, and, apparently, if it had been unrolled, not exceeding half an inch in length. Their features were small, with the exception of a large mouth—but not remarkably thick lips—well furnished with black teeth. The expression of their countenances was like that of a grinning baboon's, and their language the oddest jargon ever uttered by human organs of speech; resembling the clacking of a barn-yard fowl with a bad cold and afflicted with hoarseness, calling her chickens together, more than anything else I can think of.

They gladly and gratefully accepted of anything we offered them. Articles of clothing worn to rags were received with manifestations of delight, and immediately donned. Scraps of fat pork were greedily eaten, almost boiled, without undergoing the process of mastication, rum was gulped down with manifest avidity, without dilution with water; but there was no attempt made by any one, as is too often the practice of savages, to appropriate to himself even the slightest article which was not given to him, however much its possession was coveted. We made one among them, who appeared to exercise the authority of a chief, superlatively happy in the possession of a cast-off marine uniform, with worsted epaulettes. The poor fellow danced and screamed in the excess of his delight, and after all had partaken of a feast of biscuit, meat and rum, such as, perhaps, they had never before enjoyed, we put them ashore, some of us going with them to look at the temporary accommodations they had provided for themselves. These consisted of nothing more than a hole scooped out in the sand—the sand thus procured being banked up to windward, so as to protect them from the chill blasts—and a fire of dried seaweed kindled in front. There they laid at night on the bare sand, only covered from the weather with the scanty skins which composed their attire during the day. They remained a week on the coast, during which period we became excellent friends, and they left us loaded with, to them, valuable presents, though to us they were articles that were perfectly useless.

We remained at this dreary place six weary weeks, during which period our captain settled many differences, his word being unchangeable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and he also framed a code of regulations for the future government of the community, to which all subsequent traders were bound to conform. The authority was vested in five captains, who met at a council board. Those were elected by their peers, and another election made when the departure of any one of the board rendered such a proceeding necessary.

A few days before we left the island an awful shipwreck occurred, though not a breath of wind









SLEIGHING IN HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

## SLEIGHING IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

The sturdiest and soberest people in creation have their moments of excitement; the gravest men will perpetrate jokes on an occasion, and the moodiest of poets sometimes write the funniest of verses. Our good people are proverbial for long faces. We have been gibed at by foreigners for our excessive gravity. They say we go through a contra dance as if we were doing penance; and that a wedding with us is so much like a funeral, that there is no fun in it. Something of truth there is in these assertions. If we have survived the Puritan's horror of all sorts of merry-making, if we have balls, theatres, operas, pic-nics, and various junketing festivities, the forefathers have stamped their stern expression on many of the countenances of their descendants. But that this rigidity never thaws is untrue; and at no season is it more completely relaxed than in our great northern Carnival—sleighbing-time. No matter what the weather may be—even if, as lately, the mercury tumbles down to eighteen degrees below zero, there will always be plenty of people to man and woman

the cutters, pungs, big sleighs, stage sleighs, and every craft that goes on runners. A fall of snow sends the blood of Bostonians dancing through every vein, and breeds a fever in the blood of age. Old and young participate in the genial excitement which defies the blasts of winter, and extorts enjoyment out of the very severity of the climate. The last fall of snow set everybody in and about Boston wild. The cronkers had begun to predict that the winter would pass without the usual sports of the road; but their prophecies were set at naught quite as early as we had a right to expect. Our artist, Mr. Homer, has faithfully executed the commission we gave him to furnish us with two original pictures representing scenes in sleighbing time, and the result is before us. The first sketch, and a very spirited one it is, was made in Haymarket Square, and shows us life on the snow in that busy locality. The teamsters have caught the infection, and are crowding their big horses as close up to 2.40 as that style of horse-flesh permits. Seated on the extremity of the stout plank braced in the bars of their sleds, they are absolutely racing, in

violation of the ordinances of the city fathers. The jolly fellow with a pung load of pigs is coming through the square at a terrific rate, the betting of the outsiders being in his favor, while the drivers of the wood sleds are making them fairly fly over the icy surface, to the horror of the policeman on the side, who, as he witnesses the illegal sport, vainly seeks to arrest the arrowy flight of the offenders, and is quite unable to "spot" or identify them. The second picture is no less exciting, though it gives us a different style of merry-makers. The locality will be readily recognized as the square in front of the great Cattle Fair Hotel in Brighton, which, with its extensive outbuildings, is delineated in the distance. The horses in the sleighs in front are making the snow fly at a tremendous rate, being good ones to go and well handled. We can almost hear the "tintinnabulation of the bells—bells—bells," as Poe sings, and the merry laughter ringing a musical accompaniment of the sleighers. The Cattle Fair Hotel is a grand rendezvous in sleighbing time. The extensive sheds and stables, and the square, are sometimes

completely filled with sleighs, while the owners and lessees are within, enjoying those suppers for which the hotel is so far-famed. The road, either over the Milldam, or through Roxbury and Brookline, is always a favorite drive when the ground is in good condition. The scene, even in winter, is varied and pleasing, and the distance about right to traverse with a fast horse, without getting absolutely congealed in performing. From Brighton home to Boston, the route is usually through Cambridge, with another halt at Porter's, known to every one who ever drew a rein over a horse, and quite as famous as Let Snedeker on Long Island. The entire route we have sketched, on a pleasant afternoon is alive with sleighs, keeping up a perpetual jingle, with frequent dashes for the lead. The rush down the hill into the square is like the struggle at the "finish" on the Long Island course. It is all wild but good humored excitement, and a defeat in a brush is borne with perfect equanimity. It seems to be an established law of the road there, barring the occurrence of foul driving, that no one shall lose his temper in sleighbing time.



SLEIGHING ON THE ROAD, BRIGHTON, NEAR BOSTON.



## MASSACHUSETTS HOSPITAL.

The accompanying view of the Massachusetts General Hospital, M'Lean St., Boston, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud and engraved by Marsh, from a photograph by Whipple & Black. It stands on a lot of four acres on the borders of the Charles River, at the west part of the city. It was incorporated in 1811. It is one of the noblest, best-endowed and best-furnished institutions of the kind in the United States. This magnificent structure is built of Chelmsford granite, and is 274 feet in length by 54 in breadth, with a portico in front of eight Ionic columns. Unlike many of our beautiful public buildings, which are so crowded by others as present no satisfactory point of view, the hospital may be seen from a great many points, and always appears to advantage. Connected with the building in the rear is a kitchen and laundry of the most approved construction. The whole interior is arranged according to the most perfect system, and nothing can exceed the perfect neatness and cleanliness visible throughout. Wealthy invalids frequently resort to it, paying for the accommodations appropriated to such patients, because they can be better cared for here than in their own homes. The grounds are decorated with ornamental trees and shrubs, and laid out in gravel walks for those patients who are able to take outdoor exercise. The medical staff embraces the first surgeons and physicians of the city. This institution has found many munificent friends and patrons in Massachusetts, and has a very large and increasing capital, which has established it on the firmest basis.



MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, M'LEAN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## SCENE IN THE "CORSIKAN BROTHERS."

The dramatic tableau on this page was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, and represents the famous duel scene in the last act of the "Corsican Brothers," as performed at the Boston Theatre. The twin brothers, Fabien and Oscar dei Franchi, are admirably presented by Mr. E. L. Davenport, and the Chevalier de Chateau-Renaud by Mr. E. Adams. Between these two a fatal duel with small swords forms the catastrophe of the drama. At the Boston Theatre this combat is one of the most exciting passages in the piece, Mr. Davenport and his antagonist exhibiting such splendid swordsmanship that the spectators are affected, and sit breathless as if witnesses of an actual duel *a l'outrance*. Mr. Barry has brought out the play in the most splendid and complete manner, the unrivalled capacities of his stage affording the amplest opportunity for the

display of scenery and decorations. The Hall in the Corsican Chateau, the interior of the Opera House, Paris, during a masquerade ball in Carnival time, the Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau, are marvels of scenic art, and the tableaux grouped in connection with them, are remarkably effective. The play is founded on one of the most ingenious stories of that most ingenious of story-tellers, Alex. Dumas, senior. Nothing exhibits his skill more strikingly than the success with which he has employed supernatural machinery in the development of a story of modern times. Nearly all such attempts on the part of writers so eminent even as Sir Walter Scott, have proved failures, but Dumas has succeeded in making us accept the impossible as probable. The leading characters are two twin brothers, Corsicans, who are born connected in the same manner as the Siamese twins. The ligature which unites them is separated by excision, but the most complete moral sympathy continues to unite them. So intimate is this strange sympathy that, though a thousand leagues sepa-

rate them, one is always conscious of every important event that is occurring to the other. This is made manifest to the audience by the opening of the "flat" at the extremity of the stage, and the presentation of a series of dramatic tableaux. Both of the brothers fall in love with a lady who visits Corsica, but Fabien dei Franchi suppresses his passion in favor of his brother Oscar, and the latter leaves Corsica for Paris, ostensibly to pursue his studies, but really to follow up his suit. In Paris he is involved in a series of adventures, and drawn into a quarrel with the Chevalier de Chateau-Renaud, the villain of the piece, who fights him and kills him in the forest of Fontainebleau. All this is distinctly pictured to the vision of the other brother, Fabien, in Corsica, and he instantly repairs to France, with all possible speed, to avenge his brother's death. He encounters Chateau-Renaud on the very spot where Oscar has fallen, and forces him to a duel—the encounter alluded to above. After fighting a long while, the combatants being pretty well matched, Chateau-Ro-

naud's sword breaks, and De Morny, one of the seconds, rushes forward, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this duel cannot proceed. The sword of Monsieur de Chateau-Renaud is broken—the arms are no longer equal." Fabien replies, "You are mistaken, sir," and breaks his own sword across his knee. "Now," he continues, "they are equal. Take up your weapon, sir, and continue." "What!" exclaims De Morny, "implacable?" "As destiny—as death," replies Fabien dei Franchi. The seconds then bind the broken blades to the combatant's hands, during which Chateau-Renaud says, "De Morny, I shall be killed. In a week's time write to my mother—tell her I had a fall from a horse. In a fortnight after write to her that I am dead. Were she to learn the fatal news suddenly, it would kill her." "There is yet hope," said De Morny. "None—none," replies Chateau-Renaud. "Destiny is with this man. Now, sir," he adds, turning to Fabien, "when you are ready." "I am always ready," is the reply. The combat renewed, Fabien slays his brother's murderer.



DE MORNY (M. V. LINHAM).

CHATEAU-RENAUD (E. ADAMS).

FABIEN (E. L. DAVENPORT).

DE MEYNARD (F. J. HORTON).

SCENE FROM "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## MUSINGS.

BY DIATRICE JERNETT

One burning zone of supernal light  
Can lure my thoughts astray,  
One star that decks the brow of night  
Can wake my wild harp's play.

One strain, one gentle low-breathed strain,  
Can bear my charmed thoughts hence,  
One glance more than the lengthened chain  
Of godlike eloquence.

One stream that wanders on its way,  
Midst grass, and briar, and flow,  
Hath oft inspired my raptur'd lay,  
And blith with forms the glen.

And song, and stars, and burning strain,  
And eyes of deathless light,  
And streams' sweet melody, have all  
A pure fadeless delight.

Words oft may seem a mockery,  
When passed on hush control,  
But nature's silent voices speak  
Unto the secret soul.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## INDIAN REVENGE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"O, I do hate so on Indians!"

So said a musical little voice, as Miss Margery Tracy looked over a book of beautiful engravings.

"So what?" exclaimed a silvery-headed old man who sat in an easy-chair by the winter's fire.

"Dote on Indians, dear grandpa; they look so noble here in their richly colored robes, their furs and their feathers."

"Noble! the blood-thirsty rebels!" said the old man, holding out one arm as he spoke and striking it with the other, "that and this and every part of my body, in fact, is scarred by those infernal dogs. Why, look here, child," and he drew the white locks from his ample forehead, "see the marks of their scalping knives; they left me for dead once, and came near having these hairs hanging at their accursed girdles."

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Margery, drawing up to the old man, "is it possible that great white mark was made by an Indian brave?"

"An Indian coward!" cried the veteran, contemptuously. "Talk about their bravery, the stubborn infernal devils, they don't know what it means. The courage of a beast is all they have. My patience, girl, if you had seen as much of the Indians as I have, you'd never take those creatures of the painter's imagination to be the simon-pure savage. No, no, there's a difference. My child, I'll tell you a story that will cure you of doting on Indians. When I was a young man I had many a bout with the 'children of the forest,' as your poets call them. Now there was never any poetry in your old grandfather, Margie, little one. I never could see anything beautiful in their hideous, painted faces, and to tell the truth, they killed my only brother, and I hated the whole race."

"We had had a long spell of peace and had become tired of our cabins upon Boone's station. It was too easy a life for young fellows, simply gunning, fishing, sleeping and eating. We weren't like the mustachioed gentry of the present day—even like the one who came to see you last night, little child, though he is a better specimen than some. We couldn't dress up in those days and take little bits of paper in our hands and go call upon the pretty ladies and show off our teeth and our broadcloth the best part of the day. We wore rough men in our hunting frocks, who thought a good-sized deer none too heavy to throw over our shoulders after we had run him down, and to whom other dears were as fabulous as myths."

"But, as I tell you, we—there were four of us—had become tired of idleness, and wanted another bout with the Indians. So, knowing that a party had stolen some horses, and that they had taken their way to Chillicothe, we set out after them to try and regain the booty they had taken. We reached Chillicothe a few days afterward, and fell in with a drove of horses feeding in the rich prairie. Of these we secured six and started on our return. Before we reached the Ohio a storm came up. The heavens grew black with clouds and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. What to do with the horses we could hardly tell. They had become unmanageable and were difficult to control. The river was so

swollen—its waves lashed into fury—that we dared not venture to cross, and we were fearful of being pursued. It was nearing evening, and we could just find our way back to the hills, where, after lashing our animals, we remained during the night. It was an awful night. The rain poured in torrents, the lightning blazed from point to point, and the thunder seemed to crash and break against the sides of the hills. We were all exposed to the fury of the tempest. In the morning our clothes were wet and we had only saved our powder by sleeping on it. The wind, however, had subsided, and we tried again to get our horses over the other side. It was in vain—the creatures resisted every attempt, and we were driven to the alternative of losing our lives or losing our horses. Of course we chose the latter, and selecting each of us one of the best, we made for the falls.

"There was a handsome young fellow with us, a Kentuckian by birth, who thought we had scarcely had adventure enough, so he proposed to me to let the rest go on, while he and I captured two splendid bays. We turned back, accordingly, and came the first thing on a trail of revengeful Indians, who had undoubtedly been seeking us from the first. My dear child, if you had seen them as they really were, their faces streaked with black and yellow, their untanned blankets, rough leggins, and demoniac faces, you never would have doted on them. Willis, the Kentuckian, was some ways ahead of me, and by some unsuccessful manoeuvre fell immediately into their hands. It was a direful sight to see them each drive with his heavy club at the head of the poor fellow. He fell instantly, and they scalped him, throwing the fresh, bleeding skin over their weapons and waving it in my sight."

"I was on a splendid horse. They, too, were mounted and had fleet animals, so they pursued me at the top of their speed. For a time I escaped, only to fall into their barbarous hands, however. Deceived by a voice I thought familiar, and the pronunciation of a word in English, I followed a trail, and lured on by the supposition that I was on the track of the friends from whom we had separated, and who might have come back to the rescue, I went cautiously forward, but suddenly found myself among a party of Indians, who were so engaged that, I suppose, if I had had presence of mind, I might have escaped, for I think they did not see me. However, thinking the boldest course would be the best, I immediately fired at the foremost, and in another moment they were after me like a pack of hounds. I took advantage of some fallen timber, I tried to dodge them, and to hide among the underbrush, but their cunning defeated my purposes. They divided into two parties and rode along on either side of the timber, beating it up, driving me out at the opposite end, where stood an enormous savage with a lifted tomahawk. Just as he was about to strike me to the earth, however, another Indian equally powerful, lifted me as if I had been a feather, out of the way of the descending tomahawk. I was a prisoner, and obliged to make the best of it—you may imagine what that best was."

"O, grandfather!" cried Margery, "how did you feel?"

"How did I feel? I fash, how could you feel with ten jabbering savages about you, each one looking as if he could eat you without pepper or salt!"

"It must have been a trying moment," said Margery.

"Not half as trying as what followed," replied the old man, shaking his white locks. "They muttered their outlandish gibberish in my face, making up hideous mouths expressive of their intense disgust of me and my race. They shook the scalp of poor Willis against my very eyes, and I don't doubt wanted to serve mine in the same way. Then, leaving me helplessly tied, they went out to catch the horses. The difficulty with which this feat was accomplished, made them wilder than ever in their rage against me. I saw them deliberate, and knew by their gestures, they were reserving me for some fearful doom. At last a tall Indian went without the circle and succeeded in leading in one of the horses, a fiery, vicious animal who had given me great trouble, and who, in his looks and movements, seemed almost demoniac. Close to me they led him. I felt his hot breath against my face, and more than once his hoof seemed about to crush my foot to atoms. I thought that in some way they intended my death by that monstrous gray horse, and so they did,

but I had not calculated for the extreme cruelty of which they are capable. What was my horror when I found that they were going to haul me on the animal, torture him, and set him free."

"O, grandfather!" you are a second Margery," cried Margery, listening meanwhile with intense interest.

"A distinction for which I paid cruelly," said the old man, folding his arms and gazing into the fire.

"They then lifted me upon the horse, he all the while rearing, backing, snorting, and seating me with my face towards the tail, they tied my feet under him. This made them great trouble, for the horse was almost unmanageable, but for every annoyance he gave them they paid me in blows, or slight wounds with their knives. They then drew a rope about my arms, drawing and lashing me back on the animal, another round my neck, tying that to the neck of the horse, from whence it was carried to his tail, making it use the purpose of a crapper. In this way they secured me to the frantic beast, and all the while the demons incarnate danced yelping and screaming about me, testifying their infernal delight in the anticipated suffering that was to overtake me. They lashed the horse, not sparing me, shouted in his ears, thrust their knives into him, and with shouts that sounded like thunder, turned him loose. The poor animal and the poor wretch upon him were dashed into the thickest of the woods. The horse, feeling his unusual burden, and frantic to get rid of it, took his way among the tangled undergrowth, bruising me at every step, throwing me against projecting branches, rearing, plunging, uttering the wildest cries of terror. I longed and prayed for death, I raved and sent up my cries of anguish with his. Sometimes I laid insensible, and then a dreadful blow would bring me to agonizing consciousness. I knew death would come at last, but O, the awful uncertainty, the suffering that permeated every bone, nerve, sinew. I can describe nothing like it. It is too dreadful to recall, too frightful to portray."

The old man shuddered as he held his hand before his eyes as if to shut out a fearful spectacle. The young girl shuddered too, and tenderly took his free hand in her own.

"Well, the horse became at last exhausted. What prevented him from rolling on, and crushing me, Heaven only knows. One morning, the next but one after my capture, the animal emerged into a broad prairie. I was dying with hunger, sore in every inch of my body, longing only that death might put an end to my sufferings. I was only partly conscious, just alive and that was all. I seemed to know that my breath was almost gone, and wished to make no effort to retain it. Then there came a long silence—a great blank—and how many hours after I do not know, but I found myself lying on a made bed in a log hut, and an angel-faced girl bending over me."

"He has opened his eyes, mother," were the first words I heard, and then all was a blank again. It seems the sagacity of the horse had led him to the first dwelling-place after he was thoroughly subdued. It proved to be the habitation of an American family. They treated me with the greatest care, the tenderest consideration. It was months before I was well and completely cured of a longing to encounter the Indians. I preferred after that a home of my own, and the blooming Margaret for my wife, who had taken such care of me."

"So dear grandmother was that Margaret?" said Margery.

"No, darling," and the voice took a tenderer tone, "my first Margaret sleeps in a grave made out in the wild prairies. She only lived a year."

## WELL WORSHIP.

In Asia, Africa, and North America, water-sheds and sources of streams, in elevated situations, have at all times been revered as sacred spots, and the native tribes are wont to assemble at them for their religious festivals. Thus also the Romans, and the original inhabitants of Switzerland before them, worshipped at the high springs of the Alps, on the Lockmauer, perhaps on the Benardine, and undoubtedly on the St. Gothard, and on the Great St. Bernard, where pillars and remains of temples may still be found. Two rude pillars, whose origin is as yet unexplained, standing at a height of 7000 feet, on the water-shed of the Julian Pass, seem to point to a yet earlier worship of the Deity. Christian chapels and hospices have been erected on the site of these ancient temples; and the modern inhabitants of the mountains not seldom celebrate their religious festivals on the very same spot where their Pagan forefathers worshipped. —Sketches of Nature in the Alps.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUNNAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy one year ..... \$2.50  
Five copies one year ..... 12.50  
Twelve copies one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. Bangor, Me.—The creatures you refer to are now on exhibition at Boston, but no scientific examination of or report on them has been made. We have no authentic account of them. An intelligent gentleman who has lived in the East Indies, and avers having seen similar monstrosities in Calcutta, told a friend of ours that he believed them to be semi-human.

Reader.—There were at one time a million volumes in the Alexandrian library.

M. M.—The Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was a statue of brass 150 feet high, each finger larger than a man. It only stood fifty years, and was thrown down by an earthquake. It lay prostrate for 800 years, when the brass was sold to a Jew, who carried it off on nine hundred camels.

Artist.—A thorough knowledge of the rules of art, and a skilful handling of the pencil, require many years of laborious practice. Michael Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, and it was his thorough knowledge of every bone and muscle that gave him such mastery in the art.

G. N. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.—Do not despair of teaching your left hand to perform the work which the injury to your right has suspended. Rugendas, whose battle-pieces are alive with vigor, was originally an engraver, but was compelled to abandon that profession through the weakness of his right hand, which, however, was strong enough to hold the brush, and, therefore, Rugendas became a painter. But after awhile his hand became totally unmanageable, and he would have sunk into destitution had he not persevered in making his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. Jouvenet, in like manner, made use of his left hand, and Mazzola, director of the Imperial Gallery at Milan, who had been compelled to submit to the amputation of his right hand. Cornelius Ketel, a Dutch painter, painted his own portrait, and several others, with his left. Holbein used his left hand with singular facility.

Science S., Worcester, Mass.—The plan of your little association for studying German this winter is an excellent one. We decidedly recommend Olendorf's system.

Mrs. F. P., Medford, Mass.—You can remove the varnish from your work-table by scraping the surface with the edge of a piece of window glass. You must apply the India licker warm.

M. S., Yarmouth.—We should prefer Bayard Taylor to the other lecturers you have named.

## THE NEWS FROM WATERLOO.

Years have passed since the terrible battle of Waterloo, on which the destinies of Europe for many years depended, was fought and won, yet the name of Waterloo is still a spell to thrill our hearts even on this side of the Atlantic. Think what must have been the anxiety of the government and the people of England, when, in the pleasant month of June, 1815, they were waiting intelligence from that war in which the bravest of her sons poured out their blood like water.

As a matter of course, it was well understood by the Government that the despatch, whenever it arrived, would be taken in the first instance to the War Secretary, Earl Bathurst, and therefore several members of the Cabinet felt great pleasure, on the 21st of June, in accepting the noble earl's invitation to dinner, in order that they might be on the spot when the despatch arrived. The dinner—they sat. No despatch came. At length, when the night was far advanced, they broke up. Yet, delayed by a lingering hope that the expected messenger might appear, they stood awhile in a knot, conversing on the pavement, when suddenly was heard a faint and distant shout. It was the shout of victory! Hurrah! Escorted by a running and vociferous multitude, Major Percy drove up. He was taken into the house, and the despatch was opened. The despatch contained not only the Duke's narrative of the "action," as he termed it, as Waterloo, but a brief account of the campaign from its commencement, including Quatre Bras and Ligny. On a first and hasty perusal the impression received was somewhat indefinite; the great fact of the final triumph stood not forth in sufficient relief, and the Cabinet were at fault. It was now certain that an important victory had been gained on the 18th; but they could not exactly gather from a first reading of the despatch on what scale the allied armies had been triumphant, or how far the success was final and complete. They turned for information to Major Percy, but the gallant major was dead beat,—much more disposed to go off into a doze than answer questions. In fact, he was still feeling the effects, as it afterwards transpired, of hard fighting as well as hard travelling; for in the interval between the two he had found no leisure for repose, having been occupied in attending upon his wounded friends and brother officers up to the moment when the duke started him with the despatch. "What number of prisoners taken?" they asked. "I saw a column of 10,000." "How many of the enemy's cannon?" "All." Thus enlight-



enced, the assembled ministers read on. Presently another question. No answer! The major was asleep! The above particulars of the scene at Earl Bathurst's were related to the Hon. and Rev. R. L. McVie by a distinguished member of the cabinet, who was present on the occasion—no other than the Right Hon. Nicholas Vassitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Bexley, and have just been made public. Relating to an historical event of much importance, they possess a thrilling interest.

#### THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

Perhaps some of our young lady readers, as they have gazed on the sweet face of Eugenie, as truthfully delineated by the pencil of the court painter, Winterhalter—no need of flattery in her case,—in that picture where he represents her surrounded by her ladies, brilliant satellites worthy of such a beautiful planet, may have thought it a very fine thing to be Empress of France. Is it so very fine to dwell on the surface of a volcano that you know has scattered ruin and death around it, and which will do so again? Is it pleasant to listen to the subterranean mutterings that presage the fiery ruin? If so, envy the imperial lady in her grand historical palace of the Tuileries.

It is well known that the empress has a great dislike to residing in Paris, owing to the repeated attempts that have been made in it to take her imperial husband's life. "It is only in Paris," is her exclamation, "that the assassin's hand is raised, and I hate Paris!" In consequence of this sentiment, her majesty tried to postpone as long as she could the departure of the court from Compiegne, and by her influence with the emperor she obtained postponement after postponement. At last, a certain Thursday was fixed for the return; the empress begged for another delay, but was told that it could not possibly be accorded. Whereupon her majesty, with her own fair hand, drew up a petition to the emperor, humbly supplicating for an additional delay of a week, or at the very least till Sunday, and she based her prayer on three grounds: First, that the chamber of the prince imperial at the palace of the Tuileries, having undergone repairs, was somewhat damp; second, that a new study made for the emperor himself, was unwholesome; third, that she herself and the ladies of her suite had not dresses "fit to be seen in," and must consequently get new ones made. This petition her majesty signed, and all her ladies of honor, by her direction, signed it likewise. And when the emperor was about to sit down to dinner, in swept a troop of chamberlains and lackeys, carrying a gigantic silver salver, on which was a document bearing an enormous seal. "What is that?" said the emperor, greatly surprised. The empress looked astonished, but demurely suggested that perhaps it was "a petition from some poor people." The emperor broke the seal—read—smiled; and, amidst a pleasant peal of laughter from the empress and her ladies, graciously decided on remaining at Compiegne to Sunday.

#### PRINTING.

Laurenz John Costor was the first European printer. He printed a book of images and letters, with wooden blocks, in the year 1438. The leaves were printed upon one side only, and the backs were pasted together when the book was bound. John Faust established a printing-office at Mentz, and printed a Latin book in 1442. John Gutenberg of Mentz invented cut metal types, and made use of them in printing the earliest edition of the Bible, which was commenced in 1444, and finished in 1460. Peter Schaeffer cast the first metal types in 1452, and thus merited the thanks of mankind for giving a vital impulse to the "art preservative of arts." The city of Mentz, situated upon the east bank of the Rhine, was captured and plundered about the year 1460; and this sad disaster served to disseminate the new art more rapidly through Europe than it would otherwise have spread. This is one instance of good resulting from evil, and shows that the horrors of war are not always unproductive of benefit. The first type were uniformly Gothic or old German, similar to what is now known as old English or Black Letter. But the Roman characters were made at Rome, as early as 1467. The Greek and Hebrew characters were cast and used within fifteen years of that time.

The present printing establishment of the French government is probably one of the most complete and effective in the whole world. It

possesses the type of all the known characters of the Asiatic languages, ancient or modern, and the type of sixteen European languages, the characters of which differ from the ordinary Roman letters. Of the usual French character there are in this establishment forty-six different forms and sizes. Five hundred hands are constantly employed in this printing office; and such is the number of presses, that over nine thousand octavo volumes of 400 pages each, can be struck off in a single day. A comparison of this magic celerity of the imperial printing-office with the moderate progress of Gutenberg's Bible in 1444, which occupied sixteen years in printing, will best illustrate the advance which the art of printing has made in a period of four centuries.

#### PAVING-STONES AND ORANGES.

A French painter, who, notwithstanding his youth, has already attained a well merited reputation, has just been married under circumstances well worth relating. On a tour through Italy, he had completely exhausted his finances, and was what the showmen call "hard up." He was "frozen in" at a hotel in Naples, living on the proceeds of his wardrobe, which he disposed of to accommodating Jews, one day dining on a waistcoat, the next feeding on a pair of pantaloons. One morning the landlord, who had watched his operations, came to him like a good Samaritan, and said:

"Here are a hundred francs. Return to France, and send me the money from Marseilles or Paris."

The young man thanked his host for his unexpected liberality, but resolved to reimburse him on the spot. So he painted his host and hostess, and threw in a couple of cooks as a make-weight to the bargain. This duty discharged, he repaired to the steamboat. On board he met a beautiful young woman, with whom he was much fascinated, but whom he hardly dared to address, as her costume and manners showed that she belonged to the highest aristocracy. Still he gathered courage, like a true Frenchman, and in order to make a favorable impression on the lofty beauty, intimated vaguely that he was a gentleman travelling for instruction, and that he had lost his tutor somewhere in some jolly hotel, or down the crater of Vesuvius.

Everything went on swimmingly till they reached Marseilles, when the custom house officers insisted on examining the baggage. Our hero attempted to fly, but his conduct appeared suspicious, and he was forcibly detained by the rigid officials, who insisted on opening his trunk in his presence. He was forced to give up the key, and the stylish trunk was opened and found to contain three paving-stones. General petrification! The beautiful young lady's trunk was also opened. It contained no splendid jewels or dresses—only oranges! So the great lady was only a little lady after all. Both were overjoyed with the discovery; they sat on the same seat in the rail-cars, and as soon as they reached Paris were united in the holy bands of matrimony. We call this quite an amusing affair.

**FLOWERY.**—In speaking of a play called the "Knights of the Mist," the critic of the N. Y. Albion says:—The style of the dialogue has a flavor of Bulwer. In listening to it, as in reading "Zanoni," or "Eugene Aram," one is pleasantly reminded of a death's-head wreathed with mignonette and convolvulus.

**GREAT WALKING.**—A famous pedestrian at Allentown, Pa., has just completed the feat of walking one hundred and fourteen consecutive hours, topping off by walking out of town so fast, that his creditors could not overtake him.

**A MONSTER CITY.**—If London increases during the second half of the present century at her present rate, the population in 1901 will be 5,816,000.

**ENGLAND AND INDIA.**—The Red Sea cable is in progress, and within a twelvemonth, says the London Times of the 16th ult., England will probably be in daily communication with India.

**BINDING.**—Every description of binding is done at this office. Works bound and returned in one week, in the best possible manner.

**THEATRICAL.**—Mr. Barry Sullivan, the young Irish actor, made quite a hit in Boston.

#### A RELIC OF THE CRUSAIDS.

Very few mortal tales, as they shout "Hep, Hup, Hurra!" over their cups, in response to some favorite toast, are aware that they are involuntarily commemorating the pious zeal of Peter the Hermit, a French enthusiast, who in 1094, stirred up all Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Peter Gautier was a French soldier, but left the profession and turned pilgrim. Upon his return from Jerusalem, he sought Pope Urban II., and besought him to set on foot an expedition for the capture of that city from the infidel. The pope listened favorably to the prayer of the devotee, and convened a council of 310 bishops of various Christian nations, at Clermont in France. The council authorized Peter to preach his crusade (Fr. *croix aide*, help to the cross), throughout Europe, and an army of 300,000 men was raised for Palestine. Upon his missionary expeditions, Peter bore a banner inscribed with the three initials, H. E. P., meaning in Latin *Hierusalem est perdit*—or Jerusalem is lost. The populace of some of the countries which he visited, not understanding the Latin, read the three initials as one word—Hep; and when they hunted down a Jew, in their fanatical zeal, they raised the cry, "Hep, hep, hurra," to manifest their adhesion to the cause of Peter the Hermit, and their purpose to immolate a Jew for the glory of that cause.

#### HE WANTS TO BE BEATEN.

That extraordinary colored person, Solouque or Faustin I., who presides over the destinies of Hayti, seems anxious to obtain another tremendous thrashing. It may be remembered that three years ago Solouque suddenly invaded the territory of the Dominican republic. He was beaten, and a short time afterwards an armistice was concluded between him and Santana, under the guarantee of France and England. That armistice expires on the 15th of February next, and Solouque has already denounced it to the government at St. Domingo. War is therefore considered probable, and Santana is said to be very actively preparing for it. It will be remembered that the Haytiens, in the former campaign, far outnumbered the forces of Santana, but, after a few shots, ignominiously turned their backs on the enemy and took to their heels, the emperor himself setting the example, and giving a memorable specimen of tall running.

**PERSONAL.**—Lord Brougham, the venerable orator, lawyer, philanthropist, scholar and writer, is now in Paris. He is eighty years of age, but a correspondent writes us that he is hale, hearty and cheerful, though all his contemporaries—Moore, Scarlett, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Canning, Peel, Melbourne, Romilly—are in their graves. He had by his marriage with Miss Spalding but one child, and that a daughter now dead, so he is childless.

**SINGULAR FACT.**—The British government has allowed the sum of five hundred pounds sterling to the daughter of Peter Shackerley, who was killed on board the U. S. frigate Chesapeake, by a shot from H. M. ship Leopard, in 1807.

**THE NEW CENT.**—The plumed Indian head on the new cent, is quite an improvement on the turkey buzzard on the old one, which was an unconstitutional and gratuitous insult to the much-abused American eagle. Such a success should be an incentive to our die-cutters.

**JUDGE STORY.**—The late Chief Justice Story is to be honored in Chicago by the removal there of his statue from Boston. It is to be placed in the library of the Chicago Law Institute.

**BRICK UNDERPINNING.**—A western paper says two ladies nearly lost their lives the other day, by fire caused by hot bricks they had wrapped in flannel to "toast their toes" with.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.**—If success is the criterion of excellence, then *The Flag of our Union* is the best literary weekly published in this country.

**RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**—We have a superb portrait of this distinguished literary man engraving for our next number of *Ballou's Pictorial*.

**THE COURIER DES ETATS UNIS.**—This brilliant French daily, published in New York, has donned an entire new dress.

#### SNOW-SLIDES.

We are warned by death to adopt the means for protecting life. The recent death in Boston, of a daughter of one of our most esteemed fellow-citizens, caused by the fall of a heavy mass of snow from a lofty roof upon a thick glass skylight beneath which she was standing, has called forth the strongest expressions of sympathy for her untimely death. This mournful occurrence should not fail to impress a useful lesson upon the public mind. It should bespeak attention to the danger which continually besets us in the winter time, from the accumulation of large bodies of snow and ice upon the sloping roofs and eaves of buildings. This danger is much increased of late, in our large cities, by the greater height to which houses and stores are now carried; as the force of the falling mass is thereby greatly augmented. And yet, no adequate provision is made to remove this peril to life and limb, by the erection of sufficient guards upon the eaves, or by the prompt removal of the accumulating snow. In many cases access to these lofty roofs, for the removal of snow, is attended with great danger to the operator; but they should in all cases be so constructed as to afford a secure footing to workmen while engaged in clearing them. Strong and substantial guards should also be put up, to prevent the avalanche. This subject demands the attention of the city authorities, and they should require every owner of a building to erect and maintain such a barrier upon the eaves, and also to see to it that the roof is kept free from snow. Public action of this character is demanded in all our large cities, by the safety of those who walk the streets, and Boston would do well to lead off in the good work.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S SKATES.**—We subjoin, as of some interest to the sex, the annexed description of a pair of skates just completed for Queen Victoria:

"In lieu of straps across the instep, each skate is provided with a patent-leather boot. These boots are firmly attached by a strip of plated silver to the clogs, which are of satin wood, lightly polished. The skate terminates in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a swan, and both sides are elegantly chased. The cup that forms the receptacle for the heel is silver plated, and chased with the design of a rose, shamrock and thistle. The same design is embroidered in white silk upon the black patent leather, to which it forms a pleasing contrast. The size gracefully corresponds to the small foot of her majesty, and when mounted on them, 'tis said she looks elegantly."

**WILD SPORT IN THE WEST.**—We learn from one of our Minnesota exchanges, that a party of hunters out in the Red River Valley lately, in three weeks' time, killed six hundred buffaloes and sent the meat into Selkirk for full use. Another party of eight, in the same length of time, killed two thousand two hundred, the meat being dried for future use, and the skins selling for two dollars each. This is hunting to some purpose.

**A LADY'S PHYSICIAN.**—An M. D. of this city is very successful in treating female complaints. He ignores the use of nauseous drugs entirely, and prescribes a new bonnet, a pair of gaiter boots, or a cashmere shawl, or a set of diamonds, according to the severity of the case. He is far more popular with the ladies than with their husbands.

**"THE SMUGGLER."**—We have just issued this famous sea story (written expressly for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.) in bound style, and elegantly illustrated with large original engravings. Any person enclosing us twenty cents, in letter stamps, or otherwise, shall receive a copy, post paid, by return of mail.

**CALIFORNIA DUST.**—A million and a half of dollars in gold came by the last California steamer, and this is about the average by each arrival. What becomes of all the precious metal? Wont it get to be a drug by and by?

**A GOOD IDEA.**—Manager Mellus of the Louisville Theatre, proposes that all the theatres throughout the Union set apart the 22d of February for a Mount Vernon Benefit.

**A HEATHEN.**—Some person entirely destitute of moral perception, has recently stolen a reporter's overcoat at Washington. This is only one degree better than robbing a printer.





CHINESE OPIUM-EATERS, CANTON.

## CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS.

In the accompanying sketch, drawn from the life, we have a glimpse of the interior of one of the opium smoking dens in Canton, to which Celestial debauchees resort with as much portnacity as rum-drinkers in this country to the low grogshops. Reclining at their ease, torpid, languid, with idiotic smiles upon their faces, the votaries of the fatal drug are abandoning themselves to its excitement, surrounded by all the appliances of their strange habit. By them sits a Chinese woman, an *attachée* of the establishment, perfectly indifferent to what is going on about. She is probably placed there as a model to aid the dreamy visions of the opium-smokers in forming those pictures of celestial beauty which accompany the fatal intoxication to which they abandon themselves. The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke opium are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with a kind of in-

cense, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be applied to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipes, there is generally a soporific odor in the atmosphere, which soon lulls the smoker into unconsciousness of passing events, and fast merges him into the wished-for consummation. The last scene of this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of *morgue*, or dead house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying. Death does not rapidly follow the habit of opium-smoking or eating, but life is a prolonged torture. The frame becomes enervated, the nerves shattered, and the intervals of reaction bring a terrible punishment in bodily and mental pangs.

## COMING ON THE COAST IN WINTER.

The splendid marine picture on this page represents an American ship homeward bound, making Boston Light in the midst of a hard snow storm. Yet the anxieties of the latter part of her voyage are now happily terminated, the welcome beacon throws its cheerful blaze over the angry waves, its rays piercing the white mantle of the driving storm, and in a few moments the good ship will be lying at anchor, in a safe and quiet land-locked haven. The danger of a winter voyage lies in approaching the coast, not on the broad Atlantic. We landsmen are apt to pity the poor mariner *at sea*, when the gale sweeps over our roof-trees, and rends the branches of the trees around our dwellings; but the sailor reckes little of the storm so long as he has plenty of sea room. He is very apt to thank Providence, like the man in Dibdin's song, that he has a staunch deck under him and a plenty of water all around him, and to exclaim, "Lord help 'em! how I pity all unhappy folks ashore now." But the nearer he draws to the coast in heavy weather, the greater is his danger, the severer his hardships. The air grows suddenly cold; the decks

and bulwarks become sheeted with ice; the shrouds and rigging are covered with frozen spray; feet and hands are frost-bitten; and he has to grope his way through the gathering storm. It is then that all the appliances that science and liberality can supply, are necessary on our inhospitable, rock-bound coast—light-houses and light-ships to mark out the perilous pathway or the perilous reef, life-boats and hardy crews to give assistance and rescue from death, when the good ship is, after every precaution and every brave exertion, wrecked. Not a winter passes without tales of disaster that curdle the blood, and deeds of heroism that warm it to life again, springing from the vicissitudes of a sea-faring life. It is encouraging to know, however, that the perils of the sea have within a few years greatly diminished. Science has asserted her empire upon the ocean, as well as upon the land; the geography of the former is almost as well understood as the geography of the latter, and the navigator of to-day trends his deck with far more security than the navigator of the past century. Still there are seasons that baffle all human skill, and mock at all human appliances.



COMING ON THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN A SNOW STORM.



## LORD MAYOR'S MANSION, LONDON.

We make no question that the inhabitants of our plain republican cities will be interested to see how a lord mayor of London is lodged by his constituents, and we accordingly publish a fine view of the house in which the chief magistrate of the great English metropolis resides. It is a very large, and well proportioned building, with a lofty and imposing portico, and has, on the whole, quite an imposing appearance. It stands on the site of the "Stocks Market," and was built from the designs of George Dance, the city architect, the same who superintended the erection of the Guildhall. The structure as it was originally erected cost \$335,000, and was at first disfigured by an upper story for the servants, familiarly known, east of Temple-bar, as "The Mare's Nest;" but has since been done away with. The principal room in the mansion-house is called the Egyptian Hall, on account of its once containing some traces of Egyptian architecture, which, however, are not now visible in any part of the proportions or decorations. In this hall, on every Easter Monday, the lord mayor gives a great private banquet and ball. The office of lord mayor was formerly for life, but for a great number of years it has been elective, and for a term of a year only, so as to allow

## LITERARY LONGEVITY.

An opinion has been expressed, says the author of "Past Meridian," that literary labors, or habitual excursions into the regions of imagination, are adverse to the continuance of health, or even the integrity of intellect. Grave charges, truly, and examples to the contrary may easily be adduced.

Premature death and mental declension are confined to no profession or condition of life. Too early, or undue stress laid on the organs of the brain, is doubtless fraught with disastrous consequences. Still, their constant, and even severe exercise may comport both with physical welfare and longevity.

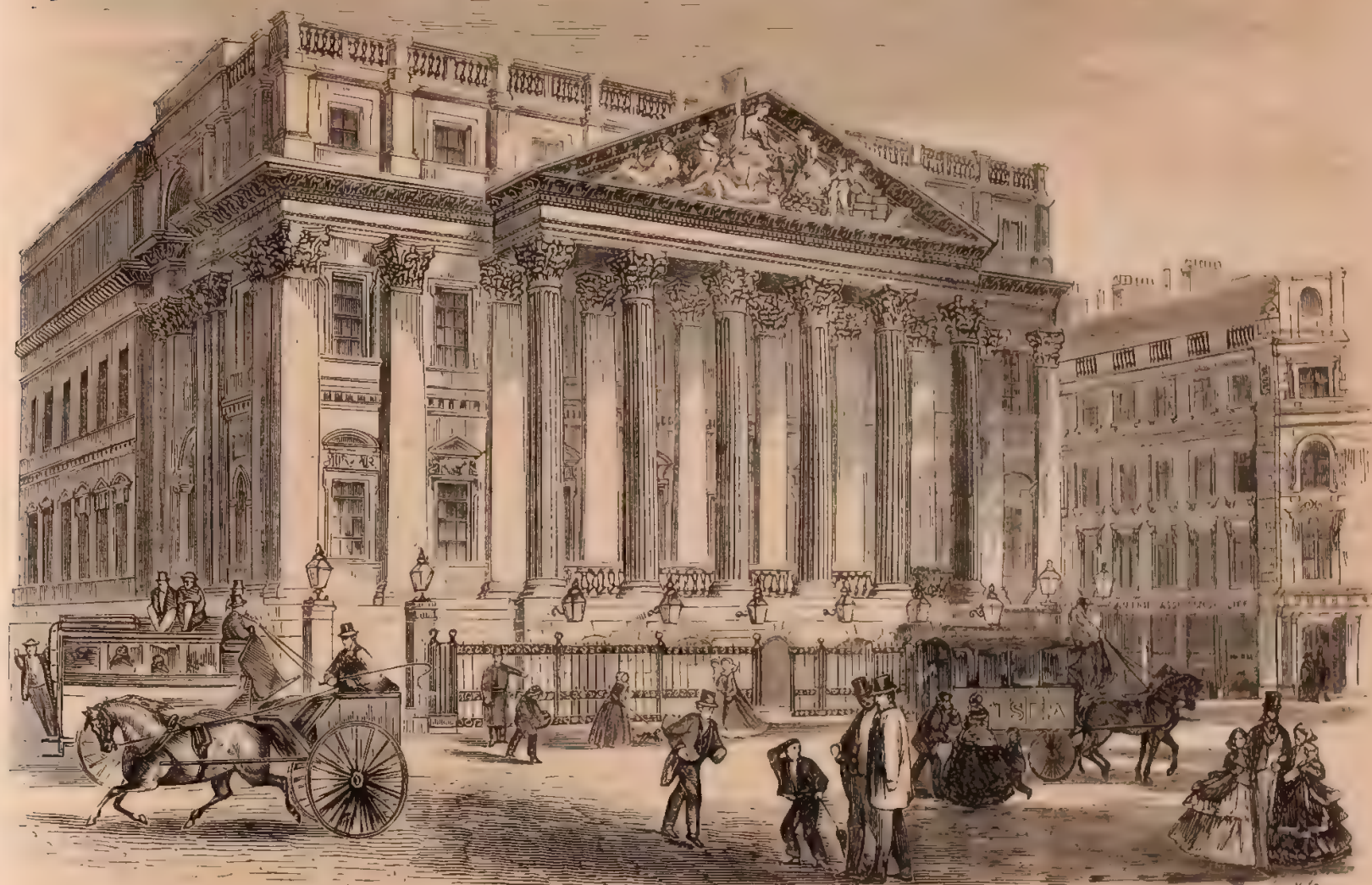
It is, indeed, true, that Swift "expired a driveller and a show," but not until he had passed seven years beyond the span allotted to human life; and the amiable author of the "Task" closed his pilgrimage in a rayless cloud at sixty-nine; and Walter Scott sank at sixty-one, under toils too ambitiously pursued for the safe union of flesh with spirit; and Southey, whose reckless industry precluded needful rest, subsided, ere sixty-eight, into syncope and the shadow of darkness; and Henry Kirk White faded at twenty-one, in the fresh blossom of his young renown; and Byron, at thirty-six, rent

world the mournful memories of "Lost Paradise," with living strains of heroic and sublime counsel. Mason was seventy-two ere the "holy earth," where his "dead Maria" slumbered, admitted him to share her repose; and the tender Petrarch, and the brave old John Dryden, told out fully their seventy years; and the ingenious La Fontaine, seventy-four; while Fontenelle, whose powers of sight and hearing extended their ministrations to the unusual term of ninety-six years, lacked only the revolution of a few moons to complete his entire century.

Those masters of the Grecian lyre, Anacreon, the sweet Sophocles, and the fiery-souled Pindar, felt no frost of intellect, but were transplanted as evergreens in the winter of fourscore; at the same advanced period Wordsworth, in our own times, continued to mingle the music of his lay with the murmurs of Rydal's falling water; and Joanna Baillie, to fold around her the robe of tragic power, enjoying until her ninetieth year the friendship of the good, and the fruits of a fair renown; Montgomery, the religious poet, so long a cherished guest among the romantic scenery of Sheffield, died at the age of eighty-two; and Rogers, who gave us in early life the "Pleasures of Memory," lived to the good old age of ninety-three years.

a stand still by catching hold of the wonderful coat tail, to examine and admire the cloth. For cleanliness, they cannot be surpassed—everything is just as if new. The women are (or at least a few of them) pretty, but they consider it a great mark of beauty to black the teeth, with a preparation of iron, which makes them disgusting. You will frequently see a pretty rosy-faced girl, be admiring her to a friend, but when she smiles you are immediately disgusted, for there are the teeth as black as ink. You confound the luck, and determine never to look at another. What an exceedingly ingenious way the ladies of Japan have introduced, in order to keep parents and husbands from knowing what they may write; for the men and women write with entirely different letters or characters, and hence cannot read each others' letters. The reason for this was, that women could not thus know anything of the business matters of their husbands. This gives the women the advantage, which would not answer for all parts of the world.

A few days since, we witnessed one of the many singular jollifications of these strange people. It was the Grand Feast of Lanterns. Never was such ridiculous nonsense dreamed of before. Thousands of people joined in procession, all decked out in the most gaudy and fan-



MANSION HOUSE, THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE, LONDON.

as large a number of citizens as possible to participate by turns in its honors. The lord mayor always receives the honor of knighthood from the sovereign on his accession to the municipal office. The day of his inauguration is a civic holiday—there is a great public dinner and ball, a regatta on the Thames, and a procession in which the citizens masquerade in a variety of old-world costumes. We believe, however, that this last feature of "Lord Mayor's Day" has been discontinued. Aristocratic wits are in the habit of sneering at the head of the city government, but the success with which the municipal affairs of such a world as London is administered ought to silence their gibes.

## "TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."

Paley, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself; "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad—take care of thy money;' as if I myself were of no consequence!"

the fiery armor of genius and of passion, and fled from the conflict of life.

Yet Goethe, unimpaired by a strong excitement of imagination, saw his eighty-second winter; and the sententious architect of the "Night Thoughts" reached fourscore-and-four; and Voltaire, at the same period, was still in love with the vanity of fame; and Corneille continued to enjoy his laurels till seventy-eight; and Crabbe, at an equal age, resigned the pen which had sketched, with daguerreotype minuteness, the passing scene. Joseph Warton, until his seventy-ninth year, made his mental riches and cheerful piety sources of delight to all around; Charles Wesley, on the verge of eighty, called his wife to his dying pillow, and with an inexpressible smile, dictated his last metrical effusion; and Klopstock, the bard of the "Messiah," continued until the same period to cheer and delight his friends. Watts laid down his consecrated harp at seventy-four; and our own Trumbull, the author of "McFingal," preserved till eighty-two the bright, clear intellect, whose strains had animated both the camp and the cottage. The illustrious Metastasio detained the admiring ear of Italy until eighty-four; and Milton, at sixty-six, opened his long-eclipsed eyes on "cloudless light serene," leaving to the

## JAPAN.

A letter from an officer on board the United States frigate Mississippi, at Hakodadi, Japan, says: We have been in the northern parts of Japan, trying to recuperate the officers and crew after considerable sickness. In this we have succeeded, and I am now happy to say, almost all are up and well once more. The cruise would have been a delightful one, had we been able to meet, occasionally at least, with a white person, or one speaking our language. Beautiful country, weather, and everything else; but the idea of spending four months without meeting a soul is far from pleasant, and in fact, puts a cloud over the season. When I say a soul, I mean one with a white face. Quite contrary to our expectations, but few restrictions were put upon us. We roamed over the country, went just where and when we chose, thus acquiring considerable knowledge of Japanese life and customs. As we would walk through the towns, vast crowds would follow us; but, bless me, those ahead that caught sight of one of us, would break and run like a lot of well scared sheep, close the doors until we had passed, and then join the crowd behind. In fact, when there, they became quite intimate—helping themselves to the buttons on our coat tails, or bringing us to

tastic manner, each carrying a Japan lantern with some inscription. Large cars drawn by men and filled with women on the first floor, and children above—some playing on an instrument like a banjo, but most of them beating drums and shouting, passed us in review, throwing up bottles containing the liquor of the country. All this appeared to give them the greatest fun. Hideous representations of their different gods were about in abundance; rice, and everything else to eat and drink was offered them, but being made of wood and paper they required but little. Determined, however, that the gods should not want, the articles were poured down the throat. Some of these images stood full twenty feet high. All this continued for two days and nights, during which time you can imagine we did our best to enjoy it. But a few years more of such a life is before these happy people. Civilization is creeping among them rapidly, and all will change.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

SELF LOVE.—O villainous! I have lived up on the world four times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew not how to love himself.—*Shakespeare.*



## Poet's Corner.

## TO MY OLD CLOCK.

BY R. WEIR.

My ancient clock no longer ticks  
Or taketh note of time,  
Its hands are still, its voice is mute,  
The voice that once so resolute  
Sent forth its hourly chime.  
And stillness now is felt to be  
Like distant surges of the sea.

My ancient monitor of worth,  
Thy silence makes me and,  
Thou measurest time no more I hear,  
But pulses beating in the air,  
And weakness run mad,  
The skeleton of time, and breath,  
The prelude, as it were, to death.

Come, ancient friend, no longer thus  
In lonely silence stand,  
Cheer up, and let thy wheels go round,  
And golden with thy silver sound  
Once more our little land  
Speak to our hearts and to our eyes,  
Thus, thus life's moments pass away.

## JANUARY.

It is the sledges with the bells  
Silver bells!  
What a world of innocent their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle tinkle tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that appear in the sky  
All the horses' hoofs may be tinkle  
With a tinkle tinkle tinkle,  
Kepping time time time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells  
Edmund A. Poe

## TRAVELLING THROUGH THE SNOW.

Ill fare the traveller now, and he that stalks  
In perilous boots his heels his rocking team.  
The win goes heavily, impeded  
By congregated loads adorning close.  
To the clogs I wheels, and in its sluggish pace  
Narcissus appears a moving ball of snow.  
The iron wheels expel the north's cold wind,  
While every breath, by frost thus strong  
Forced downward, is considered keen  
Upon their putting chests—COWPER

## TIME.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beauty or desolate the ground?  
And they replied in one voice more or less,  
"Is fully a blank, and wisdom's highest prize."  
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

A grand intellectual treat is in prospect for the lovers of the drama in this country. Mr. Manager Villanova, the Napoleon of impresarios, has promised to bring over Ristori, the great Italian actress, whose star rose to the zenith at Paris just as that of Isabel was beginning to decline. By the way, the story of a recent attempt to poison Ristori was true. It was at Reggio in the duchy of Parma. During a performance, Ristori had sent for a glass of limonade and drank part of it, when she was called on the stage. When she returned to her room, she was about to finish the glass, when a strange odor and a film floating on the surface arrested her attention. The limonade was found to have been poisoned with phosphorus during her brief absence. No clue has yet been obtained to the authorship of this criminal and dastardly act. We have received a file of the Cape Monitor, published at the Cape of Good Hope. We learn from it among other things, that agriculture is in a flourishing condition, and that the farmers are beginning to use American ploughs and reaping machines. But we also find that there are some drawbacks to farming "away down there." For instance, such as this: "There have been two fine catfishes among the corn at Koeberg, for the last few days, on the farms of Dr. Gird and Messrs. Packard and Du Plessis. Some of the youngsters have tried to ride up to them, but have no more chance than a fry horse against a racer. They are magnificent fish, and the farmers say they can manage to devour and destroy a shepel of wheat a day each." Two hundred thousand boxes were received and slaughtered in New York last year for the benefit of the city, on an average of \$60, they cost twelve millions. It went down to talk about "brooding Englishmen" any more. The shipments of gold from California received in New York during 1858 were \$3,170,841; for 1857 they were \$3,222,503; but in 1857 nearly two millions were lost in the Central America, so that the amounts that left California during the two years vary very little. The Staten Islanders have witnessed the withdrawal of the troops from Staten Island. The "Seppies" remain, but the "jump, piddle, circumstance of glorious war" is gone. Somebody will have a rather heavy bill to foot. The First Congregational Church, Hartford, Connecticut, has given over seven thousand dollars to erect a church to the present season. Louis Napoleon does not like the idea of our acquiring Cuba even by purchase. We are very sorry for it, because we shall never consent to forego an important acquisition, even if it involves a loan crowned heads. Louis Napoleon much better attend to his own affairs, and confine his attention to his side of the water. A gentleman by the name of Paul may occasionally be seen in Paris, near where he resides, driving a pair of beautiful American trotters. An invitation to dine with him at his country place, was accepted by him, but he has a cock

worthy of a man of fortune. How did he make it? By brushing clothes. He came to Paris one year ago a poor country boy, with only a few francs in his pocket. Struggling out of the Café de Paris, he noticed that the rich customers who came to their evening dress refused to allow the men who waited there for a job to touch their costly garments with their rough and dirty brushes. Our adventurer instantly invested half his funds in a soft, handsome brush, which he applied with so dexterous a hand that the delighted customer paid him liberally. From that day his fortune was made. He continued to ply his humble craft at the principal cafes, and investing his earnings judiciously, his money soon accumulated, and he is now a gentleman of leisure and fortune. In Haymarket Square the other day, we saw a man's tip notice posted up, which commenced as follows: "Lost, somewhere between the Made and the lower dipper a silver watch, etc. That dipper was rich, photographs and funnygraphs. A cockney sportsman went out to shoot partridges, and blazed away at one. But though two or three feathers dropped the bird flew over a hedge. Cockney followed and found a rattle ploughing but no bird. The following colloquy ensued: 'I say, my fellow didn't you see a partridge drop here?' 'Never a drop.' 'But didn't you see feathers fly?' 'Certain—and they seemed to fly away with the meat too.' The cockney was silent, and the boor addressed himself to his horse. A country gawky was going in at Bush & Bester's window at a hat which had a small piece of looking-glass in the inside of the crown. 'What's that for, mister?' he asked of a bystander. 'My dear sir, how can a man of your intelligent appearance ask. The looking glass is to let the person who tries the hat on see how it becomes him. Fact. Valuable information.' It is very interesting to open hundreds of exchange papers from a great distance, expecting to find something very fresh, plenty of sparkling items, etc., and to see them all filled with the president's message and the reports of the secretaries. The losses by fire in the United States in 1858, extending all losses less than \$10,000, make an aggregate of \$12,000,000. The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks: 'What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture, but we are in the heavens themselves some traces of destruction elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets wailing their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and the disappearance of others, are all forebodings of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus residing, as it were, on the comets and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.' In Portland, Oregon, recently, a bridegroom, Mortimer Stump, was killed by his father-in-law, Danforth Balch, a farmer. The young gentleman eloped with Balch's daughter, and married her. The old man laid in wait for him and shot him. The number of deaths in Philadelphia for the year 1858, was 10,002, showing a decrease of forty-eight from the mortality of the previous year. Jack Dibble, a colored man, died in the poor-house at Brookfield, Connecticut, recently, at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. Jack was brought from Africa to this country as a slave, and for many years was owned by Col. Dibble of Danbury. A recent letter from Paris says: 'A rather new and ingenious method of pushing one's fortune is the subject of conversation here. Attending funerals is so arranged in Paris that an opportunity of scraping acquaintance with influential people, either at Pera-la-Chaise, or in the mortuary apartment, or at the service in church, is too good a chance to be thrown away. A lately deceased gentleman, who had been made a 'prefet de department,' to the wonder of his friends, actually obtained that post by assiduous attendance on the obsequies of folks where he was likely to meet statesmen, the minister who appointed him taking it for granted that he belonged to a very high class of society from constantly seeing him at these grand gatherings.' Strakosch's opera troupe is broken up, and Madame Strakosch, Paroli, De Wilhorst and Amodio have gone south on a grand concert tour. Signora Ferrari, an accomplished Italian prima donna, died recently of typhus fever at Panama. She was on her way to fulfil engagements in South America. In the window of the library, No. 212 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, there has lately been exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, with a beard and a cane, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day and told the proprietor in very angry terms to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. Dickens's portrait for a caricature of the emperor. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin records the last bull. It says: 'We were talking with the editor of a certain cowardly feat of his at the Falls of Niagara. Yes, sir, exclaimed he, 'It was an absurd risk; and I confess, that if my foot had slipped, and I had been drowned, I should have deserved to be laughed at for my folly during the remainder of my days.' William Cobbett, alias 'Peter Porcupine,' during his sojourn in the United States, was often facetious as well as dignified, as one may see by an elaborate *pro d'espert* entitled, 'Peter Porcupine's Will, in which he identifies his enemies in a very amusing manner. Here are some of the items: 'Item To E. A. Muhlenberg, Esq., late speaker of the United States House of Representatives, I leave a most superbly finished statue of brass.' 'Item To the Editors of the Boston Chronicle, the New York Argus, and the Philadelphia Merchants' Advertiser, I will bequeath one ounce of modesty and love of truth, to be equally divided among them. I should have been more liberal in this bequest were I not well assured that one ounce is more than they will ever make use of.' It is estimated that one thousand dead hands and dead passengers have been lost overboard from the Massachusetts during the past year independent of three hundred and fifty

more lost by accident to the boats themselves. The dead stars of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their seal will be molar, with the motto 'we pull together.' Sir John Longworth, the vine-grower of Cincinnati, pays thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety dollars and twelve cents annual taxes. The Albany Standard states that a certain railroad company lately employed a female to watch a suspended conductor, and she pretended to be crazy, and would stick to the train. She put a pin in her dress for every passenger, and soon showed the conductor short in his cash account. The whole of the queen's British regiments now serving in India are armed with the Enfield rifle. By railroad accidents in the United States in 1858, 195 persons were killed and 221 were injured. By steamboat accidents, in the lakes and rivers in 1858, there was occasioned a loss of 334 lives. Mr. H. K. Brown, who designed the bronze statue of Washington in Union Square, New York, has just finished a life-size bust of General Scott. He will pass his winter in Washington, where he is now engaged on a bust of Mr. Brackenridge. Berstadt, the artist, intends to start shortly for one or two years' ramble through the Rocky Mountains, sketching the scenery, and studying the manners and customs of the Indians. Miss Mary Brawley of Hartford won a gold bracelet at a ball in that city, recently, for waiting without cessation for fifty-one minutes, having distanced all the other Terpelchoron competitors. Her partner, Mr. Gardner E. Green, was presented at the same time with a silver cup. Gov. Banks, in his address, says that steps have already been taken for the purchase of the old Hancock House, in Beacon Street, as an executive mansion, and the subject is commended as a proper one for the consideration of the legislature on the birthday of the 'Father of his Country.'

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The London Times seems to think it useless to keep up a squadron on the coast of Africa.—The English press does not like the honors paid to Prince Alfred on the continent, and thinks he ought to be treated as a simple midshipman.—Barnum has been lecturing in London on "Money-Making" with great success.—The emperor of France has remitted the mitigated penalty of the court of appeals in Montebello's case and pardoned his publisher unconditionally.—France has agreed to support England in case of difficulty with the United States.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess champion has been again victorious in Paris.—President Buchanan's remarks about Cuba are still the subject of indignant comment in Spain.—The French garrison will probably be removed from Rome to Civita Vecchia.—Serious disturbances between the soldiers and the people have occurred at Milan lately.—The arch-duchess Marie Anne lately died at Vienna.—The Russian government is about to establish a naval station in China.—The Americans threaten to bombard Jaffa if atonement for the murder of an American family is not made.—A reconciliation of Afghanistan with Persia has taken place.

## Siam.

Accounts have been received from Bangkok, the capital of Siam, which mention the arrival there of M. de Castellau, the French Consul. After the official reception, the king invited the consul to a grand banquet, which was served in a hall having on one side a large aviary, containing the most magnificent birds, and on the other a large courtyard, in which were a number of elephants, some of them almost in a wild state. Military music played during the entertainment. When the consul left the palace, the king gave orders that he should be conducted to the grand pagoda of the palace, which contains innumerable ornaments and gigantic idols in gold and glistening with precious stones.

## Statue of Napoleon.

The French government has determined to erect a statue of Napoleon I. in the island of St. Helena on an elevated site commanding a view of the sea. A captain of engineers is entrusted with the execution of the work. The houses occupied by the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty, or by those who accompanied him into captivity, are also to be rebuilt. Our readers are aware that they and the ground on which they stand have been purchased by the French government. An old officer of the French army has been sent to St. Helena with the title and functions of "guardian-conservator" of the emperor's tomb.

## Malta.

The Malta Observer says:—"We feel great pleasure in being able to state that our proposal to publish a journal in Maltese has been approved by the several gentlemen who desire to see that language more generally read by the inhabitants of this island. Some of them have, in fact, kindly offered to assist in the preparation of instructive matter for publication; and we trust that we shall be able ere long to convince those who are still wavering of the possibility of writing a language which is spoken by about 130,000 inhabitants."

## Russian Amateurs.

The St. Petersburg public is at this time divided into two camps—that of the amateurs of dancing, and that of the amateurs of music. The former inscribe upon their standard the name of Rosati, and the latter rally under the flag of Madame Dozio. The singing party is most numerous, and has had a rich banquet in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and other operas in which the French artist always enchants her hearers.

## A Moon Hoax.

A letter from Florence says that an Italian astronomer has just constructed a telescope of such extraordinary power that he has been enabled to photograph the celestial constellations and obtain a proof that the moon is inhabited. He has seen certain number of animals and men. This seems to be a high of the Arab moon-hoax.

## Homeopathy.

They tell a pretty good story of a rich old fellow who had a bad cold and sent for a homeopathic doctor, who ordered him every day to sneeze for a phial, the content of which was scarcely perceptible. Getting no better, the millionaire ordered the doctor to present his bill. The doctor asked 500 francs. The patient in a rage pulled out a bank note, passed it under the doctor's nose, and then put it back in his pocket-book, saying: "There! I pay you as you physicked me. You ought to be as well satisfied as I am well cured!"

## Parisian Cuteness.

A new trade has sprung up in Paris, where a store for the sale of second hand gloves, cleansed, is driving an excellent business. Agents are employed to travel and purchase from the servants of the gentry and nobility the cast-off gloves of their masters and mistresses, which are procured at the rate of five cents a pair, and are sold after being cleansed to folks of economical but genteel tendencies for twenty cents.

## The Grand Duke Constantine.

The visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to Paris was inognito. He went about as a citizen, and had a good time generally. He dined quietly with the emperor at the Tuilleries, was driven by Louis to the Castle of Vincennes, went to see the Huguenots at the opera, and to *Buffet Parvains* to laugh at "Orpheus," and a capital dinner at the *Paris Fairs*, and so departed.

## New Projects.

A number of individuals in the city of London have petitioned Parliament to pass a law authorizing them to construct a commodious carriage-way under some of the principal streets, and others ask that they may be allowed to lay down subterranean pipes through which, by atmospheric pressure, they may transmit letters and parcels to different portions of that metropolis.

## Naples.

The king of Naples has given fresh proof of the terrors he experiences, in forbidding Ristori the actress, to enter his dominions. The applause bestowed on certain patriotic sentiments in some of her parts at Parma and Florence inspired King Ferdinand with the fear that she might bring a revolution concealed in the folds of her tragic robe.

## Padua, Italy.

Quite recently a veterinary professor of the University of Padua was stabbed in the open street by an unknown hand, instead of the Counsellor Rossi, the director of the police, whose doom had been announced by inscriptions on the walls in charcoal. The arm which executed this sentence mistook its victim, and an innocent person fell.

## The Emperor of Russia.

The *Journal de Cherbourg* says that Napoleon III. will visit that city in the month of May next, to inspect the imperial yacht "L'Aigle," which will be then ready, and that he will be accompanied by the Czar Alexander. From France, the czar will go to England, so as not to excite the jealousy of the little queen.

## General Pelet.

General Pelet of the French army was lately buried under arms. He was a gallant and intelligent officer, but noted for his blunders and absent-mindedness. One day seeing two brothers who served under him passing his window, he said to his aid-de-camp, "How much alike those two young fellows are—particularly the youngest!"

## The Papal States.

In the Papal States, the pontifical governor has had some trouble in collecting the taxes, and is said to have been on the point of asking the aid of the French troops. But General Guyon declared that he should attend none of his men for such a purpose. It might do for Roman or Austrian soldiers.

## The African Pirates.

France and Spain have united for the purpose of exterminating the pirates of the northern coast of Africa. When Italy is free, and the isthmus of Suez cut, France, Spain and Italy will be the undisputed mistresses of the Mediterranean.

## Russian Bible Society.

The Russian Bible Society was utterly checked and suspended by the Czar Nicholas. The Czar Alexander has not only restored it, but has given it about \$15,000, and promised it a yearly gift of \$2500.

## Madame Anna Bishop.

Madame Anna Bishop, the celebrated vocalist, is fulfilling an engagement in England with M. Jullien.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STREET THOUGHTS. By HENRY M. DEXTER, Pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo pp 216 1859.

The author of these very well written sketches, takes his theme from outdoor life, the sights and scenes of the city suggesting ideas and comments. Much useful instruction is conveyed in this pleasant way. The book is illustrated by Billings.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. 277 Washington Street have just published "Maggie of Nantucket," a song, music by J. B. Packard; "O, ask not my heart if it love thee," words by Mrs. L. B. Denning; "No, I cannot forget thee," words and music by James R. Phelps; and "Threads of Gold," a ballad, by M. W. Balie.

WANDERING NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. ANNE OF OBERSTEIN. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Though not ranking with the most popular of Scott's romances, "Anne of Oberstein" is, the Maiden of the Mist is not without many gleams of the same splendid which illumined the close of the great novelist's literary career. It is remarkable as illustrating traits of clairvoyance which is one of the attributes of genius, and which enables its possessor to describe distant scenes that he never witnessed as if actually moving before his eyes. The volumes there are two fine engravings, one representing the "Maid of the Mist" in her picturesque costume, the other the "Dance of Queen Marguerite" from the pen of the celebrated Gilbert.



## Editorial Melange.

A lady in New Orleans named Owens, whose first husband squandered her fortune of \$30,000 in a year, and whose second husband was in straitened circumstances, lately committed suicide by taking laudanum.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald says, "in military circles there is a predominant faith that the emperor intends to find something for the army to do. It is impossible to enter any society where the 'services' congregate, without finding that one subject absorbs every other—the possibility of meeting swords with England. The presence of an Englishman, as far as I have been able to judge, does not deter them.—A young man has been victimizing the clergymen of Rochester, N. Y., by representing himself as a converted Romanist from Montreal, desirous of preparing himself at Beloit College for the Protestant ministry.—Commander Maury, in one of his lectures on the "Highways and Byways of the Ocean," states that animal matter, at the bottom of the deep sea, owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat, and the saline properties of the water, cannot decompose, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited, for ages and ages.—Major Samuel Baracs, connected with the press of Baltimore for a number of years, died lately, aged 72.—We understand that John R. Thompson, Esq., editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, has prepared four popular lectures to be delivered before public bodies, upon the following subjects, viz., "Virginia in the Olden Time," "Paris in its Eternal Aspects," "The Ocean and the Mountains as Sources of Inspiration," and one other. Mr. Thompson is an accomplished writer and popular speaker.—What are called by the natives "Singing Shells," are quite common at Ceylon; and the Corfu snail, if irritated by a touch, emits a distinctly audible sound, in a querulous tone.—A petition is being prepared and signed by many citizens of Boston, engaged in the livery stable, express, and jobbing business, and others who are obliged to use horses and vehicles in their business, praying that the Metropolitan Railroad Company shall be prohibited from removing the snow, by using their snow-ploughs, or by any other means, at any time there is a fall of snow sufficient to make sleighing.—We hear that the eminent house of Barings will form a more intimate connection with the American trade during the coming year, a nephew of Mr. Bates and a nephew of Mr. Baring going in as partners of a Wall Street house already established.—From the annual report of the "Mayor's Squad of Police," New York, it appears that the arrests of lottery dealers, gamblers and mock-auction swindlers, numbering 632, have not resulted in a single conviction. The raid against bogus gift enterprises resulted in the breaking up of 185, and the amount of money intercepted at the post-office between \$20,000 and \$30,000. It is estimated that the support of gambling, swindling, low drinking establishments, etc., absorbs about \$13,000,000, to be distributed among some 20,000 persons, or \$650 per head.—A story is told, by a Canadian paper, of a Mr. Gaston, who was standing beneath a trap-door, when a sack of wheat fell from an upper story directly upon his head, dislocating his neck. He immediately raised up his hands and pulled it back into place, as the workmen who "heard the bones snap again into their sockets" will swear. Mr. Gaston is supposed to be as well as ever.—The income of the Profile and Flume Houses, at Franconia, N. H., the past season, was \$28,643 62; expenses of carrying them on, \$16,041 50; giving for net earnings \$13,601 12. This has been spent in repairs, new furniture, paying old debts, and a dividend of 18 per cent. on \$80,600 preferred stock.—The Journal of Commerce says the total imports entered at New York from foreign ports during the year 1858 were \$77,731,062 less than for the year 1857, \$60,689,532 less than for 1856, and \$4,993,171 less than for 1855. The year 1857 still stands as by far the heaviest year on record—the total imports for that year being larger than the gross receipts of the whole country only a few years ago.—The Woodstock (Ct.) Standard is responsible for the statement that a hen killed in Hartland last week, after a knife was put through her throat and her feathers picked off, effected her escape, and ran to her nest in the barn, and laid an egg.—Two old men, named Briggs, who led a kind of hermit life in an old house in Burrillville, R. I., were recently burnt to death.

Their bodies were so badly consumed, that nothing was left of them but the stomachs and viscera. The fire originated from the inside of the building, the basement of which was used as a hog-yard, and had gained such headway before it was discovered, that it was impossible to rescue the unfortunate occupants.—In Philadelphia the lawyers have raised the question whether a child who has one parent living is an orphan. The directors of the Girard College, it appears, have been refusing to admit children into the College whose mothers are living, the city solicitor sustaining them in that position, but Judge Lowrie has recently decided that they have no right to make the refusal in question.—About a hundred men are regularly employed upon the bridge over the Mississippi at St. Pauls, but notwithstanding every effort of the engineer, it is doubtful if it will be finished before May. It will cost when completed, \$150,000.—Mrs. Rebecca Cartwright died in Upshur county, Va., on the 5th ult., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and six years. She was the first white woman who settled in the valley of the Buckhannon River, coming to Western Virginia when quite young, and living with her husband in a hollow tree, at the mouth of Turkey Run, in what is now Upshur county. She retained her faculties to the last, and leaves over four hundred descendants.

## RAILROAD CAR SEATS AND CHURCHES.

Several different forms of car seats, constructed with special reference to night travel, have been introduced on various railroads, particularly in the Western States. Among the patents issued in the week ending December 21, 1858, was one for an invention of this character, which is thus described: "The nature of this invention and improvement consists in so constructing the car seats as to enable them to answer all the requirements of the ordinary reversible car seats, and at the same time allow them to be swung round or turned on a pivot at one end, in such a manner as to assume an angle of about 45°, with the passage-way through the car, and almost entirely occupy the space between them, and increase the space or passage-way between their ends to such a degree as to leave room in the passage-way for an elongation of the seats when converted into sleeping-couches or berths, to accommodate the length of the passengers by turning up or inverting the backs and extending the slides from their ends."

**A NOISY OPERA.**—Verdi's new opera "Simon Bocca Negra," appears to be worthy of M. Jullien and Herr Von Joel. All sorts of noises, bells, cannon, anvils, and hammers, monks roaring vespers, and finally, a chorus of Newfoundland dogs barking, diversify the operatic score, and give emphasis to the instrumentation.

**FORGERY IN ENGLAND.**—Bank of England notes circulated for sixty years before they were first forged, by a Staffordshire linen-draper named Vaughan, who got his intended wife to utter his counterfeit. Vaughan was condemned and executed, the first of hundreds for the like offence.

**FOR LADIES ONLY.**—Messrs. Douglass & Sherwood, the great skirt manufacturers of New York, have introduced a mysteriously combined corset and bustle, and skirt supporter, all in one piece, the invention of an ingenious Frenchman in this country.

**DON'T BELIEVE IT.**—It is said that a horse-race, with 4000 horses, was given by a Russian nobleman in honor of Alexander Dumas. It is said if he had waited a few days longer he could have brought 12,000 horses together.

**THE POPE'S RAIL-CARS.**—The railway carriages constructed for the Pope are so arranged as to form a sort of terrace, an ante-chamber, a throne-room, and a bed-room.

**THE KELLER TROUPE.**—The Keller troupe will appear at the Boston Museum in July next, and fill up the intermission between the present dramatic season and its successor.

**NEW HOTEL.**—The Fifty Associates have decided to erect a splendid first class hotel on the site of the Cornhill Coffee House.

**COMFORTABLE.**—The Pope's private income is \$6,000,000. Very comfortable for him.

## Wayside Gatherings

The capital invested in manufactures in Lowell, Mass., is \$14,000,000.

Gum camphor is said to be a perfect antidote to strychnine.

The property holders of St. Louis are opposed to the introduction of horse railroads.

A couple in Hartford are the happy parents of twenty-seven children.

The number of Catholic churches in the United States is 2344; number of priests 2108.

The total distance between St. Louis and San Francisco, by the new overland route, is 2765 miles.

The wife of the late Commodore Perry has just received from China a magnificent silver candelabrum.

The richest man in Louisville, Ky., is the Hon. James Guthrie. His property is assessed at \$1,382,686.

The population of Washington is estimated at 62,000, which is an increase of fifty per cent. since 1850.

Organ grinders are ordered by the Mayor of Richmond to quit the city, when found playing in the streets.

A young man of Butler county, Ohio, has been suddenly stricken entirely dumb, without any apparent previous ailment.

A man named Enderline has been convicted of robbing the Indianapolis post-office, and sent to the State Prison for three years.

The town agent at Hartford, Conn., sold 3338 gallons of liquor, last year, to citizens, under a law which forbids all sales except to the sick.

A recent hurricane at Swatow, China, destroyed 200 junks, and killed and drowned about 3000 of the inhabitants.

The city of New York consumes annually 1,130,000,000 cubic feet of gas, at \$2.50 per 1000 feet, amounting to no less than \$2,825,000.

James Lenox, of New York, has presented to the New York Historical Society thirteen of the sculptured marbles from Nineveh, cost \$3000.

The highest railway in the world is in Chili—an extension of the Copiapo. It now ascends over four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

There are thirty-six United States Coast Survey parties in the field and afloat, 18 of which are on the Atlantic, 12 on the Gulf, and 6 on the Pacific coast.

A man named Rabum, upwards of 40 years of age, up to the period of a recent visit to Atlanta, Ga., had never seen a town, a railroad, or a steam-engine, although he had been both a school-teacher and a preacher.

The Horicon Argus says that a prize dance came off in a saloon at Beaver Dam, Wis., between an Irishman and a mulatto girl. The girl danced seven hours and the Irishman eight, winning the prize—\$10.

The Erie Canal contains more water and floats more vessels than any canal in Europe, and has 5568 vessels on its register, of which 1446 are larger than the one in which Columbus discovered America.

The New York Observer and Independent are discussing a very important subject—the kind of churches needed in cities. They both, in common with all of us, lament the evil of high rents; both agree that free churches will not do.

An immense quantity of counterfeit \$20 bills on the State Bank of Troy, has been circulated recently in the western cities, deceiving by their skillful execution the most expert detectives. The bank has issued a circular calling in all their twentys, for the purpose of destroying them.

F. M. Eaton, while chopping wood near Indianapolis, one day lately, cut his foot severely. A physician was called, and found him sitting in his chair dead, his foot in a basin filled with blood. If he had been placed in a horizontal position, the application of a single bandage would have saved his life—but no one present knew it.

A young married lady, named Sarah M. Morgan, living in Philadelphia, came to her death by an overdose of morphine, the properties of which she was ignorant. She had been indisposed, and being restless, took one grain of morphine to produce sleep. Unhappily, the too potent poison brought upon her "that sleep that knows no waking."

A queer blunder was committed at Chicago, some time since, in yoking together at the House of Correction two men, one of whom had been sentenced for two and the other for ninety days, the short term man being compelled to serve out that of his long term yoke-fellow, for which grievance he has brought suit against the city authorities, laying his damages at \$10,000.

In Canada, about five miles from Cape Rouge, on raising, lately, a piece of rock loosened by blasting, there was found between the strata and embedded in the upper layer the form of a large fish, six feet in length, and possessing a head somewhat like that of a porpoise. It was found at a depth of fifty feet below the surface of the rock.

One of the New York Harbor Policemen, Mr. Gibson, has suddenly been promoted from the position of commander of a row-boat to that of commander in the Navy. He was one of the officers who were "dropped" by the Naval Retiring Board, and finding himself poor and without employment, gladly accepted an appointment in the Metropolitan police force. He has now been restored to his former rank in the Navy.

## Sands of Gold.

... There are felicities which are irreducible; 'tis the lightning they consume.—*Butcher*

... Honest men love women; those who deceive them, adore them.—*Bonaparte*

... Our happiness has often as much to fear from the fruition of our hopes as from their disappointment.—*Boece*

... God has placed the genius of woman in the heart, because all works of genius are works of love.—*La Fontaine*

... It is not decided that women love more than men, but it is indisputable that they love better.—*S. Dulany*

... We are more learned in the principles of duty, than skilled in the performance of it.—*Boece*

The friend gives in charity from his superfluity—woman gives when she has not enough for herself.—*De La Roche*

... Woman is the natural friend of man, and all other friendship is feeble or suspicious compared with it.—*De Bonald*

... True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself. It is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations: it is seen with white hairs and is always young in the heart.—*Balzac*

... After friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate. It is well known that this is particularly the share of women. Everything disposes them to tenderness and pity.—*Thomas*

... When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek.—*Hume*

... Without woman, man would be rude, gross and solitary, and ignorant of grace, which is only the smile of love. Woman hangs about him the flowers of life, like those woodland parasites which decorate the trunks of the oaks with their balmy gauds.—*Chateaubriand*

... Men alone are capable of laborious researches, solid reasoning, strength and profundity. For native elegance, for a fine and piquant simplicity, for a delicate sense of propriety, for a certain mental grace, we must have men polished by female society.—*Emile*

... If we glance over countries and centuries, we shall almost everywhere find women adored and oppressed. Man who has never missed an opportunity of abusing his strength, in rendering homage to their beauty, has almost always prevailed over their weakness. He has been at once their tyrant and their slave.—*Thomas*

## Joker's Budget.

For views on the Rhine, look into the pork barrel.

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of the tailor.

"I'm getting fat," as the loafer said when he was stealing bread.

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Typo-us-fever.

If a journeyman dyer can earn two dollars a day by dyeing, what would it cost him to live?

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

Why is the Delaware River like a bottle of ink? Because Penn (pen) was the first who put it in use.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness, when so many hoops are used."

An absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake until he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, our Daniel exclaimed, "Well, I donno 'bout that. I've give my nose many blows, and I've never broke it yet."

"Ike" said a rusty old heathen of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, "they calculate one fourth of the distance, and then multiply by four."

A model young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so injurious to their constitutions."

"Sarah," said a young man, the other day, to a lady of that name, "why don't you wear earrings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "I thank you, sir; you have done that enough."

A California paper tells of a hunter who killed nine thousand snakes at four shots, and the air was full of falling bars for several days, not to speak of the great number of cripples hobbling about the ground!

There is a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg sixteen times in vain, and then retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street, they run home, crying for bread.



## DUCK SHOOTING ON THE POTOMAC.

The very spirited engraving on this page represents a scene well calculated to gladden the eye of every man who ever handled a gun, and there are few, even in this country, who at some period of their lives have not aspired to the exploits of Nimrod. The artist takes us into the heart of a reedy bed, literally swarming with wild fowl, and shows us the adventurous sportsman, just at the moment of an accurate shot. From October through the winter, all along the coast from north to south, there is more or less of this sport, but especially it is pursued in Chesapeake Bay and the waters of the Potomac, the favorite haunts of that most delicious of wild fowl, the canvass-back duck. "This celebrated American species," says Wilson, "as far as can be judged from the best figures and descriptions of foreign birds, is altogether unknown in Europe. It approaches nearest to the pochard of England—*anas ferina*—but differs from that bird in being superior in size and weight, in the greater magnitude of its bill, and the general whiteness of its plumage. A short comparison of the two will elucidate this point. The canvass-back measures two feet in length by three feet in extent, and when in the best order, weighs three pounds and over. The pochard, according to Latham and Bewick, measures nineteen inches in length, and thirty in extent, and weighs one pound twelve or thirteen ounces. The latter writer says of the pochard: 'The plumage,

*valisneria*, grows on fresh-water shoals of from seven to nine feet (but never where these are occasionally dry), in long, narrow, grass-like blades of four or five feet in length; the root is white, and has some resemblance to small celery. This grass is in many places so thick that a boat can with difficulty be rowed through it, so impedes the oars. The shores are lined with large quantities of it, torn up by the ducks and drifted by the winds, lying like hay in winrows. Wherever this root grows in abundance, the canvass-backs may be expected either to pay it occasional visits, or to make it their regular residence during the winter. It occurs in some parts of the Hudson, in the Delaware, near Gloucester, a few miles below Philadelphia, and in most of the rivers that fall into the Chesapeake, to each of which particular places the ducks resort, while in waters unfavored with this nutritive plant they are altogether unknown. On the first arrival of these birds in the Susquehanna, near Havre-de-Grace, they are generally lean, but such is the abundance of their favorite food, that towards the beginning of November, they are in pretty good order. They are excellent divers, and swim with great speed and agility. They sometimes assemble in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the river, and when they rise suddenly, produce a noise resembling thunder. They float about these shoals, diving and tearing up the grass by the roots, which is the only part they eat. They are extremely shy, and can

but of all the modes pursued, none intimidates them so much as shooting them by night, and they soon abandon the place where they have been repeatedly shot at. During the day they are dispersed about, but towards evening collect in large flocks, to come into the mouths of the creeks, where they often ride as at anchor, with head under their wing, asleep, there being always sentinels awake, ready to raise an alarm on the least appearance of danger. Even when feeding or diving in small parties, the whole never go down at a time, but some are left above on the look-out. When winter sets in early, and the river is frosty, the canvass-back retreats to its confluence with the bay, occasionally frequenting air-holes in the ice, which are sometimes made for the purpose immediately above their favorite grass, to entice them within gun-shot of the hut or bark which is usually fixed at a proper distance, and where the gunner lies concealed, ready to take advantage of their distress. A Mr. Hill, who lives near James River, at a place called Herring Creek, informs me that one severe winter he and another person broke a hole in the ice about twenty or forty feet immediately over a shoal of grass, and took their stand on the shore, in a hut of brush, each having three guns well loaded with large shot. The ducks, which were flying up and down the river in great extremity, soon crowded to the place, so that the whole open space was not only covered with them, but vast numbers stood on the ice around it. They had

grain, especially wheat, and may be decoyed to particular places by baiting them with that grain for several successive days. Some few years since, a vessel loaded with wheat was wrecked near the entrance of Great Egg Harbor, in the autumn, and went to pieces. The wheat floated out in vast quantities, and the whole surface of the bay was, in a few days, covered with ducks, of a kind altogether new to the people in that quarter. The gunners of the neighborhood collected in boats, shooting them, and so successful were they, that, as Mr. Beasley informs me, two hundred and forty were killed in one day, and sold among the neighbors at twelve and a half cents apiece, without the feathers. The wounded ones were generally abandoned, as being too difficult to come up with. They continued about for three weeks, and during a greater part of the time, a continual cannonading was heard from every quarter. The gunners called them sea-ducks. They were canvass-backs, and at that time on their way to the north, when this floating feast attracted their attention, and for a while arrested them in their course. A pair of these very ducks I myself bought in the Philadelphia market at the time, from an Egg Harbor gunner, and never met with their superior either in excellence or weight of flesh. When it was known among those people the loss they had sustained in selling for twenty-five cents what would have brought them from a dollar to a dollar and a half per pair, it excited universal regret."



SHOOTING WILD DUCK ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, VIRGINIA.

above and below, is wholly covered with prettily freckled, slender, dusky threads, disposed transversely in close-set, zigzag lines, on a pale ground, more or less shaded off with ash," a description much more applicable to the bird figured beside it, the red-head, and which very probably is the species meant. In the figure of the pochard given by Mr. Bewick, who is generally correct, the bill agrees very well with that of our red-head, but scarcely half the size and thickness of that of the canvass-back, and the figure in the *planches enluminées*, corresponds in that respect with Bewick's. In short, both of these writers are egregiously erroneous in their figures and descriptions, or the present duck was unknown to them. Considering the latter supposition the more probable of the two, I have designated this as a new species, and shall proceed to give some particulars of its history. The canvass-back duck arrives in the United States from the north, about the middle of October; a few descend to the Hudson or Delaware, but the great body of these birds resort to the numerous rivers belonging to and in the neighborhood of Chesapeake Bay, particularly the Susquehanna, the Patuxent, Potomac and James Rivers, which appear to be their general winter rendezvous. Beyond, to the south, I can find no certain accounts of them. At the Susquehanna they are called canvass-backs, on the Potomac, white-backs, and on the James River, shell-drakes. They are seldom found at a great distance up any of these rivers, or even in the salt-water bay, but in that particular part of tide water where a certain plant, which is said to be a species of

rarely be approached except by stratagem. When wounded in the wing, they dive to such prodigious distances, and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly, and with such cunning and active vigor, as almost always to render the pursuit hopeless. From the great demand for these ducks, and the high price they uniformly bring in the market, various modes are practised to get within gun-shot of them. The most successful way is said to be decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dogs, if properly trained, play backwards and forwards along the margin of the water, and the ducks, observing their manœuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, from which he takes them, first on the water and then as they rise. This method is called *toling them in*. If the ducks seem difficult to decoy, any glaring object, such as a red handkerchief, is fixed round the dog's middle, or to his tail, and this rarely fails to attract them. Sometimes by moonlight, the sportsman directs his skill towards a flock whose position he had previously ascertained, keeping them within the projecting shadow of some wood-bank or headland, and paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often to approach within twenty yards of a flock of many thousands, among which he generally makes a great slaughter. Many other stratagems are practised, and indeed every plan that the ingenuity of the experienced sportsman can suggest, to approach within gun-shot of these birds,

three firings, both at once, and picked up eighty-eight canvass-backs, and might have collected more, had they been able to get to the extremity of the ice after the wounded ones. In the severe winter of 1779-80, the grass, on the roots of which these birds feed, was almost wholly destroyed in James River. In the month of January, the wind continued to blow from west-northwest for twenty-one days, which caused such low tides in the river, that the grass froze to the ice everywhere, and a thaw coming on suddenly, the whole was raised by the roots and carried off by the freshet. The next winter a few of these ducks were seen, but they soon went away again, and for many years after, they continued to be scarce, and even to the present day, in the opinion of my informant, have never been so plenty as before. The canvass-back, in the rich, juicy tenderness of its flesh, and its delicacy of flavor, stands unrivalled by the whole of its tribe in this or perhaps any quarter of the world. Those killed in the waters of the Chesapeake are generally esteemed superior to all others, doubtless from the great abundance of their favorite food which these rivers produce. At all our public dinners, hotels, and particular entertainments, the canvass-backs are universal favorites. They not only grace but dignify the table, and the very name conveys to the imagination of the eager epicure the most comfortable and exhilarating ideas. Hence, on such occasions, it has not been uncommon to pay from one to three dollars a pair for these ducks, and, indeed, at such, if they can, they must be had, whatever the price. The canvass-backs will feed readily on

## HUNTING IN ABYSSINIA.

What was the spiral thing that coiled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent, some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black ribbon on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves? I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest, and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless something must be done. Making myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over fallen trunks, whose cavities seemed alive with snakes, I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from our tent.—Edwards



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } Vol. XVI., No. 6....WHOLE No. 398.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

We take pleasure in placing on this page of the Pictorial an accurate likeness of the philosopher, poet and essayist whose name heads this article, drawn expressly for us by Homer, and engraved by Pierce in his best style. Our authority for the portrait is the large and magnificent lithographic head just issued by Mr. Charles H. Brainard of this city in his usual style of excellence. Mr. Emerson is one of the few purely literary men among us, having long since devoted himself exclusively to letters. The son of a Unitarian clergyman, he was born in the year 1803, and was educated for the pulpit. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1821, and after completing his theological studies was settled as a colleague of Henry Ware, Jr., over the Second Church in this city. An impatience of the control of forms, however, influenced him to abandon the pulpit, and to retire to Concord, where he has resided since the year 1835. Here he has written those poems, essays, lectures and contributions to the press which have given him an American and transatlantic reputation, and which, admired with enthusiasm by many, are recognized by all as bearing the impress of the signet of true Genius, notwithstanding its manifestations are often irregular and spasmodic. Some of his earlier college orations attracted attention by their eloquence. In 1839 he produced a work called "Nature," treating of freedom, beauty, and intellectual culture as influenced by natural objects. When the famous "Dial," a literary, philosophical and religious magazine, was established in 1840, Mr. Emerson first donned the editorial harness, and contributed to that strange melange many papers of striking originality and eloquence. The transcendental character of the work kept its circulation within narrow limits. Four volumes of the "Dial" were published, but before its close the editorship had passed into the hands of the brilliant and accomplished Margaret Fuller, between whom and the subject of this sketch a warm friendship and intellectual sympathy existed. The development of the lecture system opened a field to Mr. Emerson in which he was especially qualified to succeed. The variety of his style and topics, the impressiveness of his manner, the originality of his views, gave him a strong hold upon his audiences, and to this day there is no lecturer who more fully enchains and interests his audiences. In his discourses we find a mixture of metaphysical mysticism and practical sagacity, of melodious and poetical passages and terse aphorisms, the whole forming a brilliant mosaic. As a poet, he is at times obscure and almost unintelligible, at times candid, simple and affecting. His later writings and lectures are far less enigmatical than his earlier ones, and in style his "English Traits," compared to some of his earlier essays, are what Carlyle's life of Schiller is to his Frederick the Great. A first collection of Emerson's "Essays and Lectures," in 1841, was followed by a second series in 1844. A volume of poems was published in 1847. The following year he visited England, where he was well received, and whither his reputation had preceded him, and delivered a course of lectures, which were received with great favor. His "Representative Men," published in 1850, embraced sketches of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon and Goethe. We have culled here and there from Mr. Emerson's works, a few passages, interesting in themselves, as specimens of our author's style of expression and thought. In the essay on Beauty, occurs the following:

ing: "The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influence of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pond-lily or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in

the shallow parts of our present river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in perpetual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament. But this beauty of nature, which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel; it will not please us when its light shines upon our necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone; it is only a mirage as you look from the windows of a diligence. \* \* \* All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess that,

not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art. The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For, although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty 'il piu nell' uno.' Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the

world to one point, and each in his several work, to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus in art, a nature passed through the alchemy of man. Thus, in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works. The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature. In the essay on "Love," we find the following beautiful passage: "I have been told that my philosophy is unsocial, and that, in public discourses, my reverence for the intellectual makes me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the young soul wandering here in nature to the power of love, without being tempted to unsteady, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft surpassing the deep attraction of our truth, to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward, they may find several things which wear not the charm, have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man can ever forget the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; that mighty and mysterious power which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, and the morning and the night varied enchantments."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

**The Chang-ling:**

—OR—

**THE FALSE HEIR.**

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

{CONTINUED}

## CHAPTER XVI.

## PLOTTING.

BRAXON, as was mentioned in a preceding chapter, joined one of the groups on the lawn, many of those composing them being from a distance, who had been attracted by the startling intelligence that Myra Pemberton had been carried off by the Indians.

Between Braxon and one of the group was interchanged a significant glance, though so quick as to be unnoticed by the others. After this, their bearing towards each other was that of perfect strangers.

The person referred to was one whose appearance would be likely to attract attention. He might have been twenty-five or a little over, was of medium height and well formed. His skin was dark to swarthiness, his hair coal black, and lay in close, wiry curls round his forehead, which, though high, was so narrow as to give it a look decidedly sinister. His eyes, black as his hair, were remarkable for a singular shine, or rather gloss, and at times seemed to throw off a red, dusky light, anything but pleasant. But this was not noticed by the casual observer, and he had the reputation—as indeed he deserved, as far as the mere moulding of features was concerned—of being a remarkably handsome man.

He himself by no means thought lightly of his personal advantages, and did what he could to improve and heighten them by a scrupulous attention to his dress, not only as regarded quality, but in all its minor details.

It was not long before Candace Atherly took occasion to pass that way, and by a look gave the young man, who was her brother, to understand she wished to speak with him. She entered the house, which was entirely deserted, where she was soon joined by her brother.

"What success, Wellford?" said she; "have you found out where Anvers is?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"Where?"

"On his way hither."

"Just as I expected. I knew the attraction was irresistible. How soon will he be here?"

"Sometime to-morrow, I should think. But the attraction, if you mean Myra Pemberton, is withdrawn, it seems. Candace, you had something to do with this affair—Myra's sudden disappearance."

"If I did, it was not without due deliberation."

"I don't see that any good can result from it, either to you or me."

"I intend that there shall to both of us. At least evil will be prevented by it."

"How?"

"Had she been suffered to remain here, in less than six months from now she would have been the wife of Anvers."

"Do you mean Myra Pemberton?" said Braxon, who had entered the room so softly that they were not aware of his presence.

"Yes."

"You are mistaken."

"So I think," said Wellford Atherly.

"Mr. Danbridge told me the very next day after I arrived here," said Braxon, "that he intended that the rich heiress should be his daughter-in-law."

"But since then he has given it up," remarked Candace.

"Have you heard him say so?"

"Not in so many words."

"How do you know then?" demanded her brother.

"Because neither the so-called Percy Danbridge nor Myra Pemberton would have consented to the match."

"But I have a way of compelling the young man to obey me," said Braxon.

"You have had, you might say," replied Candace, "but the time has gone by for him to be a mere automaton in your hands. Yet admitting that you could compel him to obey you, you hold no such control over Myra Pemberton."

"No, but stratagem is sometimes better than compulsion."

"It would have failed you. Before we go any further, however, allow me to ask whether it was the young lady herself or her wealth you were so anxious to secure?"

"Her wealth, to be sure. She is a necessary incumbrance. I never take the trouble to wear a mask when I know that I am in the presence of those who know what's behind it."

"Be content then, for I've taken the best possible method to secure it to Percy Danbridge."

"How so?"

"Mrs. Pemberton, Myra's mother, a short time previous to her decease, in the overflows of her gratitude for the kindness and protection of Mr. Danbridge, gave the whole of her property to him in case of her daughter's decease, whose delicate health at that time gave token of an early death, to be held in trust for his son till he became of age."

"Is this so?"

"It is."

"Candace you are mistaken," said Wellford.

"If anything of the kind had taken place, I should have been as likely to know it as you."

"It was known only to Mr. Danbridge and me. The secret never transpired."

"He took you into his confidence then?" said Wellford.

"There was no need of that."

"How then?"

"I came across the will and read it."

"I hope you broke no locks," said Wellford, laughing.

"This puts a new aspect on the whole affair," said Braxon.

"You think now that it isn't so hard, after all, to be rid of the heiress," said Candace.

"It will save trouble certainly."

"That is if she doesn't get back again, which she is nearly certain to do now that Mat. Dillard has gone in pursuit of her."

"That would be bad," said Braxon. "In one month more Percy will be of age, when, if he obtain possession of the fortune, I may look upon it the same as my own. I can at least control him in all that relates to money matters."

"What of this Anvers?" said Candace.

"He must be taken care of," replied Braxon. "Till he is, he will always be a rock ahead, which at any moment may ruin all."

"He ought not to have been allowed to come here again," said Candace. "Everybody sees the likeness between him and Mr. Danbridge."

"You must help me in this, Wellford," said Braxon.

"In what way?"

"By your wit."

"It may fail me."

"I have proved you to be fertile in expedients."

"It is the way I get my living."

"True, and once let me feel certain that I've nothing to fear from him, and you shall have no reason to accuse me of a lack of liberality. You may think that I may not have the means to be generous should the girl come back, but life is uncertain you know."

"I understand."

"May I depend on you?"

"I'll do what I can, but,

"Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft, And wit depends on dilatory time."

"Let his anticipated visit here be his last. That is all I ask of you."

"I've already thought of a plan."

"What is it?"

"When I've matured it you shall know."

"I'll meet you at the old place. When shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at three o'clock."

"At three. I'll be punctual. I see Mr. Danbridge coming this way—I will go and meet him," said Braxon.

"So much," thought he, as he withdrew, "for the resolution I formed not long since to keep my own counsel. But it's of no use. The business grows upon my hands. I must have help."

"I don't understand you, Candace," said Wellford Atherly, as soon as Braxon was gone.

"Why?"

"I thought you liked this Anvers—loved him, if you will."

"You are mistaken, though there has been a time when even I might have loved him."

"And yet you stood by and coolly listened to what passed between Braxon and me?"

"I have heard of Satan's rebuking sin. As I said, I might have loved him if—"

"There was an if in the way then?"

"Yes, I might if he had been the acknowledged son of Mr. Danbridge."

"And you've no doubt but that he is his son?"

"None."

"Then why didn't you go to work and hunt up evidence to prove it, instead of trying to help Braxon in his work of fraud?"

"Even had I wished it I soon became convinced that there was no evidence to hunt up which would bear the test of legal investigation. Another thing I became convinced of too."

"What is it?"

"That which I can never forgive."

"Speak plainly. I've neither the patience nor skill to find out riddles."

"It was not long before I saw that, compared with Myra Pemberton, I had no attractions for him. That I could have borne, almost forgiven, had I not found that his indifference gradually grew to dislike, which in its turn soon amounted to something which was not far from loathing. From that moment I was heart and hand with Braxon."

"Nor do I blame you. Myra Pemberton is well enough, and with wealth sufficient to endow a princess, would, I own, have made a very acceptable wife for one like me, who has been made a foot-ball of by fortune. But as to personal charms, she is not to be named in the same breath with the superb Candace Atherly. Anvers has no taste—no discrimination."

"Rather say too much of the last-named quality."

"Why so?"

"There is something wrong here—something repellent," and as she spoke, with a quick motion she passed her hand across her eyes.

"Repellent? Fascinating, you should say. Why, Candace, you have the most splendid eyes that ever gave brilliance to the face of woman."

"The splendor and brilliance are lost on Anvers. He sees only the malign expression which I cannot hide."

"You must hide it—others may see it."

"I've tried, but cannot succeed. Neither can you. When you were talking with Braxon I watched you, and could see in your eyes the evil lurking in your heart."

"I shall take better care for the future."

"It will avail you nothing," and she turned to leave the room.

"Stay one minute. I've something more to say to you."

"Be quick then—the people are dispersing."

"I must have a specimen of Anvers's handwriting, and you must get it for me."

"That is easier said than done."

"It can and must be done, or the plan I have thought of will fall to the ground."

"You shall have it."

"I know you will not fail me. I consider it the same as if already in my hand."

"What is all this stir about?" said Candace, looking out of the window.

It was soon ascertained. Mr. Danbridge and six or eight hardy, resolute men had concluded that Dillard was too venturesome in not taking more with him, and that it was best to follow him and Juba, and be ready to assist them should it prove necessary.

"All hope of her not returning is now gone," said Wellford.

"Not quite."

"You think perhaps that the Indians will be joined by others before they can be overtaken."

"No, I think that Nahatan will do as he said he would."

"How is that?"

"Take her life rather than she should be restored to her friends."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A WELCOME VISITOR.

WHEN towards night the following day, those who went in pursuit of Myra, including Anvers and Walter Cline, arrived at the plantation, bringing her with them unharmed, the heart of Candace sunk within her.

"Courage!" said Wellford, who had walked over to see if Anvers had arrived. "Courage! Life, so Braxon said yesterday, is uncertain."

"And his words in her case I doubt not will soon prove true. For all that I don't care to be foiled."

"That's past remedy now. Come, I'm going to hunt up a few smiles to welcome her with, and advise you to do the same."

"Braxon has got the letter of you."

"Yes, see the fawning hypocrite. It is enough to make one tear off his mask and cast it aside forever."

"If one could afford to," said Candace, quietly.

"Who is that man," Walter Cline inquired of Dillard, and indicating Braxon, "who appears to be so overjoyed at Miss Pemberton's return?"

"His name is Braxon."

"I thought so."

"You've seen him before now, I take it?"

"Yes, something like a dozen years ago. But long as it is, I don't see that he has altered much."

"He's a chap that I don't want to have much to do with," said Dillard.

"Nor I. I wish there was some way by which I could avoid him."

"Go home with me then," said Dillard, "if you think you can put up with the rough fare of a hunter. I want to say a few words to Mr. Danbridge, and then I shall be ready to start. In the meantime you had better keep out of Braxon's way."

Cline sought Anvers and informed him of the arrangement he had made with Dillard. Anvers, like him, for certain reasons known to themselves, thought he had better for the present avoid meeting him.

After the departure of Cline, Mrs. Danbridge approached Anvers and expressed a hope that he would remain with them several weeks.

"I should only be too happy to remain," he replied, "but my stay here must necessarily be limited to two or three days at least."

"He tells me," said Mr. Danbridge, who was standing near, "that he is to join the troops under Colonel Monckton."

Wellford Atherly, who had purposely put himself in the way, now requested of Mr. Danbridge the honor of an introduction to Lieutenant Anvers.

Though the advances of Atherly were received by Anvers rather coldly at first, partly perhaps on account of his strong resemblance to Candace, his reserve gradually yielded to the deep interest he manifested for the success of the English and Provincials in the enterprise they were about to engage in.

In the course of the conversation between them, Wellford succeeded in adroitly gathering many particulars relative to the future intentions of Anvers, which he hoped to turn to good account in what he had promised to undertake at the instigation of Braxon.

Though the midnight hour was past, a light was still burning in the chamber of Wellford Atherly. The door was locked, and he sat at a table writing. Almost every half minute he carefully compared what he had written with the handwriting on a piece of paper lying near. When what appeared to be a letter was at last finished, it was subjected to a still severer scrutiny; the peculiar form of each letter being individually compared with some corresponding one in the writing he had been endeavoring to imitate. He smiled when the examination was completed.

"Anvers himself couldn't tell it from his own handwriting," he said, half aloud.

Having folded and superscribed it, he read with care several other letters he had previously written. He appeared to be satisfied with what they severally contained, and prepared them ready for delivery to the persons to whom they were addressed, except that for the present he was obliged to omit the dates. He then placed them in a drawer of his writing-desk, which, after looking round, as if he imagined some prying eye was upon him, he locked. As he removed the key from the lock and put it into his pocket, he thought he heard some one close to his chamber door call his name. His first impulse was to put out the light and remain silent. On second thought, however, he desisted, as he knew the light must shine through the key-hole. Some one perhaps had been watching him. He stood still and listened, when he heard his name called so distinctly that he could no longer attribute it to imagination.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"I," was the answer.

"And who is I?"

"Hepsy."

"Yes, yes—I know your voice now. What are you here at my door for this time of night?"

"Luke Jemission the pedler wants to see you. He came and rapped at my window, and frightened me so that I'm all out of breath."



"Well, did you let him in?"  
 "No, I thought I must ask you first."  
 "How stupid you are. You know that Jemmison is always welcome. Go and unfasten the door."  
 "Shall I ask him to come up here?"  
 "Yes."  
 "There, he's hanging away at the door now. It wasn't enough for him to rap at my window."  
 "Harry, hurry. He mustn't be kept waiting all night."  
 "No, he mustn't be kept waiting," the girl muttered to herself, as she turned slowly away. "I should like to know what mighty great man Luke Jemmison is, that I should have to be turned out of my bed at midnight for him, and then have to run and hurry to let him in, the same as if he was some lord or prince."

Atherly opened his chamber door and held the lamp at the head of the stairs, that the pedler might see his way, who, burthened with his heavy pack, shortly ascended.

"What brought you here this time of night, Luke Jemmison?" inquired Atherly, when they had entered the chamber and the door was secured.

"Business," he replied. "What else should bring me here?"

"Let what would do it, I'm glad you've come. You are the very man I had in my mind."

"What's turned up now?"

"Something in which you can serve me better than any other man I know of. Hist!"

"What now?"

"Didn't you hear a noise outside the door?"

"No."

"I am certain that I did. That girl Hepsy is listening, I suspect."

As he spoke, he sprang quickly to the door and opened it, but no one was there.

"I knew it was only imagination," said Jemmison. "My ear is as quick as anybody's, and I didn't hear anything."

"Well, it is better to be too apprehensive than not enough so. The affair I wish to talk over mustn't be listened to by any one but yourself."

"Of some importance I suppose?"

"It will turn out to be if rightly managed."

"Well, what is it?"

"In the first place there's a certain Lieutenant Anvers that must be taken care of."

"Put out of the way?"

"Yes, but it must be gingerly managed, so as to be consummated by those who fill high places, without even the shadow of suspicion falling on the secret movers."

"I don't see how that is to be done."

"Nothing can be easier if due precaution be exercised."

"Well, just tell me what you expect of me, and I can judge if it will do for me to undertake it."

Atherly unlocked the drawer of his writing-desk and took thence the letters he had deposited there a short time previous.

"What I wish you to do," said he, "is to deliver these to the persons they are addressed to."

"That will be no easy matter," said Jemmison, looking them over.

"It will require care and discretion, but you can do it."

"And it will require time too."

"Never fear—you shall be well paid for your time."

"Where is this Anvers now?"

"At Mr. Danbridge's. He expects to leave in a day or two. I suppose you know that Colonel Monckton with three thousand troops is going against the French settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy."

"Yes, I've heard something about it."

"Well, Anvers is to join the expedition, and you must follow so as not to lose sight of him, and when the proper time comes see that he has this letter," said Atherly, selecting one addressed to him.

"But there is more than one with his name on it. How shall I know which he is to have first?"

"Look at the left hand corner of the one I handed you. The lower corner I mean."

"Well, I see nothing but an ink spot."

"Which will do as well as anything to distinguish it by. You have only to bear in mind that the one with the blotted corner is to be given him first."

"What about the others? One I see is directed to a French officer."

"With respect to that and the rest I will give you directions in the morning. The night is far spent."

"Yes, and after my long tramp I feel the need of rest."

"It was lucky anyhow that you concluded to come here. Why didn't you stop at the little inn back here a few miles?"

"I don't know why. I called and got some supper, and was tired enough to stay all night, but somehow the thought struck me that I would keep on and see if you had any scheme in your head. Some friend tempted me to do it I am inclined to think."

"Nonsense. Come, follow me, and I will show you a room where you will find a good bed. Sleep and rest will put such foolish notions out of your head."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### INTERVIEW BETWEEN ANVERS AND MYRA.

THE same river which formed the boundary on one side of the little sylvan nook, where for the present dwelt the beautiful Zorayne with Sybil Finchley, could be seen from the Danbridge Mansion House winding in and out around the hills.

There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Indians, those who were hostile to the inhabitants of that region having been drawn off to aid the French. Myra was therefore encouraged by Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge to resume such of her customary rambles, as did not take her any great distance from the house.

"You have been so used to exercise in the open air," Mr. Danbridge said to her, the evening after her return, "that you droop like a bird that is deprived of its liberty."

Myra needed no second hint, for she was haunted with a feeling of unrest which made her long to be abroad, where she could listen to the voice of the winds and the rushing of the waters. There was a range of green hills, girt at the base by a belt of grand old forest trees, so that they could not be seen from the house. Towards these, with steps which every moment seemed to grow freer and more buoyant, she directed her course. They were smooth and of easy activity, except that the one at the commencement of the range dropped abruptly down within half a rod of the water's edge, and was broken by sharp crags and shelving rocks, piled one above the other in wild, picturesque confusion.

One of these, not more than four feet from the ground, overhung an opening into the hill side high enough to permit a man of ordinary stature to stand upright. Its width was irregular, and it extended, as Myra well knew, for she had in childhood often explored it, some sixty or seventy feet.

It was not thither, however, that she now directed her steps. She pressed onward to gain some eminence, where her eye at a single glance could take in the fields and woods, the placid river and the rushing torrent. It was not till she stood on the loftiest summit she could find, that the feeling of unrest which had urged her on suddenly changed to one of utter loneliness. She had looked to nature for sympathy, and her appeal had remained unanswered. And yet it was with reluctance that she confessed to herself that it was communion with the human heart for which her spirit thirsted. Her thoughts turned to Anvers.

"I wish I had remained at home," she said, hardly aware that she gave voice to what was passing in her mind. "I think I had better tell Lieutenant Anvers what that strange woman said to me the night we met under the hickory trees. Though she warned me against telling any other person, she did not prohibit my mentioning it to him."

"Why not tell me now then?" said a voice close by her side.

She did not start, though the soft, yielding green-sward had so muffled his footsteps that she had not heard his approach. Somehow it seemed natural that he should be there, and yet she had not expected him.

"Why not tell me now then?" he repeated, for though a smile like a glance of sunshine brightened her countenance, she had not answered his question.

"It may be only what you know already," said she. "The woman has had an interview with you too."

"You mean her you met under the hickory trees?"

"Yes, and no doubt she has told you the same that she did me."

"When I saw her, it appeared to be her object

to gain information rather than give it, so there is little chance of your repeating what I already know."

"Anvers is not your real name," she said.

"What is it then?"

"She refused to tell."

"This throws some light on a remark inadvertently made one day by the woman who took care of me when I was suffering from the effects of my wound. She admitted that she knew there was a secret respecting my parentage, which she was not then at liberty to reveal, though she hoped and expected that ere long the seal of silence would be removed. Till then, I cannot avail myself of the privilege which fifteen minutes since was so generously accorded me by your guardian. When I tell you that it was the one coveted above all others withheld when I was here before, but now freely and cordially given, you may judge what it costs me to relinquish it. And yet—but why should I enter into an explanation? It is enough to say that I long to be freed from the tortures of suspense."

"I think I am entitled to know why you forbear to avail yourself of what might terminate it."

"It is because I am perplexed with doubts as to my parentage. The late Mr. Anvers, whose son I supposed myself to be, though from a sudden reverse of fortune he became poor in this world's goods, was rich in all those generous and noble qualities which adorn humanity. The best idea I can give you of him, is to say that in all respects he was worthy to be accounted the peer of Mr. Danbridge."

"No higher praise could be awarded him."

"It was the thought that I was not unworthy to be the son of such a man, which inspired me with confidence to ask a boon dearer and more highly prized than all others."

"You say that he you supposed to be your father was the equal of Mr. Danbridge. Is not the promise fair that his reputed son will one day be also his equal?"

"He can only say that it will be his endeavor to equal him."

"And I have been taught, that what we earnestly strive to be, we shall be. Look at Percy Danbridge, and ask yourself if he can ever be raised to a level with his father."

"I am afraid not. He has formed habits of indolence which it will be hard for him to overcome."

"I recently heard Mrs. Danbridge remark, that instead of covering his defects, his position makes them the more palpable, and like her, I begin to think that it is a misfortune for a young man to have a rich father."

"It takes away the motive for exertion certainly."

"Why then should you care even if your origin should prove to be humble?"

"It is not the question of wealth or of poverty which in my case I am anxious to have settled. It is one of moral worth opposed to baseness."

"That is settled already."

"As regards myself, I am proud to be able to say that it is. But are there not crimes so dark, so fearful, that when committed by a parent, they must forever cleave as a curse to his children?"

"Take courage—I am confident that such a curse can never cleave to you."

"What if I prove to be the son of Braxton?"

"How could such a thought enter your mind?"

"It is not a mere suggestion of the imagination."

"It cannot be. What reason have you to think so?"

"One night when my wound was so painful as to prevent me from sleeping, I heard Mrs. Cline, who with her son were sitting in a remote corner of the room, mention the name of Braxton, and soon afterward some one she called his son, who was yet living, though he was generally supposed to be dead. They spoke so low I could hear only a part of what was said, and as I imagined it didn't concern me, I cared little about it."

When, however, you mentioned that the woman you met said that Anvers was not my real name, the thought flashed into my mind that I might be the son they were speaking of."

"That cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Your looks, your voice—even the turn of your head contradicts it."

"What resemblance is there between Mr. Danbridge and his son?"

"None, I must confess."

"That shows you that your criterion is not a

true one. No, she who is worthy of the highest and the best in the land, must not marry the son of the hypocritical Braxton. It would be a desecration."

"Were it her choice, would it be?"

"It can never be her choice."

"Anvers," said she, after remaining silent and thoughtful a short time. "I will not pretend to misunderstand you as regards her you have just alluded to. The eloquence of silence is sometimes more expressive and significant than language can ever be. When by accident,—or as I should rather say, when we were by Providence lately thrown together, under such circumstances, that we were often as much isolated from all human companionship, as if we had been alone in the wilderness, though not a word passed between us which went beyond the expression of friendly regard, it could not be otherwise than that we should interpret those sentiments which were weaving their silent spells around the heart, and which were mutually though unintentionally manifested."

"What you say is true, and yet on my part fear over overbalanced hope. Not to such an extent, however, that had I not been restrained by the promise given to Mr. Danbridge the evening before we parted, I might have said what under the present circumstances I should deeply regret."

"Believe me, Anvers, that this thought of a disreputable origin which you suffer to haunt you, is only a phantom."

"I hope it will prove so."

"It will—it will."

"While I hope, you believe."

"I too am haunted, and if it prove a phantom, it comes in blessed guise to cheer and encourage. And not to be outdone by you in the generosity, which causes you to reject what you have termed the privilege granted you by my guardian, now, while the mystery of your parentage is yet unrevealed, I promise never to accept the offer of any hand but yours."

"If not to you, think not it will ever be offered to another. A little longer, and all I trust will be made known, for anything is better than suspense."

"To-morrow you leave?"

"Yes, early in the morning."

"But you will return?"

"If I live you will see me again; but if the fates so will that I fall, believe that I met death as a soldier should meet it."

"I shall know you did."

"I shall carry these words with me. They will inspire me with hope and courage. Now, Myra, farewell, and when we do meet, may it be under better auspices."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"My first kiss," said he, "and the last, if I find the name I can give you proves, as I fear it will, to be dishonored not only by hypocrisy and all the mean vices in its train, but stained by crimes, such as should consign the perpetrator to a felon's cell, or even doom him to the scaffold. No—no—the shadow that falls on me shall never extend its blighting influence to you."

"When there is as much reason to hope as to fear, why should you persist in this morbid foreboding of evil?"

"There is not as much reason to hope as to fear. The more I recall to mind certain incidents scarce noticed at the time, such as half-uttered sentences and looks of compassion, when I was at Mrs. Cline's, the more I am convinced that I am the son of the man for whom I had conceived a bitter hatred, and a loathing too deep for words."

"You mean Braxton?"

"Yes."

"Why should you regard him thus—you who have seen so little of him?"

"Because I know him to have been guilty, if not of crime, of all those low vices I spoke of but now. And you—will you not confess it? In a measure share the opinion and feelings I have expressed concerning him."

"I cannot deny it."

"I knew it must be so. It could not be otherwise. It is the realization of the natural antipathy existing between virtue and vice. I have said that I would see you again."

"And did you not say as you meant?"

"Yes, but on second thought the promise better be made on certain conditions. What these are needs no explanation."

"No, none is needed. Yet I am certain that if you live you will come again."

"You have some reason for thinking so."



"If I have, the time will come when you will know it."

"Even that brings with it a little comfort. Once more, farewell, for though I shall say the word to you the same as I do to others at our final parting, I would have it consecrated by the beauty of this twilight hour, and the weird music which floats up to us from the solemn woods, and the river flowing so placidly, and reflecting the lingering brightness of the west. Sometimes you will seek this spot, and then you will remember me."

"I will. Can you for a moment doubt it?"

She prevented his reply.

"Look there," said she, in a whisper, "just where that tall pine rises above the surrounding trees."

He obeyed, and through an opening saw some one moving cautiously along in the direction of the river.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Candace."

"Do you think she has seen us?"

"Without doubt—she could not well avoid it, but she evidently does not wish to be seen by us."

"Where can she be going?"

"I think she expects her brother."

"He lives on the opposite side of the river?"

"Yes, and often crosses in a boat."

They soon lost sight of Candace, but they knew that she must have reached the precipitous side of the hill.

"I can see no boat," said Anvers.

"I suspect he went home."

Myra crept close to the edge of the hill and looked down. She could see Candace, who was busily employed in fastening a red handkerchief to a slender sapling which had found root in the scanty soil, just above the mouth of the cave alluded to at the commencement of this chapter. Myra went back softly and told Anvers what she had seen.

"It must be intended for a signal," said he, "which may not be answered if we are seen. Let us step behind these trees."

"I can see a man coming towards the shore," said Myra.

"Where?"

"He has this moment descended into a hollow. He will soon be in sight again."

"Yes, I see him now. Can you make out who it is?"

"No. It cannot be Wellford Atherly. He isn't tall enough for him."

By this time the man had reached the shore of the river. He stooped down, but the distance was too great for them to see what he was doing.

"I will go and see if Candace remains where she was," said Myra.

She found that she was standing near the place where the red handkerchief was waving in the fresh breeze which blew from the river. She had barely time to note this, when the man rose from his stooping posture, and the next moment a brilliant spire of flame shot upwards. Candace immediately removed the handkerchief, and then cautiously, though with much celerity, commenced threading her way back among the trees and bushes the same way that she came.

"I should like to know the meaning of those signals," said Anvers.

"So should I," Myra answered absently, for she was intent on watching the man on the opposite side of the river. "It must be Luke Jemmison, the pedler," she at last said.

"That is strange. What can it be that he and Candace wished to communicate to each other?"

"I cannot imagine."

"She may wish to buy a ribbon or something of the kind."

"No, I think not."

"He sometimes calls at the Mansion House to sell his wares, I suppose?"

"Often. He is very obliging, and has the reputation of being very honest; so much so that he is often called Honest Luke."

"And does he deserve the cognomen?"

"I used to think he did, but the few last times he has been this way he and Wellford Atherly have been such good friends that I begin to distrust him."

"Candace seems to have taken him into her confidence, as well as her brother."

"And of the three, if there was any mischief afoot, I believe that I should fear her the most."

"If I don't fear her I dislike her. Last night, you know, she begged of me a copy of the song you gave me, for a friend as she said. I never complied with a request of the kind so unwill-

ingly in my life. I cannot account for the reluctance I felt in giving it to her."

"And that other one, which you said was in Ensign Clayton's hand-writing. She took that and very deliberately put it in her pocket."

"Which I was almost tempted to insist on her returning."

Much, however, as they disliked and distrusted her, little did they suspect the use she was going to make of the two songs thus obtained. Quite as little did they imagine that the signal of the red handkerchief was to let Luke Jemmison know which of two different routes Anvers had decided to take; one of a different color having been agreed on had he concluded on taking the other. To know this, was of no little importance, as it would enable him to take advantage of any opportunity or incident which would go towards bringing to a successful issue the plan concerted by Wellford Atherly at the suggestion of Braxton.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO ANVERS.

It was the day subsequent to that on which the French surrendered Fort Beausejour. Anvers, having made such personal preparation as was necessary for the contemplated march to Green Bay, for the purpose of investing Fort Gaspereau, sat chatting with a few of his brother officers, when Luke Jemmison, the pedler, with his huge pack strapped to his shoulders, made his appearance at the open door.

"Here's Honest Luke," said one of them, whose name was Ellis.

"Come in and rest yourself," said another.

"Don't care if I do, for I've been on the tramp all day;" and entering, he placed his pack on the floor, and took the seat which was offered him.

"What have you for sale?" asked Ellis.

"A little of everything. If either of you wishes to make a present to his sweetheart for a keepsake, here are ribbons of all colors, laces and gauzes, and plenty of jewelry. Better buy something. The fate of a soldier is uncertain, and the girl he leaves behind him will like to have something to remember him by."

Most of those present gathered round him and commenced examining the articles he had named, together with others, all of which he had displayed in tempting array.

"And here are some verses," said he, "enough to bring tears into the eyes of a person, if his heart was of stone."

"What are they about?" said one.

"A young lady that was carried off by the Indians. They go to the tune of 'Madam Molly,' and everybody knows how to sing that. Would you like to look at them, sir?" and he reached a copy towards Anvers, who had held himself aloof from the circle that the pedler had gathered round him.

Anvers thought of Myra's late adventure and took it.

"Lily-white hand, cherry lips, and cheeks like the rose—you'll find them all set forth to the life, as I can bear witness for I've seen the lady myself," said Jemmison.

"Who is she?" asked Ellis.

"She's called Flora in the verses," said Jemmison, evasively.

"Let me look at them."

"Who is that young gentleman?" said he, looking at Anvers, as he complied with Ellis's request.

"That is Lieutenant Anvers."

"The identical person I wish to see. He rose and approached him. "Pardon me for interrupting you, Lieutenant Anvers," said he.

"Here's a letter for you."

"From my friend Clayton," remarked Anvers, "judging by the hand-writing."

"Ensign Clayton, do you mean?" inquired Ellis.

"Yes."

"I thought he was in New England."

"He has returned, and is so unwell as to be confined to the house. For some reason of great moment, which he does not give, he is very anxious to see me. I must try and obtain leave of absence for twenty-four hours."

Pocketing the verses, and handing the pedler a piece of silver, he hastily left the apartment. Jemmison followed him with his eyes, in which was a look of malicious satisfaction.

"A fine looking fellow," said he, "and I am sorry that there should be rumors afloat to his disadvantage."

"Rumors afloat to his disadvantage, did you say?" asked Ellis.

"Yes."

"Then depend on it they are false. There isn't a better young man, nor one more honorable among us all."

"It's nothing that will affect me whether they prove to be false or true, though it does seem to be a pity that he should be tempted to place himself in such a ticklish situation."

"What do you refer to?"

"Well, it is hinted that he has received more than one communication from the enemy, to which he has returned answers."

"If an angel from heaven should tell me so," said Ellis, warmly, "I wouldn't believe him."

"Neither would I believe such a thing of a friend without proof. If the rumors be true, proof will be forthcoming before long. If false, they will soon die a natural death, the same as elanders generally do. But we will let that matter go now, if you please. I've a living to earn, and it's my aim to earn it honestly, so you'll excuse me, gentlemen, for calling your attention to the different articles of use and luxury here displayed."

Thus reminded, most of the young men made purchases of more or less value, according to their means. As Jemmison was returning what remained to his pack, Anvers passed the window, and in a few minutes more they saw him mount his horse and start off at a gallop.

"Accept my thanks, gentlemen—you have been liberal in your purchases," said Jemmison, resuming his pack.

"Do you think of going much further to-day?" inquired Ellis.

"Not much. I shall find the house of some customer within a few miles from here, where I can be accommodated for the night."

At first Jemmison pursued his way leisurely along the high road, which after a short distance led through the woods. When, by a gradual curve, he was at last hidden from the view of those in the fort, he struck into a faintly traced foot-path, which soon brought him to a log house. He entered with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Is Spanker in good travelling trim, Jock?" said he to a boy, who was idly lounging on a bench at the back part of the room.

"I expect he is," was the reply.

"Saddle and bridle him then, and let no grass grow under your feet while you're doing it."

"How are you, Jemmison?" said a man, who entered as the boy left the room. "Do things go to suit you these days?"

"I've no fault to find just now. Take good care of my pack till I return, and mind and keep it out of sight. Where's the portmanteau I left here?"

"About somewhere, I suppose."

"Here it is," said a woman, entering from an adjoining apartment with a portmanteau in her hand, which she handed to the pedler.

"You keep your bestest clothes in that, I take it," said the man, as they left the house together.

"What I keep in it," replied the pedler, "would make such a different looking man of you, that you wouldn't know yourself."

"I think that is more than can be said of you. At any rate, it must be a powerful strong disguise that would do it."

"It is such as would prevent you from knowing me."

"I should like to have you try it—that's all I've to say."

"Maybe I shall if it comes handy."

"When do you reckon on being here again?" said the man, as the pedler mounted his horse.

"Can't tell."

"It won't be long first?"

"No, I think you may look for me somewhere about twelve or one to-morrow night."

Anvers, meanwhile, was pursuing his way according to the directions contained in the letter, received as he supposed from his friend Clayton. The house where he said that he would find him, was described as being about three hours' brisk ride from the fort. There were several roads, or cart-paths, which branched off either to the right or left of the principal road—so said the letter,—but he must be careful to avoid them till he arrived at one crossed by a narrow stream, which would readily catch the eye, and was bridged over by logs. Half a mile beyond this bridge was the house where he would find Clayton.

If nothing happened to retard his progress,

Anvers concluded that he should be able to reach there before daylight was gone. The sun was getting low, and he began to think that he must have nearly arrived at the road designated, when he heard the ring of horse-hoofs on the hard, stony ground, which every moment drew nearer. The sound was not a very welcome one, all things considered, in a place so lonely, though as he had a pair of well-loaded pistols ready to his hand, when he found that instead of two travellers, as he at first imagined, there was only one, he did not feel particularly uneasy. He was going at a moderate speed, which he made no attempt to increase, so that the man soon came up with him.

A civil greeting passed between them, after which for a minute or two, though the traveller kept close by the side of Anvers, neither of them spoke.

The man's dress was such as was commonly worn by sober, respectable citizens of that period, and in no way likely to attract particular attention. He was above the medium height, and, without any tendency to corpulency, was robust and muscular. His face was much sunburnt, his features coarse and harsh as far as could be seen, the mouth being almost entirely concealed by a pair of heavy moustaches of a dull brown, and like his bushy hair, somewhat grizzled. He was the first to break the silence.

"You are courageous to travel this lonely road without company," said he.

"May I not say the same of you?" said Anvers, taking the opportunity to look at his self-constituted companion more critically than he had heretofore.

"Were I as much a stranger in these parts as I presume you are, and consequently did not know how to avoid danger; and furthermore, if like you I wore a military dress, which would insure my being taken prisoner by any straggling party of the French, or their savage allies, you certainly might."

"At any rate I have escaped being molested thus far, and I think that by this time I must be near the end of my journey."

"If you have any doubts as to whether you are or not, perhaps I can relieve you of them."

Anvers mentioned the situation of the house, as described in the letter.

"I know where it is very well," replied the man, "but you are wide of the mark. By some means you must have taken the wrong road ten or twelve miles back."

"Impossible."

"Not at all. One not thoroughly acquainted with the way might very easily do it, when what is called the main road is in many places little better than a cart path."

"Well, all I have to do now is to go back and see if I can find the right road."

"Which you most assuredly would not without a guide. The sky is already overcast, and before you can go one half of the distance it will be too dark to see your hand before you. I would offer to conduct you, but I have important business to attend to, which must not be neglected."

"I don't know what to do," said Anvers, checking his horse.

"Will you permit me to advise you?"

"Certainly. I shall be glad to hear what you have to propose."

"The best thing you can do is to keep on. About a mile ahead there's an inn, where I intend stopping for the night. Do the same. You will find excellent accommodations, much better than such an out-of-the-way place would seem to promise. Of late, a good many travellers have passed that way, and the landlord finds it for his interest to treat them well."

"If my time were not so limited," said Anvers, hesitatingly. "I have leave of absence for only twenty-four hours."

"The method I propose will enable you to make the most of what time you have. You can start in the morning early as you please, which will give you several hours with the friend you mentioned."

"I will follow your advice."

"Let us push on then as fast as possible. We shall hardly escape a wetting if we do our best. First, however, for the sake of convenience when we arrive, we may as well know what to call each other."

"My name is Anvers."

"I've heard that name, if I mistake not, with a prefix to it. Honorable mention of one Lieutenant Anvers has been made in my presence, who, as was represented, has shown himself too



brave to permit his name to rest in obscurity. My name, for want of a better, is Simon Gregg."

In a few minutes they arrived in sight of a large, rough-looking wooden building.

"If there was a little more daylight left," said Gregg, "you could see the sign over the door, painted by some rustic artist, representing a tankard filled with ale, so foaming as to rise an inch above the brim. If you have yet to learn what good ale is, such as is brewed in Merry England, you will have the opportunity. For my part, I prefer it to the best wine that was ever brought over the sea."

"I don't profess to be a judge of either," said Anvers. "Just in time," said Gregg, as they drew rein in front of the inn, at the moment the rain in large and heavy drops began to descend.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at all the Periodical Depots, or at the office of publication.]

#### SAVING LIFE IN SHIPWRECK.

In our last number, in connection with a marine picture, we took occasion to allude, in general terms, to the provisions made by commercial nations for saving life in cases of shipwreck. The present page is devoted to a series of illustrations, showing the manner of employing Dennett's rocket in these emergencies. This rocket is used extensively on the coasts of Great Britain, the character of which in many parts renders every means that ingenuity can invent for the safety of life imperative. Great Britain is surrounded by stormy seas, and at certain seasons of the year shipwrecks are unfortunately frequent. Within a few weeks, our English papers have recorded many wrecks, attended with loss of life, and from the comments made upon these occurrences, we learn that carelessness, so frequently and often so unjustly charged against the management of our own mercantile marine, is likewise not unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. But the English press has done its work well in fully discussing these matters. Attention is at length greatly directed to the means by which these disasters may be mitigated on the British coasts. We find, on referring to



DENNETT'S ROCKETS FOR FIRING THE ROCKET LOFTY LINES.

guards hull and machinery, in the same manner as provided by law in this country.

But to return to the subject of our illustration. There are at present on the coasts of the United Kingdom about 150 life boats, well found and fully manned; and 200 coast-guard stations, at which Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are maintained by the Board of Trade, at an annual expense, altogether, of between £4000 and £5000. The number of lives saved from shipwreck in 1857 by these means, and by coast-guard boats, luggers and small craft, was 1668; and the number lost in the same time, 532, making a total number of 2200 lives imperilled on the British coasts alone, in one year.

In the rocket apparatus, an ordinary 9 pounder Dennett's rocket, having a thin, light, but strong line attached to it, is fired over the ship in distress. Great care is required in letting out this line; and to prevent its "kinking," it is kept "faked" on pins in a box. When wanted for use, it is either fired out of the box, or off the ground. On the rocket-line being fired over the ship, and secured by the crew, they signal the people on shore that they have done so. A "whip," which is a rope having the ends spliced together (like a jack-towel on a large scale), and rove through a tailed block, is now hauled on board by means of the rocket-line, and the tail of the block is made fast to some part of the ship, as high up as possible. By means of the "whip," or endless rope, the people on shore haul off another and a thicker rope, which is made fast on board the ship above the tailed block, and is stretched taut between the ship and the shore above the "whip." There is therefore a double communication with the ship, one by means of the thick rope stretched taut, and the other by means of the endless rope or "whip." The thick rope serves for a block carrying a sling to travel in, and the whip serves to pull the "sling" backwards and forwards. The sling is a circular cork life-buoy, fitted with a pair of short trousers or drawers. These machines were invented by Commander Kisebee, of the Royal Navy, and from him are known as "Kisebee's Breeches." They have saved many lives.

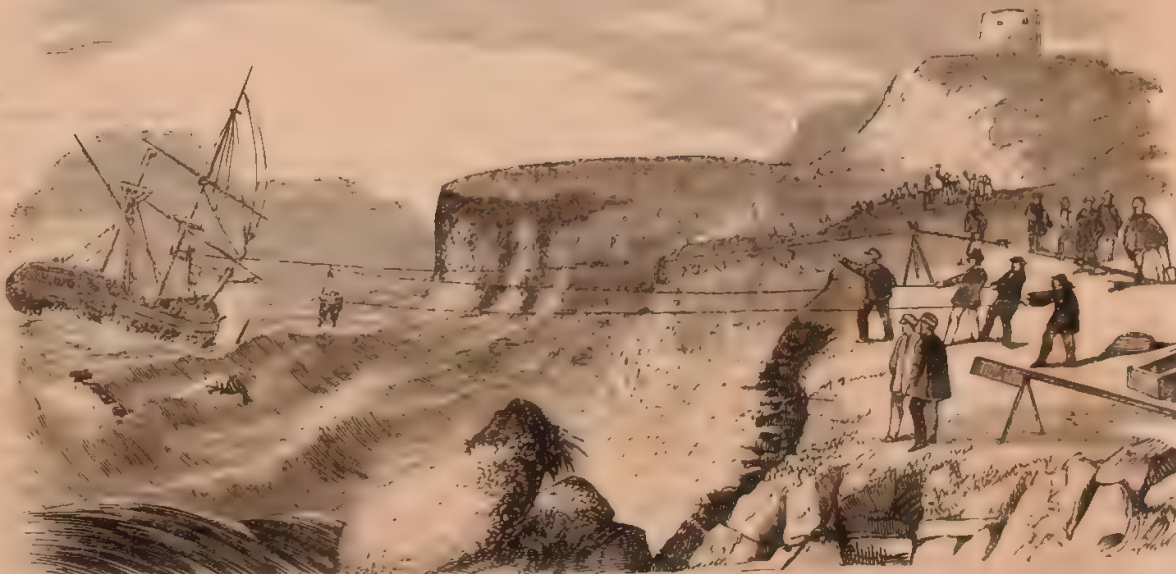
Our illustrations show the arrangement of the rocket apparatus, the flight of the rocket-line, and the manner of bringing a shipwrecked crew on shore.



FLIGHT OF THE ROCKET LINE.

the Wreck Registers presented annually to Parliament, that by far the greater number of shipwrecks arise from preventable causes, such as "bad lookout," "neglect of the lead," "insufficient manning," "rotten gear," "inattention to lights and bearings," "full speed in thick weather," etc., etc. It is also evident that in very many cases whole crews are lost for want of a life-boat, and the means of placing her in the water safely and expeditiously. And last, though not least, is another cause, viz, the great facilities which exist for insuring rotten and unseaworthy ships. This is a most serious consideration; for until masters and owners can be brought to understand that it is for their interests individually and collectively, and for the interests of the country at large, that ships should be properly found, navigated and manned, what has been done, and is still doing by philanthropic institutions, must very inadequately meet the case. It is true that life boats on the most approved models, manned by brave and skilful men, are ready to render assistance to wrecked and stranded vessels. It is true that Dennett's rockets and Manby's mortars are placed on the coasts wherever they are thought necessary, in charge of men experienced in their use. It is true that thousands of pounds are spent annually by the Board of Trade, in rewarding individual cases of meritorious exertion, and in maintaining the life-boats and mortars and rockets above referred to; but it is equally true that hundreds of lives are still thrown away, and will continue to be thrown away, until steps have been taken to prevent rather than to cure.

The government have now earnestly taken in hand the question of harbors of refuge; and such harbors will no doubt tend to abridge the catalogue of wrecks; but still it seems to us that if no ships were allowed clearance at the Customs, unless certified by a British government surveyor as sound, well found, properly manned, and provided with life-boat and gear, more good would be done, and less expense would be incurred, than in afterwards endeavoring to remedy what might have been so easily prevented. This, of course has no reference to steam vessels carrying passengers, as all such vessels are at present thoroughly examined and certified, both as re-



SLINGING A SHIPWRECKED CREW ASHORE.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## WE MET BUT ONCE.

BY ANNIE L. HAZ

We met but once—twas in an hour  
When festive mirth and glee  
Peculiar through the spacious halls  
And all night long you lay  
But never heard me joy could know,  
For dark and dim and drear  
Seemed earth's vain pleasures and my soul  
Was filled with many a fear.

Yet in that hour of gladness mirth  
I told you I was not so;  
My eyes were bright through glittering tears  
I could not chide away,  
Until the voice's kindest words  
Of friendship's genial tone,  
Spoke soothingly, and then I felt  
I was no more alone.

And now, when musing of the past,  
That calm hour a price well, then,  
Thy brother love and kind regard,  
Are pleasant dreams to me,  
And I can muse with out a sigh  
Of sadness or regret,  
Upon thy converse, calm and deep,  
When first and last we met.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

BY GIACOMO R. CAMPANA.

Do you know what an "Old Field School" is, dear reader? If you are a southern reader, probably yes; if you are a northern reader, probably no. But even southern readers, in some localities, know of these antiquated affairs rather by tradition than by actual personal observation. Yes, this once prominent "southern institution" is now fast taking its place by the side of tickles, flutes, treadmills, spinning wheels, under-boxes, United States banks, economy, frugality, political honesty, and such like expanded ly-gones. In Virginia, for instance, where they used to be as common as democrats in the "tenth legion," they are now dying out every day, and will, perhaps, have become objects of antiquarian research before the end of the present century.

It is perhaps not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that there are few if any States in this Union in which there has been a greater change for the better in educational matters, within the last ten or fifteen years, than in Virginia. And this change is chiefly owing to the multiplication of good native teachers. Formerly, a teacher born and bred in the State was truly a *rara avis*. Now, they are trained up in every neighborhood. Formerly, too, the University of Virginia, where so many of this valuable class have been educated, was struggling hard for a bare existence; but now it is overflowing with students—more than its spacious halls can possibly accommodate.

There is a cause, too, for this cause, but it is one which it would be out of place to meddle with here. We deal in facts, not in reasons, motives and such like; and the fact which we have now to present, is simply a reminiscence, though not a very ancient one, of an old field school. It was a warm day, not long before harvest, and not many years ago. I was on a visit to an old college friend and chum, in one of the interior counties of eastern Virginia, and on this occasion was returning, alone, from a fishing excursion. Wishing to take a "near cut," I had lost my way entirely, and became entangled in a dense labyrinth of pine trees. At length I emerged from the woods, and saw before me a genuine "old field," such as the Old Dominion furnishes in such rare perfection. It contained two hundred acres or more, and bore a crop of broom-sedge of the most admirably ash-colored and luxuriance. This field was divided from the wood by a picturesque looking "branch" (anglice rivulet), on the wooded sides of which was a steep rocky precipice. Coming unexpectedly to the edge of this, I saw directly beneath my feet, a small, dilapidated log structure, in short, an old field school-house.

It was built directly against the precipice, so that I could have stepped on the roof from the spot where I stood, at the top of the bank. There were a number of crevices in the wall, near the top, and through these I could hear all that was going on inside. A class was spelling "off the book," and the "noise and confusion" generally, was incessant, and constantly on the increase. The articulate portion of it, which I amused my-

self for some time in listening to, reached my ear somewhat as follows:

"B, a, ba, k, e, r, ker—inkstand. Mr. Wiggles, ho, Mr. Wiggles! Jim Brown done stru k me right on the—g, i, b, gib, l, o, t, s, lets, gib-lets. Mr. Wiggles, Pete Dawson wont let me spell—c, a, ca, p, e, r, per—jack-knife. Mr. Wiggles; ho, Mr. Wiggles! Sam Grimes done put his mouth in Sally Thompson's dinner-bas-ket, and hugged her too, right on the nose. S, m, a, c, k, spells—Victoria and James K. Polk—queen of the United States. Mr. Wiggles, please make Ned Spooner quit sneezing—my head off—right over my dinner. Now, you Jake, ef you do that agin, I'll hit you with this—p, i, g, pig, p, e, n, pen, pig pen. Joe Smudge, ef you don't let them gals—any mel-a-k to ole Virginny to—G, o, Go, s, h, e, n, shen, Goshen. I'll tickle your back for you, with this—p, l, a, n, plan, e, t, et, planet. Bill Stiggers, you done tramped on my sore—copy book, ruled with—pench and honest, and so he got drunk on—ice-cream, and sugar almonds, and hourhound candy—top knots, all combed with a—bay rake, and last harvest, when the—ice broke—Tom Swivel's head and knocked his straw hat—on the other side o' Jordan; O, pull off your coat and roll up your—whiskers as black a—now afore Christmas, and—then Aunt Sally's hommet was—cut all up 'ceptin' the tail, and so Dick he cat—Joe Turnip's nigger at a corn-shuckin', and he bit a piece out o'—Uncle Jerry's barn, where they all got drunk as—Purson Hooter when he married—daddy's gray mare—etc., etc., etc."

I do not attempt to give a verbatim report of what I heard, but merely offer the above as a specimen of old field school-talk, as its disjointed fragments, from time to time, reached my ears. Both the sayings and doings inside, were pitched upon a low key, yet it was evident that the hubbub was every moment increasing. Curious to see how the teacher bore it all, I took a seat on the bank, so as to bring my eyes on a level with a large crevice between two logs of the wall.

What I now saw soon explained what I had just heard. The teacher was leaning back in an arm chair, fast asleep, and the pupils "were doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances;" as the doctors say of their patients. That is to say, they were enacting all the devil-ty possible, within a certain degree of noise, beyond which they dare not go.

I had never seen Mr. Wiggles before, though I had often heard of him. Though notoriously ignorant, he had been a pedagogue all his life, and he was now on the shady side of fifty. To establish the fact that he knew what saving meant, nothing more is necessary than to say that he had laid up money—quite a respectable sum—from his regular salary as the teacher of an old field school.

The name, in *extenso*, of this frugal individual, was Patrick Henry Washington Wiggles. He was still a bachelor, though it would seem to have been no fault of his, at least in the way of trying, for his courtships had made him quite famous for many miles round. The chief difficulty in the way, seems to have been Mr. Wiggles's persistent determination to get a rich wife. For this he had been planning, and scheming, and working, ever since he had been of nubile age. Wealthy widows and maidens almost innumerable, had been the objects of his pursuit; but they all, somehow or other, seem to have been insensible to his merits. To tell the whole truth, indeed, most of his declarations had been heartlessly laughed at; though he was fortunately possessed of a moral cuticle as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros—one from which the shafts of ridicule rebounded as from a wall of iron.

Wiggles, too, was indomitable. He bore upon his shield the motto, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit*." He had grown gray, and even bald, under the banner of Cupid, but he still continued to proclaim that he was in the market, and at the disposal of any responsible bidder.

It had lately been reported that Wiggles's hopes were just now higher than they had ever been before; and the best informed of the gossips, too, maintained that it was not without reason. The object of his aspirations at that moment, was a Miss Polly Velvet, a maiden lady, of some property, who had just moved into that particular neighborhood. She was not averse to matrimony, it was said, and she had reached an age when her hopes, unless very sturdily indeed, must have become exceedingly attenuated.

To tell the truth and shame the devil, this lady was homely to an unusual degree. She was as

tall as a grenadier, as thin as a thread-paper, and with a physiognomy, a nose and chin particularly of the genuine Nuremberg nut-cracker pattern. I have seen a portrait of the worthy Mrs. Hubbard, who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, which was a striking likeness of her.

With all this masculine ugliness, and a voice like an old sea-dog hailing the weather yard arm in a gale of wind, Miss Polly affected an extreme degree of prudery, tenderness and softness. Wiggles had taken great pains to humor and flatter her, and she was supposed to look upon him with quite a favorable eye.

But our business at present is with the gentleman himself, and not with the lady. As I have already stated, he was leaning back in his arm-chair, fast asleep, while the "young ideas" around him were teaching themselves "how to shoot," after a fashion of their own. One enterprising urchin was doing the thing quite literally, and without a metaphor. He had provided himself with a little quill pop-gun, and was shooting potato pellets, at a mark, the mark being (the graceless scamp!) the open mouth of his respectable master. One of the little fragments entered that spacious cavernous receptacle—a "potato-trap" and no joke—but Wiggles did not wake; he quietly chewed and swallowed the raw potato, without opening his eyes, much to the amusement of the decency-forsaken little wretches.

Another curly-pated imp of mischief had stolen the teacher's hat and spectacles, and fixed them on the head of an uncommonly ugly dog, who had been seated on a chair directly opposite the seat of authority, as if he might have been an assistant professor. At that moment the canine dignity was unquestionably the wiser looking of the two.

Like many men famous for non intellectuality, Mr. Wiggles was a most profound and self-concentrated sleeper. In this instance, too, his hypnotic faculties were strengthened by having sat up the whole of the previous night, at a rustic merry making. Morpheus had captured him in the midst of the recitation of the spelling-class, the members of which were still standing around him.

These young disciples were now variously engaged in pursuits of which orthography certainly formed no component part. One was standing in front of him, making mouths at him, shaking his fist in his face, and performing sundry other valiant acts, of a similar nature. Another had borrowed a needle and thread from one of the girls, and was busily engaged in sewing his baggy pantaloons to the cushion which formed the seat of the chair; and the job, if not very artistically, was certainly very securely and effectually performed. A third had captured his switch, and cut it almost but not quite in two, in some twenty or thirty places, so that it would fall to pieces the moment he attempted to use it. A fourth had tied his feet together, so that when starting up to walk he would inevitably tumble over; etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*.

While all this was going on, I observed two larger boys stealing up behind the teacher, and performing some sort of an operation, I could not see what, about his head. It was not long, however, before I was fully enlightened, by seeing the teacher's fine head of hair suddenly fly up to the ceiling, and disappear among the joists, leaving a bare, bald pate, which glistened like a rain-washed pumpkin.

The boys, of course, had been engaged in facilitating the disengagement and ascent of the wig. The direct agent in the business, however, was a fish hook and line, manipulated by a recently expelled pupil, who had ensconced himself somewhere among the rafters, just above the teacher's head, and, from that "coign of vantage," operating through one of the many crevices in the ceiling, had brought about the terrible catastrophe.

Though I was far from having a favorable opinion of the stupid and tyrannical pedagogue, I had, nevertheless, been on the point of interfering in his behalf; but this ludicrous finale took me by surprise, and finding that it was too late, I quietly looked on, without any one being aware of my presence.

What a picture it would have made, the indescribably ridiculous combination of anger and half incredulous amazement portrayed in the countenance of the suddenly awakened Wiggles! He was evidently upon the point of bursting forth into a torrent of fierce oburgation, when a noise at the door attracted my attention, and the next

moment in walked—Miss Polly Velvet!

The depilation of the wigless Wiggles did not seem to strike Miss Polly just at first, nor in fact did he, in his excitement, notice her for a minute or two. As for the lady, she was apparently so much occupied with the idea of making a becoming appearance herself, that she did not observe the singularly unbecoming appearance of her admirer. The strange upstart of the school, too, was distracting her attention, and it was only when a little niece, who was with her, uttered a loud cry of astonishment, that she appeared to look particularly at Wiggles.

The kennel containing the moral sensibilities of the old field school teacher, as we have already intimated, was surrounded by so tough and thick a husk, that it was popularly believed that he had never known what embarrassment was in his life. One would think he had cause enough for it in this case, but if he felt anything of this sort he certainly did not show it, and I was still in doubt whether he had or had not noticed the apparition of Miss Polly.

His first impulse was to seize his favorite weapon, the switch; but he had hardly touched it, when it crumbled to pieces in his hand. This added new fuel to the fire of his wrath, and he sprang furiously from his seat. A terrible rending, ripping, and tearing of breeches, etc., etc., accompanied the movement, but he was apparently so much excited as to be unconscious of it. Hearing a great burst of laughter behind him, he wheeled about suddenly, and O, what a scene of wreck and ruin was there exposed!

Shout on shout of uncontrollable merriment now burst forth in every quarter. The laughter of one bright-eyed urchin in particular, seemed to sting Mr. Wiggles to the quick, and he prepared to reach him at a single stride, but his boots being tied together, the centre of gravity was quickly lost, and the luckless pedagogue was thrown violently forward, and would certainly have been precipitated upon his nose, if he had not fallen across a bench which lay in the way. While this was an advantage in breaking his fall, it was unfortunate upon the whole, for, while his head and shoulders sought the floor, the "wreck and ruin" aforesaid, was so elevated by the bench as to make it by far the most prominent object in this very curious but particularly undignified exhibition.

The whole affair had been the work of a moment. Miss Polly, having but an indistinct view of what was going on, thought it necessary to have recourse to her spectacles, and when I turned my eye from the teacher, I saw her peering through them most intently. She then stepped suddenly backwards, threw her hands into the air, and exclaimed, still gazing intently towards the bench, "Good gracious, Mr. Wiggles, what have you done with your hair?"

The scene beggars description, and we must now do what Miss Polly Velvet also eventually did with her virgin visage—draw a veil over it. The wig, I believe, was never found. The little wretch who abstracted it, and who had invited Miss Velvet to the school-house, in Mr. Wiggles's name, was no longer a pupil, and therefore beyond the teacher's reach.

What impression the affair left upon the mind of Miss Polly, I am not exactly prepared to say. All I know is that she still remains a singly blessed lady, while Wiggles is still the celibatarian autocrat of one of the last of the old field schools.

## INFANT MORTALITY IN AUSTRALIA.

Last April, I walked through the Melbourne Cemetery, and read on the headstones names of little children by the hundred. The day was one of the few in the month of April when the hot wind blows with clouds of dust. Finding a grave with reclining slab conveniently placed under the shelter of a tree, I shrank from the heat of the sun, and rested there. Presently a woman approached, whose sad face and dust-whitened mourning dress told me that she came hither not for curiosity, but from her great love to some among the dead. Without observing me, she hastened to a grave not far from where I sat: it was one of those which had arrested my attention, because, at the head, upon a simple tombstone, the deaths of four young children were recorded. I have witnessed many forms of grief over the dead, on land and far away upon the sea. But never before or since have I looked upon such agonizing grief and hopeless sorrow as was in the face of this poor woman beside the grave, which had four times opened and closed over the objects of her love. She bowed her head, and beholding the solitude unbroken, poured her tears over the tomb of her children.

—Dickens's Household Words.

The curious are not over-wise.—Massinger.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## Serenading the Captain's Daughter.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT owned the finest building in Wrightville, and that is saying something for the captain, when one takes into consideration the number of pretty edifices which adorned that redoubtable country village.

But Captain Wright had another advantage over common people, in the form of his daughter Jenny, one of the loveliest maidens the sun ever showered his rays (and freckles at the same time) upon.

Consequently, the captain was a man of power in the village, and his opinion was asked; and young men dropped in of an evening to talk politics with him, and profit by his superior knowledge and experience, they said. Strange, though, that said "knowledge and experience" should lie so nearly in the direction of Miss Jenny! But that such was the case was fully substantiated by the fact that these young gentlemen's visual organs were resting all the time upon the slender, white fingers which plied the needle so industriously out there in the corner.

Dozens of these same young men brought Jenny peppermints and striped candy, in the hope of winning her favor, but Jenny invariably gave the confectionary to her little sister Nancy, and turned the donors over to her father for entertainment. So it came about that the young men of Wrightville came to regard Jenny as beyond their reach, and wondered who would be the fortunate proprietor of herself and the broad acres which the captain would undoubtedly present to her on her marriage.

This question was speedily answered. Deacon Griggs took it into his head that a large dry goods store in the village wouldn't be a bad thing, and forthwith he commenced preparations for the erection of such a building. He brought the architect from Albany, and as it is only with this gentleman that we have to do, we must leave it to the reader's imagination to decide whether the deacon made a profitable thing of his enterprise.

John Woodward—that was the name of the architect—became acquainted with the captain, got invited to his home, saw Jenny, and was done for. He walked with her, rode with her, held her skeins of cotton to wind; perfectly coincided with the captain's views of the tariff question; petted Nancy, and praised Mrs. Wright's tansy-spotted cheese to the skies.

It all ended just as everybody had expected from the very beginning—Woodward in love, Jenny in love, the captain and his wife propitious; and finally, after three months' assiduous courtship, there was a wedding. All the good folks for miles around were bidden to the feast, and once there, they were regaled with the best of the housewife's skill. (Captain Wright's partner was celebrated for her culinary successes in no very small degree.)

The young men who had paid their devoirs to the pretty bride, pocketed their disappointment; professed their willingness to "wait for" Nancy Wright, the captain's youngest daughter; pronounced John Woodward the prince of good fellows; and then concluded among themselves that it was necessary to serenade the newly-wedded couple, to show that they entertained no hard feelings towards Jenny for "snubbing" them so unmercifully.

They met in conclave after the festivities were over, and fixed upon that day week for the performance of their grand musical sortie against the peace of Captain Wright, and that of the neighborhood generally.

There were about twenty in all of the embryo serenaders, and as the vicinity was not particularly noted for its harmonizing attainments, it was necessary to itinerate the country round about in search of harps long since hung upon the willows. The result of two days' efforts was, briefly—One broken-bridged fiddle, minus the bow; one banjo; one bass drum with the side stove in; two tin trumpets; four cow-bells; three dinner-bells; five strings of sleigh-bells; one asthmatic accordion, and the rest in tin pans and coffee-pots half filled with dry beans, for the sake of producing variation on the clangor of the other instruments.

A formidable appearance they presented; and dubious were the sounds which issued from Jim Gray's big barn when all met to practise. Old Aunt Kitty Clark described the effect as "on-

arily! Jest like the cymbals and tinklers they used to have in the time of David!" Aunt Kitty was an old maid—but not out of the market—and it was a little singular that she should own that her remembrance extended back to the days of the prophets.

The point of a joke of a serenade in the country, consists mainly in keeping the news of the intended entertainment (?) from those more immediately concerned; and it is usual upon such occasions for the serenaders to be regaled by those whom they have favored, with confections, apples, cider, etc. (This is the point of the joke to the "treated" party.)

Our friends, therefore, guarded their secret with the most jealous care, and as far as they knew, the eventful time arrived and the captain's folks were none the wiser.

The night was clear and cool—in fact, rather more than cool, for it was the month of January, and a deep snow upon the ground, and no little amount of frost in the air. Muffled up in cloaks, at the hour of midnight, the serenaders stole cautiously up the path leading to the captain's residence, and stationing themselves beneath the front windows, at a sign from their leader, the grand orchestra struck up.

Well, no doubt the music was excellent, but it failed to produce any visible effect on the inmates of the house. The unappreciated musicians blew, and rung, and ground, each on his particular instrument, but no friendly doors were thrown open to invite the half-frozen fellows to enter and partake of the good cheer for which the good captain's *menage* was proverbial. At length, from sheer exhaustion, the music ceased, and the performers rested on their implements.

"What in time's the matter in there, I wonder?" said John Smith wiping his moustache (John wore that appendage) with his purple cashmere gloves (bought on purpose), and glancing dubiously up at the closed front of the house as he spoke.

"Got a wonderful knack of sleeping, anyhow!" said Jerry Brown, "an earthquake would not shake their eyes open! No wonder they made a captain out of Wright, for he'd sleep as well in the mouth of a roaring cannon as anywhere! Small prospect of apples and cider to-night."

"Don't be impatient, my lads," said Tom Stickle, the leader of the band; "it takes time to do everything, even to waking up folks! You jest foller me round to the back side of the house. Mrs. Wright is nation particular, and taint at all likely she'd have her fore-room chambers slept in every night! I'll bet if we go round there we'll bring 'em up in short order!"

Softly and noiselessly, one by one, they followed Stickle to the back of the house, almost holding their breaths, lest the captain should discover them before the proper time.

"Easy, boys, easy!" called Tom, under his breath; "Don't wake 'em afore we get ready for 'em! And now let's station ourselves right under the window; I'll be —"

The sentence never was finished, for instantaneously the valiant Tom disappeared, as his companions thought, in a huge snow-drift. Bravely they rushed forward to the rescue, and each and all met the fate of their leader. They were gone from the face of the earth; nothing but a hole in the snow left to mark the spot where the brave men had fallen!

"Zounds!" yelled Tom Stickle, "where am I?"

"Yes! and where is all of us?" called out John Smith, from afar; "and where is Brown, and Jones and Robinson, and White, and Gray, and the rest of 'em?"

"Deuced if we know!" cried the voices of these worthies, in chorus.

"Well, if this aint a pretty kittle of fish!" said Tom, at length; "it's plain the serenade has fell through, and we with it! I wonder who planned this? Boys, have you any idea where we are?"

"Nary one, 'cept that we are in a tremendous dark hole somewhere! I'd like to know if it's anywhere in the neighborhood of the captain's cider barrels?"

"Can't say, Jerry; but it's sartain we're down. Spose'n we get up and feel round carefully; there must be a *let-out* somewhere, I should think!"

Then followed quite a lengthy period of scratching round the prison walls; and the result of the survey proved beyond dispute that our party were immured in a circular hole, some twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, with sides of rough gravel and sharp stones.

The depth of the place they had no means of determining, for the deep snow around the bottom had broken the force of the fall, and the slippery sides of their prison-house refused them foothold. A luminous idea penetrated John Smith's brain. It came out in words.

"Darned if I don't believe we've got into Captain Wright's well! The one he began to dig last fall, and left off because the water didn't come."

"True! I—didn't—think of—that," quoth Tom Stickle, thoughtfully, while his teeth chattered with the cold, "but I shouldn't wonder if you are right, John."

Here was a fix. Captain Wright's well was known all around the country as quite an extensive excavation, in the rear of his house, commenced at the urgent complaints of the women of the captain's family against water being so far from the kitchen. The scheme had not proved a very successful one; water did not appear so soon as the captain had anticipated, winter had set in before the necessary depth had been attained, and after the first few snows had fallen, the old gentleman decided that it was useless to prosecute the work farther at present, and had partly covered the aperture with boards. Through some opening in the uncertain platform our friends had fallen, and the accumulation of snow upon the bottom of the well alone saved them from injury, if not death.

Thinking it all over, they fully realized their disadvantageous predicament. The well was by no means a comfortable abiding place; the cold was intense, the darkness palpable, and the entire situation of things disheartening. Very plainly there was no method of escape except through the use of a ladder, and unfortunately this little article could not be obtained without the friendly co-operation of some one out of the party, as well as out of the hole.

It would be exceedingly humiliating to be obliged to call on the captain for assistance, and thus reveal the secret of the honor they had intended to do him; and it would be mortifying in the first degree for the fair Jenny to behold them in such a plight! But, humiliation was better than freezing; and the captives held a consultation touching the course to be adopted, and decided that it was best to hallo for help. Tom Stickle was appointed to make the trial.

"Halloo-oo-oo-oo!" called out Tom, straining his lungs to their utmost, and bursting off a half-dozen vest buttons at the same time.

There was no answer, and Tom tried again and again, till he fairly gave out, and the others took up the strain. Such a Babel that old well had never dreamed of, and its dim corners echoed and re-echoed back the uncanny sounds. Still no reply, and the unfortunate serenaders sat down for a little rest, and to "compare notes."

Tom Stickle had a bad pain in his left shoulder; "guessed he'd hit against the rocks somewhere," Sam Jones wondered what made his nose feel so queer; Bill Johnson had torn the greater part of his inexpressibles off against a flint-stone; and John Smith, finding his moustache safe, did not think it worth while to tell his friends that the most of the skin on his right leg had "peeled off."

After a brief respite from labor, they halloped again, with the same effect. No one heard, it was to be presumed, for no one came to the rescue. Worn out, and despairing, the unlucky young men cursed the captain, his well, his daughter and her husband, the whole world, including themselves, and their musical instruments. After this natural obdullity of feeling, they felt better, and getting drowsy over their ill luck they crept up close together for mutual warmth and protection, and fell asleep.

It was morning when they woke—at least, so they judged by the faint light which stole in from afar up in the roof of their dungeon. Immediately they renewed their shouts, for they hoped that the captain had opened his eyes by this time, and they sadly felt the need of a little breakfast.

In vain they shouted, the echoes only announced the cry—no human voice from the world they had left called out after them, bidding them take comfort, for help was nigh. They exerted themselves to be heard, until strength and courage failed together; and hoarse, weak and exhausted, they one after another sank upon the snow, completely (to use John Smith's expression), "used up."

Poor fellows! they were most devoutly to be pitied, for, but for some special interposition of Providence, they seemed doomed to die a most un-

romantic and inglorious death, in the captain's old well. The day wore slowly on, and brought no change in their condition. Many and fruitless were their attempts to climb out by the sides, for the loose gravel gave way under their feet like egg shells, and only subjected them to suffering from another fall on each successive trial. Another night passed, and still no relief.

In the meantime the neighborhood was alive with alarm. The friends of the twenty young men, unable to account for their absence, were plunged in fear and apprehension. Fool play was imagined, and there was a great commotion in the usually quiet village of Wrightville.

"The oldest inhabitant" declared that such a thing had never happened in the course of all his observation; the minister lifted up his hands in horror, the young and pretty girls wept and tore their hair, and there was a "fuss" generally; but nobody thought to go near the old well.

The search for the missing ones was prosecuted with vigor. Duck ponds were cut open and dragged, thickets examined, out-buildings ransacked, fortune tellers consulted, and prayers offered.

In the midst of the confusion, Captain Wright appeared upon the scene, and as he was a man of undoubted sagacity, his opinion and advice were asked. The captain didn't know what to think. He had been out of town with his whole family for three days past, he said; "guessed he'd go home and talk it over with mother, perhaps she could advise 'em something about it."

So the captain went home, to find his house a scene of fright and consternation. His wife was hid in the China closet, and his daughter Jenny had put down all the window curtains and crept under the bed. On prolonged inquiry, the captain learned that they had been frightened by the dreadful sounds they had heard proceeding from the old well, at the back of the house—groans, shrieks and yells, terrible enough, Mrs. Wright said, to come from the tongue of Satan himself! The captain waited to hear no more, but rushed out, amid the frenzied entreaties of his wife and daughter, and without ado, tore off the boards which covered the well.

"Hallo!" he cried, "who's down there?"

"All of us!" returned a faint, far-away voice, and the captain knew that he need not talk the matter over with "mother," for the lost sheep were found.

The captain hastened down to the village, and called up some of his neighbors; and by the assistance of ladders and ropes, the hungry, jaded, crest fallen musicians were drawn up. They left their harps behind them, for they needed no other reminder of the past two nights' exploits than was afforded by a glimpse into the little oval looking-glass over the captain's mantel.

Tom Stickle was a sight to behold; dirt, ice, blood, and blue ink (Tom was a poet, and always carried a bottle of blue ink in his pocket to write sonnets), struggled for the mastery over his complexion. Sam Jones' nose had evidently received a hard bump in going down, for it was swollen and discolored until it resembled nothing else on earth but a good-sized Ruta Baga turnip. Bill Johnson's inexpressibles were ruined; and Mrs. Wright gave him her long blue apron while he ate his supper, because the rest of the boys laughed at his yellow flannel drawers.

The captain made the whole company stop to tea; and afterwards harnessed up his three stout horses into the big wood-sled, and carried each of the serenaders to his home.

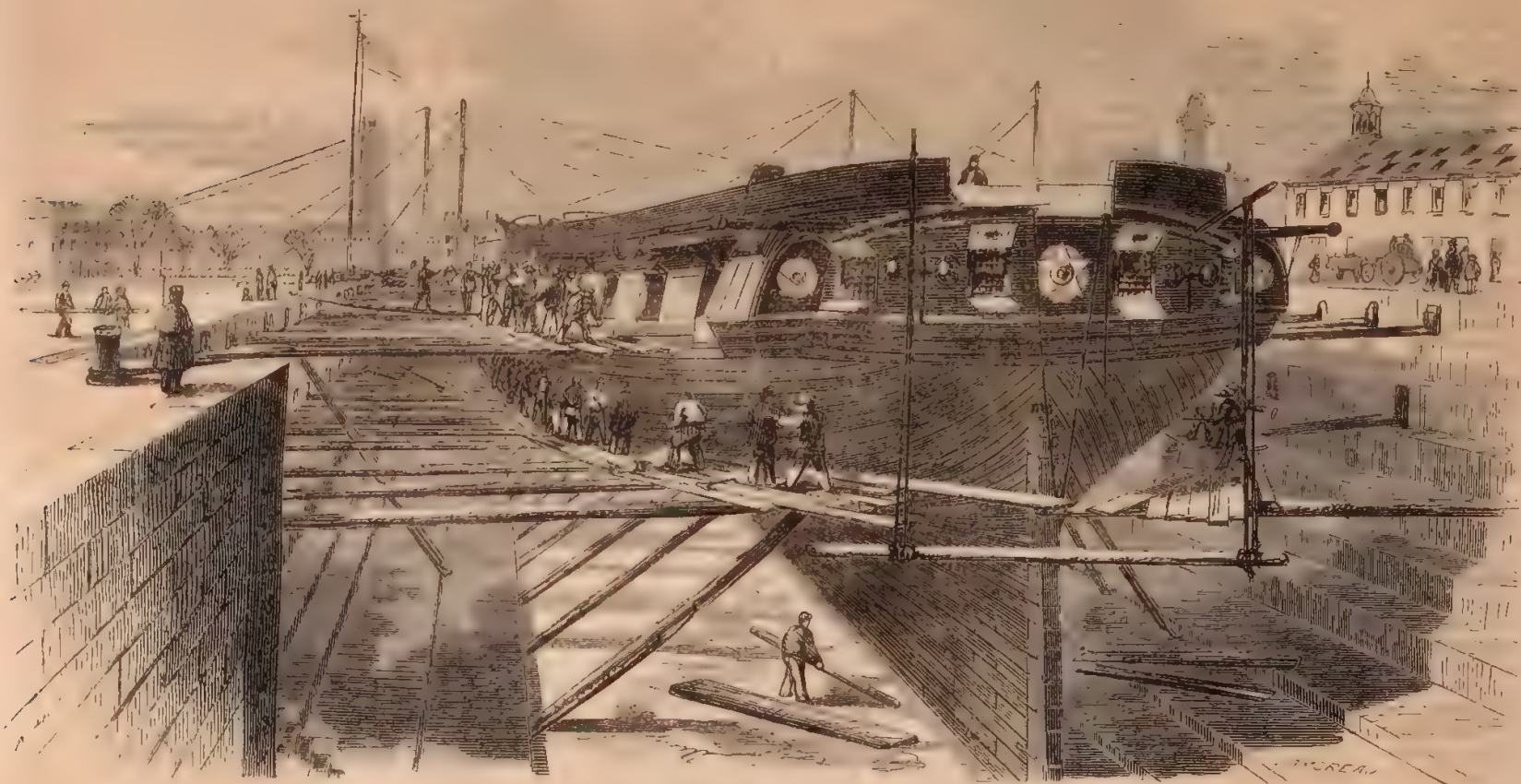
There was great rejoicing in Wrightville over the return of the lost young gentlemen; and some people pretend to say that the tall liberty-pole, which looks down on the village from the little eminence on the Common, was erected in commemoration of the event. We don't pretend to know about that.

There was never another serenade attempted in Wrightville; and in the spring the captain filled up the well, leaving the musical instruments at the bottom, by the express wish of their owners.

## A PRINCELY MONK.

A curious book has been forwarded from Munich to Dr. C. C. Cailliez, in Paris. The book is the work of Prince Charles, of Darmstadt, compelled by his father to enter a monastery in order to secure the paternal estates to the eldest son. Prince Charles lived in the greatest solitude, even for a monk—scarcely ever leaving his cell, and always occupied in the severest study; the object of that study is revealed at his death. He has left behind him a complete theory of the doctrine of chances, which he calls the "Affinites of Numbers," and which he proves that numbers have their sympathies as well as plants and animals.—*Hans Journal*





THE U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR CONSTELLATION, IN THE DRY DOCK, CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

**U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR CONSTELLATION.**

The accompanying engraving representing the United States sloop-of-war Constellation, as she appeared in the dry-dock, Charlestown navy-yard, is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, the marine draughtsman and painter. The drawing of the vessel and her surroundings, is accurate—every particular and detail. The Constellation is associated with the story of our naval triumphs, and has borne the stars and stripes triumphantly in battle and breeze for many a long year. Yet, in point of fact, she is changed in everything but name, for probably very few, if any, of her original timbers remain. A ship that remains long in the service has to submit to these inevitable changes, just as a man in his life-time goes through a series of physical transformations. Yet her good name remains, and that to a ship as well as to a man, is all-in-all. The Constellation was rebuilt in

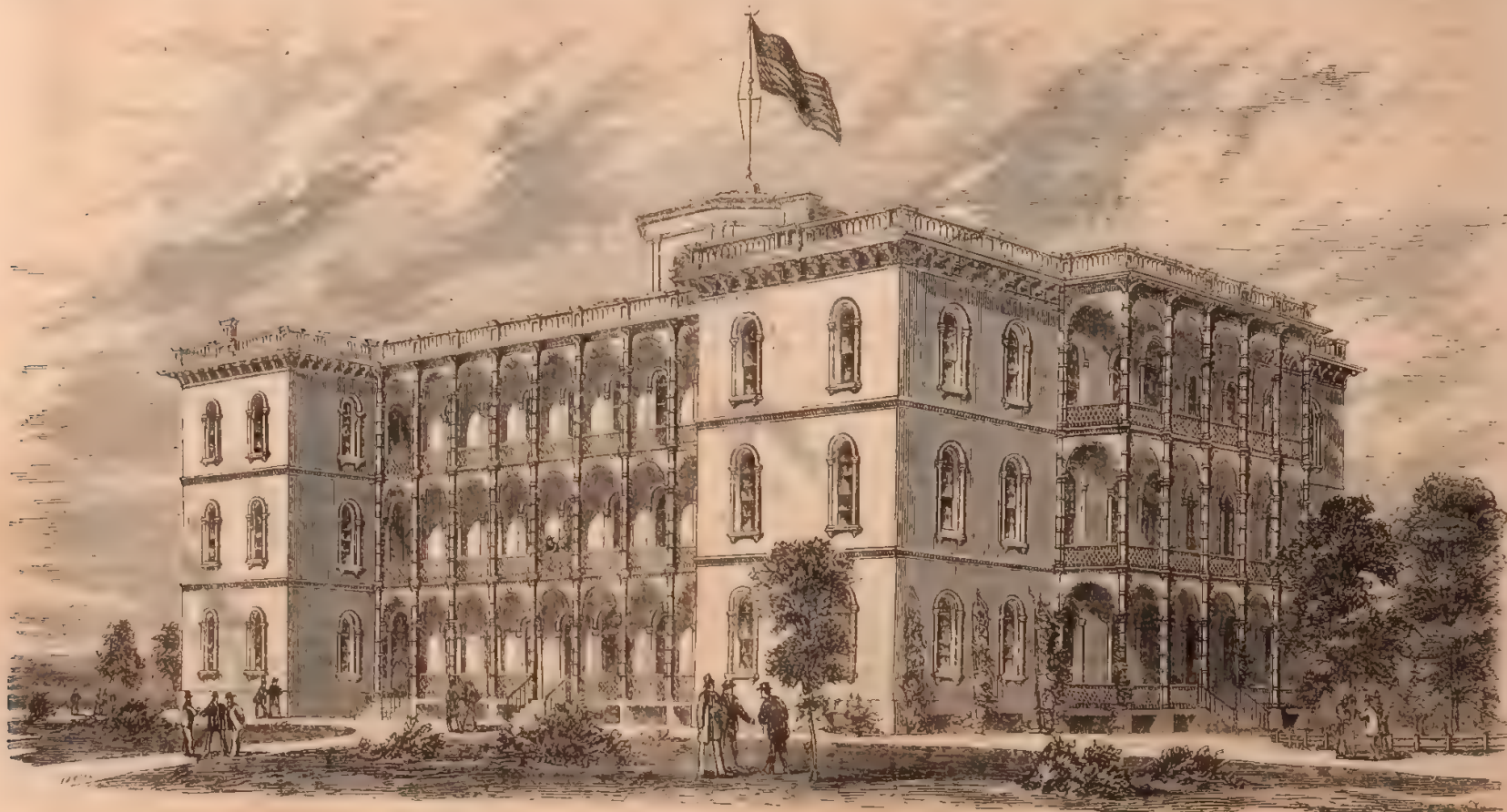
Norfolk in 1854, and the same year sailed for the Mediterranean, where she attracted much attention in all the ports she visited. She has just been thoroughly repaired at Charlestown, and will soon be again at sea. Her actual measurement is 1492 tons. Her armament, at present, consists of two ten-inch pivot-guns, sixteen eight-inch shell-guns, and four 32-pounders, enough to make her heard and felt, if she is again called on to speak. The sight of this vessel carries us back to 1812, when, it may be said, without exaggeration, that we improvised a navy, and that, too, to cope with a power claiming the empery of the seas. The manner in which our navy was then built, equipped, officered, manned, sailed and fought, has become a matter of historical record. It is in no vaunting spirit that we refer to these achievements, but as a subject of honorable pride and of encouragement to patriotic hearts. The war of 1812 gave this country the crowning war-

link that she lacked, in a succession of victories upon the ocean, as splendid and brilliant as were ever achieved on land; and if for a series of years our flag has floated unchallenged, and our navy enjoyed but few opportunities of winning new laurels, it is to be attributed to the wholesome terror itself has created.

**U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASS.**

We present on this page a fine view of the United States Marine Hospital at Chelsea, Mass., drawn and engraved expressly for us from a photograph by Messrs. Whipple & Black of this city. It is a fine building, and perfectly well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. The architect was Mr. Ammi B. Young of this city. It was built in 1857, at an expense of \$200,000, which is nearly if not fully covered by the proceeds of the sales of land on which the former hospital stood, in the heart of

the city of Chelsea. The old hospital had been for years incommensurate, and insufficient for the accommodation of American sailors, who, be it remembered, are not quarantine patients, but have deducted from their wages twenty cents a month each, to entitle them to be received, when needing medical attendance. Moreover, the site of the old hospital, as a dense population had sprung up around it, had become an improper one, while the land had risen in value, and the space was demanded by the growth of Chelsea. The new edifice at the present time contains 140 patients. The annual expense is about \$20,000, and the hospital money collected from seamen at this port, amounts to about \$18,000 a year. The officers are a surgeon, who is also superintendent, a house physician, apothecary, attendants, nurses, etc. Dr. C. A. Davis, a thoroughly educated and excellent man, has filled the office of surgeon and superintendent since 1853.



THE NEW UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA, MASS.



## THE "CATARACT OF THE GANGES."

Mr. Barry's bold experiment of bringing out a spectacle at the Boston Theatre, developing the entire resources of this splendid establishment, with its vast stage, extensive machinery, and excellent company, has been crowned with complete success. The public of Boston and its vicinity has responded generously to his liberality and enterprise, and the result is to be seen in overflowing houses and an overflowing treasury. We might almost say that the spectacle in front of the curtain is as brilliant as the spectacle on the stage. As the vehicle of his splendid scenery and displays, Mr. Barry wisely selected the "Cataract of the Ganges," a piece first produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and written by Moncrieff, a dramatist of great tact, versatility and originality, one of the few British playwrights of his day who did not live on the brains of French authors. Generally speaking, the libretto of these show-pieces is the sorriest trash, fit only for the mental pabulum of "feeble-minded and idiotic youth." But the play under consideration is not without merit. The plot is interesting, and skillfully wrought out, and the various striking and contrasted scenes are naturally linked together. The play has ever been a favorite, though, as hitherto produced, horses have been considered the principal attraction. It was first brought out in this city at the old Washington Garden Amphitheatre, at the corner of West and Tremont Streets, on a stage of moderate capacity, and with ordinary scenery and dresses.

The engraving below, from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Champney, at the theatre. In this scene there are thirty or forty horses (the whole of Mr. Nixon's stud), on the stage at once, covered with splendid trappings, and carolling under the spur and bit. The horses which draw the chariot are fiery and spirited, and come dashing down towards the parquette at a furious rate, but are checked and wheeled in a short space, with the most admirable dexterity, being driven by Mr. Edward Backenstose. The effect of this whole scene is truly wonderful. It is completely illusory, so much so, that the spectator forgets where he is seated, and seems wafted away to the enchanted East. The splendid costumes are all correct as well as magnificent, and were prepared expressly for this piece by Mr. Howell. Other striking scenes are the "Exterior of the Temple of Juggernaut," and the "Sanctuary of Brahma" in the interior of the Temple.

The piece closes with a magnificent tableau—a cataract of real water pouring down over precipitous rocks. Up this cataract Zamine, to escape a fearful doom, dashes at the full speed of her horse in the midst of a battle of horse and foot, crowned by the victory of her friends. The most complete effect is afforded to these various tableaux, by the great size and height of the stage, and the perfect working of the machinery by J. A. Johnson. Nor must we omit to mention, in connection with the complete mounting of the drama, the properties furnished by Mr. Dasey. In a word, the play has been brought

then offers her the alternative of becoming his, or of being burned alive in the sacred wood. She again spurs the false priest, and he gives the signal for lighting the funeral pile. But at this moment, Iran, a young warrior (Mr. Lingham), a lover of Zamine, followed by his troops, appears and obtains possession of the lady. But their enemies appear in overwhelming numbers, apparently cutting off all retreat. Iran then abandons his horse and engages in combat with the Brahmin and imperial troops, while Zamine springs on the horse and escapes up the cataract, the only path open. Poetical justice decrees the defeat of the emperor, the death of the Brahmin, and the reunion of the lovers, and the curtain falls on a perfectly satisfactory denouement. Such is the brief sketch of a play which must be seen by every one who admires splendid scenery, superb dresses, fine horses, exciting action, and vivid pictures of the gorgeous East.

## VIRTUES OF CRINOLINE.

The Philadelphia Bulletin points out the following advantages resulting from the use of crinoline:—"It frees woman from a needless weight of skirts, strengthens the system by exposure to cold, and aids manufactures; stimulates the whale fishery, improves figures, displays ankles to a delirious extent, and gives editors subjects for articles. All things considered, we see no great reason to grieve over the institution. It is not every fashion which develops so much or such varied industry as crinoline."

## AN OPEN POLAR SEA.

We believe, says the Providence Post, in an open Polar Sea almost as confidently as we believe in a North Pole. It was just this Polar Sea and nothing else which was discovered by one of the companions of Dr. Kane in his last Arctic voyage; and this single fact, if no other testimony could be brought to support the idea, would be sufficient for our faith. That open water, covering a space beyond the reach of human vision, was found far north of the solid ice in which Kane's vessel lay embedded for two whole years, is undeniable. It is also true that the explorers at this point found all the indications of a milder climate than was experienced farther south, and heavy north winds, blowing for days and probably weeks together, brought no ice to the shores which they explored. These facts are enough for us. They convince us that the Polar Sea is open, constantly open, and that it may be, and probably will be explored. Indeed we are not over-confident that Kane would not have reached it with his little brig, if he had been a few weeks earlier in Smith's Sound. Undoubtedly the passage to it, by way of this strait, is occasionally open.

Dr. Hayes, who accompanied Dr. Kane, and who is probably the only survivor of that expedition competent to the task, proposes to reach and explore this Polar Sea, and is now lecturing in our large cities in aid of his enterprise. Very recently his project has received favor from a source which cannot fail to procure for it the



SCENE FROM "THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

That was before the days of Coehutuato, and consequently the "Cataract of the Ganges" was only "a rill from a town pump." It has been "done" elsewhere in various styles, but never with the liberal outlay and splendid effects now lavished on it at the Boston. We look upon its production by Mr. Barry as a *coup d'état*, and forming quite an era in the theatrical annals. The scenery by Messrs. Hayes and Selwin is not only brilliant and effective, but correct—authentic paintings and drawings have been procured as the basis of the actual scenes represented, as, for instance, the "Hindoo Temple and sacred Mount of Cambay." The whole piece is a succession of splendid tableaux. It opens with a most striking one—a field of battle by moonlight, after an engagement, covered with dead and dying, Mahomedan and Hindoo soldiers and horses, with the ruins of the city of Amedabad burning in the distance. The grand display of the first act is the procession of Sepoy troops, Jahrejahs and Jallahs, with magnificent and characteristic costumes, arms and banners, the emperor of Delhi and grandees of his court, Brahmin priests, slaves bearing nuptial presents, the princess of Delhi in a palanquin borne by slaves, a full military band and escort of cavalry. Finally, Mokarra, the grand Brahmin of the Jahrejah tribe (E. L. Davenport), and Zamine, daughter of the Rajah (Mrs. E. L. Davenport), appear in a splendid chariot drawn by eight blooded horses, dashing up a steep ascent at full gallop. It is this feature of the piece which is represented in

out in a style, we hesitate not to say, never equalled on this side of the Atlantic, and only paralleled by the spectacles of the great theatres of Paris. The interest of the piece hinges on the fortunes of Zamine, the child of Jam Sahib, Rajah of Gazerat (Mr. F. J. Horton). Zamine is the daughter of the Rajah, but to save her from the consequences of a law dooming the female children of the sovereign to death, has been brought up as a prince, dressed in male habiliments and educated as a boy. The offer of the emperor of Delhi to bestow the hand of his daughter, the princess Dessa, on the child of the Rajah, produces the discovery of Zamine's sex. The emperor, on this, renews the war with the Rajah, while Mokarra, the high priest, bears Zamine off to the temple. Meanwhile the schemes of this villain are foiled by Jack Robinson (Setchell), the comic character of the piece. Jack is a humorist, his principal hobby being a passion for Robinson Crusoe. Defoe's immortal novel is his text book, which he produces and consults on every occasion of difficulty. He dresses, like his prototype, in goat skins, carries an umbrella, a couple of guns, has a dog, cat and parrot, and only one great grief, that he has never been shipwrecked. Robinson conceals himself in the temple, where he overhears the plots of Mokarra, and is a witness to his attempt to win her love. He then makes an effort to release Zamine, but is foiled by Mokarra and the Brahmins, and barely escapes with his life. With Zamine completely in his power, Mokarra

## WOMAN.

Woman, woman! truly thou art a miracle. Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wings, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the fires of her heart—and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her, as in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing—her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bad full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but united in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens

consideration of scientific men. Professor Agassiz speaks in favor of it, and offers an almost irresistible argument in support of the theory upon which it is based. In a letter written to a prominent gentleman in Philadelphia he says:

"I beg to add a word with regard to Dr. Hayes's expedition. I consider it as highly important, not only in a scientific point of view, but particularly so for the interest of the whale fisheries. The organization of these huge inhabitants of the ocean seems to me to furnish the most direct proof that there is an open sea in the Arctic. The whales being warm-blooded air-breathing animals, must come to the surface to breathe. They cannot live without it. Now it is well known that during the winter they are not found outside—that is, to the south of the ice belt of the Arctic seas. They retreat northward during the cold season, and if the whole expanse of that Arctic sea was covered with ice, they would necessarily perish during the long winter. I do not know a more direct evidence of the presence of extensive open water in the northernmost regions of the globe, than the mode of life of the whales. . . . The argument may not strike forcibly one who is not acquainted with the structure of the whale, but to a physiologist it must be irresistible."

He that is proud, eats himself up; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.—Shakespeare.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Peasant-Soldier of La Garde.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE long summer afternoon was beginning to lengthen its shadows in the day's decline, and the steeple of the little church and the tall trees caught the radiance of the sun bright west, and gave back the golden coloring in a flood of sunset beauty. The little village of La Garde, sloping down to the southwest, was bathed in the yellow glow; and the rural portion of the inhabitants had come out of doors to enjoy the coolness of the coming twilight.

Around the door of one of the cottages a troop of bright-eyed children were playing soldiers. The eldest, a boy of about seven years of age, was enlisting his brother of five, a sister of three, the baby of perhaps eighteen months, and lastly, a little dog which he had taught to stand on his hind legs. These he had ranged up against the wall, and was teaching them the exercises which he had witnessed that morning by the soldiers on parade. The baby crowed and laughed, and the dog gave an occasional howl not at all favorable to military dignity; but the quiet self-possession of the others was a rare thing to see. Not a smile disturbed the quiet importance of their little faces; and the eldest gave his word of command with the precision of a trained officer.

After going through the evolutions for some time, during which he frequently descended from his dignity to blow a penny whistle, or to beat a miniature drum, the company was dismissed, greatly to the satisfaction of its weaker members. The military banquet of milk and a species of biscuit was then held in the little porch, and the father and mother patted their little cheeks, and called them brave and heroic, and chanted together a stave or two of a battle song. Little, however, did they imagine how its notes thrilled through the little heart of their son. Even then the germ of his future was formed. Who can tell whence drop the seeds from which we grow into what we are!

Over and over again, in the course of that bright summer, the same scene was acted. The uncommon beauty of the child-leader attracted the attention of all who passed the little cabin; and certainly a king might have gloried in such a son. Already his manner was invested with a peculiar grace, that seemed to have had its origin in courts, while his face was one that once seen, would not be forgotten. Not for the rosy freshness of childhood, for little Paulin Iscalin was pale; but for the high brow and deeply flashing eyes, the firm mouth and the strange beauty of features and expression combined. Tall of his age, and straight as an arrow, with an air that seemed born to command, the boy would have been distinguished amidst a thousand of his own age and size.

Peasant as he was, unlearned and unskilled in human nature, Pierre Iscalin could not but look with pride upon the beautiful boy; and, insensibly, ambition grew up in his breast, that Paulin might achieve something great and wonderful for the family name. He, surely, was not born with all this beauty and this inexplicable superiority to those around him, to spend his days in the low cabin which had not even the common charm of picturesqueness. No! Paulin was born for greater destiny, for larger life—and the boy's talents, whatever might be their tendency, were obvious enough even to the untaught father.

On one of those evenings of sun-bright beauty, when the child was in the full flush of his military exploits, a stranger was looking on with wondering eyes upon the remarkable beauty and the strange bearing of the little peasant. He drew near to the delighted peasant and his wife, who were watching, with glistening eyes, the movements of Paulin, and made inquiries about the boy, that gained their attention at once.

"A brave boy, indeed!" said the stranger, who was dressed in the garb of a soldier; "he should be trained for a soldier's life, *mon ami*. You will do the boy grievous wrong to set him down here among your neighbors' sons, to tend vines or become a laborer of any sort. Look, how bold and manly is every movement. Give him to me. I will adopt him, and some day you shall see him what he ought to be."

"Thanks, friend," answered Pierre; "but you little know a father's feelings, or you would not ask him for his child. Besides, even if I

could bear to part with little Paulin, here is Suzette, who would fight like a lioness if I but ventured to hint such a thing. Would you not, Suzette?" he continued, turning to the young and pretty mother of the boy.

She smiled, as if the subject was impossible to be discussed at all; and then, running up to the boy, she threw her arms around him and bore him off to the cabin, as if suddenly feeling that he might be stolen from her.

The child innocently questioned her meaning, and she told him what had been said. He struggled from her, and ran out to inspect the stranger, whom in the excitement of his sport he had not noticed.

The dress he wore, and the glittering weapons he carried, seized upon the boy's fancy; and he urged his father with all the unstudied eloquence of childhood, and with many tears, to allow him to accompany his new friend.

"What I leave me and your mother, and the children too, Paulin?" asked Pierre, unable to take in such an improbable fact.

The stranger whispered to the child, and he then ran into his father's arms, saying:

"Would you not like to see your little Paulin come back a grand general? Look, *mon pere*, when I am a man I will come in clothes like this gentleman's, and with a sword by my side like this."

And with a confiding look at the stranger, he drew from his side the heavy sword and showed it to Pierre, who was almost sick from contending emotions. The stranger stepped forward and laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder. "Look, *mon ami*! It is no idle offer that I make you. The boy pleases me. I am an independent man in many things. I have no children of my own. My profession has hitherto been wife, children, *all* to me. I am a corporal in his majesty's guard; and I hope I may say, without vanity, I am a brave and well-approved soldier. I will take your boy, place him at once at the military school, provide for all his expenses, and you shall see him as often as you choose. I will furnish you with the means to visit him, and once a year he shall spend a few days with you. You can find the proof of my statements in regard to myself, very easily, by applying to any military man in his majesty's service. Now do you hesitate? Remember you make or mar the child's fortune by this hour's decision."

Pierre went in to talk to Suzette, who, after all, was less hard to persuade to the parting than her husband. She was dazzled at the prospect of her son's destiny; and then, how much he could do for the others! So she suffered her maternal ambition to prevail, and went out to have another look at the man who was to take charge of such a treasure.

There was a manly, heartsome look in Corporal Massot's clear and calm eye, that re-assured the mother's heart; and in a few moments all was arranged—the child showing no rude or noisy joy, but a manly regret at leaving his parents and the children, mingled with his evident pleasure at going with his new friend.

The next day he was taken away by Massot, who brought a full equipment of mimic war weapons for the younger members of Paulin's little regiment. But the ruling spirit was absent; and no more warlike displays were beheld around the cabin door. The children fell back upon the more common-place amusements of their age, and military ardor was only remembered in connection with Paulin.

Meantime, the noble little fellow showed himself worthy of the love and care of the good Massot. He went from the military school to active service, in which he distinguished himself so successfully, that, while young, he was advanced to the grade of captain. His courage and bravery were almost unexampled; and in his highest moments of success he never forgot his humble origin, nor what he owed to his early patron. After he became a captain of infantry, his extraordinary nerve and capacity became known to the king (Francis I.), and he was selected by him to perform a mission which required all Paulin Iscalin's skill and courage.

The crooked policy of Francis towards the Turkish Sultan, Solymán, in regard to the Venetians, had made it necessary for him to allay the suspicions of the latter by sending Caesar Fregora, a knight of the order of Saint Michael, and Antoine Rincon, a gentleman of his bed chamber, as ambassadors to the sultan. Both were murdered by order of that cruel, arch-fiend, the Marquis Del Guasto; and the dangerous and fearful post of successor to the murdered Rincon

was entrusted to the youthful captain, Paulin Iscalin.

Zeal, caution and skill enabled him to perform this mission successfully. He broke down all Solymán's prejudices against the king's departure from good faith—exerted all his power of flattery to which the sultan was so susceptible; and induced him to send Barbarossa—his high admiral and king of Algiers—to the coast of Italy, with injunctions to obey the counsels of Francis.

With all the full blown honors of his enterprise fresh upon him, the youthful captain returned from his embassy to receive from the hands of the grateful monarch the signet of nobility.

With that graceful turn at compliment which distinguished Francis, he created him Baron de La Garde, after his birth-place; and the peasant boy of that humble village went forth from the royal presence with a new brilliancy upon his life, which, though it might enhance his value among men, could not add one gem to the native nobility of the man.

In the little cabin of the Iscalins time had brought little or no change, except in the growth of the children. These had prospered, in a humble way it is true, but in one which brought contentment and peace. The parents, too, were quietly declining into the downhill of life. From afar, many almost fabulous accounts of the beloved Paulin had, from time to time, reached their ears; but it was now long since they had heard from him. The Turkish mission had left him no time for the amenities of kindred intercourse.

On the little grass-plot that bordered the cabin door-way, and beneath the great tree that Paulin had planted when he went away, in accordance with a wish of his mother, who held the then slender twig while his little hands filled in the earth around it, the old couple were seated in their wicker arm-chairs.

It was just such an evening as that of which they were thinking—that one of long, long ago, and the image of Paulin in his mimic regimentals was uppermost in their thoughts.

In the distance horses' hoofs rang upon the rough road beyond, growing less and less faint. They approached nearer and nearer, and while Pierre and Luzette were watching to see the show, whatever it might be, as it should pass the turn of the road, they saw the horsemen ride directly up to the door. The noble animals pranced and curvetted, and their old eyes were growing dim; and it was not until one of the riders had dismounted, thrown himself at their feet, and uttered the magic words "*Mon Pere! Ma Mere!*" that they recognized the beloved Paulin. Tears stood in the eyes of Massot, who had accompanied him, as he witnessed the scene—the noblest one perhaps in the career of Paulin Iscalin.

## LOCOMOTIVES.

In 1830 there was only one scientific man in all England who believed that a locomotive "would work"—had a sufficient hold on the rails to move a train. That man was Mr. Stephenson, the father of English railroads. Some people recommended working the cars, along the line, by water power. Some proposed hydrogen, others carbonic acid, others atmospheric pressure. One urged a plan for a greased road with cog rails; various kinds of steam power were suggested; and the directors were wholly unable to choose between the conflicting schemes. At length the subject was referred to a select committee of engineers, who reported in favor of fixed engines in preference to locomotive power. Here was the result of all George Stephenson's labors? The two best practical engineers of the day concurred in reporting against the employment of the locomotive. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found to coincide with him in his preference for locomotive over fixed engine power. Stephenson, however, was a man of back bone, and would not be "poo-pooed" out of court. He fought for the locomotive against the world. He went in for a free fight, and came out victor. He built the "Rocket," an engine that not only "went," but which did fifteen miles an hour with a train of "eight wagons" to it. Think of this, and don't allow yourself to be "coughed down" when you know you are right. Perseverance and resolution will overcome the most powerful opposition.

## SYMPATHY.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honors of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those too are Alexanders."—*Souvestre*.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUNNAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the gather-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of The Flag of our Union, together, \$3.50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C.—As we have often said, if you can write a good hand you can learn to draw, the principles being the same. But it is one thing to draw correctly, and another to draw artistically.

E. L.—A solution of nice white gum arabic dissolved in water makes an excellent map-variety. You can buy the powdered gum arabic at any apothecary's.

H. H.—The word *di-nood* has three syllables, the pronunciation is therefore plain.

JUVENILS.—The "fish and ink" trick is a very amusing one, and Signor Blitz showed us how to perform it. You bring before the spectators a glass vase, full of ink. Dip a hole into it, and pour out some of the ink upon a plate in order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with pure water, in which a couple of gold fish are swimming. This apparent impossibility is performed as follows: To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladies have a hollow handle, with an opening into the bowl. In the handle is a spoonful or so of ink, which runs into the bowl when it is held downwards during the act of dipping it into the vase.

THEATRE.—Wood, the vocalist, was hissed off the stage in New York. It would occupy too much space to relate all the particulars.

REMARK.—Bangor, Me.—The disastrous battle of Pavia was fought in 1525, between Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and Francis I. of France. The latter was taken prisoner. Robertson's History of Charles V. is written with great facility and elegance of style, but Robertson was incapable of research, and his details are often inaccurate.

SOUTH BRITAIN.—The late Mrs. G. H. Barrett was first married to Drummond, an actor at the Federal Street Theatre.

AMSTER.—The opera of "Koolanthe" was written by Balfe.

"CITIZEN-SOLDIER." Albany, N. Y.—During excessive severe weather the sentries at the citadel, Quebec, were relieved every fifteen minutes.

BOOKKEEPER.—In writing a receipt for money, you should say received from a person, not of him.

## A WORD ABOUT GIANTS.

It is very common, in the works of early writers, to find accounts of giants of the most extraordinary description. A natural tendency to the marvellous is manifested by the human mind, in every situation and condition of life. This tendency gives full sway to the imagination, in the absence of accurate knowledge, and carries away both writer and reader. Hence all early travellers see wonders in new countries, which become no wonders at all, when carefully examined and described by those who follow them. The first European visitors to America saw many things with which to astonish the world; but their successors found the dimensions of these wonderful curiosities to be greatly reduced. Thus Garcillaso de Vega, in his history of Peru, tells us of a company of giants who came there in a boat, who were so tall that the natives could only reach to their knees; that their eyes were as large as common-sized plates, and their whole frame proportionately large. Another, who measured several of the corpses, says he found them to be from fourteen to fifteen feet high. This was, of course, mere exaggeration; yet extravagant as it seems, it is in reality, very moderate when compared with the narratives of more ancient writers, such as Homer, Pliny, and the Jewish Rabbies. Jonathan ben Uzziel, for instance, in his Targum concerning Og, the king of Bashan, spoken of in Numbers 21:34, represents that personage as tearing up a mountain six miles at its base, and carrying the same on his head, to bury up the camp of the Israelites. The same writer describes Moses as being ten cubits, or seventeen and a half feet in height, as swinging an axe ten cubits long, and as leaping ten cubits high.

But there can be no question that giants have existed in almost every country, though the accounts of these early writers be regarded as fabulous. The fact appears to be, that there never was any race of giants, but single instances of extraordinarily large men, never, according to any authentic account, exceeding ten feet in height, however. These persons of great size were individual rarities among their own people; and there are records of such, both among ancient and modern nations. Goliath of Gath was nine feet high, as was also one of the Roman emperors. A human skeleton was dug up near St. Albans, in England, from beside an urn marked Marcus Autouinus, which measured eight feet in length. Dr. Adam Clarke measured a skeleton found in Ireland, which was eight feet six inches; and a human thigh-bone was taken out of a stone coffin in Devonshire, which indicated



a height of eight feet nine inches. In the vicinity of Winchester, in the eastern part of Indiana, skeletons ten feet in height have recently been discovered beneath one of the mysterious earth-mounds which exist there; and other remains of gigantic men have occasionally been dug up in the western country. Some tribes of the present race of Patagonia, in South America, present the tallest specimen of the human family of a character not exceptional. Capt. Bourne describes the men of one tribe which he saw, as averaging six and a half feet in height, and having broad shoulders, full and well developed chests, and muscular and well proportioned frames. The tallest among them measured seven feet. These are probably the giants of the early Spanish writers.

#### A CORONER'S VERDICT.

In an old Boston paper called the Evening Post, published November 14th, 1774, we find an account of a suicide committed by a sailor named Richard Cuitt. A coroner's jury was summoned to investigate the case, and brought in the following verdict, which we copy verbatim, to show the formal manner in which such things were set forth by the stately coroners of the olden time, as compared with the slipshod findings of our modern "crowners' quests." Quite a neat speculation is carried on in our days by these officials, and some of them sent out a dead body with the acuteness of a carrion crow, rolling up the fees for themselves and their familiars, with an adroitness perfectly astonishing. Let all such be rebuked by their predecessor of the last century, who made the modest charge of only five shillings for the following precise verdict:

"That the said Cuitt was a Mariner on board the Thomas & Richard Transport Ship, commanded by Cutbert Park, lying at Hancock's Wharf, and did on the 10th Day of November, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock in the Morning, cut through his Windpipe with a Razor, and then and there voluntarily and feloniously, as a Felon of himself, did kill and murder himself, against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity."

**U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASS.**—The brief space allowed us for description on page 88, did not permit us to mention the fact that the erection of the new hospital at Chelsea was one of the measures successfully carried through by Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, when collector of this port. His personal influence and representations made at Washington, which he visited expressly for the purpose, procured the passage of the bill by Congress making the necessary appropriations and legal provisions for selling the old hospital and land, and erecting the new and commodious edifice depicted in our engraving.

**THE FUTURE OF MR. VERNON.**—According to the North American Review, the Mount Vernon estate will be made a magnificent place. Everything in horticulture and in garden architecture will be availed of, it intimates, to adorn the precinct, the climate allowing full scope to art and nature—to make it as Washington himself would have delighted in, "whether at rising morn, his favorite hour, sweet with song of birds, or walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day."

**OYSTERS.**—The New Orleans Delta states that the disastrous crevasse which occurred near that city last year, has entirely destroyed the oyster beds in the bay and bayou of Barrataria. The enormous body of water forced through these outlets into the Gulf, left a heavy deposit of sediment which has proved fatal to the bivalves.

**FISH TRADE.**—There are some thirty houses in Boston engaged in the fish trade, and the business amounts to upwards of six millions per annum. This is the principal fish market in the United States.

**THE USE OF HOOPS.**—A dishonest servant girl in Chicago was detected the other day, with a small grocery store concealed under her crinolone extensions.

**PRIZE FIGHTER.**—Tom Paddock, a famous English pugilist, is about to visit this country, a fact we are very sorry to learn from Bell's Life in London.

#### THE SECRETS OF VINCENNES.

Strange stories are floating about France respecting the interior of the castle of Vincennes, where, it is said, workmen employed in the construction of certain arms for the government are prisoners for life. It is a very unlucky thing for a man to invent a new and destructive weapon. He is pounced upon and kept in seclusion, a sort of perpetual prisoner, for fear some other power should get hold of the secret. It is well known, that during the last Kabyle war, which has just come to an end, the chief weapon used in pursuit of the retreating Kabyles was a certain long-range rifle, of such immense range indeed that the unfortunate natives denominated it "God's doom," in consequence of the wound from the ball being felt before the enemy had even come in sight. Without this weapon, even the oldest idolaters of French glory declare that the Kabyle war would still be giving the country much trouble to this day. The workman who invented this rifle is, at this moment, sole possessor of the secret, every single weapon sent out to the army having to pass through his hands before it is completed. He is reported to be held in the strictest privacy at Vincennes, the emperor being in the greatest fear lest the English should buy the secret, an inestimable one, for carrying on the war in India.

"It would long ago have rendered the flight of the Sepoys impossible," said an officer, speaking of it to a friend. "Its use is only possible with such a well-mounted, nimble enemy as your Hindoo or Arab warrior, but the necessity of some invention to cut the wings of the Kabyles was so strongly felt, that a high reward was offered amongst the workmen of the different arsenals for the discovery of any new weapon which would answer the purposes."

"The discovery was made by a young man who had long worked in the factory at Liege, and who was then employed as burnisher at Toulon. He has had, hitherto, but little cause to rejoice in his ingenuity, for he was forthwith transferred to Vincennes, out of which place he has not since been permitted to stir." The great pursuit of the emperor's life is now said to be the discovery of some small and portable battering-ram, and numberless are the designs that are daily being sent into the Tuileries. Two of the most approved, hitherto, are by Englishmen. The difficulty of getting the British "Circumlocution Office" to notice any novel invention which gives prospect of the smallest trouble to the officials, has driven many Englishmen to go to Paris in search of that protection which they cannot find in their own country.

**ALEXANDER DUMAS.**—This man is one of the vainest creatures living. Taking up by chance the last number of his periodical, "Monte Christo," we saw these three lines in one of his letters from Russia, where he now is, and, astonished, went no further: "I was asked to allow myself to be presented to the Emperor Alexander on his return from Archangel. I refused!"

**HAPPY COMPLIMENT.**—M. de Maupertius, when prisoner in Austria, was presented to the empress-queen, who said to him, "Do you know the queen of Sweden, sister of the king of Prussia?" "Yes, madame." "She is said to be the handsomest princess in the world. I thought so, madam, till now."

**OUR PORTRAIT OF EMERSON.**—The original crayon of the beautiful lithograph published by Charles H. Brainard, from which our head of Emerson on the first page was copied, was drawn by Mr. T. M. Johnson, one of the most promising young artists of this city.

**A NEW COURT HOUSE.**—The United States authorities have taken possession of the late Masonic Temple, and are refitting it for the purpose of a Court House. It is a beautiful site for the purpose and within an arrow's flight of our office.

**OYSTER TRADE.**—This trade last year employed 750 persons in the city of Baltimore. Over 3,000,000 bushels were received, and the amount realized was upwards of \$1,000,000.

**HEAVY BUSINESS.**—In the town of Milford, in this State, there were \$3,000,000 worth of boots manufactured during the year just ended.

**A MODEL NAVY YARD.**—that at Charlestown.

#### AN ENGLISH ADVENTURER.

A man named Wellington Greville Guernsey, alias Wellington Hudson Guernsey, is now waiting his trial in England for stealing from the library of the Colonial Office a copy of the Indian despatch. He is by no means an ordinary individual. He began life as a shop boy to Rogier, the well known Dublin music-seller. He afterwards commenced and failed in business on his own account. Coming to London, he took up his residence in the classic regions of Soho, supporting himself by contributions to the press, and the management of concerts. He composed, too, some of the most popular of the "Nigger" songs. He then became manager of the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, and continued in that capacity until he was gazzotted a quartermaster in the Crimean Transport Corps. Having speedily mastered the Turkish language, he was transferred to the Turkish Contingent, being appointed deputy assistant quartermaster-general, and afterwards provost marshal. He tried a rencontre in the churchyard of Kertch, when he displayed some excellent revolver practice upon some Turks who were pillaging. His next public appearance was in a rifle match at Paris, when he thoroughly beat the first marksmen of the whole French army. He, thereupon, challenged the world at a rifle shot, but was left "all alone in his glory." He now undertook to hand over to one of the South American Republics a thousand of the desperadoes of the foreign legions. After performing this dangerous service, he was commissioned to build some forts in South America. He is now in England to purchase gunboats and coals for the Brazilian government. The self-taught master of seven or eight different languages, the composer of our most popular negro melodies, one of the first marksmen of Europe, is, we regret to say, supposed to be the cause of the mysterious publication of the Ionian despatch. "The more's the pity" that one of so much natural and varied ability should be in gaol on the charge of theft.

#### THINKING ALOUD.

A strolling player once remarked: "The only instance I recollect to have heard of a person speaking his thoughts on the stage, in the same manner as I had unwittingly done, much to the amusement of my audience, took place in this very theatre. The play was 'Hamlet,' also, and great amusement was afforded by a little bit of eccentricity in the principal performer, an amateur from a Glasgow dramatic club. This gentleman had acquired a great habit of quoting Shakspeare, and, invariably after a recitation, out came the customary 'Shakspeare.' He became so forgetful of being in the middle of 'Hamlet,' that, after one of his best soliloquies, as the quotation must be given, and in a moment, to the astonishment of both audience and brother actors, there rolled from his mouth the sonorous mark indicative of his author—'Shakspeare.' The effect of such a thing cannot be given on paper, but it was excessively ludicrous."

**YOUTH ADMONISHED.**—"If it should ever fall to the lot of a youth," said Sir Walter Scott in his autobiography, "to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth." If such a man as Scott thought he had neglected his opportunities, what must the feelings of a really ignorant man be!

**OUR PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.**—The enrolled militia in Massachusetts numbers 147,682; the number in actual service is 5771. The cost of the militia system in the State was \$65,185 last year, being \$7000 less than in the previous year.

**NEW QUARRY.**—A granite quarry is being opened near Groton, which is equal to any in the United States for fineness and beauty. Its color is some lighter than the Quincy granite, and a much finer stone.

**JUVENILE HAPPINESS.**—One of the editors of the Boston Post says:—"We have enjoyed the world as much as others, but have never been happier than when, as a boy, we found a partridge's nest with eleven eggs in it."

**FRENCH REFORM.**—The Empress Eugenie has introduced sparring, fencing, and other manly sports, among the ladies of the French court, and is now seeking for a professor of leap-frog.

#### LITTLE DAY IN VENICE.

The large picture which occupies the last page of our present number, is the most striking representation of the most interesting portion of Venice we have yet seen effected by the process of wood engraving. Happy are they who have visited *Venezia la bella*, beautiful Venice, the crowned queen of the Adriatic! To those who seek fresh breezes in the heat of summer; to learned archeologists who sound the depths of history; to those who dwell with delight on the masterpieces of the fine arts, Venice is an exceptional city—a treasury of glory and delight. Venice is as unique in its history as in its situation. In the 5th century, Italians, driven from the continent by civil disorders, fled for shelter to the islets in the Lagoon. By degrees a city was formed; a chief elected with the title of doge. The nation devoted itself to commerce, increased, grew rich, extended its empire in the East, and attained a splendor and prosperity which lasted for many centuries.

Though fallen, Venice is still without a rival. Where else will you find a city composed of seventy islands, intersected by a hundred and forty-nine canals, spanned by three hundred and six bridges? Where else will you find a city where architects, sculptors, painters and workers in mosaic have labored incessantly to decorate sumptuous palaces? When, on festal days, during the carnival and regattas, innumerable gondolas circulate before the ducal palace; when a population, which may certainly be called a floating population, is thus displayed, the appearance of Venice is incomparable.

No city is richer in splendid churches. The palaces are no less numerous, and all are decorated with a magnificence which excites wonder and admiration in the most cultivated stranger. The palace of the doges, built about 1350, from the designs of Basiglio and Philip Candelario, is of imposing architecture, and adorned with magnificent arabesques. Ascending by the giants' staircase, or by the golden stairway, between two rows of statues and precious marbles, we enter a hall embellished by famous compositions of L. Bassano, Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Bonifacio, and others.

The stranger must also visit the Academy of Fine Arts, the library of St. Mark, the Fenice Theatre, the prisons communicating with the palace by the Bridge of Sighs (*ponte dei Sospiri*), and when he has seen all these marvels, let him rest under the majestic arcades of the square of St. Mark, or the foliage of the public gardens. Those of our readers who will never "swim in a gondola," will yet thank us for the general view of this marvellous city on our last page. They will find the foreground animated with the swarming competitors of a regatta; they will admire the elaborate architecture of the palace which occupies the centre of the picture, next to which, on the right, are the Bridge of Sighs and the Prisons, the square of St. Mark, the columns surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, once an emblem of power and terror, now a monument of fallen greatness. In the distance are domes of churches and façades of palaces.

**GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.**—Our readers will perhaps be surprised to know that there are 200 German newspapers published in the United States. We have a large German population in this city, but it bears no comparison to that of the western cities.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**—The national capital seems to be gaining rapidly in point of population, and now contains 62,000 inhabitants. It has doubled within the last ten years. During 1858 there were 300 dwelling-houses erected.

**A MODERN JESSICA.**—The daughter of a Jew pawn-broker in Cincinnati lately ran away with a Gentile; and the twain were made one flesh in jail. Not so romantic that last.

**A BARBEROUS DEED.**—Queen Victoria's royal barber, at Windsor Castle, recently ended his days with a pistol—probably a hair trigger.

**YANKEE REMEDY.**—A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for head times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

**RISORTI.**—This great Italian actress, second only to Rachel, is coming to America. She will create a furor.





PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, AT ASTRABAD.

## PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

ASTRABAD AND THE CASPIAN SEA.

The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the private palace of the reigning sovereign of Persia, in the city of Astrabad. The airy and rich architecture of the exterior gives promise of internal splendors, while the trees that rise above the range of buildings in oriental luxuriance, tell us that within the court, by the lips of plashing fountains, is a garden where the blushing pomegranate glows beside the golden orange, and where, all the livelong night, the bulbul tells his story to the rose. The picturesque military groups in the foreground indicate the pomp of Persian royalty. The geographical position of the scene is as follows: On the southeast coast of the Caspian Sea lies the small, but important province of Astrabad—anciently Hyrcania. On the river Astor, which traverses it, stands the city of Astrabad, whence the far-sighted Oriental gazes on Khorassan, or the province of the sun. It is governed by a member of the Shah's family, and rumor says that its palaces contain vast treasures of gold and jewelry. The fortifications, though not extensive, are of considerable importance. Astrabad contains about forty-five thousand inhabitants, according to the loosely-calculated census of the empire. The river upon which it is situated, falls into the southeast point of the Caspian Sea, which here has for its boundaries Persia and Independent Tartary, while, on the north and west, it is encompassed by Russia. Along the eastern border there are several deep indentations; though, round the remainder of the coast the outline is almost unbroken, except where a ridge of the Caucasus projects forty miles from the western shore. At this point some glimpses of the picturesque are afforded; but, for the most part, there is little attraction in these level coasts, which, occupied chiefly by marshy plains or desert steppes, present a peculiarly desolate appearance. The depth of the water is, for some distance, very small—often not exceeding twelve feet, while the middle parts vary from one hundred to three hundred feet; and a celebrated authority states that no bottom could be found with a line of four hundred and eighty fathoms. It presents a great variety of climate. The northern portions, unsheltered from the fierce blasts of the steppes, are frozen during four months of the winter as far south as the mouth of the Terek. Beyond this the effect of the high chain of mountains is to diminish the cold, by giving moisture to the air, deflecting the cold currents, and affording shelter. But on the east side, bordering the low steppes, the ice often appears as far south as the parallel of forty degrees, and the Turcomans pass on horseback across the Balkhan bay, and the channel of Krosnoodsk, to the island of Scheiken, though the waters are in the parallel of the Bay of Naples. The heat of summer, even on the northern shores, is very great, and on the bare steppes, without the shade of rock or tree, is sometimes intolerable. Notwithstanding the coldness of the northern and middle portions, where ice is largely formed, so dry is the air, that all the water which the Caspian receives, is carried off by evaporation. It is even maintained

by some, in deference to the researches of Murchison, M. de Verneuil and others, that its waters are continually shrinking, and that it once extended over an area many times larger than it now occupies. Saline springs issue in many places from beds of salt, and in others the waters are impregnated with naphtha and bitter salts which exist in such quantity that few animals can live in it. The fishes in the Caspian Sea number but few species, belonging chiefly to the fresh water genera, while its fauna, which is supposed to be limited, remains altogether unexplored. Owing to the shallowness of the sea in some parts, and the savage character of the tribes on the eastern shore, navigation is difficult and there are few inducements to trading. Only a few ill-built vessels have been engaged in its waters until recently, when steamers were employed by the Russian government. The length of the Caspian is about seven hundred miles, and its greatest breadth about four hundred and twenty. Formerly, as we have hinted, it is supposed to have been much more extensive, some geographers believing that it was connected by a winding channel with the Black Sea. By the Tartars, indeed, it is called the "White Sea the pride of the Black." Nothing could be more remarkable than the circumstance of its dwindling away, because it receives the waters of at least eighty rivers, besides the Volga. It has no tides, but the wind occasionally blows with amazing power from north to south, raising the surface three or four feet. When these gales cease, the sea sinks to its natural level, but a pro-

digious swell remains, hazardous to small craft. Notwithstanding its dangerous character, the Caspian has been navigated from an early period. Patrochus sailed over it. Peter the Great launched a fleet upon its waves. Its commerce is estimated at three millions of roubles. The sturgeon caught in the Russian fisheries are worth three millions of roubles. These fish proceed in shoals a considerable way up the rivers, without any apparent diminution of their numbers. The Caspian salmon are remarkably fine, while its herrings are so abundant that, after a tempest, the shore of Ghilan and Mezanderan are literally covered with them.

## THE CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS.

The castle of Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, on the Rhine, Germany, depicted in the second engraving on this page, may be considered the entrance of that magnificent series of landscapes which has for years associated the name of the Rhine with all that is grand and lovely in nature, and which now annually makes it the resort of thousands and tens of thousands of delighted tourists from all parts of the world. This wonderful chain of pictures continues for many leagues, passing by Coblenz, and its hill and fortress, Ehrenbreitstein, bursting through the steep and rugged precipices of the Goar, stretching on to the wooded heights behind the romantic Bingen, and finally opening out into that magnificent reach of the river which here lies like a lake at the foot of the vine-clad hills of Johannisberg. From this point the Rhine les-

sens in interest until it approaches the confines of Switzerland, where its turbulence gives it a commanding character, and we stand awe-struck on the banks of the roaring torrent. To arrive at Drachenfels, the tourist first passes through Cologne, famous for its dirt and its cathedral. Then he may take the boat, but it is preferable to go by railroad to Bonn, which saves a tedious voyage against the stream, along a flat and uninteresting country. No sooner, however, does he come in sight of that whitish blue line, which is scarcely distinguishable from a wall of cloud, than all his interest and attention become awakened. That long line of hills is the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, which spring up behind Königswinter. The nearest, and the one that overhangs the river, and upon whose abrupt brow may still be seen the ruins of a castle, is Drachenfels, the steepest and loftiest of this sisterhood of hills. The islands in the river are Nonnenwerth and Grafenwerth, and that hill far away in the distance is the hill of Roland or Rolandseck. Many a pretty legend is told in connection with these islands, but none prettier than that which gave rise to Nonnenwerth or the Nun's Island. Many years ago, in the days of the Crusades, a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of those proud barons who inhabited the castle on the Dragon's Rock, was beloved by a young warrior, the graceful Roland. But he had not yet won his spurs, and in the eyes of the old baronial sire, he was nothing worth. Determined, therefore, to win laurels in Palestine, and come home and claim the hand of the beautiful girl, he set out on his pilgrimage. Years passed, and no tidings were received of him. At length a hoary pilgrim brought the news that the valiant and noble Roland had been killed in a battle with the Saracens, and had been buried beneath the hills of Jaffa. This sad intelligence broke the heart of the patient and longing affiancée of Roland, and she

drooped in spirit. But what was still worse, many other knights and warriors persecuted her with their attentions, and jealousies and battles arose between them, and blood was shed, and life taken. To avoid similar catastrophes for the future, the maid of Drachenfels begged of her father to give her the island in the river on which they looked down from the heights of their castle. Her request was complied with, and no sooner was the little spot her own, than she began to erect a nunnery upon it, and when the building was completed and the houses inhabited, she signified to the Bishop of Cologne her intention of becoming a nun herself, and taking the management of the establishment she had been instrumental in raising. Here she thought she might live apart from the world, and dwell on the memory of her faithful Roland. It was a long ceremony, that of taking the veil, and two or three years elapsed before she was admitted into the house as a religious.

We cannot conceive now the many obstacles that stood in her way—the entreaties of friends, the appeals of lovers, the misgivings even of her own heart. However, she felt she was doing her duty. Her Roland was dead. He had died to win her hand; she would, therefore, dedicate her life to heaven, and pray for the repose of the soul of her beloved one. The final day came; and with all the ceremonial and the mocking pomp of the occasion, her beautiful tresses were cut off, her white and splendid garments were laid aside, she covered her head with the fatal black veil, and made the irrevocable vow which bound her



CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS, ON THE RIVER RHINE, GERMANY.





THE CITY OF PEKIN, CHINA.

forever to the service of the altar. That same night at sunset (so the story runs), a warrior was seen to lead his jaded steed to the water's edge. The lights still flickered in the windows of the island nunnery. The warrior inquired what that building was, and why those lights were in it. He was told simply that it had been built by the beautiful daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels, who was now its abbess. He stayed to ask no more, but remounted his steed and rode away. He returned, however, in a few days, and then learned the full circumstances of her broken heart, of her refusal to accept the hand of any noble, and of her pious intention of devoting herself to religion, that she might pray for the soul of her Roland. Within a week from this time masons were employed in erecting a tower—the ruins still remain—on a knoll not far distant from the river, and from which the nunnery could be distinctly seen. "Since I can no longer see my beloved," exclaimed Roland—for it was Roland, the rumor of his death being unfounded—"I will live for the rest of my life within view of the house in which she lives. We can thus commune in spirit. She will know my tower, and, as she looks upon it, think of me." That was all the consolation the warrior knight could obtain. At length the abbess of Nonnenworth died, and, from that time, Rolandsack was also deserted. The bereaved warrior sought oblivion of his grief in the wars with the Saracens of Spain, and died, according to an ancient chronicler, fighting knightly, under shield, in the field of battle. Such is the legend of Drachenfels. The island of Nonnenworth and the tower of Rolandsack are all visible from the same spot.

#### PEKIN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

The general view of the city of Peking, with its walls and towers, and mountain background, is certainly very striking. The city is situated on an extensive plain in the province of Petcheli, between Pehio and Holupo. It is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and about twenty feet thick, and, including the suburbs, it encloses a circuit of twenty miles. It is divided into two distinct portions—the north, or city of the court, called Mei-ching, and the south, called Wai-chang, a suburb. The northern department has three separate enclosures, within the innermost of which are the imperial palace and the most splendid buildings. The well-known gate of Peking consists of a handsome arch of stone, imposing in effect. In many parts of the city, the streets are one hundred feet wide, but so badly paved as to detract considerably from their splendor. A large and magnificent Lama temple is conspicuous among the objects of interest which arrest the eye. Among these are a noble conservatory, and a variety of mosques, temples, churches, convents and colleges, with the celebrated imperial academy of Han-lin. Peking can also boast of a journal, which, being subject to rigorous official inspection, may vie in this respect with those of Paris. Its manufactures are porcelain, colored glass, precious stones, the trade in which is carried on chiefly by fairs, some of which are held monthly, and some annually. The population of this remarkable city is estimated at two millions.

#### THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF PEKIN.

The interest attached to China, from the fact that its long sealed gates have just been opened to the civilized world, heralding the dawn of a new era to that mysterious realm, has governed our selection of the engravings for this page. The imperial palace at Peking is a fine specimen of oriental architecture. Vast and ponderous, it is at the same time minutely ornamental and blazes with variegated colors. Two bold wings project from the extremities of a lofty central building, the facade of which is relieved by a deep gallery overhung by a richly decorated roof. The palace is divided into an immense number of apartments—the Chinese say, a thousand—and is fitted up throughout in the highest style of "celestial" luxury. The chambers are described as spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, and deliciously cool and fresh; the furniture glitters with gilding in an infinite variety of patterns; the hangings are of superb red or yellow silk; the carpets are wove of bamboo peeling, and painted in the liveliest tints. In the state rooms, as in the main halls and corridors, are antique bronzes, prodigious porcelain urns, vases of the most elegant shape, belonging to different epochs; and broad, shallow receptacles of half transparent China ware, in which flowers and shrubs, dwarfed and cultivated in the most whimsical manner, flourish and delight the fancy of the emperor and his household, addicted by nature and by custom to the quaintest forms of art. Behind the palace is a garden, or rather, park, where little pavilions, terraces, galleries, lakes, rills, and groves of

fruit trees, with aviaries full of song birds and artificial caverns, affording shelter from the noon-day sun, constitute a sort of earthly paradise—eccentric, indeed, but beautiful, and extremely characteristic of the race. The government of the emperor's palace is confided to the direction of a special council, which comprises seven departments, charged with provisioning the stores, repairing the buildings, paying the salaries of the servants, distributing rewards and punishments, receiving the rents of the imperial farms, and superintending the flocks and herds from which the imperial table is supplied. So numerous a household renders necessary a rigorous system of discipline. On this account, the male and female attendants of the palace are subjected to a weekly course of examination concerning their personal conduct; after which those who have offended, are handed over to certain officials, men and women, who administer to them a modicum of chastisement with the correctional rattan. Eight hundred guards are attached to the palace of the emperor, in addition to a body of executioners, clothed in red, and their satellites, in long crimson robes with hideous peaked hats of black felt stretched on frames of iron wire, surmounted by bunches of pheasant's feathers. These wild-looking functionaries carry huge swords, chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture of strong and terrible forms. It must not be supposed, however, that simplicity is altogether absent from the palace of the Chinese emperor. Some of the rooms are remarkably plain, being merely papered with blue, and furnished

with a small bright-cushioned divan, with a flower-stand and a few vases. The "Book of Grand Study" indeed, recommends to all, princes and subjects alike, to cultivate frugality, abstinence and severity of living, or, as it is figuratively expressed, "to make a lunch of steel blades and skins of wild beasts." In other parts of the palace, the apartments flame with gilded representations of birds and beasts, of monsters and warriors, palaces and garden pavilions. The outside of the palace wall is covered with varnished tiles, with an occasional block of white marble.

#### PAINTING.

Every farmer may be his own painter. Many inexperienced persons, and indeed professional painters, think that paint mixed in the same way as for outside work, will answer for the inside of a house; but experience demonstrates in the most conclusive manner, to the reasonable and observing mind, that, necessarily such cannot be the fact. Simple white lead and linseed oil, mixed in that same manner as for outside work, will, it is true, harden, and act as a powerful and highly economical preservative of wood to which it is applied; but in a few weeks the paint will become discolored and of a dusky yellow hue, in consequence of the absorption of carbon which is supplied by the smoke from the chimney, lamps and other sources. Why the same result is not remarkable on the outside, is to be found in the fact that the paint is not exposed to the same influences; but on the contrary, is constantly bleached by the impinging rays of the sun, which operates precisely as they do upon cotton and linen fabrics when similarly exposed. When a coating is required for inside work, very little oil should be used, except that contained in the lead. Spirits of turpentine should be the principal fluid introduced to thin the paint, Japan, in small quantities, being added to accelerate the drying process. The priming, or first coat, however, should in all cases be mixed with oil alone, and when hard, smoothed by rubbing down with sand paper. After this, two coats should be put on with turpentine alone, no oil being used, the final one being somewhat the thickest. If a good gloss is desirable, a small quantity of varnish may be added. To secure a very nice white finish for a suite of rooms, after putting on the paint very carefully, gum demar varnish should be applied. This makes a most splendid and durable gloss, and preserves unsullied, the pure white of the most delicate paint. Should the paint become sullied, the stains may be easily removed from the surface, simply by washing it with warm water; no soap should be introduced into the fluid, as its action destroys the gloss of the coating, and is injurious to the paint. This varnish, introduced into the last coat, gives a most superb finish; but most painters prefer applying it after the work is finished and partially dry. In painting kitchens and other apartments in common use, the best article is pure white lead, although some persons prefer to add a little lamp-black, or chrome yellow; but owing to the perpetual presence of carbonaceous substances, it soon becomes sullied, and presents a dirty and unpleasant appearance. Graining, in imitation of maple, birch, or some other light wood, is probably the best coating that can be given to the wood-work of a kitchen. When well done this kind of painting has a very neat appearance, and when defaced by age, may be restored almost to its original brilliancy by a coat of varnish.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN, CHINA.



## Poet's Corner.

## DURGE.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Softly!  
She is lying  
With her lips apart  
Softly!  
She is dying  
Of a broken heart

Whisper!  
She is going  
To her final rest  
Whisper!  
Life is growing dim  
Within her breast.

Gently!  
She is sleeping,  
She has breathed her last.  
Gently!  
While you are weeping,  
She to heaven has passed!

## A SNAIL.

Sneez thou that poor despised snail?  
Slowly it moves along the vale,  
Yet finds its way through night till morn,  
With little eye and feeling horn  
Through slowness, it sure its race to run,  
And runs a race from the sun  
So will the Christian find his way,  
Though rough his road and dark his day,  
And with the remnant of the flock  
Will find repose beneath the rock.  
And like the snail, though weak and blind,  
Will leave a shining track behind.—FURNES.

## DAWN.

Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn  
From dews sleep doth rise,  
And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn  
The mantle from her eyes,  
And, with her orbs dissolved in dew,  
Bends like an angel softly through  
The blue-pavilioned skies.—MISS WEAVER.

## PRAYERS.

We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good, so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.—SHAKESPEARE.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## Gossip with the Reader.

—We look on it as something of a marvel that we are sitting here by a coal fire engaged in dressing up our weekly dish of gossip now getting down a passing thought, now recording a *bon mot*, and now cutting a scrap of news from an American or foreign paper. We say it is a marvel, because we have passed through such vicissitudes of weather, now breathing an air that seems charged with frozen spicules from the North Pole, now gasping for breath in the brief and strange stillness of a thaw, then dodging a snow-slide, and again narrowly escaping a fall on a slippery sidewalk. A New England winter is certainly severe discipline. But the days are growing longer, the sunset glow lingers more lovingly on the bleak hills and frozen streams, and spring sava the almanac, is close at hand. Courage, then, and let us fight out the winter bravely. What a blessed invention the stereoscope is, to be sure! Here have we, in midwinter, been visiting the shores of the Hudson, dressed in the gay attire of early summer, by the help of this magic instrument. We have been peering into the rustic porch at Sunnyside, and seen Washington Irving sitting there in a Sunday reverie, we have seen the mowers whetting their scythes on Mr. Grinnell's lawn, and we have stood at the threshold of "Idlewild" without fear of intruding on the privacy of its charmed circle. How different the memory of such spectacles from the recollection of a picture—that is a dream, this is a reality. A man may be paralyzed, yet if his optic nerves are sound, the stereoscope enables him to range the world at will—to visit London, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, Moscow—the galleries of statues, the museums of paintings, all the treasures of art and nature. No wonder that a stereoscope *fiat* now ranges. Who has seen the "Cataract of the Ganges" at the Boston Theatre? or rather who hasn't seen it? It is a picture of oriental magnificence, such as only the vast stage of the Boston and the resources of that establishment could present. There are gorgeous temples, splendid processions, with banners and music, Brahmins, Rajahs, Sepoys, Mahattas, a cataract of real (obituate), and a lady riding a horse at full speed up to the top of the stage amidst blue lights and gunpowder. It takes immensely, and the very people who talk about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and like the bear-leader in "She Stoops to Conquer," set their faces against "everything that is low," may be seen in the parquette, snuffing the audience with a relish, and watching the equestrian spectacle with all their eyes. Mr. Barry is not to blame for catering to all tastes. In these days the stage must be an echo and a mirror. . . . We always had a *puichant* for a residence by the seashore, but unfortunately could not reconcile it with another and stronger taste, a love for farming and rural affairs, for with us the seashore is generally barren. But it seems there are favored spots which unite the charms of sea and land. A Paris correspondent of the Country Gentleman says of Normandy, France, "We saw often the most fertile country reaching down to the very brink of the sea, so that I remember our room in the little house where we were had one window on the bare sea beach, and the other on the richest wheat and last fields that I had in a long time seen." Rev. W. Howard recently related a very interesting anecdote of the author of "Home, Sweet

Home." Payne then on a visit to Middle Georgia was very desirous of witnessing the games of the Crookes before they were removed to the West. It was at a time when affairs in that section were in a critical position. It became necessary to establish a force, called the Georgia Guard, both to protect the Indians, and oversee designing white men, who were interfering with the operation of the State laws. As the case was in such circumstances, some of the guard were rude men, enforcing their authority with violence. Mr. Payne was warned that his visit would be attended with danger to himself, but he persisted, went to Cherokee, Georgia, was seen by the guard and taken prisoner. On the night of his arrest, all the guard and himself were lying around the camp-fire, when one of the men began to sing "Home, Sweet Home." When he had finished, Payne told him that he was the author of that song. The effect was electric. The men started to their feet, unloosened his bonds and grasped his hands, declaring that a man who wrote Sweet Home, could not be a traitor and should not be a prisoner, and the next morning dismissed him with deeds of kindness. Executions in Mexico are conducted with an eye to dramatic effect. Before a prisoner is executed, he is put in the "Capilla"—that is, he is cloistered for about forty-eight hours with spiritual advisers, who, by a well regulated system of relays, keep at him, urging him to inspire forgiveness, and to give himself up to God. In order to inspire the doomed with the liveliest sensations of fear, a death bell is kept tolling in the same apartment with him. In this way he is kept in the duty of preparing for death, until a short time before the fatal hour. He is then allowed some refreshment, and again forced to resume his preparations, until blindfolded and marched forth to the place of execution, to which last point the ceaseless noise of the muffled bell and the exhortations of the padre confessor pursue him. . . . A Paris letter states that the project of a transatlantic telegraph, to connect the American coast (probably Boston) with the coast of France, has not been abandoned. Some English capitalists have recently had an interview with the French emperor, who expressed his confidence and support of the scheme. The company is being formed. . . . An "Old Bachelors' Convention" is announced to be held in New Haven the latter part of this month. The precise object of the convention has not yet transpired. . . . An old lady hearing a gentleman speak of the usefulness of the "Spirit of the Times," broke out—"O, yes, *Sperrecks of Turkinette* are mighty useful!" . . . A French patriot lamenting over the state of the country, wound up thus: "They say Providence protects drunken men; that is my only hope for France." . . . General Cushing has been suggested as a fit man for the American mission to Persia. . . . The New York military oppose the formation of a Highland regiment in that city. . . . Bishop Latimer, in the reign of Queen Mary, denounced heretics in one of his sermons, so that some people begin to fancy that he was burned at the stake, not for his religious views, but for his opposition to the fashion. If all who denounce hoops now were subjected to the same punishment, there would be a general barbecue. . . . According to late Utah news there was no foundation for the report that Brigham Young was about being tried for falsely imprisoning Gentiles. . . . M. Beryer, who lately defended, in France, Montalembert, for publishing what the emperor considered a seditious libel against the government, also defended Louis Napoleon when tried for his "failure at Bologne." . . . There is great talk in every Parisian circle about a new ballet, the action of which is composed by the empress and her sister, the Duchess d'Albe. The subject is taken from a poem, by the Spanish poet, Gorrilla—an episode of the Moorish occupation of Spain, and is said to be most effective, both in decoration and sentiment. Auber is to compose the music. . . . In the month of November, a letter purporting to be from Madame Lagrange (the noted prima donna, was translated from the Gazette de Paris, and sent the rounds of the American press. It was dated at Rio Janeiro, and gave a highly interesting narrative of her journey from Paris to the Brazilian capital, including a graphic description of her reception at the imperial court, and anecdotes of Rio society. Madame Lagrange is still at Rio, and this letter returns and is translated in all the local papers. The result is anything but gratifying to the songstress. The Rio population is indignant, and the day following the appearance of the letter, Madame Lagrange and M. Stankowitch find it necessary to come out over their several signatures, and repudiate the correspondence in the Gazette de Paris as a squid concocted in the office of that journal, for the amusement of its readers. . . . Mr. E. L. Davenport had a splendid benefit at the Boston Theatre lately. . . . Mr. Barry Sullivan, during his engagement at the Museum, fully established his reputation as an excellent actor. . . . Mr. Stephen Massett (James Pipes of Pipeville) was very successful at the South. . . . At the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, an apology was made for the tenor Meillet, who on account of his illness would be obliged to omit one or two songs. The audience had their choice, to remain or have their money returned. One half of those present, including some who had entered with free passes, took their money back, and the other half remained, and insisted on the whole performance. The tenor was carried to his home, and was sick with the brain fever for three weeks. Charming public. . . . M. T. Winans of Baltimore is out in a card, which completely disposes of the story that an error of eighty-eight yards had been discovered in the official measurement of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, whereby certain American contractors had largely robbed the Russian government. Its foundation was the accidental discovery of an error of eighty-eight inches (six feet) in the distance between a couple of reset poles on the Peterhoff Railway. . . . Early in December, a Wisconsin paper announced the coming of a mild and open winter. The prediction was founded upon this circumstance. The muskrats, the Wisconsin editor said, had been observed to build their habitations very high in the marshes during the present season. This they never did when the season was to be severe. On the contrary, they build them as low down in the mud and water as they can reach. Up to the last fall, muskrats

the muskrat theory was in high favor, but latterly these little animals are set down as little better than so many goings. . . . "Sigma" lately published in the Boston Transcript a good article on legal impostors. He says: "The documents they bring in support of their claims are often printed, and almost always unobtainably grey, and not infrequently in the French, Italian, Spanish, or German language. A few years ago, a fellow called upon us, an Italian, with one of these nasty papers. He could speak a little broken English, and was perfumed with the composite odor of garlic, trany, and tobacco. His document was in Italian, and imported that Signor Giovanni Carracelli had been blown up, during an eruption of Mount Etna, and was in great and immediate need of assistance. He was a bloated mass, and had every appearance of having been blown up somewhere. We told him we had resolved not to give a farthing to any man who had been blown up by our mountain only, but, if he would go back, and be blown up by Vesuvius, we might possibly give him a trifle." The same fellow called on us, and we referred him to the Etna Fire Insurance Company, as bound to make up his losses, a living him to call by the way on Dr. Brown and procure a "cure for eruptions." . . . It is said that the hogs in Iowa have such long noses that the settlers employ them to plough the fields. The practice is to bury a corn-cob on one side of the lot and place the hog opposite to it on the other side, when the porker scenting it, immediately digs his snout into the soil and pressing forward turns a furrow equal to that made by the best plough right up to the cob. If a stump should lie in the direct road, the Iowa hog does not hesitate, or work around it, but splits it open with his snout and goes on. This is following the nose to some purpose. . . . The emperor of Japan being dead, the question arises, what will be court mourning? We suppose a suit (suit) of Japan blacking. . . . Thomas Guthrie died in Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, in December last. He was born in the same vicinity four months before the poet Burns. . . . A railroad man at Columbus, returning from a wedding excursion recently, was received by his friends with a salute. Fifteen or twenty locomotives were brought up standing on a switch at the depot; and as the train bearing the happy pair passed by, the whistle on each locomotive was made to give a simultaneous blast.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

It is now asserted in strong terms that France and Austria will soon be engaged on the battle-field. If so, it will show with what tenacity the emperor of France has clung to his "Napoleonic ideas," and how closely he is disposed to follow in the footsteps of his uncle. In Spain the feeling against the United States in court circles is strong. Queen Isabella has been much pleased with the address from the ladies of Havana, in which they "desire to die under the glorious flag which they saluted at their birth; and that the island of Cuba, the first American land discovered by Christopher Columbus, shall remain to the last united to the crown of Spain, since her sons are Spanish by birth and feeling."—From India we have the same old story,—the English arms victorious, but rebels swarming yet. A large army of rebels had been defeated by the commander-in-chief. The amnesty was slowly but surely thinning the ranks of the rebels, giving promise of early peace. Gen. John Jacob had died of brain fever.—The very words used by Napoleon III. to the Austrian ambassador at the reception on New Year's Day, ought to be recorded, for they will be historical. He said: "I regret our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to tell the emperor my personal feelings for him have not changed." The emphatic tone of the emperor, and his animated gestures, attracted the attention of the assembled diplomatic corps.—The London Times, in an editorial upon the recent correspondence which has been published, in regard to the affairs of Central America, the Steamer Washington, etc., thinks that the American government and its officers are pushing matters very far indeed, and by no means responding to the frank and friendly manner in which the practice of visitation was entirely surrendered by the British government, and says that it "readily seems to come to this—that no English naval officer can go on board an American ship, however conciliatory his conduct, however unassuming his demeanor, however unable or unwilling he may be to apply compulsion, without giving to the United States a *casus belli* against this country."

## Old Custom revived.

A revival of the Norman curfew has been in operation in Paris for a short time all over Paris, and, strange to add, there has been no noise made about it, save the sound of the drum by which it has been proclaimed in the more refractory streets of the Pays Latin, and other unruly localities. At the hour of eleven, P. M., all cafes, billiard-rooms, public-houses, and similar establishments, are punctually closed, having been previously evacuated by their habitual or casual frequenters. The intense cold just now prevalent has come in aid of the new regulation.

## Louis Napoleon.

The emperor is full of projects. He desires to revive a plan of the first emperor, who, in his turn, wished to go back to the example of the Pharaohs. He proposes to have stores of grain laid up in the chief towns of France, as a provision for seasons of scarcity, and also to enlarge the capital, by making the fortifications its boundary, and placing the Odet at those limits. The payment of the tax might be a benefit, but we are doubtful whether Paris would gain in anything but size, should this plan be carried out.

## Prince Alfred, the Midshipman.

The sailors of the Euryalus have an anecdote amongst them, to the effect that two of the midshipmen during the voyage blackened Prince Alfred's face while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious. The prince made

no complaint, but was up like a skylark before sunrise next morning, and cut away the hammock strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.

## Rev. John Hickling.

The death of the Rev. John Hickling, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world, and the last survivor of the "helpers" of John Wesley, is reported. Mr. Hickling was nearly ninety-three years of age. A fortnight before his death he lectured in Birmingham on "Early Methodism," and at the time of his death was announced to conduct other services. He died at Audley, Newcastle, under Lyme.

## Austria and France.

The quarrel between Austria and France grows out of Italy. Louis Napoleon is desirous of political reforms there; the Austrian government has been urged to use its influence with the pope and the king of Naples for that purpose; and the Emperor Napoleon has agreed to the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, on condition that the Austrians should also vacate the places they hold.

## England and France.

A pamphlet has just appeared at Dentu's, in the Palais Royal, with the title "L'Angleterre et la Guerre," (England and War) in which it is conclusively established by A plus B, that England has neither men nor money, and must inevitably fall an easy prey whenever it may suit the convenience of her powerful neighbor to attack her.

## Cape Town, C. G. H.

The small pox and fever are raging in Cape Town. Persons taken with either die in a few hours. The Cape Town Commercial Advertiser says that if proper remedial measures had been adopted one thousand lives would have been saved in the brief time the epidemics have been raging.

## Powers the Sculptor.

Hiram Powers was assaulted recently in Florence, by a young American painter, who, while damaged, attacked him with a knife, first inflicting a blow on his face with his fist. Mr. Powers, however, succeeded in disarming him, and was not seriously injured.

## An Escaped Prisoner.

M. Fargu-Payolle, the political prisoner who lately escaped from a hospital, has safely got out of France, and has written a letter to thank the governor of the prison for his kindness, and to assure him that no officer of the prison or hospital is to blame for his escape.

## Charles Dickens.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been reading the trial of "Barclay vs. Pickwick," for the first time to a London audience. St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every corner. Lord Campbell and many of the leading barristers were among the audience.

## The Governor of Jeddah.

The Independence Belge states now that the whole story of the arrest of Namik Pacha, the governor of Jeddah, his forcible embarkation in the Caradoc, and his being brought to trial, are circumstances ascertained to be utterly false.

## A French Stratagem.

Count Montalembert's much spoken of pamphlet has lately been sold at Paris with the title printed reversed, "Edni'L Rus Tated Nu, par Ed Trobmelstetnom." Masses of the pamphlet were disposed of before the police got aware of the trick.

## The Order of St. Bernard.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, being in the priesthood, is now devoting all his time, strength, and energies to the task of re-establishing the Order of St. Bernard in France.

## Lamartine.

The poet's house, that well-beloved Milly, is not, it appears, to be placed under the hammer, and yet its master comes to England a voluntary exile.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE. New York: Rudd & Carlton. 12mo. pp. 343. 1859.

This work, which treats of topics interesting to all the single sisterhood, and indeed to humanity generally, is a net with a deserved success in London, as one of the most thoughtful and suggestive works of the day. The American publishers present it in beautiful form. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THEOLOGICAL VIEWS, comprising the substance of teachings during a ministry of thirty-four years in New Orleans. By THOMAS CLARE. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 38 and 40 Cornhill 1 vol. pp. 345

Rev. Mr. Clapp has given us herein a most excellent and profitable work, liberal, bold, clear in diction and full of admirable doctrine. The author is known as one of the most popular ministers ever settled in the Crescent City, where he earned a lasting and enviable fame, as a great philanthropist, a true Christian, and a ripe scholar. We heartily recommend this book to the reading public.

THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY AND GENERAL REVIEW. Boston: A. Tompkins.

The January number of this long established review is filled with excellent articles, and well sustains the reputation of the publication.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HOUSE. or, The long Vacation. Reminiscences of a London Clerk. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 324. 1859.

When we say that this clever sketch of English life, seen under peculiar circumstances, is by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," we feel that we have done enough to set all our readers ago to peruse it. It is the most readable book that has fallen into our hands since the publication of Lord Dufferin's yacht voyage.

BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SEVENTH MEN. By FRANCIS ARAGO. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 441. 1859.

This volume consists of Arago's autobiography, and of biographies of Bailly, the famous mayor of Paris during the stormy days of the French revolution, and known as such only by most readers, Herschel, Laplace, and Fourier. These are all brilliant essays, and have been faithfully and carefully translated into English by these eminent scholars, Admiral Smyth, Rev. Baden Powell, and Robert Grant. The publishers announce a second series in press.



## Editorial Melange.

There has been a decrease in the number of marriages for the past eight years in Boston. The number last year was 2318, a thousand less than in 1854.—A new kind of inflammable material, called "illuminating clay," has been discovered at Rio Janeiro, and applied to the manufacture of gas, it giving seven cubic feet of gas to the pound, while coal gives only three and a half feet. It is the color of clay, and will burn like wax when held in the flame of a match or candle.—A swaggering Hollander drank three pints of gin in a New York grocery, and was then carried home, where he died in a few hours.—The Baltimore Clipper says that a few evenings since, a police officer of that city saw two boys carrying a heavy trunk, and that on seeing him they dropped it and ran away. Supposing it to contain stolen property, he shouldered it and lugged it to the police office. The mysterious box was then opened, and found to contain the corpse of a large dog.—The mahogany press on which General Green, in the war of the Revolution, printed his despatches, has been lately exhumed from a cellar in Pendleton, South Carolina.—The Bee says that Rev. Theodore Parker's Society has not disbanded, but will probably give up the use of the Music Hall during their pastor's temporary absence.—A breach of promise case is now on trial at Worcester, Mass., in which the plaintiff, Miss Mary Ann Hoyt, alleges that \$5000 will not more than cure the fracture her heart has sustained by not marrying the defendant, one Peter Morris. Peter replies that he never promised to marry the fair Mary, and if he did, is justified in not fulfilling his promise, because Mary gets very drunk.—According to a published statement, the number of arrests by the police in New York, for the year recently ended, is 60,865—about one every eight minutes.—The prisoners in Taunton jail almost escaped lately. With a jack-knife and a small saw they had cut into the bars, but the keeper soon detected and stopped their efforts.—It turns out that the person claiming to be a relative of Mr. Charles Dickens, and calling himself Edwin James Dickens, who committed suicide in New York a few months ago, was not of kith or kin to the great English novelist.

**A PLEASANT SPECIFIC.**—Many persons will suffer rather than take nauseous medicines, nor do we wonder that it should be so, but those who are afflicted with a cough, or irritation of the bronchial tubes, or realize any of the usual consumptive tendencies so liable in the American climate, need not fear to use that remarkable and long tried specific, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a remedy as agreeable to the palate as it is efficacious in removing disease. Having tested this article years since, in our family, we have unhesitatingly recommended it verbally, and in our paper frequently, and many of our subscribers have addressed us letters upon the subject. Of course it is impossible for us to return individual answers to them, but when we say this is an *unsolicited* recommendation of the excellent Balsam, all our readers will understand that we mean what we say. *It is a remarkable and never-failing remedy for consumptive symptoms, when taken in season.* The great success of this popular medicine has led to many imitations being thrown before the public, but the genuine article may be known by its always having "I. Butts" written upon the wrapper, which covers each package. For sale by all druggists.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**—A friend writes us that it is very gay at the national seat of government this winter, the city being thronged with beautiful ladies, ambitious politicians, office-seekers, contractors, pick-pockets, etc. The hotels are crowded to repletion.

**RATHER FAST.**—Three hundred and forty-six lives were lost by accidents on our western rivers during the year just ended. We find the loss of property set down at \$1,414,000. Twenty-seven boats were destroyed by fire.

**EDUCATIONAL.**—Our State expended last year \$1,474,468 for educational purposes. "This is the true policy—multiply your school-houses, and prisons and almshouses will decrease in ratio."

**RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.**—Let it be built, at any cost, the whole nation demands it.

## Wayside Gatherings.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

The cost of each letter sent to San Francisco by the overland route, is *sixty-five dollars*.

The physician of the prison at Chicago cures delirium tremens with doses of ipecac.

A Philadelphia paper publishes a list of over 11,000 delinquent tax-payers in that city.

The largest number of whale ships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The French theatre in New York will be opened under the new auspices and with a new company on the 11th of February.

The superintendent of the public printing states that the printing of the Pacific Railroad Report will cost over one million of dollars!

The Florida legislature has repealed the law providing for the incarceration of free negro sailors while their vessels are in port.

The latest use made of the telegraph was to carry on a courtship. A match was thus made, a few days ago, in less than five minutes.

A man named Whaley, confined in the jail at Keansville, N. C., for shooting one of the patrol of the county, hung himself with his suspenders on the 30th ult.

Messrs. Mignot and Rossiter have been for some time past engaged in painting a picture of "Lafayette at Mount Vernon, with the Washington family grouped on the piazza."

Lieut. W. B. Hunter has sold ten acres of land in Alexandria county, Virginia, for \$85 per acre, which but a few years ago he purchased at \$25 per acre.

The Cutting patent for improvement in photography has been established by a recent decision in the U. S. Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York.

The Humboldt (Cal.) Times states that, in addition to nine thousand snipes killed at four shots by a citizen of Union, "the air was full of falling birds for several days."

Colley Grattan, formerly British consul in Boston, has written a work on America, which is said to be quite original, entertaining and spicy.

A Galveston paper says the camels there carry 1400 and 1600 pounds with ease. They are very tractable; one of them belonging to a lady, always kisses her whenever she comes near enough.

In a fight in a German dance house in New York, Miss Vent threw a coffee pot at Miss Riddle, the latter retaliated with a flat iron, whereupon Miss Vent ventilated the Riddle's left side with a carving knife.

The London bankers state that there would be paid in London, during the month of January, thirty millions of dollars, for interest on foreign loans. In fact England keeps the world at work earning profits on her capital.

Mr. H. K. Brown, who designed the bronze statue of Washington in Union Square, has just finished a life-size bust of General Scott. He will pass his winter in Washington, where he is engaged on a bust of Mr. Breckenridge.

A man who was banished to Van Diemen's Land in 1837 for being concerned in the action of the Canadian patriots, has returned home at the age of 64, twenty years of the best portion of his life having been passed in exile.

The people of Grant County, Wisconsin, have repudiated their taxes, and refuse utterly to pay the State or County taxes for this year, "and may be, none hereafter." They deem the legislature's appropriations extravagant and useless.

Colona is the name for a new territory that is made, or to be made, out of portions of several other territories, including the auriferous regions of Kansas and Nebraska. The name is taken from the Spanish appellation of Columbus.

Two scions of "upper tendom," in Baltimore, one aged 16 and the other 14, ran away last week and committed matrimony, much to the surprise and indignation of their respective parents, who talk of prosecuting the clergyman who solemnized the precocious union.

A man named Murray, a machinist in Cincinnati, was returning home after having spent New Year's day with his sister, when he was attacked by five men, and stripped of everything he had on to his shirt. The perpetrators of the outrage escaped.

In a speech in New York the other evening, Rev. Mr. Scudder, the Hindostan missionary said that the home of American Pantheists was in Boston. Pantheism is the belief of the Hindoo, and he could point to the original Sanscrit stanzas from which those celebrated ones, entitled "Brahma," by Emerson, were taken.

Wisconsin has set apart the avails of swamp land as a fund for normal instruction. The income of this fund is over \$18,000. It will soon reach \$25,000, and is to be expended under the direction of Hon. Henry Barnard, recently of Connecticut, and now Chancellor of the Wisconsin State University.

At the last Spiritual Conference a believer informed the audience that a woman in New York was recently putting down a carpet, and having temporarily left her hammer and tacks on the floor near the hall, behind an open door, she soon after discovered that the spirits had driven several tacks into the wall, in such a manner as to form the initial letters of her name.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Love is an admiration which never wearies.—*Balzac*.

.... This is a shameful thing for a man to do.—*Tennyson*.

.... 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—*Campbell*.

.... The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl.—*London*.

.... Women are extreme; they are better or worse than men.—*La Bague*.

.... Surely that preaching which comes from the soul, most works on the soul.—*Fuller*.

.... We derive this good from the perfidy of women—it cures jealousy.—*La Bague*.

.... While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—*Shakspeare*.

.... A court without ladies is a year without spring, a spring without flowers.—*Francis I.*

Certain books are remarkable for the ability they display; others for what they imply.—*Bacon*.

.... Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—*Marcus*.

.... There are no two things so different as the man of the world and the man of love.—*Balzac*.

.... Our wants expand with our means of gratifying them, but seldom contract as those means fail us.—*Bovee*.

.... There is no knowledge so thorough as that which is gained at last, after years of baffled and wondering inquiry.—*Colton*.

.... The thing which an active mind most needs, is a purpose and a direction worthy of its activity.—*Bovee*.

.... One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.—*James*.

.... Even in the harem where they are captives, women busy themselves constantly with that beauty which alone keeps them in slavery.—*Bourdon*.

.... Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—*Balzac*.

.... Praise was originally a pension paid by the world, but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately brought out the fee simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly to ourselves.—*Swift*.

## Joker's Budget.

The man who was in ship-shape must have seemed a little out of proportion.

When is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it is muggy!

The hen never jokes when she lays her egg. She is always in her nest (in earnest).

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

Why is the star-spangled banner like the Atlantic ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

The world should have the docket called, and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor had exalted.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm in fee, and made that farm his client.

The Bath Times speaks of men who "worship the rising sun." True enough, prosperous sun always finds worshippers.

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates, yet?" "An' sure I have, mem,—everything but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

An ark is now being built by a man out West, in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it just now.

"Jim, is the quality of the soup which you get at these free lunches in proportion to its cheapness?" "O, no; I must say it is good—for nothing."

"My schoolmaster," says Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much, that it had a faculty called memory which might be reached through the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."

"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to de prosperity of de souf?" "Key to de prosperity of de souf; big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eating massa's dick-hunary. Golly, I an' larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chilo; 'tis de dar-key."

Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So, you don't believe it?" With a shrewd nod Pat answered, "I believe in the crame, but not in the saucers."

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelette style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE:** OF THE SPANISH CAVATIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. The locality is Spain, and some of the scenes relate to the fearful practices and cruelty of the Inquisition, while others portray the reckless lengths to which an unscrupulous and avowed spirit will sometimes go to accomplish its purposes.

Written for us by ..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE SMUGGLER:** OF THE SPIRITS OF THE COAST. This is a knowledge to be told a greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot. We have just issued a very heavy edition of this story, knowing that it will sell rapidly everywhere.

Written for us by ..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT:** OF THE BUCANIER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best the author ever wrote. Over 25000 copies have been sold.

Written for us by ..... P. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** OF THE WANDERING BONE-MAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its fourth edition.

Written for us by ..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LION:** OF THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best that has been written in modern times.

Written for us by ..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** OF THE SCOT OF THE SQUABANA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by ..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** OF THE HUNTER SET OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest portraying scenes in the stormy period of our revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.

Written for us by ..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ARKANSAS RANGER:** OF DINGIE THE BACK-WOODSMAN. This is a vivid and startling story of life in the East and West, unrivalled in plot and interest; exhibiting those remarkable adventures and incidents which can only occur to a roving and daring character. Dingie is a noble specimen of our brave, hardy and chivalric frontier men.

Written for us by ..... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA:** OF THE RED CROSS AND THE CRESCENT. This famous sea story is written with that captivating power and grace for which the author is celebrated, interweaving in its brilliant and dramatic scenes the truth of history and the charming detail of real sea-life. We have never issued a story more highly praised.

Written for us by ..... FRANCIS A. DURVAGE.

**RED HAND:** OF THE CHIEF OF THE ENGLISH CHAN-NEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has a lived so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.

Written for us by ..... F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE:** OF THE ROSA-TOSAS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texas Border, full of stirring events and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by ..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** OF THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our most famous Red Rover.

Written for us by ..... CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

**PAUL LARON:** OF THE SIEGE OF THE ANTIEN. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the *fourteenth* edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best. It is original, peculiar, vivid in every page, and a novel which the author has himself declared his favorite.

Written for us by ..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF:** OF THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by ..... AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.





GRAND FETE DAY AT VENICE.

[For description, see page 91.]



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE { VOL. XVI, No. 7...WHOLE No. 399.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"All Valentines are not foolish," says Charles Lamb, and we are sure Charles Lamb himself would have approved of the dainty design with which the free fancy and hand of Billings have enriched this page. Drawn specially for us was this clever sketch, with its typical Cupids, the one jovial, the other sentimental, with its illustrations of love-making in every-day and in refined life. The engraving will well repay study. Look at the poor "foolish fat cook," who reminds us of Sterne's, contemplating a likeness of herself which some mischievous errand-boy has sent her. Look at those other busy groups, all intent on the business of St. Valentine's day. "This is the day," says Charles Lamb, "on which those charming little missives, yclept Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent two-penny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in his loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations,

no emblem is so common as the heart—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories than an opera-hat. \* \* Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at this door. It gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated. But its issues seldom answer to the oracle within. It is so seldom just the person we wanted to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings." A blessing on St. Valentine, the patron of a day fraught with so many heart-flutterings and heart-enjoyments! By some ecclesiastical writers, St. Valentine is called a bishop, but, according to others, he was only a presbyter, the latter version being the most correct, we believe. The legend runs, that he was beheaded at Rome during the reign of the emperor Claudius II., and

was early canonized. History speaks of St. Valentine as a good, pious man, distinguished so particularly for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines, or especial loving friends, on his day, February 14, is supposed by some to have thence originated. As to the truth or the propriety of ascribing the origin of the custom to prove that fact, we cannot decide, but it is undeniable that the notion is a very old one. And the custom of choosing Valentines is of great antiquity in England (from which we borrow it), as well as in France, where, however, it has long fallen into desuetude. One writer explains the term Valentine to mean, "the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by a woman" on that day; but where that idea originated is not known, though in many places it is a general one. This idea is illustrated in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." The Irish hold to the custom, and deem peculiarly happy or fortunate the man or woman whose Valentine has red hair. Herrick mentions the notion and the custom:

"Oft have I heard both youths and maidens say,  
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day."

In our "green and salad days" we sent and re-

ceived many scores of Valentines, and we recall, with a sigh for the past, feelings then untouched by the world's rough hand, that were roused by the sight of a pink or blue edged envelope containing a sheet of paper ornamented with embossed Cupids, hearts, darts and all proper devices, bearing perhaps but a few lines. Great was the puzzling to discover who was the author of the precious epistle, and happy were we, indeed, when some pet Valentine was proved to have come from a favorite friend or companion. Walking to our office, and noticing the many little boys and girls, furtively dropping some tender missives into the letter-boxes, it carried us back (and not so very far, we protest,) to days when Valentines were events, and the day itself was a red-letter one. Do we grow really wiser as we grow older? Are the prizes of manhood dearer when won, than the light triumphs of youth? Believe it who will. At any rate, there are many thousands in this country, grown men and women, as well as youths of tender age, who keep up St. Valentine's day with spirit. In New York the most costly Valentines are sent as presents, some of them costing hundreds of dollars.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## The Changinging?

### — OR —

## THE FALSE HEIR.

A Story of the French and Indian War.

BY MRS CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

## CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

The damp and chill easterly wind which had been blowing for the last half hour, made the blazing logs in the ample fireplace of the bar-room no unwelcome sight. Half a dozen travellers, rough men for the most part, judging by their appearance, were in the room when they entered. One of them Anvers observed eyed him rather keenly, who after speaking a few words to a lad seated in a dark corner, whom he had not noticed till his attention was thus attracted towards him, slipped quietly from the room.

Almost at the same moment, the door of an apartment on the opposite side of the entry, and exactly in range of the place where Anvers was seated, was opened by a man inside who looked out, as if expecting the arrival of some one. Though the door remained open only a few seconds, he had time to see that there were several persons in the room, and that one of them wore the dress of a French officer. This was a discovery which startled him a little, though he succeeded in preserving his usual appearance of composure.

"What has become of the boy I saw sitting in that dark corner of the room when I first came in?" said Gregg, addressing the landlord.

"I don't know, but he's about somewhere, I reckon," was the landlord's answer.

"Do you know who he is?"

"O, a harmless sort of a chap, not overbright as I should judge."

"Don't you know his name?"

"I've heard him called Tony. I don't know whether he has any other name or not."

"If I'm not much mistaken," said Gregg, "I have seen him lurking round in the woods in different places."

"Like enough," replied the landlord, "for he's a mere vagabond, and as often finds a lodging in the woods as anywhere, according to his own account."

"He may be underwitted for aught I know," said Gregg, "but if he is, he has a sharp, keen look."

"It's a look that all such vagabonds have," said the landlord, "whether they have common sense or not."

While listening to what was said, Anvers at the same time had opportunity to bestow some attention on those seated near, particularly Gregg, his travelling companion for the last few miles. He had from the first strongly suspected that the coarse, grizzled hair, which in tangled masses hung down his neck and round his face, was worn for the purpose of disguise, and a stray lock of that lank, oily quality, which delights to lie in thin flakes on the damp, fallow forehead, showed that in the first of these conjectures he at least was not mistaken.

In about an hour supper was announced. During that time there had been several fresh arrivals, and all who wished to partake of the meal passed into an adjoining apartment, where on a large round table were venison and plenty of wild fowl and other meats, prepared in various ways, the appearance of which promised to make good the assertion of Gregg, as to the excellence of the fare, compared with what might have been expected.

Though nothing better than wooden trenchers were usually found in so obscure a place, the plates were of a kind of counterfeit China, known by the name of queen's ware, while a large pitcher filled with ale, and a number of drinking cups were of pewter, polished so brightly as to look like silver.

As soon as all were well seated at the table, Gregg filled several of the cups with ale, one of which he passed to Anvers. Then reserving one for himself, he distributed the others among those who sat nearest him.

As Anvers was in the act of raising the one handed to him to his lips, the man whom he had noticed as regarding him so keenly at the time of his arrival, and who now sat opposite to him,

gave him a significant look, which unfortunately he did not observe.

"What say you, Lieutenant Anvers," said Gregg, "did I recommend the ale too highly?"

"No, it merits all the praise you bestowed on it," replied Anvers, setting down the empty cup.

"Allow me to help you to some more then."

As he passed the cup to Gregg, the boy who has been referred to entered the room, and gliding up behind the man who by a look had unsuccessfully attempted to warn Anvers against drinking the ale, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Well, Tony, what now?" said the man.

"Somebody wants you."

"Is that all you can tell?"

"He's a gentleman I reckon."

"Well, the gentleman can wait. I suppose till I've finished my supper," was the answer, given with assumed carelessness.

His attention was thus diverted from Gregg, whose movements he had, without appearing to do so, been sedulously watching, or he would have seen that with a sleight of hand which would have done no discredit to a juggler in the performance of his tricks, previous to filling the cup which Anvers had handed him, emptied into it something from a paper.

In a few minutes the man Tony had called rose from the table and left the room. He found the boy waiting for him just outside the door.

"The man that wants to see you is in the bar-room," said he.

"Well, keep round somewhere within call. I may have need of you by-and-by."

He found only one person in the bar-room, and he was a stranger to him.

"I understand you wish to see me," said he, entering and closing the door behind him.

"If you are the man I heard some one call Finchley, I do."

"That is my name."

"And mine is Chaffer. You've heard Sybil Finchley speak of Joe Chaffer?"

"I have."

"Well, I got word from her this morning that she wished me to go over to Fort Beausejour quick as I could, and see if Lieutenant Anvers was there."

"And if you found him there, what then?"

"I was to tell him that he must get leave to start for the Danbridge Plantation without delay, or more than one might have reason to repent it."

"You didn't find him."

"He had been gone about fifteen minutes when I arrived, and that wasn't the worst of it."

"Why so?"

"You see that I know something out of the common way had happened the minute I was fairly in sight of the fort. Quite a number, mostly officers, were gathered together, and were talking in a manner which showed that they were much excited. When I arrived near enough, I found they were examining the outside of a letter that some one had found close to the stable door, which was directed to a well known French officer under General Montcalm. It was the hand-writing of Anvers they all said, and it was supposed that by some means he dropped it when he went to the stable for his horse."

"Was the letter sealed?"

"Yes, but they weren't long in deciding to break it open."

"And was the writing inside his?"

"Yes, and with his name signed to it. I didn't hear it read, but I found out that something was said in it which showed he had already sent a letter to the same French officer, informing him, as far as he could ascertain, of the intentions of Colonel Monekton, and offering to join the French if they would guarantee him a captain's commission. The letter which he lost, as it seemed by some allusion made in it, was to have been given to some one who was to meet him at a certain place, and had hitherto taken charge of such written messages as had passed between Anvers and him to whom it was addressed."

"By this time they are in pursuit of him?"

"Yes, they were making the necessary preparations when I left the fort."

"If it could be found where he is, should you be disposed to assist him to escape?"

"I don't know as to that. 'Twould be a dangerous business."

"If he's taken 'twill go hard with him."

"Yes, he'll be shot for a dead certainty."

"He mustn't be taken."

"He's guilty, that's plain, for he's told the story himself in black and white. Though like some others I could name, I've not always done as I ought to, I'm no friend to traitors."

"Anvers is no traitor, and 'twill turn out so if the truth can be known. Cunning people are busy who wish him out of the way, and this will prove to be their work, though I am afraid the proof will come too late to save him. Sybil has been working diligently for him, but things have gone slow. Are you going to stop here to-night?"

"If it continues to rain as it does now I shall. If it hadn't been for the rain I shouldn't have called. I meant to go as far as Turnbolt's, where your sister, in the message she sent me, thought I should find you."

"That's where I intended to go, and should if it hadn't been for a hint from the boy Tony, who by some means seems to know everything that's going on, let it be where 'twill."

## CHAPTER XX.

ANVERS RETURNS TO THE FORT A PRISONER.

SOON after rising from the table, Anvers requested of the landlord to be shown to the place where he should lodge, adding that his ride in the cold, damp wind caused him already to feel the need of sleep.

"You will choose to have a room by yourself, I suppose," said the host.

"Yes, I should prefer it."

"Follow me then."

The room to which the landlord conducted him was at the back part of the house, and near the shed used for the stabling of the horses.

"I wish to start very early in the morning—by daybreak if I can," said Anvers.

"Shall I give you a call if you don't wake?"

"I'll be obliged to you if you will."

"Well, a good night and sound sleep to you," and placing the candle on a large chest, which served the double purpose of chair and table, he withdrew, closing the door behind him.

Had Anvers listened, he might have heard the sliding of a bolt outside. Scarce a minute had passed after his head had touched the pillow, before he was in a deep sleep. It was near midnight when Finchley made an attempt to rouse him by tapping against the window.

"It's of no use," said he to Tony, whom he had taken with him. "The cursed drugs that fellow put into his drink will keep him sound till to-morrow noon. Tony, you must climb in at the window and see if you can't wake him."

"I reckon it 'twouldn't be any easy matter to get in," replied Tony, "if I hadn't slipped into the room and unfastened it, when I found out where the landlord was going to put him."

"Here, let me help you," said Finchley, after he had raised the sash, but Tony, before the words were well out of his mouth, had vaulted over the window-sill, and stood by the side of the bed. Finchley held a dark lantern, so as to throw its light upon Anvers. The efforts of Tony to wake him, in which he was by no means sparing, proved to be utterly useless. The rough and vigorous shakings bestowed on him, did nothing more towards rousing him, than to produce a few inarticulate murmurings.

"There, I'll give him one more shake," said Tony, "and if that don't wake him, I'll give up beat."

"I don't know but that 'twill prove to be his last nap," said Finchley.

At that moment the clatter of horses' feet was heard. Tony sprang from the window, and Finchley quickly let down the sash. Then stealing round the corner of the house, they crouched behind a pile of wood to await the arrival of the horsemen. Very soon they drew up in front of the inn.

"As I expected," whispered Finchley, when the door was opened, and he heard one of the new comers inquire for Lieutenant Anvers.

"It's the officers," said Tony.

"Yes, and I would 'ave saved him with your and Chaffer's assistance, if it hadn't been for that Gregg; but it's too late now."

There were still a number in the bar-room, among whom was Gregg, who had not yet thought of retiring to rest.

"Your drugs were too strong, Gregg," the landlord found opportunity to whisper.

"Well, I'd no thought they'd be after him so soon," was the reply. "I only gave him what I thought would keep him quiet a few hours after sunrise. But never mind, all there'll be to do is to give 'em to understand that his head wasn't as strong as his appetite for strong drink."

Twelve hours later, Anvers had returned to Fort Beausejour, accused of a crime the punishment of which he knew was death.

Myra Pemberton had not heard a word from Anvers after he left the plantation. This caused her much uneasiness, for though she did not expect that he would write to her, she knew that he had promised a letter to Mr. Danbridge. There was scarce a day that she did not visit the summit of the steep hill which overlooked the river, generally taking Minda with her.

The two had one day gone out for their usual excursion, but finding the heat more oppressive than they had anticipated, instead of ascending the hill they sheltered themselves in the shadow of the overhanging rock, where finding some fine mosses, they busied themselves in gathering them.

Time slipped away imperceptibly, and they did not notice that masses of black, wild-looking clouds were surging up from the west till warned by the hoarse voice of distant thunder. Almost the same instant the wind began to blow furiously. Gust after gust swept down the river, lashing it into foam, and at the same time swaying the saplings which grew between them and the shore, so that their tops almost touched the ground. The clouds rose rapidly towards the zenith, darkening the sun. So heavy was the gloom, it seemed as if night had already set in.

"Let us go home—let us go home," said the frightened Minda.

"It would be impossible to reach home against this wind were we to attempt it," was Myra's reply.

A vivid flash of lightning a crash of thunder, and the rain began to descend.

"We must go into the cave," said Minda.

They were crouching close to the ground to escape the fury of the wind, and as they rose for the purpose of seeking the shelter of the cave, Myra caught sight of some dark object on the river, which was white with the boiling foam. The wind had lulled a little, and thrusting aside the branches of the small, low trees, through the opening thus made, she saw it was a boat. Judging from the size it was the same in which Wellford Atherly was in the habit of crossing the river.

There was one man in the boat, but with the foaming waves dashing around him, it was impossible to tell who it was, though Myra supposed it to be Atherly. Her old dislike of him had of late been accompanied with a vague fear, not the less unpleasant from her being unable to ascribe it to any particular cause.

A few more strokes of the oar and the boat would reach the shore. The cave which at first was thought of as a place of shelter from the storm, was now eagerly sought as a hiding-place. Minda, as was natural, shared the dislike and fear entertained by Myra for Atherly.

Though the entrance was low, when once within it was more than sufficiently high to enable them to stand upright. Heavy footsteps, plainly distinguishable amid the roar of the tempest, soon drew near.

"It is Luke Jemmison," whispered Minda, venturing to look out, "and he's coming right straight to the cave."

They hastened to grope their way further into the interior of the cave, where trembling with fear, for if possible, they had a greater dread of him than of Atherly, they crouched close together upon the ground. They had only time for this, when he entered and seated himself on a rock partly imbedded in the soil, just inside the mouth of the cave. Producing a tinder box he struck fire, and lighting a pipe beguiled the time by smoking.

He finished his pipe, and the shower had nearly subsided, yet he showed no signs of quitting his station. The sun soon broke forth, and the air was filled with fragrance, and the joyful singing of birds. The water fowl which had been whirling and darting in confusion during the tempest, uttering their wild, harsh screams, were now calmly and silently whirling their circles high in the air, or skimming along close to the surface of the river. Jemmison began to grow impatient.

"Why in the fiend's name that he serves," he muttered to himself, "doesn't he come?"

On the instant, as if in answer to this question, there came from a distance a shrill, prolonged whistle, which he responded to in like manner. Then with a laugh of that doubtful kind, which made it difficult to determine whether it proceeded from satisfaction, or was only an effort to stifle some painful recollection, he whispered, "He's coming at last."

Nearly five minutes elapsed before the person expected arrived. Jemmison had left his seat and was standing outside of the cave.



"How are you, Luke? I expected to find Atherly here instead of you," said a voice, which Myra and her attendant knew to be Braxon's.

"Why didn't you come sooner? I've been here this half hour," said Jemmison.

"The shower detained me. You got caught in it I see, by the looks of your clothes."

"Yes, I was crossing the river, and when the wind first struck, it fairly lifted the boat from the water. I almost gave up all thought of ever setting my foot on the land again."

"That would have been unlucky for the whole concern as well as yourself. How have you prospered?"

"All has gone right. The youngster has been tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot."

"At what time?"

"In three days. It's all over by this time."

"There's no certainty as to that. Much may happen within three days. I thought military law was more prompt."

"The execution was to have taken place twenty-four hours after sentence was passed; but by some means a mean, meddling fellow by the name of Ellis succeeded in getting him reprieved for two days."

"I don't like that. A reprieve often proves a stepping stone to a pardon."

"It would be better if the matter had been finished and done with, though as near as I could find out, everything this Ellis undertook in his favor seemed likely to turn against him. That Atherly has a long head. He can weave a plot without getting a single tangle into it."

"Where is Atherly? He ought to be here."

"He meant to come, but was obliged to go in a different direction; so he told me the signal agreed on between you and him, and said that would fetch you. He said I must come, for you would want to know how matters stood."

"Will he be back to-night?"

"He expects to be."

"Well, he is to satisfy you for the trouble you've been at, I suppose you know, and he and I can settle the affair between ourselves."

"Yes, I understand. Wont you cross the river with me?"

"No, I think I had better go and carry the news to Mr. Danbridge and the others. I should like to see how it affects them. There's a moon to night."

"Yes, it rises about eleven," replied Jemmison.

"You and Atherly better come over about that time, or an hour later would do as well, and meet me here. This reprieve makes me uneasy. Likely as not the next news we hear will be that he is pardoned. At any rate we shall do well to provide ways and means to meet such an emergency."

"We will be here at the time you mention."

Jemmison stood a little distance from the cave and watched his late companion as he walked rapidly towards the Mansion House, till he was lost to sight amid the intervening forest trees. During the foregoing colloquy, he and Braxon supposing there was no danger that any person was within ear-shot, had spoken so loud much of what they said could be heard by Myra Pemberton and Minda. But as the name of him whom it principally concerned was not mentioned, it did not even occur to them that Anvers was the person referred to, who had been tried and found guilty of a crime worthy of death.

They supposed that Jemmison as well as Braxon had gone, and having waited till they imagined there had been time for him to reach the boat, they had already approached the mouth of the cave within a short distance, when the sound of his heavy footsteps caused them to hurry back to their former place of concealment. They barely had time to do so, when he re-entered. The horrible thought that he might intend to remain there for the night—for they had not heard what he said to Braxon about returning—presented itself to their minds. Their terror increased, when again producing his tinder-box, he struck fire, and lit a small lamp instead of his pipe.

As the light streamed along the cave there was a nervous, involuntary movement made by one of the prisoners. The noise thus made, slight as it was, did not escape Jemmison's ear, for holding the lamp close to the ground, he alternately passed it along on each side of him as he cautiously advanced. He did not proceed to the extremity of the cave, however, and the feeble light of the lamp piercing but a short distance into

the profound gloom, they escaped his eye, though if only a single ray had fallen on the white garments of Myra, he must unavoidably have seen her.

Retracing his steps to about midway of the cave, he placed the lamp on the ground, and with an old spade, which he probably brought with him for the purpose, he commenced digging in the sandy soil. The sinister aspect of the person before him, his employment, the sound of his gruff voice, uttering in low, monotonous tones what might have passed for the tune of some dismal ballad, the flickering light which from the dampness of the air, seemed every moment to burn dimmer and dimmer, all combined to deepen the impression of terror and dread which had seized them.

"For what purpose could he be disturbing the damp earth of that lonely place?" was the question which Myra asked herself.

The grave, the bloody corpse of some murdered victim, for the present concealed in some dark recess, to be dragged forth from its unhallowed sepulture, were the images which crowded to her imagination. Minda with difficulty suppressed an audible expression of her terror, which, if possible, was even greater than that of her young mistress. They were much relieved, when after making a comparatively slight excavation, they saw him lay aside his spade, and from a knapsack, which they had not before observed, take a small box.

He opened it and slightly examined its contents, muttering as he did so: "After all, Atherly isn't as cunning as he thinks he is, or he never would have consented to give me these written instructions as to how I must proceed to entrap the young officer, and much more sign his name to it. I shall have him and Braxon too under my thumb as long as these remain safe."

Replacing the papers, he hastened to put the box in the cavity he had made, and after covering it with the earth, to obliterate the traces of what he had been doing. He then, to the great joy of Myra Pemberton and Minda, left the cave. Venturing forward, they saw him enter the boat and commence rowing for the opposite side of the river.

"Supposing I should dig up the box, so that you can see what the papers are about?" said Minda.

"Not now," was Myra's reply. "I will first speak to Mr. Danbridge about it."

## CHAPTER XXI.

SYBIL FINCHLEY BRINGS BAD NEWS.

"Too late! too late!"

Such was the exclamation of a tall, dark-complexioned woman, who in a hurried, agitated manner approached Mr. Danbridge as he was slowly riding up the avenue that led to his house.

"Who are you, and what is the meaning of what you say?" he demanded, imagining her to be some one suffering from mental aberration.

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"You have seen me many a time in Old England. My name is Sybil Finchley."

"I recollect the name."

"Well you may. I watched by the bedside of Grace Danbridge, your young and lovely wife, and the mother of your fair boy many a long day and night before she died."

"I know it. I was grateful to you then, and have often thought of it since. But what did you mean by saying it was too late?"

"That you shall know by-and-by. First tell me if you have heard the news?"

"No. It is bad news, I suspect."

"Yes, such as will throw a shadow over all your future life."

"What is it?" Tell me at once."

"It has reference to the young man you know as Lieutenant Anvers."

"He has met the soldier's fate—death on the battle-field."

"No, the traitor's doom."

"There is one over whom this will cast a darker shadow than over me. But it cannot be. The open-hearted, noble-minded Anvers could never have been a traitor."

"That is true. He was the victim of the foulest conspiracy which it ever entered into the hearts of wicked, evil-minded men to contrive. Could I have reached here a few days sooner, I might, by enlisting the sympathies of those who could trace and lay bare the dark and hidden windings of the plot, have been in season to save

his life, and restore to you a son worthy to bear your name."

"I don't understand you. Not an hour since I saw my son, who was alive and well."

"You saw him you call your son?"

"And is he not my son?"

"No. Anvers is, or rather was your son."

"What she says is true," said he who had so long borne the name of Percy Danbridge, who, unperceived by either, had approached near enough to hear what was said; "Lieutenant Anvers was your son—I a changeling."

"And an impostor."

"No, that vile name doesn't belong to me. It is only a few weeks since the fraud was made known to me, when I would have revealed it to you had I not been warned by one wiser than I am, that the disclosure would be premature."

"It was I that prevented him," said Sybil, "for I wished first to obtain such proof as would make it clear that Anvers was your son. They were too quick and too crafty for me. They have accomplished their purpose. The proof is obtained, but too late. Did you ever see that before?" said she, handing him a coral necklace with a plain gold clasp.

"Hundreds of times. It was my first present to my son. He was in his mother's arms when I clasped it round his neck. How came you by it?"

Suppressing her brother's name, she briefly and rapidly recapitulated the incidents of the scene enacted in the deserted hut, and those which followed, up to the moment when she left the child in the care of the young man in the stage-coach.

"If so interested in the child's welfare," said Mr. Danbridge, when she had finished her narrative, "why didn't you divulge the affair at once?"

"How could I, when the only person in the wide world with whom I could claim kindred, and who, with all his wrong doing was dear to me, had by the gold offered as a reward been tempted to become the agent in the base affair? 'Twas well that he did. Had some other one been employed, he might not, like him, have spared the child's life. He would perhaps have fulfilled the directions given him to the letter. I did, at a subsequent period, intend to let you know, but when I found that Mrs. Cline had written to you, giving you an account of some other circumstances connected with the child, and that you took no notice of her letter, I concluded you considered it a fabrication unworthy your notice, and would look on whatever I might tell you in the same light."

"I never received a letter from Mrs. Cline."

"I have since found that you did not. The vessel was wrecked by which she sent it."

While this conversation was passing between Mr. Danbridge and Sybil Finchley, Braxon with the intention, as he had told Jemmison, of carrying the news concerning Anvers to the Mansion House, emerged from the woods. The distance was not so great as to prevent his recognizing Sybil, and alarmed at seeing Mr. Danbridge apparently in conversation with her, he retreated a little, and remained hovering just within the edge of the woods.

Myra Pemberton and Minda, when they left the cave, avoided approaching the house by the more direct path, lest, should he chance to see them, the suspicion of Braxon might be excited. The more circuitous way which they selected, screened them from the view of those in and near the house, and led directly to that part of the avenue where Mr. Danbridge and the two with him still remained.

At sight of Myra, Mr. Danbridge could no longer control his emotion. It caused her thoughts to revert to Anvers. He might be wounded—perhaps dead.

"You have heard bad news," said she.

"I have. Tell her—I cannot," said he, turning to Sybil.

Before she had time to comply with his request, some one bounded over an adjoining hedge, and ran to the place where they stood.

"Tony," said Sybil, "where did you come?"

"From the hut t'other side of the river. Bart is there, and sent me. He said you'd want to hear the news."

She attempted to draw him aside, for she was afraid that he was going to enter into the details of the execution of Anvers. By a sudden and dexterous movement he eluded her.

"That gentleman," said he, designating Mr. Danbridge, "and this young lady will like to hear it as well as you, I reckon."

"We should. Keep us no longer in suspense," cried Myra, with white and quivering lips.

"Well, it isn't bad news I've come to bring, so the lady needn't turn so white."

"Why don't you tell what it is, then?" said Sybil.

"Lieutenant Anvers is reprieved."

"Reprieved!" exclaimed both Mr. Danbridge and Sybil.

"Yes—that's the truth."

"How came it about?" said Sybil.

"Why, you see a friend of his didn't believe he was guilty, and begged so hard for him to be reprieved long enough to give a chance to look into things, that they who had the management of such affairs concluded they'd put off the execution four days longer."

"Only four days?" exclaimed Sybil.

"Wait and hear me through. Well, this friend of his worked night and day for him, but somehow everything seemed to turn against him. At last, Anvers, who'd been examining the letter the pedler brought him pretty narrowly, told Ellis, the friend of his I mentioned, that he didn't think the writing looked so much like Ensign Clayton's as he thought it did at first. When he heard that, Ellis didn't wait a single minute, but started right off after the ensign, for you see 'twas dark then, and the reprieve would be out next morning at sunrise."

"And did he find him?" asked Mr. Danbridge.

"That's what he did," replied Tony, warning with his subject, and getting the better of the slight shyness which he at first felt on account of the presence of Mr. Danbridge and Myra, when he found what interested and eager listeners they were.

"And then?" said Mr. Danbridge.

"He brought him right back with him, and just in time to save the prisoner's life. In ten minutes more they would 'ave been too late."

"And what about the letter? Did Clayton write it?"

"No, nor never thought of such a thing. He had never been sick, nor never had been at any such place as the letter said Anvers must go to."

"That satisfied them, I should think," said Sybil.

"Not quite, for though all gave up that the writing inside of the letter was very different from some Ensign Clayton had with him, a letter which was directed to a French officer with Anvers's name signed to it, he owned looked exactly as if he had wrote it himself."

"And will they dare do otherwise than let him go free, now that one of the letters has proved to be a forgery?" said Sybil, with elevated voice, and her eyes sparkling with angry excitement.

"I don't know about it myself, but Bart said he would be dealt fairly by."

Myra Pemberton had meanwhile stood by a silent listener, and in comparing what Tony had told them, with what she had heard pass between Braxon and Jemmison when she and Minda were secreted in the cave, she felt satisfied that the person who formed the subject of their conversation was Anvers. If so, the papers contained in the box which the pedler concealed with so much care, judging by what he muttered to himself while thus engaged, might afford the means of proving the innocence of Anvers, and of exposing those, who for the accomplishment of some purpose to her unknown, evidently wished him to be out of the way. She took Mr. Danbridge aside and related to him the adventure of the cave.

"Anvers was the person alluded to, without doubt," he said, in reply to what she had told him. "The papers must be secured without a moment's loss of time. I'll go for them myself."

"Either I or Minda must go with you and point out the spot where the box is buried, or you might look for it in vain."

"I will take Minda with me, and leave you to explain to Sybil Finchley the reason of my abrupt departure, and if you can, prevail on her to remain here till I return."

CHAPTER XXII.

WARNED BY CANDACE, BRAXON AND HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES ESCAPE, BEING ARRESTED.

AFTER a while Braxon ventured to mingle with some of the people belonging to the plantation. Juba, who for some purpose had been sent by Mr. Danbridge to the nearest hamlet, had just returned, and brought with him the report that Lieutenant Anvers had been tried and exe-



cuted for some crime, the nature of which he had not been able to fully make out. The fears and misgivings which had nearly overwhelmed Braxon at the sight of Sybil, were relieved while he simulated the appearance of mingled grief and indignation at what he termed the baseness and turpitude of one so young as Anvers.

"It may possibly be a false report," said he, anxious to elicit something which would substantiate what Juba had heard.

"I wish it was false," said Juba, "for nobody can ever make me believe he deserved to die; but a man right from here said that four musket-balls struck him right in the heart."

"Enough to kill almost any one I should think," said Braxon, while for a moment losing the control of his countenance, it lighted up with a glow of satisfaction.

During this time, Candace Atherly, though with an anxious and throbbing heart, had to all appearance been very calm and quiet as she moved round from place to place. She had managed to hear a few words of what Tony had said, and though they were so disjointed that she could not clearly make out their meaning, she was satisfied in her own mind that the news Juba had brought could not be depended on. When she saw Myra Pemberton go into the house, and

and taking advantage of the slight noise Myra made in leaving the room, she placed herself in an easier and more convenient position for looking and listening.

When Myra returned, both Mr. and Mrs. Danbridge were with her. Mrs. Danbridge, who in a few words had been informed of what took place, and of her husband's going thither, had brought with her a large bunch of keys. The box was placed on a table, and all the smaller keys were successively applied to the lock, but none would fit it.

"This will open it," said Mr. Danbridge, taking a strong, short bladed knife from his pocket.

Unfolding the first paper which presented itself, and glancing his eyes over it, he saw that it contained instructions relative to the time and manner of delivering several letters, according to the superscription of each. It was written in a style so clear and brief as to almost preclude the possibility of being misunderstood, and laid bare the whole iniquitous plot for the entrapping of Anvers from beginning to end. It was without signature, and had it not been for a note directed to Jemmison and signed "Wellford Atherly," which appeared to have been written in great haste, it might have been difficult to determine who the disguised author was.

"Braxon. It appears by this that he was the instigator of the whole. His reign, however, is over I think, as well as that of his accomplices."

"Perhaps not," said Candace to herself, as she softly left the closet.

In a few minutes she had reached the spot where, according to appointment, Braxon was awaiting her.

"All is discovered!" were the words with which she greeted him.

He started and turned pale.

"Jemmison must have betrayed us," he then said, calmly.

"No, some papers have been found which disclosed the whole."

"Where were they found?"

"I don't know, but they implicate you, my brother and Jemmison. Preparations are making for the arrest of all three of you. Make the best of the short time which remains."

"Are you sure that I am implicated?"

"Mr. Danbridge mentioned you as the ringleader."

"If I only had the means of crossing the river, all three of us could escape together. Your brother and Jemmison were to meet me in the cave to-night at eleven o'clock. It won't do to wait till then."

"Stop," said she. "It is no time now to ask questions. Think only of how you can escape. A single minute's delay may be fatal."

Braxon by this time had joined them.

"Where can we go?" he asked.

"Jemmison," said Atherly, "that must be left to you. You know every nook and corner between here and the seashore which will answer for a hiding place."

"Yes, but it won't do to go far in pursuit of one," said Jemmison.

"No, it must be some one we can reach between this and daylight."

"Moonlight, you'd better say. I can think of only one near enough for that," replied Jemmison, "and the way to it is dangerous; but once there, I defy any living thing but a bloodhound to find us."

"Why is the way dangerous?" inquired Braxon.

"Because of the rapids."

"Rapids? Can they be crossed?"

"Yes, for I crossed 'em myself once. The boat when it struck 'em skipped about as if it had been nothing more'n a dry leaf for a spell,—and then the plunge downward—I'll say nothing about that, except that it made me feel rather dizzy."



NUCKLE DOWN.

[See page 109.]

take Sybil Finchley with her, she determined to know what passed between them. Having first succeeded in intimating to Braxon that she wished to meet him about an hour from that time, at a place she mentioned, and where they had more than once already met, she entered the house by a back door.

She had previously, through an open window, seen that Myra and Sybil were in an apartment little frequented by the family, and what still more favored her purpose, one that communicated with a closet of which she had the key, and which locked on the inside. There, secure from the danger of discovery, she could remain as long as she pleased, and by means of a slight flaw in the partition, act the double part of spy and eaves-dropper.

Something like half an hour had passed, and Candace had ascertained nothing which she deemed of sufficient importance to reward her for her trouble, when Myra, who sat watching by a window, told Sybil that Mr. Danbridge was coming.

"He won't know where to find us," she added. "I must go and tell him."

Candace saw that both she and her companion were much excited.

"I shall be paid for waiting now," she thought,

"I was so stupid," it said, "that I forgot previous to your leaving this quarter to charge you to burn the paper containing the directions relative to the distribution of those letters the moment you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with its contents. I shall be on thorns till my messenger returns, lest he should fail to find you."

That Myra and the others might not be held in suspense, Mr. Danbridge read aloud both the note and the paper containing the directions.

"These two of themselves will be sufficient to invalidate the evidence which condemned—"

"Percy Danbridge, you should say," said Sybil, seeing that he hesitated. "I have the means of confirming this by evidence still stronger than what has yet been made known to you."

"The young man carries the confirmation in his own person," said Mrs. Danbridge. "Myra and I remarked the strong resemblance he bore to Mr. Danbridge the first time we saw him. Strange we didn't think more of it."

"Who could have thought, that with his smooth, oily tongue he was such a thorough-going hypocrite?" exclaimed Mr. Danbridge, who had been looking at another of the papers.

"Who is a hypocrite?" inquired Mrs. Danbridge.

"Conceal yourself there, and I will bring him here in less than half an hour. A signal has been agreed on between us, by which I am to let him know whenever his presence is needed."

In less than ten minutes afterwards a slender spire of flame shot upwards from the brow of the precipice, which overhung the entrance of the cave, the light being screened from the view of those at the Mansion House by a dense thicket. Candace stood watching the opposite shore for five minutes, when she saw through the fast gathering gloom what appeared like two moving shadows. Then some object, darker than the calm surface of the river, commenced gliding across it. It was not long before the dip of oars could plainly be heard. Descending the steep hill, she hastened to the spot where she knew the boat would touch the shore.

"What's happened?" were the words of Wellford Atherly, as he sprang from the boat.

"Nothing," she replied, in a cold, calm voice, "only you and your confederates are betrayed."

"Betrayed? How?"

"By means of some papers which have been found."

Jemmison, did you dare disobey?" commenced Atherly, assuming a threatening air; but he was silenced by Candace.

"Must they be crossed to reach the only safe place you know of?" said Candace.

"Yes, the only one, as I've already said, that can be reached in time to save us; and when we get there, we must stay till the heat of the search after us is over."

"We must venture," said Atherly—"that's plain. You've crossed 'em you say, and what's been done once, may be done again."

"And you know the old proverb," said the pedler, "He that's born to be—"

"There's no time for proverbs now,—we must be off," said Atherly, interrupting him with angry impatience, and he jumped into the boat.

The two others followed, when a few rapid and vigorous strokes of the oars placed them midway of the stream. Assisted by the current they moved on with much velocity.

The question, "How far from here?" and the answer, "Six miles," were the only words which were spoken till they could hear the dull, hoarse murmur of rushing water. Soon the murmur grew to a heavy, booming sound, which broke sullenly on the still night air, and warned them that they would soon reach the rapids. Jemmison, without speaking, went forward with an oar in his hand and stood in the bow of the boat. Recent rains had increased the volume of the



stream, which, as he well knew, rendered the danger far more imminent than when he passed the rapids several years previous.

About midway, between where the stream began to feel the accelerated speed and force of the current and its final downward rush, there was a large rock, which, when the river was not swollen, rose several feet above the water. It decreased greatly in size as it approached the surface of the river, that part which commonly rose above it being called the Demon's Head. Now there was reason to fear that it was quite or nearly submerged. Still there were certain landmarks which Jemmison believed would so accurately indicate its location as to enable him to prevent the boat from being dashed against it. Still the risk was great. He considered the chances ten to one against him.

"Shall we wait here till the moon rises?" he asked.

The question had barely left his lips, when they heard a faint and distant halloo.

"You are answered," said Braxon. "That is the voice of our pursuers."

A sudden lift of the boat, as if strong yet quivering hands had raised it, warned them that it had already touched the furious and impetuous currents, which would irresistibly urge it on-

"Or what?" Braxon repeated.

"Death! death! That is what. The demon will get his prey!" he shrieked, as he felt the oar slip from the treacherous rock, precipitating him headlong into the midst of the tumultuous, hissing waves, where he sunk to rise no more.

A single breath, and then came a shock which stove the boat to pieces. A wild, frantic cry was borne to the ears of their pursuers. At the same moment the moon showed its disc above the eastern horizon, and a few who were in advance of the rest, caught a glimpse of two struggling forms.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord," were the words, which in accents clear, solemn and impressive rose from the lips of a venerable, gray-haired man, as they disappeared from view amid the boiling waves.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### CONCLUSION.

MR. DANBRIDGE had just despatched a trusty messenger with a letter to Colonel Monckton, stating that papers had been found which would fully exonerate Lieutenant Anvers from the

not cause me to cast aside all thought of him who for so many years was innocently made the instrument of the fraud practised against me, for the poor boy is most woefully deficient in worldly wisdom. Where is he?" said he, turning to Sybil. "I saw him on the lawn only a few minutes ago."

"He is waiting for me by the river, and I must go," she replied. "We shall return tomorrow. Before I go, let me remind you that those who sought the life of Percy Danbridge are still at large."

"One higher than man has dealt with them," said Dillard, who had been one of those sent in pursuit of them, and who had entered the room in season to hear Sybil's remark. "They tried to escape by passing over the rapids, and all three were lost. I arrived just in season to see the boat dashed against the Demon's Head."

As Sybil Finchley had promised, she and the c-devant Percy Danbridge returned the following morning. They were not alone; Zorayne was with them.

"She is my promised bride, and dearer to me than all beside, which this earth holds," said the young man, leading her towards Mr. Danbridge. "Will you not sanction our betrothal, give us

"He does not."

"You do!"

"Yes," and she whispered the name of Robert Braxon.

"Has he manifested any anxiety to know?"

"He has asked no questions, though I think that he has some suspicion of the truth."

"If he is content, let it remain a suspicion."

"That is what I say. The name of Braxon would cause him to be looked upon with dislike. It would be like a curse cleaving to him."

"Still he must have a name."

"Let it be Percy Wilmot—Wilmot was his mother's name before she was married to this miserable Braxon."

This proposition, when mentioned to the young man, was readily acceded to, and over afterwards he was known by that name.

As time advanced, he proved that he possessed many good and noble qualities. He never fell back into his old apathetic and indolent habits. The same bright being who had stirred the deeper fountains of his heart, still continued by her influence to sustain its best and healthiest energies.

Never was there a goodlier feast, or a more plentiful, spread in the old baronial halls of Merrie England, than that which was prepared



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

[See page 100.]

wards. With white and compressed lips Braxon and Atherly abandoned their oars and held fast by the edge of the boat. Jemmison, bracing himself still more firmly, kept his eyes fixed on the spot where he knew by the white foam tossed high into the air from the seething waves was the dangerous rock. As they neared it, the Demon's Head, just discernible in the starlight, looked through the mist and foam as if wreathed with serpent locks.

His object was to bring the long yet sturdy oar, which he now grasped with both hands, to bear so quickly and firmly against the rock as to give the boat an outward impulse, and thus give it a chance to shoot by before again brought within the control of those rushing, whirling currents, which otherwise would insure its destruction.

"Now, comrades," said he, "life for all three of us, or—"

"Or what?" cried Braxon, finding that he did not finish the sentence.

Without heeding the question he bent forward, and with his whole strength concentrated as it were in his muscular arms, struck the end of the oar against the rock, a few feet below where the Demon's Head could be seen darkling through wreaths of feathery foam.

charges which had been brought against him, when a chaise drove up to the front entrance of the Mansion House. A lady alighted and inquired for Mr. Danbridge.

"You have come in good time," said Sybil Finchley, going to the door. "I was expecting you, but was afraid you wouldn't come. This is Mrs. Anvers, Mr. Danbridge," who having heard himself inquired for, had come forward.

"Your presence here is most opportune," said he, after a few words of cordial welcome. "I have many things to say to her who has so long been a mother to him I have reason to believe is my son."

During the long conversation which ensued, many incidents were brought to light, which, trifling of themselves, were such as to corroborate what had been made known to him by Sybil Finchley. Among other things, she produced the piece of paper which she had found pinned to the child's dress.

Without entering more minutely into details, it will be enough to say that at the close of the interview, Mr. Danbridge did not entertain a doubt that he whom he had loved and esteemed as Lieutenant Anvers, was Percy Danbridge, his son.

"But being assured of this," said he, "must

your blessing, and leave to live in the little cottage, which Zorayne has made a fit dwelling for a fairy queen? If you will, we shall be happy. We shall wish for nothing more."

A vivid blush, such as glows in the heart of the red rose, broke through the olive of her cheek, a soft smile hovering on her coral lips, and the light which beamed in her large, dark eyes was half veiled by their long, silky lashes, as Zorayne stood by her lover's side.

"I cannot doubt the truth of what you say," replied Mr. Danbridge. "Such a bright young creature as this would make the humblest home a paradise. All you ask I grant cheerfully, gladly. What more I intend to bestow on you shall be made known hereafter."

"Pardon me, sir," said Zorayne, "I too have a boon to ask," and she cast a shy glance towards her lover.

"Before hearing your request, my sweet child, I think I can promise that it shall be granted. Let me hear what it is."

"To let him retain the name of Percy. I have learned to love it so well."

"Willingly. It would be hard and ungenerous to prohibit what can injure no one. Does he know the name he is entitled to?" said Mr. Danbridge, speaking aside to Sybil.

Christmas day at the Mansion House of Danbridge Plantation.

Juba, Pelus and Minda fully realized their own importance, and it must be confessed that they displayed much tact and skill in carrying out certain tasteful arrangements, the accomplishment of which had been especially confided to them.

"I don't believe," said Minda, "that there was ever so grand and beautiful a wedding as this will be, and I know that the sun never shone on so handsome and noble looking a bridegroom as Captain Percy Danbridge."

"What do you call him captain for, when he's nothing but a lieutenant?" said some one standing by.

"Nothing but a lieutenant? I can tell you better than that. I heard Mr. Danbridge tell all about how he was promoted for his military skill and bravery at the taking of Fort Gaspereau, on Green Bay."

"What a head you hab, Minda," said Juba. "You know how to speak de big words equal to Miss Myra."

"What should hinder me from knowing," said she, tossing her head a little proudly, "when I have the benefit of her example every day of my

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 109.]



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

An angel whispered me last eve,  
And this was the glad tale he told,  
That some bright Christmas he would weave  
A splendid chain of green and gold

The spirit's pure, unfading youth  
Would still be shadowed in the green,  
While the immortal rays of truth  
Would mingle with the gold's rich sheen

"Will it be mine?" I asked of him—  
The angel drooped his wing and sighed  
"Ah, no! for thus the gold is dim  
The evergreen hath lost its pride

For two kind hearts that melt in one,  
I bind my blessed, hasting choir,  
And when around them it is thrown  
No time its links can part again."

I knelt—but lo! no shape was there,  
No angel form my eyes to bless;  
But on my wall was written fair,  
"Rejoice in others' happiness!"

And by the moon's soft tracery,  
I saw the chain of green and gold—  
And what the angel told to me,  
Dear friend, to you again I've told

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 3.

BY WALTER CLARINCE.

*Midnight in the tropics.—Massacre of the crew of a Portuguese brig.*

THERE is something romantically beautiful in a tropic night, at sea, especially if a gentle breeze is blowing. The air feels refreshingly cool, after the intense heat of the day. It fans the hot cheek and fevered brow, and imparts a delicious coolness to the head, as it gently stirs the moist hair. You inhale its freshness through the swelling nostrils and the parched and parted lips, and feel its revivifying power in the quicker circulation of the languid blood, and the suddenly invigorated frame. If it be near the full moon, the wide circle of the horizon seems to be indefinitely extended, and if the vessel be near land, every point and promontory is plainly and sharply defined against the clear blue-gray sky. Over your head floats the round moon—a lambent ball of pale yellow yet brilliant light—midway between the wide, lofty arch of the heavens, and the smooth, translucent sea, sparkling with phosphorescent flames. Stars, innumerable, infinitely more numerous than in the temperate zones, glimmer and glisten in the cloudless sky. It is only in the tropics that one can readily realize their immeasurable distance from the earth—the full, round moon seems almost within attainable distance, in comparison, while all the fantastic figures, by means of which astronomers have marked the positions of the constellations on the celestial globe, can be traced in the mind's eye. If you be blessed with fair eyesight, the smallest print can be traced at midnight as plainly as in broad day; the white deck of the vessel glows in the mellow brightness of the moon's rays, and the subtle light penetrates into every dark crevice, imparting a ghostly aspect to each conspicuous object, while in the smooth, transparent water, is seen an inverted reflection of the bold headlands; the ship, with its masts and spars, and broad white sails, and all the minute and delicate network of the rigging and cordage, and, far, far beneath, like a silver bowl studded with diamonds, quivering and glittering through the water, may be seen the reflection of the star-spangled heavens above, the moon seeming to float midway between the surface of the sea and the immeasurable deep—this last, the most beautiful sight of all.

It was on one of those lovely tropic nights, the glories of which I have feebly endeavored to paint—pen and ink, the colors and brush of the artist, even the inspired verse of the poet, are all unequal to the task—I was lounging idly over the bulwarks, peering down into the ocean deep, and, fancifully, peopling its vast expanse; its mountains and valleys, and gloomy caverns, and dark forests of jungles and seaweed, and grottoes of coral and shells, with the gnome and fairy population which the rich and fantastic flow of oriental imagination has assigned to the submarine world, and, occasionally, withdrawing my thoughts from the realms of fancy and fairy land,

and permitting them to dwell on my distant home and absent friends, thoughts that the midnight hours on the lonely ocean is very apt to conjure up, when I was startled out of my fanciful reverie by the boom of a distant gun, which strangely and mournfully broke the solemn stillness of the night.

"Eh! hilloa! I say, Stimson, what's that?" exclaimed the first lieutenant, who was loitering over the opposite bulwark, half wakeful, half dreaming, and, to use a vulgar adage, "killing two birds with one stone," chewing the narcotic leaf and the cud of reflection, at one and the same time. "Didn't you hear it, Stimson?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the quartermaster, thus addressed. "The sound came from seaward, leastwise, so it seemed to my ears. It was a ship's gun, I expect, sir."

"Yes—but a ship's gun fired at midnight and in such weather as this! I don't understand it."

"Send a hand aloft to see if there's any sail in sight, Mr. Lanyard (to the boatswain). We should see a vessel a long distance off this clear bright night. Stay—my spyglass, boy—I'll go aloft myself and reconnoitre."

Telescope in hand, the lieutenant ran rapidly up the main-rigging, and from the "top," peered keenly through the spyglass, in every direction.

"Can you make out anything?" he sung out to the seaman who had been ordered aloft, and who was now on the foretop-sail yard.

"No, sir," replied the man. "I thought I did, just this moment, but it must have been a grampus' fin, or mayhap a shark. It jist 'peared and was gone—"

"Boom," came the sound of a gun a second time, causing both officer and seaman to start, so totally unexpected was the report, and so strangely distinct and solemn was the sound, heard in the stillness of midnight.

"That report came from seaward," exclaimed the lieutenant, "and the wind, what there is of it, is blowing from the land. The vessel from which the gun is fired, can't be far off, or we shouldn't hear the report so distinctly, and yet there's not a sign of a sail within five miles of us."

"Eight bells" (the hour of midnight) were struck at this moment. The watch was relieved, and the lieutenant awoke the captain, who had retired early to his cabin, and informed him that he had heard the boom of two guns, fired from leeward; as he spoke, the sound of a third gun was heard.

"It can be no engagement between a cruiser and a slaver," said the captain, as he ascended to the deck with the officer. "It must be a vessel in distress, and yet, it is singular, off the coast, amid the fine weather always met with at this season."

"Shall I give orders to bear down in the direction of the sound?" asked the officer.

"Certainly; let us discover whence it proceeds, if possible."

We had been "lying to," off and on from the land, but, in a few minutes, the yards were trimmed, and we were bearing down toward the supposed ship in distress. However, we heard no more guns, and an hour passed away without our perceiving anything.

The captain, who had remained on deck, was about to retire, believing that we had been deceived in the direction of the sound, and that it might have proceeded from a fort on the coast, a few miles to the northward, when his descent was arrested by the hail from the foretop.

"On deck, there!"

"Hilloa!"

"A sail in sight, on the lee bow."

"Good! What does she look like?"

"A full-rigged brig, sir. I can see her quite plain since the moon shone out from yon cloud."

A heavy black cloud had passed over our heads since midnight, completely obscuring the brilliant moonlight, and we had approached the vessel quite close, without perceiving her, as she lay concealed in the deep shadow the massive clouds had cast upon the water; but now, our attention being directed toward her, we could make her out, even from the deck, to be, as the sailor said, a full rigged brig.

Her sails were all set, and she was running before the wind, though steering very unsteadily, sometimes flying up in the wind, until her sails were nearly taken aback, and then yawning off as widely in the opposite direction.

This was very strange, for the wind was steady, though light, and a boy might have been entrusted to steer such a vessel in such weather.

In consequence of her pursuing this unsteady course, we came up with her more rapidly than we should otherwise have done, as she was sailing on the same course with ourselves. We were soon within hail.

"What ship's that?" hailed the captain, through his speaking trumpet.

There came no response. The captain hailed again—still no reply. We could now perceive that the hull was very low on the water.

"There is no one on board," said the captain.

"She is abandoned by the crew, though for why I can't understand. She seems to be water-logged. She must have sprung a leak, but it can't be from stress of weather."

We were now as close to the vessel as it was safe to be. There was no sign of a living creature on board; the captain held a brief consultation with the first lieutenant, and then issued orders to lower one of the quarter-boats.

"I will board the brig myself," said he, "and see what is the matter."

It was evident, from her build, that the brig was no slaver. She was a heavy, lumbering craft, such as is sometimes to be found engaged in the palm-oil trade. The moon was now shining quite brightly again, and as the boat pulled under her stern, we could read her name, in gilt letters.

"Antonia. Lisbon."\*

"A Portuguese brig, from Lisbon," said the captain. "I can't speak Portuguese, but that is apparently a matter of little consequence, for there is nobody to discourse with."

"I can see some one looking over the bulwarks on the starboard bow, sir," said one of the boat's crew.

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain, "I'll make the fellow find his tongue, then." He was about to hail the supposed individual, when the head was withdrawn, and a moment after, the black muzzle of a large Newfoundland dog was seen peering over the quarter. The fore paws of the animal were resting on the bulwarks, and as he gazed earnestly at the boat, he gave vent to a long and piteous howl.

There was no doubt now, that the brig was abandoned by her crew, and the poor dog was asking our assistance to release him from his solitary prison, in the best manner he could. He did not, however, wait for us to get alongside, but as the boat, after rounding the stern, was pulled in towards the gangway, he sprang overboard and swam to the boat, resting his paws on the gunwale as soon as he reached it. A rope, a few inches in length, which appeared to have been broken by the animal's exertions in endeavoring to get loose from confinement, was fast round his neck. The captain patted him encouragingly on the head, but, with an exclamation of horror, he quickly drew back his hand. It was stained with blood which was oozing from a wound in the animal's neck.

"There has been some foul play on board that vessel," said the captain. "This dog has been fastened up and has broken loose, and received this wound, probably, in defence of his master."

The boat was soon alongside the brig, and having made her fast to the main chains, the captain and crew clambered up the sides.

There is always something solemn in boarding a vessel which has been abandoned by her crew. It causes a sensation something similar to that which might be felt on entering a deserted city, which, but a short time previous, had teemed with life. I have heard aged naval officers, who lived and served at the period when the great navies of the world were engaged in deadly strife, say that they would sooner board an enemy's ship, amid the excitement such an adventure creates, than board a deserted ship on the lonely ocean. How much more solemn, even fearful, is the sensation one experiences, when about to board a vessel which has lately been the theatre of lawless violence!

The moon was shining brightly on the deck when we leaped from the bulwarks, but, to our horror, we noticed that they were stained with dark pools of blood, still fresh'y spilt. That a desperate struggle had taken place upon the deck, was likewise apparent from the confusion which was everywhere to be seen. The ropes had been cast loose from the belaying pins, and lay in tangled coils, stretched over the deck; buckets and tubs had been capsized; a tar-barrel had been overthrown, and the tar had escaped from the bung-hole in a wide, black stream; the cooking utensils from the galley, were scattered

\*Lisbon is the Portuguese method of spelling the name Lisbon.

around, and near the gangway lay the broken stock of a musket, the barrel a few feet from it. With ready instinct, as if in him it had recognized the commander of the party, the dog, as soon as he had set foot on deck, caught hold of the leg of the captain's trousers, and dragged him toward the cabin, at the same time looking up piteously into his face, and giving utterance to a low growl as he looked around watchfully, which afterward subsided into a low whine.

The captain allowed his four-footed guide to conduct him toward the cabin door, one of the boat's crew following. On the way, the man stooped, and picking up some small object from the deck, handed it to the captain. It was a child's shoe—a tiny little shoe, of white satin, which must have been worn by an infant not more than two years old; but the captain shuddered as he received it. It was stained with blood! He and the sailor descended into the cabin, but in less than half a minute, the latter re-appeared on deck, his face as white as a sheet, and his features distorted with fear and horror.

"Go down into the cabin sir, please," said he to an officer who stood near, his voice trembling as he uttered the words. "There's been dreadful work aboard the brig."

The officer, accompanied by a couple of seamen, descended. The captain was kneeling on the floor, supporting the head of an aged man, whose appearance was that of a gentleman, although his clothing was partly torn from his back, and his shirt front, hands and face, as well as the long white hair which streamed in matted locks over his shoulders, were covered with blood. He had been stabbed in several places, but the blow which had rendered him senseless, and which had, in all probability been fatal, had been inflicted, seemingly, by a blunt hatchet, which had laid open his forehead. He made some faint motions with his hands, and moaned feebly, but we could not distinguish a word he said, except once, when he said in French, "*Mon enfant, ma Madelaine, ma pauvre petite fille!*" He then relapsed into a state of utter insensibility, and dropping his head, as if the muscles of his neck were relaxed and unable to support its weight, lay as if he were dead.

"Poor old man! He cannot live," said the captain, and placing a cushion, which one of the sailors handed to him, beneath the old man's head, he stretched him gently on the deck of the cabin, and rising to his feet, proceeded to search the brig and endeavor to discover some evidence of the nature of the outrage that had been committed. "There has been sad work," said he to the lieutenant; "but whether the brig has been plundered by pirates and the crew and passengers massacred, or whether mutineers have done the horrid work, I cannot say. I wonder if that poor old gentleman below is the captain, or a passenger? The latter, I suspect; but how about the gun we heard, Mr. Murray?"

"There are two guns on board, and one of them has been recently fired. All the boats are gone."

"It looks like mutiny," said the captain, "but who could have fired the guns?"

The cabins were thoroughly searched. It was evident that there had been a female on board, but whether one or two, we could not ascertain, but two of the state-rooms were strewn with articles of female apparel, which, from their make and texture, led us to the conclusion that they were ladies of wealth. There had been a large quantity of gold-dust and ivory on board, for we found small quantities of both scattered around, and several boxes, which had contained gold-dust, had been broken open and their contents rifled. This treasure had been, probably, the incentive to the robbery and murder. The bulk of the cargo was palm-oil, which had been left undisturbed in the hold. The vessel had been scuttled, and the water was several feet deep in the hold. From the nature of the cargo, it was probable that, being so near the land, we could carry her into port before she sunk. If so, she would prove a valuable prize, as we should demand and receive "salvage." At all events, we resolved to try. A gang of men were sent on board from the schooner, and set at work at the pumps, while half a dozen men, under the command of the gunner, were to navigate the brig into the nearest port—Elmina, near Cape Coast Castle. Before the captain returned to the schooner, he visited the brig's cabin again and looked at the wounded man. He had breathed his last! A sheet was thrown over him, and he was left lying on the cabin deck. We tried to coax the Newfoundland dog to go back with



us. He was a noble specimen of his breed, but the faithful animal had stretched himself near the body of his dead master, his head resting on the old man's breast. He looked up into our faces with almost human intelligence in his dark eyes, and wagged his tail in token of thankfulness and gratitude, but no inducements could tempt him to forsake his sacred charge. Food was offered him, but he refused to eat.

We left the brig under the impression that the crew had mutinied and murdered the officers, and perhaps some of the passengers, and then made their escape in one of the boats with their plunder, intending to make the land—not more than ten or twelve miles distant—near Cape Coast Castle, where there are numerous creeks and bays, where they could land, dispose of their booty, and travel round to some shipping port. But that some of the crew or passengers had been spared, was evident, as it must have been they who had fired the signal gun which had alarmed us on board the schooner. They had, probably, become fearful that the brig would founder, or be carried far out to sea, and knowing that land was near by, they had taken to the remaining boat, leaving on board the old man, whom they had believed to be dead. It was, by this time, broad daylight. The wind had changed and a light breeze was blowing from seaward. Before noon, both brig and schooner were at anchor off Cape Coast Castle.

Inquiry was made whether any boats had been seen off the coast, or whether any persons had landed in the vicinity, but nothing of the kind had been seen. Measures were then taken to ascertain the ownership of the vessel. The cargo was discharged and sold for the benefit of the underwriters, and the brig taken into dock to undergo a thorough examination. She needed but little repair; she had been scuttled in three places, but the holes were easily stopped up, and then she was as seaworthy as ever.

Three months passed away, and at the expiration of that period, we heard from Lisbon, that the Portuguese brig *Antonia*, *Andrea de Paulo*, master, had sailed from Lisbon eight months previous, for the ivory and gold coasts, having on board as supercargo, *Senor Don Vincent de Ferrara* and his wife, and child and niece. *Dom Vincent* was, also, one of the owners of the vessel. His wife was a French lady. The brig was to load with palm-oil, and to procure as much ivory and gold-dust as the supercargo could purchase. She was two months overdue, and nothing had been heard of her since she left Lisbon.

So far satisfactory. The old gentleman we had found in the cabin was, no doubt, *Dom Vincent de Ferrara*, and the shoe that had been picked up stained with blood, was doubtless one of the child's; but the anxiety in every European port and settlement on the coast, became intense to know whether the child, or either of the unfortunate females was still living.

Another six weeks passed away. We received a handsome salvage, and a liberal reward was tendered to the crew of the schooner for the services they had rendered. A gentleman was sent from the firm in Lisbon to Cape Coast Castle, to take charge of the brig. A new captain and crew were engaged, and the vessel left Cape Coast Castle to proceed for a fresh cargo.

#### THE NEGRO AND THE NEEDLE.

It is not generally known that in the early progress of the needle manufacture we are indebted to the negro. The earliest record of needlemaking in this country is in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian *Stowe* tells us that needles were sold in Cheap-side and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needlemaker's coat of arms being the head of a negro.—*History of Needlemaking.*

#### KEEP BUSY.

Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse, or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

### ELEANORA OF AUSTRIA.

BY ETHAN A. CRAWFORD.

This illustrious woman was the unfortunate successor of the "good Queen Claude" of France, and with as little chance of happiness. Married only from motives of policy on the part of Francis, whose finances had received a terrible check in the preceding war, his welcome to her was brief and unaccompanied with any of the circumstances of pomp or magnificence usual to the royal weddings of France.

After the queen's coronation, there was some show of festive splendor; yet this could not blind her eyes to the past, that the king's coldness and indifference was real. No touch even of the gallantry for which he was celebrated, characterized his conduct towards her, even in the first days of their marriage; and, at the queen's opening reception, he did not even give her the support of his presence, but stood at a distant window with *Mademoiselle de Heilly*, the reigning favorite, whom Francis had created *Duchess d'Etampes*.

Eleanora had her momentary revenge. When the favorite was announced to be presented to her, the queen turned suddenly away as she knelt before her, and did not present her hand. A murmur, loud enough to reach the ear of the sovereign, conveyed a threat of vengeance against her, through the preference of the king for herself. From that moment, Eleanora was completely desolated. In a retirement not less irksome because surrounded by the trappings of state and royalty, she had no witness to her grief, and no alleviation of her solitude, save the young sons of her predecessor, *Claude*.

To those she gave the full warmth of an affection so sorely disappointed elsewhere; and the princes returned her attachment with interest. Cheered by their love, she bore the indifference of their father with uncomplaining sweetness; and only sighed as she saw the azure-draped litter of her rival carried through the royal gates, for a morning airing to the favorite.

The neglect of the king arose certainly not for the want of beauty in the queen; for if painters have represented them aright, that of Eleanora must have far exceeded that of her rival. Young, beautiful and accomplished, her perfections would have charmed almost any other heart than that of her profligate husband.

And indeed there was one heart that beat with warm though erring affection for the unhappy queen. Ignorant of the passion she had created, she looked upon the *Mareschal de Montmorenci* only as a friend—one who had known her in happier days in Spain, and who took an interest now in her altered fortunes.

Thus she ever welcomed his visits, since he alone seemed to feel her desolation; and, unconsciously her warm reception and kindly greeting gave him hopes that she returned his love. Hitherto the stern but upright soldier had been insensible to the love of woman; but now pity was succeeded by a sentiment as fond as was ever breathed from man to woman.

The queen sat at the window of her own apartment, alone. On that morning the whole court, as she supposed, were out hunting. She had watched the king as he went forth to the woods of *Chambord*, followed by *Marguerite of Navarre*, *Catherine de Medici*, and the everlasting blue litter of *Madame d'Etampes*; by the train of gay cavaliers and ladies who were ever ready to join any party of pleasure; and still she sat, looking out upon the *Loire*, her cheek resting upon her hand, and her whole countenance expressing the deepest and most intense suffering. Some one entering, broke the current of her melancholy thoughts; and looking up she saw the *Mareschal de Montmorenci*. She had not even heard the attendant announce him, so deeply had thought been busy in her heart. It was the face of a friend, and there were few that looked on her in these days of bitter desolation.

"Not at *Chambord*, *M. le Mareschal*!" she exclaimed, as she gave him her hand. "I thought the whole court was at *Chambord*."

"Your majesty is not there," he answered.

"No; it is seldom that I join in courtly pleasures. But wherefore are you absent?"

"Because," said the *mareschal*, in a voice that perhaps never trembled before, "because I am dying in your misery; because I see your unhappiness and the ill usage you receive, and—nay, kill me if you will, but let me say this once,

if never again, how I would have loved you. Let me say that I would even now die at your feet than suffer longer in silence."

Calm, serene and haughty, the queen rose from her seat.

"And you, too? Have you forgotten the respect due to your sovereign?"

She touched the small steel rattle which lay on the table beside her, as the *mareschal* fell on his knees at her feet.

"Shall I call my attendants to witness your position, sir?" she asked. "Shall I bring witnesses to the dishonorable situation in which you have placed yourself towards me?"

"God forbid, madame. I love you—that is a misfortune. I will not seek to make it a sin. My heart is still yours, but this shall be the last time I will say so. Only say that I may pronounce a simple good morrow, madame, when I approach you, and that when you hear those words you will think of me as your lover."

The queen smiled and promised. "I shall rely on your good faith, *M. le Mareschal*," she added.

"You may, madame; and remember if you should ever want one to avenge your deep wrongs, to summon me for that post of honor—it may be of danger—but danger incurred in your service would be dear to *Montmorenci*."

He had gone—but no one saw the bitter tears which fell from those beautiful eyes, in the inexpressible agony of that hour. And he who should have protected her from the mortification and wounded pride of that scene, was leading on his brilliant train in the woods of *Chambord*!

Yet so simple was the *mareschal's* humble request, so self-sacrificing his devotion, and so religiously did he keep the voluntary compact, that Eleanora's womanly feelings were all enlisted in his defence, and she again received him to her friendship and gracious demeanor.

When the quarrel was finally made up between the king and the brother of Eleanora, *Charles V. of Spain*, the reconciliation was brought about by the efforts of *Montmorenci*. The joy which the queen felt at this, found vent in grateful words to him for his success. Her warmth of manner apparently induced the *mareschal* to hope for another sentiment, for he gradually assumed a manner that reminded her of that hour of mortification at *Amboise*, on the day of the royal hunt. The queen instantly resumed the chilling coldness which she had then shown, and the interview was broken up.

But when freed from his presence, she smiled at her own fears of her eccentric admirer; and in token of her gratitude, she resolved to present him with some testimonial. Many things were suggested to her mind, but she ended by the choice of a magnificent chain of amber and gold, of *Florentine* workmanship and great value.

Ere she had fully determined to send it by one of her pages, instead of any other mode of presentation, she had commenced the evening reception. Strangely enough, the king, for the first time, came up to her apartments by a private staircase, on which he met the boy whom she had just despatched with the chain.

The page had adorned his own neck with the trinket; and it caught the eye of Francis in passing, and was instantly recognized as the queen's. The boy, in answer to his inquiries, told its destination, and the king possessed himself of the costly ornament, flung it around his own neck, and entered the queen's room.

The sight of the chain in its present situation, could not fail to arouse her fears, and the king's cold and suspicious manner, as the *mareschal* approached to say his "good morrow," convinced her that he was thoroughly awakened to a new thought, and that it was one alike derogatory to her and to *Montmorenci*.

The storm was already brewing. It was on the occasion of the marriage of *Jeanne d'Albret*, the daughter of *Marguerite de Valois*—a marriage brought about by Francis, in opposition to *Charles V.*, who had desired the bride's hand for *Philip*—that the tempest burst upon the *mareschal's* devoted head.

This marriage of the little princess with the Duke of *Cleves*, had been wept over with many tears. In vain had *Marguerite* pleaded, and *Henri de Navarre* expostulated. Francis was impenetrable alike to remonstrance or weeping. As the child-bride could not walk under the weight of her heavy jewels, it was necessary to carry her to the altar; and the *Mareschal de Montmorenci* was commanded by the king to perform that office; a command implying a positive affront to his high rank.

When the ceremony was over, Francis signified that the *mareschal* was at liberty to retire to one of his estates; and the following morning saw the brave and insulted old soldier, whose services should have deserved a better fate, on the road to *Chantilly*.

The moment arrived, however, in which he, who had asserted such power over the minds and hearts of human beings, was to pass through the furnace of death. Francis was mortal, although perhaps that thought never found place within him. "The lady killer is going," was the exclamation of *Count d'Aumale*; and no less disrespectful were the words of many others. But where was his forsaken and injured queen? No summons brought her to his dying bed. No sound of repentance for her wrongs reached her ears; but when the splendid pageant of his funeral was over, and the vaults of *Saint Denis* had received all that remained of *Francis d'Valois*, the queen was removed to the court of *Charles V.*, with full leisure to look back upon the strange life she had passed as sovereign of France.

Perhaps a thrill of joy at her freedom might have been hers, at the thought of meeting *Montmorenci* again. But the proud old soldier had regained his position at the court of the new monarch; and the *Duchess d'Etampes* was an exile. Once more Eleanora was in her own sunny Spain, and under the protection of her imperial brother. In that bright clime was there some *Lethé* which could drown the remembrance of the wrongs she suffered under the jewelled lilies of the crown of France!

#### LIFE IN GERMANY.

A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* gives the following among other items of his experience in Germany.—A German is nothing without his beer. A verse from one of the student songs expresses this idea,

"So stand we, by accordant band  
Forever bounden here  
Aglow for light, for fatherland,  
For free land and for beer!"

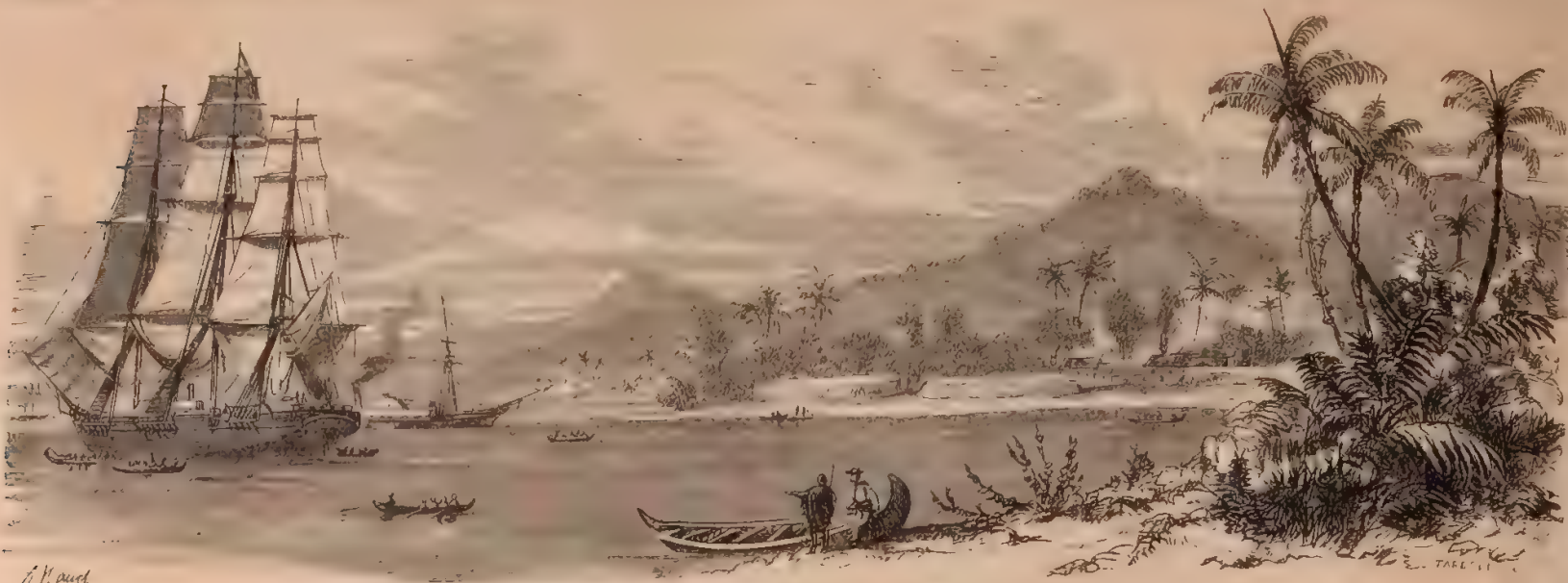
The German farmer sticks to his old wooden plow, ark-fashion, I believe, if not altogether antediluvian, to his enormous hoe and spade, as religiously as if he had received the patterns from the very heavens. He disdains leather or chain traces, preferring ropes, tied to the whiffletree in a running knot, and as a general thing never presumes to bring wagon and team within two lengths of each other. The harness is never contrived for holding back, and the brake (a huge beam worked by crank and screw) must be applied, or the wheel chained, whenever the down grade exceeds five feet to the mile. If a loaded wagon is to be backed, the teamster must put his own shoulder to the wheel and call in the aid of any passing *Hercules*, if it proves too weighty for him alone. For a single horse team but one long rein is commonly used, divided into two short ones at the animal's neck, and the teamster guides him by the *slap* he is thus able to give him by jerking the rein one way or the other. The horses are often noble animals, and trained to obey this clumsy indication of the driver's will with docility and quickness.

Once or twice I ventured to enter a peasant's domicile, for the sake of seeing how the people really live at home. There I saw nothing special to relate, except that in one house I found a poor little baby tied to a chair, and "all alone by itself." The mother, who just then returned, had been away all day at work in the field, leaving the little creature of one year to amuse itself as best it could. It hadn't a single plaything, not even a stick to bite, and sat in its hard chair as solemnly as a little Dutch *Solomon*, its arms folded, mouth open, and eyes staring wide at me with baby questionings, but not with baby sprightliness. I half fancied that the day-long silence of the house had passed into the baby's spirit, and made it dull and torpid. It wanted only to hear the word from the true magician, however; for the minute the mother's voice and step were heard in the entry, the little *Solomon* squeezed his eyes tight together, and gave shrill evidence of life and spirit. I made the mother grin with pleasure by praising the squalid little lump of flesh, and having bought a few bunches of magnificent grapes, took my departure from the house and village, revolving in my mind the question, how far German stupidity and dullness in general may be probably attributed to the practice of leaving babies alone all day, while the mothers are doing unwomanly work in the fields.

#### REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

During the past year, eighteen Revolutionary soldiers have died: *David Chapin*, *Gideon Bentley*, *John Titus*, *William Matteson*, *Robert Gallup*, *Zachariah Greene* and *David Davis*, of New York; *Zachariah Robinson* and *Abraham Rising*, of Massachusetts; *William Turkey* and *Rev. John Sawyer*, of Maine; *Thomas Kerowitua* and *Elisha Mason*, of Connecticut; *Geo. Wells* and *Charles Garman*, of Tennessee; *James Bushnell* of Vermont; *Henry Straight* and *John Frazer*, of Ohio. The Secretary of the Interior, in his last annual report, says there are yet two hundred of the patriots of the Revolution living and receiving their pensions.—*Washington Union.*





THE HARBOR OF PAPENOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

[From our own Correspondent.]  
**PAPENOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.**

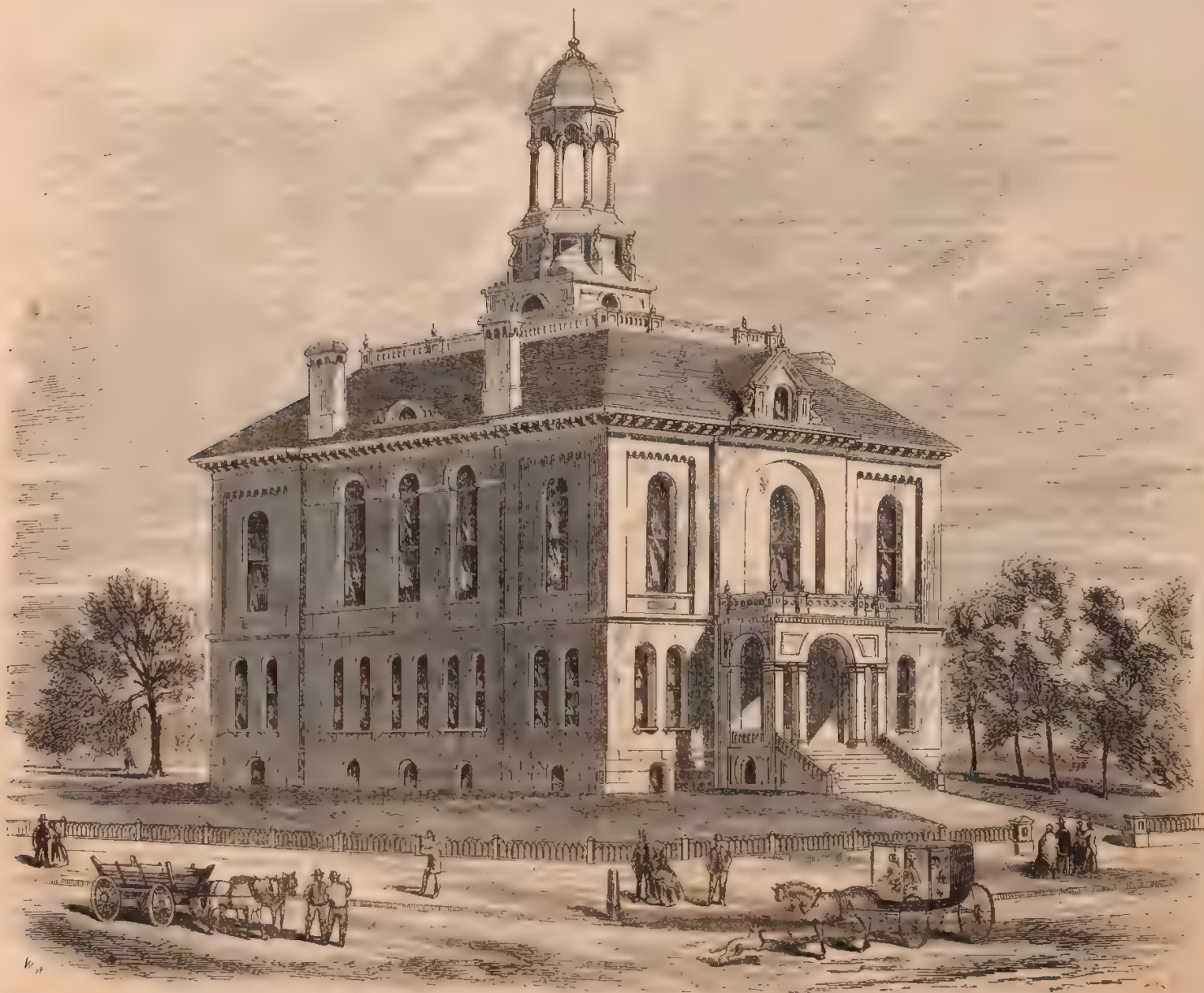
PAPENOO, SOCIETY ISLANDS,  
 JULY 10th, 1868

MR. BALLOU.— \* \* \* Please find enclosed, a drawing in Indian ink and pencil just completed, and representing the harbor where our good ship is lying at anchor. I have followed carefully, in my delineation, the gracefully undulating shores of the bay, and sought to preserve the character of the rich tropic vegetation that delights the eye whichever way it turns, making bowers of the low huts of the natives. By way of contrast to the huge bulk and symmetry of the ship, I have drawn you a native canoe. They make very graceful ones and handle them with wonderful dexterity. I

tell you that the breath of this summer morning, wafted through perfumed groves, and dashed with a salt sea flavor, is paradisiacal; and lovely is the scene of peaceful nature before my eyes, after the tossings and tumblings of so many months past. If you are curious to learn just how far "your own" has rambled, just take your map and you will find a group of islands lying in the South Pacific Ocean, between latitude 16° and 18° south, and longitude 149° and 152° west, which Captain Cook was so kind as to discover in 1769. The harbor in which we are lying is that of Papenoo, Otaheite, or rather Tahiti, the largest of the six islands. Tahiti is indeed "some punkins," as they say in your latitudes, being about one hundred miles in circumference. Before the island nature had been

brought into contact with European civilization, the island supported perhaps 200,000 natives, but they have dwindled away to less than a twentieth of that number. Yet let us not fall into the mistake of some, who have ascribed to the savage state "all the virtues under heaven." Long before they acquired any of the vices of civilization, they practised infanticide. They were also addicted to cruel rites, and placed no restraint on their passions. But the "mikonaree" came, and things were changed for the better. At first, however, the missionaries made little impression on the natives. Quite a number arrived here from England in 1797. Yet in 1814, there were in all Tahiti, only fifty natives who had renounced idolatry. But that number secured, conversions rapidly followed, and the whole

group of islands has embraced Christianity. There are schools, where the native children, who are bright and intelligent, receive a good education, there are shops where men learn European handicrafts, agriculture is improved, and, in short, a complete revolution has been effected by missionary labors. The inhabitants are tall and well made, of an olive hue, with a dash of red in it. They are mild and intelligent. Their language is not unmusical. The principal port of Otaheite is Papeta, which looks very like Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, at first view. The harbor is land-locked, circular, and presents a vast, smooth sheet of water, looking almost artificial in its regularity. A good deal of business is transacted, and many whalers make this port, though not so many as resort to Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands. The exports of Papeta are pearl-shells, sugar, cocoa nut oil, and arrow-root, which are exchanged for European or American manufactures, chiefly cloth and hardware. The land in these islands is, except here and there, richer than even our western prairies, producing an abundance of the bread-plant, cocoa, banana, yams, plantains, sugar-cane. What do you think of their being annexed to Uncle Sam's farm? I am not jesting—the natives are anxious for it, and the "gentleman from Tahiti" may yet make a sensation in Washington. I am perfectly enchanted with this quarter of the globe—such sunrises and sunsets, such spontaneity and luxuriance of vegetation, such delicious breezes, such bathing, and boating! Well, it is enough to make the most prosaic man poetical. Fortunately for you, however, and probably for myself, there is a plenty of "ready made" poetry on these themes. I need not refer you to the "Island," by Byron. A copy of that poem, and one of Hermann Melville's "Typee," have been my companions since I have been in these latitudes. One describes what he imagined, the other what he saw; and yet it is wonderful how true to the spirit of the scene Byron's descriptions are. But I must bid you adieu for the present. G.



THE NEW COURT HOUSE AT KEENE, N. H.

[See page 109.]





TROTTER ON THE MILLDAM, BOSTON.

## TROTTER ON THE MILLDAM.

Having, in our last number but two, given sketches of trotting in sleighing-time, we now present an original design, drawn and engraved expressly for us, delineating trotting on the Milldam, the grand locale for this sport. We believe the turnout that occupies the centre of the sketch, is unexceptionable in the nattiness of its style, and that the action of the horse is a credit to that style of animal. As for the background, that is a faithful representation of the view from the Milldam. This avenue is almost the only one on which the gentlemen of Boston can exercise their bits of blood, not having as yet been paternally adopted by any horse railroad. Its course is nearly straight, with an occasional deflection, and it is thoroughly built and kept in excellent order. It is very sparsely built upon until you get a long distance out of town, and its general breadth affords ample scope for three vehicles abreast. Here then, of an afternoon, may you find owners and trainers of fast horses, in sulkies, skeleton wagons and light buggies. Here and there you see a man creeping along at a snail's pace, almost crawling like a shadow on a wall. He is waiting for a "customer." Nor waits he long. The tacit challenge is soon accepted; the nags begin to move, faster, faster, faster, till each horse seems to have half a dozen

legs, and the wheels look like circular cobwebs, the body and springs showing through the whirling cloud. As the two gentlemen thus contend for victory, and each fancies that he has got the fastest nag upon the road, very likely a third customer will appear; possibly in an old "jumper" with rope-traces; not unlikely, the equine candidate for fame has but one eye, limps a little, flourishes a tail like a brush handle, guiltless of hairs, and has a coat as rough as a two-year-old calf after wintering out of doors. The gentlemen smile to each other, as they behold this spectacle of a horse wallowing along behind them. Fatal smile! It has touched to the quick the quizzical-looking driver of the jumper, who sits, out at elbows, in an old fur cap, smoking, "with short pipe, ruminant." A yell! a crack of a leather thong! and the old horse in the jumper "strikes his gait," and a terrible one it is. Aged and battered he may be, but there is blood of high renown in his veins, and "blood will tell." He will overtake the gentlemen jockies as infallibly "as destiny—as death." A few more strides and he laps them. It now looks like an "even thing" for a few minutes, while the three horses make play, straining every nerve for the mastery. But the dandies' horses are doing their very best, while the old horse-frame in the jumper is just warming up to his work. "Kin-

der ilin' his jints-like," as his highly-cultivated driver would observe. Now our Automedon lets him out, striking for victory or death. We know not what visions of glory gleam on the single eye of the old horse, what hopes of a place in the "Spirit of the Times," that Valhalla of quadrupeds, but he shoots ahead without a "break," and victory perches on the fur cap of his driver. Pardon his yells—for he is rude and uncultured—pardon that grimy thumb applied to his nose; pardon his vulgar exultation—for he has really won a great victory. He has beaten a pair of thousand-dollar horses handsomely, and what is better, vindicated the superior claim of blood—for his old horse has the blood of a long line of ancestry in his veins.

[ Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial ]

ON BOARD THE WABASH,  
Valetta, Dec 24, 1868

FRIEND BALLOU,—Riding snugly at anchor, off the quaint old city of Valetta, I may as well spend a portion of my Christmas eve in spinning you a short yarn, to accompany a sketch I have prepared of the noble Wabash, which I assure you has won praises in all quarters during her Mediterranean cruise. I trust that the drawing will prove acceptable and available, on more accounts than one, though I fear a score of such

will not cancel the obligations under which your liberality has laid me. The fortifications here are superb structures, and "got up with a total disregard of expense." Forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli, which guard what is called the "grand harbor," are perfect models. Forts St. Angelo, Tigric and Manuel are also excellent works. Valetta is well built, but is a curious place from the inequality of the ground on which it is built, so that to rise from the lower to the upper part of the town you have to climb up flights of steps. "Such a getting up stairs!" The Strada Reale, the principal street, is very wide, and paved, like the other streets, with lava. In the Marina, or lower part of the town, are superb quays and ranges of buildings, unequalled in any port I have ever visited. Churches meet the eye wherever you gaze. The most interesting is the famous old cathedral built about the end of the 16th century. It contains the tombs of the Knights of Malta, with marble effigies of these Christian warriors beautifully carved. In one of the chapels are some valuable relics of the past, in the shape of the keys of Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes. It would fill a volume to describe all the sights in this unique place, and the pen of a Dickens would find employment enough in portraying the peculiarities of the motley inhabitants. \* \* \* REEFPOINT.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER WABASH, AT VALETTA.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU

In history's mine what galleries fair expand  
Full of bright pictures for the artist's hand!  
What woven threads of mingled joy and woe  
Gloom in the darkness, in the sunlight glow!  
Here pious Eliot stands in bold relief,  
His Bible offering to some Indian chief,  
Here Williams treads cold winter's icy path,  
An exile from the fierce fanatic's wrath;  
Here Endicott, who fears no test to meet,  
Cuts England's red cross from her standard sheet;  
Here, where a brighter, fairer shore appears,  
Sir Walter Raleigh leads his cavaliers.  
Behold you river with its brimming wave,  
At once De Soto's glory and his grave—  
The mightiest of the arteries that pour  
Their life and wealth along the teeming shore.  
Through castellated barriers, from the north,  
A fairer river rolls its treasures forth,  
Gilds like a fairy bride to meet the main,  
And tells us Hudson's story o'er again.  
Our treasures swell with magical increase,  
As hither flow the arts of war and peace;  
Hamlets arise and cities grace the land,  
And forests fall, and cultured fields expand.  
How many legends can a colonial life  
To art supply—how many tales of strife—  
Of sweet domestic love—of manly toil—  
Few are the reapers, fertile is the soil.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE PASS OF PLUMES.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In the year 1587, Queen Elizabeth bestowed an honor upon one of the sons of Erin as unusual as it was unappreciated by the brave men whom, just at that period, she sought to conciliate. This was the act of creating Hugh O'Neill—the representative and chief of the powerful family of that name—Earl of Tir-owen, or Tyrone.

In itself a royal name, the O'Neill needed no new dignity; and the acceptance of the patent was, in the eyes of his kindred, a tacit acknowledgment of the queen's authority, and therefore of positive degradation.

Seven years after this event, he suddenly called an assembly of his chiefs, renounced the title he had accepted, and resumed his own kingly appellation—The O'Neill.

Among the superstitious the report was then current, and tradition has preserved it, that in the castle of Dungannon, where the Earl of Tyrone resided, the Banshee had appeared and roused him to the defence of Ireland. Be this as it might, something had occurred to make the brave prince of Tyrone tear the Saxon star from a breast which it had never honored. From this time he was called Red Hand, or Hugh of the Bloody Hand, and was solemnly invested with the honors and dignities of the Prince of Ulster, in the sacred stone chair so celebrated in the annals of the O'Neills. Close to his side had pressed Hugh O'Donnell, the very flower of Irish chivalry, who was distinguished throughout the length and breadth of the green isle for his beauty, courage and intelligence.

Perhaps the sad story of Hugh O'Donnell's death, brought on by treachery, had something to do with O'Neill's resignation of his patent of earldom. This young chief, known as Red Hugh O'Donnell, was basely decoyed on board a ship which was fitted up as a Spanish merchantman, and laden with wines. Under the walls of O'Donnell's castle the ship anchored, and was hailed by the generous chieftain with an invitation to come on shore and partake of his hospitality.

The answer came quickly that they could not stay, but entreated him to come on board with his friends and taste the rich Spanish wines they had brought. Unsuspecting and frank, the young prince, accompanied by two of the O'Neills, accepted the invitation. They descended to the cabin, and in a moment the hatches were closed. They were then put in irons and brought to Dublin Castle. This was done through means of Sir John Perrot, Lord Justice of Ireland, under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth.

From the prison where they bore their confinement for three weary years, they were fortunate enough, on one stormy winter's night, to escape. In making their way to the Wicklow mountains, one of the O'Neills, exhausted by fatigue and the blinding snow, laid down and died. Chilled and frost-bitten, O'Donnell and the bereaved brother watched all night by the dead, and were found thus by kind men, the O'Byrnes of Glen-

malure, in the morning, and conveyed to the castle of Dungannon, the residence of the Earl of Tyrone. It was then that the chiefs formed a league of deadly hatred against the English. The King of Spain had promised an army to aid them, and O'Donnell set out to see the king at Valladolid. He had reached Simanca, but could go no further. He died of a broken heart, on the 21st of September, 1602—a victim to Saxon treachery.

After the accession of James I., the northern chiefs, Tyrone and Tyrconnel, were accused of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The accusation was contained in a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, clerk of the council, which was dropped in the council chamber. Immediate flight was their only alternative from imprisonment and the death awarded to traitors; and they accomplished it by means of two or three staunch friends, who sailed in a ship to Ireland and took the princes and their kindred on board. Several of the Ulster nobles accompanied them, and many of the intimate friends of the two chieftains.

The O'Neill took with him his wife, Catharina Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh, John and Brian O'Donnell, his motherless child, scarcely a year old, and was accompanied by his brother and sister. It was a bright sunny morning in autumn—the festival of the Holy Cross—when the party embarked for the coast of Normandy; a morning, it would seem, too bright and beautiful for human hearts to be so pained. Still they knew whom they were following. In this, his dark hour, he was to them,

"Tir-owen's pride and Ulster's tower,  
A prince, a hero, the O'Neill!"

As the chief stood on the deck of that vessel which was to bear him away from the beloved land of his birth, all the emotions of his kingly heart were aroused. He dwelt on the one act of his life which had degraded him; the moment when he bent the knee to Elizabeth of England, and thereby gave a suspicion of his faith. No more should the war cry of "The Red Hand forever!" thrill through that mighty heart from the lips of his followers. No more that cry should echo through the Pass of Plumes—the field where the pompous Earl of Essex left his plumed thousands upon the ground, vanquished by the prowess of the O'Moore, the McHugh and O'Neill; and last, but not least, was the thought that the name of O'Neill would thenceforth be written on the page whereon those of traitors were alone inscribed.\* Hours after Catharina and her sons were sleeping, would he give up the moments to passionate grief. Hours would he watch the long line of foamy light which the ship left in the moon's cold rays, and resolve to cast himself beneath the waves.

"If it were not for my Kathleen!" he would exclaim, "how easy would be the plunge; but how—O, how can I leave her to the fate that would await Tir-owen's hapless widow!"

Thus sad and despondent, the lion-hearted chief arrived at the port of his destination. This was at Normandy; and from thence the party proceeded through France to Brussels. There the news, not unexpected, of the confiscation of six Ulster counties, by James I., reached them.

The warning of the Banshee was not in vain. The chief went from Brussels to Rome, to die! The same grave held him and Tyrconnel. They were buried on Saint Peter's hill, the mount where the martyr saint was crucified, and the shadow of the mighty pile rests on the earth where sleeps "Hugh, high prince and lord of Aileach's lands."

"Hugh race of O'Neill! thy splendor has faded,  
And the star of thy line sits all altered and shamed;  
From Dungannon no more thy proud chieftains rally,  
And burst on the plain from each mountain and valley.  
The horn of thy hunters have no lip to sound it,  
And the heath of thy halls hath no joy twined around it.  
The Saxons have conquered—thy glories are o'er—  
And darkness descends on the house of Ceacover!  
Yet, yet, though the Fate-Stone be loosed on Blane tower,  
It totters, 'twill fall soon—O woe for the hour!  
Some chief may arise with a soul to inherit  
The fame of his sires, with their freedom and spirit.  
What though the old tree may be worn out and drooping,  
And each time honored branch all leafless and stooping,  
There are saplings abroad, by mountain and river,  
And Tir-owen shall yet shout—The Red Hand forever!"

\* Posterity has done more justice to the erring but still noble chief than those of his own times seemed disposed to render. It is now generally disbelieved that the northern chiefs had originated the plot ascribed to them.

† The Fate Stone—a head carved in stone on the wall of Shane's Castle. There is a tradition that when it falls the O'Neills will be extinct.

I am fully persuaded that I shall love my friends in heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally binds them to me on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, nor love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things.—Baxter.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. B. Cincinnati, Ohio.—Hon. Isaac Toucey, secretary of the Navy.  
TEX.—We believe the best scholars are now agreed that the date is four years before the commencement of the Christian era.

J. A. Galveston, Texas.—Unless you can tell us about the date of the paper, it will be impossible for us to hunt up the paragraph.

H. S. KEENE, Medford, Mass.—Stains and spots may be taken out of mahogany furniture by the use of a little aquafortis or oxalic acid and water. By rubbing the part with the liquid, by means of a cork, till the color is restored, observing afterwards to well wash the wood with water, and to dry and polish as usual.

ST. JOHN, Providence, R. I.—The tidings of peace with the United States were brought to England on Christmas Day, 1814.

SEVENTHMAN, Baltimore, Md.—The canvas-back duck is not found in Europe.

W. C. Burlington, Vt.—If you had been longer a subscriber to our papers, you would know that we never discuss political questions either in the "Pictorial," "Flag of our Union," "Weekly Novelle," or "Dollar Monthly." Whatever our private opinions are on these topics, we never intrude them on our readers. There are plenty of political papers, where you will find it discussed *pro* and *con* to your heart's content.

V. L. Rockport.—One more issue will complete Ticknor & Fields' Household Edition of the Waverley Novels.

L. L. L. Rochester, N. Y.—We consider Bayard Taylor entitled to rank A. No. 1 among attractive lecturers.

H. H. H. St. Paul, Minnesota.—Rev. Edward E. Hale is the successor of Dr. Huntington.

A. B. Portland, Me.—In all the passages of the Cunard steamers from Liverpool to this city and New York not a life has been lost.

R. M. L. Newburyport.—A French company has been organized in New York, but has not commenced its regular performances.

W. S. Manchester.—We have been promised the documents from Senator D.

Y. S. H. Boston.—The violin is the most difficult instrument we know of, and, unless you possess an excellent ear we would not advise your attempt to learn. Nothing can be more excruciating than to listen to a violin ill-played, while in the hands of a master, it is a soul-entrancing instrument.

T. T. T. The richest treasury of pure Saxon is the book of books—the Bible.

## THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

Our friends in Paris have been having a remarkably jolly time at the masquerade balls of the opera, of which there are about fourteen during the Carnival season. Mr. Brooks, of the New York Express, in one of his letters from Paris, after describing one of these orgies, says the government have serious thoughts of suppressing them. Though we are writing in Boston, and Mr. Brooks in Paris, we must be excused for saying the government will do no such thing. The masquerade balls are as dear to Paris as beer to Bavaria, and the suppression of either would be a signal for revolution. Popular Paris would fight for the mask, and popular Munich for its lager. Besides keeping the Parisians amused, the activity given to trade during its continuance would alone forbid their suppression. Let us show by some curious statistics how much money they put in circulation.

The management of the opera balls, directed by Messrs. Strauss and Philippe, employ a fixed personnel of 890 persons, ushers, ticket-sellers and ticket-takers, machinists, florists, box-openers, lamp-lighters, etc., etc. There are twenty-four lamp-lighters, because the lighting of the opera on a ball-night requires 1850 candles, 210 lamps and 5600 gas-jets. The management of the opera balls disposes, outside of the grand interior, the lobbies and the green-room, of 56 amphitheatre stalls and 86 boxes. Of this number of boxes, 41 are let for the season at an average of 1260 francs. The 45 others, as well as the amphitheatre stalls, on ball-nights, are at the disposition of the public at the box-office.

Now let us look at what an opera ball costs, exclusive of the admission fees, which are 10 francs for gentlemen and 6 francs for ladies, which makes a mean of 8 francs a head. All women who appear at the ball must be masked! 2400 masks give a total of 7200 francs. The 2400 costumes, at 10 francs each, produce 24,000 francs; 2400 pairs of shoes or boots, at 10 francs, also make 24,000. It will be admitted that 2400 women will spend 2400 francs in hair-dresses; and in gloves, at 2 francs 50 centimes a pair, 6000 francs. Afterwards come bouquets and fans, which will make a total of about 4000 francs.

For the 2600 men who figure at each ball, the same expenses will be somewhat lessened. We will say for false noses, etc., 1000 francs; costumes, 10,000 francs; gloves, 6500 francs; beards and head dresses, 1600 francs; shoes, 5000 francs; hats, 1000 francs. The dressing-rooms, at 50 centimes a head, will yield 2500

francs. At the first opera ball of the season, 1790 carriages drove up to the vestibule. Adding those taken on returning, calculating that many vehicles are hired by the hour, and that almost all come under the night tariff of prices, we estimate this item of expenditure at 8000 francs. The entables and drinkables inside the house, with the waiters' fees, will amount to 13,250 francs. Then there are minor expenses, fees to porters, to the man who opens the carriage doors, etc., 500 francs. Since the rule has been adopted compelling gentlemen to appear either in costume or full evening dress, black suit, drab vest and white kids, a new business has sprung up in the neighborhood of the opera. At the hour of opening the box offices, young men in overcoats, frocks and blouses, are seen to glide mysteriously into the shops of the clothes-dealers of this quarter, where they hire the imperative coats, pantaloons, etc. This trade brings the clothes dealers from 1200 to 1500 francs an evening. The total of all these sums amounts to 133,850 francs, which multiplied by 14, the number of balls given during the season, makes an expense of 1,955,560 francs, or \$391,112.

So much for what the ball itself costs—now for expenses to which it leads outside, in the way of suppers. We may divide the 5000 persons who leave the ball among the twenty-five or thirty restaurants which receive them, and assign their expenditures as follows: about 1000 will sup at 4 francs a head; 1000 at 6 francs; 2000 at 10 francs; 500 at 20 francs; and 500 at 40 francs; which gives a total of 59,000 francs, or \$11,800. But the circulation of money occasioned by the balls extends far beyond these figures—but here it is only guess-work. We may suppose, however, that presents to ladies cost 140,000 francs. It is easy from these data to judge of what importance these balls are to the trade of Paris, and to perceive that these sums of money spent are not all reaped by the speculators of a private enterprise.

## A CHURCH CONFLAGRATION.

On Tuesday, Jan. 2d, the St. James Catholic Church, at Montreal, was burned, in the night time, producing a grand illumination which lighted the whole city, and was seen for miles around. A very large quantity of tamarac wood, said to be nearly an hundred cords, which had been stored in the basement for fuel, gave great intensity to the flames. When the roof was fairly on fire, the upward current of air caused by the flames rushed through the pipes of the great organ, and caused it to play a most sonorous dirge over its own destruction. This singular effect was perfectly audible to the crowd of spectators, and excited strong superstitious feelings in the minds of many of those present. At length the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, forming a billowy sea of fire, and sending showers of burning cinders aloft, that rivalled in grandeur the most elaborate pyrotechnic displays. The tongues of flame then ascended the lofty belfry, and converted it into a pillar of fire. Finally the supports of the great bell were consumed, and the ponderous mass, loosened from its bearings, fell to the ground, ringing its own knell as it plunged into the gulf of fire. Three distinct and ominous strokes of the bell were heard above the roar of the flames, as it descended to the earth and mingled with the common ruin.

## A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE.

A gentleman of Geneva, Switzerland, Mr. De G., met with quite an adventure last autumn, which has just come to light. He was going from Bauch to Laybach, and took a guide and a pony among the mountains. At night he halted at a low inn, which consisted of one room only, filled with sinister-looking charcoal burners. They eyed him as he entered, sullenly made way for him, and then began to talk together in a sort of patois, of which he could not understand a word. All at once a stout man, who sat opposite our stranger, caught his eye and said, without appearing to address him, and in excellent German:

"Your life is in danger. Blow out the lamp, and get under the table. Then crawl on your hands and knees to the door—leave the rest to me."

Mr. De G. obeyed. He put out the lamp, and crept under the table, and directly afterwards heard a violent altercation and struggle going on. But the way to the door was free, and he crawled out of the room. Peeping in at the door, however, he saw by the fire-light the athletic figure of his unknown friend, as he adminis-



tered a sound thrashing to the charcoal-burners by means of what he afterwards learned was a raw hide loaded with lead.

The traveller made the best of his way off, and was soon joined by the stranger leading his pony.

"You were fortunate," he said. "That was a nest of cutthroats and robbers."

"But my poor guide?"

"The worst of all—he was a decoy."

The traveller thanked his benefactor, and desired to know his name.

"No matter," said the other, gloomily.

"But I wish to send you some token of my gratitude, in addition to my heart felt thanks."

"I require neither. I have but done my duty."

Farewell! Your path lies in that direction, mine in this—I have work to do. Again farewell!"

Weeks passed on; and one day as our friend was wandering in the streets of Laybach, he found himself in the midst of a vast crowd, from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He was whirled along by the tide of human beings, till it paused and eddied round a gallows erected in a public square. The gentleman raised his eyes to the platform, and there, leaning carelessly against one of the uprights, he beheld the grim and giant figure of the public executioner. It was the man who had saved his life in the charcoal burners' hut!

#### A VIPER-HUNTER.

In the department of La Vendee, in the west of France, the venomous viper is hunted, for the purpose of making an electuary, composed chiefly of pounded vipers, which is called the Royal Remedy, and is considered by the ignorant people as an infallible specific for many diseases. The business of hunting these noxious reptiles is rather a dangerous employment, their bite being fatal, and their haunts so secluded as to be with difficulty approached. A recent traveller in that country describes one of the persons engaged in this singular pursuit, whom he chanced to encounter in the woods, while equipped for his task and busily engaged therein. In a narrow defile, between rocks overhung with lichens, he saw a raised platform of stone, upon which stood a man dressed in a complete suit of thick leather armor, with nothing but the upper part of his face exposed. Beside him was a large kettle filled with milk, boiling over a large fire, and there was fresh spilt milk scattered around. The man was stooping and looking about him with an air of anxiety. Presently he put forth his leather-covered hand and seized a viper which was making towards him, attracted by the odor of the milk. This he quickly threw into the boiling cauldron. At the sound of the reptile's agonized hiss, the tall grass around the rocks was agitated, and several of the same species glided out, and these were successively crushed on the head by the hunter's heel. He picked them up one by one and put them into a cask, stopped with a bung. These manoeuvres were repeated several times, until the cask was nearly filled, when he poured out the milk upon the ground, and having exhausted his viper-covey, packed up his traps and proceeded to the village to sell his game to the apothecary.

#### THREE-PENNY THEATRES.

In London they have theatres to which the admission fee is only three-pence. A late English writer undertakes the defence of these establishments. He says:—Come with me, and sit on the coarse deal benches in the coarsely and tawdriy-decorated cheap theatre, and listen to the sordidly-dressed actors and actresses—periwigged-pated fellows and wenches, if you like—tearing their passion to tatters, mouthing and ranting, and splitting the ears of the groundlings. But in what description of pieces? In dramas, I declare and maintain, in which for all the jargon, silliness and buffoonery, the immutable principles of right and justice are asserted; in which virtue, in the end, is always triumphant, and vice punished; in which cowardice and falsehood are hissed, and bravery and integrity vehemently applauded; in which, were we to sift away the bad grammar, and the extravagant action, we should find the dictates of the purest and highest morality. These poor people can't help misplacing their h's, and fighting combats of six with tin broadswords. They haven't been to the University of Cambridge; they can't compete for the middle-class examinations; they don't subscribe to the "Saturday Review;" they have never taken dancing lessons from Madame Michen; they have never read Lord Chester-

field's Letters: they can't afford even to purchase a "Shilling-Handbook of Etiquette." Which is the best. That they should gamble in low coffee-shops, break each other's heads with pewter pots in public houses, fight, wrangle at street corners, or lie in wait in door-ways and blind alleys to rob and murder, or that they should pay their three-pence for admission into the gallery of the "Vic."—witness the triumph of a single British sailor over twelve armed ruffians, who are about to carry off the Lady Maud; see the discomfiture of the dissolute young nobleman, and the restitution of the family estates (through the timely intervention of a ghost in a table-cloth) to the oppressed orphan. And of this nature are the vast mass of transpontine melodramas. The very "blood-and-murder" pieces, as they are termed, always end with the detection of the assassin and his condign punishment. George Cruikshank's admirable moral story of "The Bottle," was dramatized at the "Vic.," and had an immense run.

#### PERSONAL.

It is stated that the King of Wurtemberg has sent to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, the large gold medal for science and art, marked "*Deus Vincit*."...Mad'le Victoire Balfe, daughter of the celebrated composer, is the *prima donna* at the San Carlos, at Naples....Charles Lever, the novelist, has been appointed British Vice Consul at Spezia....George H. Moore, the popular librarian of the Historical Society, has accepted the professorship of Legal History in the New York University....George Linhardt, the musician, died recently in Baltimore....Benson J. Lossing is preparing for the press the memoirs and writings of the late George Washington Park Custis....Lt. Andrew Jackson, of Petersburg, Va., has been appointed assistant tutor of Spanish at West Point....The Countess Dowager of Lindsey is dead. Her ladyship was an aunt of Layard, the author of "Nineveh and its Remains."...Mrs. Sallie Mattingly, a grand-daughter of Patrick Henry, died lately in Kentucky.

#### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

History records nothing more truly in the spirit of Christian chivalry than the conduct of Sidney when mortally wounded in the field of Zutphen. Faint, pallid, and parched with the thirst that attends excessive loss of blood, Sidney asked for water. It was obtained, doubtless with difficulty, and in scant supply. With trembling hand he raised the cup to his lips, when his eye was arrested by the gaze of a dying soldier, longingly fixed upon the precious draught. Without tasting it, he instantly handed it to the sufferer, with the memorable words, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The artists of Brooklyn have taken the initiative steps toward forming a free gallery of pictures in that city. The directors of the Mercantile Library Association generously offered them the use of one of their rooms for the purpose, free of charge. One of the main objects of the enterprise is to give artists an opportunity to bring works for sale directly before the public.

ASTHMA.—It is useless to describe the tortures of Spasmodic Asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know full well what it is. JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Tremont Street, Boston, has seldom failed to afford immediate relief, even in the most severe cases, and frequently it has effected a permanent cure.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS.—The editor of the Boston Post calls Florence, Italy, "that miserable shire town, the hot-bed of petty scandal, the city of small-beer dissipation and twopenny-half-penny Britishers." That will do.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—This charming illustrated journal has been vastly improved since the new year, and besides giving fifty columns of original reading matter, is splendidly illustrated. How such a paper can be sent to subscribers for \$2.50 a year, or sold at the periodical depots for five cents per copy, is to us an unsolved riddle. —*Trumpet, Boston*

NAVAL.—There are but twenty-four chaplains in our navy. The number attached to the English service is nearly three hundred.

READ Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s announcement on our last inside page of this number.

#### ANCIENT AUCTIONS.

The custom of sale by auction is very ancient, and probably coeval with the earliest system of civilized commerce. The word auction comes from the Latin *augere*, to increase, to augment, whence *auctio*, an increasing, an enlarging, a public sale. This derivation of the word also illustrates the mode of sale, which is by an advance or augmentation of the price, each bidder raising above the one before him. There is abundant evidence that the ancient Greeks held public auctions, and they doubtless learned the practice from their ancient schoolmasters, the Phœnicians, who were eminently a trading people long before the Greek nation took its rise. The etymology of the word carries the practice back to still more remote periods; for we find the Latin foundation of the word has its origin in the still older Sanscrit root *auj*, to grow.

The Romans took the auction, like many other customs, from the Greeks; and with those conquerors of the world this mode of sale was in common use, and regulated by law. The practice adopted by them was in many respects strikingly like that of the present day. Yet in others it differed. With them the auctioneer was the magistrate of the district; and his duty was to preside over the sale, and adjudge the lot to the proper party, while the bidding was invariably done by a public crier, who acted as a mouth-piece to all the purchasers present. The business of this crier was to name a price, and the bidders who were willing to buy at that price held up their fingers in token of assent. He then cried a higher price, and so kept augmenting the sum as long as two or more bidders' fingers were up. When all were down but one, the crier ceased, and the auctioneer, who had kept his eye upon the proceedings, decreed the bargain to the owner of the persevering finger. A licensed broker was also present, who took note of the price and claimed the money from the purchaser, giving in exchange a written order for the property purchased by him.

THE VERY LAST.—We have just one complete set of *Balloy's Pictorial* from its commencement, now on hand. It forms fifteen superb volumes, a complete illustrative record of the times, bound uniformly and in a handsome, substantial manner, and in full gilt, illuminated covers, title-pages and indexes. Being entirely out of the market, and as it is impossible ever to reprint them, this is the last set we shall be able to offer at any price. The person who sends first will get them. Price \$30 for the complete set. They will be carefully packed, and sent by express as ordered.

JEWS IN CITIES.—The number of Hebrews in the great cities is stated to be as follows: New York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2500; Baltimore, 1800; Charleston, 1500; London, 20,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9000; Berlin, 5000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 20,000; Rome, 6000; Leghorn, 10,000; Jerusalem, 6000; Smyrna, 9000; Hebron, 8000. How many unacknowledged Jews are in the same cities, calling themselves Christians, but admitted to be Jews by common consent?

MISS JANE COOMBS.—This young lady has lately played a very successful engagement at the Boston Museum, and certainly gives promise of a remarkable actress. In many of her points and characteristics we are forcibly reminded of Mrs. Mowatt. She has a fine stage-figure, an expressive and handsome face, and a rich musical voice; her modulation, however, requires careful training. We shall look with interest to her future career in her profession.

PROSPERITY.—We are in the almost hourly receipt of letters from all parts of the South, West and East, covering subscriptions to our publications, and our correspondents universally speak of the returning and increased business prosperity realized in their various sections.

BOSTON.—We learn from the report of Mr. Turner, superintendent of streets, that there are open to travel one hundred and two miles in length of streets, and nine miles and one-half in courts and places. Pretty good sized city this!

BEAUTIFUL.—The Dioramic Views of India, now exhibiting in this city, are a rich work of art, interesting in the extreme, and highly instructive. They are well worth seeing.

#### ANECDOTE OF BULWER.

The following anecdote of Bulwer is both fresh and interesting.—It so happened that, upon the night rendered memorable in dramatic history by the first appearance of the "Lady of Lyons" (anonymously), Bulwer was detained in the House of Commons by a discussion on the ballot, a debate in which he himself took part that evening, by the delivery of one of the most effective speeches through which he had, as yet, won the applause of Parliament. Hurrying from the house while there are yet ringing in his ears the cordial cheers which greeted the peroration of that successful harangue, he encounters in the doorway of St. Stephen's—sauntering in, fresh from the playhouse, whether Bulwer himself is wending his way, in search of tidings as to the fate of the new play—another member, also a dramatist. Question and answer exchanged—(the latter eminently satisfactory as to the prospective triumph of the piece, upon the last scene of which the curtain has not yet fallen) the friendly M. P., who was also a playwright, addressing himself to the unsuspected and unrecognizing author of "The Lady of Lyons," and speaking of the new drama with a constitutionally flushed visage and a genial air of supercilious patronage—"Hm! Yes; it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing." On to the theatre goes the orator-dramatist, arriving immediately before the completion of his second triumph that evening, precisely at the same moment when Claude makes his appearance upon the stage as one of the heroic colonels in the army of Napoleon. The fifth act terminates triumphantly, and the curtain descends amidst a general storm of acclamation. The author is called for vociferously; but no author presents himself to the eager audience to receive the ovation and bow his acknowledgments. "Hm!" says Bulwer, probably shrugging his shoulders at the moment, with a pleasant recollection enough of his House of Commons acquaintance, "Yes; it's very well indeed—for that sort of thing." Said the Countess of Blessington—from whose box he had just hurried, in the hope of being (as the division list showed him to have been the next morning) in time for the division—"It is the first time I have ever seen him jealous." A fortnight later, and the authorship of the "Lady of Lyons" was formally acknowledged upon the handbills.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—Notwithstanding the crowded population of France, but a comparatively small number of its inhabitants, as compared with other European countries, leave their native soil. During the past ten years, 2,750,000 persons emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, and 1,000,000 from Germany, while, in the same period, only 200,000 left France.

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.—The trustees of Dudley Observatory, at Albany, have taken possession of the building, heretofore forcibly held against them by the late Scientific Council, and the officers appointed by the Board of Trustees are now in peaceful possession of the building.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.—In Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, may be found two very readable papers, giving accounts of personal recollections of Lord Byron, one by George Ticknor, of this city, who met him in London in 1815, and the other by Edward Everett, who enjoyed his society at two separate periods.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Singers, public speakers and others, who have unusual efforts to make with the voice, or persons suffering from bronchial affections, or troublesome coughs from whatever cause, will do well to read Dr. Brown's advertisement in another column.

PERSONAL.—Captain Rouell, who has been commander of the fine steamer Nantasket for a number of years, has been re-appointed to the command for the next season. The captain is very popular with travellers.

"CURLING" IN NEW YORK.—The Scottish game of curling has been introduced to the Central Park, where it has been vigorously played for the past few days.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—A Hungarian asserts that he has discovered the quadrature of the circle. He is not the first man who has thought so, and is not likely to be the last.



HON. JOHN WENTWORTH,  
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of the subject, a gentleman well known in the history of American politics. John Wentworth was born in the town of Sandwich, New Hampshire, March 5, 1815. His early life was passed in the rude labors of his native mountain district, a sort of discipline which well fitted him for the rude conflicts and trials of life. He evinced an early inclination for agricultural life, but his father was anxious to afford him a good education, and we find him, at different periods, at Gilmanton Academy, at Wolfboro' Academy, and at New Hampshire Academy. In the winter of 1831-'32, when but sixteen years of age, he taught school at New Hampton, several of his pupils being legal voters. In the summer of 1832 he was a student at the famous academy of South Berwick, Maine, and during this, the height of the National Bank question, he contributed anti-bank articles to the democratic papers which were extensively read, copied and approved by the supporters of that policy. On the 3d of October, 1836, just after graduating at Dartmouth College, he turned his face West to "seek his fortune," his capital amounting at that time to just 100 dollars. During this western tour, he saw and travelled in a railroad car and steamboat for the first time in his life. After "prospecting" some little time, he found himself in Detroit. Thence he went to Chicago, commenced the study of law, and soon became (in 1836) the editor and proprietor of the "Chicago Democrat." In an old number of the "Democratic Review" we find the following mention of this enterprise: "In less than three years the entire establishment, costing \$2800, was his, without a copper's aid from any quarter. He had earned it by continuous daily and nightly toil, by denying himself everything that the most pressing necessity did not demand, and by abstaining from all intercourse with his fellow-citizens, save what occurred at his own office upon the business of the office. Whilst he struggled hard to redeem his press, the history of the times shows that he met every question with boldness. We mention these things as showing the responsibilities that devolved upon a young man fresh from the walls of college, transferred to a land of strangers over a thousand miles from home, and the manner in which he met them. Just of age, without means, without experience, and without friends, and at an unexampled crisis in both the monetary and political affairs of the nation, he was placed upon a theatre demanding the greatest degree of moral courage, independence, labor, care and caution. He had his profession to acquire, his press to pay for, and his party to protect." Wheeler, in his history, says:—"Early in the spring of 1841 Mr. Wentworth left the State to attend the law lectures at Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, and with the intention of remaining a year; but having been apprised that he would, in all probability, receive the first nomination for Congress under the new apportionment, he returned late in the fall, and was soon after admitted to the bar. Up to that time he had declined every office. With the exception of the honorary appointment of aide-camp to Gov. Carlin, in 1838, he had neither sought nor accepted any office or position other than that which he now holds. Owing to the failure of the Legislature to district the State, the election, which should have taken place in 1842, did not take place till 1843, when Mr. Wentworth was nominated over the heads of many older men and citizens, by a majority of more than five to one, and was elected at the age of twenty-eight, by upwards of fifteen hundred majority, a member of the House of Representatives of the twenty-eighth Congress. In 1844 he was re-nominated unanimously, and re-elected by more than three thousand majority. In 1846 he was again unanimously re-nominated, and re-elected by over six thousand majority. In 1848, being

re-nominated, he was elected in the face of a strong influence brought to bear against him, by a majority of three thousand five hundred and fifty-five votes. Mr. Polk's majority in the same district was three thousand and eight votes. Mr. Wentworth's majority was greater than that of any other person in the State whose election was contested. On the 13th of November, 1844, Col. Wentworth was married to Maria Loomis, daughter of Riley Loomis, a wealthy citizen of Troy, New York. On first entering Congress he was the youngest member of the House of Representatives. He had never before seen a legislative body in session. Prior to his election, there had not only never been a member of Congress residing upon the Lake, but there had not been one north of the centre of the State. Until the admission of Wisconsin into the Union he continued to be the only member from any State who resided upon the shores of Lake Michigan. His district embraces the counties of Boone, Bureau, Cook, Champagne, De Kalb, Du Page, Grundy, Iroquois, Kane, Kendall, Lake, La Salle, Livingston, McHenry, McLean, Vermilion, and Will, being seventeen in all, and extending from the Wisconsin State line on the north, to a distance of one hundred miles below the line of the termination of the Illinois and Michigan canal on the south, and from the Indiana State line on the east, to counties touching Rock River on the west. It is two hundred and fifty

miles long, and one hundred miles wide, being the most wealthy and populous portion of the State of Illinois." Mr. Wentworth peremptorily declined a re-nomination to Congress, in 1849, and Hon. R. S. Molony, a particular friend of his, and room-mate at Dartmouth College, was elected to succeed him. Col. Wentworth retired from Congress, March 4, 1851. In 1852 he was again elected to Congress, from a new district formed under the census of 1850, comprising the counties of Cook, Du Page, Kane, Lee, Whiteside, and Rock Island. His term expired March 4, 1855, so that he served in all ten years in Congress. Declining a re-election, he devoted himself to the improvement of a large tract of land which he had purchased near Chicago. Of his congressional career, a cotemporary publication remarked:—"Col. Wentworth's political career has been marked by untiring industry and perseverance; by independence of thought, expression and action; by a thorough knowledge of human nature; by a manly courage equal to any crisis; by a self-possession that enabled him to avail himself of any chance of success, when on the very threshold of defeat; and by a steady devotion to what he believes the wishes and interests of those whose representative he is. But, though uncompromising in his opinions, he has ever yielded his individual preferences to the regular conventions of his party; and no one has invariably worked harder in support of all the nominees of the democracy. Few men of his age, under so many adverse circumstances, have attained to equal success; and still fewer are less indebted to accidental circumstances. So many obstacles have already been overcome by him, he is never daunted by the hopelessness of any enterprise that it may seem desirable to undertake." In 1857, however, Col. Wentworth abandoned the old-line democracy, with which he had acted for so many years, and was taken up by the newly-formed Republican party. In the spring of that year he was the republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago. In his speech accepting the nomination, he announced "that if elected at all, he wished it understood that he was elected to enforce all the laws of the city. He was opposed to all dead letter laws; he believed that they should be repealed or enforced; he declared that he had no pledges to make to individuals, other than those which he considered his public ones; and that any person who voted for him with the mere expectation of getting office, ought to be, and he hoped would be, disappointed. He thought there were others better entitled to the office than he, and also could receive it with less personal sacrifice. But if elected he would do his duty." He was elected by over eleven hundred majority. We believe that, in pursuance of a previous determination, he held the office for one year only. Col. Wentworth is a man of striking personal appearance, measuring about six feet and a half in height, a circumstance to which he owes the familiar sobriquet of "Long John." His weight, about 230 pounds, corresponds to his height.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS EXERCISING IN A MONASTERY.

The figure-piece on this page is peculiarly Italian. It represents a group of monks playing for exercise, at ball, in the garden of the Augustines, or barefooted Carmelites, at Rome. These severe or gentle faces, these angular or macerated features, these forms, athletic or fragile like the folds of the frock permit us to guess at, this sort of Bedouin costume thrown over the shoulders of the children of Catholic Rome, must certainly prove tempting to the artist, who has studied the pictures of Dominechino or Lesueur. The simple sketch tells its own story. Let the reader study its details, and increase its proportions, let his imagination invest it with color and atmospheric effect, and lo! he is at Rome the Eternal, Rome the seven-hilled city of the wolf-nursed Romulus and of the Papal Cross, great even in its ruins.



CATHOLIC PRIESTS EXERCISING IN A ROMAN MONASTERY.



## THE CHANGELING.

(Concluded from page 101.)

life? And if the captain be the handsomest bridegroom that ever set foot on the soil of Virginia, I am sure that she will be the most beautiful bride that was ever seen."

When a few hours afterwards, the bridal party returned from the gray stone church, there were many who were of Minda's opinion. Among those composing it were Clayton and Ellis, who in the hour of adversity had shown themselves to be such true and earnest friends to the young lieutenant, little imagining that he was the son of one of the wealthiest and most respected gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Mrs. Cline and her son and Sybil Finchley were there as welcome guests; nor were Percy Wilmot and the dark-eyed Zorayne, now his wife, forgotten.

The presence of no one, however, was so grateful to Percy Danbridge, or added so much to the fullness of his content, as that of Mrs. Anvers, who had supplied to him the place of the kindest and best of mothers.

Then, at somewhat of a late hour, the bridal festivities were brought to a close, Percy Wilmot and Zorayne, with the other guests, prepared for their departure.

"No, Percy," said young Danbridge, "we cannot spare you yet; you must remain with us a few days. You have not forgot the agreement

to be held in Athens, in the ancient Stadium, which is still in a very perfect state of preservation, and requires very little more than a good cleaning out, and are to take place on the first three Sundays in October, every fourth year, commencing in 1859. The games are to include horse-racing, wrestling, throwing quoits, and other athletic sports, singing, music and dancing, besides which there is to be an exhibition of flowers, fruit, cattle, and other articles of Greek produce or manufactures. This eccentric idea was formed by a wealthy Poloponnesian named Evangelos Zappas, who resides at Jassy, in Moldavia, and who has liberally endowed the games by placing at the disposal of the Hellenic government four hundred shares in the Greek Steam Navigation Company, besides the sum of 3000 Dutch ducats *in natura*. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee appointed each Olympiad by the Greek government, and will consist of gold and silver medals, and wreaths of silver leaves and flowers. The former will contain an effigy of the king, while on the reverse will be engraved the name of the founder, "Zappas," and the date, or rather the number, of the Olympiad. The winners of the prize-medals will be entitled to wear them at the buttonhole, suspended by a blue and white watered silk ribbon. Of the "Romaika," the subject of our engraving, we submit the following particulars:—There are

action of the arms and figure directed by his own choice, conducts the lover in a winding and roundabout course, each of them constantly varying their movements—partly in obedience to the music, which is either slow and measured or more lively and impetuous; partly from the spirit of the movement and the suggestion of their own taste. This rapid and frequent change of figure, together with the power of giving expression and creating novelty, renders the Romaika a very pleasing dance, and perhaps among the best of those which have become national, as the plan of its movements allows full scope to the educated as well as the unlearned in the art. In Arcadia, Messinia, and Korinthia, in the spring, when the whole country is glowing with beauty, groups of youth of both sexes are assembled amidst their habitations, whirling round in the mazes of this dance. It is impossible to look upon the Romaikos without the suggestion of antiquity, as well in the representations we have upon marbles and vases, as in the description of similar movements by Homer. The reader may recollect that poet's beautiful description of the dance on the Shield of Achilles, which corresponds in some very minute particulars with the modern Romaika. The Greeks, male and female, certainly inherit the beauty of their ancestors. A large proportion of the men and women you meet would serve as models for painters.

## NEW COURT-HOUSE AT KEENE, N. H.

The Legislature of New Hampshire, during the session of 1856, authorized the erection of a Court House for Cheshire County, at Keene, and the representatives of said county, in convention, appointed his excellency, William Hale, the governor, Hon. Thomas U. Edwards, Col. Nelson Converse, Samuel Isham, Esq., and David Parsons, Esq., a building committee to carry into effect the views of their constituents. These gentlemen, after due deliberation, adopted a plan for the building presented by Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., of this city, and appointed Col. Converse as their building agent. The imposing structure represented on page 104 of this number, was engraved expressly for us from the architect's perspective drawings, and accurately depicts this fine edifice. The building is located at the junction of Court and Winter Streets, in the beautiful village of Keene, and faces the Common or Public Square. It is constructed of brick and stone, and is a parallelogram in outline of ground plan, measuring 76 by 55 feet. The interior is subdivided into two principal stories, besides a large basement or cellar. The first story contains the county offices of Registry of Deeds and Probate Court, and Grand Jury and Clerk of Courts. The court-room occupies the centre portion of the second story, and various other offices the others.



GREEK FISHERMEN DANCING THE ROMAICA.

we made, to be the same to each other as brothers."

"I can never forget it," was the reply.

"And you, dear Zorayne," said Myra, "must be my sister."

Myra read her answer in the smile, which like a burst of sunshine illumined her countenance. Then bright tears, such as well up from a happy, grateful heart, filled her eyes, and bending forward she pressed her lips to the white hand of the young bride.

"Not so, dearest Zorayne," said Myra, half reprovingly, and twining her arms round her neck, she left a warm, heart-felt kiss on the sweet lips of her adopted sister.

"And remember," said Mr. Danbridge, approaching them, "that all four of you are my children."

## GREEK FISHERMEN DANCING.

The spirited picture on this page represents a group of Greek fishermen dancing the famous "Romaika," surrounded by a group of admiring comrades. It is well known that the present King of Greece is doing all in his power to preserve the national amusements and costumes, as well as to revive the games of the olden days. The young dandies of Athens wear the graceful Albanian costume that Lord Byron was so fond of. A royal decree has been signed for the re-establishment of the Olympic Games, after being discontinued for nearly 1500 years. They are

two national Greek dances at the present time which owe their origin to the classical period of Greek history; one is called the *Romaika*, and the other *Arvanitikos*, the latter being most popular in Albania. There is a great difference between the two dances, the *Arvanitikos* being of a wild and spirited character, abounding in change and variety of gesture. The *Romaika*, though lively, is extremely graceful, and well adapted to the display of the human figure. Both are supposed to have been derived, with more or less change, from the ancient times of Greece; and the claims of the *Romaika* in particular to a classical origin, appears to have some reality. Its history has been connected with the dance invented at Delos, when Theseus came thither from Crete to commemorate the adventures of Ariadne and the Cretan Labyrinth, and the character of its movements very much corresponds with those described by Plutarch in his "Life of Theseus." The Ariadne of the dance is selected either in rotation or from some habitual deference to youth and beauty. He or she holds in the right hand a white handkerchief, giving the left to a second, and so on. The alternation of the two sexes, hand-in-hand, or arm-in-arm, goes on to any number. The chief action of the dance devolves upon the two leaders, the others merely following their movements, generally in a sort of circular outline, and with a step alternately advancing and receding to the time of the music. The leading youth, with an

## "KNUCKLE DOWN!"

The engraving on page 100 represents a group of juveniles whose whole hearts are intent on their game of marbles, that game of "ring-taw." The kneeling boy in our engraving is watched closely by his antagonists and the bystanders, who hold him strictly to the "knuckle down," a rule which requires the middle joint of the forefinger to touch the ground in shooting the marble, and the hand to remain there after the shot has been made, so as to prevent the player unfairly pushing his marble towards the ring. We have almost forgotten the rules of the ring, and "increase pound," "snaps and spans," the "pyramid," "nine-holes," and "bounce-eye," are only remembered fragments of a strange jargon that once had deep significance. But how many generations in turn will be pleased with these toys, till they forsake them for those more brilliant baubles that delight "children of a larger growth." For we much doubt whether the successful speculator, whose bank-account exhibits a brilliant array of figures marshalled in columns and represents the sums to his credit, enjoys more the contemplation of his total, than the school-boy, who after a day of victorious struggle counts up the "agates" and the "alleys" that have fallen to his share. The successes of the men are not always the result of fair play—while the school-boy who is convicted of "cheating" is shunned by his comrades, and loses caste inevitably by his want of honor.

## THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The fine engraving on page 101 is an illustration of an interesting legend. The picture represents a peasant, removing his wife and child and household goods by means of the humble animal which has aided him in his labors. The story runs, that in the 16th century a peasant named Sanchez, who had a freehold on the domains of the lord of Coaraze, in Navarre, granted for the warlike services of his family, became an object of persecution to his seigneur, who wished to rob him of his lovely wife. The peasant fled in the manner shown in the picture, pursued by the troops of the lord of the manor, headed by the squire. Two days afterwards, the baron of Coaraze entered the church of Nay to attend mass. His squire approached him and whispered in his ear, "They are shut up in the donjon." The baron controlled his emotions, and listened to the services, which afflicted him deeply. In the choir was a fresco representing the "Flight into Egypt." As his eyes were riveted on the painting, in his imagination the three characters disappeared, and were transformed into the three victims of his persecution. The longer he looked, the clearer he beheld the features of the peasant Sanchez, his wife Rita, and their child. The curate of Nay preached, taking his text from the second chapter of Matthew. He spoke of Herod and the abuses of temporal power. The baron was so conscience-stricken that he freed his captives immediately.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE WOODS IN WINTER.

BY REV. CADMUS HALL.

Forth child of art, when Winter mounts his throne,  
And claims the field and forest for his own,  
Fear not in his charmed circle to intrude,  
And view his palace in the leafless wood  
Did ever wealth of Orient sunshine smile  
On such a fairy realm or gorgeous pile?  
Columns of silver near their shafts on high,  
And diamond arches meet the dazzled eye;  
The flexible aspens in these magic bowers,  
Like some bright fountain, rain its jewelled showers,  
And decked in emerald wealth the hemlock green,  
Pours from its plumes a radiant light serene.

## A POET'S EPITAPH.

A monument to me leave I among my people,  
Not built by human hands, not overgrown by grass,  
But rising up more proud than that which does relate  
Napoleon's great deeds of glory  
No, I shall not perish, that my ever-faithful ashes  
Which is destruction's prey—the body they inter,  
My spirit in no song shall be alive as long as  
On earth a single poet lives.—P. SHERMAN.

## ABSTRACTION OF SORROW.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,  
And she forgot the blue above the trees,  
And she forgot the dells where waters run,  
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze,  
She had no knowledge when the day was done.

## ADVERSITY.

How ruthless men are to adversity!  
My acquaintance scarce will know me yet,  
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone,  
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them.—COOK.

## MAGNIFICENCE.

A prince is never so magnificent,  
As when he is sparing to enrich a few  
With the injuries of many.—MANSINGER.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Unless all signs fail, war "detested by mothers" will ravage the fields of Europe before many moons have waxed and waned. Louis Napoleon must feed the four hundred thousand tigers of his military menagerie or they will feed on him. He will most probably give them Austrian blood to lap, and will loose them in the field in the cause of down-trodden Italy. Not a blush will mantle his brazen cheek as he appeals to arms in that cause—where whose Gallic legions crushed the Italian patriots on the eve of their permanent success. But a war on behalf of Italy is his only hope of turning aside the poisonard of the carbonari; employment for the army the only hope of retaining a throne that rests on bayonets; a war the only means of uniting all France in strong sympathy and ending, for a season, the struggle for liberty which is secretly going on even amidst the fetters and manacles of Paris. Wild work in Europe, be sure of it, is close at hand. We have lately been looking at a work by Mr. Gilly, an English writer, entitled "Shipwrecks in the Royal Navy," and honestly confess that it reveals a list of casualties that we were by no means prepared for. Between 1793 and 1857 no less than 424 ships of the royal navy were lost at sea. Mr. Gilly gives a table of these events, showing the size of the ships and the number of men lost. Some of them were awful catastrophes, as, for example, the burning of the Queen Charlotte, of 100 guns, off Leghorn, when 673 men out of 850 were lost—the wreck of the St. George, of 98, and the Defence of 74 guns, on the coast of Jamaica, in December, 1811, out of whose crews, consisting together of 1331 persons, 13 only were saved—and more appalling than all, the destruction by lightning of the Resistance, of 44 guns, which was blown up in an instant, in the Straits of Banca, four men only surviving to tell the tale. The loss of the Saldaña frigate, on the 31 of December, 1811, is perhaps even more striking. On that day a tremendous storm broke on the east coast of Ireland. The Saldaña had been sent from Cork to relieve the Endymion at Lough Swilly. About ten at night, through the darkness and storm, a light was seen from the signal towers passing rapidly up the lough, the gale at the time blowing heavily right into the harbor. Next morning the Saldaña was discovered a complete wreck at a place called Ballyna Stokerbay. Every soul on board had perished. In the August of the following year a gentleman's servant shot a parrot in a tree near Byrt. It had round its neck a gold ring, with the inscription, "Capt. Packenham, H. M. S. Saldaña." Isn't that a bit of romance? Since our last, Mr. Barry of the Boston Theatre has been coining money, and the season promises to close with an overflowing treasury. For the next we have the promise of a series of brilliant entertainments and a continuance of managerial success. In Grant county, Wisconsin, the people utterly refuse to pay their State and county taxes for this year. They claim as ground for this refusal, that the appropriations made by the legislature are extravagant and entirely useless. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati offers to give a silver goblet of the value of one hundred dollars, or that sum of money if preferred, for grapes that will be superior to Catawba for the purposes of wine—the decision of the question to be left to the Ohio Vine Growers' Association. A correspondent of the Historical Magazine says, "In summer in the Dutch times in New York, the court began their session occasionally at six o'clock in the morning. Juvenile suicides, not uncommon in France, are beginning to be known in England. Lately one Elizabeth Butler, aged fifteen, a pupil teacher at Trinity School, Derby,

committed suicide by throwing herself into the river Derwent. In her copy-book was found an entry relating all her friends as good by, and stating that she had made up her mind to do away with herself, as she had had a quarrel with Miss —, and that the latter was always doing her injury. She asked the forgiveness of her friends, and hoped God would also forgive her. The rage for criminal and bulky dresses seems to justify the supposition that the ladies of Christendom have some respect for the tastes of the king of Ashtatoe, since the motto of that magnificent monarch with regard to the relative loveliness of the ladies of his court is, "Moochee fat—moochee prettier." If not corpulent, they are determined to seem so, and assume a virtue if they have it not."

What may be done by intelligent labor has been shown in the neighborhood of Sharon, in Donegal, Ireland, by Mr. William McCormick, the railway contractor. From the Inch the sea has been driven out, and a plain of the richest land, at present loaded with a luxuriant crop, now spreads itself over the former bed of the waters. Upwards of 6000 acres have thus been reclaimed from the sea. The lands of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are said to be exceedingly fertile, producing sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, maize, oranges, lemons, bananas, and almost every other tropical fruit and vegetable, in advance, and only await the arrival of a new race of men and a new order of things. A prominent politician of this place once wrote a series of letters to prove that "Shakespeare had no genius," but William is still remembered and Benjamin is not. The St. Paul Minnesotan learns that the Fort Snelling speculators have failed to pay the second installment of \$30,000 due the government on the purchase of Fort Snelling and the reserve, and that instructions have been received to foreclose on their obligations and resume governmental possession of the premises. This looks as though the speculators had made a bad bargain with Uncle Sam. A Lynn paper, under the general heading of "Waxed Ends," mentions among other things that "a large number of children had their ears and fingers frozen while going to and from school." We should call these frosted ends. The citizens of Georgia have been seized with a fever of emigration to Texas. Hancock and other counties are suffering depletion from this cause. A movement is attempted in Buffalo to reduce the salaries of teachers in the public schools, both male and female. Poor economy! Mr. Alexis Yvonnet, one of our oldest French residents, died recently, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He had lived in Boston about half a century. The estate in New London, Ct., known as the Foundry and Machine Company, has been purchased by Thomas Fitch, Esq., for \$40,000. It cost originally \$30,000, and embraces all the tools and appurtenances necessary to carry on an extensive business. The fair lately held in Mobile for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum netted \$4152 29. There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure. Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun; but being of a rather economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in; and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch, "Touch it aisy, Tommy!" It is said that an English pulpit is ordinarily so small that only one man can stand or sit in it. The number of convicts in the several New York State Prisons on the 30th of September, 1858, was as follows: Auburn, 747; Sing Sing, 1110; Clinton, 358; total, 2215. Of which are insane, Auburn, 13; Sing Sing, 21; Clinton, 3. The expenses thereof for the year ending 30th September, 1858, were, Auburn, \$77,074, earnings, \$59,840; Sing Sing, \$119,900, earnings, \$65,916; Clinton, \$55,781, earnings, \$31,420. A letter from Madrid says: "We have received news here of a terrible catastrophe. The rich lead mines of Linars, belonging to the State, have fallen in, and it is said, buried in their ruins more than seventy miners, of whom upwards of thirty have been taken out dead. The falling in of the earth is attributed to the excessive rain for some months past." Chinese fathers sometimes deal with uncomfortable sons in a way which, in this country, would consign them to the gallows, or a residence in the State prison until "pardonned out for exemplary behaviour." It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point: "A government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial paper another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours." We like fables; don't you, reader? Here is a good one: A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou seditious animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying in it before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you. What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches high, and eleven feet four inches in circumference, passing along the aisle just as divine worship commences? An editor says, 'on our outside we found some fine suggestions for raising peaches.' We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves. A man the other day declared he had in

his time eaten so much real he was ashamed to look a cat in the face. We suppose he never made use of a looking glass. A wife, signed as a nation why so few borrowed books were returned, that it was much easier to retain the books than their contents. Queen Victoria's income is about £334,000 a year; Prince Albert receives £40,000 per annum from the British government. On this aggregate of \$2,120,000 they manage to keep out of the alms-house. The following truism from the Ohio Cultivator, particularly the first five words ought to be adopted as a motto by every agricultural paper in the country, and the words should be played "upon like a harp of a thousand strings." "Farmers own too much land, as a general thing, in the western prairie country, and cannot or do not more than half fence or cultivate it. Weeds in abundance; only half crops all the time—an up-hill business, which could be greatly remedied by complying with an old saying about 'a little farm well tilled,' etc. It is always an up-hill business with everybody who owns 'too much land.' There are in Massachusetts two hundred and ninety-four factories, with a capital of thirty millions of dollars, and one and a half millions of spindles; which put into the market, manufactures the worth of thirty-four millions of dollars yearly; more than half of the cotton factories in this hemisphere are within the limits of this State, and more than two-thirds of the invested capital belongs to it. A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small demands neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend. No less than three women were arrested in New York, a few evenings since, for appearing in the streets dressed by boy's clothing. Two of them stated that they were on their way to a fancy dress ball, and the third was found walking in company with the well known John Smith, and followed by a crowd of unruly boys.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The foreign papers, those at least that are not muzzled, are discussing the chances of a war in Europe, which, wherever commenced, would be a general war, drawing all the principal sovereignties into its vortex. Russia is regarded as the firm friend and ally of France; but it is difficult to perceive how Russia could venture to wage an expensive foreign war while the emancipation scheme is yet unaccomplished. With France, the affair is different—and sensible people seem to conclude that the emperor must fight somebody or other. He is said to be afraid of Italian assassins, and to brood constantly over the last words of Orsini—"We are few in numbers, but resolute in mind. Each man has sworn to sacrifice his own life if needs be; and every year will the same attempt be made until one of us succeeds." Italy is in a ferment, and rows between Italian citizens and Austrian troops have taken place in different cities. According to English official despatches, there are 100,000 armed men determined to oppose Turkish rule in Servia. It is stated that at Milan lately, when the people raised the cry of "Long live Italy!" the Austrian soldiers responded—"Letters from India say that a fourth presidency is talked of, to be made up out of the Punjab. The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has resented the tone in which Mr. Buchanan spoke of Spain in his message. The members have been indulging in very gasconading language with regard to the United States of North America.—It is said that an American inventor has offered a submarine frigate to the French and English governments. He claims that a crew can live in it under water, rise or sink to any height, and attach torpedoes to an enemy's vessel in perfect safety.—In the event of a war between Austria and France or Russia, England would not be likely to interfere. She has had enough of fighting for continental despots in times past.

## War in Europe.

Some people think that war in Europe is not inevitable, and the correspondent of the London Times gives his reasons for that view. He says "Bad as affairs seem, a strong opinion may be expressed that there is no immediate danger of actual war. The possibility of the words of the Emperor Napoleon being accepted in Lombardy in their true sense, as an invitation to insurrection, constitutes the chief ground of anxiety. In other respects there are several reasons for supposing that the hour for general hostilities in Europe has not yet arrived. Russia wants a loan of about \$40,000,000 from London, and will insist upon the French emperor, who would not move but in concert with her, keeping quiet till she has got it. Sardinia, likewise, would like a little preliminary cash, and, moreover, French troops always prefer a summer to a winter promenade."

## Oriental Weapons.

The Bombay Standard informs us that the late disarming of the Goosarat and Southern Mahratta country has filled the Grand Arsenal with an amount and variety of weapons such as never were assembled in that presidency before. 50,000 tulwars, and no end of daggers, swords, knives, spears, lances, battleaxes, matchlocks, flintlocks, jingals, blunderbusses, and pistols.

## A French Assassin.

A tailor of Dijon, not satisfied with his daughter's conduct, fractured her skull with his pressing iron as she slept, and then stabbed himself three times in the breast with a large pair of scissors. He was taken to the hospital to be cured and then tried for his unparental conduct.

## Gambling at Spa.

The company which forms out the gambling-rooms at Spa, in Belgium, and whose lease expires at the end of 1861, has just obtained a prolongation of it from the municipality for nineteen years—that is, to the 31st of December, 1880.

## Africa.

Dr. Livingstone, writing from the Zambesi, Africa, mentions a fact of great importance to the future of African commerce, that there is "an immense coal field" at Tete, on the Zambesi, where many of the seams crop out, and remarks that "with coal and the best iron ore in abundance, surely Africa will not always be the trodden down nation it has been."

## Entertainments in India.

Public readings are becoming popular in India. Mr. Edward Macready, the son of the great tragedian, read certain passages of "Hamlet" to the inhabitants of Bombay last month. He is to read not only other scenes from Shakespeare, but to trench of Mr. Dickens's new calling, and read "The Chimes," and "The Christmas Carol."

## A new Garden in Paris.

The city of Paris has resolved that the Champs Elysees shall be converted into a large public garden, interspersed with trees and fountains, and other agreeable features. These plantations, on the side facing the quay, have already been completed; the works of the remaining portions will commence at once.

## Presents for Japan.

Louis Napoleon has been preparing a large number of presents for the emperor of Japan. They consist mostly of improved fire-arms. There are a hundred muskets for the Japanese imperial guard, two cannon, and some splendid Gobelin tapestries.

## Nantes.

Incendary placards were lately discovered posted up all over the city, and immediately pulled down by the police. They were all in the same handwriting, though variously worded. The author has not been detected.

## Cheap Opera.

A letter from Florence in the Providence Journal, says that during the carnival in that city, "in the opera house, 'Il Trovatore,' by decent performers, may be heard for a month for less than three cents per night."

## French War Department.

The estimates of the French war department for 1860 amount to 354,000,000 francs. That of the present year 346,000,000 francs, or about \$69,000,000. France keeps about 400,000 men under arms.

## Mr. Bright, M. P.

The debating clubs of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have both decided by overwhelming majorities that "it is not likely that Mr. Bright will ever become a statesman."

## The Pope's Railway Carriage.

The pope's railway carriage, lately exhibited in Paris, is a splendid affair. The interior comprises an ante-chamber, a throne room and a private apartment, all sumptuously fitted up.

## The Prince's Pony.

Crowds of people flock to the garden of the Tuilleries to see the little pony sent by Queen Victoria to the prince imperial. He is exquisitely shaped, being a perfect horse in miniature.

## The Czar of Russia.

It is said that the czar of Russia is anxious to secure another coaling station on the Mediterranean. The Russian eagle means to flap his wings pretty extensively.

## The Galway Line.

A Paris letter speaks of the probability of an imperial subsidy being given to the Galway Atlantic Line for the conveyance of French mails to America.

## The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales is travelling on the continent, with a small suite and plenty of money. He will pass several weeks in Rome.

## Baptized in the Jordan.

A young lady from Albemarle, Virginia, was baptized recently in the River Jordan by Dr. James T. Barclay, missionary in Jerusalem.

## Scotch Cab-horses.

A Glasgow paper says that one thousand cab and omnibus horses are annually driven to death in the city of Glasgow.

## Quadruple Marriage.

The Belgian journals record the marriage of four brothers to four sisters, celebrated at the same time, at Mons.

## Milan, Italy.

The Austrians are prepared to defend Milan, and have introduced three thousand bombs into the fortress, says an English paper.

## Mazzini.

This indefatigable revolutionist is in London, editing a paper devoted to the interests of Italy, as he views them.

## Ledru Rollin.

Ledru Rollin has met with an accident; riding out on an omnibus he slipped down and dislocated his knee-pan.

## Japan.

The Japanese officials have undertaken to learn English in five years.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF BURNS. Mostly by THOMAS CARLILE. New York: DeBesser & Procter 1860. pp. 203. 1859.

The publication of this little memoir is reasonable, and now that the universal celebration of the Burns centenary has given a fresh interest to the memory of the bard, every one will be anxious to secure a sketch of his life. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The American Almanac is one of the most valuable annual works issued from the press of the United States. The present number embraces a vast amount of matter, astronomical, historical, biographical and statistical. It is not saying too much to say that no American family ought to be without this book.



## Sands of Gold.

Woman is the master piece of the universe.—*Lassini.*  
It improves us as thinkers to become, to a certain extent, actors.—*Bovee.*  
Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*Penn.*  
He who keeps a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.—*Siden.*

An ugly and good woman is an angel who deserves beatification.—*Stahl.*  
Endowed with an insinuating charm, woman by her presence alone, is beautiful.—*Daniel Stern.*

Like the body, the mind wears more from the want of action than excess of it. Fatigued by trifles, we find relief in graver thoughts.—*Bovee.*

Homeliness has this advantage over its enemy, beauty. It is that it is difficult for an ugly woman to be calumniated as for a pretty woman not to be.—*Stahl.*

There are women who are powerful by the tone of their voices alone. They touch and move the heart, and we love them before even thinking of looking at them.—*Saint Prosper.*

Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life,—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—*Swift.*

What intoxication for a young man to see the woman he loves to have the handsomest of all, become the object of passionate looks, and to know that he alone receives the light of those chastely reserved eyes; to know so well the different shades of her voice as to be able to discover in her words, apparently light or sportive, the proofs of a constant thought.—*Balzac.*

## Joker's Budget.

A good advertisement for a lawyer—impudence to the court.

The fellow who got over the bay could not retract his steps.

(Wanted)—A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.  
Why is high living like twelve dozen? Because it makes one gross.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

The reason why people go round the Horn instead of through, is because they are afraid of "coming out at the little end."

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it a "waste of water?"

We frequently see it stated that a scheme is on foot. Wouldn't a scheme be advanced faster if it could be got on horseback?

An ignorant man from the country inquires whether mock turtle soup is made out of tortoise shell cats?

It is said some babies are so small they can creep into quart measures. But the way some adults can walk into such a measure is astonishing.

A boarder at a hotel in Chicago missed \$50. A servant named Abraham was arrested on suspicion. The money was found in Abraham's bosom.

A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are!"

"See, nurse, see!" exclaimed a delighted papa, as something like a smile irradiated the face of his infant, "an angel is whispering to it!" "No, sir," replied the mere matter-of-fact nurse, "it is only the wind in its stomach."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

THE undersigned having at their establishment,  
Nos. 61 & 63 Union Street,  
(CORNER OF HANOVER,) the most complete assortment of

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS

ever displayed in this city before, offer the same at wholesale and retail.  
This assortment comprises every shade of color, either dry or in oil. All kinds of Crayons, Brushes, Varnishes, etc., in fact, all articles used in Oil, Gouache or Oriental Painting. Having the experience of many years in this business,

## Messrs. WHEELER &amp; Co.

flatter themselves that they are enabled to manufacture and import

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

at as low cost as any other parties in the country, and respectfully solicit the attention of those purchasing Orders by mail or express from the country will receive prompt attention.

Those wishing catalogues of our articles can obtain the same by forwarding their address to

## MESSRS. A. WHEELER &amp; CO.,

(JOHNSON'S BLOCK)  
61 & 63 Union Street.

## ANOTHER NEW STORY

TO BE PRINTED IN THE

## New York Semi-Weekly Tribune.

## SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER,

A NOVEL.

By HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "KATHIE BRANDE."

We shall commence the publication of the above new novel in THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, on Tuesday, February 8. Those who wish to secure the first part of this extremely interesting novel, should send on their subscriptions immediately. The SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is printed every Tuesday and Friday, on an imperial sheet of eight pages, and contains all the important foreign and domestic news of the day, our varied and copious correspondence—home and abroad—reports of the proceedings of Congress, legislative doings, important agricultural information, full reports of the cattle, horse and general markets, etc. We shall, as hitherto, make THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE a literary as well as a political and news paper, and we are determined that it shall remain in the front rank of family papers.

The following extracts from the leading literary journals of London will give the reader an idea of what is thought of this new novel in Europe:

[From the Illustrated News of the World]

"We can say of 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter,' what few fictions would justify us in saying, that we believe no one can read it without becoming wiser and better, or without a feeling of gratitude to the writer who can present to us such varied aspects of our common nature, in so pliant and interesting a style, without one word or one idea to shock or displease the most sensitive moral feeling. We know of no work superior in the idiomatic vigor of its style, or in the delicacy and truth of its feeling. It is evidently the result of profound observation and careful study, and could have been written only by a person of great analytic powers, and an intimate acquaintance with the springs and motives of human conduct in almost every station of life."

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

"This is a really good novel. . . . The tone is healthy and natural, the social lessons inculcated useful and important, and the language exceedingly happy and well-chosen."

[From the London Athenaeum.]

"Sylvan Holt's Daughter' is a fascinating young woman, with whom we recommend our readers to make acquaintance for themselves. It is well and solidly written. There is nothing slight or superficial. The author has evidently wished to do her best, and she has succeeded in writing a novel that is well worth reading, and which possesses the cardinal virtue of being extremely interesting."

[From the Saturday Review.]

"It has body and substance, and is written in careful and good English."

## TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

One copy, one year. . . . \$3 00  
Two copies, one year. . . . 5 00  
Five copies, one year. . . . 11 25  
Ten copies, one address. . . . 20 00

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is sent to Clergymen at \$2 per annum.  
Any person sending us a club of Twenty will be entitled to an extra copy.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE is printed on a large imperial sheet, and published every morning and evening (Sunday excepted), and mailed to subscribers at six dollars per annum in advance; \$3 for six months.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE, a large eight-page paper for the country, is published every Saturday, and contains Editorials on the important topics of the times, the news of the week, interesting correspondence from all parts of the world, the New York Cattle, Horse and Produce Markets, interesting and reliable Political, Mechanical and Agricultural articles, etc., etc. We shall during this year, as hitherto, constantly labor to improve the quality of the instructive entertainment afforded by THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, which, we intend, shall continue to be the best Family Weekly Newspaper published in the World. We consider the Cattle Market Reports alone richly worth a year's subscription price.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year. . . . \$2 00  
Three copies, one year. . . . 5 00  
Five copies, one year. . . . 8 00  
Ten copies, one year. . . . 12 00

Twenty copies, one address, at the rate of \$1 per annum. . . . 20 00  
Twenty copies, to address of each subscriber, and any larger number at the rate of \$1 20 each. . . . 24 00

Any person sending us a club of twenty or more will be entitled to an extra copy.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Terms always cash in advance. All letters to be addressed to

HORACE GREELEY & Co  
Tribune Buildings, New York.

READING FOR THE MILLION.—We will send for a whole year, to any person who forwards us \$3, *Balloon's Pictorial*, an elegant first-class illustrated weekly, and *Balloon's Family Monthly*, a charmingly illustrated weekly, and one hundred pages of original reading in each number. This offer has never been equalled in the world.  
Address: M. M. BALLOU  
No. 22 Winter Street  
Publisher, Boston, Mass.

## NEW AND VALUABLE WORKS

RECENTLY ISSUED BY

## PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; Co.,

PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

## HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

BY WILLIAM H. FRISVOLD

Vol. III, 8vo., uniform with the author's works. Price \$2 25.

## THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY.

A Novel. 2 vols., 16mo. In elegant style. Price \$1 75.

## HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY,

BY MRS. PUTNAM'S COOK BOOK

The publishers recommend this valuable RECEIPT BOOK not only as the *Good Housewife's* Manual, but as an indispensable manual for the housekeeper, furnishing bills of fare and suggestions with regard both to meats and vegetables.

## MEMOIR OF

## THE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY JOSHUA QUINCY, LL. D.

In one volume, 8vo. With steel portrait. Price \$2 25.

Copies of this work sent by mail, postage paid, upon receipt of the price.

## V

## ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

Translated from the German,

BY H. FELHAM CURTIS, Esq.

In one large volume, 12mo. With illustrations by Hopkin. Price \$1 25.

## VI

## A MOST ADMIRABLE CONTRIBUTION TO MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Received with Unqualified Commendations.

## EXPOSITION OF RATIONAL MEDICINE.

To which is prefixed

## THE PARADISE OF DOCTORS,

A Fable,

BY JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.,

Late President of the Mass. Medical Society, etc., etc.

1 vol., 12mo., small. Price 50 cents.

## VII

## ANNUAL OBITUARY.

BY HON. NATHAN CROSBY.

A collection of obituary notices of eminent men and women in the United States, who died in 1857. To be followed annually by a similar volume.

In one volume 8vo 432 pp. Price \$1 75.

## VIII

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A book without parallel in the literature of this country; received with unexampled favor, both in the course of its publication, and since in book form.

In one volume, 12mo. With illustrations by Hopkin. Price \$1 00.

## IX

The most brilliant collection of Aphorisms, Poetical Smiles, and Illustrations of Religious Truths in the language!

MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND COPIES SOLD!

## LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

In one vol. 12mo. With a copious index. Price \$1 00.

Any of the above works will be sent by mail, prepaid, upon the receipt of the price.

## PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; COMPANY,

7 1t. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

## TIGT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

## A CARD.

The subscribers respectfully announce to the ladies and others interested in SEWING MACHINES, that they have leased the convenient and elegant Rooms No. 17 Summer Street, directly opposite Trinity Church, and fitted up the same for the exhibition and sale of their well-known Sewing Machines.

To LADIES desirous of obtaining a really good Family Machine, simple in construction, and capable of performing any and all kinds of family sewing, and to MEXICANS, in search of a machine which can be relied upon, and is not liable to get out of order, we extend an invitation to call and examine those of our manufacture, before purchasing elsewhere.

J. A. D. WEBSTER, &amp; CO

7 1t. No. 17 Summer St. opposite Trinity Church

The Serpentine Spring Supporters afford an excellent means of procuring vertical support, without constraining the lateral or other movements of the body.—  
HARRIS J. BIGELOW, M. D.

## DR. N. WILSON, 292 Washington St.,

Inventor of the above, and only principle approved by scientific physicians; for it supports without confining, allowing perfect freedom of motion, however using or feeble the patient, causing no reaction, restoring lost motion, or balance of power—the only means of returning health or strength.

Applied to ladies by Miss ANNA J. WILSON  
Office and Rooms No. 292 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 7 1t.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be no possibility of loss. Every Family will be glad to obtain one of them. For particulars address,  
FOWLER & WELLS,  
2t. No. 208 Broadway, New York.

## Something New.—Agents Wanted.

BUSINESS honorable—Will pay a weekly salary from \$18 to \$20. Small capital required. No "humbly" For particulars enclose stamp and address  
A. B. MARYN Plakston, N. H.

A PACKAGE of five quires cream laid note paper, plain or ruled, with fifty envelopes to match, for \$1 00, and no charge for stamping with initials.  
MAYHEW & BAKER 2t Washington St.



Colds,  
Coughs,  
Asthma,  
Catarrh,  
Influenza,  
Bronchitis,  
Hoarseness,  
Sore Throat,  
Whooping Cough,  
Incipient Consumption.

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

COPYRIGHT SECURED

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1857, by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass.

COUGHS.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful causes of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

## Brown's Bronchial Troches,

Cures Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieves the Hoarseness and Cough accompanying Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and Catarrh of the Throat, and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS. Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

[From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches for years.] "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of." "In all my lecturing tours I put 'Troches' into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your Troches are pre-eminently the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge School."

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

[From Rev. F. H. Chapin, D. D., New York.] "I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purposes, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

[From Dr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, New York.] "I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches."

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple and elegant form for administering, in combination, several medicinal substances, held in general esteem, among physicians, in the treatment of Bronchial affections. Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.

## Brown's Bronchial Troches.

For children laboring from Cough, Whooping Cough, or Hoarseness, are particularly adapted, on account of their soothing and demulcent properties. Assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm.  
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY—physical and mental—cure with Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills." "Curative (?) Instruments," or "Rings," etc. With stamp enclosed, address, in perfect confidence, your friend, a former sufferer, merely supererogating Box 175, Charlestown, Mass.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only ORIGINAL is prepared by BETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 8m

TO CHARLE for stamping note paper and envelopes with initial crest or seal. Wedding and visiting cards engraved and printed at MAYHEW & BAKER'S, No. 208 Washington Street 7

## HOWE'S BALL-ROOM HAND-BOOK.

300 Dances, Calls for Cotillions, Etiquette, etc. 37 cents

## HOWE'S DRAWING-ROOM DANCES.

Music and Calls for 120 Quadrilles, Cotillions, Waltzes, etc. \$1 00. Free by mail.

## HUBBARD W. SWETT,

128 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 7 4t.

## SENT THREE MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS

THE ILLUSTRATED.—A first-class Family Newspaper, designed to encourage a spirit of Hope, Manliness, Self-Reliance and Activity among the people, to illustrate life in all its phases. A paper which ought to be read by every family in the land. Weekly at \$2 a year, \$1 for half a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 208 Broadway, New York 7 2t.

## SAWYER'S NEW TESTAMENT.

TEN EDITIONS OF 1000 copies each, making in all 10,000 volumes of this valuable work have been printed. Price, \$1 00.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers,  
7 8t. NO. 20 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

## BOOKS, PLAYS, PERIODICALS.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## HUBBARD W. SWETT.

128 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 7 4t.

FOR SORE LIPS.—CAMPHOR ICE-CREAM, a compound crystallized preparation of Glycerine, is the sure thing to keep chaps from the lips. Ladies in forwarding thirty-one cents in stamps will receive the article by return of mail, postage paid.

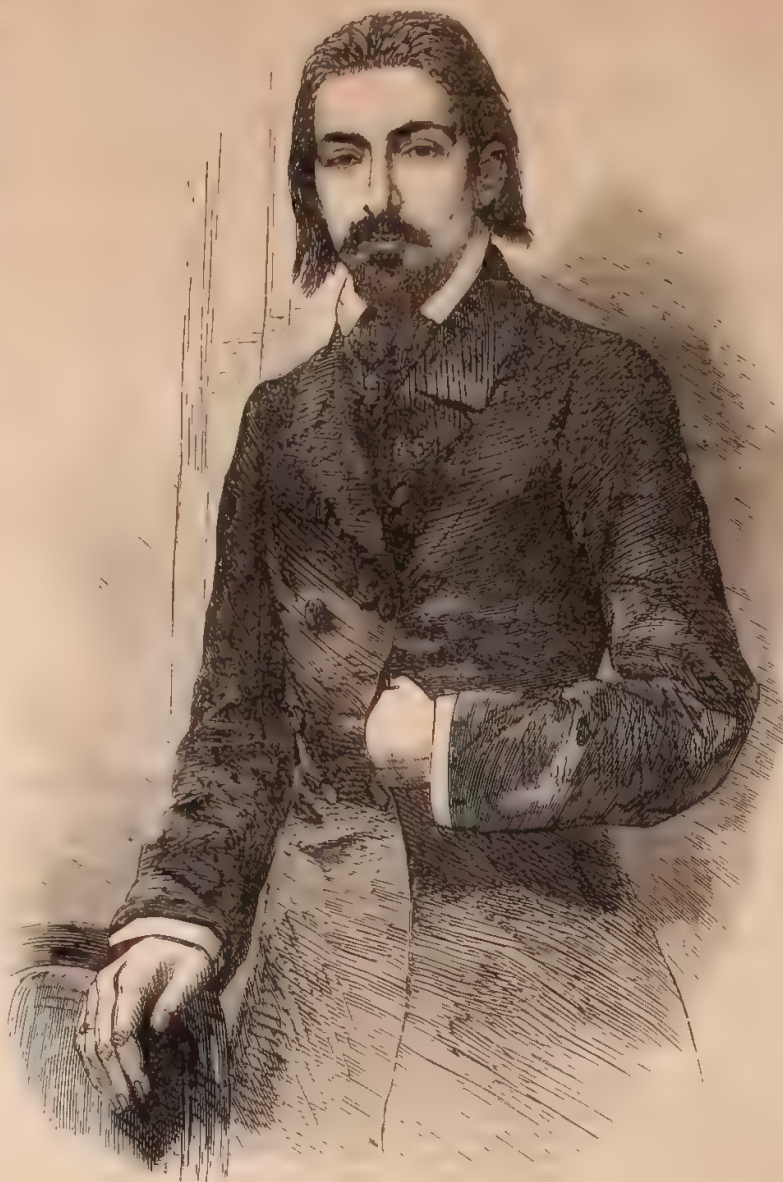
ORLANDO TOMPKINS, Apothecary,  
No. 271 Washington corner of Winter Street Boston



## HENRI WIENIAWSKI,

## THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

The accompanying portrait is an authentic likeness of a violinist who is now exciting the greatest enthusiasm in Europe at Jullien's concerts, and whose fame has already reached our shores, whither himself may follow. Henri Wieniawski was born at Lublin in Poland. At the age of eight, having given the most marked evidence of a musical organization, he was sent, by command and at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas, to commence a course of musical study at the Conservatoire of Paris. The violin was the instrument to which he devoted himself with all the intensity of his energetic nature, and with such astonishing eagerness did he devour and profit by the lessons of his instructor, the celebrated Massart, that at the age of eleven he was awarded the first prize of the Conservatoire—the highest distinction which, in the eyes of Europe, can be conferred on the successful musical student. This brilliant honor, however, was attended with as deep a shadow which, in the eyes of the earnest and enthusiastic little virtuoso, robbed the triumph of almost all its satisfaction. By the rules of the Conservatoire, when a pupil has attained this final token of the highest proficiency in the studies for which it affords such unrivalled opportunities, he is dismissed to employ the advantages thus gained in the struggle of life, and to commence his career with his "blushing honors thick upon him." Doubtless the regulation is framed in the spirit of the fairest justice to the existing and future pupils of the institution, and operates beneficially in the majority of cases; nor should it be expected that the authors of the law should foresee that one day the triumphant owner which they had placed at the goal of the academic curriculum would be grasped by such tender hands, and that the *alma mater* of European musical students would ruthlessly close her doors on almost an infant. Such was the inexorable rule, however; and Henri Wieniawski, in spite of his passionate tears and poignant regret to be so soon deprived of all the means and appliances of the study he loved so deeply, had to abide by it, and turn away from the Conservatoire. His obligations to the munificence of the emperor of Russia rendered it incumbent that he should now wend his way northward, and present himself at the imperial court of St. Petersburg, and give his protector an opportunity of judging how well bestowed had been his paternal care and solicitude on his little Polish subject. At the age of sixteen Wieniawski visited Berlin, where he found the great violinist Vieuxtemps reigning supreme, who, on hearing his youthful rival, pronounced the highest encomium on his marvellous mastery of all the difficulties of his instrument, and foretold that he would one day obtain the most brilliant success in the artistic world. Never was prophecy so rapidly accomplished; for ere the little "Northern Star" had left the horizon of Berlin, he had during that single season given sixteen concerts, all of which were brilliantly attended; while the great Vieuxtemps only commanded patronage for four. On the occasion of his visit to this capital, he was presented by the king of Prussia with the grand medal, "Des Beaux Arts" (of the Fine Arts)—a distinction only ac-



HENRY WIENIAWSKI, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, JULLIEN'S ORCHESTRA, LONDON.

corded to the most eminent merit. During a subsequent tour through Saxony, where he continued to win the most signal proofs of admiration, he received the decoration of the Ernestine Haas Order. Pursuing his triumphant career with undiminished brilliancy through the country of the De Beriot, the Vieuxtemps, the Sivori, he proceeded to Holland, where he gave in succession one hundred and forty concerts, and once more received from royal hands a badge of honorable distinction in the Order of the Couronne de Chene, shortly afterwards exchanged for the commandership of that order. Although so early the object of such enthusiastic admiration, and overwhelmed ere he had reached maturity with the most dazzling honors, Wieniawski is remarkable in private for his modest and retiring demeanor. Our portrait is from a photograph recently taken in Europe.

## VIEW OF VILAFRANCA.

The cession of the seaport of Villafranca, in the Mediterranean, to Russia by the Sardinian government, has created much commotion in Europe, and is still so much discussed in political circles, that we have thought it proper to transfer to our columns the most accurate representation of it yet published, engraved from a sketch just made by a travelling landscape-painter, and received by the last steamer. The town of Villafranca, which is situated at a short distance east-north-east from Nice, rises from a small bay in the form of an amphitheatre, and is defended by a fort. It has three churches, a commodious hospital, an old convent, a public school, and an excellent harbor, with a wet dock. It possesses a productive tunny fishery, and a trade in oil, fruit, silk, wine, corn, and hemp, which affords occupation to its population, amounting to about 2580 souls. The arsenal is composed—firstly, of the Lazaret, a large building divided into three parts, with storehouses, pavilion, chapel, and courtyard. These are to the right of the sketch which is engraved on this page. Secondly, of an old slip, with timber-yard, for building purposes; and of a mole, hitherto unfinished, inclosed by a wall. Thirdly, of a careening dock, with ropewalks, forges, workshops, barracks, etc. It will be thus seen that it affords considerable facilities for any purposes to which the Russians may be inclined to appropriate it in connection with a naval station, mercantile or warlike, as the case may be, in the Mediterranean. The Sardinian government has handed over to the Russians the prison for the convicts who are condemned to hard labor, the magazines of the building facing the basin, and the magazines of the caserne, or barracks, and a part of the basin. We see by recent advices from Europe, that the czar is not satisfied with the acquisition of Villafranca, but that he is negotiating for the cession of some other maritime port on the Mediterranean. The advances of Russia in this quarter may be slow, but they are sure. On Turkey and the East, the eagle eye of Russia is steadily fixed. Her power has advanced with marvellous rapidity, and now, if France is her firm ally, it will be difficult to check her strides. The policy of the czar in the abolition of serfdom, may lead to greater liberty to his people in other respects.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF VILAFRANCA, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVI., No. 8.....WHOLE No. 400.  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

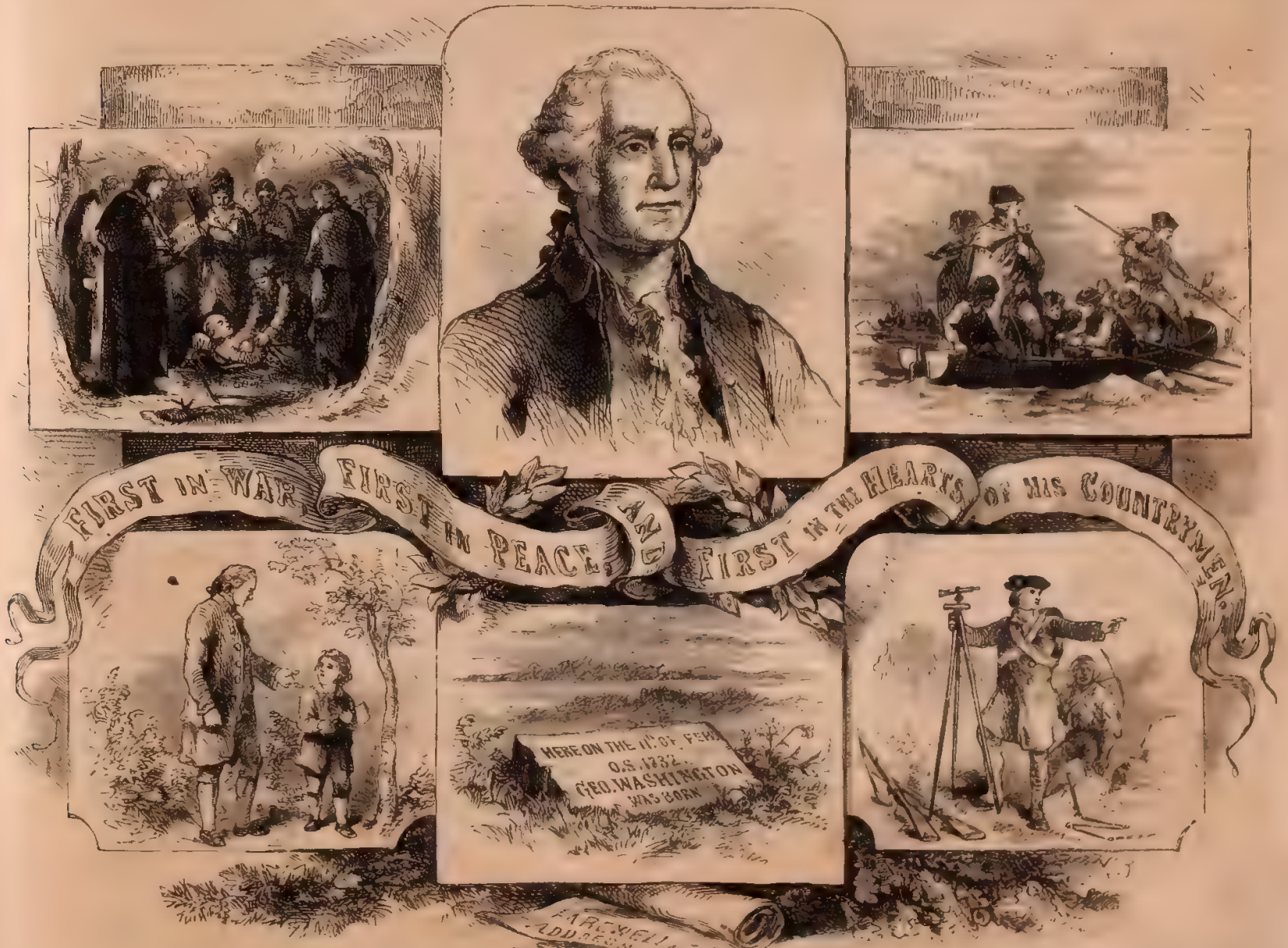
Before another number of our paper is issued, the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of his Country will have come and gone, and will have been celebrated with various expressions of respect throughout the length and breadth of our land. The celebration of this day is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It is not that the memory of Washington needs or requires legal enactments to revive it—it is not that the pomp of oratory and the glory of poetry are required to brighten a fading image; but it is well to set a day apart, hallowing it by repose, whereon the toiling masses (and, in this busy country of ours, the term includes all classes) may associate the name of Washington with rational social enjoyment, and be led to dwell exclusively on the story of his life, and to ponder on the inspired lesson which he left as a precious legacy to his country. We would have the day celebrated not only by the music of bells and the thrilling chorus of cannon, by the pomp of rustling banners, and the splendor of military array, by glittering gatherings on the ball-room floor, by eloquent words uttered at the festive

board, but also in the sacred privacy of home, by meditation on the words he uttered when he took his final farewell of private life. As our contribution to the observances of the anniversary, we place before our readers an original design from the pencil of Billings, engraved for us by J. Andrew. The principal feature is a head of Washington, with the accompanying legend, "First in War, first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." This is supported by spirited vignette sketches, illustrating memorable scenes in the career of the hero. Beneath the portrait is a sketch of the stone placed by George W. Custis on the site of the old homestead on Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22d (11th, old style), 1732. The house, Irving tells us, "commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac, and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased with the property, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep, and sloped down into projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed

fig-trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower grown wild, serves 'to mark where a garden has been.'"

Another sketch illustrates the pleasing incident of the fruit tree, with little George confessing to his father the mischief he had committed. Another vignette represents Washington the youthful surveyor, and yet another, a striking scene in his first military campaign, where he officiated at the funeral of the rash but gallant Braddock in the wilderness. Braddock, as every one knows, had haughtily rejected the advice of the young Virginia officer, but it is said apologized for his error in his last moments, and bequeathed to him his favorite charger. "The chaplain having been wounded," says Irving, "Washington read the funeral service. All was done in sadness, and without parade, so as not to attract the attention of lurking savages, who might discover and outrage his grave. It is doubtful whether even a volley was fired over it, that last military honor which he had recently paid to the remains of an Indian warrior. The place of his sepulchre, however, is still known and pointed out." The remaining illustration rep-

resents the famous crossing of the Delaware, effected in the dead of a winter night through masses of floating ice, a scene which forms the subject of one of Leutze's best paintings. On the approaching anniversary of Washington's birthday, we advise every one of our readers to peruse his "farewell address," the most carefully considered, the most precious document that ever emanated from his heart, mind and pen. In it we read in letters of light his title to be called the "Father of his Country." Its leading idea is the necessity of a perfect Union of all parts of our common country. "There will be always reason," he says, "to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bands. In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views." His noble appeal for the preservation of the Union closes the political services of Washington.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE VULTURE

At the Heart of Harry Earnwald.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

At the present day there are few exotic animals better known in the city of Paris than the American. He abounds upon the Boulevards and in the Garden of the Taileries, makes vocal with Yankee French the shops of the Palais Royal, and is as common at every street corner as Savoyard chateaubault-roasters in the month of November. The Parisian has learned to distinguish him from his cousin, John Bull, and to look upon him, *à la mode des Chinois*, as a sort of "second chop Englishman,"—a fact not very flattering to our pride, but a "fixed fact" for all that, my patriotic reader.

It was not yet so in the far away time when I ate my first *pâté de foie gras* at the Rocher de Cancale, and witnessed the last courtesy of Mademoiselle Mars at the Théâtre Français. The Yankee was then comparatively a rare bird in Gallic "diggins," and not unfrequently had a cubit added to the stature of his self-esteem by being addressed as "*Melior Anglus*," particularly about the time his bills were to be footed. Even in England, at that time, I found that most persons took me for an Englishman. But since travelling Americans have so greatly multiplied, Europeans have become more observant. Professor Siliman used to tell us that he betrayed his nationality by balancing himself on the hinder legs of his chair; and N. P. Willis maintains that our countrymen—and perhaps countrywomen too—are recognized abroad by our unnecessary display of tinery on ordinary occasions. But I am wandering from my story.

It was on a clear, beautiful evening, late in October, that I found myself tumbled out of a *fiacre*, at Meurice's hotel, a well-known establishment in the very heart of the fun, fashion and frivolity of the funniest, most fashionable, and most frivolous city in Christendom, or out of it—the French metropolis. A young American, George Winton by name, a relative of my only travelling companion, who had crossed the Atlantic some months before, was on the spot to receive us, and as he "knew the ropes" much better than we did, he kindly took charge of all business arrangements, and without any further trouble we were soon comfortably and even luxuriously established in a style which was neither French nor English, but rather like the guests, a mixture of the two.

"Well, Cousin Harry," said my friend's friend, as soon as he had rejoined us, "I have, as I promised, secured permanent lodgings for yourself and Mr.—Mr.—. I beg your pardon, sir; I have forgotten your name."

"Campana—G. S. Campana," replied I. "Native American in spite of the name; but not Anglo Saxon."

I had been introduced to the speaker, Mr. Owen Winton, but we had met only once, more than a year before.

"Supposing," continued he, "that you would prefer quiet quarters, I selected apartments on the other side of the river, in the immediate vicinity of the Luxembourg Garden. It is a most desirable location, and you will be pleased with it I am sure. I don't think you could find more agreeable lodgings anywhere south of the Seine."

The next day we took possession of the rooms which Mr. Winton had so kindly provided. We had two bed-rooms, and a sitting-room which we occupied in common. The situation really was all that it was described to be, and we had every reason to be satisfied with the selection which Harry's cousin had made for us.

This was not the first time that Harry Earnwald and I had been "chums." We had sustained that relationship to each other at college, where we were class-mates and intimate friends. Though never of so lively a disposition as his companion, and the reader's humble servant, he was always cheerful and good-humored, and "a gentleman and a scholar," every inch of him. His father and mother both died before he was ten years old, and Owen Winton, also an orphan, was his nearest surviving relative. On attaining his majority, Harry came into full and uncontrolled possession of a large, unencumbered estate; and with his ample income, cultivated mind, handsome person and attractive manners, he had certainly as fair a prospect of happiness, humanly speaking, as any one within the sphere of my observation.

During the two years which had elapsed since we left college, we continued to correspond regularly, and when I communicated to him my project of a trip to Europe, I was equally surprised and delighted by his proposing to accompany me. His health, he said, was slightly impaired, and I had noticed in his letters for some time a tendency to depression of spirits. I had thought but little of this, however, and when we met in New York, I was shocked at the change produced in so short a time in his person and manners. The rosy glow for which he had been remarkable, had utterly vanished from his cheeks, which had become sunken and sallow to a degree that was painful to behold; and though he denied emphatically that anything was the matter with him, I could not avoid feeling a good deal of anxiety and even alarm on his account. His cousin Winton had strenuously insisted upon the propriety of a tour in Europe, and had offered to accompany him, but could never obtain his consent to the measure until my intentions in this respect were made known to him. Winton, as I before remarked, had preceded us, proposing to meet his cousin and myself in Paris, where he had undertaken to make every preparation for our residence during the winter.

On the voyage from New York to Liverpool, I had an opportunity of observing Harry very closely, and with all my scrutiny I could detect no symptom of actual disease, though he was so much changed for the worse both mentally and physically. The only conclusion I could arrive at was that the seat of the disorder, whatever it was, must be in the mind rather than in the body. That something was preying upon his spirits, and turning his young blood to gall, was but too evident; and that something, I felt assured, must be a matter of serious import, for Harry's mind was too well balanced to be thus thrown off its centre by a trifle. He was by no means deficient in imagination, but his judgment was abundantly adequate to the task of keeping it in due subordination. He evidently had a dislike to being questioned about himself, and he attributed the change in his appearance and conduct entirely to the state of his health, though he admitted that he was unable to specify any particular disease from which he was suffering. Harry Earnwald was the only human being whom I could really call a friend, and the reader may imagine what anxiety I felt on his account, and how that anxiety was heightened by the perplexed and puzzled state of mind in which my earnest investigations had terminated. There was evidently something which he was unwilling to confide to me, and this reserve in one of his frank and open-hearted disposition, added new gloom to the distressing mystery.

As soon as we were settled in our comfortable apartments on the south bank of the Seine, we took our guide-books and a sharp, shrewd *vahit de plus*, and commenced a systematic tour of observation among the sights of Paris. Harry made many efforts to excuse himself from accompanying me, and evidently thought me a good deal of a "bore;" but I was determined if possible to keep his mind and body both actively employed, and by constant exertion and watchfulness I accomplished my purpose, and left him but few moments for solitary thought, which had never failed to deepen the gloom in which his once-joyous spirit had become so mysteriously enshrouded.

By slow degrees Harry began to recover a degree of cheerfulness, and to improve in his appearance and manner, so that I entertained a sanguine and not unreasonable hope of his restoration, at no distant period, to his accustomed health and spirits.

An apparently trifling incident, however, soon renewed all my fears, and rendered this strange case still stranger and more inexplicable. The following conversation will explain the nature of the incident to which I refer.

"Harry," said I, as I entered our sitting-room after a short absence, "is it living near a palace that has made you so aristocratic that you will not take any notice of your friends when they speak to you?"

"I never was guilty of such a thing here or elsewhere," rejoined Harry.

"Then you have become exceedingly absent-minded all of a sudden—so much so that your eyes and ears are no longer of any use to you."

"What on earth do you mean, Cam?" (abbreviation of Campana). "I cannot imagine what you are driving at."

"Bah! Harry; you can't certainly have become so oblivious as not to have noticed it."

"Noticed what? What do you mean?"

"Come, now, don't be ridiculous. You can't really expect me to believe that you could sit within a dozen feet of me and not hear a word I said, though you were wide awake, and your eyes wide open?"

"When? Where?"

"In that room, not twenty minutes ago, when I called you to come and see the queer dresses in the Luxembourg Garden."

Never in all my life did I see such a change so suddenly produced in any human countenance as that which I now observed in that of Harry Earnwald. It was not astonishment, merely; it was the very incarnation of terror, deepening into horror, and thence into the utter darkness of despair. He stood for a few moments shaking like an aspen leaf, the cold dews of agony settling on his brow, and evidently battling with all his might against some overmastering fantasy. He fought it bravely, but it gained the victory, and with a groan of anguish that seemed wrested from him by some demonic power, he fell to the floor insensible.

My astonishment may be imagined. Though speaking in a light and bantering manner, if my senses were to be credited, I had said nothing but what was true. I had regarded the occurrence as one of no possible importance, though I deeply regretted now that I had said anything about it. But whence his emotion, even supposing that the playful accusation I had made had been destitute of any foundation whatever? It was impossible to tell. He made no further allusion to the subject, and I was afraid to do so. It was not long before he revived from the swoon into which it had thrown him, but it was a long time before his system recovered from the effects of so fearful a shock. As soon as he was strong enough to travel, he begged me to take him home again, and we had actually fixed a day for our departure for America, when another incident occurred which changed our plans, and prolonged our stay in Paris.

We were in the cathedral of Notre Dame; strolling about in that architectural wilderness, striving to kill the time until the day set for our departure. Earnwald seemed to see nothing but what was directly before his eyes. He wandered about with the listless air of a somnambulist, but with an expression that might have befitted Prometheus with the never-dying vulture gnawing at his vitals. I was looking at a curious bit of mosaic in one of the chapels, when I heard a smothered shriek, followed by the exclamation, "O, Harry!" Emerging from the chapel I saw Earnwald supporting in his arms a young lady, whose face, though extremely pale, was also extremely beautiful. Considering myself *de trop*, I withdrew into the chapel recess again, just as the beautiful face was beginning to regain a life-like appearance. In about half an hour Harry rejoined me, and I was not a little gratified to perceive that there was a decided improvement in his appearance. This improvement extended to, or more properly perhaps resulted from, a corresponding improvement in his spirits. Nor was it a mere temporary, ephemeral change; for from that day, with occasional short relapses, he appeared to throw off his dejection and become more like his former self than he had been since our meeting in New York.

Effie Minden had been one of Earnwald's playmates and companions almost from infancy; and from what I had seen and heard I had supposed that their intimacy had assumed a still warmer character in their maturer years. However, as my friend had never hinted to me anything of the kind, I had come to the conclusion that I must be mistaken in this respect. Whatever the past history of the affair might have been, there could be no doubt that Harry and Effie were lovers now, and that she was exerting the most salutary influence upon the morbid melancholy which had threatened to become the bane of poor Earnwald's existence. Effie was one of those pretty, blue-eyed creatures who live but in their affections; tender plants, which bud and blossom in the summer of love, and perish prematurely in the winter of neglect. When her father first brought her to Paris she was pale, thin and feeble, but in a few weeks she became as plump and rosy as a full-blown Hebe.

This pleasant state of affairs lasted so long that I was beginning to regard my friend as quite cured of his melancholy humors, and I often complimented Miss Minden upon her success in effecting that which my utmost skill had failed to accomplish. Unfortunately, however, my con-

gratulations were premature. On New Year's eve there was a ball at the house of an American resident, and Effie and Harry were among the guests. Having a severe cold at the time, I did not accompany them. I saw the lovers when they started, and a more cheerful couple, to all appearance, could hardly have been found in all that throng of gay Parisians.

Long before I expected him, Harry returned, and in the short space of time that had elapsed since his departure, the seemingly light-hearted, laughing youth had been transformed into a woe-begone, miserable-looking creature, the very picture of hopeless, abject wretchedness. It made me sick at heart to behold him, and I tried my best to induce him to tell me what had happened, but all to no purpose. When I became importunate in my entreaties for an explanation, he stared wildly in my face, wrung his hands in anguish, and then darted away. I saw no more of him until the following afternoon. He was then calm, but with a countenance so sad that it was most painful to look at him.

Poor Effie! It was a sad New Year's day to her. Of the cause of Harry's sudden relapse into melancholy she knew nothing, and of the occurrences of the evening she had but little to tell. He had left her for a moment to the care of her father, and gone into another room. Less than ten minutes elapsed before his return, but in that brief space of time the mischief had been done. When he rejoined her, he seemed horror-struck—almost paralyzed. What form of terror, what hideous spectre could his "mind's eye" have conjured up in that short time to shake the balance of his soul so fearfully? No one but himself could tell—and he would not.

In speaking with Effie on the subject, she told me of the first shock of this kind which he had received; or at least the first of which she had any knowledge. The circumstances were not unlike the present. They were at a party together, and he was in exuberant spirits. Happening to stop by a window and look out into the moonlight, he suddenly, and without any apparent cause, turned as pale as death, and staggered as if about to fall. He made every possible effort to control his emotion, but it was abundantly visible to all who saw him, and its effects remained for months. By slow degrees he recovered his ordinary cheerfulness, but a second occurrence of the same nature (and she suspected that there might have been others of which she was not cognizant) destroyed his health and spirits, and left him the pitiable wreck he was at the time of his departure from America. She had once, and only once, begged him to tell her what it was that had so affected him, but the expression of his countenance shocked and frightened her so that she had never dared to renew the question.

As before, the effects of this paroxysm, or whatever else it might be called, gradually wore off, and after a time Harry Earnwald became almost himself again. Often and often did I ponder on this strange phenomenon, and puzzle my brain in seeking for some clue that might lead to a discovery; but all in vain. It remained an unfathomable mystery. I sometimes thought that these spells which seemed to be cast upon him must be temporary fits of insanity, but further reflection forced me to abandon the idea, for at no time could I, by the most careful scrutiny, detect any symptom of mental aberration in anything that he said or did. From himself alone could the truth be ascertained; but the least allusion to the subject produced such a terrible effect upon him, that I was absolutely frightened into silence. My efforts were chiefly directed towards the one object of hastening the consummation of the engagement which was well-known to exist between him and Effie. That he loved her with his whole soul there could be no doubt; but strange to say, he nevertheless required urging, and a good deal of it, to induce him to fix a day for his marriage. At last, however, the thing was done, and I entertained a sanguine hope that these nuptials would be the inauguration of a happier era in my friend's existence.

It so happened that there was no American clergyman in Paris at the time, and it was decided that the ceremony should be performed in a French Protestant chapel, with the minister of which both Mr. Minden and Earnwald were well acquainted. The important day arrived, and everything promised an auspicious bridal. Effie looked a very queen of beauty, and Earnwald, though not gay, was cheerful, and apparently free from any melancholy foreboding. The marriage ceremony commenced, and my friend was



about to pronounce the irrevocable vow, when he suddenly faltered, and with corpse-like lips and trembling with some nameless horror, uttered or rather shrieked the words.

"Gracious God! it is impossible!—I cannot wed her!"

And with a cry of anguish such as I had never heard from human lips before, he fled from the altar and from the church. I followed, but could not overtake him, and he was soon lost in the throng of passengers outside. Poor Effie was borne away insensible, and finally had her senses restored, only to have them merged in a sort of melancholy stupor, from which nothing could rouse her. Her sorrowing father took her away to Italy, and strove by a change of scene and a succession of new objects to dissipate the deadly lethargy in which both body and soul were plunged.

And Earnwald? For two days and nights I saw nothing of him. At last, however, he made his appearance, tottering up the stairs with feeble steps, looking more like a spectre than a man. At the door of his chamber he fell, utterly helpless. I bore him to his bed, and it was more than three weeks before he left it, and nearly two months before he could walk abroad. During that period I seldom stirred from his bed-side. His cousin Winton, too, was indefatigable in his attentions. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to sit up, he requested me to write in his name to Mr. Minden, and inform him that it was impossible for him to fulfil the engagement made with his daughter. No reason was assigned for this inability, but he begged me to assure Effie's father that it was for her sake and not for his own that the step was taken.

"Harry," said I, looking him steadfastly in the face, "it is but a short time ago that I saw a man make a ghastly wound in the shoulder of his dearest friend, cutting down pitilessly to the bone. The moral pain which this man felt, was but little, if at all inferior, as I well know, to the physical pain endured by his friend; but he shrank neither from the suffering he felt nor from that which he inflicted, but went on steadily to the end of his undertaking. Like this surgeon, dear Harry, I have an operation to perform, and I should be recreant to my duty were I to falter in any of its details. I must know your secret, and so must Effie and her father. You owe it to them, to me, to yourself, to explain your conduct, whatever it may cost you; and I feel assured that your mind will be relieved by telling the truth, whatever it may be. You know that you have my tenderest sympathies, nor can I doubt that you have theirs. But at all hazards you must, dear Harry, you must positively tell me all."

Earnwald covered his face with his hands, and remained in that position, silent and motionless for a long time. At last he looked up, and as if making an effort which required the utmost exertion of his weakened powers, both of mind and body, he faltered out:

"I will tell you all. I have been trying for years to muster courage enough to do so. When you have heard what I have to say, you will readily perceive the reason of my excessive repugnance to speaking upon the subject. To do so, is to proclaim myself either a fool or a madman—and yet I know that I am neither. What I am about to say is true—every word of it. But you will not believe it, nor any one else. Sometimes I think that I am mad; but it is impossible for me to entertain such a belief for any length of time, since my own consciousness and my whole experience prove the contrary. I would have a natural solution of the mystery in which I am enveloped, and would not be left as I am now, to the alternative of believing that I have been singled out from among mankind to become the sport of supernatural horrors, a prey for torturing fiends, a laughing-stock for mocking demons. You will most probably believe me to be a monomaniac. O, that you could convince me that such is really the case! But you cannot. I know that on this subject, as well as upon all others, I am as perfectly sane as I ever was in my life. But notwithstanding this, the veriest madman that ever shrieked in bedlam would be as fit as I to wed with Effie Minden."

"But I am expending my strength needlessly. I must reserve it for the confession which I have promised to make. You know my history up to the period of our leaving college. You know that my prospects in all those things which the world most values, were fairer than those of most young men. You know too, probably, that I loved Effie almost from her babyhood, and that

this love grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength until I became a man, and indeed until the present moment. She has always been dearer to me than aught else on earth, and was never more so than she is now. I claim to love her better than myself; and the proof is that I do not marry her, though I crave her gentle companionship as the lost traveller in the desert craves the cooling stream. I had never made a formal declaration of love to her, but it was perfectly well understood that we would be married as soon as she had reached a proper age. Her seventeenth birthday was at hand, and on that day I had resolved to tell her in words what her heart had already learned without them.

"She, it seems, has already told you of the first instance in which the strangeness of my conduct attracted her attention. That was not by any means the first of my awful experiences. It was but one among a number of a similar character. When you shall have heard my mournful story, you will be in a condition to understand as much of this incident and its attendant circumstances as I do. I shall therefore not refer to it again.

"It was court-day, and I had gone to the county-town on business. Having been detained till after sunset, I was riding homeward on horseback. The night was clear, but there was no moon. When about half way home, I heard the tramp of a horse behind me. It grew more and more distinct, and presently came near enough to enable me to see a shadowy outline of a horse and his rider. The horse, like my own, was a black one; so that both objects were but dimly visible, even after they had come alongside of me. I addressed the man with a friendly salutation, but he did not appear to notice it, and did not even turn his head. I thought this rather churlish, but paid no attention to it, and was soon absorbed in my own reflections. I was thinking of Effie, and of the morrow, which was her birthday.

"As my unsocial companion had been riding at a much brisker pace than myself, and seemed in no mood for society, I expected that he would pass on and leave me to my own thoughts. But after some length of time I was a little surprised to find him still by my side. When some further time had elapsed, I spoke to him again. There was no answer—no movement to indicate that he had heard me. Thus we rode for a mile or more in perfect silence. You know that I am not more superstitious than other people, but in spite of my better judgment, this dark rider and his coal-black steed began to produce in my mind a vague feeling of uneasiness. I had already remarked that his horse and mine were of the same color, and I now began to notice that they were alike in other respects; in fact, that they were alike in every respect. Gradually too there stole over me a consciousness that the rider was wonderfully like myself. I could only see an indistinct profile of his face and person, but as far as I could see, the resemblance was most striking. I did not think, however, of looking upon this as anything more than a curious coincidence. Still it troubled me.

"There was something weird and ghost-like in the strange immobility of this dark figure, something which caused me to rejoice that I would soon reach my own gate and be rid of him. Within a little more than a mile of home there was a blacksmith's shop directly on the road. As we were passing it, a bright light from the forge flashed upon us through the open door, giving me a momentary but perfectly distinct view of the black horse and his rider. That rider was myself; the very Harry Earnwald I have seen in the looking-glass a thousand times!

"You may say what you will of optical illusion, or mental hallucination, or visual derangement, but if I did not see the exact counterpart of myself riding by my side that night, then every object I ever beheld from my birth to this present moment, is a delusion and a lie. Apart from the excitement produced by the apparition itself, I was as calm, as cool, as perfectly competent to form a just estimate of the value of my own perceptions and the testimony of my own senses as I have ever been. I am fully aware of the incredibility of what I am telling you, and fully prepared for the skepticism with which you will receive it; but it is the solemn truth nevertheless. I not only believe that I saw what I tell you, but I know that I saw it; that is if I am a sane man, and of that you can judge as well as I.

"What became of the dark horse and rider (the other ones I mean). I do not know. They appeared to me to vanish in the darkness which

succeeded the bright flash from the forge. But I confess that I was greatly agitated, and I will not undertake to guarantee the reliability of my nervous system after the thing occurred. At all events I saw no more of the fetch, wraith, double, or whatever it may have been, and I rode quietly home. The adventure, however, made a deep impression on my mind, as I feel persuaded it would have done on that of any man. It is needless for me to say to you that I am not given to the indulgence of morbid or superstitious fancies. But just imagine for one moment what your feelings would be if you had had ocular demonstration of the existence of a second self, another being in your own likeness, going about the world, and liable to cross your path at any moment. The poet of the "Inferno" never imagined a more horrible torture for the spirits of the damned.

"This terrific notion greatly disturbed me for a time, but the feeling gradually wore off, and firm as were my convictions of the reality of what I had seen, I nevertheless began to persuade myself that I might have been in error. A casual resemblance might, by an uncertain, momentary glance, have been converted into the horrid apparition which had so unmanned me. I thus endeavored to persuade myself that I had been self-deceived, and in a measure I succeeded.

"Some three or four months afterwards, and when I was beginning to debate with myself the propriety of carrying out my design of making a formal proposal to Effie, I was persuaded into an engagement to deliver a Fourth of July oration. I gave my consent in the very face of my own inclination, solely to please some of my associates, and to get rid of their importunities. I had had some experience in public speaking while in college, and some little since I left it. Having thoroughly prepared myself, I mounted the rostrum, and was in the act of uttering my first sentence, when full before me, with his eyes intently fixed upon mine, I saw again my other self, the rider of the black horse. Summoning to my aid all the self-possession I was master of, I made a powerful effort to overcome my agitation and go on with the address. I looked again, but the apparition was no longer there! I had seen it almost in the centre of the crowd but a few seconds before, and in that brief space of time it had vanished. Nor had there been the slightest movement in the audience. They had all been sitting in silent expectation, perfectly quiet and motionless. I looked in every direction, but it was certainly and unequivocally gone. Its origin must have been a supernatural one. How could I think otherwise? A mist gathered about my eyes, and my heart was ceasing to beat. I stammered out a few incoherent words and then stopped. My agitation was visible to all, but they attributed it to embarrassment. Hastily muttering something about sudden indisposition, I staggered from the platform and fainted."

"But, my dear Harry," said I, interrupting him, "does not the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the thing, instead of proving its supernatural origin, prove rather that it had no origin at all, except in your own imagination? If it had really been there, it must have been seen and noticed by others as well as by yourself. There would surely have been some evidence of its existence besides your own observation, and some astonishment excited by its strange disappearance."

"It would be impossible," continued Earnwald, "for you to bring forward any objection to detect any loop-hole of doubt, which I have not already noticed, and scrutinized, and analyzed hundreds and hundreds of times. That same idea occurred to me, and suggested a faint hope that I might after all have been the victim of some optical illusion. But all such hopes, alas, have proved as unsubstantial as the soap-bubbles of an idle child!

"I had seen the spectre several times—once in Effie's company—yet I led an active life, exerted myself without intermission, and fought against the demon's influence with all the energy of which I am capable. I was hunting in the far west, more than three hundred miles beyond the Mississippi River. I had shot a rare bird, and in falling it had lodged upon the brow of a frightful precipice. Recklessly, perhaps foolishly, I descended and secured it. As I was climbing up again my feet slipped, and having slid downwards some ten or twelve feet, I grasped a bush and clung to it, hanging over a yawning abyss, and a torrent foaming at the bottom. While I was gazing upon the jagged rocks far below,

among which I must inevitably fall, I heard a mocking, fiend-like laugh directly over my head. I looked up, and there, in the bright sunlight, was my own face peering over the precipice!

"Death, like his half brother sleep, seems specially to avoid those who are disposed to court him. I believed that destruction was inevitable, and the idea was certainly but little, if at all disagreeable to me. I would not have taken my own life, but it was so utterly valueless to me that my efforts to preserve it would certainly have been extremely lukewarm. The muscles of my arms had been gradually giving way, and the sight of my own face apparently triumphing in my own death completed their relaxation. I let go, and fell down, down, down, into the jaws of the fearful chasm.

"I saw two pointed rocks just below me, on one or the other of which I felt sure of falling. Have you never dreamed of being hurled into some horrid abyss, where you expected to be dashed to atoms instantaneously, and at the very moment of anticipated destruction found yourself at the bottom, coming in contact with some yielding substance as soft as down? Such were very nearly my sensations in this instance. Passing between the rocks, which were much wider apart than they had looked to be, I alighted with whole bones, and almost without a bruise, in the midst of a deep quicksand, in which I was buried nearly to the neck.

"The shocks of these repeated apparitions told fearfully upon my health; and becoming unable to travel without difficulty, I returned home. This last appearance satisfied me that I could not have been deceived by any accidental resemblance; for it would have been the height of absurdity to suppose that any human being, granting the possibility of the likeness, would have followed me hundreds of miles beyond the borders of civilization merely for the purpose of frightening me. It followed then of necessity, either that I was self-deceived, or that the apparition was a supernatural one. In spite of all my convictions I still clung to the former idea, even striving to believe myself to be a monomaniac, rather than to admit the existence of my own ghost haunting me while yet alive. Anything but that.

"But even the poor remnant of this miserable consolation was soon to be taken from me. Some two weeks after I had returned to my own house, after wandering restlessly through the fields the greater part of the day, I reached home a little after sunset. Passing one of the windows of my study, I was a good deal surprised to see a light in the room, and I was still more astonished to see a man sitting in my study chair, and writing at my desk. My cousin Winton was living with me at the time, but I knew that he had been away for two days past, and did not intend to return before the following morning. With a sinking heart I drew near to the window. The back of the figure was towards me, but I could see that it had on a dressing-gown and cap the exact counterpart of my own. The next minute the profile was turned towards me, and there, as I had but too truly anticipated, were my own features again, distinctly visible in the lamplight. I scanned them well, and noticed that the long beard which I had worn on the prairie was no longer there, but instead of it, a pair of close-trimmed whiskers—the exact appearance which my face now presented. The thing seemed unconscious of my presence, while I gazed upon it as if spell-bound or fascinated. Having finished its writing, it yawned, looked out of the opposite window, and then took up the lamp and stalked into my bed room. It left the door ajar, so that I could hear the noises it made, though I could no longer see it. I heard the rustling sounds of a man undressing, then the light was put out, then came from the bed the creaking noise of one lying down upon it, and then all was still. The silence seemed to break the spell which bound me, and I rushed into the house, and through the study into the bed room. There was no one there, nor was there any sign of the bed having been disturbed. I looked in vain under the bed, into the closets, into the chimney—everywhere. The only door leading out of the room was to be locked, and the key was in the lock, on the inside. As to the door through which I had passed, no one could have escaped that way, of course, without meeting me. I examined the window-sash. It was down, and the shutters closed and fastened, also on the inside. The lamp was on my dressing table. I lit it and went back to the study. I should remark that it was not yet quite dark. I had left an unfinished



letter lying open on the desk. It was now finished—in my own hand-writing—signed with my own name, and the signature not yet quite dry! The servants were all closely questioned, but no one had been seen to enter the house or quit it.

"That fatal evening consummated the ruin of my peace of mind forever. Henceforth all theories of optical illusion, or monomania, or self-deception, were at an end. The letter thus miraculously finished in my own hand-writing, gave the lie to them all, and remained an ever-present proof of their falsity. Here it is. You can examine it for yourself.

"It is hardly necessary for me now to inform you that you have seen the wraith yourself, and been deceived by it. I refer of course to the time when you saw me (as you supposed) in my bed-room, and called me to look at something in the garden of the Luxembourg. I was then in a jeweller's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. You remember my emotion when you spoke to me of it. I had dared to hope that I had left my spectral tormentor behind me in America, and this first realization of my grievous disappointment agitated me most fearfully.

"The fact is, that since that terrible evening when I saw the apparition in my own study, I have never had one truly happy moment. When the horrid thing has delayed its visits longer than usual, Effie's society or your friendly efforts have sometimes caused a few faint rays of hope to dawn upon my darkened soul, and I have presented an external appearance of cheerfulness; but the Promethean vulture was still gnawing at my heart, and the first reappearance of the fearful shape would rend asunder the thin veil with which I had been striving to conceal it. I am unfit for friendship, and as for aspiring to love and matrimony, the very thought is madness, if not something worse. For meditating such an act of folly—of crime, perhaps I should call it—I have been most sorely punished, and in the dismal future I can see but one ray of hope, and that is shining on the grave."

Having finished his narrative, Earnwald fell back as if utterly overcome and exhausted, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time in that position. There was a protracted silence, and in fact I hardly knew what to say. What I had heard was so utterly unexpected and extraordinary, that it absolutely stunned me. I knew not what to think of it. Finally, however, I told him that though I had full confidence in everything he said, and had not the slightest doubt of his perfect sanity, I nevertheless felt assured that he had in some way deceived himself. I could not tell how, but I was determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, and I felt that all would eventually be explained. In saying this much, it must be confessed that I spoke more boldly than I felt, and that I strained a point in order to keep up the spirits of my friend as far as possible. The truth is, I was thoroughly perplexed and bewildered. Sometimes I felt disposed to think that Harry must in some way be deceived; but when I thought over the whole affair, and reflected upon what I had seen myself, I was fearfully staggered. I was fully resolved, however, to do what I had said, and to leave no possible means unemployed to pluck out the heart of the mystery—if it had one. I urged my poor friend in the meantime to have faith in the future, and in my solemn vow never to relax my exertions for a moment until the truth was discovered. He pressed my hand, but shook his head mournfully, and without any attempt to rise from his despondent posture.

As Harry had not exacted anything like a promise of secrecy, my first movement was to write to Effie and her father, and make them acquainted with his story, and my determination to ferret out the mystery if possible. I then sat down and reflected upon the affair long and seriously. I was determined to treat it as a problem to be solved, as one to which there was a solution; but with all my thoughts and all my efforts, I could not find the slightest clue to it.

These cogitations I repeated many times, and with no better prospect of success. I had in fact despaired of ever finding anything like an entering-wedge to the mystery, when a new incident inspired me with some faint hope of eventually getting more light upon the subject. Earnwald informed me that he had twice, within a few weeks, seen the spectre in his bed-room; and he himself suggested that I should have my bed moved into his chamber, so that I might also get a sight of it. With great alacrity I acted upon the suggestion, and installed myself in my friend's apartment. Week after week elapsed,

however, and nothing was seen. At last I removed my bed into my own chamber again, and at night retired to it as I had formerly done; but after the lights were removed, Harry and I secretly and silently changed places.

The second night after entering into this arrangement, I was lying in his bed about one o'clock, still awake, but very drowsy. Earnwald always had a small bed-room lamp burning, and on this occasion I had raised the wick a little higher than was customary. I suddenly became aware that some one was in the room, and the idea soon roused me thoroughly. A tall figure was passing noiselessly by the foot of my bed, distinctly visible in the lamp-light. Forewarned as I was, I nevertheless actually took it for Earnwald himself, and was upon the point of calling out, when I fortunately recollected the importance of not discovering myself, and lay quietly observing the apparition.

Now, for the first time, I properly realized what my poor friend had seen, felt and suffered. Harry Earnwald himself stood before me. I could detect no discrepancy in form or feature, and if I had not heard my friend's story, I would not have had one particle of hesitation in swearing to the identity of this figure with himself. It was clad in the night gear which he ordinarily wore. The more I gazed, the more perfect did the resemblance appear, and at length I became so utterly bewildered that I imagined that I had deceived myself after all, and that it really was Harry arisen from his bed, and no wraith, nor anything else remarkable. While I was coming to this conclusion it suddenly disappeared, and I saw it no more.

It was a part of my plan not to discover myself on any account; but I could not resist the desire to steal out of the room to the other bed, and ascertain whether Harry was there or not. He was there, sound asleep; and I must confess that I was surprised to find it so. I returned to the bed I had left, but not being disturbed again I fell asleep. I have the faculty, however, of awaking at any hour I may have previously fixed upon, or very near it, and in this instance I was on my feet before day-break. Harry and I then quietly resumed our respective couches, and I did not leave mine till after nine o'clock. Being anxious to conceal my investigations, I had previously resolved to make no disturbance during the night. In the course of the forenoon, however, I made a thorough examination of Harry's chamber, and particularly of the spot where the thing had disappeared. I could not tell the place precisely, but it appeared to me to be somewhere near a door, which was the only one in the room besides that which opened into our common sitting-room. Through that door no one could pass either quickly or quietly, for it was locked, and the lock was rusty from long disuse. There was in fact abundant evidence to prove that it had not been opened for a very long time; and yet it was the only possible means of egress from the chamber for a being of flesh and blood. By applying to a locksmith I succeeded in finding a key to fit the lock, but it required the exertion of all my strength to move the rusty bolt, and the noise it made was abundantly sufficient to have waked me if I had been sound asleep. I therefore put it down as a "fixed fact," that the wraith did not leave the room in that direction. As to the outside door of our apartments it was both locked and bolted, and the key kept constantly under my pillow.

The room beyond Harry's chamber, into which the disused door opened, was occupied by young Winton, and besides that door, the only way of getting into it was by means of a door opening on the staircase outside. By the closest and most careful scrutiny I was unable to discover any means by which the figure that I saw could possibly have disappeared either in this direction or in any other. I thought and thought, and reflected, and turned the thing over in my mind in every direction, and the result of it all was only to leave it a more profoundly inscrutable mystery than ever.

In spite of every discouragement, however, I determined to persevere in my apparently fruitless inquiries. It was several weeks before our extraordinary visitor made his appearance again. The circumstances were much the same as before. I had a better opportunity for deliberation, however, and I could hardly restrain myself from sallying out and attempting to seize the thing; but fearing that such an attempt, if unsuccessful, would at once put an end to my investigations, I managed to resist the temptation, and to content myself with making the best possible use of my

eyes and ears, and with marking the exact spot of its disappearance. It seemed to me to go into the wall. At all events, the place where I lost sight of it was indubitably just opposite the disused door—just as if it had gone through it. It also seemed to me that I heard a faint noise, but so faint that I could not possibly say what it was like. These observations induced me to make a new examination of the door, and of the partition wall around it. It was as fruitless as before. I was, however, very strongly impressed with the idea that this door was really a new one, though the lock, hinges, etc., appeared so old and rusty.

The end and upshot of my investigations and cogitations was a determination to visit the room beyond, and take a look at the wall and door on the other side. I did so. Winton was just going out, and could not stay as long as I wished. This circumstance induced me to gaze at the disused door on that side less guardedly perhaps than I would otherwise have done. I saw nothing there worth seeing, but I saw something elsewhere which interested me considerably. It was merely a look of Winton's—a short, rapid glance; but there was a volume in it to my suspicious eye. He saw me looking curiously at the door, and for one single instant his countenance betrayed an intense interest in what I was doing. In a fraction of a second he had resumed his ordinary nonchalant demeanor, but that instant was enough to give me a clue by which I hoped eventually to unravel this tangled web of mystery—and of wickedness, as I now believed. True, I might be in error, and sometimes I feared that I was; but I resolved, nevertheless, to go ahead, and act upon my suspicion as if it was an established reality. The innocent could not be harmed by it, and the guilty—if there were such—I was resolved not to spare. A small picture hung against the disused door, and I succeeded by my manner in convincing Winton that it was that alone which had interested me.

In the meantime poor Earnwald was to all appearance hastening to a premature grave. He was a confirmed invalid, and without any recognizable disease, grew weaker and weaker every day. He took but little interest in my investigations, and I found it impossible to inspire him with any hope of their success. Without informing him of my suspicions with regard to his cousin, I managed to get from him some facts which greatly strengthened them. Winton was still absent, and I considered myself justified, under the circumstances, in visiting his room alone. I therefore went to the porter and procured the key, giving him at the same time a five franc-piece to say nothing about it. Considering the familiar terms on which we all lived, there was nothing extraordinary in such a procedure on my part. He thought some practical joke, or something like it, was intended.

When I reached the room I went to work and examined the condemned door with great care; but I could see nothing peculiar about it, except its evident newness, which certainly did look singular. I next made an attempt to remove the picture which I have already mentioned, but found the frame fastened to the door by tacks. I drew these out, took down the picture, and found behind it a very small and delicately fashioned hinge. Below the picture was a small, low bureau, or chest of drawers. This was also fastened in its place. Having removed it, I saw, as I had expected, another hinge, the counterpart of the one above. Searching farther, I discovered a very minute metallic knob, painted white, like the rest of the door. Pressing upon this with my thumb-nail, a narrow door flew open, disclosing an aperture in the larger door just wide enough to admit the ready passage of a man's body. Its edge all round was lined with satin, so as to secure its opening and shutting without noise. The line of juncture between this edge and the body of the larger door was so contrived as to represent the outline of one of the panels of the latter; so that though I had seen the whole outline of the little door on the other side, I took it for a panel of the large door, and never thought of its being anything else. The closest scrutiny, in fact, could not detect that it was anything else, unless by the hinges, which were concealed as I have stated, and which were so minute that no casual observation would have brought them to view, even if they had been left uncovered.

Greatly elated by the discovery I had made, I carried the key back to the porter, and then told Harry what I had seen. He was very loth to believe anything to his cousin's disadvantage, but the facts I had now to offer were irresistible.

How the thing was managed I could not pretend to say, but that there was deception and guilt on Winton's part would hardly admit of a doubt. I now told Harry that he must conceal me in his room, and at the same time help to spread the report that I had left Paris and gone to London, to be absent a month or more.

The thing was done in accordance to my suggestions. There was a pretty large closet in the bed-chamber, close to the disused door so often mentioned. In this I ensconced myself as soon as any one entered the outer room. The ruse was successful. It was universally believed that I was absent, and I felt very sure that if the wraith thought so it would soon re-commence its pranks. Sure enough, on the third night of my supposed absence it paid us a visit—greatly to my satisfaction, for life in a closet was not at all to my taste. I was on the lookout for the intruder, but the little satin-lined door opened so noiselessly that I was not aware of his presence till he had passed on to the side of Harry's bed. The faintest possible rustling only accompanied his movements. Stopping a moment opposite to the bed, he advanced slowly to the window and stopped there a few seconds, with his back towards me. I now slipped quietly out of the closet, and placing myself close to the little door, like a dog before the den of a wild animal, awaited the ghost's return.

I had not long to wait. In about a minute he came gliding back again. He saw me and started back. At that instant I made a spring at him and brought him to the floor. He struggled violently in my grasp, and with no small exertion of strength; but I was more than a match for him. Finding that he could not get away from me, he drew a stiletto from his bosom; but I managed to take it from him before he could use it, and throw it away. By this time the noise had awakened Harry, who sprang out of bed and lit a couple of candles. Ever since I had been in the closet I had kept a strong rope coiled round my shoulders, in anticipation of what had now happened. With it I soon bound his ghostship hard and fast, Harry giving me his assistance. Up to this moment, my friend's faith in the supernatural nature of his visitant had hardly been shaken. I now gave him an ocular demonstration of the truth, which even he could not resist; and in all my experience of faces I never saw such a burst of joy—if I may call it so—overspread any human countenance as that which covered his at the sight.

Seeing that our struggle had disarranged a false moustache which my prisoner wore, I pulled it off. The effect was magical. It had been cut and fashioned precisely like one which Harry always wore, and the moment it was removed, the extraordinary resemblance which had worked so much mischief totally disappeared along with it. The fellow had a hideous hare-lip, which disfigured and altered the whole expression of his face. When it was covered by the moustache, the face was Harry's in every line and lineament, but when it was uncovered, the deformed, distorted visage showed hardly any trace of a likeness. These observations having been made in much less time than it has taken to record them, I made a speech to my captive.

"Now," said I, "you infamous, sneaking, dastardly scoundrel, you are altogether in my power, and as sure as there is a God in heaven I will choke you to death if you do not instantly tell us all about your villainous plot and your rascally accomplices;" and suiting the action to the words, I seized his cravat and twisted it till his face became as black almost as the neckcloth itself. I then relaxed my hold and gave him an opportunity to speak. This operation had to be repeated several times, and it was only when his eyes were almost starting from their sockets that his obstinacy gave way, and he promised to discover all. He redeemed his promise faithfully, I believe, with the exception of some few reservations of the truth when it bore very hard upon himself individually, which were all eventually made known to us. The facts discovered were very briefly as follows:

George Winton, as I had surmised, was at the bottom of it all. He was a black-hearted scoundrel, and a most accomplished hypocrite. At an early period he conceived such a passion as his selfish heart could feel for the lovely Effie, and without the knowledge of his cousin Earnwald, he strove to gain her; but he was unsuccessful in his suit, and he believed Harry to be the cause of his failure. From that moment he swore that he would be revenged; and he soon found the means, as he hoped, to glut his hatred and his





THE CATHEDRAL OF STAVROPOL, RUSSIA.

(See page 125.)

avarice both at once. Having squandered in every species of dissipation his own slender patrimony, he cast a covetous eye upon that of his cousin. This property was to be his, by law, in case of Earnwald's death without issue; and that death he resolved to bring about before he should marry, and if possible, in such a manner that no suspicion should rest upon the murderer. The knowledge of this peculiar disposition to be made of Earnwald's property, in the contingency specified, was the first thing that confirmed my suspicion of Winton's connection with my friend's difficulties.

An individual calling himself by the ubiquitous name of Smith, a native of France, but of English extraction, happened to come in contact with Winton in the city of New York, while he was revolving in his mind the best means of effecting his object. The sight of this man set-

tled the thing in his mind at once. He wore a luxuriant moustache, and with its assistance his resemblance to Earnwald was perfect. This remarkable likeness suggested the fiendish idea of haunting poor Harry to death with his own double. Though not superstitious or credulous, Winton knew that he was highly imaginative and sensitive in the extreme; and with the extraordinary power now at his command, he had high hopes of success. A small sum in advance, his expenses borne, and a contingent fee of five thousand dollars to be paid on the day of poor Earnwald's death, soon removed all scruples on the part of Monsieur Smith. They set to work at once, and Harry's equestrian adventure was the result. They gave the poison time to work, and then followed with the Fourth of July apparition. On this occasion, as soon as Smith observed that Harry had had a fair look at him, he

held down his head and snatched off his moustache, which was now a false one made in exact imitation of the one his victim wore. In an instant the resemblance was gone, and when Harry looked again, the place of the wraith was occupied by a strange face with a hare lip. His own likeness was nowhere to be seen. By this artifice, the fellow could at any time become visible and vanish at pleasure, as far as Earnwald was concerned.

And thus these devils incarnate pursued their wicked work. Smith, as we have seen, followed his prey to the far West, dogging his footsteps wherever he went. After their return, Winton invited himself to reside with his cousin, choosing for himself a room next to his. Smith, who was a skillful forger and counterfeiter, was then taught to imitate the poor fellow's hand-writing, and was thus prepared for the part which he was

to play in the study and bed-room scene. The door leading from this bed-room into Winton's apartment was carefully set open and ready for him to escape through the moment he had made the noises necessary to represent undressing and lying down. He was watching Harry as he stood at the window, being all the time prepared to rush out the moment he should attempt to enter. Before he could get round to the front door from the window, there would be ample time for Smith to escape. As they had anticipated, however, their victim was so paralyzed by what he saw, as to give Winton's tool full leisure to play out the drama. Having carefully produced a creaking noise from the bed without tumbling it, he deliberately walked through the door, shut it, and then locked it from the outside through the key-hole, by means of a pair of burglar's nippers. [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 124.]



THE FAMOUS NEW IRON BRIDGE AT VENICE.

(See page 121.)



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
A REVOLUTIONARY PICTURE.

BY ALICE C. FERNYET.

On Cambridge Common peals the rattling drum—  
Crowds are collected there, and still they come  
The child in arms, maid, wife, and grand-ire old,  
And stalwart youth—what come they to behold?  
Beside the green, hard by the house of God,  
An elm tree throws its shads over the sod  
Beneath that tree a noble form behold,  
Of truest manhood, the herds would  
To his high mission not unknown he came,  
To rustle cars, familiar was his name  
Soon to be bluded to higher glories won,  
The people's champion, hero Washington  
He came to peril fortune, fame and life,  
All men holds dearest: in his country's strife  
Needs native art a higher, holier theme  
To light the canvass with its deathless beam  
That lofty figure, it may well pursue,  
Where'er it moves in gloom and glory through—  
In camp and council, in the battle's gorge,  
The winter cantonments of Valley Forge,  
Retiring from the foe in forced retreat,  
Or sweeping back the battle's front to meet,  
Calm in reverse, in triumph still serene,  
Unchanged, unchanging, through each varied scene

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 7.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

*Discovery and capture of the pirates—Rescue of the captives—Capture of a prize-schooner.*

At the same time at which closed the narrative of our last sketch, we sighted a large schooner, which, on account of her suspicious movements and her general appearance, we suspected to be a slaver. We chased her, but she outstripped us in speed, and at night, off Mayumba, on the Loango coast, she took advantage of the darkness to run into some one of the narrow creeks or rivers that abound on that coast—which from her light draught of water she was calculated to do—and we lost her.

We still recollected the shocking sight on board the brig, and had not yet given up all hope of discovering the perpetrators of the horrible massacre. We might catch the wretches on board some slaver, and this hope, united with our anxiety to capture a prize, rendered us more than usually eager. The schooner drew too much water to follow a vessel into a shallow river, even if we had seen her enter its mouth; but we were satisfied that the "chase" was somewhere near by, and we resolved to blockade that portion of the coast; to get the boats out and examine the creeks, bays and rivers, and if we discovered any sign of the schooner's having entered any one of these, to follow with boats and a strong, well-armed force, and cut her out. It was rather a desperate task to undertake, for we knew not the force of the vessel of which we were in search; but all on board were eager to be foremost. Anything that promises excitement is eagerly seized hold of, to vary the languid monotony of existence on the weary African coast station.

For two days the boats pulled and sailed up and down the Loango coast, within a distance of fourteen miles, closely examining the mouth of every river, and every creek and bay—the schooner, meanwhile, keeping close in shore, to cover them in case of necessity, or to render any needful assistance.

Toward the close of the second day, the officer in charge of the first cutter came alongside the schooner and reported that he had seen several buoys laid down near the entrance, and a mile or two up a narrow river, about six miles southward of the small port of Calbongas. He had no doubt they had been placed there by the slaver, and that she was concealed somewhere in the river, as the buoys in question had evidently been recently and hastily laid down. Signals were immediately made for the return of all the boats, the schooner run closer in shore, and was hoisted to opposite the mouth of the river, and four boats, containing forty-five well-armed officers and men, were sent up the river.

All was ready before nightfall, and we were full of hope that the return of daylight would find us in possession of a prize, and mingled with that hope was the earnest wish that we might learn something of the ill-fated Antonia's passengers, or discover and bring to justice the mutineers. Jokes and jibes passed freely from boat to boat. Soldiers and sailors are never more ready for such amusement than when on the eve of some

desperate adventure, and the men were permitted free scope for their noisy and somewhat rude wit-ticisms, until we had rowed some distance up the river, when silence was peremptorily enjoined. In a former sketch, I described the scenery of an African river shores. It is unnecessary to repeat it, as all are alike in their general features—the same alternate banks of marsh and forest, and jungle, and tangled weed, and sudden bends. About four miles from the mouth of the river we espied a faint light on shore, glimmering at a distance amidst a mass of jungle, interspersed with forest trees.

We laid on our oars while a consultation was held, and it was resolved that a party should land and reconnoitre, the captain leading it. The landing was not easily effected, for the ground was marshy and covered with prickly shrubs. The men sunk up to their ankles, sometimes falling and pricking themselves severely, and they had scarcely reached the shore when the light disappeared. However, they forced their way on in the direction whence it had proceeded, looking well to the priming of their pistols, in case of a sudden attack, while the men in the boats held themselves in readiness to fly to the assistance of their comrades at a preconcerted signal. The party consisted of ten men besides the captain. They proceeded half a mile amidst the darkness, rendered more profound in consequence of the deep shadow cast by the dense jungle, which often impeded their progress. The only sound that broke the solemn silence was the incessant buzzing and croaking of insects and reptiles, disturbed in their slimy haunts by their unwonted nocturnal visitors, and the occasional melancholy howl of some beast of prey prowling in the forest in search of food. Fearful of getting too far distant from their comrades in the boats, they were on the point of returning, when the light again glimmered for a moment, seemingly not more than two hundred yards distant.

"Halt, there, men!" whispered the captain. "Keep still as death, and be ready to come to my assistance if I whistle—you, Stevens and Jenkins, come with me."

The men obeyed, and the seamen designated quitted the party. For some distance they marched on in silence, and neither seeing nor hearing anything, were thinking of turning back and rejoining their comrades, when a dark figure was seen advancing toward them amidst the gloom.

"Who comes there?" cried the captain, cocking his pistol and standing still, prepared for any emergency.

"*Sono Portoguesi*," answered a youthful voice.

"I can't understand Portuguese," said the captain, as a youthful stripling advanced until he stood close to him.

"*Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?*" asked the lad, in perfectly good French.

"*Un peu. Que voulez vous? Comment vous appelez vous?*" said the captain.

"*J'ai suis garcon, de la brigue Antonia. Nos camarades ont ete massacres, par les seditieux. Tenez, M. le Capitaine. Ma cousine est ici, dans cette chaumiere,*" pointing to a mud hut now faintly distinguishable amid the darkness. (I will continue the conversation in English.) The youth had informed the captain that he belonged to the brig Antonia; that his comrades had been massacred by the sailors, and that a female cousin was concealed in the mud hut. The captain was, naturally enough, startled with surprise. At length, after a moment's silence, he said, "Are you a relative of Dom Vincent, the late supercargo of the Antonia?"

"Alas, monsieur," said the lad, "I was his nephew. They murdered my poor uncle and aunt, and nearly all the crew, and carried off in a boat me and my cousin, and the little child of my uncle, and all the money and gold-dust they could find. They carried us on shore some where. I know not where we landed, but a schooner was at anchor near the shore, and they put us on board of her. The schooner is up the river, lying in the bend above yonder point, taking on board a cargo of slaves. O, monsieur, the good God has sent you to our rescue. My cousin and the child are in the hut. I saw your boats pulling up the river, and I knew you belonged to the schooner-of-war which chased us two days ago. I lit a torch, but I was afraid to show it too plainly, lest the brigands on board the slaver should see the light. Monsieur, they would kill us. Every day they threaten to take our lives. Take us on board your vessel, monsieur; for God's sake, take us on board. The pirates think they are in security; that they have eluded

your vigilance. They will not see us embark. Monsieur, for mercy's sake, save my cousin. She will weep herself to death."

This explanation and appeal was delivered with impassioned gestures. The lad became so excited that the captain found great difficulty in composing him, but, after a while, he followed him into the hut. There, seated on the floor, with an untasted meal on a tray, by her side, he saw a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, weeping bitterly. She looked up as he entered, her large black eyes swollen with incessant weeping, and, in Portuguese and French mingled, implored him to save her life—more than life—her honor. This he swore to do at the risk of his own. He whistled softly, and the rest of the party appeared.

"Five of you remain here with this lady," said he. "At the cost of your own lives, protect her and the child, and this youth. The rest of you will return with me to the boats."

As soon as the captain had again embarked, orders were given to pull away, and ten minutes more brought the force in sight of the schooner lying at anchor, as the boy had said, in the next bend of the river. A desperate conflict ensued. The pirates knew that they were fighting for their lives. Seventeen of our men were wounded, six of them mortally, before the scoundrels surrendered, and when they did surrender, not a man on board the slaver was unscathed—fourteen of her crew lay dead and dying on her deck; the captain and eight others—all that remained—were severely wounded.

They were secured in the cabin, the dead and the wounded, too, of the pirates (to tell the truth), were ruthlessly thrown overboard to become food for alligators, and a sufficient number of men left on board to carry the schooner into Freetown, with the hundred and fifty negroes we found below on the slave-deck. The niece of the supercargo, and the child, with the lad who had spoken to the captain, were placed on board one of the boats, carried to the cruiser and taken to Freetown, whence, after having been carefully nursed by the ladies of the town, and provided with everything necessary to their comfort, they were sent to Lisbon on board the first ship that sailed for that port.

It appeared, from their account, that four men had been shipped on board the Antonia at Elmina, on the gold coast, in lieu of four of the original crew of the brig, who had died, and that these men belonged to a slaver, as they subsequently discovered. They had shipped with the intention of capturing the brig, and of plundering her of the large amount of gold-dust known to be on board. One night they had so managed as to secure the opportunity of murdering the whole crew, with the exception of the young woman and the child. The latter they would have killed, but the young woman clasped the infant in her arms, and said they should kill her, as well as the babe. The boy stunned, but not otherwise injured, had jumped into the water, after partially recovering from the effects of the blow he had received, and had swam to the boat which contained his cousin. Some of the savages had attempted to beat him off with the oars, but one, more compassionate than the rest, had taken him on board at the intercession of the young lady, perhaps by so doing, hoping to gain her favor. They had been put on board the schooner, which had then put to sea, and for two months had kept away from the land, fearful that the news of the massacre, if the brig were discovered before she foundered, would increase the vigilance of the cruisers. At length, hoping that the excitement created by the affair had, in some measure subsided, they had ventured in shore, and had immediately been chased by the Alert. They had put into the narrow river where we had surprised and captured them, believing its existence only known to themselves, as it was not laid down on the charts of the coast, and that there they were in perfect security, and had placed their captives in the hut amidst the jungle, while they made their landing. The result I have stated; it is almost needless to add that the schooner became our lawful prize, and the captain and crew—only two of whom recovered from the wounds they had received in the desperate conflict with the man-of-war's boats' crews—met their deserts beneath the gallows.

A long time elapsed before the mystery of the firing of the brig's gun was explained. Some sailors shipped on board a merchantman bound to New York, from the coast of Benin, who had only just recovered from some dangerous wounds received, they said, on board a Portu-

guese brig, a portion of whose crew had risen in mutiny and murdered, as they supposed, all the rest on board. They (the sailors) had only been stunned, and when the mutineers had left, after scuttling the brig, they had risen to their feet, and notwithstanding their wounded condition, had managed to fire the ship's gun several times, in hopes of attracting the attention of some vessel, which might come to their rescue; but receiving no response, and knowing that they were near the shore, at the same time being fearful that the brig might founder at sea, they had launched the only remaining boat and succeeded in making the land.

Their story was disbelieved, and they were thrown into jail in New York, on suspicion of having been engaged in piracy. They were kept prisoners until the whole matter was explained in the New York papers. The account agreed with their own, and they were then set at liberty.

The faithful Newfoundland dog mourned long for his dead master, but he forgot him at last, and was taken on board the schooner, where he remained during the remainder of the cruise.

PRIMITIVE MEANINGS.

It is frequently very interesting and highly useful to trace the primitive significance of words. However far the conventional acceptation may be removed from the original idea, a return to that idea seldom fails to impress us with the full meaning of the word, and to assist in defining its just application. In some instances, the primary sense refers to a fact or circumstance, which, when known, gives a wondrous force to the word, that the signification sanctioned by general use cannot convey. Take a few examples:

TEMPLE.—A place of contemplation. The religious roofless structures of the heathens were so named, from their having exposed the heavens to view.

SINCERE.—Without wax. The quality of the mind is here compared with that of honey, of which the purest sort is the least mixed with wax.

BARBARIAN.—A savage unshaven man.

CLERGY.—The whole body of faithful believers. From a Greek word, which is used in this sense, in the plural, by St. Peter.

FUTILE.—Empty. This word designated an ancient sacrificial vessel, of such a form that if set on the ground it spilled its contents.

FRIVOLOUS.—Not worth an obolus—Anglice, five farthings.

INQUIRY.—Inequality. Wanting the even rectitude of the balance.

DEXTERITY.—Righthandedness.

HASTE.—The flight of a spear or javelin cast at an enemy.

MUTILATED.—Having the horns broken off. The idea appears to be taken from the fierce contests of horned cattle.—Trench.

CARD-TABLE SIGNALS.

Theodore Hook's Code of Card-Table Signals, in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gurney," might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs; and, if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smismag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he; 'by words. If Mrs. Smismag is to lead, Smismag says, 'Dear begin.' Dear begins with D—so does diamond; and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, 'S, my love!' she wants a spade. Smismag and spade begins with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. 'Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!' Mrs. Smismag stumps down a heart; and a gentle 'Come, my love!' on either side, produces a club."

PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and also (though this is generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to see the beauty of the world; or what comes to the same thing, this beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty is developing itself in us. Only reflect what regions, lovely as Paradise, there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the conscious creature. The men who are now living there, do not see the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that, the mind of man once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments he has lost. For one "Paradise Lost," he will sing of a thousand that he has gained. —William Smith's *Thornhale*.

Though conversation, in its better part, May be esteemed a gift, and not an art. Yet much depends, as in the tiller's soil, On culture and the sowing of the seed. —Cæsar



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## A PALPABLE PARODY.

BY WILLIE E. PAROD.

Lies there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my darling wife?  
Whose heart with his he never hath glow'd  
As turned his steps to his abode  
From all the ills of busy strife?  
If such there be, go mark him well;  
For him no children's voices swell;  
Firm though his step and proud his heart,  
Since he is free of Cupid's dart,  
Despite his honors or his pelf,  
The bachelor, all wrapped in self,  
Lies, shall forfeit the esteem  
Of those who sail Love's golden stream;  
And, singly dying, shall go hence  
Without life's truest recompense;  
Blending with dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## ALICE THIGHBUN.

An Incident in the Reign of Charles II.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY, ESQ.,  
AUTHOR OF "LOCKSDEN," "EIGHT YEARS ABROAD," ETC., ETC.

DURING the reign of Henry II., which was one of the most prosperous administrations that England had enjoyed since the days of Alfred the Wise, there resided in that part of London which has since been known as Holborn Hill, a respectable money-lender named Richmud Thighbun. It was unfortunately at that period of the world when the rights of the citizen were very little regarded, even by those who, instead of preying upon their property as was but too frequently the case, should have been looked upon as their protectors and defenders. Henry, by his wise administration and his firmness in enforcing the laws, not only modified, but very sensibly diminished the prevailing abuses of the times. Since the days of William the Conqueror, and the introduction of the arrogant Normans into all places of trust and emolument, a detailed history of the individual wrongs of this, at that time, most wretched and abject country, would be too horrible, too monstrous, almost for the belief of men and women in our own comparatively tranquil times. Murder and robbery, and every variety of sexual crime and outrage; intrigues of church and state; devices of the strong to rob the weak and defenceless; arts and contrivances of unprincipled gallants to divest the fair daughters of honest and humble citizens of the only birthright they dared to claim—virtue; incendiarism; brutal debaucheries of the marriage-bed; mysterious disappearances and midnight assassinations—were as common in those times, and as little regarded by the masses not immediately injured by the transaction—excepting in cases where a fear or panic for personal safety became general—as the petty police records of our own day. But crime was by no means limited to one class more than to another, only that numbers, or in other words a combination, of the meaner elements would in turn prey upon the superior, so that in reality the virtuous and well-meaning of all classes were mostly destined to become the sufferers.

Historians relate that in those early and disorderly times it was a custom in London for great numbers, sometimes amounting to hundreds or more, sons and relations in some instances of considerable citizens, to form themselves into a licentious confederacy to break into the houses of the wealthy or noble in pursuit of plunder, to rob and murder and debauch, and to commit with impunity every species of criminal irregularity. To such a height were these crimes carried, that it became so dangerous to walk the streets at night that unprotected citizens, or people of rank, durst no more venture abroad after dark than if they had been exposed to the outrages of a foreign army. Such were the times when Richmud Thighbun, in a small way, followed the professed calling of money-lender in London.

Richmud had an only child, a daughter about seventeen years of age, who bore the Christian name of Alice. She was very beautiful, and her father often trembled and regretted that Heaven should have endowed her with so undesirable a quality, and took good care to conceal her as much as possible from the public eye. But female loveliness is a difficult quality for any one to possess and keep long hidden. There are always means open to render it more or less known to the public; and there will always be

those who shall admire, or envy, or covet its possession, however virtuous or near unto perfection this anomaly called human nature may become.

Roger De Lucy, a young fellow of good family, but of extravagant and licentious habits, called upon Thighbun one afternoon to procure a small loan to meet some present pressing demand upon his purse. Alice was in the room with her father when this young gallant entered, and although she immediately retreated, and endeavored with her pretty white hands to conceal her beautiful face, as well as her modest blushes, the visitor had seen enough to arouse in an instant all the fiery passion of his soul, and he determined, before quitting the house, to possess the beautiful girl for a mistress before another night rolled over his gay and profligate head. De Lucy was a handsome young man, possessed of all the captivating ease and grace of a Norman courtier, and among ladies of good fashion he was regarded as one of the most irresistible young gentlemen of the day. He was so captivated by the fair girl's appearance, that for the moment he forgot the errand which had brought him, and as the door closed on the lovely apparition, he abruptly demanded of the old man who she was.

The money-lender, while an expression of pain shot through his features, explained to him with much humility of look (though a secret terror seized on his heart in an instant, associated suddenly with the most painful forebodings), that the young woman was his daughter.

"By Jupiter!" cried De Lucy, "she is the fairest wench in London—a Juno and a Venus equally blended! Stately as a queen, and beautiful as Hebe!"

As the young gallant wended his way back into the fashionable thoroughfares, he was endeavoring to arrive at some feasible plan by which the lovely creature who now occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of all others, might be secretly conveyed to some favored locality where full scope might be found for the enjoyment of his licentious dreams. At length a happy thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed aloud: "May Vulcan seize me, but I will hunt up John Senex, for he with his gang of villains, there is no better man to aid me."

Arriving at this important conclusion, De Lucy immediately turned his steps in an opposite direction, and soon after entered one of those public houses of questionable repute which have always existed in London so far back as we have any history or account, and where we may suppose he met with the person of whom he was in search.

We will now turn our attention to the poor money-lender, whom we left a moment ago to digest in silence the daring compliment which had been paid him in behalf of his child, and which in a moment had rendered him the most wretched of fathers. For a long time he sat with his head bowed down, striving if possible to divest the words of De Lucy of any invidious meaning. But that was impossible. He had observed with a parent's watchful eye, the bold and admiring glance of the young gallant, and he knew but too well the determined character of the gentlemen of that age in their unprincipled pursuit of pleasure. He sat till Alice called him to supper, mentally cursing his unhappy fate in having been born to be the father of so beautiful a daughter. "God bless her sweet face!" cried the old man, bursting into tears; "but I am afraid it will yet be the means of rendering both our lives miserable. Had she been born plainer she might have been happy as the wife of some honest tradesman, without attracting a passing glance from the gay and licentious gentry."

At an early hour that evening he closed and barricaded all his doors, as though for the first time he had been aroused by a vivid sense or premonition of some indefinite evil. He then knelt before a crucifix, and prayed to the holy virgin to protect his daughter from all danger and dishonor. Scarcely had he concluded his devotions, when there came a loud rap at the street-door. He made no reply to the unseasonable demand, but bidding Alice to conceal herself, he caught up his sabre and stood instantly on the offensive. In a few minutes the villains succeeded in forcing an entrance, but honest Richmud, meeting them at the door, contrived with a well-directed blow, to chop off the hand of the foremost robber before he was overpowered. The brave old man fought with the strength and desperation of a giant, contesting the ground inch by inch against his cowardly assailants, till

he was finally prostrated by a heavy blow, and the villains passed into the house over his insensible body. When he came to, the daylight was shining into the room, and he found himself surrounded by friendly citizens, who had discovered him stunned and bleeding in the doorway of his dwelling some half an hour before.

"Where is Alice?" inquired the old man the moment he could command his speech.

"She was nowhere to be found!" was the answer. "The doors were thrown open, and you were the only occupant of the house when we entered. Such outrages as these are too dreadful to think of."

"O, Alice! O, my daughter!" moaned the old man. "Citizens!" he at length cried, "in the name of Heaven and the holy saints, I charge Roger De Lucy with this villany of which you are now witnesses."

The surgeon here remarked that he was called in the night to take up the arteries in a fellow's wrist, who had had his hand chopped off in some drunken broil.

"Beshrew me!" cried Richmud, starting, "but it must be the very hand I chopped off myself. Who is the villain? Where is he to be found?"

"This is a strange coincidence," returned the surgeon, "if there were two hands amputated by violence on the same night. But the villain I allude to is where he may be safely found any time these four days, for he is much too weak from loss of blood to be removed."

"But what is to be done?" cried one of the bystanders. "Are such grievances to be tamely borne?"

"No!" replied the surgeon, resolutely. "I will lay this case before the king in person. He owes me an obligation, and he will listen to me. Besides, I know it is his determination to quell these disorders by publicly hanging the ringleaders. The barbarous murder of Earl Ferrars's brother has fully aroused him to the danger of suffering such things to continue. I will instantly to the king; and you, citizens, I delegate to visit the abode of Roger De Lucy and demand of him to surrender up this old man's daughter!"

The surgeon hurried away intent on his friendly mission, while three of the most influential citizens were selected to make the demand upon De Lucy; but that gallant resolutely denied all knowledge of the transaction, and if any one doubted his innocence, they were at full liberty to search his house from cellar to garret. The delegation returned, but their report by no means satisfied the broken-hearted old man. He still maintained his belief in De Lucy's guilt, and sent him a challenge to meet him in single combat, which that gallant disdainfully refused, ascribing as a reason, that no gentleman was obliged by the code of honor to accept a challenge from a citizen or villain. But the surgeon was more successful in interesting the king, who instantly ordered the arrest of the person with the missing hand. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he was brought before the tribunal of Henry, and there confessed in order to save himself, that his superiors in the late outrages were Roger De Lucy and Master John Senex, cit.\* The two culprits were immediately seized by order of Henry, and their guilt being clearly shown, they were sentenced to be publicly executed. Senex was one of the wealthiest commons in London, and finding that the king was really in earnest, he offered twelve hundred marks for his own and his friend's life; but Henry, unlike many other rulers of that day, was above such bribery, and he indignantly refused a pardon.

But De Lucy, villain though he was in all save birth, was more fortunate than Senex, for by his gallantries and professions of undying love, he had so won upon the simple-hearted Alice, who had been suffered to return to her father the moment he found himself in custody, that, with the permission of her father, whose repugnance and antipathy to De Lucy she had finally succeeded in conquering, she appeared before the king in person and begged for the life of him who had dishonored her. Henry was struck by the novelty of the application, and noticing the tears of the beautiful girl, he abruptly demanded if she loved him. Her answer was a simple and unaffected confession of the fact. "Then by my board!" cried Henry, "I will pardon him on condition that he marries you, and gives security in a thousand marks, to honor and cherish you above all other women,

\* Senex was publicly hanged near the close of the twelfth century, for breaking into a citizen's house by force of arms.

which is no more than such love and forbearance deserve."

De Lucy accepted the conditions of the king joyfully, and it is believed he never forfeited his bonds; but Senex, less fortunate—having no beautiful mistress for an advocate—suffered the full penalty of the decree.

## MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The monument erected in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, by order of Parliament, in memory of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions who sailed in the Erebus and Terror in search of a northwest passage, consists of a central tablet, on which are inscribed the names of the enterprising and unfortunate officers and crews engaged in the expedition. This is surmounted by a pediment, with which are two crowns of oak and olive entwined. The subject is illustrated by sculpture. On the right of the tablet (the spectator's left) is a statue of a naval officer—not a portrait—studying in an open folio, with compasses in hand, the route of the ships. This figure is standing. Near him are a globe, books, and papers referring to Arctic researches, and inscribed with the names of Franklin, Parry and Ross. In the background are seen, in low relief, the tall masts of the ships, with sails set, as if departing. A space is then left; and the next object that takes the attention is a group of large, splintered icebergs, shooting up irregularly into the sky. Over these is a star, denoting the North or Polar Star. In the fissure of an iceberg is seen a crushed or broken spar, with loose tackle. Below this scene of desolation is the statue of a sailor sitting on a fragment of rock. He is habited in the dress worn in the inclement northern regions; one of his feet, wounded, is bandaged. The expression given to this figure is intended for that of deep despondency. Lying near him are a broken ice-pole with its tackle, such as was used in those expeditions, and the peculiar floe-anchor employed for holding and grappling on to the ice. The work is in marble, and occupies a space of about eighteen feet high by between nine and ten wide.—*London paper.*

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

After the campaign of Italy, in the year 1799, when Souvaroff returned to St. Petersburg, Paul did not display much feeling of propriety in sending Koutaissoff to compliment the illustrious general upon his safe arrival. The witty and sharp warrior said to him, "Excuse, my dear count, an old man whose memory slackens. I can recollect nothing about the origin of your illustrious family, or perhaps you got your title of count from some grand victory?" "I never was a soldier, prince," replied the ex-valet. "O, then you have no doubt been an ambassador?" "No!" "Minister." "What important post, then, did you occupy?" "I had the honor to serve his majesty in the capacity of butler." "Well, that is very honorable, my dear count." In this instant he rang the bell for his own butler, and addressed him in the following strain: "I say, Troshkin, I have told you repeatedly every day that you must give up drinking and thieving; and you don't listen to me. Now, look at that gentleman: he has been a butler like yourself, but being neither a drunkard nor a thief, you see him now a great equerry in waiting to his majesty, a knight of all the Russian orders, and count of the empire! You must follow his example."—*Prince Dolgovsky's Handbook of Russia.*

## ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up and said "Roxbury." "No, sir!" was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No, sir!" returned the colored soldier. "Charlestown," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you what, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge." Washington said Cambridge and went by, and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that branch of military duty.—*Boston Journal.*

## HINTS TO CRANIOPHAGERS.

Dr. J. Aitken Meigs, of Philadelphia, who devotes himself to ethnological researches, has published, under this title, a loud call upon the profession for human skulls, for the collection of which he has a passion. Catalogues of crania in public or private collections will be highly acceptable, and more so if with a description of the source and history of each. The museums of the several medical colleges in Philadelphia contain 450 skulls, and the Mortonian collection in the same city is the largest in the world, belongs to the Academy of Sciences, and contains 1100 crania, and represents 170 different races and tribes of the human family.—*American Medical Gazette.*

## A PERFECT HUSBAND.

Faithful as dox, the lovely shepherd's pride;  
True as the helm, the bar's protecting guide;  
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome;  
Sweet as to slily wreck'd a seaman's life and home.

—*Knickerbocker.*



## MRS. VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM.

The portrait on this page, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Homer, is a good likeness of the lady whose name heads this article, and who is well known and highly appreciated as the leading actress at the Boston Museum. To youth and beauty she adds the attractions of a rich and melodious voice, a graceful and refined manner, and above all, a cultivated mind. With these qualifications, she has won her way to popular favor, and legitimately earned an enviable position on the stage. During the recent engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan at the Museum, Mrs. Cunningham greatly added to her popularity by the effective manner in which, by her performance of the important characters assigned her, she seconded the efforts of the tragedian. Mrs. Cunningham was born in the city of Philadelphia, November 22, 1834, and is the daughter of the late Lewis A. Juhan. She received an excellent education, but the sudden death of her father induced her to turn her attention to the stage as affording her support and an honorable career. She made her first appearance as "Florinda," in Shiel's tragedy of the "Apostate," at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in February, 1851, and her complete success may be inferred from the fact that she was immediately engaged by the manager of the Holiday Street Theatre, to play what is technically termed "juvenile tragedy." Her next engagement was at the Arch Street, where she made her first appearance as "Pauline," in the "Lady of Lyons," to the "Claude" of William R. Goodall, who remarked at the fall of the curtain, that during his whole stage career, he had never seen the part of "Pauline" better acted—it was the author's Pauline. Commendation like this, to which was added the cordial approbation of the manager, Mr. E. S. Conner, and the hearty applause of the public, might well stimulate the ambition of an actress so young as Miss Howard—the name by which she was known on the stage. On a weaker understanding it might have produced an injurious effect, but the subject of our sketch entertained so high a conception of the requirements of her art, that each step she took in advance, only showed a perspective of greater requirements and greater toils. Modest, yet self-reliant, she resolved to deserve success, whether she won it or not. In the season of 1852-53 she played juvenile tragedy with great success at the Arch Street Theatre. During this season she entered into another engagement—a matrimonial one—with Mr. P. C. Cunningham, a prominent member of the profession, whose speciality is the delineation of old men, eccentric Scotch characters, such as "Baillie Nicol Jarvie," and dialect parts generally. In private life, Mr. Cunningham is universally popular as a well-bred and highly cultivated gentleman. Mrs. Cunningham's next theatrical engagement was in the city of Washington, where she became at once a favorite. After this she was engaged at the Chestnut Street Theatre in her native city, then visited several other American cities professionally, concluding a brilliant tour in Montreal, where she first made her appearance as "Julia," in the "Hunchback," and was warmly received by the public and the press. She was twice called before the curtain, and the Montreal Gazette pronounced the performance "the most successful that had been witnessed for years." Mrs. Cunningham's next engagement was at the National, in this city, where she rapidly gained the favor of the public, though the range of the pieces performed did not afford her a fair scope for the display of her abilities. During her present engagement at the



MRS. CUNNINGHAM, BOSTON MUSEUM.

Boston Museum she has had many opportunities for the exhibition of her talents, and has shown how carefully and conscientiously she has studied an art in which success requires a rare combination of qualities. During the brief period of her professional career, she has essayed many of the most difficult characters the English drama presents, and her uniform success warrants our predicting for her a brilliant, unclouded future.

## PIKE'S NEW OPERA HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We present on this page a view of Mr. Pike's new Opera Hall, or Academy of Music, the progress of which we have noticed from time to time, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, to show our friends on the Atlantic seaboard that the course of the star of taste, as well as empire, is westward. This splendid building reflects the highest credit on the enterprise of Mr. Pike, the proprietor, and on the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. J. M. Trimble. It would be an ornament to any city in the world. The architecture is rich and ornate, without being tawdry, and the vast extent and height of the facade, give it a truly imposing as-

pect. We are indebted to the kindness of R. Delavan Mussey, Esq., of the Cincinnati Gazette, for some interesting details respecting the interior of the opera house, which will be inaugurated by a splendid ball on Washington's birthday. The hall proper is only one of several spacious rooms in the building. There are four very large stores on the first floor, two fine dancing, concert or lecture rooms, and a profusion of offices. The opera hall is situated in the second story back. In front of it are corridors, approached from the street by three stair-ways. The auditorium of the hall is divided into parquette, parquette slips in the rear of the parquette; above these slips the balcony, and above the balcony the upper boxes or amphitheatre. The auditorium is about twenty feet less in depth than that of the New York Academy of Music, and about fifteen feet wider. The result of this proportion is to bring the audience nearer the stage. The auditorium is so constructed that all the seats in Pike's Hall have good views of the stage. The stage is very broad and deep; the proscenium opening being 54 feet high by 50 feet wide, and the stage deep in proportion to the width. There are three proscenium boxes on either side, the proscenium being 22 feet deep. There will be ample room upon the stage for grand scenic effects, and liberal accommodations for machinists, carpenters and painters. The proscenium boxes are also on a magnificent scale. They will hold about twenty persons each. The hall is lighted by a row of gas lights about the dome, and below the windows above the amphitheatre, thus avoiding the distressing glare that comes from chandeliers and box lights, in ordinary theatres. The ceiling is painted in fresco, by Signor Guidochini, an Italian artist, whose fancy has revelled in the delineation of allegorical figures, and graceful devices. As we have before remarked, the opera house will be inaugurated by a ball on the 22d, on which occasion the parquette will be entirely boarded over, making, with the stage, a grand dancing floor like that of the Parisian opera during the carnival. Next month Strakosch's Italian opera company will take possession of the hall, and in June the Ravel troupe will probably perform there. We congratulate our Cincinnati friends on the consummation of this brilliant enterprise, for we are perfectly cosmopolitan in our feelings, and feel the sincerest pleasure in recording every triumphant step in the progress of the arts and of civilization. In these respects the West is moving on as surprisingly as she has done in all the avenues of business and commerce.

## FESTIVAL OF THE JUVENALIA.

Nero himself was the hero of this solemnity. Arrived at the age of manhood, his beard was clipped, and the first tender down of his cheek and chin enclosed in a golden casket, and dedicated to Jupiter and in the capitol. This ceremony was followed by music and acting; men of all ranks and in great numbers were admitted as spectators; illustrious Romans were bribed to exhibit themselves as dancers and singers; grave senators and stately matrons capered in the wanton measures of mercenary buffoons and posture-makers. The degradation to which Nero thus constrained his noblest subjects seems, in the view of the philosophic Tacitus, to deepen the shades which hung over the fame of the matricide. The historian proceeds to describe, as an enhancement of his enormities, the establishment of what we should call a public garden round the basin of Augustus beyond the Tiber, where drinks and viands were distributed to the populace, and all comers, gentle and simple, received a 'ticket for refreshments,' which good men exchanged for these vile commodities because they were compelled, the profligate from depraved inclination. Henceforth vice, he says, walks abroad more heinous and more shameless than ever. These promiscuous assemblages of men and women of all ranks together, corrupted the manners of the age more than any cause that could be named. Last of all, to crown the universal degeneracy, when his people had been sufficiently corrupted, Nero descended himself upon the stage with the lyre in his hand, which he was seen to tune with nervous solicitude before commencing his performance. His voice was husky, his breath was short, and all the appliances of his art were unavailing to correct their defects. But of this he was much too vain to be conscious. Nevertheless, to silence envious detractors, a troop of soldiers was kept always in attendance, and at their head stood Burrus himself, disguising the sob of shame with ejaculations of applause. A band of young nobles, entitled Augustani, was enrolled to applaud the performance, to praise the divine beauty of the prince, and the divine excellence of his singing. Doubtless the verses already quoted from Seneca were frequently in their mouths. Nero himself was a verse-maker also. His claims to poetical merit were, as might be expected, meagre, and he so far distrusted himself in this art that he entertained many rhymers about him, whose business it was to catch each pretty turn of phrase or thought that fell from him, and weave it into verse as best they might, but his own verses have little unity of style or meaning. —Merivale's History of the Romans.



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO





THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

## A BOSTON POLICE-STATION.

The illustrations on this page were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Alfred Waud, and represent the interior of the Fifth District Station House in East Dedham Street. The company attached to the station is composed of thirty-three police officers—a fine body of men. They are officered as follows: George M. King, captain; Silas Small and William Chadbourne, lieutenants. The district is very large in proportion to the strength of the company, as the number of stores is quite small in proportion to the number of houses to be guarded. The station-house we have selected for representation is considered a model one, in every respect. It was built expressly for the purpose, and is well arranged and convenient. The basement is devoted to the cells, of which there are twelve, distributed among four rooms, well-warmed and ventilated, and with two berths, after the fashion of a ship's state-rooms, in each, provided with bedding. One of our engravings represents this department. The basement also contains a room where the men dry their clothes, and keep boots, overcoats, etc. The street entrance to the cells is in the basement. On the first story is the captain's private office, shown in our engraving. Attached to this is a bath-room. The guard-room, represented in our large engraving, is a spacious apartment where the roll is called, and where the men sit and pass the time while off duty. It is furnished with a range of wardrobes, one to two men, a rack to hang billies, handcuffs and rattles on, ranges of boxes, and a post-office in which the communications for the members of the force are placed. The roll is called at 8 o'clock, A. M., and 2 and 6, P. M., and at 1, A. M. In our illustration this ceremony is represented, the men standing in a circle, the captain at his desk, supported by a lieutenant on

each side, the officers being distinguished from the men by wearing hats instead of the regulation cap. The dog in the chair is "Tigo," an animal of superior natural gifts developed by education, who dances on his hind legs, and performs various other feats almost entitling him to rank with "Sir Isaac," the canine wonder of Bulwer's last novel. The officers are very much attached to this animal, and he is as high in favor as if he were the "dog of the regiment." The second story contains the dormitories and sleeping apartments of the men and officers, while the third is devoted to poor lodgers, for whose use there are eleven beds on iron bedsteads, occupying four rooms, well-warmed and ventilated. This is a most humane arrangement, and worthy of imitation in all cities. Sometimes twenty-five houseless wanderers have slept in the house in one night. The whole building is a model of cleanliness, of military precision and order, and has been visited and examined by officials from all parts of the Union as the model police establishment. It was first opened December 25th, 1857, the occasion being celebrated by a collation, at which the city corporation and other distinguished guests were present. Boston has every reason to be proud of her police department. The vigilance, courage, good conduct and good manners of the officers, are proverbial, and they are certainly a fine-looking body of men. We cannot claim for our city an exemption from the universal rule that assigns crime to all large aggregations of humanity, but we do claim that every effort is made to check its progress, and to bring it to punishment, and no one can deny that our police system is effective.

## NEW IRON-BRIDGE AT VENICE.

The engraving of the new Iron Bridge at Venice, on page 117, is from a beautiful photograph. Venice, in consequence of its unique construction, is one of the few cities which have persistently resisted modern innovations; her squares and canals, her streets and palaces, have the same aspect as in the days when her doges espoused the Adriatic. The railroad which links the lagoons to the main land, has scarcely altered the picturesque city, so proud of its memories and venerable monuments. Our readers are aware that the Grand Canal, the windings of which form an S, divides Venice into two nearly equal parts. For centuries these two parts had no other bridge than the Rialto—they would have no other. If the inhabitants of St. Mark's Square wished to visit the opposite quarter, they embarked in the classic gondolas. In 1847 the engineer Galatoo built an iron bridge at Padua, the first that had been seen in Italy; but it was only in 1853 that Venice adopted the project of having a bridge over the Grand Canal. This bridge has now been finished by Mr. Noville. It is of cast-iron, is 167 feet long, and supported by four conical pilasters. The platform is 18 feet broad, and reached by two elegant staircases. The ornamentation of this structure belongs to the florid Gothic style. The Ponte di ferro (iron bridge), connects the Campo de San Stefano with the piazzetta delle Belle Arti. A little further on is the

the completion of the bridge. In our engraving, the Ripa dei Schiavoni, and the quarter of San Marco, are on the left. On the right is the Square of Fine Arts (delle Belle Arti). In the distance are the domes of the Church of Maria delle Salute, constructed by the architect Balthazar Longheno in 1630. It was erected in memory of the cessation of the plague. It is adorned with twenty statues of white marble, and pictures by Titian, Tintoretto and Salviati.

## TAMING SPIDERS.

How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their master is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale. When the great and brilliant Lauzun was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider. She came at his call; she took her food from his fingers, and well understood his word of command. In vain did jailors and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion. She would not obey their voices, and rejected the tempting bait from their hand. So it was with the friend of the patriot, Quatremere d'Ionville, who paid, with captivity, for the too ardent love of his country. He also had tamed spiders, and taught them to come at his call. But the little creatures were not only useful to him, but to the nation to which he belonged. For, when the French invaded Holland, the prisoner managed to send a message that the inundated and now impassable country would soon be frozen over, so that they would be able to march over the ice-bridged swamps and lakes; for spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read, in their queer habits, the signs of approaching winter. The frost came, and with it the



THE CELLS.

promenade of Zartori, where, during the summer, you breathe the fresh air from the distant mountains. This promenade, formerly deserted, has attracted the elite of Venetian society since

French; Holland was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders were forgotten, but the lesson is an interesting one.—Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.



ROLL CALL IN THE GUARD ROOM.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Voyager.**—John Murray of London has published "handbooks" for travellers in almost every part of the world. You will ascertain this if you meet any Englishman in your travels. If you find an Englishman on the Continent without his "Murray," or "Galignani" Messenger, let us know—that's all.

**Reverend.**—You should begin at one to draw from plaster casts, heads, hands and feet, then entire figures. Drawing from prints is a very bad practice. After drawing from casts awhile, if your progress warrants it, draw from life. One satisfactory drawing from a plaster model or from a nature is worth twenty from engravings. Still you ought to consult engravings, to learn the mysteries of light and shade, etc.

**H. H. Courser, N. H.**—The gentleman you inquire for left for Washington last week.

**Sam-Mixer.**—The first merchant ship that ever appeared on the Neva, was a Dutch vessel that arrived at St. Petersburg in 1703, the year of its foundation. The czar was so delighted, that he treated the captain and crew with the greatest liberality and loaded them with presents.

**R. M.**—Paper was introduced into Europe by the Arabians or Moors.

**Senex.**—The "Daily Courant," the first of the daily newspapers published in Great Britain, made its appearance in London in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne.

**Tinsley.**—You were misinformed. Instead of Wyherley's altering a play of Garrick's, it was Garrick who altered Wyherley's "Country Wife" to the "Country Girl." Wyherley flourished long before Garrick.

**Piree.**—The ancients were unacquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

**C. C., Portland, Me.**—We know of no other biography than Moore's "Life of Sheridan." Though unworthy of the author and the subject, it is interesting.

**Romance.**—The "historical novel" was created by Sir Walter Scott; the nautical novel by Fenimore Cooper.

**M. S., Williamstown, Mass.**—We think there is no doubt that funds will be raised readily by public subscription to build the Natural History Museum which Mr. Agassiz is so anxious to have established at Cambridge.

**G. S., Galveston, Texas.**—Procuring stock is entirely out of our line. Better write to the New York "Spirit of the Times," or to the editor of the "Country Gentleman," Albany, New York.

**Bona Fide.**—The name of our contributor "Walter Clarence," is not a *nom de plume*, but his true name. When Hawthorne first began to write many persons thought that an assumed name. So with "William Winter," our young Boston poet.

## ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

Italy, to all appearance, is the spot where next the festering humors of Europe are coming to a head. Relief from Austrian oppression has long been a paramount desire with the restless spirits of that country; and this desire has been played upon from time to time, by scheming diplomatists in European politics, for the purpose of advancing their favorite ends, but with the most heartless disregard to the interests of the Italians. Just now, this sort of policy has given some encouragement to the friends of Italian independence, and threatened outbreaks against the Austrian rule are the consequence. One lately took place at Milan, the capital of the Austrian provinces of Italy, and the seat of the vice-regal power. The enemies of the Emperor Francis Joseph met and adopted resolutions of a decidedly national character, boldly asserting their rights, and denouncing the oppressive acts of the imperial power. The Austrian commandant at Milan, upon that, issued an order prohibiting such assemblies, and distributed his armed patrols throughout the city to prevent the people from holding public meetings. Austria maintains a large force in Milan, as well as at Modena, Venice, and the other principal cities of her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. In fact, her whole Italian possessions are a chain of garrisons, and it is by the bayonet alone that she preserves her authority over the people. The Italians hate the imperial government, and execrate their Austrian masters; but the country is rich, and the Austrians can well afford to spend a part of the large revenue which she extorts from them, in the support of armies to keep them in subjection. In consequence of the recent outbreaks, strong reinforcements have been made to the Austrian garrisons, and the heavy hand of tyranny has been exerted to crush out every remnant of individual freedom.

The States of the Church are quiet, as compared with the Austrian possessions, yet the people are by no means satisfied with the papal government, which is an absolute despotism, as fully illustrated by the recent Mortara outrage. The taxes imposed upon the people are unequal and oppressive, and they have as little voice in the government as the donkeys that drag their shrieking wagons. A very large amount of revenue is thus extorted, which is wasted in supporting hordes of mercenary troops, whose only duty is to enforce the taxes and keep the people

in subjection. "As for resisting an invading enemy, these troops would be as powerless as men of straw. They are but scarecrow warriors, and are not always able to vindicate their authority over the unarmed peasantry. In these cases, Austrian or French troops are called in to their assistance. In fact, the Pope's Guard is the laughing-stock of all Europe. At Ancona, on the Adriatic, there is an Austrian garrison, and this force was employed by the papal government on a recent occasion, to arrest some of its subjects who had protested against the oppression under which they suffered—the papal troops proving inadequate to the duty. France still keeps up its garrison at Rome, never having withdrawn it since Louis Napoleon, with the aid of the king of Naples, put down the Italian republic set up by Mazzini in 1849. This garrison has recently been strengthened. The aid of these troops was recently sought by the papal authorities in Rome, to enforce the collection of taxes, but the French commander refused to employ his troops in the degrading service. That there is a strong revolutionary spirit pervading the pope's subjects, is very evident; and there is but little chance of keeping it down, without the intervention of foreign troops.

But France has a different game to play now, from what she had in 1849. Then Louis Napoleon was new in power, and desired to strengthen himself by appearing as the champion of the pope. Now he is strong in his position, and in pursuit of his present scheme for overthrowing Austrian influence in Italy, he can afford to deport himself towards the papal government with that degree of freedom necessary to win the co-operation of the Italian patriots. Hence it was that the aid of the French troops in Rome to enforce the exactions of the local government, was refused. The French government have also spoken with considerable plainness to the papal authorities, as to the necessity for relaxing the severity of their rule, if they count upon the support of France. All this shows that Louis Napoleon is now playing a game in which the interests of the pope have a very subordinate consideration. A fatal blow is to be struck at Austria, through its Italian possessions; revolution is to be encouraged there under French auspices, and while French occupation of Rome neutralizes all apprehension that the papal government will side actively with Austria, Napoleon can safely afford to give a few puffs to the bubble of Italian independence, for the purpose of making his schemes effective. Many sagacious persons read in the present conduct of the French emperor towards the liberals of Italy, a purpose of pacifying the deadly hate of the Italian Carbonnari towards himself, for his perjured treachery to their cause in 1848-9. This secret fraternity have sworn to take his life and exterminate his line. He has already had repeated proofs of their devotion to their oath, in the attempts of Orsini and others to assassinate him, and he may well seek to disarm their vengeance, by befriending the cause of Italian independence. But he will cheat them again, as he did before; and when Austrian power shall be overthrown in Italy by his aid, they will find that the only result will be a substitution of French tyranny for that under which the country now groans. There will be no liberty for Italy but such liberty as France now enjoys; no independence, but a change of masters. How will the fiery Carbonnari fret and fume when they see this dark result! How will they curse Napoleon for this new treason to their cause, and again attempt his life with dagger, bomb, and poison!

As for the rest of Italy, the petty duchies are mainly in the interest of Austria, while the kingdom of Naples, under the sway of Ferdinand II., is given over to the most absolute tyranny. Swords, bayonets and artillery, are the law of the land, and prisons are the constitution. The revolution of 1848-9 met a hearty response in Naples, the land of Massaniello, but it was smothered in blood, and succeeded by a consolidated, systematic and exacting tyranny. The taxes raised by the government amount to some eighteen million dollars a year, the principal portion of which is an enormous charge upon the land, equal to one quarter of the annual rent. This petty kingdom maintains a standing army of over one hundred thousand men, and a navy of upwards of forty vessels of all classes. In striking contrast to Naples and all the rest of Italy, is the kingdom of Sardinia, where, under the constitutional rule of King Charles Albert, a remarkable degree of liberty prevails. Agriculture and commerce flourish there, and are not

overburdened with taxes; religious toleration prevails, popular education is cared for by the state, and equal laws are enacted by two legislative chambers. In any earnest movement for the regeneration of Italy, Sardinia will be found on the liberal side; and it is supposed that the king is now about to enter into new combinations against Austria, with a view to promote such a movement.

## LIFE IN FLORENCE.

The city of Florence, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, though its latitude is nearly a degree and a half north of that of Boston, is yet a most desirable place of winter residence, on account of its fine climate. Living is cheap there, society varied and abundant, and the objects of interest and amusement are almost innumerable. The population numbers about one hundred thousand, but the great attractions of the city call together a large number of strangers from almost every country of Europe, and from America. There are many magnificent palaces, which are superbly fitted up, and provided with extensive libraries and galleries of fine arts. The residence of the grand duke, known as the Pitti palace, contains the choicest collection of paintings in the world. The proudest boast of Florence, however, is the imperial gallery, which contains specimens of statuary and painting by the greatest masters in these arts. The celebrated statue of Venus de Medici, an original which is known by its copies throughout the world, is to be found in this collection; also, the groupe of Niobe and her Children; and among the paintings are works by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and other great masters. The museums and gardens of Florence are of free access and objects of superior interest. The opera flourishes in perfection, and may be enjoyed at a very trifling cost. Flowers are almost idolized by the Florentines, and it is said that more money is expended upon them here, than in any other place in the world. The beautiful river Arno, which divides the city into two parts, is improved with great assiduity, for purposes of enjoyment, while the banks on either side, which are lined with marble quays, afford a delightful lounge and promenade. With these, and a thousand other attractions, life glides on, at Florence, like one long summer day, and the visitor from the bustling marts of Europe or our own country, finds himself, under its soothing influence, forgetful of the cares and turmoil of the world, and enjoying existence to an extent never dreamed of before.

## THE "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

Mr. Charles A. Barry has just finished an exquisite crayon head representing the "Schoolmistress," so gracefully described in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a half-length, and is a charming type of New England beauty, a bright intellectual face, with large luminous eyes, and an expression of ineffable purity and sweetness, with a slight girlish figure, simple in attire and natural in grace. It has been on exhibition at Messrs. Phillips & Sampson's, and has been universally applauded as a true pictorial translation of the autocrat's conceptions; a great triumph for the artist, for it is rarely that a painter succeeds in embodying a popular ideal. Photographic copies of this work of art, executed by Silsbee, Case & Co., have been published by Mr. Charles H. Brainard of this city, and met with a large sale. They are admirably done, and resemble fine mezzotints, or rather beautiful Indian ink drawings.

## AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The friends of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, have received intelligence from him of as late a date as the middle of last September. He has made fine progress with his little iron steamer, having reached a place called Tete, on the Zambesi River, some four or five hundred miles from its mouth. He is of opinion that this river is navigable its entire length, for steamers of small draft; contrary to the representations of the Portuguese, who occupy the lower part of the country. The Portuguese have extensive possessions in that part of Africa, and are now waging war against the natives. The doctor's English passport was, however, respected by both parties. He found coal at a place called Lupata, where an immense coal-field is situated, the seams cropping out in many places. He procured upwards of a ton for his own use—the first ever dug in the country. Iron ore of the best quality also abounds in that region, and fine cotton

grows wild. One kind of cotton which he found, is the long staple; there is also another variety, which he describes as having a short and strong fibre, which clings to the seed, and feels to the touch more like wool than cotton. He will pursue his explorations still further, and if his expectations as to the navigation of the Zambesi shall prove correct, he will be able to reach the very heart of southern Africa, by means of that stream and its branches.

## WINDOW PICTURES.

Quite a large share of attention is devoted by city traders, to the arrangement of goods for display in their shop windows. The enormous windows which constitute the chief feature of modern retail stores, afford great advantages for this mode of exhibition, and their enterprising occupants often manifest great taste in the combinations which are presented to the public eye. In some cases these show-windows appear like a magnificent picture, in which harmony of color, effective contrast, depth, and foreground, are consulted with as much success as in some of the great paintings which attract the admiration of the world. We can call to mind many a splendid window-picture which we have gazed upon with interest, as we have walked the business streets of our large cities, and have often commended the good taste with which they were arranged. Such constantly recurring exhibitions must have a good effect in educating the popular taste. The French people understand this branch of decorative art better than any other, and it is said by the Paris retailers, that they find a great advantage to their business, in making these well-arranged and magnificent displays. They can produce a difference of ten per cent. in the income of their shops, by employing a good arranger to superintend the windows; and when the clerks are not *au fait* at the business, artists and decorative painters are employed to get up the magnificent window pictures which please the public eye so much.

## JAMES CHALLEN &amp; SON'S PUBLICATIONS.

We have frequently called attention, in the pages of the Pictorial, to the publications of James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, and in now referring to a list of the principal works combined in their advertisement in another column, we would again express our admiration of their character and of the splendor of their typography and illustrations. "Palestine, Past and Present," by Rev. Henry S. Osborn, and "The City of the Great King," by Dr. Barclay, embrace a complete history of the Holy Land, with all that the literary, biblical, or scientific student can desire, while the illustrations are unrivalled in beauty. We have just examined the proof-sheets of Judge Wilson's "Conquest of Mexico," published in uniform style with the above, and are certain that its publication will prove an era in literary annals. The author boldly controverts many received opinions with regard to the early history of Mexico, and produces a startling array of facts in support of his theories. A long residence in Mexico gave him an invaluable position for the pursuit of his historical researches. This work is most liberally illustrated.

**BALANCE OF TRADE.**—A few years since Chili was the great grain market of the whole Pacific coast. Now the current is changed and the young giant of California is already shipping cargoes of flour and beans to that country.

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—It is a little funny that where gold is so plenty, money should be so scarce, but this is the case at the present time in San Francisco.

**PRETTY GOOD.**—An Iowa farmer being asked if he had done much farming before, replied, "No; but last year I farmed considerably behind!"

**PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOLS.**—Pennsylvania has 11,000 public schools, costing the treasury, during the last year, \$2,500,000.

**A TALL TREE.**—An English pear-tree last year produced two tons, or about 100 bushels of pears. Profitable investment.

**EXCERPT.**—Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

**EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.**—What a fool I've been.



## THE WALLS OF PARIS.

The city of Paris has recently been surrounded with a line of new fortifications, which is twenty-two miles in circuit. This line of works consists of a wall thirty-three feet in height, which extends completely around the city, taking in both banks of the river Seine. The wall is finished with bastions and terraces, and lined with a fosse about twenty feet deep. Its defences are also strengthened by outworks, there being fourteen detached forts upon different sides of the city, without the limits of the wall. This extensive circuit, of course, includes a large part of the suburbs of Paris, besides the city proper, and within its limits are many fields and gardens. The limits of the city proper are traced by an interior wall, erected at a much earlier date, for fiscal as well as defensive purposes. In this second wall there are fifty gates, or barriers, where duties are collected on goods entering the city, and passports are examined. Some of these barriers have magnificent structures, which are devoted to municipal purposes, and are capable of a strong defence. It will thus be seen that Louis Napoleon is pretty well hedged in against approaching enemies, should any future allied armies attempt to march on Paris. But his trouble is full as likely to spring up within the walls, and to assume the shape of infernal machines and hand-bombs.

## AN INCIDENT OF 1812.

In a speech delivered at Newark, Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, in answer to a charge of cowardice made against General Scott, produced a document, which was sworn to several years since, as part evidence on a pension claim. This was the evidence of a soldier at Lundy's Lane, who stated in his affirmation that General Scott, after he was wounded, rode to the line where the soldier was stationed, "his neck, breast and arm in a gore of blood, which ran down his leg and trickled from his foot upon the ground, and said to the commander of the line, 'I am wounded, and very weak. I want one of your young men to get up behind me and hold me on my horse.' A young man threw down a musket, and at one spring leaped upon the horse, and they slowly galloped away to the main body of the army." The excitement produced by reading this document was thrilling in the extreme. The hundreds present rose to their feet and gave most vehement cheers, so that it was some minutes before the speaker could proceed.

**SEWING MACHINES.**—We have examined with much interest the establishment of Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co., 17 Summer Street, where is displayed a choice collection of their patent and unrivalled sewing machines. The extraordinary capacity, speed, neatness, and perfection of their instruments amazed us. All the objections we have ever heard adduced against the sewing machine, seem in these to be obviated. It would require a column of our paper to properly describe them, therefore we confidently recommend our readers to call and see for themselves.

**COST OF A SEAT IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.**—The election expenses attending a contest for a seat in Parliament are said to be enormous. One gentleman who stood twice in succession, losing the first and winning the second contest, spent more than £12,000, or about \$64,000. That costs more than buying a seat in Congress.

**NEW LIGHT IN PENSACOLA HARBOR.**—A light was placed in the new tower at the entrance of Pensacola harbor, on the 1st ultimo. It is said to show well for twenty miles at sea, and over every part of the bay, which is now marked out so plainly with buoys, lights, etc., that pilots will seldom be required.

**OUR NEXT NUMBER.**—Next week we shall give a large and brilliant representation of the splendid ball of the Boston Light Infantry at the Boston Theatre. Everybody will want to keep a copy of *Ballou's Pictorial* containing this scene.

**THE BOSTON DAILY LEDGER.**—This is one of the very best penny papers in the country; fresh, independent, energetic, spicy, and faultless in typography.

**SKATING.**—Those persons fond of this healthful exercise, have had a fine period of enjoyment in this city and vicinity during the present season.

## SCENE IN A FRENCH LECTURE-ROOM.

A pleasant incident recently enlivened the usually grave and serious course of Doctor C. When the lecture was finished, the doctor, instead of making his usual bow, and retiring, was heard to call out in a loud voice, "Let all whose hearts are free stop and listen." In an instant there was a check to the rush which was making towards the door, and amid the general astonishment, the doctor, drawing a letter from his pocket, proceeded to read it with the greatest gravity. It was from a patient in the provinces, requesting him to look out amongst his band of medical students for a husband for his daughter—"a beautiful girl, with a handsome dowry." Of course, one general cry of deprecation rose from the assembly, which Doctor C., who has dissected the human heart with even more minuteness than the human body, suffered to subside; then, resuming his discourse, he added, that the particulars of the dowry would be confided to any gentleman applying for them at his house on the morrow. The old satirist needed not to be told the next day that more than two hundred applications had been received by his secretary, in spite of the cry of indignation with which his proposition had been received.

**BALLOU'S PUBLICATIONS.**—The enterprise of Mr. M. M. Ballou, as a popular publisher in this city, is very well understood. Mr. Ballou has several publications on his hands, each and all of which he pushes forward with characteristic energy. Like a few other men of sagacity, he anticipates. See his announcement for the "Flag of our Union" in this morning's *Ledger*. The "Flag" is a paper that rests on a solid basis, having years to add to its character, and a circulation that scarce any disaster can impair. It goes all over the Union, from the snow-beat homes in further Maine to the golden sands of California. The orders received weekly for it from the leading news-dealers of New York and the southern and western cities, are truly immense. The paper goes away from his extensive publishing house in cart-loads. The "Flag of our Union" is carefully edited, and combines just such literary elements as make it a desirable periodical in the domestic circle. With entirely original matter, both in prose and verse, filled with tales, and romances, and essays, and kept constantly under the trained eye and mind of its accomplished editor, it could not fail to be greeted with just the wide and permanent popularity it so well deserves. —*Boston Ledger*.

**A MISPLACED HEART.**—When Moliere's "mock doctor," after having asserted that the heart was on the right side, was told that its place was on the left, he replied, "it used to be; but we have changed all that." Now it appears that a man recently died in a Cincinnati hospital whose heart had been forced by internal disease from its natural position over the right side of his body, where it had performed its functions for several years; the man himself having been prevented from his daily labor only for the last few months.

**A HINT TO OUR LADY FRIENDS.**—The most delicate white cambric handkerchief, or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simple soaking in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that if held in the flame of a candle they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses so prepared might be burnt by accident without the other garments worn by the lady being injured.

**INDIAN MINTS.**—In British India there are three extensive mints—those of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. That at Bombay is identical in size with the royal mint of England; that of Madras somewhat smaller; while that of the giant money manufactory of Calcutta already half as large again, is about to be made three times its size.

**PROSPERITY.**—Somebody says, "there is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless prosperity." Pshaw! show us the man who is not ready to exclaim, "Bring on your prosperity! who's afraid?" Even Lydia Languish was "persuaded to endure a little comfort."

**RIDICULOUS.**—The postmaster-general deliberately proposes to return to high letter-postage again. This is advancing backwards. It can't be done. Stop all franking privileges, if you will, but let the people have cheap postage.

**A HERO'S SON.**—Lieut. Havelock, second son of the late Sir Henry Havelock, was married at Stoke Damerill, Devon, lately.

**NEW JOURNAL.**—A religious monthly, called the "National Recorder," has been started at Washington, D. C.

**BY A GARDENER.**—The white thorn is called "quick," because the black thorn is *slow*.

## Seaside Gatherings

Baltimore, with an estimated population of 235,000, contains 150 churches.

Grace Greenwood lately delivered a temperance lecture at Coldwater, Mich.

The receipts of the American Colonization Society last year were \$62,000.

The number of persons committed to prison in Philadelphia, for all offences in 1858, was 14,913.

Green turtle soup is manufactured at Key West, Fla., one firm last year making 200,000 pounds.

A monument, to cost \$2000, is to be erected at Hebron, over the grave of John S. Peters, formerly a Governor of Connecticut.

Serious fears of a forthcoming famine in Mexico are entertained. For over a year very little corn has been planted or gathered.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to prevent boys going to the theatre without their guardians.

When railways and electric telegraphs shall have abolished time and space, what will become of watches and aldermen?

Prof. Forrest Shepherd, of New Haven, has lately invented and patented a slate globe, for the use of schools and academies.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune who has just returned from the Kansas gold diggings, says they equal those of California.

There is a woman in Albany who claims to be the spirit of the murdered Bill Poole, and says she haunts the earth to avenge his death.

Since 1842, fifteen murderers have been sentenced to the Massachusetts State Prison for life, of whom four have died, while not one has been pardoned.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein.

The police of New Orleans have entered into a mutual agreement not to drink in a coffee house nor in a public bar-room during the present year. A very sensible agreement.

A Grecian drachm of silver, of the value of about 17 cents, coined in the days of Alexander the Great, 335 years B. C., has been presented to the Tennessee Historical Society.

There is much excitement in the towns of Easton, Bridgewater, Halifax and Middleboro', in regard to mad dogs. Several persons have been bitten by dogs supposed to be rabid.

There are 722 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary—seventeen more than there are cells. This extraordinary large number the warden regards as an evidence of his popularity.

The net earned premiums of the Great Western Marine Insurance Company, at New York, for the past year, was \$1,893,040; losses paid, \$1,099,027; reinsurance, etc., \$293,081.

The Bath Tribune is informed a substantial propeller of about 100 tons, now in Boston, is nearly ready to be put upon the route between Bath and this city.

Joseph Smith, a deaf and dumb man, of Hillsboro', N. H., was killed on the Contoocook Railroad, while walking on the track, as deaf and dumb men always will do.

It will be interesting to the members of the Masonic fraternity to learn that the union of the two grand lodges of Canada has been recognized by the grand lodge of England.

Dr. Matthews, Deputy U. S. Marshal at Chicago, who recently absconded with \$6000, has returned from his hiding place and given himself up to the officers of the law, having become weary of his vagabond life.

Some of the farmers in northern Ohio and on the borders of Indiana have commenced the breeding and raising of deer, the same as they do sheep, and they bring them to market in the same manner;—hence, the abundance of venison.

The Journal of Commerce, speaking of the largely expanded loans of the New York banks, says the majority seemingly go on in disregard of all the teachings of experience, to sow the seeds of future mischief, closing their eyes to the probable harvest.

Charles Wood, of Milledgeville, Ill., has invented a method of raising water at railroad stations by the weight of the locomotive acting on a yielding portion of the track, a deflection of half an inch in the rails operating mechanism, which pumps up the requisite quantity.

It is said that the wild ducks have almost entirely disappeared from the Chesapeake and its tributaries, except a few kinds that are not worth the trouble of shooting. It is expected they will return early in the Spring in their migration to the northern lakes.

The number of vessels employed in the Baltimore oyster trade is 250, giving employment to 750 persons, exclusive of the shuckers, tin-men and carpenters. The Northern Central Railroad frequently takes away 25 tons per day, which are distributed over the entire West, from Pittsburg to Nebraska Territory.

The New York Board of Aldermen have passed a resolution forbidding the salting of the streets after a snow fall. Alderman Adams reported the case of a butcher whose cart was upset in the salted snow, and who found his meat completely corned before he could place it again in the cart.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The silliest woman who is not in love, has more sense than the man who is.—*P. J. Stahl*

.... He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*Lord Herbert*

.... The intellect of women is like the garden of Eden, which produced delicious fruit without requiring cultivation.—*S. Thibaut*

.... Principles we apprehend readily enough, but the consequences depending upon their adoption or rejection not so easily.—*Bauer*

.... Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... The glory of the conqueror is the shame of humanity—the tribute of its deepest abasement to the realization of its highest form of evil.—*Bacon*

.... Who is it that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses which in his youth he learned, and even to old age serve him for hourly lessons?—*St. Philip Sahagun*

They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he is not kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—*Lord Bacon*

.... What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil.—*Moore*

.... A handsome man or handsome woman is not improved by a shabby or slatternly attire; so the best abilities are shown to a disadvantage through a style marked by illiteracies.—*Percy Gwynne*

.... All women speak well without teachers of elocution or eloquence. Privileged to enchain attention, or command silence, a glance is their exordium, a smile their peroration.—*Isadore Boudon*

.... The power of love consists mainly in the privilege that potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.—*Colton*

.... The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two things: first, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond-fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planned aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface.—*O. W. Holmes*

## Joker's Budget.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

Why is a sheriff's officer like a new and useful invention? Because he is a *sue-ing* machine.

Why is a handsome girl like an excellent mirror? Because she is a good looking-lass.

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they *correspond* but never meet.

Metaphysics are the Godfrey's Cordial of the mind, with which old women talk young children to sleep.—*Punch*

Why would a sparrow feel offended if you called him a pheasant? Because, he'd think you were making game of him.

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large comb in her head."

A sick Laplander in a foreign land once said, "Give me but a pillow of snow to lay my head on, and I shall die happy."

A rustic who pronounces French words as they are spelt, says that the Mortara case is that of a *Jew's spirit* (Jew Desperate!)

A steamboat fireman's knowledge of the art of punctuation, is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the coal-on to prevent a full stop.

At the Worcestershire session, in one case the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything about me."

Grace Greenwood, in a lecture on children, says: "We know by babies crying for the moon, that heaven is nearer to them than to us." Mothers should bear this in mind, and not spank the little dears when they cry with such angelic longings.

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers went.

A Rochester man was kicked out of a New York hotel, a short time since, because he couldn't or wouldn't pay his bill. When asked if he didn't feel bad and sore over it, with true Rochester sang froid, he replied: "O, no, I only felt a little put out about it."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
**ONE YEAR TO-NIGHT.**

BY EMILY R. PAOS.

Across my heart a sunbeam lay  
 In drifts of trembling light,  
 That brightened all my future way—  
 One little year to-night.

The weary darkness that had shut  
 The sweet heaven from my sight,  
 Was lifted by a wondrous smile—  
 One little year to-night.

No more my longing spirit plumed  
 Its restless wings for flight,  
 But nestled on the breast of love,  
 Content—one year to-night.

One little year! O mock me not!  
 Weird memory, with the blight  
 That since has fallen on the hopes  
 So bright—one year to-night.

Across my heart a shadow lies  
 That darkens down and down,  
 To where the fitful dreams of life  
 In death's oblivion drown.

And hands are locked with tightening clasp,  
 Between me and the light,  
 Of that sweet smile that beamed for me,  
 One little year to-night.

My spirit droops its weary wings  
 And homeward turns its flight,  
 For chill the resting-place it won  
 One little year to-night.

All dark and loveless looks the way  
 That once was broad and bright—  
 Ah! what will be the path I tread  
 Another year to-night?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE EXILE OF SARZANA.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In the year 1300, the republic of Pistoia, which lies about twenty miles northwest from Florence, at the foot of the Apennines, was thrown into a state of excitement hitherto unknown, even in that almost savage community. The quarrel originated in a tavern. The actors were both of the noble and wealthy family of Cancellieri, who were of the Guelph party, and these young men were descended from one of the Cancellieri who had been married twice. The children of the first marriage were called, from their mother, Bianci (white) Cancellieri, and of the second, for the sake of distinction from the others, Neri (black) Cancellieri.

On the evening when the feud commenced, Carlino and Dore Cancellieri were under the influence of wine, the company having assembled for the purpose of social festivity. Among the nobles of Pistoia, the vengeance due for an insult was decreed to fall upon the most distinguished of the family, whether he was an offender not, and even if he were perfectly ignorant of the quarrel. In that case Carlino (the white) was considered an offender against Dore (the black), and agreeably to Pistoian principle, the latter took no notice of the offender, but turned away to find a more conspicuous mark for his vengeance.

On the same evening in which the young men met at the tavern, another of the same family, Cesario Cancellieri, one of the white branch, was at the house of one of the most distinguished nobles, Gianettino Durazzi. He had been invited to join the festive party; but his attraction lay in another direction.

For months he had been wooing the beautiful Ippolita Durazzi, and within a week had been accepted as her acknowledged lover. It was no wonder that he refused to join the excitable and wine-loving revellers, although they shared the same ancestry.

The father of Ippolita Durazzi had indeed but one objection to her declared lover; and that was, in fact, the multitude of his relatives. It was said that there were one hundred of the Cancellieri who bore arms; and the old noble affirmed that, out of such a vast number of the name, some of them must be undesirable as connexions. Ippolita cared for none of these things. Like all romantic girls, she believed Cesario would be as much beloved by her if he was poor and friendless; and the thought of his relatives never troubled her at all. She watched his coming with a beating heart, and welcomed him with all the ardor of youthful affection. Yet, even as the sound of his voice fell like rich music on her ear, a shadow came over her. She

knew not whence it came, but it fell like a dark curtain between herself and her lover, and its presence dimmed the light of her beautiful eyes, and closed the lips which had spoken only the words of gladness and joy since their betrothal. Cesario strove to hush the fears which he deemed so groundless; but as her white hand lay passively in his own, her face grew pale with that inexplicable nervous excitement which sometimes comes upon us when we are happiest, and turns our joy to dread and anxiety.

As the time had already arrived when Cesario usually made his adieu for the night, he arose to leave her. She trembled within his loving clasp, and seemed loth to let him depart.

"Love, I will be with you early," he said, gaily, "earlier perhaps than you wish; but you know we go to Florence to-morrow with your father."

To-morrow! O that to-morrow were come and past, she thought, that her foolish fears might be rebuked. She tried to answer him lightly; but the shadow did not pass away.

A few steps from the Durazzi palace Cesario met some of the evening revellers. He passed them with words of friendly and cheerful greeting, until he met Dore Cancellieri. The latter rushed upon him, severely wounding him in the hand and on the face. Ignorant of the quarrel which had occurred, he could make no excuse for the conduct of the young man, save that he had imbibed too freely. He had strength enough to put aside the weapon of Dore, and to stop a passing carriage, in which he was conveyed to his father's house, uncertain what might be the result of the attack.

Towards midnight, when everything had been done for his wounds, and he was trying to sleep, it flashed upon his mind that he was selected as the object of vengeance for some unknown injury or insult to his relative. Before noon the next day all Pistoia was ringing with the Cancellieri quarrel, to which a thousand different and conflicting explanations were given. The father of Cesario was in a high state of excitement at the unprovoked injuries of his son, who was confined to his bed, and vainly chafing at the thought of Ippolita's anxiety.

Before noon Giulio Cancellieri had delivered his offending son Dore into the hands of Cesario's father, hoping that the surrender of his liberty might restore peace. The vindictive old man, unable to control his revengeful temper, inflicted a terrible punishment upon him. He sent him home to his father with the loss of his right hand, and the message that such wounds might be cured with iron, but not with words.

War, grim and bloody, followed these dreadful acts. The undying feud of Guelphs and Ghibelines was brought to bear upon the excitement, and the nobles of Pistoia and its territories were all involved in the general warfare.

Slowly Cesario recovered; but he bore the marks of that evening to his dying hour. When at length the two factions were forced into a peace by the government, and the chiefs were exiled to Florence, the broken-hearted man, worn down by sorrow, anxiety and sickness, with the splendor of his beauty defaced and darkened, came once more to the Durazzi palace, to discover if yet the young heart there was beating at the sound of his name. She—the sovereign of that broken heart—had been true to him. She welcomed him with all the warmth of the times of old; assured him that the scar he deplored only made him dearer to her heart. In vain; the iron had entered into his soul, and he would not offer her a hand which he deemed tarnished. With a few words, in which seemed compressed the agony of a lifetime, he gave her his farewell, and in a few hours he was in Florence.

Subjected for three years to that city, the white Cancellieri were received as allies and friends by the Cherchi, a family which had grown rich by commerce, without any claim to nobility, while the "black" portion were thrown on the hospitality of the Donati.

Again the imperishable enmity of the Guelphs and Ghibelines appeared to spread the feud transferred to Florentine ground, and the chiefs were again exiled. This time the party to which Cesario unwillingly belonged, was destined to Sarzana, on the frontier of the Genoese.

There came a day before the departure of the exiles, when the sky of Florence was dark and tearful. All day the band of the white Cancellieri had moaned and wearied over the approaching banishment, save only a few brave hearts that were too proud to spend their sorrow in unavailing words.

Apart from all others Cesario Cancellieri was hiding his scarred face from the gaze of the curious eyes that came to peer into the very souls of the exiles. Near him, reclining against a pillar, with folded arms, stood the slight figure of a boy, whose attitude expressed the full abandonment of grief. Unwilling to call attention to his situation, Cesario, though deeply moved at his mute suffering, forbore to speak to him, but silently motioned the boy to a seat beside him, which was screened from observation by the shadow of the pillar.

The boy eagerly came forward, and then Cesario noticed his extreme youth, almost childishness of face and figure, and the half-feminine arrangements of his dress. He wore a black velvet tunic and a cap of the same, with a long, drooping feather that overshadowed a face as fair and delicate as a girl's. The tiny feet seemed scarce large enough to support the slight frame; and the glove which he had unconsciously taken off, had covered a hand white and beautiful, and sparkling with a diamond.

Cesario's eye became rivetted on this hand. He recognized the strong resemblance of the diamond ring to one which he had himself given to Ippolita. The thought electrified him. He leaned nearer to the boy, until he felt his warm breath upon his cheek. Suddenly a tear fell upon the little hand, and the whole frame of the child seemed convulsed, and trembled so that Cesario had to support him against his shoulder. He laid back the pure and innocent face where he could look into the tearful eyes, and his heart told him that under this disguise was the being he most loved on earth.

"My own Ippolita!" he said, mournfully, "and you have indeed dared all this for me!"

Her sobs prevented her answer; but when he had soothed her into comparative calmness, she related the persecutions she had undergone from father and brother to induce her to give up all thoughts of one whom they deemed ruined and disgraced. Knowing the falseness of the accusation which had represented him as a leader in the midnight brawl of Dore and Carlino Cancellieri, and the author of the troubles that followed, she fled from them to find Cesario and concert with him some plan to put down the base falsehood. Still, when actually in his presence, she dared not discover herself. Maidenly modesty whispered that she might suffer in his estimation, and she began to think of retiring without a recognition.

"And can you—will you share the fate of the exile, my Ippolita?" he asked. "Can you look upon my scarred and disfigured face, and own me as yours?"

There was no reply save a closer pressure from the little hand that lay trembling in his own.

"Once, Ippolita, you told me that should trouble or poverty, or suffering of any nature come upon me, you would leave father and brothers, and spend your life by my side. Do you remember this?"

"I do!" she answered, her voice growing strong and clear as she spoke. "I remember it well. It was no idle profession of a vain tongue, but the sincere expression of a woman's loving heart."

"And you will still be mine, Ippolita?"

"Forever!" was the sweet, low response.

Ere two years had elapsed, the Durazzi castle shared the fate of so many of the Florentine possessions. Under the encroachments of Charles of Valois and his army of eight hundred foreign soldiers, the ravage and devastation were frightful. Durazzi, with other nobles, was routed from his palace, and became poor and despised; while the Exile of Sarzana, after a few years, returned to Pistoia, and in 1309 recovered his former wealth and independence.

### THE ANÆSTHESIMETER.

This is an instrument invented by M. Duroy, of France, to be used in the application of chloroform. It is a circular stand of wood, bearing a close cylindrical vase, into which descends a tapering stem from a bottle-like reservoir fixed above it. This reservoir is graduated with a scale, each division corresponding to one gramme of chloroform, so that the quantity of chloroform poured in can be accurately measured. Then, by turning a tap, according to the indications of another scale, the chloroform descends through the tapering stem at the rate of four, ten, twenty-five, or more drops a minute, into the vase beneath, from whence it is breathed, mingled with air, by a flexible tube leading to the patient's mouth. Thus, the quantity to be inspired can be accurately determined beforehand. —Scientific American.

### THE VULTURE

At the Heart of Harry Earnwald.

[Concluded from page 117.]

Winton, though professing to be absent, was close at hand, and all the servants were in his pay. It is unnecessary to follow these nefarious plotters through all their schemes. The reader will readily understand how the deception was carried on. Besides those already mentioned, and those hinted at by Effie, there were several other tricks of a similar character, and managed in the same way, played off upon my unsuspecting friend, and all tending to the same abominable end.

I believe I have already stated that Winton himself was the first person to suggest to Harry the propriety of a visit to Europe. His object was to get him out of the way of his friends and associates, and also to separate him from Effie. When he discovered that I was to accompany him, it was too late to undo what had been done, and he determined, in spite of my presence, to prosecute his design with increased energy. What followed, the reader has already been told, or has guessed at for himself. The rooms so officially secured for us, had been prepared to an extent of which we had little idea. In this way the "double" had access to his victim's chamber at pleasure, and would inevitably have haunted him to death, if he had not had the assistance of a mind uninfluenced by the arts which had inflamed his own imagination and impaired his once vigorous judgment. The death of a cousin in France had very unexpectedly brought Effie's father and Effie herself upon the scene; but the wily conspirators soon found means to separate them effectually from Earnwald, and break off the projected marriage at the same time.

We have little more to add. Smith was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hard labor for life at the bagynes of Toulon. Winton fled to Russia, where he afterwards received the punishment of the knout, and was eventually executed for murder, under an assumed name, in California. Earnwald soon recovered his health and spirits, he and Effie were married, made the tour of Europe, went home, and like a hero and heroine of fairy literature, "lived happy ever afterwards."

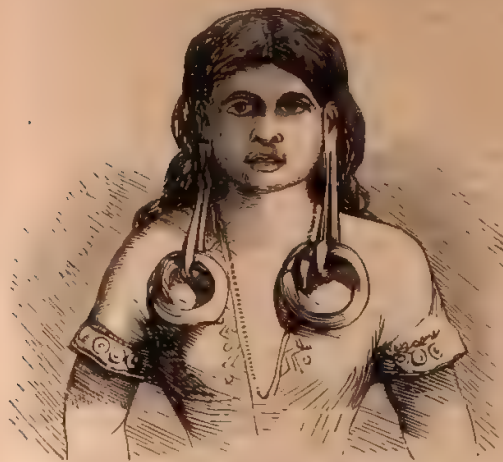
### THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

If a lodger in a hotel misses anything, and informs the police of his loss, they will make him pay for laying his complaint before them; they will make the hotel-keeper pay for suffering it to be stolen from his hotel; and if they know the thief, they may at the same time receive money from him in consideration of not taking him into custody. A person of my acquaintance had a book stolen from him, and having traced it to a book-stall, was foolish enough to give the suspected thief into custody. Gladly did the policeman take the thief, gladly did the thief go with the policeman. The loser of the book in the meanwhile had to appear time after time at the police, and give money on each occasion, until at last he was allowed to withdraw the charge on payment of two roubles. A Frenchman, who lived in the principal commercial street of Moscow, assured me that if he caught any one stealing from his shop (which sometimes happened), he never thought of handing him over to the police. He had done so, he said, too often; for once mixed up with the police there was no getting rid of them, and to obtain justice was out of the question. "What then do you do with a detected shoplifter?" I asked. "We take him into the room at the back, thrash him, and then kick him out into the street," was the reply. "We know, at all events, that we shall not see him again. He is glad to get off so easily—and so are we." This horror of the police is so great, that a Russian will avoid the body of a dead or dying man, lest the alguazils should see him and accuse him of the murder, with a view to extortion. A friend of mine was in the Troitzka restaurant at Moscow one day, when a merchant suddenly fell dead from apoplexy. There was no one to untie the expiring man's neckerchief. The first thought of every one near him was how to escape the police, who would have required the daily attendance of all present for an indefinite period, even if they had not imprisoned them, and affected to regard them as the apoplectic gentleman's assassins. —London National Magazine.

### ROBBERS AT LIMA.

An old gentleman, a Mr. Phiefer, one of the oldest foreign residents in Lima, tells the following story:—"He was riding along the road one night, and suddenly, when least expected, was attacked by half a dozen robbers, some of whom, seizing his horse by the head, forced him to dismount, and finding he had no money on his person, were about proceeding to extremities, when he exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, I am Don Frederico Phiefer; you doubtless all know me; now I promise, if you will unhand me and set me on my horse, that I will lead you to my house, where, after giving you a good supper, I will dismiss you with a golden ounce apiece, and say nothing of the affair.' The robbers knew their man, and setting him on his horse, accompanied him home. Arriving at his house, he invited the gentlemen to dismount, and entering the house, begged them to be seated, telling his wife to order supper immediately; without at all understanding what it meant, madam presided with good grace, and this repast being concluded, each guest receiving his ounce, took his departure; of course Don Frederico never divulged the names of these scamps, otherwise his life would have paid the forfeit." —Adventures in the Pacific.





A BORNESE BELLE.

## BORNEO AND ITS PEOPLE.

The native name of Borneo is Pulo-Kalamantin. The area of the island is estimated at 300,000 square miles, and it is divided by the equator into two nearly equal parts. The outline of the coast is not very irregular. It is not very thickly populated in proportion to its vast size. The shores are generally low and marshy. Two nearly parallel chains of mountains intersect the island, running from southwest to northeast, and inclosing extensive and well-watered plains. The westerly of these chains rises in the territory of Sarawak, so much talked of from the exploits of Sir James Brooke, an Englishman, who figured for years as its rajah, and who has recently been endeavoring to induce the British government to annex this portion of Borneo to the British crown. Mount Kini Balu, the highest of the westerly chain, attains an elevation of 13,698 feet. The chief rivers are, on the north and west coast, the Borneo or Brunai, on which is situated the capital of the island, and which opens into a bay of the same name in latitude 5° north. The Seriboe falls into the China Sea in latitude 2° 10' north. The Batang-Copar is a magnificent river with a mouth four miles in width. Thirty-five miles from its mouth stands the town of Patasen, which was strongly fortified and held by a band of pirates, but was destroyed by Sir James Brooke in his famous expedition of 1846. Other important rivers are the Morotaba or Sarawak, the Pontianak, the Majak, the Kootai, Great and Little Dyaks, etc. The climate is tropical in the interior, but temperate on the northern coast. The mineral riches comprise gold, silver, diamonds, antimony, tin, iron and coal. The chief diamond mines are those of Landak, in the Chinese territory, fifty miles northeast of Pontianak, on a river of that name, where, three centuries ago, one of the largest diamonds, weighing 367 carats, was found. The gold of Sambas yields two and a half millions a year. Excellent coal is worked in several places, particularly in Borneo proper and Banjermassin, and rich iron mines were discovered in the southeast angle of the island ten years since. The soil is the most fertile in the world. The forests furnish valuable timber, and, in common with many other islands in the eastern archipelago, the gutta-percha tree, the concrete juice of which is now so extensively used in manufactures. Among the vegetable productions are rice, Indian corn, yams, bananas, cocoa-nuts, betel, tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, pepper, and other spices and tropical fruits. The animals comprise the elephant, rhinoceros and leopard, the ox, wild hog, deer and horses. Numerous specimens of monkeys inhabit every part of the island, among which the orang-outang is conspicuous. The Dyaks are the aborigines of Borneo, and are divided into numerous distinct tribes, the chief being those of the interior, or hill Dyaks, and the Dyaks of the coast, many of whom are daring pirates, and cannibalism exists among many of the tribes. The Dyaks of the north coast have been conquered by the Malays, and are treated by them

with great cruelty. Those of the interior of the province of Banjermassin are an independent race who maintain themselves by the cultivation of rice, by the collection of gold dust, and by traffic. They have no towns, but dwell in small hamlets of from four to ten huts. They have no written language nor religious ceremonies, but are extremely superstitious and offer human sacrifices at their festivals. The Malay inhabitants have adopted some European customs, and, in the opinion of Sir James Brooke, are capable of a greater degree of civilization. The Chinese on the west and south coasts, are industrious and active, and the Dutch, who claim a large interest in the soil of Borneo, carry on an active trade with China and Singapore. Borneo is divided into many separate States. Sarawak, on the north coast, was a flourishing district under the management of Sir James Brooke, who established an English church and schools. The authority of the Dutch extends over a great portion of the island, which they divide politically into the residency of the west coast, (capital, Pontianak) and the residency of the south and west coasts (capital, Banjermassin). By a decree of the governor-general of the Netherlands, East Indies, dated February 28, 1846, these possessions are thenceforth to form a special government, styled Banjermassin-Pontianak. Borneo was discovered by the Portuguese in 1521. The English and Portuguese several times attempted to form establishments on its coasts without success. The Dutch had extensive commercial relations with the west coast, where they had factories at Sockadana and Pontianak, at the commencement of the 17th century. Part of the west coast was ceded to them by the king of Bantam in 1780, and they formed the establishment of Pontianak in 1823. The sovereignty of the south coast was ceded to the Dutch by the sultan of Banjermassin in 1787. But the most important event in the recent history of Borneo, was the enterprise of Sir James Brooke, who first visited the island in 1839, and for a series of years was engaged in suppressing the pirates and introducing religion, civilization, agriculture and manufactures. It seems,



NATIVE OF KENOWIT, IN KAYAN WAR-DRESS.



A TATTOOED DYAK OF KENOWIT.

however, that he has despaired of success, standing alone and unsupported, and also that he has failed in his attempt to induce the English government to take his colony into its hands. This rapid sketch of Borneo will serve to add an interest to the illustrative engravings published on this page. The first of them represents a Borneo belle, whose appearance would be quite prepossessing, but for the enormous ear-rings she wears, the weight of which has stretched the lobes of her ears to a foot in length, a deformity of which the dusky beauties of the island are as proud as Washington Street belles of the diameter of their hoops. The native of Kenowit in his Kayan war-dress, does not differ materially, either in feature or costume, from some of our western Indians—the plumes in the head gear indicating a "brave." A full length sketch of a Dyak conveys a yet better idea of these fierce warriors. This belligerent gentleman is liberally illustrated with tattooed designs, and moreover, rejoices in a pair of prodigious pendulous earlobes. A "native soldier of Borneo" is a good specimen of his class—his uniform being certainly economical. Finally, we have grouped together a collection of Borneese arms—swords with ornamented scabbards and plumed hilts, formidable daggers, a very uncomfortable war-club, and a slender spear. The warrior tribes of the wilder parts of Borneo are exceedingly fierce and brave.

## CATHEDRAL OF STAVROPOL, RUSSIAN CAUCASUS.

On page 117 we have placed an excellent engraving of a very peculiar building—the cathedral of Stavropol. The town of Stavropol, the capital of that part of the Caucasus which belongs to Russia, is situated on the left bank of the river Tashla, a branch of the Kalans, in a very fertile country, north of the mountain. It has a population of about 7000 inhabitants, of whom, however, nearly one third are troops. Very little is known about the trade, commerce, and manners and customs generally, of the inhabitants of the place, for this far off country is seldom visited—or, we might say, more accurately, seldom allowed to be visited—by curious travellers. One of the last of these, Herr Moritz

Wagner, who was permitted to travel in the Russian Caucasus about ten years ago, and who then published a work on the country, in German, describes the town in the following manner: "Stavropol is a cleanly, pleasant, and rather lively town, distinguished chiefly by uncommonly large streets, which are, indeed, of such a width that races might take place in the middle of them, without in the least inconveniencing the ordinary traffic of the inhabitants. This superfluity of space, it is true, is frequently to be met with in the newly founded towns of southern Russia, but seldom to such an extent as in Stavropol. There is something cheering in those large thoroughfares, straight as an arrow; but yet they remind the traveller too much of the military government, of barrack organization, and of the stick of the corporal. And this is much more the case in this town than in any other, as it is the seat of the commander-in-chief of the Russian troops in the Caucasus, and, as such, ever swarming with men in uniform." The cathedral of Stavropol, as will be seen from our engraving, is a half oriental structure, being built by the Armenian Christians, before the town fell under the sway of the Russian government. These Armenians, together with Tartars, Persians, and sundry Asiatic tribes, still constitute the chief civic population of the place, and are among the most active of its inhabitants. Many of them are merchants, and a few have established soap manufactories and tanneries; and, owing to their industry, the exports of leather and soap to the ports of the Black Sea have lately become rather important. The commerce with the warlike mountaineers of the neighborhood, the inveterate enemies of the czar, is mainly carried on by means of two annual fairs, to which peddlers of the whole of Circassia resort, and which are even frequented by dealers from Novo-Tcherkassk, Mozdok, and other distant towns in the southern part of Russia.

## THE HAYTIEN BASTILE.

The revolutionary committee of Hayti have issued orders for the destruction of the terrible dungeons of fort Laboue. The fort is situated upon an island, and its dungeons, which are mostly used for the incarceration of political prisoners, are below the level of the tide at high water. They were closed up a number of years ago, but have within a year or two been re-opened by the emperor. When prisoners were received at this fort they were conducted to the dungeons, and were there chained by the head to the floor, with their feet at an angle of forty degrees, and in this situation, exposed to visits of legions of ferocious rats, scorpions, etc., they were left, to death from the approaching waves. Of late, it is said that the guards at the fort, with a glimmering of humanity, finished their prisoners with a blow from the butt end of a musket before placing them in the dungeon.



WAR WEAPONS OF THE BORNESE.



A BORNESE NATIVE SOLDIER.



## Poet's Corner.

## WINTER.

BY JAMES SMITH.

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,  
The church is decked with holly.  
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,  
To fight away melancholy;  
Tells a clink in the milkmaid's pail,  
Yonkers skate on the pool below,  
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,  
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

There goes the quire to shoot at snipe,  
Here runs Dick to fetch a log,  
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe,  
In the frosty morning fog  
Hodge is breaking the ice for the knee,  
Old and young cough as they go,  
The round red sun forgets to shine  
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

## NOT ALONE.

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so wholly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own

Responds, as if with unseen wings  
An angel swept its quivering strings,  
And whispers in its song  
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"  
LONGFELLOW

## THE GOOD MAN'S DEPARTURE.

Why weep ye then for him who, living won  
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest has passed,  
While the soft memory of his virtues yet  
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set.  
BRYANT.

## TALENT.

Hast thou a talent? hide it not,  
Nor let it idle be,  
But let occasion e'er be sought  
To use it worthily.—ANON

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## CONSPIRACY WITH THE READER.

—The Washington Street "flaneur" never neglects dropping into William Everett's, where he always finds some attractive novelty in the line of Fine Arts—some landscape gem, some interesting portrait, or some striking ideal painting. The other day we were gratified to find the latest and best picture from the easel of T. Buchanan Road, our young American painter-poet. It represents a sheet of water pouring over a ledge of massive browned rocks, and descending with the stream, the figure of a water nymph, clad only in the raiment of her own beauty, and a flaxen veil woven from the spray. Two other sportive nymphs are floating down the current in graceful attitudes. The design exhibits the delicate fancy of the poet and the skill of the practised artist. The drawing is admirable, and the coloring of rare excellence. We envy the possessor of this gem. In speaking of European affairs, the London Telegraph, a radical paper, remarks, "Italy is in the condition of an untamed horse, ready to bear away its rider in whatever direction caprice or desperation may indicate. Of this disposition Louis Napoleon is the man to take advantage, should his calculations induce in his mind a preference of the war alternative to that of peace. We have here one main element of danger, but the worst peril lies in the fact we have already indicated—the personal character and antecedents of the French emperor. From all that has been said during the successive epochs of his life would any rational man conclude him incapable of convulsing Europe by a war, did his interest appear to be identified with such a policy?" The French medical faculty has always been renowned for its manliness and independence, disregarding rank and fortune and treating all sufferers alike. When Marie Antoinette charged Dr. Anthony Petit with neglecting the dauphin, he replied: "Madame, if I came not yesterday to Versailles, it was because I was attending a peasant woman who was in the greatest danger. Your majesty, however, errs in supposing that I neglect the dauphin for the poor; I have hitherto treated the young child with as much attention and care as if he had been the son of one of your groom's." And the illustrious Larrey said to his friend Tanebon, when wounded at the battle of Montmirail: "Your wound is slight, sir; we have only room and straw in this ambulance for serious wounds. They will take you into a stable.".....Mr. Spurgeon recently preached in Exeter Hall, and in the course of his discourse alluded to crinolines, saying that he did not go in for the "broadbrim," but he would rather dress himself that way than wear the things some men did; and he would rather see his sisters in Christ habited as the Quakers, than they should magnify, enlarge and increase as they now did. .... Mrs. Frewett, the editor of the Yazo Banner, is said to be descended in the seventh generation from the first white child born in New England—the daughter of Peregrine White, one of the Mayflower Pilgrims. A pretended legend of Mohammed Pacha published in the New York Evening Post, thus speaks of the interior of one of the Gothic churches of Gotham: "My attention was first attracted by the unique decorations of the walls and ceilings. The principal colors used in the work of adornment were light blue, bright yellow, and deep red, each endeavoring to display itself to the best advantage. Their effect, when combined with all the other tints of the rainbow shed through the stained glass windows, was somewhat remarkable; and I observed that a pretty lady just behind me had, as a result of the play of light, a green forehead, blue nose, yellow lips, purple chin, orange hair, and a

patch of deep violet over the left eye. Indeed I had observed no such startling style of ornamentation anywhere else, except in the brilliant restaurant of Mr. Taylor, in Broadway. Wonderful, O my Lybian lion! is the power of association—for such was the influence of this point upon my imagination that I came near asking the usher, who was promouncing the aisle, to bring me a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, and a vase of feed-shebet."

It would seem that abuse of our government and people is as popular in France as it once was in England. The pamphlet attributed to Mr. Felix Belly, in which he calls us a nation of pirates, swindlers and cutthroats, and urges the emperor to blockade us and cut us off from all the rest of the world, has attracted much attention, and met with a large sale. The vindictiveness and arrogance of Mr. Belly are equalled only by his profound ignorance of what he is talking of. It is a luxury to see a man who abuses you write himself down such a complete ass. The Quebec Mercury says: "White partridges of a different species from those belonging to this region, have become plentiful since the extremely cold weather. Many years ago the first one then known was presented to Lord Aylmer. In 1844 also they made their appearance, and now again we meet with them on all sides. They were seen, and one or two bagged, on the Richmond Railroad yesterday, and one brought to market this morning, and was purchased for presentation to the museum of the Historical Society. Their bill differs in shape from that of the brown partridge, and they are also very thickly feathered down the talons like 'bantams.' The Indians say they are plentiful at the Saguenay this winter, but never before.".....A paragraph from the Montreal Pilot has been going the rounds stating that the tubes of the Victoria Bridge were bent or had settled. A gentleman of mechanical experience spent several hours on the bridge recently, and examined the entire structure, making many inquiries relating to it, and he says there is not the slightest foundation for the report. .... The Boston Transcript says that "Still Waters Run Deep," which has been generally supposed to be an original English play, is taken, almost verbatim et litteram, from Charles De Bernard's story of "Le Gendre," (the son-in-law). The French story is far superior to the play, and every clever point in the latter is taken from the former. De Bernard, one of the most meritorious of modern French novelists, died a few years since in Paris. He was an editor and a litterateur. .... A man who was asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita*. The Rev. Joseph W. Blakesley, in his recently published account of a visit to Algeria, states that almost everywhere in North Africa there is fair shooting. He says: "A man told me that in the vicinity of Lake Aoula, near the tomb of the Christian Queen, he had killed 1700 woodcocks in three weeks. At Guelma, my landlord came in one day, after about three hours' walk in the immediate neighborhood, and his bag consisted of a woodcock, two poules de Carthage, a bird about as big as a pheasant, and nine quails.".....The hod-carrier who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle-field. .... The Central Park skating pond, New York, is still the centre of attraction for ambitious skaters of all classes. The Tribune says that the other day a Boston lady won well deserved admiration by her artistic manoeuvres. She was decidedly the best skater on the ice. .... Mr. Bentley, the noted London publisher, proposes to commence in March the publication of a Quarterly Review, which he promises shall not be a mere vehicle for displaying the literary acquisitions of individual writers, but which shall represent some definite policy and be a channel for serious and responsible counsel with the thoughtful and intelligent portion of the community. .... A woman in Philadelphia, on being struck by her husband, stabbed him in the neck with a knife she happened to have in her hand, inflicting a fatal wound. We hope this will serve as a caution to wife-beaters. .... An Englishman was recently detected in the act of smuggling by the New York Custom House officers; his boot-legs were stuffed with watches. .... Some names are prolific of authors. Mr. Allibone enumerates twenty-one family names that have an aggregate of 1686 authors. The Joneses are the most numerous of the list, numbering 189 authors; next come the Browns and Brownes, with 175 writers; the Clarks and Clarkes come next, numbering 153, others succeed as follows: Davies and Davis, 116; Johnsons, 110; Hall, 92; Hamiltons, 86; Green and Greene, 83; Jackson, 81; Hill, 67; Howard, 63; Johnston and Johnstone, 52; Harris, 52; Harrison, 52; James, 48; Ellis, 47; Grant, 47; Gibson, 42; Holmes, 24; Irving, 17. .... A young man died in Washington lately by a painful accident. Returning home at a late hour, he attempted to climb over the pali of a yard, but slipped and was caught by the neck in such a manner that he was strangled to death. His dog, in the endeavor to pull his master from his dangerous position, tore the clothes entirely from his body. .... The train of cars from Waterville for Bangor the other evening, started a fine deer near Pittsfield, which took the track and ran ahead of the locomotive for about a mile, and then sped away in another direction. .... We find from Sir William Napier's life of his brother that Sir Charles had very sensible ideas with regard to the education of girls. After the death of his wife, he removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution. .... The New Orleans Picayune expresses its satisfaction that a recent attempt to get up a prize ring exhibition in that city quite failed of success. The principal parties interested were Aaron Jones and the "Benecia Boy." In a short homily upon the demoralizing effects of the prize ring, the Picayune utters the truism that "the popularity of 'muscle' is only acquired by the degradation of mind." School Comm. for Pettigast, of Steuben county, Ohio, re-

cently refused to license a young lady as teacher because she would not promise not to dance during the term of her school. Whereupon she publishes a caustic letter, insisting upon dancing as one of her "reserved rights," and saucily intimates that the commissioner is an old fogey, and does not understand his business. .... One of the best toasts elicited by the Burns celebration, was the following from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table": "The Memory of the Monarch Mistrust—Who made the dialect of a province the language of the universal heart throughout a mighty empire and the realms which its arms and arts have won; his melodies are the life winged thistle-down that sows the emblem of Scottish truth, and manhood, and sentiment, as far as it can fly upon the winds of heaven." ..... A sharp piece of swindling speculation in New Jersey waste land was developed in a New York court recently. Two men had an elegant map prepared, showing a populous country village called Cedarville, in the centre of their property, where unsold lots and farms waited disposal, and by its means induced a New York merchant to part with \$2500 worth of goods in a bogus sale. They were properly looked after. .... The Swedish authors, Mrs. Emilie Carlen and Miss Frederika Bremer, after a long intermission, have each finished a new work. Miss Bremer's is entitled "Father and Daughter."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

War talk is still the talk in Europe, in spite of the hopes of the conservatives. Austria is pouring reinforcements of troops into that portion of Italy which groans and heaves under her sway. Every morning the police have to efface from the walls of the houses of Milan such inscriptions as "Death to the Germans." The news of the alliance of Prince Napoleon with the Sardinian princes has produced great excitement among the Italians, who regard it as a pledge of the united action of France and Sardinia in the affairs of Italy. The Paris Presse, the organ of Prince Napoleon, continues to indulge in virile articles. The sentence of transportation on the ex-king of Delhi has been carried into effect, and he is now at the Cape of Good Hope which is to be his destination. The Porte having acknowledged the new state of things in Serbia, there is no question now of Austrian occupation in that quarter, and the treaty of Paris is not likely to be broken by the intervention of that power. Madrid journals are again agitating the question of immigration of the Chinese Coolies into Cuba, owing to the continued diminution of the black population. It is rumored that the British government intend to augment the channel squadron by twelve sail of the line. The Turkish Telegraph Cable has been successfully laid to Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and is to be extended to Canada and Egypt in the spring. Le Nord says that Prussia and Germany will remain merely spectators so long as Austria shall have only the Italians against her, and by that neutrality expect to force France to remain neutral also, and the more so that England will adopt a similar policy. As to Russia she will take part neither for nor against Austria.

## Memoirs of Madame Roland.

The Moniteur states that the Imperial Library has received a valuable legacy. Madame Champagneux, the worthy daughter of Madame Roland, desired in her will that the manuscript of her mother's memoirs should be committed to the Imperial Library. Her family obeyed with alacrity a wish in conformity with her own intentions. Deposited in the Imperial Library, the memoirs of the illustrious lady, the friend of the Girardins, are now in the place which she would doubtless have herself chosen, inasmuch as she drew them up in order that they might be placed before the eyes of the public at all times, and be, as she expressed it, "an appeal to posterity."

## What will he do with him?

The grand question of the day in Paris seems to be what will the emperor do with his cousin, Prince Napoleon, alias "Pon-plon," equivalent to "Bang bang!" in English. The prince has ability and looks terribly like Napoleon I. Louis has made several attempts to get him out of Paris. He sent him to the Crimea, but the bullets spared him; he sent him to Iceland, but the icebergs failed to crush his corvette; and then he appointed him to the government of Algeria, but it seems he is to govern Algeria as a minister resident in Paris. As a last stroke of vengeance, the emperor has given him a wife, but "Pon-plon" may survive even that calamity.

## Andersen on Morphy.

Andersen, in bearing generous testimony to Morphy's powers, says he is too strong for any living player to hope to win more than a game here and there. He never makes a mistake, but as soon as his adversary makes the slightest blunder, his game is gone. If a player makes a move "approximativement" correct, but not "exactement" the right move, Morphy is dead certain to win. Andersen has also given his opinion that Morphy would have beaten all the three great triumvirate—Philidor, La Bourdonnais, and McDonnell.

## Russia.

Letters from St. Petersburg make known a very grave incident which has occurred in connection with the emancipation of the peasantry. "The committee of the government of St. Petersburg, after having terminated their labors, have drawn up a respectful address to the emperor, praying him, after regulating the condition of the peasants, to convoke a states general for Russia." It is added that the committees of other provinces will join in this demand.

## Accident in Liverpool.

In Liverpool, as business was going on in an extensive drapery and hosiery establishment in Great George Street, a portion of the premises fell in, burying customers, shopmen and laborers in the ruins. Three ladies, a young man clerk, and a laborer were killed, and several others were more or less injured. The catastrophe was caused by the giving way of a wall in the rear, which some laborers were about to pull down.

## A Curious Paper.

A traveller in Norway gives an account of the northern-most paper in the world, the Tromsøe Times. It is printed at Tromsøe, a little island village of about 5000 inhabitants on the coast of Norway, at three degrees within the polar circle. The summer sun kindly looks at the office windows at midnight to see that the forms are properly set up. The Times is a four-page semi-weekly sheet, with only two columns on a page, and is about the size of a quarto book form.

## Austria.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times, in mentioning that the speech of the king of Sardinia had been received in that capital with considerable indifference, regards this as a proof that Austria is prepared for the worst. She will not flinch from a French army; and knows that one defeat of the French would probably lose the Emperor Napoleon a crown.

## Burns's Birth Day.

Some Americans in Paris celebrated the anniversary of the natal day of Scotland's bard in fine style. They had a supper, and what purported to be a Scotch "haggis," but the recipe for this dish so bewildered the French cook that it was irretrievable when it came on the table. However, the whiskey was genuine "Glenlivet," and snacked of the land of mountain and moss.

## The Prince Imperial.

This little sprig of despotism has quite a stable of his own—a pair of matched goats, a donkey, and three ponies, one of them, "Balmoral," a present from Queen Victoria, and the prettiest creature in the world. When this young gentleman takes an airing, his carriage is surrounded by a detachment of life-guards, and an officer with a drawn sword rides beside the door.

## The German Press.

The German press, leaving the Austrian journals out of the question, are mainly in favor of peace, but they do not wish to see Austria abandoned. Many Prussian journals wish their government to support Austria if she is attacked. The Rhine, they say, must be defended on the Po and the Minelo.

## Despotism.

Nothing shows more forcibly the dangers of despotic governments than the fact that the peace of Europe now hangs on the breath of two individuals—the emperor of Austria and the emperor of France. Millions of treasure and hundreds of lives may be sacrificed by a word from these two men.

## England.

Democratic doctrines are making rapid progress in England. The liberal newspapers team with attacks on the aristocratic system, and the people watch this country earnestly for evidences of progress which result from extended suffrage and free discussion.

## George Sand.

Madame George Sand lately caused M. Breuille, a provincial schoolmaster, to be prosecuted before the tribunal of Correctional Police of Auxerre, for libel, in a speech delivered to his pupils in a distribution of prizes in August last. She gained her case.

## Austrian Italy.

The garrisons of Verona, Mantua, and Milan have been reinforced, and orders have been given to victual the fortress completely. The Austrian army in Italy will be increased to 140,000 men.

## Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.

The British Standard says an offer has been made Mr. Spurgeon of \$10,000 to preach four discourses in the splendid and spacious Music Hall of New York.

## Royal Compliments.

The Independence states that Queen Victoria has offered felicitations to the imperial family of France on the occasion of Prince Napoleon's marriage.

## The Empress Dowager of Russia.

It is expected that the empress dowager of Russia will accompany the Emperor Alexander in his proposed visit to London and Paris.

## Albert Smith.

This gentleman is actually coining money in London by his new exhibition, showing up the Chinese in song, story and picture.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ETHEL'S LOVE-LIFE. By MARGARET J. M. SWEAT. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. 1869.

A heart-story in the old epistolary form of novels, carries us back, in spite of the modern style, to bygone literary days. This work is the outpouring of a passionate heart, and its attraction lies in its natural eloquence and energy. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, we have received "Do you really think he did?" a ballad, by Francis Woolcott; "I love as a lad did but," Scotch song arranged by Finlay Dun; "Leonore Schottisch," by J. Dayton; "Let me whisper in thine ear," ballad, by M. W. Balfe.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Portraiture from the Life Translated from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer, by MARY HOWITT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 348.

This fresh story from the pen of Miss Bremer will bear comparison with any of its predecessors, and the translation is worthy of Mary Howitt. The American publishers performed the extraordinary feat of getting a portion of their handsome edition—bound volumes—in the market forty-eight hours after receiving the advance sheets from London. The work is for sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

FIRST PRIMARY READER. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Co. An excellent work by an experienced teacher, illustrated liberally with the best of wood cuts.

WATERLY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo.

If Count Robert of Paris exhibits evidence of the decadence of the author, it yet exhibits the splendors of a setting sun. The scenery is brilliant, the pageants imposing, the characters varied and striking. We should miss the picture from the splendid gallery to which it belongs. No other hand could have painted it. The volumes before us have two fine steel engravings—the "Procession to the Hall of Juergent," and the "Ruined Walls of Constantinople."



**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.**—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial, makes a reliable advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial, is that it is a permanent record, and not a passing advertisement, as it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up in a volume, so that each advertisement will be placed on the inside of the paper, becoming a permanent record to the advertiser's business for years to come.

**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.**—Twenty-five cents per line advertisement must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street, 8th.

### FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE.

A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts, requiring only to be known and used to become the first resort in cases of

**Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease.**

Unlike other preparations offered to the public, it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs or minerals, calculated only to soothe and lull the unsuspecting patient into security while the insidious disease still marches on its destroying way. Neither is it administered in large and nauseous doses.

It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.

Price \$2 per bottle, trial bottles \$1. Sent by mail to any part of the country, free from postage. F. J. LAFORET, Sole Agent, at Weeks & Potter's, 164 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.

Certificate of Dr. A. A. HAYES, in reference to the unequalled virtues of this great discovery.

"This preparation, by chemical analysis, was proved to be free from opium or any of its compounds; nor were any of the alkaloids present. It does not contain any mercurial substance, but consists wholly of volatile, diffusible agents, which afford vapors freely at a moderate temperature. Most of the substances present are officinally used in alleviating pulmonary disease; but the device by which they are combined is new and original, and adapts the compound to inhalation, or other modes of administration. Respectfully,

A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer.  
16 Boylston St., Boston, Dec. 19, 1857."

The following testimonial is from a well-known physician in Maine, dated

PITTSBURGH, Mr. May 24, 1858.  
Mr. F. J. LAFORET—Dear Sir,—I have administered "Fousel's Pabulum Vite" in three cases of Lung Affections, which I considered hopeless under any ordinary treatment, and with happy results; I feel confident that as soon as it is used among physicians, Cod Liver Oil will become obsolete. (Signed)

JOHN DOW, M. D.  
Testimonial from the Sisters of Charity of the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in this city.

Boston, July 31, 1858.  
"To Mr. F. J. LAFORET, Agent—The Sisters are happy to state that having used Fousel's Pabulum Vite they have found it efficacious in several instances for bad coughs and colds."

Signed by the Sisters of Charity.

### "OLD DOMINION."

Old Dominion	Coffee Pots.
Old Dominion	Tea Pots.
Old Dominion	Coffee Urns.
Old Dominion	For Hotels.
Old Dominion	For Boarding-Houses.
Old Dominion	For Restaurants.
Old Dominion	For Steamboats.
Old Dominion	For the Million.

Over forty different styles and varieties of the celebrated "Old Dominion" Coffee and Tea Pots are now manufactured. Being based, as Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health says, "on science and common sense," they are rapidly coming into use, and are destined soon to supersede all others. They can be obtained from or ordered through any storekeeper, or dealer in housekeeping articles.

Merchants who have not received our Trade Circular, giving prices, terms, etc., will be immediately supplied on application, by letter, to

ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,  
117 & 119 South Tenth St., Phila.,  
Sole manufacturers under the Patent.

Also manufacturers, under the Patent, of ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED AIR-TIGHT SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS. 8w

**THE AMERICAN HOUSE,**  
HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,  
IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL  
IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.  
8 eow3m. LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

**PORTRAIT OF EDWARD EVERETT.** CHALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR 1858. 676 pages, illustrated by splendid steel and wood engravings, is emphatically the cheapest and best Dollar Magazine in America. A large and superb portrait for framing, of EDWARD EVERETT, printed in oil colors, will be sent, postpaid, to every \$1 subscriber. Specimen Monthly, postpaid, to cents.  
8 1w. J. CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia.

**HOWE'S BALL-ROOM HAND-BOOK.**  
300 Dances, Calls for Cotillions, Etiquette, etc. 37 cents.

**HOWE'S DRAWING-ROOM DANCES.**  
Music and Calls for 120 Quadrilles, Cotillions, Waltzes, etc. \$1 00. Free by mail.

**HUBBARD W. SWETT,**  
128 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 7 4t.

SENT THREE MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS  
**LIFE ILLUSTRATED.**—A first-class FAMILY NEWS-PAPER, designed to encourage a spirit of Hope, Manliness, Self-Reliance and Activity among the people; to illustrate Life in all its phases. A paper which ought to be read by every family in the land. Weekly at \$2 a year, \$1 for half a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. 7 2t.

**SAWYER'S NEW TESTAMENT.**  
TEN EDITIONS OF 1000 copies each, making in all 10,000 volumes of this valuable work have been printed. Price, \$1 00

**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers,**  
7 3t NO. 29 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

**Something New.—Agents Wanted.**  
BUSINESS honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from \$18 to \$30. Small capital required. No "humbug" for particular notice—and address  
7 4t A. B. MARTIN, Plinton, N. H.

**The Human Hair.**—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with a hot iron, and plastering it with grease which has no affinity for the hair and is not absorbed. Burnett's Cocaine, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. It is really absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**

A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.  
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.  
It is not greasy or sticky.  
It leaves no disagreeable odor.  
It softens the hair when wet and dry.  
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.  
It affords the richest water.  
It remains longest in effect.  
It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**

#### TESTIMONIAL.

Boston, July 19, 1857.  
Messrs. J. BURNETT & Co.—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocaine)

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,  
SUSAN R. POPE.

**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**  
**Burnett's Cocaine.**

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.  
For sale by dealers generally at 50 cents a bottle.

**Premature Loss of the Hair.** Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. 8

#### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

**COLLECTION OFFICE,**  
No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

**COLLECTIONS.**  
Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

**UNCURRENT FUNDS.**  
Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**  
Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

8 2w JOSEPH W. DAVIS,  
25 State Street, Boston.

**WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**  
THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only GENUINE is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 8m.

**TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.**  
A CARD.

The subscribers respectfully announce to the ladies and others interested in SEWING MACHINES, that they have leased the convenient and elegant Rooms No. 17 Summer Street, directly opposite Trinity Church, and fitted up the same for the exhibition and sale of their well-known Sewing Machines.

To Ladies desirous of obtaining a really good Family Machine, simple in construction, and capable of performing any and all kinds of family sewing, and to MANUFACTURERS in search of a machine which can be relied upon, and is not liable to get out of order, we extend an invitation to call and examine those of our manufacture, before purchasing elsewhere.

LADD, WEBSTER, & CO.  
7 2t No. 17 Summer St. opposite Trinity Church

**HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."**—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be no possibility of loss. Every Family will be glad to obtain some of them. For particular address  
7 2t No. 305 Broadway, New York.

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novello style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE.** or, THE SPANISH CATALAN. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. The locality is Spain, and some of the scenes relate to the fearful practices and cruelty of the Inquisition, while others portray the reckless lengths to which an unscrupulous and avareous spirit will sometimes go to accomplish its purpose.  
Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE SMUGGLER.** or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot. We have just issued a very heavy edition of this story, knowing that it will sell rapidly everywhere.  
Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT.** or, THE REVENGER OF THE DEPT. This is a most remarkable tale of the Arctic drift, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best his author ever wrote. Over 30,000 copies have been sold.  
Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT.** or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.  
Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LION.** or, THE PRINCE OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best that has been written in modern times.  
Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ROYAL GREENS.** or, THE SCOT OF THE SEQUELIANA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.  
Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR.** or, THE HUNTER KEY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy path of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him an extended reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.  
Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ARKANSAS RANGER.** or, DRINKER THE BACKWOODSMAN. This is a vivid and startling story of life in the East and West, unrivalled in plot and interest; exhibiting those remarkable adventures and incidents which can only occur to a roving and daring character. Drinker is a noble specimen of our brave, hardy and chivalric frontier men.  
Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA.** or, THE RED CROSS AND THE CRUISE. This famous sea story is written with that captivating power and grace for which its author is celebrated, interweaving in its brilliant and dramatic scenes the truth of history and the charming detail of real sea-life. We have never issued a story more highly praised.  
Written for us by FRANCIS A. DUHUY.

**RED HAND.** or, THE CRUISE OF THE ENGLISH GUANO. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.  
Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE.** or, THE REGULATIONS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan border full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest portion of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.  
Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE.** or, THE ROYAL CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's famous Red Rover.  
Written for us by CAPT. HENRY P. CHEREVEY.

**PAUL LARON.** or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTI-SLAV. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobbe's best. It is original, powerful, vivid in every page, and a novel which the author has himself declared his favorite.  
Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF.** or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.  
Written for us by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.  
Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.

**HONEY! THE BEST OF HONEY!** Hundreds of families are making their own Honey from my receipt. It costs only six cents per pound, and it is as good, in looks and taste, as that made by bees. Any person who will make and sell it, can clear from four to five dollars a day. It requires but five articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for fifty cents. Every housekeeper should have this delightful luxury for any lady can make it in fifteen minutes, at any time. Sent for one dollar.  
N. R. GARDNER,  
8 Prince St., R. I.

**ALFRED MUDGE & SON,**  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS AND STATIONERS,  
No. 34 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.  
Wedding Stationery of all kinds constantly on hand, and Cards printed at the shortest notice.  
Orders from the country promptly answered. 4t-8

**FOR SORE LIPS.** CAMPHOR OIL, a compound crystallized prism of Glycerine, is the sure thing to keep chaps from the lips. Ladies on forwarding thirty-one cents in stamps will receive the article by return of mail, postpaid.  
7 2t ORLANDO TOMPKINS, Apothecary,  
No. 271 Washington, corner of Winter Street, Boston.

**IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT.** send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address postpaid ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 1-11 William Street, New York. 4t

**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.**—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial, makes a reliable advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial, is that it is a permanent record, and not a passing advertisement, as it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up in a volume, so that each advertisement will be placed on the inside of the paper, becoming a permanent record to the advertiser's business for years to come.

**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.**—Twenty-five cents per line advertisement must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street, 8th.

**JAMES CHALLENGE & SON,**  
No. 25 SOUTH SIXTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISH the following elegant and standard works. Every person who makes any pretension to literature—every well selected library—every preacher, lawyer and teacher should possess copies of these works:

**I. PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT.**  
By REV. HENRY S. OSBORN. This work presents an epitome of the History of Palestine to the present day, together with Literary, Biblical and Scientific Notices. It is the most important, instructive, and superbly illustrated work ever issued from the American press.

**II. THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.**  
By DAVID J. HARLEY, of Jerusalem. This is undoubtedly the most complete and valuable work on the Holy City ever issued.

The most accurate and reliable account of Modern Jerusalem yet given in the English language—Bibliotheca Sacra.

The mechanical execution of the work corresponds to the importance of the theme, and to the scientific thoroughness with which the author has fulfilled his task.—North American Review.

Prices of each of the above works—Cloth, \$3 50; Cloth, full gilt, \$4 00; Philadelphia Library, \$4 00; Half Cal. Antique, \$4 50; Turkey, full gilt, \$5 00; Super Turkey, full gilt, or Antique, \$5 50.

The above works are illustrated by the finest Steel Engravings, Chromographs and most exquisite Wood Engravings—all from original designs, and contain six hundred total octavo pages on super calendered paper.

JUST ISSUED

**III. THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.**  
By JUDITH R. A. WILSON. This is an actual History of the Cortes Conquest of Mexico. The pretended Aztec Picture Writings and alleged Annals are proved incontrovertibly to be impostures. The statement furnished by Cortez, when stripped of Moorish embellishments and presented in the light of American archaeology, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of this continent for surpassing in interest the fables which heretofore have been palmed off as the history of that war. The author's personal acquaintance with the people of Mexico of both races, and the careful examination of the topography of that country, have enabled him to present an accurate and truthful work. Royal 8vo., with maps, diagrams and fine wood engravings, to illustrate the text. Cloth, \$2 50; Library, \$3 00; Half Cal., \$3 50.

4. "Palestine, Past and Present," "The City of the Great King," and "The Conquest of Mexico," are uniform in size and style, and are indispensable books for reference and for the library.

5. We will send, post paid, to any part of the Union on receipt of the above retail price. Liberal discount to agents and the trade.

REASONS WHY

The Double-Runner Skates

HAVE the advantages over the Single-Runner, are these:

1st. It gives confidence to the learner at once.

2d. It gives a more graceful and fascinating movement to the skater.

3d. It will skate faster than the single-runner.

4th. It can be used as long again without fatigue or pain to the ankle.

5th. Owing to the build of the skate and arrangement of the tackle, it is not binding to the foot, and does not prevent the free circulation of the blood.

6th. Persons having tender feet can use them with great pleasure and ease.

7th. It can be used by those who have given up skating and wish to resume the pleasure without fear of breaking their limbs.

Sold only by the Patentee's Agent.

8 2w A. S. JORDAN,  
191 Washington Street.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

THE undersigned having at their establishment,

Nos. 61 & 63 Union Street,

(CORNER OF HANOVER,)

the most complete assortment of

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

ever displayed in this city before, offer the same at wholesale and retail.

This assortment comprises every shade of color, either dry or in oil. All kinds of Crayons, Brushes, Varnishes, etc., in fact, all articles used in Oil, Grecian or Oriental Painting. Having the experience of many years in this business,

Messrs. WHEELER & Co.  
flatter themselves that they are enabled to manufacture and import

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,  
at as low cost as any other parties in the country, and respectfully solicit the attention of those purchasing Orders by mail or express from the country will receive prompt attention.

Those wishing catalogues of our articles can obtain the same by forwarding their address to

MESSRS. A. WHEELER & CO.,  
(JOHNSON'S BLOCK)

61 & 63 Union Street.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING are only published by

J. E. TILTON & Co.,  
151 Washington Street, Boston,

Who forward them, postpaid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and teachers supplied 8 eow3m.

**DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY.**—physical and mental—its CURE without "Cordials," "Purifiers," "Instruments," or "Rings," etc. With stamp enclosed, address, in perfect confidence, your friend, a former sufferer, merely supercribing Box 176, Charlestown, Mass. 7 4t.

**BOOKS, PLAYS, PERIODICALS.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**HUBBARD W. SWETT,**  
128 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 7 4t.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given. 8t



## WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

We can think of no landscape more appropriate to the season than the pretty rural scene which occupies this page. Far remote from the noise and bustle of the city lies the quiet farm depicted by the artist. The trees, shorn of their summer glory, lie dormant beneath the gray sky, with the snow feathering their branches and twigs. Along one side of the valley extends a range of farm-buildings facing to the south. Through the centre flows, hidden from view by its frozen surface, the winding stream that fertilizes the plain. The cattle, driven to its brink, are waiting patiently until the farmer has broken the ice to enable them to quench their thirst. The

even those stern battles with the elements which give a vigor and tone to the physical system and an energy to the mind. Who that has known it does not recall with pleasure the exhilaration of a walk of a winter evening through the snow-drifts, with the storm beating in your face and vainly attempting to arrest your progress? Who has not felt a thrill of joy in approaching the welcome, if ever so humble home, where the love-lighted lamp is set in the window to guide his footsteps?

"How far a little candle throws its ray!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!"

A good supper, a cosy chat and a good bed are never so pleasant as when fairly earned by such

ing horses, and cherry lips and furs, and country dances at old-fashioned taverns, and famous suppers in old-fashioned halls, with music of merry laughter sweeter than the silvery chime rung out from the horses' necks. And if the snow fail, is there not skating—that sport sung by the poets, loved by old and young, which gives us the wings of Mercury, and the fleetness of deer? Those who have never passed a winter in the country, know not half the healthy enjoyment it affords. Let us add that those who are so fortunate as to pass a life alternating between city and country, which railroad facilities now render easy, enjoy both phases of existence. The stimulus of town life is varied by the repose of the country.

very laborious. His assiduity attracted attention, and gained him the good will of the Archbishop of Paris, of several bishops, and many other eminent persons, as well as that of M. Robert, the keeper of the library, who permitted him to attend on fete-days and holidays, on the plea that these interruptions hindered his labors. Advancing by degrees into the confidence of M. Robert, he obtained permission to take books away with him, and finally he was entrusted with a key of the library, to which he could thus gain admission at all hours. M. Robert, who was then very old and infirm, is since dead. At the death of M. de Chavin his effects were sold, and amongst them the books, prints and medals



A WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.

whole scene is one which a true lover of rural affairs and of nature loves to contemplate. To such a one, every season presents a charm. It is not alone in the blossoms of spring, the verdure and glory of summer, and the golden wealth of autumn, that he finds delight. In the repose or strife that alternately characterizes the winter months, he finds enough to engage his admiration and occupy his thoughts. To one born and trained in a high latitude, the endless summer of the tropics would be monotonous. He would miss the excitement, the stimulus, the varied atmospheric phenomena incidental to the vicissitudes of a northern climate. Amidst the Capuan delights of a perpetual sunshine, he would sigh for

a stern battle with the elements. But there are other winter pleasures more universally acceptable. It is pleasant to watch the progress of what is called a "good old-fashioned snow-storm," which commences when the wind, and not too much of it, is in the right quarter, when it makes a good beginning with a fall of fine particles, gradually thickening into a white smothering deluge, and you go to bed at last with the assurance that you shall wake up and see the snow lying twelve inches on a level. Then the strange transformation of the country on the morrow; the loaded eaves, the plumed trees, the far-stretching fields with their spotless garment of ermine—so suggestive of sleigh-bells and prance-

## A LITERARY ROBBER.

A recent trial in France has revealed strange thefts from the Parisian Libraries. The trial arose on an action brought by the Minister of Public Instruction against Monsieur Demichells and Messieurs Firmin, Didot, and Solar, all well-known booksellers, for the restitution of books, prints, and autographs, which had been abstracted from the library of St. Genevieve and the Imperial library. It appears that about 1840 a young man named Chavin de Melan attended the library of St. Genevieve, and entered into scientific researches with great ardor. He was the first to come in the morning, and the last to leave at night. He appeared well educated and

which are the subjects of the law-suit. The parties against whom the action is brought were the purchasers. It seems that some, if not all of the parties, are willing to restore the property into which they have thus innocently, though, as it turns out, wrongfully come into possession, on being paid the sums which the purchase has cost them. It is urged, and it would seem with justice, on their behalf, that it was the custodians of the library who were in fault, and that if these were so careless as to allow these valuables to be abstracted, the loss ought not to fall on the unconscious purchasers, who had no reason to doubt that the deceased collector had come honestly by them. The result of the trial we have not heard.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVI., No. 9...WHOLE No. 401.

## MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

The Italian Opera is an exotic which has been taught to bloom in every latitude and in every climate. It is a costly exotic—but it is fashionable, and when you have said that, you have ensured and explained its vitality. For modern Italy no Roman conquests are in store; she no longer sends forth fierce legions to plant her eagles east, west, north and south; but she sends forth her legions of singers to conquer hearts and pockets, and to return laden with as rich spoils as ever swelled the fortunes of Caesar and his followers. The dark-eyed children of the South are become the most adventurous of travellers. In Europe their little colonies are established in all the great cities—on the Danube, the Thames, the Neva. The minarets of Stamboul beckon the children of song, and the ladies of the harem are familiar with Verdi, Donizetti and Rossini. Abdul-Medjid hums "*La donna e mobile*" as he sips his champagne and hears the Kizlar-Aga's report of the last escapade of his favorite sultana; and the Czar strokes his grim moustache, and purs complacently like a reclaimed wildcat, as he beats time with his foot to the "anvil chorus." Climates the most dissimilar have yielded entrance to the insinuating Italians. Sturdy John Bull growled when Ausonia claimed his hospitality; he had barely recovered from his love of bear-baiting, when he was asked to recognize a refined species of entertainment. He was very profane and national on the subject of the invasion; he had yielded the sceptre in politics to foreigners, but grumbled a little at conceding to them the task of amusing him. But he yielded—yielded his consent and his guineas, and in spite of the wits, in spite of Pope and Gay, in spite of Hogarth, the Italian opera was triumphantly installed in foggy London, and now the most brilliant sight that a traveller can see within the "wooden walls" and chalky cliffs, is the interior of the Italian opera-house on a play night, filled with the finest representatives of England's aristocracy, wealth, fashion and intellect. It is but a little more than a hundred years since the Italian opera established itself in the great capitals of Europe. In 1752 the first troupe of Italian singers made its appearance in Paris, and first performed in *La Serva Padrona*, the very opera buffa in which Mlle. Piccolomini has lately been so successful. *La Serva Padrona*, and Pergolesi's *Maestro di Capella*, attracted crowds, though Rousseau says they were badly rendered. The success, however, was transitory, and it was only after a severe and protracted struggle that Italian opera was finally established in Paris. In due process of time the exotic was transplanted to these shores, and has finally become acclimated, the taste for Italian music being now thoroughly diffused among us. We of the present generation scout the music that entranced our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers. The old English operas, with their bald simplicity and sing-song airs, who can endure them? They are as bad as Chinese music, or a tian-pian Charivari. Our taste has been formed by listening to the finest voices and the most cultivated styles that modern Italy has produced. Henceforth we shall not retrograde; for henceforth the United States, with its wealthy cities and magnificent opera-houses, will offer attractions that no European singer can resist. Fame and fortune woo the daintiest singing-birds to our shore, as it has just wooed the most piquante little creature that ever chirruped at the foot-lights, Maria Piccolomini, the subject of our present sketch. Our portrait was drawn by Homer, from a pho-

tograph from the life, taken expressly for us by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co. of this city. Piccolomini, under the banner of Ulman, has been completely successful, owing her triumph as much to personal fascination as to musical ability. Youth, beauty and manner go a great way to ensure the success of a prima donna, though many have conquered by the voice alone. Maria Piccolomini was born at Siena, in the duchy of Tuscany, in 1836. The public has been carefully informed that her family was noble, and that there have been counts Piccolomini, but we make no account of that, as counts are very cheap and prevalent in Italy. Then we are told that her uncle wears the scarlet stockings and scarlet hat of a Cardinal, and that if he had been chosen to succeed Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair, the niece would never have sung for Mr. Ulman, but would have become the superior of a convent, and devoted herself to the reform of conventual abuses in her native land. Now be it understood that we don't dispute these stories—

the scarlet hat and stockings are very pretty managerial properties—they look well in an announcement, and draw enobs to the theatre who would be insensible to the charms of music; but for ourselves we should think just as much of Piccolomini if she had been the niece of a pawnbroker, or even that mythic pork butcher whom the Paris Figaro invested with her paternity in an access of humorous spleen. When Costigan told Pondennis that his daughter's ancestors had been "Kings in Munster," he knew with whom he was dealing, and so did Mr. Manager Ulman when he paraded the noble and cardinal virtues of his prima donna's family. But the true nobility of Piccolomini lies in herself. At an early age she was remarked for the richness of her voice, and at thirteen commenced her musical studies at Florence, preparatory to an operatic career. It was at Florence that she made her debut in the arduous role of Lucrezia Borgia, in the year 1852, when she was but sixteen years old. The ordeal was a severe one, but it resulted in a tri-

umph for the youthful and beautiful artist. The opera was played twenty nights in succession, and the furor in her favor rose to the greatest height. This success was the herald of triumphs in other Italian cities, where she remained for four years, receiving ovations which, instead of bewildering, only stimulated her to more assiduous study of her art. In 1856 she accepted a London engagement, and awakened the warmest enthusiasm. She certainly had no reason to complain of insular coolness. In Ireland she met with the most warm-hearted reception, and in Dublin the popular feeling rose to fever heat. In Paris she was subjected to the ordeal of a sterner criticism, but was not unsuccessful. In 1858, in the freshness of her fame and beauty, she came to this country, and made her debut at the Academy of Music. Her New York engagement was a most brilliant and indisputable success. Young America was completely carried away by her fine soprano voice, her beauty, her admirable acting, and her bewitching, co-

quettish ways. Her career at the Boston Theatre is fresh in the memory of all our readers, and we trust soon again to hear her voice and witness her admirable personations. In Philadelphia and in Washington she has reaped laurels, the figurative expression for pyramids of bouquets and piles of prosaic dollars. America has opened heart and purse to her, and yielded unstinted homage to her gifts. Her qualities are undeniable. She has a fine soprano voice, developed by conscientious culture. She is also exceedingly adroit in the management of her organ, and knows how to evade difficulties that she cannot surmount. If she does not quite satisfy the requirements of the severest criticism, she certainly holds in thrall the popular heart. Her histrionic merit is indisputable. Her forte is evidently comedy, and she never appears to so much advantage as in opera buffa; her *serva padrona*, for instance, is inimitable. Yet she acceptably represents the tragic characters of the lyric drama. Though lacking the physique for "*Lucrezia Borgia*," her impersonation of the dread heroine is far from being unsatisfactory; while as *La Violetta* in *La Traviata*, the lyric version of *La Dame aux Camélias*, her success is signal. She portrays the passion and despair, the agonies, the struggles and the death of the vile heroine with fearful fidelity. We can say no more in her praise as an actress, for the character is one foreign to her nature, one, fortunately, that she could only appreciate by the intuitive perception of the artist, unless, indeed, she had studied it in the terrible picture drawn by Madame Doche, which, we believe, she never witnessed. We may regret that this character was ever assigned to her, but since the opera is on the stage, we can but applaud the artistic rendition of the character. Such successes as those achieved by Piccolomini will render the Italian opera a permanent institution in this country. The lavish expenditure caused by the Italian opera has been a source of regret to many thoughtful persons, who have looked on it as so much money lavished on foreigners and drained from the country; but it has already borne fruit in the development of musical taste throughout the country, furnishing new sources of intellectual and pecuniary fortunes to ourselves. Already we have given American prima donnas to the lyric stage of Europe, and in time, the highest ornaments of our own lyric stage will be of American birth. If music is worth cultivating, we must import the best models. Art is cosmopolitan. The only care we need take is, that merit alone shall receive our support, and no charlatany meet with encouragement.



MARIA PICCOLOMINI.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE DEATH WARRANT.

An Incident in the Life of Frederick the Great.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

In the little town of Colberg, a small seaport of Prussia, situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea, there resides an ancient and wealthy family, bearing the surname of Zietern. The family name figures largely in the records of the town, and the province in which it is situated. These records show that the Zieterns held important offices in the magistracy and judiciary, as long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the present head of the family held the honorable post of burgo-master, or chief magistrate of Colberg, in the year 1850.

That, however, which renders the name familiar to every traveller who chances to visit this rather out-of-the-way post of the Prussian monarchy, is the Zietern Hospital and Lunatic Asylum, one of the largest and best endowed institutions of the kind in Prussia—a country remarkable in continental Europe for the number and the excellent management of its public institutions—and what renders the Zietern Hospital unusually interesting to strangers, is the fact that it was founded and liberally endowed by Madame Cornelia Richter—*nee* Zietern—a daughter of the family, who was herself for several years a lunatic, and who only recovered her reason a few years before her death.

In the great hall of the institution, there are two portraits of the foundress and benefactress, one representing her as Mademoiselle Zietern, in the eighteenth year of her age, the other as Madame Richter, a middle-aged lady of matronly and benign countenance, the expression of whose features, however, betoken one who has passed through much suffering, mentally and bodily, and who has only acquired the calmness and resignation which characterizes the portrait, by having learnt to trust firmly in the beneficence of Providence, and to look forward to that rest and happiness hereafter, which shall recompense her for all the trouble she has suffered in this mortal stage of existence.

The exceeding loveliness of form and feature which are remarkable in the youthful portrait, attracts the attention of every beholder, and serves to give double interest to her melancholy story. She is represented as a fair, blue-eyed maiden, with a full and exquisitely rounded form, and an abundance of golden hair, which, according to the fashion of the day among the maidens of northern Germany, floats free and unconfined over the white dimpled shoulders. The features are regular and intellectual, and at the same time expressive of vivacity and tenderness. The portrait is one that fixes itself on the memory, one that men are wont to dream of, after having once beheld it.

In the year 1753, Mademoiselle Zietern, who until then had resided with her parents in Colberg, the town wherein she was born, visited Berlin, the Prussian capital, to remain during the winter months with a maiden aunt, a sister of her father's. Madame Zietern was a lady of great wealth, whose mansion was the resort of the military, the *literati*, and the most fashionable and distinguished personages in the city.

It was only natural that a young lady possessing the beauty and accomplishments of Mademoiselle Zietern, known to belong to an old and honorable family, and generally believed to be the heiress of her aunt's large fortune, should draw many admirers. Men of all ranks and conditions, from the youthful aspirant to fame and fortune, to the broken down *coxcomb*, who, after having run his career of coxcombry, pleasure and debauchery, until his shattered constitution warned him that he could no longer pursue his vicious course of life with impunity, was anxious to settle down and become a sober Benedict for the rest of his days, if he could secure so splendid a prize in the matrimonial lottery, were earnest suitors for the young lady's heart and hand, and I fortune.

Cornelia, however, was in no hurry to change her maiden condition, "fancy, free;" but her heart at length surrendered to one Paul Richter, an officer of the king's guards—young, handsome, and accomplished, who had every prospect of rising in his profession.

Notwithstanding the envy created amongst the host of rejected suitors, in consequence of the choice of the youthful and lovely heiress, no one could deny that the young man was in every

respect worthy of her. There was but one drawback—he was poor! This, however, did not in the least trouble Mademoiselle Cornelia. Her father was wealthy, and she was an only child, and, as we have already observed, she had great expectations from her aunt. She would, under any circumstances, possess sufficient wealth for both. Neither did her relatives, as is too often the case in the like circumstances, oppose the proposed union. The family of the young ensign was, in point of fact, more ancient and of higher rank than the family of the Zieterns, and ancient genealogy and noble birth carry great influence in all parts of Germany.

One stipulation only was made by Herr Zietern, when, at the expiration of a short and happy courtship, Ensign Richter visited Colberg, candidly told his circumstances, and expressed his determination to attain rank and distinction in his profession, if strict attention to his duties could secure these honors, referred to several distinguished and respected individuals in relation to his family and his own personal character, and finally stated that, having gained the maiden's consent, he had come expressly to ask her hand of her father.

The condition was that the young couple should wait until Paul Richter should become a captain, so that, in case of any great reverse of fortune on the part of his bride, however improbable it might be, he should be able to support her, at least, in moderate competence.

The gallant and youthful lover, notwithstanding his desire to hasten the consummation of his happiness, was well content that no other obstacle stood in the way of his union with the fair object of his love.

Frederick the Second—the Great—the most ambitious monarch in Europe at that period, sat on the Prussian throne. Every schoolboy is familiar with his rare military abilities, his incessant activity, his love of war, his strange eccentricities, and his infatuation for tall soldiers, to procure whom he would send to any distance and incur any expense, though in all other respects his economy bordered on meanness.

Speedy promotion in the army, under such a monarch, was a matter of certainty to a young man of good character, good family and courage, and intelligence, all of which qualifications Paul Richter possessed. He bade adieu to his young mistress, when he went to join his regiment, which was to take part in a campaign against France, in full hope and expectation that the close of the campaign would witness his promotion to the command of a company, and enable him to claim her hand, according to her father's promise.

Cornelia, shortly after her lover quitted Berlin, returned home to Colberg, and there remained until the termination of the campaign, which was successful on the part of Frederick, and which did make Paul a captain, as he had anticipated. He was, however, severely, though not dangerously wounded, and when he wrote to Colberg by the hand of a comrade, speaking lightly of his wound, but regretting it, because for a time it would incapacitate him from claiming his bride, at the same time playfully observing that he hoped his fair mistress would not reject her wounded knight, who had received his wound in consequence of his resolve to bear himself in the battle in a manner that should show that he was worthy of her love—the young lady was so much affected that she insisted upon setting out by post to Berlin, to nurse the wounded soldier herself, saying that he had already the right to claim the service as well as the love of a wife from her, since they had long been wedded in heart if not in band, and that the only obstacle that had stood in the way was now removed.

Herr Zietern, however, like a wise and prudent father, said if Cornelia must nurse her wounded knight, it were more advisable that she did so in her father's house, than in a distant city. The old gentleman, therefore, posted himself to Berlin, and had Captain Richter carefully removed by slow stages, under his own guidance, from the capital to Colberg.

Six months elapsed before Paul Richter was completely recovered. They had been to him six of the happiest months he had ever spent, notwithstanding the pain and fever attending his wound, which was long in healing, for Cornelia was ever near him, ready to anticipate his slightest wishes, to read to him, to sing, to play, to do everything she could think of to afford him a place, and to cause the weary hours in the sick chamber to pass lightly away. And as he grew

better and was able to take short walks abroad, she was her constant companion. They wandered in his father's garden, or sat in the summer-house, while she read aloud, and, by and-by, their walks extended into the fields and woods, or to the seashore, where they would sit for hours listening to the musical murmur of the waves as they broke on the beach, and talking of the happy future which both believed to be in store for them.

At length the day arrived when the wedding was to take place. Great preparations were made. No expense was spared by the parents of Cornelia, who, by this time had learnt to look upon the handsome young officer as if he were their own son.

It came off, and was the talk of the small town for weeks. Never had been seen such magnificence before. Never had the clergyman of the parish united such a handsome couple. Never was such munificence, such generosity, as Herr Zietern displayed. Not a poor person in Colberg or its vicinity, had gone that day without an abundant meal and a small present in money besides. A thousand cheerful, grateful voices prayed that happiness might attend the wedded pair through life, and after death to eternity.

In Paul Richter's case, the Shaksperian adage, "the course of true love never does run smooth," was, as we believe it has often been before and since, completely falsified. Paul remained at home with his bride, at a house in the outskirts of the town, which his father-in-law had purchased and presented to him, for six months after his marriage, in the enjoyment of every happiness it is in the power of mortal to possess. At the expiration of this brief period of wedded bliss, he received orders from his general again to make his appearance at Berlin and rejoin his regiment.

Frederick the Great had been at peace with his brother monarchs long enough, and he was thinking of another campaign against Bavaria, Saxony, Italy or France, he did not much care which, so that he found employment for his tall grenadiers.

"Dear Paul," said Cornelia, when she heard the news, "I wish you would leave the army. I shall be so miserable, so anxious while you are away, dreading lest every mail that arrives at Colberg, should bring intelligence of some dreadful battle, and that you have been wounded or perhaps killed. I would not care to live afterward. Surely there is no need for you to obey the mandate of the general. We are rich enough."

"You are rich enough, dear Cornelia," replied Paul, "and I love you enough to be willing to share with you whatever is yours; but it is not that, my love. It shall never be said that Paul Richter refused his services when his country called for them, because he had wedded a young and pretty, and wealthy bride. I must go, dear Cornelia, but let us hope the campaign will not be a long one, and, one thing I will promise you. As soon as I am promoted to colonelcy, I will quit the army as soon as peace is declared. But on no account would I do so on the eve of a war. Think, Cornelia, you yourself would despise me if I were to act in such a cowardly manner. But be not afraid, darling, you are my guardian angel. Your prayers shall turn the bullets aside and blunt the enemy's steel. Very soon you will welcome me safe home again."

Thus, half jestingly, half sorrowfully, the young officer endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of his young wife, and at length partially succeeded in subduing her anxiety. They promised to exchange letters by every possible opportunity, and in the course of a few days, Captain Richter set out for Berlin.

The campaign turned out to be the commencement of what is known in European continental history, as the Seven Year's War, when Frederick found arrayed against him, incited by his insatiable ambition, all the other great powers of Europe. He met the shock manfully, for the Prussian army of Frederick the Second's day was much the most numerous and the best drilled on the whole continent, but severe battles were fought, and the campaign which Paul had endeavored to persuade his wife would be soon ended, threatened to be prolonged till the combatants were exhausted.

Still Paul wrote cheerful letters to Cornelia, and bade her keep up her courage, and she replied in as cheerful a tone as she could, endeavoring to conceal from him the fears and anxieties she could not help experiencing.

At length, about six months after Paul had

left Colberg, there came a letter which afforded him the most exquisite delight, while, at the same time, it increased his anxiety to see his wife again. This letter announced the birth of a son, and the happy convalescence of the mother, who, proud of the new pleasures of maternity, wrote respecting the beauty of her infant, as only a mother can write, and expressed an earnest wish that her husband could see his child, if only for one moment.

Paul replied to this letter immediately. The letter was brief, for the army was on the eve of an engagement, and his every moment was greatly occupied. He knew not but the next minute he might hear the trumpet sound, calling upon all to fall into battle array.

The letter, written on a drum-head in a tent, has been preserved, and its contents are engraved upon the pedestal of a monument erected to his memory of the enclosure of which the hospital stands. It runs as follows:

"THE CAMP BEFORE PARMO, AUGUST 10, 1756"

"MY OWN DEAREST CORNELIA:—I received your letter this morning, and have carried it in my bosom all day, taking every opportunity to peruse it over and over again. We are expecting every moment to be summoned into action, and I have been so completely occupied in my military duties that I could not, until this moment, find time to write a line in reply.

"You must excuse the brevity of the letter I am now writing, for I am infringing a military order just issued by the king, even in so doing, and you well know that the slightest disobedience of orders is visited by Frederick with the utmost severity, even if the offender be his principal general. He is no respecter of persons, and when resolved to punish, nothing can incline him to mercy.

"I cannot express the pleasure your letter afforded me. It is too much happiness. My infant boy and his mother both well! How I wish I could see you for one little moment, even if I had to leave you again immediately. I think it would endow me with greater spirit and courage in the forthcoming battle.

"Think of me, dear wife, and believe that you are never out of my mind for one moment. Have no fears for me. I feel assured that I shall not fall in battle, and I hope this engagement will be so far decisive that I can honorably ask for leave of absence, so that I may fly to Colberg and embrace you and the child.

"Take the greatest care of your health for my, as well as for your own and our boy's sake.

"You will be glad to hear that I have been promoted, on the field, to the rank of major. There remains now but one step more—promotion to a lieutenant colonelcy—and then, peace once restored, I quit the army, and spend the rest of my days in the society of my beloved wife.

"I must close, for I dare not keep my lamp alight any longer.

Believe me, my darling,

Your most loving husband,  
PAUL RICHTER."

"P. S. Kiss our boy for me.

"P. P. S. It is now a quarter past eight o'clock, P. M. Tomorrow morning at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man! P. R."

The letter was despatched and duly received by Cornelia, who read it through eagerly until she reached the end. When she read the last line, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the floor.

Fortunately her mother and the nurse were in the room. They raised her from the floor and carried her to a sofa, and then applied restoratives, until the unhappy wife was awakened to consciousness. She looked wildly around her. "Am I asleep?" she cried. "Have I been dreaming? O, what a horrid dream. I thought—No, no; it is true! The letter, the letter!" Shrieking forth the latter words, she again fainted. A physician was sent for, and again the mother and nurse applied restoratives, and after much effort, succeeded again in restoring her to consciousness.

Meanwhile the letter had been picked up from the floor by Madame Zietern, and read. She could not understand it. She showed it to her husband, to the medical man—none of them could make anything of it. Paul had written in the body of the letter, that he had a presentiment that he should not fall on the field of battle, and had evidently written under the influence of hope and cheerfulness, and yet, at the close, in a second postscript, without giving any explanation, he had written, "Tomorrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!"

"Had he suddenly lost his senses? Had the tension of his faculties, caused by anxiety, hard duty and want of sleep, coupled with the shock of pleasure he had felt when he received intelligence of the birth of his child, been too much for his brain? What could be the meaning of that strange and dreadful line?"

These, and such as these, were the questions asked of each other by the shocked and puzzled



family, but no one could give any satisfactory answer. In vain they endeavored to soothe and console the unhappy wife. Alas! they knew not what words to employ in order to relieve her mind. Their own feelings were sufficiently harrowed by the terrible line. Still they resolved to try to believe that it meant nothing, until they heard from the camp.

A letter was immediately written and despatched to Paul, and another to the colonel of the regiment in which he served, informing both of the fright which the inexplicable postscript had caused, and of the ill effect it must have upon Cornelia if the mystery were not immediately and satisfactorily explained.

They had not to wait for a reply to the letters to learn that Paul had written the truth, though still they were at a loss to understand what had caused the shocking catastrophe. The next gazette from Berlin contained this simple, but terrible paragraph, under the caption of "intelligence from the army before Parma":

"We regret to learn that at four o'clock A. M., on the 11th inst., Major Paul Richter, of the 7th dragoon guard, was shot dead, in pursuance of a special sentence from the commander-in-chief."

Then followed a few lines eulogistic of the character and courage of the deceased officer, and a few remarks expressing wonder as to the nature of the special direction of duty, which had led to such a shocking result. Nearly a month of terrible overwhelming misery elapsed before the full particulars were known. At length all was explained.

Frederick the Second, of Prussia, carried eccentricity to the verge of madness. His people were taxed terribly to maintain his army, both in money and in person. The entire population of Prussia during his reign, amounted to only five millions, all counted, men, women and children, and yet the soldiers exceeded in number those of France and Spain united. It is computed that out of the able-bodied men of the kingdom, one in every seven was drafted into the military service. His rule over the civilians of the kingdom, who held no office under the government, was mild and paternal, but his behaviour to his wife and children was brutal in the extreme. They were flogged with his cane, half starved and miserably clad. His eldest son, while still a mere youth, was immured for some venial offence, in a filthy and unhealthy dungeon, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded not to issue a warrant for the lad's execution.

He was in the habit of striking his officers and kicking his judges out of court, if they decided points of law against his wishes. His officers and soldiers were drilled like automatons, and the slightest offence was visited with the most prompt and frightful severity of punishment. His present position, at war with nearly all combined Europe, had exasperated his irascible temper almost, if not quite, to madness.

During the afternoon of the 10th of August, 1756, intending during the night to make an important movement in the camp, which was in sight of the enemy, he had issued an order that, by eight o'clock, all the lamps in the camps should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the hour was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a lamp burning in the tent of Captain Richter. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter; the captain knew him, and, instantly falling on his knees, entreated his mercy.

"To whom have you been writing?" asked the king.

"To my wife," replied the young officer. "I received a letter from her to-day. I had not time all day to reply to it, scarcely to read it, without neglecting my duty. The courier leaves the camp for Berlin at ten o'clock: I commenced the reply at my first moment of leisure, but not having quite completed it when the clock struck, I kept the lamp burning a few moments later. We go into action to-night or to-morrow. I may never have the opportunity of writing again."

"Let me see the letter," said Frederick sternly.

The officer handed it to him, and he read it to the end.

"Tis well," he said, handing it back. "Now write one more line which I shall dictate. Write, 'To-morrow morning at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!'"

The sentence was written with a trembling hand, for well the officer knew that the king showed no mercy, listened to no excuses!

"Have you written the line?" asked the king.

"I have, your majesty!"

"Then seal the letter and go to sleep, if you choose. I will deliver it to the carrier."

"Will not your majesty permit me to explain?"

"Not a word, sir," thundered the king. "You have disobeyed my orders. You, an officer, who ought to have set an example. You must die."

Placing the letter in his pocket, he walked out of the tent. At four o'clock on the following morning, the sharp rattle of a volley of musketry awakened many of the officers and soldiers, who were still sleeping soundly, in ignorance of the tragedy that was enacting in their midst, for the anticipated nocturnal announcement had not been made and the camp was not disturbed from slumber.

They started to their feet and rushed out into the fresh morning air, to ascertain the cause of the sudden report of fire arms, some of them believing that the enemy had recently stolen a march against them. Alas! They were transfixed with astonishment and dismay, when they were informed that a military execution had taken place, and that Major Richter, one of the bravest, the most respected and the most beloved officers in the army, was a dead man.

When Madame Richter heard the full particulars of the savage murder which had been committed by the orders of the king, the victim of his monstrous brutality, one of the most gallant and devoted of his officers, she shed no tears, but pressing her hands upon her bosom, as if she feared her heart would break, she sat silent, not opening her lips for weeks, caring nothing for her infant, who, until now, had been almost an object of idolatry, and refused all nourishment until her attendants were obliged to force food upon her.

When again she spoke, her wits had flown. She was insane. The physicians feared, hopelessly insane. Happily for the poor infant, deprived of the nourishment it had subsisted upon—for the fond mother had insisted upon nursing it herself—it died.

The widowed mother made no inquiry after the babe nor her husband. She seemed to have forgotten that either had existed. Her's was a harmless, gentle, melancholy madness. Like Ophelia, she wandered about singing wild ditties, which had no sense or meaning, yet, which were sometimes suggestive of the dreadful loss she had sustained.

"White as his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded all with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true love showers."

"And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, he is dead,  
Go to thy deathbed,  
He never will come back again."

In this sad condition she remained for several years. Her father and mother, as well as her Aunt Zietern, had died during this dismal period, and all their large, united wealth had been left to her—in trust of a guardian—if she recovered her senses. If not, it was to be expended in founding a hospital and lunatic asylum.

She did awaken to her senses and to the recollection of her woes, and she herself employed a large portion of her wealth in erecting a hospital and an asylum for lunatics, which she liberally endowed and named the Zietern Hospital, in memory of her parents and her aunt.

She sat for her portrait after her recovery, and ordered it, together with a portrait painted shortly before her marriage, to be hung in the large hall of the building, and caused a splendid monument to be erected in the hospital yard, to the memory of her much loved, murdered husband. On the pedestal of this monument was inscribed:

"IN MEMORIAM  
Paul Richter, major in the guards of King Frederick the Second, of Prussia, was cruelly shot by order of his sovereign, August 11, 1756."

Beneath the above inscription was inscribed the fatal letter, the whole supported by the arms of the joint families of Richter and Zietern, and by a scroll.

This is the history of the Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Colberg, in Prussia.

It is a general observation that the best informed women are those who have the best informed friends of the other sex. La Rochefoucauld gave lessons to Madame de la Fayette; Voltaire, then Bouleau, to Ninon; Sarron to his wife, Bussy and de Retz to Madame de Sévigné; Fénelon to Madame Guyon; Benjamin Coust to Madame de Staël; Bosc to Madame Roland, and Voltaire to Madame du Chatelet.—Bourdon.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

#### ASSURANCE.

BY SID E. PAPA.

Yes, you love me, Agnes Lane,  
And that I feel I write as true;  
Need not cringe to you with shame  
That I dare to tell thee so  
Very quick your young heart throbs,  
Full of bant, joy and light,  
Underneath sleep broken sob,  
For the love you yearn tonight

Wreath your lips with coldness now,  
Such a look of proud disdain  
Well becomes your haughty brow,  
Though it bring a moment's pain  
Yes, you love me—every tone  
Of your voice was sweet and low  
When you wandered here alone,  
At the early twilight glow.

I can read within your eyes,  
All the words I breathe are true,  
For each great thought mirrored lies  
In their depths of liquid blue  
And the white rose in your hair,  
Twined among the diamonds bright,  
Is the one I love you wear,  
When we parted yet tonight.

Yesterday, O, strange to say!  
The small jeweled hands of thine,  
Sparkling, trembling, tracing lay  
Willing captives clasped in mine  
With its wealth of tresses brown,  
(There you need not sigh and start)  
That young head drooped humbly down,  
Nestling close against my heart

Ah, the crimson blushes sweep  
Over cheek and neck of snow,  
What! can those proud eyelids weep,  
Lady, have I grieved you so?  
Come to me, poor wounded bird,  
Fold your white wings here again,  
Now its icy depths are stirred,  
How your bosom throbs with pain

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

#### DOLLY'S HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET VERNER.

It was strange, at least so all the people in Elton said, that pretty little Dolly Hoyt was going to throw herself away by marrying Joel Prescott, when there wasn't a young man in town but what would be proud and happy to make her his wife; strange that she could for a moment think of leaving her nice, comfortable, handsome home, where she had never known a wish ungratified, and had been so kindly and tenderly treated, to be the wife of a poor man, who could not, however much he might love her, spread out before her any but a hard lot—one of poverty and privations, such as she knew little how to meet. Joel, to be sure, was a good fellow enough; one that took readily to his book, steady and persevering about his work, but then Squire Hoyt was a wealthy man, and all of his daughters had married into rich, influential families, and it was preposterous for him to aspire to a height so far above him. Everybody said he was insane to think of such a thing—everybody but Dolly.

The squire plead and reasoned with his daughter upon the subject, Mrs. Hoyt talked, cried and scolded, while Dolly's sisters and their husbands came to Elton for the especial purpose of turning her thoughts in a different direction. Every alternative was resorted to, but still the pretty Dolly remained firm in her resolution.

"She did not care," she said, "if Joel was poor. Father wasn't worth fifty dollars when mother married him, but now he had a handsome property; mother had helped him get it, too. She could work with Joel; she was sure a little work wouldn't harm her, and she loved him well enough to toil a life time for him. It was all nonsense; she didn't care if her sisters were married to rich men, and had great, grand homes in the city; she should be contented in the little cottage with Joel, if it hadn't but four rooms, and if the bare boards of each one of the never saw a nice carpet. She knew that Joel's farm wasn't paid for—she knew all about it, and she was just the one to help and encourage him, as he had never been helped or encouraged by any one."

And so Dolly continued to avow her intentions until her father, mother, and sisters grew to look upon her marriage with Joel as a settled thing, as a sort of far-off danger when something might yet prevent, for in all her protestations she had never spoken of becoming his wife immediately. It was always a vague "sometime" with

her. But one morning, after spending an evening with Joel, Dolly, with many blushes upon her bright face, told her mother that she had consented to be married in a few weeks; that Joel had already made many purchases for his little home; that his crops were turning out remarkably well—he was very lonesome, and if she was going to marry him, it might as well be one time as another.

The good old lady burst into tears at the information, and ran, as fast as her clumsy, rheumatic feet would carry her, into the parlor to communicate the joyful intelligence to her husband.

"What, what! the child doesn't talk of marrying him at once, does she?" exclaimed the squire, dropping his paper and snatching his spectacles from his forehead.

"Yes, she does mean it, she said the very same thing to me not more than two minutes ago. O, dear, dear!" and good Mrs. Hoyt went off into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Why, she—she's going crazy," blustered out the squire, rising from his chair. "She can't mean it. Where is she?"

"I left her in the kitchen," sobbed Mrs. Hoyt. "But it's no use. She is earnest. Dear, dear! what can I say to her? Dolly, Dolly!" And calling out at the top of her voice, she sank back into the arm-chair from which her husband had risen.

In a moment Dolly made her appearance, her face radiant with smiles and blushes.

"Tell it to your father, child!" said Mrs. Hoyt, in a quivering voice. "Tell him what you told me."

Dolly was an obedient daughter, and as such had always proved herself to be, save in this one affair, and so, as her mother bade her, she commenced with a pretty, stammering speech, which was quite appropriate to the theme and season.

"Father, I—that is—Joel—you know—we—that is—we think if we—if we—are ever going to marry, we might as well marry this fall as any time; and so I told mother."

The good squire dropped his face upon his hands without replying, and Dolly stole softly up to him and put both her arms about his neck, with a "don't, please don't, father."

"You are in a great hurry to leave your old father. You care more for that fortune-hunter than you do for us, and we shall be so lost and desolate without you!"

"You wrong him, wrong him, father," was the answer; "sometimes you will know how much." A look of pride shot out from Dolly's brown eyes as she said this, and she straightened up in a way which at once told plainly of her parentage. The old gentleman looked at her sorrowfully. She was the pride of his heart.

"If I wrong him, it is because of my great love and care for you. But Dolly, let me tell you this, that he reckons illy when he builds up his hopes on my purse, for not one farthing of my property shall ever slip into his hands. Mark me!"

"Very well, father," was the steadily given answer. "We do not ask your money, we only ask your love. I do not expect to be treated as my sisters have been. I do not want a rich outfit. I could not take it from you under present circumstances. My home will be a lowly and simple one, yet it will be all I ask—free, independent and happy. Don't mourn about it."

"Your sisters—" but Mr. Hoyt broke down, and actually wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, while Dolly stole quietly from the room.

During the few weeks that she remained at the old homestead, she made no allusion to her approaching marriage. Her every day duties were performed as readily and punctually as ever, and her pleasant, happy voice rang out as cheerily as though she were never to leave her old home nest.

In due time her sisters made their appearance from the city, each with a word of sympathy upon her lips for the mis-used and wronged parents. "Dolly would have to suffer for her disobedience yet," they said. "Such sins as her's never went unpunished. She'd see the time when she would wish she had acted differently. She was placing herself in a hard spot, and she would have to suffer all alone for her imprudence—they should never help her, not they! They pitied father and mother. It was a shame they should be so afflicted by Dolly's unwomanly course; but they would never forsake them. They would always be faithful to them so long as they lived, and strive to make them forget a much as possible their thoughtless child."



Dolly would see her mistake sometime, but it would be when it was too late to retract her steps—the foolish thing!

But Dolly paid little heed to their croakings, vouchsafing them, occasionally, a quiet, confident smile, in which they might have read volumes, had they not been so blinded by prejudice. In the midst of this little war of words, she became the wife of Joel Prescott, and went contentedly and happily to live in his four-roomed cottage.

It was a plain little place at first, but under the young wife's care it soon grew bright and cheery. The windows were shaded with long, white curtains, the bare floors dotted over with rugs and mats, and the uncouth looking chairs which Joel had inherited from his grandfather (the poor fellow's only inheritance), grew as good as new in their bright, patch coverings, while upon the white walls hung a few nice engravings, which, in their simple frames of varnished hemlock-burs, did not look out of place with their plain surroundings.

For a while Dolly went every week regularly, to see her father and mother. She tried to appear lively and merry in their presence, as though she had never been away from them, and as though the old mansion was always to be her home. But somehow it grew to be a useless task; at the while she felt a cold, dead weight at her heart. Her father never asked for Joel, never asked how they were getting along, and when he sent an invitation for Dolly to dine with him, it was to Dolly alone. So at last the young wife, jealous for her husband, concluded not to go up to the old place at all. She did not wish to be welcomed where Joel could not be. Happiness which he could not share with her, grew to be anything but happiness. She cried long and bitterly over her decision, but for worlds she would not have revoked it.

In this way the winter came and went, bringing little change to the young people. Everybody remarked how well they were getting along, how finely the old house looked since Dolly had come to live in it, and how bountifully the land was giving up its riches to Joel's steady, earnest hand. The year was a good one for him, and with the produce he carted off to market, he paid a good round sum of money towards his little property.

"One year more, Dolly," he would say, "one year more, and we shall have paid for the privilege of walking upon this sixty-acre patch of land during our lives. One year more and we won't be plastered down by a detestable mortgage. After that you may be as extravagant as you please, and we'll think of living, eh, Dolly?"

"Extravagant, Joel! I don't want to be extravagant. After the farm is paid for we have a great deal to do. This house—"

"This house! not a word, it's a palace, a heaven! Own that it is, dear."

"Yes, yes, certainly it is, but we might want a bigger heaven sometime, you know. We—you know."

Dolly blushed, while Joel, with a smile upon his lips, drew back the curtain, so that he might see plainer, in the dying daylight, the bright, girlish face of his young wife.

"Yes, Dolly, we will certainly have a bigger house," he said, after a pause. "Never mind covering up my mouth, dear. I'm going for the book. You may sew—I'll read it to you."

But the next year did not prove a golden one to the young people, and the harvest in the ensuing autumn was poor and meagre. The corn crop was ruined in the summer by heavy hail-storms, and the large field of wheat spoiled by rust, while the potatoes, from which Joel had hoped to realize so much, were diseased and worthless. The poor fellow did not know which way to turn. A heavy payment, which he was unable to meet, was staring him in the face. The man of whom he had purchased his property was not a merciful one. If he did not forward him the money at the specified time, all was lost, everything he had paid, all his hard labor. The man was anxious to get the place back into his own hands again. He would not fail to do so if an opportunity presented itself. From him there was nothing to hope. A sort of despair settled upon the young farmer, which in vain Dolly strove to arouse him from.

"We are young, yet, Joel," she would say. "If we lose this home, we'll work and get another. Surely you are not poor with me, or I with you. Do look on the bright side, dear."

But Joel could not see a "bright side." All

was dark. "He could bear it all without a murmur; but to think that he had taken Dolly from her nice, comfortable home, to share his wretchedness and poverty, it drove him almost mad. And then, too, when of all times she would most need to be surrounded by little luxuries and comforts, to have this stroke come upon him, the thought was agonizing."

The night before the dreaded payment fell due was a cold and cheerless one everywhere, but in the home of Joel Prescott it was cheerless beyond description. All the evening he sat with his arms folded and his head dropped moodily upon his breast, while Dolly, busy with her sewing, tried vainly to coax him away from his troubles, till her own heart sank within her like lead, and the warm tears choked her utterance. What could she do? She asked the question inwardly, but it was no less a passionate cry of despair. The wind was roaring frantically about the house, driving the withered leaves against the windows, and drifting with its angry breath, backward and forward, the faded rose-vines that still clung to the old eaves, looking, as they dropped their scraggy shadows upon the white curtains, like ghostly forms at play. Everything was desolate, desolate; but still if Joel would only be himself, ruin, desolation, or anything, could hold little terror for her, she thought.

"Joel, Joel, dear, dear Joel, for my sake forget this trouble for one little moment!" she cried hysterically, pressing her fingers closely over her eyes.

"For your sake, Dolly," he replied, slowly lifting his head, "I would do anything. It is for you that I care, for you that I am troubled."

"Am I then such a trouble to you?" she asked. "Haven't you more faith than this in me? Do you think this paltry loss will kill me? You are all I care for, Joel," and she went up to him and put both her arms about his neck, and pressed her wet, tearful cheek against his.

"Am I killing you by my selfishness?" he asked, looking searchingly in her face, and taking her hands tenderly in his.

"No, no, —"

A loud rap upon the outer door interrupted Dolly's reply, and in a moment Joel sprang to answer the summons.

"A letter," he said, glancing curiously over the superscription. "A letter for Mr. and Mrs. Joel Prescott—see, Dolly!"

"That is father's handwriting, what can it mean?" exclaimed Dolly, grasping nervously hold of the envelope. "Open it quickly, I cannot understand it."

For a full moment after they had perused the letter, they sat and gazed into each other's faces in blank wonder and astonishment.

"Homeless, property lost, nowhere to go—my poor, poor old father!" cried Dolly. "I must go to him at once!"

"But wait, be calm," said Joel, turning again to the letter. "I cannot understand it. How—his property lost—your father a poor man, a poor man?"

"Yes, poor and old, Joel; we are poor and young. He asks a home with us; only think how humbled his pride must be to do that! You will not refuse him the little we have, surely?"

Ah, then it was that the gold of Joel Prescott's nature shone out purely and brightly.

"Refuse him, Dolly? No, a thousand times no!" he answered, while his face grew bright with enthusiasm.

"Bless you, O bless you, my noble husband!" she exclaimed joyfully; and then, while an honest pride shone on her pretty face, she stepped back from him and said, "I poor with such a man! O, Joel, Joel!"

"But I cannot allow you to go into ecstasies over me now," he interrupted playfully. "Something must be done at once. What shall it be?"

"Let us go up to the old place, then. Don't shake your head. It won't harm me to walk—it isn't far."

And so they set out together, bending their way against the wind, through the darkness, forgetting their own sorrows, and setting them aside as trifles, that they might offer their sympathy to hearts that in days past had been hard and unyielding to them. I may not say there was no lingering spirit of pride and anger within Joel Prescott's breast that evening. I may not say that remembrances of old slights and neglects, cold frowns and harsh words, did not send a sharp pang through his heart as he entered the

old familiar mansion; but this I do know, that in his frank, cordial manner, in his tender, respectful allusions to the old people's misfortunes and his own delicate offer of assistance, there was only visible the workings of a pure, true, manly heart.

"God be praised that I know you as you are!" exclaimed Squire Hoyt, grasping Joel's hand warmly, and drawing him to a seat by his side. "I cannot keep it back from you any longer. I must tell you at once. It was all a ruse. I have not lost my property, I am not poor. I did it to try you all. I wrote just such a letter as I sent you, to each one of my sons-in-law. What do you think they sent me back for answers? Look here, my children—look here!" and the old gentleman turned to his writing desk with a glowing face. "Mr. Wilbur, the wealthy merchant, sympathizes with me. Is afraid I've been reckless, careless of my money—me, an old fellow that knows three times as much as he ever knew! Says he is having a tight time for money, just now; can't do much for me; hopes I'll accept the enclosed three dollar note. Mr. Herrick is very sorry for me. Hopes I'll get out of my trouble whole-coated, and learn a useful lesson! Thinks I'd better go back a little. Thinks I've lived too fast. I mustn't depend upon him. He's sorry to say it, but I mustn't. Money's hard with him, too. The Rev. Mr. Brown is more generous than the rest. He sends me \$10, and advises me to go to Dolly. He would like to help me, but has his own father and mother to care for. Hopes that my sorrows will be sanctified to my eternal good. I have faith to believe they will. You, Joel, you who are upon the eve of ruin yourself, you who have made no pretensions, given no promises, you whom I have wronged and grossly misused, come forward and offer to share with me all you have to share, a home that you have worked like a very slave to gain. I have known for a long time how affairs were turning with you this year. I've watched you closely, have wanted to help you, but could not do so conscientiously, until I understood you better. I know you now, thank God!" and the old man wiped his eyes as he finished speaking.

"Yes, thank God!" echoed Mrs Hoyt, pressing her motherly lips to Dolly's forehead. "Dolly was wiser than we in her choice."

Ah, that was a happy evening for them all, why need I dwell longer upon it? Do you wish me to say that Joel met his payment, or have you anticipated that? Shall I assure you that the three son-in-laws were terribly chagrined when they learned that the old squire had so successfully played it upon them?—that Dolly is now one of the happiest of mothers, Joel the proudest of fathers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt the most dotting of grandparents? It is so.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## OLD WELLS.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

WALKING in autumn when the Indian summer's sun steeped in sleepy goldenness the painted woods, the still waters, all possessed of purple and crimson, and yellow dreams with pale blue gaps of waking thought between, the fields and far blue hills that shouldered up the sky, I came upon a clearing where the mouldy stones of a broken-up house lay about among the grass, where orchard trees, long out of the habit of bearing, stood in fields just shadowed with the old furrows, and where the forgotten well, covered in with mossy planks, waited for the water-drawer who never came.

Tearing up the covering, I looked curiously in upon the handful of black water that blinked in a dull way at me, like eyes long unaccustomed to daylight, and sitting down beside it, I dreamed of what it might have seen and known, until the wistful sunshine waned slowly off the grass at my feet, rippled over the meadows and climbed the woods and far hillsides to wrap itself in clouds and sleep.

How long it must have been since the sun had shone in there, or stars looked wondrously down to question the sparkling shadows below, or any falling drops wrinkled the dark surface. In the years rolled up into eternity, who had drawn water there? What voices, long quenched, had rung round this mouldy fountain when the curb was new, and the dropping bucket promised coolness and comfort in the sultry day? Some poor woman, careful wife, or mother, or sister, coming to draw, had no doubt paused to see the

anxious face looking up from below, or smiled to find a smile there. Many a flaxen head, with round, wondering eyes, had pushed itself over the curb to look at that child below, and the father had daily scattered the drops from his eager lips towards the face in the water that grew older and more weary as the curb grew gray and the stones mossy. Who and where are they?

I sat there and thought as the soft day crept on towards twilight. Wasn't the world full of old wells dug in young hearts long ago, when the waters would gush up anywhere, now covered out of sight, carefully hidden, denied, despised? Do not our footsteps ring hollow above them sometimes, in places where no one could suspect a fountain to be, far out of the way, where nobody now needs or cares to drink? waters where once the stars shone all through youth's clear noonday, but where now no stars may shine at all, where perhaps no ray will ever come? waters where proud faces were mirrored, and dear hands scattered drops as they drew to slake their thirst, and pleasant echoes of laughter and tender words rang above? wells that were needed and used in days long gone by, but now deserted and covered darkly in?

Wells dug with high hopes that a multitude should drink there and bless the digger, where perhaps they might, if it had been nearer the highway, but where chance footsteps only, like mine here, disturb the perfect solitude. Wells begun for love, and a home, but left unfinished because the waters failed as the workman wrought. Wells dug for pelf or for fame, where no fountain was, and left dry and uncovered, a derision to the passer-by. Wells dug in the careless poetry of a youthful fancy, for the flowers to cluster round, and the birds to drink at, or because the fountain's head was high and the waters must have an outlet. Old, mouldy, mossy, useless wells! The world is full of them. In the mysterious hereafter, will any hand draw water from them?

### "CURLING."

Curling is a game of great Caledonian popularity, the number of known clubs in Scotland being over one hundred and forty—every moderately sized town, indeed, having one or more associations. Prince Albert himself is president of the parent club, and the most respectable members of the aristocracy, give their countenance and personal support to the exhilarating exercise. The manner of playing "curling" is in this wise: On a smooth surface of ice, about fifty feet long by ten or twelve wide, a space is kept clear for the players. At either end of this course, which is denominated a "rink," a piece of wood, called a "tee," is stuck in the ice, and around the "tee" an outer and inner circle, called "brougs," are drawn. A line called the "hogscore" is drawn across the "rink" about eight or nine feet from the "tee," and every stone that fails to go across the line is called a "hog," and the throw counts for nothing. The curling stone is a block of smooth granite twelve inches square and highly polished on the lower side, with a handle on the top to enable the player to give it the necessary impetus to propel it along the ice. In playing, the great object is to get near the "tee." Any person's stone that is thus got into a good position is carefully nursed by the players on the same side, whilst the opposite party, of course, endeavor to displace it and secure the advantageous place for themselves. On either side is a man with a broom, whose business it is to keep the track clear for his own party, carefully sweeping away the slightest obstacle that may appear to prevent the stones gliding easily along. After all have thrown, one is counted for the stone nearest the "tee," and each player on the same side, unless beaten in distance by an antagonist, also counts one—thirty-one being the general limit of a game, where the usual number of sixteen "curlers" are engaged. For several days past the Scottish residents of New York have been practising their favorite amusement with great indefatigability on the pond in the Central Park.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

### VIEW OF CALLAO, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

The engraving on page 141 is from a very spirited drawing recently made for us in the roadstead of Callao, the port of Lima, and about six miles distant from that celebrated city. The town and fortifications, with the rising hills beyond, form the background of the picture, while nearer to the spectator is seen a fine large ship under canvass, a boat's crew pulling off to their vessel, and other craft, indicating the life and activity of the port. Callao is not very well built, but it is quite strongly fortified, and the castle is the key to Lima. It has a convenient quay and an excellent carriage road to Lima, along which a line of American built omnibuses is constantly flying. The principal exports are bullion, specie, cotton, copper, bark and hides. In 1746 the old town of Callao was destroyed by an earthquake. In 1820 it was the scene of a gallant achievement of the Earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane) who cut out the Esmeralda, a large Spanish ship-of-war, from under the guns of the fort delineated in our picture.



PRINCE DANIELLO,  
VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

The large space which the affairs of Montenegro have occupied of late in the public mind, the peculiar position of this little state, its recent conflict with the Turks, warrant us in the supposition that the accompanying authentic portrait of its ruler will prove interesting to our readers. Prince Daniello has risen to be an important character on the stage of Europe. Between the Austrian and Turkish dominions, on the coast of the Adriatic, lies a narrow strip of mountainous country, inhabited by an independent people of the Slavonic race, and of warlike and predatory habits. They have nothing in common with the inhabitants of the surrounding countries, greatly resembling the Highlanders of the Caucasus, with the exception that they are as inimical to the Turks as the Caucasians are friendly. Montenegro is about sixty miles in length, and is in no place more than thirty-five in breadth. The whole surface is piled with huge rocky mountains, heaped in disordered masses on all sides; and so numerous, that a jocular remark is rife amongst the inhabitants to the effect, that when the gods were sowing stones over the world, the bag which held them burst as it passed above Montenegro. There are no cities in the country, nor even anything that may be graced with the name of a town; the largest villages, of which there are somewhat more than a hundred, containing at the most a thousand souls. As to the extent of the entire population, it cannot be calculated with certainty, though judging from the number of men they can bring into the field, it would probably amount to about 100,000.

Cettigne, the chief residence of the Vladika, of which an engraving was lately published in the Pictorial, is the only place in Montenegro that has any pretensions to a fortress. The walls that surround it are pierced with loop-holes, and mounted by a few cannon, under the safeguard of which the national diet assembles. The Montenegrin government is purely republican. Each village selects its chief, who is termed Kniaz (prince). The national affairs are argued and decided by the diet, or assembly of these elected chiefs; who, in their turn, elect the metropolitan and other great dignitaries. The metropolitan, or Vladika, possesses both the spiritual and temporal authority; but, after all, the power he holds is only a moral one, and none of the inhabitants are bound to show him obedience. The notion of equality and independence is so strongly rooted in the bosoms of this mountain people, that the poorest may say to the richest, "I am as good as yourself."

Montenegro formed part of the Slavonic empire of Serbia, which, having attained during the fourteenth century a momentary grandeur under the reign of Tzar Dushan, was overthrown by the Turks, in 1389, when the Serbian monarch, Lazar, was defeated and perished at the battle of Koprivopol. From that time, Montenegro, with a part of the adjacent country, was ruled by princes of the family Chernoyevich, descendants of a son-in-law of the unfortunate Serbian monarch whose tragical end we have noticed. The inhabitants of Montenegro lived alternately in hostility and temporary submission to the Turks; their history, contained in tradition and popular songs, is full of romance, by which the truth is somewhat obscured. In 1515, the sovereign prince of Montenegro, who was married to a Venetian lady, and who had no children, was persuaded by his wife to leave his native country, in order to spend their remaining days amongst the sweets of civilization which Venice presented. The prince abdicated, and with the consent of the nation left the supreme authority in the hands of the Vladika, or metropolitan, whose successors continue to enjoy it at the present day. From



PRINCE DANIELLO, VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

that time the history of Montenegro is one of continual struggle against the Turks. This eternal hostility made them naturally seek the alliance of every power that was at war with the Ottoman Porte. Thus they took an active part in all the wars of the Venetian republic against the Moslem. It was in order to obtain the protection of Russia that the Montenegrins, in 1712, declared themselves the subjects of Peter the Great, who received their oath of allegiance, and promised to defend them against their constant enemies. The protection remained, however, entirely nominal, and the Turks invaded Montenegro during the same year with a large force, but were repelled with considerable loss. Hostilities went on between the two nations up to 1718,

when for nearly half a century a comparative quiet existed—a thing almost unheard of in the history of Montenegro. It was in the beginning of the present century that Montenegro attracted the attention of Europe, although not in a degree commensurate to its importance, by the prominent part it took in the war between France and Russia, and the extraordinary devotion it showed to the last named power in a quarrel entirely foreign to its own interests. After the peace in 1814, the Montenegrins remained in undisturbed quiet until the invasion of the country by the Vizier of Bosnia in 1820, who was completely defeated, and forced to retire with heavy loss. With in the last few years Montenegro has been the scene of various changes in her social condition.

THE KING OF AVA'S STEAM-YACHT.

In fulfilment of our promise to publish from time to time, sketches of the most curious and interesting specimens of naval architecture in all parts of the world, we give on this page of the Pictorial an engraving of the beautiful little steam-yacht lately built for the king of Ava, by K. Napier & Son, Glasgow, Scotland. The dimensions of the yacht are—length, 190 feet; breadth, 18 feet; and depth, 8 feet; with spoon shaped bow and stern to suit the peculiar navigation of the river Irawaddy, and she is fitted with a pair of oscillating engines of 100 nominal horse power. Externally the hull is elegantly decorated, the cabin windows being surrounded with ornamental mouldings cast in white metal; the stern and paddle-boxes are also chastely ornamented with curved work, and a peacock in full plumage (the Burmese emblem of royalty) is perched upon the stern for a figure head. The saloon fittings are of rich bird's-eye maple, with tulip-wood mouldings and plate-glass panels. These latter, to accord with the Eastern ideas of magnificence, are highly ornamented with paintings in the richest style of coloring, interspersed with ornate gilding, the gold being of various tints and alternating with imitation diamonds and other gems, so as greatly to enhance the general brilliancy. We find the following description of the royal proprietor of the yacht in a work recently published in London, entitled "A Narrative of the Mission sent by the governor general of India to the court of Ava in 1855." The author (Captain Yule) is describing a reception given to the British embassy in the hall of audience at Amarapura:—"At last the king's approach was announced by music, sounding, as it appeared, from some hidden court of the palace. As the last man entered the golden lattice-doors behind, the throne rolled back into the wall, and the king was seen mounting a stair leading from a chamber behind to the summit of the throne. He ascended slowly, and as if oppressed by weight, using his golden-sheathed sword as a staff to assist his steps. Mr. Camaretta asserted that the jewelled coat worn by his majesty, actually weighed nearly a hundred pounds. From the distance at which we viewed the king he seemed a somewhat portly man, having features of a much more refined character than are common among his subjects, exhibiting indeed the national physiognomy, but much subdued. His expression was good and intelligent; his hands delicately and finely formed. His dress was a sort of long tunic, or surcoat, of a light-colored silk apparently; but so thickly set with jewels that the material was scarcely discernible. His cap or crown was a round tiara of similar material, in shape like an Indian morion, rising to a peak crowned with a spirillole ornament several inches high, and having flaps or wings rising over each ear. Over the forehead was a gold plate or frontlet." Some private interviews which Major Phayre subsequently had with the king enabled the envoy to inform himself of the royal views and character. His majesty took great interest in the siege of Sebastopol. He seemed desirous to impress the envoy with the moral sciences and public spirit of the Burmese rulers, and to exhibit his own stock of knowledge on a variety of subjects. He discussed the resources and history of his dominions, also the origin of gunpowder, and of the steam-engine, photography, and the electric telegraph; and, with apparently keener interest, the relative strength and alliances of European powers. We are too apt to underrate the intellect and acquisitions of many of these eastern potentates, regarding them as the Chinese do all excluded from the limits of the celestial empire, as mere outside barbarians. But the light of knowledge will penetrate even to the remotest parts of the world, however walled in.



THE NEW STEAM PLEASURE YACHT, BUILT FOR THE KING OF AVA.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HOME.

BY JOHN C. BRUCE.

I've travell'd north I've travell'd south,  
Through climates cool and warm,  
And braved alike the whirlwind's blast,  
The midnight's piercing storm.  
I've been among the Arab borders,  
Upon the desert's sand,  
And turn'd from thence to India's shores,  
And China's distant land.

I've rove beneath Italia's bowers,  
And through time honored Rome;  
But though I loved it all land of flowers,  
'Twas not my early home.  
For though amid far distant isles  
I've loved so well to rove,  
I dearly love my native hills,  
My own New England home.

\* Mate of the clipper ship "Clive."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE TWO COUNTS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

SCENE—a watering place on Grapnel Beach. The lights from the great "Governor House" stream down even into the water that comes swelling up, swelling up with a short, musical rhythm. All back of the white-capped waves that are rolling in is one dark gleam; but the moon lifts her silver horn—a white line streaks the water—the brilliant galaxy of stars—but hold! I should speak of other stars—the living beauties at the "Governor House" on Grapnel Beach.

The hotel was illuminated from top to base. Inside all was festivity and joyful hum. Nursery maids in platoons were marching up the wide stairs with babies' faces laying over their shoulders. Babes and maids were almost tired out. Musical instruments were being tuned, furiously. Now a natural G would hop out, anon a guttural flat somewhere down in the vicinity of a trombone's deepest bass, and then would come squeaking a row of fine fiddle tones, the whole being suggestive of spirited hops and small flirtations. The "dear, delightful" men stood about in groups, some pursuing the dignified employment of sucking their cane tops, others admiring the respective neck ties of their neighbors and their own, and all of them looking with eager eyes over to the place where their beauties were expected to meet them.

The dancing had fairly begun—all was fun and frolic. The young baboons—I beg pardon, I meant men—sipped out between the dances to imbibe their brandies and flavor their precious breaths with odoriferous tobacco, and the young nimshies—pardon again, I mean ladies—flirted with the sentimental Augustus's and the moon-struck Toms, to their heart's content.

Out upon the balcony, with their arms lovingly about each other's waists, stood two young girls, or rather two clouds of muslin, gauze and lace, with wax-like faces and flax-like hair on top.

"Where is John, Lettie?" asked one of them, playing with the long ringlets of her friend.

"Don't know, dear; haven't seen him for an hour or more. O, Minnie! do you think there is really a live count coming to Grapnel? Do you think so?"

"They say it is true," replied the other; "all the girls are dying to see him. You know that plain little thing?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Well! don't you think she affected to care nothing about the rumor; positive 'she shouldn't care for all the counts,' she said—would think no more of a count than a good Yankee farmer, unless he behaved as well." Did you ever hear such nonsense, dear?"

"Never; I'm sure I should die contented if I could once promenade with a real count, and as to waltzing with him, O, Lettie dear! wouldn't it be heavenly?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lettie. "For my part I am determined he shall notice me. I do hope that forlorn John Gordon won't follow me everywhere."

"John Gordon is rich, remember dear, and everybody is jealous of his attention to you. Besides, he's handsome, and I do believe he loves you."

"O, yes! there's no doubt but what he loves me—but mercy! what is John Gordon by the side of a count? O, Minnie! I have such feel-

ings sometimes. I do believe I was born to be a great personage, somewhere. I don't like this dull American life where one has to notice every body. How delightful it would be now to say on every side "my lord," O, isn't it noble? isn't it grand?"

"Yes, dear, but isn't the dew falling? Hadn't we better go in?"

So they went in. And the trombones groaned, the fiddles squeaked, the flutes made charming music, and there was a sound as if the great hotel was keeping time in a periodical shake, and even the ocean was dancing.

"Well, Hallet, wasn't that talk delightful, now?"

"Wasn't it rich, by George! the little swells! Is there a count coming?"

"Coming! there's one here, been here this two days, but the girls don't know it. He's a gentleman, too, and no mistake,—that plain, grave man in a black suit—looks like an American citizen more than anything else. He's incog; wants to study manners here at our great feeding places."

"Ah! so that is a count? Well, I must say he's a fine, sensible looking fellow. He's paid considerable attention to that Miss Jennie Phillips whom Lettie Grovelon called that plain little thing. I presume she meant by that plain dressing, as she has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw."

"Hallet, did you see those two foreign fellows seated on the bench by one of the lower doors, this evening?" asked John Gordon.

"Yes; they are organ grinders. They are going to stay here to-night, so one of them told me, quite an intelligent fellow."

"Will it pay, think you, to have some sport with them?" asked John Gordon.

"I think I take," cried Hallet, with a hearty laugh. "I'll put an X in, and a V on that, for the sake of the fun."

"Come on, then; we shall find them somewhere!"

The organ grinders were in company. They were Italians, brothers, men with fine eyes and full beards, long noses and ragged clothes. They could talk just a little English, and understood more. When found they were closing a bargain with one of the servants to play for them in the great kitchen, but when John Gordon called them aside and made them a tempting offer, they with many grimaces and shrugs pleaded an engagement to the people below stairs.

"If you manage it well I'll give you fifteen dollars apiece, and you shall have our tickets for the grand supper to-night."

"Ya as!" said the delighted foreigners, their eyes sparkling.

Hallet laid down the programme. John Gordon went to secure their organs, in case they should take a rover's fancy to their new broadcloth, and to prepare their wardrobes.

The fellows dressed quickly—they looked like gentlemen. As to the use of lorgnettes, finger-rings and perfumed handkerchiefs, they needed no instruction. An intuitive grace made them very conspicuous. John Gordon walked towards Hallet with an air that said, "they beat us at our own game; they are really handsome fellows."

"Let the lions loose," said Hallet, "they have their cue," and accordingly the lions walked down stairs with an exceedingly great swell. John Gordon and Hallet watched them, and said to each other "it was capitally done."

Their incoming caused a sensation. Decidedly, they were the most distinguished-looking men in the room.

Here and there, carelessly, Gordon and Hallet let drop a hint. It made a ripple—the ripple spread and broke into a thousand lines. A whisper surged from one end of the room to the other—two counts! Two counts!—live ones, handsome, with an air *distingue*. Some of the ladies did all but faint. Some of them smiled quietly, quietly elevated their glasses, and—wished the counts would only smile on them. The counts did smile—first here, and then there. Presently John Gordon and Hallet appeared. Ah, they were immensely delighted! What shaking of hands!

"They know them," whispered Lettie Grovelon, with a smile of ecstasy. "Now we shall be introduced."

So they were—so were others—but the two friends, Lettie and Minnie, evidently made an impression. Actually, they were promenading around the hall—each leaning on the arm of a count! How modest and quiet they tried to appear! How their hearts beat, and

the blood surged to their silly brains with triumph! The poor little muslin clouds with waxen faces stop.

"Will you walk on ze balcony, miss?" asked the elder, in worse English than we can write.

"O, with pleasure! with delight!" exclaimed Lettie. She would have given exactly the same answer if he had asked her to go to Kamtschatka.

They walked out there to the supreme envy of every lady but a very few who had happened to be born with common sense, an endowment more rare than genius.

"I likes you very much," said Lettie's count.

"I so rich in my own countrie! These diamonds come from my estate—zey's very beautiful diamonds. I have so large houses and so large gold! all so large as you never ze in zis countrie."

Lettie's heart beat almost to suffocation—the little fool!

"Ele I could only get one wife, so handsome as you, I should be perfectly zublime!"

Lettie hung heavily upon his arm. Meantime the other count was going through the same farce, in a perfect agony of mutilated Saxon.

"Zepose I did ask you to be my one lectle wife—you say no?"

"I think I should not," replied Lettie, in a voice as soft as a zephyr; "if papa is willing, and I know he would be."

"Ah! I now be charming, zublime!"

"How delicate!" thought Lettie. "He does not even attempt to kiss me, though he might as well as not."

Didn't her eyes shine brighter than the count's diamonds, when they re-entered the hall? Wasn't the bloom on her face most brilliant? Couldn't everybody see that she was as good as married to the count? The same remarks will apply to Miss Minnie.

They leaned so closely against the splendid coat sleeves of their foreign attaches! They looked up into their faces with such bewitching confidence!

"Isn't it most time?" asked John Gordon, with an appalling wink.

"I should think so," replied Hallet, as he felt for his watch—but the count had it.

John Gordon and Hallet disappeared with elongated faces, that shortened as they found themselves alone. Presently they entered the hall again, followed by two stout servants each bearing a hand-organ. Up they marched, to the consternation of the company, directly towards the two counts. Confusion!

"Here's a shilling for you," said John Gordon, roughly, to Lettie's escort, "give us 'Still so gently.' Do your best, now!"

With a bow and a grin, the count loosened a white arm from his own, and doffing the green baize, he took the shilling, buckled on the hand-organ, and set up a squeak.

For a moment, as the two fellows ground away, bobbing and grinning, there was a strange silence. The company "took," and such a yell (not fashionable by any means) went up as was never heard from such a polite assembly before.

Lettie stood a moment, red, mortified, confounded! so did Minnie. But presently one muslin cloud faded away, and the other made her exit by some more desirable means. The real count enjoyed the lesson as well as the rest; but let it be remarked, *en passant*, that Lettie and Minnie were types of more than two thirds of the fashionable belles at Grapnel, and that the pretended counts were perhaps more honest, and certainly more industrious, than the fops who laughed at them.

## SYMPATHY OF THE NERVES.

When the nerves from long habit have been accustomed to transmit their messages from distinct parts, and are suddenly cut off from them, they still retain along their tracks the sympathetic actions. Thus a man who has had a leg amputated will feel distinctly along the course of the trunk of the nerve, sensations which no longer exist. The mind also is influenced by this; and frequently this peculiar direct nervous action can only be allayed by that which is negative and reflex. A curious incident occurred within my own experience. An old sailor suffered much from this; he retained his diseased foot too long, but at last consented to amputation. When he had his nervous pains, he always called for hot water, into which he put his wooden stump. If told of his folly in supposing that such a proceeding could do any good, he would become enraged, and his paroxysm of pain would increase; but if gratified he took things easy, and the process actually appeared to do him good, though all must know there could be no real benefit. Still here is the effect of mind over matter.—*Ridge on Health and Disease.*

## GONE A LONG TIME FOR FRUIT.

Young Jerrold "had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gun. While the captain was absent two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good natured officer assented, adding—"By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears." "All right, sir," said the men, and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eyes may wander over this page, will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge, could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—"I say, my friend, don't you think you have been rather a long time about that fruit?" The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—"Lor! is that you, sir?" The midshipman went on his way laughing.—*Life of Jerrold by his son.*

## CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.

Mankind has been wonderfully ingenious from its infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee, and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are certain culinary fashions still extant, which must be marvelously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos' tails in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations—twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil—or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa-constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in Chira, monkey entlets and parrot pies in Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bears' grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephants' paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton?—for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpaca, mermaids' tails, bustard and anaconda.—*Athenaeum.*

## A NEW KIND OF APE.

Prof. Owen, the celebrated naturalist, delivered a lecture, with diagrams, on man-like apes, and described a new species recently discovered on the western coast of Africa, named the Gorilla species, the adults of which attain the height of five feet five inches, and are three feet across the chest. Its head is double the size of a man's, and its extremities are enormously developed. They exist in some numbers in the interminable forests of the Gambia river. The negroes of the country, in their excursions into the forest in search of ivory, exhibit little fear of the lion, as it slunk away from man, but they dreaded the gorilla, for when he saw men advancing, he came down out of the trees to attack, and could strangle a man with the greatest ease. The strength of this man ape is enormous; his jaw is as powerful as that of a lion, and his canine teeth equally formidable.—*N. E. Farmer.*

## READING.

Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the government of the human mind, it is on this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

It is only the calm waters that reflect heaven in their breast.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

A lonely forest rises on the view—  
Devilish the pathways that meanders through,  
Silent on either side the leafy screen—  
A breathless moonlit wilderness of green.  
Hark! 'tis a drumbeat echoing through the glen,  
Tuning the steady march of armed men.  
The red cross flutters in the forest shade,  
The bayonet gleams in the gloomy glade.  
In war's proud panoply and haughty state,  
The leader rides triumphant on a white  
Holt, daring chief, no further shalt thou go!  
Last to the warwhop of the stealthy foe!  
Swift on its path the hissing arrow slugs,  
Sharp through the cloven air the bullet rings.  
Ah! dire the carnage, wild the havoc made  
And vain the valor by that band displayed.  
The leader falls—who now will take his place,  
And o'er the ambushed trail the path retraces?  
A youthful hero to the rescue springs.  
O'er the wild din of war his calm voice rings;  
Firm amidst the faltering, with the timid brave,  
He, and he only can the remnant save.  
Yet not unmarked, that high heroic form  
Rose like a tower amid the battle's storm.  
Round him like hail the Indian bullets flew,  
His bright locks grazed and pierced his garments through,  
His charger falls—he drops the useless rein,  
And mounts once more—another horse is slain;  
Yet all unharmed amidst the desperate strife,  
The young Virginian bears a charmed life;  
Around him every stricken comrade bleeds,  
But Washington is spared for loftier deeds.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TIMOLEON BREEZE,  
—THE—  
FOE OF THE OPPRESSOR.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

If the power to construct equalled the power to destroy in the human mind, perhaps the world would be better off than it is—though man is but a bad builder at the best. Unfortunately those who possess great destructive faculties are not often blessed with constructive capacities in proportion. You might as well expect a common scold to produce peace in her neighborhood, as to hope from one whose life is spent in reviling existing institutions, a plan to excel them when they were levelled to his liking.

But man is always a discontented animal; and those who consider themselves the most oppressed—the laborious poor—are apt to listen with favor to every professed social reformer.

Any man who tells them that "society is founded upon a false basis," finds an echo in their hearts; and they look, but look in vain, for him to prepare some new system which will work better than the existing one.

Timoleon Breeze was one of those fault-finding fellows, who mistake their natural gall for genius, and think because they can point out faults in the condition of things, they have great perception and can see farther than their fellows. Thinking that men were too slavish, because they did not grumble as much as he did, it was his custom, wherever he went, to arouse in them what he called "the original spirit of liberty," and make a row about it. No place, no people, no time were exempt from his discord-breeding propensity. He would awaken his fellow-creatures to "a sense of their rights," or would die in the attempt.

Timoleon once arrived in a happy town, and put up at the Blue Boar inn, the public house of the central village; and having refreshed his bilious nature with copious draughts of hot coffee one morning, he looked around the green and smiling village and thought the people seemed happy.

They seem happy—but this is not real happiness. They are miserable and don't know it. I must arouse them from this lethargy. This is the stillness of moral death. 'Order reigns in Warsaw,' as the fellow said. But none of these people, who are minding their own business, are content. And why don't they have souls enough, then, to rebel against those who keep them down? Mr. Mink!

Mr. Mink was the landlord, and he came.  
"Mr. Mink, what rent do you pay the squire?"  
The latter stated.  
"Don't you think that's too much, Mr. Mink?"

"Of course I do. Fifty dollars per annum too much, I reckon."

"A hundred dollars too much, Mr. Mink. I wouldn't submit to it. Men who know their

rights, should rise in their might and strike down the purse-proud rich, who dare, sir, to oppress them! Grinding the faces of the poor in this way."

"Grin 'em their noses off, sir," said the landlord, rubbing his hands with delight to find somebody to sympathize with him on the subject that most haunted his mind—his rent. (Tomorrow would be quarter-day, and he lacked twenty dollars of the amount due.)

"Tell the squire you won't stand it, Mr. Mink. Allow me to ask you one question, sir: Has the blood of Lexington flowed in vain?"

"Eh?"

"Can you tell me the price of liberty?"

He looked at Mink with such a glowing eye, that the man had a momentary suspicion that he was a little "loony," and drew back.

"Eternal vigilance, sir," said Timoleon. "It becomes us to resist every attempt upon our rights, if we would be free and enjoy the fruits of our hard labor."

"That's a fact," said Mink, beginning to understand him. "It takes just five gallons and a half of liquor more 'a I sell in a quarter to pay a quarter's rent. I figured it up on the slate last night. What's the use of having a bar, to have the squire swaller it all?"

"What's the use of anything," said Timoleon, "if we are slaves, and won't be free?"

"Them's my sentiments, exactly," said the landlord, "and the squire and I will have a row to-morrow, or else he can't get his rent."

Mr. Breeze now went out into the yard, where he found a strong, able-bodied Irishman busily sawing wood, and singing as he sawed.

"Good morning, my friend," said Breeze.

"Good day to yer honor," said Pat, resting from his labor.

"Hard at work, I see."

"I wuz that, afore yer honor spoke to me; but I'm afther resting a bit jest now."

"What do you get for sawing that wood?"

"Faith, it's me pay I'll get, I hope, God help me, when the job's done."

"And how much may that be?"

"Shure it might be a dale more than it will be, I know. Four cints a cut, sir, and I pile it at that."

"That's altogether too little. Four cints a cut only! O dear!"

"Maybe yer honor has a load to saw?" said Pat, becoming suddenly interested in Breeze. "I'll charge ye sixpence a cut, if ye like, and do it nately. But it's Mr. Mink I'm working for the day."

"Mr. Mink, eh?" said Mr. Breeze, with a frown. "And does he pay you so little, with so much money as he has! This is the way the rich oppress the poor."

"That's thrue for you, sir. But what can a poor man do, wid a wife and childher?"

"Demand more pay, my friend. Don't be so mean-spirited as to work for nothing."

"D'ye think I'd get more?" said Pat, putting on his jacket.

"I'm sure of it. He'll refuse at first, perhaps, but you hold out, and leave the wood lying where it is, and he'll yield to you. This is a land of freedom, my friend, and men must insist upon their rights."

"Begorra, ye spake like a man, anyhow. Aither owld Mink 'll pay me six cints a cut, or divil a ha'p'orth more work I'll do the day."

And Pat, resolved to have his rights, left saw and horse idle where they were, and went into the tavern; failing to get what he asked, he commenced drinking deeply to keep his resolution.

"Society is founded on a false basis!" muttered Breeze; and at that moment he saw a woman hanging clothes on a line. She did all the washing for the house. So Breeze waited himself towards her.

"Did you wash all those clothes to day, ma'am?"

"Yes sir," said Susan, a bouncing young woman of twenty, blushing, the very picture of robust health.

"I suppose you got ten or fifteen dollars a week besides your board, miss, don't you?"

"O law, no sir!" replied Susan, her great blue unsophisticated eyes widening with surprise.

"Only two dollars and board."

"And none of the cold victuals?" asked Breeze.

Susan shook her head.

"Only two dollars and board, and no cold victuals! That is what I should call uncommonly small in Mr. Mink, seeing that he keeps a hotel."

"I didn't want any of the cold victuals," said Susan, confidently, feeling that she was speaking with a practical sort of man, "because—because I've no family, sir; but it does seem to me as if I worked very hard for a very little."

"You're right, miss. You ought to be able to save up at least from six to eight dollars a week out of your wages, against the time you get married, working so hard as you do, if you do this immense washing. People must have money if they expect ever to be married. But women will allow themselves to be oppressed by the men, and if they don't choose to speak for themselves, there no hope for them. Why, bless me, child, your hands are all parboiled!"

Susan was touched by the kind tone, and as she observed the effect of the suds, tears of indignation filled her bonny blue eyes.

"Have you no friends in the world?" said Timoleon, sympathetically.

"That-I have!" quickly replied Susan; "and I'll go home to my mother to-morrow, if I don't get five dollars a week, I vow! sure's my name's Susan!"

"Say ten, Susan," said Timoleon, as he walked away. "I wouldn't be crowded down in a wash-tub for nothing."

"Nothing but tyrants and slaves in the world," murmured Breeze. "We'll have to wade knee-deep in blood, yet, I'm convinced. Now there's a fellow carrying a horse. He is miserably off, I'll warrant. I'll ask him."

"Good morning, mister. That's a fine horse of yours. How much would you take for him?"

The hostler felt flattered at being mistaken for the owner of such an animal.

"He's not mine, sir. He belongs to a gentleman in the house."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I suppose he's no better flesh and blood than you are, even if you don't own the horse. He'd better carry his own horse."

"I don't mind the work, if I got anything for it worth speaking of. But here I have five horses to look after every week, and only get my six dollars and found."

"If you do that another day you ought to be hung," said Breeze. "A man like you ought to keep a hotel yourself, instead of looking after horses. And you would be able to do it in time if you asked your proper wages."

"And I'll be hanged if I don't, sir, after this. One thing is sure. I don't do any more work to-day, horse or no horse." And inspired by the words of Breeze, he flung away his currycomb and left the animal half-cleaned, as he went into the tavern to drink to his future prospects, and come to a more enlarged understanding with his employer.

"I'm determined to do what good I can in the world, while life lasts!" reflected Breeze, on entering the house and going to his apartment. "Society must be re-organized, and the sooner we begin the better."

In his room he found Betsy, the chambermaid, and he seized the opportunity to inform her that if she didn't resist oppression in the shape of nine shillings a week and twelve beds to make, etc., it wouldn't be long before the sexton would be called on to make a bed for her, where the wicked cease from troubling and chambermaids are at rest.

He made a great impression on the chambermaid; and then left her, to go down and take a glass of wine with the landlord and be introduced to his wife.

While Mink was gone to resist the demands of his refractory help, who were striking for liberty in the bar and the kitchen, the friend of human rights succeeded in raising an obstinate rebellion in the heart of Mrs. Mink, who had three children to look after, of the tender ages of two, four and six.

"How fortunate it is for children that a mother's heart is large enough for all her cares. Too large, alas, Mrs. Mink, for her, sometimes! Do you ever think so?"

Mrs. Mink was rather a coarse specimen of her sex, and answered that "she didn't think nothing else. I sometimes feel so flustered like, looking after these young ones, that I feel like going and jumping into the horse-pond."

"No wonder, ma'am. I would, if I was a mother! I know what women must feel. No liberty; confined in the house most of the time; the right of public speech denied them; slaves to their husband's children; can't vote, fight battles, go to sea, nor do many things they would like to, and what for, Mrs. Mink? What for? Because they allow their tyrants to have their

own way, keep all the money, rule the roast, and have all the fun. O, O, Mrs. Mink, I wish I was a woman! I'd have my own way if I hung myself!"

"And I mean to," exclaimed Mrs. Mink, "for the future." Here! Jane, you saucy brat—and you, Polly, you—and you, you little jade—take that—and that—and that! I'll see if you dare to play when I'm talking to this gentleman. And I'll give Mr. Mink a piece of my mind when he comes up, I guess. I won't be trampled on any more, I know!"

Amid the fearful domestic squawling that now ensued, Mr. Breeze retired, complimenting his hostess upon the revolutionary spirit she possessed, and confident that he had planted the seeds of reform not only in the bosom of that family, but in the bosoms of all whom he had addressed that day. That night he went complacently to bed and dreamed of Wilberforce, Tom Paine, and the friends of human rights in general.

But if Timoleon Breeze felt satisfied with himself for that day's work, he had not so well succeeded with other people.

The unfortunate landlord had not only to encounter the several demands of those of his employ, and resist their hostility and threats in a series of domestic fights, but when he went to bed, these aggravating matters still unsettled, he met with the most formidable adversary of all, in the shape of the awakened Mrs. Mink, who commenced the fight of freedom that night and never left off till daybreak.

By the time she sank exhausted to sleep, he was obliged to rise, pale, worried and haggard—and it was quarter-day.

But though the squire was coming for his rent, Mink was a man of some pluck, and he determined to fight against the rent as his human-rights adviser told him to; he did so to the best of his ability, quoting Timoleon, talked largely about the blood of patriots, the price of liberty, human rights, and chains and slavery, etc.; but the squire was inexorable, his ultimatum being the rent—or move. And the squire went home.

This seemed to cap the climax of misery; and in the deepest rage, when the servants again preferred their claims to him, Mink told them all to leave at once and never come back, or the threshold of the Blue Boar would be reddened with the blood of martyrs. And greatly disappointed, the malcontents departed, lamenting their pertinacity, and feeling anything but pleasant towards the individual who gave them such unlucky advice.

When they got home they found things anything but satisfactory there; nothing but scolding and reproaches greeted the announcement of their efforts in the cause of human rights and high wages; and becoming now thoroughly exasperated and ugly towards the ill-omened stranger, that breeder of so much trouble in so little time, they all went back to the Blue Boar with mingled feelings of repentance and revenge.

It was at this juncture that Mink, dating all his troubles from the hour of the stranger's arrival, suspected him to be the cause; and Mrs. Mink, tired of quarrelling, admitted that it was so, so far as she was concerned.

This opened the eyes of Mink; and opening his arms to the repentant ones, he at once proposed that they should all go in for liberty and union. Upon which they united in procuring a rail, and seizing the mischief-making Timoleon Breeze, took the liberty of riding him out of town with great roughness and rapidity.

LONDON WRITERS.

A day or two before Christmas the London Times employed the owner of a graphic pen to visit one of the Refuges for the Homeless Poor of the British metropolis, and to write a vivid sketch of the interior of that institution. The establishment is situated in Field Lane, a narrow thoroughfare at the foot of Holborn Hill, a locality which has been "ventilated" by city improvements, and is by no means so bad as it was when Mr. Jonathan Wild carried on a nefarious trade in its vicinity. The pen-and-ink sketches were truly appalling; but the delineation, besides shocking the delicate sensibilities of a few superfine "ladies and gents," answered a very useful purpose. Charitable men and women were thankful for having the miseries of the outcast population made known, and their practical benevolence sought to mitigate that wretchedness it could scarcely hope to remove. The sum of £5500 has been contributed to the Field Lane Refuge alone, and to various cognate charities a further sum exceeding £2400 was subscribed in consequence of the discussion provoked.

In youth, life seems to have no limits, to be, in short, an inexhaustible treasure.



## CHARLES A. BARRY, ARTIST.

We publish on this page a finely executed portrait, drawn and engraved expressly for us from a photograph by Mr. Masury, of Charles A. Barry, the celebrated crayon artist, of this city. And we feel sure that to the public in general, as well as to those especially interested in art, this number of our paper will be acceptable upon this account. Among the great living artists of our time, there are but few persons whose rank can be said to rival or excel that of Mr. Barry in his speciality of crayon portraiture and drawing, and none, taking into account youth and other circumstances proper to be considered, of whom so much is to be expected in the future. Born in Boston, on the 30th of July, 1830, Mr. Barry has barely arrived at that first verge of early manhood—that pregnant prime of life—when under ordinary circumstances, ordinary men are engaged in creating and combining the first elements of a future success; and yet, with the characteristic *coup de main* of true genius, he has established a reputation, and acquired a niche in the temple of Art, such as can justly be accorded to few living men. Nor has this been done, as it were, by nature working out within him her own volition merely, without effort upon his part; but labor and privation, and sometimes suffering have been undergone, patiently and heroically, in the spirit of a religious faith in God, and in the spirit of a conscious appreciation of his own attributes as a man, that the result might be what it is, not less honorable to the world of art than to his native country and himself. Mr. Barry is principally engaged at the present time in crayon portraiture, and that, we believe, he considers his professional speciality. Of his more recent works in this branch of his art, the portraits of the poet Whittier, of his brother artist, Ames, and of Hon. Edward Everett, have attracted the most public attention, and are, perhaps, true criteria of his artistic merits in this regard. But after all, in our opinion, Mr. Barry is pre-eminent in another and a higher, and indeed the highest field of art, namely, that of ideal creation. The very mention of the "Motherless" suggests the truth of this remark, as all who have seen it will acknowledge. No ideal picture has ever before been produced in this country which has been so much applauded and admired; and indeed, we have seen no picture of the kind in our experience so well conceived and well executed, as the one to which we refer. Sorrow was never before so truthfully delineated by human hand as in this picture; the sentiment of the face of the elder sister is inexpressible; it touches the feelings as if it were a living thing, and its grief a reality; it brings tears into the eyes of those who have felt by experience the bereavement which it represents; in a word, it is the most thoroughly natural, and so the most thoroughly artistic ideal picture which we have ever seen. In the same category with the "Motherless," the more recent productions of Mr. Barry's pencil, "Adeline" and the "Schoolmistress," are to be mentioned, both of which have been highly appreciated and admired. We have nothing but praise to bestow upon Mr. Barry as an artist—not a word of fault to find. If he has faults, we feel so sanguine that they are trivial, and that they will disappear in time, that they do not occasion us a single moment's regret; while we glory in the genius, which, born and bred in this rugged soil of ours, where the flowers of the fine arts are by no means indigenous, has done so much already, and look to the future with confident pride and gratification in the thought that Massachusetts is, at no distant day, to have the honor of being the birthplace of the greatest living crayonist, in the person of the subject of our sketch, who, by his unremitting devotion to his art, for the love of art itself, shown in every trial and vicissitude, deserves all the success, all the honor, all the rewards that crown high merit, and which our people are ever ready to bestow.



CHARLES A. BARRY, ARTIST.

## DECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP ARABIA, AT SEA.

The accompanying original illustration, drawn expressly for us by Mr. A. Waud, on the deck of the Cunard steamship Arabia, at sea, will vividly awaken the reminiscences of those of our readers who are familiar with the voyage. In others it will revive that vague longing for adventure, that desire for wings wherewith to sweep the universe at will, which the steamship seems to realize. The steamer on whose deck the spectator is now looking, is one of the vessels of the favorite Cunard line, and has for commander Captain Stone, an excellent and experienced officer. The regularity with which the Cunard vessels have made their trips from Liverpool to Halifax, Boston and New York and back, the staunchness of the ships, the seamanship of the officers, the fine accommodations and table, and above all, the fact that in the many passages, winter and summer, encountering all the vicissitudes of weather, the life of not a single passenger has been lost, have given this line a prestige which is in itself a fortune. Many other and excellent lines of steamers now run from New York and Philadelphia to other European ports, and command a fair share of patronage, but the business of the Cunard ships is certain. It is a sight to see the gallant ship under notice on the eve of her departure from East Boston to Halifax and Liverpool. Steam is got up at an early hour of the morning, and though the huge black monster yet lies in her dock motionless, and from her bulk, to an

inexperienced eye seems immovable, yet an occasional strong snort, and the dash of a paddle show that there is an element of impatient life compressed within that ponderous frame. It is the snort and stir of the generous steed in his stall, just before he is taken out to the race course. Meanwhile, officers, stewards, waiters, seamen, engineers, firemen are all busy, and swarming about, and there is a hum like a beehive on board. Careful passengers begin to arrive, with families and friends to see them off. The crowd on the pier thickens. Voices are loud and many. The mails arrive, and are taken on board under the eye of the gentleman in navy blue, with the gold hat-band. Hacks loaded with baggage, and containing tardy travellers, are driven upon the wharf at headlong speed, the horses smoking from nose to tail. General hubbub and uproar—more snorts from the engine, the iron monster becoming very impatient, orders from stentorian lungs echoed by equally stentorian "aye ayes,"—very pathetic leave-takings—female friends kissing each other in a very tantalizing way—men biting cigars to control their emotions, hands wrung—serving blessings uttered and reciprocated—romance and the poetry of life coming to the aid of its prose. At length the fasts are cast off, and the strong revolutions of the wheels back the huge fabric out of her dock. Away goes the leviathan, swimming backward towards the Boston shore and drifting Charlestown-wards. You watch her from the pier-head, and perceive in a little while that her retrograde motion ceases, and there she remains stationary. The line of her foremast coincides with some chimney on shore by which you can measure her progress. By-and-by she moves. At that instant a puff of smoke on her starboard bow is followed by one on her port bow, and instantly after the boom of her guns reaches the ear. It is an exciting moment to those on ship and shore. Every moment now her speed increases till it reaches its maximum. She tramples the waters in scorn—she cleaves them with her sharp bow—she dashes them aside with her broad floats, she leaves a boiling, bubbling, seething, flaming wake behind. Away down the bay she rushes, past headland and island, and ships at anchor, heading for the open sea, resistless and imperial in her career. The passengers are all exultant at the fortunate commencement of their voyage. We have now fairly got our noble steamer out of the harbor, with the broad blue Atlantic before her, and may take our stand with our artist on her deck and watch the animated picture that he presents to us. On either side are the boats hanging to their davits, and the huge wheel-houses, on one of which stand the captain and the chief officer. The tall masts and chimney rise before us. In the foreground the passengers, ladies and gentlemen, are grouped on the upper deck, the fresh breeze rustling their dresses—in the distance are the seamen on the forecastle. Sails are drifting along on either bow, and the whole scene smacks of the excitement of ocean travel. The first hours of the voyage usually find all the passengers on deck, and they are generally well represented at the first dinner-table. But the roll of the sea begins to blanch cheeks unused to the salutations of the element, and at supper many have lost the number of their mess. The next morning the few who come on deck are wo begone enough, only old travellers exhibiting fresh color and spirits. The brief pause at Halifax rallies the company again, but when the land once more disappears, numbers slink away to their state-rooms, only to appear at intervals, the pale spectres of their former selves, victims of old Neptune's rough and pitiless handling. Those who escape the demon of sea-sickness are very apt to triumph ungenerously in their exemption. Certainly this same sea-sickness is the most uncomfortable malady which human flesh is heir to. Life seems worthless, if saddled with it, and the prospect of a wreck under such circumstances, is rather agreeable.



DECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMER ARABIA, AT SEA.





CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

**CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE**

AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made on the spot expressly for us, by Mr. Kilburn, during his tour to obtain fresh and authentic sketches for the Pictorial. As you enter Charleston from the sea, almost the first object you behold is the fanciful and antique building shown in our picture. Built in early colonial times, successive changes have rendered its architecture varied and peculiar. The lower story was formerly an open arcade and exchange, but it has been partially enclosed, and is now used for a post-office. The customs department occupies the remainder of the structure. Our view shows a portion of the side and the west front

on the east end of Broad Street. The cupola, which does not exactly harmonize with the remainder of the structure, was added many years after the erection of the original building, to serve the purpose of a marine observatory, but the view of the sea has been intercepted by the erection of warehouses nearer the water. The building has many historical associations which render it interesting. In the basement Moultrie walled up 100,000 pounds of powder, to keep it from the British when the town was about to fall into their hands, and it remained undiscovered for the whole term of their occupancy of the place. The vaults were used by the enemy as a prison for captured patriots. On the right of our view is seen a picturesque palmetto tree, and to the

left some equally picturesque old buildings which date back to the old colonial days. A new custom-house of fine architectural proportions is rapidly approaching completion, and will be a great ornament to the city. We hope the old building will remain as a memorial of the romantic days of American history.

**WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.**

This animated and interesting picture was sketched expressly for us on the spot, by Mr. A. Waud. It represents the dock, in the neighborhood of Washington Market, where cargoes of fruit and produce for the consumption of the New Yorkers are landed. The steeple in the back ground is that of St. Paul's—and the large

building delineated, Stewart's sugar-refinery. The cupola belongs to Washington Markethouse. Our artist has not exaggerated the hurry and bustle and crowd that characterize the locality at the early hour of the day—all the business transacted here being done as soon as New York awakes from her brief slumbers. The reader will find amusement in studying the various groups of figures, all of which are drawn with accuracy and care. Those who have themselves visited the dock, will at once recognize the fidelity of the representation; those who have not, may rest assured that it is true to the life in every particular. We know of no scene more calculated to startle and astonish the visitor coming from some small and quiet town to the great metropolis.



SCENE NEAR THE WASHINGTON MARKET, WEST STREET, NEW YORK.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year	\$2.50
One copy, two years	4.00
Five copies, one year	9.00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club)	20.00
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together	\$3.00 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOUTH END"—All the omnibus lines of Paris are owned and managed by one company, called the "General Company of Omnibuses." There are twenty-five lines, and each corresponds with the other. The prices are thirty cents inside with the right of correspondence, and fifteen cents outside, without correspondence. Children above four years pay full price, under that age they are not charged for, but the parents or friends are obliged to hold them on their laps.

R. S.—The famous "Star Chamber" of England was so called from the circumstance of its roof being garlanded.

INQUIRER.—*Childe* is an old-fashioned word for Knight. *Childe Harold*, therefore, is merely Knight Harold. J. S.—Williamburg, N. Y.—The necessity of the establishment of an Inebriate Asylum is obvious. We saw in a paper the other day that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a lecture at Brooklyn, stated that since the project was first put forth to found an inebriate asylum, there had been over twenty-eight hundred applications made to the officers for places, by respectable and wealthy persons of New York alone, for inebriate friends.

M. M. Rockport, Mass.—The comet of 1811 as seen by Herschel, was deemed by him self-luminous. READER.—The press of Canada now numbers twenty daily newspapers one hundred and fifty-six weekly, and thirty-three issued tri-weekly and semi-weekly, making a total of 200. The newspapers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, not included in the above, number from forty to fifty, and are chiefly weekly publications.

M. D. Rockport.—We must refer you to circular papers for such discussions. The total number of Spiritualists in the United States is given as 1,281,000, and the number in the whole world is estimated at 1,940,000. Maine is credited with 30,000, New Hampshire, 20,000, Vermont, 25,000, Massachusetts, 100,000; Rhode Island, 5,000, Connecticut, 20,000, and New York, 350,000. The Spiritual Register gives the names of 319 public speakers and 238 professional mediums. The literature of the profession comprises 500 books and pamphlets, six weeks, three semi-weeklies, and four monthlies.

H. H. Saco, Me.—Address Mr. Burnham, Antique Bookstore, Cornhill, Boston.

R. C. Groton, Ct.—The hat we heard of John Travis, the great pistol shot, he was at Huntsville, Ala.

JULIA C., West Cambridge.—Before steel was used in the manufacture of skates, bone was employed.

## THE ENGLISH QUAKERS.

Among the remarkable changes of the day may be mentioned the abandonment by the Quakers in England of their long cherished peculiarities of speech and dress, by which they have heretofore distinguished themselves from all other people. The sad-colored and plain-cut vestments, the covered head, and the *thee* and *thou* of address, are to give place to the general usage of society in garb or speech. It seems singular, that after a persistence of two hundred years in these peculiarities, the sect should at length abandon them. But the explanation may possibly be found in the change which society itself has made during those two centuries, whereby it has conformed itself by gradual and slow approaches, more and more to the customs adopted by the Quakers in the time of George Fox, the founder of the order. Certainly the dress of to-day is a nearer approach to the standard of Fox, than it is to the elaborate and finical style of the sixteenth century, with its slashed doublet, plumed hat, and portentous ruffles; while the ordinary mode of address is Quakerism itself, when compared with the titular distinctions and high sounding superlatives which characterized polite conversation in those days. The world does indeed move; but it has brought society towards the plain customs of the Quaker, quite as much as it has changed him into one of the world's people, in dress, demeanor and address.

We can never think of the early Quakers without commending them for their charity and toleration, so broadly contrasted with the bigotry and persecution of their enemies. Quakers were flogged, banished and hung in New England by the Puritans of the colonial times; and they met with equally severe treatment in Old England. But there is no instance on record where they, having the power, visited such outrages upon those who dissented from them. They deserve to be praised also for their firmness and devotion to principle, and for their well ordered lives, their honesty and frugality; but above all, for that kindness of heart which never permitted a human being to suffer, whose distresses they had the power to relieve. The name of Quakers is without significance as applied to the tenets or practices of the sect, and was attached to them in the days of Fox, by their enemies in England. They caught up the nickname from one Justice Bennet, of Derby, who called the sect in derision, Quakers, because Fox admonished him and those associated with him, to quake at the word of the Lord. Parrot-like,

they repeated the silly epithet of the pious official, and the word thus became in process of time the distinctive name of the sect. They first called themselves Seekers, from their seeking after the truth, and subsequently, Friends, as designating the bonds of Christian friendship in which they proposed to live. Of late years the sect has diminished in numbers, both in this country and in Great Britain; and the abolition of the distinctions in dress, manners and language, which is now going on among this interesting people, will serve to merge them completely, ere many generations, in the great mass of society. But whatever be the outward forms of the professors of the Quaker tenets, let us hope that their noble principles of justice, love and mercy may still distinguish them, and command the respect and admiration of their fellow-men.

## THE BACK BAY LANDS.

Quite a large and valuable addition will be made to the building territory of the city of Boston, by the action of the State in assuming its property over the flats lying between Boston and Roxbury, and filling them up. The plan adopted by the State Commissioners in laying out and disposing of these new lands, is designed to secure the erection of first class residences for the accommodation of the wealthy portion of the citizens, and thus make it the court end of the city. Full one quarter of the territory thus created is to be devoted to wide avenues and public squares, for the purpose of securing health and comfort to the occupants of the proposed houses, and presenting inducements for the erection of spacious edifices of beautiful architectural proportions. The main avenue, extending from the centre of the Public Garden to Brookline, is to be two hundred feet wide, with a central enclosure the whole length, to be planted with trees and shrubbery, and the houses on either side are to be set back twenty feet from the street. There are to be two other avenues, parallel to this, each one hundred and four feet wide between the houses, and Boylston Street is to be confined to Brookline, of a width of one hundred and twenty feet. The cross streets to intersect these principal avenues are to be sixty and eighty feet wide, and the passage-ways in the rear of the house yards, sixteen feet. Here is a most bountiful provision for light and air; and with the grass plats and shrubbery beds in front of the houses, and green enclosures in the rear, the place must become almost a paradise. The State has already made several advantageous sales of building lots to wealthy parties, and realized a handsome sum therefor. With the money thus received, the process of filling up and grading new lots is carried on, so that the operation is no charge whatever upon the public treasury. But eventually it will be a source of great revenue to the Commonwealth; probably to the amount of several millions of dollars. The benefit to the city of Boston, by building up such a wealthy quarter, and developing so large an amount of taxable property, will also be very great; and the citizens, so far as we know, are disposed to co-operate most cordially with the State authorities, in carrying out the plan which has been adopted. The unobstructed condition of the Public Garden is an essential element of this plan; and for that every true Bostonian will hold up both hands. This garden is to be enlarged by a strip of land on the westerly side, which the State has given for that purpose.

## A BETTERMENT LAW.

A proposition is now before the legislature of Massachusetts for the enactment of a Betterment Law for the city of Boston. And what, pray tell us, is a betterment law? exclaims some one of our readers who is not conversant with the black-letter learning of the courts. Betterment means improvement; and a betterment law is one requiring owners of real estate to contribute towards the expense by which their property is improved. As the practice now is, in Boston, the city government makes public improvements by straightening, widening or discontinuing streets, and the owners of real estate immediately and essentially benefited by these improvements, instead of being obliged to pay for the benefit which is thus conferred upon their property, receive the advantage for nothing; and in cases where a portion of their land is taken to make the improvement, actually get a great price from the city in payment for the same. To remedy this alleged inequality, it is proposed to enact a law providing that a proportional part of

the expense so incurred by the city, shall be assessed upon the estates within fifteen hundred feet of the improvement which may be benefited thereby; said proportional part in no case to exceed one half of the estimated value of the benefit, and the aggregate of all the assessments thus made, not to exceed the original estimate for the cost of the improvement. A provision is to be made authorizing the city authorities to abate the assessment in certain cases, where by reason of age, infirmity, or limited means, it would be a hardship for the owner to pay. Other clauses will provide that tenants under long leases shall contribute in proportion to the benefit which they may receive from such improvements. The subject is a new one for our legislators to act upon, and the propositions now submitted may perhaps be essentially changed before the law is passed. A similar law to the one suggested, though extending the principle further, now prevails in New York.

## A BORDER CONFLICT.

Some time since a United States Deputy Marshal, by the name of Tyler, had a process to serve upon a vessel at Detroit, in an action growing out of a collision with another vessel. The captain of the vessel, for the purpose of eluding the service, took her across the stream into British waters, and the marshal followed him, and got on board the vessel. The captain appeared at the hatchway with fire arms, and threatened to shoot the officer if he did not leave the vessel, whereupon the latter, either by accident, or to save his own life, shot the captain and killed him. In this state of the case, Governor-General Head, of Canada, has made a requisition upon the President of the United States for the extradition of Deputy Marshal Tyler, in order that he may be tried for the homicide. The president has called upon the United States District Attorney at Detroit, for information as to the facts in the case, and the testimony taken at the time of the occurrence has been transmitted to Washington. The opinion prevails in Detroit, that the demand of the Canadian authorities will not be granted. Should it be refused, the peace and harmony of the border will probably be interrupted by acts of retaliation, and conflicts resulting therefrom.

## NAPOLEON AND CATALINI.

During the reign of the first emperor, he undertook to subject the famous singer Catalini to his power, for the purpose of retaining her in Paris, to amuse and occupy the public mind. Learning that she purposed leaving the city, he sent her an order to wait upon him at the Tuileries. Trembling at the mandate, she appeared before "the man of destiny." "Where do you want to go?" inquired the emperor. "To London, sire." "You will stop in Paris; you must do so; I will see that you are well paid. Besides, you are better appreciated in Paris. You will have 100,000 francs a year, and two months leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, madame." Thus did the conqueror of Europe regulate the affairs of the opera-house, with the same imperious spirit that he gave away crowns. But the battle is not always to the strong, though the race is sometimes to the swift; and in this case the adroitness of a simple woman defeated the mighty warrior. Madame Catalini left Paris secretly, and in disguise, made her way to the coast, procured a passage for England on board a vessel that was taking some prisoners of war to exchange, paying a thousand francs for her trip, and repaired to London in spite of Napoleon the Great.

## THE NEW ORLEANS MONUMENT.

The State of Louisiana merits great praise for its liberal and patriotic determination to erect a noble monument upon the battle-ground at New Orleans. The battle of New Orleans was pre-eminently a national contest, both in its significance and its results, and the whole nation cherishes the memory of that great event. Well might the general government have assumed the grateful duty of building a monument to the brave men who there resisted the chosen troops of the British army, and repulsed them from New Orleans. But the State of Louisiana, within whose limits the battle-field is situated, has generously come forward and undertaken at her own charge, a work for which every true American throughout the Union will thank her. She has chosen to erect a pillar of marble to perpetuate the memory of Andrew Jackson, and the men of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and

Kentucky, whom he commanded, when the proud army of General Pakenham was met and driven back from its attempt to invade the valley of the Mississippi. All honor to that patriotic State for this fitting commemoration of the 8th of January, 1815!

The monument is to be an elegant and imposing structure of white marble, one hundred and fifty feet in height, sixteen feet and eight inches in diameter at the base, and twelve feet six inches at the top. The interior is to be hollow, with a winding staircase to the summit. The shaft has already been raised to the height of sixty feet, and it is expected that the entire structure will be finished in the course of a year from this time. The design of the monument is said to be very chaste and appropriate, and the work upon the interior is much admired. The location of this beautiful structure is upon the plain of Chalmette, near where the battle was fought, and directly facing the river. Within sight is the mansion house where General Jackson made his headquarters, and the prominent features of the battle-field are visible, in much the same outline that was presented to the eye forty-four years ago. The grounds around the monument are to be cleared of all unsightly obstacles, and laid out in a neat and tasteful manner, so that they will afford an attractive place of resort to citizens and strangers visiting the city. In addition to this costly undertaking, the State has also erected in the centre of the city, an equestrian statue of bronze, in honor of General Jackson.

## "HIGHLAND MARY."

William Anderson, a nephew of Burns's "Highland Mary," resides at Caledonia, Canada West. He is, perhaps, the nearest blood relation to her whose memory is so intimately blended with the poet's history. Mr. Anderson is a respectable farmer, now past the meridian of life, enjoying good health, and is the head of a numerous family. His eldest daughter, Mary, now emerging from her teens, is generally known as "Highland Mary." When Mr. Anderson came to this country, twenty-five years ago, he had in his possession the Bible which Burns presented to Mary, and several other relics of interest, but these have been sent to the safe-keeping of a society in Scotland.

A LOVE OF A HUSBAND.—Among the presents made by Louis Napoleon to the empress on New Year's Day, was the discovery to her majesty that her chamber opened into an apartment—a boudoir—undreamed of in sleep and unimagined in previous waking. A door, which the night before was no door, stood wide open. The new apartment, the wondering empress at length observed, was real; Saracenic in splendor; a "tocador," imitated from the famous toilet chamber of Arab Sultanas in the Alhambra; equipped with every conceivable and inconceivable toy and trinket of modern toilet device.

MACHINE POETRY.—The "poetry of spectacle pieces is not generally of the highest order. Barrymore used to tell us of a horse play at the Surrey, where a Hindoo says to an Amazonian princess:

"O, lady fair  
Dismount your charger,  
And I'll conduct you  
To the Rajah."

TOO CHEAP.—For breaking a legislator's head the other day in Indiana, an official was fined only thirty-six dollars—rather a light poll tax, and an insult, we should think, to the owner of the caput. At that rate it would cost only a few hundred to brain a whole house of representatives.

GAMBLING.—From the small hollow of a dice-box, arise fear, rage, convulsions, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

AN UNINTENTIONAL INSULT.—A countryman was dragging a calf by a rope in a cruel manner, when an Irishman asked him "if that was the way he treated his fellow-creatures."

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Home Journal says that Rosa Bonheur is the "queen of the brute creation."

PORK AND BEANS.—Mr. James Hogg was recently married to Miss Ellen Beane.



## T. BUCHANAN READ.

During a flying visit, which he paid to Boston a short time since, we had the pleasure of meeting our old friend Read, the young poet painter, for the first time in many years. We had just been passing a rapid half hour before his exquisite creation, the "Spirit of the Waterfall," and the unexpected meeting with the artist himself was most gratifying. The picture shows what eight years passed in an atmosphere of Italian art has done for a gifted and ambitious student, and charming as it is, is yet, we trust, but a golden promise of a brilliant future. Young as he is, Read has already grasped the two fold laurel of painter and poet. He has cultivated the twin arts with equal success in both. He has both written poems and painted pictures which will live after him. As a poet he is warmly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic—yet more warmly on the other. Some of the weightiest critical authorities in England assign him the highest place among the descriptive poets of America. His poetical fame must be the more gratifying to him, since it was not the growth of years of painful toil and aspiration. On the contrary, some of his very earliest essays instantly made their way to the popular heart. Read is now established in New York—the central home of American art—is highly appreciated there, and may look forward to a golden perspective of fame and fortune.

**THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.**—This medicine, advertised in another column of this paper, has made wonderful strides in the confidence of the people of New England since its introduction four years since. We know of none now before the public which is so honorably endorsed. It is used regularly at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and prescribed by many of our first physicians. Its principles are simple, but scientific, and without a particle of clap trap—top often resorted to—it has obtained an enviable position, and commands entire confidence. We know its virtues and have used it extensively.

**TRADE IN HUMAN HAIR.**—An immense trade is carried on in many of the southern provinces of France in this article. The peasants in that part of the kingdom are said to be celebrated for the length and beauty of their hair, and many of them, also, either from choice or necessity, are willing to part with their tresses for a trifle.

**BURGLAR SHOT.**—A fellow was dangerously wounded while attempting to open a shutter, in St. Louis, by a bullet from a pistol which was so arranged as to be discharged, should any one attempt to break in. We rather think if all shutters were arranged on the "certain death" principle, burglary would soon rank among the "lost arts."

**"THE SMUGGLER: or, The Secrets of the Coast."**—This famous novelette, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., written expressly for us, is the greatest of all his works. We have sold an edition of 14,000 copies in four weeks! It is illustrated with large original engravings, and sent post paid on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps.

**POOR TAGLIONI.**—We thought that Taglioni, the ex-danseuse, was immensely rich, and that she owned cords of palaces in Venice and on the lake of Como, but it now seems that she is quite poor, and has opened a dancing school in Paris. What vicissitudes these children of the stage are subject to!

**A GRAND ENDORSEMENT.**—One of the cavalry horses in the last scene of the grand spectacle lately produced by Mr. Barry at the Boston Theatre, volunteered his evidence that the fall was real, by drinking up the cataract after Zamine had ascended!

**OUR NEXT NUMBER.**—Next week we shall give a large and brilliant representation of the splendid ball of the Boston Light Infantry at the Boston Theatre. Everybody will want to keep a copy of *Ballou's Pictorial* containing this scene.

**A QUEER TRADE.**—The John Chinamen in San Francisco collect and pack in casks broken glassware of every description, for shipment to China. It pays them two hundred per cent profit.

**STEPHEN MASSETT.**—"Jeemes Pipes, of Pipesville," has been very successful with his entertainments on his southern tour.

## TOBACCO-LOVING PROFESSORS.

The editor of the *Unica Herald*, now in Heidelberg, in a letter to his paper, says of two of the most eminent professors in Germany—"Professor Pitt, who is lecturing on the Gospels, commences by taking his snuff-box out of his pocket, opening it, placing it on the desk directly before him, cramming both nostrils full with the nauseating stuff, taking a second pinch between his thumb and forefinger, and then bawling out, 'Meine Herren.' As he warms with his subject, his thumb and finger make a series of dives into the snuff-box, and up to the nose, until the lecturer becomes enveloped in a cloud of dust. Bunsen, the distinguished chemist, comes into the lecture-room with the stump of a cigar in his mouth, which he jerks out as he commences to speak, and puts back again the moment he has finished. While he is speaking, he walks rapidly up and down the platform, like a Polar bear in a menagerie."

**WEBSTER'S APPEARANCE.**—No one who ever saw Daniel Webster can forget his grand and stately face and figure. N. P. Willis, in a late number of the *Home Journal*, says: "One of the strongest impressions we ever received, of personal superiority, was from a view of Webster, as he stood among the picked gentlemen of Europe, at the Eglinton Tournament. He was the marked 'cynosure of all eyes'—the best man on the field, by Nature's indisputable ticket. All alike, knights and ladies, commented on the wonderful majesty of presence of the 'great American.'"

**A NICE JURYMAN.**—In a slander case in a Madison, Wis., court a few days since, proceedings were suspended in consequence of one of the jury turning up very drunk. The court adjourned after directing the sheriff to walk the inebriate about and sober him, and the process proving salutary, in an hour or so the court again met and proceeded with its business. Only think of a juryman undertaking to weigh evidence with a brick in his hat.

**BINDING.**—Every description of binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, the London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Peterson's, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, etc., etc. Bound and returned in one week.

**DECIDEDLY WRONG.**—It is stated that a school-mistress in Lancaster punished a female pupil recently by lifting her from the floor by her ears. This is all wrong. The ears were made for hearing, not for sustaining the weight of the body. Moreover, there are so many long-eared individuals in the world, that there is no necessity for artificially elongating their auricular appendages.

**PRINCE NAPOLEON.**—For pocket money Louis Napoleon, it is alleged, gives fat Prince Napoleon a million of francs (\$200,000) upon his marriage with Clotilde, a miss of sixteen, daughter of the King of Sardinia. It is said that the prince doesn't exactly relish this marriage, which is the result of state policy. We are afraid the "happy couple" will lead but a cat and dog life of it.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—We are gratified to learn that this admirable magazine, published by our neighbors, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., is rapidly increasing in circulation. It is agreeable to know that so high toned and brilliant a work is so thoroughly appreciated.

**THE VERY BEST.**—It was a prime joke of Canning's, who, when told by an eminent doctor that poverty was a virtue, remarked that he had never known what making a virtue of necessity meant till then.

**REMEMBER THIS.**—After an event is irrevocable, nothing is more absurd than the discussion of what might have been done.

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

**YANKEE STAPLE.**—The ice crop for the coming season promises to be one of the largest ever procured in the vicinity of Boston.

## Seaside Gatherings.

The number of children in San Francisco, Cal., is 12,602.

The legislative sessions of New York cost the people \$2500 per day.

In Cannan, last year, there were 24 affrays which terminated fatally.

During the year 1858, thirty-five persons of one hundred years and upwards died within the United States.

The cost of the Frazer excitement to citizens of California is estimated at \$13,650,000 against a return of about \$100,000 in gold dust.

The long-vested Anti-Rent controversy comes before the New York Court of Appeals at this session and will be settled.

The series of ten paintings by Sully, illustrative of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, is on exhibition in Philadelphia.

A widower, named Squires, married in Hartford, Conn., a widow, named Cromac, commencing their matrimonial alliance with twenty-seven children.

At Dubuque, Iowa, lately, an old woman kicked a boy at whom she became angry, with such force that she ruptured a blood-vessel, and died in a short time.

The American Institute propose erecting a large building on the site of the late Crystal Palace, in New York, to be built of brick and iron, at a cost of \$150,000.

There is now in progress at the Crystal Palace, London, an extensive poultry exhibition, the coops containing the fowls being a mile in extent.

General Cass has been attacked twice lately with apopleptic symptoms, and the other night had the doctor with him all night and till late in the morning.

The Superintendent of the Public Printing states that the printing of the Pacific Railroad Report now in progress will cost over one million of dollars!

Poor Mexico now has five presidents, or at least five men backed by military power, each of whom thinks he alone can rescue her from the gulf of ruin to which she is hastening.

The monument to Ethan Allen, at Burlington, Vermont, is completed. It is forty feet high. A colossal statue of the Green Mountain hero is yet to be placed on the summit.

In Whately, Mass., last year, there was raised 170 acres of tobacco, averaging 1600 lbs. per acre, which, at 15 cents per pound, would amount in the whole to \$40,800.

The tonnage of the commercial marine of the United States is 5,158,773, having increased 108,965 during the past year, a smaller increase than in any year since 1815.

A lad twelve years of age slipped from the ice into Niagara River lately, and was carried over the American falls. His mishap was not discovered till he was in the rapids, beyond the reach of human aid.

A teacher at Newport, R. I., was lately fined \$20 and costs for inflicting excessive corporal punishment on one of his pupils with a cowhide, which cut through his clothes as clearly as if done with a knife.

As Mr. and Mrs. Justus Francis, of Hartford, were about retiring for the night, Mrs. Francis said that she believed she should faint away, as everything looked dark; she lay down upon the bed and died instantly.

The Calais Advertiser reports that Mrs. Jemima Noble, aged 96, died in Calais, January 14th. A year or two before she died, an entire new set of teeth had grown in her mouth, and she could see and hear as well as when young.

Crime is increasing so rapidly throughout France that the government has forbidden the newspapers publishing the docket of the criminal courts, on the ground that the publication needlessly alarms public opinion as to the true state of the country.

Rev. Mr. Sullivan, a Catholic priest of Charleston, S. C., paid over to a lady of that city the sum of \$500 received through the confessional. He received it from a person who said it was to satisfy an indebtedness rightfully due the heir of the lady's father.

The number of American inventions which have recently been adopted by several of the European governments is justly gratifying to our national pride. An instance of this is the adoption of Francis' life-boats and military wagons for the army and navy of France.

Through Collector Schell, of New York, and in behalf of the British government, Lord Napier has presented Captain Ellis, of the bark *France*, with a valuable telescope, for rescuing from shipwreck the officers and crew of British bark *Magistrate*, between Havana and Bristol, recently.

The actor, Henry Placide, lives the life of a farmer on Long Island, New York. He enters into no permanent engagements, but his home is at such a convenient distance from New York as to enable him, whenever it suits him, to go up to the city and play a few nights, without inconvenience or loss of time.

In the Maine Legislature, a bill has been introduced to require insurance companies from other States, etc., to publish the condition of their affairs wherever they have agents. In several places in Maine, gross wrong has at times been extensively practised by some irresponsible foreign companies.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The greatest abuse of the faculties is disuse.—Bacon.

.... The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government.—Burton.

.... With the rogues, the greater the gains, the less the profits.—Bacon.

.... Take up all duties in a point of performance, and lay them down in a point of dependence.—Mason.

.... Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its limit.—Channing.

.... It so happens that the most tedious persons are precisely those who complain most of tedium.—Bacon.

.... A Christian should never plead spiritually for being an idler or a sloven. If he be but a shoeblack, he should be the best in the parish.—Newton.

.... Spent and exhausted by toil at the close of each day, we are still taught, by the nightly mystery of sleep, the recuperative energies of nature.—Bacon.

PROBATIONARY is the thief of time.  
Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
And to the metrics of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—Young.

.... Ago and love associate not; if they are ever allied, the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination; and an old man, like a spider, can never make love, without beating his own deathwath.—Colton.

.... Nothing in seasons of affliction, or at the painful evening of life, can afford so much comfort to the soul as a steady belief of its future existence in a happier state; it alleviates the keenest of human woes, and illumines the "valley of the shadow of death."—L'Esperance.

.... Having a distinct purse for the Lord is one of the most effectual means for making one rich. I have sometimes disposed of more this way than it could be thought I was capable of, and yet I never found myself poorer against the year's end.—Bacon.

.... After all, the language will shape itself by larger forces than phonography and dictionary-making. You may spide up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterwards, if you can,—but the moon will still lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface.—O. W. Holmes.

.... I take goodness in this sense—the seeking the real welfare of men; which is what the Greeks call philanthropia. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.—Lord Bacon.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

Poverty sticks to a man after all his friends and the rest of mankind have deserted him.

When are women fathers? When they are sighers (sires), which is not unfrequently the case.

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

What great phrenologist has a name highly expressive of his profession as a researcher in heads? Combe.

The "Sugar Stick" is the name of a new vessel just launched at Baltimore. The ocean is now, of course, a punch-bowl.

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Because, when taken out, you find it in creases.

It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

"Father," said an ambitious youngster, about the size of a pepper-box, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for a bosom pin."

"What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a heavy coat of flesh on him?" "By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him."

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "O, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe, I have got my foot upon it!"

John Day, a distinguished printer between 1546 and 1584, took for his motto, "Arise, for it is day." Those of his apprentices who were not up betimes were aroused by the double application of the motto and the rod.

Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about town in such nights as this and getting into bed for folks.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother,—"von Beethoven, land owner." The immortal composer retorted by signing his, "Ludwig von Beethoven, brain-owner."

A young Tennessee clergyman compressed the whole body of his sermon on "deceit" in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching loom, and the stiffest of all rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Wooing of Harry Dinwiddie.

BY WILLIAM A. WINTER.

It rained all night, and a company of travelers were almost suffocated in the closely buttoned up stage-coach, in which we were moving at a tedious rate over roads which were simply beds of clinging red clay. There was more lateral than onward motion, for we went down into a deep rut on one side, and then, with a sudden jerk, out of that and into one deeper, on the other side. In one of these hasty transitions, snap went a spring of the clumsy old vehicle, and the united force of the company was put in requisition to substitute a rail, which, by the light of a lantern, we abstracted from a zigzag Virginia fence. This change gave an undue elevation to one side of the coach, making our seats a kind of inclined plane, and giving a bumping emphasis to our slides from side to side. Since the blessed advent of railroads, few such experiences in life are now to be encountered; but if any one survives, whose fate it was to traverse through its weary length the upper or middle stage route through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and onwards, he dreams of it yet. There were sudden halts for consultation, gullies to be crossed, where our driver chose to consider that our satisfaction and our safety, and the well-being of his horses were all to be promoted by our walking half a mile or more, ankle or knee-deep in mud. There were creeks to be forded, swollen from mere "drinks" into formidable rivers by the rain of a night. There were weariness, and hunger, and exasperation, for our promised supper that night was *immovable* feast, which receded in our slow progress, and looked most inviting and tantalizing in the distance. How our weary bones ached for the two or three hours of sleep, which was the promised appendix of the supper. How cross we were, especially one man, who could bear the crowded inside no longer, but insisted on having a place on the top of the coach, amongst the baggage, where he stretched himself out to sleep, and was buckled down under the cover to take his chance in oversets.

It was under these circumstances that I heard the tale of *Dinwiddie's Wooing*, from the lips of the hero, who was our fellow-traveller. To appreciate it, you should have seen the man. He was a broad-shouldered, portly Virginian, with a countenance perfectly florid with health, and absolutely beaming with good humor, but with features deviating far from the lines of the beautiful. His keen black eye twinkled with merriment, and to make his appearance more comical, he had received a fanciful decoration from a pellet of mud, which had settled upon his shirt front like a breast pin. He alone was good-natured. Every fresh disaster was food for his merriment, even to the broken tire and huge gap in the wheel, threatening to break down at every revolution, for which there was no remedy but to push on till it did break.

"Never mind if it should break," said the imperturbable man, "we shall come down lightly at the pace we are going. I have been concerned in more hopeless enterprises than this. Let me tell you a story of what patience did for me in my difficulties. Ahem!

"A frog he would a wooing go."

And so once upon a time, would I, though I was in no haste; for I waited till I was no longer a young man, before it occurred to me that I wanted a wife. This was because I had never seen a woman whom I fancied enough to make her my wife. One day, however, as I was walking the streets of the little town of B— with a friend, we met a young lady, who, though I only got a glance from her modest eyes, changed my mind as to being a bachelor all my life. Turning to my friend, I said:

"Tell me who that young lady is, and I will marry her."

"At this my friend burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed:

"Yes, I would like to see you marry her. She belongs to the Moravian school, and all of them are as saintly as nuns, and as grave and decorous as if the world were a great chapel, made to sing psalms in. You are crazy."

"Till me who she is."

"She is Miss Lucy Clifton, of C—, South Carolina."

"Well, I will marry her, notwithstanding all this."

"I saw no more of Miss Clifton, but hastened home to my business; for this was in the spring, and the crop was to be started. Every true Virginia planter is his own overseer. The corn was up, and ploughed for the first time; the tobacco fields set with thrifty young plants. Everything on the plantation was in good order, and matters put in such a train that nothing would suffer in my absence, and then I set out on my expedition."

"To B—I went; but there I learnt that Miss Clifton had left the school, and gone to her home in C—. To C—, therefore, I went; and one fine morning I stood at the door of a stately mansion in the latter town, and inquired if Miss Clifton was at home. She soon came to me, and looked at me with grave astonishment when I told her that I had come there to marry her, and then said:

"I do not understand you, sir. My mother is from home, and will be absent for several days. I am not accustomed to form any acquaintance without her sanction, and must beg you to excuse me."

"Nothing could be more reasonable, and the staid and self-possessed manner of the young lady, and the absence of all confusion and petty coquetry charmed me. How I love you already, thought I; how I shall worship you when you are my wife."

"I settled myself comfortably in lodgings, and made my arrangements for a long campaign. Four days after, when I had ascertained the arrival of Mrs. Clifton, I again ascended the stone steps, and rang at the door. I felt no flutter or agitation; though what I had heard of the lady-mother was calculated to lessen my courage. She was a widow, of ample fortune, and of ancient and honorable descent. She was a lady of great dignity, stately and formal with her friends, and distant and chilling to slight acquaintances. Had I brought letters of introduction from her best friends, and earnest recommendations to her favor and hospitality, she might have unobtrusively to something like graciousness. As I had not provided myself with these, I made no attempt to ingratiate myself. When I had told her my name, and she had remarked that I was a stranger, I assented with a polite bow. When she begged to be favored with my business, I politely informed her that I had come to marry her daughter. Probably no human countenance was ever expressive of more amazement than the one before me. She sat a moment, speechless; then rising, said:

"You are evidently under some great mistake, sir. Excuse me if I close this interview."

"The next morning, at the same hour, I again presented myself, and met with the same reception from Mrs. Clifton, met with a blank refusal to my request for a few minutes conversation with her daughter. I politely wished her a good morning, and withdrew."

"On the third morning I called, and was refused admittance. The ladies were engaged. Say to Mrs. Clifton, said I, that I will do myself the honor to await her convenience; and I seated myself in the vestibule. The open door commanded a pleasant view, and a fine breeze entered from the garden, fragrant with orange blossoms and cape-jessamine. The matted floor, the shaded light, and comfortable arm-chair, and a book which I produced from my pocket, made the morning pass quite agreeably, and at the late dinner hour to which I was accustomed, I left with regret."

"The next morning I again rang for admittance, but no answer was accorded to my summons. The inhospitable door was deaf to my appeals, and I sat down upon the steps. The heat of the sun was intense, the day was without a cloud, and it seemed as if the heart within was broiling. But I persisted in remaining at my post till the sun had passed its meridian, and commenced its descent."

"The next day, equipped with a thin linen coat, and armed with an umbrella, I repeated my attempt to gain admittance, and to my surprise the door was opened. In reply to my inquiries for the ladies, I learned that Mrs. and Miss Clifton had left town. I could get no clue to their retreat, and accordingly leaving a polite message of regret that I had not the opportunity to pay my farewell respects, I left town myself. In a few days I returned, and learned that the ladies were again at home. The next day I called as usual, and was admitted to an audience with the lady mother."

"Why do you persist, sir, in this foolish and ungenerous conduct?"

"Pardon me, madam, but it is you who are

ungenerous. I have come to this place with an object which I frankly acknowledge to you. I have come to make honorable proposals for the hand of your daughter. I am not accustomed to lightly surrender my well matured plans. This purpose nothing on earth will induce me to surrender, till I have tried every means of success. But you are unjust to me. You will not even examine and consider my claims. You will not give me an opportunity of making a fair presentation of them. You do not allow me to see Miss Clifton, and to endeavor to gain her favor. I will cheerfully submit to any terms you may propose, to any probation you may designate."

"I have no terms to propose to you. I insist upon your absolute withdrawal."

"Madam, this is prejudice. You must give me an opportunity to overcome it."

"I insist, sir, that you shall abandon this wild pursuit of my daughter; that you leave my house, and make no further attempt to enter it."

"Madam, I cannot abandon my hopes of winning your daughter. My life's best hopes are staked upon my success. I will leave you, at your request, but must hope to find you more favorably disposed towards me at another time."

"Understand me, sir," said Mrs. Clifton, "this departure must be final. I warn you that you will find my doors closed against you should you attempt to repeat this intrusion."

"The consequences be upon your head then, madam, for I will die upon your door-steps. I will use no dishonorable means to see and influence Miss Clifton, but I will persevere as I have begun, and surrender my object only with my life."

"True enough, the next morning saw me debarred access, even to the vestibule. I sat down upon the door-steps, choosing the side upon which a partial shadow was thrown by a magnificent live oak. As I vacantly gazed at the grand old tree, I was struck with the long streamers of gray moss pendant from its branches, and wondered I had not observed them before. Waving in the lightest breeze, and forming a beautiful contrast with the glossy leaves of vivid green, these tresses of parasitic growth are highly picturesque; but they are always indicative of moisture, and suggestive of the dreaded fever of the low country."

"All that day, all the next, all the third day I sat on those unrelenting steps. Visitors came to the house. I rose, bowed deferentially, and stood smilingly polite, while I saw them admitted to privileges from which I was debarred. I rose, bowed again, and stood as smiling and polite to see them depart, assisting the ladies to their carriages, like the true Virginia gentleman, which I knew myself to be, even while sitting on those door-steps, which refused to recognize my quality."

"I know that there were compassion and relenting felt for me, from slight indications within the citadel. More than once a sorrowful and sympathizing glance had fallen on me from some comely, dark face, surmounted by a hasty sunbeam; more than once the green latticed shades of the window above me rustled, as if somebody was an interested spectator of my sufferings; and once I detected near me the flutter of a muslin curtain, and caught the faintest imaginable sigh."

"The fourth day began its course like its predecessors. I was at my post betimes; but I remember that my thoughts were much on the delights of my hill-country home, and that I longed for a breath of its cool mountain air. I watched the gathering of a light, fleecy cloud, hoping that it might come to such a size and position as to screen me from 'the round, red sun,' which seemed to burn into my throbbing brain. My spirits were unusually depressed. I grew less sanguine of ultimate success. The mocking-birds on the trees seemed to jeer me. The glare of the sunshine on the well-swept walks and trim trellises of the garden seemed to sicken me. A sudden dimness came over my sight; there was a surging, as of waves in my ears, and I sank back unconscious."

"There was an interval of many weeks before I knew anything of what then befell me. I found myself at last a sick man, but most comfortably cared for. My own particular servant, and indeed my foster brother, of a darker hue, was my quiet and attentive nurse. Around me were many familiar objects—my personal effects. The light food and cooling drinks which were brought me, were prepared as I had always been accustomed to have them, and savored of home. I asked no questions, though as my dim recollections of the past took form, I began to be somewhat curious. Where could I be? Could

it be that I *was* at home once more? How could I have been carried unconsciously so far?

"At last I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, supported by my pillow. I begged for air, and my good *Scipio* stepped forward and raised the curtain. The clear blue sky, with what languid delight I gazed into it. But suddenly I started from my pillow and sat upright. *That tree with the waving streamers of gray moss!* I had seen it till I knew every leaf of it. My heart bounded. There could be no mistake. I was within the citadel I had besieged. That was enough. I lay quietly back and asked no questions, waiting patiently for further developments. One day I broke out:

"Now, Scipio, I want a plain, straightforward story from you. How came you here?"

"Well done, Massa Harry! who eber hear de like of dat? What Scip here for, eh? Why, to take care of you sick, for true; and mighty nigh dead you *was*, when Scip come down to you. Better go to sleep now, and try to get well; you might get cotech' yet."

"No, Scip, I shall not go to sleep. I wish to hear the whole story."

"Well, then, Massa Harry, here goes. You done stay from home a long time. Who knows whar you was? All the word we get 'send my letters to C—'; 'send my letters to C—'; 'send my letters to C—'. Mighty hot weather. I know right well that missus fret about you. Miss Winny look troubled, oneasy-like about her brother. I know they think you get sick. One day missus say to me, 'Scipio,' she say, 'whar is your Massa Harry?' Gracious know, missus, not Scip; but I gib one 'pinion—Scip better go and see. Whatever Massa Harry are doin' of, it's plain he are doin' of it easy, and it ar' my 'pinion dat Scip better go and help him. 'Very well, Scip, you can go,' says missus, 'and if he doesn't like it, you can tell him I sent you about Mr. Sanborn's offer to buy the crop.' So I done come; and true for me, I done find Massa Harry want help mighty bad. White folks has not berry good sense."

"Well, no matter for the small particulars. You found me sick. What did you do?"

"Do? Why, I done pick you up and fotch you into the nearest house."

"You don't mean to say that you brought me into this house without permission?"

"Massa Harry," said Scipio, erecting himself to his full height, and throwing his right foot and arm into an elocutionary attitude, 'you know I can make a speech all the same as Sadprick Henry. 'Madam,' says I, 'come to Old Virginy will we ask you whar you come from, who you are? No, madam, we know too well what belong to *de stranger*. Our hospitable doors stand eber open. Old Virginy often called *de land ob* hospitality, and she deserve her own title. Come among my master's kin. See if you be turned from *de door of de Dinwiddies or de Leightons*.' 'Ha! what! Leightons and Dinwiddies,' says the lady, 'here has been a great mistake.' I don't know rightly how it was, Massa Harry, but you done seem all on a sudden to become kin to her. Ahem! you mought, may be, get to be *nigh* kin one day; mought, you know, Massa Harry, and *den again you moughtn't*. White folks is mighty uncertain."

"The truth was, that Mrs. Clifton had wished an excuse for relenting in the severity of her purpose towards me, and she had unexpectedly found it in the remembrance of an old school friendship with my mother—Winifred Leighton. Had she been less prejudiced, she might have recognized my claim sooner, for the name of Harry Dinwiddie had been iterated in her reluctant ears."

"I have forgiven her all that, however, since she has made suitable reparation for the wrongs she did me. She has permitted a renewal of the old family intimacy. She has even carried it so far, as to insist that I shall annually accompany my belov'd wife, Mrs. Lucy Dinwiddie, with a flock of rosy-cheeked Virginia children, to pass the Christmas holidays with her. I am now on my way to meet this requisition, and to-morrow I hope to meet at C—the precious company, which I sent by the lower and less fatiguing route, under the guardianship of Scipio. Scipio would be deeply mortified if any of the annual pilgrimages should be undertaken without him on the carriage box. His great delight is to boast of his own exploits; and he is particularly at home in a story he tells of his Master Harry once taking a fancy to go *deer* hunting, and scaring up a right smart chance of game, but not being able to bring it down, till 'dat black dog Scip come on and help him powerful.'"





VIEW OF THE PORT OF CALLAO, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

[See page 122.]

**ALL-HALLOW EVE, KILKENNY, IRELAND.**

The animated and characteristic interior scene on this page, is such as only an Irish artist could have depicted, and we are indebted for the sketch to the observant eye and graphic hand of Mr. Edmund Fitzgerald, one who has drawn his inspiration from his native soil. All-Hallow Eve (1st of November), being between All-Souls and All-Saints day, is the night of all others in which the Irish peasantry believe that ghosts,

witches and fairies, but especially the redoubtable phoca, are so industrious in playing pranks on unwary travellers, and that supernatural events narrated by such adventurers form themes for gossip at many a cottage fireside for many a long night afterwards. On All-Hallow Eve a number of the younger peasantry from the adjacent neighborhood assemble at the house of some old farmer, who in his youth had been the gay leader of every merry-making throughout the

county, and still took delight in seeing others enjoy the sports he was no longer capable of partaking. A collection being made, the merry party are soon supplied with plenty of eatables and drinkables; the scaltheen or cross-stick, being then suspended from the roof, and decorated with apples and lighted candles placed alternately on its points, and, being kept twirling round, invites many a candidate to compete for the ruddy prize. As a cooler to this amusement,

diving for money in a tub of water is next resorted to; and many a fair mountain nymph forsakes her native element for awhile and bears from beneath the pellucid water the shining silver between her teeth, which rival it in whiteness. Burning outs, fortune telling, and stories are next engaged in, all of which are wound up with a dance, until the time arrives (one o'clock) when the enchantment of the night is broken, and all return, unmolested by fay or phoca, to their homes.



ALL-HALLOW EVE, IN KILKENNY, IRELAND.













THE YAK, OR THIBET OX.

**THE YAK, OR THIBET OX.**

The favor with which our Natural History illustrations have been received, has induced us to devote this page to delineations of animals not generally known in this country. The Yak, or Thibet ox, a wild-looking animal, is wonderfully adapted to the country in which he is found, and adds greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants of those inhospitable regions. The yak is used chiefly for carrying loads, as he is too intractable for the plough; but he is sometimes mounted,

and carries his rider, slowly but surely, over the terrific passes, strewed with huge masses of rock, sometimes rising as high as 20,000 feet, which connect the various provinces in this barren and frightful country. The cow is kept only for milk. Hybrids with the common species are much used for the plough, and also for carrying loads, as they are much more tractable than the yak, and quite as strong. The cow of this variety yields much more milk than the yak cow, and of a much richer quality. The milk is used

chiefly for butter, of which almost every Ladaki consumes a certain quantity daily in his tea, in the same way as milk is used in our land. The hair of both the yak and the hybrid, called the dso, is cut annually and made into cloth.—The Guzerat oxen represented below, are animals that enjoy a high reputation over the continent of India for strength and speed, and are much used by the wealthy natives for the stately cars which convey their families, concealed from every eye by the jealous purdah. The carriages are ex-

ceedingly tasteful in their decorations, with their canopies of red cloth, surmounted by a silver spike, the curtains fancifully ornamented, and little lattices cut for the fair occupants to look from without being seen. The pole which terminates in a cross bar or yoke, is of brass wire, forming a long cage something like an eel-pot in shape, the body of the vehicle is ornamented with brass and ivory, and the wheels have crescent-shaped pieces of wood fixed over the axle. These oxen travel 25 or 30 miles in a night.



EAST INDIAN GUZERAT OXEN, WITH THEIR DRIVER.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. \$2.50 PER ANNUM. Vol. XVI., No. 10...WHOLE No. 402.

## NAHUM CAPEN, ESQ.

### POSTMASTER OF BOSTON.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Homer, from a photograph by Masury, has been tastefully engraved by Pierce, and is submitted as an excellent likeness of the Postmaster of Boston. Nahum Capen belongs to a good old New England family, and was born in Canton, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, April 1, 1804. He was the son of Andrew Capen and of Hannah Richards, the former of whom died in 1846, at the age of 89, and the latter in 1843, at the age of 73. One of the oldest grave-stones in New England is that in the Dorchester Cemetery which marks the grave of Bernard Capen, the progenitor of all the Capens in New England, and who died November 8, 1638, aged 76. The subject of our sketch manifested an early period of his life a fondness for study, and at a time when most youths devote much of their time to the amusements so attractive to their season of life, we find a more powerful magnetism attracting young Capen to his books. Nor was this attachment spasmodic and temporary; he read systematically and conscientiously. Following the example of Franklin, he devoted much time to scientific experiments and investigations, and when only nineteen, had already rewritten Plutarch's Lives, with original annotations, illustrating the text. About this period the advantages for a thoroughly scientific education combined with physical training presented by the National Academy at West Point, induced him to prepare for entering that institution; but the project was thwarted by ill health. The same cause prevented his commencing the study of medicine, for which he had a decided taste, and commanded his adoption of some active business. Meanwhile his serious studies were steadily pursued. Science, theology, metaphysics, political economy and education were successively or simultaneously studied. In 1828 we find him engaged in writing voluminously for public journals on these and other topics. He was among the earliest supporters of Andrew Jackson for the presidency. The advice of Southey to young authors was to "write much and publish little." Mr. Capen followed the spirit of it not the letter of this advice, by writing much and publishing anonymously; for with all his acquirements and ability, he possessed the rare merit of modesty. Thus, though one of his works, published anonymously in 1827, obtained the warm approbation of such men as William Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, and of Rev. Henry Ware, of Cambridge, the young author refused to claim the honor he had so fairly won, and his eulogists died without knowing him. Mr. Capen became a member of the honorable fraternity of Masons in 1827, and was corresponding secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts from 1833 to 1840. Previous to the date first mentioned, Mr. Capen had engaged in business as a publisher and bookseller, so that his literary labors were performed during those hours which business men usually devote to rest and recreation. Among his works we may mention a biography of his friend Spurzheim, the phrenologist, warmly praised in foreign reviews. A biography of Gall, from his pen, was prefixed to his edition of Gall's works in six volumes. Mr. Capen's articles on Free Trade, published anonymously, were extensively circulated, especially by the southern press, and were received with great favor. In 1830, Mr. Capen married Miss Eliza Ann Moore, an accomplished and excellent lady. In 1835, in pursuance of a long-cherished scheme, he visited Europe, and travelled extensively in England and on the

continent, visiting the most noteworthy and praiseworthy institutions, universities, schools, hospitals, almshouses, prisons, etc., studying their plan and arrangement from a philosophic and philanthropic stand-point, and with a view of rendering the information thus acquired available and applicable in his country. Mr. Capen made the acquaintance of the most distinguished literary and scientific celebrities of that brilliant period, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Charles Bell, Bulwer, Cobden, Prof. Wilson (Christopher North), Arago, Voisin, Robertson and others, by whom he was treated with great attention. During this visit he was made corresponding member of several scientific societies. On his return to the United States, with a mind enriched by intercourse with the leading men of the age, and by the fruits of careful observation, he devoted his pen to the cause of education, and published a plan for a preliminary school and a university, which was highly approved by competent authorities. The firm of which Mr. Capen was a mem-

ber was selected, solely on account of the interest he had manifested in the great cause of popular education, as publishers of the School Library, a great and important, but ruinously costly undertaking. Thirty-seven volumes were issued. But though this enterprise was necessarily abandoned, Mr. Capen's zeal in the cause of education was unabated, and he zealously and gratuitously labored in its support. It was a sufficient reward to him to see the efforts of himself and others who pursued the same course crowned with success, in the establishment of the Board of Education and the Normal School system in his native State. In 1844 Mr. Capen retired from the publishing business, in which he had sacrificed a large amount of money. In 1841 he purchased the beautiful estate of Rev. Dr. Harris, in Dorchester, where he still resides. His literary labors were here pursued with renewed energy, now that he was enabled to devote his whole time to them. From 1847 to 1851 he edited the Massachusetts State Record, an annual

publication of great value. In 1848 he published his work entitled the "Republic of the United States," an exposition of the principles and vindication of the policy of the Democratic party, dedicated to Hon. James Buchanan. During the campaign of 1848 he wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "One Hundred Reasons" in favor of the election of Hon. Lewis Cass to the presidency, which was circulated broadcast throughout the State, and republished in the columns of all the leading party journals. In 1849 Mr. Capen commenced his "History of Democracy," a work of the highest importance, and involving an incalculable amount of labor, on which he is still engaged. The first idea of the author was to make a serial publication of this work, and the earlier portion was issued in numbers; but in order to render it more complete and harmonious, he finally decided to suspend the publication until the whole was finished. The portions already issued have been received with great favor, eliciting spontaneous expressions of

approval from all the leading men of the democratic party, from the party journals, and also from leading members and presses of the opposition. When we reflect how much time is required, how many authorities must be studied and collated, how many thoughts must be devoted by the author who undertakes the history of a single State, or a single reign, we can appreciate the Herculean character of a task which essays to trace the history of democratic principles from the earliest records of the human race, all along the line of centuries and over the crowded arena of foreign States, amidst the complex phases of society, down to the actual moment. Yet we are confident that the energy, the zeal and industry of Mr. Capen will carry him through this task triumphantly. Notwithstanding the labor demanded by this great work, Mr. Capen has found time to study passing events, and to contribute to the political movements of the day. In 1851 he edited the writings of the late Judge Woodbury. In 1852 he published a pamphlet in favor of the election of Franklin Pierce, and in 1856 another entitled "Plain Facts, etc.," strenuously advocating the election of James Buchanan for president, and John C. Breckinridge for vice-president. These essays were circulated by him to the thousands. Mr. Buchanan, soon after his election to the presidency, tendered Mr. Capen the office of Postmaster of Boston, in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to his party for more than a quarter of a century, and as a mark of personal regard and esteem. As Mr. Capen had never been an office-seeker, and had always declined personal preferment, the appointment was peculiarly gratifying, and was gratefully accepted. It was rendered also pleasing from the fact that those who knew him best—his immediate neighbors, without distinction of party, proceeded in a body to his house, with a band of music, to congratulate him on the honor. From the press of Boston he also received many flattering notices. Mr. Capen entered on his official duties October 1, 1857. His systematic habits, his varied information, his sound judgment and indefatigable industry, qualified him to discharge his duties acceptably to the government and the public. He has inaugurated many reforms and improvements in the details of the administration of the office. Instead of relying solely on his own judgment, he has invited suggestions from the people, and pledged himself to carry into effect all practicable views. His administration has proved eminently satisfactory to the masses of our citizens, and many of them, and also the press, have expressed their commendations.



NAHUM CAPEN, ESQ., POSTMASTER OF BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE PONT NEUF.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

"Roses! roses! please buy my spring roses!" cried a clear, musical voice, as passing from the *quai de la Mégisserie* to the *quai Conti* I entered upon the Pont Neuf.

I had stopped at one of those little booths which nestle themselves in the semi-circular arches of this singular bridge, and amid the barking of dogs, the shouting of bird-fanciers, the cries of the cat-vendors, accompanied by the not musical complaints of their feline charges, was quietly looking over some articles of *verdu* which were displayed on the shelves of the temporary shop. The place where I had stopped was nearly opposite the statue of Henry IV., and the voice of the flower-girl, which had followed me up the bridge, clear as the warble of a bird, above the din of traffic, now sounded so near me that I raised my eyes from a bronze cup from *Herculeanum*, which the booth keeper was pressing upon me, and encountered those of the little *merchandise des fleurs* close by my side. She was slightly formed, with clear, blue eyes, and an English cast of face that instantly attracted my attention; on her head was balanced one of those oval-shaped straw mats or trays used by the flower-vendors of Paris, and loaded with bunches of vari-colored roses, knots of violets, and tufts of the fragrant *mignonette*—that favorite of Parisian taste—and edged with a graceful border of grape-leaves, that concealed the rim of coarse straw, and flecked with capricious light and shade the beautiful face beneath.

The owner of the stall, who had been vociferously urging the sale of the article I was examining, nodded with a friendly smile to the young girl, that quite determined me to purchase the bronze, though I was quite conscious that the Englishman (as he thought me) was being most mercilessly Jewed, but he had said "Ma Petite! thou art fresher than thy roses!" and the girl, laughing with a light-hearted gaiety, had stopped to rest herself against his stall.

She had not noticed me at first, but when she perceived that a stranger was near her, who was evidently regarding her with curiosity if not interest, she lowered the basket from her head, and selecting a bunch of violets, placed them in the button-hole of my coat. As she performed this novel movement, with a graceful ease that had all the vivacity of innocent freedom without its boldness, she said, modestly, and with an accent that betrayed her island birth, "You are an Englishman, sir!"

"An American, Ma Petite!" I answered, for I could not refrain from repeating the old trinket-vender's expression, that in its foreign idiom seems to express, without familiarity or disrespect, all the tenderness of a father towards a child.

"Graces! Mon Pere!" she said, with a fantastic little curtsy, and dropping the piece of money she received into a coquettish, mischievous looking little pocket, her voice was soon heard down the bridge crying her roses, as the old shopkeeper said, "like one of God's angels!"

I had become interested in the child: her English face and tongue; her simple manners, sparkling with all the freshness, the *naivete* of French vivacity, and rendered more touching and attractive by a modesty so truly English; her delicate beauty; her fragile form, and her cheerful spirit, that circumstances had yet no power to break, all conspired to give her a fascination, an interest in my imagination, that I found it impossible to dispel.

Days passed, and the remembrance of the flower-girl began to fade from my mind, though the withered bunch of violets still on my dressing-table brought her sweet face occasionally before me, when one morning as I was taking my accustomed walk along the Boulevards, before the crowded thoroughfare became too thronged for a pedestrian's comfort, a sweet, warbling voice, with something strangely familiar in its sound, attracted my attention. It was one of those sumptuous mansions built by some wealthy *bourgeois* that adorned that part of the city, and looking up, to my astonishment I saw between the muslin curtains the beautiful face of the flower-girl! She was busily engaged in arranging the contents of a large flower-stand, placing here and there among the pots bouquets of fresh cut

flowers in long, slender glasses, and as she hung above them, her face glowed with delight, her lips opened involuntarily in song, and she seemed to hover like a bird above her deary treasures, and revel in the sunshine that streamed in through the broad, high window, in the perfume of her flowers and the incessant vivacity of her joyous heart. I could not refrain from pausing, the girl seemed so a part of the beauty around her, so delicate and fragile, and fitted for the accompaniments of wealth and love, that a rude wind from the casement, a shadow falling upon her from the sky, or a word spoken otherwise than in admiration and respect, would have seemed an allowable wrong done to a being so lovely and good.

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I was again attracted to the apartment by the sound of an opening door, and to my astonishment and mirth I recognized in the figure that made its way into the room an old and respected acquaintance, in whose house I had often been a visitor—in fact, no other than my old banker, M. Vipeur—an honest, friendly old bachelor, with an open heart and hand, and whose well-known house I should have recognized, had not my whole attention been on the young girl at the window. I have said that M. Vipeur was a bachelor—and yet he had the kindest heart in the world, and it was a general wonder that no fair one as yet graced his princely mansion, and what was quite as provoking, no one could guess why. He was a portly man, with a round, florid face, and a fatherly expression which showed itself in his genial smile and honest, manly voice, but as he advanced to the young girl, she retreated farther into the alcove of the window, so that they both almost immediately stood near the balcony close to my side. I would have retraced at once, but luckily I remembered a promise I had made to M. Vipeur to breakfast with him that week, and, half in sport, wishing to have a joke upon the old gentleman on his gallantry to the fair sex, I delayed for a few moments behind the heavy pillar of the portico, before I should advance and make myself known.

"Ma petite fille," said the old gentleman, "are you busy at your flowers?"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"And have you not one of them for me?" This he said with a semi-tender look, that I thought not quite so fatherly as it might have been.

"They are all monsieur's!" replied the girl; and a shade passed over her face, half mirth, half vexation.

"But one," urged the old man—"one little flower—one little rose-bud—one little spray of jasmine or myrtle for—"

"For le grand pere?" cried the young girl, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Ah, mon Dieu," cried the old man, "not *pere* at all, but —"

"But—my good old friend—that is it, isn't it, monsieur?" and twisting a little bouquet, she gave it into the old man's hands, with a look so pure, so childlike, that it left him in an ecstasy of despair and love.

"And now, monsieur," continued this lovely child—for child she was—"I have finished your flowers, and you have your bouquet, so I must even bid you good morning!" And with a low curtsy she would have passed out of the room. The old man however detained her.

"Petite!" he said, seriously, "I have something to say to you!"

"And I, monsieur, have a great deal to do!"

"And what, mignonne, what is it so important that you cannot listen to a few words from your old friend?"

The last words, and perhaps the tone of his voice, reassured her, and she returned to listen to what he had to say.

"Ma mignonne, my sweet little Estelle, I am indeed an old man, but I believe that my years have not altered the kindness of my heart. I say that I am an old man and a lonely one. Neither wife nor child have I, and my house was a lonely one without the sound of song or laugh, until, my little Estelle, you came into it. I love you, Estelle—"

"Mon Dieu!" cried I, with a vexation for which I could not account, "the man's a fool!"

The sudden interruption of a voice upon a scene that was doubtless considered private, and my angry and excited appearance, startled the old gentleman and frightened the young girl, so that with a hasty movement she snatched the hand of M. Vipeur, kissed it, and seizing her

flower-tray sprang from the low window and hurried down the street.

I started to follow. M. Vipeur and the breakfast were alike forgotten; and only the desire to speak to the young girl once more, to apologize to her for my rudeness and apparent espionage, and to learn something more definite about one whom I now found that I could not forget, and whom I believed to be truly good and pure, actuated with a force I could not control, and I followed, without thinking that I might thus alarm and injure one whom I wished to soothe and comfort.

Down the Boulevard she hurried, and into the Rue Vercueil, and then turning into the Rue Blan' coeur and down the Rue Vandoine, paused, panting with fear and haste.

"Mademoiselle!" I cried.

She covered her face with her hands and threw herself upon the steps of a cafe.

"Mademoiselle! I am your friend—do not fear me—look at me, I beg, and then you will remember me!"

She uncovered her face and looked at me. "Ah, sir!" she cried in English, as soon as she had recognized me, "you have frightened me very much!"

"I know I'm a brute and a fool!" I said, distressed as her tears began to flow.

"Ah no, monsieur! only a little frightened."

"Monsieur Vipeur is an old friend of mine," I began to explain, but the young girl colored deeply, and seeing that the passers-by were regarding her with curiosity, rose from the steps of the cafe, and taking up her tray prepared to bid me good morning.

"Mademoiselle," I said, seriously, "I cannot let you go without some further explanation. I confess that your English tongue and innocent goodness interest me. I am a stranger, but I feel that you can trust me, and besides Monsieur Vipeur—"(here we both of us burst into a laugh), "I was going to breakfast with him," I said, when I overheard your conversation this morning,—this I confess was a white fib, but then—I couldn't help it—and—and—and, mademoiselle Estelle, I had much rather breakfast here at this cafe, if you will do me the honor of presiding at my breakfast table, than dine with M. Vipeur a thousand times!"

"O, monsieur!" she cried, "you do me too much honor, and besides I have a great deal to do."

"As you told M. Vipeur," I said; and taking her tray from her hand, escorted her with a serious courtesy that I saw won her confidence, to one of the little tables, and ordered breakfast.

It was then that this child, this young flower-girl, showed a *naivete*, a charming struggle between past agitation and present enjoyment that was irresistibly delightful. I had bidden the mistress of the shop bring us a tray with coffee and rolls, and insisted playfully that Estelle should do the honors of the table. Laughing with infinite delight, while her eyes still glittered with tears, she prepared to do my bidding, and, straightening up her little figure, with a droll mixture of dignity and *espielerie*, she poured the coffee into the porcelain cups, dispensing the viands with sparkling grace, and holding daintily her cup to lips beaming with smiles and pleasure. I myself partook but little, for my heart was full of a sweeter nourishment than food, and I could but watch the child, who now seemed to have entirely forgotten her fright. I saw too that she was by no means averse to the fresh pure coffee or steaming rolls, as she had evidently gone forth to her morning duties before partaking of any food at home—if, indeed, she had one—and though unaccustomed, as of course she must be, to the elegance of the service or the delicacy of the food before her, yet it seemed to be natural to her to be at ease with them, and to enjoy all the more the unaccustomed pleasure.

In the meantime I endeavored to obtain some knowledge of her previous history and present occupation, for I could not quite understand why she, a simple flower-girl, could have obtained the *entree* of so superb a mansion as that of M. Vipeur's, even in the capacity of an attendant; but here again her native sense and modesty prevailed over her French vivacity, and I found it impossible to obtain any distinct idea either of her life, her circumstances, or her place of residence. Yet evidently she seemed to confide in me.

"Sir!" she said, "it is not always that we flower-girls have a home; sometimes here, sometimes there—just where our success in business" (she said this with a little air of importance, at which I could not help smiling,) "will allow

us to go. Sometimes we are quite rich with a room that has a bed, a table and a chair; then again the arches of the Pont Neuf shield us at night, and we get our breakfast where we can—you know one cannot always command trade!"

"No?"

"Ah no, monsieur! I have had often six bunches of roses fade completely at night before I could sell them, and that, you see, left me nothing for my day's labor."

"But your other flowers—you certainly must sell some of them during the day!"

"O, they pay for those we purchase in the gardens in the morning. We are obliged to settle with the gardeners every night, monsieur, or else there will be none for us the next morning."

"Then your flowers are not always without a thorn?" I said, sadly.

The tears came into the girl's eyes, and she rose without replying, and curtsying, passed from the shop down the long street, and was soon hidden by the intervening crowd.

A marvellously short time found me at the Pont Neuf. I was determined to solve the mystery of this young girl's life, in whom I had become now thoroughly interested; not that I stopped to analyze particularly the feelings that were leading me this wild-goose chase, or merely said to myself that interest in any human creature exposed to the wiles of the unprincipled, as this beautiful girl must evidently be, called for the course of action I was adopting, or—in fact, I do not know that I stopped to think at all, unless it were the nearest way to the Pont Neuf. I found the trinket-vender at his stand.

"You remember," I said, scarce heeding his morning salutation, "you remember that I purchased of you a bronze, antique cup some month or more ago?"

"Oui, monsieur, certainement!"

I saw the old man lied without much compunction of conscience, or else his customers must have been very scarce indeed.

"And you remember a young flower girl who placed a bunch of violets in my button-hole?"

The old man looked at me keenly. "There are so many flower-girls, I do not know as I remember the one of whom monsieur speaks!"

"But you do know her," I cried, eagerly. "You called her 'petite'—you seemed to know her very well!"

"Well," said the old man, "what then?"

"What then!" I cried, out of all patience with the irritating *sang froid* that guarded his manners. "I am her friend, her true friend, and I want to know—"

Just then a customer jogged my elbow, and a dark, sinister face scowled into mine.

The old man made me a rapid sign, and turned to attend to his customer, whom I had time now to observe more attentively. He was a young man, elegantly dressed, with a dark, handsome face, that would have been eminently prepossessing had there not been a reckless, sensual look that marred its beauty. He toyed carelessly with some of the trinkets on the shelf, then stooping, seemed to urge some request earnestly on the booth vender; suddenly he turned, looked at me with angry eyes, as one who would fain keep me well in mind, and then passed rapidly down the bridge.

The trinket-merchant sighed heavily, and calling a young lad to watch his stall, he bade me follow him.

"Tell me," I cried, catching hold of his sleeve—"you say you know her—where does she live—what does she do—who is she and what is she, and what right have you or any man to let her live in the streets to starve, or do a thousand times worse—I say!"

"Monsieur," cried the astonished dealer; "mon-sieur is in a grand passion!"

I was, and saw it. "Well," I said, with more moderation, "tell me something about the child; I want to know—I must know!"

"Many have asked me the same question, monsieur!"

"True! but not for the same reason."

"It may be!" said the old man, shaking his head. "There seems to be truth in you, or else I should scarce have bidden you come with me; but if I may be so bold, what may that reason be?"

I told him what I knew, and detailed the adventure of the morning; to my satisfaction the old tradesman grew as excited as myself, begged my pardon for the suspicions he had at first entertained of me, and hurried me on as fast as he could hobble through several narrow streets, till



we reached the house, or rather room, he called his home.

It was a narrow, mean apartment in the top-story of one of those wretched buildings in the vicinity of the *Rue St. Plere*, and was lighted by a few panes of dingy glass set into the roof. Poverty reigned supreme; yet it needed but a single glance to see that it was poverty without squalor, and that the neatness of that frugal apartment owned the touch of a female hand.

"Yes!" said the old man, noticing the glance as I entered his abode, "it is her work, monsieur, all her's—the old body's home would hardly be comfortable were it not for *'petite's'* busy fingers."

He bent over the brazier—the Frenchman's hearth—where steamed and crackled a pan of fragrant coffee. "I have been expecting her this half-hour," he said, "but if she does not find me at the stall, she will come here at once, she'll hardly leave her old man to drink his coffee alone."

"She'll hardly be here this morning," I said. "Why not?" he demanded, sharply.

"She has already breakfasted, and will now be at the gardens getting her flowers for the day."

Again he regarded me closely, as if he wondered how I came to know so intimately the movements of his pet, and I heard him mutter over the flames that his darling would hardly desert him for any stranger, however finely dressed. Yet as he cooked his fragrant meal—without which the business of the day could not have proceeded—he evidently expected her to come, and the coffee had been prepared and was nearly cold before he could persuade himself to partake of it. In the meanwhile he had acquainted me with her previous history, which I will relate as concisely as possible. She had been the child of an English lady, who had fled from her native land with a French adventurer; the match had proved an unhappy one; her friends had refused to receive her again, and soon after the birth of their child, the father, seeing no prospect of wealth through reconciliation with his wife's family, fled, leaving his wife and child in utter destitution. The mother lived,—the strong instinct of maternal love keeping life where otherwise it would have long since faded out—she brought up her child by the products of her needle, and seemed to have inculcated in her the high principles of her native race, her religion, and her own dear island speech. The child had acquired both languages with facility, and at an early age sold among the English residents of the city the little manufactures of her mother's art, and thus acquired a decision and energy of character wonderful for her years, joined as it was to a modesty and frankness that won the hearts of all who saw her: truly God takes care of the unprotected.

It was about this time that the old shopkeeper first met with her, and rendered her some assistance in a trifling difficulty; he became interested in the child, whom he saw to be truly good, and at her mother's death wished to take her to his own home; she was then twelve years of age, and her active employment had developed her frame, and given health and beauty to her cheek, therefore she felt herself able to be mistress of her own actions, and though tenderly attached to the old man, did not accept his offer, but continued her traffic in the street, though now it was flowers instead of the graceful manufactures of her mother. She had pursued this calling about four years, depending on her friend in any emergency, but generally surmounting her little difficulties with a courage that was heroic.

The old man had wiped his eyes many times during this recital, and I confess I had more than once followed his example, but as he had said nothing in regard to Monsieur Vipeur, I ventured to ask him what he thought of my morning's adventure, and if it really could be true that an old man esteemed so respectable as M. Vipeur could possibly be in love with Estelle, or could harbor any dishonorable designs.

"O no, monsieur!" cried the old man, with a lugubrious smile, "you do monsieur injustice—he has been very kind to Estelle; he had been so before to her mother, and the child is really attached to him; but you see that he has a nephew whom he thinks everything that is good, but who is in fact everything that's bad, and it is the old man's darling project to adopt my *'petite'* and marry her to this nephew!"

"And Estelle," said I, "what says she to this project?"

"Estelle! do you think she would marry him?"

"Why not?" said I, feigning an indifference. I was far from feeling, "I have never seen him—how could I judge?"

"Never have seen him, monsieur? but monsieur has seen him!"

"Where?" I cried; "I never heard of him till this moment, I never even knew he was in existence. When and where have I seen him?"

"This very morning!" said the old man. "Do you not remember the man who pushed against you at the booth?"

"What, that young fellow with the dark, handsome face?"

"The same, monsieur; and he is ten times more wicked than he is handsome. What you told me about the request of Vipeur for a flower startled me, I confess, more than would naturally seem necessary, but the old gentleman has told Estelle that when she would give him a bouquet of flowers to bestow them where he pleased, he should consider that it was a tacit consent to the match, and when you said she had given them, I was very much alarmed, I own."

"But," said I, "there was no consent given to bestow them on any person—the gift was to M. Vipeur alone!"

"You are certain?"

"Quite certain!"

"Yes, truly, I am inclined to think so myself," said the trinket-vender, "from what the young man said to me this morning."

I looked the question that I dared not ask.

"You see," continued the old man, "he has offered me from time to time large sums of money to help him in his plans, and by pretending to listen to them I have hitherto been always able to frustrate them, but from what he told me but an hour ago, I think that to-night he means to put them into execution, and if you are the friend I think you are, you will help me heart and hand, I know!"

"Help!" I cried, "of course I will—but tell me, pray, what are these plans. I will be about them now, this very minute!"

"Not quite so fast," said my companion, laughing; "they cannot be put into execution till to night, so that nothing can be done till then; but I will tell you what I purpose doing."

At this moment a light step was heard on the landing outside the door, and the young girl made her appearance. She came in cheerfully, laying down her tray of flowers, and laughing that the coffee had not been willing to wait and keep itself warm until she came, while her old friend, delighted and tender, stroked the heavy folds of her hair as she proceeded to arrange her flowers for the day. She told us in her artless way that there was to be a grand *fete* at M. Vipeur's that night, and that she was to have the decorations of the rooms and tables, and for that purpose she had been longer at the gardens than usual, having to order more flowers than she had ever yet ordered in her life—an event that seemed to give her vast delight. She said, moreover, that M. Vipeur had asked her to preside over the sherbets and coffee, which were to be served in the green house, and that she had promised to do so if her dear old papa, as she called the booth-keeper, would be willing to come for her late in the evening to take her home.

"And what said he to that, Estelle?"

"He said, mon pere, that Monsieur Vidoc, his nephew, would be glad to save you the trouble."

"And you, Estelle?"

"Refused, monsieur, because papa here wished me to!"

"Good, darling!" said the old man, "your 'papa' shall indeed be there."

By this time Estelle had finished tying her flowers into bouquets and knots for her market, and having told her 'papa' of the breakfast she had already taken with me, and gaily begged me to come some time and taste coffee of her own making, balanced her tray on her head and went singing down the stairs.

Being once more alone, we proceeded to form our plans for the night. It would be easy for the booth-keeper to gain admittance through Estelle into the lower rooms of the baker's house, and he begged me to accompany him, for he told me that it was probably Vidoc's intention to carry off Estelle from the house before the gentlemen should come down from the upper-room, and that if we concealed ourselves amid the shrubs of the greenhouse, we could prevent any mischief that might be intended, and protect Estelle from violence or alarm. I readily agreed; the moon would favor us, as it did not rise till towards one o'clock, and a heavy mist also that was settling down on the city, would vastly favour designs.

The clock of St. Pierre struck nine as we entered the *Hotel de St. Pierre*, and approached the house of Boiteux Vipeur. The house was brilliantly lighted, and the carriages at the door, the crowded pavement, and the attendant *cons d'armes*, all gave evidence of the *fete* within. I had thought best that we should disguise ourselves as servants, for I doubted much our gaining admittance into the mansion, and in that case we had determined to pass ourselves off as belonging to a neighboring *cafe*, waiters from which would probably be engaged for the *fete*. This, however, would be as circumstances might direct, and we could only for the present content ourselves by watching the first gleam of light that should betray itself through the roof of the conservatory, which yet was too dimly illuminated to show that it was occupied.

But it was in vain that we waited; ten, eleven, twelve rang out from the steeples of St. Pierre, and still the conservatory remained in partial obscurity, and the patience of the old man began to give way to anxiety and fatigue—we determined to wait no longer, but to enter the house at once, for we knew that the *hotel* had no exit from its rear, and that if Estelle had passed out we must certainly have seen her, and as we saw no chance of gaining admittance through her aid, we must proceed as best we could. Softly then we descended the area steps, down which boxes of servants from the neighboring *cafe* were, as we had anticipated, occasionally passing, and we had chosen one of these occasions as the mode least liable to attract attention to ourselves, hoping to be mistaken for some of the servants, many of whom would be unknown to the household. Fortunately there was no one in the apartment we entered; it was a large, low room arranged with those old presses and rows of shelves or dressers generally found in the chateau kitchens of the past century, and odd enough to be remarkable in a modern city house; yet so great was the agitation of my mind at the moment, that I scarce seemed to notice this at all, but now, singularly enough, it comes to me so distinctly that I even remember looking under one of the tables and, spying two baskets with covers, appropriating them, one to the old man and the other to myself, in order to facilitate our disguise should we be obliged to pass too near the scrutiny of the master of the mansion. Leaving the kitchen as quietly as possible, we first entered a long, narrow passage ending in a flight of stairs; these we mounted, and traversing another gallery we entered a suite of chambers scantily furnished and evidently but little used. We wore now, as we thought, directly under the supper room, for the sound of voices, the tramping of feet, the clash of plates and glass could be distinctly heard, and opening the doors at random, we at length found one that admitted us into the garden on a level with the street, at the further end of which the conservatory still dimly lighted could be seen.

It was of vast extent, and as we entered it, its shady walks, faintly illuminated with colored lamps, were as yet free from guests; its obscurity surprised me, and a sudden thought flashed into my mind! Usually on the *fetes* of the wealthier bourgeoisie, the conservatory, loaded with the products of nature and art, was the most brilliant point of the festival, and throughout the whole mansion no spot was decorated with so much care, none so brilliantly illuminated as this delicious retreat; now the walks were wholly in shade, here and there a dim lamp hardly dispelling the dusky gloom of the verdure, and at the further end alone a single cluster of globes gave a pale, moonlight radiance, lighting a thicket of orange trees, whose white, motionless blossoms seemed set in stone, and whose fragrance, combined with the dreary light, held a power at once indescribably soft and bewitching. To this spot I hastened, and dragging the old man, half bewildered with his situation, after me, we hid ourselves in the dense shrubbery, the trinket-vender yielding quietly to my guidance, and I certain in my heart that for some fiendish purpose this scene of magic beauty was prepared. We had hardly secreted ourselves, when a servant entered bearing a tray loaded with refreshments.

"Place them here, Antoine!" cried a light voice following him, "here where the light falls from this cluster of lamps."

"Ah no, mademoiselle!" answered the servant, respectfully, "my master ordered me to lay your supper further down within the alcove; he thought that perhaps you might be annoyed by the guests!"

"For me!" replied the voice, which was that

of Estelle, "it cannot be for me—and as for the guests, M. Vipeur has engaged me to serve them here with coffee and refreshments, so that I do not know how I can be annoyed by their coming."

"Yes! but mademoiselle, monsieur has altered his mind!"

"Monsieur Vipeur?"

"No! Monsieur Vidoc, mademoiselle, and he wished me to be very particular!"

"Good Antoine!" said the girl in an altered tone. "M. Vidoc's orders or wishes can have very little to do with me, and so if M. Vipeur has altered his mind, as you say, about the conservatory, there is nothing more for me to do except to hasten home, for I have already been delayed beyond my time."

"But," stammered the servant, "M. Vidoc—I mean M. Vipeur—wished me to say that he wished to see you very particularly to night."

"I am sorry to disappoint monsieur," said Estelle, coldly, "but it is already late, and the guests have not yet gone—I must indeed return home!"

"But he has not yet paid for your services," persisted the man; "and I assure you, for your own good, you had better see him now—he always gives more when he is in good humor, and it is well to be obliging with him."

"Is it, indeed?" replied the girl, with a mixture of irony and mirth that bespoke the innocent fearlessness of her heart; "and pray, good Antoine, who is your master to night? You seem to have two—Monsieur Vipeur and Monsieur Vidoc—which, pray, have I the honor of awaiting?"

"O, mademoiselle! I did not mean indeed to give offence. I should be very sorry to have angered mademoiselle, but I thought perhaps mademoiselle would like to be paid—and—and—"

"And—and—mademoiselle this—mademoiselle that," cried the girl with comic mimicry.

"Good Antoine, I have the honor to wish you good night, for, in fact, I am one of those who can wait till to-morrow—so Antoine, good night, good night!"

"And why 'good night,' ma chere," cried a voice from the alcove, and parting the boughs of a large shrub, the form of Monsieur Vidoc advanced towards the astonished girl!

A cry of alarm escaped her lips, and she involuntarily turned towards the servant, but he had disappeared. For a moment there was a pause; the young girl, as if a fearful thought had flashed upon her, stood drawn to her utmost height, breathing quickly with full, deep respirations, that were evident in the rise and fall of her bosom, her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, the peril of the moment, the excitement and peculiarity of her position, all fired her with natural spirit, and roused the burning indignation of her virtuous soul—she seemed capable of withering him with the scorn of her superb eyes, and to have detected and held up before him the mean and contemptible baseness of his designs. For one moment she held the advantage, but Vidoc struggled to recover himself.

"You seem to distrust me, Estelle," he said, in a sullen tone.

"Why should I distrust monsieur?" she answered, coldly.

"That, sure, is more than I can tell!" he replied, assuming a gait that was ill at ease. "I don't know how I have offended you, Estelle; if I have I beg you a thousand pardons. My good uncle bade me come here to see that you were well served—but, indeed, you receive me like a tragedy queen!"

She gave him a look of utter scorn and unbelief, and turned to depart.

"No, no, do not depart!" he cried, eagerly; "do not go, Estelle! Why are you angry? why do you avoid me? You know that I love—I adore you!—tell me how I can prove it!"

"You can prove it, monsieur, by letting me pass. It is late, and I wish to be at home."

"Prove my love, Estelle, by letting you escape from me, when I have so seldom the chance of seeing you—that would be strange proof indeed!"

"Prove it, then, by leaving me to my own affairs—my own path in life, which too widely differs from yours, monsieur, for them ever to meet!"

"O, cruel Estelle! it is only your own will, your own determination, that prevents them from meeting—ay, and of their running smoothly together through a long, long life. Have I not said a thousand times that I love you?"



"Love me, monsieur? No! you have never offered me love—that is pure, and great, and true; love can sacrifice itself for the object loved; can think only of another, and not of itself. Love I could respect, even when I could not sympathize—but, monsieur, you have never offered me love!"

"Estelle, Estelle! I believe you are the most unreasonable being in the world. Not offered you love? Have I not for months and months been trying to prove how passionately I loved you?"

"Too passionately, monsieur!" she said, coldly.

"Too passionately, Estelle! How can love for you, the loveliest of God's creatures, be too passionate? Have I not done everything that I could dream you wished? Have I not searched Paris for baubles to please you? Have I not even squandered half my uncle's allowance on the poor and wretched, because I thought you smiled on me when I did so?"

"And, monsieur, for that I thank you!" said the girl, in a softened tone.

"And," continued the young man,—"encouraged by this momentary relenting—"have I not offered you wealth and pleasure? Would you not have the handsomest hotel in Paris, with servants and money and jewels at command? And what is this but love?"

"No, Monsieur Vidoc, it is not love!"

"Then, mon Dieu, what is it?"

"Passion, monsieur—the mockery of love!—that which is a disgrace for me to listen to, a degradation for you to utter!"

His dark face assumed a white and ghastly rage; a bitter oath burst from his lips, and he advanced rapidly towards her, but, grasping the knife from her girdle that she used in cutting flowers, she held him at bay, while her eyes gleamed like a tiger's, and we could hear her breathing where we lay concealed. The old man at my side, trembling with passion, would have sprung at him where he stood, but fascinated and spell-bound, I held him with a grasp of iron. It was not yet time for us to act—a decisive movement on the young man's part would place him in our power, and for that I waited.

Vidoc's passions were now thoroughly aroused; the proud bearing, the regal beauty of the girl fairly maddened him; he gasped for breath, and held against the alcove for support, and the beauty of his face grew horrible in nervous paroxysms; he was frightful to look at—his eyes glistened, foam sprang from his lips, he strove to speak, but uttered only a hoarse gurgling from his throat, the veins of which were frightfully distended. I shivered with horror. They stood there in the lamplight like an angel and a fiend—the girl still keeping him at bay with her knife, as she would a madman, while Vidoc trembled in every limb, and the big drops stood on his forehead.

"Heavens!" he cried, hoarsely, "I shall go mad! Estelle, hear me, O hear me!—if you have any mercy, hear me!" He staggered against the wall—his features grew contorted and purple, and in his terror, forgetting all else, she sprang to support him. It was too late; hurrying from our concealment, we took him from the arms of the sobbing girl and bore him to a seat near by; a stream of blood poured from his lips, he gasped in frightful convulsions, and before the cries of Estelle had gathered the household, the wretched man had breathed his last.

The confusion, the horror, that followed this scene, I need not describe. To Monsieur Vipour, who recognized me among the crowd, I explained all. I sincerely pitied this kind-hearted old man, who had warmly loved and trusted his nephew. Estelle had been carried fainting to the housekeeper's room, and the old banker insisted that she should remain with him for the present, that he might make some amends for all she had suffered from his nephew. The trinket-vender would have objected, but I persuaded him, with some difficulty, that for Estelle's sake it would best be so—in fact she was dangerously ill, and for weeks her life hung on a thread, and when she recovered, she found that her heart clung to the good old man who had watched her with a father's tenderness through her weary sickness, and she consented, with happy tears, to become his child.

I have but few words more to say that will interest my readers. A year elapsed, and still I remained in Paris; Estelle had become, under the best of teachers, all that our hearts could wish; the old booth-man was comfortable in a shop on the Boulevards; M. Vipour as happy as the day was long, and I—when I sought my na-

tive country, did not come alone; for though the wintry wind was howling at my window, and the snow of our northern clime bent last against the pane, yet I hear a step behind me, and looking up I see peering over my shoulder the sweet face of my little wife—the flower-girl of Pont Neuf!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

### The Prisoner of Castle del Uovo.

BY REV. WILLIAM CHASE.

"NEVER! I will never consent to be thus hawked about from one to another—to have husbands bought for me. Think you, petty sovereigns—mean and contemptible I might have said—think you a woman has no heart, no soul, no feeling, that you force her to say things that do not become her?"

"Fair lady, you wrong us. We do but desire a marriage between you and Count John of Gravina, who we believe will make you happy."

"Your majesty would confer far more happiness upon the widow of Louis of Burgundy, if you permitted her to keep only within the bounds of her own principality, and surrounded only by her own trusty followers."

"Remember, madame," said King Robert of Naples, "that you are but a life tenant in the principality to which you refer; and that when you forfeit it by refusing our advice and counsel, it is no longer yours."

"And who can do this? Who can deprive the grandchild of William Villehardin of the inheritance which he bequeathed to her mother?"

"You jest, princess! You do not believe that we mean wrong against you? Still you must be reasonable. The principality of Achaia cannot be yours unless you accept such offers as the Duke of Burgundy and Philip of Tarentum, with myself, may please to advise."

"And you expect me to marry John of Gravina?"

"Such is our wish and will."

"Know then that Maud of Hainault inherits her father's bravery and her mother's firmness. I will never marry John of Gravina!"

On the very next day after this scene the widow of Louis of Burgundy was ordered to appear before Pope John. She obeyed the summons—going to the pontifical palace alone in a carriage, and with as much state as she could conveniently assume.

The princess Maud was the daughter of Isabella Villehardin and Florenz of Hainault. She succeeded to the principality of Achaia when only eighteen; and, even at that early age, she was already the widow of Guy of Athens.

In 1313, two years after her succession, she married Louis of Burgundy. By the united machinations of the king of France, the Duke of Burgundy and Philip of Tarentum, the young and inexperienced Maud was forced into the act of ceding her principality to her husband, who was brother to the duke, and his collateral heir. This of course gave Achaia to the dukes of that house forever, and effectually excluded any children Maud might have by another marriage, should Louis die and leave her childless.

To this shameful traffic of the rights of a young girl who stood alone in this world, as did Maud, even Pope Clement V., as well as the royal houses of France and Naples, lent his influence.

In 1316, Louis led out his army against Ferdinand, son of Don Jayme I., king of Majorca. Ferdinand had advanced a claim upon the principality of Achaia, because he had married the daughter of William and Margaret Villehardin. In a petty skirmish, in which Ferdinand had no business to become involved, he was killed. Louis of Burgundy survived him but two months. Dark rumors were abroad that Louis was poisoned by the count of Cephalonia, a family in which poisoning was too common a thing to inspire any surprise at the report.

Not long after the death of Louis, and before her persecutors had thought fit to urge a marriage upon her to suit their own views, Maud had seen and recognized a face which had haunted her almost from childhood. It was that of the French knight, Hugh de la Palisse. Long before she had married Guy of Athens, she had seen this gallant cavalier at the court of Majorca, where she had once visited her aunt, Margaret, the wife of Don Ferdinand. His graceful attentions to the child, who was shy and timid and overpowered by the stately dignity of Don

Jayme and his son, inspired her with the most grateful emotions.

She returned home to dream of the brave knight, until the dream was broken by a proposal of marriage. Wax in the hands of her father, Maud Villehardin did not resist, and she became the wife of Guy. A calm, sober friendship for her husband replaced her wild dream; and the loneliness of her state when her father and husband were both dead, induced her to accept the hand of Louis of Burgundy, without stopping to analyze the selfish policy which had brought them together.

Now she was wholly at the mercy of those who were plotting for the possession of her rights. By her own act she had surrendered the principality to Louis, leaving her only a life rent in that which should have been her own, irrespective of any other. She felt herself in the toils of the enemy, but she knew not how to clude them. A whisper that came to her by some attendant of her household, had given her some light into the plot that was forming of a marriage between her and John of Gravina; and sick at heart with the prospect of persecutions yet to undergo, she awaited the first symptoms of its unfolding.

It was while in this state that she chanced to meet Hugh de la Palisse. He had passed the first flush of his youth, but was all the fitter for a guide and protector to the youthful widow. On his part, he had often thought of the timid and retiring little maiden, but the news of her two successive marriages had effectually prevented his thought from growing into romance. Now they met, and she was free. Not a single charm had faded. The rosy blush came as easily into her cheek as it did when he saw her just emerging from her childhood. If not as shy, she was as modest; and the hours which he passed with her now were the happiest of his life. The soldier who had never been conquered by war, laid down his arms and heart at the feet of a woman; and in the moments of confidence that followed she betrayed her anxiety respecting the count of Gravina. Her lover gravely heard her through the narration of what she had heard.

"There is but one way, then, sweet lady, to put a stop to his advances."

"And what is that?"

"Only by giving me a right to resist them, by making me your husband."

Maud glanced at her moaning; Hugh's quick eye caught the application, and he succeeded in making her think it was better to be prepared against exigencies.

They were married secretly. Unfortunately the knight was obliged to leave her at the call of his king, but he felt comforted in believing that no wrong could really touch her who was now his own. Scarcely had he departed, when the trial she had dreaded came. She was summoned to a conference with the three whom she most feared, and her countenance betrayed to them only too well that their specious offers were seen through and appreciated by one whom they had deemed would be so pliant in their hands.

Astonished at the presumption of her who now seemed suddenly grown from a child to a woman, and dared speak for herself in opposition to their high will, they passed from entreaty to command; and finally ended by calling in an authority she could not gainsay—that of the pope.

Robert of Naples forced her to appear before his holiness, Pope John; and when threats and entreaties seemed only to be made in vain, and her obstinacy had exasperated them to madness, she electrified them by saying, "I am the wife of Hugh de la Palisse!"

The audience was broken up, and Maud suffered to return to her castle unmolested. But scarcely a week passed before it was formally announced to her that her marriage with Hugh was declared by the pope to be annulled, and that she must prepare herself to become the wife of Count John of Gravina. Dragged to the altar by those whose power she could no longer resist, Maud heard the dreadful words that bound her to one she hated, and felt that the ties that held her to her true husband were dissolved. She had a little time, however, for grief. The carriage which took her from the church where the unholy rite was performed, deposited her, not at her own palace, but at the gloomy portal of the Castle del Uovo, a prisoner of state, and subject to perpetual confinement.

Here the curtain was let down between the unhappy woman and the visible world. The only source of comfort in her darkness was that John of Gravina did not intrude his hateful presence

upon her. Indeed he had no desire to see her. The grand object was accomplished of securing the principality, and it mattered little to the house of Burgundy how many bleeding hearts attested to their success.

Years came and went; and the beauty of Maud was consuming in the dreary prison in which she was secretly kept confined. Only one circumstance varied the dull monotony of her life and crushed out the hope of being rescued. This was the death of Hugh de la Palisse. Her jailers thought they were refining upon their cruelty by allowing her to read the French journal that contained this intelligence, and triumphed in adding a crowning grief to the burden of her who had once defied their power to take away her inheritance.

The voyager in the Mediterranean might have seen at midnight the light that always streamed, as from a watch-tower, from the high windows of Castle del Uovo; but little he recked that the lonely watcher who lighted the beacon at twilight, was a young and lovely woman. Much less could he have dreamed that she was the beautiful princess of Achaia, whose inheritance was at that moment crowning the disgraceful triumphs of the house of Burgundy. Had the fact of her imprisonment been public, and the place of her confinement revealed, there were a thousand swords that would have leaped from their sheaths to avenge her and restore her rights; but church and state policy had combined for her destruction.

Fate did its work early. In 1324, when Maud was only thirty-nine years of age, they whose tongues did not dare utter the fact, knew that she had died in that remorseless martyrdom of soul and body which they had imposed upon her.

### A CAMBODIAN KING.

The Univers prints an amusing account of a visit to a barbaric potentate by Monseigneur Miche, Vicar Apostolic of Cambodia. "Four days after our arrival the king of Battambang expressed a wish to see us, and we paid him a visit. The only present we could give him was a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, a penknife and a pair of scissors. These were, doubtless, very paltry presents to make a king, but he was, nevertheless, delighted at possessing such rare objects, and gave us a friendly reception. He shook us by hand, a salutation which inspired me with fear, as his nails were about an inch in length, and crooked at the points. As all his clothing consisted of a loose shirt, and as he was afraid of the coolness of the night, he asked me for a pair of shoes and stockings. I also gave him majesty my waistcoat, which he requested through one of the mandarins. When the king entered the reception-room, or rather into the shed which was used for that purpose, every one threw himself flat on the ground. For our parts, we saluted him in the French fashion. In order to give us a high proof of his esteem, he made us sit down in a line with him, and declared that all he possessed was at our service. Some days after, finding that we were not very eager in soliciting his royal favors, he reproached us for our backwardness, and sent us some rice cake."

### SCHILLER'S MIDNIGHT STUDIES.

On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and who ever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite to his little garden-house, on the other side of the dale—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself into his chair, and writing, and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

### FEEDING CARROTS TO HORSES.

A correspondent of the Working Farmer writes that his attention has lately been called to the best mode of feeding carrots to horses, and after many experiments he has arrived at the following conclusions: The carrots should be sliced by an ordinary cutter, and fed at the time the animal gets his regular feed. If the animal has been fed with four quarts of oats at a time, give him two quarts of oats and two quarts of sliced carrots; by such practice the nitrogenous part of the oats has no chance to pass off in a fluid state, but combines with the pectin of the carrot and forms a gelatinous substance that is retained to supply the wants of the body, and give muscular strength to the animal. Carrots alone are not as good as oats for a working horse, but carrots and oats fed according to the above directions, are better than oats.



## DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The accompanying portrait is considered the best likeness extant of the late lamented Douglas Jerrold, one of the most powerful, pungent and popular of modern English writers, and just now vividly brought before the world by the publication in England of his life by his son, Blanchard Jerrold, and its republication here by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Until this work appeared, the received conception of Jerrold's character was a very false one. He was regarded as a soured, ill-natured man, prowling through life like a bravo, using his keen wit as a weapon to stab to the heart all who crossed his path. But his son asserts and proves by indisputable evidence, that he was the reverse of all this; that he was gentle, kind, sympathizing, beloved by his family and friends, generous and confiding to a fault, and warring only against tyranny and corruption. The clouds that obscured the true character of Jerrold have been swept away like mist from the face of a fair landscape. William Douglas Jerrold was the son of Samuel Jerrold, an actor and theatrical manager, and was born in London, where his mother was temporarily residing, January 3, 1803. Much of his early life was passed at Sheerness, an English seaport and naval depot, where his father had a theatre, and where he received all the education for which he was indebted to schools and teachers, and this was but little. At Sheerness he acquired a fondness for the sea and a thirst for naval glory, and served a short time as a midshipman on board the gun-brig "Ernest." One of the services which the brig performed, was to bring over a shipload of the wounded from Waterloo, whose raw stumps and festering wounds gave him that lively sense of the horror of war which lasted through his life. Short as his service in the navy was, his keen observation and retentive memory furnished him with a treasury of material which yielded him golden fruits when he became, a few years afterwards, a writer for the stage and press. His popular drama of "Black-Eyed Susan," and his popular story of "Jack Runnymede," were the results of his naval experience. In 1816 he came to London with his family, and passed through a trying period of toil and privation. He learned the trade of printing in Mr. Sidney's office, and began when a mere boy to write for the London journals. "For twelve hours daily he was in Mr. Sidney's printing-office; but this long service was broken by hours of rest and food, and in these intervals reading and writing could be done. Both were accomplished." In 1821, in the author's eighteenth year, a farce from his pen, entitled "More Brightened than Hurt," was produced with success at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. It had merit enough in it to be translated and acted on the French stage. This was the precursor of a great number of plays from his pen, all original, dramas, farces and comedies, all, with a single exception, successful, and many of them still acted in England and this country.



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

His comedies are witty to a fault, and blaze with gems of original thought. Jerrold was one of the original writers of the London Punch, and his contributions, the "Q. Letters," raised the

journal to the rank of a political power. In Punch also, was published the "Story of a Feather," one of his best productions. In almost every thing Jerrold wrote, even in his most sportive ar-

ticles, there was an earnest purpose. An ardent liberal and reformer, he attacked political and social abuses with unflinching vigor, with the heavy artillery of logic and the small arms of sarcasm and wit. Among Jerrold's most popular contributions to Punch were the world-renowned "Camille Lectures," of which he thought little himself, but which became universal favorites. In 1843 he edited "The Illustrated Magazine," published by the proprietors of the "London Illustrated News." It was a capital work, but lived only two years. In 1845 he started "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine," with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, then as now, the publishers of Punch. It was a powerful advocate of the liberal cause. In the summer of 1846 he embarked in another undertaking, "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper." This journal was very successful for a time. In 1852 he was engaged as editor of Mr. Lloyd's "Weekly Newspaper," at a salary of \$5000 a year. At the same time he was writing for Punch and for the Magazine. His literary labors were incessant and various, and his engagements were often fulfilled under the pressure of ill health. He generally lived in the neighborhood of London, for he was passionately fond of the country, and never contented unless surrounded by trees and flowers. His style of housekeeping was plain, though liberal, and his home was always the resort of the most brilliant men of the day. Among his most intimate friends in later years, were Dickens, and Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London Times. He died June 8, 1857, at Kilburn Priory, whither he had removed in the autumn of 1856. His personal appearance is thus described by Ludwig Knaisch, a German author who visited him in 1855: "Douglas Jerrold is small, with stooping shoulders, but the head placed upon those shoulders is truly magnificent. He has the head of a Jupiter on the body of a Thersites. A high, broad, cheerful arched forehead, a very fine mouth, a well-shaped nose, clear, heaven blue eyes, make the face of Jerrold one of the handsomest." In the death of Jerrold, English journalism and English liberalism met with an irreparable loss. He was a fearless champion of the popular cause, and a dangerous enemy of corruption and toryism, because every line he wrote was readable. His political essays were not dull, droning affairs, such as partisans read as a matter of duty, but which leave no durable impression on the mind; they bristled with salient points; their arguments were connected together by the diamond cement of wit, and enforced by brilliant illustrations that could not be forgotten—they were remembered, quoted and applied. They reached a class of people whom even Fontblaque could not impress. As a story-writer, too, Jerrold

ever aimed at something more than mere amusement; and in his plays he was not contented simply to amuse an audience. As a playwright, however, poor pay compelled him to write too much.



THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## FATH.

BY GEORGE W. DAWIT

Who gazes on the brow of night,  
Mystic on her brilliant throur,  
Not finding some one star, more bright  
Than all the rest, to call their own."

Alas, the stars are sought in vain  
When clouds o'ercast their field of light,  
And desolation sweeps the plain  
When sorrow broods a starless night."

Who stops to pluck a variable rose,  
Regardless of a choice to make?  
However rare, each flower that grows  
Is dearer for another's sake."

Ah, the rose tree withers when  
Old winter walks the wood's forlorn,  
Of bud and bloom bereft we then  
Would fain forego the wayside thorn."

Be mine the promise faith extends  
Beyond this transitory world -  
The covenant, that gleams and bends  
Where storms their trailing clouds have furled."

Though every star be veiled from sight,  
And every earthly flower dies,  
My faith beholds its natural light  
And Eden bloom beyond the skies."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

## NUMBER 8.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

*Shipping Krooman—A visit to a native village on the island of Fernando Po.—St Helena, sailor's horsemanship, visit to the tomb of Napoleon.—Removal of the remains from St Helena to France.—Death of Captain Owen.*

In a preceding sketch, I gave a brief description of the coast of the island of Fernando Po. Notwithstanding the reported unhealthiness of its climate, it is a frequent rendezvous for cruisers, on account of its good harbor and its proximity to the Guinea coast, the great haunt of slavers. The natives are reported to be of a treacherous disposition, and it is true, that many years ago they rose in a body and massacred all the inhabitants of a Spanish settlement, which had been recently established on the island, and it is said that, on account of the treachery and the untamable nature of the inhabitants, the Spanish government renounced the idea of colonizing the island. Be this as it may, we always found them ignorant and indolent certainly, but kindly and well disposed, if treated with kindness.

On one occasion we shipped from the Clarence Bay settlement on this island, a number of Kroomen who had been discharged from some merchant vessel, and whom we were anxious to engage, in place of the sailors we had lost by accident or by death.

I have briefly alluded to the Kroomen heretofore. They inhabit a long strip of the coast between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas, where the new colony of Liberia has been formed, and are one of the finest of the African tribes. They are generally tall, stout, athletic, and well formed, with negro features, but far from repulsive, and small hands and feet. They are eager for gain, and consequently, always anxious to work for pay; but they have a perfect horror of slavery, and instances are numerous of individuals having committed suicide rather than become slaves. They make excellent sailors—fishing in their slender canoes, in the open ocean, being the chief employment of the males. The wages earned by making a few voyages on board a merchantman, or by a cruise on board a man-of-war, are sufficient to establish them as moneyed and leading men in their tribes, and to enable them to purchase a wife, and it is with these laudable objects in view that they usually engage themselves to join a ship. They are very fond of taking to themselves an English name, in addition to that bestowed upon them by their parents, and the more absurd and ludicrous this adopted nomenclature, the more it is to their satisfaction. They came up, one after the other, to the capstan-head—erect and confident, in the primeval garb of the garden of Eden—to have their names entered on the ship's books by the first lieutenant, when the following colloquy ensued:

"You wish to ship for the remainder of the cruise on board the Alert, schooner-of-war?"

Krooman—"Yes, sar."

Lieutenant—"What is your name?"

Krooman—"Frying Pan, sar."

Lieutenant—"What do you mean, you black

squandrel? I ask you what is your name. Answer me at once and correctly!"

Krooman—"Me Frying Pan, sar," drawing himself up proudly.

The lieutenant, somewhat ruffled in temper and ready to explode, was informed of the peculiarity I have mentioned.

Lieutenant, recovering his composure.—"Well then, Frying Pan, you join the Alert and do duty on board as ordinary seaman till the termination of the cruise, then to be set on shore at Freetown, Sierra Leone, there to receive such amount of wages as may be due to you?"

Krooman—"Yes, massa, me berry glad."

Lieutenant, writing the singular name—"Now, Frying Pan, touch this pen," and the Krooman walks away, regularly enrolled as one of the crew of the schooner.

Second Krooman advances. "Well, what is your name?"

"Bottle o' Beer, sar." A similar ceremony, and Bottle o' Beer walks forward.

Third Krooman gives his name, "Two Bottle o' Beer."

"What! Bottle of Beer again?"

"Yes, massa. Him fus Bottle o' Beer, my brudder."

The next candidate for enrolment, on the ship's books, gives his name as "Bread and Cheese," the next as "Beet-leak," "Sussage Puddin'," "Massa," etc.

Most of these men understood the peculiar phrases in which the necessary orders on board ship are given, but little English beyond that. One day when the Alert was lying idly in the bay, a party was formed to make a journey into the interior of the island. The natives of the island spoke no English, but one of the Kroomen lately shipped, professed to be a linguist. We knew that he could converse fluently with the islanders in their own language, because we had often observed him thus engaged; but he professed also, to be an adept in the English language. If this were the case, he was just the man to take with us, to act the part of an interpreter. He was ordered aft, and asked if he could converse in English.

"Yes, sar."

"Give us an example. Say what you can in English."

"Yes, massa, me berry glad. How do?—Berry well, tank you—yes—no—glass o' grog—good by."

This was rattled off quite rapidly, as if the speaker was proud of his attainments. The man's knowledge of the English language did not quite equal our expectations; but if, as some philosopher has said, "the true knowledge of a language consists in an acquaintance with its familiar idioms and common or vulgar phrases," the Krooman was an apt scholar. At all events he could converse with the islanders, so he was ordered into the boat.

We set forth from the settlement, six in number, viz., the first lieutenant, myself, the Kroo interpreter, a midshipman, the carpenter, and the boatswain. The settlement consists of some dozen houses built of wood, with wide verandahs running round them. These residences are tenanted by agents from mercantile houses, who purchase cargoes of logwood, palm-oil, etc., from the coast traders, and ship them to Europe on account of the firms by whom they are employed. Several roomy warehouses, for the purpose of containing these articles of commerce until they are required to be shipped off, line the beach below the eminence upon which the houses are built. The sun was intensely hot when we started, but, at a very short distance from the settlement, we entered a forest, through which we travelled for hours, and which was so perfectly shaded by the trees, that the temperature was comparatively cool. We were, of course, lightly clad, and most of us carried pistols, in case they might be needed, though we anticipated no difficulty with the natives.

The wood through which we passed was so densely covered with "undergrowth," that in many places it was difficult to force a passage. There was no road, except a sort of "cow-path," as it may be termed, which had been trodden by the natives; and which was so narrow that we usually had to advance in Indian file. Many of the trees were of gigantic size, and must have been the growth of centuries. We turned aside to examine more closely one monarch of the forest. It rose to the height of full forty feet before a single branch began to spread. The bark was comparatively smooth and of a dark cinnamon color—we believed it to be a mahogany tree,

though none of us possessed any accurate knowledge of botany. The carpenter measured it at about six feet from the ground. It was forty-two feet in circumference. The roots had grown out of the ground and formed a tripod arch, beneath which, by slightly stooping, we could easily pass. If it was a mahogany tree, it must have been of immense value.

After we had penetrated about three miles into the forest, we met with a small lake of fresh water in a natural clearing, where we seated ourselves on the turf and ate our lunch. We then proceeded on our way. As yet, we had not met with a single islander; but we had not gone far from the lake before we saw three persons approaching. They stopped when they perceived our party, and seemed inclined to avoid a meeting, but we made friendly signals, and the Krooman calling them in their own language, they advanced until we came together. They proved to be a man and two women—his wives. The man was bound on a fishing excursion, but—a lord of the creation—he was walking in advance of the females, unencumbered with any of his fishing apparatus. The two women carried between them a light bark canoe, and his nets, hooks and spears, all of native manufacture. The net was made very neatly of fibrous roots, and the hooks of sharp thorns, curiously twisted, while the spears, of lancewood, were very sharp at the point and hardened by fire. The man was very communicative, and partly through the Krooman and partly by signs, made us understand the uses of the several articles he showed us. We must have presented a ludicrous appearance to the females, for we excited their risibility to a wondrous degree. They stood in the background chatting together, and laughing till their sides shook. All three were in a state of nudity. It is rarely that the Fernando Po islanders wear any clothing, but both sexes anoint their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and red ochre, which gives their black skin the appearance of bronze. Their woolly hair is also anointed with this filthy mixture, but the heads of the men are crowned with a flattened palm leaf hat, profusely ornamented with shark's teeth, shells, fish-bones, and the skeletons of small animals and reptiles. A tramp of three miles further brought us to a native village, if such a collection of hollow logs, suspended to the branches of the trees which surrounded a clearing, could be called. In these logs they sleep at night, squatting and lying on the ground to eat their meals, or to rest during the day. The females fled on our approach, but the males came to meet us, headed by a venerable old man, who appeared to exercise the authority of chief. We were unable to hold much communication with them, but we exchanged mutual good wishes through the Krooman, received from them an abundant supply of a grateful beverage obtained from the juice of the tapped palm-tree, and allowed to ferment for one day—the second day it becomes sour—and gave them in return, a few pounds of tobacco and a handkerchief or two, with which they were highly delighted. After resting for some time, we bade farewell to these primitive savages and returned to the schooner.

It is known to everybody that the remains of the emperor Napoleon were given up to the French people by the government of Great Britain in 1840. This occurred shortly after my arrival upon the African coast. We were off the coast of Loango at the time, and were naturally anxious to witness the solemn ceremonies of the removal, so the commander of the Alert made an excuse to run into the harbor of Jamestown to water the schooner. We had but a short distance to run, and when we reached St. Helena, the French squadron had not arrived, though the vessels were daily expected. We had, therefore, an opportunity of seeing the tomb before it was disturbed. I was a midshipman at the time, but acting lieutenant of the cruiser. The day after our arrival I obtained leave to go ashore, and, of course, proceeded to the stables to hire a horse and a guide to the tomb. I found the tradespeople extremely distressed at the idea of the removal of the emperor's remains. St. Helena is the resort of almost every vessel homeward bound from the East Indies, and the officers and passengers almost invariably formed parties to visit the tomb of the dead hero. They were alarmed at the prospect of the profits derived from this pilgrimage to the tomb of Napoleon being sadly reduced when his bones no longer rested beneath, but, as it proved, with little reason, since travellers now go to visit the spot where once they were laid.

"I want a horse to ride to Napoleon's tomb," said I to a pert looking youth who was in the stable.

"Yes, sir; and a guide!"

"A guide, of course."

"This way, sir," he continued, "leading me to a stable in the rear, where some dozen or so of wretched Rozinantes, compared with which the steed of Don Quixote was a magnificent charger, were stabled."

"You don't intend that I shall bestride one of these wretched brutes?" said I, indignantly.

"Please, sir, we keeps them for the navy officers," said he, glancing at my uniform.

I felt the dignity of the "buttons" insulted. "What do you mean, sirrah?" I said. "What is the reason I cannot hire one of the horses I passed in the other stable?"

"O, you can, if you please, sir," he replied, touching his cap, "by payin' the worth o' the hanimal"—he was a genuine cockney, who, like the deceased Napoleon, had become an exile from home on this solitary island.

"The worth of the animal?" said I.

"Yes, sir; you see how they're worry frisky, them 'osses—on'y last month, one on 'em lept over the cliff with a young so'ger officer, clean into the sea. Neider on 'em wer heerd on arterwards. The paths is terrible dangerous, sir. Now these here hanimals goes along as steady as vinkin. The navy officers and sailor mostways elings on to the 'osses' manes with both hands, leanin' forrard, and then they travels fastrate."

"But," said I, dubiously, "the creatures are nothing but skin and bone! They don't look as if they could travel at all!"

O yes, sir," was the reply, "they does very well. Navy officers elings on to the mane with both hands and digs his knees into the 'osses' sides. Can't throw them navy officers no how, and then the boy vich you hires for a guide, catches hold of the hanimal's tail and pounds him behind with a cudgel."

"Not a very dignified method of proceeding," I was thinking to myself, when the lad, noticing my abstraction, and perhaps thinking I might be able to ride better than, according to his opinion, the majority of the profession, or, as I rather suspect was the case, slyly amusing himself at my expense, added:

"But you can ride this here 'oss if you like, sir. A rale spirited hanimal—own brother to the mare as lept over the cliff with the soger officer. Shall I saddle him, sir?"

"No, thank you," said I. "Upon second thought, I think I'll hire one of these." I knew that the roads were narrow and the cliffs precipitous, and I had no desire to accompany the own brother of the unlucky mare on a possible visit to the watery grave of his own sister.

The horse was speedily saddled and I mounted. Now I wish to inform the reader that I can ride tolerably well, but I soon found that it was absolutely necessary to hold on to the brute on whose back I was mounted, after the fashion the stable boy had described. The animal was so lean that the saddle would not set to his back, and seemed to be slipping off at every step, and he held his head so low that I found it impossible to sit upright on his back. I was compelled to seize his mane with both hands, and in this ludicrous position, with an urethra of twelve years holding on to the scraggy tail of the horse and belaboring him heartily with a cudgel, I sallied forth through the long streets of Jamestown, to visit the tomb of the deceased conqueror of continental Europe.

The spot has been so often described that I shall be very brief in my notice of it. It is about two miles from Jamestown, the road, for the most part, being over a range of precipitous cliffs, a mere path on the edge of the precipices, at the base of which the Atlantic ocean rolls and dashes against the rocks with a roar like thunder. In some places a single false step would prove fatal to both horse and rider. The tomb is near a spring, a short distance from Longwood, the cottage in which the exile lived and died, and which is now in a dilapidated condition, or at least, was then. Hubert, the ancient sergeant of the imperial guard, who remained a voluntary guardian of the remains of his beloved master, occupied a room in it. The other apartments were untenanted. It was a wretched place, and at no time could have been an agreeable residence; but I passed through the rooms, thinking, meanwhile, of the glories and the sad vicissitudes in the life of the wonderful man whose bones lay beneath the shade of the group of willows in sight of the window of Sergeant Hubert's room. The grove



is situated in a small circular enclosure, surrounded by naked and precipitous rocks, rising to the height of hundreds of yards on all sides; between these rocky mountains, in one direction, there is a view of the south Atlantic ocean, far beneath and stretching, unbroken by any object, to the distant horizon. A plain marble slab, without any inscription, surrounded by five weeping willows, covered the spot beneath which laid the remains of one for whose ambitious aspirations the world was once too limited.

I procured a slip from the most thrifty of the willows, which I carried safely home. It is now a fair sized tree on Clapham Common, near London, and I here reassure the venerable old lady who prides herself in the possession of it, that it is a scion of the veritable Bonaparte willow. These willows are now no more. So great was the demand for slips, that the trees were ruined; but willows are still cultivated by the shrewd inhabitants of the island, and slips sold to credulous passengers who touch at St. Helena, as the genuine article. It is by no means an easy task to cultivate a thrifty willow in the shallow soil of the rocky island, but those who manage to do this, enjoy a pretty income, derived from the sale of slips from spurious Bonaparte willows.

Two days after I had made this pilgrimage, two frigates from France cast anchor in the harbor of Jamestown. It was on the 4th of October, 1840. One of the frigates was the *Belle Poule*, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, second son of Louis Philippe, then the reigning monarch of the French. The prince, who was high admiral of the French navy, had the command of the expedition. On the 25th of the same month, twenty-five years from the day when the illustrious exile landed on the island, the coffin containing the remains were disinterred. A procession was formed at midnight, comprising the Prince de Joinville and his officers, the ecclesiastics who had come from France in the frigates, the French and English commissioners, the governor of the island, and by express permission, the officers of the British men-of-war then in the harbor, and the numerous assemblage proceeded to the tomb.

The rain poured down in torrents, yet scarcely one person who had permission to join the procession, absented himself. Minute guns were fired throughout the night, and the bells of the ships in the harbor and those of the church at Jamestown, were tolled incessantly. Several hours were occupied in removing the earth, and it was daylight ere the coffins, three in number, were raised. They were placed under shelter and opened, and the procession marched slowly round and gazed upon the remains. Thus for one moment, nineteen years after his decease, I saw the form of him whose name once carried terror throughout Europe. The corpse was clothed in the uniform he had been accustomed to wear at the head of his army, and, strange to say, neither the body nor the clothing appeared to be decayed. I had but a momentary glance at the face of the corpse, but as I passed the foot of the coffin, I noticed that one of the great toes protruded from the toe of the boot, which had rotted away. Meanwhile General Bertrand and Count la Casas, quite aged men, with others who had been the companions of the emperor during the six weary years of his exile, among them the faithful Sergeant Hubert, stood uncovered beside the coffin, gazing intently upon the corpse, apparently absorbed in grief. The coffin was then immediately closed up, and the procession reformed, and, amidst bursts of mournful music from numerous bands, the remains were conveyed to the town and carried on board the *Belle Poule*.

The inhabitants of the town all displayed emblems of mourning. Business was suspended. The yards of the British and French ships were manned. Still the minute guns were fired, until the car containing the coffin was lowered into the hold of the frigate. It was, perhaps, the most singular, the most solemn, the most imposing spectacle ever beheld.

Three days after the body was received on board the *Belle Poule*, the French frigates sailed for France, and on the day following the *Alert* also sailed from the island, bound for St. Thomas. Here we were called upon to attend the obsequies of one of our own countrymen. Captain Owen, of the *Active* brig-of-war, died after three days illness of coast fever, contracted while the vessel he commanded was lying in the harbor of St. Thomas' island.

This officer had been six years on the coast, and had been the greatest scourge to the slavers

that they had ever known. He had taken, during that period, no less than sixty-four prizes, many of them of great value, and had greatly enriched himself in consequence. Up to the hour when he was taken down with the fever, he had enjoyed uninterrupted and excellent health, and he believed himself to be perfectly acclimated. Three years is the utmost period during which the crew of a vessel of-war are allowed to remain on the African station. Generally they are relieved in two years, on account of the danger of a long exposure to the pernicious influences of the climate.

Twice Lieutenant Owen had been relieved, but on both occasions he offered to take the place of the officer sent out to relieve him, and 'as the prospects of prize money are seldom sufficiently tempting to cause a naval officer to choose the African station, in both instances his offers had been gladly accepted. He had asserted that he would only return home when the admiralty sent him out his commander's commission. It came out to Sierra Leone a week after he was laid beneath the sod in the burying ground at Freetown, where the corpse of the deceased officer was carried for interment.

His remains were followed to the grave by the officers of the ships-of-war in the harbor of Freetown, the captains of the merchantmen, and the white inhabitants of the colony. The day after the interment, news was received of the arrival off the Guinea coast of three suspected slavers, and we immediately made sail on board the *Alert*, and proceeded in pursuit.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE DAUGHTER OF ST. MARK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

NEARLY three centuries ago, there stood in one of the narrow streets of Venice the Florentine Bank of Salviata. To this wealthy institution young men of good birth were often attached as clerks; and the number of gentlemen, and even noble assistants employed here, was an evidence that those of reduced means did not disdain this mode of mending their fallen fortunes.

Among the numerous clerks who held responsible situations in the bank, with no loss of self-respect or of popular favor, was Piero Buonaventuri, a young gentleman of handsome person and attractive manners. His constant presence at the bank during all hours of the day, would seem to imply that he had some extraordinary interest in its operations, and he was frequently addressed by those who came to do business as if he were one of the partners of the institution.

But the secret of his constant stay, even when the other clerks had departed, and the banking-room itself was closed for the day, was easily accounted for by the opportunities which he possessed of seeing the young and beautiful girl who lived opposite the bank, and from the narrowness of the streets, was accessible to signs, and even words, from her handsome neighbor.

The residence of the young girl was none other than the palace of Bartolommeo Capello, one of the most illustrious of the Venetian nobility; and she herself was his only daughter, reared in all the luxury and magnificence of Venice at that time. Young, beautiful and fascinating, with a face that expressed every feeling of her heart, and a figure whose grace was perfectly indescribable, she had already wearied of flattery, and of the tiresome attentions of her father's guests, and was glad to exchange it for the more timid, yet welcome admiration, so quietly expressed by the handsome countenance opposite.

A few months passed, in which the love between the two thoughtless young creatures progressed; and in compliance with Piero's urgent solicitations, Bianca Capello consented to become the bride of the handsome clerk. No one knew aught of the matter save Bianca's old nurse. Yielding to the prayers and tears of her darling, she promised her assistance in the affair, and the whole of the ensuing summer saw the husband and wife alternately visiting each other, whenever Catherine could manage a meeting apart from the eyes of others, and keeping the vigil which their devotion to each other sometimes rendered too long for her old eyes to resist the temptation of closing. All this time Bianca firmly believed that her young husband was one of the principal partners at the bank; and that if the marriage was discovered by her father, his

indignation would neither be very strong nor lasting, and Piero, supposing that she knew his situation, in the no allusion to it whatever.

A warm summer evening had succeeded a most beautiful day, through which Bianca had been impatiently longing to visit Piero. Already her father had retired, worn out with the heat, and Catherine, unable to overcome the approach of sleep, had yielded herself to its influence, and lay, with the freedom of a privileged attendant, on a couch in her young mistress's room.

"Wake, Catherine," said Bianca, who had been watching the last lingering footsteps as it left the bank, and saw Piero's ingenious signal for her coming. "Wake now, lazy one, and watch for me when I come."

"O, holy virgin!" muttered Catherine in her sleep, "the darling will never think of going out to-night."

Bianca playfully shook her, and succeeded in making her sit bolt upright—brought her a quantity of fruit and cakes, which she insisted would keep her awake, and tripped lightly off to her trysting place, leaving the door open. A few moments after, a tradesman who came for family orders left the house, and as he went out, he closed the door. Catherine's head already lay back upon the couch, and she was again in the land of dreams.

When the young wife returned to her father's house, just as the gray light of dawn appeared, she found herself shut out. She could not wake her nurse, and as detection must now necessarily follow, she went back to Piero, who hastily collected all that he possessed, and long before the sun was up, they were on the bosom of the Adriatic, bound to Florence.

"Dark ill might betide them,  
But I could not guide them;  
Where foes were more bitter, or friends were less kind."

Nothing could have been more astounding, or in fact more unpleasant, to the father of Piero, than the advent of such an inmate to his poverty-stricken mansion, from which every luxury, and almost necessity, had long been excluded. His wife, the victim of sickness and helplessness, had required a servant, and this charge had swallowed up almost the whole income which the small salary of Piero had enabled him to bestow upon his parents. This servant they were now compelled to part with; and the delicate and refined Bianca, to whom life had hitherto seemed like a fairy tale, was absolutely obliged to perform the lowest and most menial services for the household.

Meantime, all Venice was shocked and indignant. The Capelli were grand in their terrible indignation, and all Italy were loud in sympathy—partly with the young couple, and partly with the noble family, whose pride had received an irrecoverable blow from this unfortunate event. A price of two thousand ducats was set upon the head of Piero. His father's brother was arrested, thrown into a Venetian prison, and died there.

Still, through all, the young husband and his wife remained close prisoners, cheerfully submitting to all the privations and terrors of their situation for the sake of each other. And so might it still have been—the old, but ever renewing tale of poverty, sweetened by love—had not the beautiful wife attracted the notice of Francesco, the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The duke was then unmarried. He had heard the story of the marriage, and was curious to see the bride. Chance favored him as he was driving across the Place of Saint Mark. Looking up at the windows of the Buonaventuri mansion, now fast going to ruin and desolation, he saw a form at the window, which from its beauty and grace, he could not doubt was that of the much talked of daughter of the Capelli. From that time the poverty ceased; but it was with the loss of honor to the erring and unfortunate pair. Piero and Bianca accepted magnificent lodgings near the palace; and the former, as if to pay him for the sacrifice of all that was dear to him, plunged himself into every species of dissipation. During this time, the grand duke had married Giovanna of Austria, but with little affection between them.

Not long after, Piero was met by some ruffians at the corner of Via Maggio, not far from his own door, and after bravely resisting his assailants, he was overpowered and murdered. The Grand Duchess Giovanna died in 1578, hastened to her death, doubtless, by the neglect and infidelity of her husband, leaving four children to the care and training of such a father! Only two months elapsed, ere the grand duke, after twice perjurying himself, once to the church, and

once to the beautiful but frail Bianca, at length leaved the rituals of his peers by a marriage, which, for a time, was kept secret. Bianca removing to the palace as governess to the children of the good queen Giovanna. A year of mourning elapsed—not without suspicion of the marriage. At the expiration of the year it was publicly announced!

Bianca Capello, in marrying the poor clerk of the Florentine bank, had disgraced her family! For this she was drowned, trampled on and despised. For becoming the bride of shame in the person of Francesco, she was exalted by her kindred and the whole aristocracy in the most extravagant terms. Now she became, in the words of Napier, "the pride of her family, the glory of her order, the hope of her country; and was immediately adopted by a public decree as the true and particular daughter of the republic, in consequence of those most singular and most excellent qualities which rendered her worthy of the most splendid fortune!"

The bells of Saint Mark responded to this decree; the churches took up the note, and illuminations and rejoicings followed. The Capelli, father and son, were proclaimed "most illustrious," the order of knighthood being conferred upon them, they taking the precedence of all the Venetian aristocracy. In the palmiest days of Venice, nothing was more splendid than the ceremonies connected with this marriage. "The Venetian 'Privilegio' of adoption was taken," says Napier, "to Florence by Santa Ziore, followed by two ambassadors, charged to invest Bianca with the prerogatives of her new rank, and assist at her nuptials."

The twelfth of October, 1579, saw the grand conclusion of the ceremonies, at the hall of the old republican palace. Bianca was again declared the true and legitimate daughter of the republic, her uncle, the Patriarch of Aquileia, pronounced a discourse on the utility of this marriage, and the dignity of being adopted by Saint Mark. The coronation took place, and was followed by high mass at the cathedral, whither the whole assembly proceeded.

Bianca's father and brother remained at court with high honors—perfectly satisfied that the daughter and sister had not disgraced herself by this connexion!

The end had not yet come, but was fast approaching. The grand duke had been taking violent exercise, and while yet heated he sat down by the water-side to rest. Cold and fever ensued, which, with his usual obstinacy, he insisted on managing himself; and on the nineteenth of October, eight years after the grand ceremonies of Bianca's coronation, he expired. Eleven hours after the grand duke was taken ill, Bianca was seized with similar symptoms. Rumor attributed both attacks to poison; but probably there were other influences of air and the life which both led in imprudently eating and drinking.

From the moment Bianca was taken, she seemed assured that they should both die, and that only a few hours would intervene between her husband's death and her own. When he had passed away, the attendants strove to conceal it from her; but she was convinced that all was over.

"And I, too, must die with my lord!" was the one calm sentence with which she turned her face to the wall; and exactly eleven hours after her husband's death, the graceful, beautiful, frail, erring Bianca Capello, the bride of Tuscany and Daughter of Saint Mark, was no more.

Her remains were denied the right of burial with that of the grand duke, and his successor caused her armorial bearings to be erased from the escutcheon of the Medici and replaced with those of Austria, in honor of the lamented Giovanna of Austria. Nor would he allow Bianca to be ever spoken of as the grand duchess, but always as "La Pessima Bianca."

## THE RICHEST MAN IN PROVIDENCE.

The Hartford Post, in speaking of Cyrus Butler of Providence, says he was worth, when he died, some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness it is said that he upbraided those who had the care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him, assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor, and a snuff taker. His snuff he kept in a large box and bought it by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.





PORT JACKSON, PERU, CLINTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

[From our own Correspondent]

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA,  
Jan. 12, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. BALLOU.—It is now more than a year ago that I left Boston, in a sad and serious frame of mind, a lonely traveller, leaving all my friends behind me, on that most trying of expeditions, a voyage in pursuit of health. Leave-taking is always a serious business, but when you never expect again to see the faces of dear friends from whom you are parting, it has almost the bitterness of death. Weak and feeble then, I embarked on my lonely voyage, never expecting to return. But under what a different aspect does the new year open! With what feelings of gratitude to a kind Providence does my heart swell, as with renovated frame and buoyant mind, I inhale the pure and balmy air of these islands—which to breathe is joy enough. My existence is dream-like, and day succeeds day, like one glorious vision following another. In spite of the trying scenes I witness in my daily rides and walks, the grim poverty which darkens my Eden, my days and nights are days

and nights of joy. I have resumed all my old occupations—I can enjoy my favorite books—music has charms for me once more—I can walk and ride and sketch and write without painful effort—and it is with some hope of being useful to you that I am now dallying with pen and pencil to-day. Enclosed, please find a sketch of Funchal, which, as you know, is the capital of Madeira, the principal island of this group. A striking feature in the scene are the tall volcanic mountains, which descend sharply and precipitously into the water. The gleaming houses are nestled on the ledges like eagle-nests. Conspicuous among the shipping in the foreground, I have represented the fine steam-frigate *Fulton*, with the glorious stars and stripes she so gallantly upholds waving in the breeze. A little farther on are a British gun-boat, the French ship-of-the-line *Penelope*, and close at hand a pleasure-yacht. Let me mention a gratifying fact—the name of *American* is a passport to the hospitalities of the island. The people are very kind to all strangers; but most particularly so to our countrymen, as I

have often had occasion to acknowledge. Ex-President Pierce and his lady were great favorites here, and left and carried away agreeable impressions. There are not many American visitors to the island, on account of the want of direct communication; but still they are always to be met with. The streets of Funchal are steeper than any at the west end of Boston. When they made wine—and that manufacture is almost extinct now from the fatality attending the vines—the casks were transported on wooden drags drawn by two oxen each—wheeling is out of the question. All your rides are on horseback and muleback. I am the fortunate possessor of a nice, easy-going Andalusian horse, which, though somewhat aged, is as sure-footed as a mountain-goat, a *sine qua non* in this rough country. A favorite ride of mine is hence to a *Camera de Lobos*, an interesting village five or six miles west of Funchal. When the land is cultivated it has to be terraced, and strengthened by walls and buttresses of stone to keep the soil from sliding down into the valleys. In this region the best wine used to be raised. Within a

few years, in addition to the failure of the wine-crop, the potato rot has been almost universal, creating the greatest distress, for the inhabitants depend almost as much on the potato crop as the Irish. It is hoped that the disease will be eradicated. The fertility of the soil is such that almost any kind of crop can be raised, though the character of the surface imposes labors on the tillers of the soil elsewhere unknown. Should my hasty sketches prove available, I may again address you before leaving Madeira. R.

## PORT JACKSON, CLINTON COUNTY, N. Y.

The picturesque rural scene presented in our engraving, was drawn for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn. Port Jackson is located on the western side of Lake Champlain, and is the outlet to the interior towns of the county. The mineral and agricultural products of this part of the State are shipped hence to Albany and New York, in exchange for the various necessities and luxuries of life. It is a landing place for steamboats, and though small, is an enterprising and lively place. The Green Mountains are seen in the distance.



PORT OF FUNCHAL, ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

[From our own Correspondent]



# **BALL OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE, FEB. 28, 1859.**

The annual ball of the "Tigers" came off, according to programme, on the evening of Monday last, and inaugurated the conversion of the Boston Theatre into a magnificent ball room, by the most brilliant festival of the season, indeed, we may add, the most brilliant affair of the kind which ever took place in Boston. The engraving on this page, drawn on the spot for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney, shows the principal decorations of this fairy scene, which were designed and executed by Messrs. Hayes and Selwyn, the artists of the establishment. The floor, making a continuation of the stage as far from the parquette entrance, formed a spacious and elastic area, which was crowded throughout the evening by "fair women and brave men." The spectacle of so many figures moving in the mazes of the dance, to the music of a band of eighty pieces under the leadership of P. S. Gilmore, the brilliant uniforms of general, staff and company officers, and privates, many of them representing the military of other States, the almost daylight effulgence of the illumination, the splendid attire and blazing jewels, and yet

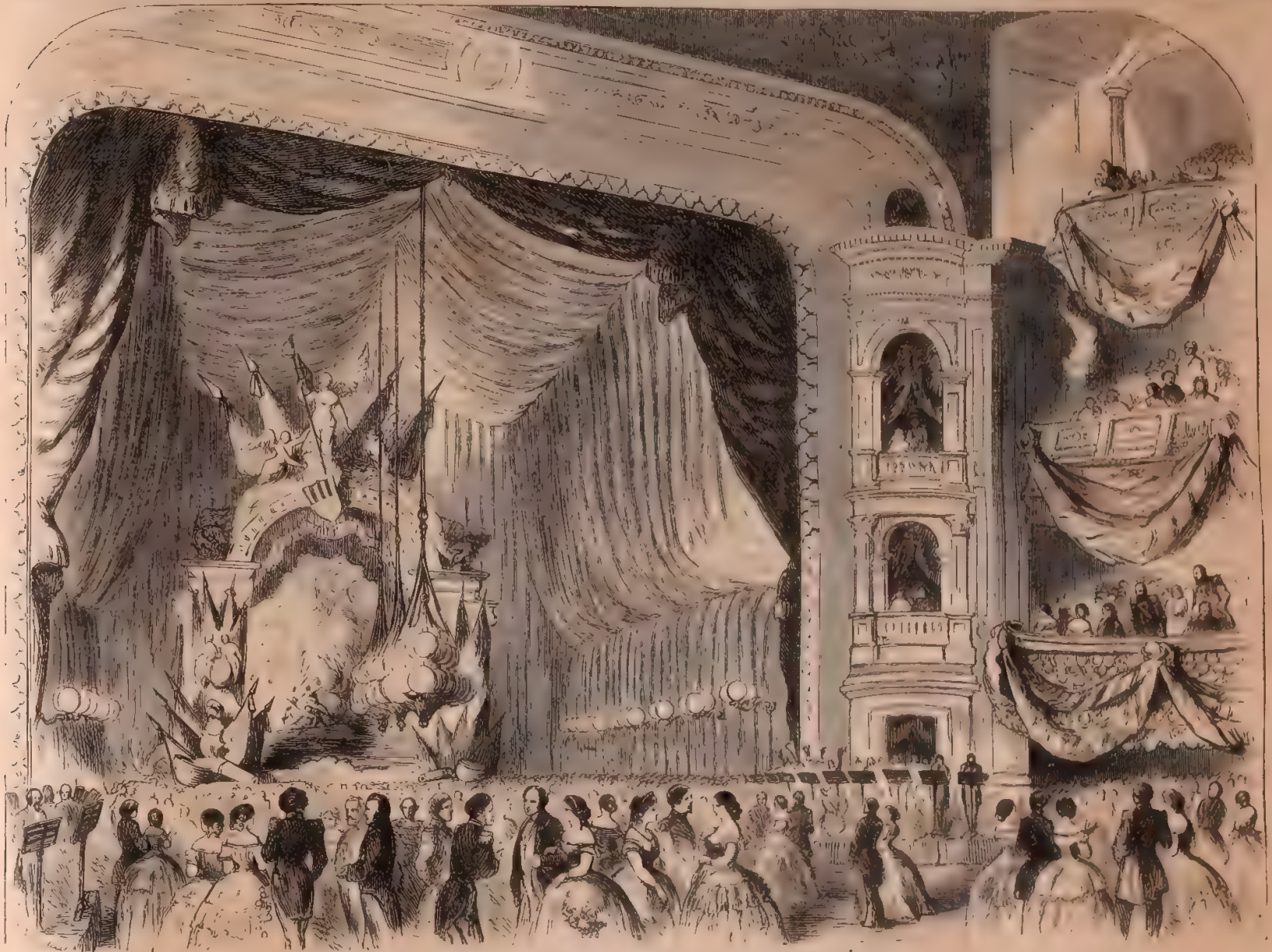
## **TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU.**

On page 149 we give a view of the town of Corfu, anciently Corcyra, the capital of the island of the same name, and the seat of government of the Ionian Islands, which occupy a peculiar position as a republic, under British protection. This place presents many features of interest. The Ionian Islands have recently engaged much of the public attention, and a special envoy has recently been sent thither by the British government to confer with the authorities on the questions now engaging the attention of the people. In 1818 a university was established at Corfu, under the auspices of the British government, by the Earl of Guilford, who was appointed chancellor, and nominated Greeks of the first abilities to the different chairs. The annexed view was taken from the height on the left of the One-Gun Battery-road. At the left of the engraving is represented the country-house, built by Sir F. Adam, when Lord High Commissioner, in the years 1826-27. Unfortunately, it proved to be unhealthy, from the marshy land around it. Of late years, however, a great improvement in this respect has taken place, by the drainage of some of the land, and by the formation of a road which

## **THE MODERN REBECCA.**

The populations of Algeria are more various, perhaps, than in any other region of the earth; and, at the same time, they are very distinct. Thus it is that the modern Rebecca draws water for admiring Spaniards, for Italians, for Germans, Swiss, Portuguese, French, Anglo-Maltese. After the French, of whom there are eighty thousand in Algeria (but then the army counts) the most numerous population is the Spanish. There are between thirty and forty thousand of them—from the Balearic isles chiefly, with eight or nine thousand Italians, seven or eight thousand Germans, about two thousand Swiss, eight thousand Maltese, and a sprinkling of emigrants from Portugal. The native population numbers about 2,500,000, half Kabyles, half Moors and Arabs. As a consequence, nowhere in the world, be it Malta, Gibraltar, Venice, Athens, Corfu, Constantinople, is the contrast so frequent between European manners and primitive and Eastern life as in Algiers. Here are mosques and theatres, palm-groves and billiard-rooms, mementoes of the Palais Royal, and monuments of the Jugurthine war; old colonnades, old temples, and modern gas; Arab camel

Abraham goes forth, pitcher on head, to fetch water, she saunters quietly along, under the shade of palm and olive trees, until she arrives at the well. She mounts the steps, and takes the pitcher from her head and fills it. In the meantime a couple of Spaniards are seen trotting along the dusty road; they dismount, and approach the well. One, with a natural gallantry, removes his hat, and asks Rebecca for a drink from her pitcher, and some sharp talking and laughing evidently take place. First she will not give him a drink; then she will. Balancing the pitcher on her arm in the most graceful manner, she dexterously pours the water into the mouth of the thirsty Spaniard; but, alas! he is not to come off so easily, for to finish the mischief, she pours a considerable quantity down his neck. Apart from the attractive face, Rebecca is rather an object of interest, her dress is extremely elegant and picturesque, and, no doubt, still retains some of the characteristics of her great ancestor's costume; indeed many of them are distinctly traceable. The very water jug is venerable. Some of the Algerian Jewesses are extremely handsome, having the regular classic features and limbs beautifully modelled. For



BALL OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

more dazzling beauty of the ladies, the flowers, the decorations, the streamers, flags and picturesquely grouped arms, was almost bewildering in its effect. Among the invited guests present were the three Major Generals and their staffs, officers of the New York Seventh Regiment, New York Light Guard, New York City Guard, and many of the general officers in the State. The army and navy of the United States were also represented. It was admitted universally, that the display far surpassed that of the last "Tigers' ball in the Music Hall, also delineated in a former number of the Pictorial. We have, in former times, attended balls given on the same plan, in the old Park Theatre, New York, but we have witnessed none equalling in splendor this of the "Tigers." This splendid company is so well known that its history has become a part of that of Boston. Its officers are as follows: Captain, Charles O. Rogers; 1st Lieut., John Jordan; 2d Lieut., Andrew G. Smith; 3d Lieut., Charles H. Allen; 4th Lieut., Wm. G. Train. The corps justly pride themselves on the perfection of their military discipline, and the zeal and esprit du corps of the members. The ball at the Boston shows that they are as much in their sphere in the elegant pleasures of society, as in the sterner duties of the tented field. The decorations of the theatre will remain throughout this month, and a series of balls will take place there.

passes by the entrance of these grounds, on the One-Gun Battery-road. Towards the centre of the sketch is that portion of the town of Corfu which looks on the military parade-ground between it and the citadel, at the end of which is situated the palace of St. Michael and St. George, the residence of the Lord High Commissioner. Here, also, the Senate holds its meetings, and during the session the Legislative Assembly, or House of Commons, sits. This edifice was built by General Sir George Whitmore, of the royal British engineers. It is formed of Maltese stone, and is one of the prettiest buildings of the kind in existence. Adjoining it is the military library, of similar construction. The steeple, so conspicuous in the view, is that of the church of St. Spiridione, the patron saint of the island—one of the richest and most beautiful churches in Corfu. Here the body of the saint reposes, and at stated periods in the year it is carried in grand procession around the town, attended by all the Greek ecclesiastical functionaries of the Island. The body of this saint is the property of the Bulgari family, having been confirmed to them by Venetian ordinances in the years 1669 and 1775. The rock on which the citadel stands is of imposing appearance, and is strongly fortified. A wide ditch, over which is a large drawbridge, separates it from the town. On its top is a lighthouse, to guide vessels on their way through the channel.

drivers and French postilions, Moorish maidens and Parisian milliners, Roman conduits and Zouave cantonments, the old Mahometan native and the Spanish immigrant—all these things and persons jostling one another without limit and without confusion. The Moors are, of course, the characteristic race. They left the mark of refinement and luxury on the shores of Spain; and here, also, are they first in arts and manufactures, revelling, as they always did, in the forms of beauty and the luxuries of art. It is difficult to speak of their origin. We know that they descended from Greeks, Spaniards, Italians, French, and even Germans, who have intermarried with Moors, so that except in a few families whose genealogical tree is very long and very correct, the true type of the Moorish race is hardly ever seen. In his occupation as a merchant, the Moor is rivalled by the Jew, with whom, as trading is everything, in his traffic nothing comes amiss, and so he wriggles about in all sorts of gain, making hay while the sun shines.

The striking picture occupying the whole of our last page, is a scene in modern Algeria, but the oriental female costume, which has changed very little in the course of centuries, carries us back to the scriptural days, the manners of which the picture, to a certain extent, reproduces. The subject of our engraving illustrates an every-day occurrence in Algiers. A dark-eyed daughter of

the good looks of the Spaniards not much can be said. Though their costume is picturesque, they (at least such as emigrate to Africa) are a hard-featured race, stern externally, but mild and polite in their manners. In the towns they find plenty of employment as masons, builders, and, what comes more natural to them, muleteers. They may be seen sauntering leisurely along the seashore, with a drove of beasts laden with fish, or up in the narrow steep streets of the Moorish towns. Always calm, nothing seems to disturb them, and everything is done with a regard to dignity of manner. If his donkey slips, he is sure to come upon his feet in a dignified position, and will rebuke the animal with a dignified voice. If he asks you for a light for his cigarette, you feel that he is doing you a favor, and this though they are seldom rich; yet if you wish to purchase anything of a Spaniard, your question as to the price of the article will be met with a quiet removal of the cigarette from his mouth, or a condescending wave of the hand, as much as to say, "Now buy these things at once, and go away and don't bother me anymore." With the Moors, their ancient enemies, they may be seen on the Grand Place at night; side by side they walk, forgetting or appearing to forget their ancient hatred. The old Moor is scarcely less dignified in his manner than the Spaniard; but one has more sympathy with him.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2 70  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FRIEND OF OUR UNION, together, \$9 50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "OREGON." Baltimore.—There is no United States law prescribing a certain number of inhabitants as a prerequisite to admission into the Union. Congress may admit a territory no matter what its population may be. Last year an attempt was made to enact that no territory should be admitted until it had population sufficient to entitle it to one representative, but it failed.
- "INQUIRY." Philadelphia.—We shall probably comply with your request.
- "WILFORD." Portland, Me.—A proper answer to your question would involve an essay instead of a newspaper paragraph.
- "M." Cincinnati, Ohio.—The parties referred to have removed from this vicinity.
- "A SUPPLEMENT."—There is no specific remedy for the toothache because there are so many varieties of the torture. The most common kinds of toothache proceed from the following causes: 1. From hollow teeth, 2. From inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth and spreads into the gums, 3. From a cold external humor that settles upon the nerves of the teeth, 4. From a general acidity of the juices, either scorbutic or of some other kind; 5. From a gouty or rheumatic affection, 6. From dentition in children.
- "ONE OF US." Milford, Mass.—You are quite right. There are very few men that know how to converse. Women, on the contrary, are always both ready and willing to speak. Women have a most graceful way of talking about nothing, which men, in their wisdom, esteem beneath their powers.
- "BRUXA." Rochester, N. Y.—No life is more unhappy than an aimless one. You propose to undertake too many things. Fix your attention on one art, avoid the attentions of others, and you will find your interest in the work before you and your powers increase daily.
- "R. M." Schenectady, N. Y.—The case you mention is not an uncommon one. It is related in an English paper that a soldier in the army in India, having been confined in the "black hole" for intoxication, felt something crawling over him. Knowing it to be a serpent, and fearing its deadly bite, he kept perfectly still, while the reptile crawled inside of his jacket and coiled himself up for a nap. When the guard came to release him several hours after the snake, which was a cobra, quitted its way. The guard noticed, with surprise, that the prisoner's hair had turned white; and he died a few hours after telling his horrible story.
- "REAGAN."—The existence of angels, and their purity, are absolutely required to be believed in the Koran; and he is reckoned an infidel who denies that there are such beings, or hates any of them, or asserts any distinction of sexes amongst them. They believe them to have pure and subtle bodies, created of fire.

## RIVER MAKING.

The work of making great rivers, like the Mississippi and Missouri, is in most countries considered the appropriate task of nature; and not in all countries does she condescend to do such work with the same lavished hand that she has employed in these United States. But the immense extent and rapid growth of our nation, and the beneficial experience which our people have had in turning small streams to account, for gold washings, have inspired the enterprising Yankee spirit with the magnificent idea of making a river which shall almost rival the great Missouri. The Kansas River, which, with its two parallel branches, the Smoky Hill Fork and the Republican Fork, is a thousand miles long, and drains the central and northern part of Kansas Territory, is a comparatively shallow stream, at present only navigable for boats of a light draught once or twice a year. But the south fork of the Platte River, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and pours a vast body of water eastward, and parallel to the northern branch of the Kansas, is separated from the latter by a table of land only thirty miles wide, and in some places only eight miles. It is proposed to cut a sluice through this dividing ridge, which is not high, and is of a formation easily worked, and thus pour the waters of the South Platte into the northern branch of the Kansas. This addition of water would be very great, as the South Platte, at the proposed point of diversion, is about one hundred and forty yards wide, four feet in depth, and has a current of great force.

Again, to the south of the south branch of the Kansas, called the Smoky Hill Fork, and almost parallel with it, runs for several hundred miles the Upper Arkansas, one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River. This tributary also takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and brings down to the plains a volume of water three hundred yards in breadth, and four feet in depth, with a current so strong that a man can scarcely stem its force. The dividing ridge which separates the Upper Arkansas from the Smoky Hill Fork, is a mountain spur which soon subsides to the eastward in a plain. This plain is not more than forty miles from stream to stream, and in some places only fifteen. A sluice across the plain is proposed, for the purpose of diverting the waters of the Upper Arkansas into the southern branch of the Kansas. The addition of

these two mountain torrents to the north and south branches of the Kansas, would increase the latter river by an immense body of water, for each of these discharges a quantity of water greater than ordinary rivers of twice their magnitude, owing to their proximity to the lofty Rocky Mountain range. The result of their combination with the Kansas, would be to make the latter a broad and deep stream, almost another Missouri, and navigable for large steamers, far up towards the mountains.

We have found this stupendous scheme detailed with considerable minuteness in a recent number of the St. Louis Democrat, and have condensed it into a small compass, for the information of our readers. A glance at the latest and most accurate maps of that region of country, will convince any one that a wonderful opportunity is here presented by nature, for the genius of man to make the most gigantic improvements which the world ever saw—a work compared with which, the turning of the Euphrates from Babylon by Cyrus, in ancient times, and the proposed canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in our own day, appear like children's play. The same paper presents another consideration in favor of the execution of this startling enterprise, besides the vast internal improvement which it would accomplish. The Upper Arkansas and the South Platte are both gold bearing streams, that have been washing down the glittering particles and depositing them in their lower beds for ages; and it is probable that the laying bare of those beds, which the diversion of the upper waters would effect, would disclose a vast extent of the richest gold-bearing placers than any that are now known.

## A SINGULAR SUICIDE.

An English ship-carpenter, by the name of Sylvester Rupert, recently committed suicide in New Orleans, under the most distressing and mournful circumstances. Last October he and his wife lost a favorite child by the name of Lizzie, and the death of the little girl so preyed upon the father's mind that he could think of nothing else. He built a tomb for the departed one with his own hands, and then removed the body there, from the grave where it had been buried. After this it was his habit to make frequent visits to the cemetery, open the tomb, and gaze upon the remains of his child. This practice was persisted in for nearly three months, until at length his morbid grief so deranged his mind, that he became utterly discouraged as to his worldly prospects and wished for death. Having planted two shrubs at the door of the tomb, he retired within the structure, fastening the door upon the inside, and lying down beside the coffin, poisoned himself with laudanum. His wife became alarmed at his absence from home, and upon visiting the cemetery, discovered appearances about the tomb which led her to remove the covering from the top. Upon doing so, she saw the dead body of her husband within, and fainted at the sight.

## THE SHAW CASE.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just disposed for the sixth time of the claim of Mrs. Sarah E. Shaw against the Worcester Railroad Company. Mrs. Shaw is the widow of George W. Shaw, who was killed in January, 1852, by being run over by a train on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, at a crossing in Newton. At the time of the accident she was riding in a sleigh with her husband, and received great bodily injury by the collision, losing one arm, and being deprived of the use of the other, besides receiving a severe wound on the head, from the effects of which she still suffers. By reason of these injuries she is entirely and permanently helpless, and is subjected to frequent and severe illness. The death of her husband left her poor, and devolved upon her the care and support of four young children; and it was under these circumstances that she made a claim upon the railroad company for damages. After much delay the company offered her the insufficient and paltry sum of \$2000, an amount too small to pay even the necessary expenses attendant upon her surgical attendance and nursing. In the fall of 1852 she commenced a suit against the company, which was protracted until 1854, when it came to trial, and resulted in a verdict of \$15,037.50 in her favor.

Notwithstanding the president of the company had agreed to submit the case to a jury, and abide the verdict, whatever it might be, it was resisted by the company on a question of law,

and after argument before the full court, involving increased expense to Mrs. Shaw, it was set aside. This was trial number two. The case was again tried before a jury in the year 1857, and resulted in a verdict of \$18,000 for the plaintiff. This was trial number three; and one would think that its result might have taught the company not to subject this poor widow to further expense, but to pay the damages to which she was fairly entitled. But no, the company relied upon its wealth and influence to bring about a different result, and so resisted this second verdict on the plea that the damages were excessive. Upon this plea trial number four took place, before the full court, still at additional expense to Mrs. Shaw, and the court again set the verdict aside. A third jury trial followed, making trial number five of this protracted case; and this time eleven of the jury agreed upon a verdict of \$20,000 for the plaintiff. But there was one who could see no reason why a rich corporation should pay a poor widow for mutilating her body and destroying her health; and because he could not bring the eleven obstinate fellows over to his views, he held out against them, and the case was taken from the jury. Trial number six took place in January last, and this time the jury did agree, rendering a verdict for \$22,250 in favor of Mrs. Shaw. This is a strictly righteous judgment upon the company, for their selfish and unmanly course in resisting the just claims of the widow, and interposing obstacles to the prompt and upright administration of justice. The amount of this last verdict just about covers the fifteen thousand dollars award of 1854, with the addition of interest and trial expenses up to the present time. But the company have not yet learned wisdom, and are determined to procrastinate still further the day of settlement. For this purpose their counsel have moved for a new trial, on the ground of legal technicalities and excessive damages. Will the Supreme Court of Massachusetts countenance such conduct?

## COLONEL FREMONT'S GOLD WORKS.

Colonel Fremont has erected very extensive works in Bear Valley, Mariposa County, California, for extracting quartz-rock gold. The principal mining operations carried on are at the Josephine and Pine-Tree veins, near the head of the valley. From these to the river, a road is in course of construction, which is five miles in length, and for at least one half the distance blasted out of the solid rock. This road is necessary to convey the gold-quartz to the river, where a mill is erected for crushing it. This mill contains one hundred stamps, of ordinary weight. One hundred and fifty men are constantly employed upon the road, dam and mill, and when completed, these works will be the most extensive and most costly of any for a similar purpose in the State. In addition to this magnificent enterprise, which will soon be finished and in full operation, the colonel has another quartz mill at the head of Bear Valley, which is worked by steam. This is in active operation, and employs forty men. The mill runs day and night, and the weekly product averages over \$2000. From those details it will be seen that the gallant colonel does not mean to let the grass grow under his feet, but will be a rich man if there is any virtue in energy and enterprise.

## EASTER DAY.

This religious festival, which commemorates the anniversary of the resurrection, is observed with great fidelity by Christians of the Catholic and Episcopal churches throughout the world. It would be well that all Christian sects should celebrate the anniversary of that momentous event, which is the corner-stone of their creeds. But religious animosity has in this case, as in some others, proved stronger than religious sentiment, and hence we find many sects of dissenting Christians who do not celebrate the annual return of this day, merely because it is a popish or episcopal rite. The day is called Easter from a Saxon word, signifying rising, and alluding to the resurrection of the Saviour. The event which it commemorates took place upon the first day of the week, after the Jewish Passover, which fell that year on Friday. Hence arose the weekly observance of the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath. By the Mosaic law, establishing the feast of the Passover, the time of the crucifixion and of the resurrection is ascertained; and since the time of Constantine, a rule has been observed for determining the Sunday upon which Easter falls, which promotes uniformity throughout the Christian world. This rule is,

that Easter day shall always be considered the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March, the time of the vernal equinox; and if the full moon happen on Sunday, Easter is the next Sunday following. The reason for this rule is found in the directions given by Moses, for the celebration of the Passover upon the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, being the lunar month of which the 14th day either falls on, or next follows, the vernal equinox. There is consequently a wide range for the day of the month upon which Easter Sunday may fall in various years—reaching from March 22d, the earliest day on which it can occur, to April 25th, the latest. This year the first full moon after the vernal equinox happens on the 17th of April, which is Sunday, and consequently Easter falls upon the next Sunday after, or April 24th. It will not occur again at that date until the year 2011.

A POET'S RELATIVE.—In a private soiree, lately given at Paris, in honor of the musician, Stephen Heller, a young lady, by the name of Rouget de Lisle, played his "Saltarello." She is a near relative of the poet of the "Marseillaise." Her performance was as beautiful as the expression of her face. Yet this bearer of a great name and of beauty and decided talents, has to give lessons for about fifty cents each. Alas! her fate is not worse than that of the poem of her uncle—the "Marseillaise." The singing of the Marseillaise is prohibited wherever the French flag waves. Yet the French soldiers insisted on singing it when they stormed the Malakoff.

PORTRAIT OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.—A beautiful steel engraving from the burin of H. Wright Smith, from Mr. Wight's admirable portrait of Everett, has just been published. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Wight's is the best of the very many portraits of Mr. Everett, and must henceforth be regarded as the standard likeness, occupying in painting the position which Powers's bust holds in sculpture. The expression is animated, the face is lighted up with the inspiration of genius, and the pose of the figure is natural and graceful. Agents are now engaged in selling the engraving, and meet with great success.

THE COMMERCIAL BULLETIN.—This new weekly journal is now fairly launched and under full sail. The eighth number is before us, and presents the unmistakable evidences of a firm foundation and complete success. Curtis Guild, Esq., the editor and proprietor, is a gentleman of experience, good taste and unsurpassed industry. The paper has an individuality, and a field of its own, being as its name indicates, a commercial journal.

WE ARE PROGRESSIVE.—One of the simplest, yet most admirable and convenient inventions of the day, is Edison's Patent Self-Adjusting Spiral Brush Carpet Sweeper. No house-keeper should be without this handy little aid to cleanliness and comfort. You need no longer have dust arise in your parlors when you sweep. Call on H. S. Chapman & Co., 95 1-2 Water Street, and judge for yourself.

WHALING.—A merchant in New Bedford estimates that the losses incurred by merchants and others in this business, during the past year, will amount to nearly one million of dollars. This is attributed to various causes, among which are ill success of the fleet—fall in the price of oil, extravagance and bad management in fitting and refitting, especially at the Sandwich Islands.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.—A traveller tells of a Moorish lady in Algiers, caught out in a storm, who was so shocked because her *yash mal* was washed off her face, exposing her features to public gaze, that she rushed through a crowded street, and plunged into the Mediterranean!

LAMARTINE.—Hachette, the publisher, has already paid Lamartine three hundred and fifty thousand francs for his last year's monthly course of literature. Still the poor poet keeps sending round his hat.

A HINT.—As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Ill nature renders the prettiest face disagreeable.

QUERY.—What domestic vessels does a circus-rider resemble? A pitcher and tumbler.



## PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

According to a writer in the North American Review, the quantity of rain diminishes as we advance from the equator to the poles, and decreases in ascending to high table-lands. It increases from the coasts to the interior of continents, the western coasts being generally more rainy than the eastern ones. At the equator the quantity of rain which falls annually is ninety-five inches, and at Petersburg only seventeen. The heaviest rain falls between the tropics; and in Europe the rainy districts are in the Alps, the middle of Portugal, the coast of Norway, the east of Ireland, and the northwest coast of Scotland. At Cape Horn no less than one hundred and fifty four inches fall, while in several parts of the world there is no rain at all; these parts are called the rainless districts. In the old world there are two such districts, the largest including the desert of Sahara and Egypt in Africa, and in Asia, part of Arabia, Syria and Persia; the other district, of nearly the same superficial extent, lies between north latitude thirty degrees and fifty degrees, and between seventy-five and one hundred and eighteen degrees of east longitude, including Thibet, Zohi and Shama, and Mongolia. In the new world the rainless districts are of much less magnitude, occupying two narrow strips on the shores of Peru and Bolivia, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama, on the coast of Venezuela.

## THE SKETCH CLUB OF CINCINNATI.

The artists comprising this club are in the habit of holding stated meetings, at which sketches are shown, made upon subjects given out previously. For instance, the subject is "Broke," and the ingenuity of the artist is shown in illustrating this word. The different ideas suggested, were of a creditor leaving the door of a broken bank—a fast horse, who has broken his gait and everything else connected with him—a boy with a broken knife—a fat old gentleman in a broken down swing. One of the most elaborate and affecting sketches was one in which the large centre-piece represented a scene on a river. One or two trees are tumbled over and broken, and there are ugly jagged splinters of ice round a hole in the frozen sheet in the foreground. Underneath are the words, "It Broke." The rest of the story is told in some little vignettes at the corners. In one the mother bids her boy be careful; in another the boy is skating; in the third the father seeks with a setting pole for the body, through the ice, and in the fourth the mother stands at the bed on which is stretched her son's lifeless corpse. Another vignette at the top, of a weeping woman, adds to the pathos.

**A PIQUANT BOOK.**—The authoress of the forthcoming "Memoirs of my Boudoir" intends to publish her book at Brussels early in the coming month. The lady whose life is thus gratuitously exposed to public view was the most celebrated beauty of her day, during the occupation of Paris by the allies. The Emperor Alexander, the late Duke of Wellington, Blucher, and Talleyrand, all were wont to assemble in her boudoir.

**THE FORENSIC "WE."**—Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the western circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house, in a state of intoxication."

**GUESSING BY THE SOUND.**—There lately resided in Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Bailey, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

**TEN CENTS.**—Step into the nearest periodical depot and procure a copy of *Balou's Dollar Monthly*, the cheapest magazine in the world. \$1 a year, or 10 cents per number. Fully illustrated. Present circulation 114,000!

**ANTIQUARIAN.**—A copy of "Auld Lang Syne," in the handwriting of its author was exhibited at Albany on the occasion of the celebration of the 100th birthday of Robert Burns.

## THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.

Mrs. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, the Regent of the Ladies Mount Vernon Association, has just published an address to the public, setting forth the degree of progress already made in raising funds, and imploring further contributions. The association now embraces twenty-six States of the Union, with a lady vice regent in each State. Through their indefatigable exertions, aided very largely by the generous labors of Edward Everett, sufficient money has been collected to make the payments thus far, as they have become due. The sum of \$100,000, with interest, has already been paid to Mr. Washington, the speculator in his illustrious relative's bones and fame; and there is yet due him another hundred thousand, with accruing interest. The association also propose to raise the further sum of \$300,000, for the necessary repairs, improvement, and preservation of the estate. The collections now on hand amount to upwards of \$15,000, leaving about eighty thousand dollars yet to be secured in order to complete the purchase, and get a title to the property. The prospects of entire success in carrying out the plan of the Ladies Association are very good, but the public should act promptly, and finish up the good work at once. As the regent's address very pertinently says, a contribution of three cents each from the ten millions of adults which are numbered among our people would bestow the requisite amount for improving and preserving the estate. And what, we would ask, are three cents, or even three dollars, to any live American, compared to the proud reflection that the home and grave of Washington have been rescued from venal speculation and criminal neglect?

## JAPAN.

The London Examiner says in religious matters it is plain that the Japanese are not intolerant, for they have three different religions divided into upwards of thirty sects, the votaries of all of which live peaceably together. The persecution of the Christians in the seventeenth century was a political and not a theological one. Before it commenced, the Bonzes, or priests of Buddhism, a form of religion introduced from India, were the most importunate in their complaints against the Christians. They petitioned the emperor against them, who demanded how many forms of religion existed in the empire, and the reply was, thirty-five. "Well," rejoined his majesty, "where thirty-five can be tolerated, we can easily bear thirty-six. Leave the strangers in peace."

**CHARLES DICKENS.**—Charles Dickens is becoming, in one way, a rival to Albert Smith. The great charm of his entertainments consists in the admirable mimicry and power of rapidly changing his tone and look without degenerating into buffoonery or extravagance. We shall soon have a chance of judging for ourselves.

**"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."**—Enclose us twenty cents, in postage stamps or silver, and receive this remarkable story, fully illustrated, by return of mail, and post-paid. This story was written expressly for us by an officer of the navy, and is unrivalled in interest. Over 30,000 copies have been sold.

**FOOLISH.**—A jealous pated fool in Wheeling, Va., recently laid himself liable to the penalty of imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$500, for intercepting and opening letters addressed to his lady-love.

**TO PLEASURE SEEKERS AND TRAVELLERS.**—Parties travelling to Europe should not fail to obtain to obtain their passports in season. John E. M. Gilley, No. 8 Old State House, obtains them promptly.

**HALLECK'S BURNS.**—Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Burns" has been quoted, entire or in part, in every city and hamlet of America, where the Scottish poet's centenary anniversary was celebrated.

**A CHILDLESS MAN.**—Marshal Vaillant, the French Minister of War, says, in a letter giving a sketch of his career, "I have no child; and this is the greatest sorrow God has given me."

**USEFUL RECIPE.**—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Susan Walden and family, of Buffalo, have given \$1000 in money to the Buffalo General Hospital.

The Howard Association, of New Orleans, spent upwards of \$44,000 the past year, in relief of the sick and destitute.

M. Julien has been giving farewell concerts with brilliant success, in the inland cities of England and Scotland.

The expenses incurred for maintaining the military on Staten Island to protect the quarantine hospital, amounted to \$53,000.

Chief Justice Taney abstains from all society. Lord Napier was recently denied an interview with him, in consequence of age and infirmities.

The Rev. R. H. Clarkson, D. D. of Chicago, came very near his death lately, by taking quinine by mistake for another medicine. He laid insensible for two or three days.

The Penobscot Indians are trying to raise a salary of twenty-five dollars a year for their governor, by the aid of the Maine Legislature. The sum certainly seems reasonable.

According to the Christian Advocate, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has 8939 travelling preachers, 12,436 local preachers, and 1,664,387 members.

John H. Davis, a heavy packer, of Cincinnati, died suddenly, recently. A local paper says: "He was highly esteemed as a man of benevolence and enterprise, and was a good judge of pork!"

General Concha, governor general of Cuba, has taken measures for the establishment of a series of meteorological observations along the seacoast, as also in the interior of that island.

England pays the Pacific steam navigation company \$100,000 annually for carrying the mails between Valparaiso and Panama, and Chili and Peru add enough more to make the subsidy \$201,000.

A large number of petitions from ladies desirous of a change of name, are before the New York legislature. As next year is "leap year," they can then exercise the privilege of their sex, and petition in another quarter.

The gross amount of disbursements at the Brooklyn navy yard for the year ending on the 31st of December, 1858, was \$1,086,607. The largest number of hands employed at any one time was 2300, and the smallest 1600.

Freight cars, constructed like refrigerators, are now run on the railroads from Norfolk to Lynchburg, with oysters, fish, crabs and West India fruit. The temperature in the car is only three degrees above freezing point.

The new army Register gives the total of militia at 2,724,426. The regular army consists of 19 regiments; 10 of infantry, 4 of artillery, 1 of mounted riflemen, and 2 each of cavalry and dragoons. The total force is about 16,000 men.

Public drinking fountains, the gift of Mr. Garney, are to be erected at the Regent Circus, in the Edgeware Road, the Marylebone Road, and at the Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, London. The water will be filtered through a bed of charcoal, and the supply constant.

The New York Tribune comes out strongly in favor of a railroad in Broadway, with five-cent cars every five minutes from each of the principal ferries, to Central Park, and three-cent cars every minute, from the Astor House to Union Square.

The Avalanche office, at Memphis, Tenn., has been set on fire twelve times within a short period, but fortunately the fire was discovered before any damage was done. The incendiary proves to be a negro boy, who acts as fireman in the press room where the paper is printed.

The mother of John G. Saxo, the poet, who resides in Troy, went to Bennington recently, for the purpose of hearing her son read his poem on "Love." Though he has lectured four hundred and fifty times, this was the first time the old lady ever had an opportunity of hearing him.

A sculling machine, of novel construction, has been invented at Greenock by a Mr. Buchanan. It is wrought by two levers, but instead of the paddle being placed in the stern, it is fixed in the middle of the keel, thereby obtaining great speed. The paddle is completely hid from sight.

The fish of North and South America differ very materially in appearance. All the southern and tropical fish are highly colored, like the colors of the dying dolphin, while those at the north are of a dark color. Their flesh, however, is more solid and healthy.

During the year 1858 there were built in the Portland revenue district, three ships, four barks, one brig, four schooners, and one boat, thirteen in all, amounting to 5216 tons. The ships were all built in Freeport, the barks in Yarmouth and Harpswell, and not one of them in Portland.

Within the limits of the United States have been found and defined 40 botanical species of the native grape, including upwards of 100 varieties, more than half of which are susceptible of being converted into wine; and some 10 or 12 varieties are sufficiently palatable for table use.

The Vera Cruz correspondent of the New Orleans True Delta says that nothing but 3000 Yankee soldiers will give the country of Mexico quiet and rest, and keep any legitimate president in power. Not one of the Mexican officers can be depended upon—every one in his turn will be a traitor.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the plat chain of all virtue.—*Nelson*

.... Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest to his feet.—*Sheldon*

.... Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.—*Shakespeare*

.... Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.—*Mason*

.... The life of a just man is a series of petty frauds; that of a knave a series of greater ones.—*Bacon*

.... As surfeit is the father of much fast, so every scope, by the immoderate use, turns to restraint.—*Shakespeare*

.... The talents by which most politicians acquire offices, are the reverse of those which best qualify them for filling them.—*Bovee*

.... Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear, but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.—*Richter*

.... When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.— *Burke*

.... In reading the life of any great man, you will always in the course of his history, chanced upon some obscure individual, who on some particular occasions, was greater than he whose life you are reading.—*Luton*

.... The conclusion to which I have arrived, after years of observation and experience, is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue no order; without religion no happiness; and that the sum of our being is, to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.—*McDonough*

.... There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage.—*Colton*

.... When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy.—*Spurgeon*

## Joker's Budget.

When is a lady's cheek not a cheek? When it is a little pale (pail).

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Typo-us fever.

"Why is your thumb, when putting on a glove, like eternity?" "Because it is ever last in (everlasting)!"

Why is the electric telegraph like a prosy story teller? Because they are long unedraun communications.

When is a beggar like one of our most faithful Indian tribes? When he's a Sikh in arms. (Seeking alms).

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

At Quarter Sessions one of the magistrates slept and snored, a young barrister sent up this note to the senior counsel: "Q.—Why is Sir Tunbilly like the first ship on record. A.—Because he snores, bark!"

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic, of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," said the crazy chap in reply.

Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law—your questions are without point or epigram.'"

Sambo bought a patriarchal turkey. "I took him home," says he, "my wife bile him tree hours and den him crow! My wife den pop him into de pot wid six pound o' taters, and he kick en all out;—he mus a been as old as dat Keloosclum."

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great merit in that—"for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

As two country lads were passing a druggist's establishment where a sign was exhibited which had on it the words, "Congress Water," one asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why, you fool," replied his companion, "that's what they spout at Congress."

"Any sleighing out your way, Bob?" "Heaps of it, and plenty more lying against the fence." "Foul of it?" "Nothing shorter. Killed five horses last week. If that don't show I'm fond of slaying, I don't know what would."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
TO ONE AFFLICTED.

BY EMMA C. VERNON.

The seabird's wing is never wet,  
Though high the spray be drifting;  
The stout ship that the tempest met  
Speeds bravely o'er the crowned waves yet,  
Even now the gale is shifting  
Hope whispers, "Forward and forget!"  
For lo! the clouds are lifting

The stars forever in the sky,  
Are brighter for the storm gone by;  
O, long-tried spirit, look on high,  
And cast away thy sorrow  
Though more than midnight round thee close,  
Let trusting faith bring calm repose,  
The sun will shine to-morrow.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE GERMAN SETTLERS.

BY ETHAN A. GRAFTON.

THE year 1742 was witness to the settlement of an immense number of people of all nations, drawn together by the marvellous stories of wealth and comfort in the new world. Mostly upon the banks of streams and rivers were their dwellings erected, or in some broad champaign, where a chain of lofty hills protected them from the cold north wind, and where, as soon as the trees were felled, the corn began to grow. Here the axe of the hardy backwoodsman would resound, and the mighty kings of the forest would stoop, to furnish logs for his dwelling and fuel for his hearth; bowls and plates for his table, and tables and stools for his furnishing; and last, but certainly not least, the mortar in which he pounded corn for the coarse bread and coarser hominy, which, with milk, formed his children's food, and often was his own meal.

Many a miserable dyspeptic, haunted by the ghosts of innumerable hot suppers, or the last aldermanic turtle-soup, might have envied the healthful and robust backwoodsman his simple and wholesome fare. Coming from that hard but invigorating labor, sitting down at the open door of his log hut, with the rudely scooped bowl of corn bread and milk, eaten with a wooden spoon, he could look forth into his little clearing, and exult that if the trees had stood for ages, his arm had at least "let the daylight in" where it never shone before.

Sometimes thought Conrad Weitsel, as he sat in the porch which his own hands had built, and over which the hop-vines had already climbed, hanging their pea-green flowers like a thick curtain over the door. Beside him stood two children; a boy, whose stout, sturdy figure and round, good-humored face were the counterparts of his father's, and a fair, soft-eyed girl, whose relationship to him might be disputed. Leaning from the loophole which they called a window, but which was merely an aperture in the wall, sometimes covered by a wooden shutter pierced with holes, but now thrown back on its leather hinges to admit the air, was the settler's wife, a pleasant looking woman, rather young and pretty, and with a smile of decided satisfaction at the extension the forenoon's work had made in her prospect. Her husband and his neighbors had removed an enormous tree, and the huge trunk lay like a prostrate giant before her eyes.

"Come to your dinner, mother," said the hearty voice of Conrad, as he watched her long-ing gaze. "You have thought of fatherland quite enough for a week past. Now wait a month, and we will let you see the sweet waters of the river, and it will make you believe yourself beside the Weser at once."

She turned from her dreamy mood towards her husband, and said pleasantly, "what care I for the Weser, so long as I have you and the children?" Yet the sigh which came up from her inmost heart betrayed the homesickness which she could not conquer nor hide.

All the little comforts which Conrad could procure for his good Lizetta, he spared no pains in getting. A better sort of cloth than the coarse wool and flax worn by the other women, was made up by her skilful hands, and while others went, for the most part, entirely barefoot, Lizetta always wore shoes and stockings, the latter spun and knit by herself, the former made by her husband, of deer-skin like his own clothes. The little girl too, who was no child of theirs, but a daughter of Conrad's brother, who was drowned on his first coming to America, and

whose wife sickened and died of grief, leaving little Alma to their care, was clothed in the remains of the garments which the two women had brought from their home. The child was beautiful enough, even in the linsey-woolsey clonk and coarse hat of plaited grass which she wore in the woods, but when she put on the neat blue dresses, so becoming to her fair skin and light hair, there was not another little damsel in the settlement that was half so fair as Alma.

So thought her adopted brother Karl, and so too thought Theodore Alstein, a lad of fourteen, the son of a neighbor who had taken the little girl under his special protection ever since the terrible event which deprived her of her father. For her he had fashioned the prettiest spoons from the horns of the deer, the softest of shoes from its skin, and for her too, were the most beautiful shells bargained for with the Indians, in exchange perhaps for a bit of iron hoop or a few nails.

Unfriendly as some of the savages were to the settlers, they would do anything or sacrifice anything for the little Snow Feather, as they called little Alma; and it was perhaps wholly on account of her gentle ways, and the utter fearlessness she displayed towards them when they approached too near the settlement, that the families were indebted for the forbearance of the Indians to molest them.

But in 1774 the Delawares and Shawanoes became disaffected toward all parties, so that it was difficult to pay which they disliked most, the French or the Anglo-Americans. Subsequently the fair speeches of the provincial commissioners and a few judicious bribes prevailed on them to sell seven million acres of land, including the hunting grounds of several of the tribes, and the villages of others, without consulting the owners. The tribes on the Susquehanna formed a league to resist this oppressive act of injustice, and Tadeuskund, the famous border chieftain, was placed at its head. This was the seed from which grew the fatal fruit of Braddock's expedition, perhaps the seed which ripened into the glorious harvest on the fourth of July, 1776.

It was now the commencement of the spring of 1755, and Theodore Alstein, now grown to man's estate, had joined the army which was so disastrously defeated not many weeks after. Karl Weitsel remained at home. Though strong and robust, capable of hard work, and delighting in wood sports, in which he excelled, Karl had not that brave courage that impels men to the tented field. He would defend his home against a legion, but he could not march against a distant foe. Sometimes he felt that this disinclination to fight lowered him in Alma's opinion. He saw, with jealous pain, how eagerly every flying report from the army was sought by her, and he knew that, in her eyes, Theodore Alstein was a hero. Sometimes the boy's wild eyes would light up almost as if with a destroying fire, as he whispered to himself the half formed wish that Theodore might never return from the battle-field. He too watched the infrequent and unreliable reports, but he watched them with a remorseless rancor against him who held a place higher than his own in the heart of his cousin.

Late in the summer came the news of the fatal termination of the march to Fort Du Quesne, and the terrible destruction of the army. Thé elder Weitsel heard it, and coming home, he repented it to his wife, charging her not to tell Alma. She, poor girl, had gone out into the forest, unable to bear the suspense that had been wearing upon her heart and brain. Theodore was indeed her affianced lover, although it was a secret to all, if indeed it could be a secret, which Karl's jealous mind had so well guessed. It was but the night before the young soldier joined the army that the two had broken a ring in proof of their betrothal. Her uncle and aunt, plain and gentle souls, never suspected that their son cherished such bitter feelings, and they unwittingly added fuel to the flame which was already consuming him, by playfully remarking upon Theodore's superior claims to distinction, in the eyes of the young women in their neighborhood.

If Karl had been left to himself in this state of excitement, and Theodore had been near him, triumphing in his love for Alma, and hers for him, he would have inevitably committed some rash act, which would have brought a life-long grief to all concerned. As it was, he had learned that Theodore had fallen, and he was impatient to carry the tidings to Alma's ears.

Returning through the forest from the centre

of the village to which their little settlement, increased in numbers and cultivation, now aspired to be called, Karl met an Indian woman who had some pretension to the gift of prophecy. With her he had often talked of the event of the battle, and, readily guessing from his eagerness that he would gladly hear of the death of his rival, she couched her prophecy in such mystic words as would give him a hope that it would come to pass, yet cunningly reserving herself an escape from his wrath should it prove otherwise. But Karl caught only the impression that he was dead already, and his exultation was brutal and insane in its expression.

While he was thus rejoicing, a crashing of the branches, as of a deer in the thicket, and then the fall of something on the ground, startled him. He involuntarily grasped his rifle, forgetting that it was not loaded, and that he had left his powder and shot behind him. It was well that he had done so, for on parting the brushwood he found that it was no animal that startled him. Alma Weitsel lay on the ground at his feet, with a stream of blood flowing from her lips. Dim as was the light in the forest at this hour, he and the Indian woman both saw the dark flow. The latter took a small package of cloth from the belt that secured her garments, and taking something from it, she applied it to the girl's mouth; then motioning to Karl, who seemed stupefied with amazement, and the recollection of what Alma must have heard, they raised her together and bore her towards home. As they approached the house (the same log cabin, only improved by windows and other necessary arrangements), the woman hesitated.

"Can you carry her yourself?" she asked in broken English, and at the same time intimated that she did not want to see his father.

Neither did Karl desire it, and he took Alma in his arms as he would a little child, and carried her into the house. The bleeding had entirely disappeared from the moment of the application to her lips by the woman, and as he entered the door, she awoke from her long stupor. She shuddered when she saw who held her, and Karl remembered, for the first time since he found her, how much reason she had to hate him for the part he had taken in the conversation which she must have overheard.

The exclamations of his mother at seeing Alma in that state, made him ashamed of himself, and he longed to get away from the sight of those who must think him a brute, when they were told of his league with the Indian. He need not have feared, however, for Alma would have scorned to tell his father and mother what he had said.

For two or three days the girl's life seemed hovering and uncertain, and Karl grew almost distracted with the thought that he had killed her. He dared not go into her sight, and he missed the Indian, who was unaccountably absent, just as he wanted her to prescribe for his cousin.

Late one night Alma was lying sleepless upon her bed. Karl had gone to watch with a young man who was ill, and Mrs. Weitsel, overcome with want of sleep, and uneasiness about her niece, had fallen into a heavy slumber in the next room. Neither herself nor her husband had any suspicion that the poor girl had received an intimation of her lover's death, and the secret wore upon both like a heavy burden. Anxiety and dread, added to the fearful exhibition of passion and revengeful feeling in Karl which she had witnessed in the forest that night, while he was exulting over Theodore's death, had wasted the poor girl to a skeleton, but her uncle and aunt attributed it to her disease, although they must have known her attachment to the young soldier.

Night waned, and the red coals upon the kitchen hearth which had lighted up Alma's bedroom adjoining, were beginning to grow fainter, when a shadow loomed high on the ceiling. The girl's first impulse was to shriek, but remembering the danger of again bleeding, she repressed it. How any one had entered she could not divine, for she had lain perfectly still, and had heard no opening of a door and no footstep. A moment's observation showed her that a woman was stealing with stealthy pace towards her bed. She called up all her courage and waited her approach. She came so near that she could hear her hurried breathing as if she had travelled far or fast. She bent her head down to the pillow and whispered, "Your young brave not dead."

Alma caught the sound, and began to implore her to tell her all, but her visitor laid her hand

gently on her lips, thus enjoining silence upon her. "Poor young squaw!" she said, "not speak now. Me tell you all. Your brave got shot; arm break—no more."

"Where is he?" asked Alma, trembling in every limb.

"Indian hunting-lodge. Me cure him, cure you, too. One here want him to die."

The Indian had understood that, then, Alma thought; and in fact she had prophesied his death to Karl. What could be her object in deceiving him? She asked her, and the woman made her understand with difficulty that she had done so merely to ascertain how he felt towards Theodore, and then to warn her of his treachery.

"But why did you take such an interest in me?" asked Alma.

"Don't you remember a little sick girl that fainted by the door one day?" said the woman, in her broken language.

"I do."

Well, this was the Indian's child, and Alma had carried her into the house, laid her on her own bed and given her wine to restore her—a few choice drops of a small quantity sent her from the German vintago.

"But tell me of Theodore."

The woman said he was ill in a fort, with two men attending him. She had gone away purposely to find him and bring news from him; had seen him and given him tidings from home. He would be here soon; and with this grateful report to Alma's ear, she glided out of the room like a spirit, just as Mrs. Weitsel began to stir, if awaking.

At dawn Karl came home, inquired for Alma, and his mother had the satisfaction of reporting her in a sweet sleep, almost the first she had known during her sickness. Karl was comforted in thinking that, after all, she could not have heard what he was saying, and that her fall was only accidental. He did not meet with the Indian again. She took care to keep out of the way, but she watched every opportunity to bring a word of comfort to her whom she called Snow Feather.

Alma recovered rapidly. Soon she could take short walks in the woods, but she only walked there when Karl was at the village. When he was at home she confined herself to her bed and seemed to sleep. She could not bear to meet him lest she should betray her dislike and horror of him before his parents.

Her Indian friend beckoned her to rise one day, as she was looking into her bedroom window, unseen by any one except Alma. She rose and followed her footsteps, but started when she found that the woman went straight towards Mr. Alstein's. She drew back and said simply, "I cannot go there." But a strong hand was laid on her shoulder, and she felt herself impelled, almost carried forward into the house. There, on a little bed, his wounded arm bandaged and his face pale as death, lay her soldier. Forgetting everything but the pale shadow lying there, she sprang forward and bent down to receive his embrace.

There was much that was touching and mournful in that mute embrace, for no word was spoken by the lips. There had been suffering and anxiety with both, and their spirits were too subdued by chastening for speech. Even the stolid Indian wiped away the drops she was ashamed of shedding.

Theodore had been at home many days, but she had thought it best for both not to meet, and Mr. Alstein had been glad that her sagacity had preserved the secret of his son's arrival from every one, for he feared the effect of company and excitement upon his wound. To-day, however, he had pleaded piteously for Alma's presence, and the Indian had promised to fetch her, if she could find her alone.

Soon he was able to return her visits, and with one arm in a sling, he was married to Alma Weitsel, and took her to one of the prettiest little homes in the settlement. Karl Weitsel went to sea the next morning and was never heard of afterwards, feeling, probably, that he could not bear to witness the happiness of the man he hated.

Alma regretted that she was the cause, though undesigned, of alienating him from his home, but his parents never blamed her. On the contrary, they fully agreed upon encouraging her marriage. Mr. Alstein was now a rich man, and Theodore need not trouble himself to work for a living, so he and his good little wife devoted themselves to the beautiful children who gathered around them like olive plants.



## ABYSSINIA.

In our search for striking and curious scenes where-with to illustrate our Pictorial, we have halted at Abyssinia, in the far east of Africa, a country interesting to the antiquarian and to the student of manners. Abyssinia forms an elevated table-land, and contains many fertile valleys, watered by numerous rivers, the chief of which are the Abai (Bahr-el-Azrek or "Blue Nile"), the Tacaze and the Hawash. Many of the rivers are lost in the sands, or only reach the sea during the rainy season. Lake Demben or Tana, about fifty miles in length, is the largest in the country. The highest mountain range is in the southwest table land, where the peak of Abba Yaret rises 15,000 feet, and Mt. Bonahat 14,364 feet. The upper part of these mountains is covered with snow, while their sides are clothed with trees and fine grass. The temperature of Abyssinia is much lower than that of Nubia or Egypt, owing to the elevation of the soil, the numerous rivers, and the copious rains of summer. The mineral products of the country are iron-ore, rock-salt, and a small quantity of gold. The cultivated grains are wheat, barley, oats, maize, rice and millet. All the wild animals indigenous



ABYSSINIANS FEASTING ON RAW MEAT.

low table. The plates used are not of wood, metal, or earthenware, but are made of cakes of corn, dourah or barley. The entertainment is usually commenced with prayer. Every one makes the sign of the cross and says *Amen*, after which the servants begin to serve the dishes. Then is brought on the *brondou*, the favorite food of the Abyssinians, raw, in fact almost live flesh. It is warm, and is eaten while smoking and palpitating. An ox

is knocked down and slaughtered before the eyes of the guests. An immense mass is first served to the host, who cuts off two or three pound, and then passes it to the most honored guests. Servants bring huge masses of the smoking beef to the others. Travellers describe such a feast as a terrible ordeal to their nerves. The guests appear to be naked to one sitting at the table, for Abyssinian etiquette requires them to let their drapery fall from their black shoulders, and it remains attached to the waist. The guests look like so many demons as they tear the beef to pieces with ferocious eagerness. The blood flows from their lips and stains their hands, while their eyes sparkle with a savage delight. The stranger might easily fancy himself the guest of a band of cannibals. Some slice their meat into strips, others fix their teeth in a huge piece, dexterously severing huge morsels with their keen knives. The soldiers on guard at table are also served with meat, but with them the sabre serves instead of a knife. Fancy these

sabres carried like sickles and flashing constantly in unpleasant proximity to the faces of the guests! When the *brondou* has circulated sufficiently, the table is covered with large dishes filled with meat variously prepared, some containing minced beef, others legs of mutton loaded with red pepper. The Abyssinians do not drink at their meals; they eat first and drink afterwards. As there is a prodigality in eating, so there is a profusion in drinkables. They serve hydromel (*tech*), and a sort of beer called *bouza*,

in large pitchers. They drink deep as they eat gluttonously. *Tech* and *bouza* flow in rivers. As soon as a can is empty, it is filled and drained again. The result of this sharp practice may easily be guessed. All talk and gesticulation at once, and the confusion is terrible. Our second engraving shows an Abyssinian lady in walking costume. The dress is white with scarlet borders. The nails are tinged with *henna*, and the hair plentifully smeared with butter. She carries a parasol of palm leaf. The other figures in this scene are a female water-carrier, and an Abyssinian of the lower class. The women of the lower classes work very hard. Our third sketch shows one of them engaged in grinding corn by hand, by means of a heavy stone—a laborious task. The

manners of the Abyssinians are certainly strange enough to satisfy the most eager lover of novelty. Few travellers have penetrated into the country, and the first accounts received from adventurous explorers were regarded as fabulous. In modern days, however, the spirit of research, which carries men everywhere, has made us acquainted with all we care to know about the country and the people.



ABYSSINIAN WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN.

to Africa, as lions, elephants, buffaloes, leopards, etc., are found in Abyssinia, and domestic animals, horses, mules, asses, cattle, sheep and goats, are reared in great abundance. The industry and commerce of the Abyssinians have made some progress. They manufacture tanned hides for tents, shields of hide, agricultural implements, coarse cotton and woollen cloths, glass and tobacco. The imports include raw cotton, pepper, blue and red cotton cloth, glass and tobacco. Abyssinia was comprised in the ancient Ethiopia, and appears to have been the cradle of African civilization, but the early history of the people is merely traditional. They were converted to Christianity in the time of Constantine, and their first rulers seem to have possessed great influence. In the sixth century they conquered part of Yemen in Arabia. The present inhabitants have preserved nothing of their former power, the Turks on one side, and the ferocious Gallas on the other, have almost entirely separated them from the other nations. For more than a century the princes of the ancient dynasty have been deprived of their authority, and the empire has been divided into several petty states, the chief of which are Shoa, Tigre and Ambara. Ankobar, capital of the kingdom of Shoa, is the only place deserving the name of a town in Abyssinia. The first engraving of our series, representing life in Abyssinia, shows us the interior of an Abyssinian house, built of stone, and belonging to a chief. On the walls are suspended arms, lances and shields, while guards are posted to secure the privacy of the host and his guests, who are seated at a long,



ABYSSINIAN WOMAN AND WATER-CARRIER.

## AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Hotel life is one of the most striking characteristics of American society, and our countrymen have certainly reached the acme of luxury and comfort in the vast public houses every large city and town can boast. One of the most renowned of these monster establishments is the American House, in Hanover Street, Boston, of which we present an accurate representation, showing the extent of its frontage. This hotel is one of the largest in the world, but, though large, it is always full, as its reputation has extended east, west, north and south. The proprietor, Mr. Lewis Rice, has spared neither pains nor expense in rendering it worthy of public patronage. In the heart of the business quarter of the city, the vast area it covers permits ample accommodations to its guests. The rooms are large and lofty, well ventilated, warm in winter and cool in summer, and furnished with great taste and liberality. Every department is well arranged. The table is an excellent one, and the attendants are numerous and courteous, and a stranger always finds himself at once at home within its walls. Many of our citizens, with their families, are permanently established at this hotel, finding there all the comforts of a home separated from the inconveniences of housekeeping. The American House is one of the features of Boston, as the hotel system is one of the features of this country. It is a little curious to compare the style of living at these fine hotels with the barbarism depicted in the preceding sketch. We have brought the extremes of life in contrast on the same page.



AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE RED MAN.

BY MATHIAS M. BALLOU.

Where are the red men now? Passing away,  
Waning and fading, dying day by day  
No more they gather, plumed for battle fierce,  
No more their light canoes our waters pierce,  
In the green wood no more the council fire  
Lafte in the sun's air its ruddy spire  
Farther and farther west the dusky tide  
Melts into night, its channel scarce desired,  
A few brief forms of struggle and no more  
Will living forms produce the forms of yore  
The poet, painter's hand alone can save  
The red man's image from oblivion's grave,  
But many a story lives whose image glows  
The pen or pencil in bright hues may trace

## CONSCIENCE.

There is a little voice that often speaks,  
Not loudly, but in accents soft and low,  
In each one's ear, like as the gentle breeze  
Comes softly whirling through the woods,  
So conscience goes an unexpected guest,  
To banquet on the secrets of the heart,  
Some times to chide for deeds ill-done, for time  
Mispent, or duties long neglected, or  
How oft to warn the weak and wayward heart  
From some deep crime or grievous wrong, perchance  
Upon the threshold of commission. Mark,  
If in this ear that voice should chance to speak,  
Heed well its counsel, for, to age and youth,  
The voice of conscience always speaks the truth  
J. E. CHALMERS.

## PARADISE.

Health floats and the gentle atmosphere,  
Gleams in the fruits, and I aming on the stream,  
No storm deforms the limbo of heaven,  
Nor scatters in the freshness of its pride  
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees,  
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,  
Whose virgin bloom, beneath the ruddy fruit,  
Reflects its tint and flushes into love.—SHELLEY

## THINK OF ME.

Farwell, and never think of me  
In lighted hall or lady's bower!  
Farwell—and never think of me  
In spring sunshine or summer hour  
But when you see a lonely grave,  
Just where a broken heart might be,  
With not one mourner by its side,  
Then—and only then, think of me!

## PRAYER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound  
That clamorous lips repeat,  
But the deep silence of a soul  
That clasps Jehovah's feet.—SUGGANEY

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— "The stormy March has come at last, a wild, gusty, turbulent, rowdy visitor. How he swags about the streets at night—rippling off awnings, wrenching off sign-boards, rattling blinds, and shaking casements. Now he knocks off a fat old gentleman's hat and sends him puffing after it, as it skurries along the sidewalk, rolls over and over in the gutter, or rushes so idly under the wheels of a horse-car. Now he catches a fair damsel as she turns Park Street corner and waltzes away with her till her Balmoral blushes scarlet. Off he goes uproariously to the water side and rocks the vessels at the wharf while their dog-vanes flutter in the breeze he raises. Yes, March is a rough, rollicking blade, but he holds by the hand a tender, graceful, ever-welcome attendant—the gentle maiden Spring. Welcome, thrice welcome, to his rough breath. It has its mission. It will dry up the soaked fields, it will prepare the earth for the birth of the crocus, the snow-drop, the violet, the springing grass, the budding hederow, all the glory and life of nature awaking from her long, lethargic sleep. Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature was evinced by his making his grave digger a jester at his business. Henry Clapp, Jr., editor of the New York "Saturday Press," a monstrously clever paper, in speaking of the cholera in Paris, says: "Even the undertakers grew merry at the influx of business. 'Halloo, coachy!' shouted out two vaudevilleists to an undertaker who was coming back empty by the Champs Elysees, 'have you any room?' 'All right,' replied the man in black. 'Do not be in such a hurry, your turn will come; I have buried people in better health than you are.' These undertakers are so wrapped up in their business that they even grow jealous of losing a party. It happened one day that a patient was removed in a state of collapse. The cool air and the motion of the vehicle reviving him, he disengaged himself from the others, and jumped down into the street. 'Stop, there! stop my dead man!' shouted out the undertaker. 'He is running away.' Plutarch says, in his Life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. A contemporary remarks that in these days men sleep on skins filled with bad rum. We admire pluck however exhibited. A man obtained a decree of divorce in the Cincinnati Common Pleas Court, recently, and in less than an hour afterward had procured in the Probate Court a license to marry again. Courageous man! Quiz says that some editors are more cutting than sarcastic. We should judge so by the way they use their scissors. Steel scissors do more execution than steel pens. So the Ravens can keep off. We thought as much. When Gabriel told us of the quiet life he was going to lead for the remainder of his days in Toulouse, we thought he would miss the footlights, and the laughing and applauding

thousands, and all the excitement of a successful stage career. His home is in the stage, and he do not believe he will quit it until he is unable to throw a summer-set or dance on the tight-rope. Will the city of Paris never be finished? It seems that the government has resolved to pull down every building in the Garden of Plants to pull down the Halle aux Vins (which cost \$6,000,000), and to pull down all the houses between the Garden of Plants and the Horse Market, and transform the whole space so cleared into a new Garden of Plants. A large and splendid building will be erected in the centre of the new garden, to contain the offices and museums of natural history, comparative anatomy, geology, botany, and mineralogy, while one wing will contain the Medical School (the old one being pulled down) and the Pharmacy School (the present one being pulled down). This monstrous scheme will probably sink \$20,000,000, half of which will be paid by the city of Paris. A Mr. Gardner fired a pistol at his sweetheart recently, in Minnesota, and she has since married him. Who ever dreamed that gunpowder was a love-powder? Every taste may be corrupted by habit. Perhaps a man may get so accustomed to an offensive atmosphere that he will stop his nose in passing a garden of jessamines and violets. General William Walker, the filibuster, has been admitted as a member of the Catholic church. The ceremony took place in the cathedral at Mobile. An English paper contains a letter from India, giving a thrilling account of a recent tiger hunt. There were one Englishman and six Sepoys engaged in the affair. The tiger was wounded, and finally roaring furiously, charged right down on the Sepoys, who gave him a volley, which, however, did not stop him. He rushed on a coolie Sepoy, who, with the utmost coolness and courage, received him with the bayonet, inflicting a severe wound on the head. But the tiger bore down the Sepoy's defence, and taking the end of the musket in his jaws, so immense was his strength that the musket and bayonet were bent to a right angle; then seizing on the Sepoy, he clawed him fearfully. The others drew their swords and slashed the animal so that he left the man, when a ball was sent through his heart. They took the tiger and wounded Sepoy, and arriving at the nearest station the Sepoy was sent into the hospital, as he was fearfully lacerated. He asked for four hairs from the tiger's whiskers, which he said were a charm to cure him if tied round his wrist. But the charm was powerless, as he soon began to sink, and finally died. Walter Harper of Detroit has conveyed in trust property worth nearly \$100,000 to a number of citizens of that place, for the purpose of establishing a hospital for the sick and aged poor in and about Detroit. The institution must be under the direction of a physician of the old school, and of Protestant management. Mr. Harper is to receive for his own use only an annuity of \$100. Professor Katchenovsky, of the University of Kharkoff, in Russia, has written and published a "Biographical Sketch of the Life and Works of Daniel Webster," in the Russian language. We hope the sketch will be more readable than his name. Major Culbertson, who has just come from the Rocky Mountains, says that the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia are so near together that he at one time drank from the Missouri, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and a half hour afterwards from the Columbia River on the Pacific slope. Col. T. B. Thorpe, author of the "Bee Hunter," is now connected with the New York Spirit of the Times as associate publisher and editor. The other editor is Mr. E. Jones, for a long time connected with the Spirit. A writer in one of the London scientific journals has some peculiar notions in regard to the effect upon railway travelling of the earth's rotation. It is well known that as the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, from west to east, the velocity of any point on its surface is greater nearer the equator and less further from it, in the ratio of the cosine of the latitude. Thus, according to this ratio, the difference between the relative velocity of the earth in surface motion at London and at Liverpool is about twenty-eight miles per hour; and this amount of lateral movement is to be gained or lost as respects the locomotive, in each journey, according to the direction travelled in from one place to the other,—and in proportion to the speed will be the pressure against the sides of the rails, which, at a high velocity, will give the engine a tendency to climb the right hand rail in each direction. They are getting up a mammoth prize dance in Liverpool, Onondaga county, N. Y., to come off early in April. There are to be 1600 tickets at \$2 each, and the dancing is to occur at two hotels, ticket holders having the privilege of attending both dances, which will go on simultaneously. The prize is the new canal boat "Major Holt," and four horses. During the evening there will be a "drawn game," and the holder of the lucky ticket will receive the boat and horses. The cost of the New York quarantine war was \$3,233.68. For twenty four thousand dollars of this amount, for the pay of the troops, Gov. King became personally liable, by giving his note, which was discounted in one of the banks of the State, and becomes due some time in the spring. It is stated that Prescott's History of Philip the Second, of which three volumes have appeared, is to be completed by Mr. Kirk, his amanuensis. We see that Michigan proposes to build a new Capitol for herself at Lansing. It is proposed to be fireproof, modern Doric in style, 205 feet in its northern front, and 205 on its southern; estimated cost \$500,000; material, brick, faced with Grand Rapids marble, provided the latter material shall appear durable enough. Some policemen in New York, desiring to enter a rowdy saloon to arrest an offender taken from them by his friends, were deterred by the very uninviting appearance presented, upon looking through a glass door, of a line of villains armed with revolvers, waiting for their entrance, to shoot them dead. The officers concluded to seek reinforcements. The whole city of London is to be walled over with a net work of wires, with stations at very short distances, especially for the transmission of metropolitan intelligence. Delivery is to be prompt, and the rate of transmission for ten words is expected to be reduced to four pence (seven and a half cents), or at most to sixpence (eleven cents). The several firms of De Rothschild have a capital or sum

at their instantaneous command amounting to nearly \$200,000,000. The Philadelphians are rejoicing in the prospect of a mammoth hotel in their right-angled city, which will cost \$750,000 to be ready for occupancy about one year from this time. Aaron Stevens has taken a lease of it at an annual rent of \$40,000. The hotel is just the man to ensure success to a hotel. Bulwer and Moore were once dining with Theodore Hook. Says Bulwer to Moore, "We're going to get so gloriously drunk that we won't know ourselves." "You wouldn't know much if you did," retorted Hook. The Marquis de Martainville, head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Normandy, has just died in Paris, aged forty-five. He was possessed of a large and very valuable collection of manuscripts, which he has bequeathed to Rouen, his native place. Hon. John A. Dix has consented to edit a life of Silas Wright, and correspondence, etc., have been furnished him for the work. It is a familiar story that a philosophic wag once paused in the square beneath St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and gazing intently upwards at the dome, uttered, and continued meditatively to utter, these two words, "It lumps!" The consequence was presently an immense concourse of people, all gazing intently at the vast dome above them, and all contending eagerly to determine whether it leaned or no. Such is the strange susceptibility of human nature to the influence of little things—a characteristic which is fraught with consequences the most various and singular. Kissing is rather high priced at Vinegar Hill, Illinois. A justice there charged John Watson \$30 for kissing a lady twice.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Warlike preparations are still going on in France and Austria on a great scale, though the general belief is that war, for the present at least, will be averted.—The emperor of Austria recently declared he could count with certainty, in case of need, upon the strenuous support of the entire population of Germany, but assured the deputation of his complete confidence that an amicable arrangement of the present difficulty will be effected.—It is stated that considerable agitation prevails in Austria, Poland and Hungary.—The Globe's Paris correspondent says: "Fermentation in Galicia is such that 80,000 troops have been concentrated along that frontier and Lemberg."—It is alleged that the English government has completed contracts with three large iron companies for the supply of sixty eight-pounders, as fast as they can be cast. An important contract for gunpowder was also concluded.—The Opinions of Turin, referring to a late article in the Moniteur upon the Franco-Sardinian marriage, says the alliance between France and Sardinia is quite distinct from marriage; the latter strengthens the bond of amity, and has, moreover, the advantage of perfectly suiting the interests of France and Piedmont. If France is to intervene for the independence of the Italian peninsula, it is because her interests induce her to do so independently of the alliance just concluded.—A letter in the Opinions of Turin says that the grand duke of Tuscany has refused to accede to Austria's request regarding the exchange of Tuscan for Austrian troops.—It is officially announced to the court of Turin that the Prince of Wales will pay a visit to the king of Sardinia in the spring.—It is reported that Austria and Russia appear to be on better terms, and it is related that a letter from Alexander to the Emperor Francis Joseph had been received, which letter is considered extremely satisfactory.

## A Shakespearean of the Bench.

A new illustration of Shakespeare has entered the field in the person of the lord chief justice of the queen's bench, Lord Campbell. During a recent vacation in Scotland, he turned his attention again to the great dramatic poet; and reading over his plays consecutively, he was struck by the vast number of legal phrases and allusions they contain, and by the extreme appropriateness and accuracy of their application. He began by noting and remarking upon them, giving them such explanations and elucidations as his vast experience and knowledge of the law enabled him readily to furnish. He has since put them into more regular form and order, and is printing them in the shape of a familiar letter to Mr. Payne Collier—who in his recent biography of Shakespeare states that there are more indications in Shakespeare that he had in some way, early in life, been connected with the legal profession than are to be met with in all the works of contemporary dramatists put together.

## Alexandre Dumas.

The Paris "Charivari" is publishing a capital burlesque upon Dumas Sr's travels in Russia. The illustrious romancer is represented in a variety of ludicrous and fantastic positions. Wanting to correspond with the Circassian chief, he shoots a crow and a rat; then, employing the spoils of this undignified quarry as his writing materials, despatches an epistle to Schamyl, "written in lion's blood with an eagle's feather." Further, he discovers a relative in the person of a descendant of the Crusaders, whose wife addresses the travellers in the old French of the Middle Age romances, and asks him "if he has read Fauny?" Dumas is so busy writing his own books that he has no time to read those of others. This travesty is still going on, and getting better as it continues.

## Great Forgeries in London.

A case has occurred in London of forged bills of exchange having been successfully put into circulation to a large amount. They purported to be drawn by the Barbadoes Branch of the Colonial Bank on the parent establishment in London, and are supposed to have been manufactured and negotiated in New York, where, after having passed into good hands, they were remitted to London to several respectable firms for collection. Those already presented at the Colonial Bank amount to about £3000, and from the manner in which they are numbered it is inferred that at least a total of £15,000 has been put forth.

## Valuable Documents.

Mr. George Robinson, the celebrated and universally respected auctioneer, of Old Broad Street, London, has just purchased, from the executors of a deceased relative of Colonel Hartley, some of the most valuable and most interesting documents associated with the history of the United States. The manuscripts in question consist of autograph letters of Franklin, the French and English ministers of the period, and other celebrities, with a map of America in Franklin's own hand, denoting the boundaries; also the English ambassador's passport, signed by the unfortunate Louis XVI.

## Hungary.

The occurrences in Italy have made a deep impression in Hungary. From Pesth we learn that there is a feeling of general discontent, and that even those who had opposed the defenders of the national cause in 1848, are now the first to manifest their aversion to an odious power which knew not how to employ its victory, but has redoubled its inhumanity to the Hungarians. We may be sure that the first signal of hostilities will find the Hungarians in arms in numbers great enough to defy the power of Austria.

## Toulon.

Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war transports are ready. The supplemental surgeons in the military hospitals of Paris and Marseilles are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active service. In the artillery there are companies in which five-sixths of the men are excused from regular duty because they are making cartridges. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops and the formation of a Corps d'Armee on the Alps.

## From Germany.

The Press of Vienna asserts that during his sojourn in Paris, the Grand Duke Constantine expressed himself to the emperor in these terms: "The present rule of Poland is more liberal than that of Lombardy; there would be nothing extraordinary in Russia favoring Italian nationality, while reconstructing Polish nationality by durable institutions which are worth more than an ephemeral government."

## Grandmother Victoria.

The news of the birth of the son of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia reached Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in six minutes after its occurrence in Berlin. Demonstrations of rejoicing took place at Windsor and at Berlin. The regent and his consort appeared on the balcony of the palace and amid vociferous cheering thanked the populace for their sympathy.

## Death of Rudio.

Intelligence has been received in London of the death of Rudio, who, it will be remembered, was a party in the attempt against the life of the French emperor in January, 1858. He is said to have shown in his last moments the strongest marks of repentance.

## The Queen of Oude.

This lady has replied to the Queen of England's proclamation in India, by a counter-proclamation, in which she denies the good faith of the English, and says they never pardon offenders. This is referring to the promised amnesty to the rebels.

## Heavy Fine.

The court of appeals at Paris has confirmed the sentence of punishment for three years and a fine of four thousand francs, passed on Proudhon, the socialist, for sentiments contained in a recent work by him.

## Immigrants from Africa.

The Monteur de Colonization contains a ministerial decree of Prince Napoleon, by which all recruiting of immigrants at the eastern coast of Africa and Madagascar is prohibited.

## England.

There are reports that it is on the political attitude of England that war is in reality dependent.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ERIC OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE. A Tale of Roslyn School. By FRED. W. FARRAR. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 366. 1859.

The enterprising New York publishers deserve the thanks of the reading world for this elegant edition of a charming story of school life, at once eloquent, pathetic and interesting, which has elicited the warmest approbation of the London critics. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

SOUTHWOLD. A Novel. By MRS. LILLIE DREYERUS WILSON. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo pp. 257. 1859.

This work is a novel of society written by one who evidently understands it, and has moved in refined and intellectual as well as fashionable circles. The plot—that indispensable feature of a successful story—is very well managed, and the denouement is startling and unexpected. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

## HEADLONG CAREER OF PRECIOUS PRIGY.

One of the funniest of all child's story books, by the late Thomas Hood. Capitally illustrated. Published and for sale by Mayhew & Baker, 205 Washington Street.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, M. A. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 423. 1859.

The enterprising New York publishers have done well in putting forth this beautiful reprint from the fourth London edition of Buckland's agreeable and instructive work. It is written in a popular style, and eminently calculated to awaken an interest in the study of natural history. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By ROBERT ASHENON WILSON. Philadelphia. James Challen & Son. 8vo. pp. 539. 1859.

We have already alluded to this work, which has now made its appearance in the splendid style which characterizes the important publications of James Challen & Son. The work is properly styled a new history of the conquest, for it contemplates that brilliant episode from an entirely novel point of view, and exhibits it in a new light altogether. The author has sought by a careful analysis of authorities to impart fact from fiction in the received accounts, and supports his positions by proofs derived from local investigation. Whatever conclusion may be drawn by the student of history, no one will venture to deny to Judge Wilson the merits of candor, dispassionate and patient research, and all will admit that this volume is a valuable addition to our historical treasures. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.



1 SEARS CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our  
publications are considered among the most saleable.  
Address, postpaid ROBERT E. EARS, Publisher 181 West  
Street New York 8 40.

**EVERGREEN NURSERY, WOODBURY.**  
For Catalogue and Priced List, Address  
209 DAVID J. GRISCOM, Proprietor

and room, than we ever dreamed of, states it to be  
of the most valuable invention of the age. —  
*Practical Reflects.*

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. 19—

**EVERGREEN NURSERY, WOODBURY, N.**  
For Catalogue and Priced List, address  
2nd 2 DAVID J. GRISCOM, Proprietor



## AN EASTERN SCENE.—DOMESTIC LIFE IN ALGIERS.



THE MODERN REBECCA.

[For description, see page 153.]



# BALLOU'S

# PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM { VOL. XVI., No. 11...WHOLE No. 403.  
5 CENTS SINGLE

## A GLOUCESTER FISHING SCHOONER.

The animated scene depicted on this page by Mr. Waud is no fancy sketch; it is one which the artist, when looking up subjects for the Pictorial, sketched upon the spot with his characteristic spirit and fidelity. How familiar to us is that Gloucester smack; and how, though moored to the wharf, does she carry us back to Cape Ann, with its glorious marine scenery, its hardy sons, its "ancient and fish-like" atmosphere. On the

wharf, here in our picture, is a busy and motley group of buyers and sellers, amphibious beings and landmen in characteristic costumes, and with the fresh fish piled up in glittering, tempting heaps—the bounteous tributes of old Neptune. Turning to the report of the Boston Board of Trade, we find the following statistics: The city of Boston is the principal market of the United States for the sale of fish. It early took the lead in this business, exporting codfish

as early as 1633. There are at the present time some thirty houses in the trade, with an aggregate capital of \$1,100,000, and their sales (in 1857), amounted to near \$6,000,000. A great proportion of the entire catch of fish in the State comes to this market; or, if not actually shipped from Boston, is sold here to be shipped direct from the outports to various southern ports. The different kinds of fish sold here are codfish, haddock, hake, halibut, pollock, mackerel, salmon, salmon trout and lake trout, herrings pickled and smoked, alewives, shad, bass, white fish, blue fish, sword fish, tongues and sounds, halibut napes and fins and halibut heads. The sale of codfish and halibut, fresh, may be estimated at \$300,000. They are shipped in a frozen state to all the adjoining States during the winter. The port of Gloucester, whence the fishing craft in our picture-halls, is thirty miles distant from Boston, on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. It is the largest seat of the domestic fisheries in the United States, if not in the world; and the products of her industry and toil, in the shape of barrels of mackerel, codfish and halibut, are distributed to all parts of this country, and are shipped to many foreign ports. The cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia are the great distributing ports for the products of the Gloucester fisheries. The merchants of these cities send their orders to be filled to the dealers

and operators in Gloucester, and but few fish are sent to market for account of the owners of the vessels that landed them. There are 304 schooners averaging 70 tons, employed in the fisheries, making an aggregate of 21,000 tons. 72,000 barrels of mackerel may be estimated at \$300,000; 98,000 quintals of codfish are worth \$300,000. Over three thousand men are employed in these and the halibut fishery. There are now published statements of the products of boat and shore fishing. The port of Gloucester now ranks as the third in New England in amount of foreign commerce. Its trade is principally with Surinam (Dutch Guiana), and various ports in the British Provinces. The former business was commenced in Gloucester as early as 1791, and now employs 14 ships, barks and brigs. The provincial trade was commenced ten or twelve years ago, and has grown to its present importance. Gloucester now has upwards of two hundred arrivals annually from that quarter. Among the imports at Gloucester in 1857 were 5000 hogsheads molasses, 3000 hds. sugar, 5000 cords firewood, and large quantities of salt from Liverpool and Cadiz, and fish, lumber, coal, etc., from British America. The fishermen of Gloucester are a hardy set of men, and trained by their calling into excellent seamen. Amateur fishing for a few hours may be fine sport, but fishing for a living is a very different affair.



A GLOUCESTER, MASS., FISHING SCHOONER DISCHARGING AT COMMERCIAL WHARF, BOSTON.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE WIZARD OF BARCELONA.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

THE city of Barcelona, one of the principal and handsomest cities in all Spain, is built in the shape of a half-moon, facing the sea. It is the handsomest city in all Catalonia, which is the fairest as well as the richest province in Spain, abounding in wooded mountain slopes and Eden-like valleys, watered by silvery streams, which in many places come rushing and foaming down some mountain side, sparkling among the purple porphyritic rocks; it is rich with precious stones, such as topazes, garnets, rubies and jaspers, as well as rich mines of lead, zinc and iron. The city itself is a quaint yet elegant place, strongly fortified. On the east side is a strong citadel, built in 1715, and connected by a secret passage with the fort San Carlos, near the sea. On the west side of the city lies the hill of Montjuic, with a fort which protects the harbor.

Close to the citadel—so close that the shadow of its heavy walls rested upon the garden like a cloud—stood a tall, stone house, built very much after the fashion of Corsican houses—tall and narrow, with loopholes like windows, and a deep doorway. In front of this house was a spacious garden, thickly set with wide-spreading trees, which, together with the shadow from the frowning walls of the citadel, always shed an air of gloom over the place. Add to this a high lattice and a heavy, arched gateway, and you will have an idea of the place occupied by Paola Estaban, the reputed wizard of Barcelona.

All passers by looked askance at the black, forbidding gateway; and it was not until they were out of ear-shot that they dared even to speak. Children—rash little mortals—sometimes peered through the interstices of the lattice, hardly daring to breathe, then ran fearfully home, with the speed of a deer, scarcely daring to look behind them.

The cause of all this distrust and fear was because the house was inhabited by one poor old man, whom all called the wizard of Barcelona. Look at him, now quietly walking among the trees, with his head bent down and his hands drooping by his side, and say if there is anything so very fearful or suspicious in his aspect. Surely not! You see before you only a small, well-shaped old man, whose quick, flashing black eyes and clear complexion are in strange contrast with his snow-white hair and flowing beard.

In 1790 the people of Barcelona were more superstitious than they are now, and readily believed any story of witch or wizard they might hear. None knew when Paola Estaban came, or where from. He came, it was reported, one fearfully stormy night. Thus the story runs: The house which he now occupied was then empty, under the ban of being haunted. One wild, stormy night in November, when the rain fell in torrents, the thunders rolled and the lightnings blazed, and the waves rolled mountains high and angrily broke upon the shore, the haunted house had suddenly been brilliantly illuminated; there had been a wild cry heard on the night air, and in the morning, lying on the steps of the house, was the old man now called Paola Estaban. A passer-by paused at the closed gateway, and gazed curiously in, and was about to enter, when the crouching figure rose and in a second disappeared within the house, the door of which was shut with a slam, and there was a sound of wild laughter heard for a moment.

From that time the lonely old man was called a wizard, and shunned like a pestilence, save by a few more curious and fearless than the rest, who penetrated into the house to learn their future. Those few never spoke of what they had seen or heard within the haunted house, but looked grave when questioned on the subject, and in reply said that the old man's name was Paola Estaban, and that he would tell fortunes if any were desirous of looking into the future.

I do wrong to say that the house of Estaban was shunned altogether—it was not. A report had of late spread through the city, that in the dark, stone hall was confined a beautiful maiden, beautiful as an angel, and the young nobles of Barcelona, a wild, reckless set, were constantly upon the watch for a sight of the lovely maiden. Watch as they might, no sight of the unknown dame had as yet been obtained, and the young man who had spread the report was beginning to be accused of inventing the story, or else of having been bewitched.

In a brilliantly-lighted dining saloon, in the

central part of the city, sat five young, fashionably as well as richly dressed men. The windows had been removed, and they were now leaning back in their chairs sipping the sparkling wine. Their spirits were high, and all was merry good nature among them, till one spoke, young Carlo Martaro.

"Give an account of yourself, Lorenzo. Tell us why you spread the report concerning old Estaban you did?"

"What report?" asked Lorenzo, raising his proud head with a haughty air.

"What report?" Why that concerning a young and beautiful girl living, imprisoned, in the wizard's house?"

"I said I saw a beautiful female face at one of the manor windows."

"Yes, I know you said so; but what did you invent such a story for?"

"Invent? I did not invent any tale."

"O, Lorenzo!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I lie?" exclaimed Lorenzo, springing to his feet flushed and excited.

At this fiery exclamation, a young, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, sitting at a table placed near that occupied by the young nobles, raised his eyes, and from that moment watched carefully the movements of the young rufflers, though the paper he held before his face served him for a screen.

Lorenzo, receiving no answer to his question, again inquired, and in a still more haughty tone, "Who among you dare insinuate that I lie?"

Another young man, evidently heated with wine, deliberately pushed his chair back from the table and confronted Lorenzo, while he said, quietly, "I, Don Carlo Martaro, dare say it!"

"Then take that!" And suiting the action to the word, the fiery Almeida seized a silver goblet partly filled with wine, and dashed the whole contents full in the face of his companion.

In an instant young Martaro's sword was freed from the scabbard, and blood would have flowed on the spot had not the other young men interfered and separated them. Many and various were the exclamations given utterance to.

"Apologize, Carlo! For shame! Put up your sword! Yes, apologize, Carlo!" exclaimed one; "you had no right to accuse Lorenzo of lying."

"Apologize!" exclaimed all voices.

"By San Diego, I won't! Let Lorenzo make good his word!" sulkily returned Carlo. "He said old Estaban had in his den a beautiful young girl."

"I repeat it!" haughtily answered young Almeida.

"What did you say, Lorenzo?" asked Don Segovia.

"I'll tell you what he said," interrupted Martaro. "He said he had seen looking from one of the windows of the old wizard's house a beautiful female face, more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. Did you not say that, Lorenzo?"

"I said it once, and I say it again!" answered Lorenzo, calmly resting his hand upon the back of his chair; "and what have you to say against that?"

"Simply," replied Don Martaro, doggedly, "that it is not so!"

Lorenzo sprang forward, but his friends seized him, and one among them tried to reason with Carlo.

"How can you say that Lorenzo has spoken falsely, when you have no proof that the lady isn't there?"

"But I have proofs."

"Bring them forward."

"Have I not watched from sunrise till sunset, and seen no such angel face, nor indeed any sign or sound that might betoken the existence even of a such a being? Do you think that for anything else I would have spent so many hours in a moon, close room over the baker's shop? Bah! the smell of vile cookery is in my nostrils still!" And that young exquisite applied to his delicate nose an exquisitely carved golden vinaigrette, with an affectation of supreme disgust.

Lorenzo, whose momentary excitement had faded away, smiled contemptuously, while he said, in a clear, quiet voice,—"Friends, I have no desire to quarrel with you. All know that I am neither a coward nor liar, and that I will not brook an insult. Don Carlo Martaro has grossly and wantonly insulted me, and nothing will serve save the most humble public apology or crossed swords. An Almeida scorns a lie. What I told you I saw was the truth, and I will strive

to make good my words, for your own satisfaction and mine. This very night I will penetrate into the old wizard's castle, be it haunted or not, and discover whether there is a lady there, and if there is she shall ere to-morrow's sun rise be at my own house, installed in the finest room, and at dinner you shall be presented to the beautiful unknown. Wait me here, for I will return before midnight. Carlo, I wait your message." And with a haughty, graceful bow the young, reckless Don Almeida left the hall.

While this discussion had been going on, the stranger had been entirely disregarded though not disregarding. When the quarrel began he had watched the young men simply through curiosity, but at the mention of a lady and the name of Estaban, the brow of the young man had darkened, his cheeks paled and flushed, and he had seemed about to spring forward, but by a giant effort had remained in his chair. When Lorenzo left the hall, the stranger rising carelessly, had followed. The young men resumed their seats, and the wine being removed, card tables were called for, and they prepared to spend the remaining hours till midnight in playing games.

Down the long flight of steps leading from the dining hall, Lorenzo tripped, followed closely but silently by the young stranger. Through the long, broad streets went Lorenzo, so intent on his object that he turned not to see the dark figure following so silently in his track. As they neared the wizard's abode Lorenzo slackened his pace, and his pursuer found it hard work to walk slow enough. At last the gate was gained. A while Lorenzo paused; then, as if moved by a sudden, desperate resolve, he laid his hand on the latch. Nothing resisted; the gate swung noiselessly upon its hinges, and the young man was within the haunted precincts. Never pausing, Lorenzo stepped forward and placed his hand on the door. There was no bolt or bar to prevent his free entrance, and in a moment he found himself within a dimly-lighted hall. Moving cautiously, the young man, still followed by the stranger, entered first one room and then another, finding them, though lighted, warmed and handsomely furnished, entirely deserted. Gaining courage by the silence pervading the house, Lorenzo ascended to the second story. Two rooms he entered; they also were lighted, and more brilliantly than the others, and displayed a greater degree of luxury, while here and there laid little articles clearly denoting the presence of a lady. On a sofa near the door, in the second story, lay a tiny pair of gloves and a rich gold bracelet. The gloves Lorenzo transferred to his pocket, while the stranger raised the bracelet and examined it carefully. Upon the inside, engraved in tiny characters, were these words: "Nina from Henri."

As the young stranger read these words, he turned pale, and was obliged to lean against the door. A third room was searched, without effect. Lorenzo paused before the door of the fourth. A second only he paused—then the portal was flung wide open, and the young stranger, looking over the shoulder of his companion, saw a brilliantly-lighted room, in the centre of which was a lovely woman, who stood mute with astonishment at the sudden intrusion. Placing his hand upon his sword, the young stranger murmured, "It is Nina! Nina found at last! Now be ready to protect her."

Lorenzo seemed slightly abashed as he met the young girl's inquiring eyes fixed upon him. There was no fear expressed in the dark, bright eyes. Lorenzo bowed and entered the room, while the stranger slunk into the shadow of the doorway.

"What means this insolent intrusion, signor?" calmly asked the young girl, stopping back as Lorenzo advanced.

"It means, fair lady, that I have found what I sought for."

The lips of the young girl paled slightly as she heard these words, and the stranger watching outside the door grasped the handle of his dagger with a firmer grip.

"There must be some mistake, signor, and I beg you will leave immediately, and not force me to summon assistance."

So spoke the dauntless young girl, though she knew she was as good as alone in the house, for the old deaf waiting-woman in the hall below would never hear the summons, and, should the house fall about his ears, old Paola Estaban would never heed, for he was deep in some abstruse calculation.

"Nay, lady, I care not to put you to that

trouble. I will state my errand, and have no doubt but that you will gladly free me from my embarrassment."

"I will hear nothing. I request you as a gentleman to free me from your presence. I hope I am not mistaken in applying the word gentleman to you?"

This was said so haughtily, that Lorenzo Almeida, reckless as he was, paused, feeling actually ashamed to go on. Throwing aside the feeling, he said:

"Your presence, lady, is requested—nay, demanded—at the Almeida palace."

"How!"

"I repeat it. I am come to escort you to the Almeida palace, which I will do in all honor, but—" and he paused—"if you accompany me not willingly, I shall be obliged to carry you there forcibly."

Returning no answer, Nina Estaban sprang to the side of the room and violently pulled the bell rope, saying:

"Take my warning, and fly before it is too late. Should my people find you here, your life will not be worth a farthing."

The spirit and daring of the girl only delighted the young man, who was now determined to have her, come what might.

"Ah, lady, place not too much faith in the legion of spirits attendant upon your sage father, for they will not interfere between you and me. You are mine," and Lorenzo took a step forward.

"Stand back! I fear you not. God will not let harm come to me. There is one ever watching over me."

"Dare you mention that holy name in this enchanted abode? Are you not afraid that your father, at the mention of the name of God, will turn into a black cat and vanish up the chimney?"

"The insult is needless, vile wretch! Unprotected as I seem, I fear you not. Your hour is come!" And so saying, Nina pulled the bell-rope, and with folded hands waited, to all appearance perfectly calm, though there was despair in her heart. Two seconds elapsed, and a deep voice from the darkness said:

"What wish you, lady? We are here."

At the unexpected sound of a voice, a deadly faintness overspread Nina, and Lorenzo visibly trembled, for he was not wholly free from the superstitions of the age, and as he had heard no steps, no sound, he readily believed the summons had been answered by beings from another world. Summoning all her presence of mind, which was fast leaving her, Nina exclaimed:

"Seize me this man—beat him severely—cut off all his hair, and—"

Nina paused, for she knew not what else to say, yet wished to frighten the audacious young nobleman. A moment's thought, and her native mischievousness came to her aid, and she went on:

"Yes, slaves of the bell, cut off his hair; beat him and bend him, that he may never more stand erect; stain his face brown that his friends may never more know him; strip from him his velvet cloak and jewelled sword, and leave him on the sidewalk to live or die, as may be. Haste!"

From the hall the same voice replied—"Lady, queen of the bell, we obey. Kneel and close your eyes, for even you may not gaze upon us."

Nina obeyed; and Lorenzo, who by this time was quaking with fear, felt himself grasped from behind, raised in two powerful arms and borne swiftly down stairs, out of the door into the garden. There he was beaten, and—but here his senses failed him. He fainted from sheer fright.

Nina, as she knelt with her eyes closed, heard the sound of footsteps, and until they died away in the distance, dared not raise her head. When all was silent she rose and looked about her. No one was there. Had she dreamed it all? No! for there lay a plumed hat upon the floor. She stooped and raised it, to try and discover to whom it belonged, when she heard a swift step upon the stairs, and ere she could cry out, the young stranger sprang into the room.

"Nina!"

"Henri!"

And the two were clasped in each other's arms in fond embrace. A moment, and Henri raised his head.

"Why did you fly from me, Nina?"

"Fly! Ah, Henri, my poor father was suspected of sorcery, as you know, and he left Madrid thinking here at least to find peace. They would have burned him alive could they have caught him in Madrid; so in the dead of night



we life. I cannot tell you how we got here. Father's reputation as a wizard travelled as fast as he, how, I know not, and we found all doors closed against us. Worn and weary we came to this house, reported to be haunted, and in despair took possession of it, hoping by entire seclusion to escape all insult and trouble. Alas! it was not to be; for this very night I have been subjected to open insult in this very room, and freed from perhaps greater wrong in some strange manner—so strange that I am almost inclined to believe in the intervention of spirits. Sometime I will tell you all about it, but now, dear Henri, I am anxious to know how you found me out. Did my letters reach you?"

"No, dear Nina," answered Henri Estalez, kissing the upturned face of the young girl, "for as you left so abruptly at night, I left with the coming sunrise, resolved to search through the world for you, and—"

"Ah! you should have known, Henri, that if in my hurry I could not warn you, I would have done so as soon as we reached any place of safety."

"I was beside myself—incapable of thinking."

"But how did you find me?"

"I will tell you, Nina." And in rapid words Henri related the scene in the dining hall, and his following young Almeida to the house. "At the doorway I listened, dear Nina, and when the moment came, I obeyed the queen of the bell, and I acted."

Nina laughed merrily.

"Outside the garden gate lies Don Lorenzo Almeida, punished sufficiently by the loss of his beautiful hair and a pretty severe pounding. He fainted from fright, firmly believing himself in the hands of the spirits of darkness. His friends will learn his plight and be warned. You nor your father need fear no more intrusions, for a time at least. To-morrow we will return to Madrid, where the wife and father-in-law of Prince Henri Estalez will be respected."

The clock in the dining hall struck ten, eleven, and at last twelve, but still Don Lorenzo de Almeida returned not to his waiting, watching friends. One o'clock sounded, and still he came not.

"Some evil has befallen him," exclaimed one of the number, and with one accord, they rose, donned their cloaks and hats, and sallied out to seek their missing friend. Direct they went to the wizard's house. There, on the walk outside the wicket, they found the don, perfectly bewildered. They bore him to the palace. As they entered his brilliantly-lighted rooms what a sight met their view; the elegant Lorenzo, robbed of his doublet and cloak, shorn of his waving locks, and bearing on his person marks of ill-usage. Tied to his back were his missing garments, and to the sleeve of his mantle was pinned a paper, on which were written these words:

"The wizard of Barcelona sends his compliments by the valiant Don Lorenzo Almeida, to all who may wish to explore his mansion, and possess themselves of his lovely daughter. A second intruder will not be treated as kindly as the first."

For years afterwards it was a remembered story: that of the brave Don Lorenzo Almeida, who had sought to outwit the famous WIZARD OF BARCELONA.

#### THE BLACK ART IN PRUSSIA.

A pleasant incident lately took place at the court of Berlin, indeed in the very hands of the Prince Regent himself. One evening, Bosco, the magician, having been invited to give a *soirée* at the Prince Regent's, he put into the hands of his royal highness a miniature globe representing the four quarters of the world. No sooner had he directed the attention of the prince to the comparatively small space occupied by Prussia on the globe, than the frontiers of the kingdom, in the very hands of its present ruler, expanded visibly before his eyes, and in a moment embraced the whole of Germany in all its length and breadth. The prince smiled the smile of a reserved diplomatist, but some of the other members of the royal family are said to have clapped their hands, and bestowed rather a lively bravo on the hero of political legerdemain.—*Paris Presse*.

#### MOHAMMEDAN PASSPORT TO PARADISE.

When a devout Mohammedan on his death-bed gives to his spirit-guide the requisite amount of money, he is furnished with a passport to Paradise, which is carefully placed near his head in the coffin. The following is a free translation of one of these passports:

"Angel Gabriel: Dear sir,—In consideration of the sum of Rs. —, paid by Sheikh Abdul Karim into our common treasury, you will please deliver to him, on his arrival at your place, three pomegranate trees, two date do., one tamarind, and other trees in proportion. Also seventeen towers, and seven palaces, and cattle in abundance, and oblige, yours, &c., —."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

#### Autobiography of a Newspaper.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"I say, Joe; why are you like the famous help-mate of the celebrated Jack Sprat? You don't know? Then I'll tell you. It's because you love all fat and no lean. That's so, isn't it?"

These were the first words I ever heard. I was about two minutes and a half old, and I could hear as well then as I have ever done since; and as for seeing—but how could I help seeing, since I had five times as many eyes as ever Argus had, and all of them as bright as they will ever be. I had just been hung out to dry, like a newly washed dickey, after having life typographical squeezed into me under a patent platen, which did me flatten upon a most extraordinary kind of bed, where they use about a hundred thousand sheets to a single blanket.

The individual who had the honor of first giving me a specimen of the sounds of my native tongue, was of the genus printer and species compositor, and he used the term *fat* in its technical typographical sense, signifying easy work, or something thereunto equivalent. I had but little time to speculate upon the many novelties by which I was surrounded. I was soon seized and carried to the post-office, and there poked away into a gloomy mail-bag, along with a whole host of fellow-sufferers. The unpleasantness of my situation was much increased by the sort of company I was thus forced to keep.

"Wat's your politics?" squeaked one of my nearest neighbors—a little whitey-brown daily—almost before we were settled in our places.

My (not codfish) aristocratic Boston blood tingled at this impertinent audacity, from one end of my form to the other. "Sir," said I, "my vocation is literary and artistic. I never dabble in filth."

The fellow seemed inclined to be restive, and even belligerent. Most of my own eyes were folded up, but I managed to give him a look through a pair of Rev. Theodore Parker's, which happened to be on my first page. The cut was too much for him; it silenced him at once.

It was a sore trial for a journal of my respectability to be mixed up with such political riff-raff. The *Daily Democratic Dough Face*, and the *Ebony Republican Rip-Shooter and Woolly-Head*, raised a tremendous hubbub. They shook their fists in each other's faces, and brandished their daggers furiously.

"I'll smash your italic i's!" shouted *Dough-Face*.

"I'll batter your roman o's!" roared *Woolly-Head*.

"Come, come, gentlemen," cried the *London Punch*, who happened to be present, "do mind your p's and q's. This is not a printing-office. You can't make pi of each other now. There are no shooting-sticks here. 'Do let us have some c's,' as the empty case said to the full one."

And so we jogged on till I came to my journey's end. It was at an out-of-the-way post-office in the heart of the "Old Dominion." I was liberated from my confinement and laid upon a shelf, when I afterwards listened to the following conversation.

"Miss 'Neely done tole me to ax you for her Blue."

"Her what?"

"Her Blue."

"And what the deuce is a Blue?"

"Dunno, sir. 'Spect it's de little bag o' stuff what de 'oomens puts in de wash-tub, long o' de closes."

"I don't keep blue-bags, you fool. Your mistress must have told you to go to the store."

"No she didn't, master. Indeed and 'deed, and double 'deed, she done tole me to go to de pos'-office and tell Mars' Jenkins to give me her Blue. And de reason why she done tole me so 'ticular, is dat I nebber was sent to de pos'-office for nuffin afore. Dey alluz done sent Joe Sephus; but Joe Sephus he's done got de *mole-morbus*; and little Duky Wellington, he comes sometimes, but Duky Wellington done got toxicated for de small pox, so he couldn't come, nyther; and dat's how it comes dey ont me, and tole me not to forgit de Blue."

"Blue, Blue! What can the fellow mean? Tell Miss Cornelia I have no—but stay, perhaps—yes, it must be Ballou—B'l'ou—*Ballou's Pictorial*. There, boy, here's your B'l'ou."

"Dis? Dis Blue? Why, bless your soul,

Mars' Jenkins, dis aint no Blue—dis yer's white."

"That's it, I tell you. That's what Miss Cornelia wants. There—put it in your basket, and off with you. Don't you lose it, now—do you hear?"

"Nebber fear, master, dis chile's all safe."

And thus it was that I was transferred to the custody of a great, lary, lubberly, careless, hobbdehoy of a darkey, who spilled me in the middle of the road before he was half way home. Fortunately, it was a dry spot where I fell, so that my outside wrapper even was not soiled. I lay in this inglorious position for ten minutes, perhaps, when I was picked up by another negro, with a companion.

"What's dat ar?" cried Pompey, when he first saw me. "Dat's somebody's letter."

"Shoh! You is a fool, Pomp," replied Gusty Caesar; "dat ar aint no letter. What blunderbushes you onlarnt niggers does make of yourselves! Dat's a newspaper, I tell you."

"I know better. Dat ar aint no newspaper. Don't you see 'taint got no printin' on it?"

"Shoh! It aintly makes me sick to hear onlarnt niggers like you a talkin'. Dat's de antelope of de paper, what you see. De paper's on de inside. Stop—don't tar' it off. Let me read de subscription on de back of it, fust, and den I'll tell you who's de owner of it. Dat fust letter is a M, or else a W; and de nex one is a F, or a T, or a I, or else a J, or a—but dat don't make no difference; it's de las' name what we wants to know, and dat is—le' me see; it's S, n, e—S, n, doublee, Snee, z, e, r, zee, Snee-zer—yes, Sneezer; da's de ticket."

"O, go 'long, Gus; dat can't be it."

"But it is, I tell you. Dat's de bory identy-kill subscription. 'Taint nuffin else."

"Why, Gusty, you must be a fool. Sneezer? Dat aint nobody's name, 'les it's Gusty Sneezer, some kin to you."

"It mayn't be nobody's name nowhars 'bout here, but dat ar newspaper b'longs to Mr. Sneezer, and nobody else, and ef you can't find Mr. Sneezer, you aint obligated to gin it to nobody."

"Well, you ort to know, and I don't."

"I does know, ole boss. I's dis de boy what does—I is. Now let's take de antelope off'n it, and see what de paper's like."

"Golly, mighty! sakes alive! What pictures! Geeminy, crymeny! What a newspaper! Who's dat ar teller on de outside, wid de gray beard?"

"Let's see. Dar's de name, right under him. T, h, o, o, d, o, r, e, P, a—shoh! I knows him. I knows him like a book. It's *Theodore the Packer*. He libs ober de river, yander; and he packs 'bacca. I's seen him, many a many a time. He's a great fightin' man. He's de one what whipped big Ike Barber at de camp-meetin' las' summer. He's 'some' now, I tell you. Dis see what a wicked eye he's got."

"I done heerd Mars' Billy Underwood readin' in a newspaper 'bout a great big fightin' man—two of 'em, dere was. Dey done had a big battle 'way off yonder, in New York or Canada, or some udder o' dem ar seaports. Maybe dis is one of 'em."

"It were dis bery Theodore de Packer, sir, you may depend upon it. He done come from Canada, or Boston, or some udder one o' dem free States whar de niggers runs to. But I mus' bid you far'well, Pompey; I turns off here. What you gwine to do wid dat ar newspaper?"

"I's gwine to carry it home and gib it to little Miss Katie for to read."

"She's done got her ankle broke, haint she?"

"Yes. She's mighty fond o' readin', and lookin at pictures, too. Marster he's away most all de time, and she's turrible lonesome, pore little gal, layin dar all by her own self. I done heerd her say, dis berry mornin', how she would give anythin in de world if she on'y had a new book, or a nazazine, or sumfin to read."

"Well, I mus' go. Far'well, Pompey."

"Good by, Gusty Caesar."

Pompey plodded on till we came to a long, low farm-house, rather out of repair. As we entered the kitchen, I heard a feeble, childish voice, from an adjoining room, saying, "Is that you, papa?"

"No, taint your pa, Miss Katie, but he'll be here now, 'fore long, I 'spect."

"O, Pompey, I'm so tired lyin here on my back de whole day, from morning to night, and not seeing a soul but Juno and Minerva, and old Aunt Millicent. I've read every book I have, through and through again; and now

I'm reading de old almanac backwards, and to-morrow I'll have to do de spellin'-book de same way, I reckon. I think I shall die before long, out of pure weariness and being tired to death. O dear, it's mighty hard to bear!"

"You shall hab some'n better. An ole almanac to read to-morrow, Miss Katie."

"Why, what can I get, Pompey?"

"May-be you mought get a newspaper, miss."

"The *Jeffersonian Republican*, you mean. But dat don't come till Saturday, and den it's worth so little when it does come—all about Kansas, and Buchanan, and John Letcher, and de Resolutions of ninety something or oth-er. I would rather read de advertisements than dat stuff, if I didn't know dem by heart already."

"But I doesn't mean de *Republican*, Miss Katie. What I means is a sorter book newspaper, and eber so many leaves in it, and Theodore de Packer, de great fightin man, and a whole heap o' pictures."

"Why, what can you mean, Pompey? Have you found de old Fourth of July Brother Jonathan dat Cousin Wilbur has?"

"No, miss; 'taint no ole Brother Johnson, nor ole nuffin. It's bran new, and ha'n't nebber been all opened."

Poor little Katie was so much excited that she made an involuntary effort to rise, and gave her broken limb such a wrench that she was forced to utter a little shriek of pain; but it was all forgotten the next minute, when Pompey unfolded to her delighted gaze a fresh number of *Ballou's Pictorial*, No. 383, November 6, 1858.

Ye dwellers in labyrinths of brick and mortar, who breathe an atmosphere vibrating with the cries of news-boys, and have a vendor of periodicals for your next door neighbor, faint and imperfect must be your appreciation of this poor emmi-ridden little country girl, in her dilapidated insulation and newspaperless obscurity. To the imminent danger of her fractured limb, she clapped her hands and shouted aloud for joy, as column after column of happiness unrolled unrolled itself to her enraptured gaze.

"O, Pompey, Pompey! Whar did you get such a magnificent treasure! What a beautiful paper! What splendid pictures! Rev. Theodore Parker—it looks as if he was alive. He's an abolitionist, I think."

"O, no, Miss Katie—he's a fightin' man. Gusty Caesar knows him well."

"O, ther's Oliver Goldsmith! I know who he is. He wrote that beautiful book about de minister and his daughters, and Moses and all them. I remember it well."

"Cross your heart, Miss Katie, you must be mistaken, sartainly. Oliver Goldsmith can't write, nor read nyther. Uncle Oliver drives wagon for Captain Bowyer, down at de ole Spring Mills, whar—"

"Pooh, pooh! Pompey; you don't know what you are talking about. O, look what a funny man that is sitting on de top of a pole, and knittin a stocking, isn't he? And what queer-looking sticks he has tied to his legs! Did you ever see de like before, Pompey?"

"O, yes, Miss Katie; I done seed dem ar afore, on'y dey wa'n't tied on to de legs dat ar way. Dem's what dey calls stilts."

"Well, they are mighty funny, whatever they are. And what a splendid palace that is!"

"What's a pallas, Miss Katie, please?"

"It is a king's house, Pompey."

"Yah, yah, yah! I knows four Kings, and de pallas what dey lives in is about as big as our smoke-house. Dere's ole Jake King and his ole 'ooman, Molly King, and de two boys, Sam King and Bob King, and a goud-sized shote, what lives in de pallas long o' de Kings! Yah, yah!"

"This is a Prussian palace, and it is called Babelsburg. I wonder if it was named after de tower of Babel, where de tongues were confused."

"Golly, Miss Katie, I wish my ole ooman had a been dar, and done got her tongue 'fused. Den a pore feller mought a had some peace, may-be."

"And those men on de last page are Thugs."

"Why Miss Katie, dem's niggers, shore's you're born; and mighty ondecant ones, too, 'cays dey's mor'n half naked. Golly, ef I was dar oberseer, how I would luther dem naked hides! Yah, yah!"

"All these pictures, and den full of stories and things, besides. There's de 'Knights of de Iron Ring'—that's splendid, I know it is. But it is chapter 5. What a pity thut is! But



never mind. I mean to read what's there, and guess at the beginning and the end of it. The 'Flower-Girl of New Orleans.' I know that's pretty. 'Widow Muggs and her Daughter.' That is something funny; I'm sure of it. And there's 'The Nun and the C. u. i. r. a. s. s. i. e. r.—O, what a hard word! But the story doesn't look hard. No, indeed; I can read it easy enough. O, Pompey, what a good fellow you are to bring me such a treat. Where did you get it? Did you get it from Uncle Gusty? or where did you get it? I've asked two or three times, but I'm such a chatterbox that I don't give you time to answer."

"I done foun' it in de road, Miss Katie."  
"O, Pompey! Then it's not ours, after all, and we'll have to find the owner and give it to him."

The little girl was sorely disappointed, and began to cry, very quietly, but very bitterly.

"No, no, miss," maintained Pompey, with great confidence, "it don't b'long to nobody at all 'bout here. Gusty Cesar done read de subscription on de outside o' de antelope. It b'longs to Mr. Sneezer, and he don't live in dese parts."

"Sneezer! O, no, Pompey; it's a mistake. That can't have been the name, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed, it were, Miss Katie. Gusty kin read writin', and readin' too, like a book."  
"Well, it is not ours, Pompey, and you must find out the owner if you possibly can."

Pompey did not relish this order, by any means, and it is not likely that he took much trouble to execute it. He wouldn't have the little girl's bright eyes dimmed with tears for all the Sneezers in the world. He brought her a candle, and she went to work at once to devour my pages, fearing lest they should be taken from her very soon. But her father soon returned, and he made her put me away till the next morning. He seemed to be kind enough, but he had evidently but little sympathy with her in such matters.

Next morning Katie had me out as soon as she could see, and I was glad to be permitted to stay with her all day. Neither Mr. Sneezer nor any other claimant was found to trouble us. The poor child had been confined for weeks to her bed, and to one posture, and it was a great pleasure to me to have procured her one day's happiness, after such a weary waste of intolerably tiresome monotony.

When the doctor came, in the evening, he was honest enough to say that the "Ballou" had done her more good than all the medicine he had ever given her, and he strongly advised her father to subscribe for it at once, on her account. What the result was, I do not know, certainly, but I am afraid he did not, for he did not look as if he intended to do it, and as the doctor went out, I heard him say something about "Yankee catch-penny."

By the afternoon of the second day after my arrival, Katie had read every word of me, and much of it more than once; and as for the pictures, she had engraved them upon the tablet of her memory almost as deeply as the artist had cut them on the surface of the plates.

"Pompey," said she, that afternoon, "you have done me a very great kindness. I think I would have worried myself sick again if it had not been for this blessed paper. And now it is a great pleasure to me to lie here and think over all I have read. But I am done with the paper now, and I want it to do good to somebody else. You must take it over to Cousin Willie. He will be as much pleased with it as I was. And you must be sure to tell him how you got it, Pompey, and ask him to give it to the owner, if he can find him."

I was sorry to part with Katie. She was a very pretty and a very intelligent little girl—a lonely, motherless child, with much better behaviour than could reasonably have been expected under the circumstances. But I was now to leave her. She wrapped me up well, and made Pompey stow me away carefully in his safest pocket. In this manner I was carried off to Cousin Willie. Cousin Willie's mother was a poor widow, who lived in a very small white house, situated in a lonely little valley and by the side of a winding stream, shaded by numerous willows.

Though Willie was not confined to his bed, as Katie was, he was yet, perhaps, quite as extravagantly rejoiced to see me. This admiration, however, was principally directed to the pictures, and before I had been in his possession five min-

utes, he was wholly absorbed in an attempt to copy the engraving of the French peasant of the Landes, and his stilts and his dog. The boy's mind had evidently a strong natural artistic bias, and cuts of this sort were novelties which he was anxious to make the most of. After dark he worked away by the light of a miserable little tallow candle, till it was all gone.

"O, mother," sighed the little artist, "George Marston has a candle to burn every night, if he wants it. What a glorious thing it must be to have big tallow candles to burn whenever you choose! Do you think I will ever be that rich, mother?"

The poor widow smiled at her son's notions of wealth and glory, but it was a very sad smile. She was one who had "seen better days." Willie was quite as ravenous after pictures as Katie had been after reading. As soon as he could see the next morning, he was at his drawing again, and worked away all day so diligently that he hardly took time to eat. Late in the afternoon it began to grow cold (for there was no fire in the house), and Willie took me out of doors and seated himself upon a sunny bank, at some distance from the house, where he was much more comfortable.

"Hillo! What's all this?" said a deep-toned, manly voice, close to Willie's ear.

He started in great confusion, and attempted to rise, but a strong hand on his shoulder pressed him down into his seat again. A tall gentleman, with gold spectacles and a heavy black beard somewhat streaked with gray, had walked up behind him, and he was so entirely absorbed in his occupation as not to be aware of his approach till he felt the pressure on his shoulder.

"You don't seem to have your senses about you, youngster," continued he, somewhat roughly, still keeping Willie down with one hand, while he took hold of his drawing with the other and raised it to his eyes. Having scrutinized it attentively for some time, he turned to Willie and perused his face so intently that the boy at length hung down his head and blushed.

"Humph!" granted the stranger, and made another examination of the drawing, followed by another stare into Willie's eyes, and another "Humph!"

"How old are you?" he said at length.

"I will be ten years old in December," replied Willie, with a rather unsteady voice.

"Do you go to school?"

"No, sir."

"And why not?"

"Because mother can't afford to send me to a good school, and she can teach me herself more than I could learn at Mr. Sykes's."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whose palace that is you are drawing?"

"Yes, sir; it is the Prince of Prussia's."

"Do you mean the king's?"

"No, sir; he is the king's brother. But he may be king before long, for the king himself is very sickly."

"Yes, the brother is governing already, as regent. Do you know whom his son married?"

"Yes, sir. He married Queen Victoria's daughter."

"Do you have Ballou's Pictorial every week?"

"No, indeed, sir; I never saw such pictures before."

"And what would you give to have such a number as that, regularly, every week in the year?"

"O, sir, if I could have such a one every week, and learn to make such pictures as that, I would give—I would give—I, I have nothing to give, sir, but I would be willing to be painted black and sold for a slave, if I could learn to make such pictures as that, and that, and that!"

"Paint yourself black? That would be charcoal sketching with a vengeance. But we'll talk about that some other time. I want to see your mother."

In a state of great excitement, Willie took the stranger to his mother's cottage.

"How do you do, madam?" said he to a very ladylike person, of some thirty-five years of age. "Did you ever hear of a kind of a crazy fellow, called Compton, lately come to this neighborhood?"

"I have heard that a gentleman of that name has purchased the old Elmwood estate."

"Yes, and you have heard that he was crazy, too, only you are too polite to say so, for you have a strong suspicion that I am the very man."

And so I am; and if I have any claims to sanity, buying that old 'Rockrent Castle' is not one of 'em."

"Indeed, sir, I never thought that the buyer of Elmwood was—"

"Poh, poh! Madam, you know he's a fool, and so do I. You heard about changing the name and calling it Kansas, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't know but that there was a very good reason for the change of name."

"No reason at all but my whims. I've been a slave to 'em all my life. To be sure, the place hadn't an elm on it; and so, forsooth, I must go and call it Kansas. And why? Well, there's that purse-proud nincompoop that lives on the hill yonder; he told me at the court-house, that as his name was Webster, he was going to call his place Marshfield—Marshfield, and it on a mountain as dry as a chip. Well, you see, that provoked me to make a still bigger fool of myself, and so I tell him that his idea was not original, for I had christened my domain Kansas, because my name is Lee Compton, and that I had a young bloodhound called Border Rufian, and an old horse named Buchanan, and that I made him sweat every day for the sake of the Lee Compton constitution. The fellow stared at me with eyes like two full moons, and he tells everybody that it's dangerous to let me run at large. He told me yesterday that he was afraid of me, but I assured him that there was no danger, since I had it from the best authority that madmen never injured idiots. Do you know what my business is?"

"I have heard that you were a painter, sir, and that you had made a fortune at it."

"Yes, I'm a painter—not of houses; I never was anything half so useful; but of pictures and that sort of foolery. Now, madam, this son of yours is a genius. You may depend upon the fact, for I never flatter anybody—not even myself. I can teach the boy some things that will be useful to him. But he must go to school two or three years, at least. Do you rig him out and send him to Briar Hill Academy. It's only three quarters of a mile to walk, and they shan't charge him anything for tuition. I'll fix all that and lend him something to start with. He'll pay me when he gets to painting. He's bound to go through."

The painter threw a corpulent *porte-monnaie* upon the table, and walked away with colossal strides, whistling Yankee Doodle.

Nothing with an ink and paper heart could have been happier than I was at that moment, and I was not a little proud, too, for I felt very sure that nothing of all this would have happened if it had not been for the "B'l'ou."

On the Monday morning following, Willie started to school, taking me with him. Just as we reached the foot of the hill on which the Briar Hill Academy is situated, we were overtaken by a handsome young man on horseback, who reined up beside us, and said: "Can you tell me, my little man, if any one of your schoolfellows has found a number of a newspaper called Ballou's Pictorial. It is number 385, and dated November 6th. I will give any of you half a dollar for it."

"I have it here, sir," said Willie, eagerly; "but I don't want any money for it. It has done me more good already than a hundred half dollars could have done."

With this, Willie produced me from his coat-pocket, and was about to tell what I had been the means of doing for him, but the young man was too impatient or in too great a hurry to listen. He seemed greatly rejoiced, however, at the sight of me, and forced Willie to accept a gold pen, which was certainly worth more than fifty cents. He then rode quickly away, carrying me in his hand.

A rapid ride of twenty minutes or so brought us in sight of a large, fine-looking house, to which we obtained access by a gate opening into a beautiful grassy lawn, studded with fine old trees and a profusion of shrubbery. A glimpse of something white among the bushes caught the young gentleman's eye, and in a minute or two he was beside it, having in the meantime transferred me to his coat-pocket. What the white object was, may be gathered from the words spoken by the young horseman after he had dismounted.

"Dear Cornelia, I thank my stars that I have found you here, and alone."

"You are thankful to your stars for a very small favor, I think," said pretty Miss Nellie, laughingly.

"O, do not say so, dearest. You know very well what I mean. I have twice asked you a question, upon the reply to which the happiness of my whole future life depends, and twice have you avoided giving me a direct answer. Now, Cornelia, I must hear my doom. There is no possible excuse for putting me off any longer."

"You are very unfortunate in the choice of your time, Charley, in spite of your stars; for I am just as cross and crabbed as ever I can be. The mail failed altogether, Saturday night, and I haven't a single thing to read. And that makes me grieve more than ever about the loss of my Ballou. I have actually made myself sick thinking about it. I was so much interested in the 'Knights of the Iron Ring,' and now the whole story is spoiled, and the whole volume, in fact. It will hardly be worth binding at all."

"Well, Nellie, I mean to find that Ballou, if it is above ground. And what will you give me if I do? Will you answer my question?"

"Yes, indeed, I will, Charley."

"And will you answer yes?"  
The roses in Cornelia's cheeks became full-blown peonies, and her bright eyes sought the ground, while a soft, low, faltering, but undeniable and unmistakable "yes," blessed Charley's anxious ears.

I had been able to make out what was going on, all the time, for one of my eyes (one of the capital ones in the Pictorial) had been peeping out of Charley's pocket; but now, my whole person was liberated and held before the eyes of the delighted girl. And what do you think she did? She pressed me to her ripe, red, ruby lips, and covered me with kisses. Fact—in the honor of a Boston Pictorial. And what do you think Charley did? Why, the graceless scamp contrived to get into my place, lip foremost, so that she gave him three or four ardent kisses—mistaking him for me, of course. And then he clasped her in his arms, and then—why then, I heard a darkey, who was passing through the shrubbery, cry out, "Who dat ar a-crackin' a whip in dem bushes dar?" And then—I said "amen," and thus endeth this strictly veracious autobiography.

#### A LESSON ON TRUST IN GOD.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night—which was very stormy—while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

#### ON THE TABLE.

A funeral in Norway is a very simple affair. The creed of the country is Lutheran; and the mysterious and lugubrious pomps and ceremonies called into action by the rites of the Roman Catholic or the Greek Church are dispensed with. On the night following the decease, the corpse is "watched," in the principal room of the house inhabited by the deceased. The coffin is placed on the table (a custom common in the north of Europe; in Russia, to say a man is "on the table," is equivalent to saying that he is dead). Lighted sconces are placed upon it, and prayers are recited by a minister retained for the purpose; the sorrowing relatives and friends gathering round. A moderate repast of milk, soup, porridge, and trout from a neighboring fiord, is served in the course of the evening; but no attempt is made towards the "wakes," and funeral feasts—or rather orgies—that disgrace the funeral rites in some countries. On the following day, the coffin is borne to the church, the relatives following in procession, and is thence carried to the grave, and sprinkled with flowers; the clerk remaining to chant over the lonely couch.

#### BATHS.

Cleanliness is a virtue not sufficiently appreciated. It conduces to health, comfort and happiness,—whoever neglects it is not only careless of his own personal comfort, but is wickedly neglectful of his bodily health, and trifles with the good gifts of nature. The American people are generally too much engrossed in business cares,—too intent upon money-getting, to "lose time" in attending to the demands of their health, or comfort.—*Journal of Health.*





THE CITY OF CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

**THE CITY OF CANTERBURY, KENT, ENG.**

Our general view of the historical city of Canterbury, England, is taken from the Scotland hills, between Canterbury and the little town of Fordwich. The most conspicuous building in sight is the far-famed Cathedral. This structure carries us back to the days when kings entered the cell, and royalty dignified the cloisters—the times of Ethelbert, and of St. Augustine, of Anselm, Lanfranc of the "Agitator," Archbishop Thomas A'Becket, and of the humiliated and scourged Henry. Originating in a palace, this, with the adjoining buildings of St. Augustine, was converted into a cathedral and monastery, dedicated to the honor of our Saviour, whence came the cathedral name of Christ Church. For three hundred years little else was done, but its donations and gifts were numerous. It suffered from Danish plunderers, and also from fire, so that at the time of the conquest Lanfranc found it almost a ruin. This energetic prelate restored and rebuilt it, using therein fine Caen stone, and thus introducing stone in cathedral buildings as a substitute for timber, until his time the only material used. In the reigns of Henry I. and II. it again suffered from fires, and on its being repaired, a magnificent new choir was determined upon, which elaborate work occupied eight years, the carved and arched stone-work and exquisite pillars being the theme of high laudation by the antiquarians of the time. In 1220 a new shrine was erected in honor of the martyr St. Thomas A'Becket, murdered in December, 1170. Subsequently the cathedral was repaired, extend-

legible and clear. The north cross aisle is the scene of A'Becket's murder; here also Edward I. was wedded to Queen Margaret. The great south window is described as a "patchwork of ancient glass," but rich with religious light, and strikingly beautiful in its occasional quaint deformity. In the Chapel of the Holy Trinity are the tombs of the kings. In its centre stood the once glorious shrine, enclosing the martyr's golden coffin. The chapel, called "A'Becket's Crown," is an elegant edifice, containing the throne of gray marble on which the Lord Primate is enthroned. In St. Peter's and St. Paul's is the shrine of St. Anselm; while St. Andrew's Chapel contains the ancient charters, some of which date prior to the Conquest. In the north aisle will be seen two finely painted windows, while the crypt or undercroft is appropriated to the worship of the Walloon emigrants, the race of which is now nearly extinct. The city is situated in the eastern part of Kent, fifty-six miles from London, sixteen from Dover, and seven miles from the sea. It is built in a valley famous for its fertility, partly girdled in by wooded hills and verdant undulations, rich in every form of the picturesque, and from which spring several streams of water, chiefest of which is the river Stour, running in two distinct channels through the slumberous city. Its antiquity is undoubtedly great. It was called by the Britons *Durnern*, or *Durovernum*; by the Saxons *Cantuarabyrig*; and finally rendered into the old English *Canterbury*, a name which will be perpetuated by the pages of Chaucer, in his "Can-

terbury Pilgrims," to the end of time. Its origin is anterior to that of Rome. When the Romans possessed themselves of Britain, Canterbury became with them an important locality, and numerous fragments of Roman brickwork, mosaics, besides curious earthenware, and the like, testify to their labors in its enlargement and decoration. It was the metropolis of Kent at the time of the Saxons, and continued so until about the beginning of the sixth century, when Ethelbert gave St. Augustine a palace as a place of residence, which descended to his successors, the Archbishops of Canterbury. At the time when Stowe wrote his chronicles, it "exceeded London in buildings."

**THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.**

The city of Dublin, a pleasing general view of which we herewith present, is situated in the province of Leinster, and county of Dublin, on both sides of the river Liffey, on its entrance into Dublin Bay. It is the metropolis of Ireland, and one of the handsomest cities in the world. The city has been known by various names. The native Irish called it *Drom Choll-Coil*—that is, brow of hazel wood, from a grove of those trees growing in the neighborhood. But this name must have prevailed before it merited the character of a city. The other names since appropriated to it are all founded on the same reason. To this day the Irish call it *Ath Cliath*—that is, the ford of the hurdles; and *Bally Ath Cliath*—that is, a town on the ford of the hurdles; for before the river Liffey was embank-

ed by quays, people had access to it by means of hurdles laid on the low and marshy parts of the town adjoining the water. Ptolemy called it *Eblana*. On this a very plausible conjecture has been founded, to the effect that the word *Eblana* is a corruption of *Deblana*, which is very nearly a compound of two British or Celtic words—namely, *du*, black; and *chan*, water, or a channel of the water. Thus, *Dublin* would signify *black water*, or, by a very natural metonymy, *black channel*—the bed of the Liffey in this place having been boggy, and the water black. Richard I. of England, the "Lion-Heart," built a castle here in 1204, and made it the seat of his principal courts of law, and the residence of his vice-governor. The ancient capital of Ireland was Tara. This capital is of English unking. Dublin has the aspect of an English city. The private houses of the wealthy, as in England, are small, neat and plain; and the public buildings equally rich in pillars and ornaments, in rotundas, colonnades and portals. The quays, lighthouses, docks and patent slips, remind one of Liverpool. But we must place the reader, at once, near to the centre of Dublin, upon *Carlisle Bridge*. Perhaps from no single spot in the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north, and looks along a noble street, *Sackville Street*; midway is *Nelson's Pillar*, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero. Directly

opposite this is the Post Office, a modern structure, built in excellent taste. Beyond this is the *Lying in Hospital* and the *Rotunda*; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares with which Dublin is adorned. To the south, he sees within view the far-famed *Bank of Ireland*, and the University. To the west are the *Four Courts*, the *Courts of Law*, and the several bridges. To the east is the *Custom House*, a splendid though a "lonesome" building. Towering above all, and in view wherever the eye is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. All tourists have borne testimony to the beauty of Dublin City. There is hardly a street in the old part of the city that is not rich in historic lore. In *Upper Merrion Street* stands the house in which the Duke of Wellington first saw the light. Hid in a narrow part of *Grafton Street* (*Johnson's Court*), is the school in which the illustrious vanquisher of Napoleon received the early rudiments of education. The old dock and benches still exist as relics of the boyhood of the victor of *Assaye* and *Waterloo*. In *Rutland Square* is *Charlemont House*, the scene of many an important event in Irish politics. The ancient palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is now a police barrack. *Moir House*, on the quay, is now a *Mendicity Institution*. It was, also, in *Johnson Court* that *Moore's* father resided; and many neglected and now decayed lanes and courts, as well as more fashionable streets, are rich in traditions of *Wellington*, *Lord Mornington*, *Moore*, *Swift*, *Sheridan*, and many others.



THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

ed, enlarged and improved, numerous noble chapels being added thereto. The pilgrimages filled the roads with devotees, and the convent revenues derived an almost incredible source of gain from this pious practice. A jubilee was held every half-century, and persons of all classes, to the number of 100,000, made the place a second Mecca, and a centre of attraction to the whole world of the faithful. The last occurred in 1520 (time of Archbishop Warham), since when the advent of the Reformation destroyed all faith in the martyr. The interior of the noble cathedral yet contains numerous relics of its ancient splendor; the tombs of kings, prelates, martyrs, monks, divines and other illustrious personages, are gathered in ornate profusion within its walls, and pointed out to the curious. Among the relics and chapels left are *Arundel's Tower*; *St. Dunstan's*, or *Chicheley Steeple*; the *Virgin Mary's* (now the *Dean's*) *Chapel*; the *great Middle Tower*; the *Bell Harry Tower*, so called from a small bell of that name brought from France by Henry VIII. and presented to the *Angel Steeple*, which is 235 feet in height, and forms a most commanding object. The Puritans, in their iconoclastic zeal, destroyed many of the carved and ornamental beauties of the cathedral. Inscriptions were defaced, brasses removed, figures broken, and, in fact, though much has been restored and replaced, the evidences of their spoliation are yet



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HEARTS TO LET.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

All o'er the world are hearts to let,  
And we can see the sign hang out  
From eyes whose light has never yet  
Shone through the shadow of their doubt.

Yes, hearts to let, and years pass on,  
And still they watch and still they wait  
The tardy coming of the one  
That is, of all the world, their mate.

Hearts, hearts to let! O, see the sign  
Hang out of eyes that never rest,  
That have not felt the glow divine,  
Or bliss that lies in being blest.

And there are hearts upon this earth  
Already tempted and yet  
Trembling their gates of joy or mirth  
We know they still are hearts to let.

For tempted although they be,  
In error e'er the tempter lies,  
And they their sorrow sadly see,  
Or seek to put away their sin.

But there are hearts in this wide world,  
Where the true tempter crowns the life,  
Where the dark flag is never unfurled  
To token of the inner strife.

And all the hours of all the years,  
That come with joy they never forget,  
Are taken to them as they appear  
In proof they have no hearts to let.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Adventures on the Coast of Africa.

NUMBER 8.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

Outfitting the *Portuguese*—A frightful massacre.  
Captain of the *Wasp*—Return to Sierra Leone.  
Orders for home—A terrible gale—Safe arrival  
at Tuley.

GABOON is the name of a large native city, about forty miles south of the equinoctial line, claimed by the Portuguese government, and the residence of several Portuguese agents, who are generally, but secretly engaged in the slave trade, though their ostensible business is the purchase of native articles of commercial value, on behalf of their employers. The coast to the northward and southward of the city is densely populated, covered with native villages—and indented by numerous creeks and river mouths—well known haunts of slavers. It is about two hundred miles distant from the harbor of St. Thomas's Island. Thither we proceeded with the *Alert*, and on the evening of the second day came to an anchor in Gaboon Bay.

A Portuguese semi-official custom house boat put off to the schooner, containing three swarthy, heavy whiskered and moustached, beetle-browed fellows, each attired in a mongrel uniform, which appeared as if it had been carelessly selected from a heap of the cast-off habiliments of the naval and military uniforms of all nations. They were challenged by the sentry at the schooner's gangway.

"Who comes there?" cried he, bringing his musket to a semi-charge.

"Portuguese. Vat ship dat?" Me go come aboard," was the response.

"Keep your distance," shouted the sentry, in a tone which caused the four naked darkies who pulled the oars to back water involuntarily. "A shore boat alongside," said he, touching his cap to the officer of the deck.

"Let them come aboard, sentry," and by permission of the marine, the three men who had been seated in the stern-sheets stepped on the schooner's deck.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the officer, "what corn-field have these scarecrows escaped from?" as he cast his eyes towards the gangway, where stood, *chapeaus* on, three diminutive individuals, who looked like Brobdignian monkeys, dressed up to follow the fortunes of an Italian organ-grinder.

These individuals were bowing, and gesticulating, and jabbering in Portuguese.

"No parley francais me," said the gunner, who happened to have charge of the deck at that moment. "Me speake capitano," addressing the Portuguese, and falling into the vulgar error of Mrs. Phornish—that foreigners can understand broken English, who possess no knowledge of the correct language.

The captain came on deck, and was addressed by the leader of the party in Portuguese.

"Don't understand a word of that lingo," said the captain. "Parlez vous Francois?"

"No, senhor."

"Neither do I," said the captain, "so we're even, my lads. But what do you want?"

The chief of the party now spoke in tolerably comprehensible, though exceedingly cracked English.

"Me commandante of dat man of war under de land," pointing towards a dilapidated-looking, small topsail schooner, which we had imagined to be a coast-trader, but which we now perceived had hoisted to her gaff and the "stately ensign of Braganza."

"Do you call that cock-boat a man-of-war?" said the captain. "Well?"

"I come for make inquire what for you visite de bay of Gaboon?"

"Deuce take your impudence!" muttered the captain, laughing. Then addressing the *soi-disant* naval commander, he said: "Can't you see this is a British vessel of war? We enter what harbor on the coast we please, without choosing to give our reasons."

"Senhor, nobilissimo, no have salute de fort," said the Portuguese.

"Salute a fiddlestick!" said the captain. "Do you suppose I am going to waste her majesty's gunpowder by firing a salute to that heap of cracked mud that you call a fort?"

Our visitors were evidently much troubled at our visit; but finding that nothing was to be gained by pomposity, they moderated their tone, and strove to explain that they had come on board the schooner led by mere civility, and asked of what service they could be. Did *senhor capitano* want wood, water? Anything they could supply him with? They would be very glad indeed to expedite the departure of such a *senhor grandissimo*.

"No doubt of that, my lads," muttered the captain, "but *senhor capitano* is in no hurry. He will remain here for a few days and rest his crew."

Somewhat maliciously, he explained this to the Portuguese, who, he could perceive, had some reasons of their own—reasons, the purport of which he could readily conjecture—to get rid of the schooner's presence in the harbor as soon as possible.

The visitors looked somewhat crestfallen, but dared make no remonstrance; so accepting an invitation to take a glass of wine and some bread and cheese in the cabin, they returned to the deck, grinned and bowed, and took their departure, having gained nothing by their visit.

In bad faith, and in total disregard of a treaty, the Portuguese and Spanish governments were in the habit of illegally hoisting their flags on any portion of the coast not occupied by Europeans, and there, in an underhanded manner, allowing their subjects to carry on a slave traffic to any extent, unmolested by them, although they had partially agreed with other European powers to do their utmost to suppress the traffic, so long as the governments were liberally bribed to wink at anything of the kind that was going forward. By such means, no inconsiderable revenue accrued to the crowns of Spain and Portugal.

We had received information that at least three vessels, supposed to be engaged in the slave trade, were somewhere off this portion of the coast, and we had no doubt that our Portuguese visitors knew more about these vessels than they chose to explain.

We lay in the Bay of Gaboon for five days, keeping our boats well manned, and cruising up and down, within a distance of twenty miles north and south of Gaboon, in a manner blockading every creek, and the mouth of every river within that distance on the line of coast, greatly to the annoyance of the Portuguese semi-officials of Gaboon, who evidently grew more uneasy every day, proving this uneasiness by the awkward attempts they made to conceal it.

On the fifth day we were joined by the *Active*, and the *Wasp*, brig, both from St. Thomas, and then we proceeded to more extended operations. We were almost certain that we had the three slavers under our thumbs; that all three lay concealed in some of the creeks or rivers, perfectly blockaded, and unable to attempt their escape.

Various were the measures taken to throw us off the scent. Information that we knew to be false was brought by native chiefs, sent by the Portuguese, to the effect that slavers abounded in every harbor north and south; but always beyond our line of blockade.

Our Portuguese friends expressed their astonishment at the *senhores capitães* Ingleses lying

supinely in port, or cruising off that narrow line of coast, while the prospect of such rich booty awaited them elsewhere. The *senhores Ingleses* were usually so eager to effect captures, and laughed in our sleeves at all such remarks, and maintained a strict watch on board the vessels, until we had our plans fully arranged.

We then extended our line of blockade, the *Active* sailing to the northward of Gaboon twenty miles, and the *Wasp* to the like distance southward; so that we kept close watch over forty miles of coast. Each vessel kept four boats well manned and armed sailing along the line, close in shore, guarding the entrance of every creek and river, while the vessels cruised in the offing, at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land. It was impossible for the smallest canoe to make its appearance without being seen and intercepted, as a constant communication was maintained by the boats between each cruiser.

We were afraid to despatch a large force up any one of the rivers, as we must have thereby weakened our line of blockade, and we knew not whereabouts the slavers lay, or whether they were altogether or separate. Still days and weeks passed by, and not a canoe was to be seen. It was wearisome; but all we could do, unless we possessed more decisive information, was to starve out the slavers. They could not by any possibility lay more than five or six weeks thus blockaded, without running short of provisions, and thus being unable to take on board the slaves that were waiting to be shipped, in the calaboozes on shore.

At length we despatched a cutter, under the command of one of the lieutenants of the *Wasp*, to Majumba, where we had a native chief in our pay, who was supposed by the traders to be bound to them heart and soul. We thought he might possibly know something respecting the movements of the suspected vessels.

At the end of four days the cutter returned; the lieutenant had seen the chief, who had informed him that three large slave schooners were on the coast, somewhere in the vicinity of Gaboon, but he knew not where; but there was a large collection of slaves in confinement in a range of calaboozes, some distance up a river, about two leagues north of Gaboon. The African chief had described the landmarks at the entrance of the river so minutely, that we thought we should have no difficulty in fixing upon the spot. Indeed the lieutenant thought he recognized it immediately from the description. The chief did not know whether any of the slavers were there, but he thought they were not; the river was shallow, and it would be necessary for them to lay off the river's mouth, and send boats up to bring the negroes on board.

A council was held on board the *Active*, and we came to the determination to break up the slave market at all events, without relaxing the strictness of our blockade.

The *Alert* left Gaboon Bay, and "lay to" off the mouth of the river in question, while four of the largest boats, under the command of the captain of the *Wasp*, and the three first lieutenants of the squadron, each boat containing thirty men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, and each boat also carrying a four pound brass carronade, was despatched up the river to the calaboozes, the other vessels and the remaining eight boats keeping watch on the line of coast as before.

The boats sailed up the river—a distance of eight miles—when they discovered a native village, wherein were, as the commander of the expedition expected, the calaboozes, or slave prisons, he was in search of. It was night when the boats reached the spot, as the captain believed, without having been noticed by the natives, or by the slavers. The boats were made secure for the night at a short distance from the main stream, up a creek, where they and the crews were effectually screened from observation by a forest of rushes, and three men from each boat went on shore to reconnoitre, taking a circuitous route to the village, that they might reach it unperceived.

Towards midnight the men who remained behind in the boats saw the glare from several huge fires reflected in the sky, and the shouts of the natives, and the sound of native flutes and tom-toms, though the village was four miles distant, were distinctly heard. It was evident that some great negro festivity was being held in the village.

Midnight passed; the clamor of the natives and the brilliancy of the reflection of the fires increased, still their companions had not returned.

However, at the expiration of another hour, footsteps were heard rapidly approaching, and the captain of the *Wasp* appeared, followed by six of his party. He called to the other officers to come on shore.

"Could we manage to carry one of the carronades to the village?" he asked. "I should like to have two of them there."

"They are very heavy," said one of the lieutenants. "We could not carry two; but it is possible, perhaps, to carry one, by taking a large force from the boats, so that the men may relieve each other."

"Take everybody from the boats, except one man in each to remain as boat-keepers," said the captain, hurriedly and excitedly. "By all the saints, I never could have credited such diabolicalism as is going forward, unless I had witnessed it. Let all the men but four leave the boats, and bring with them their arms and all the ammunition we have. Make haste, gentlemen, we have a long way to go. We may, perhaps, save some of the poor devils. At all events we'll wreak revenge upon their tormentors."

Six men shouldered the heavy four-pound carronade, and the entire force, a hundred in number, each man armed with pistol and cutlass, formed in line, and following the captain, started on their march to the village.

The march was an arduous one, over the marshy level, through thicket and forest, over hillocks covered with prickly shrubs; but the captain urged and encouraged them on. Every few minutes the men who carried the carronade were relieved by their companions. As they approached the village, the glare of the fires reflected a light brighter than that of day. Whole trees were being consumed, and the flames leaped up high in the air, as if they would reach to the sky above. The roar of the crazy multitude, drunk with quass, created a din loud as the shout of a triumphant army, and confused as the voices of the multitude at the tower of Babel—when God commanded that each should address his neighbor in an unknown tongue.

The captain, in an excited manner, had related to the lieutenants during the march the particulars of the scene he had witnessed, which had induced him to marshal his powerful force of seamen and lead them against the savages. The villagers, he said, were dancing, naked, round the huge fires; some more desperate than others rushing through the flames, in the madness of intoxication. Men and women, joined hand in hand, were singing and yelling at the top of their voices; then separating and brandishing knives dripping with blood, and urging forward aged and sickly slaves of both sexes, whose limbs were pinioned together, into the flames, tossing young children after them, or carrying them in procession transfixed on the points of spears, writhing in agony in mid air. Some were fastened to trees, and were burning to death in the midst of a slow fire kindled at their feet. Others were flying as fast as they could—coupled by the wrists in pairs—before male and female furies, who, daubed with paint, and looking like demons from the infernal regions, were pursuing the fugitives, inflicting cruel blows, and cutting deep gashes upon their bodies, till wild and giddy with pain they stumbled and fell, when they were carried to the nearest fire and cast alive into the flames!

Now the party of sailors drew near. The work of devilish cruelty was still progressing. There seemed to be no limit to the number of the victims of this terrible massacre; but most of them were old men and women, or infant children; though occasionally, as if to give zest to the fiend-like entertainment, a younger and more athletic person was brought to the torment. The blood of the seamen boiled in their veins. Right or wrong, just or unjust, they thought only of vengeance. Their breath came short and thick; they were choking with excitement.

"Plant the carronade here, on this mound," said the captain, in a low voice, smothered with rage. "Load it quick! To the muzzle, my lads! to the muzzle! Grape and cannister. Ram it down well. So—well done. Now point it right at that group. We shall hit the victims as well as their tormentors; but heed not that. The poor creatures had better die by grapeshot than by fire. Now, is all ready? Wait a moment till the mass closes. Now—let them have it point blank."

A fizz from the touchhole of the carronade—a jet of red flame from the muzzle—a loud, sharp report, above which was heard the rush of metal flying through the air with resistless force; and



than a yell of agony, compared with which, the shouts of the savages, and the din of their unceasing music, was as the sighing of a gentle breeze to the rush and roar of a hurricane. Hundreds of naked savages had been standing crowded together in the space of a few yards; the sudden rain from the cannonade had swept through their midst, spreading wide as it flew through the air, and killing or wounding nearly every one of them.

Now, men, draw your cutlasses. Rush in upon them in a body and fire your pistols. We'll not spare one of the devils to see the morning light."

Filled with fury, the men obeyed the order, cutting down ruthlessly every one whom they came across, and snapping their pistols right and left at each group that congregated in the course of their flight. The savages knew not who were their assailants, and believed that their gods were wreaking vengeance upon them. Two or three hundred were lying dead or mortally wounded on the blood stained and scorched sward, when the fury of the assailants was in some degree satiated, and they stopped the pursuit and sought to investigate the cause of the horrid cruelties, which they had avenged in a manner scarcely less cruel.

It was as the captain had surmised. The cruisers had kept so strict a blockade on the coast that it had been found impossible for the slavers to take on board the negroes—some fourteen hundred in number—that were cooped up in the slave pens ready for embarkation. Food had been short, until almost a famine had ensued. The head men of the village, which contained several hundreds of inhabitants, had taken the rice and grain of the villagers, until they and their families felt the pangs of hunger, to keep alive the slaves, reduced by starvation to skeletons. Still the slave dealers came not to purchase them, and at length all the sickly, the feeble, the aged, and the very youthful were given over to the infuriated villagers to be massacred, and thus placed beyond the necessity of earthly provision. Rendered mad with native fermented drinks, and by the sight of blood, the scene of fiendish cruelty that had maddened the officers and seamen of the cruisers was thus brought about.

The villagers who had escaped the bullets from cannonade and pistols, and the gashes from the cutlasses of the sailors, threw themselves on the ground before their conquerors and cried for mercy. Only fifty-four out of nearly five hundred had escaped unscathed from the sudden and merciless attack. One hundred and fifty had departed this life, their spirits gone to join the spirits of the victims whom they had but a short hour before tortured to death. It was a fearful scene of retribution. It was no more than they deserved; but had the captain of the Wasp any right to be the avenger? It is a question difficult to answer.

The boat's crews visited the slave pens. Upwards of three hundred of the slaves had perished by fire and torture. Eleven hundred still remained. These were left in the pens in charge of a strong party of seamen, and the visitors returned to the boats and sailed down the river to their several ships.

A few days after this exciting event, the three slavers, unable longer to remain in their hiding-places for want of provisions, endeavored to force the blockade. They appeared all together one morning beneath a lofty headland, a few miles to the northward of the river on whose banks the massacre had taken place. The first cutter of the Active was the first to sight them. The previously arranged signals ran through the line. The boats' crews were ordered on board, and the three cruisers gave chase. The Wasp, which was at a distance of several leagues from the land, to windward, bore down upon the slavers, and compelled them to change their course and ran into the very mouths of their pursuers, or fight their way through. They determined on the latter course, hoping to disable the Wasp before her consorts came up to her assistance. The contest was severe. The Wasp was partially dismasted, for the slavers aimed at the spars and rigging, and two of the schooners were disabled. They surrendered on the approach of the Alert and Active; but one of the slavers, whose masts and rigging were still intact, managed by crowding all sail to effect her escape. The two vessels were confiscated and sold for the benefit of their joint captors.

The slaves we had left in the pens up the river were so numerous, that it was found necessary to charter a coast-trader to carry them to

Sierra Leone—an officer from the Active having been put on board the trader as supercargo and government agent. The squadron conveyed the trader to Sierra Leone, where the slaves were landed.

On the arrival of the Alert in the harbor, we found, to the great joy of most of the officers and crew, that an order had arrived from the admiralty for the return of the vessel to England; and in a fortnight from the day of our arrival we had taken leave of our comrades on the station, and of our friends in Freetown, and were sailing out of the harbor—homeward bound.

We had been a little more than two years on the station; had lost forty-seven men out of our original crew of one hundred and thirty; had captured and assisted in the capture of thirty-four prizes; and each man on board had made a fair share of prize money. But we had seen on the whole quite enough of the coast of Africa, and were eager to get home again.

Our passage home was unmarked by any incident worth recording, until we arrived off Cape Finisterre, when we were overtaken by one of the most terrific gales of wind I ever witnessed. For three days we "hove to" under bare poles, it being impossible to show a rag of canvass. A merchant brig in company, and not more than a mile distant from us at the commencement of the gale, could only be seen when she mounted high above us on the summit of a wave. We saw her thus as darkness closed in on the second night of the tempest. In the morning she was not to be seen. She had foundered during the night, with all on board!

We hourly expected to share her fate. Both topmasts, with the yards and sails, went overboard during the first night of the gale. During the day we unlash the guns and throw them out of the port-holes. The weather bulwarks were washed away by the sea, which made a clean breach over the schooner from stem to stern. Everything movable was washed into the sea. The decks were bare as a barn floor. We had not a boat of any description remaining.

Towards daylight on the morning of the third day, a heavy sea threw us on our beam-ends. We thought we were lost, for we had no means of righting the vessel. The men were lashed for security to the iron stanchions of the quarter-deck, which still stood. Eighteen hands had already been washed overboard. Our only safety consisted in cutting away the stumps of the fore and mainmasts; and to attempt this was almost certain death to those who cast themselves loose from the lashings to accomplish the purpose. The first lieutenant seized an axe, and the carpenter and two of the crew loosened the ropes which bound them to the railing, and crept along outside the weather beam. Each moment we expected to see them swept away, but they reached the fore and main rigging in safety. Half a dozen blows against the shrouds, stretched to their utmost tension, and the task was accomplished. The shrouds parted with a report like that of a cannon, the masts creaked once, twice, and snapped short off, "by the board." To our great joy the vessel slowly righted, and we breathed freely again.

Darkness set in on the third night. No one spoke, but every one thought—so they afterwards acknowledged—that the schooner could not live through the night. No one expected to see the day break again. But Providence spared us to see our homes once more. The sun rose on the morning of the fourth day bright and clear. The clouds had rolled away, the wind had changed to the westward, but it blew as fiercely as ever. Still the sea was more regular, and the swell was longer. The ship was so much steadier that with great difficulty we succeeded in rigging jury masts and spars, and ventured to put the vessel before the wind. We had drifted during the southerly gale to the northward of Cape Ortegal, and had the wide bosom of the Bay of Biscay before us. We had abundance of sea-room.

The schooner behaved tolerably well under her jury masts, but she rolled tremendously, dipping the rail under water at each lurch; and as the starboard bulwarks were entirely carried away, the sea had free play, and swept over the deck with resistless force. In less than half an hour our larboard railing began to give way. In half an hour more not a vestige of it remained. Our only safety now, to guard ourselves from being washed overboard, was in clinging to the ropes passed round the iron stanchions of the quarter-deck railing. All hands were ordered aft, and each man secured himself the best way he could.

For four days it had been impossible to light a fire. We had lived upon biscuit and raw ham. Now it was a matter of the utmost difficulty and danger to procure even this. Many preferred to endure the pangs of the sharpest hunger and thirst, sooner than loose their hold, and risk the chance of being swept into the sea, without hope of regaining again the shattered schooner.

Four days' rapid run before the wind across the Bay of Biscay, in a northeasterly direction, must, we were well aware, have carried us near the mouth of St. George's Channel. The gale still continued; indeed, had rather increased in force. We were afraid to hear the cry, "Land ho!" every moment, and of being cast ashore upon the French coast, or on some one of the rocky islands in the chops of the channel. Eight days had elapsed since the sun had appeared, save for a few moments on the fourth morning. It was impossible to take an observation, and ascertain exactly our position. We were obliged to trust to dead reckoning, and by our dead reckoning we had already entered the channel. However, at the hour of sunset on the eighth day of the gale, the storm moderated, and we hove the schooner to the wind till daylight. We had been afraid to attempt this during the tempest, as she had strained so much that we feared she would spring a leak, beyond the power of the pumps to keep under control.

The ninth day, Sunday, was delightful throughout. It was indeed to us, in our wet and weary condition, a Sabbath of rest. At noon the captain and others took observations of the sun. We had indeed entered the chops of the channel during the gale, and it seemed almost miraculous that we had not struck a rock or run ashore on the French coast, which we found we were dangerously near. We "wore ship," and stood across the channel, and at midnight saw the Lizard light. Soon after we were boarded by a pilot. He expressed astonishment at our having weathered the gale in our crippled condition. The gale had blown furiously along the coast, and already there were reports of the total wreck of one hundred and forty-three vessels! At eight o'clock the following morning we cast anchor in the roads, off Torbay. During the day the schooner was ordered into the dock for examination and repair. The ship's crew received their pay, and an order upon the admiralty for their prize-money, and I bade farewell to the shipmates who had been my only companions for more than two years, went ashore, took passage in the stage for Southampton, and in the course of a few hours found once more a welcome from my relatives and friends at home.

#### AN ARCTIC VOYAGER.

A charming young lady was kind enough to give me the particulars of her pet dove, who is a great Arctic voyager. This tender bird has been twice to the North Pole, and spent the summers of 1853-54 there on board Captain Inglefield's ship the "Plover." She then remained with Captain Inglefield in the "Sidon," in the Black Sea. Not only is this dove a great traveller, but she is a fighting dove as well, for she was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and her cage was knocked to pieces by a shot. Her only other adventure was making herself ill by eating some strange berries, but she recovered after the administration of an emetic. This bird has picked up wisdom in her travels, and now considers herself a veteran bird, and entitled to take liberties. When a stranger comes into the room, she flies, as often as she can get out of her cage, on to his head, or on to the nearest corner of the table or floor; then she stands at his feet, and commences the funniest succession of jerks and bows, cooing loudly and hoarsely all the time. A few weeks after she came home from the North Pole, an officer of the ship happening to call upon her mistress, she manifested the utmost impatience to get out of the cage even when she only heard his voice, but the moment she saw him she flew direct into the breast of his coat, where she had been accustomed to nestle in the homeward voyage. She was scarcely ever in her cage on board ship, as she was too tame to fly away. Captain Inglefield took a large quantity of wheat and barley-seed and gravel with him on each voyage, as the dove's provision.—*Buckland.*

#### EFFECTS OF PEDESTRIAN EXERCISE.

A celebrated English physician says that pedestrian exercise particularly exhausts the spine and the brain, and is, therefore, the kind of exercise less suited to intellectually hard-working men. And it is on this account that horseback exercise is the medicine it is—the horse having the fatigue and the rider the exercise. To sufficiently jar the liver and other internal organs, for some convalescents, the legs and loins must be overworked. The thorough shake-up which is got in the saddle is without effort, or with the effort of only such muscles as can best afford it; and the student rider comes back with physical forces all refreshed, besides the exhilaration of movement for the spirits and the change of mind.

#### THE WONDERS OF THE GULF STREAM.

The general characteristics of the Gulf Stream, apart from any question as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the northeast, in a line almost parallel to the American coast, touching on the southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles, and finally losing itself, by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay on the British shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow,—the only change being that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates.

The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Hudson, which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about four miles an hour, off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks it is further reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still twenty-five or thirty degrees above that of the ocean through which it flows.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

#### A NOBLE WOMAN.

After reading so much about woman's silly fondness for dress, her heartlessness and inutility to the marriage vow, it does us good to relate a case wherein the true-hearted, noble minded woman appears with all the beauty of youth and fragrance of nobility hanging about her.

A short time ago, as a train of cars was approaching the suspension bridge, near Niagara, the conductor found a young man who could not pay his fare. The poor fellow was evidently in the last stage of consumption, and emaciated to skeleton proportions. He sat by himself, and his eyes were red as though he had been weeping; but the laws of the company could not be transgressed, and he must leave the train. Not a person moved or spoke as the conductor led him from his seat, all shivering with the cold; but just as he reached the door, a beautiful girl arose from her seat, and with bright, sparkling eyes demanded the amount charged for the poor invalid. The conductor said eight dollars, whereupon the young and noble girl took that from her purse, and kindly led the sick youth back to his seat. The action put to shame several men who had witnessed it, and they offered to "pay half," but the whole-souled woman indignantly refused their assistance. When the train arrived at Albany, the young protectress gave the invalid enough money to keep him over night in that city, and sent him to his friends the next morning. Two-thirds of the women of the world would suffer by a comparison with her. The man who gets that noble girl for a wife will be a subject of admissible envy.—*New York Tribune.*

#### AN UNHAPPY FAMILY.

Conversing with the proprietor of the "Happy Family," which stands on Waterloo Bridge, I was informed that this exhibition has been in his family upwards of thirty years, and that his mode of socializing the animals was simply by placing young ones in the cage in lieu of those who died. The magpie was the patriarch of the cage; he had had this bird five years hopping about and chattering. The next to the magpie was the starling; he had been in the cage two years. He left all the creatures in the cage together regularly every night—owls, rats, rabbits, jackdaws, dogs, etc.—but he was obliged always to take the monkey out, and put him in a different place; he was so very mischievous, and kept all the other animals awake, teasing them when they were asleep.—*Pineland.*

#### ONE DOLLAR. 40 WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- ✓ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- ✓ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- ✓ Ten pages of fine engravings, original and humorous illustrations accompany each number.
- ✓ Over twenty hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprincipled price of one dollar!
- ✓ It is just such a work as no father, brother or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- ✓ In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- ✓ It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has over twenty years' experience in the Boston press.
- ✓ Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- ✓ Each number contains original articles from more than thirty regular contributors.
- ✓ Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 150,000 copies!
- ✓ Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- ✓ Five copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



**LA PETITE ANGELINA  
AND MISS C. THOMPSON,  
AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.**

The accompanying picture representing those pretty and graceful children, La Petite Angelina and Miss C. Thompson, at the Boston Museum, dancing a double horn-pipe, one of their pleasing performances, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer. With the frequenters of the Museum these little girls are great favorites. They are the best juvenile dancers we have seen for many a day, and have a graceful style peculiarly their own. There are many things which children are taught to do for the amusement of the public that we dislike to witness. We abhor juvenile delineations of Shakespeare—we hate to see infants tottling along a tight-rope, or carried at full speed on the head of an equestrian as he rushes round the ring standing on two horses. We know what must be the fluttering of those poor little hearts beneath their spangled tunics, and we wish them at home and in bed. But dancing seems so natural, so fitting an expression of the exuberant spirits and activity of children, that such a performance as those of the children depicted on this page, is entirely unobjectionable. In presenting these young artists, Mr. Kimball has evinced that unerring tact which always hits exactly the popular taste, and which has given the command of complete success in all that he has undertaken for the amusement of the public. It is our impression that the annals of no similar establishment can exhibit so long a period of uninterrupted success as the Boston Museum. Its doors are always thronged, and the exhibition-room is often overflowing. There is no obb to the tide of Mr. Kimball's success.

**EVENING SCENE, SKATING PARK.**

The accompanying highly effective picture was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and represents a scene, the fidelity of which thousands of our readers will attest, for skating in the park on the agricultural fair grounds, has been one of the most popular amusements of the present season. The scene, at all times animated, becomes particularly so at night, when the blaze of the tall light throws a glare over the whole field of ice, and brings into strong bold relief the hundreds of swift-moving figures on the polished area. The enthusiasm for skating this year has amounted to a mania. No age has been exempt from the contagion. We have heard of old

ladies who, to illustrate the truth of the maxim, "tis never too late to learn," have commenced skating at the age of sixty-five. As for the number of old gentlemen of that age who have been seen flying over the ice at a two-forty gait, it is too great to mention. Who knows but in these sports the old have found that fountain of youth which poor Ponce de Leon died without discovering? Who knows but, with the help of skates, jolly old boys of eighty may be able to snap their fingers at parish registers? Exercise may set at defiance rheumatism and podagra, and "put a fever (a healthy one) in the blood of age." Of course when young Hopful, the spendthrift, presented his miserly old Uncle Skinfint, whose heir he is, with a pair of Dutch rockers the other day, the gift was a purely disinterested one, the intention being to provide a means of exercise which might prolong the old gentleman's life to the patriarchal age of a hundred. Of course, no one who knows the parties will accuse young Hopful of entertaining any idea of his uncle's breaking his neck. But whatever were his expectations, they were disappointed, for Skinfint sold the skates and pocketed the money. Talking of skating, the Transcript tells a story of a little girl who was crying her eyes out because her old grandmother had borrowed her skates!

**DOUGLAS JERROLD AT HOME.**

It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heath and yellow gorse. Gipseys are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from his master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipseys know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk, some toast, bacon, water cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of

If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf and go nibbling it and thinking down the sidewalks. In again and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine, are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is cast aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree. —*Life of Douglas Jerrold.*

news energetically read aloud, then cut and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study. This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespeare. A bit of Shakespeare's mulberry tree lies upon the mantelpiece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day," and "Distraint for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama called "The Rent Day." Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here, too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet. Work begins.



LA PETITE ANGELINA AND MISS C. THOMPSON, AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.



EVENING SCENE AT THE SKATING PARK, BOSTON.





SAMBRO' LIGHT, HALIFAX HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

**SAMBRO' LIGHT, HALIFAX HARBOR.**

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn. The city of Halifax is one of the most important of Canadian cities, the capital of Nova Scotia, and occupies a commanding position on Chebucto Bay. The harbor is one of the best in America—the whole navy of Great Britain might ride in it in safety. It is in latitude  $44^{\circ} 40' N$ , and longitude  $63^{\circ} 40' W$  from Greenwich. Its length from north to south is about 16 miles, and it terminates in a beautiful sheet of water, called Bedford Basin, within which there are ten miles of good anchorage. The harbor is well fortified, and has an excellent dock-yard. This has a high wall on the side towards the town, and contains very commodious buildings, for the residence of the officers and their servants, besides, stores, warehouses and workshops. The harbor opposite the town is more than a mile wide. About a mile above the upper end of the town it narrows to one fourth of a mile, and then expands into Bedford Basin, before mentioned, which is completely land-locked. On an island about two miles in circumference, and about half a mile from the city, stand a fort and Martello Tower, which protect the entrance to the harbor. Our view represents Sambro' Light as seen from an outside point, with one of the Cunard steamships under full headway. The summit of the hill on which Halifax stands is 256 feet above the level of the sea. Halifax was first settled by a colony, under the command of Hon. Edward Cornwallis, in 1749. In 1790 it contained 4000 inhabitants; the present population is 30,000. The province building is an elegant edifice, and many other public buildings are substantial structures, though the city cannot be said to be distinguished by its architecture. Yet, seen from the sea, the general effect of the mass of buildings is fine. Halifax is the principal naval station for the North American colonies. It has extensive steam communication with various parts of North America and the West Indies, and, as the port at which the Cunard mail steamers touch on their voyages to and from Europe, and as the terminus of the great railway from Quebec to the Atlantic, it bids fair some day to become a place of great commercial importance. The streets of Halifax are spacious, and cross each other at right angles. Many of the houses are of wood, plastered and stuccoed, and many also are handsomely built of stone.

**MASONIC TEMPLE, TREMONT STREET.**

The accompanying view of the Masonic Temple, on Tremont Street, one of the landmarks of Boston, was drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, and is a faithful representation. This building was completed in 1832. It is 90-1-3 feet in length, 60 feet in width, and 52 feet in height. The towers upon the front corners are 90 feet in height from the ground. This building having been sold to the federal government, will henceforth be a U. S. court-house, and mechanics are now busily at work remodeling the whole interior. The exterior alone will remain as it was when built. Prior to the erection of the Masonic Temple, the space between St. Paul's Church and the corner of West Street was a large garden set out with elm trees, lilac hedges, tulips, trees, catalpas, etc. This was the site of a public house, and of the Washington Garden Amphitheatre, long a favorite place of resort. Here was established the first gymnasium opened in Boston, under the auspices of the learned and accomplished Dr. Follen. It was a very complete establishment. In the centre rose a tall mast for climbing, with stays reaching to the corners of the garden—and there were wooden horses, parallel bars, swings, horizontal masts, and all the appliances of the best gymnastic schools. At that time, about thirty-two years ago, there was as great a mania for gymnastics as there is now for skating. Old and young entered with spirit into these athletic exercises. Gray-bearded seniors might be seen climbing the slippery mast, and doctors of divinity swinging head down from the parallel bars. But the fever, which furnished plenty of material for the wags of the day, for the sharp hits of Buckingham and Johnston, subsided, the ground was sold for building lots, the trees and the apparatus disappeared, and the scene was totally changed from its rural and suburban character, and became a compact block of residences.

**SHAKESPEARE AND HIS ORTHODOXY.**

The biographers of the immortal bard have been numerous, but very few of them have said anything of his religious character; and many, perhaps, may feel surprised that one of our brethren in Maine has proposed to deliver a lecture on the passages of Scripture illustrated by Shakspeare. The poet is usually thought of as being entirely careless of religion, or as simply resting for eternal happiness on his morality in the latter years of his life. But there are two or three facts which may tend to raise our estimation of the bard on this matter. We lay here

but little stress on his beautiful reference to Palestine in his tragedy of Henry IV.

"Those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were called  
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

But there are two facts which go far to encourage our hope as to his real Christianity.

It will be remembered that he entirely abandoned the stage, and left London in 1610, and retired to Stratford-on-Avon, his native place, where he died in 1616. During this period it would seem that he and his family attended his parish church, where the Rev. Richard Byfield, an eminent puritan minister, and father of the distinguished commentator on the Epistle to the Colossians, commenced his lengthened ministry in 1596. Richard Byfield was a faithful and energetic minister of Christ, and we hope, both from his character, and from the fact of Shakspeare being his constant hearer, that some degree of Christian sympathy existed between them.

But there is another still more hopeful circumstance. Shakspeare's will was written some two months before his decease, in April, 1615, and is remarkable for its Protestant and evangelical character. He says, "First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made." I am disposed, now that the pen is in my hand, to refer to a tradition in reference to the funeral sermon delivered for Shakspeare by the minister of the church he attended; and I do this the more readily as I am not sure it has been printed. A very old lady, who was a native of that neighborhood, told me fifty years ago that she learned from her grandmother, who heard the sermon, that the congregation in attendance on that occasion was very large and very serious in their feelings; that the preacher was very animated and eloquent, and that after describing the intellectual character of Shakspeare at great length, and having avowed his opinion that no man since the days of the apostle Paul had possessed so profound an acquaintance with all the diversified forms of human nature, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Would to God he had been a divine!" A wish in which he will yet have the sympathy of many.—*Christian Watchman and Reflector.*



MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON, JUST PURCHASED FOR A U. S. COURT HOUSE.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE PLAY OF OUR UNION, together ..... \$3.50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REITER.—It is of the utmost importance to classify, if possible, the mental labor of the day, so that the most severe studies, and those which require the most thought and attention, should be limited to the earliest part of it, leaving the evening for lighter and more refreshing occupations. We strongly recommend the trial of this plan.

Mrs. F. M., New Orleans, La.—Mary Russell Mitford, the English authoress, was born in 1787.

M. C.—We are afraid you will have to wait until Mr. Charles Luman has accomplished the gentle task he has undertaken. This gentleman proposes to compile a Dictionary of Congress from the earliest times until the present. It is to contain sketches of the successive sessions of Congress, of the different administrations, and of the presidential elections, all of which will be described more in biographic than in historical form. There will be not less than between four and five thousand names thus noticed.

R. D.—Of the 16,440,000 European subjects of the sultan of Turkey 10,435,709 are Christians, and 6,004,291 Mahometans.

ARRIST.—Christian Rauch, the sculptor, died at Dresden, Dec. 3, 1867, at the age of eighty. His most noted works are his monument to Albert Dürer at Nuremberg, and the monument to Frederick the Great at Berlin. He has been called the "Prussian Phidias."

"ANNICUS"—The governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, treasurer, and attorney general of Minnesota are elected by the people for two years, the auditor for three years.

STATISTICS.—The Russian mission, now at Peking, has made known the result of the last census taken by the order of the emperor of China. The present population is said by this document, to amount to four hundred and fifteen millions, (that of Peking being about one million nine hundred and forty-eight thousand one hundred and fifteen.)

J. H. Y.—Please send the twenty-six numbers of volume nine Pictorial by mail. The pay will be forwarded to you on their receipt.

M. S.—There was a hussar company in this city many years ago, before our time. The uniform was emerald green trimmed with gold. We believe each member was required to own his horse.

JURIS S.—Make a comb out of your mother—the best advice in all such delicate affairs. We respectfully decline giving advice.

## "MAKE HASTE SLOWLY."

This golden precept, which was first enunciated centuries ago, is as sound to day as when it was first uttered, and its application is as needful and important to ourselves as to the people to whom it was addressed. Frantic haste is the besetting evil of Americans and of the present generation. We make haste to be rich; we make haste to arrive at a journey's end; we make haste to acquire knowledge; in all the avenues of trade, commerce, manufactures, travel, study, in everything we do, we hurry along at a headlong rate. Yet the gardener knows that those trees which grow most rapidly are the soonest to decay; that the brilliant flower which blooms a few weeks from seed time perishes at the first breath of autumn; while the sturdy oak, slow in growth and development, defies the storms of centuries. Even sporting men have a maxim, "it is not the distance that kills, it's the pace." Would this truth were recognized in the management of the human race, as well as in the training of animals.

Admirable as are our provisions for education, it must be admitted that the forcing system is far too generally adopted. We undertake to teach the young too much—we overwork their brains. Physicians conscientiously tell us this, but their eloquent warnings uttered from time to time fall on heedless ears. The public at large admires the brilliant precocities of schools and universities, without counting what they cost or come to. How many of the distinguished graduates of our colleges, the recipients of academic laurels, live to fulfil the expectations inspired by their early career? It is almost proverbial that they are either short-lived, or, in mature life, are outstripped by men who made no figure at all in their college career. It is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. But do not let our readers understand by these remarks that we undervalue education or scholarship. By no means. Only, we would not crowd into a few years the studies which should be expanded over many. We understand by education the gradual development of the mind, a never ending course of intellectual training, and that, too, parallel with thorough physical training.

The most prolific authors are those who make but moderate calls upon their minds. Sir Walter Scott thought that five or six hours a day was the limit to which literary labor could be extended without injury to the brain. In the after part of his life, under the pressure of pecuniary necessity, he far exceeded this limit, and the consequence was that his fine mind and his health

suddenly gave way. Hugh Miller also overworked himself. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who is the author of sixty volumes, tells us that he never worked more than three hours a day, and these included his study as well as his writing. Washington Irving, the Nestor of American literature, is able to delight the world by his pen, though he has passed the allotted limit of man's life, because he is an "easy-goer," labors a limited number of hours daily, and never continues his toil after he perceives symptoms of fatigue. Steady, continuous labor, pursued day after day and year after year, produces extraordinary results. Let us allow thirty years of literary productiveness to an author, and three hundred working days in a year. A man can easily write, without over-working himself, five printed pages a day. For a term of thirty years this would yield a product of 45,000 pages, or more than one hundred volumes of 400 pages each.

We have spoken of authorship—only one form of intellectual labor, but the same truths apply to other pursuits. We work with a ferocious energy in hope of enjoying rest at some future time. But even if total repose were desirable or attainable in this world of unrest, where employment seems to be the condition of content, the capacity of enjoyment is gone when the over-worked toiler reaches the limit he has set to labor. The remainder of his existence must be devoted to patching up his invalid frame, and prolonging an existence from which the sunlight has departed. On the other hand, the man who has but moderately taxed his brain, finds a pleasure in the well-balanced exercise of his intellectual and physical faculties to the last day of a prolonged existence. Let us then be as moderate in our labors as in our pleasures, sure that to "make haste slowly" is the safest way of accomplishing a long and profitable journey.

## PRINCE NAPOLEON.

It may not be uninteresting at the present moment to give an outline of the life of Napoleon, now united to the Princess Clotilda of the house of Savoy. Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte was born on the 9th of September, 1822, at Trieste, and is the second son of the ex-king Jerome and of the Princess Frederick of Wurtemberg. He was residing at Rome with his grandmother Mme. Letitia Bonaparte when the insurrection of the Romagna, in which two of his cousins were compromised, obliged him in 1831 to emigrate to Florence; in 1835 he left for Switzerland, remained for two years in a school at Geneva, and in 1837 entered the military school of Louisbourg (Wurtemberg). His education being completed (1840), he refused to bear arms for any country except France, and the late Louis Philippe allowed him to return temporarily to France with his father (1847.)

On the day of the fall of the dynasty of July, Prince Napoleon hastened to the Hotel de Ville (24th of February), and two days after he wrote a letter, which has since been published, in which he offered his services to the provisional government, declaring that the "duty of all good citizens was to rally round the republic." He united himself in a more explicit manner to the republican principle in his profession of faith to the electors of Corsica, as candidate for the assembly. Being elected by 39,229 votes, he at first sided in the constituent assembly with the moderate republicans, and generally voted with the right for the proportional tax, two chambers, the institution of the presidency, the Italian expedition, the proposition for the maintenance of capital punishment, etc., and voted with the minority against the banishment of the Orleans family. On the 10th of February, 1849, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, but was recalled a short time after for having quitted his post without authorization, and was replaced by M. de Bourgoing. This act of severity made him a stronger partisan in the democratic opposition, and during the sitting of the legislative assembly, where he still represented Corsica, he sat on the benches of the left, and supported several of their propositions until the year 1851. At that period he more frequently abstained from joining in the stormy discussions which took place at the close of the assembly, and soon after the *coup d'état* withdrew into private life. This retirement, however, was not of long duration.

At the end of the year 1853, at the restoration of the empire, Prince Napoleon was eventually called forward as an hereditary descendant (18th Dec.), and in virtue of the senatus consultum of the 23d, he assumed the title of French Prince

and had by right a place in the senate and in the council of state. At the same period he received the insignia of grand cross of the legion of honor, and, although he had not yet served in the army, the rank of general of division. When war was declared against Russia, he requested permission to share the perils of the army. He embarked at Marseilles on the 10th of April, and commanded a division of infantry of reserve at the battles of Alma and Inkerman. A short time after, the weakness of his health, and perhaps also the publication of the pamphlet printed at Brussels, and containing too free an opinion of the plan of campaign adopted in the Crimea, caused him to be recalled to France, where a mission more in conformity with his enlightened tastes awaited him. Being named president of the imperial commission of the universal exhibition of 1855, he fulfilled this post with an active zeal and a firm will, which were duly appreciated by the foreign juries and all the exhibitors. Since the birth of a direct heir to the imperial crown, he has remained more aloof from public affairs. In 1857 he undertook a long voyage of discovery in the North Seas, an account of which was published by M. Charles Edmond.

Prince Napoleon has lately been placed at the head of the newly-formed ministry for Algeria and the colonies (24th of June, 1858). He is now dedicating his attention to the material welfare of the colony. Its agriculture, its railways, its industrial interests, are all under consideration; and there is every reason to believe that Algeria will lose the military character of its colonization, and become a source of great wealth to the French nation.

RUSSIA.—A students' riot at Moscow has created some excitement there and at St. Petersburg. Some young men were arrested for hissing a professor; three hundred of their friends left the university in consequence; the emperor interfered in the matter and his minister recommended the students to return to the college, giving them eight days for reflection. They accepted the proposition, and the affair was soon pushed up as only a schoolboy's riot and not an affair of state.

A COUSIN OF HIGHLAND MARY.—A correspondent of the Ayr Express says that there is now living in Stewarton a matron named Shields, who is a cousin of Burns's Highland Mary, whom she characterizes as having been "an unco' bonnie lass," and the poet as having "a great deal o' rough an' ready sense. Mrs. Shields has attained her 101st year. Her mother died a centenarian, and neither of them was ever three miles from Stewarton!

VERY LIKELY.—An English paper says that if the Great Eastern steamship is successful in point of speed the government will buy her and order more. "A few more left of the same sort!" Yes—but John Bull must be richer than he is to buy Great Easterns by the gross.

"COME, COME WITH THE GIPSEY BRIDE!"—The Cleveland Plaindealer tells of a youth who went gipsying in a gipsy encampment in Ohio, and carried away a beautiful Bohemian maiden about sixteen years old. The zingari are tracking him.

A CUBAN NOVELIST.—Don Teodoro Guerrero, of Havana, is about to publish a novel under the curious title "Personal History of Six Beautiful Women." It will be introduced to the public by the Spanish Minister at Washington.

THE MORMONS.—It is said now that these rascals are not subdued, and that they succeed in preventing the execution of the laws. We really wish they had shown fight, and given Uncle Sam's boys an opportunity of wiping them out.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The new Academy of Music for Brooklyn, N. Y., for which \$95,000 have already been subscribed, is to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the City Hall, probably on Montague Street.

IMITATING NATURE.—We are often told to imitate nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

QUITE A NEW ONE.—Why is a chimney-sweep like a lucky player at whist?—Because he has the *suit* (soot) in his own hands.

## THE OVERFLOWS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

At the recent agricultural convention, held at Washington, the subject of applying meteorological observations to avert the disasters caused by the overflow of the Lower Mississippi, was discussed at some length. It is already known that the heavy rains and spring thaws which cause the mighty freshets on that river, occur at the headwaters of the river some six weeks before the freshets take place below. Now, if these changes could be promptly noted at the time, by means of rain-gauges and water measurements, and the news thereof transmitted by telegraph to the prominent places on the lower part of the river, the time when the freshet would occur below might be known twenty, thirty, or even forty days in advance. This foreknowledge would enable the persons interested to adopt suitable measures to guard against the damages caused by these freshets; such as removing property from exposed situations, building, strengthening and repairing dykes and levees, and performing other effective work which requires many days of hard labor. By these timely precautions, millions of valuable property might be preserved from the ravages of the flood. A very little experience would enable observers at Memphis, New Orleans, or any other point on the river, to calculate with precision the height of the water on any given day, when possessed of the facts as to the condition of the headwaters of the tributaries at a specified previous period. In this way, with sufficient data as to the quantity of rain and the rapidity of the thaw upon the upper streams, and the height of the river at intermediate points, all of the same day, the exact day, and almost the hour could be ascertained, when a flood would take place below. There are already some three hundred stations on this continent, mostly in the United States, where meteorological observations are regularly made, and the results transmitted to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; and many of these may be made available at once for the important purpose suggested. Already, therefore, much good may be done; but greatly more, when the extension of the telegraphic wires throughout the interior of the continent shall render it practicable largely to multiply these stations for observation.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND ITALY.—The Turin correspondent of the London Times says: In discussing the Italian question as it now stands, it were folly to lose sight of the fact that for the Emperor Napoleon it is quite as much a personal as a political one. This is admitted by his own friends and adherents. Unless something can be done to content in some degree the Italians, and especially the Romans—something to alleviate their present condition and give them hopes of further improvement on some future day, he lives in constant apprehension of assassination by an Italian hand.

GENERAL HOUTON.—The old hero of San Jacinto has announced that he shall never engage in public life again after this or from this date. His whole life has been a perfect romance and crowned with adventure. If he wishes occupation for his leisure, we would advise him to write out his autobiography. We heard him deliver an address in this city a dozen years ago, and were much impressed with his elegant oratory.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—This favorite of the Bostonians has been coining money by her engagements in California, and has now taken the management of American Theatre, San Francisco. What a mania actors and actresses have for managing!—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a fatal mania.

A MERE TRIFLE.—The direct tax for 1859, as adopted by the New York Board of Aldermen, amounts to \$10,652 745 40. Why didn't some benevolent alderman make an amendment to strike out the forty cents? It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—The British man-of-war, on board of which Francis Key, then a prisoner, wrote this patriotic song, is now permanently moored in the harbor of Hong Kong, as a receiving vessel.

MISS AVONIA JONES.—This talented young American tragedienne has gone to California, accompanied by her mother. May she reap a golden harvest there!



## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Every now and then a story starts on the rounds, to the effect that the shrewd and unscrupulous emperor of France is insane, or on his last legs. One of the latest French gossipers writes: "One thing is evident, the Emperor Napoleon III. is, historically speaking, *DEAD*; his moral power, his prestige of influence, is gone. The galvanized corpse which now gibbers and crows at the Tuileries may be convulsed for a moment, and suddenly stretch out its poor paralyzed arms to grasp that which is beyond its reach, creating a momentary alarm by upsetting everything between them and the object which it covets; but the power to have or hold, to make or destroy, is gone; and Emile Girardin is right when he exclaims, as he stands upon his own hearth before the fire in the saloon of his hotel in Champs Elysees,—"Look no longer to the Tuileries; the Emperor is not there. The real Emperor of France is Prince Napoleon—and the Palais Royal is the real imperial palace," and the listeners, who catch his words and repeat them abroad, are right also, when they answer not the speech, but look at each other with significant approval, and not together as they disperse in groups to canvass the matter with coolness, and provide against the surprise which must assail the rest of the world when the changes anticipated by that long head and predicted by that sharp tongue, shall have occurred."

## BURNS AT THE PLOUGH.

On the last page of the present number we have placed a bold and spirited engraving, representing the peasant-poet Burns, seated by his plough, writing down in a fit of inspiration his address to the daisy. The likeness of the bard is made up from the most authentic portraits, and is therefore worthy of being carefully preserved by all admirers of his genius. What a fame is his! Wherever the sweet lowland tongue in which his strains are written is understood, every human heart beats responsive to his. Many poets, since Burns, have been the idols of the day, whose names are now utterly forgotten, but his songs will live with the race to which he belonged. His immortality is a conclusive proof of the old saying, that the poet is born, not made. Schools and academies and universities may make polished writers, but they cannot impart the Promethean fire which alone confers immortality. And we learn from Burns the lesson, that genius itself must derive its inspirations from its immediate surroundings and experiences. Burns was intensely national, and Scotland is now as often spoken of as the land of Burns as by any other qualification. What brighter fame can a man win than to be associated forever with "his own, his native land?"

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!"—The new uniform of the marines is rather loud and stunning. The coat is a dark blue frock, double-breasted, trimmed with scarlet, and ornamented with gold lace; the pants are light blue, with a scarlet cord; the cap of the new style, of silk, with a leather top; and the sword is of the army pattern.

RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.—Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, lately visited St. Petersburg at the invitation of the czar. Mr. Rarey wins the good opinion of society just as he does the affections of horses, by those nicely softened attributes which constitute the gentleman of nature.

LOOK IN AND SEE.—Mayo & Cox, at No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block, nearly opposite the Rovers House, have one of the handsomest confectionery and ice cream saloons in this or any other city. It is a curiosity worth seeing to look in upon their elegant establishment.

ARTISTS' RECEPTIONS.—The artists' receptions in this city and New York are aiding the cause of art immensely. This bringing society into contact with pictures and sculptures and their authors is a grand idea, and worthy of the fullest development.

WAR IN EUROPE.—Paris and London gossipers say that the European war will break out on the 1st of April. People always make fools of themselves on that day. Look out for the 1st of April!

CURRAN'S NEPHEW.—Mr. William Curran, son of Laurence, the brother of John Philip Curran, the great Irish orator, is now an inmate in a poorhouse in Kanturk.

## THE VILLAS OF FLORENCE.

Artists and literary men have a great passion for locating themselves in and about Florence. Mario, the singer, has a splendid villa on the slope of Fiesole. Taglioni, the great poetess of motion, also owns, or did own, a Florentine villa, where, in earlier days, her "light fantastic toe" found rest at intervals among poetic hills. And there are villas all about here sacred each to some genius of ancient or modern times. Old Landor—Savage in temper as in name—is now sheltering his gray hairs from the just retribution of his late calumnies, in the villa long occupied by his family on the hillside of Fiesole. Aforetime he was driven from this nest for contempt of court, having, on entering before the seat of justice, shaking a bag of Tuscan dollars, exclaimed in very intelligible Italian, "These will secure my case, as I understand that opinions are bought here." The whole bench immediately withdrew, and the next day he received his walking papers, and has not since been seen in Florence till now. It was from a window of his villa here that he threw out an offending servant—crushing in the act of violence his favorite plant, which consequence (not the bruised servant) called forth the exclamation, "There—I knew I should do it some day!" "What! killed the servant at last?" screamed his wife. "No, no! not that, but killed my *cannib* with his fall!"

## PLAYING WITH WILD BEASTS.

A few weeks ago, a Miss Noble, while attempting to pat a tiger in a cage behind the scenes of the circus at Philadelphia, was shockingly mutilated by him. This is not the first accident of the kind which has happened upon the same spot. Several years ago, when a menagerie was located in this building, says the Bulletin, a huge elephant became enraged and he killed one man and injured others before he could be subdued. The fury of the animal was such that it was feared that he would tear down the building and make his way into the street where the consequences might have been frightful. So great was the alarm that a field-piece was brought to the front of the building in readiness to fire upon the animal in case of his escaping. Dr. E. K. Kane was among those who brought the elephant to terms finally.

FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE.—Consumptives, and those troubled with Coughs, Colds, etc., will consult their own interest by trying the virtues of this medicine. Being extremely volatile in its nature, it acts, in the true way of treating the above complaints, by infusing its vapors directly upon the lungs and air passages. Within a few weeks several cases of great benefit derived from its use have come to our knowledge, and we commend it to the suffering. The Pabulum Vite is advertised at length in our columns, to which the reader is referred.

A NEW REASON FOR DIVORCE.—An elderly woman went to a Cincinnati Justice recently to inquire the best method of divorcing her daughter from a man to whom the parents objected as an unfitting person. The reason of the mother's desire to have the twain divided was that the husband had promised her a new dress when he married the daughter, and, on the consummation of the event, had withheld the gift.

THE GERMAN PRESS.—The leading journals of Germany are exceedingly violent in attacks on the French government, urging the necessity of a perfect understanding between Prussia, Austria, and the German States.

A STRIKING FACT.—The number of applicants for admission to the Asylum for Inebriates, at Binghampton, N. Y., is 2800, and of these 400 are women. The asylum can only accommodate 300 patients.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.—This queer dress is still worn by some of the strong-minded in remote rural districts. In the great cities you can't find a solitary bloomer.

A COINCIDENCE.—Henry Hallam, the eminent English historian and critic, died on the 22d of January—six days before the death of Prescott.

Piccolomini ought to send BALLOU'S PICTORIAL a check for \$500.—Boston Post.

We shouldn't object, not we.

## Mayside Gatherings.

The planters of Alabama are turning their attention to raising pork.

The city of Louisville has purchased another steam fire engine for \$9500.

Five thousand of the seven thousand teachers in Massachusetts are females.

The paid fire department of Baltimore went into operation a few days since.

During the present century 250,000 patents for inventions have been granted in England.

A New York letter says there are on deposit, in the Savings Banks of that city, nearly thirty-seven millions of dollars.

There is said to be splendid skating on Lake Erie at Buffalo. There are miles upon miles of clear, pellucid ice, smooth as glass.

Robert Comperly, at one time the wealthiest merchant in Nashville, Tenn., died in Memphis lately, in the lock up, from intemperance.

At the quarterly examination at West Point Academy, fourteen of the new cadets failed to stand the fire of the examination, and were sent home.

Dr. Thomas Johnson, a distinguished physician of Richmond, Va., who was considered one of the first anatomists of the age, died there lately.

The Baltimore papers are talking of a new opera house for that city. The Holiday Street Theatre and adjoining property will probably be used for that purpose.

Tuscany, with a population not much greater than that of Virginia, has a standing army as large as that of the United States, or something like eighteen thousand men.

The Chinese pretend to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch. When it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one.

A correspondent of the Honolulu Advertiser says it is believed that the Hawaiian nation is fast diminishing in numbers, and tending, as far as the natives are concerned, to extinction.

The Kansas City Journal of Commerce says that both bituminous and cannel coal have been discovered in large quantities within eight miles of that city, in the bluffs of the Kansas River.

The New York Tribune says that a new fire-arm—Colt's pistol fitted to a stock so as to be used as a carbine on foot, in case of necessity—has been adopted for mounted regiments of the U. S. Army.

Peal's famous painting, the "Court of Death," has been purchased by a western speculator for \$20,000. He intends to have it engraved, and the engravings colored, and one hundred thousand copies sold at one dollar each.

A western paper speaking of a person who is lecturing in order to get means to obtain an education, an exchange says there are other professional lecturers who should devote the proceeds of their lectures to a similar purpose.

The Washington States publishes a letter from a German, now 84 years old, who, it says, is perhaps "the only individual living in either hemisphere who enjoyed the pleasure of the table, seated on the right hand of Washington."

The Macdonough property in the First District of New Orleans, belonging to that city, was recently sold at auction for \$290,000, or \$60,000 more than its estimated value when the property was divided between New Orleans and Baltimore.

The Baltimore Price Current furnishes a table of the cotton factories in Maryland, showing the daily consumption of raw cotton to be nearly fifty thousand pounds, of the value of over six thousand dollars—operating 67,500 spindles and 1731 looms.

The Steuben Courier says that a school commissioner recently required a class of young gentlemen to pledge themselves "not to attend evening parties, nor go home with the girls after dark," before he would grant them the requisite certificates as teachers.

Mrs. Gaskell, in "Lady Ludlow," describes Rev. Mr. Mountford, an Episcopal minister, as "a clergyman who had such a dread of damp, close air, that he left directions to the executors of his will to have the family vault well aired before his coffin was placed in it."

The notorious Marchioness de Brinvilliers, when she was ascending the scaffold, turned to her friend, and said that she was afraid she had forgotten to mention in her confession that she had poisoned her father. It was a trifling omission which she wished to have rectified.

John Percy sued the Albany Evening Journal for the moderate sum of \$1,300,000, for alleged libels; the jury failed to see the point of the joke, and told Mr. Percy he must not only do without the dimes, but pay the costs of prosecution. A good lesson for litigious individuals.

The number of distinct species of insects already known and described, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue, most of which may be seen in the collection of the British Museum.

The number of Indians within the limits of the United States is three hundred and fifty thousand. More than three hundred and ninety treaties have been ratified with the Indians since the adoption of the constitution, by which the government has acquired five hundred and eighty-one million one hundred and sixty three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight acres of land.

## Sands of Gold.

... It is better to look round on prosperity than back on glory.—Lewis Cass.

... Against all chances men are ever merry, but heaviness foretells the good event.—Shakespeare.

... It is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

... The true empire of genius, its sovereign sway, must be at home and over the hearts of kindred men.—Edmund Frielt.

... Let none of us cherish or invoke the spirit of religious fanaticism: the ally would be quite as pestilent as the enemy.—Robert Walsh.

... In the effort to please, there is involved a subtle flattery that is all the more acceptable from its sincerity never being suspected.—Bacon.

... Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear within us.—Bacon.

... We pay our friends a high compliment, and one that is seldom unappreciated, when we exert ourselves beyond common to please them.—Bacon.

... There is nothing, however good in itself, which may not be converted into "stuff" by making a jumble of it, and interpolating trash.—Robert Walsh.

... Some men envelop themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence, that the tongue will afford as no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are foolish, but foolish if they are wise.—Colton.

... How good and beautiful would it be, if our tastes, impulses and inclinations were so pure that we might live freely and naturally, as the birds or the flowers, trusting without misgiving to our spontaneous sympathies and movements!—Gerrish.

... There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory—and this is the pursuit of virtue.—Lemon.

... Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—Jean Paul Richter.

## Joker's Budget.

A boot-jack, like a sore finger, has to be healed.

The man who shot time on the wing has renewed his age.

Can knocking a man down with a loaf of bread strictly be called smiting him with the "staff of life?"

A man complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

The man who heard a call from the "voice of glory," waited for the echo. It was "gory," so he resolved to stay at home.

Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to sea (sea) sickness.

A New Orleans editor speaks of the pen of the editor of another paper, as racy and trenchant, and added with well digested thought.

Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because their lips are disposed to meet yours half-way.

An eccentric genius of Mississippi, in view of the failure of the Atlantic cable, suggests that the company make a trout line of it, and go into the fishing business.

A writer on etiquette observes: "When you are seated next to a lady, you should be only polite during the first course; gallant in the second; but you must not be tender till the dessert."

A man came very near dying in California, in consequence of drinking a glass of cold water and putting on a clean pair of stockings—an experiment which he had not tried for a number of years before.

We should really like to know how far off some of the newspapers will finally get. Every little while they announce in capitals, "Further from California," "Further from Europe," and so on. Where will they bring up?

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the 1st thus as his text. "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question. "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "O, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE FLOATING TOMB.\*

A LEAF FROM A SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It was the morning after the wreck of the good ship *Queen Anne*, and of all her crew and passengers, more than one hundred and fifty, all told, we three desolate, forlorn, miserable men were all that remained. I well remember the scene, as well as the time. It was somewhere on the western coast of Africa, near the latitude of *Ascension Island*, and a more bare, sandy and dreary spot, I have never in all my wanderings placed my eyes upon. The country must have been uninhabited for many miles inland, for as far as the eye could reach, no sign of human life or habitation could be seen; nothing but the flat, dead level of sand, diversified here and there by a straggling clump of parched vegetation, or a stunted tree, which seemed trying in vain to flourish in the hostile soil and climate.

"There's the old *Queen Anne*, or all that's left of her," Watson remarked. We looked in the direction which his finger indicated, and our eyes rested upon the broken skeleton of the wreck, as it rested upon a rocky ledge, half a mile away. The beach upon which we stood was strewn with timbers and spars, while scarcely twenty feet from us lay the bodies of two of our late companions, which, with the fragments of the wreck, had been driven hither by the waves.

The story of our fearful position is briefly told. We were seamen of the *Queen Anne*, and twenty-four hours before, that vessel was steadily ploughing her way toward the Cape of Good Hope. Just at night a terrible gale had overtaken us, and driven helpless before it, the ship soon struck upon the ledge where her timbers were now parting. By some chance we three had been cast ashore with little injury, while all those who had lately been our companions, had met almost instantly with a watery grave.

"Well, here we are," Flanders muttered, after he had taken a careful survey of the prospect, "and we may be sure there's nothing very consoling in our situation. What d'ye think, Watson?"

"That it's an amazing sight better than that of the rest of the old ship's family."

"I'm not sure of that. What do you think, you Bill Sampson?"

"That we are a great deal better off than we might be," I replied.

"Humph! I imagine you've never been wrecked as many times as I have. Now, my lads, let me tell you my view of our affairs. You see that we're in a desperate fix, or if you don't I do, and very clearly. Well, then, what's to be done? Speak out, and let me hear your minds."

"Strike through the country, and try to find some native village," Watson suggested.

"Yes, that's about as sensible advice as I expected from you," Flanders retorted, with a sneer. "Do you know, my lad, what part of the world you're in? Do you know that so far as our saving ourselves by the mainland is concerned, we might as well have been cast upon the shores of the Great Desert? We might travel eastward for twenty leagues, ay, and fifty, for that matter, and our bones would bleach in the sand before we could find enough to sustain our miserable lives with, even for one day. I tell you, I've been wrecked in these regions before, and I know just what our situation is. And besides, should we happen to meet any of the natives, what kind of a reception do you think they would give us? I shouldn't blame them if they ate us alive, for I don't believe there's anything else in the whole country that they can eat."

Flanders laughed long and loud at his wit, and almost for the first time, I saw him lose the harsh bitterness of speech and manner which had become a part of his nature. He was a strange man, and none knew his disposition better than myself. He was an able seaman, and had been the best man on board our ship; but among our whole crew, he had never had a friend. Some disappointment in life had ruined his spirit and turned all the human kindness he may have ever possessed, to bitter gall.

"What do you propose?" Watson asked.

"The matter stands in about this way," Flanders replied. "If we stay here, we shall starve

to death; if we try to penetrate into the country, we shall just as surely lie down on the sand and die before the end of forty-eight hours; and if we build some kind of a craft out of these loose timbers, and put to sea again, we shall probably be swallowed up by the waves, although there's perhaps one chance in ten that we will reach *Ascension Island*, or be picked up by some outward bound Indianman."

I knew that this view of the matter was the only correct one which could be taken, but Watson and myself both shrank from exposing ourselves to the fury of the boisterous ocean. The chance offered by it was indeed a fearfully frail one. It seemed like committing ourselves to the jaws of some rapacious monster, and expecting to escape from his power unharmed. But, on the other hand, we painfully realized that the security offered by the land was still more precarious, and more certain to end in our destruction.

"Well, do as you like," Flanders said, as he saw our hesitation. "I intend to make a raft, and trust myself to the ocean; you may join me, or not, as you choose. And I tell you, my lads, our chances are not so desperate, as they might be, after all. Let us but once get a dozen leagues from the shore in safety, and we are right in the track of the trading-ships. Let us fall to with a will, and leave this shore before night."

Our objections were overcome, if we were not persuaded, and under the direction of Flanders, we commenced to collect the spars and timbers which lined the shore, and to shape them into a rude raft. This work was pursued unremittingly through the day, and, meanwhile, the hot African sun had risen, and was pouring down upon us its terrible heat. We would have paused, but the stern voice of Flanders forbade us.

"Work, work, for your lives!" he repeated, as often as we would have thrown ourselves down upon the beach in exhaustion and despair. "Our only safety lies in finishing this raft and embarking before we grow too weak to continue the work."

We knew this was the truth, and again and again we roused our flagging spirits, and toiled beneath the fervid rays of the sun. But at last the raft was completed. It was as large and strong as it lay in our power to make it, notwithstanding which, it was but a frail dependence. It was perhaps six feet square, and in the centre was a small house or hatch, barely capable of holding three persons.

"Get aboard, now," Flanders said, "and be ready to push off when I follow you. But hold; Sampson, in heaven's name, what ails you?"

Ay, what was it? In truth, I knew not myself. All the day my blood had coursed through my veins as hotly as though it had been charged with molten fire, and now, as I lay helpless upon the raft, my brain seemed bursting, and my eyes grew dim and bloodshot. I tried to speak and answer the question, but a fearful spasm just then convulsed my frame, and my hands were involuntarily clutched together like a vice.

"Speak, William, what is it?" Watson anxiously asked. "My God, he doesn't answer me; there are great yellow circles round his eyes, and his face is almost black. Flanders, what—"

"Peace, peace!" the latter sternly interrupted. As he spoke, he sprang upon the raft; and before I was well aware of his intentions, he had raised me bodily in his arms and deposited me upon the beach.

In an instant I was upon my feet, and when I saw that Flanders had regained the raft, a horrible suspicion shot through my brain. "Flanders, Watson, hold—stay!" I frantically shouted, plunging up to my knees in water in my mad endeavors to gain the raft, and in which I was thwarted by Flanders. "In God's name, stay!" I almost yelled, as I saw the attempts which the latter made to shove off. "You can't leave me here to die!"

"You'll die soon enough, at all events!" Flanders replied. "Don't you know, Bill Sampson, that you've got the coast-fever. It's a fact, and all the doctors in Europe, if you had 'em here now, couldn't help you! You're a doomed man; you haven't six hours to live!"

"But you can't mean to leave him here to perish!" Watson exclaimed, arresting Flanders' attempts to shove off the raft. "You may be mistaken about his having the fever; and even if you are not, it is our duty to stay with him to the last."

"Yes—and bring the plague on ourselves, would you? No, my lad; you don't delude me in that way. I tell you he has the fever, and no

power on earth can save him. I've seen hundreds of natives die with it on the Madagascar coast, and I'd rather you'd put a bullet through my heart than compel me to stay with him half an hour! Off—push off, idiot that you are, or we're both lost men!"

He seized the pole as he spoke, and with one mighty effort, sent the raft a dozen feet from the land. There was little or no surf to overcome, and he continued his efforts until he had given impetus enough to the raft to prevent its return to the shore. This being done, it slowly drifted away towards the west, rising and falling upon the high waves until I could see it no longer. But it did not disappear from my sight until I had heard the voice of Watson frantically imploring and beseeching his companion to return and take me on board, nor until each angry and peremptory denial of the hard-hearted Flanders was borne across the water to my ears.

The raft lessened to my view, and dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon. I stood upon the beach like a statue, and watched it until I could see it no longer. The fever still burned in my veins, and seemed to drink my very blood, but while I realized the horrors of my fearful position, I paid no heed to it. I sat down upon the beach, covered my face with my hands, and wept. I am not ashamed to confess it—I wept like a child. Until now, a faint hope of escape from the desert-prison had existed in my mind, but the heartlessness of Flanders had deprived me of this, and I was left alone to die. In those few moments of keen agony, I recalled the faces of all the friends I had ever known. I pictured to myself the English home which I should nevermore behold, and recalled to mind almost every eventful occurrence of my life.

This state of mind lasted for a few moments, and then I became conscious of the fearful gripe of the fever-fiend. I have a confused remembrance of what followed; I know that I became mad and delirious. I shouted, I sang, I called upon Flanders to come back and succor me, threatening that my ghost should haunt him if he did not. Then I ran up and down the beach, stopping now and then to tear up great handfuls of the wet sand, which I hurled into the sea with boisterous merriment. I laughed, prayed and sang alternately, until at last I had exhausted all my powers in my strange madness, and I sank down upon the beach insensible. It was at first only a partial stupor, for I was conscious that the dashing of the waves upon me had in a measure abated the intensity of the fever; but this perception soon departed, and I became totally unconscious.

Of the time that had elapsed during my insensibility, I had upon waking, no definite idea. My senses came to me as suddenly as to one who wakes from a sleep of a few hours. I attempted to rise, but I found myself unable. I was weak in every limb. Still, my mind was clear; I recalled distinctly every late occurrence, tracing them step by step from the departure of the *Queen Anne* from Southampton until the heartless desertion of Flanders had left me alone upon the coast. Here, of course, I was compelled to stop; and so I turned my attention to the place where the return of my senses had found me.

The place where I was lying was, I quickly discovered, a ship's berth; and this discovery, coupled with the rocking motion which influenced all the surrounding objects, and a certain rippling noise which struck faintly on my ear, soon led me to conjecture that I was in the cabin of a ship. I had hardly arrived at this determination before the curtains of the berth were drawn back, and a manly, sailor-like man stood beside me.

"Well, shipmate, how goes it?" he exclaimed, in a cheerful voice.

"I expect I've fallen into such good Christian hands," I replied, "that it's only a matter of course that I'm in a fair way. But I must confess, I have a lively curiosity to know where I am, and how I came here."

"Yes, I suppose so. What is the last thing you can remember?"

"I know of nothing since I laid myself down to die on the beach," I replied.

"That was four weeks since," the man said.

"Four weeks? Is it possible?"

"It is just so, and we are on the opposite side of Africa now; we doubled the cape almost two weeks ago. But the story is only a short one, and as you will of course wish to hear it all, let me commence at the beginning."

I assented, and he began as follows:

"You are now in the cabin of the ship *Mameluke*, from New York, and I am the first mate. Several hours after passing *Ascension Island*, the captain detected with his glass, a speck upon the water far off to the southeast; and afterwards examining it for some time, he pronounced it a boat. I looked through the glass, and—was of the same opinion, and the ship's course was at once changed in direction of the supposed boat."

"In rather less than an hour we were alongside of it; and we then made the discovery that it was a raft, with a small, raised covering in the centre. Upon boarding the raft, and entering this house, a deplorable sight met my eyes. The body of a man was lying near the entrance, extended at full length. He must have been dead several hours, for the hands were perfectly cold and stiff. But the appearance of his face instantly arrested my attention. It was black—and from this I know that he had died of the terrible coast-fever, and not from starvation or exhaustion, as I was at first naturally led to suppose."

"Did you ascertain his name?" I eagerly asked.

"Yes; upon his left wrist there was the name *Robert Flanders*, marked with India ink."

"It was a terrible retribution!" I said, in a low voice. "But there was another, was there not?"

"I was just on the point of telling you of him. Another man was sitting near by, with his back propped up against the side of the hatch; and this one was almost in the last agonies of death, for the fever had seized upon him, also!"

"Poor Watson!" I murmured, and my eyes filled with tears. "I was just beginning to hope that he had escaped."

"Yes, his name was Watson, as he told us; but he did not live an hour, although long enough to save your life. He was almost gone when we found him; and he had only strength to give us his story in as few words as possible, and with a weak voice, before he breathed his last. But he besought us, with his last words, to lose no time in repairing to the place on the coast which he described, and rescuing you. According to his story they had been afloat upon the raft for a day and a night, and the fever had attacked them before they lost sight of the coast."

"Our captain was at first disposed to disbelieve that part of Watson's story which related to you, but I was firmly impressed with the truth of all he said, and yielding to my representations, he ordered the ship's head to be directed shoreward. I was instantly struck with Watson's description of the place where he had left you, for I recognized the ledge upon which the *Queen Anne* had gone to pieces, as one upon which I myself had once been wrecked."

"We easily found the place, and anchored just outside the dangerous obstruction. I immediately repaired to the beach with a boat's crew, and there, sure enough, we found you, just as you had lain for almost twenty-four hours. You seemed to be dead, and your appearance was almost exactly like that of Flanders. We brought you aboard, however, and as we happened to have a doctor among our passengers, you were immediately put into his hands."

"And have I been very sick?"

"Enough so, I should say, to last you through the rest of your life! During the two weeks which followed, you raved incessantly, and more than once we thought you would need nothing more from us than a sheet and a fifty pound weight! But you have recovered, and it seems almost like a miracle!"

"While poor Watson sleeps his last sleep!" I sorrowfully whispered. "Heaven rest his soul! He was a true and faithful friend. His voyages are ended, and may the billows roll lightly over his head! But I forgot—did you bury him in the sea?"

"Yes—both of them. There were many spars and timbers in the make-up of the raft that our captain intended to transfer to his vessel, but he yielded to a superstitious notion of the crew, and forbore to do so. The fact of the raft coming to us with such a strange and fearful burden, impressed the sailors with profound awe; they became possessed with the idea that the ghosts of the two dead men would not fail to haunt any ship which might appropriate any part of the raft—their property! Accordingly the two bodies were permitted to remain within the hatch; and after our carpenter had water-logged it, it sank slowly from our sight, bearing its strange freight with it. Never before, I imagine, was a sailor buried in a coffin made by his own hands!"

\* The story is given substantially as narrated by a disaffected inmate of Greenwich Hospital, England. The style of narration is, of course, somewhat altered.



## PICTURES OF BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

Everybody has heard of Boulogne, on the coast of Picardy, France, and without two or three hours' sail of the English coast. Everybody knows how it is divided into the upper and lower town, and how the latter, which is called Boulogne-Sur-Mer, or Boulogne on the sea, is a very interesting place, with many handsome streets and houses, and many queer nooks and corners, and many queer people, the fishermen, women and girls most attracting the attention of strangers. The harbor of Boulogne is too shallow for large vessels of war, but merchant ships of the heaviest tonnage can go in and out at high tide. From this spot it was that Napoleon I. prepared to invade England, and accordingly ordered the harbor to be deepened, vessels to be built and forts erected for the protection of the place. Here he formed a camp and collected a vast army, but on the breaking out of hostilities with Austria, in 1805, they were despatched elsewhere. Boulogne is a bishopric and contains six churches, a hospital, an exchange, a maritime court, a society for the promotion of agriculture, commerce and the arts, a school for instruction in navigation, sea-baths, manufactories of soap, earthen-ware, linen and woolen cloths. Herring and mackerel, large quantities of which are caught off the coast, Champagne and Burgundy wines, coal, corn, butter, linen and woolen stuffs, are the articles of export. The cheapness of living induces many English people of limited incomes to establish themselves at Boulogne, and you see as many English as French faces in strolling about the town. Our illustrative sketches will be confined to the fishermen of Boulogne. The first engraving represents a group of these people—sturdy, hardy and honest, big-booted, red-shirted, woolen-capped men, old and young women with curt petticoats, chunky boys and children. These fishermen and their families live in a quarter by themselves, and we give a sketch of one of the streets in this part of the town, with the steep steps that descend into it, the windows of the lower stories secured by stout shutters, and shrimp-girls, bare-legged and loaded with baskets and nets, paddling up and down. Boulogne is more than a mere watering-place like Margate, Ramsgate, etc.—it is really a fine old town, the permanent residence of many hundreds of English families, and moreover, now it is the great highway to Paris, Switzerland, and the East. This town say the guide books, is very ancient, was a town in the days of Julius Cæsar, has many ancient Roman remains, and has been the scene of numerous battles; all of which we need not dwell upon, for what town in Europe does not make these boasts? Julius Cæsar went everywhere. And as to battles, we can well believe all that is said on this point. The inhabitants of the earth have been quarrelling and fighting ever since Cain slew Abel, and it is easy therefore to imagine that Boulogne has had its battles and sieges



BOULOGNE FISHERMEN.

with silent contempt. A late English traveller, in a very amusing sketch of Boulogne, denies that it is the cheap place which it has been generally represented to be. He says: "To all who are 'about to go to Boulogne to live very cheaply,' we say—don't. The cheapness of Boulogne is a fiction. It is not a dear place compared with England, but certainly it is not remarkable for cheapness. Lodging, bread, meat, fish, vegetables, grocery, are nearly as dear as they are in English towns. Wines and spirits are cheap, but nothing else that I can find. Poultry is low-priced, but not cheap. You may get a fowl for a franc and a half; but what a fowl! I have seen pigeons larger. Let me, however, do justice to the donkeys. They are really good and cheap. You may get a donkey, and 'one what will go,' for half a franc per hour. Nor are carriages dear. The legal charge is two francs and a half an hour, but by bargaining beforehand you may get them much cheaper. My first care on the morning after my arrival at Boulogne was to hunt for lodgings. Living at an hotel did not suit my book. It is too expensive, and is, moreover, too unhomelike for my English habits. 'May I not do as I will at mine own inn?' is a question which I have found by experience can seldom be answered in the affirmative. You cannot make an English home at an hotel; and wherever I am, a home I must have—not only a bed-room, but a parlor of my own, on which I can turn my key—a castle into which no one has a right to intrude. So before breakfast I set out upon my search for this *sine qua non*, and scarcely had I begun when I met an old acquaintance—an Irishman—who eagerly proffered his help. 'Ah, sure,' said he, 'and what is it that's brought ye to Boulogne, all the way from London? And what is it ye're looking for?' 'Well,' said I, after returning his greeting, 'I'm looking for lodgings.' 'Is it lodgings ye're looking for?—then it's I that can help you. There's a widow woman just here who has rooms to let—a particular friend of mine. Come with me.' And so away we went till we got to the shore, and to a small house thereon. 'Hallo,' said my friend, knocking at the door with his stick. 'Mrs. What's-her-name, have ye any lodgings to let?' 'Yes, sir,' said a comely looking dame; 'three chambers and a sitting-room.' 'By the powers, it's just the thing; let's look at them.' Whereupon we went up stairs, and surveyed the apartments—a small sitting-room, two reasonably large bedrooms, and a small closet. 'And what's your charge?' said I. 'Sixteen guineas per month.' 'And, by the powers, very reasonable too,' said my friend. 'Reasonable, do you call it?' I replied, 'I think them monstrously dear.' 'Do ye think, madam, that we'll come over here to be robbed, when all that sort of thing can be done so much better at

home? Bon jour—which means the top of the morning to you, madam; we'll go further and fare worse.' And so we left to seek lodgings elsewhere. After sundry long sallies through lanes and blind alleys, I at last found what I wanted at less than half the figure that my friend's friend had demanded." The two remain-



BOULOGNE SHRIMP WOMAN.

ing sketches represents the shrimp-girls of Boulogne. One of these is starting for her daily toil with her heavy basket on her back, and her net with its long handle folded up on her shoulder. The manner of collecting the shrimps is shown in the last engraving. The girl wades knee-deep in the shallows, pushing the net before her steadily and quietly. These shrimps are in great demand and bring a high price in the Boulogne fish-market.



STREET IN THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.

like all other places. That the town is ancient, there are certain signs. That it is handsome and picturesque, every one may see. And it is evident that of late years, owing to its popularity as a summer resort, it has vastly increased in size. The fishermen, we have remarked, are a peculiar people, and live as much apart from the rest of Boulogne as if they lived a hundred miles away. Some of the peculiarities of these people are very singular. In the first place, we learn that they are proud and exclusive; for whilst they all work hard—the men on the sea and the women at home at net-mending and selling the produce of their husbands' labors—they entertain such a sense of their own superiority to the bourgeois below, that if any one of their class, man or woman, were to marry a shop-keeper, he or she would lose caste, and it is said would be driven from the community. And this has always been their character. Formerly, nearly the whole of the town was in their hands, and the shop-keepers were considered to be a lower race, tolerated as necessary to minister to their wants. And though this has changed, and the greater part of Boulogne is occupied by the people they look down upon, they still entertain the same feelings. It is amusing to see these tall, sturdy fellows tramping down the stairs from their heights, dressed in their rough woolen shirts, huge boots reaching to their hips, and red worsted caps. These sturdy men, whilst they refuse to stoop to those whom they fancy are beneath them, will not on the other hand, flunkey to those above them. In the Fishermen's Quarter, a duchess might pass through without notice, and a millionaire draper would be looked upon



GATHERING SHRIMPS NEAR BOULOGNE.



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## OCEAN TREASURES.

BY MISS M. T. W.

Ocean! yield us up thy treasures  
From thy waters cold—  
Give us back the ones we love,  
We ask not for thy gold,  
But the ones so dear that sleep  
In the ocean's roning deep

Gentle hearts that loved  
Are calmly sleeping there,  
And beating hearts are still  
The beautiful and fair,  
And the deep and dark blue wave  
Breaks gently o'er the good and brave.

Still is the beating heart  
That was once so gay,  
And the rippling waters dark  
O'er the loved ones play,  
Calm and icy, cold and still,  
Without a single stir or thrill

Alas! the loved are gone,  
Their happy lives are o'er—  
Give back those spirits dear,  
We ask for nothing more  
Those who joined in harmless pleasure,  
Ocean, yield thy dearest treasure.

## SAPPHO.

He, above the rest  
Stood like a tower, his form not yet but lost  
All its original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than an angel's form, and the excess  
Of glory about him, as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,  
In him eclipsed, his dusky light shies  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexed monarchs, darkened so yet shone  
Above them all the archangel—MITHOS.

## MORNING

On his shoulders night,  
Flinging his own mantle, rent with storms,  
Drumily retired, as up the ethereal steep  
Two heavenly couriers mounted of the sun,  
And laid the stars withdraw—PLANNIE

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Boston is getting to be decidedly gay, very New Yorkish if not Parisian. A review of the past winter shows a campaign brilliant enough to make the bones of the old Puritans rattle in their graves. Skating, sleighing, operas, balls, concerts, public and private theatricals, artists' receptions, parties—what more could even a mercenary Frenchman desire, to give wings to, "Tim"? As we looked lately on the floor of the Boston Theatre, covered with whirling waltzers, we almost expected to see a train of grim specters of the past stalking in to forbid the revelry and denounce the revellers. But the ball went on, and no stern phantom rose to interrupt the universal joy. The stir of empire that rose in Hayti a few years since has set in a cloud. Faustin I., abdicated at Port-au-Prince, Napoleon I. abdicated at Fontainebleau, but he leaves no friends behind him to permit him to hope for a restoration. He will never see his "hundred days" or his Waterloo. We fancy that he cares little now for his consolation in the possession of nearly three millions of dollars safely invested during his brief reign. General Gouffard ought to have held him in durance till he had disgorged his stomach, and made his life dependent on the completeness of his restitution. Does the fate of Souloque shadow forth that of his white imitator, Louis Napoleon? The Kingston (Jamaica) Standard says of Souloque, "The hurried glance that we had of his majesty as he passed our office, presented to us a very fine looking, handsome, rather corpulent, and in stature much in appearance to one of our late governors. He appeared in excellent health, and was attired in a genteel and gentlemanly suit. His suite appeared to be gentlemen of intelligence. . . . Miss Judson, the white girl who eloped from the vicinity of Detroit, Michigan, with a negro, and was married to him at Windsor, C. W., has availed herself of the laws of Indiana, and has procured a divorce in that State. She was just in time, as the Indiana statutes have been amended, and divorce is not quite so facile as heretofore. The Mendota Press says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutation in the streets, instead of "How do you do, sir," has become, "Is your wife safe this morning?" . . . Paris journals announce the death of general, the Duke de Plaisance, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, aged 84. He entered the French army after the 18th Brumaire. As aide-de-camp to Dessaix he was named colonel of the 3d Hussars at Marengo, general of brigade at Eylau, in 1807, and general of division, with the title of count, at the commencement of the campaign in Russia, in 1812. His name figures on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. . . . The Traveller tells the following marvelous story: "Two fashionably attired ladies met on the sidewalk recently when the deep snow had only been shovelled wide enough for one to get along. It was a humiliating thought for either to back out, and after enduring each other's indignant gaze for a moment, they decided not to do it. As 'Greek meets Greek,' so they met. There was a clash of steel, a cloud of snow—then two collapsed quantities of dry goods and hardware went sailing along the streets in opposite directions with the majesty of a seventy-four gun ship with sails shattered. . . . At the

Burns dinner in Liverpool, the chairman—a Scotchman, too—thought that if Burns had lived as long and possessed the education of Scott, he might have made quite as great a poet. He evidently is no believer in the doctrine *Poeta nascitur non fit*. . . . Late foreign intelligence disappoints the hope that the king of Naples—that ferocious tyrant and enemy of liberty—was near his end. "Whom the gods love die young,"—not so with villains like Bomba. . . . At a late meeting of the officers of the railroad companies controlling the land route between New York and Boston, via Springfield, it was decided to provide comfortable smoking cars to be attached to the through express trains. It is also in contemplation to place tables in the smoking car for the accommodation of those who desire to read. This must be a new anti-tobacco society. The value of the military stores in possession of the French war department, is estimated at 131,000,000 francs. The city of London covers 63 acres of ground, and contains 18 parishes for the relief of the poor. The number of paupers is about 2730. . . . No franking privilege exists in England. Even the queen is obliged to pay her penny postage. . . . A short time since a gentleman got into a Washington Street coach in which were ten pretty girls. Upon ascending the steps, he paused for a moment, dazzled with the beauty before him. "There is room, sir; sit down," said one of the ladies. "I thank you," said the gentleman, getting in; "I thought of getting into an omnibus, but I have entered Paradise". . . . An exchange says that a party at a country town was lately visited by the following persons: Two Miss Understandings, three Miss Takes, Miss Management, Miss Conduct, Miss D. Meunor, Miss D. Haviour, Miss Fortune, and Mr. Philip Buster. It must have been a happy gathering. . . . The Indians of the West give occasional evidences of becoming civilized. The St. Paul Times says that a young Indian girl committed suicide by hanging herself to a tree, near Belle Plaine, recently. Cause, disappointment of an affair of the heart. . . . A long report in one of the London papers was lately telegraphed from Manchester by young girls, at the rate of 29 words a minute. . . . A correspondent of the *Kenton (Pa.) Daily Times*, and who signs himself "Inventor," proposes to keep the Pacific Railroad out of the way of Indians, buffaloes, and other inconveniences, by suspending it from balloons, and holding it in its place by large magnets buried in the earth at regular intervals. A telegraphic wire could be, he thinks, passed over the tops of the gas-bags, and the expense of the whole be less than the common plan by about \$4,000,000,000. A sanguine inventor, this. . . . The Society of Arts in London have been handsomely hoaxed. A carriage with but one wheel, and to be used without horses, was advertised to be exhibited at a certain place, and the members of the society and the public in general were invited to come and see it. The ardor of their expectation was somewhat dampened when they were shown a wheelbarrow. . . . The Troy Whig announces that Mr. Charles H. Weeks, otherwise Wentworth, a gentleman for many years connected with the stage, but who was among the converts of the New York revival, last winter, and who has been preaching in different parts of the country since that time, has returned to the stage. . . . A Parisian correspondent of a daily paper says that the fair empress of the French is bent upon other subjects of interest than those which occupy her husband's leges without. Her majesty is anxious to introduce private theatricals as part of the imperial gaieties of the season, and not content with the important part she has allotted her in the real drama of life, she pines to enact, in propria persona, its poetic shadow before the foot-lights. M. Peullot has received her majesty's instructions to write a piece, in which an empress, without loss of dignity, might fitly participate. . . . They are actually going to have an Academy of Music in Brooklyn. An act of incorporation has been granted to the shareholders, and \$91,000 has already been subscribed towards the fund for its erection. Mr. Hurlbut's comedy, "Americans in Paris," has been produced at the Varieties, New Orleans. . . . The Senate of Missouri has appropriated \$2000 to the Mount Vernon Fund. The vote was unanimous. . . . Certain kill-joys about Leo X. lit up for his instruction a bonfire of thorns, and as the brambles blazed, and cracked, and went out, a deep bass moralist was set to shout, "Sic transit gloria mundi." The merry pope, bending over the embers, and rubbing his hands, replied, "But while it is passing, give us leave to warm our hands at it." It is a trite anecdote, but not without its moral. . . . Bayard Taylor says the hot houses of the east, in latitude 60 north, contain the finest collection of tropical plants in Europe. Palm trees are sixty feet in height, and there are banks of splendid orchards. The hot houses are about a mile and a half in length. . . . The private secretary of the governor of New York is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive Chamber and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *center cure*." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished. . . . Since the issue of the first patent for the sewing machine, in 1842, 285 patents have been granted for improvements on it. . . . The story about a man named Tucker, his wife and two children, being frozen to death in a barn in the town of New Castle, N. Y., which went the rounds of the press and excited so much sympathy, turns out to be untrue. The "frozen to death" are alive and well. . . . There is a large emigration from Salt Lake into the southern section of California. The papers state that the towns are crowded with mourners or fugitives from Utah. . . . The Chelsea Horse Railway is about to be extended from Carryville to North Chelsea and Chelsea Beach. . . . Leigh Hunt is writing a series of papers called "The Occasional," in the *London Spectator*. . . . A printer of the *Fond du Lac Press* office recently skated from Fond du Lac across Lake Winnebago, and up the Fox River to Berlin, a distance of seventy-two miles, performing the feat in just five hours and fifteen minutes, or at the rate of fourteen miles per hour.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

That the demon of war may be exorcised is still the hope of the leading conservative men of Europe, still many real politicians yet anticipate war. In all the arsenals of the Austrian empire work goes on day and night, and the Austrian army is now ready to take the field. It is said that the troops eagerly desire to meet a few worthy of their steel, and that, in the event of hostilities, the emperor would head them in person. The present crisis in Italy is the result of two struggling forces—the national will of Italy and the foreign usurpation of Austria. One necessarily increases as the other decreases, and the issue of this final and inevitable combat cannot be doubtful. A London paper has this bit of gossip: "Picolomini is said to have received an offer of marriage from a fashionable and very young New Yorker, since her arrival in America. The French government are examining plans and taking steps for defending the harbor of Marseilles. It is said that these defences will cost 152,000,000 francs. It is proposed to shorten the voyage from Calcutta to China 2000 miles, by uniting the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Siam by a navigable canal. The monster concert in Paris, of which we have already spoken, will take place in April. The city of Paris has just purchased, for 2408 francs, a copy of the plan of Paris made in 1560 by Jacques Andraes and Ducreau, celebrated architects of the period. There are only two copies in existence.

## Warlike Preparations.

An American correspondent writes: "The fact that France is preparing for war, is, perhaps, after all, the circumstance which most alarms the public, for that she is preparing there can be no doubt. But the state of affairs in Italy is such that she is obliged by her position to maintain a constant state of preparation, without the necessary force that she is going to war. At the maritime ports the greatest activity prevails, and the transportation of war material toward these points is immense. I saw a few days ago at the Val-de-Grace, four hundred cases of amputating instruments, a most unheard-of number, which had been sent in to sharpen. They are pressing actively the termination of the railway from Marseilles to Toulon, and from Toulon into the Sardinian territory at Nice."

## A Funny Adventure.

A Parisian dramatic author lately called on a manager to read him a new piece. The writer was very near-sighted, and, sitting close to a lamp, and holding his manuscript to his nose, began to read. In the meanwhile the manager substituted a boy in his place, escaped and went to dinner. In two hours he returned and took his place without having been missed. The author was in the last scene. "Bravo!" cried the managerial critic. "Excellent!" but I advise you to carry it to the Odeon." The chronicle does not mention the impression made upon the errand-boy who had supplied his master's place during the reading.

## Prince "Pion-Plon's" Bride.

The Princess Clotilde, now married to Prince Napoleon, is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which we are assured is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather petite and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin.

## The Huguenots.

The famous "septuor" of the opera of the Huguenots is shortly to be sung in Paris, not by seven voices, but by seven thousand! Three hundred choral societies are now rehearsing with a hundred trumpets and two hundred drums. The Palace of Industry will be the scene of this extraordinary musical display.

## Vincennes, France.

The casting of cannon at this great military depot goes on with rapidity and secrecy. Louis Napoleon is said to have purchased the secret of some terribly destructive guns, and should he take the field, will display some extraordinary advantages over any enemy that may oppose him.

## Money in France.

It is affirmed that the people of France are having recourse anew to that system of hoarding which the confidence inspired by the earlier years of the administration of the present emperor had persuaded her to lay aside, and the time cannot be far distant when she also will be a borrower.

## Weather in Paris.

Spring has opened already in Paris. The Champs Elysees and the wood of Boulogne are crowded with carriages, with horsemen and with ladies on horseback. The flower markets overflow with white lilacs, roses and other floral gems.

## M. de Montalembert.

M. de Montalembert has had two silver statuettes made, representing Demosthenes and Cicero, intending to present them to the two counsel who conducted his defence in the late trial.

## The French Army.

The Paris Constitutionnel says that the French army will on the first of June number 682,000 men, of whom 497,000 will be ready for active service.

## India.

The rebels have been fighting desperately at different points, but have been signally defeated by the British.

## China.

The pope is about to divide China into a number of new dioceses, and send out several new missionary bishops.

## Algeria.

We learn from Algeria that the revolted tribes of Aures have been completely beaten by General Desvaux.

## The Debt of Austria.

The Times says the income of Austria is £28,000,000; her debt is £1,000,000,000.



**Coughs.**—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a Lozenge, is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a Cough Remedy. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will in various cases allay irritation which induces Coughing, having a direct influence on the affected parts.

**Colds.**—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage, that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" containing demulcent ingredients, allay pulmonary irritation.

**Asthma.**—ASTHMA OR PHTHISIS.—A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tearous phlegm—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will in various cases give immediate relief. If of long standing, however with them—they will alleviate in time.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma with no benefit, found great relief from the Troches."—REV. D. LETTS, Frankfort, Ill.

**Catarrh.**—CATARRH.—A form of Chronic Throat Disease, consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up into the nose. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved very efficacious in this troublesome complaint. No sufferer from Catarrh should be without them.

**Influenza.**—INFLUENZA.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stages of disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Lozenges, let the Influenza, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

**Bronchitis.**—BRONCHITIS, *Croupy or Sore Throat*.—A Chronic Inflammation of the small Mucous Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe, the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucus, and a sense of weariness and loss of power in the Throat, alter public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches," which if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

**Hoarseness.**—HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT.—This unpleasant and painful result of "Catching Cold," or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be removed by allowing one or two of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Cough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Hence, Singers and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

"We have found them of great service in allaying Bronchial Irritation, and in subduing hoarseness produced by Colds."—REV. DANIEL WISE, late Editor of Zion's Herald.

**Whooping Cough.**—WHOOPING COUGH.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, are efficacious with children laboring from this disorder, Hoarseness or other affections of the Chest, having a soothing influence, assuage expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm, which often causes a sense of suffocation so common with this cough.

**Consumption.**—IN CONSUMPTION Brown's Bronchial Troches will afford great relief. They promote Expectoration, and allay the hacking Cough. For Asthmatic Consumption and Chronic Coughs, which are more or less troublesome at night, great relief will be experienced by taking at bedtime one or two of the Troches, which will ensure ease and comfortable rest.

**Public Speakers and Singers.**—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice; they have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat and Larynx, restoring their healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation.

Containing nothing that can injure the system, they can be taken as freely as requisite for clearing and strengthening the voice.

"Preeminently the first and best."  
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER  
"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."  
REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.  
"I have proved them excellent for Whooping Cough."  
REV. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON.  
"Great benefit in affections of the Bronchial Organs."  
DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.  
"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c."  
DR. G. W. BIGELOW, BOSTON.  
Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents per Box.



**PLUMBERS,**  
48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.  
Plumbing work of all descriptions done promptly and at reasonable prices.  
OUR MOTTO—THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING - Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and ten cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## POPULAR NEW BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

### TICKNOR & FIELDS,

BOSTON

LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD—\$1.00  
ARAGON'S BIOGRAPHIES—2 vols.—\$2.00  
SPOOKING OF THE WHITE HORSE—\$1.00  
JOURNALS OF THE YACHT VOYAGE—\$1.00  
THE UNDALE—\$1.25  
LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—\$1.00  
EARNEST CARROLL—8c  
CHRISTMAS HOURS—5c  
FANNY KEMBLE'S POEMS—\$1.00  
WILLIE WINKLES IN NURSERY SONGS—75c  
LONGFELLOW'S MILES STANDISH—75c  
JOURNALS OF THE NORTH—\$1.00  
THE AGE, BY "FESTUS" BAILEY—75c  
DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIFE—75c  
BARTON'S CHURCH AND CONGREGATION—\$1.00  
TILGNEY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHIRLEY AND BYRON—75c  
HIS WAY TO SEA—by Mayne Reid—75c  
WHITE LIES—\$1.25  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—1st series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—2d series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—3d series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES—\$1.00  
Any work published by T & F will be sent by mail, free of postage on receipt of price. ecp2w 11

## Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

THE late Rev. Dr. LEONARD WOODS, Abbott Prof. of Theology in Andover, Mass., wrote: "Gentlemen,—From a long use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam in my family circle and among theological students, I regard it as a safe and efficacious medicine, fitting to an unprecedented sale and popularity of over thirty years' standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations, against which the public are cautioned. Inquire for the article by its whole name, 'VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM'."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 251 N. Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents. lie4n3m 10

## SUPERIOR LINENS.

**BENJAMIN JACOBS,**  
230 Washington Street,

Has received by the late arrivals, 4 4 FRENCH LINENS, in only grass bents. They are of an extra strong fabric. A set of assortment of the same style, of lighter fabric, or better wear, together with a full assortment of IRISH LINENS, of an extra stout fabric, for gents' wear; extra fine FRONTING LINENS. Purchasers in want of Good LINENS, at Low PRICES, are invited to examine the assortment. 11

## REMOVAL AND OPENING

OF a new and much needed Institute for the successful treatment of SPINAL CURVATURE, CRIST AND ABDOMINAL WEAKNESS, and like diseases. This principle will restore the lost balance of power and cure without violence. The subscriber's new invention sustains the weak spinal column, supplies rest and exercise without the fatigue of exertion, and restores the most perfect freedom of motion, relief being immediate, however young or feeble the patient may be. Ladies attended by Miss ANNA J. WILSON. Consultation free. No. 54 Essex Street. 4w 11 DR. N. WILSON.

**MAYO & COX,**  
**CONFECTIONERS,**  
No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,  
(Near the Revere House), BOSTON.

Pain and Fancy Cake, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert, Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionary, of superior quality constantly on hand. PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and with punctuality. 4w 11

**BUSINESS EDUCATION,**  
And in obtaining EMPLOYMENT when qualified.  
At the New Rooms of French's Commercial Institute, 289 Washington Street.

Superior advantages are afforded students in PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, etc. Upwards of five thousand students have graduated at this Institute, hundreds of whom are now filling situations of trust and profit. Students receive separate instruction, and can commence at any time. 2w 11 CHAS. FRENCH, A. M., Principal.

**LADIES' FRENCH CALF**  
3 Sole Water-Proof Button Boots,  
(Warranted), \$2.75.  
English Lasting Thick Sole Congress,  
(Warranted), \$1.00.  
2w 11 At TITCOMB'S, 209 Washington St., Boston.

**WHEATON FEMALE SEMINARY,**  
AT NORTON, MASS.  
THE summer term of this institution will commence April 7th and continue fourteen weeks. Applications for admission may be addressed, in term time, to the principal, MR. C. C. METCALF, and in vacation from 15th March to 7th of April to the subscriber. 2w 11 Z. KELLY, Secretary.

**WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, etc.**  
**MISSSES S. M. MCINTIRE & S. B. KIDDER,**  
No. 21 School Street (Savings Bank Building).  
Continue to instruct Ladies and Misses in Writing, Book-keeping, English Branches, Music, etc. Most of the Lady Book-keepers in this city and vicinity received their instruction from Miss McIntire. Students aided in obtaining employment. 3w 11

**MATTRESSES**  
Of best Curled Hair, Live Geese Feathers, Steam Purified, Beds and Bedding.  
PEWES lined and Cushioned Mattresses and Beds renovated in a superior manner by  
**JAMES H. HALLETT,**  
11-1st Is. back Square & 31 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston

## JONAS WHITCOMB'S

### REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned to him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever. An infant may take it with perfect safety.

The following certificates from gentlemen of high respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this remedy.

#### Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.  
JOSEPH BURNETT, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and during that time there were but few months in which I did not suffer with a paroxysm that entirely prostrated me for two or three days, and sometimes longer. I will say, that from the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the torment. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me that I shall endeavor to introduce the Remedy whenever opportunity occurs. With great respect, your obedient servant,  
J. H. DRAGON

#### Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

WADSWORTH, Vt., May 12, 1857.  
Messrs. BURNETT & Co.—Gentlemen: For the last several years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and first of the winter I was so sick that I was unable to work for four months. About a month ago I was induced to buy a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy. It has done me much good. I have had but one slight attack of it for six weeks, which was checked by one dose of the Remedy.

Yours with respect, HOSEA B. RIPLEY.

#### Asthma. Asthma.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

WADSWORTH, Vt., May 12, 1857.  
Mr. BURNETT—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma" on my wife. She has suffered for years, more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise, to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulses. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy." It acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand; and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., No. 27 CENTRAL STREET, Boston, and sold by all druggists.

### ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

JOHN'S Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma is prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, one of the most respectable firms in the United States. This complete success which has attended its use is fully shown by the great number of reliable certificates which accompany each parcel. Many distinguished medical gentlemen have used it in the treatment of the above-named complaint, and have given it their unqualified approbation.—Boston Post 2w 11

## Ready-Made Clothing.

### PIONEER CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

**MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,**  
**FURNISHING GOODS,**  
**HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,**  
In all their varieties of Material, Fabric, Style and Prices, to suit the taste and means of every class of purchasers.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**GEO. W. SIMMONS, PIPER & CO.,**  
OAK HALL, 32 AND 34 NORTH ST., BOSTON 11

### \$950 A YEAR!!

**PEDLERS WANTED!!!**  
OUR agents are making from four to six dollars a day profit—the article is light, takes little room, and does not interfere with other goods or business—required in every family and store. Send us twenty-five cents in stamps or specie and get a sample of the article worth that amount, and all necessary information. Address VAN DERUSEN BROTHERS, 11<sup>th</sup> Kingston, Ulster County, New York

### THE SPRING TERM

OF THE FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE opens March 17th. Board, and Tuition in common English, 14 weeks, for \$32.50 in advance. Superb brick buildings, with separate departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Students thoroughly prepared for College, for the Counting-room, for Teaching, and for all the active duties of life. For Circulars, or for Rooms, apply to the Principal. KEY JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, New York.

### C. C. C. C.

Coughs! Colds!! Consumption!!! Cured!!!!  
By the timely use of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian Balsam of Liverwort, the best and most effectually remedial agent ever offered in all Pulmonary complaints. For sale everywhere. 11

### SEWING MACHINES.

PRATT Tight Stitch Machines. Price \$25 to \$35. Also PRATT Improved Carpet Sweepers. Price \$25. Agents wanted. Apply at 113 Washington St. 8w 11

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

CHILSON'S DOUBLE OVEN COOKING RANGE. PATENTED FEBRUARY 1854. The subscriber's long experience in the invention and manufacture of Cooking and Heating Apparatus, enables him now to present a Cooking Range constructed on an improved principle, fully meeting the requirements of the day in its department, and embracing the latest improvements. The subscriber takes pleasure in stating that this Range is a complete success in its design, and that it has been extensively used of fuel and coal and in its operation. Its self-regulating flues around the Two Frying Ovens with all the usual variations of dampers insures quick and perfectly even baking, a range which with unequalled economy in fuel, compactness of form, simplicity of structure, and superior fine cooking Apparatus combine to render it unequalled by any Cooking Apparatus ever invented. A single examination with an attention to the evidence already received from the large number used the past season, will insure its speedy adoption in place of the Common Ranges. Sizes adapted for Family or Hotel purposes, with or without Water Backs, and Hot Air Stoves. Representations given to the erection of these Ranges, and all other improvements. Delivered from the subscriber's store, 90 and 101 Blackstone Street, Boston, or its branch at Mansfield, Mass. 11 GARDNER & CHILSON

THE MOST BRILLIANT COLLECTION OF APHORISMS, POETICAL SMILES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF REVEREND TRUTHS IN THE LANGUAGE

Nearly Forty Thousand Copies Sold.

## LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The audacity with which the public have called for edition after edition of this remarkable book furnishes a sufficient proof of its hold upon the popular heart. Its liberal and anti-sectional spirit, its genuine piety, its forceful and convincing logic, its sparkling and felicitous illustrations, and its youthfulness combine to make a work which it would be difficult to parallel in the whole field of religious literature.

It is not a book of mere temporary interest, but will be read by coming generations with a pleasure equal to our own.

In one vol., 12mo. With a copious Index. Price \$1.00. Upon receipt of price the above book will be forwarded postage prepaid.

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,**  
Publishers, Boston. 1w 11

**THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,**  
523 Broadway (St. Nicholas Hotel), New York.

## SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL;

Or, CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK.

BY A. D. MAYO.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Hudson—or, Life in the Country  
The Capital City—or, Life in Town  
The Forces of Free Labor  
Man and his Modern Inventions  
The Gold Dollar  
Pedantry and Power  
Woman in America  
The Churches—or, Religion in New York  
The Studies—or, Art in New York  
The Capital and the Higher Law  
The Penitentiary—or, Crime in New York  
The Rural Cemetery—or, Life and Death.

Price, \$1; full gilt, \$1.50.  
For sale by booksellers generally.

## 1000 Agents Wanted to sell

### MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE

In the METROPOLIS, by a Reporter of the New York Press. This book is an authentic exposure of one of the greatest swindling institutions in New York, and furnishes an interesting additional chapter to the history of the celebrated

**MRS. CUNNINGHAM.**  
It contains six graphic illustrations. Price \$1. A liberal discount to agents who will devote their whole time to its sale. Address

**THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,**  
623 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 11

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

THE undersigned having at their establishment,  
Nos. 61 & 63 Union Street,  
(CORNER OF HANOVER),  
the most complete assortment of

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS

ever displayed in this city before, offer the same at wholesale and retail.  
This assortment comprises every shade of color, either dry or in oil. All kinds of Crayons, Brushes, Varshades, etc., in fact, all articles used in Oil, Gouache or Oriental Painting. Having the experience of many years in this business,

**Messrs. WHEELER & Co.**  
Batter themselves that they are enabled to manufacture and import

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS,**  
at as low cost as any other parties in the country, and respectfully solicit the attention of those purchasing. Orders by mail or express from the country will receive prompt attention.

Those wishing catalogues of our articles can obtain the same by forwarding their address to  
**MESSRS. A. WHEELER & CO.,**  
(JOHNSON'S BLOCK),  
61 & 63 Union Street.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

**E. A. TEULON,**

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

**MR. N. D. COTTON.**

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

**E. A. TEULON** will allow a liberal discount from his own rates on all jobs exceeding \$20 in value. See this advertisement, and call at 149 1-2 Washington St., Boston, directly opposite the Old South Church. 6m 9

## ENGRAVING AND DESIGNING.

**W. J. PIERCE** having many years experience in this department of art, confidently offers his services in all varieties of wood engraving, book and newspaper illustration. Reference to his Past and Present work at No. 22 1-2 WINTER STREET, Ballou's Building 2w 19

## FOUSEL'S PARALUM VITE.

A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts, requiring only to be known and used to become the first rest in cases of  
**Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Frictional Disease.**

Unlike other preparations offered to the public it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs or narcotics, calculated only to soothe and soothe the unappealing patient into quietude while the infectious disease still marches on its destroying way. Neither is it administered in large and painful doses.

It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.

Price \$2 per bottle, trial bottle \$1. Sent by mail to any part of the country. Free from postage.  
Y. L. LAFAYETTE, Sole Agent at Weeks & Potter's, 164 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.

## DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY.

Types for Letter Press Printing of every variety, with whatever else may be required from a GENERAL DEPOSITORY OF PRINTING MATERIALS, for sale at the lowest standard of prices, for cash or approved credit, by

**PHILIPS & DALTON,**

No. 62 Washington St., Boston.

The well known and highly appreciated hard-metal Scotch letter, setting to this remedy, is undoubtedly selling faster with Printers and Publishers. Let it be a LAFAYETTE. Cut work of all kinds. Newspaper Headings, etc. copied by this excellent process in a superior manner and at low rates. 1w 11

## WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commanded itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, EMPHYSEMA, WHEEZING, ASTHMA, and CHRONIC CONSUMPTION in many instances has succeeded to its effect when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has produced for the last quarter of a century, prove emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only GENUINE is prepared by SETH W. FOWLER & CO., Boston, and is for sale every where. 7m 11

## \$2.50. EDSON'S IMPROVED

### Self-Adjustable Noiseless

### CARPET SWEEPER,

with the Patent Wheel, which will not wear out the Carpet. For sale at all the Carpet and House Furnishing Stores in Boston, and by

**H. B. CHAPMAN & Co.,**

Manufacturers,

No. 95 1-3 Water Street. 1m 9

## REMOVED.

## I. M. SINGER & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public generally, that they have leased the Store No. 69 Hanover Street, corner of Elm, directly under their former office, where they are now prepared to exhibit their numerous Machines to all who favor us with a call. We call the attention of all who are in search of Machines for family use, to call and examine our letter A Machine, which is of an entire new construction throughout; for superior durability and speed it cannot be surpassed. In short, it takes the palm off all others in the world. The great centre of attraction now in our new saleroom, the public will come where they are received with attention. Don't forget the number 69 Hanover Street, corner of Elm, directly opposite the American House.

**I. M. SINGER & CO.**

1w 9 B. THOTT, Agent

**ALFRED RUDGE & SON,**  
**BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS AND STATIONERS,**  
No. 24 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING OPPOSITE CITY HALL.  
Wedding Stationery of all kinds constantly on hand, and Cards printed at the shortest notice.  
Orders from the country promptly answered. 4t 8

## PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

WHEN not arising from organic disease, palpitations are due either to nervous excitement or to a general impoverishment of the blood. The PERVIAN SALT, by restoring the vital fluid to its proper condition, calms nervous excitement, arrests palpitations, and invigorates the whole system. 11

**FINE ART DRAWING PENCILS.** Prepared of fine Cumberland powder, manufactured on a new principle in an entire piece of lead, without the slightest variation throughout. They stand a firm point and are easy of erasure. Manufactured by De La Rue & Co., London, and for sale by THOMAS GROOM & CO., Stationers, 22 State Street. 4w 11

IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, postpaid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. 4t

WANTED, Agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell by subscription the very best books published. A small capital only is required, and large profits can be made. For full particulars address  
**LEAHY & ORT,** Publishers,  
6w 9 221 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## TRAVELLING PASSPORTS.

PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Travelling Passports by applying to  
**JOHN E. M. GILLY,**  
8w 10 No. 8 Old State House, Boston.

**BEWARE OF BASE IMITATIONS!** Use WATTS & CO'S genuine article for the cure of PILES. Prepared by BROWN, Apothecary, Agent. 4w 10 No. 18 Washington Street, corner State.

FOR SALE, A few wood cuts at the office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given. 8ft.

**\$150** Will pay for One Year's Board and Tuition in the English Department of the Flushing Female College, at Flushing, L. I. Address  
6w 9 9 B. WILLIAM H. GILDER, A. M.





BURNS AT THE PLOUGH

(For description see page 177.)



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU. { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM | Vol. XVI, No. 12...WHOLE No. 404.

## FLETCHER WEBSTER, ESQ. SURVEYOR OF BOSTON.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer from a fine photograph recently taken by Mr. S. Masury of this city. Fletcher Webster, the only surviving child of Daniel Webster, was born in Portsmouth, N. H. July 23, 1813. His father having removed to this city when the subject of our sketch was but four years of age, his education was commenced in Boston and its vicinity. He was fitted for college at the Public Latin School, and graduated at Harvard University in 1833. Among his classmates were Professors Bowen and Lovering, Rev. Doctor Ellis, Dr. Wyman, distinguished as an anatomist, and Charles A. Welch and Wm. Dehon, Esqrs., eminent lawyers.

Mr. Webster's popularity and position may be inferred from the fact that he was chosen to deliver the class valedictory oration. He commenced the study of law at Hopkinton with the late S. B. Walcott, and afterwards studied a year

in the office of C. B. Curtis, Esq., and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In that year he married Miss Caroline S., daughter of the late Hon. Stephen White, and at once removed to Detroit. After passing a year here, he removed to La Salle County, Illinois, in consequence of having large interests in land in that State. Here he resided four years, entering fully into the spirit of western life, and snatching time from his business engagements, to engage in field-sports, for which he had inherited a taste from his father, with the keenest zest. He was an active and popular member of a sporting club formed for the purpose of deer and wolf hunting, and distinguished himself as a bold rider and crack shot. Bidding farewell to the west, where he had become very popular, he went to Washington in 1841, and was appointed chief clerk of the State Department, an office which he filled with ability for two years. His father, in dedicating the fourth volume of his works to him, as "his only surviving child, and the object of his affections and hopes," states that several important State papers issued in the name of the elder Webster, were written by his son. General Cushing, at the recent Webster celebration in this city, took occasion to compliment Mr. Fletcher Webster, as the author of the first published essays on the abolition of the Sound Dues, a subject which he treated with marked ability and influence. Mr. Webster accompanied Mr. Cushing to China, as secretary of the mission, and, on his return to this country, embodied the knowledge he had acquired of the Celestial Empire and its people in a series of lectures, which he delivered with great success in New York city, Albany, Boston, and the principal towns of New York and the New England States. In 1847, two years after his return from China, he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, as a representative from Boston. During the session, Mr. Webster made a very able and eloquent speech in support of the resolution appropriating \$20,000 in aid of the Massachusetts regiment raised for service in the Mexican war, he, with two other gentlemen, being the only members of his party who sustained the measure. In reply to the objection of a member that the proposed grant was unconstitutional, Mr. Webster said:—

"To grant this aid can only be unconstitutional upon the ground that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not part of the United States. If, to defend the United States, be not to defend Massachusetts—if this Commonwealth be not interested in that defence, and her safety and security the same with that of the Union, then I admit it is unconstitutional to give this

twenty thousand dollars to these volunteers about to fight the battles of the Union. But if Massachusetts is a part of the Union, if to defend the whole be to defend every part, if to defend the Union be to defend Massachusetts, if when the one is at war the other is at war, and necessarily so, then, sir, it is not unconstitutional. The gentleman further tells us that when needy persons come to us as applicants, we have a right to look to the object for which the charity is asked, that need itself furnished us no ground for relief—that if that were so, he could bring out here a thousand men worse off than these volunteers. The passage which he quotes from the constitution in support of this sentiment, tells us, if it tells us anything in connection with this matter, to give this relief—it tells us that public charity, humanity and generous sentiment, should be encouraged among mankind. Sir, we do not ask who or what are those who come to us in distress—our asylums, and almshouses, and hospitals, which cover the summits of the hills all over the

State, are open equally to all, citizens, strangers and foreigners. The law has ever recognized this claim. The Creator enacted the law when first he set our beating hearts in motion; every nation, civilized and savage, has re-enacted it—our statute books are full of it. And when we give thus liberally to all of whatever condition, freely, and without consideration or return, shall we shut down the flood-gates of our charity when our own fellow citizens, about to fight in a foreign war, and in behalf of the country, when Massachusetts freemen, our neighbors and friends, come before us and ask us for some small supplies, some scanty clothing, to eke out what they have, enough to save them from the certain death which awaits them if they go to fight in a strange country and a deadly climate, insufficiently provided as they are? Sir, I was pained by, while I admired, the able and brilliant speech of the gentleman. I felt, sir, as he was endeavoring to prove that these men were not militia of the State, and therefore not entitled to our aid,

that he was arguing the clothes off the backs of a thousand poor fellows. Sir, with one nice distinction, I saw them lose a blanket, a second robbed them of a coat, and a third left them barefoot." The sentiments, the reasoning and language of this speech are worthy the son of Daniel Webster. We must make room for the closing sentences of this stirring address.—"The gentleman from Salem tells us that if we pass this resolve, we must unwrite our history, tear down our monuments. Well, sir, tear them down—who cares for a pile of stones? Monuments are nothing. Sink Concord and Lexington to the centre of the earth, will these places be forgotten? \* \* \* Sir, great deeds, heroic actions, noble virtues, live in better monuments than those of granite or marble—the hearts of men, those living, beating hearts, which to all time, without interruption or cessation, shall perpetuate the fame and the renown of the great and good. Massachusetts needs no monuments. Her history, and her fame, and her glory need none. Let us do nothing to cloud or obscure it. Let us never perform an act which shall need argument or rhetoric to justify it, but which shall at once, at first, forever, everywhere, commend itself to the best feelings of the heart, to every impulse of generosity and humanity, to all noble and patriotic sentiments." The previous year, Mr. Webster had delivered the 4th of July oration before the municipal authorities of Boston at the city celebration. It is an eloquent and patriotic production. On the death of General McNeil, Surveyor of the port of Boston in 1850, General Taylor conferred the vacant office on Mr. Webster, and on the expiration of his commission, he was re-appointed by President Pierce, and is now serving a third term by appointment of President Buchanan. On each occasion his appointment has been unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference. In connection with this office, we should mention an incident highly creditable to and characteristic of Mr. Webster. Under the administration of General Taylor, Gen. McNeil's commission was about to expire, it was rumored that Mr. Webster was an applicant for the office, and designed to supplant the old veteran. So soon as this report came to Mr. Webster's knowledge, he waited on General McNeil, and assured him that there was not the slightest foundation for the story. "I had rather," said Mr. Webster, "get my living as a day laborer than owe it to the removal of an old soldier who had shed his blood in his country's service." He moreover assured the General that his father's and his own influence should be used to obtain a re-appointment, in case General Taylor entertained any idea of making a change in the office. With these assurances, General McNeil started for Washington, but died a few days after his arrival. General Taylor had, we believe, re-appointed him on the very day of his death. The President immediately appointed Mr. Webster to the vacancy thus occurring. In 1855 Mr. Webster edited an edition of his father's Correspondence, a valuable and interesting work. With a turn also for lighter literature, he has written and published, anonymously, however, a number of humorous poems. Mr. Webster is an influential member of the democratic party, and during the last presidential campaign canvassed Pennsylvania and New Hampshire for Mr. Buchanan. He has all the qualities of a popular campaign speaker. The features of Mr. Webster strongly remind one of his father. In stature, however, he is of the medium height, though strongly built. He is now in the prime of manhood, and inherits a vigorous constitution.



FLETCHER WEBSTER, ESQ., SURVEYOR OF BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Three Nights with the Wreckers.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

## NIGHT THE FIRST.

TWILIGHT was fast settling on a remote and unfrequented sea-beach, where the strong arm of the law was seldom known to reach. Human eye has seldom looked upon a more desolate scene. Its only redeeming point was a certain degree of sublimity, resulting from the very excessiveness of its dreary monotony. With the exception of a few scattered sand-hills, as far as the eye could reach extended a low, sandy shore, without a single object to break the dismal sameness of the view.

Even on the landward side the same flat, sandy plain stretched away to the horizon's utmost verge, while a few stunted pines here and there alone disturbed the unvarying level. It was the ocean's vast expanse, without any of the ever-changing phases which give interest to its far-reaching uniformity.

On this wild sea-beach stood two human beings, of an aspect by no means out of keeping with the scene. One was a tall, stalwart, middle-aged man, with a strongly-marked, weather-beaten face, on which many a stormy passion had left its impress. He was conversing with a female, wrapped in a large crimson shawl, whose face was almost as dark and fierce as his own, though it exhibited traces of what must once have been beauty of no ordinary character. Her language and manner were both superior to her dress and general appearance, and denoted that good-breeding and refinement had not always been strangers to her.

"Mark Hazel," said she, while her dark eyes glared fiercely upon her companion, "I have suffered cold, and hunger, and sickness, and every ill that human tigers can inflict upon the dear brothers and sisters of the race who happen to have no money wherewith to purchase their forbearance. But all these evils, ten times told and ten times doubled, would be but a drop to an ocean compared with the deadly injuries which you have inflicted upon me."

At these words the man raised a heavily-loaded club, which he habitually carried, and advanced towards the speaker with dark, lowering brows and threatening gestures.

"Ay," continued the woman, with a bitter laugh, "strike, kick, cuff, abuse and torment me. Women were made for nothing else. Such little attentions from the hands of their lords and masters are nothing more than what they have to expect, and well have you taught me to know it."

Hazel would undoubtedly have followed up his threats by just such acts as those she had ironically invoked, but at that moment there ran up to them a beautiful child, a boy, between two and three years of age, the wrecker's only offspring, and the one thing on earth which he dearly loved; and he who feared not man, nor God, nor devil, was afraid to act out his brutish purpose in the presence of this little child.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the reckless woman, "can it be possible that you think it too early for him to commence his apprenticeship to the devil? Never mind; he'll soon make up for lost time when he does begin. He will have such an admirable example set him. Satan has no such schoolmaster as Mark Hazel. All pandemonium could not furnish his equal in the delightful occupation of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot' murderous fire arms, and training up a boy for the gallows. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mark Hazel scowled like an angry demon, and with all his force hurled at the woman's head the deadly bludgeon with which he had before threatened her. She stooped nimbly to avoid it, or it would probably have killed her.

Again she broke forth with that bitter, sarcastic laugh, a miserable mockery of mirth. Then drawing herself up to her full height, and shaking her long, bony forefinger at the wrecker, she said, solemnly and impressively:

"On that woful day when I first had the misfortune to know you, I was as innocent as that little child. I was the pride of my fond parents' hearts—a beloved and loving daughter, in a cheerful, happy home. You crossed my path, your foul touch polluted me—and my father drove me forth, with his heavy curse upon me, on the very day that I broke my mother's heart. Instead of receiving and protecting me, as you had sworn before high heaven to do, you spurned me with bitter taunts and foul mouthed imprecations, and I became a disgrace to my sex and an outcast from humanity. And yet, at the very moment that you were meditating this awful deed, this infamous soul murder, you swore upon your bended knees that you loved me better than life itself! And so now you pretend to love that child. But if he does not prove himself a fiend before he is old enough to be a man, it will not be his father's precept or example that will prevent him."

"Now hear me, Mark Hazel. I have little cause to love that boy, whose mother usurped the place that should have been mine, but there is still enough of the woman in my heart to make me pity the son of such a father. I know—God help me—that I am half crazed with sin, and sorrow, and suffering, but I utter only the solemn truth when I say to you that a voice beyond the grave, to which I am fast hastening, declares to me this night that if you dare to attempt to make that poor boy as wicked as yourself, a retribution will overtake you, so terrible that it will freeze even your guilt-hardened soul with horror from which the very torments of despair would seem a desirable refuge."

"I know I have not long to live, and they say that when death is near, a corner of that dark veil which covers the future is sometimes lifted. Heed my warning then, Mark Hazel, or the bitterest curse of the soul you have ruined shall cleave to your sin-burdened heart until it shall have ceased to beat forever."

The tall, striking form, with the fierce, dark, gipsy-like face and bearing, and its wild, weird look in the fast thickening twilight, was one by which many a stout spirit would have been appalled. But fear was a stranger to the wrecker's soul, and humble as was his station now—the reward of guilt and virtual outlawry—his education and intelligence made him impervious to the superstitious misgivings which haunted most of his companions. It was anger alone which distorted his features and gave token of the demoniacal fury that raged within his breast.

With two or three tiger-like bounds he regained his club, whirled it round his head, and as the woman turned to flee, struck her fairly on the temple with the full force of his gigantic strength. Blood and brains stained the club as he withdrew it, and his hapless victim fell to the earth without a struggle. With a smile of savage triumph the murderer seized the warm corpse and bearing it to the water's edge hurled it far out into the boiling surf, where the ebbing tide soon bore it away into the thick darkness which fell like a vast pall over the sea. All external traces of the deed were thus speedily effaced, but there was already a record made above which all the oceans on earth could never wash away. As Mark turned from the water, he felt his very heart shrink within him from the clear blue eyes of his beautiful boy. And then it was that the iron first entered his soul, and he felt what it was to be a murderer.

## NIGHT THE SECOND.

Some fourteen years had passed away, and night was again falling upon that desolate coast. It had been a wild, stormy evening, and as it grew darker the gale still increased, and the sea bird's shriek as he strove in vain to stem the fury of the blast, the moaning of the wind, the thunders of the surf, all fell more and more dismally upon the ear.

Mark Hazel, the wrecker, with six or eight of his lawless companions, stood upon a sand-hill, at the extreme seaward verge of a low-lying headland. They were watching a heavily laden barque in the offing, which was evidently in distress. She was laboring terribly in a raging sea, and had fired several signal guns, which, on that God-forsaken coast, could only bring down the vultures which were waiting eagerly for their prey.

The object of these men was plainly indicated by a huge lantern, furnished with large reflectors, all ready to be hoisted to the top of a mast planted on the hillock, with the view of decoying the vessel upon a sunken reef, where she must inevitably go to pieces.

The savage-looking group seemed to be waiting for some one, and their lowering brows and frequent oaths showed that they were anything but patient waiters. At length there appeared in the distance, in the direction in which the men were gazing, a slender figure advancing along the beach. It was an unusually handsome boy, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, the only child of Mark Hazel, whom he loved in his own

way with all the fervor of his impassioned nature. All the kindly feelings of which he was capable were concentrated upon the lad, and he displayed from time to time a sort of fierce tenderness, such as a tiger might entertain for his savage offspring. And yet this parental love had in no wise changed the wrecker's nature. He remained, as he had long been, more reckless and cruel as he was more firm and courageous than any of his wild and lawless companions.

"So, my young gentleman," cried Hazel, with an oath, "it has pleased you to come at last, has it? We ought to be very thankful though, I suppose, that you have kept us waiting only half an hour or thereabouts. What have you been about all this time, sir?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the boy, "I came as soon as ever I got your message. I was not at home when John first came."

"And where were you, pray?"

"I was at Mr. Ross's. I promised him last Sunday that I would go to-day."

"May the deuce take Mr. Ross and all his tribe, and that infernal Sunday-school into the bargain! That's what has made such a pulling, whining, psalm-singing milk-sop of you. Before you went to that cursed school you had some spirit in you; but now you have not got pluck enough to drown a kitten. You ought to have petticoats on. I don't know what ever induced me to make such an egregious ass of myself as to permit you to go there at first. But I have always been idiot enough to let you do as you pleased. Now, however, I am determined that you shall do as I please. It is high time that you were beginning to do something towards earning your own living. I am resolved to see you make a beginning this very night, and on this very spot."

"Father, you know that I have often begged you to allow me to go and do something for myself, but you never would give your consent. If there was anything for me to do here, I am sure nothing would please me better than to do it."

"Very well, sir, I'll take you at your word. I'll give you something to do here on the spot, and very easy work too—a job you can finish in three minutes. It is merely to hoist that lantern."

Walter stood aghast. He could hardly believe that he had heard aright. His father had never before asked him to take any part in any of his lawless proceedings, and it had never once occurred to him to imagine that such a proposition could be made to him. Though rude, and rough, and wilful, passionate in the extreme, he had generally been kind to him, and had never positively ill-treated him. Walter felt that he loved him, and he could not conceive of the possibility of his desiring to make a villain of him. The truth is, Mark had expected objections on the boy's part, and being loth to encounter them, had put the thing off from time to time, and had only come to the determination of forcing it upon him this evening in consequence of the jeers and sneers of his companions. Though greatly superior to them in mental qualifications, and particularly in early education, he nevertheless dreaded their ridicule, at the same time that he heartily despised them.

Another thing that induced Hazel to press the matter at once, was his dread of Mr. Ross and the Sunday-school. He knew that the boy was imbibing principles from these sources which might interfere with his plans if he allowed them to remain much longer uncounteracted. An outlaw himself, he must either make his son one too or be wholly separated from him; and he was too selfish, too careless of the boy's real interests, to hesitate a moment which alternative to choose. For these reasons he was resolved to force upon Walter his first lesson in iniquity that very night.

"Well, boy," he continued, "what are you staring at? Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, father, I heard you. But surely you cannot be serious. O, father, you are not in earnest, I am sure you are not!"

"You are sure of an infernal lie, then. You will find out before all's over whether I am in earnest or not, I'll promise you."

"O, father, I cannot, you know I cannot do what you ask me. It is impossible!"

"And why, pray? Are you not strong enough to haul up a few pounds weight? Or are you afraid of soiling your dainty fingers?"

"Father, I beseech you do not require me to do this thing. Do not—O, do not do it!"

"And why not, pray?"

"You know the reason very well, father. You know that I believe it to be wrong, wicked, criminal to do what you ask; and you will not force

me to do what I believe to be a crime; what I abhor from my inmost soul. You will not be so cruel, father."

"We'll soon see that, my unfledged moralist. A pretty pass we have come to, when children sit in judgment upon their parents, say what they ought or ought not to do, and pronounce upon the morality of their actions. Is that the way the Sunday-school hypocrites teach you to practise the fifth commandment? Didn't Ross tell me that you should be taught to obey your father? Didn't he say that it was one of the very first lessons the scholars learned?"

"And so it is, sir. Mr. Ross told the truth."

"Mr. Ross is an infernal liar, and I'll break his head for him the very first time I catch him sneaking around this beach. I more than half suspect him to be a spy, and if I can prove it on him, he'll wish the evil one had him rather than Mark Hazel. They are all alike, though; they teach you to *dis-obey* your parents, to set yourselves up for judges of their conduct, and to stigmatize their actions as crimes, though they make their bread by them."

These last words produced an effect upon the boy which Mark could not understand. He recoiled as if he had received a blow, and it was some minutes before he recovered his ordinary self-possession. At that moment, it had struck him for the first time that he himself was subsisting upon that "bread" of which his father spoke, and which he knew to be, in part, at least, the "wages of sin." He resolved that instant that no such bread should ever pass his lips again. He was roused from his reflections by the voice of the wrecker, asking rudely what he was studying about.

"Father," said Walter, "you cannot deceive yourself in this thing. No one knows better than you do that no father has the right to force his child to do that which is contrary to the laws of both God and man, and which equally—"

"Silence, sir!" roared the wrecker. "I'll have no preaching here. Take hold of that rope and hoist the lantern this instant!"

"Father, I am ready to obey any lawful command of yours at the peril of my life; but I cannot and will not commit this great sin."

"You'll do it, sir, sin or no sin. Who made you a judge? And suppose it is a sin—suppose it is the worst of crimes, it is my affair, not yours. And you may be sure it won't trouble my conscience, so long as there is nobody but our own fellows here to see it."

"God is here to see it, father."

"Haven't I told you already that I'll have no preaching here? Hoist that lantern! Hoist it, I say, or by—"

Passion choked the wrecker's utterance. His face grew dark as midnight, and even the most hardened of his wicked companions shuddered at the sight. The most unmoved among them, apparently, was the boy. His resolution was taken, his course decided, and nothing now could move him. Calmly and solemnly he said:

"Father, I would not do it if you were to beat me till I could not stand—not if I knew that you would strike me dead at your feet the next minute with that murderous club, and throw my dead body into the sea."

All eyes were turned upon the wrecker, for they all expected some horrible deed to follow; but to the amazement of every one, the words had hardly left Walter's mouth, when his father's face grew suddenly so pale as to be almost livid, the loaded club fell from his hand, and he glared wildly upon the dark bosom of the ocean, as if he saw some hideous spectre rising there. This extraordinary emotion, however, was but momentary. In a minute or two he regained his self-possession in a great measure, and with a powerful effort, steadying his nerves and voice, said:

"Walter Hazel, I ask you for the last time if you will hoist that lantern?"

The boy shook his head.

"Then you are no longer a son of mine. Be gone, and never let me see your face again!"

"Farewell then, father," said Walter, stretching out his hand.

The wrecker folded his arms, and turned angrily from him. Walter sighed heavily, and then slowly walked away.

## NIGHT THE THIRD.

Several more years had elapsed, and again it was night upon that desolate coast. The moon was almost full, but heavy clouds were driving across her disk, and giving her the appearance of



wading and struggling in a vapory ocean, which was really flying landward, impelled by a furious easterly gale. It was a terrible storm, long afterwards remembered on that coast, for the fearful havoc it made of life and property.

The fatal lantern, "the devil's own light-house," as it had not inappropriately been termed, was burning brightly in its place, and its baleful glare had already lured to destruction a heavily-laden brig. But greatly to the disappointment of the lantern-lighters, the captain and crew had managed to get safely ashore, in a condition to claim what might be cast up from the wreck. They were thoroughly drenched, however, and almost frozen, and several of the wreckers had volunteered to convey them to a small village some miles inland, where their wants could be supplied, and where they would be out of the way, at least for the present.

In the meantime, the majority of these amphibious plunderers were busily at work, and many a valuable article had been transferred to hiding-places where the eyes of the owners could never penetrate, and which no police officer or magistrate had ever heard of.

Wild beasts snarling and fighting over their prey, would fitly illustrate the conduct of these men as they wrangled for the spoils which fraud and crime had assisted to place within their reach. Whenever an article of value was seen approaching the shore, two, three or four men would instantly plunge in after it, and then almost invariably a fight would follow, the combatants being often up to their necks in water.

While this sort of work was going on, Mark Hazel and two others returned from the village, to which they had been conveying the crew of the brig. All had been anxious to get these men out of the way, and Mark and the others had undertaken to remove them only upon condition that they should not thereby be deprived of an equal chance at the goods from the wreck. They soon saw that they had been deceived in this respect, and their anger thereat may be imagined. Brandishing his deadly bludgeon, Mark Hazel ran in among those who were tugging at the spoils, and murder might have been the result, if a new incident had not attracted their attention.

Led on by the false beacon light, another vessel, a large ship, had doubled a neighboring headland, and had just become visible in the moonlight. At the same instant that the wreckers caught sight of the vessel, those aboard of her became aware of their danger, and began to struggle for their lives with all the energy of that feeling which is almost but not quite despair.

The wreckers looked on with an interest so intense, that it induced them to forget their quarrel and fix their whole attention upon the struggle before them, which was to terminate either in the safety of the vessel and their disappointment, or in its destruction and their criminal aggrandizement. Such was the state of things ashore.

On board the ship, all that stout hearts and skillful hands could do with sails, and ropes and helm, was done with lightning-like rapidity, but all to no purpose. That terrible lee shore no human power or skill could now avoid. Onward they were driven by the pitiless blast—the doomed ship and her hapless crew—deadly breakers roaring in front, and mountain billows thundering astern, while the storm-lashed ocean howled on every side, like some mighty ogre hungering for its prey.

Thus impelled by the united fury of winds and waves, the ship was hurled upon the sunken reef. Like an animated being she shudders with the mighty concussion, and groans and shrieks as her great timbers are rent asunder; and at the same instant a sharp, shrill cry of mortal agony, the death-cry of the wretched crew, rose clear and distinct above the turmoil of the elements. And there was only time for that single cry, for the next minute ship and crew and cargo, in one indistinguishable mass, were engulfed in the watery abyss.

Calmly, pitilessly, approvingly, the stony-hearted wreckers gazed at the terrible scene, and awaited the booty which the waves were sure to bring them. Among the first things cast ashore was a large water-tight trunk, which was seized and appropriated by Mark Hazel and one of his companions, an especial crony of his. Other articles soon followed, and all became as busy as bees in the spring. Eager to examine their prize, Mark and his partner speedily forced open the trunk, and gratified cupidity sparkled in their eyes as they tore open numerous packages of the richest lace and of the most costly jewelry.

While they were glowering over this valuable

booty, and settling in a summary manner the laws pertaining to "Hobson and Jabez," the body of a man was thrown up upon the sand, almost at their feet; but they went on with their eager examination, hardly deigning to glance at the body, and no more moved by its proximity than if it had been the carcass of a dog.

Presently Hazel's companion said: "Mark, I believe that fellow is alive. I have seen him move two or three times. There—he moves now!"

"Well," replied Mark, with a tremendous oath, "what the deuce is that to me? You don't expect me to help keep him alive, do you?"

"I would a good deal rather help keep him dead," rejoined the other, with a brutal laugh. "But I say, Mark, that fellow looks like a passenger. Suppose he should turn out to be the man that owns this trunk—how then?"

"What's that you say?"

"I say, suppose that chap should be the owner of this here trunk? It is not at all unlikely."

"No, by Beelzebub, it is not!" cried Mark, and he scowled fearfully upon the shipwrecked man, who seemed to be recovering, and struggling to turn his face towards them.

"He hears us," whispered the other. "He will give us trouble, Mark, you may depend upon it."

"No, that he'll never do!" shouted Mark, as he brought down his loaded club upon the stranger's skull. The blow was a tremendous one. It crushed the bone to splinters, and a mixture of blood and brains and hair was sticking to the club as he raised it again. With another fearful oath, and a fiendish chuckle, he spurned the now lifeless carcass with his foot, and turned it over.

The moon was then shining brightly, and as the body rolled over, its rays fell full upon the upturned features of the dead. Mark saw them, and the next instant a wild, blood-curdling shriek awoke the echoes among the sand-hills, for more than a mile along the shore.

It was his boy—his Walter—the only thing he had ever loved! A single glance at that pallid face had hurled reason from her throne forever, and left him a helpless, hopeless, gibbering maniac.

The murdered woman's curse had struck home, and her prediction and her vengeance were alike accomplished.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE SECOND CHOICE.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

"ESTHER! beware how you throw from you a true heart. It may never happen a second time that you will have the opportunity to reject it."

"And what if I do not?"

"You will go through life bearing the remembrance of your sin."

"My sin?"

"Of your sin, Esther. If there is any sin, it is that of falsehood. False you have been to one who would have died for you."

As Arthur Hammond turned away from Mr. Maywood's door that afternoon, Esther looked long after his retreating figure. When at length it was lost to her sight, she sighed deeply, and the tears fell in large drops from her eyes.

"He says truly," she repeated, passionately. "I shall bear the remembrance of my sin."

But a gay voice sounded from the hall, and a quick step came to the door, and the tears dried and the smile succeeded to the sigh.

"Have you done it?" asked the voice. "Is that canting hypocrite gone, Esther?"

For a moment every feeling in Esther Maywood's soul revolted from the being before her. But she had carved out her own future. Arthur Hammond had been peremptorily dismissed, his letters and gifts sent back, and she had promised to love a man who was not worthy to unloose his shoe latchet, and whose only advantage was that he was handsome. The marriage took place in a month; show and style and all the pomps and vanities which Arnold Cavendish did not fail to introduce, supplying the place of trust and affection. A splendid establishment was provided, and for a while gaiety and pleasure ruled the day, and drowned the voice of conscience in the ear of the bride.

Arthur Hammond was not the man to die of a broken heart because a woman had foolishly refused, or rather deceived him. He did not put himself in her way, but neither did he avoid her;

and in consequence they often met. Esther could not fail to observe that while Arnold Cavendish was often only tolerated in the best circles, Arthur was admired and sought for his intellectual endowments and superior intelligence. She saw how the men of intellect deferred to the youthful lawyer who had made his own distinction by his talent; and how eagerly they listened to his opinion upon debated subjects, while her husband was unnoticed, save by the gay and volatile of the circle.

It was in the midst of one of her own splendid parties that the crash, so long foreseen by others, came suddenly upon the unhappy bride. The rooms were blazing with light, the tables loaded with refreshments, the song and dance and gay laughter went round. Never was Esther more brilliant; never was her husband more smooth and bland in his vapid nothings. One of the clerks belonging to his counting-room called him from the room, and one of the visitors, a man high in commercial reputation, obeyed the beckoning glance of the clerk's eye, and followed him also. Esther was at the piano, with a crowd of admiring listeners about her. Mingling with the very tones of her voice, as it rose clear and distinct upon the highest notes, a sound burst upon the startled ear that struck consternation to every heart. It was the sound of a pistol just overhead, in Mr. Cavendish's own chamber. The clerk had announced to him the exposure of a transaction in which he had been engaged, too dishonorable for him to bear the imputation, and he had rushed, uncalled, into a higher presence than that from which he, coward-like, shrunk.

From the long trance of horror which succeeded this night, Esther awoke to a sense of her condition. A widow, poor, friendless—for the butterfly friends deserted her now—she had no resource but in herself. One there was, indeed, who would have gladly assisted her, but dared not. Arthur Hammond stood aloof in her hour of tribulation—not because he would not have rejoiced to come nearer, but because he would fain see how she bore the test of affliction and adversity. Every vestige of her splendid establishment disappeared under the rapacious grasp of creditors, who could not pardon her for her share of the extravagance that had been committed. Not one of her summer friends opened a door for her relief. Only one person came forward to offer her a temporary shelter, and that was a woman who had sewed for her since her marriage, and who had but the poor pittance which she received for her work.

For several weeks after accepting this shelter, Esther shut herself in the small chamber, which was all that her humble friend could assign her, and gave way to sullen and obstinate grief. Miss Graves, her hostess, was an elderly, unmarried Scotch woman, to whom life had presented but few delights, and but little prosperity. Alone in the world, with no ties, she had passed a lonely and a weary life. She could not understand the listless, inactive way of taking trouble, that Esther was exhibiting, and she resolved to expostulate with her. One touch of sympathy would have confirmed Esther in her despair; but the matter of fact way of treating it which Miss Graves adopted, was that alone that could reach the disorder. She was lying, bathed in tears, upon the bed, when the straightforward woman, anxious to do good to her guest, entered the chamber.

"It's nae use to lie here greeting," said she, as she bustled about the room, removing the candlesticks, with their bits of melted tallow, and wiping away the dust from the little table. "The Lord never gies afflictions without some purpose; and gin we dinna receive them weel, we are sure to get mair. Now, Mrs. Cavendish, just get up frae your bed, like a sensible leddy as ye are, and come awa' with me for a walk. It will do ye muckle good, I am thinking. Nae be persuaded."

"O, Miss Graves, I am so miserable!"

"Nae doubt, nae doubt; but fight against it, my woman, and you will have the victory."

After long urging, Esther consented to go down stairs, but no solicitation could induce her to go out. From her state of listlessness, she aroused only enough to offer assistance in the sewing which Miss Graves was obliged to perform; but it was a great effort, and the work often shone with the tears that fell upon it.

After she had been with Mrs. Graves a few weeks, she could not but perceive a great change in the quality of the food upon her table. From the simple and sometimes scanty cookery which the limited means of her hostess could supply, there was a marked change to the best and most

substantial; while a number of comforts mysteriously found their way to her, which she was quite sure Mrs. Graves's means could not have afforded. Her attention was roused, when a beautiful work table, precisely like one that was her own, was placed in the corner of Miss Graves's little parlor. A mark which she had once made inside the drawer, betrayed that it was really the same.

She looked inquiringly at the old lady, but her stolid countenance gave no intelligence, and Esther had become too indifferent to externals, in her late abasement, to pursue the inquiry. One morning, soon after, her own harp and guitar were found by her when she rose, and then she conceived the idea of making them subservient to her maintenance. She languidly asked Miss Graves if she could get her some pupils.

"Gang awa' and get some yourself!" was the short and emphatic response. "Mair gude it will do ye, than for a pair o' seam sewers than me." And Esther, quickened by the abrupt answer, did actually put on the deep mourning bonnet and veil, although its hue struck a chill to her heart, and went out to leave her written cards at the bookstores and other places likely to receive applications.

But where—in what room could she give her lessons? Miss Graves's little parlor of eleven feet square, with that lady's sewing baskets and patterns, and the little screen behind which she measured her customers for their linen, was no place. Her own bedroom was but a mere closet. But the harp so mysteriously brought, had disappeared as mysteriously while she was gone after pupils, and Miss Graves beckoned her triumphantly into a large room in which a door had been cut from the parlor; a large back room, just papered and painted, and fitted with music stands and music stools, and the harp itself standing beside a piano.

"Who does all these things for me, Miss Graves?"

"I couldna tell if I would, and I wouldna if I could," was the unsatisfactory answer.

Miss Graves lived in quite another part of the town from that once occupied by Mrs. Cavendish. Esther's pupils were therefore strangers, and she thought no one knew of her present abode who had known her in other days. Who then could be her friend in this quarter? Her father having died soon after her marriage, she had broken off all intercourse with any relations of her own—so that she could not attribute anything to that source.

Wearied with conjecture, she abandoned all thought of finding out, after collecting quite a number of pupils, among whom she recognized two little girls belonging to her former neighborhood. With the proceeds of her labor she found pleasure in bestowing every comfort upon the poor little Scotch woman, who was now better off by far than before she had received her. "Casting her bread upon the waters," she found had brought a reward she had not anticipated.

Occupation had brought back the roses to Esther's cheek and the light to her eye, and a year had done more for her mental and physical health than she could have believed; and greatly to the delight and astonishment of Miss Graves, she began to show signs of a growing interest in life and its pursuits.

The little woman had gone out one pleasant summer evening, and had left her guest sitting in the little parlor by the window in the bright moonlight. If Esther had looked in the tell-tale face of Miss Graves, she would have read there that some secret was beneath those twinkling little eyes; but on moonlight evenings Esther was always more than usually abstracted and self-contained, and she saw nothing, thought nothing, but to sit there alone and dream of the strange past.

Suddenly a voice was in her ear, and a breath upon her cheek that she had heard and felt before; and amidst the tumult and confusion of her thoughts, she heard herself called by the long unused name of Esther. And he who spoke it was Arthur Hammond himself!

After a long, long explanation, Esther said, playfully: "So you have been trying me this year's probation?"

"Trying you is hardly the word, Esther; but I will not find fault with you, call it what you may, since you have come out so nobly."

There was peace shining into the hearts of both, and when the little Scotch woman returned, she burst into mingled weeping and congratulation at the success of the little scheme in which she had so ably assisted.



## EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

The beautiful engravings on the two pages now opened before our readers are from the pencil of Billings, and were engraved expressly for us. The design is the most graceful in conception and execution that ever emanated from the fancy and hand of the distinguished artist, and we have republished them in consequence of an urgent and pressing demand which we can supply in no other way, as every copy of the paper which originally contained it was exhausted months ago. Since then we have been constantly receiving letters from subscribers begging duplicates for their friends, and have been urged on all hands to reprint this gem of art. This pres-

group sits Europe, personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. She occupies the most prominent position in the picture, as of right. In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head the crown of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her in token of her sovereignty. At the foot of the picture is a sketch illustrating the recent condition of a part of the old world—a state of war. On a plateau of land a group of allied officers are watching the issue of a military movement in the Crimea. On the right is an emblematic figure of Asia, beautiful as a favorite sultana, attired in rich barbaric finery, and seated in a car drawn by a lion and a tiger. Below this group

it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race,—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands—hoary with antiquity—the graves of so many nations—the battle-fields of so many races—the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesmanship,—the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse myste-

back enriched with many new ideas, with brighter conceptions of the characteristic features of the Eastern hemisphere; but still the necessary rapidity of travel, allowing but an imperfect acquaintance with the lands we visit, leaves our home again, as the fresh daguerreotypes of men and things in the mind's gallery become dim and dusky, we again look upon the Eastern hemisphere as another world, and this in spite of the multiplied and continuous relations established of late between the great East and the great West. And even when the thought communication is perfected, and we can send, in a few hours, our order to Meen Fun, in China, for a



THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

sure has finally overcome our reluctance, and we now lay before our readers the two pictures which, in England and France, are pronounced the best ever issued by the American press, and referred to as showing the surprising advance of the arts of design in America. They are allegorical and emblematic representations of the hemispheres. In the centre of the first picture (the Eastern Hemisphere) we behold a group strongly characteristic of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship"—the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornamental appointments. The human figures in this group are effective. The Arab is the true type of his race; the mounted Circassian warrior is also a characteristic figure. Above the central

is a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghilleh,—a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character. On the left side of the engraving a characteristic figure typifies Africa, while the huge ostrich and the character of the foliage serve further to localize the sketch. Below the Chinese figures, the pagoda, and the snake charmer, with his pet cobra, sufficiently indicate one of the most curious countries of the world. With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Separated from its nearest point by a thousand leagues of ocean, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends

rious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are buried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay. From these wanderings we come

chest of Oolong, and on the same day receive the assurance of our correspondent that the article is on its way per Great Western Railroad freight train, which runs at fifty miles an hour including stoppages, and, reaching the western confines of Europe, plunges into a submarine railway tunnel under the Atlantic, delivering goods in Boston direct from China, we shall still look upon the East as a sort of huge castle in the air. From the storied legendary East we turn to our own hemisphere, which Mr. Billings has illustrated in a design equally beautiful and characteristic. The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with the shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbol of independence—on her lance. At her feet crouches an Indian, the type of that gallant but



fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are sinking before the march of civilization, and are destined, it is feared, to total extinction before many years. Below the figure of Liberty, we have a sketch of the prairie, and a group of red men, as they appear when isolated from civilization, and devoted to war and the chase. In the lower right hand corner is a keel-boat loaded with produce and rowed by blacks. Higher up, a party of emigrants are unloading their household goods. Above them, hardy pioneers are engaged in their war with the giants of the forest; while, crowning these different groups, we behold a large and flourishing city, with steamboats ploughing the waters it overlooks, amidst

vellous growth of a republic the greatest the world ever knew—the problems suggested by the condition and the monuments of its early aboriginal inhabitants—its dazzling future, all these combine to render the history and fortunes of this hemisphere a study of the deepest interest. That the centre of civilization is destined to change from the east to the west is scarcely disputed. Civilization, starting from the extreme east, has moved westward with the march of time. The mightiest monarchies the old world ever knew have been numbered with the past. Of their gigantic monuments, the crumbling foundations are scarcely discernible. In Egypt alone the records of the past yet hint at the

downtall of the short-lived Roman republic, the failure of the constitutionalists in the German states, the treasonable overthrow of the French republic, the indulgence that is eating into the heart of England herself, the practical rottenness of her governmental system,—as we view all these things, we are forced to admit that despotism is too strong for liberalism in the old world. It is then that we turn our eyes to the West—to our own hemisphere, and thank Heaven that we have a heritage so goodly. Were the whole population of the Eastern hemisphere to be transferred to the Western, it would support them. Here are millions on millions of unpopulated acres in both North and South America, on

South America will no longer be the battleground for contending factions—when governments, established on sound principles, will no longer be administered by successful soldiers, and when the means of education and improvement will be scattered broadcast. If the Spanish race does not accomplish or reap the fruits of this new order of things, it will be because it has its retributions as well as its crimes. The last of gold and blood which characterized the Spaniard in the days of his country's greatness, is the hereditary legacy of his descendants in whatever quarter of the globe they may be placed; and if the unhallowed fires of avarice and cruelty burn less feebly in them, it is because they are degon-



THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

all the tokens of civilization and prosperity. On the other side of the figure of Liberty we behold the volcanoes which are so striking a feature in Mexico, a group of Mexicans, dashing caballeros in their picturesque costume, and a mule train; while an Esquimaux scene completes the illustrative details of the spirited design. The Western Hemisphere—the “newest birth of time”—is now engaging, more fully, perhaps, than ever, the attention of the whole world. The long period during which it remained lost and unknown to the civilized world—its vast extent and boundless natural wealth—the gigantic scale of its rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts and forests—the romantic adventures attending its discovery and colonization—the rapid progress of civilization within its borders—the foundation and mar-

splendor and greatness which is forever banished from the banks of the Nile. And why is the East now deluged with blood and wasted with fire? Because the frozen North again menaced to send forth its hordes over southern and western Europe, as the Visigoths and Huns had done before them in ages past, and hasten the decay of the decrepid states of Europe. When we look at the financial condition of the different Christian states of the old world, at the debts of their governments, at the misery and degradation of the masses, we are constrained to take a dark view of their future. We know that the spirit of liberty is there; we witness its convulsive throes, but as we note the successive failures of the nations to achieve their independence—as we contemplate such events as the fall of Hungary, the

which the rank vegetation of nature might be replaced by the fruits and vegetables which support life in man and animals. When we look at the extent and resources of this hemisphere, we shall find that much as has been done in certain localities, yet, on the whole, their development has just commenced. This remark applies more particularly to South America, which is a noble field for the action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The whole of this part of the Western Hemisphere remains comparatively unproductive in the hands of the feeble races who now partially occupy it. With its broad rivers, its magnificent forests, its almost exhaustless soil, and its mineral wealth, it is destined to become one of the most productive and wealthy quarters of the globe. The time will come when the states of

crate in every respect, and have no more force in vice than in virtue. To the Anglo-Saxon alone, we believe, is reserved the triumph of civilizing and commanding the Western Hemisphere. Then will be seen on this shore of the Atlantic a civilization more complete and brilliant than the records of the old world ever delineated. We are not of those philosophers who believe in the growing degeneracy of the human race. We believe in the progress of humanity—slow in the past centuries, moving with dazzling rapidity in the present. We believe, too, in the westward movement of empire, since we witness with our own eyes in our daily observations, the onward tendency in that direction. As civilization moves westward it will not be arrested by the Pacific, but change the destiny of the islands of that ocean.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY JENNIE LINDSEY.

AMONG the many pleasant memories which sometimes come crowding upon my mind, is the image of one still very dear, though she has long since closed her eyes in that dreamless sleep that knows no waking. Yet she still lives among the pure—for such she was, even here. If sorrows prepare the heart to more fully sympathize with others' woes, then Aunt Mary's must have been the heart to do so, for most thoroughly was her's schooled in the stern lessons of misfortune and suffering, yet how thoroughly I never knew until a few weeks after my marriage and my first attempt at housekeeping.

It was but the second week of my married life that I received a letter from her, warm with congratulations and wishes for my future happiness, and in which she informed me that it would afford her pleasure to comply with my request to spend a few weeks with me, and assist in my new household arrangements. In the course of her letter, she repeated her well wishes many times, but in such a manner that it cast a gloom over my mind, for I clearly discovered that she feared there might be a dark cloud hovering over me, that might burst and crush all my present happiness and bright anticipations of the future.

She alluded to the time when she, as full of hope as I, had given her heart and hand to one as dear to her as my own loved Frank was to me; but in one short month death snatched from her the noble and almost idolized being, with whom she asked for nothing more than to share his joys and sorrows many, many years; and her most fervent prayers were, that I might never meet a fate like hers; and, above all, she conjured me to never wilfully, by word or deed, cause my husband pain, for we might be separated, and the act I had committed, might rankle in my torn heart like fire which cannot be quenched.

Many of the words were blotted, and nearly obliterated by tears which had fallen upon them, and mine rained upon it too, as I pressed it to my heart, and implored Heaven to grant me a happier lot than had been bequeathed to that good, gentle creature who had penned those lines. But why did she guard me concerning my conduct, lest in the future I might weep over the past? Surely experience could have taught her how much the human heart might suffer for one wrong word or deed, for she could never have done wrong, I sincerely believed; but I suppose she gave me this good advice because she was so well acquainted with my impulsive, wayward temper, and I hoped that I might profit by it.

In a few days Aunt Mary, as I have called her, arrived, and thus every one called her who could claim the least relationship with her; but she was only my mother's cousin, and being her most intimate friend, she had always spent much time at my father's house, and, next to my mother, did I love my Aunt Mary; perhaps one thing which made her the dearer to me—I was her namesake—but never shall I make such an Aunt Mary as she was. How easily can I now recall her sweet, sad face, for even her smiles seemed to wear a veil of melancholy, but which never made any one else feel sad, for her serene temper and gentle words, her kind sympathy and charity which she bestowed upon all who needed it, served to cast a halo of purity around her, making all kinder and better who approached her.

But as I recall that sweet face, and those pure elements of character, which I believe compose the person of an angel now, for she long since passed away from earthly sufferings, to be again united with him she so devotedly loved, I cannot feel otherwise than that she is near me still, but radiant with perfect happiness, all her tears of sorrow wiped away, all her earth-crushed hopes fulfilled in heaven. Yes, I often feel that she is near me still, and, although my mortal eyes cannot behold her in her angelic purity, she approaches and communes with my spirit, still giving her gentle admonitions, pointing out truer paths to happiness than my blind spirit could ever discern while encumbered with frail humanity. Am I right or wrong? Who shall say that such convictions have not been a safeguard against many follies and errors which otherwise I might look back upon as strewn in my pathway, making it, if possible, more dark than it now is. But upon this subject no more.

When Aunt Mary arrived at my new house, I was, if possible, happier than before, though I could not have believed that anything could have been added to my already overflowing cup of happiness. What more could I ask than what was already mine? Had not Frank purchased just such a house as I desired, situated just where I desired it, in the quiet village of —, about ten miles from the city where I had always lived? Yes, my good, generous Frank had done all this to please me, and more, he had many things around it remodelled just to my taste, erected arbors of an oriental style, purchased the most costly exotics; the portico, which only run around the front of the house, he had extended around on either side, that I might have vines trained over it to shadow my room; all this and many other things were done, to suit my taste out of doors, and what inside? Every piece of furniture, useful and ornamental, from the finest picture on the wall, down to the cooking-range, had been selected by me, and, although a very poor judge of the latter mentioned article, but being fully acquainted with Frank's domestic habits, I wished to impress him with the idea that he possessed a housekeeper who was the compeer of any in the land. I may confess there was a little assuming there. I do not want it understood that my husband wished his wife to go to the kitchen as a drudge—far from that. But I knew that he considered it even more essential for a woman to be instructed in household affairs, than to possess the superficial accomplishments of muttering French, dancing like a second Fanny Ellsler, or singing like a second Jenny Lind.

He thought it much better for a woman to be capable of instructing her servants, than to be obliged to submit to their system. We were both of one mind, for of course such a noble, talented man as Frank could not make any mistakes in his judgment. Many were the misgivings I felt when I entered my new home, that I was not fully competent to take the charge of my household affairs upon myself, and for that reason I sent for Aunt Mary to spend a few weeks with me, for I knew she had a thorough knowledge of such things, and I ought to do so, I would say to myself, before the task fell upon me for trial.

Haven't I seen Biddy stuff chickens and turkeys twenty times, and although my hands did not help in the operation, could I not perform it after seeing it done so many times? I think I must be a dull scholar if I can't,—was what I said to myself very often, still fearing I might prove thus dull.

But one thing, said I to myself, I will not have my fowl stuffed till after Aunt Mary comes, for quite likely Maggy knows nothing about compounding a stuffing for pig, turkey or chicken; but Maggy can make good bread, cake and pastry, and our meats shall be merely fried, broiled and stewed at present, unless Frank requests something different; but what if he should? I should be in a stew, most certainly. But fortune favored me, and he did not, and all things went on more smoothly than I expected, until Aunt Mary arrived, and then, with her for an instructress, I labored hard to learn housekeeping, cooking, starching, and everything else that is required in a well-ordered house, and I succeeded, at least thus I pride myself, and so Frank has always thought, so what care I for what others may think? But one thing Frank does not know till this day, and I believe it is nearly the only secret I have kept from him—the most of my own sex will believe me here, for no doubt we can all sympathize with one another in the trial we have to keep secrets from our husbands; but this is the secret I have kept from mine so long—he does not know till this day how ignorant I was when I was married. Another thing in confidence to my sex. Don't we like to have our husbands think we know a good deal? You and I can answer that, if we please.

It was early spring when I went to housekeeping, surrounded with so much to make me happy, and as I said before, I was happy, O, very happy, in my village home. Whenever it pleased me, I could step into the cars, and in twenty minutes be in the city, visit my kind, loving parents, then leave the noise and bustle behind, and return to our cool, vine-covered arbors, where Frank would read to me, or we would converse upon the past and present which had dealt gently with us, or lay plans for the future, which we hoped might be as pleasant and prosperous as the years which had rolled away.

It had been an unusually sultry day in Sep-

tember, when Aunt Mary and myself had been to visit my mother, and returned just in time to take tea at home; but when we arrived, no tea was being prepared, for no servant was to be found. Maggy had left for some place unknown, without leave or license. I was fatigued, but tea must be made ready by some one. I must take Maggy's place over a hot fire, while the heat was intense even at the coolest work which could be found.

I am not and never was very amiable in very hot weather. It does not require much time for heat to carry a reaction in my temper. As soon as I learned how affairs stood in the house, a reaction was caused almost instantaneously. But when I know I must do a thing, I can do it, under almost any circumstances. I knew tea was to be got ready, and I got it ready quicker, probably, than I could have done had the weather and myself been cooler. There is a great force in heat; but different kinds affect the human system differently. When I arrived home, I was so prostrated with the sultriness of the atmosphere that I could hardly stand; but as soon as the reaction was caused in my temper, I felt sufficiently strong and willing to choke Maggy, although she was twice as heavy as myself, for leaving the house during my absence, and for not returning to prepare tea for the family. But without any assistance, it was in readiness quicker than she could have got it. Aunt Mary wished to assist me, or rather to do it alone. But I would not permit her, for she was suffering extremely with a headache. I do not know whether I am unlike every one else or not, but when my temper is irritated, I wish to have everything my own way.

No sooner was the table spread than I wanted Frank to enter the room and take his place at the table. A few times, but very few, he had been detained at his office, and tea had been kept waiting for him. Never before had I thought of complaining, but on such occasions was very sorry that he should be obliged to spend so many hours at his business. At that time I had a ready reprimand for every one. I did not believe that there was any need of Frank's keeping tea waiting every night almost, I exclaimed, though had I used reason and memory properly, I could not have recalled more than two or three times such a thing had happened; but I did not stop to use them then, but used my tongue as the handiest weapon I could wield, and did so for some time, declaring that when Frank arrived, I would let him know that the table was not going to stand two or three hours for him. Tongue instead of reason again, for tea had never waited over thirty minutes; but the unruly member pursued its course with such great speed that my respiration was in great danger of being entirely pushed aside, as if of little consequence; and, not until I had declared many times that I would censure Frank very hard for his tardiness, did my respiration again resume its usual routine. My threats, of course, were made to Aunt Mary, as she was the only person I had to make them to.

As soon as I paused so that she could speak, she exclaimed with apparent emotion, "O, Mary, Mary! don't speak so. It is scarcely time for your husband to arrive yet; but if it were, even far past the time, never permit yourself to upbraid your husband, lest you have cause to upbraid yourself many long years after praying for the past to be blotted from your memory, as I have done. Could you know what my broken heart has suffered as a penalty for uttering a few rash words, never would you permit your lips to utter one. O, the upbraidings of conscience, when it constantly holds before you the image of some dearly loved one you have wronged, is suffering which my tongue can never express, but which my heart for long years has felt and must feel, till it is still in death."

Here Aunt Mary paused, for gathering tears choked her utterance. I spoke not a word; I knew not what to say, for the meaning of her words was still shrouded in mystery. As soon as she had far enough recovered from her emotion to speak again, she continued:

"Mary, I am well aware that you are entirely ignorant of what my words have had reference to as concerning myself; but if you will come here, child, where you can listen to me without my having to speak so loud, I will relate to you a small incident in my past life which, small as it might have appeared, had it not been owing to circumstances which followed it, was large enough to lay upon my conscience with such heavy weight, that I have sometimes prayed for

death to free me from heart sufferings. What I shall now relate to you has been a secret between me and my Maker for twenty long years, how long, how wretched, He alone knows, my tongue can never express it. I should not now try to relate to you, my poor child," she said, taking one of my hands tenderly in her's, "what has been so long locked, rankling in my breast, did I not hope it might prove a lesson for you, and keep you from committing the same indiscretions which have caused me, and might cause you, if you give way to your impulses, sorrow, deep, ah! too deep for human imagination to conceive."

"Just twenty years ago last December," she continued, after a short pause, "I became the happy bride of Charles Warner. I loved him as a heart like mine and yours alone can love. I say this because I know that in many respects, we are much alike, capable of feeling the most intense suffering or the highest degree of happiness; but sometimes wilful even towards those we love best, and that defect in our character often causes us much unhappiness. I point you out these things for your good, hoping that you may overcome that fault."

"I have said that twenty years ago I was a happy bride; but how soon my happiness was dashed from me. I was the bride of but one short month. During that month of bliss in which my dearly loved Charles and I formed so many plans for the future, around which we drew nothing but the golden mantle of undisturbed happiness, nothing transpired which would interest you."

"Four days before I was robbed of him who was dearer to me than life, we were to attend a social party at the house of one of my most intimate friends. Early in the evening I prepared myself for the occasion, expecting my husband to return home early and do the same, but amid business cares the appointment slipped from his mind until quite late. With his own lips he stated to me, that as soon as it returned to his mind, he hastened home to accompany me, and make apologies for his forgetfulness. But when he did so, I was in no fit mood to listen to his words, nor did I in the least excuse his conduct. I had sat long at the window watching for his return, every moment growing longer. At first I thought I would put on my hood and slip round to his store to see what detained him. This I might have easily done, but 'No,' said I to myself, 'I am not going to commence running for him, for he knows the proper hour to return, and if he has not a mind to do so, let him act his own pleasure.' And so I waited, growing more and more vexed over my disappointment, and, what I considered neglect from him, converting minutes into hours, and was preparing to retire for the night, when he entered the room, although it was not near the usual hour that I retired. But gladly would I have turned the wheel of time, had it been in my power, and had it thus late, that I might have had more cause to censure him. The truth is, it was not a very unseasonable hour to attend the party when he returned home; but I wished to go early, had prepared to do so, and wished to go as soon as prepared. When my husband entered the room he stepped very hurriedly, and coming directly to me, exclaimed, embracing me with one arm, 'Ah, Mary, all ready and waiting for this careless fellow, are you? But you must pardon me this time for my forgetfulness. I have been very busy, and it is a wonder that I thought of my engagement at all; but come, Mary dear, slip on some good warm clothes, and we will be with our friends in a very few moments.'

"In a few moments," I repeated, without casting a glance towards him; 'what do you call a few moments; the hours I have been waiting for you?' Then I commenced my censure, but before I closed I said many harsh and cruel things. How I could have done it to one so dear to me, for so slight a provocation, I have often wondered; but I did. I refused to go to the party at first, but I had so strong a desire to go, that I finally put on my things to do so.

"To the harsh and undeserved censure which I poured upon my husband, he listened with an expression upon his countenance which told that my words went home to his heart. To all I said he made no other reply than to cast his clear full blue eyes upon me in a reproving manner, and say, 'Mary, we have been very happy for one short month; shall the future ones be less happy?' I knew these calm words, uttered in a slight reproving, but the same tender tone, with which he addressed me, contained much meaning. Had I followed my own impulse at that



I have listened to the glorious music of Haydn and Mozart—I have heard the three greatest of living pianists, Thalberg, Herz and Gottschalk—I have heard the most celebrated prima-donnas of Italy, France and Germany, and have listened with rapt attention to the solos of the most celebrated performers in the world, but I never have heard such soul-stirring music, such wild, improvised melody, as came from the rich and delicate touch and execution of M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, the blind pianist, as he played unknowingly before Strakosch at the "Planters Hotel," on the evening of Wednesday, the twenty-second day of December, 1858.





CONVICT IN PRISON DRESS.

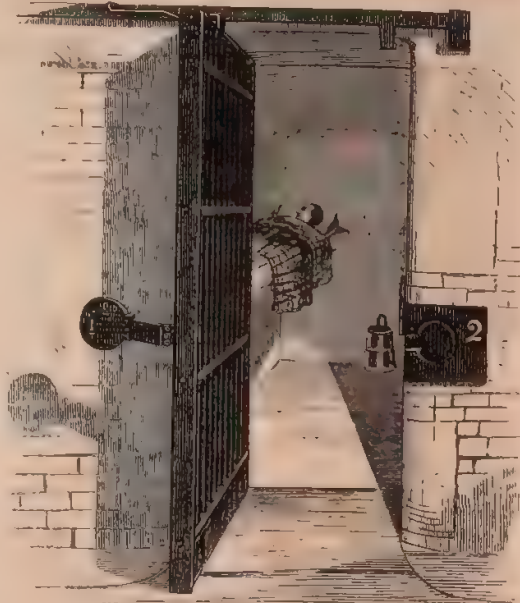
MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON,  
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The series of pictures on this and the next page, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. A. Waud, and embraces, besides a general view of the State Prison at Charlestown, other scenes which will render our letter-press intelligible. The first of these sketches represents a convict in his prison dress. This dress, in which all the prisoners are clothed, is half red and half blue, so that on one side they appear red and on the other blue. The second view represents the cells, and is an accurate and faithful drawing. The third engraving shows a general view of the prison. The kitchen is delineated in another engraving, and the last of the series shows the prisoners in the yard in marching order under command of the officers. The original structure was erected in 1804 and 1805, and consisted of a central building and two wings. The central building combined the warden's office, officers' quarters, guard-room and kitchen. The wings contained the cells, now remodelled into modern size and properly ventilated, as well as hospital apartments. The centre building is now discontinued as the warden's office and guard-room, these being located in portions of the structure since erected. In 1826, under the administration of Governor Lincoln, the present North Wing, so called, was built on the Auburn system, but though

at that early day it was considered a model of humanity and propriety, yet at the present day, with the increased knowledge of prisoners and prison discipline, it is looked upon as barbarous, from the coffin like size of its cells, its narrow areas and its gloomy port-hole windows, in the exterior walls. We are glad to notice in the report of the committee on prisons to the present legislature, a bill for improving the light and air in this wing, by the substitution of eighteen windows of uniform size with the windows of the remodelled portions of the old wings before mentioned. In 1850 the legislature passed an act for an enlargement of the State Prison, and appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose. The plans of this enlargement were the joint production of the late Rev. Louis Dwight (a name familiar to all acquainted with the history of prison discipline during the last third of a century) and Gridley J. F. Bryant, architect, of this city, who, for the last fifteen years, has made the erection of State Prisons, Jails, Houses of Correction, and other reformatory institutions his peculiar study. A description of this most extensive and important improvement to our State Penitentiary, is given in House document 140 of the legislature of 1850. Our limited space will not permit us to make more than a brief extract of what was accomplished by the erection of these additions. The enlargement consisted mainly of a central octagonal building, so placed as to be joined to and connected with the East Wing of 1804 and the North Wing of 1826, and by the erection of a new wing on the south side of this octagon building, as a part of the enlargement, the whole structure assumed the form of a centre, and three wings radiating from three of the sides, leaving a fourth side for the reception of a fourth wing, at such time as the legislature in its wisdom might deem it necessary to erect a new house for the warden and officers' quarters, which was done in 1854, thus completing the fourth arm of the "cross," which form the prison buildings have assumed since the erection of the house and officers' quarters. It is due to Mr. Dwight's memory to state that the improvement now proposed to the wing of 1826, by introducing the large windows, was recommended and urged to Governor Lincoln at the time of the erection of this part of the institution, and was further urged and made part of the plan of Messrs. Dwight and Bryant, adopted and erected in 1850, but for want of funds was deferred. In the annual report of the Board of Inspectors of the prison, dated October 1, 1858, and accompanying the reports of the officers of the institution, we find much valuable information respecting its condition for the past year. The inspectors, Messrs. P. J. Stone and John A. Goodwin, say:—"The prisoners, as an almost universal thing, have been prompt, orderly and respectful, appearing to be governed by a high degree of good feeling towards their officers. Many of them have shown an unusual and most encouraging desire to form fixed habits of industry and behaviour, so that on regaining their liberty, they may be prepared to lead virtuous lives. We doubt if in these respects so good a state of things ever before existed in the prison. We attribute the improvement mainly to the mild, even, discriminating, yet impartial and decided discipline maintained; to the fact that for nearly two years no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the prison, and in no small degree to the law of 1857, which virtually secures a small monthly commutation of sentence for continued

good conduct. This wise provision has been observed by us to have a very salutary influence over some convicts from whom trouble would ordinarily have been expected, the keeping in their almanacs (which are given to all) a record of the days thus gained, and expressing a determination so to conduct as to secure the full benefit of the statute in question. The last few months of a prisoner's term, like the closing weeks of a long voyage, hang much the most heavily; when, therefore, a convict can thus shorten a one year's term twelve days, a three years' term seventy two days, a five years' term one hundred and twenty days, or a ten years' term six hundred days, he has a very strong incentive to good behaviour. A few months' perseverance in the decorum thus induced, does much toward forming in the convict permanent habits of obedience and self-control, and developing in him a more hopeful and therefore more kindly and teachable disposition. We therefore consider this law as a very valuable addition to the legislation concerning the prison. During the year, as will be shown by the warden's statistical tables, there has been a remarkable uniformity in the number of prisoners. There are now five hundred and fifty-four cells and but four hundred and eighty-three prisoners, a surplus that we trust may never be reduced. The health of the convicts has been excellent; indeed, no better testimony can be desired, than that afforded by the hospital records in favor of the faithfulness of the officers in attending to the matters of diet, cleanliness, clothing, warming, ventilation, etc. Down to the last fortnight of the year, no death had occurred among the six hundred and thirty-eight different prisoners that have been under their charge. Of the two deaths during that fortnight, one was the result of an injury produced by the carelessness of the victim, and the other was that of a convict free from all apparent disease, who was cut off without a moment's warning by a derangement of the heart. The inmates of the hospital for the year have averaged four, and for the last six months only three and a half. Very few villages of the same population can show so satisfactory sanitary statistics." Of the labor of the convicts the inspectors say:—"For the last three years the entire labor of the convicts, excepting those employed in the cooking, clothing, laundry and repair departments, etc., has been let to contractors, a system pursued in part for several years previously. We are satisfied that this is incomparably the best plan for the State, and that it is no less advantageous to the contractors. That the bids for the labor are all low at the best, is no fault of the system. We doubt if any other legitimate method of employing the convicts could have been devised by which they would have earned to the State anything like the sum which during the past year has been received by the prompt payments of the contractors. It is often asked why our institution cannot become self-support-

ing, like the prisons of some of our neighboring States. In several, if not all, the cases thus cited to our apparent disadvantage, we are informed that an important part of the prison expenses is paid direct from the State treasury, instead of, as with us, coming from the prison revenues. Thus, the prison of one of these States last year paid to the State treasury about \$2000 as the excess of its earnings over its expenses; but a fact that does not appear in the annual report of that prison and that was unknown to the highly esteemed official gentleman who called our attention to the result, is that the salaries of the warden and his deputy, of the clerk and chaplain, and some similar items, are paid direct from the State treasury, thus absorbing the surplus earnings and considerable more. It would give us great gratification to be able to render our prison a source of revenue to the State; no pains have been spared, nor will be, to bring it as near this point as possible. We do not, however, think it reasonable to expect that at present a moderate amount will not be required from the State treasury to meet the excess of ordinary expenditures above the ordinary receipts. The appropriation of \$15,000 made by the present legislature for the current year, will doubtless prove sufficient for the purpose." The financial condition of the institution at the close of 1858 is certainly satisfactory as briefly stated, viz.—Liabilities, nothing; assets, \$6,062.69. The inspectors urge an appropriation for the accomplishment of two alterations in the prison. "The most extensive portion of the main building, known as the North Wing or 'New Prison,' was completed about thirty years ago. The outer windows are little more than slits or loop-



CELLS IN STATE PRISON.



VIEW OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON, FROM PRISON POINT BRIDGE.





KITCHEN DEPARTMENT IN THE STATE PRISON.

holes through the massive walls, admitting little air and less light. The cells, in themselves narrow and with very clumsy entrances, have doors mostly solid, which give the inmates but a small share of the scanty allowance of light and air admitted with the outer windows. The other wings are provided throughout with doors of open grating, set deep back in the wide doorways, and with broad arched windows extending uninterrupted from the basement of the wings to the eaves. Thus is admitted a perfect flood of the light and air essential to cheerfulness and health. The modern doors, too, from their open construction and sunken position, are much safer, offering vastly greater facilities to the watchmen who, during the night, in felt slippers, make their silent tours of inspection along the numerous corridors and galleries in turn. Our predecessors in 1853, in their annual report, recommended that the north wing be altered to conform to the others. We heartily concur in the opinion by them expressed, and beg leave to call attention to the suggestions and estimate of the warden in connection with the matter, as made in his report. The subject of a classification of the inmates of this prison, has attracted much attention in former years, but no substantial progress has been made towards its accomplishment. The inspectors in 1852, and again in 1853, strongly urged the adoption of a system of rigid classification, giving many forcible reasons therefor. We have carefully considered the subject, yet we have no plan to propose, nor are our minds fully made up as to the extent to which a system should be carried to secure the greatest good to the convicts, and the highest degree of efficiency to the prison in its combined character of a penal and a reformatory institution. Our reasonably well enforced system of silent labor and separate cells for eating as well as sleeping, destroys the force of some of the strongest arguments in favor of any close degree of classification, while our system of large contracts would be in direct collision with any such gradation. Applied to a prison with three or four times our number of convicts, a somewhat thorough classification according to character, could doubtless be made to the advantage of all concerned.—What we do propose and recommend, is the immediate carrying out of some plan like that approved by the legislative committee on prisons, in 1857, and conditionally authorized by the legislature. This plan was, that the two stories under the hospital, known as the "upper arch" and "lower arch," be completely cleared out and be extended so far as to allow of the construction therein of twenty cells, each about nine and a half feet by twelve, at the height of both "arches;" also, that two secluded yards, eighteen feet by twenty, be constructed adjacent thereto. In these cells the twelve or fifteen convicts considered as "dangerous," with others whose daily habits were pernicious to their shop-mates, might be confined at solitary labor; the yards would allow of solitary exercise in the open air. At present, a convict who cannot be safely intrusted with tools and set to work among his fellows under the usual supervision, must be locked up in idleness in a cell unfit for continued occupation. The cost of this important alteration, estimated by the committee of 1857 at not more than \$20,000, would probably now be within \$16,000. The act of 1857 authorized this work to be done, the cost thereof to be taken from the proceeds of the sale of a part of the outer yard, of which the warden and inspectors were authorized to dispose. Owing to the depression of business this

land has never been put in the market, nor is there any probability that any reasonable sale can be made of it for a long time to come. We, however, believe the proposed work to be of such importance as to make it our duty to recommend an appropriation from the State treasury to allow of its performance as soon as possible. During the last few months the prison yard and the arrangement of the shops have been much improved. The unsightly structure known as the "old chapel," has been taken down and the range of shops with which it interfered, lengthened twenty feet. A new laundry, invalid-room and repair shop have been fitted up, and many other changes made for the promotion of economy, order or neatness, and health.—The various improvements made have cost but little, as the materials were nearly all on hand, and most of the labor was done by convicts not wanted at the time in any of the shops. In this matter were displayed the taste, skill and prudence of Hon. Gideon Haynes, who on April 1st, succeeded J. L. Porter, Esq., the recent faithful and estimable warden of the establishment. Mr. Haynes at an early day won our confidence and respect, and a longer experience has fully justified the high expectations then formed. Just before the accession of Mr. Haynes to office, the vacant post of deputy-warden was filled by the appointment of Mr. Benjamin L. Mayhew, for some time connected with the house of correction in Middlesex county. Mr. Mayhew is a worthy associate of his superior, and by his energy and straightforwardness and due regard for those under his charge, warrants us in expressing our entire satisfaction with his department. William Pierce, Esq., continues to perform with highly commendable fidelity and earnestness the numerous and widely diverging duties attached to the office of clerk; his long experience and consequent familiarity with the affairs of the prison under five different wardens, giving his services an especial value. In April Dr. W. B. Morris ended his term of service as physician, and was succeeded by Dr. A. B. Bancroft; and Rev. H. E. Hempstead having resigned as chaplain, Rev. Joseph Ricker of Woburn, was ap-

pointed in his stead." We have reason to believe that the commendation bestowed on the officers of the prison is justly their due. Hon. Gideon Haynes has proved himself a thoroughly efficient warden, firm, humane and energetic. We approve highly of his views of the discipline and treatment of prisoners as expressed in his efficient report to the governor, from which we make the following extract:—"Not a stripe has been inflicted during the entire year, the cat has been laid aside, I trust, forever; solitary confinement has been substituted, and with the very best result. I am aware that not only many of my predecessors, but others whose philanthropy and kindheartedness cannot be questioned, have doubted the expediency or success of this experiment; but nearly two years' experience has satisfied the most skeptical upon this point. The argument heretofore used in favor of the lash has been, that by this mode of punishment the State was not deprived of the labor of the convict, as would be the case were they shut up. That they should be required to work is very true, and that the institution should pay its expenses is certainly desirable, but not the first or most important consideration. Dollars and cents should not weigh against discipline and reformation; excessive severity always tends to harden the heart. The stoutest man that ever breathed will succumb beneath the lash; he may be conquered but not subdued, and he returns to his work neither a wiser nor a better man, but too often with feelings of hatred and revenge rankling in his bosom. Upon the other hand, there is not, probably, any degree of personal severity which produces so powerful an impression upon the human mind, as solitary confinement. Thus condemned to his own thoughts, he has an opportunity of reviewing his past misconduct. In fact he must reflect, and he knows that the length of his punishment rests with himself. For the course I have universally pursued, has been to release a man the moment he expressed a willingness to return to his work, and promised to obey the rules. Nothing humiliating is ever required of him; he understands that the past will be forgotten if his future conduct deserves it. A day or two will hardly elapse ere a change is visible, and the proudest spirit will solicit enlargement, with promises of the utmost industry and quietness; and instead of the State suffering from this system, an examination of the records will show fewer days lost from this cause, considering the number of convicts, than many of the preceding years. Instances could be cited where all other methods had failed, and the subjects given up as incorrigible and hopeless; yet, under this treatment they have become changed, and are now among the most industrious and best behaved men in the prison. The old theory that prisons ought to be, not merely places of restraint, but of restraint coupled with deep and intense misery, and that so much evil is repaired by so much misery inflicted, has become obsolete." As the prison is now conducted, the unfortunate inmates are assigned no unreasonable tasks, the food is good and sufficient, their quarters well warmed and ventilated, and no punishments are inflicted calculated to harden and irrevocably degrade them. A wholesome seclusion from the world, coupled with constant occupation, form the extent of their punishment.

## THE FRIEND AND THE FUSTIAN.

Immediately after fustians commenced to be manufactured in England, in 1784, Pitt, the premier of the country, inflicted a tax on that branch of industry. An association had to be formed for the purpose of removing that grievance, and the following year, so great had been the clamor raised in Manchester and Lancashire—so indicative of riot and confusion was the intelligence communicated to the premier, that he reluctantly withdrew the tax that had been imposed on fustians. The late Mr. Hall, of Manchester, a member of the society of Friends, was exceedingly active in promoting the repeal of that tax, and there was a memorable reply made by him to Pitt on the successful termination of the claim for the repeal of the duty on fustians. Pitt said to him—"Mr. Hall, you appear to be a very sagacious gentleman, and seem to be very well informed. As the public treasury can ill afford to spare the tax now repealed upon fustians, will you have the kindness to suggest some substitute for that which is now repealed." Mr. Hall replied—"Friend William Pitt, that is thy business, not mine. Fare thee well!"



THE PRISONERS IN MARCHING ORDER.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. BURRIDGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 10.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club) ..... 20.00  
[One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.50 per annum]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. *Scotchman, Seattle.*—There are a great variety of such books as "A Handbook of Oil Painting," etc. You can order anything of the sort from M. J. Whipple, Cornhill, Boston.
- B. *McClure Mass.*—Dominica is a republic, and the present name is Saint-Denis.
- C. *Texas.*—There is a society in France for the mutual aid of old and retired players. All actors in France can become members on paying a monthly tribute of six francs, and when incompetent to perform, have a right to a certain life pension. The seat of the society is at Paris.
- A. M. *It is noted as a remarkable fact that the original charter of William and Mary College was dated on the 8th of February, 1692. The destruction of this venerable pile and seat of learning, the Almonaster of presidents, occurred on the 8th of February, 1860, the 68th anniversary of the latter date.*
- SANCTUS S. *We are quite sure that the Albany Burial Corps has visited this city. We can't say to what year.*
- J. T. *Thomas Buchanan Read is permanently established in New York.*
- V. *Franklin, Troy, N. Y.*—We should advise you and your family to take passage in a United States mail steamer, this city. The fares and boats are about as usual, and the lake and national paper come out in fine style.
- R. D. *Lowell Mass.*—For a hard-working literary man like yourself, horse exercise is the best. It is violent without being fatiguing, and pulls upon the spine less than walking.
- L. *There is in the English language no feminine for the name of Peter. In the Russian there is Petrovna.*
- W. M. *Natick.*—The fourth finger on the left hand is for the engaged ring of a lady, but it is not used for gentlemen to wear such a ring.
- J. *Buzzing the time of the republican government of Rome, it was customary for the consul or other magistrate of the order of senator on presenting a bill to the consideration of the people to give three readings on three several days. The present practice of giving a bill three readings is doubtless borrowed from Rome.*
- S. *Northman.*—The first sporting paper was published in England in 1851, and called the Jockey's Life, Jockey, and the first medical paper came out in 1856. The first illustrated paper was published in 1843, embellished with a few rude wood cuts.

## FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Every great city of the American Union contains thousands of fashionable people, and other thousands who are striving to become fashionable, that is, to dazzle the eyes of men and women outside of their circle (they call it beneath their circle), by show, extravagance, pride, pomposity and fast living. In this country there is no aristocracy of birth or rank—only the aristocracy of worth and talent. But there is false aristocracy of money—a false aristocracy of fashion, which works out many evils in American society. "Our best society," as Curtis ironically terms it, is like a band of wreckers that hoist false lights on a lee shore, and dazzled by their glare, multitudes of unfortunate beings rush on their destruction. It is bad enough for people with ample fortunes to lead a life of frivolity—to dress like milliners' lay figures, to load themselves with jewelry, to parade ostentatious equipages, to deck themselves for church as for a ball-room, to turn night into day, going to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and breakfasting in the afternoon,—this is bad enough for those who can afford it—but the trouble is that the example sweeps into its vortex those who cannot afford it, and who, in attempting a career of imitation, must do either one of two things—run in debt to a number of creditors; or, doing business wholesale, commit one of those stupendous financial crimes, which every now and then startle the whole community with its exposure.

But fashionable men and women certainly deserve our pity as much as our condemnation. Their mode of life is, in the first place, incompatible with health; a feeble youth and a sickly age inevitably follow. Then their existence is riddled by a thousand petty, carking cares and jealousies, the aggregate of which is a formidable sum of suffering. If Mrs. Potiphar has imported a particular dress from Paris on purpose "to astonish the Browns," and if, on appearing at a *soirée*, and in that stunning attire, she beholds all the feminine Browns attired in the same pattern, making it "so common," she is ready to tear her eyes out with vexation. If Mrs. Leo hunter succeeds in luring to her party one more distinguished lion, one more genuine English lord, than Mrs. Potiphar entrapped for her, is not the bosom of the latter again rent with the most poignant anguish? All is not "cakes and ale," in the existence of these fashionable people—there is many a crumpled leaf in their beds of roses—nay, they may be figuratively said to sleep on acanthus, and sit on cushion

stuffed with "Whitechapel needles with their sharp points up."

And fancy not, good rustic youth, who may perchance, on a visit to New York, we will say, have strayed into the penetralia of one of those enchanted palaces of Fifth Avenue, fancy not that you behold in the splendors unfolded to your dazzled and inexperienced vision only a specimen of the everyday life of your entertainers. You have seen at the theatre a stage covered with princes and princesses dressed in glittering attire, radiant with plumes and shining in satin and gold. Perhaps they "pass the rose," as Mr. Swiveller says, in golden goblets, and it is all very fine, and magnificent and "highfalutin'" But follow these nobles of the stage to their homes, and you find a little diminution of their theatrical splendor—the prince of Salerno drinking beer out of a cracked teapot; Pauline frying potatoes in a sauce-pan. So with our fashionable friends. If you are an intimate friend of the family and have the entrée at all hours, you will sometimes find them huddled into an underground basement; while the drawing-rooms are darkened, the chairs hidden in bags, the fauteuils in dressing-gowns, and the chandeliers in curl-papers. There are state bedrooms for guests that an emperor might sleep in, but there are dark, airless closets where the fashionable folks themselves lodge about as comfortably as if they were in a Spanish posada.

But reserve your special pity for the cashier of this splendid establishment—the plodding man of business, who has to toil late and early at his desk to acquire the means for the prodigality of show, the extravagance of living, the sole object of which is to "astonish the Browns." If he is present at his wife's parties, he is placed under heavy bonds for his good behaviour—the honors are done by some flourishing gentleman who is his wife's friend, who has lived in Paris, and is untinctured by vulgarity. The host is merely the butt of insolent Young America—dancing Young America, flirting Young America, wine-bibbing, cigar-smoking Young America—Young America that sometimes forgets himself so far as to be carried to bed helpless, happy if he has not been belligerent as well as bacchanalian.

And this is one phase of life. This is Fashion. But hard by the halls where she holds high carnival, Famine cowers and shivers in her fireless garret—or maddened and despairing rushes forth to grasp the means of life at the cost of crime. Are you fond of the Drama? Here are the Comedy and Tragedy of city life.

## THE NEW POST-OFFICE.

Now that the Boston Post-Office is removed to the very accessible, light, and remarkably convenient building, especially erected for it in Summer Street, the nearly universal opinion seems to be one of great satisfaction as to the wisdom and good taste which has brought about this long-needed change. The surprise seems now to be that the public should have so long submitted to the insufficient accommodations of the dark and inaccessible position which has heretofore been occupied for the purpose.

The new locality is vastly more central, and far more available in every respect than the old one. Ladies will no longer be obliged to thread their way through the motley crowd, and a long, dark, vault-like alley way to procure their letters; the clerks of the department will not be required to work by dim and trying gas-light both day and night; mail carriers will no longer be obliged to reach the office through a narrow back lane, or to carry the heavy mail bags through a long, dark passage way, but can deposit their loads at the very door of the post-office, in a broad, accessible street. Three-quarters of even the down-town merchants can pass its very doors on their way from their residences to their place of business, and aside from any possible personal predilection on our part for the present site, it is our honest conviction that the locality is one of the very best that could possibly be selected in Boston.

Of course there is a diversity of opinion upon the point, and so there would be had the post-office been removed but one hundred feet from the old spot, where it has been rather secreted than located for years. Though our own establishment despatches and receives more mailable matter, both in form of newspapers and letters, than any other in this city, yet our opinion is that of an individual only; but we do, all things considered, and after carefully weighing the matter in all its bearings, endorse and commend the new locality as being admirable in all respects,

and calculated for the benefit and convenience of the largest portion of our citizens.

In point of facilities for the transaction of business, the receiving, assorting, delivering and despatching of mails, the internal arrangements of the new office are wonderfully perfect; we have never before reached such a degree of excellence in this respect in Boston, nor are they equalled by any other government establishment within our experience, and we have visited nearly all the large offices in the Eastern and Southern States.

We have spoken upon this subject at length, and earnestly, though honestly, because the opposition to the removal has been so active and determined on the part of some no doubt conscientious parties.

## THE KANSAS GOLD DIGGINGS.

The rich gold deposits of Kansas are situated in the northwest part of that territory, on the south fork of the Platte River. Though called Pike's Peak Diggings, they are really far to the north of that peak, say from eighty to a hundred and twenty miles, instead of at its immediate base. Consequently the best route for an eastern man to take, in order to reach these diggings, is up the Platte River instead of the Kansas. Starting from Boston, he should make Chicago, Ill., as his first point; thence across that State by railroad to Hannibal, Missouri; thence by railroad across that State to St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, and by steamboat up that river to the mouth of the Platte. The route from that point, via Fort Kearney, up the south fork to the gold regions, is by a smooth, solid, well-beaten road, with forage and water in abundance, and without obstructions; over this road a span of horses can easily haul a weight of thirty hundred. This road leads directly into the mountainous region known as Cherry Creek, where the best diggings are found.

At this point the village of Auzaria has been started, and at the last advices from there, over three hundred houses were built, and two hundred more were in progress. Trains of emigrants continued to arrive at the new settlement from the towns of Kansas and Nebraska, and from other points to the eastward, notwithstanding the winter season. Arrapahoe County has been organized there by the legislature of Kansas, and General Larimer, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., has been appointed treasurer. Indications of gold deposits are found along the whole western range of Kansas, bordering on the Rocky Mountains; and the territorial authorities have laid out five counties in all, in this gold region. The supplies of pine timber are abundant, and of excellent quality; also marble, suitable for building, and plaster of Paris. Extensive preparations are making in the Western States for immediate emigration to this country, and there is now every indication that a second California will spring up there.

## THE PRINCESS'S DIAMONDS.

There is quite a romantic story connected with the diamonds worn by the Princess Clotilda, the bride of Prince Napoleon. The diamonds once belonged to the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, and during the imperial regime of the First Napoleon, were considered the finest in Europe in point of brilliancy and what the French jewellers denominate "series," being wholly of one size, shape and water.

These diamonds, which were stolen in 1815, remained for a long time lost to the family. After the departure of the Bonaparte family from Paris at that time, in consequence of the publicity given to the theft of the diamonds in the hurried arrangement of parting, an anonymous letter was received by the custodian of the Garde Meuble of the Crown, in which the writer declared his reasons for believing the diamonds to have been thrown over the Pont Royal by one of the servants belonging to the household of the princess, who had secreted them in greediness of gain, but who had failed in his endeavor to hide them among his own luggage. In consequence of this communication, the river was dragged in every sense, new inventions for accomplishing the work being largely paid for by Louis Dix-huit, who would have dearly loved to have recovered the diamonds, which had been collected from almost every princely house in Europe, and where shine those which were once so celebrated in the north as having formed the clasps to the *aigrette* which adorned the cap worn by Queen Christina of Sweden; but, after the most persevering efforts, the task was abandoned as hope-

less, and it began to be imagined that the letter had been written with a view of hoaxing the authorities, and of arresting pursuit until the thieves had got clear out of the country. Such must have been the case in a great measure, for many of the jewels were brought back by the family at Venice, and some at Genoa, at long intervals of time; and it was only when dredging the river for the construction of the works on the Seine, a few years ago, that the ornament worn at the back of the head was in reality fished up, amongst other things which had been stolen from the Tuileries at the same time. This last discovery completed the set, which is now entire, save the waist buckle, still missing, but which Prince Napoleon has never given up as wholly lost, and which Prince Solतिकoff declares to have been twice offered to him for sale, once at Moscow and once at Florence, but which he had declined to purchase.

## MISCHIEF FROM SORGHUM.

The refuse of Chinese sugar-cane or sorghum, is said to be very destructive to cattle, when given to them for food. The outer coating of the cane is very hard, and of a vitreous character, being composed of silica or flint; and when this is broken up by grinding in the mill, and afterwards taken into the animal's stomach, it operates like broken glass—cutting, and in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, and producing violent inflammation. The Independence Guardian, of Iowa, gives an account of seven head of cattle, who were destroyed by eating this refuse sugar cane, after the juice was extracted. A post-mortem examination of the stomach revealed this as the cause of their death. It is highly important that the farmers who raise sorghum for making sugar, as well as those who grow it merely for fodder, should give attention to this subject, and see whether any facts within their own experience warrant the assertion that the Chinese cane is thus deleterious to live stock. If it be so, the information should be circulated as widely as possible, in order to prevent a serious destruction of property.

A WONDERFUL DOG.—We like good dog stories, even if untrue, for we are a friend to dogs, and care not if they are a little flattered. We have thumbed over dog's tales till they were dog's-eared, and have often thought of making a collection of canine anecdotes. The New York Post relates a remarkable case of canine instinct. A small dog was run over by a drayman in Centre Street, near Chambers. His head was badly crushed, and the wound speedily ended his existence. With his remaining strength, however, as if conscious of approaching dissolution, he ran across the street and laid down directly in front of the coroner's office, and there died.

THE MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.—The pursuit of knowledge tends to cultivate and to form the mind; but the most important business is to form the heart; that is, to become an honest man. As such, one will abhor injustice, lies, pride and avarice. If a person, though possessed of the finest understanding and greatest knowledge, should be a liar, cruel, proud and covetous, he will be hated and detested by every human creature, and shunned like a wild beast.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—A cotemporary talks about a powerful country (France) trying to bully into submission another European power (Austria). We guess the real bully is at Vienna, not Paris. Austria has at least three or four millions more people than France.

JOHNNY CRAPEAU.—France is apparently very peaceable, but keeps the peace at a war cost of 700,000 soldiers and sailors. The present amusement of the crowned heads is diplomacy, but bloodshed will be the next resort.

QUEEN VIC.—The loyal Canadians are trying to get the queen to come over and open the first parliament at Ottawa, the new capital. It is of no use, gentlemen—she won't come.

LEGAL FEEDING AND DRINKING.—The bill at the Astor House for feed and other refreshments for the judges and jurors, in the Cancemi case, amounted to \$750.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion.



## THE MODERN PONCE DE LEON.

There are some men who cannot accept old age gracefully. "Give me back my youth!" was the despairing cry of Peter Pindar. Old Ponce de Leon wore out his life in seeking for the fabled fountain of youth in the wilds of Florida. The alchemists of old toiled not alone after the secret of gold, but of perpetual youth; and Paracelsus pretended that he had found the water of immortality, though his followers were undeceived by his death. Those waters of immortality are only reached through the portals of the grave. Why cannot we learn to accept the inevitable winter of life, after its blossoms, its fruit-time and its harvests? Yet we see veterans tottering on the verge of the grave, ashamed of their venerable locks, ashamed of their best titles to respect, seeking to ape the appearance, dress and manners of youth. Those who have fulfilled their mission are unwilling to retire from the stage and leave younger actors to assume their place.

There are never wanting dupes for the charlatans who profess to have the power of annulling the course of nature. Cagliostro, that arch-impostor, coined money out of such ninnies; and now we see it stated that a really great man is not above such puerilities. It appears that Bulwer, the English author, is cherishing the delusions of Ponce de Leon as to the renewal of youth. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican vouches for the following interesting personal statement: Bulwer lately sent for Hume, the great medium, and talked with him, and the whole drift of his inquiries was to see if there could be no possible way devised in which he could renew and rejuvenate himself, his feelings and his powers into their early vigor. We can scarcely credit the statement that Bulwer is chasing such a shadow. Youth, vigor—they are gone from him forever. No power can renew the glories of the golden age that has passed from his grasp. He must be content to take his place with the seniors, and solace himself with the pleasures and pursuits of that old age which is now deepening about him.

**A WESTERN STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.**—The captain of the Ohio steamboat Wenona shrewdly dodged the U. S. Marshal a few days since. The marshal had seized the vessel for debt, and, in order to keep her within call, removed the cylinder-head and throttle-valve and concealed them. The captain proceeded to construct of hard-wood a throttle-valve and cylinder-head, and while the authorities were confident of having the boat all secure, she cut out for Cincinnati. At White's Riffe, twelve miles below Pittsburg, she ran aground, and the odds were strongly in favor of her being overtaken by the deputy marshal, who had started with a steam-tug in pursuit. Fortune again favored the adventurous captain, however, and the boat was got off.

**SLEEP.**—It has been found that a strong man, deprived of sleep, will die in nineteen days. The experiment was not long since tried in China, where a noted robber was condemned to be killed by constant wakefulness. He was kept awake constantly, and died at the end of nineteen days, his suffering for the last few days being excruciating beyond description.

**CULTURE OF BEES.**—This subject is engaging considerable attention in New England. In old times twenty-five pounds of honey to a hive was thought a very good yield, and now a well-managed swarm produces from one hundred to two hundred pounds of delicious honey.

**STILL THEY COME!**—*Bullou's Dollar Monthly* has now reached the extraordinary circulation of 114,000, and scores of subscribers' names are received by mail every day. One Dollar a year. The cheapest magazine in the world!

**TWO-FORTY.**—There is said to be in and about this city a larger number of fleet horses and choice ones, than any other locality can boast in this country.

**POWERFUL.**—A Detroit military company recently responded to a sentiment by "three cheers, big injun, elephant and shanghai."

**AN AXIOM.**—Riches have made many good men worse, but never made any bad men better.

## DARK DEEDS IN HAYTI.

A dungeon was lately discovered in Fort Labouc, Hayti, containing 1500 skeletons of the victims of Souloque's tyranny. The Haytien Monitor says, in the fort was immolated the unfortunate Decimus Grevier. The story is that the Duke de la Bande du Noir, having beaten Madame Nicholas Grevier and her daughter with a riding-whip, was called to account by Decimus Grevier for the outrage committed on his mother and sister. A duel, with swords, followed, in which the baron fell. Decimus was arrested, and through the intervention of the minister sent to Fort Labouc, where he was assassinated immediately after his arrival. Here also was murdered a brave man named Patrice, who was arrested at Aux Cayes, imprisoned and put in irons at Port au Prince without trial of any sort. He was then condemned to seven years in irons in the dungeon of Mole St. Nicholas, and to bury forever the true causes of his wrongs, and conceal them eternally from history. Fort Labouc secretly put an end to his sufferings. The prison of this fort is a subterranean dungeon, damp and infected—a tomb, in short, in which, even with the mildest treatment, those who are interred there cannot live more than fifteen days. But the commandant of the place, a man named Richard, was in the habit of abridging the sufferings of those who were sent to him without a formal order of extermination, by causing hundreds of blows to be administered to them with a stick twice a day. He was, it is said, the direct heir of all his inmates. As soon as he received a prisoner, he had him stripped and cast naked into the dungeon. He retained for his own benefit the provisions which the relatives of the condemned, as well as the charitably disposed of Fort Liberty, sent to the unfortunates. When the frigate with its Faustin freight sailed from Port au Prince to Kingston, the crowd thus apostrophised their oppressors:

A pleasant voyage,  
Deiva, Lubin,  
Leave us and go to regions dark!  
A pleasant voyage,  
Deiva, Lubin,  
We vote you the belly of a shark!

Gen. Geyffard has issued several decrees, among them one that all the property belonging to the ex-emperor, his wife, and his daughters, Olive and Celia, are, and remain provisionally sequestered.

**TRICKS WITH FLOWERS.**—There is one very curious trick that can be played with flowers. In one-quarter of a minute a dahlia that is all purple can be changed, so that every petal shall be tipped yellow. This is simply done by burning some brimstone, and holding the flowers a few seconds in the fumes. The change is instantaneous; and when there was no fancy-tipped dahlia, it astonished everybody who did not know it and saw the metamorphosis. Other flowers are subject to change by the fumes of brimstone, which discharges the color wherever it reaches. The experiment is easily tried by lighting a few lucifer matches.

**"RODERICK THE ROVER."**—This captivating sea story, elegantly illustrated, written by Lieutenant Murray, will be sent post paid to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps. Five editions of this remarkable romance have been issued, and the demand is as great as at first!

**CONFECTIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.**—We wish particularly to call attention to the advertisement in another column of J. Johnson's new and elegant confectionary store, at No. 4 Tremont Row. It has not its equal in Boston, and the able proprietor has actually elevated his business to one of the fine arts!

**AMAZING.**—It is wonderful that anybody should "shuffle off this mortal coil" now a-days. You have only to look into the advertising pages of the daily press to see a specific "for every ill that flesh is heir to."

**AMHERST COLLEGE.**—According to the annual catalogue, the number of students in this institution is 235, of whom 47 are seniors, 53 juniors, 61 sophomores, and 74 freshmen.

**POPULAR.**—In two hours twenty-two applications were made at the public Library in Boston, for bound volumes of *Bullou's Pictorial*.

**MOUNT VERNON.**—C. H. Marshall of New York has given \$1050 to the Mount Vernon fund.

## Mayside Gatherings.

The population of New Orleans is about 140,000.

In California there are 118 Masonic Lodges and 4474 members. There are six in Kansas and three in Nebraska.

Mrs. John Wood is about to open the American Theatre in San Francisco, with a large and talented company.

The Hampshire County East Association of Congregational ministers have passed a resolve that "the raising of tobacco is an immorality."

They are getting very particular down in Gloucester, Mass., having voted to exclude all theatrical shows and exhibitions for the current year.

The Triennial Assessment of Philadelphia for 1859, shows a total of \$155,967,669, on one hundred and three thousand eight hundred and fifty taxables.

Santa Anna devotes his leisure time in St. Thomas to fighting game-cocks. It is pretended that Miramon has invited him to take the government of Mexico.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph, Missouri, Railroad has just been completed. It runs across the State of Missouri—its length is about 207 miles, and its cost is about \$10,000,000.

The Portsmouth Journal says that large quantities of smelts have been caught in Great Bay during the winter. As many as a thousand dozen have been caught in a single day.

The strong feeling which exists in California against the Chinese, has again found vent in violence, some of them having recently been forcibly expelled from Diamond Springs by the miners.

The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 43. It is certain that insurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45 A. D.

A Washington correspondent says that it is currently reported in well-informed circles, that Lord Lyons will remain in this country for a few months only, when he will be succeeded by Sir William Gore Ouseley.

The mayor of Columbus, Ga., has issued orders for the stationing of a policeman at each of the churches, whose business it is to arrest any person chewing tobacco, or smoking and spitting upon the steps of the church.

The Minnesota papers say that the Indians in that part of the country are rapidly becoming civilized, all those in the neighborhood of the settlements drinking whiskey, chewing tobacco, lying, stealing and swearing equal to white men.

The Methodists of Delaware have refused the aid which the legislature has granted them, of \$4000 towards the building of a church, because the money is to be raised by lottery. They refuse to be parties in any such gambling operations.

The wife of Gen. Miramon, who has lately become President of Mexico, is said to be a regular trump card. She notified her husband—a young man of twenty-seven years—that he must fight his way into the Presidential chair, or she would not live with him.

The Spanish squadron in the waters of Cuba comprises one ship-of-the-line, six frigates, six brigs, three schooners and twelve steamers, carrying altogether 402 guns. It is to be reinforced by a ship-of-the-line, a screw steamer, and a side-wheel steam frigate.

The death of three very aged women are recorded in late New Jersey papers. Two of them were colored, and died at the age of 103 and 108 years respectively. The third was Mrs. Hannah Phillips, the widow of a revolutionary hero, who died in her 108th year, in the possession of all her faculties.

It is stated that Charles Weed, of Milledgeville, Ill., has invented a method of raising water at railway stations, by the weight of the locomotive bearing on a yielding portion of the track. A deflection of half an inch in the rails operates mechanism which pumps up the required quantity for supplying the engine.

The Illinois House of Representatives has a curious custom. Near the close of the session the roll of the members is called through once or twice, and, as his name is called, each member has a right to call for the consideration of one bill, and to have it put on its passage. Many private bills are thus reached and passed.

A house, 125 feet long by 25 wide, has been erected at Washington for the propagation of the tea plants, which have been, or are to be, imported from China. The plants are to be started and sent to different parts of the country for experiment. Mr. Hovey, of the Magazine of Horticulture, deems the experiment quixotic.

The Associated Press is about to establish a News Agency at Cape Race, and all European steamers will be boarded off that point, and news only seven days old from Europe will be transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the United States. This has already been done on several occasions, but the intention is to make it a permanent plan.

They told hard stories about the pawnbrokers at a meeting recently held in Boston, to establish a public institution similar to the Mont de Piete in Paris. It was stated that an actress who returned to Boston minus a cent, pawned her wardrobe for ten dollars, for which sum only one dollar a week was charged.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Conversation is the ventilation of the mind.—*Parker.*

.... National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.—*H. P. Tuckerman.*

.... Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion.—*Channing.*

.... What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.—*Mann.*

.... Our ambition is a part of our selfishness. None but the selfish are ambitious.—*Bovee.*

.... Men of wit have not always the clearest judgment or the deepest reason.—*Robert Walsh.*

.... The true Fortunatus's purse is the richness of the generous and tender affections.—*Robert Walsh.*

.... Propriety of conduct is more the result of a feeling of what is proper than of a perception of it.—*Bovee.*

.... A prudent man ought to be guided by a demonstrated probability not less than by a demonstrated certainty.—*Robert Walsh.*

.... Sometimes we are devils ourselves, when we will tempt the frailty of our powers, presuming on their changeful potency.—*Shakespeare.*

.... He that gives for gain, profit, or any by-end, destroys the very intent of bounty; for it falls only upon those who do not want.—*Senecca.*

.... He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

.... Beauty, wit, high birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, love, friendship, charity, are subjects all to envious and calumniating time.—*Shakespeare.*

.... No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the slaves of vehement passion, like him who is rising into the light and liberty of virtue.—*Channing.*

.... Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

.... Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue.—*Laton.*

.... In morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers, but the morality of the Gospel doth so exceed them all, that to give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament.—*Locke.*

## Joker's Budget.

In Maine when you ask a man to drink, you must say, "Will you make the landlord violate?"

Down east they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious chap dried snow and sold it for salt.

An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien, afterwards Mayor of Dublin.

The man who thinks he can talk a girl out of love, has gone south to dam the Mississippi with a chip. He can do one about as soon as the other.

An emigrant to Missouri from New Hampshire writes that the people die so fast there that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow.

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time, and killed him. An Irishman observed, "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

A country editor perpetrates the following upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

"The case is the strongest we have known in our life. The husband's a husband, and so is the wife."

A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any of it left?"

A bachelor friend of ours, returning the other evening from a ball, in a crowded coach, declared, with a groan, that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal objection to "belles on his toes."

An Irishwoman appeared in court in Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you!" "I say what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plaze yer honor!"

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at the theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was respectfully requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out: "Let him alone, honey, he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!" He immediately squatted.

A Dutchman, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Chon," said he, "go and call de circus preacher to come, and if he can't, den get de locust preacher, and if he can't come, why den get de extortioner" (exhorter).



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## MY WORLD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

I know not why I fill the air  
With strange creations of my brain,  
With objects grand, grotesque and fair,  
And then destroy to make again  
I only know that hopes of good,  
By worldlings little understood,  
That lofty feelings, grand desires,  
The kindling of Promethean fires,  
Have worked and labored in my breast,  
Until at last their earnest quest  
Has found a world, unformal, ideal,  
But which to me seems truly real  
It is a world of strange device,  
Where I my vagrant thoughts entice,  
And build me castles, rich and rare,  
Although, albeit, sustained in air  
Or rather 'tis my heart's fair home,  
Where, weary of your world, I come,  
To live awhile, devoid of sin,  
Retired my better self within.  
My loved Penates guard me there  
From every earthly grief and care,  
And this in truth, I well believe,  
That from those faucies which I weave,  
A glimpse of heaven I oft receive!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## TEMPTED, BUT NOT LOST.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"She was a woman, less than child,  
And thought what'er he said was true"

"HOMELESS, friendless, penniless! Heaven  
help me, for I know not what to do!"

The words were half a wail, half a prayer, and as they fell from her lips, Lucy Harmon looked long and wearily about her comfortless little room, and her frame thrilled with a visible shudder. The four walls, bare and white, and cold—the naked floor—the narrow windows with their curtains of coarse muslin, seemed, in truth, desolate enough. To her heart they struck a sudden and terrible chill.

It was a fearful winter for the poor. Thousands in the great throbbing heart of New York died daily of want. Business was dull—work cheap—bread dear! Hunger and cold slew more than sickness! But through it all Lucy Harmon had kept up a brave heart and cheerful spirit. Hard times made little difference with her. For three years—ever since she was fifteen—she had lived in the noisy, crowded city, her humble, contented, solitary and laborious life. It had grown to be quite a home to her. She had made friends of the wide, bustling streets, the crowded buildings, the changing sea of faces perpetually pouring past her window. She did not envy the rich. She had sweet pity in her heart for all who wore needier or less happy than herself. While she had health and youth, and a pair of able hands, she would not repine—God was good, and the world kind.

But even to her elastic and hopeful spirits there came at last a sudden and awful paralysis of terror. Her employer had failed! The last piece of sewing came back upon her hands unpaid for. At first she was not dismayed, she doubted not she should find work elsewhere! To doubt would have been to despair. But weeks went by, and her little store of earnings had dwindled down to a paltry sum, scarcely enough to satisfy the demands of her grim landlady for the rent of her one poor room. In vain she had traversed the city from end to end, asking everywhere for employment. The shops were crowded with seamstresses, working for almost nothing. No one wanted her—gruff refusals met her everywhere, sometimes insults—now and then a sly hint about her pretty face, and a looming remark that such as she might make ladies of themselves, and be above work.

And this was why she sat in her cold, silent room, that dreary December day, facing her future with a faint, despairing heart;—sat there until the twilight fell about her, gray and cheerless, and from her window she could see the street lamps lighted, like so many fiery eyes kindled to glare upon her misery.

Her little purse was empty. There was no fire in the cheap stove, and no fuel to build one. Food had not passed her lips for two days. Is it to be wondered at that she cried out despairingly, "Heaven help me, for I know not what to do!"

She rose up at last and put on her bonnet and shawl. It was madness to stay there alone with her thoughts. It had been snowing all the day, but she did not care for that—anything to escape

from her fears—anything, so she might but fly from the remembrance of her situation—her blank, vacant, terrible future.

She went into the street—the stormy, noisy, dimly-lighted street. The snow drifted in white clouds through the air, and piled itself in soft, spotless billows on the pavements. She moved on listlessly, regardless how mockingly the wild, sharp wind fluttered the folds of her coarse shawl, and beat the white storm into her face. The chill at her heart deadened her nerves to outward cold.

"An inclement night for one like you to be abroad. May I not walk beside you, and shield you with my umbrella?"

The voice sounded close beside her—strong, musical, manly. She turned quickly, a little startled, a little pleased. She had heard that voice before. The dark, handsome face into which she looked was no strange one, it had been daguerrotypied in the holiest chamber of her heart for weeks. Her acquaintance with Leonard Barclay was purely accidental; in fact, it could hardly be called an acquaintance, yet every chord of her simple, girlish nature gave out sweet music under its influence. She scarcely knew how their friendship commenced—it was brought about in some way or other. She knew little of him beyond the fact that he was kind to her, and seemed much interested in all that concerned her. Poor, simple child! If she had only known him as he was, a rich, proud, polished man of the world, seeking the friendship of a poor shop-girl! But she was pretty, pure, artless, and the fowler's snare was set. Good angels guard her!

She took his proffered arm with a happy, fluttering heart. While that handsome face bent above her she forgot care, weariness and fear—the weight seemed suddenly lifted from her heart, her future gleamed before her, dim and rosy, with a new, delicious hope.

He seemed a little surprised when he knew that she came out merely for a walk—even chided her for her carelessness, but so tenderly, that she blessed him for the reproach, it was so sweet, so novel to have any one in the wide world who cared whether she did one thing or another. But since she had shown herself such a naughty girl, he said, he didn't see but what he should be compelled to furnish her with his company. He would walk till she was tired of walking, and then he would wait upon her home, might he not? For the first time Lucy blushed, thinking of her humble lodgings. Would he care less for her when he knew how poor, how very poor she was?

They came at last to a part of the city where the streets were broader, and more brilliantly lighted. A burst of orchestral music, a sound of rapturous applause, told Lucy where she was.

"Would she go with him into the theatre?" her companion asked.

She glanced at her plain shawl and cotton gloves, murmuring something about her clothes not being suitable, and wondering all the while if he would not despise her if he knew she had no better ones.

"Well, at least, she would go in and take some refreshments," he said, as he came opposite a fashionable saloon.

She thought of her two days' fasting, and smiled bitterly. Mr. Barclay would take no denial this time, but drew her along with a kind of authoritative gentleness. She was obliged to put her hands to her eyes, the first strong, brilliant glare of light dazzled them so, as she entered the saloon. There were groups of elegantly dressed men and women scattered about by the marble tables, eating, drinking, sipping wine, laughing and talking. How happy they all looked, to her unsophisticated eyes!

But she had no appetite to taste the delicacies which Mr. Barclay insisted upon ordering for her. She preferred to look about her and watch the smiling, happy faces, the rich dresses, and the busy servants flitting here and there. It was a new scene to her, and she enjoyed it eagerly.

Wine was brought, though she had no recollection of hearing Mr. Barclay call for it. How the red waves foamed, and danced and sparkled in the crystal goblets! She noticed, as her companion pushed one towards her, that the reflection of the crimson glass fell over his white, jewelled hand, staining it with a tingelike blood. It seemed to her an evil omen. A feeling of insecurity came over her, a vague presentiment of some danger not far away, but it was dissipated by Mr. Barclay's voice asking her if she would not drink with him.

"No, no! Not for worlds would I touch a drop of wine to my lips!"

He laughed merrily at her simple earnestness of refusal, so unlike a fashionable refusal—called her a sweet little prude, and then lifted his own glass to his lips, whispering her name as a pledge, with an endearing epithet prefixed to it, which brought an instantaneous color to her cheek, richer and redder than the wine.

"Mr. Barclay, if you wouldn't think me presuming,—I—" She faltered, in confusion. Mr. Barclay lowered his glass, and waited patiently for her to proceed.

"I—I—wish you wouldn't drink it, sir!"

"And why?"

Lucy hesitated. She could have painted for him that moment a sad, dark picture—a father degraded by intemperance—a mother dying broken-hearted—her own childhood heavy with the shadow of a parent's disgrace. But she realized instinctively how little such an argument would affect him, how ill-timed it would seem at that time and in such a place, so she answered simply, "Because it would please me not to have you."

An amused smile crossed the proud, dark face.

"You couldn't have given a sweeter reason, or one that would influence me more. But I am exacting. You must render favor for favor. Call me Leonard once, not Mr. Barclay, it is too formal."

If there was a trifle of imperiousness in the words, Lucy did not notice it. Her heart was fluttering in her throat like a frightened bird. Mr. Barclay still held the wine in his hand, reading her flushed face with his handsome, steady, tender hazel eyes.

She looked up timidly. "Please don't drink it, Leonard!" The glass was transferred to the table instantly. He did not lift it again.

That night Lucy Harmon laid her head upon her humble pillow with tears of happiness wetting her silken lashes. Leonard Barclay had told her that he loved her. To be sure he did not know her circumstances—not for the world would she have told him of her destitution. Pride revolted. But something would happen on the morrow, she was sure—something must happen. She would look again for work—some one would certainly employ her, and then all would go well. Leonard Barclay loved her! How like a sudden, golden sunrise, that knowledge broke through the darkness, coloring everything with a flash of rosy light. She went to sleep murmuring his name in her prayers. Poor Lucy!

"No, no—in God's name leave me, Leonard Barclay!"

She stood erect, white and tearless, the color dying from her face, the hope from her heart. A quiver of deathly pain troubled the sweet mouth, the beautiful eyes were dark with an unutterable anguish. For weeks she had been walking blindfolded in a path of flowers; but the scales had fallen at last, and she shuddered to see what a frightful, yawning abyss was spanned by that frail bridge of roses.

Face to face they stood together—Leonard Barclay and his intended victim—face to face in Lucy's little cheerless attic room, with the wintry sunshine lying on the bare walls, flooding the unpainted floor. They made a strange picture, that haughty man, pleading with passionate, bewildering eloquence, Lucy confronting him with her pallid, surprised, horror-stricken countenance.

"O, how blind, how blind I have been!" she murmured with a dreary sigh, passing her hand wearily across her eyes, like one suddenly afflicted by loss of sight. "And this is the end of it all—all my dreaming, all my loving, all my sweet hopes and beautiful plans! O, Leonard, Leonard! God forgive you your cruelty!"

Her voice died away in a husky sob. She essayed to speak again, but language dissolved in bitter tears. The anguish of her white, convulsed face might have struck remorse to the heart of a fiend. For an instant the worldly man stood abashed and silent before the simple majesty of her great grief. It was for an instant only. "Lucy!"

The tempter was by her side again—his passionate voice in her ear, his bold, bad, eager face close to hers, his arms about her, drawing her to him tenderly, closely, gently, soothing her with caressing words, and pacifying her with kisses.

"Lucy, my darling, my love, my life! my poor, foolish, frightened little girl! Look up and tell me that you love me. These terrible sobs pierce to my heart like swords."

She struck down his circling arms with quick disdain, and stepped back a few paces, her face glowing, her wet eyes all ablaze, the royal blood of insulted womanhood flaming up in scarlet torrents to neck, cheek and brow. But she did not speak. Her queenly attitude, the expression of her burning face, was enough without the aid of words. Leonard Barclay quailed before them in dire confusion. But once more he rallied. With a meaning glance he looked about the poor apartment. Lucy's eyes followed his. She understood the glance, the sarcastic smile, the sneer, the pitying, tender look which displaced them all, and lighted up her lover's face so gloriously, till it seemed the countenance of a fallen god, before the light of heaven had vanished from it. Never had the low, dingy walls looked so mean to her before. She contrasted them silently with the home he had painted for her—grand, gorgons, fit for a queen. She saw the long, disheartening struggles with poverty ended forever, the poor, shop-girl's cotton gown exchanged for costly silks and flashing jewels. But her pure heart wavered not a single instant.

"You are rich—I am poor. That is what you would say. But are you less a man, I less a woman, on that account?" she said in a slow, pains-taking way, as though every word cost her a pang. "You cannot buy me with gold. The white face of my dead father and mother would rise up between me and peace, if I should bring such a shame upon their memories. Go away from me! Double, treble your wealth, multiply it by millions, and then the worth of a poor girl's honor will surpass it all. Go!"

"You never loved me, Lucy. True love will make sacrifices for the beloved's sake."

Like a lioness at bay she turned upon him.

"Dare you say that to me? What sacrifice would your love make for my sake? Is it a sacrifice for you to seek my degradation, to make my name a by-word and a scoff to all who know me? Never loved you! I would have spilled my heart's best blood to save you a sorrow, and this is my return. Never loved you! Had I been in your place and you in mine, I never would have wronged you so. O, Leonard, Leonard! God forgive me, I have worshipped you!"

Something in her words touched a new chord in Leonard Barclay's heart. From his inmost soul he revered her womanly strength and innocence. There rose before him in fancy, the face of the haughty heiress to whom his hand was pledged. Would she have passed unscathed through that fiery ordeal of temptation? But for the ties which bound him to her, he would that moment have laid his wealth and rank where his heart already knelt in homage—at the feet of Lucy Harmon.

"God forbid that I should urge you longer, Lucy," he said with respectful earnestness. "Let me kiss you once and I will go—no, do not shrink from me. Not for worlds would I harm you now. I would take away the impress of your lips as I would an angel's benediction. I believe its memory will keep me pure, when nothing else could. There! Good-by, and God bless you!"

The next moment he was gone. Lucy listened eagerly, till the last sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, and then, with a long, low, shuddering wail, the spasmodic utterance of a crushed heart, she fell fainting to the floor.

"Stand back, my friends. Don't you see she is dead?"

The speaker's mouth is very pale, and he pushes the crowd aside with imperious haste. One arm supports the figure of a senseless woman, to the other a little boy clings weeping. A few moments since a span of frightened horses came dashing down Broadway. A little boy, trundling his hoop across the street, ran directly before them. The horrified crowd shouted to him in vain. Hundreds witnessing his danger felt their hearts stand still with terror. He would be trampled to death. But no! A brave, heroic young girl sprang forward and saved his life at the peril of her own. The child was unharmed, but his deliverer was struck down bleeding, bruised, and possibly dead upon the pavement. Her white, still face was very like death. The woman is Lucy Harmon, the boy is Leonard Barclay's son!

She came back to consciousness slowly. For a moment she thinks herself dreaming, and closes her eyes wearily. They open upon a picture of luxury rarer than any she ever dreamed of. Her hands lie on a velvet counterpane,





CHURCH AT LERY, FRANCE.

heavy with silver fringe. Magnificent lounges, superb curtains, mirrors, pictures, statuary, flowers, blushing in costly vases—she takes in all at a single admiring glance. But it is none of these that sends such a shock of white surprise over her features. A dark, alas! a too familiar face bends over her pillow—a musical voice whispers, "God bless you, Lucy! I owe you my child's life!"

That voice! It is five long years since she heard it, and all this while she has been trying to banish the melody from her heart. She turns upon her pillow with a feeble moan. Why should that face of all others rise up to haunt her?

"Do not turn away from me in that way, as though you utterly loathed the sight of my face. If you only knew how dear, how surpassingly precious your memory has been to me through all these years, you would give me a kinder greeting, I am sure."

"Have you no gratitude, no mercy?" she whispered in reply, "that you torture me thus? O, Leonard, Mr. Barclay, as you value my happiness, my peace, leave me!"

"Never, never till I know the meaning of these words. Your peace—your happiness, did you say? Is it possible—dare I hope, may I interpret your language to please myself? May I believe that you still care for me?"

A flush of scorn, of indignation, of outraged womanly feeling, darkens Lucy Harmon's beautiful face as she listens. She tries to rise, but falls back faint and dizzy.

"You do well—you honor your manhood by insulting a woman whom you would hardly dare look in the face but for her helplessness. Go, go, or I shall be tempted to curse you!—shall be tempted to call in your wife as a witness to your private theatricals."

"My wife!" He repeated the words after her wonderingly. "I have no wife, as I supposed you knew. She has been dead for three long years—ever since the birth of my little Harry whose life you have this day saved. I swear to you, by my hopes of heaven, that I meant no insult. I have loved you as I never loved any other woman on earth, not even the one whom I have called my wife. Accident has thrown us together again, though I had never dared hope to see you more on earth! Something in your manner tells me that I have been remembered kindly, that my former wrong has been forgiven. May I atone for that wrong in the only way which lies in my power? You are in my house as a guest. Will you make it your home? Will you be my wife?"

There is a long silence, then a low, hurried, inarticulate whisper, which only the nice ear of a lover could understand. It satisfies Leonard Barclay, however, if one may judge from the passionate kisses which fall from his lips upon Lucy's, or by the unspeakable quiver of tenderness and joy which runs through his voice as he murmurs, "God bless you, my darling, God bless you!"

#### CHURCH OF LERY, DEPARTMENT OF EURE, FRANCE.

The church of Lery, delineated on this page, is a beautiful example of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, taken as a whole, though open to criticism in many of its details. The general effect is certainly picturesque and striking, and the edifice will have many admirers. The church seems to have been constructed or at least founded about the 11th century. The plain and rather monotonous ornaments of its portal are not very elaborately executed. Yet the whole building is not inharmonious. The three rounded windows which surmount the entrance have an agreeable effect. The caps of these windows are ornamented with acanthus leaves, which are carved delicately, and turn gracefully in volutes over the angles. At the summit of the gable is the figure of a man seated, and appearing to look upon the passers-by. The tower, delicate and graceful, has a heavy cornice supported by modillions with heads of men and animals. The cross of the cemetery, seen on the left, is in exquisite taste; but time has changed the delicacy of its outlines, destroyed the expression of life in the faces, and effaced the beauty of the chaste draperies. On one side is seen the figure of Christ in his agony; on the other the Virgin, crowned, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and

veiled as much by her long, flowing tresses as by the ample mantle folded and falling in graceful undulations. Below, three draped figures of saints, separated by heads of winged cherubim, are supported by three consoles; three angels sustain a shield on which are carved the instruments of the Passion. The river Eure runs at a short distance behind the church. The riparian inhabitants, without regard to dictionaries and geographical maps, called it the *Dure* (hard), on account of its inequality, its caprices, and the rapidity of its course. Beyond, extends the rich valley of the river Seine, which receives the waters of the Eure, a short distance from the Lery.

#### CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR, CELEBES.

At the southern extremity of the peninsula which forms the southern part of the island of Celebes, formerly rose the great city of Mangkasara (vulgarly called Macassar), the capital of a pow-

erful kingdom. A great part of the population of Celebes has preserved the name of *Mangkasara*, and the Malays often designate the entire island by the name of *Tana Mangkasara*, (Mangkasara land). Some petty principalities have been formed from the ruins of this empire; the Dutch have taken possession of the rest. On the site of the great city are three villages, inhabited respectively by the Baroos, the Boughis and the Malays, and a little Dutch town of 1200 or 1500 inhabitants, named Vlaardingen, defended by Fort Rotterdam, the residence of the Dutch authorities. Here, as in all the principal maritime places of Oceania, a notable fraction of the population is Chinese. The Chinese are very numerous in Malaysia. At Batavia, at Manila, and in many other cities, they occupy separate quarters. The west coast of Borneo is covered by their colonies. Patient and indefatigable laborers, they play the same part in these countries that the Jews did in ancient Europe; they have all the lucrative pursuits, the gold washing and diamond mining, banking and commission business, keep gambling houses, farm taxes and hold monopolies. At the courts of the native princes, their position is like that of the children of Judaea with the Turkish pachas; they have the same means of increasing their fortunes, and take the same pains to conceal their money; often punished, always necessary, and always employed; incessantly complaining of their poverty, although the richest merchants of the countries they inhabit. A persistent preservation of national manners, customs and religion, is as remarkable in the Chinese as in the Jews. Beside their homes, there rises, as in their native land, the altar of the gods, the *mino* or pagoda, a temple more or less rich, more or less ornamented, according to the means of the votaries. Our engraving represents one of their queer and fantastic temples at Macassar. Chinese temples are generally pretty much like each other. Their ordinary decorations consist of columns with spiral carvings, pictures, inscriptions, lamps and tables, on which are placed some of the numerous gods of Chinese polytheism, more multiplied than those that Greek and Roman imaginations created. Pan kou, who introduced order into the universe by separating heaven from earth; Jen-nan, who tries the dead, and presides over the transmigration of souls; Jen-nan, who presides over the infernal regions; Tien-kouen, master of heaven; Loui-xen, god of thunder and lightning; Lao-chuin, chief arbiter of battles; Koung-fou-tseu, god of wisdom, and other representative divinities. Besides these, each family has its particular idols.

#### GRAND SQUARE OF RUMELIEH, CAIRO.

The view presented on page 192, of the great Square of Rumelieh, Cairo, affords a vivid idea of the architecture and life of the East. The stern towers, the glittering minarets, the varied figures and dresses which animate this scene, transport us to that region of which we read so much in our youth, and to which we most of us long to make a pilgrimage in our manhood. The scenery around Cairo is quite unique. To the left are seen the bare sand-hills of the Arabian desert, and the city, with its hundreds of minarets, its palm trees and mulberry plantations; on the right is the long, level waste of the Lybian desert, whose horizon is only broken by the Pyramids. Cairo has become a place of much traffic during late years, from being on the high road from London to India, and consequently it has undergone many changes as far as appearances within are concerned. There are hotels kept by Europeans, with European attendants, in which every comfort and luxury may be obtained; shops with English goods; consulates, whose officers wear frock coats and kid gloves, and ladies in latest Parisian fashions promenade on the Esbekieh. Within the citadel, which opens upon the square of El Rumelieh, is a new mosque, which covers the remains of the late Mehemet Ali. The citadel is a place of considerable strength, and celebrated in modern times as the locality in which Mehemet Ali had the janissaries slaughtered, thereby ridding himself of a set of guards in whose hands the pachas of Egypt were mere puppets; imitating, in some measure, the Emperor Diocletian, who got rid of the Pretorian Guard under somewhat similar circumstances. There are many places in the neighborhood, of great interest—the pyramids, the ruins of Heliopolis and of ancient Memphis, etc.



CHINESE TEMPLE AT MACASSAR, CELEBES.



## Poet's Corner.

KNOW.

BY LUCY LARSON.

Light, and still, and soft,  
Flake after flake comes down,  
Dimming the air aloft,  
Wrecking the oak leaves brown;  
Light as the fall of years  
On a head grown white in peace;  
Light as the breath of the angel death  
When he whispereth of release.

White, and calm, and cold,  
Under a sunset sky  
Glowing with red, aerial gold,  
The unstained snow-drifts lie  
Calm as the pulses dead  
In the grave niche, cold and white,  
With a kindling glow on each marble brow—  
A glory of love and light.

Pure, and soft, and still,  
Drifting down to the sea,  
Melt the snows of the poor-white hill  
Into sunshine, silently  
Blue as the depths above,  
Deep is the blue below,  
White from the bay glides a sail away—  
And a soul passed, white as snow.

THOUGHTS.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other lies!  
Each, as the various avenues of sense,  
Drought or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Frightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,  
Control the latent fibres of the heart.—ROBERTSON.

HONOR.

By Jove I am not covetous of gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coat;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desire;  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.—SHAKESPEARE.

GLORY.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;  
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light.  
WILSON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The tranquillity of Europe depends on the breath of Louis Napoleon. What an idea that is to reflect upon! A few words from his lips can make or mar a thousand fortunes, create a panic on the Bourse of Paris, shake the Exchange of London, and reverberate in distant echoes through all the money marts of Europe. And this man but a few years ago was kicking about New York and London a penniless adventurer, and aspiring to the crown of France by teaching a bald eagle to descend upon his crown. If we professional story-tellers should assign such a career to an imaginary hero would not the critics make a previous row about it? Of course they would, and would prove such a career to be impossible. But Louis Napoleon is like Marie Antoinette's milster, who answered to a request of hers, "Madame, if it is impossible, it shall certainly be done." The New Yorkers are on the qui vive with respect to the "Fifth Avenue Hotel," to be opened by Col. Parau Stevens, who deserves to be breveted lieutenant-general for his enterprises and his victories. The architect of this marble palace is William Warburton of this city. Not only does this hotel have a beautiful site opposite to the shrubbery of Madison Square, it stretches its façades of white marble down Twenty Third and Twenty-Fourth Streets. Mr. Ullman is expected to open the Boston Theatre as the "Academy of Music" in September next. Mr. Barry's re-lease of the Theatre extends to June next. The Berkshire people get absurd or this winter decidedly. They had ninety nine successive days of good sleighing—while we did not enjoy more than four or five. The London Athenæum, in an excellent obituary of Hallam, the historian, remarks as an admirable feature in him, that he was ready to amend errors and repair omissions, and his last editions are annotated and improved with "a most curious and conscientious skill." Hence these editions are the best. "In Hallam," says the Athenæum, "we possessed a scholar who loved truth better than fame." The Hartford Press relates that the other evening as a young clergyman was skating down the Connecticut at great speed he came so unexpectedly upon a group of young ladies that he could not turn to avoid them, and therefore to prevent accident caught one by the waist and took her with him. As soon as the astonished female could recover her speech he was saluted with, "Who's dat huggin' me so?" and looking upon his frail burden's face, the young clergyman found that it was black as night. He did not carry her far, and doesn't enjoy compliments for his politeness. General Scott lately appeared on the turf at New Orleans. Long may it be before the old hero is under the turf. Josiah Bradley, Esq., learning that the trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor were in a dilemma respecting the means that should be adopted to secure fun for erecting a much needed barn on the premises at Germantown (Quincy), immediately directed that the barn be built, and that the bill of expense be forwarded to him. Its estimated cost is \$2500. Mr. Bradley had previously contributed thousands towards the building already erected. In the memoirs of the Empress Catherine the Second, written by herself, she gives an account of a masked ball at Moscow, where all the gentlemen came dressed as women, in enormous hoops, and all the women

wore masculine attire. The empress was the only one who looked really natural as a man. A school commissioner recently required a class of young gentlemen to pledge themselves "not to attend evening parties nor go home with the girls after dark" before he would grant them the required certificates as teachers. It is said that the copper lands in Minnesota, bordering on the north shore of Lake Superior, will be sold to the highest bidder during the present year. These lands are not considered adapted for agricultural purposes, but contain rich copper mines. Croakers are beginning to start stories of canker worm, caterpillars, cold summer, frozen sap blight, etc., and to predict a failure of the fruit crop. "We shall see," as an old Mr. Ritchie used to say. It seems that our custom of pelting a popular actress or singer with bouquets is almost unknown in England. Some enthusiastic young gentlemen were recently expelled from the Strand Theatre in London for throwing wreaths of flowers upon the stage, in honor of a popular actress, Miss Selby. An effort is going to be made by a company of American gentlemen, residing in Paris, to purchase a certain journal, which can be had for perhaps a sum of \$50,000, to be devoted to the protection of American interests. The journal will not publicly avow its policy, but will select every occasion to put the French public right in America and American questions. Mr. Jefferson never franked letters for any members of his family, and correspondents frequently enclosed in those directed to him, letters for some of his family, but Mr. Jefferson invariably gave notice of the fact to the postmaster of the place, and had the postage of all such letters charged to him. We dare say little Piccolomini can patter Italian as fast as a Morgan horse can trot, but her command of the English language is not surprising. Her reply to a band of serenaders at Troy, N. Y., was, "Gentlemen, I am very much obliged for the compliments. I am very poor speak English, but I feel shieppy." Almost every day some queer way of committing suicide is noted. A lady in St. Paul, Minnesota, who had become unsettled in her mind from anxiety in matters of religion, attempted self-destruction by drinking boiling water from a tea-kettle. She was at last accounts recovering. Lord Mitou, a gentleman whom nature failed to provide with legs, wished to be presented to Louis Napoleon with his wife and daughter. The morning of the day on which the presentation was to take place, the emperor sent word to Lord Cowley that he could not receive Lord Mitou, as he heard he had no legs, and that he must sit while the emperor stood. The author of "Child Harold," while in Italy, had a helmet made for his own use in the battle-field of Greece. That identical article, never worn as originally intended, but which must have covered the brain of the great poet "many a time and oft," is now the ornament of a house in South Boston. It is so small that nine heads out of ten trying it on would more than fill it. Mr. Charles Phillips recently died suddenly at London, in the 73d year of his age. He was an Irish forensic orator, whose early speeches attracted a good deal of attention in their day, and are now de-claimed in the schoolhouses in the United States. A recent letter from La Rochelle, France, says that the yield of the grape has been more abundant than drinkable water. Coopers were employed night and day, but being unable to supply the demand for casks the wine had to be converted into brandy. The equestrian circus at Warsaw has been destroyed by fire; in a few hours the whole building was reduced to ashes. A number of stage and "learned" dogs perished in the flames. The howls of these poor animals were frightful, but it was impossible to get at them. The horses were all saved. Hall's Journal of Health affirms that diseases come and go as do the fashions. Once, everybody had the dyspepsia, then clergyman's sore throat was the rage, and now, don't every third person have some form of neuralgia?

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POETS AND POETRY OF VERMONT. Edited by Miss Abby Maria Henshaw. Published by George A. Tuttle & Co., Rutland, Vt. pp. 400.

This is an exceedingly neat edition of poems by natives of the Green Mountain State, embracing many sweet specimens of verse, and touching upon all themes, from lively to severe. We observe, appropriately set among the rest, that familiar and widely known poem, "The Old Cuckoo," written by Miss Emily R. Page of Bradford, Vermont.

SAMUEL OF THE CAPITAL OF, Civilization in New York. By A. D. Mayo. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 368. 1859.

Taking the State of New York as the representative of the characteristic tendencies of American society, the author expresses his views of city and country life, labor, inventions, money, education, the arts, crime, women, religion, etc. While dissenting from many of his views, we admit the ability with which the author handles his themes. For sale by A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER FOR 1859. By Adams, Sampson & Co., 51 Washington Street.

An invaluable book of reference for State statistics, which should be on every man's table. It is admirably arranged, and contains a vast amount of information.

New Music—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published, "She who sleeps upon my heart," a love-song written by Anson C. Chester, music by T. H. Lincoln. "The Power of Love," a ballad from Balfe's new opera of "Satanstoe," "Tell me, ye softly breathing gales," music and words by Louise A. Denton; and "Mother Bailey," song and chorus by Carl Lewis.

ANNALS OF LOVE. By Lora Montg. New York. Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 272. 1859.

These anecdotes of love, or what is termed love by the Countess of Lansfeldt, though curious, are not new to well-read persons. They are amusing reading, though not arranged systematically or even illustrated very richly.

MAJOR THOMAS'S SCENES IN ARKANSAS. Illustrated by Darby Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 240.

A collection of side-splitting stories, originally published in the "Spirit of the Times," New York, and written by popular American authors. The volume has eleven fine engravings from original designs by Darby in his best style. It contains some of the best comic stories ever written. For sale by Phillips Sampson & Co., Boston.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The speech of the emperor of the French is still a subject of discussion in political circles all over England and Europe, its ambiguities furnishing the text for various comments. "Peace or war?" is still the all-absorbing question. People say that the manner of the emperor exhibits irresolution and even fear—and the slightest gesture of this inscrutable man is narrowly watched and commented. It is certain that in France he has lost a great deal of popularity. Capitalists, merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturists are irritated at the fluctuations of property; the troops, those four hundred thousand tigers, are angry at having the sight of blood so often exhibited to them, and so often withdrawn. As for the courtiers, they have exhibited the grossest ingratitude towards their master. Whenever the throne appeared in danger, they have pressed him for foreign appointments, anxious to get out of the way themselves and let him face the crisis. This it was that drew from him the exclamation—*La vult se faire autour moi*—(I am left entirely alone). Our private letters from Paris express the opinion that war is inevitable—that Napoleon could not avoid it if he would, and that the opening of hostilities is only a question of time. Perhaps while these lines are going through the press, the tocsin may have sounded—perhaps months may elapse before the crash of arms is heard. But if war occurs, it will certainly be a bloody and extended one, involving all Europe in its vortex. What will be the final result, no one can venture to predict. Yet Louis Napoleon is so able and so fortunate that even out of the seething cauldron of war he may pluck laurels and safety. The London Times, always confident, though not always reliable, emphatically supports another view of the question. The Thunderer says: "The emperor of the French has duly weighed this side and that, and the conclusion probably is, that, without renouncing a sentiment or recalling a word, without loving Austria more, or less appreciating the glory of an Italian appanage or ally, the emperor of the French is not at present prepared to do battle with half Europe, even with the aid of the remaining half."

## Count de Morny's Speech.

The passage in Count de Morny's speech which raised the hopes of the friends of peace so high is quoted as follows: "Have confidence when the emperor tells us, 'Resume tranquilly your labors—peace, I hope, will not be disturbed. I will remain firm in the path of law, justice, and national honor.' And when, recollecting those celebrated words, 'the empire is peace,' he adds that 'peace cannot be disturbed except for the defence of great national interests,' so many other considerations are added to dispel our uneasiness. Religion, philosophy, civilization, credit, industry, have all made of peace the first benefit of modern society. The blood of the people is no longer lightly shed; war is the last resource of rights disregarded, and of honor offended. The greater number of difficulties are removed by diplomacy or solved by pacific arbitration. Rapid international communication and publicity have created a new European power, with which all governments are forced to account; that power is public opinion. It may for a moment be undecided or mistaken, but it always ends by siding with justice, with right, and with humanity."

## Prince Napoleon.

Some people have seized upon the Sardinian marriage as an opportunity of paying respect to Prince Napoleon, by presenting themselves at the Palais Royal, when they would not for their lives be seen at the Tuileries. But this the emperor laughs to scorn. Prince Napoleon may have conquered to himself the men of the pen and palette—he may have a considerable party among the viveurs of Paris; and, in case of internal commotion, these are not to be despised; but the army, upon whose allegiance the emperor builds his most ambitious hopes, hates and despises the prince for his lack of courage in the Crimea.

## Campagna Museum.

The Campagna Museum at Rome, which is, in fact, a resurrection of all that relates to the civil, religious, and military life of the classic countries of antiquity, will soon be lost to the country where it was formed. The unfortunate circumstances in which the Marquis Campagna is placed, and the claims which the papal government have upon the Museum, will necessitate the sale of its contents at no distant period.

## St. Petersburg.

The first number of a new military journal has just been published at St. Petersburg. Its editors propose to examine into the abuses which exist in Russian military organization, and to seek out the means of reforming them.

## Resignation of Liest.

Liest has resigned his post, which he has long held, of director of the opera at Wiemar. He has done this, it is said, from disgust at the failure of an opera called "The Barber of Bagdad," composed by a M. Cornelius, one of his pupils.

## British India.

Sir James Lee Jeejeebhoy, Bart, has determined on allotting a sum of 75,000 rupees (£7500) for the foundation of a hospital, to be styled the "Victoria Charitable Dispensary," in the town of Nowsare, near Surat.

## New Dramatist.

A new dramatic author, Mr. Sidney French, a young gentleman quite unknown to literary fame, is soon to produce his first work at the Lyceum, London, supported by Madame Celeste and other celebrities.

## The Austrian Troops.

Those English officers who have had opportunities of examining the Austrian troops speak in very flattering terms of their "setting up," and say that they have never cast eye on more serviceable looking troops.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.  
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.  
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.  
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.  
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THE BEST REMEDY  
THE BEST REMEDY  
THE BEST REMEDY  
THE BEST REMEDY  
THE BEST REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.  
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.  
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.  
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.  
For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.

A CERTAIN REMEDY  
A CERTAIN REMEDY  
A CERTAIN REMEDY  
A CERTAIN REMEDY  
A CERTAIN REMEDY

For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.  
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.  
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.  
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.  
For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.

A SURE CURE  
A SURE CURE  
A SURE CURE  
A SURE CURE  
A SURE CURE

For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.  
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.  
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.  
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.  
For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.

A SOVEREIGN BALM  
A SOVEREIGN BALM  
A SOVEREIGN BALM  
A SOVEREIGN BALM  
A SOVEREIGN BALM

For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.  
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.  
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.  
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.  
For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.  
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.  
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.  
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.  
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.

IT EFFECTS

A PERMANENT CURE.  
A PERMANENT CURE.  
A PERMANENT CURE.  
A PERMANENT CURE.  
A PERMANENT CURE.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.  
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.  
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.  
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only genuine has the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, SEYM W FOWLE, & Co., Boston, on the outside wrapper, therefore be not deceived.

## FOR SALE BY

A. B. & D. SANDS & Co., New York.  
BARNES & PARK, New York.  
F. C. WELLS & Co., New York.  
HEGEMAN & Co., New York.  
SCHIEFFELIN BROTHERS & Co., New York.  
McKESON & HOBBS, New York.  
HARRAL, RISLEY & KITCHEN, New York.  
GEORGE C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston.  
M. S. BURR & Co., Boston.  
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.  
T. W. DRYOT & SONS, Philadelphia.  
LEE, Sisson & Co., Hartford.  
J. M. B. McNARY, Hartford.  
J. BALCH & SON, Providence.  
EARL P. MASON & Co., Providence.  
CANDY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore.  
B. D. GILMAN, Washington.  
DENTER & NELLEGER, Albany.  
W. E. HAGAN & Co., Troy.  
DAVID SCOTT, Worcester.  
M. B. GREEN & Co., Worcester.  
JAMES GREEN, Worcester.  
ROLLINS & Co., Concord, N. H.

AND IN

ALL OTHER PLACES.  
ALL OTHER PLACES.  
ALL OTHER PLACES.  
ALL OTHER PLACES.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.  
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.  
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.  
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.



**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING**—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## NOTICE.

**THE POST OFFICE** is removed to the corner of Summer and Chauncy Streets. Iron boxes, for the reception of letters for the mails, are placed on the first floor of the Exchange, on the north side of the Old State House, State Street, on the corner of Commercial and State Streets (opposite the Custom House), and at the west end of Quincy Market.

NAHUM CAPEN, P. M.  
2w 12

## THE BEST PLACE IN BOSTON

NO. 66 HANOVER STREET,  
TO BUY

**silks, Shawls, Capes, Mantillas, Talmas, Scarfs,**  
And every description of Foreign and Domestic

## DRESS GOODS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

The richest and latest styles of silks, and the newest patterns of every kind of OUTSIDE GARMENT, suited to the season, are received at this establishment by every

## STEAMER FROM EUROPE.

Immediately upon arrival at this port or at New York. Ladies are particularly invited to examine this immense stock of

## NEW SPRING GOODS.

Which will be sold at such prices as will suit every customer

No. 66 Hanover Street,

Under the American House, BOSTON.  
A. J. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

M. J. WHIPPLE & Co., 35 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

**WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers** in supplies for Artists and Painters, including Winsor & Newton's superior Tube Oil Colors, Canvases, Moist and Water Colors, Powder Colors, and all other materials of the finest quality, for the use of artists, either in oil or water colors. M. J. W. & Co. give their particular attention to the sale of Artists' Materials especially, and their stock of the best quality in this respect, is the largest and most comprehensive to be found in this city, and is not surpassed by that of any other stock in this country. A liberal discount to the Trade and others buying in quantities.

## MARK YOUR CLOTHING!

NAMES CUT IN STENCILS IN

Old English, *Writing*

*Italic and Roman Letters,*  
with the best and most reliable INDELIBLE INK, for marking Clothing, Cards, Books, etc., at

METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,  
45 1-2 Salem Street, Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brands, made to order. Brass Alphabets and Figures, INDELIBLE INK, thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for clothing cut in a few minutes at any time.

LOCKWOOD, LUMB & Co.,

## PLUMBERS,

48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite Franklin Statue.

Plumbing work of all descriptions done promptly and at

Reasonable Prices.

OUR MOTTO:

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

## "HARD TIMES NO MORE"

ANY person (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from \$3 to \$5, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp),  
W. R. ACTON, & Co.,  
4w 12 41 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia

The best Shaving and Toilet Soaps  
EVER USED.

BROWN WINDSOR, Glycerine, Honey Skin and Almond, by Rimmel, the best soap maker in the world, at fifty cents per pound—and the Shaving Soap by Claver. Also, Tooth Powder and Soap, receiving the highest recommendations.

BILL DRESS COMBS of the latest French styles; also a large assortment of patterns of our own manufacture at

A. S. JORDAN'S

COMB, TOILET AND PERFUMERY STORE,

101 Washington Street.

Opposite Tremont House, Boston.

WE have received 100 Cartons New Styles SPRING

BONNET RIBBONS.

A. Invoiced of RUCHES, all styles.

A. Invoiced of LACES, all styles.

A. Invoiced of LINING SILKS.

Best FRENCH BLACK VELVET RIBBONS.

LINEN CAMBRIC GLOVES, 63 cents a pair.

LINEN CAMBRIC TUCKS, at prices to suit all.

COLLARS, SLEEVES, SLITS, LACES, EDGEINGS.

ROSE GLOVES (AMERICAN MUSLINS), etc., at prices which we warrant to give entire satisfaction.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS.

PICTURES FOR GREEK AND ANTIQUE

PAINTING are only published by

J. E. TILTON & Co.,

101 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forward them, postpaid (with full and special directions how to paint) to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and teachers supplied

8 eow3m

MEERSCHAUM

PIPES AND TOBACCO of every variety of style and

Also, TRIMMINGS and FRENCH WOOD

PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,  
No. 10 Washington Street

JOHN JOHNSON.  
NEW CONFECTIONARY  
—AND—  
RESTAURANT.

THE subscriber would inform the public of Boston and vicinity that he has just fitted up, at great expense with every convenience, a new and elegant RESTAURANT and ICE CREAM SALOON, and is prepared to supply the trade generally with

## FRENCH AND AMERICAN CONFECTIONARY.

Having put in machinery for manufacturing by steam power, he flatters himself that with his "unparalleled facilities," he cannot be surpassed in "price or quality."

Every description of Confectionery on hand. Families supplied with Meats, Pastries, etc., etc., at the lowest prices. Stores supplied. Goods packed and delivered anywhere within the city free of charge.

JOHN JOHNSON,

No. 1 Tremont Row,

(Opposite head of Hanover Street)

CHARLES COPELAND, Special Partner. 2w 12

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

COLLECTION OFFICE.  
No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

W. N. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,  
cowly 12 Attorney. 25 State St., Boston.

## A NEW PORTABLE GAS APPARATUS.

THE attention of the public and especially all persons who reside in the country, is respectfully called to an excellent and simple gas machine, invented and patented by Mr. O. P. Drake of this city. There are many people who live in the country and out of the reach of coal-gas mains, who have fine residences and all the comforts that money can procure, and yet are obliged to use oil and fluid for artificial light, and who would be glad to introduce gas into their establishments, if they could procure what they want. This want can be supplied by using Mr. Drake's Portable Gas Machines, which are manufactured and for sale by the Benzole Gas Works, and can be seen at their office, No. 15 Winter Street, Boston.

BENZOLINE—A new article for removing grease or oil stains from silk, satin, velvet, carpets, kid gloves, books, paper, and all kinds of garments. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics. Try it. For sale, wholesale and retail, at office of the Benzole Gas Works, No. 15 Winter Street, Boston. 12 O. P. DRAKE, Agent.

## A Valuable Remedy.

"THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, prepared by the well known druggists, Messrs. Reed, Cutler & Co., of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. It has stood the test of all tests—time, and has sustained its reputation for more than thirty years."

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine. "—Boston Journal

Inquire for the article by its whole name,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price large size, 21; small size, 60 cents. 14w3m 12

## REMOVAL AND OPENING

OF a new and much needed Institute for the successful treatment of SPINAL CURVATURE, HEST AND ABDOMINAL WEAKNESS, and like diseases. This principle will restore the lost balance of power and cure without medicine. The subscriber's new invention sustains the weakened organs, supplies rest and exercise without the fatigue of exertion, and restores the most perfect "freedom of motion," relief being immediate, however young or feeble the patient may be. Ladies attended by Miss ANNA J. WILSON. Consultation free.  
No. 54 Essex Street 4w 11 DR. N. WILSON.

MAYO & COX,

CONFECTIONERS,

No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,

(Near the Rector House), BOSTON

Plain and Fancy Cake, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert, Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionary, of superior quality constantly on hand

PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and with punctuality. 4w 11

## BUSINESS EDUCATION,

And aid in obtaining EMPLOYMENT when qualified.

At the New Rooms of French's Commercial Institute, 289 Washington Street.

Superior advantages are afforded students in PENMANSHIP, BOOK KEEPING, etc. Upwards of five thousand students have graduated at this Institute, hundreds of whom are now filling situations of trust and profit. Students receive separate instruction, and can commence at any time. 2w 11 CHAS. FRENCH, A. M., Principal.

Consumption of the Blood, or Anemia.

IN this common and dangerous disease, the blood loses its vitality, ceases to nourish the system and to stimulate the organs to healthy activity. The Peruvian Iron, from the PERUVIAN SYRUP, supplies the deficient element, and the blood receives new life, with a consequent restoration of the bodily vigor, the return of appetite, and the hue of health.

## DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

KILBURN & MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

3m 12

830. GRAY'S 830.

Double Thread Sewing Machine.

L. TURNER, Agt., No. 63 Court St. 12

HOMOEOPATHIC BOOKS AND MEDICINES, whole-

sale and retail. Photographic and Phonograph

works. Writers of Emancipation, Swedenborg Theological

and Philosophical. For sale, wholesale and retail by

No. 3 Beacon Street 2w 12 OFFICE CLAPP

JONAS WHITCOMB'S

## REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated it is disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever. An Infant may take it with perfect safety.

The following certificates from gentlemen of high respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this remedy

## Asthma. Asthma.

(Letter from a lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.)

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

JOSEPH BURNETT, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and during that time there were but few months in which I did not suffer with a paroxysm that entirely prostrated me for two or three days, and sometimes longer. I will say, that from the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure to cold has no other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the torment. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me that I shall endeavor to introduce the Remedy whenever opportunity occurs. With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. H. DRAGON.

## Asthma. Asthma.

NEWBURYPORT, May 12, 1856.

Messrs. BURNETT & Co. Gentlemen: For the last seven years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and first of the winter I was so sick that I was unable to work for four months. Three months ago I was induced to buy a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy. It has done me much good. I have had but one slight attack of it for six weeks, which was checked by one dose of the Remedy.

Yours with respect,

HOSEA B. RIPLEY.

## Asthma. Asthma.

(Letter from a Clergyman.)

WENDEBORO, Vt., May 12, 1857.

MR. BURNETT:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma" on my wife. She has suffered for years, more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affliction could devise, to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy." It acted like a charm. It enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand; and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., No. 27 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON, and sold by all druggists.

## ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma is prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, one of the most respectable firms in the United States. The complete success which has attended its use is fully shown by the great number of reliable certificates which accompany each parcel. Many distinguished medical gentlemen have used it in the treatment of the above-named complaint, and have given it their unqualified approbation.—Boston Post.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

E. A. TEULON will allow a liberal discount from his own prices on all jobs exceeding \$20 in value. Have this advertisement, and call at 149 1-2 Washington St., Boston, directly opposite the Old South Church.

## THE SPRING TERM

OF the PORT EDWARD INSTITUTE opens March 17th. Board, and Tuition in common English, 14 weeks, for \$25 in advance. Superior brick buildings, with separate departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Students thoroughly prepared for College, for the Counting-Room, for Teaching, and for all the active duties of life. For Circulars, or for Rooms, apply to the Principal. REV. JOSEPH F. KING, Port Edward, New York

## LADIES' FRENCH CALF

3 Sole Water-Proof Button Boots,

(Warranted), \$2 75

English Lasting Thick Sole Congress,

(Warranted), \$1 00

2w 11 At TITCOMB'S, 309 Washington St., Boston.

## WHEATON FEMALE SEMINARY,

AT NORTON, MASS.

THE summer term of this Institution will commence April 7th, and continue fourteen weeks. Applications for admission may be received in term time to the principal, MRS. C. C. METCALF, and in vacation from both March 7th to 7th of April, to the superintend.

2w 11 Z. KELLY, Secretary.

## WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, etc.

MISSES S. M. MCINTIRE & S. B. KIDDER,

No. 31 School Street (Savory Bank Building).

Continue to instruct Ladies and Misses in Writing, Book-keeping, English Branches, Music, etc. Most of the Lady Books kept in this city and vicinity received their instruction from Miss McIntire. Students noted in obtaining employment.

3w 11

FOUSEL'S  
PABULUM  
VITÆ.

A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts requiring only to be known and used to become the first resort in cases of

Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease.

Unlike other preparations offered to the public it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs or narcotics, calculated only to soothe and all the unsuspecting patient into security while the insidious disease still marches on its destructive way. Neither is it adulterated in large and costly doses.

It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.

Price \$2 per bottle, trial bottles 81. Sent by mail to any part of the country, free from postage.

J. J. LABOUME, Sole Agent at Weeks & Potter's 174

Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.

Below is another testimonial, from a well known source,

as to its remarkable efficacy, being an extract from a letter received by the agent from Mr. Charles Barr, formerly of the Boston Theatre.

"While laboring under a violent affection of the lungs, with my bronchial organs almost entirely closed, and attended by a most distressing perpetual cough, I derived incalculable benefit from the use of that medicine (Fousel's Pabulum Vitæ). Though so severely afflicted, by three days use of this medicine I was greatly relieved, and less than one bottle effected a perfect cure. I feel under the deepest gratitude to my excellent physician, of your city, for recommending it to my notice."

"One of my children being troubled with an affection of the lungs, I beg you to forward me two bottles immediately, by express, for my family use."

## WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commanded itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CHOLERA, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only genuine is prepared by RUTH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, and is for sale every where.

## PIONEER CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,

In all the varieties of Material, Fabric, Style and Prices, to suit the taste and means of every class of purchasers.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GEO. W. SIMMONS, PIPER & Co.,

OAK HALL, 32 AND 34 NORTH ST., BOSTON.

## REMOVED.

I. M. SINGER & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public generally, that they have leased the Store No. 69 Lincoln Street, corner of Elm, directly under their former office, where they are now prepared to exhibit their numerous Machines to all who favor us with a call. We call the attention of all who are in search of Machines for family use, to call and examine our latest A machine, which is of an entire new construction throughout, for neatness, durability and speed it cannot be surpassed; in short, it takes the palm off all others in the world. The great centre of attraction now in our new saleroom, the public will come where they are received with attention. Don't forget the number, 69 Hanover Street, corner of Elm, directly opposite the American House.

I. M. SINGER & CO.

4w 9 D. TROTT, Agent.

\$2.50. EDSON'S IMPROVED

Self-Adjustable Noiseless

CARPET SWEEPER,

with the Patent Wheel, which will not wear out the Carpet. For sale at all the Carpet and House Furnishing Stores in Boston, and by

H. B. CHAPMAN & Co.,

Manufacturers,

No. 95 1-2 Water Street. 1m 9

THE AMERICAN HOUSE,





THE NEW WELLINGTON COLLEGE, SANDHURST, ENGLAND.

**WELLINGTON COLLEGE, ENGLAND.**

We present on this page a fine specimen of modern English architecture, Wellington College, the corner stone of which was laid in 1836, by the queen in person, who recently attended the ceremonies of its dedication and opening. It is designed as a free college, and has been erected and endowed by subscription. The project was set on foot soon after the death of the grand duke, as the most fitting memorial to his memo-

ry. Subscriptions speedily poured in, and the committee soon found themselves in a position to commence operations. Ornamental grounds and roadways have been laid out, and a lake of about twenty acres in extent is intended to be formed on the north side of the building. The main tower is 120 feet high, and from it the view is said to be one of the most pleasing that can be conceived. On one side Windsor Castle can be seen with great distinctness, and on the other

the view of the counties of Surrey and Hants is grand and extensive. The arrangements in the interior of the college are quite in character with the building. The warming and ventilation will be carried on upon the best conceivable principles. Above the principal entrances on the north and south appear the arms of England; below these is the inscription "Wellington," and in the quadrangle are again to be seen, beautifully carved in stone, the English arms, with the initials

"A. W." (Arthur Wellington), and the motto "*Virtutis fortuna comes*," (Fortune the companion of courage and virtue). Messrs. Holland, the contractors, have carried out the designs of Mr. Shaw, the architect, in a most satisfactory manner. The building is capable of accommodating 240 students, but this number can only be received by the maintenance of the establishment being considerably augmented. There is no doubt, however, that the institution will be liberally endowed.



GRAND SQUARE OF RUMELIJEH, CAIRO, EGYPT.

(See page 189)



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVI., No. 13...WHOLE No. 405.

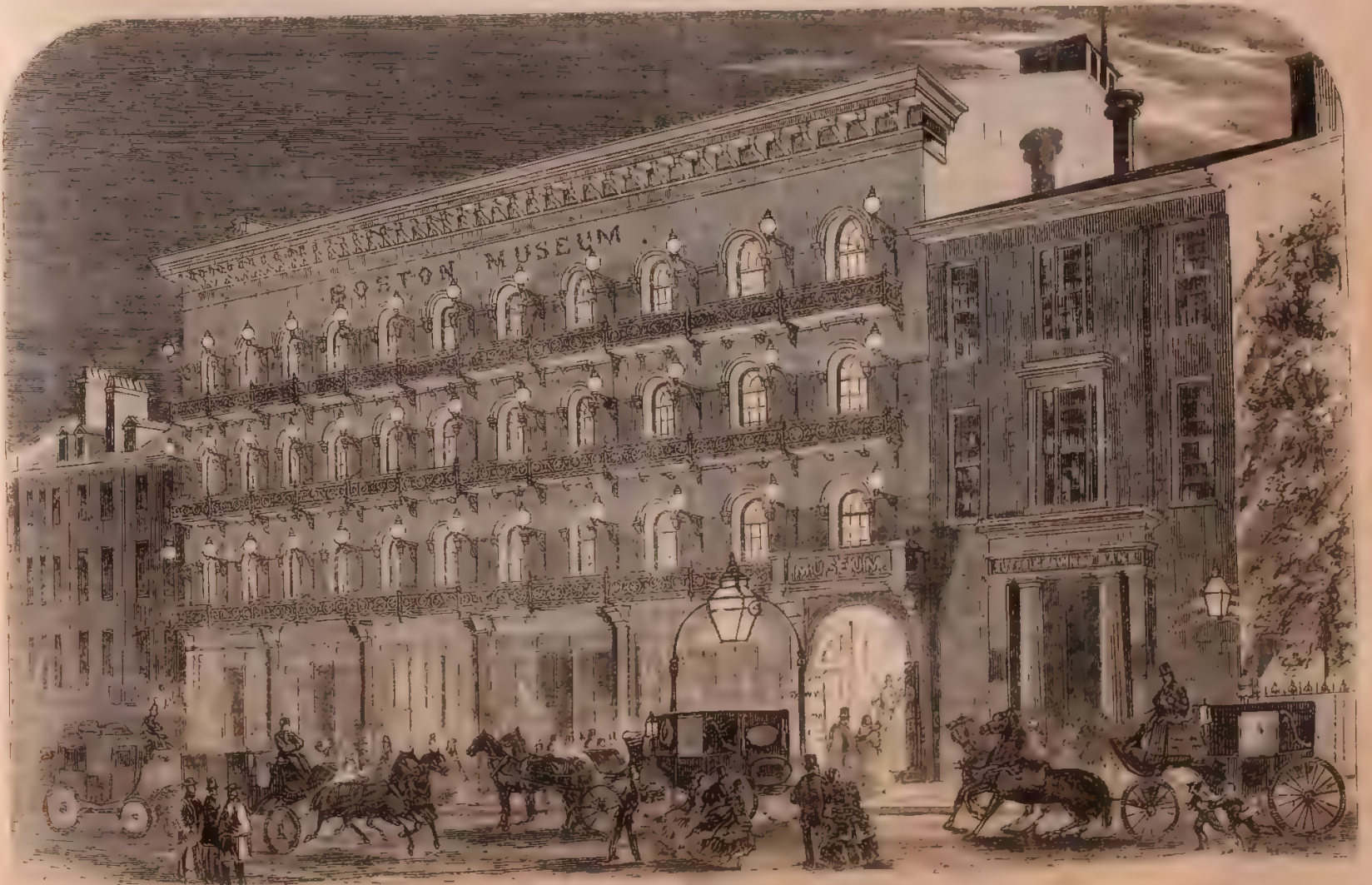
## BOSTON MUSEUM BY GASLIGHT.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Wm. Waud, and represents the exterior of the Boston Museum seen in its most striking phase, by gaslight, in the evening. The elegant building, with its long lines of light, its glittering windows, its tiers of flags waving in the night-breeze, its broad portals thronged with people hurrying in to secure seats, presents a spectacle interesting even to the familiar citizen, and attractive to the eye of the stranger, as one of the most marked and agreeable features of Boston. The Museum stands in the neighborhood of the old Columbian Museum, which, if it were now in operation, would be a mere "side-show." It occupies a large area, measuring upon Tremont Street 103 feet, on Court Square 117 feet. The building was designed by Mr. Billings the artist, and his brother. It is arranged in two main portions, with an area between them for light and air, one communicating with the other at either end of the area by a wide passage. The building on Tremont Street contains, on the first story, five commodious stores, and the entrance to the Museum. Above this story the whole front building to the corner is occupied by the hall which contains the Museum collections, and which extends upwards of three stories in height. This immense hall has a range of twenty stately columns, ten on each side, voluted and sustaining Corinthian capitals elaborately wrought, and, like the richly fretted and ornamented ceiling and walls, paint-

ed of a dazzling white, relieved by three rows of gilded gas-branched. Over this hall are work-rooms in the roof, connected with the Museum. The front, upon Tremont Street, is of Quincy granite, and the style of architecture is a modification of the Venetian. Above the stores it is pierced with three rows of semi circular-headed windows, with impost and archbold mouldings, the latter resting, at the spring of the arch, on moulded brackets. Each row of windows communicates with a balcony running the whole length of the front. The facade is crowned with a bold bracketed cornice, proportioned to the height of the building. The Museum Hall is decorated, as we said before, with two rows of Corinthian columns standing upon high plinths, and, with their entablature, occupying the whole height of the building to the cornices outside—these columns supporting two galleries which run round three sides of the room. The spaces between the windows are fitted with cabinet cases, containing a large and valuable collection of Natural History specimens and curiosities. The fronts of the galleries and the ends of the cases are hung with pictures, many of which are rare and valuable specimens of art. The collection contains a complete set of portraits of the Presidents of the United States and of the Governors of Massachusetts. Mr. Kimball is constantly adding to his collections, and, since the opening of his establishment, has enriched it with the entire contents of another valuable museum—purchased at a heavy outlay. At the end of the hall, opposite

the entrance, is the grand stairway to the Exhibition Room. Among the works in this room is a marble Venus by Canova. In an upper room is a rare collection of wax statuary. The exhibition room, with its galleries, will seat more than 1500 persons, and is nightly crowded, so successful has Mr. Kimball been in catering for the public taste. His last card, Tom Taylor's "American Cousin," has filled the house to overflowing. The seats are so arranged that every one can see and hear—and of very few public halls can this be asserted. The stage is 50 feet deep, with 30 feet opening, affording ample room and range for the performance of any line of dramatic entertainment. The dressing-rooms are under the stage. The stage machinery is so perfect, that the scenes always move on and retire in good order, and all unhappy divorces between halves of "flats" that belong to each other, and all ill-assorted unions between pieces of woodland and segments of domestic architecture, are happily avoided. The cost of the building and land was \$225,000, and this represents but a portion of the capital invested in this giant undertaking. Some idea of the size of the building may be formed from the fact that, though a large portion of it is of stone, two and a half millions of brick were employed in the structure of the works. From the opening of the Museum in 1846, its career has been prosperous, fully realizing, we will not say the hopes, but the calculations of Mr. Kimball, the proprietor; for his enterprise was no gambling specula-

tion, but predicated on his experience of the tastes and wants of the public of Boston and its vicinity. From the outset he was sustained and encouraged by the best men in the community, whose confidence he had won by his exertions in the cause of temperance and morality. In his earlier undertaking he had shown his capability of presenting popular amusements, not only divested of indecorum and immorality, but teaching great moral lessons in the most attractive and fascinating form. The great moral play of "The Drunkard," which had such an extraordinary run at the old Museum, enlisted the moral and religious world in Mr. Kimball's favor, and tended to confirm his purposes and shape his plans. In his present establishment he has on hand all the appliances for carrying out his views of public amusements on a grand scale. His corps dramatique has always embraced performers of eminent talent, while the admirable tact of Mr. W. H. Smith, the stage-manager, has secured absolute perfection in all that depends on the thorough working of the details of his department. In the series of "spectacles," so popular with young and old, produced at the Museum, he has exhibited a wise liberality. In all these pieces, such as "Aladdin," "Sinbad," etc., the dresses are really magnificent, made of the finest material, and sustaining the closest scrutiny. Indeed Mr. Kimball is an enemy of all shams, and whatever he undertakes to do he does in the best manner. In the various pieces produced no effort has been spared to make them effective.



EXTERIOR OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM, BY GASLIGHT.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE HEIRESS OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS XI.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

A GALLANT cavalier rode out of the city of Ghent on a June day in 1477. There were dames of high degree, brave knights and trusty squires; falcons for the hawking, and well trained hounds for those who desired to essay the more manly chase. Margaret of Burgundy, on that day, chose to escape from the bewildering cares of her state, forgetting amidst the diversions of the field, that she herself, in her orphaned condition, embroiled amidst faction and intrigue, her hand and heart scarce within her own disposal, offered no faint comparison to the intended victims of the skilled hunter. Of such reflections there now appeared no trace upon her beautiful and spirited features. Her dark eyes were merry with witty essay, her arching brow and the curve of her ripe lips, were tokens of a heart at ease and joyous with youthful life. In striking contrast to her demure, there rode by her side a scoundrel, middle-aged cavalier, whose gravity well befitted the trust reposed in him by the young princess. In matters of state, Himbercourt (such was his name) had but one equal in Margaret's confidence, namely, the wary and learned Hugonet, the senior of Himbercourt by some ten years. And it was thought that the latter councillor was in some degree more favored than his elder, being of a temperament more energetic, and having the power easily to adapt himself to the moods of his young mistress. In her gayer moments she was wont to treat him more like a sedate elder brother than as a minister of government. Nor was there danger of such freedom being abused by him. On the contrary, he had given repeated proof that he was ready to venture all risk for her honor and welfare, satisfied if these were advanced, and discovering no desire for reward save what was conferred without the asking. Even in the contour of his swarthy features, the stranger might read a noble character, interpreting their lineaments after some such fashion as we have spoken.

But while we have been passing our comments, the reader may imagine the princess and her companions to have reached the open country, a narrow and verdant plain, beyond which rose the grand old forests, noted in many a huntsman's story.

"Fair dames and gentlemen," said Himbercourt, lifting his cap with stately courtesy, "will it please you to try the mettle of your steeds before our sovereign? I am commanded to say that a trial of your horsemanship will give her pleasure."

This request was received with genuine holiday spirit, and the level sword in front was quickly indicated by the fast flying feet of the Burgundian horses. Margaret could scarce refrain from clapping her hands with glee at the motley appearance of the troop.

"Truly," she said, laughingly, "if I cannot ride as well as the best of them, I am not willing to equal myself with their worst. Prithco, my good Himbercourt, let me dare you to a match of speed."

And with that, loosing rein, she sped forward at a pace, the swiftness of which not many would have rightly measured, so graceful was her management. Himbercourt, tortured courtier that he was, took care to be second in the contest; yet not so much so as to make his act too glaring. He was expecting to see his mistress run up, and greet him in her usual style of playful badinage, when a sudden flight caused the animal she rode to spring forward wildly, dashing at full speed into the forest. Himbercourt, deeply alarmed, spurred onward, followed by other knights of the court. Their mistress, in the meantime, borne instantly far beyond their reach, experienced a feeling of exhilaration rather than fear at the danger which threatened her; a danger possibly not so great in the reality as in the seeming. The huge oaks of which the forest was composed, standing well apart from each other, towered in air branches for many feet from their foundations. The earth below, gently undulating in surface, was for the most part unobstructed by undergrowth. As her horse, recovering from his fright, slackened his pace, Margaret even animated him forward with girlish daring, nor did she pause, until, far into the depth of the forest, she reached a small opening near the centre of which bubbled forth a silver

spring, its rustic bowl encircled by vividly green mosses. Charmed with the rustic fountain, she dismounted, and, kneeling by its side, dipped her hand in its waters. Having so done she rose, and, patting the neck of her steed who neighed gratefully at her caresses, she said, "My good Amador, dost thou also long for the pure waters? Indeed thou shalt be served as well as thy mistress."

"But not without payment!" interrupted a rough voice.

Margaret started with sudden fear at the appearance of a man dressed in half tanned skins, with hair and beard bristling over coarse, ill-conditioned features. But recovering herself, "You are rude, master woodsman," she replied. "Know you whom it is that you address?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "But an outlaw like myself meets you here on equal ground. Your dainty knights are not around you now. Ah, my pretty mistress, it is I who bear rule here."

"Release me," answered Margaret, trembling and pale. "Do me no harm, and you shall have golden ducats and rich jewels for my ransom."

A hideous grin overspread the outlaw's features. "The promises of the great are soon forgotten. I am not wont to trust mere words. But, pretty mistress, those red lips of yours might possibly tempt me to be gracious. A kiss, a kiss!"

"Remember that we are sharers, Gaspard," cried a voice as of one hastily approaching.

But Margaret had fallen in a swoon. When consciousness returned, she found herself supported in the arms of a youth, at whom, in her extreme fear, she at first scarcely dared to look.

"You are safe, madam," he said respectfully. "As soon as you are able, I will guide you to your attendants, who are much alarmed at your absence."

"Who are you, and whence?" inquired Margaret, as she essayed to rise. But she shuddered with renewed tremor as she saw drops of blood on her dress, and caught sight of two prostrate forms lying near at hand on the grass.

"You need apprehend no further danger," said the youth. "As for my name, I am called De Soult, and am at present esquire to one of the knights of your retinue."

"You bear the tokens of knightly breeding in your countenance," replied the princess, with a glance which caused the color to mount to the brow of the young esquire. "And to your knightly prowess, the chance of this morn bears full witness. Sir esquire, I thank you."

"The deed of your thanks is enough to spur any one of your followers to the death," answered the youth fervently, at the same time assisting the princess to the saddle of her faithful Amador. Then, uttering a peculiar cry, the sound brought his own horse bounding to his side.

"Indeed, a well trained animal," exclaimed Margaret, smiling. "You and he might counterfeit the parts of the famous Knight Roland and his trusty Behart, going to the relief of distressed princesses."

"The rescue of one is honor enough for me," replied De Soult, in a low voice.

His manner caused the cheek of Margaret, in turn, to be tinged with a heightened rose. Of the thoughts which hurried through her mind, she herself would scarce have been able to frame coherent sequences. But like most other well-born damsels of her day, she was not unlearned in the old romances wherein figured knights, squires and princesses, in various happenings of love and war, whose catastrophes the ways of a chivalric age did not render altogether impossible. Whatever crude fancies, however, Margaret might for a moment have entertained, she quickly roused herself from their influence.

"Fie!" she exclaimed within herself. "Am I not Margaret of Burgundy, and shall I, even for one moment, entertain such idle dreams as are only fit for the bosom of a foolish country girl?"

"Come, sir squire," she said aloud, "no-thinks it were well to hurry the pace of our return, seeing that our friends must be experiencing much anxiety on our account."

"On your account, madam," rejoined De Soult, in a low tone, as though involuntarily correcting her words.

Margaret affected no notice of his rejoinder, but, as far as she could do so without being observed, took special regard of the youth's person and demeanor. Her conclusion was sufficiently favorable, as well it might be from the premises afforded. De Soult was tall, broad chested, and

of a manly, upright carriage. A profusion of fair hair fell to his shoulders, and beneath his ample forehead shone eyes of dark blue glowing with frank vivacity. His mouth, though somewhat too heavy perhaps for classic taste, might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo. In fine, his whole countenance bespoke courage and firmness, united to a sweet and generous disposition. To these excellencies, Margaret was not insensible.

"Truly," she said to herself, "had Clarence of England, or any other of my suitors, but possessed as much attractiveness as this brave esquire, I should scarce have held out as long as I have done."

"Ah, my good councillor," she exclaimed, as a sudden turn brought her close upon Himbercourt, who was anxiously conferring with two or three courtiers, "I am happy in being able to greet you again, thanks to the chance which brought this brave youth to my aid."

De Soult, as became his rank, now withdrew himself from beside the princess, who proceeded to inform Himbercourt of the danger which she had incurred and of the opportune interference of the squire. Himbercourt's countenance, at the close, showed no great signs of pleasure.

"It is no very wonderful feat after all," he said; "an armed man mastering by surprise two base rustics unprovided with weapons."

"You are in the wrong," replied the princess warmly, "there lay by their side a huge club and an iron bar or mace. Nor were they to be despised in regard of strength or stature."

Himbercourt returned no reply, but cast a vexed glance at the young esquire who rode at some distance apart. As the company, in obedience to the expressed wish of the princess, turned their horses' heads in order to gain the more extended champagne or open country, Himbercourt seized opportunity to withdraw himself to the side of Margaret's late companion. The councillor, after joining the youth, for a moment continued silent. Then, turning upon him abruptly, though with a respectful air, he said: "How long has it been since Maximilian of Austria commenced the trade of esquire errant?"

The other started with surprise at the question.

"My lord," he replied, "you appear to be singularly mistaken in my character. My name is De Soult, and I am the esquire of Count Lannes, who, being necessarily absent, has nevertheless graciously given me permission to join the field."

"Your highness will not so easily deceive me," replied the councillor, bowing gravely. "You may not know, or may not remember, that I was some years since an envoy, during a few weeks, at your father's court. The features of your family are printed on my memory, and I should not easily mistake them. More than this, rumor, some time since, reported your intended visit hither, though I had forgotten that report until sight of your countenance recalled it to mind."

His young companion cast on him a glance of uncertainty and embarrassment. But, quickly changing his bearing, he drew himself up with a haughty air.

"Enough," he said, "I acknowledge my disguise. All that I will ask of you, is that you will spare me the awkwardness of divulging my secret to-day. To-morrow I will assume my proper character."

"There is no reason for disobeying such a command," answered Himbercourt. "And I would freely further all projects of your highness, saving such as might be found to conflict with my own duty."

"Many thanks for your good will, my lord," replied Maximilian with a winning smile. "And why should you deem any of my projects to be opposite to your duty? Mark me, I will confide in you; for you are a man of honor, as averse to treacherous arts as I am myself. I came hither in disguise, in order that I might observe unnoticed the Princess Margaret, of whom I had already heard so great report. Know you not that many years since, when we were yet infants, the late Duke of Burgundy and my father exchanged promise of marriage between us? You may deem such a compact of little force in these changed times. But, since I would fain offer suit to your mistress, why may I not secure your good offices in my behalf? In your desire for Burgundy's prosperity, you would almost put to sale the hand of your princess, so that you might attain the desirable object. I would not blame the efforts of so faithful a minister; but are not those efforts really misdirected? Will you place

the fate of your mistress in the hands of the perfidious Louis, suffering him to bestow her upon some brutish slave of his lustful ambition? And this English Clarence; would you wed your mistress to that stupid clod? Do you not perceive that the island kingdom is harassed with dissensions which are like to break out afresh in civil war, thereby dashing down at one blow, the schemes which you would build on such an alliance? Of others I will not now speak. Why, I would ask, do you consider the claims of Austria to undeserving of your favor? True, our unfortunate country has, of late, been distracted by unruly factions. But time and perseverance will, ere long, surmount these evils. And when Austria is once more knitted together, who can expect a brighter future than she, or a more enduring power?"

Himbercourt had listened attentively. But when Maximilian finished, he shook his head ominously.

"Youth is ever sanguine," he said, "and prone to interpret the possibilities of fortune according to its own desires. Your argument appears plausible to yourself, but it will not satisfy the requirements of a cooler and more experienced judgment. I would speak plainly, and with the same frankness which your highness has used towards myself. Through reasons of state I cannot willingly promote a marriage between yourself and the Princess Margaret. Your realm is, at least, precariously balanced between safety and ruin. Burgundy, meanwhile, requires the support of a stable and powerful protector. Such may be found in Louis, who, by the laws of our empire, is constituted the rightful guardian of an orphaned princess of the realm. If circumstances and policy render him well disposed towards us, shall we rashly manage in such a fashion as to change a most able friend into the bitterest of enemies? And even should such alliance as he proposes appear too open to objection, there are other alternatives which will be worthy our consideration. Methinks your criticisms on the proposals of the Prince Clarence are too strongly influenced by personal considerations to be entirely just."

"You have indeed spoken plainly," replied Maximilian, with a disappointment which he scarce endeavored to conceal. "Yet, notwithstanding your disfavor, I shall not despair. And now, my lord, allow me to question the completeness of that wisdom which you affect. If youth is prone to be too sanguine, is not its elder as wont to overreach itself by its own worldliness? Beware, sir, lest all these deep laid schemes of yours end at last in the outpouring of your own blood. Think you that the subjects of your mistress will tamely be turned over to the immediate dominion of a king whom they heartily hate? If your path lies that way, my lord, let me assure you that you are treading on dangerous ground."

"I do not work for my own advantage, merely," replied Himbercourt, with a manner serious, almost sad. "The perils which I must undergo will be incurred for the good of my sovereign and my country. I am no chicken in years and experience, that I should be frightened from well considered purposes, by a few puffs of popular breath. But your highness will perceive that our prolonged conference will draw upon us more notice than may be desirable. Let us then separate, forgetting, for the time being, all troublesome topics. The sports of the day demand our attention."

"Farewell then for the present, my good lord," answered the Austrian. "If we must need be antagonists henceforth, we will at least be honorable ones. Adieu."

It may now be necessary, before proceeding further, that we should recapitulate certain matters of history which we have, heretofore, had barely opportunity to touch upon. To be brief then as possible. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was, according to the construction of the empire, a feudal vassal of Louis XI., king of France. But, while nominally subject to the king, Charles was in reality and in conduct, an independent sovereign. True, he underwent certain forms of no great value; forms, however, which in their highest significance, sorely fretted the spirit of the wealthiest, proudest, rashest prince of all Europe. More than once, he had meditated open rebellion against all allegiance to his nominal sovereign; a course which (had it been undertaken with persevering resolution) might have resulted in the dethronement of the king and the total dismemberment of France.



But the warlike Charles was too much under the dominion of caprice and passion to afford long time, a fairly equal match to the cunning and remorseless Louis, who, during a series of changeable years, enjoyed, yielded, intrigued and diplomatised, till he was at last relieved from his apprehensions by the destruction of the rash and too trustful Charles. The latter, when on the point of open outbreak against the king, became embroiled with the Swiss. Having at an unfit time, and contrary to the sense of his wisest generals, given battle to these hardy mountaineers, he was miserably defeated. From that moment he rushed headlong to ruin, till he met an inglorious death at the siege of the city of Nancy. It was more than suspected that Louis had afforded aid to the enemies of the duke; though, if that were the case, the former had so managed that no proof could be brought to substantiate the supposition.

Charles was now dead, and his power and wealth, weakened by disaster, had passed into the hand of his only child and heiress, the youthful Margaret. To this princess, by right of feudal law, Louis now became guardian. The authority thus conferred, could not, however, be exercised without consent of Burgundy. At the moment then, when our story takes commencement, the border country of the French empire, and the disposal of its sovereigns had afforded matter of the deepest interest to various European powers. Louis labored assiduously to attach Burgundy more firmly to himself, with or without the exercise of his nominal right. England sought to gain foothold by effecting a union between Margaret and a scion of its own royal blood. And lastly, not to mention others we shall leave unnamed, Prince Maximilian of Austria preferred suit, entering into the contest in a fashion savoring more of romantic sentiment than of political interest. His ardent regards, joined to his accomplishments of person, awakened in the breast of Margaret an attachment which the watchful Humbercourt was not slow to discover. Therefore it was that he commenced a more decided correspondence with the French monarch. And therefore it was that he seized every eligible opportunity to impress upon the mind of his mistress the great danger which the realm would incur by any measures which would detach it still more widely from the interests of the French kingdom. He spoke with due caution of the presence of Maximilian and his probable aims. He represented Austria as being in a state of anarchy (as was truly the case), and declared her scarce able to maintain her own existence, still less able to strengthen the hands of Burgundy. Any alliance with the house of Austria he strongly deprecated. Finally, at the close of one of his interviews with the princess, he laid before her a proposition of Louis, who asked her hand in marriage for his son, the dauphin, then a mere boy not more than nine years of age. Margaret was indignant.

"What," she exclaimed, "do you demand that I shall marry myself to a mere boy?"

"He will have the more time to accommodate himself to your wishes," replied Humbercourt, half abashed at the unseemliness of the contemplated match. However, he soon regained his usual calm self-possession, unshaken by the cold disdain of his astonished mistress. "Madam," he deliberately commenced, though as he proceeded, his earnest and deepening voice showed how truly he felt the sentiments he uttered, "Madam, the hearts of princes and rulers should not be directed by their own inclinations, but by the welfare of those whom they govern. Their high estate is given them, not for their own pleasure, but for the good of their subjects. Their crowns are not wreaths of myrtle, neither are their couches beds of roses. Ah, my dear mistress, deeply will you hereafter rue a decision made without reference to prudence and the best management of our unhappy country."

Margaret gazed at him for a moment with a fixed sorrow. Then, wringing her hands, she turned away in tears.

"Alas, alas!" she exclaimed, "am I then become more a slave than the meanest peasant in my dominions? Are neither my wishes, my heart, nor my hand, to be indeed mine own? Take from me my crown, good Humbercourt; it is not worth the wearing. I would have spurned it ere it had found a place upon my head, had I known the conditions which would accompany its possession."

Humbercourt listened calmly, his eyes bent upon the floor.

"My sovereign," he said, "this mood will

quickly pass away. The daughter of the Great Duke can never forget herself, however much her words may be swayed by a temporary impulse. I cannot believe that she will refuse due weight to the counsel of those who, by reason of age, sincerity and experience, can best advise her. Nor can my noble mistress deem that any course opposed to those duties which her station enjoins upon her, can, in the end, afford her the satisfaction which she would desire."

Margaret was soothed by the arguments of her trusted councillor. She extended to him her hand; thanked him for the care which he had ever had of her interests, and desired to be left awhile to herself. After his departure she remained long in reflection. She was unable to reconcile herself to Humbercourt's unpalatable doctrines, yet was equally unable to penetrate the hollowness of the reasoning by which he had partially succeeded in deceiving himself. Her painful reveries were interrupted by the entrance of an equerry of the household. His face was pallid and his manner hurried.

"I entreat that your highness will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but it is my duty to inform you that the populace have seized the Lords Humbercourt and Hugonet, and have conveyed them to the town-hall, where they are held captive. The people clamor that the councillors have conspired with King Louis against the liberties of Ghent and Burgundy. There is even a report current that they have delivered Arras into the hands of Louis. Doubtless this last rumor will be quickly proved false. Yet I fear for the safety of your ministers unless the fury of the citizens be in some degree allayed."

"Deliver Arras to the king!" exclaimed the princess. "Such a tale must be false indeed. Yet stay!" she added in a lower voice and pressing her hand to her brow. "Can it be possible that the report is indeed true? Go," she continued, again turning to the equerry, "throw open the palace gates. I will myself meet the citizens, and warn them against their blind resentment. Nay, sir, why stand you in such blank amazement? Need I fear to meet my subjects face to face?"

"Your highness's commands must be obeyed," stammered forth the astounded officer. "But your highness will at least delay till a sufficient guard be obtained."

"My guard shall be the hearts of my people," said Margaret proudly, her eyes flashing with hereditary daring. "If such a defence fail me, I will trust to no other. I go on foot and alone, unless you, sir, desire to follow me."

Despite the consternation which the news of her determination spread throughout the palace, Margaret, for the first time in her life, on foot, and almost unattended, confronted a popular assemblage; an assemblage too, which was inflamed with tumult and passion. As she entered the market-place she was rudely jostled by those who were hastening forward to the hall, a huge Gothic building, now surrounded by a vast multitude which swayed hither and thither with a hoarse resounding murmur like the waves of the sea. Margaret for a moment recoiled from her purpose. But she soon overcame the tremors natural to her sex.

"Am I not Burgundy's daughter," she said, "and shall I be so easily daunted?" She threw from her head the slight covering which it had borne, discovering her features to the gaze of the mixed crowds, among whom she and her attendant now sought way. Soon the words passed from mouth to mouth.

"The princess, the princess! Room for our sovereign of Burgundy!"

The awe-struck citizens fell back on either hand, affording path to Margaret, who acknowledged their dutiful courtesy with the sweetest dignity of manner. Loud acclamations echoed through the square, bringing tears of pleasure to Margaret's eyes. She moved forward with renewed hopefulness, and entered the portal of the town hall. Still onward through the dense mass, which, as by magic, parted at her approach, she proceeded toward the further extremity of the lofty apartment, till she gained the spot where her captive councillors stood encircled by a guard of sturdy burghers.

"My good citizens of Ghent," she said, addressing the multitude around with a clear voice, "why is it that ye have thus removed the ministration of your sovereign? Has she already proved so faithless to her trust?"

A deep silence ensued. But presently a stout burgher stepped forth in answer.

"It is not that we of Ghent are wanting in

attachment to our sovereign," he replied. "We only aim to remove the traitors who conspire both against her welfare and our own."

This speech was received with mingled murmurs of applause and dissent, when a new impulse was given to the popular feeling by the announced arrival of a messenger from Arras. A man grimed with dust and sweat passed through the throng, holding aloft a roll of parchment which all within sight of him fancied to be fraught with matter of the deepest interest. Nor were their expectations found to be mistaken when the writing which it contained was declared. The message was from the hands of the magistrates of Arras, and was to the effect that, having received from the Lords Humbercourt and Hugonet, privy councillors of the Princess Margaret, instructions to deliver the keys of their town into the safe keeping of Louis of France, her highness's good friend and guardian, they had with much grief obeyed these requirements of the princess and her ministers, as in duty bound. The magistrates of Arras besought their brethren of Ghent not to impute to them the desire of loosening those bonds which had formerly bound them so closely together.

At this, a cry of execration burst at once from all parts of the hall. Many denounced immediate death to those who had basely betrayed so important a place into the hands of the crafty and duplicitous king.

"The outer balwarks are being thrown down," exclaimed the burgher who had shortly before addressed the princess. "Men of Ghent, your own liberties will soon be also destroyed."

The princess, after several efforts, succeeded in attracting the attention of the multitude.

"Sirs," she said with an undimmed though pallid countenance, "be it known that nothing has been done by my councillors, Hugonet and Humbercourt, without my own consent having first been obtained. I am responsible for what has been done, not they. I will answer for such mishaps as may unfortunately have occurred."

The storm was not to be thus allayed. On the contrary, her words were fresh fuel to the fire. She was answered with a fierce displeasure.

"Do you also consent to our ruin?" was asked. "And are you indeed daughter to that Duke Charles who would sooner have torn his heart from his body than lend himself to so base an act? Can you, without shame, and to our faces, acknowledge so great degeneracy?"

The princess could scarce maintain her fortitude at sight of the angry countenances which pressed around her. Large drops stood upon her forehead; her lips were compressed with anguish, yet still she kept her erect and determined attitude. In one bosom, to say the least, her evident suffering was witnessed with uncontrollable indignation. It was that of Maximilian, who, in commoner's apparel, attempted to reach the spot where Margaret stood.

"Base curs!" he exclaimed, "there is yet one arm which shall be lifted in defence of her against whom you vent your cowardly insults!"

As he spoke, a grasp like that of a vice was thrown about him. His arms were bound to his body with a force which held him utterly immovable.

"Unhand me, villain!" he exclaimed, turning his head upon his shoulder in order to gain a view of his assailant.

"No, my prince," was the reply. "I am to you a better friend than your own passions. What help can you at this instant offer to Margaret of Burgundy? Bethink yourself. She incurs no small danger in reality. Certainly you will not lessen it by a foolish and ill-timed interference."

"Who is it that thus addresses me?" exclaimed Maximilian.

His captor vented a chuckling laugh.

"I have good reason to remember you," he said, "however blind your memory may have become. Say, dost recollect the spring in the forest, and the tall, ill-faced fellow whom you levelled so adroitly? Yes, I am he."

"Hound!" ejaculated Maximilian, again endeavoring by a sudden effort to free himself.

"Come, come, my prince," rejoined his unwelcome companion. "You will not so easily shake off Robber Rudolf's grasp. I don't bear malice, neither; not I. You only gave me my due, and I like you the better that our acquaintance has been got by hard knocks. Now promise that you will be quiet and follow a rough fellow's advice, and I'll unhand you. I can manage your luck better than you can, among these wild men of Ghent. Prince, for once hark to

the counsel of a boor who at least knows how to do the little that can be done."

His tone had insensibly assumed such an authoritative persuasion that Maximilian was impelled to yield himself to this uncouth adviser.

"You are a strange counsellor," the prince exclaimed. "I will trust you, nevertheless. If you can accomplish aught of good, the favor will not be forgotten, I warrant you."

"Hugonet and Humbercourt will scarce save their skins," said, the other, now releasing his prisoner. "Yet to please you and the princess, I will even make an effort to do something for them. But remember the bargain, prince. You are to be quiet. When there's a chance for you to do, be sure that you will not be forgotten. Hilloa, here, my good fellows, lend me the vantage of your shoulders for a moment or two, if you would like to hear a speech from Robber Rudolf."

So saying, he raised himself quickly above the heads of the surrounding throng, and with a dissonant shout demanded the attention of the assemblage. Engaged by his singular aspect, every tongue in the vast hall was hushed, and every eye was centered on the uncouth viaged orator. Looking around with a grim satisfaction at the effect thus suddenly produced, the latter began: "Men of Ghent," he said, "let us take care that we give no occasion to these rich nobles and those oppressive princes to prate of us as cruel, revengeful and unjust. Why should we put ourselves on a level with them? Look you, now. Has not Rudolf the outlaw and outcast as many bitter wrongs to revenge as any of you? Have I forgotten that my home was burned to ashes, that my little family was ruined, that my back was scourged in the market place, my forehead stamped with the hot iron's mark, and the name and form of Rudolf the smith disgraced forever? No, I have not forgotten it. Yet I, I, outlaw and thief, stand here and entreat you to judge these two men justly, one of whom knows how great was the share which he bore in my ruin. Judge them justly I say, only let me not take part in their judgment. Even will I ask that you dismiss them, in body unharmed. My own revenge shall be reached in my own fashion!"

There was a murmur of applause at the conclusion of his words. A hurried consultation seemed to agitate the multitude. At length a square-shouldered, heavy-browed man, in the dress of a mechanic, stepped upon the edge of the raised platform, a narrow opening being made around him by the backward pressure of his nearer companions.

"Our brother," he said "has spoken rightly. Let these men be judged justly. We of Ghent ask no more. But it is because these nobles have managed on all occasions to prevent justice being done, that we are now aroused so fully. We complain not of our princess. She is indeed noble of heart and name. We will care for her, and fight for her, and die for her, if need be. But we are not to be trampled on by those who insist on placing themselves as enemies to her interests and our own. Sirs Hugonet and Humbercourt, I accuse you, before your natural peers, the citizens of Ghent, as hypocritical traitors to your country and your sovereign. What answer have you to make to this assembly?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

#### THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none who then inhabited it are now among the living; and it ever I feel in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.—Daniel Webster.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MIRIAM'S REVENGE.

BY ESTHER BERNH.

Ring, ring, at Mrs. Dunlap's door—a quick, sharp ring, as if the person waiting outside were shivering with the cold. Mrs. Dunlap had nearly fallen asleep in her luxurious chair, whilst her soft, white knitting work had dropped upon the floor; she aroused herself with a start, as the sound rang through the house. Even her son Paul, the only other occupant of the easy, comfortable parlor, lifted up his handsome, dark face from the book he had been perusing, and waited for the opening of the door.

"I wonder if it is anybody of consequence," murmured Mrs. Dunlap from out the depths of her luxurious chair. "I do wish, Paul, people had more consideration for my nerves, than to ring the bell in that unaccountable manner."

The young man smiled a little, as if his mother's vagaries amused him, and then suddenly relapsed into gravity again.

"Well, who is it?" said Mrs. Dunlap languidly, as the domestic opened the parlor door.

"Please, ma'am, it is a girl, ma'am, who says as how, ma'am, she must see you immediately."

"Well, tell her to come in here. I only hope she will spare my nerves, but such people are seldom thoughtful."

The girl, who had shivered in the cold outside, the veritable offender at the door-bell, stood with the air of a princess within the warm, cosy parlor. Paul Dunlap involuntarily rose to offer her a chair, surprised out of his aristocratic ways by the startling beauty of the person before him.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Dunlap, as she complacently viewed the fire, too indolent to look round at her visitor, "what did you want of me?"

"Nothing that need trouble you much. I have brought some work home and want the pay for it."

"What work is it? I don't remember," said Mrs. Dunlap for the first time glanced around. Instead of a simple, frightened, ragged child, such as Mrs. Dunlap fancied all poor children were, she saw a face of such rare beauty, such an exquisite form, that she had fancied she had made a mistake. But the poor clothes, neat and tasteful, but not half sufficient for the cold outside, and the bundle the girl held in her hand, convinced Mrs. Dunlap that she was merely a poor child. "Ah, I recollect now," said Mrs. Dunlap, "it was Mrs. Barnstow who recommended the woman as a good seamstress, and you, perhaps, are her daughter."

"My name is Miriam Wallace, and I was her daughter."

Mrs. Dunlap, heedless of her remark, was busily turning over the work. "I must say that I am disappointed with those garments—they are not done so neatly as I expected. I cannot pay your mother the full price for them, neither can I furnish her with any more work at present."

Miriam stood listening to her with compressed lips and with a haughty, defiant expression of face. Twice Mrs. Dunlap counted the money to be sure that she did not give her too much, then she placed it upon the table with the remark, "There, child, there's the money—I always like to settle up these little bills as soon as possible."

With a sudden motion of her hand, Miriam swept the little pile of money, doled out with such a careful hand, upon the floor and stamped upon it vehemently.

"How dare you offer me such mean compensation in return for a life? Did you know, woman, that you have killed my mother—you and such as you? She was killed that you might have your work to-day—a little rest, a little kindness might have saved her. I would not touch your money if I was famishing—I despise it, I despise you, and I hope that the pleasant thought that you are a murderess, will haunt you for years to come. I hope and pray that the day may come when I shall take a sweet revenge upon you."

The girl had rushed from the parlor and was letting herself out of the front door, when a hand was laid upon her's. It was Paul's.

"Don't go till you have taken the money due to you," said he, gently. She flung off the detaining hand and ran into the street and was soon lost to the sight of him who watched at the door.

Not one of those who are laid reverently away

in quiet, country churchyards, was the mother of Miriam—no little train of humble friends and neighbors followed her to her last resting-place. In the great city where she had lived, and toiled, and died, there was she buried. Quietly, like the host of kindred paupers who had preceded her, was she too deposited in her appropriate corner. People make little moan over such, but walk calmly away and leave them to their eternal rest.

If Miriam, as she looked at the rough grave for the last time for many a long year, had known that that same solitary path would be trodden long afterwards by the feet of those who worshipped at her shrine—if she had known that many a tribute in years to come would be laid upon the lonely grave for her sake, she might have turned away with less bitterness in her heart, she might have begun her struggle for greatness with a less determined hostility against those who came in her path.

If she had known!—but she did not. Born in poverty, schooled in poverty, daily, hourly learning its shifts and expedients, this had somewhat tainted her childhood with bitterness. With the memory of a dead father, with the counsels of a living mother ever in her heart, there was still something wanting, some higher craving to be satisfied. She had had an educated mother and had consequently received such an education as few poor children receive, but out of this had sprung the chief unhappiness of her life. If she had been ignorant, she might have been content to lead the life that thousands live, of daily drudgery, with nothing better or brighter to look forward to. But education brought eager longings, glimpses of a more glorious destiny to Miriam.

Miriam's mother was dead. The lamp of life flickered and went out suddenly. People with such strong natures as Miriam's, do not mourn outwardly, but the wound inflicted is more lasting. So when she had turned away from her mother's grave, she bore within her heart a grief that lasted forever, and which was more real because it was not ostentatious.

The sun rose and set behind the brick walls of the city times uncounted, and the few poor people who had been in the habit of seeing Miriam and her mother pass and repass, saw them no more.

People crowded into the theatre by scores and scores, for it was the first night of a new tragedy. Everybody talked of it, and everybody wondered who the author was. Two young men who occupied a private box, carried on a conversation in a low tone.

"This new literary light would be something of a curiosity to see—they say she is of no common genius," said the elder of the two.

"Perhaps your curiosity may be satisfied some time," said the younger and morrier, with a laugh.

"Hush," said the first speaker, as the curtain rose and all eyes were turned toward the stage. Scene after scene and act after act succeeded each other. People sat breathless with attention, and not a sound was to be heard except on the stage. Then came the last sublime scene, where all things else are forgotten in the presence of that mighty mystery—Death. As the curtain fell there was a momentary silence, as if people were endeavoring to bring themselves back to the real, and then suddenly there burst forth long, loud, deafening shouts of applause. It was the most magnificent tragedy that had been played in the theatre for many a year. The manager said so, everybody said so. But the authoress was a mystery to the people in general, though not so to all.

She sat at a table covered with books and papers in a quiet room, vainly endeavoring to read. Few but herself realized how much depended upon the success of the new play. She had persuaded herself that if she failed in this, she failed forever—she was too proud to risk failure a second time. But if successful, a vast field was opened to her, from which she could choose the most brilliant career which she had ever dreamed of in her wildest dreams.

There was a sound of steps, and in a moment more the door flew open and a fairy-like, girlish figure threw herself into an arm-chair with the exclamation, "O, Cousin Miriam! you can't think how well your play took. Everybody is in ecstasies and I especially. George says that everybody is wondering who the author is."

A smile, a happy, satisfied smile for one moment flitted over Miriam's grandly beautiful face, the next she was as grave as usual.

"Well, have you told all the news, Fairy? It is very nice about the play, but is there anything more?"

"O, yes! I forgot to say that George's friend, Paul Dunlap, was there. I haven't seen him since he returned from Europe. He never used to even notice me before that, and I was quite afraid of him. I wonder if he is as dignified now."

Miriam was lost in thought—that familiar name had carried her back a long space and introduced her again into Mrs. Dunlap's comfortable parlor. She fancied herself again the poor, shivering, tormented child, and the woman seemed again before her, dealing out with a careful hand the scanty, miserable pay. The thought was hateful to her—it was associated with the bitterest portion of her childhood. "I wish I could help hating her," said Miriam half aloud, "but I can't—it is in my nature—and this son of hers. I know I shall hate him, too—everything that belongs to her."

"Ah! what did you say?" said Fairy, opening her eyes with a jerk. "I was listening, but I lost a part of it."

"Ah, Fairy dear, I am going to repay your aunt soon for all the kindness she has bestowed upon me. When I had that fever and consequently lost the situation as teacher, I don't know what I should have done if I had not had such a good friend."

"What should I have done without my Cousin Miriam?—I never can be prouder of you than I always have been, even if you win countless honors. I think—"

"Think what?" asked Miriam, amused at Fairy's little air of mystery.

"I think you are the wisest woman in the world, and Paul Dunlap the wisest man."

Miriam's smile had assumed a little bitterness, but Fairy saw nothing and heard nothing, for she had escaped to her own room, leaving Miriam's door wide open.

"Mr. Dunlap, let me introduce to you my Cousin Miriam!"—It was the latter part of the introduction which Miriam caught, standing at the window and gazing out upon the autumn leaves, as they whirled along the street. Miriam bowed haughtily to him who was possessed at least of one chapter of her life. As for Paul, the face he had dreamed of, the face which he had hunted for long years, was before him. It was even a more beautiful face than that which he had lost, and certainly more haughty and more defiant than that which once repelled his offered kindness. He drew back and engaged in conversation with Fairy, and secretly watching Miriam even as she watched him.

"Now, Mr. Dunlap," said Fairy, as she drew him away from Miriam's vicinity, "do give me your opinion of the new play—George says your opinion is worth more than that of everybody else put together. Was it not magnificent, perfect?"

"Magnificent certainly, but it does not seem exactly perfect to me—there is too little care, too little attention paid to minute points, and then again I have fancied that a certain vindictiveness ran through the whole of it, as if the author had received wrongs and magnified them until they had unconsciously embittered life a little."

He paused, looked up, and met Miriam's eyes fastened upon him. Unconsciously she betrayed herself, and from that moment Paul Dunlap knew that Miriam was no common genius—and he knew, too, that it would exalt itself yet more.

"Don't you like him?—I'm sure I do," said Fairy, as they two were alone for a few moments that night.

"No," said Miriam, "I do not like him, and as I have no intermediate steps between liking and hating, of course I hate him."

"Well, I am not capable of hating, and I hope nobody will take it into their heads to hate me."

The authoress of the play became known, and still more widely known when she startled the world with a new work, which bore the impress of her brilliant mind. The eccentricity of her genius, which developed itself in her lofty characters and their sublime grouping, in the fire and energy of the plot, fascinated the literary world. Yet even the most ardent admirers admitted her want of sweetness—the cold, hard, inflexible character of the book was acknowledged on every hand.

Yet Miriam was satisfied—she had not faltered in the path she had chosen for herself, and

even now name and fame were her's. People who would have scorned her if she had been poorer or less noted than she was, showered attentions upon her. But coldly, haughtily, all such attentions were refused, and out of the mass a few valuable and lasting friends were secured.

Paul Dunlap, who had delayed to return to his native city, in order that he might complete some scientific labor in which he was engaged, met Miriam frequently. Fairy declared that the "hate" was mutual, for neither ever took the same side of a subject—not the most trifling argument was ever raised in the household, but what Paul and Miriam were at once fierce opponents. And yet it was observable that while Miriam bestowed the most scathing wit, the keenest sarcasm upon Paul, from him she received the most unwholesome truths quietly; and she did what none knew—remembered his words, and secretly tried to make herself better. And though Paul Dunlap knew Miriam's faults and did not spare her, yet he knew likewise that without her love the whole earth would be desolate to him forevermore.

A whole year had passed—silently and unostentatiously—it seemed hardly a week from the time when the birds first began to sing, to the period when "the sound of dropping nuts is heard." Yet Miriam within that time had once more electrified the world. People held their breaths when they read, or were unable to prevent themselves from following the humors of the authoress—laughing or crying as the case might be; yet still a vague pity followed her, for she who wrote was evidently unhappy. What were all her fame and riches to Miriam when she thought of the lonely grave in a distant city? Nothing and less than nothing. Like all other people who tread a lonely path, she occasionally grew weary, and longed to drink forgetfulness in the river of Lethe. Yet these were only rare moments, for to all outward view Miriam was as brave as woman need to be.

Paul Dunlap had long ago returned to his native city. His mother's health had required his presence, and obliged him to leave the work in which he was interested. And during the year also, Miriam had quietly received and as quietly answered a letter from him—as quietly as if she had not herself determined her destiny for life.

It was from no silly caprice that she refused him—him of all the world whose words she held in reverence—him whom she could have died for, because it would have been dying in a good cause. But it was from the convictions of her judgment, which satisfied her that two such strong wills could not help clashing. Moreover, she had prepared herself to tread one solitary path, and she would tread it unshrinkingly. And yet none knew or could know the great agony, the wrestling and conquering of self, which such a decision involved.

"Such bad news," said Fairy, entering Miriam's room one day in the latter part of the year—"such bad news about the Dunlaps."

"What is it?" asked Miriam, in a clear, distinct voice, though every trace of color had fled from her face.

"Paul has been attacked with incurable blindness, brought on, they say, by too close application to the studies he has been pursuing. And Mrs. Dunlap is also suffering from some nervous disease; and there is something else not quite so bad as Paul's blindness, but still a misfortune. The house they occupy is to be sold to supply money for some sudden emergency, and George says they will be very poor after that. There has been some mismanagement which I do not understand, but at any rate they have lost their property. How sorry I am for them."

Miriam sat long with her face covered with her hands; and Fairy, at last tired of waiting in silence, ran away.

"I told her it would be a sweet revenge," said Miriam to herself, "and all the sweeter for having waited these long years. I never thought it could be so sweet before. But poor Paul! I cannot certainly hesitate now;" and the next moment Miriam was busily writing some business letters.

It was New Year's Day—a cold, sunless day, and Paul Dunlap sat for the last time in his old home, for the place had been sold to a stranger. He had not yet learned to sit patiently in darkness, but prayed in his heart the self same words which the blind man who lay at the gates of Jericho prayed—"Jesus, pity me!" But none could restore his sight; it was gone, gone forever, and the thought was madness.

Mrs. Dunlap walked the room nervously, and



only passed when the domestic came in to place two letters upon the table.

"Letters," said Mrs. Dunlap, hastily snatching them up, and then throwing them down again. "I declare, Paul, the sight of them is hateful."

"Will you read them, mother?" asked Paul, in a patient tone.

His will was enough—so she opened one addressed to herself and read it quietly. It was simple and concise, merely saying that a stranger wished to convey to Mrs. Dunlap a new year's gift of the estate she had just sold. There was no signature, but the copy of a deed accompanied it. She read it to her son in a glad tone.

"The other, mother," Paul cried, in a quick, excited voice.

She read his name outside, then opened it and read the contents. The writer offered herself in marriage to Paul Dunlap as a new year's gift—her fortune likewise to be at his disposal. It was a little simple note like the other, and signed Miriam Wallace.

Paul sank back with a look of quiet happiness, making his sightless face beautiful. Mrs. Dunlap was repeating to herself the name over and over again, as if she had heard it before. "That is the name of the authoress, Paul; but this cannot be the same one."

"The same, mother; and the same girl who rushed from this room on a cold night years ago, whose last words to you were that she would have sweet revenge in years to come, and she has had it."

"I recollect her—and she has revenged herself nobly by giving me back my home. I can never thank her enough. But you—has she made you happy?"

"Happier than I ever could have been had I retained my sight."

"Then I am content," said his mother.

She who as a girl had been scorned, and as a woman had scorned others, married the blind man. Henceforth all her joys and sorrows were his—nevermore need she tread wearily the solitary path. There were kind hands to help her through, and kind words to cheer. It was a beautiful trait in Miriam to bend the strong will, to be loving, gentle and devoted to Paul, though to all the rest of the world she was unchanged.

Under sunny Italian skies, in still, hallowed places, in quiet, home-like towns—even in the Holy Land itself, with its thousand sacred spots, travellers have met Miriam and Paul, the latter reading all things, seeing all things through her who is his constant companion.

Do we not know that from the river Nile, that out from the tombs of kings and heroes, dead thousands of years ago, has emanated the sweetest volume of poems that Miriam ever wrote. But the knowledge that she has written her name in enduring characters upon the world's page, is nothing to her when compared with the thought that to one at least of the world's denizens she is all in all.



A MONTENEGRIN CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE.

## THE PEOPLE OF MONTENEGRO.

Before noticing the costumes of the Montenegrins, delineated on this page, from a series of photographs taken from life, let us recall a few of the late incidents which have made Montenegro famous all over the world. On the 4th of May, 1858, our readers will remember a Turkish army of 7000 men, well provided with artillery, and well organized, though badly commanded, invaded the contested territory of Grahovo. Nine days afterwards they stupidly descended into a gorge of the mountains, where a large portion of them perished; the general in chief galloping off at the very first volley, followed by six men. The victorious Montenegrins, without burning a cartridge, might have reached the frontier of Bosnia and seized upon Herzegovina as a pledge; the oppressed Christians would have risen and flocked to their standard. The Turkish army were so demoralized by the blow at Grahovo, that the battalions which landed at Ragusa dared not venture on the Ottoman territory without the escort of Austrian columns. Mr. Delarue, the French secretary of Prince Danilo, urged an advance. Mirko, general of the Montenegrin army, and brother of the prince, had received instructions to this effect when marching for the frontier, but in the interval, Danilo, yielding to the counsels of Mr. Heequard, the French consul, had recalled his troops and sacrificed his advantages, the price of victory to European diplomacy. In return, the great powers which signed the treaty of Paris gave him a diplomatic guarantee compelling the Porte to consent to a definition of boundaries of those parts of his territory in dispute between Turkey and Montenegro, under the arbitration of a European commission. The little state of Montenegro gained a great moral victory in the official recognition of its political existence up to that time denied by the Porte. Our engravings represent a Montenegrin captain and his wife in full costume, an armed Pandour, and an Uscoque Chief, all wild and peculiar-looking characters. The Montenegrins wear, in the first place, a shirt of coarse stuff manufactured in the mountains—their half-Turkish pantaloons, very much like those of the French Zouaves, are of blue cloth, and gathered to the waist by a scarlet sash. A vest without collar, of bright crimson, buttons at the side, and is embroidered with gold in front. A sort of frock, generally of white cloth, but sometimes green, with black edgings and without embroidery, leaves the neck free. Over this is worn a loose vest, without buttons, of crimson cloth, richly embroidered with gold or black silk. The edges of this jacket in front are loaded with silver or copper buttons, shaped like olives. Among the grandees these buttons are always of silver, and cover the front of the jacket in close rows, giving it the appearance of a silver cuirass, and producing a fine effect. The legs are guarded by very thick woolen stockings or gaiters, fastening behind. The feet are shod with sandals of pliable leather, secured by leather straps or thongs. The chiefs wear buskins of white cloth, bordered with crimson filets. The costume is completed by a crimson cap embroidered with gold on the top—surrounded by a silken band,

and by a silken or woolen sash girt round the waist. Besides this sash, they wear a leather belt in which they thrust their pistols, cangars and ramrods—as well as handkerchiefs, papers and money—it is a universal pocket. Arms are the first luxury of this warlike people. A long Albanian gun inlaid with silver or brass, two pistols, the handles enriched with silver and jewels, a cangar or hanger with a grip of ivory incrustated with coral or mother of pearl—such is the equipment of every Montenegrin. The campaign baggage consists of a coverlet of very thick woolen which serves as a bed, tent, etc.; add a pipe and umbrella, five or six little bags for powder, balls, oil, etc., and you have a Montenegrin complete. The dress of the women is very simple—an embroidered chemise, a colored petticoat, a robe of blue cloth for working-days, white for holidays, covered with patterns made of a great number of little bits of cloth of various colors. They wear a very broad leather belt, as thick as your hand, covered with medals, coral, etc., and consequently very heavy. They wear the same cap as the men, and their long tresses hang down on their shoulders, braided with strings of coins. In a country which has been constantly at war for centuries, as the men have to busy themselves with the defence of the territory, the women have had a large share of labor imposed on them. Their rough occupations have injured their graceful forms which they inherit from a noble race. One of our engravings presents as with the figure of an Uscoque chief. The Uscoques live in the wildest part of the mountains—and the name they bear signifies "refugee." Whoever has burned powder against the Turkish authority, or simply against a tyrannical bey, the oppressor of his village, whoever prefers liberty in the mountain to rest and abundance in the valley, becomes an Uscoque of the frontier. A type of these wild people is the brave Novitza Tzerovich, who last year sacked Koluschin without the permission of Prince Danilo. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and all his uncles had been beheld by the Turks. Novitza had to balance this account of heads. There was a rivalry between him and a bey of Herzegovina, named Ismael, a terror to the frontier. The game between Ismael and Novitza was finally lost by the former in 1841, in an engagement which turned out most disastrously for the Mussulmans. An enormous load of heads was sent to Cetinje, and the "Tower of the Turks" received the most capital decoration it had seen since the defeat of Kara Mahmud. Novitza won the title of senator. This anecdote will show how little hope there is of a permanent pacification of Montenegro. These men, fierce as the ancient Highlanders of Scotland, live with arms in their hands, and the warlike career which was a necessity, has become a habit, and unfitted them for the occupations of peace. They remind us, in many characteristics, of our own North American Indians—leaving labor to the women, and believing that war and hunting only are worthy of men. The specimens given on this page are faithful representations of these remarkable people, and exhibit their characteristics very accurately and in striking style.



AN USCOQUE CHIEF.



A PANDOUR.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

"MY FAVORITE,"  
SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

IT REPRESENTS

The noble lord of Oakwood Hall  
Has lost his highborn lady wife,  
Who was beloved by one and all  
Through all her married life.  
The lovely daughter seeks to cheer  
The old man in his widow's woe,  
And as she grows from year to year  
Her dark hair turns as white as snow.

Sweet Rosalie with quiet grace  
Moves round in her demure sphere,  
And seems to take her mother's place,  
By keeping order there and here.  
Two weighty keys hang by her side,  
And quite important to her air,  
It proves her house to guide,  
And none to disobey will dare.

Behold her now with happy ease,  
As in the early morning light,  
She wanders out among the trees  
And gathers many a lovely flower,  
And marks with what exquisite style  
The knowledge on her hand she dwells,  
And see the merry little smile,  
And see the love light in her eyes.

Her pretty feet in tiny shoes  
Descend the marble steps so light,  
Her lover knows not what to do,  
His heart is in a awful flight.  
She places a rose shakes off the dew  
That on its fluting petals lie,  
And says, "My favorite is you,"  
And lays its sweetness on her breast.

But she is the one blushing Rose  
Within her father's lonely bower,  
Yet young Lord Arthur thinks he knows  
Whose love adds beauty to the flower.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## A FIRESIDE STORY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAINDELL.

"I was just eighteen at the time I am going to tell you of," said Miss Hetty; "just eighteen—" She paused for the space of half a minute, leaning forward to the light to pick up a drop-stitch, and then slowly drew in a fresh length of yarn from her pocket. And I, sitting at her feet, where I had placed myself to listen to the story she was about to relate to me, thought, as the cheerful evening firelight shone over her fair and comely face, and glistened in her pleasant blue eyes, that it could not be so very long since she was eighteen. For Miss Hetty was one of those who "keep their age well," and if she was forty-three, as people said, I didn't believe it. She looked at least ten years younger than that—dear Miss Hetty!

"And it was that summer," she continued, going on with her knitting, and resuming the thread of her story, "that I went up to my Uncle Harding's, in the country, with a cousin of mine—a pretty cousin named Kate Caverly, to spend the next two or three months. She was a beautiful girl, Susy, beautiful as the sunshine itself. You could not have fancied anything prettier than she was. I cannot describe her for you as people describe heroines in a book, but I know she had a bright, sweet face, and full, splendid gray eyes, with thick curling lashes that were dark, like her hair—it was magnificent hair—and a soft, rosy color that used to come and go like flashes of sunset drifting over her face when anything pleased or agitated her. And she was a dear girl—warm hearted, and affectionate, and generous—but for all that," and here Miss Hetty shook her head, with a sigh, "for all that she was a sad coquette; yes, just the most desperate little coquette that ever breathed.

"Her father was a wealthy man," continued Miss Hetty, "and Kate had plenty of admirers, both of herself and her money; but she never cared for any one of them, and only encouraged them in the beginning, for the sake of laughing at them in the end. She loved a flirtation dearly, and I was not a little surprised when she declared that summer that she was going to run away, for a time, from all the beaux and parties, and go with me up to Uncle Harding's. For though my uncle had a very fine farm, where there was plenty of amusement for one who liked country life as I did; yet they were alone there—he and my aunt—they had no children, and I thought it could hardly be otherwise than dull there for one so fond of society as Kate. But she had not been up there since she was a child, and she was resolved upon going

"Well, we went, Katy and I; we arrived safely, and Uncle Harding met us at the depot to take us up to the house. He was as glad to receive us as we were to see him. I remember, as if it was only yesterday, how his eyes sparkled as he welcomed us; and then, on the way up, told all they had been doing, he and Aunt Sarah, since they received our letter; what preparations Aunt Sarah had been making, how they had got the south chamber ready for us, and how he had bought another new horse the day before—a handsome bay, that would look splendidly alongside of White Billy, when Kate and I wanted to ride together, and how he had had the old side saddle fixed up, and got a new one on purpose for Kate. How, in short, they had both done their very best; but if there was better that could be done, how they were both of them ready and willing to do it, they were so glad to have us come. And, after all the rest, he bethought himself to tell us that he and Aunt Sarah were not alone now on the old place, that they had some one staying with them.

That was as far as he got; for by that time we had reached the house, and he had drawn up before the door, where my aunt herself stood ready to welcome us; and in the greetings that followed everything else was forgotten.

"It was near evening when we arrived; tea was awaiting us, and my aunt gave us ten minutes in which to change our travelling dresses, and remove the dust of our day's journey. But it was a relief, after riding all day, to rest in that cool, pleasant chamber of ours, and so we extended the ten minutes to fifteen, and the fifteen to twenty, before we finished dressing. And Katy, while she stood before the glass brushing out her hair, found time to wonder who it could be that was staying at the farm with Uncle Harding and Aunt Sarah—whether it were a gentleman or a lady, and whether it would prove to be a person whom she would like. I had thought of the same thing myself a moment before; but we both wandered off directly to some other matter, and forgot all about that till we went down stairs again.

"I had never seen my cousin look prettier than when, that afternoon, we went down to tea together. Her toilet had freshened and revived her, and I know my uncle and aunt thought they had never seen any one half so beautiful as she was.

"The new inmate of the family had arrived by the time we got down stairs. I suppose I may as well tell you that in certain little flights of imagination in which I had been indulging while dressing in the chamber up stairs, I had carelessly drawn the possible portrait of the person. I do not think you need smile, Susy," (I was smiling, dear reader), "it was only natural, when you remember that there was a prospect of our being inmates of the same house with this person for an indefinite period. One would naturally wish the person to be agreeable.

"Well, the portrait was by no means an indifferent one. But it was not at all like the original. There arose before us as we entered the parlor a gentleman of some twenty six or twenty-seven years of age, tall, plain-featured, somewhat stiff and reserved in manner, and—having red hair. My uncle introduced him as Mr. Morton. He bowed with formal courtesy to each of us, as first I and then my cousin was presented—a courtesy slightly mingled I thought with embarrassment. Yes, his color certainly did rise a little, and he only just glanced at my cousin's face, as she, looking beautiful as a picture, held out her little white hand to him, and lifted her bright gray eyes to his with one of the prettiest smiles in the world. The bright gray eyes lingered stealthily in his countenance for an instant, with an arch and curious glance, and in that glance I read poor Mr. Morton's sentence. 'Plain, red-haired and bashful,' was what my mischief loving Cousin Kate was saying to herself; and I knew very well what was coming after that, for did not everybody fall in love with Kate? and was she not equally merciless to all?

"Well, we went to tea, and Kate's gray eyes sparkled, and she chattered like a child with Uncle Harding and Aunt Sarah at tea time, and they looked at her, and listened to her, and seemed so delighted with her—she was so pretty, and bright, and lovable. I listened, too—I liked to listen rather than to talk; and as for Mr. Morton, he sat solemn and erect, and spoke hardly ten words I think all the time.

"After tea we went out, Katy and I, with Uncle Harding to go over the farm, leaving Aunt Sarah busied about some household matter, and

Mr. Morton on his way up stairs to his room. On our way, Uncle Harding told us that Mr. Morton was a teacher in the neighboring academy, and that he had graduated from—University, and had prepared to study law, but that he had altered his intention, and would now probably continue to teach.

"And then Uncle Harding was called away by some one on some business or other, and Kate and I hardly cared about going round without him, so we went back to the house. Kate was tired with riding; she wanted to curl herself up on the sofa in Aunt Harding's parlor, she said, and go to sleep, and I might read or sing to her, she didn't care which. I laughed at her for beginning her country life by doing precisely what she would do in the city; but she laughed too, and said that she was not beginning it now—she should do that to-morrow, when she was rested.

"Well, I said, as we went in at the front door, 'what will you do?'

"She should begin by getting up by four o'clock in the morning," she said; 'she should have famous rides on the new bay horse before breakfast; she should pay after breakfast visits to the barn yard and see all the beautiful red cows, and all the great quacking white geese, and all the fierce gobbling turkeys, and all the dear little yellow ducks and chickens, and goslings; she should make houses in the hay, and work in the garden, and learn of Aunt Sarah how to make the very best bread that anybody ever ate in the whole world; and above all, make it her duty and delight to tease that grave, formal, awkward Mr. Morton into being something like other people.' And then she laughed, and the old sparkle beamed in her gray eyes again. 'O, Hetty,' she said, 'did you mind how solemn he was? and how bashful? And did you see how he colored?—up to the very roots of his hair. And such hair!'

"That instant we both stood still, and Katy—poor Katy!—absolutely turned pale. We had entered the parlor and advanced, I to an arm-chair, she to the sofa, talking and laughing as she went; when something—to this day I cannot tell what it was—made us aware that we were not alone; made us turn to that side of the room by which we had entered. There, just rising from his seat by the open leaf of a secretary where he had been writing, was Mr. Morton himself, whom we had neither of us noticed as we came in.

He had heard all of my cousin's remarks as she entered. He was not coloring now—he was quite pale; and there was in the expression of his face, and in his manner, a quiet, native dignity, that, frightened as I was, struck me with secret, involuntary pleasure and admiration. At that moment he looked, and I knew Katy thought it too—worth twenty thousand of the fopling lovers who had ever paid their empty flatteries to her. He gathered up his papers, just said in a low voice something about being sorry to interrupt Miss Caverly's remarks, and then, almost before we knew it, he was gone.

"For one moment Kate stood perfectly still, just where he had left her; perfectly still, and as pale as any ghost. Then slowly the color began to come into her face; and it grew deeper and deeper, till not the deepest shade of the last sunset-flush that was shining in at the open windows could have equalled it.

"O, Hetty!" she said, 'Hetty! I would give anything rather than he should have heard that!'

"She looked at me in perfect consternation, and at the same time, I believe, in perfect contrition. I think she was heartily and sincerely ashamed of herself—she looked so. I believe that in that moment if Kate could have made her own beautiful hair as red as Mr. Morton's, she would joyfully have done it, as a poor compensation for the rudeness of which she had been guilty—a rudeness whose sting he could not have felt so deeply as she regretted it. The color of his hair and the plainness and formality of his manner were no longer a matter of merriment to her. We both remembered the simple and natural dignity that had sat upon his countenance, rebuking her light speech; and both, I think felt that there was something in Mr. Morton that we had not before thought to find; something that made him a man and a gentleman despite all personal defects; something that evoked, in both Kate's breast and mine, a feeling of involuntary respect for Mr. Morton.

"Poor Katy! I believe she had never been so chagrined in her life. She went to bed really unhappy that night, without having seen Mr. Morton again, and I pitied her, thinking of their

next meeting. It was at the breakfast table next morning. And Mr. Morton was calm, and grave, and courteous, and Kate's cheeks were crimson. They never spoke to or looked at each other after the morning salutation, but both took their breakfast in silence, while I knew that my aunt and uncle were wondering what had come over them. Well, when breakfast was over, Mr. Morton went directly away to his room, and we did not meet him again till afternoon, when he returned from school.

"He was very much altered to-day from his yesterday's self. It is true there was the same slight formality of manner, but nothing of the bashfulness of yesterday. There was in its place a calm and quiet air of self-respect and of self-possession that I liked, and that became him exceedingly. He treated Kate with courtesy, such as nobody could have found fault with; indeed, such as he could not but have paid to a lady, even had she been twice as rude as Kate; but he was reserved, too, and it was impossible to tell exactly what he thought of her; but he only spoke to her when politeness or necessity required it, and hardly ever looked in her face.

"Well, Miss Hetty," said I, "how did he treat you all this time? He didn't blame you for what your cousin had said, did he?"

Miss Hetty smiled thoughtfully.

"Why, no, I suppose not, my dear; no, of course he didn't. He treated me politely, very politely, of course, and was, perhaps, just a shadow less reserved with me than with her; a little kinder when he spoke to me, and a little more open; but he was generally occupied when he was in the house in reading, and so I was hardly less a stranger to him than Kate. But I'm not my own heroine, my dear," and Miss Hetty smiled; "I must go on telling you about Kate. Where was I?—the day after Kate made that unlucky speech. Well, as I was saying, he was perfectly courteous towards my cousin, but at the same time very grave, and distant and reserved; and poor Katy was more uncomfortable, I think, than she had ever been in her life before. She was a dear, excellent, warm-hearted girl, although she was so merry and thoughtless; and no one could have been more sorry for anything than she was for what she had done.

"But I don't think Mr. Morton had any idea how much she regretted it. I suppose he thought that she would be ashamed, but not that she would be so really sorry for it. And so, at first, when he would come into the old-fashioned parlor of an evening, and Katy was very still and silent, and colored like a rose when Uncle Harding asked her what was the matter that she was growing so mute lately—then Mr. Morton never looked towards her; he only read his book quietly, or looked out of the window, and did not seem to hear or see anything beyond. But it did not continue so a very great while; it could not, you see, my dear; and by-and-by I saw that Mr. Morton began, in his quiet way, to notice Katy more than he had done; to listen to the way she answered when he chanced to speak to her, and to remark, without seeming to do so, the expression of her face; and while he seemed to be reading so earnestly and attentively, I knew that he was thinking a great deal more than he read.

"You see, my dear, that I used to mind him sometimes when he was sitting there; and you remember, don't you, that when Katy and I first saw him, we thought him a very plain man indeed? Well, it was with Mr. Morton as I dare say it is with a good many others—he changed very much on acquaintance; and somehow, when one came to observe him, one suddenly found that he was not, after all, so plain as one had thought. Looking at him then, as he sat there, I said to myself that Mr. Morton, after all, was a much finer-looking man than he had at first seemed, despite the color of his hair. His nose was somewhat large, perhaps, and so was his mouth; but then he had a fine forehead, and very full, clear gray eyes, and the finest and soundest set of teeth I ever saw in my life. So, sitting there, I learned to like Mr. Morton's face, and so I know did Kate, and respect him every day, too, more and more. My uncle fell to talking of him to us one evening while he was absent. 'You would not find,' said he, 'many better men in the world than Ralph Morton; many men of better heart, sounder intellect, or purer character. He was honorable, truthful, upright. Integer!' said my uncle, suddenly and heartily striking his open palm upon the table. 'Integer! that's the word that describes him.'

"And very gentle, and warm-hearted, and



kindly, too, was Ralph Morton under that reserved and formal exterior—a man of deep and earnest feeling, but not many knew it apart from those who had known his charity, and those who were near his heart. We learned by degrees, Katy and I, how to estimate him, and that Uncle Harding had never spoken too strongly about him.

"Little Katy was very sober after my uncle had spoken so, and she said more than once to me that she wished she had not ridiculed Mr. Morton as she had done. And I wished so, too, with all my heart. At this time it was drawing very near the commencement of the summer vacation, and Mr. Morton mentioned to my uncle that he had received news from a friend who was ill at the West, and that he should probably proceed thither as soon as the term closed, to remain until the commencement of the next one. Poor Katy acknowledged to being a good deal troubled on hearing this. 'I wish he were not going so soon,' she said to me, 'or that I dared to say something before he goes, to make it right again. If it could be made right again, that is, what do you suppose he thinks of me, Hetty? I should like just to shake hands with him before he leaves here, and know that he was willing to forget how silly I have been.' And the nearer the time came for Mr. Morton's departure the more restless and earnest poor little Katy became.

"At last, one evening, just two days before Mr. Morton was to leave, we were all of us, except Aunt Sarah, sitting in the parlor. Uncle Harding had his newspapers, Mr. Morton was standing with folded arms before an open window, looking out; he had stood there some ten minutes, dreaming, I suppose; little Katy sat in a corner with an open book in her lap, which she seemed to be reading in a sort of inattentive way, applying herself to it by fits and starts, and I was knitting, just as I am at this moment. We were all silent, and had been for the last fifteen minutes, when I suppose my uncle thought the silence had lasted long enough. He looked towards Katy.

"'Little Katy, what are you reading there?' he said.

"Katy told him. It was some Italian author; Dante, I think; and then Uncle Harding asked her to read a page to him. So Katy commenced reading, and continued for a few moments. Then she stopped. Uncle Harding raised his head, asking why she didn't go on? it was very fine—very fine indeed. Katy said she had come to a difficult passage. But she was careful to say it in so low a voice that Mr. Morton could not hear.

"'A difficult passage?' Uncle Harding echoed, unwittingly; 'why, that's easily got over; Ralph will help you out. Ralph?' and he turned about in his chair.

"Mr. Morton had turned at the sound of his name, and came forward now. My uncle had just taken the book from Kate's hand, and was glancing over the page.

"'Only a little difficulty that Katy has got into with her reading here, Ralph,' said he. 'You'll help her out in a minute, I dare say. I want to hear a little more of that. Where's the passage, Kate?' he continued, running his finger along the page. 'Show it to him, my dear.'

"Well, Katy was blushing redder than any rose, and neither she nor Mr. Morton looked at each other. He was looking somewhat embarrassed, too, but he took the book my uncle gave him, and as Katy slowly rose from her seat, murmured something about 'being happy to assist Miss Caverly.' At that moment the door-bell rang—somebody wanted to see Mr. Harding, and my uncle vanished. And there they stood, Mr. Morton and Kate, just where he had left them. It was rather an awkward thing. But in a moment, with sudden and frank courage, Katy took the awkwardness out of it.

"'I should like to have the passage translated too,' she said, in a low voice, that was very sweet, and gentle, and earnest; 'and I shall be very glad if you will help me.'

"She was looking down, coloring deeply, and a little tremulous.

"'I shall be very glad to tell you what you wish to know,' said Mr. Morton, gently, 'if you will show me the passage.'

"So Katy pointed it out; and Mr. Morton cleared a place on a small table near and placed two chairs before it, and then they sat down, Katy and he, with the book before them.

"Sitting apart from them, with my work, I

heard them discussing the lesson in low voices, their eyes fixed straight upon the page, never looking at each other. Even a stranger might have seen that they were not quite at ease; and yet I knew that they were both really glad to be there, and talking with each other, even in this half reserved, half embarrassed way at last. And when the reading was got through, they both sat silent for a moment, and Katy played nervously with the leaves of the book, and all the time her color kept growing deeper; then she rose from her seat and Mr. Morton rose too, and yet they would not look at each other; and still she lingered—hesitated. But it was only for an instant. Then she began to speak to Mr. Morton—to say something to him in a subdued voice, and with eyes cast down, and still with her little tremulous fingers moving in that nervous way over the leaves of her book, showing how agitated she was.

At first while she spoke, Mr. Morton's face slightly flushed, and he looked a little discomposed; but then he grew directly calm again, and when he answered her, Katy began to look a good deal more at her ease. Then, in a moment more, they were talking together in a quiet kind of way, not in the least like strangers now. I think they stood there five or ten minutes, talking to each other in that way, and then they separated, and Katy came and sat down by my side, and Mr. Morton left the room and went up stairs; and she leaned her head on her hand, saying with a sigh of relief, 'I am so glad, Hetty!'

"Well, it was all right at last. Poor little Katy had not exactly asked Mr. Morton to forgive her for ridiculing him; but she had said something—in the agitation of the moment she could not very definitely tell what—and Mr. Morton had comprehended its meaning; and although he was not a little embarrassed himself, had contrived in a moment to put the awkwardness of the affair aside; and then Kate said such a pleased and kindly glance was in his eyes, and they talked together—had not said much, but they had seemed like old friends who had had a misunderstanding, and were glad to be reconciled. And Katy believed that he was glad, and that he liked her; she was sure she liked him. Well, the next day but one he went away, and Katy was the last one he shook hands with, and better friends, I believe, never parted in the world."

"But, Miss Hetty," said I, "is that all?"

Miss Hetty smiled. "No, my dear, that is not all, quite. Mr. Morton was gone four weeks, and came back some time before we went away. We had not expected him so soon; and when Katy and he met, and her eyes sparkled so, and she looked so glad and surprised, and there was such a look of pleasure and satisfaction in his eyes, you would have thought they were very sincere friends indeed, as they were. Well, they were only friends then. But the next year Katy went with me to my uncle's again, and we stayed a long time, and she used to study with Mr. Morton every day; and though so many people would have thought it very singular, they grew to liking each other better and better. And then a near and wealthy relative of Mr. Morton's died, and left him a very handsome fortune; and shortly after he became principal of the Oakdale Academy."

"And then, Miss Hetty?" said Miss Hetty's listener.

"And then, my dear, it happened that Mr. Morton and Katy were married. And now, Mrs. Morton is a very handsome and graceful woman of middle age, and the happiest wife in the world; and Mr. Morton is a fine-looking, stately old gentleman, whom everybody admires—and his wife more than all. But the fire is going out, my dear, and—patience! it's really past eleven o'clock."

And so, reader, that was Miss Hetty's story; and I hope you like it, for I did very much.

#### A RAT-SKIN SUIT.

An ingenious individual of Liskeard, Cornwall, has for some time past been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself: it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately round the tails of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing six hundred tails. Buckland,

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

#### THE GLASS-PAINTER OF SOUCY.

BY TILLYMANT MURRAY.

At the little French town of Soucy, near Sens, a hitherto lonely household was one day thrown into the most extraordinary panic of delight by the advent of a little child. The parents, Annas and Lisette Cousin, had been married several years, and this event was as unexpected as it was delightful. The child, so inexpressibly welcome, was destined to immortalize the name of Cousin; and the germ of unmistakable genius was discoverable almost in his infancy.

To Lisette Cousin the birth of this boy opened up a new world. Hitherto she had been a quiet, dreamy woman, loving the solitude of her home, and never thinking she would at all like to have the immaculate neatness of her little establishment disturbed by the incursions of childhood.

But Lisette's maternal element now swallowed up all lesser things; and she saw her floor littered with playthings for little Jean, and her hitherto spotless dresses occasionally tumbled or soiled, without a sigh, so long as the tiny creature she had borne was well and happy. Like most children born of parents no longer young, Jean had a face that told of premature wisdom; and his little sayings, though easily accounted for in the act of his living only with grown people, were the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood. Active alike in mind and body, nothing escaped his curious observation—nothing was so perfect as to dampen his attempts at imitation.

As he grew older, and began to walk through the streets with his mother, who delighted to deck his little form with tasteful elegance, he was principally enraptured with the casts and pictures in the windows of the little French shops of Soucy. The mother's purse was generally emptied to supply her son's rapacious demands; and the child frequently tottered under the weight of his purchases, not choosing to entrust them to any one else. For these he was obliged, after awhile, to occupy a separate room, so large was the amount of his treasures; and here he brought every curiosity that was given him, every pet animal which he could induce to follow him home, and all the flowers which he could gather.

Soon, he began to arrange this room with artistic taste, and the parents called in all their neighbors to inspect Jean's museum—and many were charmed at the singular and picturesque arrangement of his "curiosity shop." A friend had one day given him a box with a really fine painting upon the cover. This box contained, among other treasures, a case of pencils and painting materials; and from that moment the boy's destiny was fixed. Glass was procured, and the painting imitated, and after a hundred attempts, a tolerable picture was presented by the infant artist to the enraptured mother.

Like our own West, the mother's kiss made him a painter. Growing more and more enthusiastic each year, the youthful artist became, by turns, painter, sculptor, architect and engraver; but he adhered more closely to his glass-painting than either. The first oil-painting, however, executed by a French artist, was his work. This was the "Last Judgment," by which he acquired the title of the Michael Angelo of France. The windows of Vincennes—costly and delicately executed, so admired—were his work.

The sensitive heart of the painter did not long await the coming of that sentiment which affects men of genius as powerfully as any. Susceptible in the highest degree to the influence of beauty, and of human beauty particularly, it was no matter of wonder when, at the very first sight of Victorine Farel, he laid his heart at her feet. Born in a sphere that might be considered superior to that of Jean Cousin, she possessed none of the haughty pride that lingers over the difference of grade, and immolates the heart at the shrine of rank.

Victorine was as good as she was beautiful, and that was indeed high praise. Her father, although not of the nobility, was allied to it by marriage, and at heart was really and truly a nobleman. His wealth enabled him to keep closely on the borders of that mystic boundary established in France, and he had sense and dignity enough never to overleap it. Still it troubled him that his daughter's love should be sought by an artist. He had educated her for a different sphere; hardly daring to own, even to himself, that he expected her to enter the magic circle closed to himself. He felt that she would adorn it most brilliantly, not only by her beauty, but

by her wit and sense, and listened coldly to him. Victorine's face showed the struggle between love and duty which was at her heart. She loved her father with the deepest filial affection, but another sentiment had outgrown the first, and she could not stifle her preference for the young artist, whose fame, she felt assured, would one day reflect honor upon any rank. She was therefore troubled, and even agitated, by the announcement of her father that he had promised her hand to one of her mother's connexions, a young nobleman who had seen his fair relative at the country seat of his uncle. This uncle possessed a daughter who was Victorine's companion at the school where she was educated; and on this occasion she was visiting her friend at her father's summer retreat. Here the young Count Fleury saw and admired her, and with the noble ardor of youth, perceiving the mere accident of rank, he wrote to his father, and received an answer that met his highest wishes.

Tearfully she imparted her grief to the young artist, who was even then in the neighborhood where she was staying, having been employed in the difficult task of executing the delicate gray and white windows at Castle Anet, the residence of Louis de Breze. Chance brought her to his presence. A small party had agreed to spend the morning in exploring the neighborhood, and as the castle was open, the gay young people thronged in at the inviting portals, and wandered at will about the beautiful apartments, interesting as the home of one of whom they had heard so much—the fair Diana de Poitiers, the wife of the noble owner.

Victorine had become accidentally separated from her companions, and in seeking them she pushed open a door that stood ajar. Its dim light made her start back; but in that brief moment she was seen and recognized. A few whispered words, a renewed promise, and she was gone; but the gray and white windows received no more touches that day—sentiment had overpowered genius for that time, at least.

Victorine trembled as she remembered his words. He had solemnly declared, in that one passionate instant of communion, that he would not live without her, and from his grave and determined character, she believed that it was no idle declaration. She was thankful that some chance separated her from the count, as they wound down the path from the castle, conscious as she was that the sight would have deeply irritated her lover.

Meantime the preparations were actually going on for Victorine's marriage with the count. Farel, good and noble as he really was, had one failing which dimmed his character, and this was an overweening desire to ennoble his daughter. The young count, though deeply sensible of her indifference, could not relinquish the hope that his love might yet touch her heart, and although he saw how it grieved her, he had not strength to be generous in resigning her.

The day was indeed fixed; the guests—noble ones, too, to gratify the pride of the father—were invited. The morning came, and the household were all astir. The bride had retired the evening before with a weeping and anxious face; and as yet she had not returned.

"Let her sleep," said the good mother of Farel, whose affection for her grandchild rebelled against all this. "Let her sleep. I will awaken her when it is time."

Had one had time to examine the countenance of the good old grandmother, when, half an hour later, she came to say that Victorine was missing, it might have been thought to exhibit more satisfaction than anxiety. But no one had time. There was "mounting in hot haste," but the lady had gone, and could not be found.

But, half a league off, in the little church of San Andrea, a marriage ceremony was at that moment going on. When it was over, the artist-bridegroom carried off his blushing bride to the old home at Soucy, where she was welcomed as warmly as she would have been at the halls of de Fleury. Victorine's father, finding that his schemes were in vain, extended the desired pardon to the young couple, and harmony was soon restored to the household of the Farel family.

From one branch to another Jean Cousin turned with avidity, and with more than the ordinary success of versatile geniuses; for, unlike them, he did everything well that he undertook. To his pen artists are indebted for much useful anatomical information, as well as his example in the various arts in which he excelled. Dying in 1589, he left a name to posterity of which it might well be proud.





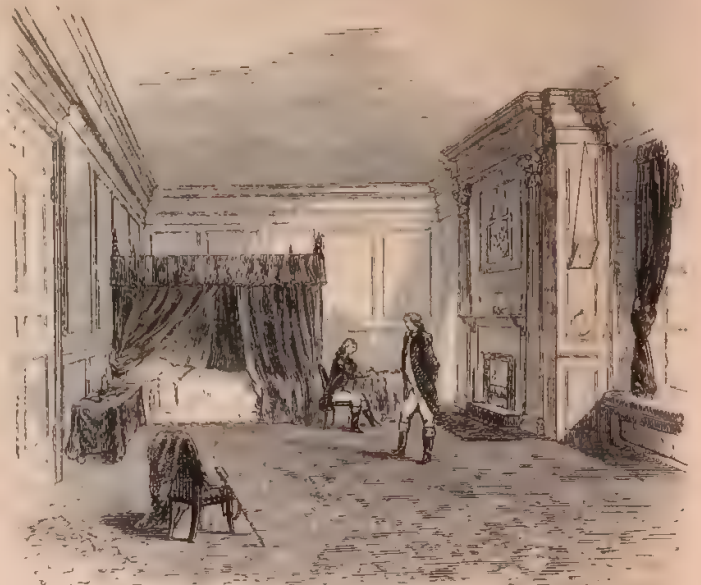
HALL AND STAIRCASE, HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.

## THE HANCOCK HOUSE, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

We publish on this page a series of views of the famous old Hancock House, on Beacon Street, Boston, to which the recent death of its venerable owner, the suggestion of Gov. Banks of its purchase by the State, and Col. E. G. Parker's interesting report on the subject, have given a fresh interest, directing universal attention to one of the most perfect of our old historic landmarks. The sketches to which we invite the attention of our readers, were drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Alfred Waud, and are correct in every particular. The exterior of the mansion, the hall and staircase, the room honored by Washington as the guest of Governor Hancock, are delineated with the fidelity of the daguerrotype. No Bostonian needs a description of the Hancock House, yet all will be glad to preserve a picture of it, and our countrymen in other States and cities will welcome all that we can publish in reference to the homestead of the man whose bold and graceful signature was the first affixed to the immortal Declaration of Independence. The mansion occupies nearly the most commanding site in Boston, and its stately, old-fashioned architecture attracts the eye amidst the crowd of buildings extending from the State House to Charles Street. It commands a view over the tree-tops of the upper Mall, across the broad Common and the forest of chimneys and of masts, of those distant heights where Washington planted his cannon when the town was in possession of the British. Formerly it had an ex-

tensive view on every side, for, at the date of its erection, the west end of Boston was a kind of rural wilderness. The house is more than a century old, having been erected in 1737, by Thomas Hancock, Esq., an uncle of the signer of the Declaration. It must have been regarded at that time as a marvel of sumptuous architecture. It was surrounded by green pastures filled with browsing cattle. The hill, which derived its name from the beacon which crowned the summit, and stood on the site of the State House, was then of much greater elevation than at present. When Governor Hancock came into possession of it, the estate was quite a little farm, for it comprised five acres. There was some pasturage for horses, and an orchard filled with choice fruit-trees, extended in the rear of the mansion. Long ago the shears of improvement, like Hotespar's river, "clipped a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out" of the territory. Some other changes, too, have occurred in the lapse of time, a large dining hall and the stables have disappeared, but substantially the building is the same as when the heroes of the Revolution were welcome guests within its hospitable walls. On the outside of the house may still be seen the iron which supported large lanterns that lighted up the grounds when the governor gave one of his sumptuous evening entertainments. The knocker on the old front door is a relic of the past, when bells were un-

known. This door opens on a spacious hall, 15 feet wide and extending about 40 feet to the rear of the house. This portion of the building, with the quaint, old-fashioned staircase, is the subject of our first illustration. On the right is the parlor in which Washington and Lafayette were received. The walls of this room are adorned with family portraits, including a fine head of Governor Hancock, from the pencil of Copley. Over this room is the guest-chamber, at one time occupied by Lafayette. On the other side is the chamber in which Governor Hancock died. The whole interior is in excellent preservation, and the house is so thoroughly built, that it will probably remain in its present condition for another hundred years. The architects of the past century had an eye to posterity. Here, then, lived and died one of the most prominent actors in the great revolutionary drama, the "flagitious rebel" who, with Samuel Adams, had the honor of being excluded by General Gage from the benefits of the general pardon he proffered after the battle of Lexington, president of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, successor of Peyton Randolph as president of the National Congress, president of the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and for many years governor of Massachusetts. Here was the home of the man who was present at the coronation of George III., and who lived to be an active agent in the events that deprived that monarch of the brightest jewel of his crown. No man staked more on the fortunes of the Revolution than John Hancock, for his property was located in the very focus of the "rebellion." And who can forget how, with a patriotic devotion worthy of Publicola, he bade Gen. Washington "cannonade Boston, though it should make John Hancock a beggar?" In front of this old mansion he walked and talked with Samuel Adams, discussing the gravest questions on which man can be called to deliberate, and, when he had given in his adhesion to the popular cause, within that house he gathered the bold spirits of the Revolution to "plot most precious mischief." A sad scene the windows of the old house looked down upon when British troops were encamped on Boston Common, and



WASHINGTON'S ROOM, HANCOCK HOUSE.

scarlet uniforms blazed among the white walls of their canvass city. That old pile many a time and oft gave back the roll of the British drums and the bray of the British trumpet, and it shook with the heavy cannonading on that day of days, when the flower of the British army withered before the freemen on the sacred hill of sacrifice in Charlestown. But the day of tribulation passed, the old mansion blazed forth with a festal glory it had never before known, and its portals were thrown wide open by the hospitable owner and his lady, when the American defenders of our soil, and their courtly allies of the French army and navy, had sheathed their swords and mingled in joyous celebration of their victories. What august and brilliant forms have trod the floors of the Hancock House! What beauties long ago mouldered in the grave, pattered up and down those old stairs on their high heels, filling the hall with the rustle of their silks and brocades, and the low, sweet music of their laughter! Magistrates, legislators, soldiers and civilians, divines, and wits, and men of learning, the rich and poor, have passed in and out of those portals. They are all gone now—and yet the house is haunted by their presence, and graced by a thousand charming associations.

## THE LAND OF GOLD.

California is "going ahead like a steamboat." The increase in horses during a period of two years is 43,000, and in cattle 120,000. The exports of hides during the past year amounted to \$516,712. The quantity of land cultivated in 1856 was 511,963 acres; in 1858, 755,734; being an increase of 244,771 acres. This is exclusive of land fenced in for grazing purposes. The crop of wheat for the year 1858 is set down at 3,568,669 bushels; and that of barley at 6,382,717.—In the cultivation of the grape and the manufacturing of wine, the Golden State of the Pacific already stands foremost in the confederacy. The increase in this interest has been one hundred and fifty per cent. in two years. The number of vines in 1858 was nearly 4,000,000, and of this large number one-third is found in a single county—Los Angeles—while the average yield of each vine is estimated at 14 pounds. During the year 1858 there was manufactured in California, of wine 385,000 gallons, and of brandy 10,000 gallons, making a total of nearly 400,000 gallons. It is estimated that in 1860, 1,000,000 gallons of these liquors will be manufactured in California.

A considerable share of attention has been devoted to the rearing of sheep, for which experience has demonstrated that the soil and climate of California is admirably adapted. During the year 1858 there was exported 1,351,671 pounds of wool, at a home valuation of \$189,634, while the number of sheep in the State at the present time is estimated at 650,000, being more than double the number estimated for 1856.—So far as the mining interests are concerned, it is shown that this department of State and National wealth is increasing in importance in almost every section of the State. At the present time there are 5726 miles of artificial water-courses constructed for mining purposes, at an expense of \$13,500,000, while the number of mills for quartz mining on the first of November, 1858, was 279, costing \$3,275,000.—*Boston Post.*



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.





TESTING UNITED STATES CANNON AT THE CASTLE.

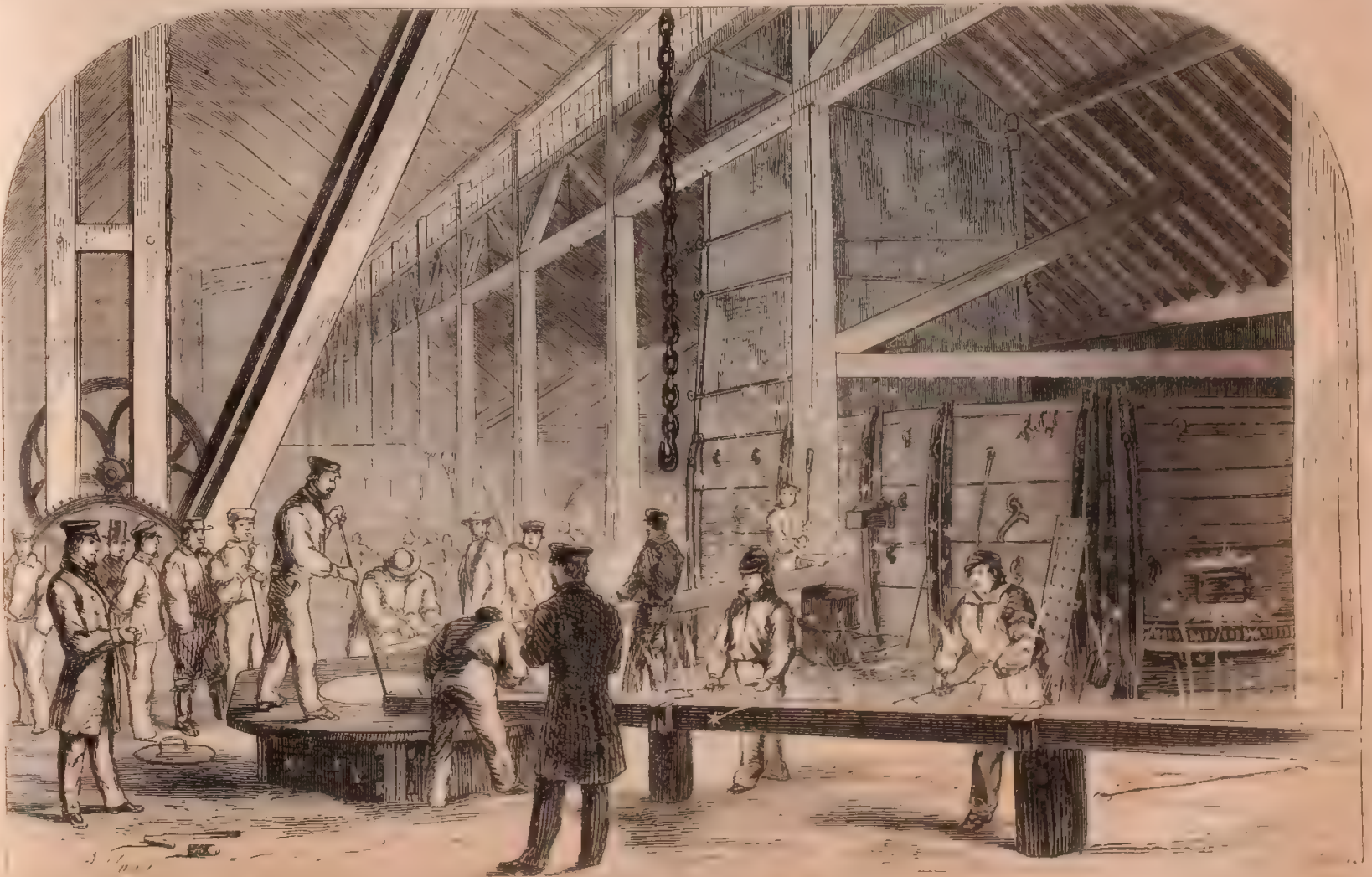
## CASTING AND PROVING GUNS.

Two engravings on this page, from drawings made for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, exhibit the process of casting ten-inch shell guns for the United States navy, at Alger's foundry, South Boston, and the manner of testing the guns after they are completed. The iron for these guns is carefully selected, and, to obtain the necessary strength, hardness and other qualities, Greenwood from West Point, N. Y., American from Connecticut, and Gartscherie or some other soft imported iron, of which but a small quantity is used. The metal is kept in the furnace about five hours, and small quantities are dipped out from time to time to test it, until the proper moment arrives for the casting. The molten iron is then run directly from the furnace into the moulds, a process which occupies about three minutes. The gun mould is sunk in a pit which is carefully covered at the top for the purpose of

retaining the heat and allowing the gun to cool slowly, which takes about ten days. 28,000 pounds of metal are required to form a gun, which, when finished, weighs only 16,000 pounds, 12,000 pounds having been lost in turning and boring, as the guns are cast solid. All the minutiae of manufacture are carefully noted by the government officer, and must be inspected and approved by him. The ten-inch is the largest sized gun used by the United States navy, and is on the most approved model. The boring and finishing of a gun requires about a month's labor. The casting, especially when performed at night, is a very picturesque operation; the glowing metal and brilliant steel-colored sparks lighting the dim arches and misty gloom of the foundry, while the stalwart workmen appear in the ruddy glare like the demons of a sorcerer engaged in some cabalistic experiment. Our larger picture gives a complete representation of this

striking spectacle. The gun having been completed, must then be subject to proof, and this is represented in the first engraving. The powder proof consists in firing from a gun selected from a lot, a thousand rounds, which it must sustain, and the rest, each a limited number of times with a small excess of powder. The gun is fired with shell of 134 pounds' weight, either filled or empty, as occasion may require. It has a range of about two miles with 15 pounds of powder. The shells are discharged into a butt filled with earth to receive them, the gun being placed upon a platform, and fired by a lanyard from a protection built behind it, into which the men retire when it is fired. The shell buries itself in the butt, and throws up a cloud of dust and smoke mixed with stones, producing the effect shown in our picture. The importance of the most careful experiments with ship, field and siege guns, is obvious from the fact that the fortune of war now

depends entirely on the perfection of artillery and the science of using it. Though the explosive force of gunpowder was known to Roger Bacon in the twelfth century, it was at a considerably later period that fire arms began to supersede the ancient artillery, the catapults, mangonels and other cumbersome machines. Barbour, in his "Metrical Life of Robert Bruce," says that cannon were used by Edward III., in his first campaign against the Scots A. D., 1327. Du Cange says they were employed by the French at the siege of Pay Guillaume in 1338; but they must have been at that time very uncommon, for Rapin relates that the cannon employed by Edward III., at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, contributed as much by the surprise they occasioned to the French troops, as by their execution, to the success of the day. A few years later they seem to have been no longer rare. The most ancient cannon were formed of bars or pieces of iron, soldered to each other lengthwise, and bound together by iron hoops, occasionally lead, or even leather, protected in some manner, appears to have been employed, and the cannon balls were made of stone. About the middle of the 15th century, cannon began to be cast, and it was about the end of the same century that font metal or bronze was first used for the same purpose. In 1477, when Louis XI. was about to attack the cities of Flanders and Picardy, he ordered bombards or cannon of prodigious length and weight to be cast at Paris, Tours, Amiens and Orleans. He also ordered iron bullets to be cast at the foundries of Criel, though stone bullets were still in use. Brass cannon appear to have been first cast in England by John Owen in 1535. Mortars were made under the reign of Henry VIII., and cast-iron cannon under that of Edward VI. Until within a few years, iron cannon were cast with a cylindrical cavity nearly of the dimensions of the calibre of the piece, but experience pointed out many inconveniences from casting guns hollow, and widening the calibres by boring bars, all guns cast hollow becoming more or less spongy where they ought to have been the most compact, and numberless cavities being also created round the cores, from stagnated air generated in them, which were too deep to be cut out by the boring. Iron and brass cannon are now cast solid to remedy these defects, and thus, the grain is more compressed.



CASTING GUNS AT ALGER'S FOUNDRY, SOUTH BOSTON.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATHEW M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
One copy, one year \$2.50  
One copy, two years 4.00  
Five copies, one year 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club) 20.00  
[?] One copy of BalloU's Pictorial, and one copy of The Flag of our Union, together, \$5.50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**HUCKLEBERRY.** Roxbury. You can purchase prepared French mustard at the grocery stores. But if you are willing to take a little trouble you can make it by the following receipt. One ounce of mustard and two picules of salt are mixed in a large winged glass full of boiling water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pour in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden rose, and add to the mixture, putting vinegar according to taste.  
M. M. Durivage, Miss. It was introduced into Europe about 1840, and was sometimes sold at fifty dollars a pound.

**AMERICA.** The strawberry plant is found all over the globe. Even the Swiss mountains have a variety. A traveller friend of ours professes to have eaten them in South America as large as cup plates.

**IN AFRICA.** You will find some vivid sketches of Malta in Scamper's, a very clever book, written by Lieut. Henry A. Wise.

**BRITAIN.** The cannon ball in the tower of Beattie Street Church is probably from Fort Washington, Cambridgeport.

**ONE OF MANY.** You will find some notions of Prince Napoleon in Lord Dufferin's "Yacht Voyage of 6000 Miles," published by Ticknor & Fields. The prince went to Iceland in the reign of Hortense.

**ROMANCE.** There are some ancient romances from the tomb of Macaulay in the British Museum. This famous monument, one of the seven wonders of the world, was erected by Queen Artemisia, wife of Mausolus 353 years before the Christian era. It was a led Mausoleum, and a rather magnificent tomb and sepulchre have ever since received the same name.

**BRITAIN.** Madame de Staël could never enter into an intellectual combat without something to occupy her hands. It was her custom always to have a bag of paper with two or three leaves on it, which she habitually twirled about, as a sort of accompaniment to her words. She used to declare that she should be dumb without it, and even when she went to parties she substituted it was always provided.

**SANCTUARY.** Some tombs are still bought and sold in the British army. A lieutenant in the line coats Sgt. Candidates must pass an examination, but it is a very superficial one. Owing to this practice the English army is very poorly officered. In France, as in this country, no man can hold a commission in the regular army who is not properly educated for the position.

## MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE.

The speech of Napoleon III, at the opening of the French Chambers, though cast in a mould of peace, is filled with warlike ingredients. He avows that it is still his purpose "to restore France to her rank among the nations;" that France and Russia, in reference to European affairs, "are agreed upon all points in dispute;" that France and Austria "have disagreed upon important questions, and it required a most conciliatory spirit to succeed in arranging them;" that "the interest of France is everywhere, where there is a just cause, and where civilization ought to be made to prevail;" that "in this state of things it is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Piedmont;" that "the state of Italy, and her abnormal position, where order cannot be obtained except by foreign troops, gives just cause of anxiety to diplomacy." These strong declarations are mixed up with a due proportion of hollow intimations of deference towards England, and of qualified assurances that there is no sufficient motive for belief in war; but viewed in connection with what France is doing at the present time, they show very significantly that the emperor's plans are such as will be very likely to provoke hostilities; and that he is determined to pursue them, war or no war. What can be meant by the purpose "to restore France to her place among the nations?" What but the re-establishment of the French power in Europe, as it was in the palmy days of Napoleon I., when almost every nation upon the continent, except Russia, was subject to the imperial eagle? Since the restoration of Louis XVIII., in 1814, France has lost no position in Europe; and if she is to be restored now, it must mean to a state antecedent to that.

As to what France is doing at the present time, it all shows a warlike purpose. The army has been increased for sometime past, and is still increasing; so that by the first of July next it will amount to 650,000 men. Troops of all arms are being assembled in great numbers, within a day's march of the confines of Savoy, and the arsenals of France are ringing with the constant din of warlike preparation. The French navy is being increased with great rapidity, and with the most formidable and effective improvements of modern art. There are at the present moment two hundred ships-of-war in commission in French ports, and floating batteries of great power are in process of construction. Sardinia, too, the *protégé* of France, is expending millions of francs in military preparations, to second the

movements of the emperor whenever he shall "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." All this looks as though Napoleon III. had made up his mind to regulate the affairs of Europe to suit himself, and gives a very significant meaning to the arrogant declarations of his late speech, which we have quoted above.

## SEEDS FROM CHINA.

The Agricultural Bureau of the Department of the Interior has charge of the business of importing new varieties of seeds and plants into the country for the improvement of agriculture; and through its instrumentality many important benefits have been secured to the farming interest. Mr. Robert Fortune, an English gentleman of superior botanical attainments, is now engaged in China, in behalf of the patent office, in procuring seeds of new and valuable plants for shipment to this country for the purposes of experiment, and has recently sent an invoice containing large quantities of seeds of various kinds. Among these are seeds and plants of the Yung-mee tree, the fruit of which is greatly esteemed in China. There are also seeds of the Tung oil tree, which produces a valuable oil suitable for the use of carpenters and varnishers of wood; and of the Oo-dang, which is a highly ornamental tree. Seeds of the camphor tree are also comprised in the agent's invoice; and it is thought that this highly valuable tree may be cultivated with good success and profit in Florida, and other of the southern States. In addition to these varieties, there is also a large quantity of the seed of the ten plant, packed in earth to preserve its vitality; and it is proposed to institute new experiments as to the practicability of cultivating this shrub in the United States. For the proper germination of these various seeds, a propagating house has been established at Washington, with a view to starting the plants under the most favorable auspices, and then distributing them to the localities best fitted for the experiments of acclimating and cultivating them.

## HEYN, THE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

During the maritime wars of the seventeenth century, Peter Heyn, an admiral of the Dutch navy, distinguished himself by deeds of prowess, which won for him the highest honors of his country. In 1627 he conquered Saint Salvador from the Spanish, and destroyed twenty-six of the enemy's fleet. Shortly after this he sailed in pursuit of the Spanish "Silver Fleet," on its annual voyage from the West Indies to Spain, and captured nineteen vessels, carrying all his prizes but two to Holland. The booty of this capture was immense, including one hundred and forty thousand pounds, or about sixty-two and a half tons of pure silver. Heyn was a man of honorable origin, and as modest as he was brave. He refused to receive any portion for himself of the vast treasure he had won, and when exalted by the States General to the high and honorable post of lieutenant admiral, he would have declined it, on the plea that it was too high a dignity for one of his mean birth and unpolished manners. The next year Heyn died gloriously, on the deck of his ship, which he had laid between two Dunkirk pirates, and was fighting with the utmost bravery. His death was publicly mourned by his country, with the most honorable testimonials to his worth. His body was interred in princely state in the royal mausoleum at Delft, and a magnificent marble monument was erected to his memory.

## A STORY OF LAFAYETTE.

Lady Morgan relates, in her interesting memoirs, some particulars of a visit to Lafayette at Lagrange. She says—"As I thought the general limped a little, although Morgan gave him his arm, I proposed as we reached the extremity of the great lawn, that commands such a beautiful view of the chateau and its five towers, that we should sit down to enjoy the scene on one of the many wooden benches with which the grounds abound. The shade of two fine trees offered us repose and shelter from the sun, and, above all, one of those charming chats with the general, to which he unsuspectingly lent himself. In those low, slow, modulated tones, which gave to everything he said such emphasis, he answered our questions by replies, that might almost be called historical. "Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a masked ball at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?" "I am afraid so,"

said he, "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, le Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was, that when I pointed out Madame du Barri to her—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me escort her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the queen would not have objected to it; such was the spirit of adventure at that time in the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "Ah, general, you were their Cromwell Grandison." "Not then," replied he, smiling, "that sobriquet was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he. "The world said at least," I added, with some hesitation, "that she favored its young champion, the hero of two worlds." "A drawing-room scandal!" he replied, and the subject was dropped.

**THE BOSTON JOURNAL.**—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of this long established and remarkably successful paper. With a larger circulation than any journal of its class in this city, it wields a most potent and extensive influence, and is conducted on a scale of liberality and enterprise which is unsurpassed by any daily paper in the country. As a newspaper, we do not believe it can be excelled, and its several editions are most complete and perfect issues. Especially as an advertising medium we know the Journal to be most valuable, from personal experience in our own business behalf. Captain Rogers, the proprietor, though a young man, has large experience, and holds a high position as an influential and worthy citizen.

**A FRENCH IDEA.**—A French engineer seriously proposes a scheme for turning the sands of the great African Desert into solid arched blocks for the construction of a tunnel extending the whole length of the sandy waste. The method proposed is to mould the sand by moisture into blocks of the proper shape, and fuse them by the heat of the sun's concentrated rays by means of a huge Archimedean burning mirror. The object of this tunnel is stated to be the protection of travellers from the desert simoons and sand storms, and to make Algeria the entrepot of the commerce of the Mediterranean with Africa.

**GREAT BRITAIN AND THE FEJEEANS.**—The British government is said to have purchased 200,000 acres of land from the Fejee Islanders, for the sum of \$45,000, to be paid to satisfy the American claims against the Fejee government. In addition to this grant of 200,000, there will be grants of such other lands as may be needed for governmental purposes.

**"RODERICK THE ROVER."**—This captivating sea story, elegantly illustrated, written by Lieutenant Murray, will be sent *post paid* to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps. Five editions of this remarkable romance have been issued, and the demand is as great as at first!

**A CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.**—A structure to cost \$50,000, for this purpose, is about to be erected at Fort Wayne, Indiana, we observe by the State paper.

**"MIRALDI: or the Justice of Tacon."**—This drama, from the pen of the editor of the Pictorial, is playing with large success in various parts of the country.

**COTTON.**—Alabama has reason to rejoice over her cotton crop for the last year. Its value is officially ascertained to exceed \$2,000,000.

**\$3.50.**—BalloU's Pictorial and The Flag of our Union are sent together for three dollars and fifty cents a year.

**OHIO.**—This State, we learn from the official journal, has now a population of 2,300,000.

**THE INDIAN RACE.**—There are now less than 360,000 Indians in the United States!

**A WONDERFUL SUCCESS.**—The recent Mount Vernon Ball at the Boston Theatre.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

The place where Washington's ancestors first settled in 1677, is situated in Westmoreland County, Va., upon an elevated plateau on Pope's Creek, near the junction of that stream with the Potomac River. Here the father of his country was born in the year 1732. The cellar of the house is still visible, and some fruit-trees and other remnants of the garden still remain to interest the eye of the patriotic pilgrim. The site of the house is surrounded by an iron fence, to protect it from invasion. This fence was erected by the State of Virginia, to which Colonel Lewis W. Washington presented the hallowed spot. The situation is represented to be very romantic, and the scenery around as beautiful. Standing upon an elevated bank upon the borders of the creek, the visitor sees around him the outline of hill and vale, the noble stream of the Potomac, and the graceful outline of the Maryland shore beyond, just as the eyes of that youthful hero dwelt upon them more than a century ago; for the hand of improvement has not been here, and the wild solitude of nature is as little disturbed there now, as it was before the breaking out of the American Revolution. Of late years it has become somewhat common for citizens of other States to make a pilgrimage to this interesting locality when they visit Mount Vernon.

**VERY QUEER.**—A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper at Jackson, Ohio, gives an account of a subterranean vault discovered there, in which the air was so impure that it was impossible for any one to go down into it. By means of a rake, human bones of gigantic size have been raised, and a small chain of silver, with coins attached to each end. The coins, though much defaced by time, have the appearance of those in use among the Romans in the days of Scipio Africanus, though there were evident traces of hieroglyphic devices that cannot be deciphered. It strikes us this story appeared rather prematurely. It should have been dated April 1st.

**A GHOST.**—The people of Rahway, N. Y., have got a ghost "in their midst." One man saw it expand from a little thing a foot long to the size of a man and fired at it, placed a bullet, according to his own account, about where the heart ought to lie; the smoke blinded the marksman, and when it blew away the ghost had disappeared. An Irish family had lived in the house, and left it suddenly without saying a word. But the strongest proof is that a German, with his family moved in afterward, and in a few weeks made an unceremonious exit, leaving a barrel of sour crout in the cellar, which he is afraid to go back and get.

**THE TAME PIGEON.**—The following pleasing story is vouched for as a fact. In Leedsville, N. Y., a tame pigeon accompanies two little children to school regularly, flying after them along the street, alighting on the fences, trees, and in the road before them. If it flies too far ahead, you may see it turn round, and, looking at the children, wait patiently for their arrival, and then fly a stretch further on; and so it keeps doing until they reach the school. Then it perches itself upon the window sill, where it remains until school is out, when it observes the same manner in going home.

**PAY OF THE BRITISH CABINET.**—Against \$56,000 paid away in annual salaries to the Cabinet of the United States, there is \$287,000 per annum, received by the members of the present Derby Ministry in England.

**TRUE.**—Henry Ward Beecher says: "Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt, if one were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, the invectives, the insinuations, the suspicions, etc., which are uttered against him."

**KISSING.**—A story is going the rounds about a young man kissing Piccolomini in the entry of a hotel by mistake instead of his sister. Some people doubt the story—we doubt the mistake.

**THE RIDICULOUS VERSUS THE SCULINE.**—Little Colley Grattan, ex British consul at Boston, criticising Daniel Webster. "Ye gods and little fishes!"

**GOING WEST.**—The emigration to the West will be very large this spring. A large proportion will go to the new gold mines.



## THE BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES.

Within the last ten years the naval forces of Great Britain and France have been very much increased; the latter, though, in a greater degree than the former, so that the actual strength of the two is now very nearly equal. The British navy contains some sixty more large vessels than the French; but this preponderance is made up of the old style, heavy sailing craft; while the great majority of the French ships-of-war are of modern build, and a large proportion of them are navigated by steam. Of present, actual, available force, Great Britain has 667 vessels, including two hundred gun-boats, and France has 605, of which about two hundred are gun-boats. Of ships-of-the-line and frigates, the English have seventy one steam to one hundred and thirty-five sailing, and the French fifty one steam to seventy-seven sailing. Great Britain has in commission, and doing duty on various foreign stations, 125 vessels, large and small, and a home force of 61, including the channel squadron. There is also a powerful steam reserve of 36 vessels, large and small, at Chatham and Sheerness, which could be equipped for sea at the shortest notice, upon any sudden emergency. The French navy is more concentrated than the British, there being at the present time 200 vessels in commission in the ports of France. There is less difficulty in procuring sailors for the French navy than formerly, owing to the introduction of steam navigation in place of sailing. On the other hand, the British government find it extremely difficult to man its fleets by voluntary enlistment, and the system of impressment is no longer in force. Thus, one thing with another being taken into consideration, the French navy is just about equal to the English at the present day; and in a war between the two powers, the old naval supremacy of England could scarcely be maintained.

**FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**—The raiment of her majesty, the ex-empress of Hayti, when she landed in Jamaica, consisted, first, of a Madras handkerchief about her head; second, "no gloves on her hands;" third, a profusion of rings and chains; fourth, a magnificent silk shawl; fifth, a satin dress. Madame Eline Manmille, the mother of Solouque, wore "a simple handkerchief about her neck, and no gloves." The Princess Olive, "an Italian straw hat;" the Princess Celia, "a Balaklava hat." Solouque himself wore a bottle green dress—his favorite color—embroidered with gold upon all the seams.

**BINDING.**—Every description of binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, The London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Peterson's, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, etc., etc., bound and returned in one week.

**MISSIS McINTIRE & KIDDER.**—An advertisement may be found in another column of interest to young ladies and misses who wish to possess themselves of the means of earning a respectable and comfortable livelihood. The establishment of the ladies whose name heads this paragraph, at 34 School Street, is a complete success, and calculated to benefit all who improve its advantages.

**ENGLISH YACHTING.**—100 yacht matches were sailed in the English waters last year. The prizes amounted in cash to about £3396, of which sum the Royal Clubs contributed £2515. The principal winners were the Mosquito, Vigilant, Lulworth, and Ursuline; the four received upwards of £1225 between them.

**A STARTLING FACT.**—A New York paper states that while the people of that city are taxed more than a million of dollars a year for the support of public schools, more than one-third of the children of the city are growing up without attendance upon any school!

**SIR HENRY RIVERS.**—Soon after this gentleman took orders, he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop. "Indeed!" said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the sea."

**AN IRISHMAN ON THE WEBSTER STATUE.**—"By the Powers, is it? Thin the powers is mighty wake."

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

The picture which occupies the last page represents the interior of a village blacksmith's shop, and is a fair transcript of rural life. The figures are all natural and spirited. Prominent in the grouping is the smith, with the forefoot of a large white horse in his lap, plying his vocation to the delight of a little knot of juvenile spectators, fresh from school, and peering in at the open door of the smithy. The farmer, whose horse is shoeing, is gossiping with one of the matrons of the village, while the journeyman who is striking on the anvil has a word to say to the rustic who is lifting a heavy hammer. A goat and her kid have strayed into the shop, and adds to the picturesqueness of the sketch. In spite of its dingy rafters, and the clank of hammer and anvil, the blacksmith's shop is a favorite resort with all sorts of people. There is something attractive in the glare of the forge, and somehow or rather the village Vulcan is always a rare gossip, and the realm over which he presides the headquarters of news. It is one of the pleasantest features of a settlement, and many a time has the weary wayfarer been glad to step out of a cold winter storm and pass a moment by the glowing fire, to thaw his chilled fingers, and listen to the smith's pleasant gossip.

## FAUSTIN I. AND LAST.

The ex-emperor Faustin didn't have a very good time of it at the Date-Tree Tavern, Kingston, Jamaica, which he has been gracing with his presence. Exiled Haytiens persisted in coming under his windows at night and singing satirical songs not at all pleasing to the ears of fallen majesty. One negro song in particular the emperor has never been able to endure—Boucaner Jean Louis. When he was in power the wretch who dared intone this popular Haytien air was sure of imprisonment. The refugees in Kingston, whom he had exiled, would nightly surround his rooms at the Date-Tree, and avenge themselves by chanting in chorus this hated song. On hearing its notes the ex-emperor raged up and down his apartments like a tiger. His landlord humanely applied to the authorities for a guard of honor to watch the environs of the hotel. The request was peremptorily refused.

**TANTIA TOPEE.**—Who is Tania Topee? Some say he is no other than that fiend incarnate, Nana Sahib, figuring under a new name. A letter from Calcutta of a recent date says: "Tania Topee is still knocking about, and it is almost miraculous how he has managed to elude the activity and vigilance of the British soldiers. A short time ago he had no less than four columns hemming him in, and when they rapidly advanced to secure or crush him, to their surprise they found that the bird had flown, and the four English columns met face to face."

**ASTRONOMY AND SCRIPTURE.**—Professor Mitchell, in a late lecture on astronomy, explained the astronomical inquiries in the book of Job; and said he had been amazed as he studied God's word to see how accurately its language accorded in every particular with the later revelations of science.

**ANOTHER MORPHY.**—They have a German Morphy in the University city of Bonn, in Prussia. His name is Berthold Stuhle, and his age is twenty-one years. He recently played eight games at once, blindfolded, without losing a single game.

**PETER CHASTEL.**—was one of the most learned divines of the 16th century. He was bishop of Orleans, and great almoner of France. Francis I. asked him, "whether he was born a gentleman?" Chastel answered, "that he was not quite certain from which of Noah's three sons he descended."

**NEW REVIEW.**—The French government has founded a review, to appear twice a month, intended to convince the French that the climax of earthly bliss is a despotic government with a foreign adventurer for master, and an army to keep down loud thinking.

**OLD TIME TOILET.**—It appears, from the eighth satire of Horace, that the Roman ladies, like the American, were not unacquainted with the use of false teeth and false hair.

**COPPER.**—From the Upper Michigan mines the past season, 6000 tons of copper have been shipped. Value nearly \$3,000,000.

## Wayside Gatherings.

An iron ship of large size is being built in Wilmington, Del., for Commodore Vanderbilt.

The Ohio Legislature has repealed the ten per cent. interest law, restoring the rate again to six per cent.

Lydia Bosley, the colored woman who was so badly chopped up by her daughter in New York, has nearly recovered.

It is stated that in Newark there are more than 1500 operatives in the hating business, and nearly \$1,000,000 invested.

A "Bearded Ball" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face.

The common school fund of Oregon, according to the report of the commissioners presented to the Legislature, is \$32,376.

Utman has divided his company, part of which, including Ponsot, Laborde and Formes, is concentrating in the southern cities.

The St. Paul (Min.) Times says that a German in that city, who has recently been divorced from a former wife, married his own niece a day or two ago. His age is 50, hers 21.

Rembrandt Peale, now in his eighty-first year, intends to sell in Philadelphia the entire collection of paintings and studies in his studio, and has thrown his rooms open for public inspection.

The eldest active clergyman in Massachusetts is probably Rev. Charles Cleveland of Boston, who, though he has arrived at the age of eighty-eight, is still laboring efficiently as an independent city missionary.

In Worcester, lately, Derouth R. Goshon, the Arabian giant, who is twenty-one years of age and weighs 417 pounds, was married to Miss Celestia N. Townes of Montreal, who is 24 years of age and weighs 115 pounds.

Mrs. Abraham Caswell of Taunton, on awaking a few mornings since, found her husband dead by her side. He had passed away so quietly as not to disturb her repose. He was sixty-eight years old, and highly respected.

Mr. Michael Kelley of New York, came home intoxicated, beat his wife Ann with a shovel, and as she lay senseless on the floor piled hot coals upon her. She was saved from death by a policeman, who took charge of Michael.

Some persons withhold apples from cows, because the eating of them sometimes occasions a drying up of their milk. An immoderate gorging of fruit by half-starved animals will undoubtedly produce this result, but a rational and systematic feeding of them will not.

Said a Cuban, "What would they do in New York if 10,000 Spanish soldiers should land there?" "If the soldiers behaved themselves they would not be troubled, but if they made any disturbance they would be put in the station-house," replied a Yankee captain.

Mr. G. J. F. Bryant has made the specifications and plans for the additional stories on the Probate building, which will give ample accommodations in a fire-proof building for the offices of the City Engineer, Water Board, etc. The cost of the necessary improvements will be about seventeen thousand dollars.

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati Ceresus, and richest man in the Mississippi Valley, was knocked down by a dog while walking in the street, a few days ago, and so strained the tendons of one of his legs that he has not been able to leave the house since, nor will he be, from present appearance, for some time to come.

The loss of fruit-trees within the last three years, in Illinois, is estimated at about three millions of dollars. The retentive, clayey loam subsoil, which characterizes the prairie lands, is supposed to be the cause, and farmers have adopted the plan of ridging their orchards by repeated ploughings, commencing at the same ridges and ending at the same furrows, to remedy the evil.

The Portland Advertiser says that a horse fell from a wharf in that city, one day lately, and on his recovery from the watery element, the driver drew a large clasp knife, and cut out one of the eyes of the poor beast. The Advertiser was unable to learn the name of the inhuman wretch, but it is hoped he will be ferreted out and visited with the punishment he so richly deserves.

Early in the season considerable cackination was indulged in by some people who regarded themselves very wise, because some had augured a mild winter from the fact that the musquashes had built their homes high up on the bank instead of burrowing deeply, as they do when the seasons are cold. The prophecy of the mute philosophers has proved correct.

Two Albany school children, a little gentleman aged 15 years, and a little lady aged 14, eloped to Utica with connubial intentions. The father of the little gentleman arrived in time to prevent this consummation, and took the little couple home, where the little lady was shut up in a dark closet, and the little gentleman soundly whipped, and their ardent love thus brought to a sudden and unhappy termination.

The Courier de Lyons says that a few days ago people crowded to the railroad station to see two enormous wagons belonging to Mr. Lees Wilson of New York, and containing a complete assortment of ancient and modern instruments of execution which this American has taken it into his head to collect in his travels, and among the rest the first guillotine that operated in Paris in the year 1793.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.—Lord Brougham.

.... Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and always a temptation to others.—Lyon.

.... Of many it may be said that it is their habits that are vicious, not themselves.—Bacon.

.... Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings.—H. T. Puckerman.

.... It would be well to allow some things to remain, as the poet says, "behind eternity,"—and in the secret treasure of the past.—Robert Walsh.

.... The method of the enterprising is to plan with audacity and execute with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities, and then to treat them as probabilities.—Bacon.

.... There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, the other very rough.—Robert Walsh.

.... Physicians must discover the weaknesses of the human mind, and even condescend to humor them, or they will never be called in to cure the infirmities of the body.—Lyon.

.... It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and coming with danger.—Caton.

.... A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.—Channing.

.... Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvass displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts.—H. A. Tuckerman.

.... Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—Benton.

.... Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—Lord Bacon.

.... God designed men to grow as trees grow in open pastures, full boughed around; but men in society grow like trees in a forest, tall and spindling, the lower ones overshadowed by the higher, with only a little branching, and that at the top. They borrow of each other the power to stand; and if the forest be cleared, and one be left alone, the first wind that comes uproots it.—Becher.

## Joker's Budget.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

Why is a haunch of venison like a dandy? Because it's a bit of a buck.

An affecting sight—to see a young man swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

A man may be so mean as to prevent him from venturing upon perfectly safe enterprises.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he sees his master coming? Because he has got one to wag.

Miss Debois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

There is a man in Louisville so knowing, that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the little boy when he found it hidden in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

Miss Fantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaping on her anchor. Poetic young woman that.

"Father, do folks make clothes out of peas?" "No, foolish boy. Why do you ask that question, Simon?" "Why, I heard a sailor talking about his pea-jacket."

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

A fellow seven feet high passed through Charleston on his way to California. On being asked why he ventured upon so hazardous a journey, he replied "that they didn't want him any longer down in Maine."

"Mary, my love," said a not very attentive husband to his wife at the dinner-table, "shall I help you to a piece of the heart?" "I believe," said she, "that a piece of a heart was all that I ever got." There was a commotion among the dishes.

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said the friend. "O," said he, "father and mother were so saucy that I couldn't stand it—so I quit 'em."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE GAME OF CARDS.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

"Young man, what would you do?"

These words startled me as I was about to take my seat at a rouge et noir table, in one of the most elegant gaming halls in beautiful Cordova. I was then twenty-three years of age, handsome, fascinating and rich. My father, Don Reynaldo Montallano, was one of the richest noblemen of Grenada. The winter of 1837 I came to spend in Cordova, with an uncle, who had two dissipated, unprincipled sons. My cousins led me into the haunts of dissipation; night after night I followed them to the gambling house, but to my credit be it said, that until the night in question I had steadily resisted all their endeavors to make me join in the games, and had merely stood a looker-on. This night I had yielded, and was about to take my seat, when I was startled at hearing a voice, a deep, peculiarly rich voice, at my elbow, say:

"Young man, what would you do?"

I turned, and beheld standing behind me a very handsome old man. I knew him not, and supposed the remark must have been meant for somebody else, and turned to resume my seat, when the stranger laid his hand on my shoulder, and spoke in a low voice, heard only by myself:

"Forbear! This table will bring you only misery. I have watched you night after night, and my heart has warmed for you because you have stood seemingly a perfectly indifferent looker-on, and I hoped that you came only because led here by others. To-night I was pained to see that indifference replaced by a certain restless excitement, for I know what was your determination. I cannot explain why I should interest myself in the movements of a stranger—but I have done so, and cannot resist the attempt to save you. 'Tis a strange request, but still I make it: Will you rise from this table, and go with me to my own home?"

The request was a singular one, and its very singularity made me grant it. Without another word I rose and followed the stranger. Outside the building he turned, and drawing my arm within his walked silently forward. I was very curious, but politeness bade me forbear to question him. Many thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, and the one which gained ground as we walked on was, that I had fallen into the fire from the frying-pan. I thought that my conductor would prove one of those sharpers, who, seeing me inexperienced and about to begin my life of gambling, had chosen to pluck the pigeon himself. Glancing sideways at the noble, open face, my conscience smote me for my unworthy thoughts—but for all that I could not drive them away. Meanwhile we had been walking towards the most aristocratic part of the city, and, as I was about making up my mind to speak to my silent companion, he dropped my arm, and mounting the stone steps leading to a very elegant mansion, opened the door, turned and said:

"Senor Hector Montallano, I, Don Ricardo Almadova, bid you welcome."

I started at hearing my own name, and filled with astonishment, I silently followed him into a magnificently furnished room, where he introduced me to his wife, Donna Agatha, a very elegant woman, bearing strong marks of Moorish origin. Don Almadova introduced me as an old friend. Everything I heard and saw bewildered me. It was all very strange—that richly furnished room and graceful woman. I began to think I was dreaming. Don Almadova bade me be seated, and conversed very pleasantly. After a few minutes Donna Agatha left the room. As soon as she did so, Don Almadova rose, saying:

"I see that you are at a loss to account for my behaviour. I will soon explain myself."

Passing round the table at which I sat, he went to a closet, and taking a richly wrought golden box from it, he came and laid it on the table, then drawing his chair beside it he calmly seated himself. The box, or casket, was one of the most elegant articles I ever saw. The shape was a sort of oval, and the material gold, thickly set with precious stones, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. I waited, bewildered. When the don had seated himself, he slowly opened the box and produced—a pack of cards!

At this sight I sprang from my seat. All my suspicions were true. This man, this vile wretch, under the garb of friendship, had led me away from the gambling saloon only that he might rub

me himself. Fool that I was to trust an entire stranger. I was about to open my lips and utter bitter reproaches, when my host himself spoke.

"Be seated, senor. I read your thoughts, and they do me great wrong. I do but produce these cards as an illustration to a story, which, if you will be so kind as to listen, I will relate to you."

I felt ashamed of my suspicions, and at having them so easily read, and with a faint blush resumed my seat, saying:

"Your pardon, senor. I will listen to you with pleasure."

"These cards are invaluable to me. Through them I have been able to turn many from a wicked, reckless life. They were the talisman which led me to a virtuous and happy life, as my story will prove. I lived a few miles from Cordova, and was riding along the beautiful banks of the Gaudalquivir, when I thought I heard cries for help. Riding in the direction of the sound, I soon came in sight of a man kneeling beside a fallen horse. Hastily dismounting, I hastened to offer any assistance in my power. I was then just twenty. As I neared the stranger, I found him to be a man of about forty-five years. Leading my own horse by the bridle, I came close to him, and shuddered as I saw stretched upon the grass beside him a huge viper. His horse had been bitten in the fore leg by the reptile, and even as he spoke the noble animal expired. I looked at the owner of the animal, and was struck with his face. He seemed, as I said before, about forty-five or fifty years of age, and was very handsome, but his face was not wholly pleasing either. The cheeks were bloodless, but they betrayed rather the pallid hue of mental than of bodily disease. Out from his pale face gleamed an eye full of brilliancy and passion. His dress was plain but very rich, and I noticed that his watch-chain was ornamented here and there with diamonds, which flashed like little stars. The loss of his horse did not seem to affect him in the least. Seating himself on the grass, he drew from his pocket a little golden box, from which he took a small pill and swallowed it with perfect nonchalance. I ventured to offer him some condolence upon the loss of his horse.

"Bah!" said he, with a smile, "that is nothing. You have got just as good a horse—you will yield him to me—you seem to me like a very good young man."

"This proposition, made with so much perfect coolness, alarmed me. I looked at my horse, which was a very fine animal, a gift from my over-indulgent father, and I felt not the slightest inclination to give him up at the bidding of a stranger. A sort of superstitious feeling glided into my mind as I looked at the stranger before me—I felt that he was either a sorcerer, or the devil in propria persona. The stranger, marking my perplexity, spoke again:

"Young man, your horse is handsome and strong, will you sell him to me? I will pay you whatever you wish—your price"

"This proposition gave another aspect to the affair. I had another horse in the stable at home, and I had rather a turn for trade. I thought of the best course to pursue, and said:

"You like my horse, then?"

"Yes; and will pay you whatever price you choose to ask."

"You may have my horse for ten doubloons," I said.

"That is too little," he answered, "I will give you fifteen for him"—and the stranger drew from his pocket a purse and counted out fifteen doubloons.

"I thought to myself, a rascal would not have such elegant manners, such a well-filled purse, or such valuable jewels.

"The stranger looked at me attentively.

"Have you ever at any one time had so much money?"

"I answered him frankly that I had not, but earnestly entreated him to take back the five extra doubloons, as my conscience would not allow me to accept them.

"Your horse has, then, some great defect—is unsound?"

"No!" I exclaimed; "upon my honor I believe him to be perfectly sound."

"Then all is right," he said; "in a moment I will make you easy," and so speaking he drew from his pocket a little morocco case, from which he took a pack of cards.

"I had never played, though often had longed to do so. The stranger gave me a few lessons at rouge et noir, then proposed that we should

play for the five doubloons too much which I thought I had received. I was perfectly willing to do that, feeling sure that he would gain his own. I played, and—I gained!

"I double the stake!" cried the terrible man, and he laid ten doubloons upon the body of the dead horse, which served as the table, and his eyes fixed upon me piercing me through and through. Whether I would or not, I felt obliged to play. I gained this time also—I always won. Fortune followed me pitilessly. I was really frightened, and trembled violently. My adversary, on the contrary, was perfectly calm. He emptied his purse upon the horse, and exclaimed, as he handed me the cards:

"Play!"

"Again fortune favored me.

"You are truly the child of good fortune, Ricardo Almadova. See, I throw in my purse and chain and two drafts, for I have no more money. Play!"

"I wished to refuse, but dared not. I seemed under the influence of a demon. Again I was the winner. He had nothing more to play, and I thought I was free, and had thrown the cards upon the ground, when the stranger exclaimed in a hoarse voice:

"At home I have a magnificent diamond ring and pin, worth one hundred doubloons, we will play for them, and I will give you my word of honor that if you win the diamonds they shall be yours," and he drew a piece of paper from his pocket, on which he wrote:

"Good for a diamond ring and brooch in the form of a cross, worth one hundred doubloons."

"The signature was simply two initials, P. V. As I read the note I asked myself if the man was not insane, and I felt sure of my suspicions when he continued:

"The diamonds are staked to you on one condition. If you win them you win a wife also!"

"I could not repress a smile, for now I felt sure that the man before me was insane.

"Do not laugh, for I am perfectly serious. You are unmarried. The lady I offer you is as beautiful as an angel, and as good as she is beautiful. Have no fears. Her name is Agatha. Play!"

"He picked up the cards, shuffled and passed them to me. I trembled from head to foot—the blood seemed frozen in my veins. That the man was mad I felt perfectly sure, and I dared not refuse to play, fearing by so doing to excite some fearful outburst of passion. I played and won—won the diamonds and—Agatha! A deadly faintness passed over me, but I struggled and kept my self-possession. The stranger spoke:

"Well done, Ricardo. You are one for whom I have long sought. Lend me your horse, that I may go to Isnallos and bring you your bride."

"My horse is at your service, senor, as well as all the money I have gained. I have resolved not to keep a single real more than the price I asked for the horse. My conscience does not permit me to keep money gained at cards."

"You are a fool!" he said, putting the cards into his pocket. "I will borrow your horse and five doubloons."

"He stooped and took up some money, and I turned away my head, that I might not seem to take any notice of his movements. A few seconds and I heard him gallop off. I looked round, expecting it would all prove a dream, but no—there lay the dead horse, and upon his black side the money, purse and chain I had won.

"I returned home, and related to my father the sale of the horse, but I was silent upon the subject of the rest of the money and the bride I had won—indeed, I tried to banish the whole affair from my own mind. Night brought with it some degree of peace; and the next morning I was standing by the window, gazing idly into the garden and settling in my mind that yesterday's adventure was nothing, merely the vagaries of an insane person, when I was startled by seeing ride into the courtyard the stranger of yesterday. He was mounted upon my own horse, and by his side trotted a little white palfrey, backed by—yes, by a lady closely veiled. I had barely time to calm my agitation when the servant announced Senor Pablo Vincenza, and as he entered I introduced him to my father as the purchaser of my horse, and he in turn introduced the lady as Senora Agatha Monteleone, his ward. As the lady was introduced, she threw aside her veil and discovered one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw.

"Senor Pablo Vincenza spent the day and the

following night. The next morning he begged permission to leave his ward under my father's protection while he went to Cordova to transact some business. To this my father consented, though he afterwards enlarged upon the singularity of the proceeding—a stranger to leave his ward, a young lady, with a family until the day before unknown to him, and that family consisting of only a father, son, and the old house-keeper. It was strange; but I knew that the young girl was left that we might possibly learn to love each other. It was possible. The fortnight he had given himself passed, and so did three more weeks, and during that time Agatha and I learned to love each other very dearly. At the end of five weeks Signor Vincenza returned, looking haggard and ill. He seemed pleased with the way affairs had progressed, and to his urgent request and my earnest wishes my father consented, and Agatha and I were married immediately. We were married in the morning, and in the afternoon Senor Vincenza took leave of us. Agatha clung to his neck with all the affection of a daughter, and fainted when at last he tore himself away. To me he whispered:

"I go never to return! I have some things to say to you which none other must hear. Meet me directly where we first met on the banks of the Guadalquivir."

"A moment more and he was gone. I waited only till my beautiful, loved Agatha recovered from her swoon, then followed Senor Vincenza. I found him seated in almost precisely the spot he had occupied when we played. He smiled sadly as I seated myself beside him, and after a few moments' silence began:

"I wish you to listen to me without interrupting me, for my time is short. Promise me first never, never to play at games of chance."

"I promise you upon my soul—upon my hopes of eternal salvation!" I answered.

"Good! Listen now. I began life with good aspirations and a princely fortune. I left home at eighteen years of age, and fell into bad company. My only and my ruling passion became cards—for them I sacrificed honor, love, everything. I ruined myself, then I ruined, body and soul, my dearest friend; yes, I led him away from his duty and his home. He was young, wealthy, and newly married. With me he gambled, and when all his money was gone he killed himself. A few years before my friend died, his wife, a beautiful woman, died in giving birth to a little daughter, Agatha Monteleone. Henrico Monteleone poisoned himself. Before he died he gave me his little daughter, charging me, in memory of the wrongs I had done the father, to spare the child and bring her up a good, noble woman. I have done so. She has been the companion of my varying fortunes, yet spared pain and misery. I have at last found her a good, noble husband—and if my manner of doing so was singular, you must forgive me. To you I give this pack of cards—keep them as a warning, and never, O never be led to play! One other request and I have done. Agatha has never known what was my occupation, and by the love you bear her, let her still cherish the memory of her guardian. Yet another thing—never let the pure woman, your loving wife, know what has passed between us. Farewell! Do not follow me. We shall never meet again." So saying, Senor Vincenza embraced me and walked rapidly away. A while I remained seated, and then an irresistible impulse urged me to follow the man. I was too late—I reached the river bank just in time to see him throw himself headlong into the waters of the Guadalquivir."

Don Ricardo Almadova here rose, and replaced the casket in the closet. On his return to the table he said:

"You have heard my story. I hope it will deter you from the course you were about entering upon. You are now at liberty to go, or welcome to stay and be introduced to the rest of my family, and hereafter be my friend."

He held out his hand, which I grasped.

"Many thanks to you, senor; you have saved me. I will remain."

Two years afterwards, when I became the husband of the beautiful Lucia Almadova, I blessed the day when I had listened to the story of the GAME OF CARDS.

## MY LOVE.

She's blooming as May,  
Brisk, lively and gay.  
The groves play all round about her;  
She's prudent and witty,  
Sings wondrously pretty,  
And there's no living without her.—Prior



## SAMUEL MASURY,

DAGUERREOTYPIST AND PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

We feel great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Mr. Samuel Masury, to whose skill we have frequently been indebted for the fine photographic likenesses which have served our artists as authority in drawing many of the large heads of public characters published in the Pictorial. The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and engraved by Pierce in his best manner. Samuel Masury was born in Salem, Mass., in the year 1820, and received an excellent education at the public schools of that city. On the completion of his studies, at the age of seventeen, he entered a store, but often neglected his duties, from a bias for mechanical pursuits. He finally concluded to learn the business of carriage-making, and followed it steadily until he attained his majority. About this time Daguerre's great discovery was promulgated by the French government, and the whole civilized world rang with the new marvel. Mr. Masury took the deepest interest in the new art, and in 1842 connected himself with Mr. John Plumb of this city, to learn the process, and has been engaged in the profession of daguerreotypist and photographer for seventeen years, being one of the oldest operators living. During this period he has practised his art in most of the principal cities in New England, and has made many important discoveries and improvements in photography. His zeal and perseverance in this progressive art are invincible. Many of our readers will doubtless remember the serious accident which took place at Mr. Masury's establishment four or five years since, an accident which came near being fatal to him, and from the effects of which he will never entirely recover. We have not space to recount the particulars of this affair; suffice it to say that while engaged with a chemical experiment with the oxyhydrogen, or Drummond light, fire was communicated in some way never satisfactorily explained, to a bag which contained sixty or seventy gallons of oxygen gas, causing a terrific explosion, while Mr. Masury was standing on the bag. That every person in the room was not instantly killed was regarded at the time as almost miraculous. Mr. Masury has always been a diligent student and practical manipulator, and by close application to his business, has fairly earned the reputation of being one of the best photographers in this country, if not in the world, for in no country has the art of photography, at least in its application to portraiture, been carried to so high a degree as in America. In 1855 Mr. Masury went to France in quest of photographic knowledge, and became a pupil of the celebrated Bisson Brothers, whose views of public buildings and places of interest in France have been so eagerly sought after by English and American visitors to Paris. Much information was gained by him while abroad by visiting the various manufactories of chemicals, paper, plates, philosophical and optical instruments, which were freely shown him by their proprietors, who evinced the greatest interest in the American artist. Mr. Masury has recently fitted up a new suite of apartments at 289 Washington Street, over the music store of Messrs. Russell & Tolman, and has furnished his operating departments with several of the best instruments manufactured expressly for him in Europe. The arrangement of his sky-light gallery is on the most approved plan. The walls of his reception-room are adorned with portraits of many of our best known citizens, all executed in a high style of art, both plain and colored. Among the new styles introduced by Mr. M., are portraits on ivory of exquisite delicacy and finish. He is also very skillful in copying engravings, one of the most valuable applications of the art. Mr. Masury unites artistic to mechanical and technical skill. It is an error to suppose that a photographer is a master of his profession who understands only the chemical



SAMUEL MASURY, DAGUERREOTYPIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

processes and manipulations. He must have a good eye for effect, must understand placing his sitters, arranging draperies, and know how to produce good pictures as well as mere likenesses. No one who has examined Mr. Masury's productions critically, can hesitate to admit the justice of the praise we have accorded him.

## COMBERMERE ABBEY, NANTWICH, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

We have selected the lovely landscape which forms the second illustration on this page, as one of the best specimens we have ever seen of that peculiarly rich and luxuriant scenery, enshrining time-honored architecture, for which England is so renowned, and which has inspired so many of her painters and poets. Our engraving is from a water-colored sketch by Lady Combermere, the third wife of the noted English peer who possesses this magnificent domain. In the foreground stretches a lovely expanse of water, mirroring the Gothic pinnacles of the old abbey, the white swans and boats gliding over the tranquil surface, and the noble old ancestral trees that stand like sentinels along the bank. The view is closed by a ridge of undulating hills. The Right Hon. Stapleton Cotton, Viscount and Baron Combermere, G. C. B., etc., etc., Field Marshal, Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, Constable of the Tower of London, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, etc., but more to be envied as the possessor of this lovely domain, was the second son of Sir Robert Salisbury Cot-

ton, and born in 1773. He entered the military service in 1790 as 2d lieutenant in the 23d Welsh Fusiliers, and was afterwards promoted captain of the 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1793 he served in the Flanders campaign. In 1796 he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1798 he served in India against Tippoo Saib with great distinction. In 1807 he was in Portugal commanding the cavalry brigade, composed of the 14th and 16th Light Dragoons, and took part afterwards in the battle of Talavera, Spain. He was frequently mentioned in despatches by Wellington, and complimented in parliament. In 1810, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, he commanded all the allied cavalry, and was under fire constantly during the bloody campaign of 1814. His knighthood dates back to 1811. In 1814 he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Combermere, of Combermere Abbey, Cheshire. In 1817 he was governor of Barbadoes, and in 1822 commander-in-chief in Ireland. All his honors were fairly carved out by the sword. He derives his lineage from Sir George Cotton, knight and esquire to the body to King Henry VIII, who settled at the time of the Reformation at Combermere Abbey, formerly a convent of Benedictine monks, founded A. D. 1133. Our sketch of the abbey will be probably rendered more interesting by this rapid review of the career of the owner of the beautiful domain.

## MILTON AT THREE-AND-TWENTY.

"In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. 'In stature,' he says himself at a later period, when driven to speak on the subject, 'I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than to little; and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war—though why should that be called little which is great enough for virtue?' This is precise enough; but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. 'He was scarce so tall as I am,' says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note:—'Q. Quot feet I am high? Resp. of middle stature.'—i. e. Milton was a little under middle height. 'He had light brown hair,' continues Aubrey, putting the word 'abrown' ('auburn') in the margin by way of synonym for 'light brown';—'his complexion exceeding fair; oval face; his eye a dark gray.' As Milton himself says that his complexion, even in later life, was so much 'the reverse of bloodless or pallid,' that, on this ground alone, he was generally taken for ten years younger than he really was, Aubrey's 'exceeding fair' must mean a very delicate white and red. Then, he was called 'the lady' in his college—an epithet which implies that, with this unusually delicate complexion, the light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form, there was a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look. The feminine, however, was of that peculiar sort,—let connoisseurs determine what it is,—which could consist with clear eyes of a dark gray and with a 'delicate and tunable voice,' that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, lady-like as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanor. 'His deportment,' says Wood, 'was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness.' Here Wood apparently follows Milton's own account, where he tells us that in his youth he did not neglect 'daily practice' with his sword, and that he was not so 'very slight,' but that 'armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that any man could offer him, man to man.'—*Masson's Life of Milton.*



COMBERMERE ABBEY, AT NANTWICH, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)  
IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS

Tread lightly—Death is here!  
His mystic handwork is fore me lies,  
Those pallid lips, those languid, half-shut eyes,  
Told me that he is near.

You see him not, you say,  
No, but his works shall make you feel his power;  
For ere the closing of the light-day  
Shall fade our fairest flower.

Close not the window—see,  
The heavenly angel falls upon her cheek;  
A messenger celestial, which would seek  
To rest her spirit free.

Is this the south wind's breath?  
I had forgotten summer light and air,  
I never thought that such a bright and fair  
Could harbor there, O Death!

A smile—but ah, how faint!  
Her hand is colder—her pulse is low,  
And I must wait for now I will do know  
That heaven hath gained a saint!

Hath gained—the elixir flow  
Of the faint, feeble pulse has passed away,  
Yes, she is dead—and you and I must say,  
God bless us here below!

## MEMORIES

Thoughts of the dead are always real and yet,  
These we have loved we never can forget,  
Kind eyes look sweetly through the lowly gloom,  
And a mournful voice whispers from the tomb,  
While with low tones and half-convulsive eye,  
We speak their names whose dream has been to die.  
WILLIAM WINTER

## LIBERTY

The mountains—they proclaim  
The everlasting rock of liberty!  
That rock is written on the untampered snow,  
Foundered by torrents which no power can hold,  
Free that of God when he would lift his rod,  
And is freed by winds that through the free heaven  
blow.  
BRYANT

## A BUSY DAY

My brain, methinks, is like an hour glass,  
Wherein my thoughts run like the sands,  
Telling up time, but then are turned and turned,  
So that I know not what to stay upon,  
And less to put in art—JOSSELYN

## DEATH

How the innocent,  
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!  
But to cut off the kingly thread of life  
In guilty men, must be a stern Atropos  
To give her sleep-knife often—MAYNARD

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSPEL WITH THE READER.

—The "ides of March" have come and gone, and with them have subsided into temporary tranquility the gay veterans of the dance, who have had such ample opportunity the past season to display their Turkish-bureau graces. The Boston Theatre after the most magnificent bulls this city ever knew, the Tigers and the Mount Vernon, has been restored to its wonted uses. As we sit in the balcony, their howlingling intelligences occur to the memory no some kind loss of dream. A few weeks more of urban amusements and excursions, and we shall begin to long for that refreshing commune with nature which gives us the stamina to endure city life for plunges in the water at Newport for grand views on the summit of Mount Washington, or wild rambles in the Adirondack region. We know of more than one editor who is chafing at his chain and meditating an evasion. They have commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper in Constantinople and the editor is about establishing schools for females in Stambul. Think of educated hours! However, there is no help for Mussulman fogies now. *Kismet*—it is fate. Lord Clyde is going to lay his hands at the feet of an English lady of rank and beauty. "None but the brave deserve the fair." So we are not to have Mr. Spurgeon this year. Well, we shall probably get along very well without him, for pulpits of all denominations in this country are well filled, and we make no doubt that we have finer and more thrilling clerical orators than the great London apostle. It is estimated that the capital at Washington when fully completed, will cost the nation \$8,000,000. The representative of the sovereign people will be as well housed as any European monarch—and they should be. An "Intelligent American" writer to a New York paper says that in Paris "It is asserted, with the utmost confidence, that a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, has been actually signed between France, Russia and Prussia. Save us from 'Intelligent Foreign Correspondents,' they make so many blunders. A work entitled "The Great West and its Commercial Metropolis, St. Louis," is about to be published at St. Louis, at a cost of \$10,000. It will give full information in regard to St. Louis, the State of Missouri by counties, and the valley of the Mississippi. Louis Napoleon talks about the friendship existing between the emperor of Russia and himself. Yet a short time since French troops were slaughtering Russians like sheep in the Crimea, and it is remembered that the "eternal friendship" between Napoleon I. and Alexander I. lasted only about five years. The Paris correspondent of the Times states that a large frigate, to be plated with steel, is in process of construction at Cherbourg. This

frigate is to be armed with iron beams at each end. The ship of the line is to be cut down and converted into a steam frigate, plate-iron with steel, and is to serve as a floating battery to defend the roads of Cherbourg. A grandson of Robert Burns, bearing the same name as his illustrious grandfather, is now living in the town of Dumfries, where the poet died. He earns his scanty subsistence by teaching a few children. He is very poor, and though the town of Dumfries celebrated the centenary of the poet with dinners and processions, this neglected relative and descendant of him whom all delighted to honor was not invited to join in any of the festivities. An important pamphlet bearing the title, "Napoleon III. and Italy," has made its appearance in Paris and attracted great attention. Some parts of it are ascribed to the pen of the emperor himself. Edward Jones and T. H. Thorpe (Tom Owen the Bee-Hunter), keep up the spirit of the New York "Spirit of the Times" nobly, while their old and new contributors rally to their aid in a solid phalanx. "May the 'Spirit' have a thousand years!" is the sincere wish of the "Old Us." It is a curious paradox that, almost precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness, will be our credulity as to the preternatural or mysterious powers claimed by others. When is a woman a witch? When is a "little sulky" Thomas de Quincey, report says, has offered his body, as a contribution, to physiological science. Post mortem examinations often throw light upon mysterious diseases, and should never be objected to by friends of the deceased, but they, on their part, have a right to be informed of the exact nature and extent of the disease. In his report denying McCormick a renewal of his patent for the Reaper, the commissioner of patents states that the inventor has reaped a profit of \$1,297,915 from his patents granted in 1845 and 1847. His opinion seems to be that McCormick has been well paid for the invention, of which the public ought now to have the free use. "Wait for the wagon." Pass the flower of a lifetime in waiting for it, and it is ten to one that it will pass you with a disdained crackling of its broad tired wheels when you want to "take a ride." Recently the treasurer of the town of Erin, Wisconsin collected some fifteen hundred dollars of taxes, and left home, telling his wife he should be gone all night. Sometime in the night a peddler who was lodging in the house was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol and fired at them. One fell and two fled. Lights being procured, the dead body of a man, with blacked face and otherwise disguised, was found upon the floor. Upon further examination it proved to be the proprietor of the house, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the tax-money collected, and had met with this terrible retribution. Love has its unwritten language in Italy. A lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to lady, "you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent," but if she turns her head, that is a denial. Mr. Botkin has the misfortune to possess a remarkable obliquity of vision, so much so that when looking directly at one his eyes are wandering in an opposite direction. The other day a person came into his store and inquired for gloves. Some being handed out to him, he tried several pairs on, but said they would not do, at the same time coolly putting a pair in his pocket, and turning to go. "You are not going without paying for them, are you?" said Hobbin. "Paying for what?" asked the customer. "Why, the gloves you pocketed," was the reply. "You don't pretend to say you were looking at me, do you?" said the fellow, as he glanced up at the queer eyes. "Yes, was the tart reply. "Well, I declare," said the pocketeer, "I never will trust to appearances again. There are your gloves." And the fellow went out.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KIDDER'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN SCIENCE. Burlington, Vt. Samuel B. Nichols, 143 North Street. Chicago. Rufus Blanchard, 72 La Salle Street.

This little work contains a digest of everything relating to the history and treatment of bees. The author, Mr. H. P. Kidder, is a practical bee raiser, and has a complete mastery over the bee as Mr. Honey has over the horse. His book is full of curious information comprised in a brief space.

LIFE, TRAVERSES AND DEATH OF SEYMOUR. New York. Stanford & Delaney. 18mo. pp. 375. 1859.

This interesting essay on one of the greatest men of antiquity, is from Grote's History of Greece, a work of the highest authority and repute. It forms one of a valuable series called the "Household Library," and is a volume that can be carried in the pocket and read in the cars. The idea of the library is an excellent one. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

RALEIGHIAN CASTLE. A tale founded on fact. by SHEPHERD. New York. Delaney & Proctor. 12mo. pp. 375. 1859.

We have but glanced at this volume, which appears to contain some spirited sketches of Irish character, and also a large infusion of polemical discussion. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPEAKER. By SALEM TOWN, LL. D., and NATHAN M. HIGGINS, authors of the "Progressive Series of Readers." Boston: Baxin & Ellsworth, 13 Washington Street.

From a cursory examination of this work we have formed a high opinion of it. Orthography is taught gradually, the pronunciation and derivation of words are given, and the work embraces all the words in common use in the English language. This treatise is the result of long study and experience.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES N. Y. New York. Delaney & Proctor, 508 Broadway.

We are pleased to see this elegant volume, in which a series of really fine poems are gracefully enshrined. It is embellished with a portrait of the author and a biography from the pen of George P. Morris. Neck has written enough good poetry to give him a permanent place among American bards. He has been a contributor, and infuses a fire and earnestness into his productions which give them a strong grasp on the memory. Totally deaf from an accident nearly a life ago, he is a strange, dumb or nearly so, his literary career is a sort of marvel. The book is for sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Recent arrivals from Europe speak more decidedly of the prospect of hostilities. Our best informed correspondents say that Louis Napoleon will fight. In spite of his pacific professions. The warning he gave to the Presse, the favorite journal of Prince Napoleon, is no proof to the contrary, but only of indignation at having his plans unmasked. Secrecy has ever been the characteristic of all his important acts. The greatest activity prevails at Versailles, troops being constantly in motion. At Austria information has been received from France removing all doubt as to the intentions of Napoleon, and it would not be surprising to see an Austrian army put suddenly on a war footing. Six hundred and fifty thousand men could be fully prepared for action in a month. England proposes to reduce her home colonial forces, but to raise the Indian. This is considered by some an indication of the government's faith in maintenance of peace.—Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, has been declared a temporary port of entry for British Columbia.—The subjugation of the rebels in India is proceeding rapidly.—A whole army of workmen are engaged to the Great Eastern steamer. She is to be ready for sea by the middle of August.—So close is Rome to Italy "distinguished" this year. On the Pincio promenade, listening to the three times a week French music, there may often be seen, says a letter, the king of Prussia, with a large suite, two of the grand duchesses of Russia, Queen Christina of Spain, and the Prince of Wales.—The Paris journal, the Presse, is the organ of Prince Napoleon, and has been the most fiery advocate of war and the fiercest denouncer of Austria. The banker-speculator, friend and protégé of Rothschild, Millaud, is the owner of the paper, and Emile de Girardin, the boon companion of Prince Napoleon, is a constant contributor to its columns. It has the largest circulation of any journal in Paris, owing to the superior excellence of its money articles.

## Nana Sahib's Activity.

As to the means of the rajah to seize upon the Nana, we know nothing. The latter is at a remote fort in the Churda territory; access to him on the part of spies is all but impossible. Accounts as to his strength are different, but he is believed to have an escort of 800 or 400 well-mounted cavalry, and two horse artillery guns. As he has never fought, it does not matter much how many men he has, but the Nana rides fast, and has taken care to have the best horses in the country, his escort know the passes, in fact, there is no chance of surprising one whose every instinct is sharpened by the ever present fear of well-deserved death; who is on his guard night and day; who knows every movement in the English camp, and the route of every column.

## The Plans of Piedmont.

It is said that Piedmont has formed the resolution of establishing under the House of Savoy, and with the aid of France, a strong constitutional kingdom in the north of Italy; she believes this the only combination, the only solution possible, the only one practicable, the only one she will accept; and she counts upon having the whole of Italy with her. Such is the plan of Piedmont naturally and deliberately formed, and from which nothing, save the withdrawal of France from the compact, is likely to divert her. She is most eager to begin. The when, the where, and the how, depend entirely on France.

## Great Ball in Paris.

There was a splendid ball at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, recently. The decorations alone cost \$50,000. The famous marble court was lined with artificial vines bearing white and black fruits, and the bubbling fountains and profusion of fresh flowers showed the oft enchanted palace with a power of magic never surpassed. The number of invitations was 10,000, whereas 8000 is a very large average number. The emperor and empress did not attend, but Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde were present, arriving very late.

## Verdi's new Opera.

The indefatigable Verdi is on the point of producing a new opera. It is called *Un Ballo di Maschera* (a masked ball), and the subject is the assassination of Gustavus the Third of Sweden. We suspect the libretto is an adaptation from Scribe's French libretto on the same subject; known on the English stage as "Gustavus III. or, the masked ball."

## Count Montalembert.

Montalembert's somewhat changeable opinions are exposed in a recently published pamphlet. The most curious instances cited are two letters written after the coup d'état; in one he calls Louis Napoleon "Charlemagne," in the other, written a few weeks later, he calls him "Nero."

## The Burns Poem.

The veteran Leigh Hunt writes to the Spectator in terms highly commendatory of Miss Craig's Crystal Palace poem. Poetry must be at a low ebb in England. Miss Craig's poem is respectable, but nothing more.

## Valuable Discovery.

A chemist at Lyons has discovered the means of removing instantaneously from the hands the stains produced by nitrate of silver in photography. It is simply to put linseed in the water used.

## Crushed to Death.

During the passage of the queen to Westminster at the recent opening of Parliament, a lady who was standing near the corner of two streets, was crushed to death by the crowd.

## Newspaper Reform.

One hundred members of Parliament have now identified themselves with the Newspaper and Periodical Press Association for obtaining the repeal of the paper duties.

## Ebonine.

The Paris Gazette Rose says "one of the facts in the annals of fashion is that 'erinoline' has found a rival in 'ebonine,' used for hoops."

## BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THIS incomparable Cosmetic is the result of many years of research, observation and thorough scientific investigation, not only of the peculiar properties of many specimens of the Vegetable Kingdom, but of their effects singly, and in various combinations, upon the human skin.

It acts powerfully upon the cuticle, eradicating from its surface all humors and discolorations, and at the same time allaying all irritation and inflammation and rendering the skin fair and healthy.

In the year 1853, a few bottles of the KALLISTON were gratuitously distributed for trial. Thus a demand was created, which has constantly increased and increased. Many letters have been written, and statements made to the proprietors, by persons of the highest respectability, in various parts of the United States and Europe, testifying to its wonderful efficacy. Many of these are so laudatory, that if published, they would seem almost fabulous.

It has been found to accomplish the following results:

It cleanses the skin perfectly.  
It cures heat.  
It always unites.  
It always shines.  
It always inflames.  
It removes tan.  
It removes freckles.  
It removes sunburn.  
It removes redness.  
It removes roughness.  
It removes chapped hands.  
It cures chapped hands.  
It renders the skin fair.  
It renders the skin smooth and moist.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly by a medium which does not irritate all sores contain more or less irritating power, and stimulate it to a healthy action, and when that is accomplished, the pores are opened and the skin becomes a vehicle to carry off diseases, instead of a trap to catch and hold them.

KALLISTON cures chapped hands caused by extreme cold, it also removes sunburn caused by the burning rays of the sun; both are irritations produced by opposite extremes—one remedy applies with equal effect.

The following extracts from notices are selected from a few of our leading newspapers.

From the Boston Transcript.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the compounds we have yet seen prepared as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or one that is so popular with ladies as the far famed Kalliston. It is scientifically prepared, and is a perfume as well as a toilet. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all cutaneous eruptions. It is extensively used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from rough or irritated skin. Joseph Burnett & Co. are the proprietors.

From the Boston Herald.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—It eradicates all unsightly objects, such as tan, freckles, and pimples, and gives the complexion a clear and blooming appearance. Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co.

From the Family Magazine.

As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses Burnett's celebrated Kalliston may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles and imparts a delicate softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every sense.

From the Boston Saturday Gazette.

A NEW PREPARATION.—BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—We yield it the palm, the effect is salutary and the perfume is exquisite, after the application we feel as bland and balmy as a May morning.

From the Boston Journal.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—Gentlemen who have once used it as a wash after shaving know and appreciate its value. To those who suffer from sunburn and tenderness of the face and have not used it, we recommend it on account of its healing properties. To persons troubled with roughness of the skin during the cold of winter, and the east winds of our northern spring, its emollient qualities will commend it, as it will be found a complete remedy for the above-named physical annoyance.

From the New York Times.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON imparts to the skin a peculiar softness of texture, so desirable during the prevalence of harsh winds or a hot sun.

## TESTIMONIALS.

The proprietors are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter written by a lady, from France.

"We have been constantly on the move now for many weeks, and hope to reach Paris in time for the baptismal fête. At any rate, I look forward to our arrival there, as a period of rest. As old travelers we bear the annoyances and privations incident to journeying with composure, but I have suffered more from the exhaustion of my supply of Kalliston than from any other cause. If any good friend should be coming out here, do pray send me enough to last until I get home again. You can have no idea of the relief and comfort it brings when one is suffering from exposure. I have tried other 'appliances,' but have found nothing that will compare with it for efficacy or agreeableness."

From Mr. Boyd, of the firm of Messrs J. M. Boyd & Co., extensive manufacturers and merchants.

MALDEN, MASS., July 11, 1856.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Gentl.—The package of Kalliston came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they cannot do without it.

A single application has repeatedly removed freckles from the face of my little boy, leaving his skin smooth and fair. And in all cases of sunburn or irritation of the skin, from whatever cause, it has thus far proved itself a perfect and very pleasant remedy.

I can, if you desire it, refer you to several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the Kalliston has had a wonderfully good effect; one in particular, the daughter of Mr. P., one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years, from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin (probably the effect of bad vaccination), leaving it in several places puckered and quite raw; a few weeks ago I recommended to him your Kalliston; he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared. This is an important case, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

I owe it to you to state that I did not believe in the efficacy of any cosmetic until I tried your Kalliston, and I cheerfully give my testimony in its favor.

Yours, respectfully,

J. M. BOYD.

Letter from a distinguished Physician in Massachusetts.—Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., BOSTON.—Gentl.—Agreeably to your request, I have carefully examined the formula which you employ in the manufacture of the Kalliston, and I am happy to say that I find the ingredients comprising it to be such as a medical man would approve of, for ameliorating the condition of the skin in cutaneous affections. The combination is entirely judicious and compatible, and well calculated to promote a healthy condition of the skin. Respectfully yours,

The KALLISTON is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., No. 27 Central Street, Boston, and sold by dealers everywhere for Fifty Cents a bottle.



LADD, WEBSTER & CO.  
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.NO. 17 SUMMER STREET,  
OPPOSITE TRINITY CHURCH,  
BOSTON.JUST PUBLISHED.  
HISTORY OFThe Reign of Philip II. of Spain.  
BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

Vol. III, 8vo., uniform with the Author's Works.

The many admirers of Mr. Prescott will welcome this continuation of his masterly history of Spanish rule in Europe.

## ALSO, NEW EDITIONS OF

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. 3 vols.  
CONQUEST OF MEXICO. 3 vols.  
PRESCOTT'S ROBERTSON'S CHARLES V. 3 vols.  
CONQUEST OF PERU. 2 vols.  
MULLANES (With Portrait). 1 vol.  
PHILIP II. 3 vols.  
Price in cloth, \$2.25 per vol.

The Works of Mr. Prescott are bound in a variety of handsome styles, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; Co., Boston.

## GREAT BOOK OF THE DAY!

AGENTS WANTED in every town in New England, to sell

The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson.  
His name is familiar to the American people, and this record of his life and adventures will be read with much interest.  
Address S. CLOUGH, New England Agent, Providence, R. I.

## TO THE LADIES.

N. S. DEARBORN,  
CARD ENGRAVER,  
24 SCHOOL STREET,

Just opened, a new and beautiful assortment of Plain and Fancy Tinted NO. 1 PAPERS, comprising the latest Parisian styles, with ENVELOPES to match. Ladies are particularly invited to examine this assortment, as the patterns are the most elegant ever seen in the city.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of CAKE BOXES, and the best quality of WEDDING STATIONERY.

## ARTIST'S MATERIALS.

THE undersigned having at their establishment,  
Nos. 61 & 63 Union Street,  
(CORNER OF HANOVER,)

the most complete assortment of  
ARTIST'S MATERIALS  
ever displayed in this city before, offer the same at wholesale and retail.

This assortment comprises every shade of color, either dry or in oil. All kinds of Crayons, Brushes, Varnishes, etc., in fact, all articles used in Oil, Gouache or Oriental Painting. Having the experience of many years in this business.

## Messrs. WHEELER &amp; Co.

Enable themselves that they are enabled to manufacture and import

## ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

at as low cost as any other parties in the country, and respectfully solicit the attention of those purchasing Orders by mail or express from the country will receive prompt attention.

Three interesting catalogues of our articles can obtain the same by forwarding their address to  
MESSRS. A. WHEELER & CO.,  
Johnson's Block, 61 & 63 Union Street.

## IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

INDIAN EMMENAGOGUE. A new and safe medicine designed expressly for females, and warranted to correct periodical obstructions from all the various causes that arise and money refunded in case of failure. No quick medicine but sold by a regularly educated physician of nineteen years' successful practice, who furnishes a large number of eminent physicians and clergymen as best male of character. Sold only at Remedial Institute, No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, and No. 28 Union Street, Providence. Pamphlet on disease of women sent free on receipt of stamp, to  
Dr. H. N. MATTISON, as above.

(ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND.  
Price 50 cents.  
BEAUFORT OF CALEDONIA, with a Portrait of  
Burns. Price \$1.  
15 13 Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

## TRAVELLING PASSPORTS.

PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Travelling Passports by applying to  
JOHN E. M. GILLEY,  
No. 8 Old State House, Boston.

BEWARE OF BASE IMITATIONS! Use  
WATTS & CO.'S genuine article for the cure of  
F. BROWN, Agents, Agents,  
No. 65 Washington Street, corner State

## POPULAR NEW BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

TICKNOR & FIELDS,  
BOSTON.

LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD—\$1.00  
ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES—2 vols.—\$2.00  
SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE—\$1.00  
LORD DEFFRIN'S YACHT VOYAGE—\$1.00  
TILMUNDAL—\$1.25  
LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—\$1.00  
ERNEST CARROLL—\$1.00  
CHRISTMAS HOUSES—50  
FANNY KEMBLE'S POEMS—\$1.00  
WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS—75c  
LONGFELLOW'S MILES STANDISH—75c  
JOURNEY DE NORTH—\$1.00  
THE AGE, BY "FESTUS" BAILEY—75c  
LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON—\$1.25  
DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT—75  
BARTON'S CHURCH AND CONGREGATION—\$1.00  
TRELAWNY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHIRLEY AND BYRON—75c  
RUN AWAY TO SEA—by Mayne Reid—75c  
WHITE LIES—\$1.25  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—1st series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—2d series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S SERMONS—3d series—\$1.00  
ROBERTSON'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES—\$1.00.

Any work published by T & F will be sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price.

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.

TRAIED AND APPROVED BY AN UNPRECEDENTED SALE OF  
OVER THIRTY YEARS STANDING.

REV DR LYMAN BEECHER, New York (late Boston), formerly President of Lane Theological Seminary, Ohio, writes:

"Gentlemen, I have used the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam myself with benefit in Catarrhal Colds and Coughs, and have known it to be used with good effects in the early stages of Pulmonary Affections in families around me."

Inquire for the article by its whole name.

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM"  
Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists,  
33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by Apothecaries and Country Merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents.

## DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY.

Types for Letter Press Printing of every variety, with whatever else may be required from a GENERAL DEPOSITORY OF PRINTING MATERIALS, for sale at the lowest standard of prices, for cash or approved credit, by

## PHELPS &amp; DALTON,

No. 52 Washington St., Boston.

The well-known and highly appreciated hard-metal Scotch-cut letter, perfect in this foundry, is constantly gaining favor with Printers and Publishers.

ELECTROTYPING—Cut-work of all kinds, Newspaper Headings, etc., copied by this beautiful process, in a superior manner and at low rates.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

## W. BAKER &amp; Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS and CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, sanitary and delicious beverages. For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. O. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally.

WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

## NEW GOODS.

C. C. HOLBROOK & Co.,  
12 SUMMER STREET,

Are constantly receiving NEW AND CHOICE STYLES of desirable goods suited to the wants of party goers; also a great variety of

## HOSIERY,

## GLOVES, WHITE GOODS, etc.,

Together with a full and very desirable assortment of

Infants' Dresses, Skirts, Wrappers, Blouses, Acts, Christening Robes, Caps, etc.

## NEURALGIA.

THIS terrible disease, so various in its forms, so racking in its pains, and so difficult of cure, will, in the great majority of cases, yield to the judicious use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. So remarkable has been the relief obtained from this syrup that many physicians rely upon it as a certain and radical cure.

## DAGUERREOTYPES,

ADMITTED by all artists to be the best pictures for miniature taken by the art, executed in a superior manner by  
J. BENT, 143 Washington St.

## Something New—Agents Wanted.

BUSINESS honorable. Will pay a weekly salary from \$10 to \$20. Small capital required. No "bum-bug." For particulars, enclose stamp, and address  
A. B. MARTIN, Plainfield, N. H.

## HOOD'S LAST AND BEST.

THE Headling Career and Wonderful Ending of Precocious Pigeon, by the late Thomas Hood, illustrated by his son. Price plain 12 1/2 cents, colored, 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of the price in stamps.  
MATTHEW & BAKER, Publishers,  
209 Washington Street, Boston.

\$150—Will pay for One Year's Board and Tuition in the English Department of the Flushing Reformatory College, at Flushing, L. I. Address  
Rev. WILLIAM H. GILDER, A. M.

## PARSONS &amp; GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,  
NO. 3 WINTER STREET.

## THE BOSTON JOURNAL

FOR 1859.

"THE FAVORITE PAPER OF NEW ENGLAND"  
Published Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

## PAYMENT

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

In announcing the terms for The Journal for 1859, the proprietor desires it unnecessary to describe its peculiar characteristics as a popular newspaper, or to make any special promises for the future. He deems it sufficient to say that what

## THE BOSTON JOURNAL

Has been in the past it will be in the future. By the almost unanimous consent of its contemporaries throughout New England, it stands at the head of the New England press in all those qualities which go to make up a reliable, enterprising, and useful paper. This position it has attained by pursuing a steady, straight forward course in all respects, and by sparing neither labor nor money to give the latest intelligence and the fullest reports of all matters of interest at the earliest moment. It has relied upon its own merits, and not upon the representations of canvassers or "drummers" to gain for it the confidence and patronage of the public; and the result has been that it has in a circulation more than three times as large as that of any paper of its class in New England—and it is constantly and steadily increasing. The proprietor intends by the employment of experienced and competent men in all the departments of the establishment, and by the most liberal outlay of money in the procuring of important news from all quarters, to make The Journal still more worthy the name of "The favorite paper of New England." And with this simple announcement he invites the attention of newspaper readers and newspaper dealers throughout New England to the following statement of the terms for the several editions of The Journal.

## BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL,

MORNING AND EVENING.

Contains the latest news received by the mails and telegraph up to the hour of going to press. It is printed on one of HOES'S SIX CYLINDER FAST PRESSES, at the rate of FIFTEEN THOUSAND AN HOUR, which enables us to hold back the forms until the very latest moment, and still work off the edition in season for the mails and expresses. It is published at the low rate of

## SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS.

Contains all the reading matter published in The Daily Journal for the three days preceding—averaging from three to five columns. The subscription price of the Semi-Weekly Journal is

Three Dollars a Year.

TO CLUBS

Five copies, one year ..... \$12 50  
Ten copies, one year ..... \$24 00  
To business men in the country who do not desire a Daily paper, the Semi-Weekly Journal is invaluable

## BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE CLUB PLAN.

Three years ago the Proprietor of the JOURNAL decided to reduce the price of the WEEKLY JOURNAL, and the success of the low price Club plan has been so great as to induce the following low rates for 1859:

One copy, one year ..... \$2 00  
Two copies, one year, to one address ..... 3 00  
Five copies, one year, to one address ..... 6 00  
Ten copies, one year, to one address ..... 10 00  
and one copy to the getter-up of the club.  
Twenty copies, one year, to one address ..... 20 00  
and two copies to the getter-up of the club

PAYMENT TO BE MADE

## INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

At the expiration of the time for which advance payment has been received, the paper will be stopped. The great success which has attended the introduction of the Club plan in the circulation of the Weekly Journal, and which has nearly

## Tribled its Circulation

since its adoption, encourages its proprietor to continue the same plan. He would therefore suggest to those who are about selecting their paper for the ensuing year, that these terms offer to them one of the best Family Newspapers in New England, at a very low price, one which is within the reach of every man.

The present season is a favorable one for the organization of Clubs for subscription to the JOURNAL. One enterprising man in each town and village can with very little trouble, get up a Club of ten or more persons, and thus GET HIS OWN PAPER FOR NOTHING.

## THE JOURNAL FOR CALIFORNIA

Is printed on the 4th and 19th of each month, for mailing by the steamers of the 5th and 20th. It is made up with the greatest care, for the information of New England men in California. Over TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES a month are now sent there, which is a much larger circulation than any other paper printed in the Atlantic States has. It is mailed at this office for six cents a copy. A person sending one dollar can have one each of sixteen numbers sent to any one they may desire.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

As an advertising medium The Journal has no equal in New England. The old, worn out, and unjust system of "yearly advertising" has been entirely abolished, and a new uniform system of prices adopted, by which each advertiser pays for the room occupied in the paper, and no more. Advertisements may be left at the Counting Room, or sent by mail or otherwise, with perfect confidence that the price charged will conform exactly to the published rates, and that they will be inserted precisely the same terms as though handed in person, and a bargain made in advance. No "drummers" are ever employed to solicit advertisements, and no discount from the regular established prices is ever allowed, however large the amount advertised. These considerations, combined with the fact that this circulation is nearly

## THREE TIMES AS LARGE

As any Subscription or Two Cent Day Paper published in Boston, and that all advertisements appear in both the MORNING and EVENING papers, render it a favorite medium for communicating with the public, among the most intelligent and enterprising advertisers.

The Boston Journal is for sale at all the Newspaper and Periodical Depots in Boston and all the principal cities and towns throughout New England, and in the care on all the lines of railroad leading from Boston. It is delivered by regular carriers at the residences and places of business of the citizens of the larger cities, such as Worcester, Salem, Lynn, New Bedford, Newburyport, Lowell, Lawrence, Providence, R. I., Portland, Me., Bangor, Me., Concord, N. H., etc., and in the adjoining cities of Roxbury, Charlestown, Chelsea and Cambridge, with the same regularity and promptitude, and in the same manner as it is in Boston.

Orders for either of the editions of the JOURNAL must be INVARIABLY accompanied by the CASH, and should be addressed to  
CHARLES O. ROGERS,  
NO. 12 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

## JOHN JOHNSON.

NEW CONFECTIONARY  
—AND—  
RESTAURANT.

THE subscriber would inform the public of Boston and vicinity that he has just fitted up, at great expense, with every convenience, a new and elegant RESTAURANT and ICE CREAM SALOON, and is prepared to supply the trade generally with

## FRENCH AND AMERICAN CONFECTIONARY.

Having put in machinery for manufacturing by steam power, he flatters himself that with his "new and improved" facilities, the cost of his confectionery is "price of quantity." Every description of Confectionery on hand. Families supplied with Meats, Pastry, Jellies, Ice Creams, Table Ornaments, Frozen Puddings, etc., etc., at the lowest prices. Stores supplied, goods packed and delivered anywhere within the city free of charge.

JOHN JOHNSON,  
No. 1 Tremont Row.

(Opposite head of Hanover Street.)

CHARLES COPPLAND, Special Partner 2w 12

## NOTICE.

THE POST OFFICE is removed to the corner of Summer and Chancery Streets. Iron boxes, for the reception of letters for the mails, are placed on the first floor of the Exchange, on the north side of the Old State House, State Street, on the corner of Commercial and State Streets (opposite the Custom House), and at the west end of Quincy Market.

Post Office Boston

NAHUM CAPEN, P. M.

2w 12

## WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, prove emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only GENUINE is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 Sm.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

## E. A. TEULON,

140 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to  
MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

E. A. TEULON will allow a liberal discount from his own prices on all jobs exceeding \$20 in value. Save this advertisement, and call at 140 1-2 WASHINGTON ST., Boston, directly opposite the Old South Church.

## WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, etc.

## MISSES S. M. MCINTIRE &amp; S. B. KIDDER,

No. 31 School Street (Savings Bank Building),

Continue to instruct Ladies and Misses in Writing, Book-keeping, English, French, Music, etc. Most of the Lady Book-keepers in this city and vicinity received their instruction from Miss McIntire. Students aided in obtaining employment. 3w 11

## REMOVAL AND OPENING

OF a new and much needed Institute for the successful treatment of SCURF, CURS, CHAF, and ANGINAL WEAKNESSES, and like diseases. This principle will restore the lost balance of power and cure without medicine. The subscriber's new invention sustains the weakened organs, supplies rest and exercise without the fatigue of exertion, and restores the most perfect freedom of motion, relief being immediate, however young or feeble the patient may be. Ladies attended by Miss ANNA J. WILSON. Consultation free.  
No. 64 Essex Street. 4w 11 DR. N. WILSON.

## MAYO &amp; COX,

## CONFECTIONERS,

No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,

(Near the Raters House), BOSTON.

Plain and Fancy Cake, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert, Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionery, of superior quality constantly on hand.

PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and with punctuality. 4w 11

WANTED.—Agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell by subscription the very best books published. A small capital only is required, and large profits can be made. For full particulars address  
LEAHY & ORF, Publishers,  
5w 9 224 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

## DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

## KILBURN &amp; MALLORY,

90 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. 8m 12

## "HARD TIMES NO MORE"

ANY person (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from \$3 to \$5, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars address, (with stamp),  
W. H. ACTON, & Co.,  
4w 12 41 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia

## MEERSCHAUM

PIPES AND TUBES of every variety of style and finish. Also, TRIMMINGS and FRUIT WOOD PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.  
F. BROWN, Apothecary,  
No. 14 Washington Street.

HOMOEOPATHIC BOOKS AND MEDICINES wholesale and retail. Photographs and Plaster casts. Works. Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Theological and Philosophical. For sale wholesale and retail by  
No. 3 Beacon Street. 2w 12 OTIS CLAPP

## SEWING MACHINES.

PRATT'S Tread Sewing Machine. Price \$25 to \$35. Also PRATT'S Improved Sewing Machine. Price \$25. Agents wanted. Apply at 64 Elm Street. 6w 11





[For description, see page 203.]

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM } VOL. XVI., No. 14..WHOLE No. 406.

## GENERAL JOSEPH LANE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

The accompanying head, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, is an authentic likeness of General Joseph Lane, a senator from the newly admitted State of Oregon, the thirty-third of the confederacy. Joseph Lane is a native of North Carolina, and was born December 14, 1801. In 1804, his father took his family to Kentucky, and in 1816 the subject of our sketch began life as clerk in a store in Warwick county, Indiana. He was thus occupied for a series of years. At a quite early age he married, and settled in Vanderberg county, which he was chosen to represent in the Indiana legislature of 1822. He was then just of age, and being slight and delicate, appeared some years younger. He, however, soon gave proof of spirit and maturity of judgment, and rendered himself so acceptable to the voters of Vanderberg and Warwick, that he was chosen to represent them, at intervals, either in the house or senate, for a period extending to 1846. His legislative career was highly honorable to his talents and principles. The best interests of his State were ever kept in view, and it is gratefully remembered of him that he saved his State from the dishonor of repudiation, when she was overburdened with debt, and this desperate remedy presented itself to some minds, sanctioned by the example of some other sovereignties. In the legislature General Lane showed himself a man of action rather than words; his remarks were always brief and pointed, and he ever preferred expediting business to making a personal display. The length of his legislative service is conclusive proof of his fidelity to the interests of his constituency. He was an ardent supporter of General Jackson, as he has been of each succeeding democratic president. In the Mexican war he was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers by enlisting as a private in the 2d Indiana regiment, of which he was subsequently elected colonel. He, however, took the field with the rank of brigadier general, having been commissioned by President Polk, at the solicitation of the Indiana congressional delegation. His subsequent conduct fully justified this honor. Soon after reaching Mexico, he was appointed by General Butler civil and military governor of Saltillo, but after the battle of Monterey, received orders to join General Taylor with his brigade. He was first under fire at the terrible battle of Buena Vista, on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847, and particularly distinguished himself in the furious encounters of the second day. With a command reduced to 400 men by details sent to check a flank movement of Santa Anna, General Lane maintained the position he occupied against an attack of six thousand Mexicans. It appears almost incredible that he was enabled to roll back such an overwhelming force. When Santa Anna made his last desperate attack on the Illinois and Kentucky regiments, General Lane, at a critical moment, hastened to their support, and his timely aid enabled the column to reform and return to the contest, and thus contributed largely to the victory that crowned the American arms. In September, 1847, General Lane was transferred to Scott's line. On the 20th of September he took up his line of march for the capital at the head of a column of volunteers, including some horse, and two pieces of artillery, and amounting in all to about 2500 men. On the way, Major Laty joined him with a thousand men, and at Jalapa his force was further augmented by a company of mounted riflemen, two companies of infantry (volunteers), and two pieces of artillery. At this

time the gallant Colonel Childs, U. S. A., was holding out Puebla, against a siege conducted by Santa Anna in person. Foiled in this effort, the Mexican general moved towards Huamantla, with the purpose of attacking General Lane's column in the rear, simultaneously with another attack from the direction of Puebla. But General Lane, who throughout the campaign exhibited the highest military qualities, penetrated the design of the enemy, and leaving a detachment to guard the wagon trains, diverged from the main road and marched on to Huamantla, which he reached on the 9th of October. The Mexicans, dismayed at his unexpected appearance, hung out white flags, and the Americans began to enter the city. The treacherous Mexicans, however, opened a fire on his advanced guard, under Captain Walker, and a terrible contest took place in the plaza. General Lane, in the meanwhile, was engaged with the reinforcement brought up under Santa Anna; but after a furious battle the Americans were victorious, and the stars and

stripes waved in triumph over Huamantla. The remains of the Mexican force fell back on Atlixco, where they were rallied and reinforced by General Rea. General Lane, coming up after a long and fatiguing march, found the enemy strongly posted on a hill-side about a mile and a half from the town, and immediately gave them battle. After a desperate conflict the Mexicans gave way, and threw themselves into Atlixco. At nightfall General Lane established his batteries on a commanding eminence, and opened his fire on the town; but the Mexican troops having retreated, the civil authorities immediately surrendered the place, and the Americans took possession of it. Throughout the remainder of the campaign General Lane was in active service, and contributed greatly to its fortunate issue. His operations exhibited a striking combination of intelligence and daring. With a Napoleonic celerity of movement, he appeared almost ubiquitous. Wherever and whenever his presence was most needed, then and there did the "Marion

of the Mexican war" make his appearance. The long marches executed by his command excited the admiration of military men as much as their chivalric daring in the field. General Lane succeeded in infusing into his troops his own spirit of patient toil and brilliant valor. After marching many leagues under a broiling sun, reflected from arid plains and rocks, through rugged defiles and lonely valleys, the presence of the enemy always found them ready to rush into battle, resistless and undaunted. Far away from the scenes of strife, we read of General Lane's exploits with mingled admiration and astonishment, and the barbarous names of Tlasecala, Matamoros, Galaxa, Tulaucingo, became "familiar in our mouths as household words," when illustrated by the valor of the American general. The story of his deeds read like a romance, and there was that in the character of the gallant volunteer which enlisted the warmest sympathy. He was the true type of the American citizen soldier, abandoning the tranquil delights of home, and

the honors of a civic career, for the toils and dangers of war, at the call of his country, and learning the military art by its exercise. To the fiery and impetuous valor which distinguishes the French soldier, General Lane united the stern resolution which characterized the old Roman warrior, but he repudiated the Roman military maxim, "Wo to the Vanquished!" as unworthy of an American officer. The wounded enemy received as much attention at his hands as a wounded comrade, and as he had communicated to his men his spirit of endurance and valor, so he impressed them by his example of humanity and moderation in victory. In July, 1848, General Lane returned to the United States, and was appointed by President Polk, Territorial Governor of Oregon. After a perilous journey, he reached his post in March, 1849, and immediately organized the government. After being superseded by Governor Gaines, under Taylor's administration, he was elected by the people of Oregon, with whom he was universally popular, as delegate to congress. In 1853, the outrages of the Indians in the southern part of Oregon, called him once more to the field at the head of a small force of volunteers and regular troops, and after a desperate battle near Table Rock, in which he was severely wounded, he succeeded in forcing them into submission and peace. As delegate from Oregon, General Lane was unremitting in his advocacy of the interests of the territory, and untiring in his efforts to bring her within the circle of the Union. This great measure was carried at the recent session of Congress, and General Lane worthily represents the new State as one of her senators. The career of the subject of our sketch exhibits in a striking light the practical working of our political institutions, through the operation of which genius and patriotism, however humbly placed, are sure of recognition and of the opportunity of finding a certain path to the highest honors and distinction. So true is this, that in reading the muster-roll of American statesmen, we find very few indeed, comparatively, who are indebted to the circumstance of birth or the possession of fortune for an advantageous start on the pathway of fame. Our annals are crowded with the names of men, who, in politics and arms, have risen to greatness in spite of, or rather, to speak more philosophically, in consequence of what some might term the frowns of fortune. The effect of freedom of action and absence of hereditary distinction is inevitably to develop those qualities of a high manhood which shape individual and national destinies. The man who creates his career does what he attempts well.



GEN. JOSEPH LANE, U. S. SENATOR FROM OREGON.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE HEIRESS OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS XI.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

[CONCLUDED.]

The last speaker's face, inflamed with anger, was turned towards the councillors. His hands were extended in the vehemence of his gesticulation, and the looks of the multitude followed him with earnest though silent assent. The abrupt address was received with far other sentiments by the two captive ministers. There was an indignity in being thus confronted by an ignominious commoner which touched the pride of rank that even in turbulent Burgundy was a sacred thing.

"Cautifs!" exclaimed Humbercourt. "Not to you do we answer for our actions."

There was no reply to this scornful speech. The feeling of those who heard it had passed the point of wordy retort. Certain of the graver citizens approached the princess and adjured her to depart from the hall.

"There is not a man in all Ghent who would not peril life in your majesty's defence," they said. "But your presence here can be of no further avail, and may even irritate passions which ought to be restrained. We would, therefore, pray that your majesty return to the palace with a fitting guard."

The woman in Margaret conquered, and in tears the princess retired, convinced of the truth of the admonition she had received, and alarmed at the scene she had witnessed.

"Ah, my worthy councillors! Am I then powerless to save you, even though it be from the effects of your own imprudent use of power? Yet I will hope for the best."

Her hope was in vain. Two days afterward, Hugonet and Humbercourt, having been condemned to death, were beheaded in front of the town hall, and Margaret had the inexpressible anguish of being forced to sign a full and complete amnesty and pardon of all who had been concerned in these extrajudicial proceedings. During these days of danger, while her rule and personal safety was jeopardized, Maximilian was assiduous in tendering his services, advancing her interests by such means as was in his power. He was not forgetful of the ill-fated Rudolf who had evinced such unfeigned and favorable disposition. Such scanty supplies of money as Maximilian could command, were disposed with a discrimination which owed much to Rudolf's suggestions. To his own personal interests Maximilian had secured a valuable auxiliary in the Count Orel, to whose arguments in behalf of the handsome German the princess listened with an ear readily disposed toward conviction. Could fortune have given more favorable promise? And were not the joyous hopes of Maximilian well founded? Nevertheless, all these fond hopes were suddenly overthrown.

On an early day in August, Count Orel presented himself at the palace entrance, expecting, as usual, an unobstructed admission. But the sentinel placed his halberd across the entrance.

"I am ordered," he said, "to forbid the entrance of yourself and the Prince Maximilian."

The count was astounded. But the soldier was impenetrable. Neither bribe nor persuasion could extractught from him, and the count departed to convey to Maximilian the mortifying intelligence. The latter could scarce credit his ears, nor the oft repeated asseverations of his friend. He was, however, soon forced to conviction.

"Perfidious and deceitful princess," exclaimed Maximilian. "Is your favor at the option of the English gold and French cunning? Hereafter, who shall trust to the smiles and the flattering words of women?"

"Hush, noble sir!" interrupted the count. "Forget not that walls have ears. I much suspect, with yourself, that the movements of King Louis, or the English Edward, have some concern in this. But surely, on such ground, the princess would not have thus summarily excluded us from her presence. Something must have aroused her feelings most deeply, ere she would have done thus discourteously. But observe you, here approaches Rudolf the smith, or Robber Rudolf, as he is sometimes termed. Princely sir, meet you in no discredit in having about your person so discreditable a retainer."

The well meant reproof jarred on the already irritated mind of the young Austrian, and a pet-

ulant retort arose to his lips, the utterance of which was luckily prevented by the instant appearance of the personage discussed.

"Noble prince," exclaimed the rude featured smith, "doubtless I may speak freely, since the Count Orel can scarce be ignorant of those affairs which my words concern. I would inform you that the French Count Montana has accused you of compassing the ruin of the councillors Hugonet and Humbercourt. He is said to have proved to our princess that you were known to have uttered threats, and what not, against their authority and safety. Something has been said concerning certain letters passing from your hand. Know, prince, at all events, that our mistress has openly and most bitterly declared against you."

"So be it then!" exclaimed Maximilian; and in his anger the steel cap which he held in hand was dashed violently to the stone pavement on which he stood. "To-morrow for Austria! It shall never be said that Maximilian of Germany submits to be flouted like a cast-off shoe! Accusations, prithes! How would such arrant knaveries have been tolerated, unless the princess were already disposed by interest to entertain and favor them!"

Expostulation was unavailing, and he departed, pale with contending passions.

"He has reason," said the smith, deferentially, to his sole remaining companion. "Sdeath, were she not my mistress, I could find it in my heart to speak as ill of her myself."

"Silence, minion!" retorted the count.

"Hard words harm not," muttered the other, moving away. "But as for this snarl, Rudolf the Robber-Smith will find a way through it if any one can."

"Whither go you?" cried a citizen, hastening toward a group of acquaintances who were hurrying past with eager faces.

"To the palace, to the palace!" was the answer. "Do you not know that the princess to-day gives public audience, and that she will answer the offers of marriage made by the French king? And those of the Englishman, I daresay, also. Come on, come on, laggard."

"I am always the last to get the news," replied the first speaker, pettishly. "Wait but a second while I bar up my shop, and I'll go with you."

"Well said!" exclaimed his hearers, with a loud laugh, still pressing onward. "Wait, and find ourselves on the wrong side of the gate. Not we, master Gaspard."

The latter, a lithe formed and mercurial personage, did not waste breath in oburgation, but betook himself instantly to closing shop. A moment sufficed for this, when, darting forward through back lanes and by-passages, he had the satisfaction of distancing his churlish friends, and of placing himself within the great audience hall in a position that enabled him clearly to hear and discern all which passed. The princess had already seated herself in the chair of state at the upper end of the hall. Never had she looked more beautiful than at that moment, when a shade of anxiety and care rested on her spirited and finely chiselled features, claiming the sympathy and love of her admiring subjects.

"Saint Anthony!" exclaimed the impressive Gaspard. "Had over a people more gracious and lovely queen to reign over them than we of Ghent and Burgundy? But hold, what high and mighty man is this who is now about to speak?"

A tall, haughty looking, and richly dressed nobleman, moving a step forward and slightly bending knee, thus addressed the princess: "Most noble and princely lady, I bear in my hand missives from my illustrious master, Louis of France, wherein are proposed articles of marriage contract between yourself and his son, the dauphin. By your ministers I have been given to understand that you are prepared to accept those proposals, the tenor of which has been already laid before you. And, most noble princess, as you have been pleased under your own hand to signify your approval of the contemplated union, I trust and hope that you will now graciously complete, by your public signature, those forms which you may deem necessary to bind forever this so much desired union."

The princess listened attentively, with her pale brow leaned upon her hand. The low murmur which agitated the assemblage at the close of the Count Montana's speech did not appear to move her. Yet her answer, brief as it was, was

given with the most evident emotion and interest.

"I am ready, sir count," she said in a low voice. "The parchment!"

The count was in the act of advancing, when two men pressed before him to the very foot of the throne. One of these was the English Earl of Chester. The other was Rudolf the smith. In his eager haste the latter had even placed one foot on the lower step of the ascent. Margaret, excited at sight of the bold intruder, rose from her seat.

"What means this outrage," she cried, with a quivering voice. "Hither, guards!"

"Hear me, noble princess," exclaimed the smith, clasping his hands with an impassioned gesture. "Hear me for your life's sake!"

"Stay!" murmured Margaret, again seating herself with a countenance expressive of mingled scorn and wonder. "Let us then hear what this madman has to say."

"I am no madman, most noble mistress," exclaimed the smith. "I stand here to accuse the Count Montana of foul treachery and murder. His hired minions have maligning the fair fame of Prince Maximilian in your royal ears, and his hired assassins have struck their daggers in the breast of as noble a youth as ever breathed."

The princess sank back pallid with inward agitation. But the blood again returned to her lips as she turned an inquiring look at the smith.

"The Prince Maximilian—?"

"Still lives!" replied Rudolf, in answer to her half-finished question. "Thanks to an aim not entirely sure, and to my own careful physic. Yes, he has been most foully belied, ever far beyond what we had at the time supposed. The proofs are in my master's possession. The murderous deed, also, I will engage to bring home to this false knight who now holds his head so proudly before you."

"What answer do you make to these words?" inquired Margaret, turning on Montana a piercing look.

"What answer can I give to such consummate foolery, but the most utter denial?" replied Montana. "The Prince Maximilian departed for Germany near a month since. This fellow is simply mad."

"Again I answer, royal madam, I am not mad. This Count Montana, as he knows full well, suborned false witnesses and produced false letters to convince yourself and your courtiers that my master, Prince Maximilian, was guilty of plotting the ruin of the Lords Hugonet and Humbercourt. My master was as guiltless of the deed, royal madam, as you yourself. Near a month since (as this Count Montana truly says) a party of assassins attacked the prince while journeying through the Black Forest. They assailed him unawares, and left him for dead. They would have made but too sure, had it not been for my poor aid. One of the assassins was struck down and divulged the whole story. The prince, as soon as he was able to be removed, turned himself hither by slow stages, purposing, with your permission, to vindicate himself fully in your hearing. Even now he waits permission to enter."

For an instant Margaret was silent, though deep emotion was plainly visible in her countenance.

"We will receive the Prince Maximilian," she said, "at such time as may suit his pleasure."

The crowd pressed gradually back on each side of the entrance at the lower end of the hall. Maximilian, ghastly with loss of blood, came slowly forward, leaning on the arm of his faithful Orel. Arrived opposite the throne, he bent his head with courteous deference.

"Madam," he said, speaking not without difficulty, "I have understanding of the words just uttered by Rudolf the smith. What he has said is no more than true; and had it not been for him I should not now be living. As for this man Montana, his foul form is not worthy to soil the glove which I wear, or I might choose to fling it in his face. Count Montana, my gage of battle lies on the cleaner floor at your feet."

His glove of steel mail clanged at the feet of Montana. The latter, appalled at the accusing appearance of his victim, for a second vainly essayed to answer. Instinctively he glanced around. Lowering and wrathful faces met his gaze. He felt that the eyes of the princess, though partially veiled, were regarding him with deep indignation. His bold bad courage was staggered, but he struggled hard to regain composure.

"Let my squire lift the glove," he said, "since

the prince wills to offer battle. Were it not for his mortal and most unjust accusations, I should not presume to peril his person with my unworthy hand."

"Count Montana," exclaimed the Earl of Chester, with a sudden and characteristic bluntness, "Count Montana, methinks the less that you say the better. We can plainly see the villain written in that face of yours."

Montana was silent. His esquire was about to lift the glove, when he was interrupted by the voice of the princess.

"My lords," she said, "I forbid this combat on pain of my utmost displeasure. Prince Maximilian, we are truly grieved at your sad misadventure. Furthermore, most unwillingly deceived, we have heretofore done you much injustice, and would now publicly request your pardon."

At this generous avowal, the prince, had he possessed the needed strength, would have thrown himself at the feet of Margaret. But the eyes of the latter met his own, and that glance bore between their hearts a full communication. The Count Orel, detaching himself from the side of Maximilian, now advanced to the throne.

"Beloved princess," he said, "permit me, a servant of your late honored father, to plead before you the pretensions of this wounded prince, who lacks, if not the courage, at least the strength to prefer, in person, his own suit to your royal self. The Prince of Austria presumes not, like this Count Montana, to ensnare your word by old papers and half-way engagements. He presents himself to you as a suitor, in past time not unknown to you, but most fully wronged and belied in your ears. By no base deeds has he sought to accomplish his aims. His state and condition you already know. Willing that you should consult the dictates of a proper prudence, he would entreat you to decide from the just dictates of the heart. The Prince Maximilian of Austria asks in marriage our royal mistress, the Princess Margaret of Burgundy."

Maximilian stood in pale suspense as a criminal about to receive sentence. But Margaret, rising in tears, descended the steps of the throne and extended to him her hand.

"Margaret of Burgundy accepts the offered alliance of Prince Maximilian!"

A burst of glad applause shook the groined rafters of the time-worn hall. Maximilian's voice faltered as, pressing the fair hand to his lips, he exclaimed, "I here solemnly promise during life to respect the rights, and to labor for the good of the Princess and people of Burgundy!"

A thousand voices again found utterance in one resounding cry: "Long live Maximilian and Margaret of Burgundy!"

"A hard battle," muttered the stout Earl of Chester, as he strode away. "A hard battle, and a field fairly won!"

## CHILDREN AND STUDY.

The Philadelphia North American and Gazette makes the following judicious comments on the present system of study in the public schools:

"We like to see an orderly school, and we can admire the proficiency of young females who run up their term averages to ninety-nine and a fraction. But we have not lost our relish for the rosy cheeks and buoyant step and generous mirth of childhood. We cannot bear to see girls who are just opening into womanhood, with pale, anxious faces, and precarious steps, hurrying by from six mortal hours of study at school to four or five more mortal hours of study at home. We do not believe that a beneficent Creator ever designed that these patient, conscientious, dutiful children, should have all the joy of life crushed out in this style—that their youth should be spent upon the dreary treadmill of incessant study—and that when the real work of life is to be commenced, they should come to it with a disordered spine and shattered nerves, which turn to naught their lauded scholarship, and make the boasted education which was to have sustained and cheered them, a miserable drag-chain for the rest of their days."

## THE HUMAN EYE.

The eye is a daguerreotype-plate. It is set to receive pictures, not compose or paint them. The art of seeing well is not to think about seeing. Let your eye alone. Let it go as clouds go, floating hither and thither at their will. Things will come to you if you are patient and receptive. No man knows what he sees, but only what he has seen. One looks at a great many things, but sees only a few; and those things which come back to him spontaneously, which rise up as pictures, afterwards, are the things which he really saw.—Henry Ward Beecher.

If pride were an art, there would be many teachers.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE NOVEL READER.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

THERE is a certain friend of mine, by name Marianne Hallet, who is a handsome, merry, kind hearted creature, the best girl of my acquaintance, and, withal, a confirmed novel reader. I have known her for some years, and just as I heard her say, in her earnest manner, the first time I saw her, "I do like a good novel!" so I hear her say it now.

I know it is not considered good for a girl of eighteen to cherish a propensity for novel reading, especially when she finds that it constitutes one of her greatest enjoyments; indeed, I am aware that that propensity is reckoned, by many, an extremely pernicious one; still, I must confess that Marianne loved a well written romance as well as a hungry child loves bread and butter, and it is for you to judge of the effects of this penchant, that I commence these pages. For myself, speaking of novel reading in general, I have merely to say, that I think its effects depend entirely and altogether upon the degree of mental strength, of soundness of judgment, and nicety of discrimination, possessed by the reader; in short, upon the amount of good sense with which he or she may be endowed.

Marianne had lost her mother some years previous to the time of which I am about to write. She had neither brother nor sister; at eighteen she was her father's housekeeper, and they occupied a pretty, quiet country residence, some half-dozen miles from town. And there never was a more neatly-kept house than Marianne's. The prettily furnished rooms were always in the nicest order, guiltless of a speck of dust, with good taste and habits of perfect neatness rendered everywhere visible in the arrangement of their contents. The garden, which was not too large for Marianne to assist in taking care of, was always nicely weeded and duly watered by her own hands, the moist earth kept beautifully clean, and each plant, with every withered leaf and straggling shoot carefully trimmed off, springing fresh, strong and blooming, from the bosom of the brown, rich soil. In Marianne's wardrobe, and in her father's, the same thrift and niceness prevailed; none could set a handsomer table than she, and she could make the lightest and sweetest bread, the best pastry and preserves, and roast meat to perfection. Certainly, it was not possible to find a fault in her housekeeping, and as to herself, even in the midst of her many duties, she was always a model of neatness, always the light-hearted, cheerful Marianne. And every one of these duties was strictly and fully performed, but somehow, they were very quickly performed also, and Marianne found a great deal of time to herself.

The moment that these daily requirements were fulfilled found her with a book in her hand. This book was not always a novel. Marianne was well educated, and possessed an active mind, therefore the works which engaged her were no less healthy and instructive than amusing; but it is not to be denied that, if the volume of history or researches which she laid down was interesting, the romance she took up afterward was not one whit the less so.

And thus she passed away many a delightful hour, ensconced in the luxurious depths of a favorite arm chair by the open window, abandoning herself, with the pleasant consciousness of every task fulfilled, to the perfect, the unmingled happiness of these welcome seasons of recreation, and entering with the most honest, sincere and heart-felt interest, into the lives of her hero and heroine, and their fictitious joys and sorrows.

Fictitious, I said. I claim the right to recall that word, my reader. It has no business where I placed it. I do not choose to yield a point to those enemies of romance, who base their arguments against novel reading upon the assertion that "novels are composed merely of relations of the most improbable and impossible incidents in the world; things that do not happen in real life." How can these relations be false or improbable, of incidents which are happening around us every day? For that they do happen thus, is indisputable, since the novelist, the delineator of human passions, must draw his models from the living, breathing multitude about him. I never hear any one sneering at, or condemning novels, but I think, as I regard that man or woman, "if the story of your life were written out faithfully and truly, and placed before you, you would be

silent, you would be no longer a skeptic. For you too have human passions, terrible human passions; you too have loved and hated, and hoped and feared—you know it. You would not read the novel, but you have lived it!" Let us return.

Marianne, as I have said, read her favorite novels day after day, and found a dear delight in them, and often, in the evenings, sitting by her father's table, she read occasional chapters from them to him. I do not think she inherited her taste for novel reading from him; I think it was rather from her mother, but Mr. Hallet very much liked these things now and then, nevertheless, and so he listened with the same pleasure that his daughter experienced in reading to him. And so the days and months and years went by, and Marianne never grew weary of her favorite pursuit.

It was when she was just past her eighteenth year, that an aunt and uncle of Marianne's, with their only child, a girl of about our heroine's age (neither of whom Marianne had seen since she was a child), left the distant State where they had been hitherto residing, and came to take up their residence near the Hallets. And now, for a time, the usual quiet routine of Marianne's existence was a little altered and disturbed. The interchange of courtesies, the constant going and coming from one house to the other, consequent upon this arrival, occupied all Marianne's leisure moments. At present, she found little time to spend in reading. As I have said, she had not seen her father's brother and his family since her early childhood. She had, meanwhile, almost forgotten them, and meeting them at this late day, was nearly like meeting new acquaintances.

She found her Uncle James a good-humored and kind-hearted but extremely matter-of-fact person indeed; her aunt, Mrs. Hallet, a lady who, although sufficiently agreeable, was somewhat strict and formal in her appearance and manners, and in both of them, Marianne remarked from the first, a peculiarity which she, of all others, was likely to be the first to discover, namely, that they both condemned the practice of novel reading. Her uncle, the first time he beheld her with one of her favorite books in her hand, slightly shook his head, with a little reproving smile.

"What, reading a novel, my dear?—and such a bright, active girl as you are, too? Don't you know that it will injure your mind, Marianne? You shouldn't peruse such books as these—they are very bad for you indeed. Never open a novel, niece, never!"

Mrs. Hallet, on her part, seemed to be even more seriously moved than her husband, when she first became aware of this dangerous propensity of Marianne's.

"Marianne, you are not in the habit of reading these things, I hope?" she said, with some consternation and sincerity, touching with the extreme tips of her fingers the volume which lay upon her niece's work-basket.

"Yes, Aunt Helen," said Marianne, smiling, "I read them very often indeed. I dare say you think it wrong, but—"

"Wrong?—it is extremely wrong," interrupted Mrs. Hallet. "The most serious evils invariably result from such a practice. Your mind will become utterly frivolous in a little while, if you pursue it."

"I have read novels ever since I was a little girl," said Marianne, smiling still.

"You have! I wonder your mind is good for anything, truly. And your father allows you to do this?"

"Yes; but he does not look at the matter as you do, aunt."

Mrs. Hallet resolved to remonstrate with Marianne's father upon the subject, and she did so, convinced that she was doing her duty. But Mr. Hallet, listening quietly, said, in his pleasant manner, "Why, Helen! I don't see that Marianne's reading has ever done her any harm. She is a very sensible girl; she knows how to discriminate between right and wrong. I think I have no reason to be alarmed on her account."

"I am sorry," was all Mrs. Hallet said in return; "it is a great pity that Marianne should be unfitting herself for the duties of life as she is. Well, I have reason to rejoice that my Amanda never read a novel in her life, nor ever even expressed the wish to do so."

This was perfectly true, as Marianne found reason to believe. For Amanda Hallet, a pretty, lively, but very shallow-minded girl, cared very little about reading anything. The educational advantages which her father's wealth had afford-

ed her, she had taken no serious trouble to improve. Her mother had taken care that she should study all the more important and solid branches, as well as the lighter and less requisite ones, but the young lady received little real benefit from them. True, on leaving school, she possessed sufficient knowledge to give a good idea of her attainments, and her parents were well satisfied. The knowledge, however, had no depth, and it did not take her long to forget what she had learned.

On her leaving school, her mother had determined also to instruct her thoroughly in the mystery of housekeeping. Amanda was willing; it would be something new, and anything new pleased her. So, for an hour or two every day, she went into the kitchen with her mother, and beat eggs, and sifted sugar and flour, and measured spices, and for another hour looked over linen-presses and worked with her needle, and afterwards sat in the parlor, played on the piano and worked ottoman-covers, like an obedient girl, and very much to her parents' satisfaction. And Amanda thought it all very pretty, for a time, but by-and-by she grew terribly tired of it.

Meanwhile, Marianne went on her quiet way, as usual. One day her aunt came in and found her reading a letter, written in unmistakably masculine handwriting, which letter Marianne, with a slight blush, folded up and placed in her pocket. This circumstance attracted the attention of her aunt. She regarded this confusion, this secrecy, as ominous, but she said nothing touching the matter. She thought a great deal, however.

It was not long afterwards that one day, entering the room where Marianne was accustomed to sit, she beheld a similar letter lying open in the work-basket, and half concealed by the work with which Marianne had been engaged. As Mrs. Hallet thus glanced at the letter, she read distinctly the words at the commencement, "My beloved Marianne."

At this moment Marianne herself came in, and going to the work-stand, quietly removed the letter which she had thoughtlessly left there, and disposed of it as on the former occasion.

Mrs. Hallet said quietly, "I did not know you had a gentleman correspondent, Marianne."

"How do you know it is a gentleman?" asked Marianne, blushing.

"I have seen the chirography of these letters, which, even at this distance, could not be mistaken for that of a lady," replied her aunt, suspiciously. "I hope the correspondence is not clandestine?" And her tone seemed almost severe.

"I hope you will not speak to my father about it," said Marianne, turning away with a blush. Mrs. Hallet did not see that it was with a smile also.

She stood, struck with amazement. It was a clandestine correspondence, then! "This comes of novel reading," she said to herself. And she returned home in the most distracted frame of mind possible to conceive. It seemed as if a weight rested on her conscience. Now that she knew of this clandestine correspondence, was she not in a measure responsible for its results, if she concealed it? What should she do—disclose the affair at once? She felt that it was her duty to tell her husband, at least.

He was as much astonished and concerned as she herself, and for at least an hour, they discussed the matter together. Mrs. Hallet, in her excitement, thought that Marianne's father should know of it at once, but her husband, after hesitating awhile, thought it best to keep it still for the present, and so they agreed.

Meanwhile, Amanda was down stairs in the parlor, practising music, under the direction of a new teacher whom she had coaxed her father to engage for her. Amanda was in raptures with this new teacher. Visiting her cousin the following day, she gave her an enthusiastic description of him.

"He is so handsome, Marianne," she said, "O, so handsome, and with such an elegant figure, such a distinguished air!"

"A foreigner?" asked Marianne, quietly.

"Yes—an Italian. I wish you could hear him speak—his accent is charming, and he plays so delightfully, and sings some little Italian songs (of his own composition) so sweetly, Marianne. I positively watch the clock every day, for the hour when he comes. It is such a relief, after that horrid housekeeping, that I have got so tired of. We sing together—the signor and I, and I make such progress in my music! He assures mama that I am the most promising

pupil he possesses, and mama is so gratified, you can't think."

Marianne shook her head at her cousin. "Yes, I can see that you are a very promising pupil!" she said. "I can see that you are probably making the greatest progress! In something besides music!"

But Amanda neither saw the gesture nor heard the words. Her head—yes, and her heart too, were filled with nothing but her Italian teacher now. The interest she took in her music was really wonderful. The housekeeping was neglected; she cared for nothing but practising now. It is true that her mother did not quite approve of this sudden neglect of her household occupations, "but," she allowed, "since she is making such wonderful musical progress, and takes so deep an interest in it, it would be a pity to cross her. I can very well indulge her a little, since she is generally so industrious."

And so, week after week, for three months, the musical development of Amanda's talents went on. During this time, Mrs. Hallet had seen no more of Marianne's letters. The fact was, that Marianne diligently kept them out of her way. But the good lady visited very frequently at her brother's, and kept her niece in sight from day to day, giving her, now and then, some pieces of quiet advice respecting the conduct which was expected of her. Still she felt very uneasy at this mystery of the letters.

"I don't know," she said confidently to her husband, "I don't know what would become of Marianne's father if anything were to happen. And I am afraid something is wrong there. Suppose she were to run away with this correspondent of hers! Her father would wish he had never seen the day when he allowed her to take one of those pernicious novels in her hand. I cannot be too thankful that Amanda does not possess this fatal inclination which I am sure will yet bring sorrow to Marianne Hallet."

His wife's complaints rendered Mr. Hallet more uneasy for Marianne than he had been before. But he scarcely liked to confess it.

"It hardly seems as if Marianne could do anything wrong," he said, "she seems so sensible; and yet, I don't know as I should be surprised if she should disappoint us, when she reads so many novels. They are enough to turn anybody's brain."

Meanwhile, poor Marianne read as many novels as ever, and, truth to say, her brain seemed to be in no danger of turning, nor, I will venture, did she once take it into her little head to commit any romantic escape whatever; but somebody else did.

One fine morning Marianne sat alone in the parlor; her father was in town, and was not expected to return until nine o'clock. Feeling rather lonely, and hearing that her cousin Amanda was also alone at home, suffering from a slight headache, her parents being at the time away from home for the evening, Marianne put on her bonnet and went over to sit with her for an hour or two.

On reaching the house she entered the parlor, expecting to find her cousin, but Amanda was not there. "She is up in her room," thought Marianne, and she went up stairs, proceeding directly to her cousin's chamber. Opening the door, she beheld Amanda standing at her bureau, removing the contents of a small private drawer where she kept her jewelry, and transferring them to her pocket. The room was in the greatest disorder. Amanda started violently on seeing her cousin enter, and blushed deeply, seeming like one very much confused, but not like the victim of a headache.

"What in the world is the matter? and what are you about, Amanda, that you look so frightened?" said Marianne, banteringly, "positively, I should think, by your confusion, that you were committing a robbery, if you were not appropriating your own treasures."

"I—I—that is—"

"What?" smiled Marianne. "I thought you had a headache, and have come to keep you in company, but I am afraid I intrude!"

Amanda was silent—hesitated, looked at her earnestly, and then, seeming to be driven into a corner, glanced at her watch and advanced towards her cousin.

"Hush!" she said in a low voice and with an important air. "Marianne, since you're here, and if you'll promise to help me, I'll tell you something, for the truth is, you are just the one I needed. Only when you first came in, I was so startled that you'll be discreet, I know. I'm going to elope, Marianne!"



She said it with a little air of consequential importance. Marianne was as one thunderstruck.

"Going to elope"—with whom?"

"With the signor, my handsome music teacher. Don't you envy me?"

"When were you going?"

"At eight—it only wants ten minutes if it now I must hurry."

"You are going to elope with your music-teacher?"

"Yes!" Amanda began to look frightened.

"And at eight o'clock this evening?"

"Yes!"

"Begging your pardon, Cousin Amanda, you want to do any such thing!" said Marianne, with quiet resolution, advancing and taking her hand.

"Come with me!"

"I will not! What do you mean, Marianne?" whimpered Amanda, beginning to cry.

"You will. And I mean precisely what I say; so come along, Amanda!"

"O, dear, dear! I wish I hadn't told you! Francisco told me not to tell a soul!" sobbed Amanda.

"O, what shall I do! Let me go, Marianne."

"Amanda Hallet, if you don't come with me this instant, I'll call the servants from the kitchen, and send for your father."

This threat, and even more, the stern voice of Marianne, frightened Amanda into obedience. She suffered her cousin to lead her down stairs.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked tremulously. Leading her up to a large china-closet, the entrance of which was near the foot of the stairs, Marianne unlocked the door.

"I am going to put you in there," she said, suiting the action to the word, "and now, Amanda, I charge you not to make the slightest noise, or try to get out till I come for you. I do not wish to let the servants know of this affair, for your sake. You'll repent it if they do. Be quiet now, and make the best of it, for I tell you you will not elope to-night."

"But you're not going to shut me up here! I shall smother—go into fits!"

"At your peril. There's a window up over the door, not wide enough to let you out, but sufficiently so to let in air and light from the hall when the door is open and the lamp is lit. I shall come back in ten minutes. Mind what I have told you." And she went, locking the door upon her sobbing prisoner and taking the key with her. She knew Amanda would be safe there.

It took her just five minutes to go to the minister's house, where her uncle and aunt were, and to let them know that their presence was required at home. The alarm they felt at this sudden summons was only equalled by that with which they learned the story of Amanda's attempted elopement from Marianne's lips. Consternation and astonishment held the minds of both. Could such a thing be? Their Amanda, who had never read a novel in her life.

Hurrying down the moonlit road, they espied the figure of a man standing half-concealed in the shadow of a tree, at an angle which approached to the Hallets' house, and near him a horse and chaise. Mr. Hallet half stopped. "It is he—that rascally Italian. I could tell him half a mile away. Helen and you Marianne," he continued, "leave the road here, and run home across the fields; I'm going to see him. But stay—I'll go on with you a step, that he mayn't suspect me and get off."

And they entered the field together, when, after proceeding a little further, Mr. Hallet left them, and skirting the road, under the shadow of the trees that separated it from the field, approached the signor's lurking-place, where he was awaiting the appearance of the rich Mr. Hallet's daughter, who was going to elope with him and make his fortune.

Meanwhile the pale and indignant Mrs. Hallet proceeded homeward with her niece in a state utterly indescribable. Her Amanda about to elope with a music-teacher! The idea was overwhelming. How had this state of things ever come about without her knowledge? and how had she failed to see that something was going wrong? "To think," she said to herself, bitterly, "to think that all the while I have been distressing myself about Marianne, this very plot should be maturing in my own house—that instead of Marianne, it should be my daughter." It was too much. Her anger, shame and mortification were unspeakable.

But, after all, Amanda was safe, and with this consoling thought, Mrs. Hallet felt how deeply

she was indebted to her niece. "You have done me a great service," she said, "a great service, Marianne; I cannot thank you as I ought, to night, I am so bewildered, so—"

Marianne answered that she wanted no thanks; and now, reaching the house, they were silent, and passed unnoticed in. In two minutes the closet door was opened, and the imprisoned Amanda, sobbing, frightened (in anticipation of the scolding that was coming), and, withal, a little sulky at having her romance so summarily put an end to, was liberated, and stood before her mother.

And now Marianne, having seen her prisoner safely delivered up to the proper authorities, quietly withdrew and left the house, allowing her long-repressed excitement to escape, now that the danger was over, in one long-drawn sigh.

"So!" she soliloquized, "this is what the music-lessons came to!"

She ran lightly home, where she was shortly joined by her father, who was no less astonished on learning of the evening's occurrence, than Marianne had been in taking part in them.

Meanwhile, down the quiet moonlit road, under the trees, a scene was enacting which, although without spectators, was sufficiently animated and exciting. There were but two actors in it, the one a miserable, moustached, cowardly dandy, shrinking in pitying fear, the other the indignant Mr. Hallet, who administered to the signor what he afterwards described to his wife as "a sound horsewhipping, given with the fellow's own whip-lash," and then, after seeing the smirking, crest-fallen exquisite jump alone into the vehicle which had been destined also to convey away his bride, and drive furiously away, took his own way homeward.

The following morning Marianne's uncle made them an early visit, and a little later Mrs. Hallet also made her appearance, both to speak of the last night's affair, and to render their acknowledgements to Marianne of the service she had performed.

Mrs. Hallet, entering the apartment where the father and daughter were seated, surprised her niece reading another of those mysterious letters, and not seeming to be at all in fear of her father, it appeared, but immediately on her aunt's appearance, she smiled and blushed as before on a similar occasion, and laid the epistle at once aside.

"Don't let me disturb you, I beg," said Mrs. Hallet, half pausing, "if you are occupied."

"O, no—no, aunt," said Marianne, and Mr. Hallet rose to place a chair for the guest, echoing his daughter's words.

"No, no! Come in, Helen!" he said, "we're not so busy but we can talk to you. Marianne was reading to me some portions of Mr. Grafton's last letter, that is all. Sit down, Helen."

"Mr. Grafton's last letter!" silently echoed Mrs. Hallet's thoughts. Then this correspondence was not clandestine, after all? Mr. Hallet knew, and not only knew, but approved of it. But making no comment either on it, or on Marianne's deeper blush and more roguish smile, she took the proffered seat, and shortly opened upon the subject that had previously occupied her.

She had spent the morning in talking to Amanda, and Amanda had sobbingly confessed how the signor and she had fallen in love with one another, and how they had at length agreed to elope, both feeling sure that her parents would never consent to their marriage, and the signor strenuously urging her to preserve their mutual regard a secret from her father and mother.

The affair was discussed somewhat at length between Mrs. Hallet, her brother-in-law and niece, and the lady thanked Marianne sincerely for the part she had taken.

"You behaved very bravely indeed about it, Marianne," she said. "I could not have stopped the matter better myself. It was certainly remarkable in you. I cannot, I confess, help wondering at it; a display of resolution and good sense like that in so young a girl, and especially—" she hesitated.

"And especially, aunt," supplied the niece, laughing, "in one so fond of romance herself—such a devourer of novels, in short!"

Mrs. Hallet slightly laughed also, but in rather an embarrassed way. This was exactly what she had thought. This matter dismissed, the other, the subject of Mrs. Hallet's curiosity, was gradually brought up. And now she found, for the first time, that Marianne had been for six months engaged to be married to the Mr. Grafton spoken of, the writer of these mysterious

letters. He had been for some five months now, absent on business in Europe, during which period the lovers had constantly corresponded. He was daily expected home now, and soon after his return, they were to be married. So there was no romance in the matter, after all; it proved to be a very commonplace affair indeed. Mrs. Hallet's illusions were dispelled.

Three days afterwards Mr. Grafton returned, and Mrs. Hallet was made acquainted with him, and now she found her conjectures still further in the wrong. It was to be supposed, at least, that Marianne's lover was young and handsome, and Mrs. Hallet wondered whether he was a poet, or an artist, a physician, a clergyman, or a lawyer.

He proved to be neither the one nor the other. Mr. Grafton was some fifteen or twenty years older than Marianne; he had simply a fine countenance, lighted by a warm heart, and he was a merchant in the city.

"Is this your intended husband?" Mrs. Hallet could not help saying to Marianne, when she was alone with her.

Marianne, smiling, assured her that it was.

"You are not at all romantic, I must say, Marianne, after all!"

"No," said Marianne, "I am quite content with reading romances. I do not care to make them."

A month afterwards, Marianne was married, and was so little sentimental on the occasion, as to assist, as usual, with her own hands, in preparing breakfast.

"I think, Helen," said Mr. James Hallet to his wife, "I think our anxiety concerning Marianne was quite uncalled for. She has proved that she has good sense sufficient not only for her own welfare, but that of other people too, for it was her sensible conduct that saved Amanda from that miserable Italian. It is plain that novel reading has not injured her, and moreover, I don't believe it ever will."

And Marianne loves romance reading as well as ever, reader, but it does not prevent her from being as wise and exemplary a wife and mother as any to be found.

Amanda also is married now; as to the signor, he was never heard of in that neighborhood again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## FEMALE HEROISM.

BY H. CRANE DALBERG.

It was in the dark days of the American Revolution, when the sun of liberty was waning, and an impenetrable gloom seemed to shroud the struggling efforts of the patriots, and darken the horizon of our country, when the hirelings of George III. were overrunning the Carolinas in concert with hordes of native loyalists, when none but the gallant Marion with his noble volunteers were able to resist the shock of war, and they only by stratagem; we repeat, that it was in those days that the American women appeared as if by magic, heroic, devoted, self-sacrificing beings.

Such was Kate Herbert, the daughter of a loyalist, the sister of a patriot brother. Her father ranked high in wealth, and enjoyed an enviable social position, until the war cry of the Britons aroused the land, and fearing the confiscation of his estates, he openly denounced the popular cause and renewed his allegiance to the British sovereign. The soldiery of Europe had met the rugged New Englander on Bunker's height, and felt the strength of his arm, and tested the courage of his heart. And now the war-cloud had rolled from the far North, devastating the Middle States in its onward march to the South. But the chivalrous Southron too was trained in arms to receive them, and bloody were the skirmishes that followed them there.

Frantic with joy was old Herbert when the British directed their efforts to the speedy subjugation of the South. He immediately sent his agents far and wide to convene the Tories, wishing to hail the advent of the army by a brilliant exploit that would redound to his glory, and possibly cause his name to be mentioned with favor to his most gracious sovereign. Kate was on the tip-toe of expectation to learn the scheme which had taken possession of her father's brain. So upon the day of the gathering, she disguised herself in a complete suit of her brother's clothes, and mingled with the company without attracting more than ordinary attention. The plot was discovered to those present by Mr. Herbert, who

enjoined the utmost secrecy. The plan appeared feasible to all present except Kate, who was determined to thwart it.

Reader, the old gentleman intended to capture "Marion and his men"—but we shall see. At the first convenient moment, the disguised girl stole unperceived away to her home, where donning her proper dress, which was this night a riding habit buttoned closely about her sylph-like form, and without waiting for a minute to elapse, she saddled and bridled a favorite horse, preferring to do the work herself rather than trust it to a servant, who would be likely to expose her absence. To mount was the work of a moment, when the high-spirited animal bounded away with the speed of the wind. Five, ten, fifteen miles were left behind, and only five more miles separated her from Marion's camp on "Snow Island."

But hark! the clatter of hoofs behind attracts her attention. She is pursued by a squad of horsemen. Seated upon a coal-black charger, whose fiery eyes and flowing mane indicate Arabian blood, and whose speed is only equalled by the wind, is a fair young girl, with blooming cheeks and head proudly erect, as she urges her steed to greater exertions. Now she partially raises herself in the saddle, with her face turned to the pursuers, she vainly endeavors to pierce the darkness. On, on, flew the pursued and the pursuers—the white foam covering the beasts as they sped in this wild, headlong race. Ye gods, propitiate fortune's favor now! Ah! she has gained the point, and evaded the chase by plunging recklessly into a swamp, where she encountered a sentinel who guided her to Marion's hiding place, and she saw for the first time the partizan chief. She briefly recounted to him her information. Marion expressed his gratitude with warmth; he also offered her an escort, which she promptly accepted. Marion stationed a dozen men to intercept the horsemen when they should give up the chase, and with eighty more tried and true men, well mounted, and in excellent spirits, set forth to punish the tory clan.

After a sharp ride of two hours they reached their destination, surprised and took the whole number prisoners without the loss of a single man. Kate's father was released on parole at her intercession. The horsemen were captured after a struggle, and proved to be a small detachment of Tarleton's cavalry, who in a frolicsome spirit undertook to ride down the American girl. Such was one of the many exploits which distinguished the women of the Revolution.

## THE HOUSE OF RIENZI, AT ROME.

The story of Rienzi known to students of Roman history, has been rendered equally familiar to the play-goer and the reader of romance, by Miss Mitford's fine tragedy, and by Bulwer's popular novels. The house of the "friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy—Rienzi, last of Romans," stands at the end of the Vicolo della Fontanella at Rome. It is, as our engraving shows, a strange structure of brick, with two stories, its halls covered with fragments of columns and antique ornaments, exhibiting a pitiful want of uniformity and taste. Over an arch, once supposed to be a doorway, is a long Latin inscription eulogistic of the great tribune. Nicolas, or, as abbreviated by the Italians, Cola di Rienzi, was born in Rome in 1310. His birth, however, was not without the singular charm of a distinguished lineage, for though his mother was simply a Roman woman of humble condition, his father was the son of an emperor of Germany, Henry VII., born out of wedlock. To this circumstance he probably owed the liberal culture accorded to his youthful intellect which was well adapted to train it for the accomplishment of no ordinary deeds. From his youth, says his Italian biographer, he was nourished with the milk of eloquence; he became a good grammarian, a better rhetorician, and was well versed in the works of the best writers. From their pages his powerful imagination derived an extraordinary aliment. In the glowing records of Livy and Suetonius, Salust and Tacitus, he found a magnificent picture of Olden Rome as she was under the Consulate, as she was under the Cæsars, when her legions shook Europe with her triumphal tread, and her eagles flew victorious from the Indus to the remote islands of the Britons. Naturally of a quick and searching intellect, he compared this gorgeous picture of pomp and imperial sway with the Rome around him—the city of ruined temples, and shattered palaces, which vividly imaged its past splendor and present desolation. He saw his fellow-citizens oppressed by the patricians, the Colonnas and Orsinis, and despoiled by hordes of robbers, and even deprived of that protection which the presence of the papal court had formerly afforded; Clement V., a Frenchman, preferring the luxurious indolence of Avignon to the stormy magnificence of Rome.

A younger brother of the aspiring scholar was slain in a street brawl, but in vain he asked for the punishment of the murderer. His private sorrow, therefore, came to aid and inflame his indignation at the misfortune of his fellows, and



to deepen his respect for the glorious days of old. He longed to avenge his brother's blood; he longed to restore the imperial glories of Rome. He felt something of the old Roman spirit throbbing at his heart. Perhaps, with the intuition of genius, he perceived that his country's fate was linked with his own. He saw before him the purple and the sceptre, but he did not see the abyss beyond; for though genius discerns in the future the throne to which it is pressing forward, it cannot pierce the clouds lowering around it in all the ominous blackness of the night. The career of Rienzi, then, commenced when he had attained his ripe manhood. His face and person at this epoch have been graphically portrayed by Bulwer Lytton in a romance which has all the authenticity, and more than the vigor of history. His features were naturally of a grave and majestic cast. Thick and auburn hair, the color of which, not common to the Romans, was ascribed to his descent from the Teuton emperor, clustered in large curls above a high and expansive forehead; and even the thoughtful compression of the brow could not mar the aspect of latent power which it derived from that great breadth between the eyes, in which the Grecian sculptors of old so admirably conveyed the expression of authority and the silent energy of command. But his features were not cast in the Grecian, still less in the Teuton mould. The iron jaw, the aquiline nose, the somewhat sunken chest, strikingly recalled the character of the hard Roman race, and might not inaptly have suggested to a painter a model for the younger Brutus. The marked outline of the face, and the short, firm upper lip indicated in him, as in Napoleon, Caesar, and other men of power, a surprising energy of intellect and fixity of will. His stature exceeded the ordinary height, and his figure had a majesty about it, not uncommon to those who are born to sway and subdue mankind.

Partly through some indirect support afforded by the papal officials, who were desirous of re-establishing order in the benighted city,—partly through the influence which a reputation for genius, eloquence, and love of freedom had procured him among the lower classes, Rienzi succeeded in raising a revolt which overthrew the authority of the Roman nobles. He gathered around him a band of devoted adherents; he convoked a kind of representative parliament; he instituted courts of justice, and organized a system of military police, which drove brigandage and rapine out of the Roman States. Elected Tribune of Rome, he assumed a more than regal pomp, knowing well the influence of the paraphernalia of power upon the impressionable children of the south. Then, he compelled the nobles of Rome, and the patricians living in its vicinity, to swear they would uphold the new order of things—the *Buono Stato*, or "good state" of Rome, as he was pleased to designate the liberal despotism which he had established. This remarkable scene took place May 30th, 1347.



THE HOUSE OF RIENZI, IN ROME.

Rienzi had passed the previous night in solemn religious observance; at midnight trumpets rang through the streets, which were soon thronged by multitudes, summoned to meet him unarmed before the church of St. Angelo, at dawn of day the next morning, to provide for the good State of Rome. This was the beginning of the revolution. A wonderful change was speedily effected by the stern, impartial rule of this remarkable man, who blenched not through fear of patrician anger or plebeian fickleness. Never, perhaps, was the influence of one energetic mind more vividly exhibited. "A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. 'In this time,' says the historian, 'did the woods begin to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets, and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highways!'" But the possession of uncontrolled power intoxicates like the fumes of ardent wines. The glowing intellect of Rienzi, his natural enthusiasm, his easily stimulated imagination, led him into excesses, in which not even a despot born to power would have dared to indulge. There is still preserved in the baptistry of the church of St. John Lateran, a vase, or bath, fashioned from green basalt, in which, it is said, the great Constantine received the rite of baptism, on his profession of Christianity. On the night of the 1st of August, in this sacred vase, an object of peculiar sanctity

in the eyes of the vulgar, Rienzi bathed previous to receiving the order of knighthood. And on the next day, before a vast multitude, he delivered an extraordinary harangue, pronouncing every city, state and people in Italy free, proclaiming Rome the capital of the world, and citing Clement VI. and the princes of Germany to appear before him. And then he was crowned with the Seven Crowns of the Holy Spirit, symbolic, as he represented, of the precious gifts he had received from heaven. But he had kindled fire and flames (*fuoco e la fiamma*) which he was unable to extinguish. He had incensed the patricians against him, he had disgusted the populace, he had excited the jealousy of the church; the pope excommunicated him, his soldiers betrayed him, and towards the close of December, after a seven months' dream of power, he fled from Rome, was overtaken by the papal soldiers, and carried to Avignon, where he was kept a prisoner for several years. Innocent VI., who had established the papal throne at Avignon, released him from prison, gave him the title of "Senator of Rome," and sent him in 1353, in conjunction with Cardinal Gil de Albornoz, against the insurgent patricians of Rome. He was welcomed by the Romans and received in triumph, and succeeded in establishing law and order. But the severe repressive measures he inaugurated, and the heavy taxes he imposed, produced a revulsion of popular feeling, fomented by the agents of the patricians, a revolt took place, the capital was besieged and Rienzi was put to death by the people—a sad end to a strange career.

## VIEW OF PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

The accompanying engraving will convey a correct idea of Portsmouth, the chief naval arsenal of Great Britain. It is from a spirited and faithful drawing, and the marine portions of the picture are particularly animated and artistic. The town consists of two parts, joining each other, but each surrounded on the land side by separate lines of fortification—Portsmouth and Portsea—on the last of which is the dockyard. On the west side of the harbor is Gosport, where the victualling yard, reservoirs, etc., and opposite its mouth, between it and the Isle of Wight, expands the famous roadstead of Spithead. The fortifications of Portsmouth and Portsea have been stated to be the most complete in Europe. The ramparts and batteries connected with them command some charming views. On the land side the ramparts are planted with trees, and form an agreeable terrace walk. From the Platform Battery, near the harbor, one of the best views of Portsmouth, with the harbor and Spithead, is to be obtained. The dockyard of Portsmouth, the largest in the kingdom, is in fact a town in itself, occupying over one hundred and twenty acres. It is situated in the east side of the harbor, and is supplied with all the necessary means for building, repairing, and fitting out ships of war. Besides being a great naval station, Portsmouth is a large garrison, always occupied by troops, and is the head quarters of the western military district. The island of Portsea lies between two inlets of the sea, Portsmouth harbor west and Langston harbor east.



PORTSMOUTH HARBOR, ENGLAND.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE SOUL'S SANCTUARY.

BY A. P. C.

Within the soul's deep sanctuary, thought,  
 Are shadow forms, dim present to my view,  
 Nor wholly spectral, yet embodied not,  
 And yet they speak to me with voices true.

From out its cloistered winnows do I see  
 For forth into the future, and the past,  
 In its dim twilight is revealed to me  
 Its sunset hues by shadows half serene.

And now I turn me to the altar place—  
 A book lies open there, wherein I read  
 Of hope and faith and inspiration high,  
 Great effort, high endeavor, mighty deed.

Illumined by a light unearthly sure,  
 Its pages burn forth in strange relief,  
 Pictures which to my mind bring visions pure,  
 More of the heavenly than the earth's domain.

But hark! the organ soundeth forth a peal,  
 An anthem of thanksgiving loud and grand,  
 And their sweet voices in our ears do steal,  
 Chanting these mighty words of high command:

Mortal! who art immortal, knowest thou  
 The powers that are within thy inner soul?  
 Powers that will not fail as ye go,  
 If ye but learn their wise and sure control.

That bid ye speed to lofty high endeavor,  
 And urge thee on to dare and do the right,  
 To deeds immortal that endure forever,  
 With hopes of recompense beyond thy sight.

Thou faintest being! by them thou art brought  
 Nigh to the Infinite, Eternal Mind,  
 When upward soaring on the wings of thought  
 Thou leavest thine earthly longings far behind.

Then make the most of thy brief sojourn here,  
 Of all its gifts unto this wondrous soul,  
 These mighty powers that help thee on to rear,  
 When thou hast run life's race, the heavenly goal.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## OUR CABIN BOY.

BY CAPTAIN J. I. ALCORN.

"It is no use, Frank! They may preach as much as they please about wedded happiness, loving wives, and all that sort of thing, but hang me if they'll ever convert me to that faith, at least so far as to cause me to exchange my comfortable quarters under this quarter deck, with the attendance of that black rascal Pomp, for the most luxurious mansion that graces terra firma, with the cringing homage of its troops of servile attendants, and the companionship for life of the fairest and most amiable of Mother Eve's daughters. Do you know I actually dread to place my foot on the threshold of my father's house? Four years is long enough to be absent, and one might think a sufficient period to enable a giddy girl—who, by the way, is only a giddy girl still—to forget my silly jests; yet my mother's last letter adjures me to hasten home and claim the prize awaiting me. And then the pert minx's epistles are half Greek to me! Hang me if I can understand them. Only think of it! Six weeks of semi-torture; bored on one hand by the silly sentimentality of a lovesick miss of seventeen, and on the other by the humdrum solicitude of my over-anxious progenitors, who would doubtless rejoice to behold me securely pinioned with the galling shackles of wedlock. It's provoking, confounded annoying!" And the speaker lapsed into moody silence, tapping his heel lightly against one of the stanchions supporting the main life rail, against which he leaned, and biting his lips, with various other evidences of his vexation.

But a word in explanation. The speaker was my friend—my first, oldest and most highly valued friend. As boys we ran away to sea together, and embarking in a new career, owned and used but one chest and purse during the whole period of our apprenticeship. At its close we were separated for a brief period, which separation tended to an increase of our friendship, rendering us inseparable companions from the hour of our reunion. He had been prevailed upon by his parents, whose only son he was, to remain at home when I entered upon my career as able seaman for the first time; but on my return from my first voyage, he severed the ties which bound him to home, and we again paced the same deck as messmates.

Hal Burton had been a fearless boy, and as a man proved as brave a sailor as ever trod a plank. What wonder, then, that his promotion was rapid, and his prospects bright? In three short

years he attained the highest rank in our chosen profession; and when he obtained his first command I went with him, his chosen mate, and still, as in boyhood, his friend. A year had passed over our heads, during which we had doubled both capes, making a singularly successful voyage round the world, its last day, the eve of the anniversary of our departure from New York, dawning upon us in Boston Bay, and disclosing to our eager gaze the highlands of Marshfield, Hingham and Dorchester, with the less distinct, but no less welcome beacons, Chelsea Beach, Boston Light, and Point Alderton.

'Twas at noon of that day, and while our ship was lying to with her maintopsail to the mast, awaiting a pilot, within three miles of the last-named and time-honored beacon, that Captain Burton addressed me, in reply to my jocular asser-tion that he and a certain young lady—to be hereinafter introduced to our readers—would seize upon the opportunity presented by his presence at home, to assume the yoke matrimonial, placing an insurmountable barrier in the way of our future unreserved interchange of thought and friendship, to which assertion I had added a threat, that I would commit matrimony out of pure revenge if he suffered the influence of friends or love to effect our separation in any such manner.

"Dreadfully provoking, Hal, I must confess, to have a pretty girl, and rich at that, over head and ears in love with you. I vow, I can't say what I would do in such a plight, but I'm afraid I would be strongly tempted to—"

"What?"

"Marry her, of course!"

"Nonsense, Frank! O, you may laugh, but I know better. You prize your liberty as highly as I do, and would as soon go hang yourself as be saddled with a wife!"

"An ugly one. Add the adjective, and I admit the truth of your assertion. But one of the angelic kind—such as your honored mother represents your bride-elect to be—no, sir, I should capitulate upon receiving the first summons to surrender. Indeed, I am not certain that I would not throw upon the gates, lower the drawbridge, and meeting her half way, politely invite her to enter and take possession of the citadel of my heart."

"Your libelstick! What nonsense!"

"Nonsense it may be, friend Hal; but if it is, it bears a strange similarity to language I have heard on several occasions from the lips of a certain youth whom you and I were well acquainted with about four years ago; but who, owing to the effect of time and absence, is now, perchance, ashamed of the love which was then his greatest glory."

"I was but a boy then."

"And she whose name you were forever ringing in my ears was but a girl! Tell me, Harry, and speak frankly. Of the two, who deserves the most praise, she whose vows are as fresh in her remembrance as when uttered, over four years ago, and whose love has outlived absence; or he whose love hath proved but an ephemeral passion of youth, and dying, left him to shrink abashed, in the presence of its only too worthy but forgotten object?"

"Avast, mentor! You are resolved I shall not forget them while you are at my elbow. She should be informed of your devotion to her cause. Who knows but she might reward it with her hand—"

"In the clasp of friendship, yes, but in matrimony, never! She loves you all too dearly, Harry, and is by far too true a woman! No, no. Mark me, Harry Burton. The heart of Emily Hardinge cannot be so lightly won; therefore it should be more highly prized."

"You've formed a high opinion of her."

"And from those very epistles, so lightly prized by you as to be exposed to the prying gaze of all who might wish to read them. Ah, Hal, 'twas careless of you; but they are safe—safe in the possession of one who honors her, and loves you too well to permit your mutual secret to become the jest of any."

"Ah, I missed those letters, and am pleased to learn they fell into your possession. They can now be returned to the writer, and the non-existence of any in future will prevent the betrayal of this alleged secret which you would fain convert into a hobby. But here comes a pilot at last. How confounded dilatory those fellows are. Have a line all ready for him, Mr. A., and when he comes on board stand by to execute his orders." And turning on his heel, my superior sought his stateroom to change his apparel.

Captain Burton's parents were residents of Concord, Mass., and thither I accompanied him, at his request, on the afternoon of Saturday, the third day succeeding our arrival, and the period by him chosen for his first visit to his home.

I then saw Miss Emily Hardinge for the first time, and was highly delighted to learn from observation how correct had been my conception of her character; while I was at the same time deeply pained by my friend's evident insensibility to her countless charms and unswerving devotion. Nor was that insensibility without its effect upon her. From the first hour of their reunion, on the evening of our arrival at his father's house, she struggled to conceal her emotions, and succeeding nobly, bade him a laughing adieu and a pleasant voyage; adding that as she would not see him again ere he sailed, being about to set out for a distant part of New Hampshire, she had availed herself of this opportunity to bid him adieu.

All who heard her, save him to whom it was addressed, betrayed amazement at the intimation of her intended journey; but evidently divining the cause, forbore remark while we were present.

"You've lost a treasure, Hal!" said I, when we had secured seats in the train which was to convey us to Boston.

"You think so?"

"I know so! You've trampled on a heart and despised a love, which, had you not been foolishly blind, would have made you rich indeed. Well as I love you, Hal Burton, I must pronounce your conduct shameful, ungenerous, and unworthy of a man!"

"Proceed, Frank! Ha, ha! I like that! Unworthy of a man! But go on! I can afford to hear and bear it all. I am only too happy to get off so easily. The absence of Miss Hardinge, who, by the way, I must acknowledge to possess a degree of common sense I did not give her credit for, will relieve me of my parents' solicitations in her behalf."

"With her consent they would solicit nothing. No, no, she knows you now, Hal, and if I understand her aright, would not wed you for the wealth of India."

"Humph! I don't believe her love was ever more than imaginary!" said he, betraying some vexation.

"Such as that you professed for her some years since, for instance," rejoined I, sarcastically; when perceiving he had quite enough of the subject, I lapsed into silence, leaving him to commune with his own thoughts.

From that time, for the space of three weeks, the name of Emily or Miss Hardinge remained unmentioned by either of us; but at the close of that period, while perusing an evening paper in our room at P—Hotel, just before retiring, a paragraph therein riveted my attention, eliciting from me an exclamation of profound amazement.

"What's the matter, Frank?" demanded my companion, who was leisurely divesting himself of his coat and vest.

"Listen!" was my brief response, when I read as follows:

"Married.—In Colebrook, N. H., by Elder Mason, Mr. Henry Simpson, of C., to Miss Emily Hardinge, formerly of Concord, Mass."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Captain Burton. "There must be some mistake there, Frank!" And approaching me pale and trembling, he took the paper from my hand, and slowly and distinctly read the paragraph for himself.

Nearly a minute he stood motionless, the workings of his countenance betraying his emotion; when, as the paper dropped from his nerveless grasp, he ejaculated: "Married! She is indeed avenged!"

"Ah, Hal! And have you learned when too late that—"

"I loved her? Yes," said he, interrupting me earnestly and sadly, "yes, I have indeed learned it too late. But that she would have married another so soon I could not believe."

"Nor I. I dreamed of no such event in connection with her; but woman is a riddle—hardest to read by those who admire her most. However, you can only blame yourself, Hal."

"I know it, Frank. But now to forget her. Heigh ho! 'twill prove a hard task, I fear!" And turning away, he laid aside the remainder of his apparel hurriedly and betook himself to his couch, on which I heard him sighing and groaning at short intervals, until slumber sealed my senses.

Two weeks later he informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had arrived in Concord, and were domiciled at his father's, who had written to ap-

prise him of the fact, as also of their intention to visit Boston, and call upon him on board the ship.

"You must receive them, Frank. I dare not meet her! My father will be their escort to the city, which he visits to perfect arrangements by which he and mother may be enabled to accompany us to Trieste. Make any excuse you choose for me. I shall certainly avoid them."

They came the third day after, when I was formally introduced to the bride, in whom I perceived a change which amazed me. She was no longer the buoyant, happy being I had been introduced to six short weeks previously; but a sad, though lovely woman, whose hidden grief was rendering prematurely old. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and the brilliancy from her liquid black eyes, in which a sad expression lingered, which one might well believe an evidence of the torture she endured.

I was glad that Hal was absent during their visit, which she evidently wished to prolong to the utmost extent; and it was with a sense of relief that I witnessed their departure.

"Has she been on board, Frank?" demanded Captain Burton, as he joined me on the wharf, when I was on my way to tea.

"She has."

"How did she appear?"

"Sad, Hal! Sad as an accusing angel might when weeping over his assigned task. 'Twas well you did not meet her."

"I could not! But no more. O, I've half engaged a boy. What do you think of it?"

"That my duties are onerous and numerous enough at present, without undertaking that of dry nurse to an embryo sailor."

"Ha! ha! I supposed you would have that objection. But the affair remains subject to your decision. I told him to call down at the ship to-morrow and see you. Do as you like, Frank, but I kind o' liked the lad's appearance. You know we were boys once ourselves, and sailors must be taught by some one. I think 'tis but fair we should aid in the education of those who must succeed us. But here we are," he continued, pausing on the front steps of the hotel, adding, "You will have the care of him, as you say, therefore you must decide."

The subject was then dropped; nor did he again revert to it, while I, influenced by his evident inclination, resolved to receive the youth should he apply for the berth.

He came down the next day at ten, A. M., when his engaging exterior impressed me so deeply in his favor that I shipped him at once, informing him he might join when convenient; and even carrying my new-born kindness so far as to offer him his choice between the duties of boy before the mast, and those of cabin-boy. He chose the latter, which was most suited to his strength and years, and avowing his readiness to join the next day, took his departure.

One week later we were at sea, out of sight of all land, and with all on board well, and—except Captain Burton—in excellent spirits, and were running merrily off before a fresh breeze, which bade fair to continue steady for some time. Dinner had been announced ere Captain Burton and I retired from the quarter-deck after the noon observation, and on entering the cabin his father rallied him playfully upon what he termed his thoughtlessness in remaining so long absent from table, when the dinner was so liable to spoil by delay, adding:

"I hope the marriage of Miss Hardinge has not affected you seriously, Hal! And now I think of it, where were you that day when Mr. and Mrs. Simpson honored your ship with a visit? Your absence savored strongly of a dread to confront the lady. How was it, Mr. A? I remember you stumbled through a very lame apology for his absence, in a manner sufficient of itself to engender such suspicion."

"Excuse me, if you please, Mr. Burton; I must refer you to the captain for particulars," said I, archly, as I assumed a chair at the table on the left of Mrs. Burton, preparing for a display of my gastronomic ability.

"Yes, I'll warrant he betrayed me by some egregious blunder—"

"Ah, then there was some secret reason for your absence, Hal? Ah, boy, I'm not surprised that you were ashamed to appear in her presence after the part you enacted."

"Father, say no more, I beg!" exclaimed my superior earnestly, his pallid cheek and quivering lip betraying an intensity of emotion, of which I had not deemed him capable.

"Why? Why should I be silent, boy? But how is this? Speak, Harry, are you ill?"



"H! Yes, at heart. In Heaven's name, father, do not speak of the past again. I cannot bear to hear it."

"What," exclaimed the old man, starting, "is it possible that you loved her despite the cold indifference of your manner towards her? If so, you are indeed punished in believing her lost to you for life," and the speaker exchanged a significant glance with his wife; while the boy Edwin, who was passing my plate at the moment, recoiled, and fell fainting against the bulkhead.

With an agility surprising in one of her years, the old lady sprang to aid the fainting youth, whom she bore to her own state-room; rejecting aid from any of us, she prevailed on us to return to the table while she applied herself to the lad's resuscitation.

From that time forth the elder Burton was silent regarding his son's unfortunate attachment, which the latter endeavored to conquer, struggling in vain to conceal the anguish which betrayed itself in his rapidly failing health, until triumphing over his weakened physical powers, it laid him, raving in delirium, on a sick bed, from which I feared he might never rise. But he was the object of the tenderest care, his mother watching over him with all a parent's fond solicitude, while Edwin was rarely absent from his side by night or day, until the abatement of his fever rendered such unceasing vigilance unnecessary. Throughout the period of his delirium, that name—so oft and fondly uttered by him during our first voyage—was frequently on his lips, and frequently uttered with such melting tenderness and touching earnestness, as to bedim with moisture the eyes of all who heard him.

But youth and an unimpaired constitution triumphed over the fever, and so rapidly that he was pronounced strong enough to bear removal on our arrival in port, when he was conveyed to comfortable quarters in one of the best hotels in Trieste, to which his father and mother accompanied him, taking with them the boy Edwin.

I made a daily call upon him during the first fortnight, at the end of which he had so far recovered as to leave his room; when having occasion for the boy's services on board the ship, I demanded if he could be spared. I had addressed the demand to my superior when about to take my leave on my fifteenth visit, when with a comical expression of countenance he replied:

"O, that boy. Would you believe it, Frank, the young scamp disappeared a day or two after we disembarked, and I have not had so much as a glimpse of his blue jacket since."

"Ran away!" ejaculated I, with a start, as I recalled the fact that I had never met him during any of my visits.

"Something of that sort. Yet I can't say that I am sorry, he was such an awkward scamp, and so subject to fainting fits. You'd been puzzled to have made a sailor of him."

"No, sir, I think he was just the right kind of material; but I vow I'm sorry he has ran away. Shall I try to recover him?"

"'Twould be useless, Frank. In fact, I let him go at his own request. You know I could not be hard with him, he watched me so attentively on shipboard."

"But how are you to get along without him? If we had never had him we should not miss him now."

"O, he provided me with a substitute, Frank. Mother, be so kind as to summon Edwin's successor. I must have Mr. A.'s opinion of our future shipmate." And the incorrigible scamp laughed in a manner which accorded but ill with heart rending grief.

I was regarding him earnestly, wondering whence he derived the happiness which beamed in his eyes and sat enthroned on his expressive features; and so deeply intent was I on the solution of the problem, that I failed to note his mother's return with the object of her errand, until he accosted me, saying:

"Come, Frank, what do you think of Edwin's substitute?"

Turning slowly on my chair I glanced towards the door, when I bounded from my seat, electrified by the arch and winning smile of no less a personage than Emily Hardinge.

"Where in Heaven's name did you come from, and how did you get here, Miss or Mrs.—"

"No, no, the former if you please, Mr. A." said she, advancing as she interrupted me, and placing her hand in mine, continued: "I still bear the name you were about to mention. I came hither from America, and—incredible as you may deem the assertion—with you."

"With us!" I ejaculated. "The boy Edwin!"

'Twas all plain in a moment, while I recalled to mind a score of instances during the passage, when the slightest exercise of ordinary observation might have taught me the secret now betrayed.

During the brief explanation which followed, I learned that Mrs. Simpson was her cousin, and bearing a slight resemblance to her, had suggested the idea of testing the indifference manifested by her lover. The approaching marriage of the former afforded the means of doing so; when Hal's parents being advised of the scheme, suffered him to labor under the false impression engendered by the construction of the hymeneal notice.

That test proving unsatisfactory, the fond girl, yearning for some proof which might annihilate the suspense she labored under, resolved to brave, in disguise, the dangers peculiar to old ocean, which design her fond, indulgent guardian not only countenanced but encouraged, by becoming the guest of his son at sea; in which guise both he and his wife were enabled to watch over and aid her with their counsel.

And this transformation, then, was the secret of my friend's happiness, in which I shared, even while hectoring him by quoting:

"'It's provoking, confoundingly annoying, oh, Hal!' 'What nonsense!' 'She should be informed of that devotion.' Shall I undertake the execution of that task now, Hal?" demanded I, enjoying his evident confusion, but withholding the explanation for which the beautiful Emily was provokingly solicitous.

But enough has been told. Hal Burton had become a "convert to the faith," even so far as to submit to the yoke matrimonial. In fact, I am not aware that I ever beheld a more eager candidate for the "galling shackles of wedlock," than was my worthy captain, who was made supremely happy by transformation into a benedict ere we sailed for home.

He still follows his chosen profession, but less willingly than when we sailed together, having found the sweet "companionship" he enjoys when on "terra-firma" so necessary to his happiness, that he oft entices her to whom he owes it, to confer it upon him at sea; a favor she has never yet refused, inasmuch as she loves him still as well, if not more fondly, than when she resorted to a ruse to win back to his allegiance her recreant lover.

#### STATE AID FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.

The Providence Journal, in referring to the report of the Committee of Education of this State, in favor of a grant of \$100,000 to aid in the erection of a Museum of Natural History, on the plan proposed by Professor Agassiz, remarks:

"We do not know what are the sentiments of the legislature upon this very important report. One of its recommendations has an interest for all Americans, and all lovers of science. The establishment of a Zoological Museum, which might justly be expected to rival the famous collections of England and France, in the course of twenty years, if it should be begun and guided by the hand of Agassiz the first man of his age in his department, would do more to give an impulse to natural science in this country, than any single event in our history. Those were not the vain words of a rhetorical flourish, which the celebrated professor used in presenting this matter to the committee, that we might live to see Europeans coming here to complete their education, if this enterprise were carried out. Sir Charles Lyell, the renowned geologist, has confirmed this statement, and every scientific scholar sees that it must be true. Not Massachusetts alone, but we, and the whole nation, and the whole civilized world, would reap the beneficent results of this magnificent undertaking."

#### MONUMENT TO COOPER.

Soon after the death of James Fenimore Cooper the novelist, a project was set on foot to erect a monument to his memory in this city. A great meeting was held in the Metropolitan Hall, at which Mr. Webster presided. A eulogy was delivered, speeches were made by some eminent men, and a contribution for the purpose was taken on the spot. Here the undertaking stopped short. John A. Stevens, Esq., of this city, was constituted the treasurer of the fund so collected; but no additions were ever made to it, nor are likely to be at present. At some future day this neglect will perhaps be repaired, and Cooper's countrymen in this metropolis of the State which prides herself as having been at one time the place of his residence, will

"To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

In the mean time some friends of Mr. Cooper's memory are successfully engaged in raising funds to erect a monument to him in Cooperstown, the place in which he passed his early youth, and which he made the abode of his middle age and later years.—N. Y. Post

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE BREWER'S WIDOW:

—OR—

## THE MOTHER OF QUEENS.

BY MARGARET STINGSBY.

In a small parish, a few leagues distant from London, a young and beautiful girl of sixteen summers was sobbing as though her heart would break. And she had good reason, poor child; for in the same room her mother had just breathed her last. In this room stood the undertaker and one of the parish officials. They heeded not the sobs and lamentations of the girl, for they were used to such scenes. They had been summoned hither by some friendly neighbor, and were considering with characteristic sagaciousness the causes which had led to the present state of increased pauperism. Mrs. Forsyth, the deceased, was cited as an example in point, though the poor woman had managed up to the last moment of her life to keep off the parish.

Jack Forsyth (that was the girl's father) they said had been left with three hundred pounds fortune; but he had squandered it all before he died, and left his wife and child to come on the parish. And such was one of the promoting causes, they assured each other, of the present increase of pauperism—and pauperism, they still further affirmed, could never be checked nor subdued so long as people were allowed to do just as they pleased, and throw away the money kind Providence had given them.

Ellen Forsyth, despite the frantic nature of her grief, could not well avoid listening to the remarks of these interesting worthies, and she secretly resolved that, come what might, she never would become a burden to the parish. No sooner, therefore, was the form of her dearly-beloved mother committed to the dust, than she disposed of what articles of furniture the house afforded, settled with the parish beadle, who had defrayed the funeral expenses in the first instance in behalf of the parish, as a parish beadle should, and turned her face resolutely in the direction of London. She had heard a great deal of London, though she had never been there. After a journey of four or five hours, weary and foot-sore, she reached a low inn in the suburbs of the town. It was during the troublous times of the first Charles; and coming with no recommendation, she found it impossible to obtain a situation as a servant girl. The little money she possessed being at length exhausted, and no other opportunity presenting itself, she engaged her services to a wealthy brewer to carry out beer from a brew-house—becoming, in consequence, one of those persons who are denominated tub-women.

Mr. Peasley, the brewer, who happened to be a single gentleman, observing a good-looking girl in this most menial and degrading of occupations, took her instantly into his employ as a servant.

If Ellen was attractive in the mean attire of a tub-woman, she became positively irresistible to the brewer in the neat garb of a servant-girl. She was sprightly and intelligent—modest likewise, yet open and unreserved; and the brewer, whose heart was susceptible, found himself day by day becoming insensibly entangled in the meshes of love. Of course he could not fail to perceive that a wide difference existed, in a social sense, between himself, one of the richest commoners in England, and a poor servant-girl who had neither money nor friends, and perhaps not even respectable antecedents to recommend her. But she was superior to all the seductive arts and blandishments of that dissolute period, and finding it impossible by presents and promises to tempt her from the paths of virtue, the enamored brewer, no longer able to restrain his passion, prostrated himself before the incorrigible Ellen, and offered her his hand and fortune, which she, considering the love and generosity of the proposal, kindly accepted.

Ellen Forsyth, now the wife of a wealthy citizen, and possessed of charms that the loveliest lady in the land might have coveted, soon became courted, petted and flattered by many, and hated in the same proportion by the remainder, who had jealously regarded her progress from the low calling of a tub-woman to a coach-and-four, and the arms and exhaustless purse of the prince of the brewers of London. Peasley, who was more than double the age of his wife, died while she was as yet a young woman of twenty-five, leaving her undisputed heir to the bulk of

his property, which rendered her more than ever the object of flattery, and fortune hunting persecutions.

The business of the brewery was of course dropped, and no one but those far beneath her in social dignity and maliciously inclined at that, presumed to question her antecedents, or to recollect aught of that period when she had first appeared in the real life scenes of London low life as a tub-woman. Of course the lords, dukes and earls to whom she nodded through her carriage window, had no disposition to know aught of so scandalous a matter, so long as the rich and beautiful widow was willing to receive their attentions, and to encourage them with her seductive smiles to hope for still greater triumphs.

On the death of Mr. Peasley, an eminent young lawyer named Hyde was recommended to the blooming and dashing widow as a suitable person to arrange her husband's affairs. Now novelists do not work without a precedent—and the lady falls in love with the page, or the father's secretary, which is all the same; and the miss with the music master, or the monsieur who gives twelve lessons in French, the bachelor uncle with the housekeeper, though he has riches and poor relations in abundance; or the hostler with the bar-maid, who treats him to gin and water on the sly;—and pray, why should it be out of place for the widow of a wealthy brewer to fall in love with the handsome and ambitious attorney she employs? It is all the work of association, I tell you, if the affinities be right—in proof of which let me add that the widow of the brewer did fall in love with Hyde the attorney, which was all proper and business-like, and to work up the usual, or rather unusual climax, Hyde, who regarded the widow's fortune as too substantial an affair to be trifled with, readily followed suit—loved, proposed, and was accepted.

"Hold!" says the reader. "This transaction is no romance! It smacks too much of the world, and—Wall Street!"

True, it is difficult to rid ourselves of the old impression of love in a cottage, princely troubadours, and similar moonshine—at least when compared to the present matter-of-fact narration. But the world of the real is not less stereotyped in representation than the world of the ideal—it is all the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Circumstances may modify passion, refine intellect, purify thought; but in reality human nature remains the same in Botany Bay or China, or the antipodes. Twenty years ago we remember to have seen Miss McCrea murdered in statuary, and the other day we saw her again, a little faded it is true, as naturally might be expected after constantly undergoing the process of being murdered for so long a period, by a malicious savage in red daub and feathers; and as you look, are you not morbidly satisfied she is the same unfortunate lady, of the same identical plaster and wax that your grandfather saw, and that your grandson is positively certain to see, and to regard with the same admiration and awe that you yourself once regarded it? Suffice it to say, or rather let it be sufficient to add, that the lawyer and the brewer's widow were married, and that Hyde, afterwards the great Earl of Clarondon, by issue of this marriage became father-in-law of James II., so that the poor tub-woman was mother to the queen-mother of Mary and Anne.

#### A VOLUNTARY VICTIM.

Professor Jacob Grimm relates the following anecdote: "Not long ago a little girl of about eight years of age, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the 'Herr Professor.' Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant shows her into the study of the professor, who receives her kindly, and asks after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes and says, 'Is it thou who hast written those fine Marchen?' (fairy tales.) 'Yes, my dear,' answered Dr. Grimm, 'my brother and I have written the Haus Marchen.' 'Then thou hast also written that tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a thaler?' 'Yes, I have written that too.' 'Well, then, I do not believe it, and I suppose I shall have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-by.' The servant, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her house safely."

#### PRIDE OF BIRTH.

I was born high—I did not spring from mire,  
Like the foul fungus, but from airy heights;  
Descended I with my branches and I came on  
Gather my golden fruits to comfort them.  
Harry Corbett





THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINE ECLIPSE.

## THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINES.

We give on this page two fine engravings from admirable drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Wm. Waad, representing the two new fire engines "Eclipse" and "Lawrence," owned by the city, and first used at the recent great fire in Federal Street, where their efficiency fully sustained the promises and expectations of the builders and of our own citizens. The picture represents one of the engines in operation, the other as seen going to a fire. These two engines were added to the fire department on the first of January, of this year, in place of Melville Engine No. 6, situated in Wall Street, and Tiger Engine No. 7, situated in High Street, whose companies were discharged from service on that day. The engine named the Lawrence took the place of Tiger No. 7, and is placed in its house in Purchase Street. It was built by Messrs. Scott & Bean of Lawrence, has a steam cylinder of nine inches in diameter, and the whole engine, with 570 pounds of water, which is always carried ready for operation, weighs 7870 pounds. It is managed by seven men, whose business is to be on duty at the engine-house night and day. Attached to the machine are two horses, which are

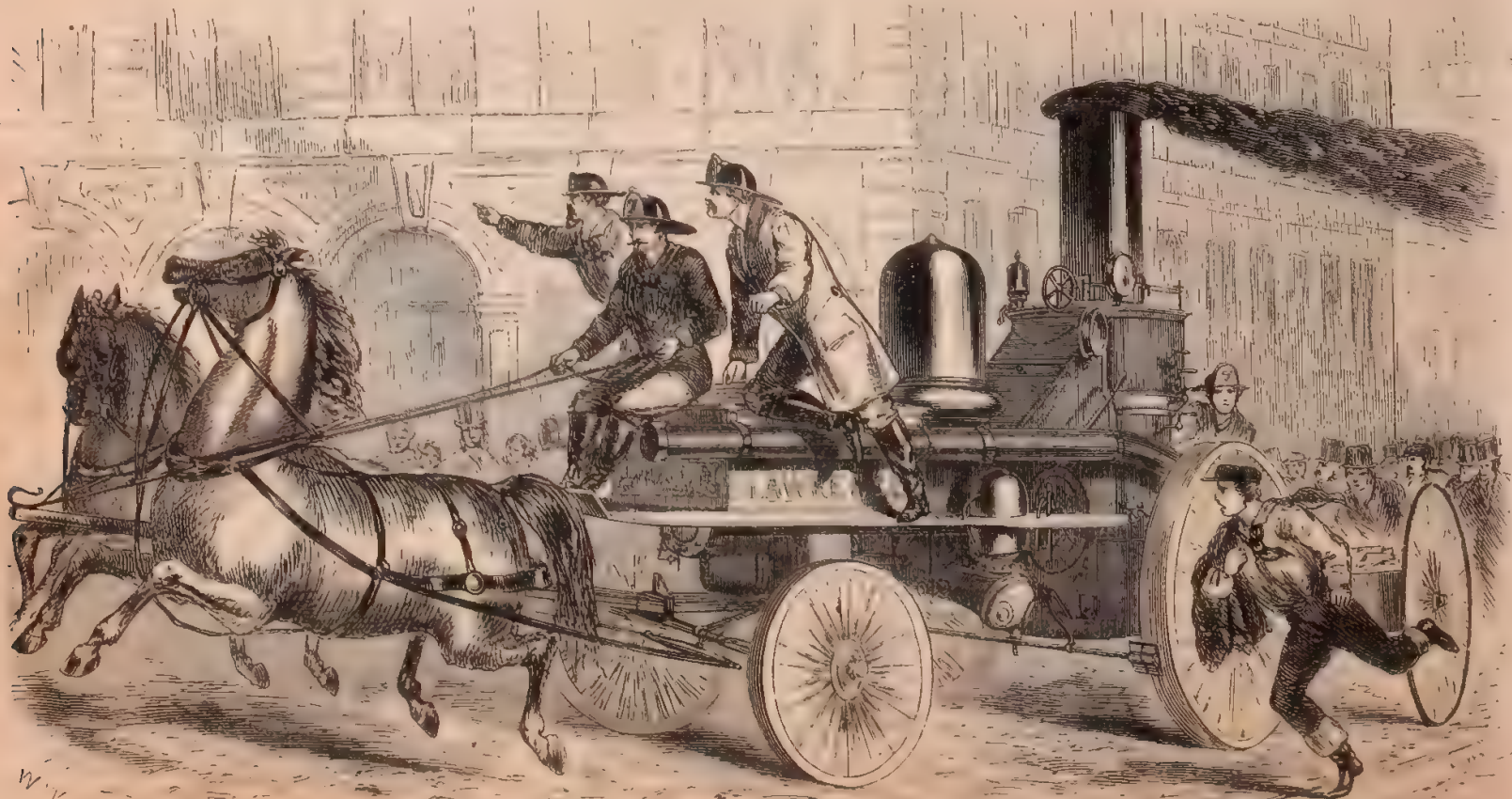
kept in the engine house, and are ready for duty at all times. Thomas Scott is the engineer. The cost of this machine was \$3500. The builders have agreed to run the engine for one year for \$4000, and to deliver it over to the city at the expiration of that time in perfect order. The sum mentioned includes all expenses except the horses' grain and the house, which are supplied by the city. The Eclipse is a rotary engine, built at the Island Works, Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Silsby, Mynderse & Co. It was first exhibited and tried on Boston Common, Oct. 6, 1858, and the following notice of it appeared in the Boston Herald on the following day:

"A public exhibition of the steam fire engine 'Eclipse,' from Seneca Falls, N. Y., was made upon the Common yesterday afternoon. It will be remembered that this machine was to have been present at the recent trial of steam fire engines in this city, but as it was in an unfinished state at that time, its visit was deferred. It is constructed somewhat differently from other machines. It is provided with Holly's Patent Elliptical Rotary Pump and Engine, and the advantages claimed for it over all other fire engines, by its manufacturers, Messrs. Silsby, Mynderse

& Co., are lightness, simplicity, durability and efficiency. The 'Eclipse' was under the direction of Mr. M. K. Clapp, engineer and superintendent of the machine-shop at Seneca Falls. The following is an accurate description of the machine: The weight of the engine is 7100 pounds; the weight of water, when filled, 250 pounds; total weight, 7350. Each revolution of the piston delivers nine-tenths of a gallon of water; the boiler is a square horizontal one, measuring outside five feet four inches in length, two feet and two inches in height, and two feet ten inches in width; the fire box is five feet in length, one foot four inches in height, two feet seven inches in width, with a fire surface of 180 square feet; the number of tubes, each one and one-fourth inch in diameter, is 299—these are placed vertically in the fire box, the water being on the inside of the tubes, and the fire on the outside, which is the reverse of the usual tubular boilers; the area of the steam room is nineteen cubic feet. It has a rotary steam engine of the same general construction as the pump; the interior capacity is 864 cubic inches; the motion is communicated by means of a counter shaft; there are no valves attached to either the steam

or hydraulic engine; the size of the hose with which it is furnished is three inches in diameter. Quite a large crowd were attracted to the Common by the trial. The engine was kept at work about an hour and a half, during which time it was tested in various ways, and the result was highly satisfactory. It played a steady constant stream, and in this respect it has a decided advantage over some of the piston engines, the hose being less liable to burst, and a single man being able to hold the pipe. Boyd's hose was used during the trial. When the playing first commenced quite a number of persons who had collected too near one of the pipes were thoroughly wet, and later, an old gentleman who was walking near the Frog Pond, was struck by the stream and fell into the pond. The 'Eclipse' plays two streams, but no account was taken of the height or distance accomplished while both were in operation yesterday. About five o'clock the 'Eclipse' was hauled into State Street and again got up steam. She played there for an hour or more in presence of a large crowd of spectators."

This engine is located in Wall Street where Melville No. 6 was stationed. It cost, like the



THE BOSTON STEAM FIRE ENGINE LAWRENCE.



"Lawrence," \$3500, and employs the same number of men. Moses B. Bell is the engineer. Both these engines are kept in perfect order and are on duty at every alarm. They are easily moved by the powerful horses attached to them, and steam is got up while they are on the way to a fire. With regard to the value of steam fire engines, George W. Bird, chief engineer of the Boston fire department, says: "there is no question now of their great superiority over all hand machines." The steam fire engine, like almost all great inventions, was at first received with derision, but at last it has established its claim to be regarded as one of the most important inventions of the age. The firemen in our great cities perceive its advantages and appreciate its services. With their co-operation and approval, it has become a permanent "institution."

#### BOSTON PILOT BOATS.

The marine picture given on this page is from the pencil of Mr. Alfred Waud, and was drawn expressly for us. It is a scene in the offing and represents the Boston pilot boats, from No. 1 to 6 inclusive, with the exception of No. 4, the "Bouquet," a new boat which had not joined the fleet at the time our drawing was made. These boats are all well-built, of exquisite model and crack sailers, and are manned by as fine a set of men as ever trod a deck or handled a sheet. They ride the waves like sea-ducks, and with their hardy crews are constantly exposed to the roughest weather. In the late severe gales of the stormy month just elapsed, these slight but seaworthy craft were cruising on their stations, braving the utmost fury of the gale. We sub-

#### DANIEL WEBSTER'S PARENTS.

All the nobility of Daniel Webster's parents was that proudest of all nobility, that of nature. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was born at East Kingston, N. H. From the poverty of his parents, as we suppose, he was adopted by an influential and wealthy man, Major Ebenezer Stevens. Mr. Stevens owned a large tract of unsettled land in New Hampshire, in a place then called Stevenstown, from himself, since incorporated as Salisbury. A portion of this he gave to young Webster, who went there and settled down at the age of twenty-two. He built him a log cabin, in which he lived for seven years. Mr. Webster thus speaks of his father's early condition:—"A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first arose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

All his life he remained poor, and, as is well known, was obliged to mortgage his little farm to raise the money to educate his children. Yet though poor, he was honored, useful and respected. He was always one of the most prominent citizens of his town, discharging its most responsible offices year after year. He served often in the legislature of his State, as representative and senator. He was a member of the convention called to form a State Constitution, and also of the one called to consider the proposed United

Judge Webster's personal appearance was very fine, to which his son often alluded in terms of pride. He was tall, stout, very dark, with keen black eyes, and powerful voice—all well known characteristics of Daniel. He died in 1806, when his son, but for whom his own memory would have become dimmed, was still a young man unknown to fame.

Judge Webster's second wife, the mother of Daniel, was Abigail Eastman, born in Salisbury, just opposite Newburyport. She was a tailoress by trade, going round from house to house, as her services were required. Her father was the owner of a small farm. The family came from Wales, and first settled in Salisbury. She had two brothers, Ezekiel and Daniel, from whom she named two of her children.

The story of the courtship is thus told. Soon after Mr. Webster became a widower, which was in March, 1774, he came to East Kingston, his old home, on a visit. A lady friend said to him, "Why do you not get married again?" "I would," he replied, "if I knew the right one." "I can tell you," she said, "one who will just suit you—Abigail Eastman, of Salisbury, about as black as you are." He mounted his horse and went to Salisbury. Reaching the house, a young woman came to the door, whom he asked if Abigail Eastman lived there. She told him she was the one, when he handed her the letter of introduction he had brought. She invited him in, and before he left, the bargain was made. They were married October 13th, 1774. Both Mr. Webster's parents were persons of fine physical development, injured to toil, and belonging to the common ranks of life.—*Newburyport Herald*.

estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$1,300,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that had hitherto been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height.

Impatience of delay, night was not allowed to impose obstacles to the progress of the work. Torchlight was employed; fresh bands of laborers relieving at evening those who worked by day. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated portion of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world around. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in



PILOT BOATS, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

join a list of the boats as follows; they are all schooner rigged and carry their number on the mainsail, as shown in the engraving:—The Syren, 81 tons; Wm. Starkey, 77; Friend, 68; Bouquet, 57; Phantom, 76; the Coquette, formerly a famous pleasure-yacht, 76. They are generally manned by crews of six men each. Each boat is owned by the pilots who sail her, who bear the expenses and divide the profits equally. The following is a correct list of all the Boston pilots: William G. Bailey, Jonathan Bruce, Jr., William Burrows, Stephen Burrows, P. H. Chandler, Samuel Colby, W. N. Crispin, John R. Cummings, Charles Dolliver, James M. Dolliver, James M. Eaton, Wm. C. Fowler, John T. Gardner, Henry Gurney, Henry L. Gurney, A. T. Hayden, Jared Hunt, Reuben S. Hunt, Henry O. Hunt, Matthew Hunt, Asa H. Josselyn, R. Kelly, Wm. R. Lampe, John Low, Jacob R. Lunt, Elbridge G. Martin, Samuel C. Martin, J. A. G. McField, W. W. McField, Alfred Nash, Norton W. Phillips, Maxwell Reed, David T. Robinson, Horace A. Tewksbury, Wm. F. Tewksbury, B. B. Tremere, George W. Williamson, James Wilson and John Wilson. Several of the pilots, notwithstanding their hard and adventurous service, have attained a great age; thus Mr. John Wilson is eighty, and there are other veterans in the ranks, well known to our mercantile community. As we have before remarked, the pilot boats are the trimmest craft in our waters, and they are handled with a dexterity which only long professional experience can give. They are decked over, and in a heavy seaway their decks are constantly wet. In good hands they are perfect life boats, and are capable of making a voyage round the world. The skill of the best builders has been taxed to render them perfect in every respect.

States Constitution. He was appointed, in 1791, judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough County, which office he held till his death. He was a Christian, too, active in all the affairs of his church.

His revolutionary services were very important, extending through the whole war. At first a captain, he was promoted in 1784 to the rank of colonel. He was a brave, trusty and reliable officer, and engaged in many situations of great responsibility. He was in the army when the news came of the birth of his son Daniel. Calling to his brother-in-law, Stephen Robinson, he said, "Here, Stephen, I have another boy at home; get a gallon of rum, and we will be merry." This, of course, was before temperance days, when even good Christians thought it no harm to use a little stimulant to help keep the heart cheerful.

It is said on one occasion, Captain Webster was encamped with General Stark, near the British, a little stream alone dividing them, the British, however, in much greater force. A storm of great length and severity arising, the Americans found shelter in a large barn. When fair weather came, it appeared the British had disappeared. This seeming like an interposition of Providence, some one proposed prayers.

"Let those pray who want to," said a soldier standing near, with a terrible oath. General Stark was so much incensed at the language, that he struck him over the shoulder severely with his sword, saying the name of God should not be profaned in his army. They all went into the barn, where he called on Captain Webster to lead in prayer, who, mounted on a hay-stack, prayed with so much fluency, that, as Stephen Bohannon said, "there never was so much blubbering at a camp meeting."

#### THE SPENDTHRIFT MILLIONAIRE.

William Beckford was born towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a West Indian proprietor, who, dying when his child was ten years of age, left an income of more than \$500,000 a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the eminent Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal, he visited, under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual. "Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow. The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery, was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

Returning at the commencement of the present century, Beckford again abandoned himself to the enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his

the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give to produce effect, was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks around at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments which decorate the room, we almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. A sudden depreciation of West India property, however, took place; some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, and embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch, were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasure was scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the scattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place—there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point to the oft-told moral of the vanity of human pursuits. He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost, fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

Thus melted away, like frost-work before the sun, the extravagant productions of the man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 10 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-together of the club) ..... 20 00  
[One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- F. L. Lowell, Mass.—Napoleon's son was proclaimed emperor under the title of Napoleon II after the abdication of his father by Marshal Frouchy—but of course this was a mere fiction. We believe the marshal came to the country directly after the disastrous campaign of 1815.
- G. B. Cincinnati, Ohio. The military genius of the present emperor of France has been asserted by some and denied by others. There is no doubt that he is ambitious of commanding an army in the field, and that he is well versed in all that appertains to artillery, the great forte of his uncle.
- C. C. Baltimore. The four philosophical schools which sprang from Socrates were the Cynical, founded by Antisthenes of Cyrene, the Megarian, Phaedon, the Academic, Plato, and the Peripatetic, founded by Aristotle.
- H. H. Boston. Among the ancients only were sung to the accompaniment of the lyre. The term *ode* is derived from the Greek word signifying song.
- F. H. Dr. Isaac Ray, superintendent and physician of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Rhode Island, affirms that much of the prevalent mental infirmity may be fairly traced to the popular modes of education. To say, however, that the amount of instruction and task imposed upon the young with at school is always or generally determined by a careful consideration of the laws of physiology and a scrupulous regard to the results of experience, would be to utter the broadest possible irony.
- A. P. Washington, D. C.—Consult the "Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," by Horace Twiss.
- J. C. Lord Bacon was opposed to usurious interest, and advocated a universal rate of interest.
- C. H. In 1781 there were 437 colored persons to 251,133 whites in Massachusetts.
- R. H. The laws of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached Boston May 16, 1766, and was celebrated by a general holiday on the 16th of that month. For Hancock, that occasion contributed a pipe of Madeira wine to the refreshment provided for the public.
- M. D. Egyptian mummies were formerly imported into England for medicinal purposes. Ground mummy now forms a color used by artists in painting.

## TAKE A PAPER.

Our friend, if you want to know what is going on in the world, take a paper. You need not spend your time in gossiping and prying round to find out what your neighbors are doing, and what they think, if you will only take a paper. All that they are doing which is worth knowing about, all that they are thinking of which is of any sort of importance, either to you or to them, you can get at with little trouble and without waste of time, if you will just take a paper. There is a great deal of art at the present day, and science is ever at work, contriving something new in this industrious age; and you ought, for your own interest, as well as for your information and entertainment, to keep posted up in all the inventions which art and science are continually bringing forth. This you can do easily and surely, if you will take a paper.

The nations of the earth are all in a state of activity. Old ties are being severed, and new connections formed; all of which are matters of the highest moment to you. There are wars and rumors of wars in every direction. Countries are being settled and built up; old nations aroused from the lethargy of centuries, and started on the march of human progress; and the depths of the earth are yielding up treasures of untold value. All these things bear directly upon your prosperity and welfare, and a knowledge of these momentous events is of the greatest importance, to enable you so to shape your course, that you may profit by what is turning up on every hand. Would you obtain this knowledge with regularity and precision, and thus "put money in your purse," then we say to you again, and still more emphatically, *take a paper*.

The paper will become to you a constant source of pleasing and profitable interest. It will cheer many a dull and lonely hour, after the toils and fatigues of the day, give a pleasant relish to your frugal meal, and a happy zest to your hours of relaxation. You will look forward with pleasant anticipation to the time when its contents are spread before you, in well-ordered and inviting columns; you will hail with joy the hour of its coming; and during the period of daily labor, your active mind, well stored with its contents, will reflect upon what you have read, and build thereon the fair fabric of thought. You will thus have facts and opinions with which to promote quiet reflection, and to enrich your conversation. The members of your family, old and young, will profit in like manner, each according to his or her degree; and all, sons, daughters, wife, parents, will be made wiser and

happier. The paper will be a constant and valuable friend of the family, an ever welcome visitor, and a counsellor, instructor and guide. Books are a good thing in a household, and should ever find place there. But would you know what books are good to read, what discoveries in the arts they develop, what histories of nations and countries they present, what entertaining narratives and improving treatises they contain; in short, would you know what books are fit to buy and read? then take a paper, and you will learn all this with very little trouble, and at less expense than the cost of one poor book.

## AFFAIRS IN THE CANADAS.

Since the decision of Queen Victoria that the future seat of government of Upper and Lower Canada shall be the city of Ottawa, both houses of the Canadian Parliament have adopted that city as the capital, by a small majority in each branch. That much vexed question is therefore definitely settled, and probably with a wise judgment as to the future growth and development of the provinces, though not so wise as to the immediate desires of the majority of the Canadian people. While the city of Ottawa is making the necessary arrangements for the reception and proper accommodation of the government, by the erection of the requisite public buildings, the sessions of parliament will be removed from Toronto, the present capital, and held at Quebec. It is contemplated to have everything in readiness at Ottawa at the end of two years, and the final change will then be made. The opponents of removal, however, still cherish a hope that the scheme may eventually be defeated, by postponing the expenditures at Ottawa to an indefinite period, and that Quebec may thus remain the permanent location of the provincial government.

The rage for economy has possessed the Canadian legislators of late, very much as it has afflicted our national congress, and apparently with as few beneficial results. The majority of the House of Assembly, so far from yielding to the "sweet madness" of retrenchment for political effect, have recently passed a vote, by a very decided majority, to raise the pay of members from four to six dollars per day. The "vote yourself a farm" gentry of Lower Canada, have had a little favor shown them recently by the parliament; a bill having been read a second time, compelling owners of wild lands to make compensation to squatters for their buildings and improvements, when they remove them from the lands of which those squatters have taken illegal possession. As the proprietors are non-residents, we presume the squatters have some votes to give, in return for this very remarkable favor. The fact is, that mankind in general, and legislators in particular, are very much the same all the world over; and our neighbors at the north are by no means exceptional instances of the potency of that remarkable law of reciprocity known as—"you tickle me, and I'll scratch you."

## AN EMPEROR "HARD UP."

When he was in Paris, Napoleon I., accompanied by Duroc, was often in the habit of rambling about the city in the evening, dressed, like his attendant, in a blue overcoat, without any decoration or ornament. Like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, he often met with curious adventures. Sometimes the emperor hurried Duroc off, scarcely giving him time to dress, and often causing him to forget to take any money with him. As for Napoleon, he never had any about him.

One day Napoleon and Duroc took a long tramp, and the emperor, being very hungry, went into a cafe at the corner of the boulevard—and ordered a chop and an omelette—his favorite dishes. When they had breakfasted, the bill was presented. The grand marshal rummaged his pockets and found that he had left his purse at home, and that they were in a sad "fix." The waiter, who saw their annoyance, politely told them that if they had no money, they might pay the next time they came that way. The woman who kept the shop, scolded the waiter for his voracity, and said, "there's eight francs dead loss." "No, ma'am," said the waiter, "I'll pay you myself. I'm sure these men are honest, and won't let me suffer."

The woman took the money, all the time scolding her guests for ordering a breakfast before they found out that they could pay for it. The marshal then took out his watch and offered the waiter to leave it in pawn, but the honest fellow refused to receive it, and the guests took their departure, after thanking him warmly.

But both of them forgot all about the breakfast and the debt, and for some days the coffee-house woman's tongue rang like the clapper of a bell at the expense of the poor waiter's gullibility, as she called it. At last, on the fifth day, the emperor happened to think of the breakfast, and the confidence of the waiter. He immediately despatched one of his footmen, who on reaching the cafe, asked if two gentlemen had not breakfasted there and run up a bill of eight francs which the waiter had paid, and added that he was sent to return the money.

The young man was called, and after the servant had ascertained that he was really the person in question, he said:

"Here are twenty-five napoleons which the emperor sends you, with his thanks for your paying his bill and becoming answerable for him."

The waiter was overwhelmed with this honor, and as long as he wore the apron, and carried the napkin, was a lion among his fellows.

## CLOTILDE AND EUGENIE.

Rumor says that the little bride of Prince "Plon-plon" and the lovely empress of France do not agree quite as imperial cousins should do, and that as the prince ventures to quarrel with the emperor, so does the little Sardinian dare to pont at the empress. And this difference first manifested itself on the subject of a bonnet! The empress, who on inquiring what could be the color of the dress to be worn by the Princess Clotilde at a certain state ball, being told that it was pink, as well as the bonnet, expressed a somewhat exaggerated degree of repugnance to this sameness, and presumed to despatch three bonnets of different hue to the Palais Royal. These were returned, with a haughtiness which the Empress Eugenie is but little accustomed to meet, and the pink bonnet being adhered to, the consequence was much mortification on the part of the empress, and an additional wound bestowed by the coldness with which both ladies were received on that memorable day. The absence of the princess at the ball on the morrow, a ball given expressly to do her honor, is said to have widened the breach between the two ladies, and augmented the host of small annoyances which, in courtly life, help to form the sum of those envious rivalries and vindictive hates, whence have arisen more catastrophes than were ever occasioned by the greatest political questions or the most important national measure. The greatest wars have owed their origin to trifles quite as light as the pink or blue bonnet of the Princess Clotilde.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.—Mr. Dickens is said to have realized more than £5000 last year, from reading his own works. He is now said to be engaged on a work especially for his own public reading. Mr. Thackeray must have put aside twice as much, at least, from his lectures, since he began to read as well as write. What notions of personal dignity can resist the temptation of such earnings as these, especially with authors having families to provide for?

RAPID VEGETATION.—The gardener of the Agri-horticultural Society of India gives an instance of the extraordinary growth of the bamboo. The shoot was planted in July last, and in four months attained the height of forty-five feet, and a width of twenty-two inches. The plant must have grown the sixth of an inch an hour, a speed nearly, if not quite, visible to a careful watcher.

NEW INVENTION.—A new type case has been invented by an Ohio gentleman. The improvement consists in substituting a zinc bottom, perforated with small holes, through which filters all the dust so annoying and injurious to the health of the craft.

RUM AND CRIME.—Hall's Journal of Health states a somewhat significant fact, if it be, indeed, a fact, viz., that of the 5000 persons tried last year, before the New York Court of Sessions, only 94 were sober when arrested.

THE EXTREME OF IGNORANCE.—It is said Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

GLORY.—Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

## FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History" is a charming book, and written throughout in a very pleasant vein, which seems to be hereditary, for his father, the distinguished geologist, was also a quiet humorist. We have laughed heartily over a good story that is told of him. One day he gave a dinner after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day, "Very good, indeed," answered the other, "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat." The doctor shook his head, "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another—"not unpleasant, but peculiar!" "All alligators have," replied Buckland, "the cayman peculiarly so—the fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating!" There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination is," said Buckland; "if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or birds' nest soup, salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse—such is prejudice!" "But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good as a calf's head as ever wore a coronet!" answered Buckland.

"THE MAN FOR GALWAY."—During the recent canvass in Galway, Ireland, which resulted in the unanimous choice of John Orrell Lever, Esq., as a member of Parliament, and the withdrawal of Sir Thomas Redington from the contest, our friend, Pliny Miles, Esq., ("Communipaw"), made a rousing speech to the electors, which was received with wild enthusiasm. A stump speech from a Yankee in Ireland, strikes us as a novelty, at least; but Pliny is the man to do it up in good shape.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION.—Senor Givin, a tobacco planter of Cuba, believes that a crucifix which he possesses has bestowed upon him the power of restoring the blind to sight, to heal the lame and cure the halt, and what is still more singular, his friends and neighbors share in the delusion, declaring that he cured a man who had been lame for many years, by laying his hands upon him.

"RODERICK THE ROVER: or, The Spirit of the Wave."—This is the best nautical novelette ever written by LIEUTENANT MURRAY, and has already been republished in London. It is beautifully illustrated by large original engravings, done for us in Champney's best style. We will pay the postage and send it to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

HOW TO BECOME M. D. IN MELBOURNE.—We extract this advertisement from a Melbourne paper:—"To be disposed of, on moderate terms, the first-class Dublin diploma of the late Dr. T—r. Apply to his disconsolate widow, at the old surgery in the tent next the European National Restaurant, Clarendon, St. Emerald Hill.

ALLITERATION.—The following specimen of alliteration was lately picked out of an old paper:

Waxed weary with watching, wet night wanes away.  
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day.  
The travelling tinker to town trips along,  
Still solemnly singing some singular song.

JUDICIOUS.—The wives along the Mississippi never blow up their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it, sooner or later.

DISTANCE MEASURED.—A recent traveller by the Sound route says Boston is exactly 24 cigars and 6 brandy cocktails from New York.

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.



## A STEAM REGULATOR.

Few of our readers who have observed a steam engine in operation, can have failed to notice two iron balls suspended by diverging arms from a common centre. The balls revolve in a circle while the engine is in motion, and by the power of centrifugal force, regulate the quantity of steam, and consequently the rate of motion. As the speed of the engine increases, these balls fly apart more widely, by virtue of the centrifugal force; and the expanding of the suspending arms thus caused, acts upon the supply valve and shuts off a part of the steam. So when the speed diminishes, the balls fall nearer together by the action of gravity, and a contrary motion is thus communicated to the arms, which causes the valve to open wider and let on more steam. This is a very ingenious contrivance, and has long been in use—but practically it is found that the movement is not quite quick enough to shut off or let on steam as soon as is desirable, in some cases. To remedy this objection, a more complete regulator has recently been invented, perfected and patented, by a young man named Sargent, of Columbus, Ohio. The action of opening or shutting the supply valve is effected by means of two circular metallic plates revolving in the same direction, and with their faces in contact with each other. These faces have inclined or wedge-shaped surfaces, so arranged that the least variation in the position of either towards the other, opens and shuts the valve. They are made to revolve by independent motions; one being directly connected with the engine, by means of a belt from the shaft, and the other moved by a small oscillating cylinder. When the engine is working at a regular speed, both plates revolve with the same velocity; and moving in the same direction, their inclined surfaces of course preserve the same relation to each other. The motion of the plate which is driven by the oscillating cylinder, is kept regular by a uniform supply of steam; but that of the other plate, which is driven by the shaft-belt, depends upon the speed of the engine. The moment, therefore, that this speed varies, the surfaces of the two plates act upon each other, and produce an instantaneous motion which acts upon the valve. By this ingenious invention the valve is opened or closed to the desired extent, in one-fiftieth of a second of time; and as it is applicable to any engine, marine or other, for which the ball-governor can be used, it must prove of great value in the operation of steam machinery.

**A JEWISH COLONY IN CHINA.**—The Jewish Chronicle states that the remnant of a Jewish colony has been found at Kai-fung-foo, China. A communication is about to be opened with these sons of Israel by their British co-religionists, and they will be requested to send two youths to England to receive a European education. They have been separated from all intercourse with the remainder of their race for a period of six centuries.

**RISTORI AT NAPLES.**—A Naples letter in a French journal says that the representations by Ristori are thinly attended. The celebrated tragedienne has against her the party of Sadowski, her rival, who, living at Naples under the patronage of a duke, is supported out of local pride. Ristori had better cut Italy and come over here. We want a new lioness to lionize.

**A LONG JOURNEY.**—A German recently arrived at St. Louis, en route for Pike's Peak, having travelled thus far from his house in Pennsylvania on foot. In reply to some inquiries about his undertaking a pedestrian journey of such length, he said he had not much money, and "didn't think it was so far."

**U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—We are indebted to Major B. Perley Poore for a copy of the Transactions of the Society for 1859, full of valuable information.

**OPERATIC.**—Ulman, it is said, expects to reopen the New Academy in April, with an opera troupe. Piccolomini is re-engaged. Strakosch and Maretzek are expected at about the same time.

**STREET BEGGARS.**—The police are taking up all the street beggars, and sending them to the workhouse.

**A FELICITOUS DEFINITION.**—Mrs. Child says the flowers are "the illuminated scripture of the prunes."

## THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

This wonderful work of human art stands forth on the plains of the Nile a monument of the past, that fills the beholder with awe. A huge form, rising 60 feet from the ground, and 140 feet long, with a head presenting human features more than an hundred feet in circumference, it stands there amidst the waste of sands like the colossal representation of some pagan divinity. When this enormous figure was cleared from the banks of sands which surrounded it, it revealed the body of a lion in a couchant position, between the fore legs of which appeared a miniature temple, with a platform and flight of steps approaching it. The whole figure, except the fore legs, is cut out of solid rock; and the head, which presents a face of mild and placid female beauty, was formerly adorned with a cap, with long pendants at the sides, portions of which still remain. The excavations revealed numerous inscriptions at the base of the monument, which had been placed there by Grecian and Roman travellers who visited it centuries ago; and it was even then regarded as a wonder of great antiquity. The names of various Egyptian monarchs are also inscribed upon the base; and they are represented in a sculptured scene as offering sacrifice to a smaller figure of the sphynx. Pliny saw this wonderful object during his visit to the pyramids of Ghizeh; and his authority is relied upon for the opinion that the monument was designed to commemorate the annual floods of the Nile, which took place regularly under the zodiacal signs of the lion and the virgin.

## MORPHY, THE CHESS-PLAYER.

After lavishing encomiums on the head of this wonder of the age, some of the papers are calling upon him, now that he has conquered the whole world at chess, to engage in some avocation more worthy of his great cerebral development. Such a man, it is insisted, is claimed by science, and his life is not to be trifled away by always moving little pieces of ivory on a board. Chess is a noble amusement, but as the business of a lifetime it can hardly command respect. There is no quality of the mind that enters into the composition of a good chess-player, which cannot be employed in business—law, politics, state craft, and many humbler occupations; consequently, Mr. Paul Morphy, who has won for himself imperishable renown in the annals of chess, is informed that he has "played out," and he is invited to turn his attention to something else of more benefit to mankind.

**A NEW IDEA.**—The Providence Journal states that the American artists in Florence are desirous of making for New York a monument, a park entrance, and an Atlantic cable commemoration, all combined in a design for a noble arch, sixty feet high, surmounted by a bust of Franklin twenty-five feet high, to be called the Franklin Gate, and used for the Central Park. If they carry out the design, they had better leave out any reference to the cable, for the only appropriate emblem would be a *gamin* with his thumb applied to his nose, and that wouldn't be artistic.

**THE MANIA FOR SUICIDE.**—The mania of self-destruction seems to rage latterly. Jarvis Bailey, a farmer in good circumstances, residing at Tyrone, Steuben county, N. Y., a highly respectable man and a member of the Baptist church, having settled his worldly affairs to his satisfaction, deliberately hung himself in his barn. A neighbor of Bailey's, named Williams, hearing of the circumstance, went through a similar operation, and was found the next day suspended by the neck in his own barn.

**AMERICAN MARBLE.**—Statuary marble is now quarried in Vermont, in any quantity, which is in all respects equal to the best found in the world. The quarries at Waterford and Shelburn yield the purest white marble, which is worked with as great facility, and which polishes as handsomely, as any that was ever chiselled upon the soil of Italy.

**A FIERY LOVER.**—A young lady in Pittsburgh discarded her lover for his small size. In his resentment he burned her father's house. "Lo (says Prentice) what a big fire a little spark kindleth!"

**A WOMAN TO BE HUNG.**—Mrs. Hartung, convicted of poisoning her husband, at Albany, N. Y., has been sentenced to be hung on the 27th of April.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 250,000.

Two printing presses are about to be started to the gold region at Pike's Peak.

Not less than thirteen thousand lots in Chicago are advertised for non-payment of last year's taxes.

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines, except cube root and the bark of a dog.

The Queen's Theatre in London is about to be transformed into a large hotel, on the American plan.

Jonathan Burr has given \$10,000 to the Chicago Home for the Friendless, on condition that its managers erect a building of equal value.

Masonic baptism, a French rite, was performed at a lodge in New Orleans recently, when sixteen lads were consecrated by water and by fire.

The Indiana Senate, by a vote of 30 to 9, have refused to pass a law prohibiting members of that body from carrying deadly weapons while in attendance on its sessions.

Mary Callan, a little Irish girl 9 years of age, died in Bangor lately, from the effects of drinking rum, given her by the neighbors on the occasion of a birth rejoicing.

The French Minister of War has given orders that no further experiments shall be made with fulminating cotton, to be used in place of gunpowder, according to an improved plan.

Brignoli is so pleased with this country, that he has no idea of returning to Europe. He gets with Strakosch, \$1500 a month, a vast deal more than is ever got on the other side of the water.

The annual report of the Oregon Penitentiary shows that on the commencement of the present year thirty-two prisoners were in confinement. These are supported at a cost of \$200 each per annum.

The emperor of Cochín China was so alarmed at the comet, that he fastened himself in a tower, with poison and a cord, in order to put an end to his existence in the event of its causing any disaster.

Two new verbs have been coined in Paris, the *babiner*, meaning to talk charmingly, derived from the name of a famous talker, M. Babinet; and the other *tautiner*, to dance well, from Mlle Tautin, a great dancer.

A few days ago a lawyer gave an insult to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, at Logansport, Ohio, while on the bench, whereupon the judge at once got off the bench, and, going into the bar, gave the lawyer a severe drubbing.

Harry Meigs, who, it will be remembered, swindled the citizens of San Francisco out of half a million of dollars, in 1855, is said to be the most successful American financier in Chili. He lives at Santiago, and is reported to be worth \$2,000,000.

A newly appointed constable at Rochester, Michigan, a few days ago undertook to turn a man out of court, who he thought was interrupting the proceedings. The gentleman quietly withdrew, and the constable soon after was informed that he had turned out the sheriff.

Preparations are making in Baltimore for a hospital for foundlings, where this class of children may be reared, educated, and otherwise provided for; also for the infants of destitute persons, who are prevented by poverty from supplying their wants.

The New Orleans Picayune says the sad experience of the past year has already caused the whole line of the river levees to be strengthened; and we are doubtless better able to withstand a flood now, than at the beginning of the present year.

A Mobile paper announces the death, at the age of 100 years, at a Major Austin's, in Clark County, Ala., of Nancy, a slave raised in Delaware, by the father-in-law of Mr. Custis, step son of Gen. Washington, who waited upon her young mistress when married.

A woman named Susan Davis, ninety years of age, was recently turned out of doors by her own son, in New York. She was utterly destitute, and applied to an acquaintance, who provided her with food and gave her the use of a basement room. About a week after she was found dead in her bed.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says that the republican party there are much amused and rejoiced at the downfall of Souleuvre. They maintain that the Emperor Napoleon is his disciple and imitator, having followed him in all his steps towards the imperial sceptre, and they argue that his downfall will be the same, and must soon follow.

The editor of the Medium Gazette tells of a skunk being captured in a house by a dog, with the usual result of disgust of the victors. The terrible scent was neutralized by burning tar upon live coals of fire, by which the air was purified as if by magic. If this kind of fumigation is a sure specific, it deserves to be known and put upon record.

All the governments of Europe are wanting to borrow money. Austria wants to borrow \$30,000,000; England, \$35,000,000; Sardinia, \$10,000,000. France wants a large sum, and Russia, it is expected, will also be trying its credit to large extent. About \$100,000,000 is the aggregate wanted by these different governments to put themselves in a position to prevent one being eaten up by the other.

## Sands of Gold.

.... He that loses hope may part with anything.—*Congress*

.... It is the glorious doom of literature that the evil perishes and the good remains.—*Baker*

.... A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—*Baker*

.... A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it.—*Gay*

.... The unprincipled constantly mistake the impulses of the ingenious for the prompting of policy.—*Baker*

.... It is with treasures of the mind as with other riches, we become more covetous of them the richer we grow.—*De Boufflers*

.... Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God.—*Emerson*

.... Uncertainty and expectation are joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the over-taking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase.—*Congress*

.... A landscape looks best on Sunday. With the repose of man nature sympathizes, and in the inward stillness imparted unconsciously to every spirit by the general calm, outward beauty is more faithfully imaged.—*George Henry Colver*

.... Censor is always to be admired, and equivocation to be shunned, but there is such a thing as supercogitation, and very bold and ingenious avowals may do much more harm than good.—*Robert Walsh*

.... The value of time varies with individuals; and, in the same hour glass which marks the flight of time to every eye, it is less than lost sand to the idler, but more than gold to the studious man.—*De Boufflers*

.... The effusions of genius, or rather the manifestations of what is called talent, are often the effects of distempered nerves and complexional spleen, as pearls are morbid secretions.—*Robert Walsh*

.... Every contingency to every man and every creature doth preach our own funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or our sorrows.—*Jeremy Taylor*

.... There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Norahs*

## Joker's Budget.

What is next to an oyster? The shell. A hard case that.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

Everybody's pants are too short, because their legs stick through *two* feet.

There is a Quaker in Philadelphia so upright that he went sit down to his meals.

Those who take off their gloves to shake hands should take off their boots when they kick a man.

Spriggles says that the man who invented the camphene lamp had better hide his light under a bushel.

Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A judge, suspected of bribery, chided his clerk for having a dirty face. The clerk replied, "I plead guilty, but judge, my hands are clean."

An alderman, having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back: "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

Natural History of Consumption.—Two thin shoes make one cold—two colds an attack of the bronchitis—two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

The best way to succeed in the grocery business is to sell cheap and give light weight. The former will bring you customers, and the latter will enable you to skin them.

One day a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it is a sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Although the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob which pelts a poor fellow with eggs can properly be said to give him an ovation.

"You are at the very bottom of the bill," said the physician to a sick patient, "but I shall endeavor to get you up again." "I fear I shall be out of breath before I reach the top," was the reply.

A boy in the country writes to another in the city to come and visit him. He proposes to him to get his father's consent, and says it might be done in this way: "Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come."

"It would seem, my friend," observed one dandy to another at a party, "that they give no supper to night." "But I shall endeavor to eat," said the other, "and I shall not stop my expenses," and coolly took off his new pair of gloves.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## HAPPY DAYS.

BY WILLIE E. PARON.

I think how swift the years go by,  
Since sober manhood crowned my brow;  
Like clouds that flit through April's sky,  
So swift they pass before me now.

In childhood, when among the flowers,  
There was no day that seemed too long;  
And now, in manhood's riper hours,  
I long their fleetness as my song.

So happy then, so happy now,  
I fain would bid the seasons stay,  
And at the feet of Time I bow  
And ask him why he hastes away.

Love crowned my years in childhood's time,  
Such love but once comes to a child;  
And now love fills my measure'd rhyme,  
And has my later years beguiled.

This love is one we never feel  
Save when the heart some kindred heart  
Has met, and said, for woe or weal,  
Through life we go till death shall part.

And as the years thus hurry by,  
In manhood's ripening bloom I stand,  
Beneath the warm and sunny sky  
That crowns affection's happy land.

So do you wonder that I fain  
Would have the seasons slower go?  
Of pleasure much, with little pain,  
Who happier days can ever know?

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## MISS MARTIN'S HUSBAND.

BY MRS. B. C. RUSSELL.

FIVE years since I went to board in a little tenement owned and occupied by Miss Judith Martin, spinster, No. 36 — Street, Boston, recommended thereto by a friend who had known Miss Martin for years, and thought the woman and the place just the thing for my reduced circumstances and quiet habits. It was one of those small wooden houses fast being crowded out by brick and stone, with the lower story fitted up and rented as a shop, and only one flight and the attic above that. The front room had always been Miss Martin's parlor, but she was willing to yield it to me, and use the other large one as dining and sitting room.

Here, after a day's bustle of hanging up, arranging furniture, and getting generally settled, I was domesticated, with a broad grate for coal one side, and on the other two wide windows that looked out on a row of narrow, dingy brick houses opposite, one of which held a small army of boarders, another a dressmaker's shop, another a school that emptied itself out of an alleyway, and another a quaint old lady in cambric cap, who seemed to have no other occupation than to knit an interminable blue stocking and watch my movements.

My hostess was one of the kindest and simplest specimens of an old maid that it has ever been my lot to meet with. I should think she was about forty, there were a few silver streaks in her light brown hair, and rather a perceptible "crow's foot" at the corners of her pleasant eyes. But she had fine teeth, and a straight, neat built form, and no matter what her occupation, she had a wonderful faculty of looking neat and "dressed." She was soft-footed, too, and pleasant-voiced, and went about with a perpetual murmur of a song between her lips, like a bird thinking aloud. She loved to study the psalms of a Sunday afternoon, or an evening, and read pensive poetry that was not too profound, and books of novel and pious memoirs; and she wrote rhymes too, simple, pleasant things about her daily life and thoughts, with something of an effort for the measure and rhyme, and plenty of moral axioms to make up the number of the lines. But the quaintest side of her was her firm belief in signs and omens. It was painful but amusing to see her dread of various inadvertences that she considered omens of death or misfortune, and the care with which she avoided them. "O, Mrs. B., don't do that, it's a certain sign of death"—or, "you'll certainly hear bad news from some of your friends," greeted me often in the course of the day; and the smile with which I often received her warnings, was considered terribly skeptical and dangerous.

There were but few visitors to the house—a circumstance which I liked exceedingly; but a person who came regularly every Sabbath afternoon to tea, and sat until nine in the evening, half the

time in complete silence, interested me greatly. He was a gaunt, dark, sadly awkward man of from forty to fifty years, with iron-gray hair, iron-gray eyes, and scant whiskers of the same color, with a stoop in his shoulders, a slight hesitation in his speech, and a suit of rusty black that seemed to have been in wear ever since its owner obtained the full size of man. Mr. Crosset was a small grocer down town, an old friend and schoolmate of my hostess, and, as I found in time, a man of the highest integrity, of a tender spirit that would not harm the meanest thing, and a mind of no inferior order. But how singular he would be! I never knew him to come in without stumbling over something, although Miss Martin took pains to have a clear passage to the large chair in the corner where he always sat. He was always asking you questions, which he never seemed to expect an answer to, and beginning remarks whose last end never came. Often he would sit an entire evening without speaking, while he dreamily gazed into the fire, or wrote with his fore finger upon the knee of his rusty black pants; and he has stared at me or Miss Martin for half an hour together, no doubt entirely unconscious of the rudeness. But when you could get his ideas started, and his tongue really unloosed, his conversation was very interesting—he seemed to have mused and written symbolically to some purpose, and I sat astonished often at the beauty of the thoughts and words that dropped from his great ungainly mouth.

I was not many months in discovering that my hostess had much more than a friendly interest in her strange visitor. The dishes he loved were cooked with the greatest care, and put on the table with as much taste as though a king was to sit down; the fire was always left with a crust of old coal about it, so that he might have the pleasure of punching and poking it into liveliness; a becoming cap, worn at no other time, was always donned immediately after church, and especial pains taken with the collar and cuffs and the prim-setting black silk gown. Then, too, when the visitor happened to be a little late, there was such a fluttering up stairs to look out of the window, such a nervous arranging of the books upon the old-fashioned card table, such a pleased blush when the clumsy steps at length sounded upon the stairs, that even a stupid person might have seen the state of Miss Martin's simple heart. How long she had been loving the man in this silent way—whether it was for the ten years that he had regularly made her these Sabbath visits, or ever since their school days; whether he was at all conscious of it, and had any tenderness for her, or whether it would live and die alone, was a problem I longed to solve.

I used to ask her about him and his early days; and once, when I commented upon his strange habit of absence, she remarked timidly that he was once very much in love with a pretty girl, who jilted him, and that people said was why he was so peculiar. I laughed outright.

"Do you think a person of his strength of mind has any remembrance of such folly, or rather that he cares for it at all now?" I asked.

"Don't you think he does remember it, and pines over it, Mrs. B.?" she asked quickly, with such a bright, eager look as I had never seen on her face before.

"Certainly not, dear!" I said. "No doubt a man of his good sense and integrity would cast such a woman out of his heart, and despise her as she deserved. I think better of Mr. Crosset than to believe that he would pine twenty or thirty years for a jilt."

I don't know whether it was for that speech that Miss Martin went out and bought some expensive grapes for dinner, and insisted upon making up all my fine collars, but certainly I thought I never should eat enough to satisfy her, or allow her to do quite enough for my comfort.

But the very next Sabbath Mr. Crosset seemed to have changed his line of conduct. He was very silent, but very uneasy, and broke off his finger-writing several times to get up and look out of the window into the court; to handle over the books and walk abstractedly about the room. He looked uneasily at Miss Martin, and then at me, so many times, and opened his mouth to say something that wouldn't come out, so often, that soon after tea as was proper I excused myself and went into my room, thinking that I must be in the way.

I watched Miss Martin all the week, and was certain nothing new had been said, especially when the visitor came again another Sabbath and behaved in the same manner. Miss Martin

herself spoke of it the next day, and conjectured that her friend must be troubled in his business, for he had several times asked her about her affairs, but never seemed able to go any further.

We were both astonished, when the next Sabbath after tea Mr. Crosset rose with me and asked for a few minutes' private conversation. Poor Miss Martin rose, with a pale face, and bidding us good night, in spite of all we could say went up to her chamber. When she had gone, I seated myself and waited for him to begin, but he had fallen into one of his silent fits, and I was obliged to remind him that he had something particular to say to me before he came to himself. Then all the trouble came out. Miss Martin had, by his advice and with his assistance, placed her whole little patrimony in a corporation that proved to be entirely rotten, and she was now penniless, except a small interest in this house. He had been trying to break this news to her these three Sabbaths, but could not have the heart to do it, especially as she was so independent that he knew she wouldn't accept the restitution he thought it but justice to make to her. The man's eyes were actually moist as he spoke of her.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he said, "she was not able or fit to go out into the world and support herself, and he had promised her dying mother long ago that he would have some care of her. If we could only devise some means to make her take as much from him as she had lost, to make her comfortable and happy, and have things go on just as they had done," and he looked helplessly at me.

"You stupid thing!" I thought. "Hasn't it ever come into your head that you might marry her, and make all right? A woman would have found that way out long ago."

But did I dare say as much? Perhaps Mr. Crosset would be eternally offended, and it might not be any kindness to my tender little hostess either; but after looking into the fire a moment, I resolved to venture it. He'd come there to tea fifty years before he'd think that it would be better to install her into the office of perpetual tea-maker for him.

"Mr. Crosset, if you won't be offended, I'd like to make one suggestion," I said.

He nodded to me to go on.

"It's none of my business, and only a lonely woman's whim," I added, "and you must never let Miss Martin know that I said such a thing; but did it never occur to you that you are both lonely people, with only an apology for a home, either of you, with no one to nurse you in sickness, and that all these advantages might be gained if you should live together?"

He stared at me as if I had been crazy.

"Miss Martin is a model for a wife," I persisted—"gentle, affectionate, orderly. You could not do better, Mr. Crosset. You have no idea how much happier you would be, to find one kind face and heart always waiting for you. I think this is the only way in which you can provide for her. She has no home now—you had better offer her a part of yours."

He was looking into the fire with all his might.

"You are not offended at the liberty?" I asked.

He started, and I repeated the question.

Ah, no! he was not in the least offended—he would think it over and make up his mind; and he took his hat down and stumbled down stairs, without bidding me good night.

Poor Miss Martin! There was but one way in which a loving woman could interpret the interview, and I never before had such a respect for her Christian character. She had never done so much for me, nor seemed so humble, as she did all through the week, and I knew she was struggling to overcome the jealousy and dislike that was inevitable in such a case. How many tears she shed as she thought in secret that week; how many hours she sat in her chamber, when she thought me asleep, reading and praying for resignation, no doubt. "If that man don't offer himself to her next Sunday," I thought, "I'll choke him."

When Sabbath noon came, I announced, much to her surprise, that I should take tea and spend the evening with a friend. I did not return until late, and there Miss Martin was sitting alone, with her hands in her lap, looking steadfastly into the fire, and weeping softly. I took no notice of it all, but bidding her a cheerful good night, went into my room, and blowing out the light lay down. Presently she came to the door, and timidly asked me if I was in bed. I told her to come in, and when she sat down by the

bedside, took her hand in mine and stroked it affectionately. She laid down her head and cried outright.

"Don't think me silly, Mrs. B., will you?" she said; "but I'm so happy!"

"Are you, my dear?" I said, with a great load of pity off my heart. "I'm sincerely glad, for I don't know of anybody who deserves more to be."

"Ah no, no! she did not—she had been so wicked that week—had had so many wretched thoughts." And then she went on to say that Mr. Crosset had told her that she was penniless, and while she was trying to think of what she should do, he had offered to marry her if she would overlook all his queer ways, and thought she could be happy with him.

"Be happy with him, my dear! I'm afraid I should forget that there was such a place as heaven!" she said, fervently.

A little encouragement brought out the whole story. She had loved him ever since her childhood, in this silent, hopeless way, thinking him perfect, far too good for her, never seeing that he was awkward, or strange, or homely-looking. What a fragrance her faithful, simple love breathed around her! How beautiful it seemed, blooming amidst the poor realities of her daily life! It was like coming upon a bunch of violets in November.

They were married in a month from that time, and moved into a pleasant house that I assisted in fixing up. It is wonderful how both are changed—so cheerful, so companionable, so happy together. And more than all that, they have a baby, with just its father's absent ways, and its mother's gentle temper. If any single man or woman, of an uncertain age, fail to find the moral of this, I would advise them to step into Mr. Crosset's of a Sabbath evening. If they don't go and do likewise, I am no prophet.

## MOORE'S BALLAD SINGING.

Moore, more than any other modern, united the characteristics of the bards of old. He made his own poetry, composed his own music, and sang his own lays in the presence of the great and the fair. All the world is acquainted with his poetry, and many of his melodies have become popular; but his qualities as a singer, known to comparatively few, were perhaps not less remarkable than his genius as a poet and a musician. We had once the opportunity of hearing him, and it was a pleasure we never can forget. With a mere thread of a voice, just sufficient to "fill" an ordinary drawing-room, and accompanying himself with a few chords on the piano, he chanted (rather than sang) his own ballads with such exquisite grace and finish, such sweetness, tenderness and fire, that he produced effects on his hearers unequalled by the greatest professors of the vocal art. Pasta, who once heard him, expressed her delight with Italian fervor. Moore modestly disclaimed such high praise, saying that what he did could not be called singing. "No, Mr. Moore," said the lady, "it is not exactly singing, but it is something a great deal better." It was, in truth, the perfection of ballad-singing; and its charm lay in its delicacy, simplicity, and that earnestness of utterance and manner which showed that every word, every note, came from the heart. Why do not our fashionable and popular ballad-singers endeavor to charm in a similar manner, instead of loading simple melodies with unmeaning flourishes misnamed ornaments?—*Blackwood.*

GRADUAL DEATH.—We do not die wholly at our deaths: we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear: we are torn from ourselves while living, year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave.

ONE DOLLAR.  
WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.
- Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar.
- If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 133,000 copies!
- Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.





MAKING PALM OIL AT WHYDA, GUINEA, GOLD COAST, AFRICA.

## MAKING PALM OIL.

Beyond Cape Verde the appearance of the African shore suddenly changes. To low, sandy tracks, almost always bare, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, succeed shores sometimes abrupt, but generally rising in gentle and gradual slopes from the seaside. The eye thus wanders over an amphitheatre of delicious verdure, losing itself amidst infinite shades; and the vigor of the vegetation surprises even those who are accustomed to the splendors of tropical regions. Among the valuable plants which grow in the superb forests, or near the habitations of man, may be noted the *Elais Guineensis*, a beautiful palm tree, the head of which rises more than thirty feet into the air, and which is called by the negroes their "friend." The *Elais* justifies this pleasant name by the varied resources it affords the poor inhabitants who take care of it. This tree supplies the native of the African shores not only with wine, but with oil, fishing-lines, hats, baskets, enormous nuts full of succulent juice, building materials, etc. Up to this time the oil is the only one of these products which enters extensively into commerce; it is of a buttery consistency, an orange color, and strongly odorous. England first employed the oil of the palm trees, improperly called palm oil, in the manufacture of soap, but we know not the date of its first importation into England. In 1818 from 100 to 200 tons were annually imported; in 1841 the importation reached the amount of 200,000 quintals. Ten-twelfths of the oil is used at Liverpool, where, in 1831, a single establishment turned out 120,000 pounds of soap a week. The United States soon imitated the example of England. France entered into the business much later, but is giving serious attention to it, for English and American soaps have prevented the increase of the exportation of French soaps. Both the Americans and English produce with palm oil a coarser soap than that of Marseilles, but which has some qualities wanting to the French article, such as that of dissolving in salt water, which ensures its use on ship-board. They sell it cheap, and consequently it obtains a preference in the market. In consequence of the production of oleaginous grains and olive oil in France, palm oil has met with a rivalry which injured its sale. Manufacturers necessarily gave the preference to articles of the same price, the use of which required no change in the processes of soap-making and the habits of the consumer. Consequently the use of palm oil in France is somewhat limited. But as the color of the oil, which was an obstacle to its success, has yielded to chemical discoveries, it will, probably, in future be largely employed in France. The great source of supply is that part of northern Guinea called the Gold Coast. It comes from Sierra Leone, Senegal and Gambia, but in less quantities. It is collected in the following way: At the period when the *Elais* palm produces its grains, they are gathered and thrown into troughs the sides of which are made of earth. A reference to our engraving will show the form of these structures. The grains, which are pretty hard, are easily crushed by means of the wooden sandals worn by the blacks employed in this process. As soon as the troughs are sufficiently full, the oil is received into earthen pots, and subject to a primary purification by boiling. It is then placed in casks and sent to the nearest entrepot. Various establishments have been formed in places where the *Elais* palm grows most abundantly.

## A BRAVE BRIGADIER.

When General Franks took command of the 10th regiment, some things did not come up to his idea of efficiency and discipline, and he set to work to correct what he thought wrong in a determined manner; and, as is usually the case when people head back our little irregularities, he got proportionally abused, and a report got about that some of his men intended to shoot him the first time they went into action. Soon after we had the struggle in the Punjab, and just before going into action he addressed his men, saying, "I hear some of you mean to shoot me; all I can say is, if you fire in the direction I go, you will do no harm;" and so bravely did he lead them up to the enemy, that ever since no regiment has been more proud of its colonel than the gallant 10th are of the undaunted Franks.—*India Campaign.*

## HABITATION OF AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH.

The accompanying engraving exhibits the curious sort of hive in which an Egyptian fellah's family lodges. It is a far quainter domicile than a Hottentot's hut. The houses of the richest inhabitants in Egypt are dirty and wretched abodes. During the year 1838, when the plague raged with fury, the viceroy caused the filthiest houses to be torn down. The fellahs were compelled to rebuild, and there was an excellent opportunity to improve their construction, as it was all-important to render their dwelling healthy; but their new dwellings were in the same style as the old, and the plague soon committed the same ravages as before. At the same period Mehemet Ali ordered all the houses of the villages to be white-washed, hoping by that means to induce the peasants to make some domestic arrangement less favorable to the propagation of the terrible scourge. The order was executed only in the villages along the Nile, and here only the fronts of the houses which looked upon the river were white-washed. In this way the pacha was deceived into the belief that his plan had been accomplished, and thus a vain parade of a hygienic improvement of the utmost importance was made. In a few days the women plastered even these fronts with the balls of manure which they dry for fuel. It is true that lately the pacha, terrified at the food which the accumulated filth of the villages offers to the plague, has undertaken to build entire villages himself. But the poor fellahs cannot afford to purchase the government buildings, for even the lash cannot extort money from paupers. The condition of many Egyptian villages is most unfavorable to health. As only earth is used for material, they must dig to build, and there is commonly a ditch about a settlement, in which the waters of the overflow of

the Nile lodge, and finally send up the most nauseous exhalations and most pernicious miasmas. To this focus of the plague we must add the cemeteries, located in the midst of dwellings. The tombs are badly constructed—they are not deep enough, too many bodies are heaped up, and they are but imperfectly closed by blocks of stone. Hence miasmatic emanations rise incessantly from this fatal place, and the odor of carrion abandoned on the highway, load the atmosphere with the most deleterious principles. The fellahs do not seem to suspect the unhealthy influence of putrefaction. They wash, water their cattle, and sometimes drink themselves in these pools of dirty and ill-smelling water. It is thus in all Egypt, even in Said (Upper Egypt), where a hotter climate renders cleanliness more important. The villages there are perhaps even more neglected, but the excessive intensity of the heat, completely drying up the canals and reservoirs, prevents the waters shedding their miasmata on the atmosphere, and in this respect renders the houses more salubrious. Nothing better shows the abject state to which the cultivator is reduced in this country, than the absence of all hygienic care. The ordinary dwelling of the fellah is a wretched hut, constructed of mud and *doura* straw cut in pieces. The trunk of a date tree furnishes the frame, and the roof is made of the branches and leaves of the same tree. The mother, father, children, cattle and fowls, are crowded together in the same space with the provisions and the dung-heap. These damp and infected huts receive a little light and air from holes in the wall, which have neither glass nor shutters. During the summer the air circulates freely, but in the winter the dwelling is hermetically sealed. As may well be imagined, the furniture of these wretched huts is neither costly nor complicated. The man and his wife have each a bed. The hand-mill with which they grind their grain, consists of a stone hollowed out in a circular form, with a small circular stone playing within it. These are commonly made of fragments of fallen columns. But this is not the only use which the Egyptian peasant makes of the precious ruins scattered so profusely over the land; he takes an entablature, perhaps covered with the most curious carvings for his door-sill. Ignorance and idleness acting in concert, he destroys daily, without absolute necessity, the riches of which science is so jealous, and does not even know how to use them to have a handsomer, healthier and more durable house than the shapeless cabin which is often carried away by the great overflow of the Nile. With the exception of vessels of porous earthen which contain water for drinking, almost all the objects which the fellah professes are products of the date tree. The mat on which he sleeps, and his great baskets, are made of date leaves. The ends of the branches furnish brooms; the flower produces a matter something like the wool of a negro, and used as a sponge—the leaves supply ropes, and after having fed the master, the kernel of the fruit feeds the camel. The date tree often clothes, warms, shelters and feeds a man, and leave a surplus for trading.

## FISHING EXTRAORDINARY ON THE PARANA.

On approaching the entrance of Bahia Negra, we were astonished at the number of fish, apparently myriads. We anchored at the confluence of the two waters, to give the officers and men a little sport, and an opportunity to obtain food and specimens. I have caught the Red Snapper and Groopon on the coasts of Florida and Mexico, where one might haul in the sluggish, inactive fish as lazily as an old soldier of a tar would take in the 'slack of a rope,' but I never witnessed fishing such as this, at the confluence of Bahia Negra and Paraguay. In an incredible short time, hooks baited with pork were floating by dozens astern; and scarcely had they touched the water when hundreds of fish would spring eagerly at each bait. *Dorado*, *Parn* and *Palometa* (all delicious for the table) were among the varieties caught. The *Dorada*, so called from its golden color, is from two to three feet in length, and weighs from eighteen to twenty-four pounds; its flesh is white and solid. The strength of this fish is wonderful. When hauled in it would spring into the air some fifteen or twenty feet, not unfrequently detaching itself, or severing the hook from the line, and looking, as it darted upward, like a huge golden vessel incrustated with gems. The *Parn* is of a dark, grayish color. The *Palometa* is more formidable to swimmers than any other inhabitant of the La Plata waters. Each of its jaws is armed with a row of triangular teeth, which cut like the sharpest knife.—*Page's La Plata and Paraguay.*

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride, and for this reason humility often displeaseth us as much.



EXTERIOR OF AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH'S HOUSE.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## "THEY ARE GONE, ALL GONE!"

BY IRMA LEE.

I am standing alone  
Near the old hearthstone,  
And shadows around me are falling,  
But the voices low,  
Of long long ago,  
Are unto me gently calling,  
But from deep in my heart comes a weary moan,  
They are gone, they are gone, they are all, all gone!

'Neath the sod they are laid,  
In the apple tree shade,  
With the brook at their feet babbling wild,  
And the sweet blossoms fall,  
For their funeral pall,  
As they lie, when I was but a child,  
Still my heart wails out, I'm alone, I'm alone!  
They are gone, they are gone, they are all, all gone!

All sunk in decay,  
It is passing away,  
Is the home of my childhood's hours,  
And gone, gone from here,  
Are the loved and the dear,  
They sleep beneath the wild rose flowers,  
As I stand, methinks the apple tree laughs alone,  
I look on their graves, they are gone, all gone!

They're gone on before me—  
They're hovering o'er me—  
Whisper to the past and my visions are weeping;  
When age has crept on,  
My work is all done,  
And I to death's chamber am silently slipping,  
Men will say as they lay me beneath the damp stone,  
He is the last of his race—They are gone, all gone!

## PERSONIFICATION OF MORNING

Through roses under them, and swiftly come  
Through the pearl grass a daisied beautiful  
With youth, and on her face a virgin shame,  
With gold hair scattered to the west wind cool  
She ran before the steeds. The minstrel dropped  
His pipe, and upward sprang he as they stopped.

And leaped upon the beam, then all around,  
Hiding the splendid vision from his sight,  
A snow-white mist went upward from the ground;  
And when it passed there bloomed a rose light  
O'er him the dew, the lawn and weeds were flushed,  
And all unveiled the awakened Morning blushed.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

## FRIENDSHIP

I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul renowned with my good friends,  
And, as my fortune opens with my love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

NICKEL-REAR.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—April again! How time flies, to be sure! If this life were the "end and the end all" it would indeed be too brief, even with its heavy sorrows and severe trials. But this is no time to speak of sorrow with the breath of spring in our nostrils, the birds singing in the lilac hedge, the fields showing a decided green, and our loved ones opening kindly their blue eyes to the blue heaven above. There is a song of gladness in the sunbeams, a brook that leaps down the willow glen like a boisterous urchin just let out of school. Brave and cheery and trumpet-toned is the cry of ebullience as he struts to and fro like a highland piper, and confound it with melodious the blended song of robin and bluebird and blackbird, the music as varied as the plumage. There is a stir in the human blood corresponding to the movement of life in the trees and shrubs, dreams of youth, at least, come back to us. The dim eye brightens, the faint heart beats with a stronger pulsation. All may drink awhile, beneath this vernal sky, of the fountain of *Jouissance*.

What news will the swift-racing steamships, those iron messengers with lightning in their veins, bring us from over the sea, we wonder? "Shadows, clouds and darkness" rest upon the other hemisphere. Night and day in Germany, in France, in Piedmont the furnaces glow in the foundries, molten metal glazes in moulds, gigantic machines shape the terrible artillery, the earth quakes with the marching to and fro of heavy bodies of armed men, and gentle hearts thrill at the premonitions of coming strife. Will Europe again be ploughed by the sword, or will crowned heads listen to reason and forbear to waste and ravage the loveliest spot of earth? Yet if war would loose the bonds of Italy, we would welcome it with all its horrors. If, by one more desperate struggle, despotism could be bound over to keep the peace and respect the rights of humanity for ages to come, then we would hail the intelligence that armies were once more contending on the plains of Lombardy. The coming months are pregnant with great events the progress of which we shall watch with the deepest interest. George Sand has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (now called *Liberté*) an (she said) in which she paints the brilliant and unfortunate but reckless and lost Alfred de Musset in odious colors. Baring in mind that De Musset was a former lover of George Sand, and that he went to an untimely grave, nothing can be more disgusting than to see this gray-headed woman raking over his ashes and coining money by exposing the dead. We are utterly sick of French romance. When the light literature of a nation is as corrupt as that of France, we need not wonder at its political degradation. Depravation of morals and political servitude go hand in hand. An additional attraction has been

added to the many fascinations of New York. Two enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Widdows and Sage, have fitted up a pretty little theatre, 585 Broadway, and opened with a small and select troupe of French performers. Light vaudevilles and comedies appear to be the specialty of this establishment, and report speaks very favorably of the manner in which they are presented. There is no reason why a French theatre should not be a complete success in New York, where there is not only a large French population, but where thousands of Americans cultivate the French language and literature. There is no surer or more agreeable way of catching the French accent than attending French plays, and the lessons come cheaper than those of a master. We trust that the French theatre is a permanent institution in New York. The navy department used 130,000 tons of coal last year. As the steam vessels multiply the consumption of coal increases. Soon it will cost as much to coal as to man the navy. "Mrs. Jones" said a gentleman one day last summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakeman, "Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "No, not at all," replied the contented lady, "for if he is killed, I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got \$40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since." It is remarked with truth, that public taste is ruined. Formerly we gave a quarter to see a tiger and a lion, but now, to be attractive, the tiger must have two heads. A lady, when told that Mr. Beecher was about to deliver a lecture on *Burns*, suggested the equal necessity of a lecture on *scalds*. "Vol, vol of it?" The *Scalds* were the poets of the Northmen. The patients of the Insane Asylum at Itea publish a journal called the "Opal." The two following "good" things are in the last number. "De Sauty telegraphs that currents have been received by the Atlantic cable. We are of the opinion that *raisins* (raisings) ought to be had soon." "For more than two months the snow has fallen in just sufficient quantity to make up for snow and tear of showers, sunshine and sleigh runners. The Whitesboro' man, running across our wide domain, (ours) to look at, query is this the reason we are called *raisins*?" has been ridily mad with the clicking of hoof and the clashing of bells. A provincial mayor in one of the departments in France has come out with an epligram in the shape of a notification: "All beggars found in this district will be fined fifteen francs for the use of the poor." The London Times says that a single message over the cable when first opened, by which the embarkation of the Canadian regiment for India was countermanded, saved the government at least \$250,000. We are glad somebody has a good word for the lucret.

Mrs. Jane Emma Locke died lately in Ashburnham, Mass. She wrote a good deal of pleasing poetry, and was a contributor to the press for many years. A young gentleman, mistaken for Smith O'Brien at a great ball in New York was much to his astonishment, the hon of an hour. After discovering why he was so extensively flattered, he corrected the mistake, and subsided gracefully into his normal rank among "people who are not talked about,"—luckily for them. An able jurist writes to the Washington Union that the income of the post-office establishment may undoubtedly be lawfully applied to sustain that establishment, even without a formal appropriation by Congress. Such being the case, he thinks an extra session will not be necessary. Our American minister to China, Mr. Reed, is expected home in the course of a few months. He will halt at Paris and London, where, it is thought, he will, with his vigorous pen, take some notice of the attacks made upon him in the London Times.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SWAMP DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTHWEST WITH SKETCHES OF SPRINGER LIFE. By J. M. HOBBS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These merry pictures of life in the West and Southwest, though occasioned by a little exaggeration, are exceedingly humorous and spirited, while the artist's illustrations, fourteen in number, are admirable. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

READINGS FOR YOUNG MEN, MERCHANTS, AND MEN OF BUSINESS. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo pp. 172. 1879.

A few pages of this work, from the London copy, which fell into our hands some weeks since, impressed us with a strong desire to read the entire work, and we were surprised and pleased to find it so speedily reprinted by a Boston house. The work comprises a series of moral and practical essays, well calculated to aid and guide a young man in the formation of character and habit, and the conduct of life, all of them brief, pointed, and agreeably written. We are sure that the work will become, as it deserves, highly popular.

THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS, AND OTHER SKETCHES. Edited by William T. Porter. Story Subjects, etc., by the "Old Un" and the "Young Un." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A collection of humorous sketches, illustrative of American life, originally published in the New York Spirit of the Times, and now collected in a large volume with Barley's illustrations. A large number of the comic stories in this volume are from the pen of our associate Mr. Duffie. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston.

The same publishers have issued, in pamphlet form, "Satan Grey," a novel. The Lady of Alverton, one of George Lippard's romances, and Scott's "Jackal," to be followed by the remainder of the Waverley novels, at 25 cents each.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS. By a Reporter of the New York Times. New York: Tristram & Hutchinson. 32mo. 12mo pp. 55. 1879.

This work reveals a startling current of life in New York, and shows up the tracks of unprincipled adventures in a striking light. All the narratives are authentic, and many of the characters introduced are among the notabilities of Gotham. The book is making an immense sensation in New York. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. By L. J. B. L. By HANS ANDERSEN. These two remarkable fables are full of pictures by the best artists. Published and for sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The great European question of peace or war remains undecided at our last advices, though, as our edition is passing through the press, the solution may have been arrived at. Meanwhile every one is anxiously watching the fluctuations of the Paris Bourse, for no dependence can be placed on French newspapers, controlled as they are by the will of one man, who hesitates not to deceive the public whenever his supposed interests demand a mask. It is superfluous to say that if a war breaks out it will be a bloody one, and that before it ends, all the powers that desire neutrality may be swept into the vortex. One thing is certain, however matters may turn out, the French people, excluding the army, are emphatically in favor of peace. The reports of the prefects and sub-prefects of the 86 departments into which France is divided prove this beyond a question.—It would seem that England is convinced of one thing—that Napoleon III. has no views of conquest in a war on the Italian question. It would also seem that his determination to settle this vexed question is of long date. When England refused to expel foreign refugees indiscriminately from the soil of Great Britain, the French emperor saw that the only means of guarding his life and throne from conspiracies was to sustain the independence of Italy, against Austria, and against England herself, if necessary.—It is now scarcely denied that M. de la Guerniere's pamphlet, "Napoleon III. and Italy," was inspired by the emperor himself. It reflects his views faithfully.—The English papers speak of the progress made in fitting out the Great Eastern steamship, and are pointing out the advantages such a vessel would present if owned by the government. It would be able to transport an army—that is, 10,000 men, with horses, artillery, baggage and provision.—The season in Paris closed with several splendid balls given by Americans. The French guests expressed themselves delighted at the beauty of our ladies, the splendor of their attire, the grace of their manners, and the courtesy of the American gentlemen.—The concert of Christy's Minstrels in Paris were a failure so far as the French were concerned. They could not understand them, and fancied they were sold, because the fingers simply blacked their faces instead of being genuine negroes.—Mr. Muland has sold *La Presse*, Louis Napoleon's organ, which received "warning" for a political article lately, to Mr. Felix Solari, for 100,000 francs less than he gave Mr. Emile de Girardin for it.

## The Duchess of Orleans.

The memory of the Orleans family is kept up by the memoirs of M. Guizot, of which the second volume has just appeared. In one of her letters dated from the Tuilleries, the duchess says that she never forgets, in educating her son, that she is bringing up a man destined to reign. The poor mother was so full of the lofty part her son was called upon to fill, that one day, when the boy who was six years old, and on a visit to a public establishment, fell down and began to cry, the duchess hastened to console him and dry his tears, and then said to the master of the establishment "I beg you will tell no one that you saw the boy cry!"

## The Princess Clotilde.

It is said that when this lady was received on board the "Raine Hortense," Rear Admiral Jurien de La Graviere having expressed a fear that the salvers of artillery would be disagreeable to her, she replied: "Do not be uneasy, sir; as a Piedmontese I cannot fear the firing, and as a Frenchwoman, I must love it."

## Gallery of the Louvre.

The Museum of the Louvre has purchased another Murillo from the Spanish gallery of the late Marshal Soult, at 300,000 francs. It is a "Birth of the Holy Virgin," to which connoisseurs give the preference over Murillo's "Ascension of the Virgin," which had been bought by government for 600,000 francs.

## Evacuation of Rome.

It is explained that the ground for supposing the French and Austrians will evacuate the Papal States is because the pope has invited them to do so. Nothing had transpired to indicate how either power will proceed, but rumors from Paris say the French will withdraw.

## Horticultural Fair.

At the recent horticultural fair at Dijon, Burgundy, Mr. Mulvrey exhibited seven hundred varieties of grapes, either for wine or table, all classed and ticketed in perfect order, and other exhibitors rivalled him in the production of beautiful and perfect fruit.

## English Reform Bill.

Disraeli's reform bill confers the franchise upon all members of the learned professions, and upon parties having small investments in the Funds and Savings Banks.—the representation of 15 small boroughs is reduced from two to one member each.

## Victor Emmanuel.

It is now asserted that this sovereign is to marry the daughter of Prince de Leuchtenberg's widow. In this way Sardinia will be closely connected with Russia and France.

## Charles Dickens.

It is now asserted that this great novelist and reader is not coming to America. It is said that he fears that the indignation caused by his "American Notes" will be revived.

## Crinoline.

It was remarked at the last imperial ball that crinolines had lost much of their amplitude. Women of fashion are beginning to abandon their use.

## Macready.

The veteran Macready, though retired from the stage, has lately been giving readings for the benefit of a pious-worth institution.

## Russia.

Russia is certainly arming. It was denied recently that she was preparing for the eventuality of a war

## BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

THIS incomparable Cosmetic is the result of many years of research, observation and thorough scientific investigation, not only of the peculiar properties of many species of the Vegetable Kingdom, but of their effects singly, and in various combinations, upon the human skin.

It acts powerfully upon the cuticle, eradicating from its surface all blemishes and discolorations, and at the same time allaying all irritation and inflammation, and rendering the skin fair and healthy.

In the year 1853, a few bottles of the KALLISTON were gratuitously distributed for trial. Thus a demand was created, which has constantly increased beyond precedent. Many letters have been written, and statements made to the proprietors, by persons of the highest respectability, in various parts of the United States and Europe, testifying to its wonderful efficacy. Many of these are so laudatory, that if published, they would seem almost fabulous.

It has been found to accomplish the following results.

- It cleanses the skin perfectly.
- It always heats.
- It always smartens.
- It always itches.
- It always inflammation.
- It removes tan.
- It removes freckles.
- It removes sunburn.
- It removes redness.
- It removes roughness.
- It removes dandruff.
- It cures chapped hands.
- It renders the skin fair.
- It renders the skin smooth and moist.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly by a medium which does not irritate (all soaps contain more or less irritating power) and stimulate it to a healthy action, and when that is accomplished, the pores are opened and the skin becomes a vehicle to carry off diseases, instead of a trap to catch and hold them.

KALLISTON cures chapped hands caused by extreme cold, it also removes sunburn caused by the burning rays of the sun, both are irritations produced by opposite extremes—one remedy applies with equal effect.

The following extracts from notices are selected from a few of the leading newspapers.

From the Boston Transcript.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the compounds we have yet seen prepared as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or one that is so popular with the ladies, as the far famed Kalliston. It is scientifically prepared, and is a perfume as well as toilet wash. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all cutaneous eruptions. It is extensively used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from rough or irritated skin. Joseph Burnett & Co. are the proprietors.

From Leslie's Family Magazine.

As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses Burnett's celebrated Kalliston may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every season.

From the Boston Saturday Gazette.

A NEW PLEASURE.—BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—We yield it the palm; the effect is salutary and the perfume is exquisite, after the application we feel as bland and balmy as a May morning.

From the Boston Journal.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—Gentlemen who have once used it as a wash after shaving know and appreciate its value. To those who suffer from smarting and tenderness of the face and have not used it, we recommend it on account of its healing properties. To persons troubled with roughness of the skin during the cold of winter, and the east winds of our northern spring, its emollient qualities will commend it, as it will be found a complete remedy for the above-named physical annoyance.

From the New York Times.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON imparts to the skin a peculiar softness of texture, so desirable during the prevalence of harsh winds or a hot sun.

## TESTIMONIALS

The proprietors are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter written by a lady, from Vienna.

"We have been constantly on the move now for many weeks, and hope to reach Paris in time for the baptismal fête. At any rate, I look forward to our arrival there, as a period of rest. As old travelers we bear the annoyances and privations incident to journeying with composure, but I have suffered more from the exhaustion of my supply of Kalliston than from any other cause. If any good friend should be coming out here, do pray send me enough to last until I get home again. You can have no idea of the relief and comfort it brings when one is suffering from exposure. I have tried other 'appliance,' but have found nothing that will compare with it for efficacy or agreeableness."

From Mr. Boyd, of the firm of Messrs. J. M. Boyd & Co., extensive manufacturers and merchants.

MALDEN, MASS., July 11, 1856.

MESSES JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., GENTS.—The package of Kalliston came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they cannot do without it.

A single application has repeatedly removed freckles from the face of my little boy, leaving his skin smooth and fair. And in all cases of sunburn or irritation of the skin, from whatever cause, it has thus far proved itself a perfect and very pleasant remedy.

I can, if you desire it, refer you to several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the Kalliston has had a wonderfully good effect, one in particular the daughter of Mr. P., one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years, from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin (probably the effect of bad vaccination), leaving it in several places pockmarked and quite red. A few weeks ago I recommended to him to use Kalliston; he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared. This is an important case, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

I owe it to you to state that I did not believe in the efficacy of any cosmetic until I tried your Kalliston, and I cheerfully give my testimony in its favor.

Yours, respectfully,

J. M. BOYD.

Letter from a distinguished Physician in Massachusetts.

MESSES JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., GENTS.—Boston.—I have been very much interested in the manufacture of the article to which you have given the name of Burnett's Kalliston, and I am happy to say that I find the ingredients comprising it to be such as medical men would approve of, for softening the condition of the skin in cutaneous affections. The combination is entirely judicious and compatible, and well calculated to promote a healthy condition of the skin. Respectfully yours,

The KALLISTON is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., No. 27 Central Street, Boston, and sold by dealers every where for Fifty Cents a bottle.



## OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE. HOUGHTON'S OLD STAND. GREAT SENSATION.

**BEST French Kid Gloves,** 65 cents a pair  
**Black Cambric Banding Collars** from 25 cents to \$1.  
**Double Flouncings** from 12 1/2 cents a strip to 50 cts  
**1000 Josen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs** selling by  
 the dozen from 75 cents to \$1.62  
**1000 French Vails**, round and square, from 50 cents to  
 \$2.50 each  
**2000 Double Muslin Embroidered sets**, just received,  
 from \$1.25 to \$1.50, the best for the price in the city  
**1000 Edgings and Insertions**. Fresh invoices just  
 received. "Cheap"  
**1000 Dimity Bands**, from 6 cents to 25 cents  
**1000 French Trimming Laces** "Cheap"  
**1000 Black Laces** "Cheap"  
**1000 Thread Laces** "Very Cheap"  
**1000 various Velvet Ribbons** Warranted cheaper than  
 any other house in Boston  
**1000 French Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnets, Ribbons, and all**  
**Miscellaneous articles**, at prices which will suit the closest  
 buyer  
 Our stock is now all fresh and new  
**OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.**  
**CUSHMAN & BROOKS.** 14

### CONSUMPTION.

HOW many diseases of debility incurable by ordina-  
 ry medicines, are classed by physicians, as well as  
 the public under the convenient term Consumption? and  
 all of them agree in one thing their fatal tendency, and  
 in that of them, in their primary and even secondary  
 stages may be arrested by purifying the springs of life  
 through the renovating agency of the PERUVIAN  
 SYRUP 14

## GREGSON'S MANTILLA EMPORIUM,

Corner of Summer and Chauncy Streets,  
 CONTAINS THE LARGEST AND RICHEST STOCK IN THE  
 EASTERN STATES.

—OF—

**Velvet Early Spring Mantillas,**  
**Handsome Black Silk Circulars,**  
**Black and Gold Cloth Chestersfields,**  
**Black Silk Bernous,**  
**Beautiful Summer Cloth Sacks & Raglans.**

—ALSO—

**Guipure, Chantilly, and Pusher Lace**  
**MANTLES.**

Being exclusively confined to this department, advan-  
 tages can be offered to purchasers not elsewhere attain-  
 able  
 Inspection and comparison respectfully solicited.

**A. GREGSON,**

14

PROPRIETOR



## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

**AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, and VANILLA PREMIUM**  
**CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE,**  
**COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS and DIETETIC**  
**COCOA, COCOA SHELLS and CRACKED COCOA,**  
 Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,  
 for more than three-fourths of a century, are manufac-  
 tured from the finest quality, and warranted  
 superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the  
 United States. As nourishment for children, invalids,  
 and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and  
 Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable  
 and recommended by the most eminent physicians.  
 For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York;  
 Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore;  
 Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers  
 generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.**  
 Dorchester, Mass.

### NEW GOODS.

**G. C. HOLBROOK & Co.,**  
 12 SUMMER STREET,  
 Are constantly receiving NEW AND CHOICE STYLES  
 of desirable goods suited to the wants of party goers;  
 also a great variety of

### HOSIERY.

**GLOVES, WHITE GOODS, etc.,**  
 Together with a full and very desirable assortment of  
**Infants' Dresses, Skirts, Wrappers, Blau-**  
**lets, Christening Robes, Caps, etc.** 13

**(ONE) HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND.**  
 Price 50 cents.  
**REALTIES OF CALEDONIA**, with a Portrait of  
 BURNS. Price \$1  
 Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

### TRAVELLING PASSPORTS.

PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Travelling  
 Passports by applying to  
**JOHN E. M. GILLEY,**  
 No. 8 Old State House, Boston.

### Something New.—Agents Wanted.

BUSINESS honorable—Will pay a weekly salary from  
 \$10 to \$30 Small capital required No hum-  
 bug For particulars enclose stamp, and address  
**A. B. MARTYN, Pawtucket, N. H.**

### SEWING MACHINE.

PRATT'S Patch Stitch Machines. Price \$25 to \$25  
 A. PRATT'S Improved Carpet Sweepers. Price \$25  
 Agents wanted Apply at 4 Elm Street

## BOSTON DAILY LEDGER FOR 1859

### MORNING AND EVENING EDITIONS.

THE Proprietors of the BOSTON DAILY LEDGER  
 are not insensible to their obligations to the public  
 for the generous manner in which they have been sus-  
 tained in their efforts to establish

### AN INDEPENDENT PENNY PRESS

In Boston, free from all political control, and above the  
 influence of Sectional or Party interests.

### With a full Editorial Corps

at our command, the LEDGER will continue, as before,  
 to discuss freely those political topics which come up from  
 time to time for general consideration with a regard only  
 to the interests of the people of the whole Union. No  
 man or number of men, no party or party influence,  
 shall control the editorial columns. But while political  
 corruption shall have to quarter, public men whose  
 labors are consecrated to an advancement of the People's  
 interests, shall receive our hearty co-operation and support.  
 Prominent in this position we now find one of our  
 ablest statesmen, STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, setting his face  
 against political corruption. The LEDGER was the first  
 daily paper in Boston to endorse his independent and  
 state-whiskie course, and while his labors are exerted for  
 the public good, he shall have our hearty support.  
 The department of

### Telegraphic Intelligence

will continue to be full and complete in both the Morning  
 and the Evening Editions, and as the paper is printed  
 on one of

### Hoe's Fast Presses,

we are enabled to keep our columns open for the receipt  
 of news to the very latest hour before the departure of  
 the mails.

### In the Reporting Department

a strong force is always employed, affording very full and  
 reliable Court Reports, Reviews of the Markets, Reports  
 of Public Meetings, Lectures, Theatrical and Musical  
 matters.

To render the LEDGER

### An Acceptable Family Paper

has been the aim of the proprietors, and the best evi-  
 dence of their success is its popularity in the family circle.  
 Advancements of an estimable character are  
 never published in its columns, and the employment of  
 low or loose expressions is never permitted in any depart-  
 ment of the paper.

The LEDGER contains a

### Larger Amount of Reading Matter

than any other Penny paper in the country, affording  
 ample space for a daily record of everything of importance  
 that is transpiring in the busy world.

### TERMS OF THE LEDGER:

Single copies ONE CENT; Weekly subscription to Car-  
 riers, SIX CENTS; Mail subscribers THREE DOLLARS per  
 annum in advance. The Morning Edition is published  
 and mailed at an early hour, the 1 and 2-1/2 o'clock  
 P. M. Editions are posted in season for the afternoon  
 mails.

### ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Circulating as the LEDGER does, extensively through  
 all the New England States, as well as other parts of the  
 country, it is one of the very best mediums of advertis-  
 ing to be found in the United States,—while the terms  
 are as low as in many journals with not half the circula-  
 tion.

Counting Room, No. 18 State Street.  
 Printing Office, No. 4 Williams Court.

**A. M. LAWRENCE & CO.,**  
 PUBLISHERS.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE.

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated and all other business connected  
 with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and Gen-  
 eral Brokerage Business.

### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and  
 PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all  
 the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for  
 on day of payment, as directed.

**WM. F. DAVIS,** Attorney, 12  
**JOSEPH W. DAVIS,** 25 State St., Boston.

### LOCKWOOD, LUMB & Co.,

### PLUMBERS,

48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite Franklin Statue.

Plumbing work of all descriptions done

PROMPTLY and at

Reasonable Prices.

OUR MOTTO

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

### STEAMBOAT'S MERCANTILE

### LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S

### HAIR-DRESSING ROOMS.

No. 252 Washington St., a few doors above Summer St

SEPARATE ROOM FOR LADIES 14

### PICTURES FOR GREEK and ANTIQUE

PAINTING are only published by

**J. E. TILTON & Co.,**

161 Washington Street, Boston,

Who forward them, postpaid (with full and special direc-  
 tions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and  
 other information gratis.

Dealers and teachers supplied. 8 cow3m.

### THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences  
 for the accommodation of the travelling public.

8 cow3m **LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.**

### C. C. C. O.

Coughs! Colds!! Consumption!!! Cured!!!!

By the timely use of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian  
 Balsam of Life, which is the best and most effectually re-  
 medial agent ever offered in all Pulmonary Complaints.  
 For sale every where.

## GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



## Family Sewing Machines.

NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

18 Summer Street ..... Boston  
 335 Broadway ..... New York  
 730 Chestnut Street ..... Philadelphia  
 181 Baltimore St., (Carroll Building) ..... Baltimore.

## TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN USE.

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased  
 from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and  
 finishing each seam by their own operation, without re-  
 course to the hand-needle as is required by other ma-  
 chines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease  
 of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family  
 sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with  
 equal facility, and without special adjustment.

An evidence of the unquestionable superiority of their  
 machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COM-  
 PANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

### TESTIMONIALS.

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's machines in my  
 family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in  
 commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for  
 which it is designed. 'Family sewing.' Mrs. Nathan Leavitt,  
 wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Ma-  
 chine, which has been in my family for many months.  
 It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjust-  
 ment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family  
 sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Starkland, wife of Rev. Dr. Starkland,  
 editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several different good machines, I pre-  
 ferred yours, on account of its simplicity and the perfect  
 ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength  
 and durability of the seam. After long experience I  
 feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confident-  
 ly recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—  
 Mrs. E. E. Spooner, wife of the editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for  
 two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of fam-  
 ily sewing, from cambric to broadcloth. Garments have  
 been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The  
 machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs.  
 A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your sewing machine has been in use in my family  
 the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you  
 their testimonials to its perfect adaptation, as well as  
 labor-saving qualities in the performance of family and  
 household sewing."—Robert Bowman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's  
 Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that  
 every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly  
 done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these  
 reliable and indefatigable 'iron-needle women,' whose  
 combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity are  
 invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. George P.  
 Morris, editor of the Home Journal.

Extract of a letter from Thomas R. Leavitt, Esq., an  
 American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South  
 Wales, dated Jan 12, 1858.

"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which  
 there were over three thousand yards of sewing done  
 with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single  
 seam of that has outlasted all the double seams sewed by  
 sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky shades,  
 he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more  
 benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy.  
 He would denounce midnight shift-making as 'the direful  
 spring of woes unnumbered.' Prof. North

"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker  
 Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expecta-  
 tion. After trying and returning others, I have three of  
 them in operation in my different places, and after four  
 years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond,  
 Senator from South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family  
 Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is  
 one of the best labor saving machines that has been in-  
 vented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to  
 the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing and puts everybody into an  
 excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should  
 insist upon Saints Grover & Baker having an eternal  
 holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for hu-  
 manity."—Carous M. Clay

"This is not a puff following the gift of a machine.  
 We went and purchased the article of Grover & Baker,  
 and we have accomplished the sewing of a fortnight in  
 a little more than two days! If there is such a thing as  
 being 'a busy wife and a poor housewife,' can this  
 character be better illustrated than in the case of a hus-  
 band and father, who yearly pays more for doctor's bills  
 for his wife's health than it would cost to buy a sewing  
 machine which would last for years, and which very  
 probably is all that his wife requires to restore her  
 health. I think there is something in the muscular  
 effort required by the sewing machine which is positively  
 healthful."—Don Quixote, Esq., beloved by the man who  
 invented it. I say, blessed be the man who, through  
 the sewing machine, has opened the opportunity for sleeping!"  
 —Rev. Mrs. Parsons Cooke, in the Puritan Recorder.

"A lady, with a good machine, can really accomplish  
 in a day an amount of sewing which it would require a  
 week to do by the common mode, and so she gains time  
 for other occupations. We have had a machine in our  
 family for some months, of Grover & Baker's make,  
 and everybody who sees it in operation, including the  
 ladies, who know so much more about 'gusset, and band  
 and seam,' than we ever dreamed of, state it to be one  
 of the most valuable inventions of the age."—B. A. A.  
 member of the House.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR 10 11

## WIGTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the  
 most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable effica-  
 cy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate  
 and painful cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore  
 Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Whoop-  
 ing Cough, and Croup, while CONSUMPTION in many  
 instances has succumbed to its influence when all other  
 known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide spread and general use of this Balsam, to-  
 gether with the great good it has performed for the last  
 quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past  
 has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only genuine is prepared by NATHAN W. FOWLE &  
 CO., Boston, and is for sale every where.

7 3m

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

140 1/2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes (Cake Boxes,  
 etc.), are respectfully invited to examine my specimens,  
 conditions, &c. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper  
 and Envelopes on hand.

E. A. TEULON will allow a liberal discount from his  
 own prices on all jobs exceeding \$20 in value. Save this  
 advertisement, and call at 140 1/2 Washington  
 St., Boston, directly opposite the Old South Church.  
 6m 9

## Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY  
 DISEASES.—Extensively used and approved in  
 New England, Canada, and the British provinces dur-  
 ing a period of THIRTY YEARS by Eminent Physi-  
 cians, Surgeons, and Physicians. It is a Vegetable  
 Preparation, and is entirely free from all  
 and in fact by all classes in the community. See certificates in  
 pamphlets and wrapper to bottles.

Beware of counterfeits and imitations!

Inquire for the article by its whole name,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CLEM & CO. Druggists,  
 33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by all apothecaries  
 and country merchants generally. Price, large size, 61;  
 small size, 30 cents. 14wom 10

## ABORN.

HATTER, NO. 95 WASHINGTON ST.

11 NEW SPRING STYLES OF HATS NOW READY 4w

## MAYO & COX,

CONFECTIONERS,

No. 2 Bowdoin Square Block,

(Near the Rogers House), BOSTON.

Plain and Fancy Cakes, Pastry, Ice Creams, Sherbert,  
 Frozen Puddings, Jellies and Confectionery, of  
 superior quality constantly on hand.

PARTIES and FAMILIES supplied at short notice, and  
 with punctuality. 4w 11

WANTED.—Agents in every county in the United  
 States and Canada to sell by subscription the very  
 best books published. A small capital only is required,  
 and large profits can be made. For full particulars ad-  
 dress  
 LEAHY & GEIGY, Publishers,  
 6w 9 221 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

## TO THE LADIES.

N. S. DEARBORN,

CARD ENGRAVER,

24 SCHOOL STREET.

Just opened, a new and beautiful assortment of Plain  
 and Fancy Tinted NOTE PAPERS, comprising the latest  
 Parisian styles, with ENVELOPES to match. Ladies are  
 particularly invited to examine this assortment, as the  
 patterns are the most elegant ever seen in the city.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of CAKE  
 BOXES, and the best quality of WEDDING STATION-  
 ERY. 4w 13

## DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

KILBURN & MALLORY,

90 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL 3m 12

## "HARD TIMES NO MORE"

ANY person (lady or gentleman) in the United States,  
 possessing a small capital of from \$20 to \$75, can en-  
 ter into an easy and profitable business by which from  
 \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars, ad-  
 dress, (with stamp),  
 W. R. ATON & Co.  
 4w 12 41 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

## MEERSCHAUM

PIPES and TURBS of every variety of style and  
 quality. Also, TRIMMING and FINISHING WOOD  
 PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.  
 F. HOGAN, Philadelphia.

## IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

INDIAN EMMENAGOGUE. A new and safe medicine  
 designed expressly for females, and warranted to cor-  
 rect periodical obstructions from all the various causes  
 that arise, and money refunded in case of failure. No  
 quack medicine, but sold by a regularly educated phy-  
 sician of nineteen years' successful practice, who furnishes  
 a large number of eminent physicians and clergymen  
 as testimonials of character. Sold only at Remedial  
 Institute, No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, and No. 25 Union  
 Street, Providence. Pamphlet



## COSTUMES OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

The engraving on this page embraces representations of the striking and picturesque costumes of the island of Corfu, carefully copied from photographs taken on the spot. Corfu, anciently Corcyra, is the seat of government of the Ionian Islands, whose relations with Great Britain are now the subject of diplomatic negotiation. The island is separated from Cephalonia by a narrow channel, and is next to it in size. It is long and irregular in shape, and comprises an area of 227 square miles. The surface is lilly and very picturesque; the soil fertile; the climate hot, very changeable, and unhealthy on the coasts. The principal products are corn, sufficient for a four months' supply, with a good deal of inferior wine and oil, more than half the island being covered with olive groves. It also produces oranges, lemons, salt, honey and wax. It is parcelled out into seven subdivisions, each sending one member to the legislative assembly. Besides the city of Corfu there are only a few scattered villages. Corfu is a fortified seaport in the centre of the east coast, with a population of nearly 25,000. It is beautifully situated on an eminence, has been greatly improved of late, and is defended by a detached citadel and several strong forts. The principal objects of interest to the visitor are the Cathedral, and numerous other richly-decorated Greek

## THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This tree is altogether one of the most remarkable that has been discovered in Madagascar, and the extent to which it prevails may be inferred from the native name, ravinala, by which it was designated by Sonnerat, its discoverer. Ravinala is literally leaf of the forest, as if it was the leaf by which the forest was characterized, which is the fact where it abounds, though in many parts it is not met with at all. The tree rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem like that of the plantain, or the larger species of *strelitzia*, to both of which it bears a strong resemblance. It sends out from the centre of the stem long, broad leaves, like those of the plantain, only less fragile, and rising, not around the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end, or extend horizontally, the tree presenting the appearance of a large open fan. When the stem rises ten or twelve feet high, the lower part of the outer covering becomes hard and dry, like the bark of the cocoa-nut tree. Many of the trees in this region were at least thirty feet from the ground to the lower leaves. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more.

The whole of these twenty-four bright green

formerly been somewhat skeptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees; and during my journey this morning we stepped near a clump of the trees. One of my bearers stuck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick, firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its junction with the trunk, and on drawing it back, a stream of pure, clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet. On further examination, I found that there was no filtration of the water through any part of the plant, as I had been led to suppose when I had seen water drawn by Sir William Hooker from one of the specimens in the palm house at Kew. There was a kind of natural cavity or cistern at the base of the stalk of each of the leaves, above its union with the stem, and the water which had been collected on the broad and ribbed surface of the leaf, had flowed down a groove or spout on the upper side of the stalk into this natural reservoir, whence it supplied nutriment to the tree, and refreshment to the traveller or the laborer.

But in Madagascar this tree might, with propriety, be called the *builder's tree* rather than the traveller's tree. Its leaves form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island. The stems of its leaves form the partitions and often sides of the houses; and the hard outside bark

Revolution, the college consisted of a School of Divinity, of Philosophy and Mathematics. From 1700 to 1776, eight to ten Indians were annually educated and maintained. For about seventy years previous to the Revolution the average number of students was seventy. Many of the distinguished gentlemen of Virginia, conspicuous in the measures that led to the Revolution, and for active co-operation with the patriots during the struggle for independence, were alumni of William and Mary College. Towards the close of the war, three of the professors, and more than thirty students, joined the army. Among the latter were James Munroe and John Marshall. In 1778, George Washington was made chancellor of the college. The preliminary efforts to establish a college dated back to 1619, when the treasurer of the 'Virginia Company' received from an unknown hand five hundred pounds sterling to educate Indian youth. Other subscriptions were made, and a site on the James River, near where Richmond now stands, was selected. But the project was extinguished in 1662, by the Indian massacre of the emigrants who were to occupy the college lands. Subsequently, attempts were made to set the college on its feet, but Governor Berkeley's famous letter, thanking God that Virginia had no free schools nor printing-presses—nor would have these hundred years'—again quashed the project.

## SKETCHES FROM CORFU.



SUNDAY DRESS.

HOLIDAY COSTUME.

SUNDAY DRESS.

ORDINARY COSTUME.

GREEK PRIEST.

and Roman Catholic Churches, the Arsenal, Military Hospital, residence of the lord high commissioner in the citadel, lunatic and orphan asylums, the light-house and aqueduct. On the esplanade is a fine statue of Count Schulenberg, who successfully defended the city for the Venetians against the Turks, in 1716. Corfu is the seat of the parliament, senate, and high judicial court of the Ionian Islands, and of a university and college. It has abundant supplies, a safe and convenient harbor, and constant steam communication with Trieste, Athens, Gibraltar and England. The dresses worn by the inhabitants of Corfu are singularly picturesque, and are minutely delineated in our engraving. On the left is a woman in her Sunday dress, a gay-colored skirt, a velvet jacket richly embroidered, shoes with brilliant buckles, and a peculiar head-dress. On holidays a yet more striking dress is worn, of rich material, and heavily embroidered with gold. The Sunday costume of the men is exceedingly rich, and worn with a jaunty air. It glitters with embroidery on every seam. The every day dress is similar in pattern, but has no ornament. In contrast with this gay attire is the severe and sombre suit of the Greek priest, whose ample robes almost entirely conceal his figure. The people of the Ionian Islands, and of the East generally, cling to their ancient costumes with a tenacity for which they deserve the thanks of artists. In Athens the king and court have set the fashion of wearing the rich Albanian dress.

gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a spectacle as impressive as it was to me rare and beautiful; and in this part of the country they were the most conspicuous objects for miles together, and were it not that these vast bright-green, shining leaves are slit on each side by the wind, and so flutter in smaller portions with the passing breeze, the prevalence of this tree would impart a degree of almost inconceivable magnificence to the vegetation of the country. In the fan-like head of the traveller's tree there were generally three or four branches of seed pods. The parts of fructification seemed to be enclosed in a tough, firm spathe, like those of the cocoa-nut; but the subsequent development was more like that of the fruit of the plantain. When the pods, or seed vessels, of which there were forty or fifty on each bunch, were ripe, they burst open, and each pod was seen to enclose thirty or more seeds, in shape like a small bean, but enveloped in a fine, silky fibre of the most brilliant blue or purple color.

But this tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. Whenever I inquired of the natives they always affirmed that such was the fact, and that so abundant and pure was the water, that when the men were at work near the trees, they did not take the trouble to go to the stream for water, but drew off and drank the water from the tree. Having

is stripped from the inner and soft part, and having been beaten out flat, is laid for flooring; and I have seen the entire floor of a long, well-built house covered with its bark, each piece being at least eighteen inches wide and twenty or thirty feet long. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages, and keeps out the rain. Large quantities are also sold every morning in the markets, as it serves the purpose of tablecloth, dishes and plates, at meals; and folded into certain forms, is used instead of spoons and drinking vessels.—*Three Visits to Madagascar.*

## WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

The following facts in regard to this college, recently destroyed by fire, are gathered from various sources:—"Arrangements were being made to celebrate the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of its existence, on the 19th February, in grand style. George Tucker had been engaged to write a poem, and ex-president Tyler to pronounce an oration. The most exuberant pride and joy was felt in anticipation of the event. It was expected that many Alumni would come together within the walls of the *Alma Mater*, when many a pleasant friendship would be renewed, and those now grown gray in the service of their country could congratulate each other on there still being a future before them, in which to win new laurels. General Scott, and Messrs. Rives, Crittenden, and many others, were expected to be present. Before the

Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who died in 1691, left nearly the whole of his estate to aid the institution, and to educate Indian boys. For this latter purpose a building was erected, bearing date 1723, and it stood until the recent fire. The charter of the college was dated on the 8th of February, 1692, so that it was burned on the anniversary of its charter, one hundred and sixty-seven years from that date. William and Mary was formerly allowed a representative in the General Assembly. Wythe, Nelson, George and Beverly Tucker have been professors in the Law Department, and four presidents of the United States, viz: Jefferson, Madison, Munroe and Tyler, were educated there. Hon John Marshall, Chief Justice United States Supreme Court, Patrick Henry, Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, Hon. John J. Crittenden, and Hon. Wm. C. Rives, were students there. The Secret Society of the 'Phi Beta Kappa' originated at William and Mary, about 1775, but it was interrupted by the Revolutionary War. Since its organization the college has had seventeen presidents."—*Hone Journal.*

How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a "second fall!" What angel purposes did they woo—and what hag realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!—*Jerrold.*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE Vol. XVI, No. 15...WHOLE No. 407.

## TIGRE ISLAND, BAY OF FONSECA.

The fine engraving below is from a drawing made expressly for us on the spot, and delineates accurately Tigre Island, in the Bay of Fonseca, Honduras, the destined port of the Pacific mail-steamships connecting with the railway. The water-view in the foreground of the picture is enlivened by a steamship under steam and canvass, and by other characteristic craft, while the bold eminence that rises against the sky is a striking and peculiar object in the landscape. The Bay of Fonseca is more than fifty miles long by thirty at its greatest breadth. It owes its origin to volcanic causes. The three States of San Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua touch upon this bay. Honduras has the free port of Amapala on the island of Tigre, which occupies a commanding position nearly in the centre of the bay, which is sometimes called also Golfo de Amapala, or Conchagua. The other islands in the bay belonging to Honduras are Sacate Grande, Guegensí and Esposacion. Punta Sacate, Martín Pérez, Conchagueta and Mianguera belong to San Salvador. There are other islands in the bay, but these are the principal. The island delineated in our engraving is about twenty miles in circumference, of conical form, and rising to the height of 2500 feet. The slope descending to the water is fertile and productive. On the south and east rugged ridges of lava resist the fury of the waves, but on the northeast there are many beautiful coves or small bays with smooth sand-beaches. In the port of

Amapala, which faces one of these *playas* or cove, the water permits vessels of the heaviest tonnage to lie close in shore. When Sir Francis Drake made this his principal depot, there were several Indian settlements on the island, but the ferocity of the pirates, and the scarcely less piratical followers of Drake drove the Indians from their homes. In 1828 some enterprising merchants established the free port of Amapala which has rapidly increased in population, and bids fair to become the most important port in the Pacific between San Francisco and Valparaiso. The rapidity with which it has developed itself is truly remarkable. Not only does it now contain several large mercantile establishments, stores and warehouses, but many of the private dwellings are neat and well-built. The accessibility of the markets of three States, and the depth of water and security of the bay are elements of prosperity which will work out for it a brilliant future. Hon. E. G. Squier has given us the best description of this island and the bay in which it is situated that has yet been published. He says:—"A direct trade is carried on between Amapala and Bremen, Liverpool, Marseilles, Genoa, New York and Valparaiso. No data exist for determining its extent or value. The exports are indigo, hides, tobacco, bullion, silver and copper ores, and Brazil wood, together with maize to ports on the coast. The cultivation of sugar has been introduced on the mainland, with a view of supplying the California market. Lying in front of the port of Amapala, to the

northwest of the island of Tigre, is the island of Esposacion. It is high, with a huge '*playa*' (cove) on its southern side, but is deficient in water. This, however, might be supplied to every necessary extent by wells of the requisite capacity. The same remarks hold good in respect to the considerable island of Punta Sacate. The little island of Martín Pérez is comparatively low and level, and has a rich, productive soil. It retains its verdure during most of the year, and is green when the other islands are sore and yellow from drought. The remaining islands, of which there are many, may be described as volcanic domes, supporting only enough soil to nourish the grasses which disguise the rough and blistered rocks of which they are composed. The bay abounds in fish, and its shores swarm with every variety of water-fowl,—cranes, herons, pelicans, ibises, spoonbills, ducks, curlews, darters, etc., etc. Large beds of oysters are found in the shallow waters in the dependent bays of La Unión and Chismuyo. Their quantity seems to be inexhaustible. Huge piles of their shells are scattered along the shores of the islands and mainland, showing how extensively they were used by the aborigines. They are about the size of the ordinary oysters found around New York, and of excellent flavor. Crabs and cray fish are also abundant. The whole region around this bay is eminently productive, and capable of furnishing supplies of every kind to every desirable extent. The lands on the banks of the Choluteca, Nacaome and Goascoran are of the highest

fertility and adapted to the production of every tropical commodity. The savannahs back of these comparatively low grounds are peculiarly fitted for grazing, while wheat, potatoes, and other products of the temperate zone may be cultivated on the slopes of the mountains and the plateaus of the interior. Wood of value for purposes of export or for the construction of dwellings and ships, including pines, exist in exhaustless quantities on the very slopes of the bay or may be rafted down the rivers from the interior. The rivers also afford facilities for navigation by small boats for considerable distances inland, to points near the metal-bearing spurs or outlines of the Cordilleras. The silver and gold mining district of Tabasco, in the department of San Miguel (San Salvador), the silver mines of Aramacina and San Martín, and the famous mine of Corpus, all lie within from ten to twenty miles of this bay. Limestone is found in large beds on the navigable waters of the estero of Cubulero, and a fine rose-colored sandstone abounds in the vicinity of Nacaome, on the banks of the river of the same name. As affording admirable ports, abundant means for shipbuilding and repairs, with supplies of every kind, not less than for its value in respect to local and existing commerce with San Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua, the Bay of Fonseca has a singular value and commercial importance." This is a glowing description, but subsequent surveys have fully established the truth of all that Mr. Squier advances in his account.



TIGRE ISLAND, BAY OF FONSECA, HONDURAS.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## CAPTAIN COURTENAY:

—OR,—

## A CRUISE IN THE MOLUCCAS.

BY J. L. WILLIAMS.

Who that has been fortunate enough to entertain among his reminiscences of bygone pleasures the memorabilia of a cruise in the Elysian latitudes of the Australasian Spice Islands—the Moluccas, or the smiling and island gemmed seas of Celebes and Mindoro; who, I ask, that has obtained this enviable experience, can ever forget the attractive beauties of this paradise of mariners? The fabled delights of Fairy land seem to be here reduced to practical reality, and the gorgeous scenery of the "Arabian Nights," or the experiences of the voracious circumnavigator Sinbad, could scarcely astonish the mind familiar with the scenes of these "Isles of Paradise." Milton's spicy gales of "Araby the Blest," are here no myth, and when under the lee of the rich spice gardens of Amboyna, Banda, or Gilolo (the very names musically suggestive of oriental voluptuousness), we can easily fancy that

"Pleated with the grateful smell Old Ocean smiles."

Old Commodore Anson's description of what the island of Tinian, in the Ladrone, was in his day (though it is sadly changed now), will give a sort of rudimentary idea of the Moluccas and Philippines, just as a description of Tempe or Arcadia will enable us to form a conception of Eden.

On a glorious afternoon in May, 18—, the good ship "Morpheus," an opium clipper of seven hundred tons, well manned, found and furnished, was lazily rolling over the blue waters of the sunny sea of Mindoro. Far to the westward an irregular line of misty blue horizon indicated where the long and mountainous island of Palawan lay, and from the mainport could be seen the peninsula of Salonda, stretching far out from Palawan on the port bow. The weather had been for some days intensely hot, and the winds light and baffling, being about the change of the monsoon; but this afternoon we were favored with a cool and pleasant breeze from the southwest veering to south, and I, Frank Fathom, Esq., seated myself comfortably on the hammock nettings, with my back against the quarter boat's davit, seriously premeditating an unbridged "kioff," and a particularly exquisite Manilla cheroot. Captain Courtenay, our commander, was sole owner of the Morpheus. He had seen service in the navy, had made a large fortune in the opium trade, and had the Morpheus built for him, fitted up as neat as a yacht, with a pretty little armament of ten carronades and one long swivel gun on the foredeck. He cruised about in these latitudes for the mere love of adventure, and the influence of old habits, occasionally running into the Moluccas for a cargo of spices, supan-vary, etc., or to the Bay of Bengal for opium, to vary the monotony of sea life. He was a noble fellow—gentlemanly and kind-hearted, with a shade of quiet melancholy in his nature, which disposed him to taciturnity, brave as a lion, handsome, powerful in frame, and active as a panther. His crew loved him for he was kind and indulgent to them, and thirty finer seamen never trod a plank. Our discipline was perfect, and we were all like brothers on board the Morpheus.

While I was thus tranquilly enjoying my cigar, the venerable old quartermaster of the watch touched me on the shoulder to attract my attention. "That's her, sir," said he, pointing, as he spoke, to a vessel just visible in the horizon. "That's the hooker that the skipper has been trying to overhaul since we left Manilla." The speaker was a hardy, weather-beaten old tar, hailing from Cape Cod. Captain Courtenay had picked him up from a wreck in the Straits of Sunda ten years previously; he was the sole survivor of the crew, the others having been murdered by the Malay pirates, who plundered and set fire to the ship. Bob stowed himself in an empty cask and was not found by the Malays. Captain Courtenay found him the next day a stride of a plank on which he had paddled away from the burning ship, miraculously escaping the numerous sharks which infest those seas. Our captain was not slow to appreciate the fidelity, valor, seamanship, and long experience of the gallant old mariner; a strong attachment grew between them, and although occupying the humble birth of a quartermaster (for he was no navi-

gator), Bob was the particular favorite, confidant, and often adviser of Captain Courtenay. Having lost an eye by a splinter on board the "Constellation," in the engagement with the "Guerriere," our classical skipper christened him "Horatius Cocles;" but "Cocles," according to all sound maritime grammar, is isomeric with Cockles, and Bob is more nautical, conventional, and convenient than Horatius, and so, in brief, the sturdy old seaman was dubbed Bob Cockles by all hands.

"Do you think so, Bob?" said I, fetching as deep a sigh of regret for the rude interruption of my "kioff" (see Parkyn's "Abyssinia"). "Help me up" (one feels frightfully lazy in these latitudes), "and give me the glass." Bob was right. Off the entrance of the deep bay of Salonda, and just appearing from behind the cape as we slowly forged ahead, I could make out the same polacca-rigged barque that we had followed from Luan Bay in Mindanao, and which we had lost sight of some days since. Speculation had been rife among us for a time as to the cause of our pursuit of this barque, and of her flight; no one knew anything about it except the captain and Bob Cockles, and I, Frank Fathom, Esq., Captain Courtenay's first lieutenant and *quondam* chum at college, was, if I must confess it, too lazy to ask him.

"That's the barque," cried I, as soon as I had satisfied myself of the fact; "jump down, Bob, and call the captain."

"I see her," said the sonorous, manly voice of Captain Edward Courtenay himself, behind me. "Square the yards, Mr. Fathom, if you please, and—" the captain finished the sentence by pointing to the chase.

"Yes, sir."

"Forward there! square the yards, set lower studding-sails, and haul down the jib. Bob, keep her away a couple of points."

"Ay, ay, sir."

After the bustle of the necessary manoeuvres had subsided, Captain Courtenay sent himself on the hammock nettings and motioned me to a seat beside him.

"Frank," said he, "we have now been shipmates for more than two years, and I have never yet told you a story." I nodded assent. "I'll tell you one now," he added with unusual vivacity. "You would like to know why I left the ship so long in your charge in Amboyna, when you sailed to Ceram without me; how I received the injury which laid me in the sick list there in Luan Bay; what I want with that crocodile's skeleton that Bob has anatomized, and why I am pursuing that barque." I nodded again, and he continued. "The breeze is very light, and I see that the chase is becalmed under the land there; we shall not probably come up with her before night, and as you are just indolent enough to make a good patient listener, if you will promise me not to go to sleep until I have done, I will satisfy your curiosity. When we visited Lindores Bay in Amboyna, three months since, in my rambles about the country, I penetrated some distance into the interior by the banks of the Ayondo River, and found a beautiful plantation owned by a wealthy Spanish exile, Don Carlos d'Alvarez, who had

"One fair daughter and no more,  
The which of love I passing well."

"Ha! I thought that would waken you, Frank, now do keep your eyes open. His plantation and villa he had called, after some place in Spain, Aguascalientes. It was on the river's side, and embosomed in as dense and wild a tropical forest as ever you saw. While rambling listlessly through the thick woods by the margin of the stream, picking carelessly the fragrant clove buds that perfumed the air around, I was astonished at seeing, within six feet of me, as I stepped aside to pass round a gigantic dryobalanops or camphor tree, which stood in my path, the most beautiful girl that I ever saw; and yet my astonishment at the unexpected appearance of a young lady of superior grace and beauty, and elegant presence, in this wilderness, was not equal to my horror at the sight of another actor in the scene, of whose presence, as well as of mine, she was totally unconscious.

"She was standing under the shade of the camphor tree, looking at some beautiful scarlet flamingoes that were quietly feeding on the further shore of the stream, and her attention was so engrossed by those rare and magnificent birds that she had not perceived my approach, while, right over her head, depending from a branch of the camphor tree, hung the lithe, slimy body of a deadly 'kotoya,' a snake of the most venom-

ous description. I had seen them in Celebes, where their bite is considered to be more rapidly and certainly fatal than even that of the cobra-di-capella. There he hung, Frank, swaying his speckled body to and fro in easy curves, raising and lowering his hideous flat head as he played with his forked tongue among the luxuriant tresses of her dark glossy hair. One motion, even the slightest, and the fangs of the horrid reptile would be buried in her throat, and its deadly venom coursing through her life blood, for the kotoya, unlike its sluggish congeners among venomous serpents, strikes as quick as lightning when irritated. There was no time for reflection, therefore, for though the animal evinced no present signs of anger, a breath, a gesture, a cough, might provoke the venomous stroke. I raised my rifle and fired, and with a shriek the lady fell. Springing to her assistance, I was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness, when I was surrounded by a number of the Coolies and Malays employed on the plantation, who were alarmed at the report and her cry. Sending one of them to the stream for some water, I sprinkled it plentifully upon her, when with a deep sigh she opened such a pair of heavenly eyes; ay, you may laugh, Mr. Frank, but if I am not a false prophet, you will, ere you are many days older, be brought penitently upon your marrow-bones by the power of these same optics of which I speak, and," continued the captain, looking anxiously towards the chase, which we were perceptibly overhauling, "Mr. Francis Fathom, I speak advisedly." I coughed gently, and with a glance of mild reproach at me, he went on.

"Nay, Frank, I need not be ashamed to confess, that then, for the first time in my life, I experienced the humiliation of a total and irreparable defeat; I struck my flag at the first broadside, and gave up the ship. Those eyes, which you sneer at, were the most magnificent ones I ever saw—large, lustrous, earnest and expressive—I felt as though I could have gazed into them forever, when my ideas were suddenly recalled by a voice close behind me, asking me in a calm and collected tone, 'What is the matter?'

"The speaker used the Spanish language, and his clear, sharp, distinct utterance and penetrating voice arrested my attention. I looked round and saw, standing behind me, a noble looking old gentleman of remarkable and venerable aspect. He was, perhaps, sixty years of age, and his thick, grizzled hair, in which the time-bleached silver strongly predominated over the streaks of raven black that yet withstood the effects of age and the influence of waning years, overhung his broad forehead and temples in dense profusion; his eyes, rather small, black and piercing, were set deeply beneath projecting brows, and absolutely glittered with concentrated nervous, restless energy. His face was thin and sallow, lips sharply defined and compressed, evincing determination of purpose, and a will before whose iron force all obstacles must bend. A short pointed beard covered his square, prominent chin, and he wore a light poncho, of the finest wool of Thibet, richly embroidered, thrown loosely over his still powerful frame.

"The butts of a pair of silver mounted pistols, and the handle of a dirk, richly jewelled, projected from a crimson sash worn round his waist. Looking round with a quick, observant glance, he saw the reptile writhing upon the ground in the agonies of death, the discharged rifle, his daughter (for he was Don Carlos d'Alvarez himself) prostrate upon the earth in a swoon, and me leaning over her, sprinkling her face and chafing her hands; he comprehended it all in a second, and springing to her side he cried:

"Isabella, darling, are you hurt? Is she hurt, sir? Is she bitten?" and he shudderingly glanced at the snake.

"Neither, señor."

"The virgin be praised," ejaculated the old man fervently, and with an emphasis that showed how fully he was alive to the fearful danger his daughter had just escaped. "Come, sir," he continued, "you must not refuse our hospitality."

"I bowed my acknowledgements, and the young lady, now somewhat recovered, with our assistance reached the house, which was at no great distance, though concealed from our view by the trees.

"I must now condense the narrative a little, Frank, and inform you that I enjoyed the don's hospitality for a fortnight or so, without anything remarkable occurring; you will recollect, it was at that time I sent you with the ship to Ceram, drafting Bob Cockles ashore for land service with

me, in case I should get into a scrape, knowing as I do, that his sensible old head, brave heart and ready hand, would be of invaluable assistance to get me out of it, as he has often proved before."

Captain Courtenay spoke earnestly, and the gallant old tar who stood near enough to hear the captain's remark, looked down with conscious, honest pride at the little constellation of stars and stripes, the miniature flag of his darling country, which the worthy veteran had with his own hands embroidered on the broad collar and bosom of his frock; for Bob used to say he had fought and bled in defence of the stars and stripes, and would never sail under any other colors. The captain went on as follows:

"I of course fell in love with Donna Isabella, and she, as in duty bound, according to the rules of romance and all established precedents in such cases, reciprocated. I should not jest on this matter, perhaps, or speak flippantly. I found her all that my anticipations and her appearance promised—simple-minded, truthful, most amiable, affectionate and confiding. Her father loved, in fact, idolized her, for she was his only child, and he was a widower; every wish of hers was to him as law, but—ah, Frank, but for that but, I would not have this story to tell you—Don Carlos d'Alvarez was an old Castilian nobleman; the best blood of Spain flowed in his veins, and although an exile, his spirit was as high, and his stern, aristocratic will as unconquerable, as though he still trod the halls of Aranjuez, with the high privilege of standing bonneted in the presence of royalty itself—his daughter should never wed with any of a lineage inferior to his own. This tenet he considered as sacred and infallible as any dogma of his religious faith; and here was another obstacle, for I was a heretic.

"Nevertheless, we loved each other dearly in despite of difficulties, and with a secrecy that was easy to preserve, for the proud old man was of too noble a spirit to be suspicious, and besides, never dreamt that his daughter could think otherwise than he did himself on the subject of birth, lineage, and such nonsense. It was well for me that it was so, for fifteen years of adventurous and almost lawless life among the islands, occasional encounters with the Sooloo pirates, the exercise of arbitrary authority among his dependents, both by land and sea, on board his vessels and on his plantations, all these had insensibly made the fierce old man a perfect despot, and I verily believe he would have shot me down like a wolf, if he thought I attempted to inspire in his daughter's bosom any stronger sentiment than that of gratitude for an accidental service rendered.

"After about a fortnight had passed in this manner, I was struck down with a violent fever; every care and attention that my case demanded was freely bestowed, and after the crisis was past, returning consciousness enabled me to realize the happiness of being sick, to be nursed and attended with affectionate solicitude by the best, sweetest, dearest girl in the Moluccas. When convalescent, though still feeble, one unlucky day found us seated on a lounge in the verandah, in close proximity. The old gentleman, as we supposed, was enjoying his 'siesta' in his hammock in the garden; the occasion was auspicious—ardent avowal, earnest appeal and special pleading, blushes, tears, whispered confessions, a kiss, a long rapturous embrace, in which

"Heart met heart in ecstasy of bliss."

rapidly and unpremeditatedly succeeded each other.

"From this happiness I was suddenly recalled by a sight most unwelcome. Right before me stood Don Carlos d'Alvarez, his face deadly pale, the thin lips compressed closer than ever, while those piercing eyes scintillated like living fire from under his contracted brows. His hand, involuntarily, as it were, with a trembling, convulsive motion, sought the pistols which he always carried in his sash. I could not help comparing him, under the circumstances, to old Lambro, in Don Juan; but a second glance at the dilated nostrils and corrugated brow of the implacable old aristocrat, and his pallid face, convulsed with ill suppressed fury, and I was inclined to allow that the Greek pirate had rather the advantage in the comparison.

"Isabella shrieked and swooned. I expected nothing but the contents of the old man's pistol, but his chivalry at length prevailed over the suggestions of his rage—he would not kill a defenceless sick man, and moreover, a guest. He



and his pistol, and taking up the insensible body gently in his arms, he seemingly said, "I am truly rejoiced to find you improving so rapidly, and such strong emotions as those which you are now experiencing are very dangerous to a man in your condition, and as a friend, I warn you that they may produce consequences that will prove fatal."

"With a meaning emphasis on these words, he laid worthy of Rugantino, the old man who had passed through the door by which he had appeared. I attempted to rise and follow him, but the excitement of the scene was too much for me, and I fell prostrate on the ground in a dead condition, and I fell prostrate on the ground."

"When I recovered from the relapse into unconsciousness, the next day, I found myself in bed, and Bob playing the part of nurse, and well and tenderly he did it too. As soon as I was well enough to hear information, he told me that Don Carlos had gone to the Philippines with his father and his whole household, having sold the plantation. By diligent inquiry I found that he had for some time contemplated this, as the climate of the Philippines agreed with him better than that of Amboyna, and I also had heard from Isabella's conversation, that he had sold a large plantation in Mindanao. Thither, then, I concluded he had gone. He had not forgotten his obligations to me, however, having left a letter for me, in which he favored me with a friendly note on the subject of my ingratitude for his hospitable kindness, a dissertation on the antiquity of his family, their dignity and nobility, and a promise, that if I felt disposed to pay him a visit at any future time, that he would receive me as he would a wild beast, and shoot me without mercy. A few promiscuous compliments, a reference to the presumption of beggarly adventurers, heretical English dogs, etc., together with a gratuitous eulogy on his own forbearance and clemency, closed the interesting correspondence."

As soon as I was sufficiently recuperated, Bob succeeded in obtaining, at a cheap rate, a small kora kora, or native boat, and with a supply of necessaries, and two Malays whom I hired for the trip, we started to cross the Sea of China to Luan Bay in Mindanao, whither I suspected he had gone. Entering that beautiful bay in the night, we dismissed our Malays with a promise to return to Landore with a letter for you, and Bob and I, committing our fortunes, with a few little present necessities, to the fragile hold of a bark canoe, boldly pushed forward on our voyage of discovery. There was a small ragged barque anchored in the bay near the mouth of the Luan River; we cautiously approached her, and paddling silently past, glided under the river beneath the shadow of the apparently interminable forests that lined its shores."

"Our search was by no means free from difficulties; the river, though wide and deep, was crooked, and its banks thickly clothed with mangrove trees which grew far out into the water, but at length, Bob descried a rude landing place and what on our left, after we had paddled about three miles from the mouth of the stream. This indicated the proximity of a plantation, and accordingly, a little farther up-stream we were challenged by the hoarse baying of the great watch-dogs. Proceeding more cautiously, we found two little creeks in the shore on our left; the lower one terminated in a nearly circular basin, where a handsome yacht of some twelve tons was moored, a boat and two canoes were fastened to a convenient landing place from which a path led up to the house of which we were in search. The other creek was farther up the river and at a greater distance from the house; it was a rather long inlet, formed by a low, swampy tongue of land which set off from the shore and tended upward nearly parallel with the upper end of this tongue, which was densely covered with mangrove trees, shelved gradually down into the water, forming a low point on which the mangroves grew luxuriantly, pushing out their long branches that stood downwards and rooted again in the mud, as far out as where the water was twelve feet deep; thus constituting subsidiary trunks not uniformly larger than the parent stock, much in the same manner as the banyan tree."

"The inlet, thus separated from the river by a narrow strip of land, was admirably adapted for our purpose of concealment, the entrance, which was a few yards across, the bank on the right was rocky and precipitous, being nearly thirty feet high at the entrance of the inlet, and sloping

gently downwards towards the end, where the creek expanded into quite a spacious cove, its shores on all sides being a perfect labyrinth of vegetation, the tangled foliage overhanging the water in all directions. In this cove we secreted our canoe and went ashore to reconnoitre. The house, we found, was situated on the slope of a hill about three hundred yards from the water, and nearly opposite the lower creek, being a quarter of a mile from our place of concealment. The huts of the plantation hands were all near the wharf lower down the river."

"Thus far, all was propitious. While on our way up the river, I thought I perceived occasionally the peculiar, heavy, musky odor that the cayman emits, and my impressions were presently verified by Bob striking one of them with his paddle. We soon after saw several more, large fellows, with an armament of teeth that might deter the most zealous disciple of Priestsitz from a bath in the Luan River; and the following morning, on a sandy point a little above and opposite the mouth of the inlet, I saw the largest of the crocodile species I ever beheld; he lay basking in the sun, his horrible, cat-like eyes staring coldly at us as we glided past. He was not in the least intimidated by our presence, and although a most disagreeable neighbor, we dared not shoot him lest we should betray our propinquity by the report."

"Having concealed our canoe in the mangroves, we watched an opportunity to communicate with Isabella. We could easily approach the house undiscovered, as the space between it and the water was thickly wooded; but we were in continual apprehension lest the great bloodhounds should discover our retreat, whilst prowling abroad. The don had two, whose power and ferocity, he prided himself, were unequalled. After watching patiently for three days, I at length had the inexpressible joy of meeting her alone. Explanations passed, I referred to the utter hopelessness of trusting that either time or persuasion would ever change her father's despotic will, and urged her to elope with me. Showing her my plans, how I intended to take possession of her father's yacht for a while, to convey her and her maid to Manila, where we could be united according to the ritual of her own church, my eloquence at length induced her, after some preliminary tears, fears, hesitations and regrets, to consent."

"Everything was arranged with the indefatigable Bob Cockles's assistance; the appointed day arrived, her waiting-maid taken into the plot; this we did not do until the very afternoon before our departure, lest she might accidentally discover all, for Isabella had more faith in her fidelity than in her discretion; and I had parted, as I hoped, for the last time from Isabella, and slowly walked through the thick tropical forest down toward the boat."

"The evening was calm and the atmosphere seemed pervaded by that sense of dreamy languor, that feeling of infinite rest and tranquillity that so often accompanies a calm sunset in these latitudes. The firmament was more like heaven than I ever saw it before; the varying tints of vermilion, crimson, purple and burnished gold, vied with each other in the splendor of their mingling hues and gorgeous profusion, until the vast dome looked like a transparent canopy, through which, with mellowed radiance, might be seen the glories of paradise. The tree tops blushed in the rosy light, and the swarms of tiny insects that hovered above them, enjoying the last rays of the setting sun, looked like wreaths of golden mist. Below all was sombre; the dense foliage shut out the fading rays, and as the darkness momentarily increased, the green arcades of the silent forest, columned by the mossy trunks, seemed to stretch away far into the gloom like the pillared aisles of some great cathedral. The stillness of the atmosphere seemed to invite even the creatures of the forest to silence; the restless lizards and busy crickets chirped in subdued whispers to each other, and the sluggish stream, overshadowed by the giant trees, showed like a pool of ink. The very silence and perfect stillness that reigned around, seemed to oppress me, an indefinite sadness stole over my spirits, until my wandering thoughts insensibly converted themselves through the medium of my sober mood, into vague foreshadowings of evil that weighed upon my heart like an incubus."

"It might be from anxiety and mental exhaustion, and mere excited imagination, or it might be anything you please to call it, Frank, but I found myself, almost without knowing how, standing as if frozen into a statue, my hair

erect and flashing with horror, gazing as though transfixed by a gorgon—at what? A pair of eyes that, from their bloodshot malignity and phosphorescent glare, might have belonged, for aught I knew, to Satan himself, were staring from beneath the broad leaves of a banana within arm's length, full into mine; the increasing gloom rendered everything indistinct and I could distinguish nothing but those horrible eyes which glimmered with a light unearthly. Another moment and they had vanished, and I instantly plunged through the foliage to where they had been, but if the fiend or beast, or phantom, or whatever it was that they belonged to, had dissolved like vapor in the atmosphere, it could not more effectually have disappeared."

"This singular and inexplicable affair by no means improved my state of mind, and it was with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings of ill in perspective that I commenced preparations for our midnight vigils on my return to the boat. Leaving Bob in charge of the yacht, which I had appropriated for the conveyance of our precious freight, long before the appointed time I was waiting at the rendezvous agreed upon. Anxious, excited and impatient as I was, the minutes seemed to crawl by, so slowly and tediously did they pass. The minutes grew to hours, and the hours themselves crept away through the long, weary watches of that interminable night, and still no Isabella. I could hear the deep baying of the great watch-dogs, the ominous cry of the owl, the rustling of the vampire's wing as he flitted, ghostlike, by my ear, and the sounds seemed to warn me of evil and danger. I dared not stir from the spot, lest she should come in my absence, and not finding me, return; thus marring our plans, and rendering success hopeless. Thus passed that longest night I ever spent, and at length, when returning daylight made it dangerous to linger so near the house, I sadly turned and walked down towards the creek."

"The approach of day is so sudden in these latitudes, that it was broad daylight as I arrived in sight of the cove, when suddenly my foot caught in a projecting root, I was hurled violently to the earth, and almost at the same instant I heard the sharp report of a rifle and the whiz of the bullet as it perforated my hat. I looked over my shoulder as I hastily sprang to my feet, and saw Don Carlos, with his rifle rested upon a stump, whence he had just taken deliberate aim at me. An attendant stood beside him holding another rifle, which the inveterate old Spaniard instantly snatched from him to try another shot at me, but before he could fire, I had dashed through the thicket out of his sight, and fled towards the cove."

"Reaching the place where I left Bob, you may imagine my feelings at finding him gone, and the yacht, which we had brought up late on the previous evening from the lower creek, and our canoe, both taken away. I turned and ran up the high bank toward the mouth of the cove, but had scarcely run a dozen yards when I encountered a powerful negro armed with a cutlass; I had just time to draw my sword and parry a tremendous blow which the fellow aimed at my devoted head. His weapon was shattered by the violence of the stroke, and a fragment struck me on the neck, inflicting a wound which, though slight, bled freely. Without stopping, I struck him in the throat with my clenched fist as I passed him, and away he went over the bank, tumbling down the rocks until I heard him plunge into the water of the cove."

"On reaching the highest and most precipitous part of the bank at the mouth of the inlet, and where the end of the low point above mentioned was opposite and almost between me and the further bank of the river, I was brought to a sudden stand by the sight of several of the Malay plantation hands, armed with muskets, right ahead of me, and I was further cheered by the voice of Don Carlos himself, as affectionately mindful of my health as he was in Amboyna, calling out to his satellites to take care of me. I was thus completely surrounded, entrapped, a pleasant substitute for love, elopement and matrimony, to be thus hunted down and shot in cold blood like a mad dog. Ah, yes! the river—I could swim and dive like a penguin, and if I could only keep my head under the surface long enough to gain the other shore, there was yet a chance for me, and so, as quick as the thought, accoutred as I was, I plunged in and struck boldly out for the opposite bank, though somewhat stunned by the fall, keeping well beneath the surface. But there was something that I

had forgotten, and when I remembered it, the thought chilled me to the very marrow. I had forgotten the cayman—the horrible man-eating reptile!

"Before I had well cleared the entrance of the cove and the mangrove point on my right, looking ahead I saw that which extinguished even hope itself, and made me regret that the bullet of the implacable Spaniard had not anticipated the more terrible form in which Death presented himself. Right before me, within a few short feet, I saw the gaping jaws and glittering teeth of the enormous reptile into whose very mouth I was fastening, all unconscious of my fatal peril. I caught one glance of the horrid jaws, scaly armor and voluminous length of the gigantic serpent, visible with fearful distinctness through the tangled element in which his vast bulk floated, one glance and no more, for I turned short, and with the energy of despair dashed among the submerged roots and trunks of the mangroves that grew out from the point on my right. Another moment and I was among them, and none too soon, for I had scarcely gained the shelter of their dense growth, when the whole labyrinth of roots, trunks and branches, was shaken as if by the charge of an elephant, from the tremors, but ineffectual rush of the disappointed monster."

"Seeing one of the large roots which had intercepted his progress, in his teeth, he tore it as though it were but a reed, and then drew back and lay watching me. Breathless and exhausted, I rose to the surface for air, for I was well nigh suffocated from remaining under water so long, but my head had scarcely reached the surface when a bullet whistled through the leaves close by it. A platoon would have had no terrors for me just then; taking a long breath, I quietly drew my head again below the surface, and rose more silently and cautiously at a little distance, where the denser foliage afforded better concealment, and there, holding on to a branch with my head above water, I had an opportunity to reflect on the peculiarities of my situation. Through an opening in my leafy screen I could see my dear father-in-law that is to be, quietly seated on the high bank from which I had leaped, his finger on the trigger of his rifle, and his eyes and ears attentive to the slightest sound or motion that might betray my position. The visage of my affectionate kinsman was as calm and tranquil as if he were but waiting his turn to sign a charity subscription list, and about as much compunction was visible in it as in that of a cat lying in ambush for a fliet. On the other side the cayman mounted guard like a faithful sentinel, and I could hear some of Don Carlos's attendants moving through the undergrowth on the point close by, watching to intercept me in case I should try to land there."

"Thus surrounded, I could do nothing better than to follow the illustrious example of Mr. Micawber, and wait patiently for 'something to turn up.' I had now opportunity to observe the don's Malay attendant, of whom I have spoken previously; he was, certainly, as repulsive a specimen of humanity as I ever saw—a hunchback, whose immense breadth of chest, massive shoulders, long sinewy arms, and great bony hands, indicated tremendous physical power. His stature was so short that his long arms reached down to his ankles, the lower limbs being disproportionately and ridiculously small for his herculean frame. His large head was set low between his shoulders, and the features, from the extreme width of the cheek and jaw-bones, broad nostrils, and low protuberant forehead, conveyed the impression that the head had been forced down into its present position by pressure from above, which had caused the features to expand laterally, thus giving a peculiarly malignant and treacherous expression of countenance. His villainously low forehead projected like a sharp ledge over the deep cavernous recesses in which shone those infernal eyes. I knew them at a glance—those huge, phosphorescent, devilish orbs, whose demoniacal glare had chilled my soul on the evening previous. I felt as though their glance were clairvoyant and could penetrate my concealment, and I involuntarily shuddered. It was this cursed Malay who had been my stumbling block, who had met me in the forest and frustrated all my well laid plans by giving the alarm."

"Slowly the minutes passed while I remained thus, scarcely daring to breathe, and the cruel old sinner and his attendant Mephistopheles, still waited, watching me with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and on the other side, the cay-



man, with equal patience and equally amiable intentions, kept his glance on, cat-like optics, skilled at my hiding place. This compulsory silence and stillness became wearisome. A painful, the little yellow sprouts and crimson steeped stalks came round me and nibbled at my coat buttons and sword hilt, occasionally a fierce gar fish would dart by like a ghost, and watch me from a distance, great water snakes, their brilliant scales tinted with the most beautiful and variegated colors, swam slowly past me with graceful, sinuous motion, hushing at me as they went by, and glided up the branches overhead, the monkeys chattered at me from the higher trees, venturing down occasionally to grin and goggle in my face, and again precipitately retreating, screaming and jabbering, and a solitary hoary nightingale near me unawares, on perceiving me, flew terrified across the river, making the woods echo with his vociferations.

"All this time the sun rose higher and higher, and the air grew hot and oppressive, and although from time to time I drew my head gently under water to relieve the congestion and unpleasing symptoms induced by the continued pressure of the water on my body and limbs, forcing the blood upward to the brain, I could not prevent it aching horribly. Throbbing violently, my swollen temples felt as though they would burst at each pulsation. I became conscious of a disagreeable ringing sound in my ears growing momentarily louder, until at length I felt as one might be supposed to feel if suddenly awakened from an moribus sudden sleep by the violent ringing of a gong, and I felt I was losing consciousness. Again and again I drew my head under water noiselessly, but the sound might betray my position, but the momentary relief only served to intensify my sufferings on their recurrence, and the motion of the limbs necessary to restore and equalize the circulation, I dared not attempt, as the shaking of a leaf might direct the don's fire.

"As if all this were not enough of misery, I now became conscious of a sharp prickling sensation, resembling innumerable needles running into my flesh, and looking down I found I was beset by myriads of a species of shrimp, the water was alive with them, the blood trickling from the wound in my neck, no doubt having attracted them, the little intruders mounted themselves under my garments, and pinched and bit me mercilessly. In spite of my torture, the torture these little pests inflicted was too much for me—in twenty minutes they would have eaten me alive. I determined to show myself and let the rifle of the Spaniard put an end to this ill-starred adventure, and I was just about to do so when I heard the old man say, in his usual calm, collected manner, 'Loose the dogs, Mahali, and bring round the canoe.'

"The Malay obeyed with alacrity, and in a few minutes returned from the other cove with a canoe, which he fastened to a branch, and scrambling up the bank, rejoined his master, who gave him his rifle and directed him to remain there and watch me. Loosening his pistols in his sash, and whistling for the dogs, the don descended the bank. I heard the hoarse baying of the great bloodhounds as they came crashing through the bushes; the don stepped into the canoe, and with a few strokes of the paddle propelled it across the cove, the dogs swimming after. As he advanced, I drew my cutlass, which I had fortunately returned to its sheath before I plunged into the water, and awaited their attack. He came to the border of the mangroves some distance further from the mouth of the cove than where I was concealed, and immediately sent in the dogs to hunt up my hiding place. They were not long in finding me; one of them caught my scent, and turning, discovered and advanced upon me, growling fiercely. Although I regretted the necessity of destroying such a noble animal, there was no alternative—he would have torn me to pieces, for he was of immense size and strength. When he was nigh enough for me to feel his breath, I suddenly drove the blade down his throat, between the jaws which he had just opened to seize me, until the hilt struck against his teeth. His jaws closed convulsively upon it, crushing the ivory of the hilt into splinters, while he hot blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils in my face. The death spasm lasted but a few seconds, and as his jaws relaxed, I withdrew the weapon, and the body slowly sank to the bottom, leaving the water around discolored with blood.

"The other dog most unaccountably turned and retreated to his master, with his nose elevated, and giving utterance to the most dismal howls, he had, perhaps, scented the blood of his

companion. The same cause seemed to excite the cayman to the utmost fury, he darted unceasingly hither and thither, disturbing the water as if a whale were moving in it, and finally rushed up stream by the outer edge of the mangroves, as if to get round on the inside, where I could now hear the don endeavoring to penetrate my leafy defenses to get sight of me. Thoroughly enraged at the old man's unkindness, and my patience and forbearance exhausted by my suffering, I made towards him, intending if he missed me to grapple with him; as I neared the open water of the cove, the basilisk eye of Mahali detected me; he raised his weapon to fire, but at that instant it was wrenched from his grasp, and himself hurled violently down the rocky bank, by the muscular arm of my brave old Bob Cockles, who had stolen upon him unperceived from his hiding-place, for Bob himself had been discovered and pursued in the night by Mahali and a party, but escaped in the darkness and concealed himself. The Malay, bruised and half stunned, rolled down the rocks with a yell of mingled rage and pain. Just as I emerged from the mangroves I heard a sudden plunge, and the next instant the great cayman dashed past me, and I saw how completely and fearfully I was avenged. The don had, in trying to force his way through the branches, lost his balance and fallen overboard, and in an instant the man-eater had closed on his log. I saw the agonized face of the old man, his eyeballs starting, as it were, from their sockets with anguish and horror, as with one hand waving wildly in the air as if imploring help, and the other clenched with a frenzied grip upon the gunwale of the canoe, he was dragged out towards the deep water of the river by the scaly monster. I witnessed the sight with a sickening feeling of horror, but rallying my energies for a desperate effort, I threw my arm across the old man's waist as he was rapidly dragged past me, and plunged my blade with all my strength beneath his body deep into the mail-clad side of the reptile, just behind the shoulder, where the scales, comparatively soft and penetrable, least resisted the trusty steel. In an instant the blade was torn from my hand, the water tossed and uplifted around as if by the heavings of an earthquake, and I found myself whirled about on the surface like a bubble by a stroke of the reptile's foot. One confused glance while in this position, showed the water seething like a cauldron from the throes and struggles of the saurian, and for a moment I saw the cayman's tremendous weapon of defence; the tail, thicker than my body, quivering in the air like a huge serpent; it descended, crashing, full upon me, and all consciousness was extinguished as though I had been smitten by a thunderbolt.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## OVER THE ALPS.

BY RY WILLARD CHASE.

WHERE is now the mighty highway of the Simplon, the monument of Napoleon's genius and perseverance, the French army of that great general once painfully toiled on with bleeding feet and fainting hearts. That terrible passage of the Alps at St. Bernard led to the creation of thirty-eight miles of carriage road, extending from Valais to Domo d'Ossola, at an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet. It is said that, at some periods of its construction, there were thirty thousand men employed upon it. Before this stupendous work was conceived, the labor of making these mountain passes was undecipherably toilsome and painful, requiring careful and efficient guides, whose time was entirely devoted to this purpose, and who won, at best, but a scanty maintenance. Such an one was young Cammillo Martelli. From his boyhood, he had threaded the different mountain passes as easily as one could the plainest road; had vied with the chamois in leaping from crag to crag, and at the highest elevations walked as serenely and securely as in the lowest valley.

This simple and innocent life of Cammillo had, in its very loneliness, brought a thoughtful and reflective turn of mind. He gathered stores of valuable information from those whom he guided over the mountains, and he did not fail to make a good use of all he learned. But it brought him no money. All that he received, was barely sufficient to sustain himself and his mother in the little cot at the foot of the Alps.

The mother of Cammillo was a good and energetic woman. She helped her son in every way—encouraged him when despondent, and sustained him when hopeful. From her he had learned patience and submission under trials, and that cheerfulness which is the best and truest sign of a grateful spirit. Poverty was their portion. The old woman wove with her own hands the coarse garments which she and her son wore, and which she fashioned with far more regard to comfort and convenience than to taste and elegance. The young man, however, was indebted to nature for a figure which neither bad taste nor inelegant attire could spoil. He wore his black locks free and flowing; left his magnificent beard as it grew, and walked over the rude mountain paths with as free and even graceful air as if he trod "the marble courts of kings."

With all his poverty, Cammillo had the indiscretion to fall in love, and the truth, sincerity and uprightness of his character, as well as his personal beauty, were passports to the heart of the fair damsel whom he honored with his affection. For the true love of the honest peasant was an honor. He loved a beautiful girl in his own rank, and even poorer than himself, the daughter of a laborer in the fields, who earned scarce enough to buy the black bread required by his young and growing family. This man had built strong hopes upon the remarkable beauty of his eldest daughter. He imagined that some wealthy noble would be smitten with it, and that the whole family would be enriched and aggrandized through Stella. She—sweet, unconscious girl, was ignorant of her father's plans, and had she known them, they would have availed little with her. Her heart was wholly Cammillo's.

For her lover's sake, she had devoted an hour of the time allotted her for rest in the fields, whither she accompanied her father, to reading the books he furnished her. They were few indeed, and well worn from constant use. Most of them were small pocket volumes, given him by tourists to whom he acted as guide, and Stella read them with the delightful consciousness that they were making her a fitter companion for her future companion.

But a cloud was hovering around her, for Cammillo had asked her of her father, and he had refused him with almost savage treatment, forbidding him ever to speak to her again. Added to this, he ordered her to receive the addresses of a rich young landholder, who was, nevertheless, a boor in manners and an atheist in principle.

Shocked and terrified at the fate which threatened her, Stella had fled to the cottage of Cammillo, entreating him to devise some plan to delay her destiny with young Volpi. Her father, discovering her retreat, followed her to the cottage and forced her to return, while Cammillo, suppressing his wrath lest he should thereby injure Stella still more, by provoking her father, even advised her to go home. But while the old man was volubly exclaiming to the mother of Cammillo, upon the undutifulness of children, her son contrived to whisper in Stella's ear, that he would find some way to free her from the hateful match she dreaded.

It was the memorable year in which Napoleon Bonaparte conceived and executed the daring scheme of crossing the Alps and falling upon the Austrians, who, "flushed with victory, were thundering at the very gates of Nice." On those mountain passes, sixty-five thousand men wound through the narrow paths where a single false step would have precipitated one into the gulf beneath. With what breathless awe must these brave men have threaded the mighty pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and heard the terrible crashes of those vast avalanches which sometimes fell almost in their very pathway. No wonder, if sometimes on the blood-stained fields of Italy, the memory of those weary hours of toilsome climbing would come back with terror.

The peasants at the foot of the mountains were inspired with emotions of admiration as they beheld the brave soldiers toiling up these apparently inaccessible solitudes. Many of them who owned mules were hired to help in transporting the fragments of gun-carriages and baggage-wagons which could not be drawn over whole. The weather was worthy of that sunny clime. The sky was serene and cloudless, the air balmy and soft as that which blows from the scented shores.

On one of those faultless mornings, the very next one after Cammillo had left the weeping Stella, with the assurance of freeing her from her troubles, he was meditating upon her escape

from trial and persecution. On this morning he had risen early and was wandering along the brookside in a thoughtful mood, striving to unravel this tangled thread of destiny that had so puzzled and annoyed him. A low whistle startled him from his thoughts, and, turning, he saw a man dressed in gray, who, accosting him pleasantly, asked him to recommend a guide for the mountains. At that moment the father of Stella passed them, with lowering looks at the young man, as he went to his daily labor. A thought crossed Cammillo's mind that he should have time to speak to her a moment alone.

"Give me but a moment, sir, to speak to a friend, and I will attend you myself."

He blushed as he spoke, and the stranger seemed at once to divine that the "friend" was no common acquaintance. Already his noble presence had impressed Cammillo with a feeling of respect and admiration, and despite the ordinary gray coat, the youth could not but fancy that he saw one of the French generals of the army that had just disappeared up the rugged and fire-cled sides of the mountain above.

"Go, my friend," the stranger said, "but do not stay too long. War first—afterward love."

Cammillo soon returned, leading a mule for the stranger's use. Strapping on his own shoulders a wallet and a small wine-bladder, and throwing another across the saddle of the mule, he waited respectfully for the stranger to mount, and in a short time they were treading the path which wound like a slender thread around the mountain. Never before had Cammillo been so fascinated as with this man. Notwithstanding his evident superiority, the young peasant still felt perfectly at his ease with his companion, who gradually drew from him the heart history that so oppressed him. Won by his sympathy, Cammillo unfolded to him the selfish cruelty of Stella's father, and the dislike of the young girl to the husband with whom she was threatened. As he proceeded, his fine eyes were lighted up with indignation, and the stranger looked upon him with an evidently increasing interest.

"What is your name, my good fellow?" he asked.

"Cammillo Martelli."

The stranger took a pencil and some paper from his pocket, and bending over the saddle, he wrote a few lines which he gave to the peasant at parting, bidding him carry it to the administrator of the army on his return. Short as had been the time in which Cammillo had attended the stranger, the latter had attained a mesmeric power over him that made it difficult to tear himself away from that noble and commanding presence. He lingered until he bade him depart, telling him that he should see him again when the war was over. And when Cammillo at length led back the tired mule, he turned again and again, to watch the gray coat, until it disappeared in the distance. The note which had been given him, he kept sacredly. He never once thought of opening it, although there was no seal to prevent him from so doing. At his arrival at the foot of the mountain once more, he stopped only for refreshment at his mother's cottage, and then sending by her a message to the beloved Stella, he hastened off to deliver his missive to the administrator, from whom he asked a private audience. The officer read and re-read, glanced with interest at the bearer, and at length remarked, "You are a lucky fellow! The emperor makes you generous compensation for your service. Be grateful and happy in your new possessions."

"Sir, I do not understand you," answered Cammillo.

"The writer of this note says you guided him over the pass of Saint Bernard. Do you know who he is?"

"Surely, no. I did not ask his name."

"It was the emperor himself."

"The emperor!" exclaimed Cammillo, his cheeks glowing with crimson, when he remembered all he had told him.

"It was indeed; and this note bids me give you money to purchase a house and land, that you may marry and be happy."

Cammillo was speechless with joy. The ambassador congratulated him on his good fortune, and presented him the money, adding a trifle of his own, to buy the wedding dress. Stella's father made no objection, when he found her lover was so rich, and the house was soon built in the midst of a pleasant neighborhood, and behind it were several acres of productive land, which yielded all the support necessary for the new married couple and the good old mother of Cammillo.



## INTERESTING FACTS.

Raphael and Luther were both born in the year 1483. The former died in 1520, the same year with Da Vinci.—Spenser was born in 1553, the year in which Luther died.—Sir Walter Raleigh and Hooker were also born within a few months of Spenser.—Shakspeare and Galileo were both born in 1564, the year in which Luther died.—Calvin and Roger Ascham and Calvin were born the same year.—Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Newton was born.—Newton made one of his first experiments at the age of six, on September 3d, 1658, the day of the great storm when Cromwell died.—Cromwell was born in 1599, the year in which Spenser died.—Izaak Walton, Newton, and Tasso, all died in 1594.—Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the artists, were born in 1600, the year in which Hooker died.—Claude and Murillo died in the year 1682.—Milton, Clarendon, and Fuller, were all born in 1608. The two former died in the same year, 1674, and the year in which Watts was born.—Shakspeare and Pocahontas died in the same year, 1616.—Raleigh died in 1618, the year in which the famous Synod of Dort was formed.—Bunyan was born in 1628, the year in which Decker died, and died in 1668, the year Pope was born.—Dryden was born in 1631, the year in which Donne died, and died in 1700, the year when Thomson and Blair were born.—Galileo, Guido, and Boyle, all died in 1642.—Burnet, the historian, was born in 1643, the year in which Hampden died.—Rollin and Fuller died the year De foe was born, 1661.—Swift was born in 1667, the year Jeremy Taylor died.—Locke and Sir Christopher Wren were both born in 1632.—Boltonbroke and Addison were both born in 1672, two years before Milton died.—De foe died in 1713, the year Sterne was born.—Burnet died in 1714, the year Whitefield and Shenstone were born.—Leibnitz died in 1716, the year Garrick and Gray were born.—Penn died in 1718, the year Putnam and Brainerd were born.—Sir C. Wren died in 1723, the year in which Blackstone and Reynolds were born.—Cowper was born in 1731.—Goldsmith was born in 1729, the year in which Steele died.—Gibbon, Smollett, Collins and Aken-side, were all born in 1721.—Gibbon and Aken-side both died in 1794, the same year Witherspoon died.—Watts and Thomson died in 1748.—Voltaire and Pitt in 1758.—Christopher Wren, in 1753 the year Priestly and Coleridge were born.—George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Howe, all died in 1799.—Cromwell and Hampden, who were cousins, both took passage in a vessel that lay in the Thames bound for North America, in 1637. They were actually on board when an order of council appeared by which the ship was prohibited from sailing.—Goethe was at one time, also, on the brink of crossing the ocean for America.—So was Robert Burns.—A scheme of Pautisocracy in 1795, came near bringing Southey, Coleridge, Lovell and Burnet to America.—Chaucer was the first of that long array of poets buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1400.—The body of Dryden was deposited in the grave of Chaucer, just three centuries after his burial, in the year 1700.—Goldsmith died two thousand pounds in debt.—As proof of the wonderful memory of Thomas Fuller, it is said that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal street of London, after once passing through it and back again.—Locke was banished as a traitor, and wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding," sheltering himself in a Dutch garret.—Homer sang his own ballads.—Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a boxful in his pocket.—Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived, was awkwardly stupid in conversation.—Handel was such a miser that he was frequently known to wear a shirt a month to save the expense of washing.—It is said that Dryden was always cupped and

physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy. He was a firm believer in astrology.—It is said that Pitt required a great deal of sleep, seldom being able to do with less than ten or eleven hours.—Butler did not become an author until he was fifty years old.—Richardson, author of "Pamela," etc., did not begin to write till he was almost fifty years of age.—Robert Ferguson died

was a butcher, as was also that of Cardinal Wolsey and the poet Aken-side.—White was apprenticed to a stocking weaver.—Montgomery, at the age of fourteen, was a shopkeeper.—Crabbe was the son of a collector of salt duties.—Coleridge was the son of a vicar.—Samuel Rogers was a banker by profession.—The father of Charles Lamb was servant and friend to one of the back-

Robert Dudley, who was the projector of the "Annual Register" in which Burke was engaged, and who was the first to collect and republish the "Old English Plays" which formed the foundation of the "National Drama," raised himself from the low condition of a livery servant, to be one of the most respectable and influential men of his time.—Canova was the son of an old quarryman, and originally a laborer.—Thorwaldsen, of a career of ship heads.—Samuel Rogers was fixed in his determination to become a poet by the perusal of "Beattie's Min-strel," when only nine years of age.—The Rev. William Lisle Bowles enjoys the distinction of having delighted and inspired the genius of Coleridge.—The study of "Percy's Reliques of English Poetry" gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott.—He has also stated that the rich, human, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of Miss Edgeworth's "Irish Portraits," led him first to think that something could be done, or attempted, for his own country of the same kind, as she had so fortunately achieved for Ireland. During the last six years of the life of Chalmers, his daily medium of original composition was completed before breakfast, written in short hand, and all done in bed.—Milton frequently composed lying in bed in the mornings; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number.—*Home Journal*

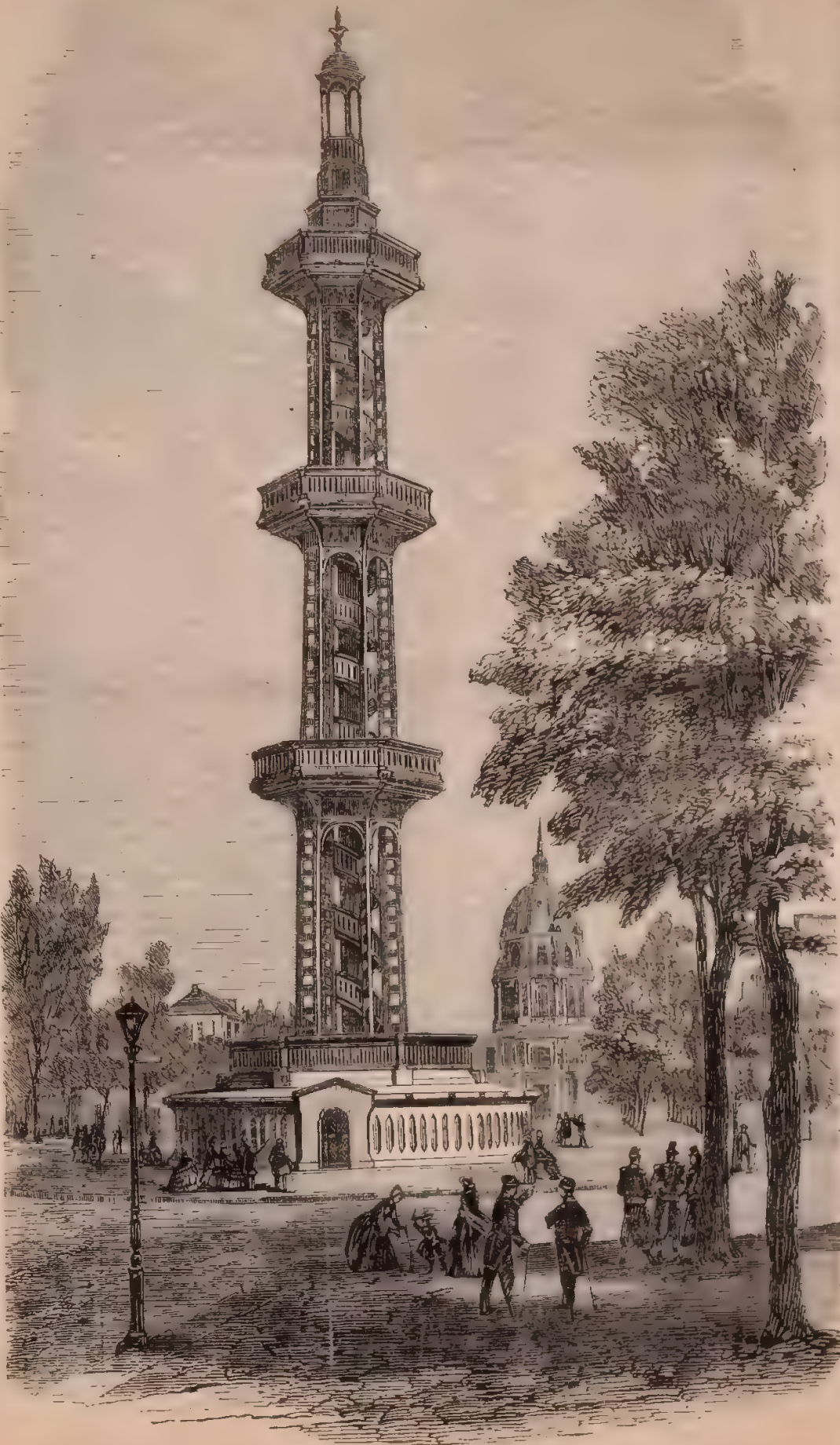
## TOWER OF GRENELLE.

The artesian well bored in the enclosure of the slaughter-house of Grenelle, France, and whose waters feed the upper reservoirs of l'Estrapade, has led to the erection of a cast-iron tower to take the place of the wooden frame temporarily built to support the ascensional tube above the ground. This tower, whose construction in the axis of the bore would have rendered repairs to the well in case of accident, difficult, rises in the neighborhood of the slaughter-house, in the centre of Breteuil square. The ascension tube raises the water more than 100 feet above the soil. Around this tube is a spiral staircase. The sort of tower or spire comprising the tube and the staircase with its supports, is about ten feet in diameter at the base, and seven at the summit. A light belfry surmounts the whole. The tower is about 138 feet high. It rests on a base of concrete twelve feet in diameter. The waters are carried to the summit by two tubes, and descend by one service pipe and one discharge pipe, designed to carry them into a well when repairs are going on. These two tubes are enclosed in the central cylinder, and still leave room for a man to move up and down easily, making any repairs which may be necessary. 22,000 pounds of iron were employed in this colossal work. Almost as tall as the column of the Place Vendôme, at Paris, the tower of the artesian well of Grenelle is a most curious structure, and shows what can be made of cast-iron on a large scale. On days of public rejoicing it will be hung with colored lamps, and will produce those splendid effects of which the French are so fond.

## TURKEY.

Several circumstances are mentioned in recent accounts from Turkey which show an encouraging progress of Christian tendencies among the Mohammedan population. One of the accounts says:—"The private secretary of the Sultan, and his historian, has attacked the Koran and defended the Gospel in a large circle of men of the highest standing. He has been deposed from his office, but nothing farther has been done to him. His brother, one of the richest men in the city among the Turks, speaks publicly against the Koran and for the Gospel in steamers and everywhere."

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.



THE TOWER OF THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE, FRANCE.

in an insane asylum.—The wife of Beattie the poet became insane and was confined in an asylum for some years.—The first wife of Southey died insane.—Chatterton put a period to his own life at the age of eighteen.—Coleridge was for many years addicted to the use of opium.—Sir William Jones was the master of twenty-eight languages.—The father of Henry Kirke White

elors of the Inner Temple.—Campbell was born in the sixty-seventh year of his father's age, and was the youngest of ten children.—Keats was born in a livery stable, and was apprenticed at fifteen to a surgeon.—Alexander Wilson, the distinguished naturalist, was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterward preferred that of a pedler, and after that was a schoolmaster.—



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE SMUGGLER OF "MAN."

### A TALE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

BY W. H. BENNETT.

"Do you see that ledge, Frank? hereaway, stretching to the southward," demanded an old white-haired seaman, as he came to anchor at my side, in the harbor west of the ill-fated Ocean Monarch, one fine evening in June, 1848, a few months previous to her destruction by fire. We were on the starboard tack at the time, standing to the southward, with the wind east by south, and the whole of Man looming up in the wind's eye, bearing about east-northeast from the line of breakers indicated by the old man as he spoke.

I assented, y'know, when he resumed:

"More ups and downs have been lost on that ledge, Frank, than in any other spot in this Channel. It's picked up a sight o' vessels in its day, that ledge has, but none that became the coffin of a braver commander than John Christian, the Smuggler of Man, or so reckless a crew as the brave fellows who manned the Arrow Smuggler, when she went down after a fruitless attempt to plough her way through it, one misty December night, nearly fifty years ago."

"What was she doing in its vicinity, Ben?" demanded I, betraying but little interest in the old man's communication, which evidently accorded but ill with his ideas of courtesy, as he responded gruffly.

"Humph! Be you the youngster as is forever teasing old Ben for a yarn? Cause if you be, you mustn't ask such questions, they betray an ignorance I don't fancy in you. What was she doing? What do you think a smuggler might be doing hereaway in such weather?"

"Trying to run a cargo, I suppose. But out with it. You've a good yarn covered away, I chanced that question, Ben, and I'm all ready to haul in and stow away, as soon as you see fit to pay it out."

"Ah, you've come to your sense, have ye?" demanded the old man, whose memory, by the way, was the repository of some of the most interesting tales of life on the wave I ever heard related, and whose yarn on that occasion I will give you without further padding, in substance, if not in his own words.

"I belonged to Cutter Harbinger in 1800, when Lieutenant John Benbow, youngest son to old Rear Admiral Benbow, was appointed to the command, when we were ordered to this station to watch, and if possible, capture the Smuggler of Man. For years the revenue had been on the alert, but in vain, the Arrow and her commander had defied them, conveying into her majesty's dominions countless supplies of Bordeaux brandy, and packages of Brussels lace, which added but little to the government funds, and less to the profits of licensed dram sellers, and haberdashers of Great Britain.

"Making the island early in June, Mr. Benbow remained at sea, cruising in the vicinity, and maintaining strict espionage on the movements of every vessel of a suspicious rig which appeared in the neighborhood. But all our vigilance was in vain. No smuggler proved compliant enough to place himself in our clutches, and we were obliged to run into port in the island to obtain fresh stores and water. On entering the harbor, the first thing which attracted our attention was the vessel at the famous tree-trader lying within a few hundred yards of the beach, with which she was a tidally in communication at the moment. Nearer approach convinced us that a contraband cargo was a tidally in course of transfer from her hold to the possession of her agents on the island. But the wind being right in our teeth, we were unable to reach the scene in time to make a seizure.

"We signaled the coast-guard station, however, from which a well-manned boat instantly shoved off and pulled towards the scene, but too late to be of any service. Our signal had been read by the smuggler, who hastened to profit thereby, suspending our rations and hoisting in his own boat, when he shipped his cable and running up his broad sheets of canvass, dashed into the bay, with the guard cutter in hot pursuit.

"Unfortunately for our design, we had made a long board to the northward, with a view to reach him on our next tack as he lay at anchor, but a glance at his fleet vessel as she dashed the four miles in her rapid progress seaward, convinced us of the ill-advised policy of our movement. Could we have doubled our speed the smuggler might have defied us still, having to ac-

comparatively less than half the distance which divided us, ere he would gain the open sea and become master of his movements.

"An hour later the Arrow was out of sight behind the headland, and the Harbinger hauled on a wind once more, having picked up the guard boat, the crew of which detected much chagrin at the escape of our intended prize. But Lieutenant Benbow was resolved that she should be attended to the French coast, and dogged thence on her return passage until within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, when he could capture her at pleasure.

"Obtaining apparently reliable information concerning her intended movements, Lieutenant Benbow hurried the stores on board the cutter, when we hoisted up with the first of ebb that evening, and at daylight next morning had sunk the isle of Man in the northward, while the Snowdon mountains reared their snow-capped summits to the clouds a point or two on our larboard, as we dashed down the Channel merrily in pursuit.

"For three days we continued the chase, favored by a leading wind, when making Scilly dead ahead, we hauled to, running between the 'Lands End' and the islands, and standing across the Channel made the French land in the vicinity of Brest, when we tacked, looking well up for the isle of Wight, in which our commander had resolved to anchor and await the reappearance of the Arrow, which could scarcely run the guuntlet of the Channel undetected, while we occupied such a commanding position.

"To the numerous vessels on service in the lower channel we communicated intelligence of the smuggler's movements, and running into harbor in the isle of Wight, awaited patiently a week, when we again got under weigh, and standing up the Channel, remained dodging about in the Straits of Dover some days, overhauling every craft passing down; but failing to gain the slightest intelligence of the Arrow.

"That fellow has given us the slip this time, Ben," said Mr. Benbow, as I stood at the tiller conning the cutter on the evening of the fourth day. "Let her go off southwest-by-west! We'll try our luck on our old cruising ground, from which he wont entice me again in a hurry." And turning away, he issued orders to let fly the sheets, when the vessel fell off, and was soon dashing down the Channel at full speed.

"Ten days later we anchored in Douglass harbor, where we learned the Arrow had made a successful trip, landed her cargo, and again sailed in defiance of all our vigilance. As we had no reason to expect her return in less than two weeks, Lieutenant Benbow seized upon that opportunity to make some advisable alteration in the Harbinger's rig, adding one cloth to each of her sails, and strengthening her masts with an additional stay, with a view to increase her speed by carrying canvass longer, when by a wind. These alterations and additions being completed, we sailed on a cruise, making the circuit of the island at least once each day, invariably looking into Douglass harbor each time we passed, but without obtaining the slightest glimpse of the Arrow.

"This vigilance on our part continued unabated for nearly a month, when the weather became so inclement that we were obliged to seek shelter in the harbor, in which we had scarce anchored, when the saucy Arrow appeared in the offing, and steering boldly in, anchored within five hundred yards of us, a proceeding on her part which indicated an entire freedom from any apprehension. Our boat was down in an instant, and Lieutenant Benbow, hastening a crew on board, pulled off to the daring contrabandist, whom he boarded without ceremony, demanding his papers. They were produced, when the lieutenant pronounced them false, and declared the vessel a prize, against which the supposed smuggler protested loudly, asserting his ability to prove his innocence of even the slightest transgression of the English revenue laws. But his vehement assertions did not mend his position. He and all his crew were placed in irons and confined below, when Lieutenant Benbow communicated the capture to the commandant of the coast-guard station by signal, sending the boat back to the cutter for a midshipman and six men to act as prize-master and crew.

"An increase of the gale prevented the intended communication with the shore by boat that evening, so that we were obliged to defer the transfer of the prisoners until the next day, when the guard boat boarded the Harbinger, and Mr. Benbow accompanied the commandant to the prize, to deliver up his prisoners in due form.

I accompanied them, and on reaching the Arrow, was amazed upon hearing the coast-guard express serious doubts concerning her identity with the smuggler.

"She is like the Arrow in every respect, I admit, sir," said he, in reply to Benbow's remonstrance; "but that she is the redoubtable smuggler I am far from certain. However, a glimpse of her commander will suffice to either transform my doubts into certainty, or remove them. I have seen John Christian repeatedly, and can identify him, so lead on; but I warn you, don't be too sanguine about this same prize."

"Thus admonished, Benbow led the way to the cabin, where the coast-guard had scarce entered, when he exclaimed, indicating the prisoners:

"My doubts were well founded. These men are no smugglers, but honest coasters. Why, I know them all by sight!" And addressing the ex-master of the vessel, he demanded: "Where have you been this season? and where did you light on this craft, captain?"

"I lost the smack\* in Morecambe Bay last spring, s'ynce which I ha laid on my oars, till I got command o' this barkie, which was built and formerly owned in Bristol."

"Who owns her now?"

"My auld mistress, Lady Jane Lonsdale."

"From whom did she obtain her?"

"I dinna ken, man; but I trow fra ane o' the Bristol merchants."

"Well, I advise you to counsel her to sell again as soon as possible, or his majesty's revenue will capture you some day by mistake, believing you to be the famous Smuggler of Man. This officer has already done so. Had he met and taken you at sea, you would have seen the inside of a prison on the main before you were a moon older, for every member of his crew would have unhesitatingly sworn to the identity of this vessel as that of the famous contrabandist."

"And I must now release them and undergo a reprimand for my hasty action, I suppose?" queried the crest-fallen lieutenant.

"Of course this man must go free, with his vessel and crew; but I think you will escape reprimand. If people will model and name vessels after the most notorious smuggler in the Channel, they must expect some inconvenience. No, no, you were not to blame, lieutenant, so give yourself no more uneasiness on that head."

"A boat from the shore, sir," said one of the men at the cabin door at this instant.

"Where?" demanded Benbow.

"Alongside, sir, with a message to Captain Duncombe."

"To me? Let them come on board!" rejoined the coast-guard, adding, "What can it mean? Something important, or I would not be troubled with communications while on duty."

"And it was important. The messenger brought intelligence of the smuggler's success in landing a cargo during the night, in a small bay some twenty miles distant, and also that he was lying at anchor therein, awaiting the entire moderation of the gale ere he ventured to sea again. In an instant all was commotion, and in less than twenty minutes the Harbinger was under weigh and standing to sea; while Captain Duncombe and his boat's crew were urging their light boat towards the guard station at her utmost speed.

"We found a heavy sea outside, which rendered our progress so uncertain and slow, that night had closed in ere we reached the bay in which the smuggler was alleged to have run his cargo. As the night proved quite as dark as its predecessor, Lieutenant Benbow resolved to capture the contrabandist by surprise, if possible; when, heaving the cutter to, he left her in charge of a midshipman and four men, and manning the boat with the remainder of the crew, armed to the teeth, pulled into the bay with muffled oars, in quest of the Arrow.

"We spent the greater part of the night in exploring the bay, but in vain. No prize rewarded our exertions, and almost worn out thereby, we returned to the cutter, convinced that we were again outwitted. Daylight confirmed this conviction. The bay was unoccupied by vessels of any description, and we were obliged to bear up for Douglass harbor to report our ill-success. On coming to in our former anchorage, we were visited by Captain Duncombe, who informed us that we had been most successfully duped by the smuggler; who having, as it were, placed his vessel in our possession, imposed on our credulity

\* A sloop rigged or one-masted vessel, peculiar to the Channel trade.

by a false message, freeing his saucy craft, and his honest-looking allies, and sending every soul attached to the revenue on a Tom Fool's errand, when he availed himself of our absence to land the richest cargo ever run in Man. Captain D. stated that he reached the bay—designated as the smuggler's retreat—at a late hour the preceding day, but early enough to discover the trick played upon us, when he hastened to retrace his steps, reaching Douglass at midnight, when he found the smuggler had made sail, and was once more at sea, in the prosecution of his lawless trade.

"He deserves to escape!" said Benbow, smiling, despite the vexation engendered by the intelligence just received. "Another such lesson as this last, and if I fail to capture him, I'll resign my command."

"Such a fellow would prove a valuable requisition to the service," remarked Captain Duncombe.

"Yes; on the principle that the most successful thieves make the most successful detectives. Well, if he escapes capture the next time I obtain a glimpse of the Arrow, I'll present him my commission, when he may relinquish his present nefarious employment for a more honorable, in which his fidelity to the service may be ample amends for his past transgressions."

"You never saw him, lieutenant?"

"Never! At least, that I am aware of."

"I wish you had. I have seen him repeatedly. He is a noble-looking fellow; far too noble to be commander of a smuggler. I never heard him speak, but judging by his noble mien, and the natural dignity of his carriage, I should pronounce him a scion of our nobility, rather than a humble Man man as he claims to be. Indeed, Benbow, he bears no slight resemblance to you in facial outline; so much, in fact, that I sometimes find myself indulging in absurd conjectures regarding an imaginary relationship."

"You flatter me, captain. Ha, ha, ha! Related to a smuggler; ho, ho, ho! Don't mention it, or I shall be obliged to quarrel with you, just to vindicate the untarnished name of so many of England's admirals."

"No danger, my boy! But come, I'm thirsty, and will thank you for a glass of wine, over which we can decide upon the best measures to be adopted for this Christian's capture, when he appears in this vicinity."

"Tis at your service, captain. Champagne and glasses here, steward. You never drank such wine as I have, Duncombe. Pure Epernay, of the vintage of 1738. I owe the possession of some four dozen bottles to the kindness of Taylor, my father's head butler, who sent them on board the cutter a few hours before I sailed, with a written request that I would do him the honor to soak my commission in the generous juice. Here it is; and now for a bumper in which to drink, 'Confusion and capture to the Smuggler of Man!'"

"Being nominally a quarter-master, but in reality mate of the cutter, I had been present in the cabin during the foregoing dialogue; but deeming my presence no longer necessary, was about to leave when the wine was produced. But Lieutenant Benbow, perceiving my intention, exclaimed:

"Avast, there! If wine is good for the master, it must be for the mate; so no skulking, Ben! Besides, we must have your opinion to aid us in deciding upon the proper measures to adopt for the capture of this rogue; so fill up, and join us in our praiseworthy toast."

"I obeyed him, nothing loath to taste the exhilarating liquor, when we entered into consultation, during which the wine circulated freely, until all were more or less under its exciting influence. When the consultation ended, Benbow, whose senses were slightly confused, reverting to his alleged resemblance to the smuggler, said:

"About this Christian whom I resemble. Is he known to be a native of Man?"

"I believe so," replied Captain Duncombe, adding, "He is claimed as such by the islanders, who make no secret of their pleasure at his successful career. But, as I have stated, his personal appearance strangely contradicts their claim. One thing is certain. He makes the island his home, for his wife and child reside here, though I fear the poor woman sees but few happy hours, as she is among strangers here, rumor naming Derby as her native place."

"Ah, what part of Derby?"

"Of that I am ignorant. I heard the county only named."

"Well, I'm glad this smuggler proves to be



a Man man. Your remark concerning a resemblance startled me. Why I will explain. As you are probably aware, Rear Admiral Benbow was the father of seven sons, all of whom entered the navy when mere lads, three of them falling in action, and the remaining four winning their grades as lieutenants; I, as the youngest, being the last promoted. My brother Frank was the third son, and the first who wore an epaulet, an event of which I have but a faint remembrance, as he was my senior in age some fourteen years, and winning his grade in his nineteenth year, was a lieutenant ere I escaped from the nursery.

"He was my father's favorite, and through his influence attained the rank of commander when closing his twenty-sixth year, at which period an incident transpired which changed the current of his fortunes, and eventually led to his ruin. He had unfortunately formed an attachment to a young lady in humble life, whom he desired to marry as soon as he received his commander's commission; but when waiting upon his father to solicit his consent to the union, he was astounded by the paternal command—expressed in the form of a wish—to pay court to the beautiful and accomplished Lady Adelia Leslie, ward of the Earl of Derby, and orphan daughter of General Lord Leslie, Earl of Stirling by purchase. The lady was young, rich and beautiful, and had conceived a fond affection for my brother, whom she had often met; which fact coming to our parents' knowledge, gratified them highly.

"My brother bluntly refused, and in consequence was forbidden his father's presence until he repented and was prepared to obey. He hastened to join his ship, which was ordered on foreign service, hoping thereby to escape the kingdom until the storm of his father's wrath had passed. But the influence of the latter was sufficient to have his ship thrown out of commission when on the eve of sailing; while a courteous intimation from the admiralty gave him to understand his name was no longer on the list of commanders "on service."

"A commander on half-pay, with no other means of subsistence, is rather a forlorn individual; and such being my brother's situation, I am not surprised that he had recourse to the bottle to drown recollection of the past. Aware of his father's unbending will, which was hereditary as concerned himself, he knew that he had nothing to hope for in the future from his influence, therefore he repaired to London in person to petition the first lord for that employment on which he must now depend for subsistence.

"While awaiting an answer to his petition, he formed one of a party to a supper given by a recently appointed post captain, and during the conviviality which pervaded the party, was called upon for an explanation of the unusual proceeding which had dispossessed him of command. Heated by wine he gave it, naming even the primary cause of the existing estrangement between himself and parent, and commenting rather freely upon the part unconsciously enacted by the lady.

"Unfortunately, a discarded suitor of Lady Leslie's was present; who, smarting under her refusal, and burning with jealous rage against his unfortunate but more successful rival, now sought to win the lady's favor by an open espousal of her cause. To my brother he gave the lie direct, declaring his whole tale to be a fabrication, and plainly intimating that cowardice was the real cause of his removal from command. My brother's reply was a glass of wine, followed by the glass, when rising, he would have left the apartment, had not Captain Marcham barred his passage, demanding instant satisfaction.

"There, you have it then!" exclaimed my unfortunate brother, as half unconscious of his act, he plunged his sword to the hilt in the body of his insulter, killing him on the spot; when urged by the ill-advised entreaties of his friends, he fled to avoid the consequences.

"From that hour we have never heard of or from him, though I trust he still lives and is happy, which I am inclined to believe, inasmuch as the sudden departure of the young lady—his betrothed—to parts unknown, furnished ample belief that she had joined him in exile.

"Thus, you see I had some cause for apprehension when you mentioned a resemblance between myself and this smuggler; but that the assurance of his Man nativity has destroyed. Come, captain, the wine stands with you! Fill up and pledge me in the wish, that discover my beloved brother when and where I may, I may have no cause to blush for his avocation."

"With all my heart, lieutenant!" And

filling his goblet to the brim, Captain Duncombe passed the bottle, from which we filled our glasses, drinking to the happy fulfilment of the aforesaid wish, when the captain took his leave for the shore, and Lieutenant Benbow, charging me with the standing order, dismissed me.

"The weather continued very unsettled for the next three weeks, at the close of which we ventured out on a cruise, touching at Dundrum, looking into Belfast Lough as we passed, and crossing the Channel touched at Port Patrick, from which we went to Wigtown, in Luce Bay, from thence into the Solway Frith, and so down the coast of Cumberland to Morecambe Bay; from which we shaped a course for the mouth of the Boyne on the Irish coast, in this manner making a complete circuit of Man. Making the entrance of Drogheda Harbor, we crawled along the Irish land, northerly, until we reached Carlingford, when taking the wind from the westward, we eased off our sheets and kept away for Man, intending to re-enter Douglass Harbor that night.

"The previous night had been foggy; but as we hauled off the land, the mist settled on the surface of the water so that we could see over it from our mastsheads, when the lookout reported the heads of a schooner's sails appearing above the mist, some distance seaward, and standing across our course, evidently towards the Scotch land. Hauling up so as to close with her, we held on, going about five and a half till noon, when the fog lifted momentarily, and showed us the fleet vessel of the smuggler about half a mile distant. That they observed and recognized the Harbinger was evident from the speed evinced in setting her square foresail, which was about half hoisted, when the mist settling, shut her out from view.

"Hurrah! we have him at last, Ben! Let him escape now, if he can!" exclaimed Benbow, as the mist closed around us, adding, "We're in his wake, and you are old sea-dog enough to keep the vessel so. If we can hold way enough to trace it by the foam he leaves, this mist may last a month, and at its close he'll find us in his track."

"Ay, ay, sir! Show me the fresh bubbles in his wake, with as swift a boat under my heel as his saucy craft, and trust me, I'll con her through every tack he may make in any fog that ever fell on a day-lighted sea! And taking my station on the cutter's fore-castle, I commenced the task of conning the vessel in such a manner as to keep within the faintly traced line marked by the smuggler on the scarce broken surface. The breeze still continued fresh aloft, with scarce a breath upon the water, and urged us along at a rate which rendered recourse to boats unadvisable, therefore we were obliged to continue the chase at a disadvantage, which enabled the smuggler to hold his own until night set in, when the breeze suddenly freshened, and the mist became more dense, rendering further pursuit out of the question. Consulting the reckoning, we found that we were well up with the west coast of 'Man,' when Lieutenant Benbow ordered the helm down, hauling the cutter too on the star-board tack. While we were trimming aft the fore-sheet, the mist was lighted up momentarily by a flash, and in an instant after the deafening report of brass ordnance filled the space around us, lingering in distant echoes through the hills of the island.

"Ha! What does that mean? Not defiance, certainly! Stations to wear ship!" were the hurried exclamation, demand and order uttered by my superior; when the latter was instantly executed, and the schooner wearing round, dashed through the water at a brisk rate towards the point from which the report had reached us.

"Twenty minutes elapsed, when we made that ledge, and almost at the same instant ran foul of a mass of wreck, consisting of bales, boxes and kegs, evidently the cargo of the smuggler, of which no other trace remained. 'Twas evident she had hauled her wind in advance of us, and striking the hidden rocks while running at full speed had been instantly stove, freeing a portion of her cargo as she sank in deep water. Our boats were launched instantly, but all search for any survivors proved in vain; two mangled and disfigured bodies being the only vestiges discovered of her crew, from the appearance of which some were inclined to believe she had blown up on striking the ledge. We lay to in the vicinity all night, and next morning bore away for Douglass, where we reported the loss of the smuggler, which created great excitement. Hundreds flocked to the cutter to learn the particulars, and among them came the wife of the contrabandist,

whose grief gained her access to Lieutenant Benbow, when an affecting scene ensued, which I will not attempt to portray. Suffice it, that when we sailed from the island, the widow was our passenger, and on our arrival at Plymouth, set out for 'Benbow Hall,' Derby, in the care of her grief-stricken brother-in-law, who conveyed her to his parents, as the only relief of their erring and long-mourned son, whose fate is to this day a secret, strictly guarded; and few are aware that the son of one of England's greatest admirals was the lawless and unfortunate 'Smuggler of Man!'"

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE PSEUDO PRINCE:

—OR—

### The Scullion of the Royal Kitchen.

BY MAURICE SITINGSBY.

"By my faith, Margaret, but he is a comely youth—a fair child to look upon; and thou dost assure me by thy own free will that he is ours—our boy, and not the offspring of Simuel."

"Ay, good father Richard, it is even as I have confessed, though the secret has never before escaped my lips. Simuel has not the faintest suspicion of the imposition we have practised upon him. He little dreamed when we parted in the chapel that morning of your departure from Rainsford, that he was indebted to another for the child of whom he is so strangely fond and proud. I often think, could he but read my thoughts, how quickly he would spurn forever from the shelter of his roof the beautiful offspring of our guilty passion—and his guilty mother too, perhaps; and God knows, Richard Simon, he would be justified in the act."

"It is well, Margaret dear, that he, your foolish husband, the baker,—whom I have favored in more ways than one, in reparation—has never been wise enough, nor suspicious enough to divine our secret. While wandering in Italy, I was constantly on thorns lest some revelation of the past should be brought to light to disgrace me in the eyes of the laity. But I find, Margaret, that thou art a woman of sense, one in whom I may safely repose trust—and again I absolve thee from all sin in this connection, so that whatever may be the nature of our intercourse in the future, thou shalt go before thy husband as pure from all sexual taint, in the sight of heaven, as the virgin Mary, the holy mother of God."

"God grant it may be so!" fervently ejaculated the woman, lowering her eyes confusedly before the steady and admiring gaze of her father confessor, her sanctified seducer, who had but recently returned to Rainsford, after a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, which had occupied him nearly two years.

"But didst thou not send for me, father, to make some proposal for the future advancement of the child?"

"True, Margaret! and now let us at once to business. My object is to educate him, and then palm him off upon the world as the young Duke of York; and in God's good time, Margaret, ye shall behold your son the King of England—Richard IV. Is't not a bold thought? and does it not make thee vain, Margaret, of our boy?"

And with this enticing appeal to the dormant ambition of a fond mother's heart, the priest, Richard Simon, saluted the glowing lips of the blushing young mother, and their criminal intercourse, interrupted for a season by the religious zeal and veneration of the saintly sinner, went on again, hidden from man, it is true, but not from the omniscient eye.

The foregoing scene occurred in a small chapel in a part of Oxford then known as Rainsford, sometime near the close of the fifteenth century, and not long after the foul murder of the young princes in the tower.

The sagacious priest, though he placed not the slightest credence in the rumor of the young Duke of York's escape from the hands of so accomplished an assassin as Sir James Tyrrel, was ready, nevertheless, to take advantage of the story to develop one of the most audacious impostures that is to be found recorded in English history. The mother of young Simuel was easily induced to enter into a plot with her priestly paramour, to bring forward this beautiful offspring of their guilty love as the direct and legal heir to the throne. But it is supposed that he was hardly prepared to play his part at the time the Duke of Gloster fell by the hand of Richmond, and was therefore kept in the background

until the popular prejudices were roused against Henry VII, by his inveterate persecution of the young Earl of Warwick, and his rigid and ungallant treatment of Elizabeth of the house of York, who, in spite of her being the direct heir-in-line to the throne, still remained uncrowned, though his legal consort.

In the meantime Richard Simon, the priest, was busily employed in educating young Simuel to play the leading part in the great drama he was so assiduously preparing. The elder Simuel was of course let into the secret, so far as the shrewd principals of the plot considered it advisable; and the simple baker was as ambitious to become the father of a line of kings, as was ever the celebrated Col Blood to become the possessor of a crown and a royal regalia. So that when the rumor became prevalent among the people throughout the kingdom, that the young Earl of Warwick had made his escape from the Tower, Simon conceived the idea of painting him off as the escaped earl, instead of the young Duke of York, as he at first intended—but this move, as will be seen, proved the ruin of his enterprise. He went in person to the queen dowager, and obtaining an audience, he solicited her countenance and assistance in the proposed enterprise. She, hating her son-in-law in consequence of his stern and rigid treatment of her daughter, eagerly entered into the plot against him, and supplied Richard Simon with a considerable sum of money; it has even been surmised by historians that she, or some one intimately acquainted with the house of York, must have acquainted young Lambert Simuel of the particular secrets of the family, which the Oxford priest, having no means of knowing, never could have told him himself. And of all such facts the youthful pretender seems to have been thoroughly apprised by somebody—and who more likely to give this information than the queen-dowager herself! And this seems to have been the subsequent assumption of Henry; for shortly afterwards he took the liberty to confine her in the nunnery of Bermondsey, where her life was unhappily terminated sometime after.

Aware that after the pains he had taken in fostering and preparing the mind of the youthful Simuel for the great part he was expected to play in the forthcoming history of the nation, there might be many chances of detection, the priest-father resolved to lay the opening scene of the unparalleled drama in Ireland; for there the late Duke of Clarence, the father of Warwick, was remembered with the utmost affection, on account of his excellent administration while governor of the island. Many public officers now held their situations who had done so under the young duke's father; and under circumstances thus favorable, Simon could not have chosen a better field for the work of insurrection. The king, on receiving the news from Dublin, instantly confined the dowager, whom he suspected of aiding and abetting the insurrectionary movement in Ireland, and then gave his discontented subjects the most convincing proof of the fraudulency of the report, by producing the young Earl of Warwick from the Tower, he having himself caused the report of his flight to be circulated in order to avoid the frequent importunities of his friends, who were wearying him with constant petitions for his release.

But this satisfactory demonstration to the English mind on the part of the king, was regarded as a mere subterfuge by his subjects across the Channel, and with some timely assistance from the dowager-duchess of Burgundy in the shape of two thousand veteran Germans, aided by a large host of Irish adventurers, and headed by Simon, Simuel, and a veteran general named Schwartz, they effected a successful landing in Lancashire; but meeting with no encouragement from the people, they pushed on to meet the king, having previously resolved to put the fate of this cause on the issue of a general action. The hostile forces met at Stoke, and after a desperate battle, victory was at length declared in favor of the king. Simon and Simuel were among the prisoners taken. The earls of Lincoln and Broughton, and many others, fell in the cause of the youthful pretender, and Simon himself owed his life to his clerical character, though he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. As for the boy Simuel, the king exhibited his mercy and contempt equally, by making him a scullion in the royal kitchen, which character seemed much better suited to his disposition.

\* Thomas Blood, an Irish adventurer and desperado in the reign of Charles II, stole the crown and regalia from the Tower, was arrested, and subsequently pardoned by the 'Merrie Monarch.'



## U. S. SHIP VERMONT.

The very spirited marine sketch by Waud, drawn expressly for us, shows the ship-of-the-line Vermont, as she appears lying off the Charlestown navy yard, where she was built, having been launched Sept. 14, 1848. She is about 3000 tons burthen and pierced for 122 guns. She was originally detailed for service on the Japan expedition, and was then fully rigged, but the orders were countermanded, and she was stripped and laid up in ordinary. Of late years, these monster ships-of-the-line have not been favorites with naval authorities—smaller vessels are more easily handled and the immense size and range of the modern guns makes a smaller vessel equal in effectiveness to a large one, with large batteries of smaller caliber. In time, we suppose, steam will almost supersede the use of sailing vessels in the navy. The steam navy of England and France is now enormous, and it behooves our government to build up a steam navy as rapidly as possible.

## THE "ISLA DE CUBA."

We present on this page a fine marine view, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, and representing the alleged slave bark *Isla de Cuba*, as she appeared when lying off the north end. The vessel is now lying at New York, and attracts great curiosity from the circumstances attached to her. The bark is not apparently a fast sailer, nor is there anything peculiar about her hull. She is square sterned and rather broad in the beam, with nothing of the clipper look about her, but her masts are very tall in proportion to her hull, and she spreads a great quantity of canvass. She was built in New York in the year 1849, and is of 215 tons burthen. She sailed from New York August 12th, 1858, bound for Loango, coast of Africa, under command of Captain Jonathan Dobson, taking out as passengers three

Portuguese and one Spaniard, who were destined, it is said, for different trading posts on the coast of Africa. Her cargo consisted of blue drills, sheetings, handkerchiefs, ticking, crockery, etc. She had on board 70 or 80 barrels of rice, 90 oil casks, 1500 feet of box-boards, etc. The captain put in to St. Michael's and there, according to the statement of Mr. Levi W. Turner, first mate, told him that he suspected that the vessel was bound on an unlawful voyage, and that he wished him to take her back to New York. After some weeks at St. Michael's and Fayal, the captain having given up the vessel to his charge, the mate set sail for the United States, and the passengers above referred to, left the

bark when she was about 120 miles from Flores, in a boat. Arriving on our coast and the wind being fair for Boston, the mate put into this port Oct. 21, 1858, and the vessel was taken possession of by the U. S. Marshal. The suit which is to determine the character of the vessel is still pending in the United States Court. Meanwhile, by consent of parties interested, the vessel was sold by the marshal and purchased by a gentleman of New York who had a mortgage on her, the money being held by the United States authorities until it is legally decided whether or not the famous *Isla de Cuba* is a slaver. It is contended by the defendants, we believe, that she was bound on a legitimate voyage, and that her

ited sketch, his first attempt at drawing wild animals, we believe, is on the opposite page, and we think the noble originals, if they were capable of appreciating art, would be satisfied with the representation, although they would doubtless prefer a surrounding of wild forest scenery to the walls and bars of a cage. Both of these animals are full of life and vigor, and contrast in this respect with the hackneyed, jaded animals we too often see in caravans. We should not care to try the experiment of entering the cage, especially during the day's fast which Mr. Sears has found, by experience, it is prudent to establish once a week, to preserve the health of his animals, instead of giving them medicine.

cargo was not necessarily a slave cargo. The ninety casks on board were, it is said, destined to receive palm oil, and were filled with water to keep them in good condition. The bark cleared for New York, February 18. One of the witnesses on the trial testified that Captain Dobson told him, at Fayal, that he thought the passengers intended to murder him, and advised him not to drink any wine on board except from a vessel that he himself used, also that he had the cabin boy sleep with a hatchet under his head, etc. It was the opinion of this witness that the ill health of the captain had affected his mind. However, as the matter is in the hands of the law, we have no opinion to express in regard to the character of the vessel, which will be decided after the completion of a full, fair and impartial trial.

## LION AND LIONESS.

Calling into the menagerie No. 43, Portland Street, the other day, we were so struck with the noble appearance of a full-grown African lion and lioness, that we requested Mr. Homer to make a drawing of them for the Pictorial. The engraving from his spir-



U. S. SHIP-OF-THE-LINE, VERMONT, OFF CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



THE SUPPOSED SLAVE BARK, "ISLA DE CUBA."



## PRUSSIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

An American in Berlin thus writes, respecting that city and its people, to the New York Evangelist:—"It is not only a great city, it is a queer city. It makes itself to be seen continually, one. This makes it pleasant. The wrongheadedness, and not always pleasantly. The Irishman, seems to me to be at least, in an equal degree, inherent in the German. Their customs differ from those of all other nations; they are as unlike us in certain respects, as they are unlike the Chinese. Their cookery is so different that many persons visiting the city are unable for a long time to eat anything with pleasure or comfort. I, myself, have been here two months, and find even now, when I might be supposed nearly acclimated, but two or three dishes which suit me at all. Every one, too, is familiar with the German sleeping customs; a narrow bed, two feet wide, and so short that a man of ordinary height is obliged to double up in order that he may sleep in it, and covered with that abomination, a feather bed; such is the only arrangement, the only German notion of a bed; the nobles have no other, the peasants use the same. If any person wants a wide bed, two are placed side by side; but though this may be covered with one quilt, the Prussian mind seems

are out of the lips on the instant. Should a stranger ask any chance person in the street the direction to any place, the polite Berliner immediately volunteers to show it himself, and actually, in many cases, will go the whole distance, that the stranger may not lose his route. I remember being thus kindly accompanied, more than a mile, by one whom I had never seen; and in another instance nearly the same distance by another person. If your brother is spoken of, it is "your herr brother;" if your wife, "your lady wife." In the shops customers greet the salesmen or women when they enter; do not immediately begin business, but say a polite word or two, and then make their purchases; and always say good by when leaving. An educated German is, I will say, one of the most polite and agreeable men on earth. The only rude persons in Berlin seem to be foreigners, and especially—alas that I should say it—English and Americans."

## HABITS OF GREAT STUDENTS.

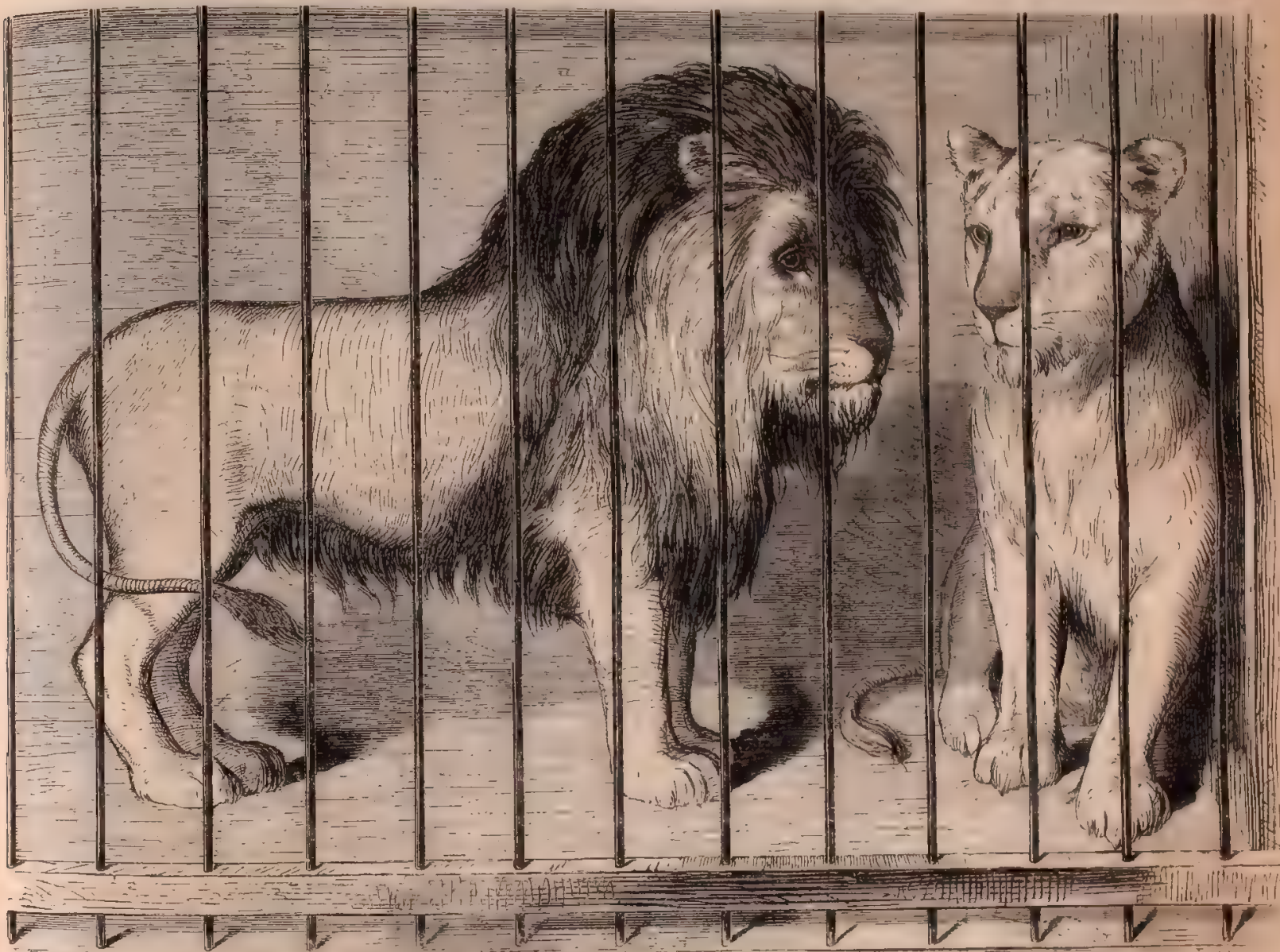
Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a low voice. One day, while working at the play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they

other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight."

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had his books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt a facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up his writing and composing, and went about his out door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary was set at work.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work.—Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea side, laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.—Bacon knelt known before composing his great work, and prayed for light and inspiration from heaven.—Pope never could

overrun by the stream were often lakes of ice, interrupted only by the black trunk of a willow. We had found the means to obtain skates, and by much practice and after many falls, we had learned how to make use of them. It was there that I was seized with a downright passion for that exercise of the North, in which I afterwards became very skilful. To feel oneself carried off with the swiftness of the arrow, and the graceful undulations of the bird in mid air, on a smooth, resplendent, sonorous and perfidious surface; to give oneself, by a simple movement of the body, and, so to speak, with nought but one's will for a rudder, all the motions of a bark on the deep, or an eagle soaring in the blue heavens, was for me, and would yet be, if I did not respect my own age, such an intoxication of the senses, and produced such a voluptuous dizziness in the brain, that I cannot think of it without emotion. Even horses, for which I had such a strong liking, do not give their riders that melancholy delirium which skaters find on the frozen bosom of a large lake. How often have I not sent up prayers that winter, with its resplendent but cold sun, sparkling on the blue ice of the boundless meadows of the Saone, might be eternal like our pleasures!"



A SUPERB LION AND LIONESS, NOW EXHIBITING IN BOSTON.

never to have been illuminated: they saw not, for their eyes were holden. Then their evening concerts and parties begin so early, that in summer, evening has not fairly set in when the assembly has broken up: and in winter a vast gulf yawns between the end of the evening's amusement and bedtime. On some accounts this is a good custom, favoring early hours in every way; but it leads to much evil, which any one in Berlin can mark without difficulty. The language is, to a foreigner, strangely involved: they have two distinct characters for writing, and also two for printing, used and well understood by all: and their odd use of the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders, puzzles, while it amuses. Think of a speech in which the word *dog* is masculine, and *horse* is neuter; the *sun* feminine, the *moon* masculine; *lady* feminine, and *girl* woman and *miss* neuter! It is a polite city—a city in which punctilious politeness joins with true heart-felt politeness—two very different things. Here no man enters a restaurant or cafe, or any place of public resort, with his hat on his head; it would be considered a rudeness to the guests assembled. If one in walking rapidly through the streets chances, ever so slightly, to brush against another, the hats of both are not touched but lifted, and "excuse me, sir," "don't mention it,"

took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had written it out he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.—Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the duke of Tuscany, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the grand duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.—Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog which he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical fantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only

compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. This was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was even months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.—*Boston Transcript*.

## THE ECSTASIES OF SKATING.

Lamartine, describing one period of his boyhood, when with some half dozen other children who went at early morning every day from the hamlet of Milly to the village of Bussières, whose poor rector was their instructor,—about a quarter of a league distant,—thus paints the intervening scenery:—"In the winter time this path"—leading down a declivity which he sketches—"was a deep bed of snow on a glaci of ice, down which we used to roll or slide in imitation of Alpine shepherds. Below the meadows

## DESTRUCTION OF AN OAK.

The journals of the Haut Rhin relate a fact which will appear scarcely credible—the cutting down of a gigantic oak tree, one of the few remains of ancient Gaul, at Auzange, near Belfort. The tree was many centuries old—according to some learned authorities not less than twenty-four; and its trunk was about sixteen and a half feet in diameter at the base. The tree, stripped of its branches, weighs forty-eight thousand pounds. No reason is assigned for the felling of this venerable oak, beneath which, it may be, the Druids celebrated their rites. The tree was for centuries regarded as one of the curiosities of Alsace, and it caused the village near which it stood to be called Auzange-*es-Chêne*. From an expression in the charter granted in 1105 by Ermentrude, widow of Thierry, Count of Montbéliard, to whom the district belonged, it appears that the place was even then famous for a number of large oak trees. The number of extremely old oak trees in France is now small. One of the most remarkable is at Allonville; it is nine hundred years old, and its trunk has been used as a chapel since 1696, which chapel is surmounted by a steeple. Another one is at Montravill; it is twelve and a half feet in diameter at the base, and is believed to be two thousand years old.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DERRIDGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS INvariably in Advance

One copy, one year \$2.50  
One copy, two years 4.00  
Five copies, one year 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club) 20.00  
One copy of Ballou's Pictorial and one copy of The Fish or the Fowl together \$3.50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A Lover or Music.—We regret that you are unable to answer your questions but if you will take the trouble to address R. Storer Willis, Esq., editor of the Musical World, you will obtain all the information you desire, as Mr. Willis reads I and studied much in Germany for years.
- F W. Toulton.—Thank you for the copy of the publication. The edition is by far the cheapest and best of Scott's works ever yet issued in England or America.
- Theresa.—The monument of Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey is a handsome tablet, with music in bas-relief, and the well-known inscription. Oh, rare Ben Jonson!
- C. H. S. S. S.—We find that "Hagley's Italian Pocket Dictionary" is generally used in schools where Italian is taught. You can get it at Houghton's Antiquary Bookstore, 143 Washington Street, Boston price \$1. A treatise on pronunciation and grammar is preferred and the words are well explained.
- N. H. Toulton.—The reason we do not illustrate the matter you refer to is because we have never yet introduced into our pages any such vulgar or sensation matter. Indecentness of manners, portraits of murderers and the like, will usually be found in a certain class of illustrated papers, but as we issue a journal for the home circle, for the friends of youth and the reading of families we can only present such engravings and matter as is suitable and proper for such an object.
- M. C. Paronologists hold that the laws of their science are applicable to animals. For instance, in the cat, the development of brain, for though the head of the latter is large, the capacity of the cranium is small, while the thickness of the fur is so thick and renders an insupportable sign of dullness of intelligence.
- Stronker's.—The English arms and navy are considered to be the strongest and best in the world. This is attributed to the liberality of their diet. A soldier's daily ration consist of three portions of a pound of meat, one pound of bread, one pound and a half of potatoes, two ounces of butter or bacon and a pint of beer. In the navy it is still in larger proportions.
- Sancti Expi.—We have there are at all 109 omnibuses in Paris. They are admirably arranged, and are all in the hands of one company.
- C. C. Gold Bell originates in China.
- Ing. Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759. The centenary of his birth will be celebrated this year in various parts of Germany.
- Mrs. L. E. Moffet, Mass.—The order is a specimen of duck hunting in the northern shores of the Old and New World. It is about twice the size of the common duck.
- D. H. Harvard, Mass.—Your case is not a peculiar one, and the doctor almost ought to incite to fresh energy and increased industry.

## ROYAL MARRIAGES.

Royal marriages are rarely happy, for they are never based upon the affections, as all marriages should be, but always upon consideration of policy, so that if two congenial hearts happen to come together in the atmosphere of a court, it is purely a fortunate accident. Shakespeare tells us that "King Cophetua loved a beggar maid," and the story is a dramatic legend, that Felix, prince of Salerno, married Caderella for love, but these are mythic personages. William of Normandy wedded and won his bride by knocking her down and giving her a sound thrashing, and though royal brides are not obtained in the same way now-a-days, they are often coerced into matrimonial connections. Who supposes that Maria Louisa ever cared a straw for Napoleon I? Her infamous career from the downfall of the emperor, shows how little she thought of him. And who supposes that poor little Princess Clotilde was impelled by the slightest affection for fat Prince Napoleon, a man double her age, and a notorious rascal? The prince's mother, by the way, was an unwilling bride, and her story shows how sad a fate is that of marriageable women in Europe who have the misfortune to be born to greatness.

Catherine of Wurtemberg was the second wife of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, and brother of Napoleon I. The emperor refused to recognize Jerome's marriage with our countrywoman, Miss Patterson, and compelled him to abandon her. Having carved out a kingdom for his brother, he forced him to take a bride as well as a crown at his hands. The victim was the princess royal of Wurtemberg, a fair young creature, just entering her twenty-first year. She regarded Napoleon as the enemy of her country, and Jerome as, in the eye of God, the husband of another. But she was forced to yield to the iron will of the victor of Europe. With a heavy heart, having been married by proxy, she set forth for Paris. She awaited her bridegroom at the chateau of Rainey, then in the possession of Marshal Junot, Duke d'Abrantes. The Duchess d'Abrantes thus describes the first meeting of the royal pair:—"Catherine of Wurtemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Jo-

seph entered, followed by the officers of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boar, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the princess with an air of brusquerie and malaise. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and in the tone and style of a *bourgeois*, said to her: "My brother is expecting us. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister." The princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition."

But once married, she devoted herself to her duties, and was a model wife and mother. After the final fall of Napoleon, in 1815, the queen of Westphalia, with her children, sought refuge beneath her father's roof, and here, one night, Jerome came for shelter. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the king of Wurtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore, he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbor beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria-Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations where women are counted worthy of honor as well as of love. It was in the following terms:

"SIRE—Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your paternal affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and nature impose duties which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfil them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given me by God and by yourself—the child whom I have borne in my bosom; these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But O, my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But O, my father, my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favor and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe will not always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognized by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled

with our own? Pardon me, my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure.

B. lieve me, etc., CATHERINE."

But policy steeled the heart of the king against even this touching appeal, and Catherine went forth from her father's palace, never to see his face again. The fugitive pair lived at a country seat called Casino Azzolino, near the river Trento, in the papal states. There she died in exile. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, are the sole descendants of this noble woman. An act of graceful homage has recently been paid her memory. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, enclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the London Times, "the heart of a noble woman, of one whom no entreaties of her father, the king of Wurtemberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death."

## WILL THERE BE WAR?

Opinions differ with regard to the prospect of war in Europe, and so inscrutable are the ways of Louis Napoleon, upon whose breath the question seems to hang, that we need not wonder that the matter still hangs in the balance. Indeed, so uncertain is the issue, that even while these remarks are going through the press, perhaps a foreign arrival may bring us the solution of the problem. With the information we now possess, we still adhere to the opinion we have more than once expressed, that there will be fighting. We attach no weight to the recent pacific declarations of the ruler of France. What confidence can be placed in the man who solemnly swore eternal faith to the republic, and then overthrew it the moment the opportunity occurred? He has alternately spoken words of war and peace—but he is so habitually accustomed to regard language as the cloak of thought, that he cannot complain of the world's great distrust. His official organ tells us that no extraordinary military preparations have been going on in France; that the movements at the military depots and the naval arsenals are only incidental to changes in the two arms of the service, and he is only putting the land force on the ordinary strong peace footing. But there are ugly facts behind this declaration. The reasons given by the Moniteur may account for the casting of new guns, the marching and countermarching of troops, etc.; but what reason but the resolve to fight can account for the accumulation of vast stores of provisions, and the heaping up of extraordinary quantities of powder, even of lint and amputating instruments for surgeons? This surely is not a mere menace, nor is it the usual accompaniment of a peace establishment. The London Times regards the attitude of the emperor as dangerous; witness this sharp paragraph from a late leader in the "Thunderer":—

"In the history of the last two months we have a proof of the losses which the mere apprehension of war inflicts on a civilization like ours. If we are merely to return to the position we were in before the 1st of January, if we are to be constantly liable to another outbreak of imperial ambition, it would be almost preferable to have a war at once, and settle the question whether France is to remain the disquiet of Europe or be bound to good behaviour by the strength of those about her. The destiny of Europe is in the hands of the French people, and, if they have not abdicated every right which belongs to and dignifies man, they will take care that the ruler whom they have chosen shall show some respect to morality and public law."

We have all along thought and said that not only would Napoleon fight, but that he must fight. He must do something tangible for the Italians, or as a peijured Carbonaro die the death decreed against all traitors by that terrible secret association which he joined long years ago. This danger is no chimerical one. It was revealed to the startled world by Orsini, who came near destroying the imperial life. It is the sword of Damocles that hangs over the imperial usurper—it is the skeleton that lurks in the cabinet of the Tuileries, the dark shadow that projects its portentous length across the polished floor of the ball-room, and the glittering surface of the banquet-table. It is the secret horror of a guilty life. Only one thing—a blow for Italian independence—can banish the thing of terror, and conjure the impending fate of the coming crisis. Dr. Mackay expresses the following opinion, which is at least worthy of consideration

"If Austria were driven out of Italy by a successful insurrection of Lombard Venetians and Romans, there would be no feeling of regret in this country, but the very reverse. But between such a consummation and her expulsion by the strong arm of France, for the personal and dynastic objects of Napoleon III, there is a wide difference. The sympathies of Great Britain would be against Austria in the one case, and with her in the other. The emperor of the French plays with a dangerous weapon when he plays with insurrection in Italy. The example may prove more contagious than he imagines. If Venice, Milan, Rome, Naples, and Palermo are on the move, Paris may awaken in the middle of its dark night, and dance the mad dance of liberty to the sound of the 'Marseillaise.' Destiny is no doubt a very great star. But Europe has a destiny as well as the heir of Napoleon. Destiny gave the first Napoleon his Lodi, his Arolo, his Marengo, and his Austerlitz. Destiny gave him the crowns of France and of Italy, but from Destiny he received Moscow and Elba, Waterloo and St. Helena. Destiny has given his successor days of exile and misery—days of glory, honor, dominion and influence for good or evil—unparalleled in modern history. But Destiny—firm, immutable, pre-ordained—plays what sometimes appears to our finite capacities to be strange pranks with his favorites. As yet the emperor of the French seems its most fortunate child, but even he, great as he is, cannot afford to set the judgment of the world at defiance, and to outrage the feelings of an age like ours. If he provoke Austria to battle he sows a whirlwind which will inevitably sweep away many things that are now high and mighty. We need not say what those things are, for they are visible to all the world, though not perhaps distinctly seen in the suffocating atmosphere which overclouds the Tuileries."

Still, however dark and dangerous the path which Louis Napoleon may be compelled to tread, he may even "from this nettle, danger, pluck the flower, safety." Hitherto he has borne a charmed life, and basked in the smiles of fortune. He may not yet have reached the end of his career.

NEWSPAPERS.—Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement." Yet the newspapers of Johnson's day were "flat, stale and unprofitable" to those of ours—with meagre reports, and shreds of news, wretched poetry, and frequently puerile prose. Now journalism sweeps into its vortex the most brilliant minds of the age, and a yearly newspaper volume is a perfect encyclopedia.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—Mademoiselle Seno has made a great sensation at the pretty little French theatre, 585 Broadway, N. Y., and plays admirably in Déjazet's parts, though Mr. Dion Bourcicault says that she isn't Déjazet, and Miss Agnes Robertson, or rather Mrs. Dion Bourcicault, is. Why does he wish to set two pretty women by the ears? They are both excellent actresses, as one is French and the other Scotch, only "caparisons are odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop says.

WASHINGTON STREET.—This great thoroughfare is as brilliant as a garden parterre now with the gay dress of the ladies. Has the expansion of the silken skirts anything to do with the queer-looking cages we see hanging at the milliners' windows? What are they? and what are they for? We never asked the question before.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The legislature has done well to pass a stringent act punishing cruelty to animals severely. Scoundrels who abuse that noble creature the horse, must be prepared to pay a hundred dollars, or lodge a year in jail, for the luxury of their brutality.

OPPOSITE THE TREMONT HOUSE.—Messrs. Cushman & Brooks have one of the best selected stocks of dry goods to be found in Boston. We particularly recommend our lady readers to give them a call. The goods are marked down at marvellously low prices.

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.—In presenting this old but never-tiring German legend to the public in a new form, Mr. Barry has shown his determination to outdo every previous effort of the American stage.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—The watches manufactured by the American Watch Company, at Waltham, meet with a large sale.

INVENTIVE.—The last invention in Ohio is an India rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this



## BONE-MAKING.

Among the recent discoveries of surgery is a method of making bones grow in the animal system, by artificial means. Dr. Ollier has presented to the French Academy an account of some successful experiments made by him, which are truly wonderful. He took long strips of the perosteum, or membrane investing the bone, from the thigh-bone of a rabbit, leaving one end of the strips attached, and rolled them around the muscles of the legs in various ways. In the course of time these strips produced bone. He also succeeded in producing bone from the membrane, by detaching the strips entirely, and immediately transplanting them to some other part of the body, say under the skin of the shoulder or back, the result being the formation of a regular bone in those anomalous places. The substance thus generated by the perosteum is real bone, similar to that of the rest of the body; a cavity being formed within, after a time, which contains marrow. These curious experiments show that bone may be made to grow at will, wherever a portion of the freshly-removed membrane is introduced so as to be in contact with living animal fibre. This discovery may be made very useful in the treatment of fractured limbs, and will possibly produce an entire revolution in the department of amputation. It is found that the re-productive property of the perosteum diminishes with advanced age in the subject, but it is not entirely lost. The field is open for still wider research in this direction; and it may perhaps yet be ascertained that other tissues and membranes of the animal economy may be successfully re-produced by artificial means. Why may not new lungs be thus provided; new hair, or new teeth?

**FORMING AN ACQUAINTANCE.**—George Selwyn happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting in the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James Street. He endeavored to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What! don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cute*. "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn; "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

**WARLIKE TROPHIES.**—The Rev. Theodore Parker designs to bequeath two revolutionary guns to the State of Massachusetts. They belonged to his grandfather, who was in the fight at Lexington. One is a musket and the other a fowling-piece; therefore they cannot be regarded as 'canons of the church.'

**QUITE RURAL.**—A Parisian coiffeur has recently invented a head dress, composed of corn fluffs, jasmine bells, feathers, ribbons, etc., which he styles "The Clarissa Harlow." It looks killing, and is all the rage among the beau monde.

**THE PARAGUAY AFFAIR.**—The Brazilian government have offered to act as mediator for the settlement of the dispute between Paraguay and the United States, and it is said that Lopez, the Dictator, has accepted the proposition.

**A KENTUCKY BELLE.**—The lady of the Hon. Mr. Preston, American Minister to Spain, made such a distinguished appearance at the recent Court Ball in Paris, that the gallant Frenchmen styled her *la reine de Kentucky*.

**MONUMENT TO CRITTENDEN.**—Two American citizens have lately erected a monument in Cuba to the memory of Lieut. Crittenden, of the Lopez Cuban expedition, placing it upon the spot where he was shot.

**AN APT LAD.**—A boy nineteen years of age, by the name of O'Donnell, has just been tried at St. Louis, Mo., for having three wives. His severest trial would have been to live with them all three.

**NATIONAL EXPENSES.**—The total amount of money appropriated by Congress for the regular expenses of the government, for the year 1850-60, is a little short of forty millions of dollars.

**RUSSIAN SERFDOM.**—Ten of the governments of Russia have completed a plan for the emancipation of the serfs in their jurisdiction.

## TAKING IT COOLLY.

They sometimes do things coolly, even in Italy, where such things are not looked for. A case of this kind occurred at Genoa a short time since, which is worthy of note. A gentleman of high social station made the discovery that his wife was unfaithful to him, and instead of rushing upon the parties, in true Italian fashion, and stabbing them both to the heart, he politely showed them the way to the street door, and closed it after them. He then summoned an undertaker, ordered arrangements for a funeral, invited all his friends, and had the funeral ceremonies for a deceased wife performed over an empty coffin. The light burden was then taken by the bearers, placed upon the bier, and carried off with all the customary solemnities. Having seen the coffin depart from the house, he returned to his friends and claimed their congratulations on the fact that he was a widower; and throwing open the doors of his dining-hall, invited them to partake of a splendid feast which he had prepared. The astonished company, after learning the truth of the case, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and congratulated him upon his return to a life of single blessedness, in many a well-charged bumper.

## MEN OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Emerson, in one of his recent public addresses, gave his definition of "men of the world;" not the men we read of in newspapers and novels, men of horses and wagons—men of beef and the porter bottle—men who were deep in the mysteries of champagne—men of stocks and coupons—not these, but men whose sympathies were with all that was good and noble—which were deep and wide, and related to every bright thought and every good work going on in the universe—these were his men of the world. Shakspeare and Cervantes, and Scott and Bunyan, and for the first time Dickens was included among the stars which shine for all of us to admire, and by a wide induction, many were included whose names were not called over—nay, so numerous were they, that they never got included in any peerage, nor even named in any newspapers.

**QUEER DOINGS IN SPAIN.**—A private letter from Paris reports rather a curious incident. In his tour the Comte de Paris was received at Seville with the honors due to a king's son. The French ambassador at Madrid protested; and at a subsequent stage the young count was received only as a private gentleman. On hearing this, the Duke de Montpensier was seriously offended, and at once resigned all the Spanish titles which had been conferred upon him as husband of the Infanta Luisa. It is even said that he contemplates leaving Spain.

**LIBERAL.**—Our neighbors, over the way, Messrs. Chase Brothers & Co., manufacturers of ornamental iron work, threw open their entire and beautiful collection of ornaments as a loan for the late three very successful fairs in the Music Hall. This gratuitous aid to the Young Men's Christian Union, the Homeopathic, and the Channing Home Fairs, was of much assistance in ornamenting the spacious hall, and furnishing the means without cost to those interested, of elegantly arranging the articles. Such generosity should be chronicled.

**TRUE ENOUGH.**—Sydney Smith maintained that there were three things which every man felt himself competent to undertake, without the least previous experience, namely—to manage a small farm, drive a gig, and edit a country newspaper.

**A RIDICULOUS FASHION.**—One of the latest fashions for gentlemen is the "barber-pole" pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled corkscrew.

**DEATH OF AN ENGLISH POET.**—T. K. Hervey, the poet, died in England, February 17th, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was editor of the London Athenaeum from 1846 to 1854.

**FASHIONABLE JEWELRY.**—Paris letters say the display of jewelry at court and at entertainments of the aristocracy, is truly magnificent, and exquisite gems of the perfection of the jeweller's art.

**THE GALWAY STEAMERS.**—The British government grant £70,000 per annum to the Galway steamers, placing them on a stable footing.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The overland California Mail Company are still having trouble with the Indians.

A San Francisco lady who obtained a divorce on the 18th of January, got married again on the 19th.

The National Intelligencer says the elevation of Mr. Holt to the Postmaster Generalship is "admitted on all hands, and in all respects, to be an excellent appointment."

The Farmer's Club, at New Britain, Conn., have established a semi-annual "cattle market fair," on the English plan, for the collection of stock, seeds, etc., for purposes of mutual examination, barter and sale.

The Pittsburgh Journal notices the departure of quite a number of young ladies from that city en route for Pike's Peak. They have little idea of the hardships they may have to undergo during such a journey.

The first cattle show held in this country was held at Pittsfield, Mass., in October, 1810, and from this era sprang the system of agricultural societies and shows, as they exist at present in most parts of the United States.

A publican in St. Louis recently drank 150 glasses of lager beer between 8 o'clock in the morning and midnight of the same day. He proposes to repeat the unswish deed, or to forfeit \$150 and the price of his beer.

During the first two weeks of March, Mr. Thomas Vance, of Lyndon, Me., buried six children. The disease which thus swept away nearly a whole family, was typhoid fever of a very malignant type.

Miss Margaret E. McDonald died in Hardy county, Va., on the 9th ult., being the tenth member of her family—including her parents—who have died in the last five months. Only one sister now remains out of a family of eleven.

A few weeks ago Jacob Hensch, who resided in the vicinity of East Walnut Hill, Ohio, was bitten in the shoulder by a vicious horse, and having neglected the wound, gangrene set in, from the effects of which he died.

The Italian residents in America are collecting subscriptions to purchase for the King of Sardinia a sword, the hilt of which shall consist of a small statue of Italy in pure California gold, as a tribute of sympathy and admiration.

A youngster by the name of Stephen Washington Outlaw, aged about 17 years, was arrested near Columbus, Ga., a few days since, charged with having forged three promissory notes, amounting in all to \$1800.

Congress has allowed the claim of Massachusetts against the government, for arming and equipping the militia of 1812. The whole amount is about \$227,000. By the terms of separation Maine was to receive one-third.

A man named Twitchell died at Broomfield, Ohio, lately, who weighed 386 pounds. He wore, when living, a vest six feet and ten inches in circumference, and there was cloth enough in his overcoat to make four overcoats for ordinary men.

At a recent meeting of the Detroit Historical Society, it was stated that a French resident of that city died a few years since at the age of 116 years, during 105 of which he never drew a sober breath. The old fellow must have been a walking demijohn.

It is affirmed that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon declared that he would not visit America, lest in the public mind he should be complicated with the personal, financial and sectarian schemes of persons who have sought to use him for their own purposes.

Mr. Thurston, the unfortunate aeronaut, once told a friend that he never feared anything when on his balloon excursions, except when abreast of a forest; then the forked trees seemed all to be rushing towards him, having a tendency to confuse and bewilder him.

In New Haven, a few nights ago, a young man who was watching with a sick friend, lay down upon a bed in the same room with a cigar in his mouth. He fell asleep, and was awakened by fire, and found the bed all in flames, and the room full of smoke.

A few years ago a cotton manufactory was erected in Prattville, Ala., by Mr. Daniel Pratt, who gives the name to the village. The last year the total amount of business done in the place was \$587,291, of which \$423,450 was in cotton manufactures.

The word "Yankee," says the historian of the "Colony of New Plymouth," comes from *yan*, which means eye, and *kee*, which means tooth, in the Massachusetts vernacular. The colonists drove sharp bargains—had cut their eye-teeth; hence the Indians called them *Yan-kee*.

The greatest distance a shot has been thrown in this country is 3-3-8 miles. This was thrown from a 12 inch gun, a charge of 28 pounds of powder being used, and the shell weighing 180 pounds. As to the accuracy with which a shot can be thrown, a Mr. Sawyer has struck a target 40 feet by 20, at the distance of a mile, about every other time.

Some sharpers in St. Louis have been doing a flourishing business, by advertising for members to join a "hand-cart train" to Pike's Peak, charging an entrance fee of \$50—which answered all the purpose of initiating their dupes into the nature of their rascality, but did not serve to advance them one step towards the land of promise.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Love has made his best interpreter a sigh.—*Bacon*

.... Our fashions may be considered the aggregate of the opinions of our women.—*Bulwer*

.... Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.—*Mrs. Chad*

.... Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... Inferiority always was, and always will be, most pardonable in others, and least noticeable in ourselves.—*Dr. Baileys*

.... Tranquil pleasures last the longest. We are not fitted to bear long the burden of great joys.—*Bacon*

.... Wit is the philosopher's quality—humor the poet's, the nature of wit relates to things, humor to persons.—*Bulwer*

.... Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.—*Bovee*

.... Write as wisely as we may, we cannot fix the minds of men upon our writings, unless we take them gently by the ear.—*Robert Walsh*

.... Sometimes a quarter of an hour is worth more than a century, as a diamond is worth more than a block of stone.—*Dr. Baileys*

.... The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*Nathan at Hawthorne*

It is our duty, not only to scatter benefits, but even to strow flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.—*Chesterfield*

.... To many of its members society is a Saturn that eats his children—a fiend that scourges men out of their humanity and then mocks at their fall.—*George Henry Gilbert*

Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility, one is wind-power, and the other water-power, that is all.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... The decencies of life, when polished, become its brightest ornaments. Gold is a means, and not an end. It can do a great deal, still it can't do everything; and among others, it can't make a gentleman, or else California would be full of them.—*Nature and Human Nature*

.... Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that, for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.—*Dr. Franklin*

## Joker's Budget.

Love letters are generally only a species of loose paper.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

Why is a barefooted boy like a Greenland? Because he wears no shoes (snow shoes).

What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? I'm down on you this time.

However paradoxical it may appear, "blunt" people have a way of saying very "sharp" things.

Why is a man leaving an omnibus full of ladies like a convalescent child? Because he is getting out of the (w) hoops.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

"I suppose, Jim, that if I were to jump into the water here, I should find it over my head and ears." "Over your head, Frank, but probably not over your ears."

A Yankee being asked how it happened that his sweetheart had given him the miteau, replied "I was so hot that I praised her so much she got so proud she wouldn't speak to me!"

The New Haven Courier has been shown "one of those singular but not unprecedented productions—a double hen's egg." Will somebody now show it a single hen's double egg?

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a beaver naturally takes to the water."

Wanted—a pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." And a short club broken off the square root.

A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from his dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master if he had no other motion than that. "Yes," replied the youth, drawing out each letter, "but it is a little slower."

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his much abused consort, "I wish you to make a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

A judge out West has recently decided that it might be insanity to sign another man's name to a check in place of your own; but when you draw the money on the check, and spend it, there is a great deal of sanity in the proceeding.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
UMBERAN.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

They called him Uumberan—and well they might,  
Life was to him a shadow—darkness all,  
My sunshine was his gloom, my day his night,  
My robe of joy his pall.

I knew him well, and oft we sat apart,  
Myself the while with him a misanthrope,  
And o'er and o'er again his broken heart  
Would bleed for vanquished hope.

Hope, which alone had been his guiding star,  
Beneath whose smile his youth had prospered well,  
And who alas, once snared from earth too far,  
Tears like, and fell!

I well remember, strange, and Uumberan,  
How, of an evening when the leaves were seen,  
We walked together, and our converse ran  
Upon the dying year.

And then (it was not strange) we talked of thee,  
Your voice was sorrowful, and yet again  
You told me what your boyhood wished to be,  
And what the man had been.

You spoke of years whose race had been your own,  
Destroying youth, bright hopes, without remorse,  
And then, while still more plaintive grew your tone,  
You told of buried friends.

Of friends beloved, the measure of whose days  
Was as the substance of your own delight,  
Whose feet had wandered from their wonted ways,  
And left on earth no light.

And as the slender veal before the gate,  
You leaned your head upon my breast and wept  
O, never yet came deeper, sadder wail,  
From bosom sorrow-swept!

I tell the story calmly, for I know  
The poor soul suffers to his home has passed,  
Sad Uumberan beneath the winter snow  
Has found his rest at last.

I closed his eyes—I saw the sweet, pale smile  
Which o'er his wan and pallid features crept,  
And when he died, I left the world awhile—  
I, too, in sorrow wept!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE TOWER OF TORRE MOZZA.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

ABOUT ten miles from Piombino, in Tuscany, is the tower of Torre Mozza, which, in common with other towers along the coast, it was thought necessary at one time to keep in a state of defence. This was after the principality had been conferred on the Princess Elise Bonaparte and her husband, Prince Felix Bachiocchi, in 1805. The regulation, however, simply demanded the residence of a *castellano*, or lieutenant, who was not confined wholly to the tower, but had other duties to perform which occasionally drew him from his wonted post.

The *castellano* of Torre Mozza, Giovanni Bardi, was summoned away to Follonica one day in the last week of May, 1805; and having occasion for the services of his gunner, he took him along with him. On this day, therefore, Torre Mozza remained unguarded. Within the lonely tower were the lieutenant's mother, Madame Bardi, and her children, most of whom were of tender years. Two of them, however, were girls of sixteen and upwards; and these two, with their mother, were the only ones capable of understanding the position of Giovanni, should any danger occur during his absence. While preparing for his departure in the morning, the mother had spoke of the circumstance of being left without any means of defence, at a time when the English might be hovering about the coast—but the young *castellano* laughed at her fears.

"At all events, mother," he answered, "you will be well guarded by Gaetano and Odorata, whom I have instructed so faithfully in discharging your old guns. But do not fear; I shall return, I hope, by noon, and no very formidable danger will, I imagine, happen in so brief an absence." His assurance quieted the mother, and in the numerous household duties which her young family created, she soon lost sight of any impending danger.

A large, square, well-lighted room in the tower was at once the sitting and dining-room of the family. From the windows could be seen the long line of coast scenery, and the Island of Elbo lay serenely upon the water, directly in front of the tower.

They were seated at dinner, and talking of the loneliness which the absence of Giovanni always

created, when Madame Bardi, who was sitting opposite the windows, suddenly turned pale. Gaetano, the eldest daughter, followed the direction of her mother's eye, and saw, to her alarm and surprise, a vessel under full sail, making for the shore. As she watched, she saw several boats launched and filled, and had no doubt from the dress and appearance of those on board that they were English, and therefore to be dreaded as enemies. It was indeed an English brigantine, with armed troops on board, and their apparent object was to attack Torre Mozza, which they had been closely reconnoitering.

Madame Bardi was not a coward, but the thought of her helpless family exposed to the mercy of the foe—of her son's absence, and the too probable censure and disgrace which would fall upon him for not being at his post at a period of danger, completely overcame her, and she wept and wrung her hands in helpless grief. Gaetano and Odorata roused her from this state, by proposing that she should instantly depart with the little ones, and try to walk to Vignale, the nearest inhabited point, where she could procure some aid for the defenceless town.

"You know, mama," said one of them, "what Giovanni told you this morning, that we could fire if we were attacked—and so we can. Only take away the children, and send some one to relieve us, and depend upon it we will brave them off until aid comes."

Madame Bardi looked at the two girls, and thought that indeed their courage was no idle jest. They were as brave and undaunted as old soldiers in the prospect of a battle. Gaetano's tall, slender figure was drawn up to its full height, her brilliant black eyes sparkled, and her whole appearance was changed from the tender, timid, shrinking girl, to the firm, collected and resolute woman. Odorata was equally brave and determined looking. Madame Bardi recollected how often they had amused themselves, and won praises from their brother, by firing off the heavy pieces of artillery, and she gathered courage from the thought. She dressed her children for their walk, without alarming them, and kissing the fair girls tenderly, she departed across the fields to Vignale.

As the last fold of her dress disappeared, the girls ran to the loopholes in the tower, and in a moment the first gun from the brigantine came booming across the water. It was promptly answered from the tower. Again and again it was repeated, and each time the guns pealed forth from the tower, with the occasional thunder of some heavy pieces which the enthusiasm of the hour gave them strength to load and discharge.

At this powerful defence, the English seemed at a loss whether to continue the attack; but at length they sent fifteen men and an officer on shore. The quick eye of Gaetano took in the sight, and a roar of cannon followed quickly. She seemed to gather strength and courage from every appearance of assault from the enemy.

Odorata's thoughts were upon a different subject. She had distinctly seen the face of the English officer in charge of the boat. A few nights before she had dreamed of such a scene and of such a man. He came to her, she thought, and threw a cluster of orange blossoms into her lap. She had told her dream to Gaetano, and she now called her to look at him.

"It is the very man of my dream, sister! What do you think?—am I likely to be so unfortunate as to marry a foe of my country?" And with that scene before her eyes, the wild, careless girl laughed at her own credulity in believing that there is any power in those unconscious visions that visit our sleeping hours.

"Hush, sister! you are mad to let them hear a girl's laughing voice. See! they are close upon us! Let us bring this great monster of a piece to bear straight upon them."

"O no, no!" whispered Odorata hoarsely. "Defend ourselves we may, Gaetano, but to strike a man like him who approaches the tower—nay, do not fire!"

It was too late to entreat. The ball had already speeded to its destination; and when Odorata again looked, the hero of her dream was lying upon the ground, and his leaderless party were closing around him, or flying off to the fields to find some kind stream, for water to revive him if still living.

It was four in the afternoon, and no one had arrived from Vignale. The tired mother and her children had arrived at that village in a state of exhaustion. There was a religious festival in celebration there, the noise and confusion of which had prevented the inhabitants from hear-

ing the heavy artillery, which, at any other time, would have attracted them to the spot whence it proceeded; and as she found at their homes only the sick or infirm who could not attend the festival, she was obliged to go to the church herself to carry the news.

The sexton at the church of Vignale was an old man, deaf and half blind. Madame Bardi could not make him understand, and some minutes elapsed ere she could effect an entrance. But as she opened the door, she caught sight of a familiar face. The old gunner, who had accompanied her son to Follonica that morning, had returned by the way of Vignale, and seeing the procession, had joined the crowd, from which it seemed impossible to extricate himself.

He came at her beckoning hand; and the few broken words she was able to speak, filled him with horror and dismay. Although thankful that the mother and children were safe, he trembled to think that his own delay might have proved fatal to the two poor girls. Happily the services were over, and he gave the alarm as briefly as possible, seized the bridle of a horse near the church, mounted and galloped over the intervening five miles as quick as the half-starved animal could be made to exert himself, and arrived at Torre Mozza just as Odorata had sunk down in a sudden fit of despair and grief, not at her own perilous situation, but with a strange and inexplicable sympathy with him whom her sister had, in all probability, despatched to the "land of the hereafter."

The arrival of a strong force from Vignale, and also from other villages beyond, placed the town in perfect security, and the brigantine now evidently awaited the return of the officers and men, to abandon the coast. This return was not destined to be accomplished. On the arrival of the young castellano, who had been unexpectedly detained at Follonica, he instantly collected a force sufficient to surround the men from the brigantine and take them prisoners, while the wounded man was conveyed, with all the tenderness due to a vanquished foe, to the tower.

Before midnight all was quiet in the tower. Madame Bardi and the children were brought back, all the volunteers had returned home, save a few for a necessary guard, and the two exhausted girls had fallen asleep. Giovanni himself still waked to watch over his wounded prisoner. The injury was to a single limb; and the agony of the wound seemed as nothing to the proud and sensitive Englishman, compared with the mortification of defeat and imprisonment. His illness would probably confine him to the bed for thirty or forty days, and the beloved brigantine, which he worshipped as a lover worships his mistress, was sailing far away without him.

Happily for him, the Italian ladies have not the strict reserve which would prevent one of his own countrywomen from entering a stranger's sick-room. The generous castellano not only bestowed a brother's care upon his prisoner, but brought his sisters to enliven his situation.

It was then that Giovanni, proud of his sister's courage and bravery, related their share of the exploit which had brought the officer to the tower against his will, and in a different way to that which he contemplated. Humiliating as it was to be conquered by a woman's hand, he could not but express admiration for their coolness and spirit; and when Gaetano wept at the wreck she had made, and Odorata blushed deeply at his frank avowal of admiration, the young soldier could not determine which was the loveliest of the two.

Weeks passed—the fifteen prisoners had been honorably exchanged for three or four Tuscan soldiers who had fallen into the hands of the English, and only the mere semblance of imprisonment remained to the young Arthur Warwick. Only his heart was captive. Odorata's beauty—her strong, quick sympathy—her evident sorrow for the misfortune which had left him perhaps a cripple for life, had brought him to her feet; and the mutual love was all the stronger because it was necessary to keep it a secret from all. Not even Gaetano was entrusted with it. Peace with the nations was the only condition upon which it was to be revealed. Meantime Gaetano, and Madame Bardi herself, was with the prisoner as much as was Odorata. With the latter it was the all-absorbing passion which her southern blood can feel so deeply, yet it was tempered with the necessity of secrecy.

Giovanni, generous foe that he was, would still have disowned his sister had he known she had given her heart to an Englishman; and when the prince sent the sisters his cordial thanks

for their brave defence of Torre Mozza, and Gaetano received a large grant of land, and Odorata an equally valuable dowry in money for their services, he could not forbear boasting of it before Arthur Warwick, to the manifest disconcerting of the two.

How the tide of time flows on! He who was a prisoner at Torre Mozza—after a few years of fond remembrance of her who had sweetened that captivity—attained, by the death of three intervening claimants, the inheritance of an earlship. The dignity involved no forgetfulness of past affection. The beautiful defender of Torre Mozza was still the bride of his heart, and became the wife of Lord Shirley—the hero of her youthful vision—the Arthur Warwick of the old tower on the coast of Tuscany.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Old Zack and the Lieutenant. AN ARMY ANECDOTE.

BY A FIRST DRAGOON.

WHEN the Virginia Regiment of Volunteers arrived at General Taylor's camp, at Walnut Springs, near Monterey, their arms were rather the worse for their long march from Camargo, being somewhat rusty and dusty. A certain lieutenant of that corps, who prided himself on belonging to one of the F. F. V.'s—"first families of Virginia"—on the next day after their arrival, was strolling through the camp, trying to get a peep at the old general, when he espied a stout fellow in his shirt-sleeves, seated on the ground beneath a shady bower, hard at work on a sword-hilt. The lieutenant, with a pompous air, walked up to the old chap and addressed him as follows:

"I say, Old Fel, which is General Taylor's tent?"

Old Fel, hard at work rubbing the sword-hilt—"That one there."

"I wonder if I could see the great hero?"

"Well, colonel, you might, and then again, you might not."

Putting on an extra share of dignity, the officer said:—"Come, my Old Trump, you must show me how I can get a sight at him. Whose sword is that which you are cleaning?"

"What, this cheese-knife? That's Old Zack's—I'm cleaning it for him."

"Then you work for the general, do you? Well, my weapon is a little rusty, and if you will clean it up handsomely I will give you a dollar."

"Well, leave your toad-sticker here, and drop round this way to-morrow, and I'll have it ready for you. If you don't find me here, you call over to the general's tent and I'll be there."

The lieutenant left his sword with the old chap, and after taking a turn or two about the general's quarters, and an occasional peep through the doorway of the hut, went his way. The day following he called at the bower where he had seen the man at work, but found no one. He then went over to the general's tent, and the sentry, seeing that he was an officer, passed him in. He found the "Old Fel" walking up and down in the outer tent, in which was a small table covered with newspapers, and a couple of camp-stools. The "Old Trump" handed the officer his sword, all clean and bright as when it first came from Ames's Factory on the banks of the Connecticut. Upon receiving it, the lieutenant kindly informed "Old Fel" of the startling fact that he "belonged to one of the first families in Virginia," and then, playfully punching the "Old Trump" in the ribs, said to him: "Come now, Old Fatty, can't you show us the general?"

At this "Old Fatty" drew himself up, and shouted in a voice of thunder, while his eyes flashed fire, "Boy, I am General Taylor!"

Overwhelmed with confusion, the young scion of the F. F. V.'s could not say a word; but with staring eyes and open mouth, bowed himself out of the tent. He then made a bee line through the woods, Old Zack shouting after him:

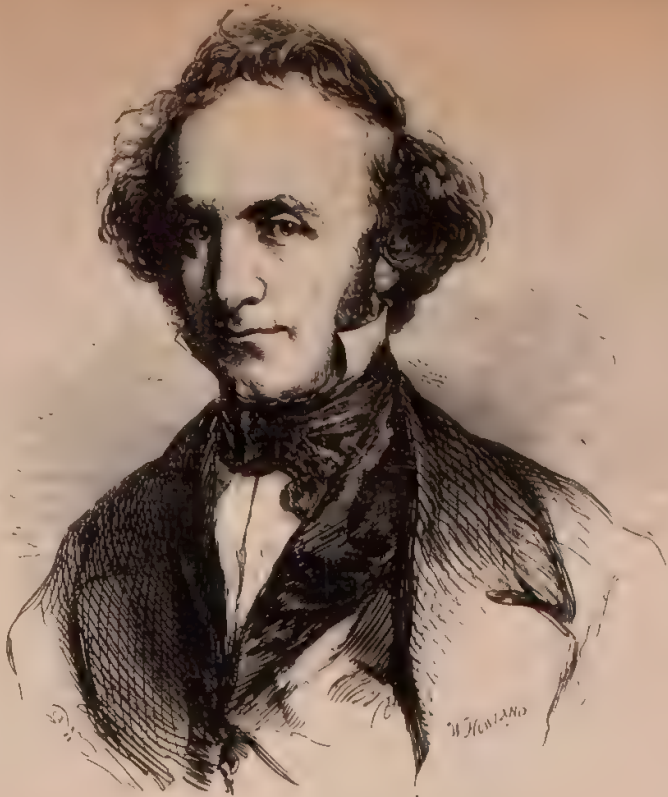
"I say, Young Fel, you have forgot that dollar."

But the lieutenant did not stop until he reached the Virginia encampment, where he buried himself in his tent, in momentary apprehension of an order for his arrest. No such order came, however; but the story at length got out, and many a sharp quiz was put upon the young gentleman by his brother officers, as to his employing Gen. Taylor to clean his sword-hilt, and how many inches "Old Fatty" had upon his ribs.



## THE LATE O. A. BULLARD, ARTIST.

The accompanying portrait is an accurate likeness of the late O. A. Bullard, an American artist of great merit and great industry, extensively known as the painter of the celebrated "Panorama of New York City," which is now exhibiting throughout the country, and with the greatest success. O. A. Bullard was born at Howard, Steuben county, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1816. His parents came from Barre, Worcester county, Mass., and were among the earliest settlers of Steuben county. His father was a farmer. When the latter died, the subject of this sketch was fourteen years of age, and was apprenticed to the business of wagon-making and sign-painting; those branches being frequently united in many of our villages. His love for the fine arts was first awakened by the arrival of a portrait painter in that place. Eager to obtain some knowledge of the art, young Bullard exerted himself to the utmost to raise the ways and means, and applied for instruction; but the artist refused to disclose any of his professional secrets. At that period he was eighteen years of age, and the productions of this painter were the first oil paintings he had ever seen. Ever afterwards his mind was fixed upon painting, and although the means of realizing his dreams were not then apparent, yet he was determined to become an artist. All his spending money was laid out in books; but he searched in vain for any that gave information on painting. At this juncture a friend of his, a young physician, agreed "to sit for his likeness." Bullard was in his glory, as with a painter's pencil, odds and ends of brushes, and the premises all to himself and his "subject," he commenced his first portrait. The picture was declared to be excellent, and to his gratification it was pronounced greatly superior to those painted by the professional artist. All the people declared it was like life itself; and indeed his anxiety and ardor had given him complete success in transferring the features of his patron literally to the canvass. When twenty-one years old, Mr. Bullard visited Massachusetts and Connecticut, where he found friends who gave him the requisite instructions. He then commenced business as a portrait painter, at Hartford, where he met with good success. During several subsequent years, he painted portraits in Massachusetts, and in the western part of the State of New York. In 1844 he married the eldest daughter of A. A. Olmstead, Esq., and in the winter of 1843 made New York city his permanent place of residence. There was probably no artist living, of Mr. Bullard's age, who labored harder, or applied himself more closely to his profession for fifteen years. He illustrated a fact that has been illustrated by a great many individuals, viz., that God gives nothing to mortals without labor. It is labor that produces everything. There is no doubt of the fact that it is the duty of every man, more especially of every young man, to find out what trade or profession God intended him for, and then, after ascertaining that fact, to devote the whole powers of his mind to the accomplishment of that one object, viz., to excel in that trade or profession. Mr. Bullard, like all men who have distinguished themselves, has acted on this principle. Early in life the idea was strongly impressed upon his mind that he was intended for an artist. Previous to his settling down in New York city, to distinguish himself, he had painted the portraits of eight hundred different individuals. The persevering energy and enthusiasm that he brought to his profession could not fail to command success. He went to New York with the determination to distinguish himself in his profession, and although he was not known to a single



THE LATE O. A. BULLARD, ARTIST.

individual in that city, he formed a resolution to earn for himself, in time, a reputation that should be world-wide. The word *fail* was not found in Mr. Bullard's dictionary. After painting the portraits of over one hundred different individuals residing in New York and vicinity, he believed that he could do more good by painting works that should carry a moral with them. Most of his works illustrated the manners and customs of American Life and History. His first great painting was "The Last Blanket." All who are familiar with American history, will recollect that during the Revolution, when our army were suffering for clothing and food, at Valley Forge, tax gatherers were sent by General Washington to collect of the people whatever they could give for the support of the army. Upon one occasion, one of these tax gatherers called upon a widow woman who had one babe—that babe was asleep, wrapped in the widow's only blanket, but such was her interest in the cause of American Independence, that she took from her shoulders her only shawl, wrapped her child in it,

and handed her only blanket to the tax gatherer, to carry to the soldiers of the Revolutionary army. That scene was the subject of Bullard's first historical picture. It was sold to the American Art Union, and was drawn by Mr. I. H. Brown, of New York city. His second work was "The Daughter's Appeal." All who have read of Ethan Allen know that he wrote a book on infidelity, called "The Omens of Reason." The wife of Ethan Allen was a devotedly pious lady, a member of the Presbyterian church. She had a number of daughters, all of whom believed the doctrines their mother had taught them, with the exception of the eldest. This girl's mind had been biased by the influence of her father, and she was inclined to subscribe to his views. At the age of eighteen she lay upon her death-bed. She sent for her father to come to her, and addressed him in these words: "Father, I must die; I must meet my God; now, dear father, tell me, shall I believe the doctrines that you have taught me, or shall I believe the doctrines that my mother has taught me?" The brave old soldier could face a cannon's mouth and not flinch a hair, but when this question was addressed to him, he hesitated, dropped his head, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said with emphasis: "Daughter, believe the doctrines your mother has taught you." This scene, "The Daughter's Appeal," was Bullard's second painting—it was sold to the Art Union, and drawn by Geo. J. J. Barber, of Homer, N. Y. His third painting was "Nathan Hale just before his Execution." This was sold to the Art Union, and drawn by a western man. His fourth painting, "Captain John Smith and Pocahontas," was sold to the Art Union. Among other productions were "Judith in the Tent of Holofernes," "The Horse Trade," "Sam Slick," and "The Panorama of New York City," his last and crowning effort, a work remarkable for its fidelity and elaborateness of detail. The artist did not live to enjoy the fame of his performance, but died in the city he had illustrated by his pencil, October 13, 1853.

## EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES, S. AMERICA

The interesting group on this page, the various figures of which are all life-like and characteristic, is engraved from a photograph, and forms a very striking picture. Would the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street ever "hold still" long enough to be photographed? We think not. The financiers of South America must differ entirely from their brethren of the North. Buenos Ayres, as our readers know, is situated on the western shore of the Plata, about two hundred miles from its mouth. It was formerly the capital of the vice royalties of South America. It received its name from its founder, D. Pedro de Mendoza, in 1534, on account of the salubrity of its climate. In 1778 the province of Lima, together with those of Paraguay, Tucuman, Potosi and Cuyo, were erected into a separate vice-royalty, of which Buenos Ayres was made the capital. It has now become a place of great mercantile importance; indeed, one of the most important in South America. The population varies from 70,000 to 80,000. The commerce of the place consists partly in the exportation of hides and other articles, but principally in specie of gold and silver. In the transaction of this important branch of trade, there are brokers who spend regularly every morning a certain fixed time at the Exchange. We give here an engraving of the apartment recently opened for the accommodation of these merchants, where their monetary transactions are quietly carried on.



THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES, SOUTH AMERICA.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## PEACE.

BY M. T. KEEFER.

Heard and still my heart is resting,  
All the wars of passion o'er.  
Now to nurse the balmy breathing,  
Calmly give I from the shore.

Close upon the weeks of feeling,  
Once again no sleep and strong,  
Now like woe perfume stealing  
Memory's corridors along.

Darkness and fears and wild sensations,  
That my poor heart racked so long  
Yearning deep and strong temptations,  
And young leaps melodious song.

All are past, their fronts dimpling  
In my tracks of feeling best  
Like the tempest will coming long,  
Brought at last deep Peace and rest.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past, its latest ray  
Is vanished with the closing day,  
And the sun for us our day  
Is now departed hours to sleep.  
As to recall the moment bright  
When first, fresh in spring to light  
The week is past, at it has brought  
Some hours of sweet and soothing thought,  
If it has left some memory dear  
Of its evening rapture faded here.  
It has not waned, it is bright in vain  
Although it be not return again. — BOWEN.

## GLORY.

And glory long has made the eagle smile,  
The one long nothing word of olden wind  
Depending now upon the historian's style  
Than on the name a poet leaves behind. — BYRON.

## TRUE PRAYER.

True prayer is not the long and ground  
That men would have their cup  
But the deep earnest of a soul  
That craves for what is best. — MRS. SHERBURN.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We forget whether we have commented on the fact that swordsmanship is again becoming a fashionable accomplishment in our modern Athens. Time was when and to have a sword was fatal to a man's pretensions to be considered a gentleman. The slender rapier never left a gentleman's side except in the bed room. But the sword would not be for being and I have heard from some of those who were at the hand of a good deal of steel. I was shot, but when I was gently tossed, a few drops of such a delicate instrument than to have one's hand tapped by the rough hand of a soldier for better. Weapon for weapon, we will say that the American blade is an improvement on the European small sword. If one must be dressed in it, it is better to be carried by a surgeon than a butcher. For our own part, we do not despair of seeing swords come into fashion again, and with them rapier and pained face, and crimson velvet coats, and Spanish looks of the style of Louis XIV. Voltaire's Frenchman was a champion of the monkey and the tiger, but at least he had a good deal of the monkey in his composition in one respect, the habit of imitation. Nobody does any thing like heart in the dramatic music, then strong staves a dozen imitations spring up. Byron bares his throat and imitates the pace of the Juniper berry, and straight way a thousand rhymesters turn down their collars and drink him. Tom Taylor writes: "Our American Cousin, and directly we have 'Our American Cousin' Cousin." Our English Cousin, Our African Cousin, and so forth. A plague on these evening cousins! We shall have 'Our Second Cousin' next and all the changes rung on blood relationship. We respectfully suggest the title of 'Our Avuncular Relative' by way of a little variety. The row in Europe is likely to break up a good many projected tours, and pressure. One likes to visit Italy and study the old monuments and masters, but it is not quite so pleasant to be detained as a prisoner of war sailing under false colors, and the idea of being 'taken as a spy, tried as a spy, and hung as a spy' is far from agreeable. Miss Devereux lately reappeared at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, in her great part of the Duke de Richelieu in the 'Prouvaires' Armes de Richelieu, admirably played at the little French theatre in New York by Mlle. Denz with great success. Emily was younger once than she is now, but the Devereux is still attractive, and makes love like an angel. By the way, the story of her chambermaid having possibly defrauded her for years for the purpose of accumulating a fortune for her mistress, who she preshly hid kept her poor, is all 'you no such ring.' Devereux herself denies it in the 'Figaro' in a very good letter.

A parallel case to that of Miss Centre, the infatuated follower of Maria, is mentioned in one of our French exchanges. A lady of high rank and great wealth, on the shady side of forty, has fallen in love with the ex-emir Abd El Kader, and has sold her property in France and gone to live at Brousses, where she can have an opportunity of seeing her idol. It is a sort of Lady Hester Stanhope affair, flavoured with a romantic and hopeless passion. They had a touch of the earthquake in some of the Italian provinces. That is nothing to the political volcano which will soon burst under their feet. The emperor of Russia has just confirmed the statutes of a great navigation company which has been formed under the name of the 'Triton'

the object of which is to establish a service of steamers for the transport of passengers and merchandise between St. Petersburg and London. This company designs to establish immediate relations with the lines of communication existing from London with Germany, France and Switzerland by land, and with North America by the boats of the American company of Hamburg, so that merchandise exported from Russia may be expedited directly to their ports of destination. The capital of the society is fixed at 1,400,000 roubles in shares of 100 roubles. The capital may be increased to 800,000 roubles. Mrs. Holken Kirby, well remembered by the patrons of the Boston Theatre, is playing at the Surrey, London. The marquis of Normandy, a former friend of Walter Savage Landor, lately cut him dead in Florence, on account of his recent ill-considered quarrel with an Englishman. The reason the old poet wrote the marquis the following pungent note. My lord, I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, aggravated a little by your lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and of numerous French ladies. I must remind you, in the gentlest terms, of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are all men, my lord, and treating me with contempt and insolence, else my note might be more sympathetic. Do not imagine I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favor of a minister, are marquis of Normandy, I by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor. Perhaps the most remarkable of the many Burns banquets in Scotland took place at the village of Ayr. A number of the female admirers of the poet resorted on having a tea party, composed of women exclusively. Sixty of them assembled in a hall, where all engaged themselves with a comfortable tea, under the presidency of one of their sex. After refreshment, their husbands were admitted, when there were reels, polkas, and vocal music. Why were the knights of old, when equipped for battle, always in love? Because they were in *amour*. *Sans amour*, when engaged, used to be a most excellent customer of the peculiar machinery and industry called *artichoke de Paris*. Indeed he was easily pleased in that respect, as a story goes that a whole regiment of his sabre guards is born on their shanks a shining brass ornament, which on closer examination was found to have done duty before, viz., as the tin boxes in which anchovies are exported from the French ports, so that each warrior proclaimed his freshness to the world by the still legible inscription, 'Sardines France' (French Sardines). Such ornaments would have been yet more appropriate to the troops of the king of Sardinia. The key Mr. Kiffin, a Methodist missionary who has been preaching to the Indians of Oregon since 1838, was murdered with his family not long since, under singular and appalling circumstances. The small party having broken out among the savages, while the missionaries' family were not attacked, the former thought that the pestilence had been introduced by the whites with the intention of exterminating the red race. A hug upon this horrible suspicion, their next step was revenge. A bold band was sent for the deed, who stole into the chamber of the sleeping family, and buried his tomahawk in the brain of the missionary and that of his wife, and then other Indians rushed in, and helpless children, male and female employees were butchered, the house razed to the ground, fences destroyed, and every vestige of a once happy home disappeared. The subject has been laid before our government for discussion. — Happiness is a star enjoyment in a sky rocket. In the anatomy of the hand we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it, and this holds true as to giving and receiving. It is a solemn fact, worthy of the most thoughtful anxiety, that in Massachusetts an average of about ninety persons die of pulmonary consumption every week, which is nearly thirteen each day, and these in many instances are from the young and those of early adult life, very frequently including the most interesting and those who otherwise would present the highest promise of usefulness, as citizens of the State and members of society. Of deaths from consumption, about 11 or 12 are between the ages of 15 and 20, and more than one quarter are between 20 and 30, while that class of citizens in the prime of life, between 20 and 40 years of age, furnish every year nearly one half of the total number of those who die of consumption. If you are travelling in the neighborhood of Rome it is as well not to carry out a *bravo* before you are out of the wood. An innocent German was arrested by the New York police for killing a horse and making soup of the meat. He brought his wife to prove it was for family use and was discharged. No man can need his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible. A Paris letter says the emperor drives out in his phaeton every day, and judging from appearances, must be in exuberant health. His countenance looks full, fresh, clear, and altogether indicates tranquillity of spirit and a strong digestion. When a woman can yet, and has a capital opportunity for flouting and yet does not, you may be tolerably sure that she has some other feat in view. The mayor of Philadelphia is a fighting man evidently. He recently rushed into a crowd of rowdies, seized a brickbat, throwing it with great force, and then, after judiciously giving him into custody. Christianity is the good man's text, his *de la illustration*. Say nothing of yourself—either good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity, nothing bad, for that is affectation, nothing indifferent, for that is silly. The New York Sun says an offer has been made, by the British government, of \$50,000, for Dr. Abbott's collection of Egyptian carvings in that city. A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best physic. A correspondent in the London Times calculates the age of the great California tree in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, at about six thousand four hundred and eight years. What a world of gossip would be prevented, if it were only remembered that a person who was vain of the faults of others intends to tell others your faults. The New Yorkers are at work earnestly with their plan for an astronomical observatory on Central

Park. It will require \$200,000 for its erection and equipment, and \$20,000 a year for its support, and one thousand dollars subscription for its maintenance. Prof. Mitchell proposes to select the Park the best site in the world for an observatory. The San Francisco Republican is responsible for the following: A short time since a gentleman used phosphorus poison to get rid of the squirrels on his land, and it was very effectual killing large numbers. The *serpens*, which ate the dead bodies of the squirrels thus poisoned, lay all over the ground, having been killed by eating them; and last of all, the magpies, who have picked the eyes out of the crows, have shared the same fate. In 1832, the national debt of Great Britain, incurred for war purposes, amounted to three thousand eight hundred and ninety millions of dollars. The interest of this is one hundred and forty-two millions, and would furnish her inhabitants with the means of education for ten years; that is, she pays a yearly interest that would do this. It is said that the accounts by Mrs. Jackson, granted under the title of "Around the Sofa," will consist chiefly of a reprint of scattered stories from magazines. Among the effects of the late Smith Tuttle of Fair Haven, there has been found an old Phoenix Bank note, dated Feb. 1, 1816, and bearing upon its face the following: "The Phoenix Bank promises to receive of the bearer of this note one month, in payment for my debt due this bank, excepting for capital stock, or to pay the bearer the specie, two years after the termination of the present war." The San Francisco Morning Call, in an editorial headed, "Is California the poor man's paradise?" is not cheerful in the tone of its remarks. It says California will soon be the poor man's purgatory unless works of utility, such as wagon roads, etc., are undertaken to furnish employment to distressed laborers. Legal complaint has been made in New York of a new class of Wall Street financiers, which is becoming numerous, and an intolerable nuisance. This class consists of certain important looking men, generally of a youthful age, who are in the habit of hanging about the Merchants' Exchange, etc., for the purpose of passing bogus checks, and doing other things of a similar character.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

It is said that the young emperor of Austria is as eager for fight as Louis Napoleon ever was. If pacific relations are not established on a firm basis, we may see these two emperors personally engaged on the same battle-field. If the withdrawal of the foreign troops from Rome does not produce trouble there which the papal troops cannot suppress, political prophets will be much mistaken. Slight skirmishes between the Austrians and Sardinians on the Ticino have been reported. It is reported that the king of Naples has offered to furnish the pope with four battalions of Swiss troops. The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that the utter absence of war enthusiasm even in the army is bitterly lamented, and causes unfeigned surprise in the imperial circle. Lord Clyde announces that the campaign in which the troops under his immediate command have been engaged is closed, and that rebellion no longer exists in Oude. Religious riots had occurred in Tangororo. The Nawab of Furruckabad had given himself up a prisoner. The Austrians still express their conviction that there will be a revolution as soon as the foreign troops are withdrawn from the papal dominions. Mazzini indignantly rejects the proffered aid of the French emperor to liberate Italy. The London Post says that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is about to resign his office in the British ministry on account of a growing defect in his hearing. He will be made a lord. At the recent Rothschild wedding dinner in Paris, it is said there were swallows' nests from China, fish from Russia, reed birds and canvas-back ducks from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrées of peacocks' brains, filets of buffalo hump, and stumps of Brazilian parrots.

## A New Dance.

They have just introduced in Paris a new dance, called the 'Pamphlet Polka,' which resembles the 'Champagne Waltz,' with this difference, that instead of a goblet of wine, the dancer holds a pamphlet, which he makes believe to read, and as the waltzer must not spill a drop of the liquor, so the polka must not turn his eyes from the book a single moment—the art consists in making not a single false step. This polka unites two great occupations of the day, dancing and politics, and will have a success from its oddity.

## Madame Albion.

Albion finds in the Arsene of Russia's 'Semiramis' one of her best parts. She is so fat that she can't wear male costume in male characters. A French critic thus speaks of her in this role: "Albion looked like a fireman who had just gotten home after a large conflagration, and had time enough to slip on a dressing gown, but forgot to take his helmet off his head. She doesn't look much like a young warrior who has just crushed the Scythians, unless indeed she crushed them by sitting on their army."

## An Emperor's Nephew.

The nephew of Theodore, emperor of Abyssinia, on a visit to the emperor Napoleon, is lodged, with his suite, in the convent of the Lazarists' mission. Among the presents he has brought for Louis Napoleon is a huge lion skin, a two edged sickle with an ivory handle set with diamonds, two gold bracelets set with large diamonds, and a carpet of black goat-skins embroidered with gold, and the cipher of the emperor Theodore in each corner.

## Religion in Sweden.

The revival of evangelical religion in Sweden still goes on, and a new step has also lately been taken in the path of religious liberty by which the law of 1720 forbidding Lutherans to attend any meeting except at the official places of worship, has been abolished. A new case of intolerance, however, has occurred in the prosecution of Reckmutter, a carriage maker for joining the Baptists.

## Political Pamphlets.

It is with us published at Reussa a pamphlet on the approaching war. Its title is—*La question des Nations unies—Europe, Asie, et l'Afrique*. (The Question of Nationalities—Europe, Asia and Hungary.) The Socialist, Proudhon, has also published a pamphlet entitled—*Comment vont les choses en France*. *Pourquoi nous sommes en guerre, et nous laissons*. (How Matters go in France. Why we shall have War, if we have it.)

## Protestantism in France.

The Annuaire Protestant for 1850 contains the following information: The Reformed Church of France possesses 105 consistories, 1045 places of worship (of which 826 only are churches), and 1189 schools. The Lutheran Church possesses 44 consistories, 418 places of worship, of which 344 are churches, 96 of which are submitted to the Simultaneous Act (that is, serving both for the Protestant and Catholic worship), and 610 schools.

## Literature in London.

Upwards of 650 periodicals, of various classes, are published in London only, according to a catalogue for 1850. Since the appearance of the catalogue for 1858, there have been no less than 170 new publications issued in London, and at least as many discontinued. The numbers of the different classes are as follows:—207 newspapers, 352 monthlies, 66 quarterlies, 81 transactions of societies.

## An ancient Relic gone.

A fire recently destroyed Duxbury Hall at Chorley, Lancashire, England, the ancient and stately residence, for centuries, of the Standish family, and which had a connection with the history of the famous Puritan, Captain Miles Standish. According to Miles, he was the rightful heir to the Standish "lands and livings surreptitiously detained from him."

## Monument to Byron.

A movement is on foot to surround the tombstone of Byron, at Harrow, with a neat iron railing, and subscriptions are asked for the purpose. It seems that the vandalism of unscrupulous persons, in chipping off pieces of the tomb, has been carried so far that a very considerable portion of the inscription is now deficient.

## The French Mint.

They are very busy at the mint, quai Conti, Paris, where Thonnelier's sixteen little presses, driven by steam, pour out mountains of gold and silver coin. Several commemorative medals are struck, particularly some in honor of the marriages of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde.

## A Wooden Skeleton.

Mr. Flowers, preparer of anatomical specimens at the Royal College of Surgeons, London, has just finished a skeleton of the natural size, of sycamore wood, for the king of Ava. This piece is desirous of studying osteology, and cannot, without losing caste, touch human bones.

## Russian Progress.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Independent Belge states that the czar has determined on putting up a telegraph from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor for government purposes. This would be nearly half way to the Columbia River.

## Musical Party at Rossini.

Rossini lately gave a grand musical soiree at which many distinguished artists sang and played. Tagliioni, the ex-lyridhe, executed a dance, in Swiss costume, to the air "Tout qui l'oiseau ne survient pas" (Thou, whom the bird could never follow.)

## Literary On Dit.

The London Star says: "We are glad to be able to state that the differences which have arisen in the Carlton Club, out of the literary quarrel between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. E. Yates, have been settled amicably."

## Mount Vesuvius.

The eruption of Vesuvius continues to ravage the lands abutting on the mountain, and threatens some of the surrounding villages. Severe shocks of earthquake have also been experienced in the vicinity.

## The Winter in St. Petersburg.

The people of St. Petersburg say that they never know so mild a winter as that just ended, or so early a spring. Several inward bound vessels entered the port of Peter as early as February 7th.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALICE LEARMONT, OR, A MOTHER'S LOVE. By the author of "John Halifax." Boston: Mayhew & Baker, 208 Washington Street. 1850.

MISS MULOCK'S NAME is a passport to universal success, and this interesting story will be read by every body. It is published in excellent style and sold for 25 cents.

BASSINI'S ART OF SINGING. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street.

A neatly-printed and strongly-bound 4to volume of 141 pages, containing Carlo Bassini's analytical, physiological and practical system for the cultivation of the voice. It is edited by R. Storrs Wilson, and his emphatic endorsement is a guarantee of the high value of the work. Every one engaged in learning or teaching music should possess a copy. It is for sale by all the music dealers.

WAVERTLEY NOVELS. HOUSEHOLD EDITION. SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, CASTLE DANGEROLLS, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These two volumes complete the splendid household edition of the Waverley Novels, which must henceforth be the standard one. In addition to the two novels above named, it contains an index, glossary, and other interesting papers, and is illustrated by an ideal picture, and an exquisite view of Abbotsford. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have more than fulfilled the expectations raised by their announcement of this great literary enterprise, and have produced the best edition of Scott's novels ever published. The punctuality with which the volumes have appeared shows the great resources they have at command in their publishing establishment. We are happy to learn that this series has met with a large sale, and that the demands for it fully keep pace with the publishers' ability to supply the books.









A MEXICAN CENTURION.

## ANCIENT MEXICAN COSTUMES.

Both the figures on this page, illustrative of ancient Mexican costumes, are curious and interesting, but that representing the ill-fated Montezuma is particularly so, as it claims an authenticity to which we shall soon allude. Everything that relates to Mexican history is particularly interesting to us who dwell on the same continent, whose banners have followed in the path of Cortez, and whose peculiar relations with that portion of North America may at no distant day become even more intimate. In the opinion of many persons its old inhabitants were superior to those by whom they were conquered. With the exception of human sacrifices and anthropophagy, the usages of the Mexican people and their laws were just and equitable. It may be affirmed that the conquered were more civilized, more honest and better educated than the conquerors, and if the natives were compelled to resort to a thousand stratagems to fight their adversaries, it was because they were unacquainted with gunpowder and iron. Historians have presented portraits of the Emperor Montezuma, each according to the plan and purpose of his work, but no one has depicted the man and his character with more justice than Clavijero. During his imprisonment in one of his palaces, which was occupied by the Spanish chief, Moctenczoma (for thus his name was written) received as presents from Cortez several trinkets manufactured by a Florentine artist, who had some talent as a painter, and whose name was Perno Cornaro. Cortez conceived the idea of having him paint the portrait of the emperor of life size, and in oil, on a large cedar table. The engraving on this page is a faithful copy of this curious work. On the plate which forms the diadem will be noticed the double eagle of Charles V., which seems to prove that this ornament had been specially manufactured for Moctenczoma. The two little figures which are placed on each side of the jewel of the belt, are also of Florentine workmanship, but the rest of the costume is of Mexican workmanship. The mantle and tunic are made of a tissue of leathers, and the body, which resembles a cuirass, is of mother-of-pearl elaborately wrought. The original picture is the property of a Frenchman named Belmare, who has vainly endeavored to obtain permission to remove it from Mexico. After the conquest, the picture was lost during the terrible scenes of the "sad night" *achi tristi*. Some encaques obtained possession of it and carefully preserved it. In 1830 it was confided to a Mr. Frederic Wauthier, to be cleaned and varnished, and at this period was copied by Mr. de Waldeck, who was preparing his history of the Aztecs, illustrated and translated from the manuscripts—or rather picture writings in his possession. The Mexican manuscripts previous to and for years after the conquest, were painted on paper fabricated from the fibres of the agave, called *mague*. Before painting on this paper it received a coat of white, which was burnished with a smooth stone when the color was dry. But for genealogies, plans of property or geographical maps, the paper did not receive this preparation. Deer-skin and *mague* (cotton) served for very large maps. These works show that the Mexicans were not ignorant or unenlightened. Prescott says that "the paper manufactured from the *Amor Americanus*, or *mague* so common in Mexico, when properly dressed and polished, is said to have been more soft and beautiful than parchment. Some of the specimens still existing, exhibit their original freshness, and the paintings on them retain their brilliancy of colors. They were sometimes done up into rolls, but more frequently into volumes, of moderate size, in which the paper was shut up like a folding screen, with a leaf or tablet of wood at each extremity, that gave the whole when closed, the appearance of a book. The length of the strips was determined only by convenience. As the pages might be read and referred to separately, this form had obvious advantages over the rolls of the ancients. At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards great quantities of these manuscripts were treasured up in the country. Numerous persons were employed in painting, and the dexterity of their operations excited the astonishment of the conquerors. Unfortunately, this was mingled with other and unworthy feelings. They were looked on as magic scrolls, and were regarded in the same light with the idols and temples, as the symbols of a pestilent superstition, that must be extirpated. The first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga—a man that should be as immortal as that of Omar—collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Texcoco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused

them to be piled up in a "mountain heap,"—as it is called by the Spanish writers to themselves—in the market-place of Tlatelolco, and reduced them to ashes! His greater countryman, Archbishop Ximenes, had celebrated a similar *auto da fe* of Arabic manuscripts, in Granada, some twenty years before. Never did fanaticism achieve two more signal triumphs, than by the annihilation of so many curious monuments of human ingenuity and learning!

"The unlettered soldiers were not slow in imitating the example of their prelate. Every chart and volume which fell into their hands was wantonly destroyed; so that when the scholars of a later and more enlightened age anxiously sought to recover some of the memorials of civilization, nearly all had perished, and the few surviving were jealously hidden by the natives. Through the indefatigable labors of a private individual, however, a considerable collection was eventually deposited in the archives of Mexico; but was so little heeded there, that some were plundered, others decayed piecemeal from damp and mildews, and others, again, were used as waste paper! We contemplate with indignation the cruelties inflicted by the early conquerors. But indignation is qualified with contempt, when we see them thus ruthlessly trampling out the spark of knowledge, the common boon and property of all mankind. We may well doubt which has the strongest claim to civilization, the victor or the vanquished." The smaller engraving on this page represents a Mexican Centurion, or chief of a hundred men. This figure is covered with a jaguar's hide, and the casque is of wood covered with the skin of the animal's head. The sort of cuirass he wears is lined in the inside with quilted cotton, so thick as to resist the sharp point of a pike. The instrument this chief carries in his right hand is a strong staff of wood, incrustated longitudinally with plates of obsidian (marmor obsidianum), in the Mexican language *itzli*; the weapon itself is called *tepuzmacquauitl*. "The dress of the higher warriors," says Prescott, "was picturesque and often magnificent. Their bodies were covered with a close vest of quilted cotton, so thick as to be impervious to the light missiles of Indian warfare. This garment was so light and serviceable that it was adopted by the Spaniards. The wealthier chiefs sometimes wore, instead of this cotton mail, a cuirass made of their plates of gold and silver. Over it was thrown a surcoat of the gorgeous feather-work in which they excelled. Their helmets were sometimes of wood, fashioned like the heads of wild animals, and sometimes of silver, on

the top of which waved a *panache* of variegated plumes, sprinkled with precious stones and ornaments of gold. They also wore collars, bracelets and ear-rings of the same rich materials. Their armies were divided into bodies of eight thousand men; and these, again, into companies of three or four hundred, each with its own commander. The national standard, which has been compared to the ancient Roman, displayed, in its embroidery of gold and feather-work, their armorial ensigns of the state. These were significant of its name which, as the names of both persons and places were borrowed from some material object, was easily expressed by hieroglyphical symbols. The companies and the great chiefs had also their appropriate banners and devices, and the gaudy hues of their many-colored plumes gave a dazzling splendor to the spectacle. Their tactics were such as belong to a nation with whom war, though a trade, is not elevated to the rank of a science. They advanced singing, and shouting their war-cries, briskly charging the enemy, as rapidly retreating, and making use of ambuscades, sudden surprises, and the light skirmish of guerilla warfare. Yet their discipline was such as to draw forth the encomiums of the Spanish conquerors. 'A beautiful sight it was,' says one of them, 'to see them set out on their march, all moving forward so gaily, and in so admirable order!' In battle, they did not seek to kill their enemies, so much as to take them prisoners; and they never scalped, like the North American tribes. The valor of a warrior was estimated by the number of his prisoners, and no ransom was large enough to save the devoted captive. Their military code bore the same stern features as their other laws. Disobedience of orders was punished with death. It was death, also, for a soldier to leave his colors, to attack the enemy before the signal was given, or to plunder another's booty or prisoners. One of the last Tezcucan princes, in the spirit of an ancient Roman, put his two sons to death—after having cured their wounds—for violating the last mentioned law. I must not omit to notice here an institution, the introduction of which, in the old world, is ranked among the beneficent fruits of Christianity. Hospitals were established in the principal cities, for the cure of the sick, and the permanent refuge of the disabled soldiers; and surgeons were placed over them 'who were so far better than those of Europe,' says an old chronicler, 'that they did not protract the cure, in order to increase the pay.'" The conquest of Mexico exhibited fanaticism and cruelty by the invaders, and patriotism and heroism by the invaded.



MONTEZUMA, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, [NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE { Vol. XVI, No. 16... Whole No. 408.  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM

## THE COCHITUATE DISASTER.

The engraving below represents the scene of the disastrous break of the Cochituate Water Works, at Newton Lower Falls, which occurred on the morning of the 29th ultimo—the first accident that has happened since their establishment, but one of great magnitude, involving a very heavy expense and loss to the city, and to individuals. As soon as intelligence of the disaster reached us, we despatched our artist, Mr. Wand, to the spot, and the picture below is his faithful transcript of the extraordinary and appalling spectacle he witnessed. The drawing was taken with the Charles River at the back of the spectator. The aqueduct is seen at the end of the gully made by the break; the pipes opposite, and on the left hand, are those of the siphon which crosses the river. This gap, at one time about seventy feet deep and one hundred feet broad, was cut in three hours by the force of the water. The granite gate-house stood about midway between the pipes and the arch of the duct. The immediate cause of the break appears to have been a fissure in one end of a section of the outside line of the thirty-inch or original pipe. The crack had existed for some time, and the leakage gradually undermined the embankment on the edge of which the gate-house stood. On the morning of the disaster,

about half-past six o'clock, the bank suddenly gave way, the heavy gate house slid into the bed of the Charles River. The water rushing forth, it undermined the embankment and the masonry of the aqueduct, causing them to continue to fall, until at last a deep ravine had been formed which extended back from the river a distance of nearly two hundred feet. The vast amount of water and gravel poured into the river, caused it to rise so suddenly as to overflow its banks, and to seriously damage the adjoining farm of A. C. Curtis, Esq. The mills at Newton Lower Falls were stopped by the over-abundance of water.

The spectacle of deluge and ruin presented by this catastrophe, was highly striking and picturesque. The citizens in the neighborhood, in the midst of this appalling accident, behaved admirably. They went to work voluntarily with shovels to clear a channel, and averted the threatened destruction of the bridge. Mr. E. F. Knowlton, superintendent of the western division of the water works, who resides at Newton Lower Falls, immediately despatched a messenger to the office of the water board in Boston, and at once proceeded two miles up the line of the works to the nearest gate, which he shut, thus stopping the further flow of water from the lake. Word was also sent to Mr. A. Stanwood, in Boston, superintendent of the eastern division of the

works, and he immediately repaired to the scene, where he met James Slade, Esq., city engineer. A brief consultation was held, and Mr. Stanwood was despatched to Brookline, where a large gang of men were at work on the new main pipe, whom he forthwith sent to the break to repair damages. Hon. John H. Wilkins, president of the Cochituate Water Board, immediately issued the following notice

Owing to a breach in the aqueduct at Newton Lower Falls, it becomes a matter of the most urgent necessity that every water taker shall use Cochituate water with the utmost economy. The high service will be exposed to imminent suffering, unless those upon the lower parts of the city use the utmost moderation in their consumption.

The city was dependent for its supply on the Brookline reservoir, which holds 100,000,000 gallons at the fullest, but which had in about two-thirds of that amount only at the time of the accident; the city reservoirs being reserved for use in case of fire. The average daily consumption of water during the year 1858 was 12,847,000 gallons. In the flood about two hundred feet of the viaduct is carried off, and from fifty to seventy-five feet of the three pipes connecting with the viaduct. The principal part of the viaduct and some of the pipes were washed into the river. The brick viaduct, as the earth was swept away

beneath it, broke off and fell into the chasm and was swept down into the river. The break was first discovered at about half-past six, as we have before stated, and the water was shut off in an hour afterwards. It was fortunate that the earth as it swept into the river created a temporary dam, as in this way the mills at the Lower Falls were probably saved from serious damage. Nothing could exceed the energy with which the authorities faced this accident. The work of repair was commenced at once, and pursued with vigor night and day, rain and shine. Three hundred men were at work very soon after the occurrence of the disaster. The repairs have been executed in a thorough manner—a wise policy—and great improvements have been made in the arrangements of the pipes, diminishing the force of the subtle and powerful element with which the engineers have had to deal. This mishap took our people completely by surprise. We have so long had the use of the water, and there was such a general confidence in the solidity of every part of the works, that an accident of such magnitude never entered into our mind. Indeed, the first intelligence of it, because it did not receive the authority of detailed published statements, was regarded as a hoax, and many persons could not believe the extent of the calamity until they had satisfied themselves by an examination.



SCENE OF THE COCHITUATE DISASTER AT NEWTON LOWER FALLS.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## CAPTAIN COURTENAY:

—OR—

## A CRUISE IN THE MOLUCCAS.

BY J. L. WILLIAMS.

[CONTINUED.]

"For three weeks I lay in a most precarious condition from the effects of concussion of the brain, and again I probably owed my life to Bob's care and attention. He told me that the don had escaped with scarcely any serious injury, a few bruises, and a slight laceration from the creature's teeth, being the extent of his casualties, for a bullet from Mahali's rifle in Bob's hands, struck the cayman in the eye almost at the same moment that my sword pierced his heart, so that, as Bob said, he concluded he had better let go. The don, at length really touched by gratitude, and shame for his sanguinary intentions against me, had every care taken of me, and when I was nearly recovered, called to see me in the apartment to which he had me conveyed, and, in the noble and dignified manner he could so well assume, acknowledged his murderous intent, and thanked me for saving him from a horrible death even when he was so cruelly seeking to procure mine. Then coming frankly to the point in question, he spoke proudly of his ancient and noble family, allied to royalty itself, reminded me of the uncertainty of a monarch's life, and finally closed the plea by bringing up the, to him, insuperable objection of religion. He spoke with more feeling than I supposed him capable of, and ended by offering me his whole estate and property in Mindanao if I would give up the pursuit of Isabella. I rejected his offer indignantly, and with suitable animadversion on the base dishonor he thought me capable of; and the old man left me, abashed, yet more in sorrow than in anger.

"A short time after the don's visit, Bob came to me with the surprising intelligence that Don Carlos was preparing to embark with his whole household, his vessel preparing for sea with the utmost expedition. And I was still but feeble and helpless, and though I would have given worlds to see Isabella, I had no means of communicating with her, for she was closely watched. She contrived, however, to write to me, informing me that her father's destination was Manila, encouraging me to continue my pursuit, and assuring me of her unalterable love. She also hinted that her father's temper and disposition had undergone a great change since that last adventure with the cayman, and that she did not despair yet of gaining his consent.

"One night, a few days before the departure of the don, the revengeful demi-devil, Mahali, stole into our apartment and attempted to murder Bob while asleep, but his kreese struck upon the buckle of Bob's belt and the point broke, and in a moment the Malay was seized in Bob's iron gripe; the alarm was given, and Mahali detected and severely flogged by Don Carlos's orders. The very next day, however, the implacable rascal shot at him with a poisoned arrow, missing him by scarce a hair's breadth; he was again caught, severely punished and put in irons by the don, who was now as anxious for our safety as he had formerly been for our destruction. Mahali contrived to escape, however, and the next morning was missing, having taken the don's yacht during the night and decamped, taking with him a few of the most troublesome and depraved criminals on the plantation, and everything of value that they could lay their hands on.

"Shortly afterwards the 'Oviedo' weighed anchor and left Luan Bay, with the don and his household on board. I felt very desolate indeed, but I did not despair; the next day you arrived in Luan Bay with the ship, and you know the rest; three weeks of calm and baffling winds have kept us still drifting about in the Mindanao Sea, and—"

Captain Courtenay's narrative was here abruptly interrupted by the loud and cheery hail from the look-out at the masthead:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away!" cried the captain, springing to the companion way for the glass.

"Just within the point, sir, standing out of the bay; three small craft—two of 'em look like proas, with tall latten sails, and the other seems a sloop with a topsail and a yard to the head of her gall topsail."

"Mahali, I suppose!" cried the captain,

eagerly scanning the sloop. "It is Don Carlos's yacht. I suspected something like this, and I dreamed of that devil last night; there are two proas with him, full of as bloodthirsty a pack of wolves as ever walked a plank, no doubt; Sooloos, Malays and Chinese, I suppose; there are at least an hundred of them."

"All the same breed, sir," interposed Bob; "green niggers, all of them, cut out by nature for thieves and pirates, and fit for nothing else, except their pater. We had a brush with them hereaway in the straits twelve years ago, in the old Huron, of Baltimore, and we blew up one of their damned catamarans with a grenade, and sunk the whole cobaltic right alongside; that's the way they found out they were not dealing with a sugar drogher. I had another brush with them once," continued the old tar, with a fierce look towards the proas, and a knitting of his thick brows that showed he was not unmindful of the murder of his shipmates and his own sufferings, "and I owe them a favor or two."

"Mr. Fathom," said the captain, "the wind is veering more to the westward; we will take in the studding sails on the starboard side, let them be hauled down one by one and slowly, as if we were a short-handed merchantman; those fellows don't seem to suspect our force, and we may surprise them, perhaps; see the ports all closed, and let the men hang up some clothes in the weather fore-rigging, as if to dry; disguise the vessel's character as much as possible, and keep her away a little, as though we wished to avoid them."

The manœuvre was most successful, the two large proas shortly afterwards altered their course, and with their double banks of long sweeps out, headed toward us, the yacht still holding her course toward the polacca. The villain Mahali well knew her defenceless condition and valuable freight, and he counted on her as his own prize, while he despatched the proas, which were heavily manned and provided with sweeps, in pursuit of us. The polacca, at the time when the pirates made their appearance from behind the cape, was not more than two miles from them, and nearly becalmed; we had rapidly overhauled her, bringing up the breeze with us, and were now not more than six miles astern. The yacht, from her superior sailing, and the advantage of the freshening breeze with her, might be expected to overhaul the polacca within an hour, while the speed of the advancing proas, the waters foaming under their stern from the combined impulse of their immense sails and long sweeps, seemed to promise a close acquaintance in the same time between them and the "Murphies," as a boatswain, a jolly Hibernian, persisted in calling the vessel, to the infinite disgust of the second lieutenant, Mr. Perfect, who was a very strict grammarian and a pedant withal.

"I should surmise," said Mr. Perfect, after a long scrutiny of the proas, "that the velocity of the advancing canoes must be considerable, to judge by the disturbance they seem to occasion by their progress through the water."

"Got a bone in their teeth," said the sententious Bob, who continued, soliloquizingly, "Forty-men-proas, double bankers; the'll have more bones in their teeth in an hour or two than they'll know how to pick, or I'm no judge of the weather among these fish-ponds—have some typhoon or somethin' by way of change, 'fore long, I reckon."

"In all stunsails there, cheerly, men," cried the captain, "one at a time, though. Mr. Fathom, see all clear for sending down topgallant yards and masts, have preventer-braces rove and the guns well secured, ports and deadlights well lashed in, see the boarding-nettings triced up, leave the bow ports unlashed, and let the gunner see that the pivot gun is all clear; have a few grenades ready on the fore-castle, let the men see to their small arms and clear the decks for action."

"What can he mean by requiring preventer-braces rove, and the guns and ports secured? I cannot conjecture the reason," said Mr. Perfect, while the orders were being obeyed.

"Reason's astarn, sir," said Bob, who was quietly loading a pair of pistols; "typhoon, I guess."

A great change had indeed taken place in the sky since noon, nor had it been unobserved by the captain, who was now impatiently pacing the poop, his eyes gleaming with excitement, and his glances alternating uneasily between the heavens and the approaching proas. A dull, leaden opacity had gradually obscured the transparent azure of the heavens, the air seemed to grow heavy and to be impregnated with a musky, un-

wholesome vapor, through which the declining sun appeared of a deep red color and with his disk greatly magnified in its apparent size. In the southeastern horizon immense masses of cloud were forming rapidly, accumulating and rolling grandly up towards the zenith, where they reflected the light of the sun of a lurid, coppery hue from the centre of the masses, the edges not being well defined, but seeming gradually to mingle with the murky obscurity of the atmosphere. The same lurid, unnatural light seemed to pervade the air on every side, and tinged every object that the eye rested on except the sea, which, as the air thickened more and more with vapor, began to assume that peculiar, whitish, milky appearance so often observed previous to those tremendous elemental conflicts in the tropical seas. The change was noticed by the pirates, and once, when they observed the chase shortening sail, they appeared to hesitate, ceased rowing for a while, and one of the proas took in the foresail.

"Do you think they suspect us, Bob?" asked Captain Courtenay.

"No, sir," said the old quartermaster, "guess not; they're in doubt whether they're going to have time to murder us all, plunder and burn the ship and get safe back on shore again before the typhoon comes down on 'em, like a cellar door on a boy's thumb, and ra'y now, I don't think they will."

"I think so too," rejoined the captain, "though they seem of the contrary opinion. Start forward there, Bob, and stand by to give the hindmost of them a reception. Round shot first and then lead again with grape."

The proas, after a short delay and consulting together, again bore down upon the Morpheus. The wind, however, once more failed, and it fell quite calm, so that the ship lost steerage-way and the sails flapped idly against the mast, as the ship rolled heavily on the swell that still set in from the southwest. The appearance of the heavens became every moment more threatening, the misty opacity of the atmosphere increased apace, and owing to some singular change in the refractive quality of the air, the land seemed to loom up to an immense height, the distant polacca appeared to be suspended in the air, high above the surface of the sea, and a faint inverted image of her and the pursuing yacht hung above them like a dim reflection in the red horizon. The sun, though still more than an hour high, gradually became indistinct, and his position could be distinguished only by a fiery red appearance in the heavens.

"I apprehend we shall have an exceedingly tempestuous night," remarked Mr. Perfect to the captain.

"There is little doubt of that," replied Captain Courtenay. "I have been expecting bad weather for some time, as it is about the change of the monsoon, but there is more coming than I bargained for. In topgallant-sails there, lively, men! send down the yards, haul down flying jib and jib, and brace round the yards!" shouted he, suddenly springing on the taffrail. "Be alive there, Mr. Fathom, it is coming."

A low, hoarse murmur, like the sound of the surf on a distant beach, had attracted the captain's attention. A dark line was observable on the sea to the northward where its smooth surface was roughened by the approaching gust, and the foamy caps of the waves behind this line showed the increasing power of the blast. Captain Courtenay stood anxiously watching the approaching squall, but was soon satisfied that there was at least no immediate danger; the mizzen was brailled up and as the topsails filled, the ship was put on her former course, heading towards the advancing proas.

"The squall was not so heavy as I anticipated," said Captain Courtenay, "and it is fast veering to the eastward. A pull on the weather-braces, if you please, Mr. Fathom, and stand by the halyards and reef tackles. Those fellows are caught in their own trap, and they begin to perceive it too. Keep her away, quartermaster. Starboard! they are alarmed. See! the scoundrels have put about and are making in shore. Starboard! so—steady there! Steady! We have them now, Fathom."

The Morpheus was now careening to the blast, which was fast increasing in force; the topgallant-masts and yards had been sent down, and every needful precaution taken to ensure the safety of the ship. The sea, though fast rising, was comparatively smooth, and the vessel rushed through the seething waters with extraordinary speed. The proas were now scarcely half a mile from

the ship, and having discovered their mistake, put about and stood for the shore, alarmed by the change of wind, which left them under the lee of the ship, and perceiving the intent of Captain Courtenay to cut off their retreat. The short irregular sea, however, produced by the change of wind rendered their oars useless, and it became speedily apparent that escape was impossible. Finding that flight could not save them, the pirates, as wolves do under like circumstances, turned again fiercely and dashed towards their pursuers, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them.

"Had we not better take in a reef, Captain Courtenay? the weather is growing wilder fast," said I.

The captain, with a brow as gloomy as a thunder cloud, and his large, dark eyes flashing with excitement, seized my arm, and pointing to where the polacca could be seen looming up dimly through the thickening mist with the sloop on her weather quarter in close pursuit, replied:

"Every moment is an age, every inch a mile, Fathom; we shall have to carry on as long as the spars will hold. Is all ready forward there, Bob?" shouted he.

"Ay, ay sir, all ready."

"Aim at the farther one, then, and fire!"

"Ay, ay sir," answered the old tar. "Depress a little, steady, to port—so!"

The tremendous report and concussion of the heavy ordnance shook the vessel from stem to stern, as the ponderous missile was whirled hissing through the air on its destructive mission. True to Bob's aim, it struck the farther of the proas at the water line, and went crashing through its whole length, shattering planking, stanchions and masts, and tearing the framework of the stern into fragments. In a moment she filled and lay a shapeless wreck, the waters washing over her and the great sails, falling with the broken masts and tangled cordage, overwhelmed the mangled and drowning wretches whose yells of agony and despair we could hear, as the fast rising waves broke furiously over them.

"Stand by to repel boarders on the port side there! Grenades ready, Mr. Perfect," shouted the captain. "Bob, give them that grape when you are ready!"

"All ready, sir."

"Fire!"

Again the good ship trembled as the great gun sent forth its swift messengers of death, and again the stunning report boomed heavily over the foam-crested waves of the Mindoro Sea. This time, however, the aim of old Bob was not so true. The nearer proa was now but a short cable's length ahead, and owing to a sudden lift of the ship's bows, the grape-shot whistled harmlessly over her, cutting a few unimportant ropes (they had hauled down their sails and again got their sweeps out), and spent its fury on the floating wreck of the other proa beyond, and on the wretches still clinging to it.

The pirates had now rounded to, intending to lay their vessel alongside under the lee, and had their boarding-grapnels ready—two long slender beams, secured at one end by a strong lashing of coir rope round the heel of the foremast, and joined together by pieces of bamboo nearly three feet long, fastened transversely close together, thus forming a gangway over which their boarders could rush in swarms on the deck of the vessel attacked by them. The other end of the machine was armed with ponderous iron hooks and was suspended by a strong tackle from the head of the mast, so that it could be hoisted up, and when alongside, dropped upon the gunwale of the ship, thus securing them together and affording easy access to the deck.

"Those devils number at least fifty," said Mr. Perfect. "If their grapnel should fall on our boarding-netting and tear it down, we should stand a poor chance. They are all armed to the teeth and will fight with the energy of despair."

"Run in and secure the gun, lash in the bow ports there, some of you forecastle men! Hard up your helm, hard up!" shouted the captain. "Hold on your braces, hold on, Mr. Fathom; we'll luff again presently."

The pirates, supposing it was our intention to run them down, lay to their sweeps with all their might, so as to frustrate our intent by crossing our bow, and they swung round their grapnel to board on our weather-side, the wind being on the starboard beam. This was exactly what the captain had foreseen, and as soon as we were close upon them, the helm was suddenly reversed, and the ship, now rushing through the



water with great velocity, luffed up short under the stern of the proa, our port bow grazing her starboard quarter and shattering the oars as we ranged up alongside.

"Down your heads, men; down below the rail!" cried Mr. Perfect, and the order was hardly obeyed, when the stunning explosion of three grenades in rapid succession were heard, and immediately afterwards arose a chorus of yells, screams and groans of agony, as if Tophet had broken loose alongside. On looking over the rail, the scene was appalling. Two of the grenades had exploded close to the foot of the foremast, where the pirates had crowded together, ready to board when the grapnel was again swung round, and the carnage was frightful. The decks were blackened by the explosion, and everything near was shattered, blown to atoms, or swept away by its fury. Farther aft, the deck was literally covered with the scorched, mangled and disfigured bodies of the dead, dying and wounded wretches, and mutilated fragments of those who were in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, and were torn and dismembered by its violence, were hurled in all directions, falling on our decks and among the sails and rigging. Those who were attending to the grapnel were killed and the machine fell, one of the hooks catching in the lanyard of the jib-guy, and the proa was consequently towed alongside. A few of the pirates who remained abaft and had escaped the general destruction, rushed up the gangway frantic with despair, but were stopped by the boarding-netting, outside of which their grapnel had caught, and while fiercely thrusting through the meshes with their kreeses in impotent rage, or endeavoring to cut their way through, were shot down by the sailors. The other grenade had exploded as it fell between the proa and the ship's side, and had burst in the slight planking of the proa, without seriously injuring the more solid scantling of the ship; the proa was fast filling and dragging heavily upon the jib guy, which threatened to part.

"Cut that lanyard," cried the captain, "and reeve a new one; in those boarding-nettings, cut the seizings—lively, men!"

At the first stroke of the knife the lanyard parted, and the proa, filled to the water's edge, dropped astern.

"That was a horrid affair," I remarked, as Captain Courtenay looked gloomily over the taffrail at the drifting wreck.

"I know it," he replied, "but the number of vessels plundered and burnt, and their crews massacred yearly by these fiends, in the waters of the archipelago, is incredible. Three years since, in the Straits of Sunda, while lying becalmed near a large merchantman, I was witness to the most fiendish atrocity you ever heard of. The pirates came upon us in swarms from both sides of the straits, eight large proas, and a host of small canoes; they flocked around like vultures to a feast of carrion. The merchantman was first attacked. She was full of passengers, Fathom, and of these a large proportion were women and children. My heart sickens at the mere recollection of the horrible scene we were obliged to witness at the distance of a short quarter of a mile, without being able to offer the slightest aid; they were every one butchered. But they were not quite unavenged; the pirates attacked us, and the old Morpheus put a good many of them to sleep. I sank three of the large proas and crippled the rest badly. They fought like tigers, but a little breeze springing up enabled us to work the ship, and the grape and canister made fearful slaughter. In one of their attempts to board, I struck one of the devils from the cathead with a blow of a capstan bar; he fell back on the deck of his proa, disabled. Bob says that he recognizes this same gentleman in Mahali. Be that as it may, from that time I swore never to show mercy to a pirate, and I have kept my word. Those great grenades, whose destructive effect you have just witnessed, I had made in Canton expressly for their benefit. Port your helm, quartermaster. Port!"

"Port it is, sir."

A few half-drowned pirates still clung to the wreck of the first proa, which, from the buoyancy of its materials, floated, though every wave washed over it. The wreck was now close under our starboard bow. A moment more, and the bows of the ship rolled heavily up, lifted by a passing wave, hung for an instant poised upon its summit, and then plunged furiously down into the trough of the sea. There was one yell of despair, a jarring shock, a grating sound against the bottom of the vessel, and all was over.

"Food for the sharks," muttered the captain. Steady, as before, quartermaster. Now for Mahali, and then—ay, what then?"

The violence of the gale was rapidly increasing, and we were compelled at length to double reef the topsails and stow the jib, notwithstanding which we still overhauled the chase, the greater size and momentum of our ship giving us the advantage, as the sea was fast rising. The sloop was now close aboard the polacca, in hot pursuit still, for Mahali, having witnessed the destruction of the proas, well knew that his only chance of escape from a similar fate lay in the capture of the polacca before we came up with him, hoping, probably, that by the time this was effected, the fury of the typhoon and the approaching night would render an attack from us impossible. Captain Courtenay watched the chase with a feverish anxiety, which, as the waning hours and thickening storm seemed to increase the pirates' chances of success, became evident in his pallid and excited features. The present squall, indeed, seemed to be but the herald, the precursor of the hurricane, and was even moderating, although the aspect of the weather was altogether too sinister and significant of what was coming, to mislead the most inexperienced mariner. The haze was thickening on the water like a fog bank and seemed tinged with the same dull, coppery-red hue that the clouds reflected; and the sloop and polacca, almost within point-blank range, loomed up through it, dim and indistinct, like wreaths of darker vapor.

"Mr. Fathom," said the captain, "we must take advantage of the lull and shake out the reefs. I am fully aware of the danger," continued he, looking anxiously at the chase, "but we must risk it. Bob, how many do you think there are in the sloop?"

"Can't make 'em out now, sir, but before the weather grew so thick, I took a squint at 'em from the foretop, and I calculated there was between twenty and thirty of the serpents."

"Just my own estimate," replied the captain. "Well, Bob, get a dozen volunteers there forward, all ready to board with me. Mr. Fathom—"

"Count me one," interrupted I.

"Thank you, Fathom; then, Mr. Perfect, will you have the kindness to clew up and clew down everything as soon as our party board, and as soon as possible reduce the sail on the ship to the close-reefed maintopsail, reefed foresail and foretopmast-staysail, and keep as near us as you can?"

The reefs were again shaken out and the good ship, bending before the blast, shot ahead with renewed speed, like a courser answering the touch of the spur. As we rapidly overhauled the chase, the terrors of the approaching war of elements were all forgotten in the wild excitement of the pursuit and the expected contest. The lighter rig of the barque had compelled them to reduce their sail before we had, and the sloop was fain to follow her example, but our weightier spars were still able to withstand the mighty pressure of the broad sheets of canvass, and we tore through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. Still it was evident that the sloop would overtake the barque before we could come up; she was close in her wake and ranging up on her weather quarter, and as we had now drawn so near that we could plainly see everything passing on their decks, our boarding party, headed by the captain, clustered on the port bow ready to spring aboard the moment we touched the polacca's quarter. However, a stern chase is proverbially a long one, and though a biscuit might easily have been thrown on board the barque, this short distance between us diminished with a tediousness that, to our excited impatience, was agonizing. We saw the feeble crew of the barque, numbering not more than twelve all told, gathered aft to repel the attack of the pirates, and Don Carlos himself, bareheaded, his hat having been blown away, and his gray hair fluttering in the blast, stood with a drawn sword in his hand on the high poop-deck of the barque giving his orders, ready, and apparently eager for the fray. We made signals of encouragement to him, but he either did not or would not notice them.

"Look out, sir," cried Bob, "them serpents are getting their stings ready; a poisoned arrow or two 'may be expected about this time,' as the almanacs say."

The warning was taken in time by most of us. The pirates, previous to boarding, had shot a volley of arrows partly at us and partly at those

on board the barque, three of her crew were instantly killed and two wounded by the poisoned missiles, and one arrow glanced against our anchor-stock, narrowly missing Captain Courtenay, who had stepped behind it, and wounded our boatswain in the neck. He was carried below, and the poor fellow died during the night from the effects of the poison with which the weapon was imbued. Another anxious moment passed, and then, the sloop, gliding up under the weather quarter of the barque, touched her bow against the main-channels, and the barque's people fired a hasty and ineffectual volley from their pistols, as thirty savage pirates with their murderous kreeses held between their teeth, sprang up their main chains, agile and fierce as panthers, and poured upon their deck. So well aware were they of their desperate chance, that they completely abandoned the sloop, not a single one remaining on board, and the little craft, her helm deserted, flew up in the wind and instantly capsized and filled, her hatchway having been left open.

Captain Courtenay witnessed the short but furious struggle that ensued, in silent agony. His face was deathly pale and his features worked convulsively with extreme emotion as he watched the result of the contest. The poop-deck of the barque was high, nearly seven feet above the main deck, with which it communicated by two gangway ladders, one of which, as a precautionary measure, had been removed, and, after a brief resistance, in which half their number were slain, the barque's men retreated up the other ladder (the lee one) and unwhipped it, throwing it overboard with two of the pirates who were rushing up after them; the rest, baffled, throw themselves violently against the cabin door, both to obtain a cover and enable them to shoot the barque's men through the skylight, or to gain the poop through the after companion-way.

We were now scarcely thirty yards astern, both vessels moving with much diminished speed, for the wind had again failed suddenly so that the sails flapped and it began to grow dark. A crash was distinctly heard as the pirates assailed the door; I could not see their success, but I heard a hoarse whisper beside me, "All, then, is over." Poor Captain Courtenay leaned against the anchor-stock for support, and his cutlass dropped from his nerveless hand. Just then a deadlight in the orlop deck of the barque, under the cabin, was pushed open and a small white hand waving a handkerchief appeared through it, and at the same time the renewed noise on the main deck showed that the door was evidently barricaded and had withstood the assault. The captain perceived the signal and the quick blood rushed back to his cheeks and temples. Snatching up his sword, he shouted in Spanish:

"Barque ahoy! Starboard your helm a little. Courage! help is at hand." The terrified seaman at the helm obeyed the order, given as it was, in the tones of a voice conscious of power and accustomed to command. The barque payed off, answering the helm, as the Morpheus luffed up under her stern, and just as the pirates (who had thrown up an extempore gangway by means of some empty water casks and a couple of planks) gained footing on the poop, Captain Courtenay leaped from our bow and charged among them like a hungry lion. He was closely followed by all the boarding party, who had scarcely taken the leap when the vessels came in collision with a tremendous shock, the bow of the Morpheus crushing in the starboard quarter of the Oviedo, but in the recoil the vessels swung clear and separated.

The brave old Bob Cockles was among the foremost, yelling forth a slogan or battle-cry of his own, consisting of a series of apostrophes to Liberty, General Washington, Paul Jones, Old Ironsides, Old Bay State, Stars and Stripes, Bunker Hill, etc., with one of which the old tar emphasized every sturdy blow. But the crash of the colliding vessels, the tumult of the fight and the cries of the combatants, were suddenly drowned in such an appalling uproar that it seemed as if earth and heaven were crushing together into their primal chaos, and the dread typhoon burst upon us in all its wildest fury. Shattered masts and spars were spinning about through the air, strewing the yeasty and effervescent sea with their splinters, or swinging from their stays and slings, towing alongside and breaking the bulwarks to pieces, unheeded and almost unheard, in the terrific convulsion of the elements. The continuous pealing of the thunder mingled with and could not be distinguished from the hideous roar of the whirlwind, while to

say that the rain poured down in torrents, would be merely a perversion of terms, for the welkin seemed to be filled with a mass of air and water mingled in inextinguishable confusion, and driven in every direction with irresistible fury, and the almost incessant blane of the lightning, revealing more plainly the completeness of the destruction, the ship dismasted, cordage flying wildly about, shreds of torn sails whirled about like snow-flakes, and the sea, hissing like a cauldron, completed this concentration of horrors.

For some minutes this scene of devastation continued, during which the combatants were obliged to cling to stanchions, rigging, etc., or to throw themselves flat upon the deck to prevent their being blown overboard. The barque had been struck by a whirlwind in the van of the typhoon, and while in its vortex it appeared as though her very timbers would be torn asunder by its violence. The foremast, jibboom, main-topmast and mizenmast were wrenched away as though they were straws, some of the men hurled violently overboard, others crushed by the fall of the mizenmast, and some struck senseless by the lightning. The pirates, who had just gained footing on the forward part of the poop, were the principal sufferers, being in the way of the falling mizenmast.

After the whirlwind had passed over, there was a slight remission in the force of the gale, and the contest was immediately renewed. Our pistols were discharged with telling effect, and on closing hand to hand with the remainder, the result was soon apparent. Although the Malays fought with the fury of fiends, they were no match for the strong arms and steady skill of the veteran seamen, and they were mown down like thistles by our long cutlasses. Mahali, seeing that all was lost, flew at Don Carlos, who had borne himself bravely in the fray, and clinching with him they rolled on the deck together. Although the prowess and activity of the fierce old Spaniard was sufficient to render him a formidable foe, he was, however, in such a contest, no match for the savage Malay's herculean force. Mahali's long arms wound around him with the gripe of an anaconda, and he was borne back incapable of resistance, the glittering, crooked blade of the deadly kreesse was uplifted for the blow, when Courtenay, who had just shattered his sword upon the head of his fourth adversary, saw his danger and sprang to the rescue. Seizing the Malay by the hair he drew him back, but not in time to prevent the blow, for, quick as lightning, Mahali buried his kreesse in the body of his prostrate antagonist and then with a mighty effort sprang to his feet, shaking off the grasp of his new adversary, whom he instantly seized by the throat. The long, bony fingers of the pirate compressed the windpipe of the captain like hooks of iron; Courtenay's foot slipped in a pool of blood and he fell backwards on the deck, his head striking against a ringbolt with such violence as to render him insensible. The Malay's knee was upon his breast, but before he could deal the fatal thrust, a blow from a boarding-axe in the hand of the gallant Bob Cockles, interposed its timely aid. Striking the pirate on the cheek-bone just beneath the eye, the heavy weapon tearing away the lower part of the face, shattering the jaws in its sheer descent, and buried itself deep in his chest. Notwithstanding this fearful wound, Mahali roared himself again to his feet, and as he recoiled forward in the vain endeavor to confront his foe, presented a frightful spectacle, the dark blood welling in torrents from the ghastly wound, his eyes rolling wildly in his agony, and his outstretched arm grasping the kreesse which he shook in powerless menace; he tottered and fell, even in his fall striking at random and indenting the deck with his broken weapon in impotent fury, until the brawny muscles relaxed and the body rolled back in the collapse of death.

Courtenay soon recovered his senses, a severe bruise on the head being the amount of his casualties. Don Carlos had received a dangerous wound, but luckily not a fatal one, the kreesse having struck the collar-bone and glanced off it, penetrating beneath the shoulder-blade.

As I was not present at the meeting of Courtenay and Isabella, I shall not pretend to describe it, but if the reader considers the circumstances of the case, their transports at meeting in safety, and their mutual congratulations, may easily be imagined.

We next turned our attention to the preservation of the ship, and succeeded in clearing away the wreck and getting rid of the rain with which the decks were encumbered, a task of no



small difficulty, for the typhoon was now at its height and blew with inconceivable violence. The wind, however, had now little to expend its force upon, the top-hammer being all gone, the anchors were got in readiness and the lead kept going during the night, as we slowly drifted in toward the shore of Palawan, until, towards morning, the lead-line indicating a depth of eighteen fathoms, the hoarse roar of the breakers and the dim, phosphorescent light of the surf to leeward warned us of danger, and both anchors were let go. We anxiously awaited the result of the experiment, but the anchors held well, and in the forenoon, the weather moderating, we were joined by the *Morphous*, which had suffered comparatively little injury in the gale. Our doctor came on board and attended to Don Carlos's wound. The old husband's pride was at length humbled, matters were amicably arranged between him and the captain during a long interview, and after a delay of three days, spent in rigging junks, etc., the two vessels were sailing peacefully in company over the Mindoro Sea.

It was indeed a gala day, a day of happiness for all parties, when, after the recovery of Don Carlos from his wound, the merry bells of Manila pealed forth a joyous chime, as Captain Edward Courtenay led his sweet and well won bride to the altar. Of her I shall only say that if I had any secret mental misgiving that the captain's description of her was tinged with a lover's habitual exaggeration, my skepticism was cured the moment I saw her, and for the first time in my life I envied Courtenay his good fortune. Don Carlos's sentiments had, if not undergone a complete change, at least accommodated them to circumstances. He freely consented to the marriage of Courtenay and Isabella, and further bequeathed to them the whole of his immense wealth on one sole condition, that Courtenay would give up a sea life and live with him on his estate near Manila.

When last I visited the Philippine Islands, I went to "Alhama," the villa of Don Carlos, or rather of Courtenay, for his father-in-law had presented it to him as a marriage portion, and found the happy pair in the enjoyment of as much content as can possibly fall to the lot of humanity. The brave old Bob Cockles I found installed in the post of overseer of the estate and generalissimo of the household; he was still, as of yore, the companion and adviser of Courtenay in their expeditions by land or sea, and was besides, commander of Courtenay's yacht. His kind heart and ready sympathy for those in trouble, had made him beloved by every one, and his only annoyance was when occasionally the sight of a "green nigger," as he persisted in calling the Malays, reminded him of his former sufferings. Although his bleaching hair told a tale of years, his eye was yet bright and his step elastic, and he sang the "Constitution and Guernere," or the "Star Spangled Banner," as cheerfully as ever, and when at long intervals, news reached there from distant lands, the eyes of the gallant old seaman would glisten, and his bosom swell with honest pride and emotion as he heard of the proud eminence his beloved country had gained among the greatest nations of the earth, and her glorious triumphs in the onward march of science and civilization.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A LOVE STRATAGEM.

BY MISS EMMA O. S. FAY.

WHAT a fine, haughty looking girl she was, Miss Mary Brent! I used to think there was fire enough in her eyes to light the orbs of half the young ladies in town. Rather tall was Mary, very erect, with a grand curve of her white neck, and a way of carrying her head Zenobia might have copied. She was an only child and possibly an heiress, no one really knew, only we know they were southern people who had come among us for the health of this same Mary, with whose peculiar organization a southern climate disagreed. Probably she was too much an icicle to stand those hot suns. Anyhow, she and they all succeeded in keeping themselves frozen stiffly enough among us, for, after two or three unsuccessful attempts at sociability, we left them alone, the whole Brent family, to enjoy their exclusiveness as they pleased with their patrician airs.

"Miss Mary Brent." I really, when I began, was not intending to speak of Mary at all, but of the name as it stood written out in a bold hand

on the outside of a letter postmarked "New York." It had been brought to Mary in her own room, where she sat now wondering over it with a wonder very New England like, in spite of herself, for the thing puzzled and interested, though it offended her. I transcribe it.

NUMBER 1, BROOKDALE, NEW YORK, JULY 5.

"Miss Brent—Madam,—No, I cannot bide that. Your pardon. But my pen will write the spellword, *Mary*. Ah, I like it. The name drops on my ear like sacred music. *Mary*, *Mary*. So, *Mary*, to my errand. A little zephyr, all the way from Brookdale, came to my ear this morning whispering your name. What could I do but listen? And, *Mary*, aforesaid zephyr, having my attention, caught a sunbeam, thereupon, and drew your portrait. What could I do but see, and seeing, what but with believing, *Mary*, though you never saw, never heard the name of him whose thoughts are at this moment full of you, though we may never save in spirit meet, this liberty will not offend you. Will it, *Mary*? I write to beg that we be friends. Will you not favor me with a response? and may I not hope that in coming times we may indulge a frequent interchange of thought through the medium of letters? *Mary*, *Mary*, answer 'yes,' and make happy your devoted servant,

FRANK BREWSTER."

Miss Mary Brent sat there in her handsome chamber, her proud head thrown back and her eyes flushing angrily. The letter had been read and read again.

"Impertinence!" she broke out, spurning the missive with her foot. "I would like to know who dares address such familiarity to me, *me*! Frank Brewster! Pah! what poor puppy may he be, I wonder!—no, I don't wonder, either, I don't care. The creature is not worth it. 'Like sacred music,' nonsense! 'Little zephyr! O, I am sick! How do I look, I wonder, how do I impress people, that a stranger even, who may have chanced to hear my name, dares insult me with such mawkish sentimentalities? I will go and hide myself, I will—no, though perhaps—"

Miss Mary took up the note again. After all, behind the curtain that hung up between her and her New England neighbors, she was a true woman, though with a dash of southern recklessness in her composition they could not understand. She liked the mystery of the thing. She had a dreamy belief in spiritual attraction annihilating space and working out God's purposes through strange miracles. What if the figure the writer had drawn were a reality! The rich southern imagination of the young girl went dreaming on. But I shall not play eavesdropper on you, Miss Mary; I venerate womanhood too much. Mr. Frank Brewster, though, I will peep in upon; he deserves to be forgotten out.

Mr. Frank. Pugh! what an ill kept room. Could that dainty little note have ever come from there? Nut shells, ends of cigars—Frank! Frank! is this bachelor housekeeping. Ashes and cinders, shaving implements, boots, brushes, combs, bottles—I declare! goblets, wine-glasses! "Little zephyrs," indeed. I wonder how the "sunbeam" that painted Mary's "portrait," ever found its way in to do it.

In the midst of all I behold sitting comfortably in a comfortable chair, a square-built, unsentimental looking man of some thirty-five, whom I recognized as Frank Good. I had the figure of a pale youth in my mind, who lived on poetry and moonlight. The image of Miss Mary had not haunted this substantial looking gentleman out of his sleep or appetite, it appears. He is chatting quietly with a friend, smoking a cigar, meantime, and he looks, somehow, genial and good-humored, spite the wickedness his name bears witness to in Brookdale and the disorder about him. I may as well spy the friend with this clairvoyant glass of wine. A little, dark, wiry, active man—name, Harvey Lake. Let me turn the screw-mental in my glass.

Ah, Mr. Lake, I am impressed that you are the prime mover in this letter affair. A lawyer are you, Mr. Lake, and you have learned for a certainty by your professional craft in the great metropolis, where her money is invested, that Miss Brent possesses a fine fortune of her own. You have found out something of the retired life the Brents are leading; you have heard how Mary holds herself aloof from the society about her; you have had a hint of that view of old romance, that vague belief in, and love of, the marvelous that lies latent in her nature; you know how every young spirit will go forth for sympathy, and you, Mr. Lake, have set your lawyer's wits to work to speculate upon that capital. And Mr. Brewster is hardly your co worker, and not by any means your tool; a kind of sleeping partner, I should call him, who lazily permits you to use his name, who allows himself to know

all your manoeuvres in an indolent, indifferent way, but who takes no apparent interest. After all, though, he is one of those impenetrable beings nobody can understand. His name is Frank Gladding, but he likes to be called "Brewster," in memory of an obscure little town he visited last summer on the seashore. How eagerly Mr. Lake is talking! I listen.

"Miss Mary Brent of Brookdale," I hear in a quick, eager voice, while Mr. Gladding suddenly lifts his head and looks questioningly into his face. "Do you know, Gladding, friend, that one Harvey Lake has opened a correspondence with a young lady of that name and address?"

Mr. Gladding shakes his head and his face grows graver.

"I don't know the lady, you see," Harvey goes on, "and the acquaintance has begun in an airy sort of way by the interchange of letters. At least, the introductory one has been sent."

"Indeed!" Mr. Gladding remarks quietly.

"But what of Miss Brent?"

"O, I have found out all about her by the Masons. An heiress, Gladding, living very retired in that Brookdale, without any lovers, and a beauty too. Huzza!"

"Well, and what of all that?" Mr. Gladding asks in a deep, stern voice which, for the moment, makes the heart of Harvey quake. He has never quite understood Mr. Gladding. Notwithstanding his quiet, gentlemanly ways, he has all along held him in fear. He explains now, with more bravado than courage.

"O, the promotion of your friend, Harvey Lake, to the mastership of aforesaid fine property by the promotion of said Miss Mary Brent to the position of bride of this Harvey. Do you understand? And, Mr. Gladding, I have a confession to make, too. I borrowed your name, *Frank Brewster*. I knew you'd never care, and the Masons, you know, might track me out and show up to Mary what a scamp I am, and there might be trouble. And then if I chose some foolish *nom de plume*, there might be mistakes again. You're willing, of course?"

Harvey grows nervous, for his friend pauses to deliberate before replying.

"I shall exact for this," Mr. Gladding says at length, "that in your correspondence with Mary Brent you have no secrets from me." He speaks with a tone of authority that Harvey dares not question. "You must promise me this, Mr. Lake; also, possession of Miss Brent's letters."

"O yes, of course."

"That will not do. Look into my face, Mr. Lake, and speak boldly."

"I promise." Harvey looks up and meets an expression that tells of a character that is not to be trifled with.

"O, it was such a hit!" said Harvey, rising up and sitting down, and fidgeting in his chair, and rubbing his hands, and speaking in high glee. "Such a hit, the finding out about the Brent property in the first place! Miss Mary, I fancy, will think somebody of somewhat a poetic temperament has been peeping in upon her in spirit. A very ethereal personage, Miss Brent, I promise you. I did up that letter capitally. The answer ought to be along today."

"Do you think Mary will answer it?" asked Mr. Gladding, with more apparent interest than he often expressed.

"Of course. O, there will come such a dear, little, sentimental, soft affair, I shall have to climb up on some cloud to read it. Then I shall dip my pen in seven rainbows when I write again, and Mary—well, next on the programme, my invitation to Brookdale, then you, my groomsman, you understand, and the fortune in the sequel. There! now you are my confidant. Make what you please of it."

Mr. Gladding looked out of the window and was silent. And just now the postman's knock and voice, "Frank Brewster," stopped the conversation. Ah, a pretty little white-covered note, mailed "Brookdale." It somewhat fell short of Mr. Lake's anticipations, but it was an answer.

Miss Brent acknowledged the honor Mr. Brewster had intended her, but she did not care, at present, to increase the number of her correspondents by adding strangers to the list. Very graciously she signed her name to that, "Mary Brent." A clear, rather masculine hand, as devoid of affectation as of sentiment.

Harvey's countenance fell. Mr. Gladding smiled in his quiet, self-communing way, and turned the leaf. ("P. S. *Mary* would, perhaps, enjoy a correspondence with *Frank*!") Harvey fell to writing.

A stiff gentleman in a white hat, and carrying a gold headed cane, walked impatiently from Brookdale post-office to the handsome Brent mansion with that letter in his hand. It was just at twilight and Miss Mary and her queenly step-mother were out of doors enjoying the cool twilight. It was good to see them. Mary's shining black hair adorned her head like a crown, and her face was joyous just now, she looked so radiant in her magnificent southern beauty, he had an impulse to give her the letter with a hearty kiss, and "There, my handsome daughter!" as he had heard a laborer the day before, but the dignity of his position happily was before his eyes, and he did not even compromise it by inquiring who Mary's correspondent might be.

Mary took the letter and ran away to her own room. A wild, warm-hearted, imaginative girl, she had thought of its coming all day. She paused a moment to admire her own name written out in the dashing characters she had recognized at once, and then opened it and read. Who was Frank Brewster? She went over it again—was he really the stranger he had professed to be? O, if Mary had but somebody to talk with about it! It was such a sad lot to be an only child. If her step-mother, or father even, did not have to support such an amount of dignity, I would like going into the United States Senate and present Frank's letter as a public document, to lay the affair before either of them. If she had only made friends of some of the young people of Brookdale. She was alone.

The letter was the merest sentimental affair imaginable, but just then it pleased her. She was not afraid. Of course she should never see that mysterious spirit lover—she dared write what she pleased. And Mr. Harvey Lake's letter received an answer more cordial than he ever could have believed possible. Again he wrote and again she replied. Letters came and went now, well filled and frequent. The Brookdale postmaster counted upon them twice a week, at least. It might be pastime to Frank Brewster, but to Mary it was the all-absorbing topic of her thoughts. The gossips took up the affair at length. O, Mary! but I do not retail scandal, Mary.

The office again. Quite as before, alas! only, it may be, a greater amount of litter about Mr. Lake, in fact almost hiding him as he sat there in his favorite corner among his law books, active and talkative as usual.

"O, all ye Nine Muses!" is the burden now, partly in soliloquy, partly to give his friend a chance of basking in his sunshine. "That Miss Brent of mine will be here in less than three days." He made a great flourish with his pen and rose up on his feet. "Mark my words, Mr. Gladding. They vex her at home. I'll take your part, Mary, and then, don't you see, she's got it into her romantic little head that her romantic correspondent is somebody she's actually known? Hark!"

A modest tap at the door, which Mr. Gladding answered with a short "come in!"

Lo, the door slowly opened and there entered a lady, a tall lady, wrapped in a large shawl and closely veiled. The placid, almost childlike smile faded from the old bachelor's face. He bowed a greeting, however, which the lady returned with a quick start and cry of joy.

"Frank!"

"Mary!" he said, gently but gravely, as the visitor lifted her veil and discovered a young, beautiful face, radiant, Harvey could see, with pleasure.

"Frank, Frank! There! I thought all along it might be you."

"You thought that it might be I?" asked Mr. Gladding, looking down into the lady's face with the same expression of grave inquiry.

"What 'it,' to be sure, answered Harvey Lake in his corner, as he watched the scene in amazement.

The strange lady did not heed him. What did it all mean? What kind of a flirtation had that very serious-minded and sensible Mr. Gladding been carrying on there under his very eyes? What if—? A terrible suspicion darted through his mind. He had called her Mary. He looked keenly at the visitor. Fine looking, with a high-bred air. Well, well! Mary answered, smiling in the abundance of her content.

"Why, that you wrote the letters, Mr. Gladding!" Mary's eyes fell. Something in Mr. Gladding's face startled her.

"And so, he begins by making the poor thing afraid of him at the outset. The savage!" commented Harvey. "No, it's not my Mary. If





THE KURSAAL, HOMBURG, GERMANY.

the description I have is to be relied on, he and all the world to back him, could never do that. I breathe again."

"What letters, Mary?" Mr. Gladding demanded, in a tone and with a face, not simply grave, but severe.

Harvey felt his breath rushing through his nostrils in whirlwind gusts.

Mary was not afraid. She had a sense of safety, perhaps, in the presence of that broad-chested man then in that dingy office with the bushy head and black eyes she had caught a glimpse of, bending at her from the corner, and she looked up and met his eyes with a child's ingenuousness.

"Did you not write to me, Mary Brent," she asked, "and sign your name 'Frank Brewster'?"

"No, I did, I did, Miss Brent. I!" cried Harvey, rushing forward. "And, Mr. Gladding, I should like to know the meaning of this." Harvey's face was scarlet, and he had hard work to control his voice.

"It means that Mary and I are old friends, does it not, Mary?" was the calm reply.

"Yes. And that we've always been friends, haven't we, Frank?" added Mary.

"Yes, indeed, until a year ago, you know, when you hinted—don't look so innocent, Mary, you know you meant it, and I deserved it, too. Presumptuous old fellow! You hinted, you remember, about my age."

"Why, Frank! And what that sent you away? I never meant that, Frank dear. I only said—"

"You said I was too old to laugh—"

"At the silly things that amused me, Frank. I simply meant—"

"You meant that I was too old in worldly experience to sympathize in the joys or sorrows of your young spirit. I understood you, Mary. It was well so."

"Dear Frank, you are unkind. You know I meant that you were wise enough to guide me to better things. You don't know how grieved I was when you went away."

"And you took comfort in corresponding with one Frank Brewster, for whom, I suppose, this visit is designed."

"Please hush! I am staying with the Masons, and I just dropped in here to-day, unknown to everybody, I was so sure of finding you, Frank. O, if—" The eyes of Miss Mary Brent swept around the room and fell upon the figure of Harvey Lake, who had retreated to his corner. She drew herself up proudly and then—"Did I receive and answer letters from him, Frank?" she whispered, her face mantling with shame.

"Yes, Mary."

"I! Mary Brent! Please go out into the air with me, Frank. I am suffocating here. How you must despise me."

"Hush, Mary! we will forget all that," Frank's voice urged soothingly, as the door closed behind them. "Your letters all came into my hands."

"Very well, very well!" ejaculated Mr. Lake, walking the office floor and speaking in short spasmodic gasps. "A very pretty little scene, got up for my entertainment! Mr. Frank Gladding—very well. I have been smoothing the way, have I? doing your work! making a cat's paw of myself to rake your nuts out of the fire! Yours, Mr. Gladding! I'm your fairy godmother, am I? your wishing cap, your imp slave, your maid of-all-work who acts out your wishes without knowing them. I really have done up the thing capitally."

Ah, Mr. Lake, is it true? There is a rumor that though you met Mary, your correspondent, a month afterwards, the real Mary of your desires, who was introduced to you as Mrs. Frank Gladding, and who treated you with marked courtesy, you showed yourself boorish enough towards her, and as such you remain to this day.

**FIRMNESS.**—There is no trait of human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil. It is related of Amerigo, the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all the eastern nations, and on whom victory attended at almost every step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future.

## HOMBURG, GERMANY.

The spirited and lively sketches on this page represent scenes at Hombourg, or rather Hombourg von der Höhe, the capital of a little German landgraviate, and situated about eight miles from Frankfort, amidst some of the most charming scenery of the European continent, the great resort of Germans and of foreigners during the summer seasons. "Hombourg," says Mr. Sala, "is six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The streets are well paved, and scrupulously clean, though not the slightest apparatus for purposes of drainage, appears to exist. But there are plenty of pumps and fountains, and the air seems to be particularly clear and salubrious. The inhabitants and the surrounding peasantry, male and female, are very ugly, but not very healthy. There is an old town and a new town, and the population is computed at about six thousand. The main street is called the *Luisen Strasse*, running from southeast to northwest; there are two public squares, and at the lower end a fountain called the *Pompejibrunnen*, 'from its resemblance,' the guide-books say, 'to a fountain dug out of the ruins of that city.' Besides the *Luisen Strasse* there are the *Promenade* and the *Dorothean Strasse*, the *Haingasse* and the *Oberthor*, and half way up the main street is the finest building in the town, the *Kursaal*. The state religion is Protestant. There is also a Roman Catholic church, and in the *Juden Strasse* there is a synagogue. The communicants of the different persuasions live together in harmony." Our first sketch represents the gardens and exterior of the *Kursaal*, the grand centre of attraction, with its formal terraces and formal architecture, but within dazzling and brilliant. Let us follow our lively guide, Mr. Sala, into the interior, and condense a sketch of the doings there, in explanation of our second engraving, which, with its varied figures and faces, affords an interesting study. In the *Kursaal* is the ball or concert room, at either end of which is a gallery supported by pillars of composition marble. The floors are inlaid, and immense mirrors

in sumptuous frames are hung on the walls. The ceiling is superbly decorated with bas-reliefs, while the whole is lighted up by enormous and gorgeous chandeliers. The splendid apartment to the right is called *Saal Japonais*, and is used as a dining-room for a monster table d'hôte held twice a day. There is a sumptuous reading room, with luxurious settees covered with crimson velvet, warmly carpeted, and on the inlaid tables lie the chief newspapers and periodicals of the world. There is a huge *Café Olympique* for smoking and unbinging purposes—private cabinets for parties; the monster saloon, and two smaller ones, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night, Sundays not excepted, all the year round, and year after year, knaves and fools, from almost every corner in the world, gamble at the ingenious and amusing games of "Roulette," and "Rouge et Noir." There is one table covered with green baize, tightly stretched as on a billiard-field. In the midst of it is a circular pit, coved inwards, but not bottomless, and containing the roulette-wheel, a revolving disc, turning with an accurate momentum on a brass pillar, and divided at its outer edge into thirty-seven narrow and shallow pigeon-hole compartments, colored alternately red and black, and numbered, not consecutively, up to thirty-six. The last is a blank, and stands for zero, number nothing. Round the upper edge run a series of little brass hoops, or bridges, to cause the ball to hop and skip, and not fall at once into the nearest compartment. This is the regimen of roulette: the banker sits before the wheel—a croupier, or payer out of winnings to and raker in of losses from the players on either side. Crying in a voice calmly sonorous, "Make your game, gentlemen!" the banker gives the wheel a dexterous twirl, and ere it has made one revolution, casts into its maelstrom of black and red an ivory ball. The interval between this and the ball finding a home is one of breathless anxiety. Stakes are eagerly laid, but at a certain period of the revolution the banker calls out, "The game is made; nothing more counts," and after that intimation it is useless to lay down money. Then the banker, in the same calm and impassible voice, declares the result. On either side of the wheel, extending to the extremity of the table runs, in duplicate, the schedule of stakes. The green baize first offers just thirty-six square compartments, marked out by yellow threads woven in the fabric itself, and bearing thirty-six consecutive numbers. If you place a florin (one and eightpence, no lower stake is permitted), or ten florins, or any sum of money not exceeding the maximum whose multiple is the highest stake which the bank, if it loses, can be made to pay, in the midst of compartment twenty-nine has become the resting-place of the ball, the croupier will push towards you with his rake exactly thirty-three times the amount of your stake, whatever it might have been; bearing in mind, however, the bank's loss on a single stake is limited to eight thousand francs. Moreover, if you have placed another sum of money in the compartment inscribed, in legible yellow colors, "Impair," or odd, you will receive the equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being an odd number. If you have placed a coin on *passé*, you will also receive this additional equivalent to your stake, twenty-nine being past the Rubicon, or middle of the table of numbers—eighteen. Again, if you have ventured your money in a compartment bearing for device a lozenge in outline, which represents black, and twenty-nine being a black number, you will again pocket a double stake, that is, one in addition to your original venture. If you have risked money on the columns—that is, betted on the number turning up corresponding with some number in one of the columns of the tabular schedule, and have selected the right column—you have your own stake and two others; if you have betted on either of these three eventualities, first dozen, middle dozen, or last dozen, as one to twelve, thirteen to twenty-four, twenty-five to thirty-six, all inclusive, and have chanced to select the division in which No. 29 occurs, you also obtain a treble stake—your own and two more which the bank pay you: your florin or whatever else, metamorphosed into three. But woe to the wight who shall have ventured on the number "eight," on the "red" color (compartment with a crimson lozenge), on "even," and on "not past" the Rubicon; for twenty-nine does not comply with any one of these conditions. He loses, and his money is coolly swept away from him by the croupier's rake. This is the game of roulette as played at Hombourg and the German watering-places. It will be seen that ladies are depicted at the table, and it is a fact that the fair do not scruple to sit down beside professional gamblers and "make their game." A friend of ours says he has often seen Henrietta Sontag seated at the green table with a pile of Napoleons and bank notes before her, eagerly watching with vivid interest the whirl of fortune's wheel, which was to enrich or impoverish her.



THE ROULETTE TABLE, HOMBURG KURSAAL, GERMANY.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MY NEIGHBOR CROSS THE WAY.

BY STEPHEN C. HATT.

I saw her first across the way,  
With a white low sitting  
While she lone of the closing day  
Were round the sunbeams blitting;  
I thought her then some lonely flower,  
Perchance a bud in beauty's lower  
Who spent the clear hours of day  
In watching folks across the way.

I saw her next at fashion's shrine,  
Where all the gay were kneeling,  
Mid others she alone did shine,  
A mislaid odd of feeling.

I thought her then some vision exquisite,  
Perchance the victim of regret  
The mistress of some temple art,  
By which she lived without a heart.

I saw her then amid the poor,  
Her heart with kindness swelling,  
And knew with her I could endure  
To share the wretched dwelling;  
I thought her then some angel, come  
To make this earth a transient home,  
In doing which she did beguile  
Each feature—but a woman's eyes.

I saw her yet across the way,  
Still in her window sitting,  
While she lone of the closing day  
Are round the sunbeams blitting,  
But now I think that lonely flower,  
The sweetest bud in beauty's lower,  
Although she open an hour each day  
In watching folks across the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE CRIMINAL TRIAL.

BY G. S. CAMERON.

THERE was not one of my classmates at college so universally popular as Levin Orburne. Though of respectable abilities, he was not remarkable as a scholar. If he had been, he never could have been such a favorite as he was. All his amiability (and it was extraordinary) could not have saved him from that long train of despondencies which invariably follow in the track of envy. But he had the good fortune to be only just clever enough to make the gratefulness of his manners and the goodness of his heart more eminently conspicuous.

Levin was from the far South. I am a native of Virginia. After completing our undergraduate course together, we both entered the law school attached to our Alma Mater, and pursued until the end the curriculum therein adopted. While thus engaged, I made my home with an uncle who lived near the university, and Orburne being my most intimate friend, became a constant visitor in the family.

Nor was it my influence alone that drew the young man to my uncle's. There was another magnet, and a more potent one by far, not made of steel or iron ore, but of flesh and blood, and christened Lucy. Lucy's heart and Blackstone's Commentaries were attacked the same day, and from that epoch the studies of law and Lucy were carried on *pari passu*, until Orburne was graduated—a lawyer and a husband; and licensed to practice both professions indiscriminately.

The young couple took up their abode in the great West, and I returned to my home in Virginia. Nearly two years passed away, and an occasional letter from my cousin or her husband was the extent of the intercourse between us; but they were in my thoughts, and I meant, as soon as I could redeem the time, to pay them a long visit.

Summer came, and my arrangements for a western tour were nearly completed. I had heard from my friends about a month before. They were full of health and prosperity—had a little responsibility which bore my name—and were overflowing with plans for making my projected visit an agreeable one.

I had just finished a letter to Orburne, stating the exact day of my contemplated departure, when my letters from the post-office came in, and among them one from my cousin Lucy. If my ink had turned suddenly to blood, the portent could hardly have astonished or appalled me more than did the contents of this letter. It was as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN—If you ever loved me or my husband, prove it now, in our direst need, by coming to us instantly. Not that you can materially assist us—we are, alas! beyond all hope of succor. We want your sympathy; it is all you can give us. I am keeping you in suspense, but

in a case like this, any endurance of suspense must be preferable to the sad reality. I cannot tell you what a world of trouble it is to find my heart-strings sound! Two weeks hence, Levin Orburne will be tried for murder—and they will convict him! As surely as the heavens are above us, he will die a felon's death! Come, O come, this instant, to your heart-broken

It was with difficulty I could credit the testimony of my own senses. Was I really awake, and of sound mind? Was I not the victim of some strange delusion? Or rather, was not Lucy the sport of some extraordinary hallucination? Surely we could not both of us be compassed. Levin Orburne accused of murder! Of all the men I had ever known, he was the very last whom I could believe guilty of such a crime.

But it was worse than folly to sit there wondering and speculating. My duty was to set out at once for the only place where this terrific problem could be solved. I did so, and reached the home of the Orburnes as quickly as the appliances and means of modern travel could possibly convey me thither.

Merciful heavens, what a change! Could the wan spectre that received me be really the bright and happy Lucy of two short years ago? It was hard to believe it, for she had all the appearance of having had a dozen years at least added to her age since then. And yet, the outward manifestations of her grief fell short of what I had anticipated. She received me very quietly. I do not mean that she did not weep. According to the approved standards of romance I suppose her sorrow ought to have been "too deep for tears." But the fact is, as far as my limited observation has extended, that sort of sorrow is generally so excessively deep as to be altogether out of sight. At all events, poor Lucy did weep—silently, but profusely. The tears trickled down unremittently, and there was such a world of agony in her expressive face, that it was an arduous task indeed to keep my own eyes dry.

"Dear Lucy," said I, taking her hand, "you surely must exaggerate the danger in this case. It is impossible that any one who knows him can really think Levin Orburne guilty of murder. The thing is preposterous."

She raised her eyes slowly to my face, and tried to speak, but the unuttered words seemed to choke her. She shook her head, and said nothing.

"Come, come, Lucy," said I; "this will never do. You must cheer up. Things cannot be so bad as you seem to think them; it is impossible. The very idea is ridiculous. There are some charges so utterly contemptible, that merely to name is to refute them; and this is such an one."

Again she looked at me, and again shook her head, and said nothing. The mute agony of that despairing look almost unmanned me. Woo ineffable found a voiceless expression there more eloquent than aught that human lips had ever framed. Utter despair, in the face of any one, is terrible to look upon; but to read it in the features of those we love, might melt a heart as hard as adamant. Choking back the tears which I could not wholly suppress, I said:

"My dear cousin, the wisdom of thousands of years has established the maxim,—'Truth is mighty, and will prevail.' Do not, I beseech you, wrong the truth by being so distrustful of its power. Do not wrong your husband by what some might interpret as a want of confidence in his innocence."

At these words, she raised her eyes again, clasped her hands, and in a whisper, which, though barely audible, resounded in my ears as if it were the archangel's trump, said:

"He told me, with his own lips, that he had killed him!" And covering her face with her hands, she fell back upon her seat, while her slender frame writhed and heaved with anguish, till I thought the tortured soul within must soon destroy its frail tenement with these throes of almost superhuman suffering.

The reader may imagine the mingled astonishment and horror with which I listened to this announcement. I strove to believe that sorrow and suffering had turned the young wife's brain. It was a terrible thought, though it would have been better than the dread reality. But even such a miserable hope as this was without foundation. Agony, such as I had never before had any conception of, was visible in her deportment, and in every line of her delicate features; but her mental faculties, so far from being impaired or even benumbed by her affliction, were

rather in the condition of nerves laid bare by some terrific excoriation, and made to respond with ten fold sensitiveness to the lightest touch.

As soon as this paroxysm of grief had somewhat subsided, poor Lucy gave me an account of the affair which had wrung her young heart so fearfully. Orburne's house was in, or rather near a small village, which was itself but a few miles from the large town in which his business lay. In the only public-house of this village there sojourned a young man named Wealdon, who, like Orburne himself, was originally from Florida. The two southerners had apparently been acquainted for many years; but it was generally known that they were not on good terms with each other. When Wealdon first arrived, Orburne had casually mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and had once afterwards expressed a strong feeling of dislike towards him, but had never spoken of him except on those two occasions. One evening, just at dusk, a stranger whom Lucy did not see came to the door and called her husband out. He remained with this stranger perhaps ten minutes, and when he returned, he was pale and much agitated. She tried to find out what the matter was, but could not succeed. He was unusually taciturn, seemed wrapped in thought, and in fifteen or twenty minutes went out again.

This time Orburne was absent half an hour or more. When he returned he rushed wildly into the room where she was, gazed hurriedly around, and then, brandishing a long, sharp knife, all reeking with blood, exclaimed: "I have killed the infernal scoundrel!" and then rushed out again, as abruptly as he had entered. Lucy fainted. When she recovered, she was all alone, and she saw her husband no more till she visited him in prison.

That same evening, not long after the candles were lit, Orburne, according to the testimony of numerous witnesses, called at the hotel and inquired for Wealdon. He was shown to his room, remained there a few minutes, and then he and Wealdon left the hotel together.

It so happened that a carpenter, who was working in the village, was returning home at this hour along the same path taken by the two young men. This path traversed an open common—a retired spot, seldom visited by any one, even in the daytime. The carpenter followed on, carelessly, but a few rods behind the others. They were not aware of his presence, but the moon shone brightly, and enabled him to see all their movements pretty distinctly. He could hear but little, however, of their conversation, which was carried on in a subdued tone of voice. For sometime the carpenter paid little or no attention to the men ahead of him, but his vigilance was suddenly aroused by a loud exclamation from one or the other of the young men—he could not tell which—and almost at the same instant he saw the blade of a bowie knife flash brightly in the moonlight, and then descend from behind upon Wealdon's breast. He fell heavily to the earth, and the carpenter ran quickly towards him. Orburne hearing the noise he made, looked round, and then turned and fled.

The carpenter was somewhat at a loss to know what to do. He followed Orburne, however, till he saw him enter his own house, and then returned to his victim. But before he did this, he called a boy who was passing along the road, and set him to watching Orburne's dwelling, to see if he came out again.

Wealdon was quite dead. The knife had severed the arch of the aorta, and penetrated the heart itself, and with the crimson torrent that gushed from it, the young man's life departed. As soon as the carpenter saw that all was over, he left the body where it lay, and hastened to the nearest house, which was but a little way off. There were three men sitting and smoking in the porch, and he led them off instantly in chase of the slayer of Wealdon.

When the party reached Orburne's house, the boy was not there. He soon made his appearance, however, running towards them and beckoning them to come up. He had seen Orburne come out of his house and go to the "Big Spring." This was a capacious natural reservoir of clear, cold water, thickly surrounded by large trees, the foliage of which was so dense and luxuriant as to screen the spring from observation on all sides. Into this hiding-place the boy had tracked the red-handed fugitive. And there they found him, standing by the spring. The next day a long, sharp-pointed knife, with the name "Orburne" cut upon the handle, was found in the spring.

When first apprehended, the prisoner seemed to be greatly agitated, but he said nothing, at least from that time forth he had maintained an obstinate silence, neither admitting nor denying anything with reference to the charge brought against him, nor answering any question on the subject, from any source whatever.

When the helpless young wife had told me all she knew, she sank back in her seat, an image of wan despair—of voiceless, irremediable woe, the contemplation of which wrung my inmost soul with anguish. I said everything to comfort her that my ingenuity could suggest. I told her that I was going to see Orburne, and felt sure he would tell me the whole truth, which could not possibly be so bad as she seemed to think it—but all was of no avail. Hope was dead within her, and all my efforts to resuscitate the cheering visitor were utterly useless. Becoming fully convinced of this, I soon left her, and sought poor Orburne in his gloomy apartment, in the county jail.

The moment I entered I was struck with the similarity in appearance and condition of the husband and wife. The same apathetic hopelessness which had struck me in her case was equally prominent in his.

"Levin Orburne," I cried, as soon as I saw his condition, "no power on earth can make me believe that you have stained your soul with the crime of murder; but it is a crime, and a serious one, for you to suffer yourself to be thus unmanned. For your loving wife's sake—for your innocent's babe's sake—for your friend's sake—for truth's sake—for your own good name's sake, rouse yourself, be a man, and trample into the dust this vile charge—this infamous slander."

He wrung my hand, and smiled—but such a smile! Kind heaven grant I may never see its like again! Sick at heart, I pressed his hand in return, but I dared not speak again, or I should have burst into tears. He said not a single word; and when I had calmed myself sufficiently to trust my voice once more, and appealed to him in the most solemn manner to tell me the whole truth, he shook his head mournfully, but never moved his lips. I told him that not even his own confession could convince me that he was a murderer. If he had killed the man, I felt very sure that he had done it in self defence, or for some other good and sufficient reason, and I conjured him to tell me how the thing had happened. But to my earnest and most importunate appeals he answered never a word. Another mournful shake of the head was all that my utmost ingenuity and perseverance could wring from him, in an interview of three hours' duration.

At last, convinced that all my efforts would be fruitless, I left the prison no wiser than I entered it, and hastened to see Mr. Writley, the lawyer employed to conduct the defence. He had been retained by Lucy, not only without the consent, but contrary to the express desire of her husband, who wished for no legal assistance. I found this gentleman much interested in my poor friend's case; but his account of it tended to deepen rather than dissipate the gloom which enshrouded it. All the ingenuity he had been able to exercise, from the date of Orburne's apprehension to that moment, had been of no avail whatever. He had never opened his lips to him on the subject of the charge, nor imparted one iota of information with regard to it, in any way whatever.

Such being the fact, Mr. Writley was of course as much puzzled as I was; and I found that his opinion of the affair, as far as it was possible to form any opinion at all, very nearly coincided with my own. In the face of evidence so perfectly direct and unimpeachable, to say nothing of his own confession, it was impossible to doubt the naked fact that Orburne had killed Wealdon—killed him too under circumstances affording a strong presumption whereof to predicate the inference of "malice aforethought." But in spite of all this, for those who had known him well to believe that he had really been guilty of a cold-blooded murder, was morally impossible.

Unfortunately, among his present neighbors and associates there were none who had been long and intimately acquainted with him, and therefore very few to agree with us in feeling a positive assurance that self-preservation, or some equally strong overmastering necessity, was at the bottom of the deed. But if such was the fact, why not make it known?—why not assert his innocence, and tell the whole truth? There was "the rub," alas! there was the dread "lion in the path," which must inevitably influence the jury to convict him; to break his young wife's



heart, and consign his fatherless babe to an heritage of misery. It was an awful doom; but, for aught we could see to the contrary, one from which there was as little hope of escape as from the irrevocable decrees of fate itself.

There was another unfortunate circumstance, which I now learned for the first time. I had been somewhat surprised to find that Orburne's trial was to follow so close upon his apprehension and imprisonment, but I had supposed it to be merely the accidental result of a session of the court coming on but a few weeks after the occurrence of the homicide. This indeed was true; but it was also true that, notwithstanding the general popularity of Orburne, there was a strong feeling of hostility against him, and an almost universal belief in his guilt, accompanied by a clamorous outcry for his speedy conviction and even high punishment.

It was the opinion of Mr. Writley that this excitement had been secretly fomented by a member of the bar, a prominent demagogue, in the way of whose political advancement Orburne was likely to prove a serious obstacle. He was thoroughly unscrupulous and unprincipled, and would certainly stop at nothing to secure the removal of one whose talents and popularity rendered him a very formidable adversary. The judge, unfortunately, was a person of no great firmness of purpose, and not likely to be very obstinate in resisting popular influences. It will be seen, therefore, that the prospect for the accused was as gloomy, on every side and in every respect, as it could well be.

Orburne was an orphan, with no living relatives except a brother, who, with all his intimate friends, resided in Florida. They had been written to; but it was not to be expected that any of them, even if disposed to do so, could reach the place in time for the trial. For the few days that intervened, I gave myself no rest in striving to gain some further insight into this mysterious affair. I inquired diligently into the most trivial circumstance which by the remotest possibility might be supposed to have any connection with it; made use of every effort I could think of to overcome the strange reserve of Orburne himself; and in short, did all that man could do to find some clue which might enable us to emerge from this labyrinth of difficulties.

When I could not employ myself directly in the business, my mind was still running on it constantly. I would sit for hours together thinking over the whole matter, and anxiously straining my "mind's eye" in the endeavor to detect some glimmer of light in all this cheerless immensity of darkness. But it was all in vain. The more the thing was investigated, the more hopelessly involved and obscure did it become, and the day of trial found us not a whit better prepared than we had been the first hour after I reached the place, and learned the facts in the case.

As for the unhappy young wife, except that she grew constantly thinner and feebler, there was no variation in the rayless gloom of that midnight of despair which from the first had hung like a funeral pall upon her soul. And that death-like calm, I felt well assured, would never be broken except by her husband's acquittal or by death itself; and the former alternative, alas, was one for the occurrence of which we had not the shadow of a hope. It was a terrible thought, but I knew full well that the verdict of *guilty* would be the signal for that pure soul to wing its way to the realms of the dread hereafter.

The awful day arrived. It is needless for me to dwell upon the particulars of the trial. They were just what we had expected. Mr. Writley made every possible effort to get the trial postponed; but all to no purpose. I saw from the first that the minds of the judge and jury were made up, and that the prisoner had no mercy, and perhaps not even justice, to expect. The truth is, it could not well have been otherwise. All the damning circumstances to which I have referred, were clearly detailed and substantiated, and no one, from the evidence alone, could do otherwise than convict the prisoner.

In spite of all my efforts to prevent her, poor Lucy would attend the trial. Fearfully attenuated, and pale and motionless as monumental marble, she sat with her eyes fixed upon her husband, and never for one instant diverted to any other object. It was an awful position for any wife to be placed in; but for her it was surrounded by horrors of ten fold intensity.

"One mercy the law allowed her—she could not be called upon to bear testimony against her

husband. But she was very young, and wholly unused to sorrow, she was devoted heart and soul to the man of her choice; and, worst of all, she firmly believed him to be guilty. It may seem a barbarous idea, but I really had no wish that she should survive his condemnation, and see him led from her arms to the gallows. The public prosecutor had presented the facts of the case clearly and forcibly, and had followed them up in such a manner as evidently left no doubt whatever upon the minds of the jury. Writley too had said perhaps all that could be said, and said it well; but it was mournfully apparent that he had not shaken in the least the settled convictions of those who were to be the arbiters of poor Orburne's fate.

All was over, the judge had delivered his charge, and the case was about to be delivered to the jury, when suddenly an apparition became visible, which caused every bosom there to thrill with astonishment and even with awe. A violent commotion near the door attracted all eyes, and there, conspicuously tall and prominent, was, to all appearance, the prisoner himself, elbowing his way among the crowd!

Not one individual, perhaps, of all that multitude doubted that it was Levin Orburne he saw; though the fact of his being there seemed little short of a miracle. But the next moment all eyes, by common consent, sought the prisoners' dock—but there sat the prisoner still, precisely in the same position as before. More than one among the crowd were superstitious enough to believe that he had seen a "wraith"—a "fetch"—a "double"—but the more intelligent were not long in discovering that it was merely an instance of extraordinary personal resemblance. The new comer advanced to the railing which surrounded the bar, and requested permission to make a statement to the court and jury.

The appearance of the petitioner was *prima facie* evidence of the importance of what he had to say, and he was at once placed upon the witness-stand, sworn, and directed to proceed. Amidst a silence which rendered his hurried breathing distinctly audible in the over-crowded court-room, he spoke as follows:

"My face and figure, and the circumstances of the case, will probably convince you, if my oath does not, of the truth of what I am about to tell you. No one on this stand is ever compelled to criminate himself, but any one may voluntarily confess his crime, as I now do, by declaring that all the guilt that attaches to the slaying of Oscar Wealdon rests on my shoulders. It was I that killed him; and it was to save me, his twin brother, from the gallows, that Levin Orburne came here to sacrifice himself this day. To understand how this may have happened, you have only to look at me.

"Would to heaven that I might be permitted to let Wealdon's crimes rest with him in his bloody grave—but it may not be. Justice to the living requires that I should tell you truths that are not only foul stains on Wealdon's memory, but indescribably loathsome to all who bear the name of Orburne. If a fiend incarnate did ever pollute this fair earth with his presence, his name was Oscar Wealdon. The more catalogue of his crimes would occupy an hour in the rehearsal. But I shall pass them in silence, confining myself strictly to what concerns the case in hand. Levin Orburne and I had an only sister. Our father and mother had been dead many years—we were all in all to each other—and she was as dear to both of us as our own heart's blood. We were her only protectors. While yet an innocent, unsophisticated child, Oscar Wealdon, with all the artfulness of a fiend, by means of a pretended marriage, seduced and ruined her. She died of shame—a death of slow, long lingering torture; while that satanic-hearted miscreant, who was before God her murderer, triumphed—glorified openly in the cruel deed. When this occurred I was in England. My brother chastised the scoundrel, and forced him to beg, like a whipped spaniel, for his life. He was loth to shed blood, and let him go. Wealdon swore a blood-curdling oath of life-long vengeance and everlasting hate against the man who had spared his life, and fled to Texas.

"We heard no more of him till he appeared in this place, with the avowed purpose of compassing my brother's destruction. Accident had furnished him with the potent means of accomplishing his purpose. I cannot now state the particulars, but they shall be forthcoming, with abundant proof, at the proper time. As soon as I became aware of Wealdon's presence here, and his purpose, I hastened hither, determined

to thwart him or perish. Knowing that my brother was mild and merciful, almost to a fault, and exceedingly averse to taking up the by-gone events of our poor sister's history, I feared that he would succumb to Wealdon, and suffer himself to be destroyed, rather than use weapons which were peculiarly distasteful to him.

"Courting secrecy, for obvious reasons, when I reached the neighborhood I hardly ever went abroad by day; but I soon learned enough to confirm my worst fears, and enough to inflame my rage against Wealdon almost to a monomania. I began to regard him more in the light of a noxious reptile than as a human being.

"On the evening on which the fatal deed was done, I went to my brother's house and called him out. I told him I was resolved to see Wealdon at once, and have an explanation with him. He tried to dissuade me from it, but in vain. He then proposed to go with me, but I would not hear of it; and, to avoid further importunities I broke away from him, and left the spot abruptly. Previous to this, however, we had agreed upon a rendezvous at the Big Spring, whither I was to repair immediately after my interview with Wealdon; and to this spot he no doubt went pretty soon after I left him. It was I, of course, and not Levin, who called at the hotel, saw Wealdon, and walked out with him. Though I was greatly excited—and though, knowing the desperate wretch I had to deal with, I had provided myself with a bowie-knife, I had no intention of offering violence, unless in self defence, and had purposely abstained from taking my pistols with me.

"As soon as we left the hotel, I made an attempt to convince Wealdon of the impolicy of his meditated course in relation to my brother, assuring him that his efforts to injure him would recoil upon his own head. I also offered him a considerable sum of money if he would relinquish his purpose and return to Texas; and a similar amount per annum, for five years, if he continued to remain quiet. He replied with a scornful laugh, and swore that he would make ten times the amount out of Levin before he was done with him. He evidently thought I was personally afraid of him, or he never would have dared to heap upon me the taunts and insults which he did. Though quivering with suppressed passion from head to foot, I managed to restrain myself until he spoke of my poor murdered sister, and applied to her one of the vilest of epithets in the power of language to supply.

"The word was like a burning coal thrown into a barrel of gunpowder. Frantic with rage, I sprang upon him and buried the knife in his heart. It was a criminal act, and repented of as soon as committed. All I ask is, that in considering the nature of the deed, and the punishment it deserves, you will also consider all that I had previously felt and suffered. Hearing a noise, I looked around, and saw a man running towards me. Urged by the instinct of self-preservation, I fled, though hardly conscious that I did so—hardly conscious, indeed, of anything. I reached my brother's house, still holding the bloody knife in my hand; and forgetting in my confusion the rendezvous we had agreed upon, I entered and looked about in search of him. I saw his young wife, who doubtless took me for her husband, and said something to her—I know not what. Then suddenly remembering that Levin was waiting for me at the Big Spring (which he had pointed out to me), I rushed out of the house and ran thither.

"Levin was there. I told him what I had done, and after a little reflection, announced my intention of delivering myself up to justice. This my brother vehemently opposed, and urged me to fly, implored me, for his sake as well as my own, to fly; declaring that he should never know a moment's peace if any evil should befall me in consequence of what I had done in his behalf. Reluctantly yielding, I fled and escaped to Texas. My brother, as you know, was apprehended in my place, and would have suffered death to screen me from punishment, and his sister's name from public scandal, if I had not happened, by a fortunate accident, to hear what had taken place.

"I have travelled night and day, and thank God that I was not too late! If you grant me time, all that I have asserted will be substantiated, as far as it is in the nature of the case susceptible of proof. Circumstances, I feel assured, will convince you of the rest. This will not be done, however, with the view of screening myself. I have transgressed the law, and I am here to abide the proper punishment."

He ceased, and it was easy to see the effect his narrative had produced. The same persons who an hour before would willingly have lynched poor Levin Orburne, were now clamorous, not only for his release, but for the unconditional dismissal of the real culprit. So much for popular justice governed by popular feeling. The brother was arrested by the order of the judge, but was soon liberated on bail, and eventually acquitted by a jury, before which he was tried for murder in the second degree. It is needless to say that Levin was acquitted, by acclamation; and it is not remarkable that he should soon have become more popular than ever. Poor Lucy was so overwhelmed by the sudden tide of joy, that we waited for a time that the consequences might be serious. But, unless it be by putting the finishing stroke to some latent organic disease, "joy never kills." Levin has since been a member of Congress, and there are few happier wives and mothers in all this broad land than my cousin Lucy.

#### LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depths at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of a useful seed in its depth, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it, yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land which, from time immemorial, has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me respecting some land which surrounded an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the Regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, quite unknown at this time in Scotland.—*Leisure's Gleanings*.

#### SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

A slight blow is sufficient to smash a whole pane of glass, while a bullet from a gun will only make a small round hole in it; because in the latter case, the particles of glass that receive the blow are torn away from the remainder with such rapidity that the motion imparted to them has no time to spread further. A door standing open, which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, is not moved by a cannon ball passing through it. The ball, in passing through, overcomes the whole force of cohesion among the atoms of wood, but its force acts for so short a time, owing to its rapid passage, that it is not sufficient to affect the inertia of the door to an extent to produce motion. The cohesion of the part of the wood cut out by the ball would have borne a very great weight laid quietly upon it; but suppose the ball to fly at the rate of twelve hundred feet in a second, and the door to be one inch thick, the cohesion being allowed to act for only the minute fraction of a second, its influence is not perceived. It is an effect of this same principle that the iron head of a hammer may be driven down on its wooden handle, by striking the opposite end of the handle against any hard substance with force and speed. In this very simple operation, the motion propagates so suddenly through the wood of the handle, that it is over before it can reach the iron head, which, therefore, by its own weight, sinks lower on the handle at every blow, which drives the handle up.

There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty.

#### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- Two pages of finely executed original humorous illustrations accompany each number.
- Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unprecedented price of one dollar.
- Any person who sends as a father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- In all respects it is fresh and what it purports to be the cheapest magazine in the world.
- It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- Though published but four years it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 113,000 copies!
- Any person who orders a dollar to the proprietor, as above, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- 25 copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## NEW ORLEANS.

We have already presented our readers, from time to time, with various interesting sketches of public buildings in the city of New Orleans, but we have by no means exhausted the material, and Mr. Kilburn's portfolio still contains many views drawn in the Crescent City, expressly for the Pictorial. Two of these illustrate the page before us. In the first, the Church of St. Augustine is faithfully delineated. It is an exceedingly neat stone building, of quite a unique style of architecture, which contrasts finely with the picturesque French buildings by which it is surrounded. It is situated at the corner of the Bayou Road and Rue St. Claude. New Orleans has many other fine churches, views of which we propose publishing at some future time. The New Orleans Charity Hospital, as the accompanying engraving shows, has no claim to architectural elegance, but the great requirements of convenience and adaptation to the purposes of a hospital, have been strictly adhered to. The first hospital for indigent persons erected in New Orleans, was built on the west side of Rampart St., between Toulouse and St. Peter's Streets. It was a wooden building, and was blown down in 1779. In 1784, Dr. Roxas commenced another hospital building on the same site, which he completed in 1786, at a cost of \$114,000. This was called the New Charity Hospital of St. Charles. He endowed it with a perpetual revenue of \$1500 per annum, and it continued under the patronage and direction of the Roxas family until 1811, when it was relinquished to the city by order of the Legislature. It then came under the direction of a council appointed by the governor and city council. Since 1813 the council has been appointed by the governor and senate. Its support has been derived from several sources. A legacy of real estate, valued at \$35,000, was bequeathed to it by Julien Poydras; and other benevolent individuals have from time to time made the institution the recipient of their bounty. In 1812 the administrative council erected the building shown in our engraving, at the corner of Common and Howard Streets, at a cost of \$150,000. The institution is under the charge of the ablest physicians of New Orleans, while those noble and heroic women, the Sisters of Charity, devote themselves to the duty of nursing the patients. The building is very large, and has the amplest accommodations. The amount of good accomplished by this institution is almost incalculable, and in a city like New Orleans, subjected annually to the scourge of yellow fever, the importance of such an establishment can scarcely be estimated. It is by such



ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

institutions, and by their conduct during the prevalence of the terrible fever at the South, that the people of New Orleans should be judged, and their character appreciated.

## FLYING-FOXES AT LONDON GARDENS.

The first engraving on page 253, delineates a pair of flying-foxes now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, London, as they appeared during the daytime, suspended head downwards. These strange creatures frequently have bodies the size of a small cat, and wings that measure five feet from tip to tip. They were first seen in the Friendly Islands during Capt. Cook's voyage round the world, 1772 to 1775. Captain Lord Stokes found the red-necked species of fox-bat very numerous on the north coast of Australia.

Among the wild and varied scenery of those groups of islands called the Friendly Islands, the Feejee, and the Navigators', several species of fox-bat are abundantly found; and even should the traveller be blind, he speedily becomes aware of their presence among the otherwise fragrant forests, from the strong odor which taints the at-

mosphere, and which, says the naturalist of the United States exploring expedition, "will always be remembered by persons who have visited the regions inhabited by these animals." A specimen of fox-bat was kept in Philadelphia for several years; and like most creatures, winged and wingless, was amiable to those persons who were constantly near it, while it showed clearly and unmistakably its dislike to strangers. On its voyage this strange passenger was fed on boiled rice, sweetened with sugar; while at the museum it was solaced and fed during its captivity chiefly on fruit, or picked and boiled fowl.

Mr. Macgillivray discovered a new species of fox-bat on Fitzroy Island, off the coast of Australia, when he was naturalist of the British ship Rattlesnake. He fell in with this large fruit-eating bat (*Pteropus conspicillatus*) on the wooded slope of a hill. They were in prodigious numbers, and presented the appearance, as they flew along in the bright sunshine, of a large flock of rooks. As they were approached, a strong musky odor became apparent, and a loud, incessant chattering was heard. The branches of

some of the trees were bending beneath the crowd of bats that clung to them. Some were in a state of inactivity, sleeping or composing themselves to sleep, while others, scrambling along among the boughs, took flight on being disturbed. Macgillivray shot several specimens, three or four at a time, as they hung in clusters. Unless they were killed outright, they remained suspended for some time; when wounded they are difficult to handle, as they bite severely, and utter a cry like a young child. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, and others which are obvious to any one looking on our engraving, the flesh of these bats has been tasted. It is described to be excellent—and no wonder, when the animal feeds on the sweetest fruits. The natives regard it as nutritious food, and travellers in Australia (like poor Leichhardt on his journey from Port Essington), are sometimes furnished with a welcome meal from the fruit-eating fox-bats which fall in their way. In a state of nature the fox-bats only eat the ripest and the best fruit, and in their search for it they climb with great facility along the under side of the branches. In Java, where they are very numerous, their fruit-eating nature is regarded as a great nuisance. They attack every kind of fruit that grows there, from the cocoa-nut to the rarer and more delicate productions cultivated by the farmer, in the gardens of princes. To meet these depredations, the delicate fruits, as they approach to maturity, are ingeniously secured by means of a loose net or basket, skilfully constructed of split bamboo. Without this precaution, little valuable fruit would escape the ravages of the kalong.

The Javanese fox-bat, however, compensates the Javanese fruit-growers by a little sport in the way of shooting. The natives chase it during the moonlight nights, which, in the latitude of Java, are uncommonly serene. He is watched in his descent to the fruit-trees, and a discharge of small shot readily brings him to the ground.

William Dampier, in 1687, observed the habits of a fox-bat on one of the Philippine Islands, though he has exaggerated its size, when he judged "that the wings, stretched out in length, could not be less asunder than seven or eight feet from tip to tip." He records that "in the evening, as soon as the sun was set, these creatures would begin to take their flight from this island in swarms like bees, directing their flight over to the main island. Thus we should see them rising up from the island till night hindered our sight; and in the morning, as soon as it was light, we should see them returning again like a cloud to the small island till sunrising."



THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.





CLOSING TABLEAU IN THE PLAY OF FAUST AND MARGUERITE, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

**THE APOTHEOSIS OF MARGUERITE.**

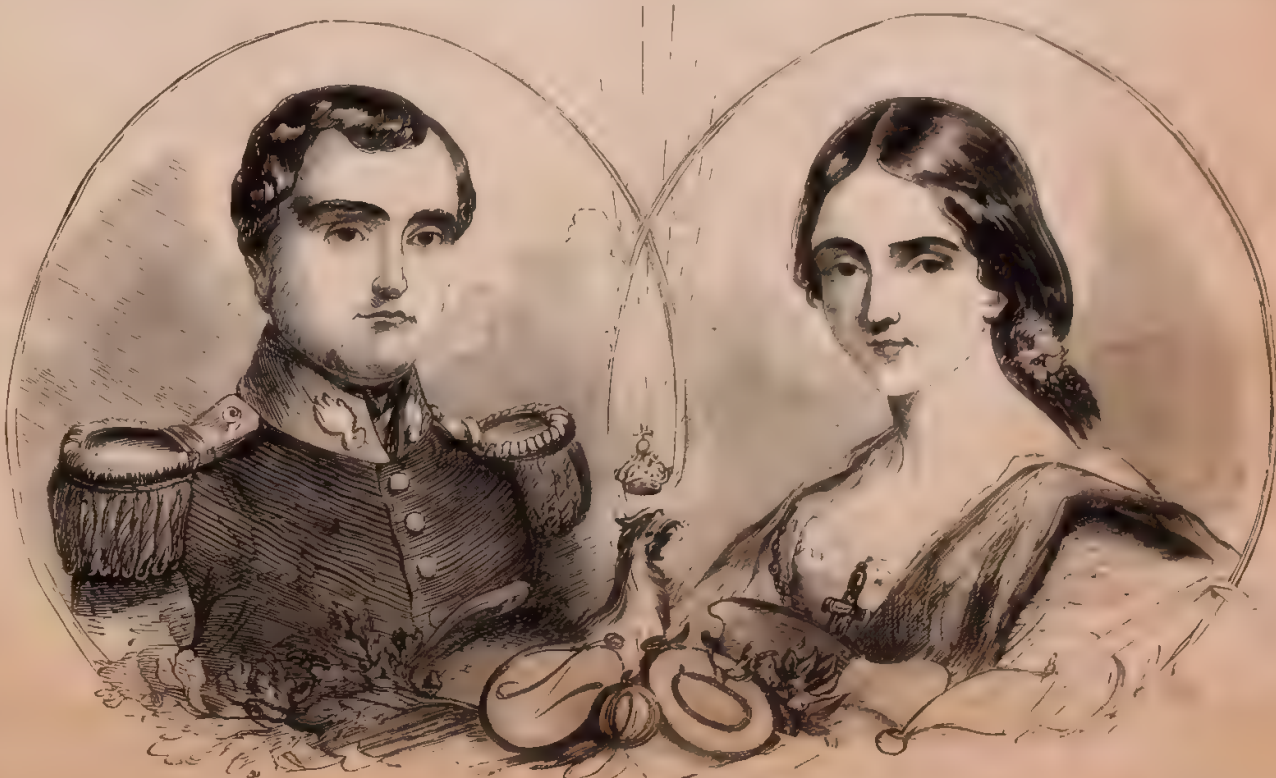
The first picture on this page, drawn for us expressly by Mr. Champney, represents the closing tableau of the legendary scenic drama of "Faust and Marguerite," as performed at the Boston Theatre. The repentant heroine is seen borne up to heaven by attendant angels—the grouping being that of the apotheosis of St. Catharine, one of the finest pictures of the German school. It is impossible to convey an idea of the beauty and effect of this living picture, the movement of which is accomplished by the use of entirely novel machinery. The romantic legend on which this drama is founded, simple as it is, has inspired the pens of the master minds of many lands. German, Italian, Spanish, French and English writers have made it the theme of poems and of plays, and the painters of every country have illustrated the tradition with the magic of their art. Dr. John Faust, according to the story, was the son of a peasant, born at Suabia at the beginning of the 16th century. He studied at Wittemberg, and in his 16th year went to Ingolstadt, where he was graduated as Doctor of Divinity. He soon, however, abandoned theology for the study of medicine, astrology and magic, having also for a pupil John Wagner, the son of a clergyman of Wasserburg. After running through a rich inheritance, Faust evoked Satan by his magic spells, and entered into a contract with the fiend for twenty-four years. During this time he astonished Germany by the wonders he performed, and was finally carried off by his master near the village of Rimlick, between 12 and 1 o'clock at night, all of which may be found in the veracious chronicle of G. R. Wiedeman, entitled "A True History of the horrible Sins of Doctor John Faustus," Hamburg, 1599. According to some German writers, this story originated in the hatred of the monks to Faust, the inventor of printing, that invention having deprived them of their gains as copyists of manuscripts. In the drama presented at the Boston Theatre, Faust is assumed to be both the first printer and the sorcerer. Hurried on by the whirlwind of passion, he is visited by the Evil One, who promises him youth, wealth, power, and their concomitant triumphs and temptations, in exchange for his soul. Faust yields, and his contract with Lucifer is completed. In pictorial and mechanical arrangements, the production of Faust at the Boston Theatre will ever stand pre-eminent. Nothing more perfect or beautiful has ever been exhibited within the walls of a play house. Mr. Barry has closed his managerial career finely.

**PRINCE NAPOLEON, PRINCESS CLOTILDE.**

As prominent personages in the great historical drama of the 19th century, we have placed on this page authentic portraits of Prince Napoleon, cousin of the emperor of France, and his newly-wedded wife, the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the king of Sardinia. The marriage, as all our readers know, was not a love match, but a political arrangement. Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Bonaparte, cousin to the Emperor Napoleon III., is the son of Jerome Bonaparte, by his second marriage with the Princess Frederika, of Wurtemberg. He was born on the 9th of September, 1822. His father was legally united to Miss Patterson, an American lady, but Napoleon I., who had ambitious views for him, refused to acknowledge the marriage, or permit our countrywoman to enter France. Still the church recognized the validity of the union, and consequently, according to ecclesiastical authorities, Prince Napoleon is illegitimate. The youth of Prince Napoleon was passed at Vienna and Trieste, Florence and Rome, occasionally in Switzerland, and in America. On the recall of the Bonaparte family from their long exile, he was

elected to the Constituent Assembly, in which he became leader of the extreme republican party, known as the Mountain. He was opposed to the election of his cousin Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. Now, however, the splendors of imperialism seem to have weaned Prince Napoleon from his democratic creed. Rumor says he has led a very wild life in Paris, and his excesses have been deemed scandalous even in that immoral capital. The Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is but 17 years of age. She is a descendant of Maria Theresa, the heroic empress of Austria, and also of the royal Stuarts, of England; and is, consequently, a distant relative of Queen Victoria. She is tall and well formed, and for an Italian she possesses a very fair and white complexion. She is said to be remarkably intelligent and thoughtful, and her pensive air gives her an interesting appearance. The marriage took place at Turin, on the 29th of January. The princess received, besides her trousseau, a sum of 500,000 francs for her marriage portion, which the Sardinian Chamber voted in a lump, to form her dowry. The French emperor, it is said, is

about to demand from the legislative body a vote of 500,000 francs annually for Prince Napoleon. As the prince is already in receipt of 300,000 francs per year, he will enjoy, after his marriage, a yearly income of \$160,000, all drawn from the French treasury. The princess is said to have a will of her own, and to have already repelled some attempts on the part of the Empress Eugenie to direct and patronize her. It is also stated that she has established a powerful influence over her husband, and that he finds himself fairly fettered in the rosy chains of Hymen. Those who have his true interests at heart, are rejoiced that a pure and right-minded woman has the moulding of his career in her hands. The prince, it has not been denied, has inherited the talents of his uncle, though hitherto he has shamefully perverted his gifts. It is believed that Louis Napoleon has encouraged his excesses, in the hope of destroying his popularity and ending his career. However, they are now friends, and it is said the prince will shortly receive from his imperial cousin the appointment of Viceroy of Algeria, so that he will have a little kingdom to himself, and employment enough in its administration.



PRINCE NAPOLEON AND PRINCESS CLOTILDE.







## GRAND JURIES.

The legislature have passed a law which virtually abolishes Grand Juries, and provides for the trial of criminals upon information. All cases are to be examined directly by a justice of the peace, and by him committed directly to the higher courts, instead of being sent for indictment as heretofore. We very much doubt the wisdom of this change, for whatever may be said of the secret, inquisitorial functions of the Grand Jury, it is in reality a great protection to the citizen against being subjected to the ignominy of a public trial upon slight or insufficient grounds. The grand inquest, as it is called, has a wider range in its functions than a trial jury; the latter being restrained by the literalities and technicalities of the law, while the former has a full discretion as to palliating circumstances, justification, and other considerations which may influence the question of culpability on the part of the accused. The Grand Jury is, to a certain extent, the embodiment of public opinion, whereas the jury is the representative of the will of the people as expressed by law. The former acts upon a view of all the merits of the case, while the trial jury is circumscribed in its action by the legal considerations that are involved. The offices of the two bodies are essentially different, and yet both useful to the citizen and to the public. The former asks not whether a man is guilty, but whether all the circumstances of the case that are known to them, require that he should be put on trial. The latter determines the question of his legal guilt. We see not what possible good can result from abolishing the Grand Jury, but can readily conceive that much evil may result therefrom.

**DR. ALCOTT'S WORKS.**—We have just received from the publishers, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, copies of their last editions of those popular and standard works by the late Dr. W. A. Alcott, the "Physiology of Marriage," "Courtship and Marriage," and the "Laws of Health," the last named being his complete and elaborate production, containing his mature views, and the latest corrections of his pen. It is almost needless to call attention to books which have been so widely disseminated, and so deeply stamped by popular approval. The recent death of the author has created a demand for them which it taxes the utmost resources of the publishers to keep pace with. As some opponents of the doctor's theories have attributed his death to a rigid adherence to the system of living that he advocates, it may be proper to state that for thirty years he kept at bay the insidious advances of consumption, by a scrupulous attention to diet, exercise, and the other laws of health which he has laid down in his great work. The three books which we have mentioned abound in incontrovertible facts, and are a treasury of physiological knowledge.

**TO THE LADIES.**—It will be interesting to the ladies to learn that a place has been opened in Boston for the stamping of embroideries of any pattern desired. Messrs. Parsons & Gibby, a firm that have long been established in Lowell, as pattern inventors and designers, have opened a sales room for the convenience of ladies, at No. 3 Winter Street, over George Turnbull & Co.'s store, and have on hand a large variety of the newest styles of patterns of collars, handkerchiefs, and the thousand and one articles embroidered by ladies.

**"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."**—Send us twenty cents in postage stamps, and this remarkable novelette, fully illustrated with large original engravings, will be sent to you, *post paid*, by return of mail. The present edition is the 33,000 of this fine nautical tale, being the fifth edition.

**PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AND MR. SICKLES.**—The Washington Star denies that the president ever visited Mr. Sickles. Then that picture we saw in an exchange, depicting the interview, could not have been "drawn from a photograph."

**GOOD NEWS.**—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood have reconciled, and have taken the American Theatre, San Francisco, together. Be a good boy, John, and there'll be no trouble hereafter.

**GERRY, THE ARTIST.**—Mr. Samuel L. Gerry, the landscapist, is about to visit Europe again. He will pass the summer among the Swiss Alps, and bring us back new pictures of Alpine scenery.

## THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The marble shaft at the national capitol, commenced in honor of the illustrious name sake of that city, still stands in its housed-up, unfinished state. Everything is still and desolate about the spot, as it has been for the last few years. Not a blow is struck, not a stone is raised, and the solitary visitor who wanders to the site, gazes upon a scene of loneliness quite as profound as that which surrounds the pyramids of the desert. At the last session, Congress passed an act incorporating the Washington Monument Society, by which Winfield Scott, James Kearney, M. F. Maury, Peter Force, and some fourteen other gentlemen are constituted a body corporate, with the President of the United States, *ex officio*, for president of the corporation. The society have met and considered the state of the affairs of the monument, and have expressed a determination to proceed with the work at the earliest possible moment. It is hoped that this new movement will inspire public confidence, and awaken a strong interest for the speedy finishing of this eminently national work. A patriotic effort is making in Ohio, to raise funds for the completion of the structure, and we look forward to the day when other States will follow the example thus set.

## ESCAPED.

Doctor Gaillardet, who was convicted of a murderous assault upon a New York landlord, has reached Paris in safety. It will be remembered that the officer who had charge of him allowed him to dine at a restaurant with his friends. The wine circulated freely, the officer partaking. During the entertainment the doctor stepped out, but the confiding officer did not dream of his attempting an escape, "because he left his hat." However, the doctor preferred the loss of his hat to that of his liberty, and was soon on his way to Canada, whence he has gone to Europe. This noted M. D., who did the officer so very brown, is brother of F. Gaillardet, a French literary man, who made a fortune out of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, and is now its Paris correspondent. He first became famous by his play "La Tour de Nesle," which still keeps the French and American stages. A quarrel respecting the authorship of this piece, led to a duel with that remarkable colored gentleman Alexander Dumas, senior. F. Gaillardet is a brilliant writer, and made a capital paper of the New York "Courier."

**THE DUTTON CHILDREN.**—These two little marvels of humanity are now exhibiting throughout this State. These children were born in this country, and are now respectively nine and eleven years of age, and yet they are but little tiny specimens of humanity, not bigger than many of the pretty dolls we see in the shop windows. They are perfectly formed, and so lovely in their appearance, and so sprightly in their movements, and their little voices sound out so sweetly and harmoniously in song, that every one is filled with admiration in seeing and hearing them. Mr. Dutton, the father of these little girls, very properly accompanies them, and manifests a watchful and tender care that they are not exercised above their powers of endurance. We consider them so great a curiosity, that we shall give our readers an engraving of them in a few days.

**O'NEIL'S IRISH PICTORIAL.**—This Boston weekly paper (late the "Irish Miscellany") is a quarto sheet, illustrated with wood engravings, and treating of topics interesting to the sons of the Emerald Isle and their descendants in this country. Sergeant O'Neil, the editor, is a bold dragoon, who has seen much service abroad and in the Mexican war; and his military reminiscences, published in his paper, show that he can handle the pen as well as the sword.

**CALIFORNIA.**—The defeat of the Pacific railroad bill in the United States Senate was not much relished in California, and some of the papers put their columns in mourning for it.

**CINCINNATI.**—Pike's new opera house, Cincinnati, of which we gave a fine representation in the Pictorial, has been doing a magnificent business with opera.

**LONDON LITERATURE.**—There are six hundred and fifty periodicals published in the city of London.

## Wayside Gatherings.

A couple are living in Vermont who were married in 1790.

The Erie Railroad Company will put six sleeping cars on their road next month.

Illinois legislators receive \$1 per day at present, being \$7 a week less than their board costs.

It is said that not a single divorce has ever been obtained in South Carolina.

It is stated that it would require 65,000 artillerymen to man all the sea fortifications of the Union.

A colored man in Cincinnati has begun to turn white—his back, one of his shoulders, and one arm have completely lost their color.

Mr. Hackett, the distinguished representative of "Falstaff," is at present rusticated on his farm in Illinois.

A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune says Miramon is the finest soldier in the Mexican army—possessed of true military genius.

It is said that one of the strong minded women in New York has challenged the "Benicia Boy" to a trial of the manly art.

Dr. William Newton Mercer, of New Orleans, has made an additional donation of \$2500 to the Maryland Agricultural College, making in all \$7500.

At Buffalo, lately, the wind played a curious freak, first drawing four or five feet of water from the canal, and then, by a counter blow, as quickly filling it again to overflowing.

A large amount of loss has been sustained by the coal operators in the mining regions of Pennsylvania in consequence of the mines having been flooded by the recent heavy rains.

A conductor on the Providence and Worcester railroad, John E. Taft, has travelled 360,000 miles and carried 1,500,000 passengers without serious injury to any of them.

A Canadian lynx was recently shot in Iowa, measuring, when standing, two feet, and thirty-four inches along the back. He was of a grayish color, with the outer ends of the hair wavy black.

As Plensant M. Maak was lately addressing 4000 people at Holly Springs, Miss., he suddenly fell from the platform on which he stood, and broke his neck. He had previously committed a murder.

Mrs. Eliza Thum, a German woman of Chicago, drowned herself in barrel of water a few days ago, during a fit of insanity brought on by religious excitement. She had a husband and four children.

A horse railroad is about to be constructed in Chicago. The company, headed by L. Bigelow, Esq., formerly superintendent of the Fitchburg railroad, has obtained a charter, and will soon commence the work of putting down the iron.

The St. Louis Democrat says that at the close of the last session of the Missouri legislature there was a "grand spree," which culminated in the governor's riding on horseback into his own parlor, and playing a tune on the piano with the animal's fore feet.

A new park is to be made in New Haven, to be called "Browster Park," in honor of Mr. James Browster, a citizen noted for his public spirit and philanthropy. The grounds selected are located in the western part of the city, and cover over forty acres.

The use of coal for locomotives is constantly increasing. One of the engines of the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad has lately been changed from a wood to a coal burner, and with greater saving in expense for fuel than we have heretofore seen reported.

New Orleans is to have a first-class opera-house. It is all settled. It is to be located on the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets. Mr. Boucousquie is to be its manager. It is to cost something like \$200,000, and is to be ready to be opened by the last of the coming October.

A new confidence game has arisen in New York. A sharper accosts a child and promises him some pet animals, provided he will find at home a piece of gold to catch them with. The child is delighted, runs home and hunts up or begs some money, and gives it over to the confidence man, who disappears.

The flood which caused such immense damage last spring in the neighborhood of New Orleans, has taught the inhabitants wisdom, and the levees along the whole line of the river have been strengthened to such an extent as to warrant the belief that they will withstand any rise which may take place.

The centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Niagara, by the united forces of Great Britain and the colonies, is to be celebrated next summer, on the battle-ground. The suggestion was made by the Hon. Hamilton Merritt, of St. Catherine's, Canada. The anniversary occurs on the 25th of July.

The Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the social status of that territory. The results foot up as follows: Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these 13 have more than 19 wives; 730 men with five wives; 1100 men with four, and 1400 with more than one wife.

The pedestal of Clark Mills's equestrian statue of Washington will consist of three tiers or tablets, the smaller surmounting the larger and ornamented with various designs illustrative of the country from its first settlement up to the time of the warrior statesman in whose honor the great design is to be erected.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Ancient medals are the seals of history.—*De Bore's*

.... We can more easily conceive of a thing as faultless than as perfect.—*Bore*

.... Law and liberty are not adverbs, but different sides of one fact.—*Rev. F. H. Hedge*

.... Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those they have injured.—*F. A. De la Roche*

.... To the one Faust who found a comrade in the fiend, there are a thousand who are visited by the angel.—*Bidart*

.... I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception.—*Steele*

.... It is chiefly the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book.—*Henry Reed*

.... No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.—*Halden*

.... A generous nature, when it forgives an abuse of its favors, seeks by increased kindness to prevent a repetition of the ingratitude.—*Bacon*

.... With antiquaries, the progress of time is retrograde, and the past comes nearer to them at every step they take towards the future.—*Le Bonquier*

Friendship requires action. Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul*

.... Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich did their share, how would the woes of this world be lightened.—*Mrs. Kirkland*

.... Love, like a beautiful opal, is a clouded gem which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart.—*Mrs. Child*

.... At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jacknife.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Bulwer*

.... It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele*

## Joker's Budget.

**The Height of Coolness.**—The top of Mont Blanc.

Butler complains that the opera gives him a singing in the ears.

The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss government.

"Come here, Master Tommy, do you know your A, B, C's?" "Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees." Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's inconstant.

Why is the letter G like matrimony? Because it is the end of courting.

What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The window.

Why must the letter R be always in confusion? Because it is in the midst of a lubykinth.

It is generally conceded, now-a-days, that tin makes the very best of *belle metal*.

The man that broke his arm in pulling a whiskey punch out of a tumbler, has taken to a sling.

*Smecton-moos*—An editor always considers his room better than his company.

Misplaced politeness—Asking a full-hooped lady to take a seat in an arm chair. It can't be done!

What plant given by a lady to her suitor would express "leave of absence?" Bay go, (Sigh).

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they *correspond* but never meet.

A chap down East has invented a machine to make pumpkin pies. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double? The letter O.

Why are blacksmiths the most discontented of tradesmen? Because they are always on the strike for wages.

Why would a man in the ship insurance business make a bad author? Because, being an underwriter, he could not, of course, write anything over well.

"Mr. R—, why did you bring this suit to our court? Why did you not leave it out to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?" "Your honor," replied R—, "I preferred that honest men shouldn't try it."

Frances Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he would always go to them; "for," said he, "if they come to me they may stay as long as they please—if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## The Great Heart of Allan Dunn.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"To love, to bliss, their blended souls were given,  
And each, too happy, asked no other heaven."

"Why are you so gloomy to-night, Allan Dunn?"

The question was put by a young and handsome man, hardly past the boundaries of boyhood. Allan Dunn was a bachelor. The world called him odd; but the world never knew that deep in his heart there had been a sacred love for sweet Alice Bernard, the bride of seventeen summers, who was to be given away in marriage in these brilliantly-lighted parlors, on this lovely June night.

"I had a dream," said Allan, turning away as he spoke.

Fred Bernard followed him.

"What was your dream, Allan Dunn? You, of all men, to be troubled by a dream! Tell me—faith, it must have been a portentous vision to make you so glum. Come into this room here—we shall be alone for a few moments—brides are always behind time."

"I can tell you without leaving," said Allan, quietly. "I dreamed that your sister came in to be married, and after the ceremony the scene changed to a funeral. There was a large coffin in the room, with Horace Turner's name and age recorded on the plate. A shadowy form stood in that corner, where Miss White is flirting with that brainless Stephens. It wavered like the flame of a candle—she did not see it, but I did; and I told her repeatedly that her husband was here, but she was too much grief-stricken to heed me. I shall never forget her appearance, never; it was a sight I pray God I may never realize."

"Pshaw! it was only a dream."

So said young Bernard; but the pale cheek and lip attested to the thrilling power of the narrator.

"I don't believe in dreams, do you?" asked the young man, uneasily.

"I don't know why I should," replied Allan Dunn. "I never knew one of my own to be fulfilled—" He paused, for at that moment entered the loveliest vision that ever greeted mortal eyes.

O, how exceedingly pure was that perfect face of Alice Bernard! Her hair of a pale gold color fell in soft swaying masses around her cheeks, and mingling with its gleam was the exquisite bridal-veil, white as the first fleece of winter.

Alice was the only child of a rich merchant. "As good as she was beautiful," was the comment of all who knew her. She had grown up like a white rose, unstained by contact with whatever influence might have thrown about her, unswayed even by the constant admiration which was showered upon her. It seemed impossible to spoil that rare nature, prosperity had only brought out the exceeding beauty of her spirit. The highest and the lowest were alike regarded by her, so that even the servants and the poor washerwomen, who had experienced many proofs of her bounty, wept tears of honest sorrow to think that she was to leave the home she had so long blessed. Allan Dunn never once took his eyes from the sweet girl till the blessing was pronounced; then he moved hastily from the place where had stood, hurried from the room and into the street, pulling his hat down hard upon his brow.

Allan had been a daily visitor at the house of the merchant Bernard ever since the day the latter had said, pressing his hand, "congratulate me, Dunn, there is a babe, a sweet little daughter, born to me." He had watched the lovely child from its infancy, bought and made her costly presents, taken her out with him, walking with a proud step as many a one stopped to remark upon her beauty. As she grew still older, his quiet vigilance never relaxed. He did much towards forming her character; and until the day that she was fifteen, he never ceased to call her his darling.

Suddenly the pet name was dropped. "Miss Alice" came oftener from his lips than she liked to have it. He grew silent and particular in his deportment towards her, only offered her his company when there was no other escort, and gradually Alice ceased to go to him with her troubles, especially as young Horace Turner, the son of her father's partner, became a frequent visitor at the merchant's house.

Now they were married, and Allan Dunn felt

more lonely, more miserable than ever. He had schooled himself into submission, he thought—he had repeated the name to himself until it was not difficult to speak it. He had not been pleased with Horace Turner, and yet he could never tell why, for the young man seemed unobjectionable in manners and in morals. He was exceedingly handsome, with perhaps an air a little too dashing; but who could not forgive him some little mannerism, while it led to nothing harmful.

Alice loved him, almost worshipped the beau ideal of her girlhood. In her exceeding happiness she saw no fault in him—no trouble in the future—she was resting in the present.

"To wilful men  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters."

One brief, beautiful year had passed. Alice was the mistress of a happy home, an indulged and much-loved wife. Splendor surrounded her on every side, servants came at her slightest call, not a cloud, even no bigger than a man's hand, had she seen since her wedding-day.

"Ally," said her husband one evening, just after the gas was lighted, "I'm going away for a few weeks on business."

Alice opened her eyes—a sudden terror disordered them.

"Going to leave me?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Why, yes, pet, only for a little while; I have been to New Orleans nearly every season, and my business calls me, imperatively."

"But can't I go with you?"

"Go with me? no indeed; don't you know that yellow-jack reigns there? Take my little beauty to get sick and die? no indeed."

"But you would get sick; and O, Horace, if you should die!"

"No danger, darling; I've had the fever, and am not in the least afraid. Come, be happy about it now; I shall stay but two weeks at the longest. Can't you smile once, in view of such a short separation?"

She shook her head sadly—her eyes were filled with tears.

"Allan, go over to the house as often as you can when I am gone, there's a good old fellow," said Horace to Allan Dunn, on the morning of his departure. "You're such an old friend, you know, Alice will like to see as much of you as possible."

"I shall be happy to call sometimes," said Allan, coldly.

"O, nonsense! Sometimes. Call every evening, wont you? she will be round at her father's. Sing with her, tell her stories, keep her lively, keep her mind engaged, and she wont think so much of my absence."

Allan's lip curled, and there was a gloss on his fine cheek. "He thinks I may amuse her as one would a playful kitten, by dangling a string for her," he muttered to himself.

"I shall be sure to call on Mrs. Turner," he said aloud, "as often as my engagements will permit."

"Do so, and please let your engagements permit you often. You know I shouldn't be jealous of you as I should of some of us young fellows."

This light, thoughtless speech stung Allan Dunn to the quick, and set a strange passion to work in his hitherto well disciplined heart.

"The husband of Alice Bernard need be jealous of no man," he said, in his cold, sarcastic tone. "She is not only above coquetry, but above all suspicion."

"There may be more danger than you think," he added to himself. "I have the audacity to believe I might have carried your once-to-be wife off, before your eyes, had I possessed an ounce more of self-esteem. Then, I flatter myself, she might have had a man for a husband, not a beardless boy. Take care, sir, take care, I'm not a dotard yet."

Horace, with a twirl at his moustache, and a trifling smile, bade his friend good morning, and went to take his leave of Alice. Poor, petted young wife—the parting was as terrible to her as if he had been going on a voyage round the world. It was a heavy blow to one who had never known trial.

"What sweet delirium o'er her bosom stole!"  
"O, what a shadow o'er her heart is hung,  
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!"

"Alice, Mr. Dunn is down stairs—our old friend. He came on purpose to see you."

"O, dear!"—the book was languidly laid aside—"please, mother, do tell him I can't see

any one. I've a headache and a heartache too," she sighed.

"But, my love, he came on purpose at Horace's special request. You would not treat such kindness so rudely."

"But only look at me, mother."

"You are so well acquainted with him, darling, that you never need change your dress. That delicate silk becomes your complexion wonderfully. Just pass this blue sash around your waist, and put these bracelets on. There, you look beautifully."

"Well enough for him," said Alice, pettishly; "the old back!"

"Quiet as he is, Alice, he was once the life of society. When I was married, I never saw a more splendid young man, your father excepted."

"But he's old now," retorted Alice, lifting a curl to pin back. "O, dear, what an old foggy compared to my Horace!" And again a sigh came fluttering on her lips.

Meanwhile, in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, sat Mr. Bernard, enjoying a pleasant *tele-a-tele* with Allan Dunn. For years he had not been more happy. It seemed like old times. And, by the way, it will do no harm to add here that the merchant Bernard was not yet forty, and Allan was some three years his senior. Thirty-five is not such an extremely old age.

Alice came floating in. She looked very beautiful, and started as Allan Dunn rose from his seat to greet her. Well she might. Allan had taken extraordinary pains with his toilet, from the elegantly curled and perfumed locks above his broad brow, to the patent shoes that glistened beneath a Parisian suit. How eloquent he was! Never did anecdote and wit fall so charmingly from the lips of manhood as from his. Alice was charmed—she was astonished. He opened the grand piano, ran his fingers from note to note in a sweet, plaintive prelude, and then sang with an impassioned tenderness that the family group had never heard equalled.

"I never knew you played, I never knew you sang," said Alice, as he seated himself with graceful abandon.

"O, yes, years ago," he said, carelessly.

"Years ago!" reiterated Alice, quite forgetting herself.

"I remember it!" exclaimed her father; "when we were young men together you sang and played. But bless me, what have you been doing, my dear fellow? you look as youthful as you did the day I was married."

"Taken a new lease of life," said Allan, gravely.

Alice declared that she had never spent a pleasanter evening, and wished that dear Horace could have been with them.

Allan came again and again. He exerted himself to the utmost not only to please, but to dazzle. Alice wondered innocently many times before her mother, why she had never seen how very handsome and brilliant he was. Poor child! she little knew that now he was in the power of the tempter—that for the time everything was forgotten save the desire, the determination to please and allure her. For the time, I said, there came a reaction.

"What am I doing?" cried Allan Dunn, one night when he came home. He sat down and looked resolutely into his own heart, and read treachery there. He shuddered as he laid bare his motives with no tender hand. "Allan Dunn!" he said, sternly, "this must be so no longer." And from that time he went no more to Alice Turner's home—until—but I will not anticipate.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Bernard one morning at the breakfast table.

Alice grew pale, put down the morsel she was eating, and noticing that her father gave one agonizing glance towards her, all strength forsook her. She could only murmur: "What of my husband? I am sure there is bad news."

"I was rash," murmured her father; "I dare say it is false. Wife, look to her, she has fainted. My God, what a blow for the poor child!"

Meantime, Alice was carried to her chamber, and restoratives applied. Her mother had read the fatal paragraph and told it to her before an hour had passed. Now Alice clung to her bosom trembling, stunned. Poor child! the blow came near being fatal. For weeks there only issued from her dry, burning lips, "Died of yellow fever—died of yellow fever."

There were no tears, until one day Allan Dunn was admitted into her room. Her sobs and tears were mingled with loud cries of grief. When she grew comparatively calm, she insisted upon

having a funeral. In vain they urged her not to do violence to her feelings by an indulgence so unavailing. It was impossible to reason with her, and accordingly Allan's dream was realized. The coffin, though without the corpse, was there in the midst of the splendid parlors, the procession followed the hearse to a grave in the beautiful cemetery, and dressed in the deepest mourning, the fair young creature so early widowed, returned to her home desolate, but yet consoled.

Titles of honor add not to his worth,  
Who is an honor to his title?

And what now were the emotions of Allan Dunn? I can hardly define them—but only say they were by no means as pleasant as he would have desired. He was not altogether satisfied with himself—and yet he had conquered himself—he was written down greater than those who take kingdoms. Who can tell what gratitude there was in his heart over his own salvation? He heard of the death of young Horace Turner from the lips of Mr. Bernard.

"Poor fellow! to fall so early!" was his first thought. His second was a thanksgiving, "I have not wronged him."

And yet, strange to say, so contradictory is the nature of man, that warmer feelings mingled with his mourning. Turner was dead, and Alice was free. He was the friend whom Horace had chosen for his wife. She had been pleased with his society—how much dearer might it not seem at this sad period? Besides, he was sure of the father—Bernard had always loved him.

Weeks passed, months elapsed. Allan Dunn loved with all the intensity of his soul. Compared with his former attachment which he felt was hopeless from the first, his present feelings were as the flame of the sun to the light of the candle. Every sad smile of Alice Turner was treasured in his heart. Every pleasant word engraved there as by fire. As yet, only the tender and delicate regards of a friend had been given the idol of his soul; but their very tenderness and delicacy spoke volumes.

One evening he had been at the house of his friend. Alice was there; her mournful, beautiful face never seemed so holy, so lovely! She had been very kind—had listened to the story of his travels with absorbing attention, and had smiled so gently upon him at parting, that for the lone some mile he walked to his home through the keep, frosty night air, the recollection kept him warm.

It was a dark night, and he was glad to see at length the light in the hall of his bachelor home. Opening the door warily, he entered the cosy sitting-room where he was wont to keep a fire, and moved round cautiously, feeling for his lamp, which he kept upon a particular bracket. The ruddy glow of the fire brightened the carpet before it, and extended to the crimson-lined couch a few yards off; but it did not touch the bowed figure of a man who sat near the remotest corner trembling, shivering, although the room was very warm.

"This is pleasant!" said Allan, stooping to light the taper in his hand, and he continued to talk to himself in a manner usual with him, till turning about suddenly, he saw the almost motionless figure of the stranger. Startled, he stood there, with a "halloa!" Then gliding to a recess he took down a pistol, and called the man to look up, to speak.

"You need not arm yourself, Allan," said a hollow voice, and the face was upturned to him.

Great Heaven! Had Horace Turner risen from his grave? Was there the smell of the sepulchre upon his garments? That face was death-pallid, those eyes were hollow and brilliant. Was this indeed a visitant from the other world?

"Do you live, Horace Turner?" asked Allan Dunn, nearing the unearthly figure.

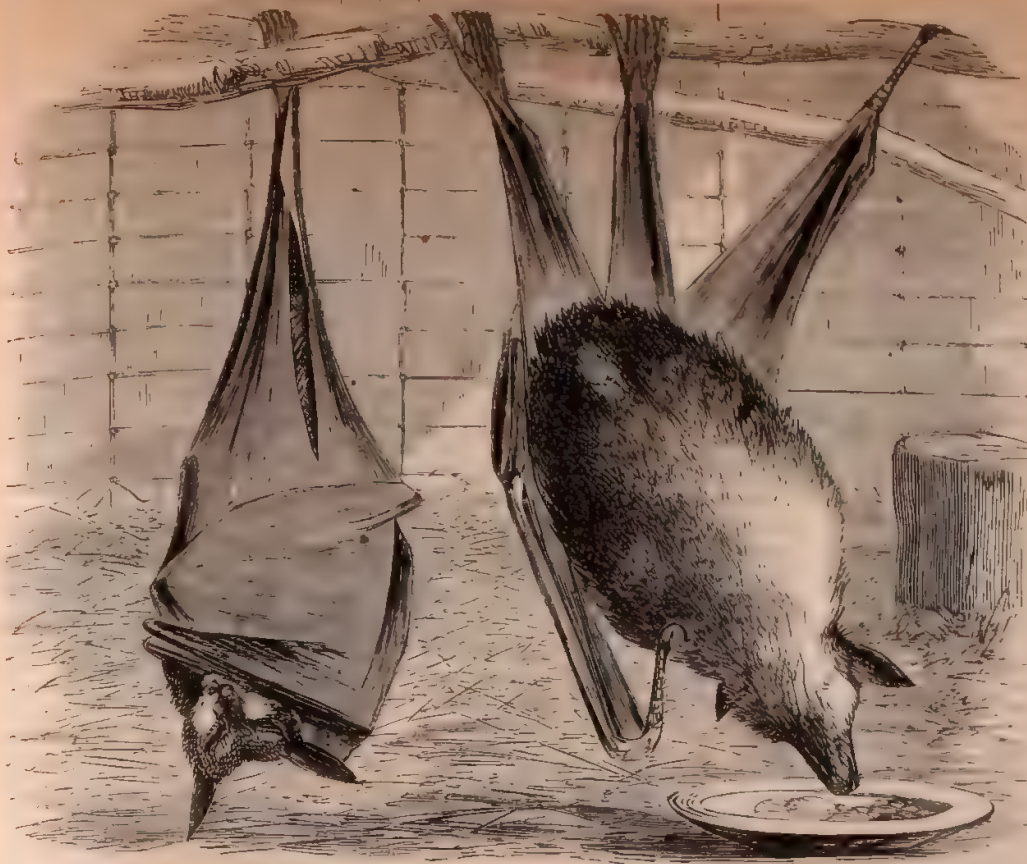
"Yes, I live," said the broken voice; "but if I could, I would curse God and die."

There came one fierce pang to the heart of Allan Dunn. Alice was no longer a widow. Had she rejected him, the pain had not been more terrible. Must he give up his idolized love?

"What is the meaning of this mystery? Explain," he said, in a voice as hollow as that of Horace Turner.

"Allan Dunn, I throw myself on your generosity; nay, rather on your mercy," said Horace. "I am a God-forsaken man, unworthy of the love and confidence of my kind. In a word, I committed a forgery on my friend. He threatened to expose me unless the money was instantly forthcoming. I had spent it—lost it at the gaming table. O, my God!"





FLYING FOXES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

[See page 248.]

He laid his face on his hands and wept convulsively. "I feigned sickness. I wrote him that I was dying. I caused myself to be published as dead. He thinks me dead at this moment. I am at his mercy, and must either fly my country or obtain help. Allan Dunn! Allan Dunn! for the sake of Alice, be my friend now!"

The whole frame of Allan shook as with a powerful ague. That name had roused a stern conflict in his manly nature. Horace had thrown himself almost prostrate at his feet. Allan turned his head away. The tempter assailed him. He was wrought almost to madness. The possession or the forfeiture of Alice! Could he not thrust this unworthy man from his sight? Yes, a word would do it—a refusal—one little "no," the product of a breath. "Allan Dunn, for God's sake save me!" gasped Horace.

"What is the amount?" asked Allan, hoarsely.

"Twenty five thousand dollars."

"And you ask me to pay this sum for you—for you?"

A fire like the gleam of insanity kindled in the burning eyes of Allan.

"Yes, for me. O, Allan Dunn, I have heard that you once loved Alice; for her sake, not for my own, pay this debt for me, and I swear before high heaven I will work my fingers to the bone to repay you."

"Pshaw! the money is not in my thought!" cried Allan, bitterly. "Horace Turner, get up from your knees. Stand up! I want no grovellers at my feet. Raise your hand; swear before high heaven, as you said you would, not that you will pay me, but that you will never look at a card again while you live—that you will never join in any game of hazard."

The oath was taken.

"Now," said Allan Dunn, "I will save you; but none but God knows at what a fearful cost. Go up stairs to the chamber where you have slept before. I want no thanks—go."

All that night, into the gray of morning, Allan Dunn walked his chamber floor. Terrible temptations beset him, but he conquered them. Dishonor was in his thought, but he dashed the horrid phantasy from the threshold of his heart. Great Allan Dunn! Noble Allan Dunn!

He kept his promise. Alice, to whom the restoration of her husband was almost as fatal as the news of his death, never knew for many a long year the secret connected with her husband's return, and Allan Dunn travelled abroad. But there came a day when Horace Turner did really lie upon the bed of death, and then he revealed the magnanimous conduct of Allan Dunn.

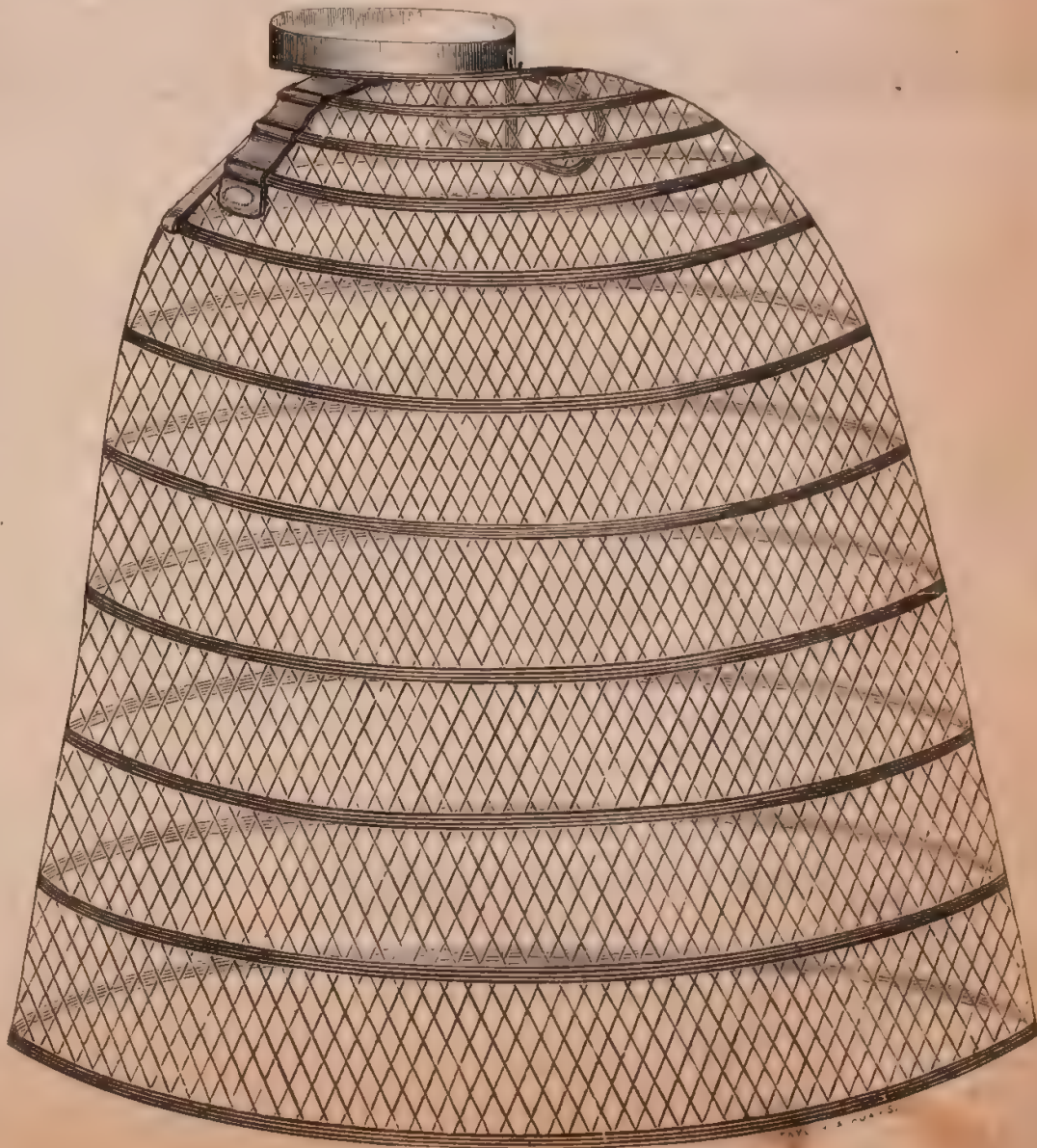
Alice was now a widow, still young, still beautiful. What wonder, if after two years of mourning, she admitted to her heart a deeper or more fervid love—that of Allan Dunn! They were married. Much suffering had purified both, and never was there, or never can there be a happier union.

#### HOLMES'S PATENT SKIRT.

We need not explain to our readers the accompanying picture, or inform them of its special purposes. A brief history of the skirt may be interesting to our lady readers. Solomon's remark, "There is nothing new under the sun," is as applicable to the present full flowing style of a lady's attire as it is to many other things. Ancient pictures in the British Museum, that were entombed for two thousand years in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, afford striking evidence of the identity of tastes which govern the prevailing fashions of successive generations. In one age it would seem as if the presiding genius of fashion were driven to her wit's end to stint the "female form divine" of as much raiment as would be consistent with being clothed at all—a mere apology for a dress—just as the modern hat is an apology for the bonnet worn twenty-five years ago. Talk as we may of the fulsome skirt, and of the necessity of widening sidewalks, and doors and pews, etc., a scanty female dress never yet elicited admiration, but on the contrary, it is refreshing to hear annotators of ancient history describe with an enthusiasm which makes their words burn like "words of fire," when they depict the graceful form of Grecian belles in their flowing robes, as spectators of Olympian games. What a poor imbecile (looking, at least,) object do we sometimes see, who, wedded to worn-out customs, ignores the skirt, and

prefers the old orthodox narrow path for the feet to move in. It is true our better intelligence tells us not to laugh or make fun at the expense of a lady, who, whether strong-minded or weak-minded, prefers to appear in the tights yet in spite of all our philosophy and all the very natural desire we have to curtail our wives'

and our daughters' expenses, we cannot, for the life of us, prevent a feeling coming over us that partakes, we fear, more of contempt than commiseration at the spectacle. Whether the present style of a lady's full dress is a modification, or an extravagance, of the Elizabethan period, we leave to the connoisseurs of the fine arts of sculpture and painting to say. One thing we do know, that a few months after Eugene became empress of France, the ladies attending the court of Napoleon III. were induced to change the form of their skirts. The idea, though not original, as we have seen, was a good one. The thing took. There was a sort of witchery about it, at least, if it were not absolutely graceful. Few new articles of ladies' apparel have so soon asserted and maintained their claim to predominate; and we may add that few think of how extensive a branch of trade the manufacture of ladies' skirts has become. In preparing this sketch, we have made a severe examination of the several modes of construction and manufacture of skirts. Like all other matters, great changes and improvements have been made since their first introduction. From personal observation and inspection, and comparing the relative merits of the several skirts in the market, we hesitate not to say, that in every particular, whether as regards elegance of form, lightness and compactness, its easy adjustability into smaller space for the parlor, or expansion into ample dimension for the promenade—effected by a perfect system of clasps and slides—the one here represented exhibits acknowledged superiority. The ingenious device by which a perfect watch spring bustle is wrought into the skirt, forming a uniform bishop shape, throwing the fulness at the back, and hanging gracefully straight in front, the net-work elasticity and pliability of construction prevents its being pressed out of shape, or showing the hoop through the skirt while walking by the side of another person in the street. We have often thought that if ladies could see themselves in the ridiculous posture they are made to assume by some of the skirts in vogue, they would be provoked to abandon their use altogether. This skirt renders such a plight impossible; as much as this can be said of no other skirt that we have seen. Messrs. J. Holmes & Co., 17 Tremont Row, Boston, are the patentees of this skirt, and we understand that they have an extensive water mill running night and day to braid the paragon watch springs—the very best imported—of which the consumption has to be reckoned by tons; and we fear, were we to mention the thousands of yards of cord used in the netting, we should challenge the credulity of our readers. Suffice it to say, that the manufacture of this skirt has become an important branch of industry, and thousands of families have become wholly or in part dependent upon it. We know it is a great favorite with the ladies, and hence the demand which the Messrs. Holmes & Co. have had, has been beyond their ability to supply. They claim, and we think justly, advantages for their skirt which belong to no other, namely, that it is made with clasps and slides that cannot get out of repair, that it is a double extension skirt, that being made of net work it is superior to tape, and that, in addition to answering all the purpose of a skirt, it forms a graceful bustle, by which the lady's dress is made to flow elegantly backwards. We commend to our lady readers this skirt, and are sure they will be pleased with it. Messrs. Holmes & Co. have deserved the popular favor and patronage they receive. Politeness and good order reign in their establishment, and the stock of goods, consisting of Hosiery, Trimmings, etc., offers an excellent choice as to variety, quality and price.



HOLMES'S NEW PATENT SKIRT.



## Poet's Corner.

## RETURN OF SPRING.

BY FIERRE RONARD

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,  
Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,  
Turtles and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred whippings heard  
Through the green woods and daisies

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
Pale roses, but not daisies small,  
An eye whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narcissus did print,  
Ye wild thyme, wild hore and mint,  
I welcome ye once more

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
Of Lutterlithes, that on the plain,  
Of each sweet whistling sparrow,  
An eye new swarms of bees, that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,  
To kiss them with your lip

A hundred thousand times I call  
A hearty welcome on ye all,  
This season how I love—  
This merry din on every shore—  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbids me steps to rove

## THE SILENT SHORE

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet as heretofore,  
Some summer morning  
When from this cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not grow away,  
A sweet foreboding? CHARLES LAMB

## BEAUTY

The painter plays the spider and his woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Faster than goshawk in colors. But her eyes,  
How could he see to do them? Having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to snail both his,  
And leave the world finished. SHERIDAN

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## CONSPIRACY WITH THE READER.

April days are made up of smiles and tears, but they are poignant from their variety like the caprices of a very pretty woman. It is coming to be a tasking moment in a gleam of sunshine as warm as the smile of June, and the next to seek the shelter of an awning in a plunging shower. But we know these sun-blinks and rain dashes are grateful to the earth, we see the grass upon the Common is all the greener for them, and what is a new but weighed against the promise of May flowers. So in spite of shower and cloud and fickle temper, we love capricious April. Frost, the landscape painter, lately sold a number of his pictures at auction. Many of them were excellent. He is very happy in his treatment of New England lake and mountain scenery and the memory of more than one of his pictures comes back to us like the souvenir of the scenes themselves. We shall have more reason to be for the artists must dispose of their winter work, before going forth to field and mountain to gather the material for future achievements. The disciples of Faust are often adventurous men, and a recently recorded career of a type illustrates the ascription. Karl Ungling, a journey printer, died at Detroit recently after wandering over a large portion of the world. According to the Ohio Statesman, he was banished from his native Germany, for participating in the revolution of 1848. He sailed for the United States just in time to volunteer in the Mexican war, and was wounded and disfigured for life at the battle of Buena Vista. After the war he traveled from Maine to Louisiana, and to the frontiers of civilization, as a journeyman printer, commenced the first German paper ever published in San Francisco, subsequently joined a theatrical company in Cincinnati, and was everywhere known as a comedian, poet, musician and wit. At a court ball in Berlin, Prussia, given recently Madame de Kuster, wife of a former minister, was struck by apoplexy in the apartments of the Princess of Prussia, and died immediately. The body was removed to the residence of the husband, and the hall went on as though nothing had happened. This will remind our readers of Matthew's story of a dinner party in Italy when the lady of the house was consumed to ashes by a sunstroke, and her husband quietly ordered the servants to sweep up their mistress and bring clean glasses. The ballet seems to be reviving in Italy and at the opera houses to be more applauded than the musical part of the entertainment. A Neapolitan correspondent writes: "The ballet of Italy is a very lively demonstration. Some five or six hundred people seem to be on the stage at San Carlos, perhaps more. Women are cheap here and can thus be assembled in masses without any such cost as would make the experiment ruinous in America." Well deserving of preservation is the following account that a reliable gentleman gives of the manner of gathering gold at Pike's Peak. "A man takes a frame work of heavy timber, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron rods. The frame work is hoisted up to the top of the Peak, and a man gets on and slides down the side of the mountain. As he goes swiftly down, the rods on the bottom of the frame work scrape off the gold in immense shavings, which curl up on to the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom nearly a ton of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it. Eng Captain Shulchick is credited by a Paraguayan letter writer as a

wonderful specimen of the sailor, the man of business, and the gentleman. He is as green as the oak as cheerful as a singing bird and as cool as Sir John Franklin's bones. The Boston Post says Mexico is a good place for presidential aspirants. They use about two a week there. Alexandre Dumas, Seholer, writes to one of his friends in Paris that his return from Russia may be daily looked for. His many creditors pitiously ask And our money, is that to be looked for also? Bishop McVicar of Ohio, who has just returned from a European tour, met on his arrival at Cincinnati a very warm and cordial reception from the church and clergy of that city. The New Orleans Phrygians states that Mr. Laurent Millaudon has sold his plantation on the right side of the river, a little above Jefferson City, for one million dollars. It contains several thousand acres of land, and is worked by four hundred and forty-eight hands. Jules Janin, in his critique upon the Christy Minstrel's performance calls the "Hoop de la danse" a touch of Tartuffe flavored with sand. Leroy Evans, of Caroline county, Va., was recently sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail, for swearing that the young lady he married was over twenty-one years of age, when she wasn't. The opposition of the lady's mother to this match caused the exposure and imprisonment of the groom. A petition to Governor Wise, and the extreme youth of the prisoner, procured his pardon. "A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have but to keep still, and it will die of itself." A correspondent of the National Intelligencer thinks that the question respecting Andrew Jackson's birth place is settled by his proclamation, issued by the South Carolina ordinance, which begins, "Fellow citizens of my native State." The Illustrated Irish Nation is the title of a handsome quarto sheet of 16 pages, published weekly in this city by Maguire, Keating & Co. It is independent in politics, does not handle religious questions, and is largely devoted to Irish biography, descriptions of Irish scenery, Irish history and literature, while American topics receive due attention. The illustrations are good and the paper is clothed with great ability.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The question of the Newfoundland fisheries and the French construction of the fishing treaties, has excited some interest in Parliament. Sir E. B. Lytton said the question was a delicate one, but thought no collision would take place. The reception of the Grand Duke Constantine at Malta was the first official interchange of courtesies between England and Russia since they exchanged cannon balls in the Crimea. It is said the Porte claims the right of appointing Hospodars, and that Sir H. Bulwer advises the Porte to grant concessions to the Principality—Trade on the coast of Africa was quite dull at the last advices—Hope is still entertained that a European war may be averted. The London Times does approve of the subsidy to the Galway steamers from the British government—The "Braves" about Canton have been troublesome again, but they will easily be crushed by the British. The story that Lord Clyde is about to return home from India is contradicted. The Neapolitan exiles who landed at Cork lately, have been very kindly received, and subscriptions are pouring in for their relief—Reform meetings are held all over England.—Hon. Frederick Bruce is on his way to China to take the place of Lord Elgin. The Daily News says the acceptance of Prince Napoleon's retirement was dictated by temporary considerations, and will not be followed by any material change in the ultimate aims of the external policy of the French government. The Paris Monteur lately published a decree promulgating an additional article to the treaty of extradition between France and the United States, signed at Washington last year, which provides for the extradition of parties accused as principals or accessories in forging or putting in circulation false coin or paper money or of misappropriation of funds belonging to corporate bodies.

## The Armament of the Fleet.

A special committee of some of the most able and scientific officers of the navy, has been appointed to investigate and carry out the new principle proposed for the armament of the fleet. Rear-Admiral Sir T. Hastings, Sir J. Burgoyne, Bart., R. E., and General Sir H. Douglas, are of the number, Capt. Collin is to act as secretary to the committee. Sir William Armstrong is to take the old Lancaster shell factory, in Woolwich Arsenal, which is well fitted with machinery necessary for his requirements, as his preliminary department. The additional sum of £4000 has been demanded as the minimum required to put the factory in complete working order, for his purpose.

## Peruvian Animals in Australia.

After six years of indomitable perseverance, Mr. Charles Ledger, an English merchant, established in Peru, has succeeded in landing sixty at Sydney a flock of 280 wool-bearing animals of the alpaca species, including the llama, alpaca, and vicuña breeds. It would seem that Mr. Ledger has accomplished this object in defiance of the Peruvian government.

## Italy.

The Paris Constitutionnel publishes an article on the armament of Austria in Italy. It states that the effective force of the Austrian troops in Italy has been increased from fifty thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand men. The Austrian army it appears, is put in readiness for offensive movements in case they should be wanted.

## The Polish Archives.

Much indignation is felt in Moscow at the removal of the Polish archives by order to Vienna, the Austrians allege that this is a precautionary measure lest they might fall into the hands of Russia in any future conflict.

## Warlike Signs.

The purchase of horses at the late fairs at Hamburg and its neighborhood, and the objections to their exportation from Bavaria and other States, are noticed as indications of coming war. To these, another is now added in reference to the extensive sales of spirits at Stettin and at other Baltic ports for early shipment to France and Italy, and which are understood to be for the supply of the French and Sardinian armies.

## Carrara Marble.

There are some seventy quarries altogether at Carrara, Italy, but only seven or eight are now worked, and of these there is but one that furnishes the best quality of statuary marble. There are about 2600 men employed in quarrying and cutting marble here, which is nearly the entire able-bodied male portion of the population. These quarries for more than twenty centuries have supplied the sculptors of all nations with marble.

## The Poor of London.

The returns of the metropolitan workhouses on Christmas Day show that about 60,000 persons were on that day recipients of parochial relief throughout the metropolis, exclusive in most instances of lunatics, tramps and vagrants, and that, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, there has been a diminution of legitimate pauperism to the extent of about 6000 persons.

## Growth of London.

London is rapidly extending its boundaries. It now covers an area of 121 square miles, equal to a square of 11 miles to the square. The population in this area amounted in the year 1801 to 958,803, and in the year 1851 to 2,362,231. The London of 1858 is equal to three Londons of 1801.

## New Invention.

Queen Victoria lately conferred the honor of knighthood upon a Captain Armstrong for a newly invented cannon which can be used effectively at the distance of eight miles. This gun is fired in the old-fashioned manner and admits of only one round a minute.

## Light Weight.

A lady in Edinburgh, Scotland, dressed in the extreme of fashion, while walking the streets of that town, lately, was lifted by a sudden gust of wind, clear from the ground and deposited at the bottom of an area considerably injured by the fall.

## Musical.

Meyerbeer is about to revisit England, having arranged with Mr. Gye, of Covent Garden Theatre, London, for the exclusive production of his forthcoming opera of "Dinorah."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A LETTER TO CLERGYMEN ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH AND THE USE OF THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Boston: N. L. Clark & Co., No. 5 Water Street.

We have given this pamphlet an attentive perusal, and have the most perfect confidence in its statements. It consists, in part, of an essay on iron as a remedial agent in many diseases, which was originally published in the Boston Daily Advertiser of July 10, 1858, attracting great attention at the time, and which has since been enlarged and improved. Then follows a letter to clergymen, treating of the diseases to which their profession is peculiarly subject, and commending the "Peruvian Syrup, or Protected Solution of Protosulphate of Iron" as a reliable prophylactic and restorative medicine. We have next letters from a number of clergymen, Rev. John Pierpont, P. C. Headley, S. H. Riddell, and others, testifying to the benefit they have derived from the use of the syrup. In the concluding portion of the work there are certificates from chemists, physicians and patients, all emphatically endorsing it. A number of remarkable cases are quoted, and touched for, not only by the patients themselves, but also by the ministers of their parish, including that of Mrs. Portugal, certainly one of the most extraordinary on record and conclusively substantiated by the Peruvian physician and patients are peculiarly interesting. These documents would give us perfect confidence in the Peruvian Syrup, had we no other evidence, but we have ourselves used it and recommended its use to others, from the time of its first introduction years ago, and we speak from experience. In the large class of diseases characterized by debility, loss of muscular tone, and partial paralysis, in cases of indigestion, bronchitis, neuralgia, and many others that might be named, this medicine may be resorted to with perfect confidence. It is so universally known that it requires no laudation, but we publish what we have written from a sense of duty and the pleasure of recording our opinion of an article so completely worthy of its extended reputation.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from J. R. Miller, 229 Washington Street, an illustrated sheet of music containing selections from George F. Root's operatic cantata of the "Haymakers," recently performed in this city.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By ALPHONSE LAMARTINE. New York: Debever & Prator. 18mo. pp. 153. This biography is written in Lamartine's invariably brilliant style. It is moreover reliable and brief enough to interest young persons—to all of whom the story of the great Genoese ought to be familiar. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE LADY OF THE ISLE. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 608.

Mrs. Southworth calls this the most singular romance she has ever written. It is indeed a marvellous story, crowded with the strangest incidents, and keeping the reader on the qui vive from the first chapter to the last. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK. A Novelle. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 253. 1859.

We followed this interesting heart-story through the columns of the Home Journal, and are pleased to see it again in the elegant dress which Rudd & Carleton have given it. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE CELESTIAL FAY. By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Exquisitely printed on tinted paper, and daintily bound, this charming production, a true American classic, comes to us with the spring flowers. We never tire of reading it, and always find some new beauty to admire in its graceful lines. Willis rightly terms it a "subtly-compounded feast of imagination." Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING. By JAMES NICK. We have already noticed this elegant volume, published by Debever & Prator, New York, and have only to say now that it may be obtained of Brown, Taggard & Chase, 29 Cornhill.

## BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY.

DR. W. M. A. ALCOTT'S  
THREE GREAT BOOKS

The ripe fruits of a long life's careful study and observation, by one of the oldest and most distinguished of PHYSIOLOGISTS.

## WE WANT 500 AGENTS.

Men and Women of tact and energy to sell these books. We will furnish them on such terms that they cannot help making money.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.  
In one vol. 18mo. price 75 cents.  
TWENTY-THOUSAND

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

One vol. 18mo. price 75 cents.

## FIFTH THOUSAND

## THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

One large 12mo vol. price \$1

We could fill a volume with the strongest recommendations from prominent editors in all parts of the country, but the space we can occupy in a newspaper will not allow it. The books will recommend themselves wherever examined.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS OF

## THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.

Chapter 1. The True Relation of the Sexes.  
Chapter 2. Premature Marriage and its Consequences.  
Chapter 3. Errors of Education.  
Chapter 4. Errors of Courtship.  
Chapter 5. Individual Transgression and its Penalties.  
Chapter 6. Social Errors and their Punishment.  
Chapter 7. Physical Laws of Marriage.  
Chapter 8. A Fundamental Error.  
Chapter 9. The Laws of Pregnancy.  
Chapter 10. Crime without a Name.  
Chapter 11. The Laws of Lactation.  
Chapter 12. A Crime that ought not to be Named.  
Chapter 13. Directions to Parents and Guardians.  
Chapter 14. General Directions.

This book is destined to produce a Physiological revolution in this country. It will have an immense sale because it concerns us all, both male and female. The editor of the Evening Traveller, Boston, uses the following strong language in noticing it:

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By an Old Physician. 18mo. 250 pages. John P. Jewett & Co.—A book that should be read by every man and woman in the land—married or unmarried. It treats of topics of vital interest; but of which not one in a thousand knows anything, who, in consequence of their thoughtless ignorance, more than wilful sinfulness, violate the laws of health and even life, bring upon themselves suffering and woe, and upon their offspring enfeebled constitutions, disease and early death. These topics are of a delicate and difficult character, and for this reason good men, who are capable of treating them, have avoided them. But every reader of the Physiology of Marriage, unless utterly perverted in his tastes and imaginations, will admit, on reading these pages, that the "Old Physician" has dealt with these important topics as an aged father would be likely to do when addressing a beloved child. His instructions and counsels are so plain that none need mistake them, while there is nothing in them to minister to a perverted and prurient taste.

The editor of the Evening Transcript speaks thus:

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

John P. Jewett & Co. have just published a new work, entitled "The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage." Designed as a companion to "The Physiology of Marriage," by the same author. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which is arranged in eight chapters, upon the following topics: I. Is Marriage a Duty? II. Nature and Design of Marriage. III. How the Ends of Marriage are to be Secured, or Rational Courtship. IV. The Philosophy of being in Love. V. At what Age should we Marry? VI. On Equality in Marriage. VII. Are Second Marriages Desirable? VIII. The Perpetuity of Marriage. Part second contains thirty-two chapters, relating to moral, intellectual, social, and physiological themes. The work is the best of its class extant, and if young people will heed the admonitions of "The Old Physician," the author, they will be spared from many terrible evils that have been experienced by the present and former generations. The author affirms that the vast majority of both sexes, despite of names and forms, are still, in reality, alone. He says: "Serious as the subject is, it has been my object to render my remarks, especially on the proper and useful qualifications for marriage, as inviting as the nature of the case will admit, for which purpose I have introduced not a few familiar anecdotes by way of illustration."

## THE LAWS OF HEALTH:

—OR—

## Sequel to the House I Live In.

This eminent hygienic philosopher, author of "THE HOUSE I LIVE IN," and many other excellent works, again, after long silence, appears before the public. He comes and offers us the experience of a long life spent in the study of MAN; and what nobler study is there, and how little do we know, after all, of the wonderful mechanism of our own bodies, and the subtle agencies which are ceaselessly at work in the human organism. This new book of Dr. ALCOTT'S is unquestionably one of the most complete and valuable Physiological works ever written; it is designed by the venerable author both as a book for the family and the school-room, and is worth ten times its cost to any family in the land.

Its table of contents is too copious to publish here, suffice it to say, that it is a book which no family can afford not to possess, and which should be used as a text book in our schools and colleges. Both author and publisher have received numerous and highly flattering commendations of this excellent work from some of the most distinguished men in the country.

President H. Phillips, of Williams College, writes thus:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Dec. 22 1859.  
Dr. ALCOTT,—Dear Sir, you have been a public benefactor, a pioneer in a great work, and I have no doubt have prevented untold suffering. A wide circulation of the "Laws of Health" cannot fail to be greatly useful. Sincerely yours, MARK HOPKINS

From Prof. Marcy, Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham.  
DEAR DOCTOR.—I have examined with much pleasure your new work, "The Laws of Health." It supplies a great want of the present time, I know of no work (of the kind equal to it). Yours truly, O. MARK

Extract from a letter from Dr. Griseom of New York.  
DEAR DOCTOR.—I have read your new work, "The Laws of Health," and it seems to me that you have covered the whole ground. Your style is clear and explicit, the language exact, and the method of the book correct and concise. It is a fitting sequel to the "House I Live In," well calculated for family reading or school instruction. I hope the book will have, as it deserves, a thorough recognition by the public, and an extensive sale. Very truly your friend, JOHN H. GRISCOM.

We will send copies of either, or all of the books, by mail, on receipt of price, and our terms by the hundred will be made known in reply to inquiries of agents.

## WE WANT AGENTS IN EVERY STATE.

## PUBLISHED BY

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,

No. 20 Washington Street, Boston



**PERUVIAN SYRUP,**  
OR PROTECTED  
**SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON**  
**COMBINED,**  
Has successfully passed the ordeal to which new discoveries in the Materia Medica are subjected and must now be received as an established medicine.

ITS EFFICACY IN CURING  
**DYSPEPSIA,**  
AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, DROPSY, NEURALGIA, BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCIES, DISORDERED STATE OF THE BLOOD, BOILS, SCURVY AND THE PROSTRATING EFFECTS OF LEAD OR MERCURY, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all diseases which require a TONIC AND ALTERATIVE MEDICINE, IS BEYOND QUESTION.



The proofs of its efficacy are so numerous, so well authenticated, and of such a peculiar character, that sufferers cannot reasonably hesitate to receive the proffered aid.

The Peruvian Syrup does not profess to be a cure-all, but its range is extensive, because many diseases, apparently unlike are intimately related, and proceeding from one cause, may be cured by one remedy.

The cases of diseases for which the Syrup provides a cure are precisely that which has so often baffled the highest order of medical skill. The facts are tangible, the witnesses accessible, and the safety and efficacy of the Syrup incontrovertible.

Those who may wish for an opinion from disinterested persons respecting the character of the Syrup, cannot fail to be satisfied with the following, among numerous testimonials in the hands of the Agents. The signatures are those of gentlemen well known in the community, and of the highest respectability.

**A CARD.**

The undersigned having experienced the beneficial effects of the "Peruvian Syrup," do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public.

From our own experience, as well as from the testimony of others, whose intelligence and integrity are altogether unquestionable, we have no doubt of its efficacy in cases of Incipient Disease of the Lungs and Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Neuralgia, etc. Indeed its effects would be incredible but from the high character of those who have witnessed them, and have volunteered their testimony, as we do ours, to its restorative power.

Rev. John Pierpont, Thomas C. Amory, Thomas A. Dexter, Peter Harvey, S. H. Kendall, M. D., James C. Dunn, Samuel May, Rev. Thomas Whittemore.

**NOTICE.**

It is well known that the medicinal effect of Protoxide of Iron is lost by even a brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protoxide of Iron without further oxidation, has been deemed impossible.

In the Peruvian Syrup, this desirable point has been attained by combination in a way before unknown, and this solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates and tartrates of the Materia Medica.

It is so eminently adapted to take the place of any Protoxide of Iron, which physicians have used in scurvy or scorbutic attacks, and to meet such cases the Syrup should be found in the medicine chest of every ship.

A. A. HAYES, M. D.

Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.

15 Boylston Street.

**SOLD BY**

**N. L. CLARK & Co., Proprietors,**

No. 5 Water Street, Boston.

Retailed by all Druggists.

**TO PRESERVE AND DRESS THE HAIR.**

One of the best dressings for the hair ever invented is BURNETT'S COCAINE. It is well known that there is a principle in Cocoa Nut Oil, owing to which the hair of the natives of the South Seas, who use it, remains glossy and never falls off. Burnett has greatly improved this oil by chemical purification, and it not only thoroughly cleans the hair, forming a lather when rubbed on, but keeps it glossy, slightly damp and in form as brushed for a long time. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately, for the evening, will find that it will keep it in shape for hours. Its qualities as preventing the hair from falling are truly remarkable.—Philadelphia Bulletin

**A Valuable Remedy.**

"THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, prepared by the well known druggists, Messrs. Reed, Cutler & Co., of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. It has been the subject of all tests—time, and has sustained its reputation for more than thirty years."

"Physicians of the high of respectability prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine."—Boston Journal

Inquire for the article by its whole name, "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 45 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price large size, \$1, small size, 50 cents.

**PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING** are only published by

**J. E. TILTON & Co.,**

101 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forward them, postpaid (with full and special directions how to paint, to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.)

Dealers and teachers supplied 8 cowdm.

**THE AMERICAN HOUSE,**  
HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,  
IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

**LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.**

**COCAINE.**

From well attested instances, and the strong testimonials, it is clear there is no doubt but Mr. Burnett has succeeded in producing an article of great superiority in this city, and deservedly so. It is in fact pronounced incomparable as a hair dressing.—Hartford Courant

**Brown's Bronchial Troches.**  
**Brown's Bronchial Troches.**  
**Bronchial Troches.**  
**Brown's Troches.**  
**Brown's Troches.**  
**Troches.**  
**Troches.**

"Preeminently the first and best."  
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER  
"I recommend them to Public Speakers."  
REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK  
"Great service in subduing Hoarseness."  
REV. DANIEL WISE, NEW YORK  
"I have prof. of them excellent for Whooping Cough."  
REV. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON  
"Great benefit in affections of the Vocal Organ."  
DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON  
"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, etc."  
DR. G. F. BIGELOW, BOSTON  
"Contain no Opium, or anything injurious."  
DR. A. A. HAYES, CHEMIST, BOSTON.  
"Very beneficial in clearing the throat when compelled to speak, though suffering from Cold."  
REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, ST. LOUIS  
"I heartily unite in the above recommendation."  
REV. M. SCHUYLER, ST. LOUIS  
"A friend, having a violent tendency for Asthma with no benefit, found relief from the Troches."  
REV. D. LETTS, FRANKFORT, ILL.  
Sold by Druggists every where 25 cents per Box 16

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

We are sorry to perceive that dealers have stooped to the unfairness of attempting to deprive Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. of the just reward of their skill and enterprise. An article is offered in the market as the justly celebrated and very valuable "Cocaine," while it is quite another affair, made in New York, and called, to avoid a positive imitation, "Cocaine."

This is a poor subterfuge, and should not be suffered to be practiced to the injury of the very respectable and responsible gentlemen who have devoted so much time, care and capital to inventing and making known the genuine article.—Boston Post.

**MARK YOUR CLOTHING!**

NAMES CUT IN STENCILS IN

**Old English, Writing**  
**Italic and Roman Letters,**

with the best and most reliable INDELIBLE INK, for marking Clothing, Cards, Books, etc., at

**METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,**  
45 1-2 Salem Street, Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brads, made to order. Brass Alphabets and Figures, INDELIBLE INK, thin Brass and Steel Stencil, wholesale and retail. Plates for Clothing cut in a few minutes at any time. 16

**PROLAPUS UTERI.**

THIS prevalent disease is manifestly one of general and local debility, and requires for its alleviation the alterative and tonic virtues of iron. The PERUVIAN SYRUP offers this element in the only form in which it can enter the blood. Its administration is safe, certain, and free from the disagreeable effects of other preparations of iron. 16

**COCAINE.**

The ladies are delighted with "BURNETT'S COCAINE." They describe with no slight enthusiasm its wonderful effects in promoting and preserving the beauty of the hair. "BURNETT'S KALISTON," is equally admired as a cosmetic. It is Burnett & Co. who are also the proprietors of the new perfume entitled "FLORIMEL," and of the "ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH." All these preparations deserve the high reputation which they have already attained.—N. Y. Home Journal.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,

16 BOSTON

**MERCANTILE CLUB.**

15 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
GENTLEMEN.—This establishment is entirely on a new principle, and is strictly for the Mercantile Interest. There is, from 11 to 12 1/2 o'clock each day, a Lunch, and a Table d'Hôte from 1 to 4 o'clock, strictly on the Club House principle. There are regular files of the journals of the United States and Europe, embracing Mercantile, Literary, Political and Sporting matter. There is a Bulletin of the current events happening each day.

We have the honor to extend an invitation to gentlemen, assuring them that they will meet with nothing but a strictly gentlemanly intercourse.

RUSSELL SMITH,  
THOMAS WILSON,  
PROPRIETORS.

**A SUPERIOR ARTICLE FOR THE TOILET.**

BURNETT'S COCAINE for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair, is a very popular article.

The Cocoa-Nut Oil is permanently decolorized and held in a combination, which peculiarly adapts it for the toilet. It is unrivaled in delicacy and agreeableness, cooling in its nature, and possesses such a peculiar affinity for the skin that it is readily absorbed.—Boston Transcript

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**

**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,**  
3m 15 NO. 3 WINTER STREET.

**C. C. G. C.**

**Coughs! Colds!! Consumption!!! Cured!!!**

By the timely use of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian Balm of Liverwort, the best and most effectually remedial agent ever offered in all Pulmonary Complaints. For sale every where. 3w 14

**BURNETT'S TOILET PREPARATIONS.**

...are conceded by all who use them to be superior to most other preparations, and are valued accordingly. The "Cocaine," in enjoying a wide popularity in this city, and deservedly so. It is in fact pronounced incomparable as a hair dressing.—Hartford Courant

**ABORN,**

**HATTER, NO. 95 WASHINGTON ST.**

NEW SPRING STYLES OF HATS NOW READY 4w

**BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,**

Successors to W. J. Reynolds & Co., at old stand of B. B. Mussey & Co.,

**PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,**  
25 & 29 Cornhill, Boston.

Messrs. B. T. & C. will give special attention to furnishing information in regard to either new books, or supplying libraries, and to sending upon application, their own catalogues or those of other publishers. Copies of any book sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of retail price. 16

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

We call attention to it now only to remind purchasers that there is a spurious imitation of the genuine article in the market, got up by parties in New York calculated to deceive and mislead the public. The New York compound bears resemblance to the genuine in name, but it will be observed that in the spurious article the "C" is left out of the word Cocaine.—N. Y. Harpport Herald

**THE SUPERB LIKENESS**

of

**HON. EDWARD EVERETT.**

Engraved on steel by H. W. Smith after the portrait from life is now ready for delivery to subscribers. Executed in the highest style of art, it is beyond all question the finest likeness of Mr. Everett extant.

The following after from Mr. Everett to the artist, gives additional interest to the picture, and will be appreciated by the subscribers and the public.

Boston, 31 December 1868.

My Dear Sir: I have much pleasure in stating that your portrait of me, and Mr. Smith's engraving of it, give entire satisfaction to such of my friends as have seen them.

The portrait, as far as I am a proper judge, seems to me highly successful, both in design and execution. It comes fully up to the standard of your former work. It has been engraved by Mr. Smith with equal fidelity, spirit and skill. I remain, sincerely, your friend.

EDWARD EVERETT

The engraving is respectfully dedicated by the artist to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of the Union, and he has announced that one 1/4th part of his price of sales for the first year, will be paid over in aid of their fund.

**PRICE, \$3 00.**

Will be forwarded by mail, securely rolled and encased, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price with four postage stamps, or they can be forwarded, richly framed, at additional cost of \$1 25 to \$5, as ordered.—subscribers paying express charges.

To CLUBS I make the following liberal terms: For \$10 and 16 stamps, I will send 1 copy, For \$20, and 32 stamps, I will send 2 copies, securely encased, and postage prepaid.

Philanthropic young men and ladies, are cordially invited to interest themselves in procuring and forwarding subscriptions.

A few in the proof impressions with Mr. Everett's autograph attached, can be had at 85 each.

AGENTS ARE WANTED immediately in all cities and towns of the Union. For terms, which are unusually liberal, apply by letter (enclosing stamp to pay return postage) to.

**T. H. LEAVITT,**

37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK

Standard works, popular books, engravings and publications of all kinds, furnished at lowest prices, securely packed and forwarded by mail or express to any part of the United States.

Orders should be accompanied with the cash 2w 15

**COCAINE.**

From the high respectability and great skill of Mr. Burnett as a chemist, we herald with pleasure the introduction of anything coming from his hands. His celebrated toilet preparations have already extended its popularity from one part of the Union to the other; and one result of their excellence is that those who use them once are always sure to give them the preference as standard articles for the toilet. Ladies from their elegance, they are believed to be positive specifics for the purposes for which they are recommended.—Attorney, 16

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA SYRUP, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages, For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States.

As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee, Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally.

**WALTER BAKER & Co.,**

Dorchester, Mass.

**MEERSCHAUM**

PIPES AND TUBES of every variety of style and finish. Also, TRIMMINGS and FRENCH WOOD PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.

**F. BROWN, Apothecary,**

No. 45 Washington Street

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

The important qualities of a perfect hair dressing seem to have been successfully combined in Burnett's Cocaine, the active principle of which is Cocoa Nut Oil. Those who value a beautiful head of hair will do well to use this elegant preparation. Aside from its acknowledged superiority, it is claimed there is a saving of fifty per cent. favor of this over other compounds, one application being sufficient to last for days.—Providence Post

**MERRY'S MUSEUM, YOUTH'S CABINET, PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, THE SCHOOLFELLOW:** All of these popular periodicals for youth are now consolidated, and continued under the title of MERRY'S MUSEUM. The Boston agency for the Museum is at No. 125 Washington Street, at the same place where Parley's Magazine was formerly published. Subscriptions received at one dollar per year or ten cents per number. A portrait of the venerable Peter Parley appears in the January number for 1869. Address orders to H. W. SWETT & Co., Booksellers and Newsdealers, 125 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 2w 15

**BURNETT'S COCAINE**

Has earned a just reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. As it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, we do not hesitate to recommend it to our fair friends.—Ladies Family Magazine

**FOR SALE.**—A few wood cuts at this office on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given. 3w

**FOUSEL'S**

**PABULUM**

**VITÆ.**

A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts, requiring only to be known and used to become the first resort in cases of

Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease.

Unlike other preparations offered to the public, it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs or minerals, calculated only to soothe and lull the unsuspecting patient into security while the insidious disease still marches on its destroying way. Neither is it adulterated in large and numerous doses.

It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.

Price \$2 per bottle (half bottle \$1). Sent by mail to any part of the country, free from postage.

**F. J. LAFORET, Sole Agent at Weeks & Potter's, 144 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.**

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

A NEW AND IMPROVED PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. We speak, after giving it a trial, and can confidently recommend it to the old and young as being a preparation of inestimable value for the purposes intended.—St. John, Canada, Agents.

**MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS**

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

**F. A. TRULON,**

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

**MR. N. D. COTTON.**

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Engraving Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

A 1/4 TH OFF will allow a liberal discount from his own prices on all jobs exceeding \$20 in value. Save this advertisement, and call at 149 1-2 Washington St., Boston, directly opposite the Old South Church.

**WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**

THIS REMEDY has long commanded itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving headache and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Croup, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only genuine is prepared by **SEAL W. FOWLER & CO.,** Boston, and is for sale every where. 7m

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

This preparation for the hair has decidedly obtained a high reputation, and the spurious preparations which have been put into the market have a tendency to detract from the high reputation of the genuine article.—Boston Journal

**TO THE LADIES.**

**N. S. DEARBORN,**  
CARD ENGRAVER,  
24 SCHOOL STREET.

Just opened, a new and beautiful assortment of Plain and Fancy Tinted NOTE PAPERS, comprising the latest Parisian styles, with ENVELOPES to match. Ladies are particularly invited to examine this assortment, as the patterns are the most elegant ever seen in the city.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of CAKE BOXES, and the best quality of WEDDING STATIONERY. 4w 13

**DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.**

**KILBURN & MALLORY,**  
95 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

6m 12

**BURNETT'S COCAINE.**

Mr. Burnett's abilities as a chemist have enabled him to produce a compound, combining the properties of the Cocoa-Nut Oil, with a peculiar vegetable tonic sufficiently to preserve and promote the healthy growth of the hair, at the same time that it is unequalled as an article for the toilet.—Taunton Gazette.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**

**INDIAN EMMENAGOGUE.** A new and safe medicine designed expressly for females, and warranted to correct periodical obstructions from all the various causes that arise, and money refunded in case of failure. No quick medicine, but sold by a regularly educated physician of more than twenty years standing, who furnishes testimonials of character, sold only at Hingham Institute, No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston and No. 28 Union Street, Providence. Pamphlet on its use of women sent free on receipt of stamp to.

4w 13 Dr. H. N. MATTISON, as above

**VALUABLE PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.** We presume that any commendation of BURNETT'S COCAINE is superfluous. Probably an article of a similar character, has ever attained so wide spread and favorable a reputation in the same space of time, as has this compound of Cocoa-Nut Oil and other desirable articles. The well known reputation of the proprietors is sufficient guarantee of its quality.—Boston Atlas & Post

**Something New.—Agents Wanted.**

**BUSINESS LOCALITY.** Will pay weekly salary from \$3 to \$4. Small capital required. No "bum-bug." For particulars, enclose stamp, and address

4w 13 A. B. MARTIN, Pawtucket, N. H.

**SEWING MACHINES.**

**PRATT'S** Tight Stitch Machines. Price \$25 to \$35. Also, PRATT'S Improved Carpet Sweepers. Price \$2.50. Agents wanted. Apply at 64 Elm Street. 8w 11

**TRAVELLING PASSPORTS.**

PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Travelling Passports by applying to

**JOHN E. W. GILLEY**

No. 5 Old State House, Boston





THE NEW UNIVERSITY AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

## THE NEW UNIVERSITY AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

To show our readers on what a grand scale John Ball is improving and adorning his colonial possessions, we publish on this page a fine architectural engraving representing the Sydney University, an establishment of truly imperial proportions. Erected according to the designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. E. Blocket, an able architect, the building (ultimately intended to form three sides of a quadrangle) presents a front of more than 500 feet in length, in the centre of which, surmounting the principal gateway, is a tower upwards of 100 feet high; abutting on the western end of the facade is a hall, in the later mediæval style of architecture, the dimensions of which are 140 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and 70 feet in height from the pavement to the centre of the open roof. The latter is constructed of open timber work, the material employed being the indigenous iron bark and cedar. The details of construction are closely copied from some of the most celebrated examples of England; the carved trusses being supported by angles bearing shields, and other ornamental devices.

The hall is lighted by fifteen windows, the tracery of the whole of which will be filled with stained glass. The compartments of the great southern window will be filled with a series of figures, the size of life, representing the founders of the several colleges at Oxford; that at the opposite end of the hall containing a similar design in relation to Cambridge. A large bay-window will include the effigies of all the sovereigns of England, with their armorial ensigns, from the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, whose figure will form the centre of the group. The remaining side-lights, each containing three compartments, will present a series of figures of some of the most celebrated literary and scientific personages of Britain, viz., The venerable Bede, Cadmon, Roger Bacon, Robert Greathead and John Duns Scotus; Chaucer, Fortescue, James I. of Scotland, Sir Thomas More, Earl of Surrey, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, Ford and Massinger, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, Sir Philip Sydney, John Seiden, Milton, Harvey, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Dr. Boyle, Newton, Locke, Gray, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Black, Blackstone, and Captain Cook. All these figures are of life size. In the illustrious gallery Captain Cook, as the discoverer of the colony, may be said thus to connect its history with the pantheon of great English names. The expense attendant upon the carrying out of this elaborate and costly design will be entirely defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of colonists interested in the establishment of the university, and anxious to witness the completion of a building possessing all the ornamental illustrations and accompaniments of a collegiate edifice; desirous, in short, to create in this remotest dependency of the British crown, an institution possessing in some degree the material as well as the moral attributes of the two great universities of England; and suggestive of names and associations dear to every Englishman, in whatever part of the world his lot may be cast.

The university buildings are placed on a commanding site, in the centre of an area of about 140 acres, the whole of which is granted for the use of the university, and of the affiliated colleges that may be established in connection with it. Of these, the Church of England College of St. Paul's is already erected, whilst large funds have been raised for the erection of three other colleges of residence, under the auspices of the Church of Scotland, the Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic bodies. By the constitution of the university, the religious teaching, and moral supervision of the students, are confined to the affiliated colleges. All students, however, whether resident in colleges or not, are required to attend the secular teaching of the university lecturers and professors. Large sums of money have been granted for the erection of the buildings, and an annual grant of \$25,000 towards the support of the university, and of \$10,000 in aid of the colleges, is provided from the colonial treasury. The institution has the power of conferring degrees in arts, law, and medicine. The senior classical professor is the Rev. Dr. Woolley, formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford; the mathematical professor, M. P. Pell, Esq., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he attained the honor of senior wrangler and Smith's prizeman. John Smith, Esq., M. D., professor of chemistry and experimental philosophy, was formerly assistant professor in the same capacity in King's College, Aberdeen. The university has eight open scholarships of from \$250 to \$500 each annual value. The provost, Sir Charles Nicholson, recently visited England, and at the last commemoration at Oxford had the distinction of receiving the honorary degree of D. C. L.

## A REAL MAGICIAN.

Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, once related that in Paris he casually fell in with a real magician, or at least, a very old man, with whose appearance and manner he became very much struck. The man appeared a mysterious character, and advanced in years. They used to talk upon the subjects of magic and incantations, until the stranger, seeing the interest Mr. Beckford took in such topics, in which he himself seemed to take no less, he told him that, if he would call upon him, he would exhibit to him one of the most extraordinary things his imagination could conceive. The address he gave was in an obscure part of Paris. Curiosity and fancy for such things overpowered every other consideration, though the man was only a chance acquaintance. Mr. Beckford determined to go, and went accordingly. The approach to the dwelling indicated was through an old timber-yard, which appeared to have remained long in the same state, the timber in many instances appearing to have laid long enough to fall into a state of decay. Passing through the yard, the visitor entered a sort of hall, of considerable size, in which he met the owner, who had to sustain the character, and support his averments of being a believer, and an adept in magic. He had dressed himself in a mode to sustain in some degree that character. The apartment had tapestry hangings, and many ornaments, in good taste, were dispersed about. A flight of steps, at the top of the room or hall, led into a garden at the back of the house, and at the top of the stairs stood a large marble or stone vase, almost as large as the Warwick vase, filled with the purest water. Some unimportant conversation ensued, when the Frenchman bade his visitor look into the vase, and say if he saw anything whatever but pure water. He replied that he could see nothing else. The man then uttered some mysterious or cabalistic words, and all at once the vase appeared to be filled with an innumerable quantity of living creatures, of the most extraordinary shapes and forms, as odd as those small, strange insects, discoverable in impure liquids. The apartment, too, seemed filled with various living and strange forms. He became all at once in a state of surprise and astonishment, from which, when he recovered and looked around, he could see nothing more of what had just attracted his wonder, and even the man himself had withdrawn. He never met the magician again, which might easily have been the result of accident, considering the convulsed state of Paris; but he always thought the trick, however performed, was one of the most mysterious and unaccountable that he had ever met with. He had no doubt of its being a trick; but it was admirably played off, and for what object but to startle him, and remove his incredulity on similar subjects, he could not conjecture. He paid nothing for the exhibition.—*Life of Beckford.*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } Vol. XVI., No. 17... Whole No. 409.  
3 CENTS SINGLE.

## HON. JAMES A. PEARCE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.  
The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Homer from a very fine photograph by J. E. McClees, Washington, D. C. James Alfred Pearce is of an old Maryland family, settled in that State in 1670. He was educated at Princeton College, having entered the institution at fourteen years of age, and graduated in 1822, at the age of sixteen years, with the first honors of his class. He subsequently studied law, in Baltimore, at Professor Hoffman's law school, a branch of the University of Maryland, and was admitted to practice at the bar at the close of 1826. In 1828, he visited the South, and after passing some months upon a plantation in Louisiana, returned to his native State in the summer of 1829, and engaged in the practice of law at Chestertown, in Kent county. In 1831, however, he was elected to the legislature of Maryland, and in 1835 to Congress. In 1837, he was again elected to Congress, also in 1841, and in 1843 to the senate of the United States, of which body he has continued to be a member to the present time. In 1850, Mr. Pearce was nominated by President Fillmore, and confirmed by the senate, as secretary of the interior, but, preferring to continue in the senate in discharge of the duties assigned to him by the legislature of Maryland, he declined that appointment. In politics Mr. Pearce is a moderate whig, but he gave Mr. Buchanan a liberal support in 1856. The whole course of his public life, however, shows him to be a man of disinterested patriotism, of large and independent views, and singularly free from sectional and partizan prejudices. There are few men in our country whose minds are so richly stored with every variety of learning, and whether the subject presented to him be political or historical, physical or purely scientific, he is equally prepared to illustrate it with the soundest views, and to sustain them with the most ample and conclusive authorities. Mr. Pearce has always evinced a deep interest in the prosecution of our coast survey. In the powerful speech which he delivered in its defence, in reply to Mr. Benton, nearly ten years ago, he established beyond all further question its vast importance, and he has frequently since that time extended to it his fostering care. It is not our purpose here, nor would the limits of such a sketch as this furnish space, to recount the many able and eloquent senatorial efforts of Mr. Pearce—they are upon our Congressional records, and a part of our national history. We have always thought, however, that one of his most patriotic and brilliant speeches was that made in the senate on July 20th, 1850, shortly after the death of President Taylor, and in his defence. When the celebrated "compromise resolutions" of Mr. Clay had been defeated, it was Mr. Pearce who framed, supported, and successfully carried through the senate, the bill for the establishment of the northern and western boundaries of Texas, which effectually settled that vexed question, and put to rest the excitement which at that period so seriously threatened our national harmony. In debate Mr. Pearce is ready and fluent. His speeches are always extemporaneous. His style is chaste and elegant, argumentative and concise, and uniformly characterized by great simplicity and clearness. He invariably exhausts the whole subject of controversy, says nothing unnecessary, and leaves nothing necessary unsaid. Like many statesmen of classic, as well as modern times, Mr. Pearce has a fondness for rural life—floreiculture, and farming. He has,

from their commencement, taken a lively interest in the Botanical Gardens and conservatories of the government, and contributed largely to the introduction and cultivation of rare and beautiful plants, and to their dissemination over the country. He possesses also a cultivated artistic taste, which is continually appealed to in the selection of decorations for our national capitol. And this, with his extended literary acquirements, and familiar acquaintance with books in every department, rendered peculiarly appropriate. long ago, his appointment as chairman of the library committee of the senate, an office which he still continues to hold. In conclusion, we sum up the character of James Alfred Pearce in the declaration that he is, in the highest sense, an accomplished gentleman, an ornament to our national councils, one whose presence in the senate gives strength to our institutions, and is a guarantee of perpetuity to our Union. We add a few passages from a brief address, delivered recently by Mr. Pearce, before the Burns

Club of Washington City, D. C., at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, on which occasion he presided as honorary chairman. "Just one hundred years ago, within the clay walls of a cottage which his own father's hands had constructed, Robert Burns was born:

'Fair science smiled not on his humble birth.'

No 'boast of heraldry' was his. Few and feeble were the gleams of prosperity which through a life of toil and severe struggles with poverty cheered the peasant bard. He owed very little to education, far less to patronage, and nothing to the accidents of fortune. Yet, while drudging in the daily routine of labors, which may well be supposed to have been somewhat repulsive to one of his susceptibilities, he felt the sting of genius. His own fervid and impassioned imagination bred and nourished in him a love of song, and before he had passed the period of early manhood, he was the author of a body of

poetry sufficient in itself for a national minstrelsy. This was not the result of a systematic pursuit of poetry as an art—of careful study of the finest models of poetic taste and beauty. The poetry of Burns welled out from the fountain of his own imagination. It was the natural overflow of a mind full of strong feeling, of quick and warm sensibilities, and of bold, original thought. He was not merely the author of beautiful fancy scenes, such as spring from the ardor of poetic invention, but rather the painter of nature and truth—daguerrotyping in his mind all that appeared to him attractive and striking, particularly in that lowly life, along whose sequestered vale his own condition and pursuits chiefly led him. But, however he strung his harp, whether in lowly life or amid its higher scenes, his was

'That music to whose tone,  
The common pulse of man keeps time.'

His poetry spoke to the hearts of men, and filled them with his own yearnings, while it revealed to them in full beauty and tenderness, what they had only dimly seen or vaguely felt before. All this, as well as his sympathy with the people, the scorn of abject dependence which his verses breathed, their teachings to the poor of honest pride and self-respect, and his manly sentiment not only embodied in bold verse, but ever exhibited in his independent life, that

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the man for a that.'

made him the favorite of the Scotch people. . . . His descriptions of natural scenery were seldom too elaborate, but almost invariably fresh, fragrant, and truthful; as that in gathering poetic sweets from nature's charms, he has been fitly 'compared to the humming bird, from bloom to bloom, inhaling heavenly balms.' In the martial lyric, he has given us an ode unsurpassed in any age, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled. Bruce's address to his army stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. In its few but magnificent verses it appeals to the pride of former renown, the hope of glorious victory, the devotion of faithful patriotism, the honor of generous loyalty, the sacred love of freedom, scorn of the coward and the traitor's shame, and detestations of oppression's chains—to all that could swell the hearts and fire the souls of brave men upon the field of desperate conflict, compressed into a few verses, every word of which makes the bosom throb with the high and bold resolution, 'To do or die.' . . . Death, which so early stilled his song forever, came not in time to prevent his securing that permanent fame which he coveted more than wealth or honors; and posterity, more just and generous than contemporaries, have given to his mortal remains a fitting mausoleum, and to his memory a consecrated place in the Scottish heart. Even here, too, it lives, fresh and green, by the sparkling waters of our Atlantic, and in the grand primeval woods of our mighty West. Gentlemen, for more than a century past, Scotland has been prolific of intellectual development in all departments. She has contributed to the realm of which she forms but a small part, a large proportion of the men distinguished as metaphysicians, political economists, inventors, historians, critics, orators, and poets. Among them all, no one has secured a higher place in the admiration and affections of his countrymen than Burns." Senator Pearce's political speeches are characterized by great energy, fearlessness and eloquence of the kind ascribed by Webster to Adams. He speaks "right on," directly, fluently and appositely, always to the point, and always with effect.



HON. JAMES A. PEARCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE BRIDAL ROCK.

BY CAROLINE L. HENTZ.\*

"Good heavens! Look at the bay!"

This was the exclamation of a young man who was in company with two ladies, seated within a small cottage on the beach of Inskanilla Bay. He arose and drew near to the window. The ladies, aroused by his outcry, followed him quickly. It was truly a startling spectacle that greeted their view.

The broad waters of the bay, stretching out for miles and bounded by heavy woodlands, resembled a vast cauldron of boiling gold. The nightly element was quivering, scintillating with phosphorescent radiance, and there was only a shadow, where the deep troughs of the waves were marked. The sky above was of inky blackness, for with the night a heavy storm had come on, and the sound of the deep rolling thunder mingled with the hoarse cry of the wind. All without, around and above was shrouded with the pall of darkness, save the glistening, heaving bay. Vivid flashes of lightning now and then illuminated the whole heavens, leaving them still blacker than before to the dazzled view.

"It blinds me!" cried the elder lady, shading her eyes and partly drawing away. "I do not like to witness such strange sights. Where can my poor Norma be wandering on such a night?"

The young man touched the arm of the girl, who was his sister, and bid her observe something without. Another lightning flash had revealed to him a figure rapidly moving up and down the piazza.

"The e-ss-e is!" he said, in an under tone.

The whisper was low, but the mother's ear caught it. Again she approached the window and looked out into the darkness. The lightning's torch soon revealed to her the moving figure, and she heard a deep sigh.

"Norma is in one of her strange moods to-night. She always is when there is heavy weather, and then one might as well attempt to chain the wind as to control her."

She turned away with another deep sigh, and resumed her low chair. The young man went out upon the piazza, and his sister sat down by Norma's mother. The young girl said nothing, but the simple heart of Mrs. Leigh was ready to relieve its fullness. She began in a complaining, latter voice:

"Norma was not always so. There was a time when her eye was bright, and her cheek as blooming as your own. It is all changed now—so changed!"

"Poor Norma!" echoed the listener; "I always thought that she appeared like one who was heart-broken; but you know, my dear Mrs. Leigh, how ready the world is to make all kinds of surmises. I have often wished that I knew more of Norma's history, that I might—I might reply—"

The girl paused. Mrs. Leigh thought it was from embarrassment; but there was a gleam in the haughty eyes of Ellen May that told a different story. Her brother's offer of love had been rejected by Norma with the most careless disdain, his attentions had been met with the coolest indifference. Ellen had not visibly altered in her manner towards Norma, but she had been bitterly mortified, and she longed to know more of the strange girl's history. Here was the auspicious moment for encouraging the unsuspecting confidence of Mrs. Leigh. It was given readily, and Ellen listened with downcast, but eager, glistening eyes.

"We lived far away from this place some few years back," began Mrs. Leigh. "It was in a pleasant village where my pretty cottage was built, and we were happy, very happy there. It is true I was only a poor widow, but Norma was the pride of my eyes and the joy of my home. She seemed then to be most blest with her singular powers of attraction, and it was not strange, with the homage she received from so many hearts, that her spirits were as bright as the summer air."

"There was a youth who also lived in the village; I will not call a name that has become a hushed sound in this home. His father was wealthy, but a tyrant, and the son refused to submit to such tyranny as was imposed upon him. He became an alien from the home fire-side, as also from his patrimony, and wandered to our village. He was proud, as he was poor in his outcast condition, and really knew nothing

about labor, but in spite of his many faults and his poverty, there was not a girl in the village, even the poorest and plainest, who would not have gladly received his attentions. He gave them all to Norma."

"It was not long before they were betrothed, and my child was too happy for me to cloud her young betrothal. I did not withhold my consent to their union, when he should have succeeded in establishing himself in business, though I saw much that was to be deplored in his education. I never witnessed a more cloudless love dawn, or knew two beings who seemed so formed to make each other happy."

"They were separated, for he gained employment in a neighboring city, in a banking establishment, and received a good salary. He urged a speedy union, an importunate Norma to name an early day. It was done, and we were hurried in our simple preparations, in which our kind neighbors assisted us. All seemed bright and joyous in the rosy future, and Norma catalogued happy songs from morn till night."

Here the narrator paused, and Ellen, with her eyes now fixed on Mrs. Leigh's face, impatiently waited the conclusion. The story went on after a while with a leap of desperate speed.

"Ellen May, he never came to claim his bride, lovely as she was in her white robes and joy-flushed cheek. I cannot speak of what followed. Norma had no brother or father to redress her wrong, and we bore it—because it must be borne. But there is a sequel. We heard that he was to marry the daughter of his employer, the rich president of the bank. His only child was a blind girl, and she had been an intimate friend of Norma's. Now when the blind girl was about to be wedded, she sent to Norma, begging her to be her bridesmaid, in ignorance, of course, of the bitter wrong her lover had inflicted on her girlhood's friend. Norma accepted the invitation, to my astonishment, and in spite of my entreaties; she accompanied a party of our acquaintance who attended the wedding. She returned to me the wreck you see her now. The past is a sealed book between us, and she has never revealed to me what passed during her stay in the city. I only knew that there had been a wedding, by the report of others. Well, we came to this land-locked, far-off place, and here we have dragged out our mournful life since then." Mrs. Leigh drew a long, weary breath. "There, Ellen May, you have Norma's story. I have been very weak to unfold it."

Randal May had stepped out upon the piazza with a very daring spirit, for he knew something of the nature of her whom he sought. Norma continued her restless promenade, as unmindful of his approach as if she had not observed it. By degrees he drew nearer to the circle in which she passed and re-passed, and at length he tried to detain her.

"Stop, Norma! I entreat; if it be only for a moment."

She paused and confronted him in silence; but he felt the magnetism of her eyes, even in the darkness.

"I know not," he began vehemently, "what drives me to this—what powerful impulse can urge me to seek you. You who have more than scorned me. O, Norma, be womanly! Listen to my pleadings, and give me some hope to feed the deep yearnings of a heart that clamors for your love."

He paused, for a flash of light gleamed over them, and revealed to him the pale, mocking face of Norma.

"The same 'twice-told tale!" she exclaimed. Her voice thrilled him even when it mocked, for it was one of rare music. "I imagined that some worthy motive had induced you to venture out on a night like this."

"In mercy," he retorted, "cease this trifling! I tell you, Norma, I offer you an honest heart. You have no right to cast it back in such derision."

"Honest heart!" she echoed, scornfully.

"Yes, before Heaven, an honorable, true love. You shall not question it, Norman Leigh, though you abuse your woman's privileges."

This time the light revealed to her a face that was manly in its rightful, indignant glow. The sight altered her mind, for she replied in a far different tone than before:

"I dare to spurn a love in which it is impossible for me to place any faith. I dare to scorn your whole sex, and to deride your hollow professions, for I have not sought them, and I despise your cowardly persecution of an unprotected

girl. If there was one spark of manly pride in—"

He checked her in a voice that quivered with passion, and he unconsciously grasped her arm in a vice-like grasp.

"Fool, dolt that I am to subject myself to this. I will be sick no longer!"

She shook off his hold, and even then there was fascination for him as he gazed upon her wild, fury-like appearance. How like an elf she was, with her black locks blown around her white cheeks, her large eyes gleaming with a lustre akin to blue flame, and flashing as if they had borrowed their beams from the lightning. He gazed but for a moment thus, then muttered fiercely:

"She shall rue this hour—ay, bitterly rue it."

"I rue it now!" she cried; "the hour that brought this intrusion upon my solitude."

He turned away, stung to the depths of his heart, and Norma Leigh was left alone; alone with the demon that had transformed her to her present fearful self; the demon that this night was roused in all its fury. Piercer rose the storm, and with it rose Norma's madness. Back and forth she walked, faster and faster, with her arms folded upon her bosom, and her eyes upon the glistening waters. Such fires were flashing from her own love-blinded eyes, that the glare of the lightning did not blind her.

"How I love such a battle of the elements," she began audibly, and in strange exultation. "My spirit seems to mingle with those fiery nymphs that ride the waves, and then this insatiate monster within me finds companionship! Its burning thirst finds momentary cooling in the breath of the fierce wind. How it howls! Walter! Walter!" she called, and leaned out over the bluff. She cast her voice out upon the air as if she wished it borne to some listening ear.

"Hear me, Walter Ravens; hear my curses upon you and your ill-gotten wife! O, death to you both. Death in the thunderbolt, in the angry waves, in the blast! But better far in the cold steel! Would that my hand could inflict the unerring bolt! I have a weapon," and there was a gleam of a stiletto where she placed her hand. "I would joy in shutting out from her heart the life-pulses, as securely as the day-beams are shut out from her eyes. Ha! that would be revenge! You would not wed the murderess of your life though you loved her, Walter! Ay, loved her—and let the love madden you and kill you by inches, as it is killing another. This would be revenge!"

The waters dashed up closer and closer to the bluff, and as she leaned over it the spray drenched her elf-life locks, and cooled her burning cheeks. A pair of steel-like eyes looked up from the beach below into her bended face, and a dark form glided out, forced by the rising waters, yet she saw neither. Her ravings had gone out across the restless sea, and not alone had the sea nymphs caught the sound. The cottage door opened and Mrs. Leigh's sad face appeared. She came close to Norma and tried to force her in, but it was in vain. The demon was triumphant, and Norma broke away from her mother's feeble clasp, crying:

"Let me go! If you would have me a maniac, force me in there!"

She ran down the narrow steps which led to the water. Now the waves were washing the lower part; but she loved the angry waters, and did not pause for them. She was soon out of reach of her mother's sorrowing wail.

Alone in the sombre shadows cast by a dim lamp, poor Mrs. Leigh kept her anxious vigil through the night. An undefined horror of some impending evil sat like a nightmare upon her soul, and weighed it down like lead. Yet weary and long as were the hours of darkness, they were away at last, in gloom and in solitude to Mrs. Leigh.

"Where is my unhappy child?" was the cry that like the booming surf kept constant moan in her heart.

At the gray dawn her pale, haggard face looked out upon the dreary prospect. A heavy mist hung over the still heaving bay, black drift was stranded along the beach, from which the waters were slowly receding, and loud as the cannon's roar boomed the surf as it broke upon the distant shores of the bay. The pale mother hurried down through the drift and along the beach, with but one object giving speed to her trembling steps. Onward and onward she pressed, heeding none, though there was more than one who paused, and with compassionate inquiry marked her miserable face. At length

she came close upon a crowd of persons gathered around some object lying upon the beach. The mist was so heavy that she glided unseen among the crowd, and fixed her fascinated gaze upon the scene that met her view.

Upon the sand lay a fair young creature, upon whose marble-like features death had stamped an indelible seal. Like waves of rippling gold, her long, curling hair swept upon the sand, and across her still bosom, and sea-green moss, dripping with brine, shone here and there among its bright foldings. The tide had just ebbed from the spot where she lay, and her garments were dripping with the water, but it had no power now to chill her stiffened limbs. Stilled forever was her once warm heart, and the light had gone out from her closed eyes. It was like gazing upon the work of a sculptor, so fair and still she lay in her deep slumber—but there was one blot upon the picture. A deep closed wound in one fair temple shone in ghastly distinctness. There was a murmuring of voices among the crowd, and here and there Mrs. Leigh heard a word or sentence:

"Who can she be?" "No one has ever seen her before." "Drowned, perhaps." "A steel wound." "What! murdered did you say?"

"Is there no trace of who and what she is?" asked one.

"I have a story to relate," replied a voice, and its tones were fearfully hollow.

The speaker was Randal May; yet it would have been difficult to have recognized him, with a face so dark and wretched. His voice gained firmness as he perceived with what eagerness his auditors awaited his words.

"I have reasons for believing that this young woman has been murdered. Here is a handkerchief which I found upon her person, and it bears her name."

The soft, damp, sea-stained fabric was taken by the first speaker, and the name read aloud—"Adelia Ravens." Randal May proceeded:

"Before dawn I came out to see what vestiges there was of the violence of the storm, and here upon this spot I came upon this body. It was not alone there. There was a person beside it who held a glittering stiletto, and then the wound you see there was bleeding freshly. It has closed since."

The quick eye of the first speaker, who was a magistrate, observed that the wound had begun to turn blue, and that clots of blood hung around it.

"I heard," Randal continued, "that person whom I found sitting beside the dead body utter murderous threats against the life of this poor murdered woman. I heard them distinctly not many hours previous."

There was a breathless pause.

"Can you not name this person?" asked the magistrate.

"If it be required at law I will do so."

"I require it immediately," responded the officer, "as there should be an arrest, and no time is to be lost."

"I grieve to name as branded with so horrible a crime that of a young girl," said Randal, and there was a faint tremor in his voice.

"This is a matter in which there must be no trifling," cried the magistrate, sternly. "You are but a tool in the hand of the law. Speak out!"

"The girl is known by most of you," began Randal, boldly. "It is Norma Leigh."

There was a shriek so piercing and resounding, that it seemed as if the life chords must have snapped in some poor heart. Then Randal May turned pale and weak. He had not seen the mother's wretched face. Ah, well might his cheek blanch; he had not reckoned upon the cost of such revenge; but there was no place for turning now, his hand was in the flame, and though he might writhe with pain, it could not be withdrawn.

Whilst some were bearing away the senseless form of Mrs. Leigh, others, accompanied by the magistrate, were upon the track of the accused. They had not long to search. Far up the beach, seated on her favorite haunt, a lone rock jutting over the deep water, they found Norma Leigh. All the charm and witchery of the elf had vanished from her looks, and in her stony eyes, damp, uncombed locks, and drenched and soiled garments, there was nothing but desolation. Drooping and nerveless hung her pale hands. Ah, had the monster within her slaked its burning thirst with her heart's fountain, drained it of its purity, and left her thus wrecked and revenged? Ah, where was the light that had

\* Daughter of the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.



done so brilliantly from her dark eyes but a few moments before, as she visioned her vengeance?

It had come! Death, death to her who had come between Norma and happiness! Death! Who could tell by what means the bolt had fallen? In the blast that Norma had invoked, in the cold wave, or in the cold steel?

Norma looked up, around, down, and all was gloom, save where through small, grated windows a stray sunbeam slanted in. Her dull gaze took the vision in, and yet no change came over her hard, stony face. Could it be that Norma Leigh's delicate limbs were doomed to a hard prison bed? Was it prison walls that rose so darkly around her? Alas, it was too true! Youth or sex could not save her, when the iron rod of the law held her in its mighty grasp. Passively and silently she had yielded to the arrest, and neither by word nor look strove to assert her innocence.

The days went by with magic speed to those who breathed the free air of heaven, for an intense excitement prevailed. Never had any community been the scene of so strange a transaction. Every tongue was laden with the wild story. "A young girl arrested for murder, and of the murdered nothing could be ascertained—save a name." Time might unravel the mystery, but time could not be hurried in its mighty course, and while curiosity rose to fever height, Norma languished in a jail. Now and then there was a visitor in her prison parlor, but she had ever been a being of strange reserve, and there was little now in her manners to encourage either curious or unfeigned interest.

Did she not wonder where was the mother upon whose bosom her infant head was pillowed? Did she not miss her gentle caresses, and weep that even a mother's love had deserted her in the hour of shame? If there were such thoughts in her bosom she was too proud to utter them, and there was no one who found courage to tell her that her mother from the first moment of waking to consciousness, and realizing the fatal truth, had sunk into a state of complete imbecility and helplessness.

The day of trial came, and Norma yielded passively to the guidance that directed her steps to the court-house. Her seat had been guarded from the public view, and none but those upon the stand were visible to herself. There was a mingled hum, giving evidence to the vast crowd gathered below; but the consciousness seemed to awake no tremor in the heart of Norma, upon whose cheek there was a cast that appeared as impassible as marble. No shadow of change was visible upon her face until the evidence of the chief witness was given.

As Randal May, with business precision, repeated the wild words he had heard her utter, whilst he was concealed beneath the bluff over which she leaned—as she heard her ravings thus cast into the ready ears of a gaping multitude, a fiery spot came out upon each cheek. Not until he turned to retake his seat did he meet the glance of her eyes—a glance as unfathomable as it was piercing. Another witness was called, and whose evidence bore upon the mysteries of the case. Ellen May stood heavily veiled before the court.

Again Norma listened; as with the keenness of the scalping knife, the great wound so ghastly in her heart, and yet so sacred, was laid bare. Ellen May recounted the narrative she had gathered from the lips of Mrs. Leigh, and the chain of circumstantial evidence was complete. The mad girl of the story, and the ill-gotten wife of whose darkened sight Norma had raved, were one and the same—the names were the same. The wife of Walter Ravens was the object upon which Norma had breathed her murderous threats, and the murdered bore the name of Ravens. A golden pin had been discovered upon the dead body bearing the inscription, "To my love—from Walter to Adelia."

The solicitor had ample field in which to display his eloquence, and it was done. The crowd sat in spell-bound silence during his speech. When the lawyer in defence arose it was in deep embarrassment. He had no ground upon which to clear the accused, save the monstrosity of the charge against a delicate girl, one to whose charms and kindness there were many present who all have borne witness. There was a sound of sobbing at this assertion, and more than one humble inmate sat with head bowed in bitter weeping. Suddenly there was a stir among those seated on the bench. "The prisoner fainting!" cried one.

Ellen May hurried forward with her smelling-salts, but Norma dashed away the proffered hand with the fury of a tiger. Her illness was not feigned, and burning with fever they bore her from the court.

Not many hours later, the doors of the prison to which she had been returned were opened to admit a visitor. A young man entered, bearing the sharp cut lineaments of Randal May. The heavy hinges re-closed, and they were alone. There were some workings of human feeling contracting his severe lips; but it was a weakness, and he conquered it as he approached the bed upon which she lay motionless.

"This is a strange place of meeting, Norma. Do you remember our parting?" he asked, with bitter triumph.

She made no reply, but fixed upon him her large eyes, and there was a portion of the old scorn slowly igniting at the spark he was kindling. Again he began hurriedly, as if the silence was oppressive.

"Do you know the verdict which has been passed upon your crime?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And the doom?"

"I know it," she said quickly, as if to end the torture.

"What is it?" he asked, with inquisitor-like cruelty.

He had looked for her to quail, but she replied: "Hanging!" And there was a strange, proud gleam in the eyes that glared upon him. It was now his turn to quail, yet it was but momentarily, then he said:

"I come to ask if you have no requests to make; if there is not some one whom you would like to see; if there is no message I can bear for you."

She raised partly upon her elbow, and with something of the old wild music in her voice, cried, as she pointed one thin finger to the door: "I desire nothing of you but freedom from your presence."

There was a dignity, a power in her words and in her manner that overpowered him, and without another word he turned away cowering, and with a thorn in his heart that would never cease to rankle. Ah, where was his revenge? Where was Norma's?

The lapse of time had no landmarks for Norma. It might have been hours, or it might have been days, before her prison doors were opened to admit another visitor than the physician. This time a gentle, holy face bent over her, and it was that of the minister—the physician of the soul, with his time-honored locks and heaven-illuminated brow. He held a volume and sat beside her with her cold hand in his, as he read to her softly and affectionately from the pages of the Holy Book. She listened with her eyes upon his face, and the strong expression of her features gradually changed as he read here and there from the consoling words of Jesus. He dwelt with peculiar eloquence upon the story of the thief on the cross.

"Does not Christ," asked Norma, in startling emphasis, "somewhere tell his disciples that 'he who hath murder in his heart shall be condemned'?"

"Those are not the precise words of our Lord," replied the minister, "but that is the same in meaning with one of his sayings in the sermon on the Mount."

He turned to the 5th chapter of Matthew and read the 21st and 22d verses; then to the first epistle of St. John and read the 15th verse of the third chapter.

"But, my daughter," he continued, "Christ's mission was one of divine forgiveness. He came not to denounce but to pardon, and the rivers of mercy are flowing as plentifully and as freely as in the day of the crucifixion, when the glorious instance I have been dwelling upon was given of divine mercy."

Naught but a low moaning sound came from Norma's lips in reply. The rigid expression of her features had given way to that of a hopeless anguish, that was harrowing to witness. No consolation seemed to penetrate through the cloud of dark conviction that had settled upon her soul. No words came from her lips but the sentence, "He who hath murder in his heart is in danger of hell fire." So her distorted remembrance bore the language of Christ. Again and again the minister came, and strove to open to her darkened soul the avenues of peace, but it was in vain. As well might he have cast his words to the heaving billow, and have looked for the senseless element to drink the healing in.

Norma's was a nature in which the wells of feeling were almost imperceptibly deep, and there was but one being who had ever fathomed their depths. In vain was he mourning now.

Some days succeeding the trial there was an unusual stir without the prison, a mingling of voices following the rapid approach of wheels. Then steps approached the door of Norma's cell, and assisted by the jador, a stranger crossed the threshold and entered. Then with uncertain, feeble steps, a young man slowly approached the centre of the apartment where Norma sat crouched upon the floor. He looked like one who had been rescued from the grave, so supernaturally pallid was his wasted face. He was obliged to shade his sight for a moment that he might distinguish objects in the dark prison, and then he took in the melancholy vision of Norma's crouching figure. Her head was buried between her folded hands, and the whole of her worn frame shook with the convulsive sighs that flowed constantly from her bosom.

The young man gazed in silence, with all the warmth, all the vitality of a passionate nature concentrated into his piercing dark eyes. His pale lips quivered as he mastered his emotion, and spoke but one word; yet it was with thrilling eloquence. He called "Norma," and half bent over her, unconsciously opening his arms, as if he looked for her to pillow her head upon his bosom. She started with a wild cry. That voice and that thrilling tone penetrated to her heart's core. She met the glance with one so fearfully wild, he trembled lest her reason had fled. For an instant there was some involuntary, yearning impulse which made her half bend to that offered embrace; but as instantaneously she recoiled, and all the anguish came back into her face.

The young man shuddered as he saw the change, his outstretched arms dropped heavily by his side, and he sank upon a seat overpowered. Through the white, thin fingers that he pressed over his eyelids, dropped such tears as man seldom weeps—such tears as Norma in her suffering had never shed. Yes, it was Walter Ravens, who, in the abandonment of a woman-like sorrow, wept at the ruin he had made—the wreck of what had been so lovely. He recalled a vision of the bloom that once glowed so softly upon her joy-kissed cheek, the light that once made glorious her love-lit eyes, and in anguish he cried:

"O, Norma, to tell you this! I am tempted, like Cain, to cry, 'My punishment is heavier than I can bear!'"

"Welcome, punishment," exclaimed Norma, and the sound of her voice came to him in its long lushed music like a mournful dirge over buried happiness, "to me! It is I whose deopdyed sin shuts me out even from the mercy of Christ."

He heard her in wonder.

"It is false, Norma. You are innocent. You dare not repeat what you have uttered, or I shall indeed think that this most foul injustice done you has overthrown your reason."

"Alas," she moaned, "I am not mad, but guilty, most guilty."

"Cease, Norma, for the love of heaven. I would as soon question the purity of the angels, as to believe you guilty of wrong—such wrong as has been imputed to you."

"You know not my misery!" she cried. "Has not Christ condemned murder in the heart? If my hands are not dyed with blood, my soul is crimsoned, not alone with her's who was found dead! You know what sinful words I was heard to utter; yet I have not, no, not even by a look, attempted to assert my innocence! Innocence, did I say? O, not that. Yet what vengeance could I inflict on senseless clay? God had been merciful, and had taken the frail life which my guilty soul threatened! It was a far kinder dole. I thank the Great Being for it, though I am no less guilty!"

Walter listened to her wild language, and once more bowed his head in uncontrollable grief, but he could not shut out the heart-rending echo of her voice. He was little prepared to find her thus, and the sight unmanned him. He had come boldly, bearing proofs that would restore the injured victim to the free air of heaven; but he had expected to find her terrible in the majesty of wrong; not as she was, O, no! It needed but this sight to complete the agony of his remorse. Again he roused himself.

"This is madness, Norma. What were the ravings of an over-heated brain? It is most sinful thus to wrong the Almighty's free mercies, to think that his word denounces mere delirium."

Believe me, were you summoned to appear at that higher tribunal, the record of your heart's history would bear no murderous stain. I know your heart now far better than you dream."

She only moaned in the same sad, despairing way. Even his voice had no power to remove the mists from her diseased brain. The sight grew to be torture, and he sprang up, exclaiming:

"But why do we linger here? Come, Norma, let me bear you from this murderous place, let not another moment witness this fearful outrage. But alas, I forget that even my voice cannot operate without the law. Let me hasten and send those more worthy the high privilege of releasing you." Again he paused. "There is another story, Norma, I have dreamed that it would be sweet to pour into your ears."

His voice grew eloquent with passionate emphasis, as another and a deeper chord within his nature was stirred.

"Tell me, Norma, in pity, if you will not feel polluted, in listening to that which may soften my crime, in your bitter remembrance of what has been."

Again the moan, and the slow, distinct words, "Nothing, nothing for my ears!"

The air seemed to grow heavy around him, and with a gasp he cried as he again turned to go: "Farewell, Norma! I could have borne your curse far better than this; but I will no longer outrage your forbearance by my presence. Farewell! May Heaven bless you! if it is not sinful for me to invoke Heaven."

He went out, with a roused spirit crying menacingly within him, "'Tis thy work."

One look she cast after his retreating figure, as if it was the last she should ever cast thus on earth. Could she have read with what that look was eloquent, she would have realized that she did not fathom her own heart as she did another's.

There was a loud ringing of the court bell, and an eager, waiting crowd rushed in and filled the court room. There had been a rumor that a stranger had arrived who could throw light upon the mysterious murder, and excitement rose fearfully in suspense. Walter Ravens arose before the eager crowd, and made no delay in giving a brief, clear statement of the singular chain of incidents that had led to this unfortunate error. He used that eloquence alone which a mighty truth bears, but it was powerful, and the crowd sat spell-bound, not alone interested in Norma's fate, but in that of him who had been the hero of her sorrowful girlhood. His peculiarly striking appearance added another charm to the whole wild transaction and denouement. This was the substance of his story:

"He had left home with his blind, invalid wife with no other purpose but the restoration of her health and the gratification of her invalid fancies. They were on board a packet bound for some southern port, and when it was known to Adelia that they passed close to the bay of Inskanilla, she was seized with a desire to visit its quiet settlement, though she nor Walter knew of Norma's having found her home there. She had heard of its many charms, its soft waters, and though she could not see its beauties, she had her avenues of enjoyment. Walter owned a small pleasure-boat, and he had brought it, anticipating some such excursion, in which Adelia had often accompanied him before. It was fitted up with every convenience that its size could afford. They easily procured the services of a sailor, and after making arrangements with the captain of the packet to meet him on his return voyage, they embarked upon the waters in their little boat. A stiff breeze soon whiffed them close to the entrance of Inskanilla. There had been a steady breeze blowing through the day, and there was little appearance of storm in the light clouds that scudded before the breeze; but suddenly at sunset the wind veered, and angry clouds began chasing each other with fearful rapidity across the sky. Thunder heads loomed up near the horizon, and when the boat was launched upon the waters of the bay, the wind bore them direct from the settlement, whither they were bound. Yet the sailor assured them that they could reach the port before the storm would rise to its height. They steered out boldly, and when darkness came on they found themselves rocked upon the tempestuous, fiery-looking element, and the storm was rapidly nearing them. When the lightning began to play so fiercely, Walter endeavored to shield his wife, and urged her to go into the small cabin; yet she seemed to enjoy the sound of this wild play among the elements, and persisted in sitting near the mast."



"At length there came a bolt that seemed aimed by the Almighty at the helpless craft. A portion of the mast was splintered in pieces, and Walter sprang to the assistance of the sailor, whom he saw was stunned. Yet he had scarcely moved, before a groan from Adelia caused him to turn again immediately, and he saw that the blood was trickling from a deep wound in her temple. A splinter from the lightning-struck mast had glanced towards her, and penetrated to a fatal depth. Regardless of all else, Walter took her in his arms, and whilst he endeavored to staunch the flowing blood, the boat, left to the mercy of the waves and wind, gave a fearful plunge. Before she had righted herself, the next wave swept over her like a mighty monster, and carried with it all on board. Walter clung to his helpless burden, yet he found how weak was his single arm against such a storm-lashed element. In the next flash of light he looked around over the expense and saw that the boat had disappeared, and with it the poor stunned sailor. Walter plied his strokes with the fearful energy of despair, but he felt his burden grow heavier and more helpless. He tried to speak cheer, but in anguish he saw that she was fast sinking, where mortal sounds would never reach her more. A very little while and he felt her stiffen in the grasp of death. A chill horror crept over him and paralyzed every nerve, and reckless of his own destiny, he yielded himself to his fate. He became insensible, and knew nothing when he was picked up by some fishermen returning to their homes. The body of Adelia sank to the cold depths of the waters, and before morning was washed ashore, scarcely a stone's throw from the home of her whose happiness she had been the innocent means of blighting. In the home of the fisherman, Walter lay for weeks prostrated by a wasting fever, and in a stupor nearly akin to insensibility. Each day his kind entertainers were in expectancy of his death, and they had been unable to arouse him sufficiently for him to make known anything in regard to his history or name. They lived on the secluded shores distant by many miles from the settlement of Inskanulla, and were well-nigh hermits in their habits. It was a chance visitor who was relating the startling circumstances of the trial and arrest of Norma, and Walter heard through the heaviness of stupor that which roused him as from a death slumber. He awoke to supernatural energy, and with the strength of a mighty will endured and conquered all obstacles until he was conveyed to the scene of the trial. The sequel is known to the reader.

There was a wild shouting, a sound of great rejoicing, when the prison doors were thrown open and the poor broken-hearted girl restored to liberty. Alas! they had taken from her young life that which could never be restored. The streams of divine healing might flow into the arid channels of her soul, and give to them the verdure, the freshness of "the green pastures and still waters," but the bloom of the heart they had blighted forever. Yet the blight, the wound with which wrong so deeply scorched her heart, was but a passing shadow to the thorn which rankled in that of Richard May. As he was blotted from her memory, so we blot his name from this record.

Walter Ravens returned to the world, where heavy worldly interests claimed him. He was left by the death of his widowed father-in-law the heir to great riches, but wealth was not in his eyes what it had once been. A change had come into his soul. He had not passed across the burning ploughs without receiving bleeding wounds, and they had not healed unless power from a more than earthly source had administered a balm. He became a Christian, and the mighty energies of his nature found food in active benevolence, and for awhile the charities of human feeling flowed abundantly. But there came a period when the great want within his heart clamored to be satisfied. What was this want? and where O, where would he turn to that which alone could satisfy? A shadow from the lost days of yore mocked him in reply to this spirit questioning.

Walter had been a tender guardian of the happiness of his blind wife, but during the years of their union the void within his soul had never been more aching, more unfulfilled. In extension of the wrong he had inflicted on the object of his first, great love, let the story that he would have unfolded within the prison walls utter its own language. When Walter was in the employment of the rich banker, he was domesticated

in the luxurious home of the latter, and the adored blind daughter became his daily companion. She was unfortunate, and he pitied her, she was lovely and confiding, and it was pleasing to receive her sisterly affection, but he never sought to win her love. It was given unsought, and from the lips of the weak, fond father Walter learned it with dismay. His allegiance to Norma had never been unshaken, but the story of his love for her had never been confided to his employer. As he postponed from time to time the avowal of his secret, his situation became more painful. The banker unobtrusively urged a union between Walter and his child, feeling that in the riches he would thereby convey to his son-in-law, there would be ample recompense for the assumption of so great a responsibility as the happiness of the helpless girl.

To all this singular transaction, Adelia was of course kept in ignorance. She had given her love, yet it was in the simplicity of a pure nature, too pure to dream of that which in the eyes of

led him far from home, and to the bright waters of Inskanulla Bay. Was it not strange that no spirit of dark remembrance brooded in melancholy over those once fatal names? No; for Walter's faith in a deep love was as strong as when he first plighted his vows to Norma. He believed that she was waiting, and she was. He met her on the romantic shores of the bay, close to the spot where the fishermen who had saved his life kept their humble dwellings. With one of their simple-hearted wives Norma had made her home, where her name was seldom borne to the ears of that public to whom she had once been known, and there she had seen her stricken mother laid to rest. The peace of religion had come to her heart, and its holy calm rested on her brow as at sunset she sat alone by the softly dashing water's edge. There Walter found her waiting; it was there that their long-divided hearts met in that union which on earth is never broken; it was there that they were wedded, and upon the rock by the beach their marriage feast

lay—he rarely did more than indicate his effects, seldom attempting to line his sketch. The pictures of "Childhood" and "Youth," the first two of a series of allegorical representations of his designs. In the first, a brother and sister are showing each other the flowers that have just blossomed, the butterflies which have just made their appearance against the azure sky, while in the foreground two other children are playing with the house dog, the humble and docile friend who submits to caresses and caprices with the same patience. In the centre, revealed by a strong light, is a young wife in all the glory of maternity—her right hand is surrendered to the eldest of her children, towards the left the second brother is wholly absorbed in the occupation of devouring a cake, while the babe in arms is smiling in the sweet young mother's face. Another mother, with her child at her knee, attempts, with attentive solicitude, to initiate him into life by opening to him the world of intelligence.

The division of the human career into four periods, or four ages, evidently dates from a remote antiquity. The movement of life's development presents a striking resemblance to that of nature in temperate climates. Spring, adorned with fresh leaves, recalls the joyous hopes of childhood; we find in the vivifying heat of summer the image of ardent and hopeful youth; in the rich harvests of autumn that of a ripened age, when man, arrived at his full development, gathers the fruit of his efforts; and finally frosty winter resembles the old age of nature exhausted, and declining to its end. The second picture, "Youth," is highly expressive. In the distance we have the flower-crowned and joyous dance, while youth and maiden blend their voices in melodious music. Here, turning from the allurements of pleasure, a youth is bending over his drawing-board and tracing the figure of a mathematical problem with the compass—near him lie various instruments of art and science—Love, Pleasure, Ambition, Joy, are symbolized in this felicitous group. In a forthcoming number we shall present the artist's conception of Manhood and Old Age.

#### THE GRAND DUKE PETER.

This is what we were made to suffer morning, noon, and until late at night. The grand duke, with rare perseverance, had trained a pack of dogs; by dint of blows, and hallooing after the manner of a muleteer or huntsman, he made them go from one end of his two rooms (for he had no more) to the other. These dogs which showed signs of fatigue, or broke from their leashes, were severely chastised, which, of course, made them howl still more appallingly. When weary at last of this exercise, detestable to the ears and destructive to the repose of his neighbors, he would take his violin, which, as we know, he scraped infamously, and with extraordinary violence, while walking about the room. After which he would recommence the education and chastisement of the pack, which appeared to me really cruel. One day, hearing a poor dog cry terribly for a long time, I opened the door of my bed-chamber, where I was sitting, and which adjoined the one where the scene was taking place, and I saw the grand duke holding up one of his dogs by the collar, while a boy, a Kalmuk by birth, whom he had, held the same dog by the tail (it was a poor little King Charles, of English breed), and the grand duke with all his strength, was beating this dog with the thick handle of a whip.

I began to intercede for the poor animal, but this only caused the blows to be redoubled. Unable to support this sight, which seemed so cruel, I retired to my chamber with tears in my eyes. Generally speaking, pity for the cries, instead of creating any compassion in the grand duke, only made him more angry. Pity was insupportable to his soul. One day, when I entered the chamber of the grand duke, my eye was attracted by the sight of a huge rat which he had hung, with all the accompaniments of a criminal execution, in the middle of a cabinet which he had constructed of boards. I asked him the meaning of it. He said the rat had committed a crime demanding an extreme penalty according to military law; that he had climbed over the ramparts of a card fortress, which stood on a table in the cabinet, and had eaten two scones, made of paste, who were keeping guard at the bastions; that he had judged the offender by the laws of war; that his dog caught him; that he had been hung without delay. *—Memoirs of the Empress Catherine the Second.*



CHILDHOOD.

the world would have received condemnation. Walter knew all this, and he realized, moreover, that the moment he pursued the course of honor and avowed his betrothal to Norma, the banker's influence would be withdrawn, and he would have again to begin the battle of life penniless, and unable to offer to his bride a home. Education was powerful, and very faulty in the case of Walter. He loved ease, he hated work, and despised his own ignorance of the labor necessary to obtain an honest living. He loved refinement, and Adelia was a model of grace and loveliness. The temptation was strong, and when Walter hesitated he was lost.

Thus fell the blight upon the heart of Norma. They met, even at the bridal, when one was uttering false vows, yet unuttered as was the language of both sundered hearts, they knew that each was true to the other! Such was the history of the past.

Walter's widowed dreams became haunted by a vision, and he followed where it beckoned. It

was spread; and the honest fishermen, whose smiling faces gave cordial cheer to the beloved bride, the nymph of their wild coast, called the place ever afterwards, "The Bridal Rock."

#### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

The two engravings now before the reader are from exquisite drawings by Tony Johannot, an artist who died too young, though he had accomplished much, and though residing for many years in Paris, and ranking among French artists, was in reality an American, and born in Salem. He was destined for a mercantile life, and was placed in a store either in this city or Salem; but art claimed him for her own, and he obeyed the requisition. Johannot drew with great facility and spirit, and there was a sweetness, tenderness and delicacy in his compositions which commended them to all men of taste. He never startles you by sharp lines and fierce contrasts—his effects are generally soft and misty. His drawings on the wood resembled those of Dar-



## MURAT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

On the verge of old age, I would register some few of my reminiscences of the Napoleonic era. That you may understand these, I must premise, that I was a school-boy, when Napoleon was that first consul. But I felt, like my mates, an enthusiastic admiration for the new "hero," and my time having expired, I was discharged from school. But when the conscription appeared, I was caught, and not greatly to my displeasure. For, having some theoretic satisfaction for war, and having been somewhat distinguished for the management of my horse and of the weapons fitted thereto, I found myself placed at once in the cavalry of Murat. I had not been there many days before Murat himself came to me and appointed me one of his aides-de-camp. I was astounded at the honor, and hung back, but he, good humoredly, said something which, in our vernacular, would amount to a pretty round oath, and took me along with him to his quarters. (I learned, subsequently, that Napoleon had something to do with this.) I may possibly attempt to describe Murat, as a whole, hereafter. Now I cannot.

We are in Egypt, in the midst of the battle of Mount Tabor. A few of us, cavalry, must rely for a time, until Napoleon comes up, on the French infantry. Diminutive in size, compared with some other people, they are "pluck and spirit" from head to heel. Essentially military in character, they recognize the inevitable worth of discipline. Therefore, a few thousands of them, with bayonets fixed, and muskets, at the same time, flashing almost continuously, they breast the incessant shocks of ten times their number of that formidable Mameluke cavalry. They knew that Napoleon would do for them what he could, and they had intimations that he was near. Therefore they stood fast, one to ten. Suddenly on the brow of Mount Tabor flashed Napoleon's "eagles." I was at Murat's side when the troops arrived there, after a march and under a sun, that made plunging in river or ocean superfluous. Looking down upon the scene below and beholding Kleber and his handful of gallant Gauls standing death-fuming and steel-pointed against numbers innumerable, there might fitly come upon the beholders an awful sense of the supremacy of the soul and the soul's influences over all material things. I have said nothing hitherto of the charges which Murat had made on the Mamelukes. I was never five feet from him the while, and how either of us escaped death, I know not. But, our numbers being so scanty, we could create but a paltry diversion in favor of those infantry lines, who, little fellows as they were individually, made, when combined, a cliff, mountain high, which hurled back those Mameluke cavaliers as the rock hurls back the wave. But, as I said, the "eagles" appeared upon the brow of Mount Tabor. We paused for a moment, as did also the foe. Napoleon had redeemed his pledge, as he always did, when he could, say adversely who may. A shining troop of dragoons came down the slope at full gallop and put themselves under the command of Murat, whose glad tears burst forth at the event. I knew, by this sign, how anxious Murat had been, and how much genuine sensibility was wrapped up in this "emperor of dragoons." I had occasion to learn more of the same lesson. The coming dragoons were ranged in order for a charge, Murat being, as ever, a little ahead on the right. I expected to see him draw his sabre, for apparently there was one suspended at his left side. I had somewhat marvelled before that I had never seen him with "sword in hand," but our "demonstrations" had been so trivial, that I thought little of this fact. But now that we had "six hundred," not less gallant than those immortalized by our young friend Tennyson, I thought Murat would draw his sword. No such thing! His office was to make others draw their swords, and, having drawn, to use them effectually.

And did not we do it? I could not forget that charge if I were to live ages. "En avant, mes enfans," says Murat in those inexplicable tones, which impel men to conquer or die. On we started at full gallop, Murat and myself, his "right hand man," close by his side, and crash we came upon those formidable Mamelukes. It was of course, a mere cavalry fight. Damascus blades and Birmingham swords crossed, and one or both was shivered—usually the former. For myself, I got maddened, (and, God forgive me if it was wrong) I cut sheer down through more than one turban. But Murat? He had nothing

in his hand but a slight riding-whip, such as our ladies carry in their horseback rides. With this alone he was in the centre of the fight, magnetizing all our souls and lifting and bringing down all our sabres without himself ceasing one. I know not the origin or cause of this custom of his. Suffice it, that we drove the Mamelukes before us like sheep. Not easily either. They fought like "fiends of the nether pit." But their weapons were inferior to ours. Resisting us as long as they could, and getting "the steam fully up," they resorted to all sorts of uncanonical devices. They flung their clumsy Turkish pistols at our heads; they turned their horses' tails towards us, and made them kick up at us, and, in fine, did everything in the power of man and beast to vanquish or resist us. In vain. Murat was in the midst of us, and Napoleon was eagle-eying us from Tabor's summit. How could we do else than conquer? With such leaders, victory could not but perch on the eagles of France.—By one of his Soldiers.

charged upon them without waiting for his brother, so he marched promptly with his men in a close column and gave battle." "He too," as Simeon says, "knowing without doubt that victory would not be with a multitude of men, but in the pity and mercy of God," and seeing also that, mass or no mass, the pagans must not be allowed to get between him and his brother. "But here I must inform those who are ignorant of the fact, that the field of battle was not equal for both armies. The pagans occupied the higher ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also in that place a single stunted thorn-tree, which I myself have seen with my own eyes. Around this tree the opposing hosts came together with loud shouts from all sides, the one to pursue their wicked course, the other to fight for their lives, their dearest ties, and their country." "In the midst of the fight, and when Alfred was hard pressed," according to Brompton, for the older chroniclers do not mention this,—the king came up with his fresh

ly in harness, and that, as you yourself add in the next sentence, "they know not the way of teaching nor understood its paths; it was kept far away from their faces." It is fair to add that Brompton states that Ethelred slew Bagseeg with his spear, and another pagan of note with his sword after he got up to the fight; but the older chroniclers do not mention this.

To finish briefly the history of the rest of the year 871, fourteen days after the battle of Ashdown, Ethelred and Alfred fought another battle with the pagans (probably with that part which had remained in garrison at Reading, with Hinguar and Hubba, and the relics of Halfdene's army) at Basing, which seems to have been undecided; and two months afterwards another at Merton. After which, in the summer, reinforcements came from beyond the sea, and joined the pagans. King Ethelred died, and Alfred fought before the winter four more pitched battles. So, as the Saxon chronicle sums up, "in this year nine general battles were fought against the army

in the kingdom south of the Thames; besides which Alfred, the king's brother, and single aldermen and king's thanes, oftentimes made attacks on them which were not numbered, and slew of them within the year one king and nine earls." This was not the war the pagans reckoned on; they liked fighting very much in reason, as an accompaniment of spoiling a country, and did it well; but to be fighting nine pitched battles in a year, hemmed in in one corner of a rich kingdom (for they never got further than a few miles into Wiltshire), and getting no spoil even there, was not to their taste, so in the winter they made truce with Alfred, and took themselves off to their old haunts in Mercia and Northumbria, and did not return for five years. This year, A. D. 871, is a year for Berkshire men to be proud of, for on them fell the brunt of that fiery trial, and their gallant stand probably saved England a hundred years of paganism. For had they given way at Ashdown, and the reinforcements from over the sea come to a conquering instead of to a beaten army in the summer, there was nothing to stop the pagans between Reading and Exeter. The other eight battles were skirmishes in comparison with this one; they scarce occupy five lines each in the chronicles, and out of the king and nine pagan earls who were slain within the year, six fell at Ashdown. It was Alfred's crowning mercy; and so he felt it to be, and in memory of it he caused his army (tradition says, on the day after the battle), to carve the White Horse, the standard of Hengist, on the hill-side just under the castle, where it stands as you see until this day. —The Scouring of the White Horse.

## MARINE ODOMETER.

An apparatus for indicating a ship's progress has been invented in England. The instrument is connected with a driving apparatus, by a tube which contains a column of atmospheric air. The driving apparatus is actuated by the resistance of the water to the motion of the vessel, and consists of an open chamber, in which is fixed a wheel somewhat resembling a screw propeller. The passage of water through this chamber gives motion to the wheel, which also, by means of an endless screw on its spindle, communicates power to another wheel acting upon the rod of a blower. The blower is formed of a cylinder, divided into two parts by a transverse partition, and from each half rises a tube. One of these tubes opens into the atmosphere, and the other connects with the instrument already mentioned. Each of the ends of the blowing cylinder is closed by an elastic cover, movable by the rod of the screw wheel. These two covers are joined by a connecting link, so as to act alternately, one being drawn out when the other is thrust in, thereby counteracting the gravitating tendency of the valve, and by means of the column of air in the tube connected with the air chambers of the indicator being set in motion by the blowing cylinder below, motion will be communicated to the corresponding elastic end of the cylinder of the indicating apparatus. The dial for indicating the progress of the ship consists of three flat gradular rings, rotating one within another. The motion is communicated to these rings by the in and out action of the elastic covers. This motion actuates two clicks that are made to take alternately into the opposite teeth of a ratchet-wheel, giving it thereby a revolving motion; and on the axle of this wheel is a pinion which gears in the teeth of a segment wheel mounted on a dial axis.—Com. Bulletin.



YOUTH.

## THE BATTLE OF ASHDOWN.

"About four days after the battle at Reading, King Ethelred and Alfred his brother, fought against the whole army of pagans at Ashdown. And they were in two bodies: in the one were Bagseeg and Halfdene, the pagan kings, and in the other were earls." "Now the Christians had determined that King Ethelred with his men should attack the two pagan kings, but that Alfred his brother with his men should take the chances of war against the earls. Things being so settled, the king remained a long time in prayer, hearing the mass, and said he would not leave it till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of men. And so he did, which afterwards availed him much with the Almighty, as we shall declare more fully in the sequel. But the pagans came up quickly to the fight. Then Alfred, though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there and would not lie, could no longer support the troops of the enemy unless he retreated or

forces." "And when both hosts had fought long and bravely, at last the pagans, by God's judgment, could no longer bear the attack of the Christians, and having lost great part of their men, took to a disgraceful flight, and all the pagan host pursued its flight, not only till night, but the next day, even until they reached the stronghold from which they had come out. The Christians followed, slaying all they could reach, until it became dark." "And the flower of the pagan youth were there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms." "There fell in that battle King Bagseeg, and these earls with him: that old Earl Sidroc, to whom may be applied that saying, 'the ancient of evil days,' and Earl Sidroc the younger, and Earl Osbern, and Earl Fræna, and Earl Harold; who, with their men, choosing the broad and spacious way, went down into the depths of the lake; or, let us perhaps hope not, old monk Simeon, seeing that they did gallant-



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## STANZAS.

BY J. D. VANCE.

Sweet Hope went singing by my side,  
Throughout the summer day;  
But for a while in the winter night  
And stole my sleep away.

I waked to mourn the comforters all  
Where Hope lay cold and dead,  
And as I knelt to weep and pray,  
Fear turned me wholly dead.

Since then, not hope, nor fear,  
Is to my spirit known  
But in my soul the angel Peace  
Dwells silent and alone.

With love like grace she teaches songs,  
A lesson in each day;  
And turns my vain thoughts aside  
With her deep voice of love.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## JOHN POTTER'S HEROISM:

—OR—

## A Winter on a Rock in the Arctic Ocean.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY WALTER CHAMBERLAIN.

THAT brilliant talents, or noble attributes will always render their possessors eminent, however humble their condition in life, is a favorite axiom with some reasoners, and like many other axioms, it frequently falsifies itself. Such talents or attributes may, perhaps, always command a certain local consideration, and provided life is spun out to its full duration and ten years, they may often command the plaudits of the world and the admiration of posterity, at a period of life when their possessor is too old to value the world's applause, or to care for the bubble—Fame, but we believe, with the poet Gray, that many a "village Hampden," and many a "mute, inglorious Milton," rests beneath the sod of a village cemetery, the glorious intellect, or the noble, generous heroism they would have displayed had circumstance been favorable to their development, not even suspected.

But for the war of the Revolution, George Washington would have only been known as a tolerably good soldier, a pretty skilful engineer, and an honest country gentleman. Napoleon the First, but for the terrible revolution in France which struck the death blow to the House of Bourbon, would probably have lived and died a *simple* phalanx of artillery. Wellington, possessed of great military genius, acquired distinction in early life because, setting aside his own merit, his father was Earl of Mornington, and his elder brother Marquis of Wellesley and Governor General of British India. Haydock, possessed of equal military talent and moral worth, but possessing no influence at court, was almost unknown until a service in Hindostan brought his abilities into notice and placed him in a prominent position before the public eye, when he was sixty-three years of age, and so worn out with years of toil and hardship that he sunk into his grave ere the plaudits of his grateful countrymen reached his ears, in his distant field of action and the sultry plains and the pestilential jungles of India.

We might carry our comparisons into the literary, artistic and scientific worlds with equal truth, or we may descend to inanimate nature, and they will still hold good. There stands an old elm on Boston Common, a fine, venerable old tree, which is carefully tended, and propped and belted in its old age, and fenced around with ornamental railing, and honored with an inscription, an ante-mortem biography, such as men are sometimes flattered with, and gazed upon by admiring strangers and cherished by loving residents, while yet that old age is green, and, by-and-by, when, like Sterne's Oak at Windsor, it decays and crumbles to dust, it will be rendered immortal in history, because it chanced to grow on Boston Common. No one will deny that it is a majestic old tree, but there are elms of larger girth and wider spread, and more majestic appearance, in the forests of New England, which are only known to residents near by, and whose age and size would scarcely save them from the woodman's axe if money were offered for their mazy trunks. These are the "village Hampdens," the "mute, inglorious Miltons," of vegetable life, to whom Dame Fortune has been churlish, and who have their counterparts among

living men and dead heroes, poets and philosophers, whose memory is revered above their fellows, very often because they chanced to have been born on a mental Boston Common, where the eye of the world was upon them.

So much for our philosophical similitudes; now for our story of a hero in humble life who, had he won golden epaulettes instead of a sailor's tarry jacket, would probably have been enrolled in the list with Cook, Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, and others who have acquired immortal fame for their deeds of chivalric daring.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago, a North Sea whaler set sail from the port of Hull, England, on its perilous voyage to the Arctic seas. Among the crew was one John Potter, a native of the Shetland Isles, a brave, gallant seaman, honest as the day, and fearless as Achilles, but as ignorant of aught save that which appertained to his hardy profession, as was ever honest blue-jacket who never looked forward to promotion "aboard the fore-castle," or whose highest aspirations were bounded by a "bo'sen's rating."

John Potter was a fine, tall, strapping, manly looking fellow, with a handsome face and curly, dark brown hair, and as the blind god plays quite as much mischief with the hearts of honest poor folk as with those which beat in the bosoms of the "porcelain" of the earth, it is not to be wondered at that John Potter attracted the attention of many pretty maidens in his own station in life, and of one, especially, to whom "his heart did seriously incline," one Alice Watson, a pretty, gentle maiden of twenty years of age, the daughter of a widow, whose husband had perished at sea. The mother and daughter supported themselves by doing plain sewing, and resided in the same house as John Potter's mother, whom he had brought from Shetland and whom he supported out of his hard earned wages.

Those were the palmy days of North Sea whaling. The voyages were brief in duration, since the vessels engaged in the fishing did not leave port until May, when, by the time the Arctic Ocean was reached, the ice had begun to break up, and they rarely protracted their stay on the fishing ground later than the middle of October, when the ice again began to acquire solidity; but whaloes so abounded that, generally speaking, three months sufficed to load a ship with blubber, which was carried into port to be "tryed" out, instead of performing this operation on the cruising ground, as is the custom with the vessels engaged in the long voyages of the sperm whale fishery in the south seas. The men often went upon shares, managed according to a graduating scale, and even the foremast-men, if a "full hold" were obtained, received a considerable sum of money for their "lay," on their return.

John Potter, therefore, who was industrious in his habits, and who usually employed his time on board the coasting vessels sailing between London and Hull in the winter season, was enabled to maintain his old mother comfortably, and to save money besides. On this voyage he was to go out as "harpooner," in which post the "lay" is more profitable, and it was arranged that he should marry pretty Alice Watson on his return home, and the gossips said that a braver lad or a bonnier lass than would unite their fortunes for life when that day came round, never stood before the altar in the old parish church.

The Stornaway sailed from Hull, and the master of the ship, Jeremiah Dobson, a young man, but one of the most esteemed of the whaleship masters of Hull, who had some years before married Jessie King, the daughter of one of the owners of the Stornaway, yielded to his young wife's earnest entreaties, and allowed her and their child, a pretty little girl of two years old, to accompany him.

It was a rough voyage for a mother to undertake with her child, but Jessie Dobson was greatly attached to her husband, and was curious to witness the method of capturing the huge monsters of the deep, and to share the excitements of the voyage. Some men seem to have been born to good luck, and Captain Dobson was one of these men, so that after all, his wife had little hardship to dread, as the cabin was fitted up for the occasion with more than ordinary comfort, and the summer, short though it be, is generally a season of fine and moderately warm weather, even within the Arctic circle.

In due season the Stornaway reached the cruising ground off Nova Zembla, and, as usual, the voyage promised to be a successful one. Whales abounded, and in the short space of two months a sufficient quantity of blubber was ob-

tained to complete her lading, while the weather had been so favorable that Mrs. Dobson averred that she rather enjoyed the voyage than otherwise; at any rate, that the pleasure of her husband's society fully compensated for the petty discomforts that she occasionally found herself necessitated to incur.

At length, when at the extreme northern latitudes of the voyage, many miles north of the most northerly point of Nova Zembla, the vessel's course was shaped for home, and all hearts beat high with the prospect of speedily rejoining their friends and enjoying the profits of the cruise. No one on board the Stornaway looked forward to his arrival in Hull with brighter hopes than John Potter. The profits of his "lay" bid fair to exceed his most sanguine expectations, and in the course of a few weeks he hoped to clasp to his bosom pretty Alice Watson, his bonny bride.

Storms and fogs are of comparatively rare occurrence in very high latitudes, but on the second day after the prow of the Stornaway was turned homeward, a storm of unusual violence sprang up, accompanied with snow and such dense fog that no one on board could see a ship's length from the vessel.

It is no trifling matter to handle the rigging of a ship in the midst of a snow storm in the Arctic regions. The sails become as stiff as sheets of solid ice, the ropes are coated with ice until they are double their original thickness, and will not pass through the blocks until the ice is battered from them with sticks; the decks are so slippery that, even if perfectly level, it would be difficult for the seamen to keep their footing. How much more difficult then, when the ship is tossed to and fro on the stormy billows, now pitching forward, now almost dipping her stern under water as the bows spring upwards, as if tossed into the air by some invisible and mighty hand, with as much ease as a child would play with a toy ship—now rolling over until the lee gunwale is level with the water and the crew are in imminent danger of being cast into the tumultuous, icy waves—now righting herself so suddenly that the most experienced seaman is unable to maintain his balance on the slippery deck, and all are thrown down and tossed to windward, to find themselves, before they have had time to regain their feet, thrown, as if down an icy precipice, all in a heap together into the freezing water in the lee scuppers.

But the crew of the Stornaway were all picked men, hardy whalers whose life from early boyhood had been spent in contending with the wintry elements of the frozen ocean. After a protracted struggle with the stiff ropes and sails, during which the horny hands of the sailors had been cut by the ice as if they had been hacked with knives, the vessel was got under easy sail, the men had exchanged their stiffly frozen garments for warm, dry clothing, a dram had been served out to each, the watch set, and the rest of the crew had gone below to enjoy the leisure afforded by a gale of wind when once all has been made snug on board a staunch ship—the sailor's holiday.

But the security that would have been felt in the midst of the broad Atlantic, in a more southerly latitude, was wanting here. The atmosphere was misty; the sea in which they were lying to abounds with small rocky islets, mere specks of bleak, bare black rock, and with enormous icebergs, with either of which, if a vessel were to come in contact, her fate and that of her crew would be sealed.

Many an anxious gaze was cast into the impenetrable mist to leeward—to gaze to windward was unnecessary and indeed impossible, for the icy spray dashed violently on board, cutting the flesh like a sharp knife. So two days and nights passed wearily away, until at daydawn on the third morning the gale moderated in some degree and the haze lifted. All was once more hope and activity.

"Hurrah for home! Away aloft, my hearties. Loose the foretopsail and the jib. Stand by the spanker. Haul out. So-o. Let the reefs stand as they are. We'll not let them out till the weather looks steadier."

Orders such as these resounded throughout the ship. The men sprang aloft with alacrity and spread themselves along the yards, clinging with insect tenacity to the slippery foot-ropes and rigging. The stiff folds of the sails are loosened, the ice cracking as they fall from the yards. The cry is raised to those who have remained on deck, "Sheet home, my hearties."

A dozen hands have seized hold of the

stiffened ropes and are dragging and pulling with all their might to urge them through the frozen sheave-holes of the blocks, to the inspiring chorus,

"O, sheet him home, high ho! cheerily, man,  
Pull with a will, heighho, cheerily, man."

and the ropes and blocks crack and creak with the strain, while every now and then the men slip backwards and slide to the deck, still retaining their hold of the "fall" and laughing good humoredly at their mischance, when a cry is heard from aloft which strikes terror into every heart "Icebergs close aboard to leeward!"

"Down with the helm, hard down!" cries the captain, himself seizing hold of the spokes of the wheel and assisting the helmsman with all his strength, when again comes that terrible cry from aloft:

"Icebergs to windward. Hummocks ahead! We are right in the midst of them!"

Another moment serves to lift the curtain of mist, and a terrific sight presents itself to the hapless gazers, who hold their breath with horror. The gale is still blowing lustily and the sea is violently lashed by the wind, until it seethes and foams like a boiling cauldron. It dashes madly against the black, cavernous base of an iceberg, which towers aloft far above the tall masts of the ship, the upper portion overhanging and glittering with all the colors of the prism. It is not half a furlong distant, while still closer to windward another iceberg of larger proportions is bearing down upon the ship as if bent upon her destruction. Ahead, not a quarter of a mile distant, rises a range of "hummocks," or rocks just rising above the water's edge and covered with snow. One glance is sufficient to show that escape is hopeless. One moment each man gazes into the face of his fellow, his face and lips pale with terror, speechless, motionless, paralyzed with fear. Then is heard the stentorian voice of the captain:

"Clear away the long-boat. Quick, my lads. It is our only chance! God help us! We are drifting dead upon the iceberg. Cut away, my lads. Knives and axes. This is no time to stand upon ceremony. O, God! my gallant ship. Must she founder, at last?"

But now a more terrible thought takes possession of him. "My wife and child!" he shrieks aloud, with a voice that is scarcely human in its anguish, as he dashes into the cabin, and snatches the loved ones, still sleeping, unconscious of peril, from the stateroom, and rushes with them upon deck.

Even during the period of his brief absence, the vessel has approached fearfully near the lee iceberg, while that to windward is closing in upon her as if to crush her to atoms. The long-boat has been cut adrift, and by dint of almost superhuman exertions, has been placed ready for launching when the dread moment shall arrive, and a small cask of water and a few bags of bread have been put on board. Another minute of dreadful, speechless suspense. The agony of a life-time concentrated into one brief minute's duration. Jessie clasps her child to her bosom and clings, pale and speechless with terror, to her husband, who clasps her with one hand, while with the other he clings to a shroud. Then comes a crash, louder and more fearful than thunder; the iceberg seems to echo in mockery the sound of the cracking timbers, the moaning, shrieking noise as if the vessel were imbued with life and were lamenting her fate. Every one is thrown to the deck. There comes a rebound, and then a second crash and a moan and shriek, heard amidst the crash, as of human agony in its extremity. The masts totter and fall, the seams of the deck open, again the vessel rebounds and again strikes the rock of ice, and the gallant ship is a wreck—a mass of mere broken timbers.

The long-boat is launched from the gangway. Thank God, the water between the icebergs is smooth and the wind is unfelt, but the cold is intense, almost unendurable. The only chance is to reach the hummocks with the boat and there await the chance appearance of some sister whaleship, whose crew may perceive them and come to their assistance. With great difficulty and danger the long-boat is loaded, but it will not hold all. The gunwales are already level with the water's edge, and the captain, his wife and child and three seamen, among them John Potter, are still on the wreck. The jolly-boat fortunately has escaped injury and is launched, and into this step the remainder of the hapless beings. They pull ahead and clear the icebergs, which seemed to be possessed with life, and to be consciously and maliciously engaged in crushing



every semblance of shape out of the vessel, which still floats, buoyed up by the blubber in the hold. "Away for the hammocks, pull with a will!" Alas! the boats are entangled amidst huge masses of field ice, which impede the progress. One of these huge masses strikes the jolly-boat and crushes in the side. The boat fills and all on board must perish unless the already overcrowded long-boat can receive them. The cask of water is thrown out and there *may* be room. The boat is pulled alongside a piece of ice, upon which the crew of the sunken jolly-boat have sprung. One by one they step cautiously on board the overloaded boat. The captain, with his child in his arms, remains on the ice to the last. Then he endeavors to hand the infant to one of the crew that the man may pass it to its mother, who holds up bravely amidst this scene of horror.

The boat yaws off and the captain springs into the water with the child, the seamen waiting to catch his hand and haul him into the boat, but in springing he strikes his head against the gunwale and stuns himself. He is quickly hauled on board, but the child has slipped from his arms and is floating on the surface of the icy sea. For a few moments the infant remains unseen by the crew, who are busy with their unconscious captain, but a shriek from the mother and a wild attempt to throw herself into the water and save the child, informs them of the poor babe's fate. Two sailors hold down the frantic woman, who pierces the air with her shrieks.

"It is no use," says the steersman, shaking his head. "The poor babe must go. If we run the boat among that ice we shall all be lost. Hold down the lady, boys, don't let her jump overboard. The cold'll soon kill the poor child."

The captain is still senseless. "Save my child!" shrieks the mother. "Let me go. Where is my husband? Let me go, I say. Brutes! Are you men? Cowards! Will you let my babe drown before my eyes? O, my God, my God! John Potter, you loved the child. Are you too cowardly to try to save her?"

The infant had been a pet of the sailor thus appealed to by name. It had been his delight, in his hours of leisure, to nurse it and to teach it to lisp its infantile sentences. The honest fellow's lips worked and twitched nervously. The attempt would be perilous, hopeless, almost certain death, but his eye had caught the imploring glance of the bereaved mother, and he could not resist the mute agony of that appeal to his manhood.

"I will try, marm!" said he. "If I can't save the little one, I'll die with her. Give my love to Alice, marm, and to mother, and bid the captain, if he comes to himself, to tell the owners as John Potter died doing his duty to the last!"

Even as he spoke, he cast himself overboard, scrambling over the field-ice, often breaking through and disappearing and rising again, still clambering and wading forward until he reached the open water where the infant lay floating, buoyed up by her clothing. He swam to her, and reaching her, seized her clothing between his teeth. The crew rested on their useless oars, watching his progress with intense, speechless anxiety. He swam back to the broken field-ice, slowly, painfully, for his limbs were stiffening with the cold, his clothes heavy with their sheathing of ice. Again scrambling over the detached masses of broken field-ice, he at length reached the boat's side. The infant was lifted on board by one of the sailors and placed, almost frozen to death, in its mother's arms. Meanwhile, two others caught hold of John Potter and were striving to drag him on board, when an immense field of ice struck the boat with such force as to loose their hold. John Potter must have sunk had he not had just strength enough left to creep upon one of the broken pieces of ice.

The boat was, as we have observed, surrounded with large masses of field ice, which rendered the oars useless. She drifted within the mass, away from the detached piece on which stood the intrepid sailor. Vain were all their efforts to approach him. The icebergs in the Arctic Sea create artificial currents, which often run in contrary directions. Such was the case now. The piece on which John Potter stood was borne away from the mass amidst which the boat was entangled. Captain Dobson regained his consciousness, and filled with gratitude, urged his crew to the utmost, who, indeed, needed no urging to use every endeavor to save their shipmate from a death which appeared inevitable, but which was horrible to think of. All was in vain.

The day passed away. Night came on and they were still increasing their distance from the hapless seaman, who, in that northern midnight twilight, could be distinctly seen, his dark form sharply defined against the now bright, clear horizon, pacing to and fro on his narrow floating prison, to keep himself from sleeping and freezing to death. All through the night he was visible to the horror-stricken occupants of the boat, who forgot their own danger and misery in the contemplation of his more dreadful fate. Before noon the next day, he could no longer be seen. All supposed he had become exhausted, had sunk down, slept and died. They hoped so. It were better thus than the slow starvation which probably awaited themselves. Happily, however, they were seen by a whaler the next day, taken on board and carried safely to Hull. Many were severely frost-bitten, but all were saved of that unfortunate crew—all, even to the babe, except John Potter. It was sad news to convey to Dame Potter and poor, pretty, expectant Alice. The son and the lover was dead, and had died such a death!

Deeply, bitterly they mourned over his untimely fate. Every inhabitant of Hull lamented the fate of the brave sailor who had perished in the act of doing a gallant and noble deed, and all pitied the poor mother and the betrothed maiden. The owners of the vessel paid John's wages to his mother and sent her a gratuity besides, and many gentlemen and ladies sent her and Alice sums of money, among the rest, Queen Victoria sent ten pounds to the widow and the like sum to Alice. The money was useful and was thankfully received, but it could not bring back the dead, nor efface his memory from the hearts of the mourners.

The following spring Captain Dobson sailed in another vessel, the *Laurel*, to the same cruising ground. This time he was more fortunate; his old luck returned. He obtained a full ship and sailed again for Hull. While passing near the spot where he had been wrecked the previous year, his attention was attracted to a strange appearance in the sky, like the gigantic figure of a man standing on a mound. It was calm at the time, the ship was lying motionless, and it was near midnight, when the sun dips its edge in the horizon to rise again without entirely disappearing for months. The seamen were superstitious and fancied that the apparition boded some evil, but the captain, who was a man of some education, knew that the refraction of the sun's rays in these high latitudes often caused strange sights to be seen in the sky. It might be the figure of some lonely, shipwrecked mariner, looking out from his island prison into the bleak horizon, in hopes of seeing and attracting the notice of some passing vessel. He resolved to cruise about the spot for a day or two, in order, if such proved to be the case, to save the unfortunate man. True there was no land in sight, but there was a group of small rocky islands laid down in the chart not very far distant, and he resolved to sail past them. The calm continued, and the next night at the same hour, the apparition re-appeared. The captain was more firmly set in his resolve, and when at length a breeze sprung up, he steered his course for this group of islands. Towards the midnight hour of the following day he sighted the rocky group, and a few minutes after he was gratified with the vision of a human being, who, it appeared, had clambered upon a hummock and was gazing at the sea.

A boat was immediately lowered and pulled to the rock, which was the largest of the group. The figure waved its arms as the boat drew near. The captain landed with two of his men and met the figure half way between the hummock and the boat. What was Captain Dobson's delight and astonishment to recognize in the stranger, John Potter, the harpooner of the *Stornaway*, of the late unlucky voyage—the saviour of his child! John Potter, thin, pale, haggard, and prematurely old and gray, but John Potter, still!

The meeting was a joyful one on both sides. John told his story; he had drifted on his ice-boat to the shore, which he reached in a state of complete exhaustion, but to his glad surprise he saw, a short distance from the sea, a low hut, such as are placed on some parts of the Greenland and Spitzbergen coasts, in order to afford refuge to shipwrecked seamen. This one had evidently been constructed by the Russian government, and it was abundantly supplied with sheep-skins and also with food, coarse, but sufficient, if used with economy, to keep him from starving for several months. In that lonely,

underground hut, on that solitary, sea washed rock, John Potter had spent the long, dark night of winter without a living companion, for even the seal and sea-fowl had departed for their winter hiding places. There, from October until October again, twelve months, six of them spent amid utter darkness, he had lived his solitary, hermit life, hoping on, hoping over, until winter again drew near, and no ship came in sight. Day after day, night after night, during the summer, he had stood for hours together on the hummock gazing into the horizon in vain, until this day. The ship had come just in time; for a month past he had lived on half a biscuit a day, and that morning he had consumed the last mouthful of food that had been left.

He was taken on board the ship and cared for, but the vessel reached Hull before he was perfectly restored. There a joyful reception awaited him. The glad tidings flew through the town. The church-bells rung merry peals, and a crowd of inhabitants, mad with delight, carried him home to the abode of his mother and of Alice Watson, who soon after her lover's return, became Alice Potter. The mother and the maiden received him as one who had risen from the grave. The Royal Humane Society testified its recognition of the generous and noble deed he had done by sending him the gold medal, and he received various testimonials from the town of Hull and from other towns and cities.

But his long abode in the night of the Arctic regions, in solitude and semi starvation, had injured his constitution, and he sunk into a consumption and died in less than two years after his glad return. A tombstone was erected to his memory by the townspeople, and in the churchyard of Hull it may still be seen—a brief inscription informing the reader that he who lies beneath lost his life by exposure to the rigors of an Arctic winter, having been carried on the ice to a rocky island while risking his life to save that of a child, the daughter of the commander of the vessel, and this is all. John Potter is forgotten by all, save a few of his townsmen and she who was for a brief period his loving wife. His mother died shortly after the death of her son, and lies near him in the churchyard. Had John Potter been born and bred in a loftier sphere of life, or had he been placed by fortune in a position to display the deeds of heroism of which his soul was capable, to an admiring world, he would have been enrolled among the world's heroes. As it was, he was one of the "mute, inglorious," whose heroism is known only to a few, and is only a village wonder.

Such is the moral of our tale.

\* The reader will please bear in mind that we are relating a true story and no fictitious tale.

#### A SELF-MADE MAN.

Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, was once, says the Jamaica Long Island Farmer, a baker boy in Brooklyn. One day he chanced to be in the navy yard at Brooklyn, and the thought struck him that he would like to enter the navy. So, going to the proper officer, he applied for admission. The novelty of seeing a lad alone, boldly asking for a place so often secured by political preferences, or by the entreaties of influential friends, attracted at once the attention of the officer, and he inquired, "What can you do?" The reply was prompt and decisive:—"Anything that another boy can." He was told to call again, and a few days passed, and the place was given to the enterprising lad. Scarcely in his new position, he began to show marks of genius and aptitude which outdid his associates, and step by step the baker's boy rose to influence and rank, and to-day he stands among the highest in rank and most influential in power of the great ones who compose the United States navy. Such, in brief, is the career of William N. Hudson, commander of the United States steamer *Niagara*.

#### MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has declared the benefits of marriage. They are these: 1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them. 2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some. 3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it. 4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, and bear thee up. 5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy. 6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy. 7. Nothing is delightful as home. No society is equal to marriage. 8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant. 9. Kindred increase, parents double, brothers, sisters, families, nephews. 10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue. 11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life. 12. If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage,

Earth, air, sea, and, full soon shall come to nought, The world itself would be to ruin brought.

#### THE SOIL BREATHES.

Certainly it does, just as truly as you do. A few years since, if one asserted that trees had lungs and breathed, he would have been held to an argument to prove it; just a few years earlier nobody would have believed that a fish's gills, and the leaves of a tree, and the lungs of a beast, all performed the same office, that of venting the blood or sap. The soil breathes. How does it breathe? Its circulating fluid, the blood of the soil, is water; this comes to it from the air, and is already aerated. True, but this soon loses its gases by contact with the soil, just as the arterial blood fresh from the lungs loses its oxygen when passing its circuit in all parts of the body. The blood comes back to the lungs for more oxygen, but the blood of the soil cannot do this, so we must let the air in, to come in contact with it. We cannot here explain the working of the air in the soil, but would thus briefly enforce the necessity of stirring the soil during droughts as deeply as practicable, not to interfere with the roots of growing plants, and those of previous culture, so that a deep light soil shall invite a free circulation of air beneath the surface. Hot air, the moment it presses beneath the surface, becomes very moist, from the water which it originally contained, and it deposits it, thus not only aerating the soil, but adding to its moisture. Cold air can hold but little moisture, but hot air dissolves an immense quantity, which it deposits when it cools, or on cool surfaces. Who has not noticed of a winter's day, a locomotive leaving behind it a snowy cloud of vapor, like a comet's tail, often floating for minutes after the train has passed? Think of this, and watch the steam curl on a day like those of midsummer, the hot breath just as full of water as in winter, is pulled out into the eye of the sun, and not steam enough shows to make a shadow—it is so quickly absorbed by the air.—*Homesstead.*

#### TWO GENEROUS SOULS.

Micajah Harris was an active soldier of the Revolution, and became captain. He and his wife's brother, James Sheppard, were taken prisoners by a Tory scout, and conveyed to some halting-place on King's or Indian Creek, where it was proposed to put them to death. When the halt was ordered, one of the Tories proposed to another to shoot them. He offered the unwelcome office to another, and he to another, till the whole scout had declined the bloody work. They then told the prisoners, if either would shoot the other, he should be discharged. They indignantly rejected the proposition. Sheppard then said to their captors that, if one life would satisfy them, he was single. His brother-in-law was a married man, and had one or two children. He asked, therefore, to be the victim. Harris would not accept this generous sacrifice, but said, with manly courage: "If one has to die, let us both die together." The Tories, struck by the self-sacrificing spirit of their prisoners, discharged them both on parole. They could not, however, give up their plunder; so they seized Captain Harris's fine horse, which he rode, and sent him home on foot.—*Facts of the Revolution.*

#### CAUSES OF CHAIN LIGHTNING.

In a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, Mr. Grove stated, and proved by experiment, that the effects of rarefaction upon gases, either produced by the air pumps or by heat, tend to render discharges of electricity more facile, and to enable them to pass across much larger spaces than would otherwise be the case. So strikingly was this evidenced with flame, that when the flame of a spirit lamp was held near one of the terminal points of a coal apparatus, the terminals being separated to a distance far beyond that at which the spark would pass in cold air, the spark darted to and along the margin of the flame, and could be curved or twisted about in any direction, at the will of the experimenter, giving a perfect illustration of the crooked form of lightning, and of the probable reason why it does not pass in straight lines—the temperature of the air being different at different points in its passage, and much of this variation of temperature being, in all probability, occasioned by the mechanical effects of the discharge itself upon the air. The experiment is one which may be easily tried.

#### MAZZINI.

Mazzini, says a Paris correspondent, has made a recent tour into Italy, and the following anecdote relates to the trip:—When he goes into Switzerland, Mazzini generally passes through the canton of Ticino. Now the Swiss there dislike these excursions, and the authorities have given the strictest instructions to arrest the dictator whenever he can be recognized. In addition to a warning of his coming, the Swiss gendarmes had received notice that Mazzini always travels with two passports. He then presented himself perfectly disguised as Coppet or at Versoix—I am not quite certain which. The gendarme who examined the passport and compared notes as to the description he had received, entertained some suspicions, and, turning to Mazzini, he said, "this passport is all right; but the second one, show me that." "A second passport! What second passport? I've only one." "O, if you've only one, you can pass, it isn't you I'm looking for." It was thus, through the wondrous intelligence of a gendarme, that Mazzini was able to go through Switzerland.

False delicacy is affectation, not politeness.





THE NEW TOWN OF BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS.

## VIEW OF THE NEW TOWN OF BELMONT.

The accompanying view of the new town of Belmont, Mass., was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Homer, and is taken from a point to the eastward of the town, the spectator being supposed to be looking westward. It represents the sweep of Wellington Hill, with its terraces, elegant private residences, trees and gardens, forming altogether a beautiful and attractive scene. Belmont post office is about six miles from Boston, on the Fitchburg Railroad, and the scenery at that point has long been celebrated for its romantic beauty. In natural attractions it is unequalled by any spot in the vicinity of Boston, and it has been built up and laid out with great taste. The present legislature, as all our local readers are aware, passed a bill incorporating the new town of Belmont, an event which was celebrated by the inhabitants, on its consummation, by salutes of cannon, displays of fireworks, and all manner of rejoicing. It is the 33rd town incorporated in the Commonwealth. It is composed of portions of Watertown, West Cambridge and Waltham, taking 1446 acres from the first, 1523 acres from the second, and 428 acres from the last, giving it an area of more than five miles. The number of inhabitants is 1174, of whom less than 200 are voters. It is said that in proportion to its size it is the richest town in the State; one estate,

that of John P. Cushing, embraced within the new town, being valued at \$500,000. Belmont embraces the settlement of Waverley, seven miles from Boston by Fitchburg Railroad. Belmont has now entered into the fraternity of towns with a fair start, and we look to see it increase with a rapidity proportioned to its attractions and advantages.

## CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE.

The view of Charles River Bridge from Charlestown, published on the next page, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Wand, and is what all local views should be, an accurate and detailed representation, without embellishment or obscurity. The spectator is supposed to be on the Charlestown side of the river, looking towards Boston. The long line of the bridge with its draw, is accurately depicted. Near its termination are seen the tall chimney and massive buildings of the gas company's works, and in the distance the graceful spire of Christ Church, historically renowned, and the more modern spire of the Gothic Church in Hanover Street. Boston has so long enjoyed every facility of communication with the surrounding cities and towns, that we cannot realize its condition of isolation in its peninsular state, when the citizen was compelled to make a long journey to get out of town with a carriage, and when sail or row-boats

afforded the only means of reaching the opposite shores. The bridging of the Charles River was therefore an immense step in the march of improvement; the first steps towards it created almost as much excitement in the good old town as the laying of the Atlantic telegraph. In the ante-bridge days, when Boston rather vegetated, and there were large gardens throughout the place, and cows pastured on the Common, it better deserved the patronizing name of "village," which our New York friends bestow on it, than now, when the peninsula is crowded with dwellings and stores, is expanding wherever land can be obtained or made, and where bridges, horse and steam railroads and steam ferries radiate in every direction, and afford every element of vigorous growth. No city of the East has undergone more changes than Boston, and when it is finished it will certainly be a magnificent city.

## SKETCHES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

The two pictures illustrating noted buildings in Charleston, S. C., were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn on the spot. The two structures are in the fact, as well as in the representation, near neighbors. They are both located on Meeting Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Charleston. The purposes of the two buildings are as diverse as possible, yet closely connected, one entirely devoted to

mental, the other to physical food. The market, which stands upon the easterly side of Meeting Street, is but partially seen in our view, the main building alone being shown, the other buildings connected with it extending back to the water. The different departments are devoted to beef, vegetables, fruit and fish, and are separate and commodious. The main building is of stone, and was erected in 1841. The front is adorned with very elaborate iron railings and lantern posts. Elaborate iron work, in the way of railings, fences and gateways, is a peculiarity a stranger notices in Charleston, and in many instances they have a very graceful and picturesque effect. In the earlier portions of the day the market has a very busy appearance, the commodious street, on either side, being crowded with human beings, beasts and birds. To a stranger from the North particularly, the birds are not the least interesting, they being buzzards, the self-appointed scavengers of warm climates. They are nearly as large as a turkey, and are tame, familiar and grotesque to the last degree. They surround the market (particularly at the closing in the afternoon, when everything not sold must be cleared out), hopping and skipping in the street and on the sidewalks in a manner peculiarly their own, or roosting on all the eaves and chimney-tops when they have gorged themselves, or there is nothing more for them to eat. They are looked upon by the inhabitants as a necessary evil, and are protected by law. On the opposite side of the street, a little to the south of the market, is the New or Charleston Theatre. It is, as our view shows, simple and unpretending in its appearance, but quite commodious, and well adapted to theatrical purposes. Meeting Street presents many other fine public and private edifices, interspersed among many buildings of early date, a few of which are seen on the left of the theatre. Meeting and King are both fine streets—the longest in the city running from the South Battery, north and north-westerly through the entire length of the city.

## CASH SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

A Glasgow commercial circular ascribes the comparative security of French commerce—a fact which has not attracted the attention it deserves, either in Great Britain or this country—to the modified nature of its credits. In France, trade approaches far nearer a cash business than it does either in England or the United States; hence, as an illustration, the panic of 1857 was comparatively nothing in France; and, as a general thing, trade is always more even in France than it is in countries, where credit is largely extended. The circular remarks, that but for an abuse of banking, the merchants could not give the extensive lines of credit which they now do.



CHARLESTON THEATRE, CHARLESTON, S. C.



## THE GORILLA.

At the London Royal Institute, recently, Professor Owen delivered a lecture to a crowded audience on the Gorilla, the recently discovered animal of Central Africa, which bears the nearest resemblance to man of any of the monkey tribe that has hitherto been discovered, not excepting the chimpanzee. The first traces of this creature was made known in England in 1847, and from the bones and sketches of it which Professor Owen received from missionaries, he inferred that the Gorilla was one of the most highly-developed species of the monkey group. In August last, a specimen of the Gorilla, preserved in spirits, was received at the British Museum, and a well executed drawing of it, by Mr. Wolff, was exhibited. Professor Owen first pointed out the anatomical characteristics of the Gorilla, which distinguished it from other species of monkeys, and he afterwards mentioned such particulars of its habits as he has collected from those who have visited that part of Africa where it is found. The points in which it approaches nearer to man than any other quadrumanous animal, are the shorter arm—particularly the shortness of the humerus compared with the fore-arm, a longer development of the great toe, a projecting nose bone, and the arrangement of the bones of the feet to enable the creature to stand more erect. The drawing of the Gorilla, from the specimen in the British Museum, though only two-thirds grown, represented a most formidable animal, and, compared with the skeleton of the full grown specimen, the skeleton of a man seemed very slim and delicate. Not only are the bones and muscles calculated to give great strength, but the large capacity of the chest indicated the powerful energy with which they were stimulated.

The part of Africa where the Gorilla is found lies from the equator to 20 S., on the western portion, in a hilly country abounding in palm trees and luxuriant vegetation. Its food consists of fruits and vegetables, and its habitation is the woods, where it constructs nests of the intertwined boughs, perched at heights varying from 12 feet to 50. It avoids the presence of the negroes, and is but seldom seen, but it is known to them as "the stupid old man." The want of intelligence that has induced the negroes to give it that name, is shown by its carrying away fruits and sugar canes singly, instead of tying them together and carrying several off at the same time. It is in thus returning to take away its provender into the woods piecemeal that the negroes take the opportunity of waiting for and shooting it. The Gorilla is a formidable enemy to encounter, and in case the gun miss its mark, or only maim the animal, the negro is quickly overtaken and killed, or dreadfully mangled by the canine teeth of the creature. Sometimes when a negro is passing unawares under a tree in which a Gorilla

is seated, it will reach down its arm and snatch the man up by the throat and hold him till he is strangled. The elephant is an object of its attack, as they both live on the same food, and, holding on to a high branch with its hind feet, it will stoop down and strike the elephant with a club. The Gorilla exhibits a strong attachment to its young, as an instance of which it was mentioned that a female and her two young ones having been seen in a tree, she snatched up one and ran with it into the woods, and then returned to fetch the other. Her retreat had in the meantime been cut off, and when the gun was levelled at her, she waved her arm as if to beseech for mercy. But it was in vain; for a bullet was sent through her heart, and the young one was wounded and captured. The Gorilla is sometimes seen walking erect, with its arms behind its neck; its usual mode of progression, however, is on all-fours. Professor Owen mentioned several other points in the habits of the animal, as well as in its osteology, to show its nearer approach to man than any other animals of the tribe; and he concluded by alluding to the fossil remains of quadrumans, to show that the Gorilla, like man, had not existed till the earth had attained its present condition.

It is often in small matters that the strongest feelings are most strikingly displayed.



CITY MARKET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

## BERMUDIAN CEDARS.

The beauty of the 'Mudian scenery is greatly enhanced by the cedar trees; as without them the Bermudas would present but a desert appearance, for it appears to be the only tree that can withstand the fury of the elements which, at particular seasons of the year, wage war upon these islands. It affords great protection to the agriculturist, and stems the fury of the gale from his crops; it is of such great assistance in the proper tillage of the land, that the local government have, at various times, passed acts for the better protection of the tree from destruction. Much of the household furniture is manufactured from this wood, and room doors look extremely handsome when made of the knotted portion of the old cedars, and varnished. The beams of the houses, window frames—indeed, we may say that nearly all the wood required for building or house purposes, is cedar. Then, again, the famed 'Mudian boats are built of this wood, and not boats alone, but vessels of large tonnage are now and then, at intervals, launched in the islands. Some small vessels of war have at different times been built also; one, named The Bermuda, was launched in Harrington Sound some few years back, but she was the last man-of-war built of this wood, as it was found not to answer well for vessels of that class. In sheltered situations the cedar attains a goodly size,

and there are yet remaining a few specimens of large dimensions and supposed great age. There is one situated in the old churchyard of Smith's parish, which, from appearance, numbers many winters; it is put to an useful and decidedly ornamental purpose, for up in its aged and time-worn branches is placed the church bell. Devonshire church owns a similar structure. The wood of the cedar is also used for fuel, and, to a stranger, the peculiar and delightful perfume emitted while the wood is burning, is novel and pleasing. Perhaps we may here be permitted to venture an opinion, that the immense number of cedar trees add greatly to the heat of the climate, which, in the months of July, August and September, is generally intense. To judge of the heat thrown out by one of these trees, a person need only stand a few minutes under its shade, when its influence will immediately be perceived. Many of the cedars growing close upon the shore, and exposed to the influence of the heavy gales, have a stunted appearance, the trunks and branches twisted into curious shapes, and their roots bare and exposed. In olden times the native "squires" of Bermuda calculated their wealth by the number and growth of the cedars upon their estates; and tradition has it, that the fair 'Mudian damsel who possessed a right and title to a thousand goodly cedars, was in a certain way of possessing a husband, if so inclined.—*Bermudian Naturalist*.



CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE, FROM CHARLESTOWN.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DE RIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year and one to the getter up  
of the club ..... 20.00  
One copy of *Ballou's Pictorial*, and one copy of  
the *Key* or *Index* ..... \$3.50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Hank," York, N. Y.—A matter of taste, but per-  
haps Edward Everett had better style. We doubt  
whether any European in order within the last quarter  
of a century has equaled either of them. 2 The  
price for landing is \$1.

Paris, 1. The change of color in the illustration is only  
produced when the animal is highly irritated or ex-  
cited. 2 A short was a tenth part of a Roman mile.  
Oro. Pictorial. S. H. is now sold in St. Louis.

Mo. He would be glad to hear from you. We are  
glad that you are so happy to inform us that  
our letters have been encouraging in this city. Good  
pictures are readily disposed of. The artists' recep-  
tions had no effect on the community, and  
have produced fortunate results both here and in New  
York.

C. V. We have an impression that we have answered  
your query before in reply to another correspondent,  
but may be mistaken.

CONVICTS. The Hungarian organized society in In-  
dia of robbers and murderers. They enter into a com-  
pact to hold themselves bound to assist, day or night,  
in any conspiracy which has plunder for its object or  
murder in its aim. They obtain information of the  
intended progress of persons on business, and likely  
to have money or valuables with them, and take ad-  
vantage of every opportunity which cunning can de-  
vise to commit the most atrocious crimes.

A. A. For cleaning alabaster there is nothing better  
than soap and water. Stains may be removed by wash-  
ing with soap and water, then whitening the stained  
part, letting it stand some hours, then rinsing off the  
whitewash and rubbing the part stained.

HYDROPHOBIC.—The celebrated Harvey is entitled to  
some respect from the disciples of Pasteur. We are  
told that when he was attacked with a fit of that most  
painful disorder, the goat, he would sit with his legs  
in a pan of water, even in the most frosty weather,  
until the pain from the cold was as severe as that from  
the madness, and then repair to a warm room, when the  
disorder was found to be cured. There is no doubt of  
the value of cold water in fevers, but we must bear in  
mind the old proverb that "circumstances alter cases."

Miss F. M. Some evening plants (from right to left,  
and others from left to right). For instance, the con-  
volvulus and the passion flower (from right to left),  
the honeysuckle and the hop (from left to right).

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 111,000.

It should be known to every family in the  
United States, that for one dollar, sent to our ad-  
dress, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and en-  
tirely original Magazine may be had for a whole  
year. It is beautifully printed on clear, white  
paper, with new type, and each number contains  
over one hundred pages of reading matter and  
illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a  
year, or two large volumes, for one dollar. Post-  
age eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest  
publication in the world!

## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

There is a sentiment among men which regards  
the present as the connecting link between the  
past and the future, and inspires us to aid those  
who are to come after us in interpreting the mys-  
tery of those who have gone before. This  
sentiment is peculiar to no era, and is not the  
child of system. It is the offspring of humanity,  
alike clamorous with the groods of necessity,  
and hopeful with the yearnings of immortality.  
We look upon the ancient sculptured caves of  
India, and the semi-antique monuments of  
Egypt, and mourn the narrow policy of our race,  
which could not span the tribal influence of their  
day, with the soul-inspiring idea of an immortal  
record. Yet the sentiment of condemnation for the  
remissness of the ancients, should be the  
monitor to present duty. While we censure the  
short-comings of those who have gone before us  
on the earth, let us not forget that the record  
of our time is to constitute the bridge over which  
our successors are to travel in their search for  
knowledge of our predecessors. In this view of  
the subject, everything now extant which exhib-  
its traces of the early inhabitants of this con-  
tinent, should be faithfully explored and chronicled  
by the men of the present age, for the benefit of  
succeeding generations. An idle curiosity may  
be gratified by simply gazing upon the decaying  
relics of the past; but a just sense of responsi-  
bility to posterity will prompt us to place upon  
the record a clear description of those relics, that  
their testimony may be read in after ages, when  
the destroying hand of time has entirely oblit-  
erated them. These remarks are suggested by a  
discovery of ancient hieroglyphic writing, which  
has lately been made in Jersey county, Illinois.  
This writing appears upon the rocky face of a  
high bluff, near the mouth of the Piase River,  
the figures being painted on the smooth surface  
of the rock, in a cavernous cleft, which is shel-

tered by an overhanging cliff. The picture rec-  
ord is executed in a horizontal line, from east to  
west, and at a height of fifty feet from the base  
of the cliff. The figures represent men, plants,  
and animals, and are in good preservation where  
not destroyed by the decay and falling of the  
rock. Of one of the animals only a part re-  
mains, the rest having been lost by the fracture  
of the portion of the rock upon which it was  
painted. It is impossible to judge how much of  
the record has been thus obliterated. On the  
top of the bluff, immediately over the painted  
cliff, is a stone mound, of the kind left by the  
earlier inhabitants of the continent, and beneath  
this mound was found a sarcophagus, built of  
stones, containing a human skeleton. Mr. Wm.  
McAdam, who made these explorations and dis-  
coveries, has taken drawings of the picture record,  
and of the mound, and secured the skull of the  
skeleton. He proposes to bring the subject  
before the St. Louis Academy of Science.

## THE HEART-BALLADS.

In the phrase of "heart-ballads" we have  
launched upon the sea of sentiment, we are  
aware; but we have not the slightest thought to  
lend the confiding "sympathet" across this  
broad ocean of human range; and least of all to  
wreck the pure, generous, ardent lover of hu-  
manity upon the dreary sands of impossible  
anticipation. No, no, dear reader; we have  
too often been stirred to the innermost depths of  
the soul by a lying clangor at the outer portals,  
and found our high anticipations subside into  
disappointment, when the bold challenger turned  
out to be a counterfeit pretender, and no true  
knight. We therefore eschew the field of sen-  
timent in what we have to say of heart-ballads,  
and confine ourselves to the prosaic path of re-  
ality. There are a few ballads in the world  
which may truly be styled "of the heart," for  
they interpret the feelings of humanity the world  
over. Such are "Auld Lang Syne," "Home,  
sweet Home," and "Annie Laurie." This lat-  
ter, for blending of sound that echoes from the  
heart, and sentiment that makes unerring ap-  
peal to human nature, is perfectly unsurpassed  
in the whole range of united poetry and music.  
It was written by a lover, and a true lover at  
that, of the name of Douglas, who thus poured  
forth his feelings for the object of his devotion,  
Miss Annie Laurie, the beautiful daughter of  
a Scotch baronet. The song was composed  
more than a hundred and fifty years ago,  
and is now adopted into the musical repertoire of  
all true lovers as the fullest expression of their  
passion.

As originally written by Douglas, the song is  
shorter, simpler, and more expressive. Modern  
emendators may indeed have given it a more  
elaborate and artistic structure, but they have not  
improved upon the touching beauty of the piece.  
The following is the original form of "Annie  
Laurie," as first sung by its author; who, by the  
way, did not win his charmer, she having wed  
another.

"Maxwellton banks are bonnie,  
Where eary fa's the dew,  
Where I and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true,  
Made up the promise true,  
And never forget will I,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's bonnie like a peacock,  
She's bonnie like a swan,  
She's just about the size of  
The waist you wear now spin,  
Her waist you wear now spin,  
And she has a rosy eye  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay down my head and die."

## INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

It is always very pleasant to see the inter-  
change of kindly courtesies between the vessels  
of the United States Navy and those of other  
countries; for they reflect truly the generous and  
chivalrous sentiments which the nations of the  
world entertain towards each other, and which  
we especially cherish for the other powers. The  
other day we had occasion to note the generous  
act of the officers and men of the Paraguay ex-  
pedition, in making up a handsome sum for the  
relief of a French soldier who suffered by an ex-  
plosion, while his vessel was paying a salute to  
our fleet, in the harbor of Montevideo. An oc-  
currence took place in the Bay of Smyrna, last  
October, which has been the subject of official  
notice, and of hearty commendation, in a cor-  
respondence between the British ministry and our  
own government. As the U. S. ship Macedonian  
was coming out of the bay of Smyrna, she dis-  
covered the British steam sloop-of-war Curacao

to be aground, hard and fast, and unable to get  
off. Capt. Levy of the Macedonian promptly  
tendered the services of his vessel and crew to  
extricate the British captain from his difficulty.  
The offer was accepted, as was also the aid pro-  
ffered by the Turks, French and Russians, with  
their vessels. The Macedonian, in conjunction  
with the other vessels, tugged for hours to haul  
the Curacao off; but they could not start her,  
with all their united efforts. Capt. Levy contin-  
ued his labors, even after the other assistants had  
abandoned the undertaking in despair, and parted  
several hawsers. The other crafts lightened the  
stranded vessel somewhat, by taking off her  
heavy lading, but could not move her. As a last  
resort, Capt. Levy knocked down the cabin bulk-  
heads of the Macedonian, and took a heavy  
cable from the Curacao, through his cabin  
windows to the capstan. The other end of the  
cable was made fast to the capstan of the British  
vessel, and then the crews of both vessels  
manned the bars, and by simultaneous action got  
her off. The successful issue of this prolonged  
labor caused a shout from both crews that made  
the welkin ring. The captain of the Curacao  
subsequently stated these facts to his govern-  
ment, and thereupon the British secretary of  
foreign affairs, Lord Malmesbury, caused a letter  
of thanks to be communicated to Gen. Cass, our  
Secretary of State, in which the signal service  
rendered by Capt. Levy and the officers and crew  
of the Macedonian, is commended in the warm-  
est terms. Secretary Toucey of the navy depart-  
ment has addressed a letter to Capt. Levy, con-  
veying to him the grateful acknowledgments of  
the British government. This occurrence, pleas-  
ing in itself, is rendered doubly so by its illustra-  
tion of the wisdom of the action of Congress, by  
which Capt. Levy was restored to the active list.

## THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.

The secretary of the "Mount Vernon Ladies'  
Association of the Union" has published a re-  
port of the condition of the purchase, in the  
Mount Vernon Record, under date of March  
23d. The report expresses regret that the ap-  
peal to the people of the United States to make  
up the balance required, by contributions on the  
last birthday of Washington, did not meet with  
a full response. But yet the prospects are very  
encouraging for the early extinction of the debt  
which has been incurred by the purchase. In  
the space of four weeks the sum of sixty-two  
thousand dollars additional has been paid off;  
the greater part of the money having been re-  
ceived from recent contributions. The second  
and third instalments, due in 1860 and '61, have  
thus been anticipated. Of the sum of \$200,000  
required for the purchase, upwards of \$158,000  
has now been paid, leaving only about forty-two  
thousand dollars to complete the amount. This  
certainly looks very well indeed, for the early  
success of the undertaking, and gives much en-  
couragement that the additional sum which is  
needed to put the estate in good condition, may  
be obtained without difficulty. There are now  
thirty lady vice-regents for the States, showing  
that all the States of the Union but three are co-  
operating to some extent in this filial duty of the  
nation. The ladies may well be proud of their  
patriotic labors.

## VENERABLE BRITISH PEERS.

The following sketch of those four noble peers,  
Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Lansdowne and  
Campbell is given by a London correspondent  
of the Manchester Guardian:—"A very inter-  
esting parliamentary performance, the other  
night, was Lord Lyndhurst's speech on the Royal  
Academy. Lord Lyndhurst tops even Lord  
Brougham in mental longevity. Now, I believe,  
in his eighty-eighth year, he is as lucid in state-  
ment, as clear in memory, as playful at once and  
as powerful in illustration as ever he was. Even  
the dull and decorous lords seemed stirred when  
the eagle-faced old man spoke of the days,  
"when I attended Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures  
seventy years ago." As the son of Copley, the  
historical painter, Lord Lyndhurst's youth was  
passed chiefly in the society of artists. He still  
cherishes the memory of those days, and is proud  
of his father's connection with art. Only the  
other day I heard of his sending for one of our  
distinguished painters to ask his advice about  
varnishing a picture of his father's, which he was  
about to present to some public institution in his  
father's native State—I believe Boston. Lord  
Brougham is little less of a wonder than Lord  
Lyndhurst, though several years younger. His

energy is still terrific. He uses a mental adze  
hammer where Lyndhurst handles a small saw  
—not the less dandy because it requires less  
muscle to wield it." For unimpaired clearness of  
intellect, Lord Lansdowne, now in his eighty-  
year, may compare not unfavorably with either  
of these legal perennials. But deafness is con-  
stantly growing upon him, greatly to his annoy-  
ance. His genial, social, and inquiring nature  
is ill adapted to acquiesce in the shutting up of  
that great avenue to the brain. Lord Campbell  
is worthy to run as wheeler with Lord Brougham  
is the unicorn team of which Lyndhurst should  
be leader. The intellect is of a less massive or-  
der than Brougham's, of a less finished elegance  
and less noble proportions than Lord Lynd-  
hurst's; but it is an eminently practical mind,  
and in capital working order, without a speck of  
rust, kept in full play as it is, yet not over-taxed  
by the duties of chief justiceship. Take these four  
men together, and I suppose we might challenge  
any assemblage, of any country, or any period of  
history, to match them, as examples of large ac-  
quirement, and long-exercised and marvellously  
preserved powers of mind."

## FRIENDSHIP IN MONKEYS.

A sentimental scene was witnessed not long  
ago, in one of the pavilions of the Jardin des  
Plantes, at Paris; the very one, by the way,  
where sentiment would hardly be looked for, viz.,  
that of the monkey. While the inmates of that  
abode were indulging in their accustomed gam-  
bols, the entrance bell announced a visitor; an  
old woman entered with a monkey under her  
arm, and handed it over to the keeper. No  
sooner did the new comer perceive the rotunda,  
where his friends were enjoying themselves, than  
it set up a scream of delight, ran to the door,  
and by sundry equivocal pantomimes expressed  
his impatience at finding it closed. When the  
keeper at length opened it, Pug rushed in, and  
was instantly locked in the embrace of another  
monkey, who had recognized the voice, and had  
hastened to receive him. It appears that the new  
comer belongs to M. Godard, the aeronaut, and  
always accompanies him in his aerial excursions.  
When the balloon had reached a certain height,  
Pug, seated in a little arm-chair, to which he is  
securely fastened, performs his descent in a para-  
chute. Though a little nervous at the beginning  
of his descent, the little aeronaut soon gets ac-  
customed to the waving motion, and seems to  
enjoy it; for, though accustomed during the  
summer, to the periodical arrival of the old wo-  
man to fetch him from the Jardin des Plantes, he  
never evinces any reluctance to follow her. Dur-  
ing his absence his friend in the pavilion is  
melancholy and downcast, refuses food, and de-  
clines to play; and whenever the door of the  
pavilion is opened, runs to see whether the ab-  
sentee has returned.

COBB'S TRIMMING STORE.—Our neighbor,  
F. W. Cobb, at No. 18 Winter Street, has  
the best found trimming store in Boston. The  
Trimming department comprises every variety of  
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dress, Mantilla  
and Cloak Trimmings. The Worsted depart-  
ment, stocked with every article pertaining to  
Worsted, Silk and Chenille Embroidery, is under  
the charge of an accomplished lady, where la-  
dies may procure work done—receive instruc-  
tion, or obtain materials. Mr. Cobb has just  
added, by fresh importations, a very large assort-  
ment of goods to his extensive stock.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—There is a rumor  
from St. Petersburg that the establishment of  
a synagogue in the capital, where heretofore Jews  
had only been allowed to reside under very se-  
vere restrictions, is about to be authorized. This,  
if true, is an evidence that the Russian govern-  
ment has resolved to enter the path of religious  
liberty.

FINE-ART DRAWING PENCILS.—The admi-  
rable drawing pencils manufactured by De La  
Rue & Co., London, may be obtained of Thom-  
as Groom & Co., 82 State Street. They are of  
the best lead, and the color and quality com-  
mend them to the use of artists.

No 60.—Lord Crowley did not succeed in his  
mission to Austria; and England, with every  
disposition to be a cat's-paw of France, has not  
been able to pull a single chestnut out of the fire.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—The cheap-  
est work ever sold in the United States. One  
dollar a year. Ten cents a single copy, every where.



## PUMPING SOVEREIGNS.

The twenty-horse power engine at the British Mint has a double duty to perform: it pumps at once water and sovereigns! This engine is on the high and low pressure principle, and was invented some ten years ago by the Messrs. Rennie. As regards the water-pumping arrangements, it may be said that a spur-pinion on the fly-wheel shaft gives motion to a wheel attached to a three-throw crank shaft, which again works the pumps beneath. The well is 420 feet in depth, and the pumps, of nine inches diameter, throw water into a large cistern fifty feet from the ground; thence the water flows to every part of the establishment. Pumping sovereigns, however, is a different thing. In order to accomplish this, a very large double acting air pump—designed a few years since by a subordinate officer of the mint, who was not rewarded for his pains—is placed below the beam, and worked by a rod dependent thereon. The pump exhausts (in both the up and down strokes) a tube 220 feet in length, connected with a vacuum chamber near the coining press room. Necessarily the vacuum chamber—50 feet in length, and three feet six inches in diameter—is exhausted, too, and on the upper part of this stand eight pneumatic pumps ingeniously fitted with valves, levers, springs, and other fittings, and attached by means of rods to the hollow upright shafts of the presses themselves. The pumps of the presses are forced down by the intermittent action of the atmosphere upon the pistons, packed with leather, with which they are supplied, and carry with them the screws of the presses themselves. Boys feed the presses with gold or silver blanks, and have complete command over them and the pumps. Motion is given to both at the rate of from 60 to 70 per minute, and the dies deliver into trays provided for the purpose streams of gold coins at the same speed, and which have a most tempting appearance. Thus are sovereigns pumped into existence. We know one sovereign that can't be pumped—and that's Louis Napoleon.

## RIDING A HOBBY.

The archbishop of Dublin tells of a horseman who, having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of horses' hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced, and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am in some track!" When the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said, "Now, surely, I am in a beaten way;" and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain that he must be in some frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but all the while he was riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it is with men that ride a hobby.

**REFRACTORY SINGERS.**—They have a summary way of dealing with "birds that can sing, but won't sing," in Havana. They cage them in jail till their voices come back; and so they served M. Gassier lately. His round head looking through the iron-bars window had the effect of a crotchet in a musical score.

**LOOKING AHEAD.**—The New York Courier estimates that in the year 1990 the population of that city, taking as a basis the present rate of increase, will amount to four million seven hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and sixty nine.

**THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.**—The schoolmaster, in his travels, seems to have halted in Persia. Lithographic presses have been established both at Ispahan and at Teheran, and several useful school books have been published.

**ROME.**—The pope has recently ordered two large barns to be pulled down for the better prosecution of excavations in the Roman Forum, from which interesting discoveries are anticipated.

**SWISS GIRLS.**—In Switzerland, it is said, 20,000 girls gain a livelihood by making watches, or, in other words, *live on tick*.

**GOOD NEWS FOR THE SHOEMAKERS.**—The population of England increases at the rate of one thousand *soles* a day!

**FOR LOVERS ONLY.**—Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The cable sleeps quietly beneath the sea. De Saury "has gone home," and stays "gone home" very effectually. Whether he will again "revisit the glimpses of the moon," probably depends upon the question whether the cable will make another spasmodic effort at giving an "intelligible signal." To all appearance De Saury and the cable are regularly done up, and have been balanced off upon the books of the company. An effort is now to be made to lay a new cable of an improved structure, and by a safer process; and the British government has agreed to guarantee for twenty-five years a dividend of eight per cent. on a new capital of £600,000, to the Atlantic Telegraph Company. This proposal puts the company on its legs again; for with this guarantee the money can readily be raised. It is now thought that by the end of August, measures will be taken for laying the improved cable which has been proposed, and which can be manufactured in season for operations to commence by that time. The government promise of aid has already improved the market price of shares in the company's stock, raising it to two hundred and forty pounds; and some apprehensions are expressed that it may also raise De Saury, and bring the old cable to life, which it is thought may have been made "to play 'possum'" all this time, so as to effect this valuable government aid.

**SUBURBAN MATTERS.**—Planting time has commenced, and happy or unhappy suburbaners, just as your tastes lead you to term them, are seen daily rushing for the cars, dragging along trees and bushes, and reminding you of Macduff's troops when they personated "Birnam wood" in their advance upon that singularly unpleasant Scottish gentleman, Macbeth, just about the period when his "time was up," and he was "wanted." Well, the worst we wish them is, that every tree they set out may blossom and bear fruit. Tree-planters are true benefactors of society.

**A PLEA FOR THE BEARLESS.**—In the year 1586, the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a buck-goat, and not a gentleman, as I am."

**A SCOTCH ANSWER.**—"Well," said a Yankee proudly to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that?" "Like that," quoth the latter, "there's a far mair wonderful concern nae twae miles frae whar I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

**A NEW COLUMBUS.**—A Boston correspondent of that very clever paper, the New York Saturday Press, talks of having discovered a sculptor in Ball Hughes, about whom nobody in Boston seemed to know anything. Why, man, Ball Hughes is one of the best-known men about town, and his talents were recognized long ago.

**LOVE AND ARSENIC.**—A German of Milwaukee, all for love, lately tried to end himself and his sorrows by taking poison. He began with five grains of arsenic, and daily increased the dose—but instead of killing him, it only fattened him, much to his chagrin and disappointment.

**TOO BAD TO BE GUESSED.**—A schoolmaster perpetrates the following:—What irregular verb, if conjugated in the first persons of three tenses, will define the spectacle of boys indulging in a certain game? See, saw, seen! (*See-saw scene!*)

**THE BOSTON FAIRS.**—It is estimated that the aggregate receipts of the late five fairs at the Music Hall exceeded \$65,000, and the net proceeds to about \$50,000.

**JUDGING OF BEAUTY.**—We should judge of beauty, not by the mathematical proportions of the body and face, but by the effect it produces.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The citizens of St. Petersburg call Madame Bostio the "divine cantatrice."

A police officer in Baltimore has been fined for "swearing a profane oath" in a justice's office. Slant N. Dickeler, Esq., writes for a Connecticut paper. Of course his articles are one-sided.

The people of Georgetown, D. C., are urging the annexation of that town to Washington.

A new play, called the Irish Cousin, has been produced in New York. It is no relation of the other cousins.

Lake Pepin, on the Upper Mississippi has an average width of a mile and one-half, and is deep enough to float the largest vessels.

There are 8000 railroad stockholders in the State of Maine, who have invested nineteen and a half millions in this kind of property.

Miss Ida Vernon, who was last season at the Boston Theatre, is playing at Louisville. The Journal calls her "the lustrous-eyed, beautiful Ida Vernon."

Dr. Gunn has been nominated for health officer at New York. It elected, the inmates of the quarantine may be expected to "go off" without a "discharge."

The Nantucket Inquirer says that at the present time there are nine of the Dartmoor prisoners residing in that town, and all, though in advanced years, are in good health.

The recent canvass in Niagara, Orleans and Genesee counties, New York, for senator, was an extraordinary case. There were no less than one hundred and ten candidates voted for.

Mrs. Turhuno, best known to a large and appreciative circle of readers as Marion Harland, has removed to Newark, N. J., her husband being pastor elect of the First Reformed Dutch Church.

In his new work on Ancient Egypt, Baron Bunsen comes to the conclusion that the land of the Pharaohs was inhabited "by men who made use of pottery," 11,000 years before the Christian era.

A letter from Fort Yuma says the gold mines there are one of the grandest humbugs of the day, and those who go there expecting to amass fortunes in a few weeks or months, will be woefully disappointed.

Until lately the ancient town of Westport, Mass., was without a church bell. The ladies of the Congregational Society determined that they would have one, and succeeded in raising the necessary funds.

One wing only of the University of Minnesota, at St. Anthony's Falls, has been completed. It cost \$40,000, and the News says is built in the style of a famous architect, "with a mortgage and a cupola on the top."

The losses by fire in San Francisco recorded since December, 1849, to May, 1855—five years and a few months—amount to the enormous sum of thirty-one million four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars!

The Detroit Advertiser says that the growing wheat crop throughout Michigan never before looked so promising at this season as at present, and that unless some contingency arises, the crop will be larger than ever before.

Prof. G. W. Greene is busy with a memoir of his grandfather, General Nathaniel Greene—a charming task, since the biographer will find occasion enough for just praise to satisfy the filial affection of the man.

A dug-out canoe, with a freight of over 6000 pounds, arrived at Charleston, S. C., recently. It was 56 feet long, and was made from the solid trunk of a yellow poplar tree. Not a single knot or imperfection could be discovered about the tree.

A sparring exhibition in Providence, R. I., was brought to a sudden close by a police officer, who informed the pugilists of the existence of a statute imposing a fine of \$200 upon all persons participating in such an exhibition, either as principals or spectators.

The yield of maple sugar in Michigan has been so extraordinary this season, that farmers are selling it for from six to eight cents per pound. More sugar has been made in the western counties of Pennsylvania this season than for many years past.

A vein of iron ore has been found in the yard of the Clinton, N. Y., prison. It apparently runs in the direction of State lands outside the prison stockade, in which case it will be available for use in the prison, furnishing ore for the forges and labor for the convicts.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says Messrs. Searle and Tuttle of the United States have just received first class medals at the annual meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, for their astronomical discoveries in the year 1858.

Mr. Perry, an ex-secretary of the United States Legation at Madrid, who is married to a Spanish lady and settled in Spain, has proposed to the government to lay down a telegraphic cable between Spain and Cuba; and he proposes that it shall touch the Canaries, Porto Rico, and some other places.

Dr. A. W. Smith, the late president of the Wesleyan University, was "sprised" recently by receiving a check for \$500 from a few of the alumni of the university, as a testimonial of their regard and esteem for him. The doctor had to abandon the office of president some time ago, in consequence of impaired health.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Keep true to the dreams of thy youth.—*Shiller*.

.... The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great baize.—*Dryden*.

.... It is only when we get a little that we begin to envy a great deal.—*Boyer*.

.... The philosopher deprived of property resembles the athlete stripped for battle.—*La Fontaine*.

.... It speaks well for the native kindness of our hearts, that nothing gives us greater pleasure than when we are conferring it.—*Bovee*.

.... We should trust medals more implicitly than books, because it seems easier to express falsehood on paper than on bronze.—*De Bow*.

.... The arts of peace are the only arts Christians ought to be very solicitous to know.—*Rev. John Bowyer*.

.... All of us, who are without anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth.—*Shelley*.

.... It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—*Greenville*.

.... God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a mufin-man's bell.—*Carlyle*.

.... Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation with his more solid qualities.—*O. W. Holmes*.

.... It seems to me that I would rather have my heart torn from my body, than to have this precious passage torn from the previous Book: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Rev. J. M. Gregory*.

.... Some, in their discourses, desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... The lower your senses are kept, the better you may govern them. Appetites are commonly like two buckets, when one is at the top the other is at the bottom. The senses are some of them so mean, they relish scarcely anything but what they beg for.—*Collier*.

## Joker's Budget.

What is the French for sleigh-horses? Chevaux de "froze."

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

The more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be.

Why is Asia like a market shed in Christmas week? Because there is Turkey in it.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

It has been ascertained that the man who "hold on to the last," was a shoemaker.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with a wooden leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock like a venomous reptile? Because he is an adder.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said, when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good-will, when all the world knows he hasn't any?

It is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, until he is attacked, and then "dear fellow" he is the very best!

We always think of a very mean man that he was made by one of nature's cobblers, and like an unfinished boot, thrown off without being soled.

There is a man living somewhere so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass. It is said anybody can see through him.

Why is the Ohio River like a drunkard? Because it takes in the Monongahela, goes past Wheeling, gets a Licking at Cincinnati, and Falls at Louisville.

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots? Shoemaker says, "Bute Imonda," to which boots reply, "solus."

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Jupiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunder-bolt.

When Suwarrow was defeated in Switzerland, some one told the king of Prussia the bombastic proclamation which that general had issued. "Bah!" said the king, "Suwarrow resembles a drum; he makes no noise until he is beaten."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
SPRING.

BY JOHN R. GOODWIN.

There's a voice in the air, that whispers of Spring,  
And of life from the grave awakening,  
A breath from a distant Summer clime,  
That bears an odor of flower and vine,  
The cloudless blue of the western sky  
Is softer and warmer to mine eye,  
The icy chains that the stream hath bound,  
By the hand unseen without a sound,  
Has been broken, its waters, turbid and dank,  
Weep over the sides of its mossy bank,  
And the roots of the violets, pulchre and thrill,  
And the lily bulbs, and the daffodill,  
Each to the other, touch and sing  
Their morning song, to the welcome Spring.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE ARTIST: —OR— SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY ARTHUR W. CONANT.

"THE loveliest baby, sir!"

"What is it, nurse?" asked the delighted father.

"A boy, sir—and perfect in limb and feature. Not a blemish in him."

Nurse held up the little red lump of humanity for him to kiss; but though there was heartfelt happiness in the young father's look, he could not bring himself to caress it yet.

Aunts, cousins, grandmothers, all came, and pronounced the child perfect. "Never was there such a beautiful creature," said one and all. And pretty Mary Kent, lying there with her soft, graceful embroideries around her, and her dark curls floating over the pillow, was as happy a young mother as was ever blessed by the first sight of a blue-eyed child.

All the pleasant signs of progress that could be made by an infant prodigy like the little Fitz Herbert, were duly observed and chronicled. Every little pearl of a tooth had its record to some distant relative, and every inch of golden hair that added itself to the dear head, made it look more and more like a seraph to Mary's eyes. The teeth and hair having been duly registered, she would write no more letters to cousin Lucy until she could tell her that the baby walked. O, the inexpressible delight of seeing the first step which the little human traveller ever plants on the earth, which is to be the scene of his wanderings until his last footstep hovers trembling over the grave!

"Well, Miss Kent, aint that child never goin' to walk?" asked a rough but well-meaning woman, when she called in one morning and saw the little two-year-old, sitting tied into his dining chair, and watching his mother as she was paring apples.

Mary burst into tears. Mrs. Rolfe she knew meant no harm, but she had touched a chord that vibrated in the poor young mother's heart, and waked into expression a thought she had not dared to utter.

"O, Mrs. Rolfe!" she said in a piteous tone that went to the good woman's heart, it was so sad, "tell me, you who know so much about children, tell me what is the matter of mine!"

Mrs. Rolfe made no reply; but she took the baby from its chair, laid it in her lap, and lifting its little feet in her hands, she rubbed and felt them for several minutes, with her large brown hand, and then let them fall from her grasp, while a cloud came over her good-humored face.

"There's no strength there—and there never will be!" she said in a compassionate voice.

The mother shrieked aloud, and besought her to look again.

"O, Mrs. Rolfe, you must be mistaken. My little Fitz Herbert a cripple! He must not—shall not be!" and she pressed the half-frightened child to her bosom, convulsively, as if she could avert that terrible doom.

Alas, she could not avert it. She sent for the doctor, and he only confirmed the painful fact. Somehow or muscle had not received its proper amount of lubricative oil, or the life principle, so active in every other part of the little frame, had stopped short of the feet. Doctor Williams was not very lucid in his explanations, and used hard words enough to stagger the simple audience he addressed in the persons of the mother and Mrs. Rolfe; but the end of it was that little Fitz Herbert was a very fortunate child to possess such a good mother, who would, he was confident, be resigned, and so forth.

How to break it to the father, Mary was at a loss to know. Mrs. Rolfe understood it; and Mary charged her to be very gentle, and break it by degrees.

"Poor Herbert!" she said, "he had so longed for the little boy to walk out with him on afternoons when he was released from the desk."

Herbert Kent was clerk in the small country bank—the solitary bank of the town—and his afternoons were his own. Only that very morning he had asked Mary if the child would soon go alone. She did not appear to hear his question. She had begun to fear something. The little boy had not shown any disposition even to creep, and the poor feet lay still and motionless always.

Herbert bore it better than she had hoped. He did not believe in it fully. Let the child get strength, and it would walk fast enough! He even went around to his acquaintances to ascertain the exact time when their children could walk; and came back triumphantly to Mary, with the most wonderful statistics of pedestrian slowness that could be imagined. In fact, he partially succeeded in consoling Mary, when he told her how old were such and such children who were as backward as Fitz Herbert. The pitying mothers had not told him that their children had crept constantly, and used their feet every way but by walking on them.

Two years took away this hope, and destroyed the consolation effectually. Fitz Herbert's feet fell as nerveless from their grasp as they had done before. The child, with all its glorious beauty—with its large full eyes, its wealth of golden-colored curls, and the sweet, serious mouth, with its bright red lips—was yet a cripple, helpless as when it first opened its blue eyes to the light.

Patiently, after the first bitter certainty was established, the young couple set to work to make the life of their boy as pleasant and beautiful as they could under his hard privation. The weary miles that the young clerk carried his little son in his arms—the innumerable devices which he pondered for the invention of a self-propelling vehicle, by which Fitz Herbert could go from room to room, or down the small yard of their house! Now, for the first time did the father wish himself rich—not for the sake of having hired servants to wait on his child, for that would never be entrusted to another—but to procure the power of locomotion for him by some more costly means than he could now afford.

Meantime Fitz Herbert was growing up, though not rapidly, in blissful half-unconsciousness of a misfortune which was far more vivid in others' eyes than his own. Never having enjoyed his powers of motion in that way, he could not so well realize the want of them. He could scarcely account at all for the pitying looks he received from others, and the half-uttered exclamations which betrayed the sense of his bereavement. A dozen years passed away, and Herbert Kent, the kind husband and father, the patient, half-rewarded man of business, was suddenly called home "to his Father's house in the skies." Mary stilled her own griefs to minister to the passionate sorrow of her boy; and his grew calmer when he saw how she suppressed her own.

She had learned, in her youth, to sew on straw; and she now commenced an occupation which brought in abundant means to support herself and Fitz Herbert. But the restless child must have occupation too; and on her first journey to the town where she sold her manufactures, she procured for him a large and beautiful paint, such as he had been longing for every time he arranged his little bits of cheap paint—gamboge and indigo and red ochre.

"O, mama—and you working all day and all night for this!" said the grateful little fellow.

"No—not all night," answered the mother softly. "And besides, what would I not do for my good son?"

Fitz Herbert's kiss was her reward; and soon she had even greater than that. Without assistance or instruction, the boy did wonders in the new art which had become so dear to him.

Old Mrs. Rolfe still befriended Mary Kent; and when, in the summer after Fitz Herbert attained his twelfth year, the old lady's house was filled with boarders from the city, she did not even then forget her protégé.

Mr. Waller, the artist, was among her guests, and she carried him off to see the boy, at her first leisure moment—dimly conscious of some great good which he might do him. She was

right. Waller saw the germ of genius, and, what does not always accompany genius,—selfdom, indeed,—the essential quality of patience in details; and he promised to himself, and to the delighted Mrs. Rolfe, that he would give that boy a helping lift, if Heaven spared his life.

Hitherto the child had made pictures from copying engravings; now he designed views, partly from memories of sweet spots which he had seen when going about the country with his father, and partly from the beautiful images and groupings in his own mind. Scarce a week passed that he did not receive some little help from Waller—a box of artists' implements, or some work on painting, or an exquisite engraving to copy. And the next year Waller insisted on carrying away with him, for exhibition, a picture on which Fitz Herbert had laid out incredible pains.

"It won't come to anything, Mr. Waller," said the boy, "but I wish you would keep it yourself as a remembrance of the good deeds you have done for me."

"I am not sure I have done you any good, Fitz Herbert," said Mr. Waller, doubtfully.

"O yes, sir! You have kept me from pining and complaining, at least; and is not that a blessing?"

The next news was that the picture was sold for twenty-five dollars. "No great sum," wrote Waller, "but an earnest of more by-and-by. My first did not bring half that."

Mrs. Rolfe went into hysterics of congratulation, and his mother's quiet tear of pleasure was so much better than even the money which he was so glad to have earned. One line in Waller's letter troubled the boy, because of the utter impracticability, he thought, of its suggestion being carried out.

"It is too late to fall back," he wrote; "and to become a painter you must see pictures. To the city, therefore, you must come."

Fitz Herbert did not show this to his mother; but one day she took up Waller's letter, and stumbled over that very paragraph—and in serene silence, as she did everything, she arranged her affairs for going before she disturbed his nerves by unfolding her plan. She had a grand-aunt in Boston, who she knew would be glad to see her for her mother's sake; and in the kind answer that was returned to her proposal of a visit to her, the old lady mentioned her own intimate acquaintance with Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Kent had always kept her son neat and respectable. She resolved he should be even well dressed now; and a handsome suit of gray, and the finest of linen collars and wristbands, were the fruits of his first picture. His fair complexion and rich golden hair were set off by the neutral tint of his garments, and his faultless figure did credit to its nice fitting. The stage bore him and his mother away, on an autumn day, and Dame Rolfe did not forget to throw her shoe after them for luck.

They were warmly welcomed, and every day a carriage was brought for Fitz Herbert to visit pictures at one place and another, and Waller was always there ready to receive and help the coachman carry him to the apartment where they were to be seen. Fitz Herbert's childish beauty, his sweet, serious manner, and the acknowledged fact of his genius, proved his passports to favor in many circles where fashion had not obliterated all other things; and the good aunt proved herself a friend indeed.

"Mary Kent was the child of a niece who was like a daughter to her, and now she should take her place;" and as to Fitz Herbert, "why, it would be a pleasure to have him there. He could have his studio next door, and old John Robins would carry him in and out always. Then Mary should have nothing to do but to rest herself from her labors."

It was a noble thing for the old lady to do; and Mr. Waller, whose opinion she thought "ever so much of," told her so, with cordial thanks for the good she was performing. It was a noble thing, also, on Waller's part. He interested other artists in the lame boy, and gave him assistance and instruction; and soon he excelled his teachers in many points of art.

He painted many pictures, without throwing his heart into them. These sold more rapidly than those on which he bestowed more talent. They were his bread-winners, bought by indifferent critics, for the sake of filling a vacant place. He reserved others for the fame-winners, keeping them long, and adding exquisite beauty to them by oft-repeated touches. The years passed rapidly in that little home circle. He was now

twenty-one. The old aunt would not part with her children, as she called them, and they could not bear to think of any other home.

Fitz Herbert painted one face, over which he lingered as lovingly as a mother over her infant's beauty. It was that of a young girl—and he painted the head only, the rest of the figure being hid by clouds. It was a gay, laughing, dimpled face, with soft, large, brown eyes, and chestnut hair falling in rich, heavy curls around it. It was not the beauty of the features that chained him to his work, though that, too, was of rare order; but in that sweet face was a depth of expression, an earnestness of character, that seemed to answer to every want of his being, and to call forth the responses of his spirit as they were never touched before.

Marion Holland was the orphan niece of a wealthy merchant, living in Boston. Waller, who knew her friends at the South, was on intimate terms with her uncle, and recommended the lame artist to his notice, with an earnest panegyric on his talents and character. Mr. Holland called at the studio; was fairly won by Fitz Herbert's countenance and manners, and sent Marion for her first sitting that very day. There were a great many sittings, for the sake of greater perfection, and acquaintance progressed rapidly between the two. There was a charm in the simplicity of the young heiress that did not seem to belong to the circle in which she was destined to move, and it woke Fitz Herbert's love and admiration. She was the theme of every conversation with his mother, who feared that her son was getting too deeply interested for his own peace.

"Don't fear for me, dear mother," he said, as she expressed something of this. "I have a constant reminder of the folly it would be for me to think of such a thing as love for any one. I have only to look down to my feet, to become quite humble in that respect."

Mrs. Kent sighed. Was poor Herbert to live and die unloved, because nature had been so niggardly as to deny him the supports which she gave to the veriest clod that stared, open-mouthed, into the studio door?

"Don't look so sad, mother," said her son, as if he knew her inmost thoughts. "Your love is all I can wish for. I could not expect the love of another woman like you; and were she less than you I could not love her. So we will ever live on together."

Waller sat in Fitz Herbert's room one day, when a note was delivered to the former, which he read in evident agitation. He passed it over to his friend, who read thus:

"DEAR MR. WALLER:—You, who have so much influence with my uncle, must come to him instantly. He is stunned, paralyzed in mind and body, by some blow which I cannot make out, but which I suspect belongs to money matters. Come quickly. MARION H."

Waller stayed not an instant. He was far up the street before Fitz Herbert could follow with his eyes his rapid movements. No more painting that day; not even on Marion's picture. She was in distress, and he could not be near her. That was his chief thought now.

"Poor little Marion!" she will be no heiress after all," said Waller a few hours afterwards to Fitz Herbert.

"No heiress! Thank God!" earnestly exclaimed his companion, in the first words he had spoken since Waller came in.

"What?" asked Waller.

"Thank God that she is no heiress! And yet, Waller, it will make no difference to me," he added mournfully.

"Why should it?"

"Ay, truly, why should it? Is she not attached to yourself? and surely you will not desert her!"

"My good fellow, what are you driving at?"

"First tell me what has happened."

"Well, then, Mr. Holland is ruined—and he has had paralysis in consequence of the event."

"Well—"

"Well—Marion, like the angel she is, has established herself by his bedside, caring nothing for the crash only as it affects her uncle. She is an unselfish, noble, beautiful, perfect woman!"

"You are fortunate, Mr. Waller."

"Me? There you go again! What do you mean?"

"Is she not yours?"

"No, Fitz Herbert. My love is a little cottage nymph, bred in country shades. She never saw the city, nor shall she, until I tie the knot of wedlock. I must not risk her simplicity here. Although I must, in justice to Marion, own that she



has never lost the charm of simple manners; yet there are so few like her.

That same hour Fitz Herbert wrote and sealed a note to Marion. It said simply:

"May I come to you in your affliction? Waller will see me safe there. I cannot use the lover's hyperbole, and tell you I will fly to you—but I will come as soon as my want of feet will permit. F. H."

How he came to write this note would be a mystery, if we did not know that Waller had already taxed Marion with liking the young artist, and that she had answered him, with burning cheeks.

"Mr. Waller, I do love him! but thank God he does not know it!"

Fitz Herbert went. She was poor now, and he did not mind telling her that he would not have sought her otherwise. But she would hear nothing of love until her uncle was better, although she did not discourage him; and even if she had, he knew what she had said to his friend.

Mr. Holland did not die—and Marion told him all. He blessed God that she would have some one to protect her, now that he was old and poor.

Mrs. Kent's good old aunt, Madame Grant, died soon after. She had no nearer relations,

in silence. "Marion's chains are all flower-chains—not a bit of iron among them!" And she sat down beside him in his great wheeled chair, making herself quite busy in arranging his paints and canvases.

It was very beautiful to see the affection that came spontaneously into their whole lives, and the simple, heartfelt kindnesses that daily brightened them; showing that, although feet and hands may be denied, there is a chance of great happiness without them.

#### FURS—KINDS AND VALUE.

Excepting few specimens—the black and silver fox—Russian sable is, when of the finest quality, the most costly fur; and of these Russia produces about twenty-five thousand annually. Soft and glossy as satin, the darker the hue the more it is esteemed. So precious is it, in fact, that the morsels of furs which cover the paws are collected, sold by weight, neatly joined together, and then prepared for linings; and the portion of fur immediately under the jaw, being lighter color than the rest of the animal, and peculiar in appearance, is also removed from each skin, and these pieces, when joined together, are made up by the furriers, and sold under the name of sable gills. Now, as it takes four or

least durable of all the good furs; it has also the singular property of losing its color, and consequently it looks dirty when perhaps quite unsoiled. The finest chinchilla is brought from Buenos Ayres. The lynx is a light though warm fur, its natural color being a light gray spotted with dark. Dyed of various colors, it is much used for cloak linings, robes, muffs, etc. The skins of many species of hares and rabbits are valuable for common purposes of fur, on account of the almost inexhaustible supply. The colors vary from light gray to yellowish and reddish brown, in summer, while the white predominates in the winter. The fur of the polar bear is beautifully white and soft, and is sometimes substituted for ermine.

When beaver hats were worn, the felt bodies were made of rabbit skin. It is now dyed, and made into a great variety of common articles, and the wool has recently been made in England into a kind of cloak for ladies' wear. The fur of the squirrel is now used for linings for tippets and cuffs, for which its softness and cheapness make it in great demand—the most esteemed kinds being the Carolina red, cat, black, gray and fox. Immense numbers of squirrels are killed in Russia, some twenty-five millions annually. Fox furs are considerably used for sleigh

from the wearer being exposed to rain, they become wet, they should always be dried at a moderate distance from the fire immediately; and in warm weather, when not required for wear, they should never be shut up in a box or drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every few weeks they should be shaken and beaten. The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment. The best plan is probably not to pack furs away, but to let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened, so that they meet the eye frequently, and being thus often in sight, it is easy, at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten, or at any rate shaken and tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air. It is common to hear it remarked that the moth gets into furs—as if the insect actually migrated from one locality to another; the probability is, however, that furs and woolens are animal substances, endowed with a vital principle, which develops itself into living organism through the decay of its material shape. Cleanliness and airing are therefore absolutely necessary.—*New York Sun*

A great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures or schemes of life.



SUNRISE IN AUTUMN, VIEW NEAR BRUNTON, ENGLAND.

and she left everything to Mary and her son. A fine property it was, too.

"You will take me now, dear Marion, when we can have your uncle with us so well?" asked Fitz Herbert; and so it was decided.

Waller came, bright and joyous to the wedding, with two pieces of intelligence to communicate. One was that Adela Dana had that morning married a tide-waiter at the custom house, and the other, that Mr. Holland's affairs were far more prosperous than at first supposed.

A pleasant sight it was, when the spring time came, to see Fitz Herbert in his superb studio, into which Mr. Holland insisted on crowding everything which could be thought of, for his convenience. From the quiet drab walls hung the portrait of Marion. He pretended that he could not paint without it; but he looked oftener at the original, who brought her hook or her work and sat beside him, ready to anticipate his slightest wants, than he did at the semblance. A search made by Waller and Marion, resulted in finding a chair, sofa and carriage exactly suited to the invalid.

"And as to the feet," said Waller, "your wife, Fitz Herbert, will distance every one in the pretty way she runs to obey your slightest wish. You are a happy fellow, if you can't walk. You have a mother and a wife."

"But O, Waller! I fear I have done wrong to chain Marion's youth to a cripple for life."

"Hush, traitor!" said Marion, who had crept

five skins, exclusive of the paws and gills, to make a muff of the modern small size, and of course a proportionate number for coats and trimmings, it is obvious that the cheap articles so often called Russian sable, can be no such thing. But the fur of the marten, which is sold at a quarter price of the Russian sable, is still very beautiful fur, thick and warm, not so dark as the Russian sable, but almost as soft. This is a fur more extensively used, the lighter sort being often dyed to improve their appearance.

The still cheaper sort of fur, known generally under the name of French or German sable, is in reality the fur of the stone marten, a skin by no means to be despised in its natural condition, and much worn by the Quaker community without any coloring from art. The French excel in dyeing it, or rather, in dyeing only the tips of the hair of the desired brown, to imitate the genuine sable. This dyeing process, which is in a great measure a secret, in no way injures the fur. Mink is a dark fur with a shorter hair than the sable, but soft and glossy, and rich in appearance; but it is certainly a beautiful fur, and is much worn and admired; though short, the fur is finer than that of the marten, and specimens are occasionally seen of great fineness, and of a silver-gray color.

Chinchilla is almost too well known to make a description interesting; but though, from its lightness and softness, a favorite for spring and summer wear, it has the character of being the

robes, caps and trimmings. The fur of the muskrat or musquash, is of a reddish-brown color above, and ash color beneath. It is short and downy, intermixed with a larger and coarser hair, and somewhat resembles that of the beaver, though it is less soft and lustrous. When the animal is killed in good season, it is an excellent material for making the so-called "beaver" hat, and great numbers were formerly used for this purpose; but since the introduction of silk hats, the demand has been much less. The beaver is now very scarce in the United States, and since the manufacture of beaver hats has been discontinued, the skins have lost much of their value. Its fine and silky wool has been adapted to weaving purposes in England, with some prospect of success. Its fur is prepared, by a new process, for ladies' wear. American otter fur is fine and thick, and ranks next in value to that of the beaver. It is used for the finer sort of hats, and for costly caps. The varieties of the American wolf have finer furs than the European species. The fur of the black bear is highly prized, a skin being worth from four to twelve dollars, according to quality. It is much used for military caps and equipments, for sleigh robes, etc.

In regard to the preservation of furs, some information may be valuable. They should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they so frequently are, and next to being shut up from the air, their greatest enemy is damp. If

#### AUTUMNAL SUNRISE, BRUNTON, ENG.

The picture we have placed on this page, is less noteworthy as a representation of a locality, than for its striking and pleasing scenic effect. The misty morning atmosphere, the rising sun, the huge old mill spreading its arms abroad like a giant, and projecting its vast shadow towards the spectator, the charming foliage and spirited figures, form in combination a most attractive landscape—one of those rural scenes on which the eye is contented to rest a long time. It scarcely wants the adventitious aid of color to complete its charm. And it must be remembered that the autumnal coloring of English landscape does not in the least resemble ours. There the woods change gradually from green to russet-brown or dull yellow, and never present those vivid tints which give our October landscapes such a dazzling attraction. Even our painters hesitate to reproduce on canvases the kaleidoscope brilliancy they behold in our autumn woods, and certainly a pictorial representation of New England autumn scenery, though toned down to a low key, would be condemned in an English gallery as a piece of artistic extravagance. Americans in England have been accused of exaggeration, and when to support their statements, they have produced leaves gathered in our forests and dried, and of course shorn of half their brilliancy, Englishmen have declared that they must have been artificially colored. The English autumn has a tinge of sadness which ours has not.







**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS**—The immense circulation of the Pictorial makes it a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. An advertisement placed in this Pictorial is greatly enhanced in value by the fact that it is a permanent record, being regularly bound up in a volume of 100 pages, and being a permanent record for the use of the advertiser. For the use of the advertiser, it is a permanent record for the use of the advertiser. For the use of the advertiser, it is a permanent record for the use of the advertiser.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.  
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
**LADIES' DRESS GOODS.**  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**SILKS! SILKS!!**  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT IN NEW STYLES OF  
**CHOICE GOODS,**  
Which we offer at our usual Low Prices.  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**BAREGE ROBES.**  
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
**NEW AND ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS.**  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**S. J. WILCOX & Co.,**  
DRAW ATTENTION TO THEIR ASSORTMENT OF  
**LADIES' SPRING GARMENTS.**  
In New Styles, and of the most thorough  
**MAKE AND FINISH.**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**LADIES' CLOAKING,**  
In great variety, and of New Material.  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No 24 WINTER STREET.

**PARASOLS! PARASOLS!!**  
A FULL AND VARIED ASSORTMENT.  
MADE ESPECIALLY TO OUR ORDER,  
**BY THE BEST MANUFACTURERS.**  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No 24 WINTER STREET.

**BOYS' WEAR GOODS.**  
A FULL ASSORTMENT MAY NOW BE FOUND  
AT  
**S. J. WILCOX & Co.,**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No 24 WINTER STREET.

It has been a well known FACT for the past seventeen years, that the place to buy **BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING** is at No. 4 Brattle Street, and the assortment for the Spring of 1859 will prove the truth of the assertion that no establishment in this country excels, if equals it for variety and general adaptation to the wants of the public.

**J. WALTER READ,**  
Proprietor.  
**THE GRAND AQUARIA,**  
— AT THE —  
**AQUARIAL GARDENS,**  
NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

This magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of art and refinement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of Life beneath the waters. Also, 25 cents, children under ten years of age, 10 cents. **THE CUTTING & BUTLER, Proprietors**

**LEUCORRHEA.**  
This disgusting disease is one of the most obstinate to treating ordinary medical treatment, simply because it is regarded too much as a local affection. By attacking the constitutional cause, by improving the system, and by the use of the PERUVIAN SALT, it not only itself able to remove speedily this exhausting and female disease.

**MASSONIC HARP.** Containing over 400 Odes, Hymns, Songs, etc., with music, adapted to all the Festivals and Ceremonies of the Masonic Fraternity. Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.** 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

**DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY.**  
Types for Letter Press Printing of every variety, with whatever else may be required from a GENERAL DEPOSITORY OF PRINTING MATERIALS, for sale at the lowest standard of prices, for cash or approved credit.

**PHELPS & DALTON,**  
No 52 Washington St., Boston  
The well known and highly appreciated hard-wood, Scotch-lath letter, regular to this foundry, is constantly being supplied with Printers and Publishers. **REPRODUCTION**—Cut-work of all kinds. Newspaper Headings, etc. copied by this beautiful process, in superior manner and at low rates. **LOWEST 9**

**\$150**—Will pay for One Year's Board and Tuition in the English Department of the Flushing Free School, 9  
Address  
REV WILLIAM H. GILDER, A. M.

**NEW TRIMMINGS**  
— AT —  
**F. W. COBB'S, 18 Winter Street.**  
THE attention of the Ladies is invited to the extensive assortment of new styles of trimming goods just opened.  
**Chenille Fringes—new colors,**  
**Pompon,**  
**Pompiquet,**  
**Pompadour,**  
**Dublin Trimmings,**  
etc., etc., etc., etc.



**FIRE PROOF SAFE**  
IN THE  
**MARLAND'S PATENT,** of which Dr. C. T. Jackson and A. A. Hayes, assayers to the State of Massachusetts, assert, "the door-way (the most vulnerable part of a safe) to be as fire proof as the walls, and that is not that can be expected of a safe, and is secure in any fire, the intensity of which is less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and steel."  
Messrs Cochran & Hall, of New Orleans, say at the burning of our warehouse, July 8, 1857, "your safe had as severe a test as is possible to imagine, no water being thrown upon it. Our fears regarding it, and a safe of another manufacture, were partially realized by the destruction of the latter, while the entire contents of your safe were preserved from the slightest damage. At the burning of the Pioneer Mechanic Shop at Burlington, Vt., April 14, 1858, the heat was so intense in the division which the safe stood that it melted the machinery into masses, so that out of some thirty tons not half a ton was fit for use again—while the entire contents of the safe, books, papers, and \$8000 in notes were unimpaired."  
Special attention given to designing safes for house use.  
**M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HARDY,**  
Manufacturers, 32 School St., Boston, Mass.  
**ISAAC BRIDGE, No 91 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La.**  
**12 PAGES** of Popular Sheet Music for 10 cents.  
"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," issued weekly \$5 per year.  
2w 17 128 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**\$30. GRAY'S \$30.**  
**Double Thread Sewing Machine.**  
L. TURNER, Agt., No. 63 Court St. 17

**FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE,**  
A SIMPLE but scientific combination of vegetable extracts, requiring only to be known and used to become the first resort in cases of  
**Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Chronic Cough, Bleeding of the Lungs, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, and all Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease.**  
Unlike other preparations offered to the public, it is free from opium and other deleterious drugs, or minerals, calculated only to soothe and lull the unsuspecting patient into security while the insidious disease still marches on its destroying way. Neither is it administered in large and nauseous doses.  
It is the discovery of an eminent French physician, and testimonials of the highest character prove its efficacy. Many eminent physicians are using it in their practice with the most satisfactory results.  
Price \$2 per bottle, trial bottles \$1. Sent by mail to any part of the country, free from postage.  
**F. J. LAFORME, Sole Agent, at Weeks & Potter's, 154 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all apothecaries.**

**MEERSCHAUM**  
**PIPES AND TUBES** of every variety of style and finish. Also, TRIMMINGS and FRENCH WOOD PIPES. Pipes MOUNTED and repaired at short notice.  
**F. BROWN, Apothecary,**  
No 68 Washington Street  
16 17

**WORTH THINKING OF.**—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unsatisfactory form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.  
**M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.**  
No. 22 Winter Street.

**DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.**  
**KILBURN & MALLORY,**  
96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.  
REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL 3m 12

**ONE DOLLAR.**  
**WHAT IT WILL DO.**  
IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.**

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."  
Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.  
Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.  
Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!  
It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.  
In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.  
It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has several years experience on the Boston press.  
Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.  
Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.  
Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 114,000 copies.  
Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.  
Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent out every year for free dollars.  
**M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,**  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

**Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.**  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.  
PREPARED AND ALLEGED BY AN ENGLISH DOCTOR, SALE OF OVER THIRTY YEARS STANDING.  
REV. DR. LAMAR BEECHER, New York, (late Boston), formerly President of Lane Theological Seminary, Ohio, writes:  
Gentlemen, I have used the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, mixed with benefit in Catarrhal Coughs and Coughs, and I have known it to be used with good effects in the early stages of Pulmonary Affections in families around me.  
Inquire for the article by its true name.  
**"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM"**  
Prepared only by **REED, CUTLER & CO.** Druggists, 33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by Apothecaries and Country Merchants generally. Price, large size \$1, small size 50 cents. **16 17**

**MERCANTILE CLUB.**  
15 KIDDER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
GENTLEMEN—This establishment is entirely of a new principle, and is strictly for the Mercantile Interest. There is from 11 to 12 1/2 o'clock each day a Lunch and a Table d'Hôte from 1 to 1 o'clock each day on the Club House principle. There are regular files of the Journals of the United States and Europe embracing Mercantile, Literary, Political and sporting matter. There is a Bulletin of the current events is happening each day. We have the honor to extend an invitation to gentlemen, assuming that they will meet with nothing but a strictly gentlemanly intercourse.  
**REED, CUTLER & CO.,**  
THOMAS WILSON, PROPRIETORS.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.** This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country. It contains more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing news, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for four cents per copy.  
**M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.**

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**  
**W. BAKER & Co.'s**  
AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED BY COOKS, BROMA, CO. BY PASTER, COOKS STICKS, SWEET HOMOGENEOUS, AND DRETT, COOKS, COOKS SHELLS AND CHOCOLATE COOKS.  
Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.  
For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparation made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.  
For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York, Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia, T. V. Brundage, Baltimore, Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati, and by Grocers generally.  
**WALTER BAKER & Co.,**  
Dorchester, Mass.

**READING FOR THE MILLION!**—We will send for a whole year, to any person who forwards us \$2, Ballou's Pictorial, an elegant first class illustrated weekly, and Ballou's Dollar Monthly, chosenly ornamented with engravings, and one hundred pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been equalled in the world.  
Address **M. M. BALLOU,**  
No 22 Winter Street. 17. Publisher, Boston, Mass.

**ABORN,**  
**HATTER, NO. 95 WASHINGTON ST.**  
NEW SPRING STYLES OF HATS NOW READY. 4w

**BANKING, EXCHANGE,**  
— AND —  
**COLLECTION OFFICE,**  
No. 25 State Street.

**COLLECTIONS**  
LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.  
Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

**UNCURRENT FUNDS**  
Bought at the lowest rates, and DISCOUNTS for sale on all the principal cities.  
**LAND WARRANTS** bought and for sale.  
**CORRESPONDENTS.**  
Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.  
**WM. F. DAVIS,** **JOSEPH W. DAVIS,**  
No 12 Attorney. 25 State St., Boston.

**WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**  
THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.  
The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.  
The only GENUINE is prepared by **SETH W. FOWLE & CO.** Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 4m

**SEWING MACHINES.**  
**PRATT'S** Tight Stitch Machines. Price \$25 to \$45.  
Also **PRATT'S** Improved Carpet Sweepers. Price \$25 to \$45.  
Agents wanted. Apply at 54 Elm Street. 8w 11

**114,000.** BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Receive one dollar at a time the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.  
**M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.**  
No 22 Winter Street 17

**TRAVELLING PASSPORTS.**  
PERSONS going abroad can be furnished with Travelling Passports by applying to  
**JOHN E. M. GILLEY,**  
8w. 10 No. 8 Old State House, Boston.

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**  
**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,**  
3m 15 No 3 WINTER STREET

**BRILLIANT STORIES!**  
We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelleto style, with large original engravings and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** or, THE DEEDS OF THE CAPTAIN OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world greatly magnified, altogether exhibiting a lifelike representation of Eastern manners and customs of a highly characterized stamp.  
Written for us by... **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE SEA LARK:** or, THE QUADRANT OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.  
Written for us by... **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE CASTILLIAN BRIDE:** or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after once commencing it, until he reaches the end.  
Written for us by... **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**RODERICK THE ROVER:** or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.  
Written for us by... **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE SMUGGLER:** or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novel, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most interesting and interesting plot.  
Written for us by... **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**CAPTAIN BELT:** or, THE BOCCANER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best of its author ever wrote.  
Written for us by... **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.**

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.  
Written for us by... **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**RED HAND:** or, THE CRUISE OF THE ENGLISH CHARIOT. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has dared so easily to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.  
Written for us by... **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.**

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE:** or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texas Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.  
Written for us by... **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's famous Red Rover.  
Written for us by... **CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.**

**PAUL LARON:** or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.  
Written for us by... **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**IVAN THE SERF:** or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.  
Written for us by... **AUSTIN C. BURDICK.**

**THE SEA LION:** or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.  
Written for us by... **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** or, THE SCOT OF THE SQUADRON. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.  
Written for us by... **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** or, THE HUNTER BY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.  
Written for us by... **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**THE ARKANSAS RANGER:** or, DISCOVER THE BACKWOODSMAN. This is a vivid and startling story of life in the East and West, unrivaled in plot and interest; exhibiting those remarkable adventures and incidents which can only occur to a roving and daring character.  
Written for us by... **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA:** or, THE RED CROSS AND THE CRESCENT. This famous sea story is written with that captivating power and grace for which its author is celebrated, intertwining in its brilliant and dramatic scenes the truth of history and the charming detail of real sea-life.  
Written for us by... **FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE.**  
Address **M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,**  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.  
For sale at all the periodical depots





SCENE IN THE FRUIT MARKET, ALGIERS.

## A MARKET SCENE IN ALGIERS.

The large engraving on this page represents a group in the market of Algiers, and is a lively and artistic sketch of character. The gaily-dressed Spaniard who is holding the bridles of his mules, on one of which sits his wife in her pretty Andalusian costume, is driving a bargain with the old fruit seller, whose luscious wares are

piled up at his feet—delicious grapes, rich melons, and huge pumpkins. There are not many places, besides this market, where costume is so varied or so picturesque, the scene more lively, and the Babel of tongues more deafening and varied. Within a narrow square, you hear French, Italian, German, Maltese, Arab, Hebrew, Spanish and Greek, all within ten minutes

Algiers, as may readily be understood from its almost tropical climate, abounds in fruits of all kinds. Melons are in great abundance, and the orange groves of Bledah (a small town within five hours' ride from Algiers) are very celebrated. The Fruit Market is, therefore, a very important place, where half the town lives on fruit. Here and there are Arabs squatting on the ground,

with huge heaps of magnificent fruit; here stands a Spaniard, quiet and dignified, selling strawberries; here are Moors, Jews, French soldiers, Nuns, Moorish women rolled up so that you can see nothing but their eyes; here are French girls in neat caps and trim aprons smartly tripping past, now jostled by a Moor, now poking with a soldier. The scene is perfectly unique.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, | NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM. | Vol. XVI., No. 18...WHOLE No. 410.

## OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

The accompanying picture was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn, and represents Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the James River, Virginia. This is a famous watering place, in Elizabeth county, 12 miles north of Norfolk, at the entrance of Hampton Roads. The defence here is Fort Munroe. The beach in the vicinity affords every facility for bathing. The lighthouse exhibits a fixed light, and is 50 feet above the sea. James River is the largest of the rivers which have their course entirely within the State of Virginia. It is formed by the junction of the Jackson and Cowpasture Rivers, fifteen miles below Covington, on the border between Alleghany and Botetourt counties. Flowing first southeast through the mountains of Central Virginia, it is joined by the Calpasture River from the left, at the base of the Blue Ridge, through which it forces a passage about fifteen miles northeast of the Peaks of Otter. It then flows southeast, passes by Lynchburg, and, at the southern extremity of Amherst county, changes its course to the northeast. Below Scottsville its general direction is east-southeast. After passing by Richmond, where the channel is divided by numerous islands, and the river descends over rocky rapids about six miles in extent, it gradually expands into an estuary of several miles in width, and flows into the south extremity of Chesapeake Bay, between Willoughby Point and Old Point Comfort. The whole length, exclusive of the branches, is about four hundred and fifty miles. The tide ascends to Richmond, about one hundred and fifty miles from the sea. It is navigable for vessels of 130 tons to the port of Richmond, from which point

the James River and Kanawha Canal has been constructed along the upper part of the river. James River passes through a fertile and populous country, and is an important channel of trade. The chief towns on its banks are Richmond, Lynchburg, Scottsville, Manchester and Buchanan. Much of the scenery on this river is of a highly picturesque and interesting character. Thirty-two miles from its mouth are the ruins of Jamestown, the oldest English settlement in the United States. As we wander among its shattered fortifications, and the graves of the colonists, the memories of the olden times come thronging thickly back upon us. Let us recall some of the facts connected with the history of the "Old Dominion." The present name of the State was conferred by Sir Walter Raleigh, in compliment to the maiden queen, by whom, in 1584,—nearly three centuries ago—he had been empowered "to search for remote heathen lands not inhabited by Christian people," and to have and hold, in fee simple, all the soil within 200 leagues of any places which should become, within six years, the fixed residences of his companions, the crown reserving to itself one-fifth part of the precious metals that might be obtained. Under this commission, two ships, commanded by Amidas and Barlow, arrived in America in July, 1584. These men landed at Roanoke, and took possession of the country for the crown of England. The next year a company of 107 adventurers, under Sir Richard Grenville, came over to Virginia, and fixed their residence on the islands of Roanoke. The settlers were left here under the command of Mr. Lane. It appears that these persons, by rambling into the country without due caution, or

provoking the Indians by their lawless conduct, many of them were killed by the natives, while others perished by want. The survivors were taken to England, the next year, by Sir Francis Drake. In a fortnight, however, after they had departed, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with provisions, and an additional number of colonists. Not finding the former colonists, he left a few of his people, and returned to England. A third expedition, in 1587, went out under Mr. White, with 115 persons, who were left at Roanoke. Three years had elapsed before Governor White arrived with supplies and an additional number of colonists. Upon their arrival they found no Englishmen, and it was evident they had been slain by the savages, or perished by hunger. The last adventurers returned disheartened, and all further attempts to establish a colony at that time were laid aside. Under the authority of the first patent, Captain Christopher Newport was sent out by the London Company, with a number of adventurers, who entered Chesapeake Bay after a voyage of four months—sailed into the Powhatan or James River, and landed 150 colonists, who began a plantation at Jamestown. Newport returned to England, and the next year carried 120 persons, with supplies of provisions. In 1609, Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, with 500 adventurers, sailed for Virginia, and finding the colony reduced by sickness and want, they resolved to abandon the country, and actually sailed for England. But meeting the next day Lord Delaware with fresh supplies, they returned, and established the first permanent English Colony in North America. Virginia affords a fine field for the exploration of artists, and one, we may remark, which has

never been fully developed, though many striking features have been reproduced on canvass,—among others, the Natural Bridge, so well described in the "Notes on Virginia." Among other striking spectacles is the "Falling Spring," in the county of Augusta, where the water descends perpendicularly, from a height said to be 60 or 70 feet greater than that of the cataract of Niagara. The sheet of water, only 15 feet broad at its top, is divided in two or three places at the commencement of the fall, by the rock over which it passes, but is nowhere else interrupted till it reaches the valley immediately below. A person may pass dryshod between the base of the rock and the bottom of the fall. Another extraordinary scene is the wild and magnificent torrent at Harpor's Ferry, formed by the tumultuous rushing of the waters of the Potomac and the Shenandoah through a gorge in the Blue Ridge, where they meet, and after momentarily beating with tremendous force against the rocky and rugged sides of the mountains, pass rapidly away together on their journey to the ocean. Several very curious caverns are found in the hilly regions, the most noted of which are Madison's Cave, on the north side of the Blue Ridge; another in Frederick county, near the North Mountain, and the "Blowing Cave," in one of the ridges of the Cumberland Mountain. The former of these has been the subject of much speculation with all philosophical visitors. A hill, 300 feet in height, rises perpendicularly from the margin of a branch of the Shenandoah River; one-third of the way down from the summit, the cave opens, branching in diverse directions, penetrates some 300 feet into the earth, and at two different points terminates in subterranean lakes.



OLD POINT COMFORT, MOUTH OF JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## The Mystery of the Closet Door.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

THERE is, or at least there was, in Paris, on the south side of the Seine, an inscription to this effect: "In this place dwelt Abelard and Heloise." It was in sight of this spot that I first took lodgings in the great French metropolis, after a temporary sojourn at the Hotel de Windsor, then next neighbor to Maurice's, in the Rue de Rivoli. Before I had been there a month, however, my landlady, in American parlance, "busted up," and I was obliged to emigrate. My next resting-place was Place du Pantheon, numero 3. It was recommended to me as a quiet spot, and ordinarily it is so, but at that particular juncture there was an immense curtain hung up before the *fontaine* of the Pantheon, and hundreds of individuals of the species *gile-manche* used to assemble just beneath my windows to speculate about what was going on behind it. There was nothing there at all mysterious, nothing but a sculptor or two engaged in carving the *fontaine* of this beautiful building, which had been left plain since its erection. But there are thousands of loafers in modern Lutetia who require only the most trifling excuse to assemble together and be idle with all their might; and such an excuse they found in that veil upon the front of the Pantheon. The consequence was, that what had heretofore been a very temple of Harpocrates, became now a Babel in miniature. For this and other reasons I soon evacuated these premises also, and made a fitting—as the Scotch say—to a large, semi dilapidated old mansion, built, French fashion, round a large court yard, in a very quiet street, not far from a very ill-named locality, the *Barriere d'Enfer*.

Very soon after my establishment in these new quarters, I was joined by an old friend and college chum, named Eugene Clare. And this is perhaps as fitting a place as any to give the reader an introduction, brief though necessary, both to my companion and myself. Eugene, as his name signifies, was really well-born. In all aristocratic England there is not a better name, genealogically speaking, than that of Clare. One of William the Norman's proudest barons was a Do Clare, and to him my friend could trace his origin, though his family had been but commoners for several centuries. Eugene's grandfather, whose father was born in England, had some little of the pride of birth; his father very little; himself none at all—not one particle. He was a thorough republican in practice as well as in principle, and I verily believe that if he had happened to "turn up" a Snooks or a Snigglefritz, it would not have disturbed his equanimity one jot. At college, Eugene and I had been inseparable friends, but since we left our paths had necessarily been different; for he was the only son of a rich Alabama planter, while I was—not the seventh but—the eleventh son of a Virginia farmer, in moderate circumstances. His business in Paris was to enjoy himself; mine was chiefly comprised in that not particularly attractive exercise called "walking the hospitals," and the still less fascinating occupation of playing amateur butcher in the shambles of the *Ecole de Medicine*. A lodging in the neighborhood of the *Rue d'Enfer*, and not far from the *Barriere*, was well suited to my purposes, but would hardly have been selected, as a matter of choice, by most persons in Eugene's position. He was resolved that we should be together, however, and as the *Chausse d'Antin* or *Quartier des Champs Elysees* were out of the question for me, he decided that the *Pays Latin*—the students' quarter—would and did not suit him.

The fact is, my friend's tastes were, from choice and by nature, as quiet as mine were from necessity. After a few months spent in seeing the sights, he settled down into a regular frequenter of the public libraries, museums, picture galleries, etc., to which every respectable stranger is most hospitably welcomed, and became as steady and well-behaved as his excellent mother or sister could have desired. About this time, like most young men, he set about fulfilling his "manifest destiny" by falling over head and ears in love with a very pretty girl whom he happened to meet at one of the *soirees* of the American minister, our present Secretary of State. She was French by birth, but of American parentage, being the daughter of an American banker in Paris, then retired from business. Her mother had somewhat fancifully named her after her own native State, which was also that of Eu-

gene. Alabama Masden was no less lovely in heart and soul than in person, and that is saying a great deal, for her person was a most bewitching one. She was not, to be sure, one of your perfect Grecian ideals, statuesque and finished *ad umbram*. She was simply a soft, tender, melting, fair haired, blue-eyed beauty, who wiled your heart away insensibly, instead of taking it by storm, or boldly demanding it. Alabama and Eugene were well suited to each other, and her parents were not averse to the match. Neither was it probable that his would object. For a while, therefore, the Shakespearean maxim about the course of true love never running smooth was likely to be fulfilled. I became acquainted with the young lady and her family, of course. The mother and daughter both pleased me greatly, but the old gentleman was not so much to my taste. All his talk was about money. He had handled the article so long that it seemed to have become incorporated in his very existence, and to constitute a part of himself.

Since his meeting with Alabama, Eugene's habits had become much less retired than they had previously been. In many of the gay *reunions* of the gayest of capitals he followed his mistress like her shadow. And Eugene Clare was not a man to frequent any sort of society without making his mark upon it. In elegance of person and gracefulness of manners, the American bred youth was a match for any European "*lion*" in all that vast menagerie. I saw but a single individual who was at all to be compared with him in these respects. This was a certain Count Waroski, said to be of Polish extraction and of noble birth, but recently from some Asiatic country, where he had been in a confidential position at the court of some Oriental potentate, and amassed riches to a fabulous extent. Such was all I had ever heard of his history. I had frequently seen him, and admired his magnificent *physique*, but had never been introduced to him, and knew only what "common fame" said of him. His wealth was a tangible reality, and he spent it "like a prince," or rather like a prodigal. There was something too much of a gentlemanly ruffianism, if I may so term it—a sort of "dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft" about him; but he certainly was superbly handsome, and as graceful as a masculine human being could be. And yet it was a gracefulness which always put me in mind of the Asiatic tiger, the lord of those jungles where he had so often roamed. To tell the real truth, I was continually feeling a sort of compunction for my causeless aversion to the man. It was the old story of "Doctor Fell" over again—a sort of instinct—for I knew no harm of him, and I certainly did not envy him anything so utterly beyond my reach as his wealth, or his good looks either.

Eugene had not yet formally declared himself either to Alabama or her parents, but there was a tacit understanding that he was to do so as soon as he could hear from his own family in America, a letter from whom was daily expected. At this juncture I received a note from him one morning, as I was descending the steps of the Hotel Dieu. It was handed to me by a fellow student, who had met Eugene in the Rue de la Paix, in company with two gentlemen. In a few pencilled words he informed me that he had been suddenly called into the country, and would not be back till the next day. I supposed it to be some pleasure trip with Alabama, and thought no more of it. After attending another *clinique*, I returned to my lodgings, and remained there till near four o'clock. I was just going to a neighboring *table d'hote* to get my dinner, when I received a second note urgently desiring my presence at the office of Dr. Labat, a gentleman from whom I was receiving private instruction in one of the specialties of the profession—lithotomy. Hurrying off, without stopping to dine, I made all the speed I could to the opposite quarter of the town, the Faubourg Montmartre. There I found Dr. L. busy at his forge, perfecting the model of a new instrument. The moment I saw the forge I thought of *forgerie*.

"That's just what the note is!" cried I.

Labat raised his mild, studious eyes to my face, and probably thought I was a fit subject for Bedlam. I explained, and so did he, and the mutual explanation proved the rationality of the exclamation. The note was certainly a forgery, perhaps a stupid joke of one of my companions. I could not get away from the doctor without dining with him, and then I found it impossible to get away from his interesting conversation till a late hour of the night.

Eugene and I were joint occupants of a sitting room, and in fact all our apartments might be said to be in common. His goings and comings were consequently all known to me, and I was a good deal surprised when I found that he did not return the next day, nor send me any news of his whereabouts. On the morning of the day after that I began to grow uneasy, and went to Mr. Masden's and to all his other places of resort to make inquiries, but could hear nothing of him anywhere. Neither the Masdens nor any of his acquaintances had seen him since I had. The day passed, and still he came not. I became seriously alarmed, and when yet another day elapsed without news of him, I applied to the police. After twenty four more anxious hours, I could only learn that a gentleman answering the description I gave, a foreigner, was seen on the first day of his absence at Versailles, in company with two others, who appeared to be Frenchmen. All who felt an interest in Eugene were now thoroughly aroused. I guaranteed a reimbursement of all expenses—a matter in which I thought Mr. Masden ought to have joined me—and the police were set to work with all possible diligence. Eugene's banker offered a large reward for any intelligence by which he could be traced. All these efforts, however, were unavailing, nor could the slightest clue be obtained to the mystery which shrouded my poor friend's disappearance. Weeks, months elapsed, and suspicion began to give way to something that was almost a certainty of foul play, assassination and death. Poor Allie, his almost betrothed, found it impossible to conceal her sufferings, and her mother was but little less affected. At length Eugene's father, sister, and poor distracted mother arrived, and gold was lavished in a new and still more rigorous search. But it was all in vain. All our efforts tended but to make the mystery more hopelessly inscrutable. The student who gave me the note at the Hotel Dieu was the last one of his acquaintances who had seen him. We had left home together early on Tuesday morning, but soon parted, I on my way to the hospital, and he to visit a young American who lived in the Faubourg St. Honore. He never reached him, however, and was seen but once more—in the Rue de la Paix.

There were plenty of gallants ready and willing to take poor Eugene's place as candidates for the heart and hand of the lovely Alabama. One of these, the Polish Apollo and Eastern Nabob, Waroski, was evidently favored by Mr. Masden, whose fondness for money was a secret to nobody. Eugene was wealthy, but not a nabob, nor even a millionaire; and it is probable that the old gentleman was well satisfied to exchange him as prospective son-in-law for the Oriental Ceresus. Whether his extraordinary personal advantages had made any impression on the daughter I could not tell with certainty, but I hoped and believed they had not. Waroski, however, followed her like a shadow, and she was often seen in public, though I felt sure that her apparent gaiety was fictitious at bottom. This "long Pole," as some of the Americans called him, was becoming absolutely insupportable to me. I could not look at him with any degree of equanimity, and yet I had nothing against him but the vague suspicion that he might be in some way connected with my friend's disappearance.

Spring was now well advanced, and the beautiful pleasure grounds of Paris had donned their robes of brightest verdure. One day, as I was crossing the Garden of the Tuileries, I stopped awhile to rest beside the centenarian orange trees which constitute such an attractive feature of this delightful promenade. The peripatetic *marchands* and *marchandes* with which the French capital abounds, are generally excluded from the palace grounds, but a bright eyed gipsy girl had by some means gained admission, with a little basket of gilt shells and other trumpery upon her arm. She offered me her wares, and assured me that they were "fortunes," already written down by no less a person than Mademoiselle Lenormand herself. A little glittering casket, made of some many-grooved bivalvo shell she assured me contained my destiny, and I would be a loser to an immense extent if I failed to secure it. Without looking at the things I motioned her away, for I was in no humor for trifling. She continued to hover about, however, and watching her opportunity when no one was looking, she thrust the shell into my hand, and to my great surprise ran off without asking any pay. I was still more surprised when I glanced at the trinket and saw my own name

upon it. Hastily springing up, I ran after the girl, but she had already mixed with the crowd in the great promenade, and was nowhere to be seen, though I threaded all the alleys, and questioned the sentinels at the neighboring gates. After this unsuccessful perquisition, I returned to my seat and opened the mysterious casket. It contained a slip of paper on which these words were written:

"Quand la porte toute seule s'ouvrira,  
Tout le charme s'achettera."

which, "done into English," might read as follows:

"When the door of itself shall open,  
Then you'll find the spell is broken."

On the back of the folded paper was written, *A Monsieur, Monsieur Giacomo S. Campana, Paris*. I sat for hours pondering upon this doggerel. Could it be a mere trick, a mystification? If so, it was certainly a very stupid one, and I could think of no one likely to be guilty of such folly. If not a silly jest, it must have a meaning. And what could the meaning be? There was nothing but the mystery of Eugene's disappearance to which it could refer. But supposing it did, I could see no possible significance the distich could have in connection therewith. After cudgelling my brain a long time to no purpose, I finally gave it up as a piece of purposeless nonsense, in which the inventor himself could probably have found no meaning. Still, however, the thing haunted me and troubled me. It would force its way into my thoughts in spite of me. With the hope of laying this ghost of an absurdity, I sought diligently for the gipsy girl from whom I received the shell. I spent whole days in wandering about the places of public resort, but she was not to be found, and I felt pretty well persuaded that she had left Paris. I also applied to the police, but it was only to increase my perplexity. All the huckster women—gipsies especially—were well known to them, but they assured me that no such girl as I described had ever "peddled fortunes" in Paris.

Weeks and months flew by, and poor Eugene seemed to be forgotten by every one except myself and his heart-broken parents and sister, who still lingered in the great city. I often visited them, and Colonel Clare came to my lodgings every day, and still his hopeless inquiry for news of his son had to be answered in the negative. My own sufferings were poignant enough, but those of this excellent family were a positive torment to me. There was hardly any impossibility which I would not have attempted in order to relieve them. If anything could have consoled the grief stricken parents it would have been their admirable daughter. Mary Clare was a treasure such as few parents on earth are blessed with. It may well be believed that my studies made but slow progress under such circumstances. About the only thing I really did was to watch Waroski. To that business I attended most faithfully, but only with the barren result of convincing myself that the fellow, in some respects, at least, was a humbug. His wealth, to be sure, seemed real, and as long as that *prestige* remained to him, I had little expectation of making any one else a convert to my way of thinking in this respect. Of this, in fact, I had a practical demonstration. Having heard a report that the Polish nabob was to be married to Alabama Masden, I had the stupidity to go and see the old gentleman about it, and to impart to him my suspicion that the handsome Waroski was an impostor. The only effect, of course, was a very energetic recommendation to mind my own business.

One night, soon afterwards, as I was returning to my lodgings, and but a short distance therefrom, I was suddenly attacked by two men muffled in large cloaks. Their object seemed to be rather to capture than to assassinate me, and they were evidently very much afraid of making a noise. This caution on their part gave me the idea of making all the noise I could myself. I accordingly began to yell like a whipt negro, exerting myself to the full power of my lungs. Muttering deep curses, the foremost ruffian closed with me, and succeeded in throwing me down. I clutched his cravat, however, and drew him to the ground with me. He was a tall, powerful man, and had his face covered with a black mask. His companion soon came up, and I would have fared badly if it had not been for my screeches, which had reached the ears of a squad of the mounted patrol in an adjoining street. The noise of their horses' hoofs and the jingling of their accoutrements put my assailants to flight; but I had never relaxed my hold of the tall fellow's neck, and it was only by pulling



cut a knife that he forced me to release him. When I saw the cold steel flashing above me I thought it was time to let go, and did so. Though I expected a stab or a gash for it, I could not resist the temptation of giving a tug at the villain's mask. He was in too great a hurry or too fearful of detection to resent it, and fled like the wind; but not before I had seen enough of his face to convince me that he was no less a personage than the Asiatic-Polish nabob, Waroski. Springing to my feet, I gave chase, followed by the *gend'armes*. The fugitives had but a few yards start of us, and to my great joy I saw them turn into a *cul-de-sac*, or court without a thoroughfare. We felt sure of our men. The streets were not well lighted, but there was moon enough to render the rascals distinctly visible at a short distance, and all of us together filled up nearly the whole width of the court. Just as we were in the act of pouncing upon them, however, they disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed them up. We had seen no door open, but there was one immediately opposite to the place where they vanished, and having no doubt that they had entered it, the *gend'armes* burst it open. It was a wicket door alongside of a large *porte cochere* in the ordinary Parisian style, and gave admission to a court yard and house inhabited by an English family. The officers spread themselves everywhere, but the only effect was to frighten some ladies half to death, and to produce a similar effect (examination) upon a portly specimen of the John Bull genus, by putting him in such a rage that he could neither see nor speak. Making the best apology I could, I managed to call off the "blood-hounds of the law," and persuade them to put a little faith in the declaration of the porter—an honest one I verily believe—that "no one had entered or left the house for two hours," that is, since his master came home. The next morning we returned and made a thorough examination of the premises by daylight, but with no better success than before. The fellows had dodged us in some mysterious manner, which baffled the ingenuity of all the Parisian *Vidocqs*.

The next evening I was sitting alone in the room where I had passed so many pleasant hours with the dear friend so strangely lost, pondering upon what use I should make of my discovery in relation to Waroski, when my attention was attracted to a somewhat curious movement in the door of a closet which had been used as a wardrobe. It was fastened by a button; but I observed it, without any apparent cause, swinging slowly open. I shut it and turned the button. In a short time it began to perform the same operation again; the button slowly turned round a vertical position, and the door swung open again. I now remembered that I had often seen that same closet door standing open a short time after I had carefully shut and buttoned it; but I had never before happened actually to catch it, in the self-aperient act—if I may use such an expression. My mind was dwelling with a sort of melancholy whimsicality upon this word, when an idea crossed it which made it bound like an India rubber ball. Strange that I had not thought of it before! Here was the very condition of the gipsy girl's distich: "When the door of itself shall open, then you'll find the spell is broken." A door had been opened of itself—what next? Was there really a meaning in the thing after all? I was very much in the condition of the drowning man who catches at straws, and I resolved to do my best to investigate the thing, though I almost felt ashamed to treat with gravity so apparently silly a matter. I went to work at once.

Having shut the closet door very carefully, I carefully watched its opening. The button was so fixed that it assumed a vertical position—perpendicular to the floor—whenever it was left to itself. The door, too, when left to itself, unfastened, would swing open by its own gravity. Thus I found that the button had a constant tendency to unfasten itself by turning from a horizontal to a vertical position, and the door, too, had a tendency to come open as soon as it was released from the button. But this tendency alone had no power to turn the button and liberate the door. There must be some extraneous force to accomplish that. I watched very closely. In about three minutes the button began slowly to turn. It stopped, however, before it had turned quite enough, and the door was thus held for five minutes or more. It then began to move again, and in a second or two the door flew open. By very close watching, I could detect a very slight motion in the floor or wall, which, of

course, was communicated to the button. Upon trial, I found that walking across the floor would produce the phenomenon in question. But I had been perfectly still, and while I was so the door had opened. Where did the motion come from? After listening and watching for a long time, I fancied that the motion was accompanied by a very faint noise at the back of the closet. I entered it, and put my ear to the wall. After waiting some six or eight minutes I heard very plainly a sort of jarring sound, accompanied by the motion which had caused the door to open. This occurred at irregular intervals of from three to fifteen minutes. In making this investigation, I noticed that the plastering which covered the rest of the closet was wanting at the spot where I had been putting my ear to the wall.

It had now grown so dark that I could see nothing in the closet. I procured a light and found that the wall at the back of the closet had been torn away, and somewhat hastily replaced by rough boards. A longing desire seized me to know what was on the other side of those boards. It was not at all likely that I would be repaid for my trouble; but I was determined to tear them away and have a look at the space beyond, and if possible discover the cause of the noise and the motion. The gipsy's doggerel, "*Quand la porte toute seule s'ouvrira, etc.*," rang continually in my ears, and helped to urge me on. I reflected, however, that the noise was doubtless caused by some human agency, and that the makers of it, whoever they might be, would not probably be very well pleased at my bursting in upon them. I therefore resolved to wait till the noise ceased, and consequently withdrew until about eleven o'clock. At that hour, however, the noise was still kept up, and it was not till after twelve that it ceased altogether. I then resolved to go to work.

I had provided tools for the purpose, and went to work at once to rip off the boards where they had been joined to the laths at the back part of the closet. The nails were new, and the boards evidently put up within a year. In a few minutes I had made an aperture wide enough to admit my person. I then took a lamp and looked in. All I could see was a narrow space between two walls, and a staircase running both up and down as far as my vision extended. Though a little doubtful about the wisdom of the step, I determined to explore the staircase. It would have been more prudent to have procured assistance, but that could hardly be done at such an hour, and I was too much excited to wait. I therefore armed myself, and with a lamp and lantern and a box of matches, started on my expedition.

I first ascended the stair, but my progress in that direction was soon arrested by a strong oak door, fastened by locks, bolts and bars. It would have been a work of much time and difficulty to force this door. I did not attempt it, but retraced my steps, passed the closet, and sought the lower end of the staircase. It took a great many steps to reach it. After descending a considerable distance, inclining to the left, I came to a landing-place. From this started another flight, inclining to the right, which was longer than the first. At the bottom of this was another landing place, and another flight, inclining to the left again; and below that another, and another, and still another, until I began to think that somebody had been attempting to construct a staircase to the antipodes. All the steps were more or less shaly and dilapidated, and though there had evidently been an attempt made to steady them at the point where they passed my closet, there was still motion enough caused by passing feet to give rise to the phenomenon of the self-opening closet door, which probably took place every time that any one ascended the stairs.

At last I had apparently reached the end of my downward progress. Instead of a landing-place and another flight of steps, I came to a heavy door. It was locked, but the key was in the lock, and I had no difficulty in turning it. This locking of the door on the outside gave me more confidence, for it looked as if the frequenters of the place must have left and gone up the stairs; and as they had been engaged so late at night, they would not be likely to be about again very early in the morning. On the other side of the door I could see nothing but a long, dark passage, with walls of rude masonry. The air was damp and chilly, and a musty smell pervaded it. It seemed to me like the entrance to a tomb. I moved on, however, at a rapid pace,

till I came to another door, also with a key in it. I passed through and found myself in a cavern, apparently of immense extent, a strange, wild, irregular excavation, supported by huge pillars of solid rock. It was dark and silent as the grave. I advanced cautiously a short distance, but a difficulty soon presented itself which caused me great annoyance. If I went much farther, how was I ever to get back again? In a subterranean labyrinth of such vast extent, with its hundreds and perhaps thousands of galleries, and passages, and nooks, and recesses, and turnings and twistings, all irregular, but all having such a sameness of appearance as to be utterly indistinguishable one from the other by an unpractised eye, I must inevitably lose myself in a few minutes, and wander about most probably till I starved to death. I stood for some time thinking over this matter, but the danger was too serious and too certain to be encountered for so uncertain a benefit. It would be rushing with open eyes into the very jaws of destruction. Most reluctantly, therefore, I retraced my steps, with the intention of applying to the police in the morning.

I had passed the first door, and was in the act of locking it, when I happened to press one of my arms against my coat, and bring it in contact with something hard in the breast pocket. A thought suddenly flashed across my mind. What I felt was a small packet, containing some articles which I had purchased in the course of the day, and which I had afterwards forgotten. Among other things there were half a dozen spools of fine cotton. The moment I thought of these I resolved to return and continue my explorations. I opened the door again, passed through, placed the key in the lock on the inside, fastened one end of one of my spools of thread to it, and started confidently on my tour of discovery, "paying out" my cotton clue as I advanced.

I will not trouble the reader with a circumstantial account of my progress. After some half an hour's wandering, I reached a spot where there were more signs of the recent presence of human beings than I had yet seen. At length there arose before me a great pile of something of a whitish color, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be a mass of human bones. Thousands and thousands of skulls, and thigh-bones, and leg-bones, and arm bones were piled up in symmetrical heaps, looking as if it might be the charnel-house of half the globe. Passing these ghastly relics, I pursued my way through many a rugged vault and winding passage, until I began to think of returning. I had to pick my way slowly and laboriously among the rubbish, and I felt quite fatigued. While I was reflecting upon the propriety of a farther prosecution of my explorations, and not looking as closely to my feet as I ought to have done, I suddenly tumbled heels over head into a sort of pit or gully, extinguished my light, and what was a still more serious matter, broke my cord. One of my ankles was injured by the fall, and gave me a good deal of pain. I scrambled up, however, and re-lit my lamp. Upon examining the cord I found that it had parted some considerable distance back, probably at a point where I had tied two ends together. My heart beat tumultuously as I asked myself the question, "Can I find the other piece?" Life and death probably hung upon the answer. I could not get out of the gully at the place where I fell in, but was obliged to move about till I could find a less abrupt declivity. When I got upon smoother ground again, I tried carefully to trace back my cord and find the main piece from which it had been broken. But all my efforts were fruitless. It had become so disarranged on the rugged floor of the cavern, that the two ends were hopelessly separated, and the recovery of the other piece impossible.

This was a most serious misfortune. I was now a great distance from the place where I entered, and utterly lost in the vast subterranean labyrinth. A lingering death by starvation was staring me in the face. I was still wandering about and vainly searching for the lost line, when I thought I heard a noise coming from a distant quarter of the cavern. I stopped and listened. There undoubtedly was a sound, something like the regular working of machinery reverberating through the subterranean chambers. This re-excited my curiosity and renewed my energies. As I advanced in the direction of the noise, I found the difficulties of the way greatly multiplied. The path became more and more rugged, and obstacles of every sort increased as if they had been placed there on pur-

pose. The noise, however, became gradually louder, and at last I saw a faint glimmering of light ahead of me. I now thought it best to extinguish my own lamp, and creep along as I best could with my lame ankle in the dark. After much trouble and pain, and much stumbling and skimming of my talar extremities, vulgarly termed shins, I found myself close beside a sort of rude enclosure, or rock built chamber, from the inside of which the noise and light both proceeded. The former, however, had ceased just before I came up. Putting my eye to the chink through which the light found its way, I saw a sort of workshop and forge, and two men, one of whom was taking off a leather apron. From the appearance of the place I judged that a number of men had recently been at work there, and that these two had lingered behind for some special purpose. One of the men had his back turned towards me at first. In a minute or two, however, he turned round, and I at once recognized—Waroski. He was coarsely attired, and begrimed with the emanations from the forge; but there was no possibility of mistaking him. In millions of men you would in vain seek the counterpart of Waroski the magnificent.

This discovery greatly increased my interest in the scene before me, and heightened the chagrin I felt in not being able to hear, or rather to get the sense of the conversation going on between the two men. They were speaking earnestly and rapidly in the Italian language. If they had been speaking English or French I would probably have been able to make out most of what they said, but at that time my knowledge of Italian was not so perfect as to enable me to gather the sense of a conversation so imperfectly heard as this was. Leaving my place of observation, I cautiously stole round to the door. It was partially open, but the speakers were at the opposite end of the apartment, and I could hear very little better than before. About half way between them and the door was a machine large enough to scream my person. Creeping noiselessly to the spot, I enconced myself behind it, and then heard very distinctly the following words:

"Then why not put him out of the way at once?"

It was the man with the apron who spoke. "Well," replied Waroski, "it may come to that before long; but wise men never incur more risk than is needful. Do you think he knows what we are doing?"

"To be sure he does, unless he is an idiot. I said at first there was no need of blindfolding him when we took him in. He not only hears the machinery at work, but I believe he can hear us talking, when we speak very loud, as we sometimes do when you are not here, and we get into a quarrel. Happen what may, it will never do to let him go again—that you may depend upon. There is but one safe maxim in such cases, and that is, don't mean tell no tales."

As the man said this, with a horrible grin, he finished putting his things away and turned towards the door, Waroski accompanying him. I was in a state of grievous perplexity. There was the massive door close beside me, and from what I had heard I had not the least doubt that Eugene was on the other side of it. For who could the prisoner be but he? Who but Waroski could be interested in his abduction? I could not think of leaving the place, even if the way had been clear, without at least making an effort to communicate with him. But how would it be possible for me to get out again if I suffered them to lock me in and go away? That would be throwing away my last chance. They would then have two prisoners in place of one, and I would have the melancholy consciousness of having destroyed myself at the same time that I made Eugene's release, by my agency at least, impossible. Unfortunately, I was in that condition, when, as has been said of women under certain circumstances, "to deliberate is to be lost." Before I had time for a second thought, the men were between me and the door. It was already too late. They passed out, the heavy door swung to, chains and bars were put up, a ponderous key grated harshly in the lock, and I was immured in a dungeon which would live with any "dungeon keep" in mediæval story—deep down in the bowels of the earth, beyond all reach of human sympathy or succor.

Few will disbelieve me when I confess that I was not just as comfortable as I could have wished to be; but I had counted the cost before commencing the undertaking, and was determined to put a bold face on the matter, happen what might. Lighting my lamp, I made a cur-



sory survey of the apartment. It was evidently a mint in miniature, a money making shop, capable of turning out perhaps a million francs a day, of first-rate bogus coinage. There was also every desirable facility for the production of counterfeit notes, of which there were scattered about admirably executed specimens, intended for circulation in almost every civilized country, my own being honored with more attentions of this sort than any other. In a word, I saw before me perhaps the most complete, the most extensive, the most admirably appointed counterfeiting establishment that ever existed; and I had afterwards reason to know that the arrangements for putting this money into circulation were in no respect inferior to those for producing it. There was a large table in one corner where Waroski had been engaged in testing, preparatory to packing away, great glittering piles of napoleons, sovereigns, eagles, doubloons, ducats, johannes, moldores, pistoles, etc., all admirably executed—the best counterfeits by far that I had ever seen. Upon a desk were immense volumes containing specimens which must have included nearly every variety of paper money known to mankind. Here then was the oriental mine from which his excellency, Count Waroski, extracted his riches. I was well pleased with the information, slender as was the prospect of ever profiting by it. I had suspected for some time that the nabob's money was not honestly come by, though I had never had any idea of its coming from a source like this. Looking at my watch, I found that it must be within less than an hour of daylight. If I was to be caught like a mouse in a trap (and I had no other thought, for even if I had been out of this prison I could not find my way out of the cavern), I was resolved in the first place to make an effort to communicate with Eugene. The door I had seen was doubtless the entrance to his dungeon. I put my mouth to the great key hole, and shouted with all my might the name of my friend. There was no answer. I tried it again. All was silent. Perhaps he was asleep. I dashed a rock against the door two or three times, and then shouted again. This time there came a response to my call in the shape of a faint and apparently far-off "Who's there?" That was the place, sure enough. When he learned who it was that called him, the poor fellow was almost beside himself with mingled joy and amazement. We had to strain our voices to a very high pitch, for there were between us, as he informed me, two thick walls and massive doors, separated by a small chamber. One of my first questions was the very important one whether he knew of any means of egress for either of us. He did not. He told me, however, that we had a good deal of time before us, as the counterfeiters never came to work till about noon. It now occurred to me for the first time, that I had been so stupidly remiss as to leave behind me no letter, no information, no clue whatever by which it could be known what had become of me. I bitterly regretted this on Eugene's account no less than on my own. My reflections on this subject had kept me silent so long, that my fellow-prisoner shouted out to inquire what I was doing. I purposely mumbled a reply which I know he could not understand, and followed it up by inquiring how he had been inveigled into confinement. His reply was necessarily brief and compendious. Two individuals, of gentlemanly manners and appearance, had accosted him, bearing a letter of introduction—a forgery no doubt—from a young friend of ours, a Gascon, then in Bordeaux. They were from that city, they said, visitors, at an us to see the sights of Paris and its vicinity. They proposed a visit to Versailles. Eugene agreed to go, and wrote me the note which I received at the Hotel Dieu. They were wandering through the gigantic palatial picture-gallery, when one of them became suddenly ill, and in consequence of this the whole party returned to Paris. Finding that I was not at home (having been called off by the note forged in Dr. Labat's name), Eugene lit a cigar and was sitting half dozing in his chair, when he was suddenly seized, bludgeoned, pinioned, and hurried off to the dungeon which he now occupied, being doubtless dragged through the place which I found newly bounded up in the back of our closet. The object in going to Versailles was no doubt to deceive his friends, and put them on a wrong scent by inducing the belief that he had never returned to Paris. He had seen no one about our lodgings but the porter, and he had, of course, been bribed

or silenced in some way. At all events, he solemnly asserted to me that Eugene had not returned, and a day or two after his disappearance he also was missing. I was told that he had gone to live in his native city of Berne; for he was in reality what all Parisian porters are by courtesy—a Swiss. Significant as it appeared to me now, this incident had made no impression on me at the time. Since his confinement, Eugene had seen no one but his jailer, who brought him a daily pittance of food, and knew nothing of Waroski's being in any way connected with his abduction.

I tried to comfort my poor friend as well as I could, but I found it a difficult task to inspire him with a confidence which I was far from feeling myself. I could in fact see no possible means of escaping from the trap into which I had semi-voluntarily entered. All sorts of impracticable contrivances suggested themselves, but as I was forced to abandon them one by one, the prospect grew darker and darker before me. I

no reason to anticipate a very friendly reception. It occurred to me that I might create a panic by suddenly leaping out upon them, revolver in hand, under cover of which I might escape. If there should not be more than two of them, however, I was resolved to "show fight," and take the chances.

In the meantime I was slowly ascending in perfect darkness. There was no glimmering of light even from above. As I was quietly seating myself, I felt a cloth, something like a large blanket, at the bottom of the basket. This suggested a new line of operation. I lay down in the bottom and covered myself up carefully. I thought it possible—barely possible—that I might in this way escape observation altogether. Making a little opening to peep through, I awaited the result. The time seemed very long—as if there was a mile of going up at the very least. The coolest of men are poor hands at measuring times and distances under such circumstances. At last I could see a very faint glim-

ably a fragment of machinery. It is likely that the men knew it was there, and had no very definite idea of it; consequently the addition which my body made to it was not particularly noticed. I did not stay to make many observations, but left the place by a small door, which admitted me into a narrow, oblong court yard, with walls altogether too high to be scaled. There was no means of egress but the door of the house to which the yard belonged. I opened it and entered. Fortunately there was no one there; and fortunately also I found myself in a passage leading through what the French call a *rez-de-chaussée* to an outer court-yard. This evidently communicated with the street by a *porticochere* and wicket gate or door, like other French houses. But these, of course, were fastened, and could only be opened by the porter. How was I to get through? There was one chance for me. A French porter sees everybody who comes into the house, but not necessarily those who go out of it. In order to get out, you

simply say as you pass the lodge, "*Le cordon, s'il vous plait*—the string, if you please!" Thereupon, the porter, generally without thinking it worth while to look out of his window, pulls a string which unfastens the door. You then go out and shut it after you. Knowing this much of the manners and customs of Paris, and putting my trust therein, I advanced to the porter's lodge and gave the usual notice, in an unconcerned and somewhat authoritative tone of voice. The undertaking was perfectly successful. The porter, a cobbler apparently, went on singing and hammering, and pulled the cord without showing himself. I walked out and shut the door very deliberately, using a very fair degree of speed, however, as soon as I was fairly off the premises. I found myself in an unknown locality, and was much puzzled to know what direction to take. Fortunately, a *fiacre* soon made its appearance. I jumped in, and paid the driver double fare and *pour-boire* to convey me with all possible speed to the prefecture of police. I afterwards discovered that this coal-yard was in the immediate vicinity of the court where Waroski and his fellow-assassin had escaped from the night-patrol, doubtless through some secret fissure communicating with the subterranean regions from which I had ascended, and kept in readiness for such uses. On reaching the police office I ascertained that the counterfeiting and probably counterfeit count had been an object of suspicion for some time, though his extreme cunning and watchfulness had prevented any discovery of his real character. A plan was at once adopted for surprising him and his confederates, and taking them in the act. It would hardly do, as was at first proposed, to make a descent upon them in the basket which had served me so opportunely. Hearing it come down at an unusual hour (for what the customary hour was we had no means of knowing), they would probably suspect something like the truth, and make their escape into some inaccessible recess of the cavern. We might have succeeded in capturing some of the men about the coal depot, but this would take time, and the least delay might prove dangerous to Eugene. At my suggestion, a detachment of the police accompanied me to my lodgings. Everything was just as I left it, showing that nobody had been there, and that Waroski and his companion had in all probability not left the cavern by the long staircase, but by some other outlet. It was afterwards discovered that this secret stair led to a strong room above, where they were in the habit of storing away their counterfeit treasures. This place was only occasionally visited by them. There was, however, a man who lived in an apartment adjoining the treasury. The night before there had been a great quantity of coin, etc. carried up. Hence the noise, the shaking of the stairs, and the opening of the closet door.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., I started with a squad ofgend'armes, it being our determination to follow up, as far as possible, the cotton clue which I had left lying on the ground. We found no difficulty in doing this up to the point where I had fallen and broken it. There we were at fault. After some consultation, however, we tied a new string to the end of the old one, and pushed on, as nearly as we could guess, in the same direction. After advancing for some time, in rather a perplexed state of mind, we at length heard, to our great satisfaction, the distant noise of the machine. It was away behind us, however, and considerably to the left. Soon after-



MANHOOD.

was trying to keep down gloomy thoughts, and at the same time cheer my friend as much as possible by telling him the best story I could about Alabama, when my attention was drawn to a singular noise in one corner of the room. Grasping my lamp and my pistol, I turned in that direction, and saw a large basket, with a great rope attached to it, rising slowly from the floor. Like lightning the idea flashed across my mind that some persons above were hoisting this basket to the upper world, and that I might go up in it. It was now ascending more rapidly, and was nearly as high as my head; in another second the chance would be lost. Throwing my lamp and revolver into the basket, I sprang in after them. I caught the rope and clambered in with a good deal of difficulty. For a moment or two I feared lest the people above should have observed the jar given to the rope. They did not, however, or at least they showed no sign of it. But what was I to do when I reached the top? Coming from where I did, I had certainly

mering of light above me, and soon afterwards the motion ceased. I saw a hand grasping the side of the basket.

"How infernally heavy it is!" exclaimed a rough voice, with a Gallic oath.

I grasped my weapon tightly, for I fully expected that there would be a speedy investigation of the cause of this unusual ponderousness. There was not, however. There were only two men, and they seemed to be in a great hurry. They left me and the basket where we had been deposited, and went away.

I lay perfectly still until the men's footsteps became inaudible; then, slowly uncovering myself, I rose upright. I was in a large, dimly-lighted shed, under which large quantities of coal were piled. The empty basket in which I had ascended was evidently the means by which this fuel was transferred to the workshop and steam engine below. The hole was like a common old fashioned well with a windlass. Beside me, in the basket, was a piece of cast-iron, prob-



wards we saw a light. We now felt assured of success. It was evident that no alarm had been given and no suspicion excited. The noise was so great that we could easily steal up to the door without being noticed. It was open, and we were on the inside of it before they took the alarm.

There were five men at work. Waroski sat at a desk, apparently engaged in affixing signatures to counterfeit bank-notes. Though his back was turned towards us, he was the first to notice our presence. For a moment he glared at us like a wild beast at bay, and then his scowling glance settled upon me. I saw him doubling up his limbs like a tiger preparing for a spring. A scintilla flashed brightly in the torch-light, and with the words, "Dog of Yankee, this is your work!" he leaped upon me. Though the lightning's flash could hardly be more rapid than his movements, I had time to dodge him. I watched his muscles like steel springs unbending, and at that instant I fell to the floor. He passed clean over my head, and fell headlong upon a rock,

cutting a severe gash in his temple. Before he could rise I was upon him, and others speedily following, he was soon secured. The whole party showed fight, and one of our men had his cheek laid open by a knife. Happily, they had not time to reach their fire-arms, and we soon overpowered them. The next thing was to liberate Eugene. This was speedily accomplished. We found the keys of his prison in the pockets of the fellow I had seen with Waroski, and had him out in a moment. My story is told. What followed may be left almost entirely to the reader's imagination. Waroski, who was no count, but a most magnificent scoundrel, found his appropriate position in the *Bagne*, or penal gang at Toulon. He swore to make his escape for the sole purpose of being revenged on me, whom he had already twice attempted to assassinate. No third attempt has been made, and I think it likely that he is still a "galley-slave," as the inmates of those prisons are still called, though there are no galleys for them to row in now-a-days. Soon after his capture, I called to inform Mr. Masden of what had happened. He was greatly troubled at the news of the rich count's villany, and his wife and daughter as thoroughly gratified. This was good news for Eugene, and the scream of delight with which the lovely Alabama received the announcement of his safety was better news still. The meeting of the lovers, of the lost son and brother with his parents and sister, I will not attempt to describe. A few more weeks of sorrow would have sent the poor mother to the grave. The gipsy girl, who had purposely kept out of sight, came forward and told us all she knew as soon as Waroski was captured. She was the sister of one of the fellows who had hoisted me up in the basket. She had long wished to get rid of the "bonds of iniquity" by which she was enslaved, but was afraid of Waroski's vengeance. From what she had heard among the counterfeiters, she had learned my intimacy with Eugene, with the circumstances of whose captivity she was well acquainted. The room into which the self-moving closet door opened had formerly been in the possession of the gang, who in fact had access to perhaps one half of the houses in that quarter of Paris. She alone, however, had noticed this phenomenon, and she hoped that the knowledge of it might lead me to make such discoveries as would eventuate in Eugene's liberation. In common with all Waroski's agents, the poor girl had sworn to reveal nothing, and she knew that speedy and terrible punishment would follow the breaking of this oath. The plan she adopted was not in her estimation a violation of the oath, though she hoped it would answer the purpose of a direct revelation. In order to present the disfigured, she had assumed, for that day only, the character of a huckster of fortunes.

Alabama is now the wife of Eugene, and the mistress of a little paradise on the banks of the river her namesake. Mary Clare has become my wife. I need hardly add, in conclusion, that the subterranean workshop of Count Waroski was situated in that famous excavation which underlies so large a portion of the French capital—the Catacombs of Paris.

One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness.

#### MANHOOD AND OLD AGE.

We publish herewith the two beautiful designs by Johannot, which we promised in our last number, and which complete the artist's allegorical series of the Life of Man. In the first of the two pictures we behold manhood, as shown in a warrior, the figure realizing Milton's lines: "The starry helm unbuckled showed him prime in manhood where youth ends." He has assumed the responsibilities and duties of a citizen. He is a husband and father, and now goes forth to battle in the cause of his country. His wife and daughter are clinging to him, and bidding him a tender farewell, but not seeking to detain him from his duty, while his son, who holds the helmet, already catches a martial inspiration from his father's bearing. In the second picture we are at the close of the career, the principal halting-places of which the artist has shown us. We have seen the hopes of infancy, the sports and studies of youth, the serious duties of ripe age; we are now shown the consolations of old age,

that each man should comprehend his responsibility to the future, and how he is the continuation of a social personality—which he must maintain honorably, and of which his sons will one day be the representatives. If we are deeply penetrated with the idea that we die not from among men, since we survive in our race, we shall better feel the necessity of regulating a long life, and of making an high or humble house a perpetuity of devotion and honor. All nations which cherish virtue are distinguished by respect for the aged; they have always been regarded as the representatives of past centuries, to which we owe much, and towards which we can only acquit ourselves, by our veneration for those of their off-spring who survive. And these beading frames, ready to part from life, are moreover a useful warning; they tell us not to trust in the eternity of our strength and the duration of our enjoyments, but to look beyond the horizons of life. Old men thus become at once the deputies of by gone times, bringing their experience and

#### CHINESE CUNNING.

We were five Americans, who had purchased a mining claim in one of the midland mining districts of California, early in the summer of 1853. We had some money, and therefore feeling pretty independent, concluded to set others to work instead of working ourselves; a very common practice among American miners. Human nature is the same the world over. With a little money in their pockets, California adventurers are quite as apt as other people to get a little above their business. The dirty part of mining is not at all acceptable, unless their finances compel them to do it. In opening a river claim, most of the dirty work comes first; and my companions and myself, acting according to the promptings of *greedily*, determined to keep our hands as clean and respectable as possible, while we had money in our pockets, to enable us to use other people's instead. We accordingly employed a gang of Chinamen that we found hovering in the vicinity, to open our claim. We were by no means confident that the enterprise would pay, although we knew the soil would yield almost anywhere small amounts of gold. If the washings were poor, and gave no more than a dollar a head *per diem*, we knew that we could sell out to our Chinese friends for a quarter, perhaps a third of what our claim originally cost.

The Chinese miners, with a leader who understands English, patrol the country in gangs, like Irishmen, ready for any speculation, no matter how small, that may chance to turn up. There were seven in the gang we employed. They were to work three days in opening our claim, for the sum of twenty dollars. The price seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, and they went to work apparently in good earnest. They loosened the soil here and there, and examining it very sagely, would shake their heads to indicate the deplorable absence of the precious metal. Thus passed a day. We kept a sharp watch over them, to hold in check their thieving propensities. When night arrived, the leader approached us with a sorrowful look, holding in his dirty hand a few flaky scales of gold, and one insignificant little nugget, the whole, perhaps, amounting in value to three dollars, and exclaimed, "Poor claim, poor claim! he no pay to work!"

We began to think so ourselves, and when at the close of the second day they greeted us with similar remarks as on the first, and even a less quantity of gold, most of our company began to feel very much like selling out—if we could. We accented the leader of the gang, and proposed to sell him our shares at a great sacrifice. "No good!" said Shang Foo, shaking his head with great gravity. "No pay." "But you John China fellows can make almost anything pay, you know, where we Americans and Johnny Bulls would starve." Shang Foo chuckled, jerked once or twice at his pig-tail, and desired to know what we would take. The claim cost us two hundred dollars in the aggregate; forty dollars a head. We proposed, four of us, to take twenty dollars a-piece for our shares,—nothing less.

"Too much—great sight too much. You say ten dollar! Give you five." A Chinaman always hears incorrectly, if there is money to pay.

"We said twenty," I insisted. "Nothing short of that will answer our turn."

For a moment Shang Foo gazed at me, apparently in perfect amazement. "Twen-tee-dollar! Me no give him! he no pay; Chinaman starve. No twenty dollar! Give you ten."

At this offer he stuck immovable as a mule. After considerable haggling, we concluded it would perhaps be better course to let the shares go at ten dollars each. No sooner was the bargain closed and the money paid, than the "Celestials" went to work in earnest. It was an earnestness that paid them handsomely, for the claim yielded twenty-eight hundred dollars within a month from the day of the purchase.

While working for us—they had wit enough to perceive our "greenness"—the rascals had passed over the ground without stirring more than was necessary to discover the secret of rich deposits. Wherever there was but little gold they had worked most industriously; and we had received the profits of their barren labor. It was a dear-bought experience, but by no means an unprofitable investment in the end. It taught us a lesson which we did not easily forget, that a Chinaman's cunning was fully equal to Yankee caution.—*Watchman and Reflector.*



OLD AGE.

the grandmother surrounded by grandchildren devoted to her service, the grandfather appearing sustained by the arm of his grandson; in the distance, two old men, his contemporaries, seeking, as a last resort, amusement in cards. After this—eternity! Rabelais says in his *Almanack*, that "old age will be incurable this year, on account of past years," a sad epigram launched at human fragility and the brevity of life, if Heaven had not given us successors to perpetuate our memories. It is by this uninterrupted succession of beings, linked to each other, and united by the family ring, that our decline is compensated. In giving children to the future, we not only perpetuate ourselves in living images, but leave them, by education, by example and fame, a ray of our souls. They remain after us to continue our good or evil work; we have commenced a task which they will accomplish well or ill, according as we have formed our plans and trained up good or bad workmen. This thought must be conspicuous in human morality. It is desirable

claiming our gratitude, and prophets of the future raising us to the most elevated views. But that old age may maintain this august character, it must be simple, noble and worthy of imitation. Our readers will remember the remark of Cato to a vicious old man: "Friend, old age is ugly enough of itself; do not add to it the deformity of vice." It is only in periods of national decadence that respect for gray hairs is extinguished, and that the strong man mocks or despises the weakness of age. It will be remembered that in the latter days of Greece, an old man appeared at the Olympic games without any one troubling himself to make room for him; when he finally reached a bench occupied by the Lacedaemonians, the latter rose respectfully. The old man in a voice of emotion exclaimed: "All the Greeks know virtue, but only the Lacedaemonians practice it!" In the hurry and rush of the age, we should ever recognize in the aged those who have done their duty, and whose feebleness will soon be our own inheritance.

you ten."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY FOR WIFE-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY ELEANOR HOLMES MANSFIELD.

## CHAPTER I.

"Abimelech, I really wonder at your remaining a bachelor at your time of life. You ought to have got married long ago!"

It was not the first time when Doctor Abimelech Gray sat down at his pleasant tea-table with his sister that spring evening, that he had heard from her some such words as those above recorded, but somehow they had faded, hitherto, to make any fixed impression on his mind. For thirty and five years he had been stepping along with an easy, quiet sort of way with him, and, not having married when he was a young man, he had forgotten to think about doing so, now that he was getting to be a middle-aged one, and so he had subsided, little by little, year by year, into confirmed bachelorhood.

Miss Patty, however, was not quite so contented about it as he himself seemed to be. She was very fond of young people; she was getting tired of sitting, a solitary woman, at the doctor's table, pointing out his tea, and would have gladly relinquished her place there any day, for the sake of seeing some pretty and bright young face glancing, from day to day, through the staid and sober gloom of old maidhood and old bachelorhood that prevailed in that quiet old house.

"Abimelech, I really wish you'd get married!" said Miss Patty, with more than usual earnestness.

Now it happened that the doctor's mind was more than usually engaged that evening, and he was in a mood of decided abstraction over his first cup of tea, which was perhaps the very circumstance that had provoked Miss Patty's attack; but the half-despairing emphasis of her words managed to attract his attention, nevertheless, still only in a measure, at first.

"Married, Patty?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Abimelech! Now, Abimelech, will you give me your attention?"

"Why, yes, certainly, Patty," answered the doctor, with a sort of absent earnestness.

Miss Patty's face was almost hopeless. Could she bring him to consider the matter thoroughly and in earnest? But she made a last energetic effort.

"Abimelech, I have told you before, that I wish you would get married."

"Yes, I know, Patty. But why are you so anxious about it? I am very comfortable as I am, and really, it is so long since I have thought of any such thing. Besides, I am getting in years now—at least I am no longer young."

"One of the very reasons you should marry," broke in Miss Patty, not a little pleased with having at last managed to press the matter fairly upon his consideration, "you are getting in years, Abimelech, and so am I, and who do you suppose is going to take care of you and your house, and look after your comfort, when you need some one, and I'm too old to do it? You need a wife as much as ever any mortal man did in this world, and I do wish, Abimelech, you'd get one!"

Miss Patty's countenance was such a pattern of despairing earnestness, that the doctor was, for the first time, really aroused by it, to look seriously at the matter under discussion.

"Well, Patty," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment's pause, "perhaps you are right. I don't know, and I am not aware that I have any particular objections to marrying. But whom in the world should I marry?"

Miss Patty's countenance was brightening wonderfully. "Well, there's Susan Morton, now she'd make one of the very best wives you'd find in all Rockdale, I believe. She's a smart girl, Abimelech—"

A tremendous succession of strokes from the iron knocker at the hall door, interrupted Miss Patty just as she was warming with her subject, and about to pronounce upon Susan Morton such convincing eulogies, that the doctor must give way utterly before them. And while the echo of that startling summons was yet ringing through the house, the voice of the messenger without was heard telling Hannah, the housemaid, that the doctor was "wanted immediately." And instantly the doctor was gone for his hat.

"O dear, I know it!" almost groaned Miss Patty. "he's sure to be called away just at the wrong time! But patient or no patient, he's got to remember what I've told him," and the good lady pursued her brother into the hall, catching his arm just as he was hastening away.

"Abimelech," she said, impressively, "Abimelech, don't you forget what I've said to you about Susan Morton!"

"No, I won't, Patty—I won't," said the doctor hastily, and he was off.

"But he will, though, as sure's his name's Abimelech Gray!" sighed Miss Patty, wofully, as she turned back into the sitting room, "he'll forget every word about it. It's just the way—I never saw such a man in my whole life, never! I declare, it almost takes away my appetite, things do go on so. And to think that Susan Morton's such a nice girl, now, and what a capital wife she'd make him,—and he *never* get another like her, if he tried Rockdale over. I'd set my heart on his having her! There, I don't want to eat a morsel. I'll just finish my cup of tea, and then have Hannah in to clear away the things."

Standing beside the lonely table, Miss Patty took the remainder of her tea, now, alas! cold as her own hopes, and after the table was cleared and set back, sat down to her lonely knitting-work, to meditate in sad solitude.

But Miss Patty was mistaken. The doctor did not forget what she had said. Her anxiety had really impressed him, this time, with a sense of what indeed began to seem his duty. So, although the new case which he was called to attend, was one of some urgency, he managed to retain Miss Patty's charge through it all, and, taking his quiet and solitary way homeward that evening, he considered the matter with himself.

Very brief was that consideration. He did not by any means wish to marry—to tell the truth, he did not at all see the need of marrying, but then Patty was anxious that he should, and perhaps it was his duty. If he did not want a wife now, he might be glad of one, one of these days, perhaps—he did not know. At any rate, he would marry, and he might as well do it now as any time. Yes, he would set about it now, directly. He would go and see Susan Morton, as Patty had recommended.

In short, Doctor Gray adopted the idea of marrying very much as he would have taken a dose of his own medicine, feeling sensible that he didn't want it, but supposing that he needed it, and that it would be of benefit to him, and so making it all a matter of pure philosophy.

That very evening he went to lecture, and waited on Susan Morton home. The next evening he called on her at her father's house, and on the following Sabbath walked home with her from church. In effect, he went courting as promptly and zealously as he would have transacted any other piece of business that must be transacted and could not be got over.

Now, Squire Morton was a townsman and neighbor of the doctor, and a man whom he very much respected and esteemed, but whose house the doctor had never visited, except professionally, more than once or twice in the whole course of his practice. And with Susan, the squire's daughter, he had never exchanged fifty words, to his recollection, or to her's either, though Miss Patty herself was a visitor there, and Miss Morton sometimes came to see Miss Patty; and though Miss Patty had favorably observed Susan (who was rather a pretty, and very sensible and good-hearted girl), and had secretly proposed to herself that she would make an excellent wife for her brother, the doctor.

So that, when the doctor began to pay attention to her so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and with such palpable intentions, Susan Morton was not a little astonished. And so were her father and mother, and so was young Mrs. Harry Morton, Susan's brother's wife, whose home was with the old folks while Harry was gone to sea, captain of a beautiful little merchant-vessel, "The Dolphin." And so was Miss Patty herself, who was, at the same time, no less rejoiced than astonished. She began to look forward now, in her daily thoughts, to the doctor's marriage; she went often over to Squire Morton's, often contrived ways and means to bring Susan over to see her, made, not a little proudly and ostentatiously, a pet and favorite of Susan, and was so satisfied, so self-complacent, so smiling, and so important generally, that it was plain to all Rockdale—and all Rockdale was very much interested in the matter—that Miss Patty was

glad enough that the doctor was courting Susan Morton.

Concerning Susan herself, we have said she was astonished, but she was not by any means displeased, for there was not a girl in the town of Rockdale—not even Susan Morton—who would have slighted the doctor's attentions. On the contrary, there were only too many of them who would have been secretly proud and delighted to receive them, only too many who envied Susan, for though Doctor Abimelech was an old bachelor on the shady side of forty, he was an excellent man, and a fine-looking man, and a noble hearted man, and a rich man, into the bargain; and the heart of any mama in Rockdale would have beat with natural pride and pleasure, and triumph, to have married her daughter to Doctor Abimelech Gray.

Yet, even while Susan admitted to herself that she liked him well enough to feel some girlish gratification at her notices, she could not get over her perplexity at the suddenness of the thing. And the doctor continued his attentions with zeal and steadfastness, and she grew more and more perplexed, for his courtship had such a business-like air—there was nothing in the least lover-like in it—it was prosecuted in such a matter-of-fact way.

But while she wondered and conjectured, he continued his attentions steadily and perseveringly, and Susan, though she had not cared for him at first, began to find pleasure in his society, to experience, by degrees, something akin to actual happiness, when he was near her, when he walked by her side, or sat with her in the old-fashioned family parlor at home. Yes, Susan liked the doctor—she did not say it to herself in so many words, but she knew it just as well as if she had.

Meanwhile, Miss Patty was, at least, as often as once or twice a week at Squire Morton's, having endless confidential and friendly chats with Mrs. Morton, the squire's wife, and young Mrs. Harry, and making a pet of Susan, as usual.

And it happened one day, that Miss Patty, in her overflow of rejoicing at the success of her generalship in the matter of the doctor's courtship, betrayed to young Mrs. Harry, during one of these confidential conversations, the share she had had in its commencement. And not a great while after, Mrs. Harry, while she was congratulating Susan on her matrimonial prospects (for the whole family were pleased that Susan was likely to become the doctor's wife), chanced, without any intention on her own part, perhaps, to let fall the substance of what Miss Patty had communicated to her.

And thus Susan was suddenly supplied with the solution of the riddle that had so long perplexed her. Now Susan was naturally a girl of very proud, as well as of very warm feelings, and she had by this time learned to care for Doctor Gray better than she would have told, but there was, in all this, something that, as the old squire would have expressed it, decidedly "went agin the grain." However, she said nothing, but kept her own counsel; but there was a rod preparing for the doctor, calculated to teach him a lesson. And Doctor Gray, all this time, "pursued the even tenor of his way," going a courting regularly, his thoughts bent steadily and solely upon getting married as soon as possible, so that he never dreamed of such a thing as falling in love. And so he never remarked that, all of a sudden, Susan began to grow unaccountably cool towards him, and to avoid him whenever she could.

He never noticed it, though it happened just when he was on the point of proposing. So that it was without the slightest misgiving that he assumed a favorable opportunity, when one evening he found Susan alone in the parlor, to ask her if she would marry him. And Susan answered quietly, "No," that she would not.

To say that the doctor was astonished and bewildered, would be but feebly to express the state of his mind. He had never dreamed of being refused.

"Would Miss Morton give him her reason for this unexpected rejection?"

"It is this, Doctor Gray," said Susan, quickly, and with a red blush growing on her cheek, "I do not wish to marry any man who asks me merely for the sake of getting a wife, nor one who is persuaded by others to propose to me. I prefer marrying one who cares for me for my own sake, and who asks me because he cares for me so."

The words came like a thunder bolt to the doctor's ears. And before he had recovered

from their effect, she was gone. What witch had been talking to Susan Morton? For that she had heard a great deal was evident. Her words still rung in his ears. "She did not wish to marry any man who asked her merely for the sake of getting a wife, nor one who was persuaded by others to propose to her." Well, he had been seeking her thus—but who had told her? He had asked her, not because he loved her, or had ever thought of doing so, but simply because he wanted a wife, and she had been suggested as the most eligible one among his circle of acquaintance. He certainly had not considered, hitherto, that there was anything reprehensible in the proceeding, but now that he looked at it, it did begin to seem reprehensible—very; coming to a philosophical conclusion, he was not surprised that Susan had refused him; he supposed that she had done very rightly. And he took his hat and walked home, a rejected man.

## CHAPTER II.

It did not take the doctor long, when he came to consider the affair, to arrive at the correct conclusion that it must have been his good sister's own indiscretion which had so ingeniously contrived to defeat his prospects, but he sagely considered that it was his own fault originally in giving cause for that indiscretion. And it would do no good to mention the matter, so he let it stand.

And now Susan's family began to wonder at the sudden cessation of the doctor's visits, and so, with much anxiety and consternation, did Miss Patty, but both Susan and the doctor maintained rigid silence upon the subject. In the squire's family there were, however, some pretty correct guesses at the truth, namely: that she had refused Doctor Abimelech, and there was some disappointment, and not a little motherly and sisterly censure of Susan's want of wisdom. And even after the thing was taken for granted, there was still such sleepless curiosity and so many questions, that Susan, serious and sober as she undeniably felt, laughed in spite of herself. Still she besought them to let her alone—she would not tell.

"Well, well," said the good squire, indulgently, "I wouldn't plague her about it, mother. I spose she's done what's right, though I must say I wish she'd ha' had Doctor Abimelech. I know he wanted her—there's no mistake about that, for he told me as much himself. And I thought she kind o' liked him, and guess I wa'n't much mistaken, either. But—" and Squire Morton shook his head with a puzzled air, as, spite of himself, he came back to the old point again, "but what made Susan refuse the doctor, I can't see."

Meanwhile I suppose that Miss Patty's part in the matter was the hardest; what with her uneasiness and tribulation while the question of the abandoned courtship remained in uncertainty, and her astonishment and mortification when it became a certainty. For a time she kept silence, waiting for the doctor to mention the matter, but so was he silent too—provokingly so. And visits of observation to Squire Morton's did no good. Then, her curiosity and impatience getting the better of her, the good lady began a sort of guerilla warfare against the doctor, carried on whenever opportunity offered, in the shape of hints, surmises, allusions—everything but direct and outright questions. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea, Miss Patty made her attacks with the most praiseworthy ingenuity and perseverance, and was resolved not to yield till her point was gained.

At first, nevertheless, these attacks were ineffectual. The doctor, closer than any oyster, sat unmoved, ate his muffins, drank his tea, and pretended not to understand. Then, as the skirmish was renewed, he felt his gravity endangered before the good lady's pernicacity; more than once he had much ado to hide the conscious smile that twinkled in his eyes. And finally, when he saw that there was not the slightest reasonable prospect of a cessation of hostilities, he yielded at discretion.

"Patty," said he, briefly, "Miss Morton has rejected me, if you wish to know. And, if you please," he spoke very gently, but at the same time very decidedly, "if you please, Patty, I should rather we did not mention the subject again."

So here was an end of all her hopes. She was speechless with mortification. And Miss Patty did not mention it again. To be sure, she



would dearly have liked to know why Susan had rejected her brother, Doctor Abimelech Gray, but that was out of the question, so she contented herself with heating her indignation to the boiling point towards Susan. Her favor in that quarter was promptly withdrawn, for one whole week she never went near the squire's house, if she met Susan in the street she held her head loftily, offered only the most chilling civilities.

A demure smile lurked in Susan's sober eyes, at these lofty manifestations of the good lady's displeasure. She held no animosity towards Miss Patty, she was only angry with the doctor, and so when the doctor's sister held up her head, Susan curtsied and said, "how do you do, Miss Patty?" with a pretty grace and genuine politeness that not even Miss Patty's coldness could diminish, and continued that grace and politeness so steadily, despite the good little lady's persevering displeasure, that by-and-by Miss Patty's enmity began to waver. It was not proof against such good nature, by any means, for Miss Patty was really, herself, at heart, one of the most good-natured women in the world. So she began to relent—to think herself, as she really was, more sorry than angry, after all, and to think that, after all, Susan might not be so very much to blame.

Meanwhile, the doctor, having been repulsed in his attempts at matrimony, came back once more to the quiet bachelor life which he had been so treacherously induced to abandon. But somehow, the episode which had lately occurred in his experience, had left an impression on his mind that was not easy to efface. And often, in the hours of leisure which he devoted to reading, when his eyes were fixed upon the page before him, his thoughts were wandering back to that last evening at Squire Morton's, to that point-blank rejection which Susan Morton had given him, and dwelling upon her last words, "I prefer marrying one who cares for me for my own sake, and who asks me because he cares for me."

"Who cared for her for her own sake." Somehow, these words lingered unaccountably in the doctor's mind. He remembered her as she uttered them—how half-proudly and coldly she had spoken, and yet turned away her eyes and blushed.

And the doctor said to himself, was it so very hard to learn to care for Susan Morton in this way, that he had never thought of doing it before that evening when she refused to marry him?

There was another day when Doctor Abimelech answered the question. Now, in the very midst of its utterance, as it were, his attention was otherwise claimed. All in the heat of a glowing August afternoon, a messenger came to summon the doctor to Squire Morton's house. The squire had been badly injured—had been thrown from the back of a vicious horse, and broke his leg.

The news startled and shocked both the doctor and his sister. Instantly the doctor's preparations were making, and as instantly Miss Patty, her kind heart melted and subdued, forgot her feud with Susan, and put on her bonnet to accompany him. And her appearance, no less than that of the doctor, was gladly welcomed.

The injuries of the squire were such as to cause Doctor Gray no little apprehension. Not only was the limb seriously fractured, but he had received other injuries of a very serious nature, and though he was brave and cheerful, he evidently endured great pain, and, from all appearances likely to endure still more. He smiled and held out his hand at the doctor's approach.

"Glad to see ye, Doctor Abimelech," he said, "though I should have been rather more so, if it hadn't been this that brought ye—wasn't that Miss Patty's voice I heard down stairs?"

The doctor, smiling through all the seriousness he felt, answered that it was.

"Well, I'm glad she's here, too," said the squire, "tell her so, will ye, doctor?"

Alas for poor Miss Patty, who, standing half-way up the stairs, talking with sorrowful Susan Morton, heard the poor squire's words, and sitting down just where she was, she wept like a child.

There was a brief period of sad suspense, after this, to that anxious family; a little while of severe, but necessary and patiently borne suffering for the good squire, while the doctor applied himself gently, kindly, and with all the skill he was master of, to the sick man's injuries. And then the task, so far, was visited with success. The fractured limb was skillfully re-united, and, the doctor thought, would heal without any stiffness, which, indeed, it eventually did. But the

swelling and inflammation attending it, were excessive, and this, with the addition of his other hurts, was fast reducing the squire. He lay in the half-darkened chamber, in great suffering and in sad weakness of body—such suffering and weakness as he was not soon to conquer. For there was neither a bribe nor a trading illness before him. Doctor Gray did not admit how ill his patient was, or was likely to be, but his sorrowful family soon learned for themselves.

For many a long and weary night the sick man lay there in great distress, and not a little danger, and twice a day the doctor's visits were made, and the house was hushed, and poor Mrs. Morton, and Miss Patty, and Susan, and Harry's young wife, glided in and out through the subdued twilight of the room, like pale and noiseless ghosts. And the hearts in that house, through all that time, were very sad and anxious ones.

And only when they had begun almost to despair, with long and unwarded waiting, there came a brightening change, and the sick man began slowly, very slowly, to recover. Then, with the banishment of suspense and uncertainty, the sunshine seemed for the first time to enter that house again, and though it was never so small a gleam at first, it was sunshine, so bright and real, and so welcome. It made every heart glad then, and it grew and grew, brighter and fuller, till it filled the whole house. It shone through the smile of returning health that beamed from the face of good Squire Morton, sitting there in his easy-chair by the chamber window—getting well.

And now that he was able to sit up, the hitherto silent and darkened room was betaken to as a general sitting room for all the family, where good Mrs. Morton sat and sewed by the window opposite her husband, and where young Mrs. Harry played with her baby, and Susan, in a low seat beside her father's chair, read to him, or played backgammon, and where cheerful conversation was carried on between them all, meanwhile, and where, altogether, as happy a group as could be was collected, and the squire was recovering as rapidly as possible.

And every day, at least once, if no oftener during the twenty-four hours, Miss Patty's cheerful face looked in, too, upon this pleasant scene, and, the old friendship renewed, the old feud was quite forgotten. Perhaps she did not make quite such a pet of Susan as formerly, there might have been a trifling shade of difference between her present friendly kindness and her former rather fussy affection, but there was a very slight difference indeed, considering the disappointment which she had received.

So Miss Patty made her daily visits, and the doctor, though now, of course, with less frequency than formerly, continued to make his. Between himself and Susan, as between her and Miss Patty, as by tacit mutual consent, a veil had been dropped over the past, in the midst of the more serious affairs of the present. The first shock of the poor squire's illness had put to flight all minor considerations, and now, when Susan and the doctor saw each other, they spoke to each other kindly, simply, without awkwardness or constraint. And a stranger would have thought that they had never, in all their lives, dreamed of being anything more than friends.

But if they were nothing more, they were that, at least. For while they had thus been meeting daily, through all the squire's sad illness, and the gloom it had cast over the hearts of the whole family, the native strength, the deep and serious earnestness of Susan's nature, had manifested itself, silently and unconsciously, and as silently and unconsciously had won for her, day by day, as he came to recognize it, the sincere and honest regard of Doctor Gray. Her learned to like her, and the real worth of her character, with a strong, simple, genuine feeling of friendship, and with every succeeding day, that feeling grew in depth and earnestness. Was he at last learning to care for Susan Morton as, with the reddening blush that he so well remembered, she had once said she wished to be cared for?

A golden October day, when he took his patient out to drive along the quiet country roads at sunset, he had made up his mind must be the last of his attendance on the squire. They came back just before the moon began to rise. The squire went immediately up to his chamber, partially assisted by his wife and the doctor, and taking the advice of the latter, prepared to retire, as he was somewhat fatigued. When Doctor Gray came down again, Susan was standing in the old-fashioned porch, looking at the splendid moonrise in the east. She turned, hearing his step, and found him standing by her side. She

smiled, and, if it had been a little lighter, he would have seen that she slightly colored, too.

"An Iromantic!" she said, "or is this beautiful moonrise worth looking at?"

"I should be glad to look at it with you," he said quietly, "it is worth looking at. But first, I should like to say something to you, Susan, that has nothing to do with the moon. Will you let me say it?"

"What is it?" she asked, in a low voice.

"A few months ago, Susan, I asked you to marry me because I wanted a wife. Now, I ask you to marry me because I want Susan Morton. Will you have me, Susy?" He spoke in a subdued and earnest tone, bending his fine, earnest face to catch her reply, waiting and listening. And she spoke three words, simply, frankly, and with secret happiness of heart.

"Yes, Doctor Gray!" she said. The moon was higher now, and it shone clear on them both—Doctor Gray and Susan, standing under the old-fashioned porch, hand in hand.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WASHINGTON AND HANCOCK.

BY F. W.

GENERAL WASHINGTON's diary, now recently, for the first time, printed from the original manuscript in his own handwriting, contains, among other interesting things, a full account of his visit to New England, and a brief statement of the difficulty which arose on his reaching the capital of Massachusetts, between himself and Gov. Hancock, on a point of form. It had been generally understood that some difficulty did then arise, but the exact nature and occasion of it had never been known, and we learn it now from the best possible source—Washington's diary. It was upon a question of etiquette; and this was whether the President of the United States should call first upon the Governor of Massachusetts, or the Governor of Massachusetts call first upon the President of the United States. This seems to us now a question very easily decided, or one which at the time, was of very slight consequence; but a little consideration will show that it was of very lasting consequence, and we know that it was not easily settled, and that a man of less forecast and firmness than Gen. Washington, might have given way, and established a precedent the results of which would have been very embarrassing, if not seriously injurious, throughout the whole existence of our government.

Let us look back and consider the political condition of the country at this time, when the first President of the United States, on an official tour, visited the capital of Massachusetts. Massachusetts had then been, for nearly nine years, in all respects, a sovereign and independent State. Her constitution, adopted in 1780, assumed all the usual sovereign powers. The State could declare war, and conclude peace, make treaties, coin money, collect duties upon imports, etc., etc. Her chief executive magistrate, whose title was by law that of His Excellency, was Captain General of the Army and Admiral of the Navy, and authorized to lead the military and naval forces, and "encounter, repel, resist, expel and pursue by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, within or without this Commonwealth; also to kill, slay, and destroy if necessary, and conquer by all fitting ways, etc., etc., all persons who, etc. etc."

As this independent sovereign State, with all these powers of peace and war and finance, Massachusetts had existed for nine years, and it was but a few months since she had resigned any of these powers to the government established by the Constitution of the United States, which was adopted in 1789, when the first President of the United States under that constitution, arrived in her capital.

The Constitution of the United States was just getting into operation; General Washington had been elected president under it that same year, the office was wholly new, no man in New England had ever seen a President of the United States; and, unless people in those days were more conversant with public affairs than they are now, with all the present advantages of steam and electricity, very few of them had an idea of what the station, power and dignity of such a magistrate might be.

They understood the office of governor; he was the chief executive of the State; but the President of the United States was an unknown

quantity. The tale was imposing enough, perhaps, but it something resembled that of "bishop in paribus," and could only seem very lofty upon the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico."

Gov. Hancock himself could hardly determine what such a functionary might be; but he knew what he himself was, and felt safe in considering his own character as that of the greater political personage, certainly, at least, upon the soil of Massachusetts.

Not can he fairly be blamed for this decision; he could not look into futurity and see the amazing results of the adoption of the National Constitution, the vast growth of the country, which to us, in these days, is nothing less than astounding, and the great extent of power and responsibility to devolve in future upon the incumbent of such an office, and, doubtless in all good faith, and with a single eye to the interest and dignity of Massachusetts, he decided upon the course which he attempted to follow.

But Washington, standing upon a higher elevation, could take a wider and broader view, he foresaw, dimly it may be, but he did foresee what the United States would be, and what the dignity and lofty station of its chief magistrate should require. Our forefathers, it has been said, went to war on a preamble; and Washington, on this occasion, stood firm upon a point of etiquette then for the first time raised, regarding the relative dignity of a President of the United States and a governor of a State.

In the final determination of this question, much doubtless is to be attributed to the personal character of Washington, for, first as he was in the admiration and love of his countrymen, deference to him was far more easy than it would have been to any other man.

The manner in which the difficulty was finally disposed of is stated briefly in the diary. Gen. Washington, writing on the 24th day of October, 1789, says: "Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the governor to-day, but under a full persuasion that he would have waited upon me so soon as I should have arrived, I excused myself upon his not doing it, and informing me through his secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it; being resolved to receive the visit." On Sunday, the 25th, Gen. Washington writes that he had been to church forenoon and afternoon, and that between the two services, "I received a visit from the governor, who assured me that indisposition alone prevented his doing it yesterday, and that he was still indisposed; but as it had been suggested that he expected to receive the first visit from the president, which he knew was improper, he was resolved at all hazards to pay his compliments to-day. The lieutenant governor and two of the council, to wit: Heath and Russell, were sent here last night to express the governor's concern that he had not been in a condition to call upon me so soon as I came to town. I informed them in explicit terms, that I should not see the governor unless it was at my own lodgings."

We have thus a brief account of the plain facts of the case; but there were, doubtless, many other circumstances of interest connected with it; such as consultations and negotiations, which we shall never know better than we do now. Tradition has it, however, that in order to make his excuse of indisposition appear probable, Gov. Hancock made the first call wrapped up in a dressing-gown.

Thus was the difficulty ended; and Gov. Hancock's dressing gown played a more important part in history than even Mrs. Masham's silk dress with the tea stains on it. It wrapped the goodly figure of Gov. Hancock, and it consolidated the Union; for had the result of that controversy been otherwise, and every State been led to consider itself and its chief executive as superior in dignity to the Federal Union and the President of the United States, the bonds of the Union had been greatly weakened; the doctrines of state rights would have been carried to alarming lengths, and one pretension after another set up, which would have seriously jarred, if not finally broken down, the great fabric of the Union. This small crevasse, if it had been permitted to occur, would have let in a flood of disasters, every hour increasing in volume and force; but the timely dressing gown stopped it up in *limine*—and so we say, long live cotton! it saved us at New Orleans, it pays our debts to Europe, and at the very commencement of our government, padded in the ample folds of a robe-de-chambre, it prevented an early mischief, the consequences of which we can hardly imagine.





LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

## THE AOUDAD.

The singular animal delineated in the accompanying engraving, is a faithful representation of a living specimen sent as a present to Queen Victoria, by the Emperor of Morocco, and kept in the Zoological Gardens, London, where it can hardly be contented, for it is a wild, strong, freedom-loving and rock-haunting creature. Its most striking peculiarities are its enormous horns and prodigious beard. If caught young, the aoudad may grow accustomed to bondage; they never can lose their instinctive love of clambering—their peculiar muscular development, their sure footedness, their love for “excehior,” their “home-sickness,” common to them, to the Swiss mountaineer, and the Scottish Highlander. The aoudad, as described by James Grey Jackson, who lived a long time in Morocco, is found only among the very steep and inaccessible cliffs, and in the woods and forests on the slopes of the Atlas range, south of Morocco and Lower Suse. It sometimes comes down to the rivers to drink. Jackson describes it as being able to throw itself from lofty precipices into plains below, alighting generally on its horns or shoulders. Comparative anatomists now say that the brute’s neck would be dislocated; but if the aoudad has been seen by an acute observer descending at times in this fashion, one observation from a trustworthy man must take precedence even of the inferences drawn by a Cuvier, by a Hunter, or by an Owen. The immense recurved horns, the shaggy clothing of its neck, breast and shoulders, its short, strong neck, its compact form, are well able to stand shocks to the system that are not “dreamt of in our philosophy.” The animal is caught with great difficulty, and it is only now and then that a young kidling falls into the hands of the Moors. Mr. Jackson sent two skins of the adult to Sir Joseph Banks; the horns and teeth were attached to one of these skins. Although labelled scientifically and marked, as presented by Queen Victoria, our aoudad would prefer the sweet mountain herbage of his rocky home among the Atlas, to the best hay and the greenest grass of Middlesex. The animal delineated in the engraving, was probably intended by the Emperor of Morocco as a household pet for Queen Victoria, he himself having been in the habit of having lions for lap-dogs, but the queen, not taking a fancy to such a formidable animal, sent him to the Zoological Society, for safe keeping.

## LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The engraving of Lafayette Square, on this page, is from an accurate drawing made on the spot, by Mr. Kilburn, expressly for our illustrated journal. In previous numbers, we have published various original views taken in New Orleans, including Jackson Square, while in the hands of the short-lived Vigilance Committee, and we now add this celebrated locality, which is on the opposite side of the city. Lafayette Square lies between St. Charles and Camp Streets, and is well laid out and beautifully decorated with trees. The church seen in our picture, on the right, is the Presbyterian on South Street, facing the Square—the other is St. Patrick’s on Camp Street. The City Hall faces the Square on the

St. Charles Street side, and on the opposite side is the Odd Fellows’ Hall. The Square is a great resort, and on fine evenings presents the lively appearance shown in our engraving. New Orleans is an interesting and peculiar city, and bears a strong stamp of individuality. It is unlike Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or, indeed, any other American city, and has more of a foreign air. In many respects it resembles Paris; and yet it has a thousand features belonging to the physiognomy of the New World.

## RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER SALMON RIVER, MALONE, N. Y.

We take especial pleasure in presenting the engraving on the next page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and one of his happiest efforts at landscape delineation. The scene is rendered with fidelity, and the foreground is handled with great taste. The scene reminds us of similar landscapes in Switzerland, and its character is very pleasing. Malone is the county seat of Franklin county, New York, and is beautifully located in the centre of one of the finest agricultural districts in the Union. The bridge is that of the Ogdensburg Railroad over the Salmon River, a picturesque stream passing through the town. This railroad has been of great benefit in developing the resources of this portion of the State. There are several mills located on the river. The cotton mill is seen in our picture, and beyond the bridge of the main street. The celebrated Malone sandstone quarries are in this town. This stone is of a fine, warm tone, and is in great request for building purposes, from all parts of the Union.

## DETROIT.

A census has recently been taken of Detroit, which reveals a most gratifying state of things. The growth of the city during the past 30 years is a marvel. In 1830 the population was 2222. In 1840 only 9102. In 1850 it reached 21,057. The numbers have increased at the rate of about 10,000 a year, until the census of 1858 shows a population of 32,450. The statistics given with the census speak well for the manufacturing and other important interests of the city, and show that the prosperity is substantial, and founded on the employment of the masses. The mechanics’ shops number 578, iron machine shops 11, iron foundries 20, boiler manufacturing 5, locomotive works 1, brass foundries 7, flouring mills 5, planing mills 14, etc.



THE AOUDAD, OF MOROCCO.



## EATING CROCODILE.

I, myself, had the opportunity of tasting a snake; a boa-constrictor had been killed by an accident, and came into my possession. I tried the experiment and cooked a bit of him; it tasted very much like veal, the flesh being exceedingly white and firm. If I had had nothing else, and could have forgotten what I was eating, I could easily have made a dinner of it. In November, 1829, my late father, then canon of Christ church, met in the High Street, Oxford, Black Will—who was then a celebrated coachman, and drove the "Defiance"—carrying, not a coachman's whip, but tugging along in each hand a crocodile about four feet in length. Will had bought them on speculation, in London, and my father purchased them from him. The first thing he did was to prove (which he never doubted) the possibility of turning the crocodile's fore legs backwards, so as to make a sort of bridle, thus confirming, if, indeed, it required confirmation, that a crocodile could be so treated. Both the crocodiles were put into hot water; one died in the water, and the other lived but a few hours. They were taken over to the anatomy school at Christ church, and dissected by the late Dr. Kidd. Both Dr. Kidd and my father thought that they would taste a little bit of the crocodile, and see whether its flesh was good or not. They did so, and without suffering from the experiment. Many persons assisted at this feast, and the flesh was pronounced to be excellent, much resembling sturgeon or tunny.

At that time there lived in the anatomy school, all among the skeletons and preparations, a very old man named William. I don't believe he ever had any other name, for he was always known in Oxford as William. Now this William was the most curious, weazen old fellow ever beheld. He wore the old-fashioned knee-breeches, gaiters, and long-tailed black coat. His face looked exactly like a preparation, and on this little round head (more like a



THE TERRIER.

it, to ascertain its taste. The flavor a good deal resembles that of a lobster, and, though somewhat tougher, it might certainly be considered very excellent food."—Buckland's *Curiosities of Natural History*.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE VATICAN.

The interesting picture on page 285, represents the recent reception of the young Prince of Wales by Pius IX., the Pope of Rome, at the Vatican. The third figure in the scene is Colonel Bruce. The express desire of the queen having been distinctly made known that everything connected with the formality should be conducted in as private a manner as possible, the Prince of Wales went to the palace, accompanied by Colonel Bruce, Mr. Odo Russell, and the members of his suite, to pay his respects to the pope, into whose presence he was conducted by the commendatore Datti, merely preceded by two Swiss guards. His holiness rose on the entry of the prince, and, coming forward to the door of the apartment to meet him, conducted him in the most affable manner possible to a seat, and entered into conversation with him in French with the benignity of address which makes so strong an impression upon all who are presented to Pío Nono. Colonel Bruce was the only other person present at the interview, which was brief, and limited to complimentary expressions and subjects of local interest, but perfectly satisfactory to all parties. On the prince's rising to take his leave, the pope conducted him to the door with the same warmth of manner which he had testified on receiving him. All accounts agree in representing the manners of the pope as very winning and agreeable.

## SKETCHES OF DOGS.

We publish on this page characteristic heads of three canine gentlemen, Messrs. Bull, Terrier and Newfoundland, whose likenesses will be readily recognized by those who reside in the vicinity of Park Street and the head of Winter Street. They were drawn by a young amateur, his first attempt on wood, and exhibited so much spirit and truthfulness, that we at once placed them in the hands of the engraver. Animal portraiture is an exceedingly difficult branch of the art, but one which has been raised by Landseer to a high rank. He was among the first to discriminate and to detect the individual expressions of the canine race. Some of his dog-pictures, such, for instance, as the Highland shepherd's dog, almost tearfully watching the coffin of his master, are gems of art. Hinckley has been very happy as a portrait-painter of dogs, and others have entered the same field with fair prospect of success. No line of art is more popular.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

skull, than a head), he wore a very old wig. Altogether, he looked much like an injected skeleton with clothes on; and I confess that when a little boy, I had the greatest awe and respect for William, particularly when he let down from its aerial position the skeleton of the man who murdered the lady at Abington. This skeleton had a rope attached to it, and it was suspended high up in the air, in the centre of the anatomy school. It was William's favorite lion, and when I went to see him, he always let down the skeleton to give a lecture on the beauties of anatomy, and the atrocity of the murder. The rope was just long enough to allow the skeleton's feet to touch the ground, and it used to come down thump on the floor, making its articulated bones rattle again; and then, when on the floor, the slightest touch would make it reel and roll about, swinging its gaunt arms in all directions. Little did I then think what labor was in store for me in the shape of "grinding at the bones," (as studying human osteology is called, in the medical-student parlance), previous to appearing before the Royal College of Surgeons. But to return to the crocodile. William, with his hands in his pockets, watched narrowly the dissection going on, and still more narrowly did he observe the steak sent away for a gastronomic trial, resolving in his own mind to have, as well as his master, a slice off the crocodile. In the middle of the night there came a furious ringing at the bell, and a messenger from the anatomy school to say that William was dying. Poor William was found with his wig off, sitting up in his bed with his hands to his stomach, looking the picture of misery and ugliness. The only answer he returned to questions was, "O, that crocodile! O, that crocodile!" It was soon seen what was the matter, and by proper remedies William was cured of his crocodile. In the morning, being now quite recovered, he confessed that, as the gentlemen had taken home a bit of the crocodile to eat, he did not see why he should not have some also, so he had a bit for supper. He found it so good that he saved his butcher's meat, and made a meal of it. He declared, and I believe, in all honesty, that he would never again eat crocodile for supper. The reason why William suffered from the crocodile and his masters did not, was that William ate enough for five people, and his master merely had just tasted it for curiosity. That crocodiles can be eaten without injurious results is evident from the following passage from Madden's "Travels in Egypt": "I got a small portion of a young crocodile, six feet long, and broiled

## THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris (spelled also Botzareas) performed the memorable exploit which terminated his career, August 20, 1823. He was then in the prime of life, possessing a wife and two children (a son and daughter). It was a fearful time for the cause of freedom. The city of Mesolonghi, where Bozzaris was encamped, occupying the old pasha's palace, was threatened with destruction by a crescent of Moslem prowess. This crescent of invasion extended from sea to sea, and advanced daily nearer to Mesolonghi. The wounded peasants came by thousands, assuring that such a flood as this never threatened the extinction of Grecian life. Citizens and soldiers shrank back with terror at the appalling tales related by the bleeding fugitives. The Greek Congress shuddered; the senators tremblingly asked relief, bending with childish supplication before the warriors. In the midst of the confusion, a messenger arrived, stating that the enemy had concentrated their forces at Callium, the modern Carpenaeum in Eurytania, the northern portion of Aetolia, about forty miles northeast of Mesolonghi. The news plunged in complete despair every general save Marco Bozzaris, who demanded at once of the Congress means to attack the Mussulman. He was ridiculed as rash, and one of the generals asked him if it was not better to wait for the foe at Mesolonghi. "No!" thundered Marco in reply, "let us dam this torrent near its source, before it gather unconquerable energy!" As he said this his eyes flashed with heroism, and some of the military who were spectators, applauded furiously the modern Leonidas.

Marco lost no time, and before their enthusiasm could cool, he demanded a band of volunteers, sworn brothers! He succeeded in collecting three hundred and fifty Suliotas and Parghiotes and marched at midnight to the scene of action. Marco entered the tent of the commander of the nucleus of the army, occupied by the Jelaudin Bey, while the troops of Omer Brionis thronged the



THE BULLDOG.

plain, amounting to many other thousands. Marco's soldiers entered the camp, supposed by the sentinels to be reinforcements, and scattered among the tents, waiting for the report of the pistol to be discharged by the general as the signal of the carnage. At the report, the three hundred and fifty discharged their pistols and drew their swords. The night being obscure, and the Greeks dressed as Albanians, friend and foe could not be distinguished. The Greeks having a watchword, escaped from the danger of assailing each other, while the Moslems in their blindness stabbed all about them in endeavoring to escape. Marco seizing a Turk by the beard, whom he supposed to be a high officer, cut off his head, and while harvesting his enemies shouted in thunder tones, "I hold the pasha's head! Strike for freedom! Only one Greek is slain! Preserve my body from the Turks!" The voice of Marco attracted the enemy's fire, and his death was inevitable. It is probable he foresaw the result and shouted for the sake of effecting the dispersion of the army. It had the desired effect. The Suliotas indignant at the idea of losing their commander, entered the Turkish melee to rescue his body rather than that his head should adorn the gates of the Sultan's seraglio. They rescued him, and as the enemy fled in all directions, the Greeks gathered the booty of the camp and transported it that very night to Subalacan, whence it was subsequently taken to Mesolonghi. The following day the body was buried with great pomp. Hullock, in describing the battle scene, made Greece entire the platform of this thrilling turning-point and recalled the Persians that fell at Plataea, as well as the Greeks who conquered them and made the modern Greeks their emulators. Nor was he mistaken in this; for every Suliot felt an ancestral pride in the struggle, and the memory of Leonidas carried them through their dangerous labor.

"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man." Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage any where in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT MALONE, NEW YORK.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DERRIDGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year	\$2.50
One copy two years	4.00
Five copies one year	9.00
Twelve copies one year (and one to the getter up of the club)	21.00
If one copy of <i>Ballou's Pictorial</i> and one copy of <i>The Echo</i> or our <i>Union</i> , together, \$3.50 per annum.	

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. C.—The bones may be obtained at Burnham's Antique Bookstore, nearly opposite the Old South.
- M. C. Plymouth Mass.—It would seem as if the secret of the "Greek fire" of the days of the Crusades, had been discovered by an English officer, Captain Norton. In a recent experiment at Chertsey, he "blowd fire" shot, "adapting it to a gunpowder loaded rifle, was discharged from a marine pistol at a quantity of rock-cast suspended to represent a tent. Immediately on the ball striking the tent, the ball fired, and the tent burst, scattering its formidable contents in all directions. The results were as astonishing as they were satisfactory. The experiment almost instantaneously lighting and burning into flame." Captain Norton states that he can with this blow up the ammunition of an enemy at 180 to 200 yards distance.
- A. X.—Mr. Colburn's translation of Michel Chevalier on "The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold," has recently run through the first edition in England, and a reprint is already in press.
- "Terrorism"—In direct disobedience to the law of their Prophet, the Mohammedans not only drink wine but they have a method of their own for intoxicating the people, by hanging the heads of criminals in the public squares during the process of execution. Fidelity to the law has been increased very rapidly of late in Russia, the peasants now having an object in accumulating property.
- "Two Fords"—The old Dutch method of horse racing, but that the horses should have no riders. This plan would certainly prevent the fear of both a horse and a rider. St. Patrick was born, according to some authorities at Rathfriland, on the Clyde between Dumbarton and Glasgow, towards the close of the fourth century. Others assert that he was born in Wales.
- Byron.—The Bank of England occupies a space of three acres. The chief cashier's office is copied from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome.
- EMIGRANT.—Lancashire City, Kansas, although only four years old, claims a population of 10,000, with an assessed valuation of \$387,135. It has nine churches, two schools, four daily and four weekly papers, seven job printing offices, eighty-nine lawyers and six doctors.
- S. C. Lowell Mass.—The Chinese language is the language of a trading and science in Japan and is frequently used in the commerce of all communication with foreign powers. The very alphabet or rather syllabary, used in Japan is entirely derived from Chinese characters and a knowledge of the latter is indispensable to the successful study of Japanese.

## THE GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.

Aside from the mining interests of California, which are well sustained and steadily extending, the agriculture of this new State is rapidly becoming a most important element of its wealth and influence. In every section the mining interest continues to be prosecuted with vigor, and with the aid of capital expended in works and machinery, is rendering great returns. At the present time there are in the State nearly six thousand miles of artificial water-courses, constructed for mining operations, at an expense of upwards of thirteen millions of dollars. In the year 1857, the number of mills devoted to extracting gold from the quartz rock was one hundred and thirty-eight. There are now about three hundred such mills in operation, which have cost at least three and a half millions of dollars. The rock mining, though more difficult and more expensive than surface diggings and washings, is yet more certain in its results, and pays a better interest upon the capital invested. There can be no better evidence of the remunerative character of the quartz mining, than the great increase of these mills during the past year; for it must be observed that they require, on the average, an expenditure of nearly twelve thousand dollars each for their construction, and some of them have been worked sufficiently long to test their profitability with certainty.

The quantity of land under cultivation in California, at the present time, is nearly eight hundred thousand acres, exclusive of what is merely fenced in for grazing purposes. This is an increase of over two hundred thousand acres in one year. The wheat and barley crops of last year amount to a fraction short of nine millions of bushels. The grape culture, as we have heretofore taken occasion to notice, is increasing in much greater ratio. At the present time, the number of vines under cultivation is four millions, and the average yield of grapes to each vine is estimated at fourteen pounds. The single county of Los Angeles has in its vineyards over one and a third million of vines. In 1858, the quantity of wine manufactured in California was 385,000 gallons, and of brandy 10,000 gallons; while for 1860, the estimate is one million gallons of these liquors.

The increase of horses and cattle, for two years past, was one hundred and sixty-three thousand head, and the exports of hides now amount to over half a million dollars per year. Much of the waste land is devoted to the raising

of sheep, and the present number is reckoned at 650,000—double what it was two years ago. The last year's export of wool was over one and a third million pounds; value on board the vessel at \$189,634. Who can say what bounds shall be set to the wealth of this new State in twenty five years from this time?

## THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce pronounces upon the failure of the ocean telegraph cable, which was laid last year, and asserts that it resulted from the employment of six small copper wires, instead of a single wire of larger size. He says that the idea that the conducting power depends upon the amount of surface, is fallacious, and therefore that the employment of six separate wires to increase the surface, was a blunder. On the other hand, he contends that the retardation in the electric current, caused by passing through six small wires, is much greater than it would be were the same weight of metal per yard to be employed in a single wire. He asserts that electricity, like water, has a resistance in its passage through a conductor, in consequence of the friction; and of course must meet with much greater resistance in passing through six small wires than it would in one larger one, by reason of greater friction. This idea is illustrated by the resistance of water passing through a very long pipe of small size, where the friction is so great that only a small, drizzling steam is discharged. He also proves the truth of his theory by experiments—taking one mile each of the present ocean cable of number 16 copper wire, of number 8 iron wire, and of number 8 copper wire. When these four are placed successively between a battery and an electro-magnet of suitable size, it is found that the first shows but feeble action; that the small single copper wire, number 16, shows more action, though exposing less than one half the surface of the first; that the number 8 iron wire, which is the article usually employed in land-telegraph wires, shows still more conducting powers; and that the fourth is still more effective, and shows itself so vastly superior to the first, as to remove all doubts as to the practicability of sending a useful, working current across the ocean by a single number 8 wire of copper. Hence he concludes that if a wire of this description, or one of larger size, had been used for the construction of the Atlantic Telegraph, it would now be in successful operation.

## THEATRICALS IN FANEUIL HALL.

It is well known that during the blockade of Boston, in 1775, some of the British officers, with their ladies, amused themselves by private theatricals, acted in the Cradle of Liberty, which was gorgeously fitted up with scenery for the occasion. They were, however, once or twice rather unpleasantly interrupted by the cannonading of our brave Yankee boys, from the adjacent towns. Gen. Burgoyne, whose success as a dramatist appears to have eclipsed his fortune as a commander, wrote an afterpiece, in which, of course, tory principles were held up to veneration, and the success of the royal cause triumphantly anticipated. Some years ago a relative of ours, the late Miss Letitia Baker, who was one of a numerous audience at the first representation of this farce, which bore for title, "The Boston Blockade," furnished us with the *mode*, which was sung in character by the *dramatis personae*. A copy was sent by us to the Boston Transcript, and first made its appearance in print there.

## (The principal parts of the piece.)

Ye fellows who find the time hang on your hands—  
This keep in a cage by the name of Kamb.  
Take me, choose me from the numerous crew,  
As brave as my mother, as tender as true.

With such a companion confinement has charms,  
Each hour is a paradise, clasped in his arms,  
And only of all sense in distance afraid  
You'll bless the small circle of "Boston Blockade."

[An old Gent. enters, abuse by the Yankees, in the farce.]

Ye fellows [Lawyers, a Yankee page,  
Who are tyrants by custom, yet call yourselves whigs,  
In return for the favors you've lavished on me,  
May I see you all hanged upon Liberty Tree.

My intine like example, and cease from attack,  
You're weak in your arms as I am in my back,  
In law and in love we alike are betrayed,  
And alike are the laughter of "Boston Blockade."

## (Enter a young lady.)

You're pardon, my master, one word to intrude  
I'm sure in my heart you won't think me rude,  
Though in public I'm so self I see many a spark  
Would think me a sweet pretty girl in a dark.

This runs the world I meanly on with Fanfan  
She's out-good out-perk me with white man,  
Mr. do Miss business she pleased, and I paid,  
Egad! me no tired of do "Boston Blockade."

## (A scene in a young office.)

Come round then, you contrary of honor and truth,  
Experienced age and high spirited youth  
With drawn and with life in no our hearts more shrill,  
And feel a sigh with it to Washington a bid.

All brave British hearts shall beat time as we sing,  
But force to our arms and for 200 to our king,  
For the honor of Ionia be our banner displayed  
And a glorious end to the "Boston Blockade."

Gen. Burgoyne, the author of the above piece *de circonstance*, which showed that he was a better dramatic writer than political prophet, wrote the "Maid of the Oaks," "Bon Ton," and "The Heiress," all highly successful on the English stage.

## READING VS. SPEAKING.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church of New York, in a recent address to students, alluded to the difference between reading and speaking in public, and named several reasons why reading is more wearisome than declamation. "I find myself more tired," he said, "after reading the communion office of my church, which takes nearly twenty minutes, than after preaching a sermon an hour long. Indeed, multitudinous as are the supposed causes of clerical sore throats, tight cravats and a depression of the chin are fairly entitled to prominent places among them. The lawyers are not so liable to it as we are, and they do not wear white chokers, or read their arguments, or stand rigid as a telegraph-post, moving only their arms. To sum up these hints: keep yourself free from constraints of the body, hold up your heads like men not ashamed of what you are doing, open your mouths as you would throw open folding doors, and utter what you say, not keep it within your teeth, or compel it to struggle, *ad extra*, through a cranny. Practise upon these rules, if you have not done so, and you will some day thank me for putting you in mind of them."

## EARLY MARRIAGES.

All great men, like Franklin, advocate early marriages; and all great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare Market, London, to buy sprats for support. Coleridge and Southey we can't find had any income at all when they got married. We question whether Luther, at any time, had more than \$200 a year. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is ruined for life. You will find him at the faro table and at free love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid the snares of marrying young and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life—he is a *blase* fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has—"No God, no heaven, in the wide world!"

MUSIC.—Our lady readers who have an accumulation of sheet music, have only to gather it together and hand or send it to our office, 22 Winter Street, and it will be very neatly and handsomely bound, and returned to them in one week, at the lowest rate of charge. It thus becomes vastly more ornamental to the parlor, is permanently preserved, and is far more convenient for use.

ONE COMPLETE SET.—We have one complete set (and one only) of the Pictorial, bound strong, uniform, and full gilt, comprising sixteen volumes. Price \$32.00. This is the last set we shall ever sell!

BUILDING.—There is a new steamer of 800 tons on the stocks, at Jackson's ship-yard, East Boston, designed to run between Panama and Rio. Her machinery will be made by the Boston Locomotive Works.

AQUARIAL GARDENS.—There is a very beautiful and interesting exhibition, thus named, now open at 21 Bromfield Street. Those curious in natural history should visit it.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—These machines have become a positive necessity, and are a complete success. We could not now do without them in Boston.

PRAYER MEETINGS.—Recently prayer meetings have been held under the direction of clergymen, in the engine houses at Newburyport.

## SOUTHERN COTTON FACTORIES.

Some of the papers in the Southern States are advocating the practicability and benefit of establishing cotton manufactories in the South. They cite the example of Georgia, where some extent cotton mills have been in operation for a good while, and with very good success. An instance of a cotton factory in the State of Mississippi is also referred to; the annual profits of which, as demonstrated by authentic statements, amount to twenty-nine per cent. on the capital invested. The New Orleans Bulletin says a purpose of this kind was in contemplation in New Orleans, a year and a half ago, but was abandoned for the moment in consequence of the hard times, followed by the financial crash. Now, it says, that money is plenty, and the season for leisure is upon the people, the field for operations seems clear, and the movement ought to be undertaken without delay. That paper proposes that the experiment should be inaugurated by the building of one factory, and argues that they have idle hands enough about that city to run a half dozen cotton factories. It says further, that if the effort be made, labor will come when once it is known that hands are wanted at good prices. As to the profit of the proposed business, there appears to be no good reason why it would not be as good a mode of investing capital as any that could be devised. The raw material is there, at their doors, and steam or water power can be applied as cheap in the South as anywhere else. The cotton goods now used in the southern markets are charged with two freights, north and back; with various intermediate commissions; with accumulated interest arising from the long journey which the staple takes; and, with the insurance premiums upon marine transportation. It would seem that all these extras, which make to the disadvantage of cotton manufactured abroad, would more than make up the difference of cost arising from other causes, and leave the southern manufacturer as good a chance for a fair profit as his European or Yankee competitor. Should the proposed plan of introducing cotton manufacture extensively at the South, succeed according to the hopes of its advocates, no men will rejoice more heartily at this increase of the elements of prosperity of our southern brethren, than the people of New England. They fear not a generous rivalry, and never doubt as to the world's being large enough for all.

S. J. WILCOX & Co.—This well-known Dry Goods firm is our next door neighbor, and we can speak understandingly, in saying that the establishment is unrivalled for its variety and excellence of Ladies' Dress Goods, in Boston. Messrs. Wilcox & Co. do their business on strictly systematic principles, and furnish their customers with good and desirable articles at prices that cannot but be perfectly satisfactory. When our country readers come to town, let them remember the number, 24 WINTER STREET.

FOR THE TOILET.—Joseph Burnett & Co. put up their four most popular articles for the toilet in a neat and compact package, including the far-famed Cocoaine; Florimel, (a most exquisite perfume); Kalliston, (an unrivalled cosmetic), and the Oriental Tooth Wash. These articles are each and all of a superior quality, and indispensable to a lady's or gentleman's toilet. For sale by all druggists.

"IVAN THE SERF: or, The Russian Circassian."—This brilliant novelette, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., we have just issued in bound style, elegantly illustrated with large original engravings. It is declared the best story the popular author ever wrote. We will send it, post-paid, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

GROWTH OF BOSTON.—One has only to visit the region of the made-land, between Dover Street and Roxbury line, to realize how rapidly this city is growing. Hundreds of fine dwelling houses are erecting in this vicinity.

HORSE-TAMING.—Mr. Rarey has been engaged by the British government, at a cost of five thousand dollars, to impart his art of subduing horses, to fifty men in the British cavalry.

AN INSTITUTION.—For nearly twenty years the Boston Post has come to us bright and early every morning. It is a model newspaper, which we could not do without.



## THE HAND OF GOLD.

In the night preceding the battle of Bautzen, Napoleon, accompanied by Marshals Berthier and Ney and General Labruyere, advanced to the outposts to within pistol-shot of the Cossacks. They seated themselves on the ground behind a ledge of rocks, Berthier unrolled a map, and Napoleon, taking a telescope from his hand, surveyed the position of the enemy, the town of Bautzen, and the heights which were covered with Russian infantry and guns.

After this, a peasant having been brought in, Napoleon questioned him, through Ney, as follows:

"Is that stream which falls into the ravine, on the right (the Russian left), deep?"

"Knee-deep," replied the German.

"Do you ever cross it with your cart?"

"Always—except in spring and autumn, when the waters are high."

"Is it fordable everywhere?"

"No—in certain places the bed is rocky; but from the little bridge you see to the right, for a quarter of a mile, there is a perfectly smooth bottom of sand."

The emperor was much pleased with the replies of the German peasant, which put him in excellent humor. He asked Berthier for money—took a handful of gold pieces and gave them to the peasant, saying:

"Hold! Here is wherewithal to drink to the Emperor of the French."

The yokel would have thrown himself at his feet.

"Hold there!" said Napoleon. "Do you know the emperor?"

"Do I? No! but I am dying to see him."

"Well—there he is," said Napoleon, pointing to Marshal Ney, who, opened his surtout, discovering his gold-embroidered uniform.

The peasant was about to kiss his feet. Ney stopped him, and said laughingly:

"This gentleman is making fun of you. There stands the emperor," and he pointed out Berthier.

The peasant threw himself at the feet of Berthier; but the latter, who knew very little German, could only point out Labruyere, saying:

"There's the emperor."

The rustic was about to pay homage to Labruyere, but the general said:

"I am too young for an emperor, my friend—rather pay your respects to him who gave you the money."

"That's true," said the German, and when he had seized and kissed Napoleon's hand, added—"This is the hand of gold!"

**CRINOLINE ABROAD.**—A letter from Verviers states that a lady, who arrived there a short time ago by a railway train from Prussia, wore a crinoline of such extraordinary ample dimensions as to excite the suspicions of the custom-house officers. A search consequently took place, and the fashionable portion of female attire was found to have very skillfully attached to its ample folds no less than 117 pairs of white stockings, which the wearer intended to smuggle into Belgium. The stockings and crinoline were confiscated, and the lady handed over to the police.

**A FRESH-WATER SAILOR.**—Capt. Allen, of Oswego, N. Y., has sailed the lakes for forty-three years, during which time he has never taken a glass of "grog," nor used tobacco. At a ripe old age, he is good for another forty years, without even overhauling, being as sound as the day he sailed, not a timber nor a plank started.

**TEDESCO, THE SINGER.**—Tedesco has been engaged at the French opera, in Paris, at the rate of \$12,000 a year. How often have we listened to her warblings at the Howard Athenaeum, and how well we remember "me dice el sol de Madrid," in La Colasa!

**MOBILE MOVING.**—The city of Mobile has resolved to grant aid to the Great Northern Railroad, from that city, to the amount of one million dollars. Why does not Boston give the Hoosac Tunnel a lift?

**MAKING MONEY FAST.**—The new mint at Calcutta has three times as many coining presses as the British mint, and is capable of making 600,000 coins per day.

**SHOULDER ARMS!**—There are thirteen thousand uniformed volunteers in the State of New York, and in all, there are now three hundred and fifty thousand men capable of bearing arms.

## THE POPE AT ST. PETER'S.

The striking scene on the last page, exhibits the pope touching the foot of the statue of St. Peter with his lips. The artist has given an admirable delineation of this scene. Cardinals and other dignitaries of the church are shown standing around during the ceremony, in which the emblems of clerical authority and military power are mingled. This statue is in the church of St. Peter, supported against the last pillar on the right hand side of the nave, and rests on a pedestal four or five feet high. His right hand is raised in the act of priestly benediction, while the left grasps the well known symbols of the Romish power—two massive keys; the head wears the expression peculiar to the early ages of ancient classic art; while the whole statue, though of bronze, has been darkened by time to an iron hue. No Roman Catholics pass it by without some movement of reverence, while the more rigid devotees kiss the toe of the exposed foot several times, pressing their foreheads against it after each salutation, and passing their hands affectionately over it. Others, prostrating themselves in front of the statue, engage in prayer. French antiquarians assert that this alleged statue of the poor fisherman of Galilee was cast by order of Pope Leo X., from materials furnished by an ancient bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, so that a heathen image has been transformed into the likeness of a Christian apostle.

## JOSEPHINE PAINTED BY NAPOLEON.

"Josephine," said Napoleon, "was art and grace itself. She was the most amiable—the best of women; she had the excessive taste for luxury, disorder and reckless expense characteristic of creoles. It was impossible ever to square her accounts—she was always in debt; hence there were constantly disputes when the time of payment came. She often sent to her tradesmen to tell them to present only half the amount of her indebtedness. Even in the island of Elbe her bills poured in on me from all parts of Italy. Josephine believed in presentiments and sorcerers; it is true that a great fortune had been predicted to her in her infancy—that she would be a sovereign. Her toilet was a complete arsenal, and she defended herself with great art against the assaults of time."

**GREAT SAVING MAY BE MADE.**—About three or four months since, we adopted in our establishment, Johnson's Patent Gas-Burner. Between thirty and forty burners we find have, in that period, saved more than the fixtures cost us, by regulating the burning of the gas, and producing more light with less consumption of gas. We would refer our readers to H. B. Stanwood & Co.'s advertisement on another page.

**THREE SCAMPS.**—Three men have been arrested at Dayton, Ohio, for conspiring to throw the cars of the Cincinnati and Dayton Railroad from the track. They sought revenge, because the company had resisted their exorbitant demands for compensation for one or two animals killed upon the road.

**AN INCENDIARY.**—During the late carnival at Leghorn, a person disguised as Louis Napoleon appeared in the streets, with a volume inscribed "The Treaties of 1815," and occasionally tore a leaf therefrom and scattered it in fragments. The police interfered, and put a stop to this political satire.

**GUANO-MAKING.**—Professor Hunt advocates the saving of the waste parts of the fish taken in the Canadian fisheries, for the purpose of manufacturing guano. He says 150,000 tons might annually be made in this way, and of a quality equal to Peruvian.

**PROSPECT OF BUSINESS.**—Trade is working up in New York. In one day, lately, 17,600 bales of cotton were sold, and 10,000 bales on the next. These sales amounted to nearly one and three-quarters million dollars.

**REVERENCE FOR TRUTH.**—"My friend has a reverence for truth," said a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectful distance from it."

**A GENERAL RULE.**—The Emperor Paul once gave a magnificent review at which he prohibited any but generals to be present. Mr. Dunning outwitted him, for he went as Attorney-General.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Concha, the Captain-General of Cuba, is to be continued in office.

Lentze is not coming to Boston to live, but has established his studio in Washington.

Edwin Booth has been presented with a silver goblet, by his friends in Charleston, S. C.

The poet artist, T. Buchanan Read, is in Cincinnati, where he designs passing the summer.

For loving a Gentile, says a Salt Lake letter, a young Mormon woman was publicly flogged by the Frogtown Mormons.

The back pay of the old police of New York, favored by a late decision of the Court of Appeals, amounts to upwards of \$500,000.

Some of the southern papers are earnestly advocating the construction of a ship canal across the upper part of the peninsula of Florida.

A New York paper thinks that the Pike's Peak stampede will be of much benefit, as it will soak up that overflow of loafers so common to Gotham.

A proposition has been made in Holly Springs, Mississippi, to establish a chain gang, for the purpose of getting rid of the rowdies that infest that little town.

The grog shop loafer is about the meanest and most contemptible specimen of humanity extant. They are a disgrace to their families, and a nuisance to society.

A burly British reviewer, in severely cutting up a book by an American woman, gravely asserts that "you cannot make an omelette out of old kid gloves."

Two poor omnibus horses committed suicide in New York, recently. They took advantage of the absence of their driver to plunge into the river at Greenpoint Ferry.

There are now upwards of 40,000 natives of China in California, and it is estimated that the trade with them amounts to at least \$4,000,000 a year.

The erroneous idea that a very small foot is handsome, has crippled and distorted many; good taste requires that the foot should have a reasonable proportion to the rest of the body.

A writer in the Baltimore American says that the oyster beds of the Maryland-waters are in danger of being destroyed by the pernicious practice of having them dragged at all seasons of the year, including the summer months.

A Miss McDonald died lately in Hardy county, Va., being the tenth member of her family—including her parents—who have died within the last few months, only one sister now remaining out of a family of eleven.

An act has passed the Legislature, and received the approval of the governor, exempting from execution, to the amount of \$100, the boats, fishing tackle, and nets of fishermen, actually used by them in the prosecution of their business.

Thousands of wild tobacco plants, growing from 18 inches to four feet in height, are found in the Sacramento (Cal.) valley, near Tehama. The leaves are smaller than those of the cultivated tobacco, but furnish a good material for smoking.

Wilmington, Del., is certainly a favored city. They have two petitions in circulation there to decide whether the dinner-hour be one or two. In most places the question is not at what hour they shall dine, but whether they are to have any dinner at all.

The Empress Eugenie shed tears on witnessing the new play "Cendrillon;" and since then all Paris have been buying embroidered cambric to display in the theatre, in connection with their tears, as her imperial highness did before them.

News from Hayti announce financial distress in that country. During the late carnival the court of Souloque was caricatured. Some of the masks represented Souloque fleeing from his kingdom, his fright and terror, his appealing to his fetish idols for success, and other facts connected with his downfall.

Maria Theresa was certainly one of the grandest historical women of modern ages. Queenly she looked in life; royalty itself in her seemed more royal; and thus queenly she reposes in death. It is said she descended every Friday, for thirteen years, into his tomb, to weep and pray for the victims of her husband Francis.

A deacon in one of the Hartford churches, a few days ago, found a gold watch and chain belonging to his minister's wife, wrapped up in the morning Courant, on the doorstep. They were stolen from her two months since, at a parish party, and as the minister preached two sermons at the time upon stealing, the rogue apparently couldn't stand the pressure.

A contractor at St. Louis recently drew out of the bank a considerable sum of money in \$10 bills, and in going down the steps of the bank with the bills in his hand, a sudden gust of wind blew off his hat, and in essaying to recover it, the bills were blown out of his possession and scattered in every direction. After a day's active and diligent search, he succeeded in finding all but eighty dollars.

A man at Quebec, a collector of old iron, was offered, lately, an old bomb-shell. He bought it and began to break it up. It exploded, tore away the side of the shed in which he worked, broke fifty panes of glass in his dwelling, but only slightly injured him, and left his wife and boy standing by, unharmed.

## Sands of Gold.

.... A man of letters may be vicious, as a man may be sick.—*The B. obler*

.... Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—*Christie field*

.... Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—*W. Lloyd Garrison*

.... Everything that comes from the heart is not flattery, for flatterers have no heart.—*De Bow*

.... The evanescent pleasures of the world bring but a poor return in happiness, for the labor expended.—*Thoreau*

.... Ridicule principally arises from pride, and is at best but a gross pleasure, too coarse for the highly polished and refined.—*Ginsel*

.... Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.—*Fletcher*

.... Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden*

Point out to me the man who has no confidence in mankind, and I will show you a man in whom no person should have confidence.—*Bacon*

.... The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.—*Lord Byron*

.... The employment of our minutes multiplies them; activity finds more than days in hours, and those who have measured the velocity of light, have not yet calculated the progress the mind can make in a given time.—*De Bow*

.... As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned, that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—*Bishop Hall*

## Joker's Budget.

"Husband, we haven't enough beds." "Yes, wife, plenty of beds, but too much company."

Shoemakers and milkmen make good sailors—they're both used to working at the pumps.

The individual who "stood on his own responsibility" is to be indicted for infanticide.

A philosopher resembles a cucumber—when most cut up he is perfectly cool.

"What's the use," asked an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tans his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

The crew of a sailing boat threw out all her ballast, and she consequently upset;—how was she destroyed.—*By lightning!*

There is no castle upon the earth so strong that it may not be taken; but our castles in the air may bid defiance to our enemies.

Something that was never yet known—the number of people that an omnibus will hold during a wet day.

"I don't believe it's any use, this vaccinating. I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the window a week after!"

"Do you think me guilty of a falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing. "Sir, I must render a verdict of Knott guilty."

"You will see my face no more," said a romantic young lady to her friends. "Ah, miss, are you going away from earth, or do you intend taking to *coupe*—going to die or dye?"

"So I see you have put on your best suit for the dinner party." "O yes, I expected the dinner to be well dressed for me, and I thought I could not do less than return the compliment."

Goethe says that modern authors put too much water in their ink. Some of our fashionable writers, agreeing with him in opinion, seem to substitute brandy.

Much of the poetry of the present day seems studiously metaphysical and obscure. You had better never set down to read it without a search-warrant to find its meaning.

Many think that a moderate beard upon the upper lip is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as the thorns and moss are to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry.

"Sir," said a man to one whom he had struck, "I have given you a good dressing." "No sir," replied the other, "you may consider it only lent, and I will take care that it shall be repaid with interest."



## GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY ORRALD MARNEY.

God bless the brave ones, in our death,  
Their lives shall leave a trailing glory;  
And round the poor man's homely hearth  
We'll proudly tell their suffering story.

All saviour-souls have sacrificed,  
With naught but noble faith for guerdon,  
And ere the world hath crowned the Christ,  
The man to death hath borne the burden!

The savage broke the glass that brought  
The heavens nearer, saith the legend;  
Even so the bigot welcome ought  
That makes our vision starker regioned.

They lay their corner-stones in dark  
Deep waters, who uphold in beauty  
On earth's old heart, their triumph-arc  
That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the martyrs go  
To keep with pain their solemn bridal;  
And still they walk the fire who bow  
Not down to worship custom's idol.

Take heart, the rude dusk dark to day,  
Sons a new-lighted splendour to-morrow;  
And wings of splendor burst the clay  
That clings us in death's fruitful furrow.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE ROOFER OF ANTWERP.

BY G. M. RUTLEDGE.

BENEATH the great portal of the Cathedral of Antwerp, at the western side of the tower, and not far from the tomb of Quintin Metsys, the celebrated Flemish blacksmith, may be seen a blue stone about three feet in length. The passer-by, perhaps, would not perceive it, were it not for the strange and peculiar appearance which distinguishes it from the other stones of the pavement. In it a thousand points of copper are inlaid, without any seeming regularity or design, which, when the sun darts his last rays upon the horizon of Flanders, glitter with dazzling brilliancy.

For a long time it has attracted the attention of travellers, antiquarians have invoked every dialect and every species of written symbol, to discover any remnant of inscription; their efforts have always been vain, and they have never succeeded in deciphering a single word amid this maze of copper points. And yet this stone has its story. To the aged citizen, bent towards the grave, as he casts a sidelong glance upon the young maiden who, yielding to her love-dreams, touches it lightly with her rosy lip, it says more than the magnificent marble monuments on which are carved in golden letters, the pompons epitaphs of the great. Its history is as follows:

The 22d of October, 1520, was a fête-day for the half of Europe, and more particularly for Flanders, one of whose children had just mounted the throne of the Cæsars. It was the coronation-day of Charles the Fifth. Antwerp was then, after London and Venice, the richest city of Europe, perhaps of the world. Therefore was it distinguished above all others of Flanders, by the magnificence and wealth lavished upon the celebration of the day. Triumphant arches spanned the streets, garlands of flowers decked the houses, fine white sand covered the pavements, and at intervals were placed large clusters of rare and fragrant exotics. The ceremonies of the day commenced with a solemn procession; the clergy habited in their most costly and sumptuous robes, and preceded by banners, bore the richest shrines and most cherished relics. The magistrates, the people, the corporations and the various traders, bearing lighted torches of various colors, closed the march.

This sacred duty concluded, each one yielded himself to unrestrained enjoyment; groups were formed in the streets and public places. Immense butts of wine and mead were placed opposite the city and guild-halls. A hundred thousand workmen sang joyous hymns and shouted "Long live our marquis!" "Long live the Emperor Charles!" All the inhabitants of the opulent city, however, were not happy amid the general rejoicing. In a small room, whose windows looked upon the street, two men were seated; their costumes and general appearance indicated that, although not belonging to the opulent class, they were not without an easy competence, arising from their labors. The younger seemed about twenty years of age. He was muscular and vigorous. His features, though sad, were pleasing and of manly beauty, and denoted a firm and decided character. The other, a hale and robust old man, endeavored, somewhat

vainly, to give his face and tone a hopeful expression he was far from feeling in his heart.

"Truly, my son," said he, "I scarcely know thee! What has become of thy courage and resignation? Our position has been more critical than to-day, and yet I never saw thee so cast down as now. Was I wrong in regarding thee as a man of courage, who could face misfortune without flinching?"

"I feel that I am not to be overcome by any misfortune," replied the younger, "but to see Francoise united to a man whom I hate! Sull—"

"But," interrupted his companion, "the affair is not decided; your fears may be groundless."

"No, no, my father! I have lost all hope. Master Rulofs told me again yesterday, that he should give his daughter to Meister Bruggemans if, in a month, I was not a master-roofer, and you know he will keep his word."

"Who knows, Germain, some happy chance may yet furnish money enough to purchase the place?"

"Never, my father, never can we earn such a sum; relations and friends have refused me; three years would not suffice to earn it, and Master Rulofs will only grant me a month's delay."

"But Francoise will supplicate her father to allow you time, and she certainly will succeed."

"Yes, my father, she will do all in her power, but I am certain her prayers will be unavailing. This very day she was to make a last effort, and had she succeeded, she would have been here before now."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when a gentle rap was heard at the door. The father opened it, and hope shone in the eyes of the youth, for he doubted not it was the charming Francoise, the bearer of joyful tidings. A fair, slender girl, blue eyed and of delicate complexion, upon whose cheeks traces of tears were still visible, entered.

This was the maiden whom the young man expected, but she seemed rather the messenger of sorrow than of joy. Germain sprang to meet her, and exclaimed hurriedly, "Speak, Francoise, speak, I implore thee. Have thy tears softened thy father's heart?"

"All hope is fled," replied the girl, gazing with a distracted air upon her lover. Her tears slowly fell, Germain sobbed audibly, and the old man himself was too much moved to utter a single word of consolation.

The youth was the first to speak. With a broken voice he cried, "No more hope? Francoise, did I hear aright?"

"Alas, yes, it is too true; my father leaves me the choice either to wed this man, or to take the veil at the Ursuline Convent."

Germain spoke not, but anxiously awaited her decision; all his hopes, his heart, were in the look he cast upon her. Francoise understood it, and continued: "I have chosen the cloister."

"Then there is yet hope; you have a novitiate of two years, and during that time we may perhaps procure the sum requisite."

Feeble as was this glimmer of hope, the lovers embraced it confidently, and their young hearts beat as if their wishes were already consummated. Like shipwrecked mariners who, long tossed upon the stormy ocean, behold at last the wished-for haven, they raised their eyes to heaven in silent thanksgiving. Almost happy, they threw themselves into the arms of the old man, who had in the meantime regained his accustomed serenity, although he felt that the hope he had awakened in the hearts of the youthful lovers was very feeble and uncertain. They yielded to their excited fancies, and their imaginations pictured to them the brightest visions of future happiness. When Francoise left them, however, the young man again gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings.

The fête in the city still continued, joyous bands traversed the streets, carolling songs of joy, little thinking that near them was one whose heart responded not to their bursts of gaiety; so it was, however; poor Germain remained buried in his sombre mood, and it was not until the streets and squares of the city were brilliantly lighted up with the many-colored flambeaux, that he aroused himself and joined the merry throng. Scarcely, however, had he quitted his own doorstep, when he was borne back violently by the frightened crowd, surging to and fro in frantic terror. Above the din, wild cries and shrieks rose up on every side. The enemy which menaced them shook the nerves of the bravest and hardiest. It was the autumnal hurricane. Its

approach, unheeded by the thoughtless revellers, had been announced by light puffs of wind, like the evening breeze which gently kisses the white and dimpled shoulders of youthful maidens, so light that it was scarcely observable. A small reddish cloud, the certain forerunner of a tempest, floated, gradually rising from the sea, as yet, calm horizon. Gradually, slowly it increased, became larger and larger, and of a deep blood-red hue. Others joined it from every side; the wind rose rapidly. The numerous gaily dressed boats which covered the river, hastened to gain the port. Before they reached it, however, the tempest burst upon them with full fury. It howled and whistled like a chorus of demons.

One who has not witnessed a storm in the North Sea can form no idea of that which burst over Antwerp on the evening of the 22d of October, 1520. The waters of the Escant, heaped up by the hurricane, leaped thundering through the streets in foaming waves. The sky was hung with leaden clouds, vivid lightning flashed and leaped along them, and deafening thunder rolled incessantly above. Night, black, dismal night, was upon the city. The river rose from its bed, and in an incredibly short time, the greater part of the town was submerged. The cathedral floor was overflowed, at the docks, masts cracked, heavy cables snapped, and vessels were broken up and buried beneath the howling waves. With horrible fracas, torrents poured from the rocks into the streets below, swelling the flood, which rushed along. All trace of recent revelry was soon effaced by the nocturnal hurricane. The trembling citizens crouched in frantic prayer, and many saw in the angry waters the emblem of what their now emperor was one day to be.

Some days elapsed, and the streets of Antwerp became again passable. The indefatigable exertions of the citizens had forced back the waters to their former level, and the sun beaming forth, soon pumped away the moisture which remained in the narrow lanes and by-ways. The inhabitants, however, did not so soon regain their habitual gaiety. With the exception of the docks and a few streets, in which carpenters and masons were busily repairing the damage caused by the inundation, Antwerp was plunged in silent sadness. The few who ventured forth, looked up at the spire of their cathedral, gazing sorrowfully at the iron cross, which had suffered much from the hurricane.

In those days of profound faith and true patriotism, each city had its peculiar and cherished edifice, which it valued as its jewels, and esteemed as the crown of pearls upon the young bride's brow. Thus Brussels had its princely gardens and palaces, Ghent its belfry surmounted by the Grecian dragon, conquered by the Crusaders, Louvain gloried in its university and its gothic town-hall, Bruges had its Guildhall, erected in 1379 by Count Louis de Male, Antwerp admired and loved its wondrous spire, completed two years before by Applemans. It was beyond doubt the most beautiful and gigantic gothic monument in Europe.

It was a source of wondrous pride to the honest burghers, and therefore, when they saw that the iron cross which surmounted the pinnacle, had been bent nearly double by the storm, their chagrin was the greater, as it seemed almost impossible to repair it. In the first place, the iron had to be made red-hot, and the man who was sufficiently bold to step even upon the narrow ledges of the tower, far below the cross, would do so at the risk of life. The most intrepid mariners, who, the day of the tempest lay extended on the awaying yards, shuddered at the very idea of climbing to such a height. So in spite of the love and pride with which the good people regarded their natal city, despite the promises of the magistrates to any one sufficiently courageous to repair the iron cross, no one had presented himself to claim the reward. The burghers were assembled on the open space in front of the cathedral, calculating sadly its immensity, when four heralds rode into their midst, again proclaiming the promised reward. Three times they sounded their trumpets, to which were suspended the arms of the city, and the king-at-arms, uncovering, spoke as follows:

"The burgomasters and worshipful aldermen of the rich city of Antwerp inform the citizens thereof, that the magistrates accord a recompense of five hundred florins to whoever will repair the cross surmounting the spire of Notre Dame, the said cross having been violently bent by a hurricane on the day of the coronation of our marquis and prince, Charles, Count of Flanders, Duke of

Brabant, King of Spain and Bohemia, Emperor of Austria and possessor of the New World."

A mournful silence was the only response. The proclamation was repeated. Suddenly a young man burst through the press, an air of nobility illumining his countenance, intrepidity and resolution in his flashing eye. He advanced at once to the herald, saying merely, "Conduct me to the magistrates."

A half-hour afterwards it was announced that "our faithful fellow-citizen, Germain the Roofer, had undertaken to repair the cross, and would commence at noon on the morrow, and the magistrates begged the citizens generally, not to annoy the said Germain by their advice or counsels, conjurations or sorceries, but to extend to him all the aid and assistance he might need."

The news soon spread throughout the city, awakening the curiosity of the stalwart citizens, and long before the appointed hour the square before the church was crowded. Waves of another kind seemed to have replaced those of the river. All sorts of conjectures were ventured upon, as to what could have prompted Germain to this courageous and daring attempt; but none guessed the true reason—Germain's love for Francoise.

At last he was seen upon the very summit of the spire, and no one doubted his complete success. A shout of joy and encouraging admiration issued from every breast. The old father and Francoise alone remained oppressed and breathless, and with fixed glassy eyes, lost not a motion of the youth, for they felt instinctively that the greatest danger was not yet passed. Germain having drawn forth his tools, was suspended securely from one of the branches of the cross. At that height he seemed like an eagle hovering above the church. His eye plunged into the square, and measured, without a quiver, the monstrous abyss beneath him. His courage increased as he realized the almost certainty of success. In a few seconds a light smoke enveloped him, giving him the appearance of an aerial spirit. The iron became red-hot, and Germain, raising the ponderous hammer, struck rapidly upon it. As blow upon blow was given, though the sound was inaudible below, the cross gradually regained its natural position, and the excitement of the multitude became intense. The workman heard the shouts which rose upwards to him, like the surging of the waves. Alas! he knew not that each blow of his hammer struck upon the hearts of his aged father and the loved one by his side. The noise of the ringing iron which deafened him, was lost to the crowd, who almost imagined that they saw the spirit of Quintin Metsys returned to earth to leave another colossal work.

At length the hammer fell for the last time; the cross was in its original erect position. Nothing now marred the beauty of the unmatched spire. The aged father and youthful maiden regarded each other with inexpressible joy, tears sprung to their eyes, and entirely overcome, they threw themselves into each other's arms. The people recognizing them, raised them above their heads and bore them aloft in triumph.

In the meantime Germain had peered down anxiously upon the "Place," in the hope of recognizing the two so dear to his heart. Suddenly he perceived them. That look was his last. His foot struck the brazier and slipped over the burning coals. He tottered a moment, fell from the spire and rebounded on the angular stones; the cord about his waist, which was lashed to one of the stays of the cross, supported him for a moment above the awful abyss. The people rushed shrieking to the narrow staircase to succor him, but before the most agile son of Antwerp could reach the first stage, the cord was consumed and Germain fell, striking heavily the lace-work, the points, the rosettes and heads of monsters which decorate the tower. At each successive bound his body received new wounds, until, after horrible mutilation and suffering, he struck, frightfully lacerated, turning like a wounded eagle, upon the pavements of the Place.

When the corpse was lifted up, two others were found clinging to it; an aged man and a young girl. The awe-struck and sorrowful people placed them all in the same grave, excavated on the spot where he fell, and over it was laid a blue stone, inlaid with as many pieces of copper as there could be found remnants of Germain's body.

Such is the event which that stone recalls to the aged citizen bent towards the grave, and the young maiden, yielding to her love-dreams.



## M. WIGHT, THE ARTIST.

To day we have the gratification of presenting to our readers a portrait of M. Wight, the artist, taken from a photograph by Silsbee, Case & Co., drawn and engraved expressly for this journal. Its value is enhanced by the circumstance that the community have never been favored till this moment, with the imprint of the head of one who has portrayed the likenesses of so many private individuals and public men, and the productions of whose pencil have proclaimed him one of the first portrait painters in the United States. Among the numerous and admirable likenesses that have been executed from time to time by Mr. Wight, are those of some of the most distinguished literary and scientific persons, public characters and memorable men of the age. Among them may be mentioned Humboldt, Everett, Agassiz, Barnard, Sumner, Dowse, Quincy, Savage, Williston, Bell, and others. But what first brought him forward prominently as a master of his art, was his portrait of Baron Von Humboldt, which he had the good fortune to take when he was in the capital of Prussia, a few years since. The circumstances which led to and attended the production of this well-known painting, are not a little remarkable, and as they have never been communicated to the press, and cannot fail to prove of interest to all artists, lovers of art, and the reader in general, special pains have been taken to obtain them, and insure their first publication in the columns of this paper. Desirous while in Europe to produce the portrait of some person of note and well known in America, it was suggested to Mr. Wight to select that of Baron Von Humboldt. Accordingly, with this purpose in view, and a letter of introduction from one of the most eminent orators in the United States, he called, while in Berlin, upon the Hon. D. D. Barnard, the able and accomplished minister from the United States, then at the court of Prussia. Seeing before him a mere beardless boy, Mr. Barnard, notwithstanding the testimonials of his genius and character, could hardly help the expression of a wish for some specimen of the talent of so young an artist, before assuming the responsibility of asking the baron to sit for his picture. But Mr. Wight had no specimen with him. All he could do was immediately to propose to paint the American minister himself. Mr. Barnard as immediately accepted the invitation. In a few days Mr. Wight completed his task. At the next of those elegant receptions which were regularly given by the American minister, the portrait was hung upon the wall. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. They were filled with surprise and admiration. With one accord they pronounced it a perfect success, and without delay Mr. Barnard, true to his word and countryman, communicated the request to the baron. The proposition of the young American artist brought a thousand reminiscences to the mind of Humboldt, who, however, soon terminated all suspense or fear of denial, by giving, in his own frank and genial manner, the much desired affirmative reply. The matter soon became known, and excited a lively curiosity, particularly among some of the American residents and students, an unusually large number of whom were at that season in Berlin. Mr. Wight occupied a small room in Franzosisch Strasse, and its entire contents embraced little more than a few chairs, a borrowed easel, a set of colors and brushes, and a piece of canvass stretched upon a frame. There were to be five sittings, Mr. Wight requiring no more. Of Von Humboldt, promptness is a well-known characteristic, and punctual to a minute, the baron came upon each appointed day to the temporary and unpretending studio of the American artist. He was always driven there in the same vehicle, and always accompanied by the same confidential valet, who attended him up stairs, and then either left or paced back and forth along the corridor or in the courtyard until the allotted hour and a half for sitting within expired, when the valet instantly appeared



M. WIGHT, THE ARTIST.

and knocked at the door in obedience to the previous command of his master, who as instantly arose, and, politely taking his leave, departed. Few painters, perhaps, are more alive to the importance, not to say the necessity, of having all things in readiness against the arrival of a patron, than Mr. Wight, and he invariably held pallet and pencil in hand, and as invariably began his delineations the moment the baron was seated; and inspired as it were, by the presence of so noble and illustrious a subject, he wrought with such zeal, facility, power and effect, as to complete every part of the work upon the day agreed upon, and thus gave to the world his famous portrait of Baron Von Humboldt, the profoundest and most renowned philosopher, if not the most wonderful man of his age now alive. Many persons, citizens and strangers, as well as artists, now paid their respects to Mr. Wight. Among the latter may be mentioned Cornelius, whose magnificent cartoons and frescoes, in church, palace and cathedral, have emblazoned his name throughout all Germany; and Rauch, that immortal sculptor, whose colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which was being constructed for so many years, and at such an immense expense, which was inaugurated with so much pomp and ceremony in the presence of the emperor and his court, the flower of the princes of the blood, of the nobles, and of the army, and all the ecclesiastical and civil functionaries and dignitaries of the empire, and a countless multitude of other citizens, and which statue has scarcely,

either in its design or execution, any parallel in modern times. These and other artists and friends of Humboldt, came to see the new portrait, and, having beheld it, to take Mr. Wight by the hand and express to him their surprise and gratification. Nothing would do, but the portrait must be deposited in the Grand Hall of the Art Union of Berlin. Here it was placed upon an easel by itself, in a most conspicuous position for general view and examination, and here it was gazed at from day to day, and its merits and effects discussed in almost every tongue and strain of praise and commendation. But of them all, artists, amateurs, connoisseurs and others, none were more solicitous or highly gratified at the result, than the distinguished American minister at Berlin, and the accomplished members of his family and suite, and the other American friends and acquaintances of Mr. Wight, among whom may be particularly mentioned, Theodore S. Fay, the then Secretary of our Legation at Prussia, and a gentleman of uncommon abilities, culture, refinement and taste. Indeed, Mr. Fay, as perhaps should have been previously remarked, sedulously watched the artist's progress with the picture from the outset, was present with Humboldt at several of the sittings, during which the conversation was of the most animated and interesting description, but the details of which must be deferred to another time, and who, moreover, was the first person to announce to his countrymen in the United States the complete success of Mr. Wight, as will be seen by the subjoined extracts from the letter upon the subject, written by Mr. Fay at Berlin, in February, 1852, to Dr. J. V. C. Smith in Boston, little less than two years prior to the election of the latter as mayor of the city, viz:—

"My DEAR SIR: Mr. Wight, the artist, has not only been favored with as many and as long sittings as he desired, from Baron Von Humboldt (who has time for everything), but has succeeded in a portrait which, I hope and believe, will prove his corner stone to fame and fortune. It is a work of extraordinary merit, largely and boldly done, a perfect likeness and, considering it is the latest ever taken, it stands a good chance of being received by the world and posterity, as the most faithful representation existing of that illustrious and good man. I learn Mr. Wight means to send his painting to Boston, where its excellence as a work of art will be fully appreciated, but as its value as a resemblance can only be established by the testimony of those acquainted with the original, it affords me pleasure to render justice to a young countryman of such promising talent, by the assurance that there never has been a better portrait of Baron Von Humboldt as he at present appears (in his 82d year). He himself has several times repeated to me not only his satisfaction, but his surprise and delight. I examined it with Cornelius, who after a careful study of it, told me it was admirable, a most happy likeness, designating with his finger many points as indicating superior talent. Rauch also told me it was an admirable and perfect portrait, far beyond his expectations. He has himself just taken a bust of Baron Von Humboldt. 'I therefore know,' he remarked, 'all the difficulties of the task, and Mr. Wight has completely triumphed over them. The style is large, yet unpretending, there is an absence of all affectation and clay trap, the speaking mouth, the living, transparent hair, the eyes, are truthfully and cleverly given, and we have the very spirit and character.' He several times used the words, 'perfect,' and 'superb,' and recommended exhibiting it some days in the gallery of the Art Union, where I learn it now is, and where it will doubtless attract the particular attention of the Berlin artists."

The picture having passed through the ordeal of the critical judges of the Art Union of Berlin, was sent to the United States. It remained for several months at the custom house in New York, detained there and almost lost. At length, however, the painting was hunted up, secured and forwarded to Boston. At first it was carried to the store of Mr. A. A. Childs, the well known picture frame manufacturer and firm friend of the artist. Afterwards it was deposited in one of the large exhibition-rooms of the Boston Athenaeum, where it was examined as occasion served, by a multitude of people, citizens and foreigners, for a term of two years and upwards, after which, on Mr. Wight's resuming his residence in this country, it was returned to him, and in his busy and attractive studio in Boston, we are happy to say, this invaluable portrait remains to this present day.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE VATICAN.













CEREMONY OF KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER, AT ROME.

[For description, see page 253.]



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | Vol. XVI., No. 19.. Whole No. 411.

## THE LATE COL. SAMUEL JAKES.

We take particular pleasure in presenting our friends with the accompanying excellent likeness of the late Col. Samuel Jakes, of Somerville, whose recent death carried regret and sorrow into so wide a circle. The portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from an admirable photograph taken by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., 299 1/2, Washington Street. It brings back to our memory the colonel's frank, manly face, corrugated with age, it is true, but always wearing a fine, healthy color, and his erect, soldierly bearing. Col. Jakes was in his eighty-third year, but his old age was so vigorous and elastic, that a twelve-month since his friends confidently anticipated that his life would be prolonged for many a year to come. Indeed his death, which occurred on the 27th of March, was not the result of old age, but of bodily injuries received nearly a year ago, when he was thrown from his carriage. Few men were better known or better liked among us than the subject of our sketch, and when his death was announced, every one felt depressed at the thought that another old landmark was gone. Col. Jakes was a connecting link between the past and present—the revolutionary era and the period of national development. Intimately identified with the agricultural interest, particularly in the department of stock breeding, his favorite specialty, he was probably known by reputation to every well-educated farmer in the United States, while his estate, the Ten Hills Farm, at Somerville, on the Medford Turnpike, was classic ground. It was here, by the way, that the first Massachusetts vessel, the "Blessing of the Bay," was built and launched, a portion of the "ways" being still in existence. Col. Jakes was born at Wilmington, Middlesex county, Sept. 12, 1776, and came of good old colonial stock. His paternal ancestor, Henry Jakes, emigrated from England, and settled at Newburyport in 1640. His mother belonged to the noted Thompson family, of Woburn, in this State, and his uncle, Daniel Thompson, was one of the patriots killed in the battle of Lexington. His earliest occupation was farming, but he afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in the prime of life, married, and the father of a large and fine family, found himself the possessor of a liberal fortune. Losing his property by circumstances beyond his control, the liberality of friends enabled him to start anew as the manager of the large stock-farm, the greater portion of which ultimately came into his possession, so that he finally died in easy circumstances. In the palmy days of his earlier fortune, he was distinguished for his ardent love for field sports, particularly fox-hunting, and he was in all his glory when, splendidly mounted, he took the field, "with hound and horn," like the Percy, and pursued his game over a country which would daunt the boldest Meltonian who ever bestrode the pig-skin. His favorite horse was a tremendous jumper, and the colonel was one of the best and boldest riders we ever knew. He hunted in Medford, Stoneham and Woburn chiefly, with a pack of fifty fox-hounds, sometimes accompanied by friends and sometimes alone, and scarcely a morning passed in the hunting season that the echoes of the Middlesex hills were not awakened by the cheery notes of his bugle. On one occasion, having heard that a wild buck had been taken alive, a "stag of ten," Col. Jakes purchased him, set him loose in the Stoneham woods, and finally pulled him down after a chase of two days. The Albany "Country Gentleman" truly says that he was a "remarkable man—one whose knowledge, if judged by the books he had read, might be regarded as limited, but if tested by his knowledge of things as they really are—as they exist in nature, would be

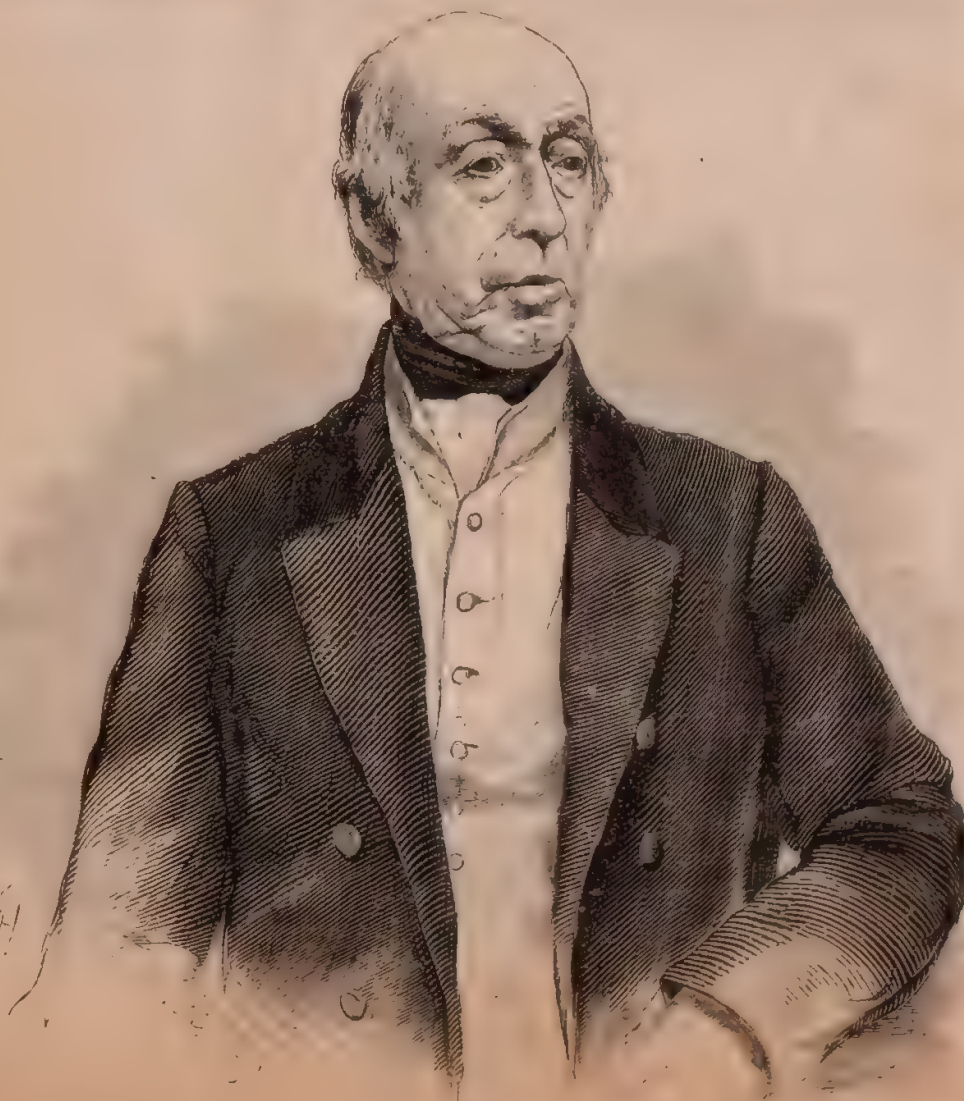
regarded far otherwise. He improved what every farmer enjoys, his opportunities for observation and experience, the furnishing and storing his mind with useful and valuable knowledge. He resorted to the original sources, not being willing to take instruction second-hand or from books, but interrogating Nature herself, and treasuring up her oracular responses. In this way the colonel had acquired a large amount of information not contained in books, but found in the recesses of Nature, who yields her treasures to none but earnest seekers, and such she never turns empty away. In this respect the life of Col. Jakes is a model for every young man who desires to become useful, successful and happy. The breeding of domesticated animals seemed to interest the colonel more than any other department of rural life. In this he has done more to develop the laws of propagation than any other man in this country. He has not only originated a breed of cattle, but he has in various ways tested and confirmed by demonstration, that breeding in-and-in is not only the best, but about the only way of improving stock with certainty. He owned for several years, that remarkable English horse known as Bellfounder, or Norfolk trotter. He had in his possession for some time, the Sherman Morgan, the sire of the Vermont Black Hawk. The Creampot breed of cattle, as heretofore stated, was made chiefly of the blood of Colebbs, a short-horn bull, and grandson of Comet, and two extraordinary native cows. He has bred in-and-in for nearly forty years, with constant improvement of symmetry, and no deterioration in constitution, as anybody can see who will look at the specimens still kept at his late

residence. He was for many years a successful breeder of Merino sheep, as the premiums he received from the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture abundantly prove." From an admirable obituary notice in the Boston Courier, we make the following extracts. "The subject of this notice, in the days of his early manhood, was a prominent member of the volunteer militia. During the war of 1812 he was engaged for a short period in actual service, and at one time had command of a small body of men and a battery of cannon, stationed in Chelsea, for the purpose of checking the advance of a detachment of the British army, which was reported as being about to effect a landing in that quarter. At the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, by General Lafayette, June 17th, 1825, Col. Jakes held the important office of chief-marshal and master of ceremonies; and the writer has often heard him recount, among the incidents of that memorable occasion, how, in the course of the day, he walked through the field, arm in arm with the then venerable guest of the nation, explaining the position and movements of the troops, and other details of the battle they had met to commemorate. As they were returning over the ground, the good Lafayette raised his eyes to the sea of people surging upon the eminence above them, and exclaimed: 'Happy people! prosperous nation!' and immediately added, despondingly, 'I fear that a republican government, and a freedom such as is here enjoyed, will never be possible in France.' Many, among the agricultural population of this vicinity, will remember the deceased, as Inspector General of Hops for the State of Massachusetts.

The hop was then among the staple exports of this section of the country. During the thirty-two years intervening between 1806 and 1837—the term of his office—his very accurately-kept books show that upwards of seventy six thousand bags, containing, in the aggregate, more than sixteen million pounds of hops, valued at above two million dollars, were submitted to his inspection. The high reputation enjoyed abroad, by this export, and the long period, which he held this difficult post, afford gratifying evidences of his fidelity and impartiality in the discharge of official duties. Though born and reared in the United States, Col. Jakes, in his personal appearance and in all his tastes, was a very fine specimen of an English country gentleman; and to those who visited him at his residence, the peculiarly English character of everything at Ten Hills, served almost to complete the illusion. His fondness for the out-door occupations and varied scenery of rural life amounted to a passion; and the lovers of good fruit, among their obligations to his horticultural zeal, are indebted to him for the propagation and dissemination of the celebrated peach which bears his name. He was a distinguished agriculturist, also, having probably done more than any other single individual has accomplished for the improvement of the breeds of domestic animals in this section of the country. Whoever remembers him will recall the deep and lively interest which he habitually manifested in all that promised to aid in the amelioration and elevation of those engaged in what he regarded as the noblest of the industrial pursuits. Similarity of tastes in this respect, served, in part, to lay the foundation of a long and intimate friendship between Daniel Webster and himself, and no one was a more welcome guest than he at the great statesman's home in Marshfield. But, alas! the Defender of the Constitution, whose voice could so command the applause of listening Senates, and the cherished friend of his rural retirement are alike gone down to the silence of the grave.

'The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.'

Col. Jakes enjoyed but slender advantages of school education; but he was a profound and original thinker, and a close observer of men and things. His correspondence was extensive and embraced a great variety of subjects. His diary, occupying some forty or fifty large volumes, and extended through a space of as many years, is a literary curiosity, and would, if published, be replete with interesting and valuable information. High minded and honorable in his feelings, warm in his sympathies, of large and generous social qualities, Col. Jakes was over the life of the circles in which he mingled; and at the festive board, it was his wit and humor that oftenest set the table in a roar. As a husband, he was faithful and kind; as a parent, affectionate and indulgent. If he had faults, they contained at least no mixture of deceit, of pride, of hypocrisy, of ferocity, or a want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. And deep beneath all that was merely external, he possessed a solidity of character, a strong, abiding sense of justice and of right, and that stern intolerance of wrong in which seemingly consists the essence of nearly all that the Creator requires of his creatures here upon the earth. But he has gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken: the dust hath returned to the earth, as it was; the spirit hath returned to God who gave it; and the places which knew him once shall know him no more forever." It will be difficult to supply the place of the departed.



THE LATE COL. SAMUEL JAKES.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE NEWGATE PRISONER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

JESSE WESTBROOK was the son of a thriving farmer. It was his earnest wish to be a sailor, and after much persuasion he induced his father to part with him, and left his home to visit foreign lands. Three years elapsed when he was heard from. He was then in the city of Edinburgh, and on his way home with a young bride. He was intending to stay, so he wrote, and he a farmer after all; for he had followed the sea quite as long as he wished, and they must give him a brave welcome. He little knew that his father lay near death.

He had been married but a few months when he returned. His mother had welcomed the bride tearfully, and her heart misgave her when she glanced at the delicate form all unused to hardship, and she wondered in her heart what Jesse could do with such a wife.

"But, poor fellow," she thought, "he is very happy. I can still work and she shall be easy. She looks like a real lady."

It was a ripe, rich sunset that Ida—now Ida Westbrook—sat watching at the western window of the old mansion. Jesse had been standing by her side, gravely and sadly gazing at the crimson peaches of burning light, the slender boughs of golden willows drooping down to emerald rivers, he was not prepared for sickness and the shadow of death, and he had looked upon both. He was a stalwart, sun-browned young man, well featured, with an expression exceedingly noble, an eye like a hawk, and a world of resolution lying dormant in heart and brain. Every glance the pale Ida gave towards him seemed worship. Her eye kindled if he spoke to her, a faint crimson mounted to her cheeks, a smile, very short lived and that faded into a touching melancholy, wreathed along her lips.

"Ida, I have unwittingly brought you to a sorrowful house," said Jesse Westbrook. "My father was not an old man. I did not expect to see him cut down. He's been a good father to me."

The lips of the strong man trembled.

"I'm sorry for you."

The little head nestled close to the broad bosom of the young Yorkshire man. He looked down upon the sweet face, and though grief laid at his heart, a rare smile that told of content touched his firm mouth with a new beauty.

"My pet!" he whispered, and she looked up in a strangely guilty yet happy way, and smiled back.

"Jesse," said his mother, coming to the door, her eyes red with weeping, "the old man wants to see thee."

Kissing the fair brow that was lifted at these words, Jesse Westbrook started from the window and hurried out of the room.

Ida turned sorrowfully towards the western sky again, but though her eyes lingered on its beauty, they did not watch the streaked heavens, but seemed gazing away to the far beyond. Her hands were folded close against her heart, and a look of the deepest dejection had settled upon her face. She sighed frequently, tears blinded her sight, until at last she sank down in her chair, laid her forehead on her arms, folded against the window-sill, and there she wept softly. A hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Ida," said Jesse, in a low, soft voice, "my dear father wants to see the wife of his son before he departs; come." And he proudly smoothed back the locks that had been displaced. She looked frightened for a minute.

"I have never seen any one die, Jesse," she said, trembling all over.

"He does not suffer, dear one," replied Jesse. "He lies as calmly as the river out there, where the sun is tinting it with beauty. I will almost envy you, lean on me."

Slowly she went up the broad white staircase, redolent of farm-house smells, of ripened fruit and drying herbs, through one narrow hall, and then they entered together a large chamber, where the oaken beams had massively across the ceiling, and whose interior looked dim as the sun left the darkening horizon. In one corner of that room stood an immense bedstead with white hangings of coarse cotton looped back from the side, and there, propped up by pillows, lay the frame of a strong man weakened by sudden disease. The long limbs showed sharply under the white coverlet, the gray hair fell in masses on either side the hollow temples, the eager, asking

look was fastened upon the entrance, where stood Jesse and the bride, the latter trembling like a fluttering bird, and wishing, yet unable to avert her eyes from the strange, dying face before her.

"See, father," said Jesse, slowly leading Ida forward, "this is my dear wife, who I hoped would be a comfort to you."

The old man gazed eagerly at his son, his lips moved as if he would speak, but power of utterance seemed denied. He thrust forth his long finger, however, looked piercingly at Ida, and then shook his head with a terrible frown. At this the blood of Ida curdled in her veins. She turned towards her husband, and uttering a low cry, fainted in his arms.

"Ida, will you see my father now, before they screw the lid down? He looks very pleasant—very holy."

"No, O, no, if you please, Jesse, I—I cannot." The frame of the young girl shuddered.

"Very well, Ida, perhaps it is better not. Forget that last interview, my darling—his reason wandered perhaps."

"No, no," said Ida, mournfully, as Jesse retreated towards the next room, where the corpse of his father rested, "his reason was not gone, but he saw me, guilty, guilty me, with the eyes of the dying. He read my poor heart. I felt his glance there like a burning flame. O, God forgive me; shall I never know rest, never know peace again?"

The funeral train wound its way over the moor to the little graveyard beside the village church. All the farmers for several miles around had come to the burying. Jesse Westbrook stood among them, superior in appearance as he was indeed in mind. He shed no tears, but there was a deep seated sorrow on his face while he listened to the burial service. Ida clung to one arm, the widow, in her great sorrow, hung on the other.

After the farmer was lowered in his grave, the group dispersed, making their comments in their uncouth Yorkshire dialect upon the scene and its participants.

"It's unco ill luck for a bride to meet a burying at the first lay out," said one.

"Ay, and it's a varra slim piece she seems, wi' her pale face an' an' city manners. So it cooms of givin' the boy a better education than his bringin' oop warranted."

"Don't ye fear for Jesse," said an old man, shaking his iron-gray locks; "he was always a gude boy to him that lays below. He'll be blessed, mark ye if he went; ay, he'll be blessed!"

And apparently Jesse Westbrook was blessed. His affairs prospered exceedingly; the farm was clear and very productive. His wife lost not the bright, delicate beauty and sweet temper that had been all the fortune she had brought him; and yet although her demeanor towards her husband was always affectionate, there were times when her face was sad for hours, and her mood seemed to be strangely uneasy. Jesse quieted himself by thinking that this was a constitutional difficulty that he should in time become accustomed to, and at last took but little notice of her singular ways. In time, however, Ida grew more cheerful. Now and beautiful impressions began to visit her mind, and a new love and care were coming to her heart.

One afternoon Jesse came in hastily and threw himself on a chair in the cool sitting room. He looked both heated and worried, and to his mother's anxious inquiries replied only in monosyllables. For a long time he sat there, then muttered between his teeth, "the rascal! he's cheated me out of a thousand pounds of my hard earnings!"

"For mercy's sake, boy," cried Mrs. Westbrook, the older, "what's the matter wi' ye? I declare ye a most frightened me oot of me senses, and poor Ida is sheet-white."

"I'm sorry," said Jesse, turning affectionately towards his wife; "but I got thinking and it made my blood boil. Here I've treated Havens Hawk like my right hand cousin, done everything I could to put him forward in the world, and now I find myself the worse for him by a thousand pounds, and no way of redress."

"What is it? What has he done?" urged his mother.

"Cheated me out of it, I tell you! Stolen it, the black-hearted thief, and managed me just as he pleased. I swear by the seven commandments I—"

"Stop, Jesse!" said his old mother, sternly, bringing her foot with energy to the floor.

"Never lad of mine, be he gray headed, shall swear in my presence."

The young man bowed his head reverently, and stood reproved, but presently he said again:

"I must do something for that man, mother. It's a sin and a shame that he should go and do the same by another, less able to lose, perhaps, than I. I have been told that he was in Newgate once, and I'll find out if it's so if I have to lose as much again."

"You're killing the poor girl," exclaimed his mother, flying towards Ida, who with a faint cry had swooned away. "Leave the house, son, till you can command yourself. Don't you know that you shouldn't bring in any unpleasant matters at this time? Are ye clean daft?"

"I'm a good for nothing scamp, mother, that I am!" cried the farmer, lifting his pretty wife, and placing her tenderly on the lounge. "I wouldn't make her feel this way for twice a thousand pounds. But I don't think it's what I said; she isn't over well."

"Any violent news would be ill-placed in her ears, dear heart," murmured his mother, chafing the little hands, and never ceasing her unwearied efforts till Ida lay smiling upon her husband's broad chest.

"Why, little kitten!" he said, playfully, kissing her snowy forehead, "you mustn't take things so much to heart." There was contrition in his voice.

"I haven't been well to day, quite," was her reply, "and you startled me. Let Havens go, Jesse, dear; he looks like a wicked man, and if he has left you, let him go. Don't try to hurt him; it will only hurt you perhaps."

"I won't touch him, darling, for your sake, nor do anything about it, if you say so. I only hope I shan't happen to meet him; I might find the word Newgate sticking pretty hard in my throat."

His wife shivered from head to foot, and turned her face towards his breast. The broad lapels of his coat hid the blue-veined temples, and as he tried to kiss them she only buried them the deeper.

For some time there was quiet in the household of Jesse Westbrook. Jesse had kept his word, and not thrown himself in the way of Havens Hawk, even abstaining from his occasional visits to the tavern, where he had sometimes talked politics with the villagers. Ida's gentle smiles rewarded him, and when she gave him a beautiful boy, he was the happiest man in Denham Clough, notwithstanding his heavy pecuniary loss. Ida grew very cheerful. The child gave her new life, hope and joy. The sadness had passed from her pretty brow, and pleasant maternal smiles took its place. Never had her cheeks looked so red, her eyes so bright, and Jesse, with his wife and child, the wicker cradle beside them, and the gray-haired mother knitting stockings for the wee thing, said that his home was a heaven on earth.

One unlucky day the doctor ordered a particular kind of wine for Ida Westbrook, and as it was near evening the father prepared to accompany the doctor some way in his chaise and procure the article himself at the tavern, instead of sending a servant. It was two miles to the tavern, and the road wound round some picturesque hills, and at times over the moors. Jesse Westbrook considered it but a short walk, and as he sprang from the chaise within a half mile from the public house, he said it seemed as if he had but stepped from his own door-stone, bade the doctor good night, and went on his way.

The bar-room was more than usually thronged that night, and in the midst of a coarse group stood a young man of powerful frame, massive, sinister features, coarse black curling hair, and black eyes that had a cast in them. He seemed jesting, and ever and anon as he said something of more than ordinary force, he held the pewter mug filled with beer to his lips and took a heavy draught.

"So they've got a new comer over to Westbrook's," said one. "Havens Hawk, did the bairn cost a thousand pounds?"

"None of your joking," cried Havens, coarsely; "it'll cost him more than that I'm thinking, if he don't stop his gab."

"He says he's bound to get the money somehow, but of course you're too sharp for him. How in the world did you manage?" asked another.

"Manage? O, I managed well enough. All I can say is, I've got the money the old man owed me, and he can't help himself."

"But he declares the old man was all square,"

said the same voice: "says he can prove it by the books, and would, only he has promised his wife he wouldn't make trouble about it. She knows you're a hard boy, Havens."

"His wife! ha, ha, ha! Yes, he promised her, did he? Well, I don't wonder, ha, ha. O, fellows, there are some secrets too hard to keep; and again he burst into a laugh.

"What is it? tell us; let's hear!" resounded through the circle.

Havens, having finished his beer, sat it upon the table and began to whistle.

"He says you've been to Newgate," cried one, anxious to sting him into a betrayal of the secret.

"Does he?" and Havens whistled collectedly.

"And he's going to get a calendar to see if your name is on the list."

"Is he?" and the imperturbable Havens whistled still unconcernedly.

At that moment the door opened, and who should enter but Jesse Westbrook himself. His countenance changed as he met the wicked eye of Havens Hawk; but he appeared hardly to be aware of his presence otherwise. He marched directly up to the counter, procured his wine, and was turning back, when Havens Hawk, in a determined way, marched directly to his front, and exclaimed with flashing eyes and raised color.

"You say I've been to Newgate, do you?"

"I said I heard you had," replied Jesse, slowly, trying to keep the faces of his wife and child betwixt him and this evil presence.

"And you're going to get a calendar, eh? and find out, eh?"

"Well, I shall if I take a notion to," replied the stout farmer, keeping his tones steady by an effort that seemed almost to burst his brain.

"Well, I advise you to get the calendar just as fast as you can, and when you've come across it, and sit snugly side of your wife and child, to take it and read carefully right through the list of 'e, eh?" And with an almost demonic leer he thrust his face into that of Jesse Westbrook.

The farmer's blood felt all on fire. His hands were clenched for a blow, but still the pleading face of his home treasure came up before him.

"I say, Jesse Westbrook, perhaps then you'll find out why your pretty little wife didn't want you to trouble yourself with me, eh?" and again the long drawn out emphasis.

"I warn you, Havens Hawk," cried the farmer, his eyes now fairly ablaze, "not to open your lips to me again while I am in this place. There's something in my heart won't let me spare you; no, nor leave whole one bone in your body if I do lay my hand on you!"

There was an expression in that voice now absolutely appalling. The very glitter of his eye looked murderous, and a deep silence followed the speech, while many a head turned to gaze after him till he laid his hand on the latch of the door. Havens Hawk did not open his lips, for once he was awed into silence; but he burst into a hoarse laugh as the door closed upon the farmer who had so nobly conquered himself, and cried:

"Wait till he gets the calendar. I wonder whose bones he'll break then. That's all the revenge I want, fellows."

Jesse Westbrook walked hurriedly along from the tavern door, his blood at fever heat.

"It's better that I didn't! better that I didn't!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. "But, O, if I could have laid him down once. God forgive me, God forgive me! these are wrong thoughts. But for him to take my wife's name on his accursed lips. Let me see; what did he say? I scarce remember, I was so confused."

"Get the calendar, look over the list of—what was it?—I's?" What did he mean? I's? Who do I know whose name begins with I, except—good heavens—Ida? But, pshaw! I'm a fool. My dear little wife, God bless her, would laugh at me. Yes, God bless her! I love her better than my life, and if Havens Hawk dares to speak of that dear creature ever again in my presence as he spoke to night—" He shook his head and his lips were clenched tightly, but he said no more.

But Havens Hawk had sullied the clearness of his mind; he had thrown a hint there, and about it the restless waters would circle, troubling his quiet. Again and again the words recurred to him. In vain he tried to shake off their influence, and not till he saw the pleasant light shining from the four broad windows of his sitting-room did he feel his usual peace. His wife waited for him. The little woman was absolutely radiant with some charming novelty the baby had perpetrated. The table, white and prettily



dressed, stood before the clear, hickory fire; the little one lay gravely shutting and opening those wondrous lids over orbs of a soft blue color, like those of his mother, and Mrs. Westbrook, the other, held triumphantly on the point of her needles two miracles of stockings that seemed hardly large enough for the fairies, snow-white and pink-crested. All this certainly seemed very like paradise, and it is no wonder that the farmer shut out his trouble, and for a time was as happy as a crowing babe and smiling wife. Tea over, he sat with the paper in his hand. Darling had gone to sleep on his soft pillow, and Ida, who was a bit of a lady in her way, lounged in her little stuffed rocking-chair, and looked a very graceful young wife and mother.

"Did you meet anybody you knew at the tavern?" asked Ida, when Jesse had finished the news.

"Yes,—I met—Havens Hawk," said Jesse, looking into the fire, but noting, nevertheless, that his wife suddenly ceased the motion of her chair, while he felt that her countenance changed.

"And—I hope—you—"

"Well, what, darling!" said Jesse, somewhat impatiently.

"Why, I was going to say I hope you took no notice of him," she added, faintly.

"But he took notice of me," said Jesse, the interview coming back upon his memory; "he took notice of me, and if it hadn't been for the recollection of what you said some time ago, I—I don't know what I should have done."

"Haven't I always taught you to curb your temper, son?" asked the old lady, looking over her spectacles.

"Yes, mother, and it's well you have, or somebody'd have been answerable for spilt blood, perhaps. The fact is, I never knew what a demon passion can make a man till I met him."

There was a short silence; Jesse Westbrook sat uneasily. He longed to have somebody ask him what Havens had said. At last he exclaimed, as if he had arrived at the result of a close calculation: "I believe it, too! I believe he's a jail-bird, and I'll know, some way."

Ida rocked herself faster.

"The villain! to dare me to get the Newgate calendar! To tell me—" He tried not to look towards the face of his wife, but his eyes would turn in that direction. Ida had stopped her chair altogether, and as if fascinated, was gazing straight towards him, her cheeks bloodless.

"To tell you what?" she cried, wildly.

"Do you want to know so much?" he asked, in a tone intended to be playful, but which nevertheless was dry and husky.

Her eyes fell, her lips quivered, there was a pained look in all her features; she no longer rocked her little chair, but turned and fixed her gaze upon the sleeping child, all the time seeming to grow whiter and weaker. At any other time Jesse Westbrook would have taken her closer to his warm, manly heart, but the circles about that cruel hint were broadening, and he lifted himself from his seat and walked sturdily back and forth.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," at last he said, suddenly, "Tim Gates is going off to London to-morrow; he shall get me what I want and am determined to have for my own satisfaction," he added, with increasing energy.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," began the old lady, when, suddenly rising with a low cry, she caught the insensible form of Ida, that was swaying to and fro in almost a dead faint.

"I don't see what makes her have such turns whenever I speak of Havens!" exclaimed Jesse Westbrook, petulantly, yet nevertheless frightened.

"Jesse, you are no son of mine," said the old mother, sternly, "if you go on in that way. She's as tender as a flower, and it don't take much to wilt her. If you find she don't relish hearing of Havens, why canst not let him be, especially in thy home? There! she's coming in."

With a long sigh, poor little Ida opened her eyes upon her husband.

"O, forgive me, Jesse," she cried, sobbingly. "I'm very weak, I suppose, but I can't help it sometimes, indeed I can't. O, if that dreadful man would only go from the village! I'm afraid he'll try to take your life, he hates you so, Jesse."

With many soothing words the farmer petted the little woman, and tried to forget her singular demeanor. Yet he could not drive that look from his mind—it haunted him. On the following day Ida was unusually restless, pale and

thoughtful. Even the old dame, who never saw anything go amiss when she had charge, wondered at the way she took up some familiar duty. Her eye wore an absent expression only when Jesse came in. Then it followed his every motion; then she seemed to forget in the intensity of her watchfulness almost to answer his questions. He, meantime, was watching her as narrowly. Even when he was playing with the babe he stealthily observed her every action, and he failed not to observe that the old, uneasy, unhappy expression seemed now to settle as permanently as ever upon her brow. He grew changed; jealousy entered his heart, and he was no longer the genial, loving, tender husband; suspicion had poisoned the fountain of all his pleasures, and he was a terribly earnest man whenever he felt deeply.

"What are you reading to-night, son?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, the elder, one evening, a few nights after Ida's sudden indisposition.

"I'm looking over the Newgate calendar," he said, quickly and firmly, like a man who defies his questioner.

Ida grew deathly white again, but this time she commanded her nerves, and sewed steadily on for several moments after he had spoken; then, as if she could bear her secret grief no longer, she arose, lighted a taper with trembling fingers and hurried to her chamber, where she fell on her bed in speechless agony.

It seemed hours that she lay there, smiting her parched lips together, sobbing great dry sobs that shook her tender frame from head to foot; but at last the dread loneliness was broken by a footstep. Then she knew that Jesse Westbrook had come in—had seated himself near her. Gathering all her strength she arose, threw her hair from her bloodless cheeks, and turned her eyes slowly, mournfully towards her husband. He sat there like a bronze image, the book hanging from his hand.

"You have found it then?" she said, smiling ghastly.

"Found what, Ida Westbrook?"

"My name! O, I entreat you as you hope for mercy, don't speak in that cold way! I am your wife! I am the mother of your child! I have done you no wrong! I never did any one a wrong! But, O, I was unfortunate!"

"For theft! O, Ida! Ida!" The strong man's voice broke down; his agony was terrible.

"False! all false!" cried Ida, wildly. "Listen to me; listen to me, husband! Take me to your heart again. You will believe me, you will pity me when I tell you how terribly I have been tried. O, don't despise me for what was no fault of my own. But hear me."

She had fallen at his knees, and now laid her head upon them. He could not withstand her pleadings, but gathered her up in his arms, and while he trembled with many conflicting feelings, he bent down over her in his own tender way.

"But, O, Ida, to see your name, your beautiful, pure name in such a book! To know that the wife I have worshipped; yes, that's not too strong; I loved you, love you still too well for my comfort, to know that that wife—"

"Stop, Jesse, I must be the firm one now!" And she placed her hand over his mouth, and straightened her sobs into low and even tones. "You must let me tell you how it was; and O, above all, you must believe me, Jesse. I do not think I have very long to live in this world, and I can't bear to feel that there is any possibility that you will doubt one word of what I am going to tell you."

"I'll promise you, Ida!" cried her husband, eagerly. "God grant you may remove all my unpleasant impressions, then we may live together long and happily."

"I told you my father was a sea-captain," said Ida, in a low voice, "and that he died when I was only ten years of age. My mother went into a family as a governess for the youngest children. I will you the true name—it was the family of Earl Denham, and Fanny and Lilly were my mother's pupils. I grew up in that great house, and my dear mother educated me till she died. At that sad time I was only fifteen, and the earl gave me in the housekeeper's charge, telling her to fit me for some minor position about the house."

"There were four children in all, young Lord Henry, a very wild boy of eighteen, his sisters, Lady Catherine and little Fanny and Lilly. Lord Henry was a very wicked young man as he grew older. I could not bear his face, for his passions

made it repulsive; but he would come in the housekeeper's room when she was not there and talk such nonsense to me that he disgusted me. By-and-by he followed me when I went out to walk, and persecuted me with notes and letters which I burned as fast as they came. Learning this, he grew very angry, and tried to annoy me in a hundred ways. Alas! I had no mother. The housekeeper was cold and stately, and looked upon me with suspicious eyes. Where could I tell my troubles? Sometimes Lady Catherine would send for me to read to her. She was a kind girl, and I used to long to tell her how I was troubled, but I feared to. I was sensitive, and besides she seemed infatuated with her brother. I don't think she would have believed me. What could I do? Sometimes I resolved to run away, but I knew not where to go. Again I determined to tell Lady Denham, but when I would see her she looked so grand and brilliant, seeming not to know I was in existence, that I got frightened, and hurried out of her presence as quickly as possible. O, how wretched I was. In that beautiful house, with easy work, enough to wear and to eat, with books, pictures and music at my command, I do not believe any one could be more miserable. I dreaded to hear that footstep which I learned to know. I hid myself in out-of-the-way places, and sometimes went without my meals, thus awakening the suspicion of the cold-hearted housekeeper, who I think never liked me.

"So the days and nights passed wearily on, and I became almost insane with my persecutions. Lord Henry coaxed and threatened me, laid schemes to meet me, and almost broke my heart with his persistent attentions. At length I had to threaten him. Finding that I would not listen to his wicked wiles, he began to annoy me in other ways. First he made petty complaints to her ladyship, found fault before me to the housekeeper, and at last he treated himself to an awful revenge. He told me he would, but I could not believe he was so wicked.

"Lady Denham lost a diamond pin valued at a thousand pounds. It was one that some great general had brought from the East Indies, and she thought more of it than any single jewel in her possession. The house was searched. She was certain that she had left it in a particular box, and not only she herself but her sister recollected where it was last. They did not search any but the lower ranks of the servants, until the wicked Lord Henry declared to his mother—so the housekeeper told me—that he had seen it in my possession. Another girl in the house, a weak creature, probably bribed by him, also said that she saw it in my trunk.

"When they charged me with the crime it made me stupid. I remember now—O, it was so dreadful!" she cried, shuddering—"what a deathly, hopeless blank came over my whole existence; how I stared when the pin was found in my trunk; how my ears roared, and my heart seemed to sink, sink lower and faster till I fainted quite away. When I came to myself I was no longer at the castle, but in a narrow cell. O, I must let all that pass. You know the very name of Newgate is horror.

"Jesse, I was there four years—a martyr—yes, I was a martyr to honesty. I might have been free, and clothed in rich garments. I might have worn costly jewels if I had listened to him. But I scorned wealth so gained, and as the time went on I grew almost proud of my great trial. The vile creatures there hated me, all but one, a middle-aged woman, who had stolen a loaf of bread to appease her hunger. For four long years, till I was twenty one, did I drag life out in that awful place. You would not believe the half I suffered."

She felt herself held closer to her husband's breast; she felt also hot tears on her hand.

"At last I was set free one morning, at the same time with my own companion. I immediately went to Lady Denham and told her the whole story. She acted strangely. I think she had learned that I was innocent, but she would not exculpate her son. As I left her, she called me back and put a hundred pound note in my hand. I rejected it; I felt it was an insult at the moment, a bribe to buy my tongue. But when she explained it was for my four years' service, I was willing to take it. With this money I bought Mrs. Coles and myself some clothes, and then we travelled decently to the city of Edinburgh, where you found me. O, my heart misgave me after I had learned to love you so dearly, that you would not marry me if you knew that there was a stain upon my reputation. I sinned deeply

in withholding from you these facts, and God knows I have suffered. When you brought me home I felt almost as guilty as if I had indeed been a thief, and when your father in his dying moments looked at me so reprovingly, and shook his pale finger at me, I thought I should certainly die. But I have lived, and O, I was at last so happy, till this wicked Havens came to work for you. I knew him; I had seen him in his criminal dress, but by his manner I thought he had totally forgotten me. It seems he had not. O, Jesse, you don't speak, you keep your face on your hands! If you are not satisfied, let me go away. I can work for myself, and—"

Her voice was stopped by passionate kisses rained on lips and brow, by half sobbing reproaches, by pleadings for forgiveness.

"I have been unkind, but how could I dream of all this?" he asked. "You shall not suffer any more; but as to this vile lord!"

The storm was in his voice again, its lightnings in his eye, its clouds on his forehead.

"Come, Ida," he said, softly, "let us go out and explain. Mother waits for us, and wonders why we are gone. What! so weak? My poor little gentle wife!" And placing his arm about her waist, he half carried her into the sitting-room.

After that, it seemed as if Jesse Westbrook did everything in his power to atone for his previous suspicions. But daily the little woman grew more feeble, until it seemed indeed as if, according to her own prophecy, she had not long to live in this world. The babe, however, thrived exceedingly. He was a fat, rosy little creature, with an abundance of silken curls, and large, almost plaintive-looking blue eyes. He was very fond of his pretty mother, and was always about her large, invalid chair.

One day Jesse Westbrook came in, exhibiting some of his old excitability of manner. Ida had learned to read his face, and her first question was whether he had been troubled by Havens Hawk, who was still in the neighborhood.

"On the contrary," he said, laughing a little strangely, "he had invited him to come there that very afternoon, on important business."

Still Ida watched his restless manner with some alarm. He could not sit still even to caress his beautiful boy, but would every few moments walk to the window and look anxiously down the road.

At length Havens Hawk presented himself, and with some insolence of manner wished to know why he was sent for.

"Wont you be seated?" said Jesse Westbrook, with sufficient courtesy of demeanor; "I am expecting more friends."

The man could do no less than comply; so he sat down, wondering, hat in hand. Presently some six or seven of the principal townsmen entered, and seated themselves with the solemnity of a funeral company. Poor, trembling Ida knew not what to make of this extraordinary movement, while the pretty child travelled from knee to knee, even smiling coaxingly in the dark, bad face of Havens Hawk. At last there came driving up to the door a dashing carriage, on whose panels was painted a coat of arms that glittered bravely in the sunlight. Presently a knock at the door, and then a loud voice inquiring for Jesse Westbrook.

Very much agitated was the farmer at the sound of that question, but he recovered himself, and as the "noble lord" came in, ushered by a servant, he greeted him courteously; then turned suddenly, shut the door, bolted it, and placing his back against it, drew a pistol from under each side of his coat. The company looked agast. His lordship started, caught the eye of the pale Ida, and changed countenance.

"My lord," said the farmer, quietly but firmly, "I see by your looks that you remember the face before you. Seven years ago you caused that innocent woman to be thrown into a common jail because she would not yield to your base proposals. For four years you lived in luxury, rode your splendid horses, ate your suppers at great feasts, went in the society of the pure and the impure, revelled in luxury, enjoyed the reputation of a lordly name, while you knew that your victim, whose only fault was in not exposing you before, suffered in the filthy cells of such a place as Newgate—a young, beautiful, educated woman who would not stoop to be even admired by such as you. Well, sir, she came out with life, that was all; no, an unstained honor, thank God, and now she has been for three years my cherished wife. Now, villain, if you do not want to be shot dead where you stand, acknowl-



edge your business before these witnesses."

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, trembling visibly, "will you let that madman murder me?"

"We are as helpless as yourself," said the foremost man, who was the lawyer of the village. "We knew nothing more of this than you did."

"Come, my lord," continued the farmer, and his face wore a dangerous look, "you have but little time. I declare that I should have no compunction in shooting you down this moment. Ida is my wife, and her name must be clear before the world. Speak, coward!"

"I acknowledge I know this person," said his lordship, now really frightened.

"Person!" sneered the farmer; "she is a woman, a lady, infinitely superior to you. Confess that you accused her falsely of theft, that you caused a diamond pin that belonged to your mother to be secreted among her clothes. Confess quickly that she is innocent, my blood is up!"

"I—I exonerate her," stammered the terrified nobleman.

"That won't do. I give you five minutes. I want none of your exonerating. I want you to tell flatly whether Ida, my wife that is, stole the brooch from your mother?"

"N—no—no," answered his lordship, forced to the truth.

"And you caused the brooch to be placed in her trunk? Answer quick!"

"Yes," replied the nobleman, with a low-muttered oath.

"You all hear, you particularly, Havens Hawk, for I understand you have been circulating this story in town. Now, you—I will not call you lord—there on the table is pen, ink and paper. I wish you to put the same on record."

"Man! fellow!" cried the other, with pale lips, "I will make you pay dearly!"

A pistol was thrust close to his face.

"No threats, or here is what will silence them. I will have justice. I hope you will say something about the matter. I hope you will proclaim your own shame. I am not friendless or penniless, as she was, neither am I afraid of you or all the lords in creation. Write quick; the time is passing, and I have work to do."

The guilty nobleman sat down to the table. Great drops of sweat stood on his pallid forehead. He seized the pen, flung it down again, but at the prompt presentation of the weapon of death, held by a determined man, he wrote his confession in as few words as possible, and crying out, "you shall pay dearly for this," he flung it towards the farmer.

"Now you can go," said the latter, coolly, accompanying him to the door. Returning, he addressed himself to the astonished witnesses, warned them not to repeat the slanders they had heard, unless they also declared their refutation, and bowed them out also.

"I hope I haven't frightened you too much," he said, going up to the almost motionless figure of his wife, "there was no other way to do. Long ago I planned my course of action, and to-day you have seen it carried out. Of course there was no other way but for him to see you, and that is why I brought him before you as I did."

"You have done well," she said, admiringly; "but I can hardly realize, it is so like a dream. Thank God, at last I am righted!" And bursting into tears, she sobbed on his shoulder.

From that time Ida Westbrook recovered. Jesse was ever after spoken of as the man who dared to take the law in his own hands, and no one ventured to molest him. Lord Henry Donham never made the trouble he threatened, and a blooming family grew up around farmer Jesse Westbrook and the gentle Ida his wife.

#### REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS.

The New York Picayune says that the battle of Waterloo was not an American victory, and it is a matter of doubt whether any Chinese took part therein. Boarding houses were unknown in the island of Juan Fernandez at the time Mr. Selkirk resided there. Mr. Chantreau was not the original Mose, but Mose in Egypt. Lager beer was unknown in the days of Ptolemy. The O'Ryan family are descended from the constellation Orion. There are no existing Susserit manuscript of Puss in Boots. The melodies of Mother Goose are undoubtedly the production of Tupper. Postage was not prepaid on the letters of Junius. The egg broken by Columbus was hard boiled. Samson is presumed to be the first gentleman that ever travelled on his muscle. The Yankeeism, "Do Tell," was originally used by a boy named Albert, to his father, a Swiss gentleman, famous for his skill with the bow. Salt was originally manufactured in the upper stories of buildings—hence sometimes called Attic.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE DESECRATED ALTAR.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

"WHAT is to be done now?"

With this exclamation, Donna Maria Pacheco Padilla, a young and handsome woman, entered a plain, almost meanly furnished room where sat a young girl sewing.

"Inez, what is to be done?"

The young girl raised her head at this question, and smiled as she said: "Unless you tell me the cause of your trouble, Maria, I am sure I can suggest no remedy."

"Read that, Inez," said Donna Maria, handing her companion an open letter; "and read it aloud, too, that I may be sure I have not read wrong."

The young girl read in a low, sweet voice the following letter:

"DEAREST MARIA,—May this short, hurried note find you as well as it leaves me, though I am in sore perplexity. In my distress I apply to you. Our money is all gone, the soldiers even now are in rage, and if aid be not sent forthwith even food will be scarce. Men cannot fight vigorously when hungry. Contrive some way to help us. I can write no more.

Your devoted husband, JOHN PADILLA."

Such was the letter which caused Donna Maria's inquietude. The lips of Inez Pacheco paled as she read, and with tearful eyes she looked up and herself asked the question, "What is to be done, Maria?"

"I cannot tell," exclaimed Donna Maria, despairingly, and a sad smile spread over her face as she looked round the room and said: "There is nothing left here to take. All the rich furniture went last week, together with my jewels."

"There are my diamonds yet remaining, Maria," said Inez.

"And they shall remain, too, for you shall not be deprived of them. I must not aid my husband by robbing my sister."

"You forget, Maria," said Inez, raising her head, proudly, "that by your husband's side fights one who is dearer to me than life; as dear to me as your husband, and who would have been mine now but for this dreadful civil war."

Donna Maria rose and kissed the earnest face of the young girl, and looking at her proudly said: "You shall do as you wish, dear Inez, and when this struggle shall be over, may we see brighter days."

At this moment there entered a tall, middle-aged woman, whose stern face and formal, unbending figure was in strong contrast with the lithe, rounded, graceful figures of Donna Maria and her sister. The new-comer gazed with penetrating eyes upon the young woman for several minutes before she spoke, and when she did open her lips her voice sounded cold and harsh.

"Why do I see these sad faces before me?"

Donna Maria looked up.

"Ah, Donna Marguerite, there comes sad news from my husband's camp. Their money is gone. Success seems afar off, and poverty is in the camp. The soldiers want clothes, and soon may actually want food."

"Let them!" exclaimed Donna Marguerite, as she seated herself before a large embroidery frame.

Donna Marguerite was one of those fanatics who are to be found in every age who affect the coarse dress, rigid habits and narrow thoughts of the inhabitants of the convent, and who, instead of entering the convent and shutting themselves from the world they condemn, persist in living among people more cheerfully inclined, and tormenting them with their austere manners.

Donna Marguerite bent her head over the frame and began to embroider diligently. The work before her was an altar cloth of rich purple velvet, and with skillful fingers Donna Marguerite traced the rich wreath in silver and pearl.

Donna Marguerite was the only sister of Don John de Padilla. In her youth, and she was a woman of fifty now, she had been a beauty and a belle, one of the most brilliant women at court. In the full flush of her beauty she was engaged to a young nobleman. War, that fell destroyer of so many happy homes, robbed Marguerite of her lover. For a long time after she received the news of her lover's death she was very ill, and her life despaired of. When she recovered her health, she was no longer the dashing, fascinating Marguerite Lopez, but a pale, sad woman, old before her time.

These facts Donna Maria knew, and it helped her bear patiently and cheerfully with the bitter taunts and cold sarcasms which Marguerite too often used in place of arguments or advice.

"O, dear Marguerite!" exclaimed Maria, quickly, "do not say such awful things. Do you forget that your brother, who was the pride and joy of his lamented father, is among the sufferers?"

"I remember it with tears and prayers."

"Your brother, you must remember, Marguerite, is one who will suffer himself, rather than allow those who are round him to do so."

"I know all that, and he should have my sympathy were he not forgetting his rank, his honor, everything, and raising his arms against his lawful sovereign."

The beautiful face of Maria Padilla grew crimson, and her voice fairly trembled with eagerness as she said in low, deep tones:

"He is right. He aids a distressed people. I would scorn him did he weakly bow to tyranny because that tyrant was his lawful sovereign. Charles V. ceases to be worthy of respect when he abuses his power."

"Right, Maria!" exclaimed Inez, earnestly; "and now we must bend all our energies to helping our friends in this struggle."

Inez and Maria retired to a farther corner of the room and conversed in low tones. With cold, unsympathizing eyes Marguerite Lopez watched them.

While they make plans and reject them, we will leave them, and give our readers some slight information concerning Don John Padilla and his movements.

It was just after the return of Charles V. from England, in June, 1522, that the troubles with the people began. The Cortes of Galicia granted him rights which the citizens of Toledo considered as unconstitutional, and considering themselves, on account of the great privileges they enjoyed, as guardians of the liberties of the Castilian Commons, and finding that no regard was paid to their remonstrances, they took arms with tumultuous violence, and seizing the gates of the city, which were fortified, attacked the alcazar or castle, which they soon obliged the governor to surrender. Emboldened by this success, they deprived of authority all persons whom they suspected of being attached to the court, established a popular form of government, composed of deputies from several parishes in the city, and levied troops in their own defence. The chief leader of the people in these insurrections was Don John de Padilla, the eldest son of the commander of Castile, a young nobleman of generous temper, undaunted courage, and very talented; possessing, in fact, those attributes which in times of civil disorder raise men to power and eminence. The first care of Padilla, who was the darling of the soldiers, and the other popular leaders, was to form a union or association among the malecontents, that they might act with greater regularity and success. A general convention was held at Avila. Deputies came from almost all the cities in the kingdom. They all bound themselves by solemn oath to live and die in defence of the privilege of their order, which they called the "holy junta."

What they now stood most in need of was money to pay the troops. A great part of the current coin had been carried out of the country by the Flemings; commerce of every kind being interrupted by the war, the revenue decreased daily, and the junta, fearing to disgust the people by burdening them with taxes, were almost in despair. In this difficulty Don John applied to his beautiful, accomplished wife, the noble Maria Pacheco, to whom we will now return.

"What have you decided upon?" asked Donna Marguerite, as Maria Padilla rose and seemed about to leave the room.

"Ah, I cannot tell you, Marguerite," answered the young woman, quietly, "for it is a wicked, wicked decision to come to."

"Pause then ere you decide," solemnly exclaimed Donna Marguerite, as she, pushing aside the embroidery frame, came forward and confronted the young wife of General Padilla.

Maria turned a little pale, and she bent her proud head—not in shame but thought. Marguerite mistook the cause of her hesitation, and exclaimed in deep tones, while she pointed upwards: "Beware! The vengeance of Heaven is not slow to fall upon the sinner!"

Maria raised her head impatiently, proudly, and though her face was pale, there was no wavering expressed in the clear, dark eyes or the tightly compressed mouth.

"Be silent, dear Marguerite. My mind is made up. The end justifies the means, and may I be forgiven if I sin too deeply, but to-morrow the troops shall have aid."

So speaking she walked out of the room. Donna Marguerite stood for a moment motionless, then turning suddenly to the gentle Inez, who sat where her sister left her, she demanded:

"What does your sister propose to do?"

The young girl shuddered and burst into tears, but made no reply.

"What does your sister propose to do, Inez?" again asked Donna Marguerite, approaching, and laying her hand on the young girl's shoulder.

The momentary weakness seemed to have passed, for the girl rose and said as proudly as her sister: "Question me not. God will bless the deeds of my sister, whatever they may be."

"Rash girl! I fear some wicked, cursed deed is about to be done. I will watch over and frustrate your designs should they prove a violation of any sacred rights."

Inez looked scornfully at the austere woman before her. Coldly, almost contemptuously, she looked at her; then her glance softened, and the voice was very gentle in which she spoke.

"Dear Marguerite, look back upon your youth and see if there was not a time when you would willingly have risked anything, everything, to aid one you loved, one who was dearer to you than life."

A deeper shade of paleness spread over the cold face of Marguerite, and she clasped her hands tightly across her bosom, which was heaving with deep emotion. Inez noted the agitation, and continued speaking.

"I will not believe, Marguerite, that you were not capable of loving as a true woman loves, with her whole heart and soul; but I feel sure you would have made any great sacrifice in your power. Remembering the joy and love that once were yours, judge not my sister harshly. She has made up her mind to do that which calls for all her firmness and courage, and in which I will aid her to the extent of my abilities. Seek not to know what it is, for her designs are kept from you through charity, and not from a want of confidence. I implore you, Marguerite, pray that all may go well. Resume your embroidery, and let no anxious thought be wasted on us. If we commit an unpardonable sin, being wholly ignorant, you are free from all blame."

So speaking, Inez bent her head and left the room. For a moment or two Marguerite stood as she had done while Inez spoke to her, then she tottered to the window and sank on her knees beside the embroidery frame. The heavy folds of purple velvet covered with shining silver leaves hung beside her, contrasting strangely with that dark, plain, agitated figure. Feelings so long pent up now burst forth, and the stern, impassioned Marguerite wept bitterly. Only a short time the emotion lasted. The distant sound of a closing door caused her to spring to her feet, and when Inez and Maria entered the room, Donna Marguerite was bending over her embroidery, apparently as unmoved as usual. But the emotion had a good effect, for it brought a softened feeling with it.

"Inez, it is time."

So spake Donna Maria de Padilla, as after gently tapping she entered her sister's room. Inez was kneeling before a small ebony crucifix. She raised her head as her sister spoke, but she did not rise.

"Maria, Maria, I have passed a sleepless, tearful night, and my heart is weak. Dear sister pause, pause. My heart sinks with dread. I—"

"Hush, if you love me! My night has been sleepless. I have tossed restlessly, but my mind is made up. The struggle has been fearful, and may God forgive me if I have judged wrongly. If I have, may the wrath of Heaven fall upon me alone. Ah, I see it all. Sister, I will go alone. I was wrong to acquaint you with my intentions. You shall be spared. Remain where you are; kneel and pray for me. Farewell."

So saying, Donna Maria glided from the room. The door had scarcely closed, when it re-opened, and Inez, shrouded in a long mantle, stepped forth and seized her sister's hand.

"You wrong me, Maria. I am firm now; the weakness has passed, and I am calm. My hands tremble no longer. Come."

With swift but silent steps Maria and Inez glided down stairs. In the vast hall were assembled her retinue, clothed in black like their mistress. With lowered heads and loud lamentations she and her retinue passed along the streets.



to the vast cathedral of Toledo. With solemn tread they proceeded up the resounding nave to the foot of the altar and there knelt in prayer. Throwing back her mantle and raising her white hands, she exclaimed in thrilling tones:

"Your loved master is suffering for want of money. God bids us send it to him. All, everything of value that his palace contains is gone. If your hearts are weak, General Padilla will suffer, perhaps die. The sacred temple of God yields the prize. Take everything of value you can find!" And as she finished speaking, Donna Maria with a firm hand seized upon a richly jewelled vase which stood upon the altar. The servants hesitated for a moment, then followed the example of their young mistress, to whom they were perfectly devoted.

In a very short space of time the cathedral was stripped of whatever there was of value. Laden with their booty, which they concealed under their long cloaks, the servants of the house of Padilla returned to their abode. Donna Ma-

"Father, I call it not sacrilege. It was dire necessity which compelled me to do it. I must pass on."

"Stay, rash woman," exclaimed the priest, "and hear my last words! May the wrath of God follow you and yours to the end of the earth! May you never feel the—"

"Holy Virgin aid us!" exclaimed Inez, springing to the side of the priest and grasping his robe. "Father, spare us! spare us! O, curse us not! Pray for us, pray for us, but do not curse us!"

The enraged priest shook his cassock free from the frightened girl's grasp. Again he raised his voice, and the echoes of it sounded through the vast building, chilling the hearts of the two women.

"May the curse of God light upon—"

With a wild cry Inez clapped her hands to her ears and fled like a deer, closely followed by her sister, fled down the long, gloomy aisles, out under the massive portal to the bright sunlight.

been told aright! Did you counsel and aid in the desecration of the altar of Toledo?"

"Ay, Marguerite, and your brother and my husband, as well as the whole city, are saved. If my sin is great, you who have devoted your life to God must pray for me."

"Pray!" exclaimed Marguerite; "the prayers of the whole city will scarcely avail you. Were you mad?"

"No. My husband wished money, and now he has it. I fear nothing now."

"May the holy virgin forgive you, Maria de Padilla, but I fear some dreadful misfortune will be sent upon you. I go to pray for you."

So saying, the pious Marguerite left the room, scarcely able to breathe while in the presence of such a wretch as the graceful Maria de Padilla.

Sometime afterwards, when the brave Don John de Padilla, together with some friends, was beheaded for treason, who shall dare say that the blow was sent in punishment for THE DESACRATED ALTAR?

amids of tapers; that well-known kind of fire-work, the Bengal fire, with its beautiful light-blue flame, is also in requisition for the evening's proceedings. On arriving at the bridegroom's house the newly married couple alone are admitted; the rest remain outside playing, singing and hallooing until broad day.

To this brief account of a Mussulman wedding procession we add a description, from the same source, of the procession at a Hindoo marriage:—"It was the month (March) in which the Hindoos prefer to celebrate their marriages, and we met in several streets many processions of that kind. The bridegroom is enveloped in a purple mantle, his turban dressed out with gold tinsel, tresses, ribbons, and tassels, so that from a distance it appears like a rich crown. The depending ribbons and tassels nearly cover the whole face. He is seated upon a horse; relatives, friends and guests surround him on foot. When he reaches the house of the bride, the doors and windows of which are securely closed,



A MUSSULMAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN INDIA.

ria and her sister Inez remained behind. Holding in her hand the cup she had seized, Maria knelt in prayer. A few minutes spent so, and she rose to return. As she did so, her eyes encountered the figure of a priest who stood gazing at her with wonder-struck eyes. She bowed her head and was about to pass on, when the eyes of the priest fell upon the massive golden goblet she held in her hands. One step and he was beside her.

"Daughter, what would you do?" he exclaimed, and laid his hand on the cup. "Is it possible that you have dared to violate God's holy altar? Have you dared to commit that sacrilege at which rough, hardened soldiers shrink? Speak, Donna Maria de Padilla, for I know you, and tell me what insanity has led you to commit this crime."

Maria de Padilla, though she was far above being influenced by the superstitious fears which the common people felt, yet shuddered slightly at the words of the priest. She folded her hands upon her breast and replied:

Rapidly the two women, drawing their mantles over their faces, threaded the streets, and breathless reached their home. Once there, they seemed more at ease. Throwing aside her mantle Donna Maria exclaimed:

"I fear not God's wrath, Inez. The curses of that priest are powerless to work me evil. My husband and your lover, Inez, are freed from their difficulties."

Thus it was that the young, proud wife of General Padilla, with unequalled bravery and firmness, freed the whole of the "holy junta" from despair. Scarcely another woman at that time could have been found so utterly regardless of the superstitions of the age.

The whole city rung with the news that the sanctity of the cathedral had been violated. Few knew who had done the deed for a long while. Donna Marguerite stood aghast at the recital given by one of the servants. With trembling steps she hurried to her sister-in-law's room. She found Maria lying exhausted on her couch.

"Maria de Padilla," she exclaimed, "have I

#### MUSSULMAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made by a native artist, and is consequently reliable in all its details, though to our unaccustomed eyes it appears more like a theatrical pageant than a scene of real life. Yet in the gorgeous East these displays are of frequent occurrence. The mounted horsemen, ponderous elephants, the splendid palanquin with its sumptuously arrayed bearers, the escort with their gilded maces, the torch-bearers, the camels, are all gathered on such an occasion to do honor to the bride and bridegroom. Mme. Pfeiffer, in her interesting work, "A Woman's Journey Round the World," thus records some particulars of a Mussulman marriage procession, which she became acquainted with during her stay at Calcutta:—"On the day appointed for the ceremony a grand procession proceeds to the house of the bridegroom; and late in the evening the bride herself is also conveyed there in a close palanquin, with music and torches, and a large crowd of friends, many of whom carry regular py-

he seats himself quietly and patiently on the threshold. The female relations and friends also gather together here, without conversing much with the bridegroom and the other men. This scene continues unchanged until nightfall. The bridegroom then departs with his friends; a closely-covered wagon, which has been held in readiness, is drawn up to the door; the females slip into the house, bring out the thickly-veiled bride, push her into the wagon, and follow her with the melodious music of the tam-tam. The bride does not start until the bridegroom has been gone a quarter of an hour. The women then accompany her into the bridegroom's house, which, however, they leave soon afterwards. The music is kept up in front of the house till late in the night. It is only the marriages of the lower classes that are celebrated in this manner."

Make good use of time, if thou lovest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled—to-morrow cannot be secure—to day is only thine;—if once lost, it is lost forever.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE MOORISH SORCERER.

A TALE OF GRANADA

BY COURTLAND LIVINGSTON

The commencement of the year 1565 saw the assembling of a vast fleet under the direction of the Duke of Medina Celi, Governor of Sicily, for the purpose of subduing, if possible, the noted corsair of the Mediterranean, Dragut, in whom the terrors of Barbarossa had been revived in the inhabitants of the Sicilian and Neapolitan coast. The protection which Charles V. had not been able fully to give to his subjects, was still more difficult to obtain under Philip II., and the latter having suffered through his own subjects, by the depredations of the corsairs, was now determined to punish their audacity.

The inefficiency of the duke, the loss of four thousand men by an epidemic, and the loss of several of the ships, by becoming entangled among the flats and shallow waters, while others were wrecked on the coast and became the prey of the Turk, rendered the expedition a sad failure. The second was conducted with far more sagacity. Philip collected a numerous fleet from Spain and Italy, solicited the aid of Portugal and that of the gallant Knights of Malta, and when the armament had reached a force of ninety large, and sixty small vessels, he made a more judicious choice of an admiral than before, by appointing Don Francis Mendoza to the command.

The Knights of Malta, formerly the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, expelled from Rhodes by the infidels, in the time of Charles V., were now led by John Parriot de la Valette as grand-master. This man, illustrious by his character, his noble deeds and the ardor with which he had clung to his profession, from the age of twenty, added a crowning glory to his name by the zeal and courage with which he defended the citadel of Malta. Calling to his aid the members of the fraternity in various parts of Europe, he collected a body of more than three thousand men. Added to these were five hundred galleys, slaves, released upon the solemn pledge of faithful service, and the Spanish and Italian troops completed the strength of the garrison.

At the camp of Solyma, all was rage and indignation against the Knights of Malta. The galleys of the latter had captured a Turkish galley in the waters of Levant, laden with magnificent goods for the use of the ladies of the sultan's harem. This cargo was estimated at eighty thousand ducats. Bitterly indeed did the fair creatures mourn the loss of their splendid luxuries, and bitterly did Solyma vow to avenge them. For every tear that flowed from the brilliant eyes of his favorites, he swore to pay back the debt by the death of a Christian.

Under the influence of so worthy a motive, the infidels advanced upon Malta, and the siege at St. Elmo, which cost the lives of fifteen hundred Christians and ten thousand Turks, commenced. For awhile the Turkish standard towered above the fortress, but it was replaced by the Banner of the White Cross, and the Knights of Malta stood once more upon their rock, invincible against the infidels. It was on this occasion that Philip bestowed upon the grand-master a sword and dagger, of which the hilts were of solid gold, adorned with diamonds.

After the cessation of the various civil wars, an edict was published by Philip, forbidding any one to enter the kingdom in the Moresco dress. For a long time the order was punctiliously obeyed, but sometimes it would be broken by those who professed themselves astrologers, and to whom the Moorish costume imparted a show of oriental grandeur and magnificence.

Among the nobles of Granada was Lord de Menezes, a man somewhat advanced in years, and having two sons, Carlos and Alphonso. Some years before an orphan child had been committed to the care of De Menezes by a friend, a Spanish cavalier who lost his life at the siege of St. Elmo. Impressed with the belief that he should not survive, he charged one of the Knights of Malta to seek out his motherless child and carry her to his friend, De Menezes. The brave knight had nobly executed his trust, and the young Isabella was reared with the two sons of her guardian, who were but a few years older than herself.

Between Alphonso and Isabella an attachment of the tenderest kind existed. Noarier her age

than Carlos, and possessed of an amiable disposition, which prompted him to all kind and generous deeds towards the little orphan, his usage became the idol of her thoughts. Lord De Menezes himself looked on with an approving smile, and when at length Alphonso, at the age of twenty, declared his wish of marrying Isabella, the father gave the blessing he asked and rejoiced that one whom he had loved as a child, would now come into that relation in reality.

In the whole kingdom no man could be found who united in himself more perfect qualities of mind and person than Alphonso de Menezes. Tall and finely formed, with a face of great beauty, a kindly eye and a wide and noble forehead, his was indeed an exterior which might well justify the admiration of the young and innocent girl. But when to these were added the superior graces of the mind, and the noble sentiments of a heart that beat high at great deeds or melted into sympathy with sorrow and suffering, what wonder that Isabella loved as maiden seldom loved before?

To Carlos, however, the unhidden affection between the two was a source of the most bitter emotion. He, who had checked his own violent temper and guarded his proud and revengeful thoughts, lest the expression should trouble the happiness of Isabella, could not endure that the prize which he desired should become his brother's, and a fierce and haughty rage took possession of his soul.

Isabella could not tell why she grew so uneasy in the presence of him whom she had ever called her brother; but whenever he appeared, she felt a trembling at her heart, and a sudden subsiding of all joyful emotions. The beautiful songs which were ever swelling from her lips in hall or chamber, or orange bower, were checked at the sight of Carlos, who now seemed to follow her footsteps continually. No hour, devoted to love and Alphonso, remained free from his intrusion, and he would not retire from her presence until the lateness of the hour forbade even the favored lover to stay longer.

Alphonso often found the dark eyes of Isabella swimming in the tears which Carlos wrung from her, but good and generous as he was, he could not suspect his brother of attempting to supplant him in her affections, and he laughed at her fears and kissed away the drops that accused Carlos of wrong. The father suspected nothing, and often talked to his eldest son in a way that made him suffer both sorrow and rage, of the good fortune of Alphonso in securing for his wife a being so beautiful, so good and simple hearted as their own Isabella.

Already the orange-blossoms were budding that were to adorn the brows of a fairer bride than Granada had ever boasted, when Alphonso suddenly disappeared. No clue whatever could be traced of him, and the only supposition was that he had been accidentally drowned.

No heart ever wholly gives up a being thus lost, and even Isabella cherished a faint hope that some mysterious agency might restore the absent lover. De Menezes smothered his own deep grief in attempting consolation to the bereaved orphan. Carlos alone affected to believe that no accident had occurred, and that the absence of Alphonso was a wilful forsaking of his bride. It was not in his power to induce any idea of that nature to enter the hearts of the father and Isabella. They knew too well the strength and nobleness of his affection, and exonerated him from all purposes so fraught with baseness, so contrary to his own noble nature.

In Granada, where the Moors once built magnificent palaces, and where that of the Moorish kings yet stands, although partly destroyed to make room for the Alhambra, there was still an obscure corner where a few of that nation found a home. Poor, miserable and illiterate, they yet possessed a chieftain. Incapable of governing themselves, they had placed their interests in the hands of one of their countrymen. Lewis Basa had carried away a Moorish girl who was betrothed to one of the leaders of her tribe, but who could not resist the handsome countenance of a lover who, to the somewhat aged prince, was as "Hyperion to a satyr." Flight was inevitable, and Basa chose rather to inhabit the decayed portion of Granada, and dwell upon the former grandeur which its history described, to gaze on the works of his proud ancestors, which, before the siege of 1492, were the wonder of Europe, than to bury himself in the dim solitude of the Sierra Nevada, which he had intended to do.

In the obscure quarter which he had inhabited, he had, one day, been surprised to see a Spanish noble, who seemed stealthily to examine the dingy premises which were the abodes of the scattered tribe. Basa's first thought was of Aguilla, his handsome wife, and he hastened to hide her from the prying eyes of the cavalier, by bidding her take her children to a house at some distance and lock herself within its walls until he should come for her.

He then turned to the stranger, who entered into conversation with him, affected to condole with him upon the decay of the ancient grandeur of the Moors, and expressed a hope that old differences might some day give way to better feelings.

"Philip of Spain will not always rule, perhaps," answered the Moor, sullenly, "and the Moresco habit may one day be seen in the streets of Granada, side by side with the Spanish cloak."

"True," replied the stranger courteously. "Such would be my wish and that of others, who, I know, feel indignant at the cruelty he once manifested toward your nation."

Thus soothing the suspicions of the Moor, and apparently forgetting that he was placing it in the man's power to denounce him as talking treason, the stranger contrived to impress him favorably, and a few more visits having passed, in which Basa could see no design upon his wife, but a decided aversion to her being present at their interviews, he became eager for his coming.

One morning the youngest child of Basa, the little three-year-old Amuretta, in her eagerness after shells, was drawn to the very edge of the water. A wave was rolling inward and the frail form yielded to its pressure. In a moment it would have been too late. The child did not see her danger, but the strong arm of the strange cavalier was around her and brought her, dripping and senseless, to the shore.

The father was frantic at the sight of his pale blossom thus borne down by the heavy wave, but when she revived, his gratitude knew no restraint. Amuretta was the darling of the rough, unpolished Moor, and even the mother did not show so much emotion as he did at her preservation.

"Pretty shell!" was the child's first word, as the faint pink hue came into her cheek, and in the little hand a frail, delicate sea-shell was found tightly grasped through all that almost death-struggle.

"Now, then, sir, command me! I will do your bidding, for the sake of my darling. I and my men are yours."

The stranger bent his lips to the ear of the swarthy Moor. The words he uttered brought a flush to the cheek and a frown to the brow.

"I did not think, my lord, that I should hear a proposal like that from your lips; but never mind! I am bound to do your will, by my own promise, and as the man is doubtless your enemy, and would do the same by you, I will aid you all I can."

Still the Moor trembled. He had been bold, reckless, a marauder, a chief of lawless, outcast men, but he was unstained by any deeper crime, and this one looked monstrous to him. The stranger offered him gold, and he dashed it to the ground. "For gratitude, not gold!" he said, "I take away a life to pay you for the precious one you gave back to me!"

Even the stranger shuddered at the words he uttered, and turned away as if irresolute. But after a brief space, he looked up and said: "Well, Basa, I accept the gratitude you feel. I know that it would be impossible to bribe you with gold; so let it be a bond between us."

"And this man is your enemy, my lord?"

"He keeps me from my love. Is not that enough?"

"Enough for me, if it is enough for thee, my lord."

"Well then, away with squeamish fears."

In an apartment of the Menezes palace, the father of the two young men, worn down by the mysterious disappearance of his son, was talking earnestly with Isabella. She—a pale, drooping flower that had not smiled since the day on which the orange-blossoms were budding for her bridal—was answering him with tears.

"Isabella," said the old man, "Carlos loves you. Why is it, now that six years have passed since Alphonso's death, that you cannot bear to hear of this without a shudder?"

"I cannot. I have no power to love him. My heart is buried within Alphonso's grave."

"For my sake, Isabella! But look, child! Here comes the inquisitor, Manfredo."

"The inquisitor! Father, what can he want with us?"

A sallow, low browed man entered the room by one door, just as Carlos came in another. They met.

"This is well, my Lord Carlos!" said Manfredo. "The Moresco woman who came up to the city last evening, from some unknown quarter, wishes to see you."

"For what?"

"Her husband has been seized on suspicion of having gone back to the faith he had abjured, and has referred us to you, as witness for his fidelity to the holy church."

The woman who had quietly crept in behind the inquisitor, now came forward. Carlos looked at her.

"I cannot serve you, if I would," he said, gravely. "I never saw you before."

"I thought so," said the woman, bitterly. "Think a moment. My husband's name is Basa."

"I never heard of him," repeated Carlos, yet a strange pallor was on his lip, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. By a violent effort, he recovered himself, and after a few moments' reflection, he told the inquisitor that the woman was right and that her husband was a good Christian, begging him to have him released. De Menezes urged the woman to stay and take some refreshment, but her anxiety would not permit her to eat.

"I shall not taste food again until Basa is free," said Aguilla, but she lingered near Isabella, as she passed out to the garden which bordered on the seashore. With a fierce glance after Manfredo, she took a little poniard from her bosom.

"I had hard work to keep this from coming out, lady, while that man was here."

"Hush! Are you a woman, and say such things?" asked Isabella.

"You know not my wrongs, lady. That man, the agent of the inquisition, imprisoned me five years ago, with my sweet children. There was no bed, no fire, not a ray of light, save when they brought a lamp for one moment when giving us the hard, black bread which kept the breath in us. O, lady, it was dreadful! I shudder even now when I think of what I suffered in that hideous den."

At that moment, a tall man passed the garden gate. His appearance disconcerted Isabella. She believed that he was seeking the woman. Perhaps it was her husband, escaped or released, for she perceived that he wore the Moorish dress.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"No. He is some Moresco chieftain, perhaps, who hides among the mountains. He wears the Moorish dress forbidden by the royal edict."

Isabella dropped her veil, but Aguilla accosted him as he approached, to tell him of his danger.

"You mistake," he answered. "I am a Christian."

The woman saw that it was he who misunderstood, and she begged Isabella to speak to him.

"We are friends, sir," said the trembling girl. "If you wish for concealment, Lord de Menezes will gladly shelter you. Or if you have been wronged, he is so generous, and the Lord Carlos is so brave, that no suffering would plead to them in vain."

The stranger seemed evidently agitated. He could only bow his thanks and say that he desired no assistance, and with a reverent air, he left their presence and walked up the high road, leaving Isabella almost as agitated as himself, yet not knowing why the Moor's presence should have stirred her so strangely.

The morning after this arose with the red light of an autumnal sun. At the foot of a mountain whose steep sides formed the connecting link between Granada and the Sierra Nevada which made the background of the picture, two men were walking slowly together and talking in low tones, as if they feared listeners in that lonely place.

"Look, Basa! yonder is your house."

"It is indeed in sight. A pleasant sight, indeed, after that horrible dungeon. Faith, my Lord Carlos, one would almost abjure the Christian faith, if it digs such graves for the living. My woes are ended, though, thanks to you, as for other favors. My little darling, my Amu-



retal had it not been for your preserving arm, would now have been sleeping in the coral caves. How can I thank you?"

"Basa, your debt is easily repaid."

"How, sir? Command me."

"He whom you killed was beloved by her I hoped long ago to have wedded."

"And you are not married? My lord, you told me otherwise."

"I know it; but now I own the truth, and require further aid from you."

Basa looked dissatisfied, but begged him to go on.

"This, then, is what I would have you do. The lady is a lover of the marvellous, and believes in the ministry of spirits. With your help, I will contrive a scene in which music, and incense, and strange voices will excite her imagination. Dressed as a Moorish astrologer or sorcerer, you can tell her mystery enough, and when the mummery has passed away, you must contrive that the picture which I bade you take from the dead man, shall be left where the smoke has evaporated. That will assure her of his death, and she will not listen to me until she is so assured."

"But you told me, my lord, that the lady loved you, and that his return would bring death and dishonor upon you—upon her. Knowing the falsehood of this, I cannot do it."

"Fool! you who killed for hire, must now have scruples to do this!"

"Pardon me, my lord. I did not kill for hire. I served you from gratitude only. Besides, I *was* not then that it was your brother!"

Carlos turned pale as death. He drew his breath with difficulty. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself. I could not kill him when he said that. I saw your likeness in his face, and although he bade me take his life when I told him that the lady whose portrait he wore, loved you only, still my hand would not do the work. Thank God I did not!"

"Basa, you shall aid me now."

"I cannot, sir. Your servants would know me. Let me not appear in this. But one thing I will do. There was a stranger in the woods last evening, gathering herbs in the moonlight. Manfredo's agents were out questioning him. He was a Moor, and as they sounded him in your name, to know why he lurked in your domain, he answered haughtily, 'Tell the Lord Carlos I am one who can bring the dead to life.'"

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder, beside the brook, in a small dell. They call it the Giant's Cradle. A mountain-ash covers his roof and hides the hut from sight."

"Well, then, I go to seek it. Farewell."

"Farewell, sir, you cannot miss it."

Carlos was not long in finding the hut. The Moor was visible, and requested him to state his business. He told him that he loved a lady who would return his love if she could be satisfied of the death of another to whom she had been betrothed. Until then, she would not wed him. He had a picture of her in his possession which she had given to her lover, "but which," said he, "she does not know that I have. You can call up the dead. Of course there will no form appear, but when the smoke of the incense shall have passed away, this picture will give evidence to her that his spirit has left it there. Everything shall be ready. I will prepare the music, the altar and incense. Here is the picture and here is your gold."

He passed out of the hut. The Moor flung down the money indignantly. He gazed with passionate tears upon the picture, which he then hid within his vest, while from a box he took another picture, representing a man lying in a wood, with three Moors standing over him. Securing this also beneath his garments, he proceeded to the palace, and was ushered into the presence of Lord de Menezes, his son and Isabella. A strain of music, soft as from an Eolian harp, rose upon the air. Isabella trembled and pressed close to her guardian.

"My lord," she said, "I would fain have been spared this mockery."

"Do you not believe then, in spirits, lady?" asked the Moor.

His voice thrilled through her very soul, and to save herself from observation, she said no more, but awaited calmly the result. Again his voice shook her with strange emotions, as he called upon the spirit of Alphonso to appear. A long pause followed, then renewed callings for Alphonso. Then it was that Isabella protested against the unholy ceremony, and insisted on being allowed to depart.

After she had gone the Moor renewed the vocations, adding that if he was really dead, they desired him to bring that which he held closely when dying, but if still living, to give some token of the past.

Suddenly the altar took fire and the bright light shone upon a picture. It was that of the wood scene, where the three Moors stood above the prostrate man. In one of the faces, Carlos recognized Basa.

At this moment the door was forced open and Manfredo appeared with the officers of the Inquisition. They seized upon the Moor, accusing him of sorcery, while Carlos, who had been in apparent stupor from the moment that he had seen the resemblance of Basa in the picture, joined the cry, and hurried the servants to take the Moor to the dungeon, while Lord de Menezes sought Isabella, fearful of the consequences of the scene upon her weakened nerves.

"It must be true, Isabella, he said to her, tenderly, 'our beloved Alphonso is no more.'"

"Believe it not, dear lord."

"It was no mortal trick, my child. The face was that of Alphonso. He was disarmed and overpowered, but still he clasped something to his heart—"

"It was my portrait, father. I gave it to him secretly before we parted."

Carlos interrupted her, bringing in the keys of the dungeon, and saying that Manfredo had intrusted the wizard Moor to his keeping.

"That is well. But, Carlos, how do you account for the speeches which the sorcerer made? Surely he looked at you when he talked of guilt."

"Nay, father, I cannot tell. The sorcery is too much for my comprehension."

"Well, at least the picture may guide us to discover the villains who murdered Alphonso."

"Now God forbid!" said Carlos, in a voice too low to reach his father's ear. Meanwhile, Isabella had secured the keys of the dungeon. The thought had struck her that the Moor, although acting a sorcerer's part, might bear some tidings to her of Alphonso's life or death, and stealing out unobserved, she hastened to the door of that awful cell. A small lamp assisted her to find the lock, and in a moment she stood on the cold, damp flags. It was long before the dim light showed her the inmate of the place. At length she saw him lying on the stone bench that served him for a couch. The overshadowing turban of the magician was laid aside, and the hair, soft and curling in its black luxuriance, was thrown aside from the noble forehead. She held the light close to him, but the right hand was covering the face. In the left, Isabella saw her own picture, and shrieked at the sight. The prisoner started and withdrew his hand from his face. O, the inexpressible joy of that sight. It was Alphonso himself! \* \* \* The return, so blessed to Isabella, brought penitence to Carlos, but the memory of his guilt wrought his death. Alphonso forgave him, but Isabella could never look upon his face again, even when dead.

They were wedded without pomp, in a few days, and but for this one sad and painful remembrance, were happy and serene.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE DEATH OF MARLEY.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MINER.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

It was about the hour of twelve—a wilting, broiling July day in the summer of 1849. We had crossed Bear River, and camped near Steeple Rock, on the preceding afternoon, and were now laying by, partly on account of the extreme heat, and partly to recruit our jaded cattle, when our attention was arrested by a single horseman dashing madly towards us from the west. He was in pursuit of a doctor; a terrible tragedy had just been enacted—a man named Marley had been shot.

We mounted our horses—the doctor and I— and accompanying the young man on his return (he was Marley's nephew), we were enabled to glean from him the following particulars:

They had left St. Louis about the same time with ourselves, their company at the start consisting of five persons, one of whom had since died. Marley owned the teams, and the rest came out with him as passengers. Among their number was a young fellow named Hunter, who had paid the farmer a liberal sum for the transportation of himself and stores. They were both strong politicians, and as ill luck would have it,

were very warm and earnest adherents to opposite factions. They had commenced on the start by agreeing to disagree, and had sustained their differences with admirable perseverance, contending the ground inch by inch, much after the fashion of some of the more prominent bullies in the great political arena. They had quarrelled incessantly since leaving Green River, at which point we had last met, and since their arrival at Steeple Rock, it appeared that Marley had used abusive language to Hunter, and finally had capped the climax of his unmanliness by degrading the mother of his opponent, who he had never known, by some foul and vulgar allusion not proper to mention.

Driven to desperation by Marley's meanness, Hunter rushed out of the tent to the store-wagon, where he had placed his revolver, fully determined to force him to a retraction of his words, or perish in the attempt. On re-entering the tent, he called on Marley to retract, but instead of complying, the unreasonable fellow caught up an axe and rushed forward, as though he would cleave him to the earth; but before he could reach him, and before any one present could interfere, Hunter levelled his revolver and shot him through the abdomen.

Such was the nephew's version of the story before reaching their encampment, and what was still more remarkable, he did not consider Hunter much to blame.

"I would have done the same thing," added the young man, "had any one offered a similar insult to my mother."

On entering the tent, we found the unfortunate Marley stretched at full length on some buffalo robes. He was a man of giant strength, and his writhings and contortions were painful to witness. We had observed Hunter on the outside before we entered the tent. He was a spare-built young man of about twenty-five, rather intellectual in appearance, of a remarkably quick, nervous temperament, and as he walked rapidly up and down in front of the entrance, with his hands clasped behind him, it was evident to those who saw him that he was suffering the extremest mental agony.

No sooner did Marley learn that my companion was a doctor, than he expressed a desire that he should examine his wound, and tell him candidly if he considered it a hopeless case; for if so, he not only wished to be prepared for the event, but was desirous also of dictating a letter to his family.

It seemed the poor fellow, even up to the present moment, had entertained some vague hope that his wound might not prove fatal. The doctor shook his head ominously, after a careful examination, and Marley, who had been watching his countenance narrowly, read his fate in that one look. He turned a little on one side and groaned, but for the moment exhibited no other signs of emotion.

"I suppose there is no need of your saying the word," he at length said in a husky voice; "you think I will never leave this spot?"

"I do. I would not conceal my true opinion from you, so long as you have required it, and so long as you have expressed a wish to communicate with your friends."

He groaned, and for a short time lay without motion, and so very silent that one might have imagined the grim conqueror had suddenly stolen a march upon him. The doctor informed him that he could not possibly survive till morning, and advised him to lose no time in arranging his earthly affairs.

He then desired, through us, to dictate a letter to his wife, which was to be safely forwarded to her address the moment we should arrive in California; but as their camp afforded neither pens, paper, nor ink, I was compelled to ride back with the doctor to procure them. Obtaining the necessary materials, I hurried back to execute the important mission. On reaching the tent, I heard the voice of Marley. He was raving to himself in the most fearful manner, and heaping curses of the most terrible import upon the head of his murderer. Such language I never before heard—so full of despair, so bereft of all hope. I glanced into the tent, and saw that he was alone. He observed me in a moment, and knowing that I must have overheard some portion of his ravings, he exclaimed:

"I thought no one heard me. But, O God! any one who has a family unprovided for, can imagine what one's feelings must be in my situation. I have but one word for the miserable, cowardly wretch who has effected this—this ruin upon my family. May a curse rest on him for-

ever and forever! and may nothing he undertakes ever prosper. When he dies, may he die as I am dying, by the hand of some cowardly assassin, far from home and friends, and may his torments be lengthened out as mine have been, without a hope either for the present or the future!"

"Hold, Marley, for the love of heaven! don't curse me; I am penitent! Spare me, and I swear to you on my bended knees; I will bind myself by the most sacred oath ever registered in heaven by mortal lips, to make the welfare of your family subservient to all my aims and purposes in the future. Everything I obtain in this world shall be divided with them, fairly and equally, so help me God!"

I turned and beheld Hunter standing near the entrance of the tent, and only a few feet from me. His head was bowed down, and a more perfect picture of human wretchedness could not well be conceived. I could not but pity him, and wondered how Marley could remain so awfully indifferent; but I hardly stopped to consider the wide difference in our situations—myself in perfect health, Marley on the brink of the grave, and brought there by the very one now interceding for forgiveness. I forgot also that it was far from natural for human nature to forgive those who have inflicted a mortal injury, and Marley, wholly unmoved by the other's attempts at reconciliation, turned away his face with an expression of bitter scorn. I never witnessed a more fixed and determined look of hatred.

"You shall not turn me from my purpose in this way," cried the excited suppliant, gliding past me and approaching the prostrate man. "It is my desire to convince you of my sincerity. I wish to show you that I would benefit those I have wronged. Do not interrupt me. It is not my wish to avoid the law. I am worth thousands of dollars, which I will willingly make over to them, and on my arrival in California I will surrender myself up to the authorities. O, Marley, the idea of being cursed by one already on the brink of the grave is too horrible to think of. You can, you must, you will think better of it!"

"Never, never!" shouted Marley, rising on his elbow and glaring at Hunter with the ferocity of a wild beast. "Hear me! If it was my last breath, I would curse you till I died. You can leave me, for that is all the consolation you will ever get from me, if I was to live a thousand years. Your cowardly face is so hateful to me, that if dying were only to shut my eyes on such as you, I wouldn't mind it."

"The Almighty will decide which is the greatest coward!" cried Hunter, goaded to desperation by the bitter taunt. "I craved only the privilege of atoning for the past by devoting my life to those whose welfare ought to be as dear to you as me." And with those words he glided out of the tent as silently as he had entered.

For some seconds Marley lay with his eyes directed towards the spot where Hunter had disappeared, and then turning to me with a weary and exhausted look, he inquiringly said:

"Can any one blame me? He has robbed me of the best part of my life, reduced my poor family, whom I can never more see, to want, and for no other cause than an unbridled slip of the tongue, which any reasonable man must have overlooked. No, no! I will not retract. May he be cursed forever and ever!"

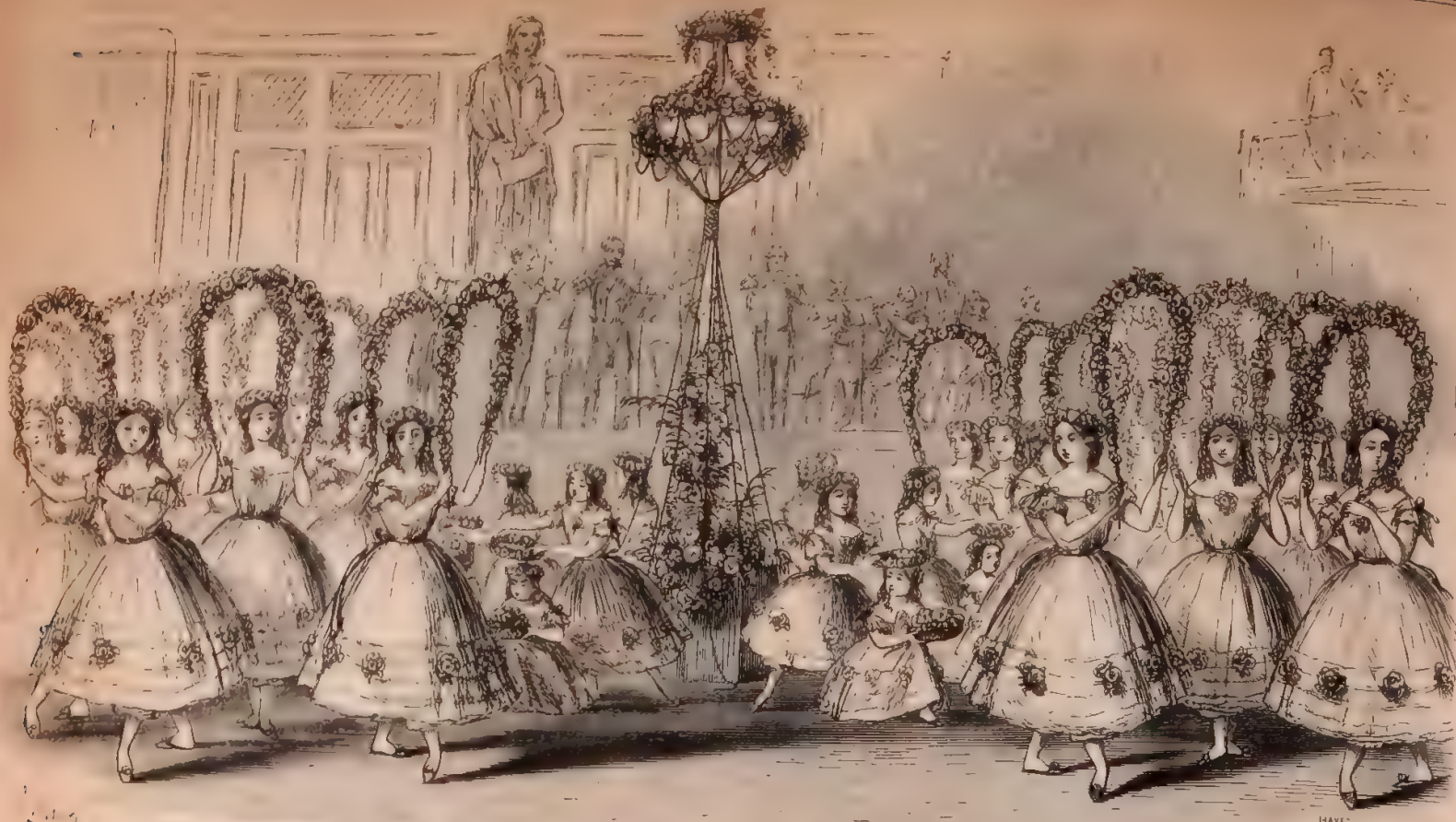
Marley was so exhausted after this terrible outbreak, that he neither moved nor spoke for the space of five minutes. When he did, he seemed quite calm and collected. I then seated myself near him, and wrote according to his dictation. It was a kind and affecting letter, giving advice to his wife and children as to their future conduct, and informing them that they would never more see him in this world. When the task was completed, I sealed and addressed the letter as he wished, and the poor fellow gazed long and earnestly at the superscription.

"It will be many a day in reaching them after I am under the sod!"

He then placed it in my hand, and desired me to call in his nephews. I found them seated a short distance from the tent, smoking. I delivered the request, and in a few minutes after was on my way back to camp. Marley died a little before twelve that night; but his curse seemed to follow Hunter, for, on his arrival in California, he was found one morning murdered, dying even as Marley had prayed, by the hand of violence.

This is no fancy sketch, gentle reader. It is literally true.





MAY FESTIVAL OF CHILDREN OF THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL, AT THE MUSIC HALL.

## MAY DAY AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

We give, this week, a picture of one of the beautiful tableaux presented by the children of the Warren Street Chapel at their late May Day Festival, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud. The conductors of this institution have long been in the habit of providing pleasures for their youthful charge, and for any children or young persons desirous of enjoying them within doors, on May Day. Our climate very rarely, if ever, admits of any other mode with comfort or safety. Much has been said about changing the day to the last of May or first of June in New England. It is hard to do so. The Sunday School excursions commence usually in June, and continue through summer, to furnish open air imitations of an English May Day. The shelter of a hall has for many years been found best for the first of May in Boston. It is generally known in our community, and throughout our country, that the Warren Street Chapel has done not a little in all such ways for the pleasures of children, but it is not, by any means, as well known as it should be, that this has been done upon clear and high moral principles. We believe the institution has laid us all under great obligations, and illustrated and enforced one of our first social, civic, and, we are not afraid to add, Christian duties and privileges. Men, young and old, rich and poor, bond and free, will, do, and must have enjoyment. Our Saviour's first miracle turned water into wine for a marriage festival. And wherever, in any age of the church, his example has been followed, good has been the result. So does the Catholic church find it, so did Martin Luther, many of the strictest protestants of Europe, and some of the best Christians of our own land. Mr. Barnard mentions, in his late annual report of the Chapel, that our distinguished townsman, Hon. Theodore Lyman, learned this great lesson in Europe, when he was studying men and manners there, on a tour in early life. He was convinced that the German villages, where there was a little dance on the green after church, the ministers and the elders looking on, were benefited in many ways and not harmed in any, by the custom. The people

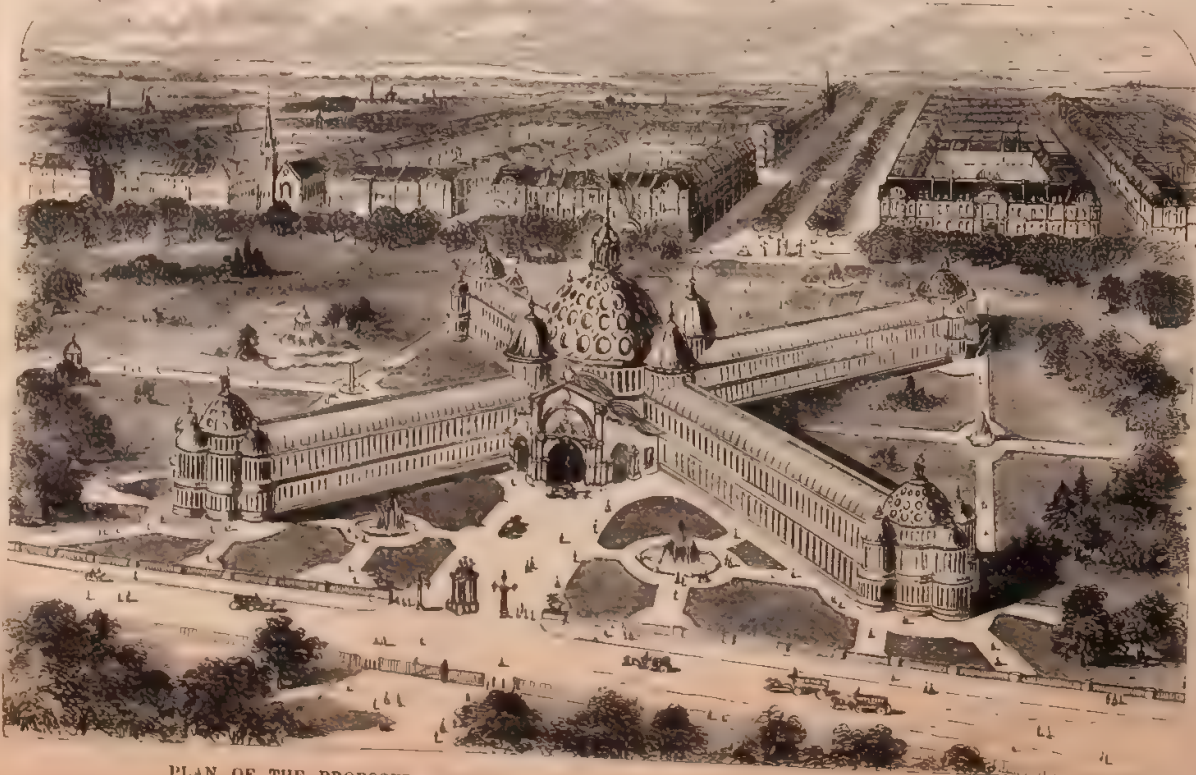
learned to enjoy themselves rationally, really, and soberly. They were much less likely to be immoral than they would have been under a system of restraint and asceticism. To render a community free from vice, to lift them above the vulgar and gross allurements to sin, they must be familiar with suitable, beneficial and agreeable social pleasures. Miss Bremer had this on her mind when she asked a Sunday School class committed to her in America, if they never had a dance when the lesson was over. Of course, nobody here proposes dancing on the Sabbath, except the Shakers. But when the use of flowers is ridiculed, and simple dances are condemned by the church people, as they were by the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, there is every probability that the pleasure will be seized through stealth or hypocrisy, and all the more harm be done. How much wiser and better it is to provide occasional proper means of enjoyment, and take charge of the pleasures of the young especially, to keep them simple and pure, and to lend them all the advantage that must accrue from the presence of the wise and good. A lawyer, who was a member of a very

different church, procured admission for his office-boy at the Warren Street Chapel, as a matter of principle. The lad was interested, as might be supposed. He was often excused from work that he might attend to dancing, singing, or some festivity. Matters went on very well. But robberies were detected in all the offices of the building where he and many other boys were employed, and it was found that every boy had joined in a conspiracy to rob their employers except this boy, who had found something else and better to do in his singing, playing, dancing hours. "Well," said an old gentleman of the highest respectability from one of our southern cities, as he gazed with tears of delight upon some of the children's dances, "why, this is what I have prayed my Maker, all my life, to see!" "I go back to my king in Denmark to say," observed an officer of artillery, deputed to report upon the prison discipline of the United States, "that it is of little consequence what system we adopt, or prisons we establish. If we can have your common schools, your Sunday schools, and such pleasures for our children, the time will come when we shall need no prisons!"

## THE NEW PROPOSED CONSERVATORY.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made by Mr. William Waud, architect, on the plan and from the suggestions of William E. Baker, Esq., editor of the *Conservatory Journal*, a gentleman devoting his time and talents in aid of the effort now making to establish a "Massachusetts Conservatory of Art, Science, and Historical Relics." The building Mr. Baker proposes, is, as shown in the engraving, in the form of a Greek cross, to be located in the public garden, the main central entrance facing Charles Street, on a line, the prolongation of which will run through the centre of Commonwealth Avenue, shown with its proposed avenues of trees in the distance. Constructed of granite, glass and iron, a building of the size indicated in the drawing, would cost \$500,000. The plan suggested admits, as Mr. Baker remarks, "the isolation of the several societies, yet forms in the aggregate, one grand architectural whole that can be extended as may be required, without destroying the effect, by intersecting gallery with gallery, indefinitely." The arm on the right, nearest the spectator, would be devoted to Natural

History. On one side, under a colonnade, open in summer and closed in winter, would be aquaria; in the corresponding colonnade on the other side of the same wing, an aviary. In the tower at the extremity would be rooms for the Natural History Society. The next wing on the right would be devoted to Horticulture, Floriculture and Agriculture; the nearest wing on the left to the Fine Arts, and the remaining wing to History, etc. Between the wings appropriated to Natural History and Horticulture, would be a zoological garden, with living animals; the next angle would contain experimental gardens; the angle on the left, historical statues, etc., that directly in front of the spectator, parterres of flowers, fountains, etc. The circular building in the centre would be devoted to a Polytechnic Institute. Such are the general features of the plan for an Institute which would confer the highest honor on the city of Boston. It is, of course, understood that all the advantages of the conservatory would be enjoyed by citizens and strangers, free of cost.



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED CONSERVATORY OF ART, SCIENCE AND HISTORICAL RELICS.



## SWANGO.

The only Eclectic Cure in this Country.

The engraving below is a bird's eye-view of the new "Health and Summer Retreat," on Swan Island (Indian "Swango"), in the beautiful Kennebec River, opposite Richmond, Me. It is better known, perhaps, as "the old Damerisque and Perkins Estate." The buildings were erected for the summer residence of the above-mentioned families, but are now, with some additions rendered commodious and truly home like and cozy, opened for an Eclectic Cure Retreat, by Dr. Helbard of Boston, their present proprietor. The grounds connected with this charming place comprise some 200 acres of woodland and lawn, most picturesquely variegated with copses, dingles, dells, streams, overhung wood-paths, groves, etc. A more truly delightful and inviting place for the invalid, and all who are weary with the summer life of cities, could not be imagined by poet or painter. In such a spot, with scenery unsurpassed for ideal beauty—with such alluring rides and walks—such limpid "laughing" water on which to sail, and in which to bathe—such salubrious and bracing air—"the elixir of life," as Emerson terms it—in such a spot, with such surroundings, it would be a wonder if indeed almost any disease did not relax its hold, even without the aid of doctor or medicine. The physician and proprietor of this establishment is well known here and elsewhere in New England, as a successful practitioner and an accomplished physiological lecturer. He is thoroughly educated in all the schools of medicine—Allopathy, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Motorpathy and Electricity—and now treats his patients after the Eclectic method, employing such various remedial agencies as have everywhere been proved beneficial. He has for some years past given special and undivided attention to the treatment of Consumption; Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Spine and Back, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, General Debility, and Female Complaints of every description; and these only will receive his care at this Retreat. From the fact that both houses are devoted to the Institution, it will be seen that the accommodations, though not extravagant, are ample, and from the view we have had of the inside of them, we doubt if any public place could be made more comfortable or more like home, either to ease-seeker or invalid. As a prominent feature of the doctor's treatment of most chronic cases is exercise in the open air, he neither practises nor believes in cheating the stomach, and to this his table bears ample testimony. The food is abundant, well and seasonably served, and always suited if possible to the appetite of each individual. The facilities for exercise are bowling saloon, and gymnasium (in progress), carriages, saddle horses, including a beautiful Shetland pony (a charming little playfellow, especially for



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

children), and always at hand well-built, airtight, life-preserving sail boats. Believing it to be an inducement for families to make this their summer resort, the doctor has fitted up a school house, and instituted a school for young children, where all the branches, including music and the languages, are taught by competent fe-

male teachers, on the Normal School system. The Retreat is to be opened, we understand, for the reception of visitors, friends and patients, from the first of June to the last of October of each year. It is about eight hours' ride from Boston, is accessible by the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, and by steamer direct from Boston.

## GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

AUTHOR OF A "JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

The bright looking individual whose portrait is represented on this page, is a young man who has achieved a high rank in the republic of letters, as a writer of brilliant and graphic sketches of the people and places of the day. He is one of the cleverest magazine-writers living, and his sketches of travel are written in a peculiar style which arrests and enchains the attention of the reader. He is best known in this country, perhaps, by his "Journey Due North," a series of pictures of Russian life, written for Dickens's "Household Words," and republished by Ticknor & Fields of this city, in book form. In this work he paints only what he saw during a brief sojourn in the Russian capital, but with such a minuteness, in language so quaint and peculiar, and in so many lights and from so many points of view, that he produces astonishing effects. He has a great deal of humor, some wit, and a most fertile fancy. Perhaps the single epithet "picturesque" may best describe his manner. The anticipated visit of Mr. Sala to this country, during the coming summer, marks his name with an additional interest. As his name indicates, he is not of an English family, his father being an Italian and his mother a West Indian. He was born in 1827, and is consequently still a young man. In early life, like Thackeray, he mistook a passionate love of painting for a vocation to art, and studied it for a time with assiduity, discovering, however, at length, that the pen and not the pencil was his legitimate implement. The art-apprenticeship, however, was not lost time, for it undoubtedly taught him the use of his eyes, and showed him how to recognize the picturesque aspects of material things—a faculty as important to the writer as to the painter. A similar inclination for art in our own most picturesque writer, Washington Irving, was doubtless of the greatest benefit to him. A friend of ours, who knew Sala well at Paris, tells us that he first took up his pen from sheer necessity. He was at the end of his resources, and had roved the streets of London all night without a shelter. He stepped into a coffee-house, and calling for pen and paper, dashed off a rapid sketch describing a night in London streets, and sent it to Charles Dickens, with a request that he examine it immediately. Dickens read the sketch, was delighted with it, and sent the author a liberal sum of money for his present use. From that time he became a constant contributor to the "Household Words," and one of its most popular writers. Among Sala's gifts, is the faculty of imitating any writer's style to perfection, and he has frequently, at Dickens's request, written sketches in his manner, so that the occasional necessary silence of "Boz" has not been noticed. This popular writer has wielded a very prolific pen, and with remarkable power.



"SWANGO,"—THE ONLY ECLECTIC CURE IN THIS COUNTRY—OPPOSITE RICHMOND, MAINE.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2.00
One copy, two years	3.00
Five copies, one year	9.00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter up of the club)	20.00
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE LITERARY COMPANION, together	\$2.00 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESIDENT.—We have no further information with regard to the process.

DOUBTER.—In walking on a sidewalk with a lady, the gentleman should always be in the street.

A CHURCHMAN.—The primitive Christians did not begin Lent, with the sun fast, as we do the first Sunday in Lent. In the year 367 Pope Felix III added the four days preceding the first of Lent Sunday to make the number of fasting days forty. Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of ashes on the first of the four additional days, and it is this custom that we call Ash Wednesday. At the Reformation this practice was abandoned as being a mere shadow of superstition.

R. S. LOVELL, M.D.—The archway is sought in great numbers on the shores of the Mediterranean, and is pecked for exploitation.

M. D.—A pamphlet (just published) by M. de la Fage, on the unity and the necessity of having a universal peace in which states that the Chinese disposition is a permanent peace, the tone of which has not varied since the year 220 B.C. by Jesus Christ.

S. L. M.—The papers state that the losses by fire in San Francisco since December 1849, to May 1850, five years and a few months, amounted to the enormous sum of thirty-one million four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

P. C.—The war in Italy has already cost the English Government \$115,000,000.

B. C.—Over three hundred persons were burnt to death in the city of London during the year 1850.

B. M. L.—Bridge water. It is the custom of the pope on special occasions to present a golden rose to royal or exalted personages. The rose is made of burnished gold, and before it is presented it receives the pope's blessing. One was presented by Pope Clement VIII to Margaret of Austria on her marriage at Ferrara. Gregory XIII sent one worth one thousand ducats to Our Lady of Loretto. These roses are performed with music.

G. S. PORTLAND, ME.—We see it stated that a nugget of gold in New York lately, a Washington, half dollar of 1792 was sold for \$75. A United States cent of 1793 brought in last night \$21.

O. B.—The telegraph to the mouth of the Amazon will pass through the principal cities of the Fed Russia and the chief towns of Siberia. It will cost it least \$1,000,000 and its annual working expense will be \$500,000.

## HARBOR DEFENCE.

The subject of defending New York harbor against an invading force, has of late attracted much attention, and called forth considerable discussion. Vessels of war can approach New York either from the south, through the Lower Bay, between Sandy Hook and Staten Island, and thence through the channel called the Narrows, or from the east, through Long Island Sound, by way of Hell Gate and the East River. To defend the approach by way of the Lower Bay and Narrows, various works have been built or are projected. Upon the southeast side of the Narrows the works already built consist of Fort Tompkins, Castle Richmond, and Fort Hudson and Morton Batteries, all situated upon the northeast side of Staten Island. Upon the other side of the Narrows, on the Long Island shore, are Fort Hamilton, Castle Lafayette, and Hamilton Redoubt. By these two series of works, capable of mounting six hundred heavy guns, the passage between Staten Island and Long Island is completely protected. For the defence of the Lower Bay, the government proposes to construct a large bastioned fort, five sided, with half moons on the land sides, and capable of mounting three hundred large Columbiads. This fort will cover between six and seven acres of ground, and will be one of the strongest and most complete military structures upon the Atlantic coast. The cost of the works is estimated at \$1,750,000; but it will probably exceed twice that sum before the structure is finished. The plans for this fort are already completed, and the preliminary work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, this summer. Great doubts are, however, expressed by competent critics, as to the efficiency of this projected fort in preventing hostile vessels from passing up the Lower Bay; the distance from the point to the farthest channel being upwards of five miles, and of course beyond the range of any ordnance now in use. Sandy Hook is, moreover, making out from year to year, by the action of the sea, the point having extended north a mile and a quarter within a century. It has gained in a much greater ratio during the past 12 years, having progressed at the rate of 1-16th of a mile a year. Changes are also constantly taking place in the bars and channels of the outer bay; and there is danger that this great work may thus become utterly useless a few years after its completion.

For protecting the approach through Long Island Sound and the East River, Fort Schuyler has already been built on Throg's Point, on the main land. This fort is furnished with three hundred and eighteen guns, two-thirds of them

being heavy ordnance, and the rest of lighter calibre. The government has recently completed the purchase of a site for another fort, upon the opposite side of the river, at Willet's Point, Long Island, and is about to construct a work there capable of mounting two hundred heavy guns. These two works will entirely command the river, and furnish an adequate defence against the approach of any hostile fleet upon that side. But though the water-approaches to the great city are thus securely guarded, the question arises, what is to prevent an enemy from landing at some unprotected point on the south side of Long Island, making a rapid march across to Brooklyn, and attacking New York from that locality? The answer given is, that no prudent general would venture to cross the island, and leave such strong fortresses as those of Hamilton and Willet in his rear. But to this, it is replied that those fortresses are for sea coast and not for land defence, and could not be adequately garrisoned to perform double duty. It is contended then, that as auxiliary to the coast defences already constructed and projected, there should be a line of redoubts, or earth works, extending from Fort Hamilton in a semi-circle to the fort at Willet's Point, within cannon-range of the sea-coast; thus connecting the defences at the Narrows with those on the East River, and girdling Brooklyn and the neighboring towns upon Long Island with a chain of military posts. These redoubts might ultimately be connected by a continuous line of embankment, with an exterior force, and this labor could readily be performed by the militia force of the country, in case of impending war. Thus would the line of defence be rendered complete around the commercial metropolis of the Union; while the stout hands and brave hearts of her patriotic citizens would take ample care of the invader, should he by any possibility get within the inner harbor, past the forts on Ellis, Bedloe and Governor's Islands, with their aggregate armament of nearly three hundred guns.

## A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

A short time since, we made mention of the circumstances under which Peorio and other Neapolitan patriots were exiled to this country, after an imprisonment in the dungeons of Naples for the past ten years. The offence of these victims of tyrannical vengeance was patriotism; and the cause of their final exile to America, was fear on the part of King Ferdinand of Naples that their longer presence in his kingdom would excite a popular rebellion. It appears that these prisoners, to the number of sixty six, were shipped at Cadiz, in Spain, for this country, on board the ship David Stewart; the vessel being towed two hundred miles to sea by a Neapolitan war steamer. As security that the captain would faithfully perform his agreement, and convey the prisoners to America, one-third of the passage money was withheld, to be paid after the completion of the voyage. Soon after the ship got clear of the war steamer, the Italians demanded of the captain that he should land them in Ireland, instead of transporting them to the United States. This he refused to do; and by a threat of force, they compelled him to navigate his ship into the harbor of Cork. One among the number of the crew, which consisted of seventeen men, proved to be a son of Luigi Lettembrini, one of the most distinguished of the exiles. This young man had been employed as a mate in one of the Galway line of steamers. But upon hearing that his father was to be transported from Cadiz to New York, with the other exiles, he gave up his post, and repaired to Cadiz, where he enlisted on board the David Stewart as a seaman. It is supposed that he was instigated to this by the Italian Society in London, and that the scheme of rising upon the captain, and compelling him to land his passengers in Ireland, was contrived in London; young Lettembrini being sent to join the vessel, in this disguise, for the purpose of enlisting the prisoners in the proposed movement. Up to the morning when the decisive demonstration on board the ship was made, he had done duty forward with the rest of the crew. But when the exiles waited upon the captain, and forced him to yield, he appeared upon deck in his uniform as a mate of the Galway line—blue frock, gilt buttons, gold cap-band, etc. The secret meeting between the patriot father and his devoted son, after so long a separation, must have been one of singular interest. Upon landing at Queenstown, the Italians expressed the most enthusiastic gratification; some of them

actually kissing the earth, on which they trod as freemen rescued from the clutch of the tyrant. It is expected they will make their way to Saradnia, to aid the cause of Italy there.

## A HUNGARIAN BRIGAND.

Rosza Sandor, the famous Hungarian brigand chief, has just been condemned to death by the criminal tribunal of Pesth. The indictment, which doubtless contained only part of his crimes, was a hideous register, crowded with charges of cattle stealing, the burning of farm houses and villages, the assassination of persons suspected of having denounced him to the gendarmerie, nocturnal attacks on the house of a judge with the massacre of every living inmate, and snares laid for the gendarmes to bring them within range of his fatal carbine. The terrible brigand seems never to have operated with more than four comrades, except during the revolution, when he headed a band of a hundred malefactors. The usual haunts of these bandits were stacks of hay or straw, such as are found near every tany or Hungarian farm house. When they found that they were tracked by an overpowering body of gendarmes, the bandits mounted their wild horses, which swam with them to some desert island of the Theiss or Danube. In this case it was sufficient to order anybody to provide them with supplies of food, and intelligence of the position of the gendarmerie, for no one dared refuse. The name of Rosza, whose carbine never missed the head or heart of an enemy, inspired such terror, that bands of peasants who had enrolled themselves to pursue him, laid down their arms, crossed themselves, and fled at his appearance.

Rosza Sandor always kept in the neighborhood of Szegedin. The 10,000 florins which the government offered for his capture, dead or alive, tempted nobody. It was the energy of a woman, whose husband he assassinated through suspicion, though he had always hospitably received him at his house, which delivered this monster, garrotted, to the gendarmerie of Szegedin. The audacious bandit, at the moment of his arrest, exclaimed:

"I shall soon be freed; and I swear to depopulate the county of Szegedin, sparing not even the infant at the breast. I was going to Pesth," he said, "to ask pardon of the emperor, at the moment of my arrest; I was going to promise him a change of life, and offer my services against the other Hungarian brigands."

But long before these lines are printed, Sandor must have expiated his unparalleled crimes upon the gallows.

## THE GROWTH OF THE NATION.

When the American Revolution was achieved, and our independence established, the United States consisted of a confederacy of thirteen States. Since that time, twenty new States have been admitted to the Union, thus swelling the number from thirteen to thirty-three, within the brief period of sixty-five years. This unexampled growth of the nation, while it strikes the observer with surprise, must convince him that the country has a great future, and that its further expansion may indeed be regulated, but cannot be restrained. The mighty causes which have built up our nation are yet at work, and will be for generations yet to come. The brief period of sixty-five years in which so much has been accomplished, is but as an hour in the age of America, and scarcely spans a human life. Three sovereign States were created during Washington's administration; one during Jefferson's; two in Madison's; five in Monroe's; two in Jackson's; four in Polk's; one in Taylor's, and two thus far in Buchanan's—Oregon being the youngest of them all. In 1804, Jefferson acquired Louisiana from France, giving to us a larger gain of territory than the whole area of the original thirteen States, and securing to our country the command of the Mississippi River, the mouth of which had previously been owned by foreign powers. The successive acquisitions of Florida and Texas have given us almost entire control over the Gulf of Mexico; and it needs only the possession of Cuba to render the United States paramount in that vast inland sea. The purchases of California, New Mexico and Arizona, successively made within a period of eleven years, have contributed to swell the area of our country to nearly three million square miles. Very possibly our next extension may be upon the north, when our Canadian neighbors and friends shall get ready to lay aside their colonial condition, and unite the fortunes of the

two provinces with our confederacy, as free, sovereign, and independent States. Whenever they are ready to come, Great Britain will be willing to permit them to, and the United States will be glad to receive them. The reciprocity treaty between the British Provinces and this country, for the free importation of the produce of either country into the other, is a step in this direction. That treaty expires in a very few years, and the question of its renewal may present the alternative of annexation.

## RECREATION.

The serious world is waking up to a sense of the necessity of amusements. Unceasing and perpetual toil, whether of mind or body, it is admitted, tends to deteriorate the faculties of both. The handicraftsman needs amusement as well as the scholar and professional man. Manhood, as well as childhood, demands its hours of play. If this craving of nature is checked, we have mental dullness, physical weakness, nervousness, morbidity, and a train of evils ending in the complete unfitness of the victims for the duties of life. It has been well said that when Martin Luther threw his cares aside, and played on his flute, jested with his friends, gambolled with his children, or gave himself up with delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his powers fresh, so as to renew at the proper time, and finish the work that had been given him to do.

Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of life, but interludes, recreations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being utterly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up, from time to time, to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of the serious duties which God has imposed upon every man whom he has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion.

## A GOLDEN MOTTO.

*Horas non num'ro nisi serenas*—"I count only the hours that are serene"—is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and time presents only a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles, and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-tormenting!

A GOOD RETORT.—A harmless, half-witted creature was accosted by a saucy fellow, who thought to make game of him.—"I say, Jack, lad, dost want a place? Master wants a fool."—"Ay, indeed," replied Jack; "wants a fool, does he? Then are you going to leave, or does he want a couple?"

CRINOLINE AND PEWS.—The old woman who opens the pews at a certain fashionable church says she used to have only to open the doors, but now she has to push the dresses in too.

A GOOD REASON.—A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he is handling the rod.

DIAMONDS.—The rage for diamonds is undiminished in Paris. One writer says, "a huge dredging box of jewels has sprinkled its contents all over the city."

WEDDED LIFE.—Colonel Seaton, of the Washington Intelligencer, lately celebrated his golden wedding.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—The lady who knitter brows has commenced a pair of socks.



## HORSEMANSHIP.

As the fine season advances, the avenues diverging from the city are thronged, on pleasant afternoons, with equestrians seeking to "wrench the world with noble horsemanship,"—we wish we could say successfully seeking, but to speak the truth, there is a deplorable majority of bad riders among the cavaliers of the metropolis. We do not hesitate, therefore, to give place to the following remarks handed us by a correspondent, who has a right to speak oracularly, for he is himself a bold and accomplished horseman:

"I have recently amused myself by walking on the Milldam at an afternoon, to see the handsome turnouts, and my attention has been attracted to the bad horsemanship of most of the equestrians. This is inexcusable, where there are riding-schools, and young men have money and leisure enough to learn. A bad habit of sitting a horse once firmly contracted, is difficult to be got rid of, and the victim of it, though he may try to persuade himself that he is having a good time, feels the contrary, and looks about as happy as an Englishman dancing. Some of the riders 'crane,' that is, lean forward over their horse's neck, so that a stumble, or sudden stop, would pitch them headlong; others keep their legs as far as possible from the horse's sides, so that a shy would instantly land them; others swing their arms, as if driving a flock of turkeys. Sam. Chitney, the well-known English jockey, once proposed, in consideration of a one pound note enclosed in a letter, to communicate perfect instruction in horsemanship. I went ask for a penny, but commend the information to these young riders. Here it is:

Your head and your heart keep boldly up,  
Your hands and your knees keep down,  
Your legs keep close to your horse's sides,  
And your elbows close to your own."

**AN EXCELLENT LESSON.**—One of the most sagacious and wealthy merchants was about to visit Europe, and setting his house in order before he left, closed a conversation with his son and heir as follows:—"Now, as a lasting lesson, look at these four notes"—and he put into his hands four notes-of-hand of \$25,000 each, making \$100,000, with his name on the back. "Those," said he, "are the price paid for endorsing for a friend. I weakly put my name on them, and had to pay them as you see. Whenever any one asks you to endorse, look at those before you reply."

**PIKE'S PEAK.**—A friend writes us from this region, who went thither a short time since full of hope and promise, that it is a miserable region, and that interested parties alone have "written it up." He says one-half the labor at home, in Boston, would yield twice the pecuniary return that can be realized here, to say nothing of the great deprivations we endure, and the sickness of this country!

**THE LITTLE MARVELS.**—We propose to give in our next number a picture of the famous little Dutton Children, the smallest girls of their age in the world. They have proved wonderfully popular wherever they have appeared in Massachusetts.

**MEERSCHAUMS.**—We can with perfect confidence recommend a fine assortment of Meerschaum Pipes and Tubes, just received per last steamer, and advertised in another column, by Frederick Brown, apothecary.

**A LUCKY MILLINER.**—The court milliner recently died in London, leaving property valued at \$40,000. She leaves most of it to charities. For herself, she directed that she should be buried in point lace.

**THE 7TH REGIMENT.**—The famous New York 7th Regiment will go into camp, on Long Island, N. Y., the coming summer. They intend to have a grand sham-fight, and have ordered 8000 cartridges. Hurrah!

**LADY BULWER.**—Lady Bulwer has lately presented an inkstand to an English editor. She would doubtless send an inkstand to her husband, if she could get a chance to shy it at his head.

**FOOLISH.**—It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars changed hands upon the late billiard match between Phelan and Steneter.

**THE OLDEST GRADUATE.**—Dr William Sawyer, who was the oldest graduate of Harvard College, died in Boston recently, aged 88 years.

**THE MAESTRO.**—Rossini has laid the corner stone of his new villa at Passy, near Paris.

## AN AFRICAN CONVERT.

The African monarch, Negoussie, King of Tigre and Semen, in Abyssinia, having become a convert to the Catholic church, has recently sent a deputation of three of his courtiers to the city of Rome, to pay homage to the pope. This deputation consisted of Prince Ghiorgis, a relative of the king, Emnaton, an African priest, and another young man, a companion of the prince. Ghiorgis is about twenty years old, of a copper-colored complexion, and regular features, and is uncommonly handsome. His dress, on the occasion of his audience with the pope, consisted of a scarlet cloth vest, wide, white trousers, shoes, silk stockings, a lion-skin mantle on his shoulders, and a white turban on his head. His arms were bare, and upon the left he wore a massive gold bracelet, as a badge of his rank. An attendant followed him, bearing a crooked sabre. The priest was dressed in a white, flowing robe, which was secured at the waist by a scarlet sash. Upon being brought before the pope, the deputation prostrated themselves to the earth, and were raised by his holiness. After some friendly converse with Pius IX. as to their country and long journey, the priest again prostrated himself before the pope, and delivered an address, in which he declared that he placed before the pontiff the formal act of his master, the King of Tigre and Semen, renouncing all heresy, and giving his adhesion to the Church of Rome. The document presented was duly signed, and bore the royal seal of the African king. The pope received the announcement very graciously, and bestowed his benediction upon the envoys. He then enjoined them to inform their master that he would not fail to offer up daily prayers for the monarch who had thus come forward, in the face of the world, and acknowledged the power of the cross.

**HONOR TO ART.**—A dinner was given lately in Philadelphia, by Mr. Harrison, the Russian railroad builder, at his residence in Rittenhouse Square, to those patriarchs of American art, Rembrandt Peale and Thomas Sulley. Nearly all the principal painters of New York were invited to the dinner, and several of them went on to be present on this interesting occasion. Both Peale and Sulley still exercise their profession, and find delight in it. Mr. Peale told us recently that he never was so happy as when seated at his easel.

**A HIT AT THE TIMES.**—At a late fancy ball at Paris, appeared one of the greatest belles of society, dressed as "diplomacy." She had the double mask of Janus, one side smiling and other frowning. She had a pen in one hand and a buckler in the other. Then she danced a curious new dance called the *Ultimatum*, which consists of taking one step forward and two backward!

**ALEXANDRE DUMAS.**—This noted man and his companion Morin, a painter, cut a tremendous swell at Constantinople on their way home. They paraded the streets for several days, in flaming Circassian costume—white fur bonnet, gold-laced jacket, embroidered boots, and girdle filled with pistols and daggers.

**BOYLE'S HYPERION FLUID.**—This preparation for beautifying and keeping the hair thrifty and in good condition, appears to have achieved a world-wide reputation, and to be considered an indispensable article on every lady's toilet-table. An advertisement will be found in another column.

**APPREHENSIVE.**—An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murder, I hope she won't have a son older than me—if she does, I shall lose the estate."

**DRUM CORPS.**—It is contemplated by certain military gentlemen to organize a drum corps, expressly for the 2d battalion, composed of picked men to the number of twenty.

**CUBE ROOT.**—Mr. O. Cube, a worthy citizen of Indiana, lately had six teeth drawn at one sitting. This, we suppose, was extracting *cube roots*.

**THE FRENCH NAVY.**—The French in all, have 435 vessels; England has 463, of all classes.

**AN EXCEPTION.**—"There is no rose without a thorn," except the *prim-rose*.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Rarey, the horse tamer, is giving lessons at St. Peter-burg.

The people of Georgetown, D. C., are agitating the annexation of that town to Washington.

It is designed to erect a second Catholic church in Melord, as soon as a suitable location can be secured.

The receipts at the Patent Office during the last month, are said to have been fourteen thousand dollars above the expenses.

The quantity of oysters opened at Fairhaven, Ct., within the past six months, is 700,000 bushels, equivalent to 350,000 gallons.

Piccolomini, in addition to her Papal descent, is now alleged to be a descendant of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico!

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, under the management of Col. Paron Stevens, will doubtless take the lead of American hotels.

A certain preacher, addressing himself to ladies who wear exaggerated hoops, said recently, "Remember how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

Among the Roman citizens, so much importance was attached to the art of swimming, that it was one of the first accomplishments taught to children.

It has just been decided in a justice's court, in the western part of New York, that lager beer cannot be sold without a license without violating the excise law.

Every one of the 111 contiguous houses on Beacon Street, in Boston, with the land, is valued at upwards of \$15,000, while one house exceeds \$100,000.

An Irishman recently died in Pennsylvania at the age of one hundred and twenty-two years; and an African, in Louisiana, at the age of one hundred and thirty-eight years!

A young woman named Anna Welch, died in New York from the inhalation of chloroform, which she had used to allay the excruciating pain of a decayed tooth.

The Muzzey rifle barrel and gun manufactory, lately organized in Lowell, now employs twenty hands on a government contract for Morris's breach-loading rifle.

The average income of the Mexican church is twenty-five millions a year, while the revenue of the national government of the republic is only fifteen millions.

The chair occupied by the president of the Harrisburg Convention, recently, was that in which John Hancock sat when the Declaration of Independence was adopted, on the 6th of July, 1776.

A despatch from Washington says that an order has been issued at the post-office department, to the effect that clerks who leave during office hours for the purpose of drinking spirituous liquors, do so at the risk of removal from office.

The good people of Kookuk are deeply engaged in digging for Indian skeletons. They have already found about forty. The question that occurs to our mind is, what are they going to do with all these dry bones?

The St. Louis papers state that the peach crop in Northern Missouri and Southern Illinois has been destroyed, and that there is no hope for more than a very small quantity of that fruit the present year. Southern Missouri promises better.

The Washington Star announces that arrangements have been completed for the prompt establishment of a line of steamships of from twelve to sixteen hundred tons burden, to ply between New York and Washington city.

New Orleans is built upon a forest of cypress trees. For 600 feet down, at least, that is the foundation. Rows upon rows of the stumps of the cypress have been found growing over each other exactly superimposed, each of which layers it takes a thousand years to form.

Miss Eliza P. Paine established mainly through her personal exertions a "female seminary" (for girls we suppose), at Du Quoin, Ill., but now that she has gone and got married, her trustees insist on turning her out of the post of principal instructor.

An old German, named Jacob Bertrand, who lived in New York, was a few days ago wantonly attacked in that city by a band of ruffians, and stoned until he received such injuries as to cause his death next day. On the post-mortem examination of the body, a piece of brick was found embedded in his skull.

The city council of Richmond, Va., have appropriated \$30,000 for the removal of the reel below Rocketts, which accomplished, will allow of vessels drawing fifteen feet of water to get up to the city docks. As soon as this measure is completed, a line of packets is to be established between Richmond and Liverpool.

The Governor-General of Cuba has created an excitement among the commercial men of that island, by laying an outrageous stamp tax on blank account books. Every leaf of every blank book for business purposes, must be stamped; otherwise no claim of indebtedness based upon accounts is collectable.

Professor Hunt, in a lecture at Montreal, was of opinion that from 100,000 to 150,000 tons of artificial manure might be manufactured annually from the waste of the Canadian fisheries; and this equal to Peruvian guano. The French were aware of the importance of this manure, and were now manufacturing it, on a large scale, in the Straits of Belle Isle.

## Sands of Gold.

.... We bear the marks of our habits, as the prisoner does those of his chain.—*De Baptiste*

.... The blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes; but unfortunately they are the parts for imitation.—*Disraeli*

.... Young, the desire of pleasing renders women amiable, old, the desire of being loved induces them to be so.—*Sophy Pannier*

.... I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.—*Pope*

.... I tell you a fellow that speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath, by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadows lie every where around.—*Gold*

.... The secret of efficiency and success in our enterprises, is to act at once upon our ideas while our fancy is yet warm and in a glow with them.—*Barre*

.... Every study is good, because it is already a long stride towards truth to seek it. There are truths everywhere; happy those who discover them.—*De Baptiste*

.... Each man acts according to the laws of his particular nature, and in nothing do we err so much as in expecting from every individual conduct not in keeping with his character.—*Barre*

.... I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.—*O. W. Holmes*

.... When money represents many things, not to love it would be to love nearly nothing. To forget true needs can be only a feeble moderation; but to know the value of money and to sacrifice it always, maybe to duty, maybe even to delicacy, that is real virtue.—*De Sennece*

.... Thing of "living!" Thy life, wert thou the "pittifulest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to fight bravely with. Work, then, even as he has done, and does, "like a star, unobscured, yet unobscured."—*Carlyle*

.... Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and, actually, or ideally, we manage to live with superiors.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## Joker's Budget.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing

Why is the law like a book of surgery? Because there are a great many terrible cases in it.

"That's part of the sinking fund," as a chap said when a box of money went to the bottom of the river.

A highly "Caudloized" editor of a western family newspaper beats his marriage notices "Lucifer Matches."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a cork-leg manufacturer.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six, spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons, and Thomson's seasons."

"Beware how you attempt to butter your bread on both sides, lest it should haply slip through your fingers altogether!"

"Domesticks," describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell when they get a new kitchen girl, by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

A French marshal, annoyed by the loquacity of a marquis of the old French school about his ancestors, at last replied, "I have no ancestors, but I am an ancestor."

If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog and tie him up in the collar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next him, "she'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

Howard Paul, in "Patchwork," speaks of a man whose ill luck was so proverbial, that if he had fallen upon his back he would have broken his nose.

"Bill, I don't believe Fanny can trot in two-forty." "Trot in two-forty," replied Bill; "why, if you hitch her to a post, she will paw a mile in two forty."

The latest style of hoop skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-back-action bustle, etruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

"Father, I want you to buy me a gun." "A gun, Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?" "O, I am going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake loves him better than she does me."

A witness in the court of chancery stated that she took one Masters for a gentleman, because he rode on horseback in the park. Another witness, who had bought stolen goods, said he took the thief for a gentleman because he wore fur gloves.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## LINES.

On a visit to the battle ground of Concord

BY JOHN W. DAY

Hushed was the air—'twas summer's sultry noon,  
And burning sunbeams parched the dusty way,  
But from the march I found a refuge soon,  
Where Concord's elms their leafy branches away  
High swelled the wanderer's spirit, as his gaze  
Swept through the shadows of the leafy aisle,  
As, when behind him lay the desert's blaze,  
Proud "Yagoub" saw "neath Afric's sunset smile,  
On Scha's far off shore the fountains of the Nile

Yes, Scotia's traveller stood beside the mound  
Whence "Arzuch" laid the Nubian deserts part,  
But far beyond him lay "el Abadi's" bound,  
Unknown "mid Ethiopia's burning heart,  
And thus I stood by Freedom's vernal shrine,  
Whence rolls her westerling current, Not alone  
Her fountain "neath the tall New England pine,  
Swift through the arches of the great Unknown  
She pours her ceaseless course, fresh from the Eternal's throne

Succed to freedom is this temple fair,  
Where wandering winds that roam earth's every sky  
Come laden with foud nature's glowing prayer,  
And loth at parting mid the tree tops sigh,  
Then fill'd with holy influence, from the scene  
Go forth to tell the tale o'er ocean wave,  
Where millions crouch beneath the bayonet's sheen,  
While like a requiem soft for slumbering brave,  
The Concord's rippling song flows down the minister's nave

"Gloried well thy gift, my country, Greece of old,  
For liberty bathed Marathon in gore  
For her, Gaul's children burst the despot's hold,  
And storm'd the Bastille while the rousing roar  
Swept on through rising Europe—But the sun  
That beamed while Chaucer's standards flew  
Saw by stern Macedon the victory won,  
And Gallia's star, to human progress true,  
Funk mid the waving corn on blood stained Waterloo

Thus mine I, as I gazed across the stream,  
Where David's brave Acton's bristling line  
Flour'd o'er the tottering bridge, till as in dream  
A voice spoke at my listening spirit's shrine  
"O, thou who counsel'st thy country, know  
The nation's but the sum of the individual,  
Her every deed for human weal or woe  
Upon life's page its counterpart doth find,  
She stores the harvest sheaves her children's labors bind

Let each rule well the empire of his heart—  
Firm for the right his onward footsteps guide,  
Then shall thy country not a noble part—  
Still on her plains shall pour truth's crystal tide,  
Up, youth! before thee shines true a golden ray—  
Round if olden girls her crown zone  
Forward! even now time's sappers block the way—  
Onward! till trembling fear and doubt o'erthrown,  
The future's glorious age shall claim thee for its own

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## "LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house, to a young portrait-painter who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency, broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbled and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! what an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story-books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world, afar off. Upon our parlor walls from my earliest remembrance had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvases, or when, or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had, to me, always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable. What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like form! How unlike

every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait painter!

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain, the hero made his appearance, scattering them mercilessly to the four winds. There was nothing giant-like in the litho, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish face, shaded by soft masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, quite like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking by which to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace he sought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home, had not the stunning knowledge of his art still overpowered me. It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby-brain that I must not like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me, when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone, I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes, and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the school-boys, now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper, like any married woman who was faithful to her husband.

"Would I agree to this?" he asked.

I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my fingers, to meet my mother's eyes fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine that crept nearly to the mossy eaves.

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women wore flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?"

I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I would wear it, if he wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent."

"Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor I should never look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"O, yes, that suited me! I liked that!"

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me."

"No, I didn't want a ring!"

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No! I didn't like rings!"

"Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?"

"No—I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."

During his stay, which was protracted to months, instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was no every-day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

"Would I write to him and sign that name?"

"Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they were the hardest I had found to speak.

During the next two years no lady-love could have been more faithful to her absent knight, than was I to Frank Haynes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh-rides and parties, that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come alone, I would remain at home, whatever might be the inducement offered to tempt me from my unwavering course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was bent upon remaining.

But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion, a terrible rumor reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young, beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precocious hopes and plans, though for a long while I battled against crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? that I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters, "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And—would he do this if he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the whole world stood up before me and testified to its truth.

As if to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced little mind to rights, the next coach set Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it was very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement; he should have to put a loaf of hot bread upon my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years; I was twelve years old, and a head taller than I was at ten. He was going to Europe to stay three or four years; what would I be when he returned? He did not dare think. He believed I would be as tall as he was by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of his engagement.

"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls to-day, if my heart should break for it, would you?"

"No, I have none to spare."

"Not one?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Cause."

"Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange reports of you, Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see."

"On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed gaily, fixing his blue eyes upon my face. "And I trow I'm in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady."

I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. "I'll never sit there again, never!"

"My dear little Phebe!"

There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear blue eyes as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phebe! May God bless you!"

I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my

time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet, conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down stairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long, golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little six-year old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

"Who can it be? An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick, springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me, trembled upon my lips—"Frank Haynes!"

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him, why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of twelve summers that he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would he think? Would he care? Would he still remember, tenderly, the little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago?

Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror, which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left, was a plain, golden circlet. The hot blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. He should never know that I had worn it all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charlie. Please tell mother so;" and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle.

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me!"

I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard a sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the half-closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily down stairs and stepped softly into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its olden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and re-



leaving my hand, he said with a curl of his finely cut lips, "Your pardon, Miss Lester, I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him, as I did so. But there was no more pleasant attempt on his part, and when my mother entered the room, a few moments after, and referred, laughingly, to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words, yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber, without being absolutely rude, was passed there, till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strangely, Phebe," said my mother one morning, "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he was the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe!" My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He does hate me, mother! hates me with—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester, but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—" He paused, and in a moment more, I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty and proud," I said excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well—as well—"

"What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, loved you—till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes!"

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife! at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were shy looks and glances cast towards me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes," again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

#### AFRICAN CHURCH DECORATIONS.

No sight I have ever seen, not even the room of horrors of Madame Tussaud's, shocks one so much as the first view of the Bonny-ju house. The pillars of the two doors are formed of human skulls; inside, the ground is paved with them; an altar is erected on which is a dead iguana; and the whole of this is fabricated of the same material as the pillars of the door. Two high columns of them are beside the altar; a string of jawbones is hanging by the wall; and these, you are informed, are the skulls of their enemies of the Andony country, which adjoins the Bonny territory, and with whom, a few years ago they waged a furious war.—*Hutchinson's Western Africa.*

#### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Pictures of quiet domestic life, such as that presented herewith, are always popular, for they appeal to those feelings which exist in every bosom, civilized and uncivilized, which have existed from the beginning of society, and will continue until the world's great drama is ended. Our artist's sketch needs no explanation; it graphically tells its own simple story—a tale of parentage and childhood. The scene passes on the threshold of a cottage, a humble cottage, it is true, but dearer than any other structure on the face of the wide world to its contented inmates. The young mother stands with her infant in her arms, and the father, when the day's toil is over, turns from his paper (poor men's library) to caress the child and provoke its musical laughter—the music of a poor man's home. An older

#### THE VATICAN MANUSCRIPT.

The Vatican manuscript, the most famous codex of the original Scriptures of the New Testament, will shortly be made available to scholars at a reasonable price. The London correspondent of the Christian Watchman says: "The Vatican Manuscript, edited by Cardinal Mai, contains not only the New Testament, but also the Septuagint version of the Old Testament Scriptures, and is comprised in five folio volumes. The first four contain the Old and the fifth the New Testament, and the only means of obtaining the Roman edition is by purchasing the entire work, at the cost of about \$50. The Codex Vaticanus of the New Testament will soon be printed in London, verbatim from the Roman edition recently published, at the price of only twelve shillings per copy. This Manuscript

#### PICTURES OF A PARIS SUNDAY.

One of our contributors, who has been an eyewitness of the character and influence of a holiday Sunday in most of the kingdoms of Europe, gives the following graphic sketch of a Paris Sunday. We would commend it to the consideration of those who plead for a lax observance of the sacred day, and to laboring men everywhere. Do we want such a Sunday in America? "A Paris Sunday has become proverbial for its godlessness. Passing along its clean and beautiful streets, you find the cafes and restaurants crowded with men, taking their morning meal and reading the newspapers of the day. Cries of fruit dealers and street vendors are everywhere heard. Paviers, masons, roofers, painters—all kinds of mechanics are engaged in their usual avocations.

Places of business are universally open till midnight, as on other days. The whirl of cabs and omnibuses is even more constant than during the six days of the week. I had the curiosity to count the vehicles passing the Industrial Palace, Champs Elysees, mostly going to or returning from the Bois de Boulogne, in the afternoon of the second Sabbath in August, the grand fete-day at Cherbourg, when Paris was emptied of the elite of its fashionable society, and found the average to be one hundred and forty a minute, or one thousand six hundred and eighty an hour. The grand waterworks at St. Cloud and Versailles play only on Sunday. As the day advances, the gardens of the Tueries and Champs Elysees present a scene of unrivalled gaiety and folly. Bands of music execute lively military and operatic airs. Gaudy booths are surrounded with crowds of men, women, and children, absorbed by childish sports. Automata, too silly for the amusement of infants, serve to delight other groups of soldiers and stragglers. Goat carriages and whirligigs of wooden horses or mimic ships divert the children and nurses. As evening sets in, the outdoor concert and drinking saloons flout their attractions; brilliant mirrors reflect the fanciful gas jets; singing men and singing women, accompanied by orchestras below, amuse the multitude with comic, and sometimes immoral songs. Every conceivable device for drawing the people away from home and from God is employed. The Cirque de l'Impératrice furnishes its equestrian attractions and its mirth-inspiring exhibitions. Adjacent public gardens are thronged with dancers. Operatic and theatrical amusements add their seductive performances. The whole line of the Boulevards is filled with people seated in front of the cafes, sipping their brandied coffee, playing dominoes, or gazing at the promenaders along the broad pavements. Houses and homes (if there be such a thing, without the name, in France) seem to be emptied into the streets and places of amusement, and the city is converted into a pandemonium of folly and of gentled or gross dissipation. Since the accession of the reigning dynasty, Sunday labor has been suspended on the public works in France; but I observed that the stupendous preparations for the emperor's fete-day fireworks in the Place de Concorde were in full progress on the second day in August, the fete occurring on the succeeding Sunday. But on Monday the Sunday workmen were not there—either because dissipation or over exertion compelled a day of rest. Such is a Paris Sunday. In the light of reason, and of the Bible, and of eternity, how does it look? And what are its fruits? Are they not found in the thrifless condition of a vast proletarian population, living from hand to mouth, restless in spirit, ferocious in temper, kept from rebellion by a numerous soldiery, or quieted by government labor and food? May they not be seen in the dwarfed stature and pallid aspect, and wretched inefficiency of the laboring classes, and in the 'Blue Monday' records of employers or of the magistracy—the Sunday dissipation disengaging thousands from Monday's occupations, or sending them to prison? Can they not be traced in the general declension of private, commercial, and political morals, whatever cover the refinement and high civilization of Paris life may throw over the inconceivable iniquity of its social condition; in the loosening of conjugal bonds, the utter loss of a home day, and of all the restraints and joys of home life; in the prevalence of godlessness, irreligion, and infidelity, and in the ascendancy of civil and spiritual despotism?"—*N. Y. Independent.*

To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder.



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

girl happily completes the little domestic group. An observant eye notices details which help the imagination in picturing out the life of these honest people—there is an air of neatness in their dress, vines have been trained about the porch, and if the aspect of the scene is one of great simplicity, it also conveys an impression of taste, of forecast and contentment. More happiness, after all, is to be found within the humble cottages of the world than in its gilded palaces. The condition of these humble homes indicates very clearly the character and condition of the natives of a country. In most of the countries of southern Europe, the peasantry and working-people are lodged in hovels. In France the small farmers and laborers herd with the cattle beneath miserable roofs, but in England the cottages of the peasantry are marvels of neatness and rural taste.

is believed to be the most ancient in existence, and modern Biblical critics assign its date to the middle of the fourth century. Its history is involved in impenetrable obscurity, but early in the sixteenth century it was generally known throughout Europe as the most venerable manuscript of the New Testament. It has always been jealously guarded, and its contents concealed from vulgar gaze. When Dr. Bentley contemplated an edition of the Greek Testament in 1721, he visited Rome, hoping to obtain permission to collate the Codex Vaticanus, but was denied access to the manuscript. In 1843 Cardinal Mai showed Professor Tischendorf the printed text now recently published. More than thirty years since the writer was favored with a view of this ancient manuscript. It is written on thin vellum, and the letters are all capitals.

ing classes, and in the 'Blue Monday' records of employers or of the magistracy—the Sunday dissipation disengaging thousands from Monday's occupations, or sending them to prison? Can they not be traced in the general declension of private, commercial, and political morals, whatever cover the refinement and high civilization of Paris life may throw over the inconceivable iniquity of its social condition; in the loosening of conjugal bonds, the utter loss of a home day, and of all the restraints and joys of home life; in the prevalence of godlessness, irreligion, and infidelity, and in the ascendancy of civil and spiritual despotism?"—*N. Y. Independent.*



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MARY.

BY M. T. CARR.

For Mary, of fair Bethany of yore,  
Who sat and listened to the Master's feet,  
Name I rightly ascribe, who like her doth pour  
Revolving notions where pains throbbing beat.

Serently doth she move amid earth's pining cares,  
With smiles of hope and words of loving cheer,  
A tranquil peace her soul's strong presence bears  
That shines our doubt and soothes all our fear.

Oh have we marvelled that so frail and slight a form,  
Fits as the flower we guard with jealous care,  
Should brave so fearlessly the smiting storm,  
When stern stout hearts sink down in blank despair.

That calmly smiles the brow, but late, we thought to  
Wreath  
With orange bud and brilliant lily-scented gay,  
Though brightest earthly hues have smiled but to  
Decay.

'Nearth coffin lid forever I lay.

Still hath she wing'd eth'ry and for our d stress  
Unmurmuring of her own deep path,  
While fondly we pray that the Lady richly bless  
Her kind deeds truly to herself again.

## A LAUGHING BLONDE.

She sits a picture from the flow'ry silk  
A little form of lace in ripples by  
I pour the wash of that splendid neck,  
Falling to rest the gown's strands there.  
In the local shadow sweeps that sea of silk,  
Over the much-lustrous of her form,  
Heaving with under ale yet surface so  
That the most daring lady were overtasked  
In diving for the nymph beneath the wave—  
In short, she's a fair woman—STANLEY.

## MOONING.

Haggar Land had a last ghost, the morn,  
With hair and neck and unadorned feet  
Her endless robe like a poor wailing woe—  
It and he lay up the house, and in her arms  
A shawl-burdened body were soon lying  
In a dark room, through which the sun came  
S'v'ce visible, and in his robe confound—HASE.

## TO A FALSE ONE.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the  
phantom years  
And a song from out the distance to the ringing of thine  
ears—TINSLEY.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

"Spring has set in with its usual severity." It is idle to talk of spring in these latitudes, and in the south and west as well as here, winter has turned round to bark and snap, instead of retreating decently at the proper time. A fortnight ago we had a prospect of a snow-storm, and we regretted having hoisted our sails to the northward. And this after writing amiable things about the season and talking of "ethereal softness" in the language of Thomson. According to the prospect at this moment of writing we may look for settled warm weather about the first of July. Bismarck, one of our best landscape-painters, on a tour to the Rocky Mountains, to study the wilderness of the northwest. This shows his decision to visit it, for he could have had plenty of orders had he remained at home. The Lombardian days of Pico della Mirandola, "as a true lover of the grave never blinks his eyes, she never mixes anything with the pure poetry of the drinking song." The Boston Post-tribune has not understood the drift of this remark as its comment is: "Perhaps not, but we can say it for his making uncommon quick work of a very large quantity which a kind painter held for her just after the song at the wings." William B. Astor of New York recently received Rev. Mr. Chapin's society not to contribute the payment of a debt of \$20,000 due him as he desired to do but to continue paying only the interest and to be paid. He said he had more money than he could take care of. Poor Mr. Astor! His income is about \$100,000 a year, and do what he can, he cannot prevent his wealth accumulating. Mr. Brooks of the New York Express, not long since attended a grand ball at Paris, having the day previous visited mosques in Stambul and looked all over the city of Constantinople. He went to the Austrian minister's reception, carried by two stout porters, and with unadorned feet and undressed toilet, stepped into a palace brilliantly filled with guests. The ladies were of course, foreigners, but among the gentlemen was Captain Baskin, now a member of the navy, but formerly a slave. Mr. Brooks describes the Armenian and Jewish slaves most entertainingly, they were diamonds of immense value, and dandied the "lancers" for all the world like the New Yorkers. Sir Henry and Lady Bulwer visited the hall and library of the United States in the kindest manner. Mr. Brooks was soon to leave for Beyrout, Jaffa, etc. There is an engraving in Havana, says the Havana correspondent of the Hartford Times, who within twenty years commenced his career as a doorknocker, which is considered a very humble occupation. He succeeded in marrying the daughter of a wealthy Portuguese, though strongly opposed by the father. He bought a title and a great cross of honor, and aspiring to an office in the army he got the commission of a colonel. He now rides in his carriage, attended by a crowd of servants, and may often be seen at the opera, in full uniform, covered with orders, though I can safely assert he has never carried a musket or wielded a

sword in defence of the crown. I have been told of a number of similar cases, and there is no question of the truth of it. The two months' papers are great on "education items." The latest in that line is in the *Enquirer*. It is stated that during a marriage in one of the churches, a crazy man entered and called loudly for a knife with which to sacrifice himself upon the altar. The engraver says that "the bride and her friends were frozen with horror." As the paper does not state what became of the *foam parties*, it is supposed they are awaiting the "spring saw," etc. A writer in the *Boston Medical Journal*, says he has given to horses a small dose of chloroform to control all motion, and in one case operated for catarrh on both eyes, without the slightest twitching of a muscle. Another horse was kept under the influence of chloroform nearly two hours, while a surgeon performed a prolonged operation. Upwards of sixty years ago, Rev. Eleazer Price of Boston, N. H., was settled at Belfast, Maine, and was the first minister of that place. Not one member of the parish that called him is now living, but Mr. Price, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, is still living, and now resides with his son in this city. At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Hon. David Sears read a letter from John Lothrop Motley, Esq., the historian, who is at present residing in Rome, Italy. It was written to a friend in this city, just after he had read in *Galignani's Messenger* the announcement of the death of the late William H. Prescott. Mr. Motley gives an interesting account of his acquaintance with Mr. Prescott. He states that twelve years ago, when he first proposed to write a historical work, fearing that the subject he had selected might in some way cross the path of some work of Mr. Prescott, he called on the latter and stated to him that if what he proposed should interfere in any way with his writings, he would give up his intentions. Mr. Prescott was far from objecting, encouraged him to go on with his work. He had objected, Mr. Motley states that he should have laid down his pen and probably never have written a historical work. Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and here's a "modern instance" of that "old saw." At a recent masked ball which the Emperor Napoleon attended in disguise, he was made to hear a rather unpleasant truth. A very pretty lady fell in with a dandy who amused her and she asked him who he was. "I am the emperor," said the domino. "O, impossible," said the lady, "the emperor is so very ugly you can't be the emperor." The domino continued, "What, then, you don't think the emperor good looking?" "Good looking?" retorted the fair one. "I think him dreadfully ugly!" The domino declared that further colloquy and glided away. "What were you saying to the emperor?" asked M. de Morny, a minute after the lady. She stood aghast, and could not believe her ears when her new interlocutor over and over repeated to her that her domino had been *Cesar himself*. A French bonnet maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet,—"Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights to imagine it." The *National Era* says it is not for the generation among whom Elizabeth Browning has sung, and Charlotte Bronte spoken, and Harriet Bosmer eluded, and Rosa Bonheur painted, and Mary Lyon taught, and Florence Nightingale lived, to despair of woman's achievement of her highest destiny. Sinclair tells an interesting story of Hogarth's last days. Hogarth having a presentiment that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied: "The end of all things!" "In that case," rejoined one of the number, "there will be an end of the painter!" What was uttered in jest, he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and heavy sigh. "There will," he said; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He commenced next day, labored upon it with unremitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, "I have finished!" The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis," and in October, "the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face," were closed in dust. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking of romance in fiction, says: "There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind or heart, if we so please to call it, which imagination reserves, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made much the result of education, the widest reserve, the most respect, teach nothing wrong. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind. I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them." In the new market house at Philadelphia, now building on Third Street above Chestnut, a statue of Franklin is to be erected. It will be ten feet high, and is made of the Albert freestone. Several very fine pieces of statuary have been executed in that material. A monument at Halifax, N. S., erected to the memory of those who fell in the Crimean war, is now constructing of the same stone. The Philadelphia City Item tells an original anecdote of Washington. On one occasion, when he lived in Market Street, just below Sixth, he stood at his front window while a body of troops passed down the street in review. A few yards below, a building was in course of erection, and, as usual, there was a large lot of shingles in the street which caused a horse to shy, throwing his rider over the fence and spurring into the whitest and softest bed he ever occupied. The sight of this white soldier so suddenly and humorously transformed into Washington and his wife with laughter, and they gave way to it, till tears came to their rescue. This anecdote is well authenticated. Dr. Worcester who has traveled extensively throughout the interior of California, states that he has seen in a secluded portion of Shasta county a burning mountain, which a distant inspection and the circumstantial attending the spectacle which he witnessed, confirms him in the

opinion that the flames proceeded from an active volcano. The fire was seen from various points, and in every instance had the same appearance. A letter from those regions has since corroborated the fact of there being an active volcano. Matthews was always sprucely dressed, and had a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserably in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Matthews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Matthews, "I beg you if I have something of yours as a remembrance." "Certainly, my boy, we'll exchange umbrellas." Matthews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella. The damages recently assessed against Dr. Gailletet for assault upon the proprietor of the New York Hotel are \$3000. The doctor is safe in France. Louis Napoleon has by a decree provided that hereafter the council of State shall alone have power to grant permission to establish new Protestant churches, chapels or oratories; and, further, that all unacknowledged creeds shall hereafter be placed on the same footing as the acknowledged creeds so far forth as concerns the permission to establish places of worship. Mr. Ira Bond of Leicester, Mass., while attending a saw-mill, recently, got accidentally thrown across the log, directly in front of the saw, breaking one arm, and before he could be extricated from his perilous position, the other arm was terribly lacerated by the saw. But for the presence of an assistant, who instantly seized him and drew him away, he would have been cut in two by the saw.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

We shall soon know what the Peace Congress can do in the way of settling the vexed Italian question, and whether the olive branch or the sword is to wave over southern Europe.—The Munich Charivari was recently seized on the complaint of the Sardinian ambassador for a caricature which represented Victor Emmanuel under the form of a frog swelling itself to appear as large as an ox.—A horse railroad is about to be started in Paris to run between the Place de la Bastille and the Bois de Boulogne.—Four hundred workmen are employed completing the Great Eastern.—It is decided to build a new opera house at Paris. It will be a splendid edifice, worthy of the city, and capable of holding nearly double the number of spectators that the present house accommodates.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says that notwithstanding the associated and notorious preparations for war, the French journals have greatly moderated their tone, and that this has been done on an invitation from the minister of the interior.—There has been some excitement in the musical circles of Paris by the debut at the Italian opera of Madame Guernabella, as Elvira, in the opera of "Don Giovanni." She was a Miss Ward, grand daughter of the late Gibson Lee, and married a Russian count, who soon grew weary of his wedded bliss and abandoned her. But the injured countess, in company with her indignant mother, pursued him to St. Petersburg, and told her tale to the emperor, who compelled the count to legalize the marriage, and then banished him to Siberia for life. She had been singing a week in spite of numerous blunders which nightly greeted her.—In the exports of tea from China to the United States there was an increase of 500,000 pounds over the same date last year.—The review of the army of Paris had been definitely fixed for Sunday, the third of last month. All the regiments were complete, every recruit having been called in.—Count Cavour had returned to Turin. It is said he secured his object with Napoleon.

## Actually Something New in a Comedy.

A new comedy at the Gymnase, called the "Beau Marriage," the Athenaeum considers worth a word for the sake of its leading incident, which opens a field new to playwrights. The moment—here the seven minutes—of breathless interest, for which every one attempting the stage tries to find some new pivot,—here depends on the proving of a cylinder, which is either to explode and blow its inventor to atoms within that period, or, by holding out, to establish a new invention and make his fortune. The inventor is *garcon* and a mechanic. His young wife, who, as sequel to "the great match," has been encouraged by the eternal stage mother-in-law to flout him, and from whom, therefore, he has fled, seized by the no less eternal stage remorse and penitence, has tracked him, discovered his purpose, and creeps in unseen to witness the experiment and share his fate. Can the union of science and sentimentality be more intimate and touching than this? Are we to have a school of such dramas as would have delighted Dr. Darwin, with leading incidents drawn from the Transactions of the "Institution of Civil Engineers?"

## Railroads.

A recent traveller in Piedmont writes: "The railroads that bore us towards Turin are capitally managed. It is a curious fact, that these are the only continental railroads we are acquainted with where they allow you to take your seat at once, as in England, without boxing you up first, like oxen in a pen. Whether this is a proof of independence and liberty we can hardly say, but we know that the Turinese trains exhibited a perfectly democratic irregularity of arrival and departure. Why should a free railroad never keep its time? The other day we travelled 900 miles by an express train through France, without being at any station a minute before or after our time. It coming next day ninety miles Dover to London—we were three-quarters of an hour late. Surely this is a great fact for Mr. Froude and the admirors of enlightened despotism."

## Colonial Pine Forests.

In the royal palace at Potsdam there is a suite of apartments, the whole framework of which, as well as the standing furniture, consists of yellow deal, not painted, but polished, and exhibiting the natural color and grain of the wood. In England some progress has

been made towards the introduction of this system in lieu of the coarse imitative efforts of the painter and grainer. London furniture makers manufacture their furniture in yellow pine, French polished, for which they find a ready sale, the preference it receives being due to its being only, and not its cheapness; for the necessity of using in it only the choicest timber, free from knots and blemishes of all kind, makes the price nearly as high as that of mahogany.

## The Empress Eugenie's Favorite Game.

This game, which is ingenious, and not more of a romping nature than is consistent with the activity and high spirits of her majesty, is played by a gentleman, to whom the part falls by lot, and who is at liberty to place the furniture to any difficult and intricate fashion he may choose. He is then furnished with a handful of paper cuttings, and calling, in a loud voice, upon any of the ladies present, "Pick up my little paper!" he starts forward, in, and through, and round about, over, between, and under the furniture, the lady thus challenged is compelled to follow him in every turn and extreme expedient he may think proper to resort to, in order to pick up the "little paper," which he, of course, takes care to drop at the most difficult juncture.

## An East Indian Editor.

The editor of the *Delhi Gazette* mentions that one year has elapsed since he returned to rebuild his establishment, which was totally destroyed in the mutinies. Within that time he has re-organized the press, re-established his paper, and obtained for it a circulation higher than it ever reached before.

## Noble Offer.

At the last annual meeting of the Literary Fund, Mr. Charles Dickens communicated the noble offer of a friend of literature to give £10,000 in money, and 17,000 volumes of books to the corporation, on condition that certain reforms calculated to increase the utility of the Fund were adopted.

## Milan.

The police of Milan had orders to arrest quietly the Marchese Malegnani, who had placed a garland of tricolor camellias on the patriot Dandolo's coffin; the lady went ostentatiously to the theatre, but changing dress with her attendant, escaped privately out of the city, and across the frontier.

## Lord Clyde.

The Times correspondent at Bombay writes that Lord Clyde recently made a speech to the 79th Highlanders, in which he attributed the position he now holds to his sovereign's favor and his peerage to the Highland Brigade.

## Lord Elgin.

The Earl of Elgin has been presented by a numerous body of the representatives of the English and Indian arms at Shanghai, with a complimentary address on his successful career in the North of China.

## Henri de Pene.

M. Henri de Pene, the young comic writer, who obtained notoriety and popularity from being made the victim of a clique of military braves, in Paris, is sufficiently recovered to be once more at work.

## The English National Anthem.

"God Save the Queen" has been translated into the Marhatta language, and is in circulation among the native Christians.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE. Translated by W. Edmondstone Aytoun, D. C. L. and Theodore Martin. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 508 Broadway. 12mo. pp. 240. 1859.

Taken as a whole, these are the best translations of Goethe's minor poems that have yet appeared, and such of them as were first published in "Blackwood's Magazine" commanded at once the attention of the literary world. The lyric pieces of the author of "Faust" are exquisitely graceful productions, and have been "done into English" with great felicity. Like all Delisser & Proctor's publications, the work is issued in beautiful style. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

PLAN OF THE CREATION OF OTHER WORLDS AND WHO IN HABIT THEM. By R. C. L. HENCKELBERG. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 326. 1859.

The title of this work indicates its character. Its religious views and speculations will awaken controversy but must command attention and study. The author asserts that the work contains nothing to diminish the reader's reverence for the Scriptures, or weaken his sense of the obligation of Christian virtue.

MOTHERS AND INFANTS. By Dr. A. DORRIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 33. 1859.

The author of this important treatise on nursing, weaning, and the general treatment of young children, is a French physician, late head of the clinical department of the Faculty of Paris, and one of the most learned men of his time. It abounds with practical information, and will be a welcome guest to the mothers of America.

BORER W. A. TALE. By T. B. JONES. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 502. 1859.

This is one of the most fanciful creations of the author of "Wild Western Scenes." It is a purely imaginative tale, and displays a strange and startling, as well as amusing series of events and characters. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The May number, the 19th in order of this successful magazine, lies before us, filled to the brim with sparkling articles, in prose and verse, gay, grave, lively and severe. Among them is a very able and valuable essay on Fremont's history, and the conclusion of the slashing review of Wilson's history. It is not our purpose, however, to analyze the last issue. In glancing back over the whole series of numbers, we are struck with the felicity with which the publishers have contrived to make each one attractive and still to preserve a unity of design throughout. They have exhibited rare ability and tact, without which their liberality would have been unavailing. They planned their campaign thoroughly before starting, and they took the best of all methods. Monthly, the long introduction of politics into the Monthly, the risk on which Putnam spent the general excellence of the work has given it currency even among those who differ from each other in views. The brilliancy of its contents of contributions has rendered it victorious. Much of its success is owing to the reputation of Phillips & Sampson as first-class book publishers, and to the high standard of purity and refined literary taste.



**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.**—The immense circulation of the Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and the value of the Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, is such that it is not only a valuable medium for advertising, but also a valuable medium for the dissemination of useful and interesting information. The Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion is published weekly, and is sold at the rate of one cent per copy. The Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion is published by M. M. Ballou, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

**THE CRICKET PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION.**  
CONTAINING  
Rules and Regulations for forming Clubs and playing the Game. Handsomely illustrated with cuts and diagrams, neatly bound in flexible cloth. Price 25 cents.

**BASE BALL PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION.**  
Containing information concerning that favorite game, with the Rules and Regulations of the "MASS. GAME," AND THE "NEW YORK GAME."

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
A SOVEREIGN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.  
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
**LADIES' DRESS GOODS.**  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**ENTERTAINMENT**  
—OF THE—  
**Dutton Children, or Fairy Sisters.**  
THESE two little girls are the smallest girls in the world of their age, being only 26 and 28 inches high, and 11 years old, and weighing 13 and 15 pounds. They sing the following songs, and will at each entertainment make selections from them:  
1. Gentle Annie. 2. Darling Nelly Gray. 3. Nancy Till 4. Rosalie. 5. The Prairie Flower. 6. Old Cabin Home. 7. The Hazel Dell. 8. Willie, we have missed you. 9. The Mountain Maid's Lamentation. 10. Come, Come Away. 11. Wait for the Wagon. 12. What is Home without a Mother? 13. Mary had a little Lamb.  
Admission, 25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, 15 cents.  
They will give entertainments at Mercantile Hall, Monday evening, May 9th, at 8 o'clock, and every afternoon and evening at 3 and 5 o'clock, to May 16 inclusive.  
ALBERT NOTTON, Manager.

**SILKS! SILKS!!**  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT IN NEW STYLES OF  
**CHOICE GOODS,**  
Which we offer at our usual Low Prices.  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ASTHMA.

**THE HOME MELODIST.**—Containing seventy-five of the most popular songs and ballads. Music and words. Neatly bound in music. Price, 25 cents.  
Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

**GENERAL DEBILITY.**  
THIS convenient form includes numerous ill-defined and supposed incurable forms of disease, accompanied by general lassitude and exhaustion, without any certain external or internal cause. The PERUVIAN SYRUP sends its renovating influence to the remotest recesses of the system, and has relieved in our community many cases of supposed incurable disease.

**Smoke—Smokers—Smoking.**  
RECEIVING per each steamer a superior assortment of MEERSCHAUM PIPES, TUBES and TRIMMINGS. Pipes repaired and MOUNTED in any variety of style.  
FREDERICK BROWN, Apothecary,  
83 Washington, cor. of State Street.

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
Let the Dyspeptic be of good cheer.

**S. J. WILCOX & Co.,**  
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR ASSORTMENT OF  
**LADIES' SPRING GARMENTS.**  
In New Styles, and of the most thorough  
**MAKE AND FINISH.**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET

**LADD, WEBSTER & CO.**  
TIGHT-STITCH  
**SEWING MACHINES,**  
NO. 17 SUMNER STREET,  
Opposite Trinity Church,  
BOSTON.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY**  
FOR MAY.

**THE MINISTER'S WOOING.**  
BY HARRIET BEECHER STOW.  
THIS serial, begun in the December number of the ATLANTIC, has been received with universal favor, and bids fair to become the greatest work of the civil movement. Her portraits of characters are full of spirit, —equally remarkable in their firm outlines and in the minute touches which give but the hand of genius can give. The Minister's Wooing will be continued through the year.

**THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE**  
Is likely to deepen the impression produced by the brilliant conversations of

**THE AUTOCRAT.**  
Few living writers have so large or so various an intellectual constituency as Dr. Holmes, and it is, perhaps, needless to commend an author whose monthly papers every intelligent American will read.

The pages of the ATLANTIC are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

**TERMS.**—Three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number.

The postage of the ATLANTIC is 5 cents a year, prepaid. Clubs—For ten dollars, the publishers will send five copies of the ATLANTIC for one year, the subscribers to pay their own postage.

Clergymen, Teachers and Postmasters will receive the work for two dollars a year.

Booksellers and News-men will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the publishers.

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,**  
13 Winter Street, Boston.

**BAREGE ROBES.**  
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
**NEW AND ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS.**  
S. J. WILCOX & Co.,  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

**Watches, Jewelry,**  
**Silver Ware,**  
**Plated Ware,**  
**Clocks, Bronzes,**  
**Gas Fixtures.**  
**H. B. STANWOOD & Co.,**  
No. 23 WASHINGTON STREET,  
9 doors below Winter Street.

**ECONOMY IN BURNING GAS.**  
**Purchase Johnson's**  
**Patent Burner,**  
Warranted to save 25 per cent.

For sale at  
**H. B. STANWOOD & Co.'s,**  
**GAS FIXTURE STORE,**  
No. 23 WASHINGTON STREET,  
9 doors below Winter Street.

**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
The great Remedy for Acidity, Flatulency, etc.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
**HENRY H. TUTTLE,**  
Nos. 259 and 261 WASHINGTON STREET.

Is receiving by every steamer to this port, PARIS MADE BOOTS AND SHOES. Of American manufacture, his assortment is very full and complete, comprising all the most desirable styles for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys and Children.  
4w ap30

**PAPER WAREHOUSE.**  
**GRANT, WARREN & Co.,**  
Nos. 89 and 93 MILK STREET, and 94 CONGRESS ST.,  
Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
For Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Influenza.

**THE GRAND AQUARIA,**  
—AT THE—  
**AQUARIAL GARDENS,**  
NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

THIS magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M.

These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most exquisitely interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of taste and refinement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of Life beneath the waters.

Admission, 25 cents. Children under ten years of age, 15 cents. Mr. CUTTING & BUTLER, Proprietors.

**MATRESSES**  
Of best Curled Hair, Live Geese Feathers, Steam Purified, Beds and Bedding.  
PEWS Lined and Upholstered. Mattresses and Beds renovated in a superior manner by  
**JAMES H. HALLETT,**  
114 & 116 South Square & 21 Fair and Hall Squares, Boston.

**LADIES' CLOAKING,**  
In great variety, and of New Material.  
**S. J. WILCOX & Co.,**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No. 24 WINTER STREET

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
Cures Heartburn, Sick Headache, etc.

**THE ONLY POSITIVELY**  
**FIRE PROOF SAFE**  
IS THE  
**MARLAND'S PATENT,** of which Dr. C. T. Jackson and A. H. Hayes, Assessors to the State of Massachusetts, assert: "The door was the most valuable part of a safe to be set on fire, and the walls, and that is a fact that can be proved by a safe, and which, in any case, the intensity of which is less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and steel."

Misses Coleman & Hall, of New Orleans, say at the burning of our warehouse, July 8, 1858, "your safe had as secure a test as it is possible to give, no water being turned upon it. Our property, including a large quantity of safe, was preserved from the slightest damage."

At the burning of the Pioneer Machinery Shop at Burlington, Vt., April 14, 1858, "the heat was so intense in the division which the safe stood that it melted the machinery into masses, so that out of some thirty tons not half a ton was left for use, and the entire contents of the safe, books, papers, and stencils in notes were unimpaired."

For full particulars see prospectus and small bills. Tickets, 25 cents.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**SEARS'S GREAT EASTERN MENAGERIE**  
Is now travelling throughout the New England States, and will visit all the principal cities and towns. This wonderful collection, now comprising over FIFTY DIFFERENT WILD ANIMALS, comprises the full grown Lions, the Brazilian Tigers, Hunting Leopards, monster African Antelopes, with many other rare animals. A LIONESS and HER YOUNG WHITES may be seen without additional charge.

For full particulars see prospectus and small bills. Tickets, 25 cents.

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**  
**W. BAKER & Co.'s**  
AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED BY COCA, BROMA, COCA PESTO, COCA STICKS, SUGAR HOMOOPATHIC and BOTTLED COCA, COCA SUGARS and COCA SUGAR COCA.

Celebrated as nutritious, healthy and delicious refreshment.

For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the purest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa prepared in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in nervous and dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by grocers generally.

**WALTER BAKER & Co.,**  
Dorchester, Mass.

**GRAY'S**  
**Double Thread Sewing Machine.**  
of L. TURNER, Agt., No. 63 Court St. ap23

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
For Debility, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, etc.

**BOYS' WEAR GOODS.**  
A FULL ASSORTMENT MAY NOW BE FOUND  
AT  
**S. J. WILCOX & Co.'s,**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No. 24 WINTER STREET

**BANKING, EXCHANGE,**  
—AND—  
**COLLECTION OFFICE,**  
No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES on the most favorable terms.

**UNCURRENT FUNDS**  
Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**  
Collections from correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

**W. E. DAVIS,**  
Attorney, 12 State St. Boston.

**WORTH THINKING OF.**—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, but do not know how to dispose of them in the most profitable manner. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for a reference to your apartments, we have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is recommended in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

**M. M. BALLAU, Publisher**  
No. 22 Winter Street.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
A sure cure for Croup and Whooping Cough.

**DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.**  
**KILBURN & MALLORY,**  
96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL 3m 12

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
For Nervousness, Neuralgia, Constipation, etc.

**BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.**  
THESE are made in the most skillful manner, and are sold at the lowest prices. None so good as for the Royal French and Paris.

**BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,**  
best and cheapest in the world. Try to be convinced. Price, 25 cents. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

**Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 303 Washington Street, Boston,** opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
Cures all affections of the Throat, Lungs, Chest.

**MERCANTILE CLUB.**  
In NASSAU STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GENTLEMEN: This establishment is entirely on a new principle, and is strictly for the Mercantile Interest. There is, from 11 to 12 1/2 o'clock each day, a lunch, and a table d'hôte from 1 to 4 o'clock, strictly on the Club House principle. There are no charges for the journals of the United States and Europe, embracing Mercantile, Literary, Political and Sporting matter. There is a Bulletin of the current events happening each day.

We have the honor to extend an invitation to gentlemen, assuring them that they will meet with nothing but a strictly gentlemanly and interesting intercourse.

**RUSSELL SMITH,**  
**THOMAS WILSON,**  
Proprietors.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
The great Enemy of Consumption.

**NEW TRIMMINGS**  
AT  
**F. W. COBB'S, 18 Winter Street.**

THE attention of the Ladies is invited to the extensive assortment of new styles of trimming goods just opened.

**Cherulle Fringes** new colors,  
**Pompadour,**  
**Pompadour,**  
**Pompadour,**  
**Dahlia Trimmings,**  
etc., etc., etc.

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
A Remedy unfailing, Sure and Permanent.

**PARASOLS! PARASOLS!!**  
A FULL AND VARIED ASSORTMENT.  
MADE EXPRESSLY TO ORDER  
BY THE BEST MANUFACTURERS.

**S. J. WILCOX & Co.,**  
BALLOU'S BUILDING, No. 24 WINTER STREET.

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**  
**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,**  
3m 15 NO. 1 WINTER STREET

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
IS A GREAT REMEDY.

It has been a well known FACT for the past seventeen years, that the place to buy BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING is at No. 4 Brattle Street, and the assortment for the Spring of 1859 will prove the truth of the assertion that no establishment in this country excels, if equals it, for variety and general adaptation to the wants of the public.

**J. WALTER READ,**  
Proprietor.

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE.

**Coughs, Colds and Consumption.**  
THE late Rev. Dr. LEONARD WOODS, Abbott Professor of Theology in Andover, Mass., writes:

"Gentlemen,—From a long use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balm, in my family, and among the original students, I regard it as a safe and efficacious medicine."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of over thirty years standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations, against which the public are cautioned. Inquire for the article by its whole name.

**VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM.**  
Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 22 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by all the principal and country merchants generally. Price, Large Box, \$1, small box, 50 cents.

**Wistar's Balsam.**  
Wistar's Balsam.  
ROBS DISEASE OF ALL ITS TERRORS.

**DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY.**  
TYPES for Letter Press Printing of every variety, with whatever may be required from a GENERAL DEPOSITORY OF PRINTING MATERIALS for sale at the lowest standard of prices for a job or approved credit, by

**PHELPS & DALTON,**  
No. 32 Washington St., Boston.

The well known and highly appreciated hard-metal Scotch cut letter press type is constantly getting better with the progress of the art. The HOLLANDING and work of the New York paper foundry are copied by this house, in a superior manner at 1 1/2 per cent.

**The Oxygenated Bitters.**  
The Oxygenated Bitters.  
For Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, &c.



## A BALCONY SCENE.

The sketch before us, representing a beautiful Venetian, with an aged attendant, at an open balcony in a Venetian palazzo, waits us, in imagination, to that fair City of the Sea, where Romance and Poetry are fitly enshrined. The costumes are not of the present day, and the scene accordingly is a leaf from the past when Venice was a queen indeed, when her merchant-princes rolled in wealth, when the name of the mysterious republic was a spell of power, and when the Baccantur bore the doge to his bridal of the Adriatic. Things have changed since then—the wings of the lion of St. Mark have been clipped, the council of Ten is dissolved, Austrian bayonets glitter in the piazza, the chimneys of factories belch forth smoke and fire night and day, and the wondrous city is linked to the mainland by a railroad! Beauties lovely as those whom Titian loved to paint are still there, with the golden brown tresses and marvellous complexions, but alas! for the flowing robes of their ancestresses they have substituted the unartistic crinoline, and the cavaliers make love to them in stove pipe hats and Raglans. Yet all is not changed in Venice. Time and fashion cannot obliterate though they may tarnish her sumptuous monuments—her ducal palace, her Basilica of St. Mark, her Rialto, her Bridge of Sighs, her canals and gondolas, all by which we know her in our dreams; and as by moonlight you float along in your gondola, beneath the long lines of marble palaces, recognizing some storied fane or tower at every turn, it requires an effort of the imagination to call up a whole gallery of splendid pictures reflecting the romantic days of yore.

## A MAY DAY GARLAND.

We cannot permit the occasion to pass without weaving a garland of flowers for our readers—a much easier thing to do by means of drawing and engraving than to find the original at this inclement season of the year. It is rarely, in our cold New England clime, that the first week of May produces flowers and blossoms, and we trust that the Revised Statutes will provide a law for the postponement of the first of May to the corresponding day of June. The utmost that can be said of this coy month is that it is a promising one; it is prodigal of promises which the opening of summer fulfils. Why, we have known snow storms in May, and seen icicles hanging from the eaves on the first of the month. A search in the woods may yield a few violets or flowers of the trailing arbutus; but generally speaking, grass and evergreens form a poor substitute for a floral offering. Of late years the managers of children's May day festivals have wisely provided in door celebrations, and one of these scenes is illustrated in a prece-

ing engraving. Still we bid May welcome, for it at least introduces bright weather and golden sunshine and perfume flowers, if it does not furnish them forth.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON IN PARIS IN 1831.

In April, 1831, a few weeks after the accession of M. Casimir Perrier to power, and while insurrection still creaked and growled in the public thoroughfares, like the thunder of a lingering storm, Queen Hortense suddenly arrived in Paris

with her son, Louis Bonaparte. She was escaping from Italy, where she had lost the eldest of her children, and whence, with great difficulty, she had brought the second, still an invalid. Upon her arrival she addressed herself to Count d'Houdetot, a royal aid-de-camp, whom she had long known, and whom she begged to acquaint the king with her position, and the circumstances which brought her to Paris. The king received her privately, at the Palais-Royal, in the apartments occupied by the Count d'Houdetot, whith-

way into Switzerland, where it was her wish to settle. Some days after the incident I have mentioned, April 8, 1831, the king, upon the suggestion of M. Casimir Perrier, ordered the statue of the Emperor Napoleon to be replaced on the column in the Place Vendôme; and, a few months later—on the 13th of September—the Chamber of Deputies sent up to the Minister those petitions which demanded that the emperor's ashes should be reclaimed from England, and interred beneath the column.—*Gulzat.*



A BALCONY SCENE IN VENICE.





# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM | Vol. XVI., No. 20..Whole No. 412.

## THE WONDERFUL DUTTON CHILDREN.

The accompanying engraving of the already famous "Fairy Children" is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and delineates them with great accuracy. By comparing the figures of the two children with the chair and with the young girl beside them, an estimate will be formed of their exceedingly diminutive size one being 26 and the other 28 inches high, and weighing only thirteen and fifteen pounds respectively. They are certainly the most extraordinary living phenomena of the age. At various periods Nature has manifested her caprice by the production of diminutive beings, who have ceased to grow after attaining a certain age, but with scarcely an exception this abnormal size has been their only characteristic and attraction, and has been accompanied either by ill health, by deformity of person, by moral obliquity, by lack of intellect, or by all these drawbacks combined. The "Fairy Children" exhibit none of these deficiencies. On the contrary, Nature, who created them in a sportive mood, seems to have endowed them with every attractive quality. As the same hand that formed the glowing rose moulded the delicate mignonette, so these little creatures have all the exquisite characteristics of full-developed girlhood. They are intelligent in mind, perfect in form, healthy, sprightly, vivacious, and sweet-tempered. There is a charm and winning grace about them that fascinate the coldest heart—and this is a legitimate spell, not the strange attraction of precocity. Their girlish simplicity, candor and artlessness, give them an irresistible power. As a general thing, we are opposed to the exhibition of children, but it would be absurd to make any objection to the publicity of these phenomena. Treated in the kindest manner, tenderly cared for, and accompanied by a relative, they are perfectly at home wherever they are. Such wonders of course could never be kept in seclusion—wherever they lived, crowds would flock about them, and their peculiarity would then be an irremediable misfortune. As it is, they are rapidly acquiring an independence which will ensure them a tranquil and happy future. Although no extraordinary efforts have yet been made to give publicity to their exhibitions, their receptions have been crowded, and during the past three weeks they have been visited by more than 30,000 people, including many physicians and other scientific men. An advertisement in another portion of this paper gives the time, place and particulars of their receptions in this city. Gen. Tom Thumb, the Marsh Children, Little Cordelia Howard (who played the part of Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin), Little Alfred Stewart, the juvenile comedian, now, in 1859, 14 years of age, "Little Ella" Virginia Burns, five years of age, Dec. 11th, 1859, the Wren Children, now in Europe, the Zavisowski Ballet Troupe, and the Bateman Children, now residing near Cincinnati, O., have been visited by hundreds of thousands of people, who have been delighted with them, but perhaps no children have received more universal praise than the Dutton Children. They are so complete in form and so very small, that all who see them pronounce them the most perfect children they have ever seen, and say they look more like wax dolls than living specimens of humanity. The children and their parents are natives of Massachusetts. The oldest girl, Miss Junietta, was born in Weston, Middlesex county, and the youngest, Miss Betsy Maria, in Framingham, in the same county. They have not grown any or increased in height since they were two years of age. The children are now nine and eleven years of age, weigh, as we have before remarked, thirteen and fifteen pounds, and are only 26 and 28 inches high. Their health is good they rise at five in the morning, and are hard at play all day. Their parents and brothers and sisters are of the usual size. They are perfect in form and feature, bright, active, and intelligent. They talk, sing, dance, and play, and are so beautiful that the most fastidious can look upon them with pleasure. They are admitted by all who have seen them to be the prettiest and most cunning little beings they have ever seen. They undoubtedly weigh less than Tom Thumb, and are the smallest children of their age in the world. In January, 1859, the children were placed under the charge of their aunt, Mrs. Sarah P. Davis, of Salem, Mass., who

has motherly affection for them, and in whose charge they have been to the present time with the exception of three weeks. They have also received instruction from Sylvanus Kneeland, Jr., teacher of dancing, at his rooms, 47 Hanover Street, Boston. Mrs. Davis is constantly with them, both at home and at the rooms where they give entertainments. All will pronounce them objects of curiosity. They weighed at the time of their birth respectively three and a half and three pounds. At each entertainment one of the girls will be dressed in boys' clothing, and will dance a polka with her sister. The object of dressing one in boys' clothing is that the audience may see her small size and proportion without the incumbrances that are necessary when dressed in girls' clothing. They sing "Gentle Annie," "Darling Nelly Gray," "Nancy Till," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Old Cabin Home," "Hazel Dell," "Willie, we have missed you," "The Mountain Maid's Invitation," "O, come, come away," "Wait for the Wagon," and "What is Home without a Mother?" and will at each entertainment make selections from them. They will also speak several little pieces, and dance the polka and waltz at each entertainment. The father of the children is constantly with them, watching over them with paternal care and affection. We have been shown, among other credentials, a letter from Dr. J. H. Warren, a well known physician, addressed to the father of these phenomena, in which he says: "Your two little darling chil-

dren I consider the greatest curiosities, anatomically speaking that I ever saw, being perfect in all of their developments, and apparently well and healthy. I was surprised, upon examination, to find the circulation so strong and vigorous, after they had been before a large public audience all day. The pulse of Etta was about 80, full and strong per minute. My student, Mr. Holton, at my request, examined Dollie's, and found it 84, regular and full. On looking upon them, one can hardly credit that these children are so perfect and well, and all the muscles of their bodies so finely developed and perfect in their actions, without associating the idea that general atrophy of the system had suddenly taken place, instead of arrested nutrition or premature development at so early an age. A striking fact is noticed in comparison of the osseous portion of the system. For instance, the humerus bone of the arm is not larger than a lady's ring finger. The children are under the management of Mr. Albert Norton of Portland, Me., who has paid \$25,000 for their services for five years.

The following beautiful article relating to these children is from the pen of Mrs. Eunice Hale Cobb, wife of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, editor of the Boston "Christian Freeman."

"I have been favored with the opportunity of visiting, in East Boston, during the past week, the exhibition of the 'Dutton Children,' Misses Etta and Dollie. They are indeed an interesting curiosity, and one which no person of a reflecting mind can look upon but with wonder

and admiration. There is no feeling excited in beholding their tiny forms but that of purity and spirituality. There is no malformation. Their form is symmetrical and perfect in every development of the physical system. Although so far below the natural size, yet they present to those who look upon them a maturity of mind even beyond their years. Their manners are free and easy, every motion is winning and attractive, and their collected and deliberate address, under all circumstances, would do honor to larger size and maturer years. Their phrenological development is very marked, and presents a study well befitting so noble a science. They both have finely formed heads, well balanced, and present all the traits that are requisite to constitute intellectual character. They are keen and quick in their perception, kind and benevolent in all their ways, and sensitively alive to a most strict adherence to what is right and proper. Indeed, as you look upon their beautifully formed heads, as they are here so truthfully presented to you by the artist, you will at once perceive that they are a fine specimen of moral and mental development. Their performances upon the platform are natural and graceful, and in every respect pleasing and satisfactory. In looking upon them as they are presented to an audience, it is wonderful how soon their inferior stature is almost lost in the remarkable impression which their interesting manners make upon the mind. As seen by the company at a distance, they appear much larger than when seen as you approach nearer to them. This to many has seemed a wonderful phenomenon; and it can be accounted for only on the following scientific principles, which have been kindly furnished me for this article by two artists of this city, who visited them while in East Boston. In speaking of the 'Children,' they say, 'The perfection of their forms is the real cause of the deception by which they appear larger as the distance between them and the spectator is increased. All small models perfect in proportion will seemingly increase in size as they are carried away from the eye, providing no particular object is near to compel a comparison, until they will actually appear to the fancy as large as the object they represent. With sculptors this is an important test as to the perfection of a small model. So with these fairy children. This seeming paradox, which puzzles the spectator is but one of the proofs of the statement with regard to their age, which is immediately discernable in the expression of heads.' I enjoyed the happiness of visiting these interesting children in their own private rooms, and there they appear to even greater advantage than before the public. They are free and unconstrained, running about, and enjoying all the playful amusements usual with children of their ages. They are extremely kind and affable to each other, and their mutual love and attachment are very great. They are not obliged to undergo a drill of discipline at each time before appearing in public, but when notice comes from the 'manager,' they instantly leave their amusements, cheerfully take each other by the hand, and skip along to the hall, as unconcerned as if they were merely passing from one room into another to engage in their familiar childish sports, and when they are placed before an audience they are perfectly at home. Their sweet faces and happy smiles at once draw every heart in unison with their own, and but one response goes forth, 'They look more like angels than human beings.' They are kindly cared for, and faithfully watched, by Mrs. Davis, their affectionate and devoted aunt. She is a lady peculiarly adapted to the duties connected with so important a mission. Kind and gentle in all her ways, yet firm and deliberate in her entire management with them, she ever makes them very contented and happy, at the same time commanding from them a cheerful and willing obedience to all her requirements. Great care is also taken of their physical training—and, in short, everything calculated for their comfort and health, both physical and mental, is studiously applied, and nothing is put upon them to overtax or annoy them. And the entire absence of anything like nervousness or petulance with them, gives evidence of proper care and culture. This pair is a wonderful specimen of the works of Him who hath created them, as he hath all others of his intelligent children, 'in his own image, and after his own likeness.'"



THE WONDERFUL DUTTON CHILDREN.

The smallest children of their age in the world: standing beside a miss of their own age!



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE TALE OF THE COMET.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

Just one hundred years ago, on a Christmas evening, a little party was assembled at the house of a hard working peasant, in the heart of Germany. The peasant's name was George Palitzsch, and he lived on the outskirts of the village of Prolitz, but a short distance from the city of Dresden.

George, though in humble circumstances, and without any advantages of early education, was by no means an insignificant person. He was a man of vigorous intellect, and not altogether destitute of cultivation, though he was indebted solely to himself for everything he knew. He was universally respected by his neighbors for his honesty and shrewdness, though it must be confessed that they thought him a little queer, and some of them were even more than a little afraid of him.

The party at Palitzsch's house was chiefly a family affair, most of them present being his children and relatives. Of the former he was blessed with an abundance. The two eldest were married, and two others lived away from home. They had been spending their Christmas in the kindly old German fashion, everybody making presents to everybody, even though two or three *grasden* should measure the entire depth of their purses. They had also had a Christmas-tree, in a small way, for that is a great institution in Germany. But the pleasures of the day were now almost over, and to-morrow and hard work were beginning to be somewhat unpleasantly prominent in the minds of all.

After it became dark, the master of the house was observed to withdraw from the company several times, and remain away from ten to twenty minutes. On one occasion, it happened that George left them longer than before, and when he returned he was evidently enjoying a degree of self-satisfaction so intense that it was not possible for him to conceal it.

"Why, Uncle George," cried a very pretty girl, who was one of the guests, "you look as if you had found a pot of money, or something else uncommonly valuable."

"And so I have, my dear," replied Palitzsch.

"Found a pot of money?"

"No, not that exactly, but something which I look upon as even more valuable."

"What can it be? Do tell us, wont you?"

"You shall know all about it, my dear, but not now. You would not think it of much consequence, if I was to tell you."

The pretty questioner was silenced, if not satisfied. She was to relation to the old man, and called him uncle merely because he was an old friend, and an intimate associate of her deceased father. She was, properly speaking, of the peasant class, but greatly superior in wealth and intelligence to those about her.

Gertrude Ahlstein (for that was her name) was the only daughter of a rich farmer, who had died when she was about eight years old, leaving her to the guardianship of a distant relative, also a farmer and a wealthy one. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant.

Unfortunately for Gertrude, her guardian had, by the special direction of her father, been entrusted with the control of her hand as well as of her property, and on this subject there was already a serious difference between them. Herr Grabben, the guardian, was not a dishonest man, but he was one of those with whom money is the *sacrum sanctum*, and did not understand how anything else could be necessary where there was plenty of gold. He was an ignorant man, and a very superstitious and even fanatical one.

Herr Grabben had selected, as a husband for Gertrude, one of his cronies, a very rich tailor of Dresden. Having plenty of money, he had the one thing needful in the guardian's estimation; but, like thousands who have come after her, Gertrude had the perversity to prefer a hard some, good-humored young fellow, a near neighbor and particular friend of George Palitzsch's, who was "as poor as Job's turkey," if anybody can tell how poor that was, to a rheumatic old curmudgeon, who was as habitually cross-grained as he was habitually cross-legged, and as sour as all the "cabbage" he had ever appropriated to himself had turned to vinegar.

The favored youth was Ernest Reiberg, a tall, strapping fellow, whose unimpaired reputation, as we have already said, is the only possession he could boast of, except a clear head, a

stout heart, and an uncommonly strong pair of arms. Gertrude's guardian was bitterly prejudiced against him, and as he had the vice, uncontrolled disposal of her, poor Gertrude's prospects were about as gloomy as they well could be.

As a good favor, the girl had been allowed to visit her father's old friend, Palitzsch, on Christmas day. Ernest was there, and the two occupied themselves diligently in making the hay of happiness while the sun of opportunity was shining.

Time flew by with inconceivable rapidity and brought them near to the customary hour of separating, when Ernest was obliged to leave, because Herr Grabben was expected every minute, to take Gertrude home, and a very unpleasant scene would probably have been the consequence of a meeting between them.

Some of the guests had already made a movement in anticipation of a general leave-taking, when there burst into the room a sort of human thunder-bolt, in the person of a little old man, with his face pale as ashes, his gray hair standing on end, and his eyes apparently starting from their sockets.

"Why, Herr Grabben, what on earth is the matter?" burst from the united voice of the company.

"I've seen the—the—devil!" gasped Gertrude's guardian, as he sank exhausted into a seat, trembling in every limb.

"Where?—when?—how?" cried the excited guests, the females particularly.

"Only a minute ago—under the big elm tree—at the corner. It rose right out of the ground, twenty feet high if he was an inch, with flames, the color of burning brimstone, coming out of his mouth, and playing all around him. He was fire all over—made of fire."

"And what did he do?—what did he say?"

"In a hollow, infernal voice, he cried out, 'Beware!—the end of all things is at hand!' and vanished, in a cloud of smoke, and fire, and brimstone."

Even at the present day, the peasants of the interior of Germany are not wanting in credulity and superstition, and still more enslaved were they by these influences a hundred years ago; so that an audience like that of Herr Grabben's, was not likely to be deficient in all the faith requisite for the occasion. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at, that no one laughed, or showed any sign of ridicule. All were serious, and few were inclined to disbelieve what they had heard.

When the old man's equanimity had been somewhat restored, he took George Palitzsch by the button, and leading him into one corner, said to him, in a low, tremulous voice: "They call you a wise man, neighbor. Pray tell me what you think of this terrible thing."

"Well, *mein Herr*, you know that when you tried to prove to me, a few weeks ago, that there was good reason to think that the final destruction of the world was not far off, I was rather disposed to treat the thing with derision, but I am forced to confess that I look upon the matter in a much more serious light at present than I did then."

"And what has caused you to change your opinion, neighbor George?"

"Well, Herr Grabben, you must allow me to be silent on that head, for the present. All I can say to you is that I have had a solemn warning, and a revelation of the fact that wonderful things are about to happen."

"Can't you tell me what they are?"

"Not now. I will know more in a short time, and then I will explain myself more fully."

These words were spoken in a solemn tone of voice, and with the appearance of much emotion. From the moment he heard them, Herr Grabben seemed to be plunged in a deep reverie, and with a comprehensive nod to the company, he took his maid's arm and marched slowly and thoughtfully homeward, though not without an anxious glance, from time to time, into the surrounding darkness.

Some weeks after this, George Palitzsch was seated in his garret, engaged in repairing a clock, which was originally the work of his own hands. The cut door-lairs of the day were over, and George was at liberty to retire to his "conjuring-room," as the peasants called it, from the fact of its being filled with articles, the use of which was entirely beyond their comprehension. Here most of his leisure hours were spent, in pursuits, the nature of which most of his rustic friends could not be made to understand.

"Ah, neighbor Palitzsch," said Herr Grabben,

as he entered the room in a state of great agitation, "I am afraid the job you are at work upon will turn out to be a useless one. When time shall be no more, there will no longer be any use for clocks."

George looked grave, shook his head, gave vent to a long-drawn sigh, and said nothing.

"Yes," continued Grabben, "I have strong reasons for believing that before many months have rolled round, there will be no more time, no more world, no more anything but the awful blank of eternity."

"Have you had any new revelation on the subject?" asked George, with great solemnity.

"A terrible one. You shall judge. I have been a hard man, neighbor Palitzsch—more fond of money than I ought to have been. For that sin I have been terribly rebuked this day. You know that when I came home from the village, my path lies directly between two great rocks, which are just behind my barn. Well, this evening, when I was returning from Prolitz, just as I reached that spot, what should I see, on the top of the rock, on the right hand side, but a gold-piece—a new golden Augustus, of the year 1754, shining bright and beautiful in the light of the setting sun? I can hardly expect you to believe me, George, but the gold is there yet, and you can see it if you choose—at least I left it there. I grabbed at it, over and over again, and, on the faith of a Christian man, I could no more pick it up than if it had been red hot. I could just as easily clutch the moon that is shining over the roof, and put it in my pocket."

"But why couldn't you do it?"

"If I can tell you why, I hope all the gold I touch may turn to clay. I tried, with all my might, twenty times or more, to lift that gold-piece, and couldn't do it. Every time I touched the piece, I felt a sort of wrenching at the elbow and shoulder, just as if some one was trying to twist my arm off, in two or three places at once, and partly doing it. I was forced to close my fingers with a tremendous grip, whether I wanted to or not; but they always closed upon nothing, while the devil was wrenching away at my joints like a dozen wild horses. I would have known it was the devil, even if I hadn't seen or heard him. But I did both. While I was trying my very hardest to get the money, I heard the exact same voice I heard on Christmas night, under the great elm tree, crying out in the very same hollow tone, '*Beware of avarice, for the end of all things is at hand!*' I didn't stop to hear anything more, but started for home with all the speed I could muster, but not before I got a glimpse of the same devilish blue brimstone blazes I had seen before. If you will go with me, I will return and see if the money is there still."

"I have no objection," replied George, getting his hat and boots ready.

"But remember," said the incorrigible money-grubber, "that the gold rightfully belongs to me, since it is on my land."

"Then you mean to cheat the devil out of it, if you can?" said George, wheeling about and looking him straight in the face.

Herr Grabben muttered an inarticulate something, and trudged away to the mysterious rock. The money was still there, glistening in the bright moonlight. He clutched at it desperately, but, instead of closing his fingers upon it, he jumped into the air, and cut a caper with head, hands and heels, which would have become a modern Ethiopian dancer very well, but was not quite in keeping with the customary deportment of a slow, sober German farmer, on the wrong side of sixty-five. George next tried to grasp the gold-piece, and jumped still higher than his companion had done, and cutting still funnier capers.

"It is the devil's money, sure enough," cried he, "and the devil may have it, for all me," and he and his companions looked ruefully at one another, while they rubbed their arms and elbows.

While they were thus engaged, a stentorian voice, just behind them, thundered forth, "*Beware of avarice, for the end of all things is at hand!*" They turned about and beheld a figure much above the ordinary height, with a considerable portion of its colossal development enveloped apparently in lambent flames.

"Lord have mercy on us, there he is again!" shouted Grabben, running away as fast as his old legs would carry him.

As the devil was directly between him and his own house, he found it impossible to escape in that direction, and laid his course for the next nearest place of refuge, which was the humble

habitation of George Palitzsch. George was not far behind, and the fugitives reached the door nearly at the same time.

They found at the peasant's house three gentlemen, in wigs, swords, lace, ruffles, etc. One of them was Dr. Hoffman, a well-known scientific gentleman of Dresden. The others were foreigners. Grabben was much surprised at the deference they showed for his companion, and his own respect for him was not a little heightened thereby. They spent half an hour or more in the garret room, and then took their leave. Herr Grabben, in the meantime, sat with the good wife and her children, below.

When the gentlemen were gone, George came in with a grave and somewhat mysterious face. He said nothing about his visitors, but the farmer felt assured that their errand had some connection with the mighty catastrophe which he was constantly dreading.

There were "Millerites" in those days, as there have been in most others, and Herr Grabben was more than half a convert to their belief. Indeed we may say that he was willing to believe that the world would be burnt up before long, but that his beloved gold was also to be consumed, he found it very hard to admit, even in his do-voutest moments. He now reminded George that he had promised him some farther explanations with regard to what he had said to him on this topic. The peasant reflected a moment and then asked him to walk up stairs.

This garret sanctum, with its multiplicity of strange-looking objects, curious instruments, furnaces, tubes, glasses, jars, mysterious-looking machines, etc., etc., had always the effect of throwing the old man's nerves into a state of high excitement, and he was indeed afraid to stay there, though he did not like to confess the fact. The most conspicuous of George's contrivances was a wooden tube, about eight feet long, which was so fixed as to protrude from a large opening in the roof. It was mounted on a sort of frame, and could be turned about with great ease.

After standing, and wondering, and shuddering, as he always did when he entered this apartment, he at length permitted George to lead him to the opening in the roof, and to direct his attention to a particular point in the starry sky.

"Herr Grabben," said he, "I wish you, if you please, to observe closely that quarter of the sky. You are acquainted with the stars to some extent, and are in the habit of noticing the rising and setting of some of the principal ones. You have often seen those two bright stars to which I am now pointing, and you will know them again when you see them. They look now, you observe, just as they have always looked ever since the world was created. There is no star of any size between them. Now, Herr Grabben, it has been revealed to me that the great fiery star which is to be made the instrument of this world's destruction, will first appear in that spot; and in a fortnight from this time I want you to direct your eye to that place, between those two stars, and tell me what you see there. If you see a new star there, where there has been none since the days of Adam, then—but there are some things too horrible to talk about. I will say no more."

When Palitzsch ceased speaking, the old farmer was of a uniform, sickly, tallow color, and his teeth were chattering audibly. As he left the cottage, George enjoined it upon him not to neglect keeping a watch upon the sky, but there never was a more evident work of supererogation. It was easy enough to see that that watch would henceforth be the subject of his daily thoughts and the companion of his nightly dreams.

"And how is my little wild-rose of Prolitz blooming, this fine winter morning?" cried the peasant philosopher, as he met Gertrude, the next morning, on her way from one of the shops of the village.

"Why, bless me, Uncle George, you don't look like a man who is confidently expecting to be burnt up in a week or two. My guardian told me, at the breakfast-table, this morning, that you had made up your mind to a universal conflagration, very close at hand."

"Uncle George" put his fore-finger on the right side of his nose and winked, with such an expression upon his jovial phis, and in his merry twinkling eyes, that it made her laugh heartily, though she was in anything but a mirthful mood.

"Poh! my dear; you know I'm a conjuror, and don't at all mind being 'universally con-



flattered. But you mustn't look so droopy, my little nose bud. We will try to have enough of a configuration to melt the iron heart of your guardian, at all events, and if I don't dance at your wedding, little sugar plum, before six weeks have rolled round, then say I am a—humbbug, and no conjurer. Pooh! don't blush, but run away home and get ready for the wedding." And "Uncle George" laughed merrily, as she hid her blushing face and tripped away across the troisty meadow, to her guardian's house.

A few evenings later in the month, as Palitzch was busily engaged in his garret laboratory, observatory, workshop, or whatever else it may be called, he heard a light tap at the door, and hid the visitor enter.

"Ha! Ernest, my dear boy!" exclaimed he, as soon as he saw who it was, "how prospers the good cause since I saw you last?"

"Badly, very badly indeed, Uncle George; I can't see that we are advancing a single inch. I've almost given up to despair."

"Pooh, pooh! that will never do. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' as the English say. Now, Ernest, I tell you what it is. When you marry Gertrude, and old Grabben gives up her fortune to you, you'll be a rich man, so I don't mind making a bet with you, though I am certain to win. I'll bet that old violin you are so fond of, against a copy of Newton's *Principia*, that you are Gertrude's husband in less than six weeks. Do you say done?"

"My dear friend, you shall have a dozen *Principias*, if I am able to afford them, but I don't want to win your violin, which I certainly should do if we were to bet. Herr Grabben is frightened somewhat, but just as mulishly obstinate as ever he was, and Schmutt is so insolently triumphant that it requires the greatest self-denial to prevent me from wringing his big ugly nose for him."

"Pooh, man, I wouldn't do violence to my feelings at all, if I were you. No one would blame you for indulging in such an innocent pleasure as that. Harmless recreation is rather commendable than otherwise. Pull his nose—do, whenever you feel like it."

"But what makes you so confident, Uncle George? What do you base your opinion upon?"

"Upon that," said Palitzch, pointing to the sky that was visible through the opening.

"Upon the sky?"

"Yes. I am not crazy, Ernest, though you look as if you thought I was. You observe the spot to which I am now pointing, between those two bright stars, and you see that very faint, hazy light, about midway between them, and a little nearer the horizon than they, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know how to use the telescope. Let me guide it for you. Now look. You see it plainly now, don't you?"

"Yes. It is a sort of hazy-looking star, with a bright spot in the centre of it."

"Very well. A week or two ago there was nothing at all to be seen there with the naked eye, and it requires very good sight to see anything now. You will now see it grow brighter and brighter every night, till it becomes a very brilliant spectacle."

"It is a comet, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a comet, and it is the very foundation which I build my hopes upon. In a short time you shall know all about it. In the meantime, keep up your spirits and trust in Providence and Uncle George."

Ernest and Gertrude had both been pupils of the self-taught peasant, and both had the greatest confidence in him, but to turn old Grabben from his purpose would be a feat so extraordinary that neither of them could help being very despondent with regard to the future, which looked so dark in the illimitable distance, and it was with no light step that the young man sought his home that night, in spite of the apparent confidence of his excellent old friend.

Ernest had been gone but a few minutes, when another visitor presented himself at the door of George's den. No modest tap afforded a premonition of this one's presence. He came in like a hurricane, blew around like a whirlwind, and went to work at once to "blow up" the occupant of the premises.

"George Palitzch," he screamed, "you are making an abominable stupid ass of yourself—do you hear?"

"Yes, I'm not deaf. But that is nothing to get to a passion about, Herr Schmutt. People make asses of themselves every day. I've known a little tailor to do the like before now."

"You are a vulgar wretch, Palitzch; a vulgar, dirty, low, cloth-hopper of a peasant!"

"Well, Herr Schmutt, I raise *calves*, and you steal it—that's about the difference between us."

"*Gott in Himmel! Donner und Blitzen!*"

"Come, come, Herr Schmutt, don't put yourself in a passion, now, don't. You don't make pretty faces when you are in a rage. Upon my word and honor you don't."

"*Potz tausend!* must I endure all this from a rascally peasant! How dare you treat me so, you miserable scur!"

"Now, don't call names, Herr Schmutt, or I might be forced to show you that I am a man and a freeman."

"You a man?"

"Well, *mein Herr*, I'm two-ninths of a man, anyhow, and that's more than you can say."

"You shall smart for this, sir. How dare you undertake to make a fool of that excellent old gentleman, Herr Grabben?"

"Make a fool of Herr Grabben? O, no, *mein Herr*, that would be 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as the English say."

"You impudent varlet—I believe you are trying to make a fool of me too."

"No, no, Herr Schmutt; that would be worse still. That would be 'gilding refined gold.'"

"I'll prosecute you before a court of justice, sir. You are trying to make me ridiculous."

"Not at all, *mein Herr*. You do that yourself."

"Don't try to make game of me, I tell you."

"Make game of you? No, indeed, my old bantam. You are too tough for that."

"O, yes. You are wonderfully witty, and wise too. But you can't get the better of me, Gertrude shall be mine, in spite of you."

"Gertrude yours? What do you mean? O, yes, I see. You intend to adopt her as your daughter. But she is too young to be your daughter. Grand-daughter, now, might do."

"Grand-devil! But I won't put myself in a passion. I defy you. You are a great conjurer and in league with the devil himself, they say, but I'm not afraid of you nor your master either. I defy you and all your deviltries."

And with an air of supreme majesty and defiance, the little man plumped himself into a large arm-chair which stood beside him. But hardly had he touched the bottom of it, when he bounced up again as if there had been a powerful steel spring underneath him, and, with a countenance expressive of anything but majesty or defiance, described a parabolic curve some five or six feet in length, and fell sprawling upon the floor.

"Why, Herr Schmutt, what is the matter with you?" inquired George, with every appearance of the most profound astonishment upon his expressive physiognomy.

Herr Schmutt said never a word. He was probably too much frightened to speak. At all events, he gathered himself up with all possible expedition, and fled from the room and from the house with an agility which no one had seen him display for thirty years at least.

A week or two afterwards, George was again seated in his garret, gazing at the heavens through that eight-foot tube, which was a pride and a delight to him, and a wonder and a mystery to his fellow laborers, when a tap at the door announced the presence of Gertrude's guardian. He looked terribly pale and thin, and every way woe-begone.

"Ah, George," he exclaimed, "you are watching it, I see. I don't wonder, I'm sure. I can't keep my thoughts off it one single moment. How awfully bright and fiery it has become within these few nights! There is no possibility of its changing its course, you think?"

"Alas, no!"

"Well, George, I've been thinking over what you told me. You are right, and it's no use to make a will, nor to do anything else, as I can see. It is great folly for the young folks to get married, but if they will do it, I have no objection. The last things I do I want to do right, and I suppose that is right."

Palitzch was near jumping up and cutting a pigeon-wing on the strength of this announcement, but he managed to remember his cue just in time to compose his features to a sufficiently decorous solemnity before they were noticed.

"So," continued Grabben, "if you will inform the young man, and send him up to my house to-morrow morning, I will have Parson Weisner there and get the thing off my mind at once. I will hand all the papers over to you, and

you will bear witness for me that everything is done fairly and squarely."

The old man departed, and George despatched his eldest boy to Ernest, summoning him to repair to Farmer Grabben's house at a specified hour the next morning.

This message threw poor Ernest into great perturbation. He had seen Gertrude frequently of late, in defiance of Grabben's peremptory order, and a tremendous "blowing up" was the very mildest thing he dared expect, as a consequence of this unexpected summons. We may well suppose, then, that the young man had not much of the look of a happy bridegroom when he made his appearance in Herr Grabben's little parlor.

"Why, Ernest," said Palitzch, "you look, for all the world, like a dog just whipped for stealing sausages. Do you think we are going to hang you? Or are you convinced at last that we are right about the speedy destruction of all things?"

The young man said nothing. He was really in a state of pitiable bewilderment, and the revulsion of feeling, when Herr Grabben explained the true state of the case to him, was almost more than he could bear. He went through the marriage ceremony like one in a dream, and it was not until some time after it was all over, that he was actually capable of realizing "the sober certainty of waking bliss." In the hope of getting a fuller explanation of what had happened, Ernest followed George to the door when he took leave.

"Never mind, now," said George, in answer to his questions. "Go back to your bride and tell her that I want to see you both at my cabin to-morrow evening. We will have a second edition of our little Christmas party, and I will make good my promise to 'dance at your wedding.' I will then and there tell you all I know about this affair—all you want to hear, and more too, perhaps."

"Very well," replied Ernest, "we will be there. I do wonder what Herr Schmutt will say to all this."

"I don't know what he will say," replied George, "but if you only tell him what I say, I give you my word for it he will never trouble you again. Just give him a pressing invitation, from me, to pay me a visit in the garret-observatory, and tell him that I have prepared the great arm-chair for his sole, special accommodation. Just you tell him that. Good-by."

Early the next morning, there assembled under George Palitzch's roof nearly the same company as that which was present at the opening of our story, on Christmas day. Herr Grabben was out of the way, having gone on a journey for the purpose of settling up something or other, preparatory to the universal conflagration. He had been scared into restitution of a variety of knavish abstractions of his, and the job was by no means a light one.

Soon after dark, George's guests made a visit to the garret, where each one had a peep through the telescope. All of them had received more or less of the peasant philosopher's instructions, and Ernest and Gertrude had both shown an aptitude for study, which had done much to engender the almost parental affection which he had so long felt for them. They had profited by his teachings even more than his own children had done.

As they were descending the stairs again, Palitzch said, with a broad grin, "Well, Ernest, you saw old Schmutt this morning. Did you tell him what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He said 'Ach! *Gott in Himmel! Der Teufel! Donner und Blitzen! Potz tausend! Hugel und Sturm Wetter!*'"

"Was that all?"

"Every word. He turned as white as a sheet, and kept looking over his shoulder every moment, as if he thought Lucifer was after him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle George, and proceeded to give a history of Herr Schmutt's adventure with the arm-chair, and then repeated it for the amusement of the company, Ernest taking the place of the little tailor.

"Now, my children," said the host, "I will give you the explanation I have promised. I will make it as brief as I can, consistently with the object I have in view, which is not amusement merely, but instruction also. You all know what my hobby is, and how I ride it, and I give you warning that I shall mount it from the very start. The heavens are full of wonders,

but the greatest of them all, in my opinion, is that which I have just shown you with the telescope—the comet. And that comet, too, is the most interesting, to me at least, of all its kind. Though governed by natural laws, and therefore in some sense regular, these bodies, nevertheless, are so strange and eccentric in their motions and their nature, as to make them exceptions and things apart, in the celestial economy.

"Strange and brilliant as their appearance is, it has never seemed so striking to me as the peculiarities of their motion, even as viewed by the common eye. The fixed stars, you know, never change their places. They are truly fixed, immovable. The astronomers of two thousand years ago saw them precisely as we see them now. The planets do change their places, but they do it very slowly, most of them moving over but a very little space, apparently, in a whole year.

"But the motions of the comet, both real and apparent, are very different. In a single night, a comet will often make a greater change in its position among the stars than most planets do in three hundred and sixty-five, and in a single month it may be seen sweeping over more than a fourth of the whole arch of the heavens—a space of ninety degrees.

"This is its apparent motion, and this alone is calculated to strike any observant beholder with astonishment and awe. But what is its real motion? What is its actual velocity? The mind positively recoils from contemplating it. A body measuring from one end to the other, perhaps a hundred millions of miles, comes rushing into the sphere of our vision, from some measureless profundity of the great abyss of ether, and darting towards the sun—how fast, think you? Why, my children, with the inconceivable velocity, perhaps, of fifty or sixty thousand miles a second! One second it is here, and before the pendulum of the clock can make a single swing, it is gone, five times as far away as from here to China! And so on, straight ahead, from second to second, for thousands of years perhaps.

"I do not mean to say that comets continue to rush forward through their whole course with this almost incredible velocity, but it is carried on so long that the mind becomes bewildered and lost in the immensity of the idea. Some of these wonderful visitors never return. They flash upon the sky of our system like meteor-messengers from some unknown world, and then away again into the boundless void, no one knows whither.

"If their orbits are ellipses, however eccentric, however elongated, they will, in the natural course of things, most certainly return sometime; but if they have what mathematicians call parabolic or hyperbolic paths, they merely pay us one hurried visit, and then away again into the mighty abyss of illimitable space.

"All the other bodies of our system move in what astronomers term 'the same plane,' or nearly so; that is, if we suppose an immense flat, thin sheet of metal, if you please, extended in every direction, from the sun outward, into the regions of space, the planets would all move upon the surface of that plate, or in the same plane, and all too in the same direction.

"With such an arrangement, there is, of course, no danger of any of these bodies ever coming into contact with each other. Comets, however, have their orbits disposed in planes which differ greatly from that of the earth and the other planets, being inclined to them and crossing them at all sorts of angles. As many of their paths extend over a space greater than the whole orbit of the earth, it is not absolutely impossible that some one of them may come into actual collision with the earth, or some other planet of our system.

"Some persons have been greatly terrified at the idea of such a catastrophe, and we indeed have living witnesses of the fact close at hand. But there is not the slightest cause for fear on that score, for, in the first place, there is nothing more than a bare possibility of the thing happening at all, and in the second place, if it should happen, it is not probable that there would be any great harm done.

"The greater number of comets, perhaps all of them, are composed of such exceedingly unsubstantial matter, that I think it possible that the earth might pass directly through one of them, and the inhabitants know nothing about it. They are, for the most part, lighter and less dense than the lightest clouds, for the latter conceal the stars, and the comets do not.



"This extreme lightness, while it prevents them from having almost any influence upon other heavenly bodies near which they pass, renders them very susceptible of being disturbed in their course by those same bodies. And this constitutes one of the chief difficulties which astronomers have to contend with in their efforts to determine the true path of these wanderers, and to foretell their return. Indeed, almost any one who knows what the difficulties really are, would at once pronounce such a thing an impossibility.

"To predict with accuracy the return of a comet, after it has been wandering through space for perhaps a hundred years or more, and running the gauntlet of disturbing influences known and unknown, would certainly then be one of the most astonishing feats ever attempted by mortal man. And yet such a feat has been both attempted and accomplished.

"The great pioneer in this department of astronomical science was Dr. Halley, the friend of and associate of the immortal Newton. In the year 1680, all Europe was terrified by the appearance of a comet of prodigious size and extraordinary brightness. This drew much attention to the subject, and induced Dr. Halley to speculate upon the possibility of applying the principles of Newton's *Principia* to these bodies, and foretelling their return to their perihelion, or point nearest the sun.

"It was soon perceived that the great comet of 1680 would not be a proper subject for such a calculation, since its period of revolution must be at least some thousands of years. Two years afterwards, however, there appeared another, which promised to be more within the reach of observation.

"The first thing to be done, was to search the records of past comets, as far as practicable. This was done and the result was the discovery of a chain of appearances of comets, extending back through the whole Christian era, with intervals of about seventy-five or seventy-six years between them, the last being in the year 1682. It was concluded that these were, probably, reappearances of the same body, which must revolve about the sun in something like seventy-five and a half years, and Halley conceived the idea that by astronomical calculations the next appearance of the comet might be foretold with some degree of accuracy.

"It was not possible, of course, to find the appearance of a comet recorded every seventy-five years. Five or six of these epochs have gone by, consecutively, without any visit of a comet having been recorded, but by making the proper allowance for these, Halley was always able to hit the scent again at some other multiple of seventy-five.

"The history of the comet's appearance—its shape, size, brilliancy, etc., could not be much depended upon, for such accounts are seldom accurate. Its first recorded return is probably identical with the comet described as marking the birth of Minutades, which is declared to have been brighter than the sun itself. After that, there is no account of any comet coinciding in point of time with Halley's till the year 323, an interval of about six periods of its supposed revolution. Another period brings us to 399, when a comet appeared which is reported by Lobionietski as one of prodigious magnitude.

"The next was probably the comet which marked the taking of Rome by Totila, in 550. The next return was in 930, and the next, after one more revolution, in 1005. Next we find it in 1230, and next in 1305, which is described as a terrific spectacle, followed by an awful pestilence. We find it again in 1380, and again in 1456.

"This last appearance, in 1456, was the first at which anything like accurate observations were made. It is described as a comet of extraordinary magnificence, and was supposed to have been the harbinger of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and was the subject of a bull from Pope Calixtus II. The preceding ones had only been conjectured to be identical with the comet of 1682, but Halley identified this one by actual calculation.

"On its next return, in 1531, it was examined with some attention by Pierre Appian, from whose record Halley was enabled to identify it without much difficulty. When it next returned, in 1607, it was first observed by the great Kepler, while returning from an evening party. Its nucleus then resembled Jupiter, and its tail was more dense than that of most comets.

"Its next appearance was that observed by

Halley himself. Having, by means of the rules furnished by Newton, established its period of revolution, he extended his examination back, as I have told you. He then announced to the world the result of his investigations, proclaimed his belief that this comet of 1682 revolved round the sun in a regular orbit, in about seventy-five and a half years, and further stated his opinion that planetary attraction had shortened the period from 1607 to 1682, and that the same attraction would retard its next appearance, so as to throw it into the end of the year 1758, or the beginning of 1759.

"Considering the state of astronomy at that time, this prediction, since so remarkably verified, should reflect immortal honor upon the illustrious name of Halley. But astronomy was now advancing with rapid strides towards perfection, and a few years ago the comet of 1682 was taken up by the distinguished French philosophers, Clairault and Lalande, with the view of making an accurate calculation in order to determine the course of its orbit throughout its whole extent, with a proper allowance for all disturbing causes.

"This, my children, was unquestionably one of the most stupendous undertakings ever entered upon by man, and its successful completion was the result of such extraordinary skill, labor and perseverance as has no parallel, probably, in the history of the human intellect. Clairault, who is a mathematician, evolved the analytical formula for the guidance of Lalande, who is a practical astronomer and arithmetician, and whose business it was to put these formulas into figures and make the laborious calculations necessary for their purposes.

"A woman was Lalande's assistant in this gigantic enterprise, which has immortalized her name as well as his. It was Madame Lepante, the wife of an eminent Parisian watchmaker. One of Lalande's friends, who lately visited me, said that these two had been at work, without intermission, for six months past—every day, from morning till night, and frequently even at their meals.

"This great work is not yet fully completed, but they have been able to make a report on the subject to the French Academy of Science. This was done on the 14th of last November, and the 14th of April of the present year was then announced as the day when the comet was to reach the point nearest the sun, according to their calculations. They do not pretend, however, that this result will conform exactly to the truth. There may be, and probably are, disturbing causes of which we are ignorant, and they claim a latitude of some weeks for errors of this sort.

"Supposing this prediction to be correct, the comet would be likely to make its first appearance to human eyes somewhere about the close of the last year—somewhere in the month of December. Since the announcement of the prediction, therefore, and particularly since the middle of December, astronomers, in all parts of the world, have hardly closed their eyes at night, every one being anxious to have the honor of discovering it first, and verifying the prediction.

"Strange to say, all the astronomers of Europe, with their gigantic telescopes and their royal observatories, have failed to secure this honor, which has been obtained by the obscure peasant, George Palitzch, with a rough, home-made instrument, but eight feet in length, with a great crack in the object-glass.

"Yes, my children, it is no less true than strange that I was the first person to verify the prediction of Lalande by discovering the return of Halley's comet, which all the astronomers of Europe have been looking for with the most intense interest. You remember, Gertrude, the night of our little party, Christmas night, how you joked with me upon the self-satisfied air I displayed. I could not help feeling a little elated, for I had just then made the discovery.

"I did not then know, however, that I was the first in the field. I knew that the best and most careful observers in the world were constantly on the watch, with all the appliances of the great national observatories, and how could I presume to believe that I could get the better of them all? Even if all the others should fail, there was still the world-renowned comet-finder, Messier, whom Louis XV. christened '*Le fureur des comètes*'—'the comet ferret'; nothing of the sort was over known to escape him. So, you see, my good fortune was wholly unexpected.

"It is hardly necessary for me to say, now, that I took advantage of the exclusive knowledge

which I possessed, to work upon the superstition and credulity of Gertrude's hard-headed and hard-hearted guardian. Having seen the comet through my telescope, and knowing the course it would take, I had no difficulty in telling very nearly the spot where it would first become visible to the naked eye. To this place in the heavens I directed Herr Grabben's attention, and prophesied the speedy appearance there of a terrible fiery star, which was to increase rapidly in brightness as it approached the earth, and finally burn it up and all things in it.

"Halley's comet has been much brighter in its former visits than it is at present, and when I made the prediction I calculated upon beholding a much more formidable object. But I had powerful allies in the ignorance and gullibility of the man I had to deal with. He was already, as you all know, more than half a believer in the speedy destruction of the world by fire, and was therefore the more easily imposed upon. I am afraid I have not done right exactly, in deceiving him in such a barefaced manner, but, the fact is, that little new-married witch there has cast such a spell upon me that I can hardly tell good from evil. As to the force of 'the great fiery devil,' who has so sorely afflicted our friend Grabben, I was the author and Ernest the principal actor, being assisted by a pair of stunts, the newly discovered inflammable phosphorus, and sundry other adjuncts. The bedeviling of the gold-piece and of the arm chair, were managed by means of a new development of that strange half matter, half spirit, which we call electricity.\* It is, I believe, a discovery of my own, and it would take too much time now to explain it to you.

"Our schemes have been successful even beyond my expectation. Herr Grabben will be terribly enraged and disappointed when he finds that he is not going to be burnt up, after all; but it will be too late to mend the matter, for his ward has been married with his full consent, and all her property has been legally transferred to her husband. So, my dear children, thank your Heavenly Father for all his blessings, and as long as you live have a sincere respect for comets."

All the above-mentioned facts, as far as they relate to astronomical matters, are strictly true—to the best of our knowledge. George Palitzch, whom Sir John Herschell calls "a peasant by station, but an astronomer by nature," was a remarkable self-taught genius. He was actually the first person to discover the return of Halley's comet, on Christmas night, just one hundred years ago the 25th of next December. Messier, the most acute and most celebrated of all the comet-hunters of his day, did not discover it till the 21st of January. Considering all the circumstances, the prediction of Halley was most signally verified, and the comet which still bears his name is still considered the most interesting of the eight or ten whose orbits have been ascertained with precision. He did not, of course, profess to be exact in his predictions, nor indeed did Clairault and Lalande, who came within twenty-three days of the truth. This was extraordinary success for a hundred years ago. Every mile of the comet's course, for two entire periods of seventy-five years each, had to be determined, with all the over-varying attractions at work upon it, two of which, at least—those of the planets Herschell and Neptune—these astronomers were entirely ignorant of. Messier was terribly mortified at being outdone by a peasant. It is said that he was deceived by Delisle, who put him upon a wrong scent, by giving him an ephemeris which proved to be erroneous. On another occasion, of a somewhat similar nature, he was anticipated by Montague de Limoges, in the discovery of a comet, in consequence of his having been obliged to attend the funeral of his wife. A friend, seeing him shed tears, began to condole with him upon his bereavement. "O, yes," blubbered Messier, "I had discovered twelve of them—alas, that I should be robbed of the thirteenth by Montague!" He was not thinking of his wife, but of his comet.

By the time of the next return of the comet, in 1835, astronomy had made a great stride in advance, and, as might have been expected, its arrival was predicted with still greater accuracy than before. The French Institute, and the Academy of Science of Turin, both offered prizes for a new calculation of its orbit, and proper allowance for disturbing causes of every description. The Italian prize was awarded to Damoiseau, and the French to Pontecoulant.

\* Galvanism

Though Neptune was still undiscovered, and its attraction of course not considered, the prediction of M. de Pontecoulant came within forty-eight hours of the truth. This was certainly one of the most wonderful triumphs of modern science.

Though such extraordinary precision has been arrived at in determining the movements of these bodies, they nevertheless still remain, in all their principal features, as profound a mystery as ever. Their extraordinary characteristics, and the mighty extent of many of their orbits, still fill us with astonishment and awe. The comet of 1811, according to Bessel, must have a period of revolution of more than three thousand years. That of 1680 had a period of more than eight thousand. What wonders it might reveal, if it could tell the story of its wanderings through the unknown depths of space.

Though generally composed of matter of great tenuity, Arago says that the nuclei of some comets are undoubtedly round, solid bodies, as is proved by the transits they make over the surface of the sun, like Venus and Mercury. The matter of most of them must be of a very strange nature indeed, contradicting all our ordinary notions on such subjects. The tail of the brilliant comet of 1680, 123,000,000 miles in length, in five days after its perihelion, made a mighty sweep of 150°, passing beyond the orbit of the earth. No attraction that we know anything of in this world of ours, exerted upon matter that we know anything about, could produce such an effect as that.

The brilliantly beautiful comet of the present year has presented some very peculiar features, most of them, however, visible only with the aid of the telescope. In some respects it has been said very much to resemble Halley's comet, in 1835. It was first seen early in the summer, by Donati, of Florence. At that time it was only visible through the best telescopes, its distance from the earth being more than two hundred millions of miles. The first traces of a tail were seen on the 20th of August, and about the 29th it first became visible to the naked eye. On the 20th of September it began to exhibit the strange phenomena which have distinguished it from all other comets. At this time, a crescent-shaped outline was interposed, like a screen, between the nucleus and the sun, and within this, according to the Cambridge astronomers, "the fiery mass was in a state of apparent commotion, as though upheaved by the action of violent internal forces." On the 23d two, and on the 25th four luminous envelopes were traced round the nucleus, and others were subsequently formed, almost under the eye of the observer. The rapidity of the formation of these envelopes, and the enormous extent to which they were ultimately developed, are circumstances which have greatly puzzled the philosophers. Within the central envelope was observed a strange scene of chaotic confusion, evidently the result of sudden and violent disruptions from the central body, projecting immense volumes of its luminous substance towards the sun, to be, by some unknown law, repelled by that body, in turn, and driven off to the distant regions of space. Such phenomena serve only to render these astronomical enigmas more thoroughly inexplicable. They, of course, have only been visible through the telescope. To the naked eye, this comet has presented a starlike nucleus, with a train of most majestic proportions, sweeping far up towards the north polar circle. The convex side of this tail was well defined, but the other side had an uncertain outline, less bright than the other. A good eye could distinguish a dark, narrow streak, near the middle of the brightest part of the tail. By careful watching there could also be distinguished one or more supplementary tails, diverging, near the nucleus, from the main stream of light, on its upper or convex side, and extending some fifty or sixty degrees. These had considerably less curvature than the principal tail, and diverged a great distance from it at their extremities.

In the month of September, this splendid comet was seen plunging down towards the earth so directly that its place in the heavens underwent very little change till the latter part of the month, when it darted off almost directly towards Arcturus, the bright star in Boötes.

All observers who have any knowledge at all of the fixed landmarks, or rather skymarks of the celestial regions, must have been struck with this extraordinary rapidity of motion, as the comet swept on round the sun. It has afforded us a most magnificent spectacle, such as few now living have seen before, or will ever look upon again.



## PIFFERARI PLAYING TO THE VIRGIN.

No one who has been in Rome long enough to become acquainted with the various types of character exhibited in the Eternal City, can fail to remember with pleasure the itinerant *piifferari* or pipers, with their rude instruments of music and their picturesque ragged attire. Painters and sketchers these wandering minstrels, so full of character and so thoroughly national. The engraving on this page, from a water-colored drawing by a lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, is exceedingly felicitous in its truthfulness and expression. There is something extremely graceful and intelligent about this little group. The itinerant piper serenading the Virgin, who is represented in an old medieval painting on the wall above, is an incident the truthfulness of which will be recognized by all who have visited Rome. On the opposite side of the picture is a young mother, with a charming little child, whom she is teaching to pray to the sacred effigy. The expression of the former is full of benignity and affection; that of the latter is artless and engaging. Mark, also, the nice discrimination displayed in the countenances of the two "executants." The old man, his head duly uncovered, looking up with reverend gravity to the object of his musical—or unmusical—tribute; and the boy, his pipe temporarily withdrawn from his mouth, looks with a pleasant and curious smile at the kneeling child. The drawing in every part shows freedom, power, and delicacy of execution, leaving nothing to desire. The tide of foreign travel always sets towards Rome, and now that the facilities of seeing Europe are so great, few Americans who go abroad neglect the opportunity of seeing Rome, great in ruins, great in its history. Twenty-five centuries have rolled away since the reported date of the foundation of this city. Once the mistress of the world, she has fallen indeed in power—or, as the Roman *gri* still sings,

Rome, Rome thou art no more  
What thou hast been  
When on thy seven hills of yore  
Thou sat'st a queen.

Yet the various phases of splendor and power through which it has passed, have left their traces in monuments which the corroding tooth of time, and the cannon of beleaguering hosts, have not utterly destroyed. Still stands the Coliseum—great in decay; still stand the triumphal arches which attested the victories of the all-conquering Romans, and a thousand crumbling pillars and fane mark the old historic past. The recreation of art, too, is marked by imperishable monuments—such as the Church of St. Peter's—a city in itself. What treasures of art are congregated within the compass of its walls! Well may art-pilgrims from the remotest quarters of the globe come up hither to study the treasures which its galleries hold, and derive thence the inspiration for works which will illustrate another era of civilization.

## PET NAMES.

"Call me 'pet names,'—they are dear to my heart," sang a gay, young bride to her loving husband. And they are more or less dear to every woman's heart, though we may differ some as to what they are, and their signification also. There are pet names which may be had without the asking, and which should be far dearer, and tenfold more significant than any or all others—"My daughter!" Memory travels back to the days and scenes of childhood. The old home, with its familiar haunts and ten thousand fond associations, is a guest in our thought chamber. The being whose gentle tones and warm, fervent kiss first lulled our baby cares to rest; and he who was a guard from evil, and a guide to "whatever is honest, lovely, and of good report," both seemed to be present with us, charming us back to the "long ago," by the utterance of the familiar name "our daughter!" What a host of tilial daisies, loves and regards rise before us, as we listen again and again to catch the endearing tones that now have so little power to move as then.

"My sister!" Dear "pet name," as lispied by that prattling brother, whose love, true and unselfish, shall live, and bless, all along life's journey, and echoed and re-echoed by a band of merry-hearted sisters, whose confidence, sympathy and affection grew dear with each advancing year. "My sister!" Holy words, and should be spoken only in reverence and love. Priestess at the home altar! How does her life strike roots of duty and love deep into the household of hearts! Precious names with which romance and fairy have little to do.

Years pass—life has taken deeper, if not graver shades; the measure of our mission in the home of our girlhood is filled, and a new title—a new life awaits us.

"My bride!" A manly form is near us—a manly heart all free from flattery or deceit, beats fondly, truly, nobly and beats for us alone, while the strong arm it moves, and upon which we are to lean, as hand in hand we go to meet the lights and shadows of life, already encircles us, and for a brief moment, in which the past and future seem hinging, we are at once sadder and gladder than we ever knew before.

"My bride!" The silence is broken—the heart is tuned to new melodies, and the life before us grows, bright with peace, hope and joy.

"My wife!" The same strong arm is around us—the same loved voice is calling us, and never, O never was a pet name dearer! It awakens the tenderest love notes of the heart, deepens the soul's purest and holiest aspirations, opens the gate to the great harvest field of our noblest duties, and we can but feel we have entered life's "holy of holies." "My wife!" Its utterance is an assurance that the heart and home of our husband are ours to fill with joy and blessing, or misery

And it is only now that we can fully, truly realize how much our mother loved us, how much we owe her, and now, in thought, is the only way on earth through which she can receive her compensation.—*Portland Transcript.*

## THE ITALIAN STATES.

As the Italian question is the great topic, a few words descriptive of the countries brought most prominently into the controversy may have general interest. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, the kingdom of Sardinia and the Papal States, constitute the theatre of whatever warlike events are threatened by the present complication. The area in square miles, and their population, in 1852, are put down as follows—Lombardy with an area of 17,847 miles, has a population of 5,007,472; Sardinia with 28,472 miles, has 1,000,245; Papal States with 15,883 miles, has 2,898,115. Besides these, there are the duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany, with which Austria has intimate treaties giving

50,000 men, capable of being raised on a war footing to over 150,000. The cities are its capital, Turin, with a population of 143,157, and Genoa, population 123,349. The island of Sardinia forms a part of the kingdom, whose original nucleus was Savoy.

The capital of the Papal States is Rome, the "Eternal City," whose population in 1852 was 175,838. The whole army is nominally rated at 21,026 men, although the effective forces are only about 12,000 men, who are utterly incapable of maintaining order without foreign support. The country is poor, and heavily in debt. The government, ostensibly under the control of the pope, is really in the hands of various ecclesiastics acting in nearly all official capacities. The States had in 1843, nine archbishops, 52 bishops, 13 abbacies, 1824 monasteries, and 612 convents.

## A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Mrs. Trammell was old enough to have been familiar with many of the bloody events which occurred near the close of the Revolutionary War, in the immediate neighborhood of her home, which was near King's Mountain, in South Carolina. Her husband, Thomas Trammell, had unobtrusively identified his fortunes with those of the "liberty party," as they were familiarly called, and being a good shot and of unflinching courage, he was a terror to all the friends of the king, as far as his name was known. This section of the country at that time was overrun by a band of Tories, encamped in large numbers at King's Mountain, under Gen. Ferguson. There was in this command a noted Tory by the name of John Towns, who had long been the neighbor and professed friend of Trammell. At this time Towns was a sergeant, and was constantly upon the scout for the purpose of capturing men, horses, etc. Young Trammell could not feel much afraid somehow of Towns. He thought, "surely he will not injure me," but in this he was mistaken, as he afterwards had occasion painfully to learn. He had been for sometime hiding and keeping out the way as best he could, until one night he ventured to sleep in his own house. Just before day he was aroused by the heavy tramp of horses, and on arising, he found his house surrounded by a troop, which proved to be Sergeant Towns and his band. Trammell was at once seized and bound, and carried out into the yard for execution. Towns produced his authority, executed in due form, and flourishing it over Trammell's head, pompously offered to free him if he would take the oath of allegiance to the king, and take up arms against his countrymen. This proposition Trammell met with merited scorn, and said in reply, "You can carry me bound to the king's army, but you never can make me fight against my countrymen." After some consultation, they concluded to try to get hold of some of Trammell's horses, knowing that he owned some very fine ones that were hid out, and they knew not how to find them without using him as a guide. So very anxious were they to get them, that they proposed to release Trammell upon condition that he would go and drive them up. He went and found them, but rode and drove them another way. After waiting until all hopes of his return had vanished, eating, drinking, and pillaging everything they could turn to account, and feeling no little chagrin at their disappointment, Sergeant Towns called on Mrs. Trammell for some clothing for his men, or goods out of which to make some. She replied, "Sir, you have already stripped me of all. I have nothing more for you, except your nephew there," pointing to his sister's son, an orphan boy, whom they, in charity, had

taken sometime before, to keep from suffering; "he has a few clothes, which I have made for him; you can take them if you will." But they did not suit. About this time his eyes rested upon a strong box, which sat near the fireplace, and he said, "What have you in that box?" She replied, indignantly, "Sir, it is none of your business, and I'll see what it contains." "No, sir," said she, "you will not look into that box," and seizing a heavy iron poker, she placed herself between Towns and the box, and planted herself firmly, resolved to defend her little treasure. The box contained a few quilts and counterpanes, the work of her own hands. Towns advanced and drew his sword to intimidate her, but she maintained her position without moving a muscle. He presented his sword, and sneeringly said, "Now, would you hit a fellow?" She said, "Do you advance a step further, and you will see." He looked into her eye, and saw plainly what her determination was, and retired and left her in possession of her little treasure.—*Correspondent of Southern Christian Advocate.*



PIFFERARI PLAYING TO THE VIRGIN.—A SCENE IN ROME.

and cursing. To us has been given the key to his happiness or woes, and as we take possession of his confidence, let it be with such smiling gratitude and playful self-consecration to his peace and well being as shall crown our efforts with the most happy success. Then will his arm grow stronger, his soul braver, each day adding some new joy, until our lives become fully each other's, and his utterance of "my wife" shall waken the most pleasing and holy memories, as well as the purest and highest hopes.

"Mother!" Tiny hands are clasped in ours, while we press a soft velvet cheek. Sparkling eyes look love and thanks, while the lips are yet untaught in words. "A treasure has been given us, and we feel the heavy responsibility it involves." We look far down the future, hope, wonder and pray—feel in our new relationship a living beauty, an embodied holiness. Through the pet name of "wife," dearer now than ever before, we have received the crowning glory of woman's lot, and "mother," as 'tis maternally uttered by the little form nestling so lovingly to our bosom, becomes the dearest pet name of all.

her a reversionary interest in them, and a controlling power over their affairs. They comprise in the whole, an area of about 13,000 square miles, and an aggregate population of less than three millions.

Lombardy is a regular political and administrative division of the Austrian Empire, and was so recognized by the Congress of Vienna. It comprehends two governments, that of Milan and that of Venice, with capitals of the same name. In religion, schools, police, and every other respect, excepting the doubtful loyalty of its inhabitants, it has the usual Austrian characteristics.

Sardinia, west of Lombardy, and occupying the northwest of Italy, has obtained of late a political consequence out of proportion to her size. This is owing to the liberal institutions which the monarchy has favored, and to the bold and enterprising character of her people. The face of this country shows a great variety, from the unequalled summits of Mount Blanc to the rice fields of the South. From 1798 to 1814, Sardinia belonged to France. The army is about



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## LOVE'S SLANDER.

BY EPHRAIM T. HART.

Lady, they tell thee I am vain,  
And that my love is false and cold,  
Thou leavest thee thinking o'er in pain,  
The falsehood they have rightly told.  
But ah, they cannot date to me  
When I have ceased to think of thee,  
Nor date their covet lips reply  
When actions give them back the lie.

They tell thee I have lived before,  
And vowed by many a maiden name  
That time has o'er my feelings wore  
Away each trace of love or flame.  
But lo! the lovers do all deny,  
And lo! they never told away,  
But thou of love once more I remind,  
Nor can they ever be put in twain.

When but a child, by fancy caught,  
I too have flirted like the rest,  
But love my heart repels the thought,  
And casts each nonsense from my breast.  
I saw thee, and by every vow  
I loved thee then I love thee now,  
And lo! that love I seek alas!  
To hide the misery of the past.

They are not true who strive to break  
A bond which constantly has worn,  
And we should all their scandal take  
As worthless as the mist of morn.  
For as the eagle's piercing eyes  
Behold each speck in cloudless skies,  
So can the heart with truth endowed  
Discern its gems amid the crowd.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE FISHERMAN'S CURSE.

A Tale of the Northwest Coast of Scotland.

BY WAITER CLARENCE.

To those persons who take pleasure in gazing upon nature in her wildest and most savage moods, the coast of Scotland, especially the western coast, with its bold, bleak headlands, and the storm-beaten, precipitous cliffs of the Hebrides or Western Islands—presents scenery of majestic, solitary grandeur, unsurpassed if not unequalled in any other portion of the globe. The shores are sparsely populated, the towns and villages being mere collections of rude fishermen's huts, constructed of unhewn timber, black with age and exposure to the elements, the poorest among them being destitute of glass in the narrow apertures which supply the place of windows,—which are closed in tempestuous weather by means of ill-fitting boards, plastered with mud,—and without chimneys, the dense peat-smoke, after filling the cabins, and penetrating into every crevice in the ill-fitting wainscoting, and among the rafters of the ceiling, escaping from a hole in the roof, purposely cut as small as possible, in order to exclude the rain and snow, which would otherwise drench the cabin and extinguish the fire.

Here and there appears, interspersed amongst the humbler dwellings of the fishermen, the cottage of a laird, or small landed proprietor, proud, but ignorant of the world beyond his own immediate neighborhood, whose domes, though larger, is little superior to those of the fishermen in its outer decorations or inner appointments, and little preferable, except for its superior size. Sometimes, but rarely, some cottager, more ambitious or more refined in his tastes than his neighbors, attempts to rail in a small space for a garden, but the salt sea air is prejudicial to vegetable growth, and the gardens produce little except a few turnips, or sprouts of kail, and in the height of summer, if the women-folks of the family take an interest in it, a few hardy wild flowers.

Precipitous cliffs line the coast, deeply indented, and perforated with dark, yawning caverns. The wild waves of the Atlantic rush into these indentations, or narrow creeks, and dash madly against the steep cliffs, which rise to the height of several hundred feet, and pour into the caverns, everlastingly advancing and receding, with a hollow, reverberating sound that fills the soul of the stranger-listener with awe and melancholy.

The scenery is savage and mournful, even in the brightest and fairest weather; but in winter, when the wind blows in tempestuous gusts, and the sky is darkened by deeply-hanging clouds, or with wildly rushing scud, and the atmosphere dimmed with mist; when the sleet and rain fall in torrents, and the angry waves seem to threaten destruction even to the firm foundations of the

"everlasting hills," when the earth seems to tremble with the shock occasioned by the sweeping waves thundering against the base of the cliffs, and the angry murmur is heard for miles inland, a more gloomy picture it is impossible to conceive. It must be seen to be understood. It is the realization of Cimmerian solitude; the "desolation of desolations." Almost universal as is education, at least so far as it consists in the knowledge of reading and writing, in Scotland, the utmost ignorance prevails in these dark districts, where the Gaelic is the prevailing language, and where scarcely one among the women, and very few among the men, are able to speak, or even to understand, more than a few phrases of English.

The inhabitants are superstitious to a degree; firm believers in "second sight," in wraiths, and doubles, and fairies and evil spirits. It is their delight, during the long, dreary, tempestuous nights of winter, when their—at all seasons perilous—occupations are necessarily interrupted, to assemble beneath the roof of some neighbor who is able to read, and listen, spell-bound, and crouching around the huge fire of dried seaweed, to some ghostly narrative, or to hearken to wild and horrible legends, told by some native improvisatore; the howling of the wind, and the beating of the rain without, and the smoky, red glare of the blazing pine-torches (serving in lieu of candles) within reflecting upon the rude wainscot of the hut, in weird-like shadows, the crouching figures of the listeners, who sit, with bated breath, greedily drinking in the terrible, unearthly tale, scarce daring to look around them, until the bravest and most reckless, who can jest amid the howling of the storm, when grim rocks to leeward of their fragile bark threaten destruction, and where there is but a thin plank between them and death, tremble at the sound of their own voices, the flickering of their own shadows, and fancy that they hear supernatural shrieks in the blasts of the driving gale, as they wend their way homewards in shivering groups.

On the most northerly and most prominent and lofty headland of that savage, rocky indentation, on the west coast of Scotland, known as Gairlock Bay, stands a rude fishing village such as we have described. The inhabitants of the village do not exceed four hundred, all counted, and among these may be estimated one hundred able-bodied, hardy fishermen. The great majority of the inhabitants were, at the period of which we write, some twelve years since, and probably are now, of the ignorant and superstitious, but generous and hardy class to which we have alluded. But there were some others, who, though they mingled freely on ordinary occasions with their neighbors, held themselves, in a measure, aloof in their more intimate social intercourse. These were a family named Peddington, the head of which, a century earlier, had fled to this coast fastness after the defeat of the rebels in the Scottish rebellion of 1745, and a widow, named Peebles, whose ancestors had fled at the same period, for the like cause.

Arthur Peddington, the Jacobite, had lost the greater portion of his property, and had through poverty been compelled to betake himself to the hazardous profession which formed the occupation of nearly the whole of the male inhabitants of the village, and his descendants had never been able to rise much above the condition of their once wealthy, but in his later years impoverished ancestor; but poor though they were, they had held themselves above the degradation which poverty often brings in its train. The escaped Jacobite had taken care, even though he suffered privation in consequence, that his children should receive as good an education as, in his intervals of leisure, it was in his power to bestow. This had been observed through succeeding generations, and young Arthur Peddington, the present head of the family, and the sole support of a widowed mother, though a humble fisherman by trade, was a gallant and noble-minded young man of twenty-two, as well educated as most young men of his age in Inverness, or any of the large cities in the Scottish Highlands.

John Peebles had, when he made his escape from Edinburgh, managed to bring a small supply of money with him, and had purchased a farm—a rude, wild, ungenial plot of ground, yet which still enabled him to maintain his family in somewhat better style than could his old friend and companion in misfortune, Arthur Peddington. Nevertheless, the two families had always maintained a friendly intercourse, and they, with the family of the laird, constituted a petty aristocracy—a certain degree of homage and respect being willingly paid to them by the simple-minded neighbors, in consideration of their superior acquirements—into which, however, the Peddingtons were, on account of their comparative poverty, only admitted on sufferance.

The widow Peebles, who, since the death of her husband, had been obliged to hire a man to attend to the out-of-door duties of the farm, had one only child, a daughter, Mary Peebles—the belle of Gairlock, *par excellence*, and as pretty, artless, and good tempered a maiden as Bonnie Scotland could boast.

From childhood Mary Peebles and Arthur Peddington had grown up together, constant companions at their lessons and at play. Arthur had constituted himself Mary's protector, from the time when he was able to understand the meaning of the word, and Mary, since she had been able to walk alone, had made Arthur the confidant of all her childish troubles, and had accustomed herself to appeal to him in every difficulty. If they had been asked, they could not have said when it was they had first begun to entertain sentiments of the strongest affection towards each other, but this was certain, that the people of the village, as well as they themselves, believed that their union for life was merely a question of time.

While the widow's husband lived, the parents of both the young folks had considered the union of the two families by the marriage of Arthur and Mary, a matter of course; nor was the anticipated union altogether unequal in point of wealth, as may be supposed. The father of Arthur, by reason of his superior intelligence, had risen above his brother fishermen, and when he died, left Arthur three boats of his own, besides the cottage, with garden attached, in which he lived, and Mary had made Arthur promise that when they were married he would leave off going to sea himself, and stay at home and manage the farm, while he employed other men to sail his boats.

After Henry Peebles's death, however, the widow found that her husband had left her so much better off than she had anticipated, that she resolved to send Mary to school for a couple of years, in Edinburgh, in order that she might acquire certain city accomplishments; a very unnecessary matter, as Arthur and others thought, for a young woman who was to spend her days on a small farm at Gairlock; but the Widow Peebles thought differently, and Mary herself, after shedding a few tears at the thought of separating for two long years from her lover, began to feel a thrill of pleasure at the idea of seeing the wonders and magnificence of a city, which to her, who had never in her life been ten miles from Gairlock, would seem like entering into a new world.

Poor Arthur had other matters to trouble his mind besides the mere parting for so long a time from her, who he had hoped would in less time become his wife. He had never been in a large city himself, but he had read and heard of the gaieties and temptations incidental to city life, and he feared that Mary, who he was well aware would be admired anywhere for her beauty, would forget him, the plain coast-fisherman, ere the period of probation was over.

Mary, on her part, ridiculed the idea of any change occurring in the state of her affections. What! Forget Arthur, whom she had loved as long as she could recollect? Never! Not if the queen's or the son of the Provost of Edinburgh should seek to estrange her affections from the lover of her girlhood!

The day arrived when, at night, she was to set out for the Scottish capital. It was the height of summer, and even the coast and surrounding country of Gairlock had thrown aside some portion of its dreary gloom. To the lovers, who had never seen brighter, though tamer scenery, and who had learnt to love the precipitous cliffs and sea-washed beach, and all the magnificent though somewhat gloomy surroundings of their native home, the landscape glittering in the beams of the bright, warm sun, looked cheerful as that of a more southerly clime, and the atmosphere, despite its moistness, impregnated as it was with the salt sea air, felt genial and balmy as that of Italy.

By mutual arrangement, the young lovers met in a deep glen about a mile distant from the village, through which coursed a narrow, freshwater streamlet, there to plight their troth, and in Highland fashion, to attest their vows of love by breaking a thin piece of silver in two over a running stream.

The coin had been previously partially severed by Arthur, and after walking in the bright sunshine for an hour, recalling the past and building up great hopes for the future, they had advanced to the stream, near the spring whence it had its source. Here Arthur stepped across, and holding out his hand with the coin between his thumb and fore-finger, Mary also took hold of the coin, and it broke in two.

"Thus," they exclaimed in one voice, "we pledge our word and plight our troth. By day or by night will we keep near our hearts the several portions of this piece of pure silver, holding it typical of our separation and of our mutual love, until we meet and join the halves together again as we hope to be united in life even unto death. So may Heaven be our witness."

"Hey, hinnie! an' mark weel that ye dinna brak' them," screamed a harsh, discordant voice from the summit of a rising ground, a short distance from them. "Hech, sirs! I've seen mony a braw laddie and mony a bonnie lassie pledge their troth ower the rinnin' water, an' mony an one ha' I see brak' the trust. But ne'er saw I aught but ill come on't. There's witchcraft in the rinnin' stream, an' its aye kittle work to mak' or meddle wi't, for disaster and death will fa' on they who brak' their vows."

The startled lovers looked up and saw the withered form and elfin features of Margery Campbell, an old woman of eighty, who was held in no great repute by the villagers, though she was greatly feared by them, in consequence of her being, as they supposed, endowed with the gift of second sight. Her curse was dreadful, and not a fishing vessel would put to sea until the fishermen, by a small donation of money or meal, had propitiated her favor and obtained her blessing.

Mary uttered a slight scream, and in the act of starting, dropped the piece of silver from her hand into the water.

"Ha!" exclaimed the hag. "Sae, a'ready the charm is broken. Look till't, young man. Look till't; ye'll carry a sair heart else to the grave."

Arthur, meanwhile, fished out the broken piece of silver and gave it back to Mary, who was so greatly agitated that she could scarcely stand.

"Aye, sae ye've found it; and ye gied it back? Atweel! Ye're a saft-hearted laddie, and the fause lassie need na fear ye're anger. But wae's me for ye. See, the cloud has shrouded the bright sunshine! There'll be little of sunshine for ye, after; so make the maist o' the day, for the morn may bring woe wi't."

So saying, the old woman hobbled away. Arthur helped the maiden across the stream, and gave her the love kiss which completed the betrothal, and endeavored, with fond words and smiles, to restore her composure, in which endeavor, after awhile, he partially succeeded. They strove to forget the ill-omened words of the old hag, and began again to speak hopefully of the future. At length the hour arrived when Mary must take her departure. Arthur saw her home, and bade her farewell; and so they parted, with smiles upon their lips and mutual good wishes, but both felt a heaviness at their hearts which neither was inclined to acknowledge.

A year passed away, during which letters frequently passed between the betrothed pair, breathing love, and longing for the hour when they should meet again.

Six months more, and Mary's letters became sower, and as Arthur thought, shorter and colder in their tone. Still he was fain to hope that his anxiety led him to anticipate troubles which did not exist; until, at length, some busybody neighbor, who had been to Edinburgh, on returning, whispered about that Mary was listening to the addresses of the young laird, who, like herself, had been sent to the capital to finish his education. He told that they attended balls and theatres together, and that people in Edinburgh said they were to be married on Mary's return.

Still Arthur refused to credit the reported faithlessness of his sweetheart, although his heart sunk within him. But she was soon to return with her mother, who had gone to Edinburgh on a visit, and then he would learn his fate from her own lips.

Arthur was at sea when Mary returned, it being in the height of the fishing season; but a month after his boats returned, and he hastened to the widow's house to see his betrothed. He fancied that the neighbors looked sorrowfully and pityingly upon him, but he dared not ask them why, or seek to know if such were really the case, and none sought to enlighten him.



He reached the farm house, a mile or two from the village, and saw bright lights within doors, and heard the music of the violin and bagpipes, and other sounds of merriment and festivity.

What could it mean? he asked himself. Was it in honor of Mary's return? This could scarcely be, for she had been a month at home! Alas! Something forewarned him that all his bright hopes—the joy of his life, was to be crushed forever.

The presentiment was true. He was deceived and betrayed—betrayed most cruelly, most heartlessly! The sounds of festivity were in honor of Mary's wedding. She had that morning given her heart and her hand to the young laird.

The Widow Peebles came to meet the rejected lover, and sought, in reply to his looks rather than to his words, to excuse her daughter's faithlessness. The match was such a good one for Mary. The young laird had lately come into a large accession of property from a deceased uncle. It was better for both that they should forget the past. Mary, since she had mixed in Edinburgh society, would scarcely make a fitting wife for a plain fisherman; "but," added the widow, in a tone which evidently was constrained and anxious, "will you no gang in, ben? Mary'll be glad to see an auld friend, forbye what's past."

"No!" sternly replied Arthur. "But give the false girl this!"—and taking his half of the broken coin from its place round his neck, he wrote on a slip of paper,—"Remember, false girl, the streamlet in the willow glen, and your broken vow! Would to heaven I had taken the omen when the coin slipped from your hand. Mark me, now. I will have a sweet revenge!"

He folded his half of the coin in this note, and sent it to her by the widow, and then he left the cottage and returned to the village.

Those who were present said that Mary turned pale when she read the lines; but she assumed a forced gaiety, and essayed to appear merrier and more light-hearted than before.

Soon after this Arthur sold his fishing-boats and left Gairlock for Edinburgh, and years passed by during which he was never heard of. He had taken his mother with him, and they were known in Gairlock no more. During these years Mary had borne her husband six children; but it was said she lived unhappily with him, and gossips whispered that she secretly but bitterly repented of her cruel falsehood to Arthur Pedlington.

So far as the goods of this world were concerned, she was, for several years, well to do. Her husband purchased a vast number of fishing-boats, and almost had the trade in his own hands. But after a time he began to indulge in drink, and to speculate recklessly. One by one the boats were sold, being purchased for a stranger who did not appear in person, and whose name was kept secret. At last there was but one boat left, and the farm was mortgaged to its full value, in order to meet some pressing obligation. It was said that the same stranger—a gentleman in Edinburgh—who had bought the boats, had advanced the money on the farm.

The laird grew more profligate and more reckless than ever. The interest on the mortgage could not be paid; the mortgage was foreclosed, and the mortgagee visited Gairlock to take possession of the property. Then it became known that Arthur Pedlington—now a rich Edinburgh merchant—was the purchaser of the boats, and the owner of the forfeited farm. He had retired from business, and had come to spend his days in his native place, and to occupy the position of the former laird of the manor. He did not go near Mary; but it was said by those of his former friends with whom he had spoken, that he had come down to push his revenge upon the falsehood of Mary Peebles, now the unhappy wife of the late lord of Gairlock.

It was autumn when he arrived at the village, and about a week after the fishing fleet set out on the last cruise for the season. It was a fine morning, and scores of females, their children clinging to their skirts, assembled on the cliffs to watch the progress of the boats which contained their husbands. Among these women came Mary Gairlock (the village was named after the old laird's family), for the broken-down laird had taken it into his head to share the dangers of the cruise—sailing on board his own boat, the last that was left to him. Arthur Pedlington came also to the cliff to watch the boats, for many of them belonged to him.

Gaily they bounded over the sparkling, rippling waters of the Atlantic, their white sails glisten-

ing in the sunlight, which seemed to smile upon them, and to presage a favorable cruise. There were many tears shed, for well the fishermen's wives knew the dangers which attended their husbands' calling, and the treacherous nature of the element on which they sought to win the money which should provide food and clothing for wives and bairns; and Mary's eyes also glistened with tears, for if her husband, as it was said, did not use her kindly, he was still her husband, and the father of her children! But there were smiles of hope mingled with the tears, and many a whispered prayer for a prosperous cruise and a safe return.

Suddenly a dead silence reigned, where late the busy hum of a hundred voices had been heard. Arthur Pedlington looked around to discover the cause of this ominous silence, and his glance caught that of the old hag, Margery Campbell. Presently one of the women gained courage to ask the old woman to send her blessing after the retreating vessels.

"My blessing!" she screamed, keeping her eyes fixed upon Arthur, whom, although years had elapsed since she had seen him, she had immediately recognized. "My blessing! What wad my blessing avail ye? No, na—I'm sent here to give my curse, for is there no' a Jonah in the fleet of bonnie bairnies? Is no' the auld laird of Gairlock gone wi' them? Ay, weel I wot he has; and there," pointing to Arthur, "stan's the avenger. Wad's me, wad's me! The sun shines bonnily, an' the wind blows fair, but before night there'll be storm and tempest, and on the morrow, mony a widowed wife and mony a fatherless bairn, greeting sair for they upon whom their e'en 'll no smile any mair!"

She flung her arms wildly into the air, and hurrying from the spot was soon lost to sight. A deep gloom settled on the countenances of all present, but none left the spot. All stood still, gazing anxiously at the fast receding boats.

And now, as if in immediate fulfilment of the old hag's prophecy, the fair, bright sky began to be obscured with clouds, dark, heavy masses of which rose in the western horizon. The wind commenced to rise, and a long, sweeping sea to set in from the westward, indicative of a gale out at sea, rapidly approaching the land, and well the gazers knew the danger attending a westerly gale when the boats were so near the rocky shores.

The fishermen evidently saw their danger. Some began to shorten sail, others put about, eager to reach the haven they had just quitted, before the gale blew too fiercely. Their efforts were useless. The wind rose with astounding rapidity, and the waves, lately so smooth and gentle, were lashed into fury. Rain fell in torrents, and in less than an hour a hurricane blew of such force, that it was evident that the boats would be sunk or dashed to pieces on the rocks. Nothing but a miracle could save them. Night came on. Some of the boats had been seen to sink, but none knew whose they were; each anxious, fearful gaze hoped her husband was yet safe, but feared the worst. Soon it grew so dark that the boats were no longer visible, but the hurricane continued to increase. Weary and sick at heart, and drenched to the skin, few of the women left the summit of the bleak cliff, where they could scarcely keep their footing, so fierce was the gale, so blinding the rain. Some, who had no relations exposed to the fury of the elements—and these were few in number—carried the younger children home to a place of shelter; but the older ones stayed with their mothers; and ever and anon, above the howling of the tempest, was heard the mournful wail of women in despair, as a heavier gust of wind would blow, and they fancied that through the darkness they could perceive, tossing wildly upon the white foam of the raging waters, the black shapes of dismantled vessels and broken spars. Sometimes, amid the wail of human woe and the roar of the tempest, Arthur fancied—but it could only have been fancy—that he could hear the despairing cries of shipwrecked mariners, calling for that aid which it was beyond the reach of human skill or human daring to afford them.

It was a night of horror, that will be remembered for many generations by the inhabitants of Gairlock and its vicinity, and indeed by the inhabitants of the whole line of the western coast of Scotland.

When daylight dawned, the whole coast was strewn with wrecks, and the beach with mangled corpses. Of forty-three boats which not twenty-four hours before had put to sea, their crews full

of hope and spirit, only fourteen regained the port—all the rest were dashed to pieces against the rocks, or had foundered at sea. Among the missing vessels was that which had belonged to the late laird of Gairlock—the last of his possessions. Mary was now a penniless widow!

On the beach, among the mangled corpses of the seamen, was found the dead body of Margery Campbell. She was sitting upright, on a seaweed covered rock, stiff and rigid, her eyes wide open and her arms stretched out, as she had last been seen by the terror-stricken women on the cliff. No one knew how she came to be on the beach; but every one of the poor, superstitious mourners believed that her curse had caused the tempest to rise which had rendered them widows, and their children fatherless.

Many pitied Mary; but more blamed her, and said, in the bitterness of their grief and despair, that the storm was a judgment sent in consequence of her faithlessness to the sacred love plight vowed across a running stream.

Arthur Pedlington had lost four of his vessels, but they were insured at Edinburgh, so that he was not a loser personally. On the day after the storm he called at the cottage of the broken-hearted, beggared widow, once his much loved mistress and betrothed bride. He found her almost in a state of frenzy.

"Arthur," she cried when he entered the cottage, "I have sinned against you and against God. You said the day would come when you would be revenged. It has come. O spare me, Arthur! Spare me, as you once loved me, for my fatherless children's sake."

She flung herself at his feet, and clinging to his knees, besought him to be satisfied with the vengeance of Heaven, and with fast falling tears and heart-rending sobs, prayed him to spare her further distress, or take her life.

"Mary," said Arthur, raising the hapless woman to her feet, "the will of Heaven I cannot controvert, and it is not mine to gainsay it; but whether Heaven has wreaked especial vengeance on you or not—and why should you think it has when hundreds as well as you have suffered?—my hour of vengeance has only just begun. I will repay your ingratitude, your falsehood, with kindness. I will be a father to your children and a friend to you, for the sake of the love I once bore you. Will you accept my offer?"

Mary, unable to speak, knelt again in spite of his endeavors to prevent her, and covered his hands with tears and kisses, and called upon the children to kneel and thank their preserver.

Arthur bade her be comforted, and when she became more composed quitted the cottage. A few days after he caused her and her children to be removed to Edinburgh, where he took lodgings for the widow, and sent the children to school, and as long as he lived continued to befriend the latter. The widow died before him, blessing him with her dying breath.

It would not have been safe for the widow to have remained at Gairlock, for the good people persisted in their belief that her base conduct in breaking her vow sworn over a running stream, was quite as much as the curse of Margery Campbell the cause of the tempest which spread so much misery and distress along the coast, and they believed that the generosity of Arthur to her who had blasted his happiness, was occasioned by his having fished up from the water the broken piece of silver!

To all who had suffered Arthur behaved generously, and he was for many years a benefactor to his native village, where he resided until his death, about five years ago, only occasionally paying a visit to the widow and his proteges in Edinburgh—respected and beloved by all with whom he had any acquaintance.

#### THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

The editor of Life Illustrated, in commenting on Bayard Taylor's description of the unusual beauty of Polish women, discloses the secret of their good looks as follows: "The girls do not jump from infancy to ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the parlor, to dress, sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flowers. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed everyway with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain simple food, free and various exercises, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

#### JOHN G. SAXE'S THREE TRAVELLERS.

Saxe, in a letter to the Boston Post, draws these portraits of three familiar travellers: First, the man who travels with his wife—second, the man who travels with his wife's sister; third, the man who travels with another man's wife. The first case is extremely common, and not particularly interesting. "The man is taciturn, and sleeps apparently as much as he can; the woman has a slightly subdued expression of face, and looks a good deal at the scenery along the road, of which she says, for the most—nothing. When she does speak, as sometimes happens at the sight of something very remarkable, she says, 'See—John!' that is all. The man carefully looks after the baggage, and assures his spouse, in reply to a question, 'it's all right.' The woman takes care of the small 'traps,' and seems comfortable and contented. Altogether they behave quite rationally, and, in spite of their seeming unsociability, are really very fond of each other, and will make a pleasant trip of it—not only to the end of their railroad tour, but to the terminus of their matrimonial journey."

The man who travels with his wife's sister carries himself, perhaps, in the main like the man who travels with his wife. But he is more talkative, and takes more pains to be agreeable. He feels that more is expected of him, and, as it goes in commercial affairs, the supply is equal to the demand. A pleasant thing is a wife's sister, unless, indeed, she is quite the reverse—and that is not the sort of woman I am talking of. She takes the wife's place in the house sometimes, and may chance to make an excellent stepmother. Why not?—for is she not already the aunt of her niece and nephew? This sort of marriage, however, is, I believe anti-Levitical, and some of the theologians don't approve of it—which is a pity.

The man who travels with another man's wife is of a much more marked behaviour. How attentive he is to all the real and possible wants of the lady! He respects her whims even, which you may be sure her husband does not, at home or abroad. How carefully he hands her in and out! How sedulously he applies her ear with discourse! And yet he imagines people take him for the lady's spouse! No, my dear sir; the brakeman in the corner knows better than that. Husbands may be uxorious, but kindness such as yours is more likely that of a *well-meaning*—which, after all, I dare say you are not. It's tiresome, though, after awhile, unless the lady is remarkably attractive and pays her own fare (which she sometimes forgets), and, for a journey of a thousand miles, your own wife is much the more agreeable companion.

#### THE LAW OF CHANCE.

In the interesting report of the State Engineer and Surveyor, there is a series of mathematical deductions from the statistics, which are quite instructive. Among the curious deductions is the following:—Dividing 373,159,179, the mileage of passengers, by 20, the number of passengers killed, we find that only one passenger was killed for 18,657,959 miles of travel. To travel this distance it would require more than 106 years, moving incessantly at the rate of 20 miles per hour. Dividing 373,159,179 by 182, the total number of passengers killed or injured, we find 2,050,324 miles of travel for each passenger either killed or injured.

The total number of passengers carried during the year, excluding city roads, is 11,250,073, which divided by 20, gives 562,504. That is, only one passenger has been killed for every 562,504 which have been carried. From this, we see how small the risk of life arising from railroad travel. Truly, as the poet of honor is a private station, so the post of safety in a railroad train. Get on the platform if you want to get out of danger! You must travel eighteen million of miles in order to be killed; and this will take you 106 years, going at 20 miles an hour and never stopping for sleep. You must take your lunch with you, and take your repose in the sleeping cars, otherwise you will live just 106 years less. Methusalem, probably, was a railroad conductor, and never got off the cars, which accounts for his old age. All the old women in the country, who once were frightened at the idea of railroad travel, will soon be mounting the cars to escape the vicissitudes and catastrophes which attend the lives of those who stay at home.—*Atlantic Monthly*

#### AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

We used to know an eccentric old man who delighted in being odd, and carrying out his taste in dress and manners; nevertheless he was kind and honest, just in his dealings, and a man that used great plainness of speech. He generally wore a red vest of great length, patriarchal style, and the ribbons on his hat were streaming in the wind full half a yard long. One very cold morning he called at the minister's, and a dialogue followed something like this:

"We are having a pretty cold spell of weather, older."

"Yes," said the parson, "the coldest we have had this season."

"I had a misfortune happen to me last night," continued the old gentleman; "a fine calf died."

"Ah! indeed!" chilled through, I presume," said the minister, sympathizingly.

"Yes, and as if that wasn't enough, my boy up and died too, and I want you to come down and officiate to-morrow."

That we call coming to the subject carefully.—*The Boston Herald*





WASTE WIER OF COCHITUATE AQUEDUCT, WEST NEEDHAM.

#### THE COCHITUATE WATER-WORKS.

The interest naturally felt by our citizens in their great system of water works, stimulated by the recent disaster which was so skillfully and promptly repaired, and the scene of which was so truthfully represented in a late number of our illustrated journal, has prompted us to offer in the present number a series of views drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. A. Waud, who visited the whole line of water works for this purpose, and made his sketches on the spot. His drawings, eight in number, delineate the Waste Wier of the Cochituate at West Needham, the Gate House, Framingham, the Cochituate Dam in the same town, a Viaduct at Newton Lower Falls, the Bridge over the Charles River at Newton Lower Falls, the Brookline Gate House, Large Reservoir at Brookline, and the Beacon Hill Reservoir in this city, a structure Roman in its character of simplicity and solidity. Apart from their illustrative purpose, many of these pictures are pleasing as mere landscapes. Not

many years since, the inadequacy and bad water of the city of Boston, the inability of the Jamaica Pond Company to supply the higher parts of the city, the total dependence of a large portion of the population on rain water for the purpose of washing, the importance of an ample supply to ensure the health, comfort and cleanliness of the city, induced our authorities to consider the expediency of adopting the example of the sister cities of New York and Philadelphia, where water-works had been long in operation. After en-

countering the opposition which awaits all new projects, a popular vote finally ratified the undertaking by a decisive majority. The control of the water being in the hands of the city, the people enjoy it at cost. After an examination of the various sources of supply, a board of commissioners was appointed by the City Council in 1844, "to report the best mode and the expense of bringing the waters of Long Pond (now Lake Cochituate) into the city." The late Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Hale and James F. Baldwin composed this board—gentlemen eminently qualified to fulfil the important task assigned. The vacancy created by the death of Mr. Jackson was filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, and under their superintendence the work was completed in 1848. After Long Pond had been decided on, the commissioners secured the services of Mr. E. Sylvester Chesborough and Mr. W. S. Whitwell, as engineer and assistant engineer, with Mr. Jervis, of the New York Croton Works, as consulting engineer. Work was commenced on the 19th of August, 1846. Long Pond, or Lake Cochituate, the source of the aqueduct, is a large sheet of water lying in the towns of Natick, Framingham and Wayland, and the distance from the reservoir on Beacon Hill to the gate house at the lake, by the line of water works, is twenty miles. The lake is of irregular shape, with indented shores, and its greatest extent is from north to south. Its area is 684 acres. The aqueduct commences at the eastern shore of the pond, and is carried out some distance into it. The works here consist of a bulkhead arranged with gates, and for the protection of the work, a gate house of granite, delineated on this page. The aqueduct is built of brick, and is of an egg shaped oval form, with the broader

teen and three fourths span, which, in consideration of the enormous pressure to which they are subjected, were set on foundations of immense strength. The reservoir covers an area of 40,000 feet, and will hold three millions of gallons of water. The water is raised 112 feet above the tide level, and 612 feet above the level of the floor of the State House. The water was let into the brick aqueduct at the lake October 12, 1848, at 11 o'clock, A. M. No accident marred the introduction of the Cochituate into the city. The celebration took place October 25, 1848, with imposing ceremonies. The water works are now under the superintendence of Mr. James Slade, City Engineer. We should have mentioned that the conduit is not continued over the valley of the Charles River, but three lines of iron pipes are laid instead, two of them 30 inches, the other 36 inches diameter. These descend the sides of the valley in the natural earth, but cross the river on a granite bridge of three elliptical arches of thirty feet span, and seven and a

quite an attraction to the neighborhood. The principal reservoir is in Brookline, and contains 120,000,000 gallons of water suitable for use. There are three sets of gates to regulate the flow of water to the three mains to the city. These are of iron, with composition bearing surfaces, worked with iron screws in composition nuts. The mains leading to the city are of cast iron, one 36 and one 30 inch, which were laid when the work was originally constructed. Another line of pipes, 40 inches in diameter, is now being laid from the Brookline gate house to the city, which will connect with the two previously laid in two or three places, in such a manner that when either one of the three lines is shut off, the other two will give their full supply to all parts of the city. One of the mains leads directly to the reservoir on Beacon Hill, from which it radiates to all parts of the city. The other main leads to the lower portions of the city, as well as to South and East Boston by pipes of a smaller size branching off from it. The main



COCHITUATE DAM, FRAMINGHAM.

half feet rise. These iron mains were each originally nine hundred and seventy-nine feet long. Since the break they have been lengthened about one hundred feet, and are now less liable to accident than formerly. The pipes descend sixty-one feet, and the water in the river is seventy-four feet below the top of the conduit. At each end of this valley are pipe chambers for regulating the flow of water through the pipes. There is but one ventilator in the whole length. It is found that the water becomes sufficiently aerated while passing through the Brookline reservoir on its way to the city, and that even this one ventilator might be dispensed with. There are four waste weirs on the line of conduit which are used to let off water whenever the conduit is to be cleaned out, or whenever any accident occurs which requires expeditious repairs. It is usual to draw off the water once in each year, to examine, repair and clean it out. Nearly the entire length of the conduit is laid below the natural surface, part of the way thirty feet deep, and in the tunnels from sixty to eighty feet deep. There is a very neat granite viaduct near the Charles River pipe valley. The conduit at this point is in very heavy embankment, and crossing a town road, it became necessary to build a viaduct under the conduit large enough for the passage of the largest teams in each direction at the same time. This viaduct, embankment and bridge over the river form altogether

pipes are so arranged that the supply through either one may be sent to all parts of the city. There are three reservoirs within the city. The principal one on Beacon Hill we have noticed. The walls vary in thickness from 2 1/2 to 3 feet, with foundations of granite 4 1/2 and 5 feet thick, resting on concrete varying from 3 to 6 feet thick. The basin is 14 feet in depth and contains 2,700,000 gallons of water. Its area is 28,000 square feet. The reservoir in South Boston is on Telegraph Hill. It is in shape a segment of an ellipse, and measures 370 by 260 feet. It is built with an entire earthen embankment, having a puddle wall in the centre which makes it perfectly water-tight. The bank is 15 feet in width on top, the outside slope sodded, and the inner slope faced with rough granite blocks to prevent the waves from beating down the banks. It will contain when full 7,500,000 gallons of water. The reservoir in East Boston is on Eagle Hill. It is rectangular in shape, measuring 325 by 150 feet. It will contain 5,500,000 gallons of water. The pipes on their passage to South and East Boston cross tide-water, and pass in syphons under four deep channels. They are strongly incased in timber boxes and are put below the bottom of channels, so that no vessel lying over them at low water can harm them. From Chelsea to East Boston a portion of the pipe is laid with a flexible joint. It was put together on a platform above water and lowered till it came to a firm position.



GATE HOUSE, LAKE COCHITUATE, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

end downward, the greatest width being 5 feet, and the extreme height 6 feet 4 inches, composed of brick masonry eight inches thick, laid in hydraulic cement. This form of construction secures the greatest strength. A plastering of cement is laid on the inside from the bottom to the top of the water line, and also on the outside from the top to the chord line of the lower or inverted arch. By this means the escape of water from the inside, or its intrusion by percolation from the outside, is guarded against. The aqueduct descends three inches to the mile. At the natural outlet, where the lake flows into Concord River, a dam has been constructed of stone masonry to close the lake or regulate the discharge of water from it. The daily discharge of water through the aqueduct itself is estimated at about 7,000,000 wine gallons. At Newton there is a remarkable piece of work consisting of a tunnel cut through a ledge of rock 2410 feet in length. Through the greater part of this distance the roof of the tunnel consists of solid rock of a hard and durable character; but the remaining portion having a tendency to decompose by exposure to the atmosphere, is lined with brick masonry. Wherever, on the line, pipes are substituted for the aqueduct, waste weirs have been erected for the discharge of such surplus water as is not received by the pipes. Gates to regulate the fall of water are enclosed in suitable buildings. Our first engraving represents one of these waste weirs.

The Brookline reservoir has an area of nearly twenty-three acres, twenty-three feet deep in the easterly portion, and ten feet in the westerly. At the western end is a granite structure for the receiving gates, where the great brick conduit enters. The bank surrounding the reservoir consists of earth, principally sloping on each

side, and is rendered impervious to water by a bank of puddled earth in the middle, going as far below the natural surface of the earth as was found necessary to connect it with a tight bottom. The exterior front of the embankment, where it rises beyond eight feet in height, is supported at the base by a bank wall, the material of which was taken partly from a quarry foundation within the basin, and partly from the Quincy granite quarries. At the eastern extremity of the reservoir is the beautiful gate house of granite, represented in one of our engravings. The gates to receive and shut off the water are fitted in solid and durable masonry. The floor is on a level with the surface of Lake Cochituate. This building contains the requisite chambers and passages for regulating the delivery of water, either from the reservoir, or, in case of absolute necessity, from the aqueduct itself. Three iron pipes, each three feet in diameter, lead from the chambers and connect with the main pipes conducting into the city. The water pipes, laid twenty feet below the ordinary level of the reservoir, enter the city through Brookline and Roxbury, over the Tremont Road. We give a view, among our sketches, of the main reservoir of the city on Beacon Hill, an imposing granite structure, built to endure through time. It is situated near the State House, on a plot of ground bounded by Derne, Temple, Mt. Vernon and Hancock Streets. The corner stone of the reservoir was laid on Saturday, November 9, 1847, by the mayor, in presence of the City Council, and a vast body of citizens and strangers. This reservoir is of granite, the foundation being laid and every part of the work performed with the most scrupulous fidelity and care, and with a view to the greatest durability. It is built on arches of four-



VIADUCT, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.



## SIGNOR OSTINELLI AND HIS VIOLIN.

The following recollections of Signor Ostinelli and his violin, contributed to a late number of the Providence Journal, will be read with interest by those who knew him, or who have listened with pleasure to the singing of his gifted daughter. "I remember well Signor Ostinelli, though never had his personal acquaintance. I saw him daily in the street, and heard much in his praise as a musician. He was of middle stature, or a little under, rather stout, with broad shoulders, carried his head a trifle one side, the result of professional habit, and moved with an elastic step. His features were good, and the expression of his countenance lively. A physiognomist would set him down as a man eminently social in his nature, ever ready to render a gracious service, and true to his professions. I always looked upon him as the embodiment of honor. He married a daughter of Mr. Hewett, a musical composer of merit. Miss H. was beautiful, accomplished and highly esteemed, both for her graceful manners and domestic virtues. Her sister, no less accomplished and esteemed, became the bride of Signor L. Papanti, distinguished as a French horn performer, and who is perhaps better known to the Boston public as a successful professor of Terpsichorean art. Signor Ostinelli, after his marriage, resided for several years in a house on Federal Street, a few doors south of the Catholic nursery, on the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. There, at the window, as I frequently passed, and at other times in the street, with her mother, I saw a lovely girl of two or three years, who inherited the marked qualities of both parents, and whose talents in ripening womanhood have won for her the laurel wreath. Other children I think they had, but of that I am not sure.

To his profession Signor Ostinelli was passionately devoted, and the manner in which he handled his violin, showed plainly that next to his family it held the first place in his affections. He was connected with the orchestra of the Boston Handel and Haydn society, and played a first viol at its oratorios. He was also connected with the orchestra of the old Boston Theatre, and subsequently with that of the Tremont. In those positions I know nothing of him except from common report. At concerts and oratorios I frequently listened to Signor O.'s instrumentation, and always with increased admiration. The praise universally accorded him, appeared well deserved. Indeed, after listening to him once, and witnessing the zest with which he entered into the performance of a concert, however good, without him seemed incomplete. When, in the war of theatres, the old Boston was vanquished by the mightier power and greater popularity of the Tremont, the former was converted into a place of worship, and there, under



LARGE RESERVOIR AT BROOKLINE.

clavicle. He drew a long bow, with deliberate motion, moving the fore-arm only, and elicited from his cherished instrument tones thrilling as inspiration and sweet as the harp of Æolus. Ostinelli burned with the fire of an Italian nature. He grasped

partment poured forth strains of melody, 'as the voice of many waters,' his whole being seemed absorbed, and for the moment endued with electric force. His left foot advanced, he leaned more earnestly toward the score, his frame swayed to and fro as if to



BROOKLINE GATE HOUSE.

the ministry of the late Rev. William M. Rogers, was organized a Congregational church and society, now known as the Winter Street Society. The proprietors of the house gave it the Greek name of "Odeon," and besides the use above mentioned, it was occupied by the Lowell Institute lectures, and by musical associations for concerts and more elaborate performances. The stage was so completely altered as to provide ample orchestral and choir accommodations, and was furnished with a powerful organ. This inaugurated a new era in the history of music in Boston, and dates the period of a rapid advancement in that city of musical taste and culture. On one occasion, through the courtesy of the late Prof. J. B. Woodbury, who was then just entering upon a musical career of extraordinary success, I was present in the Odeon at the rehearsal of an oratorio. The orchestra and choir were large. Among the prominent violinists were Ostinelli and Schmidt, a German, I suppose, as his name indicates, and then a new favorite with the public. The contrast between these artists was the contrast of a winged Mercury and the statue of Repose. Their styles of manipulation, or perhaps I should say of "fingering" and bowing, was as unlike as their personal appearance. Schmidt, tall, slender, graceful in every motion, with long raven hair setting off a face spirituelle and classic; Ostinelli, as before described. Comer ("honest Tom," so called), if I mistake not, was conductor, and flourished his baton with the dignity of a king of song. When the signal for preparation to open the instrumental prelude was given, each musician placed himself in readiness at his stand, and on the second signal, my attention was drawn to the peculiarities of these celebrated, though not rival, performers. Schmidt stood erect, towering like a Norway pine above the forest of heads, his head thrown slightly back, the base of his viol resting lightly upon the left



BRIDGE OVER CHARLES RIVER, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

his viol with nervous energy, thrust its base against the dexter shoulder, bent his neck till his chin came in close proximity with its bridge, throw his body forward as an athlete preparing for the Isthmian contest, and as the music proceeded, and the vocal de-

mark time with even more exactness than the monarch of the hour; his countenance kindled with almost superhuman enthusiasm, while the bow arm, by the celerity of its movements, declared better than words can describe the struggle of a spirit attuned to

harmonious sounds, to give expression to its deep emotions. And then, such strains, in response to a master touch I so full, so pure, so true in their rendering to the composer's conceptions, and so uplifting to the soul of the listener!—strains such as Ostinelli alone could draw from the instrument of his power! It was worth a long journey to see these men stand side by side, and to behold in every movement, and in every lineament of their expressive countenances, manifestations of the inspiration with which they glowed. I have never heard Ole Bull nor Vieux Temps, nor any of the violinists who have astonished crowds by exhibitions of their skill upon a single string; but I deem it no common privilege to have heard the artists of whom I write,—and I am sure, that in all that constitutes genius, and imparts to the violin its noblest honor, Ostinelli and Schmidt, in their day, stood without peers. The latter has passed to a higher sphere. Some years ago, on my occasional visits to Boston, I missed the familiar form of Signor Ostinelli, and supposed he had followed on to join the 'shadowy band,' but Madame Biscaccianti, in a letter to the editor of a Lowell paper, says her father is still living in her Italian home, in excellent health and spirits. As I recall the memories of youth, I rejoice that he still enjoys a green old age, and lives to witness the perpetuated reputation of the father, in the musical success of the accomplished daughter—Madame Biscaccianti."



BRACON HILL RESERVOIR, BOSTON.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DERIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year, \$2 50  
One copy, two years, 4 00  
Five copies, one year, 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year and one to the getter up of the club, 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Twoiter, New York. The first actual model of a steam carriage of which we have any written account, was constructed by a Frenchman named Etienne, who exhibited it before Napoleon de Saix in 1763. The first English model of a steam carriage was made in 1781 by William Murdoch, the friend and assistant of Watt.

"ARTIAN." The consumption of gold in arts and manufactures amounts to 16,000,000 oz. in Great Britain, 12,500,000 in France, 11,000,000 in Switzerland, 1,500,000 in other parts of Europe, 1,100,000 in the United States—\$600,000.

F. L. Portland, Me. The use of submarines among modern nations first commenced in France about the year 1800. They were introduced into England about a century later. Their use was however in both countries, confined almost exclusively to the nobility, and they were usually derived from the names of their estates. It was not until some centuries later that their use became general among all classes.

J. H. S. The punishment of the pillory was abolished in England in 1837.

"MATE." The Order of Knights Templars was founded about 1118 by nine French knights for the purpose of protecting the passage of those Christian pilgrims who visited the Holy Land.

READER. According to the Edinburgh Review the *Bibliothèque de Paris* contains 800,000 volumes, that at the British Museum 500,000, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg 520,000, the Royal Library at Berlin, 500,000, the Royal Library at Munich 450,000, Royal Library at Copenhagen 300,000, Imperial Library at Vienna 345,000, University Library at Göttingen, 300,000, Royal Library at Berlin, 350,000.

J. M. H. New Richmond, Clermont Co., Ohio. We can supply you the numbers at five cents apiece. Please enclose the list of missing numbers when you remit.

J. T. B. Columbia Branch Co. Mr. You can procure the catalogues by writing to the Registrar of the colleges you refer to.

GRACE. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston (afterwards Duke of Kingston), and of Lady Mary Ffolliott, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. The novelist Fielding was of this same family, and Lady Mary had much of his genius.

She was born in 1691, and married in 1712. About a century ago, take large pine-bark, sprinkle green moss of any kind in it, and place them in pots of water. When the barks are soaked a few days they come up to the form of solid cones, then the little spires of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the leaves, forming an ornament of rare and singular beauty.

## ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The adroit movement of the Derby Ministry, to lend oil to the reform party in Great Britain, by taking the lead in a measure for enlarging and equalizing the franchise, is not without its significance. A strong popular sentiment has long existed in favor of equalizing the representation in parliament, extending the right of suffrage more widely, and protecting the ballot against unjust and dishonest influences. This sentiment has of late become so violent as to threaten a popular tornado which would prostrate all who opposed it. Instead of preparing themselves to how before the tempest and let it overwhelm them, the Tory Ministry, under the gallant leadership of the Earl of Derby, shrewdly determined to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm. When remonstrated with by some of his Tory supporters in parliament for thus identifying his administration with a movement so utterly at variance with the conservative sentiments of his party, the Premier is said to have replied, "I have found it hard work to ride so far without a saddle, how can I be expected to ride without a horse?" And so he has taken the whirlwind for a hobby, and intends to stake his all in the parliamentary race, upon the success of the reform bug which he has mounted.

The new measure of the Derby Ministry was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It proposes to reduce the representation of fifteen small boroughs from two to one member each, and to dispose of the fifteen seats thus vacated by giving eight of them to certain counties, and the other seven to large boroughs, not at present represented. The bill further provides for the registration of voters, but not for the use of the secret ballot. The right of voting in counties is secured to every man who possesses a franchise of £10 value instead of £50, as at present. This will add some two hundred thousand to the number of voters in counties. The borough qualification is to be extended, so that every man may vote who has had £60 in the savings bank during one year, every lodger paying a weekly rent of eight shillings, every pensioner of the amount of £20 and upwards, every holder of stock in the East India Company to the amount of £10, all graduates of the universities, all clergymen and dissenting ministers, all registered medical practitioners, all barristers, solicitors and attorneys, and all certified schoolmasters. This

enlarged borough provision will be extremely favorable to the middle classes, and at the same time will be likely to secure a class of voters in sympathy with the government.

The measure thus briefly sketched does not meet the approbation of the liberal party in the House of Commons, and still less of the ultra advocates of parliamentary reform. At the same time it encounters the violent opposition of a portion of that very conservative party which Lord Derby represents. Its fate is therefore uncertain. Lord John Russell, a leader of the liberal or whig party in the House, with a view to embarrass the ministry, has offered an amendment, denouncing the proposed change of the freehold franchise in the counties of England and Wales, and calling for a greater extension of the right of suffrage in cities and boroughs, than that contemplated in the bill. This amendment has been supported by Lord Palmerston, but with a declaration that he should vote for the second reading of the bill, notwithstanding. This was done to head off Lord John Russell. The matter has thus been exceedingly complicated, and there is great doubt whether the measure will pass or not. Several of the Derby Ministry resigned upon the first introduction of the bill, and the Premier declares that he will stake his continuance in power upon the event of its rejection or adoption by the House. The question will probably be decided before long, and very likely before this can reach the eyes of our readers, the issue will be known in this country. But let the question go as it may, it is very evident that it is not the last that will be heard of reform.

## POISONING.

The great prevalence of the crime of poisoning at the present time, in various parts of the United States, is a subject of much remark. There is also much discussion as to the necessity of more stringent legal measures for its prevention. Killing by poison is certainly the most malicious, cowardly and diabolical form of murder that can be conceived of; and the comparative secrecy with which it can be effected, makes the offence still more heinous. Hence the necessity for the extreme and certain punishment which the law usually awards to this crime; and hence, too, the great danger to society of any tampering with the due administration of the law in its application to the convicted poisoner, from mistaken motives of sympathy or compassion. In the case of Mrs. Hartung, convicted at Albany of poisoning her husband, great efforts have been made to induce the governor of New York to commute the sentence of death by hanging, on account of the youth and beauty of the prisoner. The legislature has even gone so far as to attempt to interfere with the constitutional power of the governor, and pass an *ex post facto* law, commuting her sentence. The governor stands firm, however, and has declared that he will in no case stay the execution of the penalty where a wife has been sentenced to death for poisoning her husband, or a husband for poisoning his wife. The stand of the governor is eminently just and proper, and in no other way can the increase of this diabolical crime be checked, than by a faithful adherence on the part of prosecuting officers, judges, jurors and governors to the spirit of the rule here laid down.

At various periods in the history of the world, poisoning has become a crime of such common occurrence as to alarm the authorities, and induce the adoption of the most rigorous measures for its punishment and prevention. During the consulship of Fabius Maximus, 331 A. C., a large number of Roman ladies formed a conspiracy for poisoning their husbands, and carried it into effect most extensively. A female slave denounced one hundred and seventy of them to the government, and they were publicly executed. Cesare Borgia, a natural son of Pope Alexander VI., conspired with his father to remove nine newly-created cardinals by poison, that they might seize their possessions. The poisoned wine was by mistake brought to the pope and his hopeful son, and they drank the deadly draught. Alexander died, but the son, by the aid of a powerful antidote and a strong constitution, recovered. He was killed in battle before the walls of Viana, in Navarre, while fighting in the cause of his brother-in-law, John, king of Navarre, in the year 1507. The rage for poisoning was at that period very great in Italy, as well as in France and England. The most celebrated of the Italian poisoners were two women named La Spaza

and Tophania, who were both executed. The latter confessed that she had been instrumental in poisoning six hundred people, during a life of seventy years. Her poison was colorless and tasteless, and could not be detected. It was put up in phials, and labelled by her "Manna of St. Nicholas," though it was usually known by her own name as Agna Tophania. So common a thing did poisoning become, that fashionable ladies kept bottles of this fatal water upon their dressing tables, as they would lavender water. By regulating the dose, victims could be despatched in a week, a fortnight, a month, or longer period, as suited the plans of the poisoners. In England, seventeen persons were poisoned by Kouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. This occurrence gave rise to the statute of Henry VIII., of 1532, by which the offence of poisoning was made treason, punishable by boiling the criminal to death! The punishment was duly administered in several instances, and particularly in the case of Margaret Davie, a young woman who suffered in this manner for the crime of poisoning, in the year 1541. In France, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, Madame de Brinvilliers, a young and beautiful woman of most engaging manners, ran a distinguished career as a slow poisoner. By the advice of her husband, she leagued with a poisoner by the name of Sainte Croix to despatch her father and brothers, that she might inherit their property. The fellowship of crime inspired her with a guilty passion for her accomplice, and she afterwards sought to poison her husband that she might marry St. Croix. But the latter had no fancy to form a closer connection with this wicked woman, and by the secret administration of antidotes prevented the husband's death. She was at length detected in her practices, and perished on the scaffold. It is very probable that the youth and beauty of this fiend in human shape caused intercession in her behalf to be made to Louis XIV., even as the governor of New York has recently been besieged in behalf of Mrs. Hartung.

## ROMAN REMAINS.

The ancient Triconium of the Romans, in the present county of Salop, England, is supposed to have occupied the site of the present town of Wroxeter, about five miles from Shrewsbury. This was one of the earliest Roman cities in Britain, and the ancient limits are still marked by a continuous mound, covering the ruins of the old walls, and enclosing a space nearly two miles long by one mile wide. In the middle of this area stands a mass of masonry, rising about twenty feet above the surface of the ground, which has long been designated as the "old wall." Some zealous antiquaries have recently been making excavations upon this spot, and have brought to light some very interesting and extensive remains of Roman buildings. The walls of a large public edifice have been uncovered, which surrounds an enclosed court of some forty feet width by two hundred feet long, which is paved with small and narrow red bricks. This court runs nearly east and west, and is separated in its length by strong walls, from a passage fourteen feet wide on each side. Some very fine tessellated pavements were found in one of these passages. The "old wall" formed the boundary of an alley-way which ran along the south side of this building, and in excavating the continuation of this wall, it was found to be pierced with openings or doorways, each approached by a step formed of one large block of stone. One of these stone steps has the appearance of being very much worn by the feet. These doors led into a new series of rooms and courts; and still beyond them, to the south, the excavators came to the remains of rich dwelling-houses. Under the stone floors of these houses were found in good preservation *hyperocausts*, or stone chambers for containing the furnaces or stoves with which the ancients heated their baths. These subterranean vaults were approached by massive flights of stone steps, leading to nicely-arched entrances. Accumulations of rubbish were found in waste spaces near these steps, and great numbers of coins, also objects in bronze and other metals, glass, pottery, etc., were taken from these heaps. Pieces of stucco, handsomely painted in fresco, were taken from the walls, the colors being still bright and fresh, after a lapse of some two thousand years. Quantities of window-glass were strewn about the floors. This was about as thick as common plate glass, showing that the houses of the ancient Romans were well glazed. The houses generally were roofed

with sparkling micaceous slate, set in small diamond shaped pieces, which must have given to the city a dazzling appearance in the sunlight, when seen from a distance. There are traces of fire in all directions, and human bones were found scattered about, indicating that the end of the city was by violence and massacre. A local museum of the antiquities already brought to light has been established at Wroxeter, and the collection will be increased by farther excavations, which are to be prosecuted.

## ALEXANDER DUMAS.

We can't take up a single French paper without finding something about this world-renowned personage, who has just returned from an extensive tour in Russia and the East. He has already commenced the publication of his travels in a daily production called the "Caucasus," and a Georgian youth whom he spirited away is receiving a Parisian education at old Monte Cristo's expense. One writer, says the Rue d'Amsterdam, has been besieged since the return of Dumas. Managers rush after pieces, publishers after romances, hotel-keepers after new culinary delicacies, and friends by the hundred to shake the returned traveller by the hand, to see his wonderful store of Eastern costumes and objects of curiosity. He no longer receives his visitors as formerly, in pantaloons and shirt; he now wears a silken shirt, large oriental trousers made of cashmere, and a white woolen coat. Thus accoutred, the author of Monte Cristo talks, corrects proof-sheets, makes bon mots, shows his collection, spreads out his Eastern stuffs. He explains his pipes and pistols, accepts invitations to dinner, invites others to dine with him, unrolls the plot of a new drama, declaims verses he has translated from the Russian, relates the biography of those he has met on his voyage, he asks to know what has been going on during his absence, he listens to a collaborator, he tenders the hand to a friend, has a smile for a pretty woman. The fact is, Dumas has returned with an increased abundance of that physical and intellectual life which makes him an enigma even to his friends; he has renewed his lease upon existence. During his travels, Alexander Dumas says he became the guest of a beautiful princess, an oriental pearl, who asked him for a sonnet, not a word of which did she understand, and in return gave Dumas a magnificent necklace, which he understood perfectly well.

**A CURIOSITY.**—Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co., at 17 Summer Street, have just placed upon the front of their establishment a large, handsome and accurate clock, a great convenience for every one who passes through the street, and for which they will be thanked by multitudes daily. But the wonder of this clock is its peculiar mechanism, which enables it, by the extension of a single wire in any direction and in any story of the building, to designate accurately the time in any number of rooms. We advise our friends to look in and see this modern marvel, and also to examine Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co.'s admirable sewing machines.

**QUITE PARISIAN.**—New York is becoming more and more like Paris in the variety of its amusements and the patronage bestowed on them. On one night lately, the various theatres were attended by nearly twenty thousand people, and some seven thousand dollars went into the several managerial treasuries.

**ICHTHYOLOGICAL.**—The shad, that much-loved and much sought-after fish, lives but a single year. How we love them, and how we haunt the fishmongers who vend them! or, in the language of Burke, "What shad-ers we are, and what shad-ers we pursue!"

**A MONSTER BUILDING.**—One of the largest iron buildings in the world is going up in Havana, destined for a warehouse for the Credit Mobilier Company. It will be eight hundred feet long and four hundred and fifty feet wide.

**BRIGHAM YOUNG.**—We are happy to learn by letters from Utah that Brigham Young's health is rapidly failing and that he means to fly the country.

**GOING UP.**—Over five millions of dollars worth of new buildings are now in course of erection in New York.



## GOLD GROWING.

The idea has lately been started in California that gold is actually forming at the present time in the rocks and earth of the gold bearing regions. Recently a common iron axe was dug up from beneath the surface of a gold bearing placer, where it had been buried probably for four or five years, in the red earth which is common to such localities. The iron was of course very much rusted, but the entire surface exhibited fine deposits of gold upon it. It is supposed that the gold was held in chemical combination by the earth, and that the presence of the iron caused it to be precipitated from that combination in the form of golden particles. Indeed, it is attested by able analytical chemists, that gold can be obtained from all the earth and rocks found within the gold regions, and that the application of science will yet demonstrate the truth of that position. Should there be any foundation for this theory, the dreams of alchemy will again be revived, and men will again roast their brains over the alambic and the furnace, in the hope of torturing the precious metal out of baser materials. But this pursuit will be more wisely directed than in the olden time, and, instead of trying to turn iron or copper into gold, the alchemist of the present day will devote his labors to the distillation of the yellow treasure from the earth where it is held in combination. It may be that the hint which Dame Nature has given us in the case of the axe above spoken of, may be improved upon to the cultivation of gold fields; and that a new order of *Golden Farmers* will spring up, who will plough and pulverize the soil of the gold country, plant their strips of old iron, and then patiently await a crop. It is true that four or five years is a good while to wait for a crop; but this new style of farmer need not be idle in the meantime, for he can keep on planting, regardless of seasons, year after year, until it is time to harvest. And then his return will indeed be a "golden harvest,"—that is, if he gets anything—of which there may as yet be considerable doubt. We would not advise any one to go very deeply into the speculation until further experiments have been made; for the old-fashioned way of farming is sure to pay, and a crop of golden grain is more useful than one of grains of gold.

## ABUSE OF CRINOLINE.

Manifold are the uses and abuses of crinoline, but the most flagrant desecration of the article was one to which our attention was lately directed. It appears that a Detroit police officer recently discovered that eight servant girls, belonging to one of the large hotels of the city, had been for some time in the habit of stealing hams, legs of mutton, glass and crockery ware, bed clothing, table linen, provisions, and no end of small trumpery, and conveying them from the house under cover of their petticoats, by means of large bags attached to their hoops. In a receiving shop they had accumulated a large quantity of abstracted property, and one of the girls confessed to an attempt to carry out a half barrel of beer in the above mentioned manner, but failed for want of a second half barrel to balance her "patent extension" on the other side.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.—This universal favorite comes to us, with its clear and handsome pages every evening, absolutely a marvel of condensed information and choice reading. We could more agreeably dispense with our evening meal than with the "Transcript."

QUEER.—In Washington Street, near the head of State Street, is a sign reading—Aborn, Hatter. Think of a born hatter! In Green Street is another—I. Steel, Dry Goods. Goodness gracious! where's the police?

AN EVIL AND AN ANTIDOTE.—One firm advertises in this city "Perfect Fits," and even warrants them! Immediately beneath, in the same paper, is advertised a sure cure for "Fits!" So we are safe, that's one consolation!

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Mr. Kimball made quite a "hit" in producing Lord Timothy Dexter. Quaint old, genius, funny, play, everybody and his cousin delighted.

OUR WEST.—Owing to the rise on the western rivers the folks have been "getting high" lately. They don't do it on water here in the Eastern States.

## SUCCESS IS EVERYTHING.

When Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, the remark was once made to him that many persons were surprised that he should preserve the title of emperor after his abdication. He answered—I have abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of emperor. I do not call myself Napoleon, emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon. Sovereigns generally preserve their titles; thus Charles of Spain preserved the title of king and majesty after having abdicated in favor of his son. If I were in England I should not style myself emperor. But they would have it believed that the French nation had no right to make me their sovereign. If they could not make me an emperor, neither could they make me general. A man at the head of a weak party during the troubles of a country is called a rebel chief; but when he has succeeded, when he performs great actions and elevates his country and himself, he is styled general, sovereign, etc.; it is success alone which gives him the title. If he had been unfortunate, he would have continued to be a rebel chief—perhaps have perished on the scaffold. The English nation long called Washington a rebel leader, and refused to recognize him or the government of his country; but his successes compelled them to change their opinion and recognize both. It is success which makes a great man.

## VALUABLE HORTICULTURAL WORK.

On the first of June, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, will publish an original work, entitled "Country Life: a Handbook of Horticulture, Agriculture and Landscape Gardening," by R. Morris Copeland, the well-known landscape gardener. It is a volume of 800 pages, and contains 250 illustrations in the best style of art, many of them important to the understanding of the text, others purely ornamental, though significant. The work shows the management of farm crops on both small and large farms, gives the details of kitchen-gardening, fruit-raising, floriculture, etc., the management of grapes and greenhouses, and furnishes a reliable book of reference and study to the occupant of a small patch of land as well as the lord of many acres. Mr. Copeland is eminently fitted to produce such a successful work of this kind, as he is an educated man, well versed both in the theory and practice of farming and gardening, and is warmly enamored of a country life.

## MAN-EATING.

A Chinese passenger, wrecked on the St. Paul and rescued by the steamer Styx, has arrived at Sydney and given an alleged account of the massacre of his fellow passengers on Rossell Island. He says the cannibals would select four or five Chinese daily, kill them, roast the flesh and eat it. The victims being decided on, they were taken out, beaten all over (excepting the head) with a kind of club, and then despatched by ripping the stomach open. The body was then cut up in small pieces and divided, the fingers, toes and brains being eagerly sought after. He says he saw ten of his fellow passengers killed in this way. When a missionary told a Feejee chief that he ought to love his neighbors, he answered, "So we do—love him roasted!"

STEREOSCOPES AND PICTURES.—William P. Tewksbury, 362 Washington Street, has one of the most choice and extensive assortments of these parlor delights that can be found in the city. He has especially a great number of very beautiful views taken in Boston and its immediate vicinity, and which he sells at marvellously low prices. It is a treat to look in and examine his large and attractive collection of stereoscopic pictures. You will be sure to add to your own private assortment. He is receiving new scenes every day.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The vast improvements now under way in this city, in the form of public buildings, private dwellings, broad and noble streets and delightful squares, will render Boston the most beautiful city in America!

Let no family deny itself so cheap a luxury as Ballou's Dollar Monthly. Crowded each month with the most attractive reading matter, fine engravings, and the funniest of all comic pictures,—all original. One dollar a year.—Virginia Seaford.

THE REASON WHY.—A Washington Street tobacco dealer has sent us a package of the weed for an editorial notice. We can't conscientiously puff tobacco.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The cost of the canals in the United States is estimated at \$175,000,000.

In adults, there are about fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds.

An order has been received at Concord, N. H., for 12 or 15 wagons for parties on the coast of Africa.

They have a rose grafted on a peach tree at Pendleton, S. C., and the tree being in full bloom, presents a beautiful appearance.

Very beautiful specimens of amber have been found in the forks of Fraser River; also copper, which will assay 95 per cent.

Indian relics have lately been found in Provincetown, Mass., which are supposed to have been buried before the landing of the Pilgrims.

At a recent estate sale in Charleston, S. C., Washington Allston's famous painting of "Spaulter, or the Bloody Hand," was sold for \$3011.

The leather belt establishment of P. Jewett & Sons, Hartford, turns out 2500 feet of belts of all widths per week, and their business for the past year amounts to \$300,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Newton celebrated the seventy first anniversary of their wedding day at Ledyard, Conn., lately. They were married at twenty.

There is still a survivor of the Wyoming massacre living at Fenner, Madison county, N. Y., Mr. David Stoddard, a hale and hearty old man of 91 years.

The fashionables of Cincinnati, of the "masculine persuasion," have adopted the latest style of cravats—a shoe string tied in a bow knot, with the ends dangling on the shirt bosom.

A patent for 15 years in Cuba has been granted to Pesant & Brothers, of New York, and to John Ericsson, for the use and proprietorship of Ericsson's new Caloric Engine.

The tax levy in the city of Baltimore, for the year 1859, is one hundred cents on every hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, ninety cents for city property, and ten cents for the use of the State.

Grace Greenwood has been lecturing in Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y. She has a pleasing person, but her voice has a slight lisp. She had a crowded audience, and was liked by the Palmyrenes.

Two bottles containing curious descriptions of gold and silver coin have been ploughed up at Gwaltney, Suncy county, Va. The money is of English and Spanish coinage—about \$300 in each bottle.

Patrick Donnelly, a drunken vagabond, found wallowing in the mud of a street in St. Louis, was sent to prison for fifty days. He was formerly a prosperous broker in the city, worth over \$100,000.

The bill, in the N. Y. Legislature, relative to the removal of quarantine has been lost, as has likewise been the bill compelling the inhabitants of Staten Island to pay for the buildings they have burnt.

There is no such thing known among the Burmese as a drunkard. A Burman knows that to be guilty of intoxication is to be punished with death, for the government inflicts this punishment as rigidly as it does for murder.

The South Carolinians are preparing to erect a monument at Eutaw, to commemorate the battle of September 8, 1781. Some of the leading men in the State are interested in this patriotic enterprise, and we heartily wish it success.

Mrs. Swishelm says "Minnesota air is the very elixir of life, and we shouldn't wonder to see some enterprising quack doctor bottling up our January air and selling it all over the rest of the Union, as a cure for everything in general, and a positive prevention of the blues."

In selecting quotations for the illustration of words in his dictionary, Dr. Johnson is said to have been influenced by the religious opinions of their authors, because, as he said, he was unwilling to send people to look for words in a book that might mislead them forever.

The Third Baptist Society of Worcester have purchased one of the patent cast steel bells made by Naylor, Vickers & Co., Sheffield, England. These bells are said to have a very pure and melodious tone, peculiar to steel, and in many respects to be superior to the bells in general use.

Mr. John Bourne of Marshfield completed his one hundredth year on the 10th ult. He was a sergeant in the war of the Revolution, and has drawn a pension from the United States Government since 1818. He is in the enjoyment of good health, and bids fair to live several years longer.

The American Unitarian Association, having received a fresh batch of idols from its missionary in India, the Quarterly Journal fears that it will soon "have a pandemonium, if receipts of this kind continue;" and only wishes it "could as easily ship off some of the idols worshipped in our country."

At a tannery in South China, Me., sweet fern is used for tanning instead of bark. The leather made by this is said to be better than that manufactured with bark, one ton of sweet fern is said to be equal to about four cords of hemlock bark, and costs only about ten dollars a ton, while the average price of bark in this State, is about five dollars a cord.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.—Hobbes.

.... Oblivion is a second death which great minds dread more than the first.—Th. Hughes.

.... Eagles fly alone; they are but sheep which always herd together.—Sir P. Sidney.

.... The best prayers have often more groans than words.—Bunyan.

.... Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.—Fletcher.

.... Feeling in the young precedes philosophy, and often acts with a more certain aim.—W. Carleton.

.... Law is a chain which virtue magnetises that it may attract from a distance what it cannot even encircle.—Th. Hughes.

.... Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.—Jewell.

.... In all sciences the errors precede the truth, and it is better they should go first than last.—H. Walpole.

.... Our eyes are quicker than our ears; example, therefore, goes farther than precept; and facts operate more strongly on our minds than sentences.—Boswell.

.... Trifling annoyances should be welcomed for the assistance they render to us in preparing to submit with becoming patience to greater ones.—Boswell.

.... What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing difficult objects; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—Warren.

.... False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—Montesquieu.

.... Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.—Emerson.

.... Superior endowments become a subject of just pride only so far as they are applied to the purposes for which they were given to us. Without this application they become our greatest reproach.—Boswell.

.... A man would do well to carry a penell in his pocket, and write down the passing thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly of the most value, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—Lord Bacon.

## Joker's Budget.

How should a dwarf give a conundrum to a giant? Give it up.

Why is a little nurse-maid like the evening star? Because she's a *twilight*.

The most immoral of musicians is a fiddler; he is always in a *scrape*!

The lady who had a "spark" in her eye has kindled a "match" without trouble.

Poor Charles, who was lately splitting with laughter, has been spliced by the parson.

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

"Accidents will happen, even in the best regulated families," as the poacher said, when he was caught in a man-trap.

Why should a man who is in want of jovial society go to Babylon? Because there are such a quantity of *bricks* found there.

Storne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples*!

A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west. "Then," said a bystander, "go to school and learn geography."

A dram, generally speaking, is a small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

A corpulent city alderman said a few days ago, whilst riding in an omnibus, seated between two ladies, that he felt like a stave in a hog-head, surrounded by hoops.

Young Sawbones wanted to kiss his pretty cousin under the mistletoe; but she snatched her head away, saying, "Manners sir; don't thrust your doctor's bill in my face."

"I would do anything, go to the end of the world, to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Go there," said she, "and stay, and I shall be pleased."

"You would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

Susan was desirous of purchasing a watch. The maker showed her, among others, a beautiful one, remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day!" asked poor Susan.

The supper is sheep's heads. One of the party is enthusiastic, and as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims: "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!" "There's egotism!" says Jerrold.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In one of the quaint streets of Amsterdam there lived, nearly two centuries ago, Justus Van Huysum, a painter of flowers. Three sons were born to him; one, who to please his little Dutch wife, was called Justus after himself; the second Hans, for an uncle, who might or might not leave the boy a legacy; and the third, little Jan, who was born in 1682, long after the advent of the two elder brothers. This child became, therefore, the pet of the family, as well as its genius. To his father's talent of painting beautiful flowers, he added a rare excellence in landscape painting, by far excelling Justus and Hans, although they too were not without celebrity.

They all stayed at home, for the large, wide, old-fashioned parlor had been their father's painting room ever since they could remember, and it seemed that nowhere else could they lay on colors so skillfully, or distribute light and shadows so judiciously, as beneath the little quaint windows, with the lower half of the wooden shutters closed.

Nor did the quiet presence of Dame Van Huysum disturb the dreams of the artists. She sat with her interminable knitting-work close to the easel of the beloved Jan, and ever and anon the mother and son would exchange glances of the deepest affection, or fondly press each other's hands, at which the father and brothers would smile significantly, as if the love of those two were a standing jest among them. They seldom indeed spoke to each other without a loving diminutive of endearment; and often the others would steal from the room quite unnoticed, so eager was the conversation between Jan and his mother.

When Dame Van Huysum's brother died and bequeathed his only child to the care of his good sister, her only thought was that the little girl would take too much of her time from her boy, as she still persisted in calling Jan, although he was now nineteen. They had been expecting the new cousin for several days, and now, at the close of a golden September day, a heavy, square chaise was driven up to the door, and the old pastor of the church in the village where Dame Van Huysum's sister had died, alighted and handed out a pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed creature, dressed in deep mourning.

Father, mother and brothers all went to welcome the forlorn girl, and bid her feel at home, while the first glance at Dame Van Huysum, whose looks probably recalled her dead mother's, threw her into a paroxysm of tears. Jan claimed her as his special charge, on account of being nearest her age, and the poor girl, though she blushed at his earnest way, accepted the courtesy he offered, and allowed him to lead her to the house.

It was a rare pleasure to the sisterless youths to have one with them so companionable and pleasant as the little orphan maiden, and they showed their appreciation of her society by numberless attentions. The prettiest chamber, that which had always been Jan's from his sixth year, and which the mother had always decked so prettily, was freely given up to her. The walls were covered with a soft drab hanging, which formed a pleasant background for the beautiful flower-paintings bestowed by both father and sons. Over the wide fireplace hung a landscape, the work of Jan's own hands, and on the table were many of his dearly cherished books.

The floor was of oak, and had been waxed and polished until it had become as smooth as marble. The old-fashioned bed with its dark hangings, a chest of drawers with a large spreading eagle on the top, and two or three wooden chairs, seemingly designed to be as uncomfortable as possible, completed the arrangements of Matilda Hoffman's boudoir, excepting the daily changing glasses of odoriferous flowers, brought from the garden or the woods.

Into this pleasant room the sun had free entrance, gilding all its appurtenances with its kindly beams, but revealing no stain, not even a speck of dust. The sound of her light foot-step, and occasionally a murmured song, fell pleasantly on the ears of the artists in the room beneath, and then she was with them even more than she was in her own room, for her aunt liked to have her near, and Matilda had now undertaken all the fine or difficult needle work, as well as the lighter household tasks.

How often the face and figure of the maiden was pictured on the canvases where Jan drew his landscapes—now as a buymaker, with bare feet and torn straw hat, now as a lady at some castle balcony, listening to the troubadour beneath; again, treading the streets as a beggar girl. This last, she declared, was quite too bad. She was quite content with the haymaker—had no particular objection to the lady of the balcony—but the last! did Jan think he was anticipating her future life? And Jan, delighted at her returning sprightly cheerfulness which was fast replacing the sadness which her mother's death had caused, threatened to introduce her likeness in the face of a cow which was standing in a pool in the picture he was then painting.

The wet and foggy spring was fast deepening into rosy summer, and the elder Van Huysum was preparing to go away with some pictures he had been completing. He was anxious that one of his sons should accompany him, but, for the first time, they refused to go. Justus, the grave, serious, elder brother, declined so peremptorily that his father did not renew the subject. Hans made some indistinct answer, purporting that he had promised some one to go another way. Jan turned away his head, as if impatient and sorry at once, but he assumed a playful tone, and said his mother could not spare him, for the other boys were no protection to her. The old painter turned to Matilda.

"Then you must go with me, my little niece," he said, smiling. "It will be a nice jaunt for you, and you have not seen anything yet beyond the mountain. Pack up your things and we will be off to-morrow."

Before an hour had passed, the three sons had each seen the father privately, and begged to go with him! It was now his turn to refuse, and he set off the next morning with Matilda, leaving the house as dreary and desolate as if the sunlight had been suddenly withdrawn. How the mother laughed at them! but in her inmost heart she sympathized with her favorite Jan, and determined that he, at least, should not be disappointed. A slight indisposition favored her plans, and she sent Jan for her husband to return, but contrived to make commissions enough for Jan and Matilda to execute for her at Rotterdam, whither they were bound, to prevent their returning at present.

The journey together resulted in the plighted troth of the cousins, but it was agreed between them to keep it secret for the present. A few days after their return Justus surprised her by declaring himself, and not long afterwards Hans perpetrated the same enormity. The poor girl was fairly overwhelmed. Three cousins violently, distractedly in love with her was more than she could bear at once, and the grave character of the elder brother awed her so much that she hardly knew how to frame her refusal. When, at length, she confessed that her affections were engaged to the younger brother, the emotion of Justus was so violent as to alarm and terrify her. His whole character had seemed to forbid the thought that any attachment could cause such fearful struggles in one of his calm and taciturn temper, and the poor child was perfectly shocked at his appearance. It was the only time since the childhood of Justus that any one had seen him betray any emotion. Now it was uncontrollable and could not be concealed.

Strongly attached to her youngest son as Dame Van Huysum had always been, she could not repress her grief at the unforeseen and violent agony of her eldest born, and the struggles that she witnessed made her almost join with Matilda in wishing that she had never come to Amsterdam to plant trouble in their peaceful family. Yet she yearned to the motherless girl as to a daughter, and would gladly have seen her the wife of one of her sons. The elder Van Huysum looked on with indifference. He had married the little Dutch maiden because her rosy face had pleased him as the flowers that he painted always did. She had made him a good wife, and he liked always to see her sitting in the quiet room; but for real, true affection—he did not even affect to know about any such romance. He had always had quite a respect for Justus, because he was so reserved and self-contained, but now he had this feeling no longer. He was as "silly and foolish as the rest of the boys."

Hans was not hurt at all by Matilda's refusal. Rather gruff and sour he became for a few days, but not enough to make any one suspect the secret; and he went on plodding at his somewhat inferior flower pieces, while his father remarked with infinite satisfaction, that although his broth-

ers had more genius, Hans had all the common-sense of the family. And Matilda gave no sign that he had ever got down on his knees in a way that made her think of Jan's picture of a bear in the woods, and cried piteously when she told him that she could not like him save as a cousin.

The strong love of Justus affected her far more deeply, and the irritation and unreasonableness of Jan did more than he was aware to weaken his own cause. Strangely enough, when their troth was pledged at Rotterdam, Matilda had made a playful reservation that "if she should like Justus or Hans any better than him on farther acquaintance, she should have the privilege of recalling her promise to Jan." On his part he agreed to it fully, avowing in the faith of his own superiority to the quiet Justus or the almost stupid Hans.

In the midst of this distressing time in the hitherto peaceful household of the Van Huysums, Justus was taken violently ill. For several weeks his life was despaired of. No one was more attentive to him than Jan. He watched with him every night, taking hurried rest by day; and in the terrible paroxysms which he witnessed, and the revolutions he heard from the poor sufferer's lips, he declared to himself that if the life of his brother could be spared, he would relinquish his own hopes and do all in his power to aid him in making Matilda his own. At last the fever subsided, but Justus was left a wreck of what he was. Pale and attenuated, he seemed but a shadow of himself, and Jan's pitying heart bled to see the weakness which was so painfully apparent.

All Florence was attracted to the picture gallery of the Medicis, beside the venerable church of Santa Croce, which, even then, was almost four centuries old. Among the beautiful creations of the grand old masters, where every wall showed forth the conceptions of Michael Angelo the immortal, men talked of beholding with delight the landscapes of a new German painter called Jan Van Huysum. Of these landscapes, it has since been said in more modern times that the painter had "greater freedom than Mignon or Breughel, more tenderness and nature than Mario da Fiori, Michael Angelo di Campidoglio or Seghers, more mellowness than De Heon, and greater force of coloring than Baptist." Indeed, so great was the beauty of the latter quality, that no one could equal it, since the artist kept the secret of his wonderful art of mixing his colors, and would admit no pupil to his studio. It was observable also that a single beautiful face was reproduced in every picture, a golden-haired beauty, whose locks were as perfect in their sheen as if Nature herself had just brought them into being.

It was reported that this singularly beautiful face belonged to the artist's wife; but they who had found out his abode, and had made fictitious errands thither for the sake of looking at so much loveliness living and breathing, came back angry and vexed, reporting that a woman coarse, awkward and ill-looking, had called herself Dame Huysum, and had spoken of the artist as her husband.

It was but too true. Jan Van Huysum, in a fit of generous self-abnegation, had deserted his home and his lady-love, leaving only a short letter, stating that he could not bear to live in Amsterdam, was about to visit other places, and that Matilda could not do better than to marry Hans. It was evident that he could not bring himself to write the name of his eldest brother, for he had blotted out the initial letter, and had written the name of Hans afterwards. Poor Matilda was inconsolable for a time, but the wretchedness of Justus touched her heart. When a second letter proclaimed Jan's marriage, she hesitated no longer.

"My dream is broken," she said to her lover, who was trembling under the weight of his new happiness, and wondering if he ought to accept the sacrifice which he felt she was making. "My dream is broken—but I shall henceforth live only in the real. I can live it happily and serenely with you, Justus, and you are too generous to ask for more love than I can give you."

It was wonderful indeed—the change which a true love made in the character and bearing of the hitherto shy and silent man. It was as if the sunlight had suddenly pierced, for the first time, some cold and dark recess. He painted on, while Matilda was at his side, and the colors were brighter and more glowing, and the landscapes were as if an ocean of molten gold were sweeping over them; but he never painted there-

in the image he worshipped. That he kept in his heart. To put it on the canvases would be to imitate the brother, who, by his noble sacrifice, had roused the sleeping fraternal affection which Justus had never displayed.

Fifteen years make great changes in life. They changed the self-banished artist into a great painter, and his coarse, uncultivated wife into a hypochondriac. After years of domestic inquietude, and the anxiety of bringing up his little Meeta without the help of a mother, after the cruel pain of having his kindest motives misinterpreted, Jan's wife paid the debt of nature.

On the day succeeding that in which she was committed to the grave, the father and child were on their way to Amsterdam. Unlike her mother, little Meeta seemed to have caught her sweet looks from her father's pictures of his beloved cousin. And to the united care of that beloved cousin and the dear mother who still survived, untouched by age, as it would seem, and still lovely as when he left her, Jan Van Huysum was now bearing this one precious child. Arriving in the afternoon, he chose to walk from the wharf to his mother's house. As he passed the well-remembered street, his eye noted each change, however minute. He met several people whom he knew, but his own looks were altered so that he was not recognized by them. He was glad that it proved so. The slow-moving, melancholy looking man, his long beard resting on his breast, the Florentine dress of deep mourning, the little girl, whose golden curls were covered by the inevitable large flat hat always worn by the Florentine girls, and, in her case, with long black streamers floating over her black silk garments, attracted attention, but no one thought of Jan Van Huysum.

The house looked sombre and dull. The painting room in front was shuttered closely, and Matilda's room above it was as closely curtained. No sign of life existed anywhere about the dwelling. The wanderer opened the door gently, and the hollow sound that echoed through the wide passage made him shrink from some sudden presentiment of evil. He pushed open the door of the darkened room. His father sat quietly by the fire, but his mother was rocking herself to and fro, as if in grief. Altered as he was, the maternal heart did not need to be told that it was her own child, and she clasped him to that heart in an agony of mingled joy and love, as if the very sight of him could heal all sorrow, all trouble.

It was some minutes ere she could be composed enough to answer his question of what was going wrong with them. Then she opened the door of a small room, where there was a coffin, and there, looking as calm and serene as he remembered him in his boyish days, lay Justus, not a hair grown white, not a wrinkle on the clear, smooth brow, but with the look of having been happy upon earth and hopeful of heaven.

The cousins met calmly. Both had suffered, both were subdued, and there was no emotion visible, save that which the solemnity of death always brings to the human heart. Matilda had never known the bliss of a mother but for one short month, and this little Meeta seemed to come to supply the place of her who, if living, would now have been just her ago. Jan left her to her care and went away, comforted to know that the angel he once worshipped would care for his child.

He saw them no more for a year. One bright evening, when the world was aglow with the red light of sunset, Meeta looked out of the window and shrieked out a joyful recognition of her father. There was no phantom of death visible now in the cheerful, wide-open house. The memory of the dead was cherished there still, but not with murmuring or complaints. And in the still hush of twilight, when the child and the old people had gone to bed, and Hans had walked out with a young girl who did not dislike the attentions of a prosperous artist, if he was a little old, the lovers of former years sat together and spoke of the old time and the new. And then Matilda told him what were the last words of Justus: "If ever my brother is free again, and asks you to love him, for my sake repay him for what he suffered once for me!"

"No Time."—We complain that we have "no time." An Indian Chief of the of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied Red Jacket, gruffly, "I suppose you have all there is!" He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into now—Emerson.



## LORD LYNDHURST.

We present herewith an excellent likeness of John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, one of the most distinguished lawyers and statesmen of England, and a man of unblemished reputation. The circumstance of his birth invests him with a peculiar interest on this side of the Atlantic, and particularly in this locality. The ex-chancellor of England is an American by birth, and was born in this city, in the year 1772. He has, consequently, reached an extreme old age, though still in the full vigor of his intellect. His father, Copley the artist, was the Vandyke of America. Time, as in the case of all true works of art, has added immeasurably to the value of his productions, but they were highly appreciated in his day, as the illustrious names of his numerous sitters testify. Much of his life was passed in England, where he died, and where his fame is preserved by his great historical painting, the "Death of Chatham." The subject of our notice was taken to England by his father, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1804. As a politician, the outset of his career was marked by strong radicalism, but he afterwards drifted over to the opposite side. The law richly rewarded his votary. In 1826 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, succeeded Eldon as Lord Chancellor, and was raised to the peerage. He resigned the great seal in 1830, resumed the seal for another year, again resigned, and was a third time appointed Lord Chancellor in 1846. He has been the recipient of various honors, and bears the civic titles of D. C. L. and F. R. S. It is a fact to be remarked that all the greatest English lawyers are long-lived. On examination it will, however, be found that there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. In order to enable a man to go through the amount of work which alone can constitute a successful barrister, you must presume a physical constitution of iron, a capability of adapting his habits to the requirements of his calling, and an organization in which the nervous system is not too predominant. The demands on one who undertakes to reach the Woolsack or the Bench, are perfectly well understood, and have been reduced to pithy phrases, such as Lord Eldon's, "that a barrister must live like a hermit and work like a horse;" or the cynical aphorism, that to be a great lawyer or a good judge, you must have a bad heart and a good digestion. There are a few instances in which successful advocates at the English bar have for a time triumphed, by the mere force of energy and will, over deficiencies of bodily organization; but it has been almost invariably found that in these cases that one day they unexpectedly broke down and never recovered. Among the body of peers which are designated Law Lords, there are some notable examples of the theory above stated. Without doubt, however, the greatest phenomena among aged lawyers and statesmen, is Lord Lyndhurst. That noble and learned lord is in his eighty-seventh year; and already this session he has come forward to surprise and delight the assembly which he has so long adorned. Five or six years ago it used to be said, when Lord Lyndhurst brought forward some question of importance, which he illustrated in a speech of singular clearness and pregnant with matter, that he could hardly be expected to appear in the same character in another session. Nevertheless, year after year he has pursued the same course, exhibiting gradual tendencies to physical infirmity, but little or no symptom of decay in his mental characteristics. On a recent occasion the noble and learned lord presented himself to the House of Peers, to call attention to a subject with which he has a hereditary as well as an acquired right to deal. Himself the son of a distinguished painter and an academician, and, as he stated himself, in early life intimately associated with art and its professors, he was quite justified in becoming the exponent of the constitution and the wishes of the Royal Academy. On this occasion, as has been the case of late years, he had a little difficulty in rising from his seat, but after that he stood as erect as many a man thirty years his junior, and he delivered a speech full of facts, points of law, recollections, and ratiocinations, framed in neat well-poised, lucid sentences, and delivered without a note and without a correction. This circumstance, although of annual occurrence, is still more interesting in each succeeding year, and we have thought that Lord Lyndhurst's first parliamentary appearance this year was a not inappropriate occasion of presenting one of the most recent portraits of him to our readers.

To the old question, "What has posterity ever done for us?" we may safely say that posterity, or at least the idea of it, has done and is doing two most important things; it increases the energy of virtue and diminishes the excess of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.

## THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLVE.

On the 11th I was a wonder to myself; astonished I had any mind left; and yet it seemed in the goodness of God uncommonly clear. I laid in bed long after my wife and daughter were up, and my conscience drove me to madness. I hated the darkness of the night, and when light came I hated the light. I hated myself, my existence. I asked myself, "Can I restrain? Is it possible? Not a being to take me by the hand and lead me or help me along, and say you can." I was friendless, without help or light—an outcast. My wife came up stairs, and knew I was suffering, and ask me to go down to breakfast. I had a pint of whiskey, and thought I would drink; and yet I knew it was life or death with me as I decided. Moderate drinkers, beware! take care you don't get into this condition. Well, I told my wife I would come down presently. Then my daughter came up and asked me down. I always loved her more because she was a drunkard's friend—my only friend. And then she said, "Father, don't send me after whiskey to-day." I was tormented before, but this was unexpected torture. I told her to leave the chamber, and she went down crying, and said to her mother, "Father is angry with me." Wife came up again, and asked me to take some coffee. I told her I did not want anything of her, and covered myself in bed. I soon heard some one enter the room, and I peeped out and saw it was my daughter. I then thought of my past life,

about breaking up and going home to mother's. My yard is covered with brick, and as I went over the brick, wife listened, as she told me, to determine whether the gate opened drunk or sober, for she could tell, and it opened sober and shut sober; and when I entered, my wife was standing in the middle of the room to see me when I came in. She was astonished; but I smiled, and she smiled, as I caught her keen black eye. I told her quick—I could not keep it back—"I have put my name to the temperance pledge, never to drink as long as I live!"

It was a happy time. I cried, and she cried; we could not hush it, and our crying waked up our daughter, and she cried too. I tell you this, that you may know how happy the reformation of a drunkard makes his family. I slept none that night; my thoughts were better than sleep. Next morning I went to see my mother, old as she was, I must go and see her, and tell her of our joy. She had been praying twenty years for her drunken son. Now she said, "It is enough; I am ready to die." It made all my connections happy.—Autobiography of John Hawkins.

## HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH POULTRY.

I see so many discussions about the profits of poultry in your paper, that it induces me to suggest the following, which, if faithfully put in practice, will give the desired result, viz., large profits. The object is to have hens that will lay an egg a day every day of the year. Thus, if

allowed to set. Any eggs that want to be hatched, should be hatched by artificial means (an incubator), so as not to disturb the hens from laying. In the choice of poultry discard all except good barnyard fowl.—Dominiques, Dorkings, and Spanish will do well, and the common dunghill fowl. These will prove uninterrupted good layers.

As above, a man with a thousand hens will get 30,416 dozens of eggs a year, worth at 20 cents per dozen, \$6083.31; but in winter eggs will sometimes sell for one-third to one-half more, and often double the price in summer. Twenty to twenty-five acres will be sufficient to keep 100,000 hens; but then room should be had elsewhere to prepare the meat, the expense of which would be high, but the income would be large—almost fabulous, however true and certain.

Properly to estimate the expenses of feeding, will depend on how the meat can be procured. Near a large city it will be less than elsewhere, owing to the better supply of dead horses, so that in a measure, the greater the number of hens, the less the meat will cost; for there any number of dead horses and dogs can be got, and even particularly a profit can be made on dead horses, so that the meat would cost almost and in many cases nothing; for the hides, the blood, the heads, hoofs and bones can be disposed of; the glue and Prussian blue manufacturers will buy the heads, hoofs and joints; the tanner will buy the hide; the button-makers will buy the large bones; cutlers will buy the small and flat bones for handles, or the rest of the bones can be sold to bone-dust makers for manure, etc., or the gluten can be boiled and made into gelatine. Any quantity of meat can be prepared by chopping it fine, packing it into barrels with salt and pepper, and kept in a temperature a little above freezing, all the year round. The hens eat the meat greedily, and thrive uncommonly on it. Any one can thus graduate the income he is desirous to realize from any given number of hens. No hen should be kept over four years. All at that age should be fed entirely on grain for three weeks, and then sold off. I have set this ball in motion, so keep it rolling. But everything is to be done, first and at all times with attention, due care and perseverance. The profits with hens, however, commence with the first day if it is properly put in execution and readiness.—F. A. Nauta, Philadelphia, Pa., in the Country Gentleman.

## THE LANDRAIL.

One of the most singular traits in the character of the landrail is this, that upon the appearance of danger it feigns to be a dead bird. This habit of feigning to be dead or wounded, frequently results from maternal affection, and is usually shown to divert attention from the helpless young and fix it on themselves. Partridges manage this affair very adroitly, and also other birds; but, as far as I am aware, few records exist of the landrail, none of the wild duck, resorting to this stratagem. The following anecdotes, therefore, are of value. Mr. John Bakewell, of Castle Donington, in Leicestershire, went out with Mr. Hudson, a member of the Society of Friends, to shoot over his farm. They were accompanied by a thoroughly-broken retriever, who would not bruise his game. The dog came to a landrail, which he caught and brought to his master, Mr. Bakewell, the bird being to all appearance quite dead. Mr. Bakewell put it in his pocket and carried all the morning. On reaching home he took it and laid it on a side-table in the room in which they sat down to dinner. During dinner the bird was observed to raise its head and suddenly dash at the window. Upon going to it, it soon put on the appearance of death, closing its eyes and remaining perfectly passive. It was again laid upon the side-table. After remaining there for perhaps half an hour, it again raised its head and made a rush at the window, and was a second time taken up as before. The lady of the house was so interested in these extraordinary proceedings on the part of the bird, that she interceded for his life, and it was accordingly taken into the garden and laid upon the grass plot, and was observed with much interest. After a while it was noticed to open one eye, and not seeing its observers, raised its head cautiously, and believing that the time for escape had arrived, made off, and was seen no more. This anecdote was communicated to me by Mr. Huish, of Castle Donington. It occurred some time ago; but there are two living witnesses of the fact—Mr. Hudson, who now resides at Barrow-upon-Soar, and Mrs. Bakewell, widow of Mr. Bakewell. The former told the fact to Mr. Huish, expressing at the same time a wish that so curious a circumstance should not go unrecorded.—London Field.

A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world; because that which he has superior to other people cannot be excited without raising himself an enemy.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD LYNDHURST.

my degradation, misery of my friends, and felt bad enough. So I called her, and said, "Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more." She cried, and so did I. I got up and went to the cupboard and looked at the enemy, my whiskey-bottle, and thought, "Is it possible I can be restored?" and then I turned my back upon it. Several times while dressing I looked at the bottle, but thought I should be lost if I yielded. Poor drunkard! there is hope for you! You cannot be worse off than I was; not more degraded, or more of a slave to appetite. You can return, if you will. Try it, try it!

Well, Monday night I went to the society of drunkards, and there I found all my old bottle-companions. I did not tell anybody I was going, not even my wife. I had got out of difficulty, but did not know how long I would keep out. The "six-pounders" of the society were there. We had fished together—got drunk together. We stuck like brothers, and so we do now that we are sober. One said, "There is Hawkins, the regulator, the old bruiser," and they clapped and laughed, as you do now. But there was no laugh or clap in me. I was too sober and solemn for that. The pledge was read for my accommodation; they did not say so, and yet I knew it. They all looked over my shoulder to see me write my name. I never had such feelings before. It was a great battle.

At eleven I went home. Because when I stayed out late I always went home drunk, wife had given me up again, and she began to think

you begin with 300 hens, they must lay 300 eggs, or 25 dozen a day, or 9125 dozen a year, which at 20 cents per dozen, will be \$1825 a year; the expenses on this will be about \$500. If a man has five or six acres of land, he can begin with 1000 hens and about 80 or 100 roosters. He will have to inclose his land with board fences five or six feet high; make the hen-houses along that fence, seven or eight feet wide, eight or nine feet in front, with doors and windows every fifteen or twenty feet—one or two roosting poles along the whole length back, so as to give every bird one foot square to roost—the nests can be put under the windows or back part of the house; there will be then sufficient space in the middle for a storm and feeding room to put them in stormy weather—the house in such weather being well supplied with clear water and ashes, lime and sand, for the hens to roll and dust themselves in.

The interior of the six acres will have to be divided into several divisions, which can be done with lath fences, so as to keep the poultry in as many distinct groups as possible. They will naturally roost in the house, the groups by themselves also, although it may be partitioned off for that purpose, and also well supplied with clear water every day, lime, ashes and sand. The way to make them lay every day is to feed them on nothing but cut raw meat, which may be of any kind—horse, or dog, or any other meat, worms, caterpillars, or offal meat. They will then lay every day certain. No hens should be



## Poet's Corner.

## BURNS'S FLOWERS.

## A DIRGE.

"I have some favorite flowers, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild briar rose, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight."

Earth, receive the flowers ye gave  
Kiss them, winds, until they die!  
Write, ye spirits, o'er their graves,  
Here a poet's dear ones lie

Daisy, type of many hearts,  
Trod on by those who love thee;  
Striving, as the foot departs,  
Still to smile on all above thee.

Harebells ringing—yet no wind—  
As some spirit, in puzzled doubt  
Touching, playfully, to find,  
Shakes the timorous music out

Foxgloves, rich in summer dyes,  
Moneyed storehouse of the bee,  
Now his prison, now his prize;  
Let the bulky spoiler free

Wild briar bloom, snatched not by foes,  
Sheathe thy infant-wounding thorn!  
Had to bud, and rose to rose,  
Beauty dying, beauty born

Hawthorn white, whose fragrant breath  
Belongs to the passer-by  
All that spring time ever saith,  
All that summer can reply

## GOD AND MAMMON

Behold you savior of God and Mammon  
Who, finding up his Bible with his ledger,  
Bends Gospel texts with trading gaudium,  
A blaspheming saint, a spirit-analogue,  
Who backs his wicked Sabbath, so to speak,  
Against the sacred remnant of the week,  
A saving bet against his sinful bias  
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,  
"I lie, I cheat—do anything for pelf,  
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

## GOD'S TIME

God lights both stars and souls; their glory is  
Their measure of His being. Who would raise  
In His full light must turn like the stars  
And bide God's time—not in his own will,  
But with a watchful soul laid bare to heaven,  
And in a ceaseless prayer, drinking in  
The light that moves him onward to his rise

ANONYMOUS

## INDIFFERENCE.

O, who would love? I wooed a woman once,  
But she was shrewder than an eastern wile,  
And at my heart turned from her, as a thorn  
Turns from the sea.—TENNIS

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We are afraid that for many months to come the journals of the world will be crowded with accounts of marches, battles, and all the "pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war." Heaven avert the curse from the western world! Surely man is a fighting animal. What wars by sea and land has the nineteenth century, the boasted age of enlightenment, of religion, of art, science, and letters, already witnessed? There has been one almost incessant roar of cannon and din of steel, and nations are yet as ready to fly to arms instead of diplomacy, as in the dark ages. But if out of the European conflict spring liberty for the down-trodden millions, though we may deplore the carnage, we cannot regret the contest. . . . Hon. James O. Putnam, in a recent letter, gives the following: "When in the Island of Madeira, I saw a few cases of intoxication among the poorer people, and I had, from a nine years resident clergyman, this explanation: That before the failure of the wine crop in Madeira, formerly the annual yield was about 15,000 pipes of wine, now five or six hundred; there was scarcely any drunkenness on the island, but the failure had placed wine beyond the reach of the poor, they now cultivated the sugar cane, from which was manufactured a strong spirit now in common use. And the result was that drunkenness had appeared as the wine disappeared." . . . The second volume of Buckle's History of Civilization has appeared in England. Throughout the work the author speaks in the highest terms of America, her institutions and great men. In the last chapter, he thus writes: "On the other side of the Atlantic, a great people, provoked by the intolerable injustice of the English government, rose in arms, turned on their oppressors, and after a desperate struggle, gloriously obtained their independence. In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe that noble Declaration, which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace. In words, the memory of which can never die, they declared the object of the institution of government is to secure the rights of the people; that from the people alone it derives its powers, etc." . . . At the recent review of the Imperial Guard, at Paris, the heir-apparent to the French throne was present, dressed like a corporal, with a funny little bear-skin cap on his little "cow." He has just entered on his fourth year. Perhaps her-presumptive would be the better title for him. . . . The particulars of the Marquis of Waterford's death are given in an Irish paper. It seems that while hunting he was leaping a small fence, half back, half wall, not more than two feet high, when the horse missed his hind legs on the bank, and dropped his fore legs into a small cut on the other side, which threw the animal on its knees and nose, so that his lordship was thrown off on his face, his hunting cap having

a dint in the top, but there being no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was passed in a sitting posture, but was entirely unconscious and never afterwards spoke. He lived about ten minutes, and the only sign of life was that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, a doctor, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance, and pronounced life extinct, death having been produced by concussion of the brain. The marquis led a sad life before he was married, but of late years we have heard very little to his discredit and much to his honor. . . . A London critic pronounces Bosio the greatest singer living. . . . They grow some tall vines in Pennsylvania, it seems. We measured a few days ago, says the York county (Pa.) Star, a vine, its equal in size we doubt whether is to be found in this country. It is of wild or native growth, and we are not aware either of the quality or variety of the fruit it bears. The main vine measures thirty-seven inches in circumference, or is a fraction over twelve inches in diameter, the branches from which, to the number of a dozen or more, cover five large forest trees, running to their very tops, possibly sixty feet in height. . . . Mery and Meyerbeer have composed a ballad together, entitled, "The Spectre of the Castle of Baden," an inspiration which the two geniuses have received after a visit to something in the neighborhood of much-loved Baden, which was peculiarly mystic, and led to a champagne, etc. supper after it. . . . A Fiji prince, who wished to have the population over whom he ruled gathered from the scattered villages and located around his own dwelling, instructed the officers sent to carry out his command to take all who should refuse to comply. . . . The English nobility are liberal patrons of art. We read that the Marquis of Hertford gave two thousand five hundred and fifty guineas for Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of "Mrs. Hoare and Child;" and Lord Ward gave eleven hundred guineas for the Sir Joshua portrait of "Miss Penelope Boothby." Lord Ward has got a better picture, and at less than half Lord Hertford's price, says the News. . . . Helme says each country has its peculiar cookery and its peculiar womanhood—and, contemplated from a high idealized standpoint, the women everywhere have a certain agreement with the cookery of the country. . . . Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, in a pastoral letter just published, speaks as follows: "The idleness of boys when they leave school—an idleness which is often not wilful but compulsory—idle because unable to find anything to do—we regard as one of the most fruitful sources of vice, and one of the greatest evils of society. It is such an evil that we look on the military despotisms of Europe, which take young men from their families or the streets for a term of years, and compels them to serve in the army, as a comparative blessing. In the service they acquire habits of obedience to superiors, cleanliness, regularity and order. In our large cities, hundreds of boys and young men are wasting energies which they are anxious to devote to the conquest of a respectable position in society, and therefore to the public good; but they know not what to do; they are idle because no man hath hired them." . . . An Irish knight-arms waited on the bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament. Being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, the bishop's servant was so mystified with his appearance, that, carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him as "the king of trumps." . . . What an argument in favor of social connection is the observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more. . . . The Vera Cruz Progress relates the following incident as having occurred during the recent demonstration of the Reactionists against Vera Cruz. While standing, with some of his officers, on the bank of a stream, at a place called La Poza, Gen. Miramon inquired of Col. Cuevas, chief of the artillery, if he could swim. The colonel, not knowing what to expect, replied in the negative. "Then learn!" exclaimed Miramon: and, with a sudden push, he sent his subordinate headlong into the water. . . . Balfie is said to be meditating a visit to Calcutta. His new opera "Satanella," has proved a brilliant success, and was performed by the Harrison and Pyne troupe, at Covent Garden, for fifty-eight nights. His daughter, Miss Victoria Balfie, has lately fulfilled an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Turin, in the part of Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," which she sang and acted with grace and spirit. Miss Balfie is, for the present season, in London, where she will make her debut in "La Sonnambula." as Elvino. . . . The grandson of De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, was a clergyman of the Church of England; the great grandson was a vicar in Rutland; and the Rev. Henry De Foe, one of the living representatives of the family of the great novelist, is now a curate in Leicestershire. A sailor came down to the cabin of Nelson's ship one cold, drizzly day, with some message, and where Lady Hamilton was sitting. Her ladyship was always warm-hearted, and seeing the cold condition of the sailor, asked which he would prefer, a glass of wine from the bottle which she held in her hand, or a glass of brandy. "It don't matter which," replied Jack, "but if your ladyship please, I can be drinking the wine while you are pouring out the brandy." . . . A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick, "I don't believe you," said the other, "for you never gave anything." . . . Souloque's primo minister is said to have cheated the ex-emperer out of all his ill-gotten money, and is enjoying it at present in Paris. . . . The philosophers tell us that the rain which falls from the clouds makes a component part of whatever grows upon the earth. Thus, in a passing shower, we may be unconsciously pelted with the component parts of bulls, sheep, poets, patriots, and editors. . . . An incurable punster declares that the new kind of paper, made out of straw, will doubtless lay the foundation of a new literature. . . . The English have turned Oude into a regular Quaker country, levelling there nearly 800 forts and seizing 367 cannon, and 975,000 arms of all kinds. What will the people do when the tigers come into their towns and villages for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper? There has been such a thing in India as a town being stormed by an army of tigers.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

War appears now to be inevitable, if it has not already commenced. No one appears to think that a Congress will be able to settle anything, but negotiations will have this effect—to show the world the atrocious principles of Austria. Here has she been encircling the Papal States with a cordon of troops and forts, strengthening her positions in Italy, for years, and now she stands ready, in the event of any disturbance in France, to seize upon the whole of Italy, as she has already grasped the fairest portion. That France or Sardinia can permit this menacing attitude to exist longer is impossible. Austria herself has precipitated the crisis, and if England knew her true interests, she would hail the hostile preparations of France and Sardinia with delight. But if an arrangement was patched to-morrow, with the existing feeling of France, Austria, Sardinia and Russia left in play, the prospects of the repose of Europe would not be in the slightest degree better than at this moment.—The organ of Napoleon's private cabinet speaks of a just and supreme effort which England and Prussia are making in behalf of peace, referring to the Austrian proposition for a general disarmament. The Patrie asserts that France is still on a peace footing. She has collected no army on her frontier—has not applied to the legislature for war credit—while Austria, having increased her army in Italy to 100,000, might commence a campaign to-morrow.—The Monitor publishes a decree ordering an apportionment of a 100,000 conscripts among the different departments. This is the whole contingent of the year. In ordinary years 80,000, and in some years 40,000 have been called out.—Five young Persians have arrived in Paris from Teheran—two of them to study medicine, two to be educated in military schools, and the fifth, who is a nephew of Ferooz Khan, to be an outdoor pupil of one of the principal colleges.—Recently four hundred doctors of the faculty of Paris had a subscription dinner at the grand Hotel du Louvre, the price of tickets being sixteen francs (\$3) each. The dinner was given in honor of the triumph of the regular faculty of the Allopathists over the Homoeopaths, in a judgment in their favor before one of the French courts.

## French Republicans.

The French republican party in London have established a publication, which contains this warning of the designs of Louis Napoleon on Italy: "Pursuing his system of hypocrisy to the end, he destroyed the Republic in the name of the Republic; and in the name of universal suffrage, and under the pretext of re-establishing it, he confiscated it, and made it an instrument of tyranny. Let the remembrance of these deeds act as a salutary lesson to the nations! To-day, the same man proceeds by the same means of falsehood and duplicity. In order to march forth to the realization of his fixed idea, to reconstitute the empire in its former dimensions, and to avenge the defeat of Waterloo, he intends lulling Europe into sleep up to the last moment, deceiving her vigilance as he did that of France."

## The Late Sir Henry Havelock.

It appears from the Indian correspondence that no testimonials have been erected there to the memory of the late hero. In England, a similar complaint cannot be made. Already, competitive busts and colossal statues have been subscribed for. The bust executed in marble and now in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, London; the colossal statue for Trafalgar Square, now in progress; and that to be erected at Sunderland, the general's birthplace, have all, after severe competition, been awarded for execution to Mr. Behnes.

## Russia.

The Russian government has forbidden the negotiations of one of the recent Austrian loans, on the ground that by the premiums connected therewith (given on its redemption, as we understand) it comes under the law which interdicts foreign lotteries. This act is also construed by some as a significant indication of the disposition of Russia towards Austria.

## Austria.

The Austrian government is said to have declined for the moment to permit M. de Lapeyriere, a Frenchman, to take the supreme direction of the South-Austrian and Lombardo-Venetian railroads. In the meantime, the director general will enjoy *omnium rerum dignitate* and his enormous salary of 125,000 francs per annum.

## Switzerland.

The federal council of Switzerland was occupied at one of its recent sittings in considering the means to be adopted to meet the expenses which might be caused by the armaments. Two plans were suggested—one, a loan from capitalists, and the other a national subscription. The council decided for the latter.

## Turin.

There is not one word of truth in the Turin report that there has been a mutiny in the Italian regiment "Airoldi," which is stationed at Agram, in Croatia. The story of a superior officer having been arrested and taken to Verona for having carried on a traitorous correspondence with the Sardinians is also false.

## New Opera House.

The site of the new opera in Paris has been at last decided. The building is to occupy the spot upon which the Hotel d'Osmond stood until recently. It is situated in the best part of Paris, and upon one of the most open of the Boulevards.

## Bank at Beyrout.

Some English capitalists have established a bank of discount and deposit at Beyrout, Syria, which is a new feature in that region, and very useful in facilitating trade.

## Songs of France.

M. Champfleury is collecting the rural songs of France, both music and words, with a view to publication.

## BRITISH POETS.

PUBLISHED BY

LITTLE, BROWN &amp; CO.,

112 WASHINGTON STREET,  
BOSTON.A Complete Collection of the British Poets,  
From CHAUCER

to WORDSWORTH,

HANDSOMELY PRINTED IN NEAT 16mo VOLUMES.

Price 75 Cents per Volume.

EACH WORK SOLD SEPARATELY.

THIS Collection, of which more than one hundred volumes are already issued, is intended to embrace the whole works of the most distinguished authors, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, with selections from the minor poets, accompanied by Biographical, Historical and Critical Notices and Portraits—the whole forming a far more complete, elegant and cheap edition of the British Poets than has ever appeared before.

The numerous testimonials to the excellence of this series, which the publishers have received, both from the press and the public, in all parts of the country, would seem to indicate that a popular want has been met by this edition, which is universally acknowledged to be the best ever issued, both in point of editorship and mechanical execution.

The following are now ready:

Akenside . . . . . 1 vol.	Milton . . . . . 3 vols.
Ballads . . . . . 8 vols.	Moutgomery . . . 5 vols.
Beattie . . . . . 1 vol.	Moore . . . . . 5 vols.
Butler . . . . . 2 vols.	Parnell and Tickell . 1 vol.
Campbell . . . . . 1 vol.	Pope . . . . . 3 vols.
Chatterton . . . . . 2 vols.	Prior . . . . . 2 vols.
Churchill . . . . . 3 vols.	Scott . . . . . 3 vols.
Coleridge . . . . . 3 vols.	Shakespeare . . . 9 vols.
Colins . . . . . 1 vol.	Shelley . . . . . 1 vol.
Cowper . . . . . 3 vols.	Skelton . . . . . 3 vols.
Donne . . . . . 1 vol.	Spenser . . . . . 5 vols.
Dryden . . . . . 5 vols.	Surrey . . . . . 1 vol.
Falconer . . . . . 1 vol.	Swift . . . . . 3 vols.
Gay . . . . . 2 vols.	Thomson . . . . . 2 vols.
Goldsmith . . . . . 1 vol.	Vaughan . . . . . 1 vol.
Gray . . . . . 1 vol.	Watts . . . . . 1 vol.
Herbert . . . . . 1 vol.	White . . . . . 1 vol.
Herrick . . . . . 2 vols.	Wordsworth . . . 7 vols.
Hood . . . . . 4 vols.	Wyatt . . . . . 1 vol.
Keats . . . . . 1 vol.	Young . . . . . 2 vols.
Marvell . . . . . 1 vol.	

"This series of the British Poets is by far the best collection we have anywhere met with."—*N. Y. Times*

"We cannot speak too highly in praise of this edition—the only one that deserves the name of complete—of the British Poets."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"A more beautiful and complete edition of each poet than that furnished in this series cannot be found, and certainly it does not seem possible that the force of cheapness can any further go."—*Southern Literary Gazette*.

"We cannot forbear to say that this whole collection is at once a monument of the best taste and the highest critical skill, and a rare specimen of beautiful mechanical execution. Take it all in all, we do not hesitate to say that it is decidedly superior to any other edition of the British Poets that we have met with."—*Albany Evening Journal*.

"Every author introduced into this series is edited with the utmost care, and the whole is intended to form the most complete set of English Poets ever published."—*Boston Recorder*.

"This edition should grace every library, public and private, and he that may own it may not have cause to envy any one the possession of any other edition."—*Louisville Journal*.

"A finer printed, a more tasteful or more valuable set of books cannot be placed in any library."—*New York Courier and Enquirer*.

"The best, the most permanently valuable, the most convenient, and the cheapest edition of the standard poetical literature of Great Britain ever published."—*Home Journal*.

"We regard it as the most beautiful and convenient library edition of the British Poets yet published."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"We do not know any other edition of the English Poets which combines so much excellence."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

"We warmly commend it, and wish it a success proportioned to its merits."—*Brownson's Review*.

"This series is the most elegant, the most perfect, that has been issued in this country."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Undoubtedly the cheapest and most attractive collection of the British Poets ever published."—*Richmond Examiner*.

## CASHMERE SCARFS

AND

## MANTILLAS,

SCARLET, GREEN AND BLACK.

A FULL ASSORTMENT.

S. J. WILCOX &amp; Co.,

BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

ACTING PLAYS. H. W. SWETT & Co., No. 128 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., have all plays published in this country. 13 cents singly, 10 for \$1; free by mail. Lists furnished.

## THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Let the Dyspeptic be of good cheer.

## NEW GOODS

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

S. J. WILCOX &amp; Co.,

BALLOU'S BUILDING, 24 WINTER STREET.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

HENRY H. TUTTLE,

Nos. 259 AND 261 WASHINGTON STREET.

Is receiving by every steamer to this port, PARIS MADE BOOTS AND SHOES. Of American manufacture, his assortment is very full and complete, comprising all the most desirable styles for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys and Children. 4w ap30

## DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

KILBURN &amp; MALLORY,

90 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

3m 12







## THE STOCKING-LOOM.

It is not often that an industrial invention is attended with such romantic circumstances as those which surrounded the origin of the stocking loom. About the year 1589, William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, England, was expelled from the University, for marrying contrary to the statutes. Being poor, his wife was obliged to aid their maintenance by knitting; and as the student sat watching the busy fingers of his industrious wife, he conceived the idea of imitating those movements by a machine. "Why should fingers so beautiful be thus enslaved?" Such a thought probably flashed upon the mind of the student, and out of it arose his first ideal construction of a machine, which afterwards became a reality, and the products of which now form a staple commodity in all civilized countries. Having constructed his first machine, and taught the use of it to his brother, and the rest of his relations, Lee established himself at Culverton, near Nottingham, as a stocking-weaver; but, being neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I., he transferred himself and his machine to France, where Henry IV. and his minister, Sully, gave him a welcome reception. After the king's de-cesse, Lee shared in the persecutions suffered by the Protestants, and is reported to have died, from grief and disappointment, at Paris. Some of his workmen escaped to England, and under one Aston, who had been Lee's apprentice, succeeded in establishing the stocking manufacture permanently in England. A sad story!—like that of most benefactors of their race. It is to be hoped that, like such benefactors generally, he had in himself the means of consolation. The engraving represents the young husband brooding over his design, as he watches the patient toil of his beautiful young wife. The accessories of the sketch indicate the social position of the hero of this romance. The carved reading-desk and ponderous volumes, show the scholar—the dress, and the arms hanging on the wall, the gentleman. The beauty of his fair companion accounts for the rash love match, but that very union, with its attendant cares, is to perpetuate the name of the husband. Love made Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith, a painter, love made William Lee an inventor.



THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING LOOM.

## THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

The sentiment of veneration which the Indian tribes, and, above all, the inhabitants of Siam, profess for the white elephant, is not exactly worship, but a supreme respect, which is accounted for by their religious traditions. The metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is, as it is well known, one of their dogmas. According to this faith souls migrate, in proportion to the degree of purity or perfection manifested during life, into the body of an animal higher or lower in the scale of created beings. But, as the white elephant is believed to be the most perfect of all animals, it is into his body that the souls of the heroes and great men enter. Even their good Budda must assume, according to their

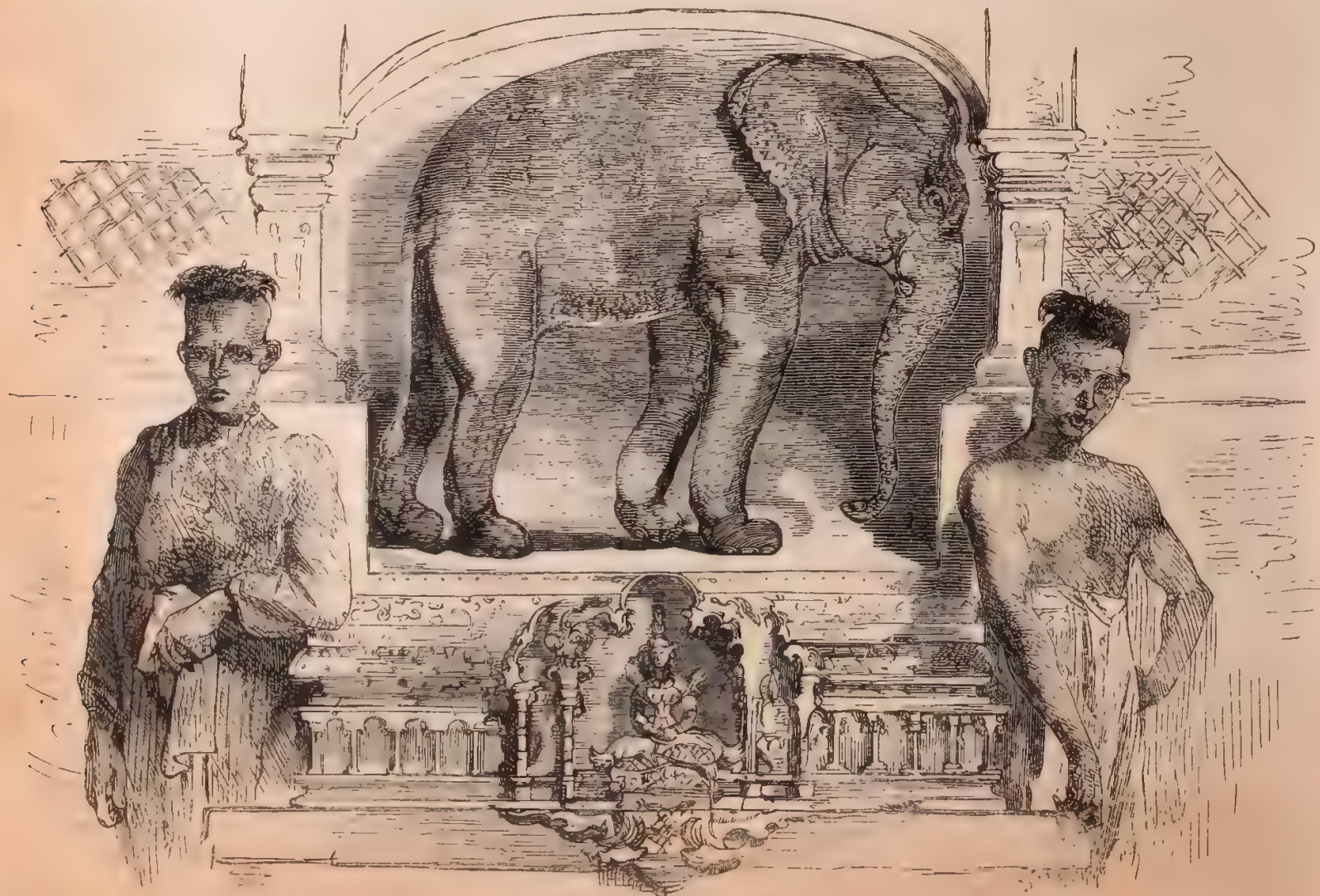
creed, one day the form of this animal. It is, therefore, not unnatural that the sovereigns of Siam, as soon as they are informed of the birth or the arrival in their dominions of one of these white elephants, should give orders that the animal be conducted by a brilliant cortege to their court, where there is assigned to him a splendid mansion as a stable, and where the happy pachydermita is waited upon by a whole suite of Brahmins. It is then that the elephant becomes an illustrious personage, to whom princely honors are paid during life and monuments erected after death. The image of the elephant is sometimes of granite, sometimes of marble, and not unfrequently of even precious metal. These are not idols, but simply statues. As such the

about an inch long, and cross this at the top by another incision. Raise the bark very carefully and insert the shield within, gently pressing it to the bottom of the incision. Great care should be taken that it is in close contact with the stock. Being satisfied on this point, which is essential to the success of the operation, bind up all except the bud, with either matting, soft twist, or strips of cotton, which could be moderately dampened. At the end of two weeks, the success of the undertaking will be known; and, if successful, in three weeks thereafter the bandages should be gradually removed, when the stock should be cut off about two inches above the bud. Roses may be budded in this manner very successfully.

sculptures are seen in the beautiful grotto of Elephanta, as well as in the grand pagoda of Bangkok, represented in the engraving given below.

## BUDDING ROSES.

Nearly every variety of the rose may be propagated by budding. Some varieties are difficult to manage by the other methods, but, by budding, readily form hard some plants in one year. The operation consists in taking an eye, or bud attached to a portion of the bark of one plant, and generally called a shield, and transplanting it to another. The advantage in budding is that, where a plant is rare, a new plant can generally be had from every eye, and the criterion as to time, in performing the operation, is the forming of the buds in the axillæ of the leaf of the present year. The buds are known to be ready by the shield, or portion of bark to which they were attached, easily parting from the wood. Having selected such buds as may be required, remove the same, by inserting a sharp, thin-bladed knife, about half an inch above the bud, and passing the same about one-third of the way through the wood of the shoot, come out again about the same distance below it, making the cut as clean as possible. When the shield is removed, it contains a portion of the wood, which should be carefully removed. By cutting upwards, the danger of destroying the eye is materially lessened. If the wood be dry it will not separate easily, in which case it should be thrown aside. Make an incision lengthwise through the bark of the stock



SACRED ELEPHANT OF SIAM.





M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | Vol. XVI, No. 21... Whole No. 413.

#### THE HARTFORD AND NARRAGANSETT.

The principal object in the accompanying marine picture, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, at the Charlestown navy yard, is the United States steam sloop-of-war Hartford, of which an accurate likeness is presented. This fine vessel was successfully launched, it will be remembered, on the 22d of November last. In 1856-7 Congress made an appropriation for building five sloops-of-war, of which the "Hartford" is one, the "Brooklyn," built at New York, the "Lancaster" at Philadelphia, the "Richmond" at Norfolk, and the "Pensacola" at Pensacola, make up the complement. The building of the Hartford was commenced Dec. 6, 1857. She was modelled by the late Edward H. Delano, naval constructor for this district, his designs being reduced to working plans by Mr. George H. Pook. Her model is extremely graceful, and our artist has caught her clipper-like air and beautiful lines and transferred them to paper with the accuracy of the photograph. At her bow she carries an elaborately carved figure head, while her stern is elliptic and but slightly ornamented. The carpenter's measurement of the Hartford gives her 2023 tons 59 feet, her actual capacity being much greater. All her frame timbers are of live oak, coaxed together sideways and doweled endways, substantially and securely, sided ten inches and moulded at the floors one foot five inches, gradually diminishing till they are six inches square at the rail. The keel and keelson are solidly put together, bolted and doweled. The vast ribs of the frame touch each other, and the frame is cross strapped from stem to stern with a double bracing of iron bars. The plank upon the bottom and the walls are of white oak. Airy and graceful as the hull looks without, it is defiantly strong, like the "hand of iron in the glove of velvet." The breadth of beam is 44 feet, and the depth of hold from the top of the floor timbers to the gun and spar deck 21 feet four inches. The orlop decks run fore and aft, interrupted only by the space occupied by the engines. Below the deck are the magazine, shell room and general store-rooms, and upon it is the cockpit. The Hartford is propelled by steam and canvass. Her two steam engines were built at Loring's works, South Boston, under the superintendence

of Jesse Gay, United States naval engineer. These engines are called 800 horses' power but are actually of 1000 horses' power. The diameter of the cylinder is 62 inches, with 34 inches stroke. The main shaft of the propeller is 79 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. The propeller has two blades 14 feet six inches in diameter. It is so constructed as to admit of its being hoisted or lowered, so that either steam or sails may be used. The height of the masts above the spar deck is as follows: foremast, 136 feet two inches; mainmast, 182 feet; mizzenmast, 144 feet eight inches. She spreads a large amount of canvass, wearing, in full dress, 37,446 square feet, though she will rarely be put under more than 19,000. Under steam alone she will make 14 knots an hour; under canvass, going free, 15 knots. Her mainsail contains 467 square yards of cloth. She carries two suits of sail, with extra studding sails. She will carry four deck awnings, 500 hammocks, 300 clothing bags for sailors, a suit of sails for nine boats, and a suit of colors containing the flags of all nations. The berth deck is 220 feet long. Here the sailors' hammocks are swung. On the after end of this deck is the commander's cabin, forward of which are the officers' ward-rooms. Next to these are state-rooms for the midshipmen and assistant engineers, and yet further forward the quarters of carpenter, gunner, boatswain and sailmaker. The intervening space between these and the "sick bay" in the bow, is appropriated to the use of the crew, cooking, etc., after deducting the room for the engine and boilers. The berth deck is thoroughly ventilated throughout, excellent arrangements for this purpose having been adopted. Below the berth deck, where the engines are set, there are three water-tight compartments, formed by bulkheads. The

deck is 241 feet long, its beams, like the berth deck, being of yellow pine. The armament will consist of shell carriage guns of the famous Dahlgreen model. The complement of men and officers will be 320, all told, for whom the amplest accommodations have been provided. The ship has a new apparatus for working the chains, consisting of capstan bars on the berth deck and a heavy drum-head rising eighteen inches above the spar deck. The chain is brought directly to this apparatus, from which it is payed down into the locker. There is also an ordinary capstan abaft the mainmast. The ship is copper fastened throughout. About 350 men were employed in building this fine vessel, the workmanship of which reflects high honor on our Boston and Charlestown mechanics. The work was executed under the direction of

the following master workmen: Melvin Simonds, master carpenter; John R. Rice and William H. Bridge, master smiths; Edward Nowhall, master caulker; Alexander McFarland, master joiner; Cyrus Cobb, master painter; Samuel Allen, master plumber; Edward Harding, master spar-maker; James Boyd, master sail-maker; James A. Sutton, master block-maker; and James Walker, master rigger. The gunboat Narragansett, also shown in our engraving, we have not space particularly to describe. She is of fine model, and belongs to an important class of vessels, of which there is a large number in the French and English navies. These vessels, from their size and light draft, are easily handled. They usually carry an enormous pivot gun, throwing Dahlgreen shells, and one or two 32 pound carriage guns.



U. S. SLOOP OF WAR HARTFORD AND GUNBOAT NARRAGANSETT, AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE ABDUCTION.

A TRUE STORY OF FLORIDA LIFE.

BY J. O. BRANCH.

On the bank of a beautiful lake, which he had named Eutaula, Walter Wardlaw fixed his home. He could not, perhaps, in all the "Land of Flowers" have found a more enchanting or a more lovely spot than that upon which his mansion stood. The lake was not large, but its waters were clear as crystal, and its banks, which were low at its margin, and rose gradually for near half a mile, were covered with a thick growth of live oak, palmettoes and wild orange trees. For some distance around the houses the undergrowth had been cleared away, and no tree was permitted to remain unless it added some thing to the beauty of the place. The dwelling was large, tastily and elegantly furnished, and conveniently arranged. Behind it, in a few hundred yards, stood the cabins of the negroes. These were whitewashed, and being placed in rows, presented the appearance of a small village. Everything in sight bore witness to the good taste and diligence of the owner of the premises.

So much for the surroundings of those with whom we have most to do. And now let us draw near and make the acquaintance of Mr. Wardlaw's family, who, on a pleasant evening in May, are seated on the front piazza. The lady who occupies the easy chair is the teacher whom Mr. Wardlaw engaged years ago to take in charge the education of his daughter. Her services are no longer necessary to her pupil, for she is now grown, and has profited all that she can by the instructions of her kind teacher. But Mrs. Hunt still remains with those who have been her only associates for years, and she is a respected and loved member of the family. The youth seated near her is John Wardlaw; he is now deeply interested in the conversation in which his father and sister are engaged. Margaret Wardlaw is standing near the end of the piazza, and the moonlight never fell on a more perfect form or more lovely features than hers. She had been trying to persuade her father to leave the lonely place where he now lives, and return to the world again. While slowly pacing up and down before her, he has heard all the arguments that she has to urge, but evidently they have made no impression upon him. He is about fifty years of age, but his face shows that in fifty years of mortal life he has experienced the sorrows of a century. His hair is nearly all gray, his cheeks are deeply furrowed, and his forehead bears the impress of a dissatisfied, unhappy spirit. Surely into this heart never has flowed the peace which is unspeakable. The fiery eyes are flashing now, but the light which they emit is not kindled by holy desires. He is speaking in a hurried but decided tone.

"No, Margaret, that can never be. The world which has driven me by its untold villany into this deep solitude, can never again be my home. Once I was as joyous and light-hearted as your brother, but now I am always sorrowful and wretched. The weight of woe which I have borne so long has made me old, when I should be enjoying the strength of manhood. The world to which you would have me return has made me the wreck that I am.

"It has always been my intention to tell you, when you should become of an age to judge of them correctly, the reasons why I live in this unbroken solitude. You have arrived at that age, and now to you and the rest of my family I will reveal what mortal man has never heard me breathe before—the history of my wrongs.

"My father was not rich, but he had means sufficient to educate liberally my brother, who was some years my senior, and myself. From childhood my brother seemed to regard me with feelings of deepest envy. I knew not then the reasons of such feelings on his part, nor do I know them to this day. From childhood he was considered more handsome, and always had shown him greater attentions than I. We grew up to manhood. I became a merchant, and he studied law and was admitted at the Charleston bar.

"I took into partnership with me a young man who had always been my bosom friend. Our capital was not large, but it brought us in a good income, and we became year after year more and more independent. My brother was prosperous also in his profession; business came to him from every quarter, and soon he was rich.

"In the meantime we had both made the acquaintance of Caroline Ward, the daughter of one of the most prominent merchants of Charleston. She was not a votary of fashion, though tempted by all the circumstances that surrounded her to become one. In her person she was beautiful, and those who knew her well all bore witness to the purity and uprightness of her heart and principles. I thought that she was the personification of the Christian's idea of perfection. My brother loved her with all the strength of his passionate nature. And so we became rivals in love.

"Weeks passed by, but we never met at Mr. Ward's, and when we met in the street our words of greeting were few, and were coldly spoken. I told my love with the earnest manner which my feeling prompted, and Caroline confessed a love for me, which then I held dearer than life. None can appreciate the fullness of joy which I then felt, save those who, like me, have known the greatest heights of happiness, and the deepest depths of despair. O, God, the remembrance of that hour in which she lay on my breast but kindles afresh the flames that are consuming me soul and body."

And the strong man wrung his hands in his agony, and forgot that any one was near. But recovering himself he resumed his story:

"We were married, and my brother was not only at our wedding, but seemed more happy than I had ever seen him. I was surprised at his joy, for I knew that I could not have borne the loss of Caroline Ward calmly. Ah, I knew not what fiendish purpose was in his heart.

"My wife's property was now added to my business, and I was more prosperous than ever. My partner took his meals with us, and won upon my confidence and affection every day. I loved him next to my wife, and trusted him in all things. I went to my rest one night rich and prosperous, rich in the love I bore my fellow-men, and prosperous in all my worldly interests. I awoke in the morning not worth even the house in which I lived. My loved, my trusted partner had collected all the notes and accounts that he could, had drawn all the money that we had in bank, and had left. Then I knew why he had been so kind and deferential in his manners. After what happened was generally understood, my friends did not know me. Not one of the many who had feasted at my board and called me friend, had the slightest remembrance of my features, or could recall the first syllable of my name. I held them all in utter contempt, and hated them then as I hate them now. Then I learned that the world was hollow and false.

"My wife's father utterly refused to assist me into business, but offered me a clerk's place in his establishment. And so I, who had been the employer of a dozen clerks, became a mere clerk myself. But in a year my father-in-law died, and I was again rich. My brother now came to board with us, and towards me he manifested an unwonted degree of confidence and affection. I received his advances kindly, and thought that though other men might deceive my trust, my flesh and blood could not. He soon won by his changed manners a warm place in my heart, poor dupe that I was.

"You were then about five years old, and your brother three. One morning I awoke from a deep slumber, and your mother, who had fallen asleep with her head resting on my arm, was gone. It was something unusual for her to rise before I did; but I thought that she was engaged about the house, and I would find her in a few minutes. I inquired of one of the servants if she had seen her mistress. She answered that she had not seen her or her maid that morning. We searched the whole house, but could find no trace of either of them.

"In a state of deep anxiety I returned to my room, and found lying on the table a note addressed to me, in my wife's handwriting. It bore these words: I remember them all; they are burned into my very soul:

"MY ONCE DEAR WALTER,—When I married you I thought my heart all yours, but I soon learned, but it was too late then, that I loved your brother with my whole soul. He has compelled me to tell him the fatal secret, and I have promised him to leave you and the children and fly with him. God pity me! I would not go, but how can I resist him whom I love more than life? Farewell, and may you one day find one worthy of your noble heart. CAROLINE."

When these fatal words met my eyes, every feeling died within me, save a bitter, burning hatred of all mankind. As soon as possible, I gathered all of my effects together and left the

place of my sorrows. I came to Jacksonville, and leaving you and your brother and my negroes there, I came further south, looking for a place where the foot of the hated white man had never trod. In my wanderings I found this beautiful lake, and on its bank I made my home. Now you have heard my history, and you know my reasons for living in this hermit home.

"I intend sending you and your brother to Charleston next winter, and permitting you to remain there one season, hoping that my experience will be to you as steel armor—keeping out from your hearts the many weapons that will be surely aimed at your peace. My children, let no one steal your affections; the more insinuating the address of an acquaintance, the more guarded be your feelings, your words and actions."

Thus ended Walter Wardlaw's story. The hour for rest had come, and the family retired for the night. But Margaret nor her brother could sleep. She thought long of all her father had suffered; but soon her thoughts were engrossed by the probable sad fate of her mother. The more she thought of her mother, the stronger grew the longing in her heart to see her face and nestle close to her bosom. Days and weeks and months sped by, but her heart kept crying "mother! mother!" For some time she had earnestly desired to enter into society, but now her motive for wishing to do so was changed. She had been told many times by Mrs. Hunt of the gay world of fashion. She had once been a leader in its circles, and knew well how to paint its allurements to Margaret's mind. Misfortune had made her estimate the pleasures of the world at their true value, and she had no intention of creating in Margaret a desire to taste of those pleasures. She wished to interest and amuse her pupil, and prepare her for acting her part in the world, should circumstances ever throw her into its whirling drama. But Margaret had listened with deep interest while she was told of the exciting pleasures from which her father's hatred of mankind had separated her. And she had with all the eagerness of youth desired to mingle in those circles for which nature had fitted her. But now she wished to go into society, hoping to find some trace of her mother.

Winter came, and found Margaret and her brother at the Charleston hotel, which was in a stone's cast of where once stood their father's mansion. It was soon noised abroad that the son and daughter of the once well-known Walter Wardlaw were in town, and stopping at the Charleston Hotel, and visitors thronged to see them. Many of their father's old acquaintances pressed them to go and stay at their houses. They resisted many urgent invitations, but finally Mrs. Wilson prevailed upon them to spend their time with her while they remained in town. She introduced them to her friends, and soon they were the centre of attraction to quite a large circle. Margaret's fresh beauty, her simplicity of heart, her naturally graceful manners, and above all, her uncommon conversational talents, won her a high place in the estimation of those whose opinions she valued. Mrs. Wilson had a son who had just returned from college. He was all that a fond mother could desire. His mind, which was far above mediocrity, was thoroughly cultivated, and his moral nature had not suffered in his college life. He and Margaret were necessarily much together, and she seemed to have forgotten her father's warning. She mingled in society, she conversed, she sent forth music from the piano, she danced and sang, and perhaps her father's warning was forgotten; but always deep down in her heart there was a continual longing for her mother. Always her spirit was crying "mother! mother!" and all the chambers of her soul echoed with the sound. But she dared not tell of her yearnings. Her heart shrank from exposing its sacred grief. And so her time flew by, and she heard nothing of her mother.

Many questions were asked about the reason of their father's abrupt departure from Charleston, and about his family, but to all who questioned them they gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. When asked where they lived, the invariable reply was, "on a beautiful lake in South Florida." And soon they were unquestioned about subjects upon which they evidently did not wish to converse.

Henry Wilson's conduct towards Margaret was marked by the utmost respect and kindness, and his attentions towards her were constant.

And notwithstanding her heart was always making moan over her lost mother, he gained much in her affections. The time of their stay had passed, and she and her brother were making preparations to leave for Florida on the next steamer.

On the evening before her departure, Margaret was sitting at the drawing-room window looking out upon the now quiet square, and thinking of the strange past, the present, and the unknown future. A sense of loneliness crept over her heart as she thought of going back home, having heard nought of her mother. She knew not until then how strong had become the wild hope of finding her mother, and of finding her innocent, and of taking her back to render happy the heart that was pining in solitude.

The scenes, too, by which she was surrounded occupied her thoughts, and she knew that when she retired from them now, it was very improbable that she would ever return to them again. While sitting thus, thinking of many sad things, her eyes half full of tears, Henry Wilson approached and drew a chair to her side. They conversed for a long time ere daring to mention the morrow. At last Henry said:

"Margaret, you leave us in the morning, and you will bear away all the sunshine, all the joy of our house."

"Yes, Henry, I go to-morrow, and I leave many kind friends, to whom for all their kindness I am grateful; but soon will fade from your minds the memory of the lonely girl whom you have known for so short a time."

"No, Margaret, we will never forget you—"

"Stop, Henry. I did not intend to draw from you an expression of your kind feelings, or of your intention of remembering me. I know that you feel kindly towards me; I know that you and all my friends intend never to forget me; but I know, too, that in the stirring lives which you lead in society, I must soon be forgotten. I do not murmur at this, though the thought is a sad one; I know that it is so, and it is well that it is, for if I have won the esteem of any, it will be no pleasure for them to remember me whom they may never see again; and if I have with any failed to win affection, the remembrance of me will not be pleasant; so in either case 'tis better that I be forgotten."

"O, Margaret, you know not my heart if you think that I can forget you. I have been your constant companion since you have been here, and no act or word of yours has escaped my observation. You are the fulfilment of all my boyhood's dreams; in you are all woman's loveliest traits of character combined, and from the time we met my heart has gone forth to meet yours, bearing with it all the love that man can feel. I love you, Margaret, and though you have given me, neither by word nor act, any encouragement to hope for a return of my affection, yet tell me, may I not look forward to a day when we shall join hand in hand and heart in heart, and go through life together?"

He ceased, for a strange wildness came into Margaret's eyes. Her heart had warmed towards her lover while he spoke, and she was ready to confess that he had gained her love; but the memory of her father's words rushed through her mind and overwhelmed her. She recalled the look with which he said, "my children, let no one steal your affections; the more insinuating the address of an acquaintance, the more guarded be your feelings, your words and actions;" and as she gazed in memory on her father's face as it looked that night when he uttered those words for her good, it seemed to say, "Spurn him! spurn him from you, or a father's curse shall be your inheritance!" And all she could say was: "Henry, hope not, 'tis useless! though I love you, never speak to me of love again." And a low moaning sound escaped her lips.

"But," replied Henry, "what is the reason of the strange interdiction you place upon me. In the name of Heaven, Margaret, if you love me, why should I forever be silent upon the subject of love?"

She would have replied calmly, but that haunting face came between her and her lover, and she cried: "My father! my father! Hush, Henry. Go!"

He would have spoken again, but in agonized entreaty she cried: "Henry, spare me! If you love me, go leave me now, and never breathe a word of love to me again!"

And he left her. He had no other opportunity of speaking to her alone, and so he remained in utter ignorance of the cause of her agitation. In



the morning Henry accompanied them to the boat, but they conversed very little on the way. He was saying good-by, when the thought passed through his mind, "I will go to this place, I have heard from him the reason of father of hers and learn from him the reason of Margaret's conduct." So he asked her the question, "Where is your home?" As he asked this question of Margaret, he was hurried away, for the boat was leaving, and he only heard in answer, "On a beautiful lake in South Florida."

Within forty or fifty miles of Mr. Wardlaw's house there lived those of the Tiger Tail Indians who would not remove to the West. They were peaceably disposed, and even when the Seminoles and Tallahassee were committing the most barbarous outrages upon the whites, they remained at home and engaged in the chase and cultivated the soil. The leader or chief of these Indians was a young man perhaps not more than twenty-five years of age, and was called Otelassa. He had frequently been at Mr. Wardlaw's, and the charms of the white man's daughter had made a deep impression on his heart. He often lingered near when the lamps were lit, and gazed upon the face of Margaret, who, all unconscious of his passionate glances, played or sang or read for the amusement of the family. He had indulged the wild dream of having Margaret for his wife, until he little knew how interwoven with his very life that dream had become. He was not aware that Margaret was going away, so when one day he came to Mr. Wardlaw's, after her departure for Charleston, and learned that she was gone, he knew not for how long, nor stayed to inquire; he was frantic with grief, and ran forth into the open air and plunged into the dense woods, nor paused until he was far from the sound of human voice. Mr. Wardlaw knew not what to think of his strange actions, but thought that he would come and explain them himself when he became calm. The Indian, when he found that he was alone, threw himself on the ground and indulged those feelings which he scorned to show where there were any to witness their violence.

For a long time he avoided Mr. Wardlaw's, and weeks passed by ere he again made his appearance at the house. When he came he assumed an appearance of Indian indifference with reference to those of Mr. Wardlaw's family who were absent, never even mentioning their names, or making any inquiry about them. But when Mr. Wardlaw invited him to come at a certain time and welcome his children home, his appearance of indifference was gone in a moment, and his face lighted up as the face of the earth does when the sun suddenly comes from behind a cloud. When the day arrived on which Margaret was expected, Otelassa appeared at the entrance to Mr. Wardlaw's inclosure, clad with unusual care. His hair was ornamented with the feathers of the beautiful birds which throng the woods of South Florida; his hunting shirt, which reached down to his knees, and was made of the gayest colors, was hung around the bottom with tassels made of beads; his breast was covered with silver, beaten into the shape of the new moon; his leggings were highly ornamented, and his moccasins were as beautiful as Indian art could render them. As he stood at the gate, leaning on his long rifle, waiting for Mr. Wardlaw to return with Margaret, he was as handsome a warrior as could anywhere be found. The carriage soon drove up which contained the object of his thoughts, but he stood still as a statue. When Margaret alighted she extended her hand towards him, saying, "I am glad that you have not forgotten me." He grasped her hand, replying, "Otelassa can never forget the white fawn." This was all that passed between them. The family moved towards the house, and Otelassa disappeared.

In the evening, Margaret, wishing to be alone, went to a secluded spot on the bank of the lake. She had not been seated long, ere in deep thoughtfulness upon the past all that surrounded her was forgotten. She was startled from her reverie by the deep-toned voice of Otelassa.

"The white fawn dreams; of what does she think?"

Margaret soon recovered herself, and replied calmly: "I was thinking of all that I have seen since I left home; of the great world, which is so strange."

"Does the white fawn never dream of wandering through the woods with Otelassa by her side?"

"What does Otelassa say? The white fawn knows not his meaning."

"Otelassa loves the white fawn; the daughter of the pale face has stolen Otelassa's heart. Will she be his wife, and share his wigwam?"

"No," said Margaret, rising from her seat; "the pale face mates not with the red man."

The Indian's face became dark when he heard these words, for the shadow of a great cloud was upon it. As he turned to go, he muttered in a low, threatening voice: "Farewell, daughter of the pale face; when Otelassa comes again, the white fawn will go with him."

When Margaret returned to the house her heart was full of fear. She told her father of what had occurred, and urged him to take some measures for defending her against her Indian lover's revenge; but he thought it unnecessary, and made no exertion to prevent Otelassa from taking what revenge he might choose. Ah, little did he know the Indian character, if he thought that Otelassa would relinquish without an effort that which he held dearer than life.

After Margaret left Charleston, Henry Wilson had nothing else to occupy his mind save thoughts of her. And the more he dwelt upon her image, the stronger grew his resolution to find her, if possible. The undertaking he thought would be hazardous, for the great probability was that he would fall in with Indians, and be either killed or captured by them. But he cared not for danger, when Margaret was the prize to be won by facing it. He succeeded in persuading seven of his friends to go with him, and armed and equipped and provisioned for a camp hunt of several weeks, he and his friends started for South Florida. They landed from the sloop which bore them to their sport, in ten or fifteen miles of the village where lived Otelassa and his Indians. They knew not there were any friendly Indians in Florida, nor did they imagine that there was an Indian east of Lake Okechobee; so without fear of disturbance they struck camp and commenced enjoying life as only hunters do. Deer were around them in multitudes, wild turkeys and wild hogs were numerous, and as it was early in the year, the ponds were full of ducks. Their success was far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Henry Wilson had wandered for miles in every direction, hoping by some means to gain a clue to the mystery which seemed to envelope Margaret's home; but he looked in vain. A week passed away, and still his companions were as wildly excited by the game as they were at first. On Monday morning they dispersed, four going in one direction, three in another, and Henry alone. The four made a circuit of a few miles, were successful, and returned to the camp. They waited until noon had passed, until night came on, but their companions returned not. They had gone forth fully expecting to find game near the camp, but they walked much farther than they intended to without seeing anything worth the trouble of shooting. But they determined not to return to the camp until they had succeeded in killing game of some kind, so on they walked for miles. About noon they came to a hammock which, unlike the most of the hammocks in Florida, had no undergrowth scarcely. Here they intended stopping to rest, but just as they gained its edge one of them saw an Indian, and without stopping to think, he threw up his rifle and shot him dead. The other Indians, whom the white man had not seen, jumped each behind a tree, and seeing that there were only three of their assailants, they deliberately shot them down.

The Indians whose revenge had been so unfortunately aroused were warriors of Otelassa. They knew that their chief was friendly towards the whites, and as soon as they became calm they regretted sincerely what had happened; but it was too late to remedy the evil. So they took up their line of march for their village. They had not gone far ere they saw Henry Wilson coming towards them. He had heard the firing, and thinking his comrades near, had gone to meet them. The Indians held a hurried consultation, and determined to capture him alive and take him before their chief.

Accordingly they hid themselves in some low palmettoes, by which Henry was compelled to pass. He came at a slow pace, for he had wandered much farther to day than ever before, and had found no trace of human habitation, and he had become utterly hopeless of finding Margaret. His mind was too busily employed with his disappointment for him to be very watchful, so he knew not that there was an Indian near until one jumped up almost from beneath his feet, and be-

fore he could recover from his surprise, he was surrounded by six powerful warriors. Escape or resistance was impossible. They took his fire-arms from him, and two of them started on towards the village. One of the others pointed after them, as much as to say, follow, and with two before him and four following him, he marched on to their town. They reached it before night, but their chief was away. He and several of his warriors had gone off several days before; to-morrow they were to return.

All had gone on as usual at Mr. Wardlaw's. Months had passed since the last scene in which Margaret figured, and the fears that had been then excited were almost entirely forgotten. But she had often thought with trembling of Otelassa's parting words. And well might her cheeks blanch, and fear hold reign in her heart at the remembrance of those words, for they conveyed no idle threat. As Otelassa spoke, so in his heart he determined that when he again appeared before Margaret, she should return with him to his home. But he was greatly troubled about the best plan to effect her capture.

He had lain concealed for days on the margin of the lake, hoping that Margaret would come there unattended, but thus far he had been disappointed. He was at last constrained to apply to his warriors for assistance. So he called together at his wigwam four of his most trusted braves, and opened to them his heart. He commenced in a low, mournful voice:

"Ye braves, your hearts have been sad because Otelassa's head has been bowed down; listen while he tells you his grief. Otelassa loves the white fawn. He has told her his love and offered her a home in his tent; but the pale face will not leave her father; she will not mate with the red man."

Then spoke one whose voice was always heard with respect.

"Why does Otelassa ask the white girl to follow him? Why does he not bring her to his tent and make her his squaw?"

Otelassa answered: "With the help of my braves the white fawn shall be Otelassa's wife. Who will go with Otelassa to bring the white fawn?"

All raised their hands, silently signifying their willingness to go with their chief, and they went without letting any one who remained know their destination.

On the Friday evening before the Monday on which Henry was captured, they reached Mr. Wardlaw's plantation. At night they drew near the house to take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself for the accomplishment of their object. But no opportunity came until the family assembled at the supper-table. Then noiselessly introducing themselves into the house, they reached the dining-room before they were discovered. It was too late then to think of resisting them, no matter what their object. But as Otelassa grasped Margaret by the arm, her brother raised his knife to strike it into his heart, but scarcely did he make the motion when he was killed on the spot. Margaret was carried by Otelassa out of the house, which was then set on fire. She became unconscious then, and knew not what happened afterwards. She was borne to the outskirts of the hammock, and there once more revived. A horse was there tied which had been brought for her to ride. She was placed on his back, and though the rude saddle which was made for her comfort was not so comfortable as the one on which she usually rode, yet the Indians walked slowly, and she did not suffer much from fatigue. On the third morning they arrived at the Indian village.

O, had Henry only known how near he was to the idol of his heart, and what was her state, how strangely confused would have been his joy and his sorrow. He had not been confined, but was permitted to wander about the village, closely watched, however, by the Indians. He had made no attempt to escape, but his mind was busy planning ways to effect a safe retreat from his present quarters. He noticed that there was but one horse kept tied near the Indian town, and he determined by some means to get off on that horse that night. He had fixed this plan in his mind, when he noticed an unusual commotion among the Indians. This was occasioned by the return of their chief with his fair captive. He approached the crowd that was gathered around Otelassa, and O, joy! O, horror! there was Margaret, his loved, long sought Margaret! but the captive and intended bride of an Indian. All this he comprehended by the

position of those before him. Otelassa was standing by Margaret, and with one of her hands grasped in his, was pointing out his wigwam. Margaret at the same time saw Henry, but by turning her eyes quickly away from his face, and looking at him no more, she gave him to understand that he must not recognize her. Such was the meeting of the lovers.

Otelassa pointed out his tent to Margaret and said: "There will the white fawn rest to-day; to-morrow she will be Otelassa's wife."

Henry heard these words, and his heart fainted within him. But then the thought came, "O, if I can only rescue her!"

The morning passed, and in the afternoon Henry was taken before the chief. To him he declared that he and his friends had not come to Florida with any hostile feelings towards the Indians, but merely to enjoy the pleasure of hunting, and that he doubted not but that his unfortunate friend had shot the Indian unintentionally. Otelassa heard him through, and then declared his intention of sending him back to his camp in the morning, and if his statement was found to be true, he was to be set at liberty. In the meantime he was permitted to wander about at liberty.

He now had no fear for himself, but Margaret must be rescued at every hazard. He noticed that the horse which she rode was standing by the one upon which he had intended making his escape. At night he feigned drowsiness, until all of the Indians were asleep, and then he crept softly to the tent which had been given up for the accommodation of Margaret. He put his mouth to a crevice in the side of the hut and called, "Margaret."

He waited a moment, and Margaret, in the same low tone in which he had called her, answered: "What is it, Henry? Why have you come to me now?"

"I have come to save you. Will you trust to my guidance?"

"Yes, O, yes; only save me from the terrible fate that awaits me here."

"Well, follow me as noiselessly as you can."

In silence she obeyed him, and he led the way to the horses. But a moment sufficed to place her on the pack, which the lazy Indians had left on the horse that brought her there, and Henry mounting the other, turned his horses' head towards his camp, and they soon placed miles between them and the dangerous crew that they left sleeping behind.

Before daylight they reached the camp, and fortunately found the four men still waiting for the return of those whom they never saw again. As soon as possible everything was put on board the sloop, and poling her out of the creek, they set sail for Charleston. Just as the little craft, bending to the breeze, started homeward, the enraged Indians burst through the thicket lining the creek. But they came too late to retake their captives. Otelassa's cry of baffled rage was answered by the crack of a rifle. One of the men whose brother was among those who were killed, had taken a deadly aim at the young chief, and he fell, shot through the heart. And then the Indians sent up such an unearthly yell, that it rang in the memory of those who heard it for days. But away sped the little craft, soon leaving the savages out of sight. The next day they fell in with the good steamship *Carolina*, bound for Charleston, and Margaret and Henry were put on board, and were borne by the power of steam to his city home.

The heart of Margaret now cried for her father. Her thoughts were of him almost constantly. She knew not what was his fate. "What has become of him?" was the question which she was continually asking herself. Of his fate, however, we shall speak hereafter.

Margaret is again in the home of Mrs. Wilson. Not now, as once, full of life and joy, but the melancholy likeness of the once joyous Margaret. She had sad remembrances enough to render any one unhappy. She would have sacrificed almost anything to know where her father and mother were, and what was their condition. She knew not but that the knowledge would make her more miserable, but the suspense she was suffering was more than she could bear. Henry was to go to Jacksonville on the return of the steamer, and, if possible, learn something of Mr. Wardlaw.

Just at twilight, on the evening before he was to leave for Jacksonville, as he was passing the site of Mr. Wardlaw's former residence, he was accosted by a poorly but neatly clad woman. She addressed him in tones of deepest anxiety



"Can you tell me, sir, anything with reference to the family who once lived here, Wardlaw by name?"

"Mr. Wardlaw," replied Henry, "moved to Florida years ago, and has never returned. But why do you ask?"

"Have you never heard, sir, that his wife disappeared very strangely in the year 1842?"

"No; not a word of any such thing was ever breathed in my hearing before."

"But, sir, it is true, and he thinks that his wife deserted him voluntarily; and O, God, I shall never reach him now to undeceive him." And she gave way to the terrible grief which had been consuming her for years.

When her burst of sorrow was past, Henry said: "You seem to know something with reference to Mrs. Wardlaw that would be interesting to the family."

"Yes; if I could only see any member of Mr. Wardlaw's family, and wipe away the disgrace which stains the memory of his wife, I would willingly die."

"Then come with me. Mr. Wardlaw's daughter is staying with my mother."

Henry conducted her to his home, and leaving her in the parlor, went in search of Margaret. He soon found her, and told her that a woman was waiting in the parlor to reveal something of importance with reference to her mother. Margaret waited to hear no more, but crying, "I knew it! I knew it!" she hastened to the parlor. She entered hurriedly, but when she saw that sorrow-stricken face which was turned towards her, she became calm in a moment. She approached the lady, saying: "You bring me tidings of my mother. O, tell me that she is innocent!"

After a pause, in which the lady seemed struggling with some great emotion, she finally spoke, but evidently she had forgotten what Margaret had said.

"And you are the daughter of Walter Wardlaw?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, awed by the solemn manner of the stranger.

"And you have heard that in the year 1842 your mother left your father's house in company with his brother, and that she went voluntarily?"

"Yes, my father told me this with his own lips."

"Shame! shame! that he could have believed that of one who would have poured forth her life's blood for him. But alas! how could he believe otherwise?" Then turning to Margaret she asked, "Did you believe the tale?"

"No," said Margaret, "I could not."

"Bless you for that!" cried the unknown lady.

"Now listen, and I will tell you more about your mother's flight than you could learn from any but me. For several days previous to the fatal night upon which your mother left home, she had been doing all in her power to render comfortable the last days of a poor woman who was dying of consumption. Your uncle knew of this, and he determined to make use of the circumstances of her sickness and your mother's interest in her, to effect a scheme of revenge which he had long harbored in his heart."

"He accordingly sent, in the middle of the night, your mother's waiting-maid, to tell her that the poor woman was dying, and her presence was earnestly desired by the physician whom she had sent to attend her in this last illness. Your mother rose without hesitation, and hastily dressing herself, left the room without disturbing your father. Taking her maid with her, she entered the omnibus which was waiting at the door, and was driven rapidly away."

"The omnibus had not gone far ere it was stopped by your father's brother, and he took the seat by your mother. She was very much surprised at this, but the noise of the omnibus prevented all conversation. They were driven to the railroad depot, your mother was hurried into a car, and your uncle sat beside her. She began to question him about this strange proceeding, but his only answer was: 'You are crazy; remember this for the rest of our journey, and make no effort to escape or to return home.'"

"She then made every exertion to get away from her persecutor, but he held her on the seat with an iron grasp. The conductor passed by and she called to him for assistance, telling him that the fiend by her side was taking her from her husband and children. But he only smiled pityingly upon her, and remarked to the monster whose grasp she was writhing, 'I see, sir, that you have trouble with your unfortunate sister.'"

He replied: 'Yes, she is sometimes very violent; but this will soon pass away, and she will be calm again.' Then your mother knew that all resistance was in vain, and she submitted to her horrible fate with what composure she could."

"O, my poor mother!" burst involuntarily from Margaret.

The stranger continued her story.

"They stopped at a hotel every night. Your mother's supper was sent to her room immediately, and then the door was locked from without, and she and her faithless maid were left alone. Thus they travelled to New Orleans. Evidently your uncle did not intend ending his journey there; but he had scarcely left the cars ere he was taken violently ill."

"In three days he sent for your mother to come to his room. When she entered, he called her to his side, and ordering every one else away, he told her that from the night when she and your father were married, he had intended taking revenge upon them both. He told her that he had forged a note addressed to her husband, in which he had told him, over her name, that she had left him voluntarily. 'And now,' he continued, 'I am dying, and I wish to make all the reparation that I can. Here is a letter in which I have explained it all to my brother. In those trunks you will find all of my wealth in gold. Take it when I am dead, and return to your husband.'"

"He ceased speaking, and your mother retired to her own chamber. He died the next day; but when your mother went to claim his trunks, they and her maid had disappeared. Your mother was thus left without means in a city of strangers. No one would listen to her story, and but few would give her work. She wrote immediately to your father, inclosing his brother's letter, but she never heard from him. She wrote again, but no answer came. For years she toiled on, scarcely earning enough to buy bread. She finally saved enough to bear her expenses to Charleston. She came to Charleston and sought her former home, but no trace of it was left. Margaret, you have heard your mother's story. She is now alone in the world, unless you will be to her a daughter."

Margaret started from her seat, for the longing in her heart had become so great that she could no longer repress it. She came up closer to the lady, saying: "Are you my mother? O, tell me!"

The stranger opened her arms and said: "Yes, I am your mother; come, my child." And Margaret sprang into her arms and nestled close to her breast, whispering, "mother! mother!"

Her whole frame trembled with the great joy which poured into her soul. The delicious consciousness that her mother was found and was innocent, was as much as she could bear. Long did mother and daughter linger in this close embrace, and much had they to say of him who was absent. When the family were gathered in the evening all was explained, and Mrs. Wardlaw was welcomed to a home with her old friend—Mrs. Wilson.

Henry started in the morning for Jacksonville, to learn the fate of Mr. Wardlaw. When he arrived, he went immediately to a hotel, intending in the morning to relate to as many as he could gather to hear him the reasons for his coming, and trying to raise a sufficient force to go and find out the result of the attack on Mr. Wardlaw's house.

Before retiring for the night, he happened to be standing by the clerk's desk, and glancing down the list of arrivals, he was surprised at finding in a bold hand the name of "Walter Wardlaw, from South Florida." He made some inquiry, and learned that he was a gentleman unknown to every one there, was unaccountably reserved, and always preferring solitude to company. Henry determined on seeing him, having little doubt of his being Margaret's father. He was accordingly shown to his room. He knocked, but no one answered. He knocked again, louder than before, and a voice expressive of anything but pleasure asked, "Who is there?" Henry replied, "A friend, who seeks an interview with Mr. Wardlaw."

The door was immediately opened, and Henry introduced himself; but the melancholy man before him did not remember ever having heard it before, though it was once as familiar as his own.

"Be seated, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw, "and tell me, if you please, what has induced you to seek me?"

"First tell me," said Henry, "if you are the man whose house the Indians burned not long since?"

"Yes. How did you know anything of that?"

"Your daughter told me of—"

"My daughter! What said you, sir? My daughter!" And the poor man clutched Henry's arm. "Where did you see her? Is she safe? Tell me, sir, tell me quick; I cannot bear this suspense!"

Henry replied: "Yes, she is alive and safe, and is waiting anxiously for her father."

Mr. Wardlaw's feelings of joy and gratitude were overpowering, and dropping on his knees, he bent low, almost touching the floor with his forehead, and poured forth such a prayer of deep gratefulness and humble penitence, as never greeted Henry's ears before. This was the first prayer that Mr. Wardlaw had winged to heaven since his great misfortune.

Henry gently raised him from his kneeling posture to his seat, and told him of his meeting Margaret, and of their escape from the Indians, of his taking her to his mother's home, and of her waiting anxiously there to hear news of him. Henry would not listen to the gratitude which Mr. Wardlaw wished to speak, but begging him to retire immediately, he left him for the night. He would have told him then that his wife was innocent, and that she was with his daughter waiting for him, but he thought that it would be time enough to tell him when they were on the way to Charleston.

When they were well out at sea, the next day, Mr. Wardlaw drew Henry into his state room and remarked: "Doubtless you think it strange that I made no effort to rescue my child when she was captured by the Indians."

"Yes," replied Henry, "I was surprised to find you uninjured, and yet seemingly careless about your daughter."

"I knew that you would think me unfeeling unless I should explain my course of conduct. My son was killed before my eyes, and my daughter forcibly carried away; my hands were tied, and I was bound to a tree on the borders of the lake. Mrs. Hunt fled at the first sight of the Indians, and has doubtless perished in the woods. In a few minutes I saw that my house was in flames, and by the light which it gave I saw Margaret borne away by two Indian warriors. You may be sure that there was the utmost confusion among my servants, and not having seen what was done with me, it was late the next morning ere any of them found me. As soon as they freed me from the cords that bound me, I made every arrangement possible for the removal of my negroes, and bidding them follow on to Jacksonville, I mounted my best horse and rode one hundred miles without stopping. I knew that I could not raise a sufficient number of men in Jacksonville to attack successfully the Indians who had captured my daughter, and so I wrote to the commanding officer of the troops in Florida to send me one hundred men, telling him the circumstances under which I wrote."

"It was with the utmost impatience that I waited for an answer. It came just before you knocked at my door. All of the troops were scouting far south of my residence, and it was impossible to grant my request. My friend, for such you have shown yourself, I have seen many dark hours in my life of sorrow, but in the hour before you came I suffered more than in all my past life together. Then I felt myself alone; my wife, my friends, my children were all gone. All the woes of my past existence were pressed into that short moment of time, and I was sinking beneath their weight. God bless you, Henry Wilson, you saved me."

Henry tried to speak, but it was with great effort that he controlled his feelings enough to say: "Your cup of joy seems full; but is there not something wanting to fill it to the brim?"

"No; though my son was cruelly murdered, and his body burned to ashes, yet I cannot murmur at that; I can only be thankful that my daughter is saved from a far more horrible fate."

"I did not refer to your son. Is there not one whose memory you have long associated with guilt? For whose return, pure and innocent as when she stood with you at the altar, you would give all your earthly possessions?"

"Young man, you know not what you do. I thought that I had quenched in tears of penitence the volcanic fires that have burned so long in my heart, but you have kindled them afresh. Do you associate the idea of purity with one whose treachery, deceit and—"

"Stay, Mr. Wardlaw; you know not what you say. She whose memory you curse is as innocent of the crimes that you impute to her, as is your pure-minded Margaret."

As Henry said this, in a solemn and impressive manner, a change came over Mr. Wardlaw's face; his eyes lost their fiery gleam, and his face, which was flushed with passion, became pale as ashes, and he replied in an anxious, excited tone:

"Henry Wilson, if you will prove the truth of what you say, you may defraud me of my property, you may slay my daughter before my eyes, you may inflict upon me the most lingering, torturing death, and yet in dying I will bless you and call you friend."

"Listen, then, sir, to a story of treachery such as will make your blood boil, but which will make her whom you have for years thought vile and loathsome, appear the suffering saint that she is."

And then Henry told him how his wife had been betrayed, and how she had suffered, and that she waited for him in Charleston.

At first Mr. Wardlaw was stunned; he could not realize the truth of what Henry told him; but when the consciousness of his wife's innocence was fully realized by him, his excitement was uncontrollable. Henry, thinking that he would become calm sooner if left alone, went out and closed the door.

When Henry left him, Mr. Wardlaw humbled himself before God, and in prayer he communed with his Maker. In his sufferings he had forgotten God, but now in his joy he remembered him. He confessed all the waywardness of his nature, he grieved over the hatred which he had felt towards his fellow-men, and he wept when he thought of the injury he had done his wife in his mind; but he felt greater sorrow for having forgotten his Heavenly Father so long than for anything else. In that hour he poured forth all his soul in prayer, and by faith he drew near to Him in whose presence the angels veil their faces. And the Great God stretched forth over him the golden sceptre of mercy, and a new nature was given to him, and a new joy welled up in his heart, and a new song was put in his mouth, and his name was written in the "Book of Life," and he became a child of God and an heir to everlasting life. Blessed wert thou in that hour, Walter Wardlaw, for thou hadst found a lost daughter and wife, and more than all, thou didst find the favor of thy Heavenly Father.

On sped the steamer, and in a few days she was in Charleston harbor, and soon at her dock. Henry, thinking that meeting her husband too suddenly might prove injurious to Mrs. Wardlaw, made his way through the noisy crowd of omnibus-men, and he and Mr. Wardlaw walked to his residence. They went in unannounced, and leaving Mr. Wardlaw in the parlor, he was fortunate enough to meet his mother without being seen by any others of the household. She motioned him to follow her, and entering her chamber, he soon told her the success of his trip.

Mrs. Wilson then went to Mrs. Wardlaw's room and gradually broke to her the news. As soon as she knew that her husband was in the parlor she could not be restrained any longer. She entered the room in a state of mind scarcely describable. Her husband was there, he knew her innocence, and was waiting to embrace her. And when once more heart beat against heart, and soul leaped to the embrace of soul, what untold rapture there was, where long had been naught but woe and desolation.

When Margaret entered, a few moments afterwards, they were seated on the sofa with their hands clasped, talking of the goodness of God in permitting them to meet thus. She approached them, and putting an arm around each, she drew them close together, and in that embrace three hearts were united that were never again severed until death.

Henry now thought that he ought to speak to Mr. Wardlaw with reference to his love for Margaret. Accordingly he went to him and told him that he loved Margaret, and that his love was returned, and all that he needed to make him happy was the gift of her hand. Mr. Wardlaw grasped his hand when he had done speaking, and said:

"Give her to you, Henry? Yes, take her, and may the blessing of God be upon you both."

When Henry told Margaret of his interview with her father, and again talked of love, she listened bashfully, 'tis true, but with joy only half concealed.

All obstacles being removed, they were soon married, and with Mr. Wardlaw have made their home on the banks of the beautiful St. John's River, far from the white man's treachery and the Indian's vengeance.



### THE YOHAMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA.

The engraving on this page will serve to give the untravelled reader some idea of the scenery in the wildest and most romantic part of the land of gold. The Yohamite valley is in Mari-  
 posa county. This valley is most fertile in its nature, is evergreen, ornamented with immense trees, and watered by a beautiful clear stream. It is surrounded by rocks, some of which rise perpendicularly to a height of upwards of 3000 feet. At one extremity the river Merced enters the valley over the rocks, precipitating itself 3100 feet into the depths below. This is accomplished by one great plunge of 2100 feet, and two other minor ones of 200, and 400 feet respectively. It is by far the highest waterfall in the world, and when swollen by the rains, pours down a vast volume of water. We are too apt to associate California with one idea, and to regard it simply as a gold-producing country. Its vast riches, independently of its mere gold production, its great resources, and the general features of the whole country, are neither sufficiently known nor rightly appreciated. Apart from its mineral abundance, it is a fact that there is hardly any country so bountifully endowed with agricultural advantages, more productive in its soil, or finer in its climate. The atmosphere is clear, and there are no violent extremes of heat and cold. The scenery of the country is of the most varied description. In the interior there flourishes a vast and magnificent vegetation, not of the luxuriant and overgrowing kind commonly met with in tropical regions; on the contrary, the country in general consists of fine, open, fruitful valleys, dotted here and there with clusters of large trees, something like an English park; or of mountainous regions more or less covered with forest vegetation, which is partly evergreen. In the spring wild flowers, in endless variety of sizes, forms and colors, cover the hills and valleys; and the most delicate and rare flowers cultivated in Europe as hothouse or garden plants are here found in the greatest variety and boundless profusion. Among the most extraordinary of all vegetable phenomena is the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, or mammoth-tree, unrivalled in size, and most beautiful in its growth, rising to heights varying from 250 and 350 to 450 feet, displaying a stem from 30 to 45 feet in diameter.

### INSTINCT OF RATS.

On the bleak and baro-  
 downs near Isley, in Berk-  
 shire, not very far from the  
 Didcot station of the Great  
 Western Railway, are situ-  
 ated lone barns, in which the  
 corn gathered from the  
 neighboring fields is stacked.  
 Rats have been frequently  
 met in colonies by shepherds  
 at early morning, marching  
 in long lines direct from one  
 barn to another. They have  
 been watched and seen to  
 go direct across country in a  
 straight line. They generally  
 leave one barn for another  
 when the wheat has been  
 thrashed out, and their food  
 thus taken from them. But  
 the curious point is, how  
 they know where to go;  
 how do they find out  
 where there is a barn con-  
 taining food for them? do  
 they send out scouts, or does  
 their instinct guide them?  
 I believe it is the same mar-  
 vellous instinct that guides  
 the hungry rats, as that which guides the swallow  
 in her long and wearisome journey to warmer  
 climates, or impels the shoals of herrings and  
 sprats to visit our shores. A medical gentleman,  
 who lived in the neighborhood of these downs,  
 tells me that on one occasion preparations were  
 made to ferret and destroy all the rats in a barn  
 near Weston. The next morning the company  
 came—ferrets, dogs, big sticks and all—but not  
 a rat could be found. In vain the ferrets poked  
 in and out of the holes; in vain the dogs routed  
 under the straw; in vain the men brandished  
 their sticks; the rats were all gone—not one sol-  
 itary individual remained. We can but conclude  
 that, from former experience, some of the patri-  
 archs among the rats, observing the preparations  
 made, had advised a general change of quarters,  
 and their advice had been taken by the whole  
 colony. Curiously enough, my friend afterwards  
 learned from a laborer that he had met a reg-  
 ular army of rats in the morning of the day the hunt  
 had taken place in the Weston barn,  
 marching along Chilton bottom towards another  
 barn situated some distance away.—Buckland.

### THE PILOT-FISH.

It was in the month of May, 1799, that the  
 ship which bore the celebrated French zoologist,  
 M. Geoffroy, was lying becalmed between Cape  
 Bon and the island of Malta, when the *manu* of  
 the passengers was dissipated by the approach of  
 a shark. He was preceded by two pilot fishes  
 that directed their course toward the ship's stern,  
 which they inspected twice, swimming from one  
 end to the other. Not finding anything, they for  
 a time departed. The shark, it is asserted, never  
 lost sight of the pilots, and he seems to have fol-  
 lowed them as if he had been an iron shark, and  
 they had been magnets. The sailors threw over-  
 board a large hook baited with pork. The three,  
 observing the splash of the bait, stopped. The  
 two pilots advanced, as if to examine the cause.  
 While they were gone, the shark was seen play-  
 ing upon the surface of the level sea, now diving,  
 now re appearing in the same place. When the  
 pilots discovered the lard, they swam swiftly  
 back to the shark, took the lead, and all three  
 made toward the ship. The shark did not seem

pilot fishes then swam about awhile, as if in  
 search of their friend, with every appearance of  
 anxiety and distress; they then darted suddenly  
 down into the depths of the sea. Dr. Mayen  
 deposes that he saw no less than three instances  
 in which the shark was led by the pilot-fish.  
 When the former neared the ship, the pilot swam  
 close to his snout, or near his pectoral fins.  
 Sometimes the pilot-fish darted rapidly forwards  
 and sideways, as if looking for something, and  
 constantly went back to the shark. When the  
 latter was within twenty paces from the ship, a  
 piece of bacon fastened to a great hook, was  
 thrown overboard. Quick as lightning, the pi-  
 lot-fish darted up, smelt at the bait, and instantly  
 went back again to the shark, swimming many  
 times round his snout, and splashing, as if to  
 give him exact information as to the bacon. The  
 shark then put himself in motion, the pilot show-  
 ing him the way, and in a moment was fast to  
 the hook. These singular fish, called by the  
 French *pilotes*, attend the shark everywhere, and  
 direct its motions on all sides.—Fraser.

### THE MODEL SPOILT BOY.

He will do as he likes. He will dirty his  
 clothes, he will tear his trousers, he will break  
 the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He  
 cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will  
 cry if he chooses. He is not going to school—he  
 hates it, and does not care if he is a dunce.  
 Ma said he wasn't to learn if it gave him a head-  
 ache. He likes playing best, and only wishes he  
 was a king, he would eat such lots of cakes all  
 day. Do you like ginger beer?—he does. The  
 servants are nasty creatures, that they are; and  
 he'll tell his mother that they struck him, and  
 want they just catch it? He does not care if it  
 is "a story." Where does he expect to go to?  
 He knows well enough, but he's not going to  
 tell you—it's so jolly likely. His papa is much  
 richer than yours. Want you give him a shil-  
 ling? You want? Well, you're a nasty, stingy  
 man, and ma said you'd a big nose, and that  
 you only came for dinner. O, yes! you'd bet-  
 ter strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday. He  
 should like to see you do it. Isn't it plummy

catching flies and putting  
 em inside a watch. He's  
 done it over and over again.  
 It's such fun! Have you  
 ever stuck bluebottles?  
 Crikey, isn't it a lark, just  
 giving em paper tails and  
 setting 'em a-flying in  
 church? He and Harry  
 Simmonds melted Polly's  
 doll yesterday before the fire;  
 there isn't a bit of the head  
 and shoulders left now. He  
 isn't a naughty boy—he will  
 scream. Ma says she'd eat  
 herself if she was half as  
 ugly as you. He wont take  
 any medicine—he does not  
 care if he does die. It's  
 precious nasty stuff; ah,  
 he's glad he's broken the  
 bottle. He'll tell you a se-  
 cret if you wont tell; Aunt  
 Jane wears a wig; ma and  
 pa quarrel so, sometimes;  
 ma says pa's a brute, and  
 then pa calls ma a "big mill-  
 stone round his neck." He  
 didn't steal the fruit; he on-  
 ly took a napple and two  
 pears, and a borange, and a  
 handful of nuts, that's all.  
 He wont be a good boy. He  
 wont let go your whiskers.  
 If you'll give him a shilling  
 p'raps he will. He wont  
 go to bed. Ma lets him sit  
 up as long as he likes. He  
 will stamp. He wont leave  
 go of the table-cloth; no, he  
 wont. He doesn't care if  
 he does pull all the tea-things  
 over. Ugh! ugh! ugh!  
 he'll tell his ma. Ugh!  
 you'd better not hit him  
 again, or he'll be ill and die  
 of the measles, that he will.  
 Booh ugh-oo! he's jolly  
 glad he spilt the tea-urn;  
 he'll do it every day if you  
 don't leave him alone.  
 You're a nasty beast, u-ugh,  
 that you are. The model  
 spoilt boy is carried off at  
 last, amidst a chorus of his  
 own screams, but not before  
 he has upset several cups  
 and saucers, and distributed  
 his kicks very impartially all  
 round. The screams are  
 continued up stairs, and pro-  
 longed under the bed-clothes  
 till he falls asleep—the only  
 period he is ever quiet. The  
 next day his pa determines  
 to send him to school. Ma  
 opposes, and her pet child  
 resists; and several broken  
 windows attest the fury of  
 the struggle; but for once  
 the maternal authority is  
 overpowered. The young  
 Nero of the nursery is pack-  
 ed off into the country.  
 When he comes home for  
 the holidays, he is wonder-  
 fully tamed; but it takes  
 several terms throughout to  
 eradicate his profound sav-  
 ageness, and to make him a sweet child that fore-  
 goes his natural love for teasing the cats, and  
 worrying the servants, and breaking the windows,  
 and putting gunpowder into the snuffers, and  
 wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trousers.  
 Sometimes he is cured of screaming, but is trou-  
 bled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will con-  
 tinue for days together, as if it were his only  
 consolation for no longer pinching his little  
 brothers and sisters, or running pins into the lit-  
 tle baby, or giving his bluebottles a watery grave  
 in the milk jug. This sulks may, with care and  
 a strong hand, be weeded from his barren dispo-  
 sition, but generally they lie, with his other faults,  
 too deep to be rooted out; and as the child is the  
 reputed father of the man, so a despotic hus-  
 band, or a tyrannic father, is only too frequently  
 the son of the model spoilt boy.—New Orleans  
*Picaque*.



THE FAMOUS YOHAMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA.

### HINTS TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.

A rather curious advantage has been taken of  
 the insect-eating propensities of the toad. A  
 gentleman had killed a toad at a very early hour  
 one morning, and, after skinning it for the pur-  
 pose of stuffing the skin, he dissected its diges-  
 tive system. The contents of the stomach he  
 turned out into a basin of water, and found  
 there a mass of insects, some of them very rare  
 and in good preservation. Afterwards, he was  
 accustomed to kill toads for the express purpose  
 of collecting the insects that were found within  
 them, and which, being caught during the night,  
 were of such species as are not often found. The  
 same experiment elicited another curious fact;  
 namely, the great tenacity of life possessed by  
 some insects. Before pinning out the insects  
 that were found, and which were mostly beetles,  
 they had been allowed to remain in the water  
 for several days, and were apparently dead. Yet,  
 when they were pinned on cork, they revived;  
 and, when they were visited, were found sprawl-  
 ing about in quite a lively style.—Wood's *Com-  
 mon Objects of the Country*.

It is impossible for outward actions to represent  
 the perfection of the soul, because they can never  
 show the strength of those principles from which  
 they proceed.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Wilt sing again? for I could ever listen  
To strains like those my ear so lately caught,  
And even now with tears my eyelids glisten  
At kindling heart-dreams that were quite forgot.  
Dreams of the dawning and the bright decline  
Of days that shall not dawn nor close again,  
And deeper musings 'neath the light divine  
Of stars, come back upon thy closing strain.

In listless mood at noon of summer tide,  
And at the stillly hour of midnight chimes,  
I've heard strange, broken music, and have tried  
With eager ear to catch the spirit rhymes,  
For now thy voice seemed as the full sweet reading  
Of those faint air tones of the ether deep,  
And lo! in memory's sad and soul-streng pleading,  
Have moved my spirit till I can but weep.

Yet sing again, though fond regret come chasing  
These fair illusions from my heart away,  
Better pale autumn's flowers too quickly passing,  
Than bloomless wastes in summer's late decay.  
Yes, sing! I falter though but in dreams would feel  
The blissful memories of my earlier years,  
Nor yet would lose these saddened thoughts that steal  
Upon my senses speaking through these tears.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANNIE BLISS:

—OR—

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY H. WESTON HOLT.

Is a richly furnished room, where the red glow of the winter sunset grew deeper, as it quivered through the crimson curtains that swept in heavy folds, the thick carpet beneath, reclined a young man of some thirty years. It needed but a glance to tell the sad story—he was an invalid. The finely formed head was turned partly from the light, in a half careless, half earnest attitude, as if the beauty of the outer world might almost give him pain, but the profile, showing strongly, in its paleness, against the purple drapery of the lounge, revealed so exquisite an outline, that you sighed, as you marked its extreme pallor, and the lines of suffering that were deeply graven around the firm yet delicate lips.

His fingers were carelessly inwoven among the leaves of the book, which had fallen from his hand and lay half closed, as if some weightier thought had come before his mental eye, than the poem he had been reading. The other hand was clasped tightly across his forehead, telling, in the nervous tension of the fingers, this thought was pain.

"No," he murmured, half aloud, "I cannot grapple with the world again, and come off conqueror, as in the by-gone years, so let the past be buried, and with it, all the hope, the ambition of the future, and now—" Ere the sentence was concluded, a beautiful face looked in at the door, and said, in a voice of exceeding sweetness:

"Why, Richard, are you here, and alone?" she added, "Ah! this will never do thus to shut out the beautiful outer world, and shroud yourself in darkness," and going quickly to the window, she swept aside the heavy curtains, and the red radiance fell around her slight form like a halo.

"Why, Annie," said the young man, turning a quick, earnest gaze upon her, "you are glorified by that precious light—pray God the sunshine may never leave you," he said, with an almost bitter earnestness.

"And you must surely share my sunshine, Richard," said she, and drawing still farther back the heavy folds, the mellow light swept in a shaft of glory across the pale forehead, turned so eagerly towards the speaker. Were the words of the fair girl prophetic? or did the slow fading of the sunset typify the light that was dying out from his young manhood, and which, like that fading radiance, could only end in night?

Turning from the window, she drew a low seat close beside him, and taking the book from his fingers, she said, half seriously, as she glanced at the open page: "So, not content with your own gloomy fancies, you must borrow a deeper dye from this sad rhyming. Now I will turn to a brighter page." Opening to Mary Howitt's "Consolations for the Lonely," those beautiful promises of Hope that come to the weary heart like the gush of cool water to the tired traveller, she read in a sweet low voice, bending her head in the deepening twilight, till the heavy curls swept his page. The voice grew softer at the close, and when Richard Wade reached his hand for the volume that had spoken such words of

peace, a tear fell warm upon his open palm, from the beautiful eyes half buried in the fair hair above it.

The young man turned a quick, searching glance on the half hidden face, and said, in a voice that revealed a world of tenderness, if the ear that heard were only attuned to such harmony: "Annie, you are sad to-night. I hear it in your voice, for," he added, as though to hesitate was to fail, "a brother's ears are always skilled in looks and tones that once haunted all his daily life."

She sat quite still while he was speaking, then leaning her head wearily on her hand, she said: "I would much rather stay with you, Richard. I dread the glare and crowd at Mrs. Markham's; we would have a quiet evening, and I would read to you. I cannot dance, I cannot sing to-night," she added, with a slow emphasis, as though the undercurrent of her thoughts accounted for her word. "I wish Cousin Fred would release me," she continued, as if thinking aloud. "He is so tenacious of his claims upon me, and he insists on my leaving you, Richard," she said, rising and reaching her hand to him as she spoke, "so good night."

She turned away, but ere she reached the door, came back, and stooping over him, said: "Promise me, Richard, that you will read a prophecy in the glorious sunlight that encircled you to-night, and," she added, with a softened voice, "that you will not leave us yet."

Richard Wade rose, and advancing toward her, took both her hands and said, in a calm, subdued voice, "Annie, you brought the sunshine that encircled me, so has it ever been, and I will yet be happy—happy in your love for me, my friend, my sister."

She was gone, and the glow that lighted the pale face of Richard Wade went with her; he turned to the deep recess of a window, and from the shadow of the heavy drapery, looked calmly out upon the moonrise; its quiet beauty stole down into his heart, and though it revealed to him much of sorrow, of ambition crushed, a disappointed life, and a hopeless future, yet there was peace, that peace that looketh beyond the stars, and giveth sure promise of the rest that remaineth for the children of God.

Leaving him there, with a holy enthusiasm stealing over his face, we will talk of his past, which was to him so full of promise, but had failed to bring a glad fruition to his manhood.

Richard Wade was the son of a clergyman, who, dying, left him the dear legacy of an unsullied name, and the small pittance of a few hundreds; but the father had transmitted to his son a still dearer gift, in his highly intellectual tastes and his love for the beautiful and true. The early development of Richard's boyhood gave rich promise of unusual artistic talent, and his guardian, a former classmate and dear friend of his father, was one whose liberality and unselfishness were only equalled by his great wealth.

Receiving him into his heart and home, he assisted him both in counsel and in means, and his interest in the welfare and success of his charge came home to the heart of Richard, as he grew to a deeper appreciation of his kindness, with an almost overwhelming gratitude, and as his boyhood deepened into a still more sensitive youth, beneath the strong and abiding love he bore his guardian, there grew an increasing sense of dependence and obligation, which could not fail, to so proud a nature, to become a constant regret.

As the necessity of foreign study, in order to perfect himself in his profession, became apparent, the heart of Richard Wade held a long and bitter struggle. Living in the daily though voluntary practice of the closest economy, he yet shrank from the deep indebtedness such a course of study must inevitably incur.

On the other hand, his increasing love for his art, and the consciousness of talent in no common measure, pleaded strongly for the acceptance of his guardian's generous offers of assistance. "Yes," he reasoned, in all the hopefulness of youth, "my hands shall yet repay, and my heart never cease to remember, in a life long regard for his happiness, his benevolence and generosity."

When Richard Wade left the home of Colonel Bliss, a home endeared by such love and kindness, nestled down in the strongholds of his heart was his earnest though boyish love for Annie, the daughter of his guardian, and the "angel of the household." Seven years her senior, he left her a child, though her feet were drawing close to the charmed threshold of her girlish years. In foreign lands, he remembered her as a beau-

tiful presence that had gladdened all his daily paths, and through all the years of his absence, he saw her still, as in that by-gone time, her white arms round the neck of "brother Richard" in the careless innocence of childhood.

Mid all these memories, there was a dim, scarce defined consciousness that she had changed, that she could never be to him again the Annie of the past; and yet faint and undefined as were these thoughts that floated through his reveries, he would sometimes waken from such dreams to wonder at the close inweaving of her future with his own.

But in contrast with the strong sunshine of these pictures, there often fell the shadows of his dependence and the uncertainty of his career, and where before his mental eye the shades grew deepest, he saw the strong family pride of Colonel Bliss, like an undercurrent flowing deep beneath all the profound goodness and generosity of his nature, guarding with a jealous care his daughter's position as heiress and inheritor to his unsullied family name.

At the completion of his foreign studies, with such brilliant prospects as sometimes come like a swift reward for persistent effort and an elevated aim, Richard Wade returned. He came home to friendly hearts and loving faces, and to find the laughing childhood of Annie Bliss lost in the exceeding grace of her beautiful girlhood. Half wondering at her loveliness, which more than fulfilled its childish promise, he met her with a deference and formality that astonished even himself, and as the months went by and her beauty and goodness grew near to his heart, he could only watch the revealing of the necessity of her presence and her love.

Some two years subsequent to his return, during which no word beyond the calm and pleasant friendship of their early years had ever told the tale which had long since become a burthen, yet a blessing to the waiting heart of Richard Wade, through his untiring devotion to his art, and his unquestioned talent, the prosperous tide of patronage and success was flowing at his feet. He had already won an honorable name, and waited but the discharge of all past obligation that still fretted his proud soul, and sealed his lips, longing to tell that story which he yet felt was so uncertain of a response, for Annie Bliss, though friendly and confiding, had given no look or word which even his watchful eyes could prize, save for their maiden grace and friendship.

Just as his ambition and his hopes were strongest, in all the strength of early manhood, he was smitten down by one of those terrible, malignant and long-suffering fevers, depriving him of reason, and well nigh of life; at the end of these fearful weeks, he was impatient and restless of his tardy convalescence, but his medical advisers gave his only hope of escape from a swift and sure decline, in the tenderest care and entire and constant freedom from all excitement. But utterly regardless of so grave a mandate, and with a recklessness only equalled by his ambition, he dared the stern prophecy of his physicians, and resumed his profession with a zeal that went far beyond his strength.

Hemorrhage of the lungs quickly ensued, and the young artist found himself again prostrated by a hand stronger than ambition or fame, the least exertion or excitement producing a sure recurrence of the attack, and his physicians, with an earnestness and sincerity that could not be questioned, could only assure the weary invalid that time, and entire absence from all labor, could only restore the priceless treasure of his manly strength.

Just at this period of his despondency and hopelessness, a new and unlooked-for trial added a deeper gloom to this great disappointment in his career. Fred Wharton, a nephew and former ward of Colonel Bliss, but in his absence and occupation long forgotten by Richard Wade, appeared in the home of Annie. Handsome, generous and wealthy, how easy the path to the favor of Colonel Bliss, and in his attractiveness and manly beauty, to the gentle heart of Annie. Constant in his attendance on his cousin, bringing her the freshest flowers, lending her his tender care in their frequent equestrian rambles, lightening her hours with rare music and those gifts a refined nature knows so well are grateful offerings to the true woman.

All this was apparent to Richard Wade, who, when our story opens, was spending a few weeks in the home of Colonel Bliss, before his departure from the city—a leave-taking which had no other aim, save absence and forgetfulness, striving to believe, as all lovers will, that in her daily

presence he was gathering firmness and decision for a final parting.

We left him alone—the shadows gathering deeper in the unlighted room; how much more alone with the shadows on his heart. Suddenly he heard the light rustling of soft robes, and in the flood of gas-light that swept in as the door unclosed, stood Annie Bliss. Himself concealed by the heavy drapery of the window, he could yet watch her as she bent eagerly forward, bringing the strong light full upon her slight and graceful figure.

How beautiful she was in her evening costume, with the rich lace falling around her in its cloudy grace, with the violets on her bosom, and the blossoms in her hair. He could almost imagine her a bride, and he—Ah! Richard, well for thee, the spell was broken, for looking at the volume, lying where it had fallen from his hand, she said, half unconsciously, as she closed the door, "Not here, poor Richard!"

"Poor Richard!" exclaimed the young man bitterly, as the light footstep died away, at the sound of Cousin Fred's voice calling in the hall. "Better anything than that! O, not your pity, Annie Bliss," said he, rising and hastily walking the room. "Not your pity, but your love. 'Tis always thus," he continued, as the carriage of Cousin Fred rolled away from the street door. "Coming in the light, to find and leave me in the shadow. 'Tis symbol of the past, the present, and, alas! the future."

In the darkness and the quiet, he again reviewed his position, his inability for his professional labor shutting out all hope of fame, of fortune, at least for years, perhaps for life, and in his consequent poverty, quenching all hope, nay, even the most distant aspiration for the hand of Annie Bliss, were she yet free to bestow it.

"Away," he exclaimed, rising impatiently as he spoke, "away such vain regrets. I will not lose the manliness of the heart, though head and hands fail me in the battle of life. There is, there must be peace," said he, raising his eyes reverently as he spoke. "Father, not my will, but thine be done. Annie," he resumed, after a pause, "if earnest prayers and the strong, deep love of a human heart can win a blessing, thine shall be the light, and mine the shadow."

He turned, and crossing the hall, went into the library; finding his favorite author, he sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand above the open book, sought to still the troubled waters of his soul, in the glorious dreams and prophecies that breathed from out its pages. Forgetful of time and place, he had lost that self-consciousness that had latterly become a burthen, when a light step sounded in the hall, and a soft voice said, "Good-night, Cousin Fred," while the footsteps kept straight on towards the library.

Richard Wade looked up as the door unclosed, and the beautiful form that had come to him twice that night like a vision of light, stood before him. With a surprised yet glad greeting, she came forward and said: "Why, Richard, I did not think to find you here. I came in to wait my father's usual good-night. But 'tis so pleasant to be welcomed by one honest smile to-night," she said, looking in his face and holding out her hand as she spoke. "I was sadly out of tune at Mrs. Markham's, amid the glaring gas-light and the gossip, and so glad to get home—sweet home," she added, throwing aside her warm riding-cloak and seating herself on a low ottoman.

Pushing back the curls from her forehead, she took a knot of faded flowers from her hair. "See how these violets have withered; poor children of nature, they could not live in artificial light," said she, reaching the flowers towards him. The young man took the dying blossoms, and touching them lightly with his lips, placed them with a sigh, on the open volume he had been reading.

Richard Wade was in no mood for conversation; the burthen on his heart grew deeper with the beautiful eyes of Annie Bliss looking up into his own, and the silence grew awkward and oppressive; at last, in a low, hesitating voice, she said, as though her woman's heart had read his thoughts, "You are not going to leave us, Richard? at least not yet, for remember," she continued, with assumed playfulness, "you have claimed my portrait before you go, and the sittings must be neither long nor often." Gazing earnestly in his face, she awaited his answer.

Looking straight into her eyes, he said, "I already have your picture, Annie, deeper and



truer than art can grave, or artist's pencil paint. Yes," he added in a deep and tremulous voice, rising and looking down on the speaking face upturned to his, "ever in the picture-gallery of my heart, where the light of memory dwells longest, I shall see the face of Ann's Bliss; through all that coming time, when other eyes and other hearts know only—Annie Wharton."

Rising quickly, she stood before him and said, almost beseechingly, "Do not say that, Richard Wade, O, do not utter a thing so false to all my heart—as *you love me, Richard!*"

"As I love you," he repeated, in a low, impassioned tone, "as I love you; Annie, you do not know how broad the term you use."

Looking up to him with an almost imploring glance, and trembling like a frightened bird, she said, bending her head as the words passed her lips, "If you love me, Richard."

Ere the sentence was finished, the arms of Richard Wade were stretched eagerly towards the trembling girl. She hesitated an instant, then buried her burning forehead on his shoulder. Standing there, with her head upon his der. Standing there, the past, the future, were alike buried in the present, bringing him the unforeseen, the exceeding blessing of her love. All the sad forebodings of his poverty and dependence were hushed by the glad refrain, falling like the burthen of some sweet melody, "I am beloved."

But swift upon the light just dawned upon his being, fell the shadow of a real presence, for looking up, they beheld the form of Colonel Bliss within the door; his face was partially in the shadow, so that its expression was concealed, and with a deepening blush, Annie gently sought to release herself; but passing his arm firmly around her, and holding her by the hand, Richard led her to her father.

With a deep but tremulous voice, he said, "Sir, do not deem me a traitor to the past, but to-night I have found life's greatest blessing, your daughter's love. God knows I have not sought it by any unmanly art or stratagem, for I have never breathed a word save those a brother might have spoken, and yet it came to me like the sunshine, like the light, and though you may bid me turn from it to the shadow of a hopeless future, the very memory of so glorious a gift will ever prove a blessing. Colonel Bliss, I await the slightest intimation of your wishes, which shall be sacred as my honor, and that gratitude which no selfish act of mine shall ever trespass."

The noble form of Colonel Bliss moved quickly towards them, and placing his hand on his daughter's head, he said, in a calm, deep voice: "Now God be thanked, for He hath wrought out my chief joy. Richard Wade," said the old man, looking earnestly upon him, "no sorrow, no misfortune that may come to you, can chill the deep regard I bear you, a regard that has waited hopefully these many years, to claim you in name as in heart—my son—and may that love which came to you to night, *unlike the sunshine, know no cloud, unlike the light, find nothing where it shines, to cast a shadow.*"

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE TALISMAN:

—OR—

## THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

BY ETHAN A. GRAY.

It was past midnight when the young bridegroom escaped from his friends, and hastily leaving the ball-room, ascended a narrow staircase and gently knocking at a door before him, entered and threw himself at the feet of his wife, who awaited him seated beside the fire, dressed in her rich bridal array.

"Rise," said she, extending to him her hand.

"No, no, madame," replied the young man, taking her white hand and pressing it to his lips, "let me remain here, and do not withdraw your hand, for I fear that you will escape from me, that all this is but an illusion; it seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which were the delight of my childhood, and that at the final moment of my happiness the malicious fairy will disappear, to go and laugh with her companions at my regret and disappointment."

"Do not be uneasy, my friend. Yesterday I was, indeed, the widow of Lord Melvil; to-day Madame de La Tour, your wife—banish from your imagination the fairy of your childhood; the tale is a history."

M. Frederic de La Tour had reason to believe

that some good genius had tampered with his affairs; for a month since, chance, or an inexplicable good fortune, had rendered him rich and happy beyond his highest wishes. He was twenty-five years of age, an orphan, and lived with difficulty upon a small public office, when passing one day in the street Saint Honore, a rich equipage stopped before him, and an elegant lady leaning from the carriage door began to call him.

"Monsieur, monsieur," she said.

The footman sprang forward, let down the steps, and with his hat in his hand respectfully invited M. Frederic to take his place beside the lovely woman sparkling with jewels. Scarcely was he seated, when the horses rapidly galloped onward.

"Monsieur," said she with a sweet voice, "I have received your note, and notwithstanding your refusal, I still hope to see you to-morrow at my soiree."

"Me, madame!" replied Frederic.

"Yes, monsieur, you! Ah, pardon me, pardon me; but you so strikingly resemble a person of my acquaintance, that I thought you were he. What must you have thought of me? The resemblance is so perfect, that any one would have been as deceived as myself."

Before this explanation was ended the carriage stopped in the courtyard of a superb mansion, and Frederic could not do otherwise than to offer his hand to Lady Melvil, who was a lovely French lady, with a complexion of lilies and roses set off to advantage by her black hair, and rosy lips which partly concealed her pearly teeth. Fascinated with so much beauty and grace, he suffered himself to be easily captivated, and congratulated himself upon the fortunate chance which had brought about his acquaintance with Lady Melvil; he accepted her invitations, and soon became one of the most constant visitors at her mansion. The rich widow was surrounded with admirers, but they were one by one dismissed, and before a week had passed the little clerk alone remained, the favored suitor. It was she who first spoke of marriage.

Sometimes Frederic placed himself before the glass in his little room, and attentively surveyed himself. He was not plain; but still he could not be called handsome. His dress, as unpretending as that of a clerk receiving but eighteen hundred francs, would not permit him to attribute his good fortune to his tailor; he must either believe that he was loved for himself alone, or think that Lady Melvil was acting under a delusion.

After the marriage ceremony, his surprise was redoubled upon learning that he was the possessor of personal estate amounting to a million; the deeds stated that he owned lands in Burgundy, a forest in Normandy, a house in Paris situated in the street Saint Honore, and other estates he had never before heard mentioned. The widow was rich in foreign lands; she had possessions in the county of Galles, and pastures in Devonshire. It was a golden dream to Frederic, the awakening from which he looked forward to with agony. The mayor and the priest had just sanctioned his union, but religion and law even had not power to dispel his doubts, and he was unwilling to relinquish the hand of his wife, or rise from his place at her feet, fearing that the illusion might vanish.

"Rise, Frederic," said his wife again to him, "draw the arm-chair near me, and let us talk."

The young man finally obeyed, and Madame de La Tour thus commenced:

"There was once—"

"O," interrupted Frederic, "but I am not mistaken, it is really a fairy tale."

"Listen to me, my friend. There was once a young girl whose parents had formerly been wealthy, but who, at fifteen years of age, had only the father's industry to depend upon. They lived in Lyons, and the hope of a better fate brought them to Paris. Nothing is so difficult as to regain a lost fortune, or to take again the station we have once left. The father of this young girl fully experienced it; for four years he struggled against poverty and misery, unable to surmount them, and at last died in a hospital. The mother soon followed her husband, and the young girl was left alone in a garret, the rent of which was unpaid. If there had been a fairy in the story I am relating to you, without doubt this was the time she would have appeared; but there was none. She remained in Paris without parents, without friends, without protectors, without means of support, having several debts at Lyons which she was unable to pay, and asking

in vain of strangers for the work which is the only hope of the poor. Vice it is true was held out to her, but there are beings whose instincts are sufficiently virtuous to pass by it without glancing at it, or at least without letting themselves be tarnished by its breath.

"Meanwhile it was necessary to live. The hunger during the day was redoubled at evening, and the night's sleeplessness but added to the misery of a second day passed without food. You leave a table laden with various meats, where the champagne and Madeira have flowed freely, Frederic, and although you have been rich only since yesterday, you have no idea of the suffering I speak to you of; and you may be astonished that, in the midst of the luxury that surrounds us, seated in these silken arm chairs, I can present such a picture to you. But listen to me a while longer. Hunger compelled this poor girl to ask alms. She covered her head with a veil belonging to her mother, the only inheritance left her, bent her graceful form to imitate old age, and went into the street. There she extended her hand. Alas, the hand was fair and delicate, there was danger in showing it, so it was wrapped in the coarse stuff of the veil, as if it had been covered with hideous leprosy."

"The poor child placed herself against a milestone, far from the street lamp, and when a young girl happier than herself passed, she extended her hand, asking for a sou—a sou to buy a morsel of bread! But in Paris, in the evening, the young girls have other things to think of than to give sous to the poor. If an old man passed, she ventured to implore him for one; but old age is often avaricious and hard-hearted—he also passed her by. The even had been cold and rainy; night came on, and the police, the guards of the night, took possession of the streets, when the young girl, faint and weary, once more asked charity of a young man, who stopped, searched in his pocket, and threw her a piece of money, so fearful was he of coming in contact with such misery. A policeman who had been watching her, suddenly appeared at this moment, and putting his hand upon the young girl's shoulder, exclaimed:

"Ah, I have caught you begging. I will take you to the *violon*."

"The young man quickly interposed; he took the arm of the mendicant whom a moment before he was unwilling to touch even with his glove, and addressing the policeman:

"This woman is not a mendicant," said he, "she is one of my acquaintances."

"But, monsieur, the law prohibits begging—"

"I repeat to you that I know Madame —. My good woman," added he, speaking in the ear of the young girl, whom he took for an aged woman, "accept these hundred sous, and let me conduct you to the next street, you will thus evade the gaoler who pursues you."

"The crown slipped from your hand into mine," continued the bride, "and as we were then passing beneath the street-lamp, which I had carefully shunned before I saw your face—"

"My face!" exclaimed Frederic.

"Yes, my friend, it was my life, and perhaps honor, which you thus saved; you gave a crown to Lady Melvil, to your future wife."

"You, so young, so beautiful, so rich, is it possible you have asked alms!"

"Yes. I received charity, but once only, and it was from you. The day following this sorrowful evening, which I now regard as one of my happiest days, an old woman, who felt some regard for me, procured me a situation as seamstress in a respectable house, and in a short time I became the friend of the worthy woman for whom I worked. One day Lord Melvil entered the little room where I was at work, and seated himself beside me. He was about sixty years of age, tall, with a slight frame, and stern, grave face."

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I know your history—will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I have immense wealth, which I am unwilling to leave to my nephews. I am sometimes troubled with the gout, and do not wish to be dependent upon the care of servants. If it is true what I have been told concerning you, you are a noble and upright character, and it is for you to decide whether you will be Lady Melvil, and prove that you can bear prosperity as you have endured adversity."

"I loved you, Frederic," continued his young wife. "I had seen you but once, but it was impossible to forget you, and something seemed to tell me that our lives would yet be passed together. I looked at Lord Melvil, and saw his

melancholy face, his piercing yet cunning eye, I thought that the strange part he was playing was nothing but revenge, and that I was to be the instrument for carrying out his plans. If the noble lord would not listen to a refusal, he at last perceived my agitation, and like all men whom a denial rendered more ardent, he redoubled his solicitations."

"The people around me urged me to profit by the folly of an Englishman, with his millions, a part of whose fortune would soon belong to me. But I thought of you, and would willingly have sacrificed the fortune for one whom I had seen but a moment. Still I had passed through too severe discipline for these romantic ideas to prevail over my reason. You were banished from my thoughts, and I became Lady Melvil. It was a fairy tale, my friend! I, a poor, forsaken orphan, was the wife of one of the richest peers in England. I could pass in my carriage surrounded with servants, through the street where I had but a few months before asked charity; and dressed in silks, glittering with diamonds, my eye could trace the spot where I had seated myself. Games of chance, caprices of fortune! The passions of men, my friend, are the fancies of this world."

"Happy Lord Melvil," replied Frederic; "he was able to enrich you."

"He was indeed very happy," continued Madame de La Tour, "and he clearly proved to me that this marriage, regarded by some as such folly, was the most reasonable thing in the world. He was wealthy beyond my desires; he had never been able to spend his income; he had, then, no wish for more wealth, and he calculated justly that gratitude would attach a wife to him whose fortune he would make. And never did he regret marrying a French girl."

"I entrusted to the noble lord to provide for my future welfare. I took care of him during his last illness, and he died, leaving me all his wealth. Then I made a vow that I would never marry again only the man who had assisted me at the most distressing moment of my life. Ungrateful one!" added Madame de La Tour, extending her hand to her husband, "who would not seek the acquaintance of a woman who wished to love and enrich him. But why did you never go into the world? Why did you not frequent the theatres and concerts? Ah, if I had only known your name!"

And the bride drew from her neck a collar of rubies, and took from a silk bag which was attached to it, a crown encased in a circle of gold.

"It is the same," said she, placing it in Frederic's hand. "At the sight of that crown, bread was given me, which prolonged my life till the next day, and credit granted for a few hours. The next day affairs were so changed that I was enabled to keep the crown, and it has never left me. Ah, how happy I was when I met you a month since! With what eagerness I ordered the carriage to be stopped! I leaned on the carriage-door, and seized the first pretext which came to my mind to summon you to my side. I had but one fear. I was afraid you might be married; then you would never have known this history, and Lady Melvil would have secretly enriched you, and would have returned to England and lived alone in her chateau, in the county of Galles."

Frederic seized the crown, the cause of all his happiness and good-fortune.

"You see," added Madame de La Tour, "I am no fairy; on the contrary, it is you that gave me the talisman!"

## DAIRIES AND BONE MANURE.

An English paper, in commenting upon this subject, remarks that the Cheshire dairy farmer, by the free use of bone manure laid on the grass lands, makes his farm, which at one time, before the application of bone manure, fed only 20 head of cows, now feed 40! In Cheshire, two-thirds or more, generally three-fourths, of a dairy farm are kept in perfect pasture, the remainder in tillage. Its dairy farmers are commonly bound to lay the whole of their manure, not on the arable, but on the grass land, purchasing what may be necessary for the arable. The chief improvement, besides drainage, consists in the application of bone manure. In the milk of each cow, in its urine, in its manure, in the bones of each calf reared and sold off, a farm parts with as much earthy phosphates of lime as is contained in half a hundred weight of bone dust. Hence the advantage of returning this mineral manure by boning grass lands. The quantity of bones now commonly given in Cheshire to an imperial acre of grass land is 12 or 15 cwt. This dressing on pasture land will last seven or eight years; and on mowed land about half that period.—*Moore's Rural New-Yorker.*





SCENE ON THE BACK BAY LANDS, BOSTON.

## SCENE ON THE BACK BAY LANDS.

The improvements now going on in the Back Bay are engaging, as they deserve, general attention, and from the various features presented by the process, Mr. Homer has selected for illustration a scene of daily occurrence, the operations of the *chiffonniers*, those "pickers up of unconsidered trifles," in those places where rubbish is used in filling in. It is a glimpse at the lower strata of life. The artist, sketching on the spot, has produced a great variety of character, attitude and incident, and the result is a very animated local scene. Some months ago, our readers will remember, we presented a drawing representing the appliances used by the contractors for filling the State lands. In a recent number of the *Traveller* of this city, we find some particulars in regard to the process, which are well worthy of preservation, as a portion of the history of the time, and which will be referred to with interest when all that territory which is now a waste, is covered with stately edifices, and laid out in broad streets with rows of graceful shade-trees.

The process of filling up Back Bay, together with the progress of the work and various details connected with it, are of such general interest that we have undertaken to give our readers some idea of an operation which promises to add a tract of land to the city of Boston of large extent, and to place in the treasury of the Commonwealth millions of dollars. Messrs. Goss & Munson, the contractors for filling up 100 acres of the Back Bay belonging to the Commonwealth, commenced the work about the middle of May, 1858. The firm have performed many railroad contracts, but have never undertaken one of so much magnitude as this. They have already invested capital to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the operation. This, however, in-

cludes six miles of railroad which they have built, and the machine shop where all their repairs are made. The gravel is brought from Needham, near the line of Newton, a quarter of a mile from the Upper Falls Depot, and nine miles distant from Boston. One hundred and forty-five dirt cars, with eighty men, including engineers, brakemen and all, are employed, night and day in loading and transporting the gravel over the road. The trains consist of thirty-five cars each, and make, in the day time, sixteen trips, and in the night time nine or ten, or twenty-five in twenty-four hours. Three trains are continually on the road during the day, and one arrives at the Back Bay every forty-five minutes. The excavators for loading the cars work by steam, and perform the work with rapidity and ease. There are two of them, both of which are propelled by engines of twenty-five horse power. The gearing of the engines is so arranged, however, as to greatly augment their power. When an empty train arrives at the pit, it is divided, and one half is fed by one excavator and the other half by the other. A locomotive is attached to each half, and the cars are drawn past the excavators, to be filled. Two shovels-full fill a car, the operation being very much like that of a dredging machine. As the shovel is elevated from the pit, it is turned towards the car, and when directly over it the bottom is opened, and thus the gravel is deposited. The time occupied in loading an entire train of thirty-five cars is about ten minutes. The excavators do the work of two hundred men. The process of loading the cars, though very simple, is curious and interesting. During the year the contractors have been at work, there have been taken out of the hills of Needham about three hundred thousand yards of gravel. Some of the sand-hills which have been levelled were fifty feet high, and the plain which has been made by

the machines in excavating, is about twelve acres in extent. The farm from which the sand and gravel are taken belongs to the Charles River Railroad Company. When the contractors commenced operations there was a mortgage upon the land. They, the contractors, agreed on their part, to lift the mortgage, and the Railroad Company agreed without further compensation to give the sand. It is believed that the excavation and filling in are going on at a more rapid rate than has ever been known in the history of any similar contract in the country. The contractors make, in the Back Bay, on an average, about twenty-five hundred cubic yards, or forty-five hundred superficial feet per day. This is equal to nearly two house lots. About fourteen acres of land have been already made. At the rate the work is progressing, the hundred acres belonging to the State will be completed in about four years more time. The land made is measured on the first day of every month by an engineer, under the direction of the Commissioners, and the contractors draw their pay once a month, averaging from ten to twenty thousand dollars. They have drawn, in cash, only fourteen thousand dollars from the State treasury, and this was received during the first two months of the year. They have, however, purchased land of the Commissioners to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of which they themselves have sold for cash. As they settle now each month with the State, they receive, of course, deeds of land instead of cash. The Commissioners have sold in all about five hundred thousand dollars worth of land. They have received the cash for two hundred thousand dollars' worth over and above the amount sold to Goss & Munson. It is estimated that the hundred acres will realize to the State, when all completed, the handsome sums of three millions of



MAHOGANY ESTABLISHMENT ON THE RIVER ULUA, HONDURAS.

[From our own Correspondent.]





HENRI CONSCIENCE.

dollars over and above the cost of filling in. The enterprise is a great one, but it is believed that the contractors are fully competent to accomplish the work. They will probably complete in a few days, a bargain with the Boston Water Company to fill in for them. If any of our readers desire to see the process of excavating, they can take any train of cars on the Charles River Railroad, and by stopping at the Newton Upper Falls Depot, and walking a few rods only, they can witness the whole operation, and be able to form some idea of the rapidity with which the ground is removed from the hills and transported to the Back Bay. The Journal says: "The Back Bay, with its magnificent park, and wide streets, is destined to retain within the limits of the city a class who are the heaviest of tax payers, and who have heretofore sought residences in the neighboring cities and towns. According to the plan of the Commissioners, one-fourth of the whole area of the Back Bay will be devoted to public purposes. It is obvious that here may be enjoyed light, and air, and scenery, which will please the eye and educate the taste. Grass plots and flowers, trees and green vistas, will make the whole territory a garden. Here the man of means may secure the advantages of a country residence without the many drawbacks to which he is now subjected."

[From our own Correspondent]

## MAHOGANY CUTTING, RIVER ULUA, HONDURAS.

SANTA BARBARA, March 17, 1859.

MR. BALLOU,—Dear Sir:—Among the sketches forwarded to you in my last, was one of a mahogany cutting establishment on the River Ulua, Honduras, unaccompanied by any text. I trust it has not been mislaid on that account, and hasten to supply the omission. Few of your readers who are only acquainted with mahogany when manufactured into household furniture, or as they have seen it lying in squared logs or in "crotches," piled up on the wharves at the north, and waiting for the surveyor to measure and mark it, before it is hauled to the sawmill to be slit up into "veneers," can form any idea of its appearance in its native forests before the axe has been laid to its root. It is pre-eminent among the trees of Honduras. It attains a gigantic size in the course of centuries, and its roots and branches spread to an almost incredible extent. It is found in abundance growing along the river banks of Honduras, on low lands, which are generally State property. In this case the government grants licenses to the Spanish river-cutters at so much a tree. A mahogany-cutting camp is a picturesque establishment, with its huts thatched with grass—the simplest of all constructions. The laborers are divided into gangs, commanded each by a captain or "boss," as we should call him. The season for cutting begins in August. At this period, the leaves are of a peculiar reddish yellow hue, so that a mahogany tree, rising in the midst of a grove, is readily "spotted" by an expert, at a glance. It is usual to cut the tree at a height of about ten or twelve feet from the ground, the woodman standing on a staging erected for the purpose. The felling is a laborious process on account of the extreme hardness of the wood. Then comes the labor of cutting out roads through the forest. The hauling is performed by means of oxen and trucks—the logs having been previously squared to pack them to advantage. In the dry season, say April and May, the hauling commences. As the weather now becomes hot, the work is performed in the night time. A train of trucks moving through the forest at midnight, with men bearing torches, long strings of oxen, the drivers and laborers almost stripped, affords a picturesque subject for a painter. At the end of May, the trucking ceases on account of the heavy rains which then set in. About the middle of June the rivers have reached their greatest height, and the logs are then floated down, accompanied by men in canoes to guide them in difficult places and to disentangle them when they are lodged. They are floated down indiscriminately, till they reach a boom, where they are identified and separated by the wood-cutter's marks on the ends. On reaching the wharves of the owners, they are landed, trimmed and smoothed, the broken ends sawed off, and are then in a fit condition for shipping. The principal establishments in Honduras are on the Ulua, Aguan, Patuca and Black Rivers with their branches. Some of the finest trees in the State grow in places where they are useless on account of the lack of water to float them down to a port of shipment. \*

## HENRI CONSCIENCE.

As some of the works of this distinguished writer of French romances have been translated into English and circulated extensively in this country, and as he enjoys a wide fame on the continent of Europe, where he is styled the "Belgian Walter Scott," we have deemed it important to include the biography and portrait of Henri Conscience in our illustrated record of the times. Moreover his story is quite an interesting one. To him is attributed the revival of the Flemish letters, forming as it does an epoch in the history of the literature of that country. Henri Conscience was born at Antwerp on the 3d of December, 1812. His

father was employed in the French navy under Napoleon. The constitution of Henri Conscience was exceedingly delicate, and continued so until he reached his twentieth year. When he was about fourteen his mother died, and his father retired into the country, where Henri passed three years in a solitude almost absolute. He became an insatiable reader, and a gentle, dreamy enthusiast. In consequence of his father's second marriage, in 1826, he accepted the situation of assistant in the village school of Bergenhout, near Antwerp, and employed his leisure in studying French and Flemish men accurately. When the revolution took place he enlisted as a volunteer in the army of General Nielon, and for three years was stationed in the Kempenland, and there it was that he acquired a taste for the country, an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the people, and a sympathy and appreciation of their tasks and trials, which he turned to admirable account in his romances. He saw some service during the time he was in the army, and was wounded at the battle of Louvain. In his moments of leisure he studied English and German, and wrote some poems and songs in French, which procured for him the title of the "Chansonnier du Regiment." In 1836 he became tired of military life, and obtained his discharge; and tried, but in vain, for some occupation at Antwerp. On one occasion, while reading one of the works of Guicciardini, he was struck with a story which was Flemish in its subject, and which he embodied into a romance in the Flemish language, entitled "Het Wonderjaar" (the year of Miracles). This was a literary success, but brought him no profit. These were followed by others, which, though they established his literary reputation, yielded him little pecuniary return. At length he was granted a pension by the king of the Belgians, and appointed Secretary to the Royal Academy of Painting at Antwerp. He continued to publish a series of tales founded on Flemish history, life and manners, which have been translated into German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Danish, Italian, French and English. All kinds of honors, literary and chivalric, have been lavished on Conscience. He has been chosen to write the history of the reigning dynasty of Belgium; was appointed Professor of Flemish to the Duke of Brabant; is recognized as the head of Flemish literature; and bears the badges of six orders. His personal popularity among his countrymen is very great, and the efforts of his pen are cherished with a national feeling of pride by them. The style of Conscience is finished and pure.

## THE BANKS OF A CANAL NEAR DELFT, HOLLAND.

Holland is a most interesting country to a traveller from the United States. The contrast afforded by its quiet industry to the frantic drive of American life is singularly striking. The quiet canals, the quaint houses, the numerous windmills, the trim flower gardens, the neat, honest people, the steady thrift and general prosperity of Dutchland, are all agreeable features. We have selected, as highly characteristic, the fine engraving on this page, which is essentially Dutch in every part. There is the tall windmill, with its exterior gallery, the broad-beamed schooner high and dry on the ways, in the hands of caulkers and gravers, the quiet canal, with its boat-loads of Dutch men and maidens, old rambling-houses and shade-trees, filling up a picture of peculiar and pleasing character. The hasty and unreflecting traveller who visits Holland, is apt to assume a contemptuous and sarcastic tone when speaking or writing of the land of "Dutch boers." The cities, he avers, so strikingly resemble one another that when you have seen one you have seen all. A somewhat similar remark was made by Dr. Samuel Johnson, on the beauties of English rural landscape,—"When you have seen one field you have seen all." But the thoughtful and educated tourist must admit that the countrymen of Erasmus, Grotius, and Rembrandt, have some claim on our respect and esteem. The travellers who happily denounce the monotony of Dutch cities, in reality take no pains to examine into distinctions and differences. All cities are in some degree alike; all men in some degree resemble one another. The general appearance is the same, but a close survey brings endless differences to light. Not only does Rotterdam differ from the Hague, Leyden from Amsterdam, and so on with other Dutch cities, but the most ordinary buildings, the five and twenty thousand windmills, for instance, turning their sails at every point of a Dutch horizon, are as dissimilar from each other in face, figure, and costume, as the sailor differs from the ploughman, the burgo-master's lady from the inmate of the orphan asylum, or the Jew from the Moravian. Whether of timber, brick, or stone, there is no monotony in their form or character. Each maintains its idiosyncrasy. One is brightly painted with colors which would astonish Vandermeer or Ostade; others are decorated with rough ornaments; some have a light and graceful balustrade, others a heavy wooden gallery. It seems as if the human intellect had exerted all its inventive faculty on the manufacture of windmills, so that no two might be alike. And the Dutchmen know how to laugh as well as how to build windmills; and they can prove themselves something better than a heavy, plethoric race, over whom specific gravity exercises more than its regular force. And the Dutchwomen, notwithstanding their odd attire and language, can set the heart a-palpitating as well as any senora that ever sent disquiet into the breast of hapless tourist in Italy.



BANKS OF A DUTCH CANAL, NEAR DELFT, HOLLAND.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIYAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Newberr, N. C.—The publication of the Magazine is still continued.

MENAGER—Itapall, the French chemist, has pointed out, the Medical Journal says, one of the powers of camphor, which, in a psychological point of view, is most important—that of putting a stop to that fearful insomniac which accompanies the incubation and first development of insanity, and "all the drowsy syrups of the East" fail to produce any effect, a grain of camphor formed into a pill, and followed by a draught of oil of rose and a half of the infusion of hops, mixed with five drops of sulphuric ether, is his usual remedy for procuring sleep.

TRAVEL—There are seventy millions of pounds invested in the shipping interests of Great Britain.

HISTORICAL—The daily allowance to the maids of honor attached to the British Court during the reign of Henry III. was a gallon of ale for breakfast and a chine of beef, a piece of beef and a galon of beer for dinner. In the afternoon a gallon of ale and a mangle of bread, and for supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, and a gallon of ale, a half a galon, half a galon of wine and bread. If the court beauties at that time needed three or four gallons of ale, daily, Falstaff's craving for sack at an earlier period, need not be wondered at.

INQUIRY—McDuff—Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the business of straw braiding is carried by the fact that in 1875, according to returns made, 3,226,481 straw bonnets were manufactured in Massachusetts, employing about 100,000 males and 9,000 females. In the year ending June 30, 1867, raw and manufactured straw materials to the value of about \$2,224,225 were imported into the United States.

M. C.—It is curious but difficult to trace the origin of slang phrases. With regard to the phrase of "confidence man," we find the following explanation in the Louisville Journal. A few years ago a man in New York, well dressed and of exceedingly genteel manners, went about saying in a very winning manner to almost every gentleman he met, "Have you confidence enough in me as an entire stranger, to lend me five dollars for an hour or two?" In this way he got a good deal of money, and came to be generally known in the courts and elsewhere as "the confidence man."

TRAVELLER—Cebu is rapidly becoming one of the most expensive capitals in the world—perhaps, if we except London and Paris, the most expensive.

## METEORIC STONES.

Among the remarkable objects exhibited at the Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, is a very large aerolite or metallic stone, which was found upon the western prairies, where it had fallen from the air. It is somewhat larger than a peck measure, and its surface has a blackened, vitreous appearance, indicating exposure to intense heat. Where a portion of the stone has been cut off, the interior structure of the mass appears to be metallic and granulated. The color of the inside is a whitish gray. The composition of this aerolite is similar to all others which have hitherto been examined, and consists of silice, magnesia, sulphur, iron in a metallic state, nickel, and some traces of chrome. The common and uniform character of these stones indicates a common origin for all of them, and shows also that they are not produced upon the earth. No substances combined in such proportions are ever found beneath the surface of the earth, and the natural appearance of iron in a metallic state is never seen. Nickel is also very rare, and never found on the surface of the earth, and chrome is still more rare. Two other sources have been suggested from whence these meteoric stones may originate. One is, the chaotic matter which may be dispersed throughout space, in detached parcels, and which by coming in contact with the atmosphere of the earth, may become inflamed and solidified. The other suggestion is, that these bodies may be thrown from the moon, by volcanic action, and by being projected beyond the sphere of the planet's attraction, may be brought within the influence of the earth and drawn towards it. Their lunar origin is by no means a violent presumption; for the degree of force required to eject a body beyond the limits of the moon's attraction, would not be greater than four times that of common gunpowder; whereas we know that volcanic force, as exhibited in terrestrial volcanoes, is often much greater than this. The black, enamelled coating which all these stones exhibit, is supposed to be caused by the fire generated by the friction in their passage through our atmosphere. This supposition also accounts for the trains of light which attend the passage of these bodies through the air. The glazing on the surface is usually about one-tenth of an inch in thickness, and this coating is distinguished from the general mass by a clearly defined line. The aerolites are never found indented by any object which they may encounter upon the earth's surface, though in their fall they usually strike the ground with great violence. This shows that the mass is not

rendered soft or plastic by the heat to which it is subjected during the process of enamelling which takes place. And yet the heat required to effect the vitrification of the surface, is far more fierce than that of the hottest porcelain furnace. The inference is, that this intense heat can only be of very brief duration—probably the time occupied in the passage of the body through the earth's atmosphere—for otherwise the aerolite would be melted into a soft mass, if not entirely dissipated in gasses.

## WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

General Sullivan tells us that when Washington lived in Pennsylvania, as President, he rose at four in the morning; and the general rule of his house was that the fires should be covered, and the lights extinguished, at a certain hour; whether this was nine o'clock it is not recollected. He devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to visits. He understood himself to be visited as the President of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by anybody and everybody; but required that every one who came should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentleman whom he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Market Street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining room in the rear, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear. At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the visitor was conducted to this dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left, the coat worn over the blade, and appearing from under the folds behind. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fire-place, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory, as to be able to call any one by name, who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with the most near friends, that no distinction might be made. As visitors came in, they formed a circle round the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was over.

## THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

The purpose of Congress to supply the city of Washington with an abundance of pure, sweet water, from the Potomac River, is as yet but partially carried out. The works, though incomplete, are made available at the present time to introduce into the city a daily supply of about two million gallons, which flows into the receiving reservoir from a never failing stream, and is conducted thence through the aqueduct to the distributing reservoir at Georgetown, and from that, by a 12-inch pipe into Washington, and through the whole length of the city to the Navy Yard at the southeast extremity. This twelve inch main pipe supplies the principal public buildings, the large hotels of the city, and many private dwelling-houses, besides stables, manufactories, and a fountain at the capitol grounds. The water thus supplied is soft, and of fair quality, though somewhat saline, and not entirely clear. It is quite inferior to the Croton water in New York, or the Cochituate in Boston; but still available for temporary use. When the works are entirely completed, which cannot be until Congress makes a further appropriation, the water will all be taken from the Potomac above the Great Falls, and will be a much superior article to that temporarily furnished. The stream will then be

conveyed from the distributing reservoir by a 30 inch main pipe, and the head of water will be much higher than at present. A dam is to be constructed across the river at Great Falls, for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient supply for the receiving reservoir. A small portion only of this dam is yet constructed. Other portions of the main works are not yet finished, embracing a considerable piece of tunnel, two bridges, and the laying of the 30 inch main pipe. At the last session an act was passed authorizing the city of Washington to raise the necessary funds for the distribution of the water throughout the city, and to supply the same to the citizens at a moderate charge.

## LADY MORGAN.

This lady, lately deceased in London, has been one of the most notable women of our day, and has commanded in Europe no small degree of attention as a brilliant representative of her sex, and a most charming and truthful authoress. She was the daughter of an actor named Owen-son, and was born in Dublin about 1789. She became known as an authoress by a collection of poems called the "Lay of the Irish Harp," and by the "Wild Irish Girl," and one or two other romances. She married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, in 1816, after which she spent several years on the continent. During this time she published "Florence McCarthy," "O'Donnel," and the "Missionary," and other romances, besides "France" and "Italy," very clever books on those countries. That on Italy gained the praise of Byron. She returned to Ireland in 1823, and visited France again in 1829, and Belgium in 1833. She afterwards produced "France in 1829," "Woman and her Master," the "Book without a Name," to which her husband contributed, and some very entertaining notes to a new edition of the "Wild Irish Girl." In 1848 she had a controversy with Cardinal Wiseman concerning the chair of St. Peter at Rome, in which she was thought to have entirely defeated the cardinal. Her last production was her "Autobiography," published in London a few months ago.

## A COOL STORY.

The latter part of last November, Mr. Andrew Twombly, of Brandon, Vt., commenced to dig a well near his house, situated about a mile from the centre of the village of Brandon, on a tolerable level plain. Having excavated to the depth of fifteen feet, through sand and gravel, the workmen came to ground frozen solid, and through which they continued to excavate the further distance of fifteen or sixteen feet before getting through the frozen ground. At the depth of forty-five feet, sufficient water having been obtained, the well was stoned in the usual manner. The character of the ground was the same the whole distance, viz., coarse gravel and sand—the frozen portion interspersed with lumps of clear ice. At the time the well was dug the surface of the ground was not frozen. Ever since the well was dug, up to the present time, ice forms in the well, and incrusts the stones at from fifteen to thirty feet from the surface, and the surface of the water, which is thirty-five feet below the level of the ground, freezes over every night. On several occasions, when the bucket has been left in the well under the water over night, it has been found necessary to descend the well, and with a hatchet cut the ice, in order to extricate it.

## MORE TOM-FOOLERY.

The rage for secret organizations to effect political objects, is getting greater every day. The movement is copied from the Carbonari and other kindred associations in Europe; and though entirely useless, and even dangerous to republican liberties in this country, yet the charm of secrecy is potent enough to draw a great many persons into its veiled mysteries. Whatever may be thought of the necessity for clandestine combinations against the government, in despotic countries, where outward obedience is enforced upon the subject by the strong hand of arbitrary power, there certainly can be no shadow of justification for such secret societies here. We have no tyrant to overthrow; no hereditary ruler to curb; no all-pervading and despotic power to resist. The people are the sovereign; the laws enacted by their servants are the rule of government; the courts are open for the enforcement of that rule; and the ballot-box presents an unfailing remedy against the abuse of delegated power. What, then, is there of similarity between our condition and that of the despotism of the Old

World, which should render desirable, or even tolerable, the introduction of the secret machinery of conspirators among us? Let us not be deluded by such things, whatever charm of imitation or of mystery they may present. No man, and no body of men, who are satisfied with the fundamental guarantees of political rights upon which our republican institutions are based, can need the cover of secrecy in order to carry out his purposes of reform. If popular government is to be overthrown, and crowned heads and hereditary nobles set up in its place, doubtless secret societies are the best means to combine the conspirators and give them strength; but if the honest theory of our system is to be faithfully adhered to, then we want no secret conclaves to control the action of the people.

We have been led to these reflections by a project recently set on foot in the city of Washington, for organizing a new secret political league, under the name of the "Brotherhood of the Union." The confederates are bound together by obligations assumed upon initiation, and are known to each other by certain cabalistic tokens; and their officers bear the titles of "Grand Washington," "Grand Jefferson," "Grand Madison," and so on. Now the Union of the States is a very good thing; so good that it is very likely to be preserved, "brotherhood or no brotherhood; but were it in danger, no such tom-foolery as this could save it—nothing but the open, united, and honest rallying of the people to its support.

## WALTER M. BAYNE.

The death of Walter M. Bayne, the artist, on the 27th of April, is an event which we cannot permit to pass unnoticed. Mr. Bayne was a native of Scotland, but had resided for many years in this city, where he acquired a high reputation as a painter, and where he was esteemed and loved as a true gentleman. Some twenty years ago we knew of him as attached to the Tremont Theatre, in the capacity of prompter and representative of "second old men" and Scotch characters—an actor of moderate ability. Passing along Tremont Row one morning, a friend begged us to step into an auction room and look at a collection of oil-paintings to be sold in a day or two. We entered the room, and were delighted and surprised to find a number of landscapes, chiefly illustrating local scenery, exhibiting a perfect command of the pencil, fine color and effect, and a masterly touch. We learned then, to our surprise, that the artist was no other than "Bayne of the Tremont." It was a delightful revelation of unsuspected genius.

From that time we followed the fortunes of Mr. Bayne with deep interest. We ascertained that he was an educated artist, and that he had formerly been a scene-painter in Scotland. In a short time he resumed his profession as a scenic artist to the National Theatre in this city. While thus engaged, and stimulated by the success of Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi, he conceived the idea of a gigantic moving panorama of a voyage to Europe and a trip down the Rhine. Some years before an English gentleman had conceived the idea of a panorama of the Rhine, and had employed Mr. Bayne to travel with him and make the necessary sketches on the spot. At the conclusion of the tour the gentleman abandoned his project, and kindly presented the artist with the drawings he had made. The germ of a fortune remained for years in the artist's portfolio. In finally transferring them to canvas, he labored indefatigably, frequently sitting up all night and painting by gaslight. At last the Herculean task was completed, and the panorama was unrolled for the first time at Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington Streets. The spectator was supposed to be embarked on board a Cunard steamer. Boston Bay was exhibited first, then came the trip to Halifax, the passage of an iceberg, Halifax, scenes in mid ocean, Cape Clear Lighthouse, the river Mersey, Liverpool, and lastly London. The scenes in London—the bridges, the New Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's show, the Monument, the Tower, were all drawn and painted admirably. Then came the Rhine, with magnificent views of Coblenz, the Round Tower, Schomberg, New Rheinstein, Bingen, Heidelberg, Ehrenbreitstein, Nonneworth, the Seven Mountains, the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," and other points of interest and beauty. The panorama was a great success. It was recognized as a true work of art, and pleased connoisseurs by its artistic merit, as much as it gratified the million by the variety and interest of its scenes. It was re-



markable for the absence of monotony of tone, and for splendid atmospheric effects worthy of Turner himself. The painting, after remaining here many months, was transferred to New York, where it proved equally a success, and, after exhibition in other large American cities, was, it is our impression, carried to England, realizing about seventy thousand dollars for the accomplished and amiable artist. The closing years of his life were thus spent in ease, and even affluence. Mr. Bayne died at the age of sixty-four. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him, as an artist and a man.

#### THE FRENCH NAVY.

For a number of years France has been quietly but effectually increasing her navy, until its colossal character and power now equal that of England. The British are no longer the "masters of the ocean" in point of naval power; France divides the honor of that title, empty and hollow though it be. The present force of the French navy, as stated by the committee of inquiry, is as follows:—40 steam and 10 sailing line-of-battle ships, with a total tonnage of 155,885, and 4735 guns; 9 block ships; 40 steam and 32 sailing frigates; 82 corvettes and sloops; and 162 gunboats—the total tonnage of all, including the liners, being 420,158, and the number of guns, 8202. The expense of the French navy for the last seven years has been about one hundred and ninety five millions of dollars, while that of the English navy for the same period has been two hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars. The comparison of the English and French navies is in favor of the former in respect to the number of vessels; and the French steam machinery is said to be in all respects greatly inferior to that of England. In the British navy there are 50 steam and 35 sailing line-of-battle ships, 34 steam and 70 sailing frigates. The horse power of the engines belonging to the two navies is about equal. There are 296 sailing vessels in the British, and only 144 in the French navy. The dockyard area of the two countries is almost exactly the same—866 acres in England, and 865 in France.

**THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.**—During the last night of the carnival at Turin, there were many nocturnal processions, among them one styled in the programme a "Feast of Lanterns and Diabolical Concert." There were four cars, and one represented a *bolgia infernale* (infernal cavern), on every object contained in or pertaining to which a most brilliant red glare was cast by Bengal lights, the demons that capered within being illuminated after the most approved stage fashion. From another car a green light threw a ghastly hue on all in its vicinity. There were three bands of music, a numerous peal of bells, a long procession of large colored lanterns, and the din and glare were prodigious. On one of the cars was placed a colossal figure representing the carnival. At midnight this was burnt on the Piazza di Milano, and masking and mumming were declared at an end for this season.

**NOW IS THE TIME.**—A new volume of *Balou's Dollar Monthly* is just about to commence. Enclose us one dollar, and receive it by return of mail and for a whole year. One hundred pages of original tales, sketches, poems, adventures, news, wit and humor, in every number. Copiously illustrated. The cheapest publication in the world! Circulation, 114,000.

**THE TEA PLANT.**—The government is seriously prosecuting the enterprise of introducing into the United States the culture of the tea-plant. A ship is now on her voyage from Canton to New York, with 60,000 plants, selected with great care by a special agent of the Patent Office.

**QUITE A FLEET.**—A French writer estimates the whole number of vessels afloat to be 129,748; the United States, England and France own about three-fourths of the whole tonnage of the world.

**A HINT.**—Plant trees—cultivate flowers, make the earth beautiful and fragrant—the more lovely because we live in it, and the more valuable to those who shall come after us.

**BENEVOLENCE.**—We must do good, though we expect ingratitude.

**BIRTH DAYS.**—Every anniversary of a birthday dispels a dream.

#### PAUL MORPHY.

We feel not a little pride in the career of this champion of the game of chess, a pride that he is an American, and that he has proved not only the best player in the country, but absolutely the best in the world. He adds such extraordinary modesty to his celebrated triumphs, as to challenge the admiration of every one with whom he is brought in contact. Not yet twenty-one years of age, yet he has conquered the first chess-players in Europe, among whom were such famous men as Anderssen, Owen, Mongredien and Hartwitz, besides many others.

In England young Morphy was received with distinguished marks of consideration, and the press accorded him universal praise for his genius, gentlemanly bearing and courteous manners. But it was reserved for the enthusiastic French to give unbounded praise and expression of admiration to the modest young American. The Café de la Régence, the resort of the Parisian chess players, was daily and nightly crowded to witness his games. The audience at the opera rose to receive him on his entrance to the theatre, he was feted by dukes, and applauded by men of genius. The famous sculptor, Lequesne, executed his bust in marble, and at the banquet given in his honor, the veteran chess-player, St. Amant, crowned the bust with laurels, amidst the most deafening plaudits of the whole company! Through all, young Morphy bore himself with the same quiet, unassuming, and modest demeanor which has won him such hosts of friends wherever he has appeared. He comes home bearing honors rarely bestowed upon one of his age, and we believe most justly accorded. America has produced the best chess-player in the world, for no living man will pretend to stand before young Morphy.

**FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD.**—Seven companies left Leavenworth recently for the mines. Some were well provided, and will have a pleasant trip; others had a moderate outfit, and will probably get through in safety. But one company embraced an amount of fool-hardiness we are pained to record. The company consisted of sixteen able-bodied fellows, with blankets, picks and pans strapped to their backs. Their entire lot of provisions consisted of forty pounds of meat and a quantity of salt—the latter being barely sufficient to preserve the former, in case it was not eaten. On being asked how they expected to make the trip of five hundred miles with their ridiculous outfit, one of them replied, "That's easy enough. We intend to kill enough game, and sleep in barns!" Verily, the fools are not all dead.

**THE FIDDLE WAS SAVED.**—The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing on that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell in after years an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home at the time of the disaster, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of it. After learning the general destruction, he inquired:

"But were none of my books saved?"

"No, massa, but we saved de fiddle," was the reply.

**"RODERICK THE ROVER: or, The Spirit of the Wave."**—This is the best nautical novelette ever written by LIEUTENANT MURRAY, and has already been republished in London. It is beautifully illustrated by large original engravings, done for us in Champney's best style. We will pay the postage, and send it to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps, or silver.

**STEAM FIRE ENGINES.**—The city authorities of Providence have ordered two steam fire-engines, at a cost of \$11,000; one to be made in Philadelphia, and the other at Seneca Falls.

**IMMIGRATION.**—The rush of foreign immigrants to the United States this year, will doubtless be greater than for many years past.

**FOURTH OF JULY.**—Fall River, Mass., appropriates \$1000 for celebrating the Glorious Fourth.

**OREGON.**—The Oregon papers say that the population of that State is about 47,000.

**BORING FOR WATER.**—"If you please, sir, the man's called again for the water-rate!"

#### Ellysides Gatherings.

President Buchanan was sixty-eight years old, April 23.

The price of gas in Chicago has been reduced to \$2 50 per thousand feet.

The publisher of *Lalla Rookh* gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem.

Keene, N. H., is to have a public library—\$1000 in \$5 shares have already been subscribed for that purpose.

Quite an extensive business is done by Messrs. Whitney, at Leominster Centre, Mass., in the manufacture of children's carriages.

There are 2000 sewing machines in operation at Troy, mostly shirt making, and 500 in New Haven.

In Belchertown, Hampshire county, carriage making is being successfully prosecuted this spring, on a large scale.

Punch says, "Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends."

San Francisco is steadily improving in its general appearance, and many fine buildings are being erected. The population is now about 80,000.

The steamer *Vanderbilt*, lately left New York, taking three horses for the Emperor Napoleon, from Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

James Porter, known all over the country as the Kentucky Giant, died at Shippingport, Ky., on the 25th ult. His height was seven feet and nine inches.

The Porter Britannia and Plate Co. is the title of a new company recently organized in Taunton, Mass., for the manufacturing of Britannia and plated ware, with a capital of \$25,000.

The cattle and pigs in Illinois are dying rapidly of a malady termed the black-leg. Animals of this kind cannot gambol, even in their most vivacious moments, it seems, without peril to their limbs.

The ultimate sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost* produced to Milton's widow eight pounds; and Dryden received from Tonson two pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence for every one hundred lines of his poetry.

A steamer is building in New York, and the boilers are being constructed to test a new fuel, composed of coal tar and saw dust. A manufactory at Manchester, N. H., is thus heated.

The Bishop of London recently preached at an omnibus station to a large gathering of omnibus-drivers. Religious services are held every Sabbath in the same place, by a clergyman of the parish.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, N. H., are about to build a stone-dam in the Merrimac River, at Garvin's Falls, three miles below Concord, where they propose to lay the foundation of a large manufacturing town.

Every dog in Massachusetts who would have the right to live, must be registered, numbered, and licensed by the town clerk, and every dog must wear a collar with his owner's name and his own number registered on it.

Rev. Mr. Gaylord, in illustration and proof of an assertion made in a sermon that all men were not born equal, said that though in 1654 many children were born, but one Shakespeare on that day saw the light—no other spirit twinned with his.

An English missionary, Mr. Macgowan, long resident at Shanghai, China, has recently undertaken a mission to Nagasaki, Japan, taking with him his tracts and copies of Scripture in Chinese for distribution, and Bibles in English and Dutch for the use of the native interpreters.

The flood on the Mississippi River is said to have left everywhere its mark of desolation. From Memphis down, scores of plantations and villages are either overflowed or rendered almost uninhabitable by the mould with which the surrounding moisture has covered every dwelling.

Sir John Hawkins, in his *Memoirs of Johnson*, ascribes the decline of literature to the ascendancy of frivolous magazines between the years 1740 and 1760. He says that they render smatterers conceited, and confer the superficial glitter of knowledge instead of its substance.

Louise Reeder, who will be remembered as a very attractive-looking woman, though not a remarkably good actress, and as author of *Linda, the Cigar Girl*, etc., died in New Orleans, lately, from injuries received by the explosion of a camphene lamp.

Two young men, named Ariel French and Henry W. Moran, are in jail in Syracuse, N. Y., for placing obstructions on a railroad track. They hid behind a tree, with a view of plunder, which the disaster would give them a chance for. Luckily a hand-car came along, and the danger was removed.

The critic of the Buffalo Republic does not like Karl Formes. He says his voice is a wonder in compass and strength; but in regard to the musical part of it, if Karl Formes should come into our back yard at night, and sing in that style, we should feel justified in stoning him off the premises.

A German woman in New York eloped with a small Dutchman, a few days ago, and carried off with her \$300 belonging to her husband, and three young children. She also attempted to set fire to the house in which her husband resided, but the fire was discovered and extinguished before it had done much damage.

#### Sands of Gold.

.... No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—*Lord Clarendon.*

.... He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—*Adam.*

.... Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—*Shakespeare.*

.... The hand may be clogged by excessive means, as well as rendered powerless by the want of them.—*Bovee.*

.... An incurable fever agitates the whole world; the strong feel the heat, and the weak the chill.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The finest compliment that can be paid to a woman of sense is to address her as such.—*Bovee.*

.... The higher we rise, the more isolated we become; and all elevations are cold.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The putting an end to hunting is the first step in the progress of civilizations.—*Rev. Jos. Boucher.*

.... He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume.*

.... Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world, is the triumph of enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

.... A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—*Bacon.*

.... It is easy to exclude the noon-tide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.—*Keith.*

.... A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—*Carlyle.*

.... Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me.—*Stoughton for Life.*

.... The prohibition of books supposed to be dangerous to the civil power, is an attempt to put the sun of reason into a dark lantern, that its mighty blaze may be hidden or revealed according to the will of some purblind despot.—*Burke.*

.... It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.—*Colton.*

#### Joker's Budget.

Why is a newly born babe like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

The early bird picks up the worm; but the worm soon picks up the late bird.—*Punch.*

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

A drunkard is called a *bon vivant*, that is a good liver, when he is notoriously the worst of all livers, and bears a bad liver with him.

What an important personage would be a topographical engineer, if he could honestly exclaim, "I'm monarch of all I survey!"

Why is Alison's History like the prevalent fashion of crinoline? Because, says an historic critic, it is in a round-about style.

A young lady who talks eloquently about love is probably incapable of feeling much of it. Deep feeling does not overflow in words.

A common domestic clock, "a kitchenner," having run down, Jones, with unblushing effrontery, observed that it had come to an untimely end!

A wag being told by an acquaintance that Miss — (who is rather a broad-featured young lady) had a benign countenance, he replied: "Perhaps you mean *seven-by-nine*."

A writer in an agricultural periodical insists that farmers generally ought to learn to make better fences. Why not establish a *fencing school* for their benefit?

The *Louisville Journal* thinks the American Eagle has great cause to complain of the libel that Poe's *Raven* is a translation from the Persian. It characterizes it as a *fowl as Persian*.

A relative of Mr. Binney's gave his orders to his ostler as follows: "Enry, take the arness hoff the hof ore, slip the altar hover is ed, hand give im some ay hand hoats."

One actor speaking of another, who was as rotund as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed, "He is headstrong as a mule! and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

An Australian, from the number of murders committed in that auriferous region, thinks that Melbourne must be that place Shakespeare speaks of when he says, "that bourne from which travellers return."

"Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him. But as for the hog, I think any one would have known what it was, if he had not named it so."

A friend who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoke his wedding suit. He evidently, on the whole, prefers a suit for the fulfilment of his promise to a suit for the breach of it.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

**BETTY COPELAND'S DAUGHTER.**

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

How curiously thoughts are linked. Thinking just now how much the fallen leaves from the old elm looked like last spring's growth of dandelions on the same spot, from that to Lowell's beautiful poem on the dandelion, and how I used to watch for the first ones when I was a child, where they grew thickest, down in the run by the meadow, over in Uncle James's field, and all up round Betty Copeland's cottage, I stopped with Betty, and her quaint little house, and her pretty daughter. I must tell Betty's story, simple as it is.

When I was a child going to school, a dark little woman, with a child in her arms, came over one sultry afternoon and sat upon the door stone, looking wistfully at us little ones, while she hushed her baby. She told the teacher, in answer to her inquiries, that she had walked a great way, and wanted a place where she could work for herself and her child. Where should the united voice of teacher and scholars send her, but to good Deacon Thomson's, the home for all the homeless and afflicted? Thither the poor, weary creature went, guided by one of the older girls, and though the good housewife had company and cares in plenty, and no need of any other hands to labor, she took the wanderer in, and the next we heard was that Betty Copeland was to stay for a while at the deacon's to do a little spinning. Bless the good woman's heart! she was always finding chances for people. I expect she's found a chance in heaven long since.

When the spinning was done, there was house-cleaning to do, and then the cook wanted to go home for a visit, and it was found that Betty was an excellent cook, and altogether a very handy, faithful personage, and hard to part with. By that time, too, the deacon had taken a liking to the pretty black-eyed baby, who crowed and clapped its little hands at him, and he could not bear to send it out into the world, poor thing, so it came that Betty became a fixture in the old brown house, and the child a charm in the dark rooms, and under the old trees and out in the fields, wherever the deacon happened to be. But Betty was thrifty, and thought she might do better for herself and the deacon's lady too, by taking a separate house, and leaving her place to be filled by a younger person. She had hoarded something in the four years of her stay, and had such a reputation as a laundress, that any quantity of work waited her orders. There was some consultation between the good people and their pensioner about the place of her abode, and at length it was decided to give her a three-cornered piece of land upon the roadside, a quarter of a mile distant, and remove a useless old porch there which was an eyesore to the deacon's wife, and which the good man thought might be fitted up at small expense. A most comical looking tenement it made with its flat roof, its little porch over the door, and its irregular windows, but a most comfortable place too, when it was thoroughly repaired and painted, and fitted up with a plump bed, a stove that never needed polishing, a corner cupboard garnished with delf, a table and some stout chairs. A proud little woman was Betty Copeland when she took possession of her new house, and well it throve beneath her hand.

Early and late Betty was at work. When she found time to do the great bundles of fine clothes she carried home at twilight, to scrub her house, to tidy herself and Katy, to cook the food, to weed the three cornered lot, no one could tell, but all these were done, and numberless others, and the world went well with Betty. A pretty place the house was to look at in early spring-time, when the yellow walls rose from a field of dandelions, yellow all over as cloth of gold, or later, when the clover blossomed out red and sweet on both sides the path that led up from the wicket, and nodded in the summer wind, and brushed your shoes as you went to the house. Or when all Betty's rose-bushes were full of blooms, or the honeysuckle tempted all the bees in the neighborhood, or the long row of currant bushes was ruddy with fruit, or the young plum-trees purple from top to bottom.

Betty had a pig, too, who seemed to have her instinct of cleanliness and thrift, for he always appeared to be lying on new straw, ready for company, and grunted so comfortably at you that

you could not choose but be pleased. In process of time, too, a great brindle cow and a house to hold her, were added to Betty's treasures, and if anybody wanted especially nice cream for a party, or the sweetest and yellowest butter-pats in all the country, everybody said they must go to Betty Copeland's for them.

But Betty's daughter was the "topmost bright bubble" of all the old woman's possessions. How she ever happened to have such a lovely child was a mystery, for Betty was such a little wizened thing, so like the last dried apple or cranberry forgotten in the barrel, that one had an instinctive desire to put her in a tub of hot water, along with the fine shirts, and soak her out to fair proportions. But Katy was a wild rose, a violet, a sweet lily of the vale, graceful and beautiful, and as naturally refined as if she had been born to great possessions and the atmosphere of the proudest society. How proud the poor old woman was of her beautiful child! What delight she took in buying fanciful dresses for her, and watching the pretty figure as it bounded off to school. How sturdily she rejected all the good advice of the village matrons about bringing up her daughter in a manner suited to her own sphere in life, and sent the girl successively to high-school, academy, drawing-school, dancing-school, singing-school, and at last, to the horror of all the upstartdom of Centreville, finished by sending her to a genteel boarding-school.

In vain were all the wise sayings and good advice of all her polite employers. Betty said plainly that her child was more of a lady by nature than any of theirs, and for what did she toil day and night, but to give her a fitting education. What was such an ugly, ignorant old thing as she fit for, but to scrub and save for her darling. No, no! Betty had determined that her pretty daughter should know nothing of the rough side of life as long as she could hide it with her stooping figure and toilsome hands, and the girl received the sacrifice as gently and affectionately, and taxed the poor old woman's strength and love in as sweetly selfish a manner as the very best of spoiled children could. Not that Katy was naturally selfish—not a whit of it. But if we set ourselves resolutely to make any loved object useless to themselves, and burdensome to us, the chances almost always are that we succeed.

Eighteen, lovely, accomplished Katy Copeland came home to her doting old mother. There was much discussion among the village magnates as to how the girl was to be received, and what position she should occupy in our sensitive society. It might have gone rather hard with her, for many of the mamas had daughters not as pretty as Katy, but Mrs. Thomson declared in open sewing-circle, that though she did not approve of the fine education Betty had given her child, she had as good a right to do it as any person present, and for her part, she should receive her old favorite as an equal. Mrs. Thomson's mandate being law, all present were obliged to acquiesce, though no doubt there were many mental reservations.

Katy's sweetness and grace did all the rest. Not the most rigid stickler for birth and position could resist the fascination of her thousand pretty ways, and her gentle way of making her good taste useful to all who came in contact with her. Katy Copeland soon came to be an oracle in the matter of trimming dresses and bonnets, of arranging a room, or preparing for a party, and save a few slights which she passed over in silence, was received as graciously as the most aristocratic girl in Centreville.

But what should Katy do? It seemed to be expected that she should do something, and after a year had gone by, even Betty began to see the wisdom of furnishing some resource for her child when her own hands should fail. Teaching, or dressmaking, or a fancy goods shop. All were discussed, but nothing decided upon. It was spring time, balmy and soft, and Betty thought it would be better to wait a little longer and let her daughter enjoy the summer evenings with the young people. It would be time enough to think of work when the days grew cooler.

About this time all Centreville, that is, the lady portion, and especially the young lady portion, were agitated by a new face at church, and on the hotel steps, and round the river banks where was good fishing, or out in the forest where the partridges and deer were to be had in plenty. It was a very handsome face, and a very manly figure that carried it about, and the report that it

belonged to an only child whose parents were rich and proud, detracted nothing from the interest. Day by day the young sportsman rambled up and down the banks with a rod, and a book for the stillest places when the fish would not come, or out into the woods where the sharp crack of his rifle frightened the echoes not much accustomed to sounds less peaceful than the ring of a cowbell, or the tap of the woodpecker.

It was wonderful how rustic our belles suddenly became. Gipsy hats were more in favor than ever, and berrying parties, and strolls down among the thickets by the river-side, grew fashionable at once. Who made the advances was never quite clearly proved, but in a short time Mr. Seaton was well acquainted with most of the village belles, and soon showed his mustache at all the younger gatherings. Anybody could hear his rich voice in a song or a laugh in the lighted parlors along the village street, or see him in the moonlight nights conveying a bevy of gay girls home from a party or sewing circle. To do Katy Copeland justice, she had no hand in the matter. Too modest to seek attention from any one, and perhaps painfully conscious of the great difference in their social position, she carefully avoided the stranger, and left the field to her more fortunate companions. It might be that this shyness piqued the young man, or perhaps the light of the beautiful face that sometimes flitted across his path, sunk into his heart at once, but before the village had time to recover from its astonishment, William Seaton was first the admirer, then the declared lover and affianced husband of the washerwoman's daughter.

There were many ominous shakes of the head, many dubious speeches about the difference in rank, the pride of the parents, and their probable indignation on finding that their only son had formed such a mesalliance, and all the gossips were on the lookout when one autumnal day, a gray-haired gentleman got out of the coach and inquired for William Seaton. No doubt there were angry discussions, persuasions, threats, every argument that an outraged parent or a stubborn child could use, but none of the watchers were any the wiser for it.

But every one knew that the Seaton's met Katy at Deacon Thomson's by the merest accident, that the deacon and the elderly gentleman were closeted several times, that Katy's eyes were very red for two or three days, that her lover stumped up and down the old fishing-ground, and that finally, after a week's delay, the elder Seaton and the deacon called on the old washerwoman, and had an exciting visit, if one might judge by the very red faces with which the two gentlemen went down the street, and the very energetic manner in which Betty shook her fist after them.

There was more delay still, with plenty of visits, and tears and pale faces, and secret treaties, at the end of which the young gentleman's mother came down also, to add her weight to the opposing scale. She was haughty and courtly, but her son was an only and an idolized child, and knew his advantage, and after the offices of the deacon and his wife had been exerted all round, matters were brought to a crisis. But somebody must be sacrificed to the offended dignity of caste, and who so fit a victim as the insignificant little woman, who had but a few years to live at the best, and who beside, you know, dear, could not be expected to have such fine feelings as more fortunate people. The terms of the treaty soon came out.

Katy was beautiful, graceful, accomplished, and had all the tone of the best society. If William's heart was set upon her, he must be indulged, and as the girl fortunately had no relatives but this old woman, and would no doubt forget her in time, the thing could be tolerated. But the mother was to give her up completely. The deacon had been coaxed into adopting her, she was to bear his name before she took her new one, she was to be splendidly dowered by her father-in-law, and when Katy left Centreville she was never to see her mother, or communicate with her again. To do the girl justice, she at first rejected the terms indignantly, but it was so plainly to be seen that she was pining and wretched, and the advantages of the match were so great, that even Betty added her entreaties to the lover's. She was sure she should be happy and comfortable, and should only miss her darling child for a little while. She should be so proud to hear of her success through the deacon's family, that at last Katy concluded that perhaps it would not be so bad after all, especially as they proposed settling a pension upon her mother,

and that no doubt she should be allowed to come home and see her when the affair got to be an old story.

There was but little time allowed for the preparations, and dressmakers were brought from the neighboring town to fit the bride's travelling toilet, and such articles as should be needed before the more expensive wardrobe for the coming season could be obtained. All these preparations were carried on at the deacon's, Mrs. Seaton presiding like a duchess, and her future daughter deferring to her in all things. She little thought that all through those days poor Betty watched them from the great china closet that made a passage to Mrs. Thomeon's room. That sitting with a bit of the curtain drawn back from the windowed door, she watched every turn of the fair young head, every motion of the pretty fingers, smiling faintly when her darling smiled, and brushing the tears away with her horny hand when a pensive look stole over the bright face. She little thought that while she sat in the moonlight with her lover, or lost herself in pleasant dreams, the poor old woman was striving upon her knees, until deep into the night, for strength and patience to give up what was more than life to her.

The wedding-day came at last, a soft, golden cycle of the Indian summer. There was no ceremony or parade about the affair. Simply a dinner before the marriage, and a leave-taking after it, and while everybody was staring and congratulating, the carriages drove off, and the last tearful glance from the bride's face, and the proud, happy one of the young husband, was all lost round the corner of the road. Betty had been there to help dress her daughter, had bidden her a solemn, tender farewell, and disappeared just as the carriages started. There was an inquiry made for her, but we supposed she had gone home to be alone with her sorrow. But there was a high hill back of the deacon's, where the post road could be seen for several miles, and there the old woman had run, bare-headed, to get a last glimpse of her child. Lying down upon the ground she watched them until the shadow disappeared, and then in a trance of sorrow, gazed at the way which they had gone till the sunlight all faded and the stars came out, and the solemn moon rose silently up among them. No matter for the dew or the chill night air. Nothing could hurt the poor, old, worn form, like the tearing away of its idol, never loved so well, never longed for with such an agonizing tenderness, as when the sacrifice was completed. She would not have taken back a whit of it all. Katy was happy. Katy would be loved and courted, and tenderly cared for, would see none but pleasant sights, hear only kind words. That was what the old woman had toiled, and saved, and hoped for, and the goal was won. But the poor, fond heart was none the less a broken one. Talk of parted lovers, of sentimental sacrifices, of the romance of young heads! There's no romance in the world like that of the old, and ugly, and despised. No flowers of sentiment half so delicate and sweet as bloom over the graves of hopes and joys in homely people's hearts. Poor old fathers and mothers. Old-maid sisters and awkward brothers whom nobody thinks of pitying, who roll up their dead hopes in white, and lay them away in sacred spots to be wept over secretly. There are plenty of such graves made all around us, and the fragrance goes up from them forever, and will not be disregarded.

Everybody said that Betty Copeland had grown strangely childish since her daughter's marriage. She wouldn't take work, cared nothing for company, but spun and knit pretty white stockings such as Katy used to wear, from morning until night, and kept little nice messes before the fire, peering down the road as twilight fell each day, for somebody who never came. At last it was whispered that the old woman was mad, in a quiet way, and one cold morning when the deacon went to see why no smoke came from the crooked chimney, he found only the worn out casket of the old washerwoman. The better part had gone as the dew rises from the withered flower.

She wouldn't have lived long, they said, and she was too old, and rough, and common-place, and ignorant, to be killed just by a little sorrow; but I wouldn't have been Katy Seaton as she stood over her mother's grave. No! not for worlds!

It is with life as with coffee; he who drinks it pure must not drain it to the dregs.



## SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

We present herewith a fine likeness of Sir Charles L. Eastlake, one of the most eminent of modern English artists, perhaps best known in this country through engravings from his pictures of Italian banditti, which suggested the play of the "Brigand," rendered so famous by Wallace's personation of Massaroni, and in the tableaux of which Eastlake's groupings and costumes are reproduced. Charles Lock Eastlake was born at Plymouth in 1796, and sent to be educated at the Charterhouse, with the view of fitting him in due time to succeed to the well-established practice of his father, a solicitor. It, however, happened that R. B. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth; and young Eastlake one day saw, in progress, his fellow-townsmen's great historical picture, "Dentatus." That sight changed the whole current of his ideas, and he determined to transfer at once his labors from parchment to canvass.

The first picture he produced was "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which, as the work of a student, displayed many signs of unusual promise. It was purchased by a well-known amateur of the day, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, which took place at that period, engaged the young painter to proceed to Paris for the purpose of making copies of some of the masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. His labors were, however, soon interrupted by the unexpected escape of Napoleon I. from Elba; and he returned suddenly to England, and to his native town. But the young student was soon followed on his way by the very personage whose sudden appearance in France had driven him from his studies in the Louvre. Napoleon, a prisoner on board the Bellephophon, became an unexpected visitor to the harbor of Plymouth as he had been so shortly before to the shores of France; and the portrait which the young artist then contrived to take of the twice deposed emperor, excited considerable interest. Every day, during the neighborhood of the emperor in the harbor, young Eastlake was out in an open boat, studying the lineaments of the fallen sovereign, as he walked the deck or as he stood musing at the gangway, looking towards the shores of that "perfidious Albion," that had at last been the chief means of thwarting his schemes. The picture thus painted (a full length) possessed uncommon interest, as being the last of the portraits of Napoleon painted in Europe. His first pictures were, in fact, of an architectural character: they consisted of views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and of St. Peter's at Rome. This style was, however, soon abandoned for a series of studies which, by their boldness and lifelike originality, at once attracted the attention of our artistic public. Of this school was his "Brigand's Wife defending her Husband," that gained for him the general popularity which he enjoyed at that period. The first work of importance which marked the adoption of his final style—that of pure religious art—was his "Christ blessing the little Children." Its appearance was hailed as a proof that the English school would yet prove itself capable of treating the highest range of subjects with a purity and spirituality of feeling worthy of the noblest walk of art. The painter's reputation as an accomplished artist, and as a man whose attainments rendered him a singular ornament to the profession, was acknowledged by his appointment as Secretary to the "National Commission of Fine Arts," a post for which his knowledge peculiarly fitted him; and with that incident the tide of preferment fairly set in. In 1843, he was appointed keeper of the National Gallery, and in 1850 he received the highest artistic rank which the British artist can attain to—the presidency of the Royal Academy. Shortly afterwards he received the honor of knighthood. Sir Charles was subsequently appointed director instead of keeper of the National Gallery, with a salary increased to £1000 per annum. He was married somewhat late in life, to an accomplished lady, well known in the literary world as Miss Rigby, the authoress of a capital book, entitled "Letters from the Baltic."

## A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

In the recently published Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, the following interesting account is given of a well remembered scene in the Chamber of Deputies during the revolutionary proceedings of '48:—"When the princess entered the assembly, the disorder was extreme; the deputies besieged the tribune; a strange crowd blocked up the lobbies, barring the passage of the royal party. Cries of 'Pas de Princesses! Nous ne voulons pas de Princesses ici!' were heard; but they were overpowered by louder cries of 'Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans! Vive le Comte de Paris!' She took her place near the tribune, and remained standing there, with her two children at her side; behind her stood the persons of her suite, using all their efforts to keep off the crowd that pressed around her. M. Dupin ascended the tribune; he announced that the act of abdication was about to be presented to the chamber by M. Barrot; meanwhile, he strongly urged that the unanimous acclamations which had hailed the Comte de Paris as king, and the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, should be uttered in the proceedings. These words were

received with violent opposition from a part of the chamber and the tribunes. The president thought fit to call upon all strangers to quit the chamber, and requested the princes to withdraw, 'in deference to the rules.' 'Sir,' replied the duchess, 'this is a royal sitting.' Some of her friends, alarmed at the increasing tumult, entreated her to leave the chamber. 'If I leave this assembly, my son will never enter it again,' she replied, and remained immovable in her place. But the crowd kept advancing, the noise increased, and the heat became so excessive that the young prince could hardly breathe. The princess was then conducted along the left-hand lobby running at the back of the semicircle, to the upper benches opposite to the tribune, where she seated herself with the Duke of Nemours and her children. At this moment, M. Odilon Barrot, who had just returned from the Tuileries, obtained silence. 'The crown of July rests upon the head of a child,' he said. At the acclamations of 'Vive le Comte de Paris!' the Duchess of Orleans rose from her seat, as if to speak. While one side of the chamber cried out 'Parlez, parlez!' the other tried to drown her voice. She began with the words, 'My son and I are come,' but was instantly interrupted. She again attempted to speak, but was unable to

'But how can I get there?' she replied, still without moving from her place, or betraying any alarm at the muskets which glittered above her head. 'Follow me,' said M. Jules de Lasteyre. Descending from bench to bench, he conducted her to the left corner of the chamber, where there is an exit reserved for the deputies, and leading into a dimly lighted corridor; the folding-doors, one of which was shut, open only from within, the other, which was open, separates the chamber from this corridor. M. de Lasteyre made his way to it by pushing aside the crowd, and, perceiving a company of National Guards outside the door, he called to them to form lines to protect the Duchess of Orleans, who was following him, which they immediately did."

## MACHINE FOR MAKING CHAINS.

An ingenious machine for the manufacture of chains has been introduced. The chain made by this machine is not like that in common use, but is of a peculiar kind, which may be called double-link chain; it is made, not of pairs of links, but strictly of double links, each consisting of only one piece of metal. The links are fagoted and welded before being put into the chain, and to make them inclose each other, only require to be bent. It is in a great measure owing



SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

make herself heard, and sat down. Several speakers rose one after another, amidst confusion impossible to describe. At length M. de Lamartine advanced toward the tribune. The first sentences he uttered revived the hopes of her friends; but with her sweet and melancholy smile she made a slight sign, which showed them that she did not share their illusion. Towards the close of the speech, a violent knocking resounded through the hall, the doors of the tribune of the press were burst open by an armed mob, who rushed forward with loud cries; they pointed their loaded muskets towards different parts of the chamber, till at length they perceived the royal mother and her children, at whom they took deliberate aim. Most of the deputies quitted the chamber, leaving the Duchess of Orleans and her little sons exposed, with no other protection from the musket-balls of the infuriated mob than that of a small number of deputies, who remained in their places before her. From the calmness of her face it might have been thought that she only was in no danger. Leaning over to the bench below her, she gently placed her hand on the shoulder of a deputy and said, in a voice that betrayed no emotion, 'What do you advise me to do?' 'Madam, the deputies are no longer here; you must go to the president's house to gather the chamber together.'

to the manner of making the links which gives the chain the superiority which it is claimed to possess over the common kind of chain. This machine performs the whole of the process of making this chain from the forging of the links to putting them together. The first operation which takes place at one end of the machine, is that of winding up a small piece of small flat iron rod till it forms a coil of several thicknesses of metal. This coil is taken to a proper fire and heated to a welding heat, and then put in another part of the machine, by which it is welded into a ring which is equally strong at all points. From the last named part of the machine, the ring is taken by automatic devices to another part, where it is elongated in one direction and closed in a direction at right angles to it, till it forms a link which resembles the figure 8, except that the two sides do not cross in the middle. It is then taken by other devices and bent at the middle of its length, and then, by hand, put through another link and placed in another part of the machine, by which its looped extremities are drawn close together, which finishes it. The next link passing through these looped ends secures them, and thus the chain is formed. Altogether the chain is a fine specimen of ingenuity, and seems likely to accomplish all that is desirable.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

## A NIGHT MARCH IN INDIA.

It was distinctly announced that no officer should be permitted to march who did not receive an invitation or orders to do so; and, of course, the secrecy of the expedition leading to the conclusion that a great object was in view, the officers not invited were up to seven o'clock in a state of considerable irritation and excitement. Nearly every one about headquarters, except those all-knowing politicals who pull the strings which set so many arms and legs working, and the heads of departments, were in utter ignorance of the object or direction of the night march. I question much if colonel or brigadier was acquainted with the course till the stars of heaven told them they were steering northwards. Now, it is a most difficult matter to organize an expedition in the night, in an unknown country. One man may make his way towards a certain point guided by local knowledge, a compass, and the stars, but the direction of elephants, camels, and guns over rice-fields, past forests, ditches, rivers unknown, is a very different matter. Even the move in front out of a camp at night, in column of march, is more difficult than the words seem to express. If, in the duke's opinion, there were few generals who could get a large corps into Hyde Park, but few or none who could get them out again in broad daylight, it may be imagined that it is by no means so simple as it would appear to the uninitiated to get infantry, cavalry, and guns in proper order, all in direct column of route, out on the open field, in a pitch-dark night. Our little expedition consisted of the 7th hussars, headquarters of the carabinieri, 1st Punjab cavalry, a troop of the royal horse artillery (six guns), the rifle brigade, a detachment of her majesty's 20th, and a wing of the Balooch battalion. As Captain Fitzgerald collected 150 elephants, it was arranged that one-half the force should be mounted—five on each of those unwieldy locomotives—the other half marching till the halts took place, when they relieved their comrades from the trouble of journeying aloft, and the elephant cavalry became infantry till the next halt. There were some spare elephants in case of accidents. Lord Clyde, with his shoulder bandaged up, was, much against his will, obliged to go in a dooly. The mess dinners, an hour earlier than usual, were full of conjecture; but it was generally supposed we were going to aid Grant in some conjectured difficulty. At about 7.30, P. M., the officers of headquarters were informed that whoever wished might join the head of the column. At 8 o'clock the regiments were formed up in front of their camps, and at 8.30 they were marched off, with the usual advance guard, into the darkness. Not a light was to be seen, save the glare of the watch-fires; but soon there appeared before us, like a light in some wintry sea, one steady flame. A lantern had been mounted on the back of an elephant which followed the guides, and had the honor of being the leader of the expedition. The men were in high spirits. Wrapped in their greatcoats, those social fives smoked, chatted, and laughed in their peripatetic clubs till the cold and monotony of the night march proved too much for even the most loquacious Hibernian. Linkmen with flaming torches, after a time, were put forward to cast a light on the pitfalls, the heavy fields, ditches, and wells which lay in our course. A delay of nearly an hour occurred soon after we left camp, in getting the columns into proper order. Just to illustrate the difficulty of a night march in this sort of country, where no officer knows where he is going, I may mention that the Madras light cavalry, a most efficient set of men, were unwittingly left behind. They were formed up in their proper place, but by some accident the captain, Macgregor, did not receive the order to move off with the rest of the column, and after a long halt in the cold, he rode off to see what had become of the rest. He could not find them. He then marched off his troops, circled round the camp—saw no trace of the column—came back—marched again, and after an ineffectual search, returned to camp at midnight till next morning, when his squadron proved a most useful and desirable escort and aid to Major Kirby in his march with the baggage and tents. The column, once started, moved off in a straight line to Bankeo. Elephants crashing in one leaden line through cates, over swampy grass, through dall-fields, can out-march cavalry or infantry, and the latter regulated the pace.

The moving lighthouse guided the officers, and so, tramp, tramp, squash, squash, thud, thud, away they proceeded. A northerly wind came down from the Himalayas, and soon the cold cut through the warmest Indian clothing. The column made such good progress, that if it had pushed on, it would have reached Bankeo long ere daybreak. A long halt was called, therefore, near a top of trees and a small hamlet. Wrapped up in cloaks and resins, officers and men enjoyed an hour's refreshing sleep. The march commenced again so timed as to bring the force to Bankeo soon after sunrise. It has transpired since that in the night the column passed a large party of the enemy on the left. Lieut. Colonel Crealock and some others observed fires on the left, which were the watches of the enemy, but it was supposed they proceeded from villagers engaged in some festival or agricultural pursuits.—*Letter from Camp, near Bankeo.*



THE TWO BOOKS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A lover and his lass  
Lay reading on the grass,  
A book of olden story,  
Of love and grief and glory;  
The maiden's eyes were bright  
With pity and delight,  
And strayed not from the book  
Even for a casual look  
At him, her life's dear lord,  
Beside her on the sward,  
But read with lips apart  
And hearts that beat in one.

The too entrancing tale that thrilled through all her heart.

The lover's eyes, twin thieves,  
Stole glances from the leaves —  
Now to those milk-white shoulders,  
The charm of all beholders;  
Now to those sunny eyes,  
Blue light as Paradise,  
Now to her streaming curls,  
Or ruby-covered pearls,  
Whence issued sweeter breath  
Than south wind scattereth,  
Then to her dainty hand,

"Ah, well-a-day!" quoth he—  
 "Thy book's no book for me,  
 The page I read is rarer,  
 And tender and fairer;  
 For thine contains, at best,  
 Life's shadows—love's unrest—  
 But mine contains all truth,  
 All beauty, and all youth,  
 All feelings food and joy,  
 And deep and passionate joy;  
 Be books upon the shelf,  
 My stories are thine eyes—my poem is thyself."

LIFE.

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood.  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.  
The coward and the timid in soul scarce do live  
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed  
If good, ere night, would make the life longer seem  
Than if each year might number a thousand days;  
Spent as is this by nations of mankind  
We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart beats—He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

BAILEY'S "ESTUS."

THE SILVERY BROOK

That with a ceaseless prattle from the hills  
 Comes nimbly tripping o'er the mossy stones,  
 Cannot contain its joy "Come thou with me—  
 Into my being let thy spirit slip,  
 Gliding as in a dream, and I will take  
 Thee to the green banks of thy spirit home."

ANONYMOUS

## Editor's Easy Chair.

**GOSSIP WITH THE READER.**

—The war in Europe will be no child's play. If fairly engaged between France and Austria, and fought out with desperation, the world will behold a carnage beside which Waterloo would whiten. For from 1815 to 1859, a period of forty-four years, the military art has made as great progress in Europe as any other science. Since the first Napoleon, what prodigious discoveries have been pressed into the service of the genius Destruction!—steam, the electric telegraph, the railroad, percussion guns, shell guns, the Minie rifle, the repeating pistol. Rumor, too, states that Louis Napoleon has possessed himself of a portable artillery with destructive powers hitherto unknown in war. If all these engines are brought to bear on a grand scale, the midcentury will witness a wholesale butchery which will throw the Corsican's slaughter-houses far into the shade. The market will be overstocked with widows and orphans—the fields of Italy will be as fertile as the richest prairie lands in the west. There can be, however, no long war in Europe waged with such terrible means of destruction.... Mexico has averaged one and a half percent a year since her establishment as a republic. She is the revolution monger of the western world.... Our sanctum was perfumed on May day by a profusion of the blossoms of the trailing arbutus, sent us by a lady of the cape. Though the flowers have long since withered, the memory of the kind and delicate gift will never fade.... Our next-door neighbor, C. H. Brainard, has recently issued a lithographic portrait of Hon. John Sherman, member of Congress from Ohio. Dr'Arignon never produced a more exquisitely finished head—it is a *chef d'œuvre* of drawing on stone.... Louis Napoleon lately "witched the world of Paris with noble horsemanship." While reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars, he noticed some disorder at a distant part of the field. Restless and annoyed, instead of despatching one of his officers, he suddenly started off at full gallop to the scene of difficulty. The centre of the field was clear from troops, but a carriage stood in the open space—a light open phaeton, with its top thrown back—and this carriage was directly across the line of the emperor's direction. So sudden had his movements been that few, for the moment, had observed his leaving his position in the field, but now he was dashing fast as horse could carry him across the open space. Arriving at the obstacle, he took a flying leap clear over the carriage and continuing his still rapid pace to the scene of commotion, soon returned and assumed his position at the head of the field, while the air rang with acclamations of delight at the daring and success of his exploit.... The Egyptian government will not allow a

attempts to make the *Suez Canal*. .... An expedition has been organized in France for discovering the source of the Nile. .... A letter in the *New York Times*, giving the incidents of the *Paraguay expedition*, describes Gen. Urquiza as now 5 years old. His profile is much like that of Mr. Webster. He has the same dark meteoric eye, and the forehead, though less massive, does not lessen the resemblance. His *stancia* at St. Jose embraces 870 square miles. He has 800,000 head of cattle, 60,000 horses, 90,000 merino sheep, and 200,000 mixed breeds. He sold last year 66,000 hides of his own produce; as for his clip of wool the writer could form no estimate. He is interested in every useful and profitable enterprise in the Confederation, and mentioned that in the town of Rosario alone he had \$250,000 engaged in special partnership. .... The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung hole to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then he quit the business in disgust." .... Carl Benson writes that Frazzolini is coming to America again. Her style is the most faultless of any singer in the world. .... Fluy says that in his time the women did not go out without jewels any more than a consul went out without fables. In the feast of Trimalcyon, a guest, I know not which, says that the jewels of his wife have exhausted his patrimony. "If I have a daughter," says he, "I will cut off her ears as soon as she is born, to avoid being ruled myself first, and afterwards my son-in-law, by the purchase of ear-rings." ..... John Travis, the pistol shooter, gave some of the Richmond, Va., ladies lessons in the use of the weapon while in that city. Ladies' eyes are destructive weapons enough. .... An American, writing from Rome, in which city he was at the same time with the Prince of Wales, was agreeably surprised to find that that respectable young gentleman is a respectable young gentleman. .... Persons who stand upon ceremony have a precarious footing. .... A writer in the *New York Times* argues that in case of a war between the two great disputing powers that "the ships, the provisions, the grain of the United States and of England must flow in new rides to the Mediterranean and to France; and the conflict which will in all likelihood end by giving a liberated Italy to the family of the nations, must stimulate in its progress all the leading centres of the finance and the commerce of the world." .... The telegraph wire between Bagdad and Constantinople is laid down. .... An English paper states that Mr. Albert Smith is about to take out himself a wife. The lady is Miss Mary Keeley, the eldest daughter of the actor, and herself a piquante actress and charming vocalist. It is a very suitable match, and one on which both parties are to be congratulated. .... Hon. Charles Hudson of Lexington has in a good state of forwardness a full history of the town of Lexington, and a genealogy of all the families. .... Dr. Scanzoni of Wurtzburg, who attended the empress of Russia at the birth of her last child, has received for his services \$25,000. .... Messrs Perotin and Paul Boiteau at Paris, having advertised for letters of Bernager, with a view to publish the fullest possible collection of his correspondence, received in about two months 2200 of them. .... Professor Linder of Leipzig University, has been arrested for stealing valuable books and manuscripts from the university library, his house was found full of the stolen objects. .... Musard, the founder of concerts, died recently at Anteuil, aged 77. .... Martin Luther notices thus the new discoveries of his day: "I am now advised that a new astrologer is risen who promises to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about—not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth in a coach, or in a ship that moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth; but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus the goeth, we give up ourselves to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the wheel of astronomy upside down, but the Scripture saith, 'eth and teacheth another lesson, when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth.' ..... Several Cashmere goats have been introduced into Cherokee county, Texas. .... The artesian well at Albacete, on the railway between Madrid and Alicante, has at last given water. All the neighborhood is filled with joy. .... scarce is water there that it is a local proverb—'If you ask for a glass of water in La Mancha, they will give you a cantara of wine.' The cantara is a tall earthen jar holding sixteen quarts. .... The diamond put in a crucible and applied to reverberated fire, burns and disappears entirely. This combustion was experimented upon at the end of the seventeenth century. The experiments were repeated publicly in 1771 and 1772 by MM. Ro Darcet, Cadet, Gassioourt and others, and they had then means of combustion as powerful as those since discovered. In fine, science has acquired the certainty that the diamond is pure crystallized carbon. In mineralogy, it is now placed in the list of combustibles is the most brilliant as well as the most useless of members of this family. Unluckily, though you turn a diamond into charcoal, you can't turn the charcoal back to a diamond. .... An astronomer, gazing the moon, fell into a pond. "Had you looked into water," said a countryman to him, "you might have seen the moon; but by gazing on the moon you could never have seen the water." .... "Does your arm you much, sir?" asked a young lady of a gentleman who had seated himself near her, and thrown his arm across the back of her chair, slightly touching her. "No, miss, it does not; but why do you ask?" "I noticed it was considerably out of place, sir," she replied. "That's all." ..... M. Huot, bishop of Avranches, commissioned to decide a strongly disputed question professor of Oriental languages at Amsterdam had to maintain that the present offered to Rebecca by the servant Abraham was not ear-rings, as almost all the sultans have rendered it, but a nose ornament; pamphlets and violent invectives had been already changed. The judgment of the savant Huot is rendered at length, he decided for the ornament for the nose.

settled it that the Israelitish women not only wore rings and jewels in their ears, but also in their noses. . . . The English correspondent of the Boston Recorder states that what is called the Egyptian Hall of the Mauston House of London, the official residence of the first magistrate, was built by fines levied upon Jews and Dissenters, who were then looked upon as dogs and infidels. A Jew was recently elected lord mayor, and gave his banquet in that very hall, and last month a non conformist missionary society held a meeting in it for the advancing of missions to China, with the present lord mayor in the chair. . . . A letter from Paris reports that jewels abound with the simpler spring costume, as with rich winter attire. Agrafes for mantles, for evening toilet, bracelets, ear-rings, light branches of sparkling stones for head ornaments, particularly coral bijoux, bouquets in coral, imitations of flowers in diamonds, emeralds, etc. are mounted with the taste, lightness and grace which mark the French artificers. . . . In M. Chevalier's recent pamphlet, he predicts a decline of one-fourth or one-half in the value of gold. Mr. Cobden, by translating and introducing the work, confirms this idea; but it would seem that the increase is spread over such a large surface that this result need not follow. The accumulations of gold have been very great since 1849, without as yet disturbing seriously the relative values between gold and silver. The additions to the stock of gold in the decade have been estimated at the immense sum of \$758,380,000. During the seven years ending with 1857, the export of silver to the East from Great Britain and the Mediterranean was more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. . . . Francis A. Deas and Eliza L. Griggs of Ashfield, Mass., bridled 28 men's heads, each, in one day. The adepts in hat-braiding will find this hard to beat.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### Matters in General.

The next arrival from Europe will probably bring us the details of the first great engagement between the Austrian and Sardinian troops, the opening of a great European war which may entirely change the face of continental affairs. The war, from the terrible engines employed, will be most destructive to human life, and bloody beyond parallel. It will not, however, be necessarily a long one, and may be confined to a comparatively limited space. On the other hand, it may spread, like wildfire, all over continental Europe.—The *Courier de Paris* says that over the gate of the cemetery of the little town of Bourdeaux, department of Drome, has lately been painted the inscription: "Ici on n'enterre que les morts qui vivent dans la commune. (Here are buried only those who live in the parish).—There is in course of construction in the Champ-Elysees a panorama of the capture of Sebastopol, erected by a company; seven generals, all of Crimean repute, are among its shareholders. An idea of the gigantic dimensions of this new show may be formed from the fact that the canvases on which the panorama is to be painted measured rather more than 3500 square yards, and that the expenses of construction are calculated at 200,000 francs, or about £8000.—A monument has been erected in the south aisle of the choir of the cathedral at York, in memory of the officers, non commissioned officers, and privates of the 33d Regiment of Foot who fell during the Crimean war.—A London art gossip writes that Reynolds is up in the market and Turner going down. "In 1853 the well-known Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, gave £740 for Turner's 'Dawn of Christianity,' and a few weeks since he got only 320 guineas for his purchase. In 1853 the same gentleman gave £135 for Turner's 'Glaucus and Scylla,' and now thinks himself fortunate in obtaining 280 guineas for his once over-estimated acquisition."—The Builder says a monument is about to be erected in Seville to the memory of Murillo, the prince of Andalusian painters, and a subscription has been opened in Seville and in Madrid for the purpose. Senor Medini is to be the sculptor.—The Calcutta Phoenix reports that the ex-king of Oude will shortly be released from confinement, and permitted to return to his house, which is being refitted for his reception.

Edgar Quinet.

M. Charles Louis Chassin has just published "Edgar Quinet, his Life and Works." Quinet was born at Bourges in the department of the Aisne, in 1803. He studied law, but relinquished the profession to devote himself to literature. His first production was a little work called the "Wandering Jew." His health becoming impaired by too close application to study, he went to England, and afterward to Germany, where he completed the translation of Herder's "Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit." He joined a scientific expedition to the Moors, and upon his return published the result of his observations. He became a professor in the Faculty of Letters at Lyons in 1839, and in 1840 was appointed to the chair of the Literature of the South of Europe, in the College of France. He wrote in verse as well as prose, and distinguished himself by his controversy with the Jesuits, upon the question of the liberty of instruction which they claimed.

### Endurance of Horses.

Some curious experiments have been made at the veterinary school at Alfort (just outside of Paris), by order of the minister of war, to ascertain the endurance of horses, as in a besieged town for example. It appeared that a horse will live on water alone for five and twenty days, seventeen days without eating or drinking; only five days if fed but unwatered; ten days if fed but insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days drank one hundred and four pounds of water in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately after "feed," and kept in the active exercise of the "squadron school," completely digested its "feed" in three hours; in the same time in the company's school its food was two-thirds digested, and it kept perfectly quiet in the stable its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours.

### Bohemian Music.

A volume by Dr. Liszt on "The Bohemians and their Music," is announced in France. M. Liszt is, or has been, with all his eccentricities, a wonderful pianist. He is a composer of some consideration also, and has a profound knowledge of and feeling for music. He is a keen observer, and paints scenery with great precision and effect. He has already published some essays and a volume of poetry, and some of his letters to the "Gazette Musicale" are full of interest. He is a peasant born, and first saw the light at Rading in Hungary. Probably the most agreeable permanent result of his rich and varied gifts will be this volume upon the melodious, song-loving Bohemians.

Sale of MSS. in London.

A great sale of MSS. books has just taken place in London. Some are as early as the seventh century. Americans have been rivals to the English collectors in purchasing, and missals, breviaries, and monastic chronicles are departing for the land which, at the time of their production, knew only of possums and kangaroos, and their savage hunters. Some of the MSS. are remarkable for the beauty of their illuminations, miniatures and initial letters, and for the general excellence and finish of their execution.

## Rothschild and Cavour.

One of the visitors who thronged the ante chambers of Count Cavour, when in Paris, was Bar n de Rothschild. After the first greetings, the facetious Piedmontese minister said—"Well, M. de Rothschild, would you not be enchanted to learn that I had tendered my resignation? You would see the funds rise at least three per cent. in one day." The baron responded—"O, my dear count, you are worth more than that; we should halt your fall with a rise of four per cent. at least."

## Wellington and Napoleon.

An American writing from London, says: "Within the space of twenty-four hours, I have stood by the side of the late Duke of Wellington's tomb, in one of the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral, in this city, and also before the magnificent porphyry sarcophagus of the Emperor Napoleon, in one of the crypts of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. Such an incident in one's life cannot fail to excite emotions of the deepest character."<sup>1</sup>

## Austria and France.

In the war between these powers, the Austrian government would encounter numberless difficulties which would not embarrass the action of France. A French fleet from Toulon might land troops at Venice, Ravenna or Ancona, and the Austrian army would thus be taken between two fires.

**French Troops.**

Louis Napoleon has ordered all soldiers on furlough to rejoin their regiments—a measure which will add 150,000 men to the strength of the French army. They say he has directed the generals commanding divisions of the "army of Lyons" to prepare for moving their troops.

Riot at Bologna.

A seditious riot took place among the students at Bologna. The troops were obliged to fire upon them, and several persons were wounded.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIR OF THEOPHILUS PARSONS. WITH NOTICES OF SOME  
OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES By his son THEOPHILUS PAR-  
SONS Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 476.  
1859

This may be considered a model biography of the late eminent chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. The learned and accomplished author has, as far as possible, delineated the character of his father by means of letters and extracts from his works, so that it is in a great measure autobiographical. Sketches of eminent contemporaries of the chief justice give an additional value to the volume.

**MUSIC**—**Oliver Ditson & Co.** 277 Washington Street, have published **Händel's Sacred Oratorio of the Messiah** (composed in 1741), in vocal score, with a separate acccompaniment for organ or piano forte. Edited by V. Novello. The work is portable in size, elegantly printed, and bound in crimson and gold. They have also published "Our Native Land, our Happy Land," written and composed by F. Parnell; "Song of our Native Land," an Irish melody, varied for the piano by W. Vincent Wallace; "State Capital & Shottish," by Henry C. Orth; "Our American Cousin Polka," by A. Neumann.

**HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.** By **JONATHAN SLICK, Esq.** With humorous illustrations. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo.

A volume of letters written in the genuine Yankee dialect, describing the impressions made upon a Connecticut man, by scenes in the fashionable circles of the great American metropolis. It is excessively droll, and full of incident and adventure. It is a nice book for summer travellers to beguile the tediousness of railroad journeys. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown, and Brown, Tuggard & Chase.

REV. DR. CHAPIN'S DISCOURSES.

Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York, have just published in pamphlet form two addresses recently delivered by Rev. E. L. Chapin on the "Evils of Gaming," and a "Shameful Life." They are replete with thought, argument, sentiment and burning eloquence, and are among the best productions of their celebrated author.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND. A story of the heart. By MRS. ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD, author of "Zingara the Gipsy," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo pp. 375.

A spirited and interesting story from the pen of a highly gifted woman, who always writes with energy and always succeeds in interesting her readers. Boston Shepard, Clark & Brown.

WEAVERLEY NOVELS.

We would again call attention to Messrs. Peterson's cheap and handsome edition of Scott's Novels. The entire set will be furnished free of postage on a remittance of five dollars. Send to T B Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street Philadelphia. Shepard, Clark & Brown of this city also have them.

POEMS BY OWEN MEREDITH. Boston. Ticknor & Fields  
18mo. pp. 514.

The complete works of Owen Meredith, in a new and complete edition, with the "Blue and Gold" edition of the poems, which will be welcomed by all who recognize in the author's writings a true inspiration, a rich fancy, glowing language and a wide reach of subject and thought. Owen Meredith holds a front rank among modern English poets.



**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS**—The immense circulation of the Pictorial makes it a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is *permanently* and not as an advertisement being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent part of the advertiser's business for years to come.

**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING**—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

#### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

#### CURE

Indigestion.	Indigestion.
Dyspepsia.	Dyspepsia.
Heartburn.	Heartburn.
Water Brash.	Water Brash.
Flatulency.	Flatulency.
Acidity.	Acidity.
Jaundice.	Jaundice.
Nervousness.	Nervousness.
Bilious Habit.	Bilious Habit.
General Debility.	General Debility.
Liver Complaint.	Liver Complaint.
Fever and Ague.	

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

#### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

The accounts received from persons who have used and been cured by this Remedy, are truly surprising. Diseases which had baffled the power of medicine for years, have at once yielded to the all-healing and the all-powerful.

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

#### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Proprietors, Boston. For sale by Druggists, Agents and Dealers in Medicine, both in city and country.

EVERYWHERE.

### POPULAR BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

**BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,**  
BOSTON.

- 1st **PILLAR OF FIRE.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.  
21 **SPURGEON'S SERMONS.** 5th series.  
3d **LIFE OF WASHINGTON.** By WASHINGTON JAYNE.  
4th **NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT.** By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Any of the popular books of the day sent to any address, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the retail price.

**BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,**  
Publishers, Boston.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kneass, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.,** Dorchester, Mass.

### PATENT GLASS LETTERS AND NUMERALS,

#### IN A VARIETY OF COLORS,

Firmly Affixed on Plate and Sheet Glass, Window Panes, etc.,

BY THE PATENT GLASS LETTER CO.,

143 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
E. H. RICE, AGENT,  
109 Court Street, Boston.

Letters and Numerals in Gold, Silver, Ruby, Blue, Amber, etc.  
In ordering please give the size of Glass on which the letters are to be placed.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.  
**MICROSCOPES!**

**POWERFUL** single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A 1/2" lens resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set with instructions in the manner of using or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.50 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.  
An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense.

**CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,**  
Room No. 2, 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.  
2w may 21

### OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE,

#### BOSTON.

New Parasols, Cheap!  
New Embroideries.  
New Ribbons.  
New White Goods.  
New Linen Goods,  
New Embroidered Hdkfs.  
New Thread Laces.  
New Linen Cambrics.  
New Skirts, made from fine Jaconet.  
Cambrics Tucked, a very desirable article.

### EXAMINE.

Our prices are such that you will not leave without buying something.

### CUSHMAN & BROOKS.

### ECONOMISE!

TO FAMILIES IN THE COUNTRY.

Everybody has heard of the famous

### CHINA TEA WAREHOUSE,

198 Washington St., Boston.

And there is hardly a family within twenty miles of Boston where our

### TEAS AND COFFEES.

Are not used. We sell every description of

### GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

And our prices range from 25 cents per pound up to one dollar. We sell good family tea (black) for 35 cents, by the package of five pounds; also good Young Hyson (green) for 35 cents.

The above teas are as good as are usually sold in country stores for 60 cents per pound.

### WE BUY MORE TEAS AND COFFEES.

And sell more and cheaper than any other establishment in New England.

Our COFFEES are FRESH every day, and for purity are unrivalled.

Teas neatly packed in ten pound chests, for family use.

For the convenience of those going to the railroads, we have.

### BRANCH STORES

At No. 65 Union Street, two doors from the corner of Hanover Street (red store).

At 110 Court Street (store painted red).

At corner of Beach and Albany Streets.

At corner of Washington and Pine Streets.

Call on us when you come to Boston, and give our goods a trial.

Orders solicited by express.

**THOMAS G. WHYTEAL,**  
may 11 4w 198 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

### RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO.

This much looked for work, by the author of "The Modern School," is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be issued. "WAIT AND GET THE BEST."

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.**  
277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### ALTERNATIVE.

THE subtle chemical vital affinities are ever at work for the waste or renovation of the tissues. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, with its chemical element iron, presents to the laboratory of life an agent ever active, and can never be absent without derangement of the vital functions. In this slow and alternative process, it is truly a renovating and life-giving medicine.

### WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS REMEDY has long commended itself to the most favorable opinion of all by its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate and painful cases of COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, and CROUP, while CONSUMPTION in many instances has succumbed to its influence when all other known remedies had failed to relieve.

The wide-spread and general use of this Balsam, together with the great good it has performed for the last quarter of a century, proves emphatically that the past has discovered no remedy approaching it in value.

The only GENUINE is prepared by **SETH W. FOWLE & Co.**, Boston, and is for sale everywhere. 7 3m.

### Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

#### FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.

TRIED AND APPROVED BY AN UNPRECEDENTED SALE OF OVER THIRTY YEARS STANDING.

Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, New York (late Boston), formerly President of Lane Theological Seminary, Ohio, writes:

"Gentlemen.—I have used the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam* myself with benefit in Catarrhal Colds and Coughs, and have known it to be used with good effects in the early stages of Pulmonary Affections in families around me."

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME.

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM"

Prepared only by **REED, CUTLER & CO.**, Druggists, 23 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by Apothecaries and Country Merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents. 14w 3m. 9

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

#### HENRY H. TUTTLE,

Nos. 259 and 261 WASHINGTON STREET.

Is receiving by every steamer to this port, PARIS MADE BOOTS AND SHOES of American manufacture, his assortment is very full and complete, comprising all the most desirable styles for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys and Children. 4w ap 30

\$30. GRAY'S \$30.

### Double Thread Sewing Machine.

of **L. TURNER, Agt., No. 63 Court St.** ap 23

### Smoke—Smokers—Smoking.

RECEIVING per each steamer a superior assortment of MEERSCHAUM PIPE, TUBES and TRIMMINGS. Pipes repaired and MOUNTED in any variety of style. **FREDERICK BROWN**, Apothecary, 68 Washington, cor. of State Street may 7th

### BRITISH POETS.

PUBLISHED BY

**LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,**

112 WASHINGTON STREET,  
BOSTON

A Complete Collection of the British Poets,

From CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH.

HANDSOMELY PRINTED IN NEAT 16mo VOLUMES

Price 75 Cents per Volume.

EACH WORK SOLD SEPARATELY.

THIS Collection, of which more than one hundred volumes are already issued, is intended to embrace the whole works of the most distinguished authors, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, with selections from the minor poets, accompanied with biographical, historical and critical notices and portraits—the whole forming a far more complete, elegant and cheap edition of the British Poets than has ever appeared before.

The numerous testimonials to the excellence of this series, which the publishers have received, both from the press and the public, in all parts of the country, would seem to indicate that a popular want has been met by this edition, which is universally acknowledged to be the best ever issued, both in point of editorship and mechanical execution.

The following are now ready:

Akenside	1 vol	Milton	3 vols
Baillie	8 vols	Montgomery	5 vols
Beattie	1 vol	Moore	6 vols
Butler	2 vols	Parnell and Tickell	1 vol
Campbell	1 vol	Pope	3 vols
Cattermole	2 vols	Prior	2 vols
Chaucer	3 vols	Scott	9 vols
Coleridge	3 vols	Shakespeare	1 vol
Colman	1 vol	Shelley	3 vols
Cowper	3 vols	Skelton	3 vols
Dunbar	1 vol	Spenser	5 vols
Dryden	5 vols	Surrey	1 vol
Falconer	1 vol	Swift	3 vols
Gay	2 vols	Thomson	2 vols
Goldsmith	1 vol	Wagham	1 vol
Gray	1 vol	Watts	1 vol
Herbert	1 vol	White	1 vol
Herrick	2 vols	Wordsworth	7 vols
Hood	4 vols	Wyatt	1 vol
Keats	1 vol	Young	2 vols
Marvell	1 vol		

"This series of the British Poets is by far the best collection we have any where met with."—*N. Y. Times*.

"We cannot speak too highly in praise of this edition—the only one that deserves the name of complete of the British Poets."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"A more beautiful and complete edition of each poet than that furnished in this series cannot be found, and certainly it does not seem possible that the force of cheapness can any further go."—*Southern Literary Gazette*.

"We cannot forbear to say that this whole collection is at once a monument of the best taste and the highest critical skill, and a rare specimen of beautiful mechanical execution. Take it all in all, we do not hesitate to say that it is decidedly superior to any other edition of the British Poets that we have met with."—*Albany Evening Journal*.

"Every author introduced into this series is edited with the utmost care, and the whole is intended to form the most complete set of English Poets ever published."—*Boston Recorder*.

"This edition should grace every library, public and private, and he that may own it may not have cause to envy any one the possession of any other edition."—*Louisville Journal*.

"A finer printed, a more tasteful or more valuable set of books cannot be placed in any library."—*New York Courier and Enquirer*.

"The best, the most permanently valuable, the most convenient, and the cheapest edition of the standard poetical literature of Great Britain ever published."—*Home Journal*.

"We regard it as the most beautiful and convenient library edition of the British Poets yet published."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"We do not know any other edition of the English Poets which combines so much excellence."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

"We warmly commend it, and wish it a success proportioned to its merits."—*Brownson's Review*.

"This series is the most elegant, the most perfect, that has been issued in this country."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Undoubtedly the cheapest and most attractive collection of the British Poets ever published."—*Richmond Examiner* may 14 3w

### THE GRAND AQUARIA,

—AT THE—

**AQUARIAL GARDENS,**

**NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.**

THIS magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M.

These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most exquisitely interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of taste and refinement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of *Life beneath the waters*.

Admission, 25 cents; children under ten years of age, 15 cents. 17w CUTTING & BUTLER, Proprietors.

### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

### COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

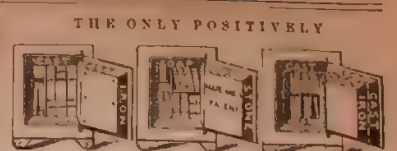
Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

**W. H. P. DAVIS,** Attorney, 25 State St., Boston.

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**

### STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

3m 15 NO. 3 WINTER STREET



### FIRE PROOF SAFE

IS THE

### MARLAND'S PATENT.

LIST OF AGENTS

STEPHEN MANSUR, Merchant, Lowell, Mass.

C. FOSTER & Co., Worcester, Mass.

HOMER FOOTE & Co., Springfield, "

GEORGE A. BOURNE, Auctioneer, New Bedford, Mass.

WARD & HUMPHREY, Merchants, Concord, N. H.

E. O. KENNEY, Littleton, N. H.

FREDERICK SMYTH, Manchester, N. H.

L. D. SMITH, Waterbury, Conn.

HASKELL & MORRIS, " " " "

C. I. SHERWIN, " " " "

J. J. DUNCKLE, " Burlington, Vt.

H. A. SHELTON, County Treasurer, Middlebury, Vt.

SCOTT & BROOKS, Merchants, Montpelier, Vt.

ISAAC BRIDGE, " New Orleans, La.

M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HARDY,

Manufacturers, 32 School St. Boston, Mass.

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

No. 89 and 93 MILK STREET, and 91 CONGRESS ST.,

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions

of Paper, Paper Stock, and

Manufacturers' Materials, Print-

ing, Writing, and Colored

Papers, of every variety,

MADE TO ORDER.

ap 30 3m

### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can rival them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE.

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

"ARK YOU GETTING BARE?" is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hypnotic Fluid is the great restorer of Hair, all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, **W. BOGLE**, 209 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's. BOSTON 4w ap 30

### DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

**KILBURN & MALLORY,**

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. 3m 12

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Prevents the Hair falling off.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Promotes its healthy Growth.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Soothes the Irritated Scalp Skin.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Gives New Life to the Hair.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Subdues Refractory Hair.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Kills Dandruff.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Is not Greasy or Sticky.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Is not an Alcoholic Wash.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Leaves no Disagreeable Odor.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Affords the richest Lustre.

### Burnett's Cocoaine

Remains Longest in Effect.







# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVI., No. 22...WHOLE No. 414.

## AQUARIAN EXHIBITION, BROMFIELD ST.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and accurately delineates the interior of the elegant hall, No. 21, Bromfield Street, with its aquaria, the most attractive exhibition in the city. The "Aquarial Gardens," as they are called, are fitted up in a style of elegance and completeness of which no one can form an idea who has not seen them. The spacious hall is admirably lighted, and on a broad circular counter are arranged a large number of tanks, with marble ends and plate glass sides, containing a very great variety of marine plants, pebbles, crystals, and filled with curious and interesting specimens of the finny tribes. In the centre of the hall is a vast octagonal glass tank, which is now the residence of a pair of huge sturgeons, who share their dwelling with a family of perch. The capacity of the aquaria varies from ten to twenty gallons. They are perfectly transparent, and, furnished with rocks, sand and sea-weed, afford a lively representation of actual submarine scenery. The rocks are arranged with great taste, forming, in some instances, very perfect grottoes, and along these miniature beaches and submarine groves, the animals rove, disport, build their nests, seize their prey, and pass through the different phases of their existence

with perfect freedom. It is quite amusing to witness their ease and unconsciousness. Sometimes a large fish will come toward the glass side of his abode, "bows on," scrutinize an admiring visitor, and then turn aside with a careless air of aristocratic indifference. The water is never changed, but air tubes passing through each tank, keep the surface in a constant state of ebullition. One is struck at first with the variety of form and color in the submarine vegetation. Nothing is more graceful than the forms of many of the plants, and though the colors are of the tertiary order, they are pleasing and harmonious. Of the living tenants of their fairy abodes, the most surprising are the Actinias, or Sea Anemones. They have all the delicacy and beauty of a garden flower, and yet are living creatures. The seeming petals are arms with which they grasp their prey. It was once thought that they formed a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The specimens obtained were found adhering closely to rocks, and it was inferred that they drew their nourishment through the medium of roots, like plants. It is now known that they are capable of locomotion, that they have a mouth, or stomach, like all true animals and tentacles, with which they seize their prey. In one aquarium is the Monobranchus, from Lake Superior, a curious creature,

looking like a sort of elongated toad, or a cross between a chameleon and a fish, with a dark mottled skin, and two pair of arms with which it propels itself, steering with its tail. And here is the Sea Raven, or Hemitripterus Americanus, from our own bay, a formidable monster in appearance, but perfectly harmless, except to the hooks and lines of the fishermen. Here, sporting in their native element, you may see the speckled trout, with their variegated golden side, and dots of vermilion. In another tank is a family of turtles. Their apartment is fitted up with great taste, decorated with algae and a pile of picturesque rocks, on the summit of which they are fond of lying lazily with their backs and noses above the bubbling water. In another compartment we have flounders and smelts. The curious jelly-fish and the pipe-fish are embraced in the collection, also, the glorious golden carp of China, once such a rarity, and now so numerous and so prized as an ornament in this country. The interesting family of stickle-backs are here displayed to great advantage. A collection of minnows, including the variegated sheep's-head minnow, is well worthy of study. Indeed, within the circle of the hall may be found a never-ending field of investigation and delight. The animation of the fishes, their various habits and pursuits, the display of

their ingenuity and their peculiarities, is an unfailing source of amusement and instruction. A man might almost be reconciled to a long term of imprisonment, if he had these aquaria to occupy his time. No wonder then, that this exhibition has been a brilliant and emphatic success, and that young and old crowd the hall daily. But if you are weary with looking at fishes, you have only to turn to the range of powerful microscopes on the table at the farther end of the hall, and if you are not very familiar with the instrument, a new world will be revealed to you by its magic. Just glance at this drop of Cochin water—do you see what ugly and active shapes you swallow in myriads daily? Or look at this drop of sour yeast; hundreds of little thread-like snakes are coiling and wriggling together there incessantly. But here are half a dozen seeds of the portulacca transformed into a pile of exquisite pearly shells with rainbow tints. Let us look at the curious reticulations of a fly's eye, or the elaborate structure of a spider's foot. But the most splendid sight of all is the diamond beetle. Under the lenses, it becomes a gorgeous hoap of gems, brilliant with every prismatic hue. With those sights fresh in our memory, the madness of Fitz James O'Brien's microscopist seems but natural, and we can understand how the love of the instrument can become a passion.



THE AQUARIAL GARDENS, BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE PAINTER OF PADUA.

A Story of an Unfinished Picture.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

I stood entranced before the picture. It was scarcely half completed; the coloring in some parts was glaring and unnatural, and the drawing imperfect, and yet it possessed a weird fascination which attracted the attention of everybody that visited the gallery. I had been a week in Padua, and every day during my stay I had passed at least an hour before that half-finished picture, sometimes protracting my study until the dinner hour at my hotel had passed away, so completely was I absorbed in contemplation. Had the picture been completed, I don't think it would have fascinated me so much. I know that the day when I first visited the gallery, or studio—for it was both combined—I passed it carelessly, scarcely bestowing upon it a glance. It was only when as I was about to quit the apartment, and chanced to cast my eyes upon it for the third time, that I felt myself, as it were, rivetted to the spot, and in place of returning to my hotel, I stood before the canvass an hour longer. I fancy the charm consisted in the scope the half-finished picture permitted to the fancy of the gazer. Every one felt compelled to complete it with creations of his own imagining. I was accustomed to do so, and upon each repeated visit, I changed my plan, and I have listened to the remarks of many others upon whom the artist's skill had worked, and discovered that they were influenced in a similar manner.

Strange to say, I never caught the artist at work upon the picture, nor had any one whom I had spoken to upon the subject. All the foreigners in Padua appeared to be anxious to see the painter whose wizard brush had wrought so singular a charm. I can convey but a very faint idea of the picture, half-finished as it was, by attempting a pen and ink description. It was a sea, or perhaps I should say, an inland sea, or a river, or lake-shore view. It was impossible to ascertain, positively, to which class of pictures it properly belonged. There were lofty, ragged precipices, and wild mountain-passes, and a rocky beach in the foreground, and the waters presented that muddy, greenish tint, peculiar to the ocean near the land; yet this scenery might have befitted, equally as well, the shores of a lake, or the mouth of a large river, such as the Danube, or the Rhine, and the accessories of the picture, the dark pine forests, the partially cultivated fields, and the faint outline of the blue mountains in the background, seemed to favor the latter assumption. There were only two human figures delineated; one of these was a male figure wrapped in a cloak and almost concealed in the shadow of the cliff, at the base of which he was standing; the other, and the most prominent, was that of a female standing on the brink of a precipice, holding aloft a flaming torch and gazing into the distance. It was evening, the sun had gone down, but the gorgeous tints of a windy sunset still lingered in the horizon. Overhead the sky was obscured, dark, heavy masses of black clouds concealed the moon, whose presence was, however, distinctly proclaimed by the transparent, silver lining of the dark clouds; and the water was troubled, as one sees it on the sea-shore, or on the bosom of a lake, after a storm. But the charm of the picture consisted in the ghostlike aspect of the female figure, and in the lurid glare cast over the land and water by the torch, its red light mingling with the last faint gleam of twilight, and with the glitter and glimmer of the moonbeams struggling to penetrate through the dense clouds. It would have been a difficult matter to infer, had the female not carried a torch, whether the artist intended to represent a ghost or a material form. With a singular skill the painter had apparently rendered the figure so transparent that one fancied he could discern through it the scenery in the background, yet, upon closer examination, this was seen to be illusive. But the earth and sky, and water, each presented a similarly illusive aspect. It was unnatural. It looked like a mirage in the air, which might dissolve in a moment, more than a painting of real scenery, but for this very reason it fascinated the beholder.

Though I had not seen the artist, it was evident that he was still working upon his picture. Every day there was something added, or something painted out, yet he progressed slowly, as if he found it difficult to satisfy himself—perhaps

found himself unable to transfer to the canvass the creations of his imagination.

There were a great number of strangers in Padua at this period, but whether the artist was a native of the city or a stranger, I could not for a time discover, until one evening, while walking in the outskirts of the city, I came, accidentally, upon a gentleman whom I had frequently seen at the hotel. Indeed he had sometimes sat next me at the *table d'hôte*, and once or twice I had addressed him with some common-place remark, which he had answered so curtly that I sought not to improve the occasion. He appeared rather to shrink from conversation, and yet, stranger as I was, I would have liked to have formed an intimacy with him, for there was something in his appearance which both pleased me and awakened my curiosity. He was now gazing intently at a glorious sunset. The pathway on which he was standing was so narrow that I could not pass him without stepping aside. He started as I approached, and observing this, made way for me.

"I see, sir," said I, "that you are admiring this beautiful Italian sunset. We see none like it elsewhere. The tints, to a foreigner, seem unnaturally vivid. Few artists would dare, even if they were able, to transfer them to canvass, and yet there is an unfinished picture in the gallery in the Strada Paulo, upon which the painter, whoever he may be, has employed wonderful skill. Though charmed with his picture, as every spectator appears to be, I have, hitherto, thought the coloring unnatural, but I now acknowledge that he has succeeded in painting just such a brilliant scene as this before us. I allude to the picture—you must have seen it—in which the last fading glories of the sunset, after a storm, are mingling with the struggling moonbeams and with the light of a torch, carried by a female. The torch-light, bright and ruddy as the glare from yonder heap of brushwood blazing in front of that fisherman's cot beneath us, on the banks of the river, sheds an unearthly glow over the entire picture."

I had been betrayed, unconsciously, into this long speech, for while I was speaking, fire had been applied to the heap of brushwood, and I had been struck with the effect produced by the rare combination of lights, above, before and around me, and with the singular truthfulness to nature displayed by the unknown artist in his picture, in which similar lights were blended. I turned my head toward the gentleman to whom I had been speaking. He was gazing earnestly upon me, but now he started, and his usually pale face was suffused with a deep blush, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said: "Do you think so? O, that I could believe it was the case, myself,"—but observing my look of astonishment, he hesitated, as if he felt that he had been betrayed into saying too much.

"Pardon me, sir," said I. "I was not aware to whom I was speaking. That is evidence sufficient that my words were not those of flattery. I perceive that you are the painter?"

"I am," replied the stranger.

I extended my hand; he readily received it in his own and shook it heartily, but said nothing more. However, the ice was broken. I made some further allusions to the exquisite beauty of the scenery around us, to which, after a while, he responded, and as it was growing late, we returned to the city together. I spoke of the painting, of the singular charm it possessed of fixing upon it, in its incomplete condition, the attention of the visitors to the gallery, even to the neglect of finished pictures.

"Your praise is flattering to the artist," said my companion, "but I feel that I have undertaken a task which is beyond my ability to execute. I ask no greater boon from Heaven than that I may live to complete this work. I could then die content."

Again I looked at the speaker. His countenance was glowing with enthusiasm. It was a fine face; the head was well-formed, the forehead rather broad than high, and the features bold and regular; but what rendered it especially remarkable, was the gray hair. It was altogether out of keeping in so young a man, for the painter could not have exceeded his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year.

We had walked on for some time in silence, when he suddenly addressed me: "You must think me a very poor companion, but in truth my whole soul is so occupied with my picture that I think of nothing else. I work at it alone in the early morning before the gallery is crowded with visitors, and at night when the visitors

have retired. I am weary during the hours that I am not employed upon it, and I dream of it in my slumbers—yes, that is my happiest time, for then I fancy that my task is completed, and that fame, yes, fame! all that is worth living for, is mine. But I wake in the morning and find how little I have really done; how much I have yet to do!" He heaved a deep sigh and again relapsed into silence.

"Is the scene laid in Italy?" I inquired, after proceeding for some distance without speaking. I was curious to know more both of the artist and the picture. "Yea, I should judge, are no more than myself an Italian?"

"An Italian? No—you are right. I am not an Italian, I am a German. Neither is the scene laid in Italy."

"It must have taken a strong hold of your imagination thus to engross your whole time, your every thought?"

"A strong hold of my imagination!" he repeated after me. "Well it may!" Raising his hat from his head, he directed my attention to the gray hair which had attracted my notice the first time I saw him. "Do you see my hair?" said he. "Three years ago it was as dark as your own. I had not then visited the spot whence the picture is taken. I had not then encountered the adventure which led to the conception of the picture. But for three years my hair has been as gray as you see it now."

I expressed my astonishment, and as delicately as possible intimated my desire to learn more relative to the subject.

"I have never told the story to mortal man," returned my companion. "But this silence, this tension, this constant thought, is killing me. Perhaps I should feel better if I had a confidant. I had almost vowed that no one should know the story until the painting is finished. But I will rest from my labors to-night. Come to my room in the hotel, at eight o'clock, if you think the story of a poor painter will interest you, and you shall know what it was that urged me to commence this task which sometimes appears to me to be hopeless."

"I will come with pleasure," I replied, as we separated at the door of the hotel. It was then seven o'clock. I was impatient for the intervening hour to pass away. I felt my previous curiosity regarding the picture doubly stimulated, now that I had conversed with the painter, and had listened to his singular hint respecting the adventure which had led him to conceive the subject.

Everybody that has travelled on the continent of Europe is aware that it is the custom of those persons who do not journey *a la Grand Seigneur*, to engage an apartment on the second, third, fourth or fifth story, according to the condition of their finances or the economy of their disposition, and to breakfast, dine and sup at the *table d'hôte*. A man may meet on equal terms, every day at the *table d'hôte*, persons whom he would never think of making his companions or mingling with in the social circle. The *table d'hôte* is a great leveller. There the prince and the peasant, the man of genius and cultivation, and the horse jockey, meet on terms of perfect equality. I had met at the table for a week, some thirty individuals, not one of whom I was in the habit of meeting at any other place. The artist was, as I had anticipated, not overburdened with money. His room, as I learnt from the *commissionnaire*, was *au cinquième*, on the uppermost story of the hotel. A white-curtained French tent-bedstead, a table, and a bureau of stained wood, a small book-case of the like material, well filled with books, and a couple of rush bottomed chairs, constituted the entire furniture.

Herr Von Arnstein—that was the name of the artist, as I learnt from the card he had placed in my hand, was not in the room when I entered, but the chairs beside the table, and the lighted candles, and the open book, showed that he had only stepped out for a few moments. It may be rude, but it is a habit of mine of which I cannot break myself, to examine the books in the library whenever I find myself alone in the apartment of a stranger, if it happen to contain a library. One may gather some knowledge of the character, disposition, and even the mental calibre of a stranger, from the books in his library, especially from those which lie on the table, and which he is accustomed to read. I took the candlestick in my hand and examined the library shelves. The books they contained were mostly German and French, and relating to metaphysics. Shakespeare was the only Eng-

lish book in the case. I turned away, and taking a seat at the table, turned over the leaves of the volumes which lay thereon. There was a volume of "Rousseau," two novels of the German school of "Diablerie," and a volume of Goethe's "Faust," the last named evidently much read. "I suspected as much," I said, half-aloud.

At this moment Herr Von Arnstein entered the room, bringing with him a bottle of Rhine wine and a couple of wine glasses, which he had procured from the landlady below stairs.

"I was reading, and had forgotten that I had invited you to visit my humble lodging, until the last moment," he said, "so I stepped out for some wine. I do not keep it by me—I am not used to entertain company, but I am happy to see you."

He placed the wine-bottle and glasses on the table and produced from a closet the everlasting pipes and tobacco. We filled and lit our pipes, filled our glasses, and were soon chatting together as familiarly as if we had known each other for years. However, I very soon turned the conversation from general topics to the picture.

"Ah!" exclaimed the artist. "My poor picture! I wonder if I shall live to complete it?"

"Why not?"

"Because that which I paint to-day, does not satisfy me on the morrow, and I brush it out. I have dreamed since, my friend. I have dreamed—such dreams! O, that I could paint in my working hours, that which I picture in my dreams. But no! The dull body clogs the soul, partially freed from its encumbrance in the hours of slumber. I find it impossible!"

"You promised to relate to me the adventure which led you to conceive the subject of your painting, of which, by the way, I am still ignorant?"

"Ah! I recollect. It is a long story and a strange one. You have travelled far, Herr Marchmont. Were you ever on the Danube?"

"The Danube? It is a large river. I have crossed the stream in Bavaria near its source."

"It is not in Bavaria that I mean. I speak of the Danube where it rolls majestically into the Black Sea. There is one arm of the Danube which runs near the base of the Carpathian Mountains?"

"There I have never wandered."

"Then you have missed some of the wildest, the most savage, the most romantic scenery of which Europe can boast."

"It is there that you have laid the scene of your picture?"

"It is. Listen, my friend, I will tell you what befell me there three years ago. But first refill your pipe and glass. I was a young man then. I mean young in feeling, in hopes, in spirit, as well as young in years. I am now only twenty-six years old, but my youth has departed. In everything, excepting years, I am an old man. I could wish to live to finish my picture, and then—"

"To paint many more, and to enjoy the fame you will have well earned," I interrupted.

"No, no—that will never be," resumed the artist, shaking his head sorrowfully. "You see me now, my friend, seemingly healthful and cheerful. So I am when I am working at my picture, but at other times—ah! were it not for this, I should die—die, I fear, by my own hands. You know not how horrible—But what am I talking of? It was my adventure on the banks of that arm of the Danube which has its source beneath the Carpathian Mountains, that I was about to relate."

He had placed his hand upon a small box containing opium, as he was speaking. I no longer wondered at the vividness of the dreams of which he had spoken, nor at the sudden changes from hope and energy to despair, to which he had alluded. He was a victim to the baleful, deceitful drug!

"I was saying," he continued, "that when twenty-three years of age, I visited Gallacia, Moldavia, and made a tour amid the Carpathian Mountains. I had then just quitted the University of Göttingen, whither I had been sent by my father, to study law. But I resolved to become a painter. I could not endure the dry details of law-books. I was fond of other abstruse studies. I pondered for hours over volumes of metaphysics, but the law was my abhorrence. Besides I had imbibed a liking for the romances of *Diablerie*, for which the novelists of my native land are famous, and to these I devoted much of my time. Metaphysics and my pencil occupied the remainder."



"The result was that I threw my law-books aside, filled a knap-sack and slung it over my shoulders, and with easel and palette in hand, appeared unexpectedly one fine morning before my father, at Frankfort, and told him that I was going to make the tour of Europe on foot, and study its scenery, sketching as I journeyed along, in order to improve myself, with the hope of becoming, in time, a great painter. The good old man stormed and raved furiously.

"A great painter, forsooth!" cried he. "A great ass thou wilt make of thyself!" He threatened and coaxed by turns, but all was of no avail. My mind was made up. I asked for his blessing. He gave me his malediction. For means to travel with—for my father is wealthy and had always given me a liberal allowance—he refused to advance me a groschen. I bade him farewell until I had fulfilled his predictions and should return a great man, and arranging with a banker for the regular transmission of the sum of \$500 per annum, a small fortune which I had inherited from my mother, to certain places which I mentioned, at specified periods, I started on my journey.

"I journeyed through Germany, Austria, Italy and Turkey, until I found myself at the mouth of the Danube, on the shores of the Euxine. Following up that lesser arm of the great river, which has its source amongst the Carpathian Mountains, I reached a romantic spot, where I resolved to remain for some time and sketch the surrounding scenery.

"At the base of a range of rugged precipices, the river, which had narrowed considerably, widened into a broad lake. A stranger, suddenly transported to the spot, would have imagined himself on the shores of some inland sea, so wide and so rough, even in tolerably fair weather, was the sheet of water, and so deceptive to the eye, in consequence of its winding round the base of the cliffs, thus apparently augmenting its really narrow limits. But, although bare and rugged cliffs, intersected with perilous passes and a sheet of stormy water, were the prominent features of the scenery, there were cultivated fields, and gently rising hills, and lovely and fertile valleys in the background, amid which cottages and farm-houses snugly nestled, the abodes of a primitive and ignorant, yet happy and contented peasantry. In one of these farm-houses I took up my abode; my lodgings were humble, but comfortable and cleanly, and suitable to my somewhat slender finances. Money was scarce among these simple people, and such plain, yet wholesome fare as they lived upon, was abundant. They thought I paid like a prince when I offered the farmer one rix dollar a week.

"The family consisted of the farmer, whose name was Alexis Bolschen, his wife, a kind, hospitable old dame, fat, jovial and active, despite her sixty years, and the daughter of the worthy pair, Katrina Bolschen, a maiden of sixteen, so exquisitely beautiful in form and feature, that, had her lot been cast in a loftier sphere of society, she would have outshone the brightest beauties of the gay court of Vienna.

"I had resided with the family five or six weeks, and had become quite intimate with them and their neighbors. Sometimes, when Katrina's day's labor was over, she would accompany me on a ramble along the shore of the river, or amid the passes in the cliffs, gazing with admiration at the wondrous skill with which, in her opinion, I transferred to my sketch-book her favorite haunts amidst the wild scenery. At other times, I would sit in the porch before the cottage door, and while the farmer, and, perchance, a neighbor, sat smoking their pipes comfortably after a hard day's labor in the fields or on the mountain ridges, and dame Bolschen and Katrina busily plied the spinning-wheel, I would tell them tales of distant lands and of great cities, such as they had never seen, and the simple listeners would open their eyes with wonder and utter exclamations of admiration, and when I was tired of talking, the old farmer would bid Katrina sing one of the simple songs of the country, telling of the gallant deeds of the Galicians of ancient days, or recording the desperate adventures of travellers who had encountered the banditti in the mountains, and sometimes she would trill forth a simple ditty, telling of the loves and trials of some fond pair among the youthful peasantry of the valleys.

"She needed not—pretty Katrina—any urgent pressing to sing as fine ladies do. She knew her songs pleased her father and mother, and me, and she liked to sing to please herself, and I felt

more pleasure in listening to her sweet, soft voice, to which the dropping water from a little cataract near by added a sweet accompaniment, while the mountain pines resounded a faint echo, than in listening to the finest opera the theatre of San Carlos could produce.

"You may imagine that I was in love with Katrina? Not so, my friend. I liked to see the pretty maiden. I liked to hear her gentle voice, or her joyous laugh, and to listen to her artless music, but I had left my heart in the keeping of a maiden as fair to my eyes as Katrina, who lived in my native city, Frankfort. Besides I had learnt that Katrina had a lover, a brave and handsome young fisherman of the Danube, who was at this time absent with his boat on a voyage to Odessa, whither he had gone to dispose of the fish he had caught and salted down during the last season. He was soon expected home, Katrina told me. Her love was innocent and pure, and she was neither ashamed to confess it, nor to talk of her lover.

"And when shall you be married, Katrina?" I asked her, one evening, when we were standing together on the cliff, looking across the wide sheet of troubled water. Katrina had just been sounding her lover's praises, and wishing that he would hasten his return.

"When Hermann has saved money enough to build a house for himself, and to buy some cows, and rent a farm," replied Katrina. "My father says I must not marry until Hermann is able to remain at home in the valley. And I, when he is my husband, shall not like him to go away with his boat on the stormy Danube. You see, Herr Marchmont, the Danube is very rough and stormy sometimes."

"And will that be long, Katrina?" I asked.

"No—not long. Hermann has laid by a good deal of money now. Another year, perhaps. You know, mein Herr, I am yet very young, and I am very happy now, for I live with my father and mother, and I know that Hermann loves me well."

"And how long has Hermann been your lover?"

"Katrina laughed merrily. 'So long,' she said, 'I can't remember. Since we were children together—dear Hermann and I!'

"By-and-by I thought of leaving the secluded valley and of pursuing my journey, but I was pressed to remain, and I promised to stay a month longer. And now there came visitors to the valley. Austrian officers and soldiers, who had been sent by the government to levy taxes and to draw soldiers by conscript. The commandant, a handsome man of thirty five or forty, whose brilliant uniform of white and gold set off his fine, tall, well-proportioned figure to advantage, billeted himself at Farmer Bolschen's cottage.

"They were not very welcome, those officers and soldiers, for the people of the valley thought they were already sufficiently taxed, and the young girls did not want their sweethearts to be drawn for soldiers. Still, a good many of the young men who listened to the stories told by the soldiers, of glory and riches, and fame, volunteered to leave the valley and go back with them to Vienna, so that there was scarcely any necessity to exercise the conscription.

"Before the colonel had been a week in the valley, I perceived that he was greatly struck with the innocence and beauty of Katrina, and she, poor child, knowing no evil and fearing none, would accompany him, at his invitation, in his evening walks. She was pleased with his attentions, and delighted with the little presents he made her, and very soon she was as free and familiar with him as if she had known him for years.

"I did not like to see this, because, notwithstanding Katrina's innocence and guilelessness, I feared harm would come out of it, more especially when one day I saw the officer in earnest conversation with Farmer Bolschen, and noticed that his glance was frequently directed toward Katrina, who was in the barnyard feeding the fowls.

"That evening the farmer sat moodily smoking his pipe, and did not, as was his wont, join in the merry conversation, or ask Katrina to sing. But once or twice I noticed that he directed a strange glance toward his daughter, half of pride, half of pity and regret.

"The next day I noticed the farmer and the colonel again in earnest conversation, and, after a little while, Dame Bolschen joined them, and that evening the farmer and Colonel Von Heldburg strolled together along the path on the sum-

mit of the cliff, but it was not to look at the scenery, for I watched them, and all the time they were in close conversation, and the colonel seemed to be pleading earnestly.

"I think it was two evenings after this walk, when Katrina came up to me as I was sketching a sunset on the banks of the river—not gaily and with a light, bounding step, as she usually came, but slowly, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, as if she was troubled about something, and when I asked her what was the matter, and why she sighed so sadly, for I could see her bosom heave, and hear her long-drawn respirations, she did not answer me, but burst into tears.

"I put aside my pencil and tablets, and seating myself on the turf, told Katrina to sit down beside me, and having comforted her in some measure, I asked her again what ailed her.

"O, Herr Marchmont!" she said, sobbing the while, "I wish Hermann Krootz would come home, or that Colonel Von Heldburg would leave the valley. O, why did he come here, when we were so happy?"

"Tears checked her further utterance; but I guessed the rest. My suspicions were confirmed. That was all. By degrees, I learnt from the weeping girl the whole story. Her father and mother had called her aside and told her that Colonel Von Heldburg had asked their permission to take Katrina to Vienna and make her his wife. The colonel was very rich and powerful, and he had promised to purchase for the farmer and his dame the farm which they had rented, and to bestow presents upon them besides, which would make them not only the richest folks in the valley, but in the whole country round. He had dazzled their simple minds with stories of the grandeur and wealth which would be Katrina's when she became his wife, and of the admiration which her beauty would call forth from the noblest and proudest in the great city of Vienna, and at last they had consented, and had called their daughter and repeated to her what the officer had said, and bade her to forget the poor fisherman, Hermann Krootz.

"Poor Hermann! Never, never!" cried Katrina, vehemently. "Sooner than forget Hermann, I would throw myself from this cliff, and so end my life in the midst of the dark, rolling tide beneath. Hermann would die too, and then we should be happy together in another world!"

"I had never imagined the gentle maiden was capable of such passion. Her form dilated, she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven as she spoke, as if appealing to God for assistance. I was alarmed, lest in her excitement she would immediately put her threat into execution.

"I spoke to her soothingly, urged her to be firm, but patient, advised her to avoid the colonel as much as possible, and to tell her parents that, although in everything else she would accede to their wishes, she never could give up her betrothed lover.

"After this I saw that she did all she could to avoid the colonel, but he found many ways, assisted as he was by her parents, to meet her alone, and he would speak to her earnestly, but always gently and friendly, though she seldom replied. Her parents, too, often pleaded earnestly with her, and sometimes appeared to be vexed at the pertinacity with which she clung to her absent lover.

"Nothing they could urge had any effect; she quietly, but firmly refused to listen to the colonel, and always contrived to leave the kitchen when he entered it, on some pretext or other. Still she went about her daily duties as usual, though her cheerfulness and girlish buoyancy were gone.

"One day I noticed four soldiers and sergeant embark on board a boat, and I asked a bystander—one of the Austrians—where they were going. 'To intercept the fishermen at the mouth of the Danube, for the conscript,' was the reply.

"I thought nothing of it at the time, but another week passed away, and still Hermann did not return, though it was long past the time he had been expected. Katrina wondered, then she became anxious, and then alarmed. She wondered what could have become of him.

"At length some fishermen who had left Odessa long after Hermann had sailed for home, returned. Katrina was by this time almost frantic with alarm. The fishermen lived several miles distant from the valley in which Farmer Bolschen's cottage stood. But one evening, unknown to her parents, Katrina set forth to the

hamlet, resolved to question them respecting her absent lover.

"Nine, ten o'clock—midnight came, and she had not returned. The farmer and his wife became alarmed. The neighbors were aroused and it was resolved to search the mountain passes. Colonel Von Heldburg was informed of her strange absence, and soldiers were turned out to scour the mountain roads in parties, the colonel heading one party himself. He was as much frightened as were Katrina's parents. Indeed, he appeared almost frantic with excitement. Nobody in the valley slept that night, but morning dawned and still there was no tidings of the lost Katrina.

"At length, when the farmer and his dame, and the colonel, had almost given themselves up to despair, a party of soldiers returned to the valley toward noon, bringing with them the absent girl. They had found her in a narrow pass, several miles off, near the hamlet, lying insensible in the road. She had, apparently, fainted, and in falling, had struck her head against a stone. There was a severe wound on her temple, which had bled profusely. She was as yet scarcely conscious, but she recognized her parents, and clinging to her mother, begged piteously that she would restore to her her lover. Once the colonel approached the couch where she lay, but she uttered a piercing shriek and strove to hide her head in the bed clothes. He was obliged to leave the room, and dared not venture near the couch again.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed before she was sufficiently restored to relate what had happened. Her parents were still ignorant of the cause of her leaving home. She had been to the hamlet and had seen the fishermen, and had learnt from them that Hermann and all his boat's crew had been seized as conscripts the very moment that they had set foot on Austrian territory, and had been immediately marched off to Vienna, without being allowed to see their friends and bid them farewell. This was contrary to law, but when was the law regarded when the issue lay between the minions of the government and the helpless peasantry?

"In a few days Katrina so far recovered as to go about her work as usual, but she now performed her duties in moody silence, speaking to no one unless spoken to, and then answering yes or no, but nothing more.

"One day, at the end of a week, a stranger to the valley, clad in the ordinary attire of the peasantry, met her in the fields, and passing close by her, whispered a few words in her ear. I had noticed him lounging about for some time, as if to avoid being seen by the people of the valley. I alone saw him speak to Katrina.

"He was gone in a moment, as soon as he had delivered his message. I saw Katrina start, and the next moment she was bounding away in the direction of the river as swiftly as a young fawn. As she passed by me without observing me, I noticed that her face was flushed, and her eyes kindled like glowing coals. I followed her, unseen, and watched her descending the cliff so rapidly and heedlessly, that had I not known her agility, I should have been fearful lest she should slip and be dashed to atoms at the base of the precipice.

"In a few moments she reached the beach, and the next moment was clasped in the embrace of a tall, athletic young man, whose features, however, I could not distinguish, but I had no doubt that he was Hermann, her lover, who had escaped the vigilance of his guards, and had returned to the valley. My suspicions were soon too surely confirmed.

"The lovers were still clasped in close embrace, when two soldiers suddenly appeared in the scene. The young man was roughly seized, his arms tightly pinioned, and he was dragged off by his captors, who paid not the slightest regard to the tears or entreaties of the weeping maiden. Katrina stood motionless as a statue, watching the retreating form of her lover as he was hurried away by his guards, and when they were no longer to be seen, she gave utterance to a piercing shriek, which seemed to fill the air, and to be echoed and re-echoed from the mountain passes, and then fell senseless to the ground.

"I hastened to the spot where she lay, calling at the same time, loudly for assistance. A peasant, at work in a field near by, heard me, and came to my aid; between us, we bore the unconscious girl home, and laid her on her couch.

"Colonel Von Heldburg, hearing something of what had occurred, hastened to the cottage. The farmer and his wife were seated near



Katrina's couch. She still remained insensible to all that was passing around her, but she called incessantly and piteously upon Hermann. Sometimes she fancied he was present, and then she uttered the most endearing words, then she gently upbraided him for leaving her, and again she called upon the colonel and begged him to restore her lover to her, or loaded him with reproaches for his cruelty.

"The farmer and his wife were stupified with grief. Bitterly they regretted now that they had listened to the persuasions, and to the fine promises of the colonel. Bitterly they regretted that a foolish and wicked ambition had led them to create all this misery, actuated by a desire to see their only child the wife of a man of rank and wealth, rather than the happy bride of one in her own sphere, with whom she would have lived happily in the valley.

"When the colonel entered the cottage, he expressed his regret at the cruel and unjust proceedings he had taken in order to get rid of his humble but favored rival. I could not help reproaching him with him upon his conduct. The farmer was silent, but the old dame loaded him with reproaches, and asked him why he had brought sorrow and wretchedness into the peaceful valley. I expected that he would reply angrily, but he bowed his head and remained silent. He appeared to be deeply affected by the misery he had wrought, and as he rose to quit the room, I heard him say, as if unconscious that he was speaking aloud, 'Would to God I had never been sent on this duty!'

"Toward evening Katrina fell into a quiet slumber. Her mother, who had sat at her bedside all the day, rose to take some refreshment. We all left the apartment and Katrina was left sleeping, alone.

"At half an hour, when dame Bolschen returned to the chamber, it was vacant. Katrina had risen from her bed. The old dame sought her through the house, but she could not be found. The farmer and I started off to search the neighborhood, and we had not proceeded far when we saw her slender form, clad only in her night-dress, standing on the very verge of one of the most precipitous cliffs, just over the spot where she had met her lover in the morning. It was dark, for the sun had gone down an hour before. Still the rich color of the golden sunset lingered in the horizon, and the moonbeams, struggling through a mass of dark clouds, and the ruddy glare from a lighted pine torch, which Katrina held aloft, shed a strange, unnatural light over the wild and romantic scenery.

"The farmer and I were terribly frightened. We hesitated to approach her from behind, lest, impelled by fear, she should make a false step, when she must inevitably be dashed to pieces against the rocks at the base of the precipice. She was gazing intently at the beach, as if expecting every moment to see her lover approach. We proceeded very cautiously, until we had nearly reached the spot where she stood. At this moment, the colonel, who had heard of her flight from the cottage, and who, unknown to us, had joined in the search for her, emerged from a pass in the cliff, and suddenly caught sight of the maiden.

"Alarmed at her peril, or fearful that she intended to cast herself from the dizzy height on which she stood, on to the rocks beneath, he uttered an exclamation of horror, and called to her by name—'Katrina!' The young girl heard the cry and recognized the voice. She turned her head and saw three figures advancing toward her amid the gloom, rendered deeper in her eyes, in consequence of the brilliancy of the light of the blazing torch. Tossing her arms wildly above her head, she gave one shrill, piercing shriek, sprang forward, and fell headlong into the dark abyss!

"A simultaneous cry of horror burst from all who witnessed the fearful leap, and then the old farmer fell senseless to the earth. 'Stay with him! Call for assistance!' I shouted to the colonel, and then darting away, I descended to the beach by the nearest practicable descent.

"I shuddered as I approached the spot beneath the cliff where I knew the body of the poor girl must have fallen. She was, as I was well aware I should find her, perfectly lifeless and sadly mangled. She had struck her head against a rock in her descent, and must have been senseless, if not dead, before she reached the bottom. The pine torch was still blazing near her. It had set fire to some dry shrubbery, and in another moment her clothing would have been on fire. I picked it up and threw it into the

river, where it blazed for a short time and then was extinguished with a hissing sound as the waves flowed over it.

"The sad news spread rapidly through the valley, and in a few minutes a crowd had assembled beneath the cliff. The lifeless remains of the unfortunate girl were tenderly conveyed home, and on the following day she was interred in the burying ground, near the hamlet, having been followed to the grave by all the inhabitants of the valley. The young maidens, six of whom carried the pall, all being dressed in white. It was a sad, sad scene. There was not a dry eye in the multitude that witnessed the ceremony.

"The colonel removed from the cottage and shut himself up in a room that he had hired from a neighbor of the farmer's. He sent a messenger to Vienna, and in a short time orders arrived for the soldiers to leave the valley.

"When the day arrived on which they were to leave, the colonel was not to be found. Search was made for him, but in vain. The soldiers departed without him. It was supposed that he had secretly departed before the orders arrived from Vienna, but three days after the soldiers had left, the body of their unfortunate commander was discovered beneath the cliffs, a few rods distant from the spot where Katrina had fallen. He was dead, and upon examination, it was discovered that a bullet had passed through his brains. No pistol was found near him, but it was surmised that, unable to bear the weight of his sad reflections when he thought of the misery he had wrought in the once happy valley, he had wandered to the scene of the tragedy and put an end to his own existence.

"I still remained for a short time with the bereaved parents. They could not bear the idea of my departure, but I sketched no more. I had no spirits to do so. I was very anxious to leave the place.

"At last I fixed the period of my departure. The night before I left, I strolled from the farmhouse in the direction of the cliffs. I don't know what led me to do so. I seemed to be led in that direction against my will, for I would rather have avoided the spot. It was just such another evening as that on which Katrina had sprung from the cliff, and nearly the same hour. I stood for a few moments on the edge of the cliff, and then still, as it were, involuntarily, on my part, descended to the beach.

At this moment a bright light shed its glare over the water. I cast my eyes toward the summit of the cliff, and witnessed there a sight which made my blood run chill. There stood the figure of Katrina, holding aloft the torch, as I had seen her on that fatal evening. She was, seemingly, clad in the same long, white dress, but it appeared as if it were transparent, and, as I gazed, that I could discern the landscape beyond, as if the figure were but a mist, wearing her form. A shudder thrilled me to the very marrow, and turning my head away, I saw before me, on the beach, the figure of the young man whom I had seen clasped in Katrina's embrace when they were surprised by the soldiers. I advanced toward him, resolved to speak to him, and I approached near enough to see his features, but just as I opened my lips he vanished, and stretched before me on the beach, lifeless and bleeding, lay the body of the colonel. I could not speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I essayed to leave the spot, but I seemed glued to it. I could not move a limb. Gradually I lost my senses, and when again I became conscious, I was lying on the beach, chilled with cold, and almost paralyzed. I rose with difficulty and retraced my steps to the farm-house. It was midnight. The farmer and his dame were still up waiting for me, and beginning to feel alarmed at my unaccustomed delay.

"An exclamation of surprise burst from them when I entered the room. At the same moment I caught the reflection of my face in a broken mirror which hung against the wall, and started back in dismay. My dark brown hair was perfectly white! The shock I had experienced had affected my brain, and caused this strange metamorphosis. I explained what I had witnessed to the wondering and frightened farmer and his wife, and then snatched a few hours of needful rest. The next morning, at an early hour, I quitted the valley, and have never since visited it; but the scene I witnessed on that terrible evening made such an impression on my imagination that I felt myself compelled to paint it. For three years it has occupied my time. Still I cannot complete it to my satisfaction. I

cannot paint the ghostly figures as they appeared to me."

"Leave them out, all but that of the female," I advised. "Your picture then will be a masterpiece of its kind."

"No, no. That must not be," he replied. "I must complete it, or work at it until death releases me."

"Did you never hear what became of Hermann Krootz?" I asked.

"Only this. One day—many months after the occurrence of the tragedy—towards dusk, I stood watching a review of the guards at Vienna. A soldier stepped forth from the ranks and approached me. I recognized the figure and features of the young man who had met me on the banks of the Danube, and who had so mysteriously disappeared on my approach. 'I am Hermann Krootz,' he said. 'Katrina is revenged. I shot the colonel through the brain and then hung the pistol into the river.' I was about to reply, when the figure vanished, and the line of soldiers stood before me unbroken. No one but myself seemed to have seen a soldier leave the ranks."

"It is a strange story," I said, when the artist had concluded his relation, "but I thank you for it. I shall now regard your position with increased interest." Saying this I rose, and bidding the painter good-night, I retired to my own room.

I frequently saw the picture after this, but it was never nearer its completion. I do not know whether it has ever been completed; but about a year afterward I read in a German paper an account of the death, at Padua, of Herr Von Arnstein, the promising young artist of Frankfurt. It was reported that he had died from the excessive use of opium, which he was in the habit of using habitually, in incredible quantities. He had left behind him a magnificent picture in an unfinished state.

It has often struck me since I read of the artist's death, whether or not the story he told me was a myth—a mere freak of the imagination. He was in the habit of using opium in large quantities, in order to induce fanciful and vivid dreams. It is possible, nay it is probable, that such was the case.

#### SIR E. B. LYTON.

The mainspring of his career is ambition. He was early smitten with the passion to excel, the unconquerable desire to make a great name and position for himself in the world. But his ambition was not of a narrow, selfish kind—the mere lust of power and desire to rule; it was the more generous ambition of the scholar and the statesman, the philosopher and the poet, as its working throughout sufficiently proves. He was resolved to become great, to distinguish himself amongst his fellows by wise words and noble works. But he early recognized the truth that true greatness can only be obtained by breadth and force of intellect; and exercise being the condition of strength, he devoted himself with quenchless ardor to the cultivation and development of his mental powers. And the notion of culture he formed on leaving college, and which he has preserved faithfully in the main ever since, is a catholic and true one. In order to secure depth and harmony of mental power, he determined to devote himself to a life of blended thought and action, and this determination is the germ of his literary and political career. In one of his vacant rambles while at Cambridge, he first dreamt the dream of authorship on the banks of Windermere, and before leaving college the dream became a reality. On the other hand, he distinguished himself as a speaker in the political club of the Union, and was elected president of that undergraduate parliament. He seems, however, to have been a better writer than speaker, and literature at this time had greater charms for him than politics. Nevertheless, he did not lose sight of the hope inspired by his ambition of distinguishing himself in parliament, and eventually taking part in the government of the country.—*Literary Gazette.*

#### HOSPITALITY.

I have a higher reverence for the virtues of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens last winter), when a priest in Lent roasts his turkey for you, when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of wine, when some of my anti-tobacco friends allow me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor with the windows open, there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious considerations as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, "Meat is unwholesome, so my conscience will not let me give it to you," or with the ventilators, who proclaim that "fires in bedrooms are injurious," and I was starved and frozen.—*Bayard Taylor.*

#### THE FRENCH LEATHER OF COMMERCE.

For many years the French varnished leather has been held in high estimation, on account of its durability, fineness, and exquisite polish. The process of its manufacture comprises two operations. First, the preparation of the skin, for tanning; and second, the varnishing of the leather thus dressed. In the preparation of the leather, linseed oil, made to dry quick by means of metallic oxides and salt, is employed as the basis. For each twenty-two gallons of linseed oil, twenty-two pounds of white lead and twenty-two pounds of litharge are employed, and the oil boiled with those ingredients until it has attained the consistency of syrup. This preparation, mixed either with chalk or ochre, is applied to the leather by means of appropriate tools, and well worked into the pores; three or four layers are applied in succession, taking care to dry each layer thoroughly before the application of the next coating. Four or five coatings of the dried linseed oil, without the admixture of the earthy substances, are then given, and the addition of some fine ivory black, and some oil of turpentine, is usually made to the oil. These coatings are put on very thin, and when carefully dried the leather rubbed over with fine pumice stone powder, to render the surface completely smooth and even, for the reception of the varnish.

The varnish used in this manufacture is composed as follows: Ten pounds of oil prepared as above, half a pound of asphalt, five pounds of copal varnish, and ten pounds of turpentine. The oil and asphalt are first boiled together, the copal varnish and turpentine added afterward, and the mixture is well stirred. Instead of asphalt, Prussian blue or ivory black is sometimes employed. This varnish is kept in a warm place for two or three weeks before it is used. The greatest possible care has to be taken both before and during the application of the varnish to prevent the adherence of any dust to the leather. When varnished, the leather is put into drying stoves, heated to about two hundred degrees or more.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

#### TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Mr Elliot Barrett, of Chester, who lives about a mile southeast of Chester village, has been afflicted for nearly a quarter of a century with a severe rheumatic complaint. For twenty years he has lain on his back, entirely helpless, and it is impossible for him to lie in any other position. The coldest day in winter, as well as the hottest day in summer, when the heat is enough to peel the parched flesh from his aching body, finds him in the same position, unable to move a particle, even to rest for a moment. He has often said to us, "If I could only turn over for one hour in the course of a year, it would be a great relief." The only motion of which he is capable, besides the organ of speech, is the movement of one of his skeleton arms, the left, with which he feeds himself with a teaspoon, as he can move his jaw just enough to admit the point of the spoon. Yet amid his acute and terrible sufferings, never a murmur escapes his lips, but he is always resigned and cheerful; though his buoyancy does not arise from animal spirits, but a natural cheerfulness and constant hopefulness, for religious faith sustains and gives warmth and steadiness to his spirits. This faith carries him through the heavy trials to which he is subject, and over the dark journey of his pilgrimage.—*Glenn's Falls Messenger.*

#### PECULIAR MODE OF MAKING RAZORS.

The London Artizan describes the mode adopted by M Picault, in manufacturing the celebrated razors which bear his name. He first prepares plates of cast steel, laminated to the thickness which the blades are to have, and having two opposite sides forged to a coarse edge. These plates are placed in shears, which at one cut produces a blade. Upon these blades M. Picault stamps his mark, and by the aid of a cutting hammer, he impresses a number of striated or grooved lines upon the two surfaces of the blade where it is to be fitted into the back. The blade itself is formed of soft cast iron, planed and polished, so as to retain none of the roughness of the casting. A groove is formed by a simple mechanical process in one of the edges, and into this is fitted the blade previously prepared. The blade and back thus joined, are placed in the swage or stamp, having the form of the back, and subjected to a considerable pressure by the means of a lever, the effect of which is to box the blade in the groove, where it is held tightly, by means of the grooves cut in the blade, and into which the soft cast iron is, as it were, squeezed. The razor is then completed by the usual operation of grinding.

#### THE ELDER BUSH.

It is not known to many persons that the common elder bush of our country is a great safe-guard against the devastations of insects. If any one will notice, it will be found that worms or insects never touch the elder. The fact was the initial-point of experiments of an Englishman in 1694, and he communicated the results of his experiments to a London magazine. A correspondent exhumed his old work, and a Kentucky correspondent last year communicated to the *Dollar* Newspaper a copy of the practical results as ascertained by the English experimenter: that the leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbage, celeriacs, squashes, and other plants subjected to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of elder leaves.—*Herkimer Journal.*



## A FEARFUL SWIM FOR LIFE.

About twenty years ago, a British man-of-war was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which, as most people know, forms one of the group called the West India Islands.

It was a hot, sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog, which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over every-thing, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's rays, and was rolling slowly back to the horizon. The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasionally black fin that rippled lazily through the water for a little distance, and disappeared as its possessor sunk again in the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose towards the meridian, a breeze began to spring up—not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and hot as the breath of an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather, and the rapid fall of the barometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the pinnace for a few hours' sail, and obtained it, but on the condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party, consisting of six middies and two mates, started accordingly in great spirits. The tide was running out in great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a midly with the

They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement and some sort of protection against the much dreaded shark. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their back to rest, sometimes striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and they were encouraged by a glimpse, through a break in the gale, of the land, as it rose above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. Still they mechanically swam on, and to their surprise the sharks, although playing all around them, did not touch them. They made continual short rushes at them; or, turning on their backs, they would open their monstrous jaws and close their teeth with a loud clasp within a few inches of their victim's body. At last, however, they succeeded in nearing the extreme end of the island; the sharks one by one left them. They struggled up to the beach, and laid down for a few minutes, utterly worn out; but the thought of their comrades clinging to the upturned boat roused them to fresh exertions. After staggering on for about half a mile in the direction of some houses, an officer fortunately passed and recognized them. In a few minutes their story was told, and prompt measures were adopted to rescue the remainder of the party. Boats were quickly launched under the lee of the island, and the two mates, although nearly dead

## OLD ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine, with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six-franc piece in the dust his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile, a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked up from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Canoes.

Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and

## CHINESE FORT ON THE HONG-KIANG.

The accompanying landscape is strikingly Chinese in its character, and contrasts forcibly with the scenery we are in the habit of beholding. The bold hills, the luxuriant foliage, the ranges of fortified walls, and the singular craft floating on the wave, transport us in imagination to the far East, the land of romance and mystery; but of which we are beginning to have glimpses and revelations, and with which our intercourse in the future will be more constant and more satisfactory. The Chinese Empire, with its hoary and moss-grown institutions, is on the eve of great organic changes. Mined beneath by intestine convulsions, it has been impolitic or unfortunate enough to provoke the hostility of the leading powers of the globe. The gates of an empire that should have been opened spontaneously, have been driven in by cannon, and now European civilization will flow in with its blessings and attendant evils. For centuries China has stood forth against the outside pressure, but then for centuries China has been a unit within her walls. The imperial government, during a long lapse of time, has known how to maintain the terror of its might. It is only of late years that rebellion has dared to raise its hydra head, and that rebel armies, swelled by disloyalty to formidable numbers, have swept through several provinces, driving the dragon before them, and carrying dismay to the guarded recesses of the Imperial Palace of



CHINESE FORT ON THE RIVER HONG-KIANG

sheets, and the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when, like a thunder-bolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsized in an instant. All its crew were immersed, but soon made their appearance again, and in a short time were collected on the keel of their upturned boat. They then held a consultation on their condition, and the chances for and against their rescue. The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiring, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship was hidden from sight by clouds of rain—for the storm had now come on in all its fury—and the land was invisible from the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and, worse than all that, they were drifting with full force of wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from land, their fate would be certain. At last, the two mates determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case could have suggested. It was to attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first-rate swimmers, and, as far as the distance was concerned, might have attempted it on a calm day without much fear of failure; but in a heavy sea the case was different, and both wind and tide, thought not dead against them, combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all, the place swarmed with sharks. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and leaped into the sea.

from exhaustion, earnestly persisted in embarking in them.

The danger was not yet over, for the sea was running mountains high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen of the missing ones. It had become quite dark, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned towards the shore, when, by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half-drowned boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found that they were all there. They, too, had begun to despair; had feared their two brave comrades had perished; and were weary and half-suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them. On reaching the shore, the two brave mates gave in. The reaction which followed their exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died, a victim to his heroism; the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind badly affected by all that he had gone through.

Their wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact, that the spot where they landed was the site of the slaughter-house for the troops, and that the sharks were sat with the offal thrown into the sea at that time. If, however, only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, the case would have been very different; for sharks, like beast of prey, are roused to fury by the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.—*Chamber's Journal.*

on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveller posted after him, with his nightcap and literally sans culottes. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps.

Caniche ran with full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other smiling; "without doubt there is in your purse a six-franc piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which has been committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-franc piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.—*Anecdotes of Dogs, by Edward Jesse.*

Pekin. To think of hundreds of thousands of native-born Chinamen voluntarily amputating their pig-tails and taking up arms against the "brother of the sun!" In their conflicts with European powers, the Chinese in every case have been worsted, though the records of the late war show that a gallant resistance was on many occasions made by the braves. The river forts, such as that shown in our engraving, were frequently well manned, and the heavy artillery served with a precision not known during the old Chinese war.

## S. BOSTON HORSE-RAILROAD STATION.

The second picture on page 344, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Waud, and is an excellent local view representing the arriving and departing cars, and the tracks of the South Boston Horse Railroad, in the lower part of Summer Street. The surrounding buildings are delineated with photograph accuracy. The horse railroad system is developing with the zeal which in Boston stimulates all new projects, particularly those which have utility as their basis. No one can dispute the benefits conferred by these railroads, though the opposition from persons engaged in teaming, and in loading and unloading goods in the crowded, narrow streets of a city, is natural. Summer Street, partially represented in our drawing, has become a great business street, and the private dwelling-houses yet remaining must soon be surrendered to the exigencies of trade and commerce. Throughout its length the greatest activity now prevails. The new structures erected are all beautiful, and the perspective presented is pleasing and striking.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE INDIAN.

BY MRS. A. P. MERRITT HAYES

Where the hills of the west to grandeur rise,  
Till their summits darken the azure skies,  
And the fleet deer roams through the pathless wood,  
O'er crags where mortal hath never stood,  
Still bounding onward wild and free,  
Till lost in the shade of some mighty tree.

Where the rolling prairie a bright parterre,  
Its incense sends to the rocks afar,  
And the bright flowers nod mid the waving grass,  
To the light-winged zephyrs flitting past,  
Whispering love to the lily pale,  
That fragrance lends to the balmy gale.

The stars gaze down on a silver stream,  
(A river of gold in the sunset gleam),  
The mountain pass it has glided through,  
And bears on its breast the light canoe  
Of the Indian girl and her chosen brave,  
As they idly float over the moonlit wave.

For years bygone in the western land,  
Dwelt the warriors brave of an Indian band,  
Their lodge fires gleamed through the starless night,  
To the wandering hunter a beacon light;  
When weary with chasing the bounding deer,  
It told him the home that he loved was near.

Like arrow sped from unerring bow,  
Swift on the trail of the living foe,  
The haughty chieftain his warriors led,  
When the war-cry sounded its notes of dread,  
And oft the warrior's funeral pyre  
Is the burning wigwam's blazing fire.

When once again to their hunting ground  
Their warriors came by victory crowned,  
The Indian maids with dance and song  
(As Jewish dames in the days bygone),  
Came forth to meet the warlike braves,  
Who fought for their homes and their fathers' graves.

Wild as the wind in his native glen,  
Proud as the eagle, the red man then,  
But the pale face came o'er the raging sea,  
And the sons of the forest, wild and free,  
Fled like the deer from their path away,  
To the westward gates of the closing day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## How Mrs. Park drowned herself.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Drowned" drowned—"Hamlet.

"Sixty dollars did you say, Nellie?"

"I said sixty, but I am not particular; I dare say I could dispose of eighty or a hundred as well. Don't allow your benevolence to be checked by any scruples on that score, my dear."

"Little danger of that," Mr. Park answered somewhat crustily.

Mrs. Park hid her pretty face in the folds of her embroidered kerchief, and went off into a violent fit of coughing. She didn't hear her husband's reply—not she. Tipping her saucy head upon one side, she asked, with a show of demureness in her voice, if he said she could have the money as well as not?

Mr. Park opened his mouth to speak, but the little lady was too fast for him.

"O, you are so kind, Erastus dear—you are so kind! I am sure I never can find words to thank you for your indulgence. My dear, if ever I am rebellious—if ever I am stubborn, remind me of this!"

Mrs. Park had her soft, white hand upon her husband's shoulder, and her bright, girlish face raised coaxingly to his. She made a pretty picture there, before him, her wavy, brown hair tossed back from her forehead, and her lithe, graceful figure contrasting with the stout manliness of his. The husband was not unconscious of it; for a moment his eye rested upon her arch, piquant face, and then ran over her tastefully-arranged morning dress—the plain muslin collar fastened about the rare throat; the loose wrapper, with just the slightest show of buff in it, confined carelessly to the waist with silken cords and tassels; the full sleeves fastened about the slender wrists with dainty golden buttons, to match those of the wide, flowing skirt; the prettily-slipped feet just peeping into sight, and resting so besittingly upon the crimson flowers that seemed springing from the rich Brussels carpet; for a moment, I say, his eye rested upon the face and figure of his wife, and during that one moment he found his strong resolution slipping rapidly away from him, and his right hand unconsciously journeying towards his well-filled pocket-book. But only for a moment he wavered—the next, he was armed anew with righteous, not to be mistaken firmness.

Sinking back into an arm-chair from which his wife had but a few moments before aroused him, and drawing her to a seat upon his knee, he commenced, in a tone of dignity and importance, with the simple utterance of her name.

"Eleanor!"

"What, dear Erastus. Haven't I thanked you half enough for your kindness? Shall I give you—say how many kisses will satisfy you?"

The soft, rosy lips were in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Park's firmly-closed mouth, and the clear, blue eyes were peeping roguishly into his. It was a hard place for a man who was trying his best to wear an air of stern dignity; who had an object to attain in spite of frowns, pouts and tears. Still there was but one word that came readily to his lips, and summoning again his departing fortitude, he said:

"Eleanor!"

"What, dear?"

Now the delicate fingers of his wife were entangled in the folds of his neckerchief. He opened his mouth to speak, but she interrupted him with:

"Do let me tie your cravat, Erastus! It isn't arranged becomingly. Don't let me hinder you from speaking, I can hear just as well if I am busy. Go on."

"Eleanor, dear," Mr. Park commenced, "I am afraid you are getting terribly (not quite so tight, if you please,) extravagant. You know that above all things on earth I most wish to promote your happiness (Nelly, your ring grazes my throat); that I would make any sacrifice for you, but still, dear, I do not think that I can conscientiously—Eleanor, what do you mean, you are choking me to death with that deuced cravat!"

Mr. Park jumped nervously to his feet, and Mrs. Park slid to the floor, coughing again vehemently behind her handkerchief.

"Indeed, Erastus, I am sorry that I choked you. I was so engaged with what you were saying, that I quite forgot what my hands were doing. Please don't be angry, but tell me what you were going to."

The corners of Mr. Park's well-shaped mouth curved into something like a smile at the ingenuousness of his little pet wife. Turning his head away slightly, and rearranging his cravat, he began once more upon his unfortunate speech.

"I was saying, Eleanor, that you were getting wretchedly—"

"Terribly, you said before, dear," interrupted the lady.

"Well, terribly, then (I wish you wouldn't disturb me so), terribly extravagant, and that I didn't think it was my duty to humor you to this last—"

"Excuse me, Erastus dear, but really don't you hear some one calling me—hark! I thought 'twas Jenny. I guess I must have been mistaken. I imagined it, I'm sure. Go on, I want to hear what you were going to say."

"Eleanor!"

There was a world of meaning thrown into that one word, but to all appearances it was lost upon Mrs. Park. With a look of inquiry she glanced up into her husband's face, murmuring musically the while—

"What is it, Erastus?"

"Nothing—nothing at all; I was speaking of the weather."

There was a little chagrin visible in the gentleman's voice that was highly pleasing to the young wife. But she cloaked over her smiles with an artful show of regret, and begged Mr. Park not to be angry with her. She had heard every word that he had said to her, she avowed, winding the long silken cords of her wrapper playfully about his fingers as she spoke. He commenced again, but as if reluctantly.

"I'm not going to lecture you, Nelly, but really, it does seem to me that you are rather foolish in spending money. I have told you, you are just aware—that is, I am not a poor man, but it is just as much your duty to live within reasonable bounds of prudence, as though I owned a meagre fortune instead of a tolerably large one. I am not niggardly with you—indeed, I have never been, and never intend to be, but this morning I see fit to deny you the trifling sum of sixty dollars. What are you doing down there on the carpet, Eleanor?"

Mr. Park spoke sternly, as well as like one whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"O, you must pardon me for not hearing you, Erastus, but I really thought I saw an ink-stain on this light carpet. Get down here and look,

please. What's that? I sat on an ottoman in this very place yesterday, and wrote a letter, putting my ink on the carpet beside me. Look! there is the place I mean."

Mr. Park knelt down beside his wife, nearly straining his eyes from his head in the vain endeavor to find the luckless stain that had so annoyed her. But follow, as best he could, the delicate tip of her fore finger which was pointing to one spot, he could not discover it.

"Pshaw, Eleanor," he exclaimed, rising, "it's all nonsense; there is nothing upon the carpet but what properly belongs there."

"Are you certain—sure? I could never forgive myself for injuring it, after you were to so much trouble and to such an expense to obtain it. I'm so glad! But I didn't half understand what you were talking about, I was so startled. Didn't you say something about never intending to deny me anything? How kind it is of you, my dear husband, and how much I love you for it!"

"Eleanor Park, you little minx, you know what I have been saying; you needn't try to fool me about it any longer (Mr. Park spoke angrily and rapidly). Once for all, let me tell you plainly, clearly and firmly, that I will not allow you the sixty dollars for which you are angling!"

"Not so loud, if you please, Mr. Park, my hearing is not unimpaired, by age at least (Mr. Park was fourteen years her senior). Your lungs must suffer from such an exertion. Remember that if you bring on a consumption, a doctor's bill is inevitable. Just think of it, dear, you settling a doctor's bill! How it will grind against that precious organ of acquisitiveness that is such a big stockholder on your revered cranium!"

"Shame on you, Eleanor!"

"On me, did you say? Keep your rights, if you please. I haven't a disposition to rob you."

"Nonsense, Eleanor, this isn't becoming to you, this angry play of words. You know I do not wish to vex you."

"And I am to have the money, after all? The white dimpled hand was thrust playfully towards him.

"Not that, Nelly dear; be reasonable, I cannot indulge you in this whim."

"You can't—you won't, you mean, you great miserly, cross, ill-natured, old, old—old man!"

"Tut, tut, tut—"

"O, you needn't tut tut at me, I understand you. I tell you I won't stand it another day longer—I'll go home—I won't live with you—I'll—I'll drown myself!"

"Don't Nelly—don't! Remember what a dreadful corpse a drowned woman always makes. Think of Hawthorne's Zenobia, and you are not half so beautiful as she was!"

"I don't care how I look; I want to look frightful, I want to haunt you just as long as you live. You deserve everything that is bad, you old miser. You care more about your money than you do me!"

"Dear Nelly—"

"I tell you not to speak to me. I don't love you now—go away from me. I don't want to live here any longer—I won't live here, either, Go—hurry into the city, you'll be late for the cars. If you stay here another minute, you may forfeit—five whole cents!"

"Eleanor, be careful, Eleanor!"

There was a line of whiteness visible about the mouth of Mr. Park, and a slight tremulousness running through the tones of his voice as he spoke. But the little lady was undaunted. Drawing her pretty figure up to its full height, and stepping out of her husband's reach, she went on with her merciless tirade.

"O, you can threaten me if you like. I don't care a fig for your threats; I've been your doll, your pet, your pussy long enough! I've been drawn this way, and pushed that, just as long as I will—so there!"

"Well?" Mr. Park spoke that word coolly.

"O, you can stand there like a great icicle and drop off your icy walls, if you like, you are your own master, and—I'm my own mistress, too. I think you will find—I—"

Mrs. Park did not finish the sentence audibly; her words were lost in a passionate burst of sobs. For a moment her husband stood irresolutely before her—the next, he was close by her side, her name softly syllabled upon his lips.

"Dear, dear Nelly!"

"I tell you not to speak to me; go away. I'm terribly angry with you. I don't know as I can ever forgive you. I—I—certainly will drown myself."

"Pshaw, Nelly!"

Mr. Park could not forbear breaking out into a little laugh. Short as it was, it was too much for his sensitive little wife to bear. Giving one rapid look into his amused face, she ran from the room like a vexed, teased child. Her husband thought there was an expression of real grief upon her features, such as he had seldom seen there; and fifteen minutes after, as he was whirling at railroad speed towards the city, he would have given five times sixty dollars could he have taken back the incidents of the last hour, and had, in their stead, to comfort him, the sweet memory of a pleasant morning's parting with his almost worshipped Nelly. When away from her, he could see, plainly enough, his own selfishness. What if she did come to him very often for money? he said to himself. What if her wants did not always border upon the bounds of reason? What could he expect of her, brought up as she had been, and petted as but an only child could be, by wealthy, indulgent parents? To be sure he had taken her from a bankrupt home, but the heavy blow of an altered fortune had not touched her, or taught her the first lessons of a bitter poverty. She was not to blame for what circumstances had made her. At heart she was a true, tender woman. Sometimes he had wronged her, in thought, and imagined, for a little moment, that his fortune had influenced her to marry him, but stern reason set the miserable trick of injustice rapidly aside. She had loved him when fortune dealt kindly with her than him. He thought of this, as he sat in his office that forenoon, striving to fix his truant mind on business that demanded his immediate attention.

What did he care for money, any way, if it was not for her? he asked himself. If he had asked such a favor of her, would she have treated him so? No! a thousand times no! Her tender heart did not know a sacrifice but what she would make for those she loved. Three months before he had been sick for many long, weary weeks, and all the while she watched faithfully by him; not leaving him for rest, or scarcely food—watching till the roses went entirely away from her cheeks, and she was worn down to a mere shadow. This was the way he rewarded her for it, he said, throwing down his pen and walking nervously up and down his office.

What if she should drown herself? The thought was maddening. He did not know what she might do; he had never seen her so angry before. People had committed acts as rash upon less provocation than he had given her. What if, even then, she was dead—lying white and stiff and cold in the little pond that lay at the back of his beautiful country home? He buried his face in his hands to shut out the dreadful vision. With trembling fingers he drew out his watch. It was just one o'clock. He more than half resolved to go home to dine. But no, after all it was mere foolishness; Nelly was quite herself again, by that time, and would only poke fun at him if he strode home at noon, like a great, awkward school-boy. He would stay at his office, as usual, until four o'clock—he wouldn't be quite a fool.

So saying, he seated himself at his desk again. But the idea of drowning had taken a firm hold upon his imagination; he could not rid himself of it, try as best he might. If it should be so, and he staying all the while at his office because he was too proud, too stubborn to go home! Poor, simple-hearted bachelor! well schooled in the ways of the world, at home in all the mysteries of classic lore; well taught in the deception of the hearts of men, but an ignoramus when he comes to solve the ways of woman! A fresh man in the school of married life!

That was a long, weary afternoon to Mr. Erastus Park. It seemed to him that four o'clock would never come. Time went by with laggard feet. All day he had accomplished but little, not a tenth part of what he had intended in the early morning. So far as labor was concerned, he would have been quite as well off at home. And so the hour of three came, and with it a wild, heavy tempest, born out of the intense heat of the June day. This was too much for the equanimity of the impatient man. He walked rapidly to and fro across his office, peering out occasionally to see if there was any breakage of light in the dark, angry clouds. But he looked in vain. The lightning played incessantly across the sky, and the thunder nearly deafened him with its roar. So four o'clock came and went, silently, through the heart of the storm, and even the hour of six came before the



tempest died away, and the sun came out clear and bright—an hour's ride above the blue shore of the west. Then, just as he was locking his desk, preparatory to leaving his office, a client came in for an hour's consultation with him upon business that could not be postponed. In vain Mr. Park promised to meet him at an early hour the following morning, or even to return to the city again that night, if he would release him, but the man was inexorable. It was now—now or never—and with a sigh, the disappointed lawyer unlocked his desk and drew out his papers again.

At a quarter past seven he was released from his thralldom, but he was in a state of nervous excitement. His cheeks were flushed to a deep crimson, and his eyes had a strange, unnatural glare about them. Could the wicked, mischievous wife but have seen him then!

It was almost dusk when he reached home. At any other time he would have loitered along the beautiful way that led from the depot to his house, admiring the fresh green of the velvet grass, growing strong at the sight of the soft blue of the skies, the fragrance of the flowers, and the breath of the twilight, so rich and pure after the reviving shower. But the sunset wore her crimson banners in vain, in the shining west—he had no eye for their beauty. The night might marshal her dusky forces, creeping up the blue battlements of the east, hanging out her flag of stars, but he had no heart to watch her, giving praise to the merciful Father that led her along. In spite of his better judgment, his superior sense, a dark fear lay coldly upon him. He thought only of Nelly—Nelly!

Where should he find her was the query that flew through his excited brain, as he neared his beautiful gothic home. In the parlor—in her own room? Would she fly down the gravelled way to meet him? When he was inside of the gate should he see her white robe fluttering in and out the green foliage of the winding path? No, alas, none of these! There was no sound of her light footsteps upon the silent grounds; on the portico, in the low parlor windows she was not to be seen. With quick, nervous bounds he gained the door, expecting every moment that her clear, ringing voice would sound upon him from some sly covert. But he found the parlor deserted; everything just as had left it in the morning. Perhaps she was in her own little sitting-room; but no, that too was silent and lonely. The window was open where she always sat, and the muslin curtain was wet with rain. Her kitten was asleep in her basket of embroidery silk, and her embroidery frame was lying upon the carpet. Over a chair was thrown a dainty black silk apron, the tassels fretted and torn by pussy's sharp claws and teeth. On an ottoman her morning slippers were lying, and scattered over the carpet were spools of silk and thread, and her tiny thimble—in fact, the contents of a little ebony box which was upturned upon the work-table, and in which her pet had evidently been revelling without her knowledge.

Where could Nelly be? He did not dare to think until he had made some inquiry. He gave the bell-tassel a violent pull, which brought a servant to him instantly.

"Where is Mrs. Park? Tell her that I wish to see her, if you please."

The girl stared at him for a full moment without answering. Her wits seemed suddenly to have deserted her.

"Send your mistress to me, I say!" demanded Mr. Park again in an emphatic tone.

"Really—I—I—I, sir, don't know where Mrs. Park is!" stammered out the girl.

"Well, find her—that is what I want of you. Why, what has taken possession of you?"

"My mistress is gone out; I don't know where."

"Why didn't you tell me so in the first place? Where has she gone?"

The girl didn't hardly know. She believed, though, that she went out to sail about three o'clock; she said she was going when she went out, and she hadn't seen her since.

"And you have rested contented all this while? Why, you thick-headed woman, your mistress may be drowned before this time!" thundered Mr. Park, springing towards the door.

"If you have any sense about you, call John and Thomas—quick, quick, to the pond!"

Mr. Park rushed frantically from the house in the direction of the pond, followed by the whole frightened household. The little boat of Mrs. Park was upturned upon the other side of the water. Close by the shore, where one slender

oar had drifted, a koi-slipper was floating. The wretched husband picked it up with a heart-touching groan.

"Drowned, drowned, O my God, drowned!" he cried, staggering backward, his face taking the hue of death. "John—John—go to the other side—the boat—find her—find her!" he gasped, while great drops of cold perspiration rolled down his white.

The servants obeyed him as well as they could. But it was a moment of terrible fear to them all. The men stood with blank, bleached faces, while the women ran up and down the green shore wringing their hands, and crying at the tops of their voices.

"Can—we can see her—can we reach her, I mean?" asked John, springing into the boat. "The water is very low, and Katharine says she was dressed in white. No, no, don't come in, I beg of you," he pleaded, as Mr. Park sprang to the water's edge. "We can find her alone, we can—be easy, sir," he said, sympathizing in his rough way with his master. "Only stay there!"

The poor man stepped back again, watching with eyes nearly bursting from their sockets, as the men glided slowly over the surface of the pond, looking searchingly down through its shallow waters; his heart sinking low within him, as from time to time they paused as if their fearful search was at an end. While he was watching their movements, Katharine brought him an embroidered handkerchief which she had found away down upon the shore. In a moment the boat wheeled away in the direction designated by the group, and the anxious, tearful group following it along as well as they could upon the shore.

Again the boat stopped suddenly in its course. But this time John slipped his brawny arms away down into the black waters, and drew up before the terrified beholders a white, dripping figure. "To the shore—the shore!" he cried, drawing his burden into the boat. The wretched deed had been executed with thought. The white, ghastly face was bound firmly about by a long linen towel, and the delicate shoulders and arms wrapped carefully about by a shawl of thick material.

"See, see! She meant to do it!" whispered the terrified man to his companion, as he sprang to the shore.

"The holy mother shrive the sin!" came from the lips of the stout Katharine. "My poor mistress—my poor master!"

"God help me—God curse me!" cried Mr. Park, staggering forward.

"Ah, God help you, lad!" whispered Katharine, close at his side.

A summer-house, thickly covered with running vines and blossoms, stood near the water's edge. To this John steered with his unconscious burden, followed closely by the wretched husband and servants. As they scrambled into the vine-shaded entrance, each with a kerchief to their wet eyes, Mr. Park striving manfully to suppress his groans and tearful sobs, a wild, clear, merry peal of laughter broke upon their startled ears, and the next moment the soft, white arms of—yes—Mrs. Park were about the neck of her husband.

"Drowned! drowned!" was all that she could say between her outbreaks of merriment, though, the while, great, sorrowful tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"O, Nelly, Nelly! How could you, Nelly!"

The strong man wept like a little child; but the servants looked at one another with an expression of amusement upon their faces, and when Mrs. Park motioned them away, a little giggle—a very innocent one—went around from one to the other, while Katharine asked John to take his Mrs. Park up to the house. He made a movement to do so, and found himself clasping a bolster plentifully supplied with stones, dressed up in the white skirts and dress of the merry, mischievous, revengeful little lady.

"How could you be so cruel?" asked Mr. Park, wiping his eyes, and catching, in spite of himself, the spirit of merriment that was reigning predominant over all.

"O, Erastus, Erastus—my sixty dollars!"

"Sixty dollars!" Grasping her firmly by her shoulders, he shook her with all the strength he had remaining, saying every moment, as he paused for breath: "Sixty dollars—sixty dollars!"

Reader, in confidence let me tell you that Mr. Park never refused his wife money afterwards. If there was the least sign of reluctance in his manner when she showed him an empty purse

that needed filling, she had but to allude to the time when she drowned herself, and he was all smiles, ready to give her three times the amount for which she asked. That very night he presented her with his pocket-book. Lucky Mrs. Park!

#### A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

A SKETCH BY DUMAS.

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots always, the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow Eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase, then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals arouse all the wolves in the forest within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe, that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh, and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged, he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed, and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howl answered howl, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley, but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeals increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home, prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster."

"Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, prince." "Are you sure of our safety?" The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake, don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men, if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a vast from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of two hundred wolves.

#### TEMPLE OF DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

This was built, as Pliny says, on a soft foundation, to guard against the shocks of earthquakes. The foundation, therefore, was laid in a swamp; wood and charcoal were interposed to absorb the wet, and the arches form a subterranean labyrinth, in which water stagnates; all of which is so at the present day. The superstructure bears all the evidences of an edifice which was destroyed eight times, and took two hundred and eighty years in building and rebuilding. It now consists of several walls of immense blocks of marble, the fronts of which are perforated with small cavities, into which were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced. In several places where the walls have fallen, they have exposed cornices and mouldings of a former edifice, against which the new walls had been built up. Some of the vast porphyry pillars, which formed the front portico, still lie prostrate before it; but others were brought by Constantine to his new city of Constantinople. The heathen temple was dilapidated to build the Christian church of St. Sophia, in which these pillars are again become the great support of an anti-Christian edifice. But the most interesting circumstance of this building to me, is the great illustration it gives to the Acts of the Apostles. Here is the place where St. Paul excited the commotion among the silver and brass smiths, who worked for the temple; and over the way was the theatre, into which the people rushed, carrying with them Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions. Hence they had a full view of the magnificent front of the temple, which they pointed out as that "which all Asia worshipped," and in their enthusiasm they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" to whom such a temple belonged. —Porter.

#### HORSEBACK EXERCISE.

The stamina of constitution and vigor of body, so much superior in former generations as compared with the present, was owing in a great degree to exercise on horseback. Years ago, it was almost the only means of land transportation save on foot, for carriages and pleasure-wheeled have come in general use the present century. Horseback exercise for both sexes was general and common with the memory of many now living, as it is now in England and other portions of our country, particularly the southern. It gives robustness to the body, vigor to the mind, freshness to the countenance, cheerfulness to the spirits, and health to the viscera. In internal diseases it is too much neglected. Dyspepsia, bilious complaints, consumption, have increased in ratio proportionate to the neglect of the saddle and pillion. In those complaints it is invaluable, and if we were able to control the matter, the regimen should be compulsory. Try, then, ye who are tormented with dyspeptic evils, the horse treatment. It will bring more muscles into healthy action than any other thing except boat-rowing, and produce that divertive influence upon the mind so much needed, yet so hard to obtain. For the feeble maiden, with the rosy hue of health upon the cheek, it will do more than all things else combined; and if used early, will be worth all the pains and labor needed for the trial. Let us, then, have more of this exercise for all, for if not needed for health, it tends to give a person graceful motion. —Springfield Republican.

#### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unprecedented price of one dollar.

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years' experience in the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discovery, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 114,000 copies.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for free dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.

No. 22 Water Street, Boston, Mass.





ISLAND AND TOWN OF SITKA, RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS, PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

[From our own Correspondent.]

[From our Correspondent.]  
SITKA, RUSSIAN AMERICA.

The accompanying sketch was drawn especially for us on the spot, and was despatched to us, with other drawings, in a letter, from which we make the following extract, describing this interesting place: "The town of Sitka, or New Archangel, is one of the most important island settlements of the Russian possessions on the northwest coast. It is situated on an island of the same name, one of the King George's group,

at the entrance of Norfolk Sound, and on its northern coast. Between the 50th and 60th degrees of north latitude, the climate is, of course, rigorous, and the soil unproductive, but as the headquarters of the Russian Fur Company, and the depot of the supplies, it is of great commercial importance. The town lies near the water at the base of a range of high hills covered with firs, birches and alders, whose thick foliage forms a shaded background, which brings forth in full relief the white buildings of the town. Sitka is

strongly fortified, and its batteries command the entrance to the sound. The place derives additional importance from the fact of its being the site of a Magnetic Observatory, founded and supported by the Russian government. Furs are collected at Sitka from all parts of the Russian Fur Company's field of operations. Large amounts of timber, pine, spruce, etc., are yearly exported, but I have not been able to retain reliable statistics in reference to this trade. The lower zones of the hills are covered with valu-

able timber, while the higher elevations are heaped with snow and ice. The lower plains grow only coarse grasses and mosses. The Russian settlements in the northwest show how steadily and surely Russia is advancing in parallel lines with Great Britain, and how natural is the jealousy of the latter power of the ambition of the czar. In the far east as well as in the far west, the might of the Russian is developing itself. Its policy of expansion has never been lost sight of for a single moment by its rulers."



SOUTH BOSTON HORSE RAILROAD DEPOT, SUMMER STREET.

[See page 341.]



## S. AMERICAN SKETCHES.

The interesting engravings on this page afford us a striking glimpse of the wild scenery of South America. Of late years its capabilities have attracted the attention of adventurous American artists, and one of the last products of American genius, Church's great picture, the "Heart of the Andes," is now attracting the admiration of all New York. The sketches before us illustrate the adventures of a recent traveller, Mr. Eugene Roehn, a French naturalist of great learning, and a traveller of rare intrepidity. He was one of the first, twenty years ago, to advise the acclimation of the eminently useful race of llamas, natives of S. America, from the 45th degree south to the 10th degree north of the chain of the Andes. A profound conviction of the important advantages which agriculture might reap from this naturalization, led him to study on the spot, during ten years of constant fatigue and generous sacrifice, the natural history, manners and habits of the interesting family of *camelus paco*, and the economical questions attached to the employment of these animals. Prompted by the ambition to be useful, he traversed the immense chain of the Cordilleras from north to south, and carefully collected from different latitudes all the individuals of the race which seemed to possess special characteristics or accidental dispositions. He has succeeded thus in gathering a very numerous flock which has furnished the most varied elements for a comparative study, the results of which have strengthened his convictions and hopes. The llamas inhabit the upper part of the chain of the Andes, at a height varying from 6000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in temperatures proportional to the elevation. The llama

is valuable both as a beast of burden, and for its flesh and wool. It can be sheared at the age of two years. If the fleece is not removed, the animal itself rubs it off on trees and rocks. Its skin is tough, elastic and impermeable. The

milk of the female is also highly nutritious. The llama attains its full growth in its third year. The sketches of this animal, introduced in the two landscapes on this page, are exceedingly accurate. Mr. Roehn has proved, by actual ex-

periments, that the llama thrives in any latitude, even under the torrid zone. Its zoological characters are as follows: a long neck, light, bony and elegant head, the eyes bright and salient, with long and close lashes, the nostrils separated by a moderate space, the upper lip split, the lower closing the mouth hermetically, the ears, without being too long in comparison to the body, somewhat rounded towards the extremity, always directed forward when the animal is in good health (the old ones always carry their ears back), and moving with vivacity, like those of a smart horse. The llama almost always ruminates, and is often seen with two enormous protuberances on each side of its mandibles. It is extremely delicate about water, and always smells it before drinking, to see that it is perfectly pure. Apart from the interest attached to Mr. Roehn's travels from his special study of the llama, his general observations on the countries he visited are valuable. No man is more thoroughly acquainted with the immense chain of mountains traversing South America. He made a special study of the cone of Chimborazo in Ecuador. Chimborazo is on the boundary of the republic of Ecuador and the State of Guayaquil. Our second engraving delineates the camp of Roehn at the foot of this famous mountain. Mr. Roehn noticed the remarkable drowsiness which seizes on travellers at certain heights on the Andes. Mr. Roehn was satisfied with reaching an elevation of about 15,000 feet. Our lower engraving depicts the Llanas or plains about Chimborazo. They are very irregular, and covered with lakes and pools of water. The sketch of the Indian woman and her family illustrates the mountain country, and one use to which the llama is put by the natives.



INDIAN WOMAN GOING FROM AGRA TO AMBATO.



HALT OF TRAVELLER AND INDIAN GUIDES AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT CHIMBORAZO.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2 50
One copy, two years	4 00
Five copies, one year	9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-up of the club)	20 00
One copy of Ballou's Pictorial and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.	

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. M. C. Concord, N. H.—A *pinnate* leaf is a species of compound leaf, having a number of small leaves or leaflets, on each side of the leaf-stalk. A *pinnatifid* leaf is a simple leaf divided into lobes, from the margin in reply to the next rib.

"Unmistaken"—The French terms *gourmet* and *gourmet* signify two distinct characters. The first indicates a person who considers the quality of food of more importance than the quantity, while the latter is what in this country would be called an epicure, studying much more the delicacy and refinement of food than the quantity.

"Onomastics"—Natural modulation is the change from any one key to another which is closely related to it. For example, if the original key belongs to the major mode, its related keys are those of the major of its dominant and sub-dominant, its own relative minor, and, lastly, the relative minors of its dominant and sub-dominant. To the major, for instance, the relative keys are F and G major, and A, E, and D, minor.

Mrs. F. B. New York.—The Troubadours, or Provencal poets, assembled annually at Toulouse, and the one who recited the best poem received a prize. The prizes consisted of certain flowers, for instance, the violet, the eggplant, and the heart-ease, formed of golden silver. The expense of the prizes was defrayed by the town council of Toulouse and a few private individuals. The first meeting of the Troubadours took place on the 1st of May, 1334.

"Aurora"—The celebrated journalist Jules Janin was born in 1803 at St. Etienne, in the department of the Rhone and Loire.

"District 5"—Lord John Russell's great Reform Bill was carried during the administration of the late Lord Grey, in the reign of William IV. It was brought into the House of Lords, and rejected three different times. It finally passed, after the king had determined, in case of need, to create a sufficient number of new peers to ensure a majority against it. The bill passed the House of Lords on the 4th of June, 1832, and on the 7th of the same month received the royal assent.

Blancets.—Tripoli is a natural production which has given rise to much diversity of opinion among naturalists. Some believe it to be a vegetable, others asserting that it is animal. The latter opinion has lately been confirmed, by means of the microscope. TACOMA, WASH.—The State of Ohio annually appropriates \$2,000 to the purchase of school apparatus and books for her school libraries.

## ELECTRIC INSULATION.

As is well known to our readers, the failure of the Atlantic cable to transmit signals, is generally attributed to some defect in the gutta percha covering with which the conducting wires are insulated. This defect is supposed to be a hole or break in the covering, whereby the ocean water comes in direct contact with the wire, and conducts the electric fluid away, thus destroying the circuit. It will also be recollected that during the process of laying the cable, and after it was laid, the galvanometers used for the purpose of measuring the strength of the electric current, showed by the sudden and fitful vibrations of the needle, that the current was at times very irregular. These vibrations were at first supposed to be produced by what were called earth currents. Professor Hughes, the inventor of the Printing Telegraph, has demonstrated before the Russell Institution of London, in a lecture recently delivered by him upon this subject, that the irregularities first noticed were caused by small punctures in the insulating gutta percha, and that the final torpid condition of the wire was produced by a larger hole or holes in this covering, whereby all the electricity was permitted to escape into the surrounding water. He placed a copper wire, completely insulated with gutta percha, in a bath of salt and water, and made the electric circuit through it, interrupted only by the water. The needle of the galvanometer stood at zero, indicating the complete insulation of the wire. A hole of considerable size was then made through the gutta percha, allowing the salt water to reach the wire. The electric circuit was then completed, through the water, as before. The needle deflected at once to 90°, showing the entire escape of the electric force through the opening, into the surrounding water. Here was the case of the absolute stoppage of the ocean cable. The large hole in the covering was then closed, and a more minute one made, and the circuit through the water again completed. This time the needle deflected to about 70°, showing a great but not entire loss of the electric force; and the needle, instead of remaining stationary at that point, kept vibrating through arcs of two or three degrees off each side of 70°. Here was the case of the weakened and irregular action of the ocean cable before it gave out entirely.

But Mr. Hughes not only demonstrated the cause of the failure of the present cable; he also proposed an adequate remedy of his own invention, against any such failure in cables that

may hereafter be laid. Gutta percha is more or less porous, and minute flaws may exist in the covering, which will not show themselves until sometime after the cable has been immersed. To meet these defects, to fill up any pores in the gutta percha, also to cure any accidental fracture that may take place after the cable is laid, Professor Hughes introduces a semi-fluid sticky substance of non-conducting character, between the wire and the gutta percha covering, which fluid will ooze out when any puncture is made, and harden when it comes in contact with the water. In this process the professor imitates nature, in her repair of injuries done to trees, by the flow of sap through the breach, and its subsequent coagulation. Experiments made with a wire prepared in this way, proved completely successful; the current failing as soon as the fracture was made in the covering, and resuming its full strength when the viscid matter had oozed out and healed the wound. This very important improvement gives renewed hopes of the eventual success of ocean telegraphs.

## THE JACKSON SNUFF-BOX.

The gold snuff box bequeathed by General Jackson, to be given to the bravest man in the next war in which the country might be engaged, after his death, has at length been decreed to General Ward B. Barnett, colonel of the New York Regiment in Mexico. Having been assigned by the executor of General Jackson to the New York Regiment, to be awarded by that corps to one of its number, the regiment voted the same to General Barnett some time ago. The formal presentation thereof, by Colonel Jackson, the executor of the Hero of New Orleans, has been deferred by him in consequence of a sudden call from home, to attend to important business affairs. General Barnett is now surveyor general of Kansas and Nebraska, and is absent in the West, attending to his official duties. But he is to return soon, and will visit Nashville, Tennessee, for the purpose of receiving the box. The bequest itself is an unfortunate one, for it necessarily creates invidious distinctions among citizen soldiers, and must place the recipient thereof in a very unpleasant position. We do not for a moment suppose that General Barnett would assume that there were not many soldiers in the Mexican war as brave as himself; and yet the vote of his regiment places him at once in contrast with all his fellow-soldiers from other States, who had the good fortune to display their bravery in that war. The truth is, that among the citizen-soldiers of the United States, bravery is so common a quality, that the want of it is the exception; and therefore any gift predicated upon such a distinction can hardly conduce to the increase of that harmony and good-fellowship which should ever be cherished among the volunteer defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

## FLOATING BRICKS.

There is a species of brick known as floating brick, from its extreme lightness, which possesses some very valuable properties as a non-conductor of heat, and as a building material where strength and lightness are required. So great is the non-conducting power of this brick, that one end may be made red hot while the other is held in the hand. This would render the article very valuable for the construction of powder magazines and other structures required to be entirely fire-proof. As compared with the common clay brick, the weight of this article is only one-sixth of the other, the latter weighing five pounds, six and three-fourths ounces; while the former weighs only fourteen and one-half ounces. These bricks resist water, unite perfectly with lime, are subject to no alteration from sudden change of temperature, and are but little inferior in strength to the ordinary bricks of burned clay. The material of which the floating brick is made, is a silicious or infusorial earth, commonly known as fossil or mountain meal. It is, in fact, the fossil remains of minute insects, and similar to the celebrated Tripoli, or polishing powder, which is found in Barbary and some countries of Europe, and much used for burnishing steel and other metals. Its component parts are fifty-five in a hundred of silicious earth, fifteen of magnesia, fourteen of water, twelve of alumina, three of lime, and one of iron. When made into bricks and burned, the material loses about one-eighth part of its weight, but its bulk is scarcely diminished. The burned bricks differ from those made by compression, only in the so-

norous quality which they acquire from the fire. Either baked or unbaked, they are so light that they float freely upon the top of the water, and will even bear a mixture of five per cent. of clay without losing their property of floating.

## A FALSE ALARM.

The accumulation of a large quantity of arms in a house in New York city, has given rise to the false report that an organization existed in that city for a filibustering descent upon the island of Cuba, and that these arms were designed for arming the champions of Cuban liberty who were to embark upon that enterprise. It turns out, however, that the arms in question, which consist of three thousand Minie rifles and Sharp's carbines, and some pieces of field artillery, have been provided for the use of a large stock company which is about to enter upon mining operations in the silver regions to the south of Arizona. This company is organized under a grant of a very large tract of land made by President Comfornot of Mexico, when he was in power; which grant stipulates that the company shall put down the Apache and Comanche Indians in that part of Mexico. It is for the purpose of enabling its settlers to comply with this condition that the company has provided these arms, and not for an assault upon the Spanish dons in Cuba. Other associations have been formed in various cities of the United States, with a view to working the silver mines of the northern Mexican territory, and the prospects of a large yield of silver ore are represented to be very good indeed. Probably the cheapest way to acquire Cuba will be to dig the money out of the Arizona Mountains, and then pay it to Spain for this much-coveted "gem of the Antilles."

## SARGENT'S STANDARD SCHOOL READERS.

We have from time to time noticed, as they appeared, the various "School Readers" written and prepared by Epes Sargent, and published in a style of great typographical excellence by Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter Street. The series is now completed, and in reviewing them, our first favorable opinion is decidedly confirmed. We are informed that more than a million copies of these works have already been called for in our American schools, and that the demand is increasing constantly, keeping pace with the publishers' ability to supply them. In many departments of literature success is not a sure test of merit, but in educational works it is a decisive one. The immense sale of these books shows their real value. The series comprises seven volumes, the first two, the Standard Illustrated Primer and the Standard Speller, being introductory. Then follow the Standard First Reader, the Second Reader, and the Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers, the latter a large work intended for the highest classes in schools and academies. The wide range of subjects and styles in these Readers, evinces extensive reading and great care, taste and labor on the part of Mr. Sargent. The exercises and rules for pronunciation are complete, intelligible and reliable. The most difficult words are fully explained—a highly commendable and important feature. The regular graduation of the series has also been successfully preserved. To write successfully for the young, particularly works of instruction, requires a rare talent, but in the books before us, Mr. Sargent has furnished complete evidence of his possession of this ability. He has devoted some of the best years of his life to this pursuit, and has won honors as legitimate in this line, as he has in the more attractive branches of belles-lettres.

## SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

There are few more important articles in commerce than coffee. The immense quantities which are annually imported into Europe from the East and West Indies and the Brazils, are almost incalculable. The consumption of this berry is also great in this country—but inconsiderable when compared to the quantities used in the south of Europe. Coffee is a native of the East—and the first fresh seeds which were brought to Europe were planted by a gentleman of Dijon in France, in the year 1670. The shrubs bore fruit, but the berry was flat and insipid—and as there appeared no prospect of advantage from its cultivation, it was neglected. Afterwards a burgomaster of Amsterdam sent a flourishing coffee plant to Louis XIV. in 1714, which was the original stock from whence sprung

all the coffee shrubs on the plantations in the West Indies.

In the year 1720, M. de Clieux, an officer in the army, who owned a plantation in Martinico, formed a project of settling in that island, and attempting the cultivation of the coffee shrub. He happily obtained with some difficulty a young plant from the king's garden—which he regarded as a valuable treasure, and embarked in a ship for Martinico. The vessel had a long passage, and the whole crew were put on short allowance of water—but M. Clieux was very careful of his little Coffee plant, and divided with it daily, the small quantity of water which came to his share. When M. Clieux arrived at Martinico, his first care was to plant his coffee shrub in the most favorable spot in his garden. He watched it carefully—indeed it was the principal source of all his pleasures and hopes. The first crop produced about two pounds of berries, which he divided with those of the neighboring planters, whom he thought would be most likely to attend to the cultivation of the shrub.

After the second picking, they were enabled to extend the cultivation of coffee to an almost indefinite extent. At this time, a severe hurricane took place, and destroyed all the cacao trees on many of the plantations. The coffee tree was substituted in their place, and in a few years it became a great source of revenue to France, and of wealth to the planters. The inhabitants of Martinico evinced their gratitude to M. Clieux for the service he had rendered them by introducing the coffee trade into the island, by annually subscribing and raising the sum of 20,000 livres, or \$5000, which they paid him every year till his death, which happened many years afterwards. Coffee was introduced into Hispaniola in the year 1738. The inhabitants of that island erected in 1774 a statue to the memory of M. Clieux, as being the father of coffee plantations.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—A husband's idea of "an attempt to provoke a breach of the peace," was recently explained in a Cincinnati Police Court, by the statement that his jealous wife struck him three times on the head with a stool, knocked him down twice, and threw a panfull of dirty water in his face; when he endeavored to explain she hit him with a skillet, and damaged his countenance very severely.

EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers. "By my soul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

HOD-CARRIERS.—The hod-carriers of Portland have struck for higher wages. They demand one dollar and twenty-five cents per day during the summer season. Their present pay is one dollar. Who would voluntarily be a hod-carrier, notwithstanding all his views are sublime?

WESTERN CITIES.—According to the Detroit Advertiser, the population of that city now numbers 75,000. The population of Cincinnati is estimated by the Gazette at 200,600. The St. Louis Directory for this year, just published, gives the population of that city as nearly 100,000.

SHEEPFISH.—Charles F. Benton of Great Barrington, has had 7 sheep killed by dogs and 15 wounded so badly that they had to be killed; and Mr. Beebe has also had 22 killed and 6 bitten. The town dog fund will have to suffer.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

POSTAL.—In the New York Post-Office there are nearly five thousand boxes, which cost twelve dollars each per annum.

VILLANOUS.—It now turns out that the Mormons were engaged in nearly all of the horrible massacres of emigrants.

PROSPERITY.—Boston mechanics have their hands full just at the present time.

PROFITABLE.—Fifty cents a day can be made in gathering gold in the Pike's Peak country.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

PRESENT CIRCULATION. 111,000!

No publication has ever attained so large a circulation in so short a period of time as has **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY**. This is not alone because of its wonderful cheapness—which, as the *New York Tribune* says, is next to giving it away—but also on account of its fresh, original and entertaining character. Its stories, sketches and engravings, while they absorb and deeply entertain the general reader, also cultivate a love for all that is good and beautiful in humanity, in this way exercising a cheerful and happy influence over the home circle.

Its pages are edited with great care and experience, and its varied contents are calculated to provoke in the minds of the young an inquiring spirit, and to add to their store of knowledge. Its foreign gossip is of the most readable and choice character, its wit and humor department is void of all vulgarisms, yet is mirth-provoking in the extreme, while each number contains tales, sketches, poems and miscellaneous articles from more than twenty different regular contributors, affording a rich casket each month of the gems of mind and the beauties of thought.

Let no one fail, then, to realize how much pleasure may be purchased, how much innocent and useful enjoyment may be insured to the family circle, how much intelligence obtained, and how many leisure hours rendered valuable and agreeable, by the regular receipt of this favorite and popular Magazine.—Postage only eighteen cents a year!

Enclose \$1, and receive the Magazine by return of mail, and for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston.

**MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS**—We would call particular attention to the advertisement of Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, in another column of this paper, relating to the really beautiful and unival instruments produced at their extensive establishment. This house has been long established, and has a reputation for the excellence of its work all over this country. These delightful ornaments (and we had nearly said necessities) to the domestic circle, have found their way into every State of the Union, delighting their possessors, and forming a never-failing source of exquisite enjoyment and profitable occupation.

**A BAVARIAN PRIZE**—The King of Bavaria has offered a prize of 200 louis-d'or (about \$500) for the best drama illustrative of German history. The competition is open to the authors of all nations, and in order that it may be as extensive as possible, the time for sending in manuscripts is fixed as late as the end of November, 1860. Before that time his majesty may require all his pocket-money for powder and shot.

**REV. DR. LOWELL**—C. H. Brainard, 22 1/2 Winter Street, has published a photographic likeness of Rev. Charles Lowell, which must be highly prized by all his friends. It is photographed by Silsbee, Case & Co., from a crayon head by T. M. Johnston, the best we have seen from the easel of this rapidly-rising young Boston artist.

**A SLOW COACH**—The number of miles of canal in the United States now in use is about 50,088, at a total cost of \$175,000,000. Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have not ten miles of canals now used for purposes of navigation. The canal is a slow and ancient institution.

**GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE**—We see it stated that Gen. Sam Houston is about to run for governor of Texas. We thought he had given up politics; but it's hard for an old war-house to remain at pasture when the trumpet sounds.

Mr. Ballou gives us in his Dollar Magazine a rich, intellectual treat containing tales, sketches, biographies, news, wit and humor, covering one hundred large and closely printed pages, upon fine white paper and new type, at a price which forms a new era in serial publications.—*Boston Gazette*

**REALLY WITTY**—A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, a wag remarked "that it must been Bishop the composer."

**A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT**—To check passion by passion, and anger by anger, is to lay one demon and raise another.

## KNIVES AND FORKS.

The common table knives, of every day use, are made by forging the blade of blistered steel and welding it to a piece of iron, out of which the shoulder and handle-shank are made. The shape is given by hammering in a die and swage, and this process is succeeded by tempering and grinding. Knives of a better quality are manufactured from shear steel, which is blistered steel rolled or beaten into bars; while the finest cutting instruments are made of cast steel, which is blistered steel melted, run into ingots, and again run into bars. Blades of pen-knives are forged from the end of a rod of steel, and cut off, together with metal enough to form the shoulder for the joint. The crease for the thumb-nail, to be used in opening the knife, is made by a curved chisel while the metal is hot. Forks are made by forging the shank, and flattening the other end to a suitable length and width for the prongs. These are produced by stamping the metal, at a white heat, between two dies, which cuts them clear from the superfluous material. The latter is then removed from between the prongs by a fly press, and the prongs are subsequently filed, pointed, curved, hardened and polished. The very common use of silver forks at the present day has greatly diminished the demand for those of steel, and the change is approved, on the ground that silver does not corrode with vegetable acids, like steel or iron, and is therefore more acceptable to the palate.

**GAS BROILING APPARATUS**—A new and ingenious apparatus has just been invented by Mr. W. F. Shaw, of Boston, by which a tough steak, by being broiled over heat produced from burning illuminating gas in mixture with atmospheric air, as arranged in his gas cooking stoves, is rendered as tender as the sirloin steak when broiled over charcoal fire. The principle of this invention is very easily explained, inasmuch as the principal production of combustion from this mixture, when lighted, is hot vapor of water, by which the albumen of the muscular fibre on the surface of the meat is immediately coagulated, so firmly as not to allow the escape of the juices of the meat; these being retained, are soon converted to vapors of a very high temperature, which operate to break and rend the muscular fibres of the meat, and loosen their texture throughout.

**THE WONDER OF THE AGE**—We were delighted, lately, by calling in at one of the highly successful exhibitions of the Dutton Children in this city, at Music Hall. These little marvels realized our most poetic idea of fairies, as we gazed in mute astonishment at their amazing diminutiveness. A sweet kiss from the youngest brought us back to a realizing sense of these charming little creatures, formed in a mold of exquisite beauty and loveliness.

**A FAMOUS BEGGAR**—Lamartine, the elegant French scholar and statesman, has been presented by the city of Paris with a handsome house and extensive grounds, in the Bois de Boulogne. He is a great author and poet, but a most unmitigated beggar, with a very large fortune all the while.

**FOR JUNE**—Ballou's Dollar Magazine for June is now issued, and for sale everywhere for ten cents. One hundred pages of original tales, sketches, poems, wit and humor, and choice illustrations, for ten cents!

**MEXICO**—The late atrocities of the revolutionary party in Mexico equal those of the rebel Sepoys. Uncle Sam will have to give those Mexicans another thrashing. They seem to have forgotten the drubbing of 1846-47.

**POETICAL**—Disraeli states that the waters of the Adriatic cannot be agitated without moving those of the Rhine. "What a fluid orator he is!" as Mrs. Partington would say.

**A VENERABLE MAN**—Captain Eben Gardner, the oldest resident of Nantucket, lately died at the age of ninety-five years. He had one hundred and five descendants.

**NEW PLAY**—Mr. Tom Taylor has contributed a new piece to the stage of the Olympic, London, entitled "Nine Points of the Law."

**Who's Who?** is the title of a new English novel; another is entitled "Sham."

## Wayside Gatherings.

There are 75,000 men in Philadelphia who are liable to do military duty.

Good dinner have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by a table cloth.

W. C. Smith, of St. Albans, Vt., employs in his foundry about 70 hands, and turns out five tons of castings per day.

The number of children in the State of Connecticut, in January last, was 103,103, being an increase of 1617 for the year.

It is stated that Chili is totally disorganized by the revolutionary movement under General Gallo.

The city council of Salem, Mass., have forbidden the smoking of cigars in the street in the evening.

The procession at the Brooklyn Water Celebration, is said to have been over five miles long.

The English women, healthy, solid and natural, are like their food; and the French women, all taste, grace and elegance, are like theirs.

The joint-worm, which has a partiality for the very best wheat, has appeared in some parts of Virginia.

There are now confined in the New York city prison the startling number of eighteen persons either convicted of or charged with capital crimes.

The town of Nelson, N. H., containing a population of about 650, has made fourteen and a half tons of maple sugar the present season. The number of trees tapped was 10,859.

In St. Louis, Mobile, there is said to be a remarkable increase in the value of real estate. Property for which ten years ago \$1500 were paid, is not now for sale at \$50,000.

Matthew Kennedy, of Bennington, Vt., has sold his "gold mine" in that town for \$2000, to some California miners, who propose to put in a quartz-crusher.

Dr. Gould, late director of the Albany Observatory, has moved back to Cambridge, where he is attending to his duties in connection with the U. S. Coast Survey.

The new Cape Cod glass works at Sandwich will soon be in operation. The other factory in the same place is reported to be doing a very good business.

The Newburyport Herald says that at the Supreme Court in Salem, recently, ex-Judge Thomas received for his services as an advocate and counsellor, \$1000 in one week.

The marble statue of Commodore Perry, to be erected at Cleveland, on Lake Erie, has been contracted for, and it is to be ready for inauguration on the 10th of September, 1860. It is to cost \$6000.

Many of the Cape Cod villages now present signs of active business. The persons engaged in fitting out cod fishing vessels are quite busy, and the number of these vessels is considerably increased.

An English paper says a missionary now in Erromango, was recently shown the oven "in which the body of Mr. Williams was cooked," and hopes to be able to obtain the martyr's skull, which it seems has been preserved.

A South Carolina court has compelled an unwilling fellow to pay for the support of a woman to whom he was married for a joke, by a sham magistrate, the lady, however, taking it all in sober earnest.

The man up in Dogtown, 38 years old, who boasts that he never took a newspaper, says that Santa Anna, if he persists in his struggle with Russia, will be sure to lose all the territory of Bosphorus, and be excluded from the navigation of the Amazon Sea.

Prof. F. S. Holmes, of the College of Charles ton, has unearthed from the site of an old pond, near that city, bones of a mastodon, terrapin, deer, and a fragment of Indian pottery—seemingly to establishing the fact that the red man and all the creatures here named were cotemporaries.

Catherine Ferguson, of New London, aged 18 years, had been washing one day lately, when feeling uncomfortably warm, she immersed her head several times in a pail of cold water. She was immediately taken ill, and died of congestion of the brain—the effect of the sudden application of cold water to the head.

New York is an enterprising village. In August last—nearly a year ago—the City Hall was partially destroyed by fire caused by the fireworks used during the Atlantic Cable festivities, but so queerly are things managed by the Gothamite officials, the building has not been repaired to this day, notwithstanding the rain pours down through the roof at every storm.

Thursday, May 5, was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the death of Napoleon. He died at eleven minutes before six in the evening, in the midst of a great storm, which has been compared with that which raged while Cromwell's spirit was passing away. He was but a little older than Napoleon III. now is, who completed his fifty-first year on the 20th of April last.

A school-boy in Cincinnati recently fell upon his face, while playing on the roof of a flat boat. On returning home he complained that he could not see clearly, and an examination showed that his eyes were crossed, so that the retina received a double impression of every object. Whether they will ever return to their natural condition remains uncertain.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Nature is a riddle, of which truth is the key.—*De Boufflers*

.... God never allowed any man to do nothing.—*Bishop Hall*

.... What one sees and cannot see over is as good as infinite.—*Carlyle*

.... Along with a helping hand there should ever go a helping sympathy.—*Bovee*

.... Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—*Goethe*

.... God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.—*Bacon*

.... The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell*

.... Those we call odd people are very often merely such as disclose freely what the rest of us carefully conceal.—*Bovee*

.... Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse to all inaction.—*Goethe*

.... We always like those who admire us, but we do not always like those whom we admire.—*Bochejoucault*

.... We must learn to comprehend the essence of art from admiration of excellence rather than from the detection of error.—*Fred. Schlegel*

.... If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of this world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a part of the continent that joins them.—*Bacon*

.... Action is the great law—slow, steady, long-continued action is the great appointment by which all healthful works are accomplished.—*Labor and Love*

.... An isolated truth may at first seem useless; but there are none which are indifferent, and each belongs to a great family to which it introduces you.—*De Boufflers*

.... A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that where an injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tilton*

.... Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—*Carlyle*

.... The consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show a stalking-horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his interest to hide.—*Macaulay*

## Joker's Budget.

When is a man like a rooster? When his head is combed.

If you are out in a thunder storm, hurry into an omnibus that has a good conductor.

How many sides has a round plum-pudding? Two—inside and outside.

Two cousins, named Crickett, were married lately in Jefferson county, Kentucky. We are opposed to cricket-matches.

Cheap, and yet (a) dear.—A good wife! [The ladies, of course, will thank us for this charming compliment.]

The man who waited for an opportunity has gone on; and the man who was fired with indignation has been put out.

Somebody has discovered that when a betting man says he'll "take you," he means that if he can he'll "take you in."

There are three kinds of friends: friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

A man in Louisville threatened by a lady's vengeance, saved himself from cow hide by using calf-skin. He ran away.

A cotemporary has discovered that Benedict Arnold became a traitor because he was brought up in town, and didn't eat pork!

What European nation will first burst into a flame? We expect the Dutch will; they are always smoking.

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her. "O, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural!"

In a graveyard in New Jersey there is a tombstone on which is inscribed the following simple yet touching epitaph: "He was a good egg."

"Tom, are you broke?" "Yes," said Tom with a sigh, "and so dead broke, that if steamboats were selling at a cent a piece, I couldn't buy a gang-wy plank."

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "do butter of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A country newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and returned a haystack."

"May I come to see you this evening, miss?" "No." "To-morrow evening?" "No." "Some-time or other?" "No." "Well, you are a young lady of decidedly negative qualities."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
**BURNING THE LETTERS.**

BY WILLIE S. PAROS.

On the red coals, one by one  
 Drop the letters, love, for me;  
 Watch them into ashes run,  
 Losing all identity.

As the red flame rises higher,  
 Lapping up these written lines,  
 Perishes in bed of fire  
 Words and tokens sent as signs;

Sent o'er land and sent o'er sea,  
 Sent while seasons came and fled,  
 Sent as symbols unto me,  
 Sent the speech of lips instead.

Burn the letters one by one;  
 Let them fall, love, in the fire,  
 And as they to ashes run,  
 And the red flame rises higher,

Listen, while I whisper low  
 Of a love that came and went  
 As the white waves come and go  
 When their force on land is spent.

I was young and she was fair;  
 She seemed guileless, I was true,  
 And our castles in the air  
 We both built as lovers do.

Many a word she sent and sign  
 That her love as life was long;  
 And I drank affection's wine,  
 Thinking it would make me strong

But one day this message came:  
 "Love is love no more to me,  
 Let these letters feed the flame;  
 I am naught but fried to thee."

Thus I awakened from the sleep  
 Cupid's potion put me in,  
 And, by far too strong to weep,  
 Since my fate was not to win,

I these letters laid aside,  
 Thinking that perchance some time,  
 In the fulness of life's pride,  
 They would serve to suit my rhyme.

And the season of that pride  
 Now has come, love, unto me  
 Thou, my darling, art my bride,  
 So I show these lines to thee.

Drop the letters one by one,  
 Let them fall, love, in the flame;  
 And as they to ashes run  
 Perish memories of her name.

Perish all the hopes and fears  
 Pinned to these written lines;  
 Perish traces of the years  
 When she sent these words and signs.

Love so quick to come and go,  
 Love so soon to rise and fall,  
 No true heart could ever know;  
 Love, in giving, giveth all.

It was written, I should learn  
 What was false and what was true;  
 What was false, love—see it burn,  
 What was true, love—lives in you.

Riper years and soberer mind  
 Bring a heritage to thee,  
 Such as they alone can find  
 Who in Lethe's waveless sea

Buried long ago the hopes  
 That, by fancy's falsest beam,  
 Trod the path that ever slopes  
 Down to disappointment's stream

Drop the letters one by one,  
 Let them fall, love, in the flame;  
 And as they to ashes run,  
 Perish so her very name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

**THE LESSON OF REVERSES.**

BY BERTHA LINTON.

"Sit here, dear Florence, in the shade of this superb Isabella, and I will tell you what you have been dying to know all day. Yes, Floy, Castleton Sumner loves me, and as soon as his father arrives we are to be married. You and Bell Forrest are to be bridesmaids, and John Hamilton and Charles Molineux groomsmen. We are to live in that beautiful house, built by Mr. Marvell, on Bishop Street. Dudley & Fisk are to supply our furniture, Wells & Lincoln our upholstery, and Mark Conway is to finish up the house. I am to have my mother's faithful Rebecca, and Castleton's mother is going to let us have her cook and chambermaid. We are to keep a black man also, for errands and the door. There, I cannot say another word."

"Nor need you, dear Louise. You are out of breath, and it will take a week to recover me. So much good news at once always tires me. I wish you had a bit of sorrow with it."

"You mean, envious thing! No, I will give

you that part. You love to cry. It would be a luxury that you would appreciate to have everything go wrong, so that 'a few natural tears might course down your cheeks.'"

"No, Louise, I would not throw a single thorn in your pathway; but say, in that long race after happiness, which ends in Marvell House and plenty of upholstery, is there not a shadow that sometimes beckons to you to pause and think?"

"Not a shadow, Floy. I leave all such unsubstantial things to you, dreamy, poetic romantic people. My visions are all real, and Castleton Sumner the true knight who gives me a bright home and all pleasant surroundings in it."

O, love and youth! with what bright, rosy-tinted tints do ye invest all objects! I could not bear to throw a cloud over her, and I left her singing a gay song, and turning over her wedding clothes, as gay and light of heart as if no shadows were in the world. I needed not to wish that Louise should have sorrow. It came faster than I had anticipated.

Castleton Sumner was a very unfit person to trust one of her thoughtless temper with. He was reckless and extravagant, on the strength of a few thousands which had been left him by his father, and which he ought to have employed in some lucrative business. No expensive toy was omitted that could make the house in Bishop Street elegant; and although he did not absolutely overdraw his resources, he crippled them so much that, at the end of the month in which the two had been carelessly spending for the approaching bridal, he had not enough remaining to warrant a style of living corresponding to the expensive outfit.

Unfortunately, the parents of Louise were too much dazzled by her marriage with Mr. Sumner to guard her from the danger in which she stood. One word from them would have made her think; but thinking involuntarily, without suggestion from others, was not her fashion. I blamed myself afterwards that I had not opened her eyes.

The wedding was sumptuous. People of high fashion were invited, and no expense was spared to render their reception the most elegant and *recherche* of the season. A series of splendid parties were given to the bride, and called forth a corresponding one on her part; and now Louise was fairly launched in the topmost wave of that deceitful and uncertain ocean of popular favor called fashionable society.

Six weeks after the wedding, I went, as I had repeatedly promised to do, to spend the day quietly and alone with Louise. It was near noon when the well-dressed black servant lad admitted me. I sat some time, with my bonnet on, in the chilly drawing-room, and feeling cold, I found my way to a smaller room, in which were preparations, apparently, for a breakfast. There was a richly chased silver service on a little stand, and corresponding appointments on the top of the cheerful looking stove. A luxurious chair was drawn up to the table, as if the late riser was coming immediately. But it was half an hour before Louise appeared, and then, although she seemed genuinely glad to see me, there was an air of languor and almost of sadness about her. She scarcely touched the breakfast.

"You will think me a lazy girl, Floy, but last night's party at White's fairly overcame me."

I said that I had just called on another friend, a last year's bride, Sophy Howard.

"Ah, poor Sophy! she did not marry very high I am told," said Louise, languidly.

"Yet I found her very prettily situated. She has a good house in a pleasant street, with everything comfortable and even handsome about her. She had been driving out alone this morning, several miles, for her husband keeps a fine horse and a good substantial chaise."

"How in the world can Albery afford such an extravagance?" asked Louise, somewhat pettishly. "I am sure I have teased Castleton for one often, and he can't afford it."

I looked round the room and through the open door, and smiled.

"What did those curtains cost you, Louise?"

"A hundred dollars each."

"That is six hundred. I won't trouble you for an inventory of the rest of your furniture, but will tell you how Sophy lives. She has white linen shades only. Her carpets are good substantial Brussels; her chairs, well made walnut, with hair-cloth seats. There are no tables, but simple marble slabs. In this pleasant parlor, her books, her pretty work-basket, and her piano—that piano which was her dependence for a liv-

ing, and which she would not let Mr. Albery exchange for a handsomer one—all these things make her home pleasant. In her orderly household she requires but two servants, and one of these is an orphan girl whom she took, not because she needed her, but because the poor thing had no home. As they have no stable for their horse, they do not need a man. Sophy looks happy, and compares her present easy life with that which she experienced as a music teacher two years ago."

Louise made no reply, except that "after all, Sophy had not attained to much style."

I had abundant occasion to think, in the course of the day, that style had brought little happiness to poor Louise, and that Sophy was the richer woman of the two. Mr. Sumner came home at five to an elegant dinner, at which there were wines and fruit of the highest cost. How long could this last?

Sad to tell, ere they had been married six months, he was arrested at the suit of a wine merchant, and the unpaid bills of his outfit gloomed up darkly before him. They were ruined. Sumner's few thousands were all gone in superfluities that he had been obliged to pay for at the time. He had had no settled business, and there was no one to whom he could reasonably apply for assistance. The house was stripped, and the next time I saw Louise was in a third or fourth rate boarding house.

If this had taught them wisdom it would still have been well; but wisdom does not come to those who do not seek her. The little that remained from the wreck soon went after the rest, and Sumner, mortified and angry with the world, went off to Australia, leaving Louise dependent on her father for a maintenance which he was ill able to afford her.

In every heart there is a spark of energy, which only remains to be awakened into life. Sometimes it is never reached at all, and the individual goes on through existence with the reputation of idleness and inefficiency clinging to his or her character until death.

"Poor Sophy Albery, who did not live in style," was the angel who breathed the breath of life into Louise Sumner's being. After Castleton had really gone, Sophy begged Louise to come to her for a visit, which visit was lengthened into many months. It had been begged as a favor to Sophy, because she wished to have company in her husband's occasional absences. She had that true and perfect kindness which will not let any one feel an obligation too heavily. Then, after some time, she gave up the two music scholars whom she had always retained, to Louise, and the latter, glad to be able to do something for herself, increased the number to a dozen, among her own acquaintances. Contrary to the established rule of romancers, who invariably describe a person's friends as leaving them in a time of adversity, it was observable that many of Mrs. Sumner's old visitors had never seemed to think so much of her before. How far it might be owing to Sophy Albery, it is hard to judge. Certain it is that her manner towards her stricken friend was such as to inspire others with respect and consideration.

It was pleasant to see how quickly Louise, with her habits of indolence, was won into better ways by the example of Sophy Albery. Not all at once did she become perfect, nor yet without much tribulation, but little by little, yet with such hearty good will to do right, that her progress seemed both rapid and real.

Not now did she breakfast at noon. Long before the sun she and Sophy were up, planning for the day. At ten Louise went to her first lesson, and returned at two, to have a cheerful afternoon with her friend.

"And O, Florence!" she would exclaim, "with what feelings of distaste do I recall my first half year of marriage. Could any one be more blind, more foolish than I have been?"

"But you have so nobly redeemed that time, Louise," I would reply, "that I think of you far more highly than if you had never erred; and after all, it was not you who were to blame."

"O, don't throw it upon poor Castleton, Florence. He too is changed, you may believe. Let me read you his letter, received to-day."

And Castleton Sumner—the butterfly, the exquisite—wrote of toils and dangers and struggles, that might have appalled a practical economist.

"But I do not complain of them, Louise," he continued. "They have shown me the false state of that society which we once worshipped, but which henceforth I abjure. If God spares

my life to return to you, I will make myself worthy of higher and better associations than we once coveted. Meantime, I do not ask you to remit your noble toil. We will both toil until pride and vanity are rooted from our hearts. Since I have been here, I have seen what I never saw before—proud men working for daily bread, and good, noble, generous men working with their own hands at hard, wearing toil for others—ministers and lawyers and physicians turned nurses, and the great and good serving the lowly and poverty-stricken. I have seen women nobly born washing for a living, and beggars seated in high places. With all these in my mind, I will come to you with clean hands and an upright heart."

Nobly indeed has he redeemed his pledge. Now, indeed, is Louise Sumner a happy wife, for only last week Castleton returned, renewed in heart and soul, and worthy to be her husband.

**GERMAN LIFE.**

Everything in Germany begins and ends with a dance, and the church celebrations are not an exception. Every village inn has its ball-room, the best finished and most pleasant room in the house; but the ball itself strikes us as the most repulsive of any feature of peasant life. Very frequently they occur on Sundays also, and begin early in the afternoon with two or three fiddlers for musicians. The smoking and drinking commence at the same time, and in a few hours the room is dark with the clouds from the fragrant weed, the wine is standing in dirty pools over all the floors and tables; the men are stupefied, and all are heated with perspiration, presenting a most disgusting and heart-sickening scene, yet their feet never weary; they dance till night, and then till morning. But we have attended balls where the assembly consisted of merchants, officials, and respectable mechanics, and at which gentlemen of the highest rank were present as spectators, and the room was also filled with smoke to suffocation. The gentlemen walked about between the dances with cigars in their mouths, puffing, without ceremony, into the faces of the ladies, and spitting upon the floor, without a seeming thought that they were doing anything contrary to the most gentlemanly deportment, as indeed they are not, as it is here understood. No German imagines tobacco smoke to be disagreeable on any occasion, and in the most refined circles after tea the cigars are lighted, and the puffing kept up for hours, where the ladies are elegant, accomplished, and dressed in the most *recherche* style. If they walk in the garden it is the same; they smoke, smoke, smoke; cigar lighters are placed upon the dining-tables in hotels, and nowhere in Germany are there saloons provided for ladies. There is no common room for the meeting of either gentlemen or ladies except the smoking-room; and ladies in hotels are not expected to linger after dinner, or spend the evening where gentlemen can enjoy their society. We hear this often lamented among themselves, but it is the custom, and there is no such thing as changing a German custom.—*Peasant Life in Germany.*

**WHAT A MOSQUITO IS LIKE.**

Those who have never had the pleasure of a personal intimacy with a mosquito, will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of that amiable animal by reading the following description:—"The mosquito is an offensive and venomous species of insect. He abides in swamps and marshes, though he does by no means confine himself to those localities. His bill is long, sharp and piercing, and his voice is like unto it. In these respects he differs not from the snipe or sand-hill crane; neither as to his general personal appearance, particularly when on the wing. He also much reminds one of a Scotch bagpipe, and yet is unlike it, inasmuch that his piping ceases when his bag is full, and *vice versa*. He delights in blood and torture, and his cruelty is particularly manifest, in that he invariably sucks his victim through a tube instead of swallowing him at once. His appetite is insatiable, and is limited only by his capacity. When full, he retires for a time, but like the chamber of Colt's revolver, returns to the charge as often as he goes off; so also, if he be driven away forcibly, and for this his pertinacity is remarkable. But of what possible use he is I wot not, unless it be as a model of industry and perseverance."

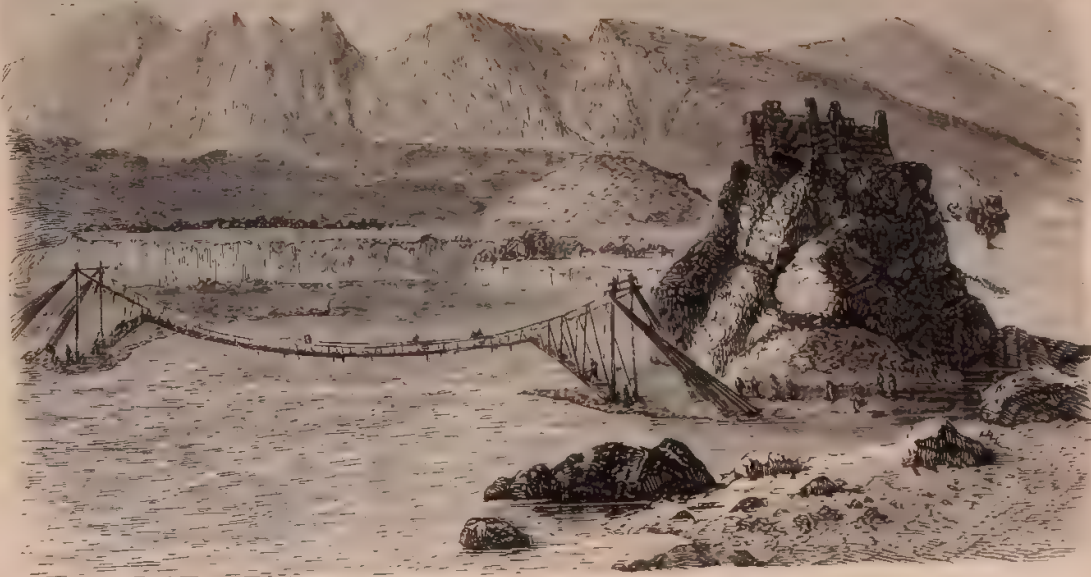
**AN ARAB AND PORK.**

The senior Brooks writes to the New York Express that on a steamer in the sea of Marmora, one of the passengers, an Arab chief, who knew no language but the Arabian, got into a terrible passion at the first dinner on board the boat. The steward, he supposed, had mixed up in some dish he gave him, the forbidden hog. Every effort was made to appease him, and to show him he had not broken divine law in eating pork; but pantomime was only successful when it planted his fingers on top of his head to indicate it was horned meat he had been devouring, not wallowing hog. He had bought a French or Swiss watch in Constantinople, with his Turkish numerals upon it, and it was his plaything. He came out every hour or two with some new color on his turban, or some new robe on, from which Mr. Brooks concludes that Arabs can be dandies as well as other men.



## BRIDGE AT ALCANANDA.

The suspension, or, as it is sometimes called, the flying bridge, represented in our engraving, is formed of rope, made from a mountain shrub, known as *Eriophorum comosum*. It is thrown across the Alcananda, near the extremity of the Serinagur, the ancient capital of Northern India, a province of Northern India, subjugated by the English in 1815. The Alcananda rises in the range of the Himalaya, and joins the Bhagirathi near the city of Deoprang. The confluence, with a width of about eighty yards, assumes the name of the Ganges. The current of the stream in the neighborhood of the suspension bridge is exceedingly rapid, and is consequently very dangerous to the native Indian boats, often carrying them away, or stranding them on the rocks. The barren scenery presents a very dreary and uninviting aspect; and the place is chiefly remarkable for the veneration in which it is held by the Hindoos, inferior only to their respect for the Bhagirathi, or true Ganges. The town, situated on the left bank, stands almost in the centre of a valley, and is elliptical in form. It contains about six hundred stone houses, two stories high. The ground floors are chiefly used as shops, the upper story being employed as a family dwelling. The streets are so narrow, that two persons cannot walk arm-in arm. The palace of the ancient rajahs forms the centre of the town; it is built of granite, and is four stories high. Whatever might have been its original splendor, it now bears no trace of magnificence, having crumbled into ruin. The opulence and importance of the city vanished more than fifty years ago, when it was simultaneously attacked by the Ghoorouks and an earthquake. The commerce chiefly carried on is in spices, the manufactures being very limited, and the trade in copper and lead, obtained from the neighboring mountains, is even still less important than the manufactures. On the opposite side of the river, in the village of Ramhault, is a celebrated temple, dedicated to the Rajah Ishwara, and visited by numerous pilgrims. It is famous for its bay-aderes or dancers, who are admitted within its walls on their renunciation of their relations.



CURIOUS BRIDGE AT ALCANANDA, IN NORTHERN INDIA.

## A FRENCH BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

The second sketch on this page represents the interior of a French blacksmith's shop, which does not differ, in any material respect, from our own. The French blacksmith is a very skilful workman, and is very proud of his profession. He has a lofty designation—nothing less than marshal-farrier, *maréchal ferrant*. The greatest officers of France trace their origin to the stable: "Regalium prepositus equorum, quem connestabilem vocant," as the chronicler, Gregory of Tours, says, in his semi-barbarous Latin. The marshal had charge of the king's war-horses. *Mark-seal* signified, in old German,

master of the horses, and the learned etymologists who derive the word from *mark* (frontier) and from *child* (defender), have forgotten that the monosyllable *seal* is found in *seus-cal*, master of the cooks. According to an old memorial in the chamber of accounts, the blacksmiths of Bourges annually gave the marshals of France four horse-shoes in the month of April, and four others at Easter. Does not this fact prove a community of origin, a fraternal approach between the first dignitary of the French army and the marshal farrier or blacksmith? The French blacksmith, after serving a certain term of apprenticeship, and acquiring some knowledge of his business, leaves his first master, and goes

she made so much water, the crew refused to go any further. The captain put into Grimsby, engaged four extra men, and proceeded, much against the will of the obstinate crew. After she was discharged in London and put on the shore, the leak was found to have proceeded from a hole in which was found two fish, the one about the size of a sprat, and the other of a larger size; the smaller one was quite in, and the larger one had its body half in. The captain is of opinion that had these two members of the funny tribe not taken shelter in the hole, he would not have been able to keep her afloat. There have been many instances of an apparent prevention of disaster by a similar cause.—*London Sun*.

## A LEAK STOPPED.

As a brig belonging to the Tyne was on her passage from Shields to London, during a late gale, she sprung

aleak off Winterton, and as



A FRENCH BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.



## Poet's Corner.

## A WOMAN'S DOUBTS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

You say that you'll think of me,  
But dare I believe what you say, love?  
Men's vows are light as the foam of the sea,  
Swift of change as an April day, love!  
And I fear so many fond eyes  
Will chide on your prosperous lot, love,  
That no stars are unseen when the sun is in the skies.  
So shall I—in their light—be forgot, love!

You say that you'll think of me,—  
Mayhap, but to laugh at my folly.  
To swear that the ideal of girls I must be,  
Sickly life with a sad melancholy!  
So you'll pass through the world and each hour  
Shall for you some fresh sorcery find love,—  
Ah, its pleasant to wear, in its beauty, the flower  
Which when faded is cast to the wind, love!

You say that you'll think of me,  
But I know that the world can give for  
A brave, earnest heart, such pains as must be  
Worthy to labor and live for!  
O, there's power over men, and fame,  
And the glory of songs divine, love,—  
Ah me, can I hope but a memory to claim  
When guerdons like these may be thine, love?

You say that you'll think of me.  
And my soul shall turn ever to you, love;  
Since for woman, in life, there never can be  
But one mission—it is, to be true, love!  
Ay, true to the faith of the past;  
True to the vow she has pledged;  
To hope and to suffer, and love to the last,  
And love to the last—unrequited!

## A FAREWELL.

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
Beloved, and loving many, all is o'er  
For me on earth, except some years to hide  
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core!  
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
The passion which still rages as before,  
And so, farewell! Forgive me, love me—no,  
That word is idle now—but let it go!—BYRON.

## LOVE CANNOT DIE.

It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline,  
We are entwined, let death come slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first, endures the last  
BYRON

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—This year, at least, the month of May came to us with a snail's pace. Its opening was more like that of summer than the close of spring, it was Russian in the sudden rush of heat and sunshine. Never have we noticed a more rapid change in vegetation. In the morning you walked down to take the Boston cars, and perceived only swelling buds by the roadside,—at night of the same day they have expanded into leaflets. And now the forest-trees are green, and the grass is deep and waving, and all nature is summer-like. From the Sandwich Islands we learn that the crater of Kilauea is still in a state of decided activity. A vessel had recently arrived at Honolulu with a party of visitors, who had been to take a near view of the magnificent scene. The travellers had a hard time of it, were two days without water, travelling over clinkers, with their boots torn to tatters, and the blood during the last day marking their steps over the lava. . . . The Paris papers tell a story of great good luck that came to a shepherd boy who picked up, and returned to Count S., a hat which was blown from the count's head in the cars, to the residence of the lad by a gale of wind. The count played at a gambling table with two *louis d'ors* (which he had first proposed to give the boy), and gave the lad the winnings—10,000 francs. We hope the count did not inform the boy how he obtained the 10,000 francs, otherwise when that young gentleman reaches his majority he will be devoting himself to games of chance, and perhaps end as a thin-bellied toady or a "moist unpleasant body in La Morgue at Paris." . . . The greatest activity pervades the various summer hotels where the fashionables love to congregate during the warm season, and gentry pass begin to look "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" at the thoughts of the checkers they will have to draw. . . . It is related that lawyer Talcott once called a fellow-practitioner the "right bower" of the profession. When asked to explain he said he meant "the biggest knave in the pack." . . . The Princess Clotilde has introduced a novelty in Paris—she blushes! and a blush is such a rarity, and in fact impossibility, with ladies there that Mrs. Plon-Plon is really excited. "They teach us to dance!" exclaims Mademoiselle Deluzay. "O, that they could teach us to blush, even at a guinea glow!" . . . A movement has been made in Honolulu toward erecting a monument at Kealahou Bay, on the spot where the great circumnavigator, Capt. Cook, fell. . . . Horses existed on this continent prior to its habitation by white men, Prof. F. S. Holmes says. A recent death in this city, which caused great affliction to an attached circle of friends, was that of Mr. Charles James Everett, treasurer of the Cheshire Railroad. He was a son of the late Rev. James Everett, for many years chaplain in the navy. He had been in early life engaged in the mercantile business in London, but for many years had resided in Boston, his native city. He was upright and honorable, and one of the most genial, even-tempered, pleasant men we ever knew. His death must be long and severely

felt. . . . Some learned newspaper editor says "that the simplest way of calculating the distances of heavenly bodies is the rule laid down by John Flamsteed's celebrated lectures upon astronomy, viz. guess at one-half the distance, and multiply by two." . . . A person recently returned from Washington, in reply to a question of where he had been, replied, "I have been after an office, and got the refusal of it." . . . The Order of Odd Fellows now numbers about 200,000 members in the United States, and paid out last year \$350,000 for the relief of the sick, and \$12,000 for the education of orphans. . . . A new story by the author of Guy Livingstone, has been commenced in Fraser's Magazine, called "Sword and Gown." Guy Livingstone is a capital book. . . . Among the applicants for admission to the Binghamton, N. Y., Asylum for Inebriates, are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty-five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women, who are from the higher walks of life. . . . It is said that E. Bulwer Lytton will make about \$15,000 out of his last novel, "What Will He Do With It?" . . . In Chicago, recently, a musical conductor who had often been outraged by people leaving during the last few moments of the performance, introduced into the programme of an oratorio, preceding the closing chorus, the following notice: "Three minutes intermission to allow those to retire who do not wish to remain till the close." . . . The fallen potentate Souleouque is still living in Kingston. He passes his time in playing cards with Vil Lubin, the "Bloodthirsty," as the Haytiens called him. Souleouque had lately been expelled from a merchant's mansion which he had rented, because his daughters, the princesses, were found washing clothes in a tub elevated on a barrel in the drawing-room, thereby greatly disfiguring the walls and carpet, which were magnificent. . . . The new water main to Brookline, which is to secure the people of Boston from all possible danger of a failure of a sufficiency of water to meet every demand, is now in process of construction. About a quarter of a mile of the pipe has already been laid, and the work will be continued with all possible despatch. . . . There is a newspaper story to the effect that the husband of Mr. Corcoran's daughter, of Washington, receives a bridal present of \$1,000,000. . . . The Western and Worcester Railroad Companies have placed upon their lines between Albany and Brighton a novelty in the shape of a driver's car, fitted up at one end with sleeping berths and at the other with tables for reading, and proper ventilation for smoking purposes. In this car the driver can accompany his cattle, and is thus on hand in any emergency that may occur. . . . In his lecture on "Manners," the sage of Concord says: "After Dickens had paid America a visit he wrote a book commenting severely on American manners and customs. He would have done better to mend us by better examples." . . . A French author says: "When I lost my money, every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good." . . . Speaking of originality, Emerson says: "An author is original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato." . . . The St. Paul Pioneer says that many of the settlers upon the public lands in Minnesota advertised for sale are abandoning their claims. "They have no money to make good their pre-emptions, and it cannot be procured, as in more prosperous times, by mortgaging the land. In some instances hard working men, with families depending upon them for support, will be compelled to lose the fruits of two years labor upon their farms." . . . The New Orleans Picayune has been shown a parcel of Mexican silk, from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This curious product of Southern Mexico grows on one of the most beautiful and majestic trees of those immitable forests. It is strong in fibre and firm in staple as the silk-worm's thread, which, in appearance, it much resembles, and wonderfully soft to the touch. . . . Late advices from the ground nut districts on the coast of Africa inform us of a great deficiency in the yield of this crop in Goree and Seegal, and at Gambia it is supposed the crop will not exceed 8000 tons, or 600,000 bushels, against 14,000 tons, or 1,050,000 bushels last year. . . . Rev. Dr. Chapin and Frank Moore, author of various works of historical value, are engaged upon a work entitled the "Every-Day Book of the World"—a publication on the model of Hooke's "Every-Day Book," but of somewhat wider scope. The Evening Post says it is to be published by subscription.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STORIES AND STORIES. By Mrs. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. (Blue and Gold.)

"Delicious," is the only epithet that can properly be applied to these "Stories, Stories, and Memoirs," embracing such subjects as Schiller, Byron, Goethe, Hoffmann, Goethe's Last Love and Table-Talk, Memoirs of Washington Allston, etc. This will be a pet volume with every reader of refined taste.

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS. or, Laughter for a Life Time. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann Street. 12mo. pp. 388.

A collection of broadly humorous sketches, illustrated throughout with droll engravings, and warranted to cure the deepest fit of the blues. Sour critics may sneer, but the million will split its sides over this quaint volume.

LIFE OF MARBURY. By EDWARD GIBSON. New York: Delcser & Proctor, 508 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 236.

Another valuable volume of the publishers' Household Library. The work is taken from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and enriched by the learned annotations of Dean Milman and Dr. William Smith. This biographical series is growing into universal favor with the public. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

From the same publishers we have received T. B. Peterson & Brothers' complete edition of Lever's "Davenport Dunn," and Scott's "Woodstock."

PERCIVAL'S POEMS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 18mo.

A dainty "blue and gold" edition of Percival's original poems complete, supplying a serious vacuum in our libraries of American literature. Percival was one of the most remarkable of American writers, a fine poet, a wonderful scholar, and as a man, a most interesting psychological study. An important sketch of the poet's life forms the preface to this edition.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The war in Europe occupies the columns of all our foreign exchanges. Austria, France and Sardinia have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and the plains of Piedmont have already been saturated with blood. As was anticipated, the first successes were on the side of the Austrians, but their advantages were fruitless, and the allied troops have accomplished all that was expected of their bravery, numbers and unparalleled artillery. The commercial distress in Europe is intense, and the finances of the belligerents in an alarming state.

The attitude of armed aggression assumed by Austria, her outrageous step in precipitating hostilities, has lost to her whatever favor she enjoyed in England, and public sentiment there sides with her enemies. The policy of England is to maintain a strict neutrality, and to compress the war into as small a compass as possible. The London Times regards it as a purely continental quarrel.—Austria is only carrying out the policy with regard to Italy which she has persistently pursued since 1815. She has upheld despotism, not only in her own States, but with States with which she had no right to interfere.—Garibaldi takes the field at the head of a splendid body of troops. The youthful members of some of the noblest families of Italy are enrolled under his banner, including, it is said, a nephew of the pope.—The last review of the troops at Turin by King Victor Emmanuel called forth the greatest enthusiasm. The troops of all arms appeared finally and justified the expectations they have since confirmed.—Warlike preparations are going on actively in England.—The details of the last operations at the seat of war will prove intensely interesting.—The Imperial Guard of France is now on a war footing. Napoleon III. will take the field with a more terrible and destructive artillery than Napoleon I. ever brought to bear on his foes. The means of transportation are also so much improved since the commencement of the present century that troops can be placed in front of the enemy in good condition. Many of Napoleon's great battles were fought by men who had just achieved the most terrible forced marches.—It is to be hoped that out of the present continental convulsions will grow a condition of things which may make European liberty something more than a name, and they will not always remain the tools for despots to play with.—An immense number of failures of stock operators has already ensued from the European crisis.

## Alexandre Dumas.

M. Alex. Dumas says his voyage to Russia and the East cost him only \$2000, and that the money he received from Count Kouchelt was \$12,000 for two novels, and that his books bring him in \$20,000 a year. He left Paris on the 15th of May for another two years' excursion. He has sold his "Voyage to Caucasus" for \$6000; it is to be published daily, and thirty numbers only issued, consequently he receives a thousand francs daily for it.

## Memorials of Shelley.

Lady Shelley announces, in one volume, "Memorials of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley." This lady was a Miss Gibson, formerly married to a brother of the present Lord Bologbroke, and after his death she married, in 1843, the present Sir Percy Florence Shelley, son of the poet.

## Australian Copper Mines.

In Australia there are some copper mines, termed the "Burra Burra." They were opened in 1845, and in five years yielded 56,428 tons of ore, averaging forty per cent., and worth \$3,000,000. In five years they returned to the stockholders nineteen times their outlay.

## Death of an Author.

William D. Arnold, son of the good Dr. Arnold, died April 9th, on his passage home from India. The deceased was known in literature by a striking and earnest fiction, entitled "Oakfield: or, Fellowship in the East."

## Horace Vernet.

Horace Vernet is going to be married, at the age of sixty-seven. The illustrious painter has gained the heart of a widow, Madame Marie Amelie Fuller, whose first husband was a M. de Bois Richeux.

## Rise of Vines.

In some parts of France wine and brandy have slightly risen in consequence of the vines having suffered from frost. In Languedoc, one eighth of the wine crop has been destroyed.

## Russian Review.

It is stated that some Russian residents in Paris, in conjunction with some French literary men, are about to bring out a new periodical, to be called the "Sclavonic Review."

## Chloroform.

Three deaths by chloroform lately in the hospitals of Paris, have occasioned a debate in one of the medical societies on the propriety of abolishing the use of anesthetics.

## Music by a Prince.

An illustrious dilettante, Prince Emile de Wittgenstein, has composed a cantata on Uhland's ballad, "The Blind King," which has been performed with great eclat.

## American Students in England.

There are now three Americans in the University of Cambridge, England. Two of them are Bostonians, and the third, Mr. Francis P. Corbin, is from Virginia.

## New Opera.

M. Flotow, author of the favorite opera of "Martha," has just completed another opera, "Le Menuier de Maran," which is about to be produced at Hanover.

## The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern is to be ready for her trip to the United States by the end of July or early in August.

## Mrs. Aytoun.

Prof. Aytoun has lost his wife, the youngest and favorite daughter of Christopher North.

**S. D. & H. W. SMITH,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**MELODEONS,**  
ORGAN MELODEONS,  
—AND—  
**PEDAL BASS MELODEONS.**

By means of a new method of Voicing, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, and rendering the tones full, clear and organ like. The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without blurring the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.

## THE PEDAL BASS MELODEONS

Are designed particularly for Churches, Lodges, Halls, etc. It is arranged with two manuals or banks of keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in two cases two distinct instruments; or, by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This, connected with the Pedal Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and sufficiently heavy to fill a house which seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

## THE ORGAN MELODEON

Is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church Instrument, when used without the Pedals.

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use.

Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our Manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. We have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced and skillful workmen.

In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Chores, and others interested in musical matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

## MELODEONS RENTED.

Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instrument before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent, at least, of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

## PRICE LIST.

Scroll leg, 4 1-2 octave.....	\$60
Scroll leg, 5 octave.....	75
Piano style, 5 octave.....	100
Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave.....	110
Piano style, carved leg.....	125
Piano style, 2 sets of reeds.....	150
Piano style, 6 octave.....	130
Organ Melodeon.....	200
Organ Harmonium.....	250
Pedal Bass Melodeon.....	275

Letters, certificates and notices from the press, from all parts of the world, may be sent at our salesroom.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free to any address.

**S. D. & H. W. SMITH,**

511 Washington Street, Boston.



**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS**—The immense circulation of the Pictorial makes it a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another advantage which it offers is, that it is preserved, and not as a circulating medium, so that each advertisement (all being set off six months, so that each advertisement becomes a permanent part of the history of the business for years to come.)

**TEAS FOR ADVERTISING**—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### SCHOOL COMMITTEES AND TEACHERS.

The publishers would invite the attention of School Committees and Teachers to the superior merits of

### SARGENT'S SERIES

—OF—

### STANDARD SCHOOL READERS,

By Epes Sargent,

Author of the "Standard Speaker," etc., etc.

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING:

- THE STANDARD 5TH (or 1st Class) READER, 12mo, 480 pp.  
THE STANDARD 4TH READER, 12mo, 330 pp.  
THE STANDARD 3d READER, 12mo, 212 pp.  
THE STANDARD 2d READER, Illustrated, 16mo, 216 pp.  
THE STANDARD 1st READER, Illustrated, 18mo, 120 pp.  
THE STANDARD ILLUSTRATED PRIMER, 18mo, 60 pp.  
THE STANDARD SPELLER, 12mo, 180 pp.  
THE STANDARD SMALLER SPELLER, 18mo, 60 pp.

The above new and thorough series of School Books have met with unprecedented success, more than a million copies have already passed into schools. Their points of superiority are—1. The appropriate character and variety of the reading matter, and the great care and labor evident in the preparation. 2. The drilling exercises and the simple system of references, by which accuracy of pronunciation is secured. 3. The Explanatory Index, by which difficult words are explained, and a taste for etymology is inculcated. 4. Superiority in the careful graduation of the several Readers to different capacities. 5. Superiority in the mechanical execution, paper, binding, etc., and in the wood cuts in the smaller books. 6. In the Speller, a scientific classification of words, with Dictation Exercises, combining all the modern improvements in instruction in this branch.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

may 28 2w No. 13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus will be cooked equally as tender as the steaks when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 2w 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

J. C. OSGOOD,

19 WINTER STREET,

Has just received and is constantly receiving NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine. tf may 28

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

### MICROSCOPES!

### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

Room No. 2. 2w may 21

### PATENT

### GLASS LETTERS AND NUMERALS,

IN A VARIETY OF COLORS,

Firmly Affixed on Plate and Sheet Glass, Window Panes, etc.,

BY THE PATENT GLASS LETTER CO.,

483 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

E. H. RICE, AGENT,

109 Court Street, Boston.

Letters and Numerals in Gold, Silver, Ruby, Blue, Amber, etc.

In ordering please give the size of Glass on which the Letters are to be placed. 5w may 21

### WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS. Here is a rare chance for a few young men to make \$40.00 to \$50.00 per month, without investing a capital. For an outfit, enclose three stamps for return postage, and address J. O. ELKINS, Rockport, Maine.

N. B. The above is no three cent catch penny or humbug to introduce patent medicines, books, lottery swindles, etc.

PHIL RICE'S METHOD FOR THE BANJO, with or without a master, containing the most popular Banjo Solos, Duets, Trios and Songs, performed by Buckley's, Christy's, Bryant's, White's, Campbell's, and other celebrated Bands of which the author was a member including many pieces here first given to the public. Price \$1.00.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

### A SUPERB BOOK.

### "COUNTRY LIFE."

### A GREAT AGRICULTURAL WORK,

COVERING THE WHOLE GROUND OF AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, AND

Landscape Gardening.

With 225 superb illustrations, designed and engraved expressly for the work, by eminent artists. BY R. MORRIS COPELAND, Esq.

SUCH a work as the above has long been needed, combining in one volume a whole Library of Facts, and the experiences of the best Agriculturists in both hemispheres, brought down to the present day, and arranged in months, so that any cultivator of the soil, be he the proprietor of hundreds of acres, or of a single acre, can have before him a practical Manual, or rather an Encyclopedia, divided into months, showing him at a single glance just what he must do in every month in the year, when to plow, when to plant, and what to plant, how to plow and how to plant, from the smallest flower to the cereals which sustain life. Also the most complete description of the manner of constructing and managing the House, containing a thorough treatise with full illustrations of the principal Flowers, Plants, and Shrubs, which can be cultivated here and how to cultivate them, and the most elaborate treatise yet published on LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with numerous plans for laying out gardens, or fields or entire farms, with complete plans and descriptions for draining lands.

Mr. Copeland is well known in his profession; he has made it the enthusiastic study of his life, and probably there is not a man living in this country who is better qualified than he for so great an undertaking. And that he has a right to himself nobly in this great work which he now offers to the public we have the testimony of several of our most distinguished Agriculturists, who have examined his proof sheets.

The work is published in one superb Sea volume of 800 pages, with 225 elegant illustrations. PRICE, THREE DOLLARS.

In order, however, to place so valuable a work (which, in the language of a gentleman of high culture and extensive experience, who has read all the proof sheets), "contains more and better information than any other book on those subjects," within the reach of all, we shall issue an edition on smaller paper and sell for TWO DOLLARS, depending on large sales to compensate us for the large outlay.

We want a few FIRST RATE AGENTS, and only a few of this high order. We will give such a territory sufficiently large to employ them constantly for one year.

All applications should be addressed to the publishers. In ordering single copies by mail, please state which edition is wanted. JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., may 28 2w No. 20 Washington Street, Boston.

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

### CURE

Acidity.	Acidity.
Indigestion.	Indigestion.
Dyspepsia.	Dyspepsia.
Heartburn.	Heartburn.
Water Brash.	Water Brash.
Flatulency.	Flatulency.
Jaundice.	Jaundice.
Nervousness.	Nervousness.
Bilious Habit.	Bilious Habit.
General Debility.	General Debility.
Liver Complaint.	Liver Complaint.
Acidity.	Acidity.
Fever and Ague.	

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

The accounts received from persons who have used and been cured by this Remedy, are truly surprising. Diseases which had baffled the power of medicine for years, have at once yielded to the all-healing and the all-powerful.

### THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Proprietors, Boston. For sale by Druggists, Agents and Dealers in Medicine, both in city and country,

EVERYWHERE.

Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from \$15 to \$30 weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

SCURVY.

SCURVY is not confined to Arctic travellers and neglected sailors; it shows its disgusting features also among the ill-fed poor in our filthy lanes. Nothing has been found so speedily efficacious in arresting the decomposing tendency of the vital fluids in scorbutic diseases as the PERUVIAN SYROP.

### Smoke—Smokers—Smoking.

RECEIVING per each steamer a superior assortment of MEERSCHAUM PIPE, TUBES and TUMBLINGS. Pipes repaired and MOUNTED in any variety of style. FREDERICK BROWN Apothecary, may 7 1/2 68 Washington, cor. of State Street.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance by designating what engraving is desired will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given. tf

### ECONOMISE!

### TO FAMILIES IN THE COUNTRY.

Every body has heard of the famous

CHINA TEA WAREHOUSE,  
198 Washington St., Boston.



And there is hardly a family within twenty miles of Boston where our

### TEAS AND COFFEES

Are not used. We sell every description of

GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,

And our prices range from 25 cents per pound up to one dollar. We sell good family tea (black) for 35 cents, by the package of five pounds, also good Young Hyson (green) for 35 cents.

The above teas are as good as are usually sold in country stores for 60 cents per pound.

### WE BUY MORE TEAS AND COFFEES.

And sell more and cheaper than any other establishment in New England.

Our COFFEES are FRESH every day, and for purity are unrivalled.

Teas neatly packed in ten pound chests, for family use.

For the convenience of those going to the railroads, we have

### BRANCH STORES

At No. 65 Union Street, two doors from the corner of

at 110 Court Street (store painted red).

At corner of Beach and Albany Streets.

At corner of Washington and Pine Streets.

Call on us when you come to Boston, and give our goods a trial.

Orders solicited by express.

THOMAS G. WHYTEL,

may 14 4w 198 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON.

### ORANGE FLOWER LOTION

IS A CERTAIN AND AGREABLE REMEDY FOR THE

### REMOVAL OR PREVENTION OF

PIMPLES,  
PIMPLES,  
PIMPLES,

FRECKLES,  
FRECKLES,  
FRECKLES,

TAN AND SUNBURN,

TAN AND SUNBURN,

TAN AND SUNBURN,

and all eruptions on the face and skin. It is particularly recommended to Gentlemen to prevent Soreness after Shaving, and for preventing Eruptions which so often follow. Its use will also freshen the skin and complexion, gradually removing Pimples arising from whatever cause. ORLANDO TOMPKINS, ap 30 4w 271 Washington, cor. of Winter Street.

### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE.

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

Are you getting bald? Is your hair turning gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair, all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington

Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may 28

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED IN COCOA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cacao of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cacao Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. O. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. 6m 18 WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

### THE GRAND AQUARIA,

—AT THE—

### AQUARIAL GARDENS,

NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

THIS magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M.

These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most exquisitely interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of taste and refinement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of Life beneath the waters.

Admission, 25 cents; children under ten years of age, 15 cents. 17 1/2 CUTTING & BUTLER, Proprietors

### PARSONS & GIBBY,

### STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

3m 15 NO. 3 WINTER STREET.

### WILLIAM A. GREENE,

### FINE ART COMMISSION AGENT,

ROOM NO. 21 MERCANTILE BUILDING,

NO. 15 SUMMER STREET BOSTON.

HE will also devote attention to furnishing tasteful FRAMES for Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Photographs, Mirrors, etc.

A lot of Fine Engravings just received and on exhibition.

W. A. G. will wait on his customers at their residences or places of business. If desired.

Office hours from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. may 14 cop 2m

### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

is for sale everywhere for eight cents per copy. It is the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. \$2 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street.

### BRITISH POETS.

PUBLISHED BY

### LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

112 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

A Complete Collection of the British Poets,

From CHAUCER

to WORDSWORTH,

HANDSOMELY PRINTED IN SEAT 1600 VOLUMES.

Price 75 Cents per Volume.

EACH WORK SOLD SEPARATELY.

THIS Collection, of which more than one hundred volumes are already issued, is intended to embrace the whole works of the most distinguished authors, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, with selections from the minor poets, accompanied with Biographical, Historical and Critical Notices and Portraits—the whole forming a far more complete, elegant and cheap edition of the British Poets than has ever appeared before.

The numerous testimonials to the excellence of this series, which the publishers have received, both from the press and the public, in all parts of the country, would seem to indicate that a popular want has been met by this edition, which is universally acknowledged to be the best ever issued, both in point of editorship and mechanical execution.

The following are now ready:

Akenside . . . . . 1 vol.	Milton . . . . . 3 vols.
Bulfinch . . . . . 8 vols.	Montgomery . . . . . 5 vols.
Beattie . . . . . 1 vol.	Moore . . . . . 6 vols.
Butler . . . . . 2 vols.	Parnell and Tickell . . . . . 1 vol.
Campbell . . . . . 1 vol.	Pope . . . . . 3 vols.
Chatterton . . . . . 2 vols.	Prior . . . . . 2 vols.
Churchill . . . . . 3 vols.	Scott . . . . . 9 vols.
Coleridge . . . . . 3 vols.	Shakespeare . . . . . 1 vol.
Collins . . . . . 1 vol.	Shelley . . . . . 3 vols.
Cowper . . . . . 3 vols.	Skelton . . . . . 3 vols.
Donne . . . . . 1 vol.	Spenser . . . . . 6 vols.
Dryden . . . . . 6 vols.	Surrey . . . . . 1 vol.
Falconer . . . . . 1 vol.	Swift . . . . . 3 vols.
Gas . . . . . 2 vols.	Thomson . . . . . 2 vols.
Goldsmith . . . . . 1 vol.	Vaughan . . . . . 1 vol.
Gray . . . . . 1 vol.	Watts . . . . . 1 vol.
Herbert . . . . . 1 vol.	White . . . . . 1 vol.
Herriek . . . . . 2 vols.	Wordsworth . . . . . 7 vols.
Hood . . . . . 4 vols.	Wyatt . . . . . 1 vol.
Kensel . . . . . 1 vol.	Young . . . . . 2 vols.
Marcell . . . . . 1 vol.	

"This series of the British Poets is by far the best collection we have anywhere met with."—N. Y. Times

"We cannot speak too highly in praise of this edition—the only one that deserves the name of complete—of the British Poets."—Boston Daily Advertiser

"A more beautiful and complete edition of each poet than that furnished in this series cannot be found, and certainly it does not seem possible that the force of cheapness can any further go."—Southern Literary Gazette

"We cannot forbear to say that this whole collection is at once a monument of the best taste and the highest critical skill, and a rare specimen of beautiful mechanical execution. Take it all in all, we do not hesitate to say that it is decidedly superior to any other edition of the British Poets that we have met with."—Albany Evening Journal

"Every author introduced into this series is edited with the utmost care, and the whole is intended to form the most complete set of English Poets ever published."—Boston Recorder

"This edition should grace every library, public and private, and he that may own it may not have cause to envy any one the possession of any other edition."—Lancaster Journal

"A fairer printed, a more useful or more valuable set of books cannot be placed in any library."—New York Courier and Enquirer

"The best, the most permanently valuable, the most convenient, and the cheapest edition of the standard poetical literature of Great Britain ever published."—Home Journal

"We regard it as the most beautiful and convenient library edition of the British Poets yet published."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

"We do not know any other edition of the English Poets which combines so much excellence."—Bibliotheca Sacra

"We warmly commend it, and wish it a success proportioned to its merits."—Brownson's Review

"This series is the most elegant, the most perfect, that has been issued in this country."—Detroit Free Press

"Undoubtedly the cheapest and most attractive collection of the British Poets ever published."—Richmond Examiner. may 14 3w

### Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY DISEASES.—Extensively used, tested and approved in New England, Canada, and the British provinces during a period of THIRTY YEARS by Eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Professors of Colleges, Theological Seminars, Scientific and Distinguished Public Men—and in fact by all classes in the community. See certificates in pamphlets and wrapper to bottles.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, 33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents. 114 2m. 10

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

No. 89 and 93 MILK STREET, and 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions

of Paper, Paper Stock, and

Manufacturers' Materials. Print-

ing, Writing, and Colored

Papers, of every variety,



## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

The large engraving on this page represents the Prince Imperial of France in the beautiful Scotch Highland costume recently presented him by Queen Victoria. It is perfect, from the heron plume which marks the chieftain, to the dainty little tartan stocking, including the characteristic goat skin purse. He wears his fancy dress with a jaunty air—but then—is he not a French boy, and has he not been tutored in his bearing by the ablest hands? Though in his fourth year only, this young gentleman has been instructed to make a show. He is already corporal in the Imperial Guard, and if fortune spares his father's life and his, he may in six years rise to the command of a regiment. "Promotion is rapid in the French army." How many hopes and fears encircle that young head! Were he the child of any other father, or born in almost any other land, his future might be easily predicted. He would pass through the training of the schools, civil and military, he would be surrounded by flatterers, envied by splendor, and then in due time ascend the throne and wield the sceptre. But France is the country of political volcanoes. Where are the prospects of the sons of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbon family? Scattered to the winds by revolutionary explosions. The fall of Louis Napoleon, skilful and fortunate as he is, may be as rapid and bloody as his rise. The present time opens to the world a drama that may be productive of as many chances and changes as the time of the first great emperor of France. Those who now fill the public eye may be swept from the stage into utter oblivion, and men whose names are now never breathed may occupy their places. An entirely different social and political organization may be formed. Unless all the signs fail, Europe is on the eve of greater convulsions than have yet marked the page of modern history. In this chaos, if chaos there be, what will happen to our young friend in the Scotch tartan? Poor little fellow! we certainly wish him well, for he is too young yet to have worked any evil in this hurly-burly world. Let us hope that whatever chances, he will at least escape the fate of the poor dauphin, Louis XVII, whose life was wasted in the ruthless hands of the bloody Jacobins, and who died in the Temple, in spite of all that was said to the contrary in Putnam's Magazine.

## SILVER.

The commercial world has been getting short of silver, though, in real fact, there has been no lack of silver coin in this country—such as it is, and hideous enough it must be regarded by the eye of taste, yet useful as cowrie shells are in some other places. Silver coin, indeed, has been considered a drug by many, and treated as such. Yet it is beyond dispute that the East has been draining the West of its silver. The disturbances in China and India, the failure of harvests at various times, the diminution of raw silk in Europe, and other causes, have operated to send silver from the Occident to the Orient in great volumes. The reader will find the subject discussed very fully in Mr. Chevalier's work on *The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold*, which Mr. Cobden has translated from the French. In 1851 the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company carried to the East, in their vessels, silver of the value of £1,716,100. In 1857, the same company transported the amount of \$16,795,232. The increase was nearly tenfold in six years, arguing an extraordinary change in the conditions of commerce, which had much to do with the convulsions of that memorable year. This was not all, for silver was sent by other ways to the East; so that the total export must have been, in the year named and in round numbers of the value of one hundred million dollars! This, according to Mr. Chevalier, was more than double the yield of all the silver mines that supply the markets of Europe and America. "This efflux of silver," he continues, "is independent of an exportation of probably one-tenth of the above amount in gold, which has been going on during the last few years. It is true that we ought to deduct from these exportations of silver to the

East a certain quantity of imports, because, in these articles alongside of the general stream there is always a certain counter-current. But we have reason to believe that for the last few years it has been but a limited sum; at any rate the amount is unknown to us." France, which is eminently the country of silver currency, has suffered severely from the efflux of that metal; but Mr. Chevalier mentions that an abatement in the exportation of French silver began early in 1858, which is a matter for congratulation. Yet he adds: "This must not, however, be made an excuse for inactivity, or for an indefinite temporization (of the conservation of the monetary regime). The current which drew the silver from within our frontiers has not ceased to exist, and nothing indicates that it is likely to cease. On the contrary, it is probable that it will recommence

## CRANBERRY ON UPLAND.

We have thought that our agricultural societies have heretofore been rather premature in their recommendation of the upland culture of this fine fruit. As "one swallow does not make a summer," neither will one experiment justify us in commending this method. All know that the cranberry is natural to the meadow, and although the covering with water may be injurious at the time of flowering and setting of its fruit, at the time of the vining in winter, and the still the flooding of the vines in winter, and the covering with litter or evergreens to protect the roots from a severe freezing, as is practiced in the upland culture, will prevent this culture to any extent. In order to be remunerative, these beds or patches must be made on the meadow, or upon a springy soil. The owner of a considerable patch in Essex county recently stated that

## THE INSIDE OF A COAL MINE.

While travelling in Pennsylvania, curiosity led us to visit a coal mine near Pottsville. Clambering up the side of a mountain, one cold morning, we found a rude shanty, covering a well or shaft, some ten feet in diameter, in which hung an open car, raised and lowered by a steam engine, placed in a building near by. Descending the shaft, blasted in solid rock, over 200 feet, we found a large room, made by excavating coal. The bed of coal was 7 feet in thickness, lying in the mountain at an angle of near 45 degrees, or inclined like a house roof. A steam engine and boilers in this excavation furnished the interior motive power, air being forced down a small shaft to make a draft for the furnace. On one side of this room, a cutting had been made downward through the coal, 12 feet wide and 7

feet high, making an inclined plane, 500 feet long, with a vertical descent of about 300 feet, and rock roof and bottom—on which was placed a double track railway, for drawing up laden cars and lowering empty ones. Descending this plane on foot, in company with the head miner, lamps in hand to make darkness visible, with wet and slippery rocks for a foothold, and holding on to timbers everywhere plentifully used in mines as supports, reminded us of Virgil's "Facilis descensus Averni." The route at the bottom turned a right angle, and extended 1500 feet, of width sufficient for a single track. Arrived at the end, we found miners at work, getting out coal by the aid of picks and the safety lamp, while amid darkness and dirt stood an old horse, waiting for his car to be filled. Were we really in the dominion of Pluto? A sense of suffocation came over us. The loaded car was drawn by the horse to the foot of the plane, the engine at the top drew it up the plane, and then placed in the open car first mentioned, it was raised to the surface by the outside power; then it was run to the breaker, and its contents dumped in. The lump coal is broken in the breaker by machinery, and passes through hoppers into cars or boats bound for tide-water. The temperature of the mine was uniform. Three gangs of men worked alternately eight hours each, each man getting out about one ton in that time, which sold from the breaker at \$2.25. Water was forced from the bottom of the mine to the surface, more than 500 feet vertically. The coal is only partially excavated, more than half being left to support the immense mass of mountain rock overhead; and we are informed the monthly cost of timber for this mine, used to prop new excavations, and replace decayed supports, was one thousand dollars. Mining ceases at tide level. While down deep in the bowels of the mountain, all ideas of latitude or longitude, north and south, day and night, summer and winter vanished, while visions of incandescence far below Symme's hole, with water flowing in, and volumes of steam generated in abundance, seeking at Etna or Stromboli for an outlet, together with settling of rock roofs, and explosion of fire-damp, both of which occur occasionally in mines, took their place, and on reaching the surface we breathed freer and felt relief. Curiosity was satisfied without regrets, but one visit to such a place is enough for a life-time. Many mines are worked with a plane entering

the side of a mountain, and many have a shaft inside, for as one bed is worked out, the miners sink a shaft to reach another, the beds of coal being in layers, with rock beds alternating.—*Springfield Republican*.

## CRACKS IN BELLS.

A correspondent of the London Builder gives some very valuable advice about bells. He advises that they should be occasionally examined, to observe how much the bell is worn at the places struck by the hammer. If a considerable indentation has been made, the bell should be re-hung, and turned a quarter round, to present a fresh surface to the action of the clapper. Some good bells have become cracked without any extra or violent use, by being worn only at two points. The cost for turning the bell is very trifling compared with re-casting a cracked bell.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE, IN TARTAN COSTUME.

with great vivacity. Let the event then only be taken for what it really is, a respite given to the authorities of France to enable them to act. It would be, perhaps, better to say that it is a pause on the part of the sole authority to which governments hold themselves amenable, Divine Providence, to enable every one to do his duty." In view of the rather gloomy look that is taken by this distinguished writer, for how often do governments perform their duty?—it is a source of some consolation that Arizona is beginning to yield up her silver to the uses of man. The last overland mail brought sixty pounds of it, which will soon be followed by tons, we can easily believe, unless all accounts that we have thence are false.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

The great duty which lies upon a man is, to act his part in perfection.

it would require five times the labor to keep the same amount of land well weeded out, devoted to cranberries, that it would to keep clear of weeds an equal extent in strawberries. This, with the whole process, from the first preparation of the land—the placing of meadow or swamp mud between the rows in mid-summer and the covering with evergreens in winter—must bring all to the conclusion that the upland culture of cranberries, so called, ought not to be recommended to our farmers. We gave the matter a pretty thorough trial for several years, and became satisfied that the best way is to select a piece of land, either on the meadow, or its margin, where it is naturally moist, cover the grass entirely with sand or gravel, say to the depth of three or four inches, and set the vines in it, with in six or eight inches of each other, and keep them entirely free from weeds.—*Farmer*.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVI. No. 23..WHOLE No. 415.

## WRECK OF THE SHIP ELIZABETH.

The engraving below is from a drawing made for us recently by Mr. Alfred Waud, who visited the spot for the purpose, and drew the wreck of the Elizabeth as it lies stranded on the beach near Scituate Light. Mr. Waud has selected early evening for the time of his representation, and produced a fine effect. The American ship Elizabeth, of Kennebunk, Captain Lord, of about 1140 tons burthen, went ashore, it may be remembered, during the thick and heavy snow-storm of February 26th, on Cedar Point. The life boat was manned and put forth to the rescue of the crew. The ship was owned by George Callender and others of this city, and had on board 3500 bales of cotton. The captain, in the thick storm, had mistaken the whereabouts of the entrance to Boston harbor. As it was found impossible to get the ship off, she was dismantled and unloaded where she lies, and her hull sold. She lay for weeks without going to pieces, and was quite recently in the condition in which she is represented in the engraving. But little improvement is necessary to render Scituate harbor a safe refuge for ships driven on this coast, but the present depth of water is insufficient. It appears by the government survey that the proposed improvements would require a breakwater and a canal of less than a mile in length to the North River, these waters at present falling into the bay over shallows to Phillips Beach. The expense would be comparatively inconsiderable, and it is a

matter of regret that certain local rivalries have hitherto defeated the project. From the cliffs of Scituate there is an extensive view on a clear day, and the distant line of Capes Cod and Ann can be seen stretching out to meet the Atlantic. In this vicinity, too, those fond of sea fishing can find plenty of sport, and thousands avail themselves of the opportunity during the summer months. The vicissitudes of maritime life, the strange and changeable scenery of the ocean, one of the greatest glories and mysteries of the creation, will ever enlist the interest and faculties of man while a wave rolls or a tide rises and falls. Art and eloquence have found their happiest themes in the great deep. How beautifully has Dr. Greenwood descanted on the Poetry and Mystery of the Sea! "The sea is his, and he made it," cried the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else, indeed, could it be, and by whom else could it be made? Who else can heave its tides and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and wings of the tempest, and then speak to it again in a master's accents and bid it be still? Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled it to the brim with beauty and mystery and power?

Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee or made thee. What is more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently-heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power—restless, overwhelming power—is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds and the howling winds, and the thunder and the thunderbolts, and they sweep on, in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two-thirds of the surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly-pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fullness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity—for its whole vast substance is uniform in its local unity—for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime: who can sound it? Its strength is sublime: what fabric

of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple, or the stern music of its roar—whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunders at the base of some huge promontory, or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony, or dies away, with the calm and fading twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shores. The sea possesses beauty, in richness, of its own. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars, for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro with the breezes and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own—a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface leave streaming behind a Milky Way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds with the night and day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven."



WRECK OF THE SHIP ELIZABETH, ON THE BEACH NEAR SCITUATE LIGHT.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE WITCHES' VICTIM.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

A FEW summers ago I spent nearly the whole of the warm season among the mountains of Virginia. All that region of country is full of medicinal springs, a few of which have acquired a name and fame in some degree commensurate with their properties; but the greater number of them, by far, still remain unnoticed, and "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Such a spring I had stumbled upon, the preceding summer, and being particularly well pleased with its effects upon my system and greatly enamored of the adjacent hunting and fishing, to say nothing of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, I resolved to make a long visit to the place the following year. This resolution, unlike many more important ones, was duly carried into effect. I installed myself and my "traps" in the nearest farm house and prepared to pile up a supply of health such as would enable me to set poisons and pull-boxes at defiance for many years to come.

My boarding and lodging did not promise to be of a very luxurious character, but I had not come among the mountains in search of delicate living, and was determined to take things philosophically. Besides, I confidently depended on my rifle to do wonders for the larder; and I did keep a hot fire on the "varments," but it all ended in smoke, except on one occasion, when I triumphantly killed one of my landlord's fat turkeys; that time it ended in a volley of Dutch objections, and an augmentation of the sum total of my weekly board bill.

Fritz Schnigelfritz, usually called "old Fritz," was a native born citizen of the United States, but of German descent; a descent in the course of which he had managed to lose the language of the fatherland, without acquiring anything better than a very bastard sort of English in the place of it. In one respect the descent had been what an Irishman might call a descent *upward*, since, in what so many consider "the main chance," it had left him in a position far above that which his progenitors had occupied. They had been Swabian peasants of the lowest class, from what an old original of my acquaintance calls "time to memorial;" while he was a wealthy American farmer and land-holder.

At the time when "old Fritz" was young, education among the Alleghenies was at about as low an ebb as can well be imagined; and even of the little that was going, he had received in his own person but an infinitesimal quantity. To read a little, slowly and painfully, and write his own name, or something that passed for it, was the utmost extent of his educational accomplishments. And besides being thus illiterate, he was as superstitious—as superstitious—as an ignorant German.

With such a character, riches, it may be supposed, would form an exceedingly incongruous mixture. But the fact is, old Fritz's riches did not attract much attention. They were anything but obtrusive. It would never have done to apply to them the oft quoted maxim, *de non exultantibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*, for certainly their non appearance would be very unsafe premises whereof to predicate their non-existence.

I arrived at old Fritz's domicile a little before sunset. After a coarse but plentiful supper, the old man and old woman, after pointing out my dormitory, retired for the night. Their pretty daughter Katie, the only remaining (white) member of the family, was left alone with me.

"You are not going too?" said I, as Miss Katie took up a candle, and was apparently about to light it.

"I don't often sit up later than this," replied the young lady.

"That's because you have nobody to talk to, I suppose. You can't surely sleep from now till morning; and it seems to me that even my company might be preferred to a sleepless pillow. Am I not right?"

She smiled—a very sweet smile it was too—and put down the candlestick.

"It can't be possible," continued I, "that a pretty girl like you has absolutely no visitors. How about that tall, handsome young fellow who was here last night?"

"Godness gracious! How did you know that?"

I didn't know it at all. It was purely a random shot, but the bright blush that overspread

her face told me that it had struck home, nevertheless. Katie was singularly artless and unsophisticated, and before we had separated for the night I had had a peep into the inmost recesses of her guileless little heart.

John Bowden had been there the night before, and John was a tall, handsome young fellow, too. I became well acquainted with him soon afterwards, and I did not feel at all surprised that his visits were acceptable to Katie. He was just the very person to be acceptable to a pretty girl of Katie's way of thinking.

But it somehow happens that father and daughter do not always look through the same sort of mental eye-glass in such cases. John had a fault—a terrible one, in old Fritz's estimation. He was poor. Not that he was absolutely indigent, or even unable to support a wife decently; but he was relatively poor—poor in comparison with old Schnigelfritz.

John had commenced the world under many disadvantages, and he had inherited a sadly poor and unproductive farm; but by industry and skill he had greatly improved it already, and there was every reason to believe that he would eventually make it a valuable property, and himself a rich man.

Thus situated, John plucked up courage enough to ask the old man for his daughter. He was flatly refused. Fritz's objection to him was not merely on account of his want of means. True, he had a sovereign contempt for poverty. But there was another thing for which he had a still greater aversion, and that was what he called "larnin'." And, of all sorts of larnin', that which prompted to new-fangled methods of agriculture was the very worst.

Schnigelfritz himself had the good luck to inherit from his father over a thousand acres of rich river bottom. It was land of inexhaustible fertility, where any sort of farming would succeed. John Bowden, on the contrary, was the possessor of a sterile mountain tract, to reclaim which all the means and appliances of the improved system of modern agriculture were needed. And John, to the ineffable disgust of old Fritz, was eagerly gathering and putting in practice all the information he was able to acquire.

But this was not all. Another candidate for Katie's hands had appeared, and one after the Dutchman's own heart. He was about fifty years of age, twice a widower, and as rich and as stupid as the most fastidious of old fogies could desire. Fortunately for Katie, he lived in Ohio, and had undertaken to visit her but once. He was to make a trip to Virginia, however, soon after harvest, and then the wedding was to take place.

Such was the state of affairs. A few months would bring the uncongenial suitor, and Katie so dreaded the frowns of her father that she did not dare to refuse him. In short, the young people were in despair.

I did not learn all this in my first interview with Katie, but before the end of the first week I had become the confidant of both the young folks, and warmly sympathized with them in their difficulties.

One night, while I lay in bed thinking over the matter, an idea struck me, which, it appeared to me, might be turned to the advantage of my new-found friends. I did not tell them what it was, but I bade them be of good cheer, and cherish a vigorous faith that all would come right at last. I then made a few preparations, set my "idea" in motion, and awaited the result.

In the meantime I had been striving hard to become a favorite with old Fritz. I chimed in with all his opinions, humored his prejudices, and carefully concealed from him everything which might have a tendency to convict me of the possession of any such contraband stuff as "larnin'." Indeed, I pride myself on the elaborate stupidity then and there displayed, as one of the cleverest things I have to boast of.

The reader will perhaps conclude, of his own accord, that I did not take all this pains simply in order that I might hold a prominent place in the good graces of Mr. Schnigelfritz; and the reader will unquestionably be right. I had a special reason for so doing.

One very warm evening, while a thunder-storm was raging, the old man abruptly asked me if I believed in witches.

"Believe in witches? You might as well ask me if I believed in thunder and lightning. Do I believe the Bible, Mr. Schnigelfritz? Doesn't the good book expressly declare the fact? Wasn't the 'witch of Endor' a witch?"

"Pe sure it does—pe sure she was."

"And is there anybody so ridiculously hard-headed as not to believe in witches?"

"Pe sure dere is—plenty of 'em. Dere's my darter Gatie, for one."

"Come, now that's not possible."

"Yes, intee she don't—I mean, no intee she does—I mean she does be von o' dem vat don't believe in vitches. And a whole hénp o' beoples more, all vider as deir faders never was, vat dinks dere aint no sich ting."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes, intee, Mr. bainter,"—(I was trying to make a picture of Katie, and the old man, seeing my colors, set me down as a painter by trade).—"yes, intee; but I've seen de vitches and felt 'em too. Dey rites me, just like a horse, efery di ne I eat fresh bork for supper—dey does so, so dey does. And dey rites my horses, too. No longer ago as last night dey rote my young bay mare Petsey, and de prides is in her mane now. And I know fery well too how dey got at her. De horse shoe got off de staple toor, somehow, or it nefer could a happened."

"To be sure; and I would have it nailed on again, by all means. It is dangerous to have it off—very dangerous indeed."

"Pe sure it is, but—Gott in Himmel! Vat is dat?" And with the utterance of these words, the old man, becoming as pale as the texture and color of his leather-like skin would let him, pointed across the room, and stared in the same direction, as if he had seen a ghost.

The old woman had brought in a lump of ice in a basin, intending to transfer it to the pitcher, and it was upon this ice that her husband's attention was fixed. A bright, beautiful flame, of a purplish color, had suddenly burst forth from the frozen mass, and completely enveloped it. It was now nearly dark, and the blazing ice illuminated every part of the room with its soft, brilliant light.

Old Fritz seemed actually struck dumb with astonishment. He still remained as at first, with open mouth and outstretched arm, as if suddenly petrified in that position, and neither spoke nor moved, till the ice being nearly all dissipated, the fire went out. He then turned to me, after drawing a long breath, and said: "Do you dink it was de tunder and lightning vat shtruck it?"

It is no trouble to me generally to "keep my face straight" under circumstances trying to the risible faculties; but the indescribably ludicrous expression of old Schnigelfritz's phiz at this particular juncture, made soberfacedness a most difficult virtue to practise. With the aid of the obscurity, however I managed to present a tolerably solemn and a sufficiently astounded appearance. However it may have been with the ice, there was unquestionably one thing that looked thunderstruck, and that was old Fritz; and for my part I tried my best to follow his example.

As for the old woman, her astonishment was not less than that of her husband, while her facility in expressing it was far greater. It was only after exhausting all the interjections and ejaculations which her limited vocabulary would supply, that she began to hold her tongue and look for a candle.

Katie seemed pleased at the exhibition, rather than frightened, or even astonished. When the candle was lit, we all hurried to the ice and examined it. There was very little of it there, but a good deal of water, and a spoonful or more of a whitish-looking substance. Old Fritz asked me what it was. I told him I thought it must be the burnt ice. "O, yes, pe sure," said he, and carefully treasured it up as such. He said nothing more about the matter and went off to bed, but with an anxious countenance.

The next day was a very fine one, and I spent it chiefly in the woods. The evening meal was ready soon after my return. We took our places at the table, and Katie raised the pot to pour out the tea. It came, and with the first gush old Fritz burst forth with the angry interrogatory: "Vat ter tyfel you fill de teabot mit ink for?"

"It can't be ink, father," said Katie; "I put nothing in it but tea and water."

"I vashed out de bot myself, and I saw Gatie put in de tea mit my own eyes," spluttered the old woman, whose tongue, strange to say, had hitherto been paralyzed by astonishment and dread.

"Aint dat ink, Mishter bainter?" asked the old man, handing me a cupful of the fluid from the teapot.

I examined it, tasted it, and pronounced it ink—rather too pale to write with, but still unquestionable, undemable ink.

For the first time, I suspect, in many years, my landlord was too much troubled to eat. Loss of appetite with him was evidently a serious matter, and all the household stood aghast. Old Fritz was certainly bewildered. He knit his brows savagely at the inky fluid, and soon left the table, muttering and looking things unutterable.

The old woman had a wonderful tongue of her own, which nothing but her husband's presence could restrain. As soon as he left the table she burst forth and exclaimed, and wondered, and (O'd! and ah'd! and O, lord! and goody-gracious'd! and godness me'd! and did you ever'd! and no, I never'd! and babbled a fabulous amount of nonsense with a volubility almost as amazing as the inky metamorphosis.

Looking as grave as fifty country court judges all in one, I fled from the wordy tempest—ingloriously fled—and took refuge in the sanctity of my private apartment.

Next day the old man and I were to make preparations for a deer hunt, and we accordingly set about it, though, it must be confessed, with no great alacrity on his part. He was still brooding over his late experiences, and his sombro, inky ruminations had so colored the whole moral man, as to make his face almost as dark as his thoughts.

In general, old Fritz was a keen sportsman, and, in spite of his years, was still as tough as seasoned hickory. Our venatical preparations seemed to rouse him a little, and it was with some degree of cheerfulness that he took hold of an iron ladle for the purpose of melting some lead wherewith to mould rifle-bullets, while I prepared to preside at the casting.

Furnished with a sufficient quantity of the "raw material," the ladle was placed over a fine hot bed of coals at the kitchen fire, and—*bang!* came an explosion like the bursting of a cannon, which shook the very beams and rafters of the house, and scattered lead, ladle and Dutchman promiscuously over the floor. Gathering himself up, and diligently rubbing his shins, the discomfited operator gazed ruefully around and emphatically ejaculated: "Vitches agin, by tam!"

"Why, what on earth did you put into the ladle?" asked I, who had, strange to say, remained wholly unscathed in this "wreck of matter and crush of"—pots and kettles.

"I didn't put noting at all into de ladle but to lead. It's dem cused vitches, and noting at all else. Don't you dink so?"

I looked unutterable wisdom, and gave a Lord Burleigh like shake of the head, put on a sadly severe countenance, and said nothing.

"It must be vitches," persisted Fritz. "Five pounds of powder couldn't a mate sich a bust-up; and dere vash't not von grain of powder in to house, secin' as how Chon Kroomer he vas gone to de shore to bring some."

I tipped him the Burleigh head-shake again, successfully, I think, reflecting in my own countenance the solemn stupidity of his—no offence, be it understood, to the immortal memory of the august Elizabeth, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. Then, as before, I wound up the matter by very emphatically saying nothing.

As the old man would not have touched the ladle again with a ten-foot pole, I was obliged to take charge of it, and "albeit unused to the melting mood," I managed to complete the job without further disaster. Our day's sport, however, turned out but indifferently, for my companion was so gloomy, so palpably witch ridden, that anything like cheerfulness was out of the question.

At the tea table that evening he appeared to be in a semi-frightened condition all the time. He looked suspiciously at everything he handled, and seemed constantly haunted by the apprehension of its blowing up under his very nose. The meal was finished, however, without any such catastrophe, and it was with an air of returning confidence that the old man held out his glass to get it filled with water from the pitcher.

Having had his tumbler filled, he was about to carry it to his lips, when suddenly from the very centre of the limpid element there burst forth a tiny flame, with a miniature explosion, from which arose a beautiful little wreath of white smoke, forming an exact circle, and growing gradually larger and larger as it ascended towards the ceiling. Another soon followed it, and another, and another, till the water was all ablaze with their brilliant flashings, and the air above filled with beautiful circlets, quivering gracefully as they yielded to the impulse communicated by the faintest breath of air.



"O, mein Gott!" groaned the bewildered Dutchman, "de latle shoots, and de ice burns, and de water burns, and dere's ten ton-and little tyf is a wrigglin' and a dancin' in de smoke!"

The poor old fellow was really in a terrible fix, and actually feared that the witches were about to turn him out of house and home. The old woman, as usual gave vent to her feelings in an interminable torrent of words. The young one gazed admiringly at the miniature lightnings as they flashed from the surface of the water, and the circlelets of smoke so singularly graceful in their fairy evolutions. She was constituted by nature a genuine admirer of the beautiful, and this admiration was all the more active and sincere because of the rare opportunities she had for its indulgence.

As the old farmer sat gloomily resting his elbow on the table and his head upon his hand, I whispered to him privately to remain after the withdrawal of the women, as I had something of importance to say to him. He nodded his head and remained where he was, with his eyes gloomily covered.

In half an hour or so the old woman, having talked herself almost asleep, came up and asked him if he wasn't ready to go to bed, but he very emphatically told her to mind her own business, and not bother him, whereupon she and Katie both evacuated the apartment.

"Mr. Schnigelfritz," said I, as soon as we were alone, "this is a sad affair, truly. It does certainly seem as if some evil influence had taken possession of the house."

"It's de vitches—dat's vat it is, Mr. bainter. Dey'll sarve me just like dey did Chon Shprokel, and not leafe me von cent to shake mid anoder. I knows dey vill."

I nodded my head, but in so doing acted a villainous fib, for I knew very well that the "spirits" who had ruined John Sprogel all came out of a rum-bottle.

"Ah, yes," continued Fritz, "it's jist noting else but tem secontrel, rascal, fillain!" He spoke gloomily and despondingly, still keeping his face covered with his hand.

"Hu-s-h! my dear sir, it is dangerous to talk in that way. We don't know who may be listening to us."

Slam—bang! Old Fritz bounced from his seat, for the words had hardly left my lips when a tremendous explosion shook the house, and brought Katie and the old woman back again, considerably en déshabille. Having, with some difficulty, induced them to return to their respective couches, I said:

"My caution, you see, was not unnecessary. We were overheard, beyond a doubt."

"Mein Gott, yes. Vat shall I do?"

"Well, Mr. Schnigelfritz, I'll help you in this matter if I can. Now there are various sorts of evil influences which torment mankind, and the first thing for us to do is to find out certainly whether these are witches or not."

"Pe sure."

"There are a number of ways of doing this, and I think we shall be able to get at the truth without much difficulty. Did you ever happen to see any hydrophlogisticated silver?"

"No intert. Vat is it?"

"Well, sir, it is a magical preparation, very costly and precious, and very difficult to procure. It is distilled from common silver, previously mingled with the ashes of a certain bird, called the phoenix. This bird inhabits the deserts of Utopia, and it is almost as much as a man's life is worth even to enter them; consequently the phoenix is a bird that is very rarely seen, and the ashes are sold to magicians and philosophers at an enormous price."

"Vouterful!"

"It takes fifty grains of the ashes, and four hundred grains of the common silver to make a single grain of the hydrophlogisticated."

"Vouterful!"

"I have a small quantity of it here. You see it looks like melted silver, and that is the great secret, to melt the silver and keep it from getting hard again. That is effected by the phoenix ashes. It is a little harder than quicksilver."

"Mein Gott! Do let me see it."

"Take care! It is dangerous to handle it."

"Der tyfel!" exclaimed old Fritz, and leaped backward with an agility hardly to have been expected at his time of life.

"Don't be frightened," said I, "it wont hurt you unless you handle it."

"Does it plow up?"

"No no, but it has a great many magic properties, and among others, that of being an ex-

cellent test for witches. It will force them to declare themselves. If they have been playing any tricks upon you, by making use of this substance, and repeating certain magic words, you will force them to do the thing over again. Now if it is really the witches who have made the water burn, by virtue of this wonderful hydrophlogisticated silver, I will cause them to repeat the miracle, against their will."

"Vouterful!"

"I take a small bit of it, you observe, and throw it into this basin of water, repeating these powerful words of incantation: '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*'"

No sooner had the magic silver touched the water, than a beautiful rose colored flame burst forth, while the little globule danced nimbly over the surface, fiery coruscations darting and flashing around it in every portion of its course. My companion's feelings were too deeply moved to find vent in any ordinary expression of astonishment. He gazed in silent, awe-struck admiration, and seemed to feel himself in the actual presence of Satan.

With another one of those Lord Burleighish wags of the head, concentrating all a prime minister's wisdom in one single oracular vibration, I admitted the melancholy truth, and pronounced the witches to be a genuine, A. no one article.

"There can be no doubt about it," said I; "but still we cannot be too sure, and it will do no harm to vary the experiment. And these trials, I may remark, are not useful as tests merely. They serve a double purpose. Witches, it is well known, can only exercise a certain degree of bewitchment, and every time we force them to do a miraculous thing of this sort, we compel them to part with a portion of the bewitching principle, and of course weaken them to that extent."

"Vouterful!"

"The magic words, pronounced in a peculiar manner, will force them to do a great many things, particularly when connected with certain magic preparations like the hydrophlogisticated silver. What say you, shall I proceed with the trials?"

"Pe sure."

"Well, here are the magic spectacles of Trismegistus. I wave them three times over your head, and then repeat the words of the incantation: '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' Now put them on, and look at the candle."

"You sure dey vont plow up?"

"No no, not a bit of it. Put them on, shut one eye, and then look steadily at the candle. There, now, how does it look?"

"It's as green as grass."

"Pull them off. How does it look now?"

"Mein Gott! It's as red as blood!"

"Put them on again. What do you see now?"

"It's all black. I don't see noting!"

"Just so. The witches belong to a fiery country, down below, you know, and they have the power to do many things with fire."

"Plow up lates?"

"Yes, blow up lades and men, too. But we don't want them to do anything of that sort. I will show you a very curious lamp, such as is used for the purpose of distilling the hydrophlogisticated silver."

"Vont she plow up?"

"What?"

"De hydrophobystified lamp?"

"No no, not a bit of danger. We'll light the lamp and then blow out the candles."

"Gott in Himmel! Mishter bainter, you look 'zacly like a deat man's corpse!"

"Look at yourself, in the glass."

"Tousand tyfels! We both deat men!"

"Deat? Not we. The witches are making sport of us. They never can kill us as long as we can say, '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' There's not the least danger of it."

"*Horum scorum, spirit more rum, californi, photograph, phrenology!* Is dat right?"

"Never mind, never mind; I'll say it for you, and that will do just as well. This is only a trick of the witches to frighten us. I'll soon put a stop to it. I'll just shut up this dark lantern in which the lamp stands, and say the magic words. There, you see it's all right again. Now we can force the witches to make the lamp burn any color we please. Suppose, for instance, we say a beautiful pale violet. Shall we?"

"Pe sure."

"Very well. Put your hat over your eyes, and hold it there till I tell you to look. That's

right. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' Now look."

"Dat is beautiful!"

"A very pretty violet. What will you have next? Choose any color you please."

"I choose brick dust color."

"Very good. Brick dust let it be. Cover your eyes. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' Look."

"Yes, intert—de color of de new meetin' house."

"Very well. What will you have next?"

"Ret—crimson."

"Here goes for crimson. Cover your eyes. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' Look. There you have it. Did you ever see anything prettier?"

"It is beautiful—couldn't be prettier color."

"What next?"

"Green."

"Very good. Go through the motions, say the words, and green it is. What more?"

"Purple."

"Purple you have. What next?"

"Orange."

"Orange it is. What next?"

"Mein Gott and fader! Dat is enough. Dem vitches must pe de vout vat mannyfagures de rain-pows, pe sure."

"Well, the fact is, there is hardly anything they can't do, if you put '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*'"

"Dey couldn't make you hold dat hot tea-kettle in your hand."

"Yes, they could."

"Dat tea-kettle on de fire, dar? Tousand tyfels! Vy, it's bilin' hot."

"No matter for that. I'll hold it. '*Horum quorum spirituum, phosphorum, chromonolothologos!*' Now take it off the fire and set it on my hand."

"Tunder and blitzen! Don't it burn?"

"No, indeed. Try it yourself."

"No, tank you. I'm blenty satisfied."

I will not trouble the reader with a minute history of the "course of sprouts" through which I conducted the awfully bewitched mountaineer. I continued to ply him with miracles similar to the above until he had hardly a particle of common sense left; and if the Evil One had actually appeared, in an ocean of blue flames, and carried him off bodily, I do not think it would have added one iota to his utter bewilderment, astonishment and consternation.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, at last, "I dink I shall die! O, Mishter bainter, is dere no vay to get rid of dem?"

"Well, Mr. Schnigelfritz, I consider it my duty to tell you that this of yours is no common case. If it were we should have exhausted the witch power long ago. It is very plain to my mind that these spirits of evil are very angry with you for some reason or other, I cannot tell what. It is of the last importance to you to discover what this is, and if you can discover it, then lose not a moment in obeying their commands, or the consequences may be terrible. Your life might pay the forfeit."

Having said this, I made an awkward attempt to snuff the candle, and put it out.

"Gott in Himmel! vat is dat?" faltered old Fritz, as he pointed with a trembling hand to the opposite wall, where, in letters of flaming fire, appeared these words: "GIVE KATIE TO JOHN, OR YOU WILL REPENT IT FOREVER!"

"I will, Mishter Tyfel, pe sure I vill, as soon as efer you please!" roared the old man, the moment he succeeded in spelling out the meaning of the fiery capitals.

"That is all I want, but see that you do it!" cried a strange, hollow voice at his elbow. He turned and saw—or at least he always declared that he saw—a terrible apparition, ten feet high, all wrapt in flame, and breathing fire and brimstone. He gave but a single glance at the awful figure, and sunk upon the floor, half dead with fears too overwhelming to be borne. When he recovered a little, and at length took courage to look up, the candle had been relit, and the Evil One was gone.

"Mein Gott, Mishter bainter," he groaned, "vat in heafen's name you dink of dat?"

I replied only by an ominous shake of the head—Burleigh fashion, of course.

"You dink dey let me lone if I gif Katie to Chon Bowden—eh?"

This time, instead of shaking my head, I nodded it—energetically and emphatically.

"I vill do it—right off."

And so he did, and I danced at the wedding. He not only did it, but did it with such feverish

haste that he outstripped the wisest even of John himself. If it had been at all within the bounds of possibility, I verily believe he would have had the knot tied before breakfast the next morning. It was tied before the week was out, and many were the blessings invoked upon my head by the grateful young couple. It is to be hoped that they may do something to neutralize the immense falsehoods I told old Fritz, some of which came very near sticking in my throat. But of course I couldn't personate Old Nick—couldn't play the devil—without lying.

Those of my readers who have not forgotten their chemistry will not need to be told that a few simple displays of elective affinities comprehended all the witchcraft I employed, Katie, of course, being in the secret, and assisting me in various ways. The burning of the ice was effected by merely dropping upon it a bit of potassium, a metal so fond of oxygen that it will snatch it even from ice, and burn the hydrogen on the spot. The whitish residuum—the "burnt ice"—was of course common potash, the result of the oxidation. The hydrophlogisticated silver, too, was potassium, which produced the same effect upon water as upon ice. The blowing up of the lads was effected by slowly dropping into it a very small quantity of the well-known detonating mixtures, the component parts of which I need not pause to describe. A similar preparation, a hammer, and a common flat-iron, were the means used for producing the other explosion, old Fritz's eyes being at the time covered with his hand. In order to change the tea into ink, all I had to do was, by Katie's conivance, to drop a few grains of the sulphate of iron into the teapot, and genuine, bona fide ink was the result.

The flames generated from water, and producing the beautiful circlelets of white smoke, were the result of a small quantity of sulphuret of lime, stealthily conveyed into the tumbler. The changing the color of the flame of the candle to green, then to blood red, and finally to black—or rather to nothing at all—is a simple optical phenomenon, which any one can produce by merely using a pair of green spectacles. For the manufacture of the other colored flames, I had provided a dark lantern, and a number of little lamps filled with alcohol. In that intended to produce a yellow flame, common salt was dissolved; for the crimson flame I used muriate of strontia; for the green, muriate of baryta; for the violet, muriate of potassa; for the orange, chloride of calcium; for the purple, chloride of lithium; and for brick color, muriate of lime.

When my lamp was first lit it burned with a yellow flame, which causes the human countenance to assume a ghastly yellowish hue, which gives it a strangely spectral aspect. The burning words were of course written with phosphorus, and were visible only after dark; and the fiery devil was myself, well rubbed with a particularly ill-smelling preparation of phosphorus dissolved in oil, and magnified by the old man's fears into a fire and brimstone breathing monster, ten feet high.

The feat of holding the boiling-hot kettle in the hand, is one that any person may perform, if he will only assure himself beforehand, as I did, that the bottom of it is thickly covered with soot. This substance is an excellent non conductor of heat, and hence prevents the hand from being burned.

In these articles, all my witchcraft was comprised; and if the reader thinks it strange that old Fritz should be bamboozled by such simple contrivances, it is only a proof that the reader does not know how much credulity and superstition is to be found in a certain class of native American Germans.

#### THE SLEEPING CHILD.

There are seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the air of the dimly lighted chamber, wherein is no sound heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping infant. I feel at such times as if brought nearer to the Divine presence; and, with every care and busy thought gathered into silence, almost seem as though admitted to the company of the angels who keep their appointed watch around the little child; one desire only filling my soul, that my children may grow up to walk in the way of the righteous—at such moments, too, how clearly is perceived and acknowledged the claim of the Creator over the young creature He hath formed. He hath breathed into it the breath of life, and hath made it a living soul, and hath given it to a mother's keeping. She boweth herself before Him, and receiveth from His hand this pearl of great price, when the Lord maketh up His jewels to be required of her again.—*Diary of Lady Widdowshy.*



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE FALCON.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

The fine old mansion of the Alberghi family, near Gluckstadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elbe. That night a grand ball was given by Count Frederic Alberghi, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore. The building was massive stone, high and dark, protected by moat, drawbridge and battlemented tower—it was a fine old feudal castle, built in the time of Frederic II. Outside it looked grand and gloomy; inside it was ablaze with lights, and redolent with the perfume of choice flowers which were scattered in profusion about not only the large drawing-room, but in all the smaller apartments which were thrown open to the guests.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons—a young man, remarkably handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome just now, as she listened to her companion with drooping eyes; indeed, most people would call her simply pretty till she raised her expressive dark blue eyes, and the brilliant, wildering smile broke over her face. The two were standing talking carelessly together, the lady leaning against the heavily carved oaken window frame, and the young man standing nearly opposite her, caressing a bright-eyed falcon perched upon his wrist.

"So, Count Alberghi, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball as yet ever attended."

The lips of the young man curled, and he answered contemptuously: "That is surely a name worth gaining at any price."

"Of course! But why so scornful about it?"

"You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation; that the ball is given only in honor and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense."

"Alas, Count Alberghi, I am told that a dozen times each day."

"Probably; but the words do not come from the heart as mine do."

"Pooh! They all swear that!"

"Very well, Lady Herford, I may sometimes be able to prove the truth of my words. I have been a fool. For three years I have hung upon your accent, fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power. My fortune, which was ample, I laid at your feet, that you might have every possible want supplied; and in return for this devotion I have received nothing but coldness and scorn. You know that I love you as few men love—with my whole heart and soul—and yet you scorn me. You are rich and noble. I still love you as madly as ever, but to-night is the last time I bow before you. This once I plead, Lady Lena, to be shown some kindness. For the last time I offer you myself. Will you take me?"

Lady Herford turned pale as she listened to the rapid, passionate words uttered by the young man who knelt before her. Her eyes grew dark with some inward feeling, but her words destroyed the faint hope which had risen in the heart of the young man at the gentle expression on her face.

"O, rise, Count Frederic, for I know this is all nonsense—insanity. To-morrow you will be beside me as usual, and the next, and the next, and every day, just as you have been for years."

The young man rose, and, in answer to her taunt, only bent his head and tenderly stroked the glossy head and neck of the bright-eyed bird on his wrist, that looked from one to another, as if inquiring what was going on.

Piqued at his silence, the lady exclaimed: "Where now is your boasted love? I say a bitter thing to you and you do not retaliate."

"I cannot forget myself so far as to retaliate to a woman."

"No, but you can sneer. You sneer and stroke your falcon, which I know possesses more of your boasted love than I do."

"Jeanette never wounds me. In return for my caresses she does not give me bitter coldness."

"Perhaps she would if she could speak."

"Actions, Lady Lena, speak louder than words."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she turned to the door, but paused as she neared it, and looking

over her shoulder, contemptuously said: "I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady-love."

The tone was very insulting, and this time the young man raised his head with flashing eyes, and his words came rapid and indignant.

"You are right. This falcon belonged to a noble lady, whose kind, womanly heart scorned to inflict a wound upon the meanest creature; who trampled not under foot honorable love offered her as if it was a disgraceful thing. One whom I loved devotedly, and who, had she been unable to return the affection offered her, would yet have rejected it with considerate gentleness."

"Why then don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?" enquired the lady.

"She would willingly soothe my wounded spirit, but she is dead."

Without another word Lena sped from the room, her brain on fire, her eyes full of tears. Could Frederic have seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, wept bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was, they parted in anger. Left alone, Frederic paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud: "I have been a drivelling fool—a madman! For three years I have devoted my time, heart and fortune to the service of this heartless woman, one day rewarded with smiles, the next with frowns. To-morrow, when the bills are paid, debts incurred for this night, I shall be absolutely penniless—all my fortune spent upon this vain flirt, who is underserving the name of woman. Yes, to-morrow my horses, furniture and plate will be sold, my servants discharged, and all that will remain to me is this old castle, my faithful nurse Margaret, who will not leave me, and my falcon. This building, now ringing with the sound of music, dancing and merry laughter, will be closed, to become the sanctuary of rats and spiders. For myself, I shall withdraw from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this unmanly repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

So saying, Frederic replaced the falcon on his perch near the window, and forcing a gay smile and careless air, sauntered into the ball-room, and from that time till the company left, he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

"Quick, Susan! fasten this bodice and bring me the hood and mantle and the thick shoes!" exclaimed the Lady Lena Herford; then added, impatiently: "You'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so I cannot do anything."

The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the elegant mirror, laughing to see herself in complete peasant's attire.

"Will anybody know me, Susan?" she asked, laughingly, as she drew over her face the hood.

"No indeed, Lady Lena; if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself."

"Then I am off!" And suiting the action to the word, the graceful Lady Lena Herford ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way.

In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed: "Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a moonlight kiss?"

"Away with you! You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you wait stop me now."

"Good bargain, Susan. We have not much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back."

Away sped Lena. After a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Alberghi, and entering by a low postern door which she found open, Lena made her way to the door of the tower where she saw old Margaret seated.

"Good noon, Dame Margaret."

The old woman raised her head, and recognizing Susan, Lady Herford's favorite waiting-maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret. I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady."

"You needn't come here with it, then. Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house."

"But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it, and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be as cruel as that to a poor girl who has never done you any harm."

Here Lena began to sob. Margaret rose.

"You have never done me any harm, so give

me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly."

The note was produced, and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so: "Much good, much good it will do my poor young master. It isn't sealed very closely, and if I could read I would open it, and then if there was anything in it to wrong him, I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him."

By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

Frederic was seated by the window reading. He looked up as the old woman entered and asked what she wanted.

"A note for you, sir."

The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicate, perfumed note. A moment he paused, overcome by his feelings, then impetuously tore it open and read the following words:

"Lady Lena Herford being about to visit England, to be gone several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend, Count Frederic Alberghi, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at five o'clock."

A spasm passed over the young man's face, and he murmured, "once more." Turning to Margaret he said: "What is there in the house to eat?"

"As good as nothing, sir," replied the faithful woman, "for there is only the scraps left from your breakfast."

"That's bad, Margaret, for I have no money, not a single kreutzer, and here is a note from Lady Herford informing that she will dine with me to-day."

"She mustn't come, dear sir! There is nothing to give her."

Frederic seemed lost in thought—suddenly he raised his head.

"I have it now. You must serve up my poor Jeanette here. It is all I can do."

"O, master! What, roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to—"

"Hush, Margaret, not another word, only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining-room; have it ready precisely at five. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately. I shall be in my chamber to which I shall now retire."

Margaret dared not remonstrate, but sobbing and wringing her hands she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety, and when Margaret entered in such distress of mind she sprang up.

"What is the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?"

"Deed there has!" woefully answered Margaret.

"What? Speak, woman!"

"O, only he's gone clean daft. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear good young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than all her body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job's turkey, and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon."

A triumphant smile flashed into the eyes of the false waiting-woman, and she asked: "How so?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there is nothing in the house, neither victuals nor even a kreutzer, so he has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked ladyship's dinner."

"I've no doubt it will make capital eating!" laughed the girl.

"Out upon you! You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her and tell her that she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is!"

"O, don't take on so, Margaret. I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a dish valuable for its rarity, for I warrant me she has never tasted roast falcon before."

Margaret's only answer was to throw herself into her chair and sob. The disguised Lena approached her.

"Don't feel so badly. But tell me why should Count Frederic care so much for the poor bird?"

"Don't you know that? Why, it belonged to his blessed mother, who is now an angel in heaven."

Tears filled Lena's eyes, and she said: "Well, I didn't know that, and it is a real shame to roast the bird, and if you will keep it a secret

I'll help you. Give me the bird and I'll take it home and send you another in return. Your master will be none the wiser."

Margaret's face lighted up, and earnestly thanking the girl, she left the room and soon returned with the falcon, closely hooded, which she gave to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctual to the minute came Lady Herford, and never had she looked more lovely or been dressed in so much elegance and taste. Margaret, with a sullen air, ushered her into the dining-room, where Frederic came forward to receive her. He was struck with her fresh, winning appearance, and she with his pale, haggard appearance—a bitter change to be wrought in so few weeks. His greeting was frigidly polite, and hers particularly genial and kind. The dinner was soon served, and Lena shuddered as she glanced round the long, dark, unfurnished room, seen last brilliantly lighted and decorated and filled with lively guests, and before whom

groaned a table covered with every luxury the season afforded and money could buy. What a contrast! Now all the gorgeous hangings, furniture, pictures, silver, glass and lights were gone, and in their place stood in the empty room a small deal table bearing two covers and one dish of meat. With all his old grace of manner, Frederic led Lena to the table and took his place opposite her. The meal was a silent one, for Frederic was abstracted, and Lena so nearly overcome by everything around her that she could scarcely repress her tears. As they rose from the table the count spoke:

"I am sorry, madame, to offer you so poor a repast, but—"

"Don't speak of it, sir count," hastily interrupted Lena, affecting a gaiety she was far from feeling. "It was charming, so new, and I never tasted a more delicious chicken."

"I am happy to find that I have pleased you; but allow me, in all deference to your taste, to correct one mistake; the bird you have partaken of was not chicken, but my falcon."

"Your pet falcon?"

"The same, madame."

"Frederic!"

The tone in which his name was uttered caused Frederic to start, and he was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears. Before he could recover his self-possession Lena stood before him, erect and pale.

"Frederic, to-day we part forever, and before we do so I must obtain your forgiveness. You have always treated me with respect and love, and I—I have repaid your devotion with coldness and scorn. Will you forgive me?"

"Most certainly!" coldly answered Frederic, making a great effort to subdue the passion her unwonted gentleness had roused. "I loved you, and probably by my unceasing devotion wearied you. I needed a lesson, and I have learned it. I could not expect one who did not love me to—"

"Stop there and listen to me, and if my confession, made in this hour, seems unmanly, let my excuse be that it was the only repatriation in my power. I am wealthy—the wealthiest woman in all Germany—as it is said. From my childhood I have feared to be loved for my wealth, and with my earnest nature I know a marriage without love would be death. People whom I counted my warm, sincere friends told me that my riches were all you cared for—that you lavished your comparatively little wealth upon me only the more surely to gain possession of my princely fortune. I did not believe them, but I wished to try you. In my cautiousness I went too far, too far, for I have lost what I value more than life—your love!"

"Lena, Lena, be careful!"

"I am past caring for anything now. To-morrow I leave for England, never to return. I could not go without asking you to forgive me, without telling you as the only balm I can offer that if I made you suffer I suffered also, and perhaps more acutely, for I was called heartless, cold, unprincipled by the only being I ever loved in this world, that I—"

She could say no more for she was clasped in eager arms and covered with passionate kisses. A few minutes she lay there, then freed herself, all blushing and tearful from her lover's embrace. A moment she left the room, then returned bearing a basket which she gave to Frederic. On opening it his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederic's shoulder she said:

"Take me, dear Frederic. I yield myself to you, overcome by your love and unselfish devotion—actually brought to hand by your FALCON."



## CAUSES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The Italian Peninsula, with an area about equal to that of New York and New England combined, and a population of nearly twenty-five millions, occupies such a position in Europe that were it united under one authority, or leagued in one interest, it must carry with it the command of the Mediterranean, and balance in the South the power of Germany in the North. Were the Italian States free and independent, no power could successfully undertake to arrogate to itself the dominion of Southern Europe. Were the Italian States subject to any one of the great powers, that power might undertake the accomplishment of the dream of universal European dominion, as least as safely as France in the time of Napoleon I., or Spain in the days of Charles V.

When exhausted Europe fell back in 1815 from its victory over Napoleon upon the reconstruction of "principalities and powers," it was felt to be imperatively necessary not only that Italy should be put beyond the reach of any of the parties to the Holy Alliance, but also that she should be prevented from aspiring to any unity of her own. No ruler could trust his brother-ruler with what Richelieu called the "Key of the World," and all the rulers were resolved that the Italian people should not hold it. Italy was, therefore, divided as follows: To the restored King of Naples was given his old realm, the Italian inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Upon an area nearly equal to that of New York this sovereign was to rule over ten millions of subjects, and the whole southern region of the peninsula. To the pope was confided an area equal to that of Massachusetts and Maryland with three millions of people, in the centre of Italy, and stretching from sea to sea. An Austrian prince, of the young branch of the house of Hapsburg, held Tuscany, with two millions of people; and a fertile region on the west, fully as large as Massachusetts, locked in upon the north-eastern borders by the smaller States of Parma and Modena, also ruled by princes of Austrian extraction and alliance, and with a combined population of about a million souls. Northern Italy was finally divided by the river Ticino and the Lago Maggiore between the houses of Savoy and Hapsburg, the former as King of Sardinia, possessing a dominion to the west about as large as South Carolina, with a population twice as large as that of New York; the latter as King of Lombardy-Venetia, holding a region half as large as Maine, with a population of about five millions. In these arrangements it pleased the Congress of Vienna to see a sure guarantee of the impotence of Italy to menace the peace of the world. But the house of Hapsburg had not forgotten its ancient motto, and was determined not only to retain Lombardy, which had descended to it from the inheritance of Charles V., and Venice, which had fallen into its hands in the chances of the late Napoleonic war, but also to use Northern Italy as a lever for making all the peninsula its own. It lost no time in beginning operations. It has never ceased to prosecute them. The most formidable engines of Austrian influence have been the systematic attempts of the Italian sovereigns to crush their people back into the recognition of "divine right," and to kill the hydras of "liberty and law" throughout the States. The ink was hardly dry on the conventions of Paris, when in July 12, 1815, Austria signed a "secret treaty" with Naples, binding the King of Naples to "rule his dominion in accordance with the views of the Austrian government." Five years later, in 1820, Naples forced her king to grant her a constitution. Austria then appealed to this secret treaty, and by virtue of it marched an army into "independent" Naples, suppressed the constitution, and established that Austrian tutelage which has endured with the brief interval of a few months in 1848, up to this time. In 1821 Sardinia demanded a constitution. Into Sardinia, likewise, Austria marched without a secret treaty, and restored despotism there also. An outburst at Bologna brought Austrian into the Papal States, one or another point of which she has never since ceased to occupy. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is strictly Austrian by family, and has therefore been left comparatively uncomplimented by the armed presence of his kinsmen. With Parma and Modena, in 1847, Austria concluded treaties allowing her to take armed possession of these States whenever "military prudence" should require it. Within the last forty years, therefore, Austria, from ruling five million of Italians in one corner of the peninsula, has advanced to a practical control over the whole peninsula, with the single exception of Sardinia, in which State liberty has established herself, and has held its own with incomparable spirit and good sense.

On formal grounds, then, Napoleon III. has clearly been right as a European sovereign in

protesting against the steady infractions of the balance of power in Italy of which Austria has been guilty. In these protests he has simply echoed the less determined language held from time to time by his predecessor, Louis Philippe, and by the English government. His right to protect Sardinia from an invasion of Austria is demonstrable on these overt grounds alone.

As a French sovereign, Napoleon, however, has other and even stronger reasons for his present action, not the less respectable that they need not be diplomatically put forward. The course of Austria in Italy, while it threatens all the powers concerned in the freedom of the Mediterranean, bears directly upon the future welfare of France. France has nothing to fear from Italy, if the Italian States defined by the treaties of Vienna be really independent. From Italy, as a fief of Austria, France has everything to fear; and Napoleon would be recreant to his trust should he suffer the process begun in 1815 with Naples to be consummated with Sardinia in '59.—*N. Y. Times.*

all directions, was heard. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches; soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit-pat, pit-pat. When the noise was close to his ambush he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant; and what did he see?—only a rabbit, who stood on his hind-legs, as much astonished as was the sentry! Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, who disappeared down stairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind-legs hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from a neighboring plantation. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghost's bodies into the bargain.—*Buckland.*

tree can plant its roots there; no moss even can there attach its filaments; the slope is so steep that the earth and stones are rolling down incessantly, and it presents to the eye only a surface of arid, scorched dust, like those heaps of ashes thrown from the upper part of the city. Towards the middle of the hill or natural rampart, high and strong walls of broad stones, unhewn on their exterior face, begin, hiding their Roman and Hebraic foundations beneath the ashes which cover their bases, and rise here to the height of 50, then to 100, and further on to 200 and 300 feet above this base of earth. The walls are pierced with three city gates, two of which are walled up, and of which the only one open before us appears as empty and deserted as if it only gave entrance to a deserted city. The walls rise even above these gates, and sustain a broad and vast terrace which extends along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem, on the side which looks to the east. This terrace appears to be 1000 feet long and 600 feet broad; it is nearly level, except in the centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the shallow valley which formerly separated Mount Zion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, doubtless prepared by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal on which rose Solomon's Temple; it now sustains two Turkish mosques—one, El Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very site of the temple; the other, at the southeast extremity of the terrace touching the walls of Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar or El Sakara, an admirable edifice of Arabic architecture, is a block of stone and marble of vast dimensions, with eight faces, each face adorned with seven arcades terminating in ogives; above this first order of architecture a terraced roof, from which starts another order of narrow arcades, terminated by a graceful dome covered with copper, and formerly gilded. The walls of the west are clothed with blue enamel; to the right and left extend broad wings terminating in light Moorish colonnades, corresponding to the light gateways of the edifice. Beyond these arches, detached from every other building, the platforms continue and end, one at the north part of the city, the other at the walls on the south side. Lofty cypresses scattered at random, a few olive trees, and green and graceful shrubs, blending here and there among the mosques, relieve their elegant architecture and shining color of their walls by their pyramidal form and dark verdure set forth by the facades of the temples and domes of the city. Beyond these two mosques and the site of the temple, all Jerusalem extends and springs up, so to speak, before us, without the eye losing a roof or a stone, and like the plan of a city in relief displayed by an artist on a table. This city is not, as we have been told, a shapeless and confused mass of ruins and ashes, on which a few Arab huts are scattered, or a few Bedouin tents dotted about; not, like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, in which the traveller seeks in vain for the shadow of edifices, the traces of streets, the phantom of a city, but a city brilliant with light and color, nobly presenting to the eye its intact and crannellated walls, its blue mosques with white colonnades, its thousands of glittering domes on which the light of an autumn sun falls and rebounds in vapor; the facades of its houses tinged by time and heat with the yellow and golden color of the buildings of Pæstum and Rome; the old towers that guard its walls wanting neither a stone, a loophole, nor a battlement, and finally, in the midst of the ocean of houses and the cloud of little domes which cover it, a low, black dome, broader than the rest, and over-topped by another white dome. These are the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary. They are blended



JERUSALEM AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

## A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Speaking of ghosts, I have heard that, some years ago, there was a lone house standing by itself near a plantation, not far from Guilford. This house nobody would ever take because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every night after dark; several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noise. At last one individual more courageous than the rest resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs pit-pat; a full stop, then pit-pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, was coming up stairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed and listening; his heart, too, chimed in the tune pit-pat rather faster than it was wont to do. He flung open the door—hurry skurry, bang; something went down stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in

## JERUSALEM AS IT IS.

We present herewith an excellent engraving from a drawing made upon the spot, representing the city of Jerusalem in its present aspect, and from a new point of view. The crowded city, with its undulating surface and hills beyond, is contrasted by the wild and broken foreground with its luxuriant foliage, through which winds a characteristic procession of oriental figures. Since de Chateaubriand, whose "Itinerary" is a classic, de Lamartine is the most distinguished writer who has visited Jerusalem. No more recent description is more brilliant, complete and animated than his. He traces it with a pen of fire, at a single dash, at the moment when the panorama of the Holy City was unrolled before his eyes for the first time. "The Mount of Olives, on which I was seated," he says, "descends in an abrupt and rapid slope into the deep abyss which separates it from Jerusalem, and which is called the Valley of Jehosaphat. From the depth of this dark, narrow valley rises an immense broad hill, whose rapid inclination resembles that of a high crumbling rampart; no

and drowned, as it were, in the immense labyrinth of domes, buildings and streets which surround them, and it is difficult to conceive of such a site for the Calvary and the Sepulchre which, according to the ideas conveyed by the Gospel, should be found on an isolated, extra-mural hill, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, compressed on the side of Zion, doubtless expanded on the northern side, to embrace in its circuit the two places which made its glory and its shame, the place of the punishment of the just, and that of the resurrection of the man-God. Such is the city from the top of the Mount of Olives. It has no horizon behind it, neither on the west nor on the north side. The line of its walls and towers, the points of its numerous minarets, the centres of its shining domes, are defined naked and boldly against the blue oriental sky; and the city, thus borne and presented on its broad and elevated platform, seems to blaze again with all the ancient splendor of its prophecies, or to wait only a word to spring dazzling forth from its seventeen successive ruins, the New Jerusalem effulgent with brightness."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

The street was narrow and unfashionable, the house an old, ill-arranged three-story affair, and the prospect from its narrow window anything but pleasing, but still there was an air of neatness and comfort pervading one snug little box of a room in the attic, from the little polished cooking-stove and cheap carpet upon the broken floor, to the white counterpane of the little cot-bed under the eaves, and the books, pictures, and ingenious ornaments that adorn its shelves and walls, and the fair, serene face and perfect form of its young mistress, seemed in perfect keeping with all that surrounded her.

She had not a beautiful face, the features were not faultless, or the complexion dazzlingly fair, but it was one of those rare faces that "have an inner set of features shining through," betraying without words, to one who studied it, a pure heart, and a true and noble soul.

She looked calm and passionless, yet sad and thoughtful, as she sat by the one little window, with the dark brown, shining hair parted smoothly back from her noble brow, and her blue eyes fixed upon the work upon which she was stitch-stitching away the precious hours of life, but anon, as the sound of a shrill, cracked female voice came up from the room below, her brow slightly contracted, her lips compressed, and the eyes flashed and lighted with a look of unmistakable energy and interest.

Several minutes passed away, during which the shrill tones were evidently poured out in a distracting torrent, mingled with faint pleading tones in reply, and then footsteps were heard ascending the creaking stairs, the door opened without ceremony, and a lean, bony, rough-featured woman entered the apartment. The inmate rose.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hallowell," she said, in a slightly constrained tone. "Will you be seated, and tell me how you find yourself to-day?"

"O, poorly as ever!" replied the widow, in a complaining voice; "and no wonder, I have such an ocean of trouble to weigh me down."

"Why, what new affliction?"

"Not an affliction, but an infliction, a viper, a leech, a sponge—anything that sucks up the substance without giving an adequate return," said she, reddening with passion.

"But what is it, Mrs. Hallowell?"

"What indeed, but this poor dance of an author down stairs, who has sponged up a month's rent, and now says he is unable to pay, and who will starve and rot in his hole (my best room, nevertheless), unless I turn him out at once. If you'll believe it, the wretch has sold off everything but his bunk, and a few old books and papers, and there's nothing left, as I live, to levy a claim upon. O, it's enough to make a saint swear to think of it!" and her tones were bitter and angry.

"But, Mrs. Hallowell, the poor young man is evidently too ill to earn anything just now. He was pale as death when I met him yesterday, and seemed hardly able to drag himself up to his room. O, I pitied him so, I could hardly get him out of my mind since," and the tears came up to the dark blue eyes at the thought.

"But pity pays no rents, Miss Marion Fielding, and will never do for a poor lone woman like me, to give up my sole dependence, my rents, out of pity. I've lost dollars upon dollars in this way before, and more than once have I vowed I'd never pity any mortal again."

"But this young man, Mrs. Hallowell, you must have pitied him, warring away before our eyes as he has been for months. With careful nursing, suitable medicine, and the cool, bracing autumn air, he will undoubtedly revive, be able to work, and then pay all your demands."

"Nonsense; he'll never pay the first red cent. If he'd gone to work, now, like you and a thousand poor folks, he might have been well and done something in the world, but this eternal scribbling and poring over old musty books, is enough to destroy the soundest constitution that ever breathed. If I get rid of him to-morrow, I vow I'll never take in a lodger of that class again."

"If you get rid of him?—then he is going to leave?"

"He shall, if I have to get the sexton to cast him off; and I told him so. Why, the doctor gave him up, and refused to do anything more

for him some days ago, and he told me in confidence, this very morning, that he could not possibly live a month."

"Not live a month!" and the girl started to her feet and grew very pale. "Not live a month! and yet you can have the heart to turn him from your door! O, I would not have believed it of you, Mrs. Hallowell; you, who have really been so kind to me."

"But I must live, I tell you. I cannot live on air; and sick, unable to get out, and evidently starving, as the poor wretch is, he'd be a thousand times better off in the poor-house or hospital."

"But it would be so cruel to turn him out now."

"More cruel to let him stay and starve. If he'd anything to live on, or anybody to take care of him, it would be different; but he confessed just now that he had neither."

"Would you let him stay, and care for him yourself, for the pay?" demanded the young girl, eagerly.

"Of course I would, for nursing is a part of my business."

"Then do so, I entreat, and I will pay all you can reasonably demand."

"You, you! the poor sewing-girl! working late and early for small wages; you pay the bills of a perfect stranger!" and her eyes opened wide with astonishment. "You, who since your poor mother's death, have had no one to care for you but me? If you had the will you have not the means, foolish girl."

"I have the means, for the present, at least, and it's nobody's business what I do with it. I have saved something every week for three years, and it shall never be said that a fellow-creature perished so near me, whom it was in my power to succor or save," said the girl, eagerly.

The woman paused, struck by her own meanness, when compared with the girl's generous kindness. "I know it won't sound well, but then justice is justice, and charity must begin at home," she continued, apologetically. "But I'm going out to spend the day, and will think of your silly proposal," and the avaricious woman departed, thoughtfully locked up her room, and left the house.

With her feelings a good deal excited by the occurrence, the girl again sat down to her work, but her cheek was flushed, her manner betrayed agitation and unrest, and she found it impossible to fix her mind upon anything but the pale, melancholy student whom she had met upon the stairs, or walk, almost every day for a month; met silently, as strangers meet who have no wish or desire to be acquainted, and yet on her part at least, with a strange sympathy.

His great dark, mournful eyes kept coming between her and her work, and the pitying tears that prismatically reflected them blinded her so that she found work impossible, and laying the garment down upon her lap, she sat thinking what she could do to help him, when a deep groan from the room below attracted her attention. The floor of the old house was thin, with wide cracks and broken places near the chimney, and the deep silence that reigned within it, now that the mistress, lodgers, and all but the deaf old couple in the basement, had departed, made every sound distinctly audible.

She listened intently and eagerly, fearing, she knew not what. Languid footsteps crossed and re-crossed the apartment. There was a hollow cough, a pause, and then a broken voice uttered, agonized, earnest words of supplication. She had listened many times to the same tones before, but never had her sharpened senses detected words that thrilled her soul like these.

"Thou who knowest the thoughts of all hearts, must know that my troubles are greater than a poor weak mortal can bear. O, God have mercy, have mercy upon me in this dread hour of temptation and despair. O, pity and forgive the rash crime I am about to commit, and though I fill a suicide's grave, among the outcasts of the earth, raise me with the redeemed in a glorious resurrection, blest, forgiven, and cleansed from all sin, and with the loved friends who have gone before, make me happy through eternity."

Thrilled, terrified, and spell-bound as she was, the poor girl waited to hear no more. She flew down the long, narrow flight of stairs, stood for a moment trembling upon the landing, and then pushed open the young student's unlocked door. There he was, kneeling by the bedside, arrayed in a rich but faded velvet dressing gown, with wild, upraised eyes, and a face stern and pale as a statue of marble, with one hand grasping the

bedstead, and in the other a keen glittering razor, which he was just in the act of raising to his bare throat.

"God of Heaven, what are you doing!" shrieked the girl, as she sprang forward with the speed of lightning, wrested the dangerous weapon from his hand, threw it out of the open window, and then sank down upon her knees, faint and trembling beside him.

He turned with an angry flush, to see who had arrested his murderous purpose, but the pale, anxious face and terrified glance that met his view, instantly changed the current of his thoughts, and with a sudden revulsion of his overwrought feelings, he turned away, covered his face with his hands and yielded to an uncontrollable burst of tears.

Her's flowed in silent sympathy, and for some minutes no sound was heard but the heartfelt sobs of the two. Then she rose to her feet and laid her hand impressively upon his arm as she said, in a low, trembling tone, "Thank God that you are saved, young man, and O, may despair never again tempt you to take what belongs to God alone."

"Saved! and wherefore? to suffer, and starve, and die a much more horrible and lingering death," he said, in a bitter tone, as he raised a still hopeless and despairing face to her view.

"Ay! if it be God's will," she replied; "and better a thousand times so, than to take that fearful leap in the dark, with the awful sin of self-murder upon your soul."

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed, with a frightened shudder (such as one feels in the contemplation of a frightful precipice from which he has been saved by a miracle), "but my brain was whirling, I was frantic with agony and despair, I knew not where to turn for a ray of hope or earthly comfort, and I felt as if I could not wait another instant for the slow but sure footsteps of the stern messenger who is so soon coming to meet me. O, if you knew all, you could not blame me for seeking to speed this awful journey to the tomb!"

"I do not blame you, for I know that there are ills in life that at times upset reason from her firm foundation, and such I believe are yours. You were ill, perhaps starving, given up to die by your heartless physician, brow-beaten by an avaricious woman, and felt as if all the world had forsaken you. But it was wrong, even then, to give up wholly to despair. The doctors don't know everything, and would not have given you up if your pulse were full. The ill-tempered landlady, too, can be bought with a price, and friends may rise up around you, when you least think of it. So thank God for your escape and take courage."

"Who are you who break in thus upon my privacy, snatch me from the brink of perdition, read my exact condition and prospects, and whisper words of hope in the ear of one so God-forsaken as myself?" he suddenly demanded, with a keen, searching glance.

"I am a poor and lonely fellow-creature, like yourself, perhaps, but still rich in health, and I trust not God-forsaken, and one who would be a sister to you in this hour of temptation and trouble, if you would allow it."

"Sweet, O sweet are words of kindness and sympathy from woman's lips—the first I have heard for long months; but they can avail nothing to one whose case is as hopeless as mine. Death alone can relieve my woes, and it was a mistaken kindness to stay the blow that would have put me out of my misery."

"Think of it no more, rash young man. Put away that wicked thought—but you are ill, fainting, dying!"

He had risen to his feet, but sick and fasting as he really was, the physical exertion and terrible mental ordeal he had passed through was too much for him, and in spite of her outstretched arm, he fell heavily on the foot of his humble bed.

It was a long time—to her it seemed an age, before the terrified girl, with the means at hand, could succeed in restoring him to consciousness. He revived at last, for a time looked around dreamily, wondering, as it seemed, at her presence, but soon enough came to him, a memory of the terrible past, the hopeless present, the dark, formless future, and he groaned in anguish of spirit.

"You are very ill," said the maiden, tremulously, "tell me what I can do for you?"

"You can leave me to die—alone, uncared for, and the city will provide me with a pauper's burial."

"No. I will not!" and her tones were firm

enough now. "You are human, and shall have human care and sympathy. You need food, fire, medicine, a physician and careful nursing. Tell me, if it not so?" and she glanced around upon the bare walls and fireless hearth.

"Ay!" he replied, "and all are to be found in the poor house or hospital, my landlady says," and his tones were very bitter.

"You shall go to neither, if you will allow me to assist you."

"Who are you, I again ask, who thus step between me and death, and hold out a cheerless hope to one whom the world, or his own pride, hath cast away?"

"My name is Marion Fielding. I am an orphan, without home or friends, and since my mother's death, five years ago, I have lodged in this house, and got my living as a seamstress. In more prosperous days, our landlady was a servant in our family, and in spite of her ill-treatment of you, has been really kind to me, so do not judge her too harshly."

"I knew your sweet face was familiar. We must have met almost every day for months, and yet, forgive me when I say, that my great troubles have made me so unobservant of strangers, that I hardly knew you, and never had asked your name."

"That matters little; but may I hope to assist you?"

"Receive help from a poor seamstress! No, no. It would be shameless robbery. Rather let me starve and die," and his face flushed with shame at the thought of his humiliation.

"But I am not so very poor," responded the innocent maiden. "I have saved some money, and you can repay me when you recover."

"Recover!" and a painful spasm passed over the young man's face. "I shall never recover. I am doomed. My days are numbered, wickedly impatient as I was to shorten them, and it matters little—I can humble my pride, and go to the poor house or hospital to end them."

"But you dread it?"

"Ay! worse than death!"

"And have you nothing to live for?" inquired she.

"O, so much, so much!" and he pointed to the plain pine table upon which was lying a large pile of manuscript. "I had hoped to add something to the store of human knowledge, to do something that should cause my name to be remembered when I was at rest; but my health, sapped by a cruel disappointment and blighted prospects, failed before the accomplishment of a work a few short days or weeks would have completed—a work that was almost sure to be successful; and if so, to make the fame and fortune of its author. But that hope of my life is ended," he continued, mournfully, "I must die; my name be forgotten, and the world be none the wiser for all my toil and trouble."

"Who says you must die?" she asked shudderingly.

"The doctor; and my own feelings tell me so too. I have, perhaps, but a few days to live."

"Then you shall not go to the hospital, if I can prevent it; and who knows but what I might assist you to finish this manuscript upon which all your hopes in life depended, to bear at least the name of Alfred Wayland to posterity?"

"Do you realize the consequences to yourself, noble hearted girl, should I accept your generous assistance?"

"I hardly know. I pitied you so sincerely that I felt willing to do anything within the bounds of reason to soothe your last days, and make them less despairing and hopeless," she said, with a rising blush.

"You felt like what you are—an angel of mercy; and had I a tithe of the means I once possessed, I would ask you, all unknown to me as you are, and refused as I probably should be, to stay with me while life lasts—to assist in finishing a work that might be a rich legacy to you when the grave closed over me. But I am penniless. I cannot, with such uncertain prospects, consent to live upon your bounty, generous girl. And however painful and humiliating the thought, I shall now resign the dearest hope of my life, leave the work upon which I had founded so many hopes unfinished—go to the hospital and die."

"Farewell, then, if I can do you no good," said she, tremulously. "I would gladly have saved you from the shock of a removal among cold, un pitying strangers, and you may, perhaps, attribute my interest and interference to some unworthy motive."

"Never, never! I would stake my life upon



your purity of thought and nobleness of soul. I would not wrong you by a thought, though the world might, if I took advantage of your generous kindness."

"But could I not aid you as I wish, without the knowledge of that censorious world?" she asked, timidly.

"In funds, perhaps, but not in that work for which, it may be, I have sacrificed health and life."

"And why not?"

"Because, to do that, it would be necessary to remain with me alone for hours, and days, and weeks—which no woman could do without reproach, but a mother, sister, or wife," he said, in an embarrassed tone. The color mounted to her temples, for she had never thought of it in that light before.

"I will go, then," she said, "and may God give you courage to bear up until the end, and make you happy hereafter."

"Do not go yet," said he, eagerly, as she turned away. "I have longed so for human sympathy, in my isolation and loneliness, that every moment seems precious that I pass in your blessed presence. I have sometimes thought death itself would lose half its terrors, had I mother, sister, or friend, to soothe me in my short journey to the tomb."

"Have you then no friends—relatives?" said the maiden, turning back pityingly.

"None; or if there are any who were my friends, pride has cut me off from all intercourse with them. I was once rich, respected, sought after by troops of summer friends, and thought myself beloved by one who had been my idol from early youth. We had a sad misunderstanding, parted in anger, and while she consoled herself with the pleasures of the gay world, I sought forgetfulness in foreign lands. I passed through climes seldom visited by Americans or Europeans, met with many strange vicissitudes and romantic adventures, and at last returned to find my beloved unmarried, deeply repentant for the past, and rejoiced, as she said, to be able to prove her deep and absorbing love for me in the future. I knew that she alone had been to blame, but I still loved her well enough to forgive the past, and looked forward with joy to the day that was to make her my own. Our marriage day was fixed, and a new and elegant house was nearly prepared for our reception, when the banking institution in which I had invested a large sum, failed, and a ship, in which I was deeply interested, being lost at sea, with a faulty insurance, about the same time, I was left comparatively poor. And now came the hardest trial of all. She, whom I had loved so long and so fondly, when she found that my wealth had vanished, proved faithless, utterly refused to fulfil her plighted vows, and soon after, headlessly married the oldest and richest suitor who had ever proposed for her hand. Indignant at her treachery, and galled by the sneers and slights of those who had hitherto professed friendship, and frowned upon me, I then left my native town, wandered about the country hopelessly for a time, till the keen edge of my disappointment was blunted, and then came to this city, where all means of information abound, resolved to write a history of my travels, and the strange countries and people I had visited, in my years of absence and wandering."

"I was well educated, had a taste for composition, a glowing fancy, a good memory, and plenty of notes and experience to build upon, and began my work with the most flattering hopes of literary success. I pursued it eagerly—too eagerly for my failing health—and in my absorbing interest in the work, was forgetting my past troubles and disappointments, when the remains of my large fortune, which I had thought safely invested, were suddenly swept away by a tremendous fraud. This new misfortune for a time paralyzed my energies, and undoubtedly hastened the decline that was already beginning to affect my system."

"I was from that time obliged to postpone my great work from time to time, and seek a precarious support by writing for the weekly papers. In this way I have struggled on for months, until, with the derangement of my nervous system and failing strength, my ability to write at all has vanished. Since that time, I have sold or pawned every valuable I possessed, and have come at last to the brink of starvation, despair and death," and his pale face flushed painfully at the humiliating confession.

"From my soul I pity you. Would to God I could do more," said the maiden, after a long

pause. "But tell me, how near is your cherished work to completion?"

"It was wholly written, and half copied, before my ability to work or hire an amanuensis failed me."

"But are you sure of a publisher if it were completed?"

"Yes; but I have sought in vain for one who would advance anything to assist me in finishing it," and he sighed deeply.

"Then all you lack is small means, and the services of an amanuensis."

"Yes; but impossibilities both to me now."

"Say rather, services which pride prevents you from accepting from a stranger woman's hand. You see I can read your thoughts," and she smiled sadly.

"If you can read my thoughts, you must know that I was never more strongly tempted to do wrong than at this moment," he said, with a searching glance.

She started and looked upon him inquiringly. "Do not be frightened," he continued, "I shall commend the strong impulse that would lead me to ask you to involve yourself in my misery. You could help me, I confess, but only as my wife would the world allow you to do so, unseathed by the tongue of scandal. And young and fair as you are, with bright hopes for the future, and probably dearer ties, you could not dream of sacrificing them all to cheer the last hours and finish the life task of a world-weary, destitute and hopeless invalid."

The maiden cast down her eyes, and the eloquent blood mounted to her temples, as she said, after a few moments' deep thought, and in a low, tremulous tone: "What if I should tell you that it would be an exquisite pleasure for me to do so for one upon whom I have looked for a long time with pity and deep interest, that I should glory in such a sacrifice to the cause of humanity, that I have no dearer ties to bind me to one human being upon earth, and would gladly vary the monotony of my existence by extending my sympathy to one who undoubtedly needs them."

"What is this I hear? Are my senses leaving me?" exclaimed the young man, eagerly and excitedly. "You cannot think of devoting your life, health and only wealth, to the welfare of a doomed stranger?"

"I would, God helping me."

"But you know nothing of the magnitude of the task you would so generously take upon yourself. I may die to-morrow, or, as consumption is a strange disease, I may linger for months upon the borders of the grave, a helpless, hopeless burthen, without even the ability to complete the work upon which all our hopes would depend."

"The more need, then, of one true friend to nurse, soothe and console you in your upward journey."

"Angel of goodness! to what sacrifices will not the tender heart of a true woman lead her! And yet, for the faithfulness of one, I have sometimes railed at the sex to which your nobleness would do everlasting honor. But I dare not take advantage of your generous kindness. It would be too cruel to drag you down with me to the depths of poverty, with so faint a hope of accomplishing a work that, by its success, might better your condition hereafter."

"I thought not of bettering my condition, do me the justice to believe; and whether success or failure await you, I am willing to abide the consequences."

"I believe you, generous-hearted girl. You are one who has the true martyr spirit, and would glory in self-sacrifice; and one, too, who in more fortunate circumstances, I feel that I could love with my whole heart. But you are too young to understand what trials would await you, should I consent to such a sacrifice, too young and inexperienced to know that you might wear out health and life in a round of weary watching and starvation, and perhaps at last end your days in the almshouse."

"I have thought of it all, and more. I believe your case hopeless, and yet I feel as if I were impelled by a power not of earth, when I say that I will take upon me the risk, and care for you, and tenderly watch over you till death."

He looked up eagerly into her clear, kind eyes, with tears welling up into his own, and pressed her hand to his heart as he exclaimed: "God forgive me if it is wrong, but though I shame to take advantage of it, I can refuse such generous kindness no longer. Henceforth you shall be my guard and angel, and we will trust in

God for the future consequences to us both," said he, solemnly.

"And you will not think lightly of me, a perfect stranger, for my seeming forwardness. You do not doubt me?"

"Sooner would I doubt the motives of the angels. If you err, it is from motives of generous pity, and the romantic benevolence of a noble soul."

"I would fain hope so, and trust I shall be able to prove that I am not unworthy of confidence. But if you consent to place yourself in my care, I shall begin my mission at once," she said, with a sweet smile. "You are very ill. The fever is burning in your veins, and this unnatural excitement that for the time has lent you strength, a glowing cheek and glittering eye, will soon give place to infantile weakness."

"I believe you are right. For some days stern necessity alone has compelled me to rise at all from my bed, and I fear it will be impossible to do so much longer. O, it is a fearful task upon which you are venturing, young lady, and though against my dearest wishes and interests, I must beg of you to withdraw from it before it is too late."

"Not unless you dislike me personally, and fear you should regret your bondage, if God should spare your life."

"No—never! Your presence is a balm and a blessing, and I feel at this moment as if it could almost win me back to life and health, from the borders of the grave."

"God grant it! but the first thing is to make you comfortable, which you are far from being at present. You are growing pale and faint. Please sit down and dream of future happiness, in this world or a better, while I make a fire, set your room in order, and prepare you some nourishment."

He was only too glad to obey, and worn out with excitement, he went to sleep like a weary child, while Marion cheerfully performed her proposed tasks.

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of Mrs. Hallowell when she was made acquainted by Marion, in a confidential interview that night, of all that had transpired in her absence. She was exceedingly shocked to know how near she had come to driving a fellow-creature to suicide, and this thought did much towards softening her heart to him. But it was a long time before Marion could make her believe she was in earnest, and not wild in her idea of marrying him.

Convinced at last, and won over by the arguments and noble sentiments expressed by the self-sacrificing girl, she at last consented to the plan, and even went so far as to visit the young man in his room, ask his forgiveness, and make all the arrangements for the marriage next morning.

It was a strange bridal, and so evidently thought the clergyman, as he looked upon the pale face and attenuated form of the bridegroom arrayed in his faded dressing-gown, and then upon the calm, earnest, almost beautiful face of the bride, as she stood up in a plain dress beside him, and pronounced the solemn vows that were to bind her to one who would, apparently, very soon fill a consumptive's grave. Mrs. Hallowell had previously prepared him for the scene, and in spite of her promise of secrecy to Marion, told him the whole story, and also how hard she had tried to prevent the foolish girl from sacrificing herself; but when he came to see and converse with them both, he could not find it in his heart to blame her, or condemn the true heroism her conduct manifested. And when he called upon one of his wealthy and benevolent lady parishioners upon his return, he could not forbear mentioning the circumstances.

"It was a singular affair, certainly, if they told you the truth, but some would lightly estimate the girl's delicacy in offering herself to the gentleman under any circumstances," said the lady.

"I know; but from all I could gather, I am inclined to think she was a good and noble girl, who did it from motives of true philanthropy."

"Perhaps so," said the lady, incredulously; "but pray tell us the name of your heroine, Mr. Archer."

"Her name was Marion Fielding, and they live in that out-of-the-way place, B. Street, Mrs. Benson."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the lady, in surprise; "why, it must be the very girl I employ to do my fine sewing, and a good amiable girl she is, too. But what could possess her to ally herself to a hopeless invalid, a would-be suicide

at that, with her slender means? Can it be that she loves him?"

"She evidently wishes to do good, to save a man of genius and education from utter despair and loneliness, in the last hours of his life, whether she loves him or not."

"Well, I must visit them some idle day, and whether the girl has done wisely or not, it will not do to let them suffer," said the lady, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Benson did visit them, and not empty-handed, and from that hour took a generous interest in their welfare. The terrible mental suffering the young man had endured, of course, reacted upon his system, and for several days he was very ill, and required constant attention; but with careful nursing and the skilful treatment of Mrs. Benson's family physician, whom she insisted upon sending to their relief, he afterwards began slowly to mend. When he again became able to sit up and go out, Mrs. Benson came regularly every day and took them out to drive, a kindness that as much as any one thing contributed to his final recovery.

It was a long time before Alfred Wayland was well enough to give the requisite assistance to his young wife in the task to which she had devoted herself, and her slender means would have been exhausted, and they would have seen much suffering but for the kind friends a knowledge of her heroism raised up around her.

As it was, they wanted for nothing, and each day and hour, the young man found new reason for gratitude and thankfulness to God for the rich blessing he had bestowed upon him in his patient, true-hearted wife.

"Marion," he said to her one day, after he began to recover, "did you really believe I should die, when you so generously offered to share my lot?"

"Yes, Alfred," she replied, in a tremulous tone, "I thought I saw the consumptive glitter in your eyes; the consuming hectic upon your cheek, and that hollow cough had long sounded to me like a death-knell, as I listened to it day after day, and night after night."

"So you thought of me and pined me even then, dear Marion?"

"How could I help it?" and she looked up with an eloquent glance.

"But you see I am recovering, and like to get well, after all, and perhaps you are unhappily disappointed," he said, with a keen, questioning glance.

"O, how can you say that!" and her eloquent eyes filled with tears, "unless you, with returning health, regret to find yourself allied to one so humble, unattractive and ignorant as myself?" "Marion, dear Marion, God knows that I do not regret being united to one whose goodness and virtue have raised her in my esteem far above the noblest of her sex, who has beauty enough to win my warmest admiration, and education and intellect enough to make her a pleasing and intelligent companion, whom I now love better than all the world besides. But perhaps your heart now revolts at this tie, and feels it a bondage? O, tell me it is not so, dearest Marion? Say that you can and will learn to love me," said he, earnestly.

"That lesson is already learned," said Marion, blushing. "I could not love one below the skies better than I do you."

"Thank God! I have found my soul's true mate," said he, rapturously, as he drew her to his bosom. "With a glad heart, I now welcome that life you alone, under God, have restored to me; and never again, I trust, shall I murmur at the decrees of Providence."

From that hour the world held not a happier pair than Alfred Wayland and his young wife, poor and humble as were all their surroundings; and never, in after days, when the most brilliant success had crowned his literary efforts, and with returned health, the tide of wealth and fame flowed back to him, did he have reason to blush for the bride who had so strangely chosen him. In adversity she had been patient, generous, kind and true, in prosperity she exhibited the same traits in more glorious perfection, joined to the graces and accomplishments of the true lady; and never was Alfred Wayland prouder of his wealth or fame, than of his true-hearted wife, and never were both happier than when they remembered their gratitude, by imitating the noble example of Mrs. Benson, their bountiful benefactor.

Self-indulgence takes many forms, and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one.





UNITED STATES OVERLAND PACIFIC MAIL CROSSING THE GADSDEN PURCHASE.

**THE OVERLAND MAIL.**

The accompanying drawing, representing the overland mail on its passage through the Gadsden Purchase, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. A. Waud, from a drawing made on the spot for our Pictorial. The overland mail may be regarded as the pioneer of the Pacific Railroad. As the road is at present arranged, San Francisco and St. Louis are over 2729 miles apart; the stations are at distances varying from 10 to 15 miles. Leaving San Francisco, a ride of 370 miles through a variously settled country brings it to Fort Tiju, in the mountains, called Sierra Nevada, 94 miles further is Los Angeles. From thence to Tucson is a distance of 360 miles; to Lower California, at the junction of the rivers Colorado and Gila, at Arizona city, the Colorado is crossed, and the road runs alongside the Gila for some distance, then across the country for 40 miles to a bend where the Gila is again met

and crossed, through the Pimas Indian villages and rugged passes into Tucson. On leaving that settlement a country infested by the Apaches is crossed, consisting of rough hills, plains, and difficult passes, into the Gadsden Purchase, across Arizona, through the Mesquilla valley, fording the Rio Grande, and from El Paso over another wild country to Fort Chaddbourne in Texas, a distance of more than 400 miles. On this part of the route 75 miles of desert have to be crossed without water; Camanches, too, are somewhat troublesome on this portion of the road. After quitting Chadbourne, and at a distance of 490 miles, Fort Smith on the Arkansas River is reached, through Fort Belknap, Phantom Hill, Gainesville, Sherman, over the Red River and the Choctaw Reserve in the Indian Territory. At Fort Smith the southern mail by way of Memphis, and the western mail from St. Louis meet, and proceed together to

San Francisco, and divide again on the return trips. Perhaps the principal advantage of this route is the absence of snow on a greater portion of it. The mail is almost entirely a letter mail, and it is needless to add, costs an immense sum; the postage on the letters going but a little way towards defraying the expense. It is expected that the contractors will soon run an express for light packages at the same rate as the mail, namely, in 25 days from point to point, which, however, might be shortened at least 48 hours by a more direct road. The stages are not all on the same pattern, some being like the Old Concord stages, and others as represented in the picture. Occasionally an Indian gallops across the route, and a hunter or agent of the company joins company for a little distance; however, the pleasures of the road are not overwhelming, as the arrangements for sleeping, eating, drinking, etc., are of the most limited character.

**CRICKET-PLAYING ON BOSTON COMMON.**

The spirited local picture below was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, and does credit to his artistic skill. The manly game of cricket, we are pleased to see, is enjoying great favor, as it deserves, for it brings into play physical energy and activity, mental calculation, self-control, courage and activity. We borrow it from our English ancestry, and the game itself dates from the sixteenth century, or even earlier. In England all classes unite in this game on the village green, and peer and peasant may be seen together striving for victory. There is no question that the practice of athletic exercise has brought the English people to their fine physical condition, which every stranger observes with admiration; and on the other hand, that such out-of-door sports are needed to bring up us Americans to the mark. Exercise and amusement must be combined to develop the physique.



CRICKET PLAYERS ON BOSTON COMMON.



## FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

The accompanying engraving, from a sketch made on the spot, represents a portion of a column of French troops passing through Chambéry, en route for Turin. They exhibit little of the "pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war," which soldiers on the march never do. They are permitted to carry their arms "at will," and are not required strictly to keep step or rank. They plod along, mile after mile, patiently and cheerfully. It is only when approaching large towns that the ranks are closed up, the muskets shouldered, the music heard, and the step of the troops firm and condensed. In the present war the French troops have been compelled to march but comparatively short distances, the lines of railway affording them a relief unknown in the days of the great French emperor. The fact of Louis Napoleon's having taken the field, has raised the spirit of the French soldiers to the highest pitch, and if fortune favors their emperor he will be as much of a favorite as the "little corporal." It may be as well to preserve, for record, in this connection, the war manifesto of the French emperor. It has already become a page of history.

Austria, by ordering the entry of her army into the territories of the King of Sardinia, our

doned her civilizing character. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the amelioration of the human race, and when she draws the sword it is not to govern, but to free. The object, then, of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who will owe to us their independence. We do not enter Italy to foment disorder, or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which burdens the whole peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon lawful satisfied interests. In fine, then, we enter this classic ground, rendered illustrious by so many victories, to retrace the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them.

"I am about to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and the enlightenment of the emperor's last surviving brother, she will understand how to show herself worthy of the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valor of the army which remains in France to keep watch upon our frontiers and to protect our homes. I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard. I confide them,

The enthusiasm was immense, and shouts of 'Viva il Re!' and clapping of hands saluted his appearance. The National Guard now do duty in the capital, the rest of the army having left for the frontiers."

## VOYAGE TO CUBA.

There is something in the clear, blue, warm sea of the tropics which gives to the stranger a feeling of unreality. Where do those vessels come from, that rise out of the sea, in the horizon? Where do they go, as they sink in the sea again? Are those blue spots really fast anchored islands, with men, and children, and horses, and machinery, and schools, politics and newspapers on them, or are they aloft, and visited by beings of the air?

Again a beautiful, warm day. I wake, and the first glance out of my state room window shows the sea and sky flushed with the red of a bright sunrise. Awnings are spread; straw hats and linen coats are worn; sewing, reading, and chess-playing are going on among the elders, and the children are romping about the decks, beginning to feel entirely at home. There are boys from the northern states, with fair skins and light hair, strong, loud-voiced, plainly dressed,

tee, propped by a pillow, and tries to smile and to think that she feels stronger in the air. She says she will stay in Cuba until she gets well!

After dinner, Captain Ballock tells us that we shall soon see the high lands of Cuba, off Matanzas; the first and highest being the Pan of Matanzas. It is clear overhead, but a mist lies along the southern horizon, in the latter part of the day. The sharpest eyes detect the land about four o'clock, P. M., and soon it is visible to all. It is an undulating country on the coast, with high hills and mountains in the interior, and has a rich and fertile look. That height is the Pan, though we see no special resemblance, in its outline, to a loaf of bread. We are still sixty miles from Havana. We cannot reach it before dark, and no vessels are allowed to pass the Moro after the signals are dropped at sunset.

We coast the northern shore of Cuba, from Matanzas westward. There is no waste of sand and low flats, as in most of our southern states; but the fertile, undulating land comes to the sea, and rises into high hills as it recedes. "There is the Moro! and right ahead!" "Why, there is the city, too! Is the city on the sea? We thought it was on a harbor or bay." There, indeed, is the Moro, a stately hill of tawny rock, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and jutting



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH ADVANCED GUARD AT CHAMBERY.

ally, has declared war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great Powers have protested against this act of aggression. Piedmont having accepted the conditions which ought to have ensured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? It is because Austria has driven matters to such an extremity that her dominion must either extend to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic, for every corner of Italy which remains independent endangers the power of Austria.

"Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct, but now energy becomes my first duty. France must now to arms, and resolutely tell Europe: 'I wish not for conquest, but I am determined firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe treaties on condition that they are not violated against me. I respect the territories and the rights of neutral Powers, but I boldly avow my sympathies with a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who now groan under foreign oppression.'

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. Her will was to give me power sufficiently strong to reduce into subjection abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of old factions, who are incessantly seen concluding compacts with our enemies; but she has not for that purpose aban-

in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotedness of which I daily receive so many proofs. Courage, then, and union! Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts; for that cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence."

The French troops have been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy, and as for the military spirit of the Italians themselves, it is perfectly overflowing. A correspondent of a London paper thus describes the appearance of Turin, as he observed it a short time since, before the king left it: "As I entered the city I noticed crowds of people making their way in one direction, and following them, valise in hand, found myself in front of St. Giovanni, the cathedral church of Turin. Victor Emmanuel was there, offering up prayers for the success of his army in the coming strife, and invoking the blessing of Heaven on the standards of Sardinia. The facade of the building was decorated with crimson, gold, and white draperies; and over the principal entrance were written these words—'Il Re, l'Esercito, l'Italia, Al Dio che regge, le sorti delle Battaglie,' which, translated freely, means, 'The King, the Army, and Italy; confide in God, who decides the fate of battles.'

in stout shoes, honest and awkward; and there are Cuban boys, with a mixed air of the passionate and the timorous, sallow, slender, small-voiced, graceful, but with the grace rather of girls than of boys, wearing slippers, ornamented waistcoats and jackets, and hats with broad bands of cord. What preternaturally black eyes those little Creole girls have! Are they really eyes, so out of proportion in size and effect to their small, thin faces? Their mother is hale and full-fleshed, and probably they will come to the same favor at last.

Throughout the day, sailing down the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, we see vessels of all forms and sizes, coming in sight and passing away, as in a dioramic show. There is a heavy cotton droger from the Gulf, of one thousand two hundred tons burden, under a cloud of sail, pressing on to the northern seas of New England or Old England. Here comes a saucy little Baltimore brig, close-hauled, and leaning over to it; and there, half down in the northern horizon, is a pile of white canvass, which the experienced eyes of my two friends, the passenger shipmasters, pronounce to be a bark, outward bound. Every passenger says to every other, How beautiful! how exquisite! That pale, thin girl, who is going to Cuba for her health—her brother travelling with her—sits on the set-

into it, with walls, and parapets, and towers on its top, and flags and signals flying, and the tall lighthouse just in front of its outer wall. It is not very high, yet commands the sea about it. And there is the city, on the sea-coast, indeed—the houses running down to the coral edge of the ocean. Where is the harbor, and where the shipping? Ah, there they are! We open an entrance, narrow and deep, between the beetling Moro and the Punta; and through the entrance, we see the spreading harbor and the innumerable masts. But the darkness is gathering, the sunset gun has been fired, we can just catch the dying notes of trumpets from the fortifications, and the Moro lighthouse throws its gleam over the still sea. The little lights emerge and twinkle from the city. We are too late to enter the port, and slowly and reluctantly the ship turns her head off to seaward. The engine breathes heavily, and throws its one arm leisurely up and down; we rise and fall on the moonlit sea; the stars are near to us, or we are raised nearer to them; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon; and all night long, two streams of light lie upon the water, one of gold from the Moro, and one of silver from the moon. It is enchantment. Who can regret our delay, or wish to exchange this scene for the common, close anchorage of a harbor?—R. H. Dana, Jr.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE NERVOUS OLD LADY:

—OR—

## HOW JACK RYAN BECAME RICH.

BY MAURICE BILINGSBURY.

JOHN, or rather Jack Ryan, as he was more commonly known, was an affable, good-hearted, honorable fellow when I first made his acquaintance five and twenty years ago, and I hardly think in that respect he has altered much since, although he is entered on the books that bear especial reference to finance as one of the rich men of the State of —, and as the circumstances leading to this great change in his worldly prosperity (for he was comparatively a poor fellow in the matter of dollars and cents at the commencement of the race) are so peculiar, so unprecedented, in fact, that I have half a mind to lay aside my usual reserve in matters of this kind, and relate, for the benefit of the reader, how it came to pass that Jack Ryan, the stage-driver, became rich.

It was through no exertion, or forethought, or calculation of his own, let me premise this to begin with, that the affable, good-hearted, honorable Jack Ryan became rich. Rather let me say it was the merest accident being brought to bear upon the amiable qualities of head and heart already enumerated as the especial gifts of nature to our hero, that he chanced, very unexpectedly, to awake one morning and find himself rich—rich beyond expectation—richer than he had ever dreamed of being, although he was one of your sanguine temperaments that always looked on the sunny side of things.

Old Mr. Snyder, who was wont in the old time, before this remarkable change in his favor took place, to call him, in his daughter's presence, a shiftless, beggarly fellow, for no other reason in the world than that he (the old gentleman) was worth a few thousand dollars, and said daughter, contrary to his special desire—I might have said commands, though I am not quite positive he ever went so far as to issue any,—had formed one of your deep and romantic attachments, sometimes found out of sentimental novels, but not often, for the handsome young stage-driver aforesaid, who, to make our story more interesting and more acceptable, had been equally smitten by the charms of the young lady. To-day the old gentleman chuckles through his toothless gums, and calls him "my honorable son-in-law," and is even inclined, at this late date, to take upon himself the entire credit of bringing about the alliance, which heaven knows must have been entirely thwarted at the time, could he have said his say to any purpose.

But to give up this odd freak of wandering, and to retrace our steps to the less prosperous time when our story properly sets out.

Jack Ryan, then, at the age of twenty-five, and after his marriage with the daughter of Snyder, followed the business of stage-driver, and I believe had some slight interest in the stage line between B. and W.; leastwise, so I have been told—I have no personal cognizance of that fact. One day he found among his passengers a nervous old lady going to W. She was an intelligent old lady, and to judge from her general appearance, and the multitude of trunks and hand-boxes that accompanied her on the outside, was a person in very comfortable if not affluent circumstances. She had charged our hero to drive her very carefully, and volunteered an extempore lecture of considerable length on the topic of carelessness among stage-drivers in general, and some few in particular, to all of which our hero listened with the profoundest respect, and when she concluded, he promised to regard her comfort, and drive as carefully as possible consistent with time.

The old lady was very much taken by his open, genial face, and the kindly deference and consideration which he paid to the infirmities of age; and when at the first tavern he took the trouble to bring her a tumbler of gin and water, for which, like Byron, she happened to have a partiality, her admiration knew no bounds, and she extolled him to her fellow-passengers as a model young man, and a gentleman by nature. Jack, who possessed among his other valuable characteristics a shrewd insight into human nature, saw this, and judging at a glance that she was an old lady well to do, resolved at least, so far as he was able, to favor all her whims, and make himself agreeable. Hence the gin and water.

The nervous old lady grew more and more cheerful at every stopping place, and complimented our hero by assuring him that she felt herself perfectly safe, and should feel perfectly safe till they reached W., and then tossed off her quantum of gin and water more like a whiskered grenadier than a nervous old lady. During the last stages of the journey she became communicative, and informed our hero that she was just starting on a tour through the western country, and should not hesitate to pay an incredible sum if she could be warranted such drivers and such attentions all the way.

Arriving at the terminus of Jack's route, the old lady thrust some money in his hand, and wishing him all manner of good luck, she took up her line of travel for the West by the connecting line of stages. Now in order to show that a man's fortune does sometimes hang on the merest accident, or that the turning tide in his affairs may depend upon some trifling circumstances or other, that otherwise would be forgotten almost with the rapidity of its transpiration, we shall be compelled—and not against our voluntary wish, either—to continue this history for a few brief stages further. After the nervous old lady had taken, as it was thought, her final departure from W. by the connecting stage-line West, it was discovered that one of the smaller trunks of her luggage had been accidentally overlooked by the driver, a harum-scarum fellow of more muscle than brain, and Jack, whose interest in the old lady had by no means diminished, procured a horse and wagon and started with the trunk in pursuit of the stage, which had not been gone above half an hour. The roads were bad, full of deep ruts, and difficult traveling. Nevertheless, our hero managed to get over the ground with considerable rapidity, and at the end of another half hour came upon the stage, which a few minutes before had upset through the driver's carelessness, but which he naturally attributed to the "shockin' bad" state of the road, etc. Hence the nervous old lady's excuse for reading a long lecture on careless stage-drivers.

None of the passengers happened to be injured, but the old lady was sorely frightened at the occurrence, and insisted on having her trunks immediately unstrapped, and returning with Jack to W., and thence to B., which she did, as any other nervous old lady would have done, to be sure.

On their way back to W. the old lady arranged with Jack to furnish money to buy a span of horses and a carriage, and then give him double the price he was then receiving to drive it. "For," said she, "I have money enough, and will do it for my own comfort." And in this we think she was right, but shall not stop to argue the point.

In due course of time the horses and carriage were purchased, and in company with the nervous old lady, whose name proved to be Sinclair, and who, considering the time in which she lived, was nearly as much of a traveller as Ida Pfeiffer herself, started on their projected tour to the West. They reached, however, only to the western part of New York State before the nervous old lady was smitten by a lingering but mortal disease, which carried her off at the end of a fortnight. Jack was unremitting in his attentions, constantly at her side; he scarcely slept a wink, so anxious was he for her recovery—tender as a delicate and tender-hearted woman in the anticipation of all her wants; and the gin, he always remembered the gin, and gave it to her, whereas less devoted and conscientious nurses might have taken the trouble to drink it. And when she informed him that she felt that she could not survive, he burst into tears (and I think they were honest tears too), and those tears reached deeper down into the nervous old lady's heart than any tears she had ever seen shed before; but why protract the agony? Poor Mrs. Sinclair sent for a lawyer, made her will, and died, as the very best people must, sooner or later, however little disposed we are to spare them.

On opening the will, what was our hero's astonishment to find himself sole heir and executor to her vast estates, amounting in value to more than a quarter of a million of money. Certainly if any poor fellow ever had reason to thank his stars, and to bless the memories of all the nervous old ladies that ever existed, out of respect to this one, I am certain our friend Jack Ryan had. And hence the reason why Mr. Snyder was afterwards so proud to allude to him as a member of his family.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUBVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ENGINEER." Worcester, Mass.—The first locomotive engine, built by Mr. Stephenson in 1815, has been placed on a pedestal in Darlington, England, in front of the station of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. Its first trip was from Shildon to Stockton, a distance of twenty miles, which it accomplished in five hours. It weighs only eight tons, while engines of the present day weigh twenty-five tons and upwards.

"BRIVALL." The Romans were fond of oysters. Sergius Orata, according to Pliny, was the first to conceive and carry into execution the formation of oyster beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Brava in which he deposited a million thousands of these shell-fish. A palace was reared in the vicinity, where the naturalists chosen friends were wont to regale themselves once a week with these delicious fish. Many slaves were employed at Rome in her early days transporting the oyster from its ocean bed to the imperial city. The expense of this was so enormous that a government mandate was issued prohibiting the frequent importation of the shell-fish. Pliny tells us they were often preserved in ice.

"AMATEUR." Michael Angelo's *chef d'oeuvre* in painting is his picture of the "Last Judgment." He was a native of Florence, and was born in 1475.

"DOWN EAST." Portland, Me.—Thirty years ago (1829), New England had thirty-five members in the House of Representatives, and the Northwestern States eighteen. Now the New England States send twenty-nine, and the Northwestern fifty-nine. New Hampshire then sent six, and now has only three members, while Illinois then sending only one, now has nine members. The census of 1860 will make the disparity far greater than it now is. The census to be taken next year will show the population of the United States to be over thirty millions.

"J. C." New York.—Mr. Bayne the artist had accumulated \$50,000, which he has left to his nephew, Mr. William J. McDermott, a decorative painter, whose place of business is in this city and his residence in Chelsea. Mr. Bayne was never married.

"READER." The British Museum Library is now only second in extent to the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. It must be remembered that the proportion of old books is much greater in the Paris library, and that the library of the British Museum is quite a recent creation. The numbers stand thus: Bibliothèque Impériale, 800,000; British Museum, 600,000 volumes.

## THE DEBT OF ENGLAND.

At the present moment the national debt of Great Britain has reached the enormous amount of £850,000,000, which sum, reduced to dollars, is four thousand two hundred million! If England is forced into a war during the present excited state of Europe, this sum will be fearfully augmented. This unprecedented national debt commenced with the reign of Charles II. On the accession of William III. the debt was £664,263. During his reign, however, the system of credit was expanded throughout Europe. A large part of the annual expenditure of the government was defrayed by borrowing the money and pledging the State to pay annual interest upon it. At William's death the debt was £15,730,439. From that time to the present, the process of borrowing has been continued in all exigencies, such as war, the large payment on account of Negro Emancipation, etc. In periods of peace, and when the rate of interest has been low, the government has redeemed small portions of the debt, or it has lowered the annual charge by reducing, with the consent of the holders, the rate of interest.

The debt, then, consists of several species of loans or funds, with different denominations, which have been, in process of time, variously mixed and mingled, such as consols, that is, several different loans consolidated into one stock, 3 per cents reduced consols, new 3 per cents, etc. The public debt continued to increase, until, at the accession of George I., in 1717, it was £54,145,363. Some two million was paid off during this reign, but during that of his successor it was greatly increased, so that, in 1763, it had reached the sum of £138,865,430. During the peace from 1763 to 1775, ten millions were paid, but at the conclusion of the American Revolution it was £249,851,628. In the peace which ensued from 1784 to 1793, ten and a half millions were paid. Then came the great moral and political revolution in Europe, in the course of which England sided with despotism. She fomented quarrels, caused coalition after coalition to be formed, spent money freely to uphold every absolutist, subsidized every despot, and was the persistent enemy of the people. During this insane career she contracted an increase of debt exceeding six hundred million sterling, so that, at the close of the war, and when the English and Irish Exchequers were consolidated, the total funded and unfunded debt, in 1817, was £840,850,491, and the annual charge upon it was £32,015,941.

From that time to 1854 there was a continual

reduction of debt. On the 1st of April, 1854, it was £768,664,249. But then came the Crimean war, and afterwards the war in India. Immediately following these came the necessity for increased expenses in placing the army and navy in preparation for a general European war. The Crimean and Indian wars have increased the debt more than all the reductions which were made during forty years.

## A YANKEE PRIMA DONNA.

The musical world of Paris has been occupied with the *début* of Madame Guarrabella, who is the daughter of a former American consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is, like all her fair countrywomen, remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome the splendid beauty and great talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissible, the count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterwards the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heart-rending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There, the American consul taking the affair in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but, the ceremony over, she withdrew, nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income which the count durst not, for the life of him, withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

## AUSTRIA TO-DAY.

The following information concerning the nation now the most prominent before the world, will be read with more than ordinary interest. The emperor is Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne December 24, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. He was 18 years old at the time, having been born August 18th, 1830. On ascending the throne he promised in the most solemn manner to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. These early pledges were broken as soon as he gained internal peace in the empire, and freedom of governmental and legislative action. He now rules with aristocratic power, and is the "representative man" of absolutism in Europe. The house of Hapsburg, whose representative he is, has ruled in Austria since August 26th, 1278. During this long dynasty the empire has been divided and reunited, has formed alliances and been at war with most European powers, has experienced revolutions, defeats and victories, and now is thoroughly hated by liberal minds the world over.

Three fourths of the Austrian population are agricultural. The whole area of the country contains about sixty five million hectares of land capable of tillage, of which only one half is in cultivation; the remainder consists of forests and heaths. Austria does not, as yet, produce sufficient grain for her own consumption. The deficit was covered in 1853—a bad year—by imports of grain amounting to \$6,000,000. In ordinary years she does not import grain to the value of more than \$2,000,000. Austria is yet a land of large properties, and is subject to all the evils of the concentration of landed property in a few hands. The people have also no proper idea of the advantages of the sub-division of labor, and the peasants of that primitive and patriarchal country are all their own butchers, carpenters, and blacksmiths. In the precious metals Austria is, after Russia, the richest State in Europe. She extracts annually gold to the amount of \$8,000,000, and silver to the amount



of \$2,500,000. Future historians will have to point out, as a remarkable fact, that in the middle of the nineteenth century the country the richest in Europe in gold and silver, was the poorest in point of coined money.

#### SPLENDID DONATION.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in this city a few days since, it was announced that Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., had presented the society with the collection of papers and documents left by the late General William Heath, of Revolutionary fame. The collection consists of six thousand letters and documents relating to the Revolutionary War, for a hundred of which are written or signed by Washington. They are splendidly bound in forty five volumes, with complete indexes. The autographs to these documents would sell for thousands of dollars, as the signatures of all the prominent men of the time are affixed to the letters. General Heath was appointed a Major General of the American Army August 9th, 1776, and remained in the public service during the war. In 1798 he published a volume containing anecdotes, details of skirmishes, battles, etc., during the Revolution. His private papers are of great value on account of their completeness, and the Historical Society is to be congratulated upon their acquisition. Every patriotic citizen will rejoice at this glorious addition to the rich collection of this noble association.

**PROPHETIC.**—Abraham Yerrington, a teamster in the employ of the Falls Manufacturing Company, Norwich, was asked by his employers concerning some stone they desired to have removed. He replied that he should be "ready for the stone after this load of cotton, if he didn't break his neck before he got through with it." A moment after he fell from the load, striking on his head, and instantly dying, though his neck was not broken. He was 46 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

**"THE SMUGGLER: OR, The Secrets of the Coast."**—So great has been the demand for this captivating novelette, written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., that we have just issued another, the tenth edition. It is superbly illustrated by large original drawings, and is got up in our best style. We will mail it, *post paid*, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

**PATENT GLASS LETTERS.**—We would call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of E. H. Rice, No. 109 Court Street, relating to a new and most admirable style of sign-lettering. A specimen of this attractive and unique mode can be seen upon our own doors. They must prove vastly popular, as their great advantages are at once apparent. Satisfy yourself with regard to the matter.

**A WEALTHY BISHOPRIC.**—The English papers record the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Bethell, Lord Bishop of Bangor, the oldest prelate on the Episcopal bench. The vacant see is worth \$23,000 per annum, with a patronage of eighty-one livings, the aggregate annual value of which is \$115,000, with other gifts.

**HIS EARNINGS.**—Matt Peel, whose death has been announced, leaves property estimated at \$15,000. Mr. Peel was one of the most successful minstrels that this country ever produced. During the past four months his troupe has earned over a \$1000 a month.

**DR. HARVEY BOND,** of Philadelphia, lately deceased, was a native of Watertown, Mass., a history of which he wrote, a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H., and removed from Concord to Philadelphia in 1819. He was 70 years of age.

**SENSIBLE.**—Instead of buying a sword for Victor Emmanuel, the enthusiastic Italians of New York propose to keep the money "for the aid of orphans in the coming war."

**WE'RE SORRY.**—Mrs. John Wood has been quarrelling with her San Francisco manager. Would it were *just* so.

**GOOD GRACIOUS!**—In one county in Indiana there are 39 applications for divorces.

**A QUESTION FOR SURVEYORS.**—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

#### SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.

Some people cannot bear the taste of cheese, and even the odor thereof excites in them sensations of the deepest disgust. The white of an egg affects others like a powerful poison. Many dislike pork from the associations connected therewith; but some persons are so sensitive on the subject that they cannot sit at table where the article is served. Such was the antipathy of Marshal d'Albret to the animal, that he was invariably taken sick at a repast where either a sucking pig or a wild boar was placed upon the table. Marshal de Breze, who died in 1680, swooned at the sight of a rabbit. Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. The learned Scaliger, the opponent of Erasmus, trembled all over at seeing water-cresses. Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Swedish astronomer, became paralyzed so that his limbs failed him, whenever he encountered a hare or a fox. Favoriti, an Italian poet of the seventeenth century, could not bear the odor of the rose. The sound of water issuing from a spout threw Bayle, the French philosopher, into convulsion fits. Henry III. of France could not remain in the same room with a cat, and the Duke d'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret. The moralist Nicole was in constant dread that a tile might fall from a roof upon his head, and never went into the street without trembling with this apprehension. Many people have a prejudice against Friday, as being an unlucky day; but Louis XIII. considered that a peculiarly fortunate day for him, and having been uniformly successful in enterprises commenced upon that day, he was very desirous to enter upon his immortal career by dying upon Friday.

**THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.**—On our last page we publish a large engraving, showing the uniforms and equipments of the different corps of the Austrian army. They are fine looking specimens of soldiers, and without doubt they are admirably drilled and schooled, but if the present war be fought out in gallant style, they will doubtless be compelled to acknowledge their inferiority to the French troops of to-day, as their fathers yielded to the troops of Napoleon I. As against the Sardinians, also, they must fail from a lack of that fire and patriotic zeal which animates the former. The Austrians will fight well for their Kaiser; but the Sardinians will fight better for their father-land, and the war is really for Italy, for however despots may seek to turn it to their own account, the free spirit is roused there that no autocrat can control. We look upon the struggle hopefully, as one likely to result in the triumph of a just cause.

**A NEW VIEW.**—A Paris commentator on European politics thinks Austria is an aggressor to the extent of a man who, seeing himself about to be waylaid and attacked by a couple of antagonists, has the wit, after having given fair warning, to rush upon the foremost and knock him down before the other is at his side.

**PAYING ITS WAY.**—The Governor of Connecticut, in his annual message, states that though the State Prison labor is leased at a price twenty per cent. lower than formerly, yet, for the past year, it has delayed all the expenses of the institution, and yielded a revenue of \$1871 69.

**FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.**—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

**CHESTER SQUARE, BOSTON.**—This spot is an ornament to our city, and a sample of what is proposed to be done upon all the new lands now being rendered available.

**A QUICK ARTICLE.**—Gunpowder is in demand in Europe just now, and revolvers can't be made fast enough to meet the orders. Colonel Colt is a millionaire.

**A FELL DESTROYER.**—Fifty seven persons died of consumption in New York city, during one week lately.

**FUNNY.**—The war news has a peculiar effect on commodities. We see it has stiffened molasses, according to the prices current.

**SYMPATHY.**—The Italian residents of New York city are sending material aid to their countrymen at home.

#### Wayside Gatherings.

Six thousand skunk skins have been sent from Bangor the past year.

A halibut weighing four hundred and seventy-three pounds was caught off Point Judith a short time since.

A short time since a stranger got a discount of \$4000 at the Wamesit Bank, Lowell, on paper which turned out to be forgeries.

A Connecticut deacon utters this sound advice: "There are three things in the choice of which you should not hurry—a wife, a minister, and a horse."

A company has been organized in Portland for the purpose of supplying that city with pure water from Sebago Lake. The pipes will be laid along the canal.

A man named Oakley Beemer was arrested in Brooklyn, last February, charged with poisoning his wife. A medical examination proved that she died of consumption, and he has been discharged.

It is proposed in New York to establish numerous public fountains and hydrants, for drinking purposes. The design is an excellent one, alike for health, comfort and morality.

Rev. Mr. Beecher's defence of the pew system, as conducted in his new church, is ridiculed in the London papers as paying respect to those persons who pay the most money.

An editor says his intention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not very pleasant.

Three shocks of earthquakes were experienced at Sienna, Tuscany, on the 13th of April. The bells in the towers were set jingling, and some cracks made in the walls of the town. Slight vibrations were felt at Florence at the same time.

At a fire in Cincinnati the other day, a steam fire engine took water twenty one hundred feet from where the flames were raging, and it required three men to guide the stream of water.

A flood of emigrants is coming. Up to the 23d of April, 6750 had sailed from Liverpool for New York in April, and the number was expected to reach 10,000 in the course of the month. Two thirds of them were Irish.

It has become necessary to remove the Cincinnati Observatory from its present location, on account of the accumulation of smoke, which renders it impossible to take observations except by day or early in the evening.

In Cincinnati, the other day, Miles Bagley, 90 years old, attempted to kill himself, because having been very rugged and healthy all his life, he some weeks since grew so ill that he was confined to his bed.

In San Francisco, the suit brought by Martin Gallagher against Captain Smith of the barque Yankoe, for damages for having conveyed him out of the city during the time it was in the possession of the Vigilance Committee, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff.

John Glenat, a famous Philadelphia omnibus proprietor, died there lately. He was over sixty years of age, served in his youth in the French army under the first Napoleon, and received a St. Helena medal from the present emperor. He was a printer by trade.

Mr. H. B. Thayer, a chemist in San Francisco, has recently discovered a new chemical process by which he obtains a considerable amount of gold from quartz "tailings," heretofore considered worthless. The process is successful in every instance. He declines an offer of \$10,000 for a right to one eighth of his secret.

Advices from Pike's Peak give very discouraging accounts of matters in that region. Large numbers of miners were returning without the means of subsistence on the way back, and it is feared that many will die from starvation. Apprehensions are also entertained that they would attack the out-going trains.

Letters from abroad report that the agitation which has been going on in Europe for the past three months, has produced at least one good result. During that period the people have enjoyed more liberty of discussion, and probably have learned more, than during the preceding ten years. Through journals and pamphlets appeals have been made and heard.

A solemn and impressive event occurred recently in the Baptist church, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. After the sermon, John Hilton arose and addressed the congregation, closing with the admonition, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," when he sat down, and instantly fell from his seat a corpse!

A workman in the employ of Mr. R. B. Lawton, of Hudson, took a notion to lay down by the side of the Hudson River Railroad track the other evening, using the rail for a pillow. When the half past nine train passed up, the rattling of the cars and the howling of the locomotive failed to disturb the sleeper from his dreams, and as the train whizzed past it cut off his hair close to the scalp.

Dr. Abbott, the well-known collector of Egyptian antiquities, died on the 30th of March, at a village near Cairo, in Egypt. He was born in London, and was forty-seven years old at the time of his death. He spent about twenty years in the collection of Egyptian antiquities and relics, and expended during that time upwards of \$107,000. This collection has been on exhibition in New York for the past six years.

#### Sands of Gold.

Genuine religion is matter of feeling rather than matter of opinion.—Bovee.

.... Passion possesses the initiative, and reason has not always the veto.—De Boufflers.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—Pope.

.... The most brilliant flashes of wit come from a clouded mind, as lightning leaps only from an obscure firmament.—Bovee.

.... Men boast of what they have not, much oftener than of what they have—and so do women.—La Bruyere.

.... When we record our angry feelings let it be on snow that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.—Bage.

In order to put your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all within your house will be so.—Bovee.

.... Either there is dignity in intellectual rank or there is not; if there is, no other rank is needed; if there is not, no other rank can give it; for dignity is not an accident, but a quality.—G. H. Lewis.

.... There is a nobility of thought and of style open to all stations, and derived partly from talent and partly from education—which is to be found in Shakespeare and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri.—Byron.

.... You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharaoh's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—Bishop Sanderson.

.... One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they counted was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness.—Lae.

.... The character of a people is raised when little bickerings at home are made to give way to great events developing themselves abroad, but the character of a people is degraded when they are blinded to measures of the greatest moment abroad by petty jealousies at home.—Benton.

.... A penetrating judgment, unless combined with a stoical heart, is sometimes fatal to the repose of its possessor; for, like the gifted Cassandra, it is destined to see things too which others are blind or incredulous, and often, therefore, occasions unpleasant collisions with prevalent sentiments and admiration.—Clayton.

#### Joker's Budget.

Marshal Turenne used to say that he liked "to dine laconically."

What is the difference between a wash-tub and a gas pipe? One is a hollow tube and the other a hollow tub.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied, "Pooh! my horse can stand faster than yours can gallop!"

What is the difference between Rothschild and a certain musical instrument? One is a sharp Jew and the other a jewsharp.

The most economical time to buy cider is when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said "that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

"Pray don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

Noisy children are found to be extremely useful, it is said, in preventing one from hearing the ringing of the door-bell when one doesn't wish to see visitors.

There is a man in Rhode Island whose head is so hard that a wagon with a load of six hundred passed over it recently without doing it any harm.

We don't know exactly what "the height of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not more than five feet high.

A master bade his servant go and see what time the sun dial indicated. "Why, sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night." "What does that matter? Can you not take a candle?"

"So," said a young gentleman to a beautiful young lady at a party in Arkansas, "you won't take any of the sardines?" "No," said she, "but I'll take some of the greased minnows."

"Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his mistress. "Pooh, pooh," said she, "so you'd say if you didn't think so!" "And so you'd think," he answered, "if I didn't say so."

A "wise man of Gotham" made his servant sleep in a chamber adjoining his own. He cried out to him on one occasion, "George, am I asleep?" "Yes, sir," replied the conscientious George. "Ah, good!"

"If," said an old fisherman, "I wanted to catch one simpleton, I would hook him with a bribe: if I wished to catch twenty, I would bait them with promises; but if I desired to catch a hundred, I would poison them with flattery."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE LAST OF THE ROSES.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

Heavily hang the glistening vines,  
Wet with the storm of yesternight;  
A thousand pearls on every spray  
Are trembling in the azure light.  
But one by one the roses die,  
All day about the path they fall;  
Within the shadow of the wall  
Their lifeless leaves drop silently.

At midnight, waking, I heard  
The roaring of the tempest's might,  
While through the brooding blackness played  
Quick flashes of uncertain light.  
Then once again I slept, and dreamed,  
And when the eastern morning broke,  
It touched my eyes, and I awoke,  
Forgetting how the storm had seemed.

Forgetting, till I looked abroad,  
And then, alas! I could but sigh.  
Across the blue arch overhead  
The low gray clouds were rolling by,  
From the bent trees the moisture fell  
To the dark earth. The rain was o'er;  
But ah! the roses bloomed no more—  
The roses I had loved so well.

A few pale, withering things are left,  
But this sweet air is not for them;  
And though the sunshine and the rain  
For each have wrought a diadem,  
It is but mockery. Ah, woe!  
And they will linger here no more;  
The storm, in the soft blush they wore,  
Has veiled the light of June's last smile.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW:

—OR, THE—

## EXTINGUISHMENT OF A MAN.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

I PRESUME you didn't know Jack Robinson in the days of his glory. So much the worse for you, then, for you missed the acquaintance of one of the jolliest and best-hearted dogs that ever wore trousers. He was the life and soul, and whisky punch of a crowd of us young fellows about town. No pleasure-promising project was ever afloat in which he did not take the lead; no party, or ride, or sail, or picnic, was complete without his exhilarating countenance and jocular ha, ha. In short, he was the kindest fellow that ever helped a friend out of a scrape, and he was the most obliging fellow that ever backed a note for a friend, and he was the gallantest fellow that ever lifted a lady over a puddle, and he was the toughest nut at a billiard board that ever chalked a cue.

Business called him down east—I don't know where, exactly, but some place in Maine or Canada, or thereabout—not the town you live in, however, but a long way further to the eastward, and there in that down east town Jack Robinson met his destiny.

She was a great bouncing, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, sentimental creature, was Jack's destiny, deeply read in novels, particularly indolent and helpless, and in everything subject unto her mother. There were sheep's-eyes, and lending of books, and idiotic verses in albums, and delightful rides, and romantic walks, and somebody's arm round somebody's waist, and kisses, and all the rest of it.

The east wind, or something else, occasionally brought to us boys vague rumors of Jack's gallivanting, and we were not disposed to interpose any stumbling-blocks, for we knew there was and is a vast multitude of number-one girls in the orient, and we had some little confidence in Jack's judgment and good taste. By-and-by Bob Bangs had occasion to journey toward the rising sun, too.

"Tell ye what it is, boys," said Bob, in great excitement, when he had returned to the city and to us, "taint goin' to do, by Jove, for Jack to fool round that gal any longer, now mind I tell ye. She's no more the wife for him than I am; she's got no more mind of her own, or decision of character, by Jove, than a handsome sheep. Her mother's a regular field-marshal in petticoats, and is dismally strong-minded. She says she has but one daughter, and only lives to see that dear child happy. It's a dangerous fix Jack's got into, for it's a little bit of a town, not much bigger'n your fist, by Jove, and she's the only pretty girl in it. I s'pose Jack's just fool enough to think that if he marries anybody down there, it'll be that girl. No such thing. He'll marry the ole 'ooman, and she'll swaller him, by

Jove, that's what she'll do. Now Jack's too good a feller to be wasted in that sort of style, and we ought somehow to shake him up and make him come to his senses. Here, Jinx, you write and tell him what we think about it."

So Jinx squared himself at a sheet of paper and, from the dictation of half a dozen highly interested gentlemen, all speaking at the same time and to different purposes, wrote such a letter as a wise father might write to his son. The epistle evidently made an impression, for Jack wrote back that he would be cautious and consider well before he acted.

And doubtless he did, but the result was the old story. On one side was a frank, open-hearted, generous young gentleman, believing all men honest and all women angels, on the other, a managing, designing, intriguing mother of an only daughter, the only handsome girl in town, and she, like a few, a very few more of her own sex, a natural born Sapphira, putting on her most fascinating airs, and saying, by word and action, to him who would estimate her charms and merits, "Yea for so much," when all the time she knew herself to be on the tip-toe of the pinnacle of her good looks and behaviour.

Well, Jack married and fetched Mrs. Jack down to the city, and took a nice little house in a nice little street, and set up a nice little establishment. Nothing could be more snug and comfortable.

For about a year all went merry as the marriage bell, and the reading of Rosa Matildaish poetry, and the delightful rides, and the romantic walks went on, and it was dear, and duck, and dove, and darling, and what not, just the same as before the knot was tied. Although not a courtship, it was "the same subject continued." But ere the twelfth moon had sneaked out from the little end of her horn, a change comes o'er the spirit of Jack's dream. Shop-boys began ringing the door-bell with bundles of linen, and flannel, and narrow, bleached, diamond-spotted towel stuff of some sort; then came an extra domestic, of a comfortable, roomy and matronly aspect, and last of all, one woful, black and dismal day, came Mrs. Jones, with a hundred handboxes.

Ah, unsuspecting Jack! ah, gentle Robinson! little didst thou dream, as with teeth-displaying smiles thou didst hand thy beloved mother-in-law from the door of that unhappy coach, that all those seemingly innocent handboxes were henceforth to be to thee and thy house as though they had been bequeathed to thee by the late Mrs. Pandora.

They didn't call its name John, after its father, as its father would have liked, but Adoniram, after the worthy divine that Mrs. Jones "sits under."

As Mrs. Jones was kind enough to come to town "upon the occasion," and as she was only to stay a month or six weeks at furthest, the best room in the house—Jack's study—was prepared for her accommodation, or rather, she had it prepared for herself. It was a pleasant relief to Jack when Mrs. Jones kindly took charge of the keys, and the marketing, and the ordering of the servants.

"Mrs. Jones, my wife's mother, is really a very superior woman," said Jack to Jinx, and Jinx shook his head dolefully, for if there is anything ominous and superlatively hateful to that gentleman, it is a "superior woman."

The month or six weeks went off promptly, as is the punctual custom of months and six weeks, but Mrs. Jones by no means followed their excellent example. On the contrary, she sent down east for another hundred handboxes.

"Lizzy was always delicate from a child, is far from well now, and requires a mother's care. It would be the height of imprudence and cruelty to leave the poor thing with so much to attend to." Thus said Mrs. Jones, though Lizzy looked and was as robust as a "beef creeter," and in the days of courtship it had been her mother's boast that she never had known a sick day.

"Mrs. Jones has been a great help to all of us, and a comfort to Lizzy, since she has been with us, and she thinks it advisable to remain a few days longer," said Jack, with a perplexed and troubled look.

When Mrs. Jones's "things" arrived from down east, there also comes to hand a span of gawky boys, Mrs. Jones's two youngest sons, from whom she cannot think of being separated, and who must not lose such an excellent opportunity for attending school at Boston during the winter. Of course they are quartered upon

Jack, and hook his cigars and borrow money from him, and of course, when their education is completed, Mr. Robinson is a heartless, unfeeling brute because he does not forthwith get them situations in some first-class bank or insurance office at a salary of a thousand each. When Jack's own mother and sisters call upon him, what can be more natural than for Mrs. Jones to let them see, severely, that they are poking their noses into that which does not concern them, and when they venture, in a friendly way, to enquire or suggest the slightest thing, what more proper than for Mrs. Jones to give them a piece of her mind.

Does Jack timidly remonstrate—herself and her daughter are not going to be imposed upon in their own house by those who had better be attending to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to. If some people want to create a division in the family, thank goodness she is clear-sighted enough to see through it all, and will prevent it, he may set his heart to rest on that. And so on, without end, until Mrs. Jack, who is completely under her mother's influence and thumb, gets worked up to an hysterical pitch, and grabs her young one from the crib, clutches it convulsively to her bosom, and hopes, amid a bucket of tears, that at least they will not tear her unfortunate child from her, and that she may mercifully be permitted to die before they have taught it, too, to hate and despise her. At this the offspring, who, like a little stupid cherub as it is, can't see any sense in its mother's sudden violence, begins kicking and striking out with its shapeless legs and arms, and giving vent to a chorus of Satan's own shrieks and screeches. Jack, indignant, opens his mouth, but it is instantly closed by a volley from Mrs. Jones. "Unfeeling wretch, he is killing her daughter, and does he think that she, as a mother, is going to stand by and permit it? He little knows, and never deserved the treasure that has been thrown away upon him in that dear creature. It is plain that he will be only too happy when the poor, suffering child has gone broken-hearted to her grave," etc., etc.

For the first half year or so, Jack buoys up his heart with the fond, feeble belief that his mother-in-law must, in the nature of things, sometime or other take her handboxes and her departure. Vain hope; it gradually becomes evident that even if she should return to her eastern home, it would shortly become necessary to send for her again post haste, and so for the sake of peace in his steadily increasing family, he meekly yields to his fate.

*Facilis descensus averni*, which is, being interpreted, he who knuckles to Mrs. Jones is a gone goose. Jack becomes nobody in his own house, or rather he is supposed to infest Mrs. Jones's establishment, provided he interferes with nothing during the day, and comes home to bed at a suitable hour at the early evening, for a latch-key, look you, is not for the likes of him. The doors of the temple of the drama, and of his old accustomed club-room, are closed to him forever; his harmless wine-glass is turned upside down, and his cigar put out. If he smokes at home, the curtains are so irretrievably ruined that a new set, at double cost, has to be put up forthwith, and if he smokes abroad, he is a dissolute, profligate wretch, who wishes to make his innocent children blush to own him as their father. His bachelor friends are, as a matter of course, intolerable nuisances. Once when Jinx had the temerity to drop in of an evening, he was received with frigid silence on the part of the females, and a forced, fidgety air of reckless gaiety, painfully overdone, on the part of Jack. Jinx soon saw the state of affairs at a glance, and not desiring to keep his friend in agony, he abridged his call, and carelessly mentioned, as he rose to depart, that as it was quite early, he should run down to the club and see if there was any later news from Washington. Jack grabbed his hat, glad of any excuse for getting out of the house for an instant, and intimated that he was exceedingly anxious to hear from the seat of government also. At this, Mrs. Jones trod upon the toes of her daughter, causing that estimable spouse to remark, in an appallingly distinct tone of voice, "John, my dear, you surely are not going out at this late hour of the night; it is almost eight o'clock; besides, mother is going to have your feet in hot water and a plaster on your chest—it's absurd to think of going out now."

Before Jinx was fairly off the stoop, Mrs. Jones proceeded to fulfil her promise of putting Jack in hot water. "Such disreputable individ-

uals should never pollute her house, she could tell him. Do you hear, Mr. Robinson; when such persons are introduced into this house by you, who, if you were a man, would scorn such associates, me and my daughter leave it—that we will. I'd have you know, Mr. Robinson, that I am not to be trampled on; we have borne with your abuse and ill-treatment quite long enough, sir; and though it is the study of your life to insult and tread us under foot, I'd have you remember, sir—I say, I'd have you remember, sir, that even our patience may be worn out at last," and—more of—the—same—sort.

When upon the street Jack sees any of us boys afar off, instead of running and falling upon our necks and kissing us, he darts round the nearest corner and off out of sight, for fear we shall ask him to go somewhere, or insist upon his inviting us to his home to partake of the fatted calf, as he did during the first year of his wedded life. He loses his spirit, his independence, and his good looks, and becomes a very sneak and slob. Mrs. Jones arranges everything and manages the household, Mrs. Jones attends to all the shopping and dealings with tradesmen, Jack not being thought of, nor does his name appear except at the summit of long and frequent bills. The servants sneer at him in the kitchen, and treat him disrespectfully in the parlor. He may ring his bell till he is black in the face, but unless the help are particularly good-natured, and Mrs. Jones has nothing for them to do, he will ring in vain.

Once, and only once did he make a determined effort to throw off the yoke. Mrs. Jones had taken herself and her daughter, and the children to the sea-side, and Jack, in jubilant spirits at his temporary emancipation, had as fellows up to a jolly spread at his own house. Champagne and confidence abounded, as in the days of old. We rallied him upon his domestic affairs and he pleaded guilty. "He was a miserable dog—had been a weak fool, and he knew it—nobody was to blame but himself." As bachelor's wives and mothers-in-law are notoriously well managed, we, of course, were competent to give him any quantity of the very best advice, and we did it.

"You are right, boys," said Jack, with a flash of his old spirit, thumping the table with his fist till the glasses jumped with astonishment at his rebellious daring. "I have been led by the nose long enough—too long, and I won't stand it another day. It's time to assert my authority, and I'll do it, though the heavens fall. Lizzy and I got along tip-top till that horrid old woman came into the house, and we shall when she's gone, for go she shall, as sure as my name is Jack Robinson. I'll be master in my own house, see if I don't."

Jack stuck to this excellent resolution like a hero, and when the queen bee returned he marshalled his forces and a battle royal ensued, which lasted all night and attracted attention of the passers-by, so fierce and sternly contested was the fight.

Crossing the Common next day, I met an interesting domestic procession. First came Mrs. Robinson, bundled up in a hundred shawls and leaning upon the arm of Mrs. Jones, who had a triumphant expression upon her countenance, and severe silk dress upon all the rest of her person. Immediately behind these two came a four-wheeled go-cart, in which were the twins, sitting face to face at the stem and stern of the vehicle. The motive power which impelled the detestable willow contrivance, was a cross nursery-maid, who was sharply scolding a meek and frightened looking individual in nankin trousers, who was shading the infants with a thundering great blue cotton umbrella. For an instant our eyes met, but he dropped his to the ground in confusion, pretending not to see me. Let me die if the thing in nankin trousers wasn't Jack! I could have kicked him. I turned away, sick at my stomach. Jack was extinguished.

## LONG AND SHORT DAYS.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm the longest day has eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at St. Petersburg the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wandernus, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.—*Boston Journal*.

Ballou's Dollar Monthly has the largest circulation, with one exception, of any magazine in the world. It is a significant token of the times that such an admirably got-up work can be furnished for one dollar a year.—*New York Examiner*.



### NAMES OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.

The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derive their names were various, and were the principal objects of their adoration.

*The Idol of the Sun.*—This idol, which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillow, holding with outstretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Day*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

*The Idol of the Moon.*—The next was the idol of the Moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Day*; and since by us, Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent woman, habited in a short coat, and a hood, and two long ears. The moon which she holds in her hand designates the quality.

*The Idol of Tuisco.*—Tuisco was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the sun of the earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisco's Day*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented, standing on a pedestal, as an old, venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in the right hand.

*The Idol of Woden, or Odin.*—Woden, or Odin, was one of the supreme divinities of the northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country, or at what time, is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Day*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, clad in armor, with a broad sword uplifted in his right hand.

*The Idol Thor.*—Thor, the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, and was, after his parents, considered the greatest god among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Day*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright, burnished gold stars, and with a royal sceptre in his right hand.

*The Idol Friga, or Freya.*—Friga, or Freya, was the wife of Woden, or Odin; and, next to him, the most reverend divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes and other northern nations. In the most ancient times, Friga, or Freya, was the same with the goddess Hertha, or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friga's Day*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left.

*The Idol Sater.*—The idol Sater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right hand was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Sater's Day*, which we call Saturday. Thus the days of our week are derived from heathen ideas, and idols of heathen worship.—*Conservatory Journal.*

### RESOURCES OF AUSTRIA.

Among the principal important branches of Austrian manufacturing industry are the glass and flax manufactures, and silk manufactures of Lombardy. The construction of machinery and metal-work is commencing on a fair scale at Prague and Vienna. The total amount of her manufactures is 570,000,000 florins. To this amount M. Schwarzer adds 428,000,000 for the value of the labor, which gives 998,000,000 florins as the true value of the industrial development of Austria. In railways she has had since their commencement about 9000 kilometres in project, of which 5000 are still to be completed. The total value of her commerce, including exports and imports, transit and navigation, is 748,000,000 florins. Austria possessed only 900 sea going vessels. The Austrian Lloyd Company possessed in 1854 sixty steamers, but the profits of the establishment have been insignificant. The Danubian Navigation Company, which enjoys a monopoly for twenty years, and possesses more than 100 steamers, besides an innumerable quantity of small iron vessels, appears to be more favorably situated. Its revenue in 1855 amounted to 2,267,465 florins. M. Schwarzer estimates the total value of Austrian productions—agricultural, metallic, industrial, and commercial—at 4,100,000,000 florins.

### THE DESTROYER OF ARMIES.

The statistics of the Chef d'Etat Major quoted by Carnot who was War Minister, give the numbers of the invading army which crossed the Niemen on the 24th of June, at 302,000 men, 104,000 horses. On the advance to Moscow was fought the great battle of Borodino. In this battle there were put *hors de combat*, that is, killed and wounded, on the side of the Russians no less than 30 generals, 1600 officers, and 42,000 men. While the French, according to Marshal Bortier's papers, subsequently taken at Wilna, had in killed and wounded 40 generals, 1800 officers, and 52,000 men. The French, however, claimed the victory, inasmuch as the Russians fell back after the battle and left the French in possession of the ground. The cold began on November the 7th; but three days before the cold began, namely, on the 4th of November, there remained of the mighty host that had crossed the Niemen but 55,000 men and 12,000 horses; 247,000 had perished or become ineffective in 133 days. Of the 55,000 men, however, plus any reinforcements they may have met on the way, 40,000 men returned to France, showing how few men were lost in this masterly retreat, either by the severity of the winter, or the harassing attacks of the enemy. But even if three-fourths of the wounded at Borodino had died, and allowing for those killed in minor actions and operations there would remain nearly 200,000 men who perished by insufficient commissariat—by want of forethought. The Count de Segur, the historian of

rary effect, but the man who writes and speaks pure, undefiled, simple English, is certainly obtaining a surer hold of the minds and hearts of his parishioners. The Established Church in England has of late unbent somewhat from its dignity, and appealed more directly to the public at large than heretofore. Its influence is accordingly increasing and strengthening day by day. Such men as the subject of our sketch, are invaluable members of the Christian ministry. Their great reward is hereafter, but on earth they leave behind a pure fame which perpetuates their names.

### THE VALUE OF EMPLOYMENT.

Since both soul and body are made for exertion, there is nothing more conducive to cheerfulness, the result of their joint health, than fit employment. A house bereft of tenants goes to decay. A vehicle laid up without use rusts and moulders. A fine piece of machinery is never so safe, as when lubricated and moving. Body and soul, made for perpetual activity, must work and work together, in order to be in good condition. Of all engines, the human body is the most amazing. From the days of Socrates, as reported by Xenophon, philosophy has been studying the mechanics, the chemistry the vital forces, the adaptations, the final causes of this structure, so fearfully, so wonderfully made. There is no step forward to new principles in physics, in optics, in the growth of structures, which does not find itself anticipated by some

corrode with sullen thoughts, and sometimes fall a prey to evil habits or premature dotage. Philosophy, no less than religion, enjoins—unless where invincible necessities from infirmity or age clearly speak another language—that we should live working, and die in the harness. Hence the value of a trade or calling, and of working at it. I believe it lengthens life. I believe it staves off tribes of maladies and conceits. I am sure it promotes that spring and elevation of soul, without which life is a long disease. If you would find the most wretched man or woman in your neighborhood look for the one who has nothing to do. Unless allowed to prescribe employment, even the best physician cannot cure the valetudinary complainer, for employment begets cheerfulness.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander.*

### A JAPANESE PEACH-GARDEN.

To the peach garden we went, though that fruit was no longer procurable, but the place was prettily laid out with trees, grass, artificial lakes, bridges, and pleasant summer-houses and verandahs. The establishment was under the management of or belonged to a lady, and as soon as "No. 2" functionary had swaggered about, and enlightened them as to the important position Lord Elgin and he held, arrangements were made for refreshment. There being no chairs in Japan, we throw ourselves at full length upon the nice clean mats. Several low tables, just high enough for people seated cross-legged on the ground, were placed near, and then the hostess upon her knees, commencing with the ambassador, presented each person with a cup of tea. She was a remarkably good-looking, lady-like woman. Nothing could have been more graceful than her manner, and the posture of kneeling accompanied by a low bow to signify prostration at one's feet, is the custom of the country, where every subordinate prostrates himself in the presence of his superior. This loving cup having been presented, she stood aside, and directed her servants to place fruits and other refreshments before us, her teeth were blackened, and consequently she must be a married woman, though no husband appeared. Possibly she was a widow; but if so, she had decidedly reached the stage of widowhood known as that of mitigated woe in the mourning warehouses at home. We are undecided up to this moment whether to ascribe our being attended upon by the ugly handmaidens of the establishment to the matronly prudence of our good hostess alone, or to some villainous reasons of functionary "No. 2;" but there, away in the distance, we saw such pretty girls! The poor ugly ones! one should always feel for ugly women, dear reader. Heaven no doubt intended all women, like the flowers, to be pretty or beautiful; an ugly woman is a mistake—but at any rate, there were two of these unfortunates sent to attend upon the ambassador and his party. In justice to them, it must be said that their scrupulous cleanliness, neatness, and the quick wit with which the poor girls saw exactly what each guest wanted, reconciled us to them amazingly; and none enjoyed the joke more heartily than they did, when some of the party beseeched the prudent matron to allow the handsome young ladies to wait on us; a request she met with a shake of the head, and a glance at that abominable fellow, "No. 2" functionary, who doubtless thus revenged himself upon us for the gallop we had inflicted upon him on his brass-bound demi peak saddle. The dress of the Japanese women is simple, but graceful. The robe



REV. J. M. BELLEW, M. A.

this campaign, considers that the genius of Napoleon had culminated before he undertook this expedition, famous among the world's disasters, and that constant prosperity had led him to look on success as so certain that he neglected the means of attaining it. Any way, here is an instance under the greatest of generals, that it is not the enemy, but exposure, that destroys armies.

### THE REV. J. M. BELLEW, M. A.

The accompanying portrait is commended as a correct likeness of one of the most distinguished English preachers of the day, one who is widely known and respected beyond the limits of his own denomination. Endowed with all the learning that the time-honored schools and universities of a land renowned for intellectual culture can afford, he is yet nothing of a pedant; he has made himself as well acquainted with men and things, with the world as it is, as well as with the world of facts. Firm and fearless, he is yet conciliatory, not dictatorial, bearing himself in his great mission of a Christian teacher, with true humility and modesty. His earnest and eloquent words are all the more impressive from this amiable trait in his character. He is equally popular as a preacher with high and humble, and the purity of his style is appreciated by both classes. For it is a grave error to suppose that a style must be coarse, or turgid and theatrical, to impress the masses. A sensation preacher, by frantic gestures, by forced metaphors and theatrical language, may produce a great tempo-

marvellous realization of its idea in the human body. Considered as a working engine, there is none which works so cheaply, with so little waste, and so long, or which contains such provisions for its own repair. How every survey of the skillful mechanism shows that it was made to move. Its central, propelling engine never stops, except in cases which cause instant dread of death. Heart, lungs and brains play on through all the thousand nights of sleep. An instinct of nature prompts the young to be in almost perpetual motion. Absolute rest there is none. And if, from necessity or choice, any approach to immobility becomes the habit of body, as in the case in some sluggish and morbid natures, the result is lethargy and endless disturbances of the vital functions. This frame was made for labor. Equally true is this of the yet more subtle because spiritual part. The soul is essentially active. Of a mind that does not think, no man can frame a notion. The human mind is made to be active. It is inquiring, and thirst for knowledge. Its active powers irresistibly seek for some object on which to exert themselves. Healthful, moderate repose, chiefly by change of employment, is good; but entire, continual, unbroken quiescence, is misery.

Never was there a more dire mistake than that of men who abandon the honest and useful business of life, under the pretext of rest. Unless they have singular resources, in science, literature, or philanthropy, they sink into hebetude, weary of the everlasting holiday, let their hearts

which crosses the breast, close up to the neck, or a little lower according to the taste of the wearer, reaches nearly down to the ground, and has loose sleeves, leaving the wrist free. This robe is confined round the body by a shawl, which is tied behind in a bow, the ends flowing. Everything in Japan, even to dress, is regulated by law, and the sumptuary laws have been very strict until lately, when contact with Europeans appears to be bringing about a slight relaxation. The color worn by all classes of men in their usual dress is black, or dark blue, of varied patterns; but the women very properly are allowed, and of course avail themselves of the privilege, to wear brighter dresses. Yet their taste was so good that loud and noisy colors were generally eschewed. Their robes were generally striped silks of gray, blue, or black; the shawl some beautiful bright color—crimson, for instance; and their fine jet black hair was tastefully set off, by having crimson crape, of a very beautiful texture, thrown in among it. Of course we speak of the outdoor dress of the women—the full dress within doors is, we believe, far more gay.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

If we wish to know the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practised a vice so long that he curses it and clings to it; that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on toward it; but, reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart, and make him roll in the dust with anguish.



## Poet's Corner.

## A SHADOW.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.

What lack the valley and mountain  
That once were green and gray?  
What lack the babbling fontains?  
Their voice is sad to-day.  
Only the sound of a voice,  
Tender and sweet and low,  
That made the earth rejoice,  
A year ago.

What lack the tender flowers?  
A shadow is on the sun,  
What lack the merry hours,  
That I long that they were done!  
Only two smiling eyes,  
That told of joy and mirth;  
They are shining in the skies,  
I mourn on earth.

What lacks my heart, that makes it  
So weary and full of pain,  
That trembling hope forsakes it,  
Never to come again?  
Only another heart,  
Tender and all my own,  
In the still grave it lies,  
I weep alone.

## ON MARRIAGE.

Wedlock's a very awful thing;  
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,  
Which requires great nerve to do it.  
When one of a grand equestrian troupe  
Makes a jump at a golden hoop,  
Not certain at all of what may befall  
After his getting through it—Thomas Hood.

## TRIALS

So unaffected, so composed a mind;  
So firm yet soft, so strong, yet so resigned;  
Heard, as its purest gold, by fortune's trial,  
The salt sustained it, but the woman died—Pope.

## ADVICE

In silence mend what ill-deform thy mind,  
But all thy good impart to all thy kind—Steele.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Louis Napoleon is at the present time the most popular man in France. While most of his friends and advisers assured him that war had ceased to be popular with the mass, and that an attempt to revive the military glory of the first empire would cost him his throne, he himself knew that he could appeal safely to the chivalric spirit of a people descended of those gallant Gauls whose boast it was that "even if the arch of heaven itself should fall, they would sustain it on their lance-points." An intelligent letter writer says: "There is not a peasant family all over France that does not dream of some kinsman rising from the ranks to be *maréchal* as in the old times, and 'Vive l'Italie' alternates now with 'Vive l'Empereur' both cordially venerated. The announced participation of Napoleon III. personally in the perils of the campaign was all that was wanted to identify him in the mind of the masses with the memories of the great uncle. And the best of it is that Louis Napoleon is right and Austria wrong. Every victory of the French arms will be hailed with enthusiasm throughout the world. . . . There is to be a grand celebration of the completion of the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, in October. . . . England has to pay \$10,000,000 annually on her debt. It costs her nearly \$150,000,000 to maintain an efficient army and navy. And her entire annual expenses amount to about \$340,000,000. . . . Mr. Charles Mackay has his American letters in press, two handsome volumes, on 'Life and Liberty in America,' illustrated by engravings. The result of the poet-traveller's observations is, it is said, not very favorable to American society, as contrasted with English freedom and English manners. . . . An exchange says a "colored lady," attired in the height of fashion, sailed into a store and electrified the clerk by inquiring if he had one of "them there hoop skirts with a digestible bustle." . . . The lovely statue of Venus, the beautiful antique, just discovered at Rome, is said to present great sweetness of expression, as far as it can be judged in its present condition, wanting the nose and a portion of the upper lip. . . . Punch suggests that the present British ministry should be called, in reference to their Reform Bill, "The Derby and Hoxa Administration." . . . Daniel Webster never uttered a truer or grander thought than the following: "courage, too, in that sturdy Saxon he handled so well. 'If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men—we engrave upon those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will blighten to all eternity.' . . . A writer on genealogy, in the New York Post, says at one corner of the genealogist's inverted pyramid may be a prince's crown, but at another may be a hangman's rope, and arrives at the conclusion that genealogical societies are unnecessary evils—that genealogies are endless, and that rather than have a long ancestry a man had better have no ancestry at all. . . . A banquet of officers was held at Milan, at which, among the numerous toasts drunk in allusion to the impending war, a young officer proposed the following:—"To the Austrian army! The French and Piedmontese armies will break against it like this brittle glass." So saying, he threw the bottle he had just emptied into the air, so as

to make it fall back upon the table, which it did, but—with a breaking. The United Telegraph reports the elopement of two young men aged respectively 15 and 18, with two young women aged fourteen years. A merchant in Winchester, Va., has taken into partnership his daughter, Mrs. Virginia, and announces that hereafter the business will be conducted under the firm of J. Wyong & Daughter. . . . Late letters from California say that the miners throughout the State are doing well, and labor continues high. A nugget worth \$2000 was found at Bath, Placer county, imbedded in the bank 180 feet above the bed-rock. From the frequent instances in which large masses of gold are found in various strata of earth lying one above another, the conclusion is drawn by some "experts" that gold deposits have been made at different periods of the earth's history. The marble statue of Commodore Perry, to be erected at Cleveland, on Lake Erie, has been constructed for, and it is to be ready for inauguration on the 10th of September, 1860. It is to cost \$5000. . . . Col. Jesse Reed of Marshfield has just received a patent for a new pegging machine. Col. Reed is now about 80 years of age, but is with a mind as active and vigorous as ever. He is the originator of over twenty different inventions, many of which are applied to marine purposes. The New York Herald says that a measure is in contemplation by which the ocean steamers will be enabled to go through the Sound instead of rounding Sandy Hook. A pier is to be constructed on the East River, from which the steamers will sail. . . . A pedler was recently brought before J. P. Emerson of Salmon Falls, Justice of the Peace for Strafford county, N. H., for peddling without a license, when the justice, who is not a lawyer, declared the pedler law unconstitutional, and dismissed the complaint. A German in New York recently resolved to commit suicide. He applied to a druggist for arsenic, but the druggist had his suspicions aroused, and instead of the poison, furnished him with a paper of powdered chalk. Harman went home, swallowed the chalk, and then yelled lustily for assistance. He was promptly relieved. . . . A man was brought up in West Troy, N. H., recently on the charge of an assault and battery, committed on the person of his wife. While in court he attempted to settle the matter with her, and to this end gave her two dollars and a kiss. She took the kiss and money, and settled the affair immediately. . . . A Norwegian shoemaker living in Minnesota has obtained \$17,000 for a piece of land near Chicago, which he bought eleven years ago for the sum of \$20. . . . A filibuster organization for a descent into Mexico, to assist Miramon against Juarez, is said to exist in Baltimore. Seven thousand men are enrolled. Land, gold and silver mines are the inducements held out by the leaders of the enterprise. A new controversy with Great Britain is growing up in the Northwest. The boundary in the last treaty was laid down in such a manner that it is now uncertain whether certain waters and islands belong to Great Britain or Washington Territory. The recent gold discoveries in Fraser River, and the consequent influx of settlers, have rendered these doubtful sounds variable. Some nights ago, Miss Silvia Gore, who resides in Dudley, Mass., had occasion to go to an apartment adjoining her sitting room; having no lamp with her, she was feeling her way along, when her hand alighted on the shoulder of a man, evidently a burglar, who had been attracted thither by a rumor of money. Miss Gore screamed—ran to a neighbor's house—brought help to seize the intruder—but, singularly enough, found that he had not waited for her return. . . . Noticing the "Photography of Sound," a Philadelphia would like to see the shape of a good long ure; of a pig squealing under a gate; of a thousand of brick falling; of an alarm of fire; of the bursting of a barrel of sour crout; or the first cannonade along the line of the Tienso. . . . The Liverpool Journal is in favor of finishing up Louis Napoleon summarily. If he tries to do anything on the water, it says every French merchantman should be captured, every French man-of-war engaged and sunk, or carried into port; the enemy should be denied time to prepare to escape; and if the navy does its duty, as it thinks it assuredly will, the ocean would be completely under British command in one month! We believe the British resolved to engage and sink every American man-of-war at the beginning of 1812. They have changed their minds though, for their national ships invariably struck their flags to ours. . . . A subscription has been raised in Bangor, Me., and given as a testimonial of admiration for the brave act of William Blyker, a lad of fourteen years, who plunged into the Acadia-Reg stream, a short time since, and at the risk of his own, saved the life of a lad named Albert Tyler, aged seven years, the circumstances of which were detailed at the time. "It is a cold one, but I must go to!" were his words. . . . He bemoans the prevailing custom of wearing all the hair that will grow on the face, has decreased their business at least 10 per cent. The Home Journal says of Lady Morgan, just dead: Her "false front," which was invariably a little askew, added a curiously expressive emphasis to her witticisms. Of taste, in all that was intended for the eye, she was a glaring violation. Her costume, and especially her head dress, seemed always an intentional drollery. No chance observer would have taken Lady Morgan, as dressed for a dinner or evening party, for anything but an Irish washerwoman in her Sunday gear. . . . A regular crusade has been entered into by the doctors of Paris against the frightful fashion of steel stays, brought in with the new cut of dress now in vogue. Attention has been drawn to the subject, and a report sent into the Academy of Medicine, in consequence of the sudden death of two young ladies employed in one of the fashionable houses of the place to show off the fashions. These young ladies, whose sole business was to walk up and down the Magasin, where the wonders of the imagination of the proprietors are displayed, dying with each other in the degree to which torture could be borne, had gradually accustomed themselves to be drawn so tight that, in one case the bursting of a blood-vessel was the consequence, and, in the other, congestion of the lungs carried off the victim in a few hours. . . . The intelligent correspondent of the New York Times says: "The

Emperor Napoleon III. has done in fact so much for the soldier, so much for the amelioration of the ordinary hardships of his life, that the French army of to-day loves its emperor, and would follow him to the end of the world. His appearance at the head of the army of Italy will be the signal for such a burst of enthusiasm, and of daring feats of arms, as will strike terror into the ranks of the enemy." . . . The Italians of New York, numbering several thousands, are said to be divided on the war question. The largest party seem to be firmly in favor of Mazzini, who stands aloof from the present contest. . . . Another new theatre, on a grand scale, to cost \$100,000, is about to be erected in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, by the "Company for the Improvement of the Drama," recently organized, with Dr. N. K. Moreley as president. . . . A Havana correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says that several small Spanish war steamers, suitable for short water navigation, are crossing along the banks and off the eastern coast of Cuba, looking out for filibusters. A well known miser recently died in New Jersey, leaving a large sum of money, which will go to his two nephews. He was eighty years old, and died with the firm belief that, after some years of slumber, he should return to this earth a young man, when he is to receive his property with interest. His heirs seem quite willing to take the money on those terms. . . . Some thirty young Germans have left Cincinnati for the father land, intending to enlist in the service of Austria, out of their dislike of Napoleon. Mrs. Partridge desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Almost all the predictions with regard to hostilities in Italy seem to have been falsified by facts. We have received news of insignificant skirmishes, of marches and countermarches, when we looked for details of some great battle, which may, however, come to hand at any moment. The French suffered severely from the weather in crossing the Alps. May is a very bad season for a mountain march on account of the frequent avalanches. The enthusiasm with which the French have been received at the various towns and cities of Italy their columns have reached is without a parallel. The liberals have a majority over the conservatives in the British Parliament. The British government is bringing out the whole military force of the United Kingdom, and fifty battalions are to be added to the line. The queen's proclamation for the increase of the royal navy has been gallantly responded to. The funeral of Von Humboldt was one of the most imposing that ever took place in Berlin. The pope is in trouble and the French regiments at Rome have been placed on a full war footing. The presence of the emperor of France in Italy will give an impetus to the military movements there and force the Austrians to battle. The empress, though nominally regent of France, has been tied down and restricted in the exercise of her functions, Louis Napoleon being in fact the director of the administration, though absent from the seat of government. If any one doubts the popularity of the war and the emperor in France, he has only to read the various accounts, not only of French journals, but of English and American letters, describing the cordial feeling and enthusiasm of the popular manifestations in Paris on the departure of Louis Napoleon for the war. In London an attempt to get up an open-air meeting in one of the parks for the purpose of sympathizing with the French emperor was a total failure. John Bull still suspects the son of his uncle. It is possible, though hardly probable, that even yet diplomacy may unravel the Gordian knot of the Italian question, and the sword of the modern Alexander return to its scabbard.

## Views of the Ultramontanists.

The Paris Univers, the organ of the Ultramontanists, says: "For our part, we know only two enemies to France—the two pointed out by nature—England for the present, and Russia in the future. We believe that Russia menaces Latin civilization with one of the most memorable catastrophes that any civilization ever had to undergo. Russia injures to the empire of the world—to Constantinople and to Rome, and even now this dream of her old ambition can no longer be regarded with contempt by any serious mind. France should be the heart and arm of Latin civilization—the shield that covers Rome, the hand that assists, raises, and upholds all Catholic nations. England and Russia close the world against us and against the gospel. England now, Russia hereafter. The vessels of all nations only traverse the globe with a passport signed by England. We should have wished to see France, as protectress of the great European families, give the world to them by upholding every where the true religion."

## Bronze of Aluminum.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the discovery of a new "bronze of aluminum" was announced. This production is said to be of extreme hardness and durability—not breaking like ordinary bronzes. It is admirable for works of art, as also for gun barrels. The inventor proposed to cast a cannon of this new bronze, at his expense, and submit it to all the usual experiments. Marshal Vaillant attended the meeting, and seemed to pay great attention to all that was said as to the military uses of the new metal.

## Venice.

Recently the colonel of a Hungarian regiment was tried by court martial on a charge of having attempted to induce his command to agree not to fight against the Italians. He was found guilty, ordered to be shot, and the sentence was immediately carried into execution.

## Turkey.

A letter from Constantinople in the London Times says by extraordinary measures the government hopes soon to have an army of 220,000 on foot—the writer means, rather, on paper.

## Baron Humboldt.

Notwithstanding the excitement, trouble and distress caused by the war, the people of Europe were duly impressed and affected by the death of the venerable Baron Humboldt. He was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769. In pursuit of scientific facts, he travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, North and South America. He attempted the ascent of Chimborazo, and reached the height of 19,300 feet. In 1829 he visited Siberia. The crown work of his laborious and valuable life was his "Cosmos," wherein he contemplates all created things as linked together and forming one whole, animated by internal forces.

## The Vivandiere.

As one of the regiments was passing the Tuilleries on its way to the seat of war, a Vivandiere stepped out from the ranks, holding a little girl of six years by the hand, and inquired for the empress's private secretary. Having found him, she said: "This is my child. I leave her to the empress, well knowing that she will take care of her till I come back from fighting the Austrians." As soon as the empress heard of this incident, she gave orders that the child should be properly cared for, and the story, duly circulated, of course gave her a wonderful popularity among the troops.

## Recruiting the Finances.

Louis Napoleon's plan for filling his treasury is to open a national subscription to a loan of five hundred millions of francs. He successfully pursued this financial policy during the Crimean war, and now that the war spirit is up in France, there will be no trouble in completing the loan. To make the people the creditors of the government is the surest way to secure their loyalty and tranquility.

## A short Campaign.

At a dinner given to the superior officers of the Imperial Guard by the emperor before their departure, his majesty said to the officers on bidding them adieu: "We are going to have a summer's work of it, but I hope we shall be able to hunt together at Compeigne in September." His majesty limits the war to four months. It is said he never appeared so gay and joyous as at present.

## Prince Napoleon.

The Prince Napoleon, according to the Piedmontese journals, will command a division of their army under the direct orders of the king. It appears to be true, that it was the mortification shown by Gen. Saint Jean d'Angely, and the counsels of friends, which induced the emperor to change his mind in regard to putting the prince at the head of the Imperial Guard.

## The Duke de Chartres

The young Duke of Chartres, second son of the late Duke of Orleans, whose year of military tuition at the school in Turin will end in June, has demanded and will receive an appointment in the Sardinian army. He is reported to have said that, not being able to serve in the French army, he should be proud to fight by its side in the ranks of the Piedmontese.

## English Chapel in Paris.

The bishop of London, acting on behalf of the continental committee of the Colonial Church and School Society, has obtained the chapel in the Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, from the British government. A deputation from England will visit Paris to confer with the English residents in order to secure the reopening of the chapel with as little delay as possible.

## Milan.

The patriotic enthusiasm of the young men for the war of independence has spread to the fair sex. At Milan a society of Sisters of Charity has been formed, like those of the Crimea, who propose to go to camp and nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. The most distinguished, wealthy, and beautiful ladies of Milan have joined this association.

## Secrecy in the War movements.

The electric telegraph will modify materially the mode of warfare, since but a day is required to carry news all round Europe from one camp to another, and the best laid plan may be frustrated by a too careless publicity.

## The Armstrong Gun.

The French claim to have invented the gun for which Armstrong has just been knighted by the Queen of England. The French claimant is Mr. Petit Gaudet, a mechanic of Rive de Gier.

## Kossuth

It is said by Hungarians that Kossuth passed through Paris a few days ago.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PROVERBIAL AND MORAL THOUGHTS. By CHARLES HENRY HANGER. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 18mo. pp. 204. 1859.

A collection of sensible thoughts and ideas expressed in the form of Cupper's Pictorial Philosophy.

BASE BALL PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION—CRICKET PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

These two manuals are clear, authentic and complete, well illustrated, and just the thing for amateurs of the above popular games. The publishers of the above works are enterprising and spirited young men, and we learn with pleasure that they are prospering in their business.

LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO. By J. H. WIFFEN. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 503 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 280. 1859.

A welcome volume of the deservedly popular "Household Library." The narrative itself is a classic, and the appendix by Sismondi on Tasso's great epic renders the work complete. Very pleasant preface by the author, from the pen of O. A. Wight, the American editor, precedes the text.

TO CUBA AND BACK. A Vacation Voyage. By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 258.

Mr. Dana has given us an exceedingly readable and sketchy volume upon this "Gem of the Antilles," quite original in its way and attractive enough to hold the reader's interest from the beginning to the end. It does not pretend to be anything more than a pleasant journal of a brief tropical visit, and should not therefore be criticized in any other light.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies a quarter of a year in printing. Address: J. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### NEW STEREOSCOPES AND PICTURES.

AT PRICES VARYING FROM

75 cents upwards for STEREOSCOPES.

10 cents " " PICTURES.

Among the latter are,

### NEW VIEWS IN BOSTON OF

Church Green, Summer St.,  
King - Chapel,  
St. Paul's Church,  
Wintthrop House,  
United States Hotel,  
Tremont House,  
Worcester Railroad Station,  
Chapin's Street,  
Washington Street,  
Hampden Avenue,  
Beacon Street,  
Hancock House, interiors,  
State Street Book,  
The Mallon on the Common, etc.

With many others in preparation. Also,

### VIEWS IN MOUNT AUBURN.

England, Ireland,  
Scotland, France,  
Italy, Germany,  
Spain, Russia,  
India, Pyrenees,

The Holy Land—London—Paris—Rome—Venice—Edinburgh—New-cow—St. Petersburg—of Groups—Statuary—Ruins, etc., etc. newly received every day, and for sale at the book-store of

WILLIAM P. TEWKSBURY,  
332 WASHINGTON STREET.

### A BRILLIANT NOVEL.

WE SHALL PUBLISH JUNE FIRST,

### SEACLIFF:

OR, THE

MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS.

BY J. W. DEFOREST.

Author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," etc.

This is a story of American life, embracing some features of society and traits of character that are as new as they are striking and natural. The personages introduced are very few in number, and the interest centres in the family upon which the hero makes a call in the first chapter. The plot is remarkable for its ingenious simplicity. The reader's curiosity is aroused at the outset by the appearance of a mystery. Each step in the development of the story seems about to disclose the dreadful secret, but the true solution will not be guessed, even by the most inveterate readers of fiction, until the catastrophe comes. The style of the narration is full of spirit, and the various dramatic personae are finely sketched and contrasted.

"Seacraft" will be, without question, the most fascinating novel of the season.

In one hand one volume, duodecimo, 466 pp., beautifully printed. Price, \$1.25.

The trade supplied on the usual terms.

Copies sent, postpaid on receipt of price,

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., PUBLISHERS,  
13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

### OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE,

BOSTON.

New Parasols, Cheap!

New Embroideries.

New Laces.

New Ribbons.

New Gloves.

New White Goods.

New Hosiery.

New Linen Goods.

New Embroidered Hdks.

New Thread Laces.

New Linen Cambrics.

New Skirts, made from fine Jaconet.

Cambrics Tucked, a very desirable article.

### EXAMINE.

Our prices are such that you will not leave without buying something

### CUSHMAN & BROOKS.

NORFERN

Fire and Life Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Subscribed Capital, \$6,298,000.

Paid up Capital and Surplus, 2,194,000.

Annual Revenue, nearly 1,000,000.

FOR INSURANCE APPLY TO

OLIVER BREWSTER,

ATTORNEY AND GENERAL AGENT,

No. 4 State Street.

F. S. PHELPS, Resident Secretary,

A. I. SAWYER, Surveyor, June 4

### SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerre-type taken in the most superior manner.

### SCHOOL COMMITTEES AND TEACHERS.

The publishers would invite the attention of School Committees and Teachers to the superior merits of

### SARGENT'S SERIES

—OF—

### STANDARD SCHOOL READERS,

By Eges Sargent,

Author of the "Standard Speller," etc. etc

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING

THE STANDARD 5th (or 1st Class) READER, 12mo, 480 pp.

THE STANDARD 4th READER, 12mo, 396 pp.

THE STANDARD 3d READER, 12mo, 212 pp.

THE STANDARD 2d READER, Illustrated, 16mo, 216 pp.

THE STANDARD 1st READER, Illustrated, 18mo, 120 pp.

THE STANDARD ILLUSTRATED PRIMER, 18mo, 60 pp.

THE STANDARD SPELLER, 12mo, 180 pp.

THE STANDARD SMALLER SPELLER, 18mo, 60 pp.

The above new and thorough series of School Books have met with unprecedented success, more than a million copies have already passed into schools. Their points of superiority are 1 The appropriate character and variety of the reading matter and the great care and labor evident in the preparation 2 The drill-exercises and the simple system of references, by which accuracy of pronunciation is secured 3 The Explanatory Index, by which difficult words are explained, and a taste for etymology is inculcated 4 Superiority in the careful graduation of the several Readers to different capacities 5 Superiority in the mechanical execution, paper, binding, etc., and in the wood cuts in the smaller books 6 In the Speller, a scientific classification of words, with Detention Exercises, combining all of the modern improvements in instruction in this branch.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

may 28 2w No. 13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

### THE BEST REMEDY

### THE BEST REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.

For Coughs, Colds and Influenza.

### A CERTAIN REMEDY

### A CERTAIN REMEDY

For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.

For Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma.

### A SURE CURE

### A SURE CURE

For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.

For Bronchitis and Sore Throat.

### A SOVEREIGN BALM

### A SOVEREIGN BALM

For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.

IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.

### IT EFFECTS

A PERMANENT CURE.

A PERMANENT CURE.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only genuine has the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, on the outside wrapper, therefore be not deceived.

FOR SALE BY

THE VARIOUS DRUGGISTS IN BOSTON.

AND IN

ALL OTHER PLACES.

### FEMALE DISEASES.

A LARGE proportion of the female sex suffer from some irregularity in the menstrual secretion. All such sufferers, whether from suppression, excessive flow, or painful discharge, can find sure and permanent relief in the well-tried PÉRIAN SYRUP, which acts in such cases almost like magic.

### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

### COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale

### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,

may 12 12 Attorney, 25 State St., Boston.

### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable.

at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,

June 4 3m Hookset, N. H.

### A SUPERB BOOK.

### "COUNTRY LIFE."

### A GREAT AGRICULTURAL WORK,

COVERING THE WHOLE GROUND OF

### AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE,

AND

### Landscape Gardening.

With 225 superb illustrations, designed and engraved expressly for the work, by eminent artists.

BY R. MORRIS COPLAND, Esq.

SUCH a work as the above has long been needed, combining in one volume a whole Library of Facts, and the experiences of the best Agriculturists in both hemispheres, brought down to the present day and arranged in such a way that any cultivator of the soil be he the proprietor of hundreds of acres, or of a single acre, can have before him a practical Manual or rather an Encyclopedia, divided into months, showing him at a single glance just what he must do in every month of the year, when to plow, when to plant and what to plant, how to plow and how to plant from the smallest flower to the crops which sustain life. Also the most complete description of the manner of constructing and managing Hot Houses, containing a thorough treatise with full illustrations on how to raise together with descriptions of the principal flowers, plants, and shrubs, which can be cultivated here and how to cultivate them and the most elaborate treatise yet published on LAWNS AND GARDENS, with numerous plans for laying out gardens, or fields or entire farms, with complete plans and descriptions for draining lands.

Mr. Copland is well known in his profession; he has made it the enthusiastic study of his life and probably there is not a man living in this country who is better qualified than he for so great an undertaking. And that he has a right to himself, in this great work which he now offers to the public, we have the testimony of several of our most distinguished Agriculturists, who have examined his proof sheets.

The work is published in one superb 8vo volume of 800 pages, with 225 elegant illustrations. PRICE, THREE DOLLARS.

In order, however, to place so valuable a work (which, in the language of a gentleman of high culture and extensive experience who has read all the proof sheets) "contains more useful information than any one book on these subjects," within the reach of all, we shall issue an edition on smaller paper and sell for two dollars, depending on large sales to compensate us for the large outlay.

We want a few FIRST RATE AGENTS, and only a few. We want those who have had experience in selling books of this high order. We will give such a territory sufficiently large to employ them constantly for one year.

All applications should be addressed to the publishers.

In ordering single copies by mail please state which edition is wanted.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,

may 28 2w No. 29 Washington Street, Boston.

### THE ONLY POSITIVELY



### FIRE PROOF SAFE

IS THE

MARIAND'S PATENT, of which Dr. C. T. Jackson and A. A. Hays, assessors to the State of Massachusetts, assert, "the door-way (the most vulnerable part of a safe) to be as fire proof as the walls, and that is all that can be expected of a safe, and secure in any fire, the intensity of which is less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and stone."

Messrs Cochran & Hall, of New Orleans, say at the burning of our warehouse, July 8, 1858, "your safe had as severe a test as possible to undergo, no water being thrown upon it. Our fears regarding it, and a salamander safe of another manufacture, were partially realized by the destruction of the latter, while the entire contents of your safe were preserved from the slightest damage."

At the burning of the Pioneer Mechanics Shop at Burlington, Vt., April 14, 1859, "the heat was so intense in the division which the safe stood that it melted the machinery into masses, so that out of some thirty tons not half a ton was fit for use again—while the entire contents of the safe, books, papers, and \$5000 in notes were uninjured."

Special attention given to designing safes for house use.

M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HADY,

Manufacturers, 82 School St., Boston, Mass.

ISAAC BRIDGE, No. 91 Magazine Street New Orleans,

Agent, ap23eop3m

### PATENT

### GLASS LETTERS AND NUMERALS,

IN A VARIETY OF COLORS,

Firmly Affixed on Plate and Sheet Glass,

Window Panes, etc.,

BY THE PATENT GLASS LETTER CO.,

483 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

E. H. RICE, AGENT,

109 Court Street, Boston.

Letters and Numerals in Gold, Silver, Ruby, Blue, Amber, etc.

In ordering please give the size of Glass on which the Letters are to be placed. 5w may 21

### HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "THE MESSIAH."

A new and superior octavo edition of Handel's Sacred Oratorio, "The Messiah." Price, 75 cents. Superbly bound in crimson cloth, Embossed \$1.25.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and I warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered as palatable as the richest steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 1f 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

J. C. OSGOOD,

19 WINTER STREET,

Has just received, and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine.

may 28 1f

### ECONOMISE!

### TO FAMILIES IN THE COUNTRY.

Every body has heard of the famous

### CHINA TEA WAREHOUSE,

198 Washington St., Boston,

And there is hardly a family within twenty miles of Boston where our

### TEAS AND COFFEES

Are not used. We sell every description of

### GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,

And our prices range from 25 cents

per pound up to one dollar. We sell good family tea (Black) for 30 cents by the package of five pounds, also good Young Hyson green for 30 cents.

The above teas are as good as are usually sold in country stores for 50 cents per pound.

### WE BUY MORE TEAS AND COFFEES,

And sell more and cheaper than any other establishment in New England.

Our COFFEES are FRESH every day, and for purity are unrivalled.

Teas neatly packed in ten pound chests, for family use.

For the convenience of the country to the railroads, we have

### BRANCH STORES

At No. 15 Union Street, two doors from the corner of

At No. 15 Union Street, (a store)

At the Court Street, (store graded red)

At corner of Beach and Albany Streets

At corner of Washington and Pine Streets

Call on us when you come to Boston, and give our goods a trial

Orders solicited by express

THOMAS G. WHYTEAL,

may 14 4w 198 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON.

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

### GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

No. 89 AND 93 MARK STREET AND 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions

of Paper, Paper Stock, and

Manufacturers' Materials, Print-

ing, Writing, and Colored

Papers, of every variety,

MADE TO ORDER.

ap30 3m

### Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a

New and Honorable Business,

which will pay from \$15 to \$30

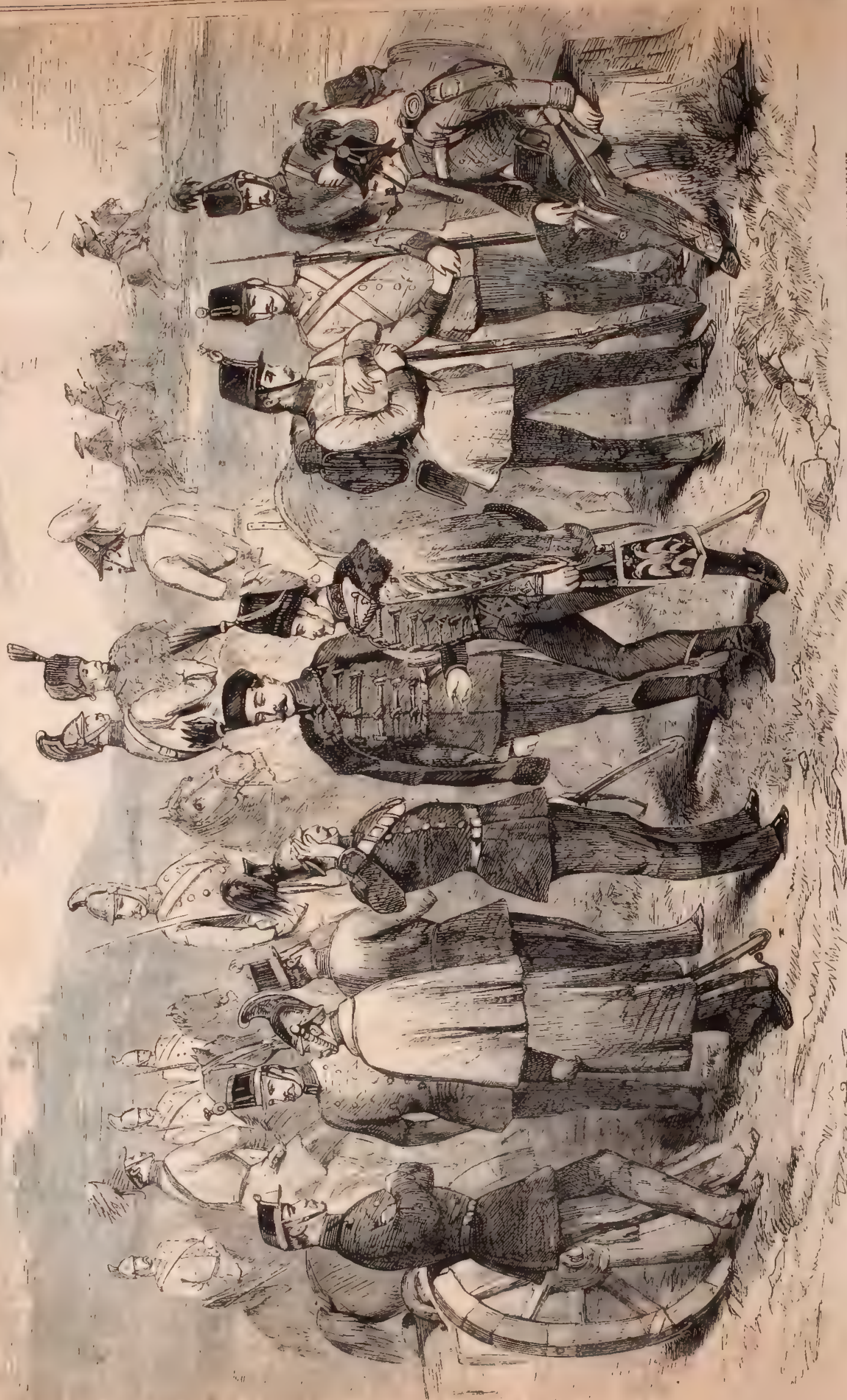
weekly. No Humbug, Satisfac-

tion guaranteed. Send stamp

for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.





HUNGARIAN IRREGULAR CAVALRY. JABOT, OR RIFLES.  
HUNGARIAN INFANTRY. {For description see page 503 }

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.  
44th ARMY INFANTRY.

DRAGON. COTTAQUE. LIFT  
BR LANS. HUNGARIAN HUSSAR  
AUSTRIAN HUSSAR  
COSTUMES OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

DRAGGION.

THE TRAVEL OF THE LINE  
THE TRAVEL OF THE LINE

ASSISTANT  
SERGEANT-MAJOR OF ARTILLERY.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } Vol. XVI., No. 24... Whole No. 416.

## EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

The interest felt in the present state of Europe has induced us to give on this page a group of portraits, of those sovereigns who are engaged in hostilities, or who are directly affected by the present troubles. They were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, from reliable authorities, and grouped together gracefully, with the flags and arms of their different States. Conspicuous in the group is Louis Napoleon (No. 1), by all odds the foremost man of Europe to-day; a statesman of consummate ability, and now appearing for the first time in a new light as a warrior. He has taken the field with the good wishes of a vast majority of his people—a fact which can no longer be contested. It was enough for France to know that their emperor was to lead the Gallic eagles once more against the Austrians to rally them around him. It remains to be seen what laurels he will win in his new career, and how the sons of those crushed by French guns at Marengo, pointed by the first Napoleon, will face the terrible artillery wielded by the second. And if victorious, it remains to be seen what use Louis Napoleon will make of his victory. Will he commit or avoid the mistakes of the victor of Marengo—the victim of Waterloo? The second in the group of portraits is that of Francis Joseph Charles, the youthful Emperor of

Austria, born August 18, 1830. He takes the field to fight desperately in defence of his Italian possessions. Young as he is, he has shown himself well fitted to wield a despotic sceptre. On ascending the throne, he promised to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. Yet the first act of the young monarch was to dissolve the national assembly met at Kremsier; the second, to cancel the ancient constitution of Hungary. By the aid of the Emperor of Russia, he succeeded in crushing the Hungarians, while his field-marshal Radetzky secured the submission of the Lombard and Venetian kingdom. Yet when Russia saw England and France arrayed against her in the Crimean war, the Emperor of Austria held aloof, and it is doubtless to reward him for his lukewarmness and ingratitude, that Alexander II. is affiliated with Louis Napoleon. In 1851 this liberal young monarch declared that his ministers must be responsible to no other political authority beside the throne, and added: "The cabinet must swear unconditional fidelity, as also the engagement to fulfil all my ordinances and resolutions. It will be its duty to carry out my will concerning all laws and administrative acts, whether considered necessary by the ministers or originating with me." Francis Joseph ascended the throne December 2, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. He

is the eldest son of the archduke Francis Charles, cession, and of the princess Sophia.

The King of Sardinia (No. 3), Victor Emmanuel Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas, now regarded as the champion of Italian independence, was born March 2, 1820. It is a curious fact, in connection with present events, that, by marriage, he is first cousin of the Emperor of Austria. He held the rank of Duke of Savoy until the disastrous battle of Novara, March 24, 1849, when his father, Charles Albert, abdicated in his favor. He thus commenced to reign at a disastrous period in the history of his country, and was compelled to make a treaty of peace with the victorious Austrians. He has been seconded, of late, by the brilliant talents and lofty patriotism of his minister, Count Cavour. The marriage of his daughter, the Princess Clotilde, with Prince Napoleon, strengthened the alliance of Sardinia with France, and led the way to that intimate association which has brought the French emperor in arms to Sardinia, to fight in behalf of its gallant sovereign. Our fourth portrait is a likeness of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who has just abandoned his duchy in consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs in Italy. He was born in Florence, October 3, 1797. While he was yet an infant, his father was driven from his States by the French. He was educated

partly in Germany, and returned to Florence in 1815. It is said that, from 1815 to 1848, his government was the most liberal in Italy. He built roads and bridges, encouraged the arts and literature, patronized science and education, and especially favored agriculture. He accomplished a good deal of good, as any absolute ruler can when he happens to be a good man. But he was opposed to the republican party, and in the great convulsions of 1848 he left his dominions, as he has done recently. During his absence a republic was proclaimed, but the grand duke was restored by Austrian bayonets, and an Austrian army quartered in the duchy to put down liberal sentiments. We have not omitted, as likely to be drawn within the vortex of the troubles of Italy, Pius IX., the Pope of Rome. He belongs to the noble family of Feroni, and was born at Senigaglia, in 1792. He was elected pope by the conclave, June 14, 1846. In the early part of his reign his temporal administration was very liberal, in spite of the remonstrances of Austria. He afterwards failed to fulfil the expectations of the Italian liberals. In 1848 he was compelled to fly from Rome, which he re-entered after the republic was crushed, escorted by French dragoons, April 12, 1850. The remaining head is that of Prince Frederick of Prussia, who has not made a conspicuous figure in European politics.



THE BELLIGERENT SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WILLIAM WAITE.

## THE STORY OF A CONDEMNED FELON.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It is midnight. The busy hum of industry from the village has long since ceased, and the last twinkling light has vanished from the windows. Darkness and silence have settled over the cottage-roofs, and all is peace.

Peace did I say? The midnight murderer may not walk abroad with his weapon drawn, the torch of the incendiary may not be lighted, but villainy still lives. Beneath the shelter of those lowly roofs how many plots and plans replete with wrong are being warmed to life! How many hypocritical spoilers of the widow and orphans have knelt to night and thanked their Maker that they are not as other men. How many hands have mixed the cup and hold it to the brother's lip, wickedly careless of the consequence? Yet this is not crime; the law takes no cognizance of such deeds as these, although even the murderer's heart would pale to whiteness by comparison. The heart may cherish hatred and the man be ten thousand times a murderer in design; the inner man may be a very demon, and run riot in the fullness of its hate and malice, but while the hand is stayed, the false judgment of man acquits of blame. The outward act is impulsive; the inward action of the darkened soul is deliberate; yet human tribunals condemn the former, while the latter passes unrecognized.

The past is to me but the stage upon which the tragedy of my life has been enacted. The curtain is soon to fall—there remains but one scene to close the play. I sit upon my iron bedstead, my feet and hands close manacled, the dungeon walls shutting me in on every side. Through the narrow grated window I can dimly discern the outline of a huge structure towering through the mist and gloom of morning, and the dull monotone of hammer and saw falling upon my ear, informs me that the work still goes on. With the earliest dawn I shall be summoned from my cell, the prison bell will toll its mournful strokes, I shall be conducted through the prison yard and up those rough steps, a prayer will be uttered, a drop made ready, and in the sight of a gaping, swaying multitude I shall die the felon's death!

Memory is not over busy in this hour. My deeds are but those of yesterday, my life has been brief and fitful. I have ever been the slave of passion. This has been my bane, and where, O, where shall I find the antidote? The past no longer remains to me, the present I cannot call my own, the future is a black, deep chasm. I behold the earth vanish from my sight, and am become as one clinging to a frail plank, drifted about at the mercy of winds and waves. My manacled hands remind me but too strongly of what I was and am. Can it be that I, too, was a guileless infant, cheering the fond heart of a mother with smiles, beautiful to her as the vision of an angel? O, God, in this bitter hour I ask why was it not my happy fate to have been taken then from earth and temptation? Was it fated from my birth that I should live but to become an example in the eyes of men of the mastery of passion? To me it is fate; my own act brought me not into the world; my own hand shaped not my destiny; and O, let not the accountability rest upon me! The fearful crime for which my life must be the satisfaction, is the first fruit of the pernicious seed which other hands have sown, other hands watered.

My name is William Waite. My parents were of French extraction, their immediate ancestors having removed from Europe to the village where I was born and have always lived. My education was obtained with the other village boys at the school of an old Scotchman, who had taught the parents of the majority of those who then attended his daily instruction.

From earliest childhood I was overbearing and commanding, desirous of nothing so much as of exacting the implicit obedience of all by whom I was surrounded. Unfortunately, I was the sole child of my parents, and my word was as law. To have a wish unfulfilled, however extravagant, was at this time an unknown thing. To the criminal indulgence of parents, how many, alas, how many depraved and reckless men may we number! My education was commenced in the cradle, and my first school days

found me with an arrogant and overruling spirit which could brook no restraint.

I will here cite one instance of the cruelty and malignancy of my nature. There was in the village a poor, deformed idiot who daily wandered through the streets, babbling to himself in unintelligible jargon. He was perfectly harmless; even the little children would take him by the hand and lend him out of danger, murmuring: "Poor Toby! poor Toby!" He seemed to notice no one unless first spoken to, and then would at times make himself intelligible. He was about twenty years of age, but his body had ever been weak and feeble, although he was well known to possess a good share of that deep cunning which is nowhere found but in the idiot. There was one strange peculiarity of this idiot, which was his inordinate dread and horror of water. Whenever brought near a stream he would shake and shiver like one seized with the ague, and he always hesitated at the little brook which ran across the village green for some child to lead him across. One day, as I was strolling in the foot-path, my eye rested on the figure of Toby, who had seated himself near the bridge, and I resolved to have some diversion with him. Coming up beside him, I stretched out my hand and said:

"Don't wait longer, Toby! Give me your hand and I will lead you across."

He arose without hesitation, took my proffered hand, and walked slowly and tremblingly by my side. I allowed him to go no farther than the middle; I seized him by main force and held him suspended over the unrailled side of the bridge. Never have I seen a more perfect picture of utter despair and pitiful entreaty. His eyes rolled wildly, his hands grasped convulsively at my clothing, which I was careful he should not reach, and he alternately begged and screamed. Can it be believed that I enjoyed the agony of this poor being? that his cries were music to my ears?

"Now, Toby," I said, after tormenting him for some time in this way, "what will you give me if I will let you go?"

"O, an'ing, an'ing, Mr. Bill! Here, here, take, take, on'y let go!"

The wretched creature endeavored to take the ragged jacket from his back, but I prevented him.

"Never mind, Toby; here, come up! Now!" I lifted him almost over the planks, and then, relaxing my hold suddenly, he fell backwards into the stream!

Long and loud I laughed as the idiot splashed and spluttered in the shallow water, and his shrill and piercing screams only aroused greater merriment. When, at last, he had clambered upon the bank and cleared his eyes of the water, he turned to where I stood and gave vent to his rage. Despite my indifference, I was really amazed at the change which had come over him. His eyes blazed with almost the fires of reason, and his tones were strangely distinct and deliberate as he turned upon me with outstretched finger.

"Bill Waite, curses on you! You've done what no other ever thought to do against the poor idiot! I hate you! I curse you! Mark me, I'll be revenged!"

His manner suddenly changed, and he hobbled away, muttering and mumbling as he was wont, while I walked the other way with a loud laugh. Still, there was something so singular in the idiot's manner, that I reflected upon it as I walked on.

This incident shows not only the wilful cruelty of my nature, but also has an important bearing upon future events in my narrative.

At school I was the acknowledged master and ruler. The boys of the village were quiet and peaceable, and cared not to quarrel with me; moreover, my ungovernable temper was well known to them, and they stood in dread of arousing it. Even at the hands of the old Scotch schoolmaster I escaped without punishment, my father being one of the richest and most important men in the village, and he was well aware that by him all my irregularities would be winked at if not openly sustained.

For a long time I continued my authority over the school, and it remained long undisputed. One day a new scholar made his appearance. His parents had but recently moved into the town, and he had been but little seen by the boys. He was every way dissimilar to me. I was stout and heavy—he was tall and slender. His appearance was as modest and unassuming as mine was self-confident and overbearing. His

face wore an expression of firmness and manly honor which mine lacked, and his blue eyes could at times send forth glances of deep passion.

For several days I saw that he held aloof from me, although he joined the others in their sports. I knew that he disliked me from the first, and I determined to humble him. There was such an air of quiet firmness about him that I almost shrunk from putting him to the trial, but the reflection that any signs of unreadiness might loosen my hold upon the others nerved me, and I proceeded about the work. Walking deliberately into the play-ground, where all the scholars were assembled, I exclaimed in a loud tone:

"Roland Temple is a coward!"

Every eye was turned towards him, all being curious to learn how he would act under the accusation. He turned pale, but it was not the pallor of fear, and rising to his feet he asked:

"Who said that?"

"I did!" I replied.

"And why did you say it? You cannot prove it!"

"Can't, eh?" I returned, in a sneering tone. "Will that do for proof?"

As I spoke, I struck him a severe blow upon the cheek.

The lion within him was fairly aroused. I had not calculated upon the indignation of his outraged spirit. Before I could place myself in a posture of defence he was upon me, and his blows fell thick and fast into my face. Blood blinded my eyes, and my head was severely wounded by his attack, and I ended my disgrace by falling flat to the earth.

My opponent was a generous enemy. He endeavored to assist me to rise, but when he laid his hand upon my arm and wiped the blood and dust from my face, I sprang to my feet and assailed him with a shower of abusive epithets, declaring him to be my mortal enemy, and bidding him never again address me. He answered all my furious words with a smile of disdain, and appealed to the delighted boys who had gathered around us to know if they had not always known me for a cowardly bully. They answered with an unanimous affirmative, and in a transport of fury I rushed from the yard and school, and never re-entered either again.

It was then that the first sharp promptings of hate entered my heart. The deep, relentless anger which I cherished against Roland Temple I cannot describe. Night and day I repeated to myself, "he is my enemy and I am his!" The intensity of my feelings was concealed scrupulously from the knowledge of others, and thus the passion of revenge had already entered my heart. This was the second link in the chain of events whose end was to be upon the gallows!

In my eighteenth year my parents both died. I followed them to the grave, but not with tearless eyes. There is no human being so depraved and lost to all good impulses but that tender recollections may sometimes be awakened within him, and as I saw the coffin face of my mother, the hot tears fell fast from my eyes. She had ever been kind and indulgent to me, bearing with me even in my most wayward moods; and stony-hearted indeed must I have been to have refused the simple tribute of a tear. But what mattered it? The turf fell upon their coffins, and I turned away in utter forgetfulness.

My days were now spent wholly in idle pleasure. I wandered around the neighborhood, seeking to break the monotony of my daily life, but I was compelled to tread the same paths and seek the same haunts from lack of variety, and I was upon the point of leaving the village for some wider and wilder field of action, when a circumstance occurred which bound me to my home and confirmed my fate.

One pleasant afternoon in May I strolled along the bank of the brook which I have previously referred to, following its course until the village had been left a mile behind, and the water had grown deeper and wider. Sitting down in the shadow of a dense clump of alder-bushes, I cast my line into the water and carelessly watched the float.

I had been sitting there for some time, when my attention was arrested by the figure of a female who had come out of a cottage by the side of a hill half a mile away. As she neared the brook I recognized her as a young girl whom I had occasionally seen in the village, although she was entirely unknown to me. She seemed now to be undecided whether to cross or not. She looked doubtfully at the black, deep waters, swollen by the flood of spring, and placed her foot hesitatingly upon the slippery, moss covered

log which alone spanned them. I held my breath and silently watched her. Once she seemed upon the point of turning back disappointed, but something impelled her to make the trial.

What mighty influence do trifles exert over us! Is it really chance that moves us? are we wayward by the mere conjunction of circumstances? Can I think that the simple act of that young girl's crossing that slippery log was destined to make me a murderer? It is strange, it is wonderful to view the train of insignificant events which have conspired to that end.

Tremblingly she commenced the passage. She lifted her feet slowly and carefully, keeping her eyes fixed on the opposite side until she reached the middle, and then, probably impelled by curiosity, she looked down. The swift moving water attracted her eyes and caused her to become dizzy, and she struggled in vain to recover her balance. Just at this instant she saw me as I rose in my excitement, and exclaiming in agonized tones, "O, save me, sir, save me!" she fell backwards into the water and immediately disappeared.

I had thrown off my coat at the first intimation of her peril, and I sprang into the stream in time to grasp her clothing as she was carried rapidly down. I retained my hold and yielded to the current, and in a moment was able to grasp a bush at the bend of the stream, and gain the bank with my burden.

I laid her upon the grass and gazed at her—gazed with all my soul in my eyes. In that moment she was beautiful—almost too beautiful for earth. Her wet brown hair streamed back from her pale forehead, and the blue eyes beneath were closed as in the sleep of death. The old look of terror and entreaty was still upon her face, her lips were slightly parted, and her face deathly pale; her simple cottage dress clung in wet folds to her form, and her hands were clasped tightly. She was very young, much younger than I. A sigh from her breast aroused me, and I endeavored with success to bring her back to life by chafing her limbs. She opened her eyes and gazed wildly around, and then, remembering my face and her late danger, the color quickly came back to her cheeks, and she essayed to murmur her thanks.

She leaned upon my arm and I walked slowly by her side to the cottage on the hill. Youth is ever impulsive, and before we stopped at the door there was a mutual interest aroused between us. There was peace in my heart upon that day. The air was soft and balmy, the early flowers of May were blooming round, and my words were kind and gentle, for it was the heart that spoke. She answered low and confidently, and I listened with joy to her voice, for it awakened new feelings in my breast; while I listened I became gentle like her. I parted with her at the door of the cottage where her grandparents lived (she had told me that she was an orphan), and promising to see her again, I slowly walked back to the village.

I sat down by the wayside and reflected. What was this sudden interest which I had conceived in Alice Dane unknown to me before? Could it be love? I scouted the idea. I, William Waite, in love? It was nonsense; the very thought was foolish. But my memory retained the lineaments of her beautiful face, and my pillow was haunted by an angel presence, which seemed to resolve itself into Alice Dane.

The next morning my feet unconsciously took the path by the brook, and for many successive mornings. Alice always welcomed me to her home with a blush or smile, and seated by her side or rambling with her on the flower covered mead, I was as if endowed with a new existence. In that brief period I was truly happy. I no longer sought to conceal from myself that I devotedly loved the fair cottager to whom I had given back life, nor yet could I conceal it from her. The secret was hers long before it had passed my lips, and when I made known my love it was to her no new revelation.

Why, O, why, I have often asked, could not those days of happiness remain? Was it fated that such days of bliss should be but the prelude of dark despair? Hardly was the course of passion stayed within my breast—hardly the volcanic fires of nature pent by the influence of love—when passion again assumed the mastery, and I was compelled to yield to its baneful influence.

I pursued my way joyfully homeward from this meeting with Alice—the meeting from which I gained the knowledge that she was wholly mine. Bused in my reflections, I did not ob-



serve a dark figure that was rustling in the tall grass bounding the path, and in a moment it jumped into the path a short distance in front of me and assumed the figure of Toby the idiot. Stretching out his finger towards me again, he exclaimed in a deep voice: "Toby hasn't forgot! *Toby won't forget!*" and immediately disappeared.

This strange incident, although it did not wholly divert my thoughts from their accustomed channel, disturbed me in a manner. I had almost forgotten my cruelty to the idiot of several years before, but had observed him of late several times when he seemed to be watching me more sharply than was his custom. I reflected that it might be as well for me to conciliate the poor fellow, and so dismissed the matter from my mind. Ah, how demoniac, how horrible, how lasting in all human beings is hate!

My visits to the cottage of Alice Dane were now of almost daily occurrence. My wild nature had found that which it had ever needed—a sympathizing soul; and it was no more natural for the swallows to seek the south at the approach of winter, than for me to seek her companionship. In her I had placed all my hopes of future happiness. Before I had met her my mind had been listless and vacant; life to me then seemed hardly worth preserving. Now there was a purpose to my daily life; communion with her had changed the bitter fountain of my heart to a well-spring of gladness.

But still there was something in me which she seemed to fear. The Nubian lion may not be soothed to gentleness in an hour, nor may the bad passions of the human heart be eradicated by the labor of a moment. The reed sown in infancy had sprouted and grown to be a forest of noisome weeds, and the hand of gentleness and love must have labored long and patiently ere it could be entirely destroyed. As Alice leaned trustingly upon my breast her face would pale and her lips quiver, and the faltering words would find utterance.

"William, dear William, do not look so fearful! There is a strange and terrible look upon your face—a gleaming light in your eyes that frightens me! What troubles you?"

Yes, she was right. Even while seemingly happy and peaceful, the strife of passion sometimes desolated my heart and beamed from my eyes. Could this be prophetic? Was it a dim foreshadowing of the evil fate which darkened my future? I whispered to myself, "Time will tell," and, alas! Time told all, too.

While the happiness of love still remains to us for our own, while we hold the tangible passion and are blest in its enjoyment, we esteem the future as a thing which may be carved and controlled at will. But when the fair illusion is past and gone, and the heart left doubly dark and desolate, those hours come thronging back upon the memory in a mocking train, bringing no balm to soothe the wounded spirit, but fresh pains from the knowledge of what we are and the memory of what once was. Let me, therefore, no longer dwell upon this period of my life, so painful by contrast, but hasten to the narration of the dark sequel.

It was almost the hour of sunset as I left the village and walked the path by the winding brook. I had learned to love that hour. Seated with Alice upon the bench by the cottage door, we had often watched the beautiful variations of the western sky as the light of the declining sun crimsoned the cloudy fragments which assumed strange and fantastic shapes and figures, now imaging a pile of dark blue mountains, and then assuming the shape of a gorgeous Eastern palace, with all its domes and minarets. At such seasons it was a pleasure to me to study her lovely face, to mark the beautiful expression of perfect peace and happiness which rested there, and to hear the whispered accents of her voice.

But now, as I neared the cottage, other tones greeted my ear and shot a quick pang of jealousy through my breast. My mood changed in an instant. Changing my slow and careless pace to a light and stealthy one, I crept noiselessly to the door and looked into the room. One glance would have been sufficient to madden me, but I continued to gaze and torture my heart with the sight.

Alice was seated on a rustic bench, her hand resting carelessly upon the shoulder of one who sat beside her, and he, his arm thrown around her, was chatting and laughing gaily with her. What more was needed to rouse all my blackest

passions on the instant, as I regarded them? The face of the man had been turned from me, but the moment I caught a glimpse of his features I writhed in the agony of my spirit. I recognized my boyish enemy, the mention of whose name was enough to stir the bitter waters of my heart, Roland Temple!

My first impulse was to rush in upon them and lay them dead at my feet—my next, to turn away, weak, faint and heart-sick, and crawl blindly away. I throw myself upon the grass and shouted the name of Alice till the mocking echoes brought it back to me, I seized great handfuls of earth and grass and threw them from me in the mighty rage and anger of my soul. Then, becoming calmer, I threw myself upon my face and sobbed and groaned in the agony of my spirit, till even the empty winds seemed to repeat after me, "She is lost! Alice is lost! Lost! Lost!"

Thus through half the night I lay upon the cold ground, and the morning had almost dawned when I dragged my weary body homeward. My thoughts were worse tormentors than legions of demons. For hours I could realize nothing but the one idea, "Alice is lost!"

But when I had grown calmer—what a fearful calm was that!—all love had died within me. My feelings toward her who had so basely deceived me, I could not analyze. She had bade me hope, and in the hope of gaining her I had rejoiced; now I was awakened as from a wild and fictitious dream, and saw all love departed from me. Could I turn carelessly away from blighted prospects such as these? Could I afford to let the false one and her lover laugh at the silly dupe they had made of me? Alice I might have forgiven, even had my heart-strings parted in the struggle, but when I thought of Roland Temple, I gnashed my teeth and answered, "No!"

I arose from the couch whereon I had thrown myself, and hurriedly paced the room. My head seemed bursting with conflicting emotions. I held a mirror before my eyes and started back in amazement at the apparition which the glass revealed. Could those sunken, vacant eyes be mine? and those pallid, hollow cheeks? What a frightful change since yesterday! O, for breath, fresh air, or I should suffocate! I dashed the glass down and hastened from the house. I knew not where my steps were leading me—I cared not! but on, I must keep moving, or my passions would consume me.

I might have known that my feet would, from habit, seek that path, for they had walked it almost daily during many months. Here was a new pang. I sank down by the stream where we had first met—Alice and I—where I had preserved her life. I felt tempted to plunge into its depths and seek relief in death, but I could not; some invisible hand restrained me.

Two figures advanced from the cottage. I recognized them. They came slowly toward the place where I lay, talking earnestly the while. It was nearly nightfall, and the cold dew upon the grass chilled me through, but I moved not. I had not the power; I could not have stirred from that spot had my eternal weal depended upon it, as, indeed, it did.

As they came nearer, I heard their conversation. One of them said he had an errand to the house beyond the grove, which must be done immediately. The other preferred to wait until he returned, and asked him to hasten. He went away hastily, and when his footsteps could no longer be heard, I emerged from my concealment, and stood before the female who had seated herself upon a stone. Well she might cry aloud and call my name, for how was she to recognize William Waite in the spectral appearance before her? I sternly repelled her as she would have taken my hand, and addressed her thus:

"Alice Dane, your perfidy is well known to me, and you will seek in vain to disguise it! Once I trusted and loved you; you may, perhaps, add to the scorn and hate with which I now regard you,—but you cannot detract one iota from it!"

She paled and looked in sorrow upon me. It was this that maddened me, and I became almost demoniac with rage. Something whispered to me "kill! kill!" some demon drew with a brand of fire before my eyes, a hateful picture of my wrongs, and stole my heart against pity. The full passion of hate spurred me on. I sprang suddenly upon her; I grasped her firmly and stifled her shrieks, and thus forced her to the stream. My force was that of a giant, my desperation that of a madman. Once in her frantic

struggles my victim forced the hand away which had firmly closed her mouth, and gasped in fright, "O, William, spare me! do not kill—" Her head was plunged beneath the water—a few bubbles rose to the surface and floated away, and the deed was done. Alice Dane lay passive, motionless, dead in my arms!

The stream gurgled on as before, but its voice gave utterance to the word *murder*! The trees rustled and spoke it, the crickets in the grass chirped it accusingly, and my own heart beat quick and fast and spoke the word in every throb.

Passion had conquered, but where was passion? I stood silently above the dead body and reflected. I was not remorseful; I was bewildered. Where was Alice Dane? I had heard her voice but a moment before, and here lay her body, but it was cold, motionless. Gradually I awoke from my lethargy. I remembered that Alice had injured me, deeply, irreparably, and I had killed her. I was not sorry for the deed. Neither was I glad; but I continued to gaze in silence at my work.

Hark! was not that a human voice? a chuckle? I stamped the grass down beneath my feet all around the spot; the thought of a secret witness brought me back to life. I could find nothing; imagination had deceived me. I returned to the corpse and looked again. The features were not distorted; they looked up at me as if beseeching pity. The moonlight rested on the face and showed it marble-pale. This moved me with horror, and I covered my face with my hands till reason returned. Then I raised the body in my arms and bore it into the centre of the dense clump of alders. The alder twigs laced around it when I laid it down, the stalks sprang back and concealed it from sight; from the sight of all but the moon, which looked down still upon it.

That noise again—what was it? I searched again, but nothing could be found. Hastening away from the scene of the tragedy, I pursued the route homeward, hurrying fast and still faster, but unable to escape the accusing voice which filled my ears with its doleful cry.

Upon the next evening it was rumored through the village that Alice Dane, a girl who had lived a mile beyond the village, had disappeared mysteriously, and that Roland Temple had been lodged in jail, charged with her murder!

It was truly a mysterious affair. The people collected at the street corners and discussed it, but it still remained mysterious as ever. The accused had been known as a person of unimpeached character, and no motive could be assigned for the commission of so horrible a deed, but suspicion, supported by evidence, pointed steadily to him. The body could not be recovered, and it was generally supposed that it had been thrown into the stream, by the rapid current of which it had, doubtless, ere this been floated into the bay and far out to sea.

One individual had testified that upon the evening in question, he had seen Roland Temple going rapidly away from a place by the water, where, upon examination, the earth had been trampled with impressions of large and small feet as if by a struggle. Another had heard stifled screams in that vicinity, and the old grandparents of the missing girl were sure that she had left the house just at dusk in company with Temple. Altogether, the case was dark against him.

After a few days a request was brought to me from the prisoner that I would visit him. I complied without hesitation, and was admitted to his cell. He was seated in the corner, heavily ironed, his head bowed upon his hands and great sobs shaking his whole frame. He raised his eyes as I entered, and revealed a countenance grief-stricken and hopeless. His face flushed as he recognized me, and he motioned me to sit beside him, but I stood motionless in the centre of the cell, my arms folded upon my breast. As soon as he could sufficiently control his emotion he broke forth into the following appeal:

"William Waite, we were once enemies, but I call Heaven to witness that I never harbored malice against you. If you have suffered a boyish enmity to embitter your mind for years, I can freely forgive you; I offer you now the hand of friendship. Will you take it?"

I disregarded his proffered hand, still standing motionless as marble.

"Then listen to me! I know your deep, dark passions, and the intensity of your rage, and I saw your face when you rushed in anger from the cottage door; since then, O, what fearful

suspensions have crowded my brain! Tell me, William, tell me, for the love of God, that your hands are free from the blood of Alice Dane! Assure me of this, and I can die upon the scaffold, hard as it will be; take this load from my mind, and though innocent, I can bear the hootings of the mob; and let my reputation be blackened with infamy!"

My answer was fearfully slow and distinct.

"Roland Temple, if you know my disposition truly, you need not ask me that question. I am not one to be thwarted and turned aside from my course, and if my blood is hot it acts to madden me only when the provocation is deep and beyond endurance. Judge then if I could stand tamely by and witness Alice Dane borne off by another, when I already looked upon her as my wife? You ask me to say that I did not kill her; instead of that, I'll say that she *did* die by my hands, that I *did* commit the deed for which you are manacled here to-day, and that I will not lift one finger to save you from the gallows, even could I do it and still hold my life!"

"Bloody man!" exclaimed Temple, "the words you have just spoken have forever crushed and broken me, but even your brazen cheek will pale to hear the whole. Know that Alice Dane was to me no more than a sister; that I was brought up from childhood with her, as her brother, and that she died beneath your hands as true to you as in your happiest hours of companionship! Go, murderer! let her ghost and mine haunt you through the remnant of your miserable life, nor quit you until the earth shall have covered your trembling body!"

Shutting the fearful words from my ears, I rushed in agony from the cell. I felt instinctively that Roland Temple's words were true. Passion had hastened me to commit a crime which I would now, O, how willingly, have recalled; but which was irrevocable. My happiness had been self ruined, and the miserable justification which I had found to satisfy myself, was forever swept away. I was, indeed, a murderer.

Of the remorse which now oppressed and tortured me, I will say nothing. It is far too painful to dwell upon, and I pass on to the finale.

Several days after my visit to the cell of Roland Temple, I received a note from the magistrate of the village. It ran as follows:

"MR. WAITE: Dear Sir,—It is desirable at the present time that an examination of the scene of the late murder should be made by the officers of the law, and we wish to be accompanied by several individuals who may serve the government in the capacity of witnesses. Will you be so kind as to oblige me in this? If so, please follow the bearer. Yours, in haste, JACOB MOORE."

I trembled at the thought of standing again upon that dreadful spot. Could suspicion be aroused against me? Impossible; the object specified in the note was plain, and if there should be suspicion, it would be the more readily disarmed by a willing compliance.

I followed the bearer, who was Toby, the idiot, and was conducted just outside the village, to where the magistrate, constables, and several citizens were waiting. I was saluted by the party, and the object of the expedition being understood by all (as I supposed), we went forward toward the supposed scene of the murder.

There were few words spoken as we walked on, each person seeming impressed with the solemnity of the service. In spite of my efforts to be calm, I was nervous, and trembled excessively. The remembrance of Alice as she lay in my arms, dead, upon that fatal evening, kept recurring to me, and I was troubled by the fear that when we should stand by the spot, my agitation would be noticed. There was something, too, in the demeanor of the officers and those who accompanied them that puzzled me, for I could not help observing it. They did not appear merely as men executing a solemn duty, but they were oppressed and saddened by something which I could not account for, and hurried on as if they dreaded the performance of the task, and wished to accomplish it quickly.

We reached the spot, and then there was a sudden indecision visible, each man looking at the magistrate and me alternately. Wondering what this could mean, I peered from apprehension as the former said in a solemn tone, "Gentlemen, our duty, however embarrassing, must be performed unhesitatingly. Constable, arrest the accused!"

Every eye was upon me, and the officer's hand was on my shoulder. I sickened and paled in speechless terror.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE GUERRILLA CHIEF.

BY MELVILLE HALL.

"Gentlemen," continued the magistrate, "I have received information of a character which induces me to believe Mr. Temple innocent of the fearful crime imputed to him, and which also induces me to believe that the individual now under arrest is the murderer! It is my intention to investigate this extraordinary charge thoroughly, and if Mr. Waite desires to say anything prior to the search, he is at liberty to do so now."

"Who is my accuser?" I asked, with a show of firmness.

"This is he," he replied, pointing to Toby.

"The idiot!" I exclaimed, with a forced laugh, "well, really, gentlemen, you are making out a serious case!"

"Perhaps you had better restrain your merriment until we have made our examination, sir! Toby, you may now proceed."

The idiot stooped down and pointed to the tracks in the sand, leading from the stream to the alders, and in his mumbling accents asked to have my foot compared with them. My boot was removed, I being wholly weak and powerless, and upon comparison it was found to correspond exactly with the footprints! Followed by the spectators, he then penetrated the clump of alders, and as he dragged forth the pale corpse of Alice Dane, a cry of horror went up from the whole. But the damning proof was now to be shown. Pointing to a fragment of cloth which the deceased held, clutched in the grasp of death, Toby placed his hand upon the skirt of my coat, from which just such a piece had been torn, the ragged edges exactly joining! At this revelation I groaned aloud; it was the evidence of the deed against me!

"This should be sufficient, gentlemen," said the magistrate to the horrified spectators, and then, addressing me, he added, "Wretched man, do you confess the commission of this terrible deed? You see the proof with which we can sustain our accusation, and your very appearance proclaims you the murderer!"

"Do with me as you please," I said, in anguished tones, "I confess the deed!"

As I turned to accompany the constable, Toby came up in front of me, and with a strange malignity in his voice, he spoke as follows:

"I said once that Toby wouldn't forget! Toby has remembered—he hasn't forgot!" And with a chuckle he turned away.

That chuckle startled me as if a serpent had suddenly glided across my path. It revealed the whole history of my detection, for now I called to mind that I had heard the same sound upon the night of the murder as I stood over the body. There had been a secret witness! Hidden in the grass, this Toby, he whom I had pitied as a poor idiot, had watched each motion with gleaming eyes, rejoicing inwardly that at last I was placed fully in his power. His cunning mind had searched out every circumstance, and when he had become sure of his revenge, he had thus enclosed me in the net.

I seem to have awakened from a trance. I have a dim recollection of a crowded court-room, a sea of faces raised to mine as I sat in the prisoner's box, the sentence of the judge, the remanding to prison, and at last the stern reality of the convict's cell. How long I have lain here, I cannot tell. Days and nights have succeeded each other, and have been to me but blanks. My mind has wandered; I have been again a child, folded in my mother's arms, and have lived over again my only period of innocence. Dark shadows of those whom I have encountered upon my life-path have passed in slow recession before me, even to the last, that slight and feeble one whose pale face haunts me yet, and whose eyes look from the darkness of my prison, nightly, with melancholy light.

Roland Temple, the jailer tells me, has been released. Broken-hearted and hopeless as I have made him, he yet sends me his forgiveness, and promises to pray for me. Can he do that? Let me kneel while my mood is thus, and call for countless benedictions on his head.

From these thoughts my mind returns to my prison. The hammers and saws still keep up their dismal monotone without, and the fabric of the gallows rises to completion. My sands of life are rapidly running out with the minutes, and the prison bell already sends forth its clangor. It is the knell of death!

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Jupiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunderbolt.

The city of Burgos, the capital of the province of that name in Old Castile, was once the home of Spanish royalty and the seat of authority. Near this city was born Juan Martin Diez, the well known guerrilla chief, whose exploits during the peninsular war were so full of romance, and of whom the French soldiers stood in mortal fear. A peasant's son, he early forsook the peaceful occupation of his class, to serve as a soldier. When peace was restored, he turned his sword into a pruning hook, married and resumed the same employment to which he had been bred.

When Napoleon Bonaparte invaded the Spanish territory, the young farmer heard the call, as the warhorse hears the sound of the trumpet. He was a strong, powerful man, with well-knit limbs, a complexion dark and swarthy, even beyond most of his countrymen, and with a healthful atmosphere about him that inspired respectful feelings from all. Unfortunately, instead of joining the army openly, he gathered around him one of those bands which were common at that period, known by the Spanish name of Guerrilla, and which lie in ambuscade and commit deeds of cunning and vindictiveness, making them, in fact, a more terrible enemy than any other. Even women sometimes join these bands, and contribute their peculiar tact and cunning to the general stock. Among these people may often be discovered instances of endurance, bravery and courage which are rare to find in more regularly disciplined soldiers, and history furnishes more than one example of gratitude and generosity which would stamp a man's character for life and for coming ages.

Juan Martin Diez was known by the appellation of El Empecinado. He was perfectly idolized by most of his followers, and his conduct towards them was characterized by a rare consideration that did not, however, prevent him from inflicting justice upon their faults.

While the war was raging, the headquarters of the French army were stationed at Burgos. There were two approaches to Burgos, one of them shorter than the other, but less accessible and used mostly by horsemen, while the other was more available for heavy loads by wagon or otherwise.

In the month of August, 1803, the Empecinado was sought out by the landlord of a small venta or inn which stood several leagues from Burgos, and informed by him that on the following day he would find at his house a party of thirty French dragoons. He said they had been sent two or three days previous, from Burgos to Valladolid, to escort the wagons in which a quantity of ammunition from the stores at headquarters was transported to Valladolid for the use of the army; that on their way to the latter place, they had stopped at his inn, and would do so again on their return.

"How do you know that they will do so?" asked Diez, who, while glad of the information, could not conceal his disgust at the informer.

"Because, senor, the sergeant threatened to destroy me if I did not have better wine for them on their return, which he distinctly stated would be to-morrow."

"Very well," answered the leader, "when they arrive, you must treat them well, and ascertain which route they take for Burgos. I will visit your place in the meantime, and ascertain its capabilities for concealment."

In a few hours the guerrilla chief was on his way to the inn. Here he found that he could secrete two of his band in the old barn behind the house, and to these men he ordered Jose, the landlord, to impart whatever the Frenchmen might say respecting their proposed route. He then stationed his band as near the point where the two roads met as was practicable, and awaited their arrival to attack them in the passes of the mountains of Burgos.

But the landlord of the little inn, as is usual with persons mean enough to become informers, was a great coward; and after the chief had made his arrangements and had gone, he began to fear that his scheme might be discovered by the dragoons, from the trembling and confusion which he in vain attempted to restrain. He, therefore, at the first sound of their approach, took refuge in a small loft exactly over the apartment in which they had been entertained the day but one previous, and which apartment he felt sure they would occupy, from the obvious

reason that there was none other in the house, save the kitchen, that could accommodate them.

His flight was a signal for his household to disappear also, they supposing him afraid of the enemy, and so it turned out that when they arrived, there was not a soul stirring in the place, and the food and wine were entirely at the disposal of the dragoons, who, after a toilsome march from Valladolid, were very willing to accept the charge.

The apartment in which Jose had concealed himself, was a small loft, used only for light storage of nondescript articles. The floor was composed of slender boards laid lightly upon the ceiling of the apartment below, and unprotected by any efficient cross-beams or other support. When, therefore, the burly form of the landlord was added to the light weight of which alone it was capable, and he had lain himself close to the centre of the floor, in order to be able to gather their intentions respecting the route they proposed, there was, of course, an instant depression of the slender ceiling. He felt himself sinking through the opening, without the power to grasp at a single object firm enough to sustain him, and his first arrival upon anything solid was the long table at which the dragoons, now in a state of hilarity, were singing martial songs and imbibing his very best wine without stint.

The Frenchmen started to their feet, drew their swords and stood ready to receive his companions, for they naturally expected that an attack was to follow; but the scared look in his face, and the recognition which they had made of him, induced them to resume their seats and give the trembling coward some of his own wine to restore his spirits. His agitation when called on to declare why he sought concealment, however, awakened the suspicions of the captain of the troop. He accordingly bound his arms and threatened to hang him from the nearest tree, unless he confessed.

Meantime, Diez, impatient of the delay, determined to discover the reason that his two spies did not return, and he disguised himself as a woodman, taking a bundle of fagots on his shoulder, and soon entered the yard of the inn, just as Jose and the two guerrillas, whom the landlord had betrayed, were kneeling before the carbines of a dozen Frenchmen, who were awaiting the word of command to shoot them down.

Jose was crying and begging for mercy most piteously, but the two Spaniards were firm and composed. As Diez drew near, he received a sign from the guerrilla nearest him, which the French captain detected. It was but the merest cast of the man's eye, but it indicated the route which Captain Duclosse had intended to take, and the latter, catching the almost imperceptible token, ordered his men to bind the new comer.

While his own men steadily denied that they knew him, the landlord readily declared him to be Empecinado, and the captain offered Diez his life on condition only that he should reveal to him the lurking place of his band.

The glance of withering scorn which the Spaniard bestowed upon his captor, was such as to make even the cool and courageous Frenchman quail before it. He answered not a word, and Captain Duclosse, convinced that it was indeed the man whom Jose had declared him, gave him only five minutes to prepare for death.

The prisoner's noble demeanor and frank, courageous bearing, were not lost upon the captain's son, a boy of sixteen, destined for the army, and who had accompanied the escort, and he begged his father to spare his life. Duclosse refused, saying that it was impossible, unless Diez would submit to his terms, and he left the room to order a guard to convey his prisoner to the place of death.

Louis Duclosse was thus left alone with Diez, his beautiful face expressing pity and sympathy with the prisoner, and his breast heaving with the sense of his father's unyielding sternness.

"Boy," said the doomed man, in a tone so low that the sentry could not hear him, "look at my wrists." Louis passed round and saw that they were lacerated and bleeding from the cords with which they had been bound. An expression of horror burst from the boy's lips. "If you will cut these cords, it will relieve this horrible pain. It will make no difference a few moments hence, but relieve me now, and I will bless you. I, too, have a son."

To take a knife from the table and sever the cords, to replace the knife quietly, and to entreat the prisoner not to separate his hands nor alter their position, took up every instant of the allotted time. A moment after, the man was

placed, kneeling, beside the sobbing landlord and his own faithful followers.

The firing party had received all the words of command except the last fatal one. When the officer's lips were in the act of unclosing to speak that word, Diez threw himself upon the ground directly on his face, and the bullets sped on their way. In the blinding smoke that followed the discharge, his change of position was not seen, but a wild shout of "vengeance!" reached their ears, and a figure was seen, as the smoke cleared away, to spring from the top of a bank, some twelve or fifteen feet high, which sloped down to a thick wood.

The dragoons looked at each other in blank surprise and dismay. The officer was the first to recover himself. There lay the three dead men, but the most dangerous of all, he who possessed the secret of their destination, had eluded them.

"Follow him!" cried the captain in a voice of thunder. "Shoot him! cut him down!" But Diez was far beyond, and the orders of Captain Duclosse were rendered futile.

That night the French troops reached Burgos unmolested, by the opposite route to that which they designed. Had they taken the other, they would have been equally safe. The brave Diez would not have harmed a single man, if the encounter could peril the life of that pitying child, whom, thenceforth, he regarded as he did his patron saint, with reverence, and almost with adoration.

The battle of Salamanca had been fought. The French army were defeated, and the brave Duclosse, who had been promoted to the rank of colonel, had received the death wound from the guns of the British artillerymen. His son—the boy who had been the unconscious deliverer of Juan Martin Diez—had entered the regiment, received rapid promotion, and was now Captain Duclosse.

Wounded in side and temple, the young officer crawled from the field as well as he was able, and sought refuge in a half-ruined shed, at a distance from the road. He staunch the wound in his side as well as he was able, and worn out with fatigue and loss of blood, he threw himself upon the earthen floor and fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself refreshed. Persons were tramping near the door, and, by their language, he found that they were Spaniards. As morning broke, he found himself in the midst of a guerrilla band. He was instantly seized and carried to the door of the shed, where he was ordered to mount a horse. Faint and weak, he was unable to do so. One tall, dark fellow then assumed the office of executioner as he stood, and raised his carbine for the purpose. Another instant and Duclosse would have received his shot, when the weapon was struck upwards by a powerful hand.

"Why have you done this, Diez?" said the enraged soldier, mad at being defeated of his object.

"Because," he answered, "I think this young man and myself are old friends. I owe my life, and perhaps yours, for you were on my list of comrades then, to him. I shall have him!"

The guerrilla struggled to take possession of the young soldier, but Diez stood between them and ordered him to put down the knife which he had substituted for the carbine.

"Never!" shouted the man.

Diez grasped the guerrilla's arm, twisting it until the shoulder was dislocated, and pushing him aside, he stepped up to the now fainting youth, he had him conveyed to a house near by, where his wounds were attended to, and where he met with the care and tenderness which his enfeebled state required. Nor was this all. Empecinado, for it was he, caused the body of Colonel Duclosse to be sought for and committed to a Christian burial. For three weeks, Diez continued the most delicate attentions to Duclosse, and when the latter was recovered, he escorted him in person almost to within musket-shot of the French outpost.

In 1809, Juan Martin Diez was made brigadier-general of Wellington's army. He afterwards attended him when he entered Madrid in triumph, and received from him a command of about five thousand men. After Ferdinand VII. was restored, Diez addressed to him a letter which gave offence to the government. Civil war ensued, and the royalists perpetuated barbarities most horrible. El Empecinado placed himself at the head of a body of constitutionalists, and struggled with the whole force of his noble spirit, for freedom. He was seized on an alleged charge of conspiracy, and executed at Rueda, on the 19th of August, 1825.



## SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

Now that our troubles with Paraguay have been happily got over, without the burning of a single cartridge, we may indulge the hope that such difficulties as we may have with other countries in that region will also be quietly disposed of, and the best feelings be restored between the Northern portion of the continent and the Southern part of it. And, to the end that there may be good, solid, substantial reasons for the preservation of peace all over the continent, measures should be taken to increase our trade with the communities of Spanish-American origin that are so numerous in this Western World. Whether the political condition of these communities be such as to fill the mind with hopes or fears, it will scarcely be doubted that nature has endowed them with many of her choicest gifts. From that isthmus which attracts so much attention to those straits through which sailed the man who first went round the world, fifteen generations ago, the countries of South America teem with natural riches of every description. Diamonds are yielded by one soil. Silver is to be had for the gathering from another. Gold ought to be as plentiful now in Peru as it was in the days of the Incas. Coffee, cotton, sugar, tobacco, rice, and the other productions of warm countries can there be raised in indefinite quantities under wise systems of industry, and greatly to the increase of the comfort of mankind. Hides are to be had in such quantities as indeed to show that there is "nothing like leather" in this mundane world—for a thousand excellent purposes. Cacao is not half so abundant throughout the world as it should be, and not a fourth part so much of it is produced as could be had under a different state of things from what now prevails in Colombia. The wheat of Chili is already one of the staples of commerce, and the production and exportation of it are capable of much increase. The dye-woods, medicinal plants, balsams, gums, etc., of South America are not surpassed by those of any other part of the world, and enter into trade now, as they have done for years, but not to a tenth of the extent to which they should be known. There is, indeed no quarter of the world that affords so grand a theatre for commercial enterprise as South America; and it would seem that it belongs to the people of the northern section of the continent to turn its advantages to account, of all foreigners. The English have got far ahead of us, however, and it is doubtful whether we can ever equal them in this century. But we can do much. We can enter upon a course of commercial transactions with South America that shall largely add to our present trade with that country, and prepare the way for yet further doings. Our manufacturers are particularly interested in this and should attend to it. Government should exert itself strenuously to bring about all such arrangements as would tend to facilitate commercial intercourse between the United States and these Southern nations which must be destined for a great future. All such other aid, too, as can constitutionally be granted should be afforded by government in the development of business, and the energies of the country be stimulated in the right direction. It is not very creditable to us—it is positively discreditable—that while England nurses her commercial marine in every possible way, and opens up markets for her manufactures, and monopolizes the modes of travel on every sea, we should do nothing, or next to it, in all these respects. If we expect to get the first place in commerce, we must labor for it. It must be sought wisely, seized boldly, and held firmly.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

## REHEARSAL BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Infinite toil is the lot of those who accept the thankless mission of amusing the public. Our engraving lets us into the secret toils of itinerant showmen. We have crossed the Rubicon and stand behind the mysterious green curtain, invested with as much interest in the eyes of the juveniles "in front," as the veil which shrouded the Eleusinian mysteries from the curiosity of the uninitiated. That formless mass of joiner's-work and canvass on the other side, is a portion of the fairy bower, and this rude floor, when the table and chest and chair and bass-drum and hat and tamborine and cards and pewter pot are swept away, must represent the turf of fairy

it—for he is a learned dog, and has probably had a sad experience. Yet he is not much worse off than two-legged caterers for public amusement. They are goaded on by the lash of necessity; they, too, sick or well, have to go through the ordeal of severe rehearsals before they strut in public decked with plumes and velvets, and treading the stage with a lively air. And is not life—all life—made up of rehearsals and representations. The dying Roman emperor quitted life with the customary words of the Roman actor on his lips: "Farewell and applaud! *Valete et plaudite!*" Well is it for those who have figured on the stage of life if they can appeal to posterity, with a confidence of its approval.

dent and impetuous 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' the twelve year old Corsican patriot, to the French, those detested tyrants of his conquered native isle, nor of the many deep-laid schemes devised by the incipient soldier for driving them out of Corsica. But it is, perhaps, less generally known that the young man, fellow-student of Arthur Wellesley in the Military School of Brienne—strange rapprochement of the future emperor and of the Iron Warrior destined to pull him down from his place of power!—actually presented himself, under the auspices of General Paoli, to the British governor of Corsica, during the short time that that island was held by Great Britain, and demanded to be allowed to enter the service of England. The British officials in Corsica, being neither disciples of Lavator, nor possessed of the power of reading the future, declined this application, and the pale-browed, eagle-eyed youth subsequently entered the service of the conquerors whom he had so cordially hated. Think of the difference that would have been produced in the history of the last seventy years (and of how many years to come!), had Napoleon Bonaparte made an English citizen of himself! A few years after this repulse, the young soldier offered his services to Louis XVI., to whom he addressed a letter containing an elaborate project for the rescue of the simple-minded king from the snares of the revolutionists, who were preparing to take him in their toils; he offered to deliver the king from the impending ruin, provided he were placed in command of the army, and had his proposals been accepted, he would no doubt have been as good as his word. But the king saw no further into the millstone of the future than the British government of Corsica had done before him; the young officer's communication remained unanswered, and the Revolution prepared the field for the career of the "Child of Destiny." So near was this career, it would seem, to being utterly changed in its character and direction! And yet, the 'Destiny' worked itself out, and the world has not yet got beyond the influences it brought with it and left behind it."

## ABOUT ECHOES.

The ancients were unacquainted with the true nature of the echo. The poets supposed it to have been a nymph, who pined into a sound, for love of Narcissus. But the modern state of philosophy has established it upon unerring principles. According to the various distances from the speaker, a reflecting object will return the echo of several or of a few syllables; for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ear, otherwise it will make a confusion. In a moderate way of speaking, about three syllables and a half are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computations of a short-hand writer, it appears that a ready and rapid orator, in the English language, pronounces from 7000 to 7500 words in an hour; namely, about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables, the reflecting object is 1142 feet distant; for since sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1142. When the echo returns fourteen syllables, the reflecting object must be 2284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats seven syllables in the daytime, and twenty at night; when the air being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast. There is also a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley church, in Sussex, that repeats distinctly twenty-one syllables. One at Rosneath, near Glasgow, repeats a tune played with a trumpet three times.



THE REHEARSAL BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

## NEW LEAF IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE.

Every thoughtful mind indulges in occasional speculations how the whole course of history might have been changed if a single event had happened otherwise than it occurred. A correspondent of the Saturday Post gives an incident of this kind in the life of the first Napoleon, which seems to have escaped the search of even Mr. Abbott: "While Europe is awaiting, in restless anxiety, the turning of the balance of war, it is curious to recall the rise of the 'dynasty,' the ambition, and perhaps also the necessities, of him whose successor threatens the world with so much evil. I need hardly remind my readers of the hatred borne by the young, ar-

land. Peeping up in a corner is the head of a sulky dog, probably banished for some misdemeanor; stirring the porter with a purloined drumstick is a sly and mischievous monkey. But these are only accessories. The interest of the scene rests with the showman and his learned poodle. The little animal, with blinking eyes, seems half inclined to drop the pipe placed in his lips, to complete, with sword and sabre-tash and cap, the semblance of a French sergeant of the old guard, in which character he is soon to appear in public. The showman is conciliatory in his manner, and is evidently essaying the force of moral suasion, keeping the whip out of sight. But then the whip is there—and the dog knows

lecting object is 1142 feet distant; for since sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1142. When the echo returns fourteen syllables, the reflecting object must be 2284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats seven syllables in the daytime, and twenty at night; when the air being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast. There is also a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley church, in Sussex, that repeats distinctly twenty-one syllables. One at Rosneath, near Glasgow, repeats a tune played with a trumpet three times.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MY COUSIN MAUD.

A PASTORAL, ELEGIAC BALLAD.

BY WALTER CLAIRBORNE

The sun had tinged the western sky,  
The hum of busy life was still,  
The silent stream flowed swiftly by,  
Yet ceased to turn the idle mill.

So faint, so soft the evening breeze,  
The limpid waters scarce stirred;  
Nor e'en amongst the forest trees  
The rustling of a leaf was heard.

The barn was closed, where all day long  
The busy thrasher plied his flail,  
And every bird had ceased his song,  
Save one lone, tuneful nightingale.

The moon (fair empress of the night),  
In the dim twilight faintly shone,  
While countless stars of lesser light,  
Came daisiful, peeping, one by one.

Nature lay hushed in dreamy sleep,  
No sound disturbed the day's decline,  
Save the faint bleating of the sheep,  
The distant lowing of the kine.

When from our cottage, Maud and I,  
Joined hand in hand, together strolled,  
To saunter in the copse near by,  
Or count the sheep in yonder fold.

Or, if perchance our fancy led,  
To ramble to the river side,  
And gaze into its glossy bed,  
Or watch its ever-flowing tide.

For we were cousins, Maud and I,  
Since childhood we'd together played,  
Caroling 'neath the summer sky,  
Or culling wild flowers in the glade.

Since childhood?—we were children then—  
Though years had passed so swiftly o'er,  
That Maud could number six and ten,  
And I could count near two years more.

And during those few fleeting years,  
So close had our affection's weave,  
We'd ne'er known lovers' doubts or fears,  
Yet Maud and I had learnt to love.

"See Maud," said I, "how smoothly on  
Those ever-moving waters flow!  
They come, they pass us, they are gone!  
Whence came they? Whither do they go?"

"From some clear spring on mountain side  
This swollen river hath its source;  
Thence to the sea its waters glide,  
Ne'er swerving from their destined course.

"So swiftly speeds the life of man!  
So silently doth time pass by,  
The longest life is but a span—  
An atom—in eternity!"

E'en as I spoke a passing breeze [sound,  
Rushed through the copse with whistling  
The leaves, torn ruthlessly from the trees,  
In showers fell fluttering to the ground.

I gathered from the river's side,  
Both glistening with the falling dew,  
Two leaves—"This leaf is mine," I cried,  
"This smaller one, dear Maud, is *you*."

Into the stream the leaves I flung,  
We watched their course with childish glee.  
And close as they together clung,  
So clung my cousin Maud to me.

Adown the stream they floated on,  
Still close together, side by side;  
An eddy whirled, and Maud's was gone—  
Mine floated onward with the tide.

We floated, and thought the omen bad,  
Maud's gentle eyes were filled with tears;  
I chid her that she looked so sad,  
Then kissed away her childish fears.

Ah! ere another passing year  
Had clad the earth in living green,  
Sweet Maud was laid upon her bier;  
She died ere she was seventeen.

Consumption, watchful in its lair  
To plant its seeds in beauty's bower,  
Nipped off the bud that bloomed so fair,  
Ere yet it blossomed to a flower.

The seeds were sown that summer night,  
When loitering in the evening dew,  
We watched the leaflets in their flight,  
And Maud the fatal omen drew.

How many swift revolving years  
Have, since Maud's funeral, past and gone!  
Yet still I mourn with silent tears  
The fate which left me sad and lone.

One hope alone affords relief,  
And when my heart with pain is riven,  
Consoles me in my bitter grief—  
That I'll meet my Maud in heaven!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MILLY LANE'S LOVE STORY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"AND you will not marry me, Milly!"

It was Ralph Evelyn who asked the question; and I, Milly Lane, answered in my coolest and most independent manner.

"No, I think not, Ralph."

"Nor tell me the reason of this rejection?"

He was very persistent, I thought. I would satisfy him. "I suppose it's because—because I don't like you well enough."

With what satisfaction had I commenced that answer! And before it was uttered I found myself flustered—found a faint and sudden flush warming my cheek. I turned my face suddenly away from the grave and quiet regards of Ralph's blue eyes.

"You do not like me, may I ask?"

"I said I did not like you *well enough*," I replied rather quickly.

He went on quietly, as if I had not spoken.

"May I ask what are your objections to me?"

Already my self-possession was beginning to desert me. This close, serious questioning was making me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. I had not prepared myself for it. And the last inquiry above all confused me; for how could I tell him the truth? So I answered, coldly, "I can hardly tell you—" and turned a little more away from him. I wanted sadly to run off, then and there. Still for a moment he stood on the spot, regarding me still, as I felt, with those serious, questioning eyes. Finally—

"You will excuse me, then, Milly," he said, "for touching upon this subject. We will not speak of it again."

He turned from me and walked quietly away. A moment after I saw him riding lightly down the long avenue on his black horse Sancho, and, I dare say, looking as calm and dignified as if he had never been in love, or been rejected.

The interview had had a strange turning-out, after all. It was he who, at the close, was self-possessed and collected, I who was annoyed and discomforted. Yes, it was strange, certainly! and a little provoking; for I had promised myself a certain degree of satisfaction in rejecting Ralph Evelyn—satisfaction for some little wounded vanity and self-love from which I had suffered at his hands. I had not thought how brief and fleeting my triumph would be; I had not cared, indeed; I only thought of satisfying for the moment my girlish resentment towards him for what had always seemed to me like indifference—neglect—when I had longed secretly, and longed in vain, for his friendship and confidence. Where was my triumph now?

With the crimson still burning in my cheeks, I heard Cousin Harry's light voice calling me from the foot of the stairs: "Milly! are you up there?"

I was glad to escape from myself. I ran down stairs. "Do you want me?" I asked.

The morning was so fine, he wanted to be out of doors. Would I walk with him?

Of course I would. I got my bonnet and went. We walked a mile or two, I suppose, and all this time I was thinking of Ralph, and getting warm and cross, and uncomfortable, and all the time Harry Graham was talking away to me in his alternately gay and sentimental style, till I grew, for the first time, weary of the very sound of his voice, and would have given almost anything to be out of its reach. And the morning ended by my going home, shutting myself up in my room, and having a good cry.

We were all at my uncle Maurice Eldon's—Ralph Evelyn (who was my uncle's ward), Cousin Harry, and myself—for the midsummer holidays. I had reached there first, and had helped Uncle Maurice and his sister Patty, my good-natured old-maid aunt, to brighten up the quiet old home against Ralph's home coming. It was not till three days after my arrival that Ralph and Harry came, reaching the Uplands within two hours of each other.

I had seen Ralph Evelyn twice before, that was all, and then I had hardly spoken to him; so that we were almost like utter strangers to each other now. I found him a young man of twenty-two, tall and robust in figure, with a fine rather than a handsome face, a manner gentlemanly and courteous, but reserved and quiet. So reserved, so quiet, that it quite awed me; and, with something like relief, I turned to listen to the lively, careless, rattling talk of gay Harry Graham. Little reserve or quiet was there in

the composition of Cousin Harry. Witty, good-humored and eloquent, he was pronounced by everybody to be one of the most entertaining and agreeable companions in the world. Mentally I endorsed the world's opinion, and from morning till night Harry and I were with each other, riding, walking, singing, reading, or talking—and Harry was a capital talker.

Sometimes—not often—Ralph joined us, and always treated me gracefully and courteously, as he should treat his guardian's niece and guest; but somehow there was something in his manner that put an infinite distance between us—that made him seem infinitely my superior, and rendered me humble, childish, insignificant. He took no more notice of me than was absolutely necessary; and I, a little creature of seventeen, who used to be petted, and flattered, and made much of, hardly knew what to make of this indifference. I rather resented it; then gradually, despite the resentment, I found myself, day by day, wishing more earnestly that Ralph would give me his friendship, would treat me more as an equal and less as a child. I thought if he would, that I could learn to like him better than I liked my gay, rattling Cousin Harry. But he did no such thing! And so, by-and-by, a little feeling of pique and mortification began to steal into my heart, as Ralph went his calm and quiet way, taking no more heed of me than the beautiful moon would take of a child that longed to reach it. I smile to think of it now; but I grew not slightly petulant and offended, and was beginning to say to myself that if Ralph chose to be so lordly and grand, and treat me like a baby, I didn't care; when—

When, on that September morning of which I have written, walking with me under the old elm below the lawn, he asked me if I would marry him. I suppose I was too much astonished to speak at first, and perhaps it was not to be wondered at. Then my startled ideas suddenly settled and collected themselves together again. I was, at that moment, conscious of a deeper feeling of resentment than ever towards him; then my childish dignity rose up rebellious against this sudden condescension of his. So long he had passed by unnoticed me, as if I had been a child, a baby, and now, suddenly, by some unaccountable whim, he would honor me with the title of wife.

I would not stop to think how dear that title would be; I dared not. I thought of wounded dignity and self-love, and I coolly declined his offer.

He said nothing—only walked on by my side, under the elms, and walked on, and would have continued to do so for another half-hour, I believe, if I would have stayed there. But I went straight up from the elms, over the lawn, to the porch of the old house. There he stayed me. He had been silent all the way up. Now, lingering in the doorway, he said: "And so you will not marry me, Milly?"

I have written all that followed. How I coolly persisted in my refusal, and how he, with silent acquiescence, left me, and went riding away on Sancho.

The heart of a woman is often a puzzle to herself. Mine was that morning. With the coolest, the most obstinate determination, I had twice said "no" to Ralph's question; then, with his serious, searching eyes scanning my face, I had trembled and wavered, yet continued to refuse him. And all the morning, listening to Harry Graham's careless, rattling talk, my thoughts were wandering away to Ralph Evelyn—recalling his voice, his glance, his quiet, serious words; and I thought, as I had thought many a time before, of the difference between him and everybody else whom I had ever seen, and how much better he was than I, and how good it was of him, after all, to ask such a vain, childish, frivolous thing as I to be his wife. My presumption, in behaving as I had done, was ridiculous. And so I went home and had a good cry in my own room, and when it was all over I felt better. I think, too, when it was over I was less a child than before—at least, it seemed to me so. I felt softened—subdued. I wondered at my late petulance.

Aunt Patty came into my room. "My dear, dinner is almost ready," said; and then, looking at me a little sharply through her spectacles—"but what's the matter with the child's eyes? I do believe she's been crying."

It would have been of little use to deny the fact. "Yes, Aunt Patty, I have been crying," I assented in a low voice; and I felt almost ready to begin again—indeed, the tears began to gather

even as I spoke. "I think I won't come down to dinner," I concluded. For I could not have met Ralph, with that tell-tale face of mine, so soon after all that had passed.

My aunt regarded me with rather a sober and perplexed air. "My dear, something has occurred to disturb you," she began. At that moment there was a light stop, a cheerful whistle in the hall below, and Harry Graham called "Aunt Patty!"

She answered him.

"Where's Milly? I want her!" were his next words.

I shook my head. "Tell him I can't come, Aunt Patty," I said. "Tell him I'm tired—I've a headache—something or other; only I can't come now."

She looked at me dubiously—came a little nearer. "My dear, it's very odd—very odd, indeed! I don't know what to make of it; this is something very unusual for you. And really, Milly, if you don't come down to dinner, I shall think you are ill. Now I think of it, your uncle was saying this morning that you didn't look well at all."

"I am quite well, aunt."

"But, my dear, if you can't eat your dinner—"

"Dear Aunt Patty, I will come down to dinner," I said, hastily, "only pray don't say anything about—"

"Well, no, Milly, I won't," consented my aunt seriously; "but at the same time it's very odd! very odd, indeed!"

With a grave and wondering look she went down stairs; and I proceeded to bathe my face and re-arrange my hair. I thought, after all, my presence would be better than my absence; perhaps it would create less remark. And so, though looking a good deal paler than usual, and with eyes somewhat heavier, I went below.

Ralph had not come yet, and I was glad. Neither Uncle Maurice nor Harry noticed my paleness, or my red eyes, and Aunt Patty made no further remark on the subject. We sat down to dinner without Ralph, and I had hoped we should have finished our repast before he came, but it was not half concluded when he made his appearance.

I did not look up when he entered; I do not think he even looked towards me. He took his place quietly, quietly answered the various questions put to him respecting the nature of his occupations, and of his whereabouts during the morning, and then proceeded in silence with his repast.

Directly it was finished he went up to his room—to write letters, he told Uncle Maurice; and for the next three hours he remained there. Then he descended again, left the house, and was gone until after tea. When that meal was over, and we were all seated in the porch, with the full moonlight shining around us, he came back. He had been to post his letters, he said, and had taken tea at Deacon Marshall's. Then he took a seat by Aunt Patty, and talked with her and Uncle Maurice, and Harry; and I, sitting upon the doorstep with my head resting against the arm of my uncle's chair, listened in silence. But only for a little while; by-and-by I tried to steal away. Uncle Maurice, perceiving my movements, just put his hand on my head. "Where are you running away to, Milly?" he said.

I sat still then. "Nowhere, uncle," I answered.

"What is the matter with you this evening, my dear?" he asked; "you don't talk. I haven't heard you speak since morning, I believe."

"I am doing better, uncle; I am listening."

He smiled, stroked my head, and presently went on conversing with Ralph. I do not know whether Ralph ever looked my way—I don't think he ever did; and we two never spoke a word to each other while we sat there. But by-and-by he said, speaking to Aunt Patty and uncle, that he was going away the next morning to spend the rest of his vacation with a sick friend, who had written to request his presence, and that probably he should go directly back to college from there, at the end of the vacation, so that he should not see home again for some time.

They were all sorry to lose him; for my uncle and aunt were very proud of him, and gay Harry Graham held him in real esteem and reverence. They all said how sorry they were, and I was silent; but they were all so busy thinking of and talking with him that they never noticed it. But I think he did; and a while after, when we were all about to separate, he stood by me a moment at the table where we lit our candles, and said to



me in his calm, low tone, "I suppose I must bid you good-by to-night, Milly. I shall probably be off very early in the morning, before any of the household are about."

So we shook hands silently, and said "good-by," and went our separate ways, and I did not see him again for three months. A week after Harry Graham went also, but I stayed sometime longer with Uncle Maurice and Aunt Patty at the Uplands. They would have kept me with them always, and hardly would part with me at all; but my home was in a country village some thirty miles away, and I was going to school there, so that after the holidays were over I was forced to go back. But even if it had been otherwise, I do not think I could have stayed at the Uplands any longer, knowing that Ralph was coming back again.

But when Christmas time came, they would have me at the Uplands; and Uncle Maurice himself came for me, so that I could not refuse. He took me away from my lonely little room at good Mrs. Archer's, where I was boarding, and carried me, muffled in all the shawls and buffaloes his little cutter would hold, back through a drifting snow-storm to the old house I had left in the summer. It looked differently enough, now. In the place of the warm moonlight nights, and open doors and windows, and the full, dusky foliage of tree and vine whispering and rustling in the warm south night-winds, there were white drifts and leafless elms without, and wild airs whirling drearily about the old place; but within, great, comfortable, old-fashioned rooms, with bright lights and warm fires, and the very spirit of the gay Christmas tide reigning there.

It was evening when we reached the Uplands. The windows were bright with the glow of cheerful fires within, that shone through the heavy, half-closed draperies far out along the snowy drive. Our sleigh-bells rang out merrily as we drove up, and the hall door was opened directly, showing, in the full blaze of radiance that poured out upon us, the figures of Aunt Patty and Harry Graham, and three or four more—who they were I could not distinguish—ready to receive us. Through the parlor-door were visible several others, for there were other guests at the Uplands besides myself and Harry Graham, who came springing down the steps to help me out of the sleigh. He shook hands with me heartily, and led me quickly up to the hall-door, where Aunt Patty was ready to welcome me. Beyond her a tall and elegant figure appeared, in the broad light that dazzled me so; a graceful and lovely woman—girl she could hardly be called, although she could not have been more than three-and-twenty—who moved forward a little curiously to look at me. I just distinguished the sweeping dress of black velvet, the tall figure, the splendid head with braided coils of black hair encircling it like a coronet—heard a sweet but somewhat proud and careless voice saying, "Is that Miss Jane? What a little creature! She is quite a child— isn't she, Ralph?"

She bent down and kissed me lightly on the forehead, and my aunt told me she was Miss Rivers, a relative of Ralph Evelyn's family, and then Miss Rivers turned to re-enter the parlor, saying how dreadful chilly it was, and that she should think that little girl (meaning me) must be nearly frozen; and finally, as she moved out of the way, I saw Ralph himself waiting to welcome me.

We just shook hands; he said he was glad to see me. How he looked I do not know, for I did not dare raise my eyes, and when he released my hand, I ran directly up stairs to change my snowy dress.

There were a dozen people to be introduced to when I came down again, and beyond them all I saw Ralph and Miss Rivers bending over a distant table, examining the books that lay upon it, and talking together with an air of interest. Some witty remark she made elicited from him a laugh of half-subdued merriment. It was the first I had ever heard from his lips. How his face brightened! Directly it grew thoughtful again; I thought it became, gradually, almost sad. He turned over the leaves of a volume he held with an air of abstraction, then raised his head and looked up the room, seeing me where I stood near the door. I turned hastily to my aunt, who was addressing some remark to me, and after that Ralph and I never spoke to or even looked at each other, I believe, during the evening.

That evening I heard it whispered that Ralph Evelyn and Miss Rivers were lovers; that if not

actually affianced, there was no doubt that they soon would be; and their affairs were discussed, and the noble air of the gentleman and the beauty of the lady commented upon—even the wedding dress was conjectured upon, and the probable amount of property that the bride would receive from her father.

I had no reason to doubt it at all. Why should I? She was so beautiful, so commanding, so distinguished in appearance, how could he help admiring her? I looked at them—they were together all the evening—she was sitting at the piano, and he leaning over her chair. They were a handsome pair—Ralph Evelyn and Miss Rivers. I said so to myself, with the tears gathering in my eyes, and then brushed the heavy drops hastily away, wondering what I was crying for.

I was in the midst of a merry group a moment after, listening to a ludicrous story which one of them was telling, and for the next two hours I had no moment alone. My uncle was in his merriest humor, Aunt Patty smiling and affable as possible, and Harry gayer, handsomer, more witty and eloquent than ever. Everybody else, in consequence, was in the best possible flow of spirits; and a happy company it was at the Uplands.

For a moment or two, near the close of the evening, Ralph stood by my side, and we were apart from the other guests. We both felt a certain sense of constraint, I think, that kept us silent at first; but presently he said, "you have been well, I hope, since I saw you?"

I had been well, I told him.

He spoke in a lower tone: "Will you consider it presumption, Milly, if I tell you again, as I wished to all the evening, how glad I am to see you here once more?"

My heart beat fast. I felt the color rising in my cheeks. He was really glad to see me! I believe he read something of my feelings in my face, in my eyes that I just raised for one instant, hurriedly, half glad and yet half shrinkingly, to his. I do not know what that glance taught him, but a sudden beam of pleasure, of satisfaction, lightened his countenance. His hand touched mine for an instant with a gentle and almost involuntary clasp, and then instantly released it. "Thank you, Milly," was all that he said. At that moment Miss Rivers summoned him away.

He went. My heart, that had been so light a moment before, grew dull and cold again. I remembered what I had heard whispered. What mattered it, after all, if Ralph was glad to see me? What right had he to speak to me so? What reason had I to be pleased and happy in listening to him?

I avoided him afterwards, and in the midst of the gay confusion that reigned there, I did not speak to him for three days. Miss Rivers might have noticed it—I think no one else did. I never even looked at him if I could help it, and she kept him by her side almost continually.

The depth of the snow that had fallen on the night of my arrival kept us all housed for three days—long enough, in most cases, to weary the patience of the gayest of guests, shut within the walls of an old country-house—but there was no weariness, for a wonder, among the guests at the Uplands. But at the end of that time the roads were broken and levelled. The fields were white and smooth and hard, for it was intensely cold, and the great pond in the neighborhood was covered with one sheet of solid ice. This was an opening for an acceptable variation in the amusements of the guests, and they eagerly improved it. All were glad to get out-of-doors; and the mornings were occupied now with skating for the gentlemen and with sledging for the ladies, and the evenings, or a portion of them, devoted to sleigh-rides by moonlight, alternating with billiards, charades, and music, and sometimes stories told by the library-fire. Miss Rivers kept Ralph beside her through it all; and I, shrinking from both, remained with some of the other guests.

But one moonlight evening, when I thought they were all gone out, I went into the parlor, that was lighted only by the glow of a brilliant coal-fire in the grate, and seated myself by a window, in one of the deep and dusky recesses of the old-fashioned apartment. With the great curtain half drawn, I leaned back against their massive damask folds, and, a little wearied, and not a little sad and dispirited, gradually gave myself up to a train of thought such as, during these days, I seldom found time to indulge in. A great Indian screen shaded the light of the fire

from that part of the room where I sat, and its glow played only on the ceiling and over the opposite walls. The dusk increased around me, and my reverie grew deeper, with the growing darkness, that seemed all the deeper for the soft brightness of the full moonlight that shone over the landscape without, but did not penetrate here. There was a sound that startled me, presently—a gentleman's footsteps slowly descending the hall stairs, and entering the parlor where I was. I could not see him when he entered the door—it was not visible from my retreat—but as soon as he crossed the room towards the fire, I saw that it was Ralph. He had not gone with the party then, as I had thought.

I kept silence. He crossed to the fire and stood there for a few moments, hidden by the screen. I half arose, wishing to escape; but at that moment he issued from behind the screen, and commenced, slowly to pace the floor to and fro. I sank back in my seat. He would go presently, I thought. But he did not go; instead he continued his walk—and by-and-by, unconscious of its previous occupation, came slowly up into the recess of the bow-window. I rose up then, and he stopped short. He could just discern the outline of my figure and features as I could his, in the faint light from the window.

"You here, Milly!" he said, in a low and somewhat surprised tone. "I thought—"

He paused. "Yes, it is I," I answered. I hesitated a moment, and then made a motion to pass him.

"Nay—do not let me disturb you," he said, quietly. "I did not know you were here, or I should not have intruded—"

At that moment we heard the sound of sleigh-bells ringing along the drive, and stopping at the hall-door. The next instant two of the older ladies of our party entered the parlor, and bustled up to the fire, which, from their early return, seemed more attractive to them than a sleigh-ride in the cold atmosphere of a winter night.

"What is the matter with Miss Rivers?" said one of them, as they entered and crossed the room without observing us, "she seemed to me to be perfectly unapproachable this evening—more lofty than ever."

The other laughed. "Miss Rivers? O, she's cross, because, I suppose, Mr. Evelyn went with somebody else instead of her."

"I thought that was it. A lover's quarrel, I suppose—for they are attached to each other, are they not, Mrs. Merton?"

"O, there's no doubt of that. I believe they're engaged; at any rate, Miss Clavering says so, and she's generally pretty correct about such reports. But come, let's get off our wrappers—I hate to sit with them on."

The two gossips vanished from the apartment. Their conversation had been so brief, so rapid, had taken us so by surprise, that neither of us had stirred from the spot where we stood. Now, with my recollection coming back, I felt the color rising painfully in my cheek.

"Milly," said Ralph, quietly, "do you believe this nonsense that we have just listened to? Have you heard it before?"

"I have heard it before," I answered.

"I suppose the report has gained some ground, then. But it is false. I should not wish any one to believe it, and least of all, you, Milly, will you tell me if you have given it credit?"

I felt my cheeks growing warmer. "Yes, I believed it," I answered.

"Miss Rivers is my cousin," he said; "we have been companions from our childhood—this accounts for our intimacy. But instead of marrying me, Eleanor will shortly be united to a gentleman to whom she has been engaged for the past year."

I stood silently by his side a moment, feeling the color flushing and fading still in my face, then I moved forward.

"You are going!" he said. "Milly, will you not grant me one moment?"

I paused—still silent, and with pulses hardly steady. My heart beat fast. He went on:

"You have avoided me lately, Milly! Why?"

I did not speak directly.

"Why?" he asked again, in his gentle way.

"Because—I thought—"

I did not finish, and he did not urge me. He knew—he felt, I believe, what it was that I could not say. He stood regarding me for a moment, with a glance of kindly interest, that I felt rather than saw. Presently he spoke.

"We are friends, are we not?" he asked.

The tears filled my eyes. "Ralph, I should

hardly think you would care whether we were friends or foes," I uttered.

"I do, Milly," he said gently, "I do care. Why should I not? For me, you are not changed from what you were three or four months ago; and—" he spoke half-tenderly, half-archly—"although Milly does not like me, I am going to try and make her care as much for me as I do for her. May I?"

I do not think I made him any answer; I do not think he wanted any. I only just put my hand in his, and he held it there for a moment, in a close and kindly pressure, and then, more of our party coming in from their moonlight excursion, he let me go, and I ran up stairs.

I think we were both the best of friends after that. I know that I was quickly yet perfectly happy; that between Ralph and myself there was no barrier of pique, or coldness, or misunderstanding; and when other people, who did not know anything about Ralph, and failed, as I had done once, to comprehend or understand him, and spoke of Mr. Evelyn's peculiarity, his reserve, then I would look up and meet Ralph's smile, and look through his clear eyes into his proud, and noble, and loving heart, thinking they were to be pitied for being blind to the sunshine that fell so broad, and full, and genial upon my path—the sunshine of his friendship, his confidence—yes, and his affection. For Ralph loved me earnestly and dearly; a great deal more dearly than I deserved—spite of my childish resentment in a time that was now past. And when the rest of those pleasant Christmas holidays were over—how beautiful they were to me!—when the party at the Uplands broke up, and Ralph and I went our separate ways again, it was no longer in estrangement, but in the happy hope of another meeting at no very distant day; a meeting in which the promise which he had won from me there should be fulfilled, and we should commence a future life in mutual love and truth together.

We look back together sometimes, now, and smile over the remembrance of those midsummer holidays that we passed at the Uplands so long ago, in each other's society; when he and I, though dwelling under the same roof, were almost as strangers; and yet I know that the first time we ever mentioned it, in our reminiscences, he was half-reluctant and unwilling to allow that he thought me only a little, childish, babyish creature, dreading such words as sense and reason, and caring only for the companionship of such a gay, boyish, rattling fellow as Harry Graham.

"What made you change your mind so suddenly?" I asked, laughing.

"I began to study you, I suppose, Milly," was his smiling answer.

And so the mistakes and misunderstandings of those days are over, and like a great many others who have known them, I suppose, as well as ourselves, we are happy at last. Harry Graham is married; Miss Rivers is married, too, and we are very good friends. My uncle and aunt are as happy and hospitable as ever, in their old house at the Uplands; and Ralph and I go there two or three times every year, to rest for a season in the dear familiar places that, I suppose, are in a manner dearer than any others in the world to us, for the happiness that we so nearly missed, and gladly found there.

#### DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gérard, the famous French painter. When a very young man, he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and, in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial councillor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability, that, on Gérard's rising to take leave, he arose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gérard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, and part with him according to his merit."—*Titan*.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it. Let us always apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.



## FRENCH PICTURES OF AMERICAN CHARACTERS.

We publish on these two opening pages a curious picture, drawn and engraved in France, as a specimen of French art and French conception of American historical personages. It was drawn by Henri Valentin, a distinguished French artist, and engraved by Best, Hotels & Co., the most successful wood-engravers of Paris. It was sent us by a French commercial house with which we have had dealings, and was probably got up expressly for us, and intended to be highly complimentary to this country. Some of the heads are successful likenesses, but others are wide of the mark, and most amusing mistakes have occurred in the names and titles of the personages represented, the whole being printed from the original French wood-block. The central compartment is occupied by a charming sketch of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, in the hey-day of her youth and beauty, surrounded by the royal children, before coming events had cast their shadows on her lovely face. In this sketch we see feminine beauty and grace can triumph even over the folly of fashion, for the young queen wears the most irrational of head-dresses. Her picture is probably introduced from the association of the royal family with the American Revolution, an associ-

as authority. Our great men have suffered most (pictorially) at the hands of their own countrymen. Even now, in the days of the daguerreotype and photograph, which leaves no excuse for unfaithful likenesses, we are constantly shocked at infamous caricatures published as authentic portraits of contemporaries. It is curious to study the array of American faces in this picture reflected in a French mirror. It is like reading one's productions translated into a foreign tongue.

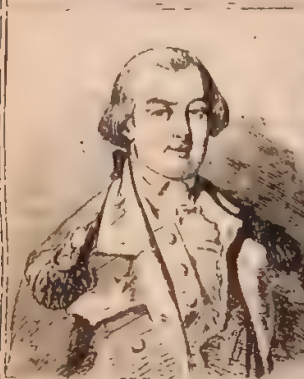
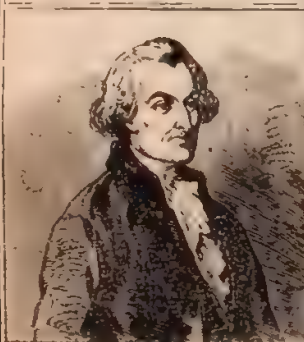
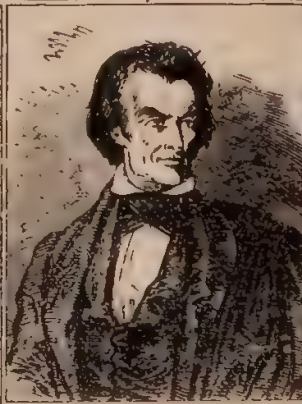
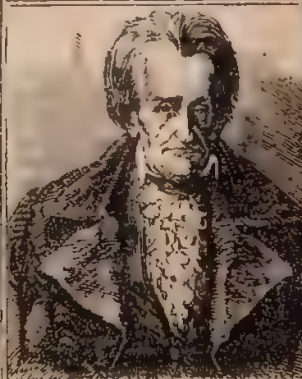
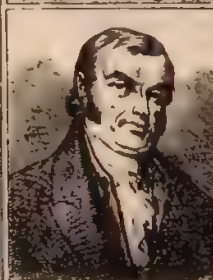
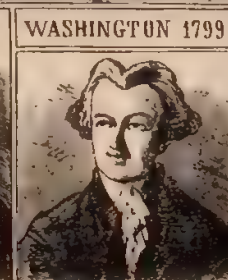
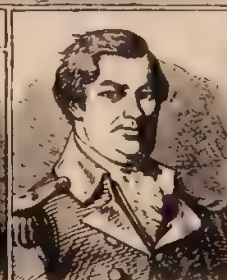
## BARON HUMBOLDT.

Frederick Henry Alexander Humboldt, whose death recently occurred, was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769. He was educated with a view to employment in the direction of the government mines. In 1792 he was appointed assessor to the Mining Board, a post which he shortly exchanged for that of a Director of the works at Baireuth. In 1795 he relinquished those duties for the purpose of pursuing the study of chemistry, botany, geology and galvanism, the last of these a new science. After preparing his mind for these studies, he made a journey with Hatler to Northern Italy to study the volcanic theory of rocks in the mountains of that district, and in 1797 started for Naples with Bach for a similar purpose. Being com-

in March, 1801, for Carthagena, in order to proceed thence to Panama. The season being unfavorable they remained at Bogota until September, when they crossed the Cordillera de Quindin, and reached Quito the 6th of January, 1802. They spent eight months in exploring the valley of Quito. On the 23d of June, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than that which had hitherto been ascended. Humboldt next crossed the high chain of the Andes to the Pacific, passing thence through Lower Peru to Lima. In January, 1803, he sailed for Mexico, visited its chief cities, and departed for Valladolid, traversed the province of Mechracan, and reaching the Pacific coast near Jorullo, returned to Mexico, where he stayed some months. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havana from Vera Cruz, remained there a short time, went thence to Philadelphia, where he remained two months, and finally returned to Europe, landing at Havre in August, 1804, richer in collections of objects, but especially in observations on the great field of natural sciences, in botany, zoology, geology, geography, statistics and ethnography, than any preceding traveller. He took up his residence at Paris in order to prepare the results of his researches for the public eye, where

rapid. Keeping pace with the progress of every branch of investigation, his advancing years beheld such an accumulation of knowledge as filled the world with amazement, while his powers of systematic arrangement and of scientific deduction never failed. At last he read the great book of creation, not by fragments, but as a grand and harmonious whole. And although he leaves behind him none in the world, and but one in the new, who can claim to rival the extinction of her greatest luminary. He laid the pulse which it received from his hand, and the world for it to fail of completion. The work will go on without him, but the world will never forget to name the first half of the nineteenth century as the age of Humboldt.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The greatest men have not always the best heads. Many indiscretions may be pardoned to a brilliant and ardent imagination. The prudence and discretion of a cold heart are not worth half so much as the fire of an ardent mind.

DANIEL CLAY  
Secrétaire des Etats-Unis.NATHANIEL GREEN  
Général de l'Armée des Etats-Unis.JOHN JAY  
Membre du Congrès des Etats-Unis.JOHN CALHOUN  
Secrétaire des Etats-Unis.ANDREW JACKSON  
Président 1829 à 1837BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
Président de la Pennsylvanie 1790JOHN MANHAL  
Ministre de la JusticeWARREN  
Docteur à la Banker-Hill.KNOX  
Général Américain.MARIE-ANTOINETTE REINE  
DE FRANCE, CHARLES-LOUIS DE FRANCE.

action fatal so far as their personal fortunes were concerned. The full-length portraits of Washington in civil and military costumes, are unsatisfactory, though based on American authorities. The heads of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and Green are better, though lacking in character and expression. That of Benjamin Franklin, "President of Pennsylvania," is recognizable, as are the heads of Knox and John Jay. "John Manhal, Minister of Justice," are a name and office unfamiliar to us. The "doctor killed at Bunker Hill" is styled "Warren," a natural mistake in French, whose alphabet does not embrace the letter W. We cannot conscientiously declare that the French artist has immortalized himself in his delineations of Daniel Webster and of James Knox Polk. His head of John Adam (?), President of the United States, is better than his likeness of John "Quency" Adams. The lower line contains the portraits of "Alex. Hamilton, Minister of Finance" (Secretary of the Treasury), John Paul Jones, an *Inconnu*, or unknown (we are sure we don't know who is meant), James Madison and Thomas Jefferson. It is unfair, however, to criticize a production honestly intended to be complimentary, and the mistakes of which probably arise from catch-penny American publications having been taken

pelled to relinquish his plan on account of the war, he went to Paris, where he met with a most friendly reception, and made the acquaintance of Bonpland, just appointed naturalist to Baudin's expedition, but the war compelled the postponement of the project. He then resolved to travel in North Africa, and with Bonpland, had reached Marseilles for embarkation, when the events of the times again thwarted his intention. The travellers now turned to Spain, where Humboldt was encouraged by the government to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. On the 4th of June, 1799, Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna, and on the 19th landed at Santa Cruz, Tenerife. They ascended the peak and collected a number of new observations in the natural history of the island. They then crossed the ocean and landed near Cumana on the 16th of July. They spent eighteen months in examining the territory of Venezuela, reached Caracas in February, 1800. They left the seacoast near Puerto Cabello for the Orinoco, on which they embarked in canoes and proceeded to the extreme Spanish post, Fort San Carlos, and returned to Cumana after having travelled thousands of miles through an uninhabited wilderness. They then went to Havana where they stayed seven months and sailed

he began his series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay Lussac, and England in 1826, he returned and took up his residence in Berlin, where he enjoyed the personal favor and most intimate society of the sovereign, was made Counsellor of State, and entrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829 he visited Siberia and the Caspian Sea in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. The travellers accomplished a distance of 2142 geographical miles to the Chinese frontier. The activity of naturalists is commonly directed either to accumulate rich materials in observations, or to combine such observations in a systematic manner, so as to derive from their diversity one rational whole. He was most popularly known by his "Cosmos," written in the evening of his life. He died in Berlin, on Friday, the 6th of May, at the great age of 89 years.

History will scarcely furnish us a parallel to the vast extent and range of the acquisitions of Humboldt. Few scientific men have spent so long a life in the study of nature, none have labored with more persevering energy to the very end, and it fell to the lot of none of those who preceded him to live in an age when the development of science was so universal and

## CURIOUS FRENCH PORTRAITS

## PROFITS OF MISFORTUNE.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seem at the moment an unpayable loss, and unpayable. The loss of a dear friend, wife, brother, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide to genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in the way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy, of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living, and allows the foundations of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or restrains the formation of new acquaintances, that prove of the first importance to the next years, and the man or woman who would have remained only a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and no much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the wall of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to a wide neighborhood of men.—*Emerson.*

Never travel without a Pocket-Companion. Well-filled pocket-book is the best.



WOODEN AND IRON VESSELS.

An important advantage in the employment of iron for steam vessels, arises from the nature of the motive power employed,—unusual strains being usually at work tending to destroy water-tight joints and fastenings, at all events in the neighborhood of the machinery. Hence we find wooden steam vessels not so durable as wooden sailing vessels, whilst iron ships appear, where well rivetted in the first instance, to be as little liable to leaks or open joints when propelled by steam as when sails only are employed. Besides this, the fine lines and beautiful model that can be obtained with iron, especially at the stern-post and cutwater, makes this material far more efficient for propellers than wood can possibly be, and this is no doubt the reason why many propellers are so slow and unsatisfactory. The heavy timber stern-post through which an engine shaft fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter has to revolve, abstracts from the surface of the propeller the same breadth across its whole diameter, and carries behind it a wave of water, which, moving at nearly the same speed as the vessel, leaves only a very small proportion of the sectional area of the circle described by the propeller blades really efficient for the propulsion of the vessel, and hence it was

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

There is now residing in Waltham and in the towns in its immediate vicinity, a family which, taking into consideration both the numbers of which it is composed and the ages which they have acquired, presents an instance seldom equalled in the annals of longevity. They are the children of Wm. Wellington, who, in the more juvenile days of Waltham, was for seventeen years one of its selectmen, and whose homestead, which still remains in the possession of the family, being now occupied by one of his sons, is located in Trapelo. The names, ages, and places of residence of the family are as follows:

William, aged 89 years, now living in Lexington. David, aged 87 years, now living in Lexington. Abraham, aged 85 years, now living in Waltham. Mary, married Phineas Lawrence, of Lexington; died in 1850, aged 74. Mr. Lawrence is still living, aged 84 years. Isaac, died (drowned) in 1798 aged 20 years. At the time of his death he was a member of the Senior class of Harvard University. Charles, aged 79 years, graduated at Harvard College in 1802, and is now pastor of the Unitarian Church at Templeton. Alice, aged 77 years, wife of Jonas Clark, now living in Waltham. Mr. Clark is also living, aged 82 years,

THE BATTLE OF THE CRAHS.

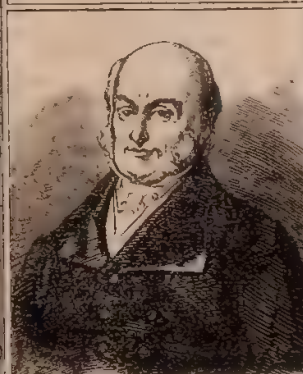
Selecting them nearly equal in size, I dropped them, "naked as their mother bore them," into a glass vase of sea-water. They did not seem comfortable, and carefully avoided each other. I then placed one of the empty shells (first breaking off its spiral point) between them, and at once the contest commenced. One made direct for the shell, poked into it an inquiring claw, and having satisfied his cautious mind that all was safe, slipped his tail in with ludicrous agility, and fastening on by his hooks, scuttled away, rejoicing. He was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonorable intentions; and they both walked round and round the vase, eyeing each other with settled malignity—like Charles Kean and Wigan in the famous duel of the "Corsican Brothers." No words of mine can describe our shouts of laughter at the ludicrous combat—one combatant, uneasy about his unprotected rear, the other sublimely awkward in his borrowed armor. For the sake of distinctness, I will take a liberty with two actors' names, and continue to designate our two crabs as Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan. C. K., although the blacker, larger and stronger of the two, was at the disadvantage of being out of the shell, and was slow

was droll to see Kean clutching the shell, vainly waiting for the stranger to protrude enough of his body to permit of a good grasp and a tug; but the stranger knew better. He must have been worn out at last, however, for although I did not witness the feat, an hour afterwards, when I looked at them, I saw Kean comfortably in the stranger's house. I changed them again; but again the usurpation was successful. On the third day I find recorded in my journal: "The crabs have been fighting and changing their abodes continually. C. K. is the terror of the other two, and Wigan is so subdued by constant defeats that he is thrown into a fluster if even an empty shell is placed near him; and although without a shell himself, which must make him very cold and comfortless in the terminal regions, he is afraid to enter an empty one. The terrors of the last two days have been too much for his nerves: one must almost question his perfect sanity; he is not only beside his shell, but beside himself. The approach of C. K. throws him into a trepidation, which expresses itself into the most grotesque efforts at escape."

I tried a new experiment. Throwing a good-sized whelk into the vase, I waited to see Kean devour the whelk in order to appropriate his shell; for the house



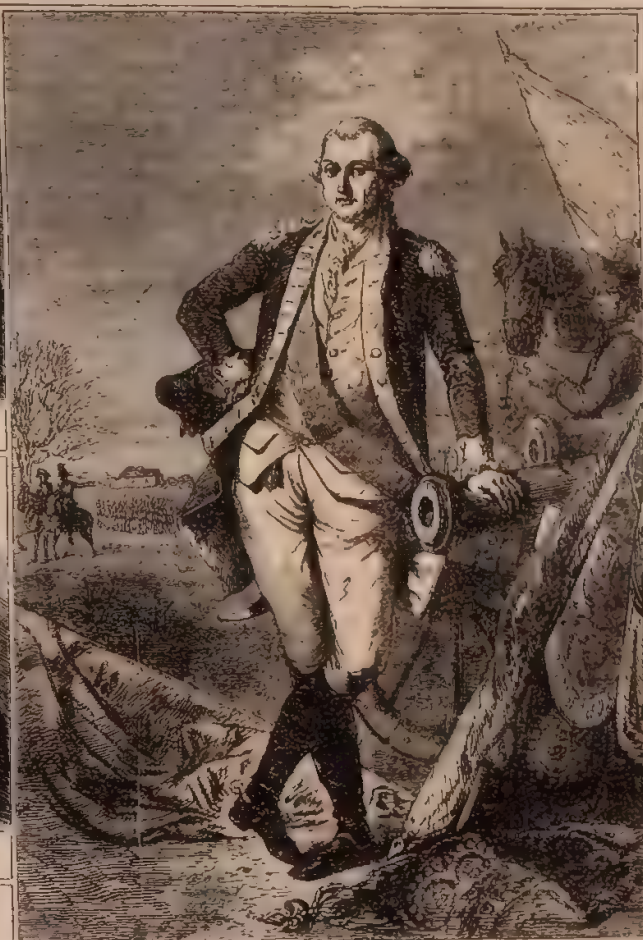
DANIEL WEBSTER,  
Secrétaire des Etats-Unis.



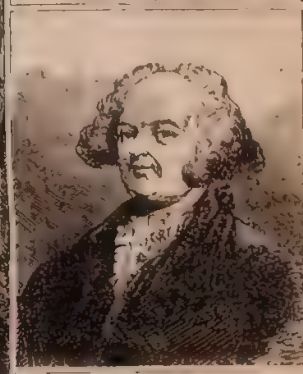
JOHN QUENCY ADAMS  
Président de 1825 à 1829.



ALEX. HAMILTON,  
Ministre des Finances.



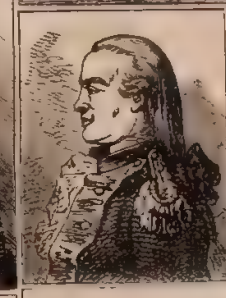
JAMES KNOX POLK  
Président, 1845 à 1849



JOHN A. VAN BUREN  
Président, 1837 à 1841



THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Président, 1801 à 1809



JOHN PAUL JONES



INCONNU



JAMES MADISON  
Président 1836

FRANCE, MARIE-THERÈSE-CHARLOTTE  
FRANCE, LOUIS-JOSEPH-XAVIER - F. 1815  
FRANCE,

OF AMERICAN CHARACTERS.

that as long as the screw was buried in the dead wood of the vessel the speed obtained was low, and the performance not equal to paddle wheels. In iron vessels the stern-post and rudder-post, not more than two inches wide, the necessary strength being obtained longitudinally of the vessel, are forged together in the shape of a frame, within which the propeller blades revolve, and where the shaft passes through the stern-post, a circular boss or projection is forged on to the shaft, which being in front of the central boss of the propeller, abstracts nothing from the propelling area of the screw, and leaves the whole diameter of the blades revolving in comparatively still water. The shape of the stern is now a matter of much more importance with the screw than it was with paddles; with the latter the formation of a wave behind the vessel was merely a loss of power, with the propellers that wave destroys the resistance that the engines oppose to the water and makes the screw comparatively useless,—and hence it was that in some of the earlier propellers, when under canvass, the vessel would absolutely drag her screw through the water, the wave behind them moving as fast or faster than the pitch of the screw.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

They are, probably, the oldest living married couple in Waltham. Betsy, aged 75 years, widow of Isaac Child, now living in Lexington. Seth, aged 73 years, now living in Waltham. Sybil, aged 71 years, widow of Loring Peirce, now living in Lexington. Marshall, aged 69 years, now living in Lexington. Darius, aged 65 years, now living on the old homestead in Waltham. Almira, aged 63 years, wife of Francis Bowman, now living in North Cambridge. Thus it will be seen that of a family of thirteen children, eleven are now living, whose ages range from 63 to 89 years. Of the two deceased, one died a natural death at the age of 74 years; the other being accidentally drowned. Three brothers, the oldest of the family, have attained an aggregate of 262 years. The combined ages of the eleven living members of the family, amount to 837 years, being an average of over 76 years to each person. Truly, this is an instance of longevity of which we may in vain look for a parallel. —Waltham Sentinel.

A true poet is nearly certain to be abused by savage critics. If, like Prometheus, he steals fire from heaven, he will have more vultures tearing his liver than the brave old giant had.

in coming to close quarters; at last, after many hesitations, approaches and retreats, he made a rush behind, seized the shell in his powerful grasp, while with his huge claw he hauled Wigan out, flung his discomfited rival aside, and popped his tail into the shell. Wigan looked piteous for a few moments, but soon, his "soul in arms and eager for the shell," he rushed upon his foe; and then came the tug of crabs. C. K. had too firm a hold; he could not be dislodged. I poked his tender tail, which was exposed through the broken shell, and he vacated, leaving Wigan once more in possession. But not long. Once more Wigan was clutched, hauled out and flung away. I then placed a smaller shell, but perfect, in the vase. Kean placed at once quitted his dilapidated roof, and ensconced himself in this more modest cottage, leaving Wigan to make himself comfortable in the ruin; which he did.

The fun was not over yet. I placed a third hermit-crab in the vase. He was much smaller than the other two. But his shell was larger than the one in which Kean had settled, as that unscrupulous crab quickly perceived, for he set about bullying the stranger, who, however, had a shell large enough to admit his whole body, and into it he withdrew. It

he last stole, though better than the previous houses, by no means suited him. Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Crustacea," conjectures that the hermit-crab often eats the mollusc in whose shell he is found; a conjecture adopted by subsequent writers, although Mr. Bell owns that he never witnessed the fact. My observation flatly contradicted the conjecture. Kean clutched the shell at once, and poked in his interrogatory claw, which, touching the operculum of the whelk, made that animal withdraw and leave an empty space, into which Kean popped his tail. In a few minutes the whelk, tired of this confinement, began to protrude himself, and in doing so gently pushed C. K. before him. In vain did the intruder, feeling himself slipping, cling fiercely to the shell; with slow but irresistible pressure the mollusc ejected him. This was repeated several times, till at length C. K. gave up in despair, and contented himself with his former shell. —G. H. Lewis's "Sea-side Studies."

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....\$2 50  
One copy, two years.....4 00  
Five copies, one year.....20 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-to-up of the club).....20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The number of contributions we receive renders it impossible to state whether an article is accepted or not.

II D. Weston.—We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.  
L. S. Onton.—Binding of Pictorial \$1 a volume. The drawing pencils are about \$1 a dozen.  
E. M. V. Flu-bing, L. 1.—The line

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," occurs in Nat. Lee's tragedy of Alexander the Great. This couplet,

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss  
Of paradise that has survived the fall,"

is by Cooper, and may be found in his "Task."  
"MECHANIC, East Boston.—Steam ferry boats, with rudders at each end, and the necessary accompaniment, are the floating bridges at ferries, which rise and fall with the tide, aided by counterbalancing weights on shore, are the invention of Robert Fulton. The spring piles now used to deaden the force of the blow as the boat approaches the ferry, and to direct her course aright, are due to Robert L. Stevens, who introduced them in 1822.

VORAGER.—Schubert Cabot sailed from Bristol in the beginning of May, 1497, with one large ship and three or four smaller ones, and an ancient Bristol manuscript records the fact that, "In the year 1497, the 24th of June, or St. John's day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called the Matthew."

B. M.—A serpent making a complete ring is, in ancient sculpture, the emblem of eternity. The serpent has been regarded as the attribute of health, on account of its changing its skin every year and entering, as it were, on a new life, as we do on recovering from illness. On ancient medals, Hygieia, the Goddess of Health, is represented holding a serpent in her hand. A serpent on an altar is also symbolical of health. Eury is frequently represented by a female figure with a serpent girding her bosom. A tripod with a serpent on it is emblematical of the oracle of Delphi, and a serpent in circular coils is the symbol of reflection.

R. F. Gloucester, Mass.—Your dwarf pear-trees are probably not set deep enough. The point of junction between the scion and the stock should be set two inches below the surface of the soil; and, moreover, no crude manure should come in contact with roots.

## UNITED STATES AND THE WAR.

This country, at the present moment, has nothing to fear or lose by the present belligerent aspect of matters abroad. Indeed, as far as we can see, the effect will be pecuniarily beneficial to us at the outset and for a considerable period, and unless England is necessarily involved in the active struggle, there can be no evil result to this country. But should Great Britain draw the sword and actually go to war with France, then it would be a matter of serious import to us, and our sympathies would of course be on the side of the mother country.

The Russian treaty with France makes it extremely probable that England will by-and-by become involved in the struggle, for though this treaty has been doubted and even partially denied, still it exists. The admission made that there exists a written engagement between Russia and France, is enough, while the assertion that it contains nothing constituting a hostile alliance against Europe is not to be depended upon. This secret engagement may at any time be transformed into an alliance offensive and defensive. The movement of the Russians to hold the other German nations in check by marching an army of observation towards them while Napoleon is whipping the Austrians, shows that the latter power enters thoroughly into the war on the side of the French, and in the revival of the map of Europe, which this war is intended to accomplish, Russia may be awarded the Danubian principalities and possibly also Dalmatia and Constantinople.

It will be at this stage of the question, after Austria has been beaten and compelled to accept such terms as the allies may dictate, that the peril of England, and that of the United States also, will commence. The allies will probably feel strong enough to ignore England in making a new map of the continent, but England can never consent for France and Russia to despoil Austria and Turkey to add to their already gigantic strength, nor will she even consent that Italy shall become a dependency of France and completely subordinate to that empire. But her protestations can be expected to avail little or nothing, and in the last resort the only move left her will be to make the best alliances she can on the continent, by taking the lead in a liberal movement for the overthrow of all despotic governments found there.

England would need our aid rather than that we should grow rich on her misfortunes and losses, and the continental cruisers would not know an American from an English merchant

vessel. Our carrying trade would be so mingled with that of England that the distinguishing flag would be no protection, and within sixty days we should be in great danger of being entangled inextricably with the belligerents. This danger is yet in the distance, but it is in sight, and we must not overlook it in our calculations of the future. Under these circumstances it should be the policy of our government to be at least prepared for the worst; all our available naval resources should be improved, and every national vessel put in commission without regard to expense, as prevention is after all the cheapest policy in the world.

## JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

He was a rich man, rich in money and landed possessions, that is; but all his wealth did not bring him an increase of happiness or even physical enjoyments, for we are told that he was wretchedly anxious, all day long and half the night, lest some unfaithful agent should swindle him out of a few paltry dollars. He paid dearly for the possession of his enormous wealth. Mr. George B. Smith, now deceased, was for many years agent for Mr. Astor, chiefly employed in the collection of his rents, for which service Mr. Astor paid him \$3000 a year. He collected \$160,000 a quarter of rents alone, and these were a small part of his property; Mr. Astor at the time of his death was worth \$21,000,000. By his will, he gave his son, William B. Astor, \$15,000,000, a part of which was the Astor House. The remainder of his property he gave away in legacies to different persons. From the time of Mr. Astor's decease his son must have laid up \$1,000,000 a year—for he was then rich, independently of what his father gave him, and is now doubtless worth \$25,000,000! Mr. Astor was six months bedridden, and during all that time gave orders daily to Mr. Smith. He went once every day to see Mr. Astor, and William visited his father twice a day. Mr. Smith's habit was to go into the sick room and quietly take a chair and sit down by the bedside. If Mr. Astor's eyes were shut, he would sit about ten minutes, and if he still remained so, he would quietly leave the room. If Mr. Astor was awake, Mr. S. would tell him what he had done, and Mr. Astor would give him directions to govern him until the next visit. At one time Mr. Smith was appointed president of the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank, and Mr. Astor immediately sent for him. He told him that he could not be president of that bank and attend at the same time to his business; and that he must resign, which he did. Smith should have done no such thing; he had become necessary to Mr. Astor, and could have made his own terms and maintained his independence.

## SHIP BUILDING.

American built ships and steamers sustain a very high reputation abroad, and many of the finest vessels in the commerce of Europe were the product of mechanical genius in this country. A noble steamship called the "General Admiral" has just been completed in New York to fill an order from the Russian government. The papers of that city pronounce her to be the finest vessel of her class ever produced in Europe or America, and out of the princely sum paid for her by the Russian government, the builder, W. H. Webb, Esq., will clear two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a very snug and pretty little sum! The fact that we can build the fastest and the best sailing vessels in the world has long been conceded, and now our mechanics are proving that we are equally competent in regard to steamships. This is an important concession on the part of the old world, and must be the means of turning millions of money towards our shores that could never find its way here by any other channel of commerce. Ship building, in New England, has been rather overdone in the last two or three years, but we are told that it is now reviving again, and with a legitimate prospect of ample success.

## THE CIRCUS CLOWN.

We chanced in a few evenings since to the big tent pitched upon the grounds of the Public Garden, and witnessed the performance of a largely advertised circus company. With one exception the troupe was a very meagre one, and the entertainment below mediocrity; but the purpose we have in referring to the matter at all is to speak of the clown. The individual who filled this part on the occasion alluded to, seemed

to think that vulgarity was the true essence of wit, and he gave the audience a dose indeed. One does not look for refinement in these exhibitions of the ring, but decency, at least, should be regarded. Those who were present a few evenings since, will hardly be inclined to take a wife or daughter to such a place again. The calliope, or steam organ, discoursed very creditable music, and is an expensive affair, costing over \$2000; but the listener should be posted something less than a league off, in order to enjoy the sounds without running the risk of losing his natural powers of hearing forever.

## ALESSANDRIA.

This place, the rendezvous of the Sardinian army, whither the king has gone to take command, is probably destined to play an important part in the coming war. It is a fortified city near the eastern frontier of Piedmont, whose guns bristle towards the Austrian territory. It stands in the midst of a sterile plain. It is the great stronghold of Piedmont, and is to the Sardinians what Gibraltar is to the English, or Sebastopol was to the Russians. During the reign of the French in Italy, the formidable fortifications made it one of the strongest places in Europe, but these were subsequently demolished, leaving only the citadel. Within the past few years workmen have been busy in reconstructing them, in anticipation of the events now at hand. In the surrounding plain, two miles distant, is Napoleon's celebrated battle-field of Marengo. Alessandria is garrisoned with several thousand troops, and being connected with Turin and Genoa by railway, any number can readily be concentrated there.

THE "TREBLE FORTE" STOP.—A new and admirable improvement has just been effected in the Melodeons of Mason & Hamlin, of this city. It consists in the "Treble Forte" stop, or a stop by means of which the treble part of the instrument may be increased in power, while the bass remains subdued. Its effect is to make the treble louder, and hence the name—"treble forte." The advantage of this stop is found in the performance of solo passages, where it is desirable that prominence should be given to the treble notes. The house of Mason & Hamlin has received since 1856, for best Melodeons and Harmoniums, no less than twenty gold and silver medals and diplomas from various State fairs and societies throughout the country. Messrs. M. & H. publish an illustrated catalogue descriptive of their various instruments for parlors and churches, which they are happy to send to any address. Application must be made to "Mason & Hamlin, Boston, Mass."

PAROCHIAL LIBERALITY.—One of the city pastors of Philadelphia having been obliged, through ill health, to desist from a time from his public labors, was lately waited upon by a member of his church, and proffered three thousand dollars in a check, for the purpose of defraying his expenses to Europe for six months.

LAST WORDS OF BISHOP DOANE.—A correspondent of the Burlington Gazette gives the following as the last words of Bishop Doane: "I die in the faith of the Son of God, and the confidence of His One Catholic Church. I have no merits—no man has; but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus."

EDUCATIONAL.—We invite the attention of our readers, especially those interested in the subject of Education, to the advertisement, in another column, of a new work by Ex-Governor Boutwell, entitled, "Thoughts upon Educational Topics and Institutions."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A South Carolina court has compelled an unwilling fellow to pay for the support of a woman to whom he was married for a joke by a sham magistrate, the lady, however, taking it all in sober earnest.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down hill too fast.

QUITE LACONIC.—A man writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, abbreviates the name of that town "11 worth."

## DULL MEN.

Blossings be on dull men—we do not mean the dull men who wont talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example; one of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you, in the meantime, compose yourself in your arm chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No, sure?" twice or so; "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which made up of medical materials, would come to a crown at least. From two till half past two, he is himself somewhat silent, his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more he looks at his watch and remarks that "It's time to go," that is, he perceives that you are supersaturated with sleep; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "good night." He goes home happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence; you stumble up to your chamber with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy meetings of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as we have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut, for a

"Blessing goes with him whereso'er he goes,"  
—the blessing of sleep.

AN INDIAN PRESIDENT.—Juarez, the constitution President of Mexico, was born 53 years ago, in a mountainous district of Southern Mexico, and is by blood a pure Indian. His father raised a few sheep and cattle, and gained a scanty subsistence by the sale of their skins. At 12 years of age the young Juarez ran off to attend a fair, and being afraid or ashamed to return, he hired himself to a mule-driver, from whose service he passed into the service of a wealthy Spaniard, who, pleased at his intelligence, caused him to be taught to read and write. Still retaining the favor of his employer, he was sent to the College of Oaxaca, and having chosen the profession of the law, which the revolution had opened to men of his caste, he rose rapidly to the head of his profession, and with the triumph of Alvarez was made Chief Justice, from which post he passed to that of the presidency.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.—This army is composed of twenty regiments of the line, with complete complements, 60,000 men that is: twelve battalions of chasseurs, 9600 men; a regiment of engineers; two of artillery, from 7000 to 8000 men; nine regiments of cavalry, 4500 horses, and a strong transport regiment. The commissary department, also the commissary of stores department, and the intelligence department, are all admirably organized.

MORE ANNEXATION.—The English have taken possession of another island in the Red Sea, which they claim to have purchased from the Arab Sheik. The name of the last acquisition is Kramakan. It lies north of Perim, near the Arabian shore, and is said to be almost wholly surrounded by submarine banks, rendering it easy of defence.

OLD FRIENDS THE BEST!—The best miscellaneous family paper published in the United States is *The Flag of our Union*, original from head-line to imprint, fresh and bright in every issue. Four cents per copy everywhere.

WHAT A PLACE.—Lodgings are so scarce in Australia, that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone.

ECONOMICAL.—An epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken,—himself and the chicken!

WHOLESOME ADVICE.—If you'd look spruce in your old age, don't pine in your youth.



## LIFE IN TOWN.

What glorious weather we have lately enjoyed, and how it has peopled our streets with ladies in the light gay dress of summer! Female pedestrianism is in its glory, plain gentlemen can hardly get along at all in our principal thoroughfares. O, the crowd of beauties in extended skirts! The dry goods stores are thronged, and the clerks over busy behind the counters. Can the husbands of these dear creatures make money fast enough in State Street, to supply the sums that are lavished in Washington, Summer and Winter Street? The Common is turned into a universal nursery ground, and the number of light infantry paraded there all day long, beats the French and Austrian armies all hollow in point of numerical force. How green the leaves are, how neat and clean the walks, how pretty the array of children, and how this early summer smiles upon and blesses all human nature! How glad the vegetation looks, and how gloriously blue is all out doors! Who cares whether school keeps or not, with this delicious atmosphere breathing all the while, the sun so cloudless, the sky so ethereal, the hum of busy life so exultant, sweet girlish faces so wreathed in smiles all along the pave? Even the half crazy newsboys pitch their cries a note or two higher, and offer their varieties with an oriental indifference. War in Europe, is there? Who's afraid? O, O!

See, yonder individual is from the country, and as he passes along with his hands buried in his pockets, and mouth slightly distended, he drinks in of the novel scene in quiet amazement, pauses at each shop window to take an inventory of the gaily arrayed stock, and now steps off the walk to make room for a bevy of laughing girls, at whose amazing size (crinoline) he fairly starts back in wonder. Presto! he springs back again to avoid that gay equipage that dashes by, and marks the glossy coats of the blood horses, and wonders how the fellow on the coach seat can afford to dress so well. It's all right, my good man, his clothes are a part of the "establishment." See how the bright buttons of the policemen dazzle his eyes; he invests the wearers with immense importance, and regards them with profound respect. Hallo! It rains again!

## HOW THE BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE.

Professor Brewer, of Washington College, Pa., communicates to the American Journal of Science and Arts the result of some experiments made by him on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds that they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day the vine is attracted towards the light; but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learns, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

**DEATH OF A NOTED PAINTER.**—The name of C. A. Leslie, the famous painter, is added to the list of recent deaths abroad. He was born in England in 1794, of American parents, received his education in Philadelphia, and returned to London at the age of 16. He was a pupil of Benjamin West and Washington Allston, and has long occupied a prominent position among noted artists.

**EXPENSIVE.**—A mansion house is being erected on the estate at East Medford, Mass., formerly owned by the late Peter C. Brooks, and now the property of his son, which will cost, it is estimated, not less than \$200,000.

**A BIT OF HISTORY.**—Antiquarians say that an old negro at Cape Cod, whenever his master required anything of him, would exclaim: "Massa choose it." Thence, in time, the name of Massachusetts.

**COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.**—M. Niepoe de St. Victor has communicated to the Academy of Sciences (Paris) a process for obtaining photographs of a red, green, violet, or blue color.

**SHIPPING FOR FRANCE.**—Viscount de Treillard, acting French Charge, is now in Baltimore, making contracts for clipper ships for France.

## ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

As all our readers know, our English friends have just passed through the excitement of a parliament election. How they manage things in the "old country" is very happily shown in the "Pickwick Papers." The doings at Dover at the late election were quite as spicy as any of the Ectanswill proceedings. On the day before the nomination or ceremony which precedes the polling, and which, when there is no opposition, constitutes the election, Mr. Bernal Osborne, one of the Whig candidates, was informed that a French nobleman wished to see him. The Comte de Paris was ushered in. The youthful wearer of a *de jure* French crown that may, one day, be a crown *de facto*, was anxious, among his other studies of English institutions, to profit by the experience of an English election, and asked Mr. Osborne leave to attend on the hustings.

Of course, it was decidedly given, and the count made his appearance duly at 11 on the day of nomination, intending to return to his residence by the afternoon train at 2. But from the hour of nomination till the moment fixed for his departure, the ground before the hustings was one grand arena of innumerable prize-fights. The "other party," of course, had brought down a party of prize-fighters from London, and it somehow happened that they found Osbornian "roughs" ready to have it out with them. The count, after patiently waiting through three hours of "le bore," in the vain hope that the speeches were going to begin, politely intimated to Mr. Osborne that he had now seen quite enough of English election proceedings, and took his departure, no doubt much edified by the striking proofs of British freedom which he had just witnessed.

It is said that Mr. Osborne declares that Admiral Sir H. Leeke and Mr. Nicol, by whom he and his friend, Sir W. Russell, were beaten, showed great tact in their nightly proceedings before the polling day,—hiring the theatre, where they regularly took their seats in the boxes, surrounded by their supporters, with an unlimited "tap" of gin and water going, and a popular comic singer to fill up the intervals of the brief oratorical performances of the gallant admiral and his brother candidate. After all, this was only fighting Mr. Osborne with his own weapons, comic singing against comic speaking, both no doubt, very "spicy" of their kind.

**"THE PAST AND PRESENT."**—This is the title of a large sized lithograph, drawn by F. D'Avignon, and published by Elliott & White, 322 Washington Street. It represents a young girl sitting at her mother's feet, the figures beautifully grouped, the faces charming and expressive. But it is not so much the design, by an English female artist, to which we desire to call attention, as to the admirable handling and execution of D'Avignon's drawing on stone. If so fine a lithograph has been executed in this country before, it has not been our good fortune to see it. The texture of the flesh is admirable, and the gradation of tints only to be equalled by a painting. The drapery is handled with great grace and vigor, and the group is molded into life-like salience. Whether examined in detail or in general effect, it is a brilliant work of art.

**AN ANIMAL PAINTER.**—Mr. Richard Ansdale, a successful English artist, is coming to this country to study the buffaloes on our western prairies. He might easily meet with a brush among the Indians, which might not prove *palette-able*, but he will probably canvass the chances before coming.

**AGASSIZ AND HUMBOLDT.**—The eulogy on Humboldt, delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, was worthy of the subject and the speaker—both men in the world of science.

**THE ATLANTIC CABLE.**—Cyrus W. Field has gone to Europe, not to try to fish up the old cable, but to see if he can't get money enough to lay a new one. Plucky, that.

**CHURCH'S LANDSCAPE.**—Church's great picture, the "Heart of the Andes," has gone to Europe. We shall be much mistaken if the English critics do not pronounce it a master-piece.

**BINDING.**—Book-binding of every description done at this office, magazines, sheet music, old books re-bound and made as good as when new. Returned in one week.

## Mayside Gatherings.

The clay pipe trade of Appomattox county, Va., last year, is said to have reached the sum of \$30,000.

A number of the leading batters of New Orleans have signed a mutual agreement to close their stores on the Sabbath.

The Philadelphia authorities are carrying on a relentless war of extermination against all unmuzzled dogs.

The Cincinnatians are determined on city railroads. Five companies have applied to the City Council for the privilege of laying tracks in the streets.

Josiah Bradley, Esq., of Boston, with his accustomed liberality, has recently given \$5000 to the "Old Ladies' Home," in Charles Street, in this city.

Philadelphians will be obliged this summer to rely on the Boston market for their ice, the supply (1000 tons) cut from the Schuylkill River having been exhausted long ago.

Five men at the Middleboro' Steam Mill, Mass., make 40,000 spoons a day, from small white birch poles, for which the company pay one cent for eight feet.

Genio C. Scott says that the sweeping machines of the Broadway sidewalks, are "thirty yards of eight dollar silk, mounted on a reticulated frame of whalebone and steel."

A project is on foot in Providence to build a railroad between that city and Thompson, Conn., meeting the Boston and New York Railroad at that point. The distance is nearly thirty miles.

In 1821, there were 193 military companies in Connecticut, averaging 75 men each. There are only 35 companies at the present time, with an average of about 40 men each.

The New York Anti-Renters, having been defeated at the Court of Appeals, now declare they shall appeal to the people, and commence an organized opposition, in other words a rebellion.

The sea serpent was seen recently by some Gay Head Indians, who were codfishing off Norman's Land. The Indians were very much frightened, and instead of chasing him, he chased them.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times says two horses have recently died in France, aged 40 and 45 years—and the latter could trot nine miles an hour within a year of his death.

Amongst the prudent things done by the New York Legislature was the passage of an act to provide against unsafe buildings in the city of New York, by requiring substantial foundations and a proper thickness of the walls.

Mr. Wheeler Green of Ashley Falls, Mass., who has attained the mature age of over 100 years, was recently married to a Mrs. Schemmerhorn, of Norfolk, who has also arrived at the respectable age of eighty years.

The 200th anniversary of the settlement of Hadley, Mass., will be celebrated in a public manner, July 8th. An oration by Prof. Huntington, of Cambridge, will constitute a prominent feature in the literary exercises.

A German woman in Saginaw, Michigan, lately invited a party of friends to dinner, and, having entertained them a little time in the parlor, asked to be excused for a moment. She went directly to her room, took arsenic, laid herself down, and died.

Animalcules have been discovered so small that one million could not exceed a grain of sand, and five hundred millions would sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood-vessels, nerves, circulating fluids, etc., like large animals.

A French philosopher predicts that the cholera will sweep through Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Central America, next season, with depopulating malignity; but a learned Frenchman has not the gift of prophecy any more than a "learned pig" has.

The curious nomenclature of the towns in Western New York, was never more ludicrously exemplified, than by the announcement that Governor Morgan has vetoed a bill annexing Italy to Naples, such being the names of two townships in the counties of Yates and Ontario.

A man in Canada, feeling ill, sent his wife to the village shop for some salts and senna. Instead of salts, *alum* was sent; the unfortunate man mixed the drugs, drank nearly the contents of a tumbler, was taken very ill, and died shortly after.

It is expected that the disbursement of Oliver Smith's charitable bequests to the towns of Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Williamsburg, Greenfield, Deerfield and Whately, will commence within a year. About \$30,000 will be distributed among these towns. The fund now amounts to \$705,935.

Several American trappers in northern Minnesota lately came upon a temporary Indian encampment, and were kindly received at first; but the "fire water" circulating too freely, one of the Indians became inhospitable, and went in for scalps, when the chief of the tribe quietly tomahawked him, restoring them to good feeling.

A French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.—*Chesterfield*.

.... He that is not aware of his ignorance, will be only misled by his knowledge.—*Whately*.

.... Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.—*Bacon*.

.... They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink.—*Queen Elizabeth*.

.... Without earnestness I know no jest; but earnestness itself is original and independent of jest.—*Richter*.

.... The greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice; and her constant companion is Humility.—*Bulter*.

.... Learning dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—*Copier*.

.... Methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.—*Wycherley*.

.... Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Walpole*.

.... No men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward.—*Dickens*.

.... Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follows it.—*Franklin*.

.... If a man all his life-long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think that this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educate thy child well.—*Luther*.

.... An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men nor better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson, and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more.—*Balcanquhall*.

.... If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool; for who shall know his understanding? Therefore a certain philosopher said well, Speak, that thou mayest be known; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle; but they who have learning should speak aloud.—*Vanbrugh*.

## Joker's Budget.

We suppose there can be no disputing the fact that the first Arctic expedition was got up by Noul.

A common domestic clock, having run down, Tibbs, with unblushing effrontery, observed that it had come to an untimely end!

A lady in Cincinnati recently had her husband arrested upon a complaint that he used her as a mark in his pistol practice.

You may purchase any stamp, from one cent to ten, at the post-office, but you cannot purchase the stamp of a gentleman.

Madame Goldschmidt is announced as going to "find the loan" of her voice to the good people of Manchester, England. Jenny-rout, very!

Some of the women of New York have got up a "club" of their own, by way of opposition, we suppose, to kindred associations among the men.

A quack doctor in Cincinnati offered a countryman a nostrum "guaranteed to remove fifteen years from his age or take him down the river without pay."

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots? Shoemaker says, "Bute Imendu;" to which boots reply, "solus."

Tom Browne says, "a woman may learn one useful doctrine from the game of backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of him."

A servant asked her mistress whether she could oblige her by going out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party, and wanted the loan of the drawing-room.

They say that the trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it: we have known men to blow their own trumpets incessantly, and achieve a good troublesome old age.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no henergy." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your chickenary."

A 'cute American lawyer once urged as three points in his case,—first, that the kettle was cracked when borrowed; second, that it was whole when returned; and third, that it was never borrowed!

"Ah, is it possible that you are still alive?" said a fellow, on meeting unexpectedly one whom he had grossly injured. "Yes, and kicking," replied the other, suiting the action to the word.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE LOAN OF A BOOK.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

The black clouds which I have been watching, as they drifted like billows up from the west, and broke in a shower of sweet, fresh rain upon the waiting earth, has brought back so plainly to my mind a little story of my life, that I cannot rest contentedly until I write it out.

It was on just such an evening as this that Edgar Leighton returned the book which I had loaned him. All day the clouds had roamed fretfully across the sky before the dry, hot wind, telling in little frowns from the far-off hills, that before the night came down, they would pour upon us their wrath of wind and driving rain. And so, taking their promises as a truth, I sat down in a bay window of my uncle's parlor and watched the king of the storm gathering his forces. How the wind tearing through the green of the June trees, the cry of the birds as they swarmed through the darkening air, the dense pile of clouds muttering and wheeling up from the west, shooting their fretted sides away across the heavens, and gathering the broken masses that had been wandering all day through the air, sickened and saddened me. The rain had just commenced falling in large, scattering drops upon the garden walks, and stretch out in white, foaming sheets across the distant hills, when Edgar Leighton came slowly up the carriage-walk that led from the street to the house. A joyful exclamation arose to my lips at sight of his well-known form and face, and the feeling of sadness that had so depressed me, gave way to one of gladness. My uncle and aunt were away, and I was alone with the servants in the house, and therefore was excusable for the quick haste with which I flew across the parlor and out into the hall to meet, with extended hand, the guest who had come to bear me company through the heavy tempest.

And yet, of all the men that I daily met and associated with in the grand, aristocratic home of my uncle, he was the only one whose presence would have ensured to my heart a quiet, happy feeling of safety and security from all danger, even though the danger I feared was held lovingly in the hand of Him who never is unkindful of his children either in the storm or in the sunshine. I never can forget that night; how the lightning leaped in forked flames from the angry clouds, lighting up the old parlors and breaking through the gloom that hung upon everything. How the deep crashing of the thunder deafened us, and how the grand old trees swayed and creaked in the wind, and how like a sweet, present happiness which refused to look at the past, but hung enchanted upon the passing moments, a hope that had nestled for months in my heart, sprang up into the clear light of certainty.

All that evening I felt that Edgar Leighton loved me. The knowledge came to me in the clear, distinctly modulated tones of his voice, in the very thoughts that I knew surged up to his lips for utterance, and yet died away again because the narrow channel of human words was not wide enough for them to flow through. I knew that he loved and understood me as none other could, knew that he sought my society in preference to that of any other woman, and that his eyes held a new light, his lips had a new lan- guage, and his whole being a new joy when he was near me. Yet, when he left me that night, when he clasped my hand tenderly at parting, and drank with his deep, penetrating eyes, the love that flowed out in every glance of mine; when he bent his head half reverently, as he spoke with a tenderness all his own, the words, "Good-night, Kate!" I felt a pang of disappointment at my heart, like one who has been robbed of some dear, sacred right, that he should go from me and not speak in words the sweet declaration of his love. And when the door closed after him, I went to my chamber with slow steps, while the tears gushed freely from my eyes. For one little moment I held the book which he returned to me, fondly in my hand, and then, while a bitterness which was new and strange to me, a thought that he was trifling with my better nature, seeking my love but to prove his own power and skill, swept over me. I threw it into an open drawer, and shut it in from sight.

"Time will tell," I said, as I smoothed back the damp hair from my forehead and leaned out of my window to breathe the sweet air that the shower had left as a memento behind it. "Time

will tell, whether he, like all the rest, speaks pleasant words to me to ease his heart of the vanity which loads it to distress; will show whether he is waiting for me to be proclaimed my uncle's heiress; to hear, in imagination, the clinking of my gold before he tells the miserable, mocking story of his love. It will all come, all!—and yet—and yet, Heaven pity me if the storm blasts this one hope of my life, forever!"

And time did tell me. Told me slowly, lingeringly and bitterly, that the shadowy fear which oppressed me, was shaping itself into a black, bitter reality; told me in little chapters of neglect, in words of coldness and lessons of cruel silence, that Edgar Leighton had been reaching his hand through my woman's heart but to gather up, greedily, my uncle's gold. It was a long, long time before I could rally under this knowledge, for my love had not been a common one. I had given without asking, it is true, yet none the less reservedly, my whole heart, and I could not take it back as easily as I had given it. And yet I was gayer, and to all appearances happier than ever before. My lips were always wreathed in smiles, mocking smiles, that covered the unrest of a weary, bleeding heart. I grew to be the leader of the circle, where before I had cared only to follow in the footsteps of others. In my dire disappointment I must have grown reckless and lavish of the happiness of others, for I conquered hearts but to torture them; snared them with roses but to pierce them with thorns. And all this while Edgar Leighton stood aloof from me. Once, when I cared and longed for his esteem and respect, I should have said his face wore a look of pity and regret, but now, I called his expression one of cruel indifference.

One morning, when I had played in this masquerade until I doubted, myself, whether the heart I had covered from the gaze of the world, had ever thrilled with one true, womanly joy, or had indeed assimilated itself to the cold, chilling mask that concealed it, my uncle came to me and said that a gentleman had proposed to him for my hand in marriage, and as he was of a good family, and very wealthy, he, for one, looked with great favor upon his suit.

"But I do not love any gentleman of my acquaintance, uncle," I said, dropping the book, which I had been reading, upon my lap.

"That's favorable, Kate. If that is the case, you can have no objections to urge against becoming the wife of Lemuel Perry."

"Lemuel Perry, uncle? I haven't the slightest regard for him, hardly a common respect."

"Pshaw, that's nothing! You are sensible enough to learn to love one who has it in his power to confer upon you such honors of wealth and station. It is my desire that you should accept him."

"But if I cannot love him—"

"Nonsense, Kate!" he interrupted, "that is a miserable plea, and one that I shall not listen to patiently. You can care enough for him, I'll venture—little danger about that."

"I do not know anything of him, save the little I have learned by passing a few evenings in his society. Surely you would not have us marry ignorantly, and without any knowledge of each other's characters?"

"You'll learn about characters soon enough, I'll be bound. But the truth of the matter is just here, Kate. You are a poor girl, but worthy, it is true, of a high, proud position. In spite of your poverty, Lemuel Perry generously wishes to marry you. He is not drawn towards you, as scores of your lovers are, thinking that you will sometime inherit my fortune. He knows you as you are. Now tell me in so many plain words, without evasion, if you can look with favor upon him. Make a business affair of it, altogether, and answer me."

Make a business affair of it! The words grated harshly against my highest ideas of right, and fell like ice upon my heart. All that my uncle had said, was true. Lemuel Perry knew that I was not wealthy. He evidently wished to marry me for just what I was, and nothing more. With the remembrance of Edgar Leighton's faithlessness rankling bitterly in my soul, I had little faith in love or truth. Here was a home offered me. A proud, high position; should I accept it and go up proudly past those who had so wronged me? The hot blood crimsoned my cheeks as I thought of it, and my heart leaped with this new, thrilling ambition.

"Come Kate, answer me at once," urged my uncle, who was studying my face earnestly. "Shall I tell Mr. Perry that you look with favor

upon his suit? He is waiting in my library for a reply."

Again the warm blood dashed over lip, cheek and brow, as I opened my mouth to speak. For a moment the older love which for a few fleeting weeks I had endeavored to crush out of my being, rose up resolutely before me. But I put it away, and said, with a slight quivering of voice and lip, "Tell Mr. Perry, uncle, that I am pleased to look with favor upon him."

"That's like Kate Whartley,—prompt, decisive and brave!" said my uncle, smiling and bending his lips to my forehead. "I will go to Mr. Perry at once."

I sank back upon the sofa and covered my face with my hands as my uncle left the room. Everything had been like a dream to me, but then I realized that the words I had spoken would hasten a sober, bitter awakening. I had pledged my word, as it were. I had sat in judgment against my own life, and the decision was passed. As these thoughts swept rapidly before me, and as in my excitement I paced rapidly up and down the long parlors, Mr. Perry, with a face lit up with smiles, entered the room with my uncle, and in nicely worded sentences, thanked me for the great honor I had done him.

I replied hurriedly, and begged that he would excuse me from conversing with him then. How I hated him as with a feigned consideration he pressed my hand tenderly, and said, in a soft, affected voice, "You are quite excusable, my dear. This new joy quite overpowers me, as well as you."

What a wretched, wretched day was that to me, passed in the solitude of my chamber. How I hated and scorned myself for my miserable weakness, and loathed the man to whom I had bargained myself away for a paltry wealth and false position. How plainly the true path was stretched upward before my eyes, now that my feet strayed in forbidden paths. I saw that instead of rising above those who had wronged me, I should sink infinitely beneath, by merging duty and self-respect in this mockery of a marriage. I looked upon my love for Edgar Leighton, and saw how capable I was of loving earnestly, bravely and truly, with a love that would enrich and ennoble its possessor, and raise me up to the level of a pure, true woman.

Marry Lemuel Perry? The thought grew maddening to me. Better homeless, friendless, a wanderer out in the bleak ways of life, than an unloving, impure wife! Better starvation, torture, ay, death a thousand times, than to be bound with chains I could not break, even though they festered into my very heart! Anything, anything, rather than his wife, the miserable recipient of his favors, the married mistress to receive submissively his sickening caresses.

Up and down, up and down my chamber I walked till the morning melted into the afternoon, and the golden feet of the day trod upon the shores of the night. Up and down, up and down my chamber, with my hair falling over my shoulders, my eyes flashing wildly, a bright crimson spot burning upon either cheek, and my lips tinged to the color of a May tulip when the sun shines into its scarlet heart. I refused myself to every one who called on me, and shut myself up alone with my sorrow, foolishness and pride.

In the early evening my aunt sent to me for an embroidery pattern, which I found in the drawer, where weeks before I had carelessly thrown the book that Edgar Leighton had returned to me. A flood of bitter memories drifted across my heart as I looked upon its well-known covers. I half reached out my hand to take it. But no, had I not griefs enough already to cope with, without looking upon sentiments that he had approved, words that he had remarked upon to me? Still I took the book from its resting place, and commenced turning over the leaves with my right hand. As I did so, a sealed note fell from it upon the carpet at my feet. I caught it up eagerly. The superscription was in the hand of Edgar Leighton, plain, frank and graceful—MISS KATE WHARTLEY. I tore it open and read as follows:

"DEAR KATE,—I would not risk words of so much importance to us both, in such a place, had you not often assured me that this book was your constant companion, and that not a day passed but that you read from its dear pages. I know not why I am about to make this confession to you upon paper, but I am not able to disregard the promptings of my heart that counsel me to do so. Still I have no fine words to write you. I only wish to say with my pen what I have often tried in vain to steady my voice to repeat to you—I love you. The words are spoken idly by many, but they go to you with my whole heart

in them. I am a poor man, Kate; I love you for yourself alone; can you love me the same? You will read these words to-night, and when I meet you to-morrow evening I shall be answered. How simply I have written! Even my pen trembles with the burden of love I thrust upon it, and bid it tell to you! EDGAR LEIGHTON."

I stood like one petrified as I finished reading the letter. For a moment I could not realize the blessed words it contained, so sudden was the rush of joy that broke upon me. And then it only showed me more vividly the horrid spot upon which I was standing, as the lightning brings out for a moment, with its fiery torch, the gloom of the heavens and earth in the time of a night tempest. What right had glad, happy smiles to shine upon my face at this knowledge, when already I had bound myself to Lemuel Perry? The thought was insanity. But my resolution was taken instantly. I would not marry him though I was sent a beggar into the street. My heart was lighter for the decision, and with an attempt at calmness I wound my hair about my face, bathed my burning face, arranged my dress, and descended to the parlor, where Mr. Perry, in company with several friends, was waiting to see me.

"Mr. Leighton will call and congratulate you soon upon your engagement, Kate," said my little friend Ruth Seward, during the evening, drawing me unceremoniously from Mr. Perry's side out upon the verandah.

"Mr. Leighton, how does he know of it?" I asked, hurriedly.

"O, Kate, the news has spread rapidly among your friends. Mr. Perry has sounded it joyfully."

"And every one believes it?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't they?"

"They should," I answered, bursting into tears.

"Why, how is this, Kate? Are you not happy?" said Ruth, putting her arms about me tenderly, and starting down the verandah steps. "Come down the walk, they will not miss us for a moment. Tell me what troubles you."

"Nothing, nothing," I answered, between my sobs and tears; "only I do not love Lemuel Perry, and am wretched, very wretched!"

"And Edgar Leighton, Kate, how is it with him—"

"Hush, hush, Ruth," I whispered, interrupting her, "some one is coming up the walk—do not speak so loud."

"It is Edgar, as I live!" exclaimed Ruth. "This way, Kate, quick, quick!"

I know not how it was brought about, but in my agitation Ruth Seward led me in the wrong direction, and in a moment I found myself standing alone, face to face, with the very person I wished to avoid.

"Good evening, Miss Whartley," he said, coolly, raising his hat as he spoke.

I tried to answer him, but the words choked me, and I stood silent before him, my eyes bent upon the ground, and my cheeks glistening with tears. What could I say to him? How could I tell him why I had been silent so long? I felt his searching eyes upon me as we stood there, the light of the gate lamp shining full upon us.

"What shall I say to you?" he asked, at last, in a tremulous tone. "I can think of nothing. You know my heart. Gather from it, if you please, all its best wishes, only let me be silent."

The words were spoken bitterly enough, but they were full of joy to me. "I only ask your love," I said, going close up to him.

"My love, Kate? Will you still trifle with me? Have I not suffered enough already, without—"

It is useless; I cannot repeat the explanation that followed; cannot repeat the declarations of love that were pledged again and again. I suppose, like all lovers, we said a great many things that would sound silly if repeated to a third party, but which were, nevertheless, very delicious to us.

In a few plain words I gave Mr. Perry an answer in an explanation, at which he did not see fit to demur, when I solemnly assured him that had I become his wife, he would have been the most miserable instead of the happiest of men.

After all, that was a wise piece of advice that Frederick Cozzens gave in his poem. Let me repeat it to you, young lady reader, with a slight alteration to apply to your case and mine:

"This maxim: Love no man a book Unless you search it afterward!"

A man had better like Borgin, never say what he does, than, like Borgin's father, never do what he says.



## PATENT EXTENSION AND RECLINING CHAIR.

We have for a long time intended to speak of M. A. Eliers' patent extending and reclining chair, a very valuable invention, and have only waited until we could procure an engraving representing the article in question. This chair was invented and is manufactured by Mr. Eliers at 332 Washington Street, and has been received with universal favor. It has met with the approbation of the medical faculty, the most distinguished practitioners recommending it, both for invalids and persons in the enjoyment of health. It occupies no more space in an apartment than a common easy-chair, which it resembles, when in its most compact form. It is so contrived that, when extended, its dimensions can be accommodated to the height of the occupant, whether tall or diminutive in person. A slight touch of the hand suffices to produce the required inclination and extension, the angle being increased at will, until it even reaches a horizontal line, completely adapting itself, in all these changes, to the figure. Whenever the pressure of the hand ceases, it remains firmly fixed at the angle attained. During these changes the arm of the chair retains its original height, and a desk turning on a pivot, can be attached to the arm, as shown in the accompanying engraving, for the support of books or the convenience of writing, and can be detached, or turned to one side as occasion may require. The foot extends or contracts at pleasure, and the seat is strong and immovable. The principle admits of application to various styles; the seat and back may be stuffed or made of cane, so that the varieties of climate may be consulted in its structure. The same principle is applied by the inventor to sofas. It is certainly a great addition to our household appliances for comfort and luxury.

## THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

The subject of the large engraving which occupies our last page is one that engages a prominent page in our revolutionary annals, and tells a story which cannot too often be repeated, as inculcating patriotism and fidelity in humble life under the most trying circumstances. Had the three yeomen who arrested the unfortunate André, chosen to barter away their principles, they could have rendered themselves independent for life. They chose, however, the better part, and are entitled to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen. It will be remembered that in the year 1780, Benedict Arnold, then in command of West Point, entered into treasonable correspondence with the enemy, through the medium of Major John André, adjutant-general in the British service, and offered to betray his trust. André proceeded in disguise to West Point, drew a plan of the fortress, concerted with Arnold, and agreed upon the manner and time of attack. Having obtained a passport, and assumed the name of Anderson, André set out on his return to New York by land. He passed the outposts of the American army without suspicion. Supposing himself now out of danger, he pressed forward, elated with the prospect of the speedy execution of a plot, which was to give the finishing blow to liberty in America.

When André had arrived within about thirty miles of New York, and as he was entering a village called Tarrytown, three militia men, who happened that way, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, seized the bridle of his horse, and accosted him with, "Where are you bound?" André, supposing that they were of the British, did not immediately show his passport, but waving their question, asked them, "where they belonged to?" they replied to "to below" (referring to the course of the river, and implying that they were of the British party). "And so do I," said André (confirmed in his mistake by this stratagem), and at the same time informed them that he was a British officer on urgent business, and must not be detained. "You belong to our enemies," exclaimed the militia men, "and we arrest you." André, struck with astonishment, presented his passport; but



PATENT EXTENDING AND RECLINING CHAIR.

this, after what had passed, only rendered his case more suspicious. He then offered them a purse of gold, his horse and watch, besides a large reward from the British government, if they would but liberate him. But these soldiers, though poor and obscure, were not to be bribed. They searched him, and found concealed in his boot, papers which evidenced his guilt, and they immediately conducted him to Colonel Jameson, their commanding officer. André was tried by a board of general officers of the American army, and executed as a spy, at Tappan, New York, October 2. He was a young officer, high-minded, brave, accomplished and humane. He suffered with fortitude, and his fate excited the universal sympathy of all parties.

"When Major André was apprised of the sentence of death, he made a last appeal in a letter to Washington, that he might be shot rather than die on a gibbet. The letter of André roused the sympathies of Washington, and had he only been concerned, the prisoner would have been pardoned and released. But the interests of his country were at stake, and the sternness of justice demanded that private feelings should be sacrificed. Upon consulting his officers upon the propriety of listening to Major André's request, to receive the death of a soldier (to be shot), it was deemed necessary to deny it, and to make him an example. As a reward to Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, for their virtuous and patriotic conduct, Congress voted to each of them an annuity of \$200, and a silver medal, on one side of which was a shield with this inscription—"fidelity,"—and on the other, the following motto—"vincit amor patriæ,"—the love of country conquers. Arnold, the miserable wretch, whose machinations led to the melancholy fate André experienced, escaped to New York, where, as the price of his dishonor, he received the commission of brigadier general, and the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling!"

## EUROPEAN TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

The accompanying picture shows the style in which a European travels in China, and represents a noonday halt in the grateful shade of overhanging trees. One of the travellers is lounging in his palanquin enjoying his cigar, under a sheltering umbrella. The other, seated on the edge of his palanquin, is expounding his purposes to the attendant celestial, who are listening gravely while they solace themselves with a pipe. On the outer edge of the circle, where the palanquin-bearers are grouped, is a crowd of idle villagers attracted to the spot by a natural curiosity.

## DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

Dr. Lardner, whose death occurred lately, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1793. He was educated at Trinity College, in his native city, and during his collegiate term received sixteen prizes for essays, on subjects relating to physical science and mathematics. He was graduated in 1817, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to scientific pursuits. For a period of ten years he remained in the University of Cambridge, as a resident member, publishing in the meanwhile treatises on various subjects, and contributing to some of the educational periodicals of the day. In 1827, he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the London University, and in the following year removed to London. The establishment of the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, under his immediate direction, brought him prominently before the English public. Its object was the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the masses. Among its regular contributors were Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Scott, Southey, Mackintosh, and others. Dr. Lardner contributed to its pages treatises on hydrostatics, pneumatics, geometry, etc. During this period, he also contributed papers on physical science to the Edinburgh Review, and other periodicals. From 1830 to 1840, his services were in request by the British Railway Companies in the department of scientific survey.

In 1840, Dr. Lardner visited the United States, and for four years was engaged in delivering a series of popular lectures on science and art, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities and towns. He lectured on all subjects in science, often spoke two-and-a-half and three hours in an evening, and frequently treated of three or four subjects in a single lecture, illustrating his remarks by diagrams and charts. The discourses were afterwards published in New York, in two large volumes, under the title of Popular Lectures on Science and Art. Dr. Lardner returned to Europe in 1845, and settled in Paris, where he afterwards resided. In 1850, he published an elaborate statistical work, entitled Railway Economy. In 1851, he contributed to the London Times a series of valuable papers upon the Great Exhibition, subsequently republished in a volume. His next literary undertaking was a series of elementary treatises in six volumes, entitled "The Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy," a second edition of which appeared in 1855. In 1853 he commenced the Museum of Science and Art, a periodical work. He afterwards completed a work on Animal Physics, and contributed several original papers to the Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society. At one period of his residence in Paris, Dr. Lardner was the correspondent of the London Daily News. Dr. Lardner was twice married; first, to Miss Flood, an Irish lady, by whom he had a son, who is a commissary-general in the British army; next, to a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Spicer, by whom he had two daughters. Dr. Lardner was for a long time the subject of ridicule, on account of his alleged assertion of the impracticability of ocean steam navigation. He, however, took occasion to deny the truth of the charge, claiming, even after the establishment of the ocean lines, that he had simply argued the point of their profitableness as a commercial speculation.

**SURFACE VIRTUE.**—Many of our virtues are not even skin-deep: we put them on and off with our clothing; and, to prepare for God, we too often pursue the same course which we employ in preparing for company. The first Eve put on fig-leaves for concealment. The modern Eve, for the same object, has only to keep her well washed. Soap and water, and French perfumes, suffice.

She eats the fruit without alarm,  
Then wipes her mouth—and, where the harm?

W. G. Simms.



EUROPEANS TRAVELLING IN CHINA.



## Poet's Corner.

## FIDELITY.

BY HARRY CORNWALL

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,  
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume,  
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,  
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that lit up her soft blue eye  
Is struck with cold mortality;  
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,  
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,  
But left her all in her wintry hour,  
And the crowds that swore for her life to die,  
Shrank from the tone of her last faint sigh;  
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,  
Can see all these idols of life depart,  
And love the more, and smile and bless  
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

## TRUE LOVE

O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew as winter then decays  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be afforded with the match and weight  
Of such a winnowed purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SORROW.

What a damp hangs on me!  
These sprightly careful aims but skim along  
The surface of my soul, not enter there;  
She does not dance to this enchanting sound.  
How, like a broken instrument beneath  
The skilful touch my joyless heart lies dead,  
Nor answers to the master's hand divine!—YOUNG.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We have entered on "leafy June," the "green and bowery June" of the poets, and well does it deserve the epithets this year. What the weather-wise call a "dry moon" in May, that is a moon with the horns turned up, brought us the frequent accompaniment of drizzling rains, and that just at a time when a week of scorching weather rendered such a supply of moisture exceedingly desirable. Under its benign influence the foliage burst forth with unexampled vigor, and was full and luxuriant before May had ended. And now what a glorious spectacle is presented by our little urban Paradise—Boston Common! Go forth into the City Forest, while the gray dawn is reddening into the flush of sunrise, gladden your eyes with the emerald of the verdant turf and the heaped up towers of whispering leaves, listen to the song of the birds among the branches, drink in pure air from the sweet western hills, and bless the kindly charity and foresight which bequeathed this munificent estate to the city of Boston in perpetuity. Even the denizens of the country would find it worth while to visit the city just for the sake of a stroll on Boston Common. Now and then a word about an old favorite reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic. Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) and her husband will, it is said, visit Leeds, in the autumn, and give their services gratuitously at a grand concert to be given in aid of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution. Though the dull season for theatricals has arrived, they are busy in New York preparing for the fall campaign. The Bourcisauxs and Mr. Stuart have united and propose to build a new theatre in Fourteenth Street, between the Union Place Hotel and Fourth Avenue. It will be of iron, fire-proof, and capable of seating two thousand people. Mr. Wallace is said to have a similar project in view, his locality being in Thirteenth Street, contiguous to Mr. Bourcisaux's. An exchange of letters in that Illinois case \$50,000 are lying under protest because the banks refuse to redeem their bills with anything but small silver coin. Mesmerism doesn't seem to be very popular in Italy. Two mesmerism professors at Turin, who advertised to cure all diseases by mesmerism, have been tried, convicted, and imprisoned. One of them endeavored, in court, to mesmerize his own counsel, but failed, amidst the laughter of the audience. The municipal council of Paris has decided to present Lamartine with a splendid house and large garden, situated in the Bois de Boulogne, and called La Petite Muerle. The government of Paris is only paying a just debt. For Lamartine saved it from carnage during the revolution of 1848. An American editor can generally turn his hand to anything. Down on the "Eastern Shore," of Virginia there is an editor, who is also his own compositor and pressman, who makes occasional voyages along the coast to Norfolk as captain of the schooner Polly, who preaches on Sunday, teaches school on week days, and still finds time to take care of a wife and sixteen children. According to the statement of the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore Sun, Commodore Vanderbilt says, that during the time his Nicaragua line was in operation, he made \$1,000,000 per year, clear of cost. A discovery is said to have been recently made in China, which, if true, must soon do away with the expense of coppering ship's bottoms. The object of this, as every one knows, is to protect the ship against the attack of worms, which prevail to a greater or less extent in all seas, and it is now said that no worm will trouble wood which has received a coating of Gamblin. It is estimated that \$50 would coat the bot-

tom of a large ship; and it is said to harden and preserve the wood. The experiment has been tried in China upon a small scale, and found to succeed admirably. Why not repeat it at some of our American ship-yards? A strike recently occurred among some waiters at the Everett House, St. Louis. They demanded the discharge of the head waiter, refusing else to allow the next meal to go on. This was near dinner time; the proprietor smiled upon them, caused them to believe that they had carried the day, superintended the dinner himself, keeping the head waiter out of the way, and everything went on most smoothly. Dinner ended, the mutinous servants were called one by one into the clerk's office, paid off, and ignominiously expelled from the house. So ended the strike. Prentice says "Many writers profess great exactness in punctuation, who yet never make a point." A Highland game-keeper when asked why a certain terrier of singular pluck was so much graver than the other dogs, said: "O, sir, life's full o' seriousness to him; he just never can get enough o' fechtin'." The Richmond Enquirer paid the following generous compliment to the Boston Knights Templars, who were then on a visit to Richmond: "The visitors are decidedly fine-looking men—intelligently, personally, and morally—and, if all Yankeeism be like these gallant Sir Knights Templars, we want to meet, greet and hug our down east cousins every day, for our feeling is that 'now and forever we are one and inseparable.'" The Massachusetts Humane Society have awarded their diploma to Capt. Lane, of the schooner Edwin, of Gloucester, for having saved the lives of two men from a watery grave, in November last, near Fox Island. Years ago, the significant letters G. T.—Gone to Texas—were used as a means of marking upon the ledger bad debts. Now the initials G. P. P.—Gone to Pike's Peak—are used for the same purpose. The Louisville Journal is strongly in favor of hoops because lately a lady walked overboard from the steamer Alvin Adams, lying at the foot of Fourth Street in that city, and floated to Sixth Street, where she was rescued. Her hoops alone saved her from being drowned. Hurrah for hoops! exclaims the delighted editor. In anticipation of the demise of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the limitations of its charter, a company has been chartered by the Canadian Parliament, composed of leading citizens and capitalists of the province, to do the carrying trade in, and to assist in developing the resources of, the central and western portions of the American territory belonging to the British crown. Its name is the "Northwestern Transportation and Railway Company." The largest mule ever produced in the world is now in Cincinnati. It is a mare mule, nineteen and a half hands high, and weighs eighteen hundred and thirty-five pounds. The Americans resident in Panama, who do not exceed twenty-five in number, have raised nearly \$1800 towards the salary of a regular Protestant minister in Panama, and have agreed to furnish a chapel and music, with the idea that some missionary society will appropriate an equal amount to make up his pay. The fourth of Judge Edmund's articles on spiritualism treats of "Physical Manifestations." The judge says he "has been touched, when no person was near enough to do it; sometimes in the light, when my eyesight told me that none of those present did it; sometimes in the dark, when no one knew where I was, or even that I was present; sometimes my foot has been patted as with a hand; sometimes my clothes pulled as by a child; sometimes a push in my side, as by a dull and nonelastic force, and twice I have felt a human hand on my skin. On one of these occasions the touch was cold, but not clammy, and on the other, it was soft, warm and flesh-like." From a correspondence between Mr. Cassall, editor of the "Eco d'Italia," published in New York, and Count Cavour, it appears that Italian residents in the United States had taken steps towards raising volunteers for Sardinia as far back as January. To a letter by Mr. Cassall informing the count of this fact, the latter replied that Sardinia was not so much in need of good soldiers and officers as of money; that there was a superabundance of the military element; and that the Italians in America could as effectively serve the Italian cause by remaining here and using their influence in favor of the movement as they could by returning to Italy. A book of eminent Philadelphians is about to be published. The compiler has been engaged for twelve years in making this collection of biographical sketches. The venerable Dr. Cox is writing a series of letters in the American Presbyterian, designed to show that the Apocalyptic battle of "Armageddon" is, in all probability, at hand, in the grand rupture of the peace of Europe now taking effect. An anonymous American writer thus sketches his countrymen: A Yankee is self-denying, self-relying, and ever prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a bragging, dragging, striving, thriving, swopping, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philo-sophical, poetical, and criminal sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth. Have any of our readers an adequate conception of the vast size of the Egyptian pyramids? A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand 1400 feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material to the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century if they were permitted freely to use it. The farwell interview of Baron Kellersberg, the Austrian representative, with Count Cavour, was characterized by perfect courtesy. "I hope, M. le Baron," said the count, "that we shall see you here again under happier circumstances." Mr. Ten Broeck's Belle ran for the Wynstay Handicap of 100 sov-

ereigns at the Chester Spring meeting, May 8. Belle took the lead before starting and won by two lengths. The London Star argues that England, by declaring her neutrality in a struggle, the only avowed object of which is a violation of treaties, confesses that the treaties of Vienna are not worth fighting about, and gives them up altogether. The festival in commemoration of Schiller, which was to have been held at Weimar in the course of this month, is prohibited by authority. When men of the sword have away, men of the pen must be neglected. Money was spent with a lavish prodigality at the recent elections in Great Britain. The English papers, in reporting the election of a member of Parliament by one vote over his opponent, say that single vote cost \$700. The greatest men in this century have been the chosen friends of Humboldt. Goethe and Schiller were his companions while they lived, and long after they had passed away the greatest among them remained to be the wonder of another generation, and to teach men whose fathers were at school when his name was famous. The English papers report the death of Mrs. Young, a lady of high social position, who died under the excitement produced by receiving the joyful intelligence of the election of her nephew to the House of Commons. Few men have been more lionized in this country than Paul Morphy, and the modesty with which he wears his laurels shows that he is worthy of them. The New York "Spirit of the Times" says Mr. A. T. Stewart, the king of silk merchants, has purchased the Greek Slave. As this "wenus" discards crinoline, and the dealers in dry goods are afraid of her setting an unprofitable fashion, Mr. Stewart has made a compromise by clothing the young lady in a "skeleton skirt."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The news from the seat of war is not of that decisive character which we were led to expect at the opening of the campaign. Both parties have met with obstacles which they did not anticipate on entering the field. On reviewing its history thus far, it is evident that Louis Napoleon was only speaking the truth when, some months back, he denied that the French army was on a war footing. The war opened much sooner than the French emperor expected, and found him with his preparations incomplete. It is now certain that the colarums which crossed Mount Cenis met with considerable losses from casualties, as last month was a very unpropitious one for crossing the Alps. Everywhere in Italy the French emperor is prodigiously popular, and his appearance is the signal for the wildest enthusiasm.—Paris is presenting the appearance of a camp, and well it may with its garrison of 200,000 soldiers. The drum and fife are heard in the streets from dawn to sunset.—Count Persigny, the new French minister, is very popular in London.—The attitude of Prussia gives France great uneasiness.—The head quarters of Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon are at Alexandria.—All the Sardinian vessels in Austrian ports have been seized.—Before leaving Paris, Louis Napoleon addressed an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, assuring her that he would commit no act injurious to the interests of Great Britain.—It is rumored that republican emissaries are stirring up the Hungarians to revolt.

## Newspaper Reporters.

The only newspaper reporter at the seat of war is the one from the London Times, formerly its Constantinople correspondent, a Hungarian by birth, who commanded a regiment of light cavalry in the Hungarian campaign. Kossuth, sub rosa, is also thought to be engaged as such, and for the same paper. On the part of the French, Louis Napoleon will take with him, to be placed under the charge of Marshal Vaillant, a printing service from the government office, which will furnish the bulletins it is deemed proper to give to the public. Nothing reliable will come from either one of the belligerents. The enterprise of the newspapers, however, is bound to overcome all lies, and give reliable truth to the outside world, while each army will only be enabled to know what their respective dictators choose to state as facts.

## The Island of Perim.

The fortifications on the Island of Perim, regarding which so much was lately written in the French journals, turn out to be neither batteries, ravelins, nor counter-scarps, the only erection on the island being, according to Captain Playfair, a lighthouse, which is not yet finished. Perim is situated on the Strait of Babel-Mandel, a mile and a half from the Arabian and eleven miles from the African coast. The formation is purely volcanic, and consists of long, low, and gradually sloping ranges of hills, surrounding an excellent and capacious harbor, about a mile and a half in length, half a mile in breadth, and with a varying depth of from four to six fathoms in the best anchorages.

## Financial.

The comparison between England and France in regard to their national debts is thus briefly stated. The amount of the English funded debt is £780,119,722, held by 268,995 persons, being an average of £2900 each; the amount of French debt is £386,083,668, held by 1,008,682 persons, being an average of £384 each. The amount of interest payable on the English debt is £27,411,996, giving an average dividend of £102 to each holder; the amount of the interest on the French debt is £12,435,236, giving an average dividend of £12 to each holder.

## An English Bostonian.

William Henry Adams, Esq., of Boston, in this county, says the Lincolnshire Times, the new attorney general for the colony of Hong-Kong, has ascended the social scale to his present position thus: Composer, reader, reporter, sub-editor, editor and newspaper proprietor, barrister, member of Parliament, colonial attorney general. Here is an example of what a man with moderate abilities and a fair share of industry and energy may accomplish in much-abused aristocratic England.

## Discovery in Scotland.

The loch which surrounds the ancient castle of Clovenstone, says the Dumfries Courier, is now being drained. The workmen employed in cutting the drains have discovered an ancient canoe embedded about three feet deep in the moss forming the bed of the loch. The canoe is of oak, in an excellent state of preservation, save that on one side a small extent of white wood is decayed. It measures eleven feet in length, is two feet four inches in width within, and twenty inches deep.

## French Rations.

The allowance for the keep of French soldiers is six sous for two meals a day. French soldiers in garrison have, every day of their lives, two basins of soup with the strings in it which they call meat, and perhaps a few bits of onions or vegetable, by way of giving a flavor; besides this, each man has 1 1/2 pounds of coarse bread. When on service they have a little wine; but otherwise, except on grand occasions, such as reviews, they have none, nor any spirits, beer, or coffee.

## Austrian Cruelty.

The cruelty of the Austrian rule in Italy is very forcibly displayed in the following extract of a letter from Como: "The son of our townsman Volta (one of the scientific glories of Italy) is a beggar in our streets, his furniture at auction, his father's valise apparatus under the hammer, and the municipality reduced by war contributions powerless to avert this disgrace. The Austrian authorities know nothing and care less about electricity or genius."

## Queen Victoria.

Many of our lady readers may be glad to know how the royal person of Victoria Guelph, Coburg, Queen of Britain was robed at her latest drawing-room reception. Thus: The queen wore a train of white and blue striped moire antique, trimmed with blonde and blue satin ribbon; a tulle skirt over white satin petticoat, trimmed with blonde and blue satin ribbon to correspond. Her majesty wore a diadem of opals and diamonds, feathers and veil.

## Tardiness of the Austrians.

The Austrians are accused of being slow in their movements, but it should be remembered that they have had great difficulties to contend with. They expected to find the roads destroyed, but they certainly did not expect that it would rain in torrents for several days consecutively. Water has been a valuable ally to the Sardinians and French, for it has saved them from being taken at a disadvantage.

## French Head-Dresses.

Wreaths are still most generally worn for evening costume. Amongst the newest was one composed of fruit of the tomato tree, the lilies of the valley in gold, a bunch of rosettes in gold, and leaves of young vines at the back; another of daisies, with diamond centres, with foliage of heath; and a third of black, red and gold berries.

## Encouragement to Explorers.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have distributed upwards of 10,000 copies of the official circulars announcing the new arrangements whereby the finders of ancient remains in gold and silver will be entitled to receive from the exchequer the full intrinsic value on their being delivered up.

## A Fatal Catastrophe.

At Ross, Herefordshire, lately, as Mrs. Collins (descendant of John Kyrie, Pope's "Man of Ross"), was endeavoring to edify a stag, which had escaped from its domain to return to the paddock, the animal furiously rushed upon her and struck her so severely that she soon expired.

## The Ex-Queen of the French.

The ex-queen of the French, Marie Amelie, has just completed her seventy-eighth year. The Duke and Duchess d'Aumale gave a dejeuner at Orleans House, Twickenham, to a large family circle, in celebration of the event.

## Campana's Museum.

Galignani states that the pontifical government has just purchased the museum of antiquities and sculpture of the Marquis Campana for 5,000,000 francs.

## French Troops in Italy.

The French emperor is able and willing, if necessary, to place 370,000 men in the field.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. New York. Delisser & Proctor, successors to Stanford & Swords, 608 Broadway.

This biography, like everything which falls from the pen of its gifted author, is so elegantly written that it would be pleasant to read it only for its style. But it embodies facts and events which every one—particularly every American—should be familiar, for the cause of liberty owes as much to Oliver Cromwell as to any one of the world's heroes.

JODRASIL, THE TREE OF EXISTENCE. BY JAMES CHALLICE. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blackiston. 12mo pp 170. 1869.

This somewhat singular metaphysical poem abounds with passages of great beauty with vivid and striking images. It is highly suggestive and deserves to be carefully and thoughtfully read. The author is no novice in the poetic art, being already known to the literary world by his "Cave of Macpallan," and other poems. His book is issued in beautiful style on tinted satin-surfaced paper. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE. FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE. BY JOHN B. IRELAND. New York: S. A. Rollo & Co. 8vo. pp 631. 1859.

In the first place, this volume is published in fine style, and illustrated by nearly a hundred engravings, from the author's own drawings made on the interesting spots he visited. We have spoken of its appearance first as a natural first attracts attention. Of the text we need not say that Mr. Ireland's account of Greece, the Holy Land, India, and other places he visited, are interesting, clear and reliable. He has made no attempt at fine writing, and in that he has done well. He looked on the Eastern world with the eyes of an intelligent American, gentleman travelling for amusement and instruction, and in recording his experience he has given us a new detail which render his work invaluable for reference, as well as agreeable and interesting, at a first perusal.



STROKE NAMES. By N. L. FOWLER. Second edition enlarged. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo pp. 328. 1879.

One of the most curious books ever issued in this country, and one which perhaps no one but Mr. Bowdler, the renowned censor, could have compiled. The classification of the names alone must have been a Herculean task. It is surprising what a fund of amusement and laboriously exhumed from dusty records and title deeds. The dedication is worthy of Hood. "To the memory of A. Shurt, the Father of American Conveyancing, whose name is associated alike with my daily toilet and my daily occupation."

THE POCKET SCHOOLMASTER. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. If every man had this little treatise in his pocket, our ears would be no longer shocked with the solecisms and errors of speaking and writing that constantly annoy us.

New Music.—From Russell & Tolman, 221 Washington Street, we have received *Airs from Flotow's "Martha,"* arranged for the piano; "Minnie True," "All Together Again," "Chorus within the Wood," "Lightly and Gaily," the "Merry Mountain Maid," songs, and the following compositions for the piano. Schubert's "Ave Maria," "La Klänge," "Rosalie Grand March," "On the Sea Shore."

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN. Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet by HENRY J. MACDONALD. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo pp. 318. 1859.

An excellent version of a story which met with the greatest success in Paris in its present form, and which, adapted to the stage, has had a prodigious run in the French theatres. It is worthy of the fame it has attained. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE VIGARONI. By ADAM BRIDMAN. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo pp. 398. 1850.

A series of essays on American character, American art, and American society, the production of a scholar, thinker, and man of the world, written with great vivacity, and exhibiting marked originality. That we differ from the author in his verdict on some of the men he paints and criticizes, does not impair our admiration of his genius. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAWKIN. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 625. 1859.

Few more vigorous, original and sparkling stories than that before us have been issued from the press on either side of the Atlantic. It contains a perfect portrait gallery of characters vividly painted, with a sufficiency of plot and incident to satisfy the most sensation-loving novel reader. The book is a triumphant success.

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS. By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 352. 1859. ("Blue and Gold" edition.)

To the many who love to talk about art, and yet are unfamiliar with the histories of the great masters whose names they use, this work will come in the guise of a pleasant monitor, while all who value chaste writing, fine criticism, and deep feeling and reverence for art, will welcome it as a companion. It is the handsomest edition yet issued of a truly valuable book.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor. No. 22 Winter Street.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

### THOUGHTS

On Educational Topics and Institutions.

BY

HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

SECRETARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THIS work, which embodies the views and experiences of its distinguished author upon all matters connected with the subject of education, is dedicated

"To the Teachers of Massachusetts, Whose enlightened devotion to their duties has contributed effectually to the advancement of learning."

And it should be in the hands, not only of every teacher, but of every friend of education in the United States. 1 volume, 12mo. . . . . 355 pages.

Price, \$1.00.

Copies sent by mail to any part of the United States, postage paid, upon receipt of price by the publishers.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
No. 13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

## NORTHERN

Fire and Life Insurance Co.,  
OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Subscribed Capital. . . . . \$6,298,000.  
Paid up Capital and Surplus. . . . . 2,194,000.  
Annual Revenue, nearly . . . . . 1,000,000.

FOR INSURANCE APPLY TO

OLIVER BREWSTER,  
ATTORNEY AND GENERAL AGENT,  
No. 4 State Street.

F. S. PHELPS, Resident Secretary,  
A. I. SAWYER, Surveyor. June 4

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

COMPLETE APPARATUS \$25, with a full supply of materials and instruction for taking Ambrotypes, Stereoscopic, Microscopic Pictures, etc. To the man of leisure or science, no chemical process is so beautiful or admits of a greater variety of results. To the unemployed no business is more profitable, more easily learnt, or requires so small a capital. Packed and sent to any address.

C. J. FOX,  
681 Broadway, New York.

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

is for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy. It is the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. Entirely ORIGINAL. \$2 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street.

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

## BUY THE BEST



ANDREW LANERGAN'S  
(Successor to Sanderson & Lanergan)

## FIREWORKS.

HOLDEN, CUTLER & Co.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

32 & 36 Federal Street, and 107, 111, 113  
Jennett Congress Street, Boston. 8w

## A Valuable Remedy.

"THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, prepared by the well known druggists, Messrs. Reed, Cutler & Co. of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Coughs, Croup, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. It has stood the test of all tests—time, and has sustained its reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS."

"Physicians of the high & respectable prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine."—Boston Journal

Inquire for the article by its whole name,  
"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & Co., Druggists,  
33 India Street, Boston, Mass., and sold by apothecaries and country merchants generally. Price, large size, \$1; small size, 50 cents. 114w3m 12

## WILLIAM A. GREENE,

FINE ART COMMISSION AGENT,

ROOM NO. 21 MERCANTILE BUILDING,

No. 16 SUMNER STREET, BOSTON.

HE will also devote attention to furnishing tasteful FRAMES for Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Photographs, Mirrors, etc.

A lot of Fine Engravings just received and on exhibition. W. A. G. will wait on his customers at their residences or places of business, if desired. Office hours from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. may14 cop8m

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. 16 114w1y

## BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irrefragable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parfing.

## BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Electric Hair Dye is the great restorer of Hair—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 203 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. coply may28

## GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the surlin steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

## Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

## NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

J. C. OSGOOD,

19 WINTER STREET,

Has just received, and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine. tf may23

## ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unparelleled price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 114,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN FRENCH HOMOGENEOUS AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED C. CO., BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STRIPS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparation made in the United States. As a nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennell, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
6m 13 Dorchester, Mass.

## SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 11

## PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

Nos. 80 and 92 MILK STREET, AND 24 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap30

## PATENT

GLASS LETTERS AND NUMERALS,

IN A VARIETY OF COLORS,

Firmly Affixed on Plate and Sheet Glass, Window Panes, etc.,

BY THE PATENT GLASS LETTER CO.,

483 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

E. H. RICE, AGENT,

100 Court Street, Boston.

Letters and Numerals in Gold, Silver, Ruby, Blue, Amber, etc.

In ordering please give the size of Glass on which the Letters are to be placed. 5w may21

## WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,  
June 4 3m Hookset, N. H.



## Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a

New and Honorable Business,

which will pay from \$15 to \$30

weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction

guaranteed. Send stamp

for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.



## ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

THIS distressing and mortifying nervous affection is left generally either to take its natural course, or is treated on general principles with very little success. The nervous symptoms are not the disease itself, and proceed from functional or organic derangement in the nervous centres. No medicine has been found equal to the PERUVIAN SYRUP, in checking the involuntary nervous tremblings known as St. Vitus's Dance.

## THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK.

For the Piano, containing Simple Lessons, with short and pleasing Exercises. Price, 50 cents.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,

277 WASHINGTON STREET.

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unaccountable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street.

## PARSONS & GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

3m15 NO. 3 WINTER STREET.

## Smoke—Smokers—Smoking.

RECEIVING per each stemmer a superior assortment of MEERSCHAUM PIPES, TUBES and TRIMMINGS. Pipes repaired and MOUNTED in any variety of style. FREDERICK BROWN, Apothecary,  
may7tf 63 Washington, cor. of State Street.

## DESIGNING AND WOOD ENGRAVING.

KILBURN & MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. 3m 12

114,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street.

tf

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

FITZ-HERN; OR, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland, narrating events of deep interest to every lover of Erin.

Written for us by . . . . . F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA; OR, OUR LANT OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the singular incidents of those times.

Written for us by . . . . . NED BUNTLINE.

THE TURKISH SLAVE; OR, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated, altogether exhibiting

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE BLACK KNIGHT; OR, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LARK; OR, THE SQUADRON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE; OR, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

RODERICK THE ROVER; OR, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVES. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE SMUGGLER; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelle, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT; OR, THE BUCCANER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by . . . . . F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE; OR, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by . . . . . CAPT. HENRY P. CHERYER.

RED HAND; OR, THE CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.

Written for us by . . . . . F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

PAUL LABOON; OR, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF; OR, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by . . . . . AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE SEA LION; OR, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOSCOOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS; OR, THE SCOT OF THE SEQUANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR; OR, THE HUNTER BY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA; OR, THE RED CROSS AND THE CRUISE. This famous sea story is written with that captivating power and grace for which its author is celebrated, interweaving in its brilliant





[See page 381.]

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

\$3 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVI., No. 25...WHOLE No. 417.

## MARSHAL VAILLANT,

MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

We publish on this page a full length portrait of Marshal Vaillant, late French minister of war, and now major-general of the army of Italy, from the pencil of Horace Vernet, the celebrated painter of soldiers and of battles. Marshal Vaillant was born at Dijon, December 6, 1790, and is consequently now nearly seventy years of age. Educated at the Polytechnic School, he passed thence into the Practical School (*école d'application*) at Metz, and entered upon his military career during the closing scenes of the first French empire. He was lieutenant of the battalion of sappers at Dantzic, and was promoted to a captaincy. In the Russian campaign of 1812 he was mentioned, in consequence of his gallant conduct, in the orders of the day. Taken prisoner in the war of 1813, he was not liberated till 1815. He hastened to France, to the defence of Paris, and was present at the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. Under the Restoration he employed his leisure in translating an "Essay on the principles and construction of military bridges," from the English. Nominated "chief of battalion" in 1826, he went in that capacity on the expedition to Algiers in 1830. He was entrusted with the siege operations of Fort Emperor, and made lieutenant-colonel as a reward for his services. In 1832 he took part in the siege of Antwerp. Promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1833, he returned to Algeria, where his information made him very useful in the construction of defensive works in the French colony. Vaillant was made brigadier-general in 1838, and, in the following year, entrusted with the command of the Polytechnic School. In 1840 he directed the works of the fortification of Paris on the right bank. In 1845 he was rewarded for this service by the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1849 he was entrusted with the operations at the siege of Rome, and it is claimed for him that his science prevented the storming and sacking of the city. In 1851 he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France. Since then he received the title of count, and was made marshal of the palace. In 1854 he succeeded Marshal Saint Arnaud in the functions of minister of war. Marshal Vaillant, as a reward for his services, was, in 1853, appointed a free member of the Academy of Sciences. Though an aged man, yet, like the veteran war-horse, the blast of the trumpet has revived his military ardor, and there are few French generals in the field whose services are likely to prove more valuable. Marshal Randon, who succeeds Vaillant as minister of war, was born at Grenoble in 1795. Under the empire he made the campaign of Russia, Saxony and France. In 1813 he was made lieutenant and then captain during the same month. He was present and wounded at the battle of Lutzen. The restored Bourbons neglected him, but under Louis Philippe, who made it his policy to favor the soldiers of Napoleon, was promoted to the command of the 13th Chasseurs, and colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique in 1838. He was a good deal under fire in Algeria. He was made brigadier-general in 1841, and division-general in 1847. In 1848 he was appointed to the command of the 3d military division. In 1850 he was appointed minister of war, but his administration was of short duration. He was indemnified by the governor-generalship of Algeria, which he held till 1858, a period at which the functions of the governor were diminished, and transformed into a superior command of the military and naval forces, without any participation in the civil affairs of the colony.

A notice of some of the other French generals occupying important positions, and whose names will frequently occur in the history of the present war, will not be out of place in this connection. Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, commandant of the army of observation at Nancy, was born at Maromme (Seine-Inferieure) Nov. 6, 1794. Educated at La Fleche and St. Cyr, he graduated from the latter school with the rank of sub-lieutenant of the artillery of the Royal Guard in 1815. The services and promotions of the marshal are as follows: 1820, lieutenant of the 35th of the line; 1823, the Spanish campaign; 1828, captain; campaign of the Morea;

1830, chief of squadron, campaign of Africa. In 1832 he was employed at the war depot, and from 1834 to 1837 at Paris. In 1839 he went to Algeria and served at the battle of Isly. Camp marshal in 1846, division-general in 1851, he was temporarily entrusted with the government of Algeria, and by his firm attitude and vigorous measures, caused the revolution of December 2d, to be accepted by the African colony. Designated in 1855 to take command of the army of the East, in place of General Canrobert, he had the honor of bringing the campaign of the Crimea to a fortunate issue.

Marshal de Castellane, now commanding the army of Lyon, was born in Paris in 1788, and is now in his 71st year. An active and fiery temperament made the profession of arms his choice. He entered the army as a private, and successively went through all the grades of the military hierarchy. In 1806 he was sub-lieutenant of the 24th dragoons, and made the campaign of Italy. In 1808 he was made lieutenant in the Spanish campaign. In 1809 he was sent to Germany and received the decoration for his gallantry at Wagram. A captain in 1810, he was attached to the Russian expedition as aide-de-camp to Count

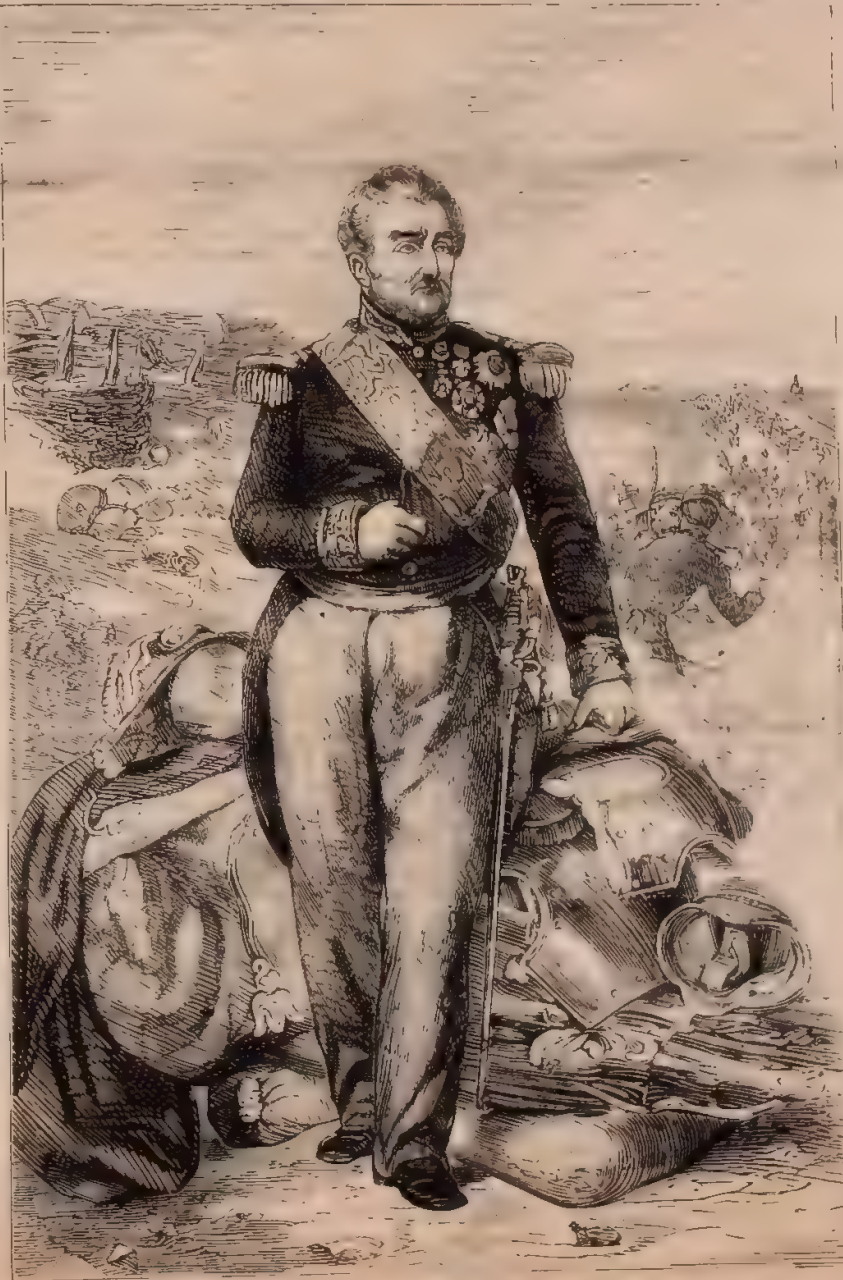
Lobau. He was made *chef d'escauton* at Moscow. In 1813 he received the command of the Guard of Honor, with the rank of colonel. He supported the Restoration. In 1822 he obtained command of the regiment of hussars of the Royal Guard, and served in the war with Spain in 1823. He was present at the siege of Antwerp in 1831, as brigadier-general. Appointed lieutenant-general in the following year, he received the command of the army of the Pyrenees. Elevated to the peerage in 1837, he served some time with the army in Africa. In 1848 he suppressed the revolutionary movement at Rouen, and was appointed, in 1851, commandant of Lyon and Senator. In 1852 he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France.

Marshal Baraguey d' Hilliers, commanding the first corps of the army of the Alps, was educated at a military school. He was sub-lieutenant of the horse chasseurs in 1813, and had his left hand shot away in the battle of Leipsic. A captain in 1815, he entered the service of the restored Bourbons. He served in Algeria in the rank of colonel. He was promoted from step to step, and is an especial favorite with Louis Napoleon. He was made marshal in 1855.

General McMahon, commanding the 2d corps, was born at Autun in 1807. He graduated at the School of St. Cyr in 1825, and his first service was in Algeria. He served in the Belgian campaign in 1832 as aid de camp to General Achard. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1833. In 1837 he was engaged in the expedition against Constantine, distinguished himself by a brilliant act at the siege of this place, and was appointed chief of battalion soon afterwards; colonel in 1845, brigadier-general in 1848, and lieutenant-general in 1852. The Crimean campaign displayed the eminent good qualities of this general. It will be remembered that it was owing to his rare energy and intrepidity that the formidable fortifications of the Malakoff tower were carried. General McMahon cannot fail to distinguish himself in the important command with which he has been invested.

Marshal Canrobert, commanding the third corps, is a native of Brittany. He was admitted to the School of St. Cyr in 1823, and since then has won constant service in Algeria, where he won his colonel's epaulettes. In 1849, the brilliant affair of the taking of Zaatcha, attracted attention to the young officer. Napoleon, then president of the republic, noticed his eminent military qualities, and made it a point to attach him to his fortunes. In 1850 he made him brigadier-general, and division-general in 1853. In the Crimean war he was entrusted with the command of a corps of the army, and on the death of Marshal St. Arnaud, took the chief command. It is well known what difficulties compelled him to abandon that position, but though superseded, he took command of a division and fought gallantly. In 1856 he was made a Marshal of France.

Division-General Niel, the emperor's aide-de-camp, and commander of the fourth corps of the army of Italy, was born in 1802. Educated at the Polytechnic School and the Practical School of Metz, he entered the engineer corps. A lieutenant in 1827, and captain in 1831, he repaired to Algeria, and assisted in the siege of Constantine. He was made colonel in 1846. In the expedition to Rome in 1849, he was entrusted with the duties of chief of the staff of engineers, and was made brigadier-general for the services he rendered during the siege. In 1853 he was appointed to the rank of general of division. General Niel was engaged in the Baltic expedition, and directed operations at the siege of the citadel of Bomarsund. On his return he was appointed aide de camp to the emperor, and designated for the command in-chief of the engineer corps of the army of the East before Sebastopol, and discharged his duties with as much brilliancy as honor. It will be seen from these rapid sketches, that the emperor of France has the ablest officers with the army of Italy. That army also comprises hundreds of young officers, burning for distinction, and, in the course of the campaign, many new names will doubtless issue from the smoke and carnage of battle, to take their places on the scroll of history. But those we have noticed holding high commands, will be prominently before the public eye, and the outline of their career deserves to be recorded and preserved for reference. We are entering on the opening of a new era, and possibly it may be as densely crowded with important events as that comprised between the opening of the present century and the year 1815. The unsettled accounts of the latter year have been carried forward and must now be balanced. The present war, like that of the Crimea, will show, as its opening actions, indeed, have already shown, the superior effectiveness of the French officers and army to all other military organizations in Europe. The French are eminently a military people, and have been since the days of those Gauls whom it was the proudest triumph of the Roman Cæsar to subdue. Nothing evinces the spirit of the people more conclusively than the fact that within a few days they subscribed five times the amount which Louis Napoleon called for, for carrying on the war, and that the volunteers have poured in to the recruiting stations in unexpected numbers. The French have kept pace in military science with all the advances of science in other departments.



MARSHAL VAILLANT, MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## ROSE BURNIE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

ROSE BURNIE had been born and bred in poverty; and though care and toil and sorrow had been her portion in life, she was never heard to utter a complaint, and those who knew her best spoke of her as the "blitest lassie in a' Scotland."

But if worldly gear had been denied the little mountain maiden, Nature did not withhold the boon of beauty, that rarest and most-prized of her gifts. But Nature did still more for this neglected child of poverty, and though she had ever associated with the unpollished and unlearned, she was a lady—a lady in the true sense of the word—possessing a refinement and elevation of mind which no education can bestow. Lovely was she as attired in her simple Highland garb, and leading her flock to the green pastures, she tripped at early morn over the dewy heather, the gay mountain breeze sweeping back the "lint-white locks" from her snowy brow.

"I never saw so heavenly a face," thought Laird Donald Dhu, reining in his steed on the narrow mountain pass. Rose approached, her beautiful countenance half-shaded by her torn hat, while a fitting blush revealed her consciousness of the admiration which she had awakened in the heart of one whom she deemed so far, far above her.

All day long Rose herded her sheep on the sunny hill-slope, dreaming sweeter dreams than ever her imagination had indulged in before. The echoing glens repeated the tender songs that gushed at happy intervals from her lips, making her oblivious to the thought that she was "a weary slave frae sun to sun." But when she glanced athwart the blue distance, and beheld far away on the brow of a hill the white towers of Castle Dhu rising proudly above the tree-tops, the song was hushed. Then involuntarily gazing down into the silent valley below, she marked the white-washed walls of a little cot peeping out amid the fragrant shelter of birch trees. Turning away with half a sigh, her eyes rested again on the stately castle, and for the first time the serpent discontent found entrance into her heart, and left its sinuous trail in that garden of peace.

When Rose returned in the evening, she started to see outside the garden gate a gray charger pawing the ground with an impatient hoof. With a thrill of expectancy she met the laird issuing from the cottage. He was engaged in conversation with her father, who held his bonnet in his hand as a mark of respect to his visitor. Her cheeks wore a brighter tint than usual when she encountered the laird's eye bent upon her with an expression of much interest.

"This is your daughter, John, of whom you are so justly proud," he said. "Her name is Rose, you tell me. She is indeed the queen of roses," he added half-audibly.

"Thanks, laird," returned the grateful father, no less proud of the praise bestowed by the laird on his lovely daughter, than grateful for his kind and affable manners. "The bonniest flower may have its thorn, but my ain sweet bairn is as gude as she is braw. Sixteen summers has shed their glory and fled awa' sin God gave her to us, and in a' that time she has been the light o' our een. Ye need na blush, lassie, to hear praise which ye sae weel deserve; the laird is none o' those who scorn the helpless poor. This very evening he has promised a renewal o' the lease o' our little farm. And mair than that; we hae now na need o' going to Ayrshire with our eggs and butter, we can dispose o' them nearer hame. Ye are to carry them to the castle."

Tears of gratitude suffused Rose's eyes, as she lifted them to the face of the laird, and in tones the sweetest he had ever heard, said:

"May Heaven bless you, laird, for lightening the load of those who have known many a weary day of toil and want!"

The Laird of Dhu turned aside, seemingly engaged in admiring the flower knot at his feet. But as if seeking for an excuse to delay, he smilingly said:

"You have made a paradise to smile in the midst of a wilderness, my pretty little Rose. Your garden is a marvel of taste. What have we here clustering in sweet sisterhood? Carnations, wild roses, violets—ay, even tulips and anemones!"

He turned inquiringly to Rose, who stood beside him. Simple and unaffected, she had lost

that air of reserve which she had worn at first, and with winning artlessness replied:

"Many of these flowers were planted here by the angels, I suppose; others, such as the anemones were given to me by a lady in Ayrshire."

"An angel it was who laid out these neatly gravelled walks," he said, "bordered with the fragrant clover sprinkled with blue-bells. What angel hand fashioned this fairy-like bower into so exquisite a retreat, and deftly twined this sweet-scented eglantine around porch and lattice?"

He paused as if for a reply, while a sweet smile wreathed the lips of the innocent girl—the reflex of the undefined joy that filled her heart.

"I am inclined to think that the presiding goddess of this little Eden is known by the sweet name of Rose."

Suddenly checking himself, he turned to John Burnie and expressed his pleasure at the thrift and neatness visible around the little farm; adding that as he had now returned to the home of his fathers, after a long absence, he trusted that the old tenantry would remember that they would always be welcome at the castle. Having mounted his horse, he bowed a farewell and rode away.

Rose followed with her eyes the vanishing form of the rider, until it was lost in the glimmering distance, then turning away with a vague yearning "for something better than she had known," she followed her father into the cot, where her toil-worn mother had their frugal meal prepared. Before the little family partook of their simple supper of oat-cakes and milk, John lifted up his hands to Heaven, and with patriarchal reverence asked a blessing, while the saintly faces of the mother and child were turned towards him in silent communion of spirits.

All that happy night, as the moon shed its pale effulgence through the lattice, encircling with a holy light the sleeping Rose, the visions that imparadised dream-land far transcended the enchantment of her day dreams—dreams which, enlivening the gloom of the present, flung a radiance over the dim horizon of the future.

Rest, happy maiden! Like thee millions have revelled daytime and nighttime in those beautiful delusions of fancy—wandering on the Elysian shores of Old Dreamland with the beloved of their hearts, they dwelt in a world of light all their own. Soon, too, they awoke, to find themselves alone and in utter darkness. Then—O mighty sorrow that cleavest to the heart until it finds rest in the grave!—they felt that they should never more behold the glory which had made their lives akin to the blessed.

The dawn of the morning found Rose employed in and around the cottage, ere she drove her flock to browse on the mountains, thus lightening the day's weary labor for her beloved mother. Vain would have been the struggles of the poor, feeble parents against the troubles that assailed them, but for the little hands that toiled unremittingly for them. Of late years John Burnie had lost the strength which had once characterized him. Though he had seen but fifty winters, he was broken down unretreivably, from long battling with adversity. But better days were dawning on them; for they had found a friend in the Laird of Dhu. Through his noble generosity many needed comforts were bestowed on the happy little family; the scanty farm-stock was increased, John no longer worked unaided in the fields, and Rose seldom experienced the hardship of herding her flock on the mountains. Instead, she carried the lighter produce of the farm to the castle, where she at once became a favorite with the housekeeper, "Good Dame Margaret" as she was called.

It was wonderful how often accident caused the laird to meet the sweet girl, as with his dogs and gun he wandered out in pursuit of his chief amusement. At such times he would stay to inquire for her parents, or to ask how the crops prospered; but these simple inquiries ever led to a delightful converse, and when left alone he felt his sweetest pleasure had departed. Resting listlessly upon his gun, he would gaze upon the beautiful scenes that surrounded him, while his heart sang with the poet,

"I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair,  
I hear her in the tuneful birds,  
I hear her charm the air."

Frequently now might the laird's horse be seen cropping the verdurous clover at the garden-gate of John Burnie's humble cot. The laird himself lingered inside; while the lovely Rose sat at her spinning-wheel, knowing not that her pres-

ence was the shining light that attracted him hither, and happy, she knew not why, she sang to him the exquisite melodies of her country.

The rare beauty of the flower of Dunivor captivated his heart from the first moment he had beheld her; but her simplicity and innocence charmed him still more. Donald Dhu, now in his thirtieth year, had passed that romantic period when every pretty face leaves an impression on the susceptible heart, to be quickly effaced and soon forgotten. More than once he had worshipped at the shrine of beauty, where wealth and distinction offered a suitable alliance; but his soul was unsatisfied with the transient attractions of mere physical loveliness. Weary of the glitter and hollowness of fashionable life, he left London to find among the wild solitudes of his native mountains his heart cherished ideal of womanly perfection.

One golden afternoon in midsummer Rose sat knitting in the porch. She was alone, her parents having gone to the Manse to visit their honored minister, who had been ill for some time past. Lifting her eyes, she beheld the laird leaning over the hedge and regarding her with deep and tender earnestness. For the first time she rightly interpreted his kind attentions, which in her diffidence she had hitherto received as the expression of the benevolent feeling of him whom they regarded as a benefactor. With downcast eyes and glowing cheeks she rose to meet him, for with the rapturous hopes that thrilled her heart came the knowledge of her own undying love.

To the laird's request that she would continue the sweet song which his presence had interrupted, she complied in a voice tremulous with emotion.

It was under the blessed influence of love that Donald Dhu now strove to crush in its power the pride that enslaved him. He closed his ears to its maddening whispers, "of the taunts of society, the indignation and resentment of his haughty family if he tarnished the honor of a long line of noble ancestry by an union with a peasant girl."

The tones of the singer died away in a low gush of melody. Starting from his seat on the rustic bench beside her, he stood before the trembling maiden, who could have sunk at his feet as he exclaimed:

"Rose, my own beloved one!"

The fate of more than two hung on that moment when Allen Grey, a thrifty farmer in the neighborhood, approaching unperceived, stood beside them; not, however, until the words were breathed that echoed evermore like angel-music through Rose's soul.

With a slight salutation to the unwelcome visitor, the laird turned abruptly away, and the next minute Rose was listening to the trampling of his horse's feet until the sound was lost in the distance.

"Ye dinna seem like yoursel' to-day, Rose. Twice have I asked ye the same question without receiving an answer."

Suddenly recollecting the farmer's presence, she blushed as she informed him whither her parents had gone.

"Weel," said he, seating himself in the place vacated by the Laird of Dhu, "if ye have no objection to an auld neebor spending a canty hour with ye, I'll stay here until they return frae the Manse."

Rose assented with a faint smile, and it was with a feeling of relief that shortly afterwards she saw her parents approaching.

As soon as her father and his old schoolmate were chatting merrily over their pipes at the ingle side, she stole out into the silence of evening—for solitude has peculiar charms for a hopeful, loving heart. She had seen the last flame of day fading into gloom on the shadowy hills, and she still lingered in the garden, which his praises had made an Eden in her sight. Blessing the close of that happiest day of her life, joy and sadness were blended sunshine and shadow in her soul. Undazzled by thoughts of her own elevation, if she became the wife of the Laird of Dhu, their wide difference of rank was a painful reflection to her sensitive nature.

"O, if he were only a shepherd!" she would sigh, "then I might love him without fear."

Yet words could not express her deep joy at the blessed thought that she was beloved by him who alone could ever possess her heart. Love had waked a new life in her soul, and the heavenly light that illuminated her spirit shed its glory on all around her.

The morning was far advanced. Rose, who

was assisting her mother in the cottage, paused as her listening ear caught the sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk outside. She thought only of the laird, and turned away to hide the modest glow that burned on her cheeks, while her heart leaped forth to meet her beloved.

"Dame Margaret!" she exclaimed in surprise, as the housekeeper entered, her eyes red from weeping.

To the anxious inquiries of Mrs. Burnie and Rose as to the cause of her apparent distress, she informed them that the laird was then on his way to London, having received intelligence the previous evening of the dangerous illness of his only brother.

"Waes my heart," sobbed the dame. "As I lay awake last night, lanely and sad, and thinking o' the laird and poor, dear Master Robert, and the love they hae for ane anither, what think ye I heard in the dead hour o' the night? The death-watch!"

A gasping sigh broke from the unhappy girl.

"Rose, my bairn!" cried her mother in alarm, "what makes ye look sae? Ye are as white as a ghast!"

"I'm better now, mother—a sudden pain," she returned, in a low, trembling voice.

"But yere cheek is as cauld as a snaw-flake," said the housekeeper, as she kissed her favorite. "Ye must nae wark sae hard, Rose; sae tender a flower would soon droop frae two muckle toil."

When Dame Margaret took her leave, Rose went as usual about her household duties, while the light of joy flickered and went out, and the darkness deepened within and about her. Hiding all her grief away, her mother only perceived a certain wildness in her looks, which she also attributed to fatigue, while she gently chided her darling for "toiling sae hard."

Poor Rose! she felt that the gulf of separation, which every moment was widening between them, would never again be crossed by either. All that night no balmy sleep visited her weary eyelids—no blessed dream allured her heart from dwelling on its sorrow.

"O, Donald Dhu, you are lost to me forever!" she groaned.

The next moment, starting wildly up, she opened her arms towards heaven as if for help in her passion, then sinking back upon her pillow, she implored her Maker's forgiveness for the idol-worship she paid to one of his creatures. Humbly did she supplicate for the divine grace of submission. After that she became very calm, and the holy peace that shone on her countenance was beautiful to behold.

But unforeseen troubles were gathering around the little circle at the fireside. An unusually severe season had destroyed nearly every crop in the district. A blight appeared among the cattle at the same time, as if to add to the calamity. Among all the farmers there was not a greater sufferer than John Burnie. Once more did poverty knock at their door, and lay its heavy burden upon them, while its black shadow darkened their hearth-stone. Before the winter was over the poor wife was prostrated by a wasting illness, and their last penny went to pay the surgeon and purchase medicine. John Burnie would have sunk under the hardships and trials which God had imposed upon him, but for the example of his child. Day and night did she toil for them; and burying her own secret sorrow, she appeared cheerful and even gay in the presence of her idolized parents.

The spring-time returned. Rose felt its blessed influence, as she beheld every hill and every valley shining in their vernal robes; her heart sympathized with the awakening of nature, and her pale cheeks caught bloom again from the inspiring mountain breezes.

How those soft, sunny days recalled the vanished hours she had spent with the Laird of Dhu. All she knew of him since his departure was, that on the death of his brother he had gone on the Continent—"to wean his heart frae its wae," said Dame Margaret. One serene afternoon in April Rose called on the housekeeper. She had not seen her for several weeks; and with smiling cheerfulness the good woman informed her that the laird was expected home early in the summer.

Rose asked not her heart why it thrilled with delight at this news, while she gathered happiness from that far-off day when she would again meet her beloved. With the light step of other days she tripped over the fresh, fragrant turf, unconsciously singing with the birds, as immortal hope colored the whole universe with its



heavenly hues. Through the budding boughs of the birch and ash trees she saw the thin white smoke rising from her cottage home, and hastened home to have the evening meal prepared before her father arrived. She knew how weary he would be on his return from the mountains, whither he had gone in search of a strayed sheep, the only remaining one of his flock.

Turning into the grassy pathway that wound round the hill, she suddenly encountered a number of peasants bearing a litter, on which was extended the motionless form of a man. "Some poor shepherd has fallen over the cliff," thought Rose, as she awaited in tender compassion the approach of the silent little band. They were descending the hill in an opposite direction, and as they emerged from the broom and bushes, she recognized many a familiar face.

"It must be one of our neighbors!" she exclaimed aloud. "Heaven help his poor wife and bairns!"

At this moment she was perceived. The litter was laid down, and one of the number, a tall, hale-looking old man, came towards her, but with quivering lips and trembling steps.

"Allen Grey, O who is hurt?" she asked. But noticing his extreme agitation, his inability to reply, in deep, compassionate tones she exclaimed, "Heaven forbid that the poor man is dead!"

"Rose," he returned in a broken voice, "Rose, my bairn, ye hae always look to Heaven in trouble—"

"Great God, it is my father!" she gasped, instinctively gathering the fatal truth from the pallid face before her. She rushed forward, the men who surrounded the litter opening a way for her with one accord. The next moment she was bending over it, looking with fixed eyes upon the blood-stained features of her parent.

"Father! O no, it cannot be! Father, my own darling father, answer your child! O, my God, my God!"

The thrilling cry had died away, and her insensible form lay across the litter. Why linger over the sad days that followed? He who does all things for the best, willed that life should remain to John Burnie. It was unaccountable to the poor man himself how he had fallen over the precipice, receiving injuries which rendered him helpless the rest of his days. Hard were the trials which Rose experienced now, and though she toiled early and late, she did not earn half enough to supply their simple wants. Allen Grey came forward and saved them from a fate which they dreaded was fast approaching them, and to which death was preferable—support from the parish. Bitter necessity compelled John Burnie to dispose of the lease of the little homestead, which had sheltered his father and grandfather before him. The poor houseless ones had now nowhere to lay their heads; but Allen Grey threw open his hospitable doors to them, and beneath his roof they found rest from life's pitiless storms. But a few weeks had passed, when Allen Grey asked Rose to become his wife—telling her that he had loved her long, and that fear of a refusal, which would "kill him," he said, had kept him silent.

Startled, overpowered, deeply pained at this disclosure, the broken-hearted girl could only lift her hands to Heaven and bless him for his goodness to her parents and herself, while she simply told him that she could never love him. But the old man returned, "that she would crown him with joy if she gave him her hand, regarding him with the affection a daughter would feel for a fond father."

Rose looked at her helpless parents; entreatingly they turned their eyes upon her, while their silence pleaded more than words. They had not sought to influence their child, when recently she had received some of the "best offers" in Dunivon, which was the marvel of all the young maidens in the village. Now want veiled their eyes to the unsuitableness of the union of their child with a man of nearly sixty; and when, with an expression of agony fitting across her face, she asked for time to consider, they replied that she ought not to keep their kind friend and benefactor in suspense. With a gasping sob she asked for three days.

Three days! three days!—what sorrow and joy, what hope and despair, what death and life cross the threshold of existence in that brief span. Rose had asked for that short delay, for she had a presentiment that before many hours news would come to her of the laird, that would affect her destiny. It came with the dawn of another day, and with it brought her doom!

Dame Margaret herself, all excitement and delight, came over to the cottage to communicate the glad tidings. A number of workmen had come all the way from London to put the castle in complete repair, and furniture and hangings for the drawing-rooms were to arrive from Paris. "Between ourselves," continued the housekeeper, "as soon as the year's mourning is over for Master Robert, the laird is to come home with a braw young bride, a great lady with muckle gear."

While Dame Margaret was still speaking, Rose passed out unperceived. The bright, warm sunshine streamed down upon her uncovered head, as she fled through the garden, crashing the fair young roses under her feet. She knew not whither she was going, she only wished to be alone where none could witness her suffering; but nature had been too severely tried, and when she reached the gate, she uttered a low cry of despair and fell down insensible. There she was found soon after by Dame Margaret.

When the wretched girl recovered, she started wildly up with a fixed, bewildered gaze, but as one by one she recognized each fond face bending over her, rushing swept over her mind the memory of her great sorrow. Without a word she sank back upon the pillow, closing her eyes to her mother's loving gaze.

"Rose, my sweet bairn, ye must turn and sleep a little," said her anxious parent, "ye look very faint, a gude rest will make ye weel again."

"O that I could go to sleep!" sighed the sufferer; and those who moved noiselessly away from the bedside knew not that the sleep she longed for was that which knows no waking.

In a little while she was left alone. Then did she reproach herself for having believed that she was loved by the Laird of Dhu—for having gone on from day to day feeding hope with the memory of those treasured words—"Rose, my own beloved one,"—words which had proved so fatal to her peace. "How could he love one like me?" she sighed—"I, a poor, ignorant peasant girl—he so great, so learned, so noble."

"She loved as woman ever loves—  
And deemed him far above her"

For dreary hours she lay there cold and still and motionless. At intervals her mother would enter the room, and thinking that her darling still slept, she would steal softly out again. The evening wore on. Suddenly the merry laughter of children at play was borne to her ear by the merciful breeze that blew in at the open casement. Softly, sweetly, soothingly, the blessed sounds drifted down into her lacerated heart, and dropt like sunshine on the frozen fountain of her tears. Then as she listened, unconsciously folding her hands upon her bosom, she wept.

"I have deserved thy chastening rod!" she cried. "I reared an altar in my heart, placed an image there and knelt to it day and night—now the idol is cast down and broken, the altar a ruin. Father, forgive me, for I have sinned!"

She rose up on the morrow with the resolve in her heart to immolate herself for her parents' sake, and for his who left his happiness at her disposal. With a "great calm" in her soul she knelt beside her aged lover, and with an expression of innocence and truth resting like a "halo of sanctity" on her upturned face, she told him that she was unworthy of him. Then bowing her head, while a burning flush flitted over her sad countenance, she said:

"I once loved another—dearly. He is nothing to me now. It is not love that I can give you—that was lost on him—but gratitude, reverence, undying affection."

"My poor, poor bairn!" he exclaimed with emotion, laying his hand tenderly on her bowed head, and then pressing that dear head to his heart. "Here shall ye find rest frae this world's cauld sorrows."

He knew not, nor asked not who that "other" was, but, with deep feeling and a look of inexpressible delight, he led her to her parents. Folded to their hearts, she received their blessing.

"Our bairn asked for three days to think o' our gude Allen's proposal," said John Burnie, turning to his wife, "we little thought that at the end o' that time she wad be his bride."

It was the wish of all that there should be no delay to the marriage, and the following day was appointed for their union. The next day was the Sabbath. Rose answered the toll of the bell that echoed over the hills, and placing her hand in Allen Grey's, they set forth—he with the look of one who is about possessing a long-sought treasure—she with a tranquillity over her which had the semblance of resignation. The glory of summer was all around them, the melody of na-

ture filled the air, and their way led through a wilderness of flowers that bent beneath their burden of pearly dewdrops. Pitying eyes followed the young bride as her husband led her from the altar, and as whispered words of dissatisfaction went round, more than one lip repeated the oft-quoted comparison of May and December.

The summer passed on. Very pale and calm was the sweet face of the young wife as she went about her household duties, and when unconsciously her old unhappy feeling would steal upon her, then her only refuge was in prayer. But a few weeks went by when she observed a change coming over her husband, his health was evidently declining, while he grew sad and silent in her presence. One day he was too feeble to leave his room, and with tears she implored him to send to Dunivon for a physician.

"Speak na mair about it, Rose," said he, "the tender care o' my sweet wife is a' that I desire."

Rose now seldom went beyond the boundaries of the farm; and Dame Margaret being, on a visit to her friends in Ayrshire, she rarely heard any news from the castle. Before long, however, there were rumors about of the marriage of the laird to the daughter of an English nobleman.

One still afternoon in autumn, Rose happy at seeing her husband's health improving under her kind nursing, wrapped her plaid about her, and obeying an irresistible impulse, she bent her steps towards the green pastures where she had herded her flock in by-gone days. She paused involuntarily when she found herself on the spot where she had first met the Laird of Dhu, and as her eyes wandered over the scene, she beheld afar the white towers of his ancestral halls rising up against the translucent atmosphere. Agitating memories swept over her shrinking soul, bringing with them the recollection that one year ago that day she had last beheld him—and when he called her his "beloved one," Allen Grey, like the messenger of fate, came between them forever. A sudden faintness came over her, and she sank down on the damp turf at the foot of an ancient ash tree.

"I thought that I had cast this love aside!" she cried in accents of despair. "God help me! God help me!"

Bowing her head and closing her eyes, she waited to have the storm pass over her soul—after that she knew there would come a calm. She sat there long, the sad wind moaning through the trees, and the sore autumn leaves drifting down from the yellow boughs of the grand old tree, and covering her as with a shroud.

At length she rose up, and with faltering steps sought her home. As she was entering the cottage she was met by the village surgeon who had come forward to meet her. Taking her hand he led her aside from the door, while he addressed her in an agitated manner, which he vainly endeavored to control—"sudden death" was all that came to her ears, and breaking from him she rushed into the cottage. There in the chair where she had so lately left him, she beheld all that was mortal of her husband. He had just breathed his last. Regardless of all present, she fell on her knees before the dead, and with remorse and sorrow welling up in her heart, she cried:

"I have killed him with my coldness! Often have I seen him turn upon me a look of yearning love, which I could not return—then his half-stifled sighs would come home to my heart, while I answered his devotion with forced affection. Allen, you are now in heaven, and you know how I have struggled against the wild, sinful love that came between us. O, sainted spirit of my husband, behold my repentance!" Falling back overcome, she was borne from the room.

Before many days Allen Grey slept in the kirkyard at Dunivon. After that Rose glided through the house like a shadow; even in the presence of her parents she was silent and abstracted. Six dreary weeks had passed away. The day had been unusually fine for the season, and Rose, attracted by the beauty of the sunset, wandered through the garden, her spirit soothed by the serenity and loveliness of the evening. She lingered long beneath the gloaming, and at length, when about returning to the cottage, her steps were arrested by hearing her name pronounced. At that voice she turned and beheld the Laird of Dhu hastening towards her. The thrill of joy unspeakable that shot through her heart, instantly gave place to feelings of intolerable anguish. Her next impulse was to flee from his presence, but some irresistible influence deprived her of the power to move.

"Rose!" he exclaimed reproachfully, "is this

the welcome you have for me after our long separation?"

Rose was deadly pale, her eyes were turned away, her lips trembled, but she continued silent.

"I respect your sorrow," he resumed, glancing at her mourning garb, "but I know the holy, filial love that prompted you to sacrifice yourself—" He paused, and after a few moments he continued in a voice of blended tenderness and emotion, "The sudden illness of my brother compelled me to leave you—his loss kept me still longer away. This was a self-imposed penance, for in those sorrowing days I would not allow myself the delight of being near you. Need I say your image never forsook me? Regardless of the importunities of my friends to form a union with a lady whose wealth and rank had no charms for me, I was on the point of leaving London when I learned by accident of your marriage. I am here now to ask you to become my wife, my life's sweet companion. Rose, my own beloved one!"

As her soul answered that call which had echoed through its secret chambers for weary months, her eyes turned upon him with a look that spoke volumes, then suddenly, with a cry of intense joy, she fled to him to be caught weeping to his heart.

"Rose, Rose, my bairn! ye should na hae wandered away frae hame in this manner. How foolish o' my little wife to fu' usleep in the open air. Ye look like ane o' the babes in the wood covered over with leaves."

Thus aroused, the sleeper started up and looked hastily and inquiringly around. The beatific smile that lingered on her face vanished; the spell was broken as she gazed with a bewildered look on her husband.

"It was all a dream!" she murmured, leaning for support against the giant tree beneath whose shade, in the magic realms of dreamland, she no longer bore the cross, while her brow was encircled with the crown of glory.

"Look, Rose!" he cried, pointing in the direction of Castle Dhu. "Ye are no asleep yet! See the bonfires blazing on a' the hill. The laird with his beautiful bride will be hame again in his auld castle a half an hour after the sun goes down, and it is now sinking behind the hills. When some o' the neighbors came in this afternoon and told the news, and asked me to join in the great doings at the village, though I could na do that, I felt sae weel that I came in search o' my bonnie bird."

At this moment a glad shout rose up from the valley, which was prolonged by a thousand echoes. Exclaiming that the laird was coming, Allen hastened his trembling companion forward, observing not, in the excitement of the moment, the death-like paleness of her countenance. They had scarcely reached the road that led to the castle when the carriage appeared in view, drawn by a band of young men, sons of the tenantry. A numerous retinue of the villagers followed in the rear. The departing sun shed a rosy light over the scene, and every regal hill was crowned with splendor. At the request of the laird the carriage was stopped, as he wished his beautiful bride to view the scene from a favorable point of view. But she was alike insensible to the varied and enchanting scenery, and the charms of his eloquence. With an inclination of her stately head she signified her wish that the carriage should go on.

"Dearest Elizabeth," he said in a tone of much feeling, "see, that young girl has fainted away in the arms of the old man, who seems unable to support her. We may be able to render them some assistance—"

"She is only a common peasant, they are enough here to attend to her," she returned coldly, casting an indifferent look at the insensible Rose, whose face was turned from them. "You know, Donald," she continued, "how fatigued I am after our long journey, and the wild shouting of these people is most distressing. Let us not be detained any longer."

As the carriage moved forward, another shout arose, and the haughty beauty sunk languidly back in her seat, while Donald Dhu remained moody and silent, a shadow gathering on his brow, which no ray of hope ever dispelled.

A succession of entertainments were given at the castle, and the grace and beauty of its fair mistress were the theme of every tongue. But the Laird of Dhu closed his heart to the festivities around him, while he secretly repented his union with one who had no sympathy in common with him, who even then pined for the world of fashion where she was the star on whom all



were gazing with admiration. Then as he mourned with a careless pain, the image of his lost Rose haunted each dreary hour.

"What demon," he sighed, "tempted me to forsake her, when, child as she was, I would have made her mine forever? Had I but looked on that angel face again, pride—my worst enemy, the enemy of all humankind—would not have barred the gates of my heaven of happiness upon me. The eleventh hour is past. It is now too late for repentance."

After weeks of prostration, Rose appeared once more among the loving little circle at the fireside. The remorse which she had felt in her dream at the supposed death of her husband, was often present in her heart when she witnessed his untiring love and devotion through her weary illness. She had ceased to repine, and peace filled her soul, which knew unrest no more. For with a true spirit of submission, she humbly resigned herself to the will of God, saying, "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE DATE TREE OF LOUISIANA.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

WITHIN the undefined boundaries of "Long Ago" there stood a tree, near which almost every passer-by would stop, look upward and thoughtfully examine the unwonted sight. It was at the corner of what are now Orleans and Dauphine Streets, in New Orleans. At that time there was no other tree of that description in the whole State of Louisiana. It was an enormous date tree, always barren and with scanty foliage, and sighing in the breeze like a perturbed spirit. No one knew how long the tree had been planted. The very "oldest inhabitant" remembered it from a child. The retired sea-captains, who had brought whole cargoes of dates from Smyrna, would gather around the strange tree and count its knobs and excrescences, and laugh at the idea of implanting foreign fruit-trees upon American soil.

Laugh as they might, not one of them would have touched the ugly, knotted trunk, nor even one of its branches, any more than they would the sacred wood of the cross; for this tree had a deep mystery attached to it—and our ancestors respected mysteries much more than their prying, curious and meddling descendants, who lay sacrilegious hands upon the relics of old and time-honored superstitions. So the tree stood through long years—an object of reverence even—for men sometimes reverence mysteries that cannot be unfolded.

In the month of January, 1727, when Louisiana was under the French government, a ship-of-war belonging to that nation arrived at New Orleans. From this vessel came forth a proud, haughty-looking stranger, attended by a single servant. He wore the Turkish dress, and his complexion and mien denoted that it was no disguise, but that he was a veritable follower of the prophet.

The French governor, Perier, received the stranger with the greatest possible distinction. It would seem that he was expected by Perier; for a house standing near where the date tree afterwards stood, was ready for his occupancy, and thither the governor conducted him. It was a lone house, far from any other dwellings, small but well kept, and the garden belonging to it was also in good taste.

Many were the conjectures of the inhabitants, when they found that the stranger's abode was likely to be permanent among them. He and his servant lived in the greatest seclusion; and even had they been often seen, no information could be elicited from them, as they could speak no other language save their own.

No one doubted, however, that the haughty Turk was a prisoner of state, and although the governor resolutely discouraged any conversation leading to the subject, yet the popular mind seemed to be made up that the stranger was a brother of the sultan, or some great personage belonging to the Ottoman Empire, who, for some unknown reason, had claimed the protection of France. For some political view it might have been expedient for France to retain the stranger; for even when called on by the sultan to deliver him up, no notice was taken of the demand. This story was privately circulated; but whether true or not can never, probably, be fully known.

Like the secret of the man with the iron mask,

when all the actors of the event have passed away, there remains nothing but the outward and acknowledged fact, while the real secret, and the motives that induced it, have gone down to the grave with those who have "died and made no sign."

For nearly twelve months the stranger had remained among the inhabitants of New Orleans, but not of them. Stern, solitary and haughty, he recognized the courtesies of no human being. The French children danced and played near his garden, when their nurses took them out to walk, but he never looked nor smiled. Even to his own attendant he was never known to speak; and the patient, silent youth served him with a devotion worthy of a king, and never received the notice which a king might bestow.

A dark, stormy night had commenced, and rain and hail, thunder and lightning, sent the people shuddering and scared to their houses. Never was there such a tempest. The rattle, long, loud and deep, of the thunder, the dashing of hail-stones upon the glass, and the dreary sound of the wind, were enhanced by the fearful barking of dogs, such as was never before heard. A belated individual, who reached his home at midnight, saw sights amidst the storm which staggered him in regard to superstitions to which he had always denied credence; while the friend who heard him relate the circumstances the next day, dryly told him not to mix his Santa Cruz stronger than half-and-half the next time.

This friend was far from his own home on the night of the storm, and Martin Pratz's sister, who kept his house, had entreated him to remain with her, and not attempt returning. Anxious for her brother's safety, she and the friend had set up to await his return, and his wild manner, red eyes and strange accounts, all induced them to believe him under the influence of liquor. They got him off to his room as soon as possible, but all night he was crying out loudly in his sleep, or pacing the floor with disordered steps.

His story, freed from the incoherences which he uttered, seemed to be this: While the storm was raging loudest, and when it seemed, as he said, that every dog in New Orleans was concentrating his powers into one long, horrible yell or howl, he was quite near the water. Out in the bay the flashes of lightning showed him an object that looked like a vessel, but unlike one which he had ever seen before. He watched it by the fitful light, until it rushed to his mind that he had heard an old fisherman say that there was a strange sail in the bay of Baratania a few days before, and that he had come to shore hastily, as he thought it was a pirate ship.

Pratz had thought little of the old man's story, believing it to be only the coinage of his own imagination. Now he recalled it, and he believed that the object before him, rocking, pitching and foundering in the foam, as every flash revealed it, was nothing less than the fisherman's piratical ship.

It was useless to attempt giving any alarm to the pilots, for no human power could save a vessel in that terrible storm, and Pratz made the best of his way home without any compunction of wrong doing in leaving the strange craft to a fate absolutely inevitable.

As he took a short cut across some unoccupied land, he had to pass through a portion of Orleans Street. He had been quite near the solitary house where the supposed prisoner of state was secluded, and was getting on towards a more densely populated quarter, when he observed something in the distance which took from him the power of speech or motion.

Involuntarily he stepped aside, for it was approaching towards him, and by the lightning that was now incessant, he saw a procession troop past, of strange, unearthly-looking beings—a sight that made him hold his breath, and literally raised the hair upon his head.

No peaceful band of benighted peasants returning to their homes, no assemblage of quiet citizens belated at some gathering and walking together through the storm for companionship under its terrors, but dark, fierce-looking beings with fiery looks, and heavy, tramping feet, and something glittering upon every breast in the form of a half-moon. They passed on, and he distinctly heard their footsteps in the distance until he supposed they were near the Turk's house, at the corner of the two streets.

"Some of the many French military companies out on parade and overtaken by the storm," murmured his friend to Martin's sister.

"For Heaven's sake cease, Pierre!" answered Martin. "Believe me, I am neither drunk nor

crazy, but in full possession of my senses. Tomorrow, when the tide sets inward, I fancy there will be fragments enough from that accursed vessel to convince you that I am not in error."

The next morning arose as radiantly bright as if no storm had ever visited the earth. It had cleared off between two and three, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, that had partly dried the roads. Martin sprang from his bed and challenged Pierre to a walk before breakfast, to see what the storm had done. They went through the uninhabited part of Orleans Street, and were proceeding towards the water, when Martin suddenly exclaimed:

"Here is the very tree behind which I stood last night for that procession of demons to go by."

"Sacre! you are right," answered his friend. "Look there! There are the marks of feet in the road, as if an army had passed over it. The fellows marched well, even if they had Beelzebub at their head. Every track is as true as if marked in regular distances by a twelve-inch rule."

They went on, following the tracks. There were no return traces, and they concluded that the midnight regiment must have gone another way, or vanished in the air.

"The old Turk is not up yet," said Pierre, as he marked the close-shut windows and smokeless chimney.

As they were about to turn the corner, a white dove flew down into the garden and alighted on a spot which seemed to have been recently dug. It presented the appearance of a new-made grave. The dove was a well-known pet of the mysterious stranger and his attendant. The two friends looked at each other steadily.

"What's to be done?" asked Pierre.

"We must give notice to the governor at once. There has been some evil deed here, and by those bloody ruffians that I saw last night."

The governor lost no time in coming to the spot. The house was found deserted, but no marks of any violence having been committed. No clue could be found which would lead to any conclusion. Under the last layer of gravel that covered the mysterious grave, was a marble tablet, of which learned men pronounced its inscription to be in Arabic; and when spring came there struggled up from the spot a foreign-looking tree, which grew and spread, but never attained to beauty or fruitfulness.

Only a few years ago the tree was still standing. Perhaps it still looks down upon the spot where rested the heart which held some deep, unfathomable mystery. The inscription on the marble tablet was deciphered thus:

"The justice of Heaven is satisfied, and the date tree shall grow on the traitor's tomb. The sublime Emperor of the Faithful, the supporter of the faith, the omnipotent master and sultan of the world, has redeemed his vow. God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. Allah!"

The midnight vessel was never seen again. Whether it weathered the storm and bore back the fearful testimony of the deed, or was overwhelmed beneath the billows that brought no fragment to the shore, we cannot tell; nor will it ever be known until earth and sea give up their dead.

## LOOKING INTO HIS FUTURE.

The following letter was written by the emperor, Louis Napoleon, on the 30th of January, 1835, when he was but 27 years of age. It is almost prophetic, and lets one into much that seems at present mysterious:

"As to my position, believe me, I understand it fully, although it is very complicated. I feel that, as yet, I am only known by my name, not by my deeds. I am an aristocrat by birth, a democrat by nature and by opinion. I owe all to inheritance, and acquire everything from election. Courtied by some for my name, by others for my title—taxed with personal ambition as soon as I step beyond my accustomed sphere—accused of apathy and indifference if I remain quiet—in short, inspiring both liberals and absolutists with fear because of the influence of my name, I have no political friends but among those who, accustomed to the caprices of fortune, think that by some chance I may once day be useful. It is because I see all the difficulties that would impede my progress in the beginning of any career that I have made it a rule to follow the impulses of my heart, my reason and my convenience, and never to regard any consideration of secondary importance when I believe I am acting for the general interest; in short, to walk in a straight line, without heeding at all the difficulties that obstruct my path."

\* There are few persons who, if they choose to reflect on their past lives, will not say that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WOODED AND WON.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

THE sun waned softly over Holmes Lea, lighting up the rocky cliffs and topmost boughs that shaded the lowlands, and the cold gray clouds anchored in the eastern sky, and the broad green shoulders of the hills. Down in the moist hollows a faint shadow, like the ghost of twilight, crept on tiptoe, waiting for the sunshine to be gone, and in the blossoming lanes, deep hidden under shade of beech and oak, a warm tinted gloom, full of dewy odors, and tremulous voices of brooks, and soft trill of belated robins, had already laid itself to sleep, forgetting the departing daylight in dreams of the coming morning.

On the slope of a hill, facing the setting sun, stood a low, rambling wooden house, much out of repair, with splendid flowering shrubs and trees behind, the rich remains of better days, but a waste of uncultivated fields and fallen fences, stretching over the slopes and deep valleys around. In the large old parlor, fronting the street and the sunset, stood a man and woman looking abstractedly out upon the landscape that opened like a rich picture from the vine-draped window. For full ten minutes neither had spoken, but at length the former roused himself and turned towards his companion.

"You must love this scene, Esther!"

"I do love it beyond any other," the girl replied, looking up suddenly, while the sunlight flashed on her bright hair, and lit up the white forehead it shaded. "I do love it, and it grows dearer and fairer with every season."

"And would no other content you?" he asked, looking with a tender significance into her face, and laying his own hand on the white one among the vine leaves.

The girl looked up with a flush on her cheek, but an added dignity in her whole manner.

"Could you be contented to look on Bracside as its mistress, and the best treasure its master possessed," he urged, more passionately, taking the hand in his and stooping to kiss it.

"You do me great honor," she said, gently, drawing her hand away; "but I must not listen to you. Forgive me if I ask you not to mention it again. I dare say you will look at it in a different light when you reflect dispassionately."

"I can never see it differently," he answered, in a tone of deep disappointment. "It is no sudden passion."

"And yet you are rich, flattered, fortunate in every respect, while I am but a poor woman, content to work hard for my subsistence, and quite out of the path of fashion and favor. You should seek a more equal alliance, Mr. Sylvester."

"I esteem your love and favor above all that wealth or fashion can show me, and I humbly implore them of you, Esther," the young man said, fervently. "I can wait, I will promise anything you desire; I think I could make you happy. If you would only try to love me, I should be the happiest man in Holmes Lea."

"I cannot promise, and if you will forgive me I will tell you why. I can never vow to love and honor any man who has no nobler aim in life than his own happiness," she said, earnestly. "You are a man of honor, I know, kind and true in your private relations, but your character is still untried. You are a child of fortune, altogether untouched by adversity. I should have no warrant that you would not fail when poverty or reproach came. The man that I can love and trust must have breasted misfortune and risen above it; must be one who lives for duty and principle, not for selfish gratification and idle praise."

She raised her head proudly in the fading sunlight as she spoke, and with a deep sigh, and a look of tender admiration, the young man turned away.

"I read my fate in those words, Esther," he said. "You could not love me, and I should not presume to ask it now. Good-night, dear. Forget that I ever troubled you."

"Forget that we ever spoke other than as good friends, and try always to think of me as such," she pleaded, following him to the door with outstretched hand and tearful eyes.

He pressed his lips reverently to the hand she gave him, and leading out his horse, sprang to the saddle, and was soon threading the network of lanes that led a shorter route than the main road from Holmes Lea to Bracside.

The darkness and dew fell softly in each other.



ors arms on the couch of fragrant hedge and boughs and tender grass, and up from the very heart of the stillness beat the plaintive note of a whippoorwill, echoed over and over again in the faintest of cadences, from the retreating chain of hills that looked on Braside. The young man stopped his horse in the flowery way, and taking off his cap, looked up to where the stars grew plainer and plainer in the rose-touched blue above. Even like that song and its echoes were her words, and the response that came back from his own heart. He was leading an idle, self-indulgent life. How could any noble-hearted woman lay all her hopes in his hands? How could any one lean upon such an improved character as his? He put on his cap again and walked his horse slowly homeward, thinking sadly of what a useless life he led. No one was much the better for his having lived, no one need miss him greatly if he were gone. Was it not unworthy of one to whom so many gifts of fortune had fallen, to live thus? The question slept with him that night, and was at his side all the next day, whether he sat within or rode out in the summer air. He felt no shame that a poor schoolmistress should have rejected him, but a deep pain and humiliation that she should consider him unworthy her love.

But the struggle with selfishness is no trifle, and Mark Sylvester soon began to think that he was no worse than his neighbors, nor half so bad as many would be with his opportunities. He resolved to travel and forget his disappointment in the excitement of change and pleasure. To one who has youth, wealth, and no incubance, to will is to do, and for nearly a year the young man tasted all the pleasure of wild adventure, or the adulation of gay society. He was courted and feted, fair women smiled upon him and almost fell at his feet in admiration of himself and his riches; men older and wiser than he were proud and happy to call him friend and brother; and a little satiated with all his praise, and jaded with travel and dissipation, Mark Sylvester came back to Braside, with a most excellent opinion of himself, and wondering if it was possible that a poor country girl, who taught a few children for her daily bread, had presumed to reject him.

The morning after his arrival was a bright spring Sabbath, and just by way of amusement he walked to the village church. There were many acquaintances very happy to see him, but the only person he was very curious to see walked quietly towards her pew without looking at him, and as soon as the minister rose, appeared to be absorbed in the service. She was paler and thinner than when Mark had seen her last, but the face had lost nothing of the thoughtful sweetness that had held his heart in thrall. Was it possible? He even trembled before it now!

There was a new clergyman in place of the fat, dour old fellow who had filled the village pulpit for twenty years, and the present incumbent was quite another sort of person. Very soon Mark's attention was completely absorbed. Such solemnity, such eloquent simplicity he had never heard before, and all his late vain glorying and pride melted before it. Here was a man who knew what true worth was, for singularly enough, his theme was the same that had driven Mark from home to seek forgetfulness of himself. The nobleness of a soul tried by adversity, and found not wanting in strength and purity. The beauty of self-denial and labor and care for others' happiness.

When the sermon was concluded and the hymn sung, the minister came down from the pulpit and walked homewards with Esther Hinsdon. Mark watched them go up the steep path towards the house, and saw her gather a flower from the garden and give him before he turned away. His heart burned bitterly. Here was this stranger, only three months in Holmes Lea, gathering the choicest blossom of the country side, while he could not even get one glance after so long an absence. He forgot all about the gay city belles who had so charmed him with their flattery. His heart came back to its only passion like the spring tide towards the flowery shore, and with the rush of the new old love, came the old troublesome thoughts of unworthiness and deep dissatisfaction with himself.

But he was man of the world enough to hide his heart behind a quiet face, and go early in the week to call on Esther Hinsdon. The school was just let out upon the green, and the mistress watched their gambols with a laughing eye, pulling some more flowers off the bush from which the minister's had been gathered. She came

forward with outstretched hand and a very cordial welcome on her lips, as he went up the path. He took the hand, wondering that any other could ever have seemed beautiful, and complimented her flowers.

"Do you think them very forward?" she asked. They're fragrant; perhaps you'd like some;" and she gave him a whole cluster.

He bent his face to them to hide in their fragrant tips the deep flush of gratified love, and followed her into the old parlor. They sat down by the great bay window and talked and looked out upon the landscape as in old times. Her eyes were like two clear springs hid among the hills; her smile sudden and sweet as spring sunshine out of a cloud, and that thoughtful, half-sad look that fell like drapery about her face when the smile was gone—it was moonlight upon Holmes Lea when the summer was deep. Mark Sylvester knew that so rare a woman had never crossed his path, and he knew that he loved her beyond fathoming—far, far beyond forgetting. In the strength of that consciousness, as he sat there with her, he felt his own unworthiness, and yet a new sensation began to dawn in his soul. He knew that he could give her up to one more worthy, and be glad that she was properly mated. He looked out of the window and saw the minister coming up the path, and rose to go. She asked him to come again and tell her all about the gay world he had been visiting, and shook hands cordially with him when he went, though a slight flush mantled her cheek as she saw the minister come up the garden walk.

Mark had never dreamed he was so strong as he found himself to be that summer. He had never been denied anything from his childhood up, but now he waited calmly to see a stranger win the woman he loved better than life, and sat and talked and walked with them, like the most indifferent spectator. He could not keep away, for Esther asked him, and her simplest request was law. The minister asked him, too, and seemed glad enough to have him, and in spite of his jealousy, won upon him more; for Mark could not but acknowledge that he was a most perfect specimen of a man. Watchful as he was, he had never detected him saying or doing anything he could not entirely approve, and the best token of the man's worth and purity, was that he won the complete respect and reverence of his rival.

For a rival Mark was, although he schooled his tongue and his eye to perfect control, and played the part of a friend to his own astonishment. He would have made one more desperate effort for the prize, but he knew Esther loved the minister, for she blushed for the minister, and she never blushed when he came; she gave the minister her hand, she had ceased to do so for him; she often grew absent and almost dull when the minister went before him, though she was always brilliant enough when he was by. She certainly loved him; they were wonderfully fitted for each other; what was he that he should stand in their way? He sat down beneath the hedge to think what it would really be to give her up, and forgot that the dew was falling and the hour was late. In the morning his head ached violently, and he could not rise. By night he was in a violent fever, and another day found him insensible. He struggled through a fearful slough of pain and delirium, and came out on the road of convalescence, a difficult path at best, but very hard for Mark, in his lonely state, without mother or sister or brother to cheer the solitude, only the minister, who came whenever he could steal a moment from other duties; and his presence, refreshing as it might have been, brought too keen a pang along with it to heal the invalid. But Mark knew that he was getting up from that bed of sickness a better man. In the long hours of pain and loneliness he had conned one lesson that comes sooner or later to all. He knew now how vain were youth and health and riches, and he rejoiced in the knowledge.

And as misfortunes beckon each other to their prey, and fly from afar towards the spot where their mates hover, Mark could not hope to be exempt from the common lot. When he was nearly recovered, and was busying himself to better the condition of his tenants, and make employment for some of the poor of the village, came down a lawyer, post haste, with news of a new claim to his inheritance. His uncle had died alone at Braside, leaving the will that made him his heir, and after diligent search no other paper could be found, although there were many who said that a later will had been made, but not recorded for want of time. Mark had

come from a distant part of the country to take possession, and knew nothing of the cousin who had been educated to receive the inheritance, but discarded in one of the passionate whims of the old man. It was after the quarrel that the will had been made in Mark's favor, and to do him justice, he had searched diligently for the other and later paper, and had long since settled down into a comfortable sense of legal possession.

Now a man was found who swore that a new will was made and witnessed by himself, that the attorney who drew it was in Australia, and that out of revenge towards the niece of old Mr. Sylvester, he had hidden the will. But now, being penitent, he wished to do justice to the wronged woman, who was very poor, and if he could be brought to Braside he would find the will.

"Now what will you do about it?" asked the attorney.

"Do? Why, bring the man here and find the will, if there is one," exclaimed Mark.

"I should not give up this splendid property without a struggle," said the lawyer, doggedly.

"I will not give it up unless there is a later will than mine," said Mark; "but my conscience has troubled me a little about this property. There is that woman brought up here expressly to be the heiress, living in the house like the old man's daughter, and discarded for no very serious offence, I believe. If they can show me any honest proof that the old man repented before he died, she shall have Braside; if not, I shall pay her an annuity. I am ashamed that I have not done it before."

"You are a most impracticable man," the lawyer said.

"I hope to be an honest one," said Mark.

As Mark expected, the paper was found, sworn to by many who knew the former proprietor's writing. Mark and even his attorney were satisfied that it was legal as far as the old man's intentions went, although the strict letter of the law had not been followed in its construction; and without hesitation, the young man resigned all claim to the estate, and prepared to give possession in a month, and go to seek his fortune in some distant part of the world, some new country where labor was capital. The month passed swiftly, for there were many little loose ends of business to settle, and Mark was too proud to leave a disorderly property to his successors.

He had not proceeded so far without the warm protest of many friends. The other claimant's title was not clear, they said. If it would bear the scrutiny of a court of law, then let her take the inheritance, but until that time they counselled him to hold possession, and go on as before. It was even said that with a vexatious lawsuit, whose termination was so uncertain in view, the woman would be glad to compromise with a handsome allowance from Mark. But he shut his ears resolutely, and would not think of any other arrangement than the one he considered just and righteous. So the week and the day of his departure came round, and all the visits were made and the adieux spoken, for Mark was to start by early dawn for his native town, there to make preparation for his entrance on the great world.

It was late autumn, and as he gazed from the library windows, the setting sun streamed redly across the faded lawn, and threw out in distinct relief the naked branches of the trees. Braside was always beautiful, and in the peace of this Indian summer eve, there seemed somewhat of holiness in the decayed beauty of the wide-spreading fields and swells, and clusters of thickets, and great spreading branches of oaks, like old men spreading out their hands to bless their children when their summer-time was gone. Mark thought, as he gazed, that if trees could feel, they would own a brotherhood with him now; and with eyes fixed on the perspective, up which the sunlight streamed, he fell into a fit of musing, that was broken at length by the quick trot of a horse up the gravel walk, and a ring at the door. A woman's voice inquired for him. He got up breathlessly, and sat down again with a fearful beating at his heart, for it was Esther's voice, and he had bid her farewell that afternoon in the midst of a circle of friends who filled her parlor, and had looked his last on her, as he thought, when she turned away from the door, after bidding him good-night and a prosperous journey. There had been tears in her eyes as she said it, and the hand he could not help kissing had lain trembling and cold in his, but the minister was within, no doubt he had a right there, and Mark had come off half broken-hearted. It was the last drop in his cup that he

could not see her alone one moment, and tell her before they parted forever, how hopelessly he loved her, and that her face and the memory of her kindness would sweeten the hours of his exile. Now she was before him, blushing, trembling, and he forgot his misfortunes, everything but that she was another's, and that as a man of honor he must say but little of what lay nearest his heart.

They talked of his approaching journey, of the great change in his prospects, of the perils and the pleasures of those who make their fortunes in the great world, and as the daylight waned, she rose to go.

"I was not satisfied with our last meeting," she said, softly, her hand upon the latch. "I wanted to say what I think is due you, that until lately I have greatly undervalued your character, Mark. I should not have felt satisfied to let you go without this acknowledgement. I hope you'll forgive my presumption in having judged you."

There was a tender sadness in the tone that touched him, and it gave him hope, too.

"Is there any reason why you may not reconsider the whole of that decision, Esther?" he said, taking her hand. "I am a very poor man now, but a better dependence for a true woman than I was then."

She looked up suddenly into his face.

"I have not changed, Esther. I love you far more profoundly than ever," he said, anxiously.

"Neither have I changed at all," she said.

He dropped her hand and would have turned away, but the sweet, bashful glow upon her face thrilled him.

"I have loved you always, Mark," stole like music on his ear, and in the joy and promise of this new gift, all past sorrow and misfortune were swept away.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

### THREE SETS OF DARE-DEVILS.

A foreign letter thus describes the character of three sets of troops employed by the respective combatants in Europe—the first belong to the French: "A portion of that terrible army of Gen. Yussuf, the Algerine sharpshooters, have already arrived at Genoa, and taken the railway to Turin. This corps is composed of native Africans, and are reputed a set of very devils, to whom the Zouaves are gentlemanly soldiers. Gen. Yussuf, their commander, is also a native of Bedouin. In the town of Algiers, on their way to Genoa, they broke loose from all command, attacked the Jews quarter, carried the barricades, the latter had been obliged to build in the streets for their protection, and committed all sorts of outrages. To balance these, the Austrians have an army of 20,000 Croats, a body of desperate men, who are kept in subjection by the promise of plunder and rapine. These men will be marched first across the Ticino into Piedmontese territory. Then again Sardinia has her body of Corps-Francis, commanded by Garibaldi, a body of violent men composed of the odds and ends of political persecution, a collection of refugees from all countries inspired by political hate and a desire for vengeance."

### HOBBS' LONDON LOCK FACTORY.

The celebrated lock-picker, Mr. Hobbs, who astonished our English friends during the Great Exhibition in 1851, by picking Chubb's and all the other celebrated London locks, has found it a profitable business, we understand, to carry on the manufacture of American locks in London, where he has resided for the past eight years. He has a large factory in operation, and has introduced machinery for making various parts of locks which have heretofore been made by hand. This has given him a great advantage over those who pursue the old jog-trot hand labor system. In introducing his machinery for this purpose, Hobbs had to proceed very cautiously, so as not to raise the ire of the dusky operatives; he therefore enclosed his factory, and got all his machinery in order before he commenced operations, and then went along like a streak of American lightning. His locks have acquired a high reputation, and he appears to be on the high road to fortune.—*Boston Journal*.

### FEESIMPLE.

Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate of freehold, or for a term of years. The fee or fee-simple includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge, who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, "I'd have you to know," and "I'd have you to see," asked a learned sergeant why he had been absent when the court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of *Coke upon Littleton* into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the sergeant thus gravely delivered:

A tenant in fee-simple is he  
That need fear neither wind nor weather;  
For I'd have you to know and to see,  
'Tis to him and his heirs forever!

—*Lord St. Leonards' Handy Book*.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY ANNIE LINDA HUYZ.

Are you weary, little children,  
Weary of your life of play—  
Weary of the long, long summer,  
That too soon will pass away?

Close your eyes, the night has come,  
Close your eyes and calmly sleep;  
Little children, take this comfort,  
Angel guardians vigils keep.

God, your Father, looks upon you  
With an eye of love and care,  
Little children, He will guide you,  
And protect from every snare.

Like a parting benediction,  
Breathed by lips we love to hear,  
Comes the murmur—Peace, God's children  
Have no need for grief and fear.

Close your eyes, then, little children,  
Nestling near a Father's heart,  
He will love you shield and guard,  
All your fears may now depart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## ALICE ELLIOTT'S NEW DRESS.

BY REUBEN MOORE.

"ALICE," said John Elliott, to his wife, one evening, as, after finishing his last cup of tea, he leaned back in his chair, and put his hand into his pocket, "Alice, you want a new dress, don't you? I can let you have some money now, if you would like it. Our bills are all paid up, and I begin to feel as if we could spare some."

Alice's face lighted up. "O, can you, John?" she said, gladly. "I should like a new dress. I want one more than I can tell. But I haven't said anything to you about it. How did you know I wanted one?"

"O, I guessed!" And the young husband laughed. "I know you didn't say anything, and you deserve more than I can give you for being so patient, good little wife! I can only offer you ten dollars this month. Will that do? and next pay-day you shall have some more."

"O, thank you, John!" And Alice took the ten dollar bill that he passed across the table to her. "Yes, I am sure it will do nicely; I am glad to have it. But you are sure we don't want it for anything else?"

"Quite sure, Alice," said John.

She smiled, drew out her little empty pocket-book and placed the money within it. "Yes, I do want a new dress to wear to meeting," she said. "I am much obliged to you for minding it."

"Well, go to-morrow and get it, and be sure and get a pretty one," her husband said.

It was the first time, for months, that Alice Elliott had had anything to spend on dress for herself; for times had been rather hard with them, and John was only a mechanic, with ten shillings a day, and lately their household expenses had taken up the full amount of his wages each month. It had even been a matter of some contrivance and anxiety to get a new bonnet trimming, and gloves, and overshoes, at the commencement of the winter, and through the whole season she had but two dresses for best—her brown merino and her black silk—and these had been worn so long and so constantly, without a single change, that Alice was beginning to feel a little discontented; yes, it must be owned, even a little ashamed, when she put one or the other on, Sabbath after Sabbath, to wear to church, and whenever she wanted to go to "mother's."

She had been invited to join the sewing-circle of the church where she belonged, too, but had been obliged, unwillingly, to decline the invitation. "She could not go," she said to herself, "and meet month after month with people who wore different new dresses perhaps almost every time they went, while she only had the same old dress, and knew that every other one around her would be remarking to each other of the fact. If she could only have a new dress now."

She held up the brown merino and the black silk by turns, saw how the skirt of the one was beginning to fade around the bottom and needed to be turned upside down, and how the other one was commencing to crack and grow rusty; and she saw that even they could not much longer be presentable, and she turned away with a sigh.

And this ten dollar bill that fell into her hands, like a fairy's gift, what a source of de-

light it was to her! "Now I will buy a new dress," she said, and forthwith began speculating on the quality and quantity desirable. She could not get a silk—that she settled with herself in the first place. Unless she got a Foulard—yes, she might get a Foulard. She might get a Thibet. A pretty shade of French blue would do nicely. It was very beautiful, and very becoming to her. Besides, it was fashionable, and John liked it. He always liked blue. Or one of the handsome printed cashmeres that were just in fashion; crimson, perhaps, with a maroon figure; or, changing the style, a chocolate ground, with the figure in crimson; yes, that would be beautiful—he would like that very much—she had seen some of them made up, and they were quite elegant. And she would look well in chocolate and crimson, with a pretty French embroidered collar, and handsome wrought sleeves. How had she happened to think of a new collar and sleeves?

If she should get a new dress, she needed a new collar and sleeves to go with it, certainly. Her present stock of embroidery—very small it was—had done her good service. And it showed the service. It showed the home-wash, too, in its slightly yellowed tinge, and, in more than one instance, had even come to darning. Yes, she did certainly need a new collar, at least. The sleeves she might make of plain muslin, with some pretty embroidery for the wrists, and the whole set, in that way, need not cost her more than—

What?

They could not cost her less than very nearly, if not quite, two dollars. And she had only ten dollars for her dress. What should she do?

John sat on one side of the fireplace reading his newspaper. She on the other, thinking about her contemplated purchase. Suddenly, while considering this important and vexatious point of the embroidery, a good-humored laugh from him startled and aroused her. She looked up; he was looking at her with a slightly amused air.

"Why, Alice, what mournful thing are you thinking of?" he asked.

And Alice laughed, too, in spite of herself. "Why?" she said.

"You were wrinkling your forehead terribly, that's all. What was it about?"

But of course Alice would not tell him what it was about, and gaily denied the wrinkles, and after a few more merry words both were silent again, and John had resumed his paper, and Alice her dry goods calculations.

This time a new idea found its way into her brain. Why couldn't she flounce her black silk? That would be best of all. And she could get silk enough for a new waist, and the whole would not cost so much as a plain dress, that would be so much less handsome. She knew she could get some nice, soft glossy silk for a dollar and ninepence a yard, and six yards would make the flounces, and two and a half the waist and sleeves; and that would be—six seventy-five for the flounces, and two eighty-one for the waist and sleeves—would be just nine dollars fifty-six cents exactly.

And then where were the new collar and sleeves?

Already she had become worried and tired with thinking about it. Well, she would get the silk anyway, and let the embroidery take care of itself. Perhaps, when her dress was made, John would feel as though he could let her have the money for the muslins that she wanted. At any rate, she would not trouble herself to think about it now. It only vexed her, and if the money that John gave her was going to be a source of vexation instead of pleasure, where was the use in her having it all? So she took her work-basket and went to sewing, and John read to her from the newspaper and gave her something else to think about, and so the evening slipped along. By-and-by he laid down his paper and talked with her, watching her diligent fingers as she shaped and sewed her work.

"What are you doing there, Alice?" he said, presently.

"Making an old dress into a new one," she answered, with a half sigh, a half smile. "Don't you commend my industry?"

"Certainly, if the object is worth the trouble. But it strikes me"—and he stopped to look at her work—"it strikes me that the material is hardly deserving of the time and labor you are bestowing on it. Isn't the dress very much worn, and something faded?"

"A good deal worn and faded too," answered Alice, and now the sigh came without the smile.

"It seems to me that I wouldn't spend my time over it, if I were you," he said.

"But I must. I want it to put on after my housework is done in the mornings. And really, I hope the dress will look, when it is done, a great deal better than it promises now."

"But those pieces that you are putting on look too new for the rest of the garment. Couldn't you wash 'em out—fade 'em somehow, you know—just to look like the other parts?"

Alice laughed. "I should like to see you turn dressmaker," she said, merrily.

"If I did, I'd never patch up a dress in that way. Now, for pity's sake, Alice, don't finish the thing! I don't like to see you in a patched dress even while you are doing your work—much less when you've got it done."

"Give me one that doesn't need patching then," were the gay words that sprang to the lips of Alice, but she bethought herself in time. He could not give her another dress, or she knew he would. "Well, let me finish it, at least, and then we'll see what it looks like," was her rejoinder.

"But haven't you enough dresses to wear in the house, without finishing that one?" he persisted.

"This one that I have on," she looked down at it—it was a plain dark delaine that had been worn for best the winter before—"this one and my de beige."

As she sat looking at the delaine, in a half meditative way, she saw, for the first time, that the under side of the right sleeve was wearing out, and that the waist and the upper part of the skirt, on the same side, were in a like condition, from the constant friction of her arm by sewing. The discovery rather startled her. Here was more mending and patching to do, and she had no pieces to mend this dress—she had not an atom of it left. What a poor way her wardrobe was getting into!

But she said nothing to her husband. Poor fellow! his clothes were hardly better than hers. They were whole, it was true, but his common suit was wearing threadbare, and his best coat was out of fashion entirely. She fell into an anxious reverie, and John was silent too. He was thinking what a pity it was that Alice had such a scanty wardrobe. Suddenly Alice looked up.

"John," she said, "I am thinking what a ridiculous thing it is in me to be planning to buy a silk dress with this money you have given me, when we both are in such need of common clothing."

"You are in need, it is true, Alice," he answered, thoughtfully; "in need both of common and best clothes, and I only wish I could give you the money for all you want."

"But you can't!" Alice said, with an earnest face; "and since we have only this ten dollars to spare, and both want things to wear every day, let us forget all about that best dress that I don't want now, and divide the money, and you buy a pair of new pants, and I will get me two common dresses. Now isn't that better?"

She was as animated as possible over her new plan, and John laughed, and told her that she was a wise little woman, but that he did not care to get anything for himself—he would rather she would get what she needed, and spend all the money for her own dress, for after all it would not buy her a great deal—and he could get what clothes he wanted by-and-by, when money would be more plenty. But Alice insisted. Didn't he see that five dollars would buy her two such nice dresses—a pretty gingham and a new mousseline delaine—and those would do so nicely for her now, and she didn't want anything else, indeed, and wouldn't he take the other half of the money? she should not be content until he did. And she urged and entreated so earnestly, that John finally accepted it, and kissed her, telling her that she was a good little wife to be so careful of his wants, when she had so many more wants herself. But the kiss and the kind words brought quick tears in Alice's eyes, and she said "no," that she was not good, she had only been very selfish not to think of him before; and then she blushed and said, what would anybody have thought of her to see her so earnest about buying a best dress, and taking all the money they could spare to get it, when she hadn't a decent common dress to wear, and when John wanted new pants to wear to his work?

And so John made his purchase the next day, and Alice made hers, and both were more than satisfied with what they had bought, and by

another week Alice had both her new dresses made up—cut and made every stitch by her own little busy hands—for Alice had learned to cut and make all her own dresses. And very pretty she looked in her new dresses. To be sure, the next Sabbath, when they went to church, Alice had on her old brown merino; but somehow she had become quite reconciled to wearing it—wonderfully reconciled indeed, and smoothed down its neat folds with a contented smile, saying to herself: "I don't care if I wear it a good while longer yet, as long as we can look neat in the house. And I don't want another new dress till John can get him another coat."

And John and she walked quietly and happily to church, and Alice felt quite as contented as if the old merino had been a new silk; for after all what did it matter what the material of her dress was, when she was going to church? And she put all thoughts of dress quite away, and yielded herself up to the happy influence of the beautiful Sabbath morning, and the sweet and solemn thoughts inspired by the morning service; and when, after the service was over, the congregation stood to receive the benediction, and the gentle words, "grace, mercy and peace," descended so lovingly, so tenderly on the every heart of that waiting throng—then where was the difference between the broadcloth and velvet of the rich, and the coarse and humble garments of the poor? And with her heart thrilling with a deep and happy emotion as she went out from that sacred place, was it not a happier heart than those of many who passed her, draped in robes so costly, that simple Alice, with the words of the morning lesson lingering in her ears, would have thought the payment of their price a sin?

The very next day, John came home to Alice with the good news that his wages were raised from ten to eleven shillings a day.

"And now, Alice," he said, happily, "you shall have your new dress—yes, two or three of them, in a little while."

"And you will get your new coat to wear Sundays," put in Alice, smilingly.

"And we shall have something to give away, besides," added John.

"So we shall," said his wife, gladly; "but, John, do you know that I do not mean to have any new dress just yet, even if you can give it to me? For I find that I need so many other more important things, that I shouldn't feel right to spend the money for that yet. I will tell you, John, I think it is best to get everything we must have first, and wait for what we simply would like till afterwards. You must get your coat, to be sure, but I will take the money that I should spend for my dress, and get boots and rubbers and gloves, and a piece of cloth to make up, above all. And my bonnet ribbon is almost past wear—shouldn't I look well with the new dress, while we want all those things?" And she laughed, and then grew sober.

"Well," said John, kindly, "I hope that I shall be able to give you now, all those things and a great many more that you need, and the dresses besides. Now that we have no debts, and pay as we go along, I find that I am saving enough to get all we want in the way of wearing apparel, and with the increase of my wages added to that, I feel as if we are getting quite rich."

And the new dresses came by-and-by, and then John's wages were increased still more, and they grew quite rich indeed; but until she had got every other article of wearing apparel that she needed to replenish her failing wardrobe, Alice wore her old dress. And many a supercilious and gossiping remark was made upon the old brown merino and the old black silk; but where there was one to speak sneeringly of these, there were twenty others to say, "but how neat Alice Elliott is! Every article she wears is faultlessly nice. The 'old brown merino,' when it is raised from the mud, reveals only the whitest and daintiest of skirts, the neatest boots that any lady could wear. Her gloves are unexceptionable. Her little straw bonnet, with its pretty, dove-colored ribbon, is fit for the most fastidious Parisienne. Her husband's dress is equally faultless; and when you meet them at home, you will forget the old brown merino you saw in the street—her home-dress is so pretty, so elegant, and yet so simple; and her husband, in his tasteful dressing-gown and slippers and spotless linen, shows such affectionate wifely care. And Alice Elliott's best dress may be an 'old brown merino,' indeed; but for a that, and a that, it is worth the most costly velvet—ay, and more than worth it—that was ever worn by the wife of a millionaire."



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE EVENING VISITOR.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Don't stay long, Charlie."  
"No, Bessie darling."

And with a tender kiss upon my lips, my husband left me. I leaned out of the open window and watched him as he walked rapidly away down the long shadowy street. It was seldom he left me alone of an evening, and as his tall form disappeared in the distance, an uncomfortable feeling of depression and loneliness settled down upon my spirits. The road was gray with the gathering of a soft June twilight. The night wind swept the green foliage of the elms before our cottage into billows, and sighed dreamily through the vines that clambered up over the low windows. A rose broke its heart of crimson above my head, and the petals fluttering down in a red rain, fell upon my hand. I could not have started and shook them off with a quicker shiver of dread, had they been so many drops of blood. Away off above the pale green belt of woodland that shut our little home in from the great outside world, I could see the countless spires of the city pricking the sky with their silver points. I was too far away in the deep heart of the country's solitude to hear the busy hum of life that I knew surged continually back and forth in its thronged streets, but looking down through the breezy fringe of shrubbery which skirted either side of the narrow village road, I could see the gleam of its countless lamps, the white glimmer of the moonlight on its crowded roofs, and the broken silver of its beautiful river, beating and trembling as its sparkling waters slid noiselessly along past the winding shores.

I remembered, as I sat there, gazing timidly forward into the darkness, how, years before, I had wandered into that great pitiless city a desolate-hearted orphan. I remembered how for long, weary years I toiled in its choked atmosphere for the scanty pittance that fed and clothed me. I remembered that the first break in the weary sameness of that lonely life, was the sympathy of the ruddy-cheeked, honest-looking farmer youth, who, all through the dusty summer, brought every day his store of fresh vegetables to my aunt's door. I remembered how very often among his stock of radishes and plump heads of lettuce, or his later store of beans and peas, and early corn, there would be cuddled down for me a bunch of azure violets, or a cluster of scarlet columbines, and how, as he tossed them to me with a smile, his dark eyes would rest for a moment in a glance of pitying tenderness upon my face, which had grown so pale and old looking before its time.

And I remembered, too, with a happy thrill of gladness, that when the sad-hearted child had matured into the still sadder-hearted woman, and the brown cheeks of the rustic youth had taken on the darker tinge of manhood; when I had grown well nigh sick of my homeless, loveless, monotonous life, he came to me, and clasping both my hands in one of his strong, hardened palms, told me that for years, ever since he first looked upon my sober, girlish face, his heart had been ripening slowly into the full beauty of perfect love. And then he asked me, while the quick, impatient yearning of his heart broke through the tremulous agitation of his voice, to share with him his humble country home, and trust for my future to the love of his true heart and the strength of his brave hands.

There was no romance in his wooing. It was only the utterance of a manly heart, simply yet earnestly spoken; but never were tender words more musical to a woman's ear. I placed my hand in his with a trust as simple and strong as that a child gives its mother, and when I stood beside him at the altar, my wifely vows thrilled up from a heart that could have been no happier had the white bodice under which it beat been of satin instead of muslin, and the snowy roses which trembled above the happy heavings of my bosom, clusters of milky pearls instead.

For three years we had lived there in our pleasant, secluded little home, and in the gathering gloom of that mild summer night, with its sweet breath on my forehead and its holy hush upon my pulses, I wondered, while tears born of joy trembled up to my eyelids, how many in the city's great hive of human hearts had found such a haven of rest and peace, and sweet security as held me in its holy shelter.

And there was yet another golden influence

broadening across my life. The little cradle standing in the further corner of my sitting-room, where the gleam of the lamplight might not fall too brightly into the face of the baby tenant, would have told you what that influence was.

"Let people say what they will," I whispered, almost audibly to myself, "of the rhapsodies of a first love-dream, or the happiness that is merged into fullness at the marriage altar, there is no other joy so sweet, no other rapture so intense as that which leaps to the mother's heart when she looks on the countenance of her first-born." And going forward softly, I knelt beside the cradle and swayed it tenderly backward and forward with my hands, while I thanked God for the precious burden it held.

My eyes traced out the outlines of that sweet baby face upon the pillow. In the dainty curve of the little mouth, I saw what it gave me such a proud pleasure to see, the flexible beauty of its father's. I knew the color of the shut eyes was the same blueness which deepened mine, but the dark eyelashes that fringed the ivory lids, and the soft rings of brown hair that stirred with every pulsing of the snowy temples, were like no one's else but Charlie's.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I had folded my arms across the cradle pillow beside my babe, and fallen asleep with my head dropped languidly into them. But that wild, quick laugh startled me from my slumber instantaneously, and with a sudden shiver of apprehension, I looked up. A woman stood in the centre of the apartment, her black hair, half-fallen out of braid, dropping loosely about her shoulders, and a pair of large, wild looking eyes that thrilled me with a sort of wierd magnetism, fastened intently upon me. I had heard no rap, no footfall, no opening or closing of doors, only that strange burst of laughter, and so I sat without moving, staring with a kind of childish fright at the intruder.

"People who don't want visitors at night, mustn't leave their windows open," she said at last, with a smile that displayed two rows of glistening teeth, and gave a brighter gleam to her black eyes. "See how I tore my dress in getting in to see you," and she held up her soiled delaine skirt, displaying a rent near the bottom. "I caught it on the briery vines here," she added, going toward the window. "What do you allow such trumpery to grow for?—they breed shadows," and winding her long bony fingers through one of the green festoons, she stripped off a handful of the glossy leaves and scattered them contemptuously upon the carpet.

I did not answer her, but rose tremblingly and offered her a chair, for I felt an indescribable fear of the strange creature who had vaulted in at my window and made herself so much at home in my presence.

"Don't trouble yourself," she said, spurning the proffered chair rudely with her foot. "I prefer walking. It would kill me to sit still," and folding her arms upon her breast, she strode backward and forward a few times across the floor, the glance of her glistening eyes sweeping the apartment like a vulture's, while I stood watching her, pale, dismayed and shivering with terror. Finally she stopped in front of me.

"Will you build a fire? I am cold?"

I noticed that her white teeth knocked chatteringly together as she spoke, and her whole frame quivered as in an ague fit. I dared not refuse her request, although it had been a dry sultry day, and the evening atmosphere was none too cool for comfort. A bright fire was soon blazing upon the hearth, and she threw herself down beside it, stretching her hands, that I saw were thin and bony, over the sparkling coals.

"Do you know I am always cold? I haven't been warm for years."

"Let me bring you a shawl," I suggested, timidly. My words sounded like whispers in comparison with her clear, sharp, steel-like tones.

She nodded assent to my offer, and as I wrapped my crimson cashmere about her shoulders, she caught me almost fiercely by the arm and drew me down beside her. I struggled against her force, but it was as an infant might have struggled with a lion. She held me fast.

"Sit still, fool. I have something to tell you."

Her voice frightened me, it was so fierce, and her glittering eyes burned upon me like two coals of fire. Almost fainting, I cowered down at her feet.

"I was going to tell you. Ha, ha, ha! Have you a husband?"

"Yes."

I forced myself to answer steadily. "O, it he were only here!" I murmured silently to myself.

"Well, I had one once, but he ceased to love me after a while. He never told me of it, but I found it out, and so one night I strangled him in his sleep. O, how sweetly I slept after my work! In the morning when I woke, I laid my hand on his forehead to see if he was quite dead. It was white and cold, very, very cold, and the chill struck to my blood. That is why I am so cold. I thought I should freeze. It seemed as if my heart were made of ice, and all my pulses wore numb as a dead man's. My husband hated me. I knew it when I killed him, and so he cursed me with this eternal chillness. But I had a glorious revenge. I dragged his body from the bed and struck the white face with my palms till they smarted for pain. The great blue eyes stared at me with a dull, dead, defiant glare, but I smote the heavy eyelids down upon the cheeks. And then I stamped upon his breast till I heard the bones crush under me. What rare sport it was! You should have been there to enjoy it. I dug a grave out under the currant bushes and buried him. O, how redly the currants have ripened there ever since. They betrayed me at last, they looked so like drops of blood. People said I murdered Edgar, but I fled away from them, and they haven't found me yet. If they should, they would kill me, freeze me to death."

My heart stood still with terror as she ceased speaking, and I tried to cry aloud in the agony of my dreadful fear. But the words faintly upon my lips. Her steady gaze had been upon my face all the time, never faltering in its intense magnetic power. I thought I should go mad, sitting there as powerless as if petrified into stone, under the horrible fascination of that bewildering glance, so near her that one of her slender, naked arms lay across my knee—so near that I could feel her hot breath come and go upon my cheek, and all the while those wild, fierce eyes scorching me with their scrutiny.

My babe, awakened by her voice, stirred in its cradle, and cooed to me gleefully. I sprang up at the sound, but my tormentor was there before me, tossing my child up in her arms, and laughing scornfully at its cries and struggles. Would Charles never come? Once free from the serpent-like spell of her gaze, I would have called for help, but I dared not leave my precious babe in her power. And so I clung to her dress, begging her to let me take the child and soothe it. She shook me off and struck me savagely in the face.

"You haven't heard the whole of my story yet. When you do, it will be time enough to dawdle with this toy," and she made a motion to toss my baby on the glowing grate. "Hear me through. I told you I had a husband. I had more. Two children that would have been beautiful as cherubs, had not their father's eyes looked out at me from their faces, till I learned to hate them even as I hated him and his accursed memory. I thought at first I would dig them out, but I knew people would guess who did it, and I dared not. So I waited. One day I was sewing on the piazza, and Nelly—my oldest baby's name was Nelly—was playing beside me. She tangled her dimpled fingers in my work, and when I scolded her, she only laughed, and climbing upon my knee, clasped her little hands across her eyes, and peered roguishly through her parted fingers into my face. Her eyes looked to me then as Edgar's had done when they stared at me the morning I killed him, and I thought her voice sounded like his, too. Shall I tell you what I did? I drew the shining needle from the garment I was sewing, and stabbed her little temples with it, driving its sharp point in and in more times than I could count, till she straightened out in my arms with a low gasp, and died. Then I carried her in and laid her upon her bed. I drew the sheet up over the stiff little figure and waxen face, and watching until the white folds fell softly in to the still outline of the body, laughed such delicious laughter as made the whole house ring with merriment.

"Then I went to the cradle where my other babe was sleeping—a babe about like this one, and knelt down beside it. Do you know when I stopped to look in at your window to-night, and saw you here asleep, you made me think of that time? I should not have come in had it not been for that. And do you know, too, that your child here has just such blue eyes as I hate. I suffocated my babe while it slept. See—just in this way!"

She laid her hand tightly across the little nostrils and quivering mouth of my babe, and held its struggling body toward me till I saw the veins swelling rapidly in its forehead, and the purple hue of suffocation mounting to its temples. Then my maternal instinct broke the horrid spell that had well nigh palsied me into utter helplessness, and with the strength which love and terror gave me, I sprang forward.

There was a short, quick struggle, a wrestling with arms that seemed to me like shafts of iron, a panting for breath as we each strove for mastery over the other, and then I reeled backwards, clasping my babe sobbing yet uninjured to my bosom.

The firelight flashed and flickered across the detested features of my murderous companion. It showed me the white, fascinating gleam of her glittering teeth, the long, luxuriant hair, floating like an inky cloud about her shoulders, the lurid anger that shot from her fierce eyes, the lip white with rage, and wreathed in a smile that told me plainer than words could have done, the devilish purpose that was in her heart.

The momentary strength that had been given me, was all gone. I was weak and powerless as the frightened infant that clung crying to my neck. I knew there was no escape for me. I thought of Charles and his despairing agony when he should come home to find his wife and daughter murdered by unknown hands. I breathed a rapid prayer to Heaven for my soul's salvation, and drew my child with a tight pressure to my heart. Then the instinct of self-preservation swept over me. I thought of the beautiful world I was just beginning to love, of the home that was so dear to me, of my precious husband and babe, and I could not give them up, least of all by a death so frightful.

I gave a long, sharp, maddening scream for help, which they told me afterwards was heard for miles around. The next moment, with a howl like that of a wolf too long kept at bay, the woman dashed towards me. Her iron fingers closed about my throat, her furious eyes glared into mine, and her hot lips almost pressed my forehead. The room seemed swimming darkly about me. I gasped, staggered, and then, God be praised, I heard a quick, springing step along the gravelled walk, swift feet bounded through the hall, and the sitting-room door was thrown open with a force that jarred the whole house to its foundation. A strong hand hurled her backward from my side; I felt the passionate clasp of protecting arms about my waist, looked up to recognize my husband's dear, familiar face bonding above me, and then in the sudden revelation which followed that fever of torturing fear and intense excitement, fainted upon his breast.

An hour later, when I had sufficiently recovered to tell the whole story to the crowd of curious neighbors gathered about me, there came a loud rap at our door, and my husband ushered in a couple of men, one carrying a pair of handcuffs and a bludgeon, the other a lantern and a stout rope.

"Have you seen anything of a crazy critter up this way?" inquired one, who appeared to be the leader of the twain. "A woman has escaped from the Lunatic Asylum down here, and we're in pursuit of her."

"You had a narrow escape, ma'am—a narrow escape," he added, turning to me, as my husband repeated to him the incidents of the evening. "It's dangerous to have such mad critters go un-hung, I think. Locks, and bars, and handcuffs are nothin' to 'em. This woman, especially, seems bent on doin' mischief, and has actually crazed herself into the idea that she has killed a dozen or two of people already. We'll see if we can't keep her, though, when we catch her again."

But their bird had flown. While my husband was restoring me to consciousness, she had fled—vanished as mysteriously as she came. They found her dead, a week afterwards, in a woodland about ten miles beyond, where she had evidently died of exposure and starvation.

That night of terror made me physically a coward ever after, and though I have tried to out-grow its influence, every event is stamped ineffaceably upon my mind, and the very thought of spending an evening alone, will make me shudder and grow pale, even now.

He who promises himself anything, but what may properly arise from his own property or labors, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts of three, even in that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments.





BANK OF SING SING, AT SING SING, N. Y.

## SKETCHES OF SING SING, NEW YORK.

M. M. BALLOU, ESQ.: DEAR SIR.—The day selected for my visit to Sing Sing, for the purpose of making the accompanying sketches for your Pictorial, proved to be excessively hot, one of those mischances which will befall an artist, as "well as the rest of mankind," when he proposes working in the open air. Moreover the place was thronged with strangers, owing to a local celebration, and it was with difficulty that I could obtain accommodation. Directed to the "best hotel," I climbed the steep ascent by which access is gained to Sing Sing proper. I was unfortunate, however, in my applications to the "best hotel" and several other houses, and accordingly retracing my steps to the railroad depot, finally procured lodgings at the "Empire," a sort of eating saloon hard by. In the morning I found that my window looked out upon the Hudson, and presented a fine view up the river, embracing Teller's Point, the Long-Clove Mountain, and Haverstraw Bay. I availed myself of the opportunity of sketching Teller's Point and the Rock Lake Icehouses. The first is one of those interesting localities which are inseparably connected with the history of our country, and stands out as one of the landmarks of that eventful episode—the treason of Arnold and the execution of the unfortunate Andre. The Vulture which brought Andre up the river to his conference with the traitor Arnold, anchored off this point, about in the position of the vessel represented in my sketch. From her Andre was rowed to the foot of Long-Clove Mountain, seen over the point in the distance, where, in the darkness of night, the traitor and his victim met for the first time face to face, and heard each other's voices. The chronicler tells us that their conference lasted until the approach of day, and they had not then completed their arrangements. Arnold suggested to his companion that they should ride to the house of Joshua Smith and finish their business, which the latter, with much reluctance, finally consented to. They accordingly mounted horses which were in waiting, and about daybreak and soon after a cannonading was heard in the direction of the Vulture. Andre looked towards the vessel, and saw her hoist her anchor and drop down stream. His feelings may be imagined as he beheld the only means of escape leaving him, particularly as he had been made aware of the fact that he was within the American lines, and that too in disguise. Fully sensible of his danger, he watched anxiously until he saw her drop anchor, when his spirits again revived and the conference was continued. The cause of the firing was as follows: Colonel Henry Livingston, who commanded at Verplanck's Point, was informed that the vessel lay so near shore that she might be reached with artillery, and accordingly conceived the idea of destroying her. During the night, while Arnold and Andre were in conference, he despatched a party to Teller's Point

with a four-pounder, with orders to open a fire upon the vessel, which they did with so much effect that, had not the flood tide enabled her to get off, she must have surrendered to the brave little party with the four-pounder. Colonel Livingston had the day before applied to Arnold for heavier ordnance, but he had eluded his demand upon some frivolous pretext, and he was compelled to make the attempt with the field-piece. On sending to General Lamb, at West Point, for ammunition, that officer returned a limited supply, with the remark that he hoped it would be used sparingly, as, in his opinion, firing at a vessel with a four-pounder was a waste of powder. Little did he or Colonel Livingston think of the importance of that cannonade. It drove the Vulture from her mooring down the river, thus increasing the distance between Andre and his means of escape, and compelling him to attempt a return by land, which led to his capture and execution, and the escape of Arnold. Who can tell the mighty difference there might have been in the destiny of our country, had Andre been able to return to the ship, and the traitorous designs of Arnold been consummated? West Point was the key of the river, and once in possession of that important post, the enemy could have most effectually cut off all communication between the Eastern States and the rest of the confederates, and thus brought the war to a close. How different might have been the history of our country, had not that cannonading occurred on Teller's Point! The rebellion quelled; Washington, the *Pater Patrie*, Hancock, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, and a host of others, whom we to day delight to honor as the noblest of patriots, handed over to the tender mercies of the hangman, and our country still under the sway of the British sceptre. Such would have been, without doubt, the consequences of that traitorous act which was only brought to light by the means of the firing of that four pounder on Teller's Point. After finishing my sketch, I took a seat upon the piazza of the hotel and made a sketch of the Rockland Lake Icehouses, shown in one of the smaller engravings of the series.

This is the great depot from whence New York derives the larger portion of her supply of ice, and I assure you I looked across the water on this excessively hot June day, with a longing desire to cross and enjoy a siesta under the shadow of one of those huge buildings filled to repletion with refreshing coolness. The lake is situated in the notch back of the buildings seen in the engraving, and its waters are remarkably clear. It is between four and five miles in circumference, and affords an untailing supply of clear, crystal-like ice, which, when cut, is placed in the icehouses at the brow of the hill, and in the season it is run down over the long slides to the houses at the docks, whence it is shipped on board the vessels destined to convey it to the city. It was nearly nine o'clock when I finished my sketch of Rockland Lake Icehouses, and I hastened to climb the steep ascent to the town ere the noonday sun made it a task too unpleasant. I sought a chaperon, and found a very kind and obliging one in the person of Mr. Roscoe, of the Herald, who spent the rest of the morning with me in showing me points of interest, and introducing me to others who could furnish me information. Our first call was upon Dr. J. C. Fisher, who takes a warm interest in everything appertaining to or connected with the history of the place, and from him I learned, among other things, that the Vulture returned the fire of the cannoniers on Teller's Point, as is evidenced by a cannon-ball which had been cut out of a tree in that locality. We spent an agreeable half-hour with him, and then started for North Hill for the purpose of getting a sketch of Sing Sing which should give a good idea of the place. Lying as it does in a sort of basin, behind the brow of the hill, it is scarcely seen to any advantage from the water, and the traveller who passes by without stopping is apt to suppose it an inconsiderable town. The point selected by Mr. R. was an admirable one for a sketch, embracing within the view all that portion of the town lying on the hill, together with some charming river scenes, which I regret much I was unable to give in my drawing. While engaged in making our sketch, let us turn to the record and see what we can gather of its history and statistics. The origin of the name Sing Sing

has been variously stated, and as we are left to select for ourselves, I am inclined to favor the story that it was named by a Dutch trader after the town of Tsing Tsing in China, which he had been in the habit of visiting. It is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about thirty-three miles from the city of New York. The river at this point reaches its greatest breadth, being four miles in width, presenting the most enchanting landscape in every direction. Its population in 1850, according to the last census, was 3000, although since the Hudson River Railroad has been completed and running, it has increased, like all the towns along the line of the road, in a rapid ratio, and is now probably double that number. It is celebrated for its educational institutions, the principal of which is the Mount Pleasant Institute, situated on one of the most retired streets, and having a commanding view of the river and the surrounding scenery. The number of students is limited to fifty, who are taught horsemanship and military tactics in addition to the usual branches. There are several churches, a bank, and two newspapers in the place. The Croton aqueduct passes through the centre of the town, and crosses the Sing Sing kill in a magnificent arch of masonry 88 feet from abutments, and 100 feet from the water. The top of this arch is seen in the centre of the large engraving. The principal object of attraction to strangers, however, is the State Prison, which is situated on the bank of the river, about half a mile below the town. These buildings are of marble or limestone, and form three sides of a square. The main edifice is 484 feet long and five stories high, containing cells for 1000 prisoners, who are engaged in various mechanic arts and in quarrying the marble or limestone which is so abundant in the neighborhood. The system and discipline of the prison owe their origin to Elam Lynds, for many years agent of the Auburn Prison. The convicts are shut up in separate cells for the night, and on Sundays, except when attending religious services in the chapel. While at work they are not allowed to exchange a word with each other, under any pretence whatever; nor to communicate any intelligence to each other in writing; nor to exchange looks, or winks, or to make use of any signs except such as are necessary to convey their wants to the waiters. The plan of confining each convict in a separate cell during the night,



ROCKLAND LAKE ICE-HOUSES, OPPOSITE SING SING.

or the "Auburn system," as it is called, was adopted at the Auburn Prison in 1824. The prison at that time contained but 550 cells. Being, therefore, totally inefficient to accommodate all the convicts of the State, an act was passed by the Legislature, authorizing the erection of a new one. Sing Sing was selected as the location, and Capt. Lynds as agent to build it. He was directed to take from the Auburn Prison one hundred convicts; to remove them to the ground selected for the site of a new prison; to purchase materials, employ keepers and guards, and to commence the construction of the building. The reasons for taking the convicts from Auburn and transporting them so great a distance, instead of from New York, were, that the convicts at the former place had been accustomed to cutting and laying stone, and had been brought by Captain Lynds into the perfect and regular state of discipline he had established there, and

which was indispensably necessary to their safe-keeping in the open country, and the successful prosecution of the work. The party arrived at Sing Sing without accident or disturbance, in May, 1825, without a place to receive them, or a wall to enclose them. A temporary barrack was erected to receive the convicts at night, and they were then set at work building the prison, each working at his trade—one a carpenter, another a mason, etc.—all the time having no other means to keep them in obedience but the rigid enforcement of the strict discipline adopted at the Auburn Prison. For four years the convicts, whose numbers were gradually increased, were engaged in building their own prison, and finally completed it in 1829. After finishing my



TELLER'S POINT, FROM SING SING, N. Y.



sketch I returned to my hotel, on the way stopping to make the sketch of the Bank. After dinner I sketched the view of the Prison, and prepared to leave by the 3.30 train for Verplanck and Stony Points. While sitting on the piazza waiting for the train, and suffering intensely from the heat, I changed my intention, and seeing the 3.28 train for New York at the depot, I paid my bill and started for home, instead of up the river, content to await cooler weather for travelling sketches.

Yours truly,

"NEUTRAL TINT."

#### THE ERUPTION OF SKAPTA.

Of all the countries in Europe, Iceland is the one which has been the most minutely mapped. The Danish government seems to have had a hobby about it, and the result has been a chart so beautifully executed that every little crevice, each mountain torrent, each flood of lava is laid down with an accuracy perfectly astonishing. One huge blank, however, in the southwest corner of this map of Iceland, mars the integrity of the almost microscopic delineation. To every other part of the island the engineer has succeeded in penetrating; one vast space alone of about four hundred miles has defied his investigation. Over the area occupied by the Skapta Jokul no human foot has ever wandered. Yet it is from the centre of this district that has descended the most frightful visitation ever known to have desolated the island. This event occurred in the year 1782. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Towards the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th innumerable fire sprouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of foetid water mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared. Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river, and in a short time—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medelland, ripping the turf up before it, and poured into a great lake, whose waters flew hissing into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself filled, and the unexhausted torrent recommenced its march. When it was imprisoned between the high banks of the Skapta, the lava was five or six hundred feet deep; but as soon as it spread out into the plains its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, pumice, ashes and lava continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden clouds hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetland and the Orkneys, were deluged with volcanic dust, which percep-



STATE PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.

tibly contaminated the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the whole island; even the grass which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up; the fish perished in the poisoned sea; a murrain broke out among the cattle, and a disease resembling the scurvy among the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that 9000 persons, and 229,000 horses, cattle and sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of 1300, and of cattle, etc., about 158,000.—*Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage.*

#### CROSSING THE ALPS.

Crossing the Alps, it seems, is not as difficult as when Napoleon the First achieved the task a few years ago. A foreign correspondent of the New York Times thus describes the government road over Mount Cenis, over which are now pouring the French battalions, and over which runs a regular line of diligences: "The road over Mount Cenis is macadamized throughout its whole extent, and is wide and in perfect order, consisting of easy grades. The journey over the pass is no pleasant affair, even to one who occupies the protected seats in a comfortable diligence—what must it be to soldiers on foot, wet with severe rains, and incumbered with knapsack and arms? The pass is 6825 feet high—nearly 300 feet higher than the famous Simplon pass. That of the great St. Bernard, over which Napoleon conducted his army before any road had been formed, is 8200 feet high. The easy

grades of the Mount Cenis road, and the protection furnished by granite posts on its exterior, within seven or eight feet of each other—firmly planted in the earth, and about four feet high—indicate that a principal object in thus forming it, was the easy and safe hauling of cannon and baggage over the line. I walked for miles over the road, in the ascent from the Sardinian side, and carefully observing its construction. The engineering difficulties were immense, but they have been overcome with such skill, that the ascent is uniform and easy in every part. Occasionally a level place is left to afford relief to horses from the wearisomeness of a steady pull. I noticed that the marks of the drill used in blasting were nearly obliterated, the effect of long-continued exposure to severe storms, and the character of the rock, which is a soft limestone. One is struck with wonder that such a great work over high mountains, should have been formed and finished on a line exceeding fifty miles. It is kept in high order, and is descended on a brisk trot with entire safety. It seems most appropriate, as this great road was the work of the elder Napoleon, that the representative of his name should distinguish himself by using it for the march of a great army aimed at the same power which Napoleon successfully encountered soon after crossing the Swiss Alps."—*People's Gazette.*

#### A RUSSIAN FAST LADY.

Nothing remained of the clamor that had been, but the low mumbling of a knot of naval courtiers near the wheel, who, alike indifferent to the raging elements, the pitching boat, or the creature-sufferings around them, continued their discourse in broken phrases, between long-drawn whiffs of Jewoff's "superlatives," for which privilege they had preferred paying a two-shilling fare in our steamer to a free passage in a crown boat, where smoking is prohibited. To some such weighty consideration we were probably indebted for the company of a pretty woman who sat opposite to us, and whose Madonna-like countenance I had been intently admiring for some time, for, thrusting a small, delicately-gloved hand into the pocket of her Cashmere morning dress, she pulled out an embroidered case, from whence leisurely selecting a paperos, she shut it with a loud snap and returned it to her pocket, looking round meanwhile as if in search of something which, in my ignorance, I supposed to be some rough surface whereon to rub a lucifer, but one of the naval smokers before alluded to, better acquainted with the nature of the difficulty, gallantly approached her and proffered the lighted end of his cigar. The lady rose, their heads drew near, she obtained a light and gracefully thanked him; he bowed, and they both resumed their seats, she—the beautiful Madonna!—O, tell it not to "Punch"—sat there puffing away most manfully, her elbow over the side, and her legs across. My friend informed me that she was really a woman of some consequence, married to a man of high rank, and the mother of several children; and furthermore, that she was a capital "whip"—a very uncommon accomplishment for this part of the world, "fast" ladies of this genus being rare in Russia—she was not an indifferent swearer, and that, *par fantaisie*, she smoked green tea.—*Six Years in Russia.*

A man is no more a wit for having many ideas, than a general for having many soldiers.



SING SING, NEW YORK, FROM NORTH HILL.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)..... 20 00  
One copy of "Allou's Pictorial," and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BESTLOW, Boston.—1 The word "Yankee" was first used in print about the time of the Revolution. It originated in the Indian pronunciation of the word "English," which they called "Yenghees." 2 The dollar mark (\$) is undoubtedly a modification of the figure 8, denoting a Spanish piece of eight reales, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight.

N. H. Illinois.—The words "In the mist of life we are in death," were first used in the burial service of the Episcopal church (in English), and the sentiment is expressed in the earlier service books of the Greek and Roman churches. The sentence was probably adopted from one or the other of the older churches.

MELANIO, Portsmouth, N. H.—Iron chain cables did not come into general use in the English navy until 1812. The chain cable of the steamship Adriatic, built in 1842 for the Collins line, weighs fifty pounds per link. In the process of making, one of the weakest links gave way at nearly seven tons pressure, with a force that shook the building. A new link was substituted, and the cable withstood a strain of 105 tons. The cables of the Great Eastern are yet stouter, each link weighing seventy pounds.

BOW OAR.—The Gazette publishes a carefully prepared article upon the boating interests. It appears that there are attached to the Charles River fleet sixteen club boats, four shell boats, thirty-six single-scul wherries, five double scull wherries, five dories, and six row boats not wherries. Jarvis D. Braman owns twenty boats. There are five Indian canoes. Of yachts there are five schooner rigged and ten sloops. Several new boats are in process of construction, and it is estimated that the aggregate value of boats of all kinds used on the river exclusive of those owned at the college, is nearly \$30,000.

M. C. Roxbury, Mass.—In 1831 the New York Star writing upon the probable speedy establishment of lines of steamships between the ports of Liverpool and New York, said: "They must, however, be very large ships—we should say from 800 to 1000 tons, and built with every possible strength and durability, with powerful engines, and room for at least twelve days' fuel." In 1831, one of the newspapers has this paragraph: "A immense steam frigate, to be called the Gorgon, is to be built in London. She is to be 1100 tons, and will carry twelve guns. She is to be larger than the old seventy-fours."

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

For a long time our foreign journals and our own contemporary sheets must be filled with articles upon the war now waging in Italy, and with the incidents of that eventful struggle. Fortunately our own country stands aloof from the portentous strife, in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, while the cannon thunders and steel flashes on the plains of Piedmont. Yet, separated by more than three thousand miles of ocean from the theatre of war, we cannot, though distant, be uninterested spectators of what is transpiring in the Old World. The applauded sentiment of the old Roman poet, "I deem nothing belonging to humanity foreign to me," is the sentiment of every true-hearted American.

It is impossible, as Americans, not to sympathize with the Italians in their struggle to throw off the Austrian yoke, nor do we hesitate to wish success to the Franco-Sardinian arms merely because we condemn the antecedents of Louis Napoleon, the ally of Victor Emmanuel. We know that he was false to the French republic, and climbed to power by unjustifiable means, nor has the halo of success that surrounds his brow dazzled our eyes or bewildered our judgment. Still we believe, in spite of the past, that he will be true to the cause he has espoused. There are legitimate reasons enough for his hostility to Austria, without seeking sinister motives. Under Austrian sway, Italy is a perpetual menace to France; independent, she would be a safe and profitable neighbor.

Austria has shown her impossibility to govern Italy except by keeping up a military establishment, threatening to all neighboring peoples. She has shown her determination never to relax her iron gripe on the throat of the Italians, and to compel even Italian princes, not legitimately subjected to her sway, to govern their subjects according to the despotic formulas adopted at Vienna. The time had arrived when the peace and prosperity of Europe demanded a change of policy on the part of Austria, or a withdrawal from Italy. She refused to change, and fell back upon the provisions of old treaties and the stipulations of old congresses. She insisted on carrying out her mission of trampling out ideas by the hoof of brute force. One Italian sovereign, Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, is found to confront the Kaiser, and he has found a friend and backer in the most astute, politic and powerful ruler in Western Europe.

Not content with words of friendship and sympathy, like the government of Great Britain, the Emperor of France has, in the hour of need,

poured his troops into Italy and taken command of them in person. The Italians accept him as a liberator, while England looks on him as the future tyrant of Italy. For ourselves, we are willing to consider him in the Italian point of view. In early life he espoused the Italian cause, and in his present movement, we behold a return to the generous impulses of his youth. We are willing to believe that he will be content to be the victorious general of a liberating army, and seek by acquiring true glory, to hide from posterity the stains which cloud his Parisian career. He has more reason to be true than to be faithless to Italy. It is not long since the shells of the Italian Carbonari, exploding beneath the feet of his carriage-horses at the opera, nearly closed his career. And those shells were thrown by no ignoble hand; and it was the last words of a dying man that warned him that a long line of sworn avengers survived, each man of whom would take his turn in attempting the life of one who had proved false to his vows as a Carbonaro. Romantic as this story appears, "stranger than fiction," indeed, it is nevertheless true, and Louis Napoleon knows it to be true. He knew that as surely as darkness succeeds day, just so surely a betrayal of Italy, now that he has once embarked as her defender, would cost him his life and the lives of those dearest to him. Even if this danger could by any possibility be removed, to hold any part of Italy as a conquered province, would cost more than it came to. It was long ago predicted that when Louis Napoleon's power was once firmly established, he would astonish the world by appearing in the light of a champion of liberal principles. It is in this light he now commences his military career, and admitting him to be ambitious, we believe that his ambition will be satisfied with victory on the fields rendered famous by Napoleon I., and that he is sensible enough to know that if so fortunate, territorial aggrandizement cannot add to his reputation.

## GENERAL MORRIS.

France has her General Morris, as well as America, but the former can only fight—he can't write songs. But still he is a very gallant fellow. He rose from the ranks and has made a rapid progress. His great reputation dates from the battle of Isly, in Algiers. On the eve of the battle, Marshal Bugeaud, who had only 10,000 men and 16 guns, being separated only by the river Isly from an enemy with 10,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry, collected his officers "by punch-light," as Charles Lamb says, and explained to them his plan of battle, indicating in advance what would take place.

"You will penetrate," said he, ending by an eloquent metaphor, "you will penetrate this multitude, you will cleave it as a vessel cleaves the waves, you will strike and march on without looking behind you, and they will all disappear with a facility that will surprise you."

The next, Morris had taken these directions so literally, that he did not wait for any orders from the marshal, who crossed the river at the head of his lancers, of whom he was lieutenant-colonel, and burst upon the enemy. But he soon saw with surprise that Morris and his two squadrons of cavalry had thrown the enemy into the utmost disorder. When the remainder of the army crossed the Isly, the enemy was already half beat. General Morris is now in command of a French division in Sardinia, and our countryman, Major Kearney, who lost an arm at Churubusco, is one of his volunteer aids.

## "IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE."

During the Mexican war, the American General—, a fine soldier, by the way, was lying in his tent, when he was awakened by the coughing of a horse in the vicinity. He immediately called for the corporal of the guard, who came clanking in and awaited his commands.

"Corporal of the Guard! I'm broken of my rest; there is a horse coughing. Go and see whose horse it is."

The corporal went and returned to report.

"It's Captain C.'s, of the staff, may it please the general."

"It makes no difference. I won't have my rest broken in this way. Take him to the dragoon picket."

And he rolled over and went to sleep. But he was soon awakened by a repetition of the same disturbance.

"Corporal of the Guard! There's another horse coughing. I don't care whose horse it

is—it makes no difference, but go and see. I will not have my rest disturbed in this way."

The soldier went as before, and returned immediately.

"It's the general's horse, may it please the general."

"My horse, eh? Poor fellow! how did he catch cold, I wonder. Put a blanket on him and send a surgeon to see him in the morning."

## A WORD FOR THE BIRDS.

We count it a very bad sign in a boy or man who will molest the birds. They do a great deal of good in the world, and they get their living by destroying millions of bugs and worms, which, if permitted to live, would ruin our gardens and trees. Watch the gay, bold, bright-eyed robin, grubbing up the worms in your corn or flower-gardens; listen to his song always so cheerful; or see the graceful bluebird, or the beautiful golden robin, note how they are always busy, disposing of the grubs which kill your fruit-trees and shrubs, and your young garden plants. Have you ever heard the piping, clear notes of the Red Marvis, or listened to the merry chatter of the little fairy yellow bird, or the dainty humming bird? Go out in the woods and hearken to the sweet song of the handsome brown thrasher, sit down on the green moss under some old oak, and you may be an honored listener to a thousand sweet songs, to melodies of whose existence you never dreamed. Welcome the birds, then; they "pay their way," if you can be small-souled enough to bring that into question; they will sing to you from the time of the first spring flowers till the autumn asters are in bloom; and if you will give them audience they will make you better, and so happier. Thus pleasantly discourseth the Essex Banner.

PICCOLOMINI'S LAST SPEECH.—"My Dear Friends:—In this beautiful temple, some several mons uize, you made me one grande welcome! You no understand how happie I was always made, ever since, by ze continuation of zat welcome. Ze boxes (prolonged glance at the first circle), ze upper rows (careful look in that direction), ze galleries (gives a furtive glance toward the sky-circle, but misses the pit altogether), have all testified to zeir welcome with much argent (silver), and I will always zank you from ze bottome of my heart, and sall hold zese contributions in ze sweet memory. Zis big contree, zis monster contree, were I have traveled with ze great speed, I sall leave with regret ze most zin-zero, and sall pray my good angel to bring me back to so ver soon. My dear frens I now bid you ze adieu."

WAR AND GEOGRAPHY.—One of our contemporaries in commenting on the European war, says that it will lead our people to study the geography of a country with which they are little familiar. This was the result of the Mexican, the East Indian and the Crimean wars. We hope the time will come when people will feel interest enough in the subject to study geography, without waiting for the promptings of a bloody war.

WASHINGTON STREET.—If you wish to see how far the living flowers of humanity outshine the inanimate flowers of the garden, you have only to take a walk in Washington Street on a sunny afternoon. Talk of Circassian beauty! It all is absolute homeliness compared with Athenian loveliness. And then the toilettes! Fortunately business is brisk, or husbands would be driven to despair.

OUR ARTISTS.—The studios of our artists will soon be deserted. With the warm weather they migrate, either to rest and recruit themselves, or to paint and study from nature in the field, to be worked up next winter. Art is decidedly looking up in this country, both aesthetically and pecuniarily.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—Cyrus H. McCormick, of reaper fame, has given \$100,000 for the endowment of four Professorships in the Theological Seminary of the Old School Presbyterians at Chicago, Ill.

CURIOS.—An Ohio cow, something more than a year ago, swallowed a piece of broomstick, 18 inches long, which remained in her stomach until a few days ago, when it came out of her side.

## AMERICAN SHIPS.

Our shipping interest seems to be "looking up," and as it is always "an ill wind that blows nobody good," so the outset of the European struggle redounds to the interest of this country. American ships of all classes are largely in demand on the other side of the Atlantic, and are taken up in charter in preference to those of all other nations, the English not excepted. The French government have chartered some twenty or thirty Yankee vessels to carry coal to the Mediterranean, at a very handsome price, and have engaged them for a series of months. English ships hesitate to close any bargains whatever with the French government, for obvious reasons. We are glad to see this branch of our industry receive a bit of good luck, for it has long suffered a heavy depression from various causes, and ship-building is one of the most important branches of our national industry. Our ship-builders have a high reputation in Europe, unequalled probably in the world, as far as sailing ships are concerned, and even in respect to steamers as to speed and beauty—but the English doubtless build the best steamers as it regards machinery and firmness. Our men-of-war of the latest build, whether steamers or sailing crafts, have drawn forth the most unbounded praise of the Old World, and some orders are now being executed in this country for government ships for the north of Europe. The natural growth of commerce, and the annual loss by sea casualties, keep up a good demand, and when any extraordinary contingency occurs to affect the business of shipwrights, the builders are driven to the greatest extreme of industry to meet the requirements at home and abroad. It is a noble branch of mechanical business, and we have cause to be justly proud that it has reached such perfection in America.

## SOLDIERING IN FRANCE.

The other day a soldier, with a knapsack on his back, jumped into the Seine from one of the Paris bridges, to drown himself. He was rescued, and quite an enthusiasm was created in his favor when it was found that he had attempted suicide because his regiment had gone to war and left him behind to farm, with a few others, the depot for recruits. When restored, the poor fellow went away crying, to his barracks, but promised to renew his attempt. Another soldier in the country actually committed suicide because his regiment left without him; and a story is told of a boy at one of the Paris academies who escaped twice by a most dangerous flight over the roofs of houses, in order to go to the war. The prompter of Madame Ristori's company has left the permanent situation he held in her employment, and with the aid of a benefit night given him by the great tragedienne, has gone to join Garibaldi. Tamberlik, Ristori, Frezzolini, Penco, and many of the French artists, have performed in favor of the fund for sending the poor Italian refugees in Paris back to the defence of their country. It may be imagined that they leave with joy in their hearts.

PURE WATER.—They have been discussing the question of erecting hydrants all over New York city. No doubt sobriety would be promoted by furnishing a supply of Croton. It is hard for a thirsty man to be treading a soil he knows to be full of pipes conveying the purest water, and yet to have to beg a drink.

"Water, water, everywhere—  
And not a drop to drink."

TEXAS.—Some of his friends have proposed the name of George Wilkins Kendall, Esq., as a candidate for the governorship of Texas. What the "ex-Santa Fe prisoner" thinks of the proposition, we have not yet learned.

THE CAMELS.—The Selma (Alabama) papers mention the arrival at that place of the camels designated for planters in the vicinity; they are to be used for ploughing and all kinds of heavy work on the plantation.

LOCUSTS.—These miserable, marauding insects have been doing great damage to crops in the southwest.

FOREIGN ARRIVALS.—Twenty-two steamships arrived at Boston, New York and Quebec, during the month of May, from Europe.

AGRICULTURAL.—A movement is on foot to locate the next United States Fair at Chicago.



## MODERN WAR.

It was declared previous to the late war, that the vast improvements in fire-arms and other destructive munitions of war, would entirely change all former tactics in battle and siege performances; but the struggle between England, France and Russia did not sustain this prognostication. The history of the Crimean campaign does not in any one of its events illustrate great advances in the science of attack and defence, as applied to fortified places. The enormous siege-guns, throwing both shell and solid shot, which were directed against the defences of Sebastopol, did not, until after more than one year of almost uninterrupted fire, produce an effect which justified assault of the works on the part of the attacking army. So of the defence; the lines which encompassed the city on the south or attacked side, were in their form and structure precisely of the same character—being only of greater thickness, to resist heavier weight of projectile—as would have been practised fifty years ago. Neither did the Alma, nor Balaklava, nor Inkermann, in any fact connected with their commencement, progress or result, disclose the employment of new elements in the conduct of battle. They were only a reproduction of the Peninsular and German campaigns, and Waterloo. As of old, were seen the mercurial vivacity and brilliant courage of the French soldier, as he advanced at *pas de charge*; the cool and indomitable tenacity of the Saxon man, with his unsurpassed power of endurance; and the docile devotedness of the Russian to orders, and death even in obedience to them, if need be. The formation, disposition and employment of artillery, squadrons and battalions, did not differ in any important aspect from the practice of Napoleon I. and his military contemporaries. Still, the present aspect of affairs in Europe may bring us new developments, and the actual use of the various new inventions may exhibit a peculiar result, materially changing the tactics and science of war and battle-fields.

## STATISTICS OF MARRYING.

A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is three times as great as that of a bachelor; at 30, it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to 45, it is five times as great; and it increases, until at 60 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of the bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition of life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his settled habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 30, the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

**JAPANESE POLITENESS.**—Lieutenant Habersham, in one of his interesting letters, says: "The extreme of Japanese breeding seems to remain silently attentive while your company is speaking. The result of this is that arguments and disputes are by no means common, simply because one party always waits quietly until the other has 'had his say.' I wonder if this true politeness couldn't be made to radiate from Japan toward the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

**PIKE'S PEAK.**—A letter from Pike's Peak says: "This is a great country; only one white unmarried woman here and over a thousand men. There are five gambling houses in active operation; two race-courses, and a string band in full blast every night." It strikes us that "a string band in full blast" must be very curious.

**THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.**—The rebuilding of the Crawford House at the Notch is rapidly progressing. It will be finished in time for the summer travel.

**THE LATE DR. LARDNER.**—This gentleman's name was originally Dennis Lardner, but he Latinized the baptismal part of it into Dionysius.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—A great deal of smoking kills many men, but then it cures much bacon.

## MILITARY GENIUS.

It is astonishing how much military genius there is in the editorial profession—we speak of latent military genius, unsuspected by the world. Some editors are recognized as warriors, such as Morris of the Home Journal, Webb of the Courier and Enquirer, Clapp of the Gazette, and Rogers of the Journal; but then these gentlemen have titles to distinguish them, and are occasionally seen flourishing on battle-chargers, or commanding lines of bayonets on the tented field. But we refer to the genius that lies hidden in men who always wear black coats, and are never seen following the drum on parade days. They might, under peaceful circumstances, pass to their graves as civilians, but just bring on a war, and they'll show you what's what in the twinkling of a sabre. Talk of the genius of Napoleon first! Pshaw! he knew no more than a conscript compared to these untitled generals who fight battles on paper, toss you up the plan of a campaign in a "stickful," and demolish a life-long military reputation in a paragraph. We have known Bunsbys who could have taken Sebastopol in a week, while the miserable French and English generals dribbled away months and months without doing it. Springing up in obscure villages, these great generals are now appearing, roused by the trumpet blast of the Italian war, and if Victor Emmanuel, and Francis Joseph, and Louis Napoleon would only become subscribers, the Italian question would be settled as soon as the first numbers could cross the ocean in a steamer.

## THE PROSPECT FOR ITALY.

The correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from Florence after the flight of the grand duke of Tuscany, says: Having gone through a former revolution, and seeing the impotent conclusion of it, I cannot be very sanguine. But in addition to the experience gained by that failure, there is a ground for hope in the fact that all Italy must take its cue from Piedmont. She began the movement, and, backed by France, has the power to dictate. Therefore no one will try for anything beyond a constitutional monarchy, and risk the substance for the shadow, as they did in 1848. No doubt there are shoals and quicksands enough to apprehend; but it does seem that Italy has never before had the chance she now has for independence and union. Even at the worst, a Peace Congress would not allow Austrian rule in Italy to be what it has been, and if, what is next worse, French domination is to be substituted for Austrian, it would be a much more enlightened one, and a similarity between the members of the Latin race would prevent the hostility and incompatibility that has always existed between the Germans and Italians.

**THE MOON HOAX.**—The popular idea that a change of the moon is accompanied by a change of the weather is fully and fairly discussed in Arago's Astronomy. It is shown beyond a doubt that atmospheric tides do not exist (at any rate of a character analogous to the tides of the ocean), and the results of the observations which have been made for the purpose of testing the truth of the theory, prove clearly that it is without foundation.

**THE BEGINNING OF WAR'S DESTRUCTION.**—The bridge over the Ticino, at Buffaloria, destroyed by the Sardinians, by blowing up with gunpowder, was a magnificent structure of hewn stone, 1000 feet in length, and cost, even in that country of cheap labor, nearly \$700,000. It rested on eleven arches, and was calculated to last forever without ever requiring any repairs.

**"BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY."**—This Magazine is entirely unlike any other published. It is not only original in its contents, from beginning to end, but it is also got up in a style wholly its own. A vast amount of choice and delightful reading is embraced in its hundred pages, not to mention its fine engravings and its regular side splitting set of humorous illustrations. Now some first we were surprised at its vast circulation, now some 115,000 monthly—but we no longer wonder at its popularity. What a rich, intellectual and enjoyable return for one dollar a year. Published by M. M. Ballou, 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.—State Record, Va.

**FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.**—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS CONN, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

**THE BOSTON CANNON.**—Long ere this, the gun cast at Alger's foundry and presented to the Sardinians, must have spoken in thunder from the ramparts of Alessandria.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The wife of Douglas Jerrold died early in May, at her country residence in England. Her health rapidly failed after her husband's death.

A little boy, five years old, died in Buffalo, the other day, from the effects of drinking some whiskey for which his father had sent him.

The Anagram for Austria is *vastari*, Latin for "to lay waste"—a business in which that country has been engaged for centuries.

Fountains of natural gas were lately reached at Howard, C. W., in digging for wells, and the gas now bubbles up in steady currents, which, when ignited, presents a bright flame three feet high.

In Philadelphia, the two constables convicted of the larceny of \$2600, the property of Karsteter, have been sentenced to eighteen months in the county prison. Alderman Allen's sentence, who was convicted with them, was postponed.

Messrs. Armfield of Tennessee, Croom of Alabama, and Warren of North Carolina, have each subscribed \$25,000 to the "University of the South," and nineteen other persons the aggregate sum of \$140,000, making \$175,000.

Hon. Thomas Butler King says the number of Cuban children now at school in the United States may be estimated at from six to ten thousand. The number of visitors from Cuba to the United States, in the year 1858, was between fifteen and twenty thousand.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he claims is a cure for snoring. It fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

The new Custom House in Portsmouth, N. H., is progressing rapidly. The stone has been all prepared, and the sheds in which it was hammered, at the Concord railroad station, have been removed. The third story is going up, and the building soon will be externally completed.

Whether locusts do or do not appear in certain localities at regular intervals of 17 years, is a question which seems to be attracting considerable attention. A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser asserts from his own observation that they do appear at these regular intervals, and predicts that they will appear next in 1860.

Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, missionary to the Cherokees, died at his residence, Park Hill, Cherokee nation, on the 19th of May. He was in his 62d year, and was missionary among the Cherokees for nearly thirty-five years, most of the time engaged in translating and publishing the Scriptures in the Cherokee language.

They had a prize fight at Deerfield, N. Y., the other day. The principals were two sanguinary butchers of Utica, named Everts and Muddeman. The stakes were \$30 against \$50. Everts was the victor. On the eighth round he gave Muddeman such severe "punishment" that the latter failed to "come to time" on the ninth.

The Ohio State Journal publishes a list of ten incorporated companies in Ohio, with an aggregate capital of one million two hundred and eighty thousand dollars directly invested in the manufacture of coal oil, and predicts that before the close of the year a dozen more will be added to the list.

The husband of Mrs. Peter Perry of Port Clinton, Ohio, was drowned recently. The wife has since died of grief. From the moment she received the intelligence of his loss up to the hour of her death, a few days ago, she never exhibited signs of sanity, being perfectly wild and delirious.

Two American officers will probably take part in the coming—perhaps existing—war, viz: Young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who is a lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Major Kearney, of New York, who, it is said, has entered the staff of one of the French Generals of Division, as a volunteer.

New Orleans is said to be almost overrun by scoundrels. The boldest robberies are committed every night, and the papers advise people who travel late at night or early in the morning to keep sharp eyes on all persons they meet. One of the rascals, a few days ago, carried off four thousand cigars.

Clark Mills, the American artist, is now busily engaged in casting the equestrian statue of Washington, ordered by Congress, and expects to have it completed by July next. His first casting failed, in consequence of the impure character of the copper. Mr. Mills is also duplicating the statue of Jackson, for the city of Nashville, Tenn.

Some persons, while mining in a hillside in California, recently, discovered a large pine stump, three and a half feet in diameter and fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. The tree had evidently been cut by some instrument similar to our axes, and about three inches wide. Growing on the surface, directly over this stump, was a large oak tree, three feet in diameter.

A late fire in the New Jersey pines destroyed timber covering 15,000 acres of land belonging to Wm. Braddock and others of Medford, and at Snyder's Mills, where the flames encountered a large pond of water, and where it was supposed the destruction would be arrested, the fire crossed the pond and caught at the buildings, fences, etc., so that the people narrowly escaped with their lives. Many farmers suffered the loss of fences and other property, and many crops were injured.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The virtue of a coward is suspicion.—George Herbert.

.... Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.—Miss Bremer.

.... Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastenings.—George Herbert.

.... Whoever writes or acts by system may stand a chance of being uniformly wrong.—Payne Knight.

.... He who always prefaces his tale with laughter, balances between impertinence and folly.—Lariver.

.... The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears!—H. Ballou.

.... There is certainly something of exquisite kindness, and thoughtful benevolence, in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding.—Bulwer Lytton.

.... Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust myself with him without saying my prayers.—Sir Thomas Browne.

.... Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it.—Bacon.

.... Dinna curse him, sir; I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it.—Sir Walter Scott.

.... A generous, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.—Bacon.

.... All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but then it must be in their own way; what a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in ours!—Bulwer Lytton.

.... I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we have either a doddled dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide shadowing tree! Either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one.—Carlyle.

.... If we draw from nature in the one as in the other, we may render virtue no less attractive than glory or love; for she hath so divine a beauty, that could she be represented corporally to our eyes, she would ever engage the adoration of our souls.—Bulwer Lytton.

.... Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood. Homer's horses clear the world at a bound. The child's eye needs no horizon to its prospect. The Oriental tale is not too vast. Pearls dropping from trees are not too falling leaves in autumn. The palace that grew up in a night merely awakens a wish to live in it. The impossibilities of fifty years are the commonplaces of five.—R. A. Wilmott.

## Joker's Budget.

Somebody defines character as "the only personal property which everybody looks after for you."

Austria should pause before pitching into those Sardinians. If Hungary should rise, she may have other fish to fry.

Why was Gen. Burgoyne, on his march south, during the Revolution, like a runaway horse? Because he had to stop when he came to Gates.

A young naval officer of the name of Moore, having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was safely moored.

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" "No, master, 'tis a very large one." "O, well, you have had time to scale a mountain."

Our drovers always grumble when fat cattle do not sell well, but they are very unreasonable; for how can cattle who are so very fat go off briskly?

The New York Post—er says—"Young ladies, with pretty eyes, are allowed the use of the lash, so long as it has no not on the end, and is not 'snapped' too often."

Mrs. Partington says that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," for then she should have something to live on.

An exchange infers that Dryden wasn't opposed to mint juleps, from a remark he once made: "Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

Tommy says that it is bad meddling with a train of gunpowder; but if you want to be blown up to a dead certainty, just tread on a lady's crinoline as you are getting into an omnibus. He has tried it and knows.

Patrick Macnigan, with a one wheeled car, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed,—"Aff wid ye, yo roarin' biaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into ye!"

A lady said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence: "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers." "No, I think not," answered the affectionate husband. "Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who wears them ought to know."

A young lady visited a prison, and while questioning a prisoner, one of the attendants, mistaken as to her identity, came up and inquired, "Are you the young woman wot stole the hog?" "Cause, if yer are, Mr. Roony, the lawyer, wants to speak to yer."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## KINDLY WORDS.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

As the dew unto the floweret,  
Kindly word and kindly deed  
Come unto earth's wandering children,  
To supply their spirit's need  
Kindly words make all the richer,  
Both the giver and the given,  
Ever wake life's sweetest echoes,  
Making earth a second heaven.  
Speak them often, speak them often,  
Do not grudge them, they may be  
Life and anchor, hope, salvation,  
In some future day to thee.  
We are sailing down life's ocean,  
 Oftentimes the billows roar;  
Heed ye not the waves' commotion,  
Steer ye for the pearly shore,  
Gaining glimpses of land immortal,  
In eternal evermore.  
Faint not, pale not, or grow weary,  
But push onward through the strife,  
Sowing goodly seeds forever,  
To spring up to perfect life.  
Kindly words are full of glory,  
Glory given from above;  
Blooming maid and patriarch hoary  
Need those messengers of love.  
Little child, with rose-lips parted,  
Drink them in with love-lit glance;  
Sunny browed and sombre-hearted,  
Love each kindly word of chance  
Kindly words make all the richer,  
Both the giver and the given;  
Ever wake life's sweetest echoes,  
Making earth a second heaven

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE FADELESS WREATH.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

THE Theatre de la Fenice was filled, well filled, not crowded to overflowing, as had been the habit of late, and this the beautiful cantatrice, the most beautiful, accomplished singer of her time, Marina, remarked as she came slowly towards the foot-lights. Her appearance was hailed with applause. One rapid glance as she bowed in acknowledgement of her reception, was all Marina took, but that glance was sufficient. In that moment she saw that the house was thinner than usual, and that the Duke d'Aquavita, whose sole applause was valued in the whole theatre, who was but the index-hand of public opinion, was absent. The box near the stage, which he had engaged for the season, was empty.

"Bellina!" murmured Marina bitterly, and her voice swelled forth, entrancing all listeners. Those who heard the beautiful cantatrice that night, were ready to swear that she had never before sung with such wondrous sweetness and power.

At last the curtain fell, and pale and exhausted Marina was called out and loaded with costly wreaths and flowers, many of the bouquets bearing jewels in their midst. It was a brilliant success, but incomplete to the gifted cantatrice, because the duke was absent. It was the first time since her engagement that the illustrious d'Aquavita had failed to be present at her performances. At the door of the theatre stood several young nobles, ready to escort her home. Two were about to follow her as she leaned on the arm of the third, but she waved them back.

"Not to-night, noble signors—I am weary and feel not like entertaining guests."

"Alas! beautiful Marina," said one, as she sprang into her carriage, and he laid his hand on the door, "we cannot bear that you should so immediately vanish from our sight, after having held us captive through the evening by your voice."

"To-night it must be, noble count, for I am very weary—I am not myself. You can go and join d'Aquavita, who hangs entranced upon the eyen words of the fascinating Bellina," said Marina, bitterly.

"We want only to listen to you, Marina," chorused the trio.

"It cannot be. To-morrow night I will receive you. Buono notte!"

The carriage rolled away, bearing the popular prima donna, who, clad in rich satin and lace, leaned back upon the cushions with a weary heart. She had given her whole heart to the Duke d'Aquavita, and just as her dream was about to be fulfilled, just as she thought she had him at her feet, Bellina, the rival cantatrice, made her appearance, and the ardor of the duke had cooled. He was still devoted, but Marina knew and felt that her power over him was

gone; that the man for whom she would give up everything, was indifferent to her. To-night he had as much as publicly acknowledged it to her by his non-appearance. In no enviable frame of mind, Marina reached home. Florinda, her faithful waiting-maid, was ready to receive her.

"Ah! my lady, you were successful as usual, I see by the flowers. But do no nobles sup with you to-night?"

"No. Hasten to undress me, for my brain burns, my heart feels like lead, and I am very weary. Yes, take off these jewels and laces, and henceforth they will be useless."

"Signora!"

"Yes, Florinda, all are not as faithful as you, and in one month the idolized cantatrice, Marina, will be forgotten in Venice, and the people, ever fickle, will be worshipping at another shrine. These same nobles who ask now only to be allowed to sit at my feet, will laugh over their wine at their passing devotion to Marina."

"Dear signora!"

"It is sadly true, Florinda," said Marina, with a deep sigh. "Now disrobe me, for I am weary."

Shorn of her jewels and laces, robed only in pure white, and her luxuriant hair brushed back from the temples, and carelessly knotted up behind, Marina looked what she was, a beautiful, queenlike woman. This she felt, as she turned with a mocking smile from the mirror.

After a restless night, Marina rose the next morning. She rose to the bitter sense of all she had lost—lover, fame, all she cared for. Unlike most public characters, Marina was always neatly and tastefully dressed, even in her leisure hours. Seating herself in a deep chair before the fire, Marina prepared to read, when the door opened and a young man entered unannounced. It was the Duke d'Aquavita.

"Marina, carissima!" he murmured, as he came beside her, and he tried to take her hand. At the first sound of his voice, Marina had risen, pale and cold.

"Who bade you enter?" she asked, in frigid tones.

"My heart would not let me wait for a bidding—it led me here."

"And it will lead you elsewhere, Aquavita. It needs nothing here," replied Marina, and her voice had a touch of sadness in it, in spite of its sarcasm.

"False, false, caro Marina!" exclaimed the duke, coming nearer the beautiful cantatrice and again striving to take her hand.

"Cease this mummery, Aquavita," said Marina, who had mastered the momentary weakness, in cold, measured tones. "I will not bear it. For a week you have served me only with the lip; your heart, worthless, fickle thing, has been laid at the feet of another dear one. My eyes ache with looking on such a despised, worthless thing as you."

"Marina!" exclaimed the duke, fiercely, for the prima donna's scornful manner, more than the words, stung him.

Vain, fickle, the illustrious Duke d'Aquavita wished to still appear devoted to Marina. It was not yet decided which of the two singers would bear off the palm, and until that was decided, the faithless Aquavita chose to remain neutral, and until this evening had fondly hoped that Marina was blinded by her love to his coolness.

"Marina," said the duke, in reproachful tones, as he seemed to recoil before her scorn. "Marina, will you be so cruel—send me away to die?"

"To die of what? To die of despair because the beautiful Bellina does not smile more sweetly on you than other nobles as worthless as yourself?"

"You will drive me to despair—to suicide, Marina," and the duke sank on to the couch and covered his face with his hands.

A scornful, withering smile passed over the face of the cantatrice, and she clenched her hands in rage or despair as she looked at the cowering man before her, and she stepped forward and laid her hand on Aquavita's shoulder. He moved as if to raise his head, but she stopped him.

"Bow your head still, Aquavita, for I cannot bear to have your false eyes rest on me—they burn into my heart. As soon as I have finished talking, you must go, go without looking at me, Aquavita," and her voice grew wondrously sweet and tender. "I, the adored of thousands, have yielded to you the homage of my whole heart and soul, believing you worthy of the worship. The last few days my blindness has faded away, and I see you as you are, vain, fickle, con-

ceited, heartless, worthless. My love grows cold in my heart; from its ashes will spring up a brighter, more withering flame, the lurid, scorching flame of hate. At seventeen, I stabbed my rival in love to the heart; at twenty-four, what do you think I will do to the man who has won my love and cast it aside as worthless?"

"No, you are wrong, Marina, he values it still."

"Peace, lavatore. Go now, quickly—quickly, for your presence sets my brain on fire—go before I kill you!"

Awed by her manner, the Duke d'Aquavita left the saloon. As soon as the door closed upon him, Marina rose pale and trembling. Brushing back the hair from her face, she looked eagerly around, with her pale lips parted. A shudder passed over her, and bursting into tears, Marina sank into a chair. Awhile she wept convulsively, then raised her head. Her face, late so withering in its scorn, expressed now only womanly suffering and tears. The actress was laid aside, and she sat there, the wronged, deserted, suffering woman. She smiled sadly, and her voice came deep and low as she spoke to herself, rather than aloud.

"Aquavita! O, where is Aquavita?" said she, in piercing tones. "O, God, let me die! Am I then alone in this world? What have I to live for? The earth is poisoned for me. Why did he forsake me? Ah, Bellina!" she exclaimed, and the suffering expression gave way to one of intense hate. "Bellina has robbed me of all I valued. No, not all, for by Heaven! I will not give up my fame to her. My rival in love she may be, but not in fame. Two things I have yet to live for—revenge and glory!"

Here Marina started up and paced the room, weaving many fearful dreams. The love in her wayward heart had been given back to her worthless, and was turning to hate.

That evening the luxurious apartments of the accomplished, brilliant cantatrice Marina were lighted up, and a superb supper laid in the salon. In a deep arm-chair, reclined in graceful abandonment, Marina, perfectly bewildering in her regal beauty. Her dress of purple satin, richly trimmed with lace, set off to great advantage her full, graceful form, and the scarlet pomegranate blossoms enhanced the raven beauty of her hair. Around her were seated in various attitudes, five young men, Venetian nobles.

"This wreath is very fresh, Marina," said Count Spasi, pointing to a chaplet of flowers, lying among others which were faded or fading.

"All were thrown to me last evening after *Semiramide*."

"Why fade they not all alike?" idly questioned the young Marquis Rolli.

"Perhaps," answered the beautiful woman, with a beaming smile, "because that wreath was thrown by a more devoted hand than the others."

"The devotion, I think, is equal in all," tenderly answered the marquis, who was called the handsomest man in all Italy.

"May be," said Marina, simply but sadly.

"What matters it?" said Count Spasi; "Marina has one coronal that will never fade, the enthusiasm of Venice!"

The little circle applauded and Marina thanked the count with a curious smile, a smile in which was mingled pride, sadness, bitterness and hate. A pause ensued, which Marina was the first to break. She did so by saying: "Venice! Venice loves me—only loves me now. Three months ago it worshipped, idolized me. When my name appeared on the bills, it was read with a shout of joy, and all hearts beat for me. All day the people counted the hours till they could see me; and the evening—O, the evening!—when I appeared, the stage fairly trembled with the *bravas*. When I sang, people held their breath to listen, and when I died, there was not a dry eye in the house. I carried all hearts with me."

"You have lost nothing of that, Marina," said the handsome Marquis Rolli, leaning forward and kissing the little hands that rested carelessly upon the arm of the chair.

"No indeed!" seconded the Marquis Tiepolo; "last evening the building shook with the thundering applause, and tall as you are, you could scarcely be seen above the pile of flowers that lay before you."

"Many of the flowers," said young Count Montforte, called one of the richest as well as one of the most empty-brained nobles of the court, "bearing in their midst jewels, fadeless testimonials of the devotion and love felt for you."

"That I know," said Marina, smiling sweetly

and extending her left hand, on which sparkled one ring, a cluster diamond of great value and brilliancy, while the slender wrist was encircled by a massive bracelet thickly set with gems. "Here are two proofs of the generosity of my friends."

"We have hereby proved that you are still the idol of Venice," said Marquis Rolli.

"You think so, marquis, but believe me, the hands that throw wreaths to me are cold, the lips that now greet me with bravas no longer tremble with eager devotion, the eyes no longer watch every motion; it is esteem, affectionate remembrance, habit, perhaps, but no longer idolizing enthusiasm."

"It is true," said Count Spasi, "that Bellina is charming, and that she sings with exquisite taste and—"

"If that is your opinion," interrupted the cantatrice sharply, and with evident vexation, "why are you not at the theatre this evening helping applaud this exquisitely tasteful singer? O, I hate this woman!"

"You did not wait to hear me through," somewhat impatiently replied the count. "I said Bellina was a tasteful singer, but I was going to add that in spite of her charms, she could never supplant you in our hearts."

"Thanks, signor count—it is a pretty compliment. At seventeen, I killed my rival in love. I am now twenty-four, and Bellina is my double rival—my rival in love and glory!"

"Your rival in love!" exclaimed Marquis Rolli. "Are you not the beloved of the Duke d'Aquavita? of that illustrious noble whose verdict would counterbalance that of the whole of Venice?"

"Aquavita!" scornfully answered Marina. "He loved me when Venice loved me, or rather he loved me because Venice was my slave. I was its queen, and so became his. You call that love, Count Spasi? Call it rather self-love, anything else but pure, disinterested love. Since Bellina's triumph, her name is always on his lips. Last evening his opera-box was empty. This morning I quarrelled with him on this very subject, and shall never see him again. He is with her even now, and my reign is over."

Marina knit her brows and her beautiful black eyes were filled with tears. She knew that though they swore allegiance to her with their lips, their hearts were far from her, and she noticed, too, that the young nobles seemed eager to get away. They lingered not as usual over their wine, and soon departed. The door had scarcely closed behind them when Marina rose and called Florinda.

"Quick, Florinda! after them! This night I will be convinced beyond a doubt of my declining power."

Completely disguised in male attire, Florinda did the bidding of her mistress. While she was gone Marina paced restlessly up and down the room. The maid soon returned, and was eagerly questioned.

"Where went these young men, Florinda? Quick, girl, speak!"

"These young nobles are always fickle, dear signora, and—"

"They went, then, to Bellina's?"

"Yes."

"Then I am undone—undone!" exclaimed Marina, throwing herself upon a couch.

"Dear lady, do not feel so cast down. They are worthless, these young nobles—they know not how to value so much talent and beauty."

"Hush, Florinda! You cannot understand it. I do not care one snap for the fellows themselves, only so far as they are an index to the popular feeling. They are the weather-cocks of popular opinion. Let it but become known that they have transferred their allegiance from me to Bellina, and I am lost—all Venice will follow their lead. But," and Marina raised herself proudly, "I will not yield so calmly. I will not calmly give up my laurel wreath to Bellina, whom I hate."

The next day, in a small but elegantly furnished salon, sat two men and a lady, dressed in domino. They were seated round a table bearing covers for four. The two gentlemen were the Duke d'Aquavita and Count Spasi. The duke was the first to speak.

"Think you, Spasi, that she will come. It is late. It would have been better to have brought her."

"She will come, for she has promised, and Marina always keeps her word."

"Shall we succeed in reconciling these two rival ladies, think you?" asked Aquavita.



"If Bellina were to catch a good cold and entirely lose her voice, it would do more towards bringing about the desired result than your most pressing intercessions."

"Diavolo! that would be paying too dearly for the reconciliation."

Bellina unmasked and thanked the duke with a winning smile, but hearing a noise in the hall she hastily resumed her mask.

A moment's delay and the door opened, admitting the queenly figure of Marina, habited like her rival, in a dark brown domino, but carrying her mask in her hand. She saluted all with exquisite grace. Extending her hands to Aquavita, she said with a brilliant smile: "I know your object, Aquavita. You desire that Bellina and I should be friends. Take off your mask, Bellina; I consent. To-morrow you appear for the first time in the Barbiera. I will grace your performance. After mingling my applause with that of the public, I, your rival, promise to throw you a wreath which shall not fade like those the adoring Venetians shower upon us, but one that shall be as fresh the day of your death as the night received."

Marina's dark eyes flashed with a strange light as she said this, and her musical voice grew so deep it could scarcely be heard. Bellina, the graceful, volatile Bellina, seized her rival's hand and kissed it rapturously.

With a pleased smile the Duke d'Aquavita said, as Marina swept from the room: "To-morrow evening, then, we shall witness Marina's most brilliant success, while Bellina will receive a fadeless memento of her rival's generosity."

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON AT GENOA.

It is difficult to realize the importance and significance of the events in the midst of which we live. We men of to-day, who have only caught the echoes of the great Napoleonic wars of the early part of the century, look back on them as something mythical and intangible, while older men, contemporaries of those scenes, thrill with emotion as they behold in the present state of things, a repetition of what they have already witnessed of momentous and terrible battles in the world's annals. The French marching into Italy! What souvenirs does not this fact call up of the old French republic, of the youthful Caesar launching his army like a thunderbolt from the summit of the Alps to the plains of Lombardy! From then till now, what events have crowded the pages of European history—what wars have been waged, what thrones overturned, what dynasties changed! Brute force brought back the old order of things which the French revolution overturned. But brute force was unavailing to hold the Bourbons on the throne of France, and the family of Napoleon has again risen to power and importance. The leading figure of the great drama now opening in Europe, is unquestionably Louis Napoleon, emperor of France, the nephew of the victor of Marengo and the exile of St. Helena. His journey from Paris to Genoa thus rises to the highest importance. Our engraving represents him in the latter place, going in his capacity of general and commander-in-chief, to review the troops at Genoa, prior to departing for Alessandria. We need not say that both from Italians and

pantalon garance, or red trousers. The imperial cortege, leaving the palace, followed the Rue de Rivoli, the square of the Bastille and the Rue de Lyon. The Rue de Rivoli was crowded with spectators, who preserved the lines voluntarily, as there were only a few police agents stationed here and there. Along the whole line of the procession, there was but one manifestation of respect and enthusiasm, as if all shades of political opinion had been merged in sympathy and cordiality. The working men of Paris, often so terrible and fatal to the rulers of France, were among the most demonstrative and at the same time respectful in their demeanor. They were permitted to approach the carriage which contained the emperor and empress, and they formed its escort. Louis Napoleon, an unerring physiognomist, recognized the reality of the enthusiasm, and his eye, commonly so cold and unreadable, lighted up with a proud fire, and justified the exclamation of an *ouvrier*—"he has victory in his eyes!" The empress, whose eyes showed traces of recent tears, attracted the notices of some of the children of the people. "Never mind," said one of them, addressing her, "he'll come back again." Near the Hotel de Ville the crowd impeded the progress of the carriage. "My friends," said the emperor, with Napoleonic felicity, "don't detain me—moments are precious, for the enemy awaits me." On the Place de la Bastille, there was another halt, and the workmen wanted to take out the horses and draw the emperor's carriage to the railway station. The station of the Lyon railway was splendidly decorated. A tall mast was erected, on which a

streamers. Ladies in elegant dresses flung flowers into the royal barge, which contained the emperor, Prince Carignano and their staff. On arriving at the royal palace, Napoleon gave a reception to the civil and military authorities. Soldiers who had received the St. Helena medal were afterwards admitted. These veterans were drawn up in the palace gardens, where the emperor conversed with some of them and received their petitions. The streets leading to the palace were densely filled, and the populace testified their joy at his arrival. On the thirteenth, Tuesday, the emperor rode out to the barracks of San Benigno, the procession forming the subject of our engraving. In the evening he attended the theatre, and received a brief visit from the King of Sardinia. From Genoa he issued the following address:

#### NAPOLEON III. TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"SOLDIERS:—I have just placed myself at your head to lead you to battle. We go to second the efforts of a nation claiming its independence, and to deliver it from foreign oppression. It is a sacred cause, which has the sympathy of the civilized world."

"I have no need of stimulating your ardor. Each step will remind you of a victory. In the Sacred Street of ancient Rome, inscriptions were engraved on marble to remind the people of their lofty achievements. It is the same to-day. As you pass through Mondovi, Marengo and Lodi, you will march in the midst of these memories through another Sacred Street."

"Preserve that strict discipline which is the



THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON AND STAFF AT GENOA.

The next evening the Theatre de la Fenice was crowded to overflowing. The news of the reconciliation of the rival cantatrici had spread all through the city, and the partisans of Marina and Bellina agreed henceforth to meet at the theatre no longer separately, as during the rivalry, but united by common admiration. By this last act, Marina replaced herself in the good graces of the Venetians, and added fresh leaves to her laurel leaf. Their love for her had been on the wane, but by this act of generosity she had regained her full power, perhaps even increased it.

The theatre rung with bravas, which were redoubled, nay, even reached the verge of frenzy every time that Marina, who sat in the face of the whole house in the front stage box was seen to lean forward and confirm, by her applause, the success of her rival. During the opera the attention of the audience was divided, for again and again they turned to look at Marina, who, dressed in carmine velvet, with neck and arms flashing with diamonds, leaned forward apparently absorbed, enraptured by her rival.

At the falling of the curtain, Bellina was recalled. As soon as she appeared, a shower of wreaths fell upon the stage around her. Rising and leaning forward, Marina threw hers, in the midst of deafening bravas. Suddenly a piercing cry resounded through the theatre. Bellina, the idol of the Venetians, lay dead. Marina's wreath had struck her on the forehead. It was of massive bronze!

As the heart is, so is love to the heart.

French his reception was most cordial. It must have been an anxious moment for him when he left the Tuileries on Tuesday, the 10th of May, after making his arrangements for the administration of the government during his absence. Up to that moment he could not have been sure of the temper of the stormy and capricious Parisians. He knew that the war was unpopular at first with all classes, and though during more than four months he had labored to set himself right in the eyes of the world and of Paris, which is France, yet surrounded by flatterers and interested persons, he could not be sure of the feeling of his people. He was about to test it personally. There was little note of preparation at the palace. Besides the ordinary guards, four or five carriages were drawn up near the chapel, where mass was performing, with their positions in the saddles. Forty or fifty privileged persons, at the utmost, were assembled at the point of departure. At quarter past 5 o'clock the escort of Cent-Gardes had not yet arrived. At 5 o'clock 20 minutes, they debouched into the court-yard of the Tuileries, by the gate on the water-side, their silver breast-plates and helmets gleaming, their horse tail plumes streaming on the breeze, and formed in line along the railing. Almost immediately a chamberlain ordered up the emperor's carriage. Louis Napoleon appeared with the empress leaning on his arm. The imperial pair interchanged greetings with the persons they recognized, and the emperor, handing the empress into the carriage, took a seat beside her. Napoleon wore the undress of a general officer, the little *képi*, or military cap on his head, the blue frock, and the

hugo tri-colored banner was to be raised at the moment of the emperor's departure. The Street of Lyon, leading to the station, was lined by the 14th and 15th battalions of the National Guards, two battalions of the gendarmerie of the Seine, and two battalions of the 80th of the line. The sappers of the National Guard, and the gendarmerie, formed a guard of honor at the entrance of the saloon, where the emperor was to take leave of Prince Jerome, the Princess Clotilde, the Princess Mathilde, and other members of the imperial family. At six o'clock precisely, the acclamations of the people and the roll of the drums, announced the arrival of their majesties, who immediately entered the saloon. After the leave-taking the emperor and empress got into the cars, and the train moved off slowly amidst tremendous cheering. The empress went as far as Montreuil, and then returned to the city. Louis Napoleon reached Marseille at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock, P. M., having been greeted at all the stations on the line with the greatest enthusiasm. He immediately entered an open carriage and was driven to the old port, where the imperial yacht, *Reine Hortense*, awaited him. All the streets through which he passed were draped with flags and filled with immense crowds, who rent the air with shouts of "Vive l'empereur!" The same cries saluted the yacht as she steamed through the shipping and boats of the harbor, and put to sea. He reached Genoa at 2 o'clock on Thursday, the 12th of May, and met with a splendid reception from the Italians, including all classes of the population. The port and harbor to a great distance were covered with boats, gaily dressed with flags and

army's honor. Here—forget it not—there are no other enemies than those you meet in battle. Keep together, and do not leave your ranks to rush to the advance. Beware of too much enthusiasm; it is the only thing I fear. The new arms of precision are only dangerous at a distance; they will not prevent the bayonet from being what it always has been, the terrible arm of the French infantry."

"SOLDIERS:—Let us all do our duty and put our trust in God. Our country expects much of you. From one end of France to the other ring these words of happy augury: 'The new army of Italy will be worthy of her elder sister.'"

"NAPOLEON."

"Given at Genoa, May 12, 1859."

#### THE INSECTS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Boston Journal has the following interesting announcement: "Under resolves of the last legislature, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture was authorized to obtain from the legal representatives of the late Thaddeus W. Harris, M. D., the right to print an edition of not more than 2500 copies of his report on the insects of New England which are injurious to vegetation, and also to make suitable additions and alterations to the work for all of which \$8000 were appropriated. Aided by several valuable assistants, Mr. Flint is now successfully prosecuting his labors under the resolves. Professor Agassiz has evinced much interest in the work, and made valuable contributions to it in drawings and otherwise. The work will be valuable to the agriculturists of New England, by its copious elucidations of the habits of insects."



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## DISTRUST.

BY SYBIL PARK.

I am losing, day by day,  
All my faith in human trust,  
Love and friendship are but clay  
Crumbling softly into dust.

Love, I scorn her presence now,  
Friendship, 'tis an empty name;  
For each faithful seeming vow  
There are moments fraught with pain.

Cold deceit how deep it lies,  
Anchored in each human breast,  
Hid away from trusting eyes,  
Like some dark, unlovely guest.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

The wisest of us all, when woe  
Darkens our narrow path below,  
Are childish to the last degree,  
And think that it must always be  
It rains, and there is gloom around,  
Slippery and sudden is the ground,  
And slow the step, within our sight  
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.  
Meanwhile the sun on high, although  
We will not think it can be so,  
Is shining at this very hour  
In all his glory, as his power;  
And when the cloud is past, again  
Will dry up every drop of rain.—LONDON.

## A MAN'S LOVE.

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will never the more do spare,  
If she loves me this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
If she be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be?—WITHERS.

## WHAT HATH BEEN.

What might have been I know, is not  
What must be must be borne,  
But ah! what hath been will not be forgot,  
Never, O, never! in the years to follow.—BUTLER.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The English are waking up at last to the necessity of organizing for home defence a vast volunteer military body like our militia, and they recognize at last the importance of marksmanship in their light troops. The London Times is urging the formation of volunteer rifle-battalions and, most probably at the suggestion of high authority, the poet laureate has struck his lyre to the same theme, awakening, however, worse music than ever came from a cracked banjo in the hands of a superannuated darkey. To say that Tennyson's song entitled "The War," is worse than the "Charge of the Light Brigade," is to rank it low enough in the scale of literary effort—it is utterly execrable—humdrum twaddle, not relieved by its stupid coarseness. However, we are wandering from the point, we were about to remark that this recognition of the necessity of skill with firearms on the part of the home forces at this late day is a curious instance of the worse than Dutch (ardness of John Bull. He has no excuse, for he certainly had, nearly half a century ago, at New Orleans, a practical illustration of the effectiveness of rifles in good hands—a costly lesson, but one that seems to have made little impression, after all. However, better late than never—and we are glad that Johnny is willing to go to school.... The exhibition of paintings this year at the Boston Athenæum is not large, but it embraces many excellent pictures from the pencils of some of our best artists, resident and non-resident, and every one who has a taste for the fine arts should visit the gallery.... According to the Washington States the Secretary of the United States Treasury anticipates a surplus of ten millions of dollars on the 1st of July, the opening of the financial year.... The best authorities state that the Austrian army, though numerous, brave, well officered and well disciplined, is with the exception of the Hungarians and Tyrolees, no match for the French. Their pay is poor and discipline severe. The severity of the discipline and punishment destroys the military enthusiasm of the soldiery. The men are also overworked and over-drilled. They have been rearing trout in artificial basins in California with the greatest success. This fish culture is a great institution. Every man may raise his own trout "just as easy"..... The editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer lately saw, at an express office, a small iron safe still in use, which lay at the bottom of Lake Erie, containing \$20,000 in gold, for six years. The safe belonged to an express company at the time, was on a steamer that blew up and sunk, and was raised by a diving-bell after the lapse of time mentioned.... "Quid Rides," a clever correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, writing from Corvettown, Michigan, tell a good story as follows: We have a blind phrenologist in town, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of our distinguished judges, who thinks a good deal of himself, and has a very bald head, which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day and have his head examined. Wage and judge arrived, "Mr. B," says one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head, we wish to test your science." "Very well," said the phrenologist; "place the head under my hand." "He wears a wig," says one. "Can't examine with that on," replied the professor. Wig was accordingly taken off and bald head of highly expectant judge was placed under manipulations of examiner. "What's this?" what's this?" said phrenologist, and pressing his

hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with an affliction. I have lost my eyesight, but I am not a fool; you can't pass this off on me for a head!".... A French veterinary surgeon, of the Imperial Guard, has called the attention of the agricultural world to a biscuit fodder for cattle in times of scarcity occasioned by drought. It is composed of the usual provender—hay, grain, and pulch. To these may be added many others—such as the refuse of the wine-press, the pulp of various roots, the stalks of millet and maize, the leaves of the vine, the best root, and of certain trees, and the sweepings of the barn and hay loft, which contain a vast quantity of nutritious matter in the flowers and seeds of hay, which are generally thrown away. All these ingredients are bruised and chopped together; a mullage of barley flour is added, with a little salt; and the mixture is then left to itself for a few hours until a slight fermentation has set in, when it is put into square moulds, made into cakes, and left to dry in a current of warm air.... The town of Southboro', Mass., has recently voted to erect five new schoolhouses; also to accept the generous proposition of Henry H. Peters, Esq., to give a model schoolhouse, furnished with the most approved furniture, and an acre of land in the centre of the town, for high school purposes, the town appropriating \$600 a year for teachers, etc.... It requires a peculiar order of talent to know what to leave out of a newspaper. Any person can tell what to put in. Punch fairly hits the disposition in the old country journalists to cater to the worst as well as to the best tastes. "Not to be behind our contemporaries," he says, "we have hired a monstrous blackguard, a native of Bohemia, to supply a lower class of readers than any that we at present have with the kind of entertainment which the scum of earth and the dregs of society derive from scandal and slander. Our infamous contributor will supply this species of stuff from time to time, as occasion may serve.".... Aroostook county, in Maine, stretches away for 200 miles from Bangor to a point further north than Quebec. Fifteen hundred families are said to have settled there the present year, and still they come. The State legislature are now moving valuable land grants for a railroad to penetrate this region. Great exertions are being made to develop its natural resources.... The Philadelphia Ledger discourses on the remarkable increase of the number of single women and old bachelors, as compared with the number in former years. It attributes the cause to the erroneous ideas of living entertained by society, which deter a large class of young men from marriage, through an apprehension of coming to want.... Mr. Dr. Magoon has declined the \$50000 call tendered him by a Baptist church in San Francisco.... Mr. Parsons, in his interesting life of his father, Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, says that on his death-bed his mind wandered back to his duties and his business. "When he spoke, it was as a judge, giving answers, directions, etc. At last, after a suspension of all speech so long that we thought we should never hear his voice again, he suddenly revived, and with perfect distinctness spoke for the last time on earth that formula which he had used hundreds of times:—'Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed, and in your hands. You will please retire, and agree upon your verdict.'.... The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was 61 years of age, a native of New Jersey, and of humble origin. About the year 1824 he removed to Boston, and became assistant minister of Trinity Church. Upon the death of Dr. Gardner he succeeded that gentleman in the rectorate. While here he married Mrs. Perkins, a wealthy and highly esteemed widow lady. He was a man of marked intellectual ability.... Townsend, an experienced Bow Street officer, being examined in 1816 before the House of Commons, as to the diminution of capital punishments, stated that in his time he had known several persons (four men and three women) hanged together for robbing a pedler; and that in 1788 he had seen forty people hanging together at the Old Bailey! A few years later, the jailor of Newgate, being asked by the recorder how many could be hung together upon the new drop, coolly replied: "Well, your worship, we can hang twelve, but we can't hang more than ten comfortably.".... A Western paper gives as the last "confidence" dodge an account of the pretended suicide at a hotel, of a well-dressed young man who after writing to the landlord that he has taken poison, receives the consolations of a clergyman, the stomach pump of a doctor, \$25 from sympathizing friends, and then leaves on the first train to be at the point of death somewhere else.... There is a capital anecdote of the reign of Louis XVI. of France, according to which some ladies got it into their heads, from some book they had been reading, that it must be a glorious thing to see the sun rise. But as that took place in the hours in which they were uniformly in bed, what was to be done? After much consideration, it being of course impossible for them to think of rising so early, they resolved to have a party to sit up all night and ride out just before day to the top of a neighboring hill, to witness the strange phenomenon. This was duly performed, and then all went to bed, astonished at the degree to which they had ruralized themselves.... "Time," says Sir James M'Intosh, "is the stuff of which life is made." How fine, how beautiful the fabric! Seconds are the small threads which make up its warp and woof; it is corded with minutes, ribbed with hours, edged and bordered with years.... "The wellspring of love," says that charming old essayist, Maximus Tyrius, "is the beauty of the soul gleaming upwards through the body. And as flowers seen under water appear still more brilliant and exquisite than they are, so the flower of the soul seems to manifest additional splendor when invested with corporeal loveliness.".... Beaumarchais was the son of a watchmaker. The popularity he enjoyed at court, on account of wit and other recommendations, excited the envy of the young nobles about the sovereign; and one of them volunteered to put him out of countenance. Addressing him before the whole court, he said, "Ah M. Beaumarchais I am charmed to see you; my watch has been for some time out of order, I beg you to look at it." "Certainly; but I must tell you beforehand, that I am the most awkward person about watch-

in the world." "No matter; I beg you to look at it—I insist." Beaumarchais took the watch, most magnificently set with diamonds and enamel, raised it to his ear, and let it drop on the marble floor. It was of course totally destroyed. "You see, my lord," said the wit coolly, "I knew my awkwardness better than you your man.".... While Miss Fanny Eliza Farren, the beautiful and accomplished actress, was performing a part lately at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, in the play entitled "Loan of a Lover," which was interspersed with the songs "I don't think I'm ugly," "I've no money, so you see," and "Who'll have me?" the songstress paused for a moment, as if waiting for an answer, when a verdant youth exclaimed at the top of his voice, which was characterized by a feeling of deep earnestness, "I will!" to which the modest lady, in a neat bow, with her bright eyes beaming with mirth, said, "Thank you, sir!" The answer drew forth from the audience the most vociferous applause, which was indulged in for several minutes. In a short time thereafter the youth was observed making a hasty exit from the theatre.... Sylvanus Powers, of Lee, Oneida county, New York, took a drink of whiskey at a "raising," and died almost immediately afterward. The physicians gave their opinion that his death was caused by the large quantity of strychnine contained in the whiskey.... In Cincinnati, recently, a young man attended a fancy masquerade in a suit of striped chain-gang clothes, obtained from the State Prison.... Can anybody tell us whether Cleopatra's Needle was the one that took the stitch in time and saved nine?

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The hopes of some and the fears of others that the great military forces in Italy would perhaps waste their strength in mere skirmishes, and that diplomacy would render arms abortive, have long since been dissipated to the winds. The recent arrivals continue to bring us authentic and detailed accounts of the engagements of which, at first, only confused accounts reached us. It is now evident that a long and obstinate war is before the belligerent powers, and that battles will be fought equal in ferocity and carnage with those which marked the victorious career of the first Napoleon on the same theatre of combat. Although the battle of Montebello, fought on the 21st of last month, was not on a vast scale considering the whole number of troops at the seat of war, yet the victory was sufficiently important to inaugurate the campaign in a manner most encouraging to the Franco-Sardinians, and ominous of the final fate of the Austrians. The loss of the Austrians was at least 1500, and though that of the French was less than half of that, many of their finest subaltern officers fell, as is generally the case in the early actions of a war, where the commissioned officers feel it necessary to expose themselves as an example to their troops.—Garibaldi has proved himself in this war as efficient and daring an officer as in the previous campaigns in which he has been engaged. He is constantly in the saddle, making daring reconnaissances and daring attacks, and has brought in a large number of prisoners.—No further political complications on the great chess-board of Europe are signalized.—Few people, except his immediate family, regret the death of the bigoted and tyrannical king of Naples. He suffered the most cruel tortures before he expired.—It is now almost certain that another Atlantic telegraph cable will be laid.—Political differences have arisen between Lord Palmerston and Russell which may lead to serious consequences.—People are looking anxiously for the intelligence of another great battle.

## Earldom of Coventry.

For sixteen years the title of the Earl of Coventry has been held by a minor, and during the whole of that period the family property in Worcestershire and elsewhere has been accumulating. The young lord has just come of age, and the event has been celebrated at Croome by festivities on the largest scale ever before known in the district.

## The Arms of England.

The London Daily News says, with the present stock of guns in store, and the various foundries in full operation, Woolwich alone could supply war material sufficient for carrying on perpetually two such sieges as that of the great Russian stronghold. In the small arm department the supply is on an equal scale.

## Casting Steel.

It is said from Sweden that the "Bessemer process" for the manufacture of iron, which for a time made so much noise in England, has been tried with much success in the casting of steel. It is affirmed that by its adoption steel can be cast of a superior quality and at a comparatively trifling expense.

## Praying for the President.

At the English Episcopal church at Brussels, prayers are regularly offered up for the president, as appointed to be read in the "Episcopal Church of the United States of America," in deference to the wishes of the American legation in that city.

## New Prima Donna.

Mademoiselle Dotti de la Santa is the new prima donna at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. She was born in Mantua, in 1833. She has been a great favorite at St. Petersburg.

## Paris Fashions.

In the way of "Fashions" in Paris, the "Charlotte Corday cap" meets with favor. It is a "coquettish novelty," a mixture of Valenciennes lace, spotted tulle, and fancy ribbons.

## Greece.

King Otho of Greece has his triumph at last. It is in a telegraph, recently laid down in an incredibly short time, and under innumerable difficulties, by an Englishman

## International Exhibition.

The Society of Arts is beginning to move actively in the preliminary preparations for the "International Exhibition of 1861." They have just issued an explanatory statement. They wish the exhibition to be held on the grounds of the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851 at South Kensington; and they offer, if the commissioners will allow for £50,000, to be responsible for the other £200,000, which will be necessary as a guarantee fund.

## "Sunlight" Burners.

In the Music Hall of the Edinburgh University, there are two "sunlights," each containing seventy-five burners, which have just been placed immediately under the ceiling in the centre of the hall, the ceiling being forty feet in width and fifty feet from the floor. These burners have been successfully lit by an application of the electric fluid.

## A Village destroyed.

A conflagration, caused by lightning, has just destroyed the village of Schwarzenbach, in the canton of St. Gallen, Switzerland. A chapel, twenty-eight private dwellings, sixteen barns, and many other buildings of more or less importance, were burned down. Two hours left nothing more to burn.

## Emperor of Japan.

A new Slogoon, or temporal emperor, has been crowned at Japan, in place of that emperor whose suicide followed the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty. The new emperor is only fifteen years old, and is likely to be open to foreign influence.

## Austrian Ambassador.

M. de Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, has retired to Brussels. Before leaving the former city, he signed the marriage contract of his daughter with a French nobleman of Brittany.

## The "Times" Correspondent.

It is stated that the Earl of Aberdeen applied by letter to the Emperor of Austria to sanction the presence of the Times correspondent at the Austrian headquarters, and that this request has been granted.

## Paying for Kisses.

A Liverpool attorney kissed a pretty little bar-maid, and when her mamma remonstrated, he kissed her too, the family pleased him so; for which offences a magistrate fined him £5.

## Actors Volunteering.

Even the actors have caught the military fever in Paris. The prompter of the Italian company has resigned his employment in order to join the Piedmontese army.

## Greenland Seals.

The well known Arctic voyager, Captain Penny, has arrived at Aberdeen from the Greenland fishing, having 900 seals as a cargo.

## Grisi and Mario.

A London paper says it is expected that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario will again visit America in the autumn.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SEACLIFF: OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS. By T. W. DEFOREST. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1859.

An imaginative romance, with plenty of mystery and excitement to interest the rapid reader, and careful delineation of character to captivate the more critical. It is a production highly creditable to the author, and calculated to make a deep impression.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS AND INSTITUTIONS. By GEORGE S. BOUTWELL. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 365. 1859.

A valuable contribution to our serious literature. The position which Gov. Boutwell has filled for some years has given him a knowledge of the practical working of various educational systems, so that he speaks with emphasis and authority. His essays are written vigorously and clearly.

DAVENPORT DUNN. A MAN OF OUR DAY. By CHARLES LEVER. Illustrated by "Phiz." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. One volume 8vo.

This racy and interesting story by one of the best novelists of the century has been issued in elegant style by the Messrs. Peterson. There is a mass of reading in it, but not a dull page, and it contains something for every taste.

The same publishers have issued a very neat pamphlet edition of the famous "Major Jack Downing Letters." Both these works are for sale in this city by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "O. take me from these marble halls," words by Lillie Walters, music arranged from halls, by H. Wilson; "The Silver Hair," words by G. W. Colman, music by B. C. Blodgett; "Lo Vidi e'l grimo pulito," from Verdi's opera of Luisa Miller; "O. think of me when the first bright star," canonized by Henry J. Haycraft. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. By MRS. CORNELIUS. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 12mo. pp. 254. 1859.

A lady friend, an excellent housekeeper, to whom we have submitted this work, endorses it emphatically. She says that the receipts are numerous and practical, and that the suggestions in the commencement are invaluable. For sale by A. K. Loring & Co.

THE NEW AND THE OLD: OR, CALIFORNIA AND INDIA IN ROMANTIC ASPECTS. By F. W. PALMER, M. D., author of "Up and down the Irrawaddy." New York: Rudd & Carleton. (Illustrated.) 12mo. pp. 433. 1859.

Dr. Palmer is one of the many examples of men who can wield the scalpel and pen with equal facility. His candid review of the professional pursuits have carried him into the midst of strange scenes and strange characters, and his literary ability renders his recollections of them exceedingly attractive. His California sketches are admirable, and his East Indian scenes are equally meritorious and fascinating. He is a very vigorous writer, and has a rare gift as a story-teller. A work like this cannot fail to meet with universal favor. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

A BACHELOR'S STORY. By OLIVER BUNGE. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 247. 1859.

A very pleasant fellow is this bachelor, and very pleasant summer reading is his book, full of quaint humor, and original thoughts, and of curious speculations conveyed in melodious and striking language. The work is got up in a style of elegance which characterizes all the publications of Rudd & Carleton, and which, with the intrinsic merits of their books, has given them a widespread reputation.







## HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

It is universally conceded that the most faithful statue of Washington that we have, is that made by Houdon, for the Legislature of Virginia, and which is now in the capitol, at Richmond. It was modelled, after due consultation with Franklin and Benjamin, in the actual costume which Washington wore, and from casts taken from his head by the artist himself, then considered one of the greatest of living sculptors. Washington, Jefferson, and others, regarded it as an excellent likeness, better, even, than Stuart's picture, or any other portrait which has since been made. The Legislature of Virginia have taken such steps as will place within the reach of the people, correct copies of this eminent work of art. One of these copies is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum, and until lately stood in the vestibule of the building. To be studied to advantage, however, it should be raised on an elevated pedestal, and viewed from a distance of some twenty feet.

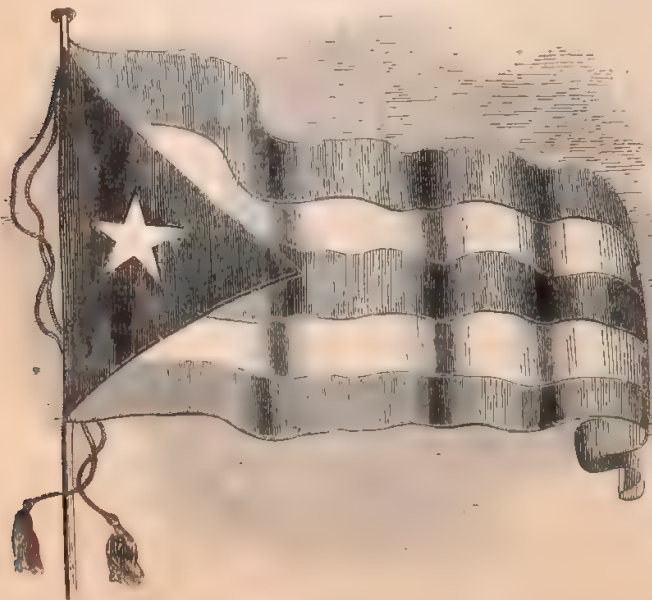
In the capitol building, at Richmond, there is a spacious court room, where the federal and superior courts of the State are held. In other chambers are the treasury office, auditor's office, land office, and a variety of clerks' offices. In the centre of the rotunda, surrounded by an iron enclosure, stands the statue referred to. The attitude is firm, erect and graceful; the countenance dignified, commanding; the costume very properly is that which the general wore as commander-in-chief. The hall is surrounded by niches, one of which is filled by a marble bust of Lafayette. The following is the inscription upon the pedestal of the statue:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.—The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of a hero, the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth."

Other countries, under monarchical rule, would have erected countless monuments in memory of so illustrious a hero. Their modes of government concentrate wealth in the hands of rulers who are free to spend it in the adornment of their cities. Although the want of monuments will never eradicate from the American mind the feelings of respect and reverence with which the memory of Washington is so deeply cherished, yet they tell the stranger who may come among us, that republics are not forgetful, and carry additional weight to the precepts given to our children, they inspire the ambition of each succeeding generation. We trust to see the time when each of the States of our Union shall erect an appropriate monument to Washington. The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the statue.

## THE ARMS AND FLAG OF CUBA.

Not a day passes but something in reference to Cuba does not meet the eye of the reader of our public prints. Now we read of some movement on the part of exiled Cuban patriots, then of some insult to an American vessel, or some now exaction or act of tyranny on the part of the captain-general; in a word, we cannot avoid reading and hearing of the beautiful and ill governed pearl of the Antilles. It will interest many of our friends, doubtless, to see the ensign and the arms adopted by the Cuban patriots at a time when they firmly expected to plant their free flag on the ramparts of the Morro. The flag is of six stripes, displaying in a triangular field a spotless star, and is, we believe, the same which Lopez displayed when he landed on his unfortunate but gallant liberating expedition. With regard to the arms, the devices of the supporters of the shield contain evidences of the sympathy the Cubans have from our country and its institutions. We have the liberty cap and the American flag. The three dark colored bands in the left hand corner of the shield correspond to the three blue stripes of the Cuban flag, and indicate the three great divisions of Cuba. The key is symbolical of the importance of the island as the key to the Gulf of Mexico. The points of land represented are the most salient points of Cuba and the United States. The palm tree is a characteristic emblem. The time may come when this flag and shield will attain an historical importance and interest.



FREE FLAG OF CUBA.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT RICHMOND, VA.

## CURIOUS SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The principal mouth of the Rhine, during the Roman sway, is all but obliterated, and a fortress of hewn stone, which commanded the entrance to the river, is now buried under the waves, more than a mile from the present shore. The whole coast of Holland has greatly receded from its earlier tide marks. In 1421 there was a great submersion in the southeast of Holland, when the waters of the Meuse and Waal suddenly overwhelmed 72 villages, destroying 100,000 human beings; and the subsoil must have sunk at the same time, since the whole region has remained beneath the surface, and is now overgrown with huge reeds.—Out of 4000 known volcanic craters, only about 100 are now active. There are about 2000 eruptions in a century, or 20 per annum.—Human growth, according to Prof. Quetelet, is not completed until the twenty-fifth year, at least, in Belgium. But this period is supposed to be shorter in other countries; certainly so, within the tropics, and in very warm regions, where development and decay are universally allowed to be more rapid.—Water that is slightly frozen may be made to bear a heavy wagon, by cutting reeds, strewing them thickly on the ice, and pouring water upon them; the whole, by degrees, becomes frozen into a solid mass.—Freckles, tan, etc., are produced by excessive light, which acts chemically on the skin, sometimes even causing blisters. In cases of small pox, it is necessary to keep the patient in a darkened room, or the light will aggravate the pock-mark.—Wherever there is shallow water, green will be

produced by the underlying yellow sand, which, even in the absence of verdure on the shore or sea, weeds beneath, always imparts a greenish tinge to the sea. The blue of the sky and yellow of the sands meeting and intermingling in the water, form the green of the sea; the water acting as the medium in which the mixing or fusing of the colors takes place.—We are accustomed to think of heat only in that state in which it affects our senses; but in fact the greater part of it is in a hidden or latent state, and no body is so cold but a great amount of heat can be elicited from it, either chemically or mechanically. "If, for instance," says President Hitchcock, "all the heat contained in the snow and ice that has mantled New England during the past winter had been suddenly extricated, there can hardly be a doubt but a general conflagration of the surface would have been the result."—N. E. Farmer.

## A SHARK DUEL.

Some time since, Captain John Beams, commander of the York Merchant, arrived at Barbadoes, and having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves; there they had not been long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and reached the boat, all but one; him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and gripping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied a union of sympathy and souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with an horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was traversing the bloody surface in search after the remainder of his prey; the rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board, he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Firing at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself into the same grave, he plunges into the deep, armed with a large sharp-pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him—both equally eager, the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his capacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employs his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly; the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavors to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form (now stained with his own streaming blood) above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the stream of blood issued; till at length the shark, weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror; who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushes his foe with redoubled ardor, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragging him on shore, rips up his bowels, and unites and buries the severed carcass of his friend in one hospitable grave.

A similar duel is recorded in Asiatic waters, where the human combatant was a bereaved father, whose son, a boy of eight years, was washed from a catamaran, and before the father could rescue him from the surf, was drawn under by a shark. The father placed the knife, which he carried sheathed in his cummerbund between his teeth, plunged in, and the dead body of the murderous marauder soon drifted ashore. The victor, who seemed nearly exhausted, was unwounded in the body; and the dismembered corpse of the poor boy was taken from the stomach of the shark.—London Sun.

## THE TRULY GREAT.

The man who first pressed the lever of the printing-press wielded a more powerful and noble sceptre than the sovereign who may have dropped a few coins in his hand as a brave mechanic. Luardi, who swelled and puffed himself out as much as his balloon, and was admired and honored by great ones, has passed out of sight, borne away on the very wings of unsubstantial usefulness; while a man, who was silently watching at home the vapor from the cauldron, was distilling from it, in the alembic of his brain, a subtler spirit still, for it was to become the very spirit of a coming world. So true is it that the really great is he whose efforts are for the benefit, and not the mere gratification, of his fellow men.—Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollection of the Four Last Popes."



THE FREE STATE ARMS OF CUBA.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$3 50 PER ANNUM | VOL. XVI., No. 26...WHOLE No. 418.

## MADAME LABORDE.

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Madame Laborde, the celebrated prima donna, which was drawn expressly for us by Homer, from a very fine photograph by Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., of this city, and which is an undeniable likeness. Madame Laborde's wonderful and highly cultivated voice, and truly marvellous execution, her undeviating excellence, her conscientious devotion to her art, are as thoroughly honored and appreciated in this city, as in any other of the many capitals she has visited during her brilliant career in Europe and America. Our portrait will, therefore, be preserved as an interesting souvenir of an artiste who has but just left us, and who, we have been informed, may never visit us again. During the recent engagement of the opera troupe at the Boston Theatre, she sustained various leading characters, and it is but justice to say, that she was more than equal to her reputation in all. For her benefit she played Lucia di Lammermoor to a highly appreciative audience, who were lavish of their bouquets and their applause. An able critic says of the performance, that her vocalization in the close of the cavatina, in portions of the duet with Enrico and in the mad scene, equalled the very best displays of voice, with skill, taste and expression in use of it, that she has yet given a Boston public. Madame Laborde enjoys a lofty European reputation. She has sustained the leading characters in the lyric drama in cities where no mediocrity is tolerated, and has long been one of the most brilliant stars in that galaxy of talent which illuminates the stage of the French opera, associated with such names as Stoltz and Cruvelli. In America she has always been a favorite, and though surpassed in histrionic ability by many of her contemporaries, still her voice and vocalization place her in the front rank, and none of the many prima donnas to whom we have listened, have given more pleasure to the cultivated ear. If we are no more to be charmed by her wonderful voice, we take our final leave of her with the sincerest regret. As the Italian opera is now an "institution" with us, it may prove interesting to our readers to glance at its origin and history. About the year 1594, three young Florentine nobles, who were mutually attached from a similarity of tastes, and were passionately fond of poetry and music, formed an idea of reviving or imitating the chanted declamation of the Greek tragedies. The poet Rinuccini was employed to write what is now called the *libretto* of a drama, on the story of Daphne, to which Peri, a then celebrated composer, assisted by an excellent amateur musician, Count Giacomo Corsi, furnished the music. The author and his friends sustained the characters, and the instrumentation was confided to a harpsichord, a harp, a *viol di gamba*, and a lute. It was privately represented, but created a profound sensation, though there were no distinctive airs in this rude attempt at opera, and it was only a sort of monotonous chant. Four years afterward the same poet and composer produced the first opera represented before the public. It was entitled *Euridice*, and was played at the theatre in Florence in honor of the marriage of Mary de Medici with Henry IV. of France. On this occasion, the introduction of *Anacreontic* stanzas set to music, and a chorus at the end of each act, foreshadowed the airs and choruses of the modern opera. Monteverde, a Milanese musician, improved the recitative by giving it more flow and expression; he set the opera of *Ariadne*, by Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua, and in the opera of *Giulione*, set by Cavalli and

Cicognini for the Venetians in 1649, occur the first airs connected in sentiment and spirit with the dialogue. According to another story of the origin of the opera, John Salpiti, about 1486, exhibited little dramas, accompanied with music, in the market-place at Rome, and also before the pope and some of the cardinals. The commencement of the *opera seria* (serious opera) at Rome, reminds us of the wagon of Thespis and his leos-besmeared company of strollers. The first performance of this kind, consisting of scenes in recitative and airs, was exhibited in a cart during the carnival of 1606, by the musician Quagliata, and four or five of his friends. The first regular serious opera performed at Naples was in 1615; it was entitled *Amor non ha legge* (Love has no laws). During the next half century, the opera not only did not improve, but it degenerated and became in Italy what it was in France during the last century, a grand spectacle addressed to the eye, in which the poetry and music were the last things considered, while the scenery, mechan-

ical illusions, and pantomime, were on the most splendid scale. As Goldoni said, long afterwards, of the grand opera of Paris, "It was the paradise of the eyes and the purgatory of the ears." The first *opera buffa* (comic opera) is said to have been represented in Venice in 1624, where the first operatic stage was erected in 1637. It is usually said that the opera in France dates only from the 17th century. This is erroneous, however. The first dramatic work, which may be regarded as the commencement of the opera in Paris, was performed as early as 1581. This piece, which was played at the Louvre, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Joyeuse, a favorite of Henry III., with Mlle. de Vaudmont, the king's sister-in-law, had been composed by Baltazarini, a Piedmontese musician, musical director of Catharine de Medicis, and by Beaulieu and Salmon, musicians of the king's chamber. It was entitled *Ballet comique de la Roynie* (the queen's comic ballet). There were singing and dancing in it. The

principal parts of this comic drama were assigned to the most distinguished persons at court. Nearly a century elapsed between this first attempt, which was very successful, and the second opera played in France. In 1645, Cardinal Mazarin, desirous of gratifying the tastes of Anne of Austria, brought a company of Italian singers to Paris, and installed them in the theatre of the hotel du Petit Bourbon, near the Louvre. There they performed *la Festa teatrale della finta Pazzo*, a comic opera by Giulio Strozzi. Two years later another Italian troupe played Zelmira's *Orfeo e Euridice*. The Parisians went in crowds to this entertainment. An indifferent poet, the Abbé Perrin, master of ceremonies to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, conceived the idea of imitating the Italians, and writing the words of a French opera. It is a poem, entitled *une Pastorale*, in five acts, set to music by Cambert, organist of the church of St. Honoré, and queen mother's musical director. The piece was tried at Issy, near Vaugirard, in M. de La Haye's house. It

met with great success, and was equally fortunate when it was performed before the king at Vincennes, and then at the hotel du Nevers. Encouraged by this good fortune, the Abbé Perrin solicited and obtained "permission to establish in the city of Paris, and others of the kingdom, academies of music, for singing in public theatrical pieces." The date of this privilege is 1669. It took no less than ten years to obtain it, for the date of *la Pastorale* is 1659. Perrin formed a partnership with Cambert and a certain Marquis de Sourdeac, well acquainted with theatrical machinery. The three partners built a stage in the tennis-court of *la Bastille*, situated in the Rue Mazarine, where, in March, 1671, they played *Pomone*, the first French opera given before a paying public—words by Perrin, music by Cambert, ballet by Beauchamp. "Pomone" was played for eight months with unvarying success, and Perrin's share of the profits was 30,000 livres. In Germany, carnival plays, in which the performance consisted of singing, existed even in the times of Hans Sachs, who died in 1567. Opitz and others imitated the Italian pieces, but the first original German opera is said to have been Adam and Eve, played in Hamburg in 1678. In Sweden the first original Swedish opera was played in 1774. In the seventeenth century the Italian opera was introduced into England, with great difficulty, encountering the attacks of all the wits of the day. Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was written to barlesque the Italian opera, though the author contrived to make it a two-fold satire. It was then, as now, however, sustained by nobility and fashion. The Italian opera was not introduced into Spain till the latter half of the last century. The Italians draw the line between serious opera and comic opera much more distinctly than the Germans, so that the Italian serious opera appears almost insipid to a German. But the *opera buffa*, or comic opera, is quite grotesque and national, and produces the liveliest effect when played by Italians. The English have no very distinguished composers of opera, while Germany has furnished some of the greatest names that the annals of music can boast. The German opera, as it now exists, originated in the *operetta*, chiefly cultivated in the latter half of the 13th century by Weisse and Hiller. The vocal parts were gradually lengthened, till at last they took the form of the *opera seria*, and when the *finale*, an Italian invention, was introduced, the full, complete opera was received into universal favor. In the United States the taste for opera is now universally diffused.



MADAME LABORDE, THE PRIMA DONNA



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

LITTLE Ella Moulson was my very first revelation of the beautiful. I had seen things which were called beautiful, and had called them so myself; but the word was nothing but a word. It conveyed to me no definite idea, nor had I any proper conception of what beauty was, till the loveliness of little Ella called it into existence.

Mr. Moulson was our nearest neighbor. He lived in a large, yellowish house, nearly buried in trees and shrubbery; and among those trees and in the midst of that shrubbery I used to play with Ella. There are no such trees and shrubbery now-a-days. There are no such blossoms, no such flowers, as those which grew on Mr. Moulson's lawn. No, there is nothing of the sort now.

And it is just so with the time. I appeal to the reader if it isn't—that is to say if he is over thirty-five. Observe that I say *he*. I wouldn't dare to insinuate even that there is a *single lady* in America "over thirty-five." It is the old fellows that I am talking to—the *he* fellows. Now, isn't it so? Just as the weeks in former years were as long as the months are now, and the months as long (almost) as the years are now, just so were the trees greener, and grander, and shadier, and the shrubbery and flowers brighter and more beautiful. Some people will deny it; it is true; some, indeed, have never noticed it; but for my part I would swear to it in a minute—wouldn't you, dear (past thirty-five) reader?

I liked everything about the Moulsons; not only their house and grounds, their trees and shrubs and flowers, but themselves. Mr. Moulson, though a man of learning, and even of extraordinary acquisitions, was as familiar and considerate with us children as the tenderest woman could have been; and as for Mrs. Moulson, there never was anybody that didn't like her, not even old Spitfire, the black tom-cat, who had left his mark on every skin about the place but hers. A cat that could look her in the face, and then have the heart to scratch her, should be ostracised, at the very least, sent to the cat-Coventry forever, as *unfeline* in the last degree.

With such a father and such a mother, nature could never have committed the unnatural blunder of making anything of Ella but the dear, delightful, sweet little creature she was. When I first heard that there was a new baby at Mr. Moulson's, I became inordinately curious to see it, and displayed no small amount of infantile ingenuity in intriguing with my mother for permission to accompany her on her first visit to Mrs. Moulson. I succeeded and went, but it was only to be most egregiously disappointed.

The fact is, I had exalted ideas of babyism, based as they were upon the chubby, good-looking faces of sundry jolly little cherubs, of two or three months old and upwards; but the sight of this shapeless, discolored, half a day old, ugly little monster of a Moulson, revolutionized all my ideas upon the subject.

"Ma' say, ma'—is it a nigger?"

Now I do hope and trust that the judicious reader will not imagine, for one instant, that a dignified, well-brought-up young gentleman, of considerably more than six years of age, could so far forget himself as to make use of such a highly improper expression. No no; it was my little three-and-a-half-year-old sister who horrified and mortified my good mother with this unlucky juvenile indiscretion.

But though I had sense enough to hold my tongue till we got home, I believe my unexpressed thoughts were quite as dark hued as those of my sister. In proportion to the height of my expectations was the depth of my disappointment, and from that hour I lost all faith in babies; I became, so to speak, a *misopædist*—a baby-bater. Yea, truly, as far as infants were concerned (as little Sallie Simpkins said when she found her doll was made of saw-dust), my illusions were all dispelled, and my life must henceforth be a trackless desert and a barren waste.

About this time, I went to visit my grandmother, and remained with her nearly a year. There were no babies there. The next morning after my return to my father's house, I passed over the stile into Mr. Moulson's grounds. The first thing I saw there was a little milk-and-rose-checked angel, sucking a lolly pop. Though this phenomenon was nothing more than a mag-

nified baby—a folio edition of my pet aversion—I was so much like a grown-up man in my inconsistency that I could hardly help falling down and worshipping it.

That was the moment when I first fell in love with Ella Moulson. I say the *first* time, advisedly, for it was not the last, not the only time, by a jug-full. In fact, my veracity would hardly be safe in undertaking to say how many times this operation was performed. Every time I went away to school, or left home for any cause, it had all to be done over again. Not that I would be understood to complain of the necessity of doing the thing so often. I do not remember that I ever repined at it the least bit.

From this light, perhaps I should say nonsensical, preface, the reader might naturally infer that I have a merry story to tell. I am sorry to say that such is not the fact; but it is always time enough to be sad when you can no longer be joyful.

Though every advantage of education was placed within my reach, I was not designed to be a professional man. My father was a farmer, manufactured out of a retired lawyer, and it was in his rural rather than his legal footsteps that he wished me to walk. To this decision I was not averse, for I was fond of agriculture, and proud of our beautiful farm.

While I was away at college, Mrs. Moulson died. Since the death of my own mother, six years before, she had in many respects supplied that dear parent's place, and I could not have mourned a real mother more sincerely. Ella was then nearly ten years old, and the loss to her was the greatest that could have befallen her. My little sister had been dead several years.

Three years after Mrs. Moulson's death I completed my college course, and returned to our quiet village of Lendon, to reside there permanently. The lion of the hour in our little community I found to be a Miss Artwell, a city belle, who had strayed thither, no one knew whence or wherefore. She was a dashing, brilliant beauty, and considered very fascinating by the beaux of Lendon.

To the surprise of everybody, and of no one more than myself, it was the quiet, sedate, and somewhat fastidious widower, Mr. Moulson, who bore away the palm, and became the husband of the dashing beauty.

When the circle shall have been squared, the perpetual motion invented, and the philosopher's stone and the disinterested politician discovered, we shall then probably be ready to answer why it is that so many men who are wise in all other respects make such egregious asses of themselves in a matrimonial point of view. Mr. Moulson had few superiors anywhere. His mind was one of the very first order, and no one living had ever heard him accused of doing a silly thing before the occurrence of this unfortunate marriage. This one act, however, was quite sufficient to bring down to the ordinary level the highest-strung wisdom of the best regulated life-time.

No one at Lendon knew anything of Mr. Moulson's bride, but it did not require much knowledge to make it evident that she would prove to be a miserable substitute for Ella's admirable mother, and a miserable help-mate for her infatuated father. She was somewhere about thirty-five years of age, though, when full rigged, she usually managed to pass for twenty-five. She had a flashy, showy style of beauty, which pleased some and disgusted others, but which one would think the most unlikely of all things to attract a man like John Frederick Moulson.

Poor little Ella was sorely cast down by the advent of this most uncongenial mama, but she was so anxious to please her father that she never allowed him to suspect her repugnance.

After the marriage I saw comparatively little of Ella, and though my affection for her had not then assumed the warmth which it afterwards attained, this restriction upon our intercourse was excessively annoying to me. Its origin was as follows:

I was one day passing along the outside of Mr. Moulson's garden wall, when I suddenly heard Ella's voice, in earnest, tearful entreaty, crying, "O, don't! Please, don't!"

"And why not?" rejoined some one, in a surly tone. "Mrs. Moulson told me to dig it up, and I intend to do it."

"O, please don't!" resumed the child, her voice half choked with tears. "It was my dear mother's favorite rose-bush. She planted it with her own hand. O, don't, Hiram; pray don't dig it up!"

"Nonsense! The new dahlias is to go here,

and they shall go here. I'm not a-goin' to stop for the whim-whams of a brat like you."

Ella's only answer was a low cry, but it was pathetic enough to have been the death shriek of a breaking heart. The garden wall was a high one, but, putting my foot upon a rock which lay at its base, and then placing one hand upon the top, I cleared it at a bound, alighting within two or three feet of a broad shouldered, rosy-checked youth, who, with open mouth and wide-starting eyes, gazed first at me and then up into the sky, as if half inclined to think that that was where I had come from. After a long, stupid stare, he seemed at length to have satisfied himself that there was nothing supramundane about me, and again stuck his spade under the rose-bush which he was about to dig up.

"You shall not dig up that bush," said I, laying my arm upon his shoulder.

"Shan't, hey? And who will stop me?"

"I will."

"You?" sneered the fellow, with a contemptuous emphasis, inspired by his elephantine development of muscle. "You? You look like it!"

He was nearly twice my size and weight, but thanks to a more than ordinarily judicious father, there were few youths anywhere whose physique, such as it was, had been cultivated like mine. I was slender, and not above the middle height, but every muscle in my body was trained and toughened to the utmost extent of its capabilities.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," said I.

"No, I shouldn't think you would," sneered the fellow again, glancing complacently at my lathy frame and his own huge thighs and sinews.

"But if you dig up that bush you will have to dig me up with it." And I placed a foot on each side of it.

"And that's what I will do in short order." And he attempted to suit the action to the word. But while he was trying to get the spade under my feet, with the intention of throwing me down, I suddenly caught the handle, gave it a violent wrench, thrust it between his legs, and with a rapid twist threw him heavily to the ground.

He scrambled up again, and foaming with rage ran at me, as if to exterminate me on the spot. I had been very angry at first, but by this time I had become perfectly cool. I saw that he was clumsy and unskilful, and his superiority in size and strength did not give me the least uneasiness after I had gauged his force.

Hauling off with his tremendous fist, as if he were about to strike a ball with a bat, he aimed a blow at my head, delivered with all his strength. I dodged the big fist, when it was already within a few inches of my nose, and thus suffered the magnificent blow to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," and before he could recover himself I pitched into him, with all the strength and all the "science" I was master of.

The fellow was utterly bewildered and dumb-founded. Scientific pugilism was to him a mystery hitherto undreamed of, and the blows which now rained down upon his head and face were as far removed from the sphere of his experience, or even comprehension, as would have been a Hebrew root, or the perils of the *Pons Asinorum*.

When he found that it was impossible to hit me, and that he received half a dozen blows for every one that he attempted to give, he came to the conclusion that his arms could not protect him, and that it would be safer to try what virtue there was in legs; and a wonderfully nimble use he made of them.

As soon as the fellow had disappeared, I turned to Ella. The poor child was on her knees, kissing her mother's rose-bush, as if it had been a dear friend, of flesh and blood like herself. Her face was bathed in tears, but a smile like an April sun broke through them, when she looked up and said:

"O, Mr. Arthur, if you had saved my own life I could not have thanked you more than I do! You don't know how I love this bush!"

Most girls, in like circumstances, at such an age, would have looked decidedly ugly; but Ella's beauty was of a sort which triumphed over all disadvantages. I had never seen her look more lovely or more truly interesting. She was proceeding to tell me how the rose-trees had been planted by her mother on her own birth day, when my discomfited antagonist re-appeared, accompanied by Mr. Moulson, to whom he had been telling a story which had not truth enough in it to make it hang together.

When informed of the facts as they really occurred, Mr. Moulson gave the fellow a severe

reprimand, and forbade him to touch the rose-bush. He also thanked me cordially for my interference; but I saw that he was sadly changed. There was a mark upon his forehead which I have since learned to interpret better than I could then. It was that fearful sign in which we may read the terrible doom of the hen-pecked!

The next day I passed by the garden wall again, and stepping upon the rock, looked over. The rose-bush was gone, and the ground where it had stood had all been dug up and raked smooth. Hiram Wedge, the fellow to whom I gave the drubbing, stood leaning against a peach tree, with such an insolently triumphant expression upon his face, that it required no little self-denial on my part to restrain me from repeating the dose of the day before.

This incident was apparently a trivial one, but there was that connected with it which boded no good for my excellent friend Mr. Moulson, and my charming little pet and playmate Ella.

Several years elapsed, during which I spent much time in the West, where certain interests of my father required attention. Meanwhile, Ella, the beautiful child, was budding and blooming into a more beautiful young woman.

There came a terrible shock—the death of my remaining parent, my only near relative, my almost idolized father. The intense suffering I underwent reacted upon my health, and by the advice of my own and my late father's old friend, Dr. Worthing, I made the tour of Europe.

While travelling in the Holy Land, I received news which induced me to return at once to the United States. Mr. Moulson had died suddenly, and Ella was left to the tender mercies of her uncongenial step-mother. I started the day after I received the letter, and in due time arrived in New York. In going from the nearest railroad station to my own house in Lendon, I had to pass by the door of Dr. Worthing. The old gentleman was sitting in his little piazza, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, "the sight of you is 'gude for sair cen,' as my Scotch grandmother used to say. How are you? how are you, my dear boy? I trust you are as hearty as you look."

"Yes, my dear doctor," replied I, "I began to improve the moment I got out of the reach of your prescriptions."

"I'm heartily glad to hear it. But you hardly do me justice, Arthur; for the only prescription I gave you, of any importance, was precisely that which took you beyond my reach, and I see that it has succeeded."

I confessed the fact, and returned the warm grasp of his hand, the vigor of which surprised me. As soon as the ordinary salutations and inquiries were disposed of, I begged the doctor to tell me all about our poor friend's death.

"Well, my dear boy," replied he, "the truth is, I know very little about it, for I was unfortunately away from home at the time. I was with my grandson, who was suddenly taken very ill, at college, and I did not return till the day after the funeral."

"The disease was apoplexy, I believe."

"So I wrote you, and so I have no doubt it was. He had been a fit subject for apoplexy for a number of years. He was found, in the morning, dead in his bed. Mrs. Moulson, it appears, slept in another room. He was lying on his back, quite cold. No noise had been heard during the night, and there was no evidence of pain or struggling. Poor Moulson! His last days were eminently unhappy ones. He was more under the control of his wife than I had any idea of. The fact is lamentably obvious in the will he left behind him. It not only makes Mrs. M. the absolute mistress of all his property, except a legacy to Ella of two thousand dollars; but also leaves the poor girl wholly under her control, and deprives her of her legacy if she should marry without the mother-in-law's consent."

"It cannot be possible," exclaimed I, "that Mr. Moulson ever designed to make such a will as that. It is a forgery; or else he was *non compos mentis* when he made it."

"Alas, my dear friend, it is all right. Everything has been done properly. I saw him the very day the will was made. His mind was as perfect as ever it was. And as for the will, it has been rigidly scrutinized, and no one doubts that it is genuine. I examined it myself, carefully."

"Who witnessed it?"

"Hiram Wedge, Mrs. Moulson's factorum—"

"That miserable wretch? Why, he would sell his soul for a hundred dollars!"



"His name does not add much strength to the document, I must confess; but the other witness is old John Stapler, whose honesty nobody will ever call in question."

"Yes, Stapler is an honest man, beyond all doubt; but he is also a very ignorant one."

"So he is; but Mr. Moulson read the will to him himself, and he saw him sign it."

"He may have seen him sign it, but he is too deaf to have heard much of it."

"My dear Arthur, I see that you are determined to have it your own way. Would to Heaven you were right. My feelings and my suspicions were much like your own; but I was obliged to confess in the end that there was no foundation for them, and you must eventually come to a similar conclusion."

Here our conference ended, and I took leave of the good old doctor with a heavy heart.

My next care was to see Ella, if possible, before my return should be known to Mrs. Moulson. I succeeded; but I will not trouble the reader with the particulars of our interview. Suffice it to say that I found her all and more than all that I had anticipated, and that before I left her she had promised to be mine. It was in vain, however, that I urged her to throw off at once the yoke that oppressed her, and give me a legal title to be her dearest friend and protector. Her father's will was law with her, and she was determined to abide by it, at least till she was of age. In the meantime, however, she promised to see me as often as she could, and to correspond with me as regularly as possible, while she remained under the guardianship of her mother-in-law.

The following day I saw old John Stapler. He was a tenant on one of the farms of the Moulson estate, but a thoroughly upright and incorruptible man. He was so deaf, however, that I very much doubted his ability to hear and understand what was read to him. Be that as it may, from his statement it was impossible to doubt that he had heard the will read by Mr. Moulson, whether he understood it or not, and had seen him sign it. He said that Mr. Moulson told him that the body of the document was written by Mrs. Moulson's cousin, though dictated by himself. The cousin, however, was not present at the signing.

As the final result of all my inquiries, I was reluctantly forced to come to a like conclusion with Dr. Worthing, and to admit that the will which so galled me must be genuine. As far as mere pecuniary considerations were concerned, I think that no one who knows me will believe that I had any other feeling than indifference; and I am very sure that Ella know less and cared less about money than I did. It was the cruel, crushing slavery imposed upon her by her hateful mother-in-law, that made her so sad and me so rebellious.

A few days later I obtained a sight of the will. I could detect nothing suspicious or irregular about it, and if I had any lingering hope left of freeing Ella from her bondage by legal means, this examination certainly gave it a final and effectual quietus. Except the almost hourly tortures inflicted upon poor Ella, which, alas, were so common as hardly to deserve the name of incidents, nothing occurred to vary the quiet monotony of our village for several months.

One fine morning in early spring, all London was electrified by the news that Mrs. Moulson and her "man Friday," Hiram Wedge, had been married that morning, and had gone off to Washington on a wedding tour, taking Ella with them.

This was a very unexpected thing to most persons; but I, who had been watching the parties very closely, was not much surprised at it. Wedge had accompanied Mrs. Moulson, or rather Miss Artwell, when she first came to London to live, and had been her devoted agent and obedient tool ever since. He was a great, overgrown, surly, lubberly lout, with nothing to recommend him but a pair of broad shoulders, and rosy cheeks ditto.

In about two weeks the "happy pair" returned. The manners and morals of the house now became worse than ever, and to see the pure and saint-like Ella exposed to such associations, tried my patience to the very uttermost. Days, weeks and months elapsed, and all the time things grew worse instead of better.

One evening we had a grand public exhibition at the London academy, the next epoch in village annals after the famous Moulson marriage. A variety of orations, dialogues, scraps of plays, etc., were produced by the students, to the in-

tense delight of a very miscellaneous and by no means critical audience.

Among the dramatic *morceaux* was the fifth scene of the first act of Hamlet, containing the dialogue between the young Danish prince and his dead father's ghost. As far as Hamlet himself was concerned, the performance was ludicrously bad; but the ghost did better. The "royal Dane" had a powerful voice, and exerted it to the full extent of its capabilities.

While this Shakespearian declamation was going forward, my attention was arrested by a burly figure, sitting in a very conspicuous position, immediately in front of the stage. It was Hiram Wedge. The whole thing was evidently new to him, and the novelty had waked his sluggish soul to unusual activity.

No one, on ordinary occasions, would be likely to say that Hiram had an open countenance. But at this juncture it might have been said of it with perfect truth. Eyes, mouth and ears were all open, to their utmost point of distention. He looked as if he might be meditating the feat of swallowing the little stage, performers, "properties," prompter, and all.

While I was looking at him, the ghost began to speak to Hamlet. Hiram seemed to regard it all as a reality, and it was ludicrous to behold the terror deepening in his face as the ghost declaimed the well-known lines:

"But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would burrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Though it was plain enough that the fellow could not rightly understand much that he heard, his whole soul was nevertheless absorbed in the scene before him. At length the ghost began to describe his brother's crime:

"—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole  
With juice of cursed hemlock in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ear did pour  
The lecherous distillment.  
Thus was I, sleeping by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head."

During the recital of these lines, the fellow's emotions ceased to be ludicrous, and yet my interest in them increased a hundred fold. Fear and horror were depicted in every line of his countenance; his hair actually seemed to bristle on his head, and his eyes to start from their sockets; he grew paler and paler, while great drops of sweat started from his forehead, and as the performers were finishing the lines which I have quoted, he fell backwards in his seat, overcome by a death-like swoon.

The room was very warm, and it was generally believed that the heat and closeness of the atmosphere was the cause of Wedge's fainting. But I knew better. It was as plain to me as the meridian sunlight, that some deep and deadly mystery had been stirred up from the inmost depths of his bumpkin soul.

After returning home that night, I reflected long and seriously upon this strange emotion evinced by one who was in general so stupidly apathetic. What could it mean? Dark thoughts came driving through my brain, like storm-clouds flying before the northern blast, and wrapped my soul in gloom.

I had thrown myself upon a sofa when I first reached home, and I lay there for hours, striving to shape the chaos of my thoughts into something like order and regularity. Suddenly I became oppressed with a mysterious consciousness that I was not alone. A presence, unseen but most distinctly felt, weighed heavily upon me; a sort of moral nightmare, almost checking my heart's pulsations.

Slowly then there arose before me a sad, pale, spectral face, with the well known features of my departed friend, Mr. Moulson! Mournfully and earnestly he gazed upon me, and then a shadowy arm rose slowly, and, with fore finger extended, pointed to his own right ear.

Once, twice, thrice the spectral arm arose, and thrice repeated the same unvarying motion, and then the filmy figure seemed gradually to become more vapory and indistinct, until it vanished, and I saw it no more.

As I saw it departing, I made a strenuous effort to speak to it, and in the struggle I—awoke. I had unwittingly fallen asleep, and mingled my waking thoughts with visions of dream land. But was it all a dream? My waking thoughts had doubtless shaped the outline of my dream;

but are the operations of the mind thus continued during sleep, of no value whatever? Does the ship of thought, with its crew of wild fancies, when left adrift, with God alone to guide it, never float into regions where useful discoveries can be made?

The result of much serious thought and anxious deliberation, was a determination on my part, to disinter the remains of Mr. Moulson, and subject them, at least the head, to a close examination. To do this, alone and unassisted, was a task of some magnitude; but I felt unwilling to make a confidant of any one, unless it should be Dr. Worthing, and his assistance would be of no value as far as the chief difficulty, the actual raising of the corpse, was concerned. I therefore determined to do everything myself.

The grave-yard in which my friend's remains had been deposited was a very lonely spot, and there was little danger of interruption there at any hour. I consequently commenced my operations as early as ten o'clock, and before three I had the head in my possession and the grave carefully filled again.

The first gray tints of dawn were just beginning to appear, when I commenced the examination of my ghastly burden in my own chamber. My attention was first given to the ear, for it was strongly impressed upon my mind that if, as I suspected, Ella's father had met with foul play, it would be found that the manner of his death bore some resemblance to that of Hamlet's father, as narrated by the ghost.

It was a melancholy, sickening business. The head was, of course, greatly altered, and the features could no longer be recognized. I examined the ears with great attention, but I could see nothing wrong with them, and was about to conclude that I had been imposed upon by my own fancies, when it suddenly occurred to me to thrust a probe into the right ear. The orifice was evidently obstructed by something or other. Having satisfied myself of this, I took a pair of long, slender forceps, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting hold of the obstructing object, which I found firmly fixed in its position, within the skull.

It would be no easy task to tell what my feelings were when I at last succeeded in drawing out what appeared to be a fragment of a steel spindle—a long, smooth, slender, cylindrical, needle-like instrument, capable of being thus driven through the ear into the brain with murderous effect, and yet, to the eye of an ordinary observer, leaving behind it no trace whatever of the deed.

Who it was that drove this infernal contrivance into the ear of Mr. Moulson, was a question by no means difficult to answer, in my estimation. But would the circumstantial evidence which had convinced me, be sufficient to convince a jury?

When I asked myself this question, there flashed upon my memory an incident which, until this moment, had seemed utterly trivial to me, but which now assumed proportions of a very different character.

The day after my return from abroad, I saw a little boy, a nephew of my housekeeper, playing with what I supposed to be a fragment of a steel spindle. Fearing that he might hurt himself with it, I requested his aunt to take it from him. Looking around and observing it, she told me that she had been obliged to put it out of his reach once before, and at her request I took it and threw it into my desk.

Having now procured this article, I was not much surprised to find that it was a piece broken off from that which I had drawn from the skull, and that the two fragments fitted each other exactly.

It now became important to inquire where the little boy had picked up the fragments found in his possession. I soon ascertained the important fact that he had first seen it lying under one of the windows of Mr. Moulson's house the very morning of his decease, and furthermore discovered that Mrs. Moulson had then made very particular inquiries about it, though probably without success.

Here was another link in the chain of evidence, and a very important one; but before taking any further steps in the matter, I resolved to have a consultation with Dr. Worthing. As soon as I had taken my breakfast, therefore, I mounted my horse and started for the doctor's residence.

On my way thither, I passed one of the out-houses attached to the Moulson property, under which was a large cellar, designed for the pre-

servation of potatoes and other esculent roots. Into this cellar I saw Hiram Wedge descend and shut the door after him. When I drew near the door, I heard him at the extreme end of the cellar, making a great noise in moving some potatoes, or something of the kind.

In pursuance of an idea which now suddenly suggested itself, I slipped quietly through the door and shut it after me. Then, taking advantage of the noise, I stole up to the spot where Hiram was at work, and concealed myself behind a thick stone buttress. The cellar was almost dark, a very faint light only being seen to struggle through the windows, which were very small and partially below ground.

In a few minutes, Hiram ceased his noisy occupation, leaned against the wall and became apparently absorbed in a business to which he could not be said to be much addicted, in a general way, viz., that of thinking. His face was turned towards the light, and faint as it was, I could see that his features betrayed emotions of anything but an agreeable character. The same finger which wrote Belshazzar's doom upon the palace walls of Babylon, had written as plainly upon his forehead the dread syllables, *remorse!*

While he thus stood gazing upon vacancy, I gave a groan, as dismal a one as I could produce. He wheeled about as suddenly as if he had been shot, and his pale face assumed an ashen hue. I then, in a hollow voice, repeated the word "murderer!" and at the same time threw the broken spindle at his feet.

The device was shallow enough, but I knew my man. In half a minute the guilty wretch was upon his knees (indeed he seemed incapable of standing), and with eyes rolling wildly and teeth chattering with terror, he faltered:

"Mercy! O, mercy, mercy! It wasn't me; indeed, it wasn't me! She did it. She drove it into his brain with a mallet; and she laughed while she was doing it. She's a devil herself, I do believe. I never would have thought of such a thing, myself; but I was afraid to cross her. O, she's a terrible, terrible woman!"

He ceased speaking, full upon his face and buried his head in his hands. I stepped out of my hiding-place, and with a vigorous whack upon the back, proved to him that it was no ghost, but a substantial thing of flesh and blood he had to deal with. The knowledge of this seemed to relieve him somewhat, but he still seemed half stupefied with terror.

The poor bewildered wretch never seemed to doubt that I knew all about the murder, and was willing to confess everything—or at least appeared to be. He had originally been a gardener's assistant, he said, in the service of Miss Artwell's uncle and guardian. Her vicious propensities had been developed at a very early age, and this fellow, while yet a mere boy, became her partner in various schemes of precocious iniquity.

After her marriage, the shameless woman persuaded Mr. Moulson to employ Hiram as a sort of overseer, and from his statement it seems probable that the murderous design was already in her heart when she stood at the altar and solemnly pledged her faith to her unsuspecting victim.

The infernal plan of these miscreants required that Mr. Moulson should live until they could find means to secure his wealth, and no longer. To effect this purpose, they sought the co-operation of a cousin of Mrs. Moulson's, another one of her partners in villany. He was a shrewd fellow, and a skillful practical chemist. Hiram Wedge was about to undertake the cultivation of a large tract of valuable land, the property of Mr. Moulson. The eyesight of the latter was defective, from temporary inflammation, and the cousin managed to get himself invited to draw up the contract for the working of this land.

This instrument was written by the cousin on parchment, with ink of his own devising, which could easily be erased, so as to leave the parchment as white and smooth as it was before the pen had touched it. Deaf John Stapler was told that Mr. Moulson had made his will, and that he wished him to be present and witness the signing of it. When, therefore, he was introduced into the drawing-room and asked by Mr. Moulson to sign his name, as a witness, to an instrument of writing, which was really the agreement between him and Wedge, honest John naturally believed that he was signing the will they had told him about.

The contract was all read over by Mr. Moulson, in Stapler's presence, but if it had been Chinese it would have been all the same to him, since he



did not hear a word of it. Like many other deaf persons, he was a little touchy on the subject of his infirmity, and to this day he will not acknowledge the truth, but maintains that he heard all that Mr. Moulson uttered, and no doubt believes it.

The cousin himself was the other witness, and he took care that the ink used for the three signatures should be of the very best quality. In less than half an hour after the document was signed, the parchment was a blank again, a perfect *tabula rasa*, with the genuine signature of Henry Moulson at the bottom, and that of honest John Stimpier by the side of it.

It took the ingenious cousin but very little time to convert this into just such a will as Mrs. Moulson wanted. This skilful operator then disappeared from the scene, with securities of the value of \$5000 in his pocket.

Two days afterwards, poor Moulson was brutally murdered, by having a sharp steel instrument thrust into his brain, through the ear, it was being hoped that in this way no trace of the crime would be left. The instrument was accidentally broken, one piece being left in the skull, and the other being mislaid in the hurry and confusion of the moment, and subsequently found by the little boy.

As soon as Hiram had finished his story, he relapsed into a sort of stupor. In this condition I left him, locking the door after me. The door was strong and heavy, and the windows too small to creep through, so that, having deposited the key in my pocket, I had little doubt about the security of my prisoner for the hour or two I meant to be absent.

The confession I had heard removed all doubts about the propriety of apprehending both culprits at once, and I therefore hastened in search of the requisite force and authority. With all the despatch I could make, however, it was more than an hour later when I returned to the cellar, in company with two constables, a magistrate, and Dr. Worthing, whom I happened to find in the village.

"The bird has flown!" exclaimed I, as I saw the cellar door standing wide open. We entered, and for some time felt sure that the place was empty; but, after our eyes became somewhat accustomed to the obscurity, we observed a white object lying in one corner, which had not been there before. It was the dead body of Mrs. Wedge, gashed and scarred in a horrible manner, and with the blood still oozing from a score of ghastly wounds.

"Merciful heavens!—who has done this?" exclaimed Dr. Worthing.

"I did it!" said a hollow, feeble voice, within a few yards of the spot where we stood.

It was the voice of Hiram Wedge, who lay mortally wounded, and covered with blood, like his wife, but still breathing, or rather gasping. He expired in about half an hour, but not until he had given us a brief account of the origin of this strange and bloody spectacle.

Mrs. Wedge, it appeared, had seen me come out of the cellar and lock the door. Being constantly suspicious of me, she thought there was something wrong, snatched up a second key, with which she was provided, ran to the cellar-door and opened it. When she saw Hiram, she fiercely demanded to know what had happened. He told her he had confessed everything.

Transported with rage, she glared upon him like a fury, drew a bow-knife, which she always carried, and stabbed him to the heart. The wound was mortal, but not immediately so. He had still considerable strength left, enough to enable him to struggle for the miserable remnant of existence which was already fast ebbing away. The rapid failure of his strength, as his heart's blood flowed, in intermitting jets, soon rendered the man and woman pretty nearly equal in muscular power, and the contest between these partners in life and partners in iniquity, was a fearful one indeed.

Hiram at last succeeded in wrenching the knife from her hand, but not until he had been cut and stabbed in more than twenty places. She still struggled desperately, but it was not long before he dealt her a mortal blow. As he was in the act of striking it, he fell exhausted on the floor, where we soon afterwards found him.

This bloody scene is the last of our melancholy drama. The Wedges left no one behind them, and Ella, now relieved from her thralldom, took possession of her father's property, as a matter of course, and also, as a matter of course, took possession of, and retains to this day—the reader's humble servant.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE COQUETTE'S LESSON.

BY LIZZIE TURNER.

THE grand crush of uncomfortable-looking people assembled in Mrs. Ashley's elegant drawing-rooms, was voted the party of the season. Three new and beautiful faces made their debut on the occasion; a score of fashionable dandies fell in love with these novices, and were only saved from utter desperation by the temporary distraction of a sumptuous supper, in keeping with the rest of the entertainment.

Mrs. Ashley formally announced that the marriage of her niece, Eliza Ashley, with Arthur Hammond, would be celebrated the following evening, and received the congratulations of her friends on the eligibility of the prospective match. At length the few remaining guests departed; the gas burned faintly as the gray of morning struggled through the curtains, and the tired servants lingered about, only waiting for two persons to leave the now silent and deserted rooms, before extinguishing the lights altogether.

But they were destined to yawn in vain. Still and pale as a statue, Eliza Ashley stood leaning her burning forehead against the window pane, gazing into the empty street, while her haggard countenance, rendered still more so by the heavy masses of glossy black hair around it, was stamped with an expression somewhat unsuited to the eve of a bridal, and with one whose preference had made her the envy of all her marriageable friends.

Leaning against the mantel opposite, which supported one of the splendid mirrors that adorned the room and reflected back surrounding objects, stood a man of about twenty-seven, steadfastly regarding the figure whose face was turned from him. His mouth was rather large, and his eyes lacked softness, yet his form was fine, and he was really a handsome fellow.

Presently Miss Ashley shivered, as if chilled by the frosty air, and turned from the window.

"Well, Robert!" she said listlessly, on observing him.

"Well, Lizzie!—and so you have sold yourself to the highest bidder!"

"O, Robert, don't begin in that harsh way—you know I cannot bear it! It is so long since I have spoken freely to any one, and I am so glad to see you back again!"

As she spoke, she took his hand in one of hers, and laying the other tremblingly on his arm, looked up into his face with a nervous, forced smile.

Her companion did not shake off the gentle touch, but shrank from the caressing hand, and ceased to lean against the mantel-piece.

"I don't wish to speak harshly to you, Lizzie," he replied; "on the contrary, I believe that you will find that I am more truly your friend than some who are smoother-spoken. But I cannot and will not deny that your behaviour to my friend, Louis Forrester, has destroyed my good opinion of your character forever. It is impossible that I should not feel so, especially when I know him to be ill and heart-broken."

"I did not forsake him—he chose to distrust, to forget me—" said Lizzie, vainly struggling to choke down the tears that filled her eyes.

"But why did he distrust and forsake you? Because that spirit of coquetry, which is the curse of your life, led you to encourage the triflers around you—made you eager for compliment—bestow looks for words, and words for feelings—and to make him miserable for the sake of gratifying your vanity. Yet you might have won him back again, if you had tried; you might even now."

"Win him back again!" exclaimed Miss Ashley, vehemently; "I have no need of such great exertions to be loved. There are plenty who are considered Louis Forrester's superiors, who like me in spite of the faults you and your friend are so quick to observe. And pray on what occasions have I played the coquette, my wise cousin?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie, you need not be sarcastic with me, for the time is gone by when you could provoke or grieve me. Have you forgotten young Bartlett, whom you were obliged to apologize to for having led him to believe you would accept him? Have you forgotten Gorham Allen and his splendid presents, which you returned when tired of the giver? Have you forgotten Mr. Lawrence and his bouquets? Mr. Howard and his greyhound, which you caressed for the sake of making a graceful tableau? Have you for-

gotten that at one time you even thought it worth your while—" Here a peculiar and confused expression passed over his countenance—he stammered and paused.

Miss Ashley raised her eyes, and a short, quick smile of triumph lit every feature of her expressive face as she gazed on his.

"I do really believe you are jealous!" she exclaimed. "It is ill receiving advice from a lover, Mr. Ashley."

"I am not your lover, Lizzie. God forbid that my happiness should depend on you! And if I were your lover, is the admiration which is caused wholly by the power of personal attractions—without esteem or even respect—is it indeed worth that pleased smile? Your beauty I own no one can be insensible to; but your heart, O, how cold and selfish that heart must be which can prize any triumph at a moment like this, when you have made the misery of one man, and in all human probability are about to destroy the happiness of another. Beware, Lizzie, beware! The day will come when the conquests of coquetry shall have no power to comfort your agony. Good night!"

He turned and left the room; mechanically she followed, and mechanically she entered her own chamber and flung herself into a chair. Robert Ashley's words rang in her ears; her heart beat violently—the choking which precedes weeping rose in her throat. Grief, pride, resentment and mortification strove for mastery in her mind, and finally the spoilt beauty burst into a hysterical fit of tears. Her passionate sobbing awoke the weary attendant who had been sitting up for her.

"Dear Miss Lizzie," she said, "don't take on so, we must all leave home sometime or other, and I'm sure Mr. Hammond—"

"Don't talk to me, Ferris. I have no home.

I have no one to grieve for. Home! Is it like home—friends to give a ball on my departure, as if it were something to rejoice at? Where is the quiet evening my mother used to describe long ago, which was to be the eve of my wedding-day? Where the solemn advice from her dear lips, that was to make the memory of that evening holy forever? Where the quiet and peace which should bless my heart? They have made me what I am! They have made me what I am!"

"La, Miss Lizzie!" said the astonished maid, "I'm sure you ought to be happy. As for your poor mother, it is in nature that parents should die before their children—and she was a very delicate lady always. So do dry your eyes," she continued, "or they'll be red as forefrets, and your voice is quite hoarse with crying. You won't be fit to be seen by to-morrow."

Nothing calms one like the consciousness of not being sympathized with. Miss Ashley ceased weeping and began to undress, after which she dismissed her maid, and burying her head in her hands forgot all but the irrevocable past.

From a humble home, where widowhood, poverty, and a broken heart had succeeded an imprudent marriage, Miss Ashley was removed, at her mother's death, to add by her wonderful beauty one other feature to the gayest house in New York. Although scarcely a woman, yet past childhood, she was at that age when impressions are easiest made, and also most durable.

Among her rich worldly relatives, the lessons taught by the pale lips of her lost parent were forgotten; the weeds, which should have been rooted from her mind, grew up and choked her better feelings, until the once simple and contented girl, who had been thankful for a home with the common comforts of life, longed for wealth and position that should place her on an equality, at least, with her new associates, and shrank from the idea of marrying any man who could not give, in return for the "fossil remains" of her heart, diamonds and a carriage!

"Past six—a fine morning!"

Miss Ashley started as her maid uttered the announcement, and raised her heavy eyes to the window. She looked wistfully back at the pillows—but, no, she felt she could not sleep. Her head sank upon her hand, vague sentiments of wretchedness and self-reproach weighed down upon her soul, and too weary even to weep, she remained listlessly dreaming, till a sudden beam of the morning sunshine lit on the ornaments she had worn the night before, and startled her into consciousness.

It was a fine, early spring morning, and opening her chamber-window, she sat with clasped hands gazing on the sweet sky which heralded

in her wedding-day. The sun rose higher and brighter, the heavens grew bluer, the indistinct and rare chirping of a few little brown birds hopping among the swelling buds of the neighboring shrubbery, came upon the fresh wind that blew on her weary forehead, and Eliza Ashley sank on her knees, and stretching out her arms to heaven, murmured some passionate invocation, of which the only audible words were:

"Louis, dear Louis! O, God forgive and help me! That love is sinful now."

Few would have recognized the pale and weeping girl who knelt in almost speechless agony there, in the bride of the evening. Covered with lace, pearls and orange blossoms, flushed with ambition and excitement, married to the first man of his "set," Mrs. Arthur Hammond pressed a light, cold kiss on the forehead of each of her beautiful bridesmaids, bowed and smiled to the congratulating friends who surrounded her, received the set, self-complacent speech of her aunt, and descended the brilliantly-lighted staircase with her happy bridegroom.

One farewell only disturbed her. Robert Ashley stood at the hall-door, and, as she passed, he took her hand and whispered, "God bless you, Lizzie!"

Involuntarily she clung to the hand he extended, involuntarily she returned the blessing; old memories crowded to her heart, and tears gathered in her eyes. With a burst of weeping, she sank back in her carriage, when her husband said caressingly:

"Surely, my own darling, you have left nothing there which my love cannot compensate for."

She drew her hand away with a cold shudder; and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never lived to be married—especially to the man whom she had just sworn to love and obey till death—was the uppermost feeling in her mind as she was whirled away to her new home.

Instead of the customary bridal tour, which was unanimously voted a bore, the young couple retired at once to the bridegroom's residence on the Hudson, to spend a quiet honeymoon. During the few weeks of seclusion that followed, Mrs. Hammond began to believe that, Louis Forrester excepted, she could love her husband better than anybody.

He was intelligent, kind, graceful and noble-hearted. He was the autocrat of fashion, popular with women, respected by men. He had written two very creditable poems, and might write more. He rode inimitably well. He had displayed more taste in laying out the grounds about "Arthur's Seat," his residence, than even the most sanguine New Yorker expects to see evinced in the arrangement of Central Park. In short, there was no earthly reason why she should not love Arthur Hammond, only that it would be so excessively ridiculous to fall in love with one's own husband. It would look as if no one else thought it worth his while to pay her any attention; Hammond himself would think it so absurd, for he had none of Louis Forrester's romance, and was quite accustomed to the ways of fashionable couples, and was contented to pursue the same path.

Then, Mrs. Ashley—how Mrs. Ashley would laugh at this romance after marriage! And so she deluded herself into the belief that it really would be laughable, after all!

The summer passed quickly, and Eliza Ashley again entered the gay world as an admired bride. The restless love of conquest which had poisoned her girlhood still remained, or rather, as our vices seldom retrograde, increased upon her, day by day. The necessity of sometimes concealing what we do feel, and the policy of pretending what we do not; the constant flattery bestowed upon leaders of social circles, the contempt caused by discoveries of conceit, betrayed confidence and selfish advice, and the petty rivalries, vexations, mortifications and eager strife that eddy around us in the whirlpool of society, engulfing us, almost whether we will or not, influence more or less the purest natures, and certainly met with no resistance from a mind like Mrs. Hammond's, always vain and impetuous, and warped by circumstances into something yet worse.

In accordance with her preconceived idea, therefore, her first act after marriage was to encourage the violent admiration of herself entertained by her husband's cousin, Lester Hammond, who was twice as intelligent, twenty times as graceful, won all the prizes at the regattas, was the idol of the women, and as to the men—O, well! the men were jealous of him.

Now it chanced that one of the fascinating





BALLOU'S  
PICTORIAL  
DRAWING-ROOM  
COMPANION.

VOL. XVI.



M. M. BALLOU,  
PUBLISHER.



## INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]

## INDEX TO MISCELLANY.

	Page.		Page.		Page.		Page.		Page.
A Song for the Day.....	6	Fidelity.....	382	My Neighbor 'cross the Way....	246	The Forgotten Bride of Charles II.	71	The Mystery of the Closet Door....	274
Adventures on the Coast of Africa, 38, 70, 102, 118, 150, 166.	6,	Gossip with the Reader.....	14,	Mary.....	302	To my Old Clock.....	78	The Doctor's Courtship.....	278
An Autumn Picture.....	7	30, 46, 62, 78, 94, 110, 126, 142, 158,		My Cousin Maud.....	374	The Old Field School.....	86	The Roofer of Antwerp.....	284
A Day in the Cars.....	23	174, 190, 206, 222, 238, 254, 270, 286,		Milly Lane's Love Story.....	374	The Peasant Soldier of LaGarde..	99	The Newgate Prisoner.....	290
A Revolutionary Picture.....	118	302, 318, 334, 350, 366, 382, 398, 412		New Year's Day.....	22	The Pass of Plumes.....	106	The Desecrated Altar.....	292
A Palpable Parody.....	119	God's Blessing on them.....	284			The Woods in Winter.....	110	The Moorish Sorcerer.....	294
Alice Thighbun.....	119	Guardian Angels.....	358	Onward and Upward.....	39	The Vulture at the Heart of Harry		The Death of Marley.....	295
Assurance.....	131			One Year To night.....	124	Earnwold.....	114	The Tale of the Comet.....	306
Autobiography of a Newspaper.....	163	Historical Tableaux.....	106	Old Wells.....	132	The Exile of Sarzana.....	124	The Fisherman's Cruise.....	310
A Fireside Story.....	198	Home.....	134	Ocean Treasures.....	174	The Death Warrant.....	130	The Artist's Sacrifice.....	316
A Love Stratagem.....	242	Hearts to Let.....	166	Our Cabin Boy.....	214	The Two Counts.....	134	The Abduction.....	322
Annie Bliss: or, Lights and Shadow.	326	Happy Days.....	220	Over the Alps.....	228	Timoleon Breeze, the Foe of the		The Talisman.....	327
A Russian Wolf Hunt.....	343	How Mrs. Park drowned herself..	342	Old Zack and the Lieutenant.....	236	Oppressor.....	135	The Two Books.....	334
A Woman's Doubts.....	350	His Mother-in-law.....	364	Peace.....	238	The Wooing of Henry Dinwiddie..	140	The Painter of Padua.....	338
A Shadow.....	366					The Flower Girl of the Pont Neuf.	146	The Indian.....	342
Alice Elliott's New Dress.....	390	Into the Light.....	38			The Prisoner of Castle del Uovo..	148	The Lesson of Reverses.....	343
		In Absence.....	55	Ruining a Banker.....	7	The Daughter of St. Mark.....	151	The Witches' Victim.....	354
Ball Song for the Seventeenth of		In an unknown Album.....	62	Reuben James.....	58	To One Afflicted.....	156	The Falcon.....	356
January.....	54	Indian Revenge.....	74	Return of Spring.....	254	The German Settlers.....	156	The Nervous Old Lady.....	362
Braddock's Defeat.....	135	In Articulo Mortis.....	206	Rose Burnie.....	386	The Red Man.....	158	The Last of the Roses.....	364
Burns's Flowers.....	318			Story of a Parasol.....	42	The Wizard of Barcelona.....	162	The Guerrilla Chief.....	372
Betty Copeland's Daughter.....	332	John Potter's Heroism.....	262	Serenading the Captain's Daughter	87	The Floating Tomb.....	172	The Loan of a Book.....	380
Burning the Letters.....	348	Jenny May.....	412	Strakosch and the Blind Pianist..	183	Three Nights with the Wreckers..	178	The Date Tree of Louisiana.....	388
		Kindly Words.....	396	Snow.....	190	The Second Choice.....	179	The Evening Visitor.....	391
Constance.....	70	Love's Questions and Replies.....	142	Stanzas.....	262, 326	The Young Bride.....	182	The Fateless Wreath.....	396
Christmas Eve.....	102	Lines.....	300	Spring.....	268, 386	Tempted, but not Lost.....	188	The Ghost in Hamlet.....	402
Captain Courtenay: or A Cruise		"Little Mrs. Haynes.".....	300	Song.....	270	The Heiress of Burgundy.....	194, 210	The Coquette's Lesson.....	404
in the Moluccas.....	226, 242	Love's Slender.....	310	Sonnet—Purity.....	410	The Glass Painter of Toucy.....	199	The Mother's Ascription.....	408
		Little Children.....	390			The Game of Cards.....	204	The Grandmother of a Queen.....	408
Dirge.....	94			The Changeling: or, The False		The Novel Reader.....	211	The Maid of Presidio del Norte..	410
Dolly's Husband.....	131	Morning.....	30, 58,	Heir.....	2, 18, 34, 50, 66, 82, 98	The Soul's Sanctuary.....	214		
Distrust.....	398	Musings.....	74	The Tragedy of Rachel Gove's		The Brewer's Widow.....	215	Umbrian.....	236
		My World.....	188	Life.....	22	"They are gone, all gone.".....	222	Vesper.....	23
Earl Athelwold.....	55	Miriam's Revenge.....	196	The Mutineers.....	39	The Smuggler of "Man.".....	230		
Eleanor of Austria.....	103	My Favorite.....	198	To my Sweetheart.....	42	The Pseudo Prince.....	231	We met and parted.....	14
		My Love.....	204	The New Year.....	46	The Tower of Torre Mozza.....	236	We met but once.....	86
Faith.....	150	Miss Martin's Husband.....	220	Two Scenes in the Life of a Beau-		The Criminal Trial.....	246	Winter.....	279
Female Heroism.....	212			tiful Woman.....	54	The Great Heart of Allan Dunn..	252	Washington and Hancock.....	370
						The Bridal Rock.....	258	William Waite.....	388
						The Artist: or, Sixty Years Ago..	268	Wood and Won.....	



Lester's peculiarities was, that he never could be in love with the same lady for more than three months at a time. Upon this failing, which gave him the reputation of a flirt, the young wife undertook to lecture him, and succeeded so admirably, that he suddenly told her one morning, as she was gathering some japonicas in her beautiful conservatory, that if a being ever existed whom he could worship forever, it was herself.

She dropped the flowers she had cut, and blushed deeply. She felt that she was a married woman, and ought to be excessively shocked—she even thought of forbidding him the house—but then it would be so awkward to make a quarrel between Hammond and his cousin, so she only forbade him to mention the subject again. And to prove that she was in earnest in her wish to discourage his attentions, gave an hour in the music-room every morning, a standing invitation to the opera, and a seat in her carriage, to young Elliott, who had recently come into possession of a fortune by his father's death, was but just twenty-two, knew scarcely anybody in the city, and was most devotedly attentive to a pale, pretty little sister, with whom he rode, walked and talked incessantly, and who, he told his new friend, was the last of seven, destroyed by hereditary consumption.

But Lester Hammond was not the man to be slighted with impunity. He ceased to be Mrs. Hammond's lover, it is true; but how infinitely more tedious and troublesome did he contrive to make the attentions of Mrs. Hammond's friend! What unsought advice did he not pour into her unwilling ears? What gentle hints and laughing allusions did he not bestow on her husband? What an unwearied watch did he not keep over the faintest curl of her lips, or the lift of her eyelashes, when her smiles or her glance were directed towards her new favorite?

A thousand times, in a fit of irritation, she determined to free herself from the tyranny of this self-elected monitor, and as often she shrank from the attempt, under the bitter consciousness that her own folly had contributed to place her so much in his power. He might incense Mr. Hammond, who was gradually becoming—not openly jealous—no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased, and at times distant, and even sneeringly reproachful. He might ridicule her to his companions; he might—in short she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be as well to keep on good terms with the person whose admiration had once been so acceptable to her.

Meanwhile Charley Elliott gradually became absorbed by his passion for his beautiful patroness. That a being so gifted, so courted, so divine, should devote such a large portion of her talents and friendship to one as unknown and insignificant as himself, was as extraordinary as it was intoxicating. His mornings now were mostly spent in her drawing-room, his afternoons driving by her side, his evenings in wandering through crowded assemblies, restless, feverish and dissatisfied, until her arm was linked in his, and then—all beyond was a blank, a void, that could scarcely be called existence.

His little fair, consumptive sister was almost forgotten, or, when remembered, with a sudden pang at his neglect, he would hurry her here, there and everywhere, in search of amusement, and load her rooms with new books, pictures and hot-house flowers, kiss away the tears that trembled in her eyes, and murmur between those light kisses how willingly he would lay down his life to save her one hour's sorrow—then wonder that she still looked fatigued, and still seemed unhappy. But, by degrees these fits of kindness became more rare, the delirium which drowned his senses shutting out all objects but one. Day after day, and week after week, Amy Elliott sat alone in the over-heated, darkened drawing-room in Madison Square, and with a weakness more of the body than the mind, wept and prophesied to herself that she should die very soon, while her brother persuaded himself that she was too ill, too tired to go out—it was too cold, too wet, too anything—rather than she should be in the way.

It is true Mrs. Hammond could not be aware of all these solitary musings, but it is equally true that she was jealous of Elliott's love for even his sister, and in the early days of their acquaintance, when Amy used sometimes to accompany them to the theatre, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable matron, who had married off all her own daughters, nieces, etc., would take Amy to a re-union, or party, the

heart of the admired woman would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure; but the greater part of the time she forgot all except her own interests and amusements.

At length a new character appeared in the scenes we are describing. Louis Forrester returned from abroad! Lester Hammond's eye rested on Eliza's face, when some careless gossip communicated the news. For one moment he looked about to assure himself there was no other cause evident for the emotion which colored her brow, cheek and neck to crimson. Mrs. Hammond lifted her conscious eyes to his, and turned deadly pale; he looked at her a moment longer, bit his lips with pique and vexation, and then moved away. A moment's hesitation, and with a light, quick step she followed him into the adjoining room.

"Lester," she said hurriedly, laying her hand on his arm, "you know I knew him before I was married."

"I did not know it," he coldly replied, "neither does Hammond, I believe."

For an instant Eliza angrily resented the insinuation which the tone rather than the words implied. She dreaded she scarcely knew what, from the manner of her companion, and the knowledge that even in that rapid moment which had hardly allowed time for the blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had flashed through her mind of how, and when, and where Louis would probably meet her, and what the result of that meeting would be, bewildered her and increased her agitation, as with a nervous laugh, she said:

"You will not jest before him about it—will you?"

It was the first time she had so directly appealed to him, so directly endeavored to propitiate him. A conscious, bitter smile of triumph hovered on his lip and lurked in his eye.

"You may depend on my never mentioning the past," he replied; "but tell me—"

What he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Louis Forrester himself passed through the room.

He saw Mrs. Hammond—paused—hesitated a few seconds—crossed the room and stood beside her. He spoke a few words, but what they were she did not hear, although they were spoken in a clear, firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there was contempt—reproof in the very sound of his voice. She murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to look up, Lester Hammond only stood before her.

Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview, overcome by previous agitation, and cut to the heart, Eliza Hammond burst into tears. Lester had taken her hand, and was trying to soothe her, when Mr. Hammond and Robert Ashley entered together.

"Shall I call the carriage, Mrs. Hammond? Are you ill?" asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to the other.

"If you please," she replied brokenly, as he went out, followed by his cousin.

Not a word was spoken by the pair who remained; but once, when Mrs. Hammond looked up, she caught Robert Ashley's eyes fixed on her with earnest pity, very different from Lester's smile, she thought—and as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call on her the next day.

The morrow came, and with it Robert Ashley. Low-spirited and weary, Mrs. Hammond complained of Louis Forrester's coldness, of Lester Hammond's friendship, of Charley Elliott's attentions, of her husband's inattention, of Amy Elliott's health, of the world's ill-nature, of everything and everybody, including the person she addressed, and having exhausted herself with fretful complaints, sank back to receive his answer.

"Lizzie," said he at length, "I have known you from childhood, and now that all is over, I may say I have loved you as well or better than any of your admirers; it is not, therefore, a prejudiced view of your character that prompts me to give the warning which I beg you will hear patiently."

"You are listless and tired of the life you are leading, and mortified at Louis Forrester's neglect; but, gracious heaven, what is it you wish? or when will the struggle for hurtful excitement cease in your mind, and leave you free to exert your reason? Suppose Louis had returned with all the same deep, devoted love to you which filled his heart when he left America, and fled from a fascination he was unable to resist; suppose him to have urged that passion with all the

vehemence of which his nature is capable, would you, indeed, as Arthur Hammond's wife, listen to the man for whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free? Or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather be should be miserable than you should not appear irresistible? Do you, Lizzie, wish that Louis Forrester was again your lover?"

"No!" sobbed the impatient beauty, "but I don't wish him to think ill of me."

"And if you could prove that you had been guilty of no fault towards him, would it not seem hard that he ever left you? Would not explanations lead to regrets, and regrets to—Lizzie, struggle against this strange infatuation, this envious thirst for power over men's hearts. Already you are entangled; already you shrink from the tyranny of Lester Hammond, and dread the advances of that cruelly-deceived Elliott; already you have begun to alienate the affections of a fond and noble heart, for the worthless shadows of worldly admiration. O, where is the pleasure, the triumph of conquests like yours? How does it add to your happiness at home, or your reputation abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it really so gratifying, to see Lester how to his thousand previous divinities, and coldly pass them, to place himself at your side? Is it really so gratifying, to see that little pale, deserted girl striving to win a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother at assemblies and concerts, or to sit in an attitude in a theatre-box as a mark for all the glances in the house? Warning is given you—retreat in time—have courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband, and leave Louis Forrester to his fate."

"Dear me, Mrs. Hammond!" exclaimed a lady friend who called in half an hour after Mr. Ashley's departure, "I can't imagine what you can find to fret about."

"Can't you?" responded the young wife, dipping her handkerchief in some cologne and applying it to her forehead.

"No, indeed, I can't! All the men are after you; all the women are jealous of you; you've no children to tie you down, no pet dogs to worry over, no sisters-in-law, none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Croesus, and—"

Mrs. Hammond looked from the window and sighed.

"Yes, the Park is very solitary—very dull—been so wet this morning. But I should think you would be at no loss for amusements—got your piano and all the new magazines, I see. Are you going to Mrs. Carruth's to-night?"

"Yes—no—why?"

"Why?" Really, my dear friend, something must have happened—you're quite absent-minded. You know everybody will be there."

"True—yes. O, I shall go, certainly. He shall not fancy that I am sad for his sake," thought our heroine, and she sighed again.

Full of excellent resolutions, Mrs. Hammond ordered her carriage, bathed her eyes, and drove to Madison Square. She found Amy Elliott alone, and proposed to take her out for a drive, which was gladly accepted. As they returned, Mrs. Hammond said to her little companion:

"I shall call this evening to see if you will go to the party. Do go; I never saw you look better." And then, she thought, as the carriage went off, "I will have a few words of explanation with poor, dear Charley, and after that I won't play the coquette any more, for it is all very true—" And again she sighed heavily.

Mrs. Hammond and Amy were late at the party, owing to the difficulty the former had in persuading Miss Elliott to go at all. But Eliza, like most selfish people trying to do a good-natured act, would take no denial, and though Amy persisted that she was more weak and weary than usual, her chaperon waited till she was dressed, and carried her off in triumph.

The dancing-rooms opened into an illuminated conservatory and green-house, and Mrs. Hammond was standing on the stone steps that led to the principal walk, when Charles Elliott hastily addressed her:

"Let me speak three words to you! Pray, pray, hear me, dearest!"

Startled and confounded, Mrs. Hammond neither spoke nor moved, while in a rapid and confused manner he explained that he had heard a story of her attachment to Louis Forrester, of their parting, of her agitation at seeing him the night before; and he conjured her, by all that

was good and sacred, not to trifle with him, but at once confess her love for Forrester, or her willingness to fly with him to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"May I dance? Do you think it will be safe for me to dance, Elliott?" asked the gentle voice of his sister, who had just advanced to his side.

"Yes, yes, dear—no, I mean! Yes, dance by all means—dance."

"I really have your leave, Elliott?" she continued, with a smile. "I believe you scarcely heard my question."

"Yes, yes, Amy dear; you wish to dance—go now, go, I am quite willing you should dance to-night—O, Mrs. Hammond! O, Eliza! speak to me—speak to me!"

But another voice fell on her ear. As they stood in the shadow of the looped up curtains, unseen by those who were walking in the conservatory, Louis Forrester and a young lady passed close to them.

"Don't deceive me," said Louis. "I have been deceived once, and I tell you fairly, that my contempt and disgust for the most degraded of her sex, is weak as to what I feel for a coquette, who, with no temptation but vanity, trifles with—" The words were lost in the distance. Yet as they returned, Eliza thought she distinguished her own name in the murmured protestations of Forrester's companion.

"He scorns me; he holds me up as an example—no, Louis, the only being whom I ever really loved!" And she leaned her head against the archway, too faint even for tears.

"Speak to me—speak to me—answer me, Lizzie, darling!" implored Elliott.

She had quite forgotten him. Shuddering, she attempted to withdraw her hand from his death-like clasp, while she exclaimed in agony:

"O, well might he scorn me! Let me go, infatuated boy! You don't know what you love. O, let me go and die; I am sick at heart! I have not heard you—I know not what you have said, or what I have answered. I am a fool—a miserable, vain, despised woman. I am—O, God forgive me!"

"Mr. Elliott! Mr. Elliott! Charley Elliott!" cried several voices, in tones of alarm and terror.

"Mr. Elliott—your sister!" said Mr. Hammond, as he made his way through the crowd and seized the arm of the unhappy young man.

Instantly he darted forward, and Eliza followed, drawn by the irresistible impulse which prompts us to leap from heights we shudder to gaze from. A silent circle was formed where the dancing had been; the music had only ceased that moment. There was but one sound through the great rooms, where hundreds were collected, and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Amy Elliott in his arms. All that yet deceitfully indicated the presence of life, was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down, and knew that he gazed on a corpse! Peals of laughter and merry voices came from the more distant conservatory, where the event was yet unknown.

"O, stop them! stop them!" Elliott exclaimed, looking towards the green-houses. "O, madman—fool—to let her dance!" And as he uttered these words, in a tone of agony, his eyes fell upon Mrs. Hammond with an expression that froze her very soul.

A terrible dream seemed to haunt her—a dream from which she could not awake. Slowly and with a great effort, she withdrew her eyes, and gazed around the circle. All were looking, spell-bound and horror-stricken, on that awful sight—all but one. Louis Forrester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was riveted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister—his eye alone sought another face. Eliza Hammond met it, and fainted.

Many, many years have passed since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in that same room, to the self-same tunes, and the name of Amy Elliott is a sound forgotten by even those who knew her best. But Mrs. Hammond, now a truly noble and well-disciplined woman, a fondly-loving and beloved wife, yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as for the thousandth time he repeats, to comfort her, the assurance that poor Amy must have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a coquette, and purchase as bitter an experience, without the same blessed results.





UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP MINNESOTA, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

**THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA.**

The accompanying engraving presents an accurate view of the United States steam frigate Minnesota, drawn, on her recent arrival in the harbor, expressly for us, by Mr. A. Hill. The likeness of the noble ship is as faithful as a photograph, and exhibits her in all the elegance of her mould and the delicate tracery of her cordage. Bold and beautiful in appearance, the Minnesota is a model of a ship-of-war, and Captain DuPont and his officers are worthy of the vessel. They have reason to be proud of her performance. She

made the run from Bombay to Boston in seventy days, averaging 150 miles a day. During her cruise in the waters of Japan, China and the East Indies, the machinery has worked to a charm, showing the world what our mechanics can do when they receive encouragement and scope. Since her arrival in this port, the Minnesota has been the great feature of the harbor, every eye seeking her out in the forest of shipping, and every observer descending on her beauty and perfection. The Minnesota is to remain at the Navy Yard till further orders are received.

**CITY OF TURIN, SARDINIA, ITALY.**

Victor Emmanuel has certainly a charming city for the seat of his monarchy, as the beautiful engraving on this page shows. At any time such a scene as that before us—a stately city, with its streets, towers and churches, the bold background of soaring mountains, the framework of vineyards and orchards—would arrest our attention, but it now awakens a deeper interest from the fact that it stands in the midst of the theatre of great historical events. Turin is situated in a beautiful plain on the Po, which at

this point receives the waters of the Dora Riparia. The town is of an oblong form, and its circumference about four miles. The streets are in general wide and straight, intersecting each other at right angles, and running in direct lines from one end of the city to the other, and many of them are embellished with piazzas at the sides. The principal square near the centre of the town ranks, both for size and beauty, among the most elegant in Europe. On one of its sides stands the Royal Palace, and on the other three are erected arcades. The material of which most



CITY OF TURIN, THE SEAT OF THE SARDINIAN MONARCHY.



of the public buildings are constructed is rich marble of every vein and color. The Cathedral is an antique Gothic edifice, remarkable principally for its marble cupola. The city possesses a number of beautiful churches, most of them of large size, and built of or profusely ornamented with marble. The University contains a court surrounded with arcades, the whole covered with inscriptions and bas-reliefs. It was instituted in the fifteenth century. Altogether Turin is a beautiful city, worthy of the pleasant land in which it is situated, and one cannot help regretting that there is every prospect of its being again subjected to the casualties of war—a calamity which it has more than once undergone during the present century.

#### BURNING BODIES IN CALCUTTA.

We furnish our readers with a sketch of a remarkable custom which still prevails in Calcutta, viz., that of burning the dead bodies of the natives who died the previous day. The place where this takes place is a short distance from the city, on the banks of the Hoogli. A high wall serves as a screen to this place; the top of the wall is completely thronged by different birds of prey, which feed upon the corpses as

clothes in which the bodies of dead persons have been wrapped, and on no account to come in contact with any other person. The scene at the burning-place is of the most appalling character. A very curious custom prevails with regard to persons who have been taken away as dead, and who have revived. They are not allowed to return to their families and friends, but must go to a place on the Ganges appointed for such, and are thus cut off from all society, except those who are in a similar predicament with themselves. They remain forever unclean, both in this life and in the next. Formerly this ceremony of burning, or, more properly, scorching the dead and throwing into the water, might be performed in any part of the city near the river, but the police have now prevented its being done except in one particular spot, and have thus got rid of two nuisances—this and the host of birds of prey that infested the city.

#### SUGAR MAKING IN CUBA.

To begin at the beginning. The cane is cut from the fields by men and women working together, who use an instrument called a machete, which is something between a sword and a cleaver. Two blows with this slash off the long

grass in haymaking, and raked into cocks or winrows on an alarm of rain. When dry, it is placed under sheds for protection against wet. From the sheds and from the fields it is loaded into carts and drawn to the furnace doors, into which it is thrown by negroes, who crowd it in by the armful, and rake it about with long poles. Here it feeds the perpetual fires by which the steam is made, the machinery moved, and the cane juice boiled. The care of the bagazo is an important part of the system; for if that becomes wet and fails, the fires must stop, or resort be had to wood, which is scarce and expensive.

Thus, on the one side of the rollers is the ceaseless current of fresh, full, juicy cane-stalks, just cut from the open fields; and on the other side is the crushed, mangled, juiceless mass, drifting out at the draught, and fit only to be cast into the oven and burned. This is the way of the world, as it is the course of art. The cane is made to destroy itself. The ruined and corrupted furnish the fuel and fan the flame that lures on and draws in and crushes the fresh and wholesome; and the operation seems about as mechanical and unceasing in the one case as in the other.

From the rollers the juice falls below into a

cane are placed in the hogsheds, with their ends in these holes, and the hogshed is filled. The hogsheds are set on open frames, under which are copper receivers, on an inclined plane, to catch and carry off the drippings from the hogsheds. These drippings are the molasses, which is collected and put into tight casks.

I believe I have given the entire process. When it is remembered that all this, in every stage, is going on at once, within the limits of the mill, it may well be supposed to present a busy scene. The smell of juice and of sugar-vapor, in all its stages, is intense. The negroes fatten on it. The clank of the engines, the steady grind of the machines, and the high, wild cry of the negroes at the caldrons to the stokers at the furnace doors, as they chant out their directions or wants—now for more fire, and now to scatter the fire—which must be heard above the din, "A-a-b'la! A-a-b'la!" "E-e-cha-candela!" "Pu-erta!" and the barbaric African chant and chorus of the gang at work filling the cane troughs; all of these make the first visit at the sugar house a strange experience.—*Dana's Voyage to Cuba and Back.*

Love is a radical, friendship a conservative.



BURNING BODIES IN CALCUTTA.

they float down the stream. These birds are comparatively tame, for the approach of a man does not disturb them. They are generally gorged, and choose this spot as a resting-place. They consist of the vulture, the black eagle, and different kinds of falcons, and not a few gigantic cranes. These latter are strictly forbidden to be molested, as they are exceedingly useful as scavengers, eating anything and everything of animal matter that falls in their way. The killing of one of these birds subjects the offender to a fine of fifty rupees. These and the other numerous birds are always constant attendants at the burning-place. It is only the wealthier classes who go to the expense of thus disposing of the bodies of their relatives; the poor people simply throw the bodies of their relations into the Hoogli. The persons who are employed in this occupation are of the very lowest caste—they are the children of Sudras by Brahmin women. By the laws of the Hindoos they are classed as most unclean, and obliged to live outside the cities and villages, in order that the other castes may not come in contact with them, as their very presence obliges the necessity of purification in persons of any other caste. They are obliged to fulfil the most abject duties, such as that already mentioned, and executioners. They are only allowed to wear the

leaves, and a third blow cuts off the stalk near to the ground. At this work the laborers move like reapers, in even lines, at stated distances. Before them is a field of dense, high-waving cane, and behind them strewn wrecks of stalks and leaves.

Ox-carts pass over the field, and are loaded with the cane, which they carry to the mill. The oxen are worked in the Spanish fashion, the yoke being strapped upon the head close to the horns, instead of being hung round the neck, as with us, and are guided by goads and by a rope attached to a ring through the nostrils. At the mill the cane is tipped from the carts into large piles by the side of the platform. From these piles it is placed carefully, by hand, lengthwise in a long trough. This trough is made of slats, and moved by the power of the endless chain connected with the engine. In this trough it is carried between heavy, horizontal, cylindrical rollers, where it is crushed, its juice falling into receivers below, and the crushed cane passing off and falling into a pit on the other side.

This crushed cane—bagazo—falling from between the rollers, is gathered into baskets by men and women, who carry it on their heads into the fields and spread it for drying. There it is watched and tended as carefully as new-mown

large receiver, from which it flows into great, open vats, called defecators. These defecators are heated by the exhaust steam of the engines, led through them in pipes. All the steam condensed forms water, which is returned warm into the boiler of the engine. In the defecators, as their name denotes, the scum of the juice is purged off, so far as heat alone will do it. From the last defecator the juice is passed through a trough into the first caldron. Of the caldrons, there is a series, or, as they call it, a train, through all of which the juice must go. Each caldron is a large, deep, copper vat, heated very hot, in which the juice seethes and boils. At each stands a strong negro, with a long heavy skimmer in hand, stirring the juice and skimming the surface. This scum is collected and given to the hogs, or thrown upon the muck heap, and is said to be very fructifying. The juice is ladled from one caldron to the next, as fast as the office of each is finished. From the last caldron, where its complete crystallization is effected, it is transferred to coolers, which are large, shallow pens. When fully cooled, it looks like brown sugar and molasses mixed. It is then shovelled from the coolers into hogsheds. These hogsheds have holes bored in their bottoms, and, to facilitate the drainage, strips of

#### INDIANS AND THE "SWIFT WAGON."

A correspondent, who has recently crossed from the Pacific on the overland route, says: The Indians of the Cherokee nation are very anxious to have the route through their territory. They call the mail coach the "swift wagon." A deputation from the heads of the nation have waited on the "Great Chief Butterfield of the swift wagon," as they called him, and asked him to run the wagons through their country. Their country is a beautiful one. The are jealous of the whites, fearing, it is probable, that they will be driven from their homes. The Camanches and interior Indians look upon the "swift wagon" with great curiosity and wonder. They have shown no malice or ill-will as yet. Some six hundred of them lately stopped the mail coach and surrounded it. "They wished to see the 'swift wagon,' and what was in it." They detained it five or six hours, until each had inspected it—looked under the seats, turned over the mail bags, felt of them, looked at the wheels, poles, harness and trappings, to their satisfaction, with many an interjection, "Ugh!" "ugh!" They then told the conductor to "go on quick with the 'swift wagon,'" but, "ugh! no railroad, no railroad," and all grunted a hearty "ugh!" of approbation and comment.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE MOTHER'S ASCRIPTION.

BY M. T. CALDER.

O, Father in heaven, thy beautiful earth  
Is glowing with sunshine, and teeming with mirth;  
The flower in the grass, and the bird on the tree,  
Thanksgiving and praise are ascribing to thee!

The flower sends upward an odorous sigh,  
For behold, there are nestling sweet buds nigh;  
And the songster's joy gushes warm from his breast,  
Since his treasures are safe in their downy nest.

O, Father of infinite mercy and love,  
Thou sendest to all thy good gifts from above;  
Thou hastest with bloom the glad boughs of the tree,  
And blossoms most rare hast bestowed upon me.

Thou gavest the sparrow's young brood to the nest,  
And a life, hence immortal, hast laid at my breast.  
O, Father in heaven, with earth's choral song,  
Accept my heart's tribute, thy praise to prolong!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE GRANDMOTHER OF A QUEEN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

On a day in which April gave her coming  
sister, May, the "delicate compliment of imi-  
tation," when the hedge rows were blooming all  
over England, and the violets and crocuses were  
showing their modest heads, a young girl was  
wending her way towards the great city of Lon-  
don. Slenderly clad, and having no shoes or  
stockings upon her small white feet, she tripped  
along as if the stones had no power to harm any-  
thing so beautiful. The girl's face was young  
and blooming, and her limbs had that rare qual-  
ity of freedom of motion, scarcely known at the  
present day of ligaments and restraints upon the  
human form.

A happy and contented smile beamed from  
her lips, as if she were at peace with all the  
world, notwithstanding the fact that it had not  
bestowed upon her any remarkable wealth—her  
whole fortune being contained, at that moment,  
in a very small checkered handkerchief, which  
she carried as a bundle on her head to screen it  
from the too fervid rays of the sun.

She sat down in a green lane which turned off  
from the high road, and passed the hour of noon.  
A piece of bread and a little water in the hollow  
of her hand, from the brook that ran beneath the  
trees, seemed sufficient refreshment. She bathed  
her pretty feet, wiping them with some dried  
grass of last year's growth, and laving hands and  
arms, and neck, in the same ample basin, and  
wetting her luxurious hair, she set off upon her  
solitary way, singing blithely as she went.

No one spoke to, or annoyed her, although  
many looked the second time at the brilliant  
complexion and the soft blue eyes, so typical of  
the English beauty. At length, as the twilight  
was approaching, she began to weary of her long  
walk, and stopped before a small inn.

The landlord sat upon a bench beside the  
door, smoking and drinking his beer, and as the  
girl paused before him, he very good-naturedly  
bade her stop and rest herself, and take some  
refreshment.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I have no money to  
buy with; but I would be glad of rest. I am  
going to London."

"To London, and without money? You are  
crazy, young woman. How do you expect to  
live there without money?"

"Please you, sir, I shall go to a place."

"Ah! that is it. Well, sit down at this  
table," leading her to a room where some guests  
were just departing, "and eat as much as you  
will."

The girl could not resist the invitation, though  
not without some feeling of shame at taking food  
at a tavern without paying for it; but the land-  
lord helped her so bountifully, and the food tast-  
ed so good after her scanty dinner of bread and  
water, that she made a hearty meal.

After her abundant supper, he proceeded to  
say that his servant had left him, and he would  
be glad to supply her place with such a pleasant  
looking girl as herself; and unless she had had  
offers in London superior to what the Blue  
Dragon could present, he wished she would stay  
with him.

Anno was delighted at the proposition, and  
readily accepted it, and as soon as her tired feet  
became rested, she was the life and soul of the  
Blue Dragon—the Egeria of that inexhaustible  
fountain of home-brewed, which the good hu-  
mored landlord kept on hand for his ever thirsty  
guests.

Among these guests was a rich brewer, who  
fancied that his own ale tasted better at the Blue  
Dragon than elsewhere, especially after the ad-  
vent of the pretty bar-maid, to whom he directed  
particular observation. He saw that she was  
neat, modest and sprightly, carrying herself, in  
her exposed situation, with a delicacy and digni-  
ty that well became her, while it did not prevent  
her from being pleasant and agreeable to the  
guests.

At the end of three months, he proposed mar-  
riage. Anne's calm blue eyes opened wide.  
She had never thought of such sequel to the  
pleasant good mornings which the good brewer  
had constantly bestowed on her, but now that he  
had spoken, she revolved the possibility of such  
an event taking place.

The kind landlord was delighted at the ending  
of his benevolent scheme to assist a poor girl, and  
took full credit to himself for the event. He was  
only sorry for losing her bright and cheerful  
presence that made such sunshine in the old inn;  
but as it had turned out well for Anne, he had  
not a word to say. He gave her a grand wed-  
ding, and she was installed in the brewer's house,  
carrying the sunshine there, also.

While he lived, she presided over it with a  
soft, sweet, lady-like decorum that disarmed all  
sarcasm upon the wealthy brewer's choice. But  
this was not long. Anne was called early to  
mourn over the loss of him who had bestowed  
upon her his love and wealth, and she did mourn  
with a tenderness and grief that showed how  
much she respected his memory.

There was another wooing before time had  
even touched the cheek of the young and beauti-  
ful widow with a single icy finger, and this time  
she was raised still higher. Sir Thomas Ayles-  
bury, a man high in the king's confidence and  
esteem, and holding high and responsible offices  
—a man, too, who possessed a fine landed es-  
tate, was among the many who aspired to her  
love. She accepted him, and at the same time  
disappointed many others, to whom her youth,  
beauty and wealth would have made her a desir-  
able prize. She lived with him long and happily.  
Children were born to them, whose beauty, worth  
and talents reflected honor upon their parents  
and brought them into notice in the world.

Frances Aylesbury was like her mother—  
handsome, quick and talented. Her lot it was  
to increase the family honors, and this was the  
way in which it was brought about:

Some of the distant relatives of the brewer,  
Anne's first husband, began to dispute her right  
to his estate, and carried their imaginary claims  
to a court of law. She was advised to consult  
Edward Hyde, a young man whose rising prom-  
ise was fast ripening into fruit.

In the long siege of legal embarrassments and  
delays consequent upon this, Lady Aylesbury  
visited the office of the young barrister a great  
many times, and was often accompanied by her  
daughter. The pair fell in love, and, although  
the young man had no fortune, Sir Thomas over-  
looked this, in consideration of his near relation-  
ship to the celebrated Sir Nicholas Hyde, and  
the prospect of his attaining to eminence in his  
profession.

Troubles came to the throne and state. The  
king raised the standard of civil war in Notting-  
ham, and Sir Thomas joined his cause. He was  
set down as a malignant, his hall was burnt, and,  
after many hairbreadth escapes, he fled to Ant-  
werp. He died at Breda in 1657, at the age of  
eighty-one, bequeathing all his property to  
Frances, wife of Edward Hyde.

After the execution of the king, Hyde re-  
mained in the Island of Jersey, writing the his-  
tory of the Stuarts. He was active at the  
Restoration, was created Earl of Clarendon and  
afterwards Lord Chancellor.

Faster and faster came the honors of the fa-  
mily of whom the pretty bar-maid was the  
foundress. Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clar-  
endon and Frances Aylesbury, was married to  
the young Duke of York, afterwards James II.,  
King of England, and thus the beer-girl of a  
country tavern became the grandmother to a  
queen.

What is a home without a wife? She is the  
lamp that destroys darkness—the angel putting  
loneliness to flight; and is, or may be, the dis-  
penser of every blessing the mind of man can  
conceive, or the soul sigh for. Home without a  
wife is a "strange land"—a head without brains  
—a heart without conscience—a ship without sails  
—an ocean without waves—a world without reli-  
gion—a heaven without God.—*Merivale.*

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

\$2 50  
One copy one year ..... 4 00  
One copy, two years ..... 9 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 20 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-to-  
up of the club) .....  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of  
THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. F.—If the machine operates as you describe, there  
can be no question of its utility, and we should advise  
you to write respecting it to the postmaster general.

"Two-Four."—The pedestrian feats of the Persian cour-  
iers are truly wonderful. The average time for a  
journey of eight hundred miles is fixed at ten days;  
there are some couriers who will undertake to accom-  
plish the distance in seven days, but these men pos-  
sess a great knowledge of the weather and every other  
circumstance likely to interrupt their speed. They  
often return in a state of the greatest exhaustion and  
nearly blind, being burnt up by the power of the sun  
by day, and worn out by want of sleep at night; all  
they obtain is while on horseback, which cannot be  
refreshing, as the time does not allow them to stop to  
rest.

R. F.—Many well-informed persons doubt whether Eng-  
land will be able to maintain her neutrality through  
the war crisis.

L. R.—The New Haven Palladium was the paper which  
stated that propositions had been made by the Aus-  
trian government for four hundred thousand dollars' worth  
of the New Haven Volcanic Repeating Rifles, or  
for enough to arm a body of 10,000 troops.

"Roguelph."—Several of the late C. R. Leslie's paintings  
have been exhibited in this country, and he was gen-  
erally regarded as an American—but this was not the  
fact. He was born in England in 1794, of American  
parents, received his education in Philadelphia, and  
returned to London at the age of sixteen. He was a  
pupil of Benjamin West and Washington Allston, and  
has long occupied a prominent position among noted  
artists. In 1835 he was appointed professor of drawing  
to the military academy of West Point, and served a  
few months, but resigned and returned to England.  
Inquiries.—The expression "A. I." applied popularly to  
everything of the first quality, is copied from the sym-  
bols of the British and foreign shipping list of the  
Lloyd's. A designates the character of the hull of the  
vessel; the figure 1, the efficient state of her anchors,  
cables and stores; when these are insufficient, in quan-  
tity or quality, the figure 2 is used.

I. C.—It is one thing to make money and another to keep  
it. Keep in daily remembrance Poor Richard's pungent  
maxim. He understood thoroughly the importance of  
saving as well as making money, which he advises you  
to "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take  
care of themselves."

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Pictorial*,  
we close volume sixteen of the work, and next  
week will commence the seventeenth volume. We  
have some fresh and timely illustrations in hand  
which will be rapidly produced, and we shall  
continue to present vivid and truthful pictures of  
the great war now progressing in Europe. To  
those whose subscription expires with this num-  
ber, we would say, renew your subscription at  
once, so that there need be no break in the regu-  
lar receipt of the paper. We are prepared to bind  
up the volume just closed, in full gilt, with il-  
luminated covers and index, in an elegant and  
uniform style, at a charge of only one dollar.  
Bound and returned in one week.

## WAR LITERATURE.

The struggle now going on in Northern Italy  
has set in movement many a busy pen. News-  
paper correspondents at or near the seat of war,  
send off to their respective journals their more or  
less authentic versions of military movements and  
deeds of arms; in the belligerent armies hun-  
dreds of pens are at work writing despatches,  
orders, and accounts. Thousands of scribes all  
over the world are scratch, scratching away, and  
millions of readers pore over the facts and specu-  
lations that groaning presses vomit forth in a  
dozen tongues. In short, a war produces the  
most intense literary activity all over creation.  
Volumes have been written already on the Bat-  
tle of Montebello. Yet we find nothing in all  
that has been issued so forcible and graphic as a  
line from Lannes, describing the carnage in his  
ranks caused by the Austrian batteries in the  
Montebello of 1800—fifty-nine years before the  
recent engagement at the same place. "I could  
hear," said the French hero, "I could hear the  
bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-  
storm."

In these stirring times we sadly miss the pen  
of Russell, the Crimean war correspondent of the  
London Times, and we learn with regret that  
physical injuries have prevented his repairing to  
the field. We find, however, some indemnity in  
the spirited letters of French correspondents in  
Italy. Take for instance, the following picture  
of the camp of the 3d Zouaves, those terrible  
Zouaves who threw away their cartridges before  
going into action, because they chose the cold  
steel and a hand to hand encounter with the  
Austrians:

"Their tents were near the artillery of the  
guard and the 4th Chasseurs. It was a little  
corner of the great picture of war. The canvas

city had that regularity, that animated order, that  
picturesque and lively movement, which speaks  
of discipline and gaiety, and a certain adventur-  
ous spirit which is highly attractive. Little, nar-  
row squat tents, reserved for subaltern officers,  
neighboring ones vast and ample, where captains  
and commandants were lodged, others spacious  
and conical, where five soldiers slept, extended  
in long and regular lines; groups of Zouaves  
were conversing in a low tone round a candle,  
still occupied with their recent campaigns in  
Africa; some were smoking pipes, apart and  
silent; two or three read letters, lying on the  
ground in corners, and plunged into thoughtful  
reverie; they were thinking of home, their com-  
panions singing choruses. The choruses died  
away and sleep came on them. Here and there  
under canvas, a little lamp shone on the hand of  
a Zouave who was writing his last letter. There  
was little noise and great order; each battalion  
had its place. As the shadows of night dark-  
ened, you saw red sparks kindling in the air  
along the tents, showing that promenaders were  
enjoying the solace of a cigar. Then these  
sparks went out one by one, the bivouac fires  
died out, the regimental mules bit and kicked  
each other, and struggled to break their tethers.  
Farther on, the Arab horses of the officers pawed  
up the earth with their shoes, sniffed the breeze  
which had no longer the hot smell of the desert,  
and shook their manes above the tense ropes.  
Further yet, heavy and strong artillery horses  
were ranged near the wagons of field guns.  
Sentinels paced to and fro with a firm and  
slow step. The stacked muskets gleamed forth  
on the night. At intervals the shrill neighing of  
horses was heard."

These are the men who plunged headlong  
into the fire at Montebello, heedless of the iron  
and leaden storm that poured into their ranks,  
rushed upon the Austrian columns with the  
steel, and justified the declaration of their em-  
peror, that, in spite of the new arms of precision,  
the bayonet was still the terrible weapon of the  
French infantry.

## LITTLE, BROWN &amp; Co.'s BRITISH POETS.

It is almost superfluous to speak of Little,  
Brown & Co.'s elegant and perfect 12mo. edi-  
tion of the British Poets, from Chaucer to  
Wordsworth, for they have become household  
books and companions in this country. Elegant  
as they are, they are also afforded at a reasonable  
price, 75 cents a volume, and the purchaser is  
not required to buy the whole set, but may select  
what volumes he chooses; a great advantage,  
since many readers have already satisfactory  
editions of some of the poets in their libraries.  
These works are carefully edited, and to each is  
assigned a biography, critical notes, and an au-  
thentic portrait of the author. Of the typo-  
graphical beauty and literary accuracy of this  
edition, the most flattering things have been said  
by the most competent authorities, and we have  
rarely witnessed such complete unanimity among  
critics as this Boston enterprise has elicited.  
The size of the books is no unimportant feature  
of the publication, in these days of travel, when  
not "those who run may read," but those who  
spend many hours of their lives on the railroads  
must read. These little 12mo., clear-type vol-  
umes may be carried in the pocket readily, and  
will serve to beguile and enlighten many an  
otherwise weary and unprofitable hour.

"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the  
Gulf."—We have just issued the eleventh edition  
of this famous story, full of large original illus-  
trations. It is the best novelette Professor In-  
gram ever produced, and was written expressly  
for this establishment. We will send it post paid  
to any part of the country by return mail, on the  
receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

SONORA.—The Washington correspondent of  
the Baltimore Sun says recent and authentic ac-  
counts show the Mexican State of Sonora to be  
utterly incapable of supporting a civilized popu-  
lation, but as abounding in minerals which it  
would be too expensive to mine.

GOOD!—The New York Post tells of a mid-  
dle-aged gentleman who left off smoking twenty-  
five years ago, and has put in the bank what two  
or three cigars per day would have cost him, and  
now finds the amount \$2590. Go ye, who  
smoke, and do likewise.

SEE TO YOUR FRUIT TREES.—If you have  
omitted to dig about and dung your fruit trees,  
omit it no longer. Labor judiciously expended  
on fruit trees will meet with a large reward.

SINGULAR.—Bissel Davis, while looking at  
Carlinecourt's balloon ascension from Utica, be-  
came so excited that he went into a fit, which re-  
lapsed into madness, and resulted in death.



## DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE.

Deriving most of our views of French character and manners either from English sources, or from French plays and novels, we are apt to imagine that the domestic virtues have no root in France, and that in this respect they are far below their neighbors across the channel. A late English writer, however, has had the manliness to take a different view of this matter, and to tell his countrymen some things about their Gallic neighbors which will make them open their eyes, if not get a little angry. He says: England is a very boastful country, but there is not one of her many boasts so highly cherished, yet so utterly unfounded, as that of her domestic ties. I know that in saying this I call down thunderbolts upon my head. I care not—truth is more precious than popularity. But to prove it; and first between husband and wife. Has any one, who has lived longer in France than the author, ever heard of a husband, in any class of life, beating his wife, knocking her about with his fists, brutally asserting his superior strength, and taking advantage of her weakness, as we hear of every day, in every class in England? And if to this it be answered that the husband abroad inflicts a far worse than bodily injury on his wife, and lavishes his love on some wretched mistress, I reply that I do not uphold their morality, only their domesticity. Again, as between parent and child; where, tell me, do you see in England that tender affection, respect and devotion, which we have seen a thousand times abroad in sons and daughters? Would it not appear even ridiculous to our cold eyes, if a dashing young dandy, starting in his cabriolet for his club, were to press a kiss upon the father's brow each time he left the house? Or where do you see in England generation after generation content to live together in the same house? Is it not almost a rule that the young married couple shall install themselves rather in wretched lodgings than in the same house with their parents? Nay, the love of honor from each child to parent is so strong in France, compared to England, that it is this which partly accounts for the number of made-up marriages; as many a son and daughter would rather marry a "cannibal at once than oppose the will of a father or mother."

**GENTLE HINTS.**—The editor of the Brandon (Miss.) Republican, notifies the public that hereafter no gentleman need expect to receive his paper "more than twenty-five years without paying for it." He winds up with the following philosophical announcement: "Those who may wish to renew their notes, can do so by writing out new ones for the amount on buckskin, as paper, though not used, will mould, and the ink on it will fade."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE is before us for July, and a choice number it is. The twelve original illustrations this month, and the admirable article which accompanies them, are alone worth the price of the work for a whole year, to say nothing of the exceedingly laughable pictures at the close of the number. Mr. Ballou has demonstrated that an elegant magazine, finely illustrated, with one hundred pages of original tales, sketches and valuable reading matter in each number, can be furnished for one dollar a year! Take our advice, enclose one dollar to M. M. BALLOU, 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass., and receive the cheapest publication in the world by return of mail.—*Western Star, Lanesboro.*

**A STRANGE DEATH.**—A few days since, a gentleman residing at Middletown, Conn., died. He stuck a pen-knife blade into the palm of his hand, which caused intense pain, and, while walking in his garden, he fell in a nervous spasm, and being borne into the house, failed rapidly till he died.

**FIREWORKS.**—Our young readers should make haste to supply themselves with their usual quantum of "Fireworks" for the evening of the Fourth of July. The place to call at is Holden, Cutter & Co's, 32 and 36 Federal Street. See their advertisement.

**MUSIC PUBLISHERS.**—A convention of music publishers of the United States has been held at Baltimore, the object of which is to establish a standard of prices, and to encourage engraving in lieu of printed music.

**FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.**—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

**DIGGING FOR GINSENG.**—In some portions of Minnesota, the people are largely engaged in digging ginseng roots.

## WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED.

This splendid work has been issued in the form of a large 4to volume of 1750 pages by George and Charles Merriam, corner of Main and State Streets, Springfield. It is strongly and elegantly bound, and contains no fewer than fifteen hundred engraved illustrations of natural history, heraldry, antiquities, fine arts, numismatics, mechanics, marine architecture, etc. The style in which this massive work is issued is a monument of the enterprise and liberality of the publishers. But the subject matter is worthy of the splendid and substantial dress in which it has been clothed. It is a *resumé* of the life-long labors of Noah Webster, the *magnum opus* of a protracted life devoted to philological studies. It has been carefully edited, revised and enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College, who furnished a most pleasing and satisfactory memoir of the great American lexicographer. The essay on language which is among the prefatory matter is brilliant and profound. This complete dictionary of the English language must remain a standard of Etymology, Pronunciation and Definition. The differences between Webster's Orthography and that of some other lexicographers have been hotly discussed, but we would take occasion here to remark, that those differences concern only a very few words in the whole language, and that Webster claims to have established on true principles, a philosophical system of spelling. In this edition, moreover, only those orthographical changes proposed by Dr. Webster which have been sanctioned by general adoption are admitted, and hence the only objection to his dictionary ever made has been removed. We might expatiate through columns on the merits of this great work, but we should sum up all in the declaration that to every writer and speaker of English it is indispensable.

## HIDDEN USES.

It is curious to see the uses to which, through the aid of chemistry, many substances hitherto regarded as useless, are now applied. Thus, the bones that used to be thrown away, unless sufficiently large and good for the turner, are now sedulously preserved; either the mill grinds them up to a powder for manure, or the chemist extracts phosphorus and other valuable matters from them. The soot, and sweepings, and sewerage, which were formerly such a nuisance, and which are even so now to those who are slow to avail themselves of modern discoveries, are precious stores to the chemist, whence he obtains products often of singular beauty and usefulness. Blood, lime, charcoal and other substances used in the refining of sugar, were formerly consigned to the dust-heap or other refuse depository when the refining was completed. Not so now, however, for the additions they have acquired in the process render them actually more valuable than in the former pure state. The gas companies used to be at some considerable trouble to get rid of their refuse ammoniacal liquors; but chemistry has created a profitable market for this liquid. The water in which fleeces are washed, becomes impregnated with the greasy impurities with which the wool filaments are coated, and this water used to be thrown away; but now, by adding a little alkali to it, a kind of soap is produced which is available in the subsequent scouring operations in the woolen manufacture.

**JEFFERSON, THE COMEDIAN.**—Mr. Joseph Jefferson will leave for England shortly, having, it is said, been engaged, through the instrumentality of Tom Taylor, to play *Asa Trenchard*, in "Our American Cousin," at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

**GENERAL INDEX.**—The reader will find the Index to the volume printed in this number, so that it may be conveniently cut out and placed at the commencement of the volume when it is bound.

**STARTLING.**—A New Haven man on a recent Sunday read one of Spurgeon's sermons, and on going to church heard the same sermon preached from the pulpit.

**KANSAS THEATRICALS.**—They have a National theatre in Leavenworth, Kansas, and are playing the "Mormons, or Life in Salt Lake City."

**A GOOD ONE.**—Why should spirit rappers not be admitted into the family circle? Because they turn the parlor into a *tap-room*.

## Clay-side Gatherings.

Minnesota papers state that there is a larger emigration pouring into that State this spring than at any time during the past two years.

The editor of the Louisville Journal has been shown the unusual natural phenomenon of an egg without any white, the whole contents of the shell being composed of yolk.

The Illinois Central Railroad has been successful in effecting a loan of \$750,000 in England. This, it is said, will give them all the money needed during the year.

A tin wedding was celebrated in Taunton lately, and the friends of the happy pair raised "the tin" pretty liberally. A crockery wedding which shall beat it all to smash, is talked of.

Dr. Irwin, United States Army, of Fort Buchanan, recently killed two antelopes, at a single shot, with a Colt's carbine, the distance being 300 yards. The ball passed through the heart of one animal and the liver of the other.

The patron has at last been defeated. Judge Sand has ruled that under the decision of the Court of Appeals, the patrons cannot maintain suits against the landholders. This is the landholders' first great victory, and it is thought will quiet the anti-rent excitement.

The First District School Board of New Orleans have resolved, "That hereafter no young lady teacher will be allowed to contract marriage, while occupying the position of teacher, and such an act on her part shall be virtually considered a resignation."

The Maine Charitable Mechanic Association will hold a public fair and exhibition in Portland, commencing on Thursday, the first day of September, 1859, to be displayed in the new City Building, now being erected. This is the largest building in the State.

Jacob Schiefferman, employed in a Chicago brewery, went into an empty beer vat to clear it out, when by mistake the boiling beer from another vat was let in upon him, and before he could be rescued he was so terribly scalded that he lived but a short time.

Some public spirited citizens of Boston have secured an historical painting by Copley, which is now on its way to this city. It cost \$8000, and its subject is "King Charles I. demanding of the House of Commons the five impeached members."

The new Episcopal Bishop for the diocese of New Jersey is Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Odenheimer, Rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia. Dr. Odenheimer is about forty-five years of age, and is noted in the denomination as an eloquent speaker and able writer.

The following is from the Wilmington (N. C.) Mercury: "Persons wishing to see the editors will generally find them at the printing-office. In their absence, however, invitations to dine and challenges to fight, should be left either with the publisher or in our table drawer."

A short time since, a man attired simply in a blanket shawl, was parading in Syracuse, cursing dreadfully, but as he had the small pox no one dared arrest him. He finally started for the country, saying that "if the people of Syracuse did not like his style, they had better move out."

A large, eatable, cartilaginous fish, commonly called a sturgeon, was recently caught in the Red River of the North, in Minnesota, which measured seven feet in length. It is said a man once had his canoe capsized on that river by a fish; and a writer in a St. Paul paper wonders if whales do not come up there from Labrador!

Quite an exciting scene occurred at the Market Street depot, Newark, N. J., a short time since. As the cars were entering the depot, a little child, about three years old, ran directly under them. They were, however, running slowly, and the height of the cars from the ground allowing the child to stand upright beneath them, it was rescued without suffering any injury.

A sample of very excellent flour made in France from French wheat was recently exhibited on "Change in Albany." It was a sample of a shipment of 100 barrels sent to Montreal. The Albany Argus says: "Its purity of color and evenness and fineness of texture (if the expression may be used), commanded general admiration."

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, says: "Those who can afford it, should arrange to have each member of the family sleep in a separate bed. If persons must sleep in the same bed, they should be about the same age, and in good health. If the health be much unequal, both will suffer, but the healthier one the most—the invalid suffering for want of entirely pure air."

Three blocks of marble for the Washington Monument have lately arrived in this country, in Government vessels. One presented by the Government and Commune of the islands of Paros and Malos, Grecian Archipelago; another from the Temple of Esculapius, Island of Paros, presented by the officers of the United States frigate Saranac; and another from the Greek government.

Armstrong, one of the murderers of the mail-carrier, near Brantford, Canada, has made a full confession. During his lifetime he has robbed to the extent of \$15,000 in money and jewelry. The largest haul ever made was from the pursuer's office of the steamer Empire State, the sum stolen being \$2810. The robbery was effected by his dressing himself as a female and passing himself off as the wife of the cook of the boat.

## Sands of Gold.

... Science is the only edifice that never falls.—*M. Guizot.*

... The fame of a battle field grows with its years.—*R. A. Willmott.*

... A man cannot paint portraits till he has seen faces.—*Marmontel.*

... Honor's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.—*Ben Jonson.*

... Common souls pay with what they do; nobler souls with what they are.—*Emerson.*

... O, glorious childhood! When the senses are un worn, and the dew lies upon the grass.—*Hosae Ballou.*

... Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*

... Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment; and I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had had the management of it.—*Dr. Horne.*

... When God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal.—*Milton.*

... Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

... He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by—the world.—*Bishop Latimer.*

... Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

... There are three men, the priest, the notary, and the doctor, who are the depositaries of the most confidential secrets, and who always dress in black, as though they were in mourning for their lost illusions.—*H. de Balzac.*

... Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become then what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

... Nothing so elevates a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man. The worship she pays him, whether it be that of friendship or of love, exalts her mind, and fills her soul with a holy joy; there is nothing so degrading, so crushing to the spirit, as to be the slave of a churl.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

## Joker's Budget.

Lies are hitless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

Why are the young ladies of Paris like printed slips? Because they are *les belles* (labels).

Mrs. Partington says Ike has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a *decenter*.

A new sewing-machine to collect rents, mend manners, and repair family breaches, would find ready sale.

Can a lady in low spirits, who has frequent recourse to the Eau-de-Cologne bottle, be said to be sustained by *Farina* ceous food?

The man who went into a Quaker meeting with a hammer to break the silence was bound over to keep the piece.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!

For a whole month after the Misses Flirt got new mantillas they were at church three times a day.

It may be said in illustration of the sweetness and the sting of the English language, that its very alphabet begins with A B.

"I have never," says Cobbett, "quite liked baker's bread, since I saw a great, heavy fellow in a bake-house in France, kneading bread with his feet."

"May I come to see you this evening, miss?" "No." "To-morrow evening?" "No." "Sometime or other?" "No." "Well, you are a young lady of decidedly negative qualities."

A lady waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure everything. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

They have a sort of reptile in the torrid zone called the glass snake. It may be said, however, that glass snakes are very common outside of that zone. Many a convivial fellow in this region has felt their sting.

A housemaid in the country, boasting of her industrious habits, said that on a certain occasion she rose at four, made a fire, put on a tea-kettle, prepared breakfast, and "made all the beds," before a single soul was up in the house.

The French poet, M. Amand, was one day at an assembly where a prominent figure was a man with black hair on his head, and a white beard to his chin. A lady inquired of M. Amand if he could explain the contrast. "I suppose, madam," he replied, "the gentleman's chin does more work than his head."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SONNET—PURITY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

"The pure in heart," He said, "shall see their God;"  
Nor from those lips divine came words more blest,  
More fraught with promise of a heavenly rest  
For those who bow 'neath sorrow's chastening rod.  
Blessed the pure in heart! Beneath the sod,  
When the "long canker" of this life is done,  
When earth's steep, stony paths have all been trod,  
Meekly and reverently—when is run  
The weary race, then shall the body die,  
And mix its dust with dust wherefrom it came.  
To be forgotten, but the body flame,  
The soul of purity, shall soar on high,  
And its sweet heritage of bliss shall claim  
O, happy ye who know each Christ like word,  
And knowing, yet rejoice, the gloom of earth  
May blast each joy, may desolate each heart;  
But still, forever is the promise heard—  
The pure in heart shall gain a heavenly birth

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Maid of Presidio del Norte.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

THE Spanish settlement on the Rio Bravo, called the Fort of St. John the Baptist, or Presidio del Norte, was, in 1714, commanded by Don Pedro de Villesca, a noble Spaniard, who lived in a style of elegance befitting his station, and indicative of the gorgeous taste of his nation. One beautiful daughter, the Donna Maria, was all that remained to him. His wife and two noble sons rested a long while before, near the banks of their own golden sanded stream in sunny Spain.

Notwithstanding the pomp and splendor with which Don Pedro sought to invest his home, there was something insupportably dull in their establishment to the romantic girl, whose brain was filled with tales of lords and knights coming to woo ladies fair. She had watched, from the age of fifteen, for the hero who should come on a coal black steed, and throw himself at her feet; and she had more than once imagined the scorn with which she would turn away from him, and the trials to which she would subject him, at last to be rewarded with her beautiful hand.

Donna Maria had not studied old Spanish poetry and romance for nothing; but the brave cavalier who was to win her heart, had not yet come. She was surrounded only by old, ceremonious officers, who considered her a mere child, and who liked better to dine with her father than play the carpet knight in her boudoir—who preferred the sound of the hunting horn to the melodious tinkle of her lute. And, in view of all this, Donna Maria grew spiritless and sad, and thought herself the most unfortunate and desolate maiden in the world.

Cheer up, little lady, that sitst in thy bower alone, on this bland and genial day! Braid up thy raven hair, and don thy richest garment! Out upon the broad prairie a little fleet jennet, black as thy tresses, bears a young and noble cavalier; and to complete the charm, he is clad in mailed armor—a veritable knight. No fiery dragon or infuriated knight has met in his way, but from the hunting grounds there have been pointed hundreds of arrows, discharged by Indian rage and ferocity, and yet the hero rides on free!

La Mothe Cadillac, the Governor of Louisiana, had sent out a small band of Canadians, under the direction of Louis Saint Denis, in the hope of establishing some commercial relations between that State and the Mexican provinces. Young, brave and romantic, Saint Denis accepted the service, delighted to have an opportunity to behold those grand features of the western world which he had long desired to see.

With a friend named Jallot, who was a surgeon, Saint Denis set out on his expedition, considerably protecting his splendid figure with a suit of armor, and selecting an animal, for his own special riding, that could scarcely be matched this side of Arabia for strength and swiftness.

A balmy evening, succeeding a warm day, brought the travellers to Presidio del Norte. Don Pedro performed the part of a most hospitable host, and the daughter, now fairly waked up from all dullness, signified to her duenna that she was now old enough to see company. To the dismay and indignation of the old woman, who had designed to call her a child for five years to come, Donna Maria dressed herself magnificently and entered the room, where her

father's guests were conversing with him, and took her place at the table.

The father turned his eyes upon her with an expression of love and pride, and introduced her to his guests. To the young surgeon, Jallot, who was wholly devoted to his profession, the lady possessed no charms. It was said of Jallot, that he never was in good humor except when he was tending a wound; and the beautiful form of Donna Maria was probably far less interesting to him than if it had been pierced by an arrow from the Camanche Indians, who had troubled the band so much in their journey hither.

A mightier arrow than the Indians had pierced the heart of the girl. From the moment she looked upon Saint Denis, she loved him; and, happily, the sentiment was mutual. Literally, it was love at first sight with both; and it was not long before Donna Maria, who had never before had an offer, except from the old Governor of Caouis, Don Gasparde Anaya, received the full assurance of the most devoted affection from the hands of Saint Denis.

To this very person had Don Pedro referred the ambassador of Governor Cadillac, as a superior officer to himself, and who could arrange any commercial relations much better; and while waiting for the answer of Don Gasparde, Saint Denis had ample time and opportunity to prove the strength of his love.

The Governor of Caouis received Villesca's message, and inquired carefully of the messenger the appearance and bearing of Saint Denis. Stung with the description of his handsome face and figure, and with his recent dismissal by Villesca's daughter, he forwarded instructions to the latter to deliver up his guest to a band of twenty-five men whom he sent to bring him to Caouis. Arriving there, he was thrown into prison.

On day Saint Denis was pacing his cell, and devising a hundred schemes for his escape, when the door opened, and a man, somewhat advanced in life and of a most ferocious aspect, entered. His rich dress and haughty air told the prisoner who was his visitor. He knew at once that it must be Anaya.

"You desire freedom above all other things, do you not?" he asked St. Denis.

"Certainly."

"You shall have it. You can be free this very hour, if you will be so."

For a moment the heart of St. Denis believed it true. He stood aghast at the next words uttered.

"Give up the daughter of Villesca, restore to her the faith she has plighted you, and I will free you within the hour."

St. Denis made no answer. A single glance of his eagle eye told Anaya what he might expect, and, abashed in spite of his assurance, the governor of Caouis withdrew to give orders for more severity towards the prisoner.

"Beautiful Maria!" he wrote to the unhappy girl, "your low-born lover, now a prisoner in Caouis, is shortly to be put to death. You alone can save his life. Be my wife, and I release him to-morrow."

With a proud gesture, the noble girl said to the messenger, "Tell your master that I cannot marry him, because I love St. Denis, and that if he dies, this little Moorish dagger, my mother's gift, shall be planted in the middle of Anaya's dastardly heart whenever or wherever he may approach me."

Steadily regarding the messenger, without changing countenance, she delivered these words in a calm, clear voice, that, when reported to Anaya, made him pause before deciding upon any rash measure.

Meantime, the Castilian maid was planning her lover's escape. She found means to inform the viceroy of the captivity of a Frenchman—supposed a spy—whom Anaya was suspected of keeping secretly in prison for the sake of a ransom. The ruse was successful. Anaya received an order to send his prisoner to Mexico, at the peril of his head. Arrived at Mexico, he was again thrown into prison. Hope deserted him, and he became weak and emaciated, both from grief and privation.

One day there was a confused noise throughout the prison. It was whispered outside the cell, so loud that St. Denis caught the words, that the viceroy had sent an officer to examine into the condition of the prisoners and report. He entered the cell. "Who is this prisoner?" he asked of the jailer.

"Please, excellency, it is a fellow whom the governor of Caouis—"

Before he could finish the sentence, St Denis had started to his feet.

"I am a prisoner by oppression," he exclaimed. "I am Incheran St. Denis, a gentleman by birth. I seek justice from the viceroy!"

The officer ran towards him, put back the long hair from the prisoner's face and said, in a voice quivering with emotion, "St. Denis! St. Denis of the Royal College of France? He who left France for Louisiana?"

"The same."

"My God! is it you, my friend? Do you remember De Larnage, your companion at college?"

"Remember De Larnage! he was my best friend!"

"I am he. I entered the Spanish army and am now the viceroy's aide-de-camp. Jailor, strike off these chains. St. Denis, you are free!"

What a moment for the wasted and hopeless being that stood, half tottering, before the speaker! The pen has no power—the painter no color to give any representation.

In the hall of Montezuma, all gorgeous things were assembled that could please the eye or pamper the pride of Mexican power. There were talent and chivalry, diplomacy and romance, fair ladies and noble men, soldiers, statesmen, authors and heroes, and glittering gems, and rich garments, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia that pride loves to deck itself with. It was a festival day—the viceroy's own festival.

The guests walk through the hall, dazzled by its sumptuousness, but only half-content with the viceroy's absence; but when a sliding door is drawn aside and displays him sitting at the table with a select few around him, whom do we behold seated at his right hand, but the prisoner of Caouis and Mexico! Not pale and wasted now, but restored to the full vigor of his strength and beauty, St. Denis has attained, through the interest of his friend, De Larnage, to the dignity of the viceroy's favorite.

Lodged in the palace, and attended like a prince, St. Denis enjoyed the fullest confidence and friendship of his patron, a friendship which the wondering Mexicans could not understand. An offer from the viceroy of a high commission in the Spanish army did not tempt St. Denis from his allegiance to France. He confessed that he loved a Spanish lady, and the viceroy pledged himself to ensure her father's consent if he would but attach himself to the cause of Spain. In vain. The brave Frenchman remained true to the king he served, and trusted to himself to win Donna Maria from her father.

"You will not? Then, if you must leave me, may God bless you! Take this gold. It is your wedding gift. Yonder is my horse, valued beyond all price. He is yours, too. And now, chevalier, farewell."

An officer and dragoons escorted St. Denis to Caouis, where he experienced a great triumph, and found a great pleasure in the appearance of the surgeon, Jallot, who had remained there, waiting for the fate of St. Denis to be known. He had practised largely in his profession, and had once been summoned to the house of Don Gasparde Anaya, who was ill. He found him in a terrible state, and told him plainly that he would not live a month unless an operation was performed, which he described as being very severe. Don Gasparde consented to have it done, and asked when he would perform it.

"Never!" said Jallot, "you may die first. I will not prevent you. Remember St. Denis!"

No threat or entreaty could make him perform the operation. Just before St. Denis arrived, the governor had sworn to hang Jallot, but the people would not so readily give up their beloved physician, and threatened to hang the governor himself if he persisted.

St. Denis waited upon Don Gasparde immediately on his arrival. Surprise, rage and dismay were pictured on the governor's face. He was in bed when he entered. St. Denis opened a paper and read the viceroy's command to inflict any punishment he chose, short of death itself, upon Anaya for his breach of trust. The wild eyes looked up in terror, and he besought St. Denis for the mercy he had refused to him.

After he had begged long enough, St. Denis generously destroyed the letter before his eyes. Then turning to Jallot, who had accompanied him, he requested him to perform the operation on the governor, which he had before refused.

Jallot groaned aloud.

"Must I cure that gallows-bird, my friend? That is hard."

"But it will oblige me, Jallot."

"Will it? O, then I consent."

He did it admirably, giving almost instant relief. The governor proffered an ample, nay, a princely fee, which Jallot threw back indignantly. "I only saved your life out of spite," said the surgeon, contemptuously. "I have only cheated the gallows for a short time."

Noon at Presidio del Norte. The beautiful Donna Maria looked forth from her lattice, and saw a horseman coming up the long hill that led to the palace. The beauty of the animal caught her eye. Such perfect symmetry and such paces she had not seen since the old time in Spain, when she, a light-hearted child, used to ride on her brave little Spanish jennet, with old Juan holding the bridle. As it approached, her attention wandered from horse to rider. An air of mingled nobleness and grace distinguished him, and she thought he resembled St. Denis. But months had passed, and she knew not where was he who shared her brief dream of happiness. He came nearer—nearer. It was he! Donna Maria uttered a joyful shriek, and the next moment she was in the arms of St. Denis.

There was trouble at the settlement when St. Denis arrived. The Indians of the five frontier villages had become irritated by the outrages of the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to annoy them. Don Pedro owned himself to blame for his lax government, and apprehended that the viceroy might punish his neglect. St. Denis offered to go after the Indians and induce them to return. Don Pedro received his proposal with the most lively gratitude. "If you succeed in bringing them back, I will refuse nothing which you can ask me," said the distressed old man.

No words can describe the emotion which St. Denis experienced at hearing these words. What had he to ask except the one treasure which he scarcely dared to speak of? And if that were denied, what was all the wealth of Don Pedro Villesca, or even of the viceroy himself? But he generously forbore to speak of his own love now; and springing on the good steed which had brought him, he went off in the direction of the Indians.

On the brow of the hill St. Denis looked down upon a long train of men, women and children, who were straggling painfully along, and apparently fainting with fatigue. He took out his handkerchief and waved its white folds. A moment more and he had dashed down the slope, where the Indians, who had seen his signal, awaited his coming.

He pleaded in the language of nature for their return; assured them that leaving the graves of their children would one day make them sad and sorrowful, when it was too late to return to them, and satisfied them that the governor had already seen his error and would repair it. His eloquence and noble appearance vanquished them completely. In half an hour they were ascending the hill, and St. Denis was riding at their head. Returning, he met Jallot, who had set out upon the ugliest and slowest animal he could find, and which he was now urging forward with desperate struggles.

Don Pedro met St. Denis with all the gratitude and cordiality he could desire; and when Donna Maria came into the room, without waiting to be asked, he took her small hand and placed it in that of her lover.

The little church of Presidio del Norte is crowded with eager faces. The aisles and galleries bend with the weight of persons collected to witness the bridal; and long before the hour they sit waiting, or throng around the doors of the church. Everywhere is plenty. On the green are long tables loaded with abundance. Wine flows freely, and rich fruits and delicately-made dishes abound. It is a day of jubilee.

And lo! at the eastern door the handsome cavalier leads in his veiled bride—fit representatives of Youth and Beauty. They kneel at the altar, and the white-robed priest clasps his hands above their heads and proclaims them a wedded pair.

At the feast, the viceroy's gifts deck the board in quantities of gold and silver plate; and at the conclusion, when St. Denis rises to offer his thanks to his assembled friends, the viceroy's health is drank, standing, by the whole company.

In August, 1716, St. Denis returned to Mobile with his beautiful bride, where he received a commission as captain in the French army, as a reward for the perils and imprisonment he had encountered in the service of the government.



## FRENCH EMPRESS IN MORNING COSTUME.

We publish herewith a very interesting portrait of the Empress Eugenie in morning costume. She is so beautiful and attractive, that we never tire of looking at her portraits, and wonder not that artists have represented her in so many different dresses, and under so many different aspects. She is charming in them all; and, as she is as spirited and amiable as she is beautiful, she is hailed as "Queen of Hearts" as well as Empress of the French. Before her marriage, the Countess de Montijo was noted for the innocent frankness of her manners, and the exuberant gaiety of her spirits, but not a breath of malevolence dared to sully her reputation, and since her elevation to the imperial dignity, she has shown herself as well-fitted to grace a court as to be the ornament and idol of the private circle. In all feminine accomplishments she is well versed, and in her love of field sports of riding and shooting, she emulates the most spirited of English ladies. She is always, however, lady-like, and whether reviewing a brigade on parade, or bringing down a pheasant in the preserves of Fontainebleau, there is not the slightest coarseness and vulgarity in her manner. She is now acting as Regent of France, and we see lately that a noble guard of honor has been instituted, to be specially attached to her person. While this adds to her dignity, it is not necessary to her safety, for in the chivalric nation over whose government she now presides, there is scarcely a man who would not protect her with his life. She needs no hireling gards-du-corps to shield her with their bayonets and sabres; she is secure in the attachment of those who know her to be a good and true woman. Even the fiercest of Red Republicans, the most inveterate haters of her husband's person and policy, never had an evil thought of her, and should a revolution sweep over France, she at least would be safe from insult and injury.

## LAKE OF FETZARA IN ALGERIA.

The lake of Fetzara, or, as the Arabs call it, Gerah Fetzara, is situated between Philippeville, Bone and Guelma, in the province of Constantine. It is a sheet of water of considerable extent, and is famous as the rendezvous of numerous tribes of birds, which periodically resort thither, certain of finding food in the submarine plants that cover the surface of the lake. Before the conquest of Algeria by the French, the myriads of the feathered tribe that frequented the spot, was something incredible, the Arabs having no notion of shooting for the simple sake of shooting. But no sooner were the French masters of the country, than an incessant fusillade told fatally among the flocks of birds, and had not the governor-general interfered to prevent such wanton slaughter, the depopulation of Fetzara would have been imminent. A tourist, who lately made an excursion on the lake, thus describes a scene he witnessed, and which is depicted in our engraving:

"Imagine to yourself an island about twelve acres in extent, entirely covered with tamarisk trees, and no earth to be seen, the whole being submerged by three feet and a half of water. The tops of the trees rise to the height of six or eight feet above the surface, and are knit and interlaced together in a most remarkable manner, the boughs being covered with deposits of guano. What gives an extraordinary appearance to this

apparently floating wood, is the countless number of nests that are built on every twig that gives sufficient space, or has sufficient strength to bear them. I have seen as many as eight or ten on a single branch, not thicker than a man's arm."

The variety of species met with on this lake is astonishing; there may be seen congregated together, herons, king-fishers, grebes, all kinds of ducks, starlings, birds of Paradise, etc., etc. In fact, Fetzara may be looked upon as a "united happy family" more numerous than any other known, a sort of, natural grouping of birds not usually harmonious in their associations.

## FOUNTAIN OF NATURAL GAS.

During a late tour through Western Canada, I visited some curious wells, which had been dug during the past season. They are in the township of Howard, about 15 miles southeasterly from Chatham, and two of them are about 200 yards apart. They were dug of the ordinary size, about 30 feet, and then bored about 50 feet more, when a stream of gas rushed up suddenly, with a roaring sound that could be heard a far-long distant. A man ventured into one of the wells, but was suffocated with the vapor and fell to the bottom. Another man was lowered to save him, but was obliged to withdraw twice be-

fore he succeeded in fastening a rope to the body of the first, who was dead when withdrawn.

A tube long enough to reach above the top of the ground, was made and driven into the hole, and the well bricked up. It was soon filled with water to within about ten feet of the top, the gas escaping through the tube, and the water clear and without any bad taste. But in a short time the gas commenced rising through the water, which it keeps in a state of constant ebullition as in a kettle over a brisk fire; the water rising near one side of the well and rolling towards the other side—and having very much the appearance of dirty soapuds. No smell is apparent at the top of the well, and the water when drawn from it soon settles, and becomes clear and pleasant to the taste.

The other well exhibited nearly the same phenomena, and as they were unwilling to risk life in it, has been filled with earth, but the gas still rises through the mud, and has formed for itself three apertures, or craters, at the surface, the largest being of oval shape, 10 by 18 inches in diameter, the bottom being mud about the consistency of thick butter, and the gas rises through it in bubbles with such force as to throw blotches of mud upwards and outwards a distance full four feet. I saw it only in the daytime, but was told that it could be ignited with a match, and that it would burn for a long time.

A friend who has since visited it, writes thus: "I think it is the grandest sight I ever saw. We visited it about midnight. We saw the light sometime before we reached the house, and were informed that the gas had ignited of itself, or by means unknown to the family. There are three openings in the top of the well, the largest about the size of a pail. From the largest ascends a flame about three feet high, which burns very clear, and as bright as a heap of shavings. From the other apertures the flame was smaller, but equally bright, and all over the surface of the well are cracks through which issue a flame resembling burning sulphur."

About seven miles from Chatham there is another well dug in the same manner as the above described, which exhibits nearly the same phenomena, and in which, although the water in and above the clay is very hard, the water is as soft as rain water, and is drawn to quite a distance in summer, by the neighbors, for washing purposes. The gas in this well has been on fire several weeks at a time.—Correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser.

## WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educational power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the most important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—Emerson.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN MORNING COSTUME.

THE LAKE OF FETZARA, ALGERIA.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JENNY MAY.

BY ANNIE LINDA HATZ.

Ah bonnie, bonnie Jenny May  
Your songs are all in vain,  
For my heart's love has passed away,  
And thoughts return again  
Of one who sang in days "lang syne,"  
Those happy songs of yore  
But ah, that voice is silent now,  
And sings on earth no more.

So hush each note that once he loved,  
Sing not the "dying girl"  
Although your lips are coral red,  
Your teeth like rows of pearl,  
I cannot bear to hear the words  
He sang that bright June day;  
So cease your notes, your thrilling song,  
My bonnie Jenny May.

## THE FUNERAL.

And this is all! The long proud colon's pride,  
The planned hearse, the hutchment, and the pall,  
The tear of sorrow doth outweigh them all—  
One drop overflowing from affection's tide,  
Such had been here The last of a long life  
In the dim chamber of the tomb was laid,  
The seeming of regret had been displayed

Coldly—most coldly near his burial place  
The mourners passed and said adieu, but one was there  
Her pale face in her music almost hid,  
And her heart swelling with a voiceless care,  
She dropped a flower upon his coffin lid,  
Thus, the true sorrow o'er that stately dead  
Was that young orphan's, whom his bounty fed.

## LOVE'S QUESTION.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?  
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,  
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?—Young.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

It would be especially interesting to be in Paris about these days, and witness the excitement that the war is creating, now that the fever has thoroughly taken. The noisiest and most demonstrative of the population are most emphatically in favor of the war—the terrible men of the faubourgs—while the *bourgeois*—the cockneys, as we may call them—think rather more of depleted pockets than of glory. What thunder of drums must be roaring on the "Champ de Mars" How the old shattered wrecks of war at the Invalides must handle with excitement as they witness the promised repetition of the Titan deeds of the first Napoleon! How proudly the young conscripts, elevated with battery and brandy, must step out to the *bande* of the stormy drum and the blare of the brazen trumpet! Reeling battalions, "brinful of punch and glory," sway towards the railway stations! Tearful grandmothers cram the pockets of departing sons of Mars with comestibles! Aged men furtively wipe away a tear as they behold the receding columns of the "unreturning brave"—the pawns with which monarchs play the terrible chess-game of war! What a spectacle for the nineteenth century! When the promised period arrives when quarrelling nations settle their disputes by peaceful discussion, when fortresses and navies are dismantled, and the manufacture of arms ceases, we shall take especial care to inform our readers of the change. The commerce of China with the world is rapidly becoming an American monopoly. Sixty five per cent of the carrying trade between the China British port of Hong Kong, and all parts of the world, including the entire British, Home and Colonial Empire, is conducted in American ships. The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Hear how the poor Dutch landlord described his sufferings at the hands of one of these amiable beings: "Ter rowdy combed in and axed me to sell him sum peer. I tells 'im he had wote as would do 'im good. He call me von ole Tutch liar, and pegun to 'poke two tumpiers. My wife she call for de kick ouse. Fore de vatch ouse got dare, de rowdy he kick Hans Scraggle pehit his pack, kized my taugter Petye pefore her face. 'proke all ter tumpiers cept ter oil stone pitcher, and split my wife and lodder peer parrels town later ter cellar." A committee of the common council of Baltimore have reported in favor of allowing organ grinders to perambulate the street. They are decidedly in favor of encouraging "music for the million." A little girl showing her little cousin, a boy about four years of age a star, said "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." Says he, "no it ain't." "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?" said the little fellow. A marriage broker of Cincinnati, has just obtained a judgment of \$3 and costs for services rendered in procuring a husband for a widow. The landlord of a hotel entered, in an angry mood, the sleeping apartment of a delinquent boarder, and demanded payment, adding, angrily: "And I tell you now that you don't leave my house until you pay it!" "Good," said the lodger, "just put that in writing, make a regular agreement of it. I'll stay with you as long as I live." Hudson, the railroad king who was recently defeated in a county election in England, the Illustrated London News says, was not many years ago, a hussidrap at York, and might have lived and died as such; but the railway days came, and George Hudson, seeing that there was money to be made quicker in the share market than in the draper shop, rushed in to the arena, and not only made money to a fabulous amount but gained position and power—for a time. He was elected three times lord mayor of York; was made a

magistrate of two divisions of his county; chairman of some half dozen railways; and, in short, in the railway world was a king—the "Railway King." It was in 1845 that he was elected member for Sunderland. Soon after his election the panic came, and amongst thousands of other railway speculators, pulled down the "Railway King," and levelled his throne to the dust. His wealth vanished, his noble friends forsook him, his palace was deserted, and had it not been for the constancy of Sunderland, he would long since have dived under and been lost to view. A box containing a lot of wooden-soled shoes, which are supposed to date back to the time of William Penn, were exhumed in Philadelphia recently. The Spiritualists of Sturgis, Michigan, and vicinity, are to open a beautiful brick church, costing over \$3000. Courage may be shown elsewhere than in the battle-field. Have the courage to acknowledge your age to a day, and to compare it with the average life of man. Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a just one. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to set down every penny you spend and add it up weekly. Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your own glass, and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary. A Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times says two horses have recently died in France, aged 40 and 45 years—and the latter could trot nine miles an hour, within a year of his death. It is important to adopted citizens to know that, in reply to a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, Mr. Cass states that as the "French emperor claims military service from all natives of France found within its jurisdiction," naturalization in this country "would not exempt one who voluntarily repaired thither." A great crime is never perpetrated by one leap. Step by step along the frightful precipice, playing with the poisonous flowers on the brink, till at last one false step, and down forever falls the unhappy victim. The Bersaglieri, who are so often mentioned in connection with the Sardinian troops, are among the most dashing soldiers in the world. As their name indicates, they are riflemen, sharpshooters. In the battles between the Sardinians and the Austrians, in 1848-9, they were the most effective men who entered the contest. Their uniform consists of a very dark green frock coat, pants of the same color, and hat of a soft substance, in form like the "Kosuth." The only ornament to their head piece is a flat, flowing plume, composed of black cock feathers. Many of them from boyhood have been taught the use of the long rifle in the Alps of Savoy. They, in their hardy chase of the chamois, are almost unerring in their aim. In their bravery, dash and enterprise, they resemble the Texan rangers, while, saving the color of their uniform, they look, in their simple dress, like hunters on our Western plains. Under such leaders as Garibaldi and Cialdini, they will make their mark in the present war. A correspondent of the New York Tribune thus speaks of the disabilities of the Cubans: "The Cuban has no public career. If he removes to Old Spain, and is known as a supporter of Spanish royal power, his Creole birth is probably no impediment to him. But at home, as a Cuban, he may be a planter, a merchant, a physician, but he cannot expect to be a civil magistrate, or to hold a commission in the army, or an office in the police; and though he may be a lawyer, and read, sitting, a written argument to court or judges, he cannot expect to be himself a judge. He may publish a book, but the government must be the responsible author. He may edit a journal, but the government must be the editor-in-chief." The Paris Constitutionnel says: "As long as the Emperor Napoleon entertained the hope of maintaining peace, he was willing, for the sake of France, and of the world, to make any concessions. But the day on which he was constrained to draw the sword, he declared solemnly what he meant to do, and how far he would go—namely, that as Austria had confiscated the independence of all Italy all Italy should be independent to the Adriatic. The reign of Austria is about to cease, but it is not the rule of France that is to succeed—it is the reign of the Italians which commences." An Englishman, speaking of Fraser's River, said: "My opinion is, the mixing season is too short—the winter is too long, and in summer the river is too high, yer know; so wat can a man expect to do 'ere, hany 'ow." The Corriere Mercantile of Genoa publishes the following proclamation, addressed by the Hungarian exiles to their countrymen: "Magyars! The Italians are your brethren! Recollect 1849, when the Sardinian government, notwithstanding its difficulties, extended a friendly hand to you—the only one offered to you in all Europe! Austria will, by a thousand promises, seek to induce you to fight for her. Do not forget that Italy is fighting for her independence, and that the principle proclaimed by her is also ours. Recollect that Austria, when the danger is passed, will not recollect her promises. Magyars! The Italians and we are oppressed by the same yoke. Brethren in slavery, let us aid each other in reconquering liberty. In laboring for the cause of Italy you will promote your own." Queen Victoria's son, Prince Alfred, while in Jerusalem, was graciously permitted to visit the Mosque of Omar, one of the most sacred temples of the Mohammedans. While returning from the mosque, a Turkish woman threw a large stone from the roof of a house directly at his head. If it had hit his temple, where it was aimed, the travels of the prince would have ended very near the site of Solomon's temple. It turns out that the "Vegetable Wax" of Japan, about which so much has recently been said in the papers, is nothing more nor less than the product of the common myrtle bush, to be found in every roadside thicket in North Carolina. A letter from Park says: "All the spring and summer costumes will be accompanied by a profusion of jewelry. Gems glitter at the entertainments of watering-places as much as in the ball-rooms of Paris. Many bracelets cover the arms; corals, chisel gold and enamelled ornaments are in good taste, even when worn with the morning costume. The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut

him in two instant. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog. Col. Fuller writes from London that Victoria, beyond all question, a model wife and mother, as well as a most virtuous and gracious queen. Her subjects love her so well that no radical republican wit dares to caricature or satirize her. Quite different is it with Prince Albert, who is often *Punched*, when the dear little queen says, in her wife-like affectionateness—"Why don't they ridicule me instead?" A young man in Wisconsin recently committed suicide because he could not get his raft through Yellow River. He told his friends that if he couldn't run a raft through the Yellow River without getting stuck he would hang himself. He got stuck and then kept his word. The British Parliament has passed an act to grant facilities to provide recreation-grounds for adults and playgrounds for children. Corporations and parishes may now provide such places, which the act declares to be much required, and benevolent individuals may bequeath property not exceeding £1000 in amount for such purposes. Regulations are to be made for the recreation and playgrounds to be formed. The Milwaukee papers say that never since the State was settled has there been such agricultural activity. There is hardly an acre fit for the plow that has not been put under cultivation in some way, and a tremendous crop is expected. The city council of Quebec have taken steps to place a public drinking fountain in every market place in that city. A Paris journal says that the pope, on receiving the Duke of Grammont, recently, as the bearer of a letter from the Emperor Napoleon promising him protection, his holiness, holding up a crucifix, observed, "Behold my only support." It was said of a crafty Israelite, who deserted the Hebrew faith, without embracing that of the Christians, and yet endeavored to make both parties subservient to his selfish views, that he resembled the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither, and making a cover of both.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The Sardinians continue to achieve successes, and Garibaldi, in especial, has earned the fame of the most daring partisan leader of modern times. He appears as reckless of odds against him as when he cut his way out of Rome in 1849. The terms offered by the British government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company are eight per cent. guarantee on the stock for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of 100 words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for government messages transmitted over the cable—original arrangement for \$14,000 per annum to stand good. The company, in return, to surrender exclusive privilege to land cable on the coast of Newfoundland.—It is rumored that Louis Napoleon will return to France in August, but it is difficult for a man engaged in a fierce campaign to say when he will return—if ever.—Miss Florence Nightingale is in a precarious state of health, but the Advertiser contradicts the report of her having entered a convent.—Masses of siege artillery and ammunition continued to be shipped at the port of Marseilles for the seat of war.—The position of Germany is regarded with great anxiety—on its action depends the question of universal war in Europe. It is provided by an article of the Germanic Confederation in case such a State is threatened or attacked in its possessions outside of the Confederation, the obligation to take measures of common defence, to participate in the war or to furnish help, is only incumbent on the Confederation if the Diet, after having deliberated in limited council, finds in the plurality of votes that there is danger for the federal territory. Austria is intriguing to secure a majority in the Diet.

## English Preparations.

The English papers contain a number of paragraphs relative to the movements of the militia and yeomanry corps, indicating considerable activity amongst those branches of the home defences. The United Service Gazette says: "An order has been issued for the removal of the military stores lying in the tower moat. We consider this is preparatory to serving out the 50,000 muskets which the gentlemen from the war-office told the commission were useless—excepting in case of an invasion." The 18th company of royal engineers is to put the line of coast in the neighborhood of Weymouth in a state of defence, and to erect batteries and earthworks for mounting heavy guns. In the neighborhood of Southampton, also, preparations are making for the erection of defences. The corps of royal engineers is to be strengthened, and recruiting is ordered for that purpose.

## A Sign of the Times.

The proprietor of one of the gastronomic establishments in Marseilles has ornamented his signboard with a new sketch, representing a chasseur of Vincennes sitting quietly on a bank smoking his pipe, with his rifle lying on the ground beside him; in front of him and at a short distance are two Austrian grenadiers with their muskets on the charge, and between whom and the Frenchman the following short colloquy is supposed to take place: "Well, my little Frenchman, will you not attack us?" "No; I am waiting until there are six of you!" This warlike and attractive sign has had its effect, for all the soldiers make it a point of honor to give that house a preference.

## Crops in France.

All the accounts received from the agricultural districts of France announce that the appearance of the crops is magnificent, as far as regards corn and hay. Unfortunately, the same observation does not apply to the vines. The frost last month caused much damage. Accounts from Valencia, in the India, state that the frosts destroyed nine-tenths of the buds on the vines. The vine growers are in despair, seeing the prospect for the next vintage so bad.

## The late Marquis of Waterford.

It is intended to erect a monument to this nobleman; and the subject has been referred to the Earl of Howth, Lord St. Lawrence, and Lord Ingleton. One idea that has been suggested is, the erection of a bronze equestrian statue, which would cost about £1500, in the domain of Curraghmore; another is, erecting such a monument in the centre of the people's park in Waterford; while a third is, to imitate the example lately set in the Wellington Memorial, and raise funds to build and endow an institution for the relief of jockeys or huntmen who are disabled by accident or overtaken by old age. Which of the three will be adopted we are not as yet informed, but the latter would be more consonant with the spirit of the age.

## The French Loan.

The *Moniteur* contains a report of the minister of finance respecting the new loan. The subscribed capital is 2307 million francs. 80 million francs have been subscribed in sums of 10 francs rente. The number of subscribers is 525,000. The report points out that such results prove the solidity of the French financial system, and the wealth, power and patriotism of France. They also show the intimate union of France and the emperor, and the entire confidence of the nation in the strength and wisdom of the sovereign who presides over its destinies.

## Louis Napoleon's Tent.

The tent occupied by the emperor in the campaign is a masterpiece of construction, so entirely does it combine comfort with lightness. It is the same which was to have served for the campaign in the Crimea, when it was contemplated that the emperor should proceed thither. His majesty has under the same canvas his bedroom, sitting-room, cabinet—in fact, a complete suite of rooms. The emperor's work-table is the one which was used by Napoleon I. in his immortal campaigns.

## Calcutta and London.

The South African Commercial Advertiser says: "The grand idea of connecting Calcutta with London by an electric wire is about to be realized, a portion of the cable, 900 miles in length, having already reached Table Bay. In a few months the capitals of India and England will be only a few hours apart, in point of time."

## An Ancient Tomb.

They have discovered, in the peninsula of St. Maurice Fosses de Paris, the tomb of a Celtic chief, buried with his wife, his horse, and his arms, more than twenty-five centuries ago.

## The War Correspondent.

William Russell, the well-known correspondent of the London Times, has been lamed during his India experience by a fall from his horse. He was on his way to the seat of the Austrian war, but has returned.

## French War Songs.

The "Piemontaise," a new war-song much in vogue in Paris, contains a line that runs thus: "En guerra pour la liberte." Some regiments, it is said, chanted the Marseillaise on leaving the capital.

## A Family of Soldiers.

Five sons of the celebrated Count Casar Balbo are marching under the Sardinian Standard. One of them received a severe wound in the first skirmish with the enemy.

## Salviani the Artist.

At Palermo, the tenor Salviani, who sung some time since at New York, in the "Prophet," has been singing in "Travatore" and "Traviata."

## A Female Spy.

It is stated in the Turin papers that a female spy has been discovered in that capital by two of Garibaldi's soldiers.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LUTHER. By CHEVALIER BUNSEN. New York: Delisser & Proctor (successors to Stanford & Swends), 508 Broadway. 18mo. pp. 269.

Bunson's life of Luther in the Encyclopaedia Britannica is the best brief biography extant of the great reformer. It is here elegantly printed, and enriched by the addition of Carlyle's estimate of his genius and character and an appendix by Sir William Hamilton, with copious notes. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD. Sermons by CHARLES KINOSLEY. New York: Burt, Hutchinson & Abbey. 12mo. pp. 370. 1869.

Everything from the pen of the author of "Alton Locke" and "Hyppatia" is eagerly sought after. The sermons comprised in this volume are characterized by original thought, sincere and powerful eloquence. Boston: Bartlett & Miles, 58 Cornhill.

NEW STAR PAPERS: OF VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 403. 1850.

This volume will be warmly welcomed by thousands of the reading public who eagerly catch whatever falls from the pen of Mr. Beecher. It embraces a variety of topics, and many of them are handled with great felicity and vigor.

CHIMENA, THE QUEEN OF THE DANUBE. By the author of "Piccola." Translated from the French by ANNE T. WOOD. New York: Delisser & Proctor, 108 Broadway.

This highly interesting and romantic story is from the pen of Salustius, the author of that charming work "Piccola." The translation has been admirably executed by Mrs. Wood (formerly Miss Wilbur) with whose renditions of French stories the readers of the "Flag of Union" and the "Pictorial" are familiar. Although everybody now-a-days can read French yet very few have the ability of making translations from that language into pure and idiomatic English. Mrs. Wood is one of those few, and her style is as excellent as her translations are faithful.

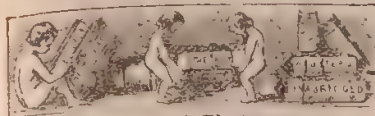
COUNTERPARTS OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE. By the author of Charles Auchester. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 8vo. pp. 252.

The brilliancy and merit of "Charles Auchester" were so great that we confess to have felt some misgivings in taking up the book before us. We were afraid of short-comings. But we have been most agreeably disappointed in the perusal. It is a work of high art, deeply interesting as a story, admirable in its denunciation of charlatans and descriptions. "It is a 'sensation book' but the emotions it excites are of the right kind. The book is got up in a very neat style.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## "GET THE BEST" WEBSTER UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL EDITION!



## WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY. NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.

We have just issued a new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, containing

**1500 Pictorial Illustrations,**  
BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED,

9000 to 10,000 New Words in the Vocabulary.

**Table of Synonyms, by Prof. Goodrich,**  
in which more than two thousand words are carefully discriminated, forming a fuller work on English Synonyms of itself, than any other issued, beside Crabb, and believed in advance of that.

Table giving Pronunciation of Names of 8000 Distinguished Persons of Modern Times,

Peculiar Use of Words and Terms in the Bible, With other New Features, together with all the Matter of Previous Editions.

**In One Volume of 1750 Pages.**  
**PRICE \$6.50.**

Specimen Pages of Illustrations and other new features will be sent on application to the publishers. Will be sold by all Bookellers.

✓ "GET THE BEST" GET WEBSTER.

**G. & C. MERRIAM,**  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## GREAT WORK ON CATTLE, AND THEIR DISEASES.

BY DR. GEORGE H. DADD, V.S.,

Author of "Modern Horse Doctor," etc., etc.

This valuable book is now in press, and will be published by us about the first of July. It is without doubt the most thorough work on Cattle yet offered to the American people, and the most valuable work from the pen of its distinguished author, whose reputation is world-wide.

It will be published in one handsome 12mo volume, with numerous illustrations. Price, \$1.25

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.**  
June 25 2w PUBLISHERS, 20 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

**NAMES CUT IN STENCIL PLATES, IN  
German Text, Italian, Roman &**



and the BEST INDELIBLE INK for marking clothing, etc., without sizing, at

**METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,**  
No. 45 1-2 Salem St., Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brands made to order. Brass Alphabets, Indelible Ink, Type, Thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for clothing cut in a few minutes at any time.

**THOMAS S. DROWNE,**

MANUFACTURER OF

**FINE GOLD JEWELRY, CHAINS, etc.**  
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,

No. 151 Washington Street, Boston.  
June 18 Repairing done promptly. 5w

**Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.**

BROWN'S Soda Water, drawn through Nichol's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, Brown's Root and Oat Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office. June 18

**WANTED.**

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and a letter. June 18

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.  
Hookset, N. H.

**WORTH THINKING OF.**—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

No. 22 Winter Street. M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

## THIS DAY PUBLISHED.

### THE NOVEL OF NOVELS, COUNTERPARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CHARLES AUCHESTER."

Old or Young, Rich or Poor, you must read

**COUNTERPARTS.**

If you intend travelling, get a copy of

**COUNTERPARTS.**

If you stay at home, get

**COUNTERPARTS.**

An elegant edition of

**COUNTERPARTS.**

In cloth.... Price, \$1.00.

A cheap edition of

**COUNTERPARTS.**

In paper.... Price, 50 cents.

**MAYHEW & BAKER,**

PUBLISHERS, 208 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Sold by all Bookellers

## THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR.

### COUNTRY LIFE.

BY R. MORRIS COPELAND, Esq.

Is now ready for subscribers and on sale at the book-stores.

**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,**

PUBLISHERS,

June 25 20 Washington St., Boston. 3w

## JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

**ELLIOT & WHITE,**

A fine fac-simile in Lithography, by D'Arignon, of the beautiful engraving

"THE PAST AND THE FUTURE."

COMPETENT critics pronounce it the finest drawing ever executed in this country. Regardless of margin, the size of the crayon is 15 by 19 inches, portrait style. The Proofs and Prints, on India, require a frame about 22 by 26 inches.

### PRICES.

Proofs on India, without letters.....\$2.00  
Prints on India, with letters, including poetry, etc., 1.50  
Prints on plain paper, for Grecian painting or framing.....1.25

Purchasers should be careful to obtain M. D'Arignon's representation of this subject. It may be found with printers generally.

Copies of this or any other print in our folio, which contains nearly four thousand different subjects, sent by mail or express, postpaid, on receipt of the publication price by

**ELLIOT & WHITE,**

PRINTSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS, 4w

June 19 322 Washington St., opposite Adams House, Boston.

**WILLIAM A. GREENE,**

FINE ART COMMISSION AGENT,

ROOM No. 21 MERCANTILE BUILDING,

No. 16 SUMNER STREET, BOSTON.

He will also devote attention to furnishing tasteful FRAMES for Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Photographs, Mirrors, etc.

A lot of Fine Engravings just received and on exhibition.

W. A. G. will wait on his customers at their residences or places of business, if desired.

Office hours from 11 A. M. to 8 P. M. may 14 copdm

## BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

**BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,**

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, **W. BOGLE**, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may 23

## BURGMULLER'S PIANO-FORTE SCHOOL.

A New Edition, handsomely bound in cloth. Price, \$2.00

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.,**  
277 WASHINGTON STREET

**SAMUEL MASURY,**

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4

## NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

**J. C. OSGOOD,**

10 WINTER STREET,

Has just received, and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine. 11 may 23

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

3m15 NO 3 WINTER STREET

## BUY THE BEST



**ANDREW LANERGAN'S**

(Successor to Sanderson & Lanergan)

## FIREWORKS.

**HOLDEN, CUTTER & Co.,**

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

32 & 38 Federal Street, and 107, 111, 113

June 11 Congress Street, Boston. 3w

**NORTHERN**

**Fire and Life Insurance Co.,**  
**OF LONDON.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Subscribed Capital.....\$6,398,000.

Paid up Capital and Surplus.....2,101,000.

Annual Revenue, nearly.....1,000,000.

FOR INSURANCE APPLY TO

**OLIVER BREWSTER,**

ATTORNEY AND GENERAL AGENT,

No. 4 State Street.

**F. S. PHELPS, Resident Secretary,**

4w **A. I. SAWYER, Surveyor.** June 4

## GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the succulent steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

**W. F. SHAW,**

may 25 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

## PAPER WAREHOUSE.

**GRANT, WARREN & Co.,**

Nos 89 and 93 MILK STREET, and 94 CONGRESS ST.,

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap30 8m



## Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a

New and Honorable Business,

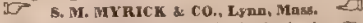
which will pay from \$15 to \$30

weekly. No Humbug, Satisfaction

guaranteed. Send stamp

for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.



## ERYSIPELAS.

For Erysipelas, and especially for the periodic forms which are difficult to prevent and cure, the PLEURIAN SYRUP is a sure remedy. It not only dissipates the angry inflammation on the surface, but, by its purifying properties, renovates the whole system and protects it against further attacks.

## BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

11 BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE June 25

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CHOCOLATE COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians. For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. 5m 13

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

Is for sale every where for four cents per copy. It is the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. ENTIRELY ORIGINAL \$2 per annum

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novella style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER:** or, THE PROPHECY OF THE BURNER WARD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling nerve and interest.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE QUEEN OF THE SEA:** or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Steife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the sanguinary incidents of those times.

Written for us by.....NED BUNTLINE.

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** or, THE DEMON DANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated, altogether exhibiting a most interesting and thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**RODERICK THE ROVER:** or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**FITZ-HERN:** or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland, narrating events of deep interest to every lover of Erin.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** or, THE WANDERING BUCEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LARK:** or, THE QUEENBORN OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE:** or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE SMUGGLER:** or, THE SPIRITS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT:** or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY F. CHEEVER.

**RED HAND:** or, THE CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scene, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**PAUL LARSON:** or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF:** or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

**THE SEA LION:** or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PIRATE. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** or, THE SCOT OF THE SQUADRON. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** or, THE HINTER SEY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCH:** or, THE REVELATIONS AND MOLESTATIONS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## ALGERIAN CAFE.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made upon the spot, and presents an accurate representation of Oriental manners, such as may be witnessed in any Eastern café, whether in Algiers, Stamboul, Cairo or Ispahan. In all cities of the Orient you find the same venerable or striking figures, the same flowing drapery, the same quiet and persistent devotion to the luxury of the pipe. Eminent gravity at the hour of fumigation always distinguishes the Orientals. They are never "fast" except in the rush of battle, and bustle and smoking are never associated with them. They love to sit calmly, in quiet, steady nooks, and to breathe in the incense of the weed, emitting the smoke with a calm expiration, dreaming the while of the fabled delights of their paradise. Sometimes their enjoyment is enhanced and their minds pleasantly stimulated by listening to the tales of the professional story-teller, with his ingenious and complicated narratives of love and war and enchantment, with his marvels of flying palaces, and hideous Afrites, and Ghouls, and caves of treasure, and princesses beautiful as houris. Sometimes the Oriental solaces himself, as he woos the fragrant weed, with the spectacle of graceful dancing girls, bending and swimming before him in a thousand attitudes of grace and beauty. But he never dances himself. He is too proud and too indolent. He despises the Frankish dogs for their love of Terpsichorean exercise, which he regards as unmanly and effeminate. The principal figure in our group, who sits smoking in his flowing robes, would really rather die than dance, and from his stately attitude you would believe him incapable of any exertion. You would hardly recognize him if you beheld him on his favorite mare sweeping like a hawk to the battle or the foray. He, too, "knows the war of the desert." Yes, and he, too, can play his part in the wild Arab "fantasia," galloping like mad amidst a group of merry-makers, as wild as himself, tossing his long musket in the air, and firing it over the head of his horse as he dashes along in furious career. There are many curious contradictions in the Oriental character. The descriptions of many Eastern travellers abound with pictures of the antipodan life and manners of the Orient.

## MURAT'S COURAGE.

He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the king, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the king that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the king himself, and what made the case more serious was, that the shot

had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst which were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the king entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words, he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the king entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.—*Pépe's Memoirs.*

## ALESSANDRIA.

Alessandria or Alexandria, the capital of the province in Piedmont of the same name, and one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, is situated in a rich and fertile plain declining towards the east, 65 miles by road, 46 miles direct distance E.S.E. of Turin; 60 miles by road, and 48 miles direct distance S.S.W. of Milan, and 40 miles direct N. by W. of Genoa; in lat. 44° 54' N., long. 8° 38' E.; on the river bank of the Tanaro. It extends across the narrow marshy tract formed by the confluence of the Bormida with that river; and has an altitude of 203 feet

above the sea level. This city—which has been styled the Boulevard of Piedmont—was, until recently, enclosed on three sides by a strongly fortified wall, while extensive outworks ran along the east side of the Tanaro; on the opposite or west side of that river is the citadel, a hexagonal work, which is connected with the city by means of a covered stone bridge of fifteen arches. On the opposite side of the river it is sheltered by a chain of small hills extending from Monte Calori eastward to a bold and beautiful height a little to the northeast of the city, which is crowned by a fine castle and tower. The principal buildings with which Alessandria is adorned are the town and government houses, which are situated in a handsome square decorated with trees—the Palazzo Gobilini, the civil and military hospitals, the cathedral, six parish churches, four convents, fourteen hospitals and asylums, an academy of arts, several schools, and a royal college, and a gymnasium. In the year 1806 its population was estimated at 35,216; in the year 1855 its population was 21,520 exclusive of the garrison, amounting to 4500. But, taking in the sixteen suburban villages lying within the walls, its aggregate population in 1855 was 39,294. It has some spinning mills, and manufactories of silk, linen, cotton and wax candles. The central position of this city with respect to Milan, Genoa and Turin its command of the Tanaro and Bormida, and of several of the most important routes of communication with the surrounding districts, render it one of considerable commercial influence and resort. Its fairs, held in the end of April and beginning of October, are among the most important in Italy. In November, 1857, a railway was opened from Alessandria to Voghera, which is to be carried on to Stradella, in the Duchy of Parma, and so unite the Piedmontese lines with the great Central Italian line. Alessandria would thus form the central point of the great trunk or principal railway lines of Sardinia, one of which passes, by way of Genoa, across the Apennines; the second, by way of Turin, to Asti and to Parma; and the third, by Valenza and Novara, to the Lago Maggiore. Alessandria was taken by Sforza, Duke of Milan, in 1522; sustained an unsuccessful siege by the French in 1657, and after an obstinate resistance, fell into their hands in 1707. The present citadel was begun in 1730 and finished in 1745. In 1796 it made a conditional surrender to Bonaparte. In 1799 it fell before the combined armies of Austria and Russia, and, after the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was regained by the French, who expended nearly 50,000,000 francs upon its fortifications, and retained it until 1814, when the province became a portion of the Sardinian dominions, and the fortifications were to a great extent razed.—*Boston Courier.*



SCENE IN AN ALGERIAN CAFE.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVII., No. 1...WHOLE No. 419.

## PAUL MORPHY,

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN CHESS CHAMPION.

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Paul Morphy, the young American chess champion, drawn expressly for us by Homer from a very fine photograph taken by Mr. S. Masury, during Mr. Morphy's recent visit to Boston. Our readers may rest assured that no pains have been spared either by artist or engraver to render this portrait perfectly accurate and reliable, and hence it must prove acceptable, not only to lovers of the noble game of chess, but to all Americans who love to cherish mementoes of such of their countrymen who have done our republic honor at home and abroad. Mr. Morphy well deserves all that is said in his praise, for he has triumphed in the most intellectual of games, one sanctioned by the countenance of men of commanding position in all ages, and yet wears his laurels with commendable modesty. In the case of Mr. Morphy, American enthusiasm, always generous though often ill-regulated, has prompted some demonstrations which good taste might not sanction, but Mr. Morphy himself has added no fuel to the flame. His speech at the New York chess club, on the occasion of the presentation of the most magnificent chess-board and set of chess men in the world, was a model of sound sense, good taste, kindly and modest feeling. In the whirl of lionizing to which he has been subjected, he has preserved his presence of mind and won esteem by his quiet and gentlemanly bearing. Paul Morphy, the winner of the first prize in the American Chess Congress of 1857, and the recent victory over the greatest chess players in Europe, was born in New Orleans, June 22, 1837, and has consequently just entered on his twenty-third year. In appearance he is quite as youthful as these dates show him to be. His father was born in Charleston, S. C., but his grandfather was a native of Spain, and, by the maternal side, he is of French extraction. This blending of nationalities renders him a fair type of the energetic and many-sided race that now holds proud possession of the best part of the North American continent. After passing some of his earlier years at Jefferson Academy, New Orleans, he entered St. Joseph's College, at Spring Hill, Mobile, Alabama, in December, 1850, and was graduated with honor from this institution in October, 1854. He remained, however, an additional year at the college as a resident graduate. He now turned his attention to the study of the law, with a view to practising at the Louisiana bar—a purpose which he has not relinquished. He was initiated into the mysteries of chess at the early age of ten, his father being an ardent lover of the game. Two years after this he had attained a remarkable proficiency, and was able to vanquish some of the most excellent players of his native city. Then as now his playing was remarkable for its boldness. He would sacrifice his pawns without hesitation, deeming them an impediment to the sweep of his queen, rooks, knights and bishops, with which he vigorously dashed at his opponent, his audacity being often crowned with victory. While some distinguished players often consume an hour in a move, Mr. Morphy was never known to pause for more than fifteen minutes in meditation. During the years 1849 and 1850 he contested over fifty parties with Mr. Eugene Rousseau (well known for his famous match with Stanley in 1845), winning fully nine tenths. After invariably triumphant contests with his uncle, Mr. Ernest Morphy, he met the distinguished Hungarian, Lowenthal, who in

1850 passed through New Orleans. On the 22d and 25th of May, in that year, Paul, then not thirteen years of age, played with Lowenthal. The first game was drawn, while the second and third were won by Morphy. No one has done more honor to the skill of Morphy than Lowenthal, now resident in London. In a late number of the "Era" he speaks thus:—"The annals of chess do not furnish anything like a parallel to the short and brilliant career of Mr. Morphy. He came among us, it is true, with a great reputation; but this was a questionable advantage. It was said, and we believe thought by many, that he had been vastly overrated, and that here in Europe he would find his level below that of a score of worthy antagonists. It was said that Fame herself, who is indeed prone to such vagaries, had but exalted Paul Morphy so high on the western side of the Atlantic in order to precipitate him on the eastern shore of that ocean. How signally have all these predictions been falsified! How inaccurate the data on which

they are based! It may here suffice to say that Paul Morphy, although a genius, is not a precocity. His powers have been developed with more rapidity than is usual with Anglo-Saxon men. Mr. Morphy began the study of chess early in life, and has devoted himself with exceeding ardor for several years to its intricacies. No unprejudiced person can for a moment now doubt the solidity of Paul Morphy's chess character. It has grown quickly, but it has grown. There are no indications of forcing in his play; a reputation created by adventurous means and in any sense unreal would have broken down under the conflict with such veterans as Anderssen, Harrwitz and others. Let no one be absurd enough to dispute the honors of Paul Morphy. They have been won fairly and sit easily on his brow. It is but just to say that no conqueror ever showed less vanity or egotism than the American. Paul Morphy is a man of culture, and a gentleman. We thank him with entire sincerity and heartiness for the services he has

rendered the cause of chess, which knows no distinction of class or country. Our good wishes attend the progress of a man who combines in such fair proportions the qualities which command admiration and those which excite esteem." He played some thirty games with Mr. James McConnell of New Orleans, and beat him in all but one. He was completely successful in six games with Judge A. B. Meek, played at Mobile, March 1, 1855. On the same day, he beat Dr. Ayres of Alabama in two games. In January, 1857, he played four games with Judge Meek, winning them all. His splendid achievements at the American Chess Congress in 1857 are familiar to every one, and the newspapers keep us posted in his European career of 1858, when he beat the greatest chess players of Europe in fair combat. His playing eight games, blindfolded, at the same time, in the Café de la Rejouissance, Paris, was the most wonderful feat on record. On his return to this country, he was received with deserved honor. New York gave him a generous welcome, and at the Roxbury House banquet in this city such men as Everett, Longfellow, Holmes, Sparks, Walker, Shaw, Lowell, Fields and Agassiz united to do him honor. We cannot do better than to quote from the felicitous address of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who presided at the banquet, the following passage in reference to the subject of our sketch:—"And when the old world gets impatient that we will not do everything in the best way at once, when it is not contented with our material triumphs, and that greatest of all triumphs, the self-government of thirty empires, not contented that we should move on as the great tide-wave moves—one broad-breasted billow, and not a host of special narrow currents; when the old world, filled with those experts, who have often gained their skill for want of nobler objects, like the prisoners who carve cunning devices in their cells, becomes impatient, we must send over sometimes a man and sometimes a boy to try conclusions with its people in some peaceful contest of intelligence. And he (Morphy) went. It was not we that sent him. It was Honor. And when we meet to welcome his triumphant return, we know what his victories mean. We have had one more squeeze at the great dynamometer which measures the strength of the strongest of the race. There it lies in the central capital of Europe. The boy has squeezed it, and it is not now the index that moves, but the very springs that are broken. The test is as true as one of cerebral powers as if a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the field where the question was decided—as if a score of line-of-battle-ships were swinging, blackened wrecks, upon the water after a game between two mighty admirals. Where there is a given maximum there is always a corresponding average, and there is not one of us who does not think better of the head he carries on his own shoulders, since he finds what a battery it is that lies beneath the smooth forehead of this young brother American." It is astonishing what an impulse has been given to the study of chess by the success of Morphy, although long before that it was rapidly growing into general favor. But the fever culminated with the triumph of our young countryman. In Europe and America there are many men who devote their entire time to the game, it having become a dominant passion. Mr. Morphy himself does not sanction this complete sacrifice; he himself regards his own chess career as simply an episode in his life, a means of amusement and intellectual training, not an end.



PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE SECRET OF THE RING.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

We were a merry party at Major Norwood's—gay, pretty Mrs. Cathcart, with her noble looking husband and two little cherub children; Elinor Norwood, our host's amiable and beautiful niece; the gallant major and his blooming wife; and my insignificant self, who, if not capable of adding to the general amusement, could well enjoy the happiness of others. The major loved to see pleasant faces about him; perfectly contented with his lot, he enjoyed life to the full, and insisted on others enjoying it with him. I think his wife and he were, without exception, the gayest, the kindest and best natured people I ever met.

Elinor, their niece, was the only child of the major's elder brother, a country clergyman, who yearly overcame his horror of the warlike profession sufficiently to allow his daughter to pay her childless relatives a visit. I know not what the fair Elinor may have been like, when under the restraints of home, but at her uncle's, where she was idolized and spoiled to the utmost, she was certainly the most charming girl it was possible to imagine, always willing to contribute her share to the general amusement, and winning all hearts by her amiability and unaffected goodness.

Newport was a depot where the soldiers were sent before being shipped off, and, at the time I write, swarmed with military. Of course our visitors were all of the red-coat order; but the major knew whom to introduce at his own fireside, and our gentlemen callers were unexceptionable, both in manners and morals. The Norwoods were musical—the major played the flute, his wife displayed her plump white hands upon a grand old harp, in its day a magnificent instrument, and Elinor sang like a bird. Do you doubt that we had pleasant evenings, especially when our circle was enlivened by the presence of young Edward Derinze, an English lieutenant, rich, light-hearted and handsome, who, with Francis Leibenham, of the German Legion, were our most frequent visitors? The German was my favorite, but Edward was the one to win all hearts, and both loved Elinor.

The young girl showed little preference; if anything, she smiled the most on Derinze—but who could help smiling at his witty speeches? She listened in silence when Leibenham spoke. In my secret heart I wished she might bestow the treasure of her love on the gentlemanly, well-bred and well-looking foreigner, whose reserve had far greater charms in my eyes than all Derinze's fascinating frivolity. There came occasionally to the house one Captain Jones, a distant connection of Mrs. Norwood. He was a pleasant, chatty sort of a man, forever brimfull of gossip and news, and liked nothing better than the opportunity of imparting his knowledge to others. Of all his stories I remember but one, and that only because it was recalled to my mind by the strange events which followed. He was at the house one evening with Leibenham, when the conversation turned upon Edward Derinze, who was absent on duty.

"Did you ever hear the strange story of Gen. Derinze's wife, Edward's mother?" asked Jones of the major.

"No. I never knew him at all until fifteen years ago, and he was then a widower," was the reply.

"Well, now, to tell the truth, the old general never has been quite sure yet that he was a widower," said Jones, making himself very comfortable in his easy chair, preparatory to a long story.

"Why, how is that?" asked the major, while every one looked up in astonishment.

"Why, simply because he never was certain that his wife was dead."

Captain Cathcart and his wife exchanged looks. "My dear, do you remember that we were told once that there had been a mystery in the general's early life, something unpleasant, about which he permitted no one to speak in his presence? Captain Jones, if you know what that mystery was, and it is no harm to tell it, and all present are willing, I must say I should like to know it."

"O, by all means tell it, Jones," said the major, and every one echoed the wish. Elinor laid down the pen with which she had been copying music, Mrs. Cathcart commenced a new breadth of the little dress she was embroidering, Leiben-

ham closed the sketch book he held, and all gave themselves up to the pleasure of listening.

"You must know," said Jones, after a preparatory cough or two, "that the old gentleman did not marry until he was forty or thereabouts, and when he chose a bride it was no other than the daughter of General G., who, you may remember, spent some of his best years in India. Now I hate to talk scandal, and especially among the ladies, but there were a good many strange whispers about the origin of the very beautiful daughter old G. brought home with him. The old fellow was immensely rich, and had a dangerous temper. People soon found that it was not safe to question him about family matters, and so they let him alone, content to find out all they could from those who had known him abroad; and that was enough to prove that he had no wife, and never had had one. The mother of Amina G. was a Circassian, stolen from the seclusion of the harem, and hidden with jealous care by G. from the gaze of vulgar eyes. Few saw her—but those few reported her lovely beyond description. None knew her fate; but when, years after, G. came home, he brought a grown up daughter with him, the same I tell you that Derinze married."

"So carefully had the young Amina been kept secluded, that I fancy Derinze knew but little of her temper, and the honeymoon was scarcely over, when reports began to spread of the dissensions of the newly-married pair, and those continued during the two years and a half they lived together."

"At the end of the first year a son was born, the heir to all the Derinze property, as well as the estate the grandfather had left to be inherited by the eldest boy. The old man died soon after his daughter's marriage. At the end of another year there was another boy, the very Edward whom you all know."

"But the other child?" inquired the major.

"I always thought Edward was the heir."

"Have patience, and I will tell you how it was," said Jones.

"In less than six months after this boy's birth Mrs. Derinze disappeared, with her first-born. Every effort was made to find her, but ineffectually; and after several years of constant searching, Derinze gave it up, and resumed his duties. The child was brought up as the heir, and the father has always been thought and called a widower."

"It would make a decided change in Edward's prospects, if the elder brother should some day turn up," said the major, thoughtfully, and gazing unconsciously at his niece as he spoke.

"O, I should not think there was any danger of that," said Mrs. Cathcart. "Doubtless the poor woman made way with it and herself, or something must have been heard of them in all these years."

"She did not die in England, then," said Jones, "for they were traced to France, and thence to Germany, where all further tidings were lost. There were many false reports of their accidental death, but all proved to be some other unfortunate mothers and children, and nothing has ever been cleared up about them."

It was so strange and sorrowful a story, that our whole party was unconsciously saddened; but none appeared so deeply interested as Leibenham, whose cheek and dark, flashing eyes only too evidently told the interest he felt in the recital.

I saw Elinor look at him, and meeting his glance, full of a strange sorrow, her own eyes were cast down, and I fancied I saw a tear fall on her hand, but it might have been only fancy, for she got up instantly and went to the window. We had no music that evening, and the party soon separated.

"It will be necessary to keep a strict guard on our men, to-night," Leibenham said, while standing hat in hand at the parlor-door. "They have been aggravated almost beyond endurance."

"I don't know what we shall do about it," said the major. "It is a state of things which cannot continue long. I wish from my heart the transport would make her appearance, that we might send off those turbulent Irishmen."

The young officer bowed and went out. I thought he had lingered for Elinor, who had left the room. He met her in the doorway, and for one brief second I know they clasped hands, involuntarily on her part, impulsively on his.

"Well, what tidings have we to-day?" asked Mrs. Cathcart, as she entered the parlor where Mrs. Norwood was busy among her roses and

geraniums. "I could not get away from Willie in time to hear whether the report was peace or strife."

Mrs. Norwood looked uncommonly grave as she bent over the flowers, nipping off the dead leaves. "Matters are gradually getting worse; your husband says there must be an outbreak before the week is over, but some of them think it may be prevented. There was a fight in the barrack-yard last night, but it was instantly stopped, or the consequences would have been serious."

Mrs. Cathcart turned slightly pale as her friend spoke. "These Germans will bear almost everything for peace's sake, but once set them fighting, and the Irish soldiers will pay dearly for the aggravation they have given."

"I fear so," said Mrs. Norwood. "You know numbers of the German soldiers are gentlemen of birth and breeding, and would scorn to take notice of the low-bred insults of the Irish; but when roused, they have fearful passions, and their vengeance will be as certain as the provocation has been undeserved. You know what Leibenham said the other night, that once get them in collision with their enemies, and nothing could part them. His own men would destroy him if he came in their way, and you know how great a favorite he is."

"Aunt, is there really any danger of the men fighting?" asked Elinor, who came in in time to hear the last words. Nancy has been telling me her troubles; the silly girl is afraid that young man we saw walking with her on Sunday, will either kill or get killed, and she seems sure there will be trouble soon."

Elinor spoke with seeming carelessness, but I saw that it was assumed; her white lips told a different story.

Nancy, her pretty waiting-maid, had completely lost her heart to a handsome young German, and in spite of a strong prejudice against foreigners, had consented to give her hand when her lover should leave the army and settle down quietly to make a living at his trade. Nancy's father, a well-to-do mason, lived in Newport, and we had all taken an interest in the quiet courtship of these young folks, even the gentlemen having a pleasant word to say about the handsome if humble couple.

There had long been trouble brewing in the town, between the many opposite characters brought in contact, and several fights had taken place. The Germans refused to drink or join in the noisy revels of the Irish, who of course resented such slights, and kept up endless petty annoyances. The popular feeling was generally with the Germans, who, quiet and inoffensive, gave no cause of complaint to the townsfolks, spending their hours of recreation in singing the praises of their beautiful Rhineland, instead of quarrelling in the streets and getting sober in the guard-house.

Of course we women sympathized with the persecuted foreigners, Elinor as strong as any of us, except before Leibenham, when she never mentioned the subject. She also pretended to laugh at Nancy and her swain, but never could a mistress be kinder than Elinor was to this girl, and every opportunity was given her to walk out with Mrs. Cathcart's children, when we knew she generally met her young soldier.

It was about this time I remarked that Elinor became very much more friendly with Edward Derinze, singing with him, wearing the flowers he gave her, talking about their favorite books, and laughing and joking more than ever. Leibenham, always reserved, became more silent and shy than ever. Elinor and he seldom spoke, and when they did, it was in the most formal manner and on the most commonplace subjects. I fancied neither of them was at rest; for when the young officer talked with me (and he was very kind to the lonely old maid), I noticed that he glanced sadly at the merry pair, who made the room ring with their gay laughter, and heavy sighs frequently escaped from Elinor, when she forgot there was any one near.

The Reverend Mr. Norwood was soon expected at Newport, to take his daughter home, and Edward Derinze hourly expected his father's arrival.

The troubles among the soldiers grew worse, and the officers were constantly on the alert to prevent mischief; still we did not apprehend any particular danger, trusting to their care and the good discipline of the Englishmen to keep the beligerent parties peaceable. One very fine morning, when all seemed more than usually quiet, Nancy was allowed to take Mrs. Cathcart's two

children out to walk. With the infant boy in her arms, and the little girl by her side, we watched them up the street, little dreaming how much we should all suffer ere they returned.

About an hour afterwards we saw Captain Cathcart marching two tipsy soldiers to the guard-room. They had been fighting, and were bleeding profusely. His wife leaned against the window, pale as death. "O, the children, I wish I had not let them go!" I thought she would have fainted, so great was her terror.

"Nancy is very careful," said Mrs. Norwood. "If there is any danger, she will be sure to hasten home."

"But if they should begin to fight in the streets? O, how I wish I had not let them go!"

The mother's anxiety was pitiable, and strangely enough her fears were prophetic. A quarrel commenced at the door of a tavern not very far from Major Norwood's house. A party of Germans seated on a bench outside, had as usual refused to drink with a still larger party of Irish. The latter, in a rage, began the accustomed taunts, and at last, by raising the end of the seat, tipped the whole party into the street. Aggravated beyond endurance, several of them, on regaining their feet, rushed upon their tormentors, and thus gave the signal for a general fight. The owners of the tavern soon pushed them all outside and secured their doors, but the storm once raised was not to be easily quelled. Doors and shutters all along the street were immediately closed, townspeople and soldiers, officers and civilians, came pouring into the street, and the fight became general and the scene awful.

In silent terror we watched from the upper windows of Major Norwood's house—Mrs. Cathcart suffering fearfully from the knowledge that her husband's energetic efforts to keep the peace had made him many enemies among the rioters, and that her little children and the girl were possibly exposed to their fury. To leave the house was impossible, as fierce fights were going on in every street, while in the open square before our house the thickest of the battle raged.

Three times we saw Captain Cathcart down, his hat off and the weapons of the combatants clashing above his head, but he always recovered himself, and with the other officers did his utmost to quell the disturbance. But for their efforts much greater mischief must have been done. We saw an old brewer, whose shop was just opposite our window, attack a young German officer with a great wooden bar used to fasten the window-shutters. Twice the old fellow ran out and knocked off the young man's cap, and twice he quietly replaced it. The third time he whipped out his sword, gave one cut across his tormentor's nose, and a thrust which sent the point of the weapon through both cheeks. Then picking up his cap he went on, leaving the old man making vain efforts to staunch the bleeding with his coarse canvass apron. The fight lasted in the town until a detachment was marched down from the garrison, to clear the streets and pick up the wounded.

Mrs. Cathcart had fainted, and was under Mrs. Norwood's care, when Elinor saw Leibenham making his way through the crowd towards us. She flew down stairs to meet him, and before he could speak, informed him of the danger of the children. He turned from the door instantly to seek them, and both Elinor and I remarked how strangely he walked, little dreaming that he was wounded and well nigh fainting.

Nancy had taken the children to her mother's, and when the riot broke her, had watched from the cottage windows in apparent safety. Suddenly two of the Germans, wounded and bleeding and closely pursued by a party of the Irish, rushed into the room. They were Nancy's lover and his comrade. Without a moment's thought she pushed them into a little room off the kitchen, where her father kept his lime barrels and tools, and, with the infant in her arms, stood before the door. She had scarcely done so, when, with wild yells and imprecations, the others came tearing into the yard, where nothing separated them from her lover but a few thin boards. But Nancy's presence of mind did not forsake her.

"There! Over there!" she cried, with animation, pointing to where part of the yard fence was broken away, and as the last of them disappeared, she shut and bolted the door and her lover was saved.

The fighting was all over when Leibenham returned with the children, the sight of whom did more to hasten their mother's recovery than all our officious efforts. The major and Captain Cathcart had arrived only a few minutes pre-



viciously, and I heard the former make a loud exclamation about Leibenham's looks.

"What is the matter, man? You look like a ghost. Have the rascals wounded you?"

We heard no reply; there was perfect silence for a few minutes, and then Cathcart's heavy step hurrying through the hall, and we saw him almost running up the street, Elinor and I standing at the window, she with her face blanched to deadly whiteness, and her slender fingers grasping my hand with a pressure that I felt for an hour after. There was a short consultation below after the doctor came, and then we heard them taking him up stairs, past the door of Elinor's room, where we were, into the "guest chamber." Mrs. Norwood came to us some time after.

"Poor Leibenham is badly wounded, but I must leave him to your care a little while, Martha, for Jones has sent for me. He has got hurt too, poor fellow, and has no one to look after him."

"Come back presently and tell me how he is," Elinor said, in a strange, suppressed tone. "If anything happens to him, it is I who killed him, for I sent him after the children when he was scarcely able to stand."

The gentlemen had gone off to the barracks, Mrs. Cathcart was shut up in her room rejoicing over her recovered treasures, and Elinor was still alone, when I went back to her.

"He has rather a bad wound in one arm, and another in the side, but is suffering very little pain. He is quite conscious, only weak from loss of blood." This was in answer to her questions.

"I wish I could see him. Would it be very wrong for me to speak to him for a few minutes?"

I undertook to say that I did not think it was wrong, and that she might go with me. Of course I was very busy during the five minutes they spoke together, and then Elinor hurried away again. I think her visit did him good, for he soon got well enough to sit up. I was present at their first interview the day he came down to the parlor.

Elinor was much changed. She went about the house so quietly, spoke so seldom and laughed so little, that her uncle became alarmed. "He knew the fright had been too much for her on that day; she was not like the same girl. She must not get sick, or her father would not trust her with them again."

"I do not ask you to love me, Elinor," Leibenham said. "I have no right to until I have seen your father; but let what will come, we must always be friends. You were not intended for a poor man's wife, and I have nothing to depend on but my profession, but we can always be friends; I dare not entertain the hope of a nearer tie." He placed a ring upon her finger as he spoke. "This was given to me by a dear friend. I give it to you, my dearest friend." They were both much affected, and others coming in, Elinor left the room.

Her father came the next day, and in the evening was closeted for a long time with the young soldier. It was scarcely a surprise to Leibenham when his proposal was rejected.

"I could not give my child to a soldier, least of all to a foreigner, and I am sorry you have asked me."

The young man mused for a time, evidently pondering on a difficulty.

"I love Elinor," he said at last, "and would do much to change your decision. There are some mysteries which I am not at liberty to explain; but if it will help my cause, there is no harm in my confession that I am of English birth, though reared in a foreign country."

Mr. Norwood looked surprised. "Your name is a foreign one; your friends here all believe you to be a German; there must be some guilt about this secret, or why such a disguise?"

"I cannot tell you more," said Leibenham. "I judged how this would be." They parted mutually dissatisfied.

The next evening General Derinze came with his son. The old gentleman appeared much pleased with Elinor, and they were soon in a discussion about flowers, the young girl gathering a few choice buds for a bouquet for the gray-haired veteran. As she handed them to him, his eyes fell upon the ring on her finger, and he started back violently, but some one spoke to him at the instant, and he made no further remark.

Elinor avoided Edward, and he in consequence was gloomy and silent. All the evening Leibenham's interview with Norwood had obliged him to keep his room; he was still too weak for ex-

citement. The major was the only cheerful one present. The ball he carried in his shoulder saved the elder Derinze's life, and they had for ten years or more been on most brotherly terms at meeting. The wife could not think upon her husband's most wonderful escape from death without a shudder; she liked the general, but was never very cheerful in his presence.

Elinor soon left us on plea of a headache; she knew that her father had seen Leibenham, but nothing further, only guessing that there was some unpleasantness. The general was uncommonly absent, and several times fell into a deep reverie. There was a gloom on the whole party.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Cathcart rallied Elinor upon her conquest of the old gentleman. "It was quite plain to her that he was smitten, and she knew his son thought so too. Why, Ned sighed like a furnace all the evening." All joined in the laugh this speech raised, save the good clergyman, who broke his egg spitefully, and resolved to get Elinor away as soon as possible from all these worldly people, who jested and laughed about love and marriage in a manner that made him shudder. The laugh was increased, when, just as we rose from break fast, a servant announced that Gen. Derinze was in the drawing-room, and wished to see Miss Norwood.

"What an impatient lover!" cried Mrs. Cathcart.

"Shall I go with you, my child?" asked Mr. Norwood, rising in great haste from the table. He evidently thought it was not safe to trust her out of his sight an instant among so many lovers. Elinor blushed crimson, as she thanked her father, but told him she would rather go alone. The old gentleman looked bewildered as she left the room. "Had I not better go, brother?" he asked, turning to the major.

"By no means," was the laughing answer. "The general has most probably come to plead for his son, who has long been attentive to Elinor, and as she does not care anything for Ned, you may rest quite contented that she won't accept him."

"Well, if that's the case perhaps I had better not go;" and, with a sigh of relief, the good man sank into one of his brother's luxurious chairs, while Mrs. Cathcart ran away to indulge her mirth unseen.

A strange interview was taking place in the parlor. The general met Elinor as she went in, and led her to a chair. "I have come at an unusual hour, my child," he said with much agitation of manner, "but I could not rest until I had seen you. I noticed on your hand last night a brilliant ring, a ring that I believe I once possessed myself, and to ask you to allow me to examine it was my errand this morning."

Elinor instantly drew the circlet from her finger and presented it to him; but she was shocked at the emotion he displayed, as he looked at the inside where some small letters were faintly visible. As he gazed, he trembled in every limb, his face grew ashy white, and at last great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on the carpet. His companion dared not speak, but when he had in some degree conquered his feelings, he turned to her. "My child, will you tell me where you got this ring?"

It was an awkward question. She never mentioned Leibenham's name to any one; she would have given worlds to escape now.

"A friend, that is, an acquaintance, gave it to me," she stammered. He saw her confusion, and guessed the cause.

"My child, this ring once was mine. I gave it to one whom I have vainly sought for these twenty years and more; one whom I loved with all my soul, and who cruelly deceived and betrayed me. I know you do not wish to betray your secret, but it will be safe with me. You may trust to my gratitude and honor."

Of course she told him, laying considerable stress on the fact that they were "only friends." She had "read to him, and played the harp for his amusement, and this was a token of gratitude."

"But where is he now, this young German? I must see him instantly," said the general.

Elinor rung for a servant to take the old gentleman to Leibenham's room, and went herself to tell her uncle as much of the conversation as she thought proper.

The young German and his guest were almost equally agitated on meeting, for Leibenham evidently knew something of the cause which led to it. The general soon made known his errand: "From whom had he derived the ownership of the ring?"

"From my mother," Leibenham replied. "But of your mother; O, tell me something of her. Was this always in her possession?"

"Always." The young man rose and stood before his visitor. "General Derinze, I know all that you would ask, but I cannot tell you more without bringing shame upon her who, whatever might have been her treatment of you, was a good mother to me. For her sake, and that she may rest undisturbed in the grave where I laid her, I willingly resign my birthright; I resign even my father's love, if it is only to be purchased by the shame of her who was the kind friend of my youth. Other reasons besides would have made me keep silence, had not this unfortunate affair of the ring disclosed all. I have unconsciously done Edward a great wrong. Nothing would tempt me to add to it by taking from him the possessions so long considered his. Had my hopes been gratified, I should scarce have done justice to her I love in withholding my claim, but as things have turned out, it is all right. I shall soon leave England, where I should only be considered an intruder, and I trust that this will ever remain a secret."

The general was too much overcome at first to listen to this most unexpected speech, but he soon convinced his son that, if unknown during all these years, he had not been unloved; that, without robbing Edward, he would still be wealthy in the possession of the immense property left him by the grandfather; and that, so far from being an intruder, there were warm hearts in plenty to welcome him home. Whatever had been the sins of the mother—and they were not few—they remained buried in the hearts of those two who had so truly loved her, and her name was never spoken.

You may well imagine that there was a sensation in Mrs. Norwood's parlor when the facts were announced. Mrs. Cathcart talked incessantly of "the romance of the thing." Elinor said little, but her heart was full, and her father could speak of nothing else but "the providential discovery."

The change in Leibenham's circumstances made considerable difference in the good man's opinion of him, and when a future event—which I will explain presently—caused the young man to leave the army, Mr. Norwood no longer refused his consent to his paying his addresses to Elinor. To Edward's credit be it said, he warmly welcomed his brother; was most earnest that he should take his lawful possessions, and, when he found that Elinor could never be his, treated her with brotherly kindness, hiding in his own breast the bitter pang it gave him to see her another's wife.

When the affray between the soldiers was inquired into, the commanding officer had all the soldiers called out. The Germans were then ordered to march half way across the parade ground and lay down their arms, when the Irish soldiers took them up. It was a deep and undeserved disgrace, and most cruel injustice, for they had borne insult until it could be borne no longer; but some party had to suffer, and it was considered best policy to punish the Germans, of whom there were but few in comparison to the others. Leibenham left immediately, and in the happiness of his after life, forgot the shame, the poverty, trouble and anxiety of his early days.

I had almost forgotten to say that the pretty Nancy and her soldier lover were also married, and through Leibenham's kindness found a pleasant home near his own in England.

#### EXTRACT OF WORDS.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear.

The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky, yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was trebly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm-leaf:

"This is the sum of all science: Perhaps.  
"This is the sum of all morality: Love what is good and practise it.

"This is the sum of all creeds: Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY WILLIAM C. DANA.

THE promenade deck of the steamer had been rendered untenable—with the slightest degree of comfort—by a genuine Mississippi fog, to escape which the passengers had taken refuge in her ample saloons; a few retiring to their state-rooms, possibly to avoid witnessing one of those scenes of wild disorder which were of such frequent occurrence on the bosom of that mighty river some fifteen or twenty years ago, and which the presence of numerous members of the gambling fraternity seemed to foreshadow on this particular occasion.

The last named gentry had already taken possession of the majority of the tables in the saloon, and were engaged in their nefarious trade, when, accompanied by a friend, I entered, and proceeded to find seats and space amid the motley throng for our special accommodation. I had succeeded, and we had just assumed the only vacant chairs I could discover, when Waldron laid his hand upon my arm, and in a low and hurried tone called my attention to a tall, dark and remarkably handsome man, who, leaning on the arm of a second Adonis—evidently a foreigner—was in the act of passing towards the stern.

"Harry Trevor, as I live!" exclaimed Waldron, as they passed.

"Who?" demanded I, slightly mystified.

"Harry Trevor; or, as he is generally styled, Colonel Trevor."

"What! That Adonis, the famous gambler?"

"The same, Frank. His fame has reached you on the ocean, it seems."

"If not on the ocean, at least in the north. I have heard of him in England, even; but from the description had imagined him to be a different being."

"He is just as you see him; a perfect gentleman in manner and exterior, until his passions are aroused, when he is all a demon. Indeed, a more dangerous character than Harry Trevor never pursued the gambler's craft on this river."

"I should judge so, from his foreign reputation. But you betray surprise at his presence—"

"I am surprised, and with good reason. Eighteen months since he fought a duel on the 'Alec Scott,' on her up trip, and pinked his man, foally, some said. Be that as it may, a party of the dead man's friends took up the quarrel, when a general fight ensued, in which four of the party lost their lives. They were all Red River planters, and possessed large circles of relatives, who vowed to avenge them on the person of Trevor, should he ever venture into the region of the Lower Mississippi. But they watched for him in vain. Since that time I have never heard of him in this section; nor do I think he has ventured down river until recently, this being doubtless his first trip to and from Orleans. Ah, he has obtained a table with his companion. I pray Heaven that this night may pass in peace. Trevor seldom plays with a stranger without a quarrel, and his present companion is evidently a stranger."

"He should be warned of Trevor's character. Can you find no opportunity to breathe a word in his ear?"

"Yes, and be shot for my officiousness. No indeed. You forget, Frank, I live among those gentry, and must avoid crossing their path if I desire to retain my life."

Adroitly changing the conversation, Waldron drew me to speak of our northern home, and the scenes of our boyhood which we had passed together, and in this manner several hours were passed, until the majority of the crowd thronging the vast saloon at our entrance had retired to rest, leaving as our companions only those engaged at play, and perhaps an equal number of spectators.

We were on the eve of retiring, when W. proposed a tour of the saloon and a glance at the players. I assented, and had made the circuit of nearly half the saloon, when we found ourselves in the vicinity of the table at which Trevor and his friend were testing the favor of the blind goddess. A crowd had formed round the table, barring our progress, when we inquired the cause of one of the number.

"They're playin' for thousand dollar stakes in tar, stranger," replied the hoosier; adding:

"Taint every day a feller sees sich a pile as that ar, I reckon; so I take it every wan wants to



heav a squint at the rhino." And elbowing his way towards the table, he opened for us a path through the crowd, which we hastened to take advantage of.

It was as the stranger had said. A heavy stake lay on the board, while the stranger's manner betrayed not slight if any interest in the game, in which he had evidently been a loser to a large amount. Behind his chair stood a youth—evidently his servant, and like himself a foreigner—whose extreme beauty at once riveted my attention, rendering me in a great measure oblivious of the game and the varying emotions of the antagonist.

The youth betrayed a much deeper interest in the fortunes of his master than is usual among menials, and at the announcement of the result of that game, bent and accosted the latter in a low tone.

"Nonsense, Perrie! Retire! I do not require your attendance!" exclaimed the gentleman, impatiently, when he proceeded to count some gold on the table at his side.

The youth regarded him with an expression of despair; but regardless of his command remained stationary, until he pushed the gold towards Trevor, when a second attempt to attract attention was repulsed more angrily than before; and with a despairing gesture he fell back momentarily, resuming his former position, however, ere the first hand of the new game was dealt.

I was still engrossed by the youth's appearance, when a violent nudge of Waldron's elbow called my attention to him, to be by him directed to the movements of Trevor. I regarded the latter closely, but failed to detect the slightest motion calculated to arouse suspicion until the fourth hand was about to be dealt, when I detected a card drop from the pack into his lap, where he suffered it to remain until the trump was turned, when gathering up his cards, he let one of them drop through apparent carelessness, and stooping to regain, concealed it in his sleeve, replacing it by that dropped, when: "Pass!" said the stranger, laconically; and resting his hand, bent a keen regard upon his antagonist, who turned the trump down, and leaning back in his chair, returned the regard.

"What does monsieur do?" demanded he, at length, observing no evidence of decision on the part of the former.

A slight tap with his cards on the table, in token that he "passed" a second time, was the only answer vouchsafed by the stranger, when Trevor added, quietly: "Then you give me the game, Monsieur St. Clare." And throwing down his cards, he added, "Diamonds are trumps, and there are the right and left bowers, ace and king."

"I see," rejoined the stranger, calmly; adding, with some irony: "But of what suit is that card which you but now placed in your sleeve?"

"That card? My sleeve! S'death, sir! What do you mean?"

"Colonel Trevor needs no explanations from me of those measures which ensure his success at cards."

"Liar!" exclaimed Trevor, bounding from his chair.

"Ha! Scoundrel! Dare you apply such a term to me?" demanded St. Clare. And as he spoke he struck the gambler a ringing blow on the cheek, which caused him to measure his length on the deck.

Regaining his feet, the latter glanced furtively at the group of excited spectators around him, and encouraged by the presence of several professional brethren, bounded towards his antagonist, aiming a blow which the latter avoided by a side spring, while several hastened to interfere. In an instant Trevor became calm, and retreating a step, said:

"I presume you are aware of the nature of, and are ready to afford me the only satisfaction I can expect for this outrage upon my person?"

"I am at your service, sir, when and where you will, my only desire being to rid the world of so base a scoundrel."

"Beware, sir! 'Tis immaterial, however. Since you have no objection, we will settle this affair at the first landing."

"Quite agreeable."

"Name your weapons."

"Your choice is mine."

"Pistols, then. If you are unprovided, I have an excellent pair at your service."

"I thank you! I am amply supplied with weapons on which I can depend."

Trevor now attempted to take possession of

the funds upon the table, but St. Clare interposed, saying: "Not so fast, sir. Permit me to suggest that those funds be placed in the captain's possession until our quarrel is decided."

"Why so?"

"Because I claim the right to the disposal of at least a portion of them, holding them to be unfairly won."

"Enough! I understand you, and agree to the proposal. The survivor becomes their owner?"

St. Clare bowed, when with a shudder I turned away, being unable to consider the forthcoming duel an *affaire d'honneur*, but rather a prize fight, and the enormous sum at stake as the reward of cold-blooded murder. Hurrying from the scene, I was followed by my friend; but we had not reached our state-room ere a violent shock and a sudden cessation of the jar of the machinery, warned us that the boat had met with some impediment to her progress, the nature of which was soon explained by the hurried orders of the pilot to run out the bow and stern fasts. We had run against the levee in the fog, and from the orders issued, we rightly inferred we were to lay by until a clear atmosphere or daylight enabled us to pursue our way through the tortuous windings of the "father of waters."

At an early hour, all who had witnessed the quarrel were astir, and apparently resolved to witness the hostile meeting, some being even clamorous for the appearance of the combatants, who did not keep them long in suspense; but issuing from their respective state-rooms, attended by their seconds, proceeded to the levee, accompanied by the captain and clerk, and followed by all who were aware of their intent.

The ground was soon chosen and the preliminaries arranged, when the seconds placed their principals, and resigning to them their weapons, retired to a short distance, Trevor's second preparing to give the fatal signal.

At this instant, St. Clare's servant bounded to his side, and winding his arms about him, besought him with tears to desist. For nearly a minute the former struggled to free himself, his countenance expressing a depth of emotion I could not account for; when being unable to effect his object without violence, he signaled his second, who hastened to his aid, and only by the exercise of extreme strength removed the boy, who was borne a short distance, struggling, weeping, and calling on his master in tones which betrayed a depth of anguish painful to behold.

Trevor's second now proceeded to give the signal, at the first word of which St. Clare moved, as if about to deliver his fire, when Trevor, observing the motion, fired on the instant, the report of the weapon arresting the word "two" on the lips of his friend. For several moments St. Clare wavered, vainly endeavoring to recover his aim, when discharging his weapon in the air, he reeled backward and sank into the arms of the boy, who had broken from the grasp of his custodian.

Hastening to the wounded man's side, a single glance assured me he was beyond aid, and turning away, I glanced towards his antagonist, who was already surrounded by a group of angry passengers, who were loudly denouncing his act as murderous, and threatening to lynch him on the spot. And that throat would have been carried into instant execution had not Captain Warbeck interposed his influence to obtain him a respite, at least until the nature of St. Clare's wound was made known, for which purpose he summoned a physician, who was fortunately on board, but retiring early, had remained ignorant of the intended duel, and consequently an inmate of his state-room.

While awaiting his arrival at the scene, I joined my friend in an endeavor to staunch the blood which flowed from the unfortunate man's wound, and while doing so, was deeply pained by a view of the intense anguish manifested by the youth in question, who repulsed all offers of consolation, and supporting the wounded man's head, remained with his face bowed on the latter's shoulder, giving free vent to his grief.

For nearly ten minutes St. Clare remained in that state of partial insensibility which had succeeded his fall, when he rallied, and recognizing the youth, uttered a deep and prolonged groan, an expression of keen agony setting on his features. More than a minute he remained gazing sadly at the anguish-stricken youth; then touching him lightly, the latter turned his aim gaze upon his pallid features, and observing that he was recognized, bent quickly and pressed a frenzied kiss upon the pallid brow of the wounded man, murmuring: "O, Cecil—"

"Mon pauvre Celeste!"

Both Waldron and I started, half amazed, and gazed searchingly at the boy on hearing him addressed by a name so inappropriate to his apparent sex, and we might have deemed the speaker deranged had he not continued after a brief pause, his words clearly evincing a sound intellect, while they betrayed to all those who heard and understood them, a secret none had suspected. My readers will pardon me if I attempt a translation of that brief but touching address:

"My own sweet one. My dream is over, and your fears are about to be realized. 'Tis my fate, therefore 'tis useless to murmur. The sybil's prophecy will be fulfilled. My bones will rest in a strange land, and my ashes mingle with a strange soil, far, far away from sunny France. Would to Heaven I had left thee there, a guardian to our boy; you had then been spared the pain of this hour, and he would still have one parent. Ha, tears and for me! No no, you must not weep, my Celeste. I implore you do not grieve for me, so utterly unworthy as I; one who has proved only the bane of your life, the fell destroyer of your happiness."

"No no, Cecil, my life, my best beloved, my all!" And with a heart-rending moan the disguised girl strained his recumbent form to her heart, again hiding her face on his shoulder.

At this instant the physician came bursting through the crowd, followed by an old man, who paused a few paces in his rear while he knelt to examine the wound. Our suspense was but momentary, ere he bounded from his knee, and turning to his companion, said, hastily:

"Your aid may be of service here, Father Eustace; this man is already beyond the reach of mine."

"A priest," murmured the wounded man; "thank Heaven, I can at least do justice ere I die!"

"You may, my son," said the priest, advancing and kneeling at his side. "Confess and be absolved."

"I will, good father. Look up, Celeste—"

"What! a woman? and in this disguise?"

"Yes, good father, a woman, dearer to me than life; against whom I have sinned deeply, and to whom I must atone."

The crowd now fell back at a signal from the priest, who then addressed a few words to the weeping girl, when she rose, and supported by Captain Warbeck, retired to a short distance, leaving her dying lover alone with his confessor.

The priest now inclined his ear to the lips of the dying man; but ere a minute elapsed started and gazed earnestly on the countenance of his penitent, while a half stifled cry of horror and amazement broke from his lips; then clasping his hands, he raised his eyes heavenward, seemingly to pray for a brief space, while the crystal tears which bedewed his cheeks indicated the existence of some deep and powerful emotion in his bosom.

Resuming his task, it was soon concluded, when having pronounced the absolution, he beckoned the captain to approach with his charge, whose hand he clasped in his own, as she paused, saying: "My daughter, you have been grievously wronged by this unfortunate youth, whose sole desire, next to his soul's salvation, is to make thee a suitable atonement. He desires to invest you—here, and in this, his last hour—with his name and fortune. Will you accept this atonement?"

The lady made no reply, but gently disengaging her hand, sank on her knees beside her lover, who, encircling her form, and drawing her fondly towards him, said: "You will consent, my Celeste? Remember our boy, and let no imaginary unworthiness prevent you from aiding me to invest him with a legal claim to my name and inheritance."

"O, Cecil, my beloved—" But sobs choked her utterance; and laying her hand in his, she signified the consent she was unable to utter. The crowd had closed round the striking group, and the venerable priest proceeded at once with the ceremony, which was fated to unite the hapless pair but a few brief moments, ere death unrelentingly severed the tie.

It was truly a solemn scene. That dying bridegroom, weltering in his life's blood, and that scarce conscious bride, arrayed in habiliments foreign to her sex, and alive to nothing save the boundlessness of that desolation which threatened her future, plighting to each other their vows, kneeling on that blood-stained, green sward.

At the close of the ceremony St. Clare sank fainting into the arms of his supporters, who laid him gently down; while the priest, using the crown of a hat as a desk, prepared a certificate of marriage, to which, with the signatures of Captain Warbeck and the physician, he requested mine. Judge of my amazement on learning therefrom that the wounded man was a no less personage than the Viscount St. Croisy, a scion of the princely line of Burgundy.

The form of signing the certificate was scarce concluded, when St. Clare inquired for his antagonist, who was instantly led to his side by those having him in charge; when perceiving him a prisoner, he demanded: "Why do you hold my friend a prisoner, messieurs?"

"Your friend? I reckon ye mean your murderer, don't ye, 'squire?" responded a burly trader, who had assumed the duties of keeper; adding: "Yer, see, stranger, we consider he tuk an onfair start on ye in this yer dool, an' havin' pinked ye mighty onhansum, we've concluded to gin him a sample o' Judge Lynch."

"Release him, messieurs. 'Tis my desire that no evil befall him. He did but that I would have done. Had he reserved his fire ten seconds, he and not I would now be taking leave of life."

"My son speaks wisely," interposed the aged priest. "Release this man. Leave him in the hands of his Eternal Judge, who will not fail to deal with him according to his deserts."

"O, I haint nary a word to say," rejoined the trader, releasing Trevor at once. "Circumstances alter cases. Ef that feller was reckonin' on takin' an onfair start of the curnel, he got sarved about right." And turning on his heel, the trader made his way down the bank to the boat, leaving the duellist free beside his victim.

His departure was the signal for a general stampede, the tide of sympathy in behalf of the dying man undergoing a sudden revulsion on his acknowledgement of murderous intent, when but few of the passengers lingered to witness the closing scenes of the drama.

St. Clare, in the meantime, expressed his regret that their quarrel had subjected his assassin to inconvenience, assuring him of his forgiveness, and requesting him to spare himself reproach, which would be all unmerited. The priest then went through the ceremony of anointing him, when he addressed his weeping bride:

"I am going now, Celeste, but I leave you in good hands—under the care of one who will be faithful to the trust. Return to France as early as possible, and convey to my father intelligence of his bereavement. Kneel to him, if need be, for that pardon he hath so long withheld. I know he will accord it, ay, and deeply regret having withheld it so long, when he hears of this expiation of my crimes."

"Embrace me for the last time, my poor, deeply wronged, but ever faithful Celeste. Would that I could live to reward thy fond love and unwavering truth, but it may not be. We must part. Adieu, my best beloved, we will meet again, will we not, good father? Ha!" he exclaimed, his eye brightening as his glance rested on the countenance of the venerable priest. "Have we not met before? Speak, father, you know my name and lineage?"

"Be calm, my son. Yes, we have met."

"Where, father?" demanded the dying man, raising himself from the supporting arms of the captain. "Where?"

"In France, my son. You were but a babe, and can scarce remember—"

"Eustace—Count St. Croisy!" exclaimed the dying man, with startling energy; adding, as he extended his arms: "My long lost and dearly loved uncle!"

This, then, was the key to the old man's emotion. He had recognized a near relative in the wounded man, and—as I subsequently learned—one whom he had loved fondly, ere the fall of Napoleon had driven him an exile from France to the French exile's home in our own loved land, where he entered the church, devoting to monastic duties the evening of a life, the prime of which had been passed amid the splendor of the court and on the battle-field, beneath the victorious tri-color of the empire.

"Yes, Cecil, my beloved boy, I am indeed your Uncle Eustace!" And the old man wound his arms round the sinking form of his nephew, giving vent to the emotions he had struggled with so long; while the latter, addressing his wife, said:

"In good hands indeed, Celeste. He will be a more than father, and you will be to him, in



my stead, the staff and stay of his declining years. Forgive me my wild career, uncle, and train up my boy so that he may bear our family name honorably, handing it down to future generations unblemished. And you, Celeste, will aid me in the task. Adieu, *ma cher*. Kiss me!" he added, faintly.

She bowed her head to obey the expressed wish, and pressing her lips fondly to his, unconsciously inhaled his latest breath.

The old priest's grief for his nephew's untimely death was evidently as profound as the lady's was violent; and as neither seemed conscious of our presence, or the necessity of prompt decision regarding the corpse, Captain Warbeck ordered its instant removal to the boat, whither they followed it, and where it was resigned to their charge.

An hour later the boat was unmoored, and dropping off into the stream, began to tremble anew beneath the influence of her powerful engines, while as day advanced and the atmosphere rarified, her speed increased to a degree which soon placed many a dreary mile between us and the scene of that strange duel and bridal.

#### FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

In a recent number of the Pictorial we published a group of portraits of European sovereigns, but to gratify those who desire an authentic likeness of this youthful emperor on a larger scale, depicting his personal appearance and costume, we present the accompanying engraving. Francis Joseph, the Austrian despot, hated by all liberals as a representative of a detestable policy, is only twenty-nine years of age. He has entered on the dreadful business of war with a bold spirit, as evinced by his famous proclamation, posted in Vienna, April 29, a translation of which, made expressly for the Pictorial, we subjoin as an important document of contemporary history, worthy of preservation:

"TO MY PEOPLE:—I have ordered my faithful and brave army to put an end to the hostile acts which, for many years, have been committed by the neighboring State of Sardinia against the incontestable rights of my throne, and against the integrity of the kingdom which God has confided to my care, acts which have been pushed recently to the last extremities. In taking this step, I have fulfilled the painful but inevitable duty of a sovereign. As my conscience is at peace, I can lift my eyes to God Almighty and patiently await his decrees. I confidently submit my decision to the impartial judgment of contemporaries or future generations. I am sure of the approbation of my faithful subjects.

"More than ten years ago, the same enemy—in violation of the laws of nations and the laws of war, and without any provocation on our part—entered the Lombardo-Venetian territory, with the design of taking possession of it. Although the enemy, twice totally defeated by my brave army, was at the mercy of the victor, I acted with generosity and proposed a reconciliation to him. I did not seize on a single inch of his territory, I did not encroach on a single one of the rights the crown of Sardinia enjoyed as a member of the family of European nations. I did not insist on obtaining the slightest guarantee against the repetition of similar events. The hand I offered sincerely in token of peace, and which was accepted, seemed to me a sufficient guarantee. I sacrificed on the altar of peace the honor and the rights of Austria. The reward of this rare generosity was the uninterrupted continuation of inimical sentiments, which have increased from year to year, and a perfidious agitation against the peace and welfare of my Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

"I patiently endured these new hostilities, knowing how precious a benefit peace was to my people and to Europe. My patience was not entirely exhausted, when the important measures I was compelled to take, in consequence of revolutionary agitation on the frontiers of my Italian provinces, and in these latter, became the pretext of an increase of hostilities. Willingly accepting the well-meant mediation of friendly powers for the maintenance of peace, I consented to take part in a congress of the five great powers. The four points proposed by the royal government of Great Britain as the basis of the deliberations of the congress, were sent to my cabinet, and I accepted them, on conditions which would produce a true, sincere and durable peace. Conscious that no movement on the part of my government could conflict with peace even in the most indirect manner, I asked that the power which was the cause of the complication and which had brought on the danger of war, should disarm, as a preliminary measure. Nevertheless, yielding to the importunity of friendly powers, I consented to the proposition of a general disarmament. The mediation failed in consequence of the inadmissible conditions on which Sardinia based her consent. I had then but one way of preserving peace. I addressed myself directly to the Sardinian government, summoning it to put its army on a peace footing and to disband its free corps; and as Sardinia has not acceded to my demand, the moment has arrived for cutting the question short by an appeal to arms.

"I have ordered my army to enter Sardinia. I appreciate the full hearing of this measure, and if my duties as a monarch have ever weighed heavily upon me, it is assuredly now. War is the scourge of humanity. It is not without regret that I behold the lives and property of many

of my subjects imperilled, and I deeply feel what a terrible trial the war will be for my empire, which, entirely occupied in internal improvements, has the utmost need of a continuance of peace. But the heart of a monarch must be silent, when honor, as well as duty, speaks. An armed enemy is on the frontiers, who, in alliance with the revolutionary party, openly announces his intention of obtaining possession of the Austrian dependencies in Italy. To sustain him, he who reigns in France—interfering, on futile pretenses, in the legally-established relations of the Italian peninsula—has put his troops in motion, and some of their detachments have already crossed the frontier of Sardinia.

"The crown I have received from my ancestors, pure from soil or spot, has already passed through severe trials. The glorious history of our country teaches us that when dangers arise, threatening all that is dearest to humanity in Eu-

rope, Providence has often employed the sword of Austria to scatter these dangers. We are again on the eve of a similar period. The overthrow of existing establishments is not the dream of factions only, but of thrones. The sword that I have been forced to draw is hallowed in that it will defend the honor and the rights of all people and States, and of all that humanity holds most dear.

"It is to you, my people, that I now address myself, to you, whose devotion to the hereditary reigning family may serve as a model to all the nations of Europe. In the conflict which has commenced, you will preserve your fidelity and your devotion, so often tried. To your sons whom I have taken into my army, I, their commander, send my martial salute. You can look on them with pride, for, thanks to them, the Austrian eagle will take a lofty sweep.

"Our struggle is just, and we begin it with courage and confidence. But we hope that we shall not be alone. The soil on which we have

to fight has been fertilized by the blood shed by our German brethren to win those ramparts they have guarded till this hour. It is there that the cunning enemies of Austria have generally commenced their game, when they wished to ruin its internal power. The feeling that a similar danger is now imminent prevails throughout Germany, from the cottage to the throne and from one frontier to the other. I speak as a sovereign member of the Germanic confederation, when I call attention to a common danger, and evoke the memory of the glorious days when Europe owed her deliverance to the general and fervent enthusiasm of Germany.

"For God and Fatherland!"

"Given at my residence and metropolis of Vienna, this 28th day of April, 1859.

"FRANZ JOSEPH."



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

#### GENERAL GARIBALDI.

The New York Courier and Enquirer takes from the autobiography of this eminent Italian patriot, which has been translated but not published in this country, the following particulars of his eventful and stirring life: "A native of Piedmont, Garibaldi, like his father and grandfather, early in life became a sailor, and performed numerous voyages in the Mediterranean and Levant, until, having joined the Secret Society of Italian Patriots, he was condemned to death, and escaped from Genoa to Marseilles in disguise. In one of his early voyages he had visited Rome.

Having subsequently spent a few months at Rio Janeiro, and learned the condition of the Republic of Rio Grande, which had rebelled against the tyranny of the Brazilian Empire, he embarked with Gen. Rosetti in a small vessel to go to their assistance, and captured a few coasting vessels on his way, under the authority of the flag of the new State. He was soon after at-

tacked in the Parana, by a Brazilian vessel of much superior force, and laid senseless on his deck by a shot in the neck, which rendered him unconscious till after the repulse of the enemy.

Here commenced his military life, which continued fourteen years in South America, and through the revolutions of 1848-9 in Italy, and afforded a variety of scenes, of alternate trial, success and disaster, seldom paralleled. A chief object at which he constantly aimed, in his romantic South American career, was to train to arms Italians who were in exile in those regions, and to prepare them to fight for their own country. Such was his success, that, although he commenced under many adverse circumstances, 'The Italian Legion' soon began to reap laurels, and at length took the front rank in the armies for discipline, daring constancy and success. In his services in Italy during the last revolution, he had many of his old soldiers in his files, and doubtless some of the survivors must be with him now, to struggle against the Austrians. Some of the most interesting passages in Garibaldi's life relate to his wife. He married a lady of extraordinary qualities, a native of one of the States of South America. She was trained to horsemanship and the most athletic habits which prevail among the females of those countries. Though like him, noble-hearted, affectionate and disinterested, she also possessed a similar degree of personal courage and fortitude which have seldom been displayed, and still more rarely depicted, by any authentic pen. After her marriage, she accompanied him in his battles, by sea and land, and, although usually unarmed, and keeping at his side only as his companion, she sometimes aided in his most desperate conflicts, by dealing out powder, loading guns and even firing them at the enemy. The suffering which she endured among the mountains, in times of adversity and seasons of tempests, were severe and almost incredible. The short account of her escape from a Brazilian guard after capture in an engagement, and her journey of several days and nights, on horseback and alone, through wild forests, swimming swollen torrents, on her way, by holding to the mane or the tail of her horse, is exceeded only by the ead narrative of her death, in 1849, on the banks of the Po, when, after resolutely accompanying Garibaldi on his retreat from Rome, she landed with him, in one of the boats, in which he was seeking to reach Venice, then the only place in Italy which held out against the enemy. Garibaldi declined the proffered honors of a public reception, on his arrival in New York in 1849; urgently recommending to his exiled countrymen here, to apply themselves to such honest employments as they could obtain, for their independent support, 'not hesitating at accepting the most humble—even sweeping the streets.' As soon as his feeble health was restored, in strict consistency with his precepts, he set the example of engaging in daily labor, in the candle manufactory of his friend and countryman, Signor Meneci, on Staten Island. While thus employed by day, he continued at evening, for some time to add to his manuscripts, at the request of the American friend to whom he had committed them, until he found it necessary to permit his literary labors, in consequence of his physical fatigue. He afterwards spent several years in commanding commercial vessels between Peru and China, and then returned to Piedmont, his native country, where he was allowed to reside by the government, and where he superintended the education of his two young sons, and endeavored to colonize the little island of Caprea, on the coast of Sardinia, which he had purchased with money bequeathed to him by his brother. When the present war was threatened, he was placed in command of a division of the army of Piedmont, and assigned to an important advanced post on the left wing, where his standard has been joined by thousands of the most enthusiastic Italian soldiers, viz, the volunteers who have flocked, in arms, from every part and corner of the Peninsula."

#### HEARING THROUGH THE THROAT.

I will state a fact: a friend who is so utterly deaf as to be almost beyond relief from any of the mechanical inventions now in use for the aid of persons afflicted with deafness, walked into a chapel, and took his seat on one of the open benches. He heard nothing of the sermon then and there delivered, until, from mere listlessness, he placed the rim of the crown of his hat in his mouth: he could hear distinctly. He has frequently repeated the experiment in my presence with the same result; and where the opportunity is afforded him, he places his hat between his lips, and carries on a conversation, speaking in the usual way, and hearing as I have described. I have made the experiment with many deaf persons, and generally with success. I leave the learned in acoustics to explain; I only state the fact, and every one can make the experiment. Is it the open mouth, or has the vibration of sound on the hat anything to do with the effect produced? Look on a crowd of listeners, eager to catch the voice of the speaker—they sit with open mouth—"With locks thrown back and lips apart," "in listening mood," etc., is the poet's description of the "Lady of the Lake." It is almost impossible to make use of the hat as an auricle, but I venture to think that if science would apply its efforts to hearing through the throat, following nature as a guide, more would be done for the sorest evil that can afflict humanity than has yet been effected.—Notes and Queries.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## OUTWARD BOUND.

*A token to one who "unstead takes his way."*

BY WILLIE E. PAROR.

God speed the ship that carries thee,  
My friend, to other lands;  
And give safe passage o'er the sea  
To reach those distant straits  
When you shall pass the golden gate,  
And with the toilers stand,  
I need not write what scenes await  
The honest heart and hand.

God speed the ship that bears thee hence,  
Friend of my younger days,  
Whose ripper years and sober sense,  
And knowledge of life's ways,  
Have in meek lessons made me learn  
Those truths that ever tend  
To make those sacred faggots burn  
That faith and wisdom blend.

God speed thee to the golden sand,  
And give thee strength of heart,  
A champion with the brave to stand,  
And nobly act life's part.  
I know thy purpose and thy aim;  
And when the day shall dawn,  
Whose hour shall enwrap thy name  
Beyond all worldly scorn,—

Think thou of hearts in Eastern lands,  
Of eyes that looked on thee,  
Of hands once clasped in thine own hands,  
And think, my friend, of me  
My wishes go out after thee,  
Both night and day they start,  
And reach across the restless sea  
Until they touch thy heart.

And as I think of thee to-night,  
The wind and wave combine  
To carry thee away from sight,  
But memory's priceless wine,  
In friendship's golden chalice, waits  
My lips—O friend, to thee,  
Whose feet shall pass the golden gates,  
I say, Remember me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE BURNING TRANSPORT.

BY HENRY S. MASON.

The fleet lay off "Northfleet Hope" awaiting the flag of Rear Admiral Collin, who had been appointed to succeed the gallant Collingwood—the efficient and of the gallant Nelson in the memorable battle of Trafalgar—and a heavy gale prevailing at the time, the ships were riding to the wind, regardless of tide, when night closed around us.

Some thirty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of one of our fastest frigates, were anchored in the entrance of the "Downs," and between us and them lay two convict ships, while a fleet of transports, with troops for the East Indies, were anchored just astern of us, the largest—the "Wellesley"—being anchored on our starboard quarter, and scarce three cables length distant.

Being senior passed midshipman of the old "Sovereign" at the time, I was honored with supreme command of a whole anchor-watch, and having the first watch that night enjoyed the happiness (?) of strutting the quarter-deck exposed to the wind and rain, while my more humble, and consequently more fortunate watchmates sought shelter in the lee of the bulwarks, or stowed snugly away beneath the guns, whiled away the dreary watch with yarns of dangers and battles past.

The bell had struck three, and save the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, the pattering of the driving rain, and the deep breathings of full six hundred sleepers, scarce a sound broke the silence reigning throughout the vast hull of the old "Sovereign." Even I had halted, half-doing our dreary watch at an end, and half supported by the cabin sky light, was indulging in visions of calm repose.

While standing thus, with face averted from the driving storm, a deep red gleam illumined the darkness on our starboard quarter, increasing so rapidly, that ere a minute elapsed, the upper works, lower mast and yards of the "Wellesley" were plainly defined in the red glare. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, she was on fire; and bounding to the sky-light I shouted:

"Forward gun of the starboard forward division on the spar-deck, fire!"

It was our signal gun, and kept continually loaded, so that my order was obeyed on the instant, while I followed up the report with the order: "Bo'sen's mate, pipe all hands to quarters."

The first lieutenant was at my side ere the

sound of the mate's shrill whistle had ceased reverberating on our main, gun and berth decks, when he instantly divined the cause of the alarm, and assuming command, shouted:

"Fire! fire! Pipe down all boats! Waist and afterguard pass the engines up from below! Top-men hook yard and stay tackles. Forecastle men and sail-trimmers pass the messenger and take to."

In an instant all was bustle and preparation, and ere a lapse of two minutes the report of "messenger passed" was followed by that of "boats all ready;" when Captain Wilmer, who had gained the deck, shouted:

"Officers in charge of boats, to your stations! Bo'sen, pipe all boats away!" When I sprang from the rail, grasping the yard tackle, and in an instant later landed in the launch of which I had command.

We experienced no little difficulty in avoiding collisions with the ship while attempting to unhook the bow-tackle, which was foul aloft and would not run; but a sharp knife at length set us free, when we fell off, and in a few moments were scudding swiftly towards the burning ship. It is almost needless to add that our example was followed by the various commanders in the fleet, and on dropping alongside the Wellesley we mustered a fleet of some sixty boats, capable of accommodating at least nine hundred souls, a larger number, fortunately, than were placed in peril.

The moment the first boat reached the transport the work of debarkation commenced, but owing to the tremendous gale and heavy sea, progressed but slowly, while the rapid advance of the fire king drove numbers from the deck to seek safety in the sea, from which they were rescued as promptly as possible.

It was truly a thrilling scene. The hull of the transport was evidently converted into a perfect volcano, while from each of her hatches leaped a tongue of flame, which, seizing on her fresh-tarred rigging, transformed the whole mass into a delicate tracery of fire, and speedily consuming it, left her taut spars to tumble one after another over the stern, killing and wounding numbers in their descent.

This catastrophe, although resulting in death to many, proved a means of safety to many others who might otherwise have perished, as it established a direct means of communication with many of the boats which could not gain a position alongside. And thus the work went on, boat after boat departing with its load of scorched, half naked and shivering troops, with a slight sprinkling of women and children, until nearly all were saved; when the task of lowering the insensible forms of those who had been hurt by the falling spars, in the rush which had taken place on the discovery of the fire, or had fainted from excessive fright, commenced.

Our boat being scarce one-third full, we hauled alongside to receive our quota of the unfortunate wretches, whom we handled as tenderly as possible, laying them in a tier in the stern-sheets to the number of ten, when having as many as we could accommodate, we dropped astern, and shipping our oars, we made a futile attempt to regain the "Royal Sovereign." Finding that we could not gain an inch, I seized upon the first lull in the gale to put the tiller hard up, when the launch swung off, and catching the next sea broad on her bow, careened so heavily that she half filled, when the second caught her fairly astern and fortunately righted her, bearing off some eight or ten fathoms on its boiling, bubbling crest, and leaving us in a proper position to scud with safety.

The briny bath exercised a reanimating effect upon several of our insensible cargo, one of whom—a female—betrayed the fact of her restoration by loudly demanding her child.

"My child! my child! Where is my little Edward?" she demanded, in tones of thrilling anguish. "Tell me, for the love of God, if any of you have seen my child?"

"Merciful Heaven! what do I hear? the voice of my benefactress?" exclaimed a young man, who sat on the after thwart, supporting the form of a young and lovely woman, who had evidently sustained fearful injuries prior to her rescue from the burning wreck. "Is that Mrs. Clifford?" he demanded, gently, relinquishing his insensible burden.

"It is!" responded the lady, instantly, adding, "Whoever you are, you evidently know me, and must know something of my darling. O, have you seen him? Is he safe? Tell me, I conjure you."

"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed the man, passionately. "Paul Hunter would be only too happy to prove his gratitude to the benefactress of his wife."

"O, Paul, my child, my Edward, and my husband—"

"Nay, madam, Captain Clifford must be safe," rejoined the man, hastily. "I saw him myself actively employed in removing the insensible from below, and he may have saved the child."

"May have? But you are not certain, Paul. O, you are not certain, and this suspense is worse than death!" And the poor bereaved mother groaned in her anguish, and clasping her hands over her eyes, sat rocking her body to and fro, and uttering that deep, convulsive sob, which betrays so fully a breaking heart.

"And she interceded so eloquently in our behalf that my Ada might accompany me!" murmured the soldier, in an audible tone, as he resumed his seat and his former burden, on the pallid brow of which he pressed a fond kiss, adding: "My poor wife! Would to Heaven you had remained with my parents; you would have escaped this suffering and perhaps death!" And the gallant fellow bowed his head, concealing his face in his hands, probably to hide the tears, which were an honor to his manhood, since called forth by the suffering and probable fate of one who had forsaken friends and home to follow his uncertain fortunes.

A minute later we rounded to under the counter of, and received a line from the Delmar Transport, alongside of and into which one boat was already discharging her freight of rescued.

"Ship ahoy! Can you accommodate twenty more?" I demanded, as my bowman made fast the line.

"Ay, my lad, a hundred!" was the trumpet-toned reply. "Haul up, haul up at once, and clear the track for others!"

We obeyed, gaining a position beneath the gangway with difficulty, when the debarkation of our freight commenced, the insensible wife of the young soldier being the first attached to the whip by which the helpless were taken on board. Mrs. Clifford was the second, the soldier having devoted himself to her as soon as he beheld his wife in safety; while I, seizing upon the first opportunity, bounded into the Delmar's main chains and gained her deck at the moment that the bereaved mother was relieved from the whip, when, recognizing me, she rushed to my side and grasping my arm, exclaimed:

"What shall I do? How shall I discover the fate of my husband and child?"

"You must be quiet, madam," responded I, gently. "It is impossible to learn anything regarding them just now, or indeed before this gale subsides, when I have no doubt you will find them safe and sound. They may have reached some other vessel ere this. Indeed, 'tis more than probable that they have done so, since to my certain knowledge but few of the 'Wellesley's' company are lost."

"Bless you! May Heaven bless you for your consoling words, yet I apprehend the worst. Do you think that they have reached this vessel?"

"It might be, madam, but I will ascertain." And advancing a few paces with the trembling mother still clinging to my arm, I was about to demand if any of the rescued answered to the name of Captain Clifford, when the young soldier elbowed his way through the crowd, exclaiming: "Mrs. Clifford! Mrs. Clifford! I have found him!"

"Found who?" she demanded, wildly.

"Whom have you found, Paul Hunter?"

"Captain Clifford, your husband, ma'am—"

"And my child—my Edward? Speak! What of him? But lead me to my husband, he will tell me all."

The young soldier guided her through the crowd in silence, while deeply interested in the meeting about to take place, I followed to where a gentleman in the partial dress of an infantry officer lay partially supported by a half naked soldier, his countenance expressing at once the keenest physical anguish, and a supreme degree of mental happiness.

"Thank Heaven! You are safe, my beloved Lucy, but where is—"

"Edward! O, Father of mercies! I came to you, my husband, for tidings of our boy. Can it be that you are as ignorant as myself?"

"I never saw him but once after the alarm, Lucy, and then it was in the nurse's arms. She was seeking you, and I, deeming him safe with her—O, God, my child! and I disabled and cannot search for him!"

"In the nurse's arms," muttered the young soldier. "Why, that was Ada. 'Did you mean you saw Master Edward with my wife, captain?'"

"Ay, Hunter. Where is your wife? The child must be with her!"

"Alas, no, sir. My wife is here. See, she is insensible." And as he spoke he bent over the form I had failed to observe, adding: "I found her beneath a prostrate spar, by which she had been struck down, and wrenching it aside, grasped the precious burden and escaped with it as you see."

"Then, Lucy, darling, our child is lost!" murmured the stricken officer, gently drawing the crouching form of his wife to his breast, where she fainted, while the young soldier, bounding to his feet, exclaimed:

"Not yet! No, no, not yet! I know the spot where my Ada lay. The fire has not reached it yet, and Master Edward must be there, if not among the rescued. Who'll go with me to the burning wreck?"

"I will, my man!" I shouted, seized with a wild ambition to aid him in restoring the child to its parents; and grasping his arm, I fairly dragged him to the rail, on which I leaped, shouting: "Volunteers for the wreck! Sovereigns, ahoy! You have followed my lead amid the smoke and thunder of action, to deal death to the foe. A child is left in yonder burning ship. Who dare follow me to the rescue?"

The demand was instantly responded to by the unanimous shout of the launch's crew, "Sovereigns to the rescue!" when I turned inboard, shouting: "A lighter boat! In Heaven's name let us have a lighter boat!"

"Lower away the gig!" shouted some one on deck, when pausing no longer, I leaped from the rail into the launch, followed by the intrepid soldier.

Scarce a minute elapsed ere the Delmar's gig was down, and five of my men, the soldier and myself, safely seated on her thwarts, when an unrestrained use of our knives severed the davit-tackles, and we were free.

"Bear her off with your oars, and ship all, my lads!" I exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to find the rudder, when abandoning the search, I grasped the loom of the after oar, which the soldier had secured, and lent my strength towards the impulsion of the buoyant craft through or over the maddened billows, while from the Delmar's deck came a cheering shout: "Give way, my lads, my noble hearts, and may God speed you on your errand!"

We did give way, each stroke of the oars making the little boat fairly leap from the brine, while the life-boat-model on which she was constructed rendered us secure from all danger of being swamped. And it was fortunate for us that her thwarts, stern sheets and dais were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise, nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

We had made the passage to the Delmar in the short space of four minutes, but our passage from her to the wreck consumed four times that period, and tenfold the exertion, while in a few words the young soldier informed me of the cause of his daring.

He had married without the consent of his colonel, and the regiment being soon after ordered on foreign service, he besought permission for his wife to accompany him, in vain. Colonel Ross was inexorable, until his pet daughter—the young wife of Captain Clifford—espoused the cause of the anguish-stricken bride, and ventured to intercede in her behalf. He could deny his daughter nothing, so he consented, promising that she should take the fair Ada Hunter into her service, by which means he would be spared the charge of suspending an established military rule in favor of any. In this manner had the youthful soldier and his lovely wife been spared the pain of separation, and in return for that kind intercession he was now proving his gratitude.

At length we reached the burning wreck, when a new difficulty presented itself. How were we to board it? To attempt such a feat to leeward was worse than folly, for the wreck, relieved of its top-lamper, rode partly to the ebb, which was now setting down strong, heaving the dismantled hull into the trough of the sea, which made frequent breaches over her, retarding the progress of the flames, and preserving almost entire her starboard side.

An attempt to board to windward would have been equal madness, and we were debating upon



the feasibility of an attempt to board by the wreck of the mizzen top-mast which hung drooping to the surface, from the stern, when Hunter demanded:

"How near can you go with safety, sir?"

"Within two boats' length."

"Then sheer in, and I will swim the rest."

"Nonsense! You couldn't!" responded I, startled by the proposition.

"I have accomplished feats as dangerous for a less momentous object. Try it. I can but fail!"

"Give way gently, men!" said I, avoiding a reply for the moment, in order to consider the proposal in all its bearings, when the boat, losing headway and being to windward, began to close with the wreck.

We were three boats' length, when he dropped his oar and was about to spring; but I restrained him, saying: "Hold on! You will have a better chance by that spar over the stern; but how can you reach the boat if you are fortunate enough to find the child?"

"Let me but find it," he exclaimed, "and I can afford to trust for safety in Him who rules the winds and waves."

We were stern to, and within a boat's length of the wreck at the moment, when signing to the crew to give way, I exclaimed: "Go, then, in His name, and here's to go with you!" And the next instant we were both struggling in the hissing brine.

A minute later and we were clambering up the top mast, from which we passed on deck, where we were obliged to pause, our passage being cut off by the destruction of the main deck from the main hatch aft, a portion of the weather-side forward remaining unscathed.

"If the child lives, unrescued, it is there, sir," said Hunter, indicating a portion of the foremast, with a heap of smoking canvass which lay along the weather-side, just forward the chesstrees.

"Follow me, then," said I, briefly, and clambering over the quarter-rail, I crawled along outside the bulwark, clinging to the chained hammock rail, until I reached the forward channels, when I bounded inboard, followed by my gallant companion.

"It was here I found my wife; and, thank Heaven, the child is here, alive!" he exclaimed, as the faint wail of an infant saluted our ears.

It was but the work of a minute to clear away the mass which concealed the infant, whom we found lying beside the wreck of the spar, while the charred weather rigging had fallen in such a manner as afforded it protection against injury from the feet of those who must have passed and re-passed the spot in the hurry and excitement of abandonment.

Hunter clasped the child in his embrace, and spurning all my offers of aid, preceded me to the taffrail by the same dangerous path we had previously trodden, when the boat being near at hand, he fearlessly committed himself and charge to the mercy of the waves. My gallant crew, being prepared for the event, were ready, and fortunately able to render him prompt and efficient aid, scarce a minute elapsing ere they had him safe on board. My rescue followed, of course, and was effected with greater difficulty, a mountain billow breaking while I was immersed, and heaving the boat and I asunder, when nearly two minutes passed ere she came within my reach. At length I was in her stern sheets again, and a few minutes later we dropped alongside of the Delmar, where our success was already known, and where our presence was hailed with a general manifestation of joy. Need I tell you, a view of that reunion of parents and child rewarded me tenfold for my share in the rescue of the latter? I think not. But I must add that I was delighted when Colonel Ross approached the young soldier, as he stood supporting his now conscious wife, and receiving the congratulation of his friends, and extending his hand, which the young man humbly clasped, said:

"Brave men should be rewarded when and wherever found. I understand the mainspring of your gallant act, Paul Hunter, but let me add, your reward is still to come, when I trust to it to prove that Harry Ross knows how to reward a grateful man as well as a gallant soldier."

If I didn't sleep soundly the remainder of that night, in the hammock swung for me in the ward-room of the Delmar—I did not—perhaps I never retired to rest in my life so perfectly contented with myself and all mankind as on that night, rendered memorable by the burning of the Wellesley Transport.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE BELLE OF FLORENCE.

BY CLINTON S. HAYES.

TOWARD the middle of the seventeenth century, Florence still groaned under the terrible guardianship of the Medici, and crimes of the deepest dye stain the annals of those years. Nothing prospered under the misrule, save vice and knavery.

At that time, the belle of Florence was Caterina Torella, a young and singularly interesting girl, who had been deprived of her parents by an epidemic, the year before. Lovely as an angel in person, Caterina was gifted with all the qualities of a refined, sensitive and generous mind. Her education had been of the first order, and her talents almost amounted to genius.

Fairer than most of the Florentine women, her arms and neck were dazzling in their purity and smoothness. Her hair, scarcely what might be called black, but rather the deepest shade of brown, fell over her superb shoulders in a luxuriance seldom equalled, and, when unbound, it almost covered her perfect figure.

Unprotected as she was, Caterina was induced to contract a marriage which was every way unfitting, and which eventually brought sorrow and anguish to many hearts that loved the young and beautiful orphan.

At the church of Saint Ambrogio, she attracted the attention of Giustino Canacci, a Florentine gentleman who, although he had a son by a former marriage, whose age would have been far more suitable to hers, succeeded in engaging the interest and sympathy of Caterina.

She married him, and perhaps felt a sense of protection in his love; but her affections were never his. She became sad, dull and melancholy, and they who had known the lively and fascinating girl, could scarcely recognize the grave, thoughtful woman who had presided over Canacci's house and was called mother by the grown-up son, Bartolommeo.

But although the youth called her by that sacred name, he had ever felt dislike towards her—whether on her own account, or from unwillingness to see his dead mother's place occupied; and he neglected no opportunity of making her feel that she was an unwelcome inmate of the house, as far as he was concerned.

Nothing, however, could weaken the passion which Canacci felt for his young and beautiful wife. He lavished money and jewels in profusion, and allowed her the utmost latitude both in expense and liberty of action. She went into society constantly, or received guests of distinction for wealth and talents at her own house.

Among these guests was Jacopo Salviata, the Duke of San Guilianno, and on his first introduction to her, she resumed a portion of the light-hearted manner which was so essentially her own. They talked together, and mutual sympathy was at once established. The duke had married unhappily. His wife was Veronica Cibo, of the Princes of Massa, a haughty, exacting woman, who was jealous of her young and handsome husband, and who had hitherto been quite unable to attach him to herself.

Private interviews soon succeeded this introduction. It was a fearful ordeal for two young, beautiful and passionate creatures, of whom one was wedded to age, and the other to ugliness and pride, and they did not pass through unscathed.

Long and secretly were they beloved by each other, unsuspected by the duchess or the husband of Caterina. At length one evening the former received a note of so startling a nature, that she summoned the writer to an immediate conference. A low-browed, sallow man obeyed her summons.

"Are you prepared to furnish proofs to sustain the assertions you make in this note?" she asked, holding out the paper which she had crumpled in her wrath, and which he recognized as his own.

"I am, madame."

"By what token?"

"By my own name, which is also dishonored. I am the son of Caterina Canacci's husband. My father as yet regards his wife as innocent. He is an old man. I would not bring the task of punishment upon his hands, but I willingly take part with yourself."

"Good! my revenge will be sure, depend on it. I will not spare."

It was the 31st of December, 1638. The day had been chilly, but the Italian sunset had been glorious, and had faded away into the soft twilight, which had again given place to darkness. Under cover of this darkness, Caterina Canacci had left her house unsuspected, and taken her way towards a house at the end of the Via de Pilastri, close to the church of Saint Ambrogio, where she first met her husband, and which she never passed without a feeling of profound regret that she had ever entered it.

She had, perhaps, appointed to meet the duke but he had not appeared. Several friends who were in his confidence, were present, and Caterina had prepared a little entertainment to pass away the time—glad to escape from the insupportable dullness of home, from the odious attentions of her husband, and the intolerable stupidity of Bartolommeo, who persisted in making a part of the evening circle, although he could well see that his presence was disagreeable and annoying to Caterina.

But he knew what he was about. Many an evening he had tracked her, disguised as she was, to the Via de Pilastri, and this evening of all others, he intended to enter and enjoy the confusion which he knew she must feel most keenly at sight of him.

He had just received a note from the duchess, in which she told him that he was to meet three persons at a certain place, conduct them to the house in question, and leave them to perform her orders. What those orders were, in justice to Bartolommeo, we must record that he was far from imagining—but that it would be exposure, he doubted not.

He went to the place appointed, and found, as the duchess had forewarned him, three men, apparently of rank and fashion. In those days, however, men of that stamp frequently joined the various associations of lawless ruffians who preyed upon society and reaped gold from their crimes.

He conducted them, without a word, toward the church of San Ambrogio. Standing for a moment under its sacred portal, aided by the feeble light that burned before the image of the patron saint of the church, he selected a key from many others. This he caused to be made from one stolen from the cabinet of his young step-mother, and which he had already used to open the house in the Via de Pilastri.

The men followed him in, and proceeded to an inner apartment, of which the door stood ajar. By this door they took up their station, watching and listening. Sounds of laughter, mingled with song, greeted their ears. Two or three women and as many men, sat around a table on which were wines and refreshments. Gaiety ruled the hour. Caterina alone did not join it. There was a shadow over her beautiful face, and her large lustrous eyes seemed to shine only through unshed tears. Already, perhaps, she sickened over the thought that she might be betrayed to her husband. Or, it may be, that penitence had already begun, and the sad, upward look of those eyes might be asking the pity and forgiveness due to her errors.

Canacci had liked to see his young wife richly dressed, and had loaded her with jewels and trinkets of the most costly nature. But this evening she was indebted to none of these. She wore a plain gray dress, without a single ornament. The long tresses were gathered in a style of the severest simplicity at the back of her head, and the arms and neck were scrupulously covered. Still she was never more perfectly lovely, now that her beauty was not dependent on flower or gem, or costly fabric. The pure marble of her face was not lighted up by the faintest shade of crimson, but her lips had not yielded their rich color to the sadness that was evidently growing upon her. But the paleness, the sadness—were they not prophetic?

How felt the hard, cold, cruel Veronica on this eventful evening? "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." How eagerly she waited for her coadjutor, Bartolommeo Canacci, himself as cold, as hard and cruel as she? She hears a step, and in a moment, breathless and trembling with his first great crime, he appears before her with a wooden box, the seams of which have been closed with some resinous substance.

"Where are the men?" she asked, hastily.

"Safe out of harm's way," returned Bartolommeo. "I gave them their reward, and I come now to claim mine. Did you not promise a caress from those lips, if I did your bidding?"

She leaned towards him, and pressed her large,

full lips to his. He received it—the kiss of a duchess—not because he loved her, or even that he sought to return it. His cold, dispassionate self-love only suggested that it would answer his purpose sometime to boast of having been kissed by the Duchess of San Guilianno. It was the first and last kiss that Bartolommeo Canacci ever received from woman.

The morning of the first of January rose bright and clear over Florence. It was the morning of the Sabbath, and the first of a new year. Christmas wreaths hung in all the dwellings, Christmas offerings lay on every table, mingled with those of the dawning year.

The Duke of San Guilianno opened his eyes that morning in terror and affright from a painful and agonizing dream. The sun shone warm and bright into his apartment, but he did not heed it for some moments. His whole soul was absorbed in the frightful visions of the night. From another apartment he heard the voice of his wife. Latterly he had hated its very sound. "It seemed to him now that it was that of some condemned spirit, so fiendish and shrill it had become."

He rose to get rid of the sound by opening the windows and leaning far out. The fresh morning air soothed and tranquillized him. His thoughts reverted to Caterina Canacci, and he felt a momentary pang of remorse that he had ever sought to lead that beautiful and innocent being into guilt. He felt condemned and miserable that he had brought her to the possibility of shame or disgrace. Momentary, because when far above all pleasant sounds of morning, the voice of his household fiend rose, shrill and tempestuous on his ear, and he felt that, compared with her, Caterina, fallen as she was, was an angel of light.

He closed the window impatiently, and prepared to dress. It was the custom then, to send up the clean linen in a basin or basket covered with silk, and the one which he used for that purpose—a large one—stood on the dressing table. He opened it, and saw that it contained a wooden box. In the lock was a small key, which he turned.

O, what a pitiful sight met his distracted gaze! Worse even than his last night's hideous dream, for there, from that casket, the eyes of Caterina were upturned to his face, though the lustre had forever departed! Two hours after, the duke's attendant, who had been awaiting the sound of his bell, ventured to enter his room.

He found him in the delirium of fever, with the beautiful head lying beside him on the pillow, and his fingers twining among the long dark locks that swept from the bed to the floor. A long illness followed, from which he recovered to find that the duchess had fled from the terrible vengeance threatened by the populace, more than from any terror of the law, which would probably have not been enforced against one of her rank, such was the impunity with which the nobles at that period could commit the greatest crimes.

Bartolommeo Canacci was not of noble birth, and therefore suffered the punishment, by death, of his crime. He was condemned to lose his head. The duke never saw his wife again, nor were the three *gherri*, who murdered the beautiful Caterina, ever again seen in Florence. The house in the Via de Pilastri is said to be standing at the present day, although more than two hundred years have elapsed—one of the monuments of the reign of the Medici.

## THE SEAT OF THE TASTE.

The Chinique Européenne contains an account of certain experiments made by MM. Kluatich and Stich, to ascertain the real seat of those senses of taste, which is generally and erroneously supposed to exist on the whole surface of the tongue. It appears, on the contrary, from those experiments, that the only portion of that organ which is sensible to taste is a narrow space all round. The breadth of this sensible zone varies in different subjects—in some it is not more than two lines, in others double that breadth, and it rarely extends to the interior surface. In the experiments alluded to, a substance having a strong taste was first placed on the centre of the tongue, where it produced no effect; it was then gradually spread out until the perception of taste was announced, this occurring generally on the border, but in some individuals beginning at the distance of a line from it. The *velum pendulum* of the palate is also sensible to taste, but the pharynx and tonsils are deprived of the gustative faculty. This is proved by the fact that if they be touched with stick caustic, the patient experiences no taste, provided he keep his tongue and the *velum pendulum* away from the spot.

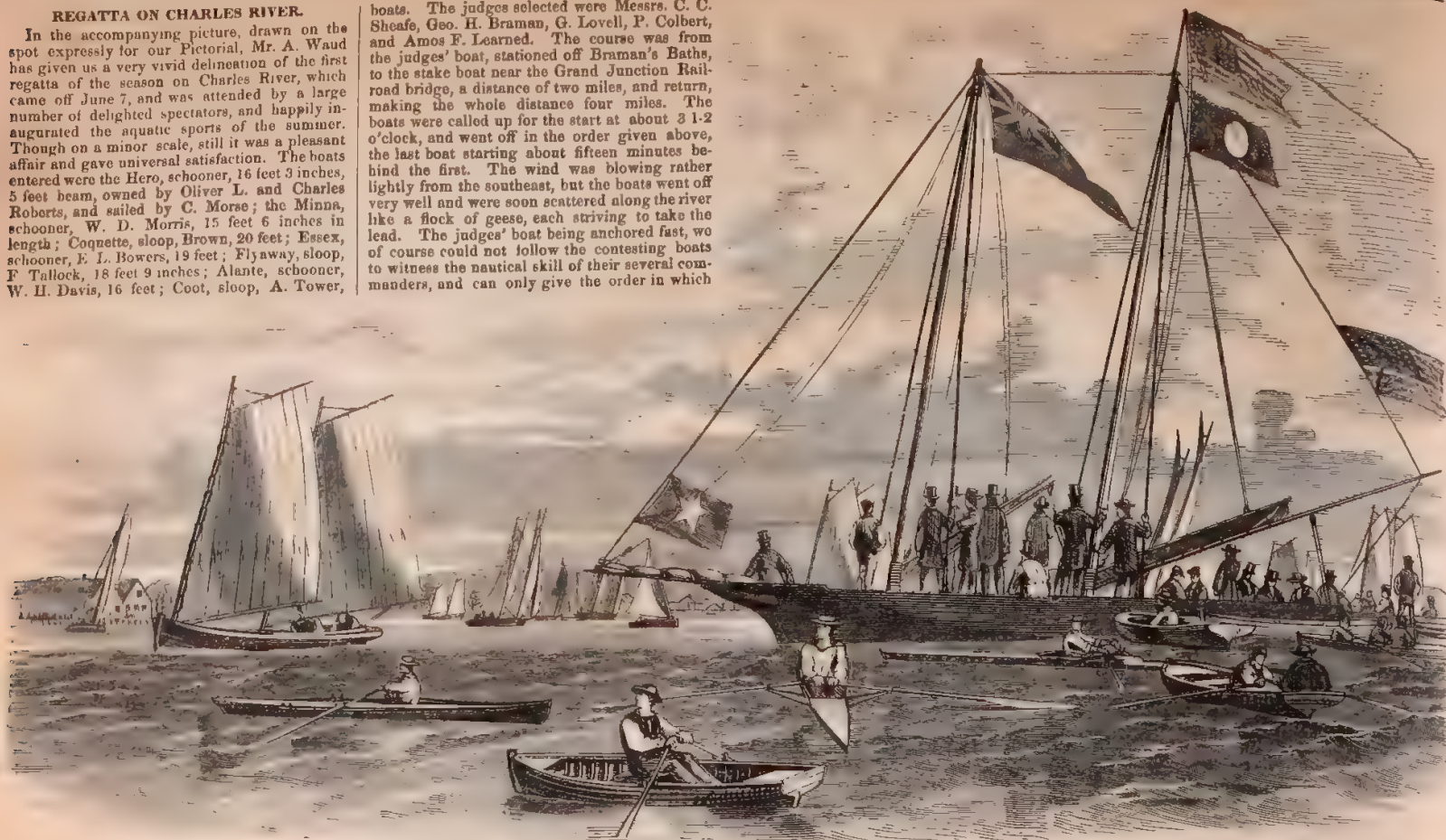
Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.—Dryden.



## REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER.

In the accompanying picture, drawn on the spot expressly for our Pictorial, Mr. A. Waud has given us a very vivid delineation of the first regatta of the season on Charles River, which came off June 7, and was attended by a large number of delighted spectators, and happily inaugurated the aquatic sports of the summer. Though on a minor scale, still it was a pleasant affair and gave universal satisfaction. The boats entered were the Hero, schooner, 16 feet 3 inches, 5 feet beam, owned by Oliver L. and Charles Roberts, and sailed by C. Morse; the Minna, schooner, W. D. Morris, 15 feet 6 inches in length; Coquette, sloop, Brown, 20 feet; Essex, schooner, E. L. Bowers, 19 feet; Flyaway, sloop, F. Tallock, 18 feet 9 inches; Alante, schooner, W. H. Davis, 16 feet; Coot, sloop, A. Tower,

boats. The judges selected were Messrs. C. C. Sheafe, Geo. H. Braman, G. Lovell, P. Colbert, and Amos F. Learned. The course was from the judges' boat, stationed off Braman's Baths, to the stake boat near the Grand Junction Railroad bridge, a distance of two miles, and return, making the whole distance four miles. The boats were called up for the start at about 3 1-2 o'clock, and went off in the order given above, the last boat starting about fifteen minutes behind the first. The wind was blowing rather lightly from the southeast, but the boats went off very well and were soon scattered along the river like a flock of geese, each striving to take the lead. The judges' boat being anchored fast, we of course could not follow the contesting boats to witness the nautical skill of their several commanders, and can only give the order in which



THE LATE REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON.

14 feet 8 inches; Plover, schooner, C. W. Lovett, Jr., 14 feet 6 inches; Ysabel, sloop, W. S. Hooper, 14 feet; Trotter, sloop, D. James, 12 feet; Nellie, schooner, 21 feet; Spray, schooner, 13 feet 9 inches; Maria, schooner, G. Leveson, 21 feet 8 inches; Julia, sloop, Geo. B. Cushing, 21 feet; Mystery, sloop, Everett, 13 feet 10 inches; New York, sloop, J. D. Braman, 15 feet 11 inches. The reporter of the Boston Herald says: By the rules of the regatta one minute per foot was allowed in the measurement of the

they rounded the stake boat, as follows: Trotter, Spray, Isabel, Mystery, Coot, Plover, Minna, Alante, Hero, Nellie, Coquette, Flyaway, Essex, Julia, Maria, New York. The breeze slackened a little when the boats had turned the stake-boat, and the larger ones stood off to the north, making a long tack to Cambridge bridge, while some of the smaller ones hugged to the south, keeping close to the Mill Dam, until they had passed the Heustis House, when they made short tacks, keeping the channel, then running in their favor,

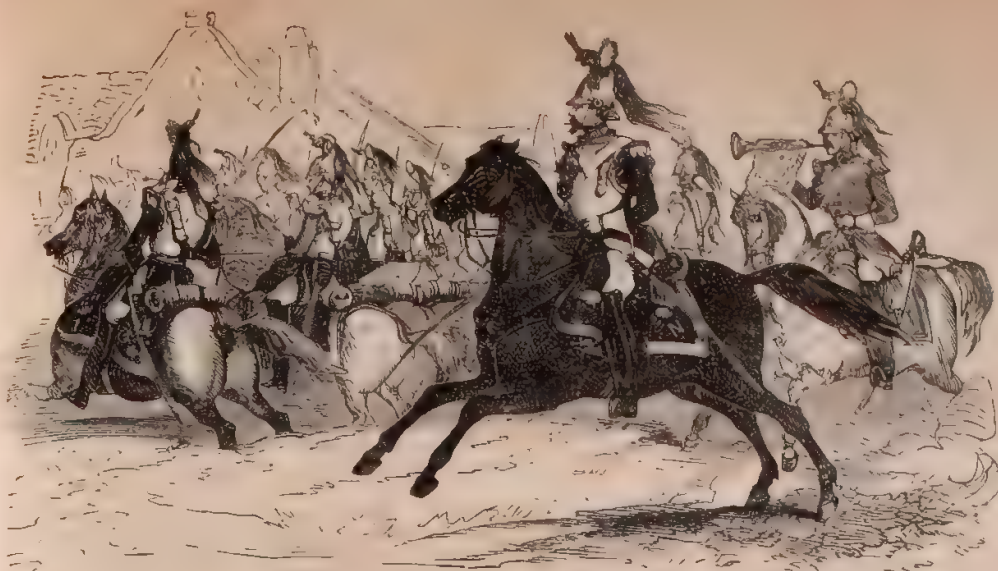
as much as possible. They came home in the following order and time, deducting the allowance made for the difference in length of boats: Hero, 54 minutes 59 1-2 seconds; Minna, 58 min. 12 sec.; Coquette, 58 min. 56 sec.; Essex, 1 hour 45 sec.; Flyaway, 1 hour 1 min. 13 1-2 sec.; Alante, 1 hour 1 min. 46 sec.; Coot, 1 hour 4 min. 55 sec.; Plover, 1 hour 5 min. 5 sec.; Ysabel, 1 hour 5 min. 14 sec.; Trotter, 1 hour 7 min. 54 sec.; Nellie, 1 hour 8 min. 22 sec.; Spray, 1 hour 12 min. 52 1-2 sec.; Maria, 1 hour 11 min.

13 sec.; Julia, 1 hour 13 min. 30 sec.; Mystery, 1 hour 15 min. 50 sec.; New York, 1 hour, 56 min. 16 1-2 sec. The three first named boats won the prizes, each one-third of the whole amount of entrance fees, and their success was greeted with loud cheering. There were, as usual, several other boats that would have won the prizes if the wind had been lighter or stronger, or from a different quarter, or if they had taken different courses, or fifty more reasons which might be suggested; but we can simply



CAMBRIDGE CATTLE MARKET.





CUIRASSIERS OF THE GUARD.

say that they didn't win. On the return of the last boat the judges announced the names of the winners, and distributed the prizes, which were gracefully received in silence by the nautical champions." We proceed to point out the different craft represented in our illustration. The yacht dressed with flags is the judges' boat, the schooner Nettle. Astern of it, among other boats, is the police boat. The two wherries seen in front are owned by two of the best scullers in Boston, Messrs. R. Clarke and A. Whitman. The long boat with outriggers on the left is the Nick Bottom of the Union Club. The Hero, the winner in the regatta, is represented as having just passed the judges' boat, and the Minna, which won the second prize, is beating up towards the goal, and is seen just over and abast the mainmast of the Nettle. On the extreme left is seen the sloop Coquette, which made the next best time, while the Plover, Alante, Trotter and Ysabel (a Bermuda-rigged sloop) are all recognizable, coming up, closely followed by the Essex, Flyaway, Coot, Spray, Nellie, Mystery, etc

#### THE CATTLE PENS AT NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

In the second picture on the preceding page, our artist, Mr. Homer, gives a very vivid appearance of the cattle-pens at North Cambridge, on the Fitchburg Railroad, about four miles from Boston. Porter's far-famed hotel is seen in the centre of the middle distance with its extensive stables, the cattle pens being in the rear of it. There are extensive pasturage grounds in the vicinity. The fair for the sale of these dumb victims to human voracity takes place every Wednesday, that at Brighton on the following day. Cattle from a great distance in the interior come down on the long trains, and thus reach the market in far better condition than in the old times, when they were driven on foot. Still, closely packed as they necessarily are in the cars, their wildness on being liberated gives rise to such amusing scenes as those delineated in the left hand corner of the picture, which shows the peculiar way drovers have of handling restive calves. The cattle in the pens seem to have a prophetic vision of the fate reserved for them, and the bellowing of cows and oxen, blended with the bleating of sheep and the grunting of pigs, makes up a concert which would drive an Italian musician mad. Interesting specimens of humanity are also to be seen at these fairs, and altogether they are well worth visiting by mere lookers-on.

#### SKETCHES OF FRENCH TROOPS.

The universal interest felt in the operations of the French allies of Sardinia in northern Italy and Lombardo-Venetia, has induced us to present the accompanying authentic sketches representing some important bodies of the French army. The first of these

shows the cuirassiers of the guard executing a charge, the colonel directing their movements, and the trumpeter sounding the appropriate call. The cuirassiers are all picked men, and have steel body armor and helmets with crests and flowing horsetail plumes,



ZOUAVES OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

battekin breeches and long boots. They are mounted on horses up to their weight, bred with particular care from the best stock in Europe. The charge of a column of such horse is terrific and must sweep away light cavalry like chaff, or infantry incapable of a steady formation. An idea is prevalent that the French cavalry

mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Does the collector of scandal ask my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching the matter, and finding out. If all the potty things said of one, by heedless or ill-natured idlers, were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying upon my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring in upon me all the tattle of careless or stupid people. If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement, by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, or your dress.

This art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation. There are two doors inside my ears, a right-hand door leading to the heart, and a left-hand door, with a broad and steep passage out into the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me. Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing, when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor them that talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are entirely ignorant. If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, or of love, open fly my ears! But temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery, shut them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your door closed, no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut, your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.—*Cassell's Family Paper.*



GRENADIERS OF THE GUARD.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURLIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "CHARLES DE MOOR." Cincinnati.—If you are a very young man, "Young Norval," otherwise "Claude Melnotte." Either of these characters is effective in good hands.
- M. R.—Deliberate well before deciding. Remember that resolutions taken without thought bring disasters without remedy.
- L. M. R. (Hawchester, Mass.).—The epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice"—If you seek his monument, look around.
- "GALILEO."—The total number of papers in Great Britain in 1857 was 1,057,153.
- SERGEANT S.—We believe the military men in England prefer the "Enfield" to the "Mintie" rifle.
- R. S. Savannah, Ga.—The beautiful optical combination called dissolving views is made by means of two magic lanterns, in one of which is the summer representation, and in the other the winter representation of the same landscape, when the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly by mirrors, so that the audience might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave, or given to the palid corpse both life and motion.
- C. C.—The printer's epitaph you refer to is as follows: "Here rest the remains of L. Gedge, printer. Like a worn-out character, he has returned to the Founder, hoping that he will be re-cast in a better and more perfect mould."
- A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Concord, Mass.—Sir John Herschel says that thunder can scarcely be heard more than twenty or thirty miles from the cloud that produces it.
- INQUIRER.—The name of color blindness has been given to an affection of the eye, which renders it impossible to certain colors whether they arise from the decomposition of the solar rays, or from artificial pigments, or from the action of natural bodies upon light.
- PETER.—Dr. Wall-ston has inferred, from observations made by him, that the direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon, and therefore very many millions times greater than that of all the fixed stars taken collectively.
- 2 The circumference of the globe is 25,000 miles.

## JOHN BANVARD, THE ARTIST.

We know no more thorough going type of the best class of our countrymen, than the justly celebrated man whose name heads this article. Though young in years, he has yet achieved a reputation such as might well crown a life-time. Some years since, as our readers are well aware, he conceived the bold idea of painting a view of the Mississippi River on a gigantic scale, which would require canvass by the mile for his field of operations. A tyro in art, but an ardent lover of Nature, he felt confident that in taking her, and her alone for a teacher, he should, at the expiration of the period requisite for making his sketches, acquire skill enough to represent accurately the noble subject he had undertaken to delineate. For long weary months he floated in his frail and solitary skiff on the bosom of the "Father of Waters," faithfully copying the various scenes presented to his eye, the cities and towns, the bluffs, the forests, the huge rafts, the palatial steamboats, the plantations, the great city set like a crown on the shores of the mighty stream, as it sweeps in its imperial course to the gulf. The making of these sketches was a Herculean task, but a greater lay before him; their transfer to canvass on a large scale in distemper color. A feeble spirit would even then have shrunk from the task, but Banvard bent all his energies to it, determined to succeed. And acre after acre of canvass—we are speaking literally—rolled from beneath his hand on the huge cylinders, covered with glowing landscapes and animated with figures and shipping. His task completed, he submitted his picture to those best acquainted with the river and its varied scenery, and obtained unhesitating endorsements of his fidelity.

We well remember the enthusiasm his exhibition of that panorama excited in Boston when it was first unrolled—how week after week, and month after month, it attracted admiring crowds, and the eagerness to see it the last week of its exhibition, was as keen as when it was first displayed. The Rubicon had been passed. Banvard went out of Boston with a little fortune, and wherever he carried his panorama he met with the same brilliant success. But the envious and hypercritical shrugged their shoulders when they heard of his project of opening his exhibition in London. There, they said, it would be a failure. But there they were mistaken. London and other European cities ratified the verdict of the young artist's countrymen. He returned from his European tour a wealthy and honored man. But he was too adventurous and active to rest on his laurels, and we next behold him in

the East, toiling through the sands of Palestine, sleeping under canvass, braving sun and storm, and gathering the materials for another gigantic panorama. Returning to this country, he completed his project, and the beautiful panorama, now on exhibition at the Music Hall in this city, is one of the fruits of his extensive journeyings in the East. It differs from his previous exhibitions, in the introduction of mechanical figures, to represent the destruction of Jerusalem, which forms a striking feature in his admirable illustrations of the Holy Land. The great charm of the different views in Palestine, is their well-authenticated accuracy. To the many thousands who will never set foot in the East, these pictures will convey a clear idea of the Holy Land, while they pleasantly revive the memories of those who have personally visited the scenes they depict.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

We have had glowing pictures of military enthusiasm and military display called forth by the present European war, and it is well to look for a moment at the other side of the picture. A Paris correspondent writes: "The men on renewable furlough are now joining their corps by hundreds daily. All the men *en conge renouvelable* within a circle of sixty miles round Paris, with the exception of those that are married, are ordered to report themselves at stated days at the bureau militaire, in the Rue du Cherche Midi, to undergo a medical examination. If this were strictly carried out, the number of men available by this means would be extremely limited, but the military authorities do not recognize any marriage contracted without their permission. Now the soldier on renewable furlough, after having served three or four years out of the seven which he is condemned to devote to the service of his country, generally consults his convenience and dispenses with the permission which he cannot obtain. The consequence is that the great majority are married, and have young families depending upon them for support. The evident distress depicted on their faces is a mute protest against the folly and wickedness of war. The street before the bureau militaire is thronged by multitudes of these unrecognized wives, who have, in not a few instances, walked many a weary mile to learn their fate at once. It is heart-rending to watch these pale, anxious faces awaiting the fiat of the medical board. The chance of exemption is but small, the men being generally in splendid health, and when they come out and tell the dreadful news—*il faut partir de suite*—the scene is agonizing in the extreme. The parting generally takes place then and there. The muster-roll is called over, the women are forcibly thrust aside, while their husbands are formed into squads and marched off to the Intendance Militaire in the Rue du Vernouil; there they receive their uniform, their knapsack, and, in short, every part of their equipment, except their musket and side-arms. Up to the last few days, a drunken soldier was as rare a phenomenon in the streets of Paris as a beggar in rags. A great many conscripts, also, passed through on their way to their corps—boys with tears in their eyes, mostly thinking of home, but endeavoring to look smart and soldierlike, and trying to get up a faint show of enthusiasm."

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Clarence B. Underwood, relating to Microscopes, in our advertising columns. We assure them that the subject is one worthy of their consideration, being not only vastly amusing and entertaining to old and young, but also highly instructive.

A PRESENT FROM RUSSIA.—The emperor of Russia has presented to Mrs. Hudson a diamond brooch valued at \$5000, in acknowledgement of the courtesies extended by Capt. Hudson when in command of the Niagara to some Russian officers, while he was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable.

FRENCH PRIZES.—The French squadron in the Adriatic have captured thirty-five Austrian vessels, the estimated value of which is four million francs.

SWISS MINISTER.—Mr. Fay, our minister to Switzerland, will soon be recalled. He has not been within the United States for thirty years.

VIVAN LOS TOROS!—New York is getting quite Castilian. They had a bull fight there the other day.

## THE DRAMA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The drama, as well as the fine arts, suffered with the monarch Charles I. Actors were often called "proud, parroting players; supervious ruffians; asses clothed in lions' skins; dolts, who imagine themselves somebody, and walk in as great state as Caesar." The anecdote is sufficiently well known of the actor who surrendered himself in battle to one of the "saints," whereupon the saint exclaimed, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" and then shot his prisoner because he was an actor. Many actors who had lived in the sunshine of a court, amidst taste and criticism, perished in the field from affection for their royal master; some sought humble occupations; and not a few, who by habits long indulged, had hands too delicate to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were in consequence often dragged to prison. At this period, though deprived of a theatre, the taste for the drama was perhaps the more lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed—sometimes connived at, and sometimes protected by bribery—in Oliver Cromwell's time, a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland House, Kensington, was stealthily introduced; and Alexander Goffe, the woman-actor, was the jacks to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama. The players, urged by their necessities, published several manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companions. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished; for, though numerous titles are recorded, the plays themselves are not known; nevertheless, some still remain, in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakspeare would not have descended to us had Hemmings and Condell felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. But for them they would have been scattered and lost, and perhaps never have been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of the age. Actors sold manuscript plays to relieve their necessities.

## MONTEBELLO.

The London Times makes the following remarks on the late battle of Montebello: "On the whole, however, this must be considered a fair account of the battle. The Austrians confess to a loss of 294 killed, 718 wounded, and 283 missing—in all close on 1300, of whom 200 are prisoners. The French state their loss at about 700, an estimate not so unreasonably low as to excite suspicion, and which we may accept as fairly accurate. The result of the battle is honorable to the French, and it will be for the Austrians to show, if they can, in future engagements, that the success of their enemies was due, not to superior military qualities, but only to the uncertain fortune of war."

METHODIST CAMP MEETING.—The annual camp meeting of the Methodists of this vicinity will be held this year in Hamilton, in Essex county, instead of at Eastham, as heretofore. A committee have bought ten acres of land, including a pine grove, about one mile from the depot, for the sum of \$600, and have leased ten acres more, for ten or twenty years, as they may desire. The Eastern Railroad Company offer liberal terms for transportation.

EDUCATION.—There are four million scholars and one hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the public schools of this country. There is one scholar for every five free persons. In Great Britain there is one scholar to every eight persons, in France one to every ten persons.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—Ballou's Dollar Monthly has just commenced a new volume with July. It is the cheapest publication in the world. Enclose one dollar and receive it by return of mail, and for a whole year.

VENTILATING HATS.—The true ventilating hat, in addition to the small opening in the crown, must have perforations at or near the band, in order to insure a circulation of the air.

REGATTA.—It is expected that the annual August regatta of the New York Yacht Club will take place at New Bedford.

## KOSSUTH.

In a late number of our paper we asked, where is Kossuth? The question has been answered; for, as nearly as we can calculate, at the precise hour in which we penned that paragraph, the great Magyar was addressing himself to thousands of eager listeners. He has now gone to the point of contest, where he hopes to be of service to his down-trodden country; and well may the black-hearted Austrian leaders dread the deep moving influence of this eloquent man. His speech is calculated to throw a vast weight into the scale of the present contest. Passing in review the circumstances under which this address was made, it seems to be one of the most remarkable efforts of his eventful life. It will have much effect in determining the course of English public opinion upon the question of intervention against the French Emperor. It will hedge round with difficulties the Austrian policy of the British Ministry. It will sound through some of the oppressed nationalities of Europe like a trumpet call to action. The ears of Francis Joseph never greeted more unwelcome notes than these of Kossuth! How the eloquent Hungarian arraigns the assassins of his country's independence! How treacherously impolitic, in his forcible reasoning, is the leaning of the English Government towards the House of Hapsburg. He speaks, like one of the prophets of old, in remarking upon this great European war, which will terminate, as he trusts, in the elevation of down-trodden Hungary.

## THE AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.

There is no army in the world which so many minute and elaborate instructions are laid down for the guidance and governance of the private soldier, as the Austrian. The soldier is to be faithful to God and to his sovereign. The language in which he addresses a superior, from the corporal upwards, is prescribed for him. He is to use the word *Herr* to the corporal, and the third person plural to cadets and officers. He is to salute sentinels, and if he be carrying anything in the one hand, he must salute with the other; and, if both hands be occupied, must stand still and face outwards while an officer is passing. The army regulations even provide for the washing of the private's mouth and eyes, for the combing of his hair, for the cutting of his nails, for the shaving of his beard, for the change of his linen, for his bathing under certain regulations when not heated, and also against his lying in the sun bareheaded, or suddenly quenching his thirst when in perspiration.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Our neighbors at No. 13 Winter Street, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have lately opened a choice and extensive *Circulating Library*, where all the new and standard books can be found. The location is so central, and the establishment so extensive and accessible, that all the south and west part of the town will be sure to resort thither for their transient reading. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. are thus supplying a convenience long needed in this section of the city.

NOW IS THE TIME.—Buy your fireworks for the Fourth of July at Holden, Cutter & Co's, 32 and 36 Federal Street. This house has not only the greatest variety to select from, but their terms are the lowest. They furnish the splendid exhibition designed for the city of Boston this year, to be displayed on our Common Independence night.

GOV. WISE'S SON.—Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr., son of the distinguished Virginia governor, preached in Philadelphia lately, and the North American pronounces him "one of the most eloquent pulpit orators we have ever listened to."

THE GARDINER CLAIM.—The government, we understand, has recovered the long standing claim of about \$200,000 against the estate of George A. Gardiner, who forged Mexican claims and swindled the government.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—There were more rowdyism, bribery and fraud at the late English election than at any previous one.

THE MARBLEHEAD LEDGER.—This is the title of a very handsome and well-filled sheet just started at Marblehead.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Episcopal church in New York city has fifty-six buildings, including 36,058 sittings.



## COURT ETIQUETTE.

In private society there are many points of etiquette which are open to ridicule, but the higher we ascend in the social scale, the more absurd are the observances we meet with. Many of the "rules and regulations" that govern courts, are the relics of barbarous ages, and provoke a smile from lookers-on who have been nurtured in the fashions of republican simplicity. We lately met with some amusing anecdotes illustrative of our proposition. The second wife of Charles II. of Spain, one day fell off her horse while hunting, and her foot catching in the stirrup, she was in the most imminent danger of being killed. No one, however, dared venture to relieve her, it being against the law for any, save the chief of the royal pages, to touch any part of the person of the queen of Spain, and least of all her feet. At last two cavaliers went to her assistance, and having extricated her, at once saddled their fleetest horses and prepared to leave the country, in order to save their lives; but they were pardoned by the king, at the queen's intercession.

When Queen Victoria was on a visit to the royal family of France at Eu, the Queen of Belgium had been told that her Majesty of England took every morning at ten o'clock a glass of iced water. Accordingly, on the day after her arrival, a servant duly made his appearance at the appointed hour, bearing on a silver salver a carafe and two glasses, which he tendered to the sovereign, who declined the refreshment with a wave of the hand. The Belgian queen, seeing this, whispered to her son, who was present, to pour out a glass of water, and offer it to the queen; this being done, it was graciously accepted, the fact being that etiquette would not allow her majesty to pour out the water for herself when a servant was present! So, too, when the queen, Louis Philippe and the Duke of Wellington paid a visit to Eton, upon the visitors' book being presented to them, the king of the French somewhat ungallantly took up a pen and signed his name at the top of the page. Etiquette would not permit the queen to sign her name under any other; she therefore turned over the all but blank leaf, and wrote her name on the top of the next one, and then handed the pen to the duke, who, by the by, was so excited—fancy the Duke of Wellington being excited!—at the honor done to him, that he actually spelt his name "Weggington!" The queen now, as formerly, may not speak to a tradesman. She has been seen standing not a yard away from one, addressing all her inquiries to an equerry, who repeated them to the tradesman, and again repeated to her majesty all his answers.

**ANCIENT BIBLE.**—Mr. Pulsifer, in the office of Secretary of State, has a Bible, written upon vellum, that is in all probability about seven hundred years old. As a specimen of penmanship it is admirable—rivalling, in evenness and smoothness the finest printing. The color of the ink and of the illuminated letters has all the freshness of a work of yesterday.

**A RICH VEIN.**—The St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette says that a vein of antimony, two feet thick and almost solid, has been discovered within two miles of St. Clairsville. Antimony is one of the ingredients of type-metal—worth 40 cents a pound—and it has been supposed that it was only to be found in Germany.

**NOT VERY CONCILIATING.**—The elder Kean, having quarrelled with Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, became anxious to effect a reconciliation. He wrote to him in brief but expressive terms, "I am at Bath.—KEAN." The answer was equally laconic: "Stay there.—RICH."

**EFFECT OF A FIRE.**—The Newburyport Herald says the citizens at that place have not yet recovered from the disastrous effects of the great fire which occurred in that town 48 years ago.

**THE WEST.**—Emigrants from Europe are pouring into the western territories, and settling down upon the soil, which is growing daily into wide spread farms and richly cultivated fields.

**THE VINE.**—The vintage in Cincinnati bids fair to be the most prolific for many seasons.

**BAD, VERY BAD!**—Three murders in one night last week in New York city.

## ROYAL FURNITURE.

Everybody knows that a man in humble life now enjoys more comforts than a king did a few centuries ago. The following fittings of a royal mansion, during the reign of Henry VIII., show the changes which, in several respects, have been made since about three centuries have passed. A clocke, a glasse of steele, four battle-axes of wood, two quivers with arrows, a painted table, a payre of ballences, with weights, a case of tynne, with a plat in the window; a rounde mappe, a standing glasse of steele, a stande of flowers wroughte upon wyre, two payre of playing tables of bone, a payre of chessmen in a case of black leather, two birds of Araby, a gonno upon a stocke, wheeled; five paynes of glasse and woode, a tablet of our Ladie and Sainte Anne, a standing glass, imagery made of bone, three payre of hawking gloves, with two lined with velvet; three combe-cases of bone, furnished; a night-cappe of black velvet, embroidered; Samson, in alabaster; a piece of unicorn home; little bones in cases of woode, four little coffers for jewells, a hone of ivory, a standing dial, in a case of copper; an hour glasse, eight cases of trenchers, forty-four dogs' collars, of soundrye makynge; seven lyons of silk, a purse of eryman silk, embroydered gold, a round painted table, with the image of a king; a folding table of images, one payre of bedes, of jasper, garnysed with lether; one hundred and thirty-eight hawks' hoods, a globe of paper, a map made like a sercene, two green boxes, with wrought coral in them; two boxes covered with black velvet, a rede tip'd at each end with golde, and battes for a turning bowe, a chair of joiner-work, an elle of synnamonde stick, tip'd with silver.

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

We rejoice to know that the towns and villages throughout this State are almost universally establishing public libraries for the benefit of the inhabitants. Some of the associations are under private auspices, but more are town property, the means of procuring the books being furnished by a small direct tax, which yields a most valuable privilege in return. This is progress, true progress. It is very plain that no understanding person will object to be taxed for such a purpose. Suppose that some one individual in a town of four hundred voters, has regularly expended one dollar a year, for the last ten years, in the purchase of books. Himself and his family should, therefore, have access to a library that has cost ten dollars. Supposing, now, that this individual unites with his fellow-citizens, and instead of one dollar, pays fifty cents annually, into the common fund for the next ten years, for a free town library. At the expiration of that time, instead of owning a library costing ten dollars, he will have the use and benefit of as many books as two thousand dollars could purchase and keep in order.

**NEW DISCOVERIES.**—The English papers announce the arrival home of Captain Burton, the famous Arabian and African traveller, who has made some wonderful discoveries in the interior of Africa, and who is the only European who ever visited Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, without disguising his religious faith, and escaped with his life.

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express; tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

**EXCELLENT.**—A plan is now in progress to connect with Dartmouth College an agricultural department, where young men preparing to be farmers can get a scientific education, fitting them not only to be accomplished agriculturists, but wise legislators.

**THE DICKENS!**—Mr. Charles Dickens, after his late domestic and public troubles, is coming out of the little end of the horn. He has presumed upon the English public until they have fully tired of him.

**FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.**—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Two gentlemen recently caught, in the vicinity of Bethel, Me., 161 trout in six hours.

The number of coffins taken up and burned, in the New York Potters Field, is 27,000.

A knitting factory is about to be started at Oswego.

A perfectly formed dog, with six legs, was recently born in Baltimore.

The editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle has eaten a strawberry six inches in circumference, and weighing 18 pennyweights.

A gentleman who has just returned from Utah states that the Mormons are in an excited and turbulent condition.

Mrs. John Wood, it is said, has been secured for the stock company of Messrs. Stuart and Bourcicault's new theatre.

Charles W. Allen, of New Haven, has in his possession a coin taken from the ruins of Nineveh, which cannot be less than from 2300 to 2500 years old.

It is related as one exploit of the recent tornado in Illinois, that a two horse wagon, with the horses hitched to it, was blown a distance of nearly a mile, and the horses not killed!

The West Point Cadets have written a neat letter to Miss Cunningham, enclosing \$458, their subscription to the Mount Vernon Fund—two dollars from each cadet.

Piccolomini's engagement, it is said, will yield a profit in the United States of \$30,000, the largest portion of which, it is said, goes to Lumley, the manager.

Five Germans ventured out on a pond at Dayton, Ohio, a few days since, in a rickety old boat, and when about sixty rods from shore, the bottom gave out, and they were all drowned.

One of the largest castings ever made in the United States was made for a new sloop-of-war now building at the Kittery yard. It was a steam condenser, and nineteen tons of metal were used in the casting.

The cost of the Utah army up to the end of the second quarter, was over \$5,000,000, and add to this the estimate for the fiscal year ending June 1, and the expense of that army for one year will range between seven and nine millions.

A young man at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the water beneath him, and then went—home! His body was found next morning in bed!

The Association of Banks of Boston, have offered a reward of \$500 for each person convicted and sentenced for making any of the counterfeit \$100 bills on the Brighton Market Bank, and \$60 for each person convicted and sentenced for passing the same.

The Oshkosh Democrat comes down rather severely upon the Bank of Oshkosh, for what it terms their penurious policy. The bank was burnt out, and they are nailing up a sort of shanty, which was contracted to be built with all the counters and conveniences necessary, for \$180.

In South America extensive explorations are in progress. Dr. Plassard, a Frenchman, has undertaken an excursion into the interior of Venezuelan Guyana; a new expedition will soon leave Rio Janeiro for the interior of Brazil—a region almost wholly unknown, and in the possession of wild Indian tribes.

Mr. Molyneux, of Bordentown, N. J., is shipping to Cuba, the machinery of a large "mud-digger," or dredging machine, to be employed in clearing out the harbor of Havana. This is said to be the largest machine ever built at Bordentown, the wheel being sixty feet in diameter.

A jury of St. Louis, before whom a case of breach of promise of marriage has been tried, have rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at \$100,000, the full amount claimed. The defendant, who is said to be very wealthy, is 60 years of age. The plaintiff numbers only 30 winters.

The Norwich Courier gives an account of a man who tried to drown a little dog by tying a stone to his neck and throwing him into the river, but a big dog, said to be a relative, plunged into the water and pulled the little dog out. The experiment was repeated the third time and given up.

A rascal in Cincinnati a short time since shipped for New Orleans what purported to be cigars, on which he procured an insurance of \$6000. On the down trip he endeavored to fire the boat, but failed, and it was then ascertained that his cigar boxes contained nothing but chips and shavings.

The largest and oldest apple tree in Essex County was lately blown down in a gale of wind. It stood on the land of Moses Pickard in Rowley. It measured over sixteen feet around its trunk some three feet from the ground, and was sixty feet from one extreme of its branches to the other. It was supposed to be from two to three hundred years old.

The Arctic expedition proposed by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, Dr. Kane's surgeon, has been very favorably regarded by scientific men and learned societies in the United States, and the doctor is in correspondence with prominent persons abroad who are interested in Arctic matters. Great interest is felt in the movements of Captain McClintock's party, now in the Arctic regions in search of some memorials of Sir John Franklin.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The creation of beauty is art.—Emerson.  
.... Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—R. A. Willmott.

.... I look on Shakespeare as an intellectual miracle.—Chalmers.

.... Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Gothie.

.... Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.—Bulwer Lytton.

.... Covetous men need money least, yet most affect it; and prodigals, who need it most, do least regard it.—Parker.

.... Some men are as covetous as if they were to live for ever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.—Barton.

.... Dearly I love a friend; yet a foe I may turn to my profit; friends show me that which I can; foes teach me that which I should.—Schiller.

.... A rib of Shakespeare would have sufficed to produce a Milton, and a rib of Milton all the poets that have succeeded him.—Walter Savage Landor.

.... Moore, in his love of the society of the great—Beranger, in his aversion to it—only show, in inverted forms, the same over value for external and accidental advantages.—Lady Morgan's Diary.

.... There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.—Newton.

.... Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—Bulwer.

.... Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his footsteps with the violet and the rose, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child.—Emerson.

.... The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by-and-by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.—Payson.

.... What Anacharsis said of the vine, may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, pleasure, and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate.—Bolingbroke.

## Joker's Budget.

Inscription for a gambler's purse—*E Pluribus Unum*—won from many.

If oranges can be purchased for twenty cents a piece, how much would a whole one cost?

The man who was always splitting with laughter, has been recommended to try an axe.

"Noe corvis" was posted by the sexton on one of the Uica church doors recently during the absence of the pastor.

"Honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man shocking poor," said Griggs, as he worted the sugar, without mixing it with sand.

There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost them much. Tom Jones never sees poor John Smith suffer but he thinks Sam Rogers ought to help him.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London, is this announcement:—"Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

Malesherbes resisted the pressing solicitations of Louis XVI. that he should retain his seat in the ministry. "Ah, happy man that you are!" exclaimed the king, "I cannot quit my situation!"

A Massachusetts damsel is said to have been so much wearied with love's delay, while yawning during a Sabbath evening's courtship, she set her jaws, and was with difficulty brought into a smiling state by surgical assistance!

A man by the name of Death has been bound over to keep the peace at Lowell, Mass. The good people of Lowell must be a stormy race, indeed, when Death himself cannot quiet them, but they must quiet Death!

Mr. Bentley has been indicted in Alabama for severely wounding a stranger with an axe, alleging as a reason that "he didn't know but the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he axed him."

Two men, strangers to each other, got into a dispute upon the highway. "I will let you know, sir, that I am Mr. Hodge!" exclaimed one of them threateningly. "O, well, I am equal to several of you," said the other; "I am Mr. Hodges."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY E. CARSON HAMILTON

Deep hidden in the caves of earth,  
With dross encrusted o'er,  
Are found those gems of precious worth  
Which lords of earth adore;  
But though the crust the gem may hide,  
The test at length we see applied,  
And lo! the gem in glittering pride  
Which dross shall dim no more.

Deep hidden in the human heart,  
Beneath the dross of sin,  
There lies a gem which earthly art  
Nor avarice can win;  
But when the waves of trouble roll  
In darkness o'er the sinking soul,  
Its beautiful gleam we then behold,  
And feel its worth within.

True friendship may this jewel rare  
Be treasured in thy breast,  
And may its glorious lustre there  
To others be expressed,  
That, when shall cease thy life of love,  
Thy spirit like some beautiful dove,  
May soar to friendship's bliss above,  
In mansions of the blest

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HOW THE WIDOW WAS MANAGED.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Why widow Tolham stood looking sternly at Harry Bartwell, and why, in turn, Harry Bartwell stood, hat in hand, glancing alternately into the invulnerable face of the widow and the blushing one of her pretty daughter, Betty, on the morning upon which our little story opens (one of the brightest, sunniest mornings that ever gladdened the world), is just what I am going to tell you. To begin with, widow Tolham was one of the thriftiest, smartest, wisest, most penurious women that the goodly town of Cranston knew; and I may add, with truth, the most inquisitive woman that ever lived in the whole world. Report had it, that she was so curious when her husband died, as to his thoughts of the world he was leaving, and the glimpses of the brighter one to which he was tending, that she had to be carried out of the room before he could find a chance to drop off easily and quietly. But that is nothing to you or me, whether it be true or no. That the good man died, however, and left to his wife as fine a farm as Cranston could boast, is an indisputable fact, and that the widow improved upon her goodly portion, waxing stronger every year in worldly goods and stocks, no one could deny who saw her and her daughter dressed out of a Sabbath day for the village church, or who had the good fortune to walk occasionally over her wide farm, or sit at her rarely loaded table. To say that the widow prided herself upon her good management, her increasing wealth, and her pretty daughter, would not be diverging the slightest particle from the truth. They were her boast, as well as her pride.

But at the particular time of which I write, the peace of the widow's mind bid fair to be broken, as well as some of her brightest dreams and best-matured plans. The truth was, that Betty Tolham, bright-eyed, buxom Betty, had dared to look with a favoring eye upon Mr. Harry Bartwell, a young man of a good heart, of good hopes, but of no property, which, taking the latter into consideration, was, as the widow interpreted it, just no man at all. Here, of course, was a wide break between the widow and her daughter, Betty avowing stoutly several dozen times a day, that she didn't care a fig for money, and her mother answering every time, with an emphasis that was decidedly unpleasant (as Betty's hearing was not in the slightest degree impaired), that no daughter of hers should marry a poor, moneyless adventurer, and no daughter of hers should throw herself away upon a man poorer than Job's turkey; and if a certain young man whom she might name, if she cared to, should, after knowing her mind so perfectly upon that one subject, dare to step his foot over her threshold, he would be treated accordingly.

But in spite of the widow's threats, Harry Bartwell ventured one morning over the forbidden threshold; not, however, let me assure the reader, until he had seen the widow making her way across the fields in the direction of a neighbor's house. Once in the presence of the merry, laughing Betty, he lost all caution, and forgot that time was flying rapidly away, and that the happy interview was a stolen one. It was so pleasant to be sitting near Betty and listening to

her happy voice, and to watch the light that came and went in her brown eyes, and the smiles that danced like sunshine over her fair face; to see in every motion, every curve of her red mouth, every glance of her eyes, and every blush that trembled over her pretty features, that she loved him, was such a sweet happiness to Harry, that the stern decree of the penurious widow, and even the widow herself, were as far as possible from his mind.

So the time slipped away, and before the young couple had awakened from the charm of each other's presence, the stout widow's shadow fell upon the snowy floor of the porch, and in a moment she stood before them, looking sternly upon the flushed face of Harry, and eyeing askance the rosy blushes that confused her daughter's. It seemed an interminable length of time that she stood there without speaking, a great angry cloud settling down upon her features. At last she said, drawing her green berege sun-bonnet from her head as she spoke, and jerking angrily at the strings, "Betty Tolham, what am I to understand by this?"

"Mother!" said Betty, in a deprecating tone.

"Mrs. Tolham!" commenced Harry, looking boldly into the widow's stern face.

"Well?" How like a big immovable rock she seemed and looked as she gave utterance to that one word. "Well, sir?" she said again, seeing that Harry hesitated.

"Mrs. Tolham, I love your daughter, Betty, and she has acknowledged that she loves me; that is all," he added, gaining courage as he spoke.

"Nonsense—stuff!" said the widow. "Betty Tolham don't know her own mind, nor will she for five years to come. You can go, sir." My daughter's hand is already promised to Warren Hastings. I presume you have heard of the gentleman. His settlement in life amply justifies him in looking about for a wife. You can go, I say."

"Mother!" Betty Tolham's face was as crimson as the morning-glory that she had drawn from its companions at the window, picking it mercilessly to pieces with her dainty fingers. "Mother, I never, never, never will marry Warren Hastings, so long as I live; no, not if I grow to be the veriest old maid in all Christendom—so there it is!"

"Tut, tut, tut; we'll see about that, my dear. (If you please, you needn't ruin the morning-glory vines!) You'll come to your senses before a great while. (Betty, don't you tear off another crimson flower; I want the seed!) Now, in the meantime, I must again beg Mr. Harry Bartwell to leave. You needn't trouble yourself to call again, sir," she added, turning again to Harry, as he moved towards the door. "I shall not go to the neighbor's very soon again. I wish you a good morning, sir."

The next moment the widow's broad form was stationed before the door, towards which Betty had started as Harry made his exit. "I understand you, perfectly," were the words stamped plainly upon her features, as she glanced at her daughter.

"But will not conquer me, if you do!" was Betty's answer, as she sprang to the vine-covered window which she had left but a moment before. It was a feat that a modern belle would faint at the thought of, but the kindling eyes of the young lady proclaimed that she would not be daunted by the first obstacle, and in a moment she leaped through the green screen of the vines, bearing them with her to the ground, as she went, in a pitiable state of confusion. The widow stood mute with surprise, with eyes and hands upraised in a sort of pious horror, while Betty danced down the green, close by the side of handsome Harry Bartwell.

Poor, discomfited widow Tolham!—the expression of her face, for a few moments after her daughter left, was ludicrous in the extreme, partaking, as it did, of such various and conflicting elements. At first she seemed inclined to cry, then the corners of her mouth curved downward into the merest approach to a smile, then upward into the height of a terrible indignation, till, finally, the discordant expressions united and the good woman's face grew a sight to behold. A brave girl Betty must have been not to have trembled before it. But she did no such thing; instead, she walked very quietly into the room, fastening, as she did so, a white rose-bud upon her bosom.

"What shall we have for dinner, mother?" she asked, in her softest, most winning tones. "It is getting late."

Should she tell her? That was the weighty question she the widow for a little moment. Should she let the affair drop for a time, and be on amicable terms with her unruly daughter? Alas for her heart! (that unruly organ that so unmans us women!) it burst out into a passion of grief and anger in spite of herself.

"Betty, B-e-e-tty," she began, betwixt her sobs, "I—I'm afraid I shall have to disinherit you, Betty!" That was all that she could say; the next moment, Mrs. Vardon-like, she was lamenting her griefs with her head upon a pillow.

To have known Betty Tolham as she really was, one should have seen her about her home the remainder of that day, intent on pleasing her unreasonable, grieved parent. The pretty ways that she put on, the sunny smiles that wreathed her face constantly, making a little path of dimples about her rare mouth, and more than all, the tender care she took of her mother, flitting in and out her room like a very sunbeam, quite won that estimable lady over to the side of good temper and amiability.

When she appeared before her in the afternoon, after she had put the kitchen to rights (Betty was a thoroughly good housewife), dressed out in the most becoming of white dresses, her golden brown hair looped back from her forehead, and twined into a little basket of braids at the back of her head, with just one curl falling upon either white shoulder, the widow gave a deep, heavy, long-drawn sigh.

"Doesn't my dress please you, mother?" Betty asked the question as she placed the somewhat withered rose-bud of the morning among the braids of her hair.

"O yes, child, but I was thinking what a little time ago it was, that like you, I was young and fair."

"Then I am like you?" Betty asked the question with a flush of earnestness upon her face. "Yes, yes, I am like you, mother! I'd rather look like you than any other person in the world!" she added, gazing steadfastly at the reflection of her face in the glass. If the young girl was acting, her part was faultlessly taken. The widow's heart melted instantly. To be told that Betty resembled her, was bliss enough for a whole week; so resting her head back upon her pillow, she went off into a sort of a half-wakeful, half-dreaming state, her comely face a model of good nature, while Betty (alas that I must record it!) went—into the orchard to meet Harry Bartwell, per agreement.

"Dear me, Betty, what a ghostly-looking place it has grown to be since I was here last. Really, I am almost afraid to go in. We may see strange sights, child; don't be afraid, dear. Go ahead, there, I'll follow."

With her broad gingham parasol over her head, and her face flushed and heated from a walk of four miles in the afternoon sun, widow Tolham stood with her daughter in the immediate vicinity of an old, tumble-down house, situated a mile away from a road upon the outskirts of Cranston. Report had it that the place was haunted; that a man had been murdered within the old brown wall, and that there were thousands of dollars in gold scattered about the premises. True as the report may have been, there had been little heed paid to it for years, the old house standing open at all times, inviting all who wished to enter. But just before widow Tolham's visit to the place, the owner had seemed, of a sudden, to remember his property, and had provided the outer door with a strong lock. This movement excited the old lady's curiosity, and when her daughter proposed a visit to the haunted house, she accepted the proposition eagerly. True, she had wished to start upon the expedition in the early morning, but Betty's tardiness, for a wonder (she was, indeed, a model of sprightliness), obliged her to undertake it in the afternoon; so when they stood in the old hall, after ingeniously effecting an entrance at the back window of the curious, mossy porch, the shadows lay dark and ghostly in the corners of the lower rooms.

But up stairs every place was bright and golden with sunshine, and Betty avowed that the ghost that could play around there must be a merry creature in spite of himself, or herself, for rumor had not particularized as to the sex of the airy visitor.

Good Mrs. Tolham looked grave, and solemnly shook her head at her daughter's apparent disrespect of the long-talked-of and famous ghost. Although she would have been frightened out of her wits to have met the fabled inhabitant of the old brown house, she stonily protested that an

interview with him would be of great satisfaction to her, yet while she spoke her eyes grew nervously large, and her face unusually damp with perspiration.

"Don't, don't, child," she said, earnestly, "you'll be sorry for it."

Betty laughed merrily and danced out of the room, while the widow moved cautiously about, examining a little cupboard here, and a suspicious spot upon the ceiling in another place. While she was thus occupied, the door that led from the suit of rooms which she was examining, closed with a heavy slam. She gave a quick, nervous start of surprise, called her daughter's name sharply, looked over her shoulder, and then went forward again, bent on satisfying her insatiable curiosity. In one of the wide crevices of the floor she espied something that glinted in the sunlight; it was very like silver, she thought, as she bent her head toward it. Yes—true, it was a silver bit of money! With a small chisel which she drew cautiously from her pocket, she turned it from its dusty hiding-place, and clasped it eagerly in her hand.

"Money!—as I live, I'm on the track of it!" she said, glancing again towards the door, and turning to a loose board near by. "If Betty will only keep away for a little while, I shall be thankful."

She turned again to her treasure, after listening steadily for a few moments. Yes, she thought, there was gold under the loose board. She would rip it up. Throwing off her sun-bonnet, she grasped her chisel and went resolutely to her labor. For a long time she tugged and twisted at the board, expecting that the next moment would bring her the deserved reward for her toil. But the next moment went away, and the next, and the next, and finally the shadows came and the sunshine went, and the plank still kept its place resolutely. But, nothing daunted, she worked on, forgetting that the night was near, and that Betty had been gone from her a very long time.

At last her senses were awakened by something like a groan which seemed to proceed from the upper hall. She started up instantly, allowing her chisel to slide from her grasp to the floor.

"Mercy sakes, it's most dark!" she exclaimed, wildly. "Where in the world can Betty be? Betty! Betty! Betty! Be-tty, I say."

But only the solemn echoes made answer, then the house grew silent again, like a very tomb. "Dear, dear me!" said the widow, starting for the door, which had seemed to close of its own force when she first commenced her unlucky labor. With trembling hands she grasped the latch, and attempted to open it. Horror of horrors! it was bolted upon the outside! With all her force she could not move it. She glanced hurriedly out of the window, and remembered, as she did so, how utterly useless it would be for her to call for help, so far away from house or highway. Must she remain in that wretched place all night? Had Betty, in her heedlessness, left her there and wandered off home, expecting her to follow at her will? Or worse, a million times worse, was she a prisoner, like herself, in some crazy old room, watched by the arch-fiend himself? The perspiration stood in great drops upon her forehead, and rolled down her flushed cheeks in little rivers, as she stood in the centre of the room thinking of her terrible, frightful situation. She would have given anything that she possessed upon the earth, to have been freed from that awful prison.

All this while the darkness was gathering slowly, and the sunset was taking from the west its royal colors of crimson and gold. Poor, poor widow, faint with fear, she moved towards a window and raised the rickety sash. Perhaps some one might happen along there, she thought; if Betty had gone home she would grow alarmed that she did not come and send some one after her. At any rate, she did not dare to look about in that haunted place; she had rather watch the coming darkness out of doors, and so crouching down by the window, she turned from the grim shadows at her back, and half-covered her face with her hands.

Just as her agony was at its height, and the tears were falling in torrents from her eyes, she heard some one whistling in the distance. The sound was faint at first, but as she gained courage from it, and hallooed at the top of her voice, it came nearer and nearer, not as it in answer to her call, but as if the whistler's way lay in that direction.

"Hallow, there? Who's there—what's want-



ed?" answered some one, stopping just outside of the yard fence, as if afraid to go farther. "It's me—it's I, Mrs. Tolham, widow Tolham, and somebody has fastened me in this horrid, haunted old place! O, if you'll only let me out!"

"How came you here, ma'am?" The question was asked in a voice that all of a sudden seemed familiar to the widow's ears. She brightened instantly.

"O, I'm so glad!—isn't it you, Mr. Bartwell? Betty came with me, and something's got her, too! Hurry and let me out. I'm most crazy about her."

Somehow the charm didn't work, as the widow had expected it would, Harry Bartwell standing indifferently by the fence without manifesting the first symptom of fear as to the welfare of his beloved.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Tolham, but I haven't the keys to the house. I believe Mr. Hastings keeps them. I'll walk along briskly to the village and send him up here. Good-night. Do not alarm yourself too much!"

"O, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bartwell—for my sake, for Betty's sake, don't go—don't leave me for your life!—don't."

"Indeed, Mrs. Tolham, I'll walk as rapidly as possible; yes, I'll run, if that's better. The sooner I go, the better it will be for you. Don't be afraid, I beg of you."

"Harry—dear Mr. Bartwell! O! O! I'm

"How can you, Mr. Bartwell!—you know Mr. Has—"

"Good-night. I'll go for him."

The widow screamed with all her might, screamed like a veritable maniac, in fact as only a woman can scream, as he walked away. Every step that he took from her, her voice grew louder, till at last she broke down and called in a perfect basso.

"I'll talk with you, if you'll stop! I'll talk with you! Yes, I'll give her to you, if you'll let me out."

The young man went back again and leaped lightly over the fence.

"You promise, solemnly?" he said, pausing a moment under the window.

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll free you."

In a moment more, he was leading the widow, more dead than alive, down the dark stairway.

"I have kept my promise, now look to yours," he said, helping her out of the porch window.

"Yes, yes, certainly—but where, where is Betty?"

"Safe, Mrs. Tolham, I can assure you. I saw her not fifteen minutes ago. She sent me around here to tell you not to be afraid—afraid, I mean, while I went for Mr. Hastings."

The widow sighed long and deeply. She hadn't a voice to try to speak. She was quite

ceremony, exactly like the first, at the widow's house, and at this second one, good Mrs. Tolham was radiant with smiles, and most winning in speech, and Harry Bartwell was known to the world as the husband of Betty Tolham.

#### FRENCH SHIPS AT GENOA.

The accompanying engraving represents a portion of the French fleet lying off Genoa, and affords a specimen of the busy aspect of the port since the opening of the Italian war. The facility of sending troops by sea from Marseilles and Toulon to Genoa, has induced Louis Napoleon to select it as a point of debarkation for his reinforcements, but comparatively a small number having passed over the Alps, and these suffering severely from the weather and state of the roads. Genoa has not for years presented so lively an aspect as since the opening of this war—the constant arrival and departure of ships of war, the thunder of salutes from the batteries, the music and cheers of soldiers and inhabitants, the visits of distinguished personages, all have kept up a wild excitement there. The port is protected seaward by two vast moles, and is surrounded on the landward side by the city, which rises in the form of an amphitheatre. It has been justly called *Genova la superba* (Genoa the proud or magnificent), from the splendor of its marble palaces, which, however, have been much injured by the hand of time. The French soldiers found themselves quartered in magnificent mansions,

the kind, we seem for a moment struck with unaccustomed thought; a sense of the careless, wicked and wanton disregard of life appears to come over us; the newspapers contain the usual quantum of decent indignation; everybody says to everybody, "How very shocking!" and then everybody dismisses the unpleasant topic from his mind, and the world rolls on, as fast, and as reckless as ever. No engineer is punished, no captain or pilot is imprisoned, or architect is hanged.

We are like soldiers in a battle, each too intent on doing execution on the enemy, to stop for the wounded, or care for the dead. The pace at which our life goes is such, that the stragglers and the fainters by the way are left ruthlessly behind. The tear we should have the grace to shed over the grave of our fallen brother, falls, if it falls at all, afar off, where the momentum of the march has pushed us on. The demon that drives us—our business, or our profession, or our speculation,—will hear nothing of death, will know nothing of the grave. We are here to work, not to weep. The time spent in grief we grudge as wasted. The mill of life must grind on unceasingly, and the buzz of its machinery is the only requiem we can spare for the departed soul. We cannot afford to consecrate our ground, any more than our time; but the iron track of the railroad invades even the cemetery of our repose, and the rushing train of the living jostles the funeral car of the dead.—*Exchange.*



FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE HARBOR OF GENOA.

frightened to death this moment!" she pleaded, as he moved away. "Stop a moment, I pray of you—I beg of you! I say—let me tell you—it's the upper door that's fastened. You can get in at the back window and let me out, it won't take you but a minute."

"Mr. Hastings knows better about it than I do, Mrs. Tolham," answered Harry coolly, "and when I tell him who is prisoner here—"

"But he's wretchedly slow—he is, certainly!" she interrupted.

"When I tell him who is here, he will make all possible haste, I'm sure he will," continued Harry, moving along again.

"Dear, dear Mr. Bartwell," (the widow spoke in a voice choked with sobs), "I thought you loved my daughter, and went you, for her sake, do a favor for her poor distressed mother? If you'll let me out, I'll reward you for it. I'll—I'll—"

The widow hesitated.

"Well, what, Mrs. Tolham? What will you do?"

"O, anything—anything in the world!"

"Will you allow me to fix my terms?"

"Yes, I say yes—anything, if you'll only let me out."

"Well then—"

"Let me out first," broke in Mrs. Tolham. "I shall go crazy here."

"No; the terms first, if you please. Give me, or promise to give me your daughter, Betty, in marriage, at once—within a week—and I will free you."

weak, already, from talking and her excitement.

"If you please, Mrs. Tolham, I'll leave you here," said Harry, after they had walked rapidly along for fifteen minutes. "I think, now, that Betty and I will go to the minister's to-night."

The widow gave a great start of surprise. "Don't, don't hurry! I wouldn't go to-night!" she began, earnestly.

"Yes, I think we had better. I'll find Betty and bring her safely to you—my wife. Good-night till then."

An hour later, Harry Bartwell and Betty Tolham stood before the good pastor of Cranston, quite ready and willing to be united, according to Holy Writ, as one flesh. The ceremony had just commenced, when Mrs. Tolham burst in upon them *sans ceremonie*.

"Wait, wait!—wait just a week, for the sake of looks, if nothing more!" she said, in an excited tone. "Betty, think of it!"

The good man paused a moment, and then glanced inquiringly at Harry.

"Proceed—she has given her consent," he said, in answer. And so the ceremony proceeded without further interruption, and Betty Tolham became Betty Tolham Bartwell right before the eyes of her good mother.

Another word, reader, and I have done. That night's proceedings at the minister's house was kept a secret, Harry giving her consent, as he said, in answer. And so the ceremony proceeded without further interruption, and Betty Tolham became Betty Tolham Bartwell right before the eyes of her good mother. But in marriage, at once—within a week—and I will free you."

rich with the carvings of ancient artists. In former days Genoa was one of the most opulent and flourishing cities in the world. From the 11th to the 18th century it was, with a few interruptions, the capital of a famous commercial republic, which planted numerous colonies in the Levant and on the shores of the Black Sea, but the annals of which are marked by the greatest turbulence. It was taken by the French in 1797, and ceded to the King of Sardinia in 1815.

#### AMERICAN RECKLESSNESS.

The superabundant energy that especially distinguishes this age, is nowhere so conspicuous as in our own country. Our people are too busy with living to think of dying. Hence it happens, that in no other country on the globe is human life held so cheap. The penalties for its violent destruction are shockingly lenient. The safeguards thrown around life are few and flimsy. Our streets abound with murders and homicides; our newspapers are full of assaults, suicides and assassinations; our rivers, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, are prolific of death; our railroads are fruitful of fatal accident. Our people suffer themselves to be slaughtered in wholesale massacres, to be blown up in steamboats, crushed in heaps in rail-cars, burned to death by the explosion of lamps, buried beneath the ruins of falling buildings, tumbled under the sinking floors of insecure halls, consumed to ashes in burning vessels, or swiftly drowned by the sinking of unseaworthy ships, with a patience and equanimity that are astounding. After every new fatality of

#### THE JAVANESE.

If these people all resemble those I have seen, they will never receive the prize for beauty. After a few minutes, during which we had time to gaze around the fine large hall, the walls of which were hung with spears and state parasols, and a wooden elephant for door screen! and French engravings ornamenting the inner walls—a mixture of barbarism and civilization—we saw an old man, full of energy and nervousness, bustle across the room towards us, tugging away at his shirt collars, and trying to button his wristbands; at his back was a dwarf, bearing some insignia of state, followed by others, with staffs, canes, etc., etc. We once recognized him as the regent; he shook hands with both of us, and G— did the conversation in Malay, so I took observations. The regent wore the ordinary bandanna, or such like cotton-handkerchief turban, blue coat and gilt buttons, with the sarong. His shirt buttons and studs of very brilliant diamonds; around his neck a very massive gold chain, and attached to his watch a formidable bunch of seals and chateaines. He was very civil, and said he would write to his son-in-law, the Regent of Koningin, to send us horses, etc. We then returned home. The natives are kept in famous order, and as civil as possible. They are never allowed to pass a white person without removing their hats, and if on horseback to dismount. The houses of the natives are built of split cane, interwoven like a basket; their costume generally only a long cloth, or the sarong.—*From Wall Street to Cashmere.*



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## LINES TO ONE BEREAVED.

BY MARY PERCIVAL

There is a sadness o'er the household,  
And hushed are joy and mirth,  
A mother's heart is anguished,  
Her child has passed from earth.

A few short months, this treasure,  
Her God in kindness lent;  
Beauty and innocence its dower,  
A magic influence blent.

An angel wandering from its sphere,  
To seek a priceless gem,  
Conveyed the treasure back to God,  
Meat for love's sad dream.

## A QUERY.

Who first taught souls enslaved and realms undone,  
The enormous faith of many made for one,  
That proud exception to all nature's laws,  
To invert the world, and count each its cause?  
For a first-made conquest, that conquest law,  
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
Then shared the tyranny, then lent the aid,  
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.

POPE

## HAPPINESS

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,  
For then and not till then he felt himself.  
And found the blessedness of being little,  
And, to add greater honors to his age,  
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

SHAKESPEARE

## REFORM.

You'll uproot no form  
With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals  
Have long been twined, without the bleeding rent  
Of thousand ties, which to the common heart  
Of nature link it.—TALFORD

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## CONSPIRACY WITH THE READER.

Ten years ago Garibaldi, the Defender of Rome, on the capitulation of that city, refused to lay down his arms, but assembling his men in the Piazza dei Popoli, invited all who wished to join him, to follow his lead. His whole corps, then reduced to a handful, rallied around him. Placing his wife on a horse in the centre of the column, the daring partisan leader dashed out of the city, out his way through the besieging army, and was vainly chased to the mountains by the whole of the French cavalry under General Legnault de St Jean d'Angely. He is now fighting in the Franco-Sardinian army under the command-in-chief of the French emperor. When such a man, true as steel, accepts service in an army so constituted, we are well assured that the true Italian policy is to accept the French emperor's aid, frankly and unhesitatingly. The Italian people, learning the art of war in driving the Austrians out of Italy, will acquire the ability to maintain their independence, and need fear no foreign sway in the future. . . . T. Buchanan Read lately paid our city a flying visit, and during his stay painted among other pictures, a noble portrait of Longfellow, which has been on exhibition at William Everett's, the fashionable art-depot. The head of a poet by the hand of a brother-poet, to whom the pen and pencil are equally familiar, could not fail to be a noteworthy performance. It is a complete success. The head is full of character and painted with great vigor and sweetness. It is of life-size, and nearly full length, representing the poet in his study, and the actual surroundings of the author—the old clock, the familiar desk, the library chair. The drawing is fine and accurate, the coloring rich and the masses of light and shade managed with great skill. Read has been constant in his wooing of the muse of Poetry and the muse of Painting, and both have smiled upon his suit. Among the Jesuits, says Desir in his *Curiosities of Literature*, it was a standing rule of the Order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be relieved by some relaxation, however trifling, and the Jesuits were shrewd advisers. . . . The widow of the famous republican General Boche died recently in Paris, at a very advanced age. Boche was the general who made a descent on the south of Ireland at the time of the first revolution. He thrashed the Austrians at Wellesbourne, and for his defeat of two of the principal armies of the Chouans received the title of *Pacha de la Vendée*. His name like that of Moreau, is held in great veneration by the republican party, and is celebrated in many national songs. . . . Some idea may be formed of the extent of the milk business by the quantity which arrives in New York daily through one channel. About 240 single and double wagons cross the Jersey City Ferry every night for their supply of milk, which arrives principally by the New York and Erie Road. The wagons average eighteen cans of four quarts each, making a total of 176,800 quarts. The freight upon milk on the New York and Erie Road amounts to about \$100 per week. A milk school-ship has been provided by the Port Society of Charleston, S. C., and fitted up in good style. The lads having situations on board will be accepted on trial for two months—at the expiration of which probation, those accepted will be indentured to the ship for three years. Twenty or more lads have already applied. . . . The British troops stationed at St. Helena are employed in extensively experimenting upon the growth of potatoes, and General Beatson, the commander, instead of issuing bulletins detailing the number of killed and wounded, reports that six inches is the proper depth at which to plant potatoes. This looks like turning sweet into salt plowshares. . . . There are four

millions of people in France who eat no bread. Some eat chestnuts, and some other kinds of vegetables. The people of Ireland, for a long time, subsisted mainly on potatoes. These facts prove not merely that there are large numbers in civilized nations who do not raise their own bread, but an equally important fact, that they have not the means of buying it. . . . Garibaldi, who is now doing good service in Italy, was born on the 4th of July, and will be fifty-two years old on the occurrence of our next national anniversary. He is a native of Nice, and, therefore, a born subject of the Sardinian royal house. Of all the leaders of the liberals in 1848-9, Garibaldi was the most straight-forward and sensible, and he is as brave as he is able and honest. . . . It is said that Princess Clotilde has bought the celebrated fan which belonged to the late Queen of Oude. The fan is made of white silk, richly embroidered with emeralds and fine pearls. The handle, of ivory and gold, is ornamented with rubies and seventeen large diamonds of the purest water. . . . A Texas paper says that a squad of Osmanlies lately got after a bald-headed white man who was hunting on the San Sabá River, and had nearly overtaken him, when his hat blew off and exposed his shining bald pate to their astonished gaze. The savages halted, cried "Scalped! scalped!" and stood wondering so long at the phenomenon, that the hunter escaped. . . . A Paris letter says the "blessed baby," the prince Imperial, is a fine little three-year old, who looks as if he were made of good milk and blood, with a large, wondering sort of an eye, that seems already to have a dreamy view of the "All hail!" hereafter. The little fellow's cradle is well watched; and when his nurse takes him out, his carriage is closely guarded by cuirassiers, etc. . . . A humorous divine, visiting a gentleman whose wife was none of the most amiable, overheard his friend say: "If it was not for that stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors." Upon which the clergyman stepped in and said: "Pray, sir, make no stranger of me." . . . Louis Napoleon, in his proclamation when he landed at Bologna in 1840, remarks: "The democratic republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. Never will I try to clothe myself in imperial robes. May my mouth forever be shut, if I ever say a word against the republican sovereignty of the French people!" . . . An editor in Reading, Pa., on resuming his labors after a brief respite, discovers that somebody has been libelling him during his absence, and retorts by stating that he "does not consider a public sheet a proper vehicle for personal abuse or retaliation," yet feels impelled to say that all the assertions against him are "unmitigated falsehoods, and the concoctions cowardly villains and dastardly poltroons!" This language is not to be considered personal. . . . The rule of a road, says an exchange, is a very good test of the difference between a gentleman and a blackguard. Whenever we meet a man, whether in a chaise or with an ox team, who turns out and gives us more than half the road, we respect him as a gentleman. But whenever we meet a young man, as we occasionally do, who drives rapidly on, without turning out a hair's breadth, we pity him with all our heart, as a poor miserable fellow—however bright his buttons, however fragrant his cigar. . . . Somebody accounts for western hospitality by saying that where houses are so far apart as in that part of the country, a stranger is as welcome as a newspaper, and is commonly used as one. The moment he arrives he is "put in press," and, what is more, kept there till all the news that has happened for the last six months is thoroughly squeezed out of him and bottled up for future use. A man that tells a good murder story could travel from one end of Indiana to the other without expense. . . . At Detroit, recently, an ox was killed because he could not understand the French language. The team, consisting of one English and one French ox, drawing a heavy load and driven by a French driver, was crossing the track when the express train made its appearance. The driver, in great excitement, immediately ordered his oxen to "chuck," the French word for "haw." The French ox understood him, and turning off the track, saved himself, but the English ox, never having studied the language, pressed further on, and was instantly killed. . . . The "Armstrong gun," it is said, will revolutionize the whole science of artillery. The first experiments with this gun by government officials were for range, and fired at a high angle; it was found that a shell or shot could be thrown by it for a distance of upwards of 9000 yards, or more than five English miles. The next experiments were for penetration, and although the results have not yet been officially notified, it is understood that a butt of elm timber, three feet in thickness, was pierced at a distance of 190 yards, and it is said in one instance a shot went 400 yards beyond, after passing through the timber; but the third and most satisfactory series was for difference of range and deviation or accuracy, of fire. . . . An advertisement of Dan Rice's great show, published in a country paper, speaking of the rhinoceros of the menagerie, says that "this animal will be turned loose into the arena, and perform incredible feats, proving by its tame submission that what could not be done in the past, has, in the future, been accomplished." . . . The revenue to the French government from the tobacco monopoly for the present year is estimated to reach \$30,000,000. In Russia the revenue derived from the duties on tobacco exceeds \$36,000,000. In Austria it amounts to \$14,000,000. . . . So great is the confidence felt in the speedy and triumphant termination of the Italian war, that the manager of the Theatre Français has received notice that his company will probably be required to play before the emperor in the course of the season at Li Sola, in Milan. During one period of the Peninsula war, when the demand for men was great, the "standard" or minimum for a soldier's height in the British army was reduced so low as five feet three inches for adult men; youths were admitted at sixteen years of age; and the bounty rose to \$100 for one adult who would consent to serve for life. Never since 1812 has the system been at such a high pressure as this. . . . Most extraordinary fashions as well as a excitement prevailed at Paris. The empress wore on a recent occasion a bonnet of white crane, with a small humming bird placed on a spray of lilac. . . . Of what particular fruit must Paul Morphy be very fond? Check-

er-berries and Chess-nuts. . . . Mr. R. C. Winthrop, now on a visit to Europe, ordered half a dozen Mount Vernon canes for presentation to friends in Europe. By direction, they were to be mounted in a plain, substantial manner. The Knights Templars, recently on a visit to Richmond, have also sent an order for one of these canes for each member. The Mount Vernon timber is now manufactured into canes, goblets, necklaces, armlets, picture frames and trinkets in various shapes. . . . Fouillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" is still all the rage at the Vaudeville. They tell of a funny mistake in one of the early impressions of the bills. A word was misplaced, so that instead of "The Story of a Poor Youth, Piece in 5 Acts," it read, "The Story of a Youth, Poor Piece in 5 Acts." . . . The remains of the late Alexander Hamilton, buried thirty-seven years ago in the New Haven Cemetery, were recently exhumed for the purpose of being removed to Bridgeport (where his son's remains have within a few years been deposited.) The coffin being of mahogany, was found to be almost perfectly sound—so much so, it was said, the sexton could, or did, stand upon it to test it. The skeleton appeared perfect. . . . A curious marriage, the result of a practical joke, is about to occur between the daughter of a Prussian prince and a professor of music who was her teacher. Suspecting an unacknowledged attachment between the two, a waggish friend contrived a story of the professor's suicide, which was told to the young lady before a large circle of friends. The swoon and passionate grief which followed betrayed her secret, and marriage is the result. . . . One of the most pleasing circumstances of the war in Italy is the proof the Italian soldiers engaged in it afford that they are brave men. They have been second to none, and great things can reasonably be expected from a people capable of producing such patriots and heroes.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

It is extremely difficult to get at the truth respecting the battles fought in Northern Italy, so exaggerated are the reports on either side, thus we have just got the facts respecting the battle of Montebello in May. The battle of Margenta, fought on the 4th of June, being on a greater scale, of course gives rise to fiercer disputes and to bulletins yet more contradictory. The Austrians, fighting on the soil of Lombardy, were desperate, and the losses of the French and Sardinians in men and officers, shows that they had no contemptible enemy to deal with. It is evident that the Austrians reserved their full strength for the defence of their Italian possessions. These battles are to be judged by the results and not by contemporary accounts. To sum up, it is indisputable that the Franco-Sardinian arms have advanced victoriously. Whether they will be able to continue their career of victory in Lombardy remains to be seen.—The Italian ladies continue to send beautiful bouquets to the Empress Eugenie by means of Louis Napoleon's courtiers. These men travel loaded down with despatches and flowers.—The British government has given the country assurances of a peace policy. No administration could endure that pursued a different course.—Kossuth has gone to Italy. But it is doubtful whether his dreams of Hungarian regeneration will be realized at present. Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel maintain their ground as the idols of the Sardinian soldiers. They omit no opportunity of distinguishing themselves as fighting men.

## The Escorial Librarian.

Here is an anecdote from the *Ecclur*, related by the Austrian ambassador at Athens: When he entered the capacious library he found most of the books ranged on the shelves, not with their backs but with their cut edges towards the visitor. On questioning the monk who accompanied him as to the manner of finding a book, he got the *quite* answer that, during the period of the good priest's guardianship, no book had ever been asked for. To the inquiry whether he himself made no use of the library, the monk replied, "Never, dear sir! My faith, which may the virgin preserve in its purity, might else be endangered." The sequel to this conversation proved important to the literary world. The Austrian was allowed to choose at random a souvenir among the books and manuscripts which lay on the floor in a confused heap, covered with dust and cobwebs. By a lucky accident his treasure-trove consisted of the manuscript of *Lope de Vega's* Star of Seville, and of Cardinal Ximenes's original instructions to the Inquisition.

## Art Sales in England.

At a recent sale in London, the well-known "Death of Nelson," by B. West, P. R. A., the property of Mr. G. H. Bengough of Plymouth, was sold for £185, and another belonging to the same gentleman—a grand landscape—by J. Both, sold for £278. The sale comprised also the collection of pictures belonging to Mr. H. Houghton, among which were the following: "The Holy Family," a grand gallery picture, by Rubens, from the Duke of Newcastle's collection; it was sold for £30 6s. A portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, sold for £77 14s.; a sea piece, with vessels, by Van de Velde, for £57 16s.; and a portrait of Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke, for £68 5s. A noble colossal bust of Napoleon, by Canova, from the Earl of Oxford's collection at Wolverton, was sold for £40.

## The Battle of Montebello.

The special correspondent of the London Times attached to the Austrian camp, speaks of the affair of Montebello as a "disaster," and states that the full returns of the killed and wounded exceed very much the number he first reported. The unfavorable result of this engagement is attributed to the unwise zeal of General D'Urban, who pushed on too far and too fast.

## Germany.

The feeling in some of the German States is so strong that a French manufacturer at those places, employing seven hundred workmen, has been compelled to quit the place, on account of the excitement prevailing.

## The Swiss Riflemen.

From Zurich we learn that the great rifle gathering of the cautious for annual competition as marksmen, will be held, notwithstanding, or rather, because of the war, as evidence of the pride taken by the sons of Tell in their national weapon. The Swiss at New York and Philadelphia have sent 5000 francs for a special prize, and those at Rio Janeiro a similar grant of 2000 francs.

## Splendid Gift.

Sir Andrew Smith, late director of the army medical department, not forgetful of the days passed by him when a student in the University of Edinburgh, has just presented to the Natural History Museum his magnificent collection of reptilia. It embraces nearly 2000 specimens, obtained from all parts of the world, and among them are many of great rarity and beauty.

## Prussia.

The terms of the new loan are announced; it bears five per cent. interest, and is to be issued by public subscription; redemption to commence in 1863 by the payment of one per cent. annually; 80,000,000 thalers is the amount. The ecclesiastical council has ordered prayers in the churches for the preservation of the peace of Prussia and Germany.

## Blood for Brandy.

At Genoa, an innkeeper declined to accept money for a glass of brandy supplied to a Chasseur de Vincennes, and when the soldier insisted, the other said, "No, instead of money, you must kill an Austrian for me!" "In that case," cried the soldier, "give me another glass of brandy, and I will kill you two."

## Horses for France.

At the great horse fair at Liege, 800 artillery cattle were bought up for France at £25 a head, Belgium having no objection to free trade in live stock, and asking no questions. At Ghent an equal amount of horseflesh changed hands the same day, at a higher figure, for similar purposes.

## English Rifle Clubs.

The formation of rifle clubs and volunteer corps proceeds steadily throughout England, and in many places promoters of them are going about their work in a truly business-like manner. At Cambridge the first meeting for practice has already been held.

## English Artists.

In consequence of the unsettled state of Europe, the jury of English artists (Messrs. David Roberts, W. P. Frith, Thomas Creswick, A. Elmore, and J. C. Horsely, acting with M. E. Gambart as director) have resolved not to send pictures to Paris this year.

## Naples.

Hon. Henry Elliot has been sent by the British government on an official mission to Naples. It is supposed to have reference to the re-establishment of diplomatic relations.

## Austrian Frigate.

The Austrian frigate *Novara*, now on a voyage of circumnavigation, will be considered as a neutral vessel, on account of the scientific mission which it is fulfilling.

## Spanish Exhibition.

An exhibition of the works of Spanish and Portuguese industry is to be held at Madrid on the 1st of April, 1862.

## The Princess of Prussia.

The Princess Frederick William has returned to Berlin after her flying visit to the queen.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAVALIER. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. JAMES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 391.

A story in the author's best vein, with a skillfully constructed plot, well drawn characters, and intensely interesting throughout. The publishers and Mr. James a large price for this latest production of his pen, and they will be sure to reap a rich reward for their liberality and enterprise. The book is beautifully bound. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

COUNTRY LIFE. A Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. Mearns (Cultivator). Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B. Jewett. 8vo. pp. 1513. 15c.

We have already noticed this work, of which we had examined the unbound sheets, in a former number. In its completed form it strikes us as one of the most elegant books on rural matters ever issued from the American press. Its directions for gardening and farming are ample, minute, and perfectly intelligible. The author is a practical as well as scientific man. He has read and thoroughly digested everything valuable that has been written and published on the subjects of which he treats, while his own views are based upon experience. He tells us how to lay out grounds, how to cultivate crops in the open air and under glass, how to build and ornament, and presupposing no previous knowledge in the reader, and hence unking his book complete in itself. We most cordially commend it to "all lovers of nature," to whom it is felicitously dedicated.

FRUIT, FLOWERS, AND FARMING. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 420. 15c.

The papers collected in this volume are not poetical essays upon country matters, but practical remarks on farming and gardening, going largely in detail, and containing minute instructions for the cultivation of the soil. Mr. Beecher is a genuine lover of the country and of horticulture. He has a "seed-man's list, a nurseryman's catalogue, are more fascinating to us than any story." He has gardened and written *con amore*, and has produced a really valuable work. Boston: Brown, Taggart & Chase and Bartlett & Miles, 58 Cornhill.

AGRICULTURE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 12mo. pp. 388. 15c.

The author of these pleasant essays and sketches of foreign travel has laid the reading public under deep obligations for the fund of amusement and instruction he has afforded them in his sparkling book. A large portion of the work was first published in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, but the foreign sketches have been mostly re-written. Mr. Fairbanks, formerly assistant librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, is understood to be the author. He is a well-read man, and his views of men and things are original and acute. He writes well and vigorously; his descriptive passages are very graphic; and there is a vein of good humor and satire running through his essays which gives them a pleasant look, but it will be reserved for re-reading by all people of taste.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING - Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## BANVARD'S GREAT PANORAMA OF THE

### HOLY LAND, PAINTED ON 100,000 FEET OF CANVASS,

And Grand Mechanical Picture of the  
**DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,**  
Are now on Exhibition at the

**LOWER MUSIC HALL,**  
Every Evening at 8 o'clock, and on  
Wednesday and Saturday after-  
noons at 3 o'clock.

Price of admission, 25 cents, children 10 cents.  
Special arrangements made with Schools.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.  
**MICROSCOPES!**

**POWERFUL** single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one. An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

**CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,**  
114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, July 2

### WAR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

WE have this day published the most complete Map of the Seat of War yet issued. It is compiled from the fullest and most reliable foreign Maps and Atlases, is engraved in the best style on copper, and contains we believe every name yet mentioned or likely to be of interest. A moment's examination will show any one the GREAT SUPERIORITY of this over all other Maps of this region. Price only 25 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

**E. P. DUTTON & Co.,**  
BOSTON MAP STORE,  
July 2 2w 106 Washington Street.

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.'s**  
**SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY,**  
No. 13 Winter Street.

CATALOGUES FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION  
**NOW READY.**

**RAISING OF BLOOD.**  
THIS alarming symptom may arise from congestion of the lungs, from impoverishment of the blood, or from incipient pulmonary disease. The **PERUVIAN SYRUP** is an excellent remedy for all such conditions, as it equalizes the circulation, purifies and enriches the blood, and, by its tonic and alterative powers, arrests the disease in the lungs when not beyond the reach of medicine.

**GREAT WORK ON CATTLE,  
AND THEIR DISEASES.**  
BY DR. GEORGE H. DADD, V. S.,  
Author of "Modern Horse Doctor," etc., etc.

This valuable book is now in press, and will be published by us about the first of July. It is without doubt the most thorough work on Cattle yet offered to the American people, and the most valuable work from the pen of its distinguished author, whose reputation is world wide.

It will be published in one handsome 12mo volume, with numerous illustrations. Price, \$1.25.  
**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,**  
June 25 2w PUBLISHERS, 20 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

**THOMAS S. DROWNE,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**FINE GOLD JEWELRY, CHAINS, etc.**  
FACTORY AND SALESROOM,  
No. 151 Washington Street, Boston.  
June 18 Repairing done promptly. 5w

**Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.**  
**BROWN'S** Soda Water, drawn through Nichol's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, Brown's Hock and Claret Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office. June 18

**WANTED.**  
500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address  
June 1 3m **GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,**  
Hookset, N. H.

**116,000.** BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.  
No. 22 Winter Street. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**  
**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,**  
June 15 NO. 3 WINTER STREET

## NOW READY: THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JULY.

CONTENTS - Thomas Paine's second Appearance in the United States; Of Books and the Reading thereof. After the Ball, Rock, Tree and Man; Chip Dartmouth, Sea and Unseen; Perseval, Zelma's Vow; William Sinkapeare, Attorney and Solicitor The Ministers Waiting; The Professor at the Breakfast Table Art, Rumors and Literary Notices, Recent American Publications.

The present number commences a new volume, and the publishers have the pleasure to announce, that in addition to

**MANY NEW CONTRIBUTORS,**  
whose articles will enrich and enliven the pages of the current volume, those universal favorites,

**MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,**  
AND  
**DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,**  
will also contribute to each number.

The friends and patrons of the ATLANTIC will also be glad to learn that it has already attained to a monthly circulation of more than

**40,000 COPIES,**  
and that the number of its subscribers is constantly increasing.

Terms - Three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon receipt of the subscription price, the Publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number. All back numbers can be supplied.

The postage of the ATLANTIC is 36 cts. a year, prepaid. Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive five copies of the ATLANTIC for one year, the subscribers to pay their own postage.

Booksellers and Newsmen will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the publishers.

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,**  
13 Winter Street, Boston.

**JUST PUBLISHED,  
BY  
ELLIOT & WHITE.**

A fine fac-simile in Lithography, by D'Avignon, of the beautiful engraving

**"THE PAST AND THE FUTURE."**

COMPETENT critics pronounce it the finest drawing ever executed in this country. Regardless of margin, the size of the crayon is 15 by 19 inches, portrait style. The Proofs and Prints, on India, require a frame about 22 by 26 inches.

**PRICES.**  
Proofs on India, without letters, \$2.00  
Prints on India, with letters, including poetry, etc., 1.50  
Prints on plain paper, for Grecian painting or framing, 1.25

Purchasers should be careful to obtain M. D'Avignon's representation of this subject. It may be found with printers generally.

Copies of this or any other print in our folios, which contains nearly four thousand different subjects, sent by mail or express, postpaid, on receipt of the publication price by

**ELLIOT & WHITE,**  
PRINTSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS, 4w  
June 18 322 Washington St., opposite Adams House, Boston.

**THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR.  
COUNTRY LIFE.**

By R. MORRIS COPELAND, Esq.  
Is now ready for subscribers and on sale at the book-stores.

**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,**  
PUBLISHERS,  
June 25 20 Washington St., Boston. 3w

**MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.** - With Symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stephenson Embellished with a Portrait of Moore. Price, \$1.50. Cloth, embossed, \$2.50. Cloth, full gilt, \$3.

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.,**  
277 WASHINGTON STREET

**BANKING, EXCHANGE,  
-AND-  
COLLECTION OFFICE,**  
No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

**COLLECTIONS**  
Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

**UNCURRENT FUNDS**  
Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

**LAND WARRANTS** bought and for sale.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**  
Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

**WM. F. DAVIS,** **JOSEPH W. DAVIS,**  
Attorney. 25 State St., Boston.

**SAMUEL MASURY,**  
**PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.**

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)  
289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 11

**NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.**  
**J. C. OSGOOD,**  
19 WINTER STREET.

Has just received and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMING, which the Ladies are invited to examine. June 25

## BUY THE BEST

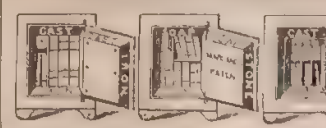


**ANDREW LANERGAN'S**  
(Successor to Sanderson & Lanergan)

**FIRE WORKS.**  
**HOLDEN, CUTLER & Co.,**

WHOLESALE AGENTS  
32 & 36 Federal Street, and 107, 111, 113  
June 11 Congress Street, Boston. 4w

THE ONLY POSITIVELY



**FIRE PROOF SAFE**

IS THE

**MARLAND'S PATENT,** of which Dr. C. T. Jackson and A. A. Hayes, assurers to the State of Massachusetts, assert, "the door-way (the most vulnerable part of a safe) to be as fire proof as the walls, and that is all that can be expected of a safe, and is secure in any fire, the intensity of which is less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and stone."

Messrs. Cochran & Hall, of New Orleans, say at the burning of our warehouse, July 8, 1858, "your safe had as severe a test as is possible to imagine, no water being thrown upon it. Our fears regarding it, and a Salamander Safe of another manufacture, were partially realized by the destruction of the latter, while the entire contents of your safe were preserved from the slightest damage." At the burning of the Pioneer Mechanics Shop at Burlington, Vt., April 14, 1858, "this safe was so intense in the division which the safe stood that it melted the machinery into masses, so that out of some thirty tons not half a ton was fit for use again - while the entire contents of the safe, books, papers, and \$3000 in notes were unimpaired."

Special attention given to designing safes for house use. M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HADY, Manufacturers, 32 School St., Boston, Mass.

**ISAAC BRIDGE,** No. 91 Magazine Street, New Orleans, ap23ap8m

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak, when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the various steaks when cooked over charcoal fire.

**Gas Cooking Apparatus.**

**Gas Flat-iron Heaters.**

**Gas Fixtures and Pipe.**

**W. F. SHAW,**  
may 28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

**GRANT, WARREN & Co.,**

Nos 89 and 93 MILK STREET, AND 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap30 3m

### Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from \$15 to \$30 weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE PREPARED BY COCOA, BROWN, CO. & CO. COCOA STEAKS, SPECIAL HOMOGENEOUS AND DIETETIC COCOA, FRENCH CHOCOLATE AND CHOCOLATE COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three quarters of a century we have manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. An nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases. They are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents: J. P. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Bennett, Dudley & Co. Cincinnati and by Grocers generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.,** Doncaster, Mass.

6m 13

### BOOK BINDING.

**SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.**

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street, BOSTON

at BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE June 25

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

## DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

FOR  
Coughs, Colds, Influenza,  
Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping  
Cough, Croup, Quinsy, Asthma,  
Inflammation of the Throat,  
Lungs and Chest,  
AS WELL AS THAT DISEASE,  
CONSUMPTION.

"So well is this remedy known and appreciated by the community, that to speak in its praise seems like 'gilding refined gold.' As an efficient remedy for every phase of disease affecting the throat and lungs, whether as a simple cough or cold, or those more dangerous symptoms which, if neglected, threaten to threaten consumption upon the system, there is no medicine which has done or is capable of doing so much good."

PREPARED BY  
**SETH W. FOWLE & Co.,**  
18 Tremont Street, Boston.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

**DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**

**DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**

### PHOTOGRAPHY.

COMPLETE APPARATUS \$25, with a full supply of materials and instruction for taking Ambrotypes, Stereoscopic, Microscopic Pictures, etc. To the man of leisure or science, no chemical process is so beautiful or admits of a greater variety of results. To the unemployed no business is more profitable, more easily learnt, or requires so small a capital. Packed and sent to any address. O. J. FOX, July 2w 681 Broadway, New York

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelleto style, really discovered with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER:** or, THE PROPHET OF THE BURNING WIND. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling nerve and interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE QUEEN OF THE SEA:** or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the sanguinary incidents of those times. Written for us by.....NED BUNTLINE

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** or, THE DUMB DUKE OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated, altogether exhibiting. Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**RODERICK THE ROVER:** or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVES. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest. Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**FITZ-HERN:** or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland, narrating events of deep interest to every lover of Erin. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read - of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition. Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LARK:** or, THE QUADROON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident. Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE:** or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE SMUGGLER:** or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT:** or, THE ROYALTY OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best of its author ever wrote. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** or, THE ROVER'S CAUSE. This is a true sea story written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter back of our merchant vessels. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover. Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

**RED HAND:** or, THE CRUISE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass. No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.





FRENCH SKIRMISHERS AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO, ITALY.

**FRENCH SKIRMISHERS AT PALESTRO.**

The spirited military picture on this page represents, on a large scale, a group of the French chasseurs in action at Palestro. The uniform of these troops is deep blue, trimmed with buff, buff epaulettes, green plumes, gray great coat with hood attached. They are fleet runners, and fully equipped, often do nine miles an hour. They are drilled to load and fire in every position, standing, reclining, or lying down. In marksmanship they will compare with the Tyrolean hunters or the best English riflemen. Their carbines are rifled, which communicates a rotary motion to the ball. The ball closes the barrel

hermetically, and in loading it is flattened by a vigorous stroke of the ramrod. The carbines are percussion and carry to a great distance. The sabre-bayonet, invented by Thiéry, commandant of artillery, is a most formidable weapon, and the chasseurs use it as if they were of the opinion of Marshal Saxe, that "a musket is only a handle for a bayonet." When they are deployed as *tirailleurs*, they advance in groups of four, and form a square, if necessary. If they form squares on the centres, the front rank uses the sabre-bayonet, while the second pours its fire into the enemy. The origin of the corps of Chasseurs or *Tirailleurs* of Vincennes dates back twenty

years. The first model company was formed by General Count d'Houdetot. An ordinance of August 28, 1839, definitely constituted the *tirailleurs de Vincennes*, an isolated corps, and they performed their first service in Algeria against the Arabs, who called them "Soldiers of Death." Their glorious co-operation at the storming of the heights of Ténia, having demonstrated their great importance, there were formed ten battalions of a thousand men each, for which each regiment of infantry had to furnish 121 men, small, agile and vigorous, almost all natives of the mountains of Corsica, of Gascony and Bearn. The new corps was installed

at St. Omer in wooden barracks covered with straw, during the winter of 1840-1841. Under the direction of the Duke of Orleans and General Rostolm, they were subjected to a severe apprenticeship, to more murderous trials, perhaps, than the African *razzias*. The soldiers, with their knapsacks on their backs, and wooden shoes and woolen stockings, were drilled from seven till nine o'clock in the morning, then from noon till two o'clock, and panting, and covered with perspiration, re-entered their icy barracks, where their officers, with book in hands, explained to them the principles of firing, the manner of holding the carbine, the line of sight, windage, etc.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE } VOL. XVII., No. 2...WHOLE No. 420.  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Independence Day" has come and gone; the jubilee celebrated from the great lakes to the Gulf, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, through the whole vast region of the mighty republic protected and gladdened by the stars and stripes, and inhabited by thirty millions of people. More than this, it has been celebrated wherever a Yankee ship floats a bit of bunting—in the China Seas, in the Southern Ocean, up in the high latitudes by adventurous whalers, in the ports of England and on the continent of Europe. Many a lone, wandering American, far away in foreign lands, has had his enthusiastic celebration of the day on his own hook; and be sure that, wherever a human heart beats high at the thoughts of liberty, there has this anniversary been commemorated; for the Declaration of Independence, though an American fact, is the world's pronunciamento against tyranny. Every recurring year adds to the enthusiasm and extent of the celebration. The prediction of John Adams has been gloriously fulfilled. "The Fourth of July, 1776," said the patriot, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever." It is so celebrated; and if the spirits of the past are cognizant of what passes on this sphere, the shade of the heroes of '76 must rejoice at the enthusiastic man-

ifestations of the gratitude of their descendants. The day, this year, brought with it, in the midst of its rejoicings, solemn and edifying thoughts. While we were exulting in the blessings of peace and liberty, and the prosperity and strength springing from the union of all parts of a political confederacy, three thousand miles away men were battling for independence from a foreign yoke, in a land cursed for ages by despotism, and held in thrall through centuries, mainly because divided and split up into petty States, with no cohesive bond of communication. United Italy could never have sunk to her present condition but for the curse of disunion. The little Swiss republic, surrounded by despotism, has maintained her independence for ages, because her cantons are linked together on a principle of confederation similar to ours. Disunion is the safeguard of tyrants and the parent of wars. "It is because Europe is cut up into so many different States, that the whole face of the continent is covered with vast military establishments, even in time of peace, that industry is bowed to the earth by taxation, and that a breath is sufficient at any time to kindle the flame of war, and plunge whole communities in misery and ruin. Washington well understood the secret of national success, when, in the most solemn words he ever uttered, he conjured his countrymen to cling together, and denounced the spirit of disunion as the most fatal and insidious foe of American liberty. That his appeal is cherished in the hearts of his countrymen—that his principles are the inalienable creed of the people, there is no room to doubt. The mere suspicion of a design to sever the union of the States, has always proved fatal to the men that

have awakened it; and if there be any among us who entertain the thought that it would be possible to crumble this confederacy into fragments, they are surely fitter objects for pity than for contempt and hate. No; every star that is added to our banner increases the aggregate strength of the republic. We have spoken in a serious vein, prompted by the occasion, but our artist, Mr. Homer, in the picture before us, has given us a view of some of the comic phases of a Fourth of July celebration in Boston. He takes us to the Common, and brings waterworks and fireworks in juxtaposition, showing us some of the incidents and accidents of the day, in the vicinity of the Frog Pond. Any one who becomes acquainted with New England people for the first time by witnessing a celebration of the Fourth in Boston, would be apt to believe that all traces of Puritan gravity had disappeared. We certainly burn powder and make noise enough to satisfy the most riotous set of Europeans who ever threw care to the winds in the frolics of a carnival. The first municipal celebration of the Fourth took place in 1783, when Dr. John Warren, a brother and pupil of General Joseph Warren, was the orator. On the 4th of March of that year, it was voted, in a town-meeting held in Faneuil Hall, over which James Otis presided, "that the celebration of the 5th of March (the anniversary of the Boston massacre) from henceforth shall cease, and that, instead thereof, the anniversary of the 4th day of July, 1776,—a day ever memorable in the annals of this country for the Declaration of Independence—shall be constantly celebrated by the delivery of a public oration, in such place as the town shall determine to be most convenient for the purpose,

in which the orator shall consider the feelings, manners and principles which led to this great national event, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, which have already, and will forever continue to flow from this conspicuous epoch." "The joy on that day," we are told, "was announced by the ringing of bells and the discharge of cannon. At eleven o'clock, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Thomas Cushing—His Excellency, John Hancock, being absent by reason of sickness—the Honorable Council, the Senate and Representatives, escorted by the brigade train of artillery, commanded by Major Davis, repaired to the church in Brattle Street, where the Rev. Dr. Cooper, after a polite and elegant address to the auditory, returned thanks to Almighty God for his goodness to these American States, and the glory and success with which he had crowned their exertions; then an anthem was sung suitable to the occasion, and the solemnity was concluded by a most ingenious and elegant oration, delivered by Dr. John Warren, at the request of the town. They were then conducted back to the Senate Chamber, where an agreeable entertainment was provided. At two o'clock, the brigade train, and the regiment of militia commanded by Colonel Webb, paraded in State Street, where the former saluted with thirteen discharges from their field-pieces, and the militia with thirteen *feu-de-joie*, in honor of the occasion. The officers of the militia dined together at the Bunch of Grapes, and the brigade train at the Exchange taverns. Thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk by each corps, and the same number were given in the Senate Chamber." A befitting inauguration of Boston 4th of July celebrations.



FOURTH OF JULY SCENE, ON BOSTON COMMON.



(Translated from the French for BalloU's Pictorial.)

## THE LOCKSMITH OF LYONS.

BY ANNE T. WOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

## RICHES IN POVERTY.

BENEATH the cool poplars of Charpenne, that new faubourg of Lyons, there existed as yet, in 1780, only a dozen scattered houses, concealed as it were among the foliage. All these houses, built of brick, and covered with red tiles, were inhabited by mechanics; so, at the first sound of the evening *Angelus*, the noise of labor ceased everywhere, and nothing was heard save that joyous hum, which in the hives of the poor, precedes the hour of repose. Very soon each family came out, and, according to the ancient custom of the South, which must surely date from the Romans, young and old, seated or half reclining before their doors, and with plates on their knees, gaily supped in the open air.

The only inhabitant of Charpenne who formed an exception to this rule was a locksmith who had established himself a few years before in the farthest dwelling of the hamlet. His arm seemed indefatigable. Kindled before dawn, his forge was not extinguished until long after sunset, and it might be said that his neighbors fell asleep and woke again to the measured grating of his file. He labored with so much ardor that it was necessary to use violence to take him from his vice, over which, but for the intervention of his daughter, he would have passed the night. But, spoiled child as she was, by an old man of whom she was the only joy, his daughter, a little after night, would enter his workshop gaily, and half willingly, half by force, lead him home.

The evening when this story commences, which was the eve of Corpus Christi, the locksmith's daughter, hastening to fulfil her task, found the door of the workshop closed. Surprised at this uncommon occurrence, she called her father anxiously, and knocked violently without hearing any sound from the interior. After long expectation, and when emotion had already made her voice tremulous, the door at last opened, and the old man, taking his daughter in his arms, replied to her gentle reproaches only by pressing her to his heart and smiling joyfully through his tears. The latter, accustomed, especially for three months past, to see him sad and careworn, was so struck with the sudden and happy change expressed in his countenance, that she forgot everything to ask of him the cause.

"Ah," replied the locksmith, wiping away his tears with the back of his trembling hand, "I thought Louison would be surprised at my joy."

"She is delighted at it, father," exclaimed the young girl, springing on the old man's neck.

"But you did not expect it, did you? Tell the truth!"

"No, certainly! you have been so gloomy for some time past."

"It was on your account, and yours alone, my child."

"On mine, my father?"

"Yes, you thought the old man blind. Because age and sorrow have whitened my brow, they think my heart is dead, like my youth; because my dim eyes can scarcely endure the sun, they think I can see only by the light of the flames of my forge. My heart beats constantly, my child, for you alone in this world, and my eyes become so piercing when your happiness is concerned, that they could count the pebbles at the bottom of the Rhone."

"Why do you talk thus?" murmured Louison, with downcast brow, red as a cherry.

"To prove to you that I understand what a pleasure it is at your age to walk in the woods of the *Tete d'Or*."

"I assure you, father, that chance only—"

"Brings there every Sunday that young man from the city who comes with his good mother to dine beside us on the grass."

"He has spoken to me but three times, and in your presence!"

"I know it well! if it had been otherwise, we should not have been talking of this now, my daughter. But re-assure yourself, dear child. This youth appears to me to be amiable, modest, prudent, and if, as I presume, he is of a respectable family, if he has, as I hope, the love of order and of industry, will—"

"Well, father?" faintly articulated Louison.

"Well, daughter? Mlle Legendre will change her name—that is all."

Louison embraced her father, weeping; then, in a low voice, said: "Are we not too poor?"

"We were so yesterday, my daughter, but today you are not, Louison. Look at that iron door, do you see it? There is your dowry."

"That iron door!"

"It contains a secret for which I am to receive to-morrow three hundred pistoles."

"And was it for that you have been working so hard?"

"And that I was so grave and anxious, for I trembled lest I should fail of success."

"O, father, how grateful I am to you."

"I do not doubt it; but we shall have time to talk about that; my supper, Louissette; I have well earned it, have I not?"

Louison, too much moved to reply, took her father's arm, and conducted the honest mechanic into a little garden where the table was set beneath blossoming elders. A magnificent moonlight was silvering the country. This beautiful light of our summer nights seemed to cover the garden with a bluish and transparent veil; a balmy breeze at intervals stirred the foliage; silence reigned everywhere, except when the melancholy cry of the cricket was accompanied from time to time by the brilliant melodies of the nightingales concealed among the poplars of Charpenne.

The locksmith supped gaily beneath the starry vault; then, after having thanked, in a short prayer, Him whom the poor seldom forgets, though they would seem to owe Him less gratitude than the rich, he leaned his elbows on the table, and spoke thus to his daughter:

"You were very young, Louison, when your mother died. We have seldom spoken of her; for notwithstanding the seventeen years which have since rolled away, the grief which her loss occasioned is still as vivid in my heart as at first; and had it not been necessary that I should live for thee, it is probable, my child, that instead of one alone, there would now be two beneath the yew of St. Andol."

At these words, Louison, leaving her place, ran to embrace her father, who resumed, as he gently repulsed her:

"Do not weep, my dear child; it is because you have now grown to be a prudent and reasonable person that I am about to inform you of things which I confide only to God and my daughter. And first, it is proper you should know that I was not born to beat iron on an anvil. Not that I despise the labor to which I owe all, and even the almost certain hope of seeing you happy. But, to tell you the whole truth, my father was one of the most wealthy proprietors in the town of St. Andol. Unfortunately, he incurred debts which increased with time, and would have been a heavy burden on me but for the dowry of your mother. All that she brought me was devoted to the payment of them, and for some time nothing was wanting to my happiness. Why does misfortune always come, like the heaviest weight in the balance, to turn the scale? The very year of your birth, and when I was intoxicated with joy, a terrible winter desolated our country. The mulberry trees froze; these were our principal source of wealth. Instead of gathering a harvest, it became necessary to borrow in order to pay our taxes. The two following years the hail and inundations completed my ruin. Then I was unable to pay the taxes and the vultures of the revenue seized upon me."

"You must have suffered much, father," said Louison, with emotion, "if they were as cruel as those who sometimes torment our poor neighbors."

"The tax-gatherers and revenue-officers are tigers," murmured Legendre, in a gloomy voice. "I do not know whether they are born with hearts, but I know they tear them from their bosoms when they enter upon their professions, and replace them with stones or bits of iron. The new tax-gatherer of this neighborhood had commenced by the meanest employments, and had risen by avarice, exaction and rigor. Our evil fate brought him hither precisely when I was most unfortunate, and he crushed me. A short time would have saved me, but he hastened my ruin. Execution after execution was levied, till my house being stripped of everything, my person was seized. The very day of your mother's death, the guards captured me and dragged me to prison with a chain about my neck."

"The villains!" muttered Louison, with flashing eyes.

"He who sent them, and who was destitute of pity, was called Pecoll. It was he who ruined me, hastened your mother's death, and threw me

into a prison cell when I had nearly become mad in thinking of you both; remember this name, my daughter, remember it well!"

"Do not fear that I shall forget it, and yet we ought to do so, father. Did not our Saviour forgive his enemies?"

"Yes, but it required the strength of a God. I cannot pardon him! I can never forget that in leaving the prison, I found your mother dead and you in an asylum."

"And it was then you became a mechanic?"

"Yes, my daughter, for your sake."

Louison, bursting into tears, threw herself into the arms of her father, who said, embracing her tenderly: "I have told you all this to re-assure your little heart. I do not wish it to be alarmed on the subject of the young man. I believe him to be of good family, and so much the better; but the moment being come, we will soon prove to him, that, in point of origin and of honesty, your parents are equal to his own, whoever they may be."

## CHAPTER II.

## POVERTY IN RICHES.

By a coincidence natural enough, he of whom they had just been talking, was at this moment speaking to his mother on the same subject. In the third story of a large and handsome house, the windows of which commanded a view of the Place Bellecour, through the trees of the mall, a young man of fine countenance, and especially remarkable for an expression of integrity, was seated beside a woman of middle age, but prematurely old and pale with privation and sorrow. The apartment, though vast and handsome, seemed to reveal from floor to ceiling the gloom and restraint of the persons who inhabited it. Its bareness struck one at the first glance, for the little bed with curtains of green serge lost in a corner, the armoire which stood opposite, and the three or four chairs placed against the wall, would not have filled the twentieth part of its surface.

Clad in black, the mother of the young man wore that mixed costume of the citizens who wish to distinguish themselves from the lower classes without imitating the lady of quality. Seated before a rickety table on an old velvet chair worn threadbare, she was mending her son's vest by the light of a large candle of yellow wax. During the progress of this labor, which she was hurrying to complete, the young man looked at her in silence with an air at once so gloomy and so troubled, that having raised her eyes on him, she became alarmed, and said, in a voice which was timid and full of sweetness, and pressing his hand:

"What are you thinking of, dear Louis?"

"Do you wish to know, mother?"

"And ought I not to know all?" continued she, with a melancholy smile.

"O, yes, mother, my heart is always open to you, and as long as it beats it will be so."

"What were you thinking of, then?"

"Of the hardness of him who compels us to lead this cruel and miserable life."

"Alas, my poor child, I am accustomed to it, and, as far as I am concerned, forgive him. Only, I confess, for your sake, I could wish he were less rigorous."

"That is exactly what I experience in regard to you; if I could only see you made comfortable, I would not care for myself."

"Such a hope, my poor Louis, is chimerical. God has imposed this burden upon me, and I will carry it with resignation to the tomb."

"Nevertheless, what a destiny!" said the young man, pacing to and fro through the naked room. "To put one's life in sorrow and misery beside treasures which serve only to gratify an odious and evil passion."

"Yes, it is a great misfortune; there are millions beneath our feet, and yet you are compelled to labor for my support, and I must wake secretly to mend your clothes."

"Accursed wealth which renders me so unhappy! Do you know what plan I have formed, mother?"

"Speak, my dear child."

"I will ask him for some funds, depart for the islands, and earn a fortune, that I may be able to bestow the happiness on you which he has withheld all his life."

"Do not think of it, my child! And what would become of me without you? I should not live to see your return. You might have gold, but you would have lost your mother and perhaps another person—"

"This thought torments me also! You know how I love that young girl of Charpenne, but at the idea of the obstacles which separate us, my head is often disturbed and my heart chilled."

"Your father!" exclaimed she, with affright. "Extinguish and conceal the candle! I hope he has not already seen it."

A short and quick step was heard on the stairway; the mother and son approached the window and hastily commenced an indifferent conversation. But who can deceive a miser? Roughly opening the door, he who had just entered dilated his nostrils like a blood-hound, and said, angrily:

"I was not mistaken! it is the candle which I perceived from Bellecour that has just now been extinguished. What madness of expense, of folly, of prodigality! With a moonlight so bright that one could pick up a needle on the mall, and you use candles. Are you out of your senses?"

The man who spoke this might be about sixty, but he seemed fifteen or twenty years older, so infirm, pale and wrinkled was he. To judge by his broad hands, with fingers twisted like onion knots, and by the joints of his knees, he must be of an iron constitution, and might have lived a hundred years but for the privations which he imposed upon himself, and the frugal diet which his hollow and pale cheeks betrayed. The costume corresponded strictly with the exterior of the man.

He wore, along with a tri-cornered hat, shining with dirt, a coat formerly claret, but of which years and use had almost effaced the primitive color. His vest of black cloth, buttoned to the chin, hung over two enormous pockets in his breeches of olive velvet, coarse gray stockings, fastened at the knee by garters such as peasants wear, and iron shoes which would defy all the ice of Mount Blanc, completed his costume.

Leaning on his cane, or rather on his stick, he searched the room for some time in order to find the candle and confiscate it as a punishment for his wife's disobedience. This search having been fruitless, he began to scold so violently that his son could not help interfering.

"Father," said he, "I did not tell you the truth; in fact, a candle was lighted at your arrival, and here it is!"

"And you dare confess it?" exclaimed the miser, beside himself.

"It is to quiet you, and perhaps for another motive, more important."

"Ah," said the miser, recoiling a step and leaning heavily on his cane, a position which he always assumed when he was angry, "I shall not be sorry to learn this important motive."

"It is this, father; listen to me patiently, for neither in thought nor in word will your son ever forget the respect he owes you."

"I believe it, and would not have it otherwise for a large sum. But do you owe me only respect?"

"Yes, I owe you obedience."

"Nothing else?"

"Love?"

"No, something less hollow and more palpable."

"Explain yourself, father."

"Very willingly. I had designed to do so soon, and it may as well be done now. How long have you lived in my house?"

"Ever since I was born."

"And how many years have passed since that great event?"

"About twenty-five, I suppose."

"You suppose very correctly, sir. Who has fed, lodged, clothed and taken care of you like the son of a prince for these twenty-five years?"

"My mother!" replied the young man, casting a glance of love and proffered gratitude on the trembling woman in the corner.

"That is but a figure of speech," replied the miser, tranquilly. "By the terms of our marriage contract, your mother has nothing of her own; it is I who have done all."

"May I ask you, father, what is your object in reminding me of this?"

"Doubtless, my dear sir; it is to prove your indebtedness to me."

"I do not understand you."

"It is clear as day. At two thousand livres per year, and you have cost me double, you owe me fifty thousand livres for your board, lodging and maintenance. Add half of this sum for your education, sickness and extra expenses, and the interest of all this will make you my debtor for at least a hundred thousand."



"Admitting the justness of this calculation, of which, I confess, I had never thought, you will probably have to allow me a long credit, father."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am not a money-lender, and you must pay me sooner than you think for, and before the expiration of the month."

"And the money?"

"Is found."

"Please explain."

"I intend to marry you to the daughter of one of my wealthy friends. He will give her a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, which I will take as payment of your debt. But as a father is a father, although I am not obliged to do so, it has been agreed that I should contrive to allow you to live at home."

"On the same conditions, undoubtedly?" said the young man, with an imperceptible shadow of irony.

"Of course, the debt to be paid by your future inheritance from your father-in-law."

"It is a good bargain for you," returned the son, in a calm tone, "and I regret that I cannot ratify it."

"Do I understand you?" exclaimed the miser, with shut teeth and flashing eyes. "Please repeat!"

"I say, father, this marriage is impossible."

"Ah! and the reason, if you please?"

"The reason is, that I shall never marry the daughter of a tax-gatherer, or enter into the business myself. If I marry, it will either be according to your wishes, and then, unwilling to blush in my wife's presence, I shall demand a settlement proportioned to your fortune, four or five hundred thousand livres at least—"

"Four or five hundred thousand vipers bite you, brigand!"

"Or I will choose according to my inclination, and perhaps marry a woman who has no dowry but her virtues."

This last declaration seemed to put the climax to the old man's fury. Raising his stick angrily, he ran to the young man and would have struck him but for the intervention of the mother, who seized him, saying: "Pecol! Pecol! I conjure you not to strike your son!"

"The rascal!" vociferated the tax-gatherer, "who would rob me of a hundred thousand livres!"

"He will reflect!" said the mother, attempting to detain the miser.

But the latter, more and more exasperated, repulsed her brutally, and a sad scene would soon have been enacted, when a sound was heard in this house at all hours silent as a tomb. The miser stopped, began to listen anxiously, and hastily went out, shutting the door after him.

"God be praised!" murmured Madame Pecol, "we are rid of him. He will not return!"

"No," said the young man, bitterly, "he is afraid for his money, and will not lose sight of it to night."

The candle was re-lighted, and the mother and son sat up till midnight, delightfully occupied, the one in laboring for her child, the other in talking of the family at Charpenne, whom they were to meet the next day, after mass, in the woods of the Tete d'Or.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MISER'S HIDING PLACE.

MEANWHILE, Pecol had descended on tip-toe, stopping to listen at every step. Arrived at the ground floor, he took out a tinder-box, lighted the end of a resin candle which he had in his pocket, and directed his steps as softly as possible towards a low door, studded with large nails. He first assured himself that the massive bolt which fastened it on the exterior was in its socket, then, applying his ear to the keyhole, he listened again.

A noisy and prolonged snore, heard at intervals behind the door, seemed to re-assure him; he muttered some unintelligible words and re-ascended to the first story. Then, after having twice explored the corridor, listening at the door of every room, and visiting, as it were, every mouse hole, he slowly drew from his vest a bunch of keys, opened a door with the mystery and precipitation of a robber, and double-locked it behind him.

He certainly thought himself alone, and would readily have sworn that no person in this world, at this hour, could have followed his steps. Nevertheless, he was mistaken; notwithstanding his

vigilance and the acuteness of his senses, one man had observed him, followed him in the shadow, and with his eye applied to the keyhole of the room in which he had just shut himself, this man lost not one of his movements.

Did he intend to rob at the expense even of crime? One might readily have supposed so by the gleams which flashed from his grayish pupils every time a silvery ring announced the pleasant occupation of the miser Pecol. The only thing which seemed to annoy him was the light which the moon shed into the gallery through the window at the extremity barred with iron. Evidently fearing this light, he often turned to see if some cloud would not veil its troublesome rays. In one of these evolutions his eyes encountered those of Madame Pecol, who, silent and calm, was looking at him with a severe air. Recoiling immediately, as if before justice itself, he was about to flee, but she beckoned him to follow, and when they were at the farther end of the corridor, forcing him, by the fixedness of her look to cast down his eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Jacquin, what were you doing at that door?"

Taken in the fact, and feeling that he was discovered, the man essayed to stammer a reply, but the words expired upon his lips.

"Do you wish me to tell you?" continued Madame Pecol, severely; "you were there to lay a snare for my husband, and perhaps to commit a crime."

He whom she called Jacquin attempted to protest; she silenced him.

"Gold gives evil thoughts," said she; "go back to your room and ask pardon of God. This is the second time I have surprised you in this place; if I find you here again, I will inform your master."

The man to whom she addressed these words, and who obeyed with tokens of the basest servility, was an unfortunate creature whom, for twenty years, the miser had made his slave and his drudge. An orphan, poor and cruelly treated by nature, for he was deformed and of repulsive ugliness, Jacquin had from his birth drank the cup of scorn, grief and human injustice to the dregs. Pecol scarcely clothed him, left him to famish with hunger, and overwhelmed him with toils and abuse. By dint of suffering, an ardent, implacable hatred was born like a viper in the heart of this man, and by degrees this hatred engendered cupidity, and cupidity the idea of crime.

Chance having shown him a part of the gold which Pecol had piled up in his coffers, he had no longer but one thought; to put his hand on this wealth in order to be happy in this world in spite of destiny, that his ugliness might disappear in the magic light of money, and that the honor which he inspired might be changed into adulation.

Thanks to the intuitive faculty which eminently distinguished Pecol, he had divined the evil projects of his clerk; but avarice stifling prudence, rather than deprive himself of his services, he preferred to live in watchfulness, side by side with this mortal enemy. Nevertheless, as a measure of safety, he shut him up every evening in his room; and foreseeing that by dint of patience he would at length find means to draw the bolts, the tax-gatherer had just taken the heroic resolution to sacrifice a thousand crowns in order to save his millions.

Rising with the dawn, you might have seen him the next morning crossing the Place Bellecour, and gaining with stealthy steps the Pont Rouge. Then, after having passed the Rhone, which was stealing away the bluish vapors of the fog in the direction of Perrache, quickening his pace, he passed beneath the poplars of Charpenne, and went straight to the house of Legendre.

Seated on a wooden bench by the roadside, the locksmith was doubtless awaiting him, and yet, as the tax-gatherer approached, a violent emotion contracted his features, and when Pecol asked if he was the mechanic of Charpenne, he could only reply by a sign in the affirmative.

"Since such is the case," resumed the miser, too much absorbed in his own plans to remark the trouble of the locksmith, "show me the iron door, if it is entirely finished."

"Nothing is wanting!" murmured Legendre, in a gloomy voice.

"Hum!" said Pecol, "we shall soon see! Where is it?"

Without replying, Legendre led him to his forge, and pointing to the piece of work, sat down on his anvil and began to reflect. He who had ordered the work, not having, according to

his instructions, named Pecol, he was far from suspecting that his old persecutor was concerned. A violent conflict was at this moment taking place in his soul between revenge, arousing all his ancient sorrows, and reason, which commanded him to forget for the interest of his daughter. Evil sentiments being always the strongest in us, he would perhaps have listened to his anger, had not the clear and sweet voice of Louison been heard as if by chance. The song which she was humming, joyous as a bird when it awakes at dawn, chased away all this swarm of evil thoughts, and restored his composure and strength of mind.

It was time. The tax-gatherer was already impatient at his silence, and was asking for the third time for the lock of this door.

"It has neither lock nor key," suddenly replied Legendre.

"And how is it fastened, then?"

Legendre put his finger on a button concealed by a piece with hinges, and the door closed by means of three large iron levers which buried themselves at once in the frame by which it was hung. The simplicity and solidity of this mechanism, which another pressure made play in a contrary direction, delighted Pecol. He was so pleased that he cheapened only for form's sake, and did not, as usual, postpone payment. The bargain concluded, he went himself to seek the cart man who was to carry home the door, and taking the crowns from a leather bag which he had beneath his arm, he counted out a thousand with a sigh, re-counted them in order to be sure that he had not made a mistake, and at last gave them to the locksmith, saying:

"You know what condition remains to be fulfilled?"

"Yes," said Legendre, "I have promised to hang the door myself, and I will keep my word."

"This evening, then."

"An honest man should rest on Sunday."

"But you can labor at midnight, I think?" replied Pecol, sharply.

"So be it. Where shall I go at midnight?"

"To the wooden bridge of Bellecour, where I will await you."

"I will be there," replied the locksmith, "before the hammer of St. John's clock shall have struck the twelfth hour."

Louison entered a few moments afterwards; she did not see the miser, who had gone without saying adieu, but she uttered a cry of surprise at finding her father in contemplation before that pile of silver which dazzled him. Legendre took her in his arms, and smiling through his tears, said: "It is your happiness, dear child, which I am looking at there! You see your dowry; it has cost me something, but I regret nothing now, for you will be happy. Make yourself as pretty as possible to-day; we will first go to mass, and then—"

"And then, father?"

"You do not guess?"

"To the forest of the Tete d'Or, perhaps?"

"Precisely! where I will bet we shall not be the first to arrive."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A SOUVENIR.

In fact, Father Legendre would have won his bet, when, mass over and the morning repast hastily made, they directed their steps towards the lime-kilns, the usual place of rendezvous, Louison perceived in the distance Madame Pecol, and showed her to her father, who, in his turn, pointed to Louis.

The son of the rich tax-gatherer had, by dint of economizing in the modest salary given him by a merchant of the neighborhood to keep his accounts, succeeded in making the acquisition of a boat. This foolish expense which would have made his father tremble with indignation from head to foot if he had known it, had been occasioned by a desire of Louison. She had happened to say the preceding Sunday that she would like to take a sail on the Rhone, and the secret purse had been emptied, the boat bought at Perrache, and moored before the lime kilns which then opened their black mouths at the entrance of the wood of the Tete d'Or.

On seeing the boat carefully washed and painted green, Louison blushed, turned away her eyes, and embraced Madame Pecol with so much ardor, that Louis comprehended clearly that she was expressing her gratitude to him on the cheeks of his mother. Legendre himself was less ceremonious, cordially thanked Louis,

and was the first to propose to try the boat. No one objected; the two women seated themselves on a bench in the prow, and each of the men seizing an oar, the free and light bark glided like a bird over the wave. A cloudy sky and a cool and mild air, which scarcely stirred the osiers and willows on the shore, rendered this nautical excursion still more agreeable. By common consent they had ascended the Rhone, notwithstanding the rapidity of its waves, to enjoy more freely the happiness of being together, and admire without distraction the freshness and beauty of the shores of this king of rivers. Nothing disturbed Louison's joy, which would have been complete, but for the shade of sadness which occasionally veiled the brow of the mother of Louis.

This pre-occupation had not escaped the locksmith. He said nothing about it while they were on the river, but, after the lunch they all took on the grass on their return beneath the ash trees of the Tete d'Or, taking Madame Pecol apart, he said with his rough and kind frankness:

"Madame, permit me to speak to you freely; you know that we are poor, you are not perhaps rich yourselves, and the future of these children makes you uneasy, does it not?"

"I confess it," replied Madame Pecol, "and, to imitate your frankness, I will not conceal from you that we have perhaps done wrong to allow matters to come to such a pass as they have."

"It is never wrong to permit two loyal hearts to love each other. Such is at least my opinion, madame."

"And if such obstacles should arise that this bond formed before our eyes and partly by our imprudence, must be broken in spite of us?"

"What obstacles can separate them? I foresee none; there can be only a want of money; but in this respect, thank God, our children have nothing to fear!"

"What mean you?" asked Madame Pecol, with emotion.

"I mean, madame, that if you have had misfortunes, Louison can repair them. She has not the dowry of a princess, but thanks to the savings of her father's labors, she will bring her husband a dowry of two thousand crowns."

Legendre expected to produce a very great effect on the mind of Louis's mother by this declaration; judge of his astonishment at seeing an almost imperceptible smile hover on the lips of Madame Pecol.

"Do you think," said he, with some vivacity, "that this dowry is to be despised?"

"No," said the miser's wife, gently, "but money affects me little, and I hate it more than I desire it."

"Do you fear that the lowliness of my condition will be a hindrance? I was born of an honest family; but for a public thief who ruined me, I might have followed, like my relatives, the career of magistracy, or have been occupied in the cultivation of my estates, but the miserable Pecol—"

"Pecol!" replied the woman, in an altered voice, "was it he—"

"Who reduced me to despair? Yes, madame, and I never pronounce that abhorred name but the blood rushes to my heart, while anger burns my brow."

"Lower, Monsieur Legendre," said Louis's mother, rising precipitately, "lower, because of my son! My trouble and my words will perhaps surprise you; form no conjecture before receiving the letter which Louis shall write you this evening, and now let us separate. Poor child, what a misfortune!"

Madame Pecol embraced Louison with tears in her eyes, and hastily leading her son away, she left Legendre petrified with astonishment.

"What signifies this?" said he, to himself.

"I do not know, father," replied Louison, not less alarmed. "While you were conversing with his mother, I informed Louis of what you announced to me this morning, and instead of rejoicing, he appeared sad and wept."

"Do they despise us?" muttered Legendre. "They do not know me!" Then he added: "It is for your sake, my Louison, that I will be patient, otherwise, I would request them never to come again."

It was with such discourse that they regained their dwelling at Charpenne. They had left it in the morning happy; they re-entered very sadly at evening. Louison was especially troubled; she immediately pleaded fatigue, and retired to her room to deplore the catastrophe which she foresaw threatened them. Affecting more stoicism, her father went to bed, but he found there neither



composure nor sleep, and his eyes had not closed a moment when, faithful to his promise, he rose noiselessly about eleven o'clock to go to his rendezvous.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DOOR OF THE TREASURE.

Wiser than their descendants, our ancestors carefully hoarded that life which we lavish, and the tranquil and regular order of society was faithfully reflected in their habits. Without being absolutely constrained to do so, they observed, in general, the ancient law of the curfew. Midnight sounded, the watch alone ventured from time to time into the silent and deserted streets. The most profound quiet therefore reigned in the city, and Lyons was sleeping like a canon of St. John, at the moment when Legendre arrived at the bridge of Bellecour.

Pecoil was already awaiting him there with a carriage. Hastening to alight, he reminded him that by virtue of their agreement he was to allow his eyes to be bandaged, a guarantee exacted by his avaricious fears, and to which Legendre consented without difficulty. Blinded by a thick bandage, the locksmith mounted to the seat beside the tax-gatherer, who himself drove, and conducted him, by a multitude of windings, as near as he could judge, to one of the most retired quarters of the city.

When the carriage stopped and Pecoil detached his bandage, they were in the midst of a rough field, half covered with trees and brush. Clearing a passage through the thicket, the old man led him to a sort of vault built centuries before. He afterwards lighted a lamp, successively opened two oaken doors which closed the entrance to a vast and profound cellar, and pointing to the iron door which was lying before a third vault prepared to receive it, said:

"There are ropes, a screw and some levers; place your master-piece yourself."

Legendre set himself to work, and, seconded by the old man, still very robust notwithstanding his age, he raised this mass of iron and fixed it on its hinges. Pecoil then wished to close it himself, and uttered cries of joy on seeing with what precision it fitted into the stone frame hewn in advance, and what a formidable barrier it presented to the attempts of robbers.

"There is neither axe nor crowbar strong enough to shake it," said he, rubbing his hands joyously; "the work is finished, perfect."

"No," replied Legendre, in a firm voice, "my work is not perfect; I have left one defect, because the man who ordered it in your name insisted that you would not give the price."

"A defect?" stammered the miser, turning pale, "and what?"

"You cannot be ignorant of it, since I asked, to correct it, double the price agreed upon."

"Yes, yes, I know what it is now; but money is too dear to throw it out the window."

"So much so," resumed Legendre, "that since I have seen you, my demands have increased, and at present I would not make what is wanting to this master-piece for less than thirty thousand livres."

"Because you believe me to be rich," growled Pecoil, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I have recognized you."

The miser recoiled, and looking fixedly at him, demanded the signification of these words.

"They signify that your infamous thirst for gold ruined me, made my wife die of despair, and condemned me, though formerly wealthy and honored, to forced labor, to scorn, grief and poverty."

"Bah! bah! some insolvent debtor! I wash my hands of all that, and do not know you."

"You do not recognize me! I am Legendre of St. Andeol, whom your guards and officers dragged to prison with a chain about his neck, while his sick wife and child were turned into the street."

"It must be that you should have paid! Besides, I know nothing about it, and care nothing. If I were obliged to remember all the insolvent debtors—"

"Pecoil," said the locksmith, gravely, "your hair is white, your body is bent, and you will not live always. Instead of building vaults with iron doors, to conceal the fruit of your exactions and rapines, it would be better, for the repose of your old age and your soul's welfare, to redeem by good deeds and repentance the crimes with which you are loaded."

"They preach these things in my parish church every Sunday, but, if you know Latin,

I would say to you, my dear sir, *ne auctor, ultra crepidam*, let the locksmith meddle only with his file!"

"Some misfortune will happen to you, Pecoil; when all the gold you have stolen shall be piled up beneath their vaults, as each piece represents some iniquity, then will rise from this badly gotten pile such a murmur of accusations and complaints, that an avenging God will hear them from his throne and punish you."

"So be it! The dawn is about to appear; we must go."

"One last word, Pecoil, or rather a last counsel which I will give you, in the frankness and loyalty of my soul, although you do not deserve it. Remember well the danger of which I warned you, without knowing you, every time you open this door!"

"That is my business; and since only caution and prudence are necessary, I fear nothing."

Legendre did not reply; he allowed his eyes to be again bandaged, and the miser re-conducted him to the bridge of Bellecour, whence he had taken him.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

A MONTH had rolled away since these events. The peace and happiness which had formerly rendered the future so smiling, had fled from the cottage of Charpenne. Louis had allowed two Sundays to pass without appearing at the forest of the Tete d'Or; and the last time he seemed so absent-minded, that the heart of Louison overflowed. Seeing her suffer and pine away more and more, the good Legendre one day put on his gray Sunday coat and resolved to go in search of the young man, in order to have an explanation with him, and leave Lyons if there was no more hope. As he was crossing Bellecour, with the design of going first to the store of the merchant where Louis was employed, he perceived a group of persons talking and gesticulating with animation. He approached and asked the subject of their conversation.

"We were speaking on a subject which is just now the talk of the whole city. One of our rich men disappeared some three weeks since, and no one can imagine what has become of him. A great crime must surely have been committed, for his coffers were filled with gold, and not a sou has been found in his house. His clerk is accused, who disappeared at the same time, and whom it is impossible to discover."

"And what was this rich man's name?" asked Legendre, with an emotion which struck the "tuzen."

"He was called Pecoil."

"Pecoil! Ah, I predicted right!"

"What? Do you know anything about it?" suddenly said an individual in a black wig, who had appeared very attentive to the conversation.

"I know but too much, at least I fear so; but had the tax-gatherer any family?"

"Certainly; a wife and child."

"Will you point out his dwelling, gentlemen?"

"There it is," said the man with the black wig, pointing to the house on the mall.

A great movement took place in the group, which tumultuously accompanied Legendre to the door. This noise had given the alarm to the family, the door opened at the first stroke of the knocker, and Louis, who had himself descended, recoiled with surprise on seeing the locksmith. The latter, gently repulsing the crowd, closed the door and said to the young man:

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur Louis; I have something to say to you, but I must first speak to Madame Pecoil."

With an emotion Legendre could not explain, the young man led him to his mother's room. On seeing him, the good lady uttered an exclamation and hid her face in her hands. Legendre looked at them for a moment in silence, and by their embarrassment divining all, said in a tremulous voice: "Have I the honor of speaking to Madame Pecoil?"

"Yes, my friend," replied she, rising and coming to take his hand. "We have deceived you, not with evil intentions, God knows. I have lost my husband, and if there could be any consolation in such a misfortune, it would be in our present poverty, which destroys the insurmountable obstacle which in my husband's lifetime we should have seen arise between our children."

"This is not the moment, madame, to dwell on this subject; but permit me to ask you, to relieve my heart and that of my daughter, whether

the coldness which disturbed us was occasioned by your opulence?"

Both mother and son assured him that it was not.

"So," continued Legendre, "now that you are less rich, a marriage may be profitable?"

"Certainly," said the mother, firmly, "at the expiration of our mourning."

"Is that your will, Monsieur Louis?"

The young man took his hand and pressed it with an energy as eloquent as his mother's words.

"Since it is thus," resumed Legendre, "I will put you to the trial."

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"That you have lost only a husband whom I trust God has pardoned, as I have."

Warned by the man in the black wig, the criminal lieutenant of Lyons meanwhile arrived. In the presence of Madame Pecoil and her son, Legendre related to him all the facts with which we are acquainted. Shaking his head when he had finished, the lieutenant said:

"All that is very good, but since your eyes were bandaged, how can you hope to find the way?"

"I have some idea," replied Legendre, "that we shall succeed; and if the lieutenant will accompany me, I will try."

The magistrate consented, and transported himself, with Legendre, Louis and his archers, to the bridge of Bellecour. Then, Legendre took, without hesitation, the Rue de l'Archerche; arrived at the Place St. Jean, he said:

"Here I heard the clock strike; the sound especially struck my right ear, therefore the street which we afterwards took was that of La Breche. The carriage turned twice to the left and to the right; but, or I am much mistaken, we went the whole length of the New Way. I am sure of it now," resumed he, after having followed this direction, "for I smell, as on that day, the odors of the cattle-market. Now the difficulty is here. Pecoil made a host of detours to confuse my memory, but it seems to me that he returned to the square and ended by turning to the right."

Directing their steps as suggested, they reached the ancient Roman theatre. Legendre examined one by one the bushes by the road-side and retraced his steps. He renewed his explorations several times, always taking the cattle-market for the point of departure, and following the streets terminating on the ramparts. Suddenly he stopped, and raising his head, uttered a cry of joy. The green foliage of an elder-bush projected from a tuft of parasite plants.

"I felt the blossoms of this tree," said he, confidently; "we are on the track."

Traces of wheels carefully effaced soon appeared, and led to a thicket of thorns and brush. Legendre walked first, the lieutenant second, then came Louis and the archers. They glided through the bushes to the last vault. The two oaken doors were open, but that of iron, frightful with its massive blackness and its immobility, stopped so hermetically the entrance to the vault, that the disappointed magistrate exclaimed that they had made a useless journey. Legendre touched the secret mechanism; it opened wide and presented a frightful spectacle.

Upon heaps of gold scattered about and bearing traces of blood, two corpses lay putrifying side by side. By his claret coat and bald forehead they recognized the tax-gatherer; the hunchback Jacquin, his clerk, could be distinguished from his master still by the deformity. The lieutenant interrogated Legendre, who informed him that the door once closed could not be opened from within. Accustomed to economize in everything, Pecoil had refused the price demanded by the artist to complete his mechanism, and perished the victim of his incurable avarice. Later investigations enabled them to form plausible conjectures on the catastrophe which terminated his life. It was known that for some time he transported by night into this vault, built on some wild land which belonged to him, the gold which his coffers contained. It is presumed that the hunchback followed him in one of these journeys, and that, with the intention of robbing or perhaps assassinating him, he closed this iron door, which was to re-open only for their corpses.

This terrible event, in which Lyons did not fail to perceive the judgment of God, extinguished the forge of Charpenne and dried up the tears of Louison; for the son, very different from the father, loved happiness better than gold, and faithfully kept his word. They left the city to live in more free and fortunate regions, and had but one daughter, who espoused the Duc de Broglie, a general of the ancient court.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER'S REPENTANCE.  
AN INCIDENT OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

For the third time Sarah Herbert had soothed her infant to sleep, and laying him softly in his cradle, she walked to the window and looked anxiously out. The western sky was still red with the reflection of the sun, which was just past its setting; but night was coming rapidly on, and already the whippoorwills had commenced their melancholy cries from the forest. Very little of the road was visible from the window where the lonely watcher stood; but up to the point where it was lost to sight in the woods, nothing could be seen upon it.

The spot where Charles Herbert had built his house was a peculiarly lonely one. The gloomy forest frowned around, and close upon it, in an almost unbroken barrier; and through this you might travel for ten miles, in any direction, and discover few, very few, habitations. The place was far too lonely to be the home of the young, girlish wife and mother; but the deep, earnest affection for her husband had led her to prefer this rude home in the wilderness to that of her parents, in a far-off eastern State, surrounded by every appliance of wealth and comfort as it was, and to bravely encounter all the dangers and hardships connected with a life in the western wilds.

For almost a year previous to the time when we introduce them to the reader, Charles Herbert and his wife had dwelt in their new location, and during this year their first child had been born. Notwithstanding the isolated position of the house, there were many things in the surroundings which were calculated to make the spot a pleasant one; and had it not been for the frequent and continued absences of her husband—always necessary, but none the less hard to endure on that account—had it not been, we say, that Charles Herbert was compelled by the nature of his employment to be absent the greater portion of the time from his wife and child, the former would have felt quite happy and contented in her new home. As it was, the hours of his absence hung heavily upon her hands; nor could she hasten them by singing to her babe, nor in pondering fearfully upon her perilous situation.

Sarah Herbert was by no means naturally timid or fearful, although young in years and delicate in form; but the perils to which we have referred were greater than those which fell ordinarily to the lot of western settlers at that early day. For several months the surrounding country had been made the theatre of the depredations of an organized band of land-pirates, under the leadership of Richard Fearn, whose name was connected with an hundred deeds of villany, violence and bloodshed. Within the last month more than one body had been found in the forest bearing the unmistakable marks of Fearn and his outlaws, murder and robbery; while the houses of settlers had frequently been plundered of everything valuable in the broad daylight, and with the utmost recklessness.

Various means had been devised to bring these miscreants to summary punishment—for a court of justice was not to be found in a journey of an hundred miles—but nothing had yet been accomplished, and Fearn and his associates still murdered and robbed, spreading new terror by their deeds with every successive day.

Upon the evening in question, Sarah Herbert was alone with her child, as we have seen her, her husband having been absent in the nearest town, which lay some fifteen miles to the southward, since early morning. Again and again she looked from the window, hoping each time to hear the noise of his horse's hoofs, or to see him emerging from the forest; but the twilight faded rapidly from the sky, and darkness slowly covered the scene, and still her husband did not return. He had assured her upon his departure that he should certainly return an hour before sunset; and his strange absence, coupled with a keen sense of her lonely and defenceless condition, caused her heart to be filled with doubts and misgivings.

"He may have been detained," she reflected, as she turned again in disappointment from the window. "Some unexpected business has detained him; another half hour will surely bring him home."

But it did not. More than twice that time



passed, and still no sign of the absent husband. More seriously alarmed than she was willing to admit, Sarah Herbert sat herself down by the cradle and rocked it to and fro. As her eyes rested upon the face of her child, the quick thought that it might even now be an orphan, caused instant tears of distress to spring to her eyes.

"May the merciful God grant that no evil thing has befallen him!" she murmured, and at that instant there was a knock upon the door. She started up quickly with the thought that her husband had arrived; but before she had reached the door, a sudden reflection caused her to pause and hesitate. It was her husband's custom, she remembered, to enter the house at once, without knocking, or at least to attempt to enter; as her fears often led her to keep the door bolted, as was the case upon this evening. It was evident, therefore, that a stranger was outside.

"Who was this night visitor?" was the anxious question which instantly recurred to her. Would it be safe to unbar the door to him? While she still hesitated, she heard another and a louder knock.

"Who is there? and what do you wish?" Mrs. Herbert found voice to ask.

A reply was instantly returned, evidently in a masculine voice.

"Mr. Herbert has sent me here with a message for his wife. Let me in and I will deliver it."

"Where is my husband? Is he safe?" the wife eagerly exclaimed.

"Safe? certainly! Nothing has happened to him, unless since I left him."

"But who are you? and what has prevented my husband from returning?"

"As for your first question, I am a man whom your husband has sometimes employed to carry messages for him. I think you must have heard him speak of me."

Mrs. Herbert remembered that she had heard her husband mention such a person.

"I will answer the other question by saying that Mr. Herbert has been unexpectedly detained in the village, and will not be home until morning. His business is so urgent that he has been compelled to send me for something which he forgot this morning."

These replies were given so unhesitatingly, and each successive one so strongly corroborated the previous ones, that Mrs. Herbert became convinced of the truth of the stranger's words. There was, notwithstanding this, a quicker pulsation at her heart as she drew back the bolt and opened the door; but the stranger entered so quietly, and seemed at the same time so careful of doing anything which might alarm her, that she gained some degree of confidence and assurance.

He was a tall, powerfully built man, and was clothed in a hunter's costume. His hair and beard were both thick and matted, and intensely black. His face Mrs. Herbert could not see, as she had left the candle upon the table, and the man wore upon his head a wide beaver, which effectually concealed his features.

"My errand," he said, "is to be delivered to Mrs. Herbert."

"I am she," the latter replied.

"I bid you good evening, madam!" And the speaker respectfully doffed his hat.

The face thus revealed was a bold, handsome one, bronzed by the sun, and strikingly marked in every feature.

"I can deliver my message," he continued, "in a very few words. In his haste this morning, Mr. Herbert forgot to take with him a bag, a small canvass one, he said, which he now wishes me to bring to him with all haste. Here is a note from him."

The man produced a soiled, crumpled piece of paper, which he handed to Mrs. Herbert, who carefully examined it. It was simply a request, directed to her, and signed with her husband's name, to deliver to the bearer "the brown canvass bag." Although the writing bore the marks of extreme haste, if not excitement or agitation, Mrs. Herbert at once recognized it as that of her husband. Still she was not satisfied. The idea constantly occurred to her that she ought not to deliver her husband's property to a person who was in every respect a stranger to her, and whose representations might or might not be true.

"Did my husband," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "inform you of the contents of this bag?"

"Certainly, madam," was the unhesitating reply. "He told me that it contained money, both gold and silver. It is tied, if I remember

his words, with a small cord, and his initials, 'C. H.', are marked upon the side."

"Did he tell you where it could be found?"

"He did, most assuredly. It is in the room in the upper story of the house, at the right hand of the stairs going up, in the third drawer of the bureau which stands near the east window, counting from the bottom."

Such minuteness of description at once dissipated every doubt as to the identity of the stranger, and bidding him be seated, Mrs. Herbert lighted another candle and left the room. Ordinarily, it would have required not more than a minute's absence to accomplish her errand, but as she reached the head of the stairs, a draft of air from an open window extinguished her light. To close the window, feel her way into the next room and re-light the candle, occupied another minute; and then lifting the heavy bag from the place of its deposit, she prepared to return to the sitting-room.

At this moment, however, her ear caught the sound of the closing of a distant door, apparently the one by which she had admitted her husband's messenger. The occurrence, simple as it was, was sufficient to re-excite her fears, and she listened in torturing suspense for some further evidence of what might be transpiring below. But she heard nothing more, and with a strange burden of fear upon her mind, she descended the stairs, bearing with her the bag, and entered the lower room.

The utter amazement of Sarah Herbert at the discovery which she now made, was an emotion which we shall not attempt to portray. The chair which the stranger had occupied was vacant, nor was he in any part of the room! He had gone; but whither? and what had been his object in coming and going in this inexplicable manner?

The sudden thought of her child aroused Mrs. Herbert from her state of bewilderment, and brought her quickly to the side of the cradle. But her child was still there, perfectly safe, and sleeping quietly and peacefully.

That the mysterious visitor had come and gone in this manner without any object whatever, was more than she could believe, and she earnestly commenced seeking about the room for some clue which might explain the object of his coming. Her Bible lay upon the table; it was open now, and she had a distinct recollection of leaving it closed. She examined it, and a strange discovery was the immediate consequence. The book was open at the blank leaf, and upon this was written her maiden name—Sarah Marshall. Under this, the following lines had been scratched in pencil:

"I pray to God, to whom I have not prayed in years, to forgive me for the great deception which I have thought to inflict upon her who bears, or once bore, that name! Lady, forgive me; I shudder to think that both yourself and your babe might have fallen victims to my anger had you opposed me. I am Richard Fearn, and I came hither to rob you! But the discovery which I have made by means of this book chills my very soul with horror; for years my eyes have never rested on the pages of the sacred volume, and merely the opening of it has given me a revelation which fills my breast with sorrow. I shudder as I think what might have been the result of my coming here to-night! But do not fear; you are past all harm from me. Your husband will explain all upon his return. Farewell—and pray for me!"

The general sentiment of this communication (as mysterious as its author), that she had been in some manner greatly endangered by the visit of Fearn, instantly impressed itself upon Mrs. Herbert's mind, but beyond this she could determine nothing. She had heard of the terrible deeds of Fearn and his outlaws, and she shuddered painfully at the thought that she had been, unknowingly, in the power of their dreaded chief. It was apparent from the circumstance, as well as from the tenor of the note, that his chief object in coming thither had been the acquisition of money; but what discovery could he have made from the book which was sufficient to work such a marvellous change in his intentions? The whole affair was utterly incomprehensible; and though assured that no further danger menaced herself or her husband, Mrs. Herbert waited anxiously through the long hours of the night for his return.

It was half an hour after midnight when she heard the noise of his arrival. He appeared, upon his entrance, thoughtful and somewhat agitated; and almost before his wife could give him her eager welcome, he requested her to tell him everything connected with the robber's visit. This she did, detailing every circumstance; and

after carefully examining the lines written in the Bible, the husband proceeded to tell the story of his connection with the remarkable events of the night. In giving it, we must continue the narrative in the third person.

Charles Herbert had finished the particular business which had called him to the village, near the close of the day, and mounting his horse, he set out upon his return homeward. His path for more than two thirds of the way lay through the forest, but suspecting no danger, he rode on carelessly until he had accomplished half the distance to his house.

Suddenly—so suddenly that he was given no time to make a single movement in his defence—he was jerked from his saddle by a strong hand and hurled violently to the ground. Stunned and helpless, he lay for some moments entirely senseless; and when his reason returned he found himself surrounded by a number of powerful and athletic men, foremost among whom was one whom he instinctively recognized as Richard Fearn, the notorious desperado.

No time, however, was given him for reflection. A pistol was presented at his head, and he was peremptorily commanded, upon pain of instant death upon refusal, to inform his captors concerning a sum of money which he had lately received. In this extremity, to preserve his life, he was compelled to comply, and the stern questions and renewed threats of the robbers soon elicited from him everything concerning the money.

But not content with this, he was forced to produce writing materials and pen an order to his wife for the delivery of the bag and its contents. The thought of the terrible danger to which his wife and child were about to be exposed, caused his hand to tremble, and the paper to become soiled and blotted beneath it, and when he had finished and delivered it, he earnestly besought the leader of the robbers to promise him that no violence or indignity should be offered to Mrs. Herbert or his babe.

"I make no terms," was the stern reply; "especially, since it is in my power to dictate. You may have deceived me, and woe to you and yours if you have done so! I shall leave you here as a pledge for your truth, while I am gone; and, more than this, should I discover that you have used the slightest deception in what you have told me, I promise you I will burn your house over the heads of those for whose safety you are so solicitous! You will then understand that the gallows has no terrors for me, since I have incurred it so often!"

With these significant words, the outlaw departed, taking with him a number of his followers. These, we may remark, were in the immediate vicinity of Herbert's house, and within easy call, while Fearn was within it, as has been described. And when the latter emerged from it, without the booty which they had expected, and commanded them to follow him back to the spot where they had left their prisoner, they were compelled, in spite of their rage and disappointment, to obey.

Charles Herbert, during their absence, passed nearly two hours of the most racking suspense and anxiety, and it was only upon the return and strange disclosure of the outlaw, that his mind was restored to quiet. And now let us explain the reason of the mysterious conduct of Richard Fearn.

Upon his return, it was easy to see that some powerful emotion was influencing him. His bronzed face was almost bloodless, and the strong man shook and trembled in every limb. Taking his prisoner a little distance from the men, and without prefacing his words in any manner, he gave a hasty account of the success of his stratagem, up to the point where Mrs. Herbert left the room to obtain the bag of money.

"I had a faint, indistinct remembrance," he continued, speaking in a hurried tone, "when I first saw your wife, that I had seen her face before. This remembrance, faint as it was, was such as to make my demeanor towards her as gentle as possible; and while I had a dozen men outside to enforce my demands should she prove refractory, my conduct was as respectful as though I had been craving shelter for the night. When she had left the room, I sat for a moment in perfect silence. I was pleased to find that I was about to obtain the money without force, although had force become necessary, I was determined to employ any amount of it; nor should I have hesitated at the shedding of blood. Merciful God—that I should ever have imagined this against her!"

"A book chanced to be lying on the table, and taking it up, I discovered it to be a Bible. I was about throwing it from me with an oath, when some writing in the fore part attracted my attention. The name of Sarah Marshall was inscribed there, and as I read it, I felt as if a bolt from heaven had cloven my very heart! Tell me—whose name was that?"

"My wife's, before her marriage," Herbert replied, in deep astonishment.

"I know it; and that, too, was the name of my twin-sister! You are astonished, but I tell you the truth; Sarah Herbert, the gentle woman whose innocent blood I should not have scrupled to shed two hours ago, is the sister of Richard Fearn, the most guilty, and now, the most repentant being on God's footstool!"

"She will remember the happy hours of our early childhood in our happy eastern home; had I been blessed a little longer with her society, my life might have been a different one. But my wayward, restless spirit led me from home in my boyhood, and to that home I never returned. I need not tell you how it was that I became the evil, depraved being that I am. The lawlessness of a sailor's life, the temptations of a great city, wicked companions, and constant familiarity with vice in all its darkest shapes and forms, have all conjoined to mould and make me what I am."

"But I must speak briefly, for I must go; this neighborhood can know me no more! Until to-night, I have not seen my sister for fifteen years, and the shock of this terrible discovery has well nigh killed me. Soon after leaving home, I changed my name, assuming that of Richard Fearn, which I have borne ever since. During my absence, I have never heard from my home or friends, and I knew not whether any of my relatives were yet living."

"This is all; but a word more before I go, for when I am gone, you will have seen me for the last time. Upon my hurried flight from your house to-night, I saw your child sleeping in his cradle, and I could not resist the impulse which led me to press my lips to his brow. May the kiss not fall as a curse upon him. Do not, if you can help it, teach him to hate his uncle, but when he shall have grown older, tell him my story, and learn him to pity Richard Marshall, and be warned by his example. Farewell—God bless you, and your wife and child!"

He seized Herbert's hand, wrung it heartily, and before Herbert could detain him for a single instant, he had disappeared. Bewildered by the astonishing revelation he had heard from the lips of the outlaw, Charles Herbert groped his way to the road, where he found two of the robbers in charge of his horse. As he mounted and rode slowly homeward, they followed behind, at a little distance, for the purpose, as he imagined, of protecting him from any further danger. Upon his arrival at his house, they also disappeared, having acted by the order of Richard Marshall.

Neither Mrs. Herbert nor her husband ever received any further intelligence from her erring brother, although the sister hoped and prayed that his repentance might be enduring, and his after years free from all blunders and deformities of evil. And it is more than possible that her prayers were answered.

#### INFLUENCE OF SORROW.

For Adam had not outlived his sorrow, had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown, towards which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight, and our best love.—Adam Bede.

#### A BOW AT A VENTURE.

The following shot was fired from "Plymouth Pulpit," a few days since, by Henry Ward Beecher, right into the heart of his astonished flock: "There are sitting before me in this congregation now, two hundred men who stuff their Sundays full of what they call religion, and then go out on Mondays to catch their neighbor by the throat, saying, 'Pay me that thou owest; it's Monday now, and you needn't think that because we sat crying together, yesterday, over our Saviour's sufferings and love, that I am going to let you off from that debt, if it does rain you to pay it now.'"



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE MAGDALEN.

BY JOHN W. DAY

The moon sits calmly on the day-god's throne,  
Earth meekly bends beneath her magic sway,  
While myriad lamps, through the proud city strown,  
Rival the star-worlds with their glittering ray  
Yes; upward glare they through the hurrying throng,  
But fiercer glows the dark, despairing eye  
That shows a trembling spirit steeped in wrong,  
Languing from life's Aceldama to fly,  
To pass the shadowy veil, and solve time's mystery  
Siberian snows may hem the traveler round,  
Yet shall his soul, at recollection call,  
Speed like Mazeppa, on the thought-steered bound,  
Till bright before him gleams the homestead wall.  
But O! how sad is woman's exile lot,  
Forced from her Eden home, a pilgrim lone  
To wander, where, all things but self forgot,  
Life's billows dash o'er many a bark o'erthrown—  
Sin's curdling horror whelms the spirit's gurgling gourd  
Sweet faith of Nazareth's immortal shrine,  
Hymned by the rippling waves of Galilee,  
Thy followers, through time's early morning time  
Pealed forth the chorus of thy minstrelsy;  
Fearless they taught the good that never dies—  
Firm trod the path Immanuel walked before,  
Untrembling, as they viewed the nearing skies  
They heard the crowd's bigoted thunder pour—  
The Parthian tiger's howl—the Nemean lion's roar

Now, like a sea-shell on the ocean strand,  
'Reft of its tenant, lies thy creed of old.  
Its soul is fled! Where is the high command  
The Saviour uttered to the rulers cold  
Who girt the erling one?—Let him first strike  
Whose breast is free from guilt!—'Tis past, 'tis past!  
The stern-browed zealot sues all sins alike.  
Yet, lost one, time's wild night is hurrying fast—  
Heaven's golden dawn shall gild thy darkened path at last.

There shalt thou learn what earth hath never taught—  
That holiest joy—the pure, aspiring soul,  
The truths thy storm-tossed spirit heeded not,  
Which passion bade her life-long billows roll.  
Years may pass by—long ages ebb and flow  
Around the confines of the heavenly plain,  
Yet shalt thou read, where fadeless splendors glow—  
God stands a Pharos o'er the eternal main,  
Each weather-rifted sail shall make the port again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE ANTIQUARY.

BY MARION C. FORCE.

MR. EGYPTUS MUMMIAN sat in his study, pondering a knotty question in numismatics which had bound him to his chair for seven successive hours. The dinner bell, and sundry announcements of visitors, had failed to arouse him from his profound reverie. Let us take a glance at him, as he sits in his easy chair, for he is an admirable specimen of an antiquary, and is president of an antiquarian society.

Mr. Mummian's appearance is not particularly prepossessing, but far from repulsive. He has passed the strong period of life, as his whitening hair betokens, and is daily approaching his surroundings in a quality which is the greatest recommendation to a man of his profession. He is growing old, and therefore more fond of himself. His dark, flashing eyes seem like fires set in caverns, as they gleam from their deep-set sockets; and the furrows of his face are now unusually deep, from the continued mental labor of the day. If he should rise from his chair, it would almost appear as if a clothed skeleton had assumed life and motion, so tall and spare is the antiquary. We see no comeliness of form, but feel an involuntary awe and respect thrill us, as we look upon the stern student of antiquities. He loves age; and it has been said he loves his acquaintances in proportion to the number of their years, or the respect they bear for old things. Glance at his apartment, hung around with curious relics, and you will discover his taste. Here is a pile of huge folios, there a row of quartos with heavy clasps of brass, and shelves filled with octavos and duodecimos; but not one of them all bears a date beginning with an 18. He scorns a volume written later than the last century. "It would be like drinking wine fresh from the press, to study a work less than fifty years old," he was accustomed to say. In addition to his quaint collection of books, are rusty cups and old-fashioned spurs, broken swords and cracked earthen-ware, and countless coins. With this heterogeneous mass of mementoes, none of whom could complain of neglect in their declining years, Mr. Mummian lived as quiet and peaceful a life as the most reclusive hermit. His study was his *sanctum sanctorum*, where it was a mark of decided favor to be admitted.

He sat, as we have said, in his easy chair, studying an ancient coin. His favorite servant, a man of some seventy years, knocks at the door several times, and receiving no answer from within, tells the man who desires to see the antiquary that he was not to be interrupted.

"Not to be interrupted?" said the visitor, who was a man of shrewd, cunning, though comely appearance. "Why not?"

"He is engaged, sir, in some study which he will not give up even for food and drink."

"But I have something more important to Mr. Mummian than bread and water," said the visitor. "Show me where your master sits."

"Indeed, sir," said the domestic, trembling for the consequences should the impertinent stranger gain admittance, "it will be at the risk of blood and bones, if you force yourself into the presence of Mr. Mummian."

"You timid, ignorant fellow," replied the man, still approaching the door of Mr. Mummian's library. "Stand, then, while I enter; and mark the welcome I meet with."

The servant obeyed the order and stood at the opposite side of the passage-way, while the man gently opened the study door, and then called out, "*Filice Temporum Reperatio!*" in a loud voice.

"Reverse of a Constantine!" exclaimed the antiquary.

When he turned around and saw the stranger, his countenance darkened and lowered savagely on the person who had dared to enter the privacy of his sanctum without invitation.

"I thought I heard some one pronounce the inscription of one of Constantine's coins," said he. "It must have been imagination. But who are you that have thus intruded upon me unannounced?"

"An ardent admirer of the noble labors of Mr. Mummian in sustaining the study of antiquity, and a humble follower in the same path of honorable science."

"Ah!" said the antiquary, evidently greatly mollified. "Do you delight in the study of those objects around which age has thrown its charm? Are you a student of antiquities?"

"A beginner in the science," answered the man. "And I have come to you for any word of instruction or encouragement you may be so generous as to vouchsafe me."

"Then seat yourself, my young friend," said the antiquary, clearing a chair of its specimens and old books. "It is so rare a pleasure to meet with a man who has resolved so early to devote himself to the study of the remains of bygone days, that I rejoice at your coming. I promise myself we will prove congenial companions."

"As teacher and pupil," said the stranger, "for I am only an ignorant tyro. Under your tuition, however, I may become so acquainted with antiquated relics as to assist you in your researches."

"I am sure of it!" exclaimed the antiquary. "I commend the good sense which led you to choose a pursuit so different from the ordinary, frivolous pastimes of young men. We will labor together, my young friend, and may at length reveal as valuable information as the industrious Ritson, though perhaps in a different department of learning."

"I have already made a few efforts to procure curious and rare coins," said the young man, "which it may be will add a mite to your collection."

"Curious coins!" said Mr. Mummian. "Let me see them. I heard you pronounce the reverse of a Constantine; have you indeed possessed yourself of so valuable a curiosity?"

"I have one," said the young man, handing the antiquary a coin, "which my poor knowledge leads me to suppose is genuine; but take it, sir, and bring your superior learning to bear upon the point."

The antiquary eagerly received the coin and examined it. "Yes, yes," said he, turning it over and examining it with great care. "I think it a genuine Constantine. You possess in it an invaluable rarity. What means did you employ to obtain it? To procure one for my cabinet has been the ambition of the last twenty years of my life."

"And this I now bestow, my good sir, on you, as my matriculation fee for the favor of your instruction," said the young man.

"It is then my own," said the antiquary, fondly handling it. "I will not ask asking you, my young friend, a second time, nor will I ever part with it for a fortune. Let it lie, then, in my cabinet, the most valued of my collection, both

from its own value and as a memento of your generosity."

"Then, sir, I am accepted as a pupil?"

"Accepted as a pupil!" said the antiquary. "Taken rather to my home as a *protege* and a companion. Look you! think not of leaving my house; it will be hereafter your abode. And you shall be provided with a duplicate key to this my sacred study, where I scarcely admit my best friends. Here, surrounded by our antique possessions, we will discard the outer world in the study of what lies around us."

"Then the perfection of my ambition, the friendship of Egyptus Mummian, is attained!" said the young man. "But do you not desire to know my name?"

"What's in a name," said the antiquary. "Thou'd be as sweet by any other name. It is of very little moment; but, as I must have something whereby to designate you, what shall it be?"

"Mortimer Selwyn," answered the young man.

"Then, Mortimer, stay awhile and examine these medals, from which I know you will derive a healthy pleasure, while I see that proper accommodations are made for your lodgment with me."

The antiquary now, with more alacrity than usually characterized him, left the apartment. Mortimer, after his absence, seemed partly to lose his interest in coins and antiquities. Instead of obeying the antiquary's injunction to examine the cabinet, he approached the window and stood looking from it, till the door of his room was opened by a young lady. She entered, and, apparently surprised at not seeing the antiquary, said:

"O, sir, was not my father, Mr. Mummian, here awhile since? I beg pardon for my intrusion, but I never before found the door unlocked and he absent."

"A moment ago he left me," answered Mortimer, "and in another moment he will return. So I pray you wait."

The young lady, whose attractions, I would tell the reader, were equally strong for the poet and the miser, took the seat vacated by the antiquary, and began listlessly examining some of the curiosities lying on the table. Mortimer fastened his eyes upon her in a fixed look of mingled admiration and malevolence. After a short interval of silence, he said to the lady:

"Miss Mummian's recollection of acquaintances seems to have failed her at the present moment. I think we have heretofore greeted each other with more cordiality."

"My recollection of Mr. Selwyn is too vivid to admit of a warmer welcome," replied the young lady, looking up. "Do not rest the blame with my memory."

"Then I must attribute it to the feelings of Miss Mummian?" said Mortimer.

"I have before given an expression of my feelings towards you," said the lady, "and you should not have expected a more cordial greeting than you have received. More than this I will say, that whatever may be your ostensible purpose in visiting my father, I see in it other objects than to become his pupil. Gold coins, I imagine, are more gratifying to your tastes than antique coins."

"Your unjust insinuations," replied Mortimer, "both from their injustice and their source, are meekly borne. Here comes your father; shall I appear as a friend or stranger?"

"Certainly not as a friend," said the lady.

The old gentleman entered, and introduced Mortimer to his daughter as a person deserving her cordial esteem, and one who had already gained his respect and affection.

In a few days the young man became perfectly domiciliated at the antiquary's home. His favor with Mr. Mummian increased every hour; but he seemed to make little progress in gaining the esteem of the daughter, who regarded him with undiminished coldness. Had the father been of a less abstracted character, he would have noticed the coolness and restraint between the only two young persons beneath his roof. As it happened, however, he imagined them more than mutually satisfied with their frequent meetings, and he never rose from his bed nor retired at rest at night, without congratulating himself on having received so excellent a young man as Mortimer Selwyn into his family.

"What may not spring from the connection?" he would say to himself. "I now see grandchildren and great-grandchildren pursuing the excellent study of antiquities, and all faithful to

the precepts of their ancestor, *ego*, I will be the father of a progeny of antiquarians who will explore their field till not a stone remains unturned."

He was thinking to himself somewhat in this strain, when alone in his library one day, while Mortimer had gone to the city to examine some coins which were to be sold. Mr. Mummian had confidence enough in the proficiency of his pupil to trust him making the purchases himself.

While he sat musing so agreeably, he was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Giving the summons, a young man of good appearance, open countenance, and of a certain frankness of demeanor which provokes good feeling at the first acquaintance, entered the room. Though a person of so prepossessing an appearance, the antiquary's face clouded at his entrance.

"Good morning, Mr. Mummian," said the young man.

"Good morning, Mr. Murillo," said the antiquary. "Since your departure from my studio, I have found a more docile scholar, one who does not battle every opinion I advance, nor endeavor to prove every relic of peculiar value a forged imitation."

"Probably he has more duplicity as well as more docility," said the young man.

"Do you come to asperse the character of a man whom I more respect than Edmund Murillo and all his ancestry?" exclaimed the antiquary, touched by the young man's presumption in hinting against the good character of his *protege*.

"No, sir," replied Edmund, quietly. "I wish to ask a question of more importance than anything concerning Mr. Selwyn."

"What is it about, and what is it? Be brief," said Mr. Mummian.

"Your daughter—and may I marry her?" said the young man, with uncommon brevity and directness.

"What are your recommendations?" asked the antiquary.

"A good education, respectable family, a comfortable home, and her consent," replied Edmund.

"The last is silliness. What does the consent of a girl who does not know a Constantine from an Otho, amount to? As for your other recommendations, they are not sufficient to balance your deficiencies. No, sir, I do not grant your request. I have fixed upon the disposal of my dutiful daughter to a worthy applicant."

"Have you resolved to sacrifice your daughter to a heartless mercenary?" said the young man, forgetting that the success of his mission depended entirely in subduing the prejudices of the old gentleman.

"Mercenary!" cried the antiquary. "Did I not too much revere the age of this pot, I would make it serve as a weapon to punish such impudence and malignity. Heartless mercenary! Do you say it, sir, of the noble young Mortimer? Go, sir, wherever you list, but never come to me again with such malice on your lips, to ask a favor."

Without allowing time for the young man to reply, Mr. Mummian turned him from his door, and ordered immediate and eternal absence.

We cannot follow the disappointed suitor from the house, but will return with the antiquary to his study. He has paced the room a few times, without entirely cooling his passion, when Mortimer returned from the city with his purchases.

"O, Mortimer!" said Mr. Mummian, "lay your package on the table, while I speak to you on other matters."

Mortimer, surprised that the antiquary should hesitate a moment to examine the coins, laid them on the table, and prepared himself to listen to his instructor.

"Now, my young friend," said Mr. Mummian, "a foolish, impertinent boy, this morning begged permission that he might carry off my daughter for a wife! He was a young man who, till today, I considered of a good heart and of some understanding, but very perverse, and utterly unworthy of being admitted into my family. The person who attains that honor must be a participant in my studies and tastes. In fact, my boy, I see in you a fitting person."

"And I have hardly dared dream of such a consummation of my happiness," said Mortimer, with evident satisfaction.

"The young fellow offered as a recommendation to my consent, the consent of the poor girl. A foolish, silly argument. I allowed it no weight."

"It is of no importance," said Mortimer. "Such a whim as her sentimental love might



be easily overcome. A year of married life will remove the last taint of any unjust prejudice she may entertain against me."

"So I think," said Mr. Mummian. "We will try it. The ridiculous fashion of young women falling in love is too light a thing to influence me. You, my young friend, shall prove to the world its foolishness."

It was therefore agreed that, despite any opposition which might arise from the young lady, a marriage should be celebrated between the young antiquary and the old antiquary's daughter.

"And, Mortimer," said the antiquary, when the affair had been arranged, "you will then relieve me from the burdensome care of my modern trash in the shape of property and bank-stock. It has been the torment of my existence. A promise to do this will be the only dowry you need present."

The young man made no opposition to this, but with a docility which favorably impressed the antiquary, consented to assume entire charge of Mr. Mummian's monetary affairs.

"Then six weeks from to-day shall see you joined to my daughter. Now let us consider the purchases you have made."

In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Mummian called his daughter to his room to notify her of the disposal he had made of her hand. "I received," said he, "a proposition from a silly, impertinent young man this morning, to take you to his home, but I rejected him with proper severity. I have since selected a person qualified to be the life-companion of any woman in the land."

"Who, father?" said the lady, half hoping, half fearing.

"Mortimer Selwyn," replied the antiquary. "My excellent pupil. Are you not satisfied with my choice?"

"It is indeed, father, your choice, not mine; and you will not, I beseech you, compel its fulfillment!"

"Foolish child," said the antiquary, "consider that I am older, and therefore better able to make a selection. In fact, I am responsible to Heaven for it. It is a ruinous practice of modern days to commit the choice in such matters to the hands of inexperienced boys and girls. I have made the choice, my daughter, and knowing it to be a good one, desire it to be obeyed."

"Edmund Murillo has been driven from the house a fugitive from your wrath; a detested rival planted in his place, and my father turned a tyrant to his daughter; but I will make no resistance. If it will add a grain to your comfort, father, I will endure the heaviest weight of woe. In six weeks, or in one, I will be prepared to become the wife of Mortimer Selwyn, your favored pupil."

The antiquary was touched by the sorrow of his daughter, but thinking it the momentary result of a foolish passion, left her, much satisfied with her dutiful docility.

Six weeks rolled away, and brought around the fatal day for the antiquary's daughter to be married to a man she detested. Her father's reverence for age was equalled by her reverence for parental authority. Indeed, she had such confidence in the wisdom of her father, that in times of least despondency she could almost imagine that his predictions of future felicity and contentment would be realized. Her unresisting acquiescence to her father's will was a sacrifice to filial affection which few maidens could be found to make so uncomplainingly. Obedience to parental authority was in her estimation a duty superior to the tie which binds lover to lover. Never did she dream of opposition to her father's will, and in this momentous instance she quietly made all the usual preparations for a wedding day. When the day arrived it found her ready, so far as exterior appearances could be controlled. She presented the blushes but not the smiles of a bridal-day. She was unhappy. Her father was elated by unusual happiness; and the bridegroom wore an air of thievish triumph.

The ceremony was to be performed on the broad piazza stretching around the house. The company gathered, few in number, under the shade of the honeysuckle which clambered over the lattice-work. The minister took his position at one corner of the porch, and the bridal party advanced to their place before him. All this was done with a silence and gravity most agreeable to the character of the antiquary. The

knot was about to be tied, and the bride was trembling with the terror of the moment, when the company was startled into a sudden confusion by the approach of some county officers, who, presenting a warrant, inquired for one Mortimer Selwyn.

"He stands before you," said the calm bridegroom. "Do you wish me, sir? If so, be good enough to wait until this reverend gentleman has performed his part of the ceremony we have assembled to witness. I will then be at liberty to attend to any business you may have with me."

"No!" cried the company of guests. "We will not allow the ceremony to proceed till the officers have declared their business."

"Do you hear this impertinent interruption!" exclaimed the young man to Mr. Mummian. "They will not allow the wedding to proceed until their curiosity be satisfied! I pray you will use your authority to compel the conclusion of the ceremony."

The antiquary was perplexed. He did not doubt the innocence of Mortimer, whatever might be the charge preferred against him; but his natural prudence told him it was better to defer the marriage till his innocences should be proved. He was about to express this opinion, when he was anticipated by the minister declaring that he would not continue the ceremony, and by the officers announcing that they could no longer delay seizing the young man. After some useless remonstrances, Mortimer was carried off to the town for examination, and the people departed to their different homes, or gathered in little knots for gossip.

The antiquary's gladness was changed to a deeper gloom, and he retired to his study to find solace among his medals and antiquities. The daughter sought the solitude of her room, glad that she was still un-united to a forced lover, and finding comfort in the thought that it was better to live a single life of contentment than suffer the woe of being forever joined to a being she detested.

The antiquary, after composing his agitated feelings, armed himself with his hat and walking-stick, to seek the town and learn the character of the charge made against his pupil; for in the excitement of the arrest he had omitted to inquire its cause. He walked rapidly, and soon reached the magistrate's office where the examination was in progress, surrounded by the crowd which usually collects when any apparently respectable man is arrested for a misdemeanor.

He discovered that Mortimer had been arrested for counterfeiting current money, and also antique coins, which he sold as genuine. The antiquary was astonished at the charges, and his astonishment increased each moment as he heard the conclusive evidence of the witnesses. The young man was committed to prison to await his trial; and everybody said the guilt was too evident to admit of any hope of acquittal.

Mr. Mummian returned to his home, pondering upon the strange disclosure of the day, and congratulating himself upon his escape from receiving a forger into his house as a son-in-law. Then the thought struck him: "Is it not possible that some of the coins I received from him may be counterfeit?" He determined to make a scrutinizing examination immediately after his return to the house. After a careful study, and having consulted some learned friends, he discovered another proof of his protegee's criminality in the Constantine and other coins he had palmed upon the antiquary.

Mortimer was tried, convicted, and received the extreme sentence of the law; and all the people echoed the sentiment, "it was guilt rightly punished."

A year after the detection and punishment of Mortimer Selwyn, one evening in autumn, the antiquary's daughter prepared the supper for her father, who had that day attended a meeting of the antiquarian society. She moved with a nun-like quietness, and her face wore that calm expression so peculiar to the inmates of a convent. The table was spread, and two plates laid at the sides, when the antiquary entered. His countenance was lit up with an uncommon brightness, and his movements and voice told to his daughter that something pleasant had occurred at the meeting to enliven his spirits.

"Ah, my daughter," said he, when seated at his table quaffing his tea, "I saw a fine young man to-day. He would make a fine husband. He read an essay to the society, which was pronounced the best we have had for many meetings."

"Who was he?" asked the daughter.

"He was clear and satisfactory in all his arguments, and evidenced careful study in his researches united to profound learning. An admirable essay for one so young, I should not have been ashamed to be the author myself."

"But what was his name?" asked the lady, with that curiosity which no time nor misfortune can drive from the woman's character.

"He is a fine young man, and will be an ornament to the band of antiquaries. He was elected member of the society to-day, and will read another essay at the next meeting."

"And who was he? I pray you tell me, father," said the maiden. "Is he a person I have ever heard of, or is he a stranger to the neighborhood?"

"Not a stranger, though we have not had the pleasure of his company for a twelvemonth. His name was Edmund Murillo. I heartily forgive the misdeeds of his younger days."

The effect of this announcement upon the lady was instantaneous. Her face kindled with joyful surprise, and if we could have penetrated further into her soul, we might have seen lifted thence a weight which had burdened her for many months. Thus to hear her father praise Edmund Murillo, was like uncovering the sun and letting its brightness shine into her heart.

"Where has he been, father?" asked the daughter.

"Travelling, and studying the great collections of Egypt," said the antiquary. "And he has acquired a knowledge which blots out all the deficiencies of the past. Indeed, I propose that he become a member of my household, when he may quietly pursue his investigations. Do you object to this, my daughter?"

"No, father," replied the maiden. "He will, if he has not lost the gaiety of two years ago, drive off the gloom from our home."

That meal was the happiest the antiquary and his daughter had taken together for a year; but it was followed by many more as happy, when there was an additional party at the table. The antiquary received young Murillo into his family as a laborious student of his favorite science, and gladly consented to his union with his daughter; a union which was the joy of all concerned, and never repented by either father or children.

Never did a happier trio live under one roof. Murillo, unlike the majority of young husbands, loved his wife more for the docility she had displayed in yielding to her father, than he could have done had she maintained that proud, invincible constancy which would have set at defiance anything opposed to the consummation of its desires. Let me tell you, reader, a docile child will prove an obedient wife, but a boaster of constancy is too often the creature of self-will.

#### OUR SOLAR SYSTEM ON ITS TRAVELS.

Professor Mitchell, in one of his lectures recently delivered in New York, said that astronomers had reason to suppose that our solar system was travelling through space, because in one direction the stars were closing together. Argeander, the Russian astronomer, some years ago attempted the solution of this, by observing some 500 stars all over the heavens. He divided them into three classes—those which moved a second of an arc per year; those which moved half a second, and those which moved less. It was plain that if the sun were moving, there would be a ring of stars which would move most rapidly; these would be the stars which were passing in our course. Taking this ring as an equator, we would be moving towards one of the poles where the stars would be opening, and from the other where the stars would be closing together. This was found to be the case, and we were now actually moving towards the star *Mu* in the constellation of Hercules. Other astronomers had determined that we were moving in that direction at the rate of 154,000,000 miles per annum, at which rate we might reach that star in about a million of years. What was the mysterious force which drove us through space at such a terrible rate? It could not be gravitation; it could only be the arms of the Omnipotent himself.

#### ROMANCE OF THE NEEDLE.

The Christian Intelligencer thus discourses about the exploits of the needle: "What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needle-work of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. 'The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work.' The magnificence of kingly pomp, the imposing spectacles of religion or wealth, the tribute of honor to the great, the charm of dignified society, the refined attractions of beauty, are dependent upon the needle."

#### THE ZOUAVES.

The following description of the Zouaves—the most efficient portion of the French army—is taken from the report of Captain George B. McClellan, who was one of the United States military officers sent to the seat of war in Europe, in 1855, to collect information on military subjects: "The dress of the Zouavo is of the Arab pattern—the cap is a loose fig, or skull cap, of scarlet felt, with a tassel; a turban is worn over this in full dress; a cloth vest and a loose jacket, which leaves the neck unencumbered by color, stock, or cravat, cover the upper portion of his body, and allow free movement of the arms; the scarlet pants are of the loose Oriental pattern, and are tucked under garters like those of the foot rifles of the guard; the overcoat is a loose cloak with a hood, the *Chasseurs* wear a similar one. The men say that this is the most convenient dress possible, and prefer it to any other."

"The Zouaves are all French; they are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-reliant and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his graceful dress, soldierly bearing and vigilant attitude, the Zouavo at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comfort; if there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fishing-rods, etc.; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite sure to obtain it. Their movements are the most light and graceful I have ever seen; their stride is long, but the foot seems scarcely to touch the ground, and the march is apparently made without effort or fatigue. The step of the foot rifles is shorter and quicker, and not so easy and graceful. The impression produced by the appearance of these two corps is very different, the rifles look like active, energetic little fellows, who would find their best field as skirmishers; but the Zouaves have, combined with all the activity and energy of the others, that solid ensemble and reckless, dare-devil individuality which would render them alike formidable when attacking in a mass or in defending a position in the most desperate hand-to-hand encounter. Of all the troops that I have ever seen, I should esteem it the greatest honor to assist in defeating the Zouaves. The grenadiers of the guard are all large men, and a fine-looking, soldierly set. The voltigeurs are small, active men, but larger than the rifles. They are light infantry."

#### RUSSIAN AND TURKISH DISCIPLINE.

A Turkish and Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly. "Ivan," says he, "you will go to such-and-such a tobaccoist; you will buy an oke of tobacco; pay for it and bring it home straight." Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch. "Now Ivan is going to the tobaccoist; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now is on the stairs; now he is here—Ivan!" Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco. "Pek guzel," says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly half-shutting his eyes the while; "very nice. But my orderly will do as much—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double-action salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turnip of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances. "Now he is going—now he is there—now he is paying—now he is coming home—now he is here—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where's the tobacco?" "Papouchier boulmadim—I haven't found my shoes yet!" —Blackwood.

#### ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

Certainly the greatest, the noblest pleasures of intelligent creatures must result from their acquaintance with the blessed God, and their own rational and immortal souls. And O, how divinely pleasant and entertaining it is to look into our souls, when we can find all our powers and passions united and engaged in pursuit after God, our whole soul longed and passionately breathing after a conformity to him, and the full enjoyment of him! Verily, no hours pass away with so much divine pleasure, as those that are spent in communion with God and our own hearts. How sweet is a spirit of devotion, of seriousness and solemnity; a spirit of gospel simplicity, love and tenderness! O, how desirable and profitable is a spirit of holy watchfulness and godly jealousy over ourselves; when our souls are afraid of nothing so much as that we shall grieve and offend the blessed God, whom at such times we apprehend, or at least hope, to be a Father and a Friend; whom we then love and long to please, rather than to be happy ourselves, or at least we delight to derive our happiness from pleasing and glorifying him. Surely this is a pious temper, worthy of the highest ambition and closest pursuit of intelligent creatures. O, how vastly superior is the pleasure, peace and satisfaction derived from these frames, to that which we sometimes seek in things impertinent and trifling! —Brainerd.







## BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

The large and costly engraving on the preceding page is one of the best we have ever published, local in character, but possessing a general interest from its artistic merit. It was drawn expressly for us, by Homer, from sketches made in our streets, and thus "holds the mirror up to nature." The scenes and characters will be readily recognized. The central group represents the crossing at the corner of Summer and Washington Streets, where a gentlemanly police officer in his blue and gold costume, like Ticknor & Fields's duodecimo poets, escorts the ladies through the pass of peril. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? One of these fine days, when some peerless belle is about crossing, and the mud yawns deep before her shrinking, dainty feet, we shall have, be sure of it, a repetition of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. As he flung down his velvet coat that Queen Elizabeth might cross the kennel dryshod, so will our gallant policeman pull the coat from his shoulders, and spread it at the feet of the coming belle. In prophetic vision we behold this incident and the romance growing out of it—the gratitude of the lady, the despair of rivals, aspiring love, the long secret wooing crowned with success, the resignation of a policeman, a wedding in the King's Chapel, a wedding-breakfast, enthusiastic father in bald head and spectacles handing his son-in-law a cheque for 250,000 dollars, a bridal tour, married felicity, political ambition following in the path of fortunate love, election to the presidency—grand tableau! Below the central group we have a sketch of some of those brave-hearted men who "run with the machine," and who start to action with the clang of the fire-bell as the war-horse rouses at the blast of the trumpet. All honor to our gallant firemen! In the right hand corner we have a sketch of one of the few vendors of small wares who ply their trade in the streets. He is an invalid boy, who is gradually recovering health and strength by living in the open air, and who sells pencils, pen-holders, boot-laces, etc. Lower down we have a lamplighter, a member of a fraternity rendered classical by the pen of Miss Cummings. The teamster forms the subject of another sketch. In no city in the world are there finer team horses than in Boston, and their intelligence and the skill of the driver is a theme of wondering comment for strangers. A long file of horses threading their way through a crowded thoroughfare, turning, backing, moving to the right and left, guided only by the voice and word of command, or avoiding difficulty by their own instinct, is a sight to be remembered. The procession of men with advertising placards exhibits a mode of publicity derived from London, where it is a striking feature of out-door life. On the other side of the picture we have the scissors-grinder plying his vocation, and a group of dock loafers smoking villainous cigars and enjoying a lazzaroni-like *otium sine dignitate*. The famous Razor-Strop Man, setting forth in humorous strains the merits of his unrivalled article, and the exquisite placidly and imperturbably gliding along the sidewalk, complete the artist's group of street characters. There is a narrower field for artistic gleaming in Boston than in most other great cities, for a certain staid uniformity is a general characteristic of the place; still, as in every great city, there are nooks and corners where eccentricity and strongly-marked individuality may be discovered. In a former number of the Pictorial we published a similar large group, from the pencil of Barry, but Mr. Homer's interesting picture shows that his predecessor had not exhausted the subject, for the types here presented are all fresh and original.

I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree! either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education—what furthered, what hindered, what modified it.—*Carlyle*.

## DESCRIPTION OF ITALY.

Geographically, there is a remarkable unity in Italy, for it is a peninsula bounded by gulfs and seas on three sides, and by mountains on the north, but practically there has been no unity in Italy since the days of the Romans. For nearly a thousand years the greater part of Italy has been under the sway of French and German rulers. Those portions which have not thus been incorporated with foreign States, have been divided into small States; and there has never been a time when there was either concert of action, a common object, or a principle or feeling of nationality in Italy.

There are now eight different governments in Italy wholly independent of each other, and some of them have ancient and intense animosities towards the other. Of these are four in what is known geographically as Upper Italy; three in Central Italy, and one, the kingdom of Naples, covering southern Italy and the island of Sicily.

The kingdom of Sardinia is the most important of the States of Upper Italy; yet some of its possessions are quite as much German, or French, as Italian. It has the nearest approach to a constitutional government of any country in Europe, and though a small kingdom, with a population only between five and six millions, it has been made by the talents and bravery and energy of the house of Savoy which rules there, an important State in Europe.

ghese, the husband of one of his sisters. The Congress of Vienna gave the life-estate of the whole to Maria Louisa—Napoleon's widow—since whose death it has reverted to the original heir of the Spanish line.

The duchy of Modena was an ancient fief of German Europe, and the present reigning family is Austrian—the heiress of the old race of Este married an Austrian Archduke, in 1806, and their descendants now inherit. It is very German in its ideas.

The independent States in Middle Italy are three—the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the little Republic of San Marino. Tuscany too is ruled by a house of Austrian descent. Originally a part of the German Empire, it became enlarged by the abilities of the Medici to the grand duchy of Tuscany. The present grand duke is a descendant of Francis Stephen, Emperor of Germany, the husband of the great Maria Theresa, heiress of Austria. Bonaparte erected it into the kingdom of Etruria, and subsequently annexed it to the empire of France. In 1815 it was restored to the old line.

Next to Tuscany are the States of the Church, of which the pope is the elective head, holding his temporal power by virtue of his election as pope. The States are not large, but they are numerous and populous, the population being three millions in an area of about 17,000 square miles. There are twenty-one provinces, cities, duchies and districts, some of which have been

1759 Charles III. of Spain gave it to his third son, the ancestor of the Bourbons. His descendants now reign there, and are bitterly detested.

We have thus cursorily run over the list of the States into which Italy is divided now. They have never at any one time been under one government. They are all, with the exception of Sardinia, governed absolutely, and mis-governed; and they are all more or less in a state of great discontent, and ripe for any movement against their rulers. But there is no evidence that they have any common ideas of what sort of a government would better promote their happiness, or any general notion of the future except that of getting rid of their rulers if they can. Among such diverse, long separated and incompatible races, it is, we think, in vain to look for the realization of that dream of enthusiasm, a united, regenerated and free Italy.—*N. O. Picayune*.

## NAPOLEON AND THE ITALIAN PEASANTS.

The accompanying engraving, representing the Emperor Louis Napoleon fraternizing with the peasants in the vicinity of Milan, receiving their addresses, petitions and congratulations, so completely tells its own story as to render description unnecessary. It is an authentic sketch of an actual scene, and shows how real and deep-rooted is the enthusiasm felt in Italy for the great man whom the Italians hail as the Liberator of their country. Apart from his recent services, there are special reasons why Louis Napoleon



THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON AMONG THE PEASANTRY OF MILAN.

The next in magnitude and population are the Austrian provinces, which go by the general name of the Kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. The population exceeds five millions, and many portions of the territory have been German dependencies for centuries—some of them, indeed, since Charlemagne conquered the ancient Lombards a thousand years ago. The Lombard kingdom includes the duchy of Milan, originally subject to Spain, afterwards formally ceded to Austria. She renounced it under the French Directory, to be made into the Cis-Alpine Republic; but it was restored to her by the Vienna treaty of peace in 1815. Mantua and other principalities, which make up the Lombardy government, have belonged to Austria for about one hundred and fifty years. Venice and the Swiss territory of the Grisons were only attached permanently in 1815. The government of these countries is an absolute military despotism issuing from Vienna.

Upper Italy contains, besides these two rival kingdoms of Sardinia and Austrian Lombardy, two independent governments in the duchy of Modena and the duchy of Parma. They are each about the size of one of the largest parishes in this State, but contain about half a million of inhabitants. Parma has been successfully ruled by native princes—by French and by Spaniards. Its rulers, from about 1730, have been the princes of the house of Spain. Napoleon, in 1812, incorporated two-thirds of it into the French Empire, and gave the other third to Prince Bor-

under the papal government almost since the time of Charlemagne, and others were added by donations from German and French monarchs, in the middle ages. The government was entirely despotic until some slight changes were effected after the revolutionary troubles in 1848, but the population is deeply discontented, and the power of the pope is only maintained by the presence of protecting armies of Austria and France.

There is also in Middle Italy the little republic of San Marino—a single democracy of about 8000 souls—occupying a little nook in the mountains, about five miles across, and with an area of about thirty square miles, which has kept its separate independence for about fourteen hundred years.

In Southern Italy there is the kingdom of the two Sicilies, which is commonly known as the kingdom of Naples. The continental part contains about 32,000 square miles, and six and a half millions of people. The islands, including that of Sicily, contain 10,000 square miles, and over two millions of inhabitants. Naples, like the rest of Italy, has been a dependency first of one and then another of the great kingdoms of Europe, with brief intervals of independence. The first race of kings was of Norman extraction; the next was of the imperial house of Germany. The pope conferred the throne then on the house of Anjou, of the royal family of France. A race of Spanish rulers succeeded, and for two hundred years Naples was a constituent part of the Spanish monarchy. About

should be popular in Italy. The origin of his power was in his relationship to the greatest of modern captains and legislators, an Italian by birth. The first signal act of his life was his participation in the insurrection at Rome, twenty-eight years ago, when he was in the full flush of youth and enthusiasm. At this time both he and his elder brother, who also took part in the revolutionary movement, and died at Forlì, March 17, 1831, had joined the secret society of Carbonari, taking their terrible oaths and incurring all their obligations. He was obliged to fly from Italy, but his obligations remained uncancelled. His supposed want of fidelity to these obligations, as evinced by the French attack on Rome in 1849, led to the recent attempts on his life by Orsini and other Italians. But it should be remembered that at the time of the French expedition against the Roman republic, Louis Napoleon was only President of France, and the measure was voted by the French Legislature, and was carried out but not originated by the executive. The legislature, by the way, with few exceptions, was as corrupt and false a body as ever cursed France. It was prepared to betray the republic, and the very men most clamorous against Louis Napoleon for violating his oath of allegiance to the republic, had openly repudiated their own obligations. Louis Napoleon seized the reins of power, appealed to the country, and the country sustained him. He has now, in the zenith of his power, lent the whole weight of his empire to the support of Italian independence.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATHEW M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
 One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
 Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
 Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
 (If one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum)

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA V., Bridgeport, Ct.—The quotation, "Familiar to their mouths as household words" may be found in the 3d scene, 4th act, of Shakespeare's Henry V.  
 L. S. Lowell, Mass.—The principal iron mines in Great Britain lie in the northern and north-western counties. The yearly produce is about 3,500,000 tons, equal in value to upwards of £12,000,000. Staffordshire and Worcestershire produce about 9,000,000 tons; Yorkshire, 2,750,000; and Northumberland and Durham, 3,400,000.

W. C. Chicago, Ill.—Miss Diana Muloch is the authoress of those clever novels, "John Halifax," "The Head of the Family," and "Oliver." Mrs. Marsh is the authoress of "Two Old Men's Tales." The author of "Adam Bede" still preserves his incognito as "George Eliot."

PHILANTHROPIST.—Your denunciations of a certain style of literature are just, though severe. Mr. Clay, in a recent report, pointed out that among 416 prisoners confined in Preston Gaol, England, 176 had read, or heard read, books about "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin."

INQUIRER.—Nothing is more deceptive than measuring fluids by dropping, since the drops from the tip of a vial vary, chiefly according to the different force of the attraction of cohesion in different liquids. The graduated glass measure used by apothecaries is the only certainty.

C. D. Watertown, Mass.—The epiphany you send us was evidently borrowed from that written by Pomposazzi, the philosopher of Mantua, on himself. The original is in Latin, and may be translated as follows:

Here I lie combed. Wherefore, I know not,  
 Nor do I care whether thou knowest  
 If thou art well, it is well, while living, I was well,  
 And, mayhap, I am well even now.  
 But be it so or not, I cannot tell thee.

"EAST-BOTTOM."—A ship of 500 tons used to be regarded as a leviathan. In 1593 the Earl of Cumberland built a ship at Deptford of that tonnage, which being the largest ever built by an English subject, her majesty was pleased to favor his lordship with her presence at the launching and to give it the name of the Scourge of Malice.

C. C.—It was Baffin who proved that burning-glasses were capable of consuming substances; this fact was considered fabulous previous to his day.

A. L. Evansville, Indiana.—The flute is of very great antiquity. The name is derived from the Latin word *fluta*, the name of the lamprey, or small eel taken in the Sicilian waters, and common in our Eastern fresh water streams, because, like that fish, it is long and perforated at the sides. Your second question we are unable to answer.

## OUT OF TOWN.

Everybody is out of town, that is, to use the more correct phrase of one of the fashionables, "everybody that is anybody, is out of town." You may construe that phrase as you will. Perhaps, as you note the activity of our wharves and business streets, the numbers of people in the libraries and reading-rooms, and churches, the pleasant and pretty faces in Washington Street, the groups of children on the Common of an afternoon, and the hundreds of promenaders of an evening, you will dispute the assertion. You may be inclined to think that all these people, your brothers and sisters, worthy persons and valuable members of society, added together produce something more than zero. So, however, think not *non auctes*. Mrs. Highfalutin and Mrs. Moire Antique, and Mrs. Bullion and Mrs. Argent, know no world but their set, and that set are scattered to the four winds of heaven, east, west, north and south, leaving their mansions tenantless, having previously notified the police to keep a special eye to their premises and see that no bold burglar walks off with their silver spoons, while they are following the inexorable banner of fashion by flood and field. They are "out of town," thundering away on railroads, smothered with dust and shaken to pieces; or jarred and fumigated, and nauseated on board ocean steamers; or baked in little hot closets in country hotels, or displaying countless toilettes at watering-places, rendered attractive by the absence of trees, and a vast quantity of damp sand and decaying fish.

Some of these unhappy wretches have the bad taste to really prefer, in their hearts, their pleasant city houses, with their ample rooms and accommodations, the green trees and grass of the Common, and the pure breath that comes over the western hills or the bay, to the exquisite delights we have just alluded to. But they dare not avow this preference; they dare not encounter the frowns, the denunciations, the *taboo* it would certainly bring down on their unhappy heads. No—they must be prepared to assert boldly, that any place, patronized by fashion, is better than home—the more inconvenient and costly, the better.

But some there are who cannot get away, from pecuniary or other pressing reasons. The sufferings of these compulsory residents would be ludicrous if they were not really severe and pit-

iable. Still, even they "are out of town," apparently. Their houses are hermetically sealed; blinds closed, dust on the door-steps, dust on the sidewalk. When they go out for a breath of air, it is at midnight and by the back gate, Snob, Jr., wearing his coachman's coat, and the daughters of the family disguised as housemaids—for the servants are admitted to be at home.

But even these nocturnal excursions are perilous. When Boggins was entering his own house the other night, he was collared by the policeman and nearly throttled, having been mistaken by that worthy functionary for a burglar. But this is not all. These unhappy prisoners sometimes come near perishing of starvation; for in hot weather provisions will not keep, and to maintain appearances, it is absolutely necessary to purchase only food enough for the servants. The whole garrison, therefore, is placed on short allowance, and we have known a family of five persons to emerge at the end of the fashionable season in a fit condition to figure as living skeletons in a travelling showman's collection of marvels.

It is amusing, when the returning tide of fashion enables these poor bubbles again to swim and sparkle on the surface, to note with what delightful animation they speak of places where they have passed the summer. They have been to Naples, to Capri, to Virginia, anywhere, in fact, but at home. Those who never stirred out of their own basements, invariably profess to have taken the longest journeys; and we know one audacious romancer who had been baking in his own attic for three months, who declared that he had been making a yacht voyage to Spitzbergen. In the fall we shall doubtless hear that some of these stay-at-homes have been serving on the staff of the King of Sardinia!

## THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF ITALY.

Many of our countrymen have gone abroad, it seems, to study the aspect of war upon the fields reddened with the blood of Austrian, French and Sardinian soldiers. But if they expect to find these well-contested fields covered with broken carriages, shattered trees, scattered balls and arms, and all that makes up the poetical image of a battle-field after an engagement, they will be most woefully mistaken. Four or five days after the terrible battle of Montebello, an intelligent traveller visited the spot, but, without a pre-knowledge of what had taken place, he would never have guessed it from its appearance. On looking closely, you might perhaps trace a groove in the trunk of a tree, indicating the passage of a cannon-ball; a bit of stucco knocked off a house, some dints where balls had struck, a few window-panes shattered by the passage of missiles, or the concussion of the air caused by the pounding of heavy guns. In the churchyard, where the hottest fighting took place, there were slight mounds of fresh earth raised over the dead of the Austrians and the allies. But this was all to tell the story. The farmer drove his team to the field, the birds sang in the hedge-row, the smiling peasant girls were filling their sacks with mulberry leaves for the silk-worms, the sun shone pleasantly and the vines hung heavy with glistening dew. Yet the battle was no dream. Thousands of families mourning for husbands, brothers, sons, lovers slain in the fierce encounter, know and feel the awful reality, though the traveller may not witness or realize the desolation.

## ITALIAN STATISTICS.

The following facts in relation to Italy are obtained from a reliable Italian work, and are well worthy of perusal and preservation. Italy contains no fewer than 27,107,139 inhabitants. This population is divided into fifteen circumscriptions—eight, comprising 19,913,301 souls, are under Italian governments; seven, with a population of 7,193,743, are subject to foreign rulers. There are 110 provinces and 1612 communes. It is a country famous for the number of its large cities; eighteen of the cities have more than 50,000 inhabitants each; eight others have more than 100,000 inhabitants each—viz., Rome, Naples, Palermo, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Turin. Nearly all the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion; the number of those who belong to other Christian sects is only 36,676, while the Jews number 41,497. The births greatly exceed the deaths; the increase of the population is particularly remarkable in Sicily and Tuscany, where it perhaps doubles in 73 years.

Italy alone possesses half as many bishops

as there are in all Europe: 256 out of 535. The mean is 90,000 Catholics to a diocese; in the Papal States there is a bishop to every 400,000 souls. The regular and secular clergy of both sexes reckons 189,000 members; their ratio to the population is as one to 142. In Sicily the clergy is most numerous; there are 33,266 priests and nuns, or one to every 69 inhabitants. More than 300 newspapers are published in Italy, of which 117 are issued in Sardinia, though it has only a fifth of the population. The silk manufacture is the principal branch of industry. In ordinary years the value is from forty to fifty millions of dollars. Lombardy alone produces a third of this amount. The revenues of the Italian States are about \$120,000,000, the expenses, \$128,000,000, and the public debt about \$400,000,000.

Commerce is active, but the high tariffs of most of the States, the lines of custom houses which embarrass exchanges, greatly injure the prosperity of business and the demand for consumption. The mercantile marine is the largest, in proportion to population, of any other European nation, England alone excepted. The river Ticino, so noted in the present war, rises in Switzerland, at Mount St. Gothard, flows to the south, traverses Lago Maggiore, separates the Sardinian States from the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and unites with the Po at Pavia. It is famous in ancient and modern history. On its banks Hannibal won his first Italian victories, and defeated Publius Scipio, 218 years B. C. The French and Austrians fought there May 31, 1805.

TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.—It will be noticed by an announcement in our advertising columns that Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city, have become the publishers of the very full and thorough treatise upon Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and that a new edition will be issued in a few days, in the elegant and substantial style which characterizes the publications of that house. Although the book has been but a short time before the public, its merits have become so apparent to all who are familiar with the subject upon which it treats, that it is universally recognized as the standard authority; and a work which no intelligent farmer can afford to do without. We congratulate our friend Mr. Flint, not only in the production of a work which adds so much to his reputation as a practical farmer and agricultural author, but also in the fact that its publication and sale has been placed in such hands as will give it the widest circulation among the farmers of the country, and thus render it a still more powerful instrumentality for the promotion of the cause of agriculture, to which he is so assiduously and effectively devoting his talents and his time.

BANVARD'S GRAND PANORAMA.—Everybody is crowding to see Banvard's glorious panorama of the Holy Land, at the lower Music Hall, Winter Street. This should not be classed with the ordinary exhibitions of the day, for it is a brilliant work of art, "a thing of beauty," and therefore "a joy forever." Young and old should go and enjoy this entertainment.

CONNECTICUT NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Connecticut House has granted but \$4000 of the \$5000 appropriation asked for the State Normal School. Brandagee, of New London, went against the bill, because the "school-marms" went West, and married in three months after they got there.

MELANCHOLY.—The Pittsfield Eagle says that a youth of seventeen, living in Otis, recently lost his reason from grief at the death of his mother, and committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Mother and son were buried in one grave.

POPULATION.—The greatest density of population of a kingdom is exhibited in Belgium, where it is 538 to the square mile; single districts in Rhenish Prussia show as high as 700 to the square mile.

PROTECTION FOR OMNIBUS DRIVERS.—Some of the New York stages have adopted a species of awning which is placed on the top, over the driver, effectually shading him from the sun.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A celebrated naturalist says that asses are the most vilified of all animals. We know that foxes are the most run down.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Heaven helps those who help themselves, says the old proverb, and the daily experiences of life verify the axiom. Some interesting facts have lately come to our knowledge concerning a widow lady in Worcester, Mass., which we give, simply withholding the names of the parties, for obvious reasons. A lady, who resided as above, and whose husband went to California in 1856, found herself a widow in six months after his departure, without pecuniary means, and with four little children dependent upon her for support. Too proud to supplicate for aid, she at once resorted to her needle, and for nearly a year succeeded in barely supplying herself and her loved ones with food and clothing. This was at the sacrifice, however, of health, for nearly her whole night was often consumed while plying her industrious needle. At last, however, her strength began to fail, from this fearful overtaking of her endurance. The rent dues accumulated, and she was threatened with expulsion from her home, humble as it was. At last, anxiety and overwork brought on a fever, and she was soon lying at the point of death.

This crisis brought to her aid, by some chance, a chief clerk of one of the manufacturing houses of the city, and this whole-souled man, himself poor, helped the widowed mother with money, and his wife nursed the sick one until she was once more able to resume the care of her household. The good Samaritan who had thus befriended the widow, learning how she had been supporting herself, proposed to procure for her a Sewing Machine, one-half the cost of which he made her a present of, the balance leaving her to pay for at her convenience. This true and noble charity was crowned with complete success, and the gentleman, though possessing but a scanty income himself, has enriched the poor woman. A year has passed, the widow has had even more work to do upon her *Grover and Baker's Sewing Machine* than she could accomplish. With half the labor and half the hours of confinement that she used to devote to her needle, she has paid her benefactor for her part of the excellent mechanical agent which has proved so true a friend, is pleasantly situated and easily pays her rent, while her three daughters and little son are as neatly though simply clad, as any of their mates at school. This simple, but truthful story has a moral worth remembering.

## WARD BEECHER FARMING.

Beecher has been writing about cows, from his farm up on the Hudson. He says: "We are a three-cow gentleman-farmer! Again, we know what is the real taste of milk. We have once more, before we die, seen cream! Twenty-six pans of milk were skimmed this morning, and now, if you were riding past, you should see twenty-six inverted cans on the fence, in the sun, shining like silver, and sweetening themselves all the day, in the air and sunshine, for the night's milk! Even the pigs fare better here than citizens do in New York. For although we take off the cream, we never think of giving them anything weaker than skim-milk—four pigs that once were longer than broad, but which are rapidly growing to the shape of a marble."

"THE LITTLE PIG MONTHLY."—In our advertising columns will be found the publishers' notice of this unique little monthly for juveniles. It is funny *all over*, inside and out. Just step into the nearest periodical depot and purchase a copy, which will prove a fund of entertainment for the children for a whole month. It contains over fifty pages of illustrations, and is wonderfully cheap.

EXCURSION PARTY TO THE UNITED STATES.—It is said, says the New York Tribune, that some fifty English gentlemen have determined on chartering a large steamer for an excursion trip across the Atlantic, and for the purpose of making a tour through the United States.

BALL'S BUSTS.—Two of Mr Ball's recent productions—miniature heads of Prescott and Ward Beecher—are finely modelled, and as good likenesses as the head of Jenny Lind, which first called attention to his genius.

AN INVALID'S JOKE.—What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder?—One's a summit of a hill, and the other's ill of a "sammut!"



## HOW THEY FOUGHT AT VARESE.

Garibaldi's action with the Austrians at Varese, shows the high quality of Italian valor under good leadership. Of this affair, the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "After a first discharge of their muskets, the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with the bayonet, and with so much impetuosity that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing. Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand-to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand to hand with swords and bayonets. At the report of the musketry and artillery, the country people hastened to the scene of action with pitchforks, half-pikes, and cleavers. 'It was a dreadful scene of slaughter,' said an eye-witness to me, 'which lasted three hours.' Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness. Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the inside of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as if they had been puppets. A Count Montanari, from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1853, by Radetsky's order, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword."

## GENERAL GARIBALDI.

The independent Italian, General Garibaldi, has thus far won the brightest laurels in this war. He has exhibited not only great bravery, and the best of fighting qualities, but remarkable strategic ability. We hope he will be able to continue to pay the miserable and tyrannical Austrian government what he owes them for their villainous treatment of himself and his compatriots. The instalments he has already given them must be as gratifying to him as galling to the Austrians. Complete success has crowned his every effort thus far, if we except one or two trifling checks, in the course of his bold and unprecedented advances. Thousands of patriots are flocking to his standard, and Austria fears him and his influence far more than she is willing to admit. Even Louis Napoleon is said to fear that Garibaldi will come out of the war as its hero, throwing everybody else in the shade. For our own part we do not care; we want to see Austria humbled (and that is sure to be the result), and Italy free. We live in startling times, and all the world is awake to current events.

**MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.**—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 106 Washington Street, have published a very neat map of the seat of war, embracing the whole of Sardinia and Lombardo-Venetia, with the duchies of Parma and Modena, and portions of Tuscany, the Papal States, France and Switzerland. It is not encumbered with topography and detail, and being a steel-plate engraving, is perfectly clear and legible. The execution of this map is very creditable to the engravers, Messrs. Smith, Knight and Tappan. We refer our readers to an advertisement in another column.

**A NEW TRADE.**—A Dutch paper makes us acquainted with a branch of commerce of the existence of which we were not previously aware, namely, young foxes. It is stated that in the course of three weeks lately sixty-six cubs have been sent from Bergen-op-Zoom to be shipped at Rotterdam for England.

**OLD VOLUMES.**—There are quite a number about your house, covers torn, leaves loose, etc. Just hand or send them in to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be rebound and made quite as good as new, at a trifling cost. Returned in one week.

**A FATAL MISTAKE.**—Mrs. Mary Washington of Providence, died in that city from eating the plant known as the Apple of Peru, which she had gathered and boiled, in mistake for greens.

**COAL FOR FRANCE.**—A leading house in New York is to supply the French government with 20,000 tons of American coal for the imperial war steamers.

**NEW YORK AND MOBILE.**—A New York "Jeremy Diddler" has recently swindled Mobile merchants to the tune of \$50,000.

## WEST POINT.

The Board of Visitors recently completed the annual examination of this fine institution. The arduous duties of a West Point Cadet are not more than half realized by the hundreds of young gentlemen seeking appointment there. Rise at 5 in summer, and 6 in winter, bed-clothes put away, and room arranged for inspection in half an hour. Study until 7. Guard mounting at 7 1-2. Class parade at 8. Recitations and study until 1. Dinner, and recreation until 2. Another class parade. Study until 4. Sunset general parade, supper, and in thirty minutes the call to quarters. Until 9 1-2 study, and at 10 every light extinguished. Of course these duties are sometimes evaded, but it is dangerous business. Such is but an outline of the day's work, repeated from day to day for five years, with no interruption but Sunday. At the end of the first two years there is a furlough of several weeks, this being the only time during the course in which the Cadet is allowed to leave the Academy. There are endless opportunities during the military exercises for incurring demerit, and if any Cadet incurs one hundred in six months, he is declared deficient in conduct. For all this drilling, the Cadets receive \$30 per month, and are required to pay for board \$9 to \$10 per month, and \$2 for washing. Other expenses, as clothing, etc., consume the whole. Their fare is of the plainest kind.

## AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

The great Marble Palace Hotel on Fifth Avenue, opposite Madison Square, New York, is nearly done, at a cost of \$1,144,000 and will be opened August 1st. The building cost \$400,000; ground \$350,000; furniture \$200,000; steam, plumbing, and gas fixtures \$55,000; mirrors \$30,000—and so forth. In splendor, extent, and convenience, it surpasses all other hotels in the world. This superb establishment is under the control and lease of Paron Stevens, Esq., who is also the proprietor of the Tremont and Revere Houses in Boston. People from abroad will open their eyes with amazement to realize the extent and grandeur of this paragon of hotels, excelling by far all like enterprises in either hemisphere. Even the New Yorkers, who are hard to astonish, acknowledge to a degree of amazement in regard to this great marble palace.

**PLAIN WRITING.**—President Buchanan in his address to the students of a college in North Carolina recently, took occasion to impress on them the superiority of plain over what is called fine writing. He justly censured long involved sentences, the besetting sin of many modern authors. Look at Napoleon the First's addresses and orders of the day: vehemence, directness and terseness. They go straight to their object like a cannon-ball. There is nothing like plain writing and plain speaking.

**HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.**—It is announced that the Hudson's Bay Company are preparing to abandon the Indian territory to the British government, having declined to renew their lease and license for twenty-one years. This rich portion of British America will now be open to settlers with its prairies, forests, mines and fisheries.

**NEW ORLEANS.**—A letter from New Orleans says, by every conveyance our citizens are leaving, some in search of health, others in pursuit of recreation, but the greater part on business tours. A large number of wealthy planters are on their way to the seat of war in Europe.

**THE CHARLES MURDER.**—Mr. Joseph Charles, whose recent death by violence in St. Louis so much excited the community, had insurance on his life in different offices to the amount of \$22,000.

**A PICNIC AT TROY.**—A picnic party at Troy, N. Y., the other day, was invaded and assaulted by a gang of brutal rowdies, who beat even women with clubs. Such scoundrels should be shot—there is no possible use for them.

**THE AMERICAN EAGLE.**—They coined in one week at the San Francisco mint \$600,000 in double eagles. 28,665 oz. of gold were deposited during that time.

**WONDERFUL.**—A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

## Mayside Gatherings.

Steam navigation on the Erie canal, this season, will utterly annihilate the old horse boat system.

The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest road in the United States, the main trunk and branch being 709 miles in length.

The subscription in New York for the aid of the families of Italian soldiers engaged in the war, amounted to \$5000.

In a recent pistol target shoot at Peoria, the ladies (Germans) entered the lists and took six out of the nine prizes.

Recently an elderly man was brought as a convict to the Kentucky State penitentiary, whose six sons were already in that institution as convicts.

There are said to be no less than 10,000 Chinamen now on their passage to California, where their presence will be likely to cause some trouble among the miners.

Nathaniel Ray Greene, the last surviving son of Major General Greene of the revolution, died at his residence in Middleton, Ct., lately. He was 79 years of age.

The London Critic says: "The voice of literature is growing stiller and smaller." Let us hope that it is speaking more wisely in the whisper than it did in the roar.

The Arizona silver mines are reported to be paying large profits. One near Fort Buchanan produces seventy-five dollars per day at an expense of fifteen dollars.

Thomas W. Lilly, of Olney, Ill., who kept \$7000 locked in his bureau drawer, and foolishly boasted of his wealth, was robbed of all his treasure recently.

The total number of working iron manufactories in the United States is 2159. Eastern Pennsylvania and Northeastern Maryland is the greatest iron region in the Union.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says a child seven years old, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, passed up the Cumberland Valley Railroad the other day, accompanied by his father and mother.

A new dodge is in vogue among the New York omnibus drivers. When a passenger hands up a quarter to pay the fare, the driver hands it back, saying he cannot make change. The one returned is bogus.

Humphrey's Journal of the Daguerreotype and Photographic Arts, established A. D. 1850, the oldest periodical of the kind in the world, is published semi-monthly, and contains 384 pages per annum of valuable photographic information.

The selectmen of Concord have agreed to allow the proposed muster of the State militia to be held at that place, and have selected the field for that purpose on the shore of the Concord river, westerly of the village.

Going into battle by rail, is one of the peculiarities of the present war. At the battle of Montebello the allied supports came into the field under the lead of locomotives, rapidly succeeding trains, each bringing up a brigade.

The prize in the department of history and political science at Trinity College, Hartford, for the best historical account of the Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the Northwestern Territory, has been awarded to Edwin E. Johnson of Naugatuck.

For a wager of \$30, two young ladies of Cleveland, Ohio, a few days since, walked to Unionville, a distance of forty-five miles, occupying two days in getting there. The feet of one of the pedestrianes were somewhat blistered, but the other was perfectly well.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, now in his eighty-fifth year, has been recently making a visit to his son, the Rev. Wm. H. Beecher, of North Brookfield. During his stay he met at the house of Hon. Amasa Walker, the Rev. Daniel Snell, now in his eighty-fourth year.

A gentleman who has travelled all over the United States, but now resides at Norfolk, writes it as his deliberate opinion, that the population considered, there are more handsome ladies in Norfolk than in any other city in the United States.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says that an official letter from Kossuth to a Hungarian exile at that place has been received, requesting him to take immediate steps towards embarking for Hungary. From the tenor of the letter it would appear that Kossuth was engaged in raising an army.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine enumerates no less than thirty-eight substances which are employed to give potency, flavor, consistence, and other desirable qualities to lager beer. Among them are chalk, marble dust, opium, tobacco, henbane, oil of vitriol, copperas, alum, strychnine, and other deadly drugs.

The French papers relate the following: A corporal jumped into a hackney coach on the boulevards. "Where to?" said the coachman. "To glory," was the answer. The coachman scratched his head and looked puzzled. "Ass that you are," said the son of Mars, "don't you know the Lyons railway station?"

The number of passports which have been issued during General Cass's administration of the State Department, is over fourteen thousand. If each person, observes the New York Journal of Commerce, for whom a passport is taken, spends in a tour five hundred dollars, the amount would be over seven millions.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays no virtue.—*Roche-foucauld.*

.... Literature is the immortality of speech.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... A failure in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad one.—*Bovee.*

.... Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

.... Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful.—*Emerson.*

.... Education is the apprenticeship of life.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... This is fanaticism when, by thinking too much of the other world, a man becomes unfit to live in this.—*Bovee.*

.... Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

.... They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.—*Fuller.*

.... The sublime and the ridiculous are so often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—*Paine.*

.... You are no more to believe a professing friend than a threatening enemy; and as no man hurts you that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man is your servant who says he is so.—*Wychley.*

.... I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.—*Bacon.*

.... Many classes are always praising the by-gone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak the area of their strength; the sick the season of their vigor; and the disappointed the springtime of their hopes.—*Bingham.*

.... To watch corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these—they never will have power to do more.—*Ruskin.*

.... Those that have nothing else to say must tell stories: fools over Burgundy, and ladies over tea, must have something that's sharp to relish their liquor; malice is the piquant sauce of such conversation, and without it their entertainment would prove mighty insipid.—*Farquhar.*

## Joker's Budget.

How many sides has a round plum pudding? Ans.—Two—inside and outside.

Why is a boatman like a Baltimore fireman. Ans.—Because they both go in for a row.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Ans.—Water.

Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Ans.—Because it is below par.

Gradgrind has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

Dr. Young says that man and wife are like soul and body—always at variance, and yet loth to part.

A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence!

"I haven't another word to say, sir—never dispute with fools!" "No," was the reply, "you are very sure to agree with them!"

A country editor having received two gold dollars in advance for his paper, says that he allows his child to play with the other children as usual.

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking-sticks? Ans.—One own canines, and the other nine canes.

Here is one of the "Doctors," which was intended expressly to be laughed at: "In these rascally times, I don't believe even the proprietor of a turning shop can 'turn an honest penny.'"

An elderly spinster wrote to a friend: "A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted. This is the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time."

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

One actor, speaking of another, who was as rotund as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed, "He is as headstrong as a mule! and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

Mrs. Swisshelm, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to be color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls the madder they get the redder they are.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE ROSES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

They are come, they are come—the roses,  
All crimson and pink, and white,  
They are filling the air with fragrance,  
And flushing our paths with light  
They are come like a troop of fairies,  
To people the brown earth's breast,  
All glowing with rich carnation,  
Each wearing a royal crest.

They are come, and the robin nestles  
To-night 'mid the dewy leaves,  
For the tendrils have crept and blossomed  
Close under the moss-grown eaves  
And to hear how he chirps and twitters,  
To his mate in her downy nest,  
One would think all the leaves and roses  
Might tire of their noisy guest

Ah, sweet are the dreams ye have brought me,  
Darling bright rosebuds of June,  
So dear that my spirit is keeping  
Time to some beautiful tune  
O, life seemeth better and truer,  
Gayer with laughter and mirth,  
Since the roses, the beautiful roses,  
Crowned like a blessing the earth.

We will haste where the moonbeams shimmer,  
Downward in sparkling showers,  
To look on their silvery brightness,  
And gather the dewy flowers  
Their lips are all damp with sweet kisses,  
These white ones are blushing, I know;  
Just see how the crimson is shading  
Their hearts with a delicate glow.

Thank God for his gift of the flowers;  
O sad would the fair world be,  
If never a blossom looked upward  
And smiled on hillside or lea.  
Thrice welcome, then, lovely June roses,  
Fairest and dearest and best  
Of all the sweet blooms that have awakened  
To life on the green earth's breast.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE WOMEN OF SAVOY:

—OR,—

## THE WHITE CROSS AND GOLDEN CRESCENT.

BY JOHN J. WARREN.

FROM the time when Thomas I. established the fortunes of the House of Savoy, in the thirteenth century, a succession of wars and dissensions intervened. Years ago, Savoy laid claim, through its princes, to the title of guardian to the Alps, and has been adding to the fortifications which Nature has bountifully reared, all that art could devise to strengthen and protect it.

The hunter follows the chamois in the narrow mountain paths where rocks and glaciers supply sufficient protection, but as he emerges from them, innumerable fortresses rise up before him. At the source of the Pellice, too, was erected the fort of Mirabouc, a fort so high, according to Gallenga, and in so bleak a climate, that a French garrison, forgetting these in 1795, died of cold and hunger; while in the valley of the Chiusone, the Feuestrelles still exist—a line of five forts running up the hill-side, joined by a great staircase four thousand steps high, roofed all over with bomb-proof arches.\*

Through the Lake of Bourget, which has been called the "Heart of Savoy," the Fier sends its waters to the Rhone, and again, through the beautiful Lake of Annecy, it is sent down to that bluest of rivers.

On the western bank of Lake Bourget, at the foot of Mont du Chat, lies the Abbey of Haute-combe, the Escurial of the House of Savoy—the burial-place of its princes. The princes of this house have ever been devoted to the interests of France, to the sacrifice of the English, and down to the times of Amadeus VI. and his son, Amadeus VII., intermarriages had been frequent, and they were, in fact, eagerly sought for by the French. Nor did these two princes, whose appellatives were respectively the Green and Red Counts, differ from their ancestors. Both married French princesses—the former, Bonne of Bourbon; and the latter, Bonne of Berry. Throughout the history of both Piedmont and Savoy, woman seems to have been the source of dissension, and the two Bonnes, mother and daughter-in-law, were no exceptions.

The Red Count, Amadeus VII., was a bold and courageous warrior, distinguishing himself even when scarcely more than a boy, in the wars of the French against the Flemings, with Philip

Van Artevelde at their head. The jealousies and petty ambition of his wife and mother-in-law disturbed the gentle spirit which, notwithstanding his warlike propensities, he possessed in an eminent degree, almost emulating Amadeus VI., the Peaceful. Two such women in one household were quite too many. The widow of his father, especially, gave him no little trouble during his short reign, and she had been too eager for the reins of government herself, not to be suspected of a desire to remove Amadeus by almost any means which would serve her ends, except by actual murder.

In 1391, when the Red Count was in his thirtieth year, Bonne of Bourbon strongly recommended to him the services of a Bohemian leech called John of Granville. Although the count was well in health, yet the paleness of his complexion and the premature baldness of his head, had been points on which he had become quite sensitive, and the jests of his mother and wife were, at times, exceedingly distasteful.

John of Granville readily undertook to remedy both these defects, and promised a fine head of hair and a florid complexion, on condition of his directions being observed. In a short time, the color came to his cheeks, and he became quite encouraged as to the ultimate effect of the drugs which he took; but in the midst of his gratitude to the Bohemian, he experienced some very alarming symptoms of ill health in various shapes. Languid and enfeebled, his limbs refused to obey him, and his heart seemed almost to cease its pulsations. In proportion as the outward frame assumed an appearance of fulness, and the face a glow, the inward strength failed.

Many were the consultations between the two who had been instrumental in bringing about these effects upon one in the very flower of youth and in perfect health, and it was during one of these conversations in which Granville regretted that he had gone too far with his patient, that an attendant rushed into the room, with a face of horror, and proclaimed the sudden death of the Red Count. Granville was arrested, but escaped, and in private, suspicion rested more upon Bonne of Bourbon than on the Bohemian.

The son of the Red Count, who, during his childhood had been fretted by the clashing of his mother and grandmother, resolved to wed no Frenchwoman, and married the daughter of the King of Cyprus, Anne of Lusignan. Crafty, imperious and extravagant, she verified the saying of Pope Pius II., that she was "a woman who never could obey, married to a man who never knew how to command." From this time the House of Savoy declined. A succession of troubles invaded it, until the death of Louis XI., in 1483, when Savoy was released from the bondage of France.

The decline of Piedmont was equally sure. In 1536, Francis encouraged the Swiss to invade Savoy, using the simple and peaceful people as cat's-paws for his own design of invasion. The castle of Chillon was broken open and the prisoner, Bonivard, was delivered—the noblest feature in the whole enterprise. Constant and unceasing, the disputes and wars went on. With each succeeding year, the French made new attacks, unwarned by the past, and determined upon the conquest, and the fall of Savoy and Piedmont in 1536, was inevitable.

Francis I. had offered to restore Savoy and Piedmont to Charles III., if he would allow the French to take possession of the Castle of Nice. The Prince of Piedmont, Emmanuel Philibert, then scarcely ten years old, settled the question. Producing a wooden model of the castle, he offered to give it to those who coveted possession of the stone one, which he would keep himself; and with this *bon-mot* of the young prince, the matter was said to have ended for the time. Francis did not forget it. A spirit as grasping as that of his mother, Louise of Savoy, induced him to strive for its possession, and when, five years after the truce of 1538, he found the Turks ready to co-operate with him, he commenced the assault. For five days the garrison held out bravely. On the sixth, it grew feeble, and the Turkish crescent floated from the bastion which had been stormed. For a moment it triumphed. The broad folds of the banner hung above the walls, and submission seemed inevitable.

Lo! the weak ones have again rallied, and thousands rush forth bravely to the rescue. Not a lion-hearted warrior was it now that led on the hosts. No prince of the House of Savoy which had just drooped its banner before that of its enemy, but a woman. In the long list of women who have figured conspicuously, and, some of

them, infamously, in the history of the Sardinian States, most are called beautiful, and all were noble.

But this woman, seemingly of the common herd, with a face so utterly void of beauty as to procure for her the sobriquet of Donna Mannafaccio (Dame Ugly-Face), had power to rouse up the flagging energies of the besieged, and, with the courage of a hero, she struck down the standard and its bearer with her battle-axe, and the besiegers were hurled down from the rampart on which they had just planted the crescent.

In one of the most retired parts of Nice, from which nothing could be seen save the turrets of the castle and the long ridge of hill-tops, a quaint old Italian cottage sheltered Catherine Segurana, her mother and two young brothers. These boys were perfectly beautiful. Artists everywhere sought them as the impersonation of their ideal of the infant Christ and the young Saint John. Their names were Giovanni and Gabrielli. They were twins; and if their peculiar beauty had not struck every one with admiration before, it was sure to do so whenever they were in the presence of their sister. For Catherine Segurana seemed marked out for Nature's displeasure or spite, while the capricious dame bestowed such rich treasures upon her beautiful boys.

Still no one looked at Catherine's plain face who did not wish to look again, and the second glance was always rewarded by the perception of an inner loveliness that shone through the outward ruggedness, just as we pierce into the heart of the rude cocoa-nut, and the rich, sweet stream of that heart comes forth to greet us.

Andrea Segurana had departed this life just two months after the twins came into it. The peaceful forester had that day cut the last tree that ever trembled beneath his axe. It fell on the side he least expected it to fall, and he was crushed beneath its mighty weight. While the feeble wife and mother bent beneath her grief, the plain, uncultivated daughter rose up and took her father's place as counsellor, comforter and bread-winner. She shrank from no toil, disdained no sacrifice, and murmured at no hardship that would bring ease or comfort to her mother, and bread to the little ones. With an almost angelic tenderness, she relieved her parent of every burden, and continued to bring up the boys without a privation worthy of the name.

Her task was not to fell trees, but to gather the grapes and olives with which Nice abounded, to pack the lemons and oranges in boxes for shipping, and to carry heavy loads to each of the places appointed for storing them. The sun and air did their work upon the homely features and rough, unsightly skin. The wild eyes grew wilder-looking, and the hands more stained and scratched. The clothes of the girl were coarse, although always whole and clean. But the hair! It is said that Nature, if niggardly in everything else, is yet lavish and generous in one. And it was on Catherine's hair that she lavished her most beautiful tint and her finest of texture. Long enough to almost reach the hem of her garments, it was so thick that she could hide herself under it, as under a veil.

It was a rich brown-black, save where the sun struck its silky locks, and glanced off a ray like pure gold. Very chary, too, was the girl of showing its rich abundance, although she could not hinder the magnificent coronet which she bound round her head from being seen, and, careless as she was of the rest of her appearance, the shining folds of hair always lay smooth and unruffled.

The finest bread she could procure, the ripest grapes and the sweetest wine, were kept for her mother and brothers, while a crust of the coarse bread and a can of water would be eaten and drunk by her, in the grove or the vineyard where she worked. Rude men called her Donna Mannafaccio, even when they know she was within hearing; but the children, whom she loved and petted, called her the good Catherine, and her own little brothers, who thought more of her deeds than her looks, believed her almost as handsome as the picture of Santa Caterina-Angela, which hung opposite their cradle, and which attracted their infant eyes by its serene beauty.

Well for Catherine that loving eyes did not take in the full sense of her want of beauty; well that loving hands could reveal affectionately among the luxuriant hair, and their owners never dream that all the face was not lovely also.

The girl was toiling one evening under her load of grapes from the mountain vineyard.

She stopped a moment, more to feast her eyes upon the peculiar loveliness of the sunset, than for any thought of rest. She bore her burden more lightly than any of the harvesters, and her large open straw basket betrayed through its interstices, twice the number of grapes that theirs did. Long, rich clusters, purple as Samian wine, and with the delicate bloom still unbroken, hung over its sides and trailed almost to the ground, hiding Catherine's coarse garment and making her look like the statue of Pomona, as she stood, erect and motionless, beside a small tree that grew in the mountain path. A coming footstep startled her from her serene contemplation. Living this out-door life, and communing constantly with Nature, had done a work upon Catherine's mind and spirit that was beautifying and refining, if it had not softened her looks. And at this moment, the inspiration of the radiant sunset, the splendid drapery of clouds that veiled its brightness, themselves almost as bright, and the dark blue sky overhead, all spoke a language that found response in the girl's inmost soul, and lighted up the wild eyes with a sudden brilliancy.

The footstep approached nearer, and a man's figure stood before her. Twice before she had seen the same figure when she had been packing grapes in the storehouses, and twice she had been accosted by him with a courtesy and softness that had never been addressed to her before. She knew him instantly, although she dared not show her recognition, lest he should think her presumptuous. The man was Charles III., Duke of Savoy—he who had refused the restoration of the two States from Francis I., if he would permit him to enter the Castle of Nice. A few kind words to the peasant girl, and the acceptance of her richest cluster of purple grapes, won her grateful heart, and when, now quite near her cottage, the duke slipped, severely spraining his foot, he consented to enter and submit it to her mother's skilful bathing, Catherine experienced what it is to give something like worship to an earthly being. Not love, but reverence, deep as any that ever rose up, pure and unstained, in human heart.

Within that heart she kept that sentiment sacred—a mighty secret which she told only to the midnight stars or the silent moon. She never dreamed of any return of this sentiment, but perhaps it would have been consolatory to the poor maiden, who shrank away painfully from a chance glance at her little steel mirror, or a look in the quiet brook that ran through the olive grove, to know that the duke thought there was something sweet and noble in that homely face.

The year 1543 commenced with the assault of Francis, and the co-operation of the Turkish army, 15,000 strong. Catherine's young brothers, now fourteen or fifteen years old, caught from her lips the spirit of patriotism and courage. For her, the tasks of the vineyard had ceased, ever since the siege begun; but twice each day, at early morning and after nightfall, she had contrived to enter the castle and carry fruit and wine to the fainting inmates, who looked on her as upon a guardian angel. Sometimes Giovanni or Gabrielli, or both, would accompany her, and then, enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch.

The hearts of the brave soldiers greeted the two fair boys with such grateful fervor, that the seeds of patriotism sown by Catherine, seemed to expand under the genial warmth, and spring up into action. The mother sat at home, mending the coarse garments of her children. She knew nothing of what was in their hearts. A simple, calm, silent woman, from the death of Andrea Segurana until now, she had never left the cottage where she lived, on the very boundary of the town, except to offer prayers in the cathedral for the repose of his soul. She sometimes wondered at the marvellous power which Catherine possessed over the boys, sometimes missed them, now that they had grown large enough to share their sister's labors, sometimes talked of her daughter's patient goodness and industry when neighbors criticised the homely face, but beyond that, she was only a cypher in the world—an automaton mender of rags, of rags, however, which were always clean and nicely darned, which was more than could be said of all the inhabitants of Nice, at that period or, in fact, of any other period.

The sixth day after the assault saw the brave girl stealing out at early morning with her ponderous basket, one side of which was held alternately by Giovanni and Gabrielli, as the small, delicate hands of either relieved the other. She

\* Gallenga's History of Piedmont.



began to climb the toilsome ascent, and was nearly half way to the spot where the man who watched for her was in the habit of meeting her, to take the food she brought. Contrary to her expectation, he was not there.

She looked disappointed, and the boys turned their gaze upward, as if to ascertain why he was not there to relieve her. She saw a paleness spread Gabrielli's cheek, and heard a low murmur from the lips of Giovanni, and she, too, looked up to see what caused their emotion.

Merciful Heaven! The White Cross of Savoy was trailing below the walls of the castle, and the Turkish Crescent was floating from the summit, its folds streaming and shining in the fresh breeze and sunshine of the advancing day. All things were forgotten save one. *He* was within those walls, to whom her spirit bent in its deep reverence, next to her patron saint.

The brothers looked after her as she bounded, with a wild cry, up the hill.

"Look, Gabrielli, dear!" said one of them, "she has seized a battle-axe from a man who is running this way, and is carrying it away."

"There, there, Giovanni! look quickly. Catherine is close to the Turkish banner. See! she has cut down the standard. The man who held it has fallen. Ah! there comes the White Cross, and it is Catherine who is planting it upon the ramparts. Our sister! Why, there is not another woman in Sardinia that would do that."

"No, there is not, brother; but we will watch now, and perhaps we shall get sight of her again."

#### THE UPA-UPA DANCE IN TAHITI.

The singular and animated picture given upon the page herewith, represents the Upa-upa dance in the island of Tahiti. Dancing, whether ceremonial or for amusement, has been known in all ages, as may be seen in the tombs of Egypt, on the ruins of Nineveh, and recorded in the pages of holy writ. The disciples of Terpsichore still hold their revels in every known land; there is dancing at Almack's, dancing in the saloons at Paris, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the Campagna; dancing in the harems of the Turkish pachas, in the vales of Cashmere, in the flower-boats of China, in the camps of the red men, and in the verdant isle of Tahiti. Look at our engraving, and see with what spirit these Tahitian nymphs disport themselves on the green sward, and we warrant, as they foot it lightly, no opinion is volunteered as to whether "carpets or boards" are preferable for the gentle exercise. They are dancing the "Upa-upa," which we take to be a favorite reel, from its frequent mention in travellers' note-books, from the discovery of these islands by Captain Cook. Herman Melville, in his "Omoo," describes one of the Tahitian dances called the "Lory-lory," which description we quote:

"The girls advanced a few paces, and, in an instant, two of them, taller than their companions, were standing side by side, in the middle of a ring formed by the clasped hands of the rest. This movement was made in perfect silence. Presently the two girls join hands over head;

forward on all sides, their eyes swimming in their heads, join in one wild chorus and sink into each other's arms."

#### A CHAPTER ON WIT.

The author of the "Tin Trumpet" thus discourses on wit—and illustrates the subject: Wit consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a base of truth and applicability, otherwise it degenerates into mere flippancy; as for instance, when Swift says: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plainly by a parrot;" or when Voltaire remarks, that "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserves that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility. Where shall we discover that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned; or, like the seven-mouthed Nile, springs the faster from the head the more copiously it flows from the mouth? The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, or at least impaired, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it be connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh when it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herbs; but this is the risibility of the muscles allied to convulsions rather than intellectual pleasure.

It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic, and exclaiming, "Lord help me! I am dying," was told by Trevelyan "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Luttrell tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "on the contrary" to everything he said; a gentleman saying to him, "So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What," said Luttrell, "does the contrary of eating three eggs mean?" "Laying them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.

Rowland Hill compared a sinner to an oyster, which opened its shell, all mouth, to take in the water; just as the sinner, with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. "Heavenly grace," he said, "was like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no meagre fare, my dear brethren."

Lydia White, an English magazine writer, was an invalid, and fancied herself continually at death's door, and used to invite people to see her die. A friend, who had gone several times by special invitation, had come away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."

Scotchmen are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sydney Smith, who knows them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their



THE UPA-UPA DANCE IN TAHITI.

"I do not see her; but there comes Duke Charles. I know him by the White Cross on his breast, and he is laying his hand on his heart and bowing low to some one. Perhaps it is to the Turks."

"No, dear, it is to Catherine herself. I see her now. Don't you feel proud of her, Giovanni?"

Five minutes after, the boys had dragged up the basket of fruit and wine, and many a dry and bleeding lip was moistened, that spoke blessings upon the brothers of Catherine Segurana.

In a few days the town capitulated; but before its capitulation, everything of value had been withdrawn from the houses and placed within the castle. There were none but empty houses to reward the assailants.

Nice reared a noble bust—noble, in spite of its ugliness—to the brave heroine, and paid to its homely features such reverence as is rarely given to mighty heroes or beautiful women.

In later days, except for a few brief conquests by powers whose possession was almost too temporary to believe real, the House of Savoy rules over the disputed rock and castle. The orange groves kiss the slopes of the Alpine hills, the olive and myrtle intertwine, and the grape gives out its richness to the lip that asks it.

Far over the calm Mediterranean on one side, and the mighty ridges of the Alps on the other, the eye wanders, taking in beauty at every glance, while a steep, pointed rock still bears the ruins of an ancient castle, which kings and princes once fought for, and which a woman once protected.

and crying out 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' wave them to and fro. Upon which the ring begins to circle slowly, the dancers moving sideways, with their arms a little drooping. Soon they quicken their pace, and at last they stream, flowers drooping, and every sparkling eye circling in what seemed a line of light. Meanwhile, the pair within are passing and repassing each other incessantly. Inclining sideways, so that their long hair falls far over, they glide this way and that; one foot continually off the ground, and their fingers thrown forth and twirling in the moonbeams. 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' again cry the dance queens; and, coming together in the middle of the ring, they once more lift up the arch, and stand motionless. 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' Every link of the circle is broken, and the girls, deeply breathing, stand perfectly still. They pant hard and fast, a moment or two and then, just as the deep flush is dying away from their faces, slowly recede all round, thus enlarging the ring. Again the two leaders wave their hands, when the still pause, and now stand far apart in the still moonlight, like a circle of fairies. Presently, raising a strange chant, they softly sway themselves, gradually quickening the movement, until at length, for a few passionate moments, with throbbing bosoms and glowing cheeks, they abandon themselves to all the spirit of the dance, apparently lost to everything around. But soon subsiding again into the same languid measure as before, they become motionless, and then reel

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books, and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied, "You have only to open your mouth, madame." This, it witty, was also ill-natured.

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?" Chatham arose and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application is so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and carried the bag'."

only idea of wit, or *wut*, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."

Some of the Irish judges of olden times were equally dull. One, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, said he "thought it very clear that the testator intended to keep a life interest in the estate himself." To it Curran frankly replied: "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally do secure life interests to themselves, but in this case I think your worship takes the will for the deed."

#### IRON RUST.

An exchange paper states that in 1850, Mr. March, an able chemist of the royal arsenal, England, discovered that it is invariable with iron which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains or an impalpable powder, to become red hot and ignite any substance with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact, if such it be, is of much importance, and may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty iron brought in contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse, or on shipboard, may occasion extensive conflagration and the loss of many lives. The tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the French chemist Lemaire, as far back as 1670.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## MY SUNBEAM.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Sunbeams and Sabbath bells  
Woo her away,  
And though my weary heart  
Wishes her to stay,  
Lightly her footsteps  
Recede from the door,  
And one of my sunbeams  
Is with me no more.

Fancy is winging  
Her flight to the aisle,  
Where she is treading  
With calm, quiet smile  
Will she return to me  
Loving and kind?  
If so, my sunbeam  
Again I shall find.

## JOY.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in my soul may be,  
What and wherein it doth exist  
This light, this glory, this far luminous mist,  
This beautiful and lovely making power  
Joy, virtuous joy! Joy that ne'er was given,  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour  
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, joy! is the spirit and the power,  
Which wed long nature to us gives in dower  
A new earth and new heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—  
We in ourselves receive  
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,  
All melodious the echoes of that voice,  
All colors a suffusion from that light—COLERIDGE

## GOD BLESS YOU.

How simply full those simple words  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends long bound in strongest ties  
Are doom'd by fate to part!  
You sadly press the hand of those  
Who thus in love are parting you  
And such responsive words to soul,  
In breathing out "God bless you"—AXON.

## THE LOVED ONE'S NAME

O, there's music in the name  
That, softening me to infant tenderness,  
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of love  
OTWAY

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Talk about a tropical climate! What is it to the scorching July day of a northern latitude? There you are used to being baked and roasted alive; here you have the thermometer at fifty one day and the next up it soars into the nineties, and existence becomes a torture. Work of any kind, mental or physical, becomes a horrid bore, and you cease to feel the slightest sympathy with the sufferings of Arctic explorers. Happy days! You think what a luxury it would be to be down under the lee of an iceberg, or bathe your feet in the waters of a floe. In this state of things a recommendation to "keep cool" drives you frantic, and if you see a wretch who is perfectly cool and comfortable, you feel a strong desire to quietly put an end to his existence—his insulting immunity from caloric is so "aggravating." In these melting days, the steamboat trip to Nahant offers a partial relief. In twenty minutes from leaving the wharf you are inhaling the deliciously cool breath of the Atlantic, watching the billows sparkling around you, and the white sails spotting the long line of the horizon. One of these little aquatic trips sends you back to your daily task with renewed hope and health. . . . We cannot perceive that the war in Europe effects a great diminution in the number of outward bound travellers, and it should not, for there are many parts of Europe which may still be visited with perfect safety. Except in the immediate vicinity of the scene of operations no trouble is experienced. . . . Among the new things brought to light in London is a School of Cookery. It is under the patronage of a countess, several ladies, the wife of a bishop, the wives of commoners known to fame, and others. Its object is to teach cookery and household economy generally, and cookery for the sick as a specialty. At the school are received boarders as well as day pupils and ladies who become subscribers may send their cooks to receive lessons. . . . An old Rocky Mountain trapper was asked one day if he had ever seen any petrifications in the mountains, when he replied: "Bless you! I've seen a whole forest, sage bushes and all, petrified; one of the trees had all the leaves on and a bird sitting on a limb. He must have been petrified in the spring of the year, for his mouth was open just as if he was singing. . . . Stevens's new hotel, in New York, is provided with a contrivance to facilitate communication between the different stories. A luxurious car or ladies' carriage, is arranged to glide from the lower floor to the uppermost story, easily conveying eight or ten persons at a trip. The car is propelled by steam, and passes up and down upon a revolving spiral shaft nearly one hundred feet long and about ten inches in diameter, and under no circumstances is there a possibility of accident. . . . There was a great comet and also a great vintage in 1811, and the Russian war took place in 1812, to the ruin of Napoleon I. There was a great comet in 1858, and the vintage was magnificent, and now we have the Italian war, which is one confidently will prove ruinous to Napoleon III. The Duke of Wellington, in addressing the non-commissioned officers of his army, at the close of the war of 1815, on the investment of their savings said:

"Remember, high interest is only another name for bad security." . . . The Athenaeum thus begins a severe review of Ruskin's new book—"The Two Paths." "This volume, arrogant, subtle, paradoxical, rhetorical and illogical as its predecessors, consists of five lectures, delivered at various places, by the Don Quixote of heretical art." . . . An army of Americans is now deluging through Europe. The steamers, for a month or two past, have swarmed with detachments of this eruption of the new world upon the old, and it is not improbable that the number who have gone abroad since the opening of the season amounts to fully twenty thousand. . . . "Dejeuners a la fourchette" are common enough, but "guerre a la fourchette," as the Zouaves designate their favorite bayonet practice, is as novel as it must be disagreeable to the man at the wrong end of the musket. . . . One of our agricultural papers declares that the most prevalent disease among farmers—the one most fatal to our country's prosperity—is the willingness to "sell out." The editor then says: "Make up your mind to stay where you are. Apply energy and headwork to your operations; determine to make a home—one for yourself and your family—have a marked and definite purpose in life." . . . The Wilmington, N. C. Journal says what is called the "Two Headed Girl" is a pair of twins joined together like the Siamese twins. The editor saw them some time ago; they were two, joined together near the base of the spine—their whole physique else being duplicate. . . . Mr. Frank Moore of New York has recently come into possession of important facts relating to the unfortunate Major Andre, by which it is proved that many of the occasional pieces, both in prose and verse, which appeared in the Tory periodicals published during the Revolutionary war, were written by him. These, we understand, are to be collected and probably published. . . . Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Continued successes of the allies in Italy, a constant retreating on the part of the Austrians, characterize the general aspect of the war. The Austrians have even abandoned fortresses strong enough to hold the allies in check for a long time. It is very evident that Austria feels herself incompetent to sustain the war with France and Sardinia single handed. Her only hope now must be in the aid of the German States, and even that would only postpone the day of defeat and dissolution.—The new British ministry have got into working order and appeal confidently to national support.—The British and continental journals continue to be filled with obituary and biographical notices of Prince Metternich. The death of the old bulwark of legitimacy just at this crisis is ominous.—At Rome, the influence of the papacy is unable to suppress enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the French.—The Russian government feels easy again; the Rothschilds having opened their purse-strings. The jew-bankers would now trust Russia and France to any extent—though shy of Austria.—Garibaldi's bold forays continue to create the greatest enthusiasm in Italy.—Austrian prisoners are landed by thousands at Marseilles. Many of them are mere lads.—It is Lord Palmerston's opinion that had England stood by France in her negotiations with Austria, she could have prevented the war, and that even now she must look to the Anglo-Gallic alliance for its final settlement. Lord John Russell, in his present cabinet position, will be able to give effect to his strong Italian proclivities.

## The Battle of Magenta.

A correspondent of the Nord says that the emperor's despatch with the news of the victory of Magenta contained no less than eight hundred words. It was opened at St. Cloud, and deciphered by M. Danais Hinard, in the presence of the empress and the guests who had been dining with her. When the translator came to the passage relating to General McMahon, "who, as always, was first in the field," he stopped for a moment, owing to a difficulty in making out the cypher; Madame McMahon, who was listening intently, fancied that this hesitation was the prelude to a terrible revelation, and fainted away.

## The United States.

The London Critic, in speaking of Mary Howitt's popular history of the United States, says: "It must be admitted that the task of writing the original history of the birth and growth of a republic whose citizens have in two different epochs so signally worsted the most powerful empire in the world, captured its armies as though they were recalcitrant sheep, crippled its fleets and repulsed its invasions, is one not very congenial to an English hand or an English heart. The engineer has a natural aversion to being 'hoist with his own petard.'"

## Garibaldi.

A letter in the Siecle, says that Garibaldi, on being told that the Austrians having laid their hands upon one of his followers broken down by fatigue, near Varese, had hung him up to the nearest tree, exclaimed: "The cowards! I will avenge this story to the bottom, and if I find it true, I will shoot every Austrian officer that I have made prisoner!"

## The Tyrol.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation to his subjects in Tyrol and Zoraberg calling them to arms, "to defend the most righteous cause for which the sword was ever drawn,"—confides to them the task of defending the frontiers against the enemy who has made himself the ally of revolt against the legitimate dominion established by God.

## Austrian Atrocity.

An atrocity was lately committed by the Austrians, near Torricella, at a little tavern, called the Osteria del Fiume, occupied by a man named Ceredi and his family. They shot the whole of them, father, mother, and children. Two of the latter were under ten years of age. Reason assigned, three muskets found in the house.

## Popularity of Garibaldi.

Garibaldi is now the idol of the Italians and divides the honors with Victor Emmanuel. At Turin, Genoa, Alexandria, and other cities, portraits of him abound. They are stuck up at every print-shop window. Engraving and lithography have exhausted their resources in reproducing the features of the famous patriot chieftain. Here he is in a civic costume; there in a military uniform with a plumed hat; elsewhere he is draped in a cloak, like the popular Lord Byron. Some of these portraits, highly colored, are sold for two sous. They are commonly stuck up between the portrait of Louis Napoleon and that of Victor Emmanuel. If the plastic reproduction of the famous captain (plaster and marble have come to the rescue of burin and crayon) is found in every portico, his name is in every mouth. Never was popularity greater. The popularity of the former defender of Rome is only equalled by that of Count Cavour.

## Egypt.

In Egypt, a census of the population, taken by order of the viceroy, on the French method, has just been completed. From this it appears that the population, which in 1817 was 3,700,000, and in 1847 had increased to 4,250,000, is now 5,125,000—a great increase for only twelve years in a semi-civilized country. The population of Alexandria, which in 1798 only amounted in number to 30,000, and had increased in 1817 to 230,000, is now within a small fraction of 400,000.

## The Feeling in Germany.

The enthusiasm created at Munich by the passage of Austrian troops through that town has not yet subsided. Late a highly aristocratic lady addressed a regiment at the railway terminus of that town, and handing out her cards to a number of the valiant soldiers, added the following words: "There; you see who I am, and where I live. Any one of you that kills Napoleon, let him come to me, and he shall have a reward of 500 florins."

## Mollica.

A correspondent, writing from Florence, says: "I saw one Mollica the other day, who had been chained eleven years to a ring with Porro. The dungeon was so dark that in all that time he had never seen his face; though, as he observed, he naturally became quite familiar with his voice. Mollica is a stout party, with a fabulous beard, and has come here to be an army surgeon."

## Musical.

A meeting of a number of leading scientific men and others interested in music, both as professors and amateurs, was recently held in London, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of adopting in Great Britain a uniform musical pitch, as has recently been done in France.

## Parma.

The Duchess of Parma has quitted the duchy, leaving the government to the municipality, and releasing the troops from their allegiance. The municipality has despatched a deputation to the King of Sardinia, requesting him to accept the government.

## Lombardy.

The King of Sardinia issued a proclamation to Lombards, saying: Independence having been secured, a regimen both liberal and durable will be established; eulogizes Napoleon, and calls upon the Lombards to join them on the battle-field.

## The Prussian Church.

The superior ecclesiastical council of the Evangelical Church of Prussia has addressed a circular to all the consistories, directing the ministers to add to the ordinary service a prayer for the preservation of peace in Prussia and Germany.

## Senator James.

Ex-Senator James of Rhode Island has gone to St. Petersburg, to exhibit a patent gun, the destructive capabilities of which he desires the Russian government to have the benefit of without unnecessary delay.

## French Letter Carriers.

Several letter carriers and clerks in the post-office have left Paris for the army of Italy, in order to complete the organization of the postal service. Some of the former are to be mounted on horseback.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.—We recently noticed the new edition of Mrs. Cornelius's "Housekeeper's Friend," published by Brown, Taggard & Chase. We are glad to know that the sale of the work has been commensurate with its merits. The following letter, from a lady widely known in literary circles, expresses the opinion of hundreds of housekeepers.

"As I see you have published a new and improved edition of Mrs. Cornelius's 'Housekeeper's Friend,' I thought perhaps an unsolicited notice from one whose 'friend' it has been for some years, might be of service. Three years since I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook-books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lend it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its receipts and the minuteness of the directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies. A WESTERN FARMER'S WIFE."

THE THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. A NOVEL. By ELIZABETH ELTON SMITH. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 143 Washington Street.

This novel, a vigorous and brilliant production, which came to us from Europe with the highest endorsements, has already achieved a success here second to that of no recent work of fiction. The three eras of woman's life, childhood, marriage and maternity, are illustrated with consummate ability, and the characters are well drawn and distinctly individualized. Without being what is called a religious novel, it commends itself to the thoughtful and reflective as well as to the mere romance-reader.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have published with a handsome illustrated title page, "Honor to Washington," a national ode, inscribed to Hon. Edward Everett, composed by A. Burditt, Esq.

## GROVER &amp; BAKER'S

CELEBRATED  
FAMILY  
SEWING MACHINES.

## NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

THIRTY THOUSAND IN USE.

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

THE NEW MACHINES INTRODUCED BY THE

GROVER & BAKER  
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

are of elegant finish, and their operation is rapid and very quiet. The ease with which they can be managed is a distinguishable feature, and the stitch is the strongest, handsomest, and most elastic of any made.

Is there a husband, father, or brother in the United States, who will permit the drudgery of hand sewing in his family, when a GROVER & BAKER Machine will do it better, more expeditiously, and cheaper than can possibly be done by hand?

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

## PRINCIPAL SALES ROOMS.

18 SUMNER STREET - BOSTON.  
495 BROADWAY - NEW YORK.  
730 CHESTNUT STREET - PHILADELPHIA.  
181 BALTIMORE STREET - BALTIMORE.  
58 W. FOURTH STREET - CINCINNATI.  
118 MONTGOMERY STREET - SAN FRANCISCO.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies *fourteen days* in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## THE LITTLE-PIG MONTHLY FOR JULY.

Price, 25 Cents.

THIS Magazine contains 108 pages, size of Harper's Monthly, and is the most extensively illustrated work of its size ever published. This second number contains

50 Pages of Illustrations to 38 Pages of Letter Press.

Its contents embrace Poetry, Fable, Narrative, Essays, Fancifuls—in short, such a variety that the entire family circle, from baby to gray-beard, cannot fail to be greatly entertained by it.

### CONTENTS.

NEW YORK MILITARY—The Highlanders—Eighth Regiment—City Light Guard—Garde Lafayette—Irish Regiment—German Regiment—Fifth Regiment—Continental—Minute-men of 1776 and 1780—10 Illustrations.  
PETER FUNK AND THE GEORGIA SPECULATOR. 10 Illustrations.  
TINY AND HER VANITY 12 Illustrations.  
A GREEN GOOSE AMONG NEW YORK FOXES. 6 Illustrations.  
HAND SHADOWS THROWN UPON THE WALL 10 Illustrations.  
UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.  
CRACKED COMMANDMENT.

For sale at all Book and Periodical Stores, on the cars, and at the Railroad Depots; and sent free by mail on receipt of price.

SHEPARD, CLARK & BROWN,  
BOSTON.  
DINSHORE & Co., New York.

## TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

We would respectfully announce that we have become the Publishers of that

VALUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WORK

## MILCH COWS

AND

## DAIRY FARMING.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture

Although the book has been before the public but a short time, the very flattering reception given it is a full and satisfactory endorsement of its merits. The book is elegantly illustrated with 125 engravings. The present edition is exhausted, and we shall issue in a few days a

New Edition of 3000 Copies.

All orders should be addressed to

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

### BANVARD'S

## GREAT PANORAMA

OF THE

## HOLY LAND,

PAINTED ON 100,000 FEET OF CANVASS,

And Grand Mechanical Picture of the

## DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,

Are now on Exhibition at the

LOWER MUSIC HALL,

Every Evening at 8 o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

Price of admission, 25 cents; children 10 cents.

Special arrangements made with Schools.

## THE GRAND AQUARIA,

—AT THE—

## AQUARIAL GARDENS,

NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

THIS magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M.

These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most exquisitely interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of taste and rebovement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of *Life beneath the waters*.

Admission, 25 cents; children under ten years of age, 10 cents.

CUTTING & BULLER, Proprietors

### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,

June 4 3m Hook-set, N. H.

### BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE. June 25

PARSONS & GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

NO 3 WINTER STREET

### JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

ELLIOT & WHITE,

A fine fac-simile in Lithography, by D'Arignon, of the beautiful engraving

### "THE PAST AND THE FUTURE."

COMPETENT critics pronounce it the finest drawing ever executed in this country. Regardless of margin, the size of the crayon is 15 by 19 inches, portrait style. The Proof and Prints, on India, require a frame about 22 by 26 inches.

### PRICES.

Proofs on India, without letters, ..... \$2.00  
Prints on India, with letters, including poetry, etc., 1.50  
Prints on plain paper, for Grecian painting or framing ..... 1.25

Purchasers should be careful to obtain M. D'Arignon's representation of this subject. It may be found with printers generally.

Copies of this or any other print in our folios, which contains nearly four thousand different subjects, sent by mail or express, postpaid, on receipt of the publication price by

ELLIOT & WHITE,  
PRINTSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS. 4w

June 18 322 Washington St., opposite Adams House, Boston.

### THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

BY E. MORRIS COPELAND, Esq.

Is now ready for subscribers and on sale at the book-stores.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS,

June 25 20 Washington St., Boston. 3w

### WAR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

WE have this day published the most complete Map of the Seat of War yet issued. It is compiled from the fullest and most reliable foreign Maps and Atlases, is engraved in the best style on copper, and contains we believe every name yet mentioned or likely to be of interest.

A moment's examination will show any one the GREAT SUPERIORITY of this over all other Maps of this region. Price only 25 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

E. P. DUTTON & Co.,  
BOSTON MAP STORE,  
July 2 2w 106 Washington Street.

### The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

### MICROSCOPES!

### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,  
114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, 4w

### DYSPEPSIA.

THERE is probably no disease which experience has so amply proved to be remediable by the PERUVIAN SYRUP as Dyspepsia. The most inveterate forms of this disease have been completely cured by this medicine, as ample testimony of some of our first citizens proves.

100 SONGS FOR 25 CENTS. "The Home Melodist" contains nearly 100 of the most popular Songs, Words and Music. Bound in muslin. Price, 25 cents.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET.

### WILLIAM A. GREENE,

FINE ART COMMISSION AGENT,  
ROOM NO. 21 MERCANTILE BUILDING,  
NO 16 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

HE will also devote attention to furnishing tasteful FRAMES for Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Photographs, Mirrors, etc.

A lot of Fine Engravings just received and on exhibition.

W. A. G. will wait on his customers at their residences or places of business, if desired.

Office hours from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. may 14 cop 3m

### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parfing.

### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

Are you getting bald? Is your Hair turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair, all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may 28

### MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET... BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, locations, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. 3m 14ly

SHEET MUSIC is sold at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE. PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SCULPTURE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than thirty years of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparation made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally.

WALTER BAKER & Co.

Dorchester, Mass.

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the sallow steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

### Gas Cooking Apparatus.

### Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

### Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 23 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

Nos. 89 and 93 MILK STREET, AND 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored

Papers, of every variety,

MADE TO ORDER.

ap 30 8m

### PHOTOGRAPHY.

COMPLETE APPARATUS \$25, with a full supply of materials and instruction for taking Ambrotypes, Stereoscopic, Microscopic Pictures, etc. To the man of leisure or science, no chemical process is so beautiful or admits of a greater variety of results. To the unemployed no business is more profitable, more easily learnt, or requires so small a capital. Packed and sent to any address.

C. J. FOX,

July 2 2w 651 Broadway New York

### SAMUEL MASURY,

### PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 14

READING FOR THE MILLION!—We will send for a whole year, to any person who forwards us \$25, BalloU's Pictorial, an elegant first class illustrated weekly, and BalloU's Dollar Monthly, choice ornaments with engravings, and one hundred pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been equalled in the world! Address M. M. BALLOU, No. 22 Winter Street. Publisher, Boston, Mass.

### NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

J. C. OSGOOD,

10 WINTER STREET,

Has just received, and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine. tf may 28

### THOMAS S. DROWNE,

MANUFACTURER OF

### FINE GOLD JEWELRY, CHAINS, etc.

FACTORY AND SALESMAN,

No. 151 Washington Street, Boston.

June 18 Repairing done promptly. 6w

### Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.

BROWN'S Soda Water, drawn through Nicholas's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, Brown's Hock and Claret Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his sales and adjoining the post-office. tf June 18

### Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from \$15 to \$30 weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of BalloU's Dollar Monthly.

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed original humorous illustrations embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. BalloU, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 115,000 copies.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year. Six copies of BalloU's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street—Boston, Mass.

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novello style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER; or, THE PROPERTY OF THE BOMBER WIND. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling nerve and interest.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA; or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the sanguinary incidents of those times.

Written for us by..... NED BASTLINE.

THE TURKISH SLAVE; or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated, altogether exhibiting

Written for us by..... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

RODERICK THE ROVER; or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by..... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN; or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland, narrating events of deep interest to every lover of Erin.

Written for us by..... F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE BLACK KNIGHT; or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LARK; or, THE QUADRON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by..... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE OCEAN MARTYR; or, THE HUNTER OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF; or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by..... AUSTIN C. DUIDICK.

THE SEA LION; or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS; or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE; or, THE RESOLUTORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texas Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by..... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

PAUL LARROU; or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE; or, THE SPANISH CAVALLER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE SMUGGLER; or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by..... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT; or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by..... F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE; or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by..... CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

RED HAND; or, THE CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and cruel times of which he writes.



## KIT CARSON'S BEAR ADVENTURE.

Late one afternoon, just after the little party had gone into camp, Kit, having lingered somewhat behind, suddenly rode into the campground, and leaped from his horse, giving it in care of one of the men. With his rifle he then started in pursuit of game for supper. He walked on about one mile from the camp, and there came upon the fresh tracks of some elk. Following up the trail, he discovered the game grazing on the side of a hill. In the neighborhood of the animals there were some low and scraggy pine trees. Moving along with great care, he finally gained the cover of the trees, which brought him in close proximity to the elk, and within certain range of his rifle. This care was the more necessary, as his party had been without meat diet for some time, and began to be greatly in need thereof. These ever-wary animals saw, or scented him; or at any rate, became conscious of approaching danger from some cause, before he could reach the spot from which he desired to take his aim. They had commenced moving, and in another instant would have bounded away out of reach of his rifle. His eye and piece, however, were too quick for them. Bringing his piece into position, and without dwelling upon his aim, he sped a bullet after the largest and fattest of the noble game before him. He had wisely allowed for the first leap, for his shot caught the nimble animal in mid air, and brought him to the earth. The echoing sound of the shot had hardly died away when Carson heard a terrific roar from the woods directly behind him. Instantly turning his head to note the source of this sound, the meaning and cause of which he well knew by his experienced woodman's ear, he saw two huge and angry grizzly bears. As his eye first rested upon these unwelcome guests, they were bounding toward him. There was not much time for Kit to scratch his head and cogitate. In fact, one instant spent in thought then would have proved his death-warrant, without hope of a reprieve. Messrs. Bruin evidently considered their domain most unjustly intruded upon. The gentle elk and deer mayhap were their dancing boys and girls; and, like many a petty king in savage land, they dined late and were enjoying a scenic treat of their ballet troupe. At all events, Kit required no second thought to perceive that the monarchs of the American forest were unpleasantly angry, and were fast nearing him with rapid stride. Dropping his rifle, the little leaden bullet of which would now have been worth to him its weight in gold, if it could by some magic wand have been transferred from the heart of the elk back into its breach, he bounded from his position, in close imitation of the elks, but with better success. The trees! he hoped and and prayed, as he fairly flew over the ground, with the bears hot in chase, for one quick grasp at a sturdy sapling. By good fortune, or special Providence, his hope or prayer was answered. Grasping a lower limb, he swung his body up into the first tier of branches just as passing Bruin brushed against one of his legs. Bears climb trees, and Kit Carson was not ignorant of the fact. Instantly drawing his keen-edged hunting-knife, he cut away for dear life at a thick, short branch. The knife and his energy conquered the cutting just as Messrs. Bruin had gathered themselves up for an ascent, a proceeding on their part to which Mr. Carson would not give assent. Mr. Carson was well acquainted with the Messrs. Bruin's pride in, and extreme consideration for, their noses. A few sharp raps made with the severed branch upon the noses of the ascending bears, while they fairly made them to howl with pain and rage, caused them hastily to beat a retreat. This scene of ascending, getting their noses tickled, and again descending howling with pain and rage, now kept Mr. Carson and Messrs. Bruin actively busy for some time. The huge monsters and monarchs of the mountains were determined not to give it up so. Such a full and fair chase, and to be beaten by a simple white man on their own domain! This evidently galled their sensitive natures. It is true the roaring of the bears in his rear had stimulated Mr. Carson in the race, so much so that he undoubtedly ran at the top of his speed; and being naturally, as well as by long practice, very fleet of foot, he had managed to outstrip his pursuers in the race. It is true he had made short work of climbing the tree, and here again had very innocently beaten the bears at their own game, and one in which they took great pride. It is probable that the bears were in too good a condition to run well. Had it been early spring-time, they would have doubtless been much lower in flesh. That was their own fault, too; they should have known that racing-time cannot be made on high condition. After leaving their hibernating quarters, they should have been less given to a sumptuous habit at the table.

Affairs were, however, by no manner of means settled. They had the daring trespasser on their domain tread, and almost within their reach; and, indeed, to keep out of the way of their uncomely claws, Kit was obliged to gather himself up in the smallest possible space and cling to the topmost boughs. The bears now allowed themselves a short respite for breathing, during which

they gave vent to their wrath by many shrill screeches. Then they renewed their endeavors to force the hunter from his resting-place. Mounted on their hind paws, they would reach for him; but the blows with the stick, applied freely to their noses, would make them desist. In vain did they exhaust every means to force the man to descend; he was not to be driven or coaxed. The hard knocks they had sustained upon their noses had now aroused them almost to madness. Together they made one desperate effort to tear Kit from the tree. As in all their previous attempts, they were foiled, and their ardor dampened and cooled by the drumming operations upon their noses, which this time was so freely and strongly applied upon one of them as to make him lachrymate and cry out with pain. One at a time they departed; but it was not until they had been out of sight and hearing for some time that Kit considered it was safe to venture down from the tree; when he hastened to regain and immediately reload his rifle.—*Life and Adventures of Kit Carson.*

## BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The ocean cannot be a more wondrous revelation to a man from the interior, who beholds the magnificent expanse for the first time, than the spectacle of Broadway in its afternoon glory, is to the simple-minded girl from the country village



GENERAL MCMAHON, MARSHAL OF FRANCE AND DUKE OF MAGENTA.

on being ushered for the first time into the gorgeous vista of men and women, horses and carriages, in every possible variety of life and motion, accompanied with appalling sounds, and hemmed in by walls of marble and stone, blazing in their fronts with gold and silver wares, and splendid stuffs of richest dye, with every commodity ever conceived by man to wear, to taste, or to enjoy, by any of the senses. It is not possible that this tremendous display of voluptuousness, beauty, fashion, frivolity, and vanity should not frequently touch, impress, awe, subdue the young heart. And it is known to be a fact that thousands of impressible natures are utterly changed from that moment, and become confused in their perception and appreciation of material, mental, and moral objects, and never afterwards are able to resume that clear preference of the latter over the former, which was once so undoubted. Therefore we reiterate—Broadway has much to answer for. It is the great tempter to fashion, show, and consequent extravagance in dress and living. The pictures of dashing equipages, rich and graceful costumes, are deeply daguerreotyped upon the soul, never to be eradicated. Ever afterwards, in their ideas of a happy domestic life, these brilliant objects will intrude even in the quiet, secluded recesses of rural homes, and shape and color more or less their conduct, and future plans and expectations.—*Newark Daily Ad.*

Irish brigade which broke the English squares at Fontenoy lives in the sterner of the Malakoff and the leader of the desperate battle at Magenta. The father of Marshal McMahon was a peer of France under the Restoration, having been as loyal to the Bourbons as his ancestors had been to the Stuarts; and a personal friend of Charles X. of France. The son, born in 1807, entered that nursery of heroes, the school of St. Cyr, in 1825, and fought in Algiers with the first French army of invasion. Returning to France, in the suite of General Achard, he marched with the Duc d'Orleans to the siege of Antwerp in 1831, and was one of the officers who saved the pompous Belgian lion erected on the field of Waterloo, from the rage of the French infantry by a few good natured witticisms at the expense of that rather ridiculous beast. Action being the element of men like McMahon, he is found again in Algiers in 1837 prominent in the assault on Constantine. He afterwards commanded a battalion of rifles, and a regiment of the Foreign Legion, and in 1845, as general of brigade, governed the province of Oran. July 16, 1852, he became a general of division; and in 1855 was despatched to succeed General Canrobert at Sebastopol. On the 8th of September of that year the perilous honor of leading the storming party against the Malakoff was confided to him, and in an instant he found himself famous. He was

## GENERAL MCMAHON,

## THE HERO OF MALAKOFF AND MAGENTA.

The hero of the day in the French army is the distinguished officer whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers. The victory of Magenta, last month, is on all hands acknowledged to be due to him. The emperor, at the head of the Imperial Guard, was exposed for two hours to the onslaught of an overwhelming number of the enemy, and was well high overpowered, when unexpected relief was brought to him by General McMahon, who was at the head of the second corps d'armée. This gallant officer had no orders to advance; but hearing the sound of the cannon, and guessing that serious fighting was going forward on his right, he moved in that direction, and, happily, arrived in time to convert a doubtful struggle into a decided victory. We are not at all surprised that the emperor should have acknowledged this brilliant service by creating him Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta on the spot. Marie-Edme-Patrick-Maurice de McMahon is a scion of one of those illustrious Irish families which followed the Stuarts into exile two centuries ago, and have since given so many brave and brilliant names to the history of France, Austria and Spain. The gallantry of the Sarsfields and the Tyrconnells has not faded out of this ancient blood with the lapse of time; and the valor of the

almost the first man to enter the Russian works, and swearing to stay there, "living or dead," rallied his troops so constantly and ardently to the defence, that all the obstinate gallantry of the Russian battalions was wasted upon the attack. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in relation to that event. He had just succeeded in making good his position, and driving the Russians out of the fortress, when an aide-de-camp rode up all breathless to inform him that he must at once withdraw his troops, as the fortress was mined. "What!" exclaimed the general, "evacuate this redoubt, which is Sebastopol itself? No, my post is here; but go tell the general to get another force to occupy the ruins after the explosion." Marshal McMahon has shown the same qualities in peace as in war. As a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, he was the only man who had the courage to oppose those repressive laws which were enacted immediately after Orsini's attempt at assassination, and was understood at the time to have incurred the displeasure of the emperor in consequence. He commanded in Italy the second division, and has now won the distinction, unparalleled, we believe, in history, of receiving on one battle-field his dual coronet and his baton of Marshal of France.

## LORD BROUGHAM.

Not long after his lordship's elevation to the Woolsack, he arrived at Lancaster, during the assize, on his way to Brougham Hall, in Westmoreland. He took his seat for a short time on the bench of both the Crown and the Nine Prius Courts. He was of course observed by the learned gentlemen of the bar, who made their obeisance to him. When the barristers assembled at their mess (what they call the High Court), it was communicated to the chairman that a member of the "High Court," who had never taken leave of it, had been seen in court that day, and yet was not present amongst them. An inquiry was at once instituted where he could be, when a young barrister informed the High Court that he had seen the learned gentleman enter the judges' lodgings, where he was no doubt dining with their lordships. Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Baineck were at once appointed constables, and armed "with a little brief authority," to bring Henry Brougham to the place where he owed allegiance. The constables went with alacrity to fulfil their duty. On arriving at the judges' lodgings, they, in spite of the remonstrances of flunkies, made their way to the dining room, where they saw his lordship seated as the honored guest. They walked up to him, and seized him by the collar of his coat. The judges laughingly told him he must submit. He offered to do so quietly, but the constables would not let go their hold of him, but dragged him along to the King's Arms. On his appearing at the bar of the High Court, the chairman informed him that the charge against him was absenting himself from that court without leave, the fine for which was three bottles of claret, but that he would be heard if he could show cause why he should not be fined. He addressed the court, avowing his great respect for it, and stated that he was compelled to cease to become a member of it through the fact that his majesty had been graciously pleased to call him to his councils, and to appoint him lord chancellor. The chairman told his lordship that his apology was perfectly satisfactory; but that, as his lordship well knew, the fine was double in that court when a member made a good defence. He must therefore fine him in six bottles of claret. The fine was of course paid; and during the drinking of it, a young member rose and informed the High Court that since their last meeting a learned brother, Henry Brougham, had become Harry the Ninth, but had never been crowned. He was placed in a high chair, a crimson table-cloth was put upon him for a robe, a cake-basket was put on his head for a crown, and a fish-slice put into his hand as a sceptre. Then came his turn to play his part, and right well he did it. He said he had received several petitions from his loyal subjects, which upon that auspicious occasion he would reply to. He would take them alphabetically. The first was from Mr. Alexander. He prayed that there might be no alteration made in the law of personal appearance. "We grant his petition," said his lordship, "on this condition, that he, in future, dress like a gentleman, and not like a Jemmy Jessamy. The next petition is from Dr. Van Beest Brown, member of Little Washington, who asks for a clean shirt. We grant it, on condition that he retire at once, and after washing himself, put it on, that we may see him in that which he has not had for years." And he went through the whole of the bar present, hitting hard, smiling and thigh. Are they not "children of a larger growth?"—*Reminiscences of an Old Lawyer.*

GENIUS AND TALENT.—The most striking feature in the history of Genius is its courage. Talent, on the contrary, is distinguished chiefly by its caution. The one goes forth, totally regardless of its costume, under the impulse of a glorious presage. The other never suffers itself to be seen, until it has made its toilet, under the guidance of a becoming taste.—*W. G. Simms.*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. VOL. XVII., No. 3...WHOLE No. 421.

## CHESTER PARK, BOSTON.

The picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. William Waud, and is an accurate representation of the locality and a fine example of the architectural style of modern Boston. Such places as Chester Park show that the growth of the city is not irregular and forced, but a natural expansion based on increasing wealth, accompanied by improved taste. It is to the south part of the city that we must now take a stranger if we would give him a first favorable impression of our Athenian capital, if we would show him that he has not alighted in a mere "provincial village." Afterwards, by way of contrast, we might take him to the oldest portion of the town, with the twistings and turnings of its narrow streets, and its quaint specimens of old time architecture. Not that we wish to cast any reflections upon that time-honored part of the city. By no means. We have perhaps an undue respect for old Boston, the nucleus whence so many rays of splendor have radiated. We confess a decided weakness for those fine old memorial houses of the ante-revolutionary period, with their broad and spacious fronts, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, their carved doorways and quaint mural tablets, of which one or two specimens remain. There are some old buildings in Salem and Hanover Streets that are quite pets with us, and ever and anon we make a pilgrimage to that part of the city to see whether they are still standing as quaint and old-fashioned as ever. It is rather a foolish plan, however, to set one's affection on an old house in these changeful times. Young America has no respect for antiquity. Young Boston sneers at old Bos-

ton. Architects look at the old structures with venomous spite. The mutations of fashion have left many a fine old house abandoned like stranded hulks on the shore of time. The court end of the town is no longer at the north, and many houses which once blazed with fossil lights, which were the abode of elegance, taste and refinement, as they were understood ninety years ago, are devoted to purposes of which the original owners never dreamed. Parlors where "routs" were given in days of revolutionary jubilee, are now turned into blacksmith's shops, and the fire of the household hearth has given way to the blaze of the furnace. Yet the changes which a city undergoes, however rapid, are not realized without an effort by its residents. Only a man returning after a long absence appreciates the wonders that wealth and enterprise achieve; and the permanent resident needs to refresh his memory by glancing to some contemporaneous record of an old date, to ascertain how far he has been swept along, and what transformations he has lived through. Let us open a statistical work published thirty years ago, and see if we cannot obtain an adequate idea of the changes we have noticed. We read that at that date, 1829, the "number of dwelling houses is about 10,000," and that "among the best specimens of architecture are the market-house, Trinity Church, the general hospital, several of the bank buildings, and the Tremont House." These are no longer our "best specimens," and some of the bank buildings alluded to have been pulled down as not up to the times. "The annual expenditures of the city are about \$900,000." Very likely the tax payers would be pleased to

see that feature restored. The Boston Athenaeum is spoken of with its magnificent library of 24,000 volumes. The Athenaeum buildings referred to, in Pearl Street, have long since gone, and the library has now triple that number of volumes. Then we are told "The Middlesex Canal, leading from Boston harbor to Merrimac River, forms with this river a navigable channel to Concord in New Hampshire. There are no other means of transportation to and from the interior, except such as are afforded by the common roads. In this respect Boston is behind the other principal cities in the United States, and its inland trade is much less than it would otherwise have been." What a revolution has been accomplished in this respect. The Middlesex Canal! Why, we had almost forgotten it, though we have skated over its frozen surface in winter, and in summer actually made the voyage to Lowell in a packet boat drawn by two horses tandem, at the magnificent rate of three miles per hour, starting from Charlestown at eight in the morning, and landing at our destination late in the afternoon, after sundry perilous adventures, including a thunder-storm and a dangerous stumble of the leading horse. Swifter and more exciting were the stage-coach rides out of Boston, but these vanished before the rush of the snorting iron-horse. "Population 58,281." Well, we have picked up a few more inhabitants since. At the same period the population of New York was 207,201. Both cities have since this date advanced with rapid steps. A new city, in fact, has been created in New York as in Boston. The older portion of New York, like the older portion of Boston, is characterized by narrow

and winding streets, very troublesome in the transaction of business, while the upper part of the city, like the south part of Boston, is laid out at right angles. And to think that the imperial New York, sitting like a crowned queen on the shores of the sea and of the most magnificent of rivers, originated with the permission granted by James the First in 1620 to a few Dutchmen "to build some cottages on Hudson's River for the convenience of their vessels engaged in trade with Brazil." Judging from the past, what a brilliant future lies before New York and Boston. The Puritan city, expanding and enlarging its territories, will before another fifty years have passed, have doubled its area and population. What are now rural suburbs will then be densely settled parts of the city, and people will require fast horses to take them out of town. A hundred and fifty years ago Boston had reached a dazzling eminence in the estimate of its inhabitants of that date, worthy burghers whose dust is now mouldering on Copp's Hill or the churchyard of the King's Chapel. "Those," says an early historian of Boston, "who were formerly forced to fetch most of the bread they ate, and beer they drank, a thousand leagues by sea, are, through the blessing of the Lord, so increased, that they have not only fed their elder sisters, Virginia, Barbadoes, and many of the summer islands, that were preferred before them for their fruitfulness, but also the grand mother of us all, even the fertile isle of Great Britain. Many a fair ship had her framing and finishing here, besides lesser vessels." A glimpse at Chester Park has led us on the path of retrospection and prophecy, but these reflections spring naturally thence.



CHESTER PARK, BOSTON, FROM WASHINGTON STREET.



[Written for Ballo's Pictorial]

## FROST AND HERE.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.

## PART I.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.—Ps 29 3

A small boat, with white sails spread, danced over the waters of the Sound, bearing a single passenger. He who stood, with his eyes fixed upon the shore he was nearing, was on the approaching evening to become a bridegroom, and conspicuous upon the shore, where his gaze was most intent, was the elegant home of his betrothed. He was in the full prime of manhood, his hair black as the raven's wing, and his eyes flashed with more brilliant fires than when he had won his first love years ago.

Elma Eustace was just eighteen, lovely, accomplished, and universally admired; and she had given her happiness into the keeping of a man more than double her age, yet she had chosen well.

When but a youth he had married, and in one short year had laid his girl-wife in her grave, with an infant on her bosom. In the desolation which followed, he fled the associations of his youth, and in California, among the gold mines, grew into manhood. There he amassed a fortune, and returned to complete an education which had been interrupted by his early marriage. With the wonderful energies of his nature, he bent himself to the pursuit of knowledge, and the fine capacities of his brilliant mind at last expanded into healthy action.

Such powers of intellect could not remain dormant; and as they found ample food for labor in the political field, he plunged into the hottest of party strife, and became famous as the most eloquent orator of the times. As an M. C., he was thrown among the ton of Washington city; but in vain did maneuvering mammas and aunts spread their nets for him—gold; in vain were the graces of sweet sixteen paraded before his eyes. Rich, talented and famous, he still bore unsullied, amongst the dross of politics, the remembrance of his buried wife. It was not until he met, during an excursion upon the Sound, with the lovely reflex of his own brilliant nature, that the proud man's heart again became entangled in that passion which more or less gilds the panorama of every one's life. In three short months from the time of meeting with Elma Eustace, he was hastening to their nuptials.

It was a beautiful, clear sky that shone above him, and a light breeze bore his light craft steadily along. So absorbed was he in gazing upon the white columns gleaming through the foliage, that he did not observe a cloud, scarcely larger than a man's hand, drifting before the wind. It was singularly dark, and suddenly it obscured the sun. Simultaneously with the motion of his eyes, as he lifted them to the heavens, there was a fearful peal of thunder—a crash—a gleam of fiery light—and Earl Livingston stood nearly stunned within his dismayed boat. The mast was shivered to atoms, and the burnt and blackened sail dragged after the boat, yet for a few minutes Mr. Livingston made no motion or sound. There was a mighty voice echoing within his ears, and he heard nothing else. Suddenly he gazed up into the blue heavens, as if expecting to see them open and reveal a vision of the "descending angels," but even the cloud had disappeared, and he looked upon a serene sky.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters," he ejaculated, almost reverentially; for the deep waters of his slumbering faith were stirred.

He set himself to work with the oars, and righted his floating craft, but a shadow had come over his glowing face. "Was that an omen?" questioned his awe-struck spirit; and away down amidst those unstirred depths in his soul a something seemed to echo, "'Tis the warning of Omnipotence."

Onward he rowed, and gradually the shadow left his face, as he neared the shore. As he sprang upon the beach, and looked back upon the wreck he was drawing to its moorings, it was with a light laugh. An echo to his voice startled him, and looking up towards a jagged rock which rose a few feet from the spot where he stood, he observed a lady seated upon it. It was Miss Hamilton, the maiden aunt of Elma, and from whom she was to receive her large fortune. It was the residence of Miss Hamilton upon which so intent a gaze had been fixed, and it was Miss Hamilton that stood in place of mother to the orphaned Elma, the future bride of Mr. Liv-

ingston, yet his acquaintance with her was very slight.

He had spoken with her a few times during his visits to Elma, and he had remarked upon many peculiarities in her appearance. She had black hair, and very light blue eyes, which glittered like new steel, and she never looked one straight in the face; her voice was very peculiar, and she always went heavily mantled, calling herself an invalid. There was a kind of mysterious fascination about her, which awoke anew as he gazed upon her in her rather romantic position. She sat erect upon the rock, and her magnificent, unmantled figure was marked out upon the clear background of the sky. He face was shaded by a veil, but through its gauzy folds he distinguished the glitter of those peculiar eyes, which were now fixed intently upon him.

"What has happened to your boat?" she asked quietly.

"Did you not hear that crash of electricity?" he in turn questioned.

"No. I was absorbed in thought, and may not have noticed it."

"You surely did hear it, or your senses were locked with bars of steel truly," he rejoined, thinking what a strange being she was; and he thought she laughed in a low, mocking tone.

"Quite ominous," she briefly remarked.

"What if the bolt were aimed at myself alone," he mused, "and reached no other ears!" and the shadow came again upon his face.

"Are you superstitious?" she asked, watching him quietly.

"I have never been," he replied, "and surely will not allow this circumstance, strange though it seems, to cloud my spirit to-night." He was annoyed at her manner, and continued, with assumed lightness of feeling, "But I am lagging—not in love, but in speed—you must excuse me, madam."

He was moving onward, when she motioned him to stop. "Sit down here by me on the rock, while I tell you a story. You will lose none of Elma's smiles, for I left her resting in her chamber."

He could not refuse compliance, and found himself seated by this woman, with a feeling towards her very much like superstitious dread. He despised himself for entertaining it, and turned towards her with serious attention. She kept her hands folded in a scarf she wore around her throat, and still wore the veil, so that he only saw the indistinct outline of her features. She began, in that voice which always sounded to him as if it came through closed teeth:

"I am going to relate my own history. It is a strange one, a very rare one, and I think it may teach you a useful lesson, as you are about taking an important step in life. You smile as if you thought it strange for me to dare give advice to one like you, yet you are not above the frailties of your nature, I have observed. But to my story. It is a history in which Elma is deeply involved, and may affect you. Though you have never inquired into the manner or matter of her becoming mine, I will tell you by my own choice."

Earl Livingston's hands were like marble, and the gripe upon his heart-strings tightened, still he sat with unmoved countenance.

"I was young once," she began again, with a quiet irony, making her words more pointed, "and perhaps it was because I was ignorant of the world that I loved—no matter who—and why he loved me I cannot tell, for I was perfectly artless then, and bore upon my face a tablet of my heart. I loved him, and cast my whole happiness, undoubtingly, in his keeping. Perhaps he was kind, and meant to try me, when he opened my eyes, after having avowed such sincere love, and informed me that he had been mistaken! It was friendship alone that he entertained for me."

Here her manner changed, and her tone lost its irony.

"He lied basely! He loved me as he has loved no other. He tried me, and I became a demon! Do not start, I will not harm you. I sat beside him just as quietly, after that great wrong, as I sit beside you now. Do you understand?" He felt like moving away, but said nothing.

"Well," she continued, "this was a matter between ourselves, so it went no further, and I smiled and lived to see him wed another. She was a kind of nonentity, no more fit to mate with him than the dove is to mate with the eagle. I hated her as I hate you. O! I intended to say him, of course," she said with a mocking laugh. "They moved away, and I followed secretly,

changing my name then to Hamilton, with that something urging me on which must be obeyed. Perhaps you may tell me what this something is, which even now urges me to fulfil a destiny." He did not speak, and she went on:

"You may mark also, it was this same something which induced me to pay court to a rich, disagreeable old bachelor, whom I nursed through an attack of small pox, when all his friends deserted him; and I was rewarded by the fortune he left me, this fortune which the world now calls Elma's. It was soon after I reached the place to which they went, that I heard of his wife giving birth to an infant girl. Then they told me she was dying, and my soul gloated over the news—not that I hoped that he would return to me. No, no! that was not the something which still arms me for greater work. Ha, ha! I would like to show him how I would receive overtures of love. Would you like for me to show you, Mr. Livingston?"

Again there was no answer, and she went on:

"They were buried—the mother and child—in a quiet churchyard, and when the moonbeams lay upon the new mounds, I stole to the spot with awful speed; I tore up the earth, fearing I was too late (some one had told me that a scarlet spot upon the temple of the infant had not lost its color in death); I opened the new clouds with my hands, unshrinkingly, for that something powerfully urged and strengthened me; down, down I searched, until I reached the coffin, which I opened with an instrument I had brought. What is the matter, sir?"

No answer, and she took up the story again.

"I opened the coffin, took out the babe from the cold breast of the mother, and it soon grew warm upon my bosom. I breathed into its nostrils, and it lived!"

"Fiend! wretch!" cried out the unhappy man. "Curses upon your lies—your monstrous lies!"

There was a gripe like a vice upon his arm, from which he could not free himself, and he stood face to face with the unveiled woman. She had torn from her head a mass of false black hair, and down upon her shoulders flowed the waving flaxen locks, upon which his boyhood's gaze had often lingered in admiration. The disguise was off, and the glittering pair of eyes looked straight in his.

"Earl Livingston!" she cried, in tones whose echo came like a dream of boyhood to his ear, "you know me now. You feel the presence of her who was once Ellen Mayfield—who is now a demon. Who made her so? Tell me, man, nor dare shrink from my presence. O, may it prove as poisonous as the venom of asps! Well may you accuse me of lying—you whose life has been a foul deception. But I have my revenge. Ha, ha! You dare not doubt my story. That scarlet spot, which never died from out your child's temple, did I not see you mark the same spot upon Elma's, and did I not say to myself then, 'Fool that he is, to harbor no suspicion.'"

The fearful groan which burst from the breast of Earl Livingston, bore witness to the truth of what she affirmed. He spoke not, moved not, but sat looking into the face of the terrible woman, until even she quailed from the gaze of his stony eyes. Not long the demon was quiet within her, before it broke forth again.

"Ha, ha! was ever wrouged woman blest with so sweet a revenge? ever one so favored by fortune? I called her my niece, and trained her to all that was lovely. I heard of the famous orator—the widowed stoic! I knew what was fascinating to him. His like would please him; and who so like as Elma, his own flesh and blood. I planned the excursion which attracted this famous orator to my home, then one so suited to his luxuriant tastes. I knew the man better than he knows himself—his tastes. Ha, ha, Earl Livingston! shall Ellen Mayfield dance with the M. C. at your nuptials to-night?"

At last the stony eyes moved, they glared like a madman's, and with the strength of a madman, he tore away from her grasp, and the infuriated woman gave a cry of wonder. She looked at his hair, which was an hour ago of raven blackness, and paused in her feast of revenge to see that it was as white as the hoarfrost! Was there no satiation for the revenge that gloated over the agony which had done this? She paused only to renew her mocking with new triumph!

The madman was roused to fury; there was the gleam of a blade, a plunge, and Earl Livingston had driven a knife into her bosom. She gave a groan, fell back heavily upon the rock,

and would have rolled into the deep waters below, but her murderer drew her back, gazed one moment into the closing eyes, heard her gurgle out the words, "Nobly done! Like yourself!" and with fire in his brain, and fire in his heart, he sprang into his boat and pushed off into the Sound.

He did not see, whilst pulling madly at the oars, that the boat was leaking rapidly. The lightning had made a wreck of the little bark, which was fast filling with water, but the unconscious oarsman pulled ahead. She was sinking; yet as her gunnels disappeared she was seen by those on shore, and Mr. Livingston was pulling at the oars when the waters closed above his hands. There were swift boats sent out in search, but all to no avail—neither boat nor body was found upon the waters, over which the mantle of night had fallen.

## PART II.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness.—Ps 29 8.

A STAR went out from the political sky, and men said that it had set in death, yet it was not so. Earl Livingston's course was not yet run. Though there was madness in his brain, and a worse than loathing of life in his heart, when the waters closed over his head, the instinct of self-preservation made him battle with the waves. He was a powerful man, and easily gained the shore, when a less active swimmer would have perished. The indistinct light of twilight was more favorable to screen him from searching eyes than the darkness of night, and it was thus that he escaped unseen.

Upon the record of his life a pall had suddenly fallen, heavier than the clouds of the valley. Fame and adulation were blanks, love a curse. The price of blood was upon his head, and its stain upon his soul. What was life to him now, that he should elude the rigors of the law? And careless of all save the desire to be free from self, and from mankind, he made his way, with all the speed possible, towards the wilds of the West. He wore no disguise, and it was not needed. Who would have recognized him that had seen him only a few hours previous, when there was a glow upon his hair like the polish of ebony—now it was white? The very elixir of glowing life, which had given this gloss to the hairs of his head, seemed to have stagnated and turned to lava like hardness upon the lines about his face; and there was a look in his still piercing eye, bearing witness to the anguish which his proud spirit was powerless to conceal.

To the West he fled, with a kind of method in his madness which urged him to the fulfilment of a strange destiny. He became a wild man of the woods, with only a rifle and a fleet horse for companions. He lived among the rocks and caves, sleeping upon a single blanket, wearing buckskin, and feeding upon the game which his rifle brought. He shunned the sight of white men, as if there was contagion in the atmosphere they breathed.

He wandered, at length, into the Indian region, and came suddenly upon one of the settlements. He was a most singular object to look upon, and the Indians seemed puzzled to determine what was his species. His long white hair had become intermingled with the mass of unshaven beard, which was still as black as his hair had been, and from between this contrasting background peered those strangely fierce yet melancholy eyes. His dress was savage, and his skin was burnt, so that it was difficult to distinguish its original color. Not a hand was raised to harm him, and it was with a kind of curious interest that the savages received him in their midst. He yielded to their hospitality with passive recklessness, yet there was something in their kindness which touched upon his hardened sensibilities, and which determined him to remain with them so long as they were peaceably inclined; neither did he suspect or care for treachery.

It was no deviation from his usual mode of life to mingle with them in their sports or toils, yet there came a change much sooner than he had anticipated. He had lost sight of the days of the week, and had allowed Sabbath after Sabbath to be polluted. When he had been several days in the settlement, he was startled, upon a quiet morning, by the loud and long blowing of a horn. He had learned a few of the Indian's phrases, and soon made one of them comprehend that he would like to know why the horn was blown in so unusual a manner. He understood that it were the Sabbath, when there was always



services held, and upon this occasion they expected a missionary to preach.

"Converted Indians," muttered the misanthrope; and again there seemed echoes of that "voice which is upon the waters," resounding in tones of warning within his soul. "Lost that I am, shall savages teach me to honor the Christian's Sabbath?"

He followed the throng, which soon crowded the limits of the rude shelter, under which benches had been constructed; but the man of the woods was more accustomed to nature's furniture, and chose an old stump for a seat, which was near the platform or pulpit. He was unconscious that, by the force of habit, he held his rifle and leaned upon it for support. He felt some one touch his arm, and looked around towards a man dressed in the garb of an American citizen. Thinking, probably, that Mr. Livingston was a savage, he addressed him through an Indian interpreter.

"My good friend, this is rather an uncivilized companion for enlightened Indians to bear upon the Sabbath," and he pointed to the rifle.

Earl Livingston was abashed, as he had seldom been, and he looked full into the stranger's face, whom he supposed was the missionary.

"Well may you mistake me for a savage. A worse than barbarian I am, most truly," he said:

The missionary scrutinized the peculiar figure before him very keenly, yet silently, and even after he had taken his place upon the platform, Earl saw that his eyes wandered towards the spot where he was. The rifle was placed out of sight, and soon the attention of the owner was fixed most forcibly upon the discourse, which was a thrilling call—a voice from the Almighty—and the light reflected from divine sources shone upon the pale face of the disciple. Mr. Livingston listened as he had never before to language from the sacred desk, with his fixed gaze upon that pale, inspired countenance, when suddenly his rapt attention was distracted by a movement in the crowd. At the same moment in which the missionary sank upon the seat, nearly exhausted, there was an Indian who seized his knees and knelt beside him, with his face upturned, and a calm like clear sunset upon the ocean seemed to have settled upon it. He gesticulated, pointed upwards, then looked upwards, and began to cry aloud in tones of jubilee—the joy unspeakable making eloquent his untutored lips. The poor savage had been groaning in secret ever since the words of salvation were opened to his ears; he had been trying to seize upon the Great Truth, and to-day the light streamed into his heart, and filled it full to overflowing. The Holy Spirit was in the Indian's heart. Earl saw it and felt it in such power that he was nearly stunned. In what thick darkness his own crime-laden spirit groped, and yet what glorious beams were shining!

He rushed out from the place, with memory, like an awakened fiend, lashing his soul; and he paused not until within the dense undergrowth of wood he found a hiding-place. There he threw himself down, and lay more like a dead than a living man, through the long hours of that day. Night came on, and still he was lying motionless, when a voice close beside him startled him from his trance.

"Will you help me kindle a fire by yonder rock?" the voice asked.

Earl was amazed at the request, which came from the missionary, who expressed no surprise at finding him in that condition. He arose, and without a word assisted in kindling a bright blaze, by which the missionary seated himself, and then said:

"Take a seat. My name is Weston—yours is Livingston." Earl uttered a slight cry, but the other continued, quietly, "I read it upon your rifle, which you left by the platform, and I know a little more about you. You are convicted, perhaps suffering under the weight of crime, and perhaps I can help you to lay aside that burden. We shall see."

Mr. Livingston was completely magnetized by the stranger's manner—it was so quietly commanding, yet so kind, that it was irresistible. Though a misanthropic hatred of human kind had darkened in his heart, he did not hesitate to put full trust in the man whose heaven-dedicated spirit was indelibly stamped upon his serene countenance. A few more words from Mr. Weston, and the lips and heart of Earl were opened. Unhesitatingly, and with a rush of passionate words, he told the whole of his dark story. Once or twice the quiet manner of the listener gave way to wonderful agitation, and slight, sup-

pressed exclamations escaped him, yet it was all unheeded by the narrator. Like a torrent, the recital flowed on to its close.

When he paused, Mr. Weston arose, calmly took him by the hand and said: "You are feverish, my friend, let us retire, and come again, when I have much to say to you."

Like an anodyne the words and manner seemed to quell the tumult within the bosom of Mr. Livingston, who submitted then and afterwards, unshrinkingly, to the guidance of Mr. Weston.

They came again to the spot, at night, and more often Mr. Weston was the speaker, whilst Mr. Livingston drank in his counsel with a thirsty soul. His soul needed sadly the nourishment which poured into it in healthy, peace-bringing streams—and there, by the wild blaze of the fire-light, at the dead of night, a shout went up from his lips which ascended to the throne of God—where angels took up the song, crying, "Glory, glory! for the lost sheep is found."

### PART III.

The Lord will give strength unto his people—Ps. 29: 11.

The year was drawing to a close, and Mr. Weston would soon return to the annual conference. He journeyed to the East, for the purpose of sojourning a short time at one of his homes in New York. Earl Livingston followed that voice, which led him back to the scenes he had fled, and he accompanied his friend and Christian traveller on his journey. Justice had a portion to award him, and he did not shrink from the trial—with a new strength within him, better, far better than the muscle which had borne him through the waters. A most charming travelling companion he found Mr. Weston, to whom he was bound by no common ties; yet a mystery still clung to him, and often he seemed about to make some fearful revelation, so it appeared to the disordered fancy of Mr. Livingston. Yet, without change or accident, they reached New York city. Upon the register at the hotel, Earl Livingston inscribed his name in full—a name not unknown, or unconnected with thrilling interest—yet no officer arrested him, and the cry of murder was not ringing about his ears.

One night he sat alone in his apartment, with his head bent upon his clasped hands, and the tide of reflection bore his mind irresistibly towards his lost Elma, his poor child, banished from his heart like an unholy thing. Where was she? Perhaps the prey to some fortune-hunter, or her fate might be worse, deserted as she was by her natural protector and guardian; and into whose care had she fallen? There was no spirit to bear him answer, and he groaned aloud. He knelt, and a prayer of fearful supplication ascended to Heaven. God gave him strength, and when he arose and again thought of Elma, it was with the purpose of seeking her out and giving her the sacred protection of a father's name and presence—provided that name was unbranded with the stigma of murder. Better that he should never find her, than that she should live to blush for her parentage.

On the following afternoon Mr. Weston drove out to Greenwood, and asked his friend to accompany him, that by the way they might talk of their future.

"You soon depart," exclaimed Livingston, as they reached the cemetery and were alighting, "whilst I am waiting for the decree of the Almighty. If I am to receive the just punishment for my sin, I bow in Christian submission, but—" The name of Elma was trembling upon his tongue, but they had reached the palaces of the dead, and Weston's attention seemed entirely diverted. From magnificent structures they wandered onwards until Weston paused beside a small inclosure, which contained two slabs. Upon the nearest he read the name, "Myra Weston."

"My wife," exclaimed Mr. Weston. "I buried her many years since."

He said no more, but leaned over the marble, and Livingston, in delicacy for his feelings, moved towards the other slab, and suddenly cried out, with his eyes fixed upon the inscription with terrible fixedness. He read, "Ellen Mayfield, aged 36"—no other word or sign was upon the marble, but this was enough to make the blood stagnate in the veins of Earl Livingston. When he at last looked up, and displayed his face of anguish to the gaze of Weston, in pity for such suffering, Mr. Weston allowed the feelings he had so long suppressed to burst forth. He seized the hand of Livingston, pressed it convulsively, exclaiming:

"Throw off the weight, fellow soldier! Shout aloud for joy! Sing praises to him who withheld your madman hand from murder! Ellen Mayfield did not die by your hand!"

He did not shout or sing praises, for the long tried spirit had borne too much. He sank upon an iron seat—thoughts of Elma, such thoughts as he dreamed were forever dead, came rushing back in torrents, and his soul grovelled in humiliating anguish.

"Can you not bear the sudden calm of a great peace, whose billows have been so fierce?" asked Mr. Weston.

The voice brought calmness, as it always did, and very soon Livingston was, in his turn, listening to a stranger story than he had narrated by the western camp-fire.

"I was living in this city," began Weston, "when I first met with Ellen Mayfield—then Miss Hamilton. She was introduced to my wife, for whom she seemed to conceive a great liking, and as I admired the young lady, and she was boarding, we invited her to visit us during her stay. She said she was travelling to find some means in which she could best use her great fortune. She was most winning, most seductive in her manners, and completely won the heart of my gentle Myra. Soon after the birth of a son, Myra sickened and died. I have sometimes feared since—Heaven forgive me, if it be unjust,—that she, this vile fiend who nursed her so tenderly, mingled poison in her food. Before she died, she requested of me that her first-born, a little, delicate girl scarcely more than a year older than the little infant, who died also, should be given to Miss Hamilton. I had no sisters or friends to whom I could have left this sacred charge, and so I yielded to the wishes of my dying wife. She was induced, through the wiles of this woman, to make the request; I now see plainly, then I was as blind as she."

"I gave up my little one—my only child. Had I known to whom, and for what! O, heavens—" Mrs. Weston paused, while great drops of sweat stood out upon the brow of Livingston. "Go on! Go on!" said Earl, almost fiercely.

"I left the city, took a long farewell of my child, determined to forget that I was a father. For a time life was worse than a blank, and I remember it as a fevered dream, from which I awoke to become a missionary. Before I left for the West, I heard of my child, though she was raised in ignorance of her parentage, was taught to believe that she was the niece of Miss Hamilton, and that her parents were dead. She bore their name, of course. My wife had called her Elma—" Again Mr. Livingston uttered an exclamation; but cried, "Go on! Go on!"

"I passed many happy years in my glorious work, strangely blinded to the great wrong I was committing in allowing my child to live in the midst of deception. I suddenly awoke to my error, felt that God had entrusted to me the keeping and training of an immortal soul, and I determined to return to fulfil my duty, if I was compelled to take from her the most brilliant of worldly prospects. I returned to this city at the time when the newspapers were laden with rumors of the death of Mr. Livingston—the orator, the bridegroom-elect! There was no mention of the murder in connection with your name. I hurried to the home of Miss Hamilton, found her terribly altered and confined to a dark room, suffering, she said, from a pain in her side. It was most probably the effects of your wound. Strange woman that she was, she took a pride, I suppose, in concealing all the circumstances of your meeting upon the rock, and to my knowledge she never repeated them to mortal ears. She received me kindly, told me of Elma's engagement to yourself, and said that Elma would never recover from the effects of that shock—she believed, of course, that you were drowned, in consequence of the lightning striking and destroying your boat. She offered no opposition to my reclaiming Elma. I was greatly surprised that she did not, yet it was not long that I was ignorant of the cause. That night I made myself known to my poor broken flower, and took her like a child to my bosom, where she clung passionately. She was much weaned from Miss Hamilton, and made no objections to any plan of mine, save the one in which she was to be left by me. I was to take her with me on the following day, but I had another and very unexpected charge to take with me."

"The morning came, but Miss Hamilton was missing, and very soon we found her dead body on the beach, where the waves had washed it ashore, just beneath the rock where she sat and

talked with you. Upon her desk I found a note addressed to myself, containing these words" (he took a small paper from his pocket and read aloud):

"The one womanly spot in my heart is laid waste when your child leaves me—its one virtue dies. Let me die with it! I dare not request that she never know me better—but what boots it, when I am sleeping beneath the waves I love? I have one request to make of you. If my body be found, let it receive Christian burial away from these places, where the name of Miss Hamilton is upon every tongue, and place upon the slab the name of Ellen Mayfield."

"I was inexpressibly shocked at these occurrences, and Elma's young spirit seemed to grow chill with horror. I did not show her the note, but afterwards told her of the name I was to place over the grave of the lost woman. The dread mystery was yet to be solved. I laid her beside my dead wife, because, as yet, I had no reason to feel that she contaminated the spot in her long sleep; however, may her bones rest quietly—they cannot harm the spirit of Myra."

Weston paused, and Livingston ejaculated, impatiently, "And Elma—"

"I left her with a dear sister in Christ, who has proved indeed a second mother to her. She is an heiress, as Miss Hamilton lost most of her fortune to her. The part which she gave to my disposal, I turned over to the missionary cause. I returned to my labors—soon after met with you, and was attracted forcibly towards you by some singular power; then, at the sight of your name, a thrill of feeling nearly overpowered me. I conjectured immediately that there was some fearful mystery in the case, and gained your confidence. Again I was thrilled to the heart's core to find how the hand of God had sent me to unravel the thread of deception which had robbed you of my child's presence. I alone could do it. Then I understood, also, why Miss Hamilton had chosen Elma for the tool of her revenge. There was a scarlet spot upon her left temple, which must have nearly resembled that one upon your child. They were born also in the same year; and Elma was too young to bear with her any remembrances of her parents. Every circumstance favored the schemes of a brain steeped in treachery, and her revenge was most diabolical. I went to think that the pure ears of my daughter must be sullied by the tale, yet to clear the mystery of your absence, I was compelled to tell her all. She has borne up nobly."

"Elma, Elma!" cried Livingston, in thrilling tones. He could repeat no other word.

"She is yours, brother." The pale face of Mr. Weston glowed with emotion, and his eyes were dim with tears.

"I am a wreck!" echoed the unsteady voice of Livingston. "Look at the lines upon my face, the frost upon my hair!"

"A soft hand, as it passes over the lines, will smooth them, and the roses of Hebe will bloom more beautifully, though touched by the frost."

"You are enthusiastic, my more than friend, but can I hope for the same in her? Will she not shrink from the dangers of the life I have chosen?"

"Try her!" again responded the other. "She is perfectly unbiased, and by her choice you must abide."

Weston spoke in the old accent of command, and he motioned in the same way for his friend to join him in thanksgiving to God, whom they remembered in this hour of overwhelming revelation.

An hour later a tall form moved back and forth across the soft carpet, which yielded no echo to the footsteps, and the brilliant light from an astral lamp full like moonbeams upon the silver locks of Earl Livingston. A white-robed figure glided in, and when he turned, in his restless promenade, it was close beside him. Elma was looking up into his face, with her hands clasped unconsciously across her bosom, and there was no mistaking the beautiful, tearful light of her eyes, which gleamed like starbeams through a veil of mist. Wreck as he had called himself, with deep scars upon his heart, and with the emblem of decay in his hair—legged bridegroom that he was, she received him, with tears of such pure joy and gratitude, they were borne on angels' wings as incense to heaven.

To the western wilderness, amongst the huts of the Indians, or more often in the still ruder cabin of the hunter, Elma follows her zealous husband; not alone as a beautiful Hebe, sprinkling roses upon the hoar-frost of the heart, but as a Christian woman, administering to fevered bodies and fevered souls, and dropping kind words, better than pearls, along the path in which she follows her husband, the Indian Missionary.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## NEAR TICINO'S STREAM.

BY WALTER CLARENCE

The first skirmish that occurred between the allied forces of the French and Swabians, and the Austrians, took place near the banks of the River Ticino, and resulted in the defeat of the Austrians.

There, near Ticino's stream,  
The allied armies gain the ir vantage ground,  
Myriads of sabres gleam—  
Artillery thunders forth its deafening sound,  
And the fierce charge of horsemen shakes the ground.

Mark how the foamy spray—  
Tinged by the carnage to a blood red dye—  
Flies with, at close of day,  
The bright hues of the gorgeous western sky,  
'Neath which the wounded soldier sinks to die.

Gently it murmurs by  
Each war-sacked village, its low, plaintive tone—  
A dirge-like melody  
Cremating above each heart-wrung sigh and groan—  
Mocking the dying warrior's parting moan.

Lately through flowery meads,  
Gladdening the flocks which on its margin fed,  
'Midst masts of bending reeds,  
And beds of water weeds, its peaceful course it sped—  
Now taint its freshness with the swollen dead.

There, near Ticino's stream,  
The last war-cry of Freedom hath been heard  
Is it an idle dream—  
The mockery of a perjured Frenchman's word?  
Or have the souls of slaves indeed been stirred?

If so, the trophies gained—  
Albeit amidst blood and wounds and deadly strife—  
May float aloft unstained  
Fair Italy awakened to new life,  
With what bright promise is her future rife?

But if the lust of power  
Alone hath caused the Frenchman's sword to gleam,  
Dark does the future lower  
Italia's sun hath set, no more to beam,  
With this first victory, near Ticino's stream.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MORE than a year had passed since my departure from my native America, and having visited as many of the countries of Europe, and seen as many of her sights as that comparatively short space of time would allow of, I found myself, in the month of June, 184—, a sojourner in Rome. I was happy in being in the Eternal City, but unhappy in being there alone; my heart craved the companionship of a friend, an American, with whom I might enjoy the dreamy splendor of old Rome, and muse upon her past and present.

The face of every person whom I chanced to meet, I subjected to a close scrutiny; but for a long time I was utterly unable to discover one of my countrymen in the city. One morning, however, the object of my search was found—I discovered an American in Rome; and I did not hesitate to salute him at once.

"You seem to be an American—a countryman," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. "Let this be an excuse for my salutation."

He started and turned quickly, as if apprehensive of some harm from me.

"Who—who are you?" he said, abruptly, exhibiting considerable trepidation both in his voice and manner.

I handed him my card; he received it, and having read the name, he observed, "I once knew a person of that name, I believe. However, I don't care to—"

"But I do," I exclaimed, hastily interrupting him. "Stay a moment; let me see your face in a different light. There, now, I am sure of it," and I seized his hand and wrung it heartily. "Sure of what?" he asked.

"That you are Walter Gray, whom I used to call 'Wally' some twenty years ago, when we both went to school together in the old brown school house on the hill!"

"You know me, then?" he questioned, his countenance exhibiting new signs of alarm.

"Know you, Walter? Certainly. You don't mean to tell me that you don't know me yet?"

"No; but I was thinking of something else. You won't betray me?"

"Betray you? Wy, man, explain yourself; you talk in riddles!"

"Then you haven't heard of it?"

"Of it? Come, Walter, you are altogether too mysterious for me. Try to explain yourself."

Instead of making a direct reply, he clutched

my arm, and pointing to a man who stood some distance from us, he whispered, "Come, let us move away from this place; perhaps he has some suspicions—I know I saw him look this way!"

He placed his arm within mine, and led me rapidly from the spot. For myself, I was so utterly puzzled and confused by his mysterious questions and appearance, so different from anything that I had ever before observed in him, that I accompanied him in silence, awaiting the solution of his strange conduct. As I did so, I took the opportunity to scrutinize his face more closely. Ah! never could human form wear a face like his, unless some great fear or sorrow were freezing at the heart! I remembered the time when the countenance of Walter Gray was always glowing with happiness and mirth; now it was wasted by disease, suffering, or whatever the hidden cause might be, while his sunken, restless eyes seemed to burn with never-ceasing fear, or uneasiness. What might be the cause of this change, I endeavored to conjecture, and while I was earnestly reflecting upon this subject, my companion dropped my arm with the remark, "We may walk slower, now; the man is no longer in sight. Let me ask you, now, when you left home?"

"Barely a year has passed since then," I replied.

"And you have heard no mention of me made by any person since you came to Europe?"

"Not the slightest; why do you ask?"

"Stay—let me question you! Has not my name appeared in any letters which you may have received from home?"

"No; you forget that my friends reside now at a great distance from yours."

"True; that will explain it. They, doubtless, have not yet heard of it."

"Of it, again! Walter Gray, what is the meaning of that word which you have made so mysterious? Tell me the reason of your strange conduct; what secret cause operates upon your mind to produce this marvellous change in your appearance? I claim the right to know—I must know!"

I waited for an answer, but I received none. The strange man stood beside me with his head bent forward and his eyes fixed upon the ground; and then, mechanically taking my arm, he walked on again. To say that my astonishment was now increased tenfold, would be simply to affirm the truth; but from this moment I resolved upon a different plan of operations, which was, to endeavor to discover the secret which was preying upon the life of Walter Gray, without seeming to do so; to refrain studiously from mentioning the subject to him, but to watch him closely, and observe all his words and actions. To assist me in my efforts, I had simply the knowledge of this fact; that there was a secret locked up in the breast of Walter Gray, which he carefully concealed from the knowledge of every person, and that the fear lest this secret should in some manner be divulged, was a constant torment to him.

As we continued our walk, my companion threw off, with an effort, the reserve which had thus far influenced him, and in his conversation I fancied I could perceive a tinge of the sprightliness and vigor with which he was formerly wont to enliven it. But I was not deceived; I readily saw that he was exerting himself to the utmost to lull any suspicions which I might have formed, and to throw my mind from the pursuit of the clue which his speech and conduct had afforded me.

For an hour or more we continued our stroll, and at the expiration of that time, I found that we were in the immediate vicinity of one of my places of resort.

"Let us enter here," I said, indicating an open door, beyond which was a broad, spiral stairway. "This is a place in which I can promise you an entertainment which I know will please you."

"What is it?" he asked; and with the words, he stopped before the door.

"Merely a picture gallery, Walter; there is nothing frightful about it, I hope?"

He hesitated a moment, and then, while a sickly smile overspread his face, he followed me. As we ascended the stairway, I distinctly heard him pronounce in a low tone, the words, "I was afraid that this place might be frequented by Americans; if so, I must avoid them, at all hazards!"

I turned abruptly, but he passed me without further remark. His words had not been ad-

ressed to me; they were another expression of the secret and terrible fear which influenced him!

The gallery was filled with visitors, and immediately upon entering it, I lost sight of my companion. For the next few moments, I sought anxiously for him among the crowd, but my efforts proving unavailing, I was obliged to forego, for the time, my observation of him, and confine my attention to the pictures which graced the walls of the long gallery. In this congenial occupation, I passed several hours, and it was only when the number of visitors had dwindled to half a dozen, that I became aware that the afternoon was almost spent.

Just as I was about to depart, I again thought of Walter Gray, and as it suddenly occurred to me that I had failed to visit that part of the gallery most distant from the stairway, I resolved to seek my lost companion there, conjecturing that he had repaired to that, or some other obscure place, in order to shelter himself from public observation, and accordingly I bent my steps in that direction. The strange scene which I beheld there, I will now endeavor to describe.

The extremity of the gallery to which I refer, was expanded into a small chamber, two sides of which were invisible to persons standing in the gallery, although they might be near the entrance of the chamber. Upon entering this chamber, my eyes were instantly riveted upon a large and striking painting hanging upon the wall, which I instantly recognized as the production of an American artist, then resident in Rome, whose works I had often admired. This one, however, far exceeded, in its bold originality and instant effect upon the beholder, any previous one which I had seen, and forgetting for the moment, that there was another present besides myself, I stood silently before the picture, utterly lost in the contemplation.

Its subject could not be mistaken; it was the First Murder. The scene was a wild one, well suited to the subject; a rocky hollow, with a glimpse of the sea for a back ground, and a ruined hut partially shown at the left. The figures occupied the middle centre, and the time represented, different from other representations of the same scene, was the instant after the striking of the fatal blow. In the two faces—those of the murderer and his victim—there was a striking and positive contrast. That of Cain, as he bent over his slain brother, still grasping the club, was a perfect similitude of passion, hatred and ferocity; while the beautiful countenance of the dead Abel was represented as smiling even in death.

And there, kneeling before this extraordinary picture, was Walter Gray! His clasped hands were raised towards it, as if in supplication, his attenuated face was full as white as that of the pictured Abel, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. How long he had been in this position before my entrance, I know not, but for full five minutes after, he continued in the same posture—silent as death itself, and with his eyes fixed, as if in fascination, upon the picture!

But to me, this scene, taken in connection with the events of the morning, and with its solemn silence, now became absolutely frightful, and I determined to solve the mystery at once, if the thing was possible. I coughed slightly, to inform Gray of my presence, and as he saw me, he rose to his feet. There was no trepidation about his movements now; on the contrary, his action was strangely deliberate as he pointed to the picture.

"The secret is here revealed!" he said, huskily. "You can read it here; all the world can read it; it is a secret no longer! I am betrayed where I least expected it!"

"You speak in riddles still," I replied, as calmly as I was able to speak. "I know no more of your mysterious secret than I have ever known; this picture affords me no revelation."

"And what matters that?" he returned, half angrily. "Here is a speaking witness of my crime! Do not start. I declare to you, that I, Walter Gray, am a murderer!"

The man was not insane; he spoke as calmly and rationally as I myself did. This was certain; and then followed the consequential certainty that his words were true; that Walter Gray was a murderer, and that the secret of the crime was that terrible secret which had so burdened his mind!

"Listen, and I will tell you about it," he continued. "I am glad to reveal it at last; I am glad that this terrible fear and remorse which for the last half year have been consuming me, are

at last to be quenched, even though it be upon the scaffold!"

"If you have known nothing of me for the last fifteen years, until to-day, of course you know nothing of Henry Beauchamp. He came to our native village after you left it, and though he sought my friendship, I never granted it. I was envious of his superior qualities because he surpassed me in almost every point. I fostered an increasing jealousy, and at last I came to hate him; yes, I hated him with a bitter hatred."

"There was also in the village a beautiful girl, Julia Maynard by name, and in the struggle for her favor we were rivals. Whether Henry or myself first approached her I know not; but in this, as in all things else, he excelled me. He was the favored suitor, and my heart grew still more bitter towards him."

"It is a short story; the rest is easily told. One night, six months ago, I was crossing the common between the village and the seashore, moodily meditating upon the news I had just heard—that Henry Beauchamp and Julia Maynard were to be married the succeeding week. I was revolving this bitter morsel in my mind, when suddenly and unexpectedly I encountered the very object of my thoughts—Henry Beauchamp! I was in a bitter frame of mind, and the meeting was unfortunate. I attacked him with reproachful charges and bitter epithets; he answered me with equal bitterness, and with more truth. At last my anger rose beyond endurance; my blood was hot, and I struck him. It differs little whether I meant it as a death-blow or otherwise, so long as he actually died beneath my hand! I saw him fall; I heard his death groan, and I fled from that spot, thenceforth to be a haunted man!"

"And I have been haunted; you have judged the same from my appearance this very day! The fear of a disgraceful death; and this, with the remorse and horror which have since filled my breast, have brought me almost to the verge of the grave. My life is but one continued torment; I die a thousand deaths daily!"

"And what," I asked, "do you now propose to do? Surely, you have no thoughts of committing suicide?"

"No, not that; but to-morrow I shall sail for America, there to surrender myself to the vengeance of the law. You need not dissuade me; my purpose is fixed and cannot be changed."

His eyes fell again upon the picture, and he exclaimed:

"Look at that painting again; examine it well! You do not know why it affected me so powerfully! It was not, as you may imagine, because it represents a crime like mine, but because it is the exact representation of my own crime! Look at the face of that Cain; is it not a perfect representation of my own?"

An exclamation of astonishment burst from my lips. Why had I not noticed it before? The words of Gray were perfectly true; his face was most accurately reproduced upon the canvass in that of the murderer!

"And not only this," he cried, excitedly, "but every feature of this accursed painting is a life-like representation of some part of that death scene! Look at the face of that murdered Abel—it is an unmistakable likeness of Henry Beauchamp! There, too, is the very scene, portrayed as if from nature; the stony valley, the old hut, the distant valley—all, all truthful! How this picture ever came to be painted I cannot conjecture, but here it is; and if its mission be to destroy me, it will ere long have effected it. There is a destiny in these things, and I will not struggle against it. Let us go now," he added, after a pause. "Assist me to my lodgings; I am weak and sick. To-morrow I shall sail for America."

We left the gallery as he desired, and I accompanied him to his lodgings. Here I would have left him, but he besought me so earnestly not to leave him alone that I consented to remain near him till morning. I could not help observing that his humor had now assumed the form of a timid weakness; every occasional noise seemed to jar upon his nerves, and to fill him with alarm.

I arose at an early hour the next morning, intending to watch for awhile at Gray's bedside, but before I could enter his room, I was called to the outer door by a loud knocking. Upon opening it, a man presented himself, in whom I instantly recognized the person who had excited the apprehensions of Gray during the first few moments of my meeting with him on the previous day.



"Walter Gray is here?" he said, abruptly. "He is," I replied, "but he is unwell."

"No matter, I must see him instantly. I have searched for him in this city for almost two weeks."

The positive tone in which these words were spoken left me no choice, and I conducted him to Walter Gray's chamber. But Walter Gray was not there; or rather, there upon the bed lay the body which had once enshrined his soul!

"He is dead!"

"You are right," said the stranger; "he has seen the last of earth! You were with him yesterday; did he confess his crime to you?"

I replied by a gesture of assent.

"You will know me then," he continued, "when I inform you that I am Robert Beauchamp, brother of the deceased Henry. I have tracked his murderer unwearingly for half a year, and had he not died, as he has, through sickness or remorse, he would speedily have died by my hand. Farewell; we may never meet again!"

His words were true; he passed from my sight, and I have never seen him since. Walter Gray, who by the strange dispensation of Providence, escaped his vengeance, was buried in the Stran-

#### THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

We embrace the opportunity afforded by the publication of an English photograph, to publish the accompanying engraving, representing the Royal Family of England combined in one group. It is simply a lady and gentleman, surrounded by bright-looking boys and girls. Many an English citizen's family would make as good an appearance, and many better. But the absence of all pretence and of all haughtiness in the aspect of this little family group is quite noticeable. Simplicity and quiet good-breeding is the characteristic of the people in the picture as it is in life. Queen Victoria, by all accounts, is really a nice domestic little body, an excellent manager, a good wife, good mother, good neighbor and friend. So far as etiquette permits, she dispenses with formality and parade. She can queen it when necessary, but it is very evident that she enjoys herself much better at Balmoral or in the Isle of Wight, where she can mix familiarly with the people, walk, ride, drive, *sans façon*. Her husband also appears to be quite an exemplary man, and though a foreigner, has, on the whole, succeeded in winning the good graces of her majesty's subjects. The young gentleman

their sceptres, who have sublime ideas of royal rights from studying the gorgeous offices of sovereigns on playing cards. The Princess Alice, who stands behind little Prince Arthur, in his Highland costume, is to "come out" this winter, and will probably be married off to some German prince. The royal children are certainly interesting little folks. They are well educated, accomplished, have been brought up sensibly, and wherever they may be placed, are likely to do credit to their parents. It is no wonder that the English people are attached to their sovereign, for she has certainly reigned with honor, and whether as a queen or a woman, is entitled to respect.

#### BARON DE HESS.

Field-Marshal Baron Henry de Hess, who, although not actually on the battle field of Magenta, is understood to have acted ever since his arrival in Italy as Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army, is a veteran of the old Napoleonic wars, upon whom a new and recent glory has fallen from his connection with the Italian campaigns of Marshal Radetzky de Radetz in 1849. Born at Vienna in 1788, Henry de Hess

Maria Theresia, founded in 1757, and ranking among the Austrian decorations directly after the Golden Fleoce, as the Bath in England ranks after the Order of the Garter, with the title of Baron, and with the rank of Major-General of the imperial staff. In 1854 he signed the Convention of April 20, with Prussia, and took command of the Army of Observation on the Danube. He is now a Field-Marshal and Quarter-Master-General of the Austrian army, and actual Commander-in-Chief of the force in Italy. —*London Globe*.

#### COUNT GYULAI.

Marshal Count Gyulai, the unsuccessful general who undertook the destruction of Turin only to expose himself and his army to the derision and contempt of Europe, is a Hungarian by birth and blood. He was one of the magnates summoned to the Hungarian Parliament in 1848, but refused to appear. He was born in 1803, and first came forward as a conspicuous soldier in 1848, when he fought under Radetzky in Italy, and was present at the defeat of the Austrians at Goito, as well as at their victory at Custozza, and afterwards at Novara. In 1856 he was



THE PRINCE CONSORT.  
PRINCE ALFRED.

PRINCESS HELENA.

PRINCESS ALICE.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

QUEEN AND INFANT PRINCESS BEATRICE.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

PRINCESS LOUISE.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

PRINCE OF WALES.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

ger's Cemetery at Rome, and here properly ends this tragic episode of his life.

There is, however, something to be added concerning the mysterious picture which led to my discovery of Walter Gray's crime. A few days after his death I called upon the artist whom I suspected of producing it, nor wore my conjectures wrong. It had been painted, he said, at the order of Robert Beauchamp, and under a pledge of secrecy. The death of Walter Gray had freed him from this obligation, and therefore he felt at liberty to inform me of all he knew in relation to the painting. The faces were copied from daguerreotypes furnished by Beauchamp, and the scene from an accurate sketch of the locality, taken also by himself. It is easy to conclude, then, that Beauchamp hoped that the exhibition of this strange picture in some public place would cause Walter Gray to reveal himself in some manner, or in some way to furnish a clue to his indefatigable pursuer.

Upon his departure from Rome, Robert Beauchamp left the picture behind. I became the purchaser of it, and as it is now in my possession, I can appeal to it to substantiate this tale. Before my return to America, Julia Maynard had followed her murdered lover to the grave.

standing, hat in hand, on the right, is the Prince of Wales, before whose eyes the crown of England shines in perspective. He is now a colonel in the guards, and has been travelling in Europe, receiving an amount of flattery which may hint to him what he is to expect if he ever mounts the throne. Prince Alfred, standing with his father on the other side, is the sailor of the family, swings his hammock aboard the *Euryalus*, "chaffs" and is "chaffed" by his shipmates, and very likely has been soundly thrashed before this time in the midshipman's berth. The Princess Royal of Prussia, who stands behind her mother's chair, is said to be much like her in character, and to be quite English in frankness and sincerity. Married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia about a year ago, she is now a happy mother, and has recently paid a visit to the queen. She is not handsome, but bright and cheerful. In allusion to her dark complexion and plain features, she said to her mother one day: "It's no use for people to try to fatter me, you can make nothing but a white nigger of me after all." Such a speech must be very shocking to those who fancy that princesses always talk in blank verse, and that kings and queens go to bed with their crowns on, and stir their soup with

entered the imperial armies in 1805 as an ensign, just before the battle of Austerlitz, and performed various subordinate staff duties till 1809, when at the age of 21 he was baptized in a battle at Wagram, and behaved gallantly enough to attract attention. When war broke out afresh with France in 1813 he was a captain, and at the end of the war in 1814 found himself a major, covered with foreign orders, and attached to the War office. His first very conspicuous service, however, dates no further back than 1830, when he made himself prominent on the staff in Lombardy as a tactician. In 1842 he became a Lieutenant Field Marshal, a distinction which answers in the Austrian army to that of General of Division in the army of France, and continued to serve in Italy. Already known as a tactician, in 1848 he attracted attention as a strategist. He became the right hand of Radetzky, who made him prominent in all his despatches. The march on Vicenza, which ended in the honorable capitulation of General Durando, and the battle of Custoza, were suggested by him; and he it was who drew up, in 1849, that plan for a five days' campaign, which ended in the defeat of the Sardinians at Novara. For these services he was rewarded with the Military Order of

made a Field-Marshal, and on the death of Radetzky became commander of the fifth Austrian corps d'armee, with his head quarters at Verona. In this position he gave great umbrage by his brusque, unconciliatory manners and martinet ideas of discipline, not only to the Lombardo-Venetian people, but also to the emperor's brother, the Arch-Duke Maximilian, then governor of those provinces. In 1855 he was removed from his command at the request of the arch-duke, but was restored again on the approach of hostilities. He is a good tactician, but has no reputation as a strategist. His successive blunders in the opening of the campaign, and his final failure to divine and arrest the advance of the allied army, have at last brought upon him his dismissal from the chief command. It is rumored that he is to be sent to take the place of the deceased Jellachich, as Ban of Croatia. —*London News*.

The attrition of rival minds in the great secret of successful intellect. The genius may be born in the woods, but it never takes root there. The tree that has sprung up in the shade, will blossom and bring forth fruit in the sunshine only. —*W. G. Sumner*.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## ROSES.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

O, take this rose of shining red,  
And take this other, so pale and white,  
And think of the hopes which are sore and dead,  
Think of the life you have served to blight.

Think of the ashes your hands have strewn,  
Over a heart once happy and free,  
Remember the time when these last were blown,  
And you and I under the sweet rose-tree.

The sun came down on your golden hair,  
Your eyes were tender and full of love,  
Your face was beaming, and gentle, and fair,  
As I called you my pretty turtle dove.

Alas, for the love which then was new,  
Alas, for the roses I gave to thee,  
All of them withered while yet you were true!  
When new ones budded you were dead to me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA.

BY FRANCES P. FLETTERELL.

WHEN Felix Der Wiltz, the only scion of the family of Wiltz haven, returned home after having taken all honors at the seat of learning in another city, everybody *did* say that a finer specimen of beauty existed not in the Low Countries, and everybody would have said (had he been one of those about whom people dared to talk freely) that such a fortune, name and honor should unite itself nowhere in Amsterdam but to the old and very noble house of Von Saltzburg, for that marquis had a daughter, a slender, brilliant girl, thin and pale with the fire within which burned at her threadlike lips and in her strange black eyes. This damsel always knotted her straight black hair in heavy coils round her head, and fastened it with one great ruby pin; she always wore a cream-colored garment, of gauze and mousselines, it may be, in summer; of thickest, stiffest, royal-rustling brocade in winter; a ruby rosary hung at her golden belt, and attached to the rosary was a tiny stiletto, the handle set with similar gems; for the heiress Fanchette Von Saltzburg was as full of whims and crochets as any girl in Amsterdam, and gratified a number of them by this unvarying array. With all this, Ma'mselle Fanchette was not a beauty. Eyes too sharp, lips and nose too thin; restlessness too marked, she looked perpetually on the scent for mischief, and her looks by no means belied her. Of course, though we know so very little of the Seigneur Felix Der Wiltz, we know he will never share his fortunes with such a girl as that; and we know, too, that cut and fitted for single blessedness the said young lady was. Der Wiltz was in no such hurry for a wife as the good city gossips were to give him one, and he went about his own affairs, knowing very well what they whispered, nevertheless—his affairs which got daily mixed up deeper with the politics of the country.

"What shall Jacques do with these quince trees, your worship?" asked a gardener of Master Felix, one sunset.

"O, plant them by the south wall," was the careless reply.

"The wall's broken down, sir."

"Ah, then put it up."

"Would it please your worship to take a turn that way and see what is best? By time the wall's put up, 'twill be too late to set the quinces. And there's the new jonquils, and Meinbeer Ruby's tulips, and—"

"Here, here, Friderkin! I'll go at once. Spare the rest!" And seizing his broad hat he sprang over the sill, leaving the gardener to halt after.

"O, master!" called poor Friderkin, "the stork's gone, your worship knows."

Now a stork in Holland was utterly necessary to the public health, devouring as he did every particle of decay and vermin, and so its loss was no trifle.

"The stork!" cried Master Felix. "When was it? Where?"

"Not far. Not a half hour since."

"Ah, he is, maybe, in the next garden; he has walked over the broken wall."

"Very like, your worship."

At this point of the dialogue, Master Felix reached the broken wall; he mounted half a dozen stones and stood looking down into the next garden. So long he looked, that the old

gardener, finding no replies to his questions, grew testy and went away till his master could vouchsafe him some share of attention. But that was not to be at present, for Felix Der Wiltz was looking at a picture too lovely just then to be left for any demand concerning quince or jonquil. Below him his neighbor's garden lay, and not twenty feet distant a swing, slung from the branches of a tall old pear tree, swayed lightly over the green sward at its feet. But that was not the thing at all that fixed his eyes. In the swing—one snowy arm clinging to the rope aloft, one tiny foot hanging from the airy robe below—sat the loveliest little blonde, Dutch beauty that ever Vandyke or Rubens drew; and as she swung, the white stork—his own stork—with strange familiarity, stood awkwardly in the pretty scene, and perched upon one foot, put up its ugly head for a caress each time she passed. When Master Felix had—not gazed a sufficient time but—begun to fear he should be observed, he stepped slowly down on the other side of the broken wall and advanced to the swinging girl, who now perceived him. He took off his hat before her and bowed low in approaching.

"I have the happiness to greet Mademoiselle Louise Ronstein?" he said.

She slipped from her seat, and with a timid grace made a corresponding courtesy.

"Master Der Wiltz is very welcome in my father's garden," answered the sweetest of voices.

Tiny, a mere blossom, but lovely as day, she stood before him, a little pearl he could have crushed with one motion. Eyes blue as heaven, complexion fair as apple blossoms, lips like melting strawberries, and stray soft golden hair.

"I thank you," he replied, still transfixed her with his delighted gaze, "yet never should have intruded, but that this stork has chosen to change quarters, as you see."

"It is no intrusion," she returned, winding the loose hair back to its place, "and my father will be glad to receive his guest."

So saying, she made another courtesy and fled up the alley to the piazza, while a portly gentleman came forward and saluted Master Felix heartily.

"Come in, come in, Der Wiltz! Come drink my little lass's health. I've just got her back from Aix, but I scarcely hope to keep her long; she's too fair, fair as a flower—ha, my man?"

"Mademoiselle Ronstein is very fair," was the somewhat stately reply. "No, with thanks, not to-night. I have come for my stork, meinher."

"Ah, ha! So that fine bird is yours! A fine stork, bright-eyed, clean bill; yes, a fine stork; but come in!"

"I have things I must attend to with my gardener, if you will excuse me."

"Now, Seigneur Der Wiltz, since you've been at home my walls have not seen you—"

"And scarcely my own walls. A man has so much to attend to in taking possession."

"Well, then, here's an opportunity. Make a chance for friendship. Show your colors. Come in!"

Again Master Felix remonstrated, but the matter ended by his following the other into a long, handsome hall, whose dark table glittered with silver flagons and great baskets of fruit, placed there at her father's sudden order, by the deft hands of the dainty Louise.

"Here, little lass!" cried her father, as she was about to make off. "Here, my Rose of Amsterdam! Wait a while till we drink your health in this ale—or you rare old Moselle." And he filled the glass for Master Felix.

Thus commanded to remain, she made no further demonstration, and sat quietly at no great distance from the two, while the great stork rambled in, and put its head in her hand.

"Mademoiselle Ronstein is then a stranger in Amsterdam?" asked Felix.

"Ah, yes. I have lived with my aunt, at Aix, fifteen years," she responded.

"And of the two cities you now prefer Amsterdam?"

"My aunt died," she answered, casting down her eyes.

"Pardon, I pray; I am very indiscreet," he exclaimed, as he saw a tear fall. "But you have not been long at Amsterdam?"

"Indeed for three months and more my little Lu has been here; but shut up and going out nowhere, how was it to be known? You have got here at last, Master Felix, and maybe you'll come again, and coax Mistress Lu from her seclusion."

"I shall be too happy," he replied. "And if

she will do me such honor, to ride and sail with her round our city till it grows more familiar."

"You are very kind," said little Louise, glancing at him timidly with her great blue eyes. "Amsterdam is not so pleasant as Aix."

"Ah? You will forget that directly. When you ride beyond the river with me to-morrow, into the meadows and out across the country. Will you go?"

"O, monsieur, I shall be so glad!"

"And then I have boats, sails, oars; your father knows if I can manage them. We will go on the canals next day. Shall we? Are you afraid?"

"O, no," she said, "but I will not tax you so far."

"Tax? Believe it a pleasure. If she does me the honor, I shall be proud to display my city to so sweet a lady, and even to make her finally declare it a more royal place than Aix."

"Thank you, Master Der Wiltz, but scarcely believing you will succeed," she returned, laughing.

"What is there so beautiful in Aix?" he asked, innocently.

"Aix? Ah, the cathedral, and the baths, and the king of France comes there sometimes; you know it was Charlemagne's seat; and we have games and festivals there—"

"All that we have here, but the baths."

"And you can have a good ducking in the canals any day," cried Ronstein, taking his pipe from his mouth, being quite lost in the curling smoke.

"And then, Master Der Wiltz, it was home."

"Very true, if home is always so sweet."

"Tush, tush, lass! It's home here, and I'm here, and I'm your father!"

"O, yes, papa, and you know how glad I am to be with you. Aix would not have been Aix if you had not come twice a month to see me there."

"Then come sit on my knee!" And he lifted her in his great rude arms into the clouds of smoke.

"For shame, papa. Put me down!" she whispered, stroking his rough cheeks. "Unmannerly Master Ronstein!"

"Ah, thou'rt a winning minx! Have thine own way. But first heap that dish with thy brown pears for our friend. There, sir," he continued, but now addressing Der Wiltz, "have you such a tree your side of the wall? Did your eyes ever rest on such skins? All the juice shining through them like a star reflected in our sluices. See her little white fingers twinkle among them! Here, Lu, put that red-cheeked one atop. Ah, Master Felix, when thou hast a daughter of thine own, thou'lt know what 'tis to be happy as I!"

"And meantime, good sir, I may make merry and be happy with my neighbors' daughters, may I not? Fine pears, indeed. But you do not know what grows in my garden, the other side the wall. Suppose, some day, Master Ronstein, you bring Mistress Louise and see."

"So I will. We've not been neighborly. Better fashions now. But you have been so brief a while at home from your scholarly courses, and I have been gadding round so since with one thing and another—"

"Politics?"

"O, one thing and another—"

"You need not hesitate, Master Ronstein. I've often wondered if you and I thought alike about the country troubles."

"It's not safe to say what one thinks."

"To every one, no; but to me, yes."

"And what do you think, Felix Der Wiltz?"

The person addressed did not look up for a moment, but went on leisurely peeling his brown pear, as if the question were some trifle about the weather, and not one whose answer involved his life, peeling the brown pear till he threw the long skin thin as gauze into the glowing grate behind him (for in those damp climates one has a fire the hottest days in summer). Then he watched it sputter and burn away, and at last raised his eyes.

"Holland is a pining," he said. "The king will let her burn. But the juicy slices, those other provinces, Flanders and her sister, Philip saves for his own sweet tooth, unless—"

"Unless you and I and all honest men unite to snatch them!" cried Ronstein, coming forward and laying his hand heavily on Felix's shoulder.

"Thou'rt a noble youth! Thou'rt not wasted thy time, thou'rt thought on thy country's wrongs. Come! if thou'rt ready, come with me. There are other patriots, and mighty plans

will be glad of thee to-night. Come, it is our congress of freedom."

Der Wiltz rose, a fire broad as a beacon flashing in his dark eye. He bowed very low again to the astonished little Louise, and went out with her father to a new scene, new men—to hopes, deeds, conquests, long ardently desired and at last to be attained.

The next morning, true to his word, Master Der Wiltz rode forth from Ronstein's gateway with the little Louise on another horse beside him. As they slowly rode down the street, passing stately mansions, a dark, thin face peered at them from a window, while a voice somewhat sharply cried: "Good morrow, friend Felix! To the meadows so early? A pleasant gallop to you!"

Friend Felix took off his cap and bent quite down to his saddle, albeit making no reply, and glancing askance at Louise.

"Do you know that damsel?" he said.

"The Lady Fanchette? O, yes. She is no good friend of mine."

"Ah?"

"Yes. She was at Aix once and stayed with my aunt at a great festival. And they were to crown a queen, the townspeople, you know; and we all thought it would be Fanchette, but instead they crowned me, though I'm sure I didn't wish it. I suppose it was because I had lived there longest and was most known."

"Very likely and without doubt," said Felix, laughing.

"And Fanchette," continued the innocent little Louise, "was very angry, and stood on her rank, and went home, and has not been to see me here."

"That is quite like her. Do you know our good friends of Amsterdam espouse her to me at their gossip?"

"O, I didn't know. I beg your pardon. I wouldn't have spoken. I fear I have offended you."

He looked at her again and laughed.

"See here," he said, plucking a tall reed that brushed his stirrup as he passed, "is not that beautiful?" And he handed it to her.

It was a butterfly, that having entangled his delicate feet on the viscous reed, had spread his great gilded wings in vain struggles for flight. She examined its rich colors and freckled spots, its shining scalelets.

"O, very," she said. And loosing a slender bodkin from her apparel, she freed by its means the lovely creature, who fluttered a moment and then soared from sight.

"You are very tender of nature's little souls," he said.

"And not of her larger ones? I am very sorry that I spoke so about Fanchette."

"Let poor Fanchette alone. Do you suppose I am a butterfly to be caught in her honey?"

"You are as splendid as that one," thought, but did not say, Louise.

"And if I were, I would some tender Louise might set me free likewise," he added.

But the little lady, not noticing the contemptuous tone of his voice when speaking of the heiress Von Saltzburg, was harassing herself with false conjectures and idle regrets; for already, on so slight an acquaintance, she saw too noble things in the Seigneur Der Wiltz to be wasted on Fanchette, and actually believed from his careless air that the good folks' gossip was no falsehood. This belief was confirmed later in the day by a call from Mistress Fanchette herself, who, having seen Louise in Der Wiltz's society, determined to make a third there. Whether most to her sorrow or gratification she did not find Der Wiltz at the Stadt Ronstein, it is impossible to say; but this at least is certain, Louise thought Felix had sent her, and thanked him for his kindness in doing so, that evening, as they two, alone, slipped down a canal in a tiny boat, canopied at one end with a fringed awning, from the moonlight. Der Wiltz laughed again.

"You attribute strange charities and virtues to me," said he, gaily, "and were the last aspersion true, it would not be either one or the other. I have not seen the maiden, if you have, since this morning's salute. I think she is setting her cap for Master Ronstein!" And at this, so palpably ridiculous, Louise herself laughed, and almost put her heart at rest.

Day after day of assiduous attention from Felix now slipped away, though late at night and early at dawn he was off at secret assemblies of patriots, as she knew, for her father was always his associate there. His constant friendliness to her she believed to be partly owing to



this companionship with her father, partly to his natural charity when finding Amsterdam congenial to her, and determining to make it otherwise; for in her heart of hearts she feared Fanchette, and was sacrificing his own inclinations to do herself this Christian kindness. Thus you must perceive that Louise had no manner of vanity, and if you want a reason for her pestering her mind with such solutions to the problem of Der Wiltz's attentions, I don't know of any other than that she was in love herself.

So the summer passed. Once or twice Der Wiltz might have been about to speak words that would have been like balm, when some unreasonable interruption prevented; and oftentimes of any, that interruption was Fanchette, for Louise, ignorant how much or how little pleasure this lady's company afforded Der Wiltz, did not treat her unwelcomely, and she presented herself almost daily. So the summer passed. And the winter also passed; but from December to April Master Felix left little Louise lonely in Amsterdam; for though Fanchette dropped in with her sewing or singing or chatting or prayer-book seven times a week, all that long winter she was none the less lonely. Der Wiltz was away; where, she knew not; once, indeed, she had gathered courage to mention his name to her father, who only laughed and muttered something about his being on a good business.

"Do you know," said Fanchette, one afternoon, the last of April, "Master Der Wiltz wrote from England to have his house sold; and it is sold for I don't know how many thousand guilders; so we're to have him here no more. I wonder what he's been across the water for, and if he's not afraid to sail."

"Master Felix loves the sea," said Louise.

"Ah? As he says, how do you know?"

"I have heard him say so."

"I guess you've heard him say his last say; he'll talk to us no more. Well, Amsterdam's luckily quit of him. He's a sad flirt; talked a thousand girls to flinders with his love-making, and left them all in the lurch—"

"That cannot be true, Fanchette," broke in Louise, wondering if she were one of those girls.

"Can't? Well, good-by, dear." And Mistress Fanchette puckered up her work, and with her lace-making, love-making, and mischief-making, took herself off.

Now this girl knew well enough that at this very moment Der Wiltz was in Amsterdam, having come to sell his estate, as she had said; and she, having full control of her father's lengthy purse, had not employed and paid spies upon his least movement for nothing, and thus knew as well as he knew himself, that the object of his visit to England was to place a certain sum securely in safe hands for future use, and turn other sums into two ships, well equipped and manned, one designed for a friend and co-patriot, the other to be commanded by himself, and both lying at the mouth of the river at that moment.

"Now," thought Fanchette, "if I were going to sail with him in that ship, it would be another thing; but this Louise, she never shall!"

Fanchette departed, leaving gloom behind her as usual; and Louise, thinking things must be as her guest had said, though doubtless told for some spiteful reason, tried to reason her little heart into obedience and resignation. Her father's tea was served in silence, and afterwards, Louise sitting on his knee, had sung him his customary evening song, when he put her down suddenly, declaring he must go out on some important matter he had forgotten. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps become indistinguishable, when a quick, gay step was heard in the hall, and "Louise! Louise!" was clearly called. She ran forward. Der Wiltz seized both her hands, looking into her eyes steadfastly, but without other greeting than if they had met an hour ago.

"Thy scarf," he said. "My boat waits at the water-door. Let us slip down the canal in this soft evening light, as if not a whole winter had intervened. To-morrow is May Day, my queen! To-night be crowned!" And in five minutes more they were alone in the little craft, floating over the smooth, dark water. "Louise! (he had never called her so before this night) what hast thou done all these long months?"

"Monsieur, I have kept house at home."

"And grown sad and lonely in the process. You had no one to ride and sail with. Yet I hear there are plenty of city gallants who beg to be your sweethearts. Louise, did you ever miss me?"

"Master Der Wiltz!"

"Yes. Did you ever miss me? Ever so little? Ever wish to hear my voice?"

"Fanchette has been very kind, and came to see me every day."

"Beggings the question? Fanchette has nothing to do with it. Would the time have been pleasanter had I been here?"

"Without doubt."

"You are very cool, cautious and wary. Do you know you have not even greeted me, and I away six months!"

"Master—"

"Prythee leave the 'Master;' speak to Felix."

"You did not give me a chance to greet you."

"I am sitting beside you now, there is chance enough."

Louise looked away. She had never seen him in such a spirit, and knew not how to conduct.

"Pray forgive me," he cried, quickly. "I am so gay to night, I forget that you have been so long in this depressing place. I am gay because I have just come from a freer land, England, and because I have been living a free life on the sea, no tyrants there. You have heard of the Beggars of the Sea this winter? How they have wrenched from King Philip's tight hand his rarest little ports, his jewels of Brill and Delft, and Mann and Clerhaven? You have heard, half with joy and half with trembling, of these bold lords of all our coast? Louise, did you know I was the Beggar of the Sea? And there are a hundred others and better."

She started; for though all the world had heard of these wonderful and fearless exploits of a comparative handful of men, against whose valor and success all the armies of Spain were powerless, none pretended to know who they were, to have seen one of them was to have seen ghosts, and abroad they seemed to wear invisibility. Yet they were, in fact, some of the noblest men of the Netherlands, the De la Marcks, the Verglots, the Treslongs, the Der Wiltzes. Their singular name had been given by those who feared them as desperately as Philip's minions must, but all the hearts of their countrymen beat in unison with theirs, and a hundred thousand prayers ascended for them, night and day.

"You are afraid. "Do you think," he said, "that since I took up arms for freedom, I am not a better man?"

"Yes. I was frightened a moment," she said, half breathlessly. "But only because it brought war home to me so. My father means that, I know; he will go—"

"Yes. Your father will go. Why don't you ask what will become of you?"

"I? Monsieur, I shall go too."

"Mademoiselle," he began in mimicry of her conventional address, "if you will not say Felix, I must not say Louise, you see—you are so very proper it will never do for you to go in a ship alone. There are no ladies there, and you are unmarried."

"Must I stay, do you mean?"

He laughed, then grew serious. "That will be for you to decide," he said, gently.

"O, then, of course I shall go," she cried, with a flash in her large blue eyes.

"Brave little soul! Do you know what danger it is to encounter, what gun-shots, sabre-wounds, storm and wave, threaten and surround those who sail with the Beggars of the Sea?"

"What matter? My father will be there, and—"

"And what, Louise?"

"And you, monsieur."

"Mistress Louise Ronstein, I am not a Frenchman. Are all gentlemen at Aix, messieurs? You and I used to play together when we were babies, though I was some three years the elder baby. That is why it is so easy to me to say Louise. You could not speak when your mother died and they took you away to Aix. So you never called me Felix. Do you know, a strange fancy haunts me—I think if you should say to me, 'Felix, I love you,' no ball would hit me next week when we descend to capture Flushing."

Could she have heard right, Louise wondered. But then she remembered what Fanchette had said of his conduct. This was not saying, "Louise, I love you," and so she replied:

"Ah, Master Felix! I shall be there myself, maybe."

"Maybe," he said, glancing at the water.

Louise looked there, too; dim, smooth, in this soft darkness slipping slowly round them, leading into the heart of the city, leading into the broad river and so out to sea, where the great

ships lay, and she half lost her thoughts picturing their giant sides looming in the night, their sails and pennons, and their fiery lips; then the stout hearts that manned them, and their leader—chivalrous, beautiful, noble.

But while she thought, slowly, almost imperceptibly, mingling with her dream, encircling it, an arm stole round her waist, drew her nearer, clasped her; soft eyes glowed and burned in her eyes; lips melted in a full, voluptuous kiss upon her own. A dream of heaven! But suddenly as a knife cuts a web, a great shock shivered their boat, water, black, cold, plunging, boiled up round them, a rude grasp snatched her from Felix Der Wiltz's arm, and all sensation left her.

How long a time had elapsed when she awoke, of course she could not know, but all around her cries were resounding. "Ronstein! Master Ronstein's drowned. Drowned and dead is Master Ronstein!" Again she faintest, and only after nearly an hour became aware of violent friction and of Mistress Fanchette's voice. The latter lady, having of course heard of the disturbance, left her home and sallied forth, was just entering.

"What's this?" she cried. "Poor dear! Is it true? Is Master Ronstein lost, and where?"

Louise closed her eyes again, too weak and lost to speak. So lately heaven, now this.

"Master Ronstein was standing on the step at the water-door when the Der Wiltz barge grazed it," said one of the women, standing by. "Two or three barges were crowded close together, so a man told me below, their oarsmen not attending, or making love, or something, and there was a collision, and Master Ronstein somehow fell and was dragged down with another man; folks say it was the Seigneur Der Wiltz—"

"What, what!" cried Fanchette. "That cannot be! I said not him, I—" here she saw her blunder, in season to stop further disclosure.

"Some people were on the step, talking with Master Ronstein," continued the woman, "and they saw a white frock in the hurly and tore hold of it, and dragged my mistress up. Though how she got there, God in heaven knows! O, but I remember she used to row with Master Felix every evening last summer. O, sweet Lady Louise!" she cried, beginning to sob, "if you'd only look like yourself!"

Now though the good woman thought this to be the true version, Fanchette knew better, for, of course, her own hirelings had not had orders that night to drown Der Wiltz, when they were to snatch Louise from him and throw her into the canal; but the heiress of the doting Von Salzburg had paid heavy gold coin that Ronstein might be arrested by them and put into the hands of Alva's police, who would keep him out of her way, and that Louise might be treated to a bath such as she used to take, with a little more preparation, frequently at Aix; a bath merely, because the canal was nowhere deep enough for drowning, but if one was such a fool as to drown there, very likely, reasoned the Lady Fanchette, they would drown themselves at home in a tea cup. So, though the young lady had not meant to commit murder exactly, she had begun a little pleasantry that bid fair to end as seriously. She had designed putting Louise out of her way, if not by death, at least by catching cold and fever; Master Ronstein out of her way by shutting him up in one of Alva's prisons (which, said she, the old traitor deserves; it's justice), so that, these things effected, the coast might be clear for her designs upon Der Wiltz. But now if he were drowned, she had done two very foolish things, and all to make herself miserable for life.

As for Master Ronstein's loss, as she had not intended it, it did not trouble her at all. Using immediately, all her endeavors to discover if it were true that Felix sank with the shattered bark, she decided to believe that he had not, though having no ground for such a belief, but that when the canals were dragged next day, no corpses were to be found; while she knew there had been a strong wind during the night, which, washing much water out to sea, had probably washed all bodies out with it. "At all events," reasoned the little fiend, "if he's alive, he'll come back for Louise. I'll take her home, then he never can reach her but through me, and through me he never shall!"

With her, to will was to do. Too feeble to make a gesture, Louise, almost lifeless as a broken lily, was laid on a litter and carried to Von Salzburg's house. Here she might have died entirely, had not one of her women insisted upon accompanying and nursing her. Still she

lay helpless and faint, and so might have faded out of life had not her nurse returned, one day a week later, from a little walk and placed on her hand a jewel, a ring that she had often seen on Felix's hand.

"I met a sailor, my lady, on the quay, and he said, 'You're Mistress Ronstein's maid?' and I said, 'Yes, I be,' and he said, 'You're to tell in her private ear that her friend's safe, and sends her this token,' and so he gave me this ring."

From that day Louise mended. Now she began to feel her father's loss, to weep bitterly at thought of him, to remember him in a thousand attitudes, to long to re-enter his house and revisit the familiar places. "I must go home now," she said to Fanchette, one day when that damsel condescended to enter her apartment, an event of seldom occurrence, and only now happening that she might tell the news of Flushing's capture by the Beggars of the Sea.

"Go home?" was the reply. "I shan't hear of such a thing! Besides, you've got no home to go to. Don't you know—O, certainly not—Meinheer Gobbins bought your father's house and lands, and paid for them, and shows his deeds, and your father had the money on his person when he was drowned! I'm sorry to tell, but you'll have to learn it from some one, you're poor now. Of course you'll stay here till you're well, and then I'll dismiss my own maid, and you may take her place, or I'll get you such a situation with my cousins in Germany." So saying, Mistress Fanchette danced out of the room with her cream-colored mousseline fluttering spitefully behind her. Louise, crushed and heart-broken, sat alone till twilight began to fall. She was wishing she might die, and thinking how easy it would be just then, when a voice, clear as a bell, rang through her ears.

"Mademoiselle Louise Ronstein is here! I take no negative, and I will see her!"

Louise sprang to her feet, dashed down the long stairs between them, flung herself into arms that opened to receive her, and cried, "Felix! O, my God! Felix, my love, my darling, take me away!"

Felix, holding his treasure, turned and bowed to Fanchette, whose customarily pale face was blazing. "I wish you a good evening and a light conscience," he said, and darted through the doorway.

"Hanz will bring your maid, dearest," he explained, and close-clasped in his embrace, but mounted on a steed whose hoofs outstripped the wind, they galloped all the night toward the coast. The morning dawning at length, showed her to him, pale and weary, sleeping in his arms like a little child. The great sea heaved in sight, musters rocking on it, sails glittering, and nearer the shore a boat waiting to receive them. He woke her with a kiss. "You are not afraid to trust my boating again?" he said; the grateful, frank confession of her eyes told that he might pilot her over Styx, if he liked. Five minutes more and they stood on the deck of the proudest ship in the fleet.

"Louise! Louise!" cried a great cheery voice from the opposite end, as she touched the solid planks. "My little Lu!"

A breath, as if a spirit had called, she stopped frozen, then like a cloud blown by a wind, flew forward into her father's embrace. "So, so. You thought me drowned!" he cried. "And it made you sick, my Rose of Amsterdam! Well, you're well now, pardie. Hush! I couldn't reach you before, though Der Wiltz has been on thorns. But our lieutenants were there to see after you. And now you're safe, and I have you."

Standing so, held between her father's arms, she saw a little skiff, with the magistrates of Flushing and certain other ministerial personages, put off from shore, and almost in a dream, she saw them reach the great ship, mount its sides, utter some abracadabra of an incantation over her and another, share jovially in a royal breakfast banquet, and depart. Then they put her to sleep in a hammock, and some one rocked it, singing low, till, when she waked, the sunset was sinking along the west, the wind was whistling round the swelling sails, and they were blowing gaily over the sea, safe from land and sorrow. Having performed a rapid toilet, for everything necessary was at hand, she slipped on deck. Some one met her—Felix, she hardly dared believe it could be—again an arm stole round her waist, again she sat looking down into the water, again those tender eyes sought here, and again she heard a voice, sweeter than all music, calling her "Louise," and calling her also his wife.





LEOPOLD II., DUKE OF TUSCANY.

**LEOPOLD II., GRAND-DUKE OF TUSCANY.**

The accompanying head is an authentic likeness of the late ruler of Tuscany, Leopold II., who, in consequence of the threatening demonstrations of his people, took himself off at the commencement of the present war, having refused the solicitation of his ministers to unite with Piedmont in the struggle for Italian independence. He objected to declare war against Austria, and declined to abdicate in favor of his son, whom it was proposed to proclaim as Ferdinand IV. The Tuscans permitted him to leave his beautiful capital, Florence, without troubling him, though it has since been ascertained that he only yielded because he could not help himself, after orders had been issued to the gunners of the citadel to fire on the people. Thus a bloodless revolution was accomplished. All accounts agree in describing the excessive joy of the Tuscans in getting rid of a man who, notwithstanding many good qualities, had the fatal defect of being a vassal and sympathizer of Austria. The few weeks that have elapsed since his retreat have been a carnival at Florence; the city has been gay with thousands of tri-colored flags—every man, woman and child has mounted the Italian tri-colored cockade; every one has contributed money or its equivalent to the good cause, and the blood of the duchy has been devoted to the strife for independence.

Leopold II., the second son of the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., was born at Florence in 1797, in troublesome times, for only two years after his birth his father was driven from his States by the French. He passed the early years of his life at Würzburg, which, at the peace of Lunéville in 1803, had been ceded to his father. Here he received an Italian and French education, and became learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, and in various sciences, devoting himself particularly to mathematics with remarkable success. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, his father was restored to Florence, and in 1817 Leopold married the Princess Anne, daughter of Maximilian of Saxony, and after her death was united to the Princess Maria Antoinette, daughter of Francis, first king of the Two Sicilies. In June, 1824, he succeeded his father, and during the long period of continental misgovernment, which extended from 1815 to 1848, it is to the honor of Leopold II. that his was the most liberal rule throughout Italy. Always mindful of his people, he was ever alive to their material wants, and never forgot their moral and intellectual welfare. He established schools where they were needed, and aimed seriously to improve the educational institutions of the country. He reorganized the administration of justice, patronized scientific undertakings, founded various philanthropic institutions, and constructed some of the best roads and bridges in Italy. Under Leopold, Tuscany became the envied of all the Italian States; and when, in 1848, the political tempest burst over his duchy, he declared himself anxious to co-operate in effecting all possible ameliorations, and for a time appeared likely to weather the storm which was agitating nearly every part of Central Europe. It was not to be expected, however, that he should discourage anti-monarchical ideas; nor, as a prince of the house of Aus-

tria, was he likely to view with favor the attempts to wrest Lombardy from the hands of the Hapsburgs. So that, in the course of time, he could no longer hold his position, and was compelled to withdraw, to await the subsidence of political feeling and the march of events. A republic was proclaimed during his absence, but it was of brief duration; the Austrians, who had been everywhere victorious, were indisposed to tolerate any such form of government in a neighboring state, and Leopold returned to his capital, where he was well received by his subjects, and shortly afterwards entered into a convention by which it was agreed that 10,000 Austrian soldiers should occupy Tuscany, and support the authority of the sovereign, who, however, had little or no power left him, for the duchy was really governed by Marshal Radetzky. The late Grand Duke Leopold is a prince of considerable mental attainments, of somewhat liberal ideas, agreeable in manner, and a patron of literature and art.

**GEN. GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.**

The curiosity felt with regard to the republic of Hayti, will be gratified, in part, by the publication of a likeness of the man now at the head of the government, who succeeded with very little difficulty in displacing Soulouque, whose mismanagement of affairs had rendered him so unpopular. It seems, however, that many of them are already hankering after the old despot, who plundered and flogged them at will, for he had the fullest faith in the use of the stick as an instrument of government. General Geffrard was born at Anse-a-Veau, Hayti, September 19th, 1806, and was adopted at an early age by Col. Fabre. He received some education at Aux Cayes, but at the age of fifteen entered the army as a common soldier. He rose by slow degrees to obtain his captaincy in 1843. He was associated with General Hérard Rivière, who took up arms against President Boyer. He was made general of brigade in 1843. In 1844, when Achaan took up arms against President Hérard, Geffrard defeated the insurgents. His victorious troops wished to massacre the prisoners, but Geffrard prevented them, and treated the wounded of both sides with like attention. His popularity drew the hatred of all the presidents who ruled after Guerrier, who esteemed him highly. His military services, however, procured him the honor of a brevet-title of Division General in 1845. One of the first acts of President Riché was to deprive Geffrard of the command of Jacmel, and subject him to trial before a court-martial presided over by General Soulouque. He was unanimously acquitted. The ex-emperor Soulouque, in the campaign he undertook, while president, against the Dominicans, in 1849, confided the command of a division to Geffrard, who was wounded near Azua. In 1849, when Soulouque proclaimed the empire, Geffrard was created Duke of Tabara. In 1856 he conducted the retreat of the rear-guard when the emperor ran away from the Dominicans, and the troops followed his example. On the 21st of December, 1858, on the point of being arrested by the Emperor Soulouque, who intended to execute or imprison him for life, Geffrard left Port au Prince

in a boat and landed at Gonaïves. The provinces of Artibonite and the North, which formed half of the old French part of the island, proclaimed him president of the republic. His wife and children were arrested by the ex-emperor, and thrown into prison. Soulouque was defeated, and on the 15th of January, 1859, Gen. Geffrard, at the head of the republican troops, entered Port au Prince and compelled the ex-emperor, abandoned by the people, to embark for Jamaica. Geffrard on this occasion protected his enemy and his family from insult. Geffrard was married in 1828, and has a large number of children. He is of middle height, jet black, very fond of horses and arms, and rides well. He seems to be doing his best to govern the republic well, though he has already met with great opposition. He has sent twenty young Haytiens to Europe to learn the arts of civilization, and proposes to have some of his officers educated in European military schools.

**THE MAIDENS OF BETHLEHEM.**

Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer the timid flock will gather around you with their large burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain; and if you imagine evil against them they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly and be gone in a moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will come nearer and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close around you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then, growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will the air ring with their sweet screams of delight and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with the hues of your sun-burnt face, or with their own warmer tints. Instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches, then grasps your hand and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you, even then, still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are quite harmless and innocent—a lion that makes no spring, a bear that never hugs—and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and try to explain it, and make it a theme and a controversy. But the one—the fairest and sweetest of all—is yet the most timid. She shrinks from the

daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her. But her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice; they vow that the fair one shall be their accomplice—shall share their dangers—shall touch the hand of the stranger. They seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, while she yet strives to turn away and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of down-cast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength, they vanquish her utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blushing so burning that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously and harmed their gentle sister. A moment, and all with a sudden intelligence turn away and fly like deer; yet soon again like deer they whirl round and return, and stand and gaze upon the danger until they grow brave once more.—*Eöthen.*

**THE GREAT MEN OF ITALY.**

M. Legovré, of the French Academy, has written a letter to the *Siccle*, recommending a subscription to be raised for the purpose of enabling Italians in Paris to proceed to the seat of war, and take part in the military operations. After dwelling on the advantage of that course, the writer says: "I will leave antiquity out of the question, and speak only of modern times. Is it not a striking spectacle to see Italy always give the signal to the world, and always open the way for great things? The first modern epic poet is an Italian—Dante; the first lyric poet is an Italian—Petrarch; the first poet of chivalry is an Italian—Ariosto; the first modern novelist is an Italian—Boccaccio; the first painter in the world is an Italian—Raffaello; the first statuary is an Italian—Michael Angelo; the first vigorous statesman and historian of the revival is an Italian—Machiavelli; the first philosophical historian is an Italian—Vico; the discoverer of the New World is an Italian—Christopher Columbus; the first demonstrator of the laws of the heavenly world is an Italian—Galileo. You will find a son of Italy standing on every step of the temple of genius ever since the twelfth century. Then, in times nearer to our own, while other nations are working at the continuation of this immortal gallery, Italy from time to time collects her strength, and presents to the world a colossus surpassing all. Now, even now, the greatest of living artists—the only one, perhaps, who deserves, solely as an artist, the title of a great man, is he not an Italian—Rossini? And lastly, was he not also a son of Italy—that giant who towered above the whole century, and covered all around him with his light or his shade—Napoleon? In fact, it would seem that when Providence wants a guide or leader for humanity, it strikes this favored soil, and a great man springs forth."



GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.





HORSE ARTILLERY OF THE GUARD.

## THE FRENCH TROOPS IN ITALY.

We publish on this page another series of military sketches from fresh and authentic sources, representing different arms of the French service now engaged in Italy. It is intended to complete the military delineations we have previously presented. The first picture introduces the horse artillery of the Imperial Guard going into action at Magenta, June 4th, when it did good service, though the bayonets of the grenadiers and Zouaves bore the brunt of the terrific conflict near the river, before McMahon's division came to their support. From the days of Napoleon, the French artillery has enjoyed the highest reputation. That great captain made his debut as an artilleryman; his guns, commanding the streets of Paris, quelled the revolt of the sections; his guns, carried over the Alps with infinite toil and difficulty, carried terror and destruction into the ranks of the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy, and before their "fires of death," Germany fell in many a field of carnage. Louis Napoleon has, through his life, appreciated the importance of this terrible arm of the French service. His early studies were largely devoted to the artillery service, and the work he wrote upon this arm, when quite a young man, excited the admiration of all military critics. He is the inventor of a gun which has been used with fatal effect in the present war, and he is now master of an artillery more terrible and effective than that wielded by his uncle when at the zenith of his power. Constant improvements have been making in this arm of the French service, many of them dating later than the Crimean war, the practical result of which we shall soon see, if the Austrians carry out their presumed policy of throwing themselves into strongly fortified places, like Verona.

The second picture represents a group of the engineer corps making their approaches to an Austrian stronghold. In the distance we behold the artizans engaged in breaking ground for trenches. More in front, a private with his signal target; a soldier in defensive armor, to protect him against the enemy's sharpshooters, and an officer explains the works traced out on the plan drawn up on a large scale. In all that concerns the science of war, the French are thorough adepts.

The third sketch represents the chasseurs of the Imperial Guard skirmishing with the enemy's outposts at Ponte di Magenta. We have elsewhere devoted considerable space to a history of this corps, and a notice of their bayonet-drill. We here behold them in action, their movements directed by the notes of the bugler who stands beside the commandant. There are no troops in the army more serviceable than the Chasseurs of the Guard. The Imperial Guard, as our readers are aware, form a large and formidable army of itself, embracing every arm of the service, cavalry, infantry and artillery. It is composed of picked men and, as its name imports, designed to fight near the person of the emperor.

## NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Never was symbol better chosen by a monarch than the eagle was by him. Eagle in his eye, eagle in his soar, eagle in his strength of wing when balanced above his aim, and in swiftness when darting on it, eagle in his gripe; yet eagle in all that distin-



OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

guishes the king of birds from vulture, hawk or gentle falcon. A warrior by nature, and a conqueror by instinct, with all the roughness of one, and all the haughtiness of the other, yet fitting a throne as if he had been nursed upon it, surrounding it with the

"*Quot libras in duce Summo!*" we may well exclaim; and ask, was such a man sent on the public stage without a part allotted to him of supreme importance and inevitable influence? But now another evidence of a providential destiny has come, after many years, before us,—one which baffles many a previous calculation. He dashes over the world like a meteor; blazed, dazzled, and dropped, completely extinct. He was a phenomenon—a comet if you please—that struck its course athwart the quiet planes of regular orbs, whose mutual attractions and counter attractions had been part of their periodical laws of motion; and swung them, more rudely than usual, from their steady course. But the disturbing brush was over; the eccentric body had flown by, never to return. "Write this man childless," had become truth, plainly recorded in the world's history. And that history had scarcely begun to acknowledge and extol what was really great in him, or recognize his indispensable place in the world; for whose interest was it to do so?

That yet, after all this, almost a generation later, the ostracised, branded and proscribed name should be found in the same place, bearing after it the same imperial title—annulled, abolished, by a congress of Europe,—with every human probability, and many earnest desires, that both may be continued in a lasting dynasty—is surely strange and unexpected enough to establish a providential dispensation in the history of the first emperor. It suggests the idea that, whatever he did or intended, that partook of his noble and higher nature, his genius, his grandeur of mind, and his faith, is to be preserved, and even developed, as a legacy of family love alone can be; while the errors and the excesses that have clouded it will ever serve as traditional lessons, where they can be most accurately appreciated for avoidance.—Cardinal Wiseman.

## IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.

The London Athenaeum says that Professor Tischendorf who had been sent by the Russian government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated the 15th of March, states, to the Minister of Saxony, Herr von Falkenstein, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, from the fourth century, consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which hitherto, in all commentaries, maintained the first rank. This it will have to share in future, with the newly discovered manuscript, if Herr Tischendorf be not mistaken. In 346 beautifully fine parchment leaves, of such size that only two can have been cut out of one skin, it contains the greatest part of the Prophets, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Jesus Sirach, the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and several of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament; but then the whole of the New Testament is complete. Another valuable discovery of Professor Tischendorf's is described as an undoubted and complete manuscript of the Epistle of Barnabas, and of the Shepherd of Hermas, both belonging to the second century of the Christian era, and originally standing in the esteem of the Scriptural Epistles. Herr Tischendorf hopes, from the munificence of the Russian government, that he will be enabled to give immediate publication to these three manuscripts.



CHASSEURS AT PONTE DI MAGENTE.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE PLAY OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PICTOR**—Raphael, the painter, was born on Good Friday and died on Good Friday. The spirituality of his pictures will give him undying fame.

**SERPENT S**—Some time back a conserpt in France was purchasable for the sum of 400 dollars; at the present time the amount is very much increased.

**ECONOMIST**—Lynn, Mass.—We are afraid to say for how small a sum a laboring man in Paris can procure a meal. For five cents he can satisfy his appetite, but then an American or Englishman would pine away on the diet upon which a Frenchman thrives.

**MRS. M. C. Manchester**—The gold and silver carp will certainly live in quite impure water, but we should advise its being changed at least twice a week.

**C. C.**—In London it is estimated that there is one clergyman of the Established Church to every two thousand persons.

**STUDENT**—The brown rat, the mortal enemy of the black rat, was introduced into England in the year 1730, and was brought over in a merchant vessel from India, since which time it has accomplished almost the entire destruction of the former species, which is now very rarely seen.

**TURKISH**—We do not remember the name of the California gentleman whom Mrs. Thoman married.

**ARTISTS**—The invention of oil painting is generally attributed to John Van Eyck, a Flemish painter, who lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time colors were mixed with water, gum or wax. Van Eyck confided his secret to Antony of Messina, who went from Flanders to Venice, where he practised the new method, which was speedily adopted by other painters.

**M. M.**—The air of "Life let us Cherish" was composed by Mozart.

**PRETEXT**—Stalactite caves are formed from water, which filters from the rock beneath which they are situated, and which dissolves a quantity of calcareous salts, which it leaves as it flows off drop by drop, and evaporates on coming in contact with the air. The upper deposit is termed the stalactite, that which is deposited on the ground is called the stalagmite.

**CONSTANT RESIDENCE**—The last monarch who was crowned by the pope, previous to Napoleon I, was Charles V. of Austria, whose coronation took place on the 24th of February, 1539, at Bologna, when he received the titles of King of Lombardy and Roman Emperor.

**A MIDDLESEX FARMER**—In Normandy, five thousand differently named varieties of apples are cultivated for the manufacture of cider.

## THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Through the smoke arising from the battle-fields of Europe, we already perceive, dimly looming and indistinct as yet, perhaps, but still apparent to the eye of faith, the fair image of peace. Austria has not forsaken the earth. Though mighty armies have met in the shock of battle, though the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont have been dyed in blood, still the cause of justice, the cause of national freedom, has thus far triumphed, and in the completeness of that triumph we behold the hopes of a re-establishment of tranquillity on an honorable basis. Even the English press, bitterly hostile to France, has at last, however reluctantly, acknowledged that the French emperor must be trusted in his solemn declaration of disinterestedness so far as Italy is concerned, and his abnegation of all hostile views towards Germany and Austria proper. To give weight and influence to these declarations, the emperor of Russia has also shown that the German confederation has not even been menaced, and that no reason exists for its taking up arms.

The London Times, while admitting the sincerity of Louis Napoleon's declarations, is amazed at them. For our own part, we are free to declare that they excite no surprise in us. The facts simply show that Louis Napoleon, a far-sighted man and a statesman of consummate ability, has recognized and followed the spirit of the age. The progress of liberal ideas within a few years past has been prodigious. Louis Napoleon foresees their sure triumph, and he has thrown himself boldly on the wave, staking his life on their success, and aspiring to the true glory of a liberator. What if his own empire be governed by an iron hand?—his usurpation of the reins of power and his subsequent administration have been endorsed by his people. If we doubt whether the ballot-box in France represents the sincere wishes of the people, we cannot doubt their sympathy with their sovereign, and their entire confidence in him, when we behold them, men and women, all classes, pouring into the treasury their offerings, five times greater than the amount required by the State. There was no compulsion here. The billions subscribed were free-will offerings. We have, therefore, no reason to suppose that France is not governed as she likes best. On the other hand, the Italians were groaning under a foreign yoke of which they had persistently manifested their abhorrence and hatred, which they had, at different dates, struggled to throw off. True to his dec-

laration, "the empire is Peace," Louis Napoleon exhausted diplomacy before he resorted to arms to settle a question, the solution of which the peace of Europe demanded. When these pacific endeavors had proved fruitless, Napoleon entered Italy as the armed champion of Liberalism. Opposed to him was Francis Joseph, the armed champion of Feudalism. The hostile champions have met, and the cause of liberty has so far triumphed. The Austrians, fighting desperately, have been driven to their strongholds, and their position is desperate, unless the Germanic Confederation and England come to their aid. But England will not espouse the quarrel, and it is quite unlikely that Germany, deprived of her aid, and menaced by Russia, will be mad enough to attempt to bolster up the pretensions of Austria to hold an alienated and hostile people beyond the Alps. If Germany so acts, she must look to witness the re-enactment of the bloody dramas of Ansterlitz and Jena, without the hope of another Waterloo for France.

But since nations as well as individuals are governed, excepting in moments of passion, by their interest, Germany will remain quiet. The independence of Italy will be the best guarantee for the security of the other States of Italy that could be given, and must promote the general prosperity; hence, after some months more of desperate strife, we look to see peace restored, on a sure and firm basis.

## HOW NEW YORKERS LIVE.

At the last meeting of the Sanitary Association the following remarkable facts were adduced: "Three years since the whole number of buildings of all descriptions in New York was some 53,000. The city is divided into twenty-two wards. In 1856, nineteen of these wards contained a population of 535,027 inhabitants, divided into 112,833 families, averaging a little less than five souls in each family. For the accommodation of these 112,833 families residing in nineteen wards, there were 36,038 dwellings, averaging about three and one-half families occupying an entire house. There are but 12,717 of these families occupying an entire house, 7148 of these dwellings contain two families, 4600 contain each three families. Thus, while 24,465 of these dwellings shelter but 36,213 families, the remaining 13,623 houses have to cover 76,620 families, averaging nearly six families to each house, showing that about three-fourths of the whole population of New York live, averaging but a fraction less than six families in a house, while only about one family in ten occupy a whole house."

**NEW ENGLAND CELEBRITIES.**—Ballou's Dollar Magazine for August is just issued, and contains a series of portraits, embracing those of Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Agassiz, Lawrence, etc. Also, a most curious illustrated article on the Tea-Culture and the Chinese, with twelve engravings. This number closes with twelve original mirth-provoking pictures. Add to this thirty original tales, sketches, poems, and the usual editorial variety, and we have a star number. For sale everywhere for ten cents, or sent a whole year for one dollar. Cheapest publication in the world!

**THE FAME OF BURNS.**—It is stated that the one hundredth anniversary of Robert Burns was celebrated by no less than eight hundred and seventy-two meetings in Scotland, England, Ireland, the various British Colonies, the United States and Denmark.

**A FRIENDLESS MAN.**—One who was the friend of La Fayette died lately in a third ward police station in New York. He was seventy-four years old, and had no relatives or friends to take sufficient interest in him to go so far as even to secure him a grave in a respectable cemetery.

**LOCK-MAKING.**—Hobbs, the American lock maker, is making a fortune in London, manufacturing pickless locks.

**THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.**—Wasn't there some noise and bustle in Boston Independence Day?

**SEASONABLE WEATHER.**—In the very finest November, the fog is much mist.

**MRS. GENERAL SCOTT.**—The health of this lady, who is in Paris, is improving.

## LOOK ABOUT YOU.

How many of our citizens have never so much as visited the end of one of our long wharves in their lives, deeming themselves well informed of the business of this immense city, simply by the records of the newspapers, and a walk twice a day from their dwelling-houses, or offices, through the self-same streets, from one year's end to another. Such individuals would get a deal of information and enlargement of ideas by a stroll among the business streets of Boston, along its wharves, and through those thoroughfares that are nearest to the shipping. Here they would see an almost incalculable amount of merchandise of every known description, and thousands of men and vehicles engaged in its transportation. Along the noble piers, on the east side of the city, they would see myriads of tall masts and noble crafts; here a gallant ship, just dropping her anchor in the stream, from some far off clime, and there another just spreading her broad wings, loaded to the hatches with a rich freight, for some foreign port; and now a huge, dark steamer, with clouds of smoke and thundering paddle-wheels, is seen coming from across the Atlantic. Here the wharves are crowded with the rich fruits of the sunny South, and there, with the staple products of the North. This is a ship from Sweden, with her stout, low-statured crew, discharging her cargo of iron; and next to her is a Hollander, with a cargo of liquid fire, marked *gin*. Here is an East Indiaman, with hides and spices; she is a Yankee craft, and looks, though off the long voyage, as if just out of dock. Those dark, bedimmed bundles, done up in raw hides, are cercoons of indigo, and here is flaxseed, and saltpetre. That is a French bark, astern of the Indiaman, from Havre, with silks, China ware, brandy, and some rich brands of wine. This rakish brig is from the Mediterranean, and has brought from the Straits a cargo of fresh fruit, oranges, raisins and almonds. That fore-and-aft schooner is from Hayti, filled to the decks with coffee; and here is another West Indiaman from Cuba, with dye-wood, tobacco, sugar and molasses. Moored across the end of the wharf is an Italian trader, from Leghorn, with some beautiful specimens of statuary and paintings, with oils, nuts, and green fruit. This rough-looking brig, moored ahead of the ship, a queer craft, Turkish built, and manned by real broad-panted and turbaned gentlemen, is from Smyrna, with opium and wool. Here's a South American trader further on, with hides, mahogany and coffee, from Brazil. Those small crafts, lying four and five deep at the wharf, are coasters, from New Brunswick, with fish, coal, plaster and wood. Those lofty ships at the opposite piers are Liverpoolers; and those bales on the wharf contain colored cottons, worsted goods, linens, carpets, and the casks contain cutlery and hardware. And so we might go on, and enumerate a hundred different branches of trade that may be seen at the piers, for such is a commercial picture of this good city.

**THE LONG ISLAND HOUSE.**—It is an important object for those who crave and require sea air and sea bathing, to find some locality not too far from home. The Long Island House, Boston harbor, recently opened and under the management of Mr. C. C. Ayres, exactly meets the want. It is quiet and retired, and yet accessible. Messrs. T. J. Dunbar, & Co., 70 Broad Street, the proprietors, have spared no expense in furnishing the hotel with every appliance for the comfort of visitors and sojourners, and the sail to and fro in the favorite steamer Nelly Baker, is a delightful trip. The Long Island House will certainly be extremely popular this season.

**DRESSING FOR CHURCH.**—A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

**DIVING BELLES.**—All the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving-belles.

**A LARGE BOTTLE.**—The largest glass bottle ever blown was at Leith, Scotland. It was in dimensions forty inches by forty-two, and was capable of holding two barrels in quantity of fluid.

**THE STRAWBERRY MARKET.**—One firm in Cincinnati has sold, during the present season, 15,500 bushels of strawberries.

## THE SEA-SIDE.

The burning suns of July and the threatened heat of next month have carried away thousands of people from our midst to the watering-places, and among these birds of passage, blended with the many who go there only for fashion's sake, are not a few who really have a passionate, poetical love for the sea, not idlers and sensualists, who pass their time in drinking mint juleps and trotting horses on sand-beaches. To the true lover of nature, a brief space torn from the page of everyday toilsome life and spread out by the margin of the sea, is a season of true and refined luxury. It matters not to him what may be his accommodation and what his surroundings, provided he has a full view of the broad Atlantic, that mirror in which Almighty power glances itself. Ever the same, yet ever changing, the sea is a great enigma. Through what phases of gentleness and ferocity, of smiles and frowns, of caressing beauty and of appalling terror it passes in the space of a few hours—often a few minutes! How often have we seen it, a golden mirror, glittering in the rays of the sun, and then changing, with electric rapidity, to a black and heaving mass of billows, the very image of gloom and wrath. How many legends and histories cluster round the margin of the great deep! Of what fearful combats has it not been the theatre! What strange monsters, unknown to science, may abide within its unfathomable depths, among the corroding gems and gold of wrecked argosies and bleaching skeletons, whose burial-place is undreamed of! If anything can awaken the latent poetical feeling in the breast of a man, it is a day or two passed by the sea-side; if in solitude, no matter, for the ocean is an eloquent companion.

## WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

In order to effect their escape from the San Quentin Prison, California, fourteen hardened convicts heavily ironed with cross-shackles on the ankle and a heavy bar of iron with a hook in the centre, cut a series of holes 18 by 22 inches in size, through six partition walls of the cells, 21-2 feet thick, and one through the main wall, which is three feet wide and nearly four feet long. Protected from the view of the guard without, they got into the blacksmith shop, and using their blankets as ropes, let themselves down some twenty feet to the ground floor, and securing files, cold chisels and such other tools as would enable them to remove their shackles, cut their way through a wooden partition into the machine shop, and from thence into the main yard of the prison, where, by the aid of a plank which they found lying near by, they mounted upon the wall, and tying their blanket rope around the sentry box, at the corner, let themselves down into the brick-yard and escaped.

**NEW PRETEXT FOR DIVORCE.**—An odd divorce case is before the New York public, in which the plaintiff, who is the wife, sets up the claim that her husband, whom she supposed to be worth \$60,000, is not worth more than \$5000. For this, among other sufficient reasons, she prays a court to come over into Macedon and help her.

**STRONG MINDED AND STRONG-HANDED.**—At Oskaloosa, Iowa, a young woman, whose husband came home drunk the other day, took down an ox-goad and chastised him most gloriously—until he promised not to do so again. He laid the blame upon a friend who asked him to drink. She then flogged him again for not having the firmness to refuse.

**IMPERIAL PRESENTS.**—The emperor of Japan lately sent a case of fine silks to the State department, showing that he is a gentleman and a scholar. It was accompanied by an autograph letter full of unintelligible pot-hooks, which drove the clerk who was ordered to copy it to the verge of suicide.

**ENCOURAGEMENT TO MANUFACTURES.**—The towns of Veazie and Brunswick, Me., have lately voted to exempt from taxation for ten years, under the provisions of the last legislature, all property invested in the manufacture of cotton and woolen fabrics in those towns.

**BALLOON VOYAGE.**—What will be the result of the new attempt to cross the Atlantic in the balloon? What a triumph it will be, if successful. But, as Richard III. remarked to Ratcliffe, "we fear—we fear."



## POISONOUS DRINK.

We have several times lately spoken of the fearful poisons that are introduced into the various liquors sold at the dram shops in the cities of this country. One of the editors of the New York Tribune lately got possession of a confidential circular of a certain German doctor in that city, who makes a business of this vile and murderous manufacture. The doctor offers to trade cognac oils, extracts of brandy, Holland and London gin, oil of rye for producing superior Monongahela or Bourbon whiskey from common corn spirit, essence of rum, peach and cherry brandies, and invaluable preparations for giving age and body to new liquors. He guarantees to produce six barrels of good merchantable brandy from one ounce of best cognac oil. Then he has cherry juice and Malva coloring for the manufacture of port wine. The manufacture of claret is also provided for. The same wonders can be performed by the gin and whiskey essences, yielding a fabulous figure of profit to the dealer, and producing an astonishing amount of vital heat in the ventricular institutions of the consuming consumer. The exposure of these frauds upon the thirsty, scarcely hopes to do much good by his revelations, and he seems to have settled down into the belief that the tipplers of New York will no more than heretofore stand upon the quality of their tipple, but will tipple whenever and wherever the tipple can be got at. The same reflection, we are sorry to admit, applies to Boston.

## HYPOCRISY.

We observe by our English journals an announcement just made that "the court will go into mourning for the late King of Naples for ten days, commencing on Thursday next, the 9th instant." Such is the announcement of the Court Circular, published under the patronage of the palace at London. For ten days the distinguished attendants of her majesty, from the first lord of the bedchamber to the lowest lady of the royal wardrobes, to say nothing of other dignitaries of more political import, are to mourn the departure of King Bomba of Naples! He was universally regarded as the worst man in Europe, whether on or off the throne, and his death is to be lamented, as if it had been a great public calamity. The New York Evening Post, remarking upon this tomfoolery, observes that during the year that has past the world has lost several of its most eminent men—Humboldt, whose name for nearly a century has been connected with every intellectual labor; Hallam, destined to a permanent place in English literature; De Tocqueville, the most philosophic of statesmen, and Joseph Sturge, the most indefatigable of philanthropists, besides others whose lives have adorned and benefited their kind, but the Court Circular has scarcely so much as chronicled these events, while the demise of the tyrant of Naples, a man with whom the British government has for some years refused to hold diplomatic relations because of his scandalous and inhuman career, is proclaimed an occasion for tributes of posthumous respect. Of what lies are the daily lives of those high in station for the most part made up!

**STEREOSCOPES.**—The rage for stereoscopes seems to increase by what it feeds on. No wonder. It is enchanting to have statues, cities, bridges, all the wonders of the Old World, in a compass of a small box, and ready to rise up before your eyes as at a wave of the enchanter's wand.

**A FLIRT.**—Longfellow says, a woman of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

**OFF TO THE WARS.**—Carl Benson writes to the Spirit of the Times that among the French young gentlemen who are off to the wars, is the Baron de Courval, who only a short time since married an American heiress.

**THE CLAY MONUMENT.**—The Henry Clay Monument at Lexington is now more than one hundred feet high, and nearly ready for the capital, on which is to stand the statue of the statesman.

**SHARP RETORT.**—"I do not wish your assertions to pass for truth, madam." "You can easily prevent it, sir, by repeating them yourself."

## SPAIN AND CUBA.

Mr. Dodge, our late Minister to Spain, has recently been at Washington, and has damped the ardor of the Cubanceros somewhat by the representations which he has made to the president, of the utter impracticability of the Spanish cabinet in the matter of trading for Cuba. Spain is sufficiently impoverished, but too proud to be very poor in spirit. She regards the retention of Cuba, her last hold here, where she was once so rich, as a question of honor; and like individuals who really have no honor to speak of, makes that subtle virtue a matter of special boast. Mr. Dodge thinks Jonathan's cuteness will never prevail over this Castilian vanity, and that nothing but the last necessity will induce Spain to relinquish her right and title to Cuba. It is only the Cubanceros rampant, however, who are discouraged or disturbed by the representations of Mr. Dodge. These representations present the subject in no new phase. The Spanish government, from the outset, has met all our approaches in reference to the purchase of Cuba, direct and indirect, with a positive, absolute and unconditional refusal to sell at any time, or upon any terms. The president is well aware of this determination of Spain not to part with Cuba, even for a consideration; but is probably aware that the time must nevertheless come when the transfer must be made; and there is nothing, we venture to say, in the present aspect of the question, which will occasion a change or modification of his cherished purpose of acquiring Cuba at the practicable time and in the right way. Come it must, sooner or later—it is "destiny."

## A CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

A letter from Trebizond, of the 14th of May, in the Levant Herald, says: A party of Circassian dealers arrived here lately, having among their "stock" a young *hourri* some 14 years of age. In proof of her unusual beauty, I may at once mention that the price set upon her was and is 200,000 piastres. Some days after the landing of the owners of this Circassian gem, a relation of hers arrived and claimed her from her possessors, who it seems had stolen her from her home. He claimed her restoration to himself, but, I need hardly say, in vain; the owners of so valuable a piece of merchandise were not the men to give it up through any sentimental weakness. The dispute was at last referred to the pacha's arbitration, much against the will of the young beauty herself, who protested against returning to her native hills, and stoutly held out for going to Stamboul—the paradise of a Circassian girl's imagination. Before the pacha, however, could deliver his judgment on the matter, the dispute was settled by the relation foregoing his claims for a consideration, and accordingly the young beauty and her friends embarked for Constantinople.

**VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.**—There are nine children of Victoria and Prince Albert, four boys and five girls. They are all, except the princess royal, to be provided with partners by marriage, and these partners must be found among the royal families of the continent. As most of the sprigs of royalty on the continent are poor, it will cost England a handsome sum of money to support, in royal style, these children.

**FRUIT AT THE WEST.**—Letters from the West report a great crop of raspberries this year. They are retailed at ten cents a quart in Cincinnati, and would be cheaper were it not for the large export trade. Currants are scarce in Ohio, and sell for more than berries.

**IRISH WIT.**—A Dublin car-driver hailed a passenger, and asked him if he wanted a car? The latter said "no," he was able to walk. "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing," was the sharp but courteous reply.

**ENGLISH WIT.**—Sidney Smith, while passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

**QUEER.**—Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good will, when all the world knows that he hasn't got any?

**MARRIAGE.**—Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

## Seaside Gatherings.

Considerable damage has been done in Salt Lake Valley by floods.

There is no probability that the naval force in the Mediterranean will be increased.

The vines of Ohio are said to have been injured by the late frost.

The Canary or Western Islands are suffering under the deprivations of a famine.

There are said to be not less than 10,000 Chinamen now on their passage to California.

Two more newspapers in foreign languages have been started in New York—one Spanish, and the other French.

The Lynn News says that a farmer in Lynn, and another in Ipswich, are turning their attention with success to the culture of tobacco.

Rev. Dr. Odenheimer has accepted the office of bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey.

The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest road in the United States, the main track branch being 709 miles in length.

A prisoner in Trenton, N. Y., lately escaped on a railroad train by hiding on the cow-catcher, under the lamps. The officers searched the train but did not find him.

The first parish church in Hingham, Mass., was erected in 1661, one hundred and ninety-eight years ago. It is the oldest church edifice now in use in the United States.

Utah is now reported to be so poor a country, that not even a hundred families of any civilized race are expected to settle there, after the Mormons shall have left it.

A lad in Troy, N. Y., was leading a cow by a rope, one end of which was tied around his body, when the cow became frightened and ran, the boy fell, and was dragged until his brains were dashed out.

The number of dead letters annually returned to the department is about 2,250,000. About 20,000 annually are found to contain money and other valuables, and are, as soon as found, registered and returned to the owners.

It is stated that a man named Clark, living at Jamestown, Kentucky, has had the hydrophobia for twelve years, and still lives. He has a spasm every day, which he relieves by a dose of lobelia, and in that way keeps himself along.

The Hudson, N. Y., Gazette states that Messrs. A. M. Baker & Co., at their mills in the town of Livingston, have been experimenting for some time with a view of manufacturing printing paper from pine wood, with a fair prospect of success.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by all the good things of this world.

A short time since, a street over a sewer in St. Louis caved in, and completely swallowed up a coal wagon and four horses. A chasm of forty feet in width by thirty feet in length was made, and the cart and horses were buried out of sight. The people of St. Louis are beginning to walk carefully along their streets.

H. A. Merrill, of Bangor, Maine, knows the exact width of a narrow escape. He stepped off backwards from the roof of a five-story building, and just saved himself from being dashed to pieces on a pile of brick sixty feet below him, by catching and holding to a ladder and the edge of a scaffold he encountered in his descent.

Dog stealers in New York do a large and profitable business. Dogs stolen in that city are sent to Boston, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, while those stolen there are exchanged. A thriving trade in the dog line has long been carried on between New York and Liverpool, by persons engaged on steamers and packets.

A bold robbery was perpetrated in Cincinnati, probably with a view to more extended operations. The cashier of a bank was awakened by a noise in his room, and aroused himself just in time to see a fellow make his exit through the window. He found that his pockets had been rifled of the keys of the bank, and several dollars in money.

A man named Gaines, residing at Sturgis, Indiana, lost his life by his rashness a few days ago—some of his friends having said that some oil of wintergreen which they had was too strong for use, Gaines maintained the opposite, and, to prove that he was right, drank two table-spoonfuls, which soon produced vomiting, and in a few hours death.

At Richmond, Va., a Frenchman, who was a young and powerful man, recently died of the "lockjaw." In his case the muscles became so violently contracted, that all efforts either to open his hands or his mouth failed, and death was the consequence. The lockjaw was caused by giving himself what many would call a trifling cut.

A young fellow in Detroit went to the house of a lady to invite her two daughters to a dancing party. She refused to allow them to go. A quarrel ensued between the boy and girls on one side, and the old lady on the other. The young people finally threw the mother upon the floor, choked her till she was nearly dead, and then went off to the ball. The boy was sent to jail.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures.—Baker.

.... Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.—W. G. Simms.

.... The founders of large fortunes are generally themselves too mean to enjoy them.—Baker.

.... He will never suffer from solitude who has never quarrelled with himself.—W. G. Simms.

.... I had thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—Shakspeare.

.... The exhibition of real strength is never grotesque. Distortion is the agony of weakness. It is the dislocated mind whose movements are spasmodic.—R. A. Willmott.

.... Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nobleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven.—Fuller.

.... In order to be happy in any degree, we must abandon ourselves, according to the will of God, and after the pattern of his Son, to the temporal and spiritual benefit of mankind.—Robert Hall.

.... Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed, both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.—Cicero.

.... How deep is the magic of sound may be learned by breaking some sweet verses into prose. The operation has been compared to gathering dewdrops, which shine like jewels upon the flower, but run into water in the hand. The elements remain, but the sparkle is gone.—R. A. Willmott.

.... A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

.... The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by his wisdom.—Hope.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is a tale bearer like a bricklayer?—Because he raises stories.

When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.

Why is the letter U the gayest of the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

If England should be drawn into the present war, she will not find herself in a condition to take a "Nap."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

It is said that the horns of a dilemma are securely fixed at the capital, for the senators to hang themselves on.

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter?—Because at either season it is always grateful when cooled.

Spiggles says that his appetite for coffee is always appeased by one cupful of that beverage as it is served up at his boarding-house.

A Wheeling paper makes the following mysterious announcement: "There were nineteen feet in the channel last night." The odd one probably belonged to a cripple.

Men only purchase such things as they want; but women frequently purchase things they do not want, and apparently for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of purchasing.

It was announced in Paris that the Marquis de Créqui had poisoned himself. "You see," said one of his friends, "he must have bitten his own tongue."

A fellow in town has a nose so long that an eminent surgeon has recommended him to have a bing made for it, so that he can shut his proboscis up like a jack-knife on going to bed.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and has wood enough for another."

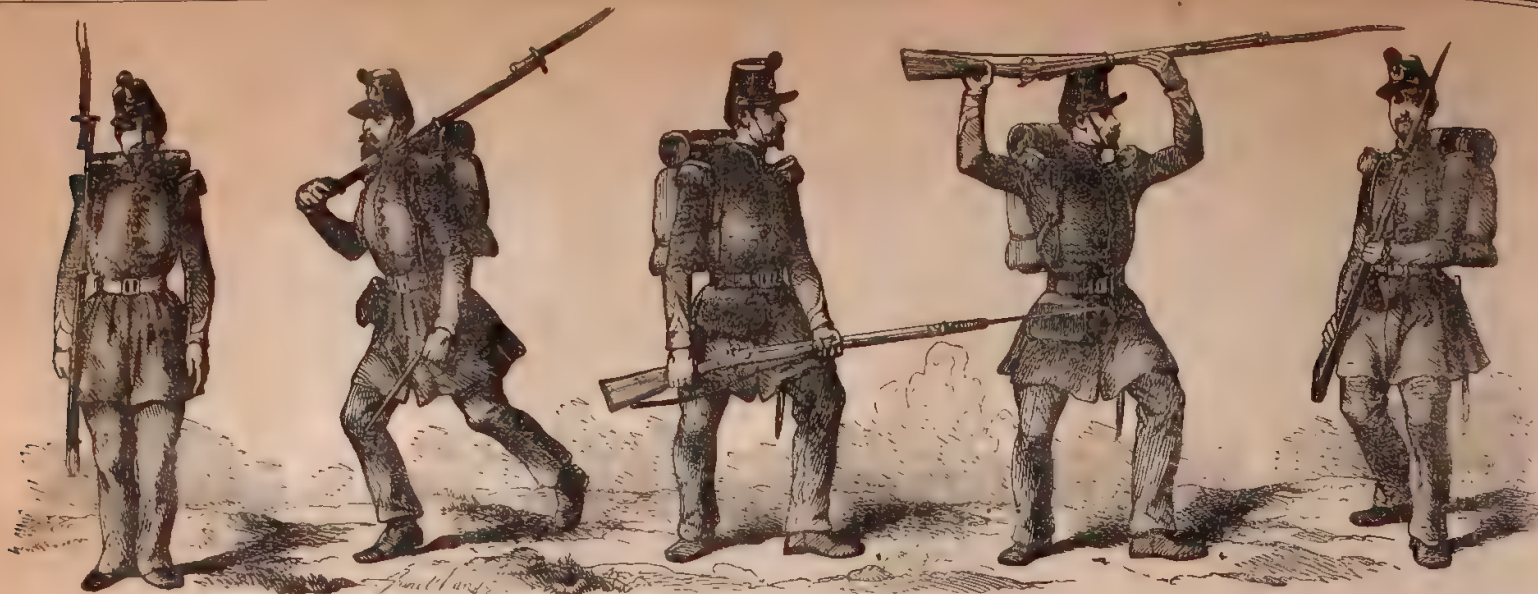
"John," said Mr. B. the other day to his son, "John, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a revolutionary pensioner."

A "watch-spring" petticoat is advertised. Fashion is advancing—like the crab. We shall sooner get back to clocked stockings—unless, which is to be hoped, the watch-spring petticoat is to be the wind-up of crinoline.

The vanities of human kind are supposed to be infinite, yet old Marvell was not far from right when he said:

"The world in all doth but two nations bear,  
The good, the bad—and these mix every where."





CARRY ARMS.

GYMNASTIC STEP.

GUARD AGAINST INFANTRY.

PRIME PARRY.

GUARD AGAINST CAVALRY.

## THE FRENCH BAYONET.

In his address to his soldiers, on entering upon the present war, Louis Napoleon said that, "in spite of the new arms of precision, the bayonet would still remain, what it ever has been, the terrible weapon of the French infantry." This assertion was severely criticised by military quidnuncs, here and elsewhere, but the great victories won by the French in Piedmont and Lombardy, have shown that the commander-in-chief of the French army knew quite as well what he was talking about as some of his military critics. In several of these engagements it is notorious that the Chasseurs and Zouaves threw away their cartridges, trusting to the *arme blanche* for victory. Their bayonet charges were irresistible. The soldiers knew perfectly well that their bayonet-drill enabled them to attack or repel infantry, and even cavalry, with the certainty of success. Their peculiar use of the bayonet originated with the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, and since the formation of that corps, the whole army has been instructed in it, and no force can ever hope to stand against them in a hand-to-hand fight, which is not equally and similarly trained, and even then the fire and *elan* of the French infantry would give them the advantage. The importance of the bayonet in the war now raging, and the intense interest felt in that contest, have induced us to reproduce a series of illustrations, showing the manual of the sabre-fusee, the French infantry advancing to battle at the "gymnastic step," the rally against cavalry, the rally by half section, and the chasseurs in action as tirailleurs. In France the creation of special corps for service as light troops is wholly of modern origin. The organization of chasseurs dates from the reign of Louis XV. and the war of the Austrian suc-

cession. The name of Foot Chasseurs existed under the Republic and the Directory. They formed a portion of the consular guard, and acquired high renown in the imperial guard. The light infantry finally lost its distinctive drill, and the expediency of sup-

was actually organized. It required the improvements recently made in the war carbines, and the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, to concentrate anew the attention of the military authorities on this vital question. After many unproductive attempts,

the opinion obtained in France that it was impossible ever to obtain good campaign service from rifled arms, when an old officer of the infantry of the royal guard, M. Delvigne, invented a mode of forcing the ball, which renders the loading of a carbine as simple and almost as prompt as that of the ordinary musket. From 1826 to 1837, M. Delvigne struggled to obtain the adoption of his invention by the French army. At this period, the Duke of Orleans had just finished a journey in England and Germany, during which he had examined with care the light troops of these different countries, and could appreciate the advantages and merit of their organization. He received the inventor favorably, and the same year—thanks to his all-powerful influence!—a trial company of sharpshooters (*tirailleurs*) was formed at Vincennes, and armed with the Delvigne carbine. In 1838, two other companies were added to the first. These *Tirailleurs de Vincennes* wore the Spanish cap, the frock with two rows of buttons, and the green epaulettes of the old Foot Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard; by the side hung a yataghan sabre, whose blade readily detached itself from the guard, so as to be fixed to the extremity of the carbine, and thus changed into the most formidable of bayonets. The provisional battal-



THE RALLY BY FOUR.

pressing it was mooted. However, under the war administration of the Duke of Dalmatia, an act was passed for adding a large body of chasseurs, armed with rifle carbines, to the regular army. Some years passed away, however, before this true light infantry

ion of chasseurs, created by the ordinance of November 14th, 1838, was constituted under the title of *Tirailleurs de Vincennes*, by an act of August 28, 1839. At the camp of Fontainebleau, to which they were ordered to repair, professional men admired their



LOADING ON THE MARCH.

MARCH IN LINE OF BATTLE—GYMNASTIC STEP.

FIRING FROM BEHIND AN OBSTACLE.





POINT IN QUARTE.

POINT IN TIERCE.

PRIME POINT.

THE BLOW DELIVERED.

rapid and precise movements, the superiority of their marksmanship, the severity of their uniform and the good arrangement of their equipments. An act of September 28, 1840, created ten battalions of *chasseurs à pied*. They were composed of picked men, and went into camp at St. Omer, where they were organized and drilled by the Duke of Orleans

and General de Rostolan. Each battalion was composed of eight companies and a section outside the ranks. The effective force was 1249 men. The staff consisted of a chief of battalion, a captain, adjutant-major, a captain acting as major, a lieutenant instructor of marksmanship, a lieutenant-treasurer, a lieutenant of clothing, and a surgeon aide-major. The first seven companies were armed with the Delvigne carbine, with Major Thierry's improvement. The eighth, composed of choice and vigorous men, was provided with a heavier arm, but one offering incomparably more advantageous results, from the greater range and penetration of the ball. In 1842, the calibre of the carbines was increased. Subsequent inventions and improvements—such as the conical ball, and the loading at the breech—have carried the arms used by the chasseurs to perfection. In the spring of 1841, the ten battalions left the camp of St. Omer. They reached Paris, where they received their colors, and on the 7th of May, under the skillful orders of their organizer, they executed in the polygon of Vincennes their grand manoeuvres and target firing in the presence of an immense concourse of generals, officers of all arms, peers of France, deputies and curious spectators congregated from the capital. The 3d, 5th, 6th, 8th and 10th battalions immediately set out for Algeria. In the spring of 1843, the 9th joined them. In 1849, the 1st battalion sustained the reputation of the arm at the siege of Rome. The 2d shared in the last expedition against the Kabyles. Captain Du Casse of the staff, lately published in the

"Army Monitor," three remarkable articles on the light infantry and foot chasseurs, from which we copy the following details to serve as a commentary on our engravings:—"What a noble, great and truly fraternal idea is it to link together four soldiers, neighbors in the ranks, and calling them 'battle comrades,' say to

army *esprit du corps*, which the battalions of foot chasseurs have welcomed to their ranks. The idea of 'battle comrades,' acting in groups to defend themselves, forming in the plan, to resist cavalry, as many little squares, of which each component is ready to sell his life dearly to protect those of his brethren in arms, is one

of the most fortunate and fertile ideas presented by the organization of the foot chasseurs. Called by their service to fight almost always separately, and not by platoons and battalions, the foot chasseurs required a much more solid individual instruction than other infantry. The ordinances made for them provided for it; to the regular manual has been added vaults and demi-vaults (facings and half-turns), fencing with the bayonet, the manner of assaulting cavalry, as well as parrying its attacks. Then the school of riflemen has been so modified, that this service is not an accidental, but a habitual service; and men can fight in this way an entire day without rallying on the platoon or battalion, if there is a necessity for so doing. The rally by 'battle comrades,' and by groups of comrades on the reserve of the half-section or section, may precede the rally on the platoon and battalion, so that the last two rallies are only ordered when there is a superior opposing force." We are not aware that any other army of Europe has yet attempted to introduce this peculiar bayonet drill. It is taught, however, at West Point, and may at some future time be introduced into the American army. Even, however, if the drill should be attempted by Austrians or English, we doubt if they could equal the efficiency of the

French troop in the use of the bayonet. The very solidity of the best Austrian and English so does would be an impediment to their success. They want that cat-like activity, that lightning-like promptitude which makes the Frenchman such a formidable antagonist.



THE RALLY BY HALF SECTION.

them, 'Each one of you is a partner in the life of the three others. It is the dying old man's fagot of sticks. A single stick is easily broken; a bundle advantageously resists. Our infantry thoroughly understood this idea, worthy also of developing in their hearts the noble sentiment of fraternity, which is called in the



FIRING LYING DOWN.

CHASSEURS DEPLOYED AS TIRAILLEURS.

SOUNDING THE ORDERS.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE RUNNING EVERGREEN.

BY L. J. SAWYER.

Sometimes within the forest wide,  
And oft some rivulet beside,  
Or where some little streamlet rolls,  
It runs along the mossy knolls.  
It nestles near the rustling trees,  
Ofttimes all covered up with leaves,  
And oft, beneath the snow, I've seen  
The bright, the running evergreen.

It hides itself within the moss,  
Or where the alder tassels toss,  
And flirts, and wags before the wind.  
It creeps along some bush behind,  
Its sprangles, curling in a wreath,  
Conceal themselves some mound beneath,  
In lowly dell and glade 'tis seen,  
The bright, the running evergreen.

## FREEDOM.

'Tis vain—my tongue can impart  
My almost drunkenness of heart,  
When first this liberated eye  
Surveyed earth, ocean, sun and sky,  
As if my spirit pierced them through,  
And all their inmost wonders knew!  
One word alone can point to thee  
That more than feeling—I was free!  
Even for thy presence cursed to pine:  
The world, my heaven itself was mine.—BYRON

## BOOKS.

Come let me make a sunny realm around thee,  
Of thoughts and beauty—here are books and flowers,  
With spells to loose the fetters that have bound thee,  
The ravell'd veil of this world's feverish hours.  
MRS. HEMANS.

## VIRTUE.

O Virtue! Virtue! as thy joys excel,  
So are thy woes transcendent; the gross world  
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.—THOMSON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We have accomplished a long meditated evasion; we have passed the city limits; we have escaped, for the purpose of preparing our weekly dish of gossip, to quiet country quarters. A Sabbath stillness reigns around us, broken only by the whistle of the robin, the melodious trills of the bobolink, or the whispering flirtations of the wind with the mountain ash. As we lift our eyes from the study-table, heaped with books and papers, we look across the fragrant new-mown fields, bordered by lines of bushes, with here and there a swaying elm, through vistas of woodland to the valley of the silver Charles, with green and wooded hills rising in the background, and villas, cottages and villages scattered in white patches over a broad area. A little flower-garden is hidden from view by a line of shrubbery, but the perfume of roses and pinks is wafted through our open window. For a wonder, the day is hot, the air is tremulous, but we are quite comfortable within doors. If, under these circumstances, one cannot work with a will, he must be a most unconscionable fellow, so, with a self-promised reward of an amble on horseback towards sunset, we bend to our task. The anticipation of spur and saddle will speed pen and scissors. We see that orders have been given for introducing athletic games and gymnastic exercises in the British army. The idea is derived from the French. The Zouaves are trained gymnasts, and are as agile as so many Ravens. Quite true. But it will be a hard task to make a Zouave out of a beefed, beer-drinking John Bull. The attempt reminds us of the German, who had a great admiration of the French character and a desire to imitate it. When a friend surprised him in his room, jumping clumsily over the chairs and tables, and asked him, wonderingly, what he was doing, he replied, "Trying to be lively." In one of the recent engagements in Italy, a Zouave received an unsteady stroke from the bayonet of an Austrian soldier which only tore his cheek. "Blockhead!" said the Zouave, fixing his eyes on his adversary, as he shrugged his shoulders, contemptuously, "Is that the way to deliver a bayonet thrust? Look here!" And by way of example he buried his sabre bayonet to the hilt in the breast of his opponent. There is a vast amount of grit in the "wimmen folk" when they undertake anything. An amusing incident was witnessed at the depot of the Great Western Railway, recently. An old lady was running after, and making vigorous efforts to catch the express train, which was fully a quarter of a mile ahead of her. "Awful!" Gardner, the converted and reformed pugilist, now presides over the free reading and coffee room, 25 New Bowery, New York, established by some liberal gentlemen for the purpose of furnishing refreshment, instruction, and a place of social meeting, as a counterpoise to the dens of temptation that exist in the neighborhood. The enterprise is an excellent one and deserves complete success. John Brougham has just produced his eighty-ninth successful play. He bids fair to rival Lope de Vega in productiveness. The new drama is called "Art and Artifice," and it sketches the upshot of Quintin Matley's abandonment of the blacksmithing business and becoming a painter, for the purpose of winning the daughter of an old Dutch burgher—a humbugger—named Von Fwelt, who took it into his head that she should only be wed by the best painter of Antwerp. The play is said to be full of beautiful thoughts and beautiful language. The Milwaukee News says the "Order of the Sons of Malta" lately gave the widow of Lopez, who was garrotted in Cuba, a house and lot in Buffalo, where she at present resides. Letters from

England state that great progress has been made on the steamer Great Eastern, which, it is anticipated, will be ready for sea by the first of August. We hope to see the elephant when it arrives in Portland. A Cincinnati paper says that an economical couple from Iowa arrived at Alexandria, Mo., recently, to get married. The groom had neither hat, coat nor waistcoat, but Justice Spencer kindly loaned him those needed garments, and then tied the knot for the pair. When the ceremony was over, the groom told the "Squire" that he "hadn't a red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf, if they could agree on the terms. The "Squire" took the varmint and gave the happy bridegroom one dollar to boot. The French Academy some time ago offered a prize for the best poem on the subject of the Sisters of Charity in the Nineteenth Century. The prize has been recently awarded, and we are happy to say that it was gained by a lady—Madame Ernestine Drouet. It is not perhaps generally known that the Duke of Calabria, who has now, on the death of Ferdinand II. ascended the throne of Naples, is an artist of considerable merit. As a sculptor he has produced many remarkable works, and has engraved many medals, which are at present in the museum of Naples. The Empress Eugenie is not forgotten by her husband, though he has fled to war and arms from the "nunnery of her chaste breast and quiet mind." Twice a day are despatches brought to the palace—at twelve in the morning and at six at night. The morning messenger regularly brings a bouquet of Italian flowers for the empress—a pretty and gallant conceit. A writer in the London Illustrated News says: "The gravestone of William Hazlitt in the Church of St. Ann's, Soho, is tottering and illegible. This should not be. As we trod, two days ago, with silent, thoughtful feet, this now sealed-up cemetery, we had a solemn passing thought that the grave of William Hazlitt well deserves a memorial of more than thirty years' duration. But we live in strange times; and it must be indifferent alike to the good and to the great whether the curtain on our coffin falls on Woking or Westminster Abbey. A Paris letter-writer says: "One or two of the newspapers, in order the better to carry on their war, for which they have been unable to obtain subscribers to their loan with the same facility as the emperor, have hit upon the idea of offering as a premium to subscribers for one year a map and a box of pins! These pins have colored heads—green, tri-colored, and mixed black and yellow. These represent the three combating nations, and are stuck over the map, to follow the advance of the different armies; and right merry is the game at the door of the cafes, when two old officers take the command, and then *ventrebleu! morbleu! corbleu!* you should see how the Sardinians are made to follow far in the rear, while the Austrians fly on a long way before. This sweet and interesting game, which attracts every listless idler to the cafes, is the great occupation of the moment, whole bands of men, with beards and moustachios, broad shoulders and big trousers, looking warlike and vigorous enough for any amount of labor or defence, may be seen deeply engaged defeating these imaginary Austrians, and poring for hours over the best method of sticking the little pins right into the very heart of Lombardy, refreshing themselves, meanwhile, on the march and amid the combat by glasses of *cava sucrée* or *cava glacée*, and taking fresh courage with every draught." As an evidence of what industry and perseverance will do, it may be stated that the Hon. Solon Borland and Hon. Jerro Clemens have risen, by successive stages, from United States senators and ministers plenipotentiary, until they have reached the editorial chair, and they are now associated in the management of the Memphis (Tenn.) Enquirer. The French correspondent of the New York Express says: "Paris continues to be filled up by Americans and others, returning from Italy, and soon Italy will be emptied of strangers. Switzerland and Germany will be the tourists' points the coming summer, and poor Italy will suffer more in the absence of foreigners, who are ever buying something in the arts. A tunnel through the earth, from New England to New Zealand, would be eight thousand miles long. A type-setter, who says he is accustomed to set Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Italian, French and English type, advertises in the Levant (Constantinople) Herald for a situation in England, America, or elsewhere. Punch says of "The Theatre of War," that they are doing such a tremendous stroke of business that for the present all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the public press is suspended. Many of the letters from the seat of war in Italy note the skill of the Tyrolean riflemen in the Austrian army. They annoy the French exceedingly, and pick off men at an almost incredible distance, where they were considered safe from the reach of even the longest range of small arms at the present day. If women were jurors, as some of them claim they ought to be, what chance would ugly old fellows stand when indicted? A good citizen is a peace-maker, and a bull in a china shop is a piece-maker, too. When a devout Mohammedan, on his death-bed, gives to his spiritual guide the requisite amount of money, he is furnished with a passport to Paradise, which is carefully placed near his head in the coffin. The following is a free translation of one of these passports: "Angel Gabriel,—Dear Sir,—In consideration of the sum of Rs—, paid by Sheikh Abdel Karim into our common treasury, you will please deliver to him, on arrival at your place, three pomegranate trees, two date do. one tamarind, and other trees in proportion. Also, seventeen black hours and seven palaces, horses and cattle in abundance, and oblige yours, etc." Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty—it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. A stranger who visited Jersey City, and got involved in the intricacies of the railroad depot, came to the conclusion that no one could get into New Jersey without a night key. "Generally speaking," says the Paris Pays, "no correct estimate is formed of the labor required for the transport of the stores of an army. It requires not less than 300 horses to carry 1,000,000 cartridges. The government has already sent 10,000,000 cartridges to Italy, so that this one article alone has given work to 3000 horses. Such an enormous mass of

ammunition for the rifles now in use will give a terrible idea of the power of destruction possessed by the French troops." A bachelor says: "A woman may cling to the chosen of her heart like a fly to a 'Catch-em-alive,' and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where there is nothing to admire; and when fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like a penny-stamp to an envelope, or a tax-gatherer to your house-door." Mr. Bruhn, a celebrated Prussian astronomer, has announced that it will take the late comet two thousand two hundred years to travel around its orbit and pay us another visit, and naively "supposes" that "few of us will be here to welcome it back." The once famous, or infamous, drama of "Jack Sheppard" was played recently at the Victoria Theatre, London, and was announced for future representations; but a notice has been sent to the manager from the lord chamberlain's office interdicting the performance of the play at that or any other theatre for the future. It is some time since the lord chamberlain exercised his authority over dramas in possession of the stage. The French are turning their Algerian conquests to account in the interests of civilization. By the application of modern scientific instruments, the engineers have been able to sink Artesian wells in the sandy deserts, and to extract from the soil, at a comparatively moderate depth, water at the rate of from 800 to 500 gallons a minute. The natives are attracted to these spots, and the scriptural prophecy is being literally fulfilled, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." A young lady near Franklin, Ky., went hunting on horseback, lately, and astounded her cavalier by leaping over stone fences, and bagging seventeen fine squirrels.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

There are indications at present that the war in Europe will have a wider sweep than was anticipated at first. Prussia can ill check her impatience, and may soon give the signal for Germany to enter on the field of carnage. The attempts of Kossuth and Klapka to kindle the flame of revolt among the Hungarians may lead to a general war. In the present state of Germany on the one side, and the Danubian populations on the other, a second revolutionary outbreak in Hungary may light up a war from the Baltic to the Black Sea. If Kossuth and Klapka be seriously combining to kindle the flame of rebellion in that remote province of Austria, the Germans may have that *cassus belli* which the more heated among them may desire.—The Prussian corps d'armée to be mobilized are the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, and the guards. The 1st, 2d, and 9th corps are reserved, to be opposed, if necessary, to Russia. The other corps will be concentrated, and only sufficient troops will be left in the provinces to garrison the towns and the fortresses.—The Montreuil recapitulates the French loss at Magenta, namely, 323 killed, 2165 wounded, and 470 missing. The French loss at Magenta was 154 killed, 725 wounded, and 64 missing. An official account has been published of the losses of the Austrians at the battle of Magenta: 63 officers and 1802 soldiers killed, 218 officers and 4130 soldiers wounded; 4000 soldiers missing.—Commercial affairs in France appear at present to be regulated by political events connected with the war. As long as the idea prevails that hostilities will be confined to Italy, speculation is continued as in ordinary times, but when an extraordinary event takes place, such as the mobilization, by the Prussian government, of six corps d'armée, stagnation again sets in. Fortunately the manufacturers in Paris have sufficient orders on hand to give employment to all their operators. The Americans at present are their best customers.

## Milan, Italy.

The scowling, censorious, and petulant population of Milan have been transferred into a joyous, impressionable, good-natured people. The transition from one rule to another was sudden and without a struggle; none of the passions which are sure to appear in every popular movement have been roused. It was like the sudden realization of a dream long hoped for and ardently desired, and the Milanese awoke one morning and found this cherished dream a reality. Not even the most active imagination among them had dared to conceive such a speedy solution.

## Divorce in France.

The civil tribunal of the Seine has just decided, in a case "Madame X— v. the mayor of the 10th arrondissement," that a foreign woman, legally divorced in her own country, cannot during her first husband's lifetime—although he also is a foreigner—contract a second marriage in France, where, since 1816, the law does not permit a divorce under any circumstance whatever.

## England.

The formation of rifle corps is extending through all parts of the country. As it is felt that there may be many willing and ready to join these corps whose means will not allow them to purchase the uniform and accoutrements, associations are being organized to provide the necessary funds.

## The Queen and the Pope.

The Roman correspondent of the Weekly Register writes that her majesty Queen Victoria has forwarded an autograph letter to the pope, thanking his holiness for his present of a beautiful mosaic table. It is added that the pope was much gratified with the friendly sentiments expressed by her majesty.

## Germany.

In Germany there is a large party which does not hesitate to pronounce Austria to be in the wrong in her policy as to Italy, and who judge the French Emperor's deeds as they are interpreted by his words. The hope of arresting a general war is in the success of this party.

## The British Ministry.

First Lord Treasury, Viscount Palmerston; Chancellor Exchequer, W. E. Gladstone; Foreign Secretary, Lord Russell; Home Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis; Colonial Secretary, Duke Newcastle; War Secretary, Mr. Sidney Herbert; for India, Sir C. Wood; First Lord Admiralty, Duke Somerset; Lord Chancellor, Lord Campbell, President of Council, Earl Granville; Privy Seal, Duke Argyll; Postmaster General, Lord Elgin; President Board of Trade, Mr. Cobden; President Poor Law Board, Milner Gibson; First Commissioner of Works, Cardwell; Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster, Sir G. Grey, Sir A. Cockburn succeeds Lord Campbell as Lord Chief Justice of England, and the following under secretaries: India, Mr. Baring; Home, G. Oliver; War, Lord Ripon; Civil Lord of Admiralty, Mr. Whitbread; Judge Advocate, Justice Headlam; Secretary Poor Law, Gilpin; Vice President Council of Education, Solicitor General Sir H. Keating; Household Officers—Steward, Lord St. Germain; Horre, Marquis of Aylesbury; Buckhounds, Earl Besboro; Mistress Robes, Duchess Sutherland.

## Rome.

A remarkable demonstration was got up in Rome in honor of the recent successes of the French and Piedmontese armies before Milan. Unable to restrain their impetuous joy, the Romans, as soon as the news was received, ran through the streets in great numbers, and, following the route of the Corso, stopped before the house of General Goyon. Here they burst into the most enthusiastic exclamations of "Viva la France!" "Viva l'Empereur Napoleon!" "Viva l'Indépendance!" Their cries were repeated again and again, until General Goyon appeared at the window, and thanked the multitude by gestures.

## Naples.

A great political demonstration took place in Naples on the receipt of the news of the battle of Magenta. A great demonstration was made in favor of the French. The road from the royal palace to the street called the Chiaja was filled with upwards of twenty thousand people, cheering the French and Piedmontese consuls' residences. The Swiss and police charged upon them with the bayonet and gradually they were dispersed.

## Austrian Finances.

An Austrian imperial decree proclaims that the public will receive for interest on the national loan now due, either bank notes at 125 florins for every 100 florins, or two government bonds, redeemable with compound interest in five years. Commercial letters from Vienna describe the financial condition of Austria as one of complete bankruptcy.

## The Galway Steam-Line.

Official documents relative to the postal contract with the Galway steamship line are published. The service will not commence till June 1, 1860. The government had refused to dispense with the conditions requiring communication with New York via Newfoundland in six days.

## Prussia.

The announcement in the Prussian Gazette that the Prince of Prussia has ordered that six corps d'armée shall be set in motion, is regarded in Paris as the answer of the Germanic Confederation to the note of Prince Gortschakoff.

## Italian Malcontents.

The Times Paris correspondent speaks of the dissatisfaction of some of the Italians at territorial accessions of the King of Sardinia. They protest against his taking possession of Lombardy, and require a confederation, not fusion.

## Russia.

Russia is making vast preparations at all naval depots. The Neva division of the fleet is reported to number 80 first class ships, and the Baltic fleet 35 sail of the line, of which 14 screw steamers were at Cronstadt.

## Important Arrest.

It is stated that the King of Sardinia has ordered the arrest of one of the colonels of one of the Sardinian regiments, for having, contrary to discipline and obvious policy, addressed a proclamation to the Roman Legation.

## Russia Ready.

A letter from St. Petersburg says if Prussia allows herself to be goaded into a menacing step, Russia will concentrate troops on the Gallician frontiers, and send a detachment of her fleet to Prussian Baltic ports.

## Horrors of War.

The Piedmontese division engaged at Palestro, when repassing through Novarre, marched with five companies out of ten under sub-officers; the others remained on the field of battle.

## British Chancellors.

On the resignation of Lord Chelmsford there will be five ex-chancellors, namely, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, St. Leonards, Cranworth, and Chelmsford, each drawing £5000 per annum.

## French Troops.

The emperor, it is said, has demanded 100,000 more men for Italy, to besiege Austrian fortresses. The French army of observation on the Rhine frontiers numbers 71,000.

## Valuable Gift.

Mr. William Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, has been presented by Lieut. Morelaw with a magnificent sceptre which belonged to the King of Delhi.

## Klapka's Proclamation.

A Turin journal publishes a proclamation by Klapka, drawn up for distribution among the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army.

## American Surgeons.

The government of Sardinia has declined the offer of the services of surgeons from the United States.

## Greece.

Demonstrations in honor of the French victories have taken place in Greece.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### MRS. PARTINGTON'S NEW BOOK.

READY ABOUT JULY 20th,

## KNITTING WORK: A WEB OF MANY TEXTURES.

By B. P. SHILLABER, (Mrs. Partington)

THE Publishers take pleasure in announcing a new volume from this popular author, whose name for wit and humor, conveying truth and instruction, is a household word. Over 30,000 copies of her previous work, published some five years since, were sold in a short time after its issue, since then the old dame has been gaining in popularity, while a great interest has been manifested in "Ike," as he has developed himself under Mrs. Partington's management.

The Publishers expect that this book will be the most popular of the summer issues. It will be published in elegant style, and illustrated by the well-known and popular artist, AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

Prominent among the illustrations are

Ike, a Pugilist,

The Partington Family,

Mrs. Partington Criticizing Miss Wiggles,  
Ike Barlequing Hoops.

And many others, which none but Hopkin could have ever designed.

Sam Slick has run his race. Mrs. Partington now is the American humorist,—original, genial, laughable, and not unconstructive. We wish it to be understood that "Ike" is included in these remarks. No one should buy the book who thinks it sinful to laugh.—Henry Ward Beecher, in N. Y. Independent.

A regular Yankee institution is Mrs. Partington, and well deserves the compliment of a book.—N. Y. Tribune.

In 1 vol., 12mo., Price, \$1 25.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,  
July 16 Publishers, Boston. 2w

BOSTON DIRECTORY,  
FOR THE YEAR ENDING JULY 1,  
1860.  
JUST PUBLISHED,  
AND FOR SALE BY

ADAMS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
DIRECTOR OFFICE,  
91 WASHINGTON STREET.

### TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

We would respectfully announce that we have become the Publishers of that

VALUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WORK

MILCH COWS  
AND  
DAIRY FARMING.  
BY CHARLES L. FLINT,  
Secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture.

Although the book has been before the public but a short time, the very flattering reception given it is a full and satisfactory endorsement of its merits. The book is elegantly illustrated with 128 engravings. The present edition is exhausted, and we shall issue in a few days a

New Edition of 3000 Copies.

All orders should be addressed to

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS..... BOSTON

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street.

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a rough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the surfout steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,  
may 28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and traveling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address  
JUNE 4 3m GEORGE C. BROWN & Co. Hooksett, N. H.

### BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.  
Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,  
BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE JUNE 25

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

### THE ONLY POSITIVELY



### FIRE PROOF SAFE

IS THE

MARLAND'S PATENT, of which Dr. J. C. T. Jackson and A. A. Hayes, assessors to the State of Massachusetts, assert, "the door-way (the most vulnerable part of a safe) to be as fire proof as the walls and that it is all that can be expected of a safe, and secure in any fire, the intensity of which is less than sufficient to melt the mass of iron and stone."

Messrs. Cochran & Hall, of New Orleans, say at the burning of our warehouse, July 8, 1858, "your safe had as severe a test as is possible to imagine, no water being thrown upon it. Our fears regarding it, and a Salamander Safe of another manufacture, were partially realized by the destruction of the latter, while the entire contents of your safe were preserved from the slightest damage."

At the burning of the Pioneer Mechanics Shop at Burlington, Vt., April 13, 1858, "the heat was so intense in the division which the safe stood that it melted the machinery into masses, so that out of some thirty tons not half a ton was fit for use again—while the entire contents of the safe, books, papers, and \$9000 in notes were unharmed."

Special attention given to designing safes for house use.

M. B. BIGELOW & ANSON HARDY,  
Manufacturers, 32 School St., Boston, Mass.

ISAAC BRIDGE, No. 91 Magazine Street, New Orleans, ap23sep3m

### WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

WE call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in another column, and assure them they can find no better remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchial affections, or any disease of the throat or lungs.

In August, 1858, an estimable friend of ours returned from a visit in the country much emaciated; and laboring under a severe cough, which had made such rapid inroads upon her constitution that we felt something must be done at once, or she would become a victim of consumption. Having known the beneficial results which have occurred from the use of Wistar's Balsam, we made purchase of some for her, and are happy to say that before she had taken the contents of one bottle her cough had entirely left her, and she is now in the enjoyment of excellent health.—Oliver Branch, June 25, 1859.

PREPARED BY

SETH W. FOWLE & Co.,  
18 Tremont Street, Boston.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

COLLECTION OFFICE,  
No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, Attorney, 12 Cowly St., Boston.

JOSEPH W. DAVIS, 25 State St., Boston.

"Can it be Done?"  
"NERVOUS" AND "FEMALE COMPLAINTS," Scrofulous Humors, (Canker, Salt Rheum), and Dyspepsia with its attendant horrors, cured without medicine. The best remedies ever known for Sore Eyes, Films, and Total Blindness. Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutritive Cure," (sent to you for one dime) and learn how these things are done.  
JULY 16 4w LAROKY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

### IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

THE food and habits of civilized man induce in a great majority an impure condition of the blood, the source of a great variety of painful diseases, which disturb the happiness of almost every family in the land. A sure, safe and agreeable remedy is at hand in the PERUVIAN SYRUP, a fact which cannot be denied.

### THOMAS S. DROWNE,

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE GOLD JEWELRY, CHAINS, etc.  
FACTORY AND SALESHOON,  
No. 151 Washington Street, Boston.

June 18 Repairing done promptly 5w

FEDER'S METHOD FOR THE GUITAR. A New and Progressive Method of rapidly acquiring a thorough mastery of the Instrument, with a pleasing variety of Songs and National Melodies. Price, \$2 50. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, anecdotes, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for four cents per copy.  
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given.

PARSONS & GIBBY,  
STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,  
j2 3m NO. 3 WINTER STREET.

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

No. 89 and 91 MILK STREET, and 91 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials, Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap30

3m

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and UNWRAPPED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, B. C. Moore, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

### SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4

READING FOR THE MILLION!—We will send for a whole year, to any person who forwards us \$3, BalloU's Pictorial, an elegant first-class illustrated weekly, and BalloU's Dollar Monthly, richly ornamented with engravings, and one hundred pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been equaled in the world! Address M. M. BALLOU,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

### NEW SPRING TRIMMINGS.

J. C. OSGOOD,

19 WINTER STREET,

Has just received, and is constantly receiving, NEW STYLES OF DRESS TRIMMINGS, which the Ladies are invited to examine. tf may 28

116,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.  
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street. tf

### The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

### MICROSCOPES!

### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw, the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1 00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Room No. 2.

July 2

### Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.

BROWN'S Soda Water, drawn through Nichol's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, Brown's Hock and Claret Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office. tf June 18

### Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from \$15 to \$30 weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.  
S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "BalloU's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work to any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. BalloU, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 115,000 copies.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of BalloU's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHET OF THE HOMER WARD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling nerve and interest.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA: or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the blue ankers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the anguinary incidents of those times.

Written for us by.....NED BUNTLINE.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DREAM OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated, altogether exhibiting a most interesting and thrilling picture.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN: or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland, narrating events of deep interest to every lover of Erin.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING ROEMIAN. This is one of the most stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. It depicts to the life some of the stirring events of the Revolution.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CHRISTIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Christian, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SQUADRON. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling time of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

RODERICK THE ROVER: or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneers times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE MAID OF THE RANGHE: or, THE REGENERATOR AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardness it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE SEA LARK: or, THE QUADRON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CAVALLER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUREAUER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

RED HAND: or, THE CRUISE OF THE ENGLISH CHANSEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## VIEW OF CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

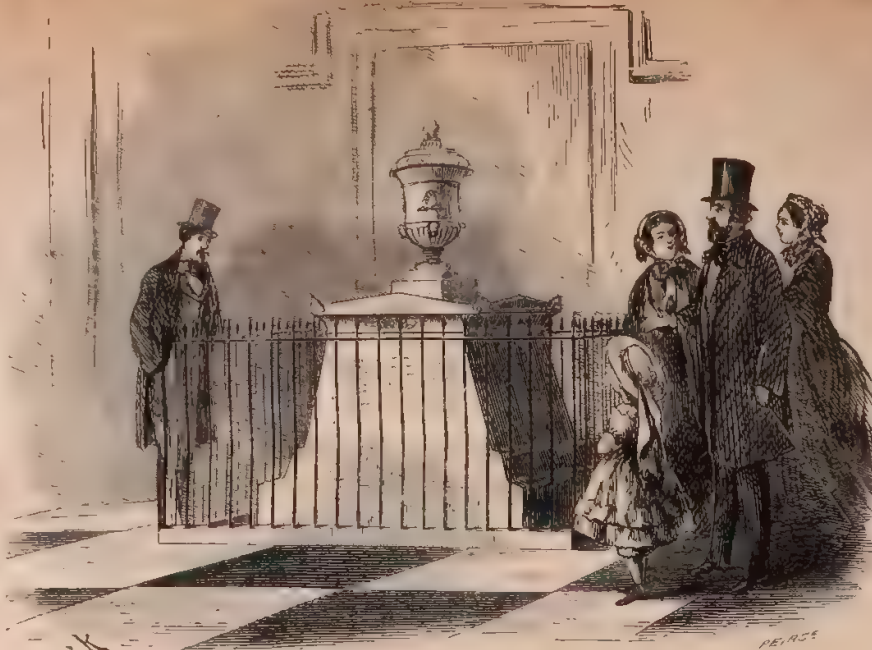
We publish on this page a very fine engraving, representing one of the most picturesque watering places in Europe. Carlsbad (Charles's Bath) is a town of Bohemia, in the circle of Elbogen, on the Tappel, near its junction with the Eger, 70 miles N. W. from Prague, and famous for its hot springs. The permanent residents number about three thousand, but during the summer season the population is sometimes three times as great. It is the most fashionable watering-place in Europe. The town belongs to the Emperor of Austria, and occupies a narrow valley between granite mountains. It has one handsome street, the Kunstrasse, in connection with an elegant granite bridge across the Eger. The springs contain a great amount of carbonate and sulphate of soda, and the *Spiudel*, temperature 165° Fahrenheit, deposits so much incrustation, and is forced upwards with so much violence, that fresh orifices have to be continually bored to prevent explosions and injury to the town. *Muldbunnen*, temperature 138° Fahrenheit, furnishes most of the water used for drinking. Vapor baths have been constructed over the *Hygienquelle*. The public walks around Carlsbad are much admired. The baths are most frequented from June to September. Carlsbad was the favorite residence of Goethe, Hoffman and Werner. It is celebrated for the congress held there in 1819. The scenery in and about Carlsbad is enchantingly romantic. The shores of the river are occupied by quays planted with trees, and by a succession of *cafés* and shops of every kind, which impart a very animated and brilliant air to this portion of the town. Those of the guests who prefer quiet amusement to climbing steep ascents, give the preference to this quarter. The town, of course, abounds in hotels and lodging-houses; in fact, there is nothing else, for every house takes boarders, and the gradual development of Carlsbad is owing to their affluence. The public registers show that in 1775 there were only 197 families; in 1815, 1300; in 1834, 3287; or, including visitors, 10,000 souls. In many diseases, the waters are very efficacious, while the regimen which every patient is compelled to observe, is well calculated to strengthen the constitution.

## GARIBALDI'S BOYS.

The following account of Garibaldi's volunteers is from a letter in the *Paris S. école*: "I do not know if you have read in some foreign journals the strange exaggerations on the subject of Garibaldi's volunteers. It has been said that this little army corps is the refuge of persons more or less compromised; they have been represented as so many 'reiters' or 'lanzknechts,' soldiers of the wallet and cord, who despise all discipline, and are only fit to make a bold stroke in enterprises by night. Not a word of it is true. There is not a regiment in Europe where discipline is more severely carried out than in the companies of volunteers. Garibaldi chooses the men, and when he does not personally know those who come and offer their services to him, he does not accept them without good references. This volunteer corps is composed, besides, in great part, of young men belonging to the best families of Naples, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and especially in Milan.

There is at this moment, at the Great Britain Hotel in Turin, a very rich Milanese Countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two, and the younger is nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children; she cannot see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have itself entered at the point of the bayonet. Do not suppose this lady to be a matron of ancient Rome. All her days are passed in dread and tears. At every moment she is afraid of some disastrous news, and every unexpected letter makes her tremble. Being very pious, she has two masses said every morning that God may turn aside from the breasts of her sons the Austrian bullets. We are not made of such sorry stuff, you see, as the journals friendly to Austria would fain have it believed.

To speak to you frankly, our scapegraces would not have frightened me, from the moment especially when fighting with Gyulini's soldiers was in question, and on my first journey to Turin, on meeting under the arcades all these young fellows, I was going to say stripplings, who were getting ready to go and fight under Garibaldi's orders. I asked myself if it would not have been better for the papers I spoke of but now to have stated the truth. Now, however, there is no longer a doubt about the courage, the moral strength and determination of these nobles, so young indeed, who have flocked in from all parts of Italy.



MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VA.

Full of confidence in their chief, they follow him wherever he wishes to lead them, and harass incessantly the enemy night and day—not an hour at rest, always on the march, and with the musket forever on the shoulder. In less than a month, these children have become old soldiers. They have abandoned everything—they, the inheritors of great names and large fortunes—for servitude, the platter and the hard camp couch. These dukes, marquises, counts; these latest scions of the oldest patrician stocks; have become simple soldiers, warring for independence. Spare, then, these proud children, who are followed by the anxious eyes of their mothers, all disdain and insult; let calumny at least respect such noble hearts, who will be an eternal honor to Italy, their country."

## THE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

The monument delineated in the accompanying engraving by Mr. Kilburn, during his visit to the South to make drawings for the Pictorial, is within the porch of the Monument Church, erected on the site of the theatre destroyed by fire in 1811. The church was built in 1813, and dedicated May 4, in the following year. The monument bears the following inscription: "In memory of the awful calamity that, by the providence of God, fell on this city on the night of the 26th of December, in the year of Christ, 1811, when, by the sudden conflagration of the Richmond Theatre, many citizens of different ages and both sexes, distinguished for talents and for virtues, respected and beloved, perished in the flames, and in one short moment public joy and

private happiness were changed into universal lamentation, this monument is erected and the adjoining church dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, that in all future times the remembrance of this mournful event, on the spot where it happened and where the remains of the sufferers are deposited in one urn, may be united with acts of penitence and devotion." In a former number we published a view of the church with a notice of the calamity; we will, therefore, simply remind our readers that the scenery of the theatre took fire during the representation of "Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun." A panic seized the audience, egress was difficult, and nearly a hundred individuals perished, among them the Governor of Virginia and several members of Congress.

## A MANIFESTO BY MAZZINI.

The New York Tribune translates from the *Pensiero ed Azione*, an Italian publication issued in London, a long article by Mazzini on the existing war, from which we extract the following: "The truth of the situation is this: As in 1848, and still more so, the Italian movement tends to liberty and national unity. The war is undertaken by the Sardinian monarchy and by Louis Bonaparte with entirely different views. As in 1848, and still more so, the antagonism existing between the tendencies of the nation and those of the accepted chiefs, which then ruined the war, menaces Italy with tremendous disappointments. What Italy aspires to is National Unity. Louis Napoleon cannot wish this. Besides Nizza and Savoy, already conceded to him by Piedmont as the price for his aid in the formation of a northern kingdom, he wants an opportunity to set up the throne of a Murat in the south, and the throne of his cousin in the centre. Rome, and part of the Roman State, are to remain under the temporal government of the Pope. \* \* Nevertheless, the war is a *fact*—a powerful fact—which creates new duties, and essentially modifies our own proceedings. Between the conception of Cavour and the menace of a coalition, between Louis Napoleon and Austria, equally fatal, there stands Italy—the more serious dangers of the situation are, the more the efforts of all must concentrate themselves to save the common fatherland from the perils it incurs. If the war was carried on between governments, we might remain spectators, watching the moment when the combatants having weakened each other, the national element could come forward. But that element has already exploded.

Deluded or not, the country trembles in a feverish state of activity, and believes it is able to accomplish its purpose by making use of the war, of the emperor and the king. The Tuscan movement, a spontaneous movement of Italian soldiers and citizens, the universal agitation, and the rush of volunteer corps, break through the circle of the official intrigues, and they are the beatings of the national heart. It is necessary to follow them on the field; it is necessary to enlarge, to Italianize (*Italianizzare*) the war. The Republicans will know how to accomplish this duty. Italy, if she will, may save herself from the perils we have set forth. She may win from the actual crisis her national unity. It is necessary that Austria should succumb. We may deplore the imperial intervention, but we cannot deny that Austria is the eternal enemy of every national Italian development. Every Italian must co-operate in the downfall of Austria. This is demanded by the honor, by the safety of all. Europe must learn that between us and Austria there is an eternal war. It is necessary that the people of Italy maintain intangible its dignity, and convince Europe that, if we can undergo the aid of tyranny, because it was claimed by an Italian government, we have not asked for it, and have not renounced for it our belief in liberty and the alliances of peoples. The cry of 'Viva la Francia!' may issue without guilt from Italian lips; not so the cry of 'Viva l'Imperatore!' \* \* It is necessary that Italy arouse, from one end to the other \* \* in the north to conquer, not to receive liberty; in the south to organize the reserve of the national army. The insurrection may, with due reserve, accept the military command of the king, wherever the Austrian has pitched his camp, or is at hand; the insurrection in the south must operate and keep itself more independent. Naples and Sicily may secure the Italian cause and constitute its power, represented by a national camp. \* \* The cry of insurrection, wherever it is heard, must be 'Unity, Liberty, National Independence!' The name of Rome ought always to accompany that of Italy. It is the duty of Rome, not to send one man to the Sardinian army, but to prove to Imperial France that it is a bad bargain for any power to combat in the name of Italian independence, while supporting Papal absolutism."



VIEW OF CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM | VOL. XVII, No. 4...WHOLE No. 422.

## TOWN AND LAKE OF COMO.

If there were no historical interest attached to the place delineated in the accompanying engraving, it would still woo the eye from its romantic beauty. The lovely lake, fringed with its little flotilla of boats with their striped latten sails furlled, the gaily-costumed people on the shores, the white houses relieved against a wooded background, the lofty hills that print their bold summits on the summer sky, all these make up a scene on which the eye loves to linger, and which dwells in the memory through long years of absence. But these hills and shores have been invested with interest of a more stirring character. Here the heroic Garibaldi, bursting from the gorges of the mountains with his gallant band, struck more than one blow for Italian liberty, and covered his name with glory. But few weeks have passed since this bold partizan leader made his first foray on the Austrians at Como. Como is the capital of the province of the same name in Lombardy. It is situated at the southwest extremity of the lake, surrounded by hills, on which are several old castles. The plan of the city of Como has been likened to the shape of a crab—the city being the body and the two suburbs of Vico and St. Agostino being the claws. From authentic sources we glean some particulars of both the town and the lake, which are subjoined:

Como was anciently a town of considerable importance. A Greek colony having been settled in this district by Pompeius Strabo and Cornelius Scipio, and subsequently by Julius Caesar, Comum was made the chief seat of this colony. It had hitherto been an inconsiderable place, but from that time it rose to a great degree

of prosperity under the name of Comum Novum. It appears from the letters of the younger Pliny, who was born at Comum, that his native city was, in his time, in a very flourishing state, and in the enjoyment of all the privileges which belonged to a Roman *municipium*. Como does not figure in history after the fall of the empire, till the year 1107, about which time it became an independent city, and engaged in wars with Milan, which ended in its total destruction in 1127. It was rebuilt by Frederic Barbarossa in 1155, and four years afterwards was fortified. It remained a republic for two centuries, until it fell under the dominion of the Viscontis. Since that time Como has followed the fortunes of Milan. Como is a place of considerable trade and industry. Its silk fabrics formerly stood next in rank to those of Milan. Time was when the number of looms at work at Como exceeded those of Lyons. Como has manufactures of silks, woollens, cotton, yarn, and soap; the latter is much esteemed. It trades from its port on the lake chiefly with Switzerland. It exports rice, corn, and other agricultural produce for the mountain districts, and large quantities of raw silk in transit through Switzerland, for Germany and England, by the routes over the Splugen and St. Gothard. The view of Como from the north is peculiarly striking, the city being spread out on the undulating shore of the lake; and in the background is the ancient picturesque tower of the Baradello, connected with one of the most important passages in the history of Milan. The Cathedral, or Duomo, is a fine building, the beauty of the architecture being heightened by the richness and solidity of the material used in its construction. It is of marble. Como pos-

sesses some other curious mediæval antiquities, none more remarkable than the Church of San Fedele. This building is considered to be of the era of the Lombard Kings, and the exterior is nearly unaltered.

The little port of Como is formed by two piers, each ending in a square pavilion, the view up the lake from which is pleasing. The lake abounds with fish. Of these the most numerous is the trout, pike, perch, and the agone, a species of clupea. The agone migrate periodically from one end of the lake to the other. The Lake of Como, called by the ancients *Lacus Larius*, is about forty miles long from north to south. Its southern extremity is divided into two branches by the promontory of Bellaggio; at the bottom of one of these bays lies Como (Comum), the birthplace of Pliny and Volla; and, at the extremity of the other, on the east, Lecco. The chief feeder of the lake is the Adda, which enters it at the north and flows out at Lecco. The bay of Como has no outlet, so that its waters must also find its way out by the Adda. Taken altogether, it perhaps surpasses in beauty of scenery and vegetation, every other lake in Italy.

On the 21st of May Garibaldi quitted Biella and marched on Lago Maggiore, on the 23d he crossed the Ticino at Sesto-Calende, beat the enemy and seized on Varese. On the 26th he again beat the Austrians at Malmate, the next day he marched on Como and took possession of it, being received by the people with the most frantic demonstrations of delight. On the 28th he occupied Camerlata and Lecco. On the 2d of June, being attacked by overwhelming forces, he retired from Como and Varese, but on the following day resumed the offensive and re-

gained Varese. On the 8th of June, he was again victorious and drove the Austrians into Monza. Since then, he has been constantly on the alert, sweeping on the foe whenever opportunity presented itself for harassing and decimating their ranks. The hero of Como is the hero of Northern Italy. His brilliant valor, foresight, the rapidity of his motions, his sternness in battle, the gentleness and modesty of his manners, have given him a prestige that nothing can dim. To his standard have flocked those high-spirited young men, many of them nobles, born and reared in luxury, who believe that the hour of Italian independence has arrived, and who feel that the toilsome march, the hard bed, the hard fare, the perils of battle, are more endurable than all the comforts and elegances of life, embittered by submission to foreign tyranny. Garibaldi is worthy to command such soldiers—he is entitled to their fullest respect, to their love, obedience and admiration, for his entire life has been a sacrifice to the cause of liberty, and not a spot sullies the purity of his name. His sword has ever been at the service of every struggling people. He has fought against tyranny in America, as he fought against it in Italy. His defence of Rome, in 1849, won the admiration of even his enemies, and when Rome fell, he fell not with it. Putting himself at the head of the gallant band which had made such a heroic stand against the French, he cut his way through his swarming foes to the mountains—his life being preserved to be again imperilled in the cause of his country. Ten years have elapsed and he is again in arms, fighting with undiminished gallantry and with better fortune. May he live to see Italy free from Austrian rule—he asks no higher reward.



THE LAKE OF COMO, THE SCENE OF GARIBALDI'S LATE BRILLIANT EXPLOITS.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## WILD MADGE:

—OR—

## REMINISCENCES OF A ROMP.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAINDELL.

WHEN I was a little girl I was a veritable hoyden. I began to get the name as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of doors alone, and I did not get rid of it until—well, not until a number of years after. My father was a country farmer, and had one of the finest farms in the State where we lived; so I spent two-thirds of my time, as he did, in the open air, and went whither it suited me best.

"Wild as a hawk!" That was what they used to say of me. At an age when other children are just beginning to play with dolls, to evince a passion for play-houses, and so forth, I was out in the barn among the cattle, among the hay hunting hen's eggs, riding the horses to water, and driving the ox team. Other children have kittens or birds for pets; I had my kittens, to be sure—yes, a whole family of them; and, in the way of birds, a tame robin that fed from my hand; but I had pet calves, too, as well. I remember that one of them, an ungrateful animal, chased me around the pasture once until I was almost frightened, and tore my dress shockingly in getting over a fence out of his way, and a splendid fiery black colt that not a soul about the farm, but myself, could touch. He seemed to take a special fancy to me; I suppose it was because he knew I was not afraid of him, I don't know what else.

A little later, I was scouring the woods about the farm, and climbing trees to look after birds'-nests. But I am telling the truth when I say I never stole one—at least any that was occupied. There was one, a humming-bird's nest, and so curious, so beautiful, so perfect was it, that I went into raptures of childish admiration over it, and I should have liked to carry it home! But it had three eggs in it, and I couldn't. The tom-boy might climb the tree, but the child could not steal the bird's-nest.

In the very heart of my hoydenism there was a deep reverence, a passionate love for the beautiful in nature, and I think that was the one germ of promise that showed itself through all the wildness and roughness of my childish character. But there were few, I think, that saw it. My father was one of those few, and was not afraid for me. My mother was, simply, half the time in a flutter of alarm lest I should break my neck; but Aunt Patience, for her part, seemed to care less for personal danger than for the sacrifice of propriety. She was very prim, very austere, very particular in her notions of the rules that should regulate a young lady's conduct, and though I believe she would have been deeply and sincerely afflicted if any sad accident had happened to me in one of my escapades, I really do not think the catastrophe would have troubled and tormented her more than she was troubled and tormented and shocked now, every day of her life, by my wild capers.

"Joshua," she would say to my father, severely, "Joshua, I don't know what that child is coming to! I never saw a child allowed to run wild, as she is! She does nothing but scramble through the woods, and climb trees, and wade in the stream from morning till night. And it isn't proper. I wouldn't have a girl so wild! Do just see her, what a figure she is half the time, burnt brown in the sun, her hands and arms scratched from one end to the other with brambles, and her gown torn half off her back! She'll have spoilt all the good looks she ever had by the time she's grown up; and as to manners, why, she'll have no more than a red Indian."

"All I'm afraid of," said my mother, "is that she'll get half killed some time, in the midst of her freaks. If she should break some of her limbs—"

"O, I wouldn't borrow any trouble about it," said my father, good-naturedly. "I ain't afraid of her breaking her limbs, mother; she's too smart for that—always sure to come right side up, for all the world, like a cat! As for manners, Patience, and good manners, too, I'll risk them any day, where a child's got as good a heart as Madge has. And about the good looks, why, I'd rather a child of mine should be healthy than handsome. No, no, let her run wild if she will, Patience, while she's a child! She'll come out all right in the end, see if she don't!"

And run wild I did, accordingly, and if my

skin got brown, and my arms were scratched, and my gown torn, I was strong and rosy and well, and straighter than any arrow.

I had to go to school in the winter, when there was a school, in the village, and I learned fast and well; but I hated the confinement, and all through the spring and summer and autumn I made up for lost time, and when I was fourteen years old, you would hardly have known me from the red Indian to whom my Aunt Patience had so aptly compared me.

And hitherto I had been as happy as a lark, for I never had been troubled by anything more than the scoldings and complainings of Aunt Patience, and I never cared much for them. But now something came across me for which I did care very much indeed. There were coming to see us, so I was told one day, some cousins of mine, whom I had never seen more than once or twice in the course of my life, and whom I hardly remembered. Directly I heard it, I thought it would be very nice to have them come. I dared say I should like them very much. But at the very outset, Aunt Patience set me against them. She came to me, with one of her most impressive and solemn of faces, and said:

"Now, Margaret" (she never would call me Madge—she had a proper aversion to the name—it was just suited to my wild ways, and she had a horror of both, and would not countenance either), "now, Margaret, listen to me. You know that these people who are coming here are not country people; they have lived in the city all their lives, and in very elegant style, too. They are wealthy and refined; they are accustomed to move in the first circle of society, and consequently will be astonished by such rudeness, such wildness as they will meet with in you. Margaret, I speak for your good, and you must attend to what I say; you must learn to behave more properly, more like a young lady, before they come, or they will be shocked and disgusted with you."

"Then they'll have to be shocked and disgusted, that's all I have to say, aunt!"

That was what I said, rising up, red and rebellious, from my seat.

"I don't want anything to do with them if they're such terribly fine people, and it won't make a scrap of difference whether they like me or not!" And I marched off, leaving my good aunt horrified and despairing.

To be sure I went back, when I got a little cooler, to say, honestly, that I was sorry if I had spoken disrespectful to her; but I was up in arms against the fine relatives that were coming, and not a word more could she get me to listen to concerning them.

I do not know certainly whether this lecture which I had received, and the spirit of defiance that I felt towards the expected guests, were the moving cause, but thenceforth I went gipsying more determinedly and desperately than ever.

One afternoon, when I had been out three or four hours, roaming through field and wood, picking wild strawberries—it was in June, and I had a basketful on my arm—with my straw hat fallen back from my head, my hair all about my face, and my gown torn as usual, I trudged homeward at sunset, singing quietly by the way, when I felt in the mood, and when I got tired of that, thinking my own silent thoughts instead.

I did not once dream that the expected guests had arrived while I was away that afternoon, and so, when I had got as far as the old orchard, on my way home, and had jumped up on the low stone wall at the lower end, I stood there quite still, and seized with an intense fit of reflection, on beholding several persons, all complete strangers to me, grouped under one of the low-boughed apple trees, around the swing—my own special swing—that my father had put up for me himself.

One of them, a tall, queenly girl, with a very beautiful and imperious countenance—a straight, dark-eyed and dark-haired Diana she was—was just seating herself in this swing; and when she had placed herself, and arranged her skirt to her satisfaction—it would not have taken me a twentieth part of the time to do the same thing—she said, coolly:

"Now I am ready; Cousin Charles, do your best! When I am tired I shall tell you."

I looked at "Cousin Charles" attentively. He was a tall and very elegant man of five or six-and-twenty, with a gay and careless face, of no little masculine beauty, with fair curling hair and whiskers, and very fine, but I thought very impertinent eyes, that I suddenly found fixed straight upon me. He stood still, holding the rope.

"I say, Clara, look there!" he said, in the coolest way. "Isn't it a picture?"

"Why don't you swing me?" said Diana, with cold impatience. "Look where? What is there to look at? O!"

Her grand dark eyes rested, like his, full upon me. She surveyed me with a glance half careless, half imperious, from head to foot.

"Well, who is she? a beggar, I suppose, little ragged thing! Give her some money, Charles, and then come and swing me."

Here was I dubbed "a beggar" the very first thing. But it was just what I had expected, and I did not care. It rather amused me. I stood regarding her composedly enough.

"A beggar? you're wrong there, Cousin Clara!" put in the gentleman, gaily. "It's Pomona, that delicious little heathen goddess—wasn't she a heathen goddess, Clara?—whom we used to read about in those tiresome old books at school. Only her frock is shockingly torn, isn't it? Never mind, though. Pomona!" advancing towards me as he spoke; "gracious lady, deign to bestow upon an unworthy mortal the smallest gift of thy bounty—the meanest portion of—"

"Wild strawberries," I said, with perfect self-possession, helping him out.

He paused, looking keenly at me with an air at once puzzled and amused.

"Wild strawberries?" he echoed, after a moment; then, in his former gay strain, he continued: "Strawberries, are they? O, yes, I see. Pray give us some strawberries, Pomona."

With perfect gravity and composure I stepped down from the wall, plucked a large plantain-leaf, and laying it on the grass, poured out upon it about a third of the contents of my basket.

"You can share them with your Diana there," I said, quietly, "if she will condescend to accept a beggar's offering." And rising up, I passed straight and swift by the group, and up the orchard, without looking to the right or left.

The other members of the group, whom I have not mentioned, were a young man and a young girl. I had not looked at them, but I was conscious that they were regarding me silently and attentively. I left them all behind me, and clearing the orchard, took the remainder of my solitary way up to the house.

The first person I met was Aunt Patience, who was getting tea with all her might in the kitchen, engaged in cutting up pies, setting out castards, filling preserve dishes, and slicing great white loaves of home-made bread, all it seemed to me, at the same moment. I dropped my basket, went and washed my face and hands, and set about helping her.

"O, here you are at last!" she said, casting her despairing glance over my forlorn looking figure; "here you are at last, and looking worse than ever! What a sight, Margaret Alison! and your cousins have come, do you know it? For pity's sake let everything alone, and run up stairs and make yourself fit to be seen before they come back to tea! By good luck, they're down in the orchard now, and you'll have time enough, if you only hurry. For pity's sake, make haste!"

"O, there's no need of that now, Aunt Patience," I answered; "they've seen me already."

"They've seen you?" She paused from her work, aghast. "Not in that awful trim, Margaret?"

"Yes, just exactly in that trim," I answered.

"I came up through the orchard. They all had a fair sight of me."

She looked ready to cry.

"O, Margaret—Margaret Alison!" she ejaculated, despairingly.

I wanted sadly to laugh; but I felt a little sorry for poor, horrified Aunt Patience, too; so I dusted my hands free from crumbs, and said: "Well, don't fret, aunt, and I'll run right up stairs and fix myself up."

So I gave my face and hands another washing, and then, with elf-locks dripping till I looked like a mermaid, I scampered off to my own little chamber, meeting my mother on the way, with her arm full of napkins, just out of the press.

"So you're back, Madge?" she said. "You'd better hurry and dress yourself."

"Just what I'm going to do, mama," I answered, quietly.

"That's right. Do you know your cousins have come?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, make haste now; make yourself look nicely, Madge, there's a good girl."

"Yes, mama."

She went down stairs, and I entered my sanctum. The one large window of the room, draped with convolvulus and rose-vines, and farther shaded with a snowy muslin curtain, looked directly down upon the orchard. I peeped through and saw, down there under the apple-trees still, the group that I had left. I did not look at "Cousin Charles" this time, nor yet at his haughty Diana, but at the other two, whom I had not yet had a fair view of.

They were not near enough for me to distinguish their features, but the one—the young lady—seemed to be slender, and fair, and delicate, with pale brown hair that gleamed half golden in the sunset. She was in white; she moved quietly, gently; it pleased me to look at her, and I thought that her pure face, just flushed with the light of the rosy west, must be as sweet as it was fair.

Her companion I could form a less definite idea of. But he was a young man of, I supposed, some twenty-one or twenty-two years, head and shoulders taller than the girl, of slight yet strongly-built figure, and with fine, clustering, wavy brown hair, two or three shades darker than hers. His face I could not see, for his head was slightly bent towards her, as he talked with her, and he did not raise it while I stood there. I had never seen them before; they were not my cousins, though they were called so, but only connexions of the family. I knew who they were, my mother had often mentioned them. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Lucy Morrison.

But if I had never seen them before, and if they were not my own cousins, they seemed to me to be much nicer and more agreeable than my own cousins, haughty and handsome Clara Delmar, and that self-possessed and self-sufficient Charles Warrington. I disliked Clara already; not because she had called me a beggar—that was very pardonable, and not a little laughable, too, for I looked just like one—but because she was so vain and imperious; and I hated Charles Warrington because he was so bold, and had such infinite assurance, and because I had an uneasy foreboding that he was a great tease, too, at least that he would prove one to me. And I should be excellent game for him—I, a raw girl of fifteen, and a romp into the bargain.

But while I stood there, leaning on the window-seat, and beginning to work myself up against two people whom I had never before seen, since I was a baby, I bethought myself that I was losing time. Turning my back to the window, therefore, I betook myself to the little white draped toilet-table, and began to brush out my hair.

While I stood before the glass, I took a good look at it myself in it, which indeed was a thing I seldom thought of doing on ordinary occasions; for besides being a romp, I was almost culpably careless of my personal appearance, and consequently seldom took the pains to discover whether the parting of my hair was straight or otherwise, or whether my face was clean or not, supposing that if the hair was only combed, and the face washed properly, that was all that was needed.

But I examined myself now critically; why, I did not trouble myself to inquire, but it certainly was not that I wished to appear well in the eyes of either Clara Delmar or Charles Warrington. I did not care the snap of my olive finger for them. It might have been—is this all real?—is it true?—with vague reference to the opinion of pretty Lucy Morrison and her brother, but I could not say truly about that to this day.

However, I looked well at the reflection of my features in the glass before me, as I said, and observed, with a certain degree of satisfaction, that my face, brown though it was, was clean, and bright, and rosy; that the parting of my hair was milk-white and straight as it could be, and that the hair itself—I found afterwards that it was just the color of Edward Morrison's—was smooth and nicely braided, and becomingly arranged. Then I looked at my hands; there was no fault to find with them—they were clean and rosy, and the finger-nails in faultless order. I knew I needed no bath, for I had taken one two hours before in the stream at the lower part of the farm. So, well satisfied with myself, I commenced rummaging my bureau drawers for clean clothes.

They were soon found—an entire suit, without rent or blemish—for with a view to my peculiar propensities for scratching and tearing, my "bump of destructiveness," as my good father laughingly called it, my mother took care to keep



me well supplied, and in ten minutes I was freshly arrayed in them, and my torn and soiled gown, of that single day's wear, exchanged for one clean and whole, of some fresh and pretty muslin, with little lace ruffles for the throat and wrists. Then I got a clean handkerchief, and surveyed myself once more in the glass. Yes, I looked well enough; I was very well satisfied. And finally, I took one peep from the window.

The guests were there, just where I had left them; but my father was with them now, and Clara Delmar still occupied the swing, idly swaying to and fro with the help of one dainty foot, that just touched its slipped toes to the turf. Charles Warrington as idly reclining on the grass at the foot of the old apple-tree under which the group was gathered, and my father, and Lucy, and Edward Morrison, were seated in some chairs that had been brought, I suppose, from the old summer-house. I fancied that Charles Warrington liked to be observed, lying there in that attitude of indolent grace; but I had neither the time nor the inclination, for my part, to stand there looking at him.

"Now I shall have time to help set the table before they come in, I hope," said I, to myself. And forthwith I ran down to the kitchen, where I found my mother and Aunt Patience in conference together over some of the arrangements of supper, and Ruthy, the hired girl, just bringing in the milk, freshly strained and yet warm, from the dairy. My nicely and quickly arranged toilet met with commendations from all. Aunt Patience's countenance wore a favoring smile.

"There, that's worth while now, Margaret!" she said, with a gratified air. "Now you look well enough to see anybody. And I only just hope you'll behave as much like a young lady as you look, that's all."

"Yes, that'll do, Aunt Patience!" I answered, laughing. "I've just come down to see what I can do here. Mother, is the table set? No? Well, lend me a big apron, and see if I don't set it in less than no time." And in two minutes I was putting the dishes on the table in the dining-room, the cloth having been laid just before I came down.

I might be a great romp, but neither mother nor Aunt Patience could beat me at setting a table handsomely, and almost before they knew it, I had put everything on in a style that they had no reason to find fault with. And when all was ready, and nothing to be attended to but what Ruthy could attend to herself, we left her there in her glory, and my mother and Aunt Patience adjourned to the parlor to sit and rest themselves for a few moments, while I was sent down to the orchard to get introduced to my cousins, and to notify them that supper was ready.

I went, a little reluctant at starting, it must be confessed; then by degrees, as I went, recalling my usual composure, and finally, in anticipation of meeting Miss Delmar, growing as cool and independent as ever she could have been herself. They saw me before I got anywhere near them. I saw the smile on my father's face.

"Hallo," he said, looking pleased, "here's my little Madge!"

"Little Madge" came and was introduced, looking very quiet and demure, and not in the least (now that she was washed clean, and dressed as a young lady should be) like the ragged brown gipsy of fifteen minutes previous. They did not recognize the gipsy in me, and Charles Warrington was very fine, and made no end of high-flown speeches, in which there was a great deal about his "lovely little cousin," and poetical comparisons to "wild-wood flowers," and all that, and so on, until I thought him both ridiculous and disagreeable, for I had never listened to such fine talk before, and it only sounded very strange and very silly. I think I had a natural abhorrence of anything "fine" in a man. And Clara Delmar just gave me her hand, just bent her splendid head, and gave me a patronizing kiss, and said, quietly: "How do you do, Cousin Madge?" It was different with Edward Morrison and his pretty sister Lucy. I believe we were really glad to see and shake hands with each other, as we said; and I found Lucy no whit less pretty than I had expected to find her; and Edward's face, with its deep, serious, blue eyes, was a manly, earnest, pleasant face, and his quiet, courteous manner the very opposite of Charles Warrington's gay, half frivolous one.

But after all, I minded Clara Delmar most; she was the one of whom Aunt Patience had said, "they will be shocked at such wild behaviour as yours, Margaret Alison." And so, while I observed her silently, my pride was ready to

start up defiant at any moment's notice. Yes, even though I had learned to look upon her with something very like contempt already. For I was nothing but a child, after all, although I was fifteen.

We went up to supper. Charles Warrington offered me his arm, with exuberance of gallantry and politeness, to escort me up to the house, and I was half amused and half provoked at being obliged to take it and make a figure of myself; and afterwards, we all gathered in the parlor and talked, and Clara Delmar was brilliant, animated, and quite led the conversation. I remember hearing my father say he had not for a long time heard any woman talk so well. Indeed, I think she showed the best side of her character that evening, and I quite wondered at her, and came gradually to think that I had judged her too hastily.

But the next morning, I, thinking to be very polite, went down with her to the stable to show her my own pretty black mare Robinette. Our man was carrying Black Robin by the stable door, and Robinette, standing just within, whinnied from her stall at the sound of my voice. I ran in, and loosing the halter, led her out.

"Miss Delmar," I said, a little proudly, "don't you think she's a beauty?"

And Clara admitted that she had seldom seen a prettier creature. I found that my cousin was a great admirer of beautiful horses—that advanced her one point in my favor.

"You shall try Robinette as often as you like," I said, instantly. "You might try her now, just round the yard, if you don't mind your dress, only to see how docile she is, and how comfortably she takes you along."

Miss Delmar said a little coldly that she preferred not to ride without her habit. But I was earnest.

"O, you needn't mind just here," I said; "nobody'll see you, you know. Tom, where's the saddle? Put it on for Miss Clara, will you?"

Tom answered that the girth was not mended yet.

"The girth, Tom? Why, I rode yesterday morning!"

"Ay, Miss Madge, but you rode bare-backed, if you recollect," he answered, quietly.

So I had, and I had had such a gallop! I remembered now. But I looked askance at Miss Delmar to see what she thought of this sudden exposure. She was looking at me with an odd expression on her face, half cold, half wondering.

"Do you ride in that way?" she said.

A sudden fit of recklessness seized me.

"Yes, to be sure!" I answered, hastily. "You shall see. You never ride so, Miss Delmar, I dare say!"

I just ran and got the bridle, put it into Robinette's mouth, and stepping on the block by the door, sprang to her back. "Now look out, Miss Delmar!" I said.

Tom ran to set the gate back. I gathered my dress well about my feet, and putted Robinette on the shoulder. "Now!" I repeated. And Robinette flew.

I just looked back once over my shoulder, as we cleared the stable yard, to see Miss Delmar standing stock-still where I had left her, looking any amount of wonderment and contempt. And yet, I verily believe—nay, I know—that for the sake of attracting admiration, she would have done many a thing that I should have pronounced even less ladylike than this; only she was very beautiful and queenly, and she would do it with a grace that should soften its boldness. But I was not desirous of attracting admiration; I only wanted to astonish and scandalize Clara Delmar.

Well, I had done it. "And now, Robinette, we'll make it worth our while, since we're about it!" I said. So I patted her shoulder again, and we kept up a steady pace, with the fresh west wind racing past us, for a good mile and a half, I should think, and my hair was half down and blowing straight back, and I felt my cheeks tingling, and the blood dancing in my veins, and the very spirit of the morning running wild within me, and we came to a stand at last, and I should judge that we had not been above five minutes doing the whole distance; which I considered pretty well for Robinette and me.

We came back rather more quietly, and in about seven minutes more we were in the yard again. Of course Miss Delmar was not there. Neither was Black Robin there, nor yet Tom. But I heard the voice of the latter talking in the stable as I dismounted close to the door, and I supposed he was talking to my father.

"Ay, Miss Madge is the one to astonish them, sir!" he was saying.

"Tom!" I called, a little sharply, for I did not know but my father would disapprove of my running off and leaving my cousin in that uncereceremonious fashion. "Tom, went you come out here and attend to Robinette!"

"Ah, is that my pretty little Cousin Madge?" called out Charles Warrington's gay voice; and Charles Warrington himself, handsome and smiling, and self appreciative as ever, walked out from the stable, followed by Tom, and taking a cool and I thought half satirical survey of me, with my flushed face, and disordered hair and dress. How vexed I was!

"Aurora herself!" he said, with pretended admiration. "What exquisite bloom! But no wonder. Cousin Madge, Tom, here, has been telling me of your admirable skill as an equestrienne. I have one prayer to make—ride with me this afternoon, my sweet cousin."

"Thank you, you are very good," I said, coolly, "but Robinette is engaged for the use of Miss Delmar. I dare say she will not object to riding with you."

"Ah, Madge refuses! that is cruel!" he said, pretending to be disappointed; "and when Madge is such an excellent rider, too! It is not possible that she can be so hard-hearted, so obdurate! Now if I had been prepared only fifteen minutes ago—"

"Probably if you had been prepared fifteen minutes ago, I should not have gone myself!" was my quiet yet thoroughly vexed reply. "I preferred riding alone this morning."

Perhaps all this was very rude to my father's guest; but I do not think I was to blame. I would not have treated any one uncivilly. I would have been courteous to the roughest laborer that ever delved on my father's farm—to the meanest beggar that asked for bread at our door; but I was simple, and plain, and earnest-hearted myself; I never could bear flattery and foppish and fine manners; they were foreign to me; I did not know what to make of them. And Charles Warrington knew that perfectly well, I think, and, from the very love of mischief, loved to torment me in this respect.

This it was that provoked me, and moreover, that Tom should have told him every word, not thinking any harm, because he himself, I knew, honestly admired my exploits. It did not suit me that Charles Warrington, with his smiling confidence and cool audacity, should know of my escapades. But it could not be helped now. And thinking myself silly to have allowed myself to linger there to be teased by my foppish cousin, I turned square about, and was walking out of the yard, when Edward Morrison entered. I suspect that I looked irate, that my cheeks were a little warmer, and my brow a little more cloudy than I would have liked him to see them. I think he noticed it, too, in the inquiring glance he gave me; and he looked quickly beyond me to where Charles Warrington stood. But if he did notice, he gave no sign. A pleasant, cheery smile came like sunshine over his face.

"Ah," he said, "you have been to make a morning visit to your pretty Robinette? You love Robinette, don't you, Margaret?"

That was all he said to me, as he passed; but I was infinitely pleased and gratified by those few simple and kindly words. How different he was from that tormenting Charles Warrington!

I went up to the house thinking about him, and ran up to my room to brush my hair. Coming out from thence, I went into Miss Morrison's chamber, where she sat quietly sketching a pretty view from the window. She had been so engaged for the last half hour; Clara Delmar and I had left her there when we went down to the stable. She looked up and smiled as I entered.

"I am here still," she said.

"Yes, I see; and I should think you would be tired; are you not?" I asked her.

"No," she said, "she rather loved such employment, and it did not easily weary her."

I leaned over her chair.

"May I look at your work, Miss Morrison?" was my next question.

Certainly I might. And she allowed me to examine the view, and one other that she had finished that morning. Then she opened her trunk and gave me from thence a good sized portfolio, filled with drawings, to examine. They were exquisitely done. I was examining them with girlish rapture when Miss Delmar came in, knitting a bead purse.

"O, you are back?" she said, quietly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Did you go far?" was her next question, in the same quiet tone.

I told her the distance I had been. She shrugged her shoulders slightly, quietly enounced herself in a deep chair near Miss Morrison, and for a few moments sat surveying me while she worked, very much as if I were some curious specimen of zoology, or some ill behaved child, who needed summary correction to bring her to her senses. And I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Delmar would have liked to administer the correction her very self.

I did not know whether she had told Miss Morrison of my escapade. I wanted to find out, for if she had, Miss Morrison did not betray her knowledge. So I started the inquiry forthwith.

"Miss Morrison," I said, "did you know I had been to ride?"

"No," my companion answered, gently.

"I have been," I said. "That was what Miss Delmar was speaking of when she asked me if I went far. I went a mile and a half in five minutes, without a saddle, and bare headed."

I wanted to see what she would think. But if she thought me bold and guilty of impropriety, as Miss Delmar did, she would not let me see so it.

"Did you?" she said, in her calm, pleasant way; "you must be a very skilful rider. But I cannot ride at all, even with a saddle. I should like to learn. Perhaps you will let me mount your pretty Robinette some day. Is she gentle?"

I was eager and animated in a moment.

"O, yes indeed, she is!" I answered, quickly;

"you never saw an animal more so—the sweetest tempered little creature she is!—a baby could manage her. And you shall learn to ride on her; I should be so delighted to have you, Miss Morrison!"

She smiled.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said.

"I am sure I shall be very happy to learn. But would you call me Lucy? you see that I call you Margaret."

I told her I should like to, and so I called her thenceforth; but Miss Delmar never asked me to call her by her Christian name. We had been sitting there a few minutes longer, when my mother came in.

"Are you all busy here?" she said, cheerfully, looking around upon us. "Because if you are not, there are some young gentlemen down stairs who would be glad of your company. And Aunt Patience and I will join you presently. We have been somewhat busy this morning. And while mama went to her room for a moment, we went down stairs."

"I like your mother," said Lucy Morrison, softly and thoughtfully, on the way down. And I liked her for that.

Charles Warrington and Edward were seated on the step at the hall door. They rose as they heard us approaching—Charles Warrington springing up with his usual gay smile.

"Ah, there's my little cousin!" he said, with his eyes sparkling; "my little fay—my elf—no, —my pretty queen of the Amazons! That is her name. Isn't it, pretty Madge?"

"Mr. Warrington," I uttered, half pettishly, half with real distress, "I wish you wouldn't call me so many silly names. I wish you would speak to me as if you were a sensible man, and I were not a baby or anything. I wish you would be serious, once and for all."

They all looked at me, and Charles Warrington, for the first time, grew really sober.

"O, now, did I plague you, Madge?" he said, earnestly; "well, I won't do it any more, indeed I won't, if you'll just forgive me this time, and be friends. You will be friends with me, won't you, Midge? and I'll never be silly again." He held out his hand.

I was pacified and pleased now.

"Yes, I said, giving him my hand, "I am very willing to be."

"And you'll call me Charles, won't you, Madge? Not that odious 'Mr. Warrington,' any longer."

I very readily assented now. And, the brief cloud passed, there was clear sunshine at last.

But somehow, while my cloud had gone by, there seemed to have come one across Miss Delmar's horizon. She grew stately, cold, unapproachable. What ailed her I did not know. But I soon forgot all about it in thinking of other things; and when I looked again at Miss Delmar's countenance, and observed her manner, the change had disappeared. She was careless and quiet—in short, her usual self. Henceforth, I really ceased to dislike Charles Warrington, he



became quite serious and earnest indeed, and showed himself to possess no small amount of genuine good nature. And we were very good friends, as we had agreed that we should be. He was quite attentive to me; indeed, he seemed to pay more heed to me than to anybody else. I thought, for he sat by me when we were in the house, and walked by my side when we went out; if we sang, he stood behind my chair, helping me with his fine tenor, and looking over my book, and always looked for "little Madge" for his partner in every sport and amusement that we entered into.

It seemed rather odd to me at first to be made so much of; but by and-by I got used to it, so that I hardly ever minded him, and half the time would forget even that he was anywhere near, when perhaps he would be sitting at my very feet.

I suppose if I ever did think seriously about him, it was to compare his character with Edward Morrison's. Or rather I should, I suppose, have said, to contrast it with Edward's; for there was not the slightest comparison between them. One half hour in their company would have shown this to the greatest stranger, I should think. Cheerful, Edward certainly was; but there was a certain reserve, a deep, steady, settled manliness belonging to his character, that was nothing akin to that of Charles Warrington. And Charles was good, and kind, and really noble-hearted, too; but then he was light, careless, versatile, and the nobleness of his nature only showed itself when the deepest depths of that nature were stirred.

Edward never seemed to care for me as much as did Charles Warrington; never sat at my feet to read to me; never stood by my chair to sing; never sought me out for the companion of his walks, as Charles was in the habit of doing. But I used to think of him when he kept himself so far away from me—used to look for him very often, when it was likely he never thought of me; and very often looked at his pretty, gentle sister Lucy when he sat by her while she sewed or sketched, and thought, away down in the depths of my girlish heart, how very happy she must be. And still, from morning till evening, Charles Warrington was at my side.

I do not know what perverse spirit got into Clara Delmar about this time, or rather I did not suspect then. But it seemed to me that she behaved very oddly.

On that day when I took the wild, bare-headed ride which I have described some pages back, I resolved within myself, after my conversation with Lucy Morrison, that I never would be so wild again; for I knew and felt that such hoydenism was foreign to her gentle nature, and I thought I would try to be more like her. It was directly afterwards that the agreement of friendship took place between Charles Warrington and myself. I did not know then that she cared for him with a deeper than mere cousinly regard.

The very next morning—I do not know whether it was premeditated on her part—we were passing again down by the stables, and again we went to make a morning call on Robinette. Lucy Morrison was with us this time. And Miss Delmar, with quiet subtlety, provoked me to a reputation of my exploit of the morning previous. I do not know exactly what persuasion she used to induce me to break my resolution, but it was done, at all events, and I was about to spring upon the back of Robinette—yes, even despite Lucy Morrison's presence—when, at a distance, I saw Charles Warrington and Edward approaching. I hesitated—was about to give up my wild chase—when Miss Delmar hastened to prevent me.

"O, you are afraid of them!" she said, with a quiet sneer. "This is something sudden, something new, this delicacy, is it not?"

My cheeks reddened.

"I am not afraid of anything or anybody, Miss Delmar!" I answered, shortly; "but I do not choose to ride this morning."

No, I was not afraid—but I was ashamed. I would not have let Edward Morrison and his companion see me riding in that wild fashion for anything. I led Robinette in again.

Somehow—to this day I do not know how it was—Miss Delmar found out what a gipsy-life I had previously led, what rash and dangerous escapades I had been noted for, and day after day, in our walks, she dared me to renew them. It was not openly, directly, in so many words, but in a quiet, half careless, underhanded way, that was calculated to excite little suspicion of her intentions, and yet, that did excite it, after a

while. At first, I did not see these intentions; and often I should have come near yielding but for the ever-present thought of Lucy and Edward Morrison, whom I respected infinitely more than I should have respected her, had she been ten times better than she was; but by and by I saw more of her motives than pleased her, and then I would not listen to her at all. I saw that she wished me to display my hoydenism before Charles Warrington and Edward Morrison, until I had managed, unconsciously, to disgust them both. But I disappointed her. And it was no hard thing for me to give up my wild, childish pranks; for with a change that grew so gradually upon me as to be almost imperceptible to me, even to myself, I was growing to care less for these things, to become more thoughtful and womanly. And before our summer guests departed, I think I had become more, in disposition, like gentle Lucy Morrison, than Aunt Patience had ever dreamed I would be. And I had so altered that no one about the house called me any longer "the child."

The evening before Charles Warrington went away—I can hardly bring myself to write this one line as rapidly as I have written any other in my story. It astonished me then so that I did not half realize that he was serious about it at first—but Charles Warrington asked me to marry him. Asked me, with my father's consent. And when I told him (after a few silent moments spent in mastering my surprise) that I really liked him very much—that I did like him, indeed—but that I did not and could not love him well enough to marry him—then I felt sorry for him; for I saw that he loved me truly, and that he was disappointed at my answer.

He went away before the rest, in order, as he said, to have time to transact some business at D—, and they were to overtake him there. Whether Clara Delmar knew that he had offered himself to me, I cannot say; but she went away, as she had remained, cold, stately, proud; and three months after, she was married to a millionaire, and we never saw her again at the old farm. And Edward and Lucy went away, too; but they came again the next spring, with the blue-birds.

It was all different now from what it had been the year before. A smaller party, it was, but I think a far happier one that rambled over the old farm together through those long, bright spring days. And now it was not Charles Warrington any longer who had his place by my side; but in his stead, one whom I had learned to care far more for.

No longer so reserved, and quiet, and distant as he had been, was Lucy's brother Edward to me. Now I heard his voice calling me if I lingered away from him; and now, when I came near him, his face wore such a smile as made me happy at my very heart's core. There was nothing to separate us any longer now, and we were no longer strangers.

And before long, Edward and I were engaged, and it all seemed very odd; but I was very happy indeed. And the next summer—what a beautiful summer it was! it has never yet closed for me, and I think it will be summer with me all my life long—we were married; and Wild Madge was Wild Madge no longer, but little Margaret Morrison.

#### THE POPULATION OF ROME.

First for the plebeians:—If some day, seeking for the Convent of Neophytes or the house of Lucrezia Borgia, you wander by accident among the straight streets paved by filth, around the Quartier des Monts you will elbow thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, tumbles, beggars, cicerones, and ruffians, with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will salute "your excellency," and steal your handkerchief. I know of no other place in Europe, even in London, where one may meet with a more atrocious brood. As for the middle classes, I brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of them. A few distinguished artists, a few courageous and clever advocates, a few learned medical men, a few wealthy and competent farmers, hardly suffice to constitute a real citizen class. But as for the nobility, heaven help us! Thirty-one princes or dukes; a vast number of marquises, counts, barons and chevaliers; a multitude of untitled noble families, among whom Benedict the Fourteenth enrolled sixty at the capitol; an immense extent of seigniorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; an incredible prodigality of horses, liveries and cabriolets; regal fetes every winter; a remnant of small privileges and popular veneration;—such are the aspects distinguishing a weak, ignorant, vain, servile and lazy Roman nobility and holding it up to the admiration of every booby in the universe—*La Question Romaine*.

#### THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[Miss Diana Maria Mulech is one of the most distinguished living lady novelists, and her works evince a wonderful power of investigating and her developing character. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, in 1825, and when only twenty-three, made her debut in the literary world as the authoress of that charming novel, *The Quilvers*. "Quilvers" appeared in 1850; "The Head of the Family," in 1851, and a year or two later, she gave to the world her best book—a book which will go down to posterity with the masterpieces of English fiction—"John Halifax, Gentleman." From a volume of fiction—"Romantic Tales," just issued, we extract, as a light but graceful specimen of her style, the following delicately-written story.]

About the middle of the sixteenth century, there was not an artist in the Netherlands whose fame had spread wider than that of Messer Andrea, the sculptor of Bruges. His father had come from Italy and settled in Flanders, where he lived and struggled, an ardent and enthusiastic man, whose genius cast just sufficient light to show him his own defects. This love of the beautiful was the sole inheritance he left his son. But Andrea's northern birth and education had, to a certain degree, qualified his Italian descent, so that to his father's impulsive nature he added a steady perseverance, without which, all the genius in the world is but as a meteor of a moment.

The branch of design that Andrea followed was wood-carving, in which, by his wonderful skill, he surpassed all his contemporaries. The sculptor of Bruges was an artist in the highest sense of the word. He lived and moved among beautiful forms; they influenced his character and refined his mind, yet did not make him unfit for association with the world. Riches and honor came with his fame, until he stood high in the regard of his fellow-citizens: and the son of the poor Italian student was at last deemed worthy to wed one who had long been the object of an almost hopeless love, a daughter of one of the highest families in Bruges. This union could not but be a happy one; and Andrea and his wife slowly advanced towards middle age, feeling that their present bliss had not belied the promise of their youth. Still there were a few bitter drops in their cup: the husband and wife saw several of their children drop off one by one, until all that remained were two boys and a daughter—the lovely little Gertrude, who was her father's darling. Nevertheless, these were sufficient to make the sculptor's home cheerful, and the lost brothers and sisters were hardly missed.

At the time when our story begins, Andrea had finished his latest work;—a group of angels, carved in wood, to adorn the church of Bruges. The burghers crowded to gaze upon and admire the work of their fellow citizen, of whom they were so justly proud. It was indeed a fine specimen of the ancient Gothic carving. Three angels formed the group, one kneeling with up-raised eyes and folded hands, while the others' extended arms were lifted upwards in rapturous adoration; and the third, looking down on the worshippers below, pointed to heaven. It won universal praise.

In all the pleased assembly there was but one dissentient voice, and that was from a brother artist and rival of Andrea. Melchior Kunst was one of those dark and unquiet spirits who seem to cast a shadow wherever they go. He was a man of great talent, yet no one loved him. They could hardly tell why—yet so it was. Even now, all instinctively made way for him, and Melchior strode on until he stood opposite the group. He folded his arms and looked at it fixedly from under his dark brows. Then he addressed the artist, who stood at a little distance.

"Doubtless you think this fine, Messer Andrea?"

"It is not what I think of it, but the judgment which the world puts on my work, that is of consequence," answered Andrea, calmly.

"The composition is well imitated, certainly."

"Imitated. It is my own."

"Indeed!" said Melchior, with a quiet sneer sitting on his lips—the handsomest feature of his very handsome face. "Indeed! And so you never go into another studio, and copy figures, attitude, and design, as you have here copied from me?"

"It is not true," said Andrea, with difficulty restraining his passion.

"I tell you it is," cried his opponent. "Look, gentlemen! brother artists, look! this group is mine—my own design; and here I execute my will upon what is my own!" He drew a hatchet from under his cloak, and before the wonder-stricken spectators could interfere, he severed one of the upraised hands of the nearest figure.

Andrea was stung to the quick by this mutilation of his work; all his Italian blood was roused within him: he rushed upon Kunst with the fury

of a tiger at bay. Those around interfered, but it was needless; for Andrea's well-constituted mind had already got the better of his momentary rage, and he stood, pale, but self-possessed, gazing alternately at his adversary and at his own despoiled work.

"Melchior Kunst," said he, at last, "you think you have done me a great injury; and so you have, but not an irreparable one. I will not avenge myself now, but you'll be repaid sometime."

A loud laugh from Kunst made the sculptor once more clench his hands, while the bright red mounted to his brow, but he said no more; and after Melchior's departure he too left the hall with some friends, who were stricken dumb by this untoward quarrel.

It was late in the evening when Andrea returned towards his own home. He walked slowly along by the side of the dark and gloomy canal, which the setting light of the young moon only made more solemn and fearful. His heart was very heavy. His triumph had ended in pain; disappointment not only at the injury done to his work, but at the unjust accusation of Melchior Kunst. Andrea knew how ready are the suspicions of the world when once aroused; and he fancied that already cold and doubtful eyes examined his group with less favor than heretofore. And besides, the sudden ebullition of anger to which he had been goaded left an exhaustion, both bodily and mental; as is usually the case with men of Andrea's gentle and not easily-roused temperament.

The sculptor walked on quickly amidst the gathering darkness, for the moon had now set. He fancied now and then that he heard stealthy footsteps at a distance behind him; and perhaps this made him unconsciously urge his pace. Andrea was no coward, but it was a lonely place by the water-side, and he was unarmed. Still, as the footsteps approached no nearer, he reproached himself for yielding to the delusion of an imagination heated by the events of the day. All at once he heard distinctly a plunge in the water of some heavy body. His first idea was, that some unfortunate had thus ended his life and his miseries; but the sound was so distant that he was uncertain. He retraced his steps; but there was nothing to justify his previous thought. The canal flowed on, silent and dark as before; not a struggle or a cry rose up from its gloomy depths. It could have been only a heavy stone, fallen from the old, dilapidated wall into the water beneath. Andrea felt sure of this, and went on his way until he reached his home—a home where since he left, danger and anxiety had entered.

Three days after this, two armed officers of justice made their appearance in the dwelling of the sculptor of Bruges. They came to take prisoner the master of the house, accused of the crime of murder! From the day of the contest in the hall, Melchior Kunst had never been seen, until that morning, when his lifeless body had floated up from the bed of the canal into the very market place. Then one of the horror-stricken bystanders remembered that on the same night of their quarrel Messer Andrea had been seen to pass by the way that led along the canal, and that not long after Melchior Kunst also followed. Another man, who lived near, had heard a plunge in the water, but thought it was only his dog, who often at night swam across the canal. A third also had met Messer Andrea beside the canal, but had seen no other person. This was sufficient evidence to convict the unfortunate artist.

The officers found the prisoner alone. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, and hardly moved at their entrance. One of them laid his hand on the sculptor's shoulder, and claimed him as a prisoner. Andrea looked up with a face so listless, so vacant, so deadly pale, that the officer started, and let go his hold.

"A prisoner!" said Andrea, making no effort to move. "What have I done? Who accuses me?"

The officer was a man of kindly nature, who had known Andrea in former times. He gently explained his errand; but he had to repeat it several times before Andrea comprehended him. It seemed that some heavy cloud darkened his faculties. At last he understood the whole.

"So they accuse me of being a murderer—an assassin?" said he, rising, while a shiver ran through his frame. Then addressing the first officer, "You were a good man once—follow me!" The other hesitated. "You need not fear," continued Andrea; "I am unarmed—I have no thought of escaping from justice."

The man followed his prisoner till they came to a darkened room—the chamber of death. On the bed lay the pale and shrouded form of a woman.



Beautiful she must have been, and her beauty had hardly past its maturity. No long illness had taken the roundness of health from her face, so that even in death she looked lovely as a marble statue. By her side lay an infant—a flower of an hour—whose soul had come into it at sunrise and departed at sunset. They were Andrea's wife and child.

The sculptor pointed to the dead. "Look there," he said, "and say if I am likely to have revenged any trifling insult—if I am likely to have been a murderer!" His voice grew hoarse; he stretched his arms towards the body of his wife, and then fell to the earth in strong convulsions.

During nearly the whole time between his apprehension and trial, Andrea was dead to the consciousness of his misery. A low fever enfeebled all his senses, and reduced his outward form to the appearance of an old man. His friends—for he had still many, took both his sons to their charge. It was well that they did, for the father seemed to have lost all remembrance of their existence. When they visited him, he took not the least notice of them; so the children were at last wisely sent far away from the scene. But with Gertrude the father would not part. She was a fair little creature, the image of her mother in features and expression, but her complexion resembled her father. Her eyes were of that deep brown-gray which is seldom seen beyond childhood—so dark, that a careless observer would call them black. Gertrude's hair was of that color which the old masters often gave to heads of Christ and of the virgin—which the un-

change in her father's looks, and the shocked gaze of all around struck her with alarm. She crept closer to him, never taking her eyes from him.

The trial proceeded. All was against Andrea, even the words he had uttered before Melchior left the hall, were brought in judgment against him; they had sounded like a threat. None who had known Andrea doubted in their own hearts that he was a guiltless man, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong to be legally contradicted. The accused was found guilty; and Andrea was removed from the hall of justice with the stain of murder on his name.

The execution of the sentence was deferred for a short space, for the sake of the hitherto unsullied character of the criminal. In those days the hand of law was often tampered with, and never was it with greater show of justice than in this instance. Andrea's many friends interposed in his behalf. They succeeded in obtaining only a suspension of the sentence for a few months, that some chance might elicit the truth which so many doubted. But in the interim the sculptor was ordered to execute some work of art to adorn the Palais de Justice at Bruges, where he had been tried. He was brought from his cell, and confined in the hall which had witnessed his trial—a large, gloomy-looking chamber, so dimly lighted from without, that even at mid-day the dark shadows in the corners of the room looked like night. An immense hearth, on which lay a few fagots, was the only cheerful object, but even that light and warmth did not reach beyond

man. His desolate prison became cheerful with the graceful forms which it contained, and Gertrude moved among the whole like a beautiful spirit. If ever the sculptor clung to hope and life, it was when he looked at his darling child, and at the imperishable offspring of his genius.

At last Andrea's work drew to a close; the wood-sculpture was finished. Then it was that the enthusiasm which had sustained him faded away, and the artist's soul sank within him. He gave the last touches to his beautiful work—he knew he could do no more—and then went and sat down in a stupor of grief and despair. Gertrude clung round him, but he did not speak to her or embrace her.

"Father, dear father, are you weary? You are not angry with your little girl?" and the child stood on tiptoe, trying to remove the hands which covered his face.

Andrea seemed hardly conscious of her presence. He did not move, but kept repeating every now and then in a low tone, "I have done my work—I have no hope—now let me die."

The terrified child, who had all along been kept in ignorance of her father's doom, began to weep, but her tears were unregarded. An hour later, the magistrates of Bruges entered. They came to view the finished work of the artist. High as Andrea's reputation had been, they did not expect so beautiful a group as that which now met their eyes. Its subject was "eternal justice"—not the woman with bound eyes and balanced scales—but an open-eyed angel, all-

first moved Andrea. "Be calm now, ere long we may send you good news: nay," and the good man could no longer hide his hopeful tidings, "you may be free to-morrow."

And when the attendants came to remove Gertrude for the night, he unclasped her arms from round his neck, with the promise that he too would go away with her to-morrow.

"Go away to-morrow!" cried the happy child. "Will you leave this gloomy place to-morrow, and never return? And shall we go out together? Shall we go to our own home?"

"Yes, dear child," said Andrea, as he kissed her once more, and set her on the ground, his arms too weak to hold even so light a burden. "Yes, my Gertrude, I shall indeed go home to-morrow."

He had spoken truth. Soon after daybreak next morning some officers entered the hall, bearing a release for the prisoner. A stranger—an Italian woman—who had once passed through Bruges, and lately returned thither, deposed to having received a letter from Melchior Kunst, dated on the fatal day, stating his intention of self-murder at the time and place where he was discovered to have met his end. Further than this was never known. Andrea was innocent, and his fellow-citizens rejoiced as one man. They found him in the prison, leaning on the table, his head resting on his arms, and his upturned face towards his beautiful work. But as they drew nearer, they saw that no life shone in his fixed and open eyes. The sculptor of Bruges was dead—his heart had broken with joy.



RIVERSIDE, NEW JERSEY, THE LATE BISHOP DOANE'S RESIDENCE.

initiated might call red, but which painters know to be the most beautiful of all tints. It gave to sweet Gertrude the appearance of an angel.

The first evidences that Andrea showed of returning consciousness, was in recognizing his little daughter, and calling her by her name. It was her mother's also; and perhaps that, aided by the strong resemblance, was a comfort to the widowed father. He began to talk coherently, first with Gertrude and then with others who came to see him; and by degrees his mind and body gathered strength, so that he was able to think of his defence against the terrible crime laid to his charge. This was a momentous thing, for the proofs were all against him, and Andrea could bring no evidence in his own favor, save his own explanation of what had happened on his way homewards on that fatal day, and the irreproachable character he had borne all his life.

At last the sculptor of Bruges was brought from prison to the judgment-hall. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave, and so he appeared to those about him. Andrea had been a strong, powerful, noble looking man, but now all his flesh had shrunk away, and his height only made him appear more shadowy. Dark circles were round his eyes, and his face bore an unvaried sallow hue. Nevertheless, his mien was firm and composed; no one could look at him, and for a moment doubt his innocence. Andrea's little daughter stood by his side; one might have likened her to a flower growing close beside a tomb. Gertrude had become accustomed to the

the immediate vicinity of the fire. There was no furniture in the room, save one small table in the centre, a bench, and a straw couch in the gloomiest corner. Andrea and his daughter heard the heavy door close, and they were alone in the hall. The little girl led her father to the bench beside the hearth, and then sat down at his feet, holding his hands fast in hers. She dared not look anywhere but at the bright fire and at her father's face; even the shadows that the flames cast on the ceiling made her start sometimes. Gertrude had been accustomed to the prison, for she had never left her father, except when taken home at night, to return next morning—but this place seemed gloomier still than the dungeon.

Andrea had no hope. His life had been free from any very heavy sorrows, and the first that came, so fearful as they were, quite overwhelmed him. His sole desire now was to employ the short remnant of his life in executing some memorial of his talents to leave behind him, that when time had removed the shadow from his fame, his children might have no reason to blush for their father. He returned again to his long-cherished occupation. For a while this gave him sensations amounting to pleasure. His step became lighter, and his countenance lost somewhat of its settled melancholy. He almost forgot his sorrows, his blighted name, his impending doom, in the exercise of his beloved art.

By degrees the influence of his art in some measure soothed the mind of the sorrow-stricken

beholding, and equally requiting all. They looked upon it in silence, and then turned to the artist, who, wan and haggard, stood behind his judges. One of them, an old man, was melted even to tears. Forgetting the dignity of office, the magistrate took hold of the criminal's hand and led him to a seat.

"You must not stand, Messer Andrea; you are not yet strong," said he, compassionately. "Sit and rest, as we examine your beautiful work."

The sculptor obeyed without a word; he was passive as a child. Little Gertrude, who had shrunk away at the sight of strangers, came and stood silently behind her father, taking fast hold of his garments. The two magistrates inspected the sculpture, and could not restrain their admiration. The eye of the artist brightened for a moment at their warm praise, but immediately his face returned to its accustomed melancholy.

"It is all in vain," he answered; "you cannot make me forget the past—you cannot remove the blot from the name of my children—you cannot give to their father his forfeit life."

The magistrates looked at one another, and the elder spoke. "There is hope still, Messer Andrea; have you courage to hear it?"

The artist started up. "Tell me only that I am proved innocent, and I will thank God and die."

"We do not promise quite so much," said one of the judges, wishing to temper Andrea's violent excitement. "Yet take heart! Many strange things have been discovered to-day," continued the aged man, whose kindness had

#### RIVERSIDE, NEW JERSEY.

A melancholy interest now attaches itself to the charming spot delineated in the accompanying engraving. Only a few months since its gifted owner was taken to a better world and fairer scenes. "The places that knew him shall know him no more forever," Riverside, the seat of the late Bishop Doane, is at Burlington, N. J., on the banks of the Delaware. It is a villa in the Italian style of architecture, and surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubbery. The most conspicuous part, from a distance, is the tower, surmounted by a Greek cross. On the left of the entrance, is the library—a noble room filled with choice books. The principal entrance opens into a wide hall, wainscotted with oak; a door to the right opening into the parlor. The mansion faces nearly north, and from the rising ground on the brink of the river, a fine view is obtained of the pleasant town of Bristol. The buildings are of brick, rough cast and painted of a brown tint. The garden embraces several acres, very tastefully arranged. To the left of Riverside stands St. Mary's Hall, an institution which was under the supervision of the late bishop, and in which he ever took the deepest interest. This was an academy for young ladies, Burlington College, also an object of his care, stands in the neighborhood. The day of Bishop Doane's funeral was universally observed as one of mourning in Burlington, and his memory is affectionately cherished, not only in his diocese, but throughout the Episcopal Church.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## ALL THE NIGHT LONG.

BY WILLIE E. FADOR.

Nine! from yonder hill top's tower  
The wakeful watchmen strike the hour.  
Now begins night's witching power

Ten! the stars their vigils keep.  
They who laugh and they who weep  
Slowly lapse to soothing sleep

Eleven! crime with crimson hands  
Stalks abroad, and through all lands  
His minions haste at his commands.

Twelve! and lo! the "witching hour;"  
Spirits and elfins now have power,  
In soldier's camp and lady's tower.

One! the unwearying sentinel  
Sounds the hour, and cries "All's well!"  
As if such as he could tell.

Two! who knows each home and hearth  
Scattered o'er the sleepless earth,  
Sad by death or glad by birth?

Three! the reveller at the feast  
Homeward wends, his curse increased  
By the brute-lust of the beast.

Four! and chaffeeleer has told  
The hour; shepherds wake their fold;  
Birds their early matins hold.

Five! the larks have, one by one,  
Sung their welcome to the sun,  
Who his journey has begun

Six! the Night resigns her sway,  
Doffs her robes without delay,  
And yields the crown of power to Day

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE QUEEN OF THE VINEYARD.

## A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

UPON the borders of the Danube, where I spent a few months, I heard many very pleasing legends, among which was the following, which made a deeper impression on me than any of the others.

It is believed by these simple peasantry that God creates two souls—two Siamese souls, as it were, who will come together sooner or later, if they meet not here on earth, they will in paradise. Upon my natural inquiry as to how these two loving souls should be able to recognize each other upon meeting, I was told it was sometimes known by the parties finding some sign appropriate to the season. In winter, the fact was declared by finding white almonds reposing in one shell; in the spring, two ears of corn joined under one tuft or tassel; in summer, by two crimson cherries upon one stem, and in autumn, the surest proof of all was found. Better than the almond, corn or cherries, were the two white grapes surrounded by seven purple ones, neither more nor less. Happy was the one who found the oracular grapes; his or her fate was then sealed, beyond a doubt.

I listened with an incredulous face to these statements, and will give my readers the story which was told me in confirmation of the signs. I hope it will be as interesting to my readers as it was to me, though I can scarcely expect that, on account of the different surroundings.

Sitting upon the vine-covered banks of the rolling Danube, with the fragrance of the purple fruit around me, I listened, delighted by the gentle voice of a young peasant girl, whose glorious dark eyes seemed to sink into my soul, and whose half-repeated, half-chanted legend delighted me. I should scarcely use the word *legend*, for the story was told me for truth.

The vines this year bore more than a usual quantity of fruit, and vintagers were summoned from far and near to assist in the picking. Among the young damsels was one less known than the rest. It was the timid Noisette. Possessed of remarkable beauty, she created no furor in the hearts of the young swains, or jealousy in the breasts of damsels, because she was so timid and retiring that they rarely saw her, save busily engaged in picking the rich grapes in a spot rather removed from the rest, or quietly wending her way home up the mountain side. Noisette was an orphan, quite alone in the world, and very poor.

One warm, sunny afternoon, while busy at her tasks, Noisette suddenly uttered a cry. It was a gay, triumphant cry, and brought all her com-

rades to the spot. They found the young girl seated beside her half-filled basket, holding in her hands—no—yes, yes—the fated bunch of grapes! It was the bunch of grapes which was to bring celestial love! Two white and seven purple!

"What a shame!" grumbled the pretty daughter of a rich vintager.

"It is an insult!" muttered the faded daughter of the burgomaster.

The young men encouraged the girls, and the maidens with one accord murmured and said spiteful things against poor Noisette, who, pale and tearful, sat before them. No one uttered a single kind word—all looked at her with jealous eyes.

The orphan looked with tears at her only treasure. I do wrong to say *only* treasure, for though Noisette had no worldly goods, yet she had a loving heart and exquisite beauty. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and her tiny mouth a perfect rose bud, while her blue eyes and golden curls, made her look like an angel.

The peasants consulted together, and, as Noisette witnessed the termination of the debate, and looked in the angry, cold faces, she felt her doom was sealed. The son of the burgomaster approached and spoke.

"Noisette, the celestial grape has fallen into your hands by mistake—it was never destined for one so poor and obscure as you. We will buy it of you. In exchange for it, we will give you a barrel of sweet wine. Then the maidens of the village will draw lots for it."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed all the vintagers. Noisette rose. "What love gives cannot be sold," she calmly replied. "Nothing will buy my talisman, but if it is deemed improper for me to keep it, I will let it be decided by drawing lots. Draw, and draw quickly."

This proposition was so fair that they all agreed to it, and the burgomaster's son wrote upon grape leaves the names of all the young girls of the village, leaving out, purposely, the name of the rightful owner, poor Noisette.

Then a child, with eyes blindfolded, was chosen to draw the leaves from the basket in which they were placed. Putting his hand in, the child drew out the first leaf, and all read upon it—Noisette! Again and again the leaves were drawn forth, and each time the same word was found written on them—always Noisette, Noisette, till the seventeen leaves were drawn out and the basket empty.

"It is witchery!" exclaimed seventeen shrill voices. "It is witchery!" was echoed by twenty male voices. Then a tumult arose, in the midst of which could be distinguished such cries as "Carry her to the bishop! Let's burn her! First seize her grapes! Yes! yes! Give me the grapes! No, I shall have them! I, I am the prettiest! I should have the grapes! No, give the talisman to me!"

These were the cries, and seventeen pairs of hands were stretched towards the fainting girl. Noisette feared for her life. The peasants were actually becoming furious, and several stones had been thrown at her. Her consciousness was fast leaving her, when a flourish of trumpets was heard in the distance. The conscience-stricken peasants fell with their faces pressed to the earth. A few minutes they lay thus, trembling, not daring to lift up their eyes, when they heard a voice behind them.

"Get up, idiots!"

With one accord they rose and beheld, not the archangel and his hosts, but an officer attended by a small body of men, soldiers, and a band of music.

"Peasants of Badschlag, stand forth!" commanded the officer.

With guilty, astonished faces, the peasants arranged themselves in line, the men in front, the maidens behind them. Taking no notice of the men, the officer commanded the girls to stand forth. With a curious, attentive eye, the officers and soldiers scanned the seventeen comely faces before them.

"The portrait!" exclaimed the officer, and the little dwarfish fifer stepped forward, and opening a golden casket, he produced a miniature of a beautiful girl. Again the officer passed before the maidens, comparing the faces with the gem-set miniature.

"Useless journey!" grumbled the officer.

"Pardon, sire," said the little fifer, "there is one more maiden, standing by that tree. Maybe she belongs to the village of Badschlag," and the little fellow pointed to Noisette, who stood apart from the rest, gazing with fascinated eyes at the talismanic grapes.

"Come forward, maiden!" commanded the officer, and as Noisette, at the summons, turned her face towards them, all the soldiers exclaimed, "It is she! It is she!"

The peasants fell back, and the stranger soldiers coming forward, opened three caskets. The first was filled with gold, the second with precious stones, and the third with rich dresses. These they presented, on bended knee, to Noisette, who received them with trembling hands.

"For me?" stammered the poor girl, "for me? But how, how?"

"You will know all to-morrow, madame," replied the officer, bowing respectfully before her. "For on to-morrow will arrive one to whom is reserved the pleasure of disclosing all. Our duty, lady, is to offer you these presents and watch over you." At these words all the soldiers followed the example of their commander, and with uncovered heads, awaited Noisette's orders.

Hesitating, nearly fainting, Noisette looked around her, upon her companions. The angry scowls were gone, and the faces near her expressed only surprise, and the voices which scarcely a half hour ago had been raised against her, now sung in her praise. Bewildered at the sudden change in her situation, Noisette was not puffed up, and with crimson cheeks and eyes sparkling with tears, she filled her hands with the glittering gems and gave them to her companions. Carrying the casket filled with gold to the white-haired cure, she prayed him to relieve the wants of the poor with it. From the casket of dresses she selected the most beautiful one, blue and silver, and begged the pastor to give it to his wife. The worthy pastor smiled upon her and raising his hands, said: "Be blessed in thy good fortune, my child, for thou art worthy of it, and may the good God always keep thee while thy heart is so pure and kind."

Noisette bowed her golden head to receive the benediction, then rose, and with exquisite grace and dignity, led the way to her hut, for it was so poor it could not be called a cottage, followed by the soldiers bearing the three caskets. With urgent entreaties the young men, affecting a great love for her, urged their suits upon her. With calm dignity Noisette replied to them all, "I will have no other husband save the one indicated to me by this talisman." Then the orphan's brilliant cortege wound up the hill. The maidens, when it was out of sight, reproached their lovers with their infidelity, and a scene of general recrimination ensued.

Arrived at her hut, the three caskets were placed upon the floor and Noisette was left alone, while the soldiers encamped in a tent outside. Alone with her treasures! Left alone, Noisette dressed herself in the beautiful robes she found, and looking into the pan of water, her only mirror, she smiled gaily at the vision before her. It was beautiful. All the dresses and jewels were tried. At the bottom of one trunk she found a robe of snowy muslin. With a cry of delight, Noisette threw aside the rich, rare-colored silk, and quickly arrayed herself in the simple, flowing white robes, and looking into the jewel-case she found a wreath of delicate wild flowers. All the glittering gems were cast aside by this guileless child and her sunny tresses confined by the graceful flowers. Looking into the water, she smiled on the pretty girlish face. To tell the truth, in this simple toilet she was a hundred times more beautiful than ever before. Outside her window the little fifer played a sad tune, as if his heart was breaking. Five minutes she hesitated, then opened the door of the hut and stood beside him. Of him she demanded the cause of all that had happened.

"These soldiers," he replied, "were sent by a great prince, who, three months ago (the harvest is three months earlier in some other places), found the grape of love, the celestial grape. He consulted the talisman and was told that a young girl, belonging to the village of Badschlag, was his bride. Her vision was shown to him, and he was so enamored of it that he painted it from recollection."

The voice of the officer here forbade the little fifer to say any more.

"Prince or no prince," murmured the young girl, "I too will consult the talisman and behold the face of my spouse. Even now the hour for invocation approaches. Quick!"

As Noisette spoke, the village clock tolled the hour—half past eleven! Noisette entered the hut and closing the door, began her incantations. Placing her little rude tablet in the centre of the

room, she spread a white napkin over it; upon this she placed three large vine-leaves, and, above all, were laid the talismanic grapes. Then she made the signs of the cross seven times, then turning towards the east, with arms crossed upon her breast, she chanted:

Spirits of air,  
My fate declare,  
Show me the face, be it dark or fair.  
I wait in despair,  
Where, then, O, where,  
Spirits of air!

Midnight sounded. Unfortunately at the eleventh stroke the moon hid behind a dense cloud, and the interior of the little hut was plunged in gloom. Noisette trembled with fear. She heard steps to the right, to the left, behind and all round her.

"Great God!" exclaimed Noisette, naively, "how many feet has my husband?"

She had hardly spoken when the moon shone forth again. Horror! Noisette perceived around her a legion of black and white phantoms, and any number of troubadours, knights, peasants and nobles. A perfect carnival raged round her. A perfect Saturnalia. Nearly fainting, the young girl turned away her head. Her eyes fell upon an angel beating his wings.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "that is my beloved," and hastened to throw herself into his arms.

Horror! It was the burgomaster's son who held her! Uttering a cry of horror, Noisette fainted. The cry of the young girl was heard, and the officer and men rushed into the hut and found her faint, laying like a broken flower upon the floor. While they sought to bring her to consciousness, there was heard martial music, and up the hill rode a glittering cavalcade with a beautiful young man at their head. Arriving at the hut, the young man dismounted and placing a little golden vial of exquisite perfume to the lips of the insensible Noisette, he chanted in sweet tones:

Spirits of air,  
My fate declare,  
Speak to me once again, my fair.  
I wait in despair,  
Where, O where,  
Spirits of air!

"Noisette, dear Noisette, open your eyes and speak to me."

The blue eyes unclosed, and raising her head, Noisette looked at the handsome youth who knelt before her.

"Who are you, sir?" she asked, bewildered.

"The prince?" whispered the fifer.

"My wife!" exclaimed the young man, and he extended his arm towards the trembling girl.

"My husband, chosen by heaven!" stammered the beautiful girl, and threw herself, blushing deeply, into the arms extended to her.

Thus Noisette, the little vintage maiden, became the wife of a powerful prince.

Such is the legend I heard on the banks of the Danube. It is now the favorite legend of the vintage. Go you and listen to it as I did, sitting beneath the fragrant vines, and believe the pretty tale as I do—not.

## GEORGE THE THIRD AND JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams, in a letter to Secretary Jay, states that King George III. behaved not only handsomely, but even nobly, when, in June, 1785, he received Adams, as the first ambassador from the United States to England. In a few well-selected words Adams addressed the king, and received the following reply: "Sir, I wish you to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." These are words of proper dignity as well as of decorous wisdom. Mr. Adams, who records them, impressively adds, "The king was indeed much affected, and I confess I was not less so."

## FICTION.

We must remember that fiction is not falsehood. If a writer puts abstract virtues into book clothing, and sends them upon stilts into the world, he is a bad writer; if he classifies men and attributes all virtue to one class and all vice to another, he is a false writer. Then, again, if his ideal is so poor that he fancies man's welfare to consist in immediate happiness; if he means to paint a great man and paints only a greedy one, he is a mischievous writer; and not the less so, although by lamplight and almost a juvenile audience his coarse scene-painting should be thought very grand. He may be true to his own thought very grand. He may be true to his own fancy, but he is false to nature. A writer, of course, cannot get beyond his own ideal; but at least he should see that he works up to it; and if it is a poor one, he had better write histories of the utmost concentration of dulness than amuse us with unjust and untrue imaginings.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE OUTCAST.

BY MARY PERIVAL.

"And Hagar sat over against him and wept"  
Gen 21 18.

'Twas morning, and the rising sun had scarce his beams displayed.

The dew was on the floweret yet, and every grassy blade,  
When Hagar heard the mandate which summoned her to roam,

With her dearest earthly treasure, to seek another home.

She wandered in the wilderness, her darling by her side,  
And offered up a prayer to God that he would be her guide;

To him she looked for strength in her weakness and despair,  
Yet feared, with all her watchfulness, her boy would perish there.

She sought a sylvan glade, a cool, sequestered spot,  
Then soothed him into slumber, and mourned his hopeless lot;

The mute and speechless agony, as o'er her child she knelt,  
Told that a mother's heart was riven, and keen the pang she felt.

She watched the sleeping boy awhile, then softly, half afraid,  
Strayed to a lonely covert in a far remoter shade;

When lo! an angel's voice the solemn stillness broke,  
And to the sorrowing watcher in mild accents spoke:

Thy prayer is heard, fond mother; fear not, thy son shall live,  
And unto him in future years a nation's power I give;

Thy suffering and thy sorrow, in quiet meekness borne,  
Are seen by Him in secret who blesteth they that mourn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Hen-Pecked and Rooster-Pecked.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Love has been said to be the master-passion of the human heart. Marriage is then the most important of all institutions; for it is an attempt to organize and control the master-passion of two individuals—a passion upon which their happiness depends; and if love, after marriage, decides that it will not be controlled by the matrimonial vow, divine and human laws have but a feeble voice in the camp. The master-passion will rule, and the matrimonial condition becomes ruinous to the soul's happiness.

Notwithstanding the general recognition of these obvious facts, love blinds the reason, and people plunge into marriage as heedlessly as if to swear to love were to secure it; as if the renegade throbs of the heart could be stilled by the oath at the altar. Vain and melancholy delusion! Love avenges himself bitterly for this misconception of his power!

Mr. Peter Gasper married Miss Jezebella Thorn, after a month's acquaintance, and felt as sure as she did that they were doing a wise thing. He was a man possessed of a competence and a mild disposition; too mild, in fact. He had little force of character, though he admired it in others. He saw that Miss Thorn had it, she was so animated and independent in her manner and language.

"So much spirit!" thought he. "What a housekeeper she will make! What a mother to my children! How encouraging she will be when I am despondent!"

"He is so very amiable! So quiet and soft in his deportment," thought she. "He is my man! I must have my own way, and we shall never quarrel!"

So Peter took the Thorn to his bosom. On the day after the marriage, what was Peter's surprise—he having placed himself upon the dignity of a husband—to hear his wife address him as follows:

"I am going to take you to see an old beau of mine to-day, Peter. It will so astonish and vex him to find me married."

Mr Gasper bridled up, and felt hurt.  
"To take me? You mean you wish me to take you, don't you, dear?"

"I meant just what I said," replied his wife, angrily, and with a resolute voice.

"It would be very improper for us to make such a visit," said the husband.

"I suppose you are jealous?"

"Not a bit."

"If you don't choose to go with me," insisted Jezebella, already furious at opposition, even in trifles, "I shall go alone!"

"I shall not approve of it."

"But I shall!" exclaimed Jezebella. "Nobody has ever ruled me yet."

And she dressed and did go.

"I shall blow her up awfully when she comes back," muttered the chafed bridegroom. "Pretty prospect! Row on the day after marriage. I wonder if I am somebody!"

Mrs. Gasper made what visits she liked, and came home to announce that she had made some extensive purchases of dry goods, etc., on trust.

Gasper had intended to address her in a severe set speech—he had got the very words by heart—but that heart failed him when he met the dauntless eyes of his better-half. He felt that she was the superior "will power." Still he disliked the idea of getting goods upon trust, especially without consulting his wishes or his taste, and he mildly said so.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed, derisively. "We might as well understand each other first as last, Peter. Either you or I shall rule the roost—and I was never ruled yet! Perhaps you will do as you please out-of-doors; but, in-doors or out, I shall be my own mistress, and do as I please."

"Well, well, don't get angry, Jezzy," said the husband, alarmed at the prospect of a row. "Let me talk of something else. I have engaged a man to lay the garden out in diamonds and hearts. What do you think of it?"

"Nonsense! Squares and circles would look much better. I'll trample every flower down, unless you have it in squares and circles!"

"So be it," sighed Peter. "I'm not particular. The arbor is to be painted dark green."

"No it ain't! I hate green. Light blue would be infinitely handsomer. I never will enter it, unless it is light blue."

Peter succumbed; and sometime after intimated his intention to increase his comforts by the purchase of a Newfoundland dog and a meerschaum.

"What, a great big nasty dog? Ugh! And a nasty pipe? I'll never come to see you if you turn into a Dutchman, and smell of tobacco; and as to a dog, if you ever buy anything but a poodle for me to play with, I'll take the outside of the house, and you can take the inside. It is astonishing how our tastes disagree! I fear we shall have a hard time of this married life."

Peter feared so too. But wishing to avoid contention, he yielded his intentions.

"I'll let her have her own way," reflected he. "Opposition will only make bad worse. I hate quarrels."

Determined to rule if she could, and taking advantage of the pacific tastes of Peter, Mrs. Gasper had the question settled as to who was to rule the house, in less than a month. Her word was law; and she was hardly satisfied with that, but scolded, fretted and wrangled often, as if merely to keep up the prestige of her authority.

Two years elapsed, and Peter Gasper had become the mere shadow of what he had been. He had grown thin and pale, and his voice weak. He wished to go into the country to recruit, but she opposed it. "She hated the country; it was too insipid."

"Let me go alone, then," suggested the disheartened invalid, for such he had become.

This, too, was opposed, principally from force of habit. But when the advice of a physician favored Peter's wish, she finally consented, but remained behind.

"You will be lonesome enough without me," said Jezebella, as he got into the carriage.

"You'll be posting back again within a week."

"I hope I shall be well enough," he replied, faintly. "Good-by!" And the carriage off.

It was a blessed relief to the jaded, unhappy man to be beyond reach of the voice of his domestic tyrant; to look out upon the fresh, green landscape of the country, and inhale the fragrant air; to listen to the songs of birds and the low cattle, and forget, when he could, that he was a married man!

But these gratifications, though soothing, could not remedy his complaint—the disease of the heart—that exhausting, desolating disease of the heart, to cure which mineral was never found, nor medicinal plant ever grew. He daily failed. He felt that he was dying. He wrote, with trembling hand, to his wife that he was worse, but she regarded it lightly, as a whim; and did not even trouble herself to reply.

He still sank rapidly. He became listless, and at last too feeble either to write or speak; and some kind friend now wrote to his tormentress, that if she wished ever to look upon him in life again she must hurry, or she would be too late.

"These country folks are fools!" she muttered. "The man is only in one of his gloomy

fits. But I suppose I must go, if only to save appearances."

Still she was in no hurry. She set out for the country on the morrow, and arrived at the house in the evening. She was ushered silently into the chamber of her husband, and there she saw him—but he was dead! The jaw, which had fallen, was bound up, coins were upon the eyelids, and the cheeks were cavernous. The awful scene was too much even for her vixen heart, and with a shriek of remorse she fell senseless upon the body.

A twelvemonth had seen the sod resting on the grave of the hen-pecked husband, and the widow had become weary of her weeds. Moreover, she felt the need of some daily object to battle with; and when the animated Jezebella had invested herself with the compromise of half mourning, and showed an ambition to shine in society, she was not long before she caught a second husband, in the person of Mr. Hannibal Rasper.

"He is an entirely different man from my first husband," thought she, as she surveyed his herculean frame and determined aspect with admiration. "Peter was a nincompoop. This time I have got a man. Now I shall know what real marriage is."

She was not long in ascertaining. Contact and collision were synonymous with Jezebella; and when she had become Mrs. Rasper, she found that, as before, the weaker went to the wall—but this time it was not the husband.

To her astonishment and rage, she found that her second husband took the initiative in the family émeutes, and what was worse, he conquered! A month after marriage Mr. Hannibal took the liberty of upsetting the breakfast-table, while they were engaged in an aggravating dispute, following up the outrage by smashing the clock with a cricket, and throwing the cat out of the window.

"You think to kill me, as you did your first victim, madam!" shouted he, shaking his fist at her; "but you'll find me no Peter Gasper. I am altogether a different sort of a person. I am used to having my own way, and have it I will! If there's any pecking to be done in this family, it will be the rooster, and not the hen!"

"You are a brute!" screamed Jezebella, purple with wrath.

"What!" roared Hannibal, roughly seizing her by the arm, his eyes glowing like live coals. "Dare to say that again to your lord and master, and I'll throw you after the cat. Say it!"

"I won't!" vociferated she, twitching away.

"You'll repent this. I'll leave you to-morrow."

"Good!" he laughed, contemptuously; "and the world will say that it served you right, and you were not such a terrible piece of flesh after all. That you were subdued by No. 2, in retribution for No. 1."

"Then I won't go. I'll stay to torment you."

"You'd better try it!"

"A nice husband you are, to take advantage of your strength upon a weak woman."

"I am glad to hear that you feel weak. You will find I am not. No soft spot about me, and the sooner you believe it, the better for you. I am going to drive out this afternoon."

"I shall not go with you!"

"Of course you shan't. I have engaged a party of gentlemen for the ride. We are coming here to-night at about eleven or twelve o'clock, and I shall expect you to be up, and have something in the shape of a handsome cold supper, with a dozen of champagne waiting."

"I shall go to bed."

"I shall cause you to get up again."

"We'll see!"

"We'll see!"

Mr. Rasper drove out, and drove home with three male friends at about midnight. Mrs. Rasper was in her chamber, pale with thoughts of the Tartar she had caught. Her husband and his friends entered the house singing.

"Shameful!" murmured she. "If I dared, I'd go down and order them all out. I shouldn't have had the collation ready, if it wasn't for the disgrace of a disturbance at this late hour. But I won't go down. Yes I will—I'll go down and listen at the door, for they're making a great racket now."

The wine was passing freely about us she hearkened.

"Where's Mrs. Rasper?" said one.

"You forget the late hour," said another.

"I told her to stay up," said Hannibal, angrily. "Say the word gentlemen, and I'll go up and fetch her."

The frightened woman ran rapidly up stairs, chilled, cowed and trembling. As she crept into bed, she thought of Peter and wept.

But no sleep visited her eyelids, for down stairs the loud sounds of carousal, onths, laughter, songs, cracking of bottles and jingling of glass were prolonged till nearly dawn, when the climax of Mrs. Rasper's alarm was reached, as she heard a fearful crash and clattering of glass.

"The mirror! They have broken that splendid mirror!" she cried. "They are all mad with drink. O dear, O dear! what will become of me!"

The destruction of the mirror by an empty bottle thrown by Rasper, had a sobering influence upon his guests, who soon after rose and departed, and the master of the house now retired himself, taking care to abuse his wife before he went to sleep, for showing such disrespect to his guests.

It was not long before Mrs. Rasper was compelled to admit to herself that the glory of her rule had departed, never to return. Though Mr. Rasper was not often so violent as on the above mentioned occasions, she felt that but slight provocation would induce him to be, and her once headstrong will quailed before the morose, storn, unbending nature of the man whose masculine qualities had first so won her regard.

"I can't cope with him. I must try to coax. Coax! O, how I hate the word!"

But Mr. Hannibal Rasper was not to be coaxed. She might as well have smoothed the hair on a hyena.

"Nothing that I do seems to satisfy you," she exclaimed, one day. "What can I do?"

"Do! Do! That's what you can do. Suit yourself in that, and you'll suit me!"

"You never loved me!" she moaned, in anguish.

"I never did! You had property, as I did, but I did not marry you for that, either. My nature is combative, and I wanted to see what kind of stuff it was that could worry a man into the grave."

"O, my poor husband!" cried the downcast woman, bursting into tears, and rocking desolately to and fro.

"Yes, he was a poor husband," sneered the unfeeling man; "but who made him so? I have heard the whole story. Who despised his gentleness, thwarted his wishes, tormented him in life and neglected him in death!"

"I wish I was lying by his side, now!" she groaned.

"He wouldn't care about it. Let him rest in quiet. Have mercy upon his body, if you didn't upon his soul."

"O, heartless man! Why, why do you torture me so?"

"You don't please me. Nothing satisfies me—either in your ways, your looks or your actions; your walk, your dress or your disposition. I loathe the sight of you. Sometimes I think the spirit of Peter Gasper is at my elbow, and causes me to hate you."

"It never could be his sweet and gentle spirit, but your own bad, tyrannical heart, for he was next to an angel. O, my poor, dear, dead husband, shall we ever meet again?"

"I hope so," growled Hannibal, rising with a scowl, "and the sooner the better, for I am disgusted with you!" and putting on his hat, he went out, slamming the door after him.

It did not require many years to bring down that once proud spirit of the termagant wife to the pitiable pass to which she had driven her first husband. The iron entered her soul slowly and surely, and her bold eye lost its fire and fullness, her ready tongue its stinging repartees, her will its arbitrary self-assertion, her spirit its pride, and her heart its hope. She was a cowering, broken and writhing thing. The past was a vista of remorseful memories, the present a hell, and the future a dismal blank.

Tired of waiting with her till his malicious nature had done its work, the husband at last impatiently and wholly abandoned her, and but a short time elapsed thereafter before the punished virago went down, in willingness, to that last home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

With some persons, a sufficient inducement to espouse a sentiment, is its almost unanimous rejection by others; and a satisfactory motive for continuance in error, is its thorough confutation. If such worthies ever listen to reason, it is after the model of Croaker in the "Good-natured Man," who declared his readiness to do so whenever his mind was made up, as reasons, quoth he, could then do no harm.—*Chilton.*



CHICKERING & SONS'  
PIANO FORTE  
MANUFACTORY.

We publish here with a series of original engravings illustrating different parts of Chickering & Sons' Piano Forte Manufactory, an establishment the magnitude and importance of which is probably realized by few of our many readers. The description we subjoin was obtained during a recent visit to the establishment. On entering from the street we find ourselves in a large vestibule, from which open offices on either side, and in front the large staircase leading to the ware-rooms, also to the manufactory. Following our guide, we descend a flight of steps in the rear building to the engine room, and stand in the presence of that wonder to look upon and to study, a steam engine, always beautiful and interesting to look upon, even in its humblest estate; but this, combining in its iron sinews the strength of one hundred and twenty horses, is a marvel of graceful motion. Scarcely

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY,  
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

forte, describing all the thousand operations by which it grows to the usefulness and beauty of a perfect instrument. We have only time to pass rapidly through the establishment, noticing here and there a little. Passing from the Engine Room to the room above, between the two wings, we enter the Saw Mill, where the rough material is taken from the yard in the rear, and where the many and various machines, whizzing and buzzing, and scraping and scratching on every side, are sawing and planing, and turning it into the first shapes, preparatory to being made into the frames and cases of pianos. Here also the large and uncouth rose-wood and mahogany logs are received from the ships, and made into the beautiful veneers which form the outward beauty of the instrument. From the Saw Mill we enter the Dimension Room—first floor of north wing—where all the stock is cut and sawed to its proper length, and run through the planing machines,



THE VESTIBULE.

more sound is heard from it than if it were still, and yet there whirls the immense wheel of eight tons, with its sixteen feet diameter, setting miles of shattering in motion, and giving power to all varieties of machinery in the rooms above, and keeping three hundred men employed. The steam, after traversing the building through twelve miles of iron pipe, returns to the boilers at one hundred and ninety degrees, and does its part in heating the rest. Twelve thousand gallons of water are used in a day by the engine, of which but three hundred gallons are lost. The boilers, of which there are four, are fed in part by the waste matter of the rooms, and all the saw dust and shavings are thus kept constantly from the floors.

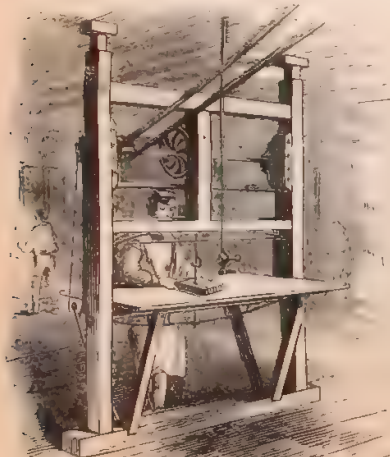
It would be impossible to follow the incipient piano



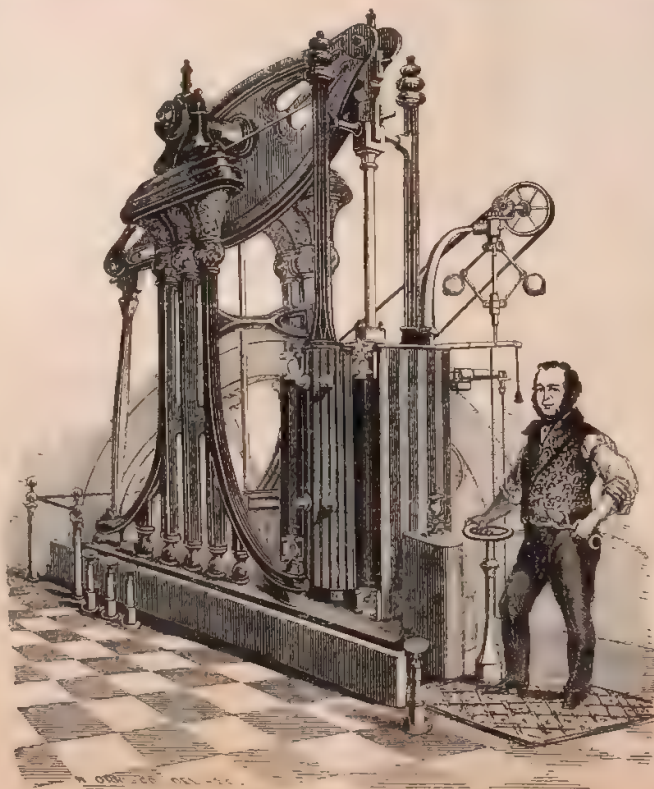
MR. CHICKERING'S PRIVATE ROOM.

preparing it for use in the room above, where it acquires the form of a piano case, and herein one may see one of the great secrets of the durability of the Chickering pianos. Every particle of stock used is of the very best quality, and made up in the most thorough manner. The cases are braced by cross cleats both outside and in, so as to render it impossible that they can warp or yield in the least. The third story of this wing is the Case Room, where the delicate veneers are applied. In the fourth story it receives the sounding-board and iron frame; and going still up to the fifth story, it passes through the Varnish Room in the main building, and begins its descent on the opposite side, stopping at each story to be strung, receive its action and keys, and its many other requirements, until it finally reaches the ware-rooms.

We return to the front building, and are introduced to the Action Room, where all the hammers and little intricacies of the



FRET AND JIG SAWING.

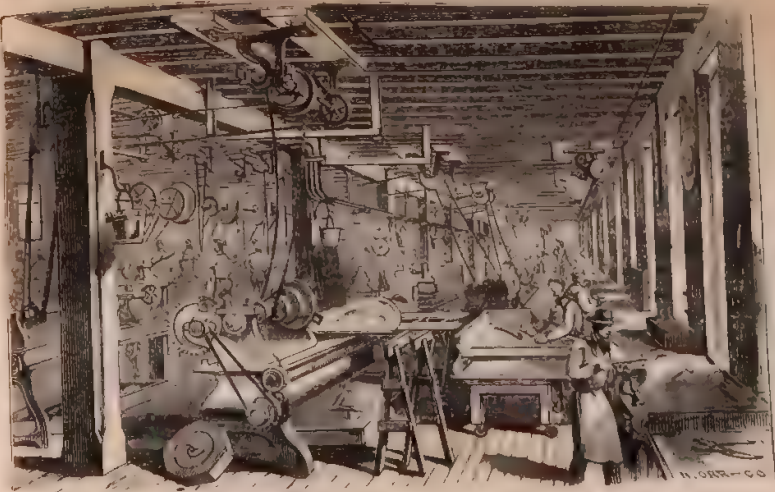


THE ENGINE.



REGULATING.





MACHINE SHOP.

interior are prepared and put together, involving great patience and nicety of touch. To give a slight idea of the labor required upon the action work of a grand piano, it is only necessary to say that 3254 holes are required to be bored, and of these 680 are bushed with a firm and costly white kersycumera. Next to this is the Carving Room, where the ornamental legs, etc., are carved. Everybody is busy. A stranger's appearance is hardly noticed; and yet it is not a surly indifference, as you feel, but a simple attention to business that admits of no time for idle curiosity. Above this is the Drying Room, extending the whole length of the front, kept at a temperature of 90°. Here all the nicer lumber for sounding-boards, etc., has to pass a probationary term in order to warrant its acceptance. Sounding-boards enough for nearly a year's supply are arranged in racks for the purpose overhead; and stock of various kinds, sawed and turned, and planed into all manner of shapes, is here piled up, gaining the desirable qualities, and awaiting its turn to be used. Above this, in the fifth story, front, is the Varnish



FORGE.



DIMENSION ROOM.

are kept under lock and key, and which accurately report every morning if the night watchmen have done their duty, passing through each room every half hour. Two of these watchmen are employed, who keep walking all night, and yet never see each other. We have noticed in our progress the precautionary hose at the head of each stairway, provided against fire, and the six hundred buckets always filled with water for the same object. But there is no fire within the building, even the glue that is used is prepared by steam, and the entire building is heated in the same manner, hence the danger from fire is very small. When night work is required, the building is illuminated by six hundred gas-burners.

In passing through the building, we have not failed to notice the Machine Shop, on the first floor of the south wing. Here a busy scene presents itself to the curious visitor. Every machine that human ingenuity can make available is here applied for the manufacture of all



CASE ROOM.

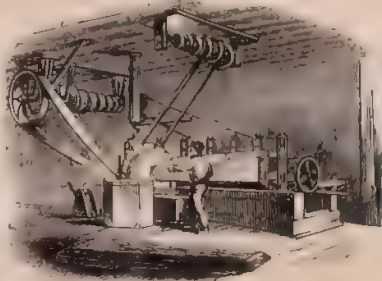
Room, likewise the whole length of the building. Here about seven hundred cases are in treatment all the time.

Passing from the Varnish Room through the double iron doors—which in each story separate the main building from the wings—we enter the Rubbing Room, where the cases are rubbed with pumice stone and water preparatory to receiving their final polish.—Descending in this wing, we enter the room for making and veneering the tops, legs, pedals, etc.; then to the Finishing Room, where also the stringing is performed, and the action adjusted and fitted to the instrument; still on to the Trimming Department and Regulating Room to the Warerooms. Over this long distance which the piano treads, we have passed rapidly. We notice that everything is orderly, everything is convenient. At the end of each wing is the "elevator," a platform on which twenty men may stand. Move that lever, and by the power of the one hundred and twenty horses below, this platform moves up or down, steadily and evenly, and just as easily with tons upon it as if it were empty. A very simple operation causes it to stop at either story required.—At each end of every one of the immense rooms you may perceive something that looks like a bell pull. These are connected with the watch clocks, a long way off in the lower room, which



SOUNDING-BOARD ROOM.

the different kinds of hardware used in the piano forte, from the heavy frames to the mysterious pins of all kinds, and screws, castors, pedal feet, and wires that go to take their place in the "harmonious whole." The following curious statistics show the relative proportion of the material which enters into the composition of every piano forte, and also indicate the amount of each used yearly in this vast establishment: 600,000 feet of pine, maple and oak; 85,000 feet of black walnut; 200,000 feet of pine for packing-boxes; 20,000 feet of spruce for sounding-boards; 300,000 feet of rosewood veneers; 30,000 feet of chestnut do.; 30,000 feet of walnut do.; 12,000 feet of oak do.; making a total of 1,277,000 feet of stock cut annually; 15,000 pounds frozen glue; 2000 pounds fine best do.; 60 roams sand paper; 1750 gallons varnish; 1200 pounds white lead; 31 pounds pumice stone; 3 barrels linseed oil; 12 barrels spirits turpentine; 15 barrels alcohol; \$300 worth of gold bronze for plates; \$500 worth paints; 300,000 pounds iron castings; 3300 pounds brass do.; 500 pounds bar wire; 500 pounds steel do.; 3300 pounds brass do.; 500 pounds bar steel; 3000 pounds wrought bar iron; 14,000 pairs hinges; 3150 gross screws; 2000 locks; 8000 castors; 2000 sets ivory. It takes about four months to finish a piano forte, this of course does not include the time necessary for seasoning the wood—years are required for that.



VENEER SAWING.



TOP ROOM.



FINISHING ROOM.



The Messrs. Chickering now employ over 300 men, and finish about 40 pianos per week. Yet with all their facilities, they cannot meet the demand made upon them, and new applications for the agencies of their manufacture are received almost daily.

The house of Chickering & Sons was established in 1823, by the late Jonas Chickering, and the first piano made by him was sold to the late Mrs. Powell Snelling, the well-known Boston actress. Mr. Chickering made from time to time many valuable improvements in his instruments, until he finally brought them to that degree of superior excellence which has won for them a world-wide reputation. He was the first to introduce the circular scale now so generally used by all makers, also the entire iron frame. The whole number of pianos made by this house up to the present time (May, 1859), is but a trifle short of twenty-two thousand, and for the superiority of their manufacture over all with whom they have competed, have been awarded thirty-eight prize medals from the different Fairs in this country and in Europe. They have also in their possession many hundreds of the most flattering testimonials from the leading professors, both European and American.

The present firm consists of the three sons of the late Jonas Chickering, Messrs. P. E. & G. H. Chickering in Boston and Mr. C. F. Chickering in New York.

#### THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

A Sardinian correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing of the battle of Palestro, where he was present, says:—"It is estimated here that the number of the Austrians who took part in this affair, was 30,000. The number of killed and wounded on both sides has been considerable. Six hundred Zouaves are said to be wounded, and three or four hundred Piedmontese. As for the loss of the Austrians, I hardly like to state how much they are said to amount to here, so exaggerated do the figures appear. According to the received rumor, one thousand of their men have been taken prisoners, and two thousand five hundred killed or wounded. The Austrian prisoners were nearly all very young men; some, indeed, more beardless striplings, looking like the rawest of raw recruits. Most of them had a worn and pinched appearance, as though the food they had recently partaken of had been poor in quality and uncertain as to its supply. How they fought at all, under the circumstances, is a mystery, for they really seemed in want of nothing so much as a good dinner; and to enter the field with an empty stomach of itself almost ensured defeat. The wonder is, however, what the Austrians did with the cattle they compelled the Piedmontese inhabitants of the invaded provinces to supply to the army. If the animals were all cut up for the use of the soldiers, certainly the result obtained has not been so satisfactory as could be wished. No wonder the Austrians could not stand against the Zouaves and the Bersaglieri, who are, at the least, well fed, and who consequently have the stamina a soldier always ought to possess when the trying ordeal of an active campaign has to be passed through. The youth and inexperience of the poor fellows told terribly against them."

#### AUSTRIANS WHIPPING A PRIMA DONNA.

Max Kron, a correspondent of the New-Yorker Democrat, does not seem to be an enthusiastic admirer of the blessings conferred upon Italy by the Austrian military authorities in the glorious days of the great Radetzky. Among other barbarities which he witnessed during a tour through Lombardy in 1852, he relates the following:—"One morning, while taking a walk from the Piazza d'Armi to the Foro di Castello, a gathering of civilians on the latter place attracted my attention and excited my curiosity, as civilians were strictly prohibited from assembling anywhere in numbers exceeding ten or twelve. Upon approaching the spot, I heard a German voice deliberately counting, each utterance of his being accompanied by a piercing cry of agony from a female. I forced myself through the crowd, and beheld, within a square of Croat soldiers, a lady lying upon a chair, with her face down, while a Croat officer, with blows from a cane upon her person, responded to the "one," "two," "three," &c., of his adjutant. It was the cantatrice Maria Grassi, who on the previous evening had been guilty of a political allusion on the boards of La Scala. I must confess, at this moment, I cursed my light hair, that betrayed my German origin to the bystanders. I shook the dust from my feet, and journeyed westward into freer regions and a purer atmosphere."

#### THE ENGLISH PRESS AND THE WAR.

The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser thus shows up the course of the London press in regard to movements in Italy:—"It is hardly necessary here to notice the falsity of the despatches from Vienna, reproduced in the London papers. For instance, the Times publishes a despatch which states that the battle of Magenta was a drawn battle, that the Austrians had re-attacked the French lines to impede or prevent the march on Milan, and that the Austrian army still had its headquarters at Abbiate Grasso. Now it so happened that the day this despatch was written, the emperor and king entered Milan, that the Austrians were in full retreat upon Lodi, and that even as far away as Pavia the retreat had commenced, for we have just learned from that place that after spiking the cannons and throwing the ammunition into the Ticino, they had precipitately evacuated in the direction of the Adda."

### BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

#### TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2.50  
One copy, two years ..... 4.00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9.00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20.00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.50 per annum.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P., St. C., Ohio.—Address Oliver Ditson & Co., music publishers, Washington Street, Boston.

W. H.—Belgium is the only country in which the society known by the name of the Beguines at present exist. They have establishments in almost every town. At one period they numbered nearly five thousand in this country.

MISS F. R., Auburndale.—The cemetery of Pere la Chaise was opened in the year 1804, and for the first ten years attracted little attention. The suppression of internments in churches and churchyards, was first ordered by the National Assembly of France, in 1790. This resting place of the departed assumes a more than usually sorrowful interest on All Souls' Day, or, as it is called in Paris, "Fete des Morts," when the friends of the dead visit the graves in great numbers, and place fresh memorials of their grief on them.

HISTORICAL.—Some of the old churches of the metropolis of London are about to disappear to make room for new warehouses. Churches in which Titilston and Burnet preached are to be converted into warehouses for the goods of Manchester, Halifax and Leeds.

LIBRARIAN.—Dr. Perle, of the Royal Library of Berlin, has found a manuscript journal of Theodora and Ugo-lino Vivaldi, both Genoese navigators, who sailed round Cape Good Hope in 1230, supposed to have been first discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, and first doubted by Vasco de Gama, Nov. 20, 1497.

SENECA.—The recent battle of Melignano was very bloody and very decisive. The Austrians were magnificently beaten. This victory was gained on the same field where Francis I., 344 years ago (September 14, 1515), defeated the Swiss and annihilated their military reputation.

CALIFORNIAN.—The foundation of San Francisco dates from the 27th of June, 1776. It was therefore eighty-three years of age on the 27th ult., or a week older than the "National Independence" of the Union in which its State conspicuously figures.

W. E. It has been recently decided in England that a marriage contracted in Denmark between a citizen of England and his deceased wife's sister is null and void. Therefore what God joins together in Denmark an English chancellor puts asunder in London.

ORO.—The director of the Philadelphia mint expresses the opinion that the yield of gold, during the present season, from our gold-producing States, will afford a favorable comparison with that of any former year.

#### STRONGHOLDS OF NORTHERN ITALY.

After forcing the passage of the Mincio and the Adige, the allied army of French and Sardinians will have to capture or blockade the four famous strongholds, Mantua, Verona, Peschiera, and Legnano, a comparatively easy task after what they have accomplished; and the Austrian rule of transalpine Italy may be said to have ended, for with the French fleet in the Adriatic, Venice can no longer be held defensible. All eyes are at this moment turned towards the four great fortresses, and our readers will thank us, we think, for a rapid sketch of these four strongholds which they may find on any tolerable map of northern Italy.

Peschiera, situated at the point where the Mincio issues from the Lago di Garda, is the key to that lake, commands the road from Brescia to Verona, and holds the dams by which the volume of the Mincio can be increased or diminished at will. It is a place of the second rank, but the fortifications have been increased since 1848. At this period, it capitulated after a siege of a month, directed by the late Duke of Genoa, brother of its present king.

Mantua is a place of the first class, and was generally considered as the key to northern Italy before Verona had acquired its present political and military importance. This place is easily accessible on account of its situation in the midst of three lakes and marshes, formed by the waters of the Mincio, of which it guards the lower extremity. It communicates with the main land by five causeways: Roverello, Legnano, Modena, Bergamo-Forte, and Cremona. These causeways are fortified, and the citadel "La Favorita," which defends the communication with Roverello, is protected against a surprise by artificial inundation, operated by hydraulic machines. In 1848, the Austrians employed this method against the Piedmontese army; and they had at this period, and still have, a flotilla on the upper lake which rendered important service. The very fact of the isolation of Mantua, which is only connected with the main land by the five causeways we have designated, indicates the facility of blockading it. It is sufficient for that purpose to have the control of the openings of the five communications by field-works. Thus, contrary to usual custom, the siege corps before the place may be inferior to the garrison which occupies it. In 1796, the French general, Serrurier, with 8000 men, held double that number blockaded within it. Besides the main body of the place, Mantua has two entrenched camps at the south, and a vast extent of fertile and marshy country

at the south, surrounded on all sides by the waters of the Mincio, the Po, and the Ausone, called the Scraglio. This makes a portion of the place, and furnishes it with vast resources. The villages of Bergamo-Forte and Governolo command the Scraglio. Governolo was, in 1848, the theatre of a brilliant affair which cost the enemy 600 killed and 400 prisoners. His success rendered the Piedmontese masters of the Scraglio.

Legnano is a good *tete de pont* on the Adige, of which it defends the lower course, and is, moreover, protected by the artificial inundation of la Molinella. Kray employed this means against Scherer in 1799.

Verona defends the centre of the Adige, and is, like Mantua, a place of the first class, fortified with the system of so-called "Maximilian" towers. This city is situated at the foot of the last slopes of Montebaldo. A series of heights, marked by the villages of Chievo, Massino, Santa Lucia, Tomba and Tombetta, extend to the west before the city, and form a vast entrenched camp of about nine miles in extent, in the form of a circle, the two extremities of which rejoin the Adige at Chievo and at Tombetta. It was against these heights that the Sardinian army dashed on the 6th of May, 1848. They hoped to carry them, and thus to bring on the rising of Verona, but after a sharp conflict at Santa Lucia, the battle remained undecided, and Charles Albert regained his positions. Verona, besides its political importance,—for since the evacuation of Milan, it has been the centre of the Austrian government in Italy,—has an immense strategic value. It holds the roads to Friuli and the Tyrol, and the highest military considerations are attached to its possession as the principal defence of the line of the Adige.

This river, the course of which is parallel to that of the Mincio, is very rapid, until towards Magnano, where its banks sink, and the passage becomes easy from this point to Carpi. To the north, Bussolengo on the right bank, is also a suitable position for an attempt to cross the river. There Brune effected the passage in 1800; but in 1848, after the glorious battle of Pastrengo, the Piedmontese contented themselves with occupying Bussolengo, without attempting the passage. To the north of Verona are also the positions of Rivoli and Corona, so celebrated in the wars of the French revolution, and which were, in 1848, the scene of various conflicts, particularly that of July 22, which were so glorious to Piedmont. There are advanced positions of Verona, which are connected, for the defence of the Adige, with those of Roveredo and Trent, and with the Italian Tyrol, the natural appendix to the famous quadrangle.

#### BALLOONING.

A few facts about balloons just now will interest our readers. Balloons were unheard of before 1776. Cavendish had then discovered the extraordinary lightness of the hydrogen gas, and in 1783 the first successful balloon ascent was made from Lyons, in France. This balloon was one hundred and ten feet in circumference, and weighed five hundred pounds. Soon after, balloons were sent up at Paris, and again at Lyons, with animals attached; but it was not till November of the same year that any experimenter was bold enough to risk himself in a balloon. On the 21st of November, 1782, the Marias d'Arlandes and M. Pilatre de Rozier, made an ascent of about three thousand feet, but returned again to the earth in about half an hour. Immediately a number of adventurous Frenchmen went into amateur ballooning, among them the Duke of Orleans, and in 1784 two Americans, Dr. John Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard, of Boston, crossed the Channel at Dover, and landed in the forest of Guisnes. In 1785 the ballooning mania received a check. M. Rosiers, who first made a balloon ascension, was making, in June, 1785, a balloon excursion from England to France, when, by some accident, the balloon caught on fire, and the unfortunate voyagers were precipitated on the rocks below. During the French revolution of 1790, balloons were used to inspect the movements of the hostile troops, and in 1804 an ascent was made for purely scientific objects by Messrs. Lussac and Biot. In 1796, M. Blanchard made the first balloon ascension on record in this city. Since that time various experimenters have essayed to mount the air, some meeting the fate of Icarus, others enjoying greater or less success.

In this country the most famous of the "intrepid aeronauts"—that is what they are usually called in the newspapers—have been Mr. Blan-

chard, who died in 1809, after having made sixty-six ascents; Mrs. Blanchard, his wife, who made her last ascension from Paris in 1811, when her balloon took fire from some fireworks she foolishly took up with her, and she was dashed to the earth and killed; M. Petin, M. Godard, and Messrs. Wise, Green, La Montaine, Gager, Carlincourt and Thurston, the latter of whom met with a sad fate on his last voyage, but a few months since. There have also been, from time to time, various aeronautic experiments developing themselves in parachutes, flying ships, and the like, up to the experiment of the great balloon voyage, recently undertaken and completed by Messrs. Wise, Gager, and La Montaine, who left St. Louis, Missouri, at six o'clock and forty minutes, on Friday, and landed at Henderson, Jefferson county, New York, on Saturday, at two o'clock, making in eighteen hours a voyage which, by uninterrupted railway travelling by express trains, takes thirty-eight hours. This is the greatest balloon trip on record. In 1836, three Englishmen, Messrs. Holland, Mason and Green, sailed from London, and landed near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, having made the distance of five hundred miles in eighteen hours. The American aeronauts, however, have made eleven hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours and a half.

#### NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon seems determined to be the historian as well as hero of the Italian war, having packed the writers, who have been following the army back to Paris. We had hoped that he would "let up" a little in his restrictions on the French papers, and we trust that he will not copy Napoleon I. in the petty meannesses that marred his greatness. The French people, quivering with anxiety and interest, ought to be allowed to learn something more of the war than they can glean from imperial bulletins and military despatches. It is too bad to have Amedee Achard's brilliant and picturesque letters in the *Debats* suddenly cut short. Achard was among the first sent home.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL NOTICE.—We understand that at the solicitation of many physicians and others, the Agent of that valuable preparation, *Foussé's Pabulum Vitæ*, for the treatment of Pulmonary and Bronchial Disease, has made arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to *One Dollar* per bottle, and *Fifty Cents* for trial bottle; thus placing it within the reach of all classes, and rendering what has been universally acknowledged to be the best remedy yet discovered, likewise the *cheapest* in the market. It can be had of any apothecary.

MALE GOSSIP.—The most contemptible animal breathing is a male gossip, a sneaking fellow who pries into all his neighbor's business, and makes it his own sole business to run about tattling what he has surreptitiously picked up. A female gossip is disgusting enough—but a male gossip—Faugh! "an ounce of civet, good apothecary."

THE HOLY LAND.—We cannot say too much to our citizens, and readers in the neighboring towns, in recommendation of Banvard's beautiful panorama of the Holy Land. It is brilliant as a work of art, and as an exhibition it is absorbingly interesting and instructive.

A NERVOUS CURATIVE.—We hear much said about Lawson's Nervous Curative, and *Nerve Tonic*, a certificate relating to which will be found on another page. The proprietor is a gentleman of high standing, and his discovery is worthy of attention.

GOLD MINING IN VERMONT.—Of the thirty miners now gold-hunting in the neighborhood of Plymouth, Vt., only one appears to have been rewarded with anything like success. The average product of a man's labor falls below \$25 per month.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND.—Ballou's Dollar Monthly now claims this extraordinary circulation. Verily we are a reading people! But this excellent serial is so cheap that any one can afford it. *One dollar a year*—*Burlington Gazette*.

HORSE RAIL ROAD.—The first line of horse railway in operation in Chicago proves so successful that others are projected. It frequently makes a profit of \$100 a day.



## LETTER FROM A FRENCH ZOUAVE.

We translate for the amusement of our readers, the following authentic letter from a corporal of Zouaves. It is exceedingly characteristic and interesting:

VOGHERA, May 28.

It seems the Austrians thought to pit the Tyrolese against us Zouaves. They are skilful hunters, armed with dangerous weapons; but why should they try to scare us with them? This is our answer to all their menaces: "On the field of battle you are not before the target, and the hand often betrays the will unless you have been trained to fire. Then, your sharpshooters have a defective organization, which one day will betray them to us, tied hand and foot." In fact, the Tyrolese drive their bullets home with a mallet, then gravely haul out a long fork, plant it in the ground, rest their guns on it and take aim; meanwhile we have fired eight shots and are within bayonet reach.

The eyes which discovered Kabyles under the fig-leaves of Barbary, know how to send a bullet true to these Tyrolese. As for our arms, their precision is admirable. We are impatiently waiting an opportunity to give the enemy's chasseurs a lesson in bayonet-fencing.

Just now we are spy-hunting. We have discovered an infallible means of taking them. These gentry come dressed as Zouaves and speak French. They affect an easy air, but, as a drum-major sententiously observed, "Asses in lion skins are known by the tongue and not the plumage."

In fact, a spy dressed as a Zouave, with his cap set back, his saucy air, and a pun at his tongue's end, accosts other Zouaves—the genuine Africans. They talk of war, ambushes and battles, drink and sing. An old Mahomet calls out, addressing the spy, "Say, comrade, *gib el touchran*; I have left my *sips in the giletan* (signifying in Sabir tongue, 'Comrade, hand me the tobacco; I have left my pipe in the tent.'). The spy makes no answer. "*Enta machache waf el Arabi*—Don't you understand Arabic?" continues the Zouave. The same silence. Suspicion is awakened, and the pretended Zouave is plied with questions. He gets confused, confounds Blidah with Orleansville, and is finally seized and perhaps shot. With doubtful Zouaves, we talk nothing but Arabic—it is the true touchstone.

## SELF-RESPECT.

One of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtuous conduct is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather than our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own consciences. We refrain from doing wrong, not so much from principle, as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion, but there is a regard we owe to ourselves which is of far greater importance—a regard which should keep us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not so—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves; but surely when we pay such blind and servile respect to the opinions of others, we forget our own dignity, and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem. We admire the sentiment of Cassius, when, speaking of the Imperial Caesar, he exclaims:

"I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as myself."

**FOUND AT LAST.**—A remedy that not only relieves, but which cures consumption, and its numerous satellites which revolve about it in the shape of coughs, colds, influenzas, bronchitis and the like. This remedy is a long-tried and well-approved one, and is known as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which has surprised all who have resorted to it for help, by reason of its magic-like curative qualities. The genuine article has "I Butts" always written upon the wrapper, and may be obtained of all responsible druggists through the country. The readers of the Pictorial may place entire confidence in this excellent preparation.

**A GOOD SUGGESTION.**—An article in the Baltimore American calls on reading men to dispense the bounties and the beauties they find in books, by transcribing extracts for the newspapers. Those with no leisure to transcribe, have sons and daughters and wives, to whom such a light task would be a pleasure and an advantage.

**BATTLE OF MAGENTA.**—Mr. Adolphe Yvon, whose great picture of the taking of the Malakoff was so much admired, has gone to Italy to make studies for a picture of the Battle of Magenta.

## THE WITCHERY OF LOVE.

A student turns out from college with honors on his head, his mind replete with learning, and not a stir in his affections, excepting for his kindred. A damsel passes his track and takes his heart along with her, and ten to one that she does not leave her own behind her. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for? A transcendentalist walks out from his library, stock full of the deepest metaphysics. He finds on his way a little satin shoe of the nicest shape, and before he has time to count ten, some bright-eyed creature whom he never saw takes complete possession of his soul. To what shall we attribute this witchery? A miser of sixty years, and with millions, who never did a generous act, sees a blue ribbon neatly fastened with a common brass pin, around the waist of a girl not worth a sixpence, and before three days he makes her mistress of all his wealth, and turns out to be a happy, jovial person. Who can give a logical history of this proceeding? A stern warrior, wedded to nothing but strict discipline for the glory of his country, entering a ball-room in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish girl of sixteen, who takes away his old, stout, honest heart with a simple twirl of her fan. Can we get a mathematical demonstration of the maneuvering by which this conquest was effected?

**NOTES ABOUT NOTABILITIES.**—Horace Vermet is making studies for his great picture of the Battle of Montebello on the spot.—Church, the artist, has gone away north to paint icebergs.—T. B. Read, during his recent visit to this city, painted portraits of the poet Longfellow, his charming children, and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."—Mlle. Tagliani is teaching dancing and composing ballets in Paris.—General Beuret's bust is to be placed in the Museum at Versailles. The general was killed at the battle of Montebello.—Dumas is writing a new tragedy entitled "Macaroni."—President Buchanan is at Bedford Springs.—Ex-President Pierce is still in Europe.—Miss Florence Nightingale is still suffering from illness.

**ICE CREAM!**—Let our readers see by Mr. Lane's advertisement in another page of our paper, what can be done in this line. Improvements will never cease. This furnishing store is just opposite the Universalist Church, in School Street, very centrally situated, and has the best selected stock of kitchen and house furnishing ware in Boston. The prices asked are the lowest, and Mr. Lane is a most prompt and agreeable business man to deal with.

**PERSONAL.**—We have just enjoyed a call from J. G. Saxe, Esq., the well-known poet, and democratic nominee for Governor of Vermont. Genial, cultivated, manly, with large experience of human nature, and a thorough-bred lawyer, we know of no man who would fill the chair of state with more credit to himself and party than Mr. Saxe. He must prove in the contest immensely popular in the Green Mountain State, from personal favor alone; and no man in New England has more numerous or warmer friends.

**A HINT!**—When you are purchasing the much-puffed weekly papers, buy a copy of the *Flag of our Union*, and when you get home, quietly compare it with others, then judge for yourself. The price is FOUR CENTS. It is fresh and original from headline to imprint, and, in spite of the immense exertions of its rivals, has never yet been beaten in a single issue.

**FRENCH WOMEN.**—Michelet says the reason why French women look prematurely old, is that they use the facial muscles so much, and indulge in such play of expression. Like a gallant Gaul as he is, he thinks them more fascinating than the women of any other country.

**A BOXER'S ANSWER.**—"What is the best guard against an adversary?" said a pupil in the art of self-defence to his teacher—a noted pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the unexpected and significant reply.

**YOU HAD BETTER.**—Read O. P. Drake's advertisement of that most useful article, *Benzoline*, and get a bottle at the nearest druggist's. It is all it claims to be.

**DOMESTIC RECIPES.**—The more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be. Family we visit will please try it.

## Seaside Gatherings.

Barton, the play-actor, has recently undergone a painful surgical operation—a large tumor cut from behind the knee.

There are 771 Post Offices in Maine. Penobscot county has the largest number, 102; Washington 74; Hancock 62; Aroostook 33.

Friends of the Bible cause in New York are now making contributions for supplying the armies now in the field in Europe with New Testaments.

The New York Chamber of Commerce have accepted a report which recommends abandoning the quarantining of all persons with or exposed to yellow fever.

The quartz business in the Sonora mountains is very profitable. In one mill \$1800 per week profit has been "crushed out" for several weeks.

There are three hundred and thirty patients in the California State Lunatic Asylum, and the number increases at the rate of about one each day.

The San Francisco papers say that wool raisers in California are wild with excitement about a fleece taken from a Merino buck in Monterey County, which weighed forty-two pounds.

In 1728, Boston had 42 streets, 36 lanes and 22 alleys, a total of just 100. By the Boston Directory, just issued, we learn that Boston now has a total of 925 streets, alleys and lanes.

A druggist's clerk in Rockville, Ct., was very badly burned in his eyes, mouth, throat and lungs recently, by carelessly opening a bottle of concentrated ammonia. It is thought he will recover, however.

The entire amount necessary for the purchase of Mount Vernon has already been subscribed, but the Association will not close the subscription lists until a sufficient sum shall be in hand to improve the property.

The Rochester Democrat says that a man walked off the bank of the Niagara river near the Falls. He fell ninety feet, and landed on a spot inaccessible except by a ladder of rope. The man was badly bruised, but no bones were broken. He will probably recover.

A Taunton (Mass.) merchant, who was a half mile from home, offered a friend fifty cents to take him home in a wheelbarrow. The offer was accepted, and accomplished in the presence of a large number of persons, who escorted the wheelbarrow and contents to their destination.

Jersham Sawin, a native of Westmoreland, N. H., died at his residence in West Windsor, Vt., on the 23d ult., aged 100 years 8 months and 28 days. The deceased was a private in Captain Josiah Fish's Company in Colonel Fletcher's Battalion, in the revolutionary war.

Yale College is said to own ninety-acres of land in North Canaan, Ct., which has grown up to alders and hardwoods, and is so worthless that the lessees will not pay two shillings an acre for it. The papers therabouts suggest that rusticated students should be sent out to cultivate the wilderness.

They thieve by the wholesale at Syracuse. First a canal boat is stolen—then a two-story frame house—now a flock of sheep is missing, and one Sunday lately a Sabbath School was taken! Some years ago the Salt Pointers threatened to steal the State Capitol. It looks as though they were practicing for that exploit.

When the bayonets think, remarks the able and pleasant writer in the Springfield Republican, their triumph is half secured; and the great difference between the French and Italians and the Austrian soldiery to whom they are opposed is, that their bayonets think, while those of the Austrians do not.

In the city of New York there are eighty-four fire insurance companies, with aggregate capitals of \$16,696,016, and a surplus of something over \$5,000,000. The losses paid last year amounted to \$1,904,044; the dividends were \$2,434,976. The losses, expenses, taxes, etc., of 1858, were upwards of six millions of dollars.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that since the last act of the Delaware Legislature, renewing the lottery grants, the business has revived with redoubled activity, and lottery tickets and lottery policies are sold in Philadelphia by the thousands. The business has got so bold, that scarcely an effort is made to conceal it.

The School Ship at Charleston, S. C., has more than twenty pupils. The Courier of that city says:—"We hesitate not in saying, with the continued liberal aid rendered us by well-wishers of the cause, that we shall shortly be able to furnish, in part, some of our merchant vessels, not only with crews, but with masters and officers."

A colored woman was on trial in the New York Court of Special Sessions for stealing a shirt. One of the witnesses, also a colored woman, was asked under what circumstances she formed the acquaintance of the prisoner, to which she replied: "She and me used to be old thieves together. I quit it, but she kept on stealin'."

There is a young man in New Orleans, named Meredith Holland, who is endowed with a supernatural readiness at mathematical calculations. He has prepared curious charts and calendars, showing the days of the week on which such or such a date will fall, for a period of a hundred years, and does many remarkable things, which go to prove that some machines are in better order than others.

## Sands of Gold.

... The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.—Boswell.

... When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmerman.

... It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—Lord Bacon.

... In every work of genius, we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—Emerson.

... The only sure way to secure respect for our pretensions, and to have them conceded, is to make them reasonable.—Boswell.

... Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—Burton.

... He who gives pleasure, meets with it. Kindness is the bond of friendship, and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.—Basil.

... Those who have a thorough knowledge of the human heart can often produce all the best effects of the virtues in others by a subtle appeal to their vanities.—Carleton.

... Great events turn upon small circumstances, and sometimes upon small men, and in this way lead to the latter a dignity and importance not intrinsic to them.—Hovee.

... Historians make men wise, poets witty; the mathematicians, subtle; natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

... Envy may justly be called "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity;" it is the most acid fruit that grows on the stock of sin, a fluid so subtle that nothing but the fire of divine love can purge it from the soul.—Hosae Ballou.

... Our loves are but the mirrors of our lives. Our affections go with our virtues. We do not truly honor the beauty which we do not seek. No one acknowledges the Deity to whom he does not somewhere construct an altar.—W. G. Sumner.

... A bigot is one who sees religion, not as a sphere, but a line, and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right or left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils, at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other.—Foster.

... What we call vice in our neighbor may be nothing less than a crude virtue. To him who knows nothing more of precious stones than he can learn from a daily contemplation of his breast-pin, a diamond in the mine must be a very uncompromising sort of stone.—W. G. Sumner.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is a grocer out of business like an eel? Because he hasn't got any scales.

If forty-nine inches make an ell, how many inches make an elephant?

The old fogey who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

An English paper says, "If a genuine Yankee were to meet death on a pale horse, he would banter with him to swap horses."

Somebody says that physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shells that surround them.

That was a fearful jest of Norbury's, on sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch, "You made a grab at time, my lad, but you clutched eternity."

Noisy children are found to be extremely useful, it is said, in preventing one from hearing the ringing of the door bell when one doesn't want to see visitors.

Sir Isaac Newton made a practical bull, when, having made a hole in his door for his cat to enter, he also made a smaller hole for her kitten.

When you receive a note from your lady love and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like a night-mare? Because it is the ink-you buss.

Taylor says courtships are the sweet and dreamy thresholds of unseen Edens, where half the world has passed in couples, and talked in whispers under the moonlight, and passed on, and never returned.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asked an Irishman. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, murther! Do you think I'd be after going home without a name?" rejoined Pat.

In society, wholesalers don't mix with retailers; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

"See here, Grippa, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes; I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find out a way to pro cure them."

Some years ago, it is said, a party was traveling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a log house. On approaching they found it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death, the flesh having fallen from the bones!



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## SONG.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS

Sing to me loud and high  
When my heart is light and gay,  
When the shadows before my footsteps fly,  
When an allen to my breast is a sigh,  
And life is a summer day;  
For though I be happy, thy song can bring  
A happier flight to the hour's swift wing

Sing to me soft and low  
When I muse on the days long past—  
When my fickle heart beats muffled and slow,  
As my wayward fancies backward go,  
And my thoughts have a sombre cast;  
For though I be sad, yet thy song shall be  
A sad, sweet pleasure forever to me.

And sing me sweet songs of love,  
Through the dreary winter day;  
Though skies be leaden and cold above,  
And the chilling tempests around us rove,  
Thou shalt make me happy alway;  
For thy song dear warbler, hath still the power,  
With its sunshine, to brighten the darkest hour.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## MICKLE-MOUTHED MEG.

BY T. C. SPAULDING.

THE feuds of the Scottish clans are a proverbial part and parcel of the history of Scotland. When not at war with England, the Scotch have delighted to pick some petty quarrel with each other, and the occasion has often been too trifling to mention in history, while the consequences have often risen to matters of deep, and sometimes fatal importance. But underneath all this, some comic characteristic of the nation has peeped out—some ill concealed craft or cunning, or close-handed thrift, indicative of the canny Scotsman, and which belong to no other people in such excess as to those of the "Border."

One of these feuds, now existing only in traditional lore, lay between the Scotts and Murrays; and, at one time, it seemed only too probable that the representative of the former clan would meet a disgraceful death at the hands of the chief of the latter.

Sir Gideon Murray, the Laird of Elibank, was a chosen favorite of King James VI., who afterwards bestowed upon him the office of deputy treasurer of Scotland. The Laird was an honest, upright man, but subject to fits of passion which, however, seldom lasted long, and, in the end, rarely did anybody any harm. His wife was a careful, pains-taking woman, a good wife and mother, and, in her youth, must have been esteemed a fair specimen of Scotch beauty. At the age of fifty, the time of which we write, she was still bright and blooming, her fair, yellowish hair still untouched by the frosts of time, and her good-natured smile displaying teeth of the purest white, without thanks to the dentist, even had his art flourished at that period.

The good dame was very fond of brilliant colors, and besides the endless variety of tartans with which she decked herself—wearing not only her husband's colors, but those of her mother's family and of her own maiden name, she enhanced the effect by numberless pink, bright red or corn-colored cap-ribbons; so that the good gentlewoman gave the appearance of a flower-garden.

Good looking as the Lady of Elibank incontestably was, no one could say as much for the three daughters, who were the sole heirs of Sir Gideon, all his sons having, to his great disappointment, died in infancy. We may, however, except one as being tolerably pretty. Of these daughters, Ailie, the eldest, was a red-haired, freckle-faced lassie, large and awkward, with the dullest of all blue eyes, "like pewter buttons drappit in a crock o' white butter," the lads said.

The second, Jean, was a prim, bony old maidish woman, still and quiet, hardly speaking the day through, except to warn her sisters that they were talking too loudly.

The third, Margaret, was remarkable only for having a very wide mouth, the rest of her face being rather pretty, and her brown hair and full gray eyes absolutely handsome. But her unfortunate mouth obtained for her the unenviable sobriquet of "Mickle-Mouthed Meg," all over Elibank Town, and indeed wherever the Laird and his family were known. No one was more sensible of her looks than Meg herself. She declared that she was afraid to gape, or even sing, lest her head should be divided into two parts—and she often expressed a hope that in heaven

she would not be recognized by her mouth. This sunny disposition was everything to the Murray family. It softened the asperities of poor Jean, whose youth had suffered a sad disappointment, and it made amends by its kindness for the thoughtless and awkward rudeness of Ailie. It covered over the absurdities of Lady Murray's costume, and it was more than an even match for the Laird's passionate temper; subduing it by softness only, as the horse tamer rules his fiery subjects. Yet the good and amiable Scottish maiden was invariably called by her uninviting nick name, and the young Lairds never teased the neighboring beauties without bringing in Mickle-Mouthed Meg as a foil to the loveliness of their own charmers.

Meg had her own admirers. The gardener's lame boy, from his arm-chair by the window, and his little table loaded with books and pictures, cakes and fruits, the gift of Margaret Murray, never failed to hail her coming as that of his guardian angel; and old, decrepit Sawny Macintire, the schoolmaster of Elibank when Sir Gideon was a young man, could never be made to think that Meg was not a perfect beauty; and when he had exhausted every old Latin epithet upon the child of his former pupil, and the youths continued to laugh disdainfully at the amplitude of her mouth, Sawny would say, "Hech, sirs! but the lassie's heart is as muckle as a hail regiment of such as your ain."

Meg had just entered her twenty-fifth year, when her father came home suddenly from the next town, where he had been on business, and alarmed the family with the news that he had heard. Young William Scott, the son of Scott of Harden, was already making large incursions upon lands belonging to the Laird of Elibank, and his depredations were made in open defiance of all law, and in a manner worthy of the most lawless freebooter; at least such was the story heard by the Laird, and by him believed true.

To sound the alarm among the Laird's retainers, to summon the whole clan of Murray, and to defeat the marauders through superior force, was the old knight's easy task. Another seemed coming upon him to execute, which, after the heat of passion and the flush of victory should be over, would perhaps load his whole life with unavailing remorse.

Young Scott of Harden was taken prisoner and brought to Elibank Town, where he was confined in a room in Sir Gideon's own castle, until lawful measures could be taken to punish him. Having deposited his prisoner in safety, the Knight of Elibank betook himself to the presence of his lady, to report his deeds of martial prowess in rescuing a flock of sheep from the clutches of the borderers.

Magnificent, in a new head-dress, decorated with purple thistles and enormous white lilies, Lady Murray heard her husband's boast of his warlike deeds, and congratulated him warmly upon preserving his mutton from the months for which it was never intended to supply. Still, she knew Scott of Harden, and she could not help feeling sorry that so fine a young man should have been mixed up with such an affair.

"What are ye gaen to do wi' him, Elibank?" she asked.

"Do wi' him?" asked the Laird, with an expression more nearly resembling scorn than she had ever seen him wear. "Do wi' him? What he deserves—I took him, red hand, in the very act of violence and plunder. I will bring him to the gallows where he belongs; and I wish his whole train had but one neck, so that I could stretch them all at once."

"Hoot, na," Elibank—that is no so wise as ye are betimes. Scott of Harden is a winsome young Laird. Would ye hang such as he, when ye ha' three ill-faured dochters in the house?"

The Laird looked at his wife with a half-angry, half-foolish look.

"You were ever quicker to think of anything than I, Grizel," he said, softening down at the new aspect of things that presented itself through her words. "You are right," he continued, after a pause, in which he seemed to be weighing the question of having a border thief, as he had called the young Scott, for a son-in-law; "you are right, Grizel, my bonny woman; he shall take Mickle-Mouthed Meg for his wife, or strap for it. Meg is not so well favored as her mother, but she is far too good for Scott of Harden."

And the Laird of Elibank actually went to his prisoner and offered him life and liberty and the hand of his daughter.

Scott of Harden had too often heard the three Elibank damsels made the subject of mirth

among the young Lairds of his acquaintance, to relish the thoughts of marrying one of them, and being thereby subject to such ridicule as he knew must attach to him, and he quietly rejected Sir Gideon's proposal, in as few words as possible.

The Laird of Elibank was powerful in his position of favorite at court—the prisoner had his life at his option, and he obstinately refused to profit by it. So—on a day when all nature seemed to rejoice in the glory of its Creator, when sky and sea and earth were all arrayed in beauty, and it seemed happiness enough to exist, the young and handsome Laird was led out to die. An ugly, creeping sensation came over him, as he, in imagination, felt the rope about his neck, but he was brave, and had that strong determination that is born of obstinacy, and he kept on his way, with a Highlander, well armed, keeping fast hold of him, on each side, as if they expected that a young fellow like him might instinctively use his limbs to be up and away over the mountains.

Young Harden had no such thought. Just before they reached the public square, where the hateful gibbet was erected, the procession had to pass the Castle of Elibank, as Sir Gideon loved to designate the old hall in which his ancestors had lived two centuries ago. It had a tower and parapet, it is true, and the knight loved to keep a horde of retainers, but his mansion hardly arrived to the dignity of castellated grandeur, and its general designation was simply Elibank Hall. Past Elibank Hall, therefore, the dismal troop wended its slow march. The prisoner involuntarily cast his eyes upward, when close upon it, and in a moment the tide of feeling in his whole being rushed lifeward.

At a window of Elibank Hall, at the upper portion of the house, sat a lady, whose repeated applications of her handkerchief to her eyes, betrayed that she was weeping. She seemed to have gone up thither to escape observation, the lower windows and balconies of the house being crowded with people assembled to see the winsome Laird of Harden dragged to execution. Far above these thronging witnesses, the prisoner's eye was raised, and his glance took in a form and face that but for a single fault, would have been considered perfect. Gentleness and goodness sat enthroned in the face, and the throat, neck and shoulders were such as a sculptor might delight in copying. Only the mouth was too wide, but the lips were full, rich and rose red, and it was redeemed from ugliness by the beautiful expression of mute sorrow that lingered around it.

At such a moment, this expression of sympathy was more and dearer to him who was about to lay down his life, than the most perfect beauty that the world ever saw. A moment more, and their eyes met. As if entirely abandoned to her feelings, the lady at the window suddenly rose, leaned from the narrow sill, and stretched out her arms as if entreating him to come back to life and to her. Impelled by a sentiment unknown before, the prisoner threw up his white, emaciated hands towards her, as if answering her signal.

Before the procession had half gone by, Margaret Murray was in her father's library, whither he had gone to remain alone until the sad scene should be over. Already he had buried every particle of enmity against the poor youth. Already he would have given worlds to hold him back to life. To weigh this young man's existence—his bright, free, glad life against that of a few sheep! He felt that he was guilty of murder, and when poor Meg came in with streaming eyes, and knelt at his feet, begging him to go to him once more for her sake, he could not refuse to heed her.

Sir Gideon was large and unwieldy, and the morning was warm. He hurried as fast as possible, the streams of perspiration on his face attesting to his exertions. Meg watched him, and her heart failed her. She knew the hour that was to witness the fatal deed, and it only wanted a few minutes.

Would he get there in time? O, the agony of a moment on which the life of a human being turns! Her father was scarcely out of sight when the hour struck from the tower of Elibank Kirk.

"Too late! too late!" cried poor Margaret; and she went back to her chamber, to avoid seeing any of the curious multitude who, on account of her father's connection with the affair, had congregated at Elibank Hall.

Weeping and fatigue—for Margaret had not rested for a whole week, so excited had she

been—had worn her down so that the last straw was only needed to put the finishing stroke to her life. Fortunately, she fainted, and forgot in insensibility the trial she had undergone.

She awoke with father, mother and sisters around her bed, each striving to do something for her recovery. Even the precise Jean had been weeping, and Margaret thought it was perhaps as much for the poor young Laird's death as for herself, that Jean wept. She wondered to see her father look so calm, and he with a man's death resting upon his conscience which she thought no legal sophistry could ever smooth over.

But she had revived, was prepared to brave the worst news she could hear, and which it would seem that all were unwilling to tell her—for, one by one, they all slipped out and left her alone with her father.

"Poor lassie!" said he, more tenderly than he was wont to speak to his children, "it has been hard upon you to bear this. I only did what I thought was right, and you must try to forgive me for the shame I brought upon you in being refused—"

"Say no more about it, father. I would have been glad indeed to have purchased that young man's life at the expense of tenfold the disappointment or shame as you call it. I do not call it so; for surely any man has a right to refuse a hamely, ill-looking lassie as your Maggie, with her thick lips and wide mouth. But O, father! you will, I fear, see this day's sad sight forever before you. I am fain to shut my ain een lest I should see him before me. And, father, he was a man well worth looking at and saving. It was hard to see him going to his death, but O, father, I pity you more than I do him."

"When you have said your say, just leave off, will you, Meg? You are evidently a little wandering in your wits, and as there is a doctor in the next room, I think I will call him in."

He rose and went out before she could remonstrate; and when he returned, he brought in a gentleman who, in the dusk of the twilight hour, which had now approached, she did not recognize.

"This is the person who called forth your tears to-day, lassie," said the Laird of Elibank, roughly, but not unkindly. "He may do more towards your recovery than I can, so I will leave you together." And looking steadily through the gathering gloom, Margaret saw that the figure which stood beside her couch was the same that had walked between the two Highland guards in that sad procession of the morning.

What passed between them is one of the secrets of the past; but one thing we know, that the Laird of Harden and Margaret Murray were married in Elibank Kirk as soon as the bans had been published the usual time. Farther, too, we know that the marriage proved happy beyond the ordinary lot of mortals.

What was better than all, was that the long-cherished feud between the Scotts and Murrays was entirely at an end from this time. The father and son-in-law became fast friends, and such was the confidence which the Laird of Elibank placed in Scott of Harden, that when he was obliged to leave Scotland, he left him in the management of all his affairs.

Acting as his representative, too, he carried five hundred of the clan of Scott to the assistance of Johnstone at the bloody battle of Dryffie Sands.

As the Lady of Harden, Margaret Murray was soon unknown by the title which fools had given her. The full red lips always disclosed the sweetest of smiles; and her husband, proud of her sterling worth and virtue, and feelingly alive to the love which she had conceived for him on what he once considered his death-hour, never ceased to repay that love by an affection as fond and tender as her own;—affection such as stretches pigmies into height, and shortens giants into ordinary mortals, and converts the homeliest face into the face of an angel.

## ANGRY LETTERS.

An angry letter, especially if the writer be well loved, is so much fiercer than any angry speech, so much more unendurable! There the words remain scorching—not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss—not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. Heaven dole me from angry letters! they should never be written except to school-boys or men at college, and not often to them, if they be any way tender-hearted; this at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world: that no angry letter be posted till four and twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written.—*The Bertrams.*





A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

**A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.**

The accompanying engraving affords a glimpse of a domestic interior such as exist by tens of thousands in our happy New England. It is a simple abode, plainly furnished, but it holds treasures which all the gold in the universe could not purchase. The father, with his wife and three children, growing up in intelligence, virtue and happiness, with an infant bud of promise to complete the charmed circle, envies not a mon-

arch on his throne. It is true that he may have to toil and fare hardily, but from the earth he gathers the priceless boon of health, and for the privations, they are cheerfully borne, since they ensure the well-being of his little flock. The dreams of such a man are sweet. To such a man we may look for true patriotism and love of country. It is such men who have most at stake, who, in the hour of public peril, are among the foremost to defend the right. It is from such

happy homes as we have delineated that men have gone forth to battle when the foe was at the gate. Domestic happiness makes heroes and good men. Nowhere is home so cherished, so loved, so revered, nowhere has it brighter associations than in America, where every man who enjoys health and is industrious, can create such an asylum for himself and his, and where there are whole towns and villages with not a single dwelling offensive to the eye.

**TEMPERANCE.**

Sully, the great statesman of France, always kept up at table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meals consisted of a few dishes, dressed in the plainest and most simple manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table, and he would reply, "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can dispense with their company."



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## VIOLET.

BY LOOY J. SAWYER.

How now, my pretty violet,  
Drop not thy tender head,  
I would not harm thee flower dear,  
So very sweet you now appear,  
While on the green turf spread.

O, thou art pretty! blue and white  
Spread on the bank so green,  
Spread out upon the bank below,  
O, very sweet you seem just now,  
With tufts of grass between.

I love to see thee, violet,  
Beneath a shady tree,  
O, yes! I much do love thee there,  
Thou seem'st so clear, so bright, so fair,  
So modest and so free.

## YEOMANRY

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH

How little do they see what is, who frame  
Their hasty judgments upon that which seems.

SOUTHERN

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

European affairs continue, in the dearth of striking domestic events, to monopolize the newspapers and conversation in social circles. Almost every one has some theory of his own, but in the complication of political interests, prophesying is a futile occupation. The duty of a journalist seems to be reduced to watching, recording, and commenting on events, and they are so many and of such magnitude that there is no call for speculation. The old world, however, seems on the eve of a general convulsion, and the prospect of the war being confined to Italy appears less flattering than it did but a short time since. The declaration of Napoleon I. that "Europe must be ploughed with the sword," seems in a fair way of being carried out. Czar and Kaiser, king and emperor may soon be mixed up in a general *mélée*, and out of the chaos of elements there may rise, towering far above the crowned heads, the PEOPLE. The fires of contending potencies may kindle a flame on the altar of Liberty, and in our day, the promise of the first French revolution, a promise buried in carnage and anarchy, may be redeemed.

Strolling along Washington Street the other day, we met a party of Indian girls quite good-looking enough to be ranked as forest-belles. But alas! their erect and lithe figures were hidden and stultified by sets of the most prodigious hoops that ever usurped the sidewalk. Indians have no business with any hoops but war-whoots. Notwithstanding the war in Lombardy, we see no diminution in the number of itinerant Italian musicians and plaster image-venders. It is very clear that these professors of the fine arts care very little whether Italians or Austrians rule the land of sardines and Lombardy poplars. Mr. Ten Brook has been winning money with Prioresse in England. That mare will be first at last, having been last at first. An American eagle was lately seen over West Point on the Hudson River. We are very glad of it, for we were really afraid that the Fourth of July orators had used up all the American eagle. Every one sported a few pin-feathers at least. The Austrians have hidden the famous iron crown of Lombardy, to which is attached the old legend, "God has given it to me! who to him who touches it!" The circle of the crown is said to have been made of the nails used in the crucifixion. It is covered externally with gold and jewels. The most atrocious joke of the year appeared in the Boston Transcript of a late date, hypocritically prefaced "Too Bad." The editor says:—A gentleman from London, who has been pursuing his ichthyological studies on the rocks near Cobas-et for some days past, looked into our office this morning and asked us "whether the *taut eg* is any relation to the *herring* pig?" A letter-writer speaks of the comparative simplicity of ladies' dress at Paris, and says: "They avoid selecting that style of goods which the French clerks say 'are manufactured expressly for the American market, for the taste of the French forbids so much exterior extravagance in brilliant colors.'" A farce was recently written expressly to ridicule *les toilettes tapageuses* (stunning dresses). Marie Ayraud lately died in Paris quite a noted writer. We dare say many of our readers fancy that Mary Ayraud was a woman. Not at all. He was a heavily-bearded native of Marseilles. It is by no means unusual for Frenchmen to be named Mary. Charles John Anderson, the African traveller, writes home an account of his adventures in hunting elephants. In one of his letters, he says: "The more I see of these stupendous animals, the more I am surprised. I should very much like to know the real strength of a full grown male; it must be something almost incredible. Nothing gives a person a better idea of their stupendous powers than a day's walk through one of their favorite haunts. There may be seen whole tracts of forest laid prostrate, and such trees sometimes! The trees, which are for the most part of a brittle nature, are usually broken short off by the beasts; but when they meet with a tree that seems to them too tough to snap at once, up it goes, root and all. If they can do this in mere play or for the sake of feeding on the branches, etc., of the prostrate trees, what will they not effect in a

paroxysm of rage?" Quite an alarming affair took place at Meerut in India a few weeks ago. A serious disaffection took place in the English artillery and cavalry at that station. The soldiers were indignant at having been transferred from the service of the East India Company to that of the queen without their knowledge or consent. Some anxiety is felt as to what the Sikhs will do in consequence. It is evident that the troubles in India are not over. The Japanese ambassador and suite will not come to the United States before autumn or the following spring, and the Mississippi will wait there for them. How that ambassador will be run after and lionized! We pity his prospects. The late Prince de Metternich was proprietor of the chateau and vineyards of Johannisberg. This fine estate was given to him in 1816 by the Emperor Francis II, on condition that he should every year send a tenth part of the produce of the vines to the imperial cellar. The Saco Democrat was enterprising enough to publish a map of the seat of war, prepared expressly for its columns. This, says the Bath Times, is all very creditable; but, unfortunately, since the map was prepared, the allies have driven the Austrians quite beyond the limits laid down in the engraving—so that the "seat of war" does not appear at all. The navy department has made a discovery of the manner in which liquor is smuggled by ships' crews on board ships. Bread is made into regular ship loaves, inside of which are tin cans, holding about a pint, filled with liquor. The last Pacific mail brought one of these boxes filled with bread, inside of which is a can filled with whiskey. Baden-Baden is filling up rapidly. The Russians and Americans are favorably noticed for the taste which they display. The Princess of Prussia is there, and among those who have purchased new villas are the Russian Princes Menchikoff and Radzivil. At the commencement of the present year but forty-five widows who were wives of revolutionary soldiers before the termination of the war remained. Numbers of families in Genoa have relations with Garibaldi, and knowing that wherever danger is most ripe he is sure to be found, are naturally in great suspense. A letter writer knows of one lad, Casanelli, heir to two millions of francs (£80,000), a colossal fortune in Italy, who, though only 17, is serving as a private in the Cacciatori degli Alpi; thus the corps is designated. Earthquakes are so common and frequent in Japan, that but little notice is taken of them. They have caused no great damage since the great earthquake which destroyed so many lives in Jeddo a few years ago. In other words, they are now "no great shakes." Garibaldi has three children, a son of twenty-one, who fights like a lion, and is with his father, a boy of fourteen at school in London, and a girl, Theresa, in charge of a friend in Genoa. His wife and infant child died on the retreat from Rome in 1849, and were buried in a gorge of the Apennines.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Successive arrivals from Europe continue to bring us details of the terrible battle of June 24th, on the Mincio, where the Austrians turned to bay and assumed the defensive, after weeks of fighting and retreating. Time only brings out the truth respecting the details of these awful scenes of strife, so that even yet we are ignorant of the exact losses on either side. But it was a glorious victory of the allies, admitted by the defeated Austrians. The losses of the victors were very severe. The end of the Italian war is not yet, and the possibility of its extending over Europe is contemplated with alarm. Austrian reserves are being poured into Italy, and French reinforcements are hurried towards the quadrangle, where the oppressors of Italy are making their last desperate stand nearly encircled by the most splendid army that ever took the field.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company had issued their prospectus, inviting subscriptions to the new capital of £600,000 on the terms already made public. The directors pledge themselves to enter into no contract without seeking the advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities of England and America.—The Gazette of France says that preparations are making to get together within two months a force of 450,000 men.—Napoleon I. said at St. Helena, on the 12th of June, 1816: "We must fight again for the free navigation of the seas!" and Louis Napoleon's confidential friend, M. Emile Girardin, says, in his pamphlet, *La Guerre*, "An alliance between Russia and France might at present be easily obtained on the simple principles of letting France have the Rhine and Russia part of the Mediterranean."

## The Dictatorship of Italy.

The Monitor contains a note explaining the nature of the dictatorship offered by the whole of Italy to the King of Sardinia. It is a false conclusion that Piedmont, without consulting the wishes of the different peoples or the great powers, reckons on uniting the whole of Italy in a single State. Such conjectures have no foundation. The different peoples whether delivered, or abandoned, desire to make common cause against Austria. With this intention they have placed themselves under the protection of the king, but the dictatorship is purely a temporary power, which, while uniting the common forces in the same hands, in no way presages combination for the future.

## French Losses.

The French, it is now admitted, suffered more severely in the late battles than was at the time acknowledged. The Monitor confesses to a loss double what was alleged; and in order that these statements may not be questioned or published to the disadvantage of the government, all papers are prohibited from copying the details in the Monitor. The dread of publicity seems to haunt Louis Napoleon. The Austrians are really less fastidious, and if he were wise, he would certainly conceal nothing. If successful, the announcement of victory would give new strength. If he failed, a candid statement would set him right with the public, and prevent exaggeration of loss.

## Garibaldi's Men.

A little bag containing a shirt, and perhaps a pair of socks, is the only baggage which officers or men have. They make war according to the late Sir Charles Napier's ideas. They have good boots, with leather gaiters up to the middle of the legs; the trousers, rather loose, are stuck into the gaiters; a short tunic of light gray linen, and over it a gray coat reaching down to the knees, a light cap, and the ride complete the accoutrement. There is no difference in this respect between officers and soldiers. If, as is natural after their fatiguing marches, things are worn out, the inhabitants of the first town in which they appear give of their own free will ten times more than they want. The troops have thus such plenty that government never even thinks of supplying any of their wants.

## The Archbishop of Paris.

The breach between the archbishop of Paris and the court is regarded as certain. His highness is said to have given the request to officiate at the Te Deum for Magenta an answer to which there was no reply possible. "I cannot join in thanksgiving for the murder of 15,000 human beings, nor raise a hymn of joy founded upon the pain and misery of others. But I will sing a De Profundis and Requiem for the souls of the departed with the greatest pleasure."

## Leopold of Belgium.

The king of the Belgians, lately a visitor to his niece in Buckingham Palace, is indirectly connected with Francis Joseph, for his son is the husband of a princess of the House of Hapsburg. King Leopold is a discreet, experienced, and wise man; and, although he is no more than other people, exempt from family and personal influence, his opinion on the present state of affairs is worth having, and the queen received it willingly.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF MILTON. New York: Delisser & Procter. 18mo. pp. 267.

This valuable volume of the "Household Library" consists of two parts: the first containing Professor Masson's life of Milton; the second, Macaulay's brilliant and masterly essay on his genius and character, the whole making a satisfactory biography, which should be in the hands of every lover of English literature. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—J. R. Miller, 229 Washington Street, has published Anna's song, "Scenes of Happiness," from George F. Root's popular operatic cantata, the "Haymakers," with colored vignette title-page. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "Fen Follett," as performed by the Germania Musical Society; "The Captain," as sung by Mrs. W. F. Florence; "Bonnie Allene," as sung by Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, written and composed by T. Brigham Bishop; L'Arca O L'Avello, aria, from Verdi's opera of Giuseppe Verdi.

MOSAICS. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary." New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 420. 1859.

"Salad for the Solitary" has already become a favorite work and will always remain so. "Mosaics" is destined to hold a place beside it. It is the result of an extensive course of curious reading, the fruit of a highly cultivated and genial mind and taste, and addresses itself to all scholarly refined readers. The titles of these essays, "Author-Craft," "Youth and Age," the "Human Face Divine," "Single Blessedness," "Origin of Celebrated Books," are seductive and give promise of the rare feast of reason they furnish forth. "Mosaics" diagrams criticism and appeals triumphantly to the head and heart of the reader. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE CHORAL HARMONY. By B. F. BAKER and W. O. PERKINS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Professor Baker has been long and widely known as a successful teacher of music and the author of many valuable musical works. Very few compilations have come under our notice which show the fruits of so much care and industry as this. It contains, to be sure, all the well-known tunes which have been consecrated by generations of worshippers—and without which no collection would by itself be acceptable—but the number of new tunes is also quite large, and many of them are noticeable for their easy and effective style of melody, and for the grace and learning exhibited in their harmonies. The book is furthermore especially valuable for the numerous and really excellent anthems, sentences and motets which it contains. Every chorister knows that to keep up an interest and discipline among his singers, it is necessary to give them constant variety in this department; and for this purpose we confidently recommend the Choral Harmony. We hope our musical readers throughout the country will give this work a trial. The price and other particulars may be learned from the advertisement of the publishers in another column.

## LAWSON'S

## NERVOUS CURATIVE AND NERVE TONIC.

Some months since, the proprietor of this preparation discovered the wonderful properties of the ingredient of which it is combined in suitable proportions. The almost instantaneous relief it afforded in nervous affections induced him to place it in the hands of his friends and neighbors of this city who were thus afflicted, whether it assumed the type of neuralgia, or other and minor forms of the same nervous affection. The results were surprising, and through their representations Mr. Lawson has been induced to offer the Curative to the public. That it possesses an efficacy greatly superior to any other preparation for the same purpose, with which we are acquainted, we can testify from actual observation. We have witnessed the effects it has produced in effecting permanent cures of this terrible disease. We know instances where individuals for years afflicted have been permanently restored to health by its use. This information is equally shared by the community around us.

The parties who have been thus benefited are well known amongst our most respectable citizens. They will be in most cases the readers of this article, and will testify to the correctness of our statements. Mr. Lawson, the proprietor, has for many years been a resident among us, and is known as one of our most prominent business men. His references to the value of his Nervous Curative are also persons well known to us as citizens of standing and integrity, in whose statements implicit confidence may be placed, and their testimony may be taken as conclusive evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Lawson's remedy is held at home. Here it has already attained that position that requires no recommendation. Having stood the test of trial here, we can with safety and do recommend with entire confidence its use elsewhere by all who may be in any manner afflicted by any form of nervous disease, as the most efficacious remedy of which we have any knowledge.—*Lowell Journal and Courier*, June 17, 1859.

For sale by M. S. BURR & Co., General Agents for the United States, the Canada and British Provinces, to whom all orders should be addressed.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## A New and Valuable Collection of Church Music, entitled

## THE CHORAL HARMONY,

By B. F. BAKER and W. O. PERKINS.

In the preparation of this work, the Editors have had three objects constantly in view: first, to present music of a high order, appropriate to the worship of all Christian denominations; secondly, to combine simplicity with true musical effect; and thirdly, to select music that will harmonize with the sentiment of the various hymns now in common use.

The introductory portion of this work contains a full and carefully prepared treatise on the elementary principles of music, together with pleasing, appropriate, and progressive Exercises for Classes and Schools. The collection of HYMN TUNES comprises a judicious choice of the old and favorite pieces, together with original compositions of great variety, freshness, and beauty. The Anthems, Motets, and Sentences are designed to supply fully the varied wants of choirs.

The variety of music is greater in this work than in any similar one known to the Editors; by which is meant the real variety, not the mere number of tunes, but the diversity of style—the different emotions expressed by the music, from the jubilant *Allergo*, the deep *Marston* of the Choral, to the soothing *Cantabile*, and the tender *Andante*.

In the department of Anthems, hymns for various occasions, and short pieces for voluntaries before and after service,

## "THE CHORAL HARMONY,"

it is believed, will be eminently useful and practical, and present features of unusual interest.

The hymn tunes for men's voices will be found useful in college choirs, as well as in the Masonic institution, and such other meetings, where soprano voices are not available.

In brief, the characteristics which distinguish this book are: 1st, The naturalness both of melody and harmony. 2d, The just expression of a deeper musical thought and feeling than is ordinarily found in modern tunes. 3d, The logical treatment of themes, or the careful regard paid to the relations of subject and answer—a matter hitherto generally neglected, but which in the present advanced state of musical culture cannot fail to be appreciated.

Those tunes to which the author's name is not given, with the exception of the old familiar tunes, are compositions or arrangements by the senior editor, whose long and successful experience is a guarantee that nothing will be wanting in the present work.

## PRICE, \$8 PER DOZEN.

On the receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps, the Publishers will send a copy of the Choral Harmony for examination to any address in the United States, post paid.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS,

13 Winter Street, Boston.

NAMES CUT IN STENCIL PLATES, IN  
German Text, Italic, Roman &

*Writing Letters.*

and the BEST INDELIBLE INK for marking clothing, etc., without sizing, at

METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,  
No. 45 1-2 Salem St., Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Blanks made to order. Brass Alphabets, Indelible Ink, Typ. Thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for clothing cut in a few minutes at any time. *edw June 25*

ORATORIOS, COMPLETE, AT 75 CTS. EACH.  
New and elegant octavo edition of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah." Price 75 cents. In crimson cloth, \$1.25. Also, Haydn's "CREATION" at the same very low prices.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### MRS. PARTINGTON'S NEW BOOK.

READY ABOUT JULY 20th,  
**KNITTING WORK:**  
**A WEB OF MANY TEXTURES.**

By B. P. SHILLABER, (Mrs. Partington.)

THE Publishers take pleasure in announcing a new volume from this popular author, whose name for wit and humor, conveying truth and instruction, is a household word. Over 30,000 copies of her previous work, published some five years since, were sold in a short time after its issue; since then the old dame has been gaining in popularity, while a great interest has been manifested in "Ike," as he has developed himself under Mrs. Partington's management.

The Publishers expect that this book will be the most popular of the summer issues. It will be published in elegant style, and illustrated by the well-known and popular artist, AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

Prominent among the illustrations are

Ike, a Pugilist,

The Partington Family,

Mrs. Partington Criticizing Miss Wiggles,  
Ike Burling the Hoops.

And many others, which none but Hopkin could have ever designed.

Sam Slick has run his race. Mrs. Partington now is the American humorist.—original, genial, laughable, and not uninteresting. We wish it to be understood that "Ike" is included in these remarks. No one should buy the book who thinks it sinful to laugh.—Henry Ward Beecher, in N. Y. Independent.

A regular Yankee institution is Mrs. Partington, and well deserves the compliment of a book.—N. Y. Tribune.

In 1 vol., 12mo., ..... Price, \$1.25.

**BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,**  
July 10 Publishers, Boston. 2w



THE  
**BEST**  
**PIANOS**

ARE MANUFACTURED BY  
**CHICKERING & SONS,**  
WHO HAVE RECEIVED

38 MEDALS,

THE FIRST PREMIUMS,

Over all Competitors in the United States.  
WAREHOUSES.

No. 272 Washington Street, Boston.  
No. 694 Broadway, New York.  
No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

It will be observed that a portion of Messrs. Chickering & Sons' extensive factory is illustrated in the present number of Ballou's Pictorial.

**BANVARD'S**  
**GREAT PANORAMA**  
OF THE

**HOLY LAND,**  
PAINTED ON 100,000 FEET OF  
CANVASS,

And Grand Mechanical Picture of the

**DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,**

Are now on Exhibition at the

**LOWER MUSIC HALL,**

Every Evening at 8 o'clock, and on  
Wednesday and Saturday after-  
noons at 3 o'clock.

Price of admission, 25 cents; children 10 cents.

Special arrangements made with Schools.

**BENZOLINE! BENZOLINE!!**

**BUY A BOTTLE OF BENZOLINE!**

Because it will remove  
**GREASE FROM CARPETS.**  
Because it will remove  
**GREASE FROM WALL PAPER.**  
Because it will remove  
**GREASE FROM TABLE COVERS.**  
Because it will remove  
**GREASE FROM DRESSES.**  
Because it will remove  
**GREASE FROM HATS.**  
Because it will remove  
**PAINT FROM COATS.**  
Because it will remove  
**STAINS FROM GLOVES.**  
Because it will leave  
**NO STAIN BEHIND.**

SUBSCRIPTIONS to all American and foreign newspapers and magazines received by H. W. SWETT & Co., 128 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

### ICE CREAM!!! A BOY SIX YEARS OLD



CAN MAKE

**ICE CREAM IN FOUR MINUTES**

BY USING THE

**NEW FREEZER,**

SOLD BY

**GEORGE LANE,**

29 SCHOOL STREET.

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS FREEZER ARE

1st.—The improved shape of the Beater and Scraper makes the cream smooth and light.  
2d.—Its method of scraping off the frozen cream from the surface of the cylinder causes the rapid freezing noticed in this new freezer.  
3d.—Its simple operation. Any servant can understand the way to turn the handle, as it has but one motion.  
4th.—The saving in ice. As the cylinder does not turn in the ice, the packing is not disturbed, consequently it does not require to be repacked as all other freezers do.  
5th.—Its durability. The tubes being made of Cedar, and the hoops galvanized, there can be no wearing out for many years.

All sizes of the above are to be found at the

**KITCHEN FURNISHING STORE**

—OF—  
**GEORGE LANE,**

29 School Street, Boston.

Who is the Wholesale and Retail Agent for this New Freezer in this city.

There is but one price for them, as follows:

3 quart	.....\$2.50	8 quart	.....\$5.00
4 "	.....3.00	14 "	.....7.00
6 "	.....4.00	20 "	.....10.00

Full directions will accompany each Freezer, for making all the different kinds of Ice Cream, Water Ices, Lemonade Ices, etc., etc.

Orders per express promptly attended to.

**DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER.**

**GEORGE LANE,**

(Late Brown & Co.)

**KITCHEN FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,**

No. 29 School Street, Boston.

Britannia Ware, Platinized and Japanned Tin Ware, Hardware, Wooden and Willow Ware, Tea Trays Table Cutlery,

AND A GREAT VARIETY OF

French, English, German,

and American Cooking Utensils.

**BOOK OF COINS.** Fine facsimile impressions of 1200 coins, with their values. Mailed free for 15 cents.

H. W. SWETT & Co., 128 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**WILLIAM A. GREENE,**

**FINE ART COMMISSION AGENT,**

ROOM No. 21 MERCANTILE BUILDING,

NO 16 SUMNER STREET BOSTON

HE will also devote attention to furnishing tasteful

FRAMES for Paintings, Drawings, Engravings,

Photographs, Mirrors, etc.

A lot of Fine Engravings just received and on exhibition.

W. A. G. will wait on his customers at their residences or places of business, if desired.

Office hours from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. may 14 eop3m

**BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.**

TRUST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting

**BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,**

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced.

Price, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50

ASK YOU GRITTING HAIR? Is your Hair Turning Gray?

Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair,—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. eoply may 28

**BRONCHITIS.**

MANY prevalent and fatal lung diseases are now comprehended under the term "Bronchitis," in all of them the membrane of the air-passages is more or less affected. They resemble consumption in symptoms and fatality, and in many cases actually end in "phthisis." The PERUVIAN SYRUP is signally beneficial in such cases, and has snatched many from premature graves.

**SAMUEL MASURY,**

**PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.**

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 18

### PERUVIAN SYRUP, Or, PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON, COMBINED.



The failure of IRON as a remedy for deterioration of the blood, has arisen from the want of such a solution of it as shall enter the stomach in a proteolytic state, and assimilate at once with the blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, and in the only form in which it is possible for iron to enter the circulation. For this reason the Peruvian Syrup often radically CURES diseases in which other preparations of iron and other medicines have been found to be of no avail. Among which are—

### DYSPEPSIA,

Affections of the Liver, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Bad State of the Blood, Boils, Carbuncles, Soury, Piles, Complaints peculiar to Females, General Debility, and all Diseases which require a

Tonic and Alterative Medicine.

### CERTIFICATE OF DR. HAYES.

It is well known that the medicinal effect of Protoxide of Iron is lost by even a very brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protoxide of Iron, without further oxidation, has been deemed impossible.

In the Peruvian Syrup, this desirable point is attained by combination in a way before unknown, and this solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates, and tartrates of the Materia Medica.

It is also eminently adapted to take the place of any Protoxide of Iron, which physicians have used in scurvy or scorbutic attacks, and to meet such cases the Syrup should be found in the medicine chest of every ship.

A. A. HAYES,

Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.

16 Boylston Street, Boston.

The proofs of its efficacy are so numerous, so well authenticated, and of such peculiar character, that sufferers cannot reasonably hesitate to receive the proffered aid.

**CARD.**—The undersigned having experienced the beneficial effects of the "Peruvian Syrup," do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public.

Rev. John Pierpont, Thomas A. Dexter, S. H. Kendall, M. D., Thomas C. Amory, Peter Harvey, James C. Dunn, Samuel May, Rev. Thos. Whittemore.

The Rev. JOHN PIERPONT says: "My own experience convinces me that the 'Peruvian' will continue to do successful battle with disease, and that all the conquests that it gains it will hold."

The Rev. WARREN BURTON: "I do not hesitate to recommend the Peruvian Syrup to any wise habitué, rather than linoleum to headache, dyspeptic complaints, neuralgia, nervous affections, and general debility."

The Rev. ARTHUR B. FULLER: "Suffering much from intense nervous headache, exhaustion, and loss of strength, I failed to obtain any relief until I tried the Peruvian Syrup, since which I have been much stronger, and my headache has greatly diminished both in severity and frequency."

The Rev. AUGUSTUS A. POPE: "I have not been afflicted with boils since I took the Peruvian Syrup, three years ago."

The Rev. GURDON ROBINS: "It is a duty I owe to the public to express my confidence in the 'Peruvian Syrup' as a safe and powerful remedy in the various manifestations of disease consequent upon disordered digestion."

The Rev. SYLVANUS COBB: "I am satisfied that the Peruvian Syrup is a valuable medicine, and I earnestly recommend it to the attention of invalids."

The Rev. THOMAS WHITTEMORE: "It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle. I have no doubt that in cases of paralysis, like mine, dyspepsia, and especially of dropsy, it may be administered with a greater prospect of success than any other medicine in use among us."

The Rev. O. MYRICK: "I have just reason to commend the Peruvian Syrup to the regard of any who may be afflicted, and may have sought in vain for the relief which this medicine has afforded."

The Rev. EDWARD NICHOLS, Jr.: "I have found great relief in using Peruvian Syrup, while suffering from dyspepsia, and am convinced that it has remarkable powers as a tonic and promoter of insensible perspiration."

The Rev. THOMAS H. PONS: "It invigorates the exhausted system, and inspires a degree of physical energy and exhilaration as unexpected as agreeable."

The Rev. RICHARD MEDALE: "The effect on the digestion and the general tone of the system was immediate and beneficial. It has proved just the tonic that I wanted."

The Rev. M. P. WEBSTER: "To those who are afflicted with the dyspepsia, or derangement of the liver and stomach, I would recommend the 'Peruvian Syrup' as one of the most effectual remedies that I have ever known."

The Rev. JOSEPH H. CLINCH: "I have found such beneficial results from its administration, that I have not hesitated to recommend it to friends who were suffering from physical prostration, or a generally relaxed condition of the system."

The Rev. A. JACKSON: "I have derived great relief from it in an attack of the piles, and from that phase of dyspepsia, one of the unpleasant symptoms of which is a too eager appetite."

The Rev. J. PARSONS, Jr.: "In debility, it is not only a perfectly safe, but an effectual tonic. In dyspepsia we think it is a sovereign remedy."

PROFESSOR E. VITALIS SCHUBERT: "For all the Protean forms of disease, and innumerable complaints that are comprehended under the popular but somewhat vague term of 'weakness' or 'dyspepsia' I believe the Peruvian Syrup to be a veritable specific."

SOLD BY

**N. L. CLARK & Co., Proprietors,**  
NO 5 WATER STREET, BOSTON

RETAILED BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scurvy, of the Chest, Asthma, and all Pulmonary and Branchial Affections by INHALATION OR OTHERWISE.

At the urgent solicitation of many eminent physicians and others to reduce the price of this invaluable preparation, the agent takes pleasure in announcing that he has been enabled to make arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to \$1 per bottle, and 150 cents per trial bottle, thus placing it within the reach of all classes. The medicine can be taken with or without an Inhaler. Price of the Inhaler, \$1.

This agreeable remedy can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief. This medicine needs no puffing but the reader is referred to the convincing testimonials of living witnesses, of which a new one will appear every other week.

"I can, in the strongest manner, recommend Fousel's Pabulum Vite to persons suffering from consumption or protracted colds. Since October 1856, a relative of mine had a fearful cough, with rising of blood, Dr. — of Cambridge had given her up and Dr. — of this city, said her right lung would be so likewise, and was afraid that her left lung would be so likewise, in which case she could do no more for her. It is now four months since she commenced using your medicine, and she now sleeps very well, has ceased to raise blood, and her cough has almost entirely disappeared. The whole world ought to know the astonishing efficacy of your medicine. (Signed) R. P. GODDARD, June 1th, 1858. No 117 Milk Street, Boston."

F. J. LAFORME, Sole Agent. M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. General Agents. For sale by all Apothecaries. July 23 eop1f

### OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE.

72 Tremont Street, Boston.

Our entire stock of Lace Goods, White Goods, Embroideries, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Mitts, Parasols, and small wares, will be closed out previous to August 1, to make room for fall goods. Sales positive. Extraordinary bargains given.

CUNNINGHAM & BROOKS.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COLORED PASTES, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS, and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CHOCOLATE COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three centuries, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Doncaster, Mass. Jan 13

### PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

No. 89 and 93 MILK STREET, and 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap80 3m

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the steaks when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$500 is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address: GEORGE C. BROWN & Co., Hooksett, N. H. June 4 8m

"Can it be Done?" "NEURALGIA" AND "FEVER" METHOD. MALE COMPLAINTS. Scurvy, Humors, (Canker, Salt Rheum), and Dyspepsia with its attendant horrors, cured without medicine. The best medicine ever known for Scurvy, Erysipelas and Total Blindness. Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutritive Cure," (sent to you for one dime) and learn how these things are done. July 16 1w LEROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

### MICROSCOPES!

### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscope for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or live instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 (not ten cent stamps). Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address: CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD, 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, Room No. 2. July 2

### Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.

BROWN'S Soda Water, drawn through Nicholas' Patented Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, BROWN'S Black and Claret Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office. June 18

### PARSONS & GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES,

1, 2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET.



## THE ZOUAVES.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times contains the following anecdotes of the French Zouaves: The Zouaves, especially since the affair at Palestro, have become the lions of the day in Italy. Their feats in the field, and even their words, are the subject of conversation and of repetition. During the fight at Palestro, a certain detached body of Zouaves, which had to pass through several deep and muddy canals in their impetuous charge on the enemy's artillery, found their fleetness more impeded by the weight of their immense baggage-trowsers, soaked with water and mud, than by the balls of the enemy's guns. To disencumber themselves of this impediment was but the work of a moment, and thus the Zouaves appeared on the field with a flag at half-mast, which might have been taken by the Austrians as a demand for quarters; but their actions in no manner corresponded to the color of their flag, and the grape and canister continued to mow down their ranks until they reached and bayoneted the artillerymen on the guns. It was not till then that their sergeant bethought himself of the fact that his men were in the undress uniform not recognized by the code, and that he suggested to them the propriety—to use a French phrase—of entering into order again. The Tyrolean sharpshooters in the Aus-

trian army wear on their helmets a tuft of plumes, which resemble very much that of the Piedmontese sharpshooters. At the battle of Palestro a regiment of these Tyrolese were hidden in the wheat, and the Zouaves deceived by the plumes, and approaching with confidence, received at thirty steps a most murderous discharge along the whole line. The surprise lasted but a moment. "Sur a terre!" cried the Zouaves in one voice: "A la baïonnette!" Their colonel did not try to oppose the torrent; the smoke of the discharge was not yet dissipated when the Tyrolese received the human avalanche, preceded by its thousand steel points, and were thus precipitated into the canal, where many hundreds were drowned or bayoneted. Not a single Tyrolean would have escaped, perhaps, if the Zouaves had had their linen instead of the woolen pantaloons, for they could not swim with these, and the enemy had thrown away their arms. The Patrie relates the manner in which the King Victor Emmanuel was named corporal (an honorary title the reader will understand) in the Third Zouaves, after the battle of Palestro. The Zouaves had been entering their comrades who had been killed. A deep trench was dug on an eminence, and when the bodies had been deposited and the trench filled up, all present went on their knees, and after a short prayer retired, bidding adieu to their dead brethren in arms. "Comrades!" exclaimed a sergeant, as a funeral oration, "may God receive you! It was your turn to-day—to-morrow it may be ours!" After this short and touching ceremony, the Zouaves, about 400 in number, collected at a farm house and were enjoying themselves with the abundant provisions they always know how to procure for themselves independent of their ordinary rations. The king's great bravery during the battle naturally came up for discussion, and various modes were proposed for properly informing his majesty of their high appreciation of his valor. At last the proposition was made that he should be made corporal of the Third Regiment of Zouaves. This was unanimously agreed to, and then the nomination was made with great formality. The oldest sergeant standing up, solemnly proclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of the 3d Zouaves, Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, is named to the rank of corporal in the said regiment!" The next day a memorandum of these proceedings was drawn up, signed by all the Zouaves, and sent to the king, who accepted the title as a high compliment. The courage displayed by Victor Emmanuel was indeed well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of such soldiers as the Zouaves; seeing that they could not restrain him at Palestro, they adopted the plan of running before him. Thus his person was in some measure protected from a harm.

The Zouaves are as kind and magnanimous to

their prisoners as they are unequalled and admirable in their fighting qualities. An enemy who no longer resists is for the Zouave an object for protection and commiseration, and one can conceive of no nobler quality in a soldier than this. He takes pride in binding up and relieving the wounds he has just made. An Austrian officer at Palestro was seriously wounded; his horse carried him close to the French, where with difficulty he was clinging to the saddle. A Zouave stopped the horse and righted him in the saddle, when the Austrian repaid this act of kindness by placing his pistol against the Zouave's head and blowing his brains out. The officer was carried a prisoner to the French hospital where great care will be taken to cure him, in order that he may be passed before a court martial and in his turn shot.

One of the circumstances to which the Zouave is indebted for his remarkable fighting qualities is the severe education through which he passes in the barracks. The gymnastics imposed upon him are something formidable. He is made to run by the hour at the top of his speed; he jumps, climbs, runs on his hands and feet, and is taught to do all this day after day, with musket and fixed bayonet in the hand. He is taught also to fence with his bayonet, and while he is thus fencing, he actually leaps upon his enemy

Again, in the Crimea, they showed that defeat had not effaced their military spirit, and now, ten years after the Austrian eagle floated in triumph at Novara, they have, supported by their French allies, proved themselves to be heroes. In those battles where the whole brunt of the conflict rested on the Sardinians, they rushed into the fire with a courage and impetuosity worthy of all praise! At Magenta the Sardinian cavalry covered itself with glory; at Montebello the Monterrat light horse charged like Centaurs. The exploits of Garibaldi's followers, exclusively Italians, show that they are worthy of that freedom to which we all look forward with hope as the crown of their warlike achievements. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow," and nobly have the Italians struck. Not only those enrolled under the banners of military leaders have done good service in the field, but the unenrolled peasantry have aided the regular and volunteer soldiery, by harassing and decimating the enemy with only such weapons as their agricultural pursuits supplied. The Italians merit all the praise that belongs to brave men fighting in the holiest cause that can justify the appeal to arms; a cause as sacred as that which prompted our own Revolutionary fathers to "strike with the sword," to endure every privation, and peril life and fortune for their country.

ver crescent of Schamyl, floated above all, lit up by a magnificent winter sun, sparkling in a thousand reflections over the icy snow. A magnificent picture. In an hour a Russian battalion were in possession of the height from which the battery had been playing upon the camp. But nothing could be done for a month except to secure their communications, to make a practicable road to the open country, and to bring up siege guns. Even then it took four battalions three days to bring up four twelve pounders and to repel the attacks made on the working parties. The Russians could see the munitions which were brought into Venedo, but they could not attack the place from the upper side. On the 26th of March they got up some mortars and several batteries of twelve pounders; on the 30th, the trenches were opened on three sides, and on the 13th of April the first and largest of the redoubts, Andi, was bombarded. After a bombardment of twelve hours, the assault was given, and it was taken in less than half an hour. Schamyl had held out bravely all day, and, in spite of the crushing superiority of the Russian fire, his artillery and riflemen had responded. There was one strange incident in the assault; at the same time, above all its roar, the national hymn of Russia was heard in the redoubt, and half a mile away toward Venedo, the feeble and



PRINCE HUMBERT, DUKE OF PIEDMONT, AND COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF TURIN.

[From a Photograph.]

## THE CAPTURE OF VEDENO.

We find in Le Nord a letter from a Russian officer giving an account of the capture of Venedo, Caucasus, the stronghold of Schamyl. The fortress is surrounded by such wild mountain country that the Russian battalions occupied twelve hours in marching the last eight miles. They were not opposed; Schamyl appeared to be waiting to attack them where there would be no retreat. They encamped a mile from Venedo, 10 battalions with 10 small mountain howitzers. Another column of five battalions brought two mountain howitzers to the summit of the mountain range behind Venedo, but finding the mountain so declivities that they could not descend it, were obliged to retrace their steps. The Russians now found themselves thirty miles from their supplies by a terrible road, and before a strong fortress well supplied with artillery. They had provisions for but a few days, and no siege guns. There was no attack during the night, but next morning all the heights around their camp were covered with masses of Circassians, who seemed to look upon the Russians as an easy prey. Fire was opened upon their camp from a battery of two guns. Before them was Venedo, surrounded by strong intrenchments, and defended by six redoubts, whose ramparts were decorated by a thousand banners of lively colors, while the great black banner, with the sil-

ding sounds of the *Nibus*, the evening prayer, sung by the warriors in the midst of the grape and ball. Towards eight o'clock all became calm, and the Russian troops bivouacked in the redoubt they had taken; but at midnight they were startled at seeing the great house of Schamyl in flames, kindled by the faithful who would not have it profaned by the hands of unbelievers. At dawn there was no sign of the enemy in Venedo; they had fled. The Russians were astonished at the condition of the houses. Corpses were lying everywhere. Pools of blood, human limbs, earth recently moved sinking beneath the tread, and exposing human feet and arms, broken weapons, bloody and torn garments, houses in ruins, made up a picture of misery and desolation. The works of defence were immense; what was lacking in art was made up in mass. To judge by the bodies lying all about, and the fact that the Circassians rarely abandon their dead, they must have suffered very severely. The system of defence of the place was so bad that no portion of it was tenable after this result. No doubt Andi had been taken. Several battalions were occupied for three days in razing the fortress and destroying the town, and a fortress was built which is to be the headquarters of the infantry regiment of Kourinsk. All Chechna was taken with Venedo, thousands of its inhabitants have given their adhesion to the Russian government.

## NATIONAL GUARD OF TURIN.

The accompanying engraving shows the costume of the officers of the National Guard of Turin, the principal figure being that of his royal highness, Prince Humbert, Duke of Piedmont, and Commander of the Guard. This body of men is well organized and exhibits a high military spirit, which is indeed characteristic of the people throughout the Sardinian States. Under the gallant but unfortunate Charles Albert, father of the present king, they fought against the Austrians with a bravery worthy of a better fate.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE { Vol. XVII., No. 5...WHOLE No. 423.

## SERVICE OF PLATE

Presented to Major Rogers, by the Boston Light Infantry

Our engraving delineates the beautiful service of silver plate, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co.,—late Jones, Ball, & Co.—and presented by the Boston Light Infantry to Major Charles O. Rogers, on his relinquishing the command of this brilliant and time-honored corps. The plate itself is now on exhibition at the store of the manufacturers, corner of Washington and Summer Streets, and has been admired by all who have seen it. The design is original and beautiful, and the execution exquisite. Many presentation pieces have issued from this establishment, such as the Cunard Vase, the Webster Vase, etc., but the "Tiger" service strikes us as far surpassing in richness and delicate elaborateness of workmanship, everything they have hitherto produced, and carries us back to the medieval marvels of Benvenuto Cellini and his contemporary artists. The pitcher is of the Hebe model, eighteen inches high, the front decorated with a raised shield bearing the inscription, "Presented to Captain Charles O. Rogers by the Past and Present Members of the Boston Light Infantry, as a testimonial of esteem entertained for him as an Officer and Man." Over this shield on a festoon is borne the motto of the company—"Death or an honorable life." On either side of this shield are bas-reliefs of an ancient and modern "Tiger," standing at rest, the American flag forming the background; at the foot of the figures the head of a tiger protruding from a silver jungle, designed to illustrate the fact that though the outward semblance of the corps has altered, the spirit which animated it at the beginning still remained unchanged. Immediately above, upon the neck, is a round oriental shield, encircled by a ray composed of warlike implements, ancient and modern. The column of the pitcher represents a citadel, from the top of which a formidable battery of guns is presented, while through four embrasures in the sides guns of heavier calibre protrude. The base of the pitcher, of burnished silver, is the form of the groundwork of a fortification, on each of the four bastions of which repose a helmet of Mars upon swords crossed. The handle is surmounted by the head of a tiger, and from the point of attachment, a laurel wreath extends around the rim to the lip. The goblets bear on the front a raised shield with the inscription, "Capt. C. O. Rogers from the B. L. I." The shield springs from a glory of military emblems elegantly engraved upon the silver. The column represents an upright cannon, surrounded by guns with fixed bayonets and swords, a knapsack resting on the base with stacks of cannon balls in the rear. The goblets are fitting companions for the pitcher. The salver is twenty-two and a half inches long by fifteen, outside the finish. It is surrounded by a white, richly chased oriental border, inside of which is a circle of burnished solid bead work, relieved on each side by three shields, inscribed "B. L. I.," surrounded by military emblems. The handles are ornamented by heads of the tiger. On the inside surface of the

salver, is a wreath of oak and laurel, supporting scrolls upon which the names of the donors appear, in the centre of which is the inscription, "Presented to Charles O. Rogers, as a testimonial of esteem, and in appreciation of his untiring and successful exertions to promote the interests of the Boston Light Infantry, while Commander of the Corps, 1859." The whole service cost nearly one thousand dollars. It is a fine specimen of the work produced by Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co., the manufacturers, whose store, 226 Washington Street, is the finest establishment of its kind in this city, or indeed in this country. Our drawing of the plate was made from a photograph taken by Silsbee, Case & Co. Major Rogers, the recipient of this compliment, joined the Infantry in 1844, and in 1851 was elected a lieutenant. He has commanded the

corps from 1854 till the present summer, when he was elected major of the newly organized battalion. The occasion of presenting the plate was a highly interesting one. It took place at the armory in the latter part of last month. We find in the files of the Boston Evening Gazette, whose chief editor was long an officer and soldier in the Light Infantry, the interesting particulars of this scene. From this source we learn that the presentation speech was made by Private Richard A. Newell, Co. A., 2d Battalion, who spoke as follows:

MAJOR ROGERS:—A short time since you had the good fortune to be elected to the honorable post you now occupy, and at the same time we had the misfortune to lose a good commander. You had been with us for many long years, and had endeared yourself to us by your numerous

acts of kindness toward us as individuals, and by your constant efforts in our behalf as members of the Boston Light Infantry. You have been unremitting in your efforts to place our corps in the front rank of the Volunteer Militia, and make it an honor to the city of Boston. How well you have succeeded, I leave it to the public to judge; it is enough to say that we are more than satisfied with the result. During the period you were in command, no officer or private was more prompt at drills and business meetings than yourself, and all the duties of your office were most worthily fulfilled by you. The loss we sustained at your promotion we deemed at the time irparable, not having then in mind our present worthy and efficient head. On your leaving the corps, we could not allow the opportunity to pass without in some way testifying and expressing

to you our feelings towards you. For this purpose a committee was raised to prepare a testimonial in which every member of the corps could participate. The result of their labors you now see before you, and I have been requested, as one of the oldest members, to present it to you, and I now beg your acceptance of it, not as a mere matter of form, but as a sincere expression of our esteem and regard for you. May it always remind you of the time when you were with us and of us—of the drills, parades and encampments in which you have participated, with their many pleasant incidents and associations, and of the harmony and good feeling that have always characterized the intercourse between us. I know I speak the sentiments of every member of the corps, when I say there never was a commander more universally respected than yourself, and on my own responsibility I can say that when under my command you exemplified the lessons you taught us, in discipline and obedience to orders in the most satisfactory manner. \*

Major Rogers responded with much emotion. It would be useless, he said, to say to the audience that he lacked words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the partiality that had made him the recipient of such favor at the hands of the Boston Light Infantry. Words failed him, and feelings welling up from his heart prevented his utterance. It needed no testimonial to remind him of the relations he had sustained to the company. \* \* \* He thanked them most heartily for their testimonial. There was a pleasing coincidence in its bestowal with the fact that he had to-day moved into a new house, which the gift would grace, and in which the corps would always find a cordial and sincere welcome. Thro' all his life he should guard the beautiful token as the proudest monument that could have been inscribed to him. He would cherish it with pride and pleasure, and when he should have passed away, his children, knowing its history, would prize it as dearly as himself. He closed by thanking the corps individually and collectively for their unremitting kindness to him, and wishing for them, in all their relations of life, happiness and prosperity.—The affair was tasteful and agreeable, and the elegant gift to their retiring commander is a proof of the liberal good feeling of the "Boston Tigers."



SERVICE OF PLATE, PRESENTED TO MAJOR ROGERS BY THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE GORY LOCK.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"Look, Pierre! O, look! I do believe he can walk! See there!"

"Nonsense, Marie. He'll fall if you don't take care, and make that queer little nose of his still flatter and broader than it is."

"Hush, sir! You are a slanderer! His nose is not flat, nor broad, nor queer, neither!"

"It isn't? Ah, well, I must be mistaken, I suppose. Don't let him fall on that sharp—"

"Silence! What do you mean by calling such a nose as that sharp? Pierre, I'm ashamed of you!"

"No wonder; I'm ashamed of myself. But I'll get it right after a while. Take care, my son; if that natural nose of yours should come into an unnatural conjunction—"

"Hush! You are laughing at me. Who ever heard of a natural nose, or—"

"Marie, you are unreasonable. If the nose is neither a flat, nor a sharp, nor a natural one, what on earth must I call it? I know no other key to put it in, for my part; but if you will only tell me what sort of a nose you wish it to be, I'll acknowledge it—yes, swear to it—with all my heart."

"Why, you provoking creature, you; I just want you to call his nose exactly what it is—a pretty nose, and the very image of your own, though you don't deserve such a compliment; or to have such a pretty little boy, with such a dear little nose, either."

"Well, well; I beg the *moutard's* pardon and yours, too. I am not a judge of noses, I humbly confess it. It's my misfortune, not my fault."

"Then we must forgive you, I suppose. Shall we, darling? Shall we forgive papa?"

"Papa! papa! Pap—pap—papa!"

"Listen, Pierre. Bless his little heart, how plain he says it! He takes after his mother. I could say several words distinctly at his age, and that's more than his papa could do, I'll venture to say."

"You are right, Marie, I have no doubt. Your tongue got the start of mine then, and it has kept it ever since."

"At it again, sir. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to talk so."

"And so I am. I would not talk so if I could help it. I would talk as fast as you do."

"Quit it, you incorrigible tease. Do let me have some peace, if you can't—Look, husband! look! See how he steps out! Show him your watch, now, and see if he won't walk and get it. There! Look! Let him alone. Look! He walks! He walks! Blessed darling!" And the fair young mother snatched her baby-boy to her bosom, while she covered him with kisses and bedewed him with her tears.

This baby-locomotion and nose-ological nonsense may seem stupid to the reader, but it was far otherwise to the actors in the scene, who occupied a snug cottage on the coast of France, not far from the seaport of Dieppe. So much for the place. The time was a few years before the breaking out of the bloody French revolution.

Pierre Colbert and his pretty little wife Marie, were of the humbler ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, and were in barely comfortable circumstances; but it is doubtful whether there was one noble or wealthy household in the whole realm of France which enjoyed more happiness or felt more thoroughly contented than they. They had affectionate and kindly hearts, vigorous and healthy bodies, a comfortable support, a wonderful baby, with a nose just like its father, and they loved each other with an intensity of devotion which no patrician couple ever yet surpassed. What more could they desire?

Marie's greatest trouble was that her husband was so often absent. He was a sailor, and since the commencement of the then existing war with England, had been serving aboard a privateer. Pierre had taken for his model in bravery and seamanship the world-renowned Jean Bart, and had trodden in his footsteps most worthily. The exploit which had obtained him the command of the vessel in which he now sailed, was one of the most brilliant in the annals of marine warfare; and but a few weeks before his introduction to the reader, he had taken two large English ships into Brest, under cover of a fog, in the very teeth of the "channel fleet."

His vessel—"La Belle Marie"—a trim-built brigantine, had had several desperate conflicts

with British cruisers of superior force, and was a perpetual terror to their commerce. To this day, she and her gallant captain are remembered with pride by the French people, and particularly by the hardy mariners of La Manche.

It was during one of Pierre's short respites from labor and peril that the little domestic interlude above recorded took place. It was interrupted by the entrance of an old man who lived in a neighboring cottage.

"Bon jour!—good morning, Pere Bruneau! Is that a letter you have got?"

"Yes. I saw it at the post office, and I thought I would bring it out to you. They were all looking at it, and wondering what sort of a letter it could be."

"Merci—thank you—Pere Bruneau. Take a chair and rest yourself, wont you."

"No, I thank you. I must get home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Pere Bruneau."

"What is it, Pierre? Who is it from? Bless me, what a seal! It is as big as a plate. Do tell me what it is, Pierre!"

"Well, my dear, it is simply a line from the Minister of the Marine, requiring my attendance in Paris—or rather in Versailles—as soon as possible."

"It's no harm, is it?"

"Why, you foolish little Marie! You are all trembling, and as white as a sheet!"

"Well, you see, I thought—that is—I—I—"

"You thought, did you? Then it is no wonder you turned pale with such an unusual effort! There, your cheek begins to bloom again! But the fact is, dear Marie, there is no need to think anything at all about it. Just you pack up a few things for me and let me be off. I'll be back in a day or two. You had better let Babette take the child over to my sister's, and you go and spend one day at least with your mother. You have been promising the old lady so long, that I am positively ashamed of you. You can walk up the beach at your leisure, while I hurry on to catch the diligence. It's lucky I got the letter so early in the day."

So Pierre started in a few minutes, Marie followed about an hour later, and last of all, Babette appeared at the gate, with the baby in her arms, and a cap nearly three feet high on her head, *a la mode des Cauchoises*. In due time Pierre reached Paris, Marie her mother's, and Babette and baby the hospitable mansion of Pierre's sister, Madame Gerard.

Pierre Colbert's fame had reached ministerial and even royal ears, and when he arrived at Versailles he was introduced to the king, and received some very handsome compliments, all of which he valued at somewhere about their intrinsic worth. His services, however, besides procuring him compliments, secured him a reward which he estimated at a much higher rate; one, indeed, which had long been the object of his ardent though secret ambition.

The young sailor hurried back the first moment he could obtain permission. He did not stop at all at Dieppe, but strode rapidly along the beach to his suburban cottage. It was one of the happiest periods of his life, and his heart beat high with love and hope and bright anticipations of a glorious future. Nothing now seemed so high as to be beyond the reach of a strong arm, a steady purpose, a stout will, and a dauntless heart.

When he reached his home, the young husband was surprised to see the house still shut up and deserted. He had been gone four days, and it was not at all likely that Marie would remain in Dieppe so long as that. Where could she be? At Madame Gerard's, perhaps. He hurried thither, and found his little boy and the maid—but no Marie.

His sister and her husband were eagerly questioned, but they knew nothing whatever of the missing one. They supposed she must still be at her mother's, though they had been surprised that she should stay so long, and Monsieur Gerard had intended to go to town that evening and learn how it was.

Pierre Colbert felt a nameless dread taking possession of his soul. Marie would certainly have returned before this time if something unusual had not happened to her. She must be ill, surely. Stopping only long enough to kiss his little boy, he retraced his steps to the town, fear and apprehension urging him forward more swiftly even than hope and joy had done a few minutes before. His rapid strides soon brought him to Dieppe, and to his wife's mother's.

"Is Marie here?" he asked, eagerly, as soon

as he could obtain admission to the house.

"Marie? No, indeed. She has gone home long ago. She came on Monday, and went away on Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock."

Pierre staggered back and fell into a seat, his limbs refusing to support him. He felt as if the weight of some terrible calamity—he knew not what—was upon him; as if the shadow of some approaching evil had suddenly darkened his whole future life. The danger was all the more fearful from its shadowy uncertainty. Something of importance—some serious misfortune—could alone have caused this sudden disappearance. What could it be?

Pierre's cottage was but little more than a mile from the outskirts of Dieppe, and the path which led to it ran along the hard, smooth sea-beach. It was used only by a few fishermen and their families, and was the last place where danger of any sort was to be apprehended. Little children traversed it every day in perfect safety.

It was now almost night, but all that remained of the day and as much of the night as could in any way be used for the purpose, were spent in anxious, indefatigable efforts and inquiries—but with no good result. Marie had been seen leaving the town, but at that point every trace seemed to have vanished. No one had seen her afterwards, and she had certainly never reached home.

From midnight till dawn poor Pierre paced the floor of his lonely habitation, and harassed his brain with vain efforts to probe this cruel mystery. As soon as daylight began to appear, he left the house and took the road to the beach. He had no particular object in view, but merely gave way to a feeling of overmastering, uncontrollable restlessness.

A quarter of a mile, perhaps, from his cottage he saw something before him that looked like a human figure, sitting on a stone, by the sea-side. As he drew nearer he saw that it was a woman, and a few steps more enabled him to see that it was Marie!

With an exultant cry he sprang towards her; but, to his ineffable amazement, instead of rushing into his arms, she fled from him, with piercing shrieks and every mark of extreme terror and detestation. Painfully bewildered and alarmed, he continued to pursue her, while she redoubled her speed and her outcries, with frantic gestures expressive of fear and abhorrence.

The poor creature soon fell exhausted to the earth, but still feebly prolonged her agonizing shrieks, mingled with tears and sobs and piteous prayers for mercy.

"Great Heaven! Marie, don't you know me?" cried the terrified husband, as he attempted to take her in his arms.

She made no answer, showed no sign of recognition, but still writhed and struggled and shrieked and begged for mercy till her strength was almost gone, and nothing but a faint moan could be heard to issue from her lips.

Pierre tenderly raised her in his arms, and gazed at her long and earnestly. Alas, alas, what a change was there! Where was the lovely, laughing girl whom he had left so lately with as much careless security as if they had but parted at breakfast to meet again at dinner? She was no more—as truly so as if the grave had closed upon her form forever. What remained was the merest wreck and shadow of her former self.

But it was not the attenuated features and sunken cheeks which looked as if many weeks of illness had wasted them away; nor was it the wan complexion in which no one now would imagine that roses ever could have bloomed; nor was it the torn, disordered dress, nor the wildly dishevelled hair—it was none of these things that forced from the strong man's eyes great drops that seemed wrung from the inmost recesses of a bursting heart. It was not what he saw in that beloved face, but what he saw not—for the light of intelligence was gone, the sun of reason had set to rise no more.

With sobs of irrepressible anguish heaving his manly breast, Pierre Colbert bore her carefully and tenderly to their desolate home, though she shrieked and struggled and strove feebly to escape from him. He lost no time in summoning medical aid—the best that Dieppe could afford—to the couch of the sufferer; but alas, no one had any hope to give him! Some terrible shock, they told him, had so jarred the delicate machinery of her nervous system, that no human skill could set it right again. If she ever did recover her reason, it would only be to die.

After this terrible announcement, Pierre sat as

silent and as rigid as a marble statue, never noticing any one, and never stirring except to minister to the wants of his wife.

This state of things lasted for two days and nights, during which time the indefatigable watcher hardly ever turned his eyes away from Marie's face. Like a taper, flaring and burning and wasting in every direction, her remnant of life was rapidly consumed; her ravings, her violent excitement gradually subsided as she grew feebler and feebler, until at last she lay motionless upon her bed, weaker than an infant on its mother's knee.

As Pierre bent over his dying wife, almost doubting whether the faint, fluttering heart had not ceased to beat, he saw her lips move. A whisper issued from them, barely audible, but natural in tone and manner. She was perfectly sane.

The purport of the whisper was to beg that all might leave the room. She wished to be alone with her husband. Her request was complied with. Her mother and several friends who were present left the room.

Pierre and Marie were alone for some fifteen or twenty minutes. At the end of that time a low cry from the former attracted the attention of the others, and the living stood face to face with the dead. The sweet, suffering spirit was already launched upon the shoreless sea, and far beyond the sphere of human vision.

At Marie's funeral there were those among the spectators who expressed the belief that Pierre Colbert was a man deficient in natural feeling. To a superficial observer such might have appeared to be the case, for he exhibited few external signs of grief. Even those who knew him best thought his deportment was very strange. He seemed to act mechanically, almost like one in a dream, and yet it was easy to see that his pre-occupation was not the result of sorrow alone. Men shook their heads, whispered ominously, and expressed their fears that, like poor Marie, he was "touched in the brain."

What took place between husband and wife in their last interview no one knew. That something of importance had occurred, however, was the universal belief. Pierre kept his own counsel, and spoke to no one on that or any other subject, unless in cases where absolute necessity required it.

At the time of which we speak, there lay at anchor, in the harbor of Dieppe, a French three-decker, called "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*," which was commanded by the Marquis Alphonse d'Armandier, a captain of some celebrity as a fighting man, but still better known as a *roue* of the most abandoned character. At that day, in France, to be noble and to be dissolute were almost synonymous terms; but few, even of his dissipated order, had reached such pre-eminence in debauchery as the *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, Alphonse d'Armandier, Marquis, Cordon Bleu, etc., etc.

As "birds of a feather flock together," this officer had gathered round him a set of lieutenants, etc., whose fame, for every species of gross immorality, had become proverbial, not only in France, but throughout Europe. Honest men shunned them, and honest women avoided them as they would a pestilence. This "bad eminence" had gained for them the unenviable sobriquet of "*Enfants du Diable*,"—"children of the devil,"—and as such they were universally known.

For all the traits of character which cause a proud and vicious aristocracy to be hated and feared by the people at large, these young men were eminently conspicuous, even in that age of pampered nobles and half-starved *roturiers*; and yet, being rich and powerful, they were courted and admired by thousands. This increased their facilities for mischief, and led them still further into every species of unbridled license and cruel oppression.

It was none the less true, however, that conduct such as that of Armandier and his fellows was slowly but surely building up, in the hearts of the French people, a mighty monument in memory of wrongs and sufferings endured for ages, which was destined ere long to fall by its own weight, and crush the throne of France and its supporters in one vast mass of madness, misery and blood.

And still, though the low muttering of the thunders of the revolution was already distinctly audible, no thought of danger or of retribution ever disturbed the orgies of "*Les Enfants du Diable*." They were all assembled in the captain's cabin of the *Pucelle d'Orleans*, whiling away,



with cards and wine, the tedious hours between lunch and dinner.

There were present, besides the captain, the Counts Henri de Chavigny and Louis de Sauterre; the Viscount Guillaume de Bellegarde; the Chevalier Victor de St. Aubrey, and Messieurs Antoine and Eugene de Bauduy, cousins and cadets of noble families; their respective ranks in the service being designated by the order in which they have been named.

"*Tonnere de Dieu!*" exclaimed the captain; "how sultry it is here! This cabin is as hot as Beelzebub's back kitchen in the dog days! I'm all in a liquefaction."

"And what do you know about Beelzebub and his kitchen, *mon capitaine*? Did you ever happen to be there?"

"That's a pretty question to ask, Chavigny. Pray, who ought to know the temperature of the devil's kitchen, if his own children do not? I'm surprised at you."

"True, captain, I didn't think of that. At all events, if you don't know how hot old hornie's apartments are now, you will be very sure to find out all about it some day. You may trust him for that."

"Perhaps. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak so disrespectfully of your father, nicknaming him in that improper manner."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is you that nickname him. I heard you call him 'old Nick' not half an hour ago. You might at least have had the grace to say 'elderly Nicholas.'"

"Well, yes. That's a bad habit, I confess. I learned it from the English. But I won't countenance any disrespect to parents aboard of this ship."

"So be it. I don't wonder at all at your anxiety not to offend the old gentleman. You have good reasons for it, I dare say."

"Well, well; I don't think any of us have a right to set up for saints. We are genuine *Enfants du Diable*, one and all, unless we except St. Aubrey. He's young and chicken-hearted, but he'll come on in time. And I tell you now, when you talk of the devil—"

"He's sure to appear—and there he is!"

"Hullo! Who the deuce are you?"

"A man," replied an individual in a sea-faring garb, who had suddenly made his appearance among the revellers, no one knew how or whence.

"A man? Then you are not our highly respected parent, as Chavigny asserts?"

"I don't deny that I have a spice of the devil in me at this moment."

"Then, in the name of that distinguished personage—in the devil's name, in short—who are you, and whence do you come?"

"I am a French sailor, and I came from without, through that window."

"The deuce you did! Well, Mr. French sailor, will you be so very kind as to inform us why you preferred the window, to walking in, as others do, by the door?"

"I had no choice. I knew that I would not be admitted at the door."

"Well, upon my word and honor, you are a little the coolest knave I ever met with. You had no choice, eh? Well, you shall have your choice now. I'll give you twenty-five blows of the 'cat,' and then tumble you out of the window, or thirty, and let you walk out at the door. Come, sir, make a choice, and be quick about it. Shall we give you twenty-five or thirty?"

"You shall give me neither."

"Why?"

"Because I won't let you."

"*Mille bombes!* We'll soon see that, you infernal scoundrel! Call the sentry!"

"Hold!" cried the sailor, springing to the cabin door, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket. "You shall hear me first. A few days ago you and your brother devils met a young woman walking on the beach, near St. Catherine's well, where you had been drinking and carousing. In spite of prayers and tears which might have moved any heart not wholly turned to stone, you seized her, stifled her cries, and carried her off to this accursed ship, this floating sink of abominations, where you kept her a prisoner for three days and nights, and after you had worked your hellish wills upon her, and bereft her of her senses, you turned her loose upon the shore to die! Disloyal Frenchmen! dishonored gentlemen! scum of humanity and true spawn of the devil! though immeasurably unworthy of an honest seaman's sword, I challenge you, Alphonse d'Armandier, to single combat."

"And who are you, fellow, who dares to use such language to a French nobleman?"

"I am Pierre Colbert, the husband of her whom you so basely dishonored and so foully murdered; and ere she was laid in the grave, I swore on the holy cross of Christ to avenge that foul murder and that base dishonor, by shedding your heart's blood."

"*Que le diable n'emporte!*—may the deuce fly away with me if you would not make a capital hand to play injured husbands at one of the two-penny theatres! But allow me to tell you, sir, that when I fight, it must be with a gentleman—not with such *canaille* as you."

"Hold, sir! It is I that condescend when I place an honest man's son upon an equality with a ravisier and murderer. The time is near at hand when nobility will no longer be a cloak for crime in this realm of France. But even now, sir, it shall not avail you in this case. You will not dare to deny that an officer of his majesty's navy is a gentleman—may, in all things affecting his honor, the peer of royalty itself."

"Insolent hound! what are you prating of? What have you to do with his majesty's navy?"

"Read that," said Pierre, taking from his pocket and unrolling an official looking document, engrossed on parchment, and bearing the royal seal and signature.

It was a commission, in due form, constituting Pierre Colbert a lieutenant in the royal navy, in consideration of his important services, and his numerous and brilliant achievements in the presence of the enemy.

"And if that is not sufficient," continued Pierre, "perhaps this will serve to quicken your perceptions." And he struck the marquis a smart blow on the face with the fingers of his open hand.

The arguments were both unanswerable, and the nobleman had no choice but to prepare for the combat. The rapier, of course, was to be the arbiter of the quarrel.

Alphonse d'Armandier was one of the most accomplished swordsmen of his day, and was just as certain of slaying the insolent *roturier* as he was of his ability to draw his weapon. Like most of his order, he looked down upon the "people" with sovereign contempt, and could hardly conceive of a plebeian hand wielding with any degree of skill what he regarded as *par excellence* the arm of a gentleman.

Pierre Colbert was not perhaps so thoroughly versed in the technicalities of sword-play as his adversary, but in some important respects he was greatly his superior. A temperate and laborious life had toughened his originally powerful muscles until they had become almost like cords of steel. From similar causes, his nervous system was in a perfectly sound and healthy condition, so that his eye was as keen as a falcon's, and his hand as steady as the rock-ribbed earth itself.

The marquis, on the other hand, by ten or twelve years of reckless dissipation, had greatly impaired the advantages which he had obtained from nature or acquired by art. Still, however, he was more than a match for nineteen swordsmen out of twenty, and he was fully determined to make short work of the presumptuous privateersman. The fate of poor Marie, which would have hung like a dead weight upon the sword of any man who had a conscience, gave him little uneasiness. Compunction for past wickedness had long since ceased to trouble him.

The fight commenced. A struggle for life between two such men could not fail to be a painfully interesting spectacle. Eye to eye, hand to hand, foot to foot, every nerve and muscle braced to the utmost, and pass answering pass, and lunge answering lunge, as each one sought his opponent's heart, or strove to protect his own. One who knew him well would have noticed that Pierre was not putting forth all his strength. His object probably was to encourage the self-sufficiency and consequent recklessness of the marquis.

Fiercer and more terribly earnest grew the combat; more and more rapidly the bright blades flashed and clashed and clattered; and more and more eager became the glances of the spectators, as they held their breath and clenched their hands and bit their lips, unconsciously, in the intensity of their excitement. Disengagement, and feint, and ever-ready riposte, and lunges in *quarte*, in *tierce*, in *prime*, and in *seconde*, followed each other with a lightning-like rapidity, which set at fault the keenest eyes among the watchers.

In vain Armandier put in requisition every resource, and trick, and expedient of the art which had so often saved his worthless life and destroyed that of a better man. Like an incarna-

tion of dread Nemesis, Marie's avenger pressed upon him, acquiring new strength apparently as his own arm became weaker and his breath grew shorter, till at length, beating down his guard with tremendous force, and summoning all his energies for one tiger-like spring, Colbert lunged straight at the captain's heart, and drove his weapon home with a fury that nothing could resist, till the point issued from his back, and the cross-guard of the hilt struck violently against his breast-bone. As the sword was withdrawn, a gush of bright red blood followed it. Then succeeded a wild tossing of the arms, a tottering step or two, a heavy fall, and Alphonse Marquis d'Armandier surrendered his guilty soul to its Creator and its judge.

Colbert looked calmly on till life was fully extinct. He then drew from his bosom a tress of long, soft, silky hair and dipped it in the blood which was welling from Armandier's heart. Having performed this act as solemnly as if he had been engaged in some hallowed religious rite, he restored the tress to his bosom, and then, turning to Chavigny, said:

"Monsieur le Comte, it is now your turn."

"My turn to do what?"

"To die!"

Chavigny shuddered. He was a brave man in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but there was something in Colbert's deportment, something in the iron determination of his look, in the steadfast glare of his eye, and above all in the bloody example he had just given of his extraordinary strength and skill, which chilled the *roué's* heart with horror. He knew that he was equally guilty with the captain, and the aspect of the young sailor told him more emphatically than words could have done, that they two could never live together on this sublunary world. He had great confidence, however, in his acknowledged skill in the use of the sword, and crossed blades with his opponent with a confident bearing and a bold, defiant eye.

Chavigny was a younger and more active man than Armandier, and the combat was of somewhat longer duration, but Pierre's superior powers of endurance soon began to tell against him. As the count's energy showed signs of flagging, his antagonist, redoubling the force and rapidity of his attacks, utterly disconcerted him, and finally, with a tremendous lunge in *seconde*, drove his sword in to the hilt, beneath his fifth rib.

Two of his companions caught the dying man in their arms, while the warm blood spouted over them from head to foot. He gasped once or twice, struggled violently for a instant—and then all was still.

Pierre looked on with stern impassibility, as a professional headsmen might contemplate the body of a sufferer on the block. When life had fully departed, he took out the lock of hair again and repeated the terrible baptism of blood. To the spectators, this was truly an awful scene, for each one felt that that innocent victim's tress would soon be dyed in his own heart's blood.

Without speaking a word, Pierre made a motion with his sword towards Louis de Sauterre. The latter understood it, and though he would have given every acre of his princely domain to avoid the conflict (and whatever might have been the position of his ancestors, his patronymic appellation was an arrant misnomer in his own case), he knew that it was impossible to do so without rendering himself infamous. To compass the dishonor and death of a woman of the people was a small matter in the eyes of the count's compeers, but to refuse to take an injured husband's life, under the "code of honor," was infamy.

For Louis de Sauterre, then, there was no escape. He was but an ordinary swordsman, and a mere child in the hands of Colbert, hardly able to maintain a show of resistance. At the very first onset the latter beat down his guard with crushing force, and drove his avenging sword deep into his vitals. He expired instantly, and the gory lock being steeped in his blood, Pierre Colbert was ready for another trial, and victim.

With gloomy determination, Guillaume de Bellegarde came forward and fell the same easy prey to the avenger's sword. Eugene de St. Aubrey then advanced, but Colbert motioned him aside, and called on Antoine de Bauduy, who fell like the others, and then on his cousin, who shared the same fate.

Pierre now took the tress, which he had dipped in the blood of every victim, and placed it in his bosom, next his heart. He was then about to leave the vessel, but St. Aubrey again offered to cross swords with him.

"No, Monsieur le Vicomte," he said, "you are innocent of any actual participation in this affair. I seek not your life."—

"I am an officer of La Pucelle d'Orleans," insisted the viscount, "and can claim no exemption from the fate of the rest."

Pierre was about to put him aside, but a thought seemed suddenly to strike him; he bowed, and threw himself on guard. St. Aubrey was very young, and a very inexperienced swordsman, but at the very first pass he struck Pierre full upon the breast, and pierced him to the heart, so that he fell heavily upon the floor.

"Great Heaven," cried the young man; "you have suffered me to kill you without making any resistance!" And he knelt down to examine the wound from which he had just withdrawn his sword.

Pierre's bosom was covered with blood, and the gory lock had received its last baptism in the blood of that heart to which its owner had been dearer than life. His lips moved, but no sound was audible. St. Aubrey bent down, placed his ear close to the mouth of the dying man, and caught the last word, articulated with his latest breath. That word was "MARIE!"

#### BRUSSELS.

What a charming place this city of lace and carpets is! Clean as a parlor, not a speck nor a stain to be seen anywhere, with less of Dutch stiffness and more of French ease, so that you do not feel so much like an intruder as in most other strange cities. Brussels is a kind of vestibule to Paris; its streets, its shops, its public edifices are all reflections, in miniature, of those of the French metropolis. It has long seemed to me so natural a preparation for the meridian splendors of Paris, that to go thither in any other way than through Brussels, is as if you should enter a saloon by a back window, rather than through the legitimate front door. In one respect I prefer Brussels to Paris; it is smaller, and your mind takes it all in at once. In the French capital, its very vastness bewilders you. You are in the condition of the gentleman whose wife was so fat that when he wished to embrace her, he was obliged to make two actions of the feat, and use a bit of chalk to insure the proper distribution of his caresses. But in Brussels, everything is so harmoniously and compactly combined, that you can enjoy it all at once. How does one's mind treasure up his rambles through these fair streets and gay arcades, his leisurely walks on these spacious boulevards, or under the dense shade of this lovely park, his musings in this fine old church of Ste. Gudule, whose gorgeous windows symbolize the heavenly bow, and whose air of devotion is eloquent of the undying hope which abides within its consecrated precincts!—*Ajuchek.*

#### MORAL COURAGE.

Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind: "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one day, he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

#### A QUEER STORY.

We learned a queer little bit of history lately. A short time since, a citizen, in order to prevent his creditors from getting his property, signed off some \$20,000 in real estate to his stepsons. Stepsons had deeds recorded, and in about three days had real estate converted into money, without stepfather knowing anything of the matter. Having converted real estate into money, stepsons started for the west, leaving stepfather to "grin and bear it" as best he can. Stepfather having put all his property out of his hands, now finds himself without sufficient funds to go in pursuit of stepsons. It now looks as if stepsons had sold stepfather, and got stepfather into a tight place. Stepfather begins to think that he might better have settled with his creditors. In endeavoring to be "smart," he has reduced himself to two shirts and a bootjack.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE RED BREAST.

BY JAMES RINTINE

Fair bird! why lingerest thou  
High on the top of yonder tree,  
There warbling forth thy notes of glee,  
While morn is shining now?

For see! thy cherished young  
Are waked from dreams by soft sunlight,  
And chirp—for thee so glad their right—  
Near where thy nest is swung

Go to thy little ones;  
See, they are slipping now the dew  
That sparkles on the leafy bough,  
In morning's golden sun

Their wings are tender, short,  
They hop along from spray to spray,  
Yet cannot like thee fly away,  
Quick as a gladsome thought

Yet taught by thee each morn,  
Their phoebos soon may gain new skill,  
When with their parent kind they will  
Skim o'er the grassy lawn.

They then like thee may wing  
Down yonder valley, where repose  
The silent tombs—end of our woes—  
And o'er the green and sere

As though the soul when freed  
From clay had nestled in the bird,  
And on the grave wished to be heard,  
Chanting of praise the mead

O, minstrel of the grove!  
How musical is thy refrain,  
Now floating from the ripened grain,  
Whose charms with thee we love

As when a pearl is thrown  
In yonder grassy lake, the waves  
Spread round the stream, and softly lave  
The shore, till all are gone.

So thy soft melodies  
Fall on the placid air, when soon  
Light waves of music swell, till grown  
Voiceless in yonder trees.

The night is falling now,  
The red breast soars to yonder tree;  
Far up toward the top I see  
A nest upon the bough.

Now on the swaying spray,  
The parent tired and happy young,  
In slumber sweet are gently swayed  
By zephyrs there that play.

When golden morn again  
Gleams in the oriental sky,  
The bird will soar and sing on high  
His musical refrain

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Belle Sparkle versus The Lawyer.

BY MARY W. JANVINE.

"Good morning, Horace! What, another letter from the blue stocking? Don't lude it. Upon my word, your correspondence grows rapidly. 'Congenial spirits,' 'kindred souls,' and all that! *Mon ami*, I predict this will end as all romances do—in a wedding." And Gilbert Masters threw himself leisurely into a chair in the office, No. — Court Street, where he had entered one pleasant morning late in May, to find his friend, Horace Waterbury, law student, in the act of hastily thrusting a closely written, dainty sheet between the leaves of a large quarto on the table.

"Say, old fellow," continued Masters, with a smile, "what salary per quarter do you pay the penny-post—for, I take it, you're obliged to keep an extra one purposely for your accommodation? I'll wager a dozen fried at Parker's that you do! Shall I have to wait till you've got the *Esq* snugly tacked to your name, and hung out your shingle in some quiet country village, or go straightway and order white kids, bridal favors, et cetera?"

"O, pshaw, Masters! Can't a fellow carry on a nice little correspondence with a literary lady, without owing the soft impeachment of a heart-attack?" laughed Waterbury, though somewhat confusedly. "I can, my dear fellow! Fact it is, to my mind, that head homage and heart homage are two different sentiments decidedly. I may enjoy much a correspondence with a literary lady—admire her talents and genius—without committing myself further. Seriously, Gilbert, I'd never marry a blue?"

"Then all I've got to say is, that you're a most consummate flirt, Waterbury," exclaimed Masters. "We collegians at Cambridge are bad enough—but you're worse!"

"Ah, prove it, my dear fellow!" drawled the law student, smiling, and revealing a set of very handsome teeth.

"Why, haven't you been flirting on paper these three months at least, to my certain knowledge—writing sentiment, quoting poetry, and all that?"

"I confess to the poetry and so forth, but deny the *premises*," replied Waterbury, coolly.

"Seriously, you won't pretend to deny, Horace, but you've enjoyed this correspondence?"

"No. You've got me there!" was the reply.

"And look here, my dear fellow, haven't you often got 'way beyond the border-ground of the sentimental—'way beyond the region of the merely 'friendly'? Come, now, on your word—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," Waterbury!

"Well, yes—perhaps so!" replied the legal gentleman, unhesitatingly.

"Thought so!" said Masters, triumphantly.

"And if you'd said as much to any lady as you acknowledge you've written to this literary lady, 'Belle Sparkle,' in point of honor wouldn't you stand committed?"

"Don't know about that!" was the reply.

"Circumstances alter cases, you see. Now these blue stockings always have a host of correspondents. They don't mind sentiment or poetry on paper. It's their trade! Seriously, you don't suppose they mean all they write, Masters?"

"Can't say—but then I thought Horace Waterbury did!" replied his friend, half sarcastically. "But let us suppose this lady, 'the exception to the general rule,'—hence, taking your expressions of sympathy and so forth for *bona fide*, has become somewhat interested in the knight of the pen; not that I want to flatter your egregious vanity, sir, for I don't really believe it myself—but suppose the thing, you know?"

"Bad case, Masters! Shall have to pay 'damages,' I suppose," laughed Waterbury.

"Quite a conceited coxcomb!" retorted the young collegian, with a laugh. "Now I wish it might come to pass that you were to meet this 'Belle Sparkle,' find her young, beautiful and fascinating, and yourself an unlucky suitor, how would that conflict with your theory 'never to marry a blue'?"

"Not a bit of danger, Masters! Blues never are passable! You see Dame Nature, lavish of her gifts to pretty women, endeavors to compensate to the ugly ones by the bestowal of an extra quantity of brains!" And the law student complacently stroked his handsome moustache.

A mischievous gleam was suppressed in Gilbert Masters's black eye, as he replied, quietly:

"Won't pretend to dispute your theory, Waterbury, as it never has been my fortune to meet many of the clique. But see here, my dear fellow, your letters from the authoress come from 'Thornvale.' Now I've a nice little cousin who resides in that vicinity, where I'm going to pass a fortnight or so next summer vacation. What say you to furnishing me with an introductory note to the lady; and, while I'm sojourning at Cousin Dora's, I'll some day take occasion to ride over to Thornvale, present the document, and make the lady's acquaintance? Who knows but I might find her very agreeable? and, of course, since you avow yourself merely 'a looker-on in Venice,' you leave me a clear field. What say you, Waterbury?"

The slight contraction of his brow was certainly slightly at variance with the light tone of Waterbury's reply: "Certainly, certainly, Masters."

"Which, being interpreted, means, 'What the deuce sent Gilbert Masters to meddling with my affairs?'" laughed Masters. "But don't get jealous now. Wait till after I finish up my student life at old Cambridge—then I'll commence the foray. But I must be going. *Au revoir!* Good morning, Waterbury."

After the young collegian left the office for his accustomed Saturday's promenade up the fashionable side of Washington Street, Horace Waterbury again perused the letter which he drew from between the leaves of the heavy quarto. A singular expression lay about his lips as he folded it again.

"I have half a mind to start for Thornvale myself, seek out the writer of this, and, if she indeed be all that I could judge her from her letters, ascertain whether my happiness is secure in her keeping—but yet—" and the old careless smile came back to his lip, "I must listen to the voice of prudence. Horace Waterbury can hardly afford to do that yet; a diploma and the affix, *Esq*, are hardly the capital to set a man up in an establishment of his own of the *genus* 'housekeeping,' with the additional incumbrance of a literary wife, more at home in her books and

manuscripts than the details of a domestic ménage, and far better acquainted with the derivation of a Greek root than the ingredients of a pudding. No, no, Horace Waterbury, poor as a church mouse, none of that! Do you think the annoyance of a home always at sixes and sevens would be compensated fully by the pleasure of reading 'Mrs. Horace Waterbury's last,' or having your particular friend slap you on the shoulder, crying: 'Lucky dog! What a treasure of a wife you've got!' No, no!" And the young man tucked the letter into his vest pocket. "Sober second thoughts are best. I think I'll abate somewhat in my missives to 'Belle Sparkle.'"

That day two months the two young men shook hands at parting in one of the Boston depots—Gilbert Masters, fresh from Cambridge, with all the honors of a valedictorian upon him, and Waterbury, with his lawyer's degree just conferred, "the world before him, where to choose."

"Better come down to Dentwood and hang out your shingle, my dear fellow!" said young Masters, in those parting minutes. "It's just the opening for you; old 'Squire Wallace has one foot in the grave; the people of our place are always in the law; and a smart young fellow like you—ahem!—might get on the right side of 'em—walk into their affections and purses, too. If the influence of our family is of use, it shall be at your command; then I know I'd like right well to have you as a room-mate at the old mansion; and I flatter myself that we two might make a somewhat desirable addition to the family at 'the grove.' Come, Waterbury, say you'll settle down at Dentwood."

"Thank you," replied the young lawyer, with indecision on his features. "I would decide at once; but Mr. Dunn, of the firm, advises me to remain in the city. A larger field, you know."

"O, hang Dunn!" replied Masters, warmly. "Waterbury, I've too genuine a friendship for you to let you starve in a crowded city, when you might do a fast practice in an old circuit town like Dentwood. 'A wider field,' to be sure, here, but every inch of it is furrowed over; the cities are crowded with toiling, disappointed professional men. I'm going to settle down in the study and practice of the medical profession in old Dentwood. Let me appeal to your ambition. What old fellow of antiquity was it who said he'd rather be first man in a humble Swiss hamlet than second in imperial Rome? Besides, I fancy you won't rust out socially; we've got some nice, intellectual people, too, snugly tucked away within the limits of quiet Dentwood. Come, what say you, Waterbury?"

"Thank you, Masters. I think I will conclude to go there. Doubtless it was a false ambition that urged me to remain in the over-thronged city; and, as you say, the best part of my life might be spent in toil, and the reward never come. For the tone of society in Dentwood, I need but remember that my friend and his excellent mother and brothers are numbered among its dwellers. Dentwood shall be the scene of my future labors."

"Good, Waterbury! I'll give our people fair warning, be your *avant courier* in the good graces of old 'Squire Wallace, and if the right chord is touched there, your fortune's made. In a month or so I'll expect to see your shingle hung out there. Why not go down at once, though," and a quizzical smile ran over his face, "and accompany me over to Thornvale in *propria persona*, to present me to the literary lady, instead of by this introductory letter I hold, Waterbury?"

For a moment a shade of indecision played over the young lawyer's face; but, glancing up to catch the twinkle of his friend's eye, he replied, decidedly:

"No, no, Masters! Excuse me. Now I've furnished you with the proper credentials, you must go *a la ambassadeur*; and, my dear fellow, I give you full instructions to stipulate a treaty of peace between the lady and myself; for of late our communications have grown 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Think she'll forgive me, eh, Masters?" he said, carelessly.

"Don't flatter yourself *au contraire*," laughed Gilbert. "'Lay not that flattering unction to thy soul.' But here, the train is ready, and I'm off! Good-by, old fellow, till we meet at Dentwood!"

Reader, you will take my word for it that Horace Waterbury was not the calculating, heartless person you may have imagined from

glimpses of his character as portrayed. People certainly called him "practical," and no intimate friend, save Gilbert Masters, knew the vein of almost womanly sensitiveness underlying that apparently worldly nature.

Circumstances had moulded his character; the hard experiences of a struggling orphan boy, with no dowry but his ambition, had pressed against and warred with a generous, æsthetic nature, till the latter had become obscured and almost stifled in the conflict.

The correspondence with "Belle Sparkle," which had first been commenced, at Waterbury's solicitation, under cover of a letter to the editor of the magazine in which the authoress's much-admired articles appeared, had grown to become a part of his happiness; but this he would not confess even to himself, as has been seen; he shared the popular belief, and quoted stale jokes concerning the anti domestic propensities of "literary women" from the days of Socrates's Xantippe downward; holding theory that brilliant "Belle Sparkle" might be after the same fashion as her sisterhood; hence, as he had imparted to Masters, their correspondence had grown less of late, though this fact, contrary to his expectations, did not bring any additional peace to the young lawyer's heart.

But so it was; and with an introductory letter from Waterbury's hand, Gilbert Masters took a seat in the cars, and was swiftly whirled away into the heart of quiet, inland Massachusetts.

Late that summer's afternoon, Gilbert Masters sprang from the cars upon the platform of the depot at Elton, a pleasant country town, and in a few more minutes was set down at the gate of a charming Gothic cottage, half hidden by vines and trees, the home of Dora Deane and her mother—Masters's aunt and cousin.

Nobody at Elton called Dora Deane "handsome," with her slight figure and face of thoughtful cast; but all voted her graceful, refined, ladylike, and acknowledged the charm of the social spell she threw around all visitors at the cottage. Gay, genial Gilbert Masters dearly loved his cousin; but there was another who lured him to Elton of summer vacations, in the shape of bright, bewitching, saucy little Georgie Ross, Mrs. Deane's orphan niece, who, three years before, had been received into her family.

Without being at all figurative, I may state that the young collegian was literally the slave of this little empress. Vacation visits, ostensibly paid to "Aunt Martha and Cousin Dora," generally terminated in a bright, bewildering fortnight in her silken toils; rings decked with hearts, and gemmed bracelets—exponents of the generous youth's admiration—adorned her rosy fingers and rounded arms; but Georgie was a bit saucy, untamed and coquettish; so it happened that on the afternoon in question, when he bounded into the cottage hall, gay tones saluted him with:

"Aha, sir valedictorian, suppose you've come down to impress us with a sense of your newly-acquired importance! Who do you suppose wanted to see you here, Gilbert Masters?"

But the young collegian knew that, despite her words, his presence at Elton was not entirely unwelcome; so he only smiled and caught her little dimpled hand, in reply, asking: "Where is my aunt, and Cousin Dora?"

Now it so happened farther, that, at his last visit, Georgie, in an unwonted confidential mood, had imparted to him "a great secret" concerning "Cousin Dora;" "and you must never let her know how you found it out, Gilbert—never! She wouldn't like it a bit if she thought I told who writes those beautiful stories in 'Piper's Magazine,' but I thought it too good to keep; but you mustn't ever tell!" asserted Georgie.

Whether Gilbert ever "told" or not, must be inferred from his conduct that evening, as, sitting alone a few moments with Dora on the piazza, where the moonlight fell in a flood of white splendor, with a very demure expression he drew from his vest pocket and put into Dora's hand a letter superscribed in familiar chirography—

"TO  
"BELLE SPARKLE," THORNVALE."

"(Introduce Mr. Masters)"

"Why, Gilbert!" exclaimed Dora, coloring violently; "where did you—that is, so you know?" Then she stopped abruptly.

"Yes, cousin mine, little Dora, playing the literary lady *incog*, I do know, though by what means the secret came into my possession it boots not; yet don't be afraid that I've divulged it to



my particular friend, Horace Waterbury! Aha, you didn't know that your long-time correspondent was thus on intimate terms with your scape-grace cousin, did you, *ma Belle*? And he laughed at her expression of wonder.

"And you know Horace Waterbury?" exclaimed Dora.

"Most assuredly! I wonder I never mentioned him to you, coz. Certes it is, I've heard him speak of the *blue*, 'Belle Sparkle' 'many a time and oft! Fine fellow Waterbury is, too! Is coming down to Dentwood to settle. But how queer—you so shy and quiet, an out and out *blue* stocking—a dreaded strong-minded woman! Wont Waterbury be surprised when he meets you? as of course he will sometime; for you see, coz, he's got it into his head that you're an antiquated lady of the *genus scribendi*."

"After such pains-taking on my part to avoid recognition, by writing under my *nom de plume*, and mailing my letters over at Thornvale, it is not strange that Mr. Waterbury should be slightly in the dark respecting the private Dora Deane lurking behind the public 'Belle Sparkle;' yet it is somewhat unwarrantable, I must confess, that a third party should be cognizant of this correspondence!" said the girl, with an expression of pique. "Such friendships are usually held sacred."

"O, don't be alarmed, coz. I'm the only one in the secret, as I chance to know. But, ah, I begin to think there lurks some tenderer sentiment beneath the friendship!" said Gilbert, teasingly.

"You are very much mistaken!" replied Dora, coldly.

"Is it so? Then Waterbury did not fib in the least when he made the same assurance. You see I charged him with being in love with the authoress—"

"Which charge of course he denied?" queried the girl, calmly.

"Well, yes. I didn't exactly credit him then; but if you really assure me so, Dora—but excuse me if I'm meddling with what, properly speaking, is none of my own business—only you see I've a sort of cousinly interest in my little Dora here. But seriously, coz, I've an account to settle with Waterbury! Would you believe it? he asserts that 'however much he may respect, admire, and so forth, a literary lady, head and heart homage differ widely.' Glad you've got the start of him in the 'merely friendly sentiment,' and have taken all his sentimental nonsense at its true valuation. But after all, my literary lady, I'm inclined to think that this same boasting gentleman's heart is not so secure as he would have had me believe when he gave me this letter of introduction to the authoress, in whose good graces, I gravely assured him, I should endeavor to rival him; so what say you to enacting in a nice little scheme I planned, when Waterbury gets located down at Dentwood, by which we may effectually punish his egregious vanity?"

Dora Deane only smiled, and even clapped her white hands with apparent glee, as she assented to the plan proposed by her mischievous cousin; but when she sat alone in her room that night, leaving Georgie and Gilbert together, you would have known by the compression of her lips and the light of her eye that some new emotions were at work in her heart.

"And so Mr. Horace Waterbury makes his correspondence with the 'literary lady' a subject of remark with his friends—and boasts that head and heart homage differ widely?" she exclaimed, in a low, concentrated voice, looking on a package of letters she had taken from her writing-desk; and straightway, laying the package in the empty grate, she applied a lighted taper till a blue flame crept over all, and, cinder by cinder, they fell a tiny heap of ashes.

I'm sure I don't know whether—just as though she were not "strong-minded," but quite like any other woman who has been suddenly awakened to the bitter and humiliating reality that she has bestowed her love unsought—little Dora Deane wept herself to sleep that night; but true it was, that the burning of those hitherto carefully hoarded letters was decidedly the most foolish and (candor compels the word, reader,) spiteful act of her life.

"I declare! I smell something!" exclaimed Georgie Ross, gaily, in the parlor below. "I must go and see that Dora does not set the house on fire to destroy us, from revenge, that her secret is betrayed, for I know she will suspect me; you were so wicked in telling her a word to-night, Gilbert Masters!"

"Something burning? Most likely it is my heart, kindled into tinder by the fire of a certain incendiary pair of eyes!" returned the collegian, gallantly. "And now, if such a catastrophe should happen, it is but fair that the author of the mischief remain to aid in quelling the conflagration—so you must stay with me, Georgie."

"See here, Waterbury!" exclaimed Gilbert Masters, entering the law office of the former one pleasant morning, about two months after his establishment in Dentwood, with an open letter in his hand. "Have just taken this letter from the post-office—from 'Belle Sparkle'—in which she informs me that, 'journeying through Dentwood, she will stop over night at our hotel, where she will be happy to receive a call from her friends, Messrs Waterbury and Masters.' Will be here to-night—so what say you the call, when I shall be happy to do the good turn for you that your letter of introduction did once for me? I would do 'the gentlemanly host,' you see, and invite the authoress over to my mother's to pass a few days; but, as luck will have it, the same mail that brought her letter, also brought one from Cousin Dora Deane, who writes 'that she and Georgie Ross are coming down to pass a month with us,' and perhaps the meeting might not be agreeable to the *blue*, who dislikes company or gaiety of any kind, as she informed me. You'll call over at the Dentwood House, this evening, I suppose, Waterbury?"

"Yes, suppose I must, for the sake of the old-timed correspondence," lazily drawled the young lawyer. "Glad she's not expected before evening, though—for the fact is, I'm overrun with business this morning, thanks to these litigating Dentwooders. When did you say this Miss Deane, your cousin, was expected to arrive, Masters? To-morrow?"

"Yes, in the forenoon train. Now there's a girl for you to study! and a capital wife she'll make some man who knows how to prize her—quiet, gentle, domestic, pretty and graceful, withal, and not the least bit *blue*. Happy the fellow who wins her. If I didn't happen to be her cousin, and, furthermore, didn't happen to know a little witch named Georgie Ross—and by-the-by, Waterbury, I warn you, no flirting there!—I'd enter the lists for Dora's favor, despite she affirms stoutly she never means to entrust her happiness into the keeping of the best man living. But I'm hindering business, so I'm off. 'Morning, Waterbury."

"And so at length I shall meet 'Belle Sparkle,'" soliloquized Waterbury, when alone. "I shall meet her and judge for myself whether she possesses all the beauty and intelligence described by Masters. Wonder why she never replied to my last letter? Perhaps it never reached her, though. And so Miss Deane is coming at last? Masters little imagines how his descriptions of her have excited my desire to meet her. 'Quiet, gentle, domestic, pretty and graceful withal,'—just the wife for a lawyer just starting in the world, if he can be fortunate enough to win her. Well, I'll play the agreeable to the fair literary lady this evening, and meantime, await with impatience Dora Deane's coming to-morrow."

"Belle Sparkle" stood in the parlor of the Dentwood House. A mass of raven curls shaded her neck and brow; a dress of rich silk rustled with every movement; jewels sparkled on her person, and *rouge* heightened the brilliancy of her complexion; India ink shaded her eyebrows with a darker hue. Altogether, no one would have suspected *who* figured under that "make-up" accomplished at Gilbert Masters's suggestion and Georgie Ross's fingers.

"You'll do, Dora!" laughed Georgie, as the haughty figure swept up and down the apartment. "Why, you look like a tragedy queen! Now, when this gentleman arrives, put on your 'blue-stockings airs' and talk literary. I'll teach him a lesson he won't soon forget. But I must make my exit, lest they surprise me;" and she left the parlor.

Presently a tap on the door, and Gilbert Masters entered, accompanied by his friend, Esquire Waterbury—and Esquire Waterbury advanced: "Most happy to meet, in *propria persona*, 'Belle Sparkle,' alias Miss Harrington."

Miss Harrington extended the tips of her fingers, with studied coolness.

"Bah! an icicle!" thought the lawyer, frozen by her repellent haughtiness of manner.

Conversation became general; the literary lady was brilliant, her wit keen, her satire cutting; books were criticised, authors condemned or ap-

proved unsparingly, and in literature she betrayed herself at home. Esquire Waterbury broached other themes—the beauty of the country, and various topics—but the *blue* returned to her congenial theme, authors and books. Masters conversed gaily, fluently; but the lawyer only wondered at his ease, and grew more constrained himself. This fine literary lady seemed likely to overshadow him with her superiority. At length, as a *dernier* resort, he ventured to refer to their past correspondence.

"Ah, yes, she had doubtless troubled him with her foolish letters. But she had grown wiser of late. Such correspondences were pleasant, to be sure—more pleasant than profitable, as Esquire Waterbury would no doubt concede. She hoped he had burned her letters?"

The young lawyer winced under her sarcasm, and coughed in lieu of a reply. The interview was not prolonged; and when the gentlemen departed, she bade them adieu with chilling dignity.

"By Jove, I'm petrified, Masters!" exclaimed Waterbury, on emerging into the street. "An iceberg!—splendid, glittering, frozen! I told you that woman would prove so! Positively, my teeth chatter! Who would imagine that a score or more of letters had passed between us? Did you notice how she cut me up to-night? Took particular pains to inform me she'd burnt my old letters. And this is 'Belle Sparkle'! Ah, Masters, I told you so! These literary women spread themselves on paper, but personally they are pedantic and repellent in the extreme. Books, authors and critics—it's their hobby! Well, I've met the literary lady, and departed, a sadder yet wiser man. I wonder you thought her pleasing, Masters, during your interview at Thornvale!"

"She certainly seemed different there!" replied Masters, smothering a laugh.

"I should infer it, from your report of her at that time," replied the lawyer, drily. "Come, my dear fellow, I think I'll go home and make a grand suttie of the *blue's* old letters—thus leaving 'no baseless fabric behind.'"

"You're a Vandal—or, worse still, a Pagan!" said Masters.

"No—an iconoclast!" replied Waterbury, with a sad smile.

"O, what an *outré* rig, Dora!" laughed Georgie Ross, as Dora Deane stood before the mirror in their room, after the departure of her guests. A *peruke*, *rouge* and pearl-powder for little Dora Deane! Come here and let me Christianize you! I hope you punished him? But who is he like? Is he gentlemanly or agreeable? I am dying to know!"

"Put off dying till to-morrow," replied Dora, "and your curiosity will be gratified. As he boards at Aunt Sarah's, we shall be likely to be favored somewhat with his company."

"And then we shall have the *romance* of the story! Capital! capital! Wont it be nice, after all?" and little Georgie Ross clapped her hands. "And you shall write a book about it—and Gilbert and I will 'dance at the wedding!'"

"Nonsense!" said Dora, gravely, though a flush quite broke up through the *rouge* she was removing from her cheeks. "Come here, you silly thing, and help unfasten this heavy wig that's giving me the headache."

Dora Deane and Georgie Ross had now been domesticated with "Aunt Sarah," Gilbert Masters's mother, three weeks; and we might as well say at once that in all the events of those three bright weeks, whether walk, drive, picnic in the grand old woods on the Masters's estate, or sailing-excursions on the river, Horace Waterbury had constituted himself Miss Deane's companion. That this was quite to his mind, may be inferred from the soliloquy in which the young lawyer found himself indulging one afternoon, as the tea hour brought him from his office, and he walked musingly along.

"Here, at length," he mused, "have I found the realization of my ideal—a lovely, lovable woman. Sensible, vivacious, domestic, affectionate, Dora Deane is everything I have dreamed my wife should be. I wonder if she likes me? Her manner is so free and unembarrassed, I have sometimes thought that if she cared for me at all she would appear less so. How fortunate I did not follow up my former *penchant* for the *blue*! This little blue-eyed Dora must be my wife, or Horace Waterbury, Esquire, will never write himself Benedict!"

But, reader, what use to prolong the story? Let a brief summing up bring us to a *finale*. That evening, under the moonlit sky, Horace Waterbury did what thousands of stricken swains

have done before—beginning with a confused story of "regard" and "feelings," and ending with a more intelligible offer of his "heart and hand."

And Dora Deane—well, I wouldn't wonder if she smiled a little, though she replied in a tone of quiet surprise: "Why, Mr. Waterbury, I never expected this! I thought you had declared a hundred times that you never would marry a *literary* lady!"

"And so I would not!" he replied stoutly. "But you, Dora—you, with your quiet ways and lovable nature—so different—how could I help loving you? What do you mean? What are you smiling at?" said he, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

"I mean—if I should confess—what would you think, if I should confess—"

"Confess what?" asked the young man, in bewilderment. "You surely never were *literary*? You are not—"

"Belle Sparkle!" But her I am!" stoutly affirmed the laughing girl.

"What nonsense! Why am I to believe such an assertion? You are no more like Miss Harrington than I am!" exclaimed Waterbury, looking on her fair face in the moonlight. "Don't tease me, Dora! If Gilbert has told you of that affair—that brief weakness—I forgive him; but I pray you, dear Dora, don't use it against me. I declare I never loved her!"

"Why wont you believe a *lady's* word, Mr. Waterbury?" said Dora, gravely, though a smile lurked in the corners of her dimpled mouth. "You asked me just now *why* you were to believe my assertion, that I am what I purported to be. Don't you see how a French *peruke*, *rouge* and pearl-powder, etc., etc., may have 'made-up' the fine literary lady, who, not a month ago, in disguise, held an interview with one Horace Waterbury, Esquire, in the parlor of the Dentwood House? Really, Mr. Waterbury, legal acumen did not serve you then, did it?"

"Dora Deane!" It was all the young man could say; and though it reached the heart of the girl, still she went on merrily:

"Wasn't it nice to play off such a little ruse on the gentleman, who, as I am informed by my cousin Gilbert, confessed such a decided antipathy to 'blue-stockings'? And now, of course, you wouldn't wish to marry 'an iceberg'—a petrification!—one who makes a trade of spreading herself on paper—ha, ha! Head homage and heart homage do differ some, don't they, Mr. Waterbury?"

"Dora Deane,"—and the words were candid and firm—"Dora, I acknowledge my error; I deserve it all; yet I trust myself to your clemency. You will not, because of my egregious vanity, sentence me too severely? Tell me, Dora," and he firmly imprisoned a little white hand, "will you forgive me? I do not ask this of the authoress, 'Belle Sparkle,' but of Dora Deane, my beloved!"

"Esquire Waterbury," archly said little Georgie Ross, as they met next morning in the hall, "have you ever yet, in the course of your legal practice, encountered a case headed 'Belle Sparkle versus the lawyer!'"

#### THE SENSES.

Of the five senses which have been given to man, three—taste, smell and touch—are incapable of producing in us the sentiment of beauty. Joined to the other two, they may contribute to the understanding of this sentiment; but alone and by themselves they cannot produce it. Taste judges of the agreeable, not of the beautiful. No sense is less allied to the soul, and more in the service of the body; it flatters, it serves the grossest of all masters—the stomach. If smell sometimes seem to participate in the sentiment of the beautiful, it is because the odor is exhaled from an object that is already beautiful, that is beautiful for some other reason. Thus, the rose is beautiful for its graceful form, for the varied splendor of its colors; its odor is agreeable, it is not beautiful. Finally, it is not touch alone that judges of the regularity of forms, but touch enlightened by sight. There remain two senses to which all the world concedes the privilege of exciting in us the idea and the sentiment of the beautiful. They seem to be more particularly in the service of the soul. The sensations which they give have something purer, more intellectual. They are less indispensable for the material preservation of the individual. They contribute to the embellishment rather than to the sustaining of life. They procure as pleasures in which our personality seems less interested and more self-forgetful. To these two senses, then, Art should be addressed—is addressed, in fact—in order to reach the soul. Hence the division of arts into two great classes—arts addressed to hearing, arts addressed to sight; on the one hand music and poetry; on the other, painting, with engraving, sculpture, architecture, gardening.—*Cousin.*



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

There's no such word as fail,  
To those who in the right  
Dare nobly, mild the strife,  
With earnestness and might.

Who feel the conscious power  
Which honest worth shall give,  
And strive each passing day  
A nobler life to live.

Who bear yet bravely up,  
When swift descends the blow  
Which strikes their hopes to earth,  
And lays their ventures low

Who still amid the fray,  
With souls unstained by crime,  
Assert their manhood's strength,  
And make their lives sublime

They yet shall rise again,  
Though fate may bid them fall,  
They yet shall wear the crown,  
And triumph over all

A crown of noble deeds,  
A name of honored worth,  
A wealth which few possess,  
The heroes of the earth.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## LOVE—NOT MONEY.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

## PART FIRST.

"Off to Europe, eh? How long are you intending to stop?"

"It may be six months, it may be twelve," replied the young man addressed, twirling his moustache. "Be the stay long or short, I'm bound to enjoy myself."

"And how does the fair Eleanor take the idea of this intended separation. I suppose she has a little wholesome fear of England's young beauties, and such good-looking men as yourself are not met with every day, either in this country or that."

"Thank you for your good opinion. As to Miss Eleanor, I think she will bear the separation with a tolerable grace. We are engaged, you know," he added, with a laugh that had a slight shade of mockery in its tone.

"People don't make much of engagements, these times," replied the other, lightly, tapping his chin with the golden edge of his cane.

"Except where money is concerned, and a Turk of a father who has bent a son to his iron will ever since he was in arms. I can't afford to be disinherited," the dash of bitterness was a stronger infusion this time.

"Well, Miss Eleanor is a charming woman," returned the first speaker.

"I have always thought you appreciated her charms," said Herbert Nevins, with some emphasis on the always.

Willis Wells blushed and turned away as he said, carelessly, "O, we poets admire all the pretty women; we are too poor to more than admire."

The friends parted, and Herbert Nevins wended his way to an aristocratic mansion in the upper part of New York city, while Willis Wells, feeling for the manuscript in his pocket, bent his steps towards the dingy office of a newspaper, there to drudge (not uncomplainingly), for a small pittance.

Herbert Nevins was ushered into the dim splendors of the great parlors of the home of Thomas Hodge. The name of the flourishing merchant was not euphonious. He was a portly man, handsome and high-toned, and very rich. Fortunate turns in the tide of stocks had built him up. He was sagacious, too, and far-sighted, and not, as a consequence (because equally far-sighted men have been unfortunate), he became enormously wealthy.

Eleanor Hodge was his only child, his idol. Untold sums of money had been lavished upon her education. According to fashionable judgment, she was a "splendid cresshaw." You would think so, to see her sail into these crimson-shaded parlors, her pale cheek flushed with the prevailing color, her step and form as stately as those of a queen. Her eye seemed to kindle as she met the somewhat constrained devotion of Herbert Nevins. Truth to tell, unconsciously to herself, she admired rather than loved Herbert. He was very handsome, very courteous,

unexceptionable in address, in character—altogether, apparently, a woman's ideal. Everybody was "dying," "raving," and doing I know not what other extravagant thing for him. Eleanor was engaged, and therefore proportionably envied.

"Well, I have called to make you my adieu," he said, laughingly, as he arose and took the vacant seat by her side. "It is all arranged, I believe, and I shall probably leave the city to-morrow morning."

"There was a pretty little start—rather theatrical—"to-morrow morning!" exclaimed Eleanor. "O! I am sorry I engaged myself for to night, if you are going so soon. What can I do?"

"Don't break the engagement, I pray you; I could not well stay this evening. I have so many calls to make, so much to attend to."

"Shall you remain in Europe long?"

The timid voice surprised him. He turned fully towards her. Her beautiful eyes were humid, the color was high on her cheek, her countenance was sorrowful. He was surprised into exclaiming, "Why, Eleanor, do you really care that I am going?"

"How can you ask the question?" she returned, with trembling lip, and tears did really begin to fall. Herbert thought he had never seen her looking so well; something like warm and earnest love sprang up in his heart. "It would be curious," he thought to himself, "if I should experience a romantic attachment just as I am going away. I have heard of such things. She really looks well! she has beautiful eyes, beautiful hands and feet! I don't know but I am beginning to be proud of her."

"You will miss me then?" he said, moving as near as the inconvenient edge of the *tete-a-tete* would allow.

"Very much," she almost whispered.

"And I shall miss you," he said, warmly, the native impulsiveness of his character triumphant. "I shall see no woman there so lovely as Eleanor—wherever I go I shall think of her; may I ask the same pledge in return?"

And thus for some little time vows were exchanged and lover's nonsense beguiled the time. I say "lover's nonsense," because it is nonsense in a great many cases.

So Herbert Nevins sailed for England, and for many scores of miles he carried the queenly image of Eleanor, sitting in the dim splendor of the great shadowy parlors; sitting by his side, confessing her love for him.

O, fickle faith of women!—some women. That very night Eleanor sighed to think her hand was promised to the wanderer.

Willis Wells had rendered himself immortal. He had published a poem that was repeated to everybody and by everybody, and Eleanor was conscious that she was the heroine. Amidst the bevy of beauties who praised him as much with sparkling eyes as musical voices, his eye only sought approbation of one—that one was Eleanor.

"Suppose the poor author should ever become the great poet," said Eleanor to herself, as her cheek sought the pillow. Then she thought of Herbert Nevins and sighed.

Many a girl whom we meet brilliantly beautiful on the promenade, is like Eleanor, in a "strait betwixt two."

Meanwhile, Herbert Nevins tossed on the briny deep, thoughtless consecutively of Eleanor as he neared the desired haven. His mind was full of the glories he should see. And when he arrived there, pleasure after pleasure, success after success dazzled and delighted him. Flattered by the unusually pointed attention that was shown him, he forgot the loves, the beauties, the engagements of home. Amid splendid saloons, outravelling the magnificence of Fifth Avenue not so much in outward show as intrinsic value, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the gay metropolis, and was soon hand-in-glove with its most prominent notabilities.

One evening at a concert in the private box of a nobleman, he met a beautiful girl who, from the first glance, captivated his fancy and claimed his attention. Miss Howard had lately burst like a glorious star upon London society. There was that in her face that, once seen, seen especially by the admiring eyes of youth, could never be forgotten. It was an expression of pensiveness, and the change caused by her dimpling smile was absolutely radiant. Herbert Nevins thought he had never before seen a countenance so spiritually lovely, a demeanor so fascinating, and he inquired of the young blood who accom-

panied him, whether she was a relative or dependent. Something in her air led him to suspect the latter.

"A cousin of Lady Howard's," was the reply. "Her father is a madcap squire in some byshire—a rollicking, dare-devil fellow—good company, but infernally poor. Whether he intends to make some good match for his daughter or not, I don't know, but, egad! I should think so. The squire lives up to, and I am told a precious way beyond his income, but he is of a good family, and the fellows in our set go up there occasionally, and we enjoy ourselves famously. Doubtless you will get an invitation to fish and hunt at Lakely Hall, where you may enjoy more exclusively the society of this fine creature. She is deucedly handsome—but money, money, sir, is the object with our fellows."

"It is doing her positive harm, under such circumstances, I should think, to expose her to the fascination of high life," said Herbert, gazing admiringly at the lovely girl who at that moment was giving him the full glow of one of her rare smiles.

"Yes, but Lady Howard is doubtless trying to fish up some withered old count or earl to tie this pearl upon, and set her up in society. That's the way she has managed with her own daughters. But I see Lady Helen de Voe beckoning; adieu. I will see you to-morrow."

Herbert Nevins could only think of Lelia Howard, night and day, wherever he went. Her image took precedence of Eleanor's. The exceeding beauty of her countenance, the natural grace with which she moved, spoke and acted, constantly enchanted him, and he became a true and devoted worshipper. His devotion was the theme of many a tongue.

"Take care," said a young lord, "don't get too deeply entangled. Since an old miser of an uncle disinherited her father for his extravagance, there is no hope that she will bring the unlucky fellow who marries her, one cent. I advise you to be warned in time."

Herbert smiled to himself and then sighed. He loved her passionately. She was the first woman towards whom his heart had truly turned. To him she was an angel—pure, modest, simple in her tastes, true and tender in her love. But he was engaged to ninety thousand dollars.

His father had set his heart upon the union of his son with Eleanor Hodge. Besides, did not Eleanor love him, truly, devotedly? was not his honor pledged? Infatuated that he was, he could not force himself to forget the peerless Lelia Howard. An invitation to her father's home was accepted with a bounding heart and high-leaping pulse. He entered the aristocratic old mansion with feelings of reverence for the golden past as it seemed stamped on everything around him. The grand old staircase with its waxed floor, its panels of polished mahogany, the great hall, lined with pictures whose hues seemed stolen from the gorgeous tinting of the skies, the antique rooms, suite after suite impressed his imagination as no other household had ever done. And then the lovely Lelia, moving from corridor to corridor, so ethereal, so almost holy in her matchless beauty.

The old squire was emphatically jolly. A big, round, good-natured body, his laugh at once explosive and mellow, filled the house with cheer. And such a table! No wonder his frame grew unweildy with oleaginous latitude; no wonder his cheeks stood out covered with purple red, for he breakfasted, he dined, he supped like a king, and his thick beard shook from morning till night with its owner's mirth.

The days spent at Lakely Hall were like hours passed in paradise. There were beautiful walks, there were murmuring streams, there were bowers and shady avenues, all of which were haunted, not by spirits, but forms of flesh and blood, however love had etherialized them. Herbert and Lelia were often together, and Eleanor Hodge (O, unpoetical name!) was forgotten. In a delirium of feeling, one day Herbert proposed and was accepted. A vision of Eleanor, a vision of his father, wrath and cursing, rose up before him, but he was in Eden. He shut all the serpents out by force of will and banished everything but Eve and bliss.

But once more alone, grown calmer, more rational, reflection came. What had he done? The vengeance of his father he felt assured would follow him for this misstep. He had betrayed confidence and broken vows. These thoughts made him very unhappy. As he sat musing in his chamber there came suddenly to his ear a

shrill, piercing cry. He knew that voice, and throwing on his dressing gown, he ran hastily down stairs. Others had been also summoned by the terrible cry of anguish, and were moving hastily in the direction of the terrible outcry, asking of each other what it could be.

Again arose the wild shriek, "help! help!" and Herbert sprang within the squire's chamber, where he found Lelia supporting her father's head with great difficulty, he having fallen in a fit to the floor.

"He rang his bell," she cried, in frantic tones, turning to Herbert, "and as I came in he fell to the floor. O, my dear father, speak to me—O, my God! I see dead!"

Medical assistance was called, but to no purpose. The poor old squire had gone to his last account, and sweet Lelia Howard was an orphan. Herbert longed to take her to his heart to his home, after this terrible affliction, and make her his wife, but he dared not as yet. He did not dare to brave the cruel wrath of a father he feared, and upon whom he was entirely dependent. So, after seeing her placed in the protection of her relatives, who volunteered to care for her for a season, he left her with his solemn promise to return and claim her hand, and set out for home, trusting that some kind fortune might befall him, that Eleanor had forgotten him, that he might soften his father's heart and in some manner prepare the way for the reception of a portionless bride.

## PART SECOND.

Meanwhile, Willis Wells was, in the expressive language of the fast people of to-day, "cutting a dash." He had already issued two "sweet little volumes," all blue and gold—the disbing up of his various poetical dainties. The ladies were more than ever enchanted with him. The men pointed as his handsome figure promenaded Broadway, and spoke of him as the popular poet, who has published several books, you know. He had been complimented by three professors, five clergymen and two lawyers—handsomely complimented in public. He wore unexceptionable broadcloth, he was alluded to as a rising young man, a *very* rising young man, and he was more in love than ever with Eleanor Hodge.

Meantime, Mr. Hodge had by some means learned that the poet sought the society of his daughter, and having a great horror of literary men, he forbade Eleanor to allow him the *entre* of the house. He, like old Mr. Nevins, had set his heart upon the marriage of Eleanor and Herbert, and impatiently awaited its fulfilment. He was the first person to announce to her, one pleasant morning, the arrival of her affianced husband by the steamer of the previous day. She dissembled well, though her cheeks grew, perhaps, a shade paler, and when she met him she forced the beaming smiles and ardent welcomes. It was unfortunate that neither could read the heart of the other. Eleanor did not dream, as Herbert imprinted a cool kiss upon her brow, that he was mentally comparing her with the sweet English girl, who, as she parted from him with tears, standing in her matchless beauty and innocence, her dead, black garments falling in rich folds about her form, seemed as much superior, in mind and face, to the daughter of the merchant called Hodge, as an angel might seem beside an ordinary mortal. Neither did he imagine that, as she gazed at him, allowing her hand to lie passively in his, she called up a face that was dearer and lips whose touch would have thrilled her from vein to vein. Well, Herbert Nevins had come home. There were parties given in his honor, and he was the lion of his set, but he was wretched. He felt as if there was a gulf between himself and Eleanor which he could not pass over, and still he saw that in his father's mind his fate was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Tormented by feeling himself placed in this unenviable situation, he decided at last to throw himself upon his father's mercy, and like a culprit who anticipates his doom, he went towards the library where his father usually spent his mornings. He had always feared the stern old man. Now, young and vigorous as he was, his limbs trembled under him, as he heard the deep tones of his "come in."

"Good morning, sir," said his father, looking up, re-adjusting his spectacles and then setting himself to his antiquarian lore.

"Good morning, father," responded Herbert, obeying his sign to be seated. "I hope I do not interrupt you."



"Not in the least, sir, if you have business of importance; otherwise you do."

"I have something of importance to say," said Herbert, feeling his heart sink—"it is with reference to Miss Eleanor Hodge."

"Ah!" and the spectacles came off in a twinkling, the bald head shone benignant. "The marriage, I suppose, is to take place presently. Well, I am ready as soon as you are; I have selected for you a fine brown stone front; you will begin life auspiciously, young man—auspiciously!"

"Yes, sir—but—I—sir, I feel as if I did not love Miss Eleanor sufficiently to make her as happy as she deserves to be."

"She's a fine girl!" said the old merchant, abruptly, fastening on his spectacles, "and she deserves to be happy; but you need not fear. Honor her, my son, honor her; women only need to be humored in order to be made celestially agreeable. She's a handsome girl; will do honor to your choice."

"But I beg you will remember that she was not exactly my choice," said Herbert, growing a little indignant, "you chose her for me and bade me marry her."

"Certainly—in so doing I looked at your interest exclusively, my son—a rich and beautiful wife is not frequently found. Two great considerations, sir, wealth and beauty."

"I scorn them both—in her," said Herbert, passionately.

"Did I hear aright?" asked the old man, haughtily, lifting his tall form to its utmost height and bending stern and wrathful glances upon his son.

"I fear I do not love Eleanor Hodge," said Herbert, the old, cruel dread of his childhood crushing down his manliness.

"And what next, sir?" asked the old man, with the same icy sneer.

"I love another," issued faltering from the pale lips, and now that the ice was broken, he continued—"I love a woman whose soul is as superior to the soul of Eleanor Hodge, as heaven is superior to earth."

"Souls! fudge!" exclaimed the old man, shortly—"who is she? what is she? has she a good social standing? has she wealth equal to that of the girl I have chosen for you?"

"She is related to nobility, sir; an English girl," said Herbert, the blood flushing his cheek.

"And poor as a church mouse, I expect," said the elder Nevins, coldly, though his old heart leaped. Perhaps, after all, his son might marry English blood and English gold.

"She is not rich, sir," was the reply, "save in loveliness and virtue."

"Fudge! tell me just how it stands; has she a comfortable fortune? family is something."

"Her father died embarrassed, sir."

"And she will have—"

"Nothing," replied Herbert, taking courage, he scarcely knew why, from the manner of his father.

"Humph!" the old man resumed his seat—"so will you, sir—absolutely nothing, unless you marry Eleanor Hodge. No more, sir, if you please, I prefer my study to myself. You have my decision. Let me tell you once for all, it is irreversible. Good-morning."

"Selfish!" cried Herbert, between his shut teeth, as he closed the door, "mercenary, cold-blooded—keep your money! I'll marry Lelia if I have to drive a dray to support her—keep your accursed gold!"

This was while he was in hot blood. It happens that untoward circumstances turn a man's mind sometimes, though it seems as if all the demons in the universe were not sufficient to effect the change.

#### PART THIRD.

On the same day Herbert was met by an old college friend, whose hat was napless and whose coat displayed a similar tendency to polish. He did not cut him. On the contrary (particularly as the young man turned into a less frequented street), he walked with him.

"You are not well, Stearns," was his first exclamation.

"No—wretchedly miserable," then he stopped and smiting his hands together, while his white lips grew paler, he exclaimed, "O, the curse, the bitter curse of poverty!"

"Let us walk on," said Herbert, soothingly; he feared that attention might be drawn towards them.

"You know, Nevins, what a lovely creature I

married. O! the anguish of seeing her wasting before my eyes. I have one child; we shall soon have another, and Nevins, if you believe me, I live up in a room three pair stairs high, and sometimes I have not a thing to do from one week to another. O, my God! that I should make this confession of humiliation."

"My poor friend!" said Herbert, "let me help you."

"O, if you could loan me but five dollars! I will return it in a week—two weeks at the farthest."

"Hush—nothing about that," and Herbert nervously fingered his wallet. "I am dependent upon my father, you know, or it should be more."

"More—more," gasped poor Stearns, gazing at the fifty dollar note—"more?"

"Yes—double, treble that—put it up, they are looking this way; as it is, you need not trouble yourself to return it, unless," he added, quickly, "you should sometime be rich and I poor."

"My God! Nevins, you have saved me—saved me soul and body!" He bent nearer to his friend, saying, as he drew his lean finger across his throat, "the devil tempted me!"

Herbert shuddered. "And this is poverty," he said—"that frank, handsome, fearless Ned Stearns reduced to starvation, longing for death. His wife, too, she was a pretty creature; she suffers, hungers. O, can I bring Lelia to such a fate? for, alas! I know my father. He never felt love, nor mercy."

Perhaps it was weak, but it was very natural—I mean for one of his class of mind. He ceased to write long letters to England, though the effort tore his soul asunder. Like a very good child, he obeyed his father, and seven months elapsed. The next one he was to be married. He knew that neither he loved Eleanor, nor she loved him. He had grown reckless of that fact. Reckless in his habits, too, rather. His tastes were refined, and that was all that saved him from ruin.

One day he received a mysterious note. In it the writer requested him to call and inquire to be shown to private parlor number 9, of the Hotel. He went, wondering, but promptly, and was ushered into a room richly furnished. A side door opened and—his heart stood still. There, pale, but more than ever beautiful, arrayed in black, glossy gossamer robes, stood Lelia Howard! The young man threw himself, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, on the floor in an attitude of worship. Her lips curled, her eye blazed for a moment, then a hot, quick flush mounted to her cheek, as she asked, in tones fearfully low and clear, "Herbert Nevins, I have come to see if report said true. I heard that you were about to marry a great heiress. Yes, and I have heard, but I cannot credit it (her lip quivered), that you were even engaged before you had ever known me. O, false heart! can this be so?"

"I am true to you! Heaven be my witness that I love you, only you," he cried, in tones of passion.

"Answer my question, sir," she said, with calm dignity, "are you engaged to be married—within a month?"

Herbert was silent; he turned his face away in shame, in agony.

"You do not speak—I accept the report, then."

There was a long silence. Herbert dared not look up. A little bottle, emitting a powerful odor, rolled to his feet. A horrible suspicion seized him. Clutching it he sprang towards her, and catching her hands in his, he cried, "God of mercy! don't tell me you have taken poison!"

She smiled—O, that glorious smile of old! Her eyes closed, she reeled and fell. The young man filled the house with his cries for "help," and when they carried her away and sent for medical assistance, he walked the floor, raving almost like a maniac, cursing himself and imploring God for her life in the same breath.

That night Eleanor Hodge and Willis Wells met by stealth.

"It is all over town about Nevins; I suppose you have heard?" said the poet.

"No—I have heard nothing," replied Eleanor.

"Why, an English beauty has followed poor Nevins here, and having charged him with infidelity, she took poison. So she lays in the hotel yonder, and the doctors despair of her life."

Eleanor listened in silence. One pang crossed

her heart as she thought, "well, after all, he has not loved me in the least." "But," said conscience, "have you ever loved him?" She turned towards Willis Wells, and her heart answered—"no."

"I can give you independence," he whispered.

"And my father loves me; he must forgive me," murmured Eleanor, tearfully.

The next day the newspapers had more mystery to unfold. A beauty and heiress was missing; in fact, before night it was well known that Eleanor and the poet had made a runaway match.

Mr. Hodge swore fearfully, declared that he would kill his infamous son-in-law, but, on the whole, thought better of it.

With great difficulty they saved the life of the beautiful English girl. Herbert was taken dangerously ill—his disease, brain fever. It was pitiful to hear him call for his Lelia, his English rose, terrible to witness him writhing and cursing his father. He appeared to think he was married to Eleanor, and implored that the hated bonds might be broken. His father looked on—thought of his own white hairs and a waiting tomb, and did what he had never done before, reproached himself. He saw the beautiful Lelia and implored her forgiveness, nay, begged her to come and see his suffering son.

"I have been an old fool!" he exclaimed, "an old fool tottering on the brink of a precipice. It is a mercy I was not plunged headlong. You must pardon me; he who lies in yonder room was always a dutiful son, and he has perhaps sacrificed his life to my wicked caprices. You shall be my daughter if God will only spare him."

This last was spoken through his tears—it was pitiful to hear the tremulous tones, to see him turn away and wipe his eyes again and again.

For many months Herbert was a sufferer, but they were happy months, for Lelia was beside him. They were married while he was yet very pale from convalescence. Herbert took to his heart one whom he thought was portionless, and not till they had been wedded six months did he learn that Lelia was the possessor of an immense fortune; that after her father's death, her uncle had made his will in her favor a few weeks before his own decease.

#### At the residence of Mr. Hodge.

Scene.—A breakfast table. Pater Familias leisurely reading his paper and sipping his coffee. Eleanor, radiant in pink and white, engaged in holding a very large spoon (comparatively) to a very small mouth. Willis Wells, eating egg and toast.

"Well, Willis," says Pater Familias, "this is a splendid notice of your new book. It is selling like wildfire, eh?"

"Four thousand the first week, sir," replies the young poet.

Eleanor. Now, pa, isn't it pleasant to read "Willis Wells, popular author, son-in-law of our enterprising citizen, etc., etc."?

Papa. Well it is rather pleasant, especially as he's coining the dimes. I always thought literature a beggarly employment, but I see that in some cases it pays.

#### At the residence of Mr. Nevins.

Evening.—Old Mr. Nevins in an easy-chair, Lelia placing pillows for his head. Herbert untieing the string from the new book of Willis Wells.

Old Mr. Nevins. Thank you, my dear, thank you, my sweet love. How comfortable you make me. You are a home wife and a home daughter, surely.

Herbert. I think I must make Willis Wells some costly present, as a token of my regard.

Lelia. What! for his beautiful book?

Herbert. O, no—though it is a very good thing. But for his running away with Eleanor Hodge—they are so well suited for each other. He told me yesterday that he had been to a levee, a concert, or party, every night this week.

"We enjoy home," said Lelia, thoughtfully, as the smile in her beautiful eyes met an answering smile from both husband and father.

And thus all was well that ended well.

TIME.—Years rush by as like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—S. M.

#### THIS IS GLORY.

An English periodical estimates that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported in the year 1830, from the continent of Europe into one port of England. The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and all other places where, during the lately preceding bloody war, the principal battles were fought, were swept alike of the bones of the hero and the horse he rode. Thus collected from every quarter they were shipped to the port of Hull and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone-grinders, where there are steam engines and powerful machinery for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. The principal market for the product thus prepared is Dorchester in the centre of a rich agricultural region, whose farmers use them to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt, by actual experiment on an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce, and it is more than probable that the farmers of Yorkshire and other parts of England owe the rich fertility of their lands, and their daily bread, to the bones of their children, who perished on the Continent, in the Crimea, or in India. It is a singular fact that Great Britain should have sent out, from time to time, such a multitude of soldiers to fight her battles, and then should import their bones as articles of commercial and agricultural profit. Alas, the poor soldier! To convert himself into a target, to be shot at for a shilling a day, and if killed in battle, to have his bones made an article of commerce! It is most horrible to think of!

#### FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

The French army numbers, as near as can be ascertained, 605,000 men, viz. infantry, 410,000; cavalry, 85,000; artillery, 60,000; and 50,000 other troops, including 30,000 gendarmes. The number of horses in military service amounts to 26,000. Number of cannon, 1,100. There are twelve Marshals of France, ninety-five Generals of Division, and 170 Generals of Brigade. The emperor's body guard, called "Cent Gardes a Cheval" (Mounted Hundred Guards), consists of a colonel, a lieutenant colonel, and 210 officers and men. The "Garde Imperiale" consists of two divisions of infantry, comprising one regiment of gendarmes, four of voltigeurs, three of grenadiers and one of Zouaves, with battalion of chasseurs, a division of cavalry comprising thirty-seven squadrons, and two regiments of artillery, with two companies of engineers—making in all nearly 30,000. In field service and ceremonies these troops have precedence over all others except "Cent Guards." The navy consists of 280 vessels, of which 162 are in active service, of the latter sixty-six are sailing vessels, and the balance are steamers. The number of guns afloat is in the vicinity of 6000. The crews, complete, amount to about 42,000 men; besides, over 100,000 are in reserve who are liable to serve. There are two admirals, eleven vice-admirals, twenty rear-admirals, 120 captains of men-of-war, 242 captains of frigates, 675 lieutenants, and 565 mates. The total expense for supporting the entire military and navy force is estimated to be \$98,918,111 annually.

#### THE ARTIST IN ROME.

Truly, the life of an artist in Rome is about as near the perfection of earthly happiness as is commonly vouchsafed to mortal man. The tone of society, and all the surroundings of the artist, are so congenial that no poverty nor privation can seriously interfere with them. The streets, with their architectural marvels; the trim gardens and picturesque cloisters of the old religious establishments; the magnificent villas of the neighborhood of the city, and the vast, mysterious Campagna, with its gigantic aqueducts and its purple atmosphere, and those glorious galleries which at the same time gratify the taste of the artist and feed his ambition; these are things which are as free to him as the blessed sunlight or the water that sparkles in the countless fountains of the Holy City. I do not wonder that artists who have lived any considerable time in Rome are discontented with the feverish restlessness of our American way of life, and that, after "stifling the mighty hunger of the heart" through two or three wearisome years in our western world, they turn to Rome as to a fond mother, upon whose breast they may find that peace which they had elsewhere sought in vain.—Apuachuck.

#### STUDY OF THE SCIENCES

The sciences of which the study affords the greatest exercise to the understanding, are not those whose principles are the most fixed and demonstrable, as, for instance, natural philosophy or mathematics; but such as involve a degree of fluctuation, and require the balancing of probabilities, as political or mental philosophy, ethics, or human nature in its individual manifestations. To borrow an illustration from the fine arts: the former may be compared to the capitals of Corinthian columns, or friezes of regular proportions, which, however necessary or ornamental, demand no invention or fancy in the architect, but only adherence to a model, with only a certain amount of mechanical skill. The latter resemble the Arabesque or old Gothic embellishments, the draperies and more intricate combinations of beauty, which requires not only a wider range, but a loftier order of talent.—Chalmers.



## LAKE WINNIPISOGEE, N. H.



N the whole range of New England there is no sheet of water comparable in beauty and picturesque scenery to Lake Winnipisogee, the largest lake of New Hampshire. Other lakes of New England have exquisitely beautiful features; some of them wear the grace of historic association or romantic legend; but this lake is of itself a romance of nature, varied, enchanting, perfect. The line of shore is wonderfully varied, with the most capricious carving, doubling, receding and protruding; and forming, as it is drawn on paper, the most curious arabesque. This produces a constant succession of surprises to the voyager who skirts its wooded margin. And it is noticeable that in its whole circumference there is no spot inconsistent with the beauty of the design—no range of low, dreary marsh, no reedy sand-

banks breaking the surface of the mirror, but everywhere a gentle or bold acclivity from the edge of the water. And, to protect this magnificent sheet of water from the suspicion even of monotony, Nature has gemmed it with a vast number of islands and islets, some of considerable extent, others so small that, seen from a distance, and viewed in connection with the vast expanse of water, they seem like baskets of leaf and rock-work. The leading characteristic of the lake is beauty, and its surroundings

are entirely consonant with this feature and expression; for it will be remembered that it lies in the hill-country and not in the mountain region. The lake-region is the vestibule to the mountain palaces beyond; the fairy land that precedes the cloud-land; the gentle prelude to a grand oratorio. The frame-work in which it sets is just bold enough to enhance its beauty—no more. The Gunstock and Ossipee ranges are lofty and commanding, but they stop short of grandeur. Sometimes, of a clear, bright morning, as you glide along the north-

eastern shore of the lake towards Centre Harbor, and then you feel that you are among the hills, and the mountains are yet far, far away. The traveller, when he first catches a glimpse of the lake, cannot fail to recognize the felicity of the Indian name it preserves—the "Smile of the Great Spirit." It is the poetical title of a charming poem. It is indeed a smile of Omnipotence gladdening the earth. To appreciate it fully, one must view it from the summit of Mount Belknap or from Red Hill, at various hours of the day, as well as traverse it from end to end, and linger among its beautiful islands and along its winding shores. Not to have seen Lake Winnipisogee is to be ignorant of one of the most enchanting places. It is not a solitary landscape here that woos the eye, but



MEREDITH, N. H.

awaits passengers; and the other by the Boston and Maine Railroad, as far as Dover, N. H., 68 miles; thence, by the Dover and Cochecho Railroad, to Alton Bay at the southeast extremity of Lake Winnipisogee, 28 miles, where the steamer "Dover" takes passengers across the lake to Wolfboro' and Centre Harbor. Both these routes are pleasant, and we should counsel those making the excursion to go by one and return by the other. The cars and boats on both lines offer the best accommodations. The Boston and Maine, Dover and Cochecho line is preferable in going, for the first view of the lake at Alton Bay is most striking, and the opening of the scene as you emerge from the deep bay, seven miles long, is charming. By either line, if you take the first morning train, you reach Centre

summer they are bright with verdure, or later in the season are smiling with the gifts of Ceres. From Red Hill the view of the lake is enchanting, and awakens in the mind of the beholder thoughts of some fairy land which mortals may sometimes catch a glimpse of, but never approach. The soil in this town is mostly a rich loam. The town is pleasantly situated, and its location probably gave rise to its present name. The first settlement was made in 1765 by Ebenezer Chamberlain. Centre Harbor is widely known as one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the country. Far from the noise of the crowded city and the petty annoyances of village gossip, the man of leisure or the man of business may each find an asylum adapted to his wants." After touching at Centre Harbor, we

continue our voyage across the lake, a fine view of which is presented in one of our engravings, with a back ground of mist-wreathed hills. The boat finally reaches Wolfboro', a very pretty town, which Mr. Waud has delineated as seen from the lake. The large building seen over the stern of the "Dover" is the Pavilion, an excellent hotel, kept by Mr. A. H. Dunton, formerly of the Flume House. The Pavilion commands a fine view of the lake and of the Gunstock Mountains, and is within a stone's throw of the water. Mr. Charlton says of Wolfboro': "Situated on Lake Winnipisogee, which touches its south-western border, while the lofty mountains of Ossipee and the rugged hills of Tuftonboro' rise up in the rear like the impregnable walls of a gigantic fortress, its whole scenery presents a view at once picturesque and sublime. The trip across the lake, from Centre Harbor to Wolfboro' bridge, especially in a pleasant summer evening, is truly delightful. At sunset, when the evening shadows begin to fall upon the distant mountain tops, presenting their rugged outlines in bold relief, and the stars, gliding into the firmament, kindle up their brilliant fires in the depths of the clear blue waters, the excursion seems like a journey to the Elysian Fields. At this hour of the day the breezes on the lake are highly invigorating." Our other views represent

Meredith, Laconia and Lake Village, all in Meredith township, which covers an area of about 13 square miles. Meredith is a flourishing place. Lake Village, situated at the foot of Long Bay, which, at the Wiers, forms the outlet of Winnipisogee Lake, is a thriving manufacturing place. Laconia is south of it, a flourishing manufacturing village, and the seat of considerable business. Our engraving represents the principal street. It is a well built village, and exhibits every evidence of thrift and prosperity. The neatness and beauty of these lake villages harmonize with the delightful scenery in which they are placed. The waters of Lake Winnipisogee are remarkably pure, being fed from its own springs. Its height is about 472 feet above the sea level. It has been said to contain 365 islands, but we believe the number really falls short of 300. Some of these islands comprise farms of five hundred acres. Besides being a "thing of beauty" and a "joy forever," Winnipisogee is an immense source of material wealth, being a great reservoir of power for the immense manufacturing establishments of Manchester, Lowell and other places, which are situated on the Merrimack River.



LAKE WINNIPISOGEE.

an endless variety of landscapes changing with every change of the point of view, as a turn of the hand produces the magical transformations of the kaleidoscope. The accompanying sketches, drawn for us on the spot by Mr. Alfred Waud, are faithful representations of the scenery of the lake and its environs—scenery which never fails to delight and inspire the artist. They have been carefully executed by our best engravers, no pains having been spared to produce

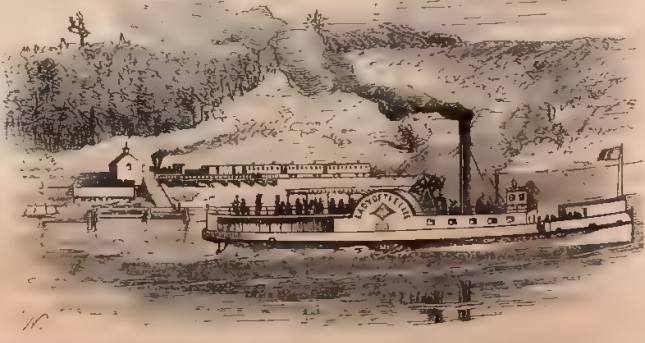
them to the best advantage. We hope they may be the means of inducing many of our friends to visit the scenes they depict, and which the facilities of travel have rendered accessible in a few hours from this city. There are two routes by which the lake may be reached; one by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, which has a station at the Wiers, on the south-western shore of the lake, 33 miles from Concord, N. H., where the fine steamer "Lady of the Lake"

Harbor or Wolfboro' in time for an early dinner. Our artist has supplied us with a pretty sketch of the "Lady of the Lake" leaving the Wiers. She is a fine boat, commanded by Captain William Walker, a fine specimen of New England manhood, with a geniality that makes every one at home in his company. Captain Walker is as well known as any man in New Hampshire, having been connected with the travelling public for many years; in the good old stagecoach days on the Concord and Nashua line, and of late as commander of the "Lady." He is a very enterprising man, and is engaged in an extensive business in Concord. The first stopping-place of the boat on the lake is Centre Harbor, a very pretty town, a point of departure for the White Mountains, 32 miles from Conway. Here there are excellent accommodations at the Senter House, kept by Messrs. Gilman & Huntress, represented in one of our engravings. It has all the comforts and elegances of a city hotel, spacious and airy rooms, good beds, a good table, excellent saddle and harness horses, carriages, boats, fishing apparatus; in short, all the appliances to make a sojourn agreeable. It is 116 miles from

Boston. Mr. Charlton, in "New Hampshire as it is," says: "Measley Pond and Squam Lake are partly in this town. In the latter we found considerable quantities of fine trout. This is a beautiful sheet of water, six miles in length, and studded with islands, some of which are mere dots upon the waves, while others contain an acre or more, and in



LACONIA, N. H.



THE "LADY OF THE LAKE" LEAVING THE WIERS.





SENER HOUSE, AT CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

**THE FROZEN WELL AT BRANDON, VT.**

The frozen well at Brandon is a great natural curiosity. It is situated on a gentle slope of ground, which rising on one side falls off on the other, so moderately it may be called tolerably level. The soil is of a hard, compact, gravelly nature. The region round about furnishes marble (carbonate of lime) in abundance. Early in November last, Mr. Alexander Twombly commenced digging a well, and after going down about twenty-five feet without noticing anything unusual in the character of the soil, he came upon frozen ground (the surface earth at that time was frozen but a few inches). Continuing downward through this frozen earth for fifteen feet, he came to water. The soil, just at this point, he described as yellowish and sticky. The water commenced freezing over soon after it was exposed. The well was stoned up three feet in diameter at the bottom, diminishing two feet at the top. The depth of water is five or six feet, the surface of it forty-one feet from the top of the ground. During the past winter the water froze over it so that it had to be cut by a person going down into the well every day, and some days the descent had to be made several times. The ice in the morning would often be three inches thick. In addition, the sides of the well, for a distance of fifteen feet above the water, would be incased with ice. The water ceased freezing about the 15th of May last.

Such is Mr. Twombly's statement, corroborated by others in all essential particulars. The condition of the well, when we visited it, was this: The water in the well is enclosed in a wall of ice six to eight inches thick, inside the stone wall, but not rising above the surface of the water, and affording a good foothold to a person once down there. For six or eight feet above the surface of the water, the stone wall is incased with a layer of frost and ice, not thick. The water is clear, cold, and tastes well: it is not very "hard." The above facts proven, how shall the phenomenon be explained? The causes lie evidently in some peculiarity of the soil in that locality. Suppose we take into consideration several well-known facts. Chloride of calcium, with snow or ice, forms a powerful

frigorific mixture. This chloride is formed by a union of carbonate of lime (marble) with muriatic acid, which is made from common salt. Chloride of calcium exists in solution of ocean water, and also in certain spring waters, commonly in union with salt and chloride of magnesium. As before stated, the region about the well abounds in marble, or carbonate of lime, and quite likely this water may be from one of the springs saturated with chloride of calcium which snow or ice will form one still more powerful, why may not the chloride, supposing it to be present, with salt, perhaps, suffice to freeze water, naturally cold by reason of its depth from the surface? If it is claimed that frigorific mixtures do not solidify, may not the above ideas point the way in which to look for a probable solution of the mystery?—*Exchange.*

**LADIES' SWIMMING SCHOOL IN PARIS.**

Ouarner's Swimming School for Ladies, opens in the month of May, and it is difficult to imagine a more novel or prettier scene than it presents on a warm afternoon. Neither at concert, race, nor ball, in Paris, have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at this school; one reason, perhaps, being, that many girls from ten to fifteen, are visitors to the bath, who are excluded, by their age, from sharing in public amusements. The young ladies of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, the daughters of the wealthy "financiers," the families attached to the emperor, all meet here with the same intention—namely, to swim; and all who are able, gambol, race and laugh in the water, forgetful of party and social distinctions. The costume is generally of some dark material, gaily trimmed with red or blue worsted binding, which does not lose its color. The upper part of the dress resembles a boy's blouse; the lower, a pair of trousers. It is all in one, and a tunic is sewn to the waist, and falls to the knee. Some of the girls go in without any kind of head dress beyond their own fine hair, neatly plaited; others wear nets of gay colors, or a slight netted scarlet or blue scarf gracefully arranged.

A basin of about 150 or 160 feet long, and about 25 or 30 feet broad, surrounded by a broad

platform, enclosed by the dressing-rooms and screened alike from the sun and from public observation by an awning stretched over all. The machine is so arranged that the powerful current of the Seine rushes through it; it is, in fact, a large cage sunk to the required depth. That part of the basin, which is from four to five feet deep is crossed by a bridge, and the smaller portion thus indicated is used by those who wish to bathe only, or who are not sufficiently good swimmers to exercise, as yet, in the larger one. But the large basin is the centre of attraction. At the end where the water is deepest, flights of steps lead down for those who like to swim smoothly and quietly off; but far the greater number prefer leaping in, either from the platform, or from the little fanciful construction, half arch, half temple, raised at the end of it, and which gives a descent any height you may please—between ten and thirty feet—to the surface of the water.

Fearless, gay, and graceful, they plunge beneath the flood to reappear almost instantly, gliding down the stream without any apparent effort; floating, swimming on the back, etc., vary the amusements which more than a hundred ladies may sometimes be seen sharing together, their evolutions being watched and stimulated by as many lookers-on—their mothers and female friends who are seated around. Little did I think, when I inscribed myself on M. Ouarner's list that I should be hung on a hook at the end of a line, and then thrown into the water with directions to imitate a frog to the best of my ability; it was even so. O dear, how helpless you feel!—how you wish you had never thought of learning to swim! But you are ashamed to say so; you know you cannot be drowned; the man adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the water, you feel quite sure of that. So he counts,

first lesson. After two or three lessons more, you swim off from the steps at the end, where the water is deepest, the man on the platform preceding you with a pole, as you attempt to make your way down the large basin. This large basin is constantly watched, either by Ouarner himself, or by the swimming master. These are the only individuals of the male sex over present. Madame Ouarner is, as may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and takes an active interest in all the proceedings.—*Lady's Newspaper.*

**FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.**

We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City, but such it appears is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the court house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected, near the same location, and all that has remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar, and two well preserved brick cisterns which had been kept covered up.

Last week the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower-garden, found himself in the want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best bricks he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank with one end partially imbedded in the



LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.

one, two three, and you perform Froggy awkwardly enough, putting out your hands when you ought to keep them in, stretching your arms forward when they ought to be close to your body, kicking in anything but measured cadence, and getting a good mouthful, notwithstanding you, silly creature, stiffen your neck, and try to keep your head up by that means. Thus ends the

earth that somewhat incommoded him, so seizing it, with some exertion he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise, at the next moment, to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand!

As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out, and the snake bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene, but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render any assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed on each occasion to hit him on the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake becoming all the more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but watching his chance made several frantic efforts to jump boldly from this seeming pit of destruction.

At the last trial, he fortunately grasped a brick which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making probably one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall he became a "pretty well used up serpent." Weak and exhausted, our hero by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit, but when once more upon the earth he fainted away, and it was sometime before he could be recovered. For several succeeding days he was quite unwell, owing, probably, to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while his desperate exercises in the encounter, rendered him exceedingly lame. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles! The latter have been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's Museum for exhibition.—*Peoria Gazette.*

The love and hate of people are equally dangerous.



WOLFBOROUGH, N. H.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
(One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.)

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. H. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—The proper way to procure "The Orange Flower Lotion" is to hand an order to the express, enclosing fifty cents for small size, or one dollar for large size. The last is the cheapest. Address ORLANDO TOMPKINS, 271 Washington Street, Boston.
- B. S. Rochester, N. Y.—By an old English statute suicides were to be buried in a highway with a stake driven through the body. They are now required to be buried privately at night in the churchyard, but the canon forbids the performance of Christian rites over them.
- "Mechanic"—The first actual working steam engine of which there is any record, was invented and constructed by Thomas Savery, an Englishman, to whom a patent was granted for it in the year 1698.
- ENGINEER, Lowell, Mass.—The Liverpool and Manchester railway was first laid down with rolled iron rails, weighing 35 pounds per yard, supported on chairs three feet apart. They were found on trial not to be strong enough, and were replaced by rails weighing 50 pounds per yard, supported on bearings at the same distance apart.
- Artist—The first panorama exhibited in London was painted by Barker, in 1793. It represented the objects about Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. A panorama of London was the first that was introduced into Germany, in 1800. Since then they have been common in all the cities of Europe.
- ENGINEER—*Animus furandi* means the "intention of stealing."
- J. C.—An ambiguous deed or contract is to be expounded against the grantor or seller.
- B. M.—*Uri postidit*,—"as you possess,"—is a diplomatic phrase used when two sovereigns, after sacrificing a number of human lives, etc., choose to make peace, each retaining the possessions they have acquired. Its opposite is the *status quo*, when both parties re-enter into the condition in which they stood before the war.
- E. C., New York.—Marshal of France is the highest military rank in the French army. This officer appears first in history under the reign of Philip Augustus as commander-in-chief of the royal armies. After the deposition of Louis XVI the dignity of marshal ceased, but was revived by Napoleon I with the title of marshal of the empire.
- L. F., Cincinnati.—The *misericordia* (or mercy) was a dagger with a narrow blade, so called in the Middle Ages because it was the weapon used by the knight against a defeated adversary when he compelled him to sue for mercy.
- "JUVENIA," Portland, Me.—The practice of granting commissions to privateers first became general in the war between Spain and the revolted Netherlands at the end of the 16th century.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

The war in Northern Italy will not, it seems, spare the old city of the doges, which has been invested with a new interest by recent events. We have accordingly been at the pains to prepare, from a foreign source, the following sketch of Venice as it is. The Venetian shores begin near the mouth of the Brenta and at the port of Brondolo. A long succession of low coasts extends from the point of la Maestra to that of Isonzo. The whole extent of coast, thirty-three miles, is exceedingly low, almost on a level with the water, formed of very fine sand, and intersected here and there by marshes, which render the air very unhealthy during summer. The largest of these marshes are called lagoons; two only are important, those of Venice and Grado. Nothing salient announces to the mariner the approach to land, except a few bellfries which appear when close in shore. The margin of the Adriatic is also bordered with sand banks, formed by deposits from the rivers, so that at a mile and a half from land you have soundings of only thirty feet deep. The lagoons are vast marshes, dotted with islets, or rather extensive pools produced partly by the sea and by the waters of the Po, the Brenta, the Adige, and other water-courses, which, finding low ground, have covered it, leaving above the general level a great number of little islands of varied aspect, often pleasant spots, but scarcely raised above the water-level.

The vast basin thus formed, which extends about twenty-five miles from north to south, is separated from the sea by a long and narrow tongue of earth and sand, forming a natural dyke, which art has consolidated by building broad and strong walls of marble, called *murazzi*, as a protection against the heavy southwest seas, and also against interior decay. The long dyke, called the *Lido*, or shore, is pierced by six openings, which form the different passages or ports leading to Venice as you approach from the gulf. These six mouths are the ports of Brondolo, Chioggia, Malamocco, St. Andrew, St. Erasmus or Port Lido, and Tre-Porti. The whole coast comprised between these six mouths, and to a cannon-shot distance, make a part of the military port of Venice.

The lagoons are not of the same depth, and signals are requisite here and there to point out

the navigable channels. They become shallower every year, especially in the environs, and there is reason to fear that they will fill up in the end, and consequently become uninhabitable, by reason of the poisonous exhalations of the marshes that have already formed round some of the islands. The government has been constantly at work keeping the canals clear and deepening them, and a good deal has been done towards turning the course of the Brenta and Piave, which carry down large quantities of earth and sand. In the whole extent of the lagoons there are more than three hundred islands, among which at least twenty-five are thickly settled; those near the shore are generally cultivated and inhabited. The city of Venice is built in the midst of the lagoon, on the largest of these islands; on others you see villages and some elegant edifices; some are in a high state of cultivation.

Among the most important islands after those on which Venice is built, is Marano, two miles off. This island is three miles in circumference, and contains several country-seats, a manufactory of glass, and some historical monuments. The island of Torcello is also well cultivated, and has an interesting duomo. At Burano, the wives of the fishermen are employed in the manufacture of a famous kind of lace. St. Lazarus is famous for its convent; Chioggia, which is united to the shore by a bridge of forty-three arches, is the seat of government of the four communes, forming a total population of 30,000 souls. Venice itself stands on seventy islands, connected together by 265 bridges. A broad canal, the *Canal Grande*, divides it into two unequal parts. There are 2150 narrow and dirty street, 20,900 houses, and 126,786 inhabitants. There is no good drinking water, though there are 177 public and 1973 private cisterns supplied with rain water and river water from the Brenta, brought in boats. An attempt to obviate this inconvenience by means of Artesian wells was made, but the water they yielded proved not to be fit for use. Conduits established on the viaduct of the railroad which connects Venice with the mainland, now bring fresh water into the city.

## THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA.

Our readers, whose minds are full of grim images of battle, and who picture the Austrian as a fiend incarnate, deserving, for his least heinous act, hanging without the benefit of clergy, must not form an erroneous idea of the capital of the empire whose legions have overspread northern Italy like a cloud of locusts. Vivian Grey characterizes it as "light-hearted Vienna," and it has always enjoyed a high pre-eminence among the continental cities for the splendor of its buildings, the brightness of its climate, and the gaiety of its inhabitants. At the present moment, however, it is invested with peculiar interest as the spot from whence has issued those terrible decrees that have enveloped Europe in war—the seat of that monarch who, in opposition to the remonstrance of half Europe, has put an end to that peace, which, with slight interruptions, has lasted for more than forty years. Few places are better worth the while of an American going abroad to visit, especially if he be fond of the gaieties of life. There is a light-heartedness and a love of enjoyment about the inhabitants altogether peculiar to them, which is found scarcely anywhere else. A Viennese is essentially a Viennese; he looks upon his city as the only perfect elysium; and he is not altogether wrong—for Vienna is a place where all kinds of amusement are to be found. Summer is the best time for visiting it, if merely to see the country; but the winter is the season when a stranger can more thoroughly gain an insight into the character of the people.

By the beginning of November most of the fashionable world have arrived in Vienna, and All Souls' Day may be considered as the first day of the season; on that day it is the custom to visit the tombs of the departed, and this ceremony is kept by all, both rich and poor. Crowds of persons go to the different cemeteries to place flowers upon the tomb of their deceased relatives. The theatre forms another remarkable feature in the life in Vienna; the fondness of the people for theatrical representations is such, that it has long been a proverb, and is still as strong as ever. The principal theatres are the Burg Theatre and the Karls Theatre; at the former Mozart produced several of his magnificent operas. These places of amusement are always crowded, numbers of persons being obliged to go away for want of room. The first talent is engaged. An

engagement at Vienna is the great aim of every rising artist in Germany. In addition to these, *Reitz's Circus*, for the performance of feats of horsemanship, is another very favorite place of amusement, and is liberally patronized by the imperial family and the nobility. *Dauus' Elysium* comes in for a large amount of patronage; it is a large under-ground room, occupying the basement of the *Anna-gebäude*. It is fitted up with grottoes, a crystal palace, tropical plants, etc.; short pieces are performed, and masks are often seen threading their way amidst the crowds which frequent this place, which is generally filled with an atmosphere of smoke that would poison any other human being than a German. The season of advent is that of the concerts. Immediately after Christmas the carnival begins. The most fashionable resorts for balls are the *Redouten-Saal*, in the Burg, and the *Sophien-Saal*; this latter is a bathing establishment, but the water is drawn off and the place covered in, and converted into a magnificent ball-room. Everybody dances; the nobility have their select balls, the different learned professions have theirs, and the members of every different nationality who may be in Vienna have theirs also. It is not impossible that, in the event of the present war assuming continental dimensions, this brilliant Austrian city may fall into the hands of the French.

## THE BALLOU STATUE.

Brackett, the American sculptor, has been engaged for nearly four years upon an elegant marble statue of the late HOSIA BALLOU. The elaborate work has at last been completed, and is now placed over the tomb of him it commemorates, at Mount Auburn. It is a striking and noble memento of the love and honor borne for his memory by that denomination at the head of of which he stood for so many years. Mr. Brackett was employed by a committee chosen from the Universalist denomination at large, and has added another evidence of his patient skill and true genius, by producing a brilliant work of art. A cotemporary says:

"The statue of Hosea Ballou now stands at Mount Auburn. It is of white marble, pure and serene in the sunlight, calm and dignified in the shade. It has been wrought by Brackett, one of the best of our American sculptors. It stands on the main avenue from the gate of entrance. The person seeking for the grave of Ballou, will pass along this avenue, leaving the cenotaph of Spurzheim on the left, the statue of Bowditch on the right, until just as he commences to descend on the southern slope, he will see the Ballou statue on his left hand. There lies the body of that good and great man, with that of his amiable wife. The statue is of itself, we think, about seven feet in height. It is a good representation of the original. It varies slightly as you take a front or profile view—the profile is perhaps the best. It stands on a base of about six feet in height, the top of the head being about fourteen feet high. Under all is a sub-base, five feet square, of elegantly wrought granite, ten or twelve inches high; then another section, four feet or upward in height, about in the form of a cube; and on the front of this is the one word, "BALLOU." There is no other inscription."

PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Charles H. Brainard, No. 7 Tremont Row, has just issued a fine lithographic head of the poet Longfellow, which is for sale at all the book-sellers and printshops. It was drawn on stone, by that master of the crayon, D'Avignon, after one of Whipple & Black's best photographs. The head is handled with great grace and vigor, and the likeness is a striking one, though differing somewhat in expression from Read's painting of the same subject. With the execution no fault can be found, and the head is, in many respects, the best Mr. D'Avignon has produced.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—At the Everett House, New York, lately, a young gentleman is said to have amused himself by beating his mother-in-law with a cane.

"OLD SOL."—The great western and southwestern manager, Sol. Smith, was lately in our city, returning from Europe. May his light never be less!

NEWPORT.—This charming watering-place is as gay as a ball-room. The hotel-keepers make hay while the sun shines.

ARITHMETICAL DIFFICULTY.—Our "boy" cannot find in any arithmetic how to calculate the weight of indignation.

## PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the last page we publish a large engraving representing all the presidents of the United States, artistically grouped together, and surrounded by the thirty-three stars which now adorn the union of our national flag, one for Oregon having been added on the 4th of July last. It is a group of striking faces, any one of which would arrest the attention of a stranger seeing it for the first time. All of them were chosen to fill the high position they occupied by the free will of the people, with the exception of two, whom the death of presidents during their official term, a contingency contemplated by the constitution, raised from the vice presidency to the presidential chair. The best commentary on the administration of these servants of the people is to be found in the rapid advance and development of our beloved country, never checked in its victorious career from the days of Washington to our own. Not one of these chief magistrates has escaped the rancor of political antagonism; but as time rolls on, the assaults are forgotten, and the true characters of men shine forth on the page of history. Party malice spared not the Father of his Country; Jefferson and Jackson were assailed with unparalleled malignity; but who recalls now, except with scorn, the atrocious misrepresentations of their characters and purposes? To all of them posterity will do justice; and of not one of them can it be said hereafter, when the mists of party prejudices and personal hate have passed away, that he was not sincerely attached to his country, and to that priceless bond of union bequeathed to us by the fathers of the republic as theegis of our liberties and fortune. Each has been in his turn, to the extent of his ability and in accordance with his views of policy, the representative of the whole country. Of the ex-presidents four are living—Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore. After having occupied the highest official position known to the world, they have quietly resumed their places in the ranks of the great army of republican citizens.

## WILLIAM S. CHASE, ESQ.

We learn with pleasure that this gentleman, who enjoys a wide reputation as a scholar and writer, has been chosen Professor of Modern Languages in Richmond College, Va. Mr. C. is peculiarly fitted for the position. He has travelled extensively in Europe, and resided many years in Paris, where he enjoyed unusual facilities for acquiring a knowledge of foreign languages and literature, and of becoming acquainted with the leading men of the times. During his residence abroad he was the regular foreign correspondent of several leading journals in this country, and his letters exhibited marked ability. On his return from his first visit to Europe, during which he saw the most interesting part of the continent, he edited an American edition of Vericour's "Modern French Literature," supplying copious notes, displaying extensive reading and familiarity with French letters. In 1849 he was associated with Mr. F. A. Durivage in translating Lamartine's History of the Revolution of 1848, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., a version which received the unqualified commendation of the illustrious author. Mr. Chase has also written much for various American and French publications. During his connection with the American consulate at Paris, he was of great service to his countrymen abroad, and formed a large circle of attached friends. We sincerely congratulate the patrons of Richmond College on securing the services of a gentleman who would be an acquisition to any institution.

BLACK-LEG PHILOSOPHY.—Douglas Jerrold says, "I consider a hand of cards just an army of mercenaries; and, when I play, believe myself no more than an Alexander, a Pompey, or a Julius Cæsar."

MADAME MARIO.—Madame Mario, better known as Jessie Mariton White, has gone to Italy, where, it is said, she will act as "our own correspondent" to a well-known American newspaper.

CORK TREES.—A considerable number of young cork oak trees are growing in various parts of California, from seed sent out by the United States Patent Office.

THE CHESS KING.—Paul Morphy has decided to live in New York, and practise law there.



## THE AUSTRIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The new commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, General Count Schlick de Barranond Weisskirch, Aulic Councillor and Chamberlain to the Emperor Francis Joseph, was born in 1789 at Prague. He was orderly officer to the Emperor Francis II., and took part in all the principal engagements of the period. He lost an eye in the battle of Wachan, which prevented his being employed during the campaign of 1814. The remainder of his promotion to that of General of Division took place during a time of peace. After the revolution of Vienna, in 1848, he was appointed commandant of a corps d'armée, not more than 8000 strong. He took a brilliant part in opposing the junction of the armies of Dembinski and Georgy, and in co-operating, by that manoeuvre, in the surrender of Georgy to the Russians. In 1854, when Austria armed at the time of the Eastern question, he had successively the command of the 1st and 4th corps d'armée in Galicia. General Schlick is very popular in the Austrian army. Every man knows by sight the veteran who for so many years has worn a black patch over his left eye.

## RUFUS CHOATE.

Mr. Choate was born in the little town of Essex, Essex county, Mass., October 1st, 1799, and was consequently in his sixtieth year. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, and was a tutor in the institution until 1821. His professional studies were pursued at the Law School in Cambridge, and in the offices of the late Judge Cummings of Salem, and the Hon. William Wirt of Washington. He first practised law at Danvers, in 1824, and entered public life as the representative of that town in the State Legislature, in 1826-27. He removed to Salem soon afterward, and in 1830 was elected a senator from Essex county. In 1832 he was elected to Congress from the Essex South District, but declined a second election, and removed to Boston at the close of his congressional term. In 1841, on the retirement of Mr. Webster from the United States Senate to take the post of Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Harrison, Mr. Choate was elected his successor, which station he occupied until 1845. In 1853, Mr. Choate succeeded Governor Clifford as Attorney General of this Commonwealth—which was the last public office he held.

"THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: OR, *The Regulators and Moderators*."—We have just issued the ninth edition of this famous Texan story, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. This novelette was written expressly for us, and is illustrated with large original drawings, and being the best border story which has been published for years, we are not surprised that nearly 70,000 copies have been sold! We will send it *post paid*, by return of mail, to any one, on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps or silver.

DOMESTIC TYRANNY.—We know a highly respectable lady, who makes her servants take their meals standing. When they dine they are not allowed to sit down. Her reason for this is, that she finds they do not eat so much, nor do they waste their time gossiping. We wonder how the same system would work if introduced at our public dinners? We fancy that the speeches would be shorter, and the consumption of bad wine infinitely less.

LIMITED AFFECTIONS.—The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow yet deep within; not flowing forth like a river to seek souls far and near, to gladden God's earth; nor gushing up and around like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious, each to some one individual or household.

REFRESHING BEVERAGE.—In this hot weather, we don't know anything more refreshing than a glass of sparkling soda from the magic fount of Frederick Brown, at the corner of Washington and State Streets. Customers are not lacking there—bankers, dandies, retiring gentlemen, editors and authors.

GOOD BREEDING.—A well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults.

NAHANT.—This popular watering place in Massachusetts was purchased 250 years ago, by a Lynn farmer, for a suit of clothes.

## HOW PRINCE "PLON-PLON" LIVES.

We don't mean to tell how Prince Napoleon lives in Italy, for that is the life of every soldier of distinction in the liberating army—a life of marches, receptions, brilliant entrances into cities, bouquets, festivals, balls and entertainments, alternating with sterner duties and less agreeable vicissitudes—but how he lives, or means to live, when he is at home in Paris, and what sort of a nest he has built for the bower of the little Sardinian princess it was his good fortune to marry. The new private residence of H. I. H. Prince Napoleon, in the Avenue Montaigne, is now finished, and fit for habitation. The villa is built on the model of the houses in Pompeii; it is a fac-simile, both externally as well as in all the interior arrangements. A handsome portico adorns the front. The entrance-hall is small, but opens on a spacious vestibule, in the centre of which is a marble basin of water supplied from a fountain. The walls are exquisitely painted in fresco, and the tasseled pavement is formed of the finest marble of every hue. Around are placed choice busts of the various members of the imperial family. Opening from the vestibule are three doors, one of which leads into the dining-hall, the furniture of which is of ebony, with green silk. The second conducts you into the sleeping and dressing apartments of H. I. H. the Princess Clotilde, which are strikingly elegant. The fittings are of cerulean blue silk; the walls, as well as the bed, being hung in an artistic manner with the same material. The third door leads into the grand saloon, which again opens on a conservatory. One of the most interesting objects in this room is a cabinet containing *souvenirs* of Napoleon I., and other relics. Beyond this are various other apartments, which want of space prevents our describing. The Turkish bath-room, however, merits our especial notice. It is fitted up with marble; the ceiling is painted blue; and the light being admitted through star-shaped apertures, gives the appearance of the firmament studded with stars. The requisites for the toilette are all in gold filagree. In fact, nothing can be in better taste than the *tout ensemble* of this little *bijou* of a house.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF COFFEE.—Any one who is fond of good coffee should get a bottle of that new and delicate liquid preparation made by J. J. Fontarive, being the essence of the purest coffee. One small bottle will make a dozen or twenty cups of unrivalled flavor, and of a quality which cannot be obtained from the berry itself. This extract is superior to any other, as it is pure, and is manufactured by a citizen of Boston whose integrity is unimpeachable. Some preparations, made up in other cities, have proved so bitter and so impure that our well known tea and coffee dealer, Thomas G. Whytal, of horticultural fame, resolved to find a substitute which he could recommend. A table spoonful or more of the extract in a cup of hot milk or hot water, which can be obtained with a spirit lamp in two minutes, and the lover of coffee can have a draught of that delicious beverage which cannot be excelled. Mr. Whytal will have it for sale at all his stores in Boston, viz: at 198 and 664 Washington Street, 110 Court Street, 65 Union Street, and 39 Beach Street.

A GREAT REMEDY.—Dr. H. E. Howell, of New York city, says that the most effectual remedy to improve the tone and energy of the stomach is the well-known Oxygenated Bitters, which contain no *spirituous* compound. For dyspepsia and indigestion these Bitters are unparalleled, as all who have used them will cheerfully testify. The great length of time which they have been before the public, has rendered them a household word throughout a large portion of the United States, and the medical faculty have largely availed themselves of this pleasant and sure remedy. Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston, Mass., are the principal dealers, but the Bitters may be found everywhere.

FOLLY.—Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how he would personate fully in a painting, replied that he would represent a man climbing over a wall at the risk of breaking his neck, with an open gate close by through which he might walk with ease and safety.

AN EX-PRESIDENT.—Martin Van Buren, the sage of Lindenwald, says the Richmond Dispatch, is still in excellent health, and is blessed with his usual cheerful spirits.

## Mayside Gatherings.

A man in Buffalo is about to walk sixty hours without sleep or rest, for \$200.

Ten persons have died in Peru, Berkshire county, since December, whose ages were respectively 92, 91, 91, 86, 84, 76, 74, 72, 68, 40.

There is a negro in Philadelphia who is distinguished for the size of his feet. They measure 21 inches in length.

The State of Maine will probably have a larger hay crop this year than has been known for a long time.

Governor Dyer, of Rhode Island, has sent a message to the Legislature, containing an urgent recommendation that imprisonment for debt in that State be abolished at once.

The services of the Fall River fire department have not been required within the limits of that city since December 7th, 1857—a period of nineteen months.

The Canadians have sent the speaker of their House to invite Queen Vic to come over and visit her loyal subjects. They expect, however, to take up with the Prince of Wales.

During a cricket match at Albany, lately, one of the players throw a ball to a great height, and with such force that it struck a swallow and killed it instantly.

During the first six months of 1859, 74 boats and 327 lives were lost on the western waters—26 of the boats were burned. Value of boats and cargoes, \$1,770,500.

Thomas Coleman, for twenty years one of the most prominent delineators of the Ethiopian character, died at Newark, N. J., lately. He was born in Boston.

The Ohio grape crop promises a juicy return. One cultivator thinks he will have about 6000 gallons of pure wine in the fall, and another anticipates a yield of 1000 gallons to the acre.

The University of Vermont holds its Annual Commencement on Wednesday, August 10th. Orator and poet before the Literary Societies, George W. Curtis and T. B. Aldrich, of New York.

A woman named Savage jumped out of a window in Philadelphia and fractured her skull on the pavement. She had returned with her family from the West, and poverty and suffering had driven her crazy.

David Drow, Esq., of New York, and Isaac Rich, Esq., of Boston, have each subscribed \$5000 towards a fund of \$50,000, to erect new buildings for the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Ct.

A movement is on foot for raising \$100,000, for the complete re-endowment of the Yale College Theological Seminary. Governor Buckingham, with his usual liberality, has already pledged \$5000.

On a late Sunday evening, a party of New York police officers arrested a German theatrical company, who were acting the play of Richard III. Richard himself came near escaping, but was caught while climbing a fence.

The capital employed in the St. Louis beer breweries is nearly \$200,000,000. The number of breweries in the city is thirty-five, and those produced last year 115,000 barrels of lager, and 74,400 barrels of common beer.

A gentleman walking along the streets of Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a large fire, was very much startled by the effect of a large coal, which, alighting on the top of his hat, burnt through and warmed his head intensely. His surprise was momentary, but terrific.

The slate quarries in the vicinity of Monson, Piscataquis county, Maine, now employ a large force of men and teams, and the Kennebec Journal thinks that in the not distant future they will give employment to more men than any other single branch of manufacture in the State.

In the New Haven city council, recently, a petition that all the sidewalks of the city be lowered six inches, because they were now so high that ladies' dresses drag thereon, to the great damage of their husbands, parents and guardians, was read and "sent down."

A Bangor deacon got up a few Sunday mornings since, and commenced poling his beans, and had made considerable progress before his mistake in the day occurred to him. Feeling mortified, he went round to the neighbors who had witnessed his feat, and explained the cause of his act.

The Handel Festival in London seems to have been made a handle for a great many bad jokes. One cockney said that the Hallelujah Chorus was "right up to the handle;" another that the music of Handel was done "to a turn" by that orchestra and choir. Such wretches ought to be roughly handled.

Charles Roth, a well known merchant tailor of Philadelphia, recently committed suicide by taking strychnine. Some years ago he retired from business with sixty thousand dollars of his earnings, and became a stock-broker; but unfortunate speculations in that line soon stripped him of every cent.

The total value of all the goods imported at all the ports in the United States, during the nine months ending March 31, was \$233,182,278; the total value of the exports during the same time was \$246,630,194. From this it will be seen that the value of the exports over the value of the imports during the time mentioned, was \$13,497,916.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Revolutions in fashions are not revolutions in taste, but of caprice.—*Buvec*.

.... No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—*Bacon*.

.... Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—*Cervantes*.

.... The Temple of Fame contains no sepulchres so beautified by love as those of the poets.—*R. A. Willmott*.

.... There is something still better than spending one's time pleasantly—the spending it both pleasantly and profitably.—*Bovee*.

.... There is not a heart but has its moments of longing, yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.—*Becher*.

.... The truest critic, like the deepest philosopher, will produce his opinions as doubts. Only the satirist and the empyric never fail.—*R. A. Willmott*.

.... If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them.—*Bacon*.

.... If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him.—*Chareon*.

.... There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.—*Montgomery*.

.... Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance—all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies—and the giant will often be left a pigmy.—*Barlow*.

.... Love is the only true maturer in humanity. We ripen vainly, unless with her assistance. The germ and blossom of the heart never awaken to consciousness and bloom under any other smiles.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open to us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs us.—*Foster*.

.... He never need despair of fortune who has learned calmly to look her in the face; nay, the courage to do so is frequently all that is essential to compel the fondest embraces of the capricious goddess.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... Of law no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and on earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.—*Hooker*.

## Joker's Budget.

Ladies who use an excess of perfume must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects, used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

The gentleman who stood upon ceremony has lost his footing, and now finds that he has slipped out of a very pleasant circle.

"Did you see Ary Schaffer?" inquired an artist of a traveller who had just returned from Paris. "Nary Schaffer," was the reply.

A sailor of the name of Moore having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was *moored*.

The man who, in a pecuniary sense, is most liberal and profuse while intoxicated, becomes very tight as soon as he is sober.

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was his prompt reply.

"Jemmy, my boy, did you see the flight of the bats the other evening. 'Niver the one, my honey. What kind of bats were they?'" "Brickbats, ye spalpeen."

*Bricks drive to chum, at the funeral of a great mathematician*—"After all his figgerin', Bill, this ere's vot the old feller comes to. He's been subtracted from his folks an' added to Kingdom Come."

"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a bucketful on him.

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," added he; "when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

It may seem strange, but it is true, that although God deprived Adam of one of his ribs to make Eve, every man has still one more rib than his wife, for he has *her* in addition to his others.

A young lady up town was cured of palpitation of the heart the other evening by a young M. D., in the simplest and most natural way imaginable. He merely held one of her hands in his, put his arm around her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

HERE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIASTY.

PASS the hours in light unclouded,  
Peace's measure now is filled;  
Need I say because thou'rt with me  
My sad heart with joy is thrilled?  
And forgotten are its sorrows,  
Thoughts of thee their place adorn,  
Gloom before thy radiant presence  
Fades like night before the morn.

Absent from thee I am cheerless,  
Blest am I with thee the while,  
Finding best content and pleasure  
In the fondness of thy smile  
White-winged hope is whispering to me,  
We shall part, O never more,  
And I bless thee and carest thee,  
With a joy ne'er felt before

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## LUCY ELDON'S LIFE HISTORY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I HAD just extinguished my lamp in the chamber of the fourth story of the house where I boarded, in Bowdoin Square. The house was so near the large stone-fronted church, that I could hear every note of the singing from thence, on Sundays, and the occasional playing of the organ on week days. Sometimes, in summer, the minister's voice would come, with a softened and pleasant murmur to my ear, and I pleased myself in thinking that I could imagine what the sermon was, and also the words of the hymn.

I was not much of a church-goer myself, at that time. I was an invalid then, and sometimes, for months, I would not see the inside of one of those venerable or modern edifices which stand all over our beautiful city, and promise, some day, to overcome the wickedness in our midst. They can do it, if the pastors will but address themselves to the hearers as Christ addressed those who followed after him. No sermon has yet been like the Sermon on the Mount, and until one is preached like that, the world will continue to be in darkness, and be content, too, to lie there.

But to return to my chamber in the fourth story, where I had just extinguished my lamp. It was a very warm night and the windows were all open, and everything was perfectly still. I looked from the window and, thanks to a glorious moon, I could see, from my elevated position, almost over the entire city. Voices were as distinct to my ear, as if I were in the same room with them, for the hum of the city had ceased and there was not a sound to be heard except two voices, which were speaking alternately.

"It is a pity that Edmund has so little comfort at home," said one voice. "His wife is a perfect scold."

"What! the beautiful Miss Eldon transformed into a scold! Impossible!"

"True. She is continually reproaching him for taking her from a home where she had peace and plenty, and making her submit to privations and cares of which hitherto she knew nothing."

"Good heavens! does not Lucy love her husband?"

This question was asked in a soft, low, female voice; yet low as it was, it was far more distinct than the other.

"Well—yes, she loves him well enough, but then, you know, she was bred in such luxury, that she finds it difficult to be contented in such a condition as they now are."

I knew well enough of whom they were talking. Edmund Blake was a friend of my own, a fine, whole-souled man, who would have died for those he loved. He had married Lucy Eldon when she was a young, gay, careless girl, who had been brought up in her aunt's family, in the midst of affluence, and had never known a want. When she married Edmund Blake, a young engraver, whose sole dependence was upon his employment, her aunt thought it a fine match for Lucy, and set about giving her a handsome wedding, the cost of which would have kept Lucy in clothes for two or three years.

Friends of the family, who had liked Lucy's lively manners, came forward with presents of lace and jewelry, or a splendid piece of plate, perhaps, for her table. To match these, Edmund was, of course, obliged to buy furniture and clothing which would put to shame these elegant presents, and the result was, that every dollar of his money was gone, and he had got considerably in debt, before the marriage day arrived.

Edmund stood aghast at finding that he had overrun his funds in this way, for he was brought up in a strictly economical way, and had been taught to look with horror upon contracting debts. He looked on Lucy's beaming face, however, as she surveyed her really handsome establishment, and, for awhile, he tried to forget it was not paid for, but it would stare him in the face.

A handsome house, in a fashionable street, had been selected, because the people with whom she had associated would not visit Lucy if she lived anywhere except within the limits of upper-tendom. Two servants, at least, were indispensable, and opera tickets, and a box at the theatre, and occasional drives, would be among the necessities of life.

The soft voice under my window that had asked if Lucy did not love her husband, as if love could atone for the absence of wealth and fashion, belonged to Isabel Harris, a young and lately married school acquaintance of Lucy Eldon. Since the girls left school they had not met often, for Isabel's circumstances forbade her from competing with her friend, even had she wished it. Her mother was a widow, whose reduced means obliged her to take in sewing to enlarge her scanty income. She had given Isabel a good education, and when she married Edward Harris, she received from her mother a modest outfit, that, if it did not approach Lucy's in cost, was exquisite in its neatness and the perfect beauty of its needlework.

So with her house and furniture. Edward was a clerk, with a respectable salary, from which he hoped, one day, to save enough to buy them a small house. He, therefore, took only a few rooms, in the house of a friend, and Isabel did her own work. The furniture was good and neat, but very plain; the carpets stood of the kind, but not of an expensive cost; and the three pretty chambers were only covered with straw matting.

Still, they were happy and contented, and while every article in the house shone with the unsullied lustre of newness, so nicely were they kept, Edward was never ashamed to bring home a friend, even to a family dinner. He was sure to find Isabel in a neat dress, and with her hair smoothly arranged.

Had Lucy's aunt but exercised more judicious kindness in her gifts to Lucy, she might have been as happy as Isabel. The money thus expended would have been far better in useful household furniture, or laid by for a rainy day, than in the gewgaws which only made her sigh for those things which could alone correspond with them; and as, after the first year, Edmund was unable to purchase them, when they needed renewal, the only alternatives were, going without them or running still deeper in debt. His experience of the latter had been so terrible to him, and he had suffered so much in being teased for payment of the bills which he contracted at the time of his marriage, that he chose to go without these superfluities which Lucy demanded, and this led to unhappiness between them.

Often he was obliged to refuse what he knew that his income would not afford for years, if ever; for Edmund Blake, when he had once resolved upon any course of conduct, was not the one to swerve from it, even at the expense of his own peace. So Lucy went on, complaining, weeping and scolding alternately, until, at last the light of home, which should burn brightly and constantly, like the lamp of the vestal, was almost quenched.

Lucy could not apply to her aunt, for she was fitting out her own daughters to be married, and was glad that she had got Lucy off her hands so cheaply; and, murmuring and envious of her cousins, who were making brilliant matches, vexed that Edmund had discharged one of her servants, leaving household cares upon her that she despised, she degenerated at once into a slattern and a scold.

"I called on Lucy to-day," said her cousin Clara to her mother, after one of her shopping expeditions. "Really, mother, I never saw any one alter as Lucy does; she looked positively common this morning, and I think she had been crying, too."

"Well, I don't know why she should be unhappy. She has had enough done for her, I can answer for it. No girl has handsomer things than Lucy had when she married. I don't think I shall buy anything more expensive for you, Clara, than I did for Lucy."

"That may all be true, mother," said Clara, who was possessed of much better judgment than the rest of the family, "but after all, she cannot

keep up the style, and her things are becoming shabby, and Edmund does not, and I presume cannot, afford what she would like to have. Mother, I tell you there is something wrong about fashionable marriages, and I have half a mind, though Charles is so well off, to set the girls an example of economy, by going to housekeeping as plain as my old schoolmate, Isabel Dean. I saw her at her door this morning, looking as fresh and pretty as ever, with the neatest of morning dresses, and the happiest face above it that I ever saw. Then I saw Lucy's face in such strong contrast, that it has made me feel miserable ever since."

"Why, Clara, how you do run on," said Jane, an elder daughter, who was also coming on the list of married people. "For my part, I shall set out as grandly as possible. I will not have Fred Parker called mean, if you choose to have Charles called so."

"O, Jane, when will you learn to distinguish between meanness and that simplicity which is, after all, the strongest type of elegance?"

"Well, well, Clara, don't bore mother and myself any longer with your strange notions. I am willing to take life as I find it, and I trust to find it as genteel and elegant as possible, leaving the simplicity to you and Isabel Harris. I am only sorry if poor Lucy cannot carry out her taste, which is really very fine. Lucy ought to have married higher than Edmund Blake—a poor engraver!"

"Edmund Blake is high, Jane; high in moral culture, in integrity, in everything that constitutes a man." And Clara sighed—for, long before Edmund had seen Lucy, Clara Conant was to him a "bright particular star," which he dared not ask to shine upon him, and Clara knew it, too, but she could not tell him so.

And then Edmund saw Lucy, and she looked so much like her cousin, that Edmund loved her, more perhaps on account of that remembrance than he would have been willing to own. And Clara could not help acknowledging that Charles Grainger had never yet come up to her estimate of Edmund. Only to herself, however, did she own it. To others, she spoke of her marriage as all she could ask, and more than she could expect.

She resolved that Lucy should accompany her on her next shopping expedition, and on the following day she sent a note to that effect, asking her to be ready quite early. Dressed in a plain light print, with a straw bonnet and a pretty stella shawl, Clara went to Lucy's house at the hour appointed, and found her arrayed in her very best dress, camel's hair shawl (an unwise present from her Uncle William, a rich bachelor), and a new and fashionable hat, which must have cost her at least twenty dollars. Clara thought first, that she would refuse to go out with her, unless she dressed more suitably for the occasion, but she knew that it would spoil Lucy's happiness for the day, so they went together.

On the way, they met Charles and Edmund, who had latterly become rather intimate. Edmund was pleased to see Lucy look so happy, and with such a brilliant color on her cheeks, but he was rather sorry that she would dress so much more than her cousin, especially as Charles had whispered as they approached, "see, Edmund, is not Clara the very personification of a pure and simple taste?"

When they entered the shops where Clara was to purchase, Lucy was surprised at her selections. Where there were a few pence difference in the cost of two articles, Clara invariably took the cheapest and plainest, provided the difference was in show and not in quality. At the furniture stores, where Charles joined them, Clara preferred some very plain, substantial chairs to a set of splendid ones, of lighter manufacture.

"No, Clara!" exclaimed Lucy, "don't take those old-fashioned affairs. These, as you see, are of vastly newer style, and the tapestry is superb."

"True, Lucy, but I really like these on more accounts than one. You will perceive that they are much better made, are of a fashion that will last for years, while the others will be out of fashion in a year, and have to be replaced."

So with everything that was purchased that day, and Charles having purposely noticed the differences in the prices, and marked them on a card, showed Lucy that Clara had saved an expense of two hundred dollars in the furniture of their parlor alone.

"And pray, what is two hundred dollars to you, who can afford it?" asked Lucy, pettishly. "It is true that we have to pinch enough, but with you and Clara, it is quite different."

"Two hundred dollars, my good lady," said Charles, "would be a fortune for a little dress-maker who works for my sister, and who cannot be married, because her lover is too poor to afford it this year. This very two hundred dollars shall go as a loan to Anna Smith, which, if Clara consents, we will never require to be paid in."

Clara's eyes showed him how much she enjoyed this proof of his liberality and kind feelings. Lucy went home to rail at their penuriousness to Edmund. "As if Charles Grainger could not have made a present to his sister's dressmaker, without pinching it from his own furniture. Ridiculous!"

"Very much to his credit," said Edmund, "and quite as much to Clara's."

"No doubt you think so," was the angry reply; "economy is your idol, but for my part, I do not like to see it in everything."

"Your dress to-day, as contrasted with Clara's, would indicate as much. I thought that here was much more suitable for going round in furniture stores than yours; and had one been called on to designate the richest lady of the two, I fancy that I know which would have been thought so, judging by the dress."

"Would you have me look like Edward Harris's wife?"

"Surely, you would not object to looking like a lady of whom I heard several gentlemen say of her, in passing, that she was the best dressed woman in Boston?"

"She must have been less dowdy than usual on that day, then."

"She was attired very simply. A plain blue silk, a hat precisely like Clara's, and a nice white shawl, with nice, nay, the most beautiful boots and gloves that I ever saw on any lady before, were all that she wore."

"You studied her dress carefully," said Lucy, rather shortly.

"I did, but it was simply because I was hearing such commendations of it from practised judges like Willent and Thayer."

"James Willent! did he notice it?"

"He did, indeed, and pronounced it perfection."

Lucy did not answer. She was looking back to a dream of her own, when she did not feel so hard and envious as she did now, when James Willent had been her beau ideal of a perfect man. She had lost him by her own dressing at a party; had heard his remark on her bad taste, and had shed tears over his remembrance when he went away. He had returned now, and the first words she knew of his having spoken, were of approval of Isabel Harris, and the perfection of her dress. It was the drop too much. Lucy was worried and fretted all day, and half resolved to don a checked apron and wear leather shoes. It would please Edmund to have her do so, at least she told him so.

He laughed at her, and she could not bear that, and all that day she was peevish and uneasy, and on Sunday, she saw Anna Smith "walking out bride," and that, too, because of Clara Conant's economy, and the sight did not reconcile her to herself, for had she not urged her to spend what she had saved?

It was sometime after this, that the voices under my window let me into the new secret of the difficulties between Edmund Blake and his wife. I inwardly resolved, as I retired to bed that night, to visit them and watch for myself the trouble between them.

Lucy and I had been good friends in our girlhood. Circumstances had kept us apart, but I had always remembered her with pleasure, and often had desired to renew my acquaintance with her. Now, it seemed to me a positive duty, and undeterred by the reflection that people would say that, like other old maids, I was meddling with that which was not my business, I resolved that I would see if I could not restore harmony to these discordant souls whose tones jarred so painfully on each other's ears.

Chance favored me, as it has many gossiping old women before. I met Lucy in a store on Washington Street, where she was trying to decide between a blue brocade and a rich plaid, and was as anxious looking as if the fate of nations depended on her decision.

I approached her and offered my hand. She did not know me, and was distantly polite and cold, perhaps because my black dress was getting rather shabby, and the glove on the hand that I extended, had lost its freshness.

"I knew you well, as Lucy Eldon," I said, "and I think you must remember Ann Colchester."



She softened down a little. Perhaps she had not quite forgotten that I had watched beside her mother the very night that she died, and afterwards accompanied the desolate orphan to her aunt's house. Perhaps she had not forgotten on whose shoulder she had shed her first sorrowful tears after her mother's death.

"My dear lady," I said, "I have long wanted to see you, and renew our old acquaintance. Come to me at Bowdoin Square, some evening this week, and I will make you as pleasant an evening as I can."

She brightened up when she found where I lived. She could come to see an old friend in that respectable locality. Only a few doors from the Revere! She would be sure to come. She did me the honor to consult my taste in her dress. I laid my hand on a brown and blue plaid, which she actually took, although it was much quieter looking than either of those she had been looking at. We parted pleasantly, and I felt more than ever anxious to do her good.

Thursday night brought her to visit me. We had a social evening—talked over auld lang syne, and all our schoolmates. At nine o'clock, I asked her if her husband would not be there to wait upon her home. She hesitated and hesitated. She believed not—Mr. Blake was not fond of going out, except with gentlemen's parties. He did not go much. A tear was silently dropping down her cheek. "A good omen," I thought. "She has not done loving him yet."

She sat quietly for a little while; but I could see that she was inwardly moved. I asked her many questions about him, and expressed a strong wish to see him.

"Miss Colchester," she said, with the tears now falling faster, "you are my friend; you were my mother's friend, though so much older than I am—so much younger than she was. I will confide in you, for her sake. I know that there is something wrong between my husband's heart and my own. We do not understand each other yet, though we have been married so long. We are growing farther apart every day. I am miserable, and I do not think he is far from it—but men do not feel so acutely as we do."

"You are mistaken, dear," I said. "Men feel as acutely, but they hide it more than we do. I have been sometimes surprised at the depth of their emotions, which I consider much greater than ours, but not so much on the surface."

Lucy looked up. "You are quite a philosopher, Ann," she said.

It was the first time that evening that she had called me Ann. We were getting quite familiar.

"Not a philosopher, Lucy; only an observer. I am sure, for instance, that you love your husband, and that any little cloud that may have come between you two, may be easily dispelled."

"How do you know that?"

I did not tell her that it was by the tears that I had seen her shed; but I did judge by that. No woman weeps for a man she does not love. I am an old maid, but I know that. I had set her to thinking, which was all I wanted just now. Rome was not built in a day—but so sure as it was built at all, so surely would I rebuild this broken union between the daughter of Mrs. Eldon and my own long-ago friend, Edmund Blake.

I took to visiting Lucy after this, often. Edmund was delighted to see me, chiefly, I believe, because my sober drab gown was a pleasant contrast to Lucy's high-colored and showy dresses. Gradually I drew her, without any apparent design, into a different circle—a circle where home affections, a simple but cultivated taste, and superior intelligence supersede dress and fashion. After her marriage with Charles Grainger, Clara was drawn into that circle. Isabel Harris had long been one of its brightest ornaments, and Lucy was astonished at the reverence shown to Isabel, by persons whose station in life was indisputably the highest and best. At the homes of these ladies, she saw the appendages of wealth and sometimes, to a certain extent, of fashion. But she saw, too, how little they were valued as accessories to pride or vanity. What was better still, Edmund approved her new friendships; and when she saw how well he was received, from the superiority of his intellect and the purity of his character, she began to take pride in him too. The discords were resolving into a new harmony. The two were no longer apart. Each was approaching the other in a new relation. It was very gratifying to the old maid to mark this change, and to feel that she had not intermeddled for a wrong purpose nor with untoward results.

"I believe that you have really done Lucy a great good by renewing your acquaintance with her," said Edmund, one day, when she had seemed unusually cheerful and happy. "Before you came here so much, she used to pine and mope a great deal; and I confess to you that I

was rather unkind to her. She loved show too well—I, perhaps, too little. Her taste is modified, and mine, I think, improved. At any rate, we get along happier, and I mean to owe it to you, whether you will or no."

This was not said in her hearing, of course; but two or three days afterwards, she remarked to me how very kind Edmund was, and that he had offered to move to another house if she wished.

"Did you accept his offer, Lucy?" I asked.

"No—the difference was considerable in the rent, and I told him to lay it by for our own cottage, which we can build next year."

"Bravo! little lady!" came right out of my lips, without knowing it.

Lucy looked up to see if I was insane.

"What do you mean, Ann?" she at length

#### STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON

The accompanying engraving represents the bronze statue placed over the remains of the illustrious De Witt Clinton, in Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, near New York city. The monument was designed and executed by Henry K. Brown for the Clinton Monument Association, at a cost of \$15,000. The statue was commenced in clay on the 20th of September, 1850, and was cast in bronze in March, 1852, at Ames's Foundry, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. The figure is 10 1/2 feet high, and weighs 2300 pounds, while the base is 8 1/2 feet high, making the whole height from the ground to the top of the statue 19 feet. The base is adorned by two bas-reliefs, one of which represents the commencement of the Erie Canal, with laborers, engineers, etc., at work, and the other a section

of his second official term, though a formidable opposition had sprung up, he was able to carry his great project of internal improvement by means of the Erie Canal, on which so much of his fame rests, and in 1822 declined offering himself as a candidate. The action of the senate, however, in depriving him of his office as one of the board of canal commissioners, in 1823, produced a reaction of popular feeling in his favor, and he was again put up for governor and triumphantly elected. In 1826 he was again elected, but died in office, of a catarrhal affection of the throat and chest, which, being neglected, ended fatally. He died suddenly while sitting in his library, February 11, 1828. His death occasioned universal sorrow in his native State, and was felt throughout the Union. Mr. Clinton was a man of noble presence. In private life the purity of

his character, his benevolence, charity and kindness won the hearts of all who approached him. He was an indefatigable student and hard worker. He interested himself in the cause of science and literature, and received high honors from societies devoted to their culture. His various political speeches, messages, and literary and scientific discourses display his ability and industry. He took an interest in every praiseworthy movement going forward. His public career was marked by high ability, energy, dignity and spotless integrity. He had many opportunities of amassing a fortune, but never availed himself of his position and influence to advance his pecuniary interests. A total abnegation of self distinguished his whole career. He deservedly ranks among the greatest men of the Empire State, and his name is worthy of all the honors that have been bestowed upon his memory.

#### MORNING CUSTOMS.

A French writer gives a summary of the different observances among mankind relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies, which we think will interest our readers. All the world, says he, are acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished men, with funeral feasts and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief and better regulated piety. The Persians buried their dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festival days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the graves, and sometimes their horses are paraded, which having been made to fast, seem to partake of the affliction. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further—they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular powder up their nostrils. In Italy the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men. In China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and Armenia it is blue; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, gray. Each of these colors had, originally, its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; gray represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe and America, is an allusion to the eternal night. In England, the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII., white was the funeral garb in France. The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death. The Chancellor of France is the only person who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and cousins of popes never wear it; the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be affected even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations, who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief—*Scientific American*.



STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON, AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY, LONG ISLAND.

asked, when her surprise permitted her to speak.

"I mean that Edmund Blake is a noble, good man, loving his wife as she now deserves to be loved, and that Lucy is a wiser and a better woman than she promised to be."

She looked puzzled.

"I don't see that I have altered much, Ann. I am just as wilful and proud, and should be as passionate as ever, if Edmund had not grown so kind of late."

I patted her on the shoulder.

"You will do, Lucy. Keep on. Edmund will have a model wife, by-and-by."

"He deserves it," said Lucy, with the same old tendency to shed tears. "Please God, I will do my best to make him happy."

I looked up and saw Edmund standing behind her, and I slipped out of the room, to let her find it out. They were happy now.

of the canal in full operation, bearing boats laden with emigrants and merchandise, and surrounded by groups of Indians and other significant devices. De Witt Clinton was born at Little Britain, Orange county, New York, March 2, 1769. His father was a distinguished major-general of the revolutionary army, and his mother a De Witt, a member of the illustrious Dutch family of that name. He was educated at Columbia College, where he greatly distinguished himself and studied law. At an early age he was elected a member of the legislature. In 1801 we find him a senator of his native State. In 1813 and 1814, he was mayor of New York, and in 1817 elected governor of the State almost unanimously, both of the great parties of that day uniting to do honor to his talents consecrated by long public service. The distribution of his official patronage weakened this wonderful popularity, but he was re-elected in 1820. During



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## PEACE BE WITH YOU!

BY ANNIE LINDA HATZ.

Parting words, with these I leave you,  
 Blessing as I would be blest,  
 This shall be my benediction,  
 This my prayer for peace and rest  
 Life has care and toll and danger,  
 Thou wilt have a cross to bear;  
 But since Jesus bore it meekly  
 Shall not we life's sorrows share?

Peace be with you!—memory lingers  
 With a sigh o'er scenes of yore;  
 Evermore—ah! must I leave you?  
 Evermore—evermore.  
 Yet my thoughts will oft be mingled  
 With kind words and deeds of thine,  
 And if clouds I ever remember,  
 I will deem the fault was mine.

## THE LAW OF LOVE

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth;  
 It will not fail, until  
 Thou findest vessels to provide  
 Which it may largely fill  
 Make channels for the streams of love,  
 Where they may broadly run,  
 And love has overflowing streams,  
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease  
 Such channels to provide,  
 The very founts of love for us  
 Will soon be parched and dried  
 For we must share if we would keep  
 That blessing from above  
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have—  
 Such is the law of love.—TREXCH.

## WAR

War is honorable  
 In those who do their native right maintain;  
 To those whose swords an iron barrier  
 Between the lawless spoiler and the weak,  
 But is in those who draw the offensive blade  
 For added power or gain, sordid and deplorable  
 As meanness of the worldly churl.—BAILLIE

## HEART SPEAKING.

But that which issues from the heart alone  
 Will bend the hearts of others to your own.—GOSWELL.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Town and country—which is best? This is a question endlessly discussed by urban and suburban residents. Just now the out-of-towns have their triumph. They have survived the trials of winter and early spring, the infection of great coats and mufflers, and frozen or muddy feet, and can point exultingly to the glories of nature by which they are surrounded, the comforts and luxuries the generous earth produces for their benefit, their barns filled to bursting with fragrant hay; the sweet pure milk their Devons, Durhams, Ayrshires, and Alderneys yield them; their potatoes fresh from the earth, their vegetables sweet and succulent, their juicy, nourishing fruit. Then the pleasant evenings—the pure breezes of the hills, the bright dew mornings—all these are blessings that the summer residents of cities cannot realize. The latter must bide their time, anticipating the operas, concerts and lectures which cannot be transported to the country, and with which they have perfect liberty to taunt their suburban friends, when the sharp biting frosts have ravaged the fair face of nature, stripped the woodlands and chained the now placidly-gilding streams in icy fetters. The perusal of a letter from the seat of war the other day, describing the intoxication produced on a young soldier by his first battle, reminded us of what Goethe says of the "cannon fever" which he experienced when he accompanied his friend Karl August, in 1799, as a travelling companion. On one occasion he rode to an exposed position on which Kellerman's artillery was playing. "In these circumstances," he says, "I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within, and I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the surrounding objects, more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood, but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling, whistling, crashing of the balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations. After I had ridden back and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation left behind.".... A recent correspondent informs us that Paris is sad enough just now. He says: "To one who knows the gay capital well, the melancholy look of all the principal streets and avenues is but too apparent. If there are still a few fine equippages which roll silently along the Champs Elysees, the solemn black of occupants and servants contrasts mournfully with the bright blue and gold, green, or brown liveries which 'was their wont.' The young gentlemen, 'scions of a noble house,' whose greatest delight consisted in the fastest possible horses, and the lightest possible tilburys, dogcarts, and phaetons, are no

longer to be seen, they have gone to the war.".... All history, says Emerson, easily resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons. .... Colonel Abram Durjee, the able commanding officer of the Seventy-third Regiment of New York, has tendered his resignation to Brigadier General Hall. Colonel Durjee is one of the most accomplished and thorough disciplinarians in the country, and his withdrawal from the military service would be a public loss. .... Alphonse Karr, the talented author of "Les Guepes," and various other works, relates that he lately sent for his tailor to make him a coat out of a piece of cloth he had purchased. "Can't do it," said the tailor; "there isn't stuff enough." Karr then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and Karr's first visit was to the first tailor. "There!" said he; "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient! You see there was stuff enough after all!" "Very likely," said the man of measures, with imperturbable coolness, "very likely; but the son of the tailor who made it is not so big as mine!".... When Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of this city, was at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, he was announced in the city papers as Herr Baron aus Amerika—My lord, the baron, from America!.... The following statement by Mr. Williams, editor of the *Utica Morning Herald*, rather jars with popular notions: "In no country on the continent, with the possible exception of Switzerland, are the annoyances of the passport system less than in Austria. In this respect she is at present far ahead of France. Her ministers in foreign courts exact no fee for Visas, nor is a single Visa required from the time one enters her dominions until one quits them. This reform in reference to passports is of somewhat recent date, and is due to the personal efforts of the emperor.".... A recent letter-writer thus describes Garibaldi's personal appearance: "Garibaldi is a short, thin, nervous-looking man, a decided blonde; but his little gray eye has the sparkle of polished steel. His hair is cut as short as possible. He wears his beard, but there is nothing striking about it—you see hundreds just like it on the boulevards; it is beginning to be sprinkled with gray. I don't know whether he is cruel or not; he looks gentle, and one would give him absolute without asking for confession. He is even so civilized as to wear a *pince-nez*, as his eye-sight is failing. He does not look as if he was more than forty years old, but he is fifty-three.".... A correspondent of the *Trinity (Cal.) Journal* says: It is rumored that when the express arrived at one of the stations on Lower Trinity, with a blooming widow in charge, a justice's court, then in session, was adjourned for ten minutes, to give the attorneys and jury a sight at crinolines. Mr. Beecher says a cow is the saint of the barnyard. She eats, ruminates, digests, and in short lives for the sake of others. She could be fat if she was only selfish, but nothing can well be more devoid of all beauty than a genuine milker. She economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk. .... As many as seventy Wisconsin editors have been on an excursion to the Grand Rapids, Michigan. .... A child in Albany was kicked by a horse, whose vicious habits were known to the owner. The child died, and the case came up before a coroner's jury, who looked into the statute book, and rendered a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter in the third degree" against the owner of the horse. .... A letter from Casale, in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, says: I met, yesterday, in the Piazza Savone, a French light infantry soldier, with a sparrow perched on his shoulder; the soldier smoking, the sparrow chirruping. "You breed birds, my brave fellow?" said I. The man smiled, and answered, "This is an orphan from Montebello. The day of the fight, on leaving the village, we chased the Austrians across the fields. Bullets whistled among the trees like hail, and this poor bird, quite young, being terrified, fell from its nest on my arm. I thrust it into my shako, which had been pierced through by two balls, and thought no more of it until, on returning, I felt something scratch my head, and then I said, 'it is my little prisoner;' and to the surprise and great amusement of my comrades, I produced him. I have kept him since, and now we love each other dearly, 'do we not, Montebello?'" And as he spoke he held out his finger to the bird, which hopped on it without hesitation. I begged permission to buy Montebello a few cherries and to caress it. Catullus would not have kissed more tenderly the bird of Lesbia than I did that sparrow. .... A leading drug house informs a morning paper, in view of the glowing excitement in Minnesota, that the autumn is the time to gather ginseng, and that the root dug in the spring is valueless as an article of export. Perhaps the Minnesotans, by rooting up the Big Woods so thoroughly, have rooted out the crop, and thus destroyed the goose that might have laid the golden egg. .... The lighting of Paris is now effected by 1695 oil, and 14,000 gas lamps, fed by 1,464 236 feet of pipes, and supplying nearly 560,000 cubic feet of gas. During six months all the lamps are lighted every night, and during the remainder of the year a certain number for part of the night. .... A family of nine persons came near losing their lives, in Clinton county, N. Y. Arsenic had been mixed with some flour, for the purpose of killing rats, but a servant, not knowing this, used the flour to make a pudding, from which all partook. By timely aid, their lives were saved. .... A Paris correspondent of the *Newport News*, says that so far from newspaper correspondents being allowed to follow the army, the principal papers of that city have their ablest writers at the seat of war. .... In the early history of Harvard University corporal punishment was one of the most common means of correction—the tutors chastising the students at discretion. By the college annals it appears that when one Thomas Sargeant was publicly whipped in the hall, the exercises were opened and closed with prayers. .... The town of Varese, says the *Milan Gazette*, has decided that its principal promenade shall be called the Corso Victor Emmanuel II, and the principal street Garibaldi. .... A marble shaft recently erected over the remains of Aaron Burr, in the graveyard at Princeton, N. J., has been mutilated and broken by some persons unknown. The shaft was erected by stealth, no one knowing who put it there.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The armistice concluded between the allies and the Emperor of Austria, the announcement of which took every one by surprise, and sent up the French and English funds, has not yet produced the effect predicted by those who profess to be political prophets. Time must determine the effect of the measure.—If Germany come not to the rescue of Austria it is all over with the latter power in Italy. But there are threatening movements in the German confederation which may require the return of Napoleon to Paris.—Garibaldi is maneuvering with consummate skill to shut off the Austrians from the mountain passes.—An exchange of Austrian and French prisoners has taken place.—Russia continues to assure Germany that she has no occasion for alarm or interference.—It is said that the French will sustain the action of the pope in sending troops to Perugia.—At the battle of Solferino a balloon was used to signal the approach of the Austrians.—The harvest in Algeria has been got in.—D'Israeli declined a baronetcy on his retirement.—Mr. Dallas our American minister, expressed his sympathies with the Italian liberals in a recent speech.—In the British Parliament, Lord Lyndhurst strongly advocated vigorous measures of defence, both on sea and land. He thought that a regular militia force of 100,000 men ought to be maintained, and an equal force of disembodied trained militia. He regarded the assertion that France had no wish to invade England as undeserving of consideration. England ought to live in perfect independence of French forbearance, relying only on the vigor of the people. Lord Granville deprecated the introduction of a topic so delicate a nature. He thought Lyndhurst's remarks were calculated to annoy and irritate the French. He spoke, however, as did other members, in favor of strengthening the military and naval defences.

## The German States.

The London Times asks: What has Germany to fear? What has Belgium? The best thing they can do is to remain neutral so long as the war is localized in Italy, and in the meantime to take a lesson from the lamentable breakdown of the boasted military system of Austria. The giant has collapsed at the bullet of a French rifle. Discipline, physical strength, the commissariat, the strategy, the transport—everything has failed in the hour of trial, excepting only the courage of the men, who have been marched up, famished, sleepless, and sun-stricken, to be shot down without a chance of even selling their lives dear.

## Statue of Lord Clive.

Baron Marochetti's bronze statue of Lord Clive has been erected within the railings of the Duke of Buccleuch's grounds, opposite the new buildings of the Board of Trade and Privy Council, London. The figure is of colossal proportions, standing erect, the left hand falling down and holding the bat, the right resting on the side, a little above the hip. The style of its execution is broad and massive, and the attitude is unconstrained and easy.

## Italy and France.

The liberation of Italy is a European necessity—the most that its enemies could do is to postpone it at an immense cost of suffering. The French government has defined the objects for which it fights, and in order that it may sheathe the sword as soon as they are obtained, it wishes to preserve the political character of the war. Nothing short of hard necessity would induce it to give the war a revolutionary character.

## The French Republicans.

What may be the secret wish or hopes, or even fears of the Emperor Napoleon, it is difficult to guess; but that the final advantage is not intended to be left to him may be divined by the exultations of the revolutionary party, who, in spite of all he has done towards the liberation of Italy, clearly look to a state of general confusion for the realization of their own peculiar theories.

## Hunt's Poems.

Leigh Hunt announces a forthcoming edition of his poems to form "an absolutely final collection of all the verses from my pen which have appeared in print, in whatever vehicle of book, periodical or pamphlet, boyish or other crudities excepted."

## The Philippine Islands.

Sir John Bowring is preparing for the press an account of his late visit to the Philippine Islands, in the British steamer *Magicienne*, with special reference to the ports of Lombo, Holo, and Saul, which have lately been opened to foreign commerce.

## Rewarding a Composer.

Felicien David received from the French minister of state, the sum of five thousand francs, as a reward for the talent displayed in his grand opera, "Herculeum."

## The French Laureate.

Mery, the imperial laureate of France, lately produced at the opera an "Occasional Hymn," set to Auber's music, which was received with intense enthusiasm.

## French Pamphlet.

Emile Girardin is engaged in writing a pamphlet, under the title of "The European Equilibrium," which is considered in the light of a supplement to "The War."

## Madame Ristori.

Madame Ristori has been offered, by an enterprising American, twenty thousand dollars a month to visit the United States in her professional capacity.

## Death of a Grand Duchess.

The grand duchess dowager, mother of the Princess of Prussia, and aunt of the Emperor Alexander, died recently at Weimar.

## Russian Opera.

Madame Charton Demeur has been engaged at St. Petersburg, to fill the place of Madame Boel.

## MEDICAL TREATMENT.

What would be thought of a professor in one of our colleges who pretended to teach all of the classic and natural sciences? People would simply say that the human intellect was insufficient to such a purpose, that in order to teach one science thoroughly and well, all the faculties of a man's brain are required for that one purpose. The professor may and should be a proficient in all the sciences, but he can be an expert in but one, and so we have professors of Greek, professors of Latin, professors of mathematics, etc. But now let us apply this principle to medicine, where its truths are equally obvious. Can it be reasonably expected that any physician can become a professor, or expert, in every branch of medicine, and properly understand all of the innumerable forms of disease, and treat any special one as perfectly and understandingly as that man who makes a particular study of one only, and has time to expend all of his mental powers upon that alone? Most certainly not.

This fact is now so obvious and indisputable, that we find intelligent men and physicians acting upon it in a philosophical manner. One devotes his study and professional skill to the treatment of the eye and ear, another makes a life-long practice and study of the lungs, a third practices solely as a surgeon, and so on.

In exemplification of this we have Dr. R. Greene of this city, devoting years of study and incessant practice to the cure of *Cancers*, and hence his unequalled success and wonderful discoveries in the treatment of this widespread affliction. In this department of medical treatment, and the cure of *Scrofulous Humors*, we candidly believe that he has no superior in this country, if in the world, and few persons even in Boston are aware of the immense amount of business transacted at the "Indian Medical Institute," at the head of which Dr. Greene is. After studying the various systems of medicine, and finding that they had not the basis of nature, Dr. Greene turned his attention to the study of nature's laws—spent several years in travel, and received much useful information from these children of nature, the red men, whose habits and system of medical practice he thoroughly investigated, and which has greatly assisted him in the development of a system, having nature for its foundation, and science for its superstructure.

About ten years ago, Dr. Greene located in Boston, when the success of his treatment was brought more fully before the public, and his sphere of usefulness enlarged. His allopathic friends viewed his success with a jealous eye, and his practice was undervalued upon in one or two of their medical journals in no very dignified terms. That he was successful in all ordinary diseases was admitted; but they were slow to believe that he was able to cure *Cancers* and *Scrofulous Humors*. To convince them and the public of his success, he published facts in regard to cures of such cases, giving the names and residence of such persons who were willing to have their names used, so that any one could be satisfied of their truthfulness. He also preserved specimens of cancers as they were removed, that they might be examined by the doctors, or by the public. Several hundreds of these cancers, some of enormous size, soon accumulated, having been put up in glass jars, where they have since remained on exhibition at his rooms, 88 Bromfield Street, Boston, to which the public have free access.

These incontrovertible evidences of success brought out the press in his favor, and drew around him a large number of friends who were interested in the common cause of humanity. The business at the office so increased that it became necessary to relieve Dr. Greene from the details of his practice, in order to make his services available to a larger portion of those applying for treatment. For this purpose, and by the advice and co-operation of influential citizens, an organization was formed under the name of the "Boston Indian Medical Institute." Not that the practice was crude, like that of the Indian, but based upon the Indian system, or natural principles, harmonizing with natural laws, and avoiding the use of poisonous drugs. Under this organization the Institution has become the most popular Medical Asylum in the country, where patients are daily received and successfully treated.

Very many common physical afflictions arise from a diseased condition of the blood. This is peculiarly within the line of Dr. Greene's practice, and hence the great number of cases treated by him with such unvarying success, under the aspects of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Female Complaints, Disease of the Stomach, Bowels, and Kidneys, Rheumatism, and various other diseases.

Invalids who are disposed to use sensible means, in a sensible way, for the restoration of health, are confidently referred to Dr. Greene as a safe counsellor, and to the institution over which he presides, as affording facilities for obtaining health not to be found elsewhere.

For further information concerning this mode of practice, read a pamphlet descriptive of treatment and proof of cures, which may be obtained free by addressing R. Greene, M. D., 86 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published in elegant 8vo form, with tint binding, Haydn's sacred *Oratorio*, the *Creation* (composed in the years 1797 and 1798) in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or piano forte, edited by V. Novello.

KNITTING WORK. A WEB OF MANY TEXTURES. By B. F. SHILLABAR (Mrs. Partington) Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase, 1 vol. 12mo. 1859.

The American who has not heard of Mrs. Partington has never heard of railroads and steamboats or the Declaration of Independence. For fifteen years her quaint sayings have been in every body's mouth. One day some years ago, the old lady took it into her head to publish a book. It went like wildfire. The other day she resolved to publish another book, and here it is, rich, racy, funny, overflowing with humor, and with "pictures to match." To be a little serious, Mr. Shillabar, the originator of Mrs. Partington, is a "fellow of infinite jest," a poet as well as a humorist, and which is not always the case with authors, an excellent citizen and man. He deserves success, has obtained and will obtain it. His last book will be perhaps his greatest hit.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## SOMETHING NEW.

## A Liquid Coffee Superior to All.

THE undersigned has the pleasure to announce that he has perfected arrangements for the manufacture of the

## REAL FRENCH COFFEE,

which he claims will equal if it does not surpass the best Coffee of the Cafes of Paris. It is made under the direction of Mons. J. J. Fontaine, of Paris, who is familiar with the French process, and a single trial of the article will satisfy everybody that it is

## The Best Coffee in the World.

For hotels and eating-houses it is invaluable, as a cup of the most delicious coffee can be made at a moment's notice.

It is put up in neat pint and half-pint bottles, and sold at a very moderate price.

For sale wholesale and retail at our.

PRINCIPAL TEA WAREHOUSE,  
188 WASHINGTON STREET.

Also—At the Branch Stores,  
110 COURT STREET,  
65 UNION STREET,  
89 BEACH STREET,  
664 WASHINGTON STREET.

July 30 THOMAS G. WHYTEAL. 4w

## The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

## MICROSCOPES!

## MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or two instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,  
Room No. 2. 4w July 30

YOUR NAME in Gift Letters, (adhesive)  
Size 1 inch, one cent each, 2 inches, two cents; 3 inches three cents, etc., with red stamp to pay return postage. Grand chance for agents! 12 alphabets, one inch, for \$1, two inch, 8 for \$1; three inch, 6 for \$1—assorted colors. Address

GEORGE K. SNOW,

PATFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE OFFICE,  
July 30 3w Boston, Mass.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEOPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS and CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

W. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,  
Attorneys, 25 State St., Boston.

## LIVER COMPLAINT.

THE liver, being the great purifying organ, arrests in its substance many morbid products, the fertile sources of disease. The PEPHAN SYRUP stimulates the liver to the performance of its functions, lessens the evils of bad digestion, and thus acts at the same time in a restorative and preventive manner.

116,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has

in four years, reached this remarkable circulation and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Receive one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

## Cool Soda with Iced Syrups.

BROWN'S Soda Water, drawn through Nicholas's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in Also, Brown's Hock and Claret Soda to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on request, to be made at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given.

## IMPORTANT

—TO—

## FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

We would respectfully announce that we have become the Publishers of that Valuable and beautiful Work,

## MILCH COWS

—AND—

## DAIRY FARMING,

THE BEST BOOK EXTANT ON THE SUBJECT,

Comprising the Breeds, Breeding and Management, in Health and Disease of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full explanation of Queen's Method, the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; embodying the most recent improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces, with a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland, to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, author of "A Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants," etc.

FULLY AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH

130 ENGRAVINGS.

12mo. 416 pp. Price \$1.25.

The chapter on the diseases of Dairy Stock, mostly prepared by Dr. O. M. Wood and Dr. J. H. Dadd, is worth many times the cost of the book.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING.—Charles L. Flint of Boston, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, is the author of a new work upon a subject never before fully treated in this country, which, if we mistake not, will prove the most valuable book for universal use among farmers that has ever been published in this country. There is scarcely anything worth knowing, about how to select a cow, how to treat her, and how to make butter and cheese, that cannot be found in this volume, which contains numerous illustrations, besides its concise language, carefully written from all the best authorities, and much personal observation. It is a work that was much needed, and one that in recommending we shall do good to the farming interest. It is published on good paper, clear type, with many well cut wood engravings, and contains over 400 pages, and, we suppose, will sell for \$1.25.—New York Tribune.

This work is marked by the clearness and perspicuity which have characterized Mr. Flint's previous productions. It contains an account of the most enlightened practice in this country; the details of the dairy husbandry of Holland, and the most recent and productive modes of management in English dairy farming, embracing a large amount of practical and scientific information not hitherto presented to the American public in an available form.—Salem Gazette.

We recommend the work to every one who keeps a cow or intends to do so.—Ohio Farmer.

We recommend it as a matter of economy; because, if studied, it cannot fail to impart facts of more value to most dairymen and dairy women than several times its cost.—New England Farmer.

It should be in the hands of every owner of a cow.—Vermont Stock Journal.

It can but rank as a standard American Dairy Book,—the best, we have no hesitation in saying, yet issued upon the subject.—Country Gentleman.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING.—This is a well written work, affording a great deal of highly valuable information respecting the topics treated. It is both thorough and practical, and does not urge expensive experiments, which are alike beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer, and doubtful in their results. The directions are clear, minute, and abundantly illustrated, with ingeniously planned, and sharply outlined cuts. The chapter on the Dairy Husbandry of Holland, translated from the German of Elberbrook, a professor in the Agricultural Institute at Zeist, is extremely entertaining as well as instructive. Every custom in this department which has obtained among that cleanly and diligent people, is at least worth knowing, since they spare no pains to sustain the reputation which their butter and cheese has obtained both in Europe and America. Indeed, all the suggestions in this volume are worthy of consideration. Upon no subject do we so much need scientific and practical instruction as upon that of husbandry in its various branches, and nearly all that is contained in this book will be found both useful and important.—Boston Journal.

Mr. Flint possesses every qualification for the task he has undertaken, patience in research, a love for the subjects, great opportunities for information, a scholarly mind, and an acquaintance with all the theories and systems on neat stock, and the management of the dairy which have prevailed, and he has performed an especial service for the farmers of this country in furnishing them with this complete manual.—Gardner's Register.

The more we examine the book the better we like it. To say that it is superior to any work hitherto published on that subject is not enough; it is a better book of its kind than we had hoped to have an opportunity of welcoming to the shelves of our agricultural library.—Wisconsin Farmer.

PUBLISHED BY

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

13 Winter Street, Boston.

Sold by all Booksellers and Periodical Agents throughout the country.

N. B.—Copies will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price. A dollar bill and eight three-cent stamps may be enclosed and sent by letter to the publishers, for a single copy. Ten copies will be sent to any address in the United States, postage, or freight paid, for ten dollars.

Any bookseller, periodical agent, or postmaster, can procure a copy by mail, if requested, at the wholesale price.

Agents wanted in every county in the United States, to dispose of this new and instructive work, which is in universal demand, and which needs only to be seen and examined in order to be appreciated by that numerous and intelligent class for whom it was especially designed.

IN PRESS,

And will be published September 1, 1859.

A new and enlarged edition, uniform with the above, of another valuable Agricultural Work, by the same author, to be issued in the same elegant style, entitled a

Practical Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants,

Comprising their Natural History, comparative Nutritive Value, Methods of Cultivating, Cutting, and Caring, and the Management of Grass Lands. Fully and beautifully illustrated.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

## BENZOLINE!

## BENZOLINE!!

## BUY A BOTTLE OF BENZOLINE!

Because it will remove

GREASE FROM CARPETS.

Because it will remove

GREASE FROM WALL PAPER.

Because it will remove

GREASE FROM TABLE COVERS.

Because it will remove

GREASE FROM DRESSES.

Because it will remove

GREASE FROM HATS.

Because it will remove

PAINT FROM COATS.

Because it will remove

STAINS FROM GLOVES.

Because it will leave

NO STAIN BEHIND.

Because it is only 25 CENTS per Bottle, and is sold at 15 Winter Street by O. P. DRAKE, who WARRANTS it.

## PAPER WAREHOUSE.

GRANT, WARREN & Co.,

Nos. 89 AND 93 MILK STREET, AND 94 CONGRESS ST.

Importers and Dealers in all descriptions of Paper, Paper Stock, and Manufacturers' Materials. Printing, Writing, and Colored Papers, of every variety, MADE TO ORDER.

ap30

3m

## GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a touch of the broiler will render any steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-Iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW.

may 25 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

## WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,  
June 4 8m Hookset, N. H.

"Can it be Done?"  
"NERVOUS" AND "FEVERISH" MALE COMPLAINTS. Scrofulous Humors, (Canker, Salt Rheum), and Dyspepsia with its attendant horrors cured without medicine. The best remedies ever known for Sore Eyes, Flims, and Total Blindness. Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutritive Cure," (sent to you for one dime) and learn how these things are done.  
July 16 4w LAROE SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

MULLER'S PIANO METHOD.—In English and German. Revised by Julius Knorr. Two parts. Price of each, \$2. Complete in one volume, \$3.

Published by OLIVER DITTON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

## ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 150,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

## SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS.)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 1 tf

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

No. 22 Winter Street.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

## PARSONS &amp; GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES

NO 3 WINTER STREET.

READING FOR THE MILLION!—We will send for a whole year, to any person who forwards us \$12, Tidd's Pictorial, an elegant first class illustrated weekly, and 120 copies of our Dollar Monthly, beautifully ornamented with engravings, and one hundred pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been put in the world! Address M. M. BALLOU,  
No. 22 Winter Street. Publisher, Boston, Mass.

SHEET MUSIC bound at this office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelette style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE BEL ISABEL; or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA.

A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER; or, THE PROPHECY OF THE BURNER WALD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA; or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the sanguinary incidents of those times. Written for us by NED MUNTLINE.

THE TURKISH SLAVE; or, THE DUMB DEAF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated. Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN; or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE BLACK KNIGHT; or, THE WANDERING ROMAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read of—all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition. Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR; or, THE HUNTER SEA OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great a popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF; or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE SEA LION; or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOBSCOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. During in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS; or, THE SON OF THE SQUABHARNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

RODERICK THE ROVER; or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE; or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texas Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

PAUL LARON; or, THE SQUIRE OF THE ANTILES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE SEA LARK; or, THE QUADROON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE; or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT; or, THE BUCKLE OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE; or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by CAPT. DENNY P. CHEEVER.

RED HAND; or, THE CRUISER OF THE ENGIN "CHANDEL." In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes.

Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER; or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.





THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVII., No. 6...WHOLE No. 424.  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM

## MARSHAL DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY.

General Regnaud de St Jean d'Angely, of whom we publish herewith an excellent likeness from a recent photograph from one of the best artists of Paris, is one of the most distinguished military celebrities of the present day. For his brilliant services culminating on the glorious field of Magenta, he received the baton of Marshal of France from the hands of Napoleon III. General d'Angely was born in Paris, July 29, 1794. Graduating from the military school of St. Germain with the rank of sub-lieutenant, in 1812, he served in the 8th hussars during the Russian campaign. Promoted to a lieutenancy the following year, he passed into Saxony and took part in the principal actions of the campaign so gloriously inaugurated by the victory of Lutzen and crowned by the immortal battle of Bautzen, two great achievements, which would have checked the coalition, if there had been cavalry to complete the route of the enemy. But these heroic battles were destined to remain sterile; they could not save the doomed empire. After having carried the war into the enemy's country, France in 1814 beheld a foreign invasion, and was reduced to the defence of her own territory. Lieutenant Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely was engaged in this campaign up to the capitulation of Paris. Promoted to a captaincy in the course of the operations, his nomination was not confirmed by the restored royal government. But the ephemeral government of the Hundred Days indemnified him for the rigors of the first restoration, and, on his return from the Isle of Elba, the emperor attached M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely to his person in the quality of orderly officer, and gave him the rank of major of cavalry on the battle-field of Waterloo, from which the empire never rose. The second restoration refused to ratify this appointment. Like all governments imbued with maxims of absolute authority, it could not understand that a soldier belongs to his country and not to the person of his sovereign, and so compelled M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely to expiate the crime of having served France under the empire. He was placed among the lieutenants in 1815, and afterwards struck from the army list. He accordingly passed some years in retirement, but in 1825, when Greece armed for her independence, he followed Colonel Fabvier to that country, and was entrusted with the organization of a corps of European cavalry. In 1828 he served as a volunteer with the French forces in the Morean expedition. In 1830 the government of Louis Philippe under-



MARSHAL REGNAUD DE SAINT JEAN D'ANGELY.

took to repair the wrongs the old imperial officers had received at the hands of the restored Bourbons, by restoring them to rank and employment. M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely was replaced in the rank of major. Restored to the service, he was employed in the campaign in Belgium of 1831 and 1833. On the 23d of October, 1832, he was made colonel of the first regiment of lancers (Nemours), and on the 18th of December, 1841, brigadier general of cavalry. Raised to the rank of general of division July 10, 1848, he was invested with the command of the land forces in the Mediterranean expedition, and made the campaign of Italy, and accordingly had the distinguished honor of doing his part towards crushing the gallant Roman republic of which Garibaldi was the illustrious defender. Of course d'Angely only obeyed orders, and is in no wise responsible for the infamous part the French took in that affair. Also, it will be remembered, that it was republican France that crushed republican Rome, and not Louis Napoleon personally, as we have seen it falsely stated quite recently. It was through d'Angely's cavalry that Garibaldi cut his way to the mountains when Rome had capitulated. Now the gallant partisan leader and the French marshal are fighting in the same cause and on the same side. D'Angely was, after the Italian campaign, a deputy from La Charente to the Legislative Assembly, and aided the reactionary movement which destroyed the republic and inaugurated the empire. In 1851 he was appointed minister of war, and exercised its duties from the 9th to the 24th of January, after which brief term of service, and in the following year, he was made a senator, to which a large salary is attached, appointed inspector general of the army, and then president of the committee on cavalry at the ministry of war. In 1854 he was invested with the superior command of the corps forming the Imperial Guard, which is composed of picked men, and represents all arms of the French service. Indeed, it is an army in itself, and the command is only given to those in whose courage and fidelity the sovereign reposes the most implicit confidence. The bulletin of the battle of Magenta told how brilliantly the soldiers fought under the orders of this distinguished general. The emperor recognized D'Angely's valor and skill by a decree dated on the battle-field which elevated General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely to the grade of marshal of France, a testimonial which gave infinite satisfaction to the entire army.



AUSTRIAN TROOPS EMBARKING AT LAGO MAGGIORE, ITALY.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
**THE ROMAN SISTERS.**

BY ANNE T. WOOD

"Thy days, O Danae, are like the rose-leaves which the breeze of morning strows on the current of the Tiber. They float on the surface of the wave, and are lost in the sea. But the rose-bud which bore them, mourns them not; she is young and vigorous, and adorns herself with new blossoms. Thou art careless of thy hours, as she is careless of her petals. Thou hast many of them to lose in the present and in the future; thy past has scarcely existed. What is thine age?"

"I can tell thee, Sabinus Vindex. I am one of those who smile at every new Aurora. It is seventeen years to-day since I was born the daughter of Corvinus Cimber, a Roman citizen, and, alas, of plebeian blood!"

"It is vain for thee to seek to persuade me that thou art ungrateful to the immortal gods, Danae. They have made thee as beautiful as the Sabine Hersilia, taken captive by the divine Romulus; they have given thee for a father the most honest of citizens. Thou art the most beloved of all the young girls of thy neighborhood; all the mothers envy the fate of thy mother, although she is dead; and I know more than one young patrician who seeks to meet thee when thou returnest from the Tiber, with an amphora on thy head, and chanting thy songs."

"I do not know what the patricians think of me, but I am certain that no one of them has touched my hand, or addressed to me a word of love."

"I believe it, Danae. If thou art beautiful, thou art proud, thou art reserved in thy looks and manners. Besides, thou knowest the patrician youth of to-day. Since Rome has had masters, the statue of Modesty has veiled her face, and the old Emperor Tiberius will certainly never avenge this outraged goddess. He is said to be ill, in his island of Caprea, the drunken monster!"

"Ah, Sabinus Vindex, I have often entreated thee to control the tumults of thy passion. Thy republican blood is indomitable. Thou hast no regard for my peace. Shouldst thou be denounced to Cesar?"

"Thy anxiety is sweet to my soul, Danae; and to see thee thus interested for Vindex, Vindex would voluntarily seek danger every day. Women love gifts, it is said. They are ruinous oracles; if the altar is not laden with presents, the oracles remain grave and mute. As for me, Danae, I would give my life for one of thy smiles, one of thy friendly words."

"Sabinus, if I speak little of my love—"

"Well, Danae!"

"It is because my love speaks much inwardly. But here is my sister Cesonia, coming to meet us on the banks of the river. She is acquainted with our evening interviews, and is a tender and discreet confidant. What afflicts me is the profound sadness which often overspreads her brow; though there be smiles on her lips, that is always clouded. What trouble has Cesonia? Speak to her, Sabinus."

"Thy sister and myself, Cesonia, were saying as we saw thee approach, here comes the friend of our loves."

"And as I came towards you," was saying to myself, there are the two turtle-doves whom I protect, met on the banks of the Tiber. Chance is a powerful god. When you see Danae, I would bet many sesterces that Sabinus Vindex is about to leave the earth, or has just descended from the clouds."

"Our Cesonia is unusually gay this evening. To what temple has she carried doves or kids to-day?"

"To that of Castor."

"But he is the god who presides over chariot-races. Is my sister about to give the Roman people games?"

"He is also the god who presides over fraternal friendship, Danae."

"Ah, what a gentle and elevated soul has Cesonia!"

"When Sabinus Vindex speaks thus, I always fear he flatters."

"My Cesonia, why imagine that Sabinus admires in thee only the sister of Danae? Why not appropriate to thyself some portion of his regard?"

"Why, Danae? Thou hast told the reason. Ask Diana why she pets her hounds. The huntress wishes to secure the game."

"Indeed, Cesonia, thy discourse afflicts me; and I swear to thee by the manes of my mother, and by the temple of Jupiter—"

"What an oath wert thou about to take, imprudent man! Knowest thou not that an oath is a chain—a chain easily broken, but of which an inconvenient fragment always remains? Nevertheless, let us hear what thou wert about to swear."

"Thou hast frightened me, beautiful Cesonia."

"Here is a courageous Roman citizen; the opinions of a young girl make him throw aside sword and buckler. What wast thou about to swear to me, Sabinus Vindex?"

"Thou hast then a great desire to know. And if I break my chain afterwards, Cesonia?"

"Well, the broken fragment will accompany thee always, and be thy punishment."

"And thou wilt be avenged, Roman?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And consoled, also?"

"No. What wert thou about to swear to me, Sabinus?"

"Must I tell her, my Danae?"

"My sister is one of those to whom the gods have forgotten to give a kingdom. The crown of King Tigranes belongs to her by right of heritance; when Cesonia desires, she commands; when she commands, no one resists. Her words and her glances control all hearts. I counsel thee, Sabinus, to acknowledge to my sister what thou hast no great desire to conceal from her."

"I will obey. This, then, is my oath: I swear to Cesonia that the friendship I bear towards her is entirely disinterested; that it is entirely Cesonian."

"Add besides: And that it shall survive in thy heart thy love for my sister, if this love should ever become extinct!"

"I swear it by Jupiter and the manes of my mother."

"That is heroic, O Sabinus! Thou art a true Roman of the republic. But the star of evening already begins to descend, and the shades are covering the Latin campagna. My friends, it is the hour when my tired father returns from the Sabine fields. He loves to find his two daughters on the threshold of his door. These are his festal moments, his pleasures, his triumphal games. O, let us return to our father; let us prepare the bath, the refreshing wines, the loaves cooked in the ashes, and the evening repast; what is a young girl who forgets her household duties? What is she but a parasite plant in the family garden? Come, my friends, let us ascend the banks of the Tiber, and fling on its current all the trials of the day, that it may bear them to the vast sea. Hear ye the clarions and the buccinae? The Praetorian legions are returning to their camp. They surround Rome during her sleep; they guard her with solicitude. O, Cesar is the father of his country! If he does not watch over her himself, if he inhabits his island, he assured he does not forget his children, for he says to the javelins, stand up around them and even against them. Tiberius Cesar is a mild emperor, and I am sure Sabinus Vindex will not contradict me."

"In truth, Cesonia, thy words are as grave as the harmony of the wind in the forests. Thou art prudent, thou art beautiful, thou art a devoted friend. Let Rome honor thee; I will be the first to bow before thee."

"Sabinus, Sabinus, spare thine incense—it belongs to another idol. But let us return to the city."

They re-entered the path which wound along the banks of the river, returning to Rome with slow steps, the two young girls leaning on each other's shoulders, like a Corinthian group, and Vindex following them, enveloped in his white robe, and with his right hand hid in its folds. He walked silently, but with high head and vigilant eye. His concealed hand strongly grasped the hilt of a sword; and whenever a shadow glided behind the tall bushes on the bank, this hand quickly drew and then silently replaced the steel. Danae often turned her head and smiled on her lover, and several times Cesonia drooped her head and sighed. The waters of the Tiber were high, as it was the period of great rain. Meanwhile the night, this evening serene, had chased every cloud towards the sunset, so that mountains of gold and purple seemed to rise in the direction of Ostia. Not one fatal bird was hovering in the air; the goatherds were chanting in the distance, and all the stars smiled in the tombs and the little temples of the Roman campagna. A Latin bark, with a single bank of oars, was

ascending the current. Several times Vindex cast upon it an uneasy glance, but it held its course in the middle of the stream. Arrived at the gardens of Julius Cesar, the young girls said to their friend Sabinus:

"We are now at the gates of Rome. Slacken thy pace, Vindex. Thou knowest that the matrons of the Transteverine quarter have their eyes open towards night. They are sharp-sighted birds of evening."

"Danae," replied Vindex, "a matron's tongue is less prompt and less murderous than the hand of a freedman. Tiberius Cesar has many foxes who prowl for him on this side of the city."

At this moment a Praetorian centurion appeared. As he was marching towards the river, the border of his mantle touched the arm of Cesonia. The latter started, and the centurion looked at her with a smile, then cast his eyes on Danae, and said, in the Doric tongue:

"Who sees the one, sees the other."

The infernal gods willed it that Vindex understood this dialect, which was spoken at Rhodes, where he had sojourned. He replied to the centurion:

"And who sees both, sees the pride of Rome."

"Young man," said the centurion, "art thou a Greek?"

"Art thou a Roman?" returned Vindex, who hated the Praetorians.

Then the centurion said to him in Latin:

"To guard one woman is much, but to guard two is heroic!"

Sabinus Vindex replied:

"Those whom I have once protected, are always covered by my shield."

"Art thou a snarling whelp?" said the Praetorian.

"Art thou a hungry wolf?" replied the young man.

Swords were drawn like lightning flashes, and the centurion had already felt the point of that of Vindex. The two young girls uttered a loud scream, and the echo from a funeral monument bore it to some soldiers scattered along the banks of the river. The latter hastened to the spot, and finding the centurion wounded, became enraged. Sabinus Vindex felt that Cesonia and Danae were in great peril; he raised his sword, invoking the Roman deities, then, shielding the two young girls with his arm and his breast, he marched backwards, facing the Praetorians, and rendering blow for blow, imprecation for imprecation. Meanwhile the path which bordered the river almost touched the water; there was danger for Danae and Cesonia in advancing further. Sabinus exclaimed:

"Let us stop here—and may the gods do the rest!"

He spoke, and received a blow from a pike on his left arm; it was then that he brandished his sword, and made it whirl like a wheel. It seemed a flaming circle around the young girls protected by this Homeric blade. They had fallen at the feet of Vindex; and with one hand he pressed theirs, and with the other covered his adversaries with blood. Cries succeeded wounds, and death stifled cries. Sabinus knew not how many blows he had received; his soul forgot the vulnerable body—his whole soul was at the point of his sword, and guided it to inflict mortal wounds. It was the lion bristling with arrows and rending the hunters. Suddenly he saw but one woman at his feet. He uttered a cry like the roar of the sea; he seized the young girl who remained, and with her sprang into the river, to recover the other whom the fatal, the treacherous bark was bearing away. But his strength failed, and he fell swooning, losing waves of blood.

"He is dead!" said the Praetorians.

"She is dead, also!" exclaimed they, after having touched the young girl.

Then they regained their camp, bearing their wounded, and silence resumed her seat on the solitary shore, with one hand extended over the plain, and the other placed before her mouth. The waters carried away fragments of clothing and blood; the flowers raised themselves on their stems, and the cool breeze continued to sigh among the waving mastic and cedars.

Night had reached the highest point in her course, and the star-beams were descending in long threads of silver on the bluish earth and the limpid waters; the shepherds were no longer singing on the neighboring hills, and not a bell moved in the folds of the sleeping flock. The Tiber alone murmured its eternal plaint. Near its wave a girl was sitting beside a body extended there, fixing her eyes on the closed eyes of him whom she was guarding. She had placed

the pale face of the young man upon her knees, and often touched his forehead, his mouth and his heart. This woman was seized with a mortal shudder. To see her thus bending over the face she loved, one might have taken her for Hope with her last smile, for her life hung on the sigh which she was awaiting.

That sigh came; that breath so ardently watched for on the lips of the pale young man. Then this woman stretched out her arms to the stars of heaven, and her look expressed an indescribable mingling of sadness and joy. But, rising cautiously and laying the head of the wounded man on the grass, she approached the Tiber, dipped her hands in its waters and sprinkled it on the blood-stained eyes and features. She also washed the wounds of the arm and breast, and wrapped them in her torn veil; at last, again taking the handsome head of the young Roman upon her lap, she called him by his name; and he replied, with closed eyes:

"Have I descended among the pale shades? Have I quitted life?"

And the memory of the conflict having not yet returned to him, he uttered a few incoherent words. Meanwhile his ideas, like vapors scattered here and there, re-united, one by one, and he slowly emerged from a sorrowful dream. Suddenly a gleam of the past was restored to him, for he attempted to rise, and exclaimed:

"Danae!"

No one responded to this cry; but the lips which kissed his forehead and the hand which pressed his hand, were the lips and hand of Cesonia.

"Rome, my mother and my goddess, I will avenge thee of an obscene old man and an inflexible master! Rome, the laurel of liberty shall again flourish on thy capitol! Rome, I will chase away the Tarquin, the old Tarquin of Lucretia!"

"If my brother," returned the gentle Cesonia, "will listen to the language of prudence, I will counsel him to quiet the tumultuous passions of the fever which devours him. It is now a month since we have been hoping his restoration to health. We have passed many nights beside his bed; we have sacrificed many black lambs and many Campanian cocks on the altar of Esculapius; we have composed many philters with the salutary plants brought us by a Thessalian woman. Shall so many cares, so many anxieties, so many secret and public vows, end only in the funeral of our beloved brother? Will the gods be pitiless? More pitiless would be Sabinus Vindex, that noble heart which we cherish. My father, O Sabinus, has descended to his tomb, overwhelmed by the violence of his grief. My father was old, and the sorrow which the gray-haired feel, quickly overcame an old man. Alas, I am alone in Rome and in the universe! If Sabinus leaves me, to whom shall I relate my anxiety by day and my dreams by night? Ah, Cesonia, Cesonia! henceforth thy refuge, thy hope, thy love, is a funeral one! Well, Sabinus, shall we go and carry our votive offerings to Jupiter the Deliverer?"

"We will go, my Cesonia; and from there we will enter the temple of Jupiter the Avenger. Danae at Caprea! Danae, my Danae, in the power of that imperial libertine! For they have borne thee to the infamous isle, O Roman maiden!—an oarsman of the galley confessed to a tribune of the people. The imperial vultures have carried thee off, and the immortal gods suffered it! But tell me, daughter of Cimber, where were the tutelary deities of Latium? Indeed, I distrust the gods, and begin to believe that virtue and courage are the only two adorable and powerful divinities."

"Take care, Sabinus! If the college of the pontiffs, if the priests of Cybele, or even the augurs, should learn that such discourse had come out of thy mouth, it would be better that thou hadst fallen in the midst of the leopards of the Circus Maximus. Are the pains of thy wounded breast less violent, my brother? Shall we carry our doves to the altar of Pity?"

"We will go, my Cesonia; but we will also sacrifice in the temple of Modesty, to please the goddess irritated by the old man. O, sister of goddess, thy virginal voice and thy chaste look Danae! thy virginal voice and thy chaste look recall her who visited her sanctuary, and who has been dragged to Capraean saturnalia!"

"Be sure that my soul will accompany thee, young man; in the temple, as well as at the threshold of the palace of Cesar, thou shalt find me. My Roman hand will know how to wield the sword, as it knows how to offer victims. But



the time has not come; and hasty vengeance is a snare in which conspirators are always taken. Await thy recovery—thy friends and I entreat thee.”

“And the old man may die of disease, or by another hand than mine. Ah, my gods owe me his abominable head! I would dispute it with Cerberus, O Danae!”

And seating himself on his bed, the young man buried his head in his hands and shed plentiful tears. Beautiful as Pallas and young as Hebe, the Roman Cesonius then approached, and holding an Etrurian cup, offered it to the sick man, saying:

“Manes of the mother of Sabinus Vindex, I adjure you to place yourself between him and sorrow! Apollo, god of salutary plants, persuade him to drink the beverage! And thou, goddess, who hast as yet no altar in the ungrateful universe—Hope, divinity of wounded hearts, of the sick and of captives—O, descend from heaven and place thyself at the foot of our friend’s bed, and smile on his pale and convulsive countenance! Lastly, Sabinus, if I dare to name myself after the gods, I adjure thee to do also for me what thou canst not refuse to the immortals—take this cup and drink this beverage with the forgetfulness of thy pains! I would invoke still another power did I not fear to rend thy heart. Danae would know thee docile to my counsels; she would supplicate thee with me.”

“Give, ah, give it me!” exclaimed the invalid. “Were it a cup of gall, I would empty it for Danae—and for thee, also, our Cesonius.”

“For me?” replied Cesonius, shaking her head. “But, Sabinus, thou hast said it, and I have always revered thy word.”

“Yes, for thee!” replied Vindex; “for thou art the most amiable and benevolent of all the daughters of Rome; thou art beautiful and worthy; thou art the living image of our Danae. But tell me, my sister, dost thou not see coming, in the direction of the Appian Way, some young men mounted on horses? Under pretext of trying them for the races, they will direct themselves towards this dwelling, outside the walls; and confiding their coursers to Thessalian slaves, will secretly come here. We have serious affairs to talk of; we shall be serious, Roman maiden! Thou mayest remain to this council. Thou hast a soul dipped in the sources of the old Latins, and a mind enlightened by Wisdom, which is Minerva. Dost thou not see my friends?”

“Thy voice has doubtless summoned them,” replied Cesonius, “for they are dismounting from their coursers near the sacred wood and the neighboring temple. They salute the threshold of the door of the god, and direct their steps towards them. May our Lares be propitious to them!”

“Go, my Cesonius, go and introduce them. They are Romans indeed!”

Now the first who entered the dwelling inhabited by Sabinus Vindex, was Quirinus, an ex-consul, whose wealth Tiberius coveted. He was followed by Cneius Lentulus, an augur, guilty of having interpreted falsely a dream of the emperor; afterwards came Pompeius and Pollion; the first a patrician of a race almost divine; the second a plebeian, but beloved and honored by all the Roman people for his virtue, and for his address in the stadium. Then came a Rhodian. He had formerly been at Rhodes, the host of Tiberius, who had outraged his wife and his domestic gods. Finally, two sworn enemies of tyranny followed the Rhodian—these were, Mersala, and especially Cassius, whose name and features recalled those of his grandfather, who died with liberty at the field of Philippi.

Vindex, on seeing them around his bed, felt an unhopd for joy seize his heart; he rose like a shadow before enchanters, and a sudden flush animated his thin and pale cheeks. He extended to each a feverish hand, and his humid eyes roved to and fro, seeking the glances of his friends. As speech failed his trembling lips, the beautiful Cesonius was the first to break silence.

“Romans,” said she, “he whom you see on his couch is a convalescent, still suffering from serious wounds; we will therefore excuse him from long discourses. Sabinus is our dearest friend.”

“Cesonius,” replied Cneius Lentulus the augur, “I knew thy father, that worthy citizen, and have often seen thee when a child playing with flowers on the steps of the temple of Mercury; thou wert beautiful and wise among all the little Roman girls, thy friends, and hast not belied the promise of thy childhood. Be sure,

O my daughter, that we will watch over the health of Vindex.”

“May the gods do so, also!” said Cesonius.

And all looked at her with a smile of admiration and friendship. Several then seated themselves on the cubiculum of the invalid, and the others remained standing, folding their arms like statues in the senate-house.

“My friends,” said Pompeius, “one thought animates us; we have but one object—we are not deliberating; it remains only for us to fix the day, the hour, the place and the means. Shall we use steel, the cord, or poison?”

“Steel!” said almost all voices.

“Poison!” said the augur.

“There spoke the wily and timid priest,” returned Pollion, the youth who had not yet spoken. “And if the imperial drunkard should take a fancy to give his cup to be emptied by a senator or a slave, what will become of the poison? Friends, believe me, steel always keeps its promises. As for my poignard, I swear to you it is skilful and well tempered. The republic shall place it in the temple of Victory.”

“Yes,” said the sick man; “and thou, daughter of Corvinus Cimber, bring us the blades concealed in the sacrum of my dwelling. I placed them under the guardianship of my father’s gods!”

A moment afterwards the Roman Cesonius entered the chamber of the conspirators, bearing in her beautiful hands a bundle of short and two-edged swords, and poignards with carved handles.

“There,” said Cassius, “are the best arguments of the Roman Forum against tyranny.”

And as his grandfather would have done, the young man seized the bundle of weapons and placed it on the bed of Vindex. The latter started at the clashing of steel; the lion re-awoke. Among the swords he chose the largest, the hilt of which was crowned with oak leaves. This steel had been bequeathed by his father, who held it from his father, a veteran of the republic. Sabinus Vindex looked at this sword with ardent eyes and in silence. A circle was formed around his bed, and each awaited his words. The invalid bent his head, and they saw two large drops on the blade of the sacred weapon—they then heard these words:

“I salute thee, thou who shalt avenge Rome and my soul, those two sisters devoured by grief! I salute thee, thou who canst at a single blow free the world and break the infamous bonds which detain Danae! What is thy power! Thou art almost divine, O my sword! Go! and as thou wert faithful in the hands of my ancestors, be in mine the lightning and thunder! Friends, choose among the others—all these blades are Latin.”

Then the arms of the young men were extended at once towards the bed of Vindex, and afterwards lifted at the same time holding a weapon. One poignard remained; Sabinus looked at Cesonius, and the latter, stretching out her hand towards the avenging arm, raised it as if it were a bouquet of flowers.

“Danae, my sister,” exclaimed she, “I hold the key to thy prison!”

Vindex cast upon her one of those glances of gratitude and tenderness, such as the divine painters have never imitated. The infernal gods were invoked—the just Eumenides, Minos who weighs life, the inexorable Styx, and even Mercury, the conductor of shades. A branch of cypress was dipped in the lustral water; their cups were filled with precious wine, and they proceeded to the libations. The deities were adored in their turn, and when that came of the Fortuna of Rome, Pollion uttered these words:

“Goddess, sleep no more at the capitol; we have groaned long enough. Look at our grief-worn brows and our eyes red with the tears of shame and of anger, and yet Carthage is our colony, and Parthia and Dacia are far away. Goddess, who makest us victorious, of what use will be to us the conquered universe, if we march beneath the rod of a tyrant? Take back our conquests, O Fortuna, the Orient and its kings, our turbaned tributaries; take back the West where the world ends, warlike Gauls, frozen Germany; take back all the labors of the consuls and their legions, and leave us only the Latium of our fathers, provided the rostra remain free and the Roman senate virtuous. Goddess, I consecrate to thee this steel taken from the double altar of friendship and liberty!”

“Et nos similiter, Fortuna,” repeated all the rest.

Sabinus Vindex received from each the frater-

nal kiss, and assured them all that the day of secret departure for Capreae would be fixed as soon as he should have strength enough to wield a sword. At the moment of embracing the augur Cneius Lentulus, he thought he perceived some hesitation on his countenance, and said to him: “Has our friend any confidence to make us?”

“None,” returned Lentulus.

“Then,” resumed Vindex, “it is perhaps the augur who wishes to speak!”

“What can I say to thee?” replied the latter; “all signs are favorable, and even now the thunder rolls at the right of thy dwelling.”

Vindex listened a moment to the voice of the thunder in the distance, and began to smile.

“Ah!” said he, “this alone was wanting to the conspiracy of Muraena under Cesar Augustus!”

The augur smiled in his turn, and Cesonius, who was looking at him, thought she saw treachery in the corner of his mouth.

She whom you behold on the sea, and who looks eastward on the shores of Campania and westward upon the green and illimitable wave; she who seems to be encircled with a girdle of sharp and angular rocks, and who gleams in the dawn like a ship at anchor, is the ancient Capreae. She had twelve imperial villas, bearing the names of twelve divinities. These were the villa of Ceres, with its white columns light as palm-trees; the villa of Juno, where the marvellous fishes of the Ganges swam in seas of porphyry; especially the villa of Jupiter, which stood on the western platform of the island, crowned with a gilt frieze and surrounded with a forest of odoriferous cedars. On her right was the tower of the Pharos, whose eternal light was reflected on the boundless waves like a sun of night; at her feet were baths where the sea entered, blue and transparent to such a degree, that the mosaic pavement did not, beneath its waves, lose a single one of its paintings. The villa of Jupiter was the delight of the world. Cesar Augustus had loved Capreae, which he called the city of idleness; he had acquired it from the Neapolitans, and given them in exchange the island of Enaria. It is known that he visited it during his last sickness, wishing to bid adieu to a friend who had always been to him pleasant and faithful. Augustus consoled himself at Capreae with his children and the empire; at sight of its peaceful waves, amid the shadowy paths of its forests, in the sighs of its serene breezes, he breathed more at ease, and remembering his friend Virgil, sang his verses, and often saw his pale shade glide among the leaves. Augustus, at Capreae, was a sage and a poet. So, at the news of his death arriving from Campania, the echoes of Capreae shed long tears.

Towards sunset, in the month of Maia, one who had succeeded in introducing himself into the gardens of the villa of Jupiter, might have seen a man of ripe age and clad in a scarlet laticlave, walking alone and with eyes cast upon the ground. He was quickly joined by another younger man, wearing the Greek mantle. The latter was Charicles, the emperor’s physician; the other, the diviner, Thrasylus. The Greek spoke to him low and smilingly, according to his custom; Thrasylus replied only by a sign of the head, and followed him, with an air rather preoccupied than dreamy. They arrived at the grand vestibulum from which opened the lower halls, which were called sellavia. The last rays of the sun were ascending from the sea to the horizon in immense sheaves of gold, so that the lower halls which looked toward the west were all illuminated. The sea, smooth and clear, reflected the forms of the statues and the paintings of the interior walls. From time to time a light breath of the vespertine east a long ripple over the wave, and then all the reflections trembled in the sea, and the friezes and columns of the palace there seemed in motion. As he passed beneath a portico, Thrasylus cast a rapid glance over the sea and said, “The god Phœbus descends to his couch very pleasantly to night.”

“Knowest thou his lover, Thetis?” returned a voice.

The diviner started; he hastily turned and saw the familiar dwarf of Cesar.

“If thou knowest her not, thou who divinest all things, thou shouldst at least know that she has arrived at our Olympus.”

The diviner contented himself with smiling at the dwarf as graciously as his mouth, contracted by reflection, would permit, and the monstrous dwarf followed him, flinging large oranges up to

the ceilings of the galleries and catching them in his hands. Arrived at a bathing saloon illuminated by the last gleams of day and by immense torches, the friends of the emperor paused on the threshold. Young girls, in short tunics, were throwing essences and leaves of mint and lotus into the large square basin, which was reached by steps of green marble. In the midst of this basin of living water, and lying on a curule of jasper, with his head alone out of water, an old man was smiling as he listened to the music of sistrum, cithara and Lydian flutes. As soon as Thrasylus and Charicles appeared, the white head of the old man made a movement on the waters of the basin, and one of his hands was reached out to beckon for the instruments to be silent. Then old Cesar said, in an emphatic tone, “Thrasylus, I have summoned thee to tell thee that I shall certainly have the books of the oracle of Preneste brought to Capreae. We will consult them together.”

“Divine emperor,” replied Thrasylus, “what canst thou learn which thou dost not know already?”

“I shall not be sorry to assure myself that they can teach me nothing. This oracle of Preneste has never deceived me, neither hast thou, Thrasylus. But go; the night advances, and my stars will be fine for consultation this evening. As for thee, Charicles, I certify to thee, that my strength is returning; I have gained thirty years. But why is this stupid dwarf here? he frightens my nymphs. Go, both of you, physician and butler!”

And the old man emerged from the porphyrian sea in which he was bathing. Naiads placed over his shoulders fine linen. Tripods were brought and golden cassioles in which burned the usual perfumes, and, when the body of Cesar was dry, he was clothed in his tunic, then in his laticlave, and his waist encircled with a girdle of purple and gold. The Naiads confided the divine old man to their sisters, the Dryads, young like themselves, but crowned with oak and myrtle. Afterwards came the joyous Bacchantes, girded with clamys of leopard-skin and the Hours holding them by the hand. Surrounded and supported by these beautiful youth, Cesar at last arrived at the hall of feasts where the triclinium awaited him, and meats, fruits, wines and flowers, the luxuries of the supper. He half-reclined on the purple, beckoned the fans of peacock’s feathers to give him air, and then this deity deigned to eat.

Towards the end of supper, in that moment of idleness in which we speak of business or pleasure, the Roman emperor said to one of his nymphs: “Leucotoe, my Lesbian, introduce to my presence that young girl who arrived here this morning in a bark from the port of Ostia. Thou wilt also tell a licitor to stand near me; then thy sisters and thyself will withdraw. Go!”

The Lesbian quickly returned, followed by a young girl. The latter was placed opposite the triclinium, and remained standing as immovable as the statue of Silence. The licitor and his fasces were already at the side of Cesar. “All the nymphs went out one by one, gliding like shadows over the marble pavement. As they passed the new comer, they cast upon her lascivious glances and smiled with that dubious smile which partakes of irony and of levity. The unknown carried her head high, but her eyes cast down; a modest blush colored her cheeks, embrowned by the warm sun of Italy; her brow and lips were pale; her hands were hid in the folds of her tunic, and a pallium half concealed her robust and rounded shoulders; her hair was black, fastened behind by little filets of red wool braided among them.

Cesar looked at her a long time, slowly sipping the Cretan wine. The licitor stood immovable; the doors of the hall were closed.

“My daughter,” at last said the amiable emperor Tiberius, “thy name is Cesonius, is it not? Thy country is Rome; thy father was a plebeian, the son of a centurion of one of the legions conquered at Philippi; thou abhorrest me; thy friends are my enemies; in fine, thou seest that I know thy history. The emperor is like the gods; he sees everything. Even the oracles assert that the Cesar who speaks to thee is a god. Let us see, my beautiful Roman, why have we so wicked a heart and so rebellious a spirit, with a brow so noble and blue eyes so tender beneath their black eyelashes? Rare and marvellous beauty! what have I done to thee, my Cesonius, that thou shouldst wish to assassinate me. If it is through republican virtue, I will tell thee that



Rome does not complain of me; she never sees me. It is now nine months since I have lived retired, like a sage, in my villa of Jupiter. I hoped the conspiracy of Sejanus would be the last. Thy friends are very insensate. How, you embark at Ostia, you cause yourself to be thrown on the rocks at Caprea; you traverse my island on the rocks at Caprea; you arrive even at my gardens, and there undertake to seek the emperor to murder him—him, the Cesar whom you do not know, who avenges you of the pride of the patricians, gives you games even in his absence, and sends you wheat from his Sicilian granaries in unfruitful years! This is wrong, my Cesonia. But I am as serious with thee as with the consuls. Pardon me; the empire makes me grave—for it is not with me the effect of age; my hair was whitened by some accident. I fling the javelin and the discus; I can bend a Scythian bow, and often weary in a walk my Greek Charicles, that physician so useless to the Latin emperor. I do not know why they represent me at Rome as being sick; there are idlers who have busy tongues. Thou wilt tell them, I hope, that the old man is well. But thou dost start! Why, I have not for a moment thought of punishing thee by the axe or by poison, nor even of detaining thee in my Olympus which thou detestest, O modest child of the banks of the Tiber! Go, return to the city."

"No, Cesar," said a sweet and calm voice.

"No? What means that no, presumptuous girl? Thou wouldst then remain at Caprea, my daughter?"

"Yes, Cesar."

"May the immortal gods preserve me from opposing thy desires! I should have suspected them; I am surrounded by the delights of the land, and my sweet Cesonia has allowed her heart and her senses to be captivated by the paintings of my halls and the melodies of my musicians. Thou wilt not be the least beautiful of the nymphs that serve and adore me; thy face at once serious and tender, thy modest and slightly-proud mien, will contrast wonderfully with the lascivious arts and attitudes of thy companions. I drink to our loves, my Cesonia!"

"Cesar, if I remain, it is on a single condition."

"This is new language. Kings themselves have never put a condition in their treaties with me. But let us see, Queen Cesonia!"

"I will take the place here of one of thy women; she shall be free to return to Rome with one of the conspirators in thy power."

"A woman and a conspirator? Here are two conditions already. I will gladly give up the woman to you; there are many of whom I am weary, and thou, thou art the beautiful new star! But the conspirator—that is a bird more rare, and must be kept in a cage, were it only through curiosity. I mean to take a menagerie of conspirators—that will amuse me. Thou castest down thy head—thou sheddest a tear, Cesonia! Ah, tears at Caprea! tears in my festal hall! Never, never! thou shalt have the conspirator!"

"Cesar, I thank thee."

"It is thy first kind word; it will be followed by many others. Now name the captives who are to be ransomed at the price of thy person."

"Why, I will designate them to thy freedman."

"No. That is my absolute condition also."

"Well, one is Sabinus Vindex."

"How well thou knowest how to choose! But I grant him to thee."

"The other is Danae."

Here Tiberius looked in the bottom of his cup, as if to read there the solution of the enigma which he sought; then he slowly, and at long draughts, emptied the magnificent chalice. Meanwhile he repeated in a low tone:

"Danae! Why Danae, and not Pannichis, Lesbia, Leucothoe, Camilla, or some one of the others? My daughter," said he aloud, "this Danae is very beautiful; she is new at Caprea. It is only three months since the pirates brought her hither. She is from Rome; thou knowest her, tell me her history. The pirate is a rapid and mute bird of prey; he bears off the dove, he places her on my shore, and flies away. I scarcely have time to ask from what sea he comes. Why hast thou chosen Danae? Has she then loved Vindex? But this Vindex is not thy brother?"

"Danae is my sister," replied the young Roman.

"Immortal gods!" exclaimed Cesar. "I had not divined it, neither had Thrasyllus. Thy sister! In fact, those are indeed her eyes which

trouble my senses, it is indeed her voice that makes the heart bound; only she is not so dark as thou, Cesonia. It is because thou hast come from the Circus Maximus and the Campus Martius, is it not? O, the shades of Caprea are enchanters! They whiten the skin, and give it a hue like the mists of morning; thou shalt experience it thyself, my Amazon. It is a settled thing, Danae will leave me. Yes; but if she will not."

"It is possible," replied Cesonia, "that the generous soul of my sister—"

"Thou dost not comprehend me, Roman girl. If thy sister should be acclimated to the villa of Jupiter!"

At these words Cesonia smiled with pity and incredulity. Cesar repeated what he had said. Indignation appeared on the countenance of the young Latin. The vanity of the emperor was wounded; he changed the conversation.

"We will also summon Vindex. I wish to pay my adieux to him."

Then his formidable voice called a nymph, and a few moments afterwards Vindex was introduced by two lictors, who did not quit his side. This young man was still pale from his wounds; his superb brow bore a long scar. He looked at Cesar fixedly, more astonished than indignant; but when he cast his glance around him and saw Cesonia, he nodded and smiled.

"Cesonia soror!" said he.

"That is precisely what I did not know," returned Tiberius. "Cneius Lentulus, the augur, was very discreet. Nevertheless, I paid him lavishly."

"Ah!" said Sabinus Vindex, in a suppressed tone, "it was then our friend the augur?"

"You will be offended with him?" resumed Cesar. "Young man, what is the duty of an augur or a horoscope, if not to predict the future and fathom the depths of mysteries? He has sounded your hearts; would you rather that he had examined your entrails? And certainly, never did diviner or pythoness speak more truly than Lentulus. We were on bad terms; we are reconciled. Vindex, thou wilt tell the Romans that I am not ungrateful. But let us cease this grave discourse before her who is advancing, bright as the goddess Aurora."

He said, and at a gesture from his hand appeared the white robes of his nymphs. In the midst of them a beautiful girl walked along, like an Oriental queen. She wore a tunic transparent as the light cloud around the moon; her hair was raised like a black helmet and sparkled with pearls; she bore in her hand the sacred bandelettes. Cesar said to her:

"This is thy sister, Danae. Thou hast never spoken to me of her. She has conspired against me, in order to find means to come and see thee. She is a tender sister. And the other, Danae, is he whom thou lovedst on the banks of the Tiber. They call him Vindex, Sabinus Vindex. Beautiful women sometimes lose their memory. This Cesonia asks to take thy place at Caprea; that thou mayest accompany this Sabinus to Rome; for I have pardoned, I have pardoned! I am naturally kind-hearted, notwithstanding all my mother Lina, that worthy spouse of Augustus, said against me long ago. It is therefore permitted to thee, my Danae, to embrace thy sister and depart with Sabinus."

Then the most beautiful among the nymphs sprang into the arms of Cesonia, their hearts beat against each other, and their lips met again.

"My sister!" exclaimed Cesonia. "Ah, Cesar, thou art magnanimous!"

At the same time she threw on the mosaic pavement a poignard which had been concealed in her tunic. Tiberius saw the steel and turned pale; the silvery ring of the blade on the marble resounded in his ears like the hiss of a viper. He asked for the poignard, and when he had it in his hands, stuck the point in an orange, and said to his nymphs:

"The republic is safe! And thou, Sabinus Vindex," added he, "hast thou not also a concealed blade to give me? Make me thy vowed offering. Thou wilt tell me that thou hast been disarmed; and I reply that a good conspirator is never so. There are infinite folds in the robe and the soul of a true descendant of Brutus. Give me thy poignard, and then let Danae dispose of thee."

"Go!" said Cesonia to her sister, "thou art free; you are both free."

"Free!" replied Danae. "O, yes, my sister, we will never part again!"

"Nevertheless, it must be so. There is thy lover, Danae—depart for Rome."

At this moment Sabinus Vindex loosed the folds of his mantle, and drew from it a slender and sharp weapon. He was about to cast that also at the feet of Cesar, when he heard this thunder-stroke:

"Leave delightful Caprea! O, no, my sister, never!"

Cesonia repulsed the courtesan with the force of an athlete, and her eyes flashed fire. Fallen on the pavement, the latter slowly rose, supported by her companions. She trembled in every limb—fever seized her. It was then that Sabinus Vindex said to his gods:

"I must kill her!"

But his glance encountered the majestic brow of Cesonia, and he reluctantly dropped the weapon. The beautiful and fainting form of her who was once called Danae was borne away, wrapped in veils of purple.

Left alone with the lictors and the conspirators, the Roman emperor laughed with an expression of scorn which moved the soul of Vindex. The young man felt his heart swell, leap, and almost burst in his bosom. His eye sought the little poignard which had dropped on the pavement; it was no longer there. Then Tiberius raised a cup filled with wine, and encircling it with roses, sent it to Vindex.

"Here," said he, "this is better. Lictors," added the emperor, "guard these two mad persons in an elevated gallery of the palace. They have amused me much this evening." And he left the festal hall.

On the morrow of this day a storm passed over the island of Caprea. Long white flashes of lightning crossed each other like swords, and two vultures which were traversing the cloud, were struck by the thunder-bolt; the voice of Etna was heard afar off, and the soil of Caprea trembled with terror; the lighthouse was seen for a moment to topple like a giant overcome with wine.

The Latin emperor and Thrasyllus shut themselves up in the sacrum of the villa of Jupiter, to consult the books of Præneste. They had just been brought to Caprea in their golden arca. The diviner looked at the seal of the sacred box, and saw that the sigillum was untouched; then he broke it in the presence of Cesar. The latter, according to his custom on stormy days, had crowned his head with a green laurel, so that he did not fear the thunder. He was like an ancient poet; the grave, handsome old man! As he wished to be the first to touch the books of the oracle, he thrust his nervous hand into the arca opened by Thrasyllus. O, terror! the sacred books were not there! And yet the priests of Præneste had announced them by a message to the divine emperor.

The pale Cesar looked at Thrasyllus; he, immovable and with half-open mouth, comprehended that the hour of death was approaching for the master, was afraid. Tiberius walked backwards, and with his glance fastened on the wide-open eyes of the diviner, left the sacrum; he called his freedman, and the latter, placing his shoulder beneath the hand of the great old man, slowly conducted him to the secret chambers. Thither no one accompanied him; a shade expected terror.

Now, at the end of this day the rain had ceased, the wind had retired to the sea, and the thunder was expiring in the distant horizon. If Caprea was still covered with mist, the vast black curtain was cleft at sunset, and the solar orb plunged into the waters red and glowing. Night being come, the fire of the lighthouse shone more brilliantly than usual. Around the lofty flame clouds were piled up; it seemed an aerial amphitheatre, in which strange phantoms were sitting; the silent universe awaited.

At the foot of the tower was a plateau of polished and sloping rock. This rock commanded the sea at an immense height, like a wall of iron hewn in peaks. Its edge was so slippery that a bird would have feared to alight there; one felt as if seized by the aspirations of the abyss. Upon this elevated plateau appeared two young people. One said to the other, in a low voice:

"It is from thence that the condemned are thrown."

"And we are such!" replied another voice, more feeble.

"Yes," replied the first; "but the rude, the ferocious hand of the lictor will not touch us. Our gods have opened the prison-doors."

"Come, Sabinus," resumed the melodious voice, "let us die. There is but one outlet to Caprea, and that the Prætorians cannot guard."

"Let me die," replied Vindex; "that is just and decreed; but thou, Cesonia, thou art so young!"

"Yes," said the Roman girl, "young, but mortally wounded! Come! And thou sea, be kinder to us than the land!"

The young man took both her hands, and for the last time entreated her to delay the moment of her death. The young girl replied:

"My father had two treasures. One has been sullied; the other shall repose unspotted in the bosom of the waves. But look!" said she to Vindex.

The white head of an old man appeared in a lofty gallery in the palace of Jupiter; it was crowned with laurels; it looked attentively at what was passing on the edge of the abyss, and from time to time made a movement as if to hasten the fall of the condemned. To see it thus pale on the black curtain of night, one would have sworn it was the shade of Tiberius. Meanwhile Vindex approached the brink, then, with a threatening gesture at the old man, he exclaimed:

"*Morituri salutant!*"

Repulsing Cesonia, he sprang from the cliff; but the latter has seized him by the arm, and fell with him. At this moment, between the sky and the waves, a cry resounded, and these words were heard:

"Sabinus, I love thee! I loved thee in secret!"

And the voice was extinguished in the sea. The waters parted and threw up their foam; they then closed, and large circles undulated slowly. The white head for a long time watched their ripple in the distance, and when the surface of the abyss had resumed its limpidity, the phantom smiled and disappeared.

The next day, at dawn, the waves gently bore to the shores of Campania two young corpses pale in death, with their arms interlaced. The magnificent black hair of one of them floated over her ivory shoulders and enveloped her like a mantle. They reached the golden shore amid wreaths of foam and aquatic plants, which the maternal breeze had borne over the waves. It seemed as if the Mediterranean had wished to restore to Italy these two children, the pride of Latium! She therefore bore them to its shore, and quickly buried them beneath the sand and marine flowers which she cast over their sacred remains.

#### THE HOUSE FLY.

The formation of the wings of a fly is curious, enabling it to attain a velocity of from 30 to 35 feet in a second. In this space of time a race-horse would clear only 90 feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile per minute. Now, our little fly in her swiftest flight will in the same space of time go more than a third of a mile. If, therefore, we compare the infinite difference of the size of the two animals, how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! The foot of a fly is equally curious. It is subdivided into five joints, the final one being furnished with that remarkable apparatus which enables the insect to walk upon what appears to us perfectly smooth or polished surfaces, and also to progress in a position opposite to the laws of gravity. The oyster belongs to that division of mollusca called bivalve shells joined together by a ligament, which forms a hinge. The branchia of the oyster are external, being situated between the folds of what is called a mantle, and freely admit the access of the water when the shell is open. This mantle is an organ of great importance to the animal, as it is by its means that the shell is enlarged. It lines the edge of the internal surface of both shells, and is furnished with glands, which deposit carbonate of lime with a glutinous secretion when the shell requires increasing on the edge, and also on the internal surface. On dissecting away on the upper lobe of the mantle, the liver, stomach, intestines, and of the heart the blood is forced into the filaments of the branchia, in order to be impregnated with oxygen.—*London Times.*

#### THE CONGRESS OF VERONA.

Whilst looking at the cluster of crowned heads it was impossible not to remark that the absolute lords of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common people of mankind, but were, in appearance, inferior to what might have been expected from some number of gentlemen taken at hazard from any society in Europe. Nor was there to be seen a trait expressive of any great or attractive quality in all those who were to be the sources of so much happiness or misery to so large a portion of the civilized world. Yet some of these were, notoriously good men in their private capacity, and scarcely one of them had been distinguished and scarcely one of them had been distinguished as a writer of no democratic tendency says of them, "all excellent persons in private life, all scourges of the countries submitted to their sway."—*Lord Broughton's Italy.*



## ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Letters have been received from Mr. Charles J. Anderson, the African traveller, from Lake Ouanaboué. He had spent his leisure in hunting elephants, giraffes, elands, gnus, and other wild beasts. He had the good fortune to kill a number of noble male elephants. Of these mammoth creatures in their wild state, and their prodigious strength, he gives the following very interesting account:

"The more I see of these stupendous animals, the more I am surprised. I should very much like to know the real strength of a full-grown male; it must be something almost incredible. Nothing gives a person a better idea of their stupendous powers than a day's walk through one of their favorite haunts. There may be seen whole tracts of forest laid prostrate, and such trees, sometimes! The trees, which are for the most part of a brittle nature, are usually broken short off by the beasts; but when they meet with a tree that seems too tough to snap at once, up it goes, root and all. If they can do this in mere play, or for the sake of feeding on the branches, etc., of the prostrate trees, what will they not effect in a paroxysm of rage? The other day, after very many hours fatiguing 'tracking,' I was closing with a very large troop of elephants,

aloft, his huge ears were spread to the full, while with his trunk he sniffed the air impatiently. In this position, and when within less than a dozen paces of me, he remained, I should say, about half a minute. I think it was the most striking and thrilling sporting scene that I ever saw; my assailant looked the very picture of grandeur and rage. I use a heavy rifle, carrying a conical steel-pointed bullet (three to the pound), and ten to twelve drachms of the best English rifle powder. With this charge I sometimes send the ball clean through an elephant. Once I fired at a huge cow; the bullet entered her hind quarters, and obliquely traversing the entire length of her body passed out at the shoulder! The only objection that I have to the gun is that it kicks frightfully, and I dare not now fire it without previously placing a thick wall on my shoulder."

Elephant hunting, however, is exceedingly tedious as well as dangerous sport. Mr. Anderson says: "But elephant hunting on foot at this hot season of the year is tremendous work. It is rarely that I can succeed in tracking, stalking, and killing my elephant, and return to camp in less than ten hours, and more frequently it takes me twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours to accomplish the feat. Of course it would be nothing in a temperate climate; but here, where

## VIEW OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

The interest always felt throughout the United States in the beautiful island of Cuba, lying, as it does, so near our southern coast, yet forming such a contrast in its government to ours, has received fresh vigor from the recent publication of Mr. Dana's clever work, and Mrs. Howe's spirited record of her voyage to Cuba, now publishing in the Atlantic Monthly. We are confident, therefore, that our readers will be gratified with the accompanying graceful and faithful view of Matanzas. The sketch was taken from a sugar and molasses depot and timber yards, on the southern side of the mouth of the San Juan, and some 300 feet from the magnificent stone bridge built in 1849, which connects Matanzas with Pueblo Nuevo. From these wharves the sugar boxes and molasses hogheads are taken to the loading vessels, on board large open boats, called *lanchas*, of fifty tons each, and manned by a coxswain, who is usually a white man, and six or eight half-naked negro rowers. Opposite the place where this view has been taken, on the other side of the water, lies the small fortress called La Vigia (watch-tower), built in the last part of the eighteenth century, at the expense of a loyal citizen who made a present of it to his Majesty Charles IV. This fort is a miserable

the kind attentions of Cuban hospitality in his last illness. From the Piazza of Mr. Tenckes' house the observer may enjoy one of the most picturesque and romantic views—that of El Valle de Yumuri (Yumuri Valley), which extends below like an immense amphitheatre, interspersed with hills, dales, rivulets, farms, and luxuriant woods and meadows.

Matanzas is a regularly built city, and a very picturesque one; but its streets are narrow, and badly paved, though superior to those of Havana inside the walls. Besides the public buildings already mentioned, there are in Matanzas two churches, one in the centre of the city, and another one in Pueblo Nuevo; one theatre, belonging to a society of Catalans, the worst in Cuba; and the Carcel (public jail), of which the left wing only has been built.

The population of Matanzas and its three wards may be calculated to amount to 25,000, comprehending white, free colored, and slaves. The custom-house receipts, yearly income, are no less than \$1,500,000.

Two railroad lines are established in Matanzas—one in connection with the Havana road, and another one leading to the interior of the country in a south-east direction, called the Coliseo Railroad, on an extension of about thirty miles. The



VIEW OF THE PORT AND CITY OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

consisting chiefly of females, when to my left I suddenly espied another troop of what I took to be males. I at once left the first troop and proceeded to attack the second. I 'stalked' unperceived to within twenty-five paces of the herd, when to my annoyance I found that they also were mostly cows and calves. There were, however, a couple of fine bulls among them—one evidently acting the part of patriarch to the herd; this beast's position was unfavorable, and I was waiting for him to present a better mark, when suddenly they all made off. As they were disappearing in the brushwood I fired at one of the hindmost—a male, as I imagined. In an instant the herd wheeled about, and with a terrific rush came crashing through the bushes nearly in a direct line towards me; but after running for about sixty or seventy paces they stopped short, evidently disappointed at not finding the enemy. I felt very much inclined to take to my heels, but a moment's reflection convinced me that safety lay only in keeping close; and it was well I did so, for in a few moments the patriarch made an oblique rush through the jungle with such force as actually to send a whole tree that he had uprooted in his headlong course spinning in the air. A huge branch remained fixed to one of his tusks. His head he carried

the air is like the draught of a strongly heated furnace, it is most trying to the constitution. So severe is the labor, indeed, that I am obliged to divide my native attendants into two sets, making use of one set the one day and the other the next. Elephant hunting on foot is also exceedingly dangerous work. The fact is, every time I go in search of these animals, I consider my life in peril. It was only a few days ago that I was suddenly and unexpectedly charged by an elephant, and that by one not previously wounded. Before I was aware of the brute, he was so close upon me that I found escape by running impossible. Poor Waldberg's sad fate flashed across my mind. However, as good luck would have it, I broke one of his fore legs, which at once brought him to his head. He was not above three times the length of my rifle from me when he thus fell. But this is only one of the hair-breadth escapes that might be mentioned. I have also had some dangerous encounters with other animals. One fine moonlight night, while watching for elephants, I encountered a troop of lions, and without any kind of molestation on my part was suddenly attacked by the leader, a magnificent male. Fortunately a well directed bullet from my elephant rifle put him at once hors du combat. The next morning I finished him."

structure, poorly ganned and garrisoned, and of scarcely any use, as the walls are split and nearly demolished. At a distance of some fifty yards, north-west from La Vigia, is the custom house, an elegant stone building, one story high, built in the earlier part of this century, at an expense double its value. Next to it, the eye of the observer rests on Mr. Turner's house, one of the finest specimens of architecture in Matanzas. Between both buildings, at the bottom of the picture, there appears the Abra de Yumuri (the Yumuri ravine) which affords a passage to the river of that name. On the right side of the engraving, which represents the ward of Versailles, the attention of the observer is attracted by the "Cuartel" (barracks), a two story building capable of containing 1000 soldiers; and then, by the Hospital, where poor citizens, prisoners and the military, are attended to. The whole panorama is bounded by a range of hills called La Cumbre (the summit or top of a mountain), where some of the wealthy Matanzeros have built their *quintas* (country seats) which are healthy, and fine places of resort in summer. The one which appears on the top of the heights belongs to the family of Garcia; and some two miles distant, are Mr. Tenckes' quinta and sugar plantation, where Vice President King received

Coliseo, and the neighboring *partidos* (counties), are the most valuable places to be selected for agricultural purposes, on account of the luxuriant fertility of the soil, and the facilities afforded for the conveyance of produce to the market. The Limonar, one of those *partidos*, may be properly called a French American-Cuban colony, as almost all the owners of sugar or coffee plantations in that district are of French or American descent, whose fathers, many of them still living, came at different epochs to settle there. Most of the dwelling-houses in that district are built after the American or the French style; the English, French, and Spanish languages are spoken with equal fluency and correctness by the inhabitants, whose manners, tastes, and cast of countenance, participate of the French, the Saxon, and the Creole traits.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## LOVE AND SURGERY.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

THE reader must know that I am a native of one of the southern counties of this State (Virginia). My infancy was cradled in opulence and ease. My early childhood was a petted and a luxurious one. Costly stuffs enrobed me, and more than a hundred servants stood ready to obey my call. I was caressed by every one.

But, before my first lustrium was complete, my silken attire had been exchanged for homespun, and the crowd of attendants had been reduced to a single superannuated negro woman. My poor father was one of those unfortunate beings who labor under a constitutional inability to say no. The consequence was a succession of security-debts, to an enormous amount, the payment of which left him almost without a dollar. His fortunes were utterly wrecked.

Nor was this the worst thing he had to suffer. Black-hearted treachery, from pretended friends, to whose honor he trusted as implicitly as to his own, so complicated the affair, that the shock was more than he could bear. He soon sank, broken-hearted, into the grave, and I was left fatherless at an age when it was impossible to realize my loss, or to be more than a negative comfort to my surviving parent.

I was an only child. It was an arduous task for my poor mother to rear and educate me in a creditable manner; but she accomplished it without assistance from any one.

It could not have been long after my father's death, that an incident occurred which so fixed itself in my memory as to remain there ever afterwards, constituting about the earliest of my well defined recollections. My mother had taken an humble cottage in a neighborhood at some distance from that in which I was born. She herself was a native of another State, and a total stranger in the vicinity of her new home.

One day, my old nurse Dinah took me out to walk. It was the first of May, and we fell in with a party of children gambolling and dancing around a May-pole. Little people of my own age were a great novelty to me then, and I was highly delighted with the rencontre.

In that crowd of children—most of them pretty children—the prettiest by far was a blooming, bright-eyed fairy, not quite four years of age; just emerging from infancy into a childhood of almost superhuman beauty. Neither painter nor poet ever imagined anything more exquisitely lovely. A carmine tint of wondrous delicacy, offspring of perfect health, glowed in changeable hues upon her ever-varying cheek; her eyes were twin sapphires, blazing with the lustre of the morning star, and sunbeams and darkness contended for the mastery amid the rich luxuriance of her golden hair.

To you who never saw her, this may seem extravagance; but if you had seen her, I do assure you that it would appear to you far short of the truth. The coldest observers always looked with enthusiasm upon that remarkable child, and felt half inclined to doubt whether her wonderful beauty could really be of mere mortal origin.

The name of this glorious creature was Alice Claye. General Claye, her father, was a distinguished lawyer, and a member of congress. Young as I was, she at once riveted my attention, to the exclusion of all other strangers. Old Dinah had often talked to me of angels, and I came to the conclusion that little Alice was one the moment that I saw her. I well remember how I puzzled myself thinking what had become of her wings; and how I finally settled the matter by deciding that, being little more than a baby angel, they were probably not grown yet.

While I was gazing upon her in an ecstasy of childish admiration, there came slowly up the glen in which we were, a woman who might well have been Meg Merrilies, in propria persona. A troop of children followed her, vociferating that they had found a fortune-teller. She stepped in among us, and announced herself as a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and a possessor of the rare and wonderful gift of "second-sight." If a native of Scotland at all, she was probably a Scotch gipsy.

Very few if any of us had ever heard of the second sight or knew what it meant; but all believed it to be something very delightfully mysterious, and all were anxious for an exhibition of it. The juvenile group put their heads together, and as a result of that put their pennies together, and presented the Caledonian Sybil

with a purse, a heavy purse, and well filled—with copper.

Having satisfied the more clamorous and importunate, by predicting for them all sorts of impossible fortunes, she placed the children in a circle around her. With the single exception of the little angel Alice, they were all larger and older than I was; and unused as I was to company of any sort, I shrank bashfully behind my nurse. The woman's eye was upon me, however, and she insisted that I should enter the circle with the others. My nurse laughed at my shyness, took me by the shoulders and pushed me into the ring, where I stood fumbling at my pinafore, not daring to look up.

Trying as this was to my inexperienced nerves, I was soon thrown into ten-fold perturbation by an unexpected manœuvre of the grim fortune-teller. Singling me out from all the rest, she made me stand close behind her in the centre of the circle. She looked at me very sharply for some time, and then examined both my hands very attentively. Then she asked the nurse my name and how old I was. Then she directed her attention to my hands again, and continued to gaze at them so long and so earnestly, that several of the children cried out and asked her what she saw on my hands. She started and said: "I see blood! His hands are full of it."

Greatly terrified, I looked down upon my little digits, and was inexpressibly relieved to find that they were not reeking with gore, as I had confidently expected to find them. All eyes were turned upon me; but the woman soon directed their attention elsewhere by calling out little Alice and subjecting her to a similar examination. The child was not frightened at all, but very much amused, and showed her brilliant little teeth behind her red lips, like the seeds of the pomegranate gleaming through its crimson pulp.

"Are her hands bloody, too?" cried the children, as the woman continued to gaze upon the lovely child as intently as she did upon me.

"No," she replied, "it is on her neck. Bloody hands—bloody neck! Bloody hands—bloody neck!" And pointing alternately to me and to the little girl, she strode rapidly away, still repeating: "Bloody hands—bloody neck!"

But the children were too much excited to let her go without some farther explanation. They flocked around her, impeding her passage, and insisted upon knowing what it meant. For a long time she resisted and would give them no satisfaction; but at last, as if worn out by their importunity, she wheeled about abruptly, and said, in a deep-toned, sepulchral voice:

"It means murder!"

The children recoiled with frightened faces, and she passed on without further interruption. This scene has ever since remained indelibly stamped upon my memory; not that I ever attached any great importance to it, but simply because of the strong hold it took upon my young imagination at the time it occurred.

As we both grew older, I had many opportunities of seeing the peerless Alice, and always with increased admiration. The weird woman and her wild, oracular prediction had greatly heightened the interest which her beauty had inspired, and her moral loveliness still farther enhanced and hallowed it.

The promise of her infantile years was even more than realized as the beautiful child blossomed into the exquisitely lovely maiden. I can hardly say that I loved her, though I certainly would if I had dared. But for any mere male creature, of ordinary flesh and blood, to aspire to the possession of such a glorious being, seemed to me like sacrilege—and most of all for one in my humble position.

There was no school of even ordinary respectability in our neighborhood; my mother was therefore obliged to send me to an academy at some distance. It was very hard work, but she struggled through it honorably. Alice Claye was educated chiefly by governesses and teachers at home.

When I was a little over seventeen years of age, and she about fifteen, I returned home from school for the last time. My mother was anxious to complete my education by sending me to the university, but I was resolved that she should toil for me no longer. I was now old enough to provide for myself, and do it I would, in some way.

One day, while I was seriously inquiring within myself what that way should be, rambling about in the meantime with a gun on my shoulder, I saw some wild ducks, and in trying to get

a shot at them, I lost my footing on the brow of a precipice, and tumbled down the rocky steep into the river which rolled beneath. Though a good deal bruised, I would have thought nothing of the affair if it had ended there. Unfortunately, however, there was another chapter to the adventure, which gave it a more serious coloring.

When I first lost my foothold at the top of the rock, I clutched a small bush with my right hand, and supported myself by it for some time, though it was in vain that I endeavored to draw my body up and regain the summit. While struggling desperately for this purpose, I suddenly felt some one grasp my left hand. This gave me new hopes. I caught eagerly at the proffered hand, seizing it with all the energy of despair; but instead of saving myself, I drew the friendly hand and the body to which it belonged both over the precipice into the abyss below.

Down we went together a fearful distance. If we had fallen upon rocks, or even upon the earth, we must inevitably have been dashed to pieces. Fortunately there was water below us—deep water—and we reached it with no other damage than some pretty severe bruises. The shock of coming into contact with the water so violently was a stinging, stunning operation, but not permanently injurious. When I came to the surface again, after having touched the bottom of the river, the first thing I saw was my companion in the plunge, and that companion was—Alice Claye!

The kind-hearted girl had seen my peril, which she supposed to be much greater than it really was, had run to my relief, seized my hand, and unable to resist the violent wrench I had given her, had been dragged over the precipice. So vexed and mortified was I at what had happened, that I verily believe I would have suffered myself to drown without a struggle if there had been nothing to interfere with the impulse of the moment. But there was Alice, whom I had precipitated into the river, and who was in danger of drowning. This consideration swallowed up all the rest.

I was a good swimmer, and I soon bore her to the shore, at a spot where it was easy to land. As soon as I was fairly out of the water, I began to stammer out some kind of an incoherent excuse or apology. Alice soon checked me.

"Come, Arthur," cried the lovely girl, laughing merrily, though I knew she was in pain, "don't make a fool of yourself, I beg you. What you say just amounts to this—if you had known it was I, you would not have fallen! If you had found out the truth before you got to the bottom, you wouldn't have fallen an inch farther—would you?" And she laughed till the rocky shores rang with the music.

"But you surely must be hurt?" said I, anxiously. "Your neck is all bloody."

"Is it? And so are your hands, I do declare! Bloody neck and bloody hands! The 'second sight' has come true—word for word" And she clapped her own little white hands, and shouted aloud in unchecked merriment.

True enough, her neck and my hands were both covered with blood, the result of lacerations received in our descent. Alice had had the worst of it. Her neck and one of her cheeks were cut and bruised considerably, and must have been quite painful; but a braver and more heroic spirit than hers never lived, and she showed not the least sign of being either hurt or frightened.

Her father, who had been but a little way off, and had seen her fall, soon came running round the cliff in a paroxysm of excitement and apprehension. He could hardly be made to believe that his treasure was safe, even upon the testimony of his own senses. He asked so many questions, and inquired so minutely into the affair, that Alice at last, with one of her ringing, musical laughs, declared that her papa would be satisfied with nothing short of an ocular demonstration, and proposed that we should tumble over the cliff again for his especial accommodation. The happy father called her an unmitigated and incorrigible madcap, and dropped the subject.

As the general's house was much nearer than my mother's, he insisted upon my going home with him to have my hand dressed. It was pretty severely cut. I went, and Alice's rosy-tipped fingers bandaged my wound, the house-keeper performing a like office for her. One side of her neck, just below the ear, was very much bruised and lacerated.

After this I had a long and interesting conver-

sation with my host, which ended in his proposing that I should study law with him, and receive a salary for acting as his secretary. The general was one of the most eminent men of his day, and his correspondence alone was a pretty good job for one man. I had no particular bias in favor of the law, or indeed of any other profession, but I accepted the offer with gratitude, and at once commenced my duties and studies.

I remained with my employer nearly three years, during which time additional wealth and honors flowed in upon him in torrents. He was a very kind man, and very much beloved by his friends and dependents, but thought to be proud and reserved by people in general. The fact is, his whole life had been tinted with a sombre hue by the untimely death of Alice's mother, less than two years after their marriage. I need not tell you how he loved and cherished his Alice, the sole representative of one prized so highly and lost so early. He had very few intimate friends. His peerless daughter was the empress of his heart and home; and even ambition's star paled before the love-light in her soft blue eyes.

And those same glorious orbs were the twin lode-stars in the horizon of my life—worshipped as devoutly as Persian Magi ever adored the sun, but with hardly more definite idea than they of ever making the object of this fervent adoration mine. In my visions of the far-off future, it is true, wild dreams of ambition would sometimes haunt me, in which the "queen of love and beauty" was sweet Alice Claye; but these were dreams, and nothing else—dreams as unlikely to "come true" as any that had ever visited my pillow.

Her unrivalled beauty and transcendent worth, together with the great wealth and high position of her father, were what placed Alice on such an inaccessible pinnacle. No pride or assumption on her part had ought to do with it. The north pole is not farther from the south than she was from every species of superciliousness. But her father was a proud man, in his way, and had, I knew, high hopes for his daughter.

Soon after my admission to the bar I lost my mother. This blow was a very severe one, and it confirmed me in a design I had for some time entertained of removing to the West. To breathe the same air with Alice was at the same time a delight and a torture to me, and to leave it brought to my heart both delight and misery. But I thought it best to go.

For nearly three years I applied myself diligently to business in a flourishing western town. My success was even greater than my expectations; but Alice was in my "mind's eye" continually, and at last my desire to see her once more, in flesh and blood reality, became so strong that I could no longer resist it. As the French so expressively phrase it, it was *plus fort que moi*—stronger than I.

Once more I was in the mansion of General Claye, and in the presence of its proprietor. He received me kindly, but there was a change in his appearance which shocked me exceedingly. The straight, erect and somewhat haughty port was gone. He looked bowed and broken and emaciated. His glossy black hair was abundantly streaked with gray, and his strikingly handsome face clothed in an unwonted gloom. That all this was the shadow of some great sorrow, was evident even to a careless observer. What could it be?

I was not long in suspense. I asked for Alice. He said she was not well, and he tried to say it in a calm, indifferent tone of voice; but the attempt was an utter failure, and it was easy to perceive that his heart was writhing in agony. It was Alice then who was the cause of all this emotion. The thought terrified me. I was eagerly anxious to question him, but I could see from his whole manner that it would be distasteful to him in the extreme. I therefore forbore.

I need not tell you that I took the first opportunity, after leaving the general's presence, to make inquiries about Alice. The result was very unsatisfactory. All I could learn was that Miss Claye had been unwell for more than a year, and in all that time no one saw her but a few intimate friends. Some of these I saw, but they seemed to know nothing but that Alice was sick.

All that I could discover was simply the fact that the young lady had had an attack of what was supposed to be "mumps," and that they had terminated in some serious derangement of health. What that was, my informants either did not know or would not tell. Even Alice's beaux—and she had scores of them—were no better informed, it seemed, than other people.



The general had been with his daughter to Philadelphia, then even more than now the grand emporium of medical science, but no good had come of it. They had returned only a week before, and the general had since appeared more hopeless than ever. I was sorely puzzled with all this, and my grief was still greater than my perplexity. One idea, however, stood prominently out amid the darkness. I could not help feeling, unreasonable though it might be, that this affliction, in subjecting the matchless Alice to the ordinary lot of humanity, had brought her so much nearer to myself, that the idea of loving her, no longer seemed so preposterous as I had been accustomed to consider it.

In this state of mind I wrote a letter to General Claye, laid bare my whole heart before him, confessed the love which had been a part of my existence, nay, almost the whole of it, ever since my childhood, and ended by conjuring him to allow me to see his daughter. An answer was sent back by the same messenger who took my letter. It was comprised in a single word, and that word was "come."

When I reached the house again, and saw the afflicted father, he welcomed me in silence, and immediately ordered a servant to inform Miss Alice of my presence. After a minute's absence the servant returned, and said that Miss Alice would be down in a few moments. This surprised me, for I had supposed that she must be confined to bed. Presently I heard her step in the passage, and felt still more astonished. No vestige of disease could be detected in the firm, elastic tread. But alas! when the door was thrown open, I saw a sight which made me start back almost in horror—a movement which I deeply regretted the next instant, for father and daughter both remarked it. The peerless Alice of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams was no more, and in her place was a creature of almost hideous deformity.

A tumor, rising at the corner of the lower jaw, had gradually enlarged, until it so encroached upon her face as to rob it of almost every characteristic which gave it a title to the epithet of *human*. Not a particle of the original expression remained, and it was only in her voice (and that too sadly changed) that I could recognize anything of her former self.

Yes, it was but too true that an uninterested observer would have pronounced the once magnificent Alice—absolutely hideous! No wonder that such a terrible metamorphosis had rent with anguish the proud heart of her doting father, and changed him, in a few months, from vigorous manhood to almost decrepit age.

But there was no change in Alice's nature. No possible deformity of person could sully for a single instant the bright beauty of her noble soul. She told me, honestly and frankly, that the contents of my letter would have given her great pleasure if they had been revealed to her sooner; but now she could only rejoice in the fact that I had not bound myself to an unsightly object, which was so soon to perish. Love and joy could be hers no more; but she hoped I would sometimes think of her when her ruthless malady had consigned her to the tomb.

I seized her hand, which was as admirable as ever—a rare model of grace and beauty—and strove to speak; but great sobs came bursting from my over-burdened heart, and I could not utter a single word. At this juncture her fortitude too gave way, and her father begged me to leave. I wrung that lily hand, pressed it to my lips, and then hurried away into the dark pine forest, where no eye but the Eternal One above could witness my agony of soul.

It was not in my nature long to give way to unavailing grief. I sought and obtained from General Claye a history of his daughter's disease. Its seat was in the *parotid gland*, which lies at the angle of the lower jaw, just beneath the ear. It is one of the salivary glands, and the seat of the affection called mumps. It was enormously enlarged and thoroughly diseased, and I felt it like a stab in my vitals when I learned that that bruised and "bloody neck," the consequence of the fall over the cliff, was supposed to be the primary cause of the tumor. From that day the gland had always been subject to inflammation and soreness, though little attention had been paid to these things until a permanent enlargement began to take place.

The magnates of medicine and surgery in Philadelphia had been consulted, had tried various remedies, and had finally pronounced the case incurable. Nothing but the entire extirpation of the tumor could effect a cure, and that

was impossible, for it was a well known surgical maxim that *the parotid gland could not be extirpated*. This was not an opinion merely, but a fact susceptible of demonstration.

With a heavy, heavy heart, I returned to my business in the West. I still continued the daily routine of my professional duties, but my whole heart was with that poor girl in Virginia, stricken so terribly while "towering in her pride of place," and going down with slow but certain footsteps to the grave. I felt an uncontrollable desire to know more of her disease, and works on the anatomy and pathology of the parotid gland became my constant companions. I read everything on the subject that I could find, though that to be sure was not much in that region and at that day.

While my thoughts were all running in this direction, I happened to pick up, at a sheriff's sale, a fragment of a work on surgery, and in that fragment I found it emphatically stated that the parotid gland *could* be extirpated, and had been in several instances.

This statement excited me so that I could not sleep or rest in any way. Suppose the Philadelphia surgeons were mistaken. They were distinguished men, but they were not infallible. I pondered on the subject till I became almost distracted. I consulted the most eminent surgeons within my reach; but they gave me no encouragement. They all pinned their faith upon the sleeves of the great men of Philadelphia, and the Pennsylvania university.

Still, however, I was neither convinced nor satisfied; and at last I came to the wild and Quixotic resolution, as my friends called it, of studying medicine myself, with a particular reference to this one case. I felt that nothing short of a personal investigation of the whole subject would ever set my mind at rest. My practice as a lawyer had been lucrative for one so young. I had some money, and gladly devoted it to this object.

The medical lectures had already commenced, and I hurried to Baltimore, where I matriculated in the university of Maryland. I felt shy of Philadelphia. The extirpation of the parotid gland, however, seemed to have no more advocates in the former city than in the latter. I threw my whole soul into my studies, and spent much of my time in the dissecting-room. I remained in Baltimore till midsummer, when business obliged me to spend a few months in the West.

In the meantime I corresponded constantly with Alice. Her disease was slowly but very perceptibly advancing, and the idea of being cured was to her the very remotest of impossibilities. I never hinted to her anything of my new studies. She believed me to be absorbed in law and law-suits.

The fall arrived, and I hastened to Baltimore, intending to get my degree and then start immediately for Europe. A new professor of anatomy had arrived from abroad and taken possession of that chair in the university. It was Granville Sharpe Pattison, the predecessor of Sir Charles Bell in the university of London, and afterwards professor of anatomy in Philadelphia, and subsequently in New York. I attended his introductory lecture, and I soon found that fame had not spoken falsely of him when she reported him to be one of the very best teachers of anatomy then living.

In the course of his introductory, he dwelt upon the rapid advances of surgery in modern times, eventually spoke of the pathological anatomy of the parotid gland, asserted that it had been extirpated repeatedly, mentioned when and where, and ended that branch of his subject by declaring that the operation had been recently performed in America.

I devoured the words as they issued from his lips, and waited in breathless anxiety for the name of the operator. This, however, he did not give. As soon as the lecture was over, I hastened to beg a minute's interview with Dr. (then Mr.) Pattison. He received me very courteously, and in answer to my eager inquiry, informed me that it was Dr. George McClellan, a young surgeon of Philadelphia, who had successfully performed the hazardous operation for the extirpation of the parotid gland.

As fast as steamboats and stagecoaches would carry me, I hurried off to the Quaker City and inquired for Dr. McClellan. His foot, as yet, was but upon the very first round of fame's steep ladder, and it was with some difficulty that I found his office, in an obscure alley, not far from the Delaware. He was a native of New Eng-

land, a small, spare, wiry man, with a keen gray eye, and so full of native energy that it seemed impossible for him to be still a single instant. He soon afterwards rose to great distinction in the profession which he loved so ardently. He died a few years ago, leaving a son who inherits with his name professional abilities perhaps equal his own.

At the mere mention of the words *parotid gland*, I saw the fire of enthusiasm flash brightly from the doctor's eyes. He had already had a controversy on the subject with some of the grandees of the profession in Philadelphia.

"Sir," said he, "if you will go to the university in Ninth Street, you will there hear a distinguished professor demonstrate, to the satisfaction of his pupils, the utter impossibility of extirpating the parotid gland. And yet there is, in that jar, a *bona fide* parotid gland, which was actually removed from the jaw of a patient, who is now alive and in good health. You can put my demonstration alongside of theirs, and choose whichever you please."

My choice was already made. My whole soul was enlisted on the affirmative side of the question, and I was in no condition to compare facts and weigh arguments. I took the tickets of the professors of the university, and attended some of their lectures, but nearly all my time was devoted to the private instruction which I received from Dr. McClellan. My anatomical studies, too, were unceasing. With the parotid gland and its surroundings, in particular, I made myself perfectly familiar, and before the lectures were over, I had the gratification of witnessing its successful extirpation from the jaw of a living patient, by the knife of my preceptor.

Then, for the first time, I fully understood how an important organ like this, while in a diseased condition, might be removed without destroying life, though its extirpation, in a normal, healthy condition, would inevitably prove fatal.

In the month of March I received my diploma, and immediately set out for the residence of General Claye. I found poor Alice calmly awaiting the approach of the king of terrors. The general was sadly broken, and I felt convinced that he could not long survive her. Nor did he appear to wish it.

After spending some time with her, I walked out in company with the afflicted father. As we left the door an involuntary groan escaped him—the evidence of agony too deep for words. Never, it appeared to me, had father so idolized a daughter; never had daughter been so worthy of being thus idolized.

"General," said I, "did you know that tumors of that sort have been extirpated?"

"Alas, no, my friend; not tumors involving the parotid gland, as this does. Such can never be removed without certain destruction."

"It is precisely such that I speak of. Tumors involving the parotid gland have been removed, successfully, more than once."

"You are in error, Arthur. I have my information from the first surgeons in America."

"And yet, my dear sir, I must stick to my assertion. The great ones of the earth silenced Galileo, but he never ceased to whisper, 'It moves, for all that!' The parotid gland has been extirpated, for all that. The thing has been done lately—in America. And more than that, I have seen it done."

"You?"

"I myself, with my own eyes."

"And do you really think that any one could be found to undertake so hazardous an operation?"

"Yes."

"And who, pray?"

"I."

The general thought I was deranged. And no wonder; for I had never breathed a syllable with regard to my medical and surgical studies. I was unwilling to excite even the faintest shadow of a hope which might never be realized, and had therefore been studiously silent on the subject. I now told everything—what I had done, and the hope with which I had done it; the one object which I had ever kept in view, and which I now believed that I had attained. The case was a bad one, and final success must of course be doubtful; but, like my preceptor, Dr. McClellan, I believed that the most desperate case was worth trying, if but one chance in a thousand, of success, was probable. At the worst, it could but be hastening death by a few months.

The idea was so new and so startling, that it was a long time before my companion could become familiar with it. I begged him to take time and consider it well. I believed myself

competent to undertake the operation. I had studied it not with my head only, but also with my heart; and I had improved every possible opportunity of familiarizing myself with the use of the knife. If they preferred it, however, I would return to Philadelphia and beg Dr. McClellan to come and perform the operation, and I had no doubt he would do it.

The father left it to Alice to decide, and she decided, without a moment's hesitation, to trust herself to me. Fearful as I felt the responsibility to be, the decision gave me great joy, and I at once prepared for the trial.

The momentous day arrived. Napoleon or Wellington, at Waterloo, did not, I am sure, feel a greater weight of anxiety as to the issue at hand. Artificial anesthesia was unknown at that day, and Alice had to bear the full burden of suffering imposed by such a tedious and terrible operation. Having all things in readiness, and being assisted by the general's family physician, I went to work.

If you will imagine yourself standing before a mirror, hewing off great masses of your own flesh, it may enable you to form some idea of my feelings. With a keen-edged scalpel I made the first incision, of an elliptical form, and commenced dissecting away the integuments from the mass of the tumor.

It is a very prevalent notion that deep-seated, bloody incisions are the most painful. You will often hear people say that the marrow of the bone is the most acutely sensitive of all the parts divided in an amputation. Nothing can be more erroneous. The bone and marrow are nearly insensible, and the division of deep-seated muscles gives comparatively little pain. It is the division of the skin and the parts immediately beneath it—the subcutaneous tissues—that is the most exquisitely painful part of such operations.

Before I had made half a dozen strokes of the knife, the idea of the horrible tortures poor Alice was suffering, and of the issues of life and death which were at that moment trembling on the point of my scalpel, so overwhelmed me that I flattered, turned deadly pale, and staggered back, while the knife nearly dropped from my nerveless grasp.

It was an awful moment—one on which probably depended the lives of two, perhaps three, human beings. The agonized father clasped his hands and gazed at me in mute supplication, the poor girl's life-blood was streaming from the divided arteries, and yet I felt it impossible to proceed. I was utterly unmanned, overwhelmed and discomfited. I looked at my bloody hands and her bloody neck, and shuddered as I thought of the Scotch woman's prophecy.

"Arthur!" said a faint, whispering voice.

I looked down at Alice. She was gazing in my face, and all the distortion of her pitiless malady could not destroy the heavenly sweetness of her smile, as she whispered: "Courage! Courage, dearest Arthur!"

The words thrilled to my inmost soul. Should I play the woman—the coward rather—while she was exhibiting such heroic fortitude? Perish the unmanly thought! In a very few seconds a complete revulsion had taken place. I nerved myself for the work, and from that time forth my hand was as steady as the rock of Gibraltar. I was astonished at myself. Both hand and eye seemed guided by intuition, and I threaded my way through the labyrinth of nerves and arteries at the corner of the jaw with an unerring precision, ease and expedition, that looked like magic. In far less time than I had expected, the tumor was dissected out, the arteries secured, the wound dressed, and Alice quietly asleep.

The operation proved successful beyond my most sanguine hopes, and before midsummer Alice had entirely regained her health, a trifling scar being all that remained of her terrible disease. In the fall we were married, and I took up my abode in this county, which, for two short years, was to me a paradise such as few of Adam's race have found on earth.

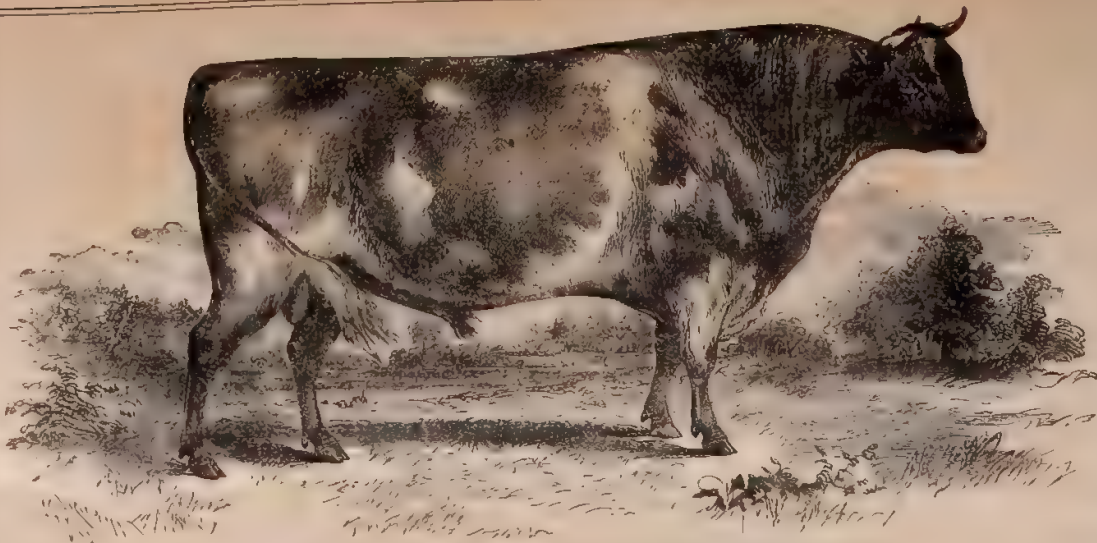
But alas! some choir of angels must have been incomplete in the eternal paradise above! My darling was taken from me. For many years I was a morose and melancholy man, and I am not much better now. Those who best know what I have lost and what I have suffered; those, in short, who know best what I was, are most indulgent to what I am. Many men have lost wives, and good ones; but not one in many thousands has lost an Alice Claye.

An author may be likened to an elephant, seeing that he frequently has to carry a house upon his back filled with a numerous family.—*Jerrold*.



**Dairy Cows and Farming.**

From the most remote periods of antiquity, the animals which constitute the herds of the field, have been held by man in the highest estimation; and among them, those of the ox kind have always been considered as the most important. The natives of Egypt, India and Hindostan seem alike to have placed the cow among their deities, and judging by her usefulness to all classes, no animal could, perhaps, be selected, whose value to mankind is greater. In nearly all parts of the earth, cattle are employed for their labor, for their milk, and for human food. In Southern Africa they are as much the associates of the Caffres as the horse is of the Arab. They share his toils, assist him in tending his herds, and are even trained to battle, in which they become fierce and courageous. In central Africa the proudest ebony beauties are to be seen on their backs. They have drawn the plough in all ages and in all lands. In Spain they still trample out the corn, and in India raise the water from the deepest wells to irrigate the thirsty soils of Bengal. When Cesar invaded England, they constituted



AYRSHIRE BULL, "ESSEX," OWNED BY DR. GEORGE B. LORING, SALEM.

of the forest, feeding at night, concealing themselves in the woods during the day, and when descending to the lower parts of the park, always moving in single file, the bulls leading the

ough systematic treatise upon the subject of cattle-breeding; no reliable descriptive history of the different breeds of animals, which the progressive farmer and his household could consult with ad-

of the Union, in which the farmers still plod on in the old way, rearing the same degenerate stock, such as their fathers raised before them, whose gaunt sides and angular proportions are constantly reminding us of the dream of ill omen in which the wicked ruler of gold beheld the decline of his kingdom and his power. But we believe that a better day is about to dawn, and that the liberality and enterprise of a few of our leading agriculturalists in different States of the Union, the aid and encouragement which has been given to this important interest through the importation of some of the finest animals in the world, by agricultural societies in various parts of the country, and the light which has been disseminated by means of books and newspapers, will ere long produce a condition of things altogether different, and from which the most beneficial results will follow. Until recently, we have had no thor-

of the forest, feeding at night, concealing themselves in the woods during the day, and when descending to the lower parts of the park, always moving in single file, the bulls leading the van, and in retreat always bringing up the rear. The various modern breeds of domestic cattle are classified by writers on stock by the length or shortness of their horns, but it is considered preferable to arrange them according to the peculiar characteristics which they possess, and which fit them for the peculiar purposes required, such as their capacity for beasts of burden in one section of country, for milk in another, and for beef in still another; cultivation by breeding having produced animals in immense variety, varying much in appearance and size, but all equally well adapted for peculiar purposes, and capable of imparting their prominent characteristics with certainty to their offspring. "Careful domestication," says Dr. Pritchard, "is to animals what cultivation is to vegetables, and the former probably differs from the natural state of the one class of beings in the same circumstances which distinguish the latter from the natural condition of the other class." Animals in a wild state, procure a simple and unvaried food, in precarious and sometimes deficient quantities, and are exposed to suffering from the inclemencies of the seasons. Their young are produced in similar circumstances to the state of seedlings which spring uncultivated in an uncongenial soil, but in the improved state all the stimuli of various and proper food, of warmth, etc., are afforded in abundance, and the consequence is a luxuriant growth and evolution of varieties, and the exhibition of all the perfections of which each species is capable. The improvements that have taken place in neat cattle may be attributed, chiefly, to the system here alluded to, of cultivating the growth of the animal by every means that practice and science have suggested, and by mating the females with male animals possessing such characteristics as they were most deficient in. This practice has been reduced to a regular science, of late years, and hence the magnificent species now met with at all our agricultural exhibitions, of every class of stock, and upon whose beautiful proportions the farmer who has produced them gazes with such feelings of honest pride and satisfaction, and the spectators engaged in other avocations and pursuits, with so much astonishment and wonder.

Although so much attention has been bestowed upon the subject of improving the breeds of cattle in Great Britain during the last fifty years, and with such splendid results, not only to individuals but to the nation at large, this branch of agriculture has made but slow progress with us, and there are many localities in all parts

vantage and profit; no clear, succinct instructions based upon science and experience combined, which the intelligent dairy woman could refer to with a certainty

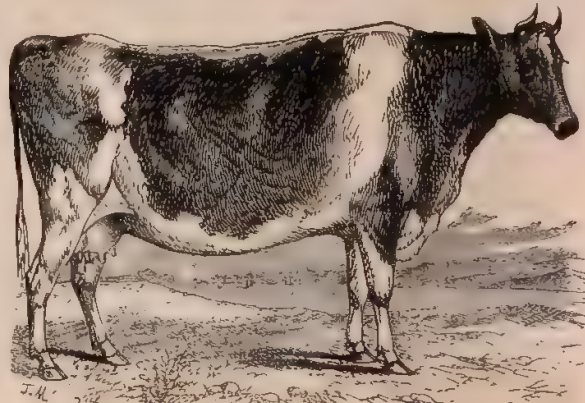
of improving the quality and quantity of the productions of the dairy; except such as were imported from abroad and which, owing to the differences of soil, climate, etc., were not entirely adapted to meet the wants of an American farmer. But recently this want has been happily met by the publication of a volume, entitled "Dairy Cow and Dairy Farming," from the pen of Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, a work which has met the most hearty approval of practical farmers everywhere, who have examined its merits, and which has received the most hearty endorsement of the agricultural press in all parts of the land. Believing that we cannot do a better service to our readers, a large portion of whom are engaged in agricultural pursuits, we shall avail ourselves of some of Mr. Flint's illustrations in the work referred to, for the further illustration of our subject,



AN AYRSHIRE COW.



JERSEY BULL.



A JERSEY COW.



SHORT HORN COW.

the chief riches of the inhabitants, and at the present day they form one of the most important elements in that country's abounding riches; amounting in value, at the present time, according to the estimate of Mr. Youatt, to nearly six hundred millions of dollars. The breeds of cattle in England and in our own country are remarkable for their numerous varieties caused by the almost endless crossings of one family with another, although all may be traced back to a common origin, in the wild oxen, bisons and buffaloes that still roam at large, in immense herds, in various parts of the world. Strange as it may seem, it is a point upon which, we believe, all agree, who have thoroughly investigated the subject, that the present distinct breeds of superior cattle, for which Great Britain is so justly famed, are descendants of those same animals, some remnants of which are yet to be found in Chillingham Park in Northumberland, in a state of tolerable purity, and which are described as still possessing all the characteristics of the ancient breed such as hiding their young in the most dense portions

years, and with such splendid results, not only to individuals but to the nation at large, this branch of agriculture has made but slow progress with us, and there are many localities in all parts

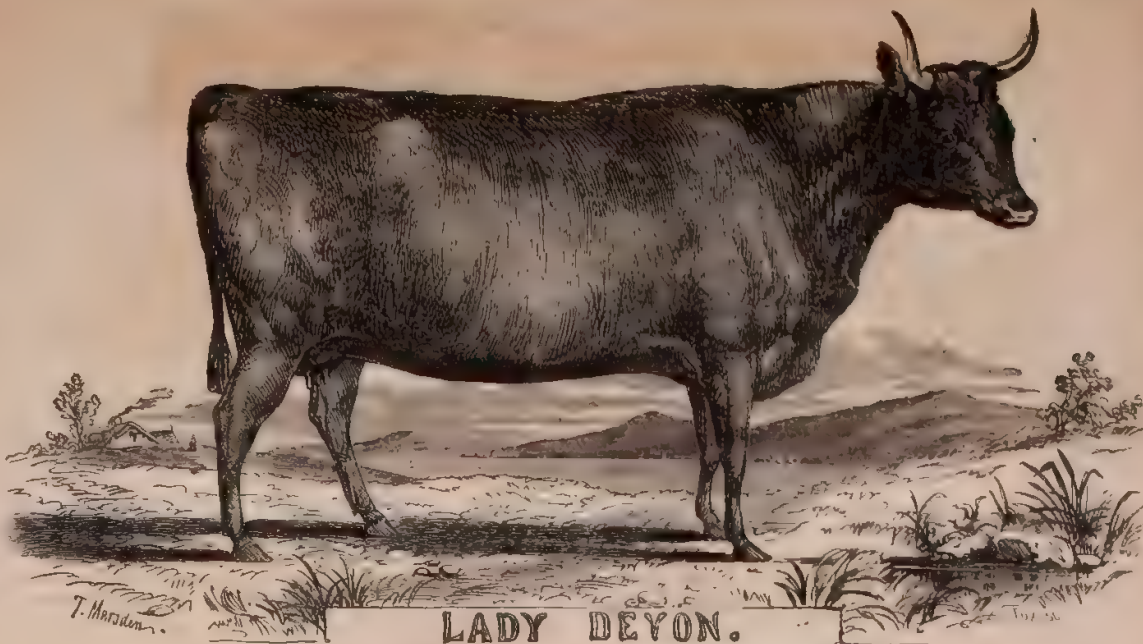


CORA.

A HEREFORD COW.



and, by his permission, of such extracts from his well written and comprehensive treatise as may be necessary for their explanation. And first, of the Ayrshire breed, the portrait of a fine specimen of which, drawn from life, is given in our first engraving. The Ayrshires, says Mr. Flint, are justly celebrated throughout Great Britain and this country for their excellent dairy qualities. Though the most recent in their origin, they are pretty distinct from the other Scotch and English races. In color the pure Ayrshires are generally red and white, spotted or mottled, not roan like many of the short-horns, but often presenting a bright contrast of colors. They are sometimes, though rarely, nearly or quite all red, and sometimes black and white, though the favorite color is red and white brightly contrasted, and by some, strawberry color is preferred. The climate of Ayrshire is moist and mild, and the soil rich, clayey, and well adapted to pasturage, but difficult to till. The cattle are naturally hardy and active, and capable of enduring severe winters, and of easily regaining condition with the return of spring and good feed. The pasture land of the country is devoted to dairy stock,—chiefly for making butter and cheese, a small part only being used for fattening cows when too old to keep in the dairy. The breed has undergone very marked improvements since Aiton wrote, in 1815. The local demand for fresh dairy products has very naturally taxed the skill and judgment of the farmers and dairy-men to the utmost, through a long course of years; and thus the remarkable milking qualities of the Ayrshires have been developed to such a degree that they may be said to produce a larger quantity of rich milk and butter in proportion



DEVON COW, OWNED BY WM. BUCKMINSTER, EDITOR OF MASS. PLOUGHMAN.

rience on the point agrees in stating that an Ayrshire cow generally gives a larger return of milk for the food consumed than a cow of any other breed. The absolute quantity may not be so great, but it is obtained at a less cost; and this is the point upon which the question of profit depends.

The Jersey cattle, says Mr. Flint, have now become widely known in this country. Many of them have been imported from an island of the same name in the British Channel, near the coast of France, and they may now be considered, I think, as fully acclimated. They were first introduced over thirty years ago, from the channel islands Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey. The opinions of practical men differ widely as to the comparative merits of

this race, and its adaptation to our climate and to the wants of our farmers. The most common decision, prevailing among many even of the best judges of stock, appears to be that, however desirable the cows may be on the lawn or in a gentleman's park, they are wholly unsuited to the general wants of the practical farmer. This may or may not be the case. If the farmer keeps a dairy farm and sells only milk, the quantity and not the quality of which is his chief care, he can satisfy himself better with some other breed. If otherwise situated,—if he devotes his time to the making of butter for the supply of customers who are willing to pay for a good article,—he may very properly consider whether a few Jerseys, or an infusion of Jersey blood, may not be desirable. Haxton calls the Jersey cow the cheese and butter dairy-man's friend when her milk is diluted with that of ten or a dozen ordinary cows, and his enemy if he should attempt to make either cheese or butter solely from her produce, as, from the excessive richness of the milk, neither will keep long; and, finally, an ornament to the rich man's lawn, yet in aspect altogether devoid of those rounded outlines which constitute the criterion of animal beauty.

The head of the pure Jersey is fine and tapering, the cheek small, the throat clean, the muzzle fine and encircled with a light stripe, the nostrils high and open; the horns smooth, crumpled, not very thick at the base, tapering, and tipped with black; ears small and thin, deep orange color inside; eyes full and placid; neck straight and fine. The color is generally cream, dun, or yellow, with more or less white, and the fine head and neck give the cows and heifers a fawn-like appearance, and make them objects of attraction in the park; but the hind quarters are often too narrow to look well, particularly to those who judge animals from the amount of fat they carry. We should bear in mind, however, that a good race of animals is not always the most beautiful, as that term is commonly understood. Beauty in stock has no fixed standard. The bulls are usually very different in character and disposition from the cows, and are much inclined to become restive and cross at the age of two or three years, unless their treatment is uniformly gentle and firm. The third engraving very accurately represents one of the best animals of the race in the vicinity of Boston, which has been pronounced by good judges a model for a bull of a dairy breed. The beautiful Jersey cow "Flirt," represented fourthly, received the first prize at the Fair of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture in 1857, which brought together the largest and finest collection

whence many superior animals were brought for the purpose of improving the old long horned breed. A large race of cattle had existed for many years on the western shores of the continent of Europe. At a very early date, as early as 1633, they were imported from Denmark into New England in considerable numbers, and thus laid the foundation of a valuable stock in this country. They extended along the coast, it is said, through Holland to France. The dairy formed a prominent branch of farming at a very early date in Holland, and experience led to the greatest care in the choice and breeding of dairy stock. From these cattle many selections were made to cross over to the counties of York and Durham. The prevailing color of the large Dutch cat-

of Jersey cattle ever made in this country. She is well shaped, and a very superior dairy cow. Her dam, Flora, was very remarkable for the richness of her milk and the quantity of her butter, having made no less than five hundred and eleven pounds in one year, without extra feeding.

*The Short horns or Durhams.*—No breed of horned cattle has commanded more universal admiration during the last half-century than the improved Short-horns, whose origin can be traced back for nearly a hundred years. According to the best authorities, the stock which formed the basis of improvement existed equally in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and counties adjoining; and the pre-eminence was accorded to Durham, which gave its name to the race, from the more correct principles of breeding which seem to have prevailed there. There is a dispute among eminent breeders as to how far it owes its origin to early importations from Holland,



DUTCH DAIRY COW.

to the food consumed, or the cost of production, than any other of the pure-bred races. The Ayrshire cow has been known to produce over ten imperial gallons of good milk a day. A cow-feeder in Glasgow, selling fresh milk, is said to have realized two hundred and fifty dollars in seven months from one good cow; and it is stated, on high authority, that a dollar a day for six months of the year is no uncommon income from good cows under similar circumstances, and that seventy-five cents a day is below the average. But this implies high and judicious feeding, of course: the average yield, on ordinary feed, would be considerably less. The second engraving is a correct representation of a cow of this breed recently imported by a distinguished agriculturist of Massachusetts, and whose excellent qualities seem to confirm the statements of their superior milking qualities given above. We must conclude, then, that "for purely dairy purposes the Ayrshire cow deserves the first place. In consequence of her small, symmetrical, and compact body, combined with a well-formed chest and a capacious stomach, there is little waste, comparatively speaking, through the respiratory system; while, at the same time, there is very complete assimilation of the food, and thus she converts a large proportion of her food into milk. So remarkable is this fact, that all dairy farmers who have any expe-



HEREFORD BULL.

tle was black and white, beautifully contrasted. The cattle produced by these crosses a century ago, were known under the name of "Dutch." Their milking qualities were good, surpassing, probably, those of the improved short-horns. The color of the North Dutch cattle is mostly variegated. Cows with only one color are no favorites. Red or black variegated, gray and blue variegated, roan, spotted and white variegated cows, are especially liked. The engraving of the Dutch Dairy Cow gives a correct idea of the cow most esteemed in Holland; the type of the race so noted for the production of milk, and of the excellent round Dutch cheeses. The bull, of which a likeness follows, was imported in 1857 by Wintrop W. Chenery, Esq., of Watertown, from near the Beamster, in the northerly part of Friesland. Both animals are truthfully delineated, and give a correct idea of the



IMPORTED DUTCH BULL.



THE DURHAM BULL, "DOUBLE DUKE."

(Owned by the Harvest Club, Springfield, Mass.)



points of the North Dutch cattle. Whatever may be the truth with regard to these crosses referred to above, and however far they proved effective in creating or laying the foundation of the modern improved short horns, the results of the efforts made in Yorkshire and some of the adjoining counties were never so satisfactory to the best judges as those of the breeders along the Tees, who selected animals with greater reference to fineness of bone and symmetry of form, and the animals they bred soon took the lead, and excited great emulation in improvement.

The famous bull "Hubback," bred by Mr. Turner, of Harworth, and subsequently owned by Mr. Colling, laid the foundation of the celebrity of the short-horns, and it is the pride of short horn breeders to trace back to him. He was calved in 1777, and his descendants, Foljambe, Bulimbroke, Favorite, and Comet, permanently fixed the characteristics of the breed. Comet was so highly esteemed among breeders, that he sold for one thousand guineas, or over five thousand dollars. Importations of the improved short horns, a specimen of which is given on page 88, have been frequent and extensive into the United States within the last few years, and this famous breed is now pretty generally diffused over the country. A family of fine milkers still exists in Massachusetts, known by the name of the "Sakey breed," supposed to have been derived from "Denton," a very superior animal imported by Mr. Williams, of Northboro', some forty years ago. Many of the best milkers of that section can be traced back to him. The Patton stock, originally imported into Maryland and Virginia, in 1783, and thence to Kentucky, may be classed in the same category. A part of these were at first known as the "milk breed," and others as the "beef breed." But the improved short horn is justly unrivalled for symmetry of form and beauty. I have never seen a picture or an engraving of an animal which gave an adequate idea of the beauty of many specimens of this race, especially of the best bred in Kentucky and Ohio, where many excellent breeders, favored by pastures eminently adapted to bring the short-horn to perfection, have not only imported extensively from the best herds in England, but have themselves attained a degree of knowledge and skill equalled only by that of the most celebrated breeders in the native country of this improved race.

**Herefords.**—The Hereford cattle derive their name from a county in the western part of England. The last engraving on page 88, gives a fine view of a cow of this breed. Their general characteristics are a white face, sometimes mottled; white throat, the white generally extending back on the neck, and sometimes, though rarely, still further along on the back. The color of the rest of the body is red, generally dark, but sometimes light. Eighty years ago, the best Hereford cattle were mottled or roan all over; and some of the best herds, down to a comparatively recent period, were either all mottled, or had the mottled or speckled face. The expression of the face is mild and lively; the forehead open, broad, and large; the eyes bright and full of vivacity; the horns glossy, slender, and spreading; the head small, though larger and not quite so clean as that of the Devons. The Herefords have been improved within the last century by careful selections, the first step to this end having been taken by Benjamin Tompkins, of Herefordshire, who began about 1766, with two cows possessing a remarkable tendency to take on fat. One of these was gray, and the other dark red, with a mottled or spotted face. Taking these as a foundation, Mr. Tompkins went on to build up a large herd, from which he sold to other breeders, from time to time, till at his decease, in 1819, the whole herd was disposed of at auction—fifty-two animals, including twenty two steers and two heifers, varying in age from calves to two-year-olds, bringing an aggregate of four thousand six hundred and seventy-three pounds, fourteen shillings sterling, or four hundred and forty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents a head. Hereford oxen are excellent animals, less active but stronger than the Devons, and very free and docile. The demand for Herefords for beef prevents their being much used for work in their native country, and the farmers there generally use horses instead of oxen. A recent writer in the Farmer's Magazine makes the following remarks on this head: "It is allowed on all hands, I believe, that the properties in which Herefords stand pre eminent among the middle-sized breeds are in the production of oxen and their superiority of flesh. The Herefords have been brought to this country, to some extent, and several fine herds exist in different sections; the earliest importations being those of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, in 1817. The figures of the two animals of this breed presented in this connection represent a bull and cow bred at the State Farm in Massachusetts, and are good specimens of the breed.

**The North Devons.**—The last of the pure bred races which it will be necessary for us to describe as prominent among our American cattle, is the Devon, a middle-horned breed, now very generally distributed in some sections of the country. The engraving at the head of page 89, shows a fine resemblance of the Devon cow, "Lady Devon," owned by William Buckminster, the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman. This beautiful race of cattle, dates further back than any well-established breed among us. It goes generally under the simple name of Devon; but the cattle of the southern part of the county, from which the race derives its name, differ somewhat from those of the northern, having a larger and coarser frame, and far less tendency to fatten, though their dairy qualities are superior. The North Devons are remarkable for hardi-

hood, symmetry, and beauty, and are generally bred for work and for beef rather than for the dairy. As milkers, they do not excel, perhaps they may be said not to equal, the other breeds, and they have a reputation of being decidedly below the average. In their native country the general average of a dairy is one pound of butter per day during the summer. They are bred for beef and for work, and not for the dairy; and their yield of milk is small, though of a rich quality. I have, however, had occasion to examine several animals from the celebrated Patterson herd, which would have been remarkable as milkers even among good milking stock.

Our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject further at this time, although we have merely glanced at a single one of the departments of this excellent treatise. With the same thoroughness and completeness with which the author treats of the several breeds of neat cattle, he discusses the diseases to which they are subject; the established principles of breeding; the feeding and management of milch cows; the rearing of calves intended for the dairy; the culture of grasses and forage plants to be used for fodder; the selection of milch cows, with a full explanation of the ingenious and wonderful system of selection established by Guenon; the details of the skilful dairy system of Holland; together with his own practical experience in the care of an extensive dairy, and the results of his observations in some of the best dairy districts of the country; and to the volume itself, which is published in Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s best style, we will refer our readers who may wish thoroughly to understand this important branch of husbandry in all its details.

#### SWISS AGRICULTURE.

A recent traveller in Switzerland thus writes, in substance, of farms and farming in that country. No good terraced land can be had there for less than \$4000 to \$7000 per acre, and the quantity of such land is one per cent. of the entire territory. No man owns more than 10 to 15 acres of such ground. In that country investments are made for security rather than profit, and 2 1/2 per cent. is usually satisfactory. The terraces are always chosen with a southern exposure, and are walled up on the lower side with stone and lime. They are generally from 10 to 50 feet wide, and incline at an angle of at least 22 degrees. They ascend up the sides of the mountain from 500 to 800 feet, and are reached by stone steps, up which the manure and everything else is carried in baskets. Generally the steeper the terrace, the steeper the price. Grape culture is the principal use made of these grounds. Thirty days' labor is the required average of every acre of vines, and is as often performed by women as men. The vines are kept low, and trained to stakes about four feet high. The stakes are taken up every fall, and put down in the spring. Some of the vines are from 80 to 100 years old, though they prefer to renew them every forty years. Six hundred to seven hundred and fifty gallons of wine is the common product per acre. This wine is the common beverage of the country, is of two kinds, red and white, is worth the first year from one to one and a half francs per gallon, the second year, when racked twice, from two to three francs, and in the same proportion for a longer time. The vineyards are worked with a mattock having a head like that of an axe on one side, and two teeth about six inches apart, and twelve to fifteen inches long on the other. The laborers work slowly, but in summer commence at 3 o'clock in the morning and continue till 7 at night. Other lands than those terraced are used as mountain pastures, and though only used about three months in the year, and seemingly lying at an angle of 45 degrees, command from 500 to 1500 francs per acre. The cattle are taken to these pastures by steep and circuitous paths, and are kept there while the season lasts. The herdsmen remain with them, living chiefly upon milk, and making cheese. Many of the herdsmen's huts on these pastures are at an altitude of from 300 to 500 feet. Above and over all is everlasting snow, and forms a combination of scenery rarely elsewhere seen.

#### AN EQUINE PECULIARITY.

I have stated that horses in any way nervous or high tempered are much affected by sounds and noises, particularly when arising from any object or circumstance they cannot see. I have had two remarkable in this particular, the one a mare. Whether in harness or out, a horse or carriage behind her drove her almost mad; let either come alongside of her, she was quiet directly. When in harness, if she but heard a horse behind her, up went her head and tail, and she would bound something as we have seen a fallow deer do in passing us; and, though at other times possessing a fine mouth, on such occasions it was difficult to hold her. The other horse was a hunter, as placid and steady as a horse could be when alongside bounds in chase; but, when they were finding, or, what was worse, running in cover, the cry of the pack would cause him to tremble with anxiety or some such feeling, and he would burst into a sweat ten times more profuse than any run would call forth. Being both good horses and pleasant, except in these particulars, I was determined to try and palliate them. I had a pair of thick earcaps made for each of them. This I found produced a wonderful alteration for the better; but it struck me these earcaps must heat the horse. Why not try cotton? I did; stuffed their ears well with it when using them; and found no inconvenience from sounds afterwards.—Harry Huerter.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

#### TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....\$2 50  
One copy, two years.....4 00  
Five copies, one year.....9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club).....20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER.**—The mineral called Jamesonite, after Professor Jameson, consists of sulphur, lead and antimony.  
**R. S. Lowell, Mass.**—You can obtain the article at the jewelry store of Messrs. Shreve & Brown (successors to Jones, Bull & Co.), corner of Washington and Summer streets, Boston.

**R. S.**—The likeness of Longfellow, drawn on stone by D'Arignon, and published by C. H. Brainard is an excellent one.

**C. C.**—Photo-lithography is a process by which photographs are taken on stone, in such a way that impressions may be printed therefrom by a lithographic press. Cutting & Turner, No. 7 Tremont Row, practise this new art.

**M. M.**—The fineness of gold is estimated by carat grains equivalent to 2 1/2 dwts., Troy. Gold of the highest degree of fineness, or pure, being said to be 24 carats fine.

**A. CONSTANT READER.**—Morana was the old Bohemian goddess of winter and of death—the Maryana of Scandinavia.

**STUDENT.**—An under graduate who is partly supported by the college funds, is called a servitor at Oxford, and a sizar at Cambridge, England.

**A. SUBSCRIBER.**—Gallipolis—Park Benjamin is occasionally absent on lecturing tours, but makes New York his headquarters.

**COLLEGIAN.**—New York—Critically speaking, Pope's Homer is a faulty and loose translation of the Latin translation of the Greek poet. Still it is energetic and harmonious.

**C. C.**—The monastery of La Trappe was founded in Normandy, by Count de Perche, in 1140. The rules of the order are very strict.

**W.**—The address is Joseph Willard, Esq., No. 30 Tremont Street.

**INVENTOR.**—We should judge from your description, that your contrivance would be likely to prove popular. We cannot inform you where you would be likely to sell the right, but should suggest writing to the editor of the Scientific American, New York, for information.

#### REMARKABLE TREES.

During the present season the trees in this vicinity have appeared in the full glory of their summer garniture, for the rains of June were copious, and supplied every root and fibre with the moisture necessary for their full development. There are some noble groves in the neighborhood of Boston, but none of them finer than a group of magnificent oaks in the town of Waltham, near the Waverley station on the Fitchburg railroad. These hardy giants are supposed to be six centuries old—that is, they were venerable trees long and long before Columbus discovered America.

Many trees of yet greater age are found in this country. In Calaveras county, California, is, or was, a cedar tree, 285 feet high, 92 feet round at the base, with bark 14 inches thick, and tapering gracefully to the summit. The cedar is of slow growth, and this specimen is estimated to be 2520 years old.

The famous Fairlop oak, the pride of Hainault Forest, England, was believed to be nine hundred years old. This vegetable wonder, which was rough and fluted, measured, at three feet from the ground, about 36 feet in girth, and the shade of its branches was proportionably large. Under this oak a fair was annually held on the first Friday in July, which was founded by one Daniel Day, a pump and block maker of Wapping, commonly called "Good Day," who died July 19, 1767, aged 84. To this venerable tree he used to repair on the first Friday in July, having previously invited a party of his neighbors to accompany him, and under the shade the party dined on beans and bacon. In addition to the entertainment given to his friends, Mr. Day used to distribute from the trunk of the tree several sacks of beans and a proportionate quantity of bacon to the persons assembled. Public curiosity being attracted to the spot, a sort of fair was established, which, though the oak and its eccentric founder are gone, still, we believe, continues to be held. For several years after Mr. Day's death, the pump and block makers of Wapping, to the number of thirty or forty, went annually to the fair in a boat made like an Indian canoe of an entire piece of timber. This amphibious vehicle was covered with an awning, mounted on a coach carriage, drawn by six horses, with ribbons, flags and streamers, and furnished with a band of musicians. The oak having endured the whirlwinds and tempests of ages, was finally prostrated by the high winds of February, 1820. A portion of the wood was used in constructing the pulpit of Wanstead Church, and the two magnificent pulpits of St. Pancras new church, London.

In the East, at the side of a road leading from Smyrna to Bournabat, there is an old plantain tree remarkable for its size and no less so for its

singular form and picturesque appearance. Its trunk is divided into two parts, though united at a considerable distance overhead, forming an arch through which foot-passengers and horsemen pass.

There is an elm at Brignoles, in the department of Var, France, which was a curiosity as early as the 15th century. Michael de l'Hopital celebrated its rare proportions in the writings which he composed during his exile in Provence, in the first half of the sixteenth century. On the 25th of October, 1564, Charles IX., who was stopping at a house opposite the elm, was much delighted by witnessing a ball given under its spreading boughs, where the "volte" and the "martingale" (now obsolete) were danced in a right gallant manner. Time, which endangers all things, rendered it, however, at last necessary to prop up this venerable patriarch of the trees of Var, and it is at present supported by wooden pillars about seven and a half feet high. It is said that the hollow sides of the old trunk have served more than once as a dwelling-house for poor people. But this vegetable retreat is now protected from the weather by a wall of stone and cement, and it is only since it has been repaired like an old house, that it has ceased to afford a hospitable shelter.

The famous Winfarthing oak, a gigantic relic of the sylvan glories of the "olden time," stands on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle, about four miles from his seat at Quindenham Hall, Winfarthing, near Diss, Norfolk, England; in the midst of what was formerly "Winfarthing Great Park," anciently a royal demesne, belonging to the adjacent palace of Kenninghall Place, from whence Mary, of unhappy memory, was called to the throne in 1553. It is conjectured that this tree must have been in existence before the Christian era; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that, notwithstanding the obvious ravages of time upon its massive trunk, yet no perceptible alteration has taken place within the last sixty years. The oak was, in 1820, 70 feet in circumference at the extremity of the roots; in the middle, 40 feet. The trunk is completely hollow, the "heart" being entirely decayed; and the inside presenting a singular appearance, resembling the old rugged masonry befitting a Druidical temple.

But perhaps the oldest tree on record is the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is 123 feet high, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

**A MORAL LESSON.**—Mr. Sinclair, the Scotch temperance lecturer, stated in one of his lectures that when a boy he saw a man's head chopped off in Glasgow, by the public executioner, and the head held up by the hair and pronounced that of a traitor, because he was engaged in stirring up the people to demand an extension of their privileges, and an increased liberality in the laws. Ten years afterwards the very privileges for which he contended were granted, the very laws which he demanded were enacted, and at the present day in Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Manchester and in London may be seen monuments erected to perpetuate his memory. Thus the living are crucified that the dead may be glorified.

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**—"What on airth ails these 'ere shirt-buttons, I wonder? Just the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."

**PICTORIAL SATIRE.**—A caricature is going the round of Vienna, representing the Austrian rank and file adorned with the heads of lions, their officers with those of asses, and the generals with no heads at all.

**MAN AND WIFE.**—A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done so much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

**IT PAYS.**—The stockholders of the horse railroads in New York in 1858, received dividends to the amount of \$1000 a day through the year.



## VERONA, ITALY.

The city of Verona, Italy, which threatened to be the scene of a terrible conflict between the Austrians and the Allies, occupies what is considered the finest site in Northern Italy. It stands on the river Adige, the greater portion of it lying on the western bank. A strong belt of forts encircles it; and the Adige, moreover, so winds and winds again as to embrace within its folds nearly the whole city. Four bridges cross the river, but neither communicates with any of the principal streets. The *Corso*, or Grand Drive of Verona, runs across the western part of the city from east to west. The *Campo Marzo*, or Field of Arms, lies in the eastern portion, not far from the railway station. The *Arena*, or Amphitheatre, a splendid memorial of the Romans, is in the Piazza Bra, at a short distance from the *Corso*; and, speaking generally, all the principal attractions and notabilities of Verona are situated on the same side of the river.

Verona well deserves the epithet of "fair" given to it by Shakspeare. It forms the centre of a beautiful landscape, where glitter the brightest of rivers, where wave the leafiest of trees, where in the distance the purple mountains lift up their brows to gaze upon the blue Italian sky! The Adige rushes down from the hills with a wonderful force and rapidity, and on its banks stands many a gleaming villa, shining through its fences of cypress and tall pine. The chief thing, next to Juliet's house and tomb, which attracts the traveller's attention in Verona, is the *Amphitheatre*, supposed to have been built about the same time as the Coliseum at Rome, or nearly eighteen hundred years ago. There are other memorials of Imperial Rome scattered about the city—especially two Roman gateways in excellent preservation. But, perhaps, to the general tourist the relics of mediæval architecture are the most interesting.

The fortifications of Verona are of remarkable strength, and have been devised by the most consummate military skill. They have been erected at different dates, and consequently illustrate the growth of the science of defence. The Roman Emperor Gallienus commenced them, and so stout was the Roman work, "large masses of it yet remain." Theodoric, Charlemagne, and the Scaligeri, lords of Verona, successively added to its ramparts and increased their strength. The latter "crowned them with forked battlements which render them so picturesque, especially the part beyond the Adige; and the towers which rise upon the bold and precipitous hills add much to the beauty of the town." Lastly, are the outworks of the Scaligerian walls, begun by the Venetians about 1520, and completed in accordance with the plans of Sanmicheli, "the father of the science of modern fortifications."

Since 1815, the Austrians have been unceasing in their endeavors to render it an almost impregnable fortification; and, indeed, it is affirmed that it could only be reduced by a rigorous and prolonged blockade. It requires for its defensive force a garrison of 20,000 men, and its importance may very readily be understood by a glance at the map, which will show the reader its position on the main tract between Milan and Venice, the two capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and on the line of communication with the Valley of the Adige, Tyrol, and the resources of Austria.

Verona claims many illustrious men as her children:—the Roman poet Catullus; Pliny the younger; the historian Cornelius Nepos; Fracastore, poet and physician, "one of the three great masters of modern Latin poetry;" the famous painter, Paolo or Paul Veronese; and Scipione Maffei, who wrote the annals of his native city. To Verona, Dante, the great bard of modern Italy, retired when expelled from Florence—

His first retreat,—first refuge from despair!

Verona, exclusive of its garrison, has a population of 60,000. The climate is keen, but healthy, and fruit and flowers abound in its vicinity.

**HORSE-RADISH FOR STOCK.**—A little horse-radish is excellent for cattle. Cut it up fine and mix with potatoes or a little meal. It will create an appetite, and is also a preventive of disease.

**MOUTH.**—An instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible; and of rendering vic-tuals invisible.

**PEN.**—The silent mouthpiece of the mind.

## NAPOLEON III. AND ENGLAND.

It is almost ludicrous to witness the panic of the alarmists in England with regard to the designs of Louis Napoleon; it reminds us of what we heard about some of the old women in petticoats and pantaloons in this country, in the beginning of this century, when Napoleon I. was sweeping Europe with his victorious armies. It was the deliberate opinion of these venerable old ladies that "Boney was coming over to eat us all up." The "Corsican ogre" was a terrible bugbear in those days. He was the infallible "bogey" with whom mothers and nurses used to terrify refractory children into shuddering obedience. Now, for our part, we do not believe that Louis Napoleon has the slightest idea of attempting to make a mouthful of England; that is, unless England, by her course, invites an attack. So long as she honestly preserves a strict neutrality, and lets Austria fight out her quarrel with France, just so long will France keep faith with her; and, the war ended, Louis Napoleon will have enough to do to repair the wrecks of the gigantic struggle he is now waging, and build up the industrial prosperity of his empire. He will have had enough of glory as the liberator of Italy to incline him to cultivate the arts of peace.

## THE UNDISTINGUISHED DEAD.

It is only the men who wear epaulettes whose graves are designated. The privates are buried in heaps, with quicklime thrown over them to hasten decomposition. Yet those remains are as dear and sacred to loving hearts as the ashes of generals and marshals. What reflections this suggests! Think of thousands of men, one day full of life, hope, courage and enthusiasm, the next tumbled into a common ditch with no stone to mark their resting-place. Yet they fertilize the earth, and rank grows the grain for years upon a battle-field like that of Waterloo or Solferino. Belgian and Italian families feed upon dead heroes.

**TO DYSPYPTICS.**—It is a well established fact that soda, magnesia, and all alkalies, either afford but a temporary relief, or confirm the disease which they are designed to cure, into a chronic affection; therefore let our readers be warned against their use. There is an agent, however, the "Oxygenated Bitters," which immediately relieves, and permanently cures, all forms of dyspepsia and difficulties of the stomach. It is a long-tried and thoroughly tested specific, which has been the means of restoring health to vast numbers of suffering invalids all over the wide extent of this country. It is for sale by all respectable apothecaries in the various States.

**YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.**—We would call particular attention to Rev. Dr. Gannett's card in another column, relative to the excellent private school conducted by himself and wife in this city. Having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the doctor and his system, we can cordially endorse the same. The rooms are remarkably well situated for the purpose of a young ladies' school—retired, possessing every convenience, well ventilated, light, and built expressly for Dr. Gannett's purpose.

**NEW PAVEMENT.**—The new "kidney stone" pavement on Washington Street from State Street, is laid in the most substantial manner. The crown is only about five inches to a width of twenty-five feet. This is only about one-half the crown of many of the city avenues of the same width.

**RUFUS CHOATE.**—The Traveller learns that the amount of insurance on the life of Mr. Choate is \$25,000, viz., in the New England Mutual, 10,000; the Massachusetts, Charter Oak and Connecticut, \$5000 each.

**HEAVY LOSS.**—Sixteen mules, belonging to D. B. Motley, of Lebanon, Tennessee, were killed by one stroke of lightning, a short time since. They were all huddled together under one tree.

**A DEAR KISS.**—A woman in England lately bit a man's nose off for kissing her against her will. She was tried for the offence, and acquitted.

**BAD LUCK.**—Five whaling vessels, lately returned to New Bedford, have lost for their owners \$100,000.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The coal mines of Arkansas are beginning to be worked to advantage and profit.

Arrangements for taking the next census are beginning to be made in Washington.

Seven hundred thousand children attend school in the six New England States.

It is stated that the fruit crop of California this year will amount to \$7,000,000.

The State of Maine will have a larger crop this year than has been known for some time.

A quartz gold mine, which yields well, has been discovered in Talladega County, Ala.

At one time during the air journey of the great balloon Atlantic, three out of the four inmates were sound asleep.

Myriads of grasshoppers have made their appearance in Salt Lake Valley, and are devouring the crops.

The New York fashion among the ladies, of cropping their hair and curling it, is extending to the country.

At the Salines in Cherokee County, Texas, salt is manufactured of a good quality and in great abundance.

The N. Y. Herald is pleasant at the expense of Boston, which town, it graciously says, "is growing to be rather a popular watering place."

Colonel R. Cunningham, the father of the "Southern Matron," so efficient in the Mount Vernon movement, died in South Carolina recently.

P. St. George Cooke, Esq., has presented to the Virginia Military Institute \$20,000 for the establishment of an agricultural department at that institution.

Fifteen French criminals have lately arrived at New York from Boulogne. They were released from the Toulon galleys, and their passage paid hither by the French authorities.

It is said that the continued flow of burning lava from the volcanoes of Hawaii into the water, has had a very disastrous effect upon the fisheries of the coast.

During the first six months of 1859, 74 boats and 327 lives were lost on the Western waters; 26 of the boats were burned. Value of boats and cargoes \$1,770,500.

At Norwich, Conn., on the 4th of July, a party of juveniles paraded the streets with a banner, on which was inscribed the following words: "Give us liberty, or give us confectionery."

A rattlesnake with seventeen rattles was stirred up by two women who were picking whortleberries in Glastenbury, Conn., recently. Instead of running, they got a stake from the fence and killed him.

A couple of foolish men in Cincinnati were amusing themselves on the evening of the 4th of July by shooting at each other with Roman candles, when one of them lost an eye in the conflict.

The Tompkins Blues, an old New York company, with whom the Boston Tigers have interchanged kindnesses, have hired a steamer, and will pay another visit to Boston. They will stop at Newport and Providence on their way here.

The commercial men of New Orleans have in consideration a ship canal six miles in length, to connect the river with the ocean, at a point on the coast above the sand bars. Engineers say it can be done at a cost of about a million and a half, and will give a permanent channel.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who were recently removed to Norfolk Island by the British government, are becoming dissatisfied with their new home, and numbers of them are returning to Pitcairn's Island.

At Cirencester, England, a tory gentleman named Poole is on trial for having drugged a liberal voter and put him asleep for a whole day, so as to deprive him of his vote. The gentleman employed his gardener and groom to ply the voter with drugged beer and tea, and the object was accomplished.

About 125,000 bushels of corn, or 3000 tons, were conveyed from Port Colborne on Lake Erie to Port Dalhousie on Lake Ontario over the Welland railway 4th of July, with one locomotive and one train of cars. This is said to be the largest draft ever made with the same power over any railway in America.

The Austrian Kaiser, determined not to be behind his French brother in his patronage of art, has also his painter at the seat of war. It is said that Herr Eugen Adam, from Munich, known by his representations of the former Italian wars, has gone to the Austrian headquarters to take part in the campaign as battle painter.

We have heard very little of the Great Eastern steamship lately. It now appears that she is to be completed in September—the contractor to have £1000 for each week he gains upon this time, and to forfeit \$10,000 for every week he loses. She will have room for five hundred first class, and four hundred second class, and any number of third class passengers.

A singular performance of the wind is noticed on the hillsides, near Monte Cristo, California. Air currents strike a snow drift, and, piercing it, catch the dry flakes, bringing them forth and rising in the shape of water spouts at sea. Frequently, a number of the spirals form and unite, at a height of from 30 to 50 feet, when they separate and fall like water spray.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is the eldest offspring of Literature.—R. A. Willmott.

.... In old days people married when they loved; but that fashion is changed.—Congress.

.... Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—Penn.

.... Women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—Chesterfield.

.... It's odd how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us,—crab apples, that we must eat and defy the stomach-ache.—Jerold.

.... The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman.—Shaftsbury.

.... Everybody has imagination when money is the thought—the theme. The common brain will bubble to a golden wand.—Jerold.

.... Great books are not in everybody's reach; and it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.—Coleridge.

.... It is impossible to love when we cannot esteem; and no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool.—Vanbaugh.

.... A man has no more right to say an un-civil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.—Dr. Johnson.

.... How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

.... In argument there is no such thing as "shutting up" and finally and definitely putting down an opponent. There is always still something to be said, under cover of which a decent retreat may be made.—Boece.

.... Our virtues are frequently exercised at the expense of our charities. They should never be allowed to lift us so far above our neighbors, as to make us lose sight of their sorrows and necessities.—W. G. Simms.

.... We seldom stop to consider the wisdom of a bad man's words, but incline a willing ear to the suggestions of the worthy. Weight of influence is, therefore, according to purity of character.—Boece.

.... Revelation may not need the help of reason, but man does, even when in possession of Revelation. Reason may be described as the candle in the man's hand, to which Revelation brings the necessary flame.—W. G. Simms.

## Joker's Budget.

The room where the matrimonial harness is kept is indeed the "bride-chamber."

Ladies redder their cheeks by the aid of the looking-glass; gentlemen by the wine-glass.

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

The gentleman who stood upon ceremony has lost his footing, and now finds that he has slipped out of a very pleasant circle.

"Gold" has been waggishly defined by a dictionary-maker as a comprehensive money-syllable.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

Dr. Hall says that for the period of a month before marriage, and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

Heavens! what rosaries might be strung for the memory of sweet female kisses, given without check or art, before one is of age to value them!

"I will lay you a wager," said Bouncer, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you." "O, yes," replied his companion, "you always beat me at crowing."

"I say, Broom!" Call me by my whole name, if you please, sir. It has a handle to it, and it was meant to be used, sir. "That's so. Well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

"I am certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong. I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

An advertisement in a Boston paper, lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applications. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with four hundred and eleven responses.

A Kentucky paper says it has seen a chicken with two distinct backs, two pairs of wings, two windpipes, and four legs, with but one head. It survived the hatching but a short time, owing to bad treatment, it is supposed, from the hen.

Customer to restaurant man: "Boy!" Restaurant man: "Don't call me a boy, sir—I'm no boy, sir." Customer: "Then do as you'd be done by, and don't call this old mutton lamb any more."

Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakspeare's plays? Because he would say, "Cash I owe (Cassio), and dere's de money (Desdemona)."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

BY A. P. O.

Six loved ones of a household band,  
Three on the sea—three on the land!  
Three are afar on ocean tide,  
And three by home's dear fireside!

Six willing hands and loving hearts  
All toiling to perform their parts,  
Three to make glad a cheerful home  
And welcome back the friends who roam.  
And three far sailing o'er the deep,  
Praying that God will safely keep  
Those loved ones till they once more meet,  
Circling around home's altar sweet.

Lord of the earth! Lord of the sea!  
We give this household band to Thee.  
O, grant these friends, to each so dear,  
Again be blest in union here;  
And grant that in that happy land,  
Where naught divides the household band,  
They meet in joy, to part no more,  
Safe landed on its sacred shore.

Six willing hands—six loving hearts,  
All toiling at their destined parts.  
This household band, here scattered wide,  
There, earth nor sea shall more divide.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A STORY IN LETTERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WESTON, May 24, 1858

DEAR JULIA:—In six short weeks my school-days will be over forever. You cannot imagine how desolate and dark time stretches out before me from that period; how utterly wretched I am when I gain courage to contemplate it. I wish, sometimes, that things would never change with me; that I might always stay here and board with good, kind Mrs. Burleigh, receiving quarterly the scanty remittances of a careful guardian, whose object seems to be to make the most of my little property until my education is completed; and reciting day after day my lessons to Mr. Davenport. But it cannot be so. I must go out into the noise and confusion of the great world from which I have been guarded so long, and fashion with my own will and care my future. It may be better so. I know that it must be.

Yet, in all this place I have but one friend; and that one, I need not tell to you, is my teacher, Mr. Davenport. Dignified, reserved—and some say cold and proud—he is all the dearer to me, because I have broken through the quiet and apparently icy surface of his heart, and found the warm, gushing springs of affection which others cannot see. Dearest, because to me he has unbent from his quiet and reserve, and showed me the sunny part of his character, till I have grown purer and better beneath its influence; because in the proudest expressions of his face, the sternest glances of his deep, piercing gray eyes, I can see the light and warmth of a great soul shining through, while others shrink timidly away, chilled by an imaginary coldness. Dear, kind Mr. Davenport, what should I have done, what should I have been without him!

But last night I learned something about him which made me discontented and unhappy. Smile not at the disinterestedness of my friendship, when I tell you that my heart sank heavily within me, and the color went away a moment from my face, when Mrs. Burleigh told me he was engaged to a lady in a neighboring city; that she had heard it from a friend who could not be mistaken about it, and that the lady was of a family of distinction and very wealthy. There was no reason, I assure you, why the knowledge of such a fact should come upon me with such a darkness, shutting down with its winglike shadows upon everything bright and pleasant; no reason that I had known, why the swift, hot tears filled my eyes, as I sought my chamber, and fell like a rain of fire upon my cheeks.

He was only a friend to me, and yet I did not sleep last night thinking of the woman who was some day—may-be very soon—to find a home in his heart, a shelter within the clasp of his arms; thinking of his future and mine, so vividly divergent; recalling his looks and words from time to time, which, unconsciously, I had carefully laid away in my heart, and then chiding myself for the very thoughts which I could not control. What right had I to do this? What right had I to take so closely and tenderly to myself all the little kindnesses he had shown me? Was it a right above that of a thief who steals

away his neighbor's goods, and gloats over them secretly? Dear, dear Julia, you who are older and wiser than I am, can perhaps better understand all this! Understand better, did I say? God knows, in the double night of darkness that was upon me, I read plainly and clearly my heart, which for months, ay, for almost years, has curled its pages backward from my sight, and words of thankfulness trembled upon my lips, that at last I had found the secret to guard and keep forever! Francis Davenport should not, by the slightest look, word or action, learn how like an idiot I had poured upon him the riches of my love, I said again and again to myself.

And so this morning I went as usual to my school-room, a deep feeling of humiliation at my heart, while I was outwardly proud, haughty and reserved. Not once during the long forenoon did I raise my eyes to meet the steady, earnest gaze of my teacher, though I was certain he could but notice the strange mood that was upon me. But I could not trust myself; the very light of his pleasant, kindly smiles would have kindled a perfect flame of tall-tale blushes upon my face. At noon he lingered a moment by my side, and asked me if I was "quite well to-day."

"Very well, I thank you," I replied; and as I finished speaking, he turned away.

In the afternoon, the presence of a stranger in the school-room set me once more at ease. While he was there I thought Mr. Davenport would not notice any little confusion of manner upon my part, and, relieved for a while from the embarrassment that had rested so heavily upon me, I turned contentedly to my books. But I was not to escape so easily. When the classes were released for the afternoon, I was summoned to the teacher's desk, and gravely presented to the stranger, Mr. Solomon Park, who, he said, had marked with pleasure my studiousness, as well as the readiness I had displayed at my recitations. I stammered forth a complicated sentence of gratitude, in return for his good opinion, and bowing coldly I turned to the hall, to meet the prying, inquisitive wonderment of a score of my class, whose curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch on seeing me presented to the gray-haired, portly visitor. With a few curt, well-directed answers I rid myself of their questionings, and turned moodily down the green, shady way that led to Mrs. Burleigh's house. I had not walked far before I heard hurried steps behind me, and while I strove to quiet the loud beating of my heart, which rose up joyfully in acknowledgment of his presence, Mr. Davenport gained my side, remarking at once, with an abruptness peculiarly his own, upon the rapidity of my pace.

"I was not aware that I were walking fast," I answered.

"Perhaps you were in deep thought," he remarked; "people at such times were often unconscious of what they were doing."

"No, I was not thinking at all," I replied—"at least of nothing in particular."

"Perhaps not," he said, relapsing into silence, while a strange smile lingered at the corners of his mouth.

We walked along quite a distance without speaking, until we came to a spot by the roadside blue with violets.

"If I would stop a moment, he would gather me some of them," Mr. Davenport said; and while I paused, watching him as he placed the long, white pulpy stems carefully in his left hand, he asked "how was I pleased with Mr. Park?"

"I did not know," I answered. "I had not thought."

"He is an eccentric gentleman," he went on to say, "who, though he has arrived at a goodly age, and visited all parts of the world, has not married, because he has never met with a woman that pleased him, until—" He hesitated before completing the sentence, and looking roguishly up into my face, added with emphasis, "until to-day."

"Ah, indeed!" I remarked carelessly.

"At his earnest solicitation I presented you to him, even without first gaining your permission, for I could not put him off. You are aware of what I am about to say, Miss Eunice—you are the fortunate lady who has at last charmed his fastidious eye, and taken captive his hitherto invulnerable heart. Let me congratulate you. Will you take the violets?" He added this, looking earnestly down into my blushing face. I took the flowers mechanically from his hand, without thanking him, and he commenced again

in the same cool, provoking, tantalizing strain:

"He quite put me to my wit's ends with the numerous questions he asked me concerning you. The more I answered, the more he wished to know; and at last, to save myself from being your biographer, I referred him to you. Was I right?"

"Quite right, Mr. Davenport," I answered, a little piqued.

"Here are more violets," he said, without appearing to notice the answer I had made him. "Let me gather you a few white ones. I am wise, you see, plucking the flowers as I go along. May has let her blossoms slip sparingly through her fingers this year."

"Yes," I said, "as—" I did not complete the sentence, but asked instead, with a feigned attempt at liveliness, if his aged hero was wealthy.

"Immensely so," was the reply.

"Wealth has turned the heads of wiser persons than I am," I remarked, darting a keen glance up into his face, to note the effect of my words. To my surprise, he answered composedly:

"Certainly, Miss Eunice, and perhaps truer hearts—perhaps, I say, remember! But here we are already at Mrs. Burleigh's door, and I must bid you good-night."

As he spoke, and while his eyes rested on my face, he reached out his hand for the violets he had given me, saying as he placed between my fingers a wild rose-bud, "Let us change, Eunice."

I pressed the half-open flower to my lips, as he turned away from me. My heart was full. But I am wearying you, dear Julia, and so good-night.

Yours ever,

EUNICE RUSS.

WESTON, July —, 1858

DEAR JULIA:—As you requested me, in your letter of early June, I will continue "the little story," as you are pleased to term it, at this, my earliest opportunity. I wrote you last, if I remember rightly, on the evening following the day upon which I was presented to Solomon Park. That day was but the commencement of the evils which followed after it. As Mr. Davenport had hinted, this strange and eccentric man had taken it into his head that I, of all the women in the world, was the only one calculated to perfect his earthly happiness. At first I received his attentions with a silent contempt, which I could not conceal; but as days went by, and he still strove by a respectful yet earnest perseverance to win my favor, giving me the while such proofs of his kind, true-heartedness as I could not gainsay, I grew to look upon him with less of disdain than compassion.

So it was that matters went on until the evening of the party given during the last week of the school, Mr. Park following me as closely as though he had been my shadow, and I striving to the best of my ability to show him, that whatever might occur, I could be nothing more than a friend to him. At first Mr. Davenport looked upon the singular phase with more of curiosity than aught else, joking me occasionally upon my conquest. One morning—and for a long time I did not forgive him the joke—he came to my desk while I was studying, before school hours, to conquer a difficult, puzzling lesson, and laid a white rose upon my open book, saying as he did so, with a mischievous merriment shining in his eyes, "That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" The flower was worthless to me from that moment, and when I left the school-room at noon, I laid it upon his table. Others might make merry over my annoyance, but I could not, though I wished it, bear one little word from him.

But on the evening of the party every one seemed conspiring against my happiness. A score of times was Mr. Davenport's lady pointed out to me, and as many times a eulogy poured into my ears of her superior excellence and beauty. How noble and good a woman she might have been, I could not say, but there was nothing in the dark, haughty face, and the cold, cynical expression that hovered about her well-curved lips to attract me towards her. I watched her while Mr. Davenport was lingering by her side, and saw the proud face grow radiant and beautiful with smiles, and the dark eyes kindle with expression, till I did not wonder that he loved her—did not wonder that he was charmed and fascinated, and the homage of his loyal heart was paid reverently at her shrine. Then came to me the thought—so dangerous and fearful to the peace of woman—that if I had given all my love unasked—my love where I might

never recall it, what mattered it to whom I gave my hand! The gray-haired, kind old man standing by my side, loved me truly and well, why should I not reward that love as well as I could? I might be a dutiful, faithful wife, as far as the world could see, what more would be wanted? In a few days I should be homeless—the whole of my little property spent to pay for my education—why would it not be well for me to go with him to his rich, stately home, the pride and joy of his life, the light of his household? I looked up into his face, as the thought flew across my mind. It was a kind, good face, warm and genial, and for a moment a wish to see it light up with a joy that I alone could bring to it, almost sent from my lips words that would have sealed my fate forever.

"O that I had some one to advise me!" I said inwardly; "some one that I might rely upon and trust." I looked around; Mr. Davenport was standing but a short distance from me, conversing with Mrs. Burleigh, while both were regarding me attentively.

"Let us go to the lower end of the room," I said to Mr. Park. As we moved along I heard Mrs. Burleigh say, in answer to some remark of Mr. Davenport, "I am sure she will never do better!"

I half paused to catch the answer, but it was drowned before it reached my ears in the confused murmur of voices. But I thought, as I sauntered along slowly with my companion, that I would give more for the opinion of my teacher than any other person living. If I cared so much for it, why need I not ask it, I grew to wondering suddenly.

I should have one more opportunity of conversing with him, before the close of the school, on the following morning, and why not broach the subject to him as I had a hundred others that perplexed me? My resolution was taken—I would speak to him the next day. He could not read my heart, and to him there would be nothing strange in the questions I should ask him.

So, in the early morning, I went down to the school-room, my heart beating wildly with intensity of feeling, and my cheek flushed to a deep crimson with excitement. But I was not the only one who had planned an early visit to the old recitation-room—nearly half of the graduating class were already there. Some lingered tearfully with their books by the long windows, where the sweet morning air came in freshly through the green branches of the elms, and others sitting thoughtfully by their desks, silent and sorrowful. Mr. Davenport was leaning forward upon his table as I entered the room, looking a fit companion, with his sad face bent low upon his hands, for the silent group about him. I went to my desk without speaking, and taking a book from it, went to the extreme end of the room and seated myself away from my companions in the window.

As I did so, Mr. Davenport commenced making the tour of the room, pausing as he went along to speak to each member of the class. I wished I was back again to my seat, but did not dare venture to go lest it should seem that I was over-anxious to speak with him; and if I remained where I was, would it not appear like a manoeuvre? I leaned back in the window, hoping he would forget me, and yet disputing that hope with a half-terrible fear that he would. But I was not forgotten. He came to me at last, and leaning his arm upon the shutter that I had drawn forward to conceal myself, asked, in his old abrupt way, if I wished to teach after graduating?

"I don't know; I am undecided what to do," I answered.

"And to-morrow is the last day of school! But perhaps," he added, looking suddenly up, "you will not—"

"What?"

"As the wife of my worthy friend, Mr. Park, you will have little necessity for labor."

"And do you advise me to marry him?" I asked hurriedly. "You have been a kind friend to me all the while I have been here; I can rely on your judgment. Tell me, O, tell me what to do!"

He looked at me inquiringly. "Do you believe in love?" he asked.

"Yes, in idolatrous, worshipful love," I answered fervently.

"Then do not wrong your belief by referring such a question to any one. In your own soul you already have an answer from the very King of kings! Heed that, and that only."

"But he will be a friend to me," I said, half in excuse for the question I had asked him.



"Yes; and if you do not love him, you will turn to be the direst enemy of your peace and purity, in giving yourself to him."

"I promised to decide to-day," I said, the hot tears rushing blindingly to my eyes.

He made a movement towards me, as I spoke, then looking into my face, he drew back without answering me, and moved down the aisle.

That night I gave Mr. Park my final answer, that I could not marry him, and on the morning of the last day of school, handed my name in to Mr. Davenport with those of my companions who were desirous of obtaining situations as teachers. I did not stop at his desk, as did my classmates, to particularize upon the situation that I cared to gain, but stole away silently to my seat. My heart was running over with joy; within it right and wrong had fought a fierce battle, and right had conquered.

"Then you have concluded to teach?" asked Mr. Davenport, as I stood by my desk for the last time, the day following that of the examination, packing my books and papers.

"Yes sir," I answered, without looking up. He did not speak again for a moment, then he said, in a slightly tremulous voice, "Do you know, Eunice, that the woman who finds her way back to the right, from which she has strayed, by the inward light of her own soul, is doubly blessed?"

I looked up into his face, and then down again to my books, for his eyes telegraphed too distinctly to my waiting heart for it to remain silent. And so he continued: "For weeks my lips have shut back from a strong, passionate ut-

#### VIEWS ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

On this and the first page of this number, we publish sketches of the Lago Maggiore, in Northern Italy, a beautiful sheet of water, extending through a range of magnificent mountain scenery, and now invested with an historic interest by the events of the present war. The sketch on the first page is given because it delineates an event worthy of commemoration, which occurred on the 30th of April. The passage of this lake by Austrian troops is indeed well worthy of illustration, as being one of the chief incidents in the first act of the great war drama which now fascinates the world with its terrible interest. The Austrians passed from their own territory to that of Sardinia in three columns—two divisions penetrating by way of Gravelona and Albiati Grasso, whilst the other division entered the country from the Lago Maggiore, landing on the Sardinian shore of the lake, occupying the towns of Stresa, Intra, Pallanza and Arona, and driving back the Sardinians by the superiority of their numbers. With what high hopes did the Austrian officers lead their well-trained troops into the fertile plains of Sardinia! Yet how short a time was necessary to drive them back, beaten in a series of terrible battles, to the base of their frowning fortresses in the famous quadrilateral! As a final resort, the Emperor of Austria took the field in person; but the terrible battle of Solferino destroyed his last hope. The London Times ably comments on his despair at this result.

"When the Emperor of Austria saw the retreat of his troops from the Tower of Cavriana,

before him, where they had wheeled and charged in many a grand review, chasing before them imaginary foes. He religiously believed that no enemy could stand the shock of his columns of sturdy infantry, or could break the bristling masses that to his eyes were the incarnation of invincible power. But in one day illusion after illusion had broken up and drifted away. He had been learning for many hours the incapacity of matter to contend with mind. His artillery, outshot by a more perfect arm, had proved little better than an incumbrance in the battle; his impregnable position upon that high hill had, after a desperate resistance, been taken at a rush by a more active, a more intelligent, and a more enterprising soldiery; his infantry, although numerically superior in the field, has always been 'too few on the decisive point and at the decisive minute.' While he looked from the Tower of Cavriana this massive organization was being dissolved before him, this long-prepared system of physical force had broken at its first test, and in vexation or in sorrow the Emperor of Austria wept."

Lago Maggiore, where the opening scene of this great drama was enacted, is the largest lake in Italy, and extends about fifty miles in length from north to south; its greatest breadth, which is eight miles, is about the middle of its length; but it is only between two and three miles broad in most other places, and still less at the north and south extremities. The elevation of its surface above the sea is 678 feet, and its greatest depth is 1100 feet. Its northern half extends between the lower offsets of the Pennine Alps

#### ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS AT MILAN.

The engraving which occupies our last page, and which is characterized by spirit, naturalness and artistic effect, represents the welcome given by the people of Milan to the Italian volunteers from other portions of the country, as they flocked to the standard of Victor Emmanuel, full of enthusiasm in the glorious cause of Italian independence. Many of these recruits were young men of fortune, nurtured in the lap of luxury, yet gladly abandoning the splendors that surrounded them for the rough usage of the bivouac and the battle-field. The picture, spirited and admirable as it is, gives but a faint idea of the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed, and of the spirit of fraternity and good-will which, for a time at least, annihilated all sectional feelings, and recognized only the fact of Italian nationality. Flowers, wine, refreshments were lavished on the volunteers, and how well they deserved these marks of distinction has been shown in the gallantry of their behaviour in the field. Garibaldi's corps, composed entirely of Italian volunteers, performed exploits, which, when related by future writers, will excite astonishment and admiration, while the Italian wing of the allied army at Solferino, combating for hours a superior force, showed in the loss of five thousand men killed and wounded, what heroes filled its ranks. Nothing so hopeful has been witnessed in the annals of modern Italy. This heroism assures us, not only that the Italians are worthy of independence, but that they will achieve it, even if again abandoned to themselves. Men who have made such sacrifices, en-



VIEW OF LAKE MAGGIORE, NORTHERN ITALY.

terance, words that have burned for expression in the purest depths of my heart. While you could not tell which was the dearest—whether you would be the wife of a man you did not love, or a free, pure woman, I could not, would not speak to you of my love. Now—"

He held out his hand to me, and trustingly, reverently and happily I laid mine within its strong clasp, and as he pressed his lips to mine, I thought, while tears of thanksgiving rose to my eyes, that indeed I was "blessed among women; not because of the victory I had won over self, but because of his love!"

And that is all, dear Julia. I cannot say more.

Yours affectionately,  
EUNICE RUSS.

#### A MODEST REQUEST.

When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept either a bishopric, or a regiment of horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailer in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good friend! I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, would you say next Friday instead?"—*English Anecdotes.*

he had tears in his eyes. Those tears that started in that young man's eyes, were, perhaps, drawn forth only by the sting of baffled hopes. Perhaps he felt only at that moment the hopelessness which we have all experienced when the stream of events has gone against us, and when not even the excitement of personal effort remained. He had gone forth that morning confident that the sanguine predictions of his aged advisers would be fulfilled; that the immense army which obeyed his command, like a well finished machine, was invincible and irresistible; that the plan of the day's battle would be worked out with the rigid certainty of a piece of official routine; and that the evening would see the French and Sardinian invaders broken by the troops and flying in disorder before him. The only fear was lest they should fly too soon, and before his extended lines could converge and surround them. Hess had doubtless reminded him how a similar invasion had been resisted ten years before, and how Radetzky, when he ceased to retreat and had doubled back upon the Sardinians, had given out "Turin" as the watchword of the day. He had relied undoubtedly upon the virtue of the precedents of former years, and had believed the old field-marshal when he attributed the smaller disasters of the present campaign to the weakness of Gyula, in not fighting over again the battle of Novara. He had trusted in his numerous artillery—so efficient, according to the only standard of efficiency which he and his generals knew. He had confided in that well-trained cavalry, which he had seen so perfect in their evolutions upon the plain

on one side, and the Rhetian Alps on the other, receiving all the streams that flow from the southern slope of those mountains, from Mount Rosa on the west to Mount Bernardin on the east. The southern extremity of the lake touches the level plain of Lombardy. The principal affluents of Lago Maggiore are—the Toccia, or Tosa, which comes from the Val d'Ossola; the Maggia, which flows through the valley of that name; the Ticino, or Tessin, coming from the St. Gothard; and the Tresa, which flows out of the neighboring lake of the Lugano. It also receives an outlet from the small lake of Orta, which lies west of the Lago Maggiore. The outlet of the Lago Maggiore is formed by the Ticino, which issues from its southern extremity at the town of Sesto. The northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore, which is called at that end the Lake of Locarno, extends into the Swiss canton of Ticino. Through the remainder of its length the Lago Maggiore divides Austrian Lombardy, on its eastern bank, from the Sardinian territory which lies along its western shore. The Ticino continues to mark the boundary between the two States to its junction with the Po. The principal towns along the banks of the lake are: Intra, Pallanza, and Arona, on the Sardinian coast; Locarno and Magadino, on the Swiss coast; and Laveno and Sesto, on the Austrian shore.

With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.—*Zimmerman.*

dured such hardships, and fought with such bravery, can never again be made to bend beneath a foreign yoke. It remains for their influential leaders to guide the movements of their enthusiasm, that they will not fall into the pit of Red Republicanism, the grave of continental liberty in 1848 and 1849.

#### HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

Several years ago, when the Astor House in New York city was still in its early youth, and Wenham Lake ice was not yet known on London dinner-tables, a British "functionary," who was on his way to his post, put up at that excellent hostelry. He was accompanied by his wife; and though not posted in the peculiarities of the land they had reached, their eyes and ears were open for new impressions. We heard two of these mentioned the other day; and the anecdote—whether it make you smile or not—is absolutely true. As the lady and gentleman stood at the door of the large drawing room, and were about to enter, they observed, seated near each other, but not communicating, two female figures adorned in the height of fashion, and waving to and fro with a peculiar movement entirely incomprehensible to the new-comers. In short, they saw for the first time the rocking-chair in use, and were so much struck with its oddity, as compared with an elaborate costume and formal air, that they exchanged a mutual glance of intelligence, and retired, with the *sotto voce* exclamation, "Poor things! maniacs, of course!"—*New York Journal of Commerce.*



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
NOW AND THEN.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

Then, life was all bright and joyous,  
Every hour was happy then,  
And I muse of days passed happy,  
While the echo murmurs—when?  
Pence, insouling hateful whisper,  
Breathe no more the doubt of bliss—  
Are there not some happy moments  
In so bright a world as this?

Now, old age comes slowly creeping,  
With a slow and noiseless tread,  
Yesterday an infant sleeping,  
And to-morrow with the dead  
Thus our life glides slowly onward,  
While with feeble tongue or pen,  
We can dream of joys long gone,  
And the change since now and then.

## CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
Upon the days gone by, to act in thought  
Past scenes over, and to be again a child;  
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope  
Down which the child would roll to pluck gay flowers,  
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
(Childhood's fondlest soon, soon reconciled)  
Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
Then fling them to the winds, and over the lawn  
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

## MY LOVE.

She's blooming as May,  
Brisk, lively, and gay,  
The graces play all round about her:  
She's prudent and witty,  
Sings wondrously pretty,  
And there is no living without her—PAIDON.

## WITH A GIFT.

A trifle, sweet, which true love spells—  
True love interprets—right alone—TENNISON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We are living in the midst of stirring events. From a safe standpoint we are contemplating a series of transactions, deeply interesting in themselves and pregnant with a possible future of vast magnitude. In the days of the French republic and first empire, days which were only the "beginning of the end," the news came to us in meagre instalments and at long intervals; but now, although the Atlantic telegraph refuses to flash intelligence across the dividing deep with the speed of light, still the continental telegraphs in co-operation with ocean steamships, bring us news perhaps quite as vast and copiously as we can digest it. In fact we read of battle after battle, at a few days' interval, and are dazzled and perplexed as we read. We have no time to reflect and appreciate the magnitude of the strife. Great achievements thus become dwarfed, and time must elapse before we can truly measure them. And while on this theme let us do justice to the enterprise of a contemporary—the New York Times. From the very opening of the war it has contained admirable articles and early intelligence upon the subject, but the climax of newspaper enterprise was crowned when its editor, Mr. Raymond, wrote the description of Solferino on the battlefield itself and despatched it to his journal in time to anticipate the English and even the French journals themselves. The prestige of such a feat is invaluable. And what a souvenir Mr. Raymond has secured! It is really worth some little trouble and expense to be able to say, some twenty years hence when Solferino is historically ranked with Waterloo, "When I was at the battle of Solferino," etc. There is nothing new under the sun. The greatest of modern warriors find it convenient to adopt some of the practices of the greatest of Roman captains. The Duke of Wellington was a careful student of Caesar. "Had Caesar's Commentaries with me in India," he says, "and learnt much from them,—fortifying my camp over night as he did. I passed over the rivers as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket work, only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary. The Paris Constitutionnel says it has reason to know that it is the intention of government to employ the Austrian prisoners in making railways in Algeria. It is also said that the prisoners will be let out to hire to agriculturists and manufacturers who may be willing to pay them. The officers are everywhere well treated. They are free on parole, and may even obtain without much difficulty, leave of absence from the places assigned for their residence. Those who are married may send for their wives. The pay allowed them by the French government is fixed as follows: Generals of division 4000 francs, generals of brigade 3000 francs, superior officers 2400 francs, captains, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants, 1200 francs. The owners of Copley's great picture of "King Charles the First demanding the five impeached Members," have generously offered the painting to the trustees of the City Library of Boston. It cost \$9000. The emperor of the French wishing to re-establish old and glorious traditions, has decided that any regiment which shall take a color from the enemy shall bear the cross of the Legion of Honor attached below its eagle. The Paris correspondent of the New York Post states that the difficulties between the Imperial Bonapartists and the descendants of Mrs. Patterson of Baltimore, the reputed wife of the Duke of Westphalia, are in the way of being composed. The emperor has offered to make her son Jerome a duke, and her grandson Jerome, who graduated at West Point, and is now with the army in Italy, a count, with suitable pecuniary endowments for the rank, if they will formally renounce all claims to the name of Bonapartes. There is to be a grand celebration by the Germans of New York on the 10th of November, which is the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the German poet, Schiller. The Austrian general, Baron Reischach, received three wounds at Magenta. It is said that a Zouave, who sent a bullet into his thigh, called out, as he took aim: "That's for you, general." The newly born son of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier has been christened, and in accordance with the Spanish custom, not fewer than twenty-three Christian names were given to him. The Commercial Bulletin, which, by the way, maintains its high character for excellence, says: "The project of establishing a line of steamers between Boston and New Orleans is by no means abandoned as yet. Gentlemen of means and experience are exerting themselves in behalf of the enterprise, and we hope their efforts may meet with the same success attained in establishing the line between Boston and Charleston. Among the vessels employed between France and the Crimea, though not stated in the report, were 40,000 tons of American shipping, embracing some of the finest and largest clipper vessels, as well as some steamers of the American mercantile marine, and for whose services a liberal compensation was made. A recent writer has penned the following eulogy on domestic life: He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world. Accounts from Scotland state that the drought during May and a part of June was more severe than during any past year since 1826. The rivers Earn and Tay were nearly dry—the famous Doon, immortalized by Burns, would slide through a gallon measure, and other well known streams and rivers were thoroughly dried up. In some places water was so scarce that in villages it was sold at five shillings per barrel, and many had to go miles for water for their cattle. The crops, notwithstanding, are reported as looking excellent; and recent rains will no doubt advance them considerably. Sir Walter Scott admits that the battle of Waterloo created in the British empire fifteen thousand widows. It is probable that the recent battle of Magenta has created at least twenty thousand widows and sixty thousand orphans. Mrs. Anna Pope of Spencer, in this State, died recently at the great age of one hundred and five years. Her immediate death had not been anticipated till within two days, when she began to decline rapidly, and at last passed away without disease and almost without pain. Her husband, the Rev. Joseph Pope, was for upwards of half a century a minister in Spencer, and died many years ago. She leaves four descendants, among whom are her son, Mr. William Pope, with whom she lived, and a grand-daughter, the wife of Hon. William Upham of Spencer. Mrs. Pope was probably the only living person who remembered Whitfield, and the march of Burgoyne's captured troops was fresh in her memory nearly eighty years after. M. Adams of Munich, a celebrated painter of battles, was requested by the Emperor of Austria to proceed to the theatre of war, in order to make paintings of the principal events of the war. M. Adams, who, in order to be a close observer, had adopted the costume of a Tyrolean chasseur, was so unfortunate, while making sketches, as to be made prisoner by a Piedmontese detachment. An experienced vintner, who has one of the best vineyards in Hamilton county, Ohio, says that 1000 gallons of wine per acre may be safely depended upon this year as the product of the grape crop. Amidst the excitement and conflagration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. A letter from Naples informs us that its forges are more active than those of the nations united which are now applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all; and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it is laying waste rich lands growing with all the promise of harvest. Any one who looks at it from Naples observes a large river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion; it is no longer a rill, it is a sheet of fire; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now incrustrated with lava. The Handel Centenary festival in England was an immense affair. There were 20,000 people at the opening. Figure to yourself, intelligent reader, as the French feuilletonists say, the noise made by a chorus which embraces 2538 voices, viz: 617 sopranos, 718 altos (296 females), and 505 basses. The receipts on the occasion amounted to \$140,000. The following statement we find in a New York paper is doubtless an exaggerated picture: "There is a rum-shop at every corner, a bar in every grocery; men lie stupefied upon the steps, or stagger along the street almost without remark, rich men madden themselves with costly wines, and blow each other's brains out in a duel to finish the entertainment. Poor men drink fighting rum in an Irish grocery, and go home to abuse and perhaps murder their wives and children; women desert their babies, sons rob their mothers, brothers kill each other—and rum is at the bottom of it all. Is there no way to stop it? Are there no means to save these poor mill wretches? God alone can tell!" The three Collins steamships, the Atlantic, Baltic, and Adriatic, have been purchased by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Panama Railroad Company conjointly.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Our European papers are of course still discussing the treaty of peace between Austria and the allies which followed hard upon the armistice, after an interview between the two emperors. The Italian States are formed into a confederacy, something like the German confederacy, with the Pope of Rome as honorary president—a merely titular office, it is said. Louis Napoleon waives all territorial aggrandisement, as he declared in the outset he would do, while the dominions of the King of Sardinia are enlarged. The emperor of Austria still has a foothold in Northern Italy by the retention of Venetia. The Daily News affirms that the past hopes and expectations of Italy are deceived. It adds: History will call the emperor to a strict account, for having made war on false pretensions, and signed a mock and selfish peace, a peace that leaves Austria impregnable fortified in Northern Italy—that connects Central Italy to the patronage of the pope, and to the constant menace of military intervention on the part of the pope's patrons and protectors—that takes no account of the welfare of the people, and substitutes for national independence a confederation under the lock and key of Austrian garrisons. The Emperor of France has sown the seeds of future wars, and the closer we examine the pretended pacification the more futile and iniquitous it appears. The Morning Post contends that the soul of the treaty agreed upon is the nationality guaranteed under every variety of local government, in a confederation of Italian States. The Emperor of Austria is to be King of Venetia solely, as an internal member of the confederation. He will rule less than 3,000,000 Italians, and will be controlled by a confederation ruling not less than 26,000,000. The pope is shorn virtually of his temporal supremacy—he is deprived of the substance, but keeps the shadow. This re-organization of Italy may not be enduring. If the government be not administered satisfactorily, French bayonets will again intervene.

## Kossuth and Garibaldi.

A correspondent of the New York Times, describing a dinner given in London in 1854, at which Kossuth, Garibaldi, and some other revolutionary leaders were guests, says that in the course of the conversation, Kossuth's eloquence became the theme of eulogy. At the close of his response, Kossuth exclaimed, with electric earnestness, "Gentlemen, would you know what I think the most eloquent speech of modern times?" He repeated in impressive tones the words—"Soldiers! for the love you bear your country I offer you war, hunger, thirst, cold and death. Who accepts the terms let him follow me!" he said, waving his hand towards him, whose intrepid impetuosity now again rings through the world. Garibaldi, taken by surprise, was for a few instants quite overcome with emotion, but he mastered himself, and made a beautiful and soldierly reply.

## Napoleon III.

The Emperor Napoleon has astonished even the French by his calm courage. One would think that after running the gauntlet of the Piamoris and Orsini, he would have little to fear on the field of battle; and he seems to have gone into the thickest of the danger as if conscious that he bore a "charmed life." One account of the battle of Solferino says that one of his epaulettes was carried away by a ball; and it is certain that Baron Larrey (chief surgeon), and several of the staff that were close to him, had their horses shot under them.

## The Italian Tricolor.

Some of the Parisiens are sporting red, white and green, and fortunately this choice of colors, with its political meaning, does not violate the rules of good taste. A white dress, trimmed with green and red, is by no means an unpleasant spectacle, and it can be very well managed by wearing green ribbons all down the side of the skirt, and a bunch of red flowers in the corsage and in the head-dress. It is far easier with bonnets; for what is prettier than the white rice straw, with poppies or geraniums, and long grass streamers.

## General Niel.

General Niel is, according to a writer in one of the Paris papers, not more than fifty-seven years old, and looks much younger. His reputation as a scientific officer has always stood remarkably high. He is a tall, handsome man, and very distinguished in his appearance and manners. It will be remembered that he was selected in January last to go to Turin to make the official demand of the Princess Clotilde's hand for the Prince Napoleon.

## Schamyl's Son.

Schamyl has ordered the decapitation of his own son, who, it will be remembered, after a detention of several years in Russia, where he became an officer in the army, was not long ago sent back to his father—for suspected complicity with the enemy on this occasion.

## An Enormous Anvil.

An anvil block was lately cast in England, which, when finished, will weigh twenty-one and a half tons. The quantity of metal melted for it was twenty-three tons, and it was cast in one run. It is to be used in the making of Sir William Armstrong's guns.

## England and Germany.

The New English ministry has addressed counsels of moderation to the German States, cautioning them in language serious and firm against the dangers of encouraging a policy which might lead to a general war.

## Italian Regiments.

The Italian regiments in the Austrian service have become very difficult to manage. The men desert by scores and fifties. In the neighborhood of Trieste a whole battalion raised a cry in favor of Victor Emmanuel.

## Vienna.

The municipal body of Vienna have offered to maintain peace and order in case it was necessary to despatch the garrison of Vienna to the seat of war.

## IMPORTANT

—70—

## FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

We would respectfully announce that we have become the Publishers of that valuable and beautiful work,

## MILCH COWS

—AND—

## DAIRY FARMING,

THE BEST BOOK EXTANT ON THE SUBJECT.

Comprising the Breeds, Breeding and Management, in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full explanation of Gueno's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; embodying the most recent improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces; with a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; author of "A Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants," etc.

FULLY AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH

130 ENGRAVINGS.

12mo. 416 pp. Price \$1.25.

The chapter on the diseases of Dairy Stock, mostly prepared by Dr. C. M. Wood and Dr. J. H. Dadd, is worth many times the cost of the book.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING.—Charles L. Flint of Boston, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, is the author of a new work upon a subject never before fully treated in this country, which, if we mistake not, will prove the most valuable book for universal use among farmers that has ever been published in this country. There is scarcely anything worth knowing, about how to select a cow, how to treat her, and how to make butter and cheese, that cannot be found in this volume, which contains numerous illustrations, besides its concise language, carefully written from all the best authorities, and much personal observation. It is a work that was much needed, and one that in recommending we shall do good to the farming interest. It is published on good paper, clear type, with many well cut wood engravings, and contains over 400 pages, and, we suppose, will sell for \$1.25.—New York Tribune.

This work is marked by the clearness and perspicuity which have characterized Mr. Flint's previous productions. It contains an account of the most enlightened practice in this country; the details of the dairy husbandry of Holland, and the most recent and productive modes of management in English dairy farming; embracing a large amount of practical and scientific information not hitherto presented to the American public in an available form.—Salem Gazette.

We recommend the work to every one who keeps a cow or intends to do so.—Ohio Farmer.

We recommend it as a matter of economy; because, if studied, it cannot fail to impart facts of more value to most dairy men and dairy women than several times its cost.—New England Farmer.

It should be in the hands of every owner of a cow.—Vermont Stock Journal.

It can but rank as a standard American Dairy Book, the best we have no hesitation in saying, yet issued upon the subject.—Country Gentleman.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING.—This is a well written work, affording a great deal of highly valuable information respecting the topics treated. It is both thorough and practical, and does not urge expensive experiments, which are alike beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer, and doubtful in their results. The directions are clear, minute, and abundantly illustrated, with ungenerously planned, and sharply cut out cuts. The chapter on the Dairy Husbandry of Holland, translated from the German of Ellersbrook, a professor in the Agricultural Institute at Zeist, is extremely entertaining as well as instructive. Every custom in this department which has obtained among that cleanly and diligent people, is at least worth knowing, since they spare no pains to sustain the reputation which their butter and cheese has obtained both in Europe and America. Indeed, all the suggestions in this volume are worthy of consideration. Upon no subject do we so much need scientific and practical instruction as upon that of husbandry in its various branches, and nearly all that is contained in this book will be found both useful and important.—Boston Journal.

Mr. Flint possesses every qualification for the task he has undertaken, patience in research, a love for the subjects, great opportunities for information, a scholarly mind, and an acquaintance with all the theories and systems on neat stock, and the management of the dairy which have prevailed, and he has performed an especial service for the farmers of this country in furnishing them with this complete manual.—Concord Register.

The more we examine the book the better we like it. To say that it is superior to any work hitherto published on that subject, is not enough; it is a better book of its kind than we had hoped to have, and we have no opportunity of welcoming to the shelves of our agricultural library.—Wisconsin Farmer.

PUBLISHED BY

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; Co.,

13 Winter Street, Boston.

Sold by all Booksellers and Periodical Agents throughout the country.

N. B.—Copies will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price. A dollar bill and eight three cent stamps may be enclosed and sent by letter to the publishers, for a single copy. Or ten copies will be sent to any address in the United States, postage, or freight paid, for ten dollars.

Any bookseller, periodical agent, or postmaster, can procure a copy by mail, if requested, at the wholesale price.

Agents wanted in every county in the United States to dispose of this new and instructive work, which is in universal demand, and which needs only to be seen and examined in order to be appreciated by that numerous and intelligent class for whom it was especially designed.

IN PRESS,

And will be published September 1, 1859.

A new and enlarged edition, uniform with the above, of another valuable Agricultural Work, by the same author, to be issued in the same elegant style, entitled a

Practical Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants,

Comprising their Natural History, comparative Nutritive Value, Methods of Cultivating, Cutting, and Curing, and the Management of Grass Lands. Fully and beautifully illustrated.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; Co.,

13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies four or five days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## LAWSON'S NERVOUS CURATIVE AND NERVE TONIC.

SOME months since, the proprietor of this preparation discovered the wonderful properties of the ingredient of which it is combined in suitable proportions. The almost instantaneous relief it afforded in nervous affections induced him to place it in the hands of his friends and neighbors in this city who were thus afflicted, whether it was the type of neurasthenia, or other and minor forms of the same nervous affection. The results were surprising and through their representations Mr. Lawson has been induced to offer the Curative to the public. That it possesses an efficacy greatly superior to any other preparation for the same purpose, with which we are acquainted, we can testify from actual observation. We have witnessed the effects it has produced in effecting permanent cures of the terrible disease. We know instances where persons for years afflicted have been permanently restored to health by its use. This information is equally shared by the community around us.

The parties who have been thus benefited are well known as amongst our most respectable citizens. They will be in most cases the readers of this article, and will testify to the correctness of our statements. Mr. Lawson, the proprietor, has for many years been a resident among us, and is known as one of our most prominent business men. His references to the value of his Nervous Curative are also persons well known to us as citizens of standing and integrity, in whose statements implicit confidence may be placed, and their testimony may be taken as conclusive evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Lawson's remedy is held at home. Here it has already attained that position that requires no recommendation. Having stood the test of trial here, we can with safety and do recommend with entire confidence its use elsewhere by all who may be in any manner afflicted by any form of nervous disease, as the most efficacious remedy of which we have any knowledge.—*Lowell Journal and Courier*, June 17, 1895.

FOR SALE BY

**M. S. BURR & Co.,**  
No. 26 Tremont Street,

Boston Museum Building, next door to Museum Entrance, General Agents for the United States, the Canadian and British Provinces, to whom all orders should be addressed.

**REV. MR. GANNETT'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.** In Ballou's New Block, 24 1-2 Winter Street. The third year of this School will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 16th. The rooms, including a large Calligraphic and Gymnastic Hall, are retired, spacious, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and furnished in the most desirable manner.

The School consists of a Preparatory, Intermediate, and Senior Department. The course of study is thorough, systematic, and comprehensive.

The best native teachers are employed in the Modern Languages.

Instruction is given in Drawing and Painting in Water and Oil Colors.

For circulars and further information concerning the School, application may be made at the rooms, between 12 and 2 o'clock, daily, after Sept. 1st, and previously at the residence of the Principal, 15 Boylston Place.

**HON. RUFUS CHOATE.**

JUST PUBLISHED BY

**C. H. BRAINARD**

AND  
**ELLIOT & WHITE,**  
A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF  
**MR. CHOATE.**

Drawn in the highest style of the art, by F. D'AVIGNON.

PRICE, \$1.25.

Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

**BENZOLINE!**

**BENZOLINE!!**

**BUY A BOTTLE OF BENZOLINE!**

Because it will remove **GREASE FROM CARPETS.**

Because it will remove **GREASE FROM WALL PAPER.**

Because it will remove **GREASE FROM TABLE COVERS.**

Because it will remove **GREASE FROM DRESSES.**

Because it will remove **GREASE FROM HATS.**

Because it will remove **PAINT FROM COATS.**

Because it will leave **STAINS FROM GLOVES.**

Because it is only **25 CENTS per Bottle**, and is sold at 15 Winter Street by O. F. DRAKE, who warrants it.

**NO STAIN BEHIND.**

Beautiful Views per STEAMER CANADA.

Stunning Views of English Lakes, Landscapes and Ruins, beautifully colored. Also, views in Ireland and Palestine. For sale by

**JOSEPH L. BATES.**

129 WASHINGTON STREET.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.**—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for four cents per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

**THE PARLOR GLEE BOOK**, containing all the principal songs and choruses performed by "Ordway's Glee Club," arranged for the Piano Forte. Elegantly printed and bound. Price, \$1.

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.,**

277 WASHINGTON STREET.

**YOUR NAME in Gilt Letters**, (adhesive)

Size 1 inch, one cent each, 2 inches, two cents; 3 inches three cents, etc., with red stamp to pay return postage. Grand chance for agents! 12 all-phosphors, one inch, for \$1. two inch, 3 for \$1; three inch, 5 for \$1—assorted colors. Address

**GEORGE K. SNOW,**

PATFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE OFFICE,

July 31 3w Boston, Mass.

**FOR SALE.**—A few wool cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance by despatching what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given.

NEW EDITION

OF THE

**BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU,**

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,

**MATURIN M. BALLOU.**

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with, from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, reared by a filial hand to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step, and year by year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are thoroughly delineated. The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit with which it has been received by good judges:

"Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has discharged his filial task in a most able and acceptable manner, with unaffected candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far as possible, his own biographer, and wherever the patriarch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency, in the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression."—*Ladies Repository*, Boston.

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is written by one who knew the subject of it at home."—*Rev. O. A. Skinner*.

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as to present the full proportions of his father's character."—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery*.

"It is from the pen of Maturin M. Ballou, editor of Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great discrimination."—*Boston Evening Gazette*.

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of biography than has our author, as shown by this work."—*Rev. A. A. Miner*.

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and finished; no straining after highly-wrought, flowery diction, and no descending to lightness or frivolity."—*New York City Ambassador*.

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically, and truly recorded."—*Oliver Branch*.

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou' discourse, or who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain the present publication. It is accompanied with an excellent engraving of the good man."—*Boston Bee*.

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy and natural style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence which characterized the old man eloquent," the eloquence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the outgushing of feeling."—*Rev. C. F. Le Fevre*.

"The present volume embodies the history of his public as well as his private trials. The gist of his doctrines and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the venerable subject."—*Boston Post*.

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vigorous and successful writers connected with the Boston press, and the present volume will add much to his well-earned reputation."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us in life,—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom of a sage."—*Vermont Ch. Repository*.

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS,

No 38 Cornhill, Boston

**BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.**

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

**BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,**

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

Are you getting bald? Is your hair turning gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of hair,—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, **W. BOGLE**, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. eoply may 28

**MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS**

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

**E. A. TEULON,**

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

**MR. N. D. COTTON.**

Parties desiring Wedding Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. In lively

**WORTH THINKING OF.** Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

**MICROSCOPES!**

**MICROSCOPES!**

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address.

**CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,**

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Room No 2 4w July 31

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week

SOMETHING NEW.

**A Liquid Coffee Superior to All.**

THE undersigned has the pleasure to announce that he has perfected arrangements for the manufacture of the

**REAL FRENCH COFFEE,**

which he claims will equal if it does not surpass the best Coffee of the Cafes of Paris. It is made under the direction of M. J. J. Fontarive, of Paris, who is familiar with the French process, and a single trial of the article will satisfy everybody that it is

**The Best Coffee in the World.**

For hotels and eating-houses it is invaluable, as a cup of the most delicious coffee can be made at a moment's notice.

It is put up in neat pint and half-pint bottles, and sold at a very moderate price.

For sale wholesale and retail at our

**PRINCIPAL TEA WAREHOUSE,**

138 WASHINGTON STREET

Also—At the Branch Stores,

110 COURT STREET.

65 UNION STREET.

39 BEACH STREET.

64 WASHINGTON STREET.

July 30 **THOMAS G. WHYTEAL.** 4w

**FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE.**

For the Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Soreness of the Throat, Asthma, and all Pulmonary and Respiratory Affections by INHALATION OR OTHERWISE.

AT the urgent solicitation of many eminent physicians and others to reduce the price of this invaluable preparation, the agent takes pleasure in announcing that he has been enabled to make arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to \$1 per bottle, and 50 cents per trial bottle, thus placing it within the reach of all classes. The medicine can be taken with or without an inhaler. Price of the Inhaler, \$1.

This agreeable remedy can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief. This medicine needs no testing, but the reader is referred to the convincing testimonials of living witnesses, of which a few will appear every week.

Another Testimonial from a well known apothecary's clerk.

BOSTON, MARCH 19th, 1895.

I had been suffering for a considerable length of time from a very severe cough, and had in vain had recourse to nearly all the remedies in use. My cough began to give me much uneasiness from its serious effects upon my system, when three days' use of Fousel's Pabulum Vite restored me to complete health. The medicine being now in this market, I had recourse to it last, but I can now confidently recommend it as the best remedy I know of.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.  
At Fred Brown's, corner of Washington and State Sts.

F. J. LAFORME, Sole Agent. M. S. BURR & Co., 26

Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. For sale

by all Apothecaries. July 23 eopif

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED CHOCOLATE, CHOCOLATE PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC CHOCOLATE, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparation made in the United States. As a nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. MURRAY, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brandige, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.** 13 Dorchester, Mass.

**GAS STEAK BROILERS.**

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the steaks when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

**W. F. SHAW,**

may 28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address **GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,** Hookset, N. H.

**RHEUMATISM.**

THE pains of chronic rheumatism often prove tenants for life of the system they have once invaded. Medicines for the most part seem to be of no avail, yet so many aggravated and obstinate cases have yielded to the alternative powers of the **PERUVIAN SYRUP**, that it is confidently recommended in such cases.

**Cool Soda with Eucalyptus.**

**BROWN'S Soda Water**, drawn through Nichol's Patent Syrup Apparatus, every syrup being packed in ice. Also, Brown's Rock and Citrus Soda, to be had only at the Apothecary Store corner of State and Washington Streets, and at his saloon adjoining the post-office. July 18

"Can it be Done?" **NERVOUS AND FEELING METHOD** **MALE COMPLAINTS.** Serious Honor (Cancer, Salt Rheum, and Dyspepsia) with its attendant horrors, cured without medicine. The best remedy ever known for Sore Eyes, Eczema, and Total Blindness. Read my "Book of Information respecting the Nutritive Cure," (sent to you for one dime) and learn how these things are done. July 16 w **LARRY S. UNDERLAND**, Boston, Mass.

**SAMUEL MASURY,**

**PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.**

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS.)

280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4 tf

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**

**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES**

July 2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET

**BRILLIANT STORIES!**

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE BEL ISABEL:** or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA. A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON**

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER:** or, THE PROBERT OF THE HOMER WILD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**THE QUEEN OF THE SEA:** or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Calvary. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the singular incidents of those times. Written for us by **NED DUNTLINE.**

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated. Written for us by **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**FITZ-HERN:** or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Olden Days. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.**

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition. Written for us by **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** or, THE HUNTER SPY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**IVAN THE SERF:** or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest. Written for us by **AUSTIN C. BURDICK.**

**THE SEA LION:** or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOBSCOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period. Written for us by **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**RODERICK THE ROVER:** or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest. Written for us by **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE:** or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed. Written for us by **DR. J. H. ROBINSON.**

**PAUL LARON:** or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**THE SEA LARK:** or, THE QUADRON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident. Written for us by **LIEUTENANT MURRAY.**

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE:** or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

**CAPTAIN BELT:** or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote. Written for us by **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.**

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover. Written for us by **CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.**

**RED HAND:** or, THE CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes, than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes. Written for us by **F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.**

**THE SMUGGLER:** or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot. Written for us by **SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**

Address **M. M. BALLOU, Publisher**  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots





WELCOMING ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS AT MILAN.

[For description, see page 83.]



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, | NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
6 CENTS SINGLE | Vol. XVII., No. 7...WHOLE No. 425.

## UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

The accompanying engraving is from a fine drawing made expressly for us, by Mr. Kilburn, and represents the Church of the First Universalist Society, which stands at the corner of State and Main Streets, Cambridgeport, in a conspicuous position. In everything but the frame and boarding it is a new church, entirely remodelled from the old church erected in 1822. The old building was raised, and a new brick basement built; the interior has been arranged on a new and peculiar plan, a fine organ placed in a recess at the rear, the interior walls frescoed, and the windows furnished with tinted diamond panes. The exterior is very striking, the steeple being a model of grace, designed by J. W. Silsbee, of Boston, the architect employed in building the new church. The history of this church is quite interesting. The society was organized in 1821, and met in the old Franklin schoolhouse, since removed to Somerville. Rev. Hosea Ballou delivered the first lecture before this society, and they were continued, principally by him, twice a week until a preacher was called. On the 17th of September, 1821, Thomas Mason, Peter Tufts, Jr., and Josiah Oakes were appointed a committee to see what encourage-

ment there was to build a house, and to select a draft for the house. The Legislature granted an act of incorporation February 9, 1822. The draft reported by the committee having been accepted, preparations were immediately made for commencing the work, and the corner-stone was laid June 24, 1822, with appropriate ceremonies. Prayers were offered up by Rev. Mr. Kent and Rev. Thomas Whittemore, and an address delivered by Rev. Mr. Dickinson. Last year, on breaking up the stone foundation, to prepare for the new building, the contents of the original corner-stone were brought to light. The stone was in the northeast corner, and contained in a small cavity a silver plate, on which was engraved the following:—"The Corner-Stone of this edifice, designed for the service of Almighty God, and erected by the First Universalist Society in Cambridgeport, was laid in Masonic form, by Amicable Lodge, R. W. John Tarbell, Master, in the year of Christ 1822, and of light 5822." On the back of this plate was inscribed, "James Munroe, President, U. S. A., John Brooks, Governor of Massachusetts, Thomas Mason, Peter Tufts, Jr., Josiah Mason, Jr., Committee for erecting the building." The Cambridge Chronicle says: "The dedication of the edifice took place December 18, 1822. On that occasion select portions of Scripture were read by Brother Hosea Ballou, 2d, of Roxbury, after which an anthem was sung by the choir. The introductory prayer was offered by Br. Thomas Whittemore, at the conclusion of which Dr. Madan's celebrated 'Magdalene Ode' was performed. The consecration prayer was offered by Brother Thomas Jones, of Gloucester.

The sermon was preached by Brother Hosea Ballou, of Boston, who took for his text the 23d verse of the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy. The services concluded with a prayer by Brother Jacob Frieze, an anthem, and the benediction. The Universalist Magazine of that date states that 'the feelings of the society were highly gratified to behold a numerous assembly present, who evinced by their decorum and attention a deep interest in the services. In this house simplicity, neatness and elegance are combined; which manifest a true economy in the architect and proprietors. An elegant chandelier, from the glass manufactory in Cambridge, adds much beauty to the house. The position of the building renders it a great ornament to Cambridgeport,—so they thought in 1822. The whole cost of the land and meeting-house was \$9430 08, to pay which pews were sold amounting to \$8946—the balance due the treasurer was paid in pews. In 1839 the original society, in consideration of improvements to be made, placed the whole property in the hands of a corporation styled 'The Proprietors of the First Universalist Meeting-house in Cambridge.' During this year the deep, heavy galleries were taken away, and the floor was run across from their location, making room for a vestry and lyceum room in the lower story; and other alterations made. In 1849 the society was styled the "First Universalist Society in Cambridge"—its present name. Rev. Thomas Whittemore was the first pastor of this church. He commenced to preach April 28, 1822, and remained till May 29, 1831. Rev. Samuel P. Skinner, his successor, commenced in June, 1831, and remained but one year. Rev. Lucius R. Paige was settled July 8, 1832, and continued to July 1, 1839. For more than three years there was no minister settled, the pulpit being supplied by different clergymen. Rev. Lemuel Willis began to preach October, 1842, and continued till September 28, 1845. Rev. L. J. Fletcher was settled from January 1, 1846, to May, 1848. Rev. Edwin A. Eaton preached from Jan., 1849, to May, 1852; he was succeeded June 2, 1853, by Rev. Charles A. Skinner, the present pastor." The re-building having been completed on a liberal scale, at a cost of \$11,000, the church was dedicated with appropriate ceremony, January 26th of the present year. We find in a number of the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine," the following minute description of the edifice: "From a large porch—of the height of the main building—finished with heavy entablatures, pilas-

ters, columns, and balustrades, rises a clock section, from three of the sides of which project large tablets to receive the dials. Immediately upon this is the bell section, which is finished with Ionic pilasters, entablatures, etc. At the base of this section and over the angles of the one below, stand four large vases. Upon the bell section is another, octagonal in plan, in each of the eight sides of which are semi-circular headed windows filled with lights of diamond shaped glass, around the base of this section, and over the eight Ionic pilasters below are vases decorated to agree with the general finish of the work. From the top of the octagonal section rises the spire, which is at two points in its height pierced on each of its eight sides with circular windows. The angles of the spire are finished with heavy bords terminating at the top with a finely carved finial, the whole being surmounted by a richly gilded vane, the top of which stands some 140 (or more) feet from the grading about the edifice." The organ recently placed in the church was manufactured by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, of Boston, and was first tested in the presence of a large and delighted auditory on the 14th of July. The Cambridge Chronicle of July 16th published a minute description of this noble instrument. The case is of the Grecian style of architecture, and is painted in different colors to correspond with the fresco painting in the church, with which it harmonizes admirably, and makes a perfect finish—with its noble gilded pipes and other ornaments—to the chancel end of the house. The organ contains two rows of keys with fifty-six notes each; two octaves of pedals from C C C to C. In the Great Organ are 17 stops and 728 pipes, all of which are enclosed within a large and capacious swell box, by which means some of the most magnificent *crescendo* and *decrecendo* effects may be produced at the will of the performer. The Choir and Solo Organ contains 8 stops and 302 pipes; and the Pedal Organ contains two stops, the double open diapason and the burdon, each 16 feet stops. Preparations have been made for six additional stops of 56 pipes each, which can be placed within the organ at any time hereafter. We congratulate the society on their acquisition of so fine a specimen of art as a helpmeet in their worship. They are entitled to all praise for their liberal outlay of money in beautifying that section of the city with so fine a church edifice, and placing therein a work of art that will reflect honor on their good taste, and will be a gratification to themselves and generations yet to come.



THE NEW UNIVERSALIST CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
**THE OLD BUTLER'S STORY.**

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

"That's true for you, miss, she is indeed the sweetest bride one could look at on a summer's morning. Ah, how lonesome the place is now that she is gone; but there will be sunshine in the new home that receives her. Something told me how it would all end when Colonel Fielding came here last Christmas on a visit to the general. I was waiting at the table, and sure 'twas easy to see that the colonel had eyes and ears only for Miss Ethel."

Turning from the open window, where I had been watching the departure of the bridal party until the last carriage disappeared down the winding avenue, I observed a tear on the old man's cheek as he bowed his head to hide his emotion. Darbey Doyle was a privileged person in the household of General Granger, whose guest I had been for several weeks, and from the first I felt an instinctive regard for the old butler, all worthy of esteem as he was.

"You appear to be much attached to your dear young lady, as you call her, Darbey," I remarked.

"Attached to her?" he repeated; "I would lay down my life for her, God bless her! This very morning, when she was going away a happy bride, she came to me, as I stood silent and sorrowful by the door, and putting her little snowy hand into mine, left a kiss as tender as a daughter's on my old cheek, and all the while the tears were glistening like diamonds on her bridal robe. Through many a dark day her bright presence has been a blessing to me—her sweet words ever falling on my withered heart like heaven's dew. You'll be returning home this afternoon, miss," he said, after a pause, "and I promised to tell you before you left, a little story about myself, and how Miss Ethel, that was, came to be adopted by the general and his good lady. It is a long story and a sorrowful one, and perhaps you'll get tired of listening before it is half finished."

"Indeed, Darbey, it will be a pleasure to me to hear you relate anything that concerns yourself," I returned. "It is Mrs. Granger's desire that I should hear from your own lips the story of the parentage of her adopted daughter. But in gratifying me, I fear that you may distress yourself, by recurring to events which sorrow has rendered sacred."

"You are very kind, miss, to listen to an old man, and I'll make the story as short as possible, so as not to tax your patience."

Drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, as if the action assisted his memory, he began:

"It is now forty long years since I became a butler to Sir Bryan O'Neill, in dear old Ireland. Sir Bryan's estate was a beautiful place entirely. The grand old castle covered with ivy from the highest turret down to the smooth-shaven lawn; the demesne with its ancient trees that had sheltered many a generation of the noble family; the serpentine river that wound away through the grounds until it was lost in the woods. Ah, it is no wonder that Mountmain Castle was the pride of all the country around. 'Tis there you would see the deer skipping about as if they had a presentiment that their noble owner belonged to a race that could boast of having in their veins the blood of one of the great kings of Munster, who was baptized by St. Patrick himself. But it isn't for me to think of describing a place that I never saw the equals of yet, and I've travelled far and wide from Killmalone to Botany Bay. But don't think that I went to the last place at the expense of the government. Faix, no; but a love for the salt water made a sailor of me before I anchored down into quiet life at Mountmain Castle."

"Sir Bryan was married to a beautiful English lady; but she was too proud and cold in herself to be loved by the tenants and servants, while Sir Bryan was followed by blessings wherever he went. They had one daughter, Miss Grace; and well did her name suit her, for she was all grace and sweetness. O, then, wasn't she the beauty to look upon, with her long golden hair, cheeks like roses, and eyes laughing and blue as the summer skies! Pride was a feeling unknown to Miss Grace; yet it would have been better for her if she took after Lady O'Neill in that respect, and kept her inferiors at a proper distance. But there's no use in fighting against one's nature, and hers was a mixture of playfulness and merriment."

"Twelve years had slipped by unnoticed, for they passed away in sunshine, and left no dark shadow in their track. In the meantime, I had married a clean, likely girl, and was the happy father of two rosy boys. My wife lived in the village with her old father, and I still remained at the castle, hoping in time to save enough to purchase a snug little farm, where, with my Nora and the children, I would be as happy as the days were long."

"All this time Miss Grace had been receiving her education at home in the castle, masters coming all the way from Dublin to teach her branches of larinin' that went byant the understanding of her two governesses. She was now sixteen, and Sir Bryan carried herself and Lady O'Neill to spend the winter in Paris. There was many a red eye in the castle that day, when Miss Grace came and wished us all good-by, not thinking it beneath her to shake hands with the under house maids. They returned home after being away a little over a year. Her gay Paris life made no change in Miss Grace, and she took to her old ways again, riding about on her Arabian pony, or sailing in the little pleasure-boat that Sir Bryan had built on purpose for herself. But Lady O'Neill was no longer contented with the quiet life at the castle; so from that hour the place was like a hotel, with visitors and strangers from foreign parts that they had met with on their travels. To be sure Miss Grace had a power of suitors, but she turned a deaf ear to them all; and I've heard tell that when she was in Paris she refused two lords, one after the other. Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill never interfered with her, but let her have her own way, for she was the idol of their hearts."

"Well, they weren't many months at home, when, to the great joy of Sir Bryan, his lady presented him with a son and heir. Though he loved Miss Grace with all the strength of his heart, yet a new light shone in his eyes when he held in his arms the son that was given to him so late in life, and breathed his thanks to Heaven that the honored name of O'Neill would still be heard in the halls of his ancestors when he himself was gathered to his forefathers. It was a beautiful sight to see the love that Miss Grace bestowed upon her little brother, who had deprived her of the heirship to Mountmain Castle. But she never seemed to value wealth, and would be as contented in a cottage as a castle if her soul was nourished with love. Ah, could she then have known that the innocent babe gathered to her young heart would grow up a stranger to a sister's devotion, that his infant lips would never lisp her name, his ears never hear it repeated—But I'm wandering away from my story."

"Not long after this there came to the castle as fine a looking young gentleman as ever I set my two eyes upon. He had come all the way from America, and was making the tour of Europe, when he became acquainted with Sir Bryan in Paris, and as one would suppose, he fell in love with Miss Grace at once. He was a great favorite with Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill, and they gave him a warm invitation to the castle; so that when he came to see the lakes of Killarney he posted down to Mountmain, and sure his heart had travelled on there before him. Well, there he remained, as if held by golden chains. The marriage was as good as settled in the servants' hall, and Lucy, Miss Grace's waiting maid, put off her own wedding with the conchman, so as to be married at the same time with her dear young lady, she said."

"To make a long story short, he proposed for Miss Grace's hand; but Sir Bryan wouldn't promise him her hand unless he agreed to remain in the old country as long as Lady O'Neill or himself lived. Through love for her, who was more to him than all the rest of the world put together, he consented, though he owned it was a hard thing to part from his friends and country perhaps for ever. To the surprise of all, Miss Grace refused this offer also, giving as a reason, that she didn't love him well enough to become his wife, and that she would never pledge her hand unless her heart went with it. The poor young gentleman looked down-hearted enough, and he would have left the place at once; but Sir Bryan insisted that he should remain, thinking that before long her feelings would change, and that all would end as they wished."

"Well, the first birthday of the young master, as the servants called the little Bryan, was approaching. As it happened, there was a power of visitors at the castle for weeks before, spending their time fishing and hunting, and enjoying all kinds of diversions. All employed on the es-

tate were to have a holiday; a grand feast was to be spread out under the trees in the demesne, and as for the boys and girls in the village, their heads were half turned at the thought of the elegant dance they would have on the lawn before the very eyes of the gentry."

"Well do I remember Sir Bryan as he sat at the foot of his table that morning, his fine open face beaming with kindness, and the quiet smiles around his mouth showing that happiness and contentment made their home in his heart. More than once I saw him glancing fondly at his beautiful lady as she chatted gaily across the table with an English lord, while Miss Grace's patient lover sat silent, his eyes fixed on the door, watching to see her sweet face appearing there. My dear master, little did he think that before another minute the black shadow of sorrow would fall upon him, shutting out the blessed light of peace from his eyes. There sat my lady looking as proud as a queen, and O, how soon her haughty head was humbled in the dust. I was standing back of her chair when the servant returned who was sent to let Miss Grace know that the company were waiting breakfast for her. She went up to Sir Bryan and said in a low, trembling voice, that her young lady was nowhere to be seen, but that a letter directed to Sir Bryan was found on her dressing-table."

"The dear child," said Sir Bryan, with a fond smile, taking the letter without noticing the girl's troubled manner. "What new piece of merriment is this? All archness—all archness," he repeated, half aloud.

"With a smiling apology to his guests he opened the letter. All of a sudden his face flushed up; then he turned as white as if the life was leaving him, and with a deep groan he fell heavily from his chair. Some of the gentlemen lifted him up, while Lady O'Neill hung over him half distracted with grief and fear, crying:

"O, my child! my child! where is she? What has happened to my darling Grace?"

"He heard her, and seemed to recover himself at once."

"Ethel," he said, in a voice so hollow that I scarcely knew it was the master that was speaking. "Ethel, let me never hear her name again. Would to God that death had taken her before she had lived to merit a father's malediction." Turning to the wondering guests, he added, with a smile—O, such a smile, my heart faints within me to think of it: "My friends, the missing one fled this morning to wed the groom that attended to your horses yesterday." He sank back speechless into the chair, while the poor mother was taken to her room in hysterics."

"The guests withdrew at once, all but Miss Grace's lover, who looked the very picture of hopeless sorrow. Noticing that I remained in the room, he motioned to me kindly to leave them alone. I did so with a foreboding heart, but waited outside, not knowing how I might be wanted. For two long, dreary hours not a sound was heard within. At length, when the door opened, Sir Bryan tottered out, leaning on his kind, faithful young friend. My poor master, the terrible smile passed from his face; and while I thanked Heaven that his reason hadn't deserted him, it pierced me to the heart to read the tale of suffering written there. They went up stairs and I heard them parting on the passage above, Sir Bryan going towards my lady's chambers; then all was as still as if death was under the roof. Ah, it would have been a happiness to the father and mother mourning together in their ancient apartments, if their once idolized daughter was mouldering in her coffin, rather than that she should have disgraced the noble line of the O'Neills. O, what a change a few hours had made. Before evening but one of all the visitors remained at the castle; to be sure it was little comfort they could offer at such an hour, and perhaps they felt that the calm of solitude would have been a welcome and soothing balm to the wounded hearts of their late happy host and hostess."

"Of course there was an end to the fun and feasting that the whole village had been looking forward to for many a long day; but no one thought of that now, for pity was uppermost in every heart for Sir Bryan in his trouble. To tell the truth, many a one would be glad to see my lady's proud head lowered, if it was done without hurt or harm to anybody else. But when the first great shock was over, she was more haughty than ever, while the poor master was all broken down with the heavy sorrow that was lying cold upon his heart. Wherever I turned that sorrowful day, I heard nothing but sad

wishes sent as wedding gifts after Jimmy Drake, the impudent thief of a groom that had bewitched Miss Grace. Poor young creature! Not one of us but said that Jimmy must have managed some way or another to drop a love powder into her tay, maybe, and after that she would follow him through fire and water, elegant young lady as she was."

"Well, I said that one of the visitors remained; yes, the young American gentleman, who was paying his addresses to Miss Grace, staid with Sir Bryan to the very last. One week after, when Sir Bryan was going away to travel on the continent, he was seated in the carriage beside him. It would melt the heart of a stone to see my dear master, as he stood upon the lawn before getting into the carriage, turn slowly round with a melancholy gaze at the old pile, as if something whispered to him that he was looking his last upon it, and the servants standing by silently weeping. At that moment, what should come bounding towards him but Miss Grace's pet fawn? With a smothered groan and trembling from head to foot he stepped into the carriage, where sat my lady looking unmoved and giving orders to the nurse, who was beside her with the young heir of Mountmain in her arms. Just before the carriage passed the gates, Sir Bryan leaned out and again gave a parting look at the old home, which had been his heaven of happiness through a long life—his purgatory of suffering in a few short days. While I blessed that sad face when I saw it again, a shiver went through my heart, well knowing what a bad sign it was for one to look back that was going on a journey."

"After that the castle was shut up, and but a few of the old servants retained to take care of the place, and with a sigh for past times, I turned to the new life opening before me. My Nora's father was now sleeping beneath the daises in the churchyard, and in the same holy ground her mother and my own dear parents were laid. Heaven rest all their souls in glory!

"With the savings of years I was able to lease a small farm and stock it without delay; but by the time I was comfortably settled, there came the sorrowful account of Sir Bryan's death at Rome. 'He died of a slow fever,' his physicians said. A slow fever! if ever a heart was broken by sorrow, that heart was Sir Bryan O'Neill's. Ah, sad as was this news, we were half prepared to hear it, for ever since Sir Bryan went away, the banshee was heard wailing all round the castle in the dead of the night. We never could learn whether he forgave his misguided daughter or not, and from the morning that she disappeared, nothing was ever heard of her; but as time wore on the matter ceased to be talked about. Lady O'Neill remaining in England, where she intended to bring up her young son, Mountmain Castle soon had the appearance of being deserted, no footstep ever waking the echoes that were left to sleep undisturbed in its grand old halls."

"Six years of unclouded happiness shed their sunshine upon our little home, when the old agent died who had been appointed by Sir Bryan himself, leaving his place to be filled by one of the greatest tyrants, since the days of Nero, that ever profaned the earth with his presence. It didn't take long for him to set his greedy eyes upon the little farm that my care and labor had made, for its size, the most productive in the parish. In a shorter time still he discovered a flaw in the lease that gave it to me, and, with the first feelings of hatred that ever burned in my heart towards one of God's creatures, I received his orders to quit the home where I had hoped to end my days. I will pass over the months that followed, when every good feeling was withered up in my heart, and never a prayer passed my lips, for my tongue refused to utter the holy words, 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' God be praised that led me away from temptation, and opened my heart to the blessed influence of religion, and my heart to the blessed influence of religion, and every evil thought vanished, as darkness fades before the light. Then, and not till then, did I begin life anew, praying to Heaven to forgive him who had deprived a happy family of their home to bestow it on one of his followers."

"As Nora had some knowledge of business, there was nothing left for us to do now but to open a little shop in the village; so we rented one that was kept by her father in former days. The good will of all Mountmain was ours; again prosperity was smiling on our way, and contentment, like a wandering dove, flew in at our door. But it pleased God, blessed be his holy will!



send us our portion of troubles in this world, to make us remember what poor dependent creatures we are. For some time I felt that the storm that was sweeping over the land, from one end to the other, was destined to wreck us with the countless other families who had seen all they possessed swept away. O, these were fearful times, when death and famine went hand in hand through all the land, leaving sorrow and ruin in their track. A year from the day that we went to live in the village, the closed shutters of our little shop showed the neighbors that good fortune had deserted Darbey Doyle as well as the rest of them. It made our hearts sick to see the misery and suffering around us; but we had reason to be grateful, for the good Lord kept want and sickness from our door.

"'Twas at this sad time that I determined to try my fortune in America. Mine was the breaking heart the day that I was forced to part from my darlings, yet for their sakes a smiling face hid the darkness within—dark, dark it was, cold and dark. Didn't I see my children scattered, one here, and one there, among our poor friends, and their sorrowing mother going out in service to help support them! We parted; I tore myself from their arms, and running along the road to be the sooner out of their sight, every sob and cry sent after me were like so many daggers in my heart.

"I was travelling from Mountmain to Cork on foot, and from that sweet city I intended to take shipping for New York. Well, it was the last day of my journey, and worn and weary I travelled on, thinking of the past and gone, of the happy days that had passed away like a dream, the weeping wife and children I left behind me, and whose kisses were yet fresh on my lips. Though my heart was full, for a moment its sorrows were forgotten, while a feeling of pity stole over it at the sight of a poor woman, on the road before me, with a heavy load upon her back. She seemed ready to sink to the ground with weariness, while every now and then she would be obliged to lay down the basket that she was carrying. Weak and tired as I was, I was unable to give her any assistance, and having to stop to rest myself, she was out of sight when I started again on my way. I hadn't gone far, though, when a sudden turn in the road brought me close beside her, as she sat on the wayside picking the thorns out of her bare feet. The hood of her blue cloth cloak had fallen over her face, shading it from view; but with surprise I noticed her small white feet, and my heart melted with pity when I saw the blood trickling slowly from one of them. I could no longer bear to leave the poor thing to struggle on under her heavy burden, and with a few kind words I offered to help her. She raised her head as if to thank me, the hood fell back, and the minute I looked in her face I knew her; changed as she was, I knew Miss Grace.

"O, my God! it is Miss Grace! When I uttered the words she started wildly up, and the next minute fell fainting on the ground. Trembling with grief to see her reduced to such a state, I lifted her gently, and rushing to the spring that flowed across the road, I sprinkled her pale, sweet face with the cool, refreshing water. O, what were my feelings as I bent over her, thinking of the time when she used to ride through Mountmain on her little pony, and her footman in livery following her, while the women, spinning at their doors, would bless her as she passed! Ah, could Sir Bryan look down from his home in heaven, and see his fair one with the golden locks, as he loved to call her, lying senseless on the roadside, and the golden locks now sprinkled with the white emblems of sorrow and care. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, she opened her eyes and sighed heavily. She knew me at once, and my presence brought back all that she had lost. O, then how she cried; I thought her tears would never stop flowing; I was crying myself like a child, for it would be the hard heart that would remain unmoved before the agony of that darling young lady. It was a painful thing to me to be answering the plain truth to all her questions about the way that Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill bore her elopement and marriage, when every sad reply made her sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"At last, when her grief seemed to have spent itself, I ventured to ask her if she would allow me to carry her basket for her. Thanking me in trembling tones, she said that she would be grateful for my assistance, being too weak and tired to carry it any further herself. She lived about

a quarter of a mile distant, and as we went along, of her own accord, she gave me an account of the unhappy life she had been leading for seven long years. She had taken a foolish fancy to Jimmy Drake, she said, and poor young innocent as she was, she thought him as perfect as man could be, and only wanting wealth to make him a gentleman. She soon found to her cost how deceived she had been in him, but repentance came too late; when she fled from Mountmain Castle, she parted forever with happiness, in exchange for misery and suffering. After being married to him in a neighboring town, they went to Cork to live, where the small sum of money she possessed supported them for awhile. Time passed on, and as all the letters she had written to Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill were returned unopened, poverty at length forced her to apply for assistance to her rich relatives both in England and Ireland. But their unfeeling answers to her touching letters were more painful to her sensitive nature than if they had remained silent and indifferent. Knowing how Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill idolized their daughter, Jimmy hoped that after a while they would open loving arms to her; but when he became convinced that she had wounded their pride too deeply to be forgiven, then he began by slow torture to revenge himself on the poor, hapless young lady for his disappointment in not receiving the great fortune that he had all along been expecting. He brought her soon after to this wild country place, and here she had been living ever since, leading the life of a slave between him and his mother. All the rough work of the fields was done by her tender hands, and their produce brought home on her back for the distance of half a mile; this was her employment when I met her.

"While she was speaking, her whole manner seemed to have lost its natural gentleness; a kind of wildness in her look plainly showed that despair was the only feeling left in her heart. So I thought; but when I told her how surprised I was that she should continue to live with him and endure such cruel usage, when with the education she had received she could support herself comfortably, a soft light dawned in her eyes, the bitterness of her tones melted into sweetness as she said:

"Ah, Darbey, I am a mother. Heaven has given me two darling children. For their sakes I endure all my sufferings uncomplainingly. Then clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, she cried: 'O, my father! my father! I deserve all this pain and punishment for the sorrow I brought on you and—' She broke down with grief.

"For many minutes nothing was heard but her low, moaning sobs, and the blackbirds and thrushes singing for very happiness, as she often had done in the blessed days that had passed away forever. It wrung my heart to see her agony; but when I attempted to comfort her, she said in a choking voice:

"O, let me weep! For seven long years these tears have been frozen in my heart."

"Yet in the height of her grief she inquired in her own kind way for Nora and the children, and when she heard of our troubles, with her sweet, hopeful words she cheered my sinking heart, and made the future look brighter before me. By this time we had arrived at a little cabin on the side of the road, and turning to me, she said, with a smile: 'That is my castle, Darbey.'

Once before I had seen just such another smile, and that was on Sir Bryan's face the morning that his happiness received its death-stroke. We now stood outside the cabin door, which was partly open. She asked me to stay and rest myself; but as I glanced in and saw Mr. Jimmy sitting inside smoking his pipe by the fire, I didn't dare to trust myself in his presence, for the hot blood of anger was rushing through my veins, and a desire to revenge the wrongs of her who stood weeping before me burning in my heart. So I laid down the basket of potatoes, which was no light load, and holding my hat in my hand, I turned, half choked with grief, to Miss Grace and said:

"Good-by, Miss Grace. I couldn't bring myself to call her by her married name. Good-by, Miss Grace, dear, and may Heaven's smile light upon you night and day; and may the sorrowful tears you have shed here on earth, be shining gems in the crown of glory that awaits you in a better world."

"Her trembling hand, cold as death, was in mine, her lips moved, but her eyes alone expressed what her tongue failed to utter. I bowed

my head as if I was receiving the blessing of an angel; then in silence and tears, on both sides, we parted.

"Six weeks after, I landed in New York with but one shilling in my pocket and nowhere to lay my head. After wandering about the great city all day long, at last, tired, weak and hungry, I turned into an ill-gated private street, where all the houses looked like palaces, and sat down on a door-step to rest myself. I wasn't there many minutes, when a gentleman came down the street and turned to come up the steps. He was a fine looking man of about thirty, with a mild, thoughtful look, but there was that in his face that sadly showed his heart contained a haunted chamber, through which the ghost of a lost love flitted continually. As he stood before me I remembered him at once, for it was no other than the American gentleman who was at Mountmain Castle for so long a time. I took hope from the recollection of his former kindness of manner, and yet half doubting I said: 'Mr. Yielding, I believe you don't know me, sir?'

"He looked at me for a minute or more with a pleasant, inquiring smile, saying that though my features were familiar, he could not bring to his mind where he had seen me before. When I spoke of Mountmain Castle he started, his lips quivered, and a deep flush passed over his face, leaving it almost deathlike in its paleness. After a little while he remembered me, and on learning that I was without friends and money, he kindly brought me into his uncle's house, where he was then on a visit. Two days after, he returned to his father's plantation in Louisiana. He never married, and now that his widowed father is dead, he lives alone in the home of his boyhood. The day after I met him, he himself came here to Staten Island with me, and through his recommendations I was at once employed by General Granger, and with him I've been living ever since.

"At the end of a year, besides being able to send for my wife and children, I had a sweet little cottage neatly furnished to receive them. O, what a new life thrilled my heart as the time drew near when I would again fold my darlings in my arms. I could scarcely regret having ever parted from them, so joyful did I feel at the thought of meeting them so soon. One blessed Sunday morning I got up at daybreak, and the first thing I did was to go to the window and look out upon the bay, in hopes of seeing some signs of the ship that I had been watching for days and nights. But a heavy white mist hung over land and sea, and shrouded every object from view. It was a sultry summer morning, and as I sat by the open window I fell into a sleep as calm as an infant's, and dreamed that I was with my loved ones again. The church bells were filling the air with their music, when I awoke to see a beautiful ship lying at anchor directly opposite the mansion. The sun had lifted up the shroud of mist, and the bay was sparkling; like a sea of glory, while the skies bent blue and smiling over all. Rubbing my eyes again and again to make sure that I wasn't dreaming, and seeing the ship still before me, like a swan resting upon the waters, I caught up my hat and hurried down to the quarantine grounds to learn her name. I was almost beside myself with joy when I was told it was the Ocean Queen; but while I inwardly thanked God for her safe arrival, my heart grew cold within me on hearing one of the custom-house officers carelessly remarking that several deaths had occurred on board during the passage. As I stood there, trying to get the better of my fears, the captain's boat put off from the ship, and trembling in every limb, I stood beside it when it touched the shore. As the sailors got out of the boat I sprang forward on seeing a cousin of Nora's among them, and grasping him by his two hands, I gasped: 'For God's sake, Andy, tell me how are my wife and children!'

"The poor fellow turned the color of death, the big tears stood in his eyes as he bowed his head without uttering a word. At that moment I knew of my affliction as well as if he had told me all, while there came over me that strange feeling that often makes us seek to inflict deeper wounds on our bleeding hearts, and, with forced calmness, I told him to hide nothing from me—that I was prepared to hear the worst. Then his words burned into my brain as he told me that the fever had carried off all my children; and when their stricken mother saw the last of her loved ones lowered into the sea, she looked to Heaven and prayed that she may soon meet them in glory. She was then lying between life and

death, having been seized by the fatal malady. A darkness like death fell upon me, and when I again became conscious I was lying on a bed in my lonely cottage, Mrs. Granger sitting beside me like an angel of goodness. I couldn't bear the sight of the bright sun smiling in at the open window, and the little birds singing in the garden outside seemed mocking my grief. I even wished to see the whole world covered with darkness, for in that first dire hour of agony, my heart grew insensible to the woes of others—it rebelled against its own. But Mrs. Granger, God bless her, saved me from going mad; and, as I listened to her kind voice teaching me to be resigned to the will of Heaven, I covered my face with my hands and wept tears of sorrow and repentance.

"After spending three weeks in the hospital, my darling wife came home to me looking the shadow of her former self. The poor woman drooped and pined away like a bird robbed of its young; my love couldn't save her, and before a year her prayer was granted—she clasped her angels in heaven. When my poor Nora returned from the hospital, she brought with her a lovely little girl about seven years. Then I found that shortly after I left the country Jimmy Drake deserted his wife and children; but whatever his plans were, they were never carried out, for the steamer, in which he went as a deck hand, was wrecked on her way to Bristol, and every soul on board perished. His unfortunate wife sold some trinkets that she possessed, unknown to her tormentors, and which she kept through all her poverty as sacred relics of happy days gone forever. It was thus that she was enabled to take passage in the Ocean Queen for New York, where she hoped to support her two children by the exercise of her accomplishments. Alas! she and her youngest child were the very first to be attacked by the fever on board the luckless ship, and when the cold hand of death was laid upon her, she gave her little Ethel to my wife, who watched and tended her to the last. When my poor Nora was taken from the troubles of this world, Mrs. Granger adopted the lonely child, and, from that day to this, both the general and Mrs. Granger love her as if she was their own.

"Well, as I said before, when Colonel Yielding came here last Christmas, I knew it would end in a marriage. The colonel loved at first sight, and Miss Ethel wasn't slow in returning his affection. But, to cut a long story short, who should arrive from Europe, after two years, absence, but Mr. Washington Yielding, the colonel's oldest brother, and Miss Grace's former lover.

"When he beheld Miss Ethel for the first time, he was almost overpowered with emotion, for he saw in her the sweet image of his first and only love. It was generally believed that Miss Ethel was the orphan child of a deceased relative of Mrs. Granger; but that evening, as they all gathered round the drawing-room fire that blazed merrily in the grate, while the pale, silver moonbeams slept upon the carpet, at Miss Ethel's request, Mrs. Granger informed the two gentlemen all that was necessary to be known in regard to the parentage of her adopted daughter. She ceased speaking, and Mr. Yielding, taking Miss Ethel's hand, put it in that of his brother's, saying, in a husky voice, that he knew her instinctively, and that it gave him untold happiness that his brother won the love of one who would bless his existence. Then he went on to say that he had but just returned from a visit to Mountmain Castle, whither he had been invited by her youthful uncle, the present Sir Bryan O'Neill. Not many months had passed since Lady O'Neill breathed her last in London. Before her death, she revealed to her son that he had a sister, telling him that her low marriage had changed a mother's love to hatred, and acknowledging that Sir Bryan died blessing his absent darling. But her heart was hardened against her unfortunate daughter. Concealing the fact that Sir Bryan had forgiven his child, she led a life of fashion and gaiety, neither knowing nor caring whether the wronged one was living or dead. Her son soothed her last moments by promising to seek out his sister and fulfil his father's dying wish, by restoring to her the large fortune to which she was entitled. Mr. Yielding, who had corresponded for a long time with Lady O'Neill, and of late years with her son, now aided the anxious brother in his attempts to discover the fate of his poor sister. All their efforts were in vain; no trace of her could be found, and Mr. Yielding returned to New York, where such unexpected tidings were awaiting him.



"That very night Miss Ethel wrote to her uncle, and before many weeks had passed he answered the letter in person. How it rejoined my old heart to see him grown up into such a fine, handsome young gentleman; and though he bears such a striking resemblance to Lady O'Neill, he has the noble heart of his father. It was with tearful eyes that I refused him when he offered to take me back to Mountmain, for I longed to see it again; but I'm an old man now, my days are drawing to a close, and when I lie down to my last sleep I hope to rest beside my darling wife. Yet my heart follows the merry bridal party that will so soon see dear old Mountmain Castle; a few short months will pass away, and, please God, I will be welcoming them back again. To be sure, I will miss young Sir Bryan, but there will be the happy bride and bridegroom, the general and Mrs. Granger, and Mr. Washington Yielding, who has my heart's best gratitude and affection until it comes to love."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SHIRLEY BROUGHTON.

BY L. T. TURNER.

"WELL, my dear Harry, I declare you're handsomer than even your father was at your age. If Shirley doesn't lose her heart to you at first sight, I shall not be a little surprised."

This sentence was addressed by the widow of Colonel Broughton to her only son, and as she ceased speaking, she dropped the eye-glass through which she had attentively contemplated his features, and gave a sigh of regret, partly to the memory of her husband, and partly to the recollection of her own departed loveliness, which a mirror opposite told her had sadly faded during the twenty-three years which had matured the rosy, pretty infant into the young man beside her.

"I am told Shirley is rather odd, mother," he observed.

"What do you mean, my dear boy? She is a charming girl, with a large fortune, and you have been engaged to her these twelve years—what do you mean?" And again the eye-glass aided the perceptions of the fair widow.

Harry Broughton did not explain what he meant, but he bit his lip and looked out of the window, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the youngest of whom, Camilla, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the pinkest cheeks in the world; while the elder, Antoinette, sat apparently reading, but occupied less with her book than with the subject of the conversation, of which, however, she gave no further sign than by meeting her brother's glance with an arch and meaningful smile.

"We shall start for Scotland next week," resumed Mrs. Broughton, in a displeased tone, fixing her gaze on the piquant countenance of her rebellious daughter.

"So soon, ma?" exclaimed Camilla. And opening her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea of anything being performed in a week, again resigned herself to a state of drowsy enjoyment not unlike that in which comfortable old tabbies pass the summer days.

Antoinette said nothing, but the offending smile still lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder how Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance. "She was handsomer than either of her sisters; no, nothing can be handsomer than Camilla." And the eye glass was permitted to rest complacently on the exquisitely proportioned form and beautiful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid calculation of the different sort of match she might expect for each of the girls, passed through her mind. Camilla was already a duchess; when a visitor entering, turned her thoughts into another channel.

When Mrs. Broughton ran away to Grotna Green with a young officer who had only his commission, and married him as much from love of frolic as from love of the man himself, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, in later life, for disapproving of such motive of action, she had asserted that she never would, and it was her boast that she never did "do anything without a plan."

She had accordingly formed and executed a number of small plans with great success; but her expected master-stroke was to marry her son to his cousin Shirley, who was to inherit the whole of the Broughton property. In further-

ance of this plan, she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Broughton and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Camilla's health; accordingly her letters to her absent child had always contained the most miraculous accounts of Harry's sweet temper, talents, and anxiety to return from the continent. She was now about to visit Scotland, for the treble purpose of reclaiming Gertrude, introducing her son, and paying a visit to the old general; who, pleased with the prospect of marrying his child to a Broughton, and thus keeping the property in the family, looked forward with eager satisfaction to their arrival.

Shirley, too, anticipated with tranquil joy the fate which had been marked out for her in infancy, and which appeared to promise all human happiness. She was already in love with Mrs. Broughton's descriptions of her cousin; and forgetting that he was but a little fair, shy boy when she had last seen him, believed the ideal Harry to be the counterpart of the object of her affections.

Lady Isabella Broughton, the general's wife, ran away from him soon after her marriage, and her husband was for a length of time inconsolable. He gave up all society, shut himself up in a wild, romantic place he had in Northumberland, and devoted his whole attention to his little girl. Shirley Broughton became in consequence, at an early age, the companion and friend of her father. She would sit with him when he had letters to write, and copy in a clear, neat hand, dry directions respecting farm business and show cattle, without ever wearying or appearing to consider it a task.

Latin, geography and arithmetic were the studies pointed out to her by her father; she had no governess; General Broughton cursed accomplishments as the cause of a woman's ruin; but she was an excellent French scholar, and sketched from nature without any other assistance than what was afforded by intuitive talent. Such studies, however, occupied but a small portion of her time.

Slightly formed, but well knit and vigorous in limb, her naturally good constitution strengthened by constant exercise and the enjoyment of heaven's pure air, she would follow her father with a light step and a merry heart in most of his shooting excursions; and when the general caught sight of her glowing cheek and fearless eye, he felt as much tenderness and pride in her beauty as ever monarch in his newly crowned child.

Shirley was also an incomparable horsewoman; no road was too dangerous, no steed too spirited for her nerves, and the risk was to her a source of wild and intense enjoyment. With this being, strange and eccentric in her habits, romantic and enthusiastic in her disposition, Mrs. Broughton's second daughter, Gertrude, had spent the last four years of her girlhood. Taken from among very worldly people at an age when the youthful heart is most susceptible of strong impressions, no wonder if Gertrude, whose feelings were naturally warm, became ardently attached to this strangely fascinating being, the first she had ever seen who was perfectly natural.

The merits of Shirley Broughton, and she had many, were perfections; her faults were not such in the eyes of her youthful companion. Indeed, the latter became gradually as much the objects of imitation as the more worthy points of her character; for Gertrude, with the same degree of ardent feelings, had few of her cousin's better qualities; headstrong, rebellious, gifted with intense vanity, and with something peculiar of harshness and coarseness in her ill trained mind, she copied the habits without being able to seize the virtues of Shirley, and the consequence was such as might be expected.

The same words and actions which acquired a wild charm from the native sweetness and originality of Shirley, became perfectly odious when copied by Gertrude, and the utter want of tact she displayed, joined with her strange manners, made her conversation as galling to the feelings as it was revolting to the delicacy of those who were her occasional associates. Even her cousin, who had sighed for a female companion to share her tasks and sports, could scarcely be said to be fond of her present one. Before Gertrude had been a fortnight at Heathcote Lodge, Shirley heartily wished herself alone again, in spite of flattery, open and expressed, and the more silent and gratifying flattery of imitation.

What did Shirley care whether others thought

her handsome, when her father's eyes silently told her how much rather he would look upon her countenance than on any other in the universe? What did she care that her horsemanship was admired, as long as her little Arab, Omar, carried her over the wild moors with the speed of lightning—the blue arch of heaven over her, and the free winds around her head?

At length the day of meeting arrived. Mrs. Broughton and her family, after being twice overturned, drove up the long avenue, and never, perhaps, did a more uncongenial party assemble round the dinner-table as met that night. The affected, worldly mother; the conceited, talkative, half French, half English Antoinette; the foolish, languishing beauty Camilla; and opposite to these, the wild but graceful and noble-hearted Shirley, the shy, handsome Captain Broughton, and Gertrude, half contemptuous and half jealous, as she looked at the manner and attire of her sisters.

Every day increased the mutually repellant nature of the qualities each was endowed with, by making them more known to each other; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Broughton concealed her dislike in order to forward a match so much to the advantage of her son. His sisters were not so cautious; Antoinette, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and considerable talent, occupied herself daily, almost hourly, in ridiculing—not Shirley—she had tact enough to see that it would be a dangerous attempt—but the clumsy imitation of Gertrude she visited with unsparring satire; and the consequent coldness between the sisters drew the two cousins more together, and opened Shirley's heart more towards the faulty Gertrude, than four years of constant companionship.

The unheard-of insolence of her niece, who christened the elder and younger Misses Broughton "the squirrel and the dormouse," made their affectionate mother ill for two days; and the ejaculation of the old general, who said, on seeing Antoinette and Camilla enter the apartment in their white ruffled morning dresses: "I wish to heaven, Mrs. Broughton, you would put something decent on those girls," determined the crafty widow on making her own escape, at least, and leaving her son to pay his court to the eccentric bride at his leisure. To Captain Broughton she spoke of the errors of her niece in a kind, indulgent, motherly way, assuring him that she was convinced time and instruction, and her own valuable society, would make his wife all he could wish. Captain Broughton's only reply was a deep sigh, and so they parted.

It was agreed, after much entreaty, that Gertrude should remain at Heathcote Lodge, and return under her brother's escort, Mrs. Broughton, comforting herself by the reflection that, when once Gertrude was at home again, she should be able to remodel her manners.

After the departure of the trio, the party at Heathcote Lodge were more happy and companionable; but Harry Broughton was disappointed, and he could neither conceal it from himself nor from his sister, nor even in a degree from Shirley herself. Shy, vain, and with an insupportable dread of ridicule, the impression made by the beauty, warm-heartedness and evident affection of his cousin, was painfully contrasted in his mind with what others might think and say of her.

He figured her introduced to the world—as his wife. He imagined to himself the astonished stare of his well-bred friends, the affected disgust of his *fin* female acquaintances, and at such moments he loathed the sight of Omar, hid his face from the sunshine and the breeze, and groaned when Shirley passed her fingers through the short curls of her distinguished looking head—though that head was small and white, and her hair bright and glossy.

Antoinette's letters were by no means calculated to improve his feelings in this respect. "I see her," wrote this amiable sister, "entering the queen's drawing-room to be presented; all eyes bent upon her, all tongues murmuring her praise; I see her in the Park, Omar not quietly entering the ride by the posts intended for that purpose, but *franchissant les bornes* (as his mistress does), at one leap, from long habit, which, as you know, is second nature. I am practising the song, '*Mein Schatz ist ein reiter*,' as I don't doubt it will become a great favorite of yours, and only beg of you to be careful not to go more than forty miles a day, as it will be sadly injurious to your health and looks, frere Adonis, and you know that any alteration in the latter would bring the (gray?) hairs of my mother with sorrow to the grave."

The slave to the opinions of others retired to rest, full of recollections inspired by that letter.

"From the force of habit, which is second nature," he muttered, as he turned for the twentieth time on his restless pillow. He fell asleep and dreamed that he was married, and that his brother officers rose from the mess-table to drink Shirley's health. Just as he was lifting the glass to his lips, he saw Shirley enter; she was dressed in a long green riding habit; she passed her taper fingers rapidly through her hair; he remonstrated, he entreated her to leave the mess-room, but she only laughed; he rose from his place and walking to the spot where she stood, endeavored to persuade her to go.

Suddenly, he thought she turned and kicked him, and the little, well-shaped, firmly-knit ankle was unaccountably transformed into Omar's hoof. He started in violent pain and woke. Full of mingled irritation and sadness, Harry Broughton sat alone that day in his uncle's library, leaning his aching head on his hand and gazing listlessly from the window on the long avenue of lime trees which opened to the moor. He was interrupted by the entrance of Gertrude, who, tapping him lightly on the shoulder with her whip, exclaimed: "Why, Harry, what are you musing about? Come, come and take a ride with us." Harry shook his head.

"O, come, there's a good fellow; cheer up; drive away black thoughts and let Romeo be saddled immediately, for my horse and Omar will take cold standing so long."

"For goodness sake," said Captain Broughton, impatiently, "do strive to be less like that anomalous being they intend for my wife." Then suddenly turning, he added, "O, Gertrude, if I marry that girl, we shall both be miserable!"

There was a breathless silence, for, as Harry turned, he beheld, standing within two paces of him, his cousin Shirley! The eloquent blood rushed as rapidly to that glowing cheek as if the sun had never touched and mellowed its original tint of pure rose, and the big tears stood for a moment in those clear, kind blue eyes; then a deadly paleness overspread her face, and Captain Broughton thought she would have fainted. He sprang forward, but the moment his hand touched hers she started from him, and before they could follow her to the door, the fleet foot of Omar had borne his mistress far over the wild moor, which was her favorite ride.

For long weary miles she galloped on at full speed, till even the little Arab relaxed its exertions and, unchecked by the bridle, slackened its pace. The alteration recalled Shirley Broughton to herself. She stopped and dismounted, and gazing far round on the barren heath, as if to assure herself that no human eye could witness her weakness, she flung herself on the ground and wept bitterly.

"My God!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven. "What have I done to make him hate me?"

And as the speech she had heard again rang in her ears, she contrasted the affection she had borne him ever since she could remember, the pleasure with which she looked forward to sharing his home, the many resolutions never to suffer her past liberty to tempt her to dispute his will, and to keep a careful watch over that rebellious heart which was his alone, with the sentiments of dislike, almost of disgust, which he had openly expressed towards her.

Again she repeated to herself, "What have I done?" And again she wept, till, weary and exhausted, she sunk into a profound slumber. When she awoke, the calm glow of sunset was on the moor, and Omar was feeding quietly at a little distance. She mounted her favorite for the first time without a care, and for the first time turned towards home with a slow step and a heavy heart.

At dinner, Shirley Broughton was in wild spirits, and though her face was pale and her eyes dim, her manner repelled all attempt at explanation or consolation, even from Gertrude. She retired early to rest, pleading a bad headache to her anxious father.

The next morning, the following note was brought to her by her maid:

"MY DEAR SHIRLEY:—I implore you to see and hear me patiently for a few minutes, and be to me what, except in my hours of madness and folly, I have always hoped to see you."  
"HARRY BROUGHTON."

She was just struggling against the temptation of once more conversing with her beloved cousin, when a tap at the door announced Gertrude.



"Come in," she said, in a low voice. Gertrude obeyed the summons. "Heavens, Shirley, how ill you look!" she exclaimed, "and you have not been to bed last night. O, Shirley, how can you be so foolish for a little quarrel!"

"A little quarrel, Gertrude!" repeated her companion, while a slow, bitter smile crept round her mouth—"but sit down and say what you came to tell me, for I must go to my father."

Gertrude came as her brother's ambassador, and earnestly did she endeavor to promote peace, for she loved Harry and almost worshipped his fiancée. But she had none of the tact necessary for the performance of such an undertaking; while she wounded the feelings of the sensitive girl she addressed by the constant allusion to her brother's distaste for her manners and habits, she also bluntly reasoned upon the impossibility of his feeling otherwise, when he looked forward to presenting her to the world, because he knew the world would judge harshly of her; and with natural coarseness of mind, she seemed to suppose that nothing more than a mutual concession of certain points, an apology on the part of Harry, and a sort of "kiss-and-be friends" ceremony, was necessary to establish them in the situation they were before.

But she spoke a language Shirley Broughton did not understand. What could it signify to Harry what the world, that strange world, thought of her, so long as he himself was satisfied of her affection and pleased with her society? What had the opinions of others to do with the comfort of his home? The opinions of others, too, none of whom he appeared to respect, and many of whom he openly avowed to be worthless? No, that could not be the reason of his dislike, and she resented the supposed attempt to impose on her understanding.

Had Gertrude had to deal with one of her own disposition, the task would have been comparatively easy. Had her cousin been angry, she could have soothed her, but vanity had no place in Shirley Broughton's heart. It is the vice of society, and she had lived alone almost from childhood. It was her heart that was crushed, and it would have required a tenderer and far more skilful hand to have healed the blow.

By his sister, Harry received an answer to his appeal; it was as follows:

"After what passed yesterday, dear Harry, it can serve no good purpose to comply with your request, but will only give great pain to both of us. I shall tell my father that I cannot marry you, as it would grieve him were he to know how differently others can think of his only child. I am at a loss to know how I have forfeited your good opinion; but of this I am very sure, I have never voluntarily given you a moment's uneasiness. We are not likely to meet often again, but I shall always feel an interest in all that concerns you. I would not desire to end with a reproach, but I earnestly wish you had told me what chance has discovered. Did you intend to marry me, under the conviction that our union would be productive of misery to both? If it is because you are attached to another that you have dealt thus strangely by me, I will hope your present freedom may conduce to your future happiness. If it is really and truly for the reasons Gertrude gave me, may that world, dear Harry, of which you are a worshipper, be able to repay you for your submission to its opinions."

It was with tolerable composure that Shirley wrote and despatched this note, but with her father the fountain of her tears again burst forth. The general was electrified—he had never seen her weep before; for in that happy home she had no cause for sorrow, and her tears made an impression upon him that erased from his memory the long cherished plan of continuing the property in the family by this much desired union. He himself informed Captain Broughton of his daughter's decision, and that information was accompanied with expressions of regret.

Years rolled on. Shirley Broughton continued unmarried, in spite of the offers of more than one suitor for her hand. Gertrude remained at home under the auspices of her careful parent. But though self-love and vanity did what her mother's advice would most assuredly not have done, and she soon began in some degree to conform to the tastes of the people she was among, still her real and acquired faults were not eradicated, and "as odd as Ger. Broughton," became a by-word by no means pleasing to the rest of the family.

Taunted and reproached at home, alternately carressed and sneered at abroad, Gertrude always entered a ball room with a vague spirit of defiance against uncommitted injuries. At once affecting to scorn, and making faint endeavors to conciliate the world; beautiful in person, harsh in manner, fearless by nature, she said everything and did anything that came into her head, and the consequence was as might be expected. She was flattered by those she amused, courted by

those to whom her notice gave a sort of notoriety, admired by many, and abused by the whole of her acquaintance.

Camilla's drowsy existence was by no means interrupted or disturbed by her sister's strange ways; but Antoinette, while by dint of mockery, she unconsciously caught something of the gesticulating manner and audible tone of voice which accompanied Gertrude's speeches, resented as an injury the notoriety she thus obtained, and visited it with the whole force of her wit; while forgetting how different the copy was from the original, Harry Broughton never ceased to congratulate himself on his escape from the matrimonial snare prepared for him.

While things were in this state, Mrs. Broughton received a letter one morning, which forced an ejaculation from even her little, cold, compressed lips, and sent a momentary flush of emotion to her faded cheek.

"Your cousin Shirley is dead," said she, turning to her daughters, and then, as if seeking to excuse her own emotion as she felt the rush of tears to her eyes, she added, "but—she is dead in such a shocking way."

The letter was read, and it was with bitter feelings that Harry listened to its contents.

Since the departure of her cousin, poor Shirley's whole character seemed to have changed. Wild with a sort of delicious gaiety at one time, dejected and incapable of occupying herself at another, she seemed always the slave of some unintelligible caprice. Her eyes grew dimmer, her figure thinner and less graceful, her voice—that low, laughing voice which had given a charm to all she said, acquired a sharpness and shrillness

made a sudden and short angle from the road. She stood still and listened, but the dashing and murmuring of the waters prevented her hearing the approach of the horse's hoofs. She called, but nothing, except the faint echo, muffled, as it were, by the branches which shadowed the lonely and rocky stream, answered her cry. She waited, knowing that the road had no other turn, but all remained sleeping in the quiet sunshine as before.

Suddenly a sick and horrible fear crossed the girl's mind—she turned and looked far down into the bed of the stream, and there, among the broken granite and white stones, she distinctly saw some dark object; and while her heart beat so loudly as almost to stifle the sound, she fancied that a faint wailing cry swept past on the wind.

Slowly, and with cautious steps, she crept down round by the bridge, over the bank, swinging by a branch, or letting herself slip down the steep and broken ground. At length she descended into the torrent, which ran meagre and half dried up by the summer sun, struggling over and under and round the stones in its course, murmuring and complaining as it went.

There lay the little Arab, Omar, with the last life-pulse faintly quivering through his limbs, and there, with her face hidden and the stream rippling through the curls of her golden hair, lay poor, forsaken Shirley Broughton.

The girl stopped; a natural and unconquerable horror made her pause before she would venture to turn round and lift what she did not doubt was the face of a corpse, bruised and frightful. At length she approached, and with shuddering,

light form which for years had been mouldering in the grave.

"Is that a good trout-stream, Broughton?" asked one of the gentlemen.

Harry turned hastily away, and catching Lady Fanny by the arm, he muttered: "Come away—it was here that Shirley died—they will drive me mad!"

"You are always sentimentalizing about that girl," said his wife, pettishly; "I am sure it is no great compliment to me, the way you regret her."

She moved on, and joining the party, walked forward.

"O, Shirley, Shirley," exclaimed Harry Broughton, as rushing tears dimmed his view of that death scene, "was it for such a heart that I scorned you?"

#### RONG-JINGS,

OR DANCERS OF THE INTERIOR OF JAVA. The curious picture on this page represents a pair of female dancers of the interior of Java, performing the accompaniment of a rude native orchestra, which cannot "discourse most eloquent music." The title of dancers hardly seems to us appropriate when applied to these women, for in reality the feet are the portion of the body least brought into action in their performances. It is from the knees upwards that all the movement takes place. The songs that accompany these pantomimic scenes, are, for the most part, improvised on every description of subject; sometimes they have reference to the lookers on, or, may be, are composed in honor of a distinguished personage who happens to be present. The beauty of form and suppleness of limbs, peculiar to the inhabitants of Java, give to these representations an originality which is not devoid of grace, but it is above all at the entertainments of the Javanese chiefs, whose wives on these occasions perform, that one can most appreciate the elegance of the dancers. The singing with which they accompany their actions, considered musically, has no pretensions to harmony; the notes are brought out in a nasal tone, which is the fault of all Asiatic nations in their chants. They sing from the head, although the natural voice of the women of Java is soft and clear. The Dutch are the possessors of the island of Java, but several native States exist in the interior under their protection. The principal capitals of these are Surakarta and Yugyakarta. Java remained under Hindoo sovereignty until 1478, when it was conquered by the Arabs, and its possession has since been chiefly Mohammedan. It contains the ruins of several considerable ruins and temples, the principal being Mojopahit and Boro-Budor, and various large structures of substantial architecture are scattered over its surface. The Javanese are of the Malay family, and short, thickset and robust. Many of the women, however, have very elegant and graceful figures, which, from the free and unconstrained character of their costume, are allowed full development. It is presumed that the Hindoos, at an early period, settled in the island, as Hindoo monuments of antiquity are found. The religion is Mohammedan, mixed with Buddhism. Three dialects of the Malay language are used, and they have an ancient sacred language, containing a number of Sanscrit words. They have a national literature and translations from the Arabic and Sanscrit. The Javanese are superior in civilization to other natives of the Indian Archipelago. The Portuguese formed a settlement in Java in 1511, and the Dutch in 1575. The British held the island from 1811 to 1816. The government is administered by a governor-general with authority over all the Dutch East India colonies, and assisted by a secretary-general and a council of four members of Dutch descent. Java is divided into twenty-two residences, in each of which are a European governor and secretary, and various sub-residents.

#### IRISH ZOUAVES.

It is not unlikely that ere long, France will have in her service another Irish Brigade. We have learned, says a Kilkenny paper, from reliable sources that many young men even from this peaceful city of the Nore, moved by the old military ardor of the ambitious Celt, stole away from their friends, and nothing was heard of them, till a letter from Paris announced that they had joined a Zouave regiment in that city, were under drill, and would be moving towards the seat of war about July. One young fellow, named Conway, from Irish town, took £10 from his father, and paid the expenses of two companions, and they are now in Paris, learning the noble science of war, to rival the fame of the old Brigade, and to win new laurels for the brow of glorious France. Conway has written home stating that they were received with open arms by their "brother Zouaves," and that for his part he is resolved to win either a marshal's baton, or a glorious grave!



RONG-JINGS, OR DANCERS OF THE INTERIOR OF JAVA.

which was foreign to it. Gloom rested on her countenance like shadows in a sunny place, and while her father merely remarked that Shirley's temper was not so good as it had been, the old nurse declared that her child was dying of a broken heart.

But it was not by slow degrees, by the sapping and mining of grief, by the wasting away of the body's strength under the soul's weakness, that one so full of life and energy was to die. Suddenly, in the flower of her youth, she was to be cut off, as if it were vain to wait until decay should creep into so light a heart, and within so bright a form.

Among other changes, Shirley had become very absent; frequently she forgot she was in the presence of companions, and with a low, moaning exclamation, would hide her head and weep; frequently she would remain out on the sunny moors for hours, and wander home, unconscious that the day was drawing to a close, and that her father was waiting for her return.

At such times she would fling her arms around his neck and give way to a hysterical burst of mingled tears and laughter at her own thoughtlessness, and then put on the wild gaiety of a child. There came a day when her father waited in vain; when the look that pleaded for pardon, the voice that soothed, the laugh that cheered him, were lost to him forever; and that light, hurrying step, which was the signal for the old man to rise and advance to fold his daughter in his arms, was silent in the desolate corridors of his own house.

All that was ever known of Shirley's death was told by a peasant girl, who, while waiting for her young sister to cross the moor, saw a horse with a lady on it, flying at full speed down the narrow road which skirted it. She ran as fast as she was able to the foot of a little bridge, which

trembling hands, raised the head of the unhappy girl from the water.

No bruise was there—pure and calm, with closed eyes and parted lips, and the glistening drops hanging on the still fresh pink of her cheeks, she lay—but death was in her face!

Time passed away. Antoinette's more successful plan for her brother's advancement was put into execution, and Harry became the easy husband of the all-accomplished and beautiful Lady Fanny Davenant, the chosen companion and confidante of the sprightly Miss Broughton.

Lady Fanny was a duke's daughter; she therefore thought herself entitled to treat her husband as her inferior. She was a spoiled child, and she therefore conceived herself at liberty to accept the homage of those around her, and to show off sundry little airs of wilfulness and vanity, just as if she had not married the handsomest man in England, as she was in the habit of calling Harry.

She was headstrong and violent, and the same adherence to her own fancies, which had led her to oppose her dotting father on the subject of her marriage, led her now to oppose her husband. She was frivolous and heartless, but she was a strict observer of the rules of etiquette. The most celebrated modiste made her dresses, the most distinguished friseur dressed her hair, and the world declared she was a most truly charming woman.

Five years after his marriage, accident brought Harry Broughton to the spot where his young cousin, with whom from his infancy he had expected to pass his life, had died unseen, alone, with no one to hear her last word.

He was with a pleasure party, and their loud laughing voices rang in his heart as he bent over the little bridge, and with straining eyes he looked downwards, as if he could still see the







nor was she in the bed, nor were the pillows and quilts ruffled in the least. She was not in either of the closets; she was not in the room, no, nor in the house. Where was she? Where?

Her mother's cheek turned white and she leaned on the table for support, for there, right before the little mirror, stood two empty phials, each one labelled, *laudanum*.

"You've killed her, yes, killed her!" she screamed. "O, my child, my fair, sweet child!" And she fell on the floor in hysterics.

Nearly crazy himself, for he did not know till then how dear that only daughter was to his old heart, Mr. Havens aroused the neighborhood and sent it all, young and old, in search of his missing child. But morning brightened into noon, that softened into evening, and no tidings were brought to him of the beautiful one.

With a last, almost despairing hope, he sent for Fred Ashton. Seizing him violently by the hand, he exclaimed, "where is she, where is my child, my Clara?"

"It is I who should ask," said the young man, sternly. "You tore her from me, when I would have gathered her to my heart as the shepherd does his one ewe lamb. Yes, tore her from me, locked her up, fed her on bread and water, broke her heart, and all because she would not be a traitor to herself. What wonder that she wearied of life! What wonder that she swallowed the deadly draught, and then, half frenzied, leaped from the window and hid herself! Dying, she feared you, even. O, man, man," and his eyes glared on the trembling father, "Heaven will mete out to you a terrible vengeance."

"For God's sake, do not curse me!" cried the stricken parent. "O, Fred, Fred, find her, find my child. Let me look again upon her face, though it be white in death. And Fred, O, n. boy, if she be yet alive and you can find her, she shall be all your own; your wife at once. Go, go. Young eyes are keen, and if you love her as you say you do, you can find her yet."

"And what surety have I, man, that you will keep your promise? You gave her to me once; yes, blessed our vows and afterward swore she should marry that old miser. Better she should die in the forest, drown in the river, poison herself, hang herself, stab herself, than live to be his wife."

"Boy, boy, you will drive me mad. Here," and he tore a leaf from the family Bible, and catching up a pen, rapidly inscribed a few words on it, "here; let this show you I am in earnest, and now go, go!"

Fred read the paper, quietly folded it, placed it in his pocket-book, and without uttering a word went out. All night long they sat and waited for his return, but he came not, nor any message. The long day passed away and no tidings of the lost one. That terrible suspense, that awfullest ordeal of the soul, how hard it was to bear!

Just at evening a violent storm set in. The lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, the wind rose to a gale and the rain came down in torrents. The children huddled into the darkest corners of the room and hid their eyes and stopped their ears, but the two agonized parents leaned against the windows, looking eagerly out, as though each storm-flash would be a revelation.

It was over at last, that terrible cloud-strife over entirely, and the stars came out and twinkled with pure, clear beams in the deep blue of the sky. But, alas, the star of hope, brightest of all, did not rise for the two anxious watchers, and with aching hearts they turned away.

There was a hurried footstep on the gravelled walk, a hasty knock, and ere they could answer it, the front door swung open and Fred, drenched to the skin, came in.

"Have you found her, our child?" They screamed, rather than asked the question.

"Yes, yes, I have found her. If you would see her alone, follow me."

Further, mother and the two little boys hurried after him, scarcely daring to draw a long breath, lest it should detain them from the loved one.

Fred led the way into the little lane and up to the pretty cottage. Opening the door, he motioned them into the parlor. It was a cosy little room and looked cheery and comfortable to the chilled group, for they had come off bareheaded and the children barefooted, and had drabbled against the wet bushes till every garment was damp and cold. A little wood fire crackled on the hearth, flashing out a ruddy light and casting a genial warmth. Candles blazed upon the mantel and on the little round table that stood between the mirrors. Vases of flowers stood on

the window-sills, boughs of asparagus drooped over the little mirror, while a basket of scarlet strawberries on the stand in the corner scented the room with a delicious fragrance.

Slowly, for the brilliant light blinded their eyes, so long in the out door dimness, they gathered in the picture-look of the room and its simple, yet fair adornings. They marvelled at it too, for instead of funeral gloom, here was bridal brightness.

"Be seated," said Fred, quietly, and left them. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed and the silence of the little parlor was undisturbed save by the deep breathings of the expectant family.

Then the door opened and radiant in girlish charms, robed in snowy muslin, with white rosebuds in her hair and on her bosom, leaning on the arm of Fred, Clara entered the room.

"If you would see her alive," said Fred, but ere he could speak more, father, mother and little brothers were gathered about the dear one and smiles and tears were strongly mingled.

"But where did you find her, my boy?" and the old man's voice was broken.

"That's a secret, my dear sir, but hereafter when you would know of her whereabouts, just call on me, for Fred Ashton will always know where his wife keeps herself; eh, darling?" and he pinched the rosy cheek till it was a burning crimson.

"Oatwitted," said the old man, but his tones were far from stern. "And so, to win consent, you frightened your old father by making him believe you had swallowed poison, and then jumped from the window and gone into the forest to die. O, Clara, Clara, do you suppose I can ever forgive you?"

"Of course I do, dear father," and she nestled her head confidently on his heart. "Only think how tired I was of living on bread and water;" and then she laughed, a merry, musical laugh it was, too, and she looked into his face with such a roguish glance in her black eye, that the old man could hold out no longer, but putting his hands upon her head, said, and O, how tenderly, "God bless you, child!"

And that the prayer was heard and registered in heaven, seemed evident from the after life of that young bride and groom, for sunshine beamed ever in that cottage home, while the only shadows cast there were those beautiful ones made by the rocking cradle.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MISCONCEPTION.

### AN INCIDENT IN A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WITCH OF THE NORTH SEA," "THE PAINTER OF PADUA," ETC., ETC.

READER, have you ever visited Europe? "Yes." Then if you have and have travelled over the road between Calais and Paris, especially if your visit was made before the introduction of railroads, when the old fashioned, lumbering diligence was the only mode of conveyance, you will acknowledge that the road is one of the dullest that you ever passed over, and that the scenery is commonplace and uninviting. Most travellers over that route have a very excusable desire to get on to Paris as quickly as possible, for, in addition to the ordinary fatigue of travelling, in the olden time, the passengers—the male passengers, at any rate, and oftentimes the females—were compelled to alight from the vehicle at the foot of the numerous steep hills, and walk to the summits, whether it were day or night, and, not seldom, when the roads were unusually heavy, which, I believe, was at all seasons, the male passengers were obliged, for their own sakes, to help the passage of the diligence up the steep, by pushing behind. The consequence was that most old stagers took care to supply themselves with books to while away the time during the day, since the landscape offered no attraction to scenery hunters, and endeavored to secure a seat wherein they could sleep at night, as comfortably, or rather with as little discomfort as possible.

In the spring of the year 184—, it was my fortune to visit Paris for the —th time in my life. I had travelled by stage from London to Dover during the night, crossed the twenty-one miles of "channel water," on board one of the ill-conditioned steamboats then employed on the route, and, immediately on arriving at Calais, had started, *par diligence*, en route for Paris, consequently when night again approached, I felt very much fatigued, and was desirous, if possible, of

securing a few hours' sleep in the corner of the *interieure*, where with a wise forethought, I had snugly ensconced myself.

All day long the *diligence* had been crowded to excess in all its various compartments, and I was very glad to find, when we stopped to change horses at Amiens, that all the occupants of the *interieure*, save myself, had reached their destination, and that there was a probability of my having that compartment of the conveyance entirely to myself for, at least, the next stage. However, before the *conducteur* again gave his noisy orders to start anew, some fresh passengers demanded admission.

"How many?" thought I. Two, only. Heaven be praised for that! I looked to see what manner of men my new companions were. As well as I could perceive by the dim light of the lantern held by the ostler at the door of the *cabaret*, one was a stout-built, florid-complexioned, short man, clad in a blouse, fastened at the waist with a black leather belt, and wearing on his head a convenient felt travelling cap; the other wore a travelling costume of grayish cloth, cut somewhat jauntily and a close fitting skull-cap with lappets covering his ears. They were evidently strangers to each other, and both were young men and, apparently, gentlemen.

"Thank Heaven there are no more," I muttered, internally, and as the horses started with the vehicle, I re-composed myself to sleep. I was, however, soon disturbed by the voice of the first-mentioned passenger, whom I had taken to be a German, and I was confirmed in my opinion by the words he uttered.

He asked, in execrable French, with—I fancied—a strong German accent, whether, since there were no ladies in that compartment of the *diligence*, it would be too disagreeable if he solaced himself with a whiff from his pipe, producing at the same time a highly and beautifully colored meerschaum.

"By no means, so far as I am concerned," said the second traveller, speaking, in compliment to his German *compagnon de voyage*, in the German language, but speaking the language abominably, and as I thought, naturally enough—for I had judged him to be a Frenchman as soon as I saw him enter the vehicle—in a French accent. At the same time this gentleman produced a cigar-case. He was evidently glad that his fellow-traveller had introduced the question of smoking, since it afforded him an opportunity of indulging in the luxury of a "weed."

Both looked inquiringly toward me. The weather was warm, the windows might be raised without inconvenience from cold; true, I didn't much fancy being smoke dried during my anticipated slumbers, but I consented.

"*En avant, messieurs.*" My French *compagnon de voyage* politely offered me a cigar from his case.

"*Je vous remercie bien, monsieur,*" said I, with a gentle shake of the head, "*mais je ne fume pas.*"

Tobacco smoke was, in those days, an abomination to me. Both my fellow-travellers lighted their tobacco and commenced to puff away with an appearance of intense satisfaction. The ice now being broken—the pipe is a great leveller, and not only a great leveller, but a great provocative of boon companionship—both gentlemen began to converse freely on various topics, the German speaking always bad French, the Frenchman execrable German; the consequence was they were generally perfectly incomprehensible one to the other, and both answered to the questions put to them, ludicrously at random.

At length, by some means or other, for both kept on chattering and misunderstanding each other, it came out that both had been in England. There was a chance that by speaking that language both could get on a little better—could guess better at each other's meaning.

"You can speak Engleesh!" said the Frenchman.

"Yes, I speak Engleesh, me," answered the German.

"Then suppose we speak Engleesh together, you and me? We shall understand, perhaps, more better in Engleesh—I no very well speak German."

"Nor I no very well speak French," answered the German.

It was a mutual compact.

"You go on wid the *diligence* to Paris?" inquired the Frenchman.

"No. I stay at Saint Pol, the next stage—you comprehend? I have one friend I shall expect to meet there."

"Me—I go on to Paris," replied the Frenchman.

From this moment until the diligence stopped at the *cabaret* at Saint Pol, a running fire in exquisitely, oftentimes ludicrously broken English, was kept up by the two smokers, who puffed away together, shook out ashes, threw away cigar-stumps, re-filled, re-lighted and puffed again, and became such strong friends that I am satisfied that if the thing had been possible, they would have struck a bargain to continue their continental travels in each other's company. The diligence came to a stand-still.

"Saint Pol, messieurs," exclaimed the *conducteur*, flinging wide open the door of the *interieure*.

It was nearly broad daylight. Several persons were standing on the balcony of the hotel, some waiting to proceed by the diligence to Paris, others looking out for friends whom they expected to arrive by the same conveyance.

My fellow-traveller in the blouse alighted and looked eagerly around him, as if in search of some well-known face among the crowd of strangers. At length he saw the object of his search.

"Hilloa, Tom!" cried he. "So you are there, eh? Tell the fellows to carry my luggage to your room."

The next moment the two friends were shaking hands, and asking and replying to—in good English—innumerable questions. The little gentleman in the jaunty travelling costume stood aglance with wonder. For some moments his tongue seemed to refuse its office. At length he burst forth in unmistakable Yorkshire:

"Why—what! why, you speak English as well as I do!"

"I am an Englishman," replied the gentleman in the blouse, his countenance scarcely less expressive of annoyance and astonishment. "But you; why have you been talking to me, ever since we left Amiens, as if I was a foreigner, and couldn't speak my own language?"

"Why—why," stammered the other traveller, "I thought you were a German."

Now, perfectly understanding the case, the gentleman in the blouse burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"By George! old fellow," he cried, "I took you for a Frenchman. Upon my soul, I did. What a pair of stupid asses we have been making of each other! But, come; there's time enough before the diligence starts—let's drink a glass of wine together. It was a good joke, after all, wasn't it?"

The people around, who were French, looked on at the laughter, but did not join in the merriment, not comprehending the joke; but I, who had not spoken a word during the journey, and who had been equally deceived in both my fellow-travellers, could not help enjoying the unexpected denouement. They observed this.

"Are you an Englishman, sir?" said the gentleman in the travelling dress.

"I am," I replied.

"Then how you must have laughed in your sleeve at us two donkeys—"

"Not I," I returned; "for I was mistaken in you both. I naturally took one of you to be French, the other German."

"Was it so?" they both exclaimed, laughing.

"Then come along with us and help us to empty a bottle of wine before the diligence starts."

I willingly accepted the invitation; then, bidding good-by to the blouse-clad traveller and his friend, the other gentleman and myself re-entered the diligence, and were pleasant companions during the remainder of the journey to Paris, frequently reverting, in the course of our conversation, in English, to the absurd misconception of the last stage from Amiens to St. Pol.

This is a true story. I give it to show how apt people are to entertain the ridiculous idea that a foreigner can understand a language imperfectly spoken, better than he can if it be spoken with propriety. Dickens ridicules this in "Little Dorrit," by making Mrs. Plornish speak broken English to the Italian until she is pure Tuscan. But we see and hear instances of the like absurd misconception every day, in the fashion in which mothers address their infants, and grown people speak, habitually, to very little children—almost universally talking to them in broken English. The wonder is how, under such tuition, the infant generation ever learn to speak correctly at all, and that the jargon of the nursery does not cling to them in after life.





HYDE PARK AND FAIRMOUNT, FROM MOUNT NEPONSET, DORCHESTER, MASS.

## HYDE PARK AND FAIRMOUNT.

The occasional traveller over the Boston and Providence Railroad has had his attention arrested by the magical growth of Hyde Park and Fairmount during the last two years. Our accompanying illustration was drawn expressly for us by Alfred Waud, and is exceedingly correct. Not even Aladdin, with the aid of his wonderful lamp, could have desired a more astonishing transformation than this settlement shows. For the execution of the many, often exceeds, alike in rapidity as in magnitude, the possible thought of the solitary dreamer. They have succeeded in the face of a series of obstacles, enough to have discouraged any but the most sanguine spirits. We have often, as with the wings of the steam propeller, we have flown past this locality, which has now become so famous, admired the energy and perseverance that have subdued those slightly tilled farms and wild, natural woodlands, into no inconsiderable degree of civilization and settlement.

Located just at the juncture of Dorchester, Milton and Dedham, seven and a half miles from Boston, will be found the settlement of which we speak. The lands of Fairmount have been nearly all taken up. They are on the Milton side of the river Neponset, and command a most extensive view of the surrounding country. Those who originated this plan of settlement, three years since, visited all the neighborhood of Boston within seven or eight miles thereof, desirous of finding some spot with at least three important elements of success: railroad accommodation on two independent roads; one thousand acres of contiguous unsettled land; such a low price for the land as would allow the poorest man in the country to purchase a house lot from the proceeds of a few months' labor.

After an examination, almost if not quite unexampled, of all the neighboring towns, there was found no place so eligibly located, and possessing all these essential elements of success that we have enumerated, as what is now called Hyde Park and its immediate neighborhood. Hyde Park they found a beautifully fertile territory, well covered with trees, variegated with hill and dale, situated chiefly in the town of Dorchester, with the charming river Neponset running through the territory, and navigable for several miles.

The projectors owned no land in the neighborhood. They were, therefore, awayed by no selfish considerations of a desire to settle their own farms. But they found it impossible to purchase Hyde Park. Its location between the New York Central and the Providence Railroads, there less than a third of a mile apart, its river facilities, its variety of highland and lowland, its proximity to Boston, its beautiful woods and groves, its scenery, both perspective and immediate, all combined to raise its value so highly in the eyes of its owners, as to induce them to refuse to sell on any considerations whatsoever. They said to themselves and to their friends, "If nature and art have combined to mark this spot as the most eligible, from its varied attractions, for suburban residences, of any that can be secured, population will flow here without our efforts, and all that we need do, is quietly to wait for the tide of immigration."

Forced, therefore, to change their plans, the originators of the movement crossed the river Neponset, and first, the Twenty Associates, and soon after, the Fairmount Land Company, were organized. A village soon rewarded their labors; and Fairmount now possesses one hundred houses, and a population of about five hundred. No settlement, however, took place in Hyde Park. Spontaneity was there a plant of slow growth. And at last its owners concluded that it was better to part with it, than, "dog-in-the-manger" like, to monopolize what they could not improve. The Real Estate and Building Company was organized, and proved by far the most powerful land organization. It is the leading one of the influences that now controls seven hundred acres of land in this vicinity, and that have interested upwards of seven hundred persons in the success of this enterprise.

To this Company the proprietors of Hyde Park concluded at last to sell it, and the owners of neighboring farms also sold to it their estates; and three months since, the organization became complete by the disposal to the public of the last of two thousand shares of the Company's stocks. A change at once began. The whole property was surveyed. Streets were opened. The hum of busy life commenced. And during the last few months the settlement has progressed so rapidly that there are now some twenty-five or thirty houses erected by as many different individuals.

This is one of the most attractive places for residence that it has ever been our lot to witness. None of the land is so low as to be unhealthy, and none of it so high as to be inaccessible. Much of the land has been sold at the low price of two cents per foot, so that one hundred dollars will secure a spot twice as large as a good sized city lot of 25 by 100 feet. The demand for it has, however, so much increased of late that most of it has been recently sold for from 2 1/4 to 3 cents a foot. Three stores have already been erected, and upwards of thirty more houses, in addition to the twenty five already finished, will soon be in process of building on lots which have already been sold.

A system has been adopted by the Real Estate and Building Company, which has an income of twenty-four thousand dollars a year, independent of its receipts from the sales of lands, by which loans can be obtained either from it or from other Companies or Savings Banks interested in the success of the enterprise, for the purpose of building houses on the territory, so that by this means the settlement is increasing in even a greater ratio, than other places, without such facilities, could possibly secure.

If, as has been said, "He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind," how much more are they benefactors, who, by the magical power of will and influence, build two houses where only one stood before! The story is told of Demosthenes that on a celebrated festive day, in commemoration of the settlement of one of the Grecian cities, when asked to play upon some stringed instrument, he replied, "I cannot fiddle; but I know how to ment, he replied, 'I cannot fiddle; but I know how to create from a small village, a great city.' The *dilectores urbium* of the ancients were as household names of Romulus and Remus became as household gods to the Romans, and are not unfamiliar to the youth of our schools. When, five years hence, we look



back on the causes of the settlement of Hyde Park, now only an embryo village, we shall not forget the names of those whose energy, determination and influence are accomplishing this rapid settlement.

There are so many elements of success about this enterprise that we have taken the pains concisely to recapitulate them:

1. The low price of the land; from two to three cents a foot.
2. The extremely low fare. Persons desirous of visiting the grounds can, we are informed, obtain tickets at the office of the Company, in the Mercantile Building in Summer Street, Boston, for ten cents each.
3. Its proximity to Boston. A pleasant drive of 7 1/2 miles will satisfy the settler that he is not purchasing Eastern lands a foot under water, or Western lands filled with marsh miasmata.
4. The Company builds nothing on its own account; and hence holds out no false inducements of settlement to the public.
5. Accessibility by means of the vicinity of two Railroad Depots, a quarter of a mile apart, on two independent Railroads; so that, if one should be temporarily suspended as at present, the other can be used with equal facility.
6. Monopoly by speculators prevented for years to come, by securing 700 acres of land, so that the price can be kept moderately low, and the settlement thereby ensured.
7. Seven hundred persons interested pecuniarily or otherwise in the success of the enterprise.
8. Healthiness of the locality; so great that no physician has yet found business enough to induce him to locate.
9. The success on a small scale that has already been secured at Fairmount by the projectors of this enterprise, working on a similar plan.
10. The Neponset River, navigable for some miles above and below.
11. Facilities for loans, so that mechanics, and men of small means, may own houses equal in attractions to those fortunate enough to pay for their houses at once.
12. The small quantity of land that may be purchased in a single lot.
13. The sale of lands to Americans or to educated foreigners only, so as to avoid the objectionable associations of an Irish neighborhood.
14. General beauty, centrality, and attractiveness of the entire location.
15. The substantial and influential men connected with the enterprise; the Directors and Stockholders of the Real Estate and Building Company alone representing about five millions of dollars.



VIEW OF ISOURA, ON THE SCRIVIA, NORTHERN ITALY.

We have obtained the view at Hyde Park and Fairmount which we here present to our readers, not from any pecuniary interest that we have in this enterprise, for we have none whatever; but because, as faithful chroniclers of the progress of the times, we could not avoid noticing the success of an undertaking, which is now attracting, in no inconsiderable degree, the attention of the public.

#### VIEW OF ISOURA,

ON THE SCRIVIA, NORTHERN ITALY.

As a reminiscence of the war just closed, we present the accompanying accurate drawing of an old chateau at Isoura, with French troops crossing the bridge—a wild and picturesque scene. Isoura, a small village about five miles

from Alessandria, is situated on the banks of the Scrivia, and was one of the first places in which the French army took up a position to watch the movements of the Austrians. From the summit of the mountains which surround the village the Austrian camp was easily discernible, so that it was quite impossible for the French to be taken by surprise. The village, which has an antiquated appearance, is extremely picturesque; and there are some fine old chateaux in the immediate neighborhood of the bridges across the Scrivia, which the reader will observe represented in the annexed picture. Nearly all the localities of the late war are identified with other days, from their historical associations, and some of them bring back to memory events of olden time with fresh interest.

#### GREEK REFECTORY.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made on the spot, and represents the interior of one of those vast refectories, in which the Greek monks assemble to partake of their simple meals. Nothing can be more stern and simple than its appointments. Not even wooden seats are permitted, but the huge tables are provided with massive blocks of stone. The fare consists mostly of vegetables, and, occasionally, on feast days, a little meat, chiefly mutton. Nothing is set before them to flatter the palate and tempt the appetite, only what is sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and, to guard against indulgence, even where so little material is provided, a venerable priest, occupying a pulpit during the meal, delivers a homily on the sinfulness of gluttony and the virtues of temperance and simplicity of living. The Greek monks are sincere observers of the rules of abstinence enjoined by the church.

#### TEA FIRST IN EUROPE.

In 1610, by the Dutch East India Company; and it must have been in use in England by the year 1660, as appears from an act of Parliament passed in that year, in which a tax of one shilling and sixpence was laid on every gallon of tea sold at the coffee-houses. There is also the following entry in Pepys' Diary, dated September twenty-fifth, 1661:—"I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before." In six years more it had found its way into his own house, as this entry shows:—"Home—found my wife making tea, a drink which Mr. Polling the potticary tells her is good for her cold," etc. About this time the East India Company ordered "one hundred pounds weight of good tea" to be sent home on speculation. The price was about fifty or sixty shillings the pound; and two pounds three ounces of the best tea was not deemed an unfitting present from the East India Company to the king. But so greatly has the exportation increased, that now more than fifty thousand tons of shipping are employed in its transportation, while it is consumed at the present moment by probably not less than five hundred millions of men. Still, so vast is the home consumption, that it is alleged that, were Europeans and Americans to abandon its use altogether, the price would not be much diminished in China.—*All About It.*



REFECTORY IN A GREEK MONASTERY NEAR ATHENS.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**J. E. C.**—We shall be obliged to refer you to the Librarian for the regulations of the institution.  
**Mrs. P. M. Roxbury**—1. The low price of pearls, as compared with other jewelry, is owing to the excellence of the imitations. 2. Roman pearls are prepared with the purest alabaster.  
**INQUIRER**—The origin of the phrase "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is thus given: In the time of Edward VI. of England, much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but, in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they always allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's Church, hence the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."  
**LANDSMAN**—We know of no remedy for sea-sickness. To lie in a horizontal position mitigates the violence of the suffering.  
**REMARKER**—It is a mistake to suppose that the temperance cause has made no progress in Germany. Four years ago there were 300 temperance societies in Germany embracing a million members. They pledge themselves, however, to abstain from the use of ardent spirits only.  
**QUESTER**—The term "Muslimman" signifies "resigned to God," and is the dual number of the singular "muslim," the plural being "muslimin."  
**L. B.**—The popular lines entitled "The Dead of 1832" were written by Robert C. Sands of New York, and appeared in the New York Commercial Advertiser, of which the author was assistant editor, a few weeks before his death, which occurred Dec. 17, 1832.  
**C. C.**—The shark fin used as an article of food in China, are chiefly collected in the Arabian and Persian gulfs.  
**ANONY.**—Thorvaldsen, the Danish sculptor, died of apoplexy, March 24, 1844. He bequeathed his fortune, which amounted to nearly a million of dollars, to the foundation of a museum at Copenhagen, which bears his name.  
**PUEB.**—Victoria has been queen of England 22 years.

## CHINESE MANDARINS.

The intimate and valuable commercial relations now opening between this country and China, render it important as well as interesting for us to acquire an accurate knowledge of the singular people who inhabit the "Central Flowery Land." We need not, therefore, apologize to our readers for exceeding in the present article the usual length we have adopted for a "leader."

The term Mandarin for officer is not properly a Chinese word, but has become so associated with our ideas of China, that it is difficult for us to conceive of its being of European origin. We shall therefore use it in the following article on Chinese officials. The mandarins of China are divided, according to the nature of their duties, into three grand orders, viz., 1st, the civil; 2d, the literary, who superintend the examinations; 3d, the military. The mandarins of all these three orders are subdivided into nine classes, each class distinguished from the others by a peculiar uniform, the most characteristic part of which is the button. Each of these classes is again subdivided into a first and secondary division, without, however, any difference in the uniform. To these nine classes may be added another, unclassified, whom the Chinese call *wei ju lieu*—"not yet entered the stream." Their uniform is the same as that of the 9th or lowest class. This classification is merely one of rank, hence the button, as part of the uniform, does not indicate the particular office of the wearer, nor even show his true standing as a mandarin. For instance, a district magistrate, who by his office wears a gilt button, is in reality higher, and holds a more lucrative and more influential post, than the secretary of a provincial superintendent of finances, who as such belongs to the 6th class, and wears a white button. The peacock's feather has nothing to do with this classification, it being, like the European orders of knighthood, always especially granted to the individual wearer.

The full-dress uniforms of the Chinese officials are described at length in the Chinese *Red Book*, which contains a complete list of all the officers under the Chinese government. The following particulars respecting the buttons worn at the apex of the caps, contains all the information necessary to a tanqui or foreigner:—1st class, a plain red button; 2d, a flowered red button; 3d, a transparent blue button; 4th, an opaque blue button; 5th, an uncolored glass button; 6th, a white glass button; 7th, a plain gilt button; 8th, a gilt button with flowers in relief; 9th, and unclassified, a gilt button with engraved flowers.

The mandarins, from the first to the fifth classes inclusive, wear a chaplet of beads around the neck, a conical cap, on which these buttons are fixed, and from the apex of which strings of

red silk, or red hair, fall down on all sides nearly to the lower rim, together with a pair of wide black satin boots, and a gown gathered around the waist by a girdle, forms what we would consider the half or undress uniform of a mandarin. There is no fixed color for the gown, but a reddish-brown grass cloth is generally worn in the summer, and in winter blue silks, over which fur pelisses are frequently worn. Their full-dress uniforms are worn only on occasions of ceremony, and may be regarded as similar to the full dresses of foreign or European officers. On the front and back of these is a square of cloth, on which the civil and literary mandarins have birds, and the military beasts painted. They have still a third and plainer dress, called *chau-i*, or court garment, which is worn only on the most solemn occasions, having reference to the imperial family.

It is impossible to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of the Chinese mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and especially bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land tax—a proceeding with which much extortion is carried on; they vary, also, with the number of lawsuits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and lastly, they vary with the characters of the mandarins and their *yemeeu* or establishment. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are indeed so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains, in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Hence if you do not learn what the gross income of any post averages, it is next to impossible to gain any idea of the net income, or how much is left after all the higher mandarins have had their presents, etc. It may be guessed, however, that the highest mandarins receive about ten times, and the lowest about fifty times the amount of their legal incomes—an amount of pickings and stealings from office that even our model republic, celebrated as it is for such things, cannot at all rival. Mr. Meadows cites as an instance, a mandarin, whose whole legal income was but £22, or \$107, and who complained to him of his poverty, but on his hinting that his post was not a bad one, protested with some earnestness that his income did not exceed 7000 tails, equal to £2333, or \$11,315, of which, he said, he had a great deal to give away, though Mr. Meadows is inclined to estimate that this was his *net* income.

Mr. Meadows has furnished a curious table, exhibiting the titles, rank and legal income of the Chinese mandarins, from which we compile the following:

The *tsung tu*, or *chi tai*, equivalent to an English Governor-General, is a mandarin of the first class. He wears a plain red button, and has a legal income of £60, or \$291, while his extortions amount to £8333, or \$40,415.

The *hsun fu*, or *fu tai*, answering to an English Governor, is a mandarin of the second class, and wears a flowered red button. His legal income is £50, or \$242 1 2, but his extortions amount to £4333, or \$21,015.

The *pu cheng si*, or *sun tai*, in English, the Superintendent of the Finances, is a mandarin of the second class, wears a flowered red button, and has a legal income of £50, or \$242 1 2, but his extortions amount to £2666, or \$12,920.

The *ancha si*, or *nie tai*, or Provincial Judge, is of the third class mandarins, wears a transparent blue button, and has a legal salary of £43, or about \$209, but his extortions amount to £2000, or \$9700.

The *yeu yun se*, or *yun tai*, the Collector of the Salt Gabel, has the same rank, and a legal salary of \$209, as the last named, but his extortions are calculated at £1666, or \$8070.

The *leang chu tau*, or *leang tau*, the Grain Collector, ranks as a fourth class mandarin, and wears an opaque blue button. His legal salary is only £30, or \$170, but his extortions equal £1266, or \$6140.

The *shou hsun tau*, or *tau tai*, answering to an English Intendant of Circuit, is also a mandarin of the fourth class, and wears the same button and has the same legal salary as the preceding, but his extortions are £1000, or \$4850.

All of the preceding are addressed by the Chinese as *ta jeu*, or "Your Excellency."

The *chi fu*, or Prefect of Department, is a mandarin of the fourth class, but is styled "Your Honor." He has the same salary as the last named, but his extortions are equal to £652, or \$3162.

The *chi-li-chi chou*, or Prefect of Inferior Department, is of the fifth class mandarin, and wears an uncolored glass button. The *chi litung chi*, or Independent Sub-Prefect, and the *tung chi*, or Sub-Prefect, are of the same rank, and all three enjoy the same legal salary of £26, or \$126, but their extortions vary from \$1858 to \$1091. The *chi chou*, or District Magistrate, when of the same rank, receives the same legal salary and \$1271 extortions.

The *t'ung pan*, or Deputy Sub-Prefect, is of the sixth class mandarins, wears a white button, and has but £20, or \$97, legal salary, but his extortions give £176 additional, or \$853. All of these, from the Prefect of Department down, are styled *ta lau ye*, or "Your Honor."

Besides these principal officers, there are the *chi hsein*, or District Magistrate, a mandarin of the seventh class; the *hsien cheng*, or *tsao tang*, or Assistant District Magistrate; the *chu pu*, or Township Magistrate; the *hsun chien*, or ditto, ditto; the *li nu*, or Inspector of Police; the *tien she*, or ditto, ditto; the *gho po go*, or Inspector of Police; the *ching li*, or *ching ling*, or Secretary; the *chau mo*, or *chan ting*, or ditto; the *ku-ta-shi*, or *ku ting*, or Treasurer; the *si yu*, or Prison Master; all of which are mandarins from the seventh class down, and are usually addressed as *tai ye*, or "Your Worship." Their legal salaries range from \$100 to \$50, and their extortions vary according to circumstances.

The *ghai kwan*, or Superintendent of Customs, is of the third class mandarins, and as such called "Your Excellency." His legal salary is £43, or \$207, and his extortions amount to £833, or \$4040. In all these calculations, the pound is counted at four dollars and eighty-five cents, its value in the United States.

**MORMON ATROCITIES.**—The San Francisco Bulletin has a letter from Salt Lake, giving accounts of further developments of Mormon crimes. Judge Cradlebaugh, the fearless, has just returned from his southern tour. In all the country over which he passed in the southern part of the territory, he has received details of hideous crimes scarcely hinted at before. The graves of dozens, murdered for apostasy or a few dollars, or because they knew too much for the good of their priestly leaders, were pointed out to him by those who knew personally of the dread mysteries clustering around those deserted tombs. Even the massacre of still another train of emigrants, in the fall of 1856, was in part developed. The Mountain Meadows massacre, instead of standing the first and only occurrence of its kind, seems to have been, in fact, the culmination of wickedness, to which its Mormon perpetrators had become emboldened by previous successes.

**FAINT HEART.**—"Faint heart never won fair lady," says the old Spanish proverb, and we will add, "or anything else worth the winning." Stout of purpose, inflexible of will, should be the man who expects to achieve great ends. There is no velvet turf on the road that leads to fame and fortune. In fact it is a much harder, rougher road than that which leads to the coldest woman's heart; and all the buffetings of a proud woman's scorn are nothing to the blows which he who aspires to reach a high position by honest means must take and ward off in his upward struggle.

**NEW HOTEL.**—The English, after cracking jokes at the "St. Bobolink," the Metropolitan, and other mammoth caravanseries of Gotham, are about to erect one on a similar plan in London, and wish Colonel Paron Stevens to take charge of it. Perhaps he will—he has only five hotels in this country to manage.

**SCIENCE AND RELIGION.**—True science and true religion are twin-sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the depths and firmness of its basis.

**A NEW TENOR.**—In one of the battles of Italy the French captured thirty guns, three flags, and an unapproachable tenor, who is shortly to appear in opera on the Parisian stage.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.**—The bridal veil of a young lady about to be married in New York, is to cost a thousand dollars. Other brides may hide their diminished heads.

## IN TOWN.

We really cannot see the slightest traces of misery and despair in the countenances of the numerous individuals who compose that large and respectable fraternity, the "can't-get-away club." On the contrary, they look remarkably jolly. We have spoken soothingly to some of these relics of the tidal wave that has swept out of the city, and we find, to our astonishment, that they absolutely refuse to be comforted, on the ground that they are perfectly comfortable. They tell us that "there's no place like home," that the Common affords them all the rural nature they desire; that the air of the city is pure, alternately freshened with breezes from the country and the sea; that places of amusement are open for them nightly, and the public library is a never-failing resource for their hours of leisure. They say that a trip to Long Island, or Nahant, or Gloucester, or Hingham, is cheap, and encroaches but little on their time or purses, and that they fare in every way better than if they were whirled about in a crowd of pleasure-seekers and not pleasure-finders. There's a philosophy in this which sets us to thinking, and we are almost ready to prophesy that these home-keeping friends of ours will compare favorably, in condition and spirits, with the best of fashionable emigrants, when all are gathered together within the city limits on the advent of September.

## FRENCH EXECUTIONERS.

Among the decrees, says a Paris letter, lately issued by the Minister of Justice concerning the salaries of its functionaries, the most interesting item is that relative to the public executioner. The remuneration of this enviable office is fixed at 5000 francs a year for Paris, 4000 for Lyons, 3000 for Bordeaux, Rouen and Toulouse, and 2400 for the other criminal courts throughout France. The vulgar error of the hereditary nature of the office has been completely rectified by the debates upon the subject, and it affords much reflection for philosophy to learn that for the single appointment of headsman at Orange, in the south of France, twelve hundred candidates sent in their claim to the minister. It was always thought that the reason of this hereditary maintenance of the office in the family of Samson, was owing to an aversion manifested by others for its acceptance; but Samson has just given the explanation of this peculiarity. When asked the other day what obliged him, rich, well-bred and highly considered as he was, to accept the horrible profession left him by his father, he replied, with some degree of dignity, "The greatest obligation in the world, that to which all men must bow—the obligation of position!"

## THE TOILET COMPANION

Is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which these famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz., "KALLISTON," "COCOINE," "ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH" and "FLORIMEL." The Kalliston is an article the ladies already regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin, and beautifying the complexion. The Cocoine, containing a large proportion of coco-nut oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it and gives it a healthy growth. The Oriental Tooth Wash arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums and imparts fragrance to the breath. Florimel is a delicate and enduring perfume of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. Burnett's Toilet Companion will be much in demand as it becomes generally known.—*Providence Press.*

**A MONSTER SHARK.**—The Halifax (N. S.) Journal says that a shark, measuring thirty feet in length, became entangled in the nets of a fisherman near that place, some days since, and was killed with a scythe. The liver of this monster filled two pancheons.

**THE CHARLESTON (S. C.) MERCURY.**—Wm. Gilmore Simms, the popular American novelist, and man of letters, takes care of the literary department of this able journal.

**GOLD FOR NOTES.**—A certain singer in Paris has been engaged at the opera at 8000 a month. According to our arithmetic, that's about nineteen thousand dollars a year.

**THE GREEK SLAVE.**—Powers's original Greek Slave was lately sold in London for 1800 guineas. "Stattuary has riz—shouldn't wonder if we could sculp a little ourselves."

**DARKNESS VISIBLE.**—In Brown's Hotel they have a room which is lighted only by the key-hole of another room.



## FIGHTING EDITORS.

To a certain class of journalists it must be very uncomfortable to live in a latitude where the hand that wields the pen editorially must be equally familiar with the pistol, and where revolvers are considered as necessary to the sanctum as the paste-pot and scissors. There are others who may like the excitement of this two-fold fighting and writing life, and who can insert an article on, or the point of a small sword in, an adversary with equal coolness, and who can point a paragraph or a pistol with equal felicity. New Orleans has been somewhat famous for its editorial duels.

A letter in a St. Louis paper says "the past eight years' personnel of the Crescent newspaper have had about their share of whatever satisfaction can be obtained by the duello. The proprietor of that paper, at the time of Frost's death, was a gentleman named Maddox, who had killed one man in a duel, and may have been concerned in other affairs of the sort that I know nothing of. The successor of Frost in the editorship of that paper was a young man named Carroll, who, shortly after fighting two harmless duels, laid himself down and died quietly in his bed. He was succeeded by a venerable and erudite gentleman, Mr. Johnson, who, to his many other excellent qualifications as an editor, added the recommendation of having fought and wounded his man, some years ago, somewhere in Virginia. The paper afterwards fell into the hands of Messrs. Nixon & Adams, and in a fearfully brief period the former found himself facing an antagonist at ten paces, pistol in hand. Shots were exchanged twice, and Mr. N. escaped unhurt, but the other gentleman, in essaying to stop one of the bullets with his leg, got that member lamed for life. Not long after this affair, the reporter of the Crescent, Mr. Gibbons, fought two duels, in one of which he was severely wounded by a pistol-shot. The editorial gentlemen of the other papers have never been at all backward at this sort of sport. Lamsden, of the Picayune, some years ago did a brother editor the kindness of shooting off one of his thumbs; Judge Alexander Walker of the Delta, and Hugh Kennedy, of the True Delta, fought and dodged each others' bullets when they were younger than they are now, and one of Carroll's duels was with John Maginniss, of the True Delta, and fought with double-barrelled guns loaded with ball. There have probably been several others, and the editors of the French departments of the Courier and Bee have had two or three hundred little affairs of this kind with the small sword, among themselves and with outsiders. The fact of all this has been to exclude from the press of New Orleans much vulgar personality and blackguardism. A malignant scribbler will generally be more circumspect when he is aware that in all probability the future soundness of his body depends upon his use of prudent and temperate language."

**EARLY RISING.**—Ward Boecher says getting up early is venerable. Since there has been a literature or a history, the habit of early rising has been recommended for health, for pleasure, and for business. The ancients are held up to us for examples, but they lived so far to the East, and so near the sun, that it was much easier for them than for us.

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

**HOW THIS COUNTRY WAS NAMED.**—When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus, after a series of fatigues, came in sight of St. Salvador, they burst into an exuberant mirth and jollity. "The lads are in a merry key," cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe.

**LITERARY REWARDS.**—Thackeray receives \$1750 a month for the next thirty two months, for his contributions to the new monthly magazine of Smith, Elder & Co., London.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES.**—The Prince of Wales, since his return to England, has been quite marked in his attention to the Countess of Neuilly.

**A GOOD WORLD.**—The world is good enough, if those who inhabit it would make the best of it.

## SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE.

An English journal indulges in the following piece of scientific romance: Suppose that any one was allowed to pay the Great Eastern a visit once a week for a single year, upon condition that a pin must be dropped upon her deck at the first visit, and that upon each of the succeeding weekly visits the number of pins must be doubled. On the first week there would be one pin, on the tenth week there would be 512 pins, on the twentieth week there would be 524,228 pins, on the fortieth week there would be 549,755,813,889 pins, and on the fifty-second, or close, there would be the enormous number of 2,251,799,813,685,248 pins. The weight of this quantity of pins would be, as nearly as possible, 251,316,943 tons, 7 cwt. 67 lbs., 15 ounces; so that it would require about 1117 Great Easterns, calculating the tonnage of each at 22,500, to carry the weight of pins that might be deposited in fifty-two weeks, upon the simple condition of commencing with the unit and doubling the quantity each time—the calculation being a very simple one, which almost any schoolboy can go through with.

**NAPOLEON III. UNDER FIRE.**—A letter written from Milan by a musician of the 1st regiment of the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, says: "At the beginning of the battle, when the Zouaves and our corps rushed to the attack of the bridge of Magenta, the emperor was behind us, surrounded by his whole staff, and I assure you, that, notwithstanding the balls, grape and shells that rained on us from all sides, he commanded as coolly as if he had been on parade; but at last the danger became so serious, that his generals represented to him that it was not prudent to remain there. Still he did not stir, and we were obliged all of us to gather round him, and tell him that was not his place, before he was induced to retire." At Solferino also, he exposed himself with equal courage.

**"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."**—An old but true saying, as shown in the instance of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which is now acknowledged to be the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and last, but by no means least, consumption. Years of steady trial have placed this remarkable medicine in a position rarely attained by any patent compound, and it has become an article of household necessity everywhere. Buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" upon the wrapper, which is always the case with the genuine.

**CURIOUS AND ENTERTAINING.**—Let no one, either stranger or citizen, fail to visit the Aquarium Gardens, at 21 Bromfield Street. Hundreds are daily delighted and instructed here, old and young. The remarkable features of the exhibition just now, are a live Man-Eating Shark, in his native element, a Sea Raven, the most remarkable and brilliant colored fish we ever saw, and a male and female Seal; docile, beautiful, and as pretty as a petted spaniel. Mr. Cutting calls them to him at will. Since the day it first opened, this exhibition has been thronged.

**TRICKERY.**—Of all the atrocious sorts of selfish, sneaking treachery, some of the practices of certain unscrupulous tradesmen are the most abhorrent.

"When chalk and slum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

**"BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY."**—This is certainly the cheapest Dollar Magazine ever published, containing as it does one hundred pages reading matter in each number. No continued stories—each number a complete book of itself, containing history, biography, well-written stories and poetry, curious items, cooking receipts, news, and wit and humor enough to make one "laugh till he cries." Besides two pages of original comic pictures—*Express, Sullivan, Ill.*

**CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.**—It is a singular fact that on the day of the great battle on the banks of the Minio, a noble Spanish lady, bearing the titles of Duchess of Solferino and Countess de de Fuentes and Centellas, died at Barcelona.

**AN EMPTY HEAD.**—Of a light, frivolous, flighty girl, whom Douglas Jerrold met frequently, he said, "That girl has no more head than a periwinkle."

**DOGS.**—In Cincinnati eleven hundred and twenty-five dogs have been made to bite the dust this season under the operation of the dog law.

## Whyside Gatherings.

The town of Lehama, Cal., has been destroyed by fire. The loss was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

A man died the other day, in consequence of drinking corrosive sublimate, supposing it to be gin.

Sun strokes have caused many deaths this summer. In Fitchburg, a woman of 94 died of sun stroke, while returning from berrying.

We see it stated that Mr. Hawthorne has completed a new romance, and that he is soon to return home.

The wheat crop of New York this year, is the largest ever known. The weevil has ceased to be a serious annoyance.

A man was fined one dollar at Wheeling, Va., last week, for "allowing a horse in his possession to run away."

The New Haven police are successfully administering their new Sunday law, in the matter of closing dram shops on the Sabbath.

The Italian colony at Tobacco, in Mexico, has been abandoned in consequence of persecution by the government, they being suspected of liberalism.

Joseph C. C. Kennedy, Esq., has been appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to superintend the arrangements for taking the eighth census.

The naval authorities at Norfolk have just concluded a series of experiments with a submarine lantern, which is said to have resulted satisfactorily.

The ginseng excitement has nearly died out in Minnesota and the adjacent States. Prices have depreciated, the trade is declining, diggers are returning, and the buyers are winding up their business.

The new shell boat built in New York for one of Yale College boat clubs, is made of Virginia cedar, carries six oars, and weighs less than one hundred and fifty pounds.

Commodore Hudson, of the navy, who assisted in laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable, believes that the break is near Trinity Bay, and that it will be underlaid, and will eventually work.

Twenty thousand dollars in premiums have been offered by the Agricultural Society of St. Louis. The Fair will be held in that city on the 26th of September, and continue six days.

A Washington clergyman, a Sunday or two since, while stating a deficiency in the collections, remarked that since the issue of three cent pieces the revenues of his church has declined nearly one-half!

Frederick A. Maffit, son of the late celebrated revival preacher, John Newland Maffit, died on the 17th of July, of delirium tremens, in the county jail at St. Louis, where he was awaiting trial on a charge of forgery.

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences has received from Africa 2500 specimens of different birds, and 250 of quadrupeds. They are the contributions of Dr. P. R. Chailu, who has travelled over four hundred miles of that continent in pursuing his natural history studies.

The Merrimack River Agricultural Society have purchased of the Nashua Manufacturing Company a lot of land lying on the Ledge road, between the canal and the road, and just east of the ledge, for fair grounds. It comprises twenty-five acres, and is eligibly situated for water.

Tom Taylor's old and "intimate enemy," Read, is again charging him with plagiarism, in putting forward a French piece under the very English name of "The House or the Home?" This is in retaliation of Taylor's attack on "White Lies."

The celebrated driver and trainer, Sam McLaughlin, has left for England, for the purpose of driving the trotting horse Jack Rossiter in the great match of twenty miles against time. He will astonish Johnny Bull, if anything can astonish him, by the way in which he handles the ribbons.

A noted burglar in Washington named Ray, who was recently sent to the penitentiary for six years, said he could afford to serve that length of time, as he "had his eye on a bank that would be ready to rob just about the date of his release, and he would rob it, as he was determined to die rich or in the State's Prison."

Mr. Nathaniel Morse, of Newburyport, was fined \$27 in the Police Court of that city, for shooting ten robins. His defence was that the birds visited his cherry trees and partook of the fruit. There seems to be a disposition in all parts of the Commonwealth to enforce the law for the preservation of useful birds.

The Hartford Times says the birds must wonder what fools we are, and proves it by telling about a lady of that city who hung up her husband's best shirt on a cherry tree, to act as a scarecrow in keeping off the robins. The birds not only took the cherries as fast as ever, but the shirt was quickly converted to shreds, and used to line their nests with.

Mr. Long, in his travels through Pennsylvania, found many families who had never heard of the Bible, and did not know its character. In one case a lady claimed to have "a pooty family Bible," which turned out to be a "History of the Mexican War." In another, a lady unable to say whether she had a Bible, was asked if she had "the good book," to which she replied with an earnest affirmative, "O yes, you mean the almanac."

## Sands of Gold.

.... Every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream.—*Zerkke.*

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fader.*

.... It is easier to increase our wants, be it ever so much, than to reduce them, be it every so little.—*Bower.*

.... The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.—*Erasmus.*

.... Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

.... He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... We should forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.—*Bovee.*

.... Ballads are the ginsey children of song, born under green hedge rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time.—*Longfellow.*

.... Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

.... A man—so to speak—who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.—*Jerrold.*

.... One contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.—*Bovee.*

.... He who falters, in apprehension of his neighbor, has already put himself in the harness of a mule; and the genius which commands the keys of the future, is always an outlawry.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The face of the world is not apt to frown on success; no, it is too ready to break into smiles at any gigantic prosperity, no matter how darkened the means by which it was attained.—*Jerrold.*

.... Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Balcan Lytton.*

.... My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## Joker's Budget.

What poet do miners value most? Cole-ridge.

The empress of the French is surrounded with Parisites!

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.

Why were the Amalekites never allowed to speak? Their king was A-gag.

The statute legalizing matrimony at a certain age, is, properly speaking, a maritime law.

Which of the English poets would be most likely to make a lion feel at home? A Dry-den.

What poet is least distinguished for brevity? Long fellow.

What scripture character would have made a suitable husband for a tall laundress? A hi-tub.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses, in having no Eves.

It is well known that the philosopher Thales believed water to be the first principle. Query: Was Thales a milkman?

An apothecary asserted in a large company, "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was hemmed in on every side.

Prentiss thinks it is no more than right that men should seize Time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

According to the Talmud, one party of the Rabbins allowed divorces, when a woman had only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt. What a burning shame!

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I mounted one three times a day." "Yes," replied Brown to the swaggering Jones, "but every one's mother isn't a washerwoman!"

"Mary, is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

"Gubbins is very close," it was observed: "he will squabble about a single farthing." "Well," remarked Sharp, "I have always thought the less one squabbles about the better."

"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a young gentleman who had had a hazardous adventure in the Mammoth Cave. "There they are, madam," said he, pointing to his pedal extremities.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
**MY NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.**

BY LEONORE GLENN.

I'm thinking of the past, to night,  
 Of years long since gone by.  
 When life was but a pleasant dream,  
 Without a grief or sigh.

Ah! those were halcyon days to me,—  
 Those fruitful, childhood hours,  
 And O, too quickly have they flown,  
 While sporting 'mid life's flowers

As years sped on, I paused to think,  
 And learned that life was real,  
 Then taught my heart to know the fact  
 I could no more conceal.

Ah, time still flies, and with it fades  
 Bright, happy childhood days,  
 And with a thoughtful mien I turn,  
 And follow life's stern ways

I've tried to feel that all were not  
 Deceitful and untrue,  
 But O, I've learned to know they are  
 But few, yes, very few

And if so young I'm forced to know  
 The world is false and cold,  
 I do not wish that many years  
 Their wings may round me fold.

I wonder if the coming year  
 Has aught of good for me?  
 Or if my way be dark and drear?  
 But O, too soon I'll see

But I'll keep courage in my heart,  
 Let come what ill there may,  
 Remembering it is always dark  
 Before the dawn of day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

**"I'LL DO IT, THIS VERY MINUTE!"**

BY M. T. CALDOR.

"I'll do it! I'll do it, this very minute!" exclaimed Squire Ellis, throwing down his newspaper and lifting off his spectacles from his generously-proportioned nose. Then rubbing away vigorously at the glasses with his handkerchief, he repeated again, with double energy, "Yes, hang me if I don't do it this very minute! and there goes Lawyer Ellery."

Whereat he commenced a violent thumping at the window, which, with his grotesque gesticulations, arrested the attention of a gentleman cantering by on a sleek, black horse, who immediately turned the head of the spirited animal, and came dashing up the broad avenue that led from the highway to the steps of the handsome, old-fashioned mansion.

"What is it you are so unusually earnest about accomplishing immediately?" asked a fair, bright faced girl of twenty, looking up archly from her work.

With his natural impetuosity, when once aroused, the squire was dashing by her to the door, but pausing a moment, he laid his hand fondly on her soft brown tresses, saying, with a perceptible quiver in his hearty voice:

"My old chum, Tom Farnsworth, is dead, so I see by the paper. He was younger than I, and it set me to thinking that it was time for me to be looking out for the grim messenger. At any rate, I mean to fix things all right before he comes, and now's the only time to make sure of it."

Marion Grey's soft eyes filled with tears, and she said reproachfully, "Naughty, naughty papa, to talk so, this bright, beautiful morning, and you so hale and hearty too, worth a dozen of the young men of these times."

"In the midst of life we are in death," answered he, his jolly face subdued into most unwonted solemnity. Then perceiving the tears gushing over the girl's delicate cheek, he added, cheerfully, "Never mind, pet, there may be many a happy day in store for you and me yet, but there is no harm in being ready; and for your sake, my dear, I must make a little preparation."

He passed along to the hall-door, spoke a few words to the horseman, who immediately dismounted, and led the way to the library. When they returned to the piazza, the lawyer was buttoning his coat over a long, sealed paper, and saying, carelessly, "As I told you, I am on my way to the cars, and probably shall be away several weeks; but I'll see it all in legal security, and keep it, as you suggest, till there is a call for it, which, I trust, will not be for many a year yet."

"That's all right. Take good care of it. I'm

glad to have it off my mind, for no one knows what may happen."

The lawyer cantered away, and the squire returned to his handsomely-furnished drawing-room, and his stepdaughter, where he stroked the drooping head, and smiled cheerfully into the pensive face, until Marion brightened again into her habitual light-heartedness.

Squire Ellis was quite as fond of Marion as if she had been of his own kindred. When he made Widow Grey his wife, he opened his heart likewise to her pretty, bright-eyed daughter; and though the pale, shrouded form of the meek wife was laid at rest beneath the churchyard sod, he only drew the sobbing girl closer to his manly breast, assuring her, thenceforward, she should receive love enough from him to recompense her for the loss of her natural parents.

Right honorably had he kept his word, and, as he always declared, was more than rewarded by the warm devotion and earnest gratitude of Marion, the only member of his household who was certain to pass unscathed through the shower of sparks his fiery temper occasionally sent off in every direction.

Never a hasty word had the orphan received from him, not even when she disappointed a long cherished scheme that had laid very near his heart, and sent away his only nephew and sole legal heir, with a sorrowful refusal of his proffered hand.

The anger and indignation of the mortified suitor were peremptorily checked by the squire's declaration that Marion was at liberty to do as she chose in such matters, and for his own part, he did not wonder she could not fancy such a scapegrace as Henry Ellis. Poor little Marion, however, read plainly how grievous a trial it was, in reality, to her generous foster-father, and never dared confess the truth in the case, that she had no heart to bestow on Henry Ellis, since Frank May had carried it away with him to the far off western city where he was struggling against poverty and discouragement in a dusty lawyer's office, with the memory of her sweet face the only light to brighten his gloomy prospects.

The morning after the lawyer's visit, Squire Ellis took a cheerful leave of Marion, to answer a business summons to a neighboring city, promising, playfully, to return speedily, with some very mysterious packages for her investigation. Ay, a speedy return it was! That very night a violent ringing of the bell started the quiet household, and the bewildered Marion sprang up in shivering terror, as the servants' shrieks rang out on the midnight stillness. Scarcely a thought had darted through her paralyzed brain, ere she found herself standing in the hall below, gazing, with white lips and dilated eyes, at the rigid form a group of strange men were bearing into the library. One moment she remained dumb and breathless, then had torn away the muffling cloak, to find the revered head crushed and mangled, the soft, gray hairs she had stroked so fondly that morning, stiff with clotted blood, and no voice, no word for her from the lips that still betrayed the horrible struggle with which life had fled.

No wonder the poor girl could gather little meaning, and cared not to hear the recital of the terrible railroad disaster that had brought mourning and desolation into many another home. One only thought was crushing hope and life from her heart. Moaning feebly, "My father, my more than father, is dead—dead!" she crept away to her chamber, where the servants found her, white and insensible, lying across the threshold.

Day and night came, but no relief, and the mangled form had been laid beside her mother, before Marion left her feverish couch and descended to the rooms, where his beloved presence no longer cherished and strengthened her. A new grief aroused her from the apathetic horror that had chilled her heart. Henry Ellis sought her presence one day, and, with ill-concealed, triumphant insolence, inquired if he could, in any way, be of service to Miss May? He still cherished kindly feelings towards her, he said, and as his uncle's sole representative, might perhaps be induced to renew the offer she had once so audaciously spurned; nevertheless, she must be aware that a residence beneath his roof was hardly decorous, unless, indeed, he should conclude to make her his wife immediately.

Marion's tear-dimmed eyes turned bewilderedly towards him, and catching the bold, exultant look of his face, read his meaning. The old spirit flashed in her face again, and almost sternly she replied: "The decision she had pro-

nounced once, with Squire Ellis's sanction, was irrevocable still."

The astonished, narrow-minded man of the world forgot all honor and chivalry in the passion of rage that swept over him, and defiantly informed her that as everything lately his uncle's belonged to him, she might as well know it at once; his roof should not shelter a single day longer so thankless and scornful a person as she proved to be.

Sharply and vividly Marion Grey realized now the extent of the woe that had befallen her; but it raised the crushed spirit from its stupor. Without a single word, but a flashing glance eloquent with scorn and contempt for his pitiful meanness, she left the apartment, the graceful head haughtily erect, and the slight form drawn up to its proudest height. But ah, what a burst of frantic grief followed when she had reached her chamber! Homeless, bereaved, penniless! what sudden blow was this? She reeled beneath it—only the proud resolve to relieve the house of Henry Ellis from her presence, supported her fainting spirit. Feverishly and wildly, she gathered together the generous wardrobe provided by the love so terribly missed now, and leaving directions with the indignant servants to send her trunks to a friendly neighbor's, she, who had reigned so long in that stately house, its honored and cherished mistress, passed away alone and unattended from its threshold.

Only one gleam of light shone in Marion's troubled sky: Frank May would never change. She needed no assurance of that; but all his efforts were needed for his own advancement against the obstacles in his pathway. She was too true a woman to wish to burden or hinder him in his upward struggle; therefore, not till all her arrangements had been made, through a sympathizing friend, and a situation procured as the humble mistress of a little country school, did Marion write to her lover of the change that had befallen her.

She was not much surprised, however—certainly not much offended—when, before it seemed possible for him to have traversed the distance between them, she found herself clasped in the strong arms of the young lawyer, and her weary head once more pillowed on a friendly shoulder. Her lover's indignation at the cruel treatment she had received, was only cooled by the bitter consciousness of how little he himself was able to do for her.

"One thing only is clear to me, dearest," he repeated, again and again; "we must be married immediately. The little I have you must share, but my worst grief is the change it will be for you to such a humble home as I can provide. But I am young and strong, and surely, for your sweet sake, fortune will smile upon my untiring efforts."

They were standing in the churchyard, by the new-made grave, when he said this. Her tears were flowing freely, and his manly face wore a look of deep dejection. At that moment Henry Ellis, in an elegant equipage, dashed up to the gateway, reined in his spirited horses, and came up the walk with a workman to superintend the lettering of the inscription on the monument. The lovers drew back, but not till the heir had flung them a glance of malicious and scornful triumph.

Frank May clenched his hand threateningly, and bit his haughty lip till the blood started, but Marion's soft clasp on his arm kept down the mighty torrent of passion raging within him. Not a word was spoken by either during their homeward walk, till they reached the temporary home of Marion, when he exclaimed, suddenly, after a deep, inward struggle, "I'll do it! I'll do it, this very minute!"

The words startled Marion like a shock of electricity. A wild expression crossed her face, then came a passionate burst of tears. Her astonished lover strove vainly to soothe her. At last the tempest of emotion cleared, and like the rainbow of promise shone the light over the girl's whole pale face.

"Frank, Frank!" said she, earnestly, "there is hope for us yet. I had forgotten it, all in the sudden horror and desolation that came upon me with his death." And briefly and distinctly she related the occurrences of the morning when that same exclamation from Squire Ellis had amused and surprised her.

His rapidly changing countenance showed how important Frank considered her communication.

"Squire Ellery, you say? He has been away from the State several weeks, I know, and may

not return for some time yet. I must hunt him up immediately. Cheer up, cheer up, my Marion. I knew the good squire meant to provide liberally for you. I am confident that Lawyer Ellery has the will, and does not know of your step-father's death. Aha! Henry Ellis may be humbled yet!"

True enough, it was even so. Not more than three weeks from their meeting in the churchyard, Frank May and his new-made wife sought Henry Ellis in the house the latter had left so sorrowfully—Lawyer Ellery and the clerk of a neighboring court, as well as the clergyman of the place accompanied them. The youthful owner, called from a jovial party in the dining-room, met them with cool, irritating politeness, but a few words from the lawyer, and his flushed face paled a little and his hand trembled nervously, as he unfolded the papers handed to him, purporting to be, as the label declared, "the true copy of the last Will and Testament of Richard Ellis, Esquire."

It was soon dashed angrily to the floor. "It is a forgery, sir. I shall contest the thing, I can assure you of that. To leave me only a pitiful sum like that is not my uncle's doing. It is a forgery, and I shall contest it from court to court."

"That would be as absurd as useless," replied the lawyer, coolly. "You see the instrument—any such proceeding on your part forfeits the generous allowance given you, in case of your quiet surrender of the estate to Mrs. May here, named in the will as his beloved step-daughter, Marion Gray. Call in the old housekeeper and the gardener. I am surprised that they have not already informed Miss Grey that they witnessed the will, although, of course they were ignorant of its contents."

Henry Ellis strove to hide the convulsions of his countenance, and his audacious tongue faltered, as he excused himself a few moments while he returned to his friends, whose noisy mirth and clanking glasses reached them even there, to quiet them, and summon the servants to make inquiries.

Very proudly flashed the dark eyes of Frank May, as the humiliated rival disappeared. "He shall be well humbled for so pitilessly turning my Marion from her home," replied he sternly. But Marion was gazing fondly, through her flooding tears, at the noble portrait of the former master of the mansion. The generous, loving heart of Squire Ellis looked out upon her through the canvass, and the fair young wife said, solemnly, as she touched her husband's arm and pointed to the picture:

"No, no, Frank, we will not try to humble his only nephew. We will all be friends yet, and you, for his uncle's sake, will forgive poor Henry, even as I do."

The young man's brow darkened, then cleared again, and the fine countenance shone with a flood of generous emotion, as he exclaimed, heartily, "Yes, yes, you are right, Marion. I'll forgive him. I'll do it! I'll do it, this very minute!"

**THE PRIDE OF GENTILITY.**

I heard a story of a young lady of the north of the island, who not long ago was married to a respectable farmer. Her husband took her on a wedding trip, and on their return introduced her to her future home, where was a table nicely laid for supper, and two excellent mould candles burning. She had so soon entered the room than she burst into tears. Her husband, who was a very good fellow, was alarmed at her hysterical sobbing, and begged her to explain herself. At last, after sedatives had been administered to her, she gave vent to her agitated feelings, and, pumping up her words at intervals, said, "I didn't think, when I left my comfortable home and took you for my husband, that I had married into mutton fats." The fact was that the young lady, who probably was the daughter of a convict, was chagrined at finding mould candles, instead of wax or sperm, on the table.—*Diary of a Working Clergyman.*

**OF WHAT IS SALT A SYMBOL?**

Of fidelity; a man who has partaken of salt with you, is bound to you by the laws of hospitality; and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty, to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit, and was therefore laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platter was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt cellar, which was placed in the middle of the table, was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.—*All About It.*



## AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and peace has been established, after a campaign of six weeks, we can calmly review the history of the war, and collect authentic particulars respecting the memorable encounters which crowd this page of the world's history. As illustrative of these eventful days we publish a spirited sketch representing the French soldiers of various arms, congratulating their chiefs on the result of that long summer day's fighting, that "contest of giants," which closed with the gleam of victory on the French and Sardinian colors. Dearly purchased was that triumph. Even yet the number of slain on both sides has not been proclaimed to the world. Still it was a victory. French gallantry and military science proved superior to Austrian stubbornness and mouldy routine. This great conflict ended the war. The Austrian army, by feigning a precipitate retreat behind the Mincio, reckoned on the impetuosity of the French troops in the pursuit, and hoped to strike a decisive blow. But they were disappointed in the last, as in the first battle. Montebello and Magenta had demonstrated the irresistible force of the French infantry and the solidity of the French cavalry. At Solferino the cavalry completed the experiment of Magenta, and proved once again that the Austrian horse was incapable of standing against it. But the French artillery particularly played a brilliant part on the day of the 24th of June, and gave the measure of its power. The artillery is the

struck at distances whence their heaviest calibres were unable to reply, and strewed the ground with corpses." The rifled cannon have a range and precision which rendered them terrible to the Austrians. At 7000 feet distance they shattered the enemy's batteries, without their being able to reply except by a few balls which were spent when they reached their destination. A single French battery completely dismounted two Austrian batteries and silenced them. The guns belonging to these batteries were almost all taken by the French. The French gunners are men of unquestionable bravery, but placed out of the reach of the enemy's pieces, in a manner indifferent to what was passing around them, and experiencing no loss of men and horses, a source of so much trouble in field operations, they could fire at their ease, and take aim as carefully as if in a school of practice. Almost all the shots at Solferino were effective. In the plain, the brigade commanded by General Delvaux was fighting heroically against a corps three times greater, when the general saw that a regiment of hulans and three regiments of Austrian hussars had just taken up a position on his flank and was menacing a destructive charge. The general immediately issued orders to Capt. Fiant, commanding the 8th battery of the 16th regiment of artillery, to fire a few shots into this formidable body of horse. Capt. Fiant obeyed, and, from a distance of more than 5000 feet poured a fire of grape upon the hulans, who were in the front line. The effect was terrific;

going to the drinking-place. The road to it turned to avoid a steep hill. The chasseurs d'Afrique thought it would make shorter work to keep straight ahead. Rushing over the steep hills, they ascended and descended at full gallop. At the foot of the hill is a paved road; the horses reaching it with the speed of an avalanche, slid for five or six yards, all four feet together, striking a blaze of sparks from the stones. Not a horse fell; the riders seemed to think nothing of the feat they had accomplished, but were laughing, chatting and smoking their pipes just as if they had been in the wood of Boulogne. Three days ago I was crossing the Chiese, going to Lonato. It was about two o'clock. It was a torrid heat, to which the Italians seemed to succumb, but which we Frenchmen sustained easily and gaily. A regiment of chasseurs d'Afrique had camped on the shores of the river. The soldiers were bathing themselves and horses. The men were naked, and the horses had only a halter passed through the mouth. Nothing was finer than to see these men in their primitive costume descending on horseback the sandy shores of the river. We were carried back into ancient Africa. The Numidian horsemen must have had this haughty bearing. How valuable such a spectacle would have been to a sculptor! At a certain part of the river the course is very narrow and forms a deep chasm. Some of these men started at a gallop and forced their horses to leap from the high bank into the river. Horse and rider dis-

a most brilliant charge. The chasseurs, giving the rein to their intrepid horses, rushed on the squares of infantry, and broke them to pieces. The squares being reformed, the cavalry dashed on them again and shattered them to pieces. This diversion operated by the horse succeeded admirably. General Niel, having disengaged his corps, succeeded in repulsing a body of men five times greater than his own. In a word, the battle of Solferino was one of the greatest on record, whether we regard the numbers engaged, the duration of the strife, or the valor of the individuals and bodies of men engaged.

## THE TALKING AND PERFORMING FISH.

Some weeks ago I noticed an advertisement of this creature being exhibited in Manchester, and promised when it came to town that I would give an account of it. It is now being exhibited in Piccadilly (opposite the end of Sackville Street), and proves to be, as was expected, a specimen of a seal. The proprietor has taken for its exhibition a well-lighted room, in the centre of which is an enormous tub, and within this tub reposes the "Talking Fish," nearly covered with water, and looking as happy and contented as a seal can look. Every now and then the water is let off and fresh supplied; the animal seems to enjoy a shower-bath under the spout where the water is let in. It has been long known that seals are exceedingly capable of domestication, and that they can be readily taught to perform tricks like a dog; and this is a case



FRENCH TROOPS CONGRATULATING THEIR OFFICERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

favorite arm of the Napoleons. "In our days," said Napoleon I., "the artillery makes the true destiny of armies and nations." And Napoleon III. has profited by his ideas. His excellent work on artillery, published when he was a young man, shows how well he understood the importance and use of this arm of the military service. In the last great battle he showed how well he could handle this terrible arm. At the village of Solferino it was the artillery of the guard, commanded by General de Sevelinges and by General Laboulay, which, going by the emperor's order, and in the open field, within a thousand yards of the enemy, decided, it is said, the success of the centre. Before the village of Medola, the artillery of the two first divisions of the second corps promptly silenced the numerous Austrian batteries planted on that position. At Cavriana, the artillery of the guard again contributed to carry the position by changing the retreat of the Austrians into a precipitate flight. At Casanova, 42 pieces of artillery, directed by General Soleille, arrested the enemy victoriously as he attempted to turn the left of the Vinoy division. "Finally," adds the official report, "in the midst of the movements of this battle of twelve hours' duration, the cavalry was a powerful help to arrest the enemy on the side of Casanova. Several times the divisions Partoureaux and Desvaux charged the Austrian infantry and broke their squares, but it was especially our new artillery which produced the most sensible effects on the enemy. Its balls

the cases of grape bursting in the middle of the ranks, tore out huge gaps; men and horses fell upon each other; disorder reigned through the leading battalions, terror seized on the others, and the regiments, turning back, fled at full gallop from the scene of disaster. A French gentleman who examined the field of battle, writes: "I saw the place where the Austrian horse were thunderstruck by our artillery. It was a spectacle to strike terror to the soul. There were masses of bodies—men and horses. Almost always—and this is a rare occurrence—rider and horse had been killed by the same discharge, and had fallen together, without being separated by death, as an equestrian statue would fall. An artillery officer pointed out to me this incontestable and bloody proof of the excellence of our rifled ordnance. Our cavalry did not distinguish itself less than our artillery in this great battle. The chasseurs d'Afrique, those Zouaves of the cavalry, are marvellous soldiers, whose intrepidity inspired the Austrians with a terror they could not overcome. On the eve of the battle I was talking with some of these terrible chasseurs. They are jealous of the fright with which the Zouaves inspire the enemy, and they said—'When these boobies have made acquaintance with our sabres they will look on bayonets like playthings.' Mounted on light and untiring Arab horses, the chasseurs d'Afrique are veritable Centaurs. You can judge of their intrepidity by the style in which they handle their horses. Yesterday I was watching a squadron

appeared with a tremendous splash, leaving a white furrow, and reappeared again a few paces further on. On the day of the battle of Solferino, a squadron of chasseurs d'Afrique had been ordered to accompany a convoy of baggage and provisions. When the battle commenced, it was thought useless to employ this squadron merely as an escort, and they were ordered to rejoin their corps. The chasseurs commenced their march, but at the end of an hour they met a squadron of hulans. To fall upon the hulans, to defeat them, slay the greater number and put the rest to flight was done in a short, sharp gallop. Some minutes afterwards our chasseurs met with two other squadrons of hulans. They prepared to fall upon their new enemies, without counting their number, when they perceived that a third squadron of hulans, after having turned them, were preparing to surround them. Our chasseurs soon decided what to do: wheeling about they dashed on the squadron of hulans which was pursuing them, cut their way through, and making a turn, joined their corps safely." During one of the warmest episodes of the battle of Solferino, the corps d'armee, commanded by General Niel, assailed by the enemy on all sides, found itself in a most perilous position. The general succeeded in getting a note, written in pencil, to the emperor, begging him to execute a cavalry charge to disengage him. The emperor sent to the rescue of the general four regiments, the 5th hussars, and three regiments of chasseurs d'Afrique, who started at full gallop, and made

quite in point. "Jim" (for such is the fish's name) at the word of command turns round and round in the water at a most wonderful rate, and checks his motion almost instantaneously. He gives the right or the left fin (or rather fin like paw) to his master, and it is evident he can distinguish the right from the left. He raises either fin as ordered, and then leaning up in an upright position against the edge of the tub, crosses his fins across his breast in the most ludicrously pathetic way. He will scramble up on the edge of the tub, and, bending over, place his great wet mouth against the face of his master, by way of showing "how he can give a kiss." These are all the tricks I saw him perform, but he doubtless has many others. As to the "talking" part of the story, while he is panting about in his tub he utters a sort of plaintive cry which sounds something like "Up yar" (if letters will represent it), and when expressly told to "talk," he utters a sound which, if told it was to mean "mama," would sound to your ears like "mama." He got no further in his address to his constituents than this single word, much to the disappointment of a little girl who was there, and who, I believe, expected the "fish" would hold a conversation with her. Those desirous of seeing how far an animal whose home is the sea (but who is not a fish for all that) can be made obedient to the voice of man, should go and witness this exhibition of what is really and truly a fine specimen of the seal, trained to perform tricks and utter sounds at the word of command.—F. T. Buckland.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE DYING SOLDIER'S ADDRESS  
TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY B. G. JOHNSTON.

Farewell, thou proud banner! bright glory be thine!  
O'er land and o'er ocean mayst thou ever shine,  
Unfaded in splendor of worthy renown,  
While heaven approving on thee looks down!  
For me the wild clamor of battle is o'er;  
The soul kindling trumpet shall thrill me no more;  
My bosom is shattered, my life a waning fast;  
Proud banner, I've battled for thee till the last!  
Thou emblem of valor, and boast of the free,  
Thy glory, thy virtue, to perish for thee,  
Whatever I've suffered of torturing pain  
For thee, death-defying, I'd yield to again  
The cold and my pillow—to-morrow I'll sleep  
Where darkness and silence their gloomy reign keep.  
Dim shadows around me are ringing my knell  
Mayst thou ever prosper, proud banner! farewell!

## THE MAN OF COURAGE.

O courage! there he comes;  
What ray of honor round about him looms!  
O, what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!  
O princely port, presidential countenance  
Of hap at hand! He doth not merely prance  
In chivalric pomp, as some of our best rank,  
But arms in steel, that bright habilliment  
Is his rich valor's sole rich ornament.—SYLVESTER.

## WAR.

War knows no rest,  
War owns no Sabbath, war with impious toil  
Unspent, with blood unshed, to the floods  
Of vengeance still rebellious, still pursues  
His work of death, nor pauses, nor relents  
For laws divine, nor sight of human woe.  
GRAHAM.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The campaign of Italy has opened a new page in the history of Louis Napoleon. Hitherto the world has recognized in him an adroit politician, a skillful administrator of public affairs, and a consummate diplomatist. But the laurels of the successful soldier were wanting to the chief of a military nation. His enemies at home and abroad sneered at his pretence of wearing a general's epaulet and reviewing armies. They looked on him as a "carpet knight," and a mere holiday soldier. They insinuated that his military ability was equal to no greater achievement than making a good figure on horseback while the troops defiled before him on the Champs de Mars. They predicted that his first attempt at the serious business of war would be a miserable failure. We were told that his generals and colonels stood agast when they heard of his determination to command in Italy in person. Two months have sufficed to sweep away all these charges, insinuations, and prejudices. Six months' maneuvering and fighting have been enough to rank Louis Napoleon with the great captains of the world, with Hannibal, with Cæsar, with Frederick, and with Napoleon I. If this day the French army were perfectly untrammelled, and with nothing to fear or hope from their action, were called upon to elect for their chief the man best fitted to conduct them through a difficult campaign to victory, their choice, passing over the scarred veterans whose whole lives have been passed in the battle field, would designate their present ruler as the man. He promised to bring back his victorious eagles to Paris in six months, he will have done so in little more than six weeks. Before leaving for Italy he told his favorite officers that they should be hunting at Compiègne in September, he will prove himself a true prophet. Through the carriage of Magenta and Solferino he has borne a "charmed life," and we believe he is destined to accomplish yet greater things before his career is finally closed. But a few months have elapsed since one of the greatest of American historians was borne to his grave; but a few days have passed away since one of the greatest of American lawyers and orators was laid in his narrow grave. Prescott and Choate have passed away. The press still teems and the air yet vibrates with the eulogies of pen and tongue that this last great loss has called forth. Most fittingly have his services and gifts been honored, showing that the ingratitude attributed to republics is a fiction. Solemn and affecting was that great congregation in Faneuil Hall, where, the sunshine excluded, and artificial light falling on the funeral hangings and emblems of public sorrow, the greatest living orator of America, speaking from and to the heart, discoursed of the great dead. Edward Everett on this occasion surpassed himself. Representing the public sentiment, he clothed it in a solemn splendor of language that thrilled every soul in that vast auditory. With no time for preparation, he spoke from the fullness of his mind and heart, and I never in the flush of youth, or the glory of early manhood, so warmly and so well. The music of his requiem will always haunt the memory of those who were so fortunate as to hear him. We have entered now on the last month of summer. Soon will its green garlands pass into the brown and yellowed. Autumn is pressing forward. A brief season of mellow sunshine of flood glory, of abundant harvest, and we shall have the clear blue skies, the keen air, the icy kisses of September. The autumn will come to us not unwished for or unwelcome. In the vastitudes of our northern climate there is a charm unknown to those portions of the globe where eternal summer reigns. When the pulses become languid with heat, we have an invigorating change, when the system to some extent long continued fest we are lifted again through a gradually increasing tem-

perature, into the torrid atmosphere of summer. At the Porte St. Martin, Paris, they have played a great spectacle founded on the war in Italy. *Le Vain Sarras* one of those peculiarly French dramas, made up of liberty, glory and gunpowder, in which the *grande armée* smashes its enemies all to pieces, and then behaves with most overwhelming charity to the countless prisoners it has taken. The piece includes all the events of the war, from the departure of the emperor from Paris to the battle of Solferino. Two or three hundred people were employed to give effect to the battle scenes, and an immense quantity of gunpowder was burnt. The piece takes nearly five hours in the performance. The Paris opera houses have been suffering from the want of a good tenor singer. The French army has, however, captured one. A letter from Marseilles says that a sub-officer, of the Austrian service, taken prisoner at Montebello, had been brought to France. He was rejoiced at getting out of the Austrian army and going to France, and in his joy used to delight his companions by singing airs by the great German composers. A French officer promised him that he should not long be a prisoner, as he found he had a tenor voice which even Tambrlik might envy. He undertook to secure him an engagement, and has written to Paris on the subject. Conquering tenors on the battle-field and at the bayonet's point is something new and curious. Rev Mr. Fox, Episcopal chaplain in the army at Fort Lecombe, has preached in the famous Mormon Tabernacle, and Bishop Kimball and Brigham Young delivered addresses at the close of the discourse. Everything was pleasant and harmonious. It was recently reported that not a few of the Mormons were recovering from their delusion. A New York correspondent writes that Meyerbeer's new opera, "Le Pardon de Ploemel," has just reached the music stores; and all the amateur pianists and private prima donnas are banging their keys and cracking their voices over it. The opera, like all of Meyerbeer's great works, is gorgeously elaborated, and has the average number of simple, sweet melodies. It will probably figure on the Academy boards next season. Of the sixteen buildings belonging to Harvard College four were erected before the American Revolution, viz: Massachusetts Hall, built in 1719 and 1720; Holden Chapel, built in 1744; Hollis Hall, built in 1762 and 1763; and Harvard Hall, built in 1764, to replace the second Harvard Hall, which was destroyed by fire in January, 1764. The *Vienne Presse* having stated that Gyal was going to the waters at Baden, inquires somewhat pointedly, "Will he take them?" The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has recently been published, states that during the last year 1,012,808 passengers and 16,862 emigrants have been carried on the cars of the company, and not a single life has been lost. This speaks volumes for the efficiency and care of the managers of the road. The wheat harvest is progressing in Michigan. The crop promises to be large. Some new wheat at Grand Rapids brought \$1.25 per bushel. Some heartless wretch says "a ship is called so because a man knows not the expense till he gets one—because they are useless without employment—because they look best when well rigged—because their value depends upon their age—because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home." We believe the Transcript is responsible for the following military joke. The French have displayed their prominent national characteristic during the Italian war, in their treatment of the Austrians, who have no reason to complain of any lack of Zouav-ity on the part of their opponents. The ability to prepare cotton seed for the market, by means of machinery used for hulling it, has added a large percentage of value to the cotton fields of the South. The seed is sent to Europe and converted into a fine oil much needed in the arts. An eminent Hungarian has transmitted to the London Daily News an authenticated contradiction of the report that Klapka and the Hungarian exiles had offered the crown of Hungary to the Grand Duke Constantine. General Caneva is at present engaged in organizing a permanent school of practice with the Minnie rifle, at Havana, which is now in the hands of most of the troops of the island. The captain general has it likewise in contemplation to establish "a general school of arms and gymnastics," to take the place of those established in 1841 and 1845 by General O'Donnell. To this will be added a well chosen library for the use of the army. Baron Henry Larrey, son of the well known Larrey who was so highly esteemed by Napoleon I., is, at the present time, as was formerly his father, director-general of the army medical department in Italy. Volunteers are at present engaged in Paris for organizing fresh battalions of Zouaves, and such is the desire of the soldiers there to be employed in active service, that a considerable number of non-commissioned officers have applied to be permitted to form part of that body even as privates. The Bishop of Cortona, in whose diocese the towns-people of Perugia have taken refuge, has issued a pastoral strongly reprobating the atrocities of the Swiss troops. The Fourth of July was very handsomely celebrated in Paris by a banquet at the Hotel du Louvre. Opposite the entrance of the room hung a portrait of the emperor, surrounded with American and French flags. Tables, richly ornamented with silver candelabra and adorned with flowers, accommodated a hundred guests, among whom were about twenty ladies. The banquet was presided over by Mr. Mason, United States Minister at Paris. His lady occupied a seat at his right. Among the lady guests were Messdames Mason, Date, Smith, Hoidane, Seely, and Miss C—, of Fifth Avenue. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Mason, Lansing, Date, Train, Young, Bigelow, Lamson, Seely, and the Russian Czar, Captain Shestakoff. The dinner was magnificently served in every respect—brilliant lights, exquisite dishes, wines of the first quality. Appropriate toasts were given, speeches made, and general hilarity prevailed. Upwards of \$600 has been subscribed toward erecting a monument to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Baron James de Rothschild has given a sum of 20,000 francs toward the subscription for the wounded of the army of Italy. An ancient and exceedingly simple method of book-keeping, is to keep all the books you lay your hands on

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The proceedings of the Peace Conference at Zurich are watched with the intensest interest in Europe, whose vital interests are involved in its decisions. Louis Napoleon's policy, it is thought, will be generally sanctioned, yet it cannot be disguised that deep discontents are rife in portions of Italy, and, after all, the peace may only prove a truce, and precede a war on a grander scale than Europe has ever witnessed. In France the channel fortifications continue on a great scale, the whole coast being rapidly covered with works soon to be bristling with guns. England is still uneasy as to the future intentions of France. In Ireland the radicals are looking forward with hope to the prospect of a rupture between France and England. The news from the East is unimportant. Strong defensive preparations continue to be made in England.

## Count Cavour.

The London Times augurs evil of Count Cavour's resignation. "He was," it says, "an honest man. He believed in Italian independence as a future work of Napoleon III. It was by means of the confidence he felt himself and inspired in others that Mazzini and his emissaries were discredited throughout Italy. It was Cavour who gave the signal for the successive risings in the smaller Italian States. It was by means of his influence that the revolutions at Florence, Parma, and Modena were bloodless, and that Rome remained tranquil."

## English Paintings.

At a collection of English modern pictures sold recently in London, the sale realized £4000 (\$20,000). The following are a few of the pictures sold, with the prices: "A Summer's Afternoon," T. S. Cooper, £236 5s.; "The Sanctuary," E. M. Ward, £242 11s.; "A Landscape," P. Naysmith, £267 15s.; "A Rustic Home," W. Muller, £315; "Sea-shore," W. Collins, £220 10s.; "The Waterfall," P. Naysmith, £320 5s.; "The High Altar," D. Roberts, £267 10s.; "Cranmer led to the Tower," F. Goodall, £388 10s.

## Verona.

An order of the day published at Verona says Austria concluded the war for the maintenance of sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of the people, the bravery of the army, and her national allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The emperor cordially thanks the people, as well as the army, who have again showed that their sovereignty may confidently rely on their devotedness, if any new struggle should arise.

## Paris Fashions.

Fashion in bonnets is nearly at a stand still, and the artists, for the time being, have ceased racking their brains for novelties. The newest thing we can mention is a bonnet made of fine black hair, embroidered with trimmings in silken straw. The ribbon used for the uttering has a black ground, and the flowers at the side are entirely black with jet centres. The effect of this combination is very original, and it has the advantage of defying dust.

## Kossuth's Sons.

In the list of students at University College, London, who recently received prizes at the hands of Lord Palmerston, we find the names of the two sons of Louis Kossuth, the ex-governor of Hungary. While he is seeking the independence of his country, his sons have been winning laurels in the more peaceable departments of architecture, natural philosophy, and astronomy, and civil engineering.

## Prussia.

The Prussian Gazette says that in consequence of the treaty of peace, orders had been transmitted to the troops on the march to halt at the respective places where they happen to be; also that the proposal made by the Prussian ambassador to the Federal Diet in regard to the federal troops, had under present circumstances been withdrawn by the Prussian government.

## A Fast Age.

In two months and one day from the time the Emperor Napoleon left Paris he made peace with the Emperor Francis Joseph at Villafranca. In this interval the French army was engaged in five or six battles, two of which may be numbered among the greatest battles the world has ever seen. The emperor seems likely to redeem his promise to hunt at Compiègne in September.

## The Italian Confederation.

Austria and France will support the formation of the Italian Confederation. Lombardy as far as the line of the Mincio is to be given up. Mantua, Pesobiera, Borgoforte, and the whole of Venetia remain Austrian possessions. The Princes of Tuscany and Modena are to return to their States. A universal amnesty is granted.

## Switzerland.

The Federal Council have resolved to disband the troops in the Canton Ticino, where the guard for the Austrian vessels will alone remain. They also resolved upon proposing very severe measures to prevent the enrollment of the Swiss for foreign military service.

## The Armistice.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says that three applications were made to the Emperor of Austria before he would consent to an armistice. The overtures were made direct by the Emperor Napoleon for the purpose of preventing the mediation of neutrals.

## European Agitators.

The peace has "shelved" three great European agitators—Cavour, Kossuth, and Mazzini—at least for the present. But they are all men who must be heard of in the future.

## Menagerie burned.

Jean Laugier's menagerie was burned in Copenhagen in June last. Only one animal, a large polar bear, escaped. A monkey set it on fire by playing with matches.

## Solferino.

During the storm at the battle of Solferino, the emperor of Austria and his brother Maximilian lost each other, and the latter went like a child, bearing last, Francis Joseph had been taken prisoner, while the Duke of Modena foamed at the mouth with disappointment and vexation. The emperor was furious with his generals who pronounced the fatal orders to retreat, his own command would have been "remain on the field and die."

## A Veto.

The project of erecting a monument to Egmont and Horne has been vetoed by the city authorities of Brussels, upon the ground that the published correspondence of Philip II., and other recent historical investigations, conflict with the traditional and political conception of Egmont's character, and place him in a much less favorable light.

## Sardinia.

It is remarked that Sardinia, by accepting Lombardy without the fortresses necessary to defend it, has made herself the vassal of France, and that Italy has gained nothing; while the emperor returns to Paris, nominally a conqueror, but in reality a baffled and dishonored man.

## French Liberals.

The Sicile (organ of the French liberals) is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin again in a few years if the minutest Austrian influence is suffered abroad in Italy. It calls for the expulsion of the petty Italian princes, confederates of Austria.

## Trans-Atlantic Criticism.

The London Athenæum is very savage upon a recently published American book. It says: "The preface is the revolution of a phantasmagoric Christmas holiday wheel. The work is written as with a bowie-knife; it is all revolver, firing and brandy-smash."

## Salmon plenty.

Salmon was never known to be so abundant in the river Shannon as at the present season, and it is now selling by hawkers at 6d per pound, whilst large quantities are sent off daily by rail and steamer to the London markets.

## Hudson's Bay Company.

The Duke of Newcastle stated in Parliament that the government did not intend to renew the license by which the Hudson's Bay Company held their North American territories.

## Fourth of July in Ireland.

A party of Americans on a tour through Ireland celebrated the Fourth of July at Killarney with "complete success and stirring enthusiasm."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MILK COWS AND DAIRY FARMING. By CHARLES L. FINE, Secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp 413 1859.

This work, the result of experience, study and reflection, is a most valuable contribution to our agricultural literature. The title-page states that the treatise "comprises the breeds, breeding and management, in health and disease, of dairy and other stock; the selection of milk cows, with a full explanation of Guenon's method, the culture of forage plants, and the production of milk, butter and cheese; embodying the most recent improvements, and adapted to farming in the United States and British provinces, with a treatise upon the dairy husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's system of dairy management." The promise of the title-page is amply redeemed by the text, which is moreover illustrated by numerous excellent engravings. The work contains the cream (we don't intend a pun) of all that has been written on the subjects treated, with many valuable ideas of the author, based on personal experience and observation. We have examined it with great care, and can recommend it conscientiously to our numerous agricultural friends through this country and Canada. It is written clearly, and nothing is left unexplained.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Edited by SIDNEY BARCLAY. New York: R. D. & Carlton. 12mo. pp 251. 1859.

This work purports to be a publication of the private journal of a lady, the wife of an officer of the Revolution, and the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, written during the absence of her husband in the field, and portrays the domestic trials of the woman of the heroic age of American history. Whether genuine or otherwise, it is a charming and interesting book. It is printed in a quaint, old-fashioned style, and is altogether admirably got up. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS. From Authentic Sources. Edited by LADY SHELLEY. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp 308. 1859.

Few characters in the range of literary history are invested with so much interest as the poet Shelley. The work is an authentic history of his life, undertaken to correct the many errors existing in received biographies of the poet. It concludes with Shelley's unfinished essay on Christianity, now first published.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. By MADAME DE MASCORVILLE. Philadelphia. George O. Evans. 12mo. pp 359. 1859.

Both publisher and author deserve the thanks of the public for the promptness with which this work has been produced. It is from the pen of a lady well known in the literary world, and well informed on European affairs. She has given us a satisfactory sketch of the principal causes, and spirited biographical notices of the principal actors. The work is illustrated by Dr. Shepton Mehanzie. It is embellished with portraits and a map of Northern Italy. For sale at 45 Cornhill and all the Boston bookstores.

ETTORE FIERANOSCA: OR, THE CHALLENGE OF BARLETTA. By MASSIMO D'AZZOLIO. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo pp 356. 1859.

An excellent story, illustrating the struggles of an Italian against foreign invaders and foreign pretensions, from the pen of one of the most brilliant of modern Italian writers. At the present moment, when everything relating to Italy is sought with the greatest avidity, when the promise of her future is occupying a thoughtful mind, this book cannot but achieve a triumphant success.

THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT. Compiled from the most authentic sources. New York. Delisser & Procter. 2 vols. 12mo.

Two more volumes of the excellent "Household Library" are judiciously devoted to an authentic and interesting biography of that able and energetic northern sovereign who laid the foundation of the modern greatness of Russia. The material has been gathered from a vast number of sources, not easily accessible to the general reader, and has been skillfully employed. Boston. Crosby, Nichols & Co.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks' advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies four or five days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

**Premature Loss of the Hair,** Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Barnett's Compound*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug13tr

#### NOW READY,

A New Edition of that Valuable and Beautiful Work,

#### MILCH COWS

—AND—

#### DAIRY FARMING.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Fully and beautifully illustrated with 130 Engravings. 12mo, 416 pp. Price \$1.25

#### A Good Book on Milch Cows and Dairy Farming.

A man had some friends to dine with him, and after they appeared to be fully sated with good things, he urged them to try a pie before him, which he had not himself tasted. "Try it," said he, "I am sure it's good, for I know who made it." For the same reason we now commend to general attention a new book just out, on *Milch Cows and Dairy Farming*, by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. We have not yet found time to critically examine the work, but "we know it is good, for we know who made it." Few writers of agricultural books have the patience to examine their subjects sufficiently, and to devote the necessary amount of time and labor required to make their works really valuable. One of that few we think Mr. Flint to be. On this account, as well as from a general love through it, we conclude that this work is the most complete and most valuable one of the kind published in this country. It is a large 12mo, containing 416 pages, with 128 illustrations, and can't but be useful as well as interesting to all who have aught to do with the subject of which it treats. Price, \$1.25.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

PUBLISHED BY

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,  
13 Winter Street, Boston.

Sold by all Booksellers and Periodical Agents throughout the country.

N. B.—Copies will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price. A dollar bill and eight three-cent stamps may be enclosed and sent by letter to the publishers, for a single copy. Or ten copies will be sent to any address in the United States, postage, or freight paid, for ten dollars.

Any bookseller, periodical agent, or postmaster, can procure a copy by mail, if requested, at the wholesale price.

Agents wanted in every county in the United States, to dispose of this new and instructive work, which is in universal demand, and which needs only to be seen and examined in order to be appreciated by that numerous and intelligent class for whom it was especially designed.

#### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

These are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak, when cooked in this apparatus, shall be rendered equally as tender as the sirloin steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

#### Gas Cooking Apparatus.

##### Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

##### Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 23 tr 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

#### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address  
june4 3m GEORGE C. BROWN & Co., Hookset, N. H.

**YOUR NAME in Gift Letters,** (adhesive) Size 1 inch, one cent each, 2 inches, two cents; 3 inches, three cents, etc., with red stamp to put return postage. Grand chance for agents! 12 all-pink, one each, for \$1, two each, 3 for \$1, three each, 5 for \$1—assorted colors. Address  
june4 3m GEORGE C. BROWN & Co., Hookset, N. H.

GEORGE K. SNOW,

PATIFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE OFFICE,

july30 3w Boston, Mass.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.**—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelties, tales, sketches, biographies, a treasure of foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale every where for four cents per copy.  
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

**OPERATIC VIOLIN INSTRUCTION BOOK.** Containing thorough instructions, and a large variety of Operatic and other music. By D. M. H. May. Price, \$1

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,

277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

PARSONS & GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES

june2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET

#### BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

#### AMUSEMENTS.

#### THE GRAND AQUARIA,

—AT THE—

#### AQUARIAL GARDENS,

NO. 21 BROMFIELD STREET.

THIS magnificent display of one of the most fascinating phenomena of nature is now open to the public from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M.

These Ocean and River Conservatories are the most exquisitely interesting subjects to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the hand of taste and refinement. They present us with a striking and perfect illustration of

#### LIFE BENEATH THE WATERS.

Admission, 25 cents; children under ten years of age, 15 cents

CUTTING & BUELER, Proprietors

#### NAHANT ILLUSTRATED.

SILSBY, CASE & Co.,

299 12 WASHINGTON STREET.

Have just taken splendid Photographic Views on a large scale, of the most prominent points of interest in and about Nahant, including views of the principal summer residences. These pictures are equal to the best specimens of photography ever executed in this country. S. G. & Co. have recently taken a series of views of Niagara, which are unsurpassed in their fidelity to nature and artistic execution.

#### SOMETHING NEW.

#### A Liquid Coffee Superior to All.

THE undersigned has the pleasure to announce that he has perfected arrangements for the manufacture of the

#### REAL FRENCH COFFEE,

which he claims will equal if it does not surpass the best Coffees of the Cafes of Paris. It is made under the direction of Mons. J. F. Fontarive, of Paris, who is familiar with the French process, and a single trial of the article will satisfy everybody that it is

#### The Best Coffee in the World.

For hotels and eating-houses it is invaluable, as a cup of the most delicious coffee can be made at a moment's notice.

It is put up in neat pint and half-pint bottles, and sold at a very moderate price.

For sale wholesale and retail at our

#### PRINCIPAL TEA WAREHOUSE,

198 WASHINGTON STREET

Also—At the Branch Stores,

110 COURT STREET.

65 UNION STREET.

39 BEACH STREET.

104 WASHINGTON STREET.

july30 THOMAS G. WHYTAL. 4w

#### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

#### COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business

#### COLLECTIONS.

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

#### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities

#### LAND WARRANTS

bought and for sale.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, Attorney, 12 State St., Boston.

JOSEPH W. DAVIS, 25 State St., Boston.

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gantaphile. Sold by

F. BROWN, aug13 tr 68 Washington Street, corner State.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

#### MICROSCOPES!

#### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw, the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different power, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

#### CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, july30 4w

#### BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

As a Wash for the Complexion, it has no equal, it is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendencies to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discoloredities. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady. Prepared only by

#### JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.

For sale by Dealers generally, price fifty cents a bottle. aug13 3w

MEERSCHAUM PIPES and CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Mounting and repairing at short notice

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

aug13 tr 68 Washington Street, corner State.

#### HEADACHE.

CHRONIC sick, or nervous Headache is generally dependent on, or accompanied by impaired digestion, by which the circulation and nutrition of the brain are deranged, and the nervous centres irritated. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, by revivifying the digestive powers, lays the axe at the root of the tree; the brain is duly nourished, the nervous symptoms cease, and the headache disappears

#### JOSEPH L. BATES.

aug13 3w 129 WASHINGTON STREET

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned on order

#### NEW EDITION

OF THE

#### BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU,

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,

MATURIN M. BALLOU.

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with, from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, erected by a filial hand to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step and year by year to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are faithfully delineated. The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit with which it has been received by good judges

"Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has discharged his filial task in a most able and acceptable manner, with unaffected candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission."—*Boston Evening Transcript*

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far as possible, his own biographer, and wherever the patriarch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency. In the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression."—*Ladies Repository, Boston*

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is written by one who knew the subject of it at home."—*Rev. O. A. Skinner*

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as to present the full proportions of his father's character."—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery*

"It is from the pen of Maturin M. Ballou, editor of Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great discrimination."—*Boston Evening Transcript*

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of biography than has our author, as shown by this work."—*Rev. J. A. May*

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and finished, not straining after highly-wrought, flowery diction, and no descending to lightness or frivolity."—*New York City Ambassador*

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically, and truly recorded."—*Oliver Branch*

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou's' discourses, or who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain the present publication. It is accompanied with an excellent engraving of the good man."—*Boston Bee*

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy and natural style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence which characterized 'the old man eloquent,' the eloquence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the outpouring of feeling."—*Rev. C. F. Le Fevre*

"The present volume embodies the history of his public, as well as his private trials. The gist of his doctrines and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the venerable subject."—*Boston Post*

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vigorous and successful writers connected with the Boston press, and the present volume will add much to his well-earned reputation."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us in life—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom of a sage."—*Vermont City Repository*

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS,

No. 88 Cornhill, Boston.

#### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

#### ONE DOLLAR.

#### WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 115,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

#### SAMUEL MASURY,

#### PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. june1 tr

FOR SALE. A few wood cuts at this office on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be supplied by return of mail and the price at once given.

#### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in print ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE BEL ISABEL;** or, **THE CONSPIRATORS OF COCA.** A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER;** or, **THE PROPHECY OF THE HUNTER WILD.** A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE QUEEN OF THE SEA;** or, **OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN.** A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the singular incidents of those times. Written for us by NED BUNTLINE.

**THE TURKISH SLAVE;** or, **THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.** This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated. Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**FITZ-HERN;** or, **THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS.** A Tale of Olden Day. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT;** or, **THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN.** This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition. Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR;** or, **THE HUNTER SPY OF VIRGINIA.** A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF;** or, **THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN.** This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest. Written for us by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

**THE SEA LION;** or, **THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOBSCOT.** This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE ROYAL GREENS;** or, **THE SOUTHERN OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.** A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period. Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**RODERICK THE ROVER;** or, **THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE.** This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest. Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE;** or, **THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS.** This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalry daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed. Written for us by DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**PAUL LARON;** or, **THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.** This famous story is one which has been re-qualified by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE SEA LARK;** or, **THE QUADRON OF LOUISIANA.** This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident. Written for us by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE CASTILIAN BRIDE;** or, **THE SPANISH CATALAN.** A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT;** or, **THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF.** This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE;** or, **THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE.** This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover. Written for us by CAPT. HENRY P. CLEVELAND.

**RED HAND;** or, **THE CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.** In this story the reader will be surprised not more by its absorbing plot and vivid scenes than by the fact that the author has adhered so closely to the history of the daring and tragic times of which he writes. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE SMUGGLER;** or, **THE SECRETS OF THE COAST.** This acknowledged to be our greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## THE TROTTING PARK, SOUTH END.

The accompanying engraving is a sketch of a scene on the Trotting Park, at the South End, and represents a 240 flyer "making play" in the presence of a group of delighted spectators of both sexes, for he it remembered that the fairer and better portion of humanity take nearly as much interest in the performances of fast trotters as the uglier and worse division of the human race. This was evinced three years ago, in this very locality, during the Agricultural Fair, when the "trials of speed" (they were not races—racing is wicked) always found the seats filled with lovely and virtuous maids and matrons, watching the track with the intensest interest, and from their bright eyes raining inspiration on the drivers, as they were roving their flying steeds. And Bostonians may well take an interest in such sports, for the American trotter is a New England notion. Years ago, farther back than the memory of this deponent runneth, a certain horse named the "Boston Blue," astounded the whole country by his performances. This wonderful animal actually did travel a mile in three minutes, which, in his day, was lightning speed. But the present is a faster generation. There is not a respectable livery stable in the city which does not own half a dozen hack horses capable of making that time, at least, and a few pets that can travel "low down in the thirties." In fact,

frequently held here. It is leased by a gentleman of this city who sells tickets to persons desirous of driving, or having their horses trained there. Occasionally a "trial of speed" between horses takes place on the ground, and then admittance is obtained by the public on the payment of a small admission fee. Lying nearly on the line of the horse railroad, and within a short walk of the centre of the scene, such an exhibition always attracts great crowds of spectators.

## HOW TO CLEAR OFF A POACHER.

"You once spoke of firing at a poacher," said my friend; "how did that occur?"

The old man gave one of his quiet smiles, as he replied, "I ought to be ashamed to tell that story, sir, but I was very young at the time, and as you have asked me, you shall have it."

"One night the under-keeper reported that a fellow had arrived at a public house in the neighborhood, and was boasting that he had left London with only 5s., walked the whole way, and now had his pockets full of gold, picked up by poaching as he came along. I was starting on my rounds at the time, and called in to see him. He was sitting at the fire, and had evidently been drinking freely. At the first glance I saw that he was a bad one, more like a returned convict or a housebreaker, than a poacher; indeed I had reason to believe afterwards that he was both;

me that I had been sold, and that the fellow's object in making the bet was to discover the birds' roosting place. The more I considered of it the clearer it appeared, and I could have knocked my head against the wall to think how stupidly I had been taken in. The only consolation left me was, that if he visited that cover again, I would be there before him."

"The evening I mounted my pony, called at the public house as if on my way to Stirling, saw the poacher, who had only just left his bed, and rode on for a couple of miles, when I turned down a lane which brought me back to the lodge through the forest."

"Soon after nightfall I took my gun and started for the cover. It was bright moonlight, and there was a little snow on the ground, so that you could see an object a long way off. I lay down about sixty yards from the trees where he made the unsuccessful attempt, and waited quietly the result. Hour after hour passed away, and still no poacher came. It was bitterly cold, and had I remained much longer I would have certainly fallen asleep, and perhaps never awakened; so I was just about to give it up and return to put a watch upon the house, when I heard footsteps in the snow, and the next moment a man made his appearance. It was my friend, but so disguised that but for the dog I could not possibly have recognized him. He had on a

never came back, and in his haste forgot to pay the bill at the public house."

"I visited the spot in the morning, and picked up a good Manton gun, evidently stolen, for part of the barrel was sawn off, and it was otherwise disguised. Except a few bits of wool from the stockings and some dog's hair, there was no trace of any harm being done, though he must have been pretty severely stung, for my gun carried far and hard. He was surely a rare one for running. I measured his footsteps in the snow, and every stride was eighteen inches longer than my own, though I could run a bit myself at the time."

"I told my old master of it the next time we went out shooting together. He tried to look grave at first, for he was a magistrate; but it wouldn't do, and leaning against a tree, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It got wind in the country, and for a long time afterwards I was very little troubled with 'night poaching.'"—*Game Preserving in Scotland and Ireland.*

## THE FRENCH PULPIT.

We might expect in the pulpit of the nation which has pre-eminently the reputation of wit, epigram and repartee, some signs of this national characteristic. We find, on the contrary, very little wit in French sermons—less than in those



SCENE IN THE TROTTING PARK, SOUTH END, BOSTON.

a three minute horse is "nowhere" on the road; for there are always to be found, of a fine afternoon, a few flyers waiting to pick up customers, who can make much better time. If we take the statements of their owners, about every horse on the road is a three minute horse; and yet, to the uninitiated, a three minute gait appears a rushing one.

The speed which characterizes New England horses, is the result of careful breeding and careful training. It requires great skill, great patience and good temper to bring out and develop the points of a trotter. Long and regular exercise is necessary to develop and strengthen his muscles; long walks, minute attention to feeding and stabling, and very careful handling. American trotters have achieved a world-wide reputation, and the fame of such animals as Lady Suffolk and Flora Temple has pervaded Europe. It would seem as if even the English, with all their horse-love, are unable to compete with us in this respect. When an English or French gentleman is desirous of fairly flying over the road, he is under the necessity of importing horses from this side of the Atlantic. Louis Napoleon has, on several occasions, recruited his stud from the United States, and his favorite team is a pair of American trotting horses. The trotting-park at the South End is not, and never has been, a race course, though trials of speed have been

for he spoke a good deal about Australia, and left a skeleton key behind when he left. His dog, evidently the best of the two, was beside him, and knew me for an enemy as soon as I came in, for he retreated into a corner, and never took his eyes off me while I remained. After a time we got into conversation. He made no secret of his profession, which was, perhaps, partly assumed to cover a worse; spoke freely about his methods of catching game, and very slightly of Scotch keepers. Among other things, he said he could clear a cover of pheasants in one night, by smoking them with a preparation of sulphur that he had invented.

"I don't believe that," said I shortly.

"Will you take a bet, keeper?" said he, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a handful of gold and silver.

"I was wrong to do it, but the fellow vexed me—which was, perhaps, what he wanted. So I did, and he agreed to settle it at once. In ten minutes he was ready to start, and I brought him to a small fir cover full of pheasants. Whether he could really do what he said or not, I cannot say; but after spending an hour or two in the operation, he did not succeed in securing a bird, and we returned to the public house, when in a few moments he drank himself speechless, and I left him."

"I had scarcely lain down when it flashed across

smock-frock, broad brimmed hat, knee-breeches, and long white stockings. The dog kept close to his heels, but seemed ill at ease, rearing up every now and then on its hind legs like a fox, and snuffing the air, as if it knew there was an enemy near, which I strongly suspect it did. Fortunately the wind was blowing towards me, or I should have been discovered at once. The master, too, seemed uneasy, and stood leaning on his gun with his head bent down as if he were listening.

"What to do now I could not tell. My legs were so stiff with the cold that to catch him with sixty yards of a start was out of the question, and though morally sure of his identity, I could not have sworn to him. But the poacher himself soon brought matters to a conclusion. Stepping forward a few paces towards the trees he raised his gun to his shoulder; almost unconsciously I did the same to mine, and taking aim at the stockings, which stood out white as snow against the trunk of a tree, pulled the trigger. The report was followed by a yell from master and dog. I heard footsteps going straight away at a tremendous pace, and started myself in an opposite direction, warning as I ran, so that in ten minutes, if we both kept on at the same rate, there must have been nearly four miles of country between us. Good material for an *abbi*, as I thought afterwards; but there was no occasion for it—he

of England and Germany, far less than in those of Italy. Where there is most room for humor, where there is a temptation to say that which may provoke smiles, the temptation is resisted and the opportunity lost. The prevailing style is grave, serious, oftener solemn than playful. Such writers as About, Houssaye and Gautier have no imitators among preachers. In scores of French sermons that we have read, we do not recollect one single saying that would pass as a witticism in the cafes of the Boulevards. A change in this respect has come within the last twenty years, since the romantic school began to decline. The spirit of that school allowed what the severe taste of the classic school rejected as profane. The nearest approach to wit which we find in the French pulpit now is in the use of what Cardinal Maury calls in his treatise "*des mots heureux*," such, for instance, as Colan uses, where he speaks of Jesus seeking to vanquish the "insolent repugnance of a Nathaniel;" or of half converted men "modifying themselves on the circumference," losing this fault and gaining that virtue; or of mercy, that "in organizing it, men smother it under its very organs." There are many expressions in French sermons which might, in Germany, pass for *bon mots*, but rarely any that would be repeated to convulse the company over the tables of the *Trois Freres* or the saloons in the Champs Elysees.—*Christian Examiner.*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 8...WHOLE No. 426.  
\$3 50 PER ANNUM.

## CAPTAIN ROBERT B. FORBES.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from a fine photograph by Silsbee, Case & Co., and the likeness of the original has been so well preserved that it will be immediately recognized by all who have ever seen him, and there are few of our citizens who are not familiar with the features of Captain Forbes. The photograph was so striking that as soon as we saw it we determined to reproduce it by means of engraving. We should be pleased to present a detailed biography of one whose whole life has been useful and active, and whose record could not fail to be interesting and instructive, but in the case of contemporaries this can only be done by the assistance of the subject, and we have been informed that Captain Forbes has invariably declined to furnish the material for a sketch when applied to by editors of leading journals. An authentic account of his career can only be expected after he has passed away from the present sphere of his usefulness, and we sincerely wish that day may be far distant. As it would be manifestly unjust to attempt an imperfect sketch of a life filled with incident and purpose, we can only allude to Captain Forbes's career in general terms. In early life he was a shipmaster, and to the present day has devoted his talents to the improvement of navigation and the increase of the facilities of commercial intercourse between nations. He has modelled a large number of vessels—we believe the first propeller launched in these waters was built from his plans. He invented the new rig which bears his name, and which saves a vast amount of labor and danger to seamen and ships. The various philanthropic enterprises of the day have found in him a liberal contributor, sympathizer, and worker. He has labored hard to increase the comforts and provide for the wants of seamen, and has achieved an honorable reputation by these and other services. When the Jamestown was sent to Ireland with supplies for its starving inhabitants, Captain Forbes received the command of this fine United States vessel, converted from a ship of war to the beneficent almoner of a nation's charity, and his reception in Europe must have been regarded as an interesting event in his career. Captain Forbes enjoys vigorous health, and bids fair to attain a long life.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

On coming into possession of the vessel the new company thought that in case of war the Great Eastern might prove an invaluable auxiliary to the government, if not for carrying guns, yet still more effectively in running down the largest of the enemy's ships, which the immense speed of the vessel would enable her to overtake with perfect ease. For this purpose, therefore, it was decided to strengthen still more her sharp powerful bows, by laying down three complete iron decks forward, extending from the bows backward for 120 feet. These decks are entirely completed. They cover 8000 square feet, and afford storage for 1400 tons of cargo space. They will not, however, be used for this purpose, but for accommodating the crew of 300 or 400 men. With this large increase of strength forward, the Great Eastern, steaming full power, could cut in two the largest wooden line of battle ship that ever floated. The deck alone requires 18 miles of five inch planking to cover it; the paddle boxes are of rolled iron, and each contains 21,000 cubic feet, and is equal in size to a vessel of 600 tons. Everything connected with the vessel is on a gigantic scale. Thus, it requires more than six tons of paint to give

one coat to the interior iron-work, and nearly eight tons to give one coat to the outside, from the water-line to the bulwarks. When completely rigged, she will have six masts; one forestay-sail mast of wood, three mainmasts, square rigged, of iron; one mizzenmast of wood; and one jiggermast, the last also of wood. The three wooden masts are already placed, and almost entirely rigged; the iron ones will be so shortly. The last mast is a single tree, Canada pine, about 130 feet high, and proportionately thick. The foremast is a built mast, as is also the mizzen, but all the topmasts, yards and gaffs, are single sticks of immense length and width, straight as arrows, and free from knots or sap. The cabins, as far as they have yet been fitted, are amply spacious when compared with the accommodations offered by other vessels. The berths are very ingeniously made to fold flat against the wall during the day, and so give much increase of room for any who may choose to use their cabins as sitting-rooms. Both pad-

dle and screw engines are almost completely finished. It is quite impossible by mere description to give any adequate notion of the colossal proportions of both of these sets of engines. The paddle engines consist of four oscillating cylinders, of 74 inch diameter and 14 feet stroke; each pair of cylinders, with its crank, condenser, and air-pump, forms in itself a complete and separate engine, capable of easy disconnection from the other three, so that the whole is a combination of four engines. A friction clutch connecting the two cranks is the means by which the engines can be connected or disconnected. All the sets of engines, both screw, paddle and auxiliary, are provided with governors, expansion and throttle valves. The paddle engines will work up to an indicated power of 3000 horses, or 33,000 lbs., when working 11 strokes per minute with steam in the boiler at 15 lbs., the expansion valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. All the parts, however, are so constructed that they will work smoothly either at eight strokes

per minute, at 25 lbs., without expansion, beyond what is unavoidably effected in the slides, or at 16 strokes per minute with the expansion valve cutting off at one quarter of the stroke. Under the latter circumstances, the paddle engines alone would give an indicated power of 5000 horses. The boilers are immensely strong, and have been tested to double the pressure they are required to bear. Their weight, including donkey engine, pumps, funnels, etc., is 210 tons, and they are capable of containing 156 tons of water. Each set has about 8000 square feet of surface, exclusive of flue or furnace, and about 400 square feet of fire bar surface. Each is equal to supply freely, with moderate firing, steam for an indicator of 1800 horse power when working with 15 lbs.; but with full firing can supply freely for an indicator of 2500 horse power. The fireplaces and ashpits are fitted so as to be well adapted for the use of anthracite coal. The screw engines are constructed on the same improved principles. They have four cylinders

of 84 inches diameter and 4 feet stroke. The cylinders are capable of being worked together or separately. When working 46 strokes a minute, with steam on at 15 lbs., and cutting off at one-third of the stroke, these engines give an indicated power of 4400 horses, but at 55 strokes a minute, steam on at 25 lbs., and cutting off at one-quarter of the stroke, the power will reach 6500 horses. Thus the united efforts of both screw and paddle engines will drive the immense vessel through the water with a power of no less than 12,000 horses. What fleet could stand in the way of such a mass, weighing some 30,000 tons, and driven through the water by 12,000 horse power, at the rate of 22 or 23 miles an hour. The screw engine boilers are in three distinct sets. Their weight is 362 tons, and their capacity for water is 270 tons. The probable consumption of coal when both engines are at full work will average 250 tons per day. The cellular compartments at the bottom of the ship will be used for pumping water into instead of ballast, and as the webs subdividing these are made perfectly watertight, any one or any number can be filled at pleasure. The vessel is to be completed Sept. 4, with a premium of £1000 a week for earlier completion, and a penalty of £10,000 a week for each complete seven days beyond the allotted time. This agreement includes the masts, sails, rigging, boats, cables, engines, boilers, ironwork and woodwork, with suitable accommodation for 500 first-class and 400 second class passengers. Of course a contract so extensive is not all performed by Mr. Russell, the contractor, himself, but distributed in various branches among different firms which he has been in the habit of employing for his other ships. Some of these subdivisions include work enough to be considered as extensive contracts. Thus the rigging will require 900 blocks, and about 79 tons of hemp rope, with 30 tons of mixed wire and hemp for the standing rigging. Her sails will consume nearly 12,000 square yards of canvass; she is to have 20 boats fitted with masts and sails complete, exclusive of two small screw steamers, each to be 100 feet long by 16 wide, of 130 tons measurement, and 40 horse power. She is to carry upward of 1000 fathoms of chain cables, all of the most massive description. Her anchors are 16 in number, ranging from one to seven tons, the largest. Had she been fitted with the Admiralty anchor, and had the old rule been followed of requiring a certain weight of anchor according to the vessel's tonnage, her largest anchors must have been 25 tons each.—London Times



CAPTAIN ROBERT B. FORBES.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE ACTRESS'S VICTIM.  
AN OVER TRUE TALE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

GEORGE HERBERT and I were school fellows. He was two years older than I, talented, handsome, good tempered, always at the head of his class, and a favorite alike with his teachers and his playmates, for he was not, like many studious boys, a dull fellow on the playground. He was foremost there, as he was everywhere else, the leader of all our juvenile games; and what, perhaps, tended to increase his popularity more than anything else, he was ever the supporter of the weak against the strong. His generous disposition prompted him to be this.

We were at a boarding school, and I need not say that a cowardly, lubberly boy at a boarding school is likely to fare badly, and to be hustled and bullied about by his schoolmates, often by boys smaller and younger than himself. Talk of men finding their level in society! There is no place where a level is so quickly, so easily found, as among the boys at a large boarding school.

However, George Herbert, though he made the leading lads of the school his chief companions, never spurned the advances of the feeblest of his schoolmates. He would suffer no one to be ill-treated, or even to be ill spoken of in his presence, and there was no way by which a friend could so quickly fall in his esteem, as by assuming a tyrannical, scornful demeanor towards those less gifted than himself. George hated nothing but meanness and falsehood. These he could not abide; once assured that a boy had been guilty of either, and his esteem was lost forever.

Even old Dr. B——, the principal of the school, who seldom smiled upon anybody—though he was a good man and an excellent schoolmaster—often spoke kindly and encouragingly to George Herbert; and more than once—though not in George's presence or hearing—held him up as an example to his schoolmates, and, strange to say, without causing any feelings of envy or jealousy! All were ready to admit that what the doctor said was true.

Now the reader may imagine that I am attempting to describe that most disagreeable and impossible of literary creations—because it has no counterpart in real life—a perfect character. Such is by no means the case. George Herbert had his failings as well as all other creations of humanity. "Though," as Goldsmith writes, "even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

He was generous to a fault, often, though not intentionally, at the expense of justice. He was somewhat hasty in temper, and prone to sudden fits of passion, though his anger was seldom aroused save by witnessing acts of injustice or oppression; and, though this weakness was not observable while at school, or in early boyhood, he was too susceptible to the blandishments of the fair sex. No man could have tempted George Herbert to a wrong action; a bad woman might, though it must have been in such a manner that he could not perceive the folly that he had been guilty of; for I don't mean to say that any woman could have tempted him to crime, until he had gone too far to easily extricate himself.

While he was at school, George was always supplied with an abundance of pocket-money, which he spent freely, for he was the only son, the only child of a country gentleman of independent fortune, who, with good reason, doted on him.

George Herbert left school at the age of eighteen, some two years before I did, with the intention of going to Oxford University, where he intended to remain four or five years, after which it was anticipated that he would be elected to represent the county in which his father's estates were situated in parliament, as his father and grandfather had done before him. It was not intended that he should practise any profession, as his father's rent-roll, from landed property in the county, to which he was sole heir, was amply sufficient to maintain a luxurious establishment. It was the boast of the family that since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they had lived on their estates, fulfilling to perfection the ordinary duties of country gentlemen, generally holding the commission of a justice of the peace, or a colonel of militia; and once or twice the lord lieutenancy of the county had been held by the head of the family; the younger sons had from time immemorial held commissions in the army or

navy, and had often risen to eminence in those professions; but George being an only child, and not being inclined to the profession of arms, the only public employment he expected to engage in was, as I have said, the somewhat onerous one of representing in the House of Commons the constituency of his native county.

This being the state of affairs with him, it was, and ever has been a matter of wonder with me, how the family became all of a sudden reduced in circumstances, for I never heard the matter satisfactorily explained; and as George himself seldom alluded to it—indeed, he seemed to shun the subject if it became by chance the topic of conversation—of course I never asked him for any explanation of the mystery.

Still, as I knew that his father's income amounted at least to eleven thousand pounds per annum (the old gentleman was one of the wealthiest in the county), and as I was aware that for several generations the estates had descended to the eldest son by a strict entail, I could not make out how that entail should suddenly cease in the person of my old schoolfellow's father, nor how the elder Herbert—Squire Herbert, of Herbert Manor, he was styled—could be reduced to poverty, especially as, excepting the maintenance of a profuse hospitality, a handsome establishment, a good stud of horses and a pack of fox hounds, all of which expenditures his income was amply sufficient to defray, and leave a wide margin, the squire was given to no extravagances, nor no to vicious indulgences, such as gambling, horse-racing, and the like.

I left school and entered the navy. My first cruise was to the Baltic and the Northern Ocean. It occupied three years, and I returned home. It was about five years after George Herbert had entered himself, a gentleman commoner, at Balliol College, Oxford University, when, one day, shortly after my return, I was standing in St. James's Park, watching the manoeuvres of the Household Troops as they went through their customary morning drill, in the rear of the war office, when I received a smart clap on the shoulder from some person among the crowd of spectators.

Now, had I any reason to imagine that such might be the unwelcome salutation of a sheriff's officer, I might have endeavored to take advantage of the throng of admiring gazers, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "have cut and run." But as a wandering son of the ocean is not apt to be troubled with dunning tailors, and jewelers, and horse-dealers, *à hoc genus omnes*, who are apt to hang upon the skirts of fashionable young men about town, I turned about sharply, and somewhat angrily, to confront my rough assailant, when who should I see before me but George Herbert, taller and a little stouter than when I had last seen him, and somewhat disguised by a pair of well-trimmed black whiskers which concealed his once smooth schoolboy cheeks, but as handsome and more gentlemanly-looking than ever? I started back in surprise. George was the first to speak.

"Ha, W——," said he, "who'd have thought of seeing you here amongst these idlers? I believed you to be thousands of miles away across the raging main. But welcome, my boy, welcome. When did you arrive in England?"

"Only last week," I replied. "In fact, I only left the frigate yesterday, for the first time since I started on my cruise, and came up from Deptford last night. But I may repeat your question. Who'd have thought of seeing you here? I should have looked for you among the classic shades of old Oxford instead of in this gay park of London city. Indeed, I was thinking of taking a trip to Oxford next week, and surprising you at your studies."

"In which case you would not have found me," he replied, in a peculiar, saddened tone of voice, which I remembered afterwards, though it did not strike me at the time.

"What," said I, "I thought you intended to remain at the university until you were five-and-twenty?"

"Circumstances alter cases," he replied. "I left Oxford two years ago."

I could think of no reason for this, unless the old squire were dead, and George had succeeded to the estate, and consequently had been called to occupy his father's position in the county of K——. I did not like to ask the question bluntly, so I said:

"Perhaps I see before me the new lord of Herbert Manor, and have to congratulate my old schoolfellow on his position as one of the lawgivers of the country?"

"Not so," he replied, with a sigh, "though my poor father is indeed no more. He died a few days after I returned home from Oxford."

"Suddenly?" said I, thinking from his manner that his father's death had been unanticipated. "Suddenly, indeed," was his reply. "My father broke his collar bone while out with the hounds. He was thrown from his horse in consequence of the animal's stumbling, after having leaped a high fence. My poor father! He was insensible from the moment of his fall till he died, on the fourth day after the accident."

"That was shocking," I answered.

"It was," replied the young man, sadly; but immediately brightening up, he continued: "You are staying in London at present?"

"Yes, I shall remain in town till the end of the week, then I intend to go down to H——shire. Are you staying in London?"

"Yes, permanently. I will not stay to talk with you now, though I'm glad to see you home again. I have a business call to make which must be attended to. You are not engaged anywhere to night?"

"I was thinking of going to the theatre."

"Postpone your visit till to-morrow and I will go with you. To night come and dine with me in P—— Street, and let me hear the story of your adventures."

"Gladly," I replied. "What street did you say? What number?"

He put a card in my hand.

"There's the address," he said. "Sharp six, mind, and don't expect anything but a steak and a glass of wine, with perhaps cigars and punch afterwards."

"You'll not have company, because—" and I looked down at my naval uniform,—"a uniform is not exactly the thing for a private evening party, and I've not had time—"

"Pooh!" he interrupted, "come in your uniform, or just as you please. As to company, there'll be you and me and the punch-bowl. Now, good morning. I won't keep your attention off the soldiers any longer."

He shook hands with me heartily and walked rapidly away. I looked at the card.

"GEORGE HERBERT,  
No. 7 P—— Street, Chelsea."

"P—— Street, Chelsea," I ruminated, recollecting that it was a most unaristocratic quarter of the city. "What on earth can have induced George to take up his abode there? And permanently, too?" And then I recollected the peculiar, saddened tone of his voice that I have already alluded to. "And what business can call the heir of Herbert Manor, and £11,000 per annum, to a peremptory appointment at this early hour?"

It struck me that there must be something wrong, though I could not surmise what. Poverty I scarcely thought of; besides, George was always perfectly gentlemanly, and never gay in his appearance and attire, and he was as gentlemanly in his manners and appearance as ever.

I spent the greater portion of the day rambling about the parks, and at the appointed hour found myself at the door of No. 7 P—— Street. I really was amazed.

P—— Street was a tolerably good street. Such a street, and No. 7 was such a house as I, a plain midshipman in the navy, might have chosen for a boarding house, if I had intended to remain for any length of time in London; such a house in such a street as any respectable young man, not overburdened with money, yet desirous of maintaining a fair appearance in society, might establish himself in; but I should almost as soon have thought of looking for the rich and fastidious George Herbert in the neighborhood of St. Giles, as in P—— Street, Chelsea!

However, I knocked at the door. It was opened by a middle-aged woman, who, when I asked if Mr. Herbert lived there, directed me to front room up three pair of stairs. I ascended. George was expecting me, and bearing my footsteps, he came to the door of the room, wrapped in his dressing-gown, and invited me to enter, at the same time calling over the balusters to the woman who had admitted me to the house to bring up dinner.

"And now, W——, let me welcome you to my town residence," he gaily added. "The apartments are not spacious, you perceive, but comfortable. This is my drawing-room, dining room and study, and the closet adjoining is my bedroom, just big enough to stretch myself in."

"Narrow quarters after Herbert Manor," I replied, laughing. "I suppose you like the contrast. Like the prime minister of one of the

Georges—I forget which—who occasionally dined for eighteen pence, and enjoyed the homely meal, after the luxurious fare to which he was accustomed. The hall at Herbert Manor will seem all the more pleasant and spacious when you return, after the House adjourns."

"When I return to Herbert Manor," said the young man. "Ah, W——, Herbert Manor has departed forever—"

"Round thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,  
Thou, the home of my fathers, hast gone to decay."

And the House, my boy. You are sadly mistaken if you fancy that I have the honor of a seat on the benches of the Commons."

I glanced at the table, covered with manuscripts and books and pamphlets.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "you thought you had caught me writing a speech to astonish the clodhoppers of K——, eh? Rather scant quarters these, though, for an M. P."

"In Heaven's name, George," I said, "what do you mean? What has happened? What are you doing?"

"Earning my living, to be sure," he answered, with a smile. "But here comes dinner. Come, sit to the table. I'm hungry. I don't know whether you are; and after dinner, or supper, call it which you please, we'll draw to the fire, light our cigars, and tell our mutual adventures."

The dinner was a good substantial one, and George produced a bottle of capital wine. He steadily refused to converse on anything but commonplace topics during the meal; but when the cloth was removed, and the table drawn closer to the fire, and hot water brought up, and the cigars produced, with the materials for a bowl of punch, he asked me to relate all that had occurred of interest during my late cruise, and how I liked a sailor's life. When I had satisfied him fully, I requested a like detail from himself. "To begin," said I, "what do you mean by your allusions to Herbert Manor? And what is the purpose of that multitudinous manuscript?"

"Of Herbert Manor, the less said the better," he said, impatiently. "It matters not how, I shall see it no more—to claim it as my own demesne. For the manuscript which excites your curiosity, 'tis my vocation, Hal.' By that I earn my living. W——, does it not surprise you to find the heir of Herbert Manor an author?"

"An author?"

"Ay, and a tolerably successful one, considering the short time that I have been before the public."

He caught up a parcel of magazines which lay on the table, and hurriedly turning over the leaves, handed them to me open at certain stories, reviews, essays and short poems, all signed with the initials "G. H."

Utterly astonished and confounded as I was, I glanced them over. They appeared to be written in a style adapted to please the class of readers to whom the magazines were familiar, and all bore evidence of the great talent and classical taste of the writer.

"Can it be possible that all these were written by you, George?" I asked.

"Certainly it is possible," he replied, laughing. "What you see is a portion of the literary labor of two years. The first year I was somewhat discouraged. Last year I cleared over four hundred pounds, and this year I expect to make from six to eight hundred pounds. Is not that doing well for a young author?"

"Six to eight hundred pounds! The income of a post captain! Where I must hope to leave off aspiring, after years of service, with perhaps a wooden leg or a single arm. Still, eight hundred pounds is but a trifle compared with the rentals to which I always believed you to be the heir."

"Say no more about that, my good fellow. Some day, perhaps I may be in a humor to explain further. At present I cannot bear to think of the subject. Enough, that on my father's death I found myself a beggar. Bred to no profession, what could I do? Thank Heaven, I possessed some natural talent for composition, a lively, poetic imagination, and an excellent education. I had practised composition for my amusement, when I never expected that it would fall to my lot to practise it for bread. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' I laid aside my ancestral pride, and tried my luck as an author. I have told you with what success. After all, I have not lowered myself. There have been royal and noble authors, and the latter, at all events, have not scrupled to accept remuneration for their effusions."



"You have gained rather than lost," said I. "But you have been unusually fortunate. Are you known as an author by your full name?"

"I have some reason to believe that my incognito is discovered. In fact, I fancy that to that knowledge I am partially, at least, indebted for my success. If I had been some poor deuce from Grab Street, I suspect I should have had to struggle with penury for years, even had I twice the talent I am beguiling to give myself credit for. Come, now, let's sink the shop and talk of other matters. Fill your tumbler again, and light another cigar. When do you sail again, and where?"

We spent a very pleasant evening, and I did not take my departure until "the wee sma' hours ayont the wail," as Burns sings. Then I bade my former schoolfellow good-by, nor did I see him again for several years.

I had been absent on two distinct cruises, each of more than three years' duration, ere again I visited London. During this long period I had never seen nor heard anything, personally, from Herbert; but I had heard of his still increasing fame. As a magazine writer he was exceedingly popular, and he had published two novels and a volume of poems, all of which works had met with marked success. He was everywhere highly spoken of as a young man who would attain to the summit of the profession he had chosen, and for which he had such a natural aptitude, that it seemed scarcely to be regretted that he had been so singularly disappointed in the high anticipations of his boyhood and youth. When I re-visited London, George Herbert was about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age.

My first endeavor, when I reached the capital, was to learn where he resided, in order that I might call upon him. I expected to find him a married man, living in a style very different from that in which, more from choice than from actual necessity, I had met him seven years before.

A new book—a novel—had just come out. The town was ringing with the praises of the author, who still signed his initials to his works, but whose name and family were known to everybody. Still I had great difficulty in finding him; and I only succeeded, at last, by applying to the publisher of his last work, and even he was unwilling to give me the information I sought, until I had satisfied him of our former schoolboy friendship. Then, indeed, he seemed rather desirous that I should visit the author.

"You will find him sadly changed," said the bookseller. "I hope a visit from an old friend may do him good; but I am afraid, poor fellow! that his days are numbered."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, greatly shocked; "is he really so ill?"

"In the last stages of consumption, I fear," replied the bookseller.

"George Herbert in a consumption?" I cried. "I never should have suspected such a thing. His constitution appeared to be of iron, and he had no vicious habits. By the way, is he married?"

"It would have been a happy thing for him had he married five years ago," replied the bookseller. "No, sir, he is not married."

"What has brought him to the unhappy condition in which you describe him to be?" I asked.

The bookseller shook his head mysteriously, but made no reply. He appeared desirous that I should leave the shop, and having written down the address he had given me in my note book, I wished him good day and then stepped into the street.

I could not understand it. The address which had been given me was to a poorer quarter of the same poor and plebeian parish. Yet George must, I felt assured, have made large sums of money by his works. What could be the matter? Had he fallen into low habits? Become a gambler or a drunkard? It seemed scarcely credible that the high-minded and refined George Herbert could have fallen so low!

With sad misgivings I traced out his abode. It was a small but decent house in a poor street, in one of the most densely populated districts of the parish of Chelsea. The woman of the house seemed to be disinclined to admit me, until I had answered a number of strange questions, and satisfied her that I was really a friend, and intended her lodger—whom she appeared deeply to sympathize with—no harm. Even when, at last, she directed me to his room, she still appeared to regard me with suspicion, and when I reached the landing on the upper story, I saw her standing listening at the foot of the stairs.

Notwithstanding my forebodings, I was ill pre-

pared to encounter that which met my eyes when I entered the room, which I did after knocking thereat with my knuckles at the door. George had either been asleep, or was dreaming awake, for he had not heard me, and when the noise of my footsteps on the floor of the room attracted his attention, he started from his chair with a half wild look of alarm.

The room was clean, but scantily and very poorly furnished, and so small, that the bed, a chair, and the table at which he sat, completely filled it. The table was covered with manuscript, scratched, blotted and torn, until it was for the most part illegible, and the floor beneath the table was littered with it.

But all my attention was directed to the inmate of the apartment. Had I met him in the street I should not have known him. Death was plainly stamped upon his pallid countenance. Although still quite a young man, his fine, curling brown hair, of which he had once been so justly proud, had almost all fallen out. His full, broad forehead looked unnaturally large in consequence, and in comparison with the thin, shrunken features of his face and his hollow cheeks. His dark eyes looked black as jet and singularly large, while they gleamed with a fiery, passionate light, which almost looked like the fire of insanity. His well-formed head, naturally so beautifully set on his once full, round throat, was sunken on his breast. His broad shoulders were bent, and his full chest sunken, while his fair skin looked yellow as parchment, and the blue, knotted veins showed beneath it like whipcord. The few hairs that still remained to him, as well as his whiskers, were strewn with gray.

"Why, George, my poor fellow, what means this?" I asked, advancing towards him, and taking his thin, cold hand in mine.

He recognized me then, and a deep, crimson blush suffused his sallow skin, covering his neck, cheeks and brow with the same burning hue of shame. He made no reply, but let his hand lie passively in mine. Then he essayed to rise, as if to offer me his chair, the only one the room contained, but I refused him with a shake of the head, and took my seat on the edge of the narrow pallet.

"Why," said I, assuming an appearance of cheerfulness, "is this the popular author with whose fame the world is ringing? whose name is spoken of in India with love and admiration as earnest and strong as it is here? When were you taken ill? You are working too hard, George. You are killing yourself. Throw away that pen. You are writing now. This is madness."

I tried to take the pen from his hand, for I was really vexed.

"I am writing for bread!" he muttered, in an unearthly tone of voice, which seemed to whistle as it came up deep from his hollow chest. "Yes, for bread!"—and he fairly hissed forth the last word—"and I can't write. I am growing mad. See here."

He pointed to the pile of manuscript sheets on the table, on the floor, to the still smoldering folios that sparkled in the embers of the grate, where he had thrown them to burn.

"I can't write. All that is the work of the last twenty-four hours, during which I have only dozed for a few minutes in my chair, and it is all useless—all nonsense!" He laughed almost fiendishly as he continued; "If they saw that they would send me to the madhouse, where I sometimes think I ought to be. Such thoughts come into my brain, and I jot them down. I can't help it. I am possessed with a legion of devils."

I carelessly took up a page of manuscript and endeavored to decipher it, and with much difficulty I partially succeeded. I threw it down, shuddering as I did so. He who wrote it, I thought, must be possessed with devils.

"It is a comic poem they want me to write," he screamed rather than spoke. "They bid me write comedy in—"

A fit of coughing came on, during which I feared he would suffocate; and when it ceased he vomited blood, and sank back utterly exhausted in his chair. Again I repeat, I knew not what to say; how to act! I could not understand this poverty—this more than poverty—this destitution!

"Surely, George," I ventured at length to say, "you cannot be really suffering such want as you appear to be? I have heard that you received such large sums of money for your writings. How is it? Tell me. Can I relieve you? Can I assist you in any way?"

"No!" he shrieked, savagely. "No, if you had the wealth of a Jew she would swallow it up. Why should you trouble yourself about me? Go away. Who told you to come here? I don't want to see you."

I am not a coward; still, had I not perceived the utter physical as well as mental prostration of the wreck of glorious manhood and intellect before me, I should have felt alarmed for my personal safety. I endeavored to soothe him, spoke of old times, of our former friendship, of our schoolboy days, of my long absence in distant lands, and of the pleasure that I had anticipated in meeting one, as a friend, whose praises filled the mouths of strangers at the antipodes. I partially succeeded.

"Do they thus speak of me?" he said. "I have been told so. I have read so. The fools! the liars! What do they know? If they were here they would point at me the finger of scorn. Z, the poet, the novelist, the essayist, the reviewer! Pah! They mock me; you mock! The world is all mockery! ha! ha! ha!"

He fell back in his chair and foamed at the mouth, while he uttered from time to time unearthly shrieks. I wanted to summon assistance, yet I dared not to leave him. I deeply regretted that I had called upon him, for I felt that it was my presence that had caused all this frenzied excitement, and I feared that he would die with me alone near him. Presently, however, he grew more composed.

"Forgive me, W—," he said. "I am mad sometimes, I know. It was kind of you to call upon me. What was it that you were saying? Ha! I remember; of fame, of my fame abroad. Yes, it might have been so. If it had not been for her. She fiend that she is, and yet I cannot destroy her. If I were to throw this into the flames, she would perish as it burnt and withered away. Ten times an hour I am urged by devils to do so, yet I dare not; no, I dare not."

He grasped a miniature that hung suspended from his neck by a narrow ribbon, and was hidden in his bosom, and as he spoke, his eyes glared so savagely, and his muscles worked so strangely, that I feared a return of his former paroxysm. I wished to see the portrait, but I dared not ask him to show it to me. He sat silent for a few minutes, biting his lips till the blood started; then suddenly assuming an appearance of intense earnestness, he hissed out through his teeth in a low whisper:

"Hist! hist! hush! I must write. They will be coming for copy soon. They want this to speak before the curtain rises to-night, and I want the money for it. Where is all the money gone? She swallows it all—gold, red, gleaming, hissing, red hot, molten gold, and I can't make it fast enough. I must write, write, write, till my head splits and my brain is on fire, and then I shall go mad—mad. I am mad. Hip, hip, hurrah!" And feeble as he was, he rose from his chair, threw some of the scribbled paper into the fire, and then snatching it forth, threw it on the floor. Another moment, and the house would have been on fire, and he would have perished in the flames. I had great difficulty in extinguishing them, while the madman, for he was now a raving maniac, danced wildly on the floor, until he overstepped the table and chair, and at length he fell prostrate, almost breathless, on the bed.

I felt it absolutely necessary to call for assistance now. The landlady came up stairs looking dreadfully frightened. I explained briefly what had occurred, and desired her to send immediately for assistance to convey the poor unfortunate to a place of security, for I feared to let him remain by himself throughout the night; indeed, I did not think he would live till morning.

"I feared as much, sir," said the trembling woman. "Poor gentleman! It is some love affair, this, sir, with some wicked woman. I have heard something of it, but I don't know exactly the rights. He's been getting worse every day, and he wouldn't see the doctor. He was afraid of bailiffs coming to carry him to prison, and I've heard say as he was once a rich gentleman and a great writer—"

The poor, well meaning woman would have talked on for an hour had I not interrupted her; but she knew little more than I, and I feared my poor friend would recover from his prostration and be seized with another fit, which might prove fatal, or during which he might do himself or me some grievous bodily harm. So I bade her hasten for a doctor, and describe to him the actual condition of the sufferer.

She was absent nearly half an hour, during

which space George Herbert lay breathing softly and quietly, until, at last, he fell asleep, and he was sleeping soundly when the physician, accompanied by his assistant, entered the room. I explained to him the condition of the patient, and described his recent paroxysm and the fit of delirium which had reduced him to his present prostrate condition.

The doctor had previously visited him, and had anticipated this result. He felt the poor fellow's pulse. It beat so feebly that he said it was doubtful if he would ever revive. We remained with him throughout the night, for it was dark when I had first called, and it was now growing late. He slept pretty soundly till near daylight, his rest being only disturbed by occasional convulsive movements of the limbs, and difficulty of breathing. Towards morning he awoke calm and quiet, but his reason had forever flown. He attempted no violence; indeed, his system was now completely prostrated, and he was unable to move a limb. His mind wandered. He spoke calmly of the days of his boyhood at Rugby school; of his former playmates; of his happy home at Herbert Manor; of the loss of fortune and friends, and the triumph of genius. Then he spoke of the great sorrow of his life; of that which had blighted his prospects, blasted his hopes, and brought him to ruin, for aught we could tell, to shame and disgrace; for we could not understand his strange rambling *then*. I understood it afterwards—when he was gone.

There was a strange mingling, as it seemed, of happy and unhappy love. He spoke in terms of endearment, as if he were addressing a young and gentle girl; and then, in a burst of fiery passion, to one whom he alternately appealed to in terms of fond affection, and then accused as a beautiful demon to whom he had sold his soul. He even fancied himself face to face with her in the gulf of fiery torment, and accused her of dragging him from the gates of heaven to the depths of hell; but in his more lucid moments his fancies ever reverted to the loving, gentle girl, whose devotion he accused himself of having betrayed.

He was removed to the hospital, where he lingered in a state of unconsciousness for several days, and where he died, suddenly, on the eighth day after his removal, from the bursting of a blood-vessel during a fit of coughing.

I accused myself of having been the innocent cause of hastening his death by my ill-timed visit; but the doctor assured me that I had but hastened the paroxysm by a few hours; the long, latent insanity in his blood must have made itself manifest sooner or later. He was buried at the expense of his most intimate friends. The funeral was quiet, and few knew of his death until long afterwards.

On the very day on which he was buried, the newspapers announced another of the numerous editions of his last novel, and the editors were loud in its praises. That very day, one of the quarterly reviews contained an article of several pages in length, eulogizing the work, and promising both wealth and fame to the gifted author!

I saw him in his coffin, and I saw the miniature which he had guarded with such jealous care. It was the portrait of a woman, apparently older than himself, beautiful, certainly, yet not remarkably beautiful; but there was an indefinable fascination in the glance of her eyes, the expression of her features, which compelled me to gaze upon it, as it were, against my will; a strange, weird fascination that had something terrible in it. I knew afterwards who she was, and once I saw her, and shuddered as I gazed upon her, as I would have shuddered had I seen a beautiful fury from the bottomless pit—a she demon!

And I saw, some time after, in a country village churchyard, a few miles from London, a plain white tombstone, on which was inscribed simply the word "Annie," and I knew who she was whose remains lay beneath. I heard poor George's story. It was soon told; his generous heart proved his ruin.

He had fallen in love, shortly after I had sailed on my second cruise, and just when he was rising into fame, with the lovely and only daughter of the curate of the village nearest to his late father's country seat—Herbert Manor. His love was reciprocated, and the handsome pair—for a handsome pair they truly were—had plighted their vows of love and truth, and had even agreed upon a day when they should be united in wedlock; when George was solicited by Mrs. B—, a widow and an actress of great personal beauty, to use his influence in her be-



half with the manager of one of the leading theatres of the metropolis. He consented, and did as he was requested, but he was too late. There was no vacancy for her. He called at her lodgings to tell her of his ill success, and found her in tears—in the direst poverty. Extravagance, since the period of her husband's death, might have led to this. It was said it had done so. That was no matter. George saw her distress, pitied and relieved it.

The widow was grateful, at least she appeared to be grateful; but she had two young children to provide for. The theatres were dull; she could procure no engagement anywhere, and her calls upon her generous young benefactor—she was five years older than he—were frequent, and always promptly answered. Some busybody secretly informed Annie L—that Mrs. — and George were keeping up a correspondence, and that the latter had promised to marry the actress. The simple, innocent country girl refused to believe the story, but the busybody brought proof of George's frequent visits to the house of the widow. Annie was a fragile, delicate flower—she made no complaint; but she took, as she thought, her lover's falsehood so much to heart, that she sickened and died. George did not hear of Annie's sickness until it was too late to avail her. He had not for a moment been unfaithful, and he hastened to her and told her so. He only reached her father's house to see her smile her satisfaction; to hear her whisper in his ear that since she could not be his bride on earth, they would meet in heaven, and then to see her die.

George was overwhelmed with grief. The widow heard of this sad affair, and hastened to comfort him, hypocritically blaming herself as being the innocent cause of poor Annie's death. At first George could not endure the sight of her; but she continued to visit him, and to affect to sympathize with him. By degrees she so worked upon his feelings, that he not only believed in her sincerity, but, unwittingly, as it were, began to regard her with affection, which soon ripened into passionate love—into almost adoration.

The actress had now gained her end. So well she plied her singular powers of fascination, that she induced him to pay various heavy debts that she had incurred, and promised to become his wife and console him for the loss of Annie. At length he fell completely into her toils. Step by step she led him on, until he became answerable for debts so large in amount, that with all his success he was unable to pay them. His property was seized; the profits of his books were appropriated by the widowed actress's creditors, and still he blindly allowed himself to be more and more deeply ensnared. At length he found himself a ruined man; ruined by the woman he had served in the first instance, and afterwards so passionately loved. He loved her blindly, madly still!

He went to her at the green room of the theatre, for he had, at last, succeeded, by dint of great effort, in procuring her a lucrative engagement. He told her how he was situated, urged her to fulfil her promise to marry him, and advised that they should strive to be more economical in future, at least for a little while, and all would be well.

"What!" cried the false traitress, "I marry a beggar? a pauper? No, no. Go, sir, and seek some fool of your own condition. I am otherwise engaged."

Even at that moment, she had another, richer victim in her toils. Not satisfied with this unfeeling treatment of one who had done so much for her, she sought to blacken the young author's character in the eyes of Annie's father and friends. The broken-hearted father accused him of being the murderer of his child.

This, and the knowledge that Mrs. B— had openly avowed her intention to marry a certain wealthy baronet whom she had succeeded in captivating, and her open derision of her young benefactor, together with the blight that had temporarily fallen upon his literary prospects, proved too much for the sensitive mind of George Herbert. He fell into bad habits, was tempted to drink to excess one night—one night only—for he was strictly temperate in his habits. A fever was the consequence, from which he recovered only to fall into a rapid consumption. His creditors—the faithless widow's creditors—dunned him constantly, although he had not only given up all, but had pledged himself to years of future labor in their behalf. His enfeebled frame could bear this no longer, and symptoms of insanity appeared. He wrote constantly night and

day, scarcely taking any rest; but his writings were useless. They were the outpourings of a diseased intellect. He had removed to the humble lodgings in which I had found him, still cherishing the miniature of the woman who had proved his ruin!

The reader knows the rest. I have only to add that it became known that this woman could count her victims by the score, males and females, men younger and older than herself, women young and innocent, whose hearts, like the heart of Annie, she had broken; but none of them had been so susceptible as the gifted and youthful George Herbert. He alone had suffered with death.

This is no tale of fiction. I have not given the real names of the parties of whom I have written, for all have friends still living, who would not like to be paraded before the public. But the widowed actress, Mrs. —, as many persons will recollect, hurried to insanity and to a premature grave, a young man, who, had he lived, bade fair to have acquired literary distinction second to no author now in existence, and who was as much loved and admired for his amiable character and handsome person, as he was respected for his intellectual ability.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE EXILE'S SISTER.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

MANY years ago, for my hair is gray now, and it was bright brown then, I spent a summer at Newport. All the winter I had been very ill, and when summer came was so pale and weak that change of air was ordered me. My aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, and their two pretty, fashionable daughters Alice and Louise were going to Newport, and my good parents insisted upon my accompanying them. I didn't wish to go at all, really dreaded the idea of a few months spent at a fashionable watering-place; but seeing that my father and mother had set their hearts upon having me go, I hid my objections and went. The first few days were pleasant enough, for the scenes had all the charm of novelty. My cousins, Alice and Louise, were very handsome, dashing girls, lively and good-natured, and very soon became the reigning belles. With their life they appeared content, never appearing to weary of the continual calls of fashion, the endless round of gaiety and show. They dressed four times a day, and danced half the nights, and yet never appeared weary—were always ready for a ride or walk.

After the novelty wore off, and it soon did, I wearied of this life, and longed for my father's quiet, well-stocked library and my music and painting. I was small, pretty, accomplished, and always richly and tastefully dressed, and gifted with more than ordinary conversational powers, and at first was much sought after. I do not blush to write these encomiums about myself, for I am old and gray-haired now, and the day of my beauty, like my youth, has passed away. If I seem egotistical and vain, I throw myself upon your generosity, dear reader.

The attentions of the empty-headed, fashionable beaux annoyed me, and the senseless twaddle about this fine dancer and that good singer, young Knowbrains' span of white paces, Charley Flitie's great black trotting horse and new buggy, Colonel Hardbunt's superb crimson-lined barouche and long-tailed bays, Mrs. Langley's real point lace berthe, and Mrs. Mercury's ninety dresses, etc., which I heard carelessly commented upon by the young ladies of my own age, sickened me and tired my patience out; so wrapping myself in a cloak of the most impenetrable reserve, I treated all advances so coldly that I soon had the satisfaction of being left undisturbed, to come and go as I pleased.

I do not mean to say that all the gentlemen were brainless and the ladies silly, but there was a fair proportion of such at the hotel. I was called odd, old-maidish and blue, and some went so far as to call me misanthropical, and others even to hint at insanity; but I cared very little for the opinion of the crowd, and often laughed with my cousins at the remarks made upon me. We three, Alice, Louise and myself, agreed perfectly, and my uncle and aunt, who had at first remonstrated with me upon my retiring habits, when they saw that I really improved in health, that the color came back to my cheeks, let me do as I pleased, only striving to be kind as possible.

One morning my cousins, beautiful and fresh as roses, though they had danced half the previous night, burst into my room. I was sitting by the window reading. Louise perched herself in the window, and Alice curled herself on the floor beside me. Alice pulled my book away and bade me listen with both ears.

"You dear little mole, if you will not come out into the world to hear the news that is stirring, we must bring it to you. There is another arrival!"

"Some rattle pated youth, I suppose, with more money than brains, who drives a span of grays before a dashing curricule," I said, striving to recover my book.

"No such thing, Maggie!" burst forth Louise. "It's a more exciting arrival than that, though to be sure I shouldn't turn up my aristocratic nose at such a new comer, for positively I've ridden behind and on all the horses anywheres round, and find them tame. A new pair would come very acceptable. But to real business, Maggie, a real—"

"Count?"

"No, you torment! better than that—a real exile! O, such a handsome, distingue man!"

If I had any weakness then it was for exiles, so I seemed as I was, interested.

"Isn't that an event worth hearing about, you little nun?"

"Tell me all you know about this famous exile this very minute, or I shall die of curiosity," I said, laughing.

"Don't you wish to read?" questioned Alice, maliciously; then went on: "Last night, as we were flirting on the piazza, a close, aristocratic-looking carriage, drawn by a span of switch-tailed horses, rolled up to the door, and the coachman, springing from the box, opened the door, and out stepped a young man—a regular Apollo. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he turned and assisted a lady dressed in deep mourning to alight. I learned this morning that it was Colonel Pulski and his sister, Polish exiles."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All! Why, you cormorant! Isn't that enough to set us all on wires? Only reflect, Maggie, a real Polish exile, maybe even a nobleman, in our very midst! But come, Louise," laughed Alice, "not even our exile can rouse our nun to worldly excitement, and we may as well go and dress for the promenade, where we shall undoubtedly meet the handsome Pole, and it is necessary to look as charmingly as possible. Farewell."

So laughed the merry, wild girls, and left me to my book—Vivian Grey. Somehow, when they had gone, the book was not so interesting as before, and I found one word would dance all over the pages and through my brain, and that word was—exile! Finally I scolded myself out of the nonsense, and read steadily on, and by the time the gong sounded for dinner, I was completely oblivious of the existence of any such persons as Colonel Pulski and sister. Just as I was taking my seat at the table, Alice nudged me and whispered:

"There they come now, Maggie; they are just behind fat Mrs. Plummert."

I raised my eyes, and was so fascinated that I could scarcely withdraw my gaze. Coming across the room, I saw a handsome man, about thirty, on whose arm leaned the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. It was the lady who fascinated me. Tall and graceful, the figure was draped in deep black, which only served to enhance the lovely, wan face. The eyes were deep violet blue, and from their depths shone deep sadness, and the exquisite mouth expressed a sorrow all too deep for words or sighs. The hair was a golden brown, wavy and soft. I bent my eyes upon the plate before me, and was fast losing myself in thought, when Louise trod on my foot under the table, and whispered:

"Don't look now, Maggie, but the colonel and his sister are taking their places nearly opposite us. They have taken the chairs vacated by that odious Mr. and Mrs. Bumpum."

This announcement filled me with a certain kind of joy, because I felt that an occasional, careless glance would bring me that pale, beautiful face. All that dinner time I thought only of that face, and longed to hear the voice. When the dessert was brought on I heard Mademoiselle Pulski's voice, and it completed the charm. I went from that room thinking only of the deep blue eyes and musical voice of the young Polish lady.

Weeks passed, and we had become well ac-

quainted with Colonel Alexander Pulski and his sister Julia, who proved to be intelligent, refined, sensible and talented people. Julia seemed to shun all society but mine. The better I became acquainted with Julia, the more I was struck with her wondrous beauty and varied talents, yet oppressed ever by the deep sadness which hung over her. One thing in particular I noticed as very singular; it was this. A ball seemed to possess a horrible kind of fascination for her. From the little "hops" she seemed to shrink, yet I often found her lingering near the door of the ball room. At such times she was always deadly pale and cold as marble, while her eyes seemed fairly black with intensity of feeling. I have often shuddered as I encountered her gaze, and felt the touch of her ice-cold hand. She would watch the dancing awhile, then suddenly, while she perceptibly shuddered from head to foot, turn away and seek her room. The next day she would seem as calm as usual. Again and again I noticed this strange behaviour, and tried in vain to solve the mystery. At last I came to the conclusion she was under some fatal vow. That seemed to be more romantic and in keeping with her situation than the idea which I was half inclined to cherish, of her being partially insane.

One evening all the company were assembled on or near the piazza to witness the exhibition of some fireworks. It was a glorious, warm, moonless night, but the stars were brilliant, and the waters of the bay heaved and sparkled in the light. The company were grouped about; some flirting, others dreaming, and yet again, others neither flirting nor dreaming, but idly talking, under which head Colonel Alexander Pulski, his sister, Louise Donaldson and myself could be counted. Alice and Fred Skypole were carrying on a desperate flirtation in the walk just beneath us. We four were idly talking of this, that and the other. Louise was the life of the whole party; no, not only Louise, for Julia Pulski followed in her lead, and was more fascinating, merry and witty than I had ever seen her. Colonel Pulski said but little, but appeared amused. I, alone, was low-spirited. That morning I had awakened to a new and apparently hopeless life. With the rising sun had come the conviction that I had acted like a fool, that I had given the love of my heart to the grave, young Polish soldier. I felt the absurdity of my conduct, and it was that thought that made me feel dull and sad. In the midst of our conversation a loud report rent the air, startling nearly everybody. It was the report of the cannon fired as a signal for the fireworks to commence. At the sudden explosion Julia Pulski turned as pale as death, uttered one long, heart-rending shriek, and fainted. Instantly the colonel raised her in his strong arms and bore her to her chamber. I offered my assistance, but he gently declined all aid, and said in a low voice as he passed me:

"Be so kind, Miss Warner, to turn all attention from my sister."

I did my best, and Louise aided me by saying, merrily: "How provoking and silly of Julia Pulski to faint in the first start. She has just upset all my arrangements by her weakness, for I intended to have fainted myself when the last grand explosion came, and obliged that handsome, impassable colonel to carry me out."

This lively, wild sally from my pretty cousin helped along amazingly, and in a very few minutes the company were watching the brilliant wheels and rockets of blue, green and red flame. I looked at the fireworks, but listened for the return of the colonel. Pretty soon I heard his step and knew that he stood behind me.

"How is your sister now?" I asked, quietly, without turning my head.

"Better, thank you. But, Miss Warner, how did you know I was near you?"

"I heard your step."

"You must have sharp ears, for I thought I stepped so softly that none could hear."

"Well, perhaps so, but I heard you."

"Miss Warner, I thank you."

The tone was so grave that I involuntarily turned, and there was that in his face which sent the blood to my cheeks and made me drop my eyes, though I endeavored to say, with an air of surprise and indifference: "For what do you thank me?"

"I can't say. But a truce to this. I have not yet done my duty. Julia bade me say that when the fireworks were over, she would like to speak to you."

"May I not go now? I do not care anything for this show."



"If you wish, certainly." And the colonel offered me his arm and led me to his sister's room. There, I was just laying my hand on the door-handle, when Colonel Pulski stopped me.

"Miss Warner, though it is abrupt, I must tell you that I love you. I do not wish you to answer me now, but I must tell you that I love you as man only can love. I hope for nothing, I, a poor exile; but I could not seal my lips any longer."

This sudden avowal nearly made me faint. As he finished speaking, he opened the door and stood aside to let me pass in. As I passed him, I bent my head and whispered: "Hope everything, for I love you."

Such was the manner our love was declared, and Julia, lying on her couch, suspected nothing of what had passed between the two people who so calmly entered her room.

"I asked you to come, Maggie Warner, because I love you, and because I wish this night to explain what must have appeared to you as strange in my behaviour, to disclose to you some events of my past life. If you have no objections, I would like to have Alexander present, for I may fail in my recital, for what I have to say is very painful."

"Then do not speak on the subject. Let me read to you and cheer you up."

"You are kind, Maggie, but I would rather speak. Shall my brother stay?"

"Certainly!" And I raised my eyes with a glad smile to Alexander's face. How happy I was.

"Three years ago, on my eighteenth birthday, my father, Count Hermann Pulski, gave a splendid ball. All the nobility of Warsaw were present. People said it was the most brilliant affair of the season. I, of course, was very happy, and made doubly so by my betrothal that day to Count Armand Sosinski, whom I loved fondly. The future seemed opening brilliantly before me, and my only drawback was the presence of one Baron Von Kalisch, a discarded suitor, a bold, bad man. All the young nobles and officers were in full uniform, and, as I said to Armand, looking as if ready for a battle rather than a ball. I thought Count Sosinski seemed annoyed by my remark, and should have questioned him wherefore, but just then the band struck up a waltz, and passing his arm round my waist, we were soon whirling round the room with swift, flying feet. In the midst of the most bewildering strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, a deafening report rent the air, and, as if by magic, the hall was deserted. Armand led me to a couch, and imprinting one kiss upon my lips, he too was gone. Terror settled over all. None dared to question, but all looked anxiously at each other. Terror-stricken, speechless we all sat. In about fifteen minutes, which seemed like as many days, the doors opened, and back came the gentlemen, looking flushed, excited, and with their uniforms disordered. The first person who entered the room was the Baron Von Kalisch. He came directly towards me. I eagerly questioned him.

"What was that frightful report that we heard?"

"The signal."

"The signal for what?"

"O, only for a little skirmish, a little battle," he answered, coolly, wiping his face with his kerchief.

"A battle?" I cried; and leant faint and terror-stricken against the wall.

"Yes, nothing more. We had arranged everything with consummate skill. It was for this that your father gave this grand ball. Did you not notice that many were here, students, under-officers, etc., who would not naturally have been here? No, of course you did not; but nevertheless they were present, and we were all ready. We had a hot, murderous fight."

"Armand!" It was the only word I could gasp out.

"Assuming the most fiendishly indifferent air, the baron turned on his heel and calmly surveyed the room; then bent over me as he said, quietly: 'Ah, I had forgotten him. Poor fellow, I do not see him here, so he must be lying dead where we fought in the square.'"

Julia Pulski leaned back upon her couch and murmured: "Alexander, you must tell the end, I cannot."

"Little remains of the sad tale to be told, Miss Warner. While the baron was talking to my sister, a bleeding figure staggered across the room and fell, with his head resting in my sister's lap, dead. It was Armand Sosinski. My father died in that struggle, and we are now alone, for last year my mother rejoined her husband."

Now I could understand the strange behaviour of my poor, sorrow-stricken friend. I thanked her for her confidence, and quietly withdrew, my aching heart and bewildered brain needing to be at rest.

Years have passed since the events just related transpired. I am a happy wife and mother, and though, at the time, many of my fashionable friends said I was caught by a title, the slander caused me little pain, for I knew, and another, too, that my heart was given before I knew the Count Alexander Pulski was other than a colonel. Years have passed, and brought me more than my full share of joy, and some sorrow, too. From my chamber window I see beneath the dark trees a gleaming white cross, which marks the spot where sleeps THE EXILE'S SISTER.

There are folks who would take their smallest wrongs with them into Paradise. Go where they will they carry a travelling-case of injuries.

#### ALL-SOULS' CHURCH.

CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET, N. Y.

The city of New York has for some years been celebrated for the magnitude, beauty and costliness of its church edifices. They bid fair in time to give it a marked character. The spire of Trinity is a landmark in approaching New York from the bay, just as Boston State House is in approaching our city. One of the most striking edifices in New York is that represented in our engraving, All-Souls' Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street. It is unlike any other in the city, and was at first a sad puzzle to those natives who were not versed in architecture, and had never heard of the Byzantine style. The travelled eye, however, instantly recognizes its kindred with those gorgeous fanes in which Christian art has borrowed some of its inspiration from the arabesque splendors of the Orient. Standing before it when the moon is wheeling up in the sky, and carefully excluding all other buildings from your range of vision, you seem to stand in the square of St. Mark, and look to hear the music of the bells and the distant warning cry of the gondolier. The architect of All-Souls' is Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould. The material used

the present pastor. Dr. Bellows was born in this city, June 11, 1814, and received his education at Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1832, and where he received the degree of D. D. in 1854. He was ordained as pastor of All-Souls' in 1839. He is a fine scholar, writer and speaker, a man of broad, liberal views, and energetic and fearless in the advocacy of his opinions. His sympathies are bounded by no narrow circle, nor is the respect for him confined to his church or sect. The First Unitarian society of New York has built three churches during its short history of thirty years: the first, of white marble, in Chambers Street, which cost \$30,000; the second, of brown stone, in Broadway (now occupied by Dr. Chapin's congregation), and the one represented in our engraving.

#### ORIGIN OF THE BAYONET.

The bayonet is an arm peculiarly French. It was invented, it is said, at Bayonne, in 1641, and employed in 1670 in the regiment of the King's Fusiliers. It sensibly modified the system of military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less redoubtable to infantry, and caused the fire of lines of battles to be regarded as the principal

#### PARISIAN THEATRES.

The total receipts of all theatres in Paris, for the year 1858, amounted to about £553,000, showing an increase upon the year 1857 of between £6000 and £7000. In estimating these receipts, however, it should be remembered that Good Friday is the only day throughout the year when the busy machinery of the twenty-two play-mills of Paris altogether stops, though some of the more important theatres cease during Passion Week. On the other hand, all theatres, whether *subventionnés* or not, pay ten per cent. on the gross profits towards the maintenance of hospitals and other public charities. The managers of secondary theatres are also at a great loss from being obliged to keep their houses open during the summer heats, the expenses at that season often continuing on the usual scale, approaching, perhaps, to £100 per night, while the receipts occasionally scarcely realize £10. Theatrical gains are again, generally speaking, more affected by the weather in Paris than in London. In summer, fine weather draws off numbers of the middle, and even of the upper classes, to the out door amusements; and at all times of the year decided rain affects the profits of those theatres which are attended by audiences, the greater part of whom arrive there on foot. M. Bouffe (not the actor), recently manager of the Vaudeville, when speaking of the weather, used to refer to an imaginary barometer of his own invention, and marked by a money scale. With him it was always, *un temps de 500 écus*, or *de 50 écus*, according to circumstances. The salaries of dramatic performers at Paris, of all grades, vary from £1200 to £12 a year. Probably two dozen names would include all of both sexes who receive the former sum, except, of course, the great musical performers at the two operas; at which theatres, owing to the large sums paid to the performers, there is often a serious balance against the manager at the end of the year. Confining our attention to the strictly dramatic world, a chosen few of the second grade as to payments receive from 20,000 francs to 18,000 francs; after which would follow a larger number gaining 10,000 francs, 6000 francs, or 5000 francs, *d'appointements*. Lower again in the scale comes a numerous host, who receive but a mere pittance; 1800 francs, or 1200 francs, being a very usual salary for the performers at the Boulevard de Crème. The number of actresses who receive the larger sums is exceedingly limited; add to which must be reckoned their expenses in dress—that is, in *costume de ville*, which is much more varied and costly than the eternal *pantalon noir* and *cravatte blanche*. All *costumes de ville*—namely, dresses which may be worn in society—are provided by the actresses. Besides the annual salaries, the leaders of the profession receive for each night of their performance what are termed *fees* (fees), varying, according to the class of the performer, from 30 francs to 5 francs a night for actors and actresses; and in many theatres, though not at the Théâtre Français, actors are allowed to play while *en congé*. Ravel, Arnal, Felix, and others, add much to their gains by starring in the provinces, or by acting in foreign countries. The actors of the Français are not allowed to exhibit elsewhere, unless the whole *troupe* is engaged. The actual state and condition of the theatres of Paris is, generally speaking, far from satisfactory, and contrasts unfavorably with the otherwise forward march of architectural construction. It would seem, perhaps, at first sight, strange that a nation so passionately fond of theatrical entertainments should have neglected improvements in so important a particular; but this is easily accounted for, when we reflect that, under the parental authority of the government, the embellishments of Paris proceed on a general and uniform plan, without special reference to any particular interest. In the work of demolition and reconstruction, the churches alone are respected. The new boulevard shortly to be built from the new barracks at the Chateau d'Eau to the Barrière du Trône, will necessitate the destruction of the entire line of theatres in that quarter; and, whatever may be the difficulties arising from an endeavor to meet the public taste in its various aspects, there can be no doubt that these playhouses, as well as others when occasion may require it, will be rebuilt on improved models.—*New York Tribune*.

#### SILICIOUS OR ARTIFICIAL STONE.

A peculiar kind of artificial stone has been successfully introduced, of late, which, although perfectly plastic at one stage of the manufacture, is of perfectly uniform composition, entirely free from all shrinking and contortion during the process of kiln-drying, and bears exposure to winter temperatures and a moist atmosphere without any deterioration. This important immunity from so serious an evil it owes to the fact that no part of the material used consists either of lime or clay. It is a silicious or flinty stone, the particles of which it is made up—fine, pure sand—being united together by a fluid, which, after exposure to the kiln, becomes changed into a kind of glass. The chemical fact on which the discovery of this stone is based is the perfect solubility of flint, or any silicious material, when subjected to the actions of caustic alkali—soda or potash—at high temperature in a steam boiler, or in cylinders communicating with such boilers, with a peculiar base, and is technically an acid. On being heated with caustic soda at a high temperature, a thick, jelly-like fluid of pale straw color is formed, which is a hydrated silicate of soda. This, mixed with sand and other material, forms a thick paste, moulded readily into any shape. Exposed to air, it gradually hardens, and put into a kiln, it becomes a solid mass.—*Com. Bulletin*.



ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH ST., NEW YORK.

in the structure is the cream-colored Caen stone and brick, laid in alternate courses, to produce the stripes noticeable in the engraving, and a favorite though not a commendable feature of the Byzantine style of architecture. The windows are of stained glass, and the light permeating through them produces a fine effect in the interior. The interior rises into a dome like that of the new basilica of Munich. The campanile, or bell-tower, which reminds us of that in the Piazza of St. Mark, is intended to be 285 feet in height, and will cost \$40,000. The church and parsonage house were erected at a cost of \$170,000. The church belongs to the First Unitarian Society of New York, and its pulpit has always been ably filled. The first pastor was Rev. William Ware, a noble man, a finished scholar, and distinguished in literary annals by his classical novels, in which erudition and fancy were gracefully blended. In 1837 he was succeeded by Dr. Follen, a man of profound learning, brilliant talents, and a gentle, loving nature that drew all hearts towards him. His connection with the society lasted two years, and was suddenly severed by his death in the terrible catastrophe of the burning of the Lexington. Dr. Follen was succeeded by Dr. Henry W. Bellows,

means of action. The bayonet has become the decisive arm of combat. According to a local tradition, it was in a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to the invention of it was, that, in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former having exhausted their ammunition, fastened their long knives to their muskets and by means of the weapon so formed put their enemies to flight. This arm rapidly came into general use in Europe. In 1678, at the time of the peace of Nimeguen, all the French grenadiers had the bayonet, but the socket, which makes the use of it so easy, was not invented until a later period. Bayonets at that time were a sort of dagger, of which the handle was placed in the muzzle of the musket, and of course prevented the musket from being fired. The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was that of Turin, in 1682; but it was not until the battle of Spire, in 1703, that the first charge of the bayonet was executed. After that epoch up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, but the real value of it was not revealed until the wars of national independence. Then the bayonet really became a French arm.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)  
**LAST EVE'S MISSING GUEST.**

BY M. T. ALDOR.

The lamps were burning brightly,  
 The fireside snug and warm,  
 And with hearts that bounded lightly,  
 We heeded not the storm.

The rain was briskly dripping  
 Adown the fresh-robed trees,  
 The pearly blossoms stripping  
 From out the tender leaves.

Like wizard whispers seemed it,  
 Soft tapping at the pane;  
 Perchance our vision dreamed it—  
 That soft-voiced summer rain.

We waited, gay and cheerily,  
 A welcome weekly guest,  
 Unto us known more dearly  
 With each new week's beliest.

What though without were dreary,  
 With meaning wind and storm?  
 "The Guest" would picture clearly  
 Some landscape bright and warm.

Some famous human study  
 Would place before our view,  
 Or in the lamplight ruddy  
 Some thrilling tale renew.

Such was the glad beguiling  
 We deemed so very near,  
 "Ballou's Pictorial" smiling,  
 Soon, thought we, would appear.

But list the footstep laggard,  
 That brings the tings home—  
 And what bold hopes are staggered  
 To know no Guest has come.

Ah! how the scene is changing,  
 How dismal falls the rain;  
 What lengthened faces ranging  
 Around the household chain!

Whose was the luckless caper?  
 We ask in mute dismay,  
 What kept the dear old paper?  
 Pray send it on to-day.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE DOOMED MAN.

BY R. ROLLINS FAY.

"A FINE gentleman—a gentleman's son too, and what is more, descended from the old stock of the Lords of Iveleary; I mind they call it in Irish, *Ibh Laoghair*—that manes the O'Leary's county. It onct belonged to Muskerry."

"A gentleman, I grant you, but not fit for a husband for my sister Ellen," answered his listener, gravely. "The O'Connell blood will mingle with the O'Learys only when the eagle comes down to match with the hawk."

"See what a fine thing it is to be larned, Cousin Dan!" rejoined the first speaker. "Having no education to spake on, I should never have thought of comparisonin' me Cousin Ellen wi' a sea-gull; or did ye mane she was the hawk?"

Tim Connell's eyes winked beneath their shaggy brows, and sparkled with a sly glance of pleasure, at the thought of bringing down the dignity upon which his cousin prided himself.

No two branches of any family could be more distinct in their characteristics than that of the two brothers O'Connell, the fathers of the two young men who now sat in the old mansion of Derrynane. This was the residence of the proud descendants of that O'Connell who married the daughter or granddaughter of one of the Irish kings. One of his brothers had degraded himself by wedding the child of a miserable, wandering *spae-wife*, or fortune-teller, and thenceforward a dividing line between the two families was created. Not that they did not recognize each other as relations—that being a sacred duty with all Irishmen; but it was plain enough to be seen that the fortune-teller's side of the house could not walk in the same path with that of the king's daughter.

The two young men were attached to each other, after a certain way of their own. Daniel, the proud son of the proprietor of Derrynane, was fond of the society of his cousin Tim, in all cases of sporting, hunting, fishing, or any outdoor affair, but he did not like to see him come in from the bogs, and spatter the mud over the carpet, to the great detriment of sister Ellen's white dresses. Tim, however, was wholly unaware of this feeling on the part of his genteeler cousin, and continued to meet him at his own home, with the same good-humored ease that distinguished him when they carried rifles, side by side, on their many fowling expeditions, or called

to each other from one end of the angling rods. Every commendation, therefore, of Ellen's new suitor stung the pride of the descendant of the kings of Ireland, and Tim's favorite sentence, "me Cousin Ellen," struck on Daniel's ear with a sharp ring, that reminded him that he could not bluff off the relationship, and that young Arthur O'Leary could point to Tim as a proof that he did not aspire greatly above his own level, when he asked for the hand of Ellen O'Connell.

"Sure," continued Tim, to the great disgust of his hearer, "sure, it's meself that wishes that Master Arthur had liked me own sister Kitty. I would never have turned up to him the difference betune the blood of the O'Connells and O'Leary."

It was the first time that Daniel had even smiled since the interview commenced, but this was too much for his gravity, and he indulged in a hearty guffaw, in which good-natured Tim merrily joined without knowing wherefore.

"Never mind, Tim, my good fellow," said the polished tones of Daniel, as he resumed his grave look. "Let us go out upon Derry Moor, and you shall carry home a bag full of ptarmigan to Kitty."

"Sure, I will, Dan!" said Tim, eagerly, "but first I'll look at me cousin Ellen. I've a bit iv a lether for her own eyes to read."

"I will take it to her," answered Daniel, majestically.

"Divil a bit is it! The gentleman told me to give it into her swate hands, and did ye iver know an O'Connell to lie!" Tim's swaggering air in saying this was wholly irresistible, and Daniel suffered him to send for his sister and deliver his letter, at the same time warning him never to be guilty of the same misdemeanor again.

Ellen O'Connell came at the summons. A pretty, rosy-looking girl she was—her eyes as blue as the "pleasant waters of the river Lee," and her locks of a deep chestnut. Blushingly, she received the missive from Cousin Tim's hand, while she greeted him with a familiarity that shocked her brother, who hurried away as fast as possible.

For an hour or two after they had gone, Ellen sat gazing at the characters written on the paper before her. She could hardly believe herself awake. The letter breathed all kindness and affection, and her heart thrilled at the soft love-words that had dropped from the pen of the ardent and whole-souled writer. But one clause gave her a bitter heartache. It was this:

"Love, I feel that you will be sad, when I tell you what I am about to do; but good will come of it *sometime*. Holding as I do, and God helping me will always, to the faith of the holy church, I can have no opportunity of distinguishing myself in the British army, since their high Protestant pride and haughtiness refuse to enroll Roman Catholics in their lists. But, my own beloved, I will make myself a name *somewhere*, that will force your proud family to acknowledge me as their equal, at least. Much have I desired to become a soldier, and had I not met you, I should have been satisfied to have glory my sole mistress; but since I have known a dearer hope even than glory, I will use that only as a stepping-stone to my higher aim. I go on Monday to other lands, where the weight of an Irish arm and the courage of an Irish heart will be acknowledged of some value. I will earn a right to your hand, Ellen; and you will be true, I know. I go to join the Hungarians. Meet me this evening, by the tree where we have so often stood to see the sun rise, when Derrynane was buried in sleep. And with all the rest, keep up faith and courage. I see a bright star that I know will bring me, at last, home to the haven of your loving heart."

ARTHUR O'LEARY."

Her meditations, which were so mixed with sweet and bitter that she could not decide which predominated, were broken in upon by the entrance of a young girl about her own age. Tall and slender, with raven-black hair braided into a broad coronet about her finely-shaped head, a hand which was somewhat darkened by the sun, but perfect in shape and proportions, Catherine O'Connell, the sister of our friend Tim, was the most beautiful girl in all Raleigh—I might have said, in all Cork. Beside her, Ellen's beauty, bright and rosy as it was, seemed tame and dull. What education had done for Ellen, Nature had forestalled in Catherine—"me own sister Kitty," as Tim called her.

The same half intimacy subsisted between the two female cousins that was shared by their brothers; but Catherine was more than Tim's match in refinement and natural grace, while Ellen was free from her brother's haughty pride. She therefore welcomed her cousin affectionately,

and asked her to remain with her for several days. Catherine, however, declined, on the plea of her mother's sickness.

"I have come only on the urgent plea of Arthur O'Leary. He beseeches you, through me, to come to the place of meeting three days earlier than the time fixed in the letter. He goes to the continent on Thursday."

Ellen's face flushed deeply. "Methinks," she said, "that Mr. Arthur O'Leary has taken special pains to make everybody acquainted with the fact that he desires a meeting with me. I shall not meet him."

"O don't, Ellen! You do not know why he confided in Tim and me. Your brother Daniel has been seeking to disgrace him in some way, to prevent his becoming a soldier; and he will not see you, lest he should be forced into a quarrel with him. He is determined to avoid him until he is past his malice."

"Is that so, my good Kate? Then I will foil Daniel's intentions. He shall know that I have a courage not to be intimidated, and a faith in Arthur that cannot be shaken. Kate, tell Arthur I will meet him; and will you go with me, so that there need be no chance for Daniel to believe anything against me afterwards?"

Kate promised, and at dark they set out together. Arthur was there. Perhaps the meeting and parting of lovers in their condition have been chronicled so often, that we could not find a single word of their conversation that had not been repeated a million times before—so the reader will please string together all the endearing epithets and sad exclamations that occur to him, and place them in the order most agreeable to himself. We shall be satisfied with any arrangement of a reasonable number of the said materials. Kate considerably turned down a long path, at the close of the interview; and, the night being still, she *did* hear some small sounds resembling fireworks, but no light, nor indeed any great explosion.

What apology can we offer for the gallant soldier, when we say that years intervened between that evening and his return? He did return, and brought home a whole frame and a considerable amount of glory, the Hungarians giving all due credit and reward to Irish courage and prowess. Best of all, he married Ellen—her brother being satisfied that he might now, with justice, aspire to her hand; while Tim was still constant in his lamentations that his sister Kitty had not been the favored one—"just the wife for a soldier." But Kate had her own plans, and the marriage of his poor cousin with a young surgeon, a very intelligent and worthy young man, made Daniel O'Connell begin to think that her branch of the family was not so contemptible after all. He now treated Tim with more consideration, and at Ellen's wedding there was quite a ceremonial of introduction of the relatives to certain high people.

This wedding took place in 1770, when Arthur was about twenty-three years of age. He settled down as a country gentleman, hired a fine old place in Raleigh—the laws not then permitting Roman Catholics to own real estate—and made a pleasant and beautiful home, where both branches of the O'Connell family were equally recognized and gladly received. The peasantry acknowledged him as a sort of chief, and paid him that unlimited deference which his birth and creed alike drew from them. For two or three years there was no trouble; but it had been gradually engendering in the foolish jealousy of some of the neighbors who were of English blood.

An opportunity occurred to favor the breaking out of a quarrel. One Morris, the owner of some fine horses, lost one of his best in a bet. The winner, unfortunately, was Arthur O'Leary, and the indignation and mortification of Morris were at fever heat. While smarting under the sting of losing a favorite horse, Morris met John Sinclair, an Englishman, who had often felt himself aggrieved by the homage shown by the peasantry to Arthur O'Leary. Morris's red face betokened inward agitation, and Sinclair soon arrived at the cause of it.

"My dear sir!" said Sinclair, blandly, "don't you know that a person of O'Leary's faith cannot keep a horse of more than five pounds in value, according to the present law?"

"I was not aware of that. Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Very well! My course is taken then. I shall offer him that sum, and secure my horse."

A violent knocking at O'Leary's door, half an hour afterwards, brought the master himself to

answer it. It was Morris himself; and his excited state, and the insolent way in which he claimed the animal, drew Ellen to the parlor, trembling and pale. In vain she stood mutely beckoning to Arthur to leave him and come away, he declared that he would not give it up save with his own life.

A warrant was made out before the day was over, and served upon Arthur. He resisted, and the result was that he was declared outlawed. The military were ordered out; and as they neared his residence, they met him and his servants riding on the road, armed to the teeth. Meantime, Ellen was in a half-dying state at home. Once she was on the point of rushing out to find Arthur, but she was withheld by her servants. She was nearly frantic when the sound of pistols was heard; and at that sound she fainted—*mercifully* fainted.

When she awoke from that long swoon, Arthur was lying in the next room, in the long sleep that knows no awakening. From that moment a settled melancholy, almost amounting to insanity, was the portion of the heart-broken widow.

Arthur was buried amidst the ruins of Kileera Friary. After his death, a brother who had long been absent chanced to return home. The passionate love which he had for Arthur, was now merged into a revenge that never slept. Unceasingly he kept watch of Morris, until he one evening saw him standing at an open window at his house. The next moment a pistol-shot laid Morris low. Charles O'Leary escaped to America, where he died not many years ago.

## THE WYANDOTTE CAVE.

Dr. D. L. Talbot, in an article in the *Fort Wayne Times*, thus speaks of this cave—"Wyandotte Cave, one of the most extensive and remarkable in the world, is situated in Crawford county, Indiana, about twenty-five miles below New Albany, on Blue River. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has hitherto been designated as the greatest known cave in the world. It may startle your scientific readers to hear me assert the fact that there is one stalagmite alone in Wyandotte Cave more massive than all the stalagmites and stalactites in Mammoth Cave put together. This cave I have surveyed, and mapped a distance of twenty miles in length, and there are numerous avenues. I have never penetrated to their end, although I have visited the cave, for scientific and other purposes, over a dozen different times, spending on one visit four days and nights within its darksome halls. The Mammoth Cave is distinguished more for its vastness than its beauty; the Wyandotte for its great extent, its mammoth hall, its lofty ceilings, reaching frequently to the height of 267 feet, and especially for its numerous and beautiful natural fountains, which almost continually meet the eye in every direction. A portion of this cave has been known and visited for over forty years. This portion is about three miles in length, and is termed the Old Cave. In 1850, a new door from within the old cave was discovered, which extended the caves united to about twelve miles in extent. In 1853, a still newer discovery of ingress was accidentally made, which has added eight or ten miles thereto, and disclosed a plan of formation more extensive and more beautiful than any heretofore known. This cave contains every kind of formation peculiar to the Mammoth, and other caves, besides some very peculiar and unique formations found only at Wyandotte Cave."

## MOORISH LADIES,

AND A "JACK-IN-THE-BOX."

To their eyes it was at first only a plain little box; but when I opened the lid, and out flew a little black, frizzly devil, with horns and a tail, and a scarlet and white mouth, the sensation produced could only be compared to the effect of a spark of fire falling into a barrel of gunpowder. All order was instantaneously lost; they shouted and screamed like maniacs; they pressed close to each other, and huddled together in apparent terror. Had Milton's Satan appeared bodily among them, he could not have been received with more awe than that which was for a short time evoked by the unexpected appearance of my little toy devil. It is impossible to describe the excessively ludicrous appearance of all these fat women, bedizened with gold and paint, and glittering with costly jewels, endeavoring to press themselves together into the smallest possible space, in order to get out of the way of the lapso-ject of their terror. It was only after the agitation calmed down. First one raised her head, and gave a timorous and distrustful glance; then another and another, until several eyes were doubtfully cast upon the toy. But when I held it out to them, that they might examine it closely, a herd of frightened deer could not have started off with more alarm. However, by coaxing and persuasion, they at last ventured to look up with less fear and suspicion. If inspired confidence breed contempt, it at least inspired confidence. At last they ventured to touch it, to handle it, to pass it from one to another.—*Life in Morocco.*



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## PACTOLUS.

BY ISA AMEND EDERHART.

I have dreamed, and in dreams I have wandered  
 In a mythical river of old,  
 The beautiful river Pactolus,  
 That changes its sands into gold  
 I stood on its banks when the moonlight  
 Had met the sun's lingering beam,  
 And they linked arms and joyously gambled  
 On the bright, golden shore of the stream

And I slept, yet I knew I was sleeping,  
 And dreamed, though I knew 'twas a dream,  
 For I saw the bright vision departing,  
 And wept for the mythical stream  
 Then I woke, and the bright sun was throwing  
 His gold arrows in on my floor,  
 And a gold-breasted robin was singing  
 A song by my bedroom door.

And it seemed on the flow of its music,  
 Soft whispers were floating along,  
 And I reached with my fancy and gathered  
 These words from the stream of its song:  
 "Each heart has a beautiful river,  
 More bright than Pactolus of old,  
 That flows from a deep hidden fountain,  
 And turns all it touches to gold."

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## EDITH DORRANCE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE life of Edith Dorrance had flowed on in a smooth, almost unvaried stream of quiet happiness. Negative, perhaps, rather than positive happiness; and of a nature hardly exciting enough to a strong, impassioned heart, which might almost yearn for sorrow rather than to endure a continual calm. As it was, she had no choice. That power which we perhaps impiously call Providence, and which we identify in our minds only with chance, laid Edith's path through soft and smiling scenes, avoiding the rocky mountain and the deep river. Her father's wealth enabled him to procure every indulgence which she could ask; and her mother and only brother were equally devoted to her gratification in all reasonable pleasures.

Their residence was just far enough from a populous city to enable them to enjoy all its best attractions; while its retired situation gave them all the advantages of a country life.

Their house had been the ancient family mansion of the Montgarniers, the last heir of which had gone abroad some years before, and left it in charge of an old servant, to be sold. Mr. Dorrance had seen and admired its locality, and lost no time in calling it his own. Here he brought his young bride, and here his two children were born and reared; and here too passed away twenty years of calm repose and cheerful, though, it must be confessed, not very sprightly life. At all events, it was a life of which Frank Dorrance, the brother of Edith, was soon tired, after entering upon manhood; and he earnestly besought his father to allow him some change, if it were only for a brief year.

Reluctantly—for the heart of Mr. Dorrance was bound up in the presence of his children—he permitted him to be absent for a tour to the south of Europe; and it was very near the time of his return.

Edith's life, during her brother's absence, had been even more monotonous than ever before. She had fallen into a state, which, if not absolutely melancholy, was still calculated to excite the deepest anxiety in her parents. Music, painting—everything which she had hitherto loved, seemed distasteful to her now. All occupation was neglected, and she turned from anything like amusement with a feeling like that of absolute disgust.

In this state of things, Mr. Dorrance called in an old and highly valued physician, and begged him to prescribe for his daughter. He visited her as if by chance, watched her through a whole day of listlessness, and then gravely wrote a prescription and gave it to the father when alone. Mr. Dorrance glanced at it hastily, and then looked Dr. Wells full in the face. "Trifling with my daughter's health, sir?" The doctor laughed. "Forgive me, my dear friend," he said. "I have written a strange prescription, I know, but the only one that will cure her. It stands thus:

R.—Real trouble, 1 grain.  
 Employment, quant. suff.

"Depend on it, this is a wholesome remedy for one diseased like Edith. I know of no strong, healthful, or self-reliant character—no cheerful

or happy temperament, where the surroundings are like hers. You do not give her any object to live for save herself; and we all know by experience how self-palls and tires, if not mingled with an active benevolence towards others. Give Edith employment; something to do for the poor; give her some sorrow to bear; if not her own, let her take another's trouble. It will hang heavy upon her only until she is herself able to minister to the sorrowing. When that moment comes, her own mind will be at peace, because she has imparted peace to some wounded spirit. Believe me, this is all the medicine Edith needs."

The father mused long upon the doctor's words, and his judgment acknowledged their wisdom. Edith had, he knew, felt too little of the changes which come to all; and some day they would come to her with tenfold weight, because so long delayed. He must keep his bird no longer in the glass case in which he had so carefully enshrined her; but must allow her to come out into the stern battle of life. Such was his resolution, at the very moment that other events were preparing for her, which his love or wisdom could neither foresee nor avert.

It was a mild and genial evening near the latter end of May. The orchard blooms were showering down beauty and fragrance, and the warm, spring air was vocal with the song of birds in the branches, retiring to their newly made nests. In the west, the topaz clouds marked where the sun had gone down in his glory, and left behind him a glory scarcely less resplendent, and far more beautiful than his own. The short, crisp grass was fast assuming the emerald hue of summer, and the tender green of the trees was gradually giving way to a deeper tint.

Edith and her father had just returned from a walk, and were about to join Mrs. Dorrance at the tea table, when the sound of horses' feet broke the quiet stillness of the hour. Frank Dorrance had returned! He was not alone. A young man accompanied him, whom he introduced as his friend Eugene Montgarnier. The name struck familiarly on the ear of Mr. Dorrance, and he remembered well that the property on which he had so long dwelt, once belonged to that name. He welcomed the stranger with every demonstration of hospitality, and was pleased to see Edith's cheek lighted up with a glow which it had not worn for a long time, as the young man was eagerly talking to her of their adventures upon the road. She was all attention, her eyes betraying the interest she felt in the narration. The guest tarried long, enjoying every attention that could be bestowed on him. Still there was something in his manner which did not altogether suit Edith's fastidious taste, educated as it had been to perfect refinement, in the solitary home in which she had been reared. It was not for want of frankness on his part, for, apparently, he was open as day; and his singular brusqueness and sincerity had been the theme of Frank's eulogiums from the time he had arrived. Perhaps it was that it was too conspicuous; that he made a parade of being candid. At any rate, he commented on Edith's faults with a freedom that would have ill become any but a near and dear friend, and excited her anger, from the circumstance of his being a stranger, and not from reluctance to have her faults spoken of. Indeed, his assumed sway over Frank often provoked and annoyed Edith, although her brother would not allow that it was so. The father and mother were of Frank's opinion, and Edith had the mortification of being quite alone in hers.

Worse still, she found that the family were absolutely speculating upon an alliance with Montgarnier, of which she was to be the connecting link; and with the natural repugnance of female pride to having the hand disposed of without consent of the heart, she grew even colder and more distant to their guest.

"Can you not see, dear mother," she exclaimed one day, when his praises had sickened her of even his name, "can you not see how hateful this is becoming to me? How can you join your voice to that of his too partial friends, to make me hate, where I am now simply repugnant?"

Mrs. Dorrance sighed, but promised to leave her undisturbed. Just then, Mr. Dorrance entered, and, in a few words, informed them that proposals had been made him, from Montgarnier, for Edith's hand, and expressed the strongest desire that they should be accepted. In vain she pleaded dislike. Mr. Dorrance was quite imperative in his demands that she should receive his visits, and try to like him; and left her to prepare for his reception.

"There is some mystery in this," said Edith to herself, "something which does not meet the ear. I will see him, and it shall not be the fault of my woman's wit, if I do not find it out."

A moment afterward, Eugene Montgarnier, handsome and confident as ever, entered the room where she sat. There was an air of assurance about him, as if he deemed himself irresistible. Could any one resist those dainty locks, those piercing black eyes, and all the artillery of his lady-killing attractions? No thought of defeat came into his brain.

"Your father, Miss Dorrance," he commenced, "has given me leave to ascertain how far I may be successful in winning your affections."

"Do not name it, Mr. Montgarnier. I cannot consent to such a conversation, and beg you to spare me the pain of continuing this interview."

"How! did your treatment of me on the first evening of my arrival, prepare me for an answer like this?"

"I do not know how far my attention to you as a stranger, and the friend of my brother, might have led you to anticipate a more intimate relation; but believe me, the rites of hospitality were not blended with any unusual sentiment for the person receiving it."

"But I have another and more powerful incentive to offer you to become my wife; what I think you will have little difficulty in acknowledging is of some weight. Perhaps you do not know that your father only owes his wealth to my forbearance—that it is in my power at any time to make his claim to this property void, and of no effect."

Edith started, but quickly recovered her composure.

"I trust there are no considerations of a mercenary nature, that would influence either my father or myself, in any decision on principle," she said proudly.

Montgarnier muttered something like a threat between his closed teeth; but she gave no heed to it, and went on. "Nothing can make me change my mind, and therefore it is best to terminate this interview, and our intercourse now and forever."

"I go, then, to tell your father of the destruction you bring upon him," answered her auditor.

Tormented by a thousand conjectures, Edith sat where he left her, musing upon his strange and unwelcome words. She heard the door of her father's study open, and she doubted not that it admitted Montgarnier. Half an hour elapsed, and she saw her father walking slowly, and with a troubled air, toward the stables. Terrified lest he had heard the evil tidings which had been threatened, and was growing desperate, she hastily followed him. He seemed to shrink at her approach, but allowed her to place her arm within his, and walk with him to the bottom of the garden. His face was very pale, and his whole bearing sad and dejected.

"Edith," he said at length, "would it trouble you very much, if you knew that our situation was to be changed at any time, from affluence to poverty?"

"No, father," she answered, "not for myself. I should feel sorry for you and my mother, because you are now too old to begin life anew; but for Frank and myself, I do think it would be a blessing. We have been too much indulged; and I do not see how we can ever develop to any higher character than we have attained, while life is so full of uninterrupted enjoyment."

Mr. Dorrance thought of the doctor's words in regard to Edith; and he felt that the storm might indeed be brewing, which would bring to his child that "real trouble" which had been prescribed as a healthful medicine. He said nothing that Edith could construe into a belief that he knew any impending trouble; but she argued something from his questioning, and her imagination did the rest.

She did not wait long in doubt. Seeing her brave and courageous look, Mr. Dorrance told her all. She did not flinch from a single word; but she was surprised at his not speaking of the remedy which their guest had proposed for all this.

"He tells me that he can bring proof that he is the rightful heir to this estate; that his grandfather could not lawfully sell or convey it to any one, and that he can demand the entire rent for the whole term for which I have held it."

"Will it ruin you, dear father?"

"Thank God, no!" said Mr. Dorrance. "Our little farm in Coverdale is our own. Would to heaven we had never left it!"

"Then, why not remove to it at once, and spare us the mortification of being ejected from

hence? No one can occupy it until the proofs are established; and surely Mr. Montgarnier will not presume to remain our guest any longer."

"Why, Edith! Do you not love this man?"

"Are you serious, father?"

"Perfectly. He told me that your scruples had all vanished, and that it was only to make you the possessor of this estate, that he wished to bring these proofs; and further added that you knew and approved of his plan."

"Father! it is not possible! You must have misunderstood him. I positively refused him; and then—not till then—did he threaten me with loss of property to you."

Nothing had been permanently fixed on, except the determination to remain quiet until Montgarnier produced his proofs; a measure which he seemed to delay, from some motive or other—and also to delay his departure, although Mr. Dorrance had politely hinted that he would prefer being alone with his family. Frank had begun to think that his friend was after all not so near perfection as he had thought him; and as for Edith, she would not make her appearance.

Mr. Dorrance was walking alone at some distance from the house, late one evening, when he heard Montgarnier's voice in conversation with some one whose tones he could not recognize. In answer to some question asked by his companion, he heard the young man say, "I have had hopes, all along, that the girl would relent, and marry me at once. Then, you know, I should be safe. But she does not believe my story, while the father and mother do. They believe, good, simple old souls! that I can dispossess them at any time! I only hope that my poor old grandfather won't rise from his grave to prove me a liar—"

A few whispered sentences were unintelligible, but at parting, he heard the words, "never fear; you shall have your share, if I can make these circumstances work together. Be here to-morrow at ten, with your proofs! ha, ha, proofs! and we will try our luck. This evening I shall devote to one more attempt to see the daughter. Be prompt and wary."

Mr. Dorrance waited until the footsteps disappeared, and then returned home by a short path. He was seated quietly in his arm chair when Montgarnier returned, with his wife and son near him. They could not prevail on Edith to come down, but gave her a hasty insight into the facts.

"I know not if I ought to spare you, young man, from public disgrace. Forbearance here is not a virtue; for you may more successfully plot other villainies as deep as this."

"Never, Mr. Dorrance. Believe me when I say, that I was not the original plotter of this; and believe me also when I say, that had not my tempter come to me again this evening, I should have given up my share of the conspiracy against your fortune. Spare me—if not for my own sake, spare me for my mother's. Frank, you will have pity upon me, when I tell you that the investigator was none other than Du Plessis, the gamester, and that I owe him large sums at play, which he had threatened to expose to my uncle, unless I employed these means to raise the money for his demands."

Occasionally, in my walks through the city, I meet a squalid looking man, with red eyes and shuffling gait, who never looks one directly in the face, but, after skulking about the corners of the public streets, turns aside into a poor, dark court, which corresponds well with his shabby clothes. You would hardly believe this man to be the once handsome and gay Eugene Montgarnier; but truth is stranger than fiction, and, as he is now known by a less imposing name, he is not recognized by those who formerly knew him as such, and the gayest man in Boston.

It was but the other day that a handsome carriage, in which were a lady and some children, was driven rapidly through the street. A man, poor and abject looking, was on the crossing. A sudden check from the driver alone prevented him from being thrown to the ground. The lady looked eagerly out to see if any one was hurt, and resumed her seat without discovering who it was that had so narrowly escaped. But he knew her! One could tell that, even if he had not been heard to mutter to himself the name of Dorrance.

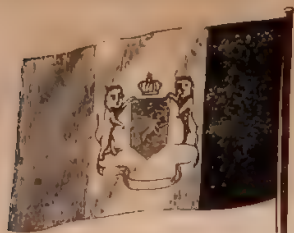
"Who was that lady?" I asked of the companion with whom I was walking.

"Mrs. Kingston, of Worcester," he answered. "She was formerly Edith Dorrance, of L—."

"And that man," I said, "was Montgarnier. Of course you remember his history."

"Is it possible? Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard!"





BELGIUM.



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



AMERICAN CUSTOMS.



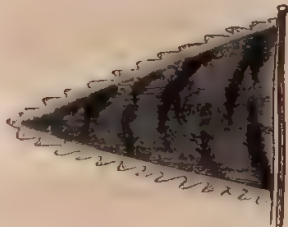
IRELAND.



DOMINICA.



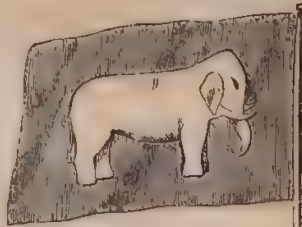
SARDINIA.



CHINA.



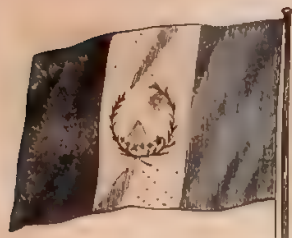
COCHIN CHINA.



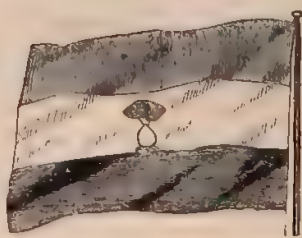
SIAM.



BIRMA.



BOLIVIA.



PARAGUAY.



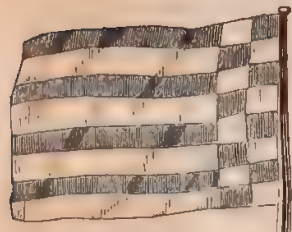
CENTRAL AMERICA.



MEXICO.



SWEDEN.



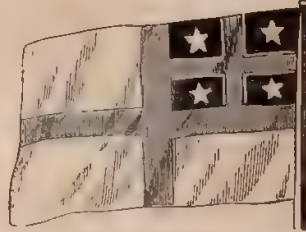
BREVEN.



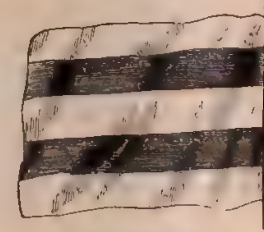
MECKLENBURG.



TUNIS.



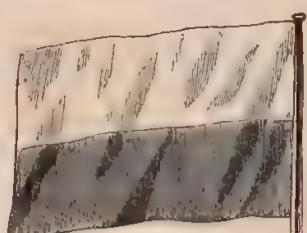
NEW ZEALAND.



ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.



HAMBURG.



LUBBOK.



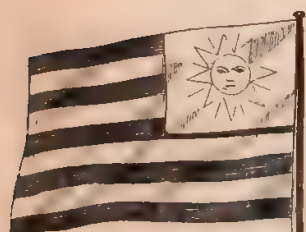
POLAND.



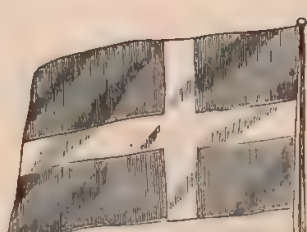
PRUSSIAN, MERCHANT.



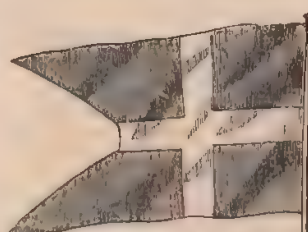
PRUSSIAN, MAN-OF-WAR.



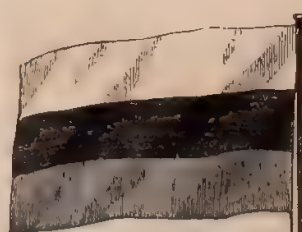
URUGUAY.



DENMARK, MERCHANT.



DENMARK, MAN-OF-WAR.



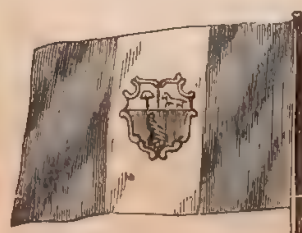
RUSSIAN, MERCHANT.



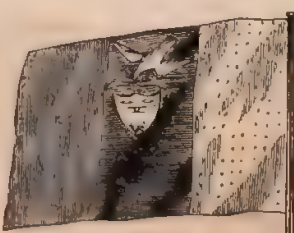
RUSSIAN, MAN-OF-WAR.



BRAZIL.



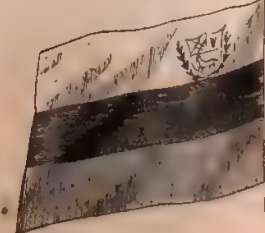
PERU.



NEW GRENADA.



ECUADOR.



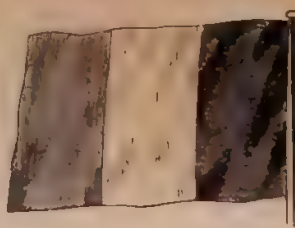
VENEZUELA.

A REPRESENTATION OF





JAPAN.



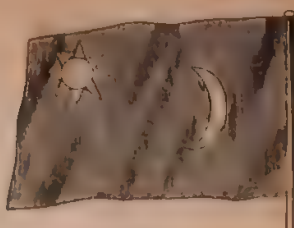
FRANCE.



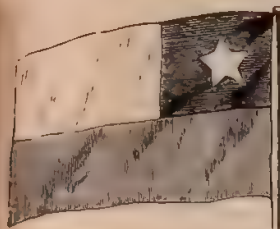
ENGLISH UNION JACK.



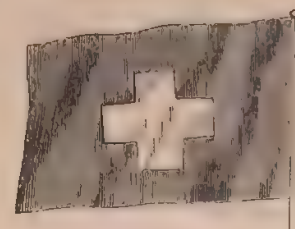
ENGLISH RED ENSIGN.



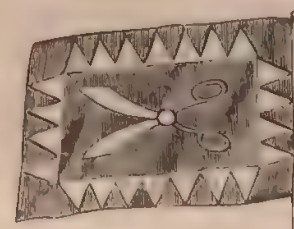
ARABIA.



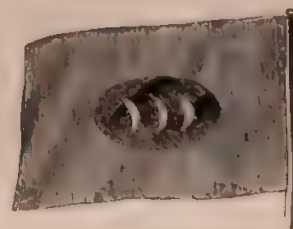
CHILI.



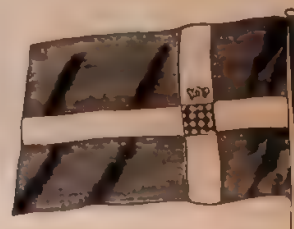
SWITZERLAND.



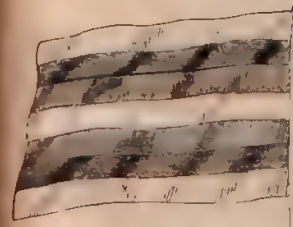
MOROCCO.



TURKEY.



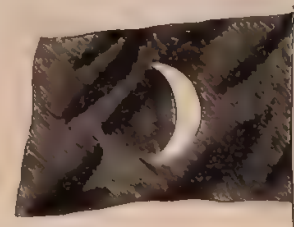
GREECE.



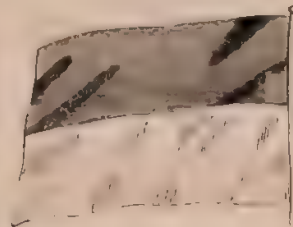
ALGIERS.



HOLLAND.



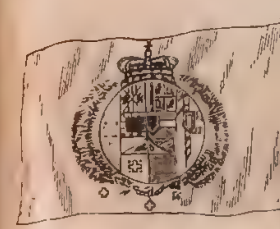
EGYPT.



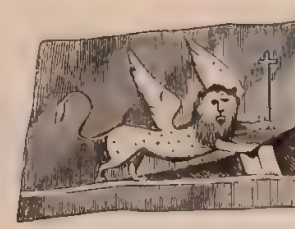
HAYTI.



TRIPOLI.



NAPLES.



VENICE.



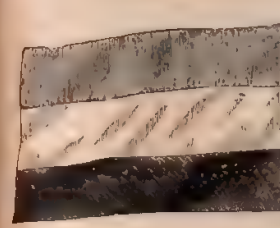
BATAVIA.



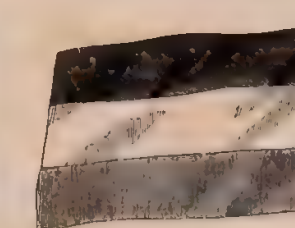
AUSTRIA.



SPAIN, MERCHANT.



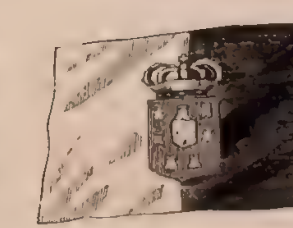
HUNGARIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.



ITALIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.



PORTUGAL, MERCHANT.



PORTUGAL, MAN-OF-WAR.



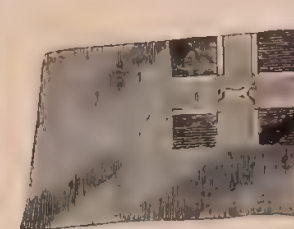
SPAIN, MAN-OF-WAR.



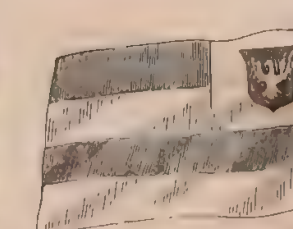
SANDWICH ISLANDS.



IONIAN REPUBLIC.



HANOVER.



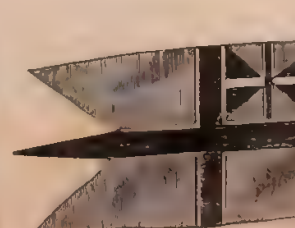
FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.



PAPAL STANDARD.



SICILY.



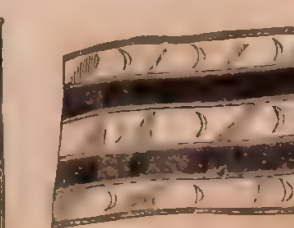
NORWEGIAN.



LIBERIA.



TUSCANY.



PERSIA.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## SMOKING THEM OUT:

—OR—

## WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

BY MATRICE SILINGSBY.

ABOUT the middle of June, 1675, the inhabitants of Lancaster were thrown into an unusual state of alarm by the announcement that King Philip had broken treaty with the whites, and with Sagamore Sam, chief of the Nashaways, and several other inferior sachems, had formed a league to exterminate, if possible, every white settler within the then limited settlement of "ye province" of Massachusetts, and also by the still more startling information that, at the head of some fifteen hundred warriors, Philip, the most intellectual and warlike chieftain of the early Puritan times, was then on his resistless march towards Lancaster, and ere many days might be expected to fall upon the town.

Although they had enjoyed many years' uninterrupted tranquillity in consequence of the familiarity and friendship of the Nashaways and Nipmets, yet they had not allowed themselves during all this time, to remain idle, and two strong garrisons, or block houses, had been erected in different quarters of the town. One garrison was under the command of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, and the other was maintained by Captain Kerley, an experienced officer, who had considerable knowledge of Indian warfare. The news of Philip's approach was brought into the town by Seth Farrar, a little after noon on the 21st of June, and the inhabitants, as before stated, rushed in great alarm to the garrisons; but the Indians, although they were seen hovering on the outskirts of the town just before sunset, made no attack upon them, although the fact of their close proximity to a deadly foe debarred all repose to the occupants of the garrisons through that long night of agonized suspense.

All the next day they waited, but no attack was made, and on the following day the inhabitants returned to the peaceful occupancy of their homes, but on the 22d of August, following, an attack was made, so sudden, that nearly half the inhabitants of the town fell at the first onslaught.

The Indians distributed their forces so as to attack the town in five places at once. Most of the unfortified houses were destroyed, but neither of the garrisons suffered a like fate. Some twenty women and children were carried into captivity, though some of them subsequently returned to the settlements.

In the height of the carnage a foraging party composed of five savages, having penetrated to the house of a settler named John Divol, situated in a hollow among the hills, surprised him in a field some sixty rods from the house, where he was instantly shot and scalped. Mrs. Divol, who had been an eye-witness from the house, of this barbarous spectacle, and being a woman of remarkable courage and nerve, seized two loaded muskets and succeeded in shooting two of the savages and barricading the house before the surviving three could reach her to prevent it. She then loaded the empty muskets and with wonderful adroitness managed to shoot one of the three through a friendly loop-hole.

Determined to revenge their fallen comrades and seeing no possible way of forcing an entrance at the door, they quickly mounted to the roof, which was low, with the intention of descending to the room below by way of the chimney, but Mrs. Divol, who instantly comprehended the object of this move, thrust a large bundle of straw up the flue, and ignited it just as the foremost Indian had commenced his descent. She next seized a hatchet and stood ready to receive him. She was not obliged to wait long, for the smoke and heat of the blazing straw brought him down in a hurry.

On his arrival he was too near dead to offer any serious resistance, and with a couple of well directed blows from her hatchet she succeeded in despatching another of her deadly foes. Seeing the tragical fate of his last surviving companion, the remaining savage leaped from the roof and commenced beating a hasty retreat before the indomitable enemy. But here Mrs. Divol, with characteristic forethought, knowing that if this one succeeded in effecting his escape there was the chance of his bringing others to molest her, unbarred the door, and seizing the other musket which she had previously loaded, but had not discharged till now, took deliberate aim at the retreating foe and shot him dead at the distance of two hundred yards.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C. Salem, Mass.—Capital punishment was long since abolished in Norway.  
INQUIRER.—The Louisville and Nashville Railroad will be completed by the middle of November.  
STUDENT.—"Le Nouveau Faust et la nouvelle Marguerite" was written by Charles Nodder.  
"TRADER." Concord, N. H.—According to a paragraph in the China Telegraph, the plan for the opening of the nineteen free ports in the Dutch East Indies, which was fixed for June 1st, has undergone serious modification. Owing to protests from the protectionist party in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the importation of cotton and woolen manufactures is still to be prohibited.  
C. C.—Macadamizing was first introduced into England by McAdam, a Scotchman.  
PUPIL.—The term *huc et illuc* (a sport of nature) is applied to anything unequal in the physical world.  
KIDDER.—In animals which go into the state of hibernation, the blood ceases to circulate, or circulates very slowly, the pulsations of the arteries are stopped, and, on opening a vein, no blood, or merely a few drops, issues from the orifice.  
VOYAGEUR.—During the year 1850, up to June 30, the total number of boats burnt and otherwise lost on the western rivers was seventy-four, with boats lost, thirty-six. Number of lives lost, three hundred and twenty-seven. Value of boats and cargoes, \$1,770,520.  
R. C.—James Hiltbush, the author of "Percy's Masque" and "Herald" died January 5, 1841.  
S. S.—A new cable containing six conducting wires was recently laid between Folkestone and Boulogne. It is the largest and strongest cable ever made, its weight being ten tons per mile.  
MRS. C. B. Medford, Mass.—Bristol diamonds or Bristol stones are small and brilliant crystals of quartz found in the neighborhood of Bristol, England.  
TYRO, Boston.—From official returns it appears that the number of printing-offices in France is but 1037. These employ 5500 compositors, 3000 pressmen, and 900 correctors and overseers. The product of the whole is valued at five millions of dollars.  
"REGISTER."—The deficit in the post-office department for the last fiscal year was \$4,325,000.

## THE ATHENEUM GALLERY.

Among the many attractions which render a summer sojourn in the city more than tolerable, is the exhibition of paintings and statuary now open in the galleries of the Athenæum, Beacon Street. It is a great privilege to be able to step from the crowded street into the presence of such transcripts of varied nature as greet one on every side upon the well-filled walls of the picture-gallery; to pass a quiet hour there, and to photograph on the sensitive plates of memory images of beauty which will live there while life endures, ready to start forth at a hint, perfect and undimmed. From a few moments passed there the other day, we carried away some most vivid and agreeable impressions; and the hasty examination then made led us to believe that this is the best exhibition we have enjoyed in that locality. In the first place, there is a pleasing dearth of portraits of ladies and gentlemen in fashionable garments, smiling intensely from highly-varnished canvasses, though a few good heads in oils and crayon have been admitted. Wight is represented in this department; Alfred Ordway has one finely colored head; there is a good portrait by Walter M. Brackett; and Rowse, Cheney, Hartwell, and T. M. Johnston, have crayons which will amply repay study.

From the mass of paintings exhibited, we only lingered before those of rare merit. Thus while we paused to refresh our memory with a look at the exquisite "Holy Family," by Page, we turned from his "Birth of Venus." The former is the best, the latter the worst picture he ever painted. Of the genre pictures, the best, and it is excellent, is E. Johnson's "Negro Life at the South (1841)." This painting has already figured in the New York exhibition, and was much commended by the connoisseurs. Its liveliness, variety and naturalness commend it to every one who has eyes to see, while it has artistic merits which reward a critical study. Are you for a picture on a grander scale, and appealing to deeper emotions? Look at that "Dying Brigand," by E. H. May. It will remind you of the Dying Gladiator. Life is ebbing away from the powerful frame; the cheeks are ashen, and "Death's pale standard is advanced there." The bandit has fired his last shot; his useless musketoon lies beside him, and now, as the agonies of remorse and dissolution together rack his frame, he is half dragged by his faithful wife, half drags himself, through the crimson dust to the wayside shrine of the Madonna, where he will breathe his last.

But let us turn from this unpleasant subject. The "Wadsworth Oak" (287) is a nice, cool, breezy picture, most delicately touched in by J. F. Kensett, one of our best landscapeists, a careful student of nature, to whom she lovingly unveils her beauties. Away to Naples. Here is a

grand view of Capri, by A. Bierstadt, a forcibly drawn and finely colored picture. The sweep of the waves, the gleam of the white sunshine on the water, the frowning line of coast and the fantastic rocks, are all admirably rendered and highly effective.

G. H. Hall's "Don Quixotte" is admirable in color, while his large fruit piece (209) is a mass of chromatic splendors, yet perfectly true to nature. S. R. Gifford's "Mansfield Mountain, Vermont," (No. 283,) is a fine specimen of atmospheric effect. You seem to stand with those figures on the stern, splintered ridge, and gaze over through the bright mist that fills the yawning abyss, at the swelling mountain chain that soars up cloud-like into, rather than against the sky. The Roman Campagna, (No. 278,) by W. S. Hazeltine, is a fine painting. W. P. W. Dana has some very clever pictures, the subjects being French landscape and life.

But we must pause for the present. We have written a rambling article about a brief ramble through the gallery, but not in vain, if we induce any one to visit it who would otherwise remain unaware of its very great attractions.

## THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

We have several times referred to these interesting girls, who unitedly do not weigh as much as the celebrated Gen. Tom Thumb. Some weeks since we published in the Pictorial their portraits. We notice by our exchanges that at every place they appear, more persons apply than can be admitted; and all, especially the ladies, are delighted with them. The Portland papers state that eight thousand persons visited them there in four days, and many persons went several times and were not able to gain admission; and that in the last day of their levees in that city, fifteen hundred more applied for admission than their large Mechanics' Hall would contain. They are probably the most interesting specimens of humanity on the face of the globe. They are so intelligent, so tiny, so sprightly, so every way interesting in body and mind, that we really feel interested in them, and urge all of our readers to attend at least one of their levees, if they can at any time do so even by riding a few miles. They are under the management of Albert Norton, Esq. Thousands of our readers have already seen them, and know that what we say of them is strictly correct.

CHINESE WIT AND WISDOM.—When a man seeks advice and wont follow it, the Celestials compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper." A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath." If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks." The father who neglects his child is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail." The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light of a sick bedroom." Their picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail." Mock philanthropy is described by one of their greatest poets, as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

AQUATIC.—There was great excitement in Kansas City lately, on the introduction of a water cart to sprinkle the streets. The boys hurrahed, the newspaper reporters followed it from street to street to see how it worked, and a good hearted old woman ran out to inform the driver that all his water was wasting.

SPEAKING FRENCH.—Clapp, of the Gazette, says, and he ought to know, that we have but three actors in the country who pronounce the French language well upon the stage—Mr. Henry Placide, Mr. William Warren and Mr. John Nickinson.

SARATOGA.—The Saratoga Springs hotels are now crowded with visitors. There are quite a number of families from the West—Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and other Western cities, taking the lead for the present.

THE FASTEST TRIP.—The new steamer John Brooks has run from Bridgeport to New York in three hours, the quickest water trip ever made between the two places.

EAST AND WEST.—The Commercial Bulletin says pithily, that sunrise and sunset must be the only boundary of "down East" and "out West."

## BOSTON A WATERING-PLACE.

We believe our neighbor of the Advertiser was the first to discover that Boston was a watering-place, and deserving of patronage on that account, and now several of our oldest inhabitants and some of our younger ones have become proselytes to the theory. This is manifest in the increase of boating and yachting. It has been found by experiment that after building some of the fastest crafts in the world, it is not necessary to send them to remote points of the coast, but that they will actually float in Boston Bay and on Charles River. Consequently our *jeunesse dorée* (we don't mean *dory*) is becoming intensely nautical; blue shirts and tarpaulin hats have had a rise, sculls are more in request than during the palmiest days of phrenology, and "catching crabs" is a favorite amusement with amateur oarsmen. All this is very pleasant, and we rejoice that aquatic sports have come into fashion in a city enjoying so many advantages for their pursuit.

## HORSE AND MAN.

Some of the quadrupeds in New York fare a great deal better than many of the bipeds in that curious microcosm. The stables on the Fifth Avenue, N. Y., are described as very luxurious affairs—built of brick and freestone, with much architectural display, lighted with gas and supplied with Croton water, with large and roomy stalls. In one, owned by a wealthy banker, lately a foreign minister, are half a dozen splendid coach and saddle horses, a beautiful Shetland pony and a cow, half a dozen dogs, and some Guinea pigs. Everything about the place is kept as neat as a pin, the horses are littered with fine hay, occupy large, airy stalls, and seem highly to appreciate their home comforts. The whole interior of the stable is handsomely painted. In the coach-house are three or four rich, heavy coaches, of European manufacture, and an American phaeton.

AN OLD VISITOR.—One of the old *habitues* of Saratoga Springs, now there, is a wealthy planter from Arkansas, named Walworth, who has been blind for several years. He is accompanied by a retinue of servants and attendants. Last year he made his will, and bequeathed some \$250,000 for charitable objects; among his other bequests was the sum of \$50,000 to the State of New York towards founding a hospital for the blind; if the State should refuse to accept it, it is to go to the State of Michigan, and if not accepted by Michigan, it is to go to Ohio.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON.—This is one of the largest and best hotels in the United States, and a great favorite with the travelling public. The house is kept on a model plan of neatness, order, and liberal elegance. We are gratified to know of its great and continued success. Let our readers, when they visit Boston, give the American House a call. See the advertisement in another column of this paper.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.—Mrs. Virginia Cunningham, whom we are sorry to lose from the Museum, is engaged for the coming season by DeBar as leading lady of the St. Louis Theatre, and the St. Charles, N. O. Mrs. Cunningham is a beautiful woman and an excellent actress.

INCREASE OF REVENUE.—The duties collected at New Orleans on foreign goods during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, were \$2,103,066 41, against \$2,034,554 14 in 1858, showing an increase this year of \$68,512 27.

THE RAVELS.—These Zouaves of the *stago* are astonishing and delighting the New Yorkers. They are always attractive even when "the times are out of joint." They never did a better business than during the panic of 1857.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.—This immense and costly structure will be completely finished next year. It will present the appearance of a huge granite pillar rising out of the ocean, crowned by a brilliant lantern.

THE CROPS.—The crops are coming in finely; there will be plenty to eat next winter, and, if no European war turns up, the people will be supplied with food at moderate prices.

EDWIN BOOTH.—Some of the New York critics have been attacking this brilliant young actor very savagely—sorry for them.



## A SCENE IN A BALL-ROOM.

Speaking of Lola Montez, who is now in London, the other day, to a travelled friend, he related an anecdote of one of her affairs on the continent, which shows that she was sometimes foiled in spite of her audacity. Some years ago she was passing a few days at Baden-Baden, so famed for its miscellaneous company, and the attractions of its gaming-tables, which are farmed out by the duke. Having subscribed for a ticket to a grand ball, she presented herself at the door of the ball-room, dressed splendidly and glittering with diamonds. Glancing at her card, the door-keeper coolly informed her that she could not be admitted. Lola stated that she had subscribed. The door-keeper informed her that her name was not on his check-list, and that it would not have been received on the subscription if she had been better known. He added that the price of her ticket would be restored to her.

This was too much for the fiery temper of Lola, and the unfortunate door-keeper soon measured his length upon the floor, while the triumphant danseuse boldly entered the ball-room and took her seat between two German baronesses, creating a prodigious flutter and sensation in the hall. After the lapse of a few moments, a grave-looking gentleman in black approached, and bowing stiffly, said:

"Mlle Lola Montez, I presume? I beg to tell you, madam, that you cannot be permitted to remain in this room. You must retire."

"Sir!" said Lola, starting up, "I shall not leave the room."

"Then, madam, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of removing you under the escort of a corporal and four men."

"Sir, you have insulted me, and I demand gentlemanly satisfaction. Choose your arm."

"I choose infantry, madam," replied the gentleman in black—"the grenadiers of the line. Know that I am the Bailiff of Baden-Baden, and am authorized to call upon the military. I am going to the barracks now, and if I find you here on my return, I shall have to escort you to the guard-house. Moreover, you have but twenty-four hours to remain in the duchy. If you persist in remaining after that time, the most unpleasant consequences to yourself will follow."

Finding that she had a resolute man to deal with, and doubting her ability to cope with the whole military force of the place, Lola, like a wise general, beat a retreat, and retired from the enemy's territory within the given time.

**A HEROINE.**—Among the wounded at Vercelli was a canteen-woman who received a bullet in the thigh, at the affair of Turbigo. After seeing several of the soldiers falling round her, she seized a musket and joined in the bayonet-charge on the Austrians. This young woman attracted the notice of the emperor. At first it was thought advisable to amputate the wounded limb. "I am not afraid of the operation," said she, "but I won't submit to it; for if I lose my leg, how can I follow my regiment?" She is now getting well, and will probably be able to continue the campaign in a few weeks.

**THE THREE KISSES.**—Herr Hacklander, the Stuttgart author, says life has three kisses that are crises:—"The first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly-wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that which love or friendship closes your eyes, when your career on earth is ended."

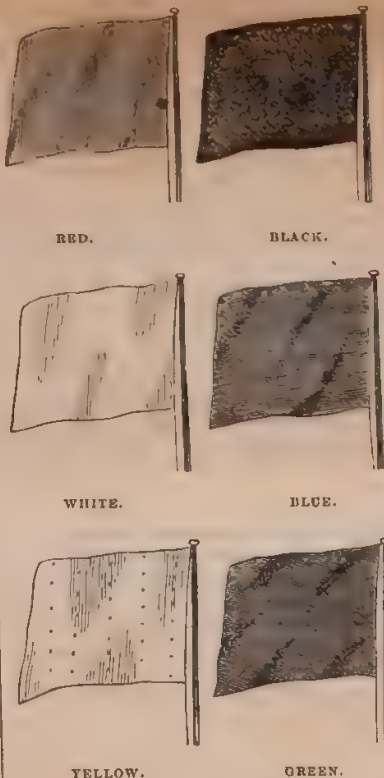
**SOCK AND BUSKIN.**—The buskin was a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors to give elevation to the stature. Buskin is used in contradistinction to the sock (*soccus*), the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence both terms came to be used to express the tragic and comic drama.

**SWEET BUSINESS.**—Thompson, the great New York confectioner, has retired on a half million. Taylor, near by, pays him \$4000 per year for ten years not to let his place for a continuation of the business.

**WARLIKE.**—The U. S. government is sending 10,000 muskets from Springfield Armory to California. The guns are soldered up in tin cases inside wooden boxes, to protect them from moisture.

**MR. CHOATE.**—Mr. Choate never used opium. Strong tea was the steepest article he ever drunk, and in not over quantities at that.

## THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.



In obedience to the reiterated requests of numerous regular subscribers, as well as agents, we have placed on pages 120 and 121 of the present number, the elaborate flag map, carefully drawn and engraved for us some years since, our copies containing it having been long ago exhausted by the demand. This sheet is invaluable for reference; and to render it complete, we publish herewith a key to the colors of the flags, these colors being invariably indicated by engravers in the direction of the lines of shading, or by the insertion of dots, as in the accompanying cuts. These flags, as emblems of nationality, are dear to the heart of every people. They are associated with all our peaceful displays and civic and military celebrations, and in time of danger, their display rallies ever brave and stout heart. To an American, the casual sight of the stars and stripes in a foreign land causes a thrill of joy and pride that language can hardly picture, while a thousand glorious historical memories are evoked at the glittering constellation of its union, and the blood-red color that streams athwart its field.

**A TRUE BALSAM.**—Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is truly a balsam and a blessing to invalids. It contains the pure balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients, which are mingled after the true principle of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, colds, consumption and bronchial troubles disappear under its genial balsamic influence, as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever reached to so extended a popularity in this country, or has accomplished so great an amount of good. Buy none unless it has the name of "I. Butts" written on the wrapper.

**AILANTHUS TREES.**—The New Yorkers are complaining of the disgusting and poisonous effluvia of the ailanthus trees, of which large numbers shade their streets. They are called the "Tree of Heaven;" why, only the long-tailed Celestials who invented them only know.

**ENGLAND AND FRANCE.**—Lord Lyndhurst insists that steam has so changed the whole system of naval warfare and of the transport service, that England is in no small danger from her powerful continental neighbor.

**QUOTATIONS.**—Good books are not in everybody's reach; and it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.

**THE CHINA SILK TRADE.**—The export of silk this year to Great Britain is 65,228 bales against 56,434, or an increase of 8794 bales this season. To Marseilles 7859 bales were exported.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The population of Texas, as given by the late census, shows a total of 478,620.

A fast mule is owned in St. Louis that can make his mile in 3.30, and fifty miles in five hours.

It is a singular fact that suicide is most prevalent in those countries where the highest degree of civilization exists.

There are twenty-three Savings Banks in New Hampshire, and the amount of the deposits is thirty-four million dollars.

There is a chap near Savannah who raises 63 pound watermelons, and gives them to the editor of the Republican. Generous fellow!

During the session of the Circuit Court at Reading, Tenn., Judge Walker fined a man fifty dollars for kissing a respectable lady against her wish and consent.

Mrs. Rhoda Douglas of Freetown, Mass., entered her 100th year in June. She was left a widow in her 59th year, and has remained such for forty years.

Since the introduction of sleeping cars, the travel over the Illinois Central Railroad has increased materially. The cars on this road are very much superior to those hitherto in use.

The first iron made in the United States from mineral coal, was smelted in 1837. Now we make nearly 50,000 tons of mineral iron per annum.

George William Warren, the noted organist of Albany, N. Y., has been made an Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society, Florence, Italy.

The late Henry L. Lambert, of Salem, made a bequest of five hundred dollars, to be expended during the summer succeeding his death for evening promenade concerts on Salem Common.

Two hundred and eleven thousand acres of land have just been certified to the State of Wisconsin, for the Chicago, St. Louis, and Fond du Lac Railroads, under the Act of Congress of 1856.

A German, at Cincinnati, made a bet of fifty dollars that he could drink half a barrel of lager in twenty-four hours. Seeing how he was going on, the other party paid him ten dollars to stop and throw up the bet.

There are 511 lodges of Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania, with 42,542 contributing members. The receipts of the order for the year ending June 30, were \$225,966, and the amount paid for relief, \$110,076.

In Baltimore, the other day, a woman offered for sale at a bone factory some human bones, which she had picked up in an old graveyard, where the coffins have been exposed by the cutting away of the hills.

The production of wheat in the several States for 1857 and 1858, may be stated thus. 1857, 180,000,000 bushels; 1858, 158,500,000 bushels. The crop of 1859 is variously estimated, but it is safe to place it at 200,000,000 bushels.

The canal at Niagara Falls is open to the deepest grade contemplated, and the workmen are being discharged. It has been excavated under the supervision of S. M. Allen, and forms the greatest water power in the world. Its construction has occupied six years.

There are four churches in New York supported by the Welch, viz., one Baptist, one Congregationalist, one Wesleyan and one Methodist. There are two newspapers printed in Welch, with a circulation of ten thousand copies. They have also four benevolent associations.

We understand, says the Buffalo Republic, that a broker or banker of this city is about papering his office with a very rich description of wall paper, the border to be composed of \$100 bills on the Brighton Market Bank, which he took in the way of trade and exchange.

Since the 4th of July, it has been unlawful for any person to pass or receive in the State of Arkansas, any bank bill of less denomination than ten dollars. After the 4th of July, 1861, no bill of less denomination than twenty dollars can be put or kept in circulation.

More camels, says the Civilian, of Galveston, are coming to Texas. The new exportation now expected is to be made from the valleys of the upper Mongolia. They are stronger than any other kind of camels, and are accustomed to the severest hardships. They are to enter the United States via San Francisco.

At a recent meeting of peach growers in the vicinity of Woodville, Mercer county, N. J., it was ascertained that in a space of about three miles square there would be at least 20,000 baskets of peaches for shipment. In the same space, there are over 90,000 trees planted, 22,000 of which are in bearing.

The man who runs knives and bodkins into his body was examined by some doctors at Cincinnati, who quickly brought him to a sense of feeling. They found that he had spots thoroughly cicatrized, in which he placed his instruments, but when the awl was stuck in elsewhere, he screamed with pain.

At a vendue of the personal property of a Mr. Oaks, recently deceased in Dauphin county, Pa., lately, a bag of flax-seed was offered for sale. One of the bidders put his hand into the bag to examine the seed, and hauled out a bag containing gold and silver coin. The bag was overhauled, and over one thousand dollars in gold and silver coin found therein.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.—*Lamartine*

.... Practical happiness is much oftener thrown away than snatched from us.—*Isaac Taylor*

.... It has been wisely said that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.—*Isaac Walton*

.... The more compassionate men there are, the fewer men there will be requiring compassion.—*De Boufflers*

.... Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.—*Bacon*

.... It is wicked to have no respect for the truth—it is just as wicked to have no contempt for falsehood.—*Pascal*

.... Man has less need of enjoying than of not suffering; pleasure is so doubtful, pain so real, and there are so many sufferers.—*De Boufflers*

.... Patience, after all, is the highest courage, since it affords us time to mature all our energies.—*W. G. Simms*

.... It is exceedingly difficult to pronounce upon the character of some men's minds, for the sufficient reason that they seem to have no mind at all.—*Bacon*

.... To describe women, the pen should be dipped in the humid colors of the rainbow, and the paper dried with the dust gathered from the wings of a butterfly.—*Didrot*

.... There is reason to fear that he who treats you as a friend of twenty years' standing, will treat you at the end of twenty years as a stranger, if you have any important favor to solicit of him.—*Rousseau*

.... Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel, not so much that you should become wise, as that they should become recognized as teachers of wisdom.—*W. G. Simms*

.... All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself, this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.—*Jean Paul Richter*

.... Hair is the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt*

## Joker's Budget.

There is no objection to *boils* in the house, so that they be confined to the *dinner-pot*.

The Funambulist, who tried to balance the North Pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Because they are born in Holland.

Why does no man confess his vices? It is because he is yet in them. It is for a waking man to tell his dreams.

A writer on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles generally fly fastest.

If your watch is snatched from you in the streets, probably the best thing you can do is to raise the cry of "watch! watch!"

Punch thinks that the carriage drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges.

Fitzgerald's City Item asks: "If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience and orchestra to come from?"

One of the Vermont gold diggers has come very near making his fortune. With immense labor he has dug up an old sledge, a woodchuck trap, a jewsharp and an old cent.

The newspapers are cautioning people not to go out in the sun, just as though they could gather their harvest in the shade. Don't go near the water, Billy, till you learn to swim.

"If you call this skinning," says Tom to the barber, "it is not so bad; but if you call it shaving, I should prefer your using the other side of the razor."

Footie being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

"Jim," said one youngster to another on the Fourth, "Jim, lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early, I spent all my money before breakfast. I didn't think the day was going to be so long."

One of the beauties of the court of Prussia said to the king: "Sire, how is it that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?" "Madame," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear rouge."

The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever." What an inducement for an early death!



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## WOULD I WERE DEAD.

A LOVE SONG—FOR MUSIC.

BY J. HARRY HAYWARD.

O' would that I were dead, Fannie,  
Or that we ne'er had met;  
That my sad heart for e'er, Fannie,  
Thine image might forget.  
For just so long as mind retains  
One lingering thought of thee,  
My faithful soul will be in bands,  
While thou, alas, art free—  
Through life to act as best thou wilt,  
And choose some other heart to fill  
My place!

O' would that I were dead, Fannie,  
Or that my love would die;  
That in one common tomb, Fannie,  
Both there in peace might lie;  
For then I would not constant be  
As now, so deep distressed  
By that, which proved to be a curse,  
When it no longer blessed  
Ay, blest was I, when thy love-light  
Made all seem joyous, fair, and bright  
With thee!

O' would that I were dead, Fannie,  
That thou with me hadst died,  
Ere first thy rosy lips, Fannie,  
Thy love for me denied!  
For then my aching breast no more  
Would feel the gaping void,  
Which in my heart still yearns for thee,  
Who won, and then destroyed.  
As was destroyed my peace of mind,  
When thou to death for e'er resigned  
My love!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE MONOMANIAC.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MADNESS! The simple thought is enough to induce a shudder. To be plunged at once from the full enjoyment of sense and reason, into an utter darkness of mind; to suffer a total extinguishment of that faint, and yet strangely powerful flame, which alone renders life endurable or possible—this is an evil from the contemplation of which humanity recoils with fear and trembling.

Nor is any insanity stranger, nor perhaps more terrible, than monomania. While upon every other subject the mind of the unhappy sufferer appears normal and rational, upon one all-absorbing idea he dwells and raves with incessant pertinacity. His madness will at times assume the most terrible forms, and he will conjure up to the illustration of his insanity, the most horrible demons of the mind which it is possible for such a person to conceive; and again, he will astonish, and often move to irresistible merriment, the friends, whose sympathies cannot always prevail against the ludicrous imaginations and absurd visions of the miserable victim of madness.

I was upon one occasion conversing with others in a numerous company, upon this interesting subject, when an old physician, who had remained silent for some time, volunteered a chapter from his experience.

"I have frequently known cases," he said, "where the mind of a man, being acted upon by grief, overwhelming trouble, or anxiety, or any other of the thousand ills with which humanity is afflicted, becomes strangely sensitive to outside influences, and, which is strangest of all, fearful of losing its reason. And in many instances it has occurred within my knowledge, that the sufferer becomes possessed with a presentiment, solely by reason of this fear, and quickly forces himself, as it were, into the very condition which he is so anxious to avoid.

"I remember a strange case in point, which will perfectly illustrate my meaning. It is that of Gilbert Le Fevre, an old schoolfellow of mine, and a friend whom I esteemed highly. He had a fondness as well as an aptness for mercantile pursuits; and as we were both settled in the same neighborhood, a pleasant intimacy sprang up between our families; while our own boyish attachment for each other was greatly strengthened and augmented.

"There was at this time, but one thing particularly noticeable in the constitution of Le Fevre's mind. He was excessively nervous; and trivial causes were often productive of strange consequences, with him. A very slight annoyance

was sufficient to throw him into a transport of passion; while, upon the contrary, any small gratification often made him unproportionably happy. His health was always good; and up to the time when my story now properly commences, his success in business had been marked and encouraging.

"Early one morning I received a message from him, requesting my immediate attendance at his house. From the urgent tone of the note, I inferred that some pressing necessity prompted it; and neglecting several other professional visits which I had appointed for this hour, I repaired immediately to Le Fevre's dwelling. I found him alone in his library; and seating myself, I quite anxiously awaited his communication.

"I was, I must confess, somewhat surprised at his appearance. He sat in his arm chair, wrapped in his dressing-gown, his appearance very much like that of an invalid. He was very thin and pale; and more than this, his face wore a melancholy look of despondency such as I had never seen there before.

"You are not ill, I hope!" said I.

"He looked up vacantly as he heard my voice, and ran his fingers abstractedly through his hair; and then, as if only just aware of my presence, he arose, and walking to the door, carefully closed it. Then re-seating himself, he said:

"I sent for you this morning, doctor, to make a revelation to you. The truth can no longer be concealed; and you are the fittest person to hear it. Look at me—examine my face carefully! You see that it is almost bloodless; you observe that my eyes are dull and inactive. Now feel my pulse."

"I did so. The pulsation was very slow, and at the same time faint and feeble.

"You observe the symptoms; and now indicate the disease, if you can! What am I about to be afflicted with?"

"Nothing of any consequence," I replied. "You are low-spirited; and you may perhaps have become a little indisposed, in addition. Beyond this there is nothing."

"A faint, sickly smile crept over his face as he heard these words.

"It is all very well, doctor," he said, "to attempt to deceive me; but I have studied these symptoms too long and anxiously to be easily misled. Within the last week I have grown sick both in body and mind; I have become weak and despondent. There is a cause for this; I am not afflicted in vain. Doctor, I am becoming mad! The horrible truth has forced itself home to me within the last twenty-four hours; I am rapidly becoming a drivelling fool, or a maniac! My mind is deserting me! I have scarcely intellect enough left to grasp at what I am telling you. But it is the truth—the truth! and O God, what a fate!"

"He pressed his hands to his forehead, and walked several times across the room, uttering, during all this time, the most pitiful and heart-rending groans.

"Le Fevre, my old friend!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "how is it possible that you can deceive yourself in this manner? Mad? You becoming mad? Why—the very idea is an absurdity!"

"He shook his head sorrowfully and incredulously.

"It is no fantasy," he said. "I have wrestled and struggled with this terrible fate; but every day the monster comes nearer, nearer! Before you see me again, I shall be doomed—irrevocably doomed!"

"By this time I had become seriously alarmed. I readily conceived that it was far from impossible for a person of Le Fevre's peculiar temperament, to work himself into the condition of a madman, by the help of his imagination; and for a long time I talked earnestly with him, endeavoring to reason him out of his belief. But this belief had now become fixed in his mind; he listened to me, but still persisted in his strange assertions.

"It is useless—all useless," he repeated, again and again. "I know your motives, and honor you for them; but my doom is unhappily fixed, past any efforts of yours to recall it. But I have yet one thing to tell you. Doctor, I am a beggar; utterly ruined, and stripped of everything! Unfortunate speculations have ruined me; my property is scattered to the four winds of heaven! This is the cause that has almost made life unendurable. My family know nothing of it; and if they can be kept ignorant until I shall not

have sense enough left to convey them the news, it will save me one pang, at least."

"This was the whole burden of his conversation. He talked quietly, and was, I had then no doubt, perfectly rational; but the one idea which seemed prominent in his mind above all others, was that his reason was entirely deserting him. When I took my leave, I had hardly decided upon any course to pursue with him. I knew him too well to believe that these singular fancies would desert him very quickly; and I waited with some anxiety for some further developments.

"Upon the second day after my visit, I received another request from him to come to his house. The incoherence of the note gave me an instant presentiment; and I lost no time in repairing to him. As I entered the library, I found, to my surprise, a roaring coal fire burning in the grate (the day being one of the most sultry of the summer), and before this, with his coat off, stood Le Fevre, holding a bucket of water in his hands. Setting this down as he heard me enter, he sprang towards me and caught me hurriedly by both hands, ejaculating at the same time with a rapid utterance, these words:

"How are you, North Pole, how are you! by all the icicles in your kingdom, it delights me to see you here! Do you know, my dear polar bear, that my fortune is made? I shall be called a benefactor; I shall be made king of the universe, for the stupendous labor I am about to perform!"

"I did not need to inquire the meaning of this demonstration; I well knew it from the first. The wild, restless eye, the incoherent speech, and the whole appearance of the man, informed me that Gilbert Le Fevre had indeed become a madman!

"I know you—I know you well!" he shouted in a paroxysm of insane delight, as he danced around the room, clapping his hands in ecstasy, and sending forth peal after peal of wild merriment. "You are the great bear of the north, come to help me put out the flames! Don't you know the world's on fire? Yes—hear the flames! smell the smoke! It's all consuming! the universe is being destroyed in one great bonfire! Hurrah—here's for a quenching!"

"Seizing the bucket again, he dashed its contents into the fire; and as it went out with a prolonged hissing, filling the room with the steam, Le Fevre again laughed uproariously, and renewed his wild dancing and eccentric ravings.

"We'll drown the Fire-Demon—we'll cool his breath!" he pursued. "I dampened him then; but he burns—he burns! This miserable world is frying out like a pine knot; it is drying up like a musty parchment! The Pacific has turned to molten fire—the Atlantic will soon follow; they heave and writhe around us like serpents! Pluto was the incendiary! he applied the match, and now we're all in a blaze!"

"He stopped to gain breath, and walked rapidly around the room, snuffing and smelling. In a moment he burst out again.

"I smell it! I smell it!" he exclaimed. "The old football has commenced to scorch already; smell the woolen, the old shoes, the onions, the gunpowder! Ha—I believe you're on fire yourself! stand perfectly still, and I'll extinguish you in a jiffy!"

"Before I could escape from the threatened flood, the madman had drenched me with the contents of a second pail; and then throwing me to the floor with irresistible force, he enveloped me closely in the heavy table-cover.

"It shall not even singe your hair, while the Great Extinguisher is around!" he continued; and the door mat and rug were instantly piled upon me, Le Fevre seating himself astride of both, and muffling the table-cover closely about my head.

"Until now, I had not been seriously alarmed for myself; but as I saw that I should soon be smothered to death under the hands of the madman, I shouted with all my voice. This only increased the frantic efforts of Le Fevre; so that when assistance arrived, I was perfectly exhausted, and almost insensible. By the assistance of several of the servants, Le Fevre was secured, and confined with cords; but these were taken off when I perceived that there was no necessity for them. The madman had become perfectly weak and helpless, by the violence of his own demonstrations; and he lay in a state of semi-insensibility until the next day.

"This was the first intimation that his family, or any of his friends, save myself, had received of his derangement; and their distress and ap-

prehension were unbounded. By my request, Le Fevre was placed entirely under my charge; and I commenced a thorough and careful study of his malady.

"The unfortunate man never experienced another of those terrible paroxysms. When he awoke from his insensibility, upon the next day, he was entirely sane, save upon this one subject—the destruction of the world by fire. He recognized his family and friends, and conversed rationally with them while I permitted them to be near him. He still persisted, however, in declaring me the great polar bear of the north, who had come to aid him in extinguishing the flames. And very often, at times when he seemed most rational, he would suddenly diverge from his subject, and branch out into some wild demonstration of his mad theory.

"You have been ill, Gilbert," his wife said. "The doctor thinks you will recover in a little while, if you keep perfectly quiet."

"Yes—I know I have been ill," was his reply. "There—lay your hand on my forehead—it's hot and feverish. But, pshaw! what is that to the great fever-fire which is constantly consuming the world! Madam—let me tell you, the world was made for no other purpose than to burn! For innumerable ages the sun has been drying and heating it to the proper temperature; I am the thermometer by which old Pluto ascertained that the heat of this hollow combustible shell was sufficient. For ages, since the creation, ten thousand legions of imps have been constantly busied in collecting inflammable materials around us—pitch, tar, turpentine, camphene, gunpowder, and lucifer matches! Hear the flames, as they hiss, and writhe, and crackle, and sputter around us! See the smoke! How it rolls up, and fills the whole arch! Upon my soul, I believe the heavens will be turned to a dirty brown by this obnoxious smoke! The earth has only just commenced to curl up at the edges, and feel the heat; but let the hot air but once get inside of the old shell and expand, and I'll show you travelling on a new principle!"

"For some moments he lay perfectly silent, with his eyes closed; and then suddenly began again—

"I am the omnipotent annihilator," he said, "by whose efforts this enormous waste is to be stopped; and now let me deliberate as to the means. It was thought, in the more savage and illiterate ages of the world, that water was the best counteractive of fire; but I've tested the folly of the thing. It is a complete absurdity to talk of extinguishing one element with another. The only way to annihilate these furious fires is to stifle them! it was in this way that I extinguished the polar bear, after I had proved upon him the inefficiency of water! Madam—quick! your needle! Hem me one universal blanket, fifty thousand miles square! I will wrap this around our blazing planet, and old Pluto shall be defeated at last!"

"It would be impossible for me to describe all the vagaries upon this all-absorbing subject which entered the brain of Gilbert Le Fevre during the following six months. He arose from his bed in a few days, and resumed his usual habits, apparently as well as ever in body; and with the exception of this one unhappy mania, his mind seemed not in the least impaired. The course which I had adopted was to humor him in every assertion, and assent to all his views, as I feared that contradiction or argument would tend to excite him and make matters far worse than they had yet been.

"After much deliberation, I decided upon a course which I was led to hope might be favorable in its result to my patient. I had read many cases of monomania cured by stratagem; and the peculiar mania of Le Fevre gave me an excellent opportunity to practise one upon him.

"I had anxiously waited for some time for my opportunity; and at last it arrived. It was now the middle of summer, and no rain had fallen for several weeks, when, towards the close of a sultry day, the heavens became slowly overspread with an enormous mass of threatening clouds, which together with the low rumbling of the thunder, heralded the approach of a storm. It came on quickly; and a more furious one I have seldom seen. As the night grew dark, the rain came down in torrents, and the air was everywhere resonant with thunder and vivid with lightning.

"I lost no time in hastening to Le Fevre's, where I found the monomaniac sitting by the open window, gazing out upon the storm.



"The planet still blazes!" he exclaimed, as he saw me. "It burns like the stubble—nothing can quench it; we shall all go to ashes together!"

"But here—what is this?" I replied, speaking in a loud and emphatic tone. "Here is water, rivers of it! Let us try and extinguish the fire now!"

"Ho—you talk like a madman!" and Le Fevre burst into a loud and boisterous laugh. "What will you do with a cupful of water like this?"

"We shall see. Le Fevre—you are Gilbert Le Fevre, are you not?"

"I looked him steadily in the eye. Evidently my scrutiny made him uneasy."

"You said yes, I believe. Well—now who am I? Look the other way, sir, if you dare! Look me straight in the eye! Now answer—who am I?"

"Why—why," he faltered, becoming more restless under my gaze, "you are Doctor—"

"No, sir—no! I am the mighty polar bear, whom you have sent for to aid you in putting out this conflagration. I am here, and I am ready to do the work! Yes, sir, I mean to extinguish the world this night—this very night!"

"I stamped my foot so emphatically, that Le Fevre stirred in his chair."

"Come—I am ready now! The thing must be done this very hour; and I shall want you to assist me. Come!"

"I—I'd rather not," he stammered. He seemed completely cowed by my demeanor.

"But you must—you shall! Do you mean to say that you doubt my ability to perform this work?"

"No-o-o. But do it alone; don't take me out in the wet."

"I immediately rapped on the wall. Three of the men servants, previously instructed by me, entered; and laying my hand peremptorily upon Le Fevre's shoulder, I pointed to the door. I saw that he wished to refuse, but dared not, and we were quickly out in the storm."

"See—see!" I exclaimed, clutching him by the arm, while the rain fell upon us like a deluge. "Do you observe my process? Before to-morrow morning fifty millions of hogheads will be emptied upon the earth."

"The tone and manner which I had assumed, imitated from his own, were evidently a perfect bewilderment to Le Fevre. He stared wildly at me, and then at the darkness, shivering and shaking most uncomfortably. Just then a faint flash of lightning appeared."

"See, again!" I vociferated. "The flames have almost expired; I have made the whole heavens my watering-pot! Hear them hiss and crackle, as they die out! The world is saved!"

"Before the bewildered Le Fevre could recover from this last onslaught, I made a sign to the servants. They instantly pounced upon him, and, spite of his cries and struggles, held him firmly beneath the spout from the eaves. A thick stream of water blinded, deluged, almost drowned him; and in the most piteous tones, he besought me to release him."

"We must extinguish you first!" I coolly replied. "You are the only creature upon the earth which is still burning; but, by the powers of water, you shall not burn long! Hold him fast, men; he is not quite quenched yet!"

"The strength of his madness had now entirely deserted him. His teeth chattered, and he shook and shivered in every muscle; and when I ordered his release, he fainted immediately, and was carried back to the house."

"The end proved the wisdom of this measure. Le Fevre was sick and delirious for the two following days; but on the third, he awoke to perfect reason and sanity; nor was it long before his strength and health were restored to him, and he was, in every respect, the man he had formerly been."

"I was somewhat surprised to learn from Le Fevre, that he had no distinct idea of his madness—merely a confused remembrance of it, which seemed much more like a dream than a reality. Nor was he, I ascertained, entirely in his right mind when I first conversed with him, as he assured me that if he did really declare himself a beggar, at that time he was, nevertheless, richer by many thousand dollars than alms-seekers usually are. Yet I have no doubt that it was the fear of becoming deranged, which having fastened itself in some inexplicable manner upon his mind, forced him into the terrible condition of the MONOMANIAC."

#### GENIUS.

Self-communion and solitude are its daily bread; for what is Genius but a great and strongly marked individuality—but an original creative being, standing forth alone amidst the undistinguishable throng of our everyday world? Genius is a lonely power; it is not communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely from its deep waters; but with its source forever hidden from human ken. It is the creator, not the creature; it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but it is called into being by none, save God.—*Woman in France.*

#### THE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE.

The jaunty, bright-eyed girl who faces us in the engraving, carrying her water-cans suspended from a yoke borne on the shoulders, as the London milkmaids used to carry their pails in old times (speaking of water always reminds us of milk), is a fine specimen of Venetian beauty, not unworthy of the pencil of Titian. And we must remark, *en passant*, that specimens of that florid and gorgeous beauty which enchant us in the productions of the old Italian masters, are often met with among the poorer than among the richer classes of Venice.

"In Italy," said Alfieri, in an often-quoted sentence, "the plant Man reaches its full growth, and this, of course, includes the Better Half of humanity." Shelley has left, in his letters, a very striking record of his impressions of the beauties of that peninsula. He says the women are lovely enough till they open their mouths. Kingsley might, one is apt to say, have written that line of his sonnets expressly apropos of such creatures:

"Lips that should but kiss, and so be still."

But that Shelley did not find *all* Italian girls alike he has recorded, still more imperishably, in his "Epipsychion," addressed to Emilia V—,

"Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!"

There she comes, with her semi-infantile smile, her purple-black hair, and her little red shawl; and if your idea of a woman's mind is that it should be intellectually a blank, in order that you may write what you please upon it, she is probably not unlike what you would seek. But, ignorant or not, she is a woman, with all the infinite mystery of her sex about her; and, if you are at all open to impulses of tender reverence, you will find upon close approach (should you decide for this darkling little beauty) that she can make your heart sink into your foot.

As for the water carrier, she is a public character, and in virtue of her mingling with her fellow-creatures, and seeing more "life," may, though of course without the graces of culture in the shade, be a really better-trained being than her sister with that coil of necklace. She is well known at the Doge's Palace, in the square of which you may often meet her, going to fill her pails, with a bouquet of flowers in her black felt hat, and the most charming nonchalance of manner under her yoke. The sisterhood of water-carriers are, as a body, not handsome, but this sample is a very pleasant exception to the general plainness. Salute her respectfully, reader, and hope, with us, that her shoulder is not galled with her burden.

The enthusiasm and generosity of the Italian

#### IDOLATRY IN CALIFORNIA.

A few days ago I visited a Chinese temple in this city, and in doing so was fortunate enough to secure the company of a very intelligent converted Chinaman, who speaks English quite well, and who was able to explain many things that otherwise would have been unintelligible to me. The temple stands in a central position, and is built of brick, without much architectural pretensions. It cost about \$20,000, of which some portion was contributed by Americans. There is connected with it an asylum, which is a place of refuge and relief for the sick and suffering, which is supported on the same principle as those of our Masonic and Odd Fellows' associations. Every Chinaman in the State who is able, contributes money to meet the expenses, and then he is entitled to the benefits of the establishment when he needs it. The front part of the lot on which this institution is built, is occupied by a suite of rooms for uses connected with the asylum. By a tortuous passage you reach a small area in the rear, on which the temple fronts. Over the entrance, in large characters, is written the district in China to which the idol belongs, and there are numerous other tablets or signs containing mottoes. The lower story is occupied as a parlor or sitting-room, and flights of narrow stairs lead up each side to the sacred room above. On the other side of the passage leading to the idol, are small rooms for the occupation of the inmates of the asylum. On entering the room which contains the idol, you behold first, near the door, an altar or table, on which stands a kettle for burning incense. On the two longest sides of the room are arranged seats for the occupation of persons who come to worship, while they wait, each his turn, for but one can go through the service at the same time, except on great occasions, when many combine and empower one to act for them all. All over the ceiling and along the wall of the room are mottoes, either on paper or elegantly painted, and gilded tablets, according to the wealth of the offerer. These are cabalistic signs or permanent prayers to the god for good luck through his favorite interposition. At the back end of the room stands the idol, under a gorgeous canopy of lacquer-work. The image is of a deep-red wax—Chinese, of course, in appearance—with heavy black whiskers and beard, and a pleasant countenance. His dress is of splendid yellow and crimson stuff, trimmed with gold lace. His name is Kwang tu. On one side of the canopy which encloses the figure stands a huge battle-axe, which he used when in the flesh, and with which he destroyed multitudes; and on the opposite side stands his banner. In the corner, on a frame, hangs a large bell surmounted by a drum, and on important occasions the drum is beaten and the bell rung furiously, to awaken the attention of the god and let him know that persons have come to worship. Before the idol are arranged three small cups of tea, the contents being changed every day, and on a table is placed some fruit for his refreshment. Lamps are kept constantly burning before the idol. On a sort of altar are placed vessels in which the worshippers set up the wax tapers and sticks of sweet-scented wood, which they burn in honor of the deity. While sitting and viewing the arrangements, two Chinese minors from the mountains came in, one of whom seemed to be actuated by mere curiosity, while the other appeared very devout. As soon as the latter entered the room, he motioned with his hands towards the image and made obeisance. He then stepped into an adjoining room and purchased two small red wax tapers, with some sticks and several pieces of paper. The tapers and sticks he lighted, and set them upon end to burn in the appointed receptacle, while he performed his devotions. Placing himself in front, he joined his hands and motioned several times to the god, and then kneeling on a rug, he bowed three times towards him, each time kissing the

floor. This he did three times, making nine in all. Then rising, he lighted the papers which he had procured, and waved them, while burning, towards the idol. This completed the service, and, as he supposed, secured the favor of deity. These acts of worship are being performed continually by resident Chinamen, or those who visit the city from the country. My companion informed me that the Chinese have no weekly holy day, nor any special public and social services, except on New-Year's, the birthday of the god, and certain festival occasions. They have, as the ancient heathens did, "lords many and gods many," deifying all great personages. He says there are sometimes hundreds of idols in a single temple in China. The one that is worshipped here is the image of a man who flourished in China about three hundred years ago, and was a great warrior—as one said to a friend of mine—"like your Washington." Such persons are supposed to be able to assist their devotees, and help them to accomplish their designs. This idol and his paraphernalia were imported from China at an expense of about \$30,000. Thus you will see there is a regular temple in this Christian city where idolatrous worship and heathen rites are celebrated. How strange the sensation with which one contemplates it!—*Correspondence of the Ind. pend-nt*



THE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE—FROM LIFE.

and no country, we think, can show a larger muster-roll of illustrious women than Italy. Nothing but long intermixture of races can materially alter national character, and original types will appear at intervals, even after long apparent fusion of peculiarities in an ethnological mean. But culture could do wonders for these ladies; and when their sunny native land, washed by the blue tideless sea, gets good government, we dare say they will come in for a little of the care of the school-mistress abroad. Nothing can well be lower, within the bounds of civilization, than the educational chances of an Italian girl. If she can play the piano, speak French a little, and say "How do you do?" in English, she is "accomplished." In the land of the Caesars, she is ignorant of the history of the Julius that came to Britain; nor does she know where that little island rides in the bosom of the deep. Ask her of the Lake of Como in her own country, and she is as bewildered as if you asked her the way to Asgard. She writes, like a school-boy of six, upon ruled lines, and talks smaller things than an American waiting-maid. This is, perhaps, not a very incorrect description of the Italian lady. In the morning you may see her—*if you are on the spot*—on her way to church, and in the evening on her way to the theatre, with much the same expression in her face.

women were never more apparent than during the late war. Their treatment of the wounded showed them "ministering angels." "Never yet were men made so much of," said a letter-writer from Milan. "I speak not of the officers only, but of the rank and file. The private soldier finds himself the hero of the hour, welcomed and caressed in society, into which, but for this campaign of liberation, he would have gone down to his grave without penetrating. The Zouave is particularly in demand. One sees him driving about in elegant carriages with aristocratic ladies, and attended by liveried domestics. With one arm in a sling, he gives the other, clothed in the coarse uniform sleeve, to delicate, silk-clad dames and damsels, who gladly accept his escort, walk with him in the street, and sit with him in the cafés. Many of those ladies have made his acquaintance in the hospital, and, having nursed him into convalescence, desire to complete his cure, that he may again go forth and do battle in Italy's cause." We can very well believe this letter-writer, when he says, "Long after the laurels of Magenta and Melegnano shall have lost their freshness, and after the majority of those who have fought there and survived shall have fallen in other fights, or have quitted the army's ranks, will Milan be a word of pleasant memory to the soldiers of France."



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG."

BY ANNIE LINDA DAY.

Breathe no vows of faith undying;  
I have proved such words are vain,  
And the love that lives by sighing  
I will be or believe again.  
Teach me, ceasure, and reprove me,  
Plainly tell me of my wrong,  
But remember my petition—  
"Love me little, love me long."

Write to me in friendly accents,  
Do not speak of hope or love,  
Let me know thee staunch and faithful,  
And thy love by friendship prove;  
Then I'll own thee all I'm seeking,  
And through life for thee this song  
Shall reveal my heart's devotion—  
"Love me little, love me long."

WAR.

Take heed,  
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;  
We charge you in the name of God, take heed  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood, whose guileless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword,  
That makes such waste in brief mortality.

SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

O, never hold malice! It poisons our life  
With the ball-drop of hate, and the blightshade of strife;  
Let us avenge what we must, and despise where we may,  
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.

ELIZA COOK

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—While the merchants, manufacturers and agriculturists of Europe are rejoicing over the peace, the liberals regard it with gloom and indignation. The Italians are not satisfied, and even in France the discontent is deep and serious, if not expressed. Louis Napoleon has not kept faith with the world. Believing in his declaration that he would sweep the Austrians from Northern Italy to the shores of the Adriatic, and give the Italians a fair field for making the experiment of self-government, even republicans were willing to forget the past and bid him God-speed in his career. But the peace which leaves Venetia and the armed "quadrilateral" in the hands of Austria is a mockery—a lame and impotent conclusion. The self-styled Liberator of Italy is a party to a new Holy Alliance. He has thrown away the fairest chance of acquiring true glory that was ever offered to man, and tarnished the fresh laurels he reaped upon the battle-field. If the knives of the Italian carbonari again see the light he has only his own intense selfishness to thank for it. The campaign of Italy has been fought in vain. He has wasted the blood and enriched the treasure of France to strengthen the hands of despotism. The re-appearance of the odium in the vine, together with the disease in the potato, forms the staple of scientific discussion in Paris. The former is expected to be easy to counteract by the sulphur treatment; but the latter has baffled all scientific research, and after having restrained its ravages for two years, the dug potato again re-appears in the western provinces with all its primitive symptoms. The most strenuous efforts are being made to attack the source of the disease, but up to this moment science has done no more than signal its existence, leaving the discovery of preventive and cure to time and chance. A writer in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, while reviewing some of our modern novelists, falls into some amusing blunders with respect to English manners. The author of "Adam Bede" states that one of his characters was a member of the Tract Society, and the French commentator is at pains to inform his readers that the Tract Society consists of persons who "track" out people that are supposed to be necessary to a change of religious opinions, and endeavor to proselyte them. The same writer speaks of Gallico-like persons, which the patriotic critic, more alive to French than to Scriptural associations, translates "men who have French leanings." A Syrian correspondent of an English paper says the whole silk crop throughout Lebanon and the adjacent districts will not exceed this year more than one tenth, perhaps not so much, of an ordinary average year. Rarey has had another triumph over a vicious horse called the King of Oude. He band ed him at an exhibition given at the Alhambra, London. Notwithstanding that his method is no longer a secret, and that the charges for admission were high—being a guinea, fifteen shillings, and a half-guinea—the attendance was numerous. Mr. Rarey read a letter from the owner, from which it appeared that the King of Oude was so vicious that there was only one groom who could manage him, and that on this account he was so useless that if Mr. Rarey could not succeed in taming him he would have him shot. Mr. Rarey perfectly succeeded in his attempt to tame him. Two young ladies in the Isle of Man solicited a farmer for a subscription to a charity; he declined to give them any money, but proposed to the ladies that if they would drive home, in daylight a pig to which he pointed, they might constitute it an addition to the funds of the society they collected for. Much against his expectations the ladies thankfully accepted his kind offer, and started with their noisy but reliable companion for their destination, which they reached in triumph after a tedious journey of about two miles. Punch says the French have rushed to the rescue of Italy to save, what is familiarly called, the

boot from the iron heel of Austria—but for the Italians to expect that a separate kingdom will ever be patched up out of the disjointed bits is, we are afraid, in the hands of the French, a hope that is quite bootless. A French writer mentions as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland, in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!" Recently a farmer in Cummington, Hampshire county, went after his cows; one of them persisted in going the wrong way. After trying a while to bring her to his mind, he gave up and let her have her own, and followed. She led him to a remote part of the pasture, where he found another cow, cast. Releasing the captive cow, the refractory one willingly returned to the yard. Mr. H. W. Miner of Leyden, Mass., lost a colt in a singular manner recently. There was a small apple tree in the pasture, well trimmed up, with a crotch about three feet from the ground, into which the colt thrust its head, and finding itself caught, pulled back and broke its neck. An old lady was in the habit of teaching the duty of charity to her grandchildren in this wise: "My dears, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals, when you have eaten all you conveniently can, and when you have fed the three cats and the parrot, then, my dear children, remember the poor." A machine for the manufacture of ice is now in operation in London, which turns out three tons of that commodity daily. It is the invention of a Mr. Harrison of Australia. The refrigeration is produced by the evaporation of ether in a vacuum. A letter from Arlon, in Belgium, states that the crops of all kinds are so fine that there is every reason to expect that the harvest will produce one-third more than that of 1868. The crop of hay is so heavy that the farmers scarcely know what to do with it. Potatoes also look remarkably fine. The coast of Massachusetts has been surveyed from the New Hampshire line to the Manomet Hills, south of Plymouth, and from Orleans, on the bay side, around to the Rhode Island line, leaving space between Orleans and Plymouth. Capt. E. Ferry of Easthampton has in his garden a pie-plant, obtained from Kenosha, Wisconsin, a single leaf of which measures fourteen feet and eight inches in circumference. The stalk is of corresponding size. "Mother," said a little urchin the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "They are not, my child. But what makes you ask that question?" "Because they have no mothers to spank em!" The London correspondent of the Commercial figures up, as a moderate calculation, that the war in Italy has already cost 130,000 lives, and considers that at least 700,000 persons are now mourning their slain relatives. A newspaper, desirous of paying a compliment to a minister who lately officiated in one of the fashionable chapels, says his prayers were the best ever addressed to an audience. A suit has been instituted in a Kentucky court for the recovery of over forty thousand acres of farm lands in Harrison, Bourbon, Nicholas, and other adjoining counties. The claim is made by some non-resident heirs, and covers land to the value of over a million of dollars. A gentleman living in Hyannis, Mass., had a dog that has been in the habit of playing with a kitten kept about the house, until a great intimacy had grown up between them. The kitten finally died and was buried in the garden. Another kitten was procured, and that died after a little time, and was buried in the garden. A third kitten was obtained, and the acquaintance of the dog soon became familiar. One day the dog was found in the garden with this kitten, and he had dug a large hole, and placed the live kitten in it, and was about proceeding to cover her with earth, when he was discovered by his owner. Blondin, whose foolish feats of tight-rope walking across Niagara Falls have elicited special wonder and admiration, says that he has not realized fifty dollars over his expenses by the speculation. He might have made a vast deal more in any country circus with much less risk to his neck. The Philadelphia Bulletin lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire, and concludes by recommending any lady who should unfortunately find herself enveloped in the flames of her burning garments, to "keep as cool as possible." How comforting to many must be the conviction that they are constitutionally exempt from any disease of the brain. The mysterious disease popularly known in portions of Central Ohio as "Milk Sickness," or the "Trembles," is prevailing with extraordinary fatality in a portion of Marion county, Ohio. A tenant of William Fisher, named Gibson, was first attacked and died. Mr. Fisher was the next victim, and then his wife and two adopted children were taken. The five cases terminated fatally, though the Republican says that the best medical skill of the county was exerted in behalf of this unfortunate family. The systems of the victims had become so thoroughly infused with the deadly poison that the remedies employed had no effect whatever. Mr. Greene, better known as the "Reformed Gambler," has settled down quietly at Christiansburg, Iowa, where he is discharging the duties of postmaster for that not very populous neighborhood. Mr. Greene, we learn, is now in Washington applying for two patents which appear to promise favorably; the first is for an envelope which cannot be opened and resealed again by steaming, wetting or any other process, without instant detection; and the second for a composition to supersede the present leather tips of billiard cues, which will not require chalk of any kind, and with which, it is claimed, "misuses" will become impossible. Thompson, the confectioner and restaurant man, in Broadway, N. Y., and a great chess-player besides, has retired from business with an ample fortune, and one of the incidents that accelerated the retrifery, was that the proprietor of Taylor's saloon, near by, agreed to pay him \$4000 a year for ten years for that curious manoeuvre. The Worcester Spy says an "Old Folks' Quilting" took place in South Sutton, recently. The "quilting" was done at the house of widow Joshua Lackey, and was attended by sixteen ladies, whose united ages amounted to ten hundred and fifty-four years. They quilted a quilt of nearly two thousand pieces, the largest less than four inches square. Louis Napoleon is spent as much again in seven years as the preceding governments of France spent in thirty years.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The settlement of the terms of peace between France and Austria may occupy more time than the war itself which gave rise to it. The English papers seem to be subsiding into a somewhat calmer frame of mind, and to be willing to take on trust the repeated assurances of Louis Napoleon that his intentions are loyal. A mutual disarmament may actually take place. Letters from Rome assert that the principle of the Italian confederation has been accepted by the pope. Garibaldi still remains in command of a large body of troops. The French forces have nearly evacuated Italy. The money-market abroad still indicates an uneasy feeling. Napoleon has granted a pension of 3000 francs from his private purse to the mother of General Auger, who was mortally wounded at Solferino. It is said that the Grand Duke Constantine will shortly visit London, and that the emperor of the French will also do so. The Grand Duke of Tuscany wishes his son to succeed him—the Tuscans do not wish for either.

## Statue of Handel.

The statue of Handel, which has been erected at Halle, the native city of the great composer, was uncovered on the 1st of July. It is bronze, and ten feet in height, and stands on a pedestal of marble, raised upon granite steps. The great composer is represented in the costume of his time, leaning on a music desk, on which lies the score of "The Messiah." In his right hand he holds a roll of music. In front of the pedestal is inscribed in characters of gold the name "Handel." On the opposite side are the words: "Erected by his admirers in Germany and England in the year 1859." On one side of the pedestal there is a wreath of oak, and on the other a wreath of laurel in gilt bronze. A bronze statue of Handel has also been erected at Berlin.

## Highland Festival.

A great gathering and festival of Highlanders was held near Liverpool lately, at which the entertainments consisted of races of all kinds, archery, vaulting, throwing the hammer and the stone, broadsword exercises, and other athletic games. Music and dancing formed a prominent part of the amusement. A series of prizes were offered for amateur brass bands, playing on the Highland bagpipes, and the dancing of strathspeys, reels, Highland fling, sword dance, etc. For archery and the gentlemen's amateur running matches, gold and silver medals were given; a medal was also offered as a "champion medal" to the winner of the most prizes, and a silver medal to the best dressed Highlander.

## Curious Wager.

A most curious wager has just come off in high life in Paris. The old Viscount de L— has just won 3000 francs by playing at billiards for thirty-six hours without rest. The viscount is seventy-two years of age—his adversary, the Marquis de C—, a much younger man. The conditions included eating and drinking, but always to take place standing. At the end of twelve hours the marquis gave in, and asked leave to continue with some game to be played sitting. This was acceded to by the viscount, and picket was fixed upon. For twelve hours more the game was kept up, when M. de C— fell asleep, and the viscount was declared the winner.

## Collier's Shakespeare.

It is said that the Librarian of the British Museum has discovered the fact that the copy of Shakespeare's works with the marginal emendations supposed to have been made by the poet, and upon the authority of which Mr. Collier published his emendations, is a bit of imposture, as the binding, instead of being of 1632, or even of that century, is of the last century. Mr. Collier preserves silence.

## French Gunboats.

The gunboats built at Toulon for the siege of Pechelera, were eighty feet long, each calculated to carry one enormous siege gun and 200 soldiers. They drew five feet of water with their armament and machinery on board. They cost in Toulon \$10,000 each, and their transportation in pieces and putting together on the lake cost \$10,000 more for each.

## The Italian Feeling.

To show the ferment which prevails in Milan, the correspondent of the London Times says that recently five persons were conveyed to the mad houses raving maniacs, and that one young man committed suicide. The broiling heat of the season may, to some extent, account for such calamities.

## Military Dramas.

The French government has put a stop to the spectacles founded on the events of the Italian war, which were performing at several theatres in Paris, on the ground that it is wrong and impolitic to perpetuate a hostile spirit toward any people after peace has been made.

## The Opera in Paris.

The Grand Opera is keeping on in its old track with the Heracleum and the Sicilian Vespers. Vestrali is said to be preparing to appear there. Bellini's "Capuletti e Montecchi" is now being translated into French, and will soon be in rehearsal for her first appearance.

## Austria and Lombardy.

Since the Spanish war of succession (1701), Austria has lost and regained Lombardy no fewer than twelve times. On the 11th of July, 1859, she lost it for the thirteenth time.

## Death of Gratton.

Henry Gratton, Esq., only surviving son of the Immortal Gratton of '82, died suddenly, July 17, at his residence in Wicklow.

## A Painter's Monument.

A monument is about to be erected to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Plympton, England, his native place.

## Parisian Life.

A letter from Paris says there is much gaiety there just now. The Americans are there in great numbers, and are squandering thousands of the old folks' hard-earned dollars. No foreigner goes into the follies and pleasures of Parisian life with such a "perfect looseness" as the American, and he is, in consequence, adored by the shop-keepers, cafe waiters, restaurant proprietors, hackmen, gamblers, valets de place, and lovettes. Commend us to your Yankee in Paris for an unconscionable spendthrift.

## The New English Singer.

Miss Augusta Thomson, the new English prima donna, at the request of Queen Victoria, was present at a private concert, given lately by the queen to a distinguished circle at Buckingham Palace. Miss Thomson sang the recitative airs from "Robert le Diable," "Depuis longtemps," "Reviens, ma noble protectrice." We are glad to learn that the young and fair cantatrice's appearance on the occasion was a decided success.

## The Russian Policy.

A recently discovered document, drawn up by the Russian cabinet twenty years ago, contains the following significant passage: "Our aim is to give the greatest splendor to the name of the Slav, to the name of Russia. The Slavonic empire of Russia is to be raised to an eminence dominating the world. Is that aim near? Is it distant? Attained it shall, it must be."

## London Land Company.

Steps are in progress for the organization of a land company in London, with a capital of £500,000 sterling, to be devoted to the purchase and settlement of lands in Illinois. The Prairie Land and Emigration Company state that a conditional purchase has been made of 25,000 acres of prairie land from the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

## Death of a Man of Science.

M. le Baron Cagniard de la Tour, an octogenarian academician and man of science, whose name was brought before the musical public recently, in recognition of his having invented the instrument called "La Sirene," for the regulation of tuning forks, has just "paid the debt of nature" at Paris.

## New Symphony.

A symphony, oddly entitled in these days of odd titles for symphonies, "The Marriage of Alexander the Great and Sappho," has just been produced at Berlin, the composition of Her Zobel, who is announced as a pupil of Dr. Liszt, and as writing in his manner.

## Jenny Lind.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is to visit Ireland in the autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Mercers' Hospital, in Dublin.

## Carl Formes.

Herr Carl Formes, the celebrated basso, recently passed through London, en route to the Rhine, where he intends remaining for a short time to repose after his arduous tour through America.

## Longevity.

The *Dinan Journal* announces an extraordinary case of longevity in that town, where the Viscountess de Marigny, sister of Chateaubriand, has just entered on her hundredth year.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIANS: With Facts and Features of the late War in Oregon. By JOHN BEESON.

The author of this pamphlet, which is rendered interesting by his personal adventures, takes a very different view of the Indian character from that generally accepted by Americans. He believes in the possibility of Christianizing and civilizing them, and also that they have been deeply wronged, particularly the tribes residing in Oregon. Whether successful in making converts to his views or not, he has certainly produced a readable book.

LIKENESS OF BISHOP FITZPATRICK.—A fine photographic likeness of the Rt. Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, is for sale by Mr. P. Donahue, at the office of the "Pilot," Franklin Street. The photograph is taken directly from a large crayon drawing by T. M. Johnston of this city, and of course reproduces every touch and tint of the original, which is an admirable work of art. It is by such reproductions that the photographic process exhibits one of its most striking fields of utility.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published the "Highlander's Quadrille," by Henri Laurent; "Muriel," a ballad from "John Hall," written and composed by George Linney; "Yes, I'll love him, mother dear," words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover; "Ah! why sing the song of pleasure?" song by C. M. Tracy.

LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rev. H. STOWELL BROWN. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans, 429 Chestnut Street. 12mo. pp. 414. 1859.

Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the author of the Lectures before us, is the minister of Myrtle Street Baptist Church, Liverpool, and one of the most popular dissenting preachers in England. The elegant portrait which faces the frontispiece shows a vigorous young man, with a plain, thoughtful and energetic countenance. His lectures are forcible and sensible, and treat of religious and moral themes, such as the "Golden Rule," "The Prodigal Son," "Cleanliness next to Godliness," "Waste not, Want not," "Saturday Night," etc. There is nothing in them limited to any particular latitude, and we are inclined to think they will be as popular here as on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. H. Shelton Mackenzie has furnished a very interesting biographical introduction. For sale by G. G. Evans & Co., 45 Cornhill.

ITALY OF THE KING. By ALFRED TENNYSON D. C. L. Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 227. 1859.

Every one is reading this poem; and all who love to look upon the legendary and chivalric past through the golden page of a poet's fancy, and who admire gorgeous imagery and verse that rolls in music, will lay aside the book only to dream of its splendors, and to listen to the echo of its music.

KATE FELTON. OR, A PEOP AT REALITIES. By an American Lady. Boston: Edward P. Weston. 16 Devonshire Street. 12mo. pp. 441. 1859.

The authoress of this volume is on the right track. She takes American characters and American social life as her material, and presents us with a series of interesting events, carried up by description, dialogue, and action, to a denouement satisfactory to the reader.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address: M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### LAWSON'S NERVOUS CURATIVE.

It is agreeable to call the attention of our readers to a meritorious article that we advertise. The agents have handed us the following from a person well known in the place where he lives, as well as in this city, a man of sterling integrity, who speaks for himself:

LOWELL, MASS., March 17, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure at this time to assure you of the benefit which I have derived from the use of your NERVOUS CURATIVE, Cure for Neuralgia and kindred diseases. For several weeks I suffered very much from Neuralgia, both in my legs and arms. I was unable to walk, my left arm had become nearly paralyzed, and for many nights I had been deprived of refreshing sleep. Having made use of various applications without obtaining relief, I was advised to try your NERVOUS CURATIVE, and I can now heartily testify to its worth.

On the first application I experienced relief from pain so as to sleep quietly for several hours, and in four days from the time of my commencing to use the NERVOUS CURATIVE, I was able to walk about the house, and to use my arms quite naturally. Since then my nerves have continued to grow stronger. I can now walk easily and without pain, and can use my arms almost as well as ever. Hoping that many an afflicted one, by faithfully using your NERVOUS CURATIVE, may experience similar effects, and assuring you of my continual health, I remain, most respectfully, yours,

SOLOMON W. STEVENS,

Organist at Charles Street Church, Boston.

M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. Price, \$1 per bottle.

### SOMETHING NEW.

#### A Liquid Coffee Superior to All.

THE undersigned has the pleasure to announce that he has perfected arrangements for the manufacture of the

#### REAL FRENCH COFFEE,

which he claims will equal if it does not surpass the best Coffee of the Cafes of Paris. It is made under the direction of Mons. J. J. Fontarive, of Paris, who is familiar with the French process, and a single trial of the article will satisfy every body that it is

#### The Best Coffee in the World.

For hotels and eating-houses it is invaluable, as a cup of the most delicious coffee can be made at a moment's notice.

It is put up in neat pint and half-pint bottles, and sold at a very moderate price.

For sale wholesale and retail at our

#### PRINCIPAL TEA WAREHOUSE,

108 WASHINGTON STREET

Also—At the Branch Stores,

110 COURT STREET,

65 UNION STREET,

39 BACH STREET,

664 WASHINGTON STREET.

July 30 THOMAS G. WHYTEAL. 4w

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a *roast beef steak* when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the *roast beef* when cooked over charcoal fire.

#### Gas Cooking Apparatus.

#### Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

#### Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

#### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,

June 4 3m Hookset, N. H.

**Premature Loss of the Hair,** Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug 13 tf

### ONE DOLLAR.

#### WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 115,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

### PARSONS & GIBBY,

#### STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES

July 2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET.

### BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING EXPRESS.

EDITED BY

HENRY G. PARKER AND JOSEPH H. SAWYER.

#### A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

FIRST EDITION ISSUED ON

SATURDAY MORNING

For country subscribers, and the

SECOND EDITION ON

SUNDAY MORNING.

Which is served at the Boston and suburban breakfast tables by carriers. The *Second Edition* contains the latest telegraphic and local news up to two o'clock on Sunday morning, and it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a COMPLETE AND UN-EXPRESSED

#### SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER,

which shall fill the hiatus between the issues of the Saturday and Monday Jailer.

The *Express* has found great favor with press and public, in all directions, for its fearless, honest, independent course. On all matters of public interest it has an opinion which it never hesitates to make manifest, and it has never been known to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, where their may follow feeling."

In the dramatic, musical and literary departments of the *Express* which are confessedly in able hands, criticisms have never been prepared with an eye to the advertising patronage, no humbug has been spared and pretentious charlatans have always been exposed, and whether the *Express* makes friends or foes, its object will always be to speak the TRUTH.

The large and constantly increasing circulation of the *Express* renders it a desirable advertising medium.

All communications should be addressed to

SAWYER & PARKER,

aug 20 No. 2 WATER STREET, BOSTON. 4w

#### FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Soreness of the Chest, Asthma, and all Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections by INHALATION OR OTHERWISE

AT the urgent solicitation of many eminent physicians and others to reduce the price of this invaluable preparation, the agent takes pleasure in announcing that he has been enabled to make arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to \$1 per bottle, and 50 cents per trial bottle, thus placing it within the reach of all classes. The medicine can be taken with or without an inhaler. Price of the inhaler, \$1.

This agreeable remedy can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief. This medicine needs no puffing, but the reader is referred to the convincing testimonials of living witnesses, of which a new one will appear every other week.

Another Testimonial from a well-known apothecary's clerk.

Boston, March 19th, 1859.

I had been suffering for a considerable length of time from a very severe cough, and had in vain had recourse to nearly all the remedies in use. My cough began to give me much uneasiness from its serious effects upon my system, when three days' use of Fousel's Pabulum Vite restored me to complete health. The medicine being new in this market, I had recourse to it last, but I can now confidently recommend it as the best remedy I know of.

CHARLES H. FOSTER,

At Fred Brown's, corner of Washington and State Sts. F. J. LAFORME, Sole Agent. M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. For sale by all Apothecaries July 23 copy

#### NAMES CUT IN STENCIL PLATES, IN

German Text, *Italic*, Roman &

*Writing Letters.*

and the BEST INDELIBLE INK for marking clothing, etc., without sizing, at

#### METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,

No. 45 1-2 Salem St., Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brands made to order. Brass Alphabets, Indelible Ink, Type, Thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for electrotyping cut in a few minutes at any time. e1w4 June 25

#### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TROEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting

#### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair,—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may 28

#### CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

Nothing is the tonic power of the PERUVIAN SYRUP more strikingly shown than in the prevention and cure of Chronic Diarrhœa. The tone of the diseased mucous membrane seems to be restored, its irritability disappears, the digestion and absorption of nutriment are duly performed, the discharges become natural, and health is soon re-established.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE RICHARDSON FORTE, by the author of "The Modern School," is adapted to all grades of tuition, and combines all the valuable features of previous works, with Additions, Revisions, and Improvements. Two editions are published, one with American, and the other with Foreign Fingering. Price, \$3, on receipt of which a copy will be sent by mail, postpaid.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,

277 WASHINGTON STREET.

#### SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink, and Paint Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4 f

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week

#### NOW READY,

A New Edition of that Valuable and Beautiful Work,

#### MILCH COWS

—AND—

#### DAIRY FARMING.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Fully and Beautifully Illustrated with 130 Engravings. 12mo., 410 pp. Price \$1.25

#### A Good Book on Milch Cows and Dairy Farming.

A man had some friends to dine with him, and after they appeared to be fully sated with good things, he urged them to try a pie before him, which he had not himself tasted. "Try it," said he, "I am sure it's good, for I know who made it." For the same reason we now commend to general attention a new book just out, on Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. We have not yet found time to critically examine the work, but "we know it is good, for we know who made it." Few writers of agricultural books have the patience to examine their subjects sufficiently, and to devote the necessary amount of time and labor required to make their works really valuable. One of that few we think Mr. Flint to be. On this account, as well as from a general look through it, we conclude that this work is the most complete and most valuable one of the kind published in this country. It is a large 12mo., containing 416 pages, with 128 illustrations, and can't but be useful as well as interesting to all who have ought to do with the subject of which it treats. Price, \$1.25.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*

PUBLISHED BY

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

113 Winter Street, Boston.

Sold by all Booksellers and Periodical Agents throughout the country.

N.B.—Copies will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price. A dollar bill and eight three-cent stamps may be enclosed and sent by letter to the publishers, for a single copy. Or ten copies will be sent to any address in the United States, postage, or freight paid, for ten dollars.

Any bookseller, periodical agent, or postmaster, can procure a copy by mail, if requested, at the wholesale price.

Agents wanted in every county in the United States, to dispose of this new and instructive work, which is in universal demand, and which needs only to be seen and examined in order to be appreciated by that numerous and intelligent class for whom it was especially designed.

#### THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug 20 3w LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

#### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMŒOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMŒOPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages, for more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. O. MURRAY, New York; Wm. S. Grant Philadelphia; T. V. Beaudine, Baltimore; Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally.

WALTER BAKER & Co.,

6m 13 Dorchester, Mass.

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gantophole. Sold by

F. BROWN,

aug 13 tf 63 Washington Street, corner State.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

#### MICROSCOPES!

#### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or the instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address,

#### CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

111 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Room No. 2. 4w July 30

#### BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

As a Wash for the Complexion, it has no equal, it is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendencies to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolored spots. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady. Prepared only by

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.

For sale by Dealers generally, at fifty cents a bottle. aug 13 3w

MERSCHAUM PIPES and CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Mounting and repairing at short notice

F. BROWN Apothecary,

aug 13 tf 68 Washington Street, corner State

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS PER STEAMER CANADA Stereoscopic Views of English Lakes, Landscapes and Ruins, beautifully colored. Also, views in Ireland and Palestine. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,

aug 3 w 129 WASHINGTON STREET.

### GROVER & BAKER'S



### CELEBRATED

### FAMILY

### SEWING MACHINES.

### NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

THIRTY THOUSAND IN USE.

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

THE NEW MACHINES INTRODUCED BY THE

### GROVER & BAKER

### SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

are of elegant finish, and their operation is rapid and very quiet. The EASE with which they can be managed is a distinguishable feature, and the stitch is the strongest, handsomest, and most elastic of any made.

Is there a husband, father, or brother in the United States, who will permit the drudgery of hand sewing in his family, when a GROVER & BAKER Machine will do it better, more expeditiously, and cheaper than can possibly be done by hand?

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

#### PRINCIPAL SALES ROOMS.

18 SUMMER STREET - - - - BOSTON.

495 BROADWAY - - - - NEW YORK.

730 CHESTNUT STREET - PHILADELPHIA.

181 BALTIMORE STREET - BALTIMORE.

38 W. FOURTH STREET - CINCINNATI.

115 MONTGOMERY STREET - SAN FRANCISCO.



## FRENCH VIVANDIERES.

Though the war in Italy has ended, yet the interest in the military of Europe has by no means subsided, and we are sure our readers will thank us for publishing a spirited engraving representing a group of French vivandieres. We believe there is no army in Europe, save that of France, which possesses an Amazonian rearguard, — a rearguard, however, only in so far that it is the duty of those who compose it to follow the battalions to which they are more immediately attached. The subjoined engraving represents three cantinières, or vivandieres, of the French army — the Zouave, the Chasseur, and the Infantry of the Line. We may observe, however, that a vivandiere has not precisely the same duties to perform, nor does she hold precisely the same rank, as the cantinière. To every battalion of the French army, both cavalry and infantry, are attached a certain number of cantinières and vivandieres, in accordance with the permission of the commanding officer. Some regiments have only three, others four; while the regiments of Zouaves and Chasseurs can boast of as many as six. Whether the ladies are more particularly attached to the costume or to the gallant bearing of the men who compose these regiments, we are unable to say. These, for the most part well-conducted and brave women, are generally the wives of men belonging to the regiment or regiments to which they are more immediately attached. The duty of the cantinières is similar to that of the holder of a canteen when the regiment is in barracks or quarters. When before an enemy in the field, they supply the men with spirits, wine, tobacco, and occasional luxuries in the way of food, and not unfrequently provide a table for the officers; whereas, the vivandiere follows the regiment (as do the cantinières also) on the line of march, and even to the battle field, where, often under fire, they present the refreshing cup of wine or *eau de vie* from the little keg swung across their shoulders, to the parched lips of the wounded or dying soldier. Among the men of the regiments to which the vivandieres belong, it is held a point of honor to protect them from insult and danger, whenever they are exposed.



VIVANDIERES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

## PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ROME.

On entering Rome through the Porto del Popolo, by the ancient Flaminian way, the open circular area in front is called the Piazza del Popolo, and, with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk, the heights of the Pincian Hill, crowned with public gardens on one side and rows of trees on the other, and its southern sweep flanked by the domes and porticoes of the churches Santa Maria del Popolo and Santa Maria del Miracolo — the whole terminating in three long and spacious streets, which carry the eye a long distance, it forms one of the handsomest entrances to be seen in any capital of Europe. Leading southward from this piazza, the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Via del Babuino, are three fine streets of considerable length. The Corso is the principal street of modern Rome, and is the central of the three thoroughfares issuing from the Piazza del Popolo. The Ripetta, leading from the Piazza del Popolo, westward of the Corso, runs for a considerable distance along the bank of the Tiber. The Via del Babuino, which proceeds eastward to the Piazza di Spagna, is a handsome thoroughfare, lined with good shops and some of the principal hotels of the city. The obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. It was taken to Rome by Augustus Caesar when he returned after his victory at Actium, and was erected by him on the Circus Maximus, and dedicated anew to the sun. Prostrated during some one of the disasters which befel the city in the decline of the empire, it lay for centuries buried amidst ruins and rubbish, on the spot where it had stood, until Pope Sixtus V. raised it; and when the three fragments into which it had been broken, were carefully united, under the direction of the architect Fontana, had it removed and placed on its present site, surmounted by a cross, as emblematic of the triumph of Christianity over the superstitions of Paganism. The shaft of this beautiful ornament consisted of a single block of red granite, eighty feet high, and was covered with hieroglyphics. The whole structure forms a grand ornament in the centre of the finest piazza in Rome; it is approached by a flight of steps on each side.



VIEW OF THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, AT ROME.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. | VOL. XVII., No 9..WHOLE No 427.

## FIELD-MARSHALS HESS AND WIMPFEN.

The accompanying portraits of two of the most distinguished officers in the Austrian service, our readers may rely upon as genuine and authentic. They are engraved from good photographs recently taken. The figure directly facing us is Hess, with his comrade Wimpfen standing beside him. Marshal Hess is an old soldier, and has met with his share of triumphs and reverses. Born at Vienna in 1788, he commenced the career of arms as an ensign in 1805. He had previously distinguished himself at college by his attainments in the exact sciences, and in the field he was called upon for an immediate application of them, having been attached to the service of the head-quarters staff, soon after he joined the line; and his conduct on the terrible field of Wagram proved his bravery equal to his intelligence. He had the misfortune to see the day result disastrously for the house of Hapsburg, so that his first and last services have been against the same foe, France, and with the same result, defeat to Austria. During the military operations which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, he was constantly on duty, and wherever em-

ployed distinguished himself. At Dresden and Leipsic, his skill, intrepidity and coolness were conspicuous, and were rewarded by rapid promotion. In 1830 he was a colonel in the army of Italy, but it was not till the long period of European peace was shaken by the events of 1848, that he again had an opportunity of distinction. Previous to that date, namely, in 1842, he had been created Field Marshal-Lieutenant. Every one knows how successfully for Austria the campaign of 1848 closed, in a triumph of the arms of despotism over those of liberalism. Much of the success of Marshal Radetzky was attributable, as the old warrior himself acknowledged, to the plans and counsel of Hess. Vicenza was stormed and captured by the Austrians, the Piedmontese driven into full retreat from Custazza, and an armistice concluded on the 9th of August. Hess again sketched the remarkable campaign of 1849, when in three days the army of Charles Albert was crushed and defeated, terminating the war, and breaking the heart of the Sardinian king. Radetzky, in recounting these successes, reported to the minister of war at Vienna: "Before all, I hasten to name my quarter-master-gen-

eral, General Von Hess. To him, I declare in the fullness of my heart, is due by far the greater portion of the results which have been achieved by the imperial army during the last campaign. Seeing everything at a glance, always seizing the right opportunity, and profiting by it with celerity, always keeping an eye on the most elevated aim, he enjoyed my entire and boundless confidence; and with him beside me, I led the army to assured victory. The troops knew this, and were victorious." Hess's services were not unappreciated. He received the title of baron, the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa, the order of Leopold, and the rank of master of ordinance and chief of the head-quarters staff. In 1849 he served as ambassador to Prussia, and during the Crimean war was in the field for a time, in command of an army of observation in the Turkish provinces. In the late Italian war, he succeeded to the command after Gyulai was defeated at Magenta, but, as in the first campaign of his life, he was doomed to witness the disastrous defeat of his countrymen by the French. He retains, however, the unbounded confidence of his sovereign, and has, as recent advices in-

form us, been placed at the head of all the land and sea forces of Austria in Italy.

FIELD-MARSHAL FRANCIS EMILE DE WIMPFEN was born at Prague, in 1797, and is descended from an illustrious Bohemian family. He has risen step by step through the different grades of promotion, till, in 1846, he was appointed Field Marshal-Lieutenant, and in that capacity commanded the 2d corps of the army of Italy, where he distinguished himself. With General Nugent, he defeated the army of the Roman Republic under Durando and Ferrara, and was conspicuous for his valor and promptitude at Vicenza and Custazza. His services were rewarded by the cross of the order of Maria Theresa. After the armistice concluded with Piedmont, he was sent with his corps to suppress the insurrection in the States of the Church, where he captured Ancona, and bombarded Bologna. The civil and military government of Trieste, and of the coast of the Adriatic, was afterwards entrusted to him. In 1854 he was appointed Field-Marshal, with the command of the first corps of the Austrian army in Italy, where he went through the recent disastrous campaign.



THE AUSTRIAN FIELD-MARSHALS, HESS AND WIMPFEN.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A WEDDING TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

Among the other follies of my youth, I was a good deal addicted to what is called being romantic. I had beau ideals of all sorts—beau-ideal men, women, children, horses, dogs, houses, everything. Only one of these did I ever meet with outside of my romantic dreams, namely, my beau ideal man. A lady's beau ideal of a man is, in most cases, I suspect, an ideal beau. But mine was a very different sort of thing. His name was Alden Adderley, and he was my "chum" and classmate in college.

Adderley had not what would generally be called a very handsome face, but he had a very striking one. It was dark to swarthiness, and had such an expression as one might fancy in one of the Hebrew princes of the Old Testament days. I have often heard of "flashing" eyes, but I never saw any but his, and their flashes were such as to make you believe that you might light a candle by them. His figure was handsome; nobody ever disputed that. I have heard distinguished artists say that no Antinous or Apollo Belvidere could surpass it.

To this remarkable-looking youth nature had been as prodigal of mental as of physical endowments. If he had chosen to exert himself, I do honestly believe that the "admirable Crichton" would have been a fool to him. Indeed, I never believed in that historical personage at all till I saw Adderley. But there was a strange perversity about my chum which caused him to disdain the loftiest prizes as soon as he assured himself that they were within his reach. The fact is, in this, as in almost everything else, he was an oddity—eccentric to the *nec plus ultra* of eccentricity.

With all his transcendent abilities, this strange being did not by any means take such a rank in college as his friends confidently anticipated. He never stood at the head of his class. And no wonder. College faculties, in general, do not particularly fancy such tremendously erratic geniuses. The fact is, Adderley was more than once formally and officially censured, and in one instance threatened with expulsion—not for any moral delinquency, but for disobedience and "contempt of court." He was never a favorite.

He often studied intensely; but just as often was intensely idle—idle, that is with reference to collegiate exercises; his restlessly active mind could never indulge in absolute sloth. If one of the studies of the college course happened to please him, he plunged into it with an energy and avidity almost frightful to behold, and soon acquired such a mastery of it as to excite not only the astonishment, but in some cases the envy also, of the learned professors. On the contrary, if the study was one that he did not like, no law of the institution, no command of the faculty, could induce him to touch it, or to answer one word about it at the examinations.

Pursuing such a course as this, it is not to be wondered at that Alden Adderley did not take a very high position upon the nicely adjusted but somewhat pedantically graduated scholastic scale. The truth is, he was altogether unsuited to a college life. Neither the lectures of the professors nor the competition of his fellows was of any use to him. He was an exception to all rules—a human comet, travelling in an orbit of more than hyperbolic eccentricity; and one of those blazing mysteries could have been as easily checked or directed by human agency as my queer classmate, Alden Adderley.

His physical abilities were perhaps no less extraordinary than his mental ones; and he certainly strained and abused them less, though he probably exercised them more. His compact, faultless figure more than redeemed the promise it gave of an almost superhuman degree of strength and activity. Nature, in the first place, had been exceedingly bountiful to him in this respect, and then he had improved her gifts to the very utmost. Unremitting bodily exercise was the only thing in which he was perfectly regular and methodical. It seemed to be an indispensable want of his nature.

Foils, boxing gloves and all the other paraphernalia of the athlete were prominent objects among the furniture of our sitting-room; and indeed I was the only one of the students who could—or at least would—give him anything like an opportunity for satisfactory practice. One playful tap of his padded glove would knock most men to the uttermost corner of a

moderate sized apartment. I was more heavily built, it is true, than most of my companions; but my superiority did not arise from this cause; it was owing to the constant practice, the ceaseless exercise which Adderley's furiously gladiatorial tastes imposed upon me.

The reminiscences of my chum's eccentric exploits would furnish forth a whole volume of anecdotes; but a very few such will suffice for my purpose—the illustration of the extraordinary character of the individual who is the most prominent object which this little history has to deal with.

It was in our Freshman year, and not long after I began to room with him, that, returning from forenoon recitation in mathematics, I found him seated in a chair, in the middle of the floor, with an orange poised upon the top of his head, and making certain ludicrous gestures, with a solemnly earnest countenance, which called forth from me an abrupt expression of unqualified astonishment:

"Why, Adderley," shouted I, "in the name of all that is foolish and farcical, what are you doing?"

"Don't bother," replied the gesticulator, apparently most deeply absorbed in something, but for the life and soul of me I could not tell what; "don't bother; stand in the bedroom door; there, that's it." And, without paying any farther attention to me, he went on with his motions, dodging his head, first to the right, then to the left, then up a little, then down a little, and then sideways again.

"What the mischief are you about, Alden?" I asked, a second time.

He made no answer, but went on "bobbing round" as before. I repeated the question, with still stronger emphasis.

"Don't bother," repeated Adderley, somewhat impatiently, and still going on with his gesticulations, but rather more slowly and less violently.

Seeing that it was in vain to expect any enlightenment from him, I bethought me of following the direction of his eye. It was fixed upon a small pocket pistol which he had placed at the other end of the room, with the muzzle pointed directly towards his head. An exclamation of astonishment burst from my lips, and simultaneous with it came the report of the pistol. At the same instant the orange on Adderley's head was shattered into fragments by a bullet from its barrel.

"That orange was too large by half," muttered Alden, as he coolly examined the bits which lay upon the floor. "I will try a smaller one, or else a lemon."

"Alden Adderley," exclaimed I, "I do believe your brain-pan is cracked somewhere."

"No, it isn't," replied he, "but it might have been—you bothered me so."

I now saw that he held in his hand a long string, one end of which was fastened to the hair-trigger of the pistol, having been previously carried round a pulley, so as to enable him to perform the dangerous feat of shooting an orange from his own head, he being at one end of the room and the pistol at the other. Many mad pranks of this sort was he guilty of, and it was a great wonder that he did not lose his life in some of them. His iron nerve and almost miraculous dexterity, however, bore him scathless through them all. It was a marked peculiarity of this singular being that he took no pleasure whatever in exhibiting these extraordinary feats to others. On the contrary, they were always performed in the strictest privacy, being never witnessed, even by myself, unless by accident.

To this last remark there was perhaps one exception, in an incident, the memory of which has been handed down, by college tradition, in its minutest particulars, from that day to this. As is the case in most institutions of the sort, there had been, "from time to memorial," as our old janitor used to say, a bitter feud between the students of the college and the young men of the town, particularly the apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, etc. College students are but too apt to make themselves ridiculous by assuming airs of superiority over working men, a species of assumption of which the said working-men are by no means tolerant.

The bully of the town party was a gigantic blacksmith, named Gumerton Bjell, and familiarly and indeed universally styled "Gum-Bile." He was a tremendous mass of bone and muscle, somewhat clumsily put together, six feet two inches in height, with shoulders like great, crooked stone buttresses, and a fist like one of his own sledge hammers. In fact, he was the

most perfect embodiment of brute strength I ever saw; and, unlike most giants, his ill-temper was as well developed as his strength.

One evening a considerable number of the students being gathered together at the college cricket-ground, the blacksmith, having received some real or fancied insult, stalked up to the spot, in company with some half dozen of his companions, and challenged the best man of the party to fight him. I was not present myself, but I had my information from an eye-witness. There were some brave young fellows upon the students' side, but the oldest of them were mere striplings, not more than half the size and strength of the challenger.

Lashing himself into a fury by his own vociferation, the latter strode to and fro, smacking his enormous fist into his left hand, and filling the air with the most impious oaths and blasphemies. Several of the youths, being goaded beyond endurance by this spectacle, were anxious to accept the fellow's challenge, though they knew that a terrible defeat was inevitable. Fortunately, however, their friends succeeded in preventing them, though not without the use of actual force in some instances. At this juncture, some one called out:

"Where is Adderley? Wasn't he on the ground a little while ago?"

"There he is," cried another, "lying under that mulberry tree, with a book in his fist."

A number of the youngsters instantly started for the tree, and after a good deal of persuasion succeeded in bringing Adderley to the spot. Most of them were greatly elated when they saw him, for they knew that if there was any one about the institution who was a match for the bully, it was he. Those who knew him best, however, were not very sanguine, for they knew him to be the most uncertain of all human beings. What he would or would not do, in a given contingency, no one but a prophet could tell.

The knowing ones, therefore, were not disappointed, when Adderley, instead of "tackling" the bully, stretched himself at full length upon the grass, looking straight up into the sky, and, to all appearance, paying no more attention to the boasting blacksmith than to the grasshoppers which chirped around him.

"Ha!" roared the giant, "is that your fightin' man? Is that your body-bruise? Is that your game-cock—that delikit, lady-fingered bantam? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why," continued the fellow, with a horrible oath, "I could chaw him up for terbacker, and make but a single chaw of him at that, and I'll do it, too," he added, with another imprecation, walking up to Adderley and shaking his fist within an inch or two of his face.

"Why, that fellow is a coward, after all," whispered a Freshman to my informant.

"A coward? Adderley a coward? Then was Hannibal a dastard, and Julius Caesar the arrantest poltroon that ever drew breath. No, no, he is no coward, but he is just the queerest specimen of humanity ever born of woman. If he thought proper to punish that fellow, he would do it just as easily as you would crush the tiniest insect."

"Why the mischief then doesn't he think it proper?" said the Freshman, with querulous impatience.

"Ask him."

"Well, that mightn't be safe, and wouldn't be altogether courteous. But why not persuade him to do it?"

"You might just as well talk of persuading that sun yonder not to set. But, hark! what's the matter now?"

They saw a movement at one extremity of the crowd, and heard the voice of a crying child. A bright-eyed, curly-headed little fellow, a son of one of the professors, had, in company with an elder brother, been looking at the cricket-players, and afterwards at the bully blacksmith. As the latter paced to and fro, in front of the students, the child laughed at one of his uncouth grimaces. Blinded by rage, the fellow strode up to him, and hit him, with his open hand, so violent a blow that it felled him to the earth, and of course made him cry out.

This incident occurred at some distance from the spot where Adderley was lying, but he saw it all. As if moved by steel springs instead of muscles, he bounded to his feet and hurled himself like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting bully, and before any one had time to discover what was taking place, the Cyclops lay prostrate beside the little boy. Bellowing like a mad bull, he rose again and rushed at the student, but be-

fore he could even raise his ponderous fist, Adderley planted another blow upon his temple, and he fell heavily to the earth again. Again he scrambled up and ran madly at his opponent, but only to fall again, as before.

As Adderley dropped his huge assailant for the third time, he said, as calmly as if he was talking about the weather: "You seem to be remarkably fond of being knocked down."

But "Gum-Bile" was not yet satisfied. The real state of the case had not penetrated his thick skull. He appeared to think these repeated prostrations were somehow accidental. He could not believe that Adderley was really his master. Seeing him approach a fourth time the latter said: "This may be very amusing to you, but I don't like it. You had better clear out while you have a whole skin, for if you attack me again I will beat you to a mummy. I give you fair warning."

"Gum-Bile" was impervious to any argument except the *argumentum baculum*. Frothing at the mouth, and roaring like a wild beast, he came on as before. With a panther-like spring, Adderley avoided his fist, and before he could recover himself had his own left arm about his neck; then, with an adroit trip and a twist, he brought him to his knees. The bully's head was now fairly "in chancery," and Adderley, exerting his immense strength, kept it there. I know something of the qualities of my chum's "maules," and I can readily believe that "Gum-Bile's" own mother would not have known him three minutes after his punisher commenced operations. Just as he was beginning to roar out lustily for mercy, there passed along the road, within a few feet of them, a water-tight cart, filled with liquid manure of the very filthiest description. Quick as thought, Adderley seized the bellowing bully by the nape of the neck and the seat of his stout, coarse trousers, and tossed him over the fence into the cart, where he immediately sunk and disappeared in the liquid abomination. From that day forth, "Gum-Bile" was never heard of more about the college, and he certainly became a quieter if not a better man.

My chum did not remain at college long enough to take his diploma, and for a very good reason—because they would not let him. I doubt very much, however, whether he would have taken a degree if it had been in his power, for he held all college honors in sovereign contempt. He was not exactly expelled, but left, voluntarily, in the last term of his senior year, under the following circumstances:

There was a menagerie and circus exhibition in town, and "everybody and his wife" were there, including, of course, Alden Adderley and the reader's humble servant. Adderley had with him a little boy, the same bright little fellow in whose behalf he had punished the bully blacksmith. In close proximity to our little party was a young city gentleman, patronizing the little college town in general and the showmen and their animals in particular. His chief peculiarity was a "bran-new" hat, of a remarkably shiny, brilliant appearance, a perfect miracle of newness. This resplendent hat was evidently the one grand object of its owner's affections—"his darling and his pride." Never, in all my experience, have I seen a mere stove-pipey head-covering so proudly exhibited, and so feted and caressed.

My chum's temper was not a very long-suffering one towards vanity and stupidity combined, and I saw that this hat-worshipping popinjay was beginning to chafe him. I therefore managed to turn his attention in another direction. As ill luck would have it, however, when "the world-renowned pony Animalcule" began his "astounding performances," the hat and its owner made their appearance directly in front of us, so as entirely to obstruct our view of what was going on. To Adderley and myself this was a matter of but little moment, but to the boy, whom he held in his arms, and who was in a paroxysm of anxiety to see the fun, it was a great disappointment.

"Sir," said Alden, tapping the shoulder of the young gentleman of the glossy head-piece, "will you be kind enough to remove your hat? It prevents the child from seeing the pony."

The fellow looked round with an impudent stare, but made no reply. Nor did he remove his hat; but, on the contrary, with a defiant air, elevated it to the ultimate altitude of his consequential pericranium, and then gave it a thump with his fingers to steady it.

"I humbly beg your hat's pardon, sir," said



Adderley, "but I must really insist upon its coming off."

This time the youngster paid no attention whatever to what was said to him. Adderley waited about two minutes, and then, with a sweep of his right arm, sent the hat flying across the tent. The owner of the outraged beaver said nothing, but sent a most furious scowl behind him as he started off in pursuit of the highly prized property.

Some ten or fifteen minutes later, a young naval officer made his appearance, bearing a bombastically worded challenge from Mr. Silverton Smith, for such, it appeared, was the name of the hero of the hat. Greatly to my surprise, it was accepted on the spot. The meeting was to take place the next morning, at sunrise, about two miles out of town, and the sailor man was referred to me for the settlement of the necessary preliminaries.

"You don't mean to put a bullet in that fellow's head, do you?" said I, as soon as the young officer had taken leave of us.

"No, no," replied Adderley, "that would be a poor revenge. I mean to do something far more terrible—I shall put a bullet in his hat."

It was not until the affair had gone thus far that Alden remembered that my position as his second might get me into trouble with the college authorities. The moment he did so, he begged that I would withdraw and allow him to choose another second; but I was determined to see the end of the affair, happen what might, and I did so.

When the hat and its wearer reached the ground the next morning, the brilliancy of the former contrasted unfavorably with the excessive dullness of the latter. His consequential swagger was no more, and his self-satisfied smirk had given place to a wan, anxious look, pitiable to behold. Some one had evidently told him of Adderley's wonderful dexterity in the use of pistols, the weapon fixed upon, and it was abundantly manifest that he would never have appeared at the rendezvous without the agency of his much-mortified second. His face was pale to blueness, and his teeth chattered audibly in his trembling jaws.

The ground was measured, the combatants were placed, and I was just about to give the word to fire, when Mr. Silverton Smith bolted—ran away—with all the speed his long legs and his terrible fright could command. He had made but half a dozen strides or so, when Adderley, with a contemptuous smile, levelled his pistol and fired. The fellow dropped, instantaneously, like a slaughtered bullock, and lay perfectly motionless.

"Good Heavens! you have killed him!" exclaimed the young officer.

"No, sir," replied Alden, "I have done just the very thing I came here for. I have spoiled his new hat!"

And so he had. The second ran to him, raised him up, and found that the entire damage was a bullet-hole through the centre of that darling hat, through his terror-struck imagination had led him to believe that his head was perforated. When fully satisfied of the truth, he raised the well-beloved *chapeau* from the ground, gazed ruefully at the hole, and rolling his eyes up piteously, exclaimed: "It couldn't be mended, could it?"

As I have already stated, the duelling exploit terminated Alden Adderley's connection with the college. He had one staunch friend in the faculty, the father of the above mentioned little boy; but duelling was a most serious offence, and would hardly have been overlooked in this case. At all events, Adderley, who did not value a diploma to the amount of a single sixpence, resolved to anticipate the probable decision of his judges, and left the institution without waiting for a trial. I was severely censured for my own share in the business, but I managed to rub through and get my "sheepskin."

Four years rolled rapidly away, during which I saw nothing of Adderley. I heard from him occasionally, however, and of him and his mad pranks I heard enough to fill a volume. I think it highly improbable that there was one man alive during those four years whose existence was so literally crowded with incident and adventure. He had been in every quarter of the globe, and had everywhere kept the faces of men agape with astonishment. Some of these extraordinary doings were recorded in the journals of the time; but, from his excessive aversion to even the semblance of display, it resulted

that very few of them were ever heard of out of the immediate region in which they occurred. Thrice in the space of time I have mentioned was my old chum reported to be dead, and in each instance his escape from destruction was but by a hair's breadth.

On one of these occasions he was hunting, far in the interior of Southern Africa, before Gordon Cumming or any other white man had ever been there. From the branch of a tree he leaped upon the shoulders of an infuriated rhinoceros, and kept his seat for a long time, in spite of the animal's frantic efforts to dislodge him. It was his purpose to despatch the beast by plunging a long, slender stiletto into his spinal marrow. Unfortunately, however, it struck a bone and broke, and its only effect upon his savage steed was to render him still more furious. At last, finding it impossible to get rid of his burden in any other way, the monster tumbled down and rolled over on his rider. Both of Adderley's legs were broken, and the rhinoceros no doubt left him for dead, giving him a finishing stroke, as he supposed, by rolling him down a steep bank into a river.

When the daring rider came to his senses, he found himself stretched out upon the bank at the distance of two or three miles from the spot where the animal left him. He had floated down with the current, until he was seen and fished out by some savage Bechuana, who eventually carried him off. His companions supposed him to be dead, and believed that his body had been carried down the river where it would never be heard of again.

His friends at the cape all believed him to be no more; but in less than two months he was heard of again among the wild elephants and lions, perilling his life every day by dare-devil feats almost too incredible to be recorded. At last he disappeared again, and what then became of him I do not even know to this day.

The next thing I heard of my eccentric friend was that he was fighting like a madman in Algeria; not for the French, as any one else would have done, but for the scattered remnant of the followers of Abd-el-Kader. Here, unassisted and alone, he entered and captured a French fort, disguised as one of their own officers, and unsuspected, from the mere fact of his being apparently a European. The garrison, to be sure, was a small one, but he had secured all their arms and made them believe that there was a whole army behind him, when, after he had hauled down their flag, he was unfortunately overpowered and taken by six or seven men, whom he had overlooked, they having been asleep in an unused casemate.

Having entered the fort in disguise, and made a complete examination of it, and being afterwards captured in an assumed character, he was sentenced to be hanged as a spy, and for several months was believed to be dead. It seems, however, that a gallant French officer risked his own life to save his, by conniving at his escape. In order that he might not compromise his preserver, Adderley left the country with the utmost secrecy, and to this day, no doubt, his death as a spy remains a matter of record in the archives of France.

The next time this modern paladin was left for dead, was while he was fighting the Russians in Circassia. In a bloody battle, where he fought like a tiger for hours, by the side of Schamyl, he became engaged with a dozen or more Cossacks, and received a spear thrust in the back, which sent him rolling under their horses' hoofs. Though very severely wounded, he managed to seize by the leg the horse of the fellow who struck him, and clung to it with desperate energy till he found means to draw his bowie-knife and hamstring the animal, so that he fell to the earth and his rider with him.

The Cossack came to the ground unhurt, but Adderley had him by the throat almost before he reached it, and hanging on to him with the tenacity of a bull dog, strangled him before the others could come to his assistance. When they did reach the spot, half a dozen of their long lances were thrust into his body, and he was left to all appearance a corpse. But his exhaustless energy and iron constitution triumphed over death once more. He was carried to a peasant's hut, and after lingering for two months on the brink of the grave, during which time his friends all supposed him to be dead, he finally recovered; and after making a night attack upon one of the enemy's camps, singly and unaided, and carrying off two prisoners, he returned to the United States.

It was about six months after Adderley had informed me of his return, that I received a letter from him, containing an earnest request that I would be present on the occasion of his marriage, which was to take place in just five weeks from the date of the letter. It was a long journey to make, for he was to be married in the far southwest; but I felt a strong desire to see my old friend once more, and to become acquainted with his bride. I had just completed a course of medical study and taken my degree in Philadelphia, so that was bound down by no ties of business; without much hesitation, therefore, I determined to go.

In due time I arrived at the home of Adderley's intended. It was about the middle of May, and I have rarely, if ever, looked upon a more exquisite picture of rural beauty than the place presented. The lawn, the grounds, the garden, were one blooming wilderness of sweet southern flowers, the fair mistress of the domain being by far the sweetest of them all. Adderley had not yet arrived; but I was known to be his intimate friend, and every attention that hospitality could contrive or that kindness could bestow, was lavished upon me.

On the morning of the wedding day he came, and it was a most pleasing thing to observe the joy which his presence shed upon the fair young bride. Her somewhat pensive loveliness seemed transfigured by a sort of holy joy, the very incarnation of trustful happiness, and purity, and peace.

And well might any female heart have been captivated by such a being as Alden Adderley then was, in the full bloom of his youthful manhood. I have already remarked that he was the only one who ever came up to my beau ideal of manly perfection. When we were at college, I could never look at him without thinking of the heroes of antiquity, or the fabulous knights errant of the days of chivalry. But what was I to think now, when every masculine grace, every excellence of mind and person, which was but in its bud of promise then, had now become a full-blown flower? No reader of Shakespeare could have seen Alden Adderley without murmuring to himself:

"See what grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
A eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A combination and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

The quotation, it is true, is so true as to be almost musty, but proper subjects for it are far from being common. In all my life I have seen but one.

But it must be confessed that with this wonderful development of manly beauty, there was a corresponding development of the eccentricity and extravagance which had ever accompanied it. When I looked upon the reckless audacity that flashed in his splendid eyes, I trembled for the future of the lovely Ada, his lily-like young bride. His restless vivacity had the appearance of a perpetual intoxication, but it was merely the gradual, harmless effervescence of that mighty soul's volcanic energies. I shuddered to think of such an eruption of these pent-up fires as might possibly take place.

The bride's father was one of the first men in the State in which he lived. There was a large party assembled at his house in the evening, and among them were some of the most brilliant as well as some of the wildest spirits of the rude, untamed southwest. The better class of these were just the set to appreciate a genius like his, and the intellectual flashes which a collision with such minds elicited, was sometimes fearful to behold.

Some of the occurrences of that night were spread abroad by the public prints, but the world has ere this forgotten them. I will venture to say, however, that not one of those who listened to Alden Adderley that night, and witnessed the sparklings of wit and the flashings of eloquence which issued from him, like one continuous stream of electric coruscation, will ever forget the scene or the man as long as they breathe the breath of life.

But I will not dwell upon that which, from the very nature of it, cannot to any extent be described. Adderley and Ada were made one; and

"So stately his form and so lovely her face,  
That never a ball such a galliard did grace."

I had heard of people being moved to tears by the mere sight of others dancing, and had ridiculed the idea; but that night I had a demonstration of the possibility of the thing practically

brought home to me. Adderley and his bride, on that occasion, danced a little Spanish dance, which exhibited the "poetry of motion" in a guise of such exquisite beauty, dignity and grace, that my eyes, as well as those of others, actually filled with tears, in spite of most strenuous efforts to prevent them. This wonderful dancing, in fact, produced upon my feelings an intense and almost painful excitement, of that sort which I had sometimes experienced on beholding, or even reading of, some deed of heroism, or some act of exalted magnanimity.

I have attempted to give some idea, not of the dancing of this remarkable pair, but of the effect it produced by it upon myself and others; but of their music, or at least of Adderley's, it would be in vain to say anything. They sang and played duets for some time, and then Adderley sat down to the piano and sang and accompanied his own improvisations. As I have already intimated, I will attempt no description of them. I might as well try to paint the thunder, or set the lightning's flash to music. It was not merely beautiful—it was wildly magnificent, grand, terrible, sublime!

At one time these strange improvisations would present a musical chaos, "without form and void;" then would come flashes of light and beauty, breaking through the gloom with all that intensity of contrast which the master hand of a musical Rembrandt alone knows how to generate; and then these fitful gleams would become great bursts of light, breaking in in every direction, and flooding the whole landscape of sound, until the ear became dazzled (if I may use such expressions) with a splendor almost unendurable! Anon, this glory would all disappear, to be merged in a strain of pathos so wildly sweet, a wail of anguish so inexpressibly mournful, that you would think it the last despairing cry of some lost Peri, shut out from heaven's gate forever!

But I am unwittingly attempting that which I had promised not to attempt, and betraying myself into the folly of undertaking what I have declared to be impossible. The fact is, I am loath to advance to the completion of my story. It includes a dark and dismal page of my life's history, haunted by ghosts of joys departed, and friendships gone down to the silent tomb.

It was somewhere between two and three o'clock when the guests who were to go went, and those who were to stay retired to rest. My dormitory was a very small room on the ground floor, with a single window looking upon the lawn. The night was warm, and I left the window open.

I had been in bed some time, but was not yet fairly asleep, when I was startled into wakefulness by a piercing shriek, uttered by a female, and evidently coming from some quarter outside of the house. To spring up and draw on a portion of my clothes was but the work of an instant. Before I could do so, however, there was a repetition of the shriek, still longer and louder than before. This time I noted the point from which it came, and leaping from the window, I ran across the lawn in that direction. The full moon was shining brightly, almost in the zenith. While I was yet running, a succession of the same ear-piercing screams guided me to the exact spot whence they proceeded. It was a small enclosure, where, as a part of the festivities of the ensuing day, Adderley had had a many-colored balloon prepared, large enough to carry three persons, which was to ascend at an early hour in the morning. He had intended to go up in it himself, but his wife, by her earnest entreaties, had induced him to abandon the idea. The inflation had been completed a little after sunset, and all prepared for starting.

To my inexpressible astonishment, when I reached the spot, I saw the great globular mass surging to and fro, and Adderley and his bride seated in the car, the former being in the act of cutting the last of the ropes which bound it to the earth! At my approach, the poor girl redoubled her shrieks, calling out wildly for assistance. Upon the impulse of the moment, I made a leap for the flying car, and barely succeeded in catching with my right hand one of the ropes by which the machine had been fastened to the ground. In another minute the buoyant apparatus was flying above the tops of the highest trees, with my body dangling from it by the sole frail support of my fingers. Concentrating all my strength in the effort, I succeeded at length in "swarming" up the unstable rope until I fell exhausted into the car.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## NELLY'S ROOM.

BY SYBIL PARR.

This is the room which she called her own,  
It hath rung with music and laughter gay,  
Where hath our white-browed darling flown?  
Why doth she tarry so long away?

Where are the curtains her small hands swept  
Backward in many a graceful fold,  
When the June sunlight lovingly crept  
Through the low windows, a flood of gold?

Beautiful pictures are on the wall,  
Raphael pictures, that breathe and glow,  
Luring the soul, like an angel's call,  
Up from the shadowy depths of woo.

Gay-winged birds of a southern clime,  
Vases glowing with fragrant flowers,  
Weave in the flush of the summer-time,  
Pleasant dreams of her woodland bowers.

Dainty and soft are the pillows white,  
Meet for so young and so fair a face;  
When will she nestle all warm and bright  
Down 'mid their fillings of pointed lace?

Patiently waiting in silence now,  
Her bounding step on the creaked stair;  
When shall we look on that pearly brow,  
And golden brown of her silken hair?

Is it the voice of the cold cold sea,  
Breaking in sobs on the lonely shore,  
That bringeth as sad as sad can be,  
Such dirge-like echoes of "nevermore?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HIS NOISY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Report of the Grievs of a Newly Married Couple.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

A STRANGER came to the writer's room one morning (room 48, one flight, right-hand side), amazed him with his pale face and astonished him with his card; for on that dainty bit of pasteboard was printed the name of John Jawbone! strange name, suggestive of a celebrated scriptural animal. But it seemed that Mr. Jawbone was no ass, though his ears were quite large enough to hear well—perhaps too distinctly—as will be seen.

The brief colloquy which followed, resulted in his leaving some disjointed notes for the purpose of having them weaved into a narrative for the press. The task being subsequently finished, herein is submitted a detail of the recent sufferings of Mr. and Mrs. John Jawbone, a newly married couple, who lately took a house in one of the environs of New York, hoping, from the apparent quietude of the place, to pass their honeymoon in peaceful clover. But alas!

Their dreams were disturbed—not by their own clashing disappointments and ill dove-tailed natures, as is the common case with too expectant honeymooners; for the Jawbones coincided to a charm; but disturbed by the villainously noisy neighborhood into which they had moved, like a pair of innocent but incautious turtle-doves. But Mr. Jawbone shall speak for himself—if a man can be said to speak for himself who speaks by proxy. And thus he is delivered:

"When we engaged the house, we put into it about a thousand dollars worth of furniture, intending to entirely eclipse Adam and Eve. But what Maria and I suffered while we stayed there, may be gathered from a list of the principal noises which harassed our souls every twenty-four hours. To begin:

"Regularly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as many as forty or fifty enterprising roosters began to crow all around our neighborhood. As preceding noises had kept us awake till then, we despaired of slumber, being forced to listen. Never before had I thought it possible for any, even of the most unprincipled squads of chanticleers who delight to murder sleep, to utter forth such a variety of noises. Not one of them had a good voice; all were horrid, and each was worse than the others, and none had sense or shame enough to keep his bill shut; and then there was one abominable foreigner from Shanghai, which would earn a good salary if hired to do the groaning in Richard III. When we first heard him, Maria was sure that somebody was dying by an assassin's hand, and my hair got all out of curl. He groaned so long and so regularly, however, that Maria remarked that it was singular he should be so long a dying, and then I concluded it must be a rooster. What his hens must have suffered is beyond human conception; but as the hen is not a musical bird, perhaps not much.

"Rolling in agony, we invoked the light of day, and showered blessings on the earliest carts, which, nigh the edge of morning, began their philanthropic rounds, and dulled the dismal clamor.

"But daylight, which even to the sick brings some relief, brought none to us. For pedestrian feet and more carts rattled and shuffled with fast increasing harshness, the inevitable heralds of those loud-mouthed rural monsters, the vegetable 'Hilly-oes!' A stranger in these clamorous regions needs to be informed that the hilly-o is a peculiarly Hadcan cry, which every wandering vegetable and fruit-monger, male or female, sets up at every utterance of the article thus hawked about the streets. In our street more than forty shrill hilly-oes perambulate every morning, like rampant wolves or crazy tigers, howling, yelling, screaming and shrieking the names of all manner of berries and vegetables, ending with the eternal hilly-o! a heaven and earth-defying and heart-rending assault upon the ear, which no guilt of man could justify, and which the constant practice of these lawless savages renders odiously audible for a mile. O, hilly-o! and O, remorseless murderers of morning slumbers, would that Maria and I could consign you to annihilation, even at the sacrifice of the whole vegetable kingdom.

Straggling hilly-oes of other descriptions usurp the street at intervals throughout the day, when the ear has somewhat recovered from its morning shocks, and is better able to bear them; but the cast-iron shout of the ragman, with his rag-penned cart, was usually the signal for Maria and me to abdicate the couch which had vainly wooed us to repose.

"Rags! rags!" roars the stentorian herald of dilapidated garments, as if the air had not been torn to rags before he came. 'Rags! rags! rags!' shouts the relentless demon, making faces look as wretched as the forlorn and motley shreds he bawls for.

"Then 'whang! whang! clang!' comes another unquiet spirit, with his heavy bell, as if, with ingenious and persisting cruelty, he would slaughter the very ghost of some murdered echo, which was just about to rise and moan for vengeance against his hateful predecessors. But ere that baleful bell is out of hearing, comes on, with straggling stride, the pudding-mouthed vender of brooms—not the tidy, sweet-voiced lass of old Bavarian memory, ah, no!—but a short, thick, plodding Hodge of a fellow, who thunders, mumblingly, 'Bromps!' as the grumbling bel-lows of a bull might sound, half-smothered in a vat of lager-bier.

"And now, as if all animated nature were engaged in a rivalry to see which could make the most and the worst noise, a waddling drove of silly-billed geese come vibrating along, with their cackle-ations as to where the daintiest bits of street-lunch may be found, and quarrel at every object which disturbs in the least their chosen line of march. A melancholy herd of swill fed cows follow, with melancholy lowing; a kid and a dog, harnessed to a boy's cart, stop exactly opposite our door, and the restive antics of the unprincipled kid, and the reproachful yelping of the dog, attract a crowd of delighted children, who are suddenly dispersed by the clumsy and panting passage of a big ox, harnessed by rope to a rudely fashioned vehicle, laden with a vaporious and inodorous cask of grain from a neighboring distillery.

"Dogs bark, the driver shouts, children scream, mothers call after them, and on go the kid and dog, with the juvenile rabble, who leave place for the almost incessant procession of water-pails to and from the neighboring street-pump. The public viaducts have not yet been carried to that high ground, and when Maria and I first observed that same procession, chiefly composed of women and children, we imagined there must be a great fire near us, and wondered why the people did not give the alarm—as if any extra noise could have been distinguished in the general din of that dissonant locality! When we learned that the pump supplied something less than five hundred families with drinkable water, we felt a momentary satisfaction that we were not pumps ourselves, and concluded that we must be dwelling in a temperate neighborhood at least.

"But the closing day dispelled that delusion. For hard by there are two of the lower order of taverns in full blast; and from supper-time till past midnight the hangers-on at those places diversified the noises of the vicinity with excited jargon and at least one fight, resulting in renewed

clamor from men, women and dogs; large knots of the tenants of the adjoining houses remaining conveniently at hand, seated throughout the evening, laughing and jabbering, upon the sidewalks. The fight was usually postponed till about eleven o'clock, though sometimes, to accommodate, it began earlier, and sometimes there were three or four, occasionally ending with an arrest.

"The weather being warm, the windows of the neighbors were generally open, thus affording a prolonged opportunity for them to become familiar with each other's babies' cries. Whether there were more infants there than in any other place of the size on earth, it certainly seemed so to us from the variety; though perhaps we, in our frantic bewilderment, attributed noises to them which belonged to other specimens of animated nature. But they assuredly delighted to cry, and this may perhaps be owing to the influence of the 'spirit of the spot,' the genius of turbulence which haunts the air; possibly to the warm weather; and undoubtedly, in part, to their inheriting a noisy nature from their parents, who are liberal patrons of the two taverns aforementioned; and thus they had the benefit of examples, and we of knowing the various degrees of their proficiency.

"One of the parents is in reality a crazy man, who exults in a red flannel shirt, leather lungs, and a little baby. Maria, with more significance than elegance, denominated him the frantic bull-frog; for as, according to 'his custom always in the afternoon,' he perambulated up and down the sidewalk, near the tavern, he tossed his little offspring in the air or hugged it to his brawny chest, he was in the habit of uttering most enormous croaks, monosyllables, of which nobody could easily divine the meaning, and loud enough to be heard over all the other noises.

"The bullfrog usually croaked for three or four hours, at short intervals, occasionally repairing to the inn to refresh his exhausting energies. He was the most peculiar of the human nuisances. But over and above all the other plagues in the discordant calendar, that which annoyed Maria and me the most was a little black dog, which generally stayed in the house all day, but always came out as early as nine o'clock, and barked all around the neighborhood all night.

"Now Maria is very fond of a good dog, and so am I—a thorough bred, well-behaved, sensible dog, who stays where he belongs, and don't bark for the sake of barking. But there was not a dog of that kind in our neighborhood, that's certain. All that we saw or heard were of that character which predominates in metropolitan suburbs—a set of parti-colored, shapeless, mongrel, mangy, quarrelsome, cowardly and barking curs that seem to catch the ill-natured and inhospitable spirit of sottish, brawling masters, and whose principal object seems to be to make the night hideous. And of all the dogs of this kind that ever were seen or heard by Maria and me, this little black dog was the most inveterate and detestable.

"He used to come out every evening, regularly, at about the time when the human bullfrog left off, and barked all night, or at least until the concert of the roosters, at three o'clock, A. M., had fairly begun. And such a bark! It was not so particularly remarkable for volume, but it had a harsh and piercing sharpness, a sort of scalding series of tones which curdled the blood, and went to the very marrow of his hearers. He knew it, too. I know he knew it. And he knew the very time when his power of tormenting could be exercised to the best advantage. Else why did he stay at home and keep silent all day, out of harm's way, and when night set in scamper forth, under cover of darkness, and annoy all the neighborhood within a radius of three squares?

"He was the earliest and the latest of the barkers—for there were many thereabouts—but to him I attribute all the blame, for I watched and timed him to a hair. Conscious that his bad example would infect the rest, this cunning little pest invariably began the evening's entertainment, all the other dogs being still. For awhile they would disdain to answer. This would seem to enrage him. He would change his tone and vary his style, now high, now hoarse, now tremulous, now rasping, as if the venom of a fiend was in him, until finally he achieved his object. A reply, sometimes in rebuke, and sometimes in the form of a question, would come from one, two, three, and then an indefinite number of dogs, far and near, and in every kind

of canine tone, until sometimes it seemed as if as many as a thousand dogs were engaged in the business—all owing to that ugly scamp of a little black dog.

"Sometimes, as if delighted, he would pause to listen; but if he noticed any material cessation, he would begin again, inevitably, to keep the *bawl* a moving. How a dog that couldn't hold out so long, was a serious mystery to Maria and me. He always outbarked them all, and when they had relapsed into a tired and disgusted silence, he would leave our immediate neighborhood and trot around into the nearest street and bark there, in the malignant hope of waking up some dog who had not done his share. Maria, being charitably disposed, at first used to think that some misfortune had happened to his master, or that he was hungry or in pain; but ultimately her charity was exhausted, and she even suggested the propriety of giving him a piece of meat garnished with strychnine.

"But milder counsels prevailed; and finding that our health as well as our temper was suffering severely from the multitudinous combination of midnight noises which deprived us of our needful slumber, a thought occurred to me which Maria thought was very bright.

"How would it do, my dear," said I, "for us to change, and sleep in the back chamber?"

"That would be a good idea," said she, a faint smile of hope lighting up her pale face. "We shall get rid of the street noises at any rate, including that horrid little black dog."

"I wonder we never thought of that before," said I. And we tried it. But it didn't succeed, of course.

"The first night was cool, and it rained, and so few people were abroad, and windows were down, and the dog was in, and we slept refreshingly. But the second night, everybody, including the dog, the night being sultry, seemed endeavoring to be making up for lost time. Our change of quarters staved off and stifled some of the noises, but the black dog was no fixture, and seemed to be ubiquitous. For about half the night we heard his familiar voice on that side of the house with aggravating distinctness; and though somewhat relieved, as far as he was concerned, a new affliction came on us, causing us to sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

"This new desolation arose from the unhappy fact, that, opposite the rear of our house, lived a man and his wife, who were in the habit of indulging in too strong potations, a consequence of which was, that when they did not drive slumber from our weary eyelids by their boisterous mirth, chat and discordant singing, they got intoxicated, quarrelled and fought, ending with shouts, shrieks, oaths, lamentations, intervention of neighbors, and calling for the watch.

"I do believe," cried my dear wife, sobbing, after long endurance of this sort of thing, "that there is very little rest to be had this side of the grave. And O, how happy we ought to be that we can die, some time or other."

"There is, indeed," said I, "much satisfaction in that style of thinking. But, Maria, it strikes me that it is too early to wish for death, when we have so recently been married. It is my opinion that the best thing we can do is to move. Yes, move, even though, for the sake of a little peace by day and rest by night, we should go to the remotest region of the habitable globe. Besides, I am afraid that the hilarious and somewhat beligerent example of that man and wife may have a tendency to irritate our matrimonial character."

"I am willing to go," she murmured, resignedly, just as the mournful Shanghai began to groan again; "but we must be careful to go where there are no roosters and no little black dogs." And the thought was so soothing that she actually fell asleep!

"A good omen!" thought I, tenderly. And the next day I compromised with my landlord, and we did move, far away."

## POWER OF THE JEWS.

The Jews, though scattered over the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time are they not, to a great extent, the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on the one hand, the bond between the different states, by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and, on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change among various peoples? In the Jewish nation sits the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.—*Hartshausen.*



## IRON MANUFACTURES.



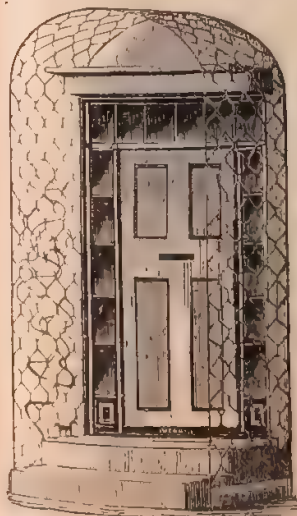
FLOWER STAND.

lends itself to the shaping of the most delicate fabrics, and yields obediently to the requirements of art. We were not fully aware of its capacity or the extent of its employment, however, until we visited the warehouse of our neighbors, Chase Brothers & Co., No. 15 Winter Street, and examined the various objects with which it is stored. We there beheld tables, chairs, fountains, bedsteads, statues, music-stands, ornamental railings—a hundred different objects, all of iron, and many of them of great beauty and exquisitely delicate workmanship. The strength of the material admits of very delicate fashioning, and yet, however delicate, they are indestructible. A casual overturn will often destroy a costly piece of wooden furniture; no such casualty can happen to one of iron. The cleanliness, too, of the material is a great recommendation. We passed a long time in examining the objects submitted to our inspection, and were so much gratified, that we have procured engravings of some of them, to show what a comparatively new art has accomplished. The Flower Stands, one of which is shown herewith, are of iron and wire, exceedingly light and pretty, and of graceful patterns. The Folding Bedstead is a very ingenious contrivance. The Extension Bedstead occupies very little room, and is one of the most useful articles we looked at. The Piazza Settees are of very pretty patterns, and are precisely what is needed for out-door exposure. The Chair-Bed commends itself to every one's favorable consideration. The Card-Stand



CHAIR-BED EXTENDED.

is a pretty and useful piece of furniture. The Aquarium Stand, of iron, is very extensively used. The Arbors, of iron wire-work, are very graceful, are put up in a few minutes, and can be readily moved from one spot to another. Cradles and Vases of iron are susceptible of adaptation to every taste. The other day we saw a summer-house manufactured by Messrs. Chase Brothers & Co., wholly of iron, and one of the prettiest we remember ever to have seen. It was octagonal in form, with a very beautiful open-work cornice, the interstices of the frame work being filled up with elaborate arabesque designs. We should imagine that country gentlemen who are every now and then called upon to renew some mouldering wooden structure in their gardens, would jump at the opportunity of obtaining in their place an imperishable *kiosque*. Iron wire-work fences are also coming greatly into vogue. Their cheapness and strength, the rapidity with which they are put up and moved, their invisibility, permitting a full view of the flowers and shrubbery they protect perfectly against all intruders, biped or quadruped, entitle them to the favor they receive. We have not enumerated a tenth part of the articles we examined in our neighbors' salesrooms, but we have said enough to give an idea of the variety and value of these manufactures of iron. It will be seen that a house not only may be built, but also nearly furnished throughout with iron, and that, not in the coarse style which alone was possible a few years ago, but in a style of the greatest elegance.



ARBOR.

Iron stores, of which there are several specimens already completed in this city, and the number of which will greatly increase before long, are susceptible of great finish. The exterior, when painted white, from the peculiar texture of the iron, so closely resembles marble as to escape detection except on the closest inspection. Such is the case with Parker Fowle & Son's building in Washington St. Another fine specimen of iron work fronts is the building on Court Street, near the corner of Tremont Row. All that these manufactures of iron require to ensure their durability, is to be kept coated with paint and varnish, to prevent oxydation. The taste of the times is gradually bringing these edifices into existence, and they add much to the beauty of the street.



FOLDING BEDSTEAD.

was very expensive. The oxyde of aluminum had first to be converted into a chloride, and from this reduced to the metallic state by sodium in crucibles submitted to a high heat. When Deville commenced his experiments, the price of sodium was five dollars per ounce, and it required three ounces to obtain one of aluminum. In a very outcast region of the world—cold Greenland—an aluminous mineral called *cryolite* has been discovered in great quantities, from which the metal can be reduced at a very limited cost, and a large factory has lately been erected at Battersea, England, by M. Gerhardt, for this very purpose. To 270 parts by weight of powdered cryolite, 150 parts of common salt and 72 parts of sodium are added, and all mixed together in an earthen crucible, which is then covered and exposed to a red heat in a furnace for two hours. The crucible is now removed, uncovered, and its contents poured out, when the aluminum is found in small buttons among the slag. These are again smelted with common salt, and by this means so reduced that when the scum is taken off, the aluminum is poured out into ingot molds. By this short but



CARD-STAND.

very satisfactory process, M. Gerhardt has been able to obtain aluminum at such a comparatively low cost, that he has been able to sell it for about one dollar per ounce. Aluminum is the lightest of all the metals, its specific gravity being about the same as glass, or four times less than silver. This quality should recommend it for coinage, to take the place of coins of the lowest value. It forms an alloy with all the metals but mercury and lead, and is well adapted for electrotyping, as it deposits easily with the galvanic current. By adding eight per cent. of aluminum to common steel, a metal very similar to Bombay wootz, celebrated for making sabres, is the result.—*Scientific American*.



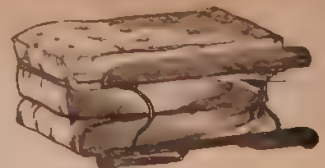
CRADLE.

## ALUMINUM.

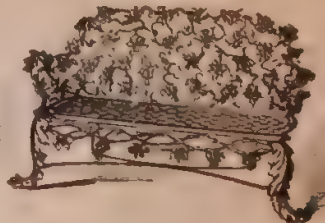
It is only a few years ago that this valuable metal was uncommon and expensive, owing chiefly to the difficulty of reducing it from its oxyde. We believe that about three years ago, its market value was no less than \$18 per ounce, but so many improvements have since been made in the manufacture, that it now has become cheaper than silver. M. H. St. Claire Deville, of Paris, was the first chemist who succeeded in producing it in anything like large quantities, but his process

## THE LONDON DOCKS.

These magnificent works, designed by Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge, were first opened in 1805; although among the smallest of them, these are the most interesting to the general visitor. The Thames near the city is too shallow and narrow for vessels of large size to lie at anchor in the stream, and to remedy this disadvantage, large reservoirs, covering hundreds of acres of ground, are excavated in the mainland, communicating with the river by means of canals, with locks or gates. Moored within these vast basins, thousands of vessels from all quarters of the globe discharge their ample cargoes, and in the immense warehouses may be seen all the varied productions of the earth. There are gathered the choicest of the wines of Portugal, Spain, France and Germany, the cotton and tobacco of America, the ivory, gold and spices of India and Africa, the silks and teas of China, and the coffee of Arabia and the Indies. This magnificent establishment covers over ninety acres—forty-nine acres of warehouses, thirty-four acres of water, and twenty acres of vaults, and cost four million pounds sterling. The tobacco warehouse covers five acres, and the eastern vault about eleven acres, and contains many thousand pipes of wine. A visit to this vault is quite interesting, and numerous parties, including ladies, may be seen with their torches wandering under its dark arches. Having provided ourselves with a guide, we descended to the entrance where we were furnished with the lamp torches, and entering through a broad doorway, we stood within its damp and mouldy arches. Before us was an aisle or tunnel with blackened columns and roof, from which was suspended a long row of oil lamps, which twinkled through the distance until the light faded in that gloomy atmosphere, and hardly seemed to make darkness visible. A strange odor of wine, decayed wood and oil-smoke from the numerous lamps, filled the atmosphere, and as we wound through its gloomy labyrinthine passages, we saw the torches of other parties who were making the tour, and the waving of lights by invisible hands produced a singular effect in so dismal a place. Luxuriant festoons of dark fungi and moss-like excrescences were suspended from the roof, and they became more and more numerous as we proceeded onward in the gloom. On each side of us were heaped countless casks of wine covered with mould and damp fungi. In our tour we saw several parties who had provided themselves with what are termed in complimentary language, "wine-tasting orders," but judging from the extraordinary avidity with which several individuals poured down the exhilarating beverage, it would be more proper to term them *drinking orders*. From the vaults we proceeded to the great tobacco warehouse,



EXTENSION-BED FOLDED.



PIAZZA SETTEE.

an immense structure, covering five acres of ground, with accommodations under its roof for twenty-five thousand hogsheads of the "weed." You need not inquire the way, for an atmosphere of the narcotic surrounds the building; as you walk along its passages, huge hogsheads are noticed, piled up far above you on either side. I never before conceived of the enormous consumption of tobacco, but here one may form a slight idea, for there is more tobacco under this roof than anywhere else on the globe. Vast rooms in the edifice are devoted to the storage of cigars. In one corner of the inclosure is a kiln where the unclaimed and damaged tobacco is burned. The chimney, which is constantly vomiting forth tobacco smoke, is called by the workmen, "the Queen's Pipe." Her majesty certainly consumes great quantities of tobacco, for in one corner I saw about seven tons of iron and nails, which were raked from the ashes after the scrap-tobacco is consumed. I peeped into the drug warehouse, but the atmosphere was so laden with medicated vapors that I quickly turned away, and again sought the streets. Whoever wishes to form an idea of the trade of London, let him visit the docks.—*The Sculpe*.



AQUARIUM.

is a pretty and useful piece of furniture. The Aquarium Stand, of iron, is very extensively used. The Arbors, of iron wire-work, are very graceful, are put up in a few minutes, and can be readily moved from one spot to another. Cradles and Vases of iron are susceptible of adaptation to every taste. The other day we saw a summer-house manufactured by Messrs. Chase Brothers & Co., wholly of iron, and one of the prettiest we remember ever to have seen. It was octagonal in form, with a very beautiful open-work cornice, the interstices of the frame work being filled up with elaborate arabesque designs. We should imagine that country gentlemen who are every now and then called upon to renew some mouldering wooden structure in their gardens, would jump at the opportunity of obtaining in their place an imperishable *kiosque*. Iron wire-work fences are also coming greatly into vogue. Their cheapness and strength, the rapidity with which they are put up and moved, their invisibility, permitting a full view of the flowers and shrubbery they protect perfectly against all intruders, biped or quadruped, entitle them to the favor they receive. We have not enumerated a tenth part of the articles we examined in our neighbors' salesrooms, but we have said enough to give an idea of the variety and value of these manufactures of iron. It will be seen that a house not only may be built, but also nearly furnished throughout with iron, and that, not in the coarse style which alone was possible a few years ago, but in a style of the greatest elegance.



WOODBURY VASE.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
**HELENE OF HUNGARY.**

BY JOHN W. PAT.

O'er the broad moor, white with its wreaths of snow—  
 Planked on each side by shadowy forests deep—  
 The sun a last ray to softened lustre glow,  
 Or, halting on the pine tree summits steep,  
 Seem waiting for an hour that soon must come,  
 And nature thrills through all her trembling frame—  
 For lo! with scream of life, and rolling drum,  
 And clarion blast, and cannon's breath of flame,  
 Proud Hapsburg's legions march the Magyar land to tame!

Forth from the forest's darkening aisles they wheel—  
 The Croatian savage—Tyrol's heart of fire!  
 Up leaps the sunlight from their gleaming steel,  
 As high thoughts from the patriot soul aspire,  
 On from the farther shade thy warriors pour,  
 O fated Hungary, no soon to weep!  
 Thy blood-stained page, 'mid history's magic lore,  
 Wit with the sword, the circling ears shall keep,  
 Till rising Europe break the despot's Lethan sleep!

"Ejha! Magyar!" swift the war-cries roll  
 To rending echoes down the levelled line  
 The volleying musket Freedom's tocsin tolls—  
 Low, cannon-stricken, sinks the reeking pine;  
 Still Hungary's banner flies defiant scorn—  
 Still from her front war's crimson currents veer,  
 Till like a tempest on the Danube born,  
 Downward, with bugle-blast and charging cheer,  
 Bursts through her death-thinned ranks the thunder-  
 ing Cuirassier!

Shout, tyrant minions! lo, the field is won!  
 Back reels the Magyar to his forest lair!  
 Sheathe the dulled sword, the day's red work is done,  
 And shriek and groan swell through the twilight air.  
 But who art thou that on this fearful spot  
 Cries: "Grieve not with life a warm tide the shot ploughed  
 snow!"

Thou art a maiden—nay, deny it not—  
 Thine eyes are radiant with that mystic glow  
 That speaks a nearer heaven, man's soul doth never  
 know!

What brought thee to this field of strife and gloom?  
 Fruit woman's arm avails not in the fray,  
 When o'er the plain the trembling cannon boom,  
 And round the reeking lines the war clouds play.  
 Thou liest in death—not in the homestead hall,  
 Where love's soft tears distill in gentle rain—  
 Alone thou liest, where, at fancy's call,  
 The faltering foe hears, 'mid his deathful pain,  
 The brave's low murmuring song—the Moldau's home-  
 like strain!

Brave spirit, thou art gone! thou cast aside  
 Life, hope and joy, to bless the Magyar land  
 With Freedom; for thy love—thy bosom's pride  
 Cheered Austria's valiant on the patriot band!  
 Slowly he came, but at the reeking sight  
 Hushed in his conquering heart the victor-flow,  
 And o'er his spirit closed a starless night,  
 As "Jaeger" hands shaped out thy dwelling low,  
 Where, o'er a shot-torn oak, the cloud bands wander  
 slow!

O, soul! thou art a stranger to this land!  
 Didst steer thy bark in ages long ago—  
 Like the bold Genoese—through some ocean grand,  
 Where golden islands in their beauty glow,  
 Seeking a new world's glory for thine own.  
 And wrecked where time's remorseless surges pour,  
 Wast bound by savage hands, prisoner lone,  
 As Afric's sons, on wild Sahara's shore,  
 Seize on the storm-tossed wretch who 'scapes the Atlan-  
 tic's roar?

So doth it seem; for oft against the bars  
 Thy platoon to the angel choir keep time,  
 And as the twilight brings the marching stars,  
 Thou hearst at the watchword from their ranks sublime!  
 Oft dost thou see thy duty high unrolled,  
 And rising grandly, by thy fetters stayed,  
 Thou shak'st earth's prison through its confines old,  
 As when the lightning's lurid flags displayed,  
 And heaven's fierce cohorts pour the storm-kings  
 feudale!

As some tall bark, that from a roadstead lone  
 Essays once more to breast the rolling main,  
 While cheery mariners with stirring tone  
 Heave hark by link the anchor's rattling chain—  
 So with the world, though long its power hath lain  
 By sin's wild coast, where dark'ning currents sway,  
 Yet God's own hand draws in the century chain!  
 Soon shall its anchors burst the cumbering lay,  
 And o'er its heaven-bound sail Sheehinah a glory play!

**HEATHEN ANTI-MISSIONARY PETITION.**

The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. G. Hall, of Madras, dated April 11:—"Alas what sights and sounds meet me! On Saturday evening last, I passed a place where it is said 10,000 natives were assembled. And why do you think they had met? It was to adopt a memorial to Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State for India, praying that hindrances may be put in the way of propagating the Gospel in this land. And while I write, the memorial is lying before me in the Tamil language. Sad, indeed, is the state of matters here. There has not for many years been such a violent opposition to the Gospel as there is at present. We have great reason to believe that it is the success of the Gospel which has stirred up the present antipathy of the heathen."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
**THE STORY OF NONNEN-PERTH.**  
 A DOUBLE LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I.—THURISNEIDA.

THE lordly Rhine, fruitful in its almost inexhaustible stores of legendary literature, abounding in localities which might well seem to have been created for the chosen haunts of romance, and rich no less in its own remarkable beauty and grandeur than in these wild, attractive traditions, and the thousand historical reminiscences to which it has given birth,—

"The Rhine, the Rhine, its beautiful vineyards lav'ng," we repeat, has been again chosen, dear reader, for the scene of another story from our humble pen. And hardly chosen—for we have to assure you that the following tale has received very few additions from Cis-Atlantic hands; we give it almost exactly as we received it from German lips.

Towering far above the waters of this glorious stream, and boldly presenting their scarred and gigantic battlements to the assaults of the elements, upon the right hand of the river, are the lofty elevations known as the Seven Mountains. Among these, none are more conspicuous than the craggy summit of Drachenfels, standing, as it does, dark, gloomy and stern against the sky, and marking forever the locality, where, as our legend informs us, its scenes were enacted.

Far back in the ages, at a time so remote that its precise date has become obscured and lost, an immense cavern yawned at the base of this crag. It was naturally a repulsive spot, appearing, in its darkness, a very bottomless pit; and to many of those who dwelt in its vicinity, it had proved a pit of destruction. For this was the den of an enormous dragon,\* which, by its terrible strength and rapacity, had made itself the terror of the surrounding country. No efforts had ever been made for its destruction; but, on the contrary, it was feared and respected, and sacrifices were offered to it, as to some divinity, to propitiate its favor and mercy.

The dwellers of this vicinity, at the time of which we write, were a wild and barbarous race, hardy and vigorous, excelling in feats of arms, and engaged almost incessantly in predatory warfare with some of their no less savage and brutal neighbors. This was a period not many centuries removed from that of the Christian era; and into these dark and barbarous regions, the light which shone from the hill of Calvary had not yet penetrated.

To these statements, however, we are compelled to make one exception. Almost directly opposite the Dragon's Cavern, and upon the left bank of the river, a small number of men and women of a very different character had made their abode. They were, strange to relate, Christians, who, persecuted in their homes in the far south, had wandered into the Rhine-country, and settled down among its warlike and inhospitable natives. Their knowledge of arms and means of defence were poor and scanty; they lived a peaceful, pastoral life, affording in every respect a striking contrast to their neighbors opposite. Hitherto the latter had made no offer of violence or hostility; aware of their weakness, and engaged in active warfare with powerful enemies, the chiefs of the tribe had regarded them only with contempt and ridicule.

But now a rumor was circulated which instantly attracted the attention of Rinbod and Harswick, the leaders of these warlike people. It was to the effect that the Christians were using their appearance of weakness and poverty as a cloak to the possession of enormous stores of treasure, which it was asserted they possessed. The cupidity of the chiefs and their followers was excited to the highest pitch; and it was quickly resolved to test the truth of these reports by an incursion into the homes of their defenceless neighbors.

This plan was immediately carried into effect. Dividing their force into two equal bodies, Rinbod commanding one, and the young and valiant Harswick the other, the chiefs crossed the river, and led them by different passes into the little hamlet. At the angry and imperative demands of the fierce invaders, the trembling and affrighted Christians came forth from their rude huts, whither they had fled at the first intimation of

\* It was from this circumstance that the Drachenfels obtained its name—the word signifying Dragon's Rock.

danger; and they were imperatively commanded to bring out all their wealth. They protested earnestly that their hamlet contained nothing of the kind, even beneath the blows of the angry brigands; and the latter, with a presentiment that they had been deceived, commenced a thorough search, the result of which made their presentiments a certainty. Not so much as a coin or an ounce of precious metal was to be discovered.

A terrible scene of violence and blood was the consequence. Angered, disappointed, and furious with passion, the savage Rinbod gave his eager followers the signal of slaughter. The powerless and unoffending Christians were sacrificed mercilessly by the hands of their assailants; and infuriated with the sight of carnage, Rinbod and his men pursued them as they fled for safety to the passes in the rocks. None escaped who fell into their power; and although a few succeeded in hiding themselves beyond the reach of their enemies, the majority, without regard for age or sex, were left dead in the lanes of the village, and along the shore. To add to the horrors of the night, the torch was applied to the huts of the deserted hamlet, and soon nothing remained of these lately peaceful houses but smoking heaps of cinders.

To Harswick, brave, gallant, and withal gentle as he was, these scenes were sickening and abhorrent. His heart was one of those noble and generous ones which are sometimes found in the midst of ruthless and unlettered barbarism; in the wars in which he had been engaged, and in fair and open battle, he had slain armed enemies, but to strike down the weak and innocent was something of which he was utterly incapable. Refusing to join Rinbod in the massacre, he withdrew across the river, compelling his followers to accompany him.

Another day had dawned before Rinbod abandoned the pursuit, and returned to the foot of the Drachenfels. As he joined Harswick, he held out his arms, exclaiming, eagerly, "See—a prize: a glorious reward! Ah, could you have found such another, 'twould have been better to have played the man!"

Without regarding the rough words of Rinbod, the young chief gazed fixedly upon the burden which he carried. It was a young maiden whom the brutal chief had captured from among the fugitive Christians, and who now, having fainted through excess of terror, lay still and passive in his arms. Well might Harswick continue to gaze, for a more beautiful being his eyes had certainly never beheld. Her long, raven hair, unloosed in the haste of her flight, was thrown back from a forehead of perfect whiteness; her dark eyes shone faintly through the half-closed lids, a tremor still agitated her lips, and seemed to extend to her pale cheeks, while over the whole contour of that sweet, childlike face an expression of startled innocence was fixed, almost marvellous to behold.

While Harswick still looked upon her in speechless astonishment, a low sigh came from her lips, and she unclosed her eyes. They rested upon the eager features of her ruffianly captor, and with a cry of terror she sprang from his grasp and darted away. Rinbod, with an exclamation of anger, pursued her; but his way was suddenly barred by Harswick. Supporting with one arm the beautiful stranger, who had instinctively thrown herself upon his protection, the young chief looked calmly and defiantly towards her furious oppressor.

"I claim her as my own!" the latter menacingly exclaimed. "Abandon her—give her up to me, or—"

"Your threats cannot terrify me," the other interrupted. "She has sought my protection—I should despise myself, did I refuse it. Back, Rinbod; advance at your peril! Is it not enough that you have slain and scattered to the winds the poor, homeless people of her fathers? do you demand her as a victim to your passions? By the heart within me, that shall never be! I am weary of this constant bloodshed and violence—here, at least, shall be one base deed prevented!"

The speaker was thoroughly aroused, and spoke impulsively, and with determination. His pity was excited for the lovely captive, and he resolved to defend her with his life; and she, meanwhile, looked up gratefully into his face, murmuring her thanks. As for the enraged and baffled Rinbod, his anger knew no bounds. Stamping furiously upon the ground, he shouted, madly:

"Do you defy me, then, traitor? As I live, shalt thou repent then! Ho, there my men!

hither, and seize this stripling, who dares to cross the will of your chief!"

But this was far easier said than done. The followers of Rinbod rushed forward at his command, but with them came those of Harswick; and as the two troops became aware of the cause of the quarrel, each collected around its leader and waited for his orders.

"I am prepared," the young chief firmly said, "to carry my demands even to bloodshed."  
 "And I!" was the stern response. "If you will be thus foolhardy, your blood shall be the penalty!"

A fierce struggle seemed now unavoidable. Arms were already drawn and brandished, and the rival forces stood eyeing each other in stern silence, when suddenly one of the old patriarchs of the people rushed in between them with outstretched hands.

"Hold—forbear!" he cried. "Think of the cause of this trouble, and blush for shame, men as ye are! Was ever any hatred or ill-will between our chiefs before the paitry Christian girl was brought hither? Shall it be that ye will shed each other's blood for one poor, worthless woman?"

These words had an instant effect; those who were upon the point of rushing to the encounter, lowered their arms, and heeded the admonitions of the patriarch.

"No," the latter exclaimed, "let not this be. Rather than that she should bring us harm by the sorcery of her Christian arts, which have manifestly set our leaders in enmity, the one against the other, deliver her to the dragon! It is long since he has received a victim from us; let us sacrifice to him this captive, who threatens the peace and safety of our people!"

This startling proposition was received with favor and loud acclamations. Throwing aside all appearance of hostility, the men rushed in a body towards the trembling captive, and before either Rinbod or Harswick could interpose, she was torn from the protecting arms of the latter, and hurried away to the fearful fate for which she had been destined!

Crowning the summit of the Dragon's Cavern, a broad, flat rock extended like a shelf far out over the waters of the Rhine. Upon this the helpless captive was securely bound, and then abandoned by her savage captors. Drawn off at a distance, in several bodies, the latter now eagerly watched for the appearance of the dragon. In a moment the hideous monster issued from his den, lashing his scaly sides with his tail, breathing forth clouds of venomous steam from his deep throat, and darting out his fiery tongue in horrible sibilations, which made the beholders of the scene tremble for their own safety.

But what pen can describe the agony of the lovely Thurisneida, the unfortunate Christian maiden, as she realized the terrors of her situation? She turned her eyes in eager supplication towards the spectators of her doom, but she failed to discover among them the brave young chief who had just been her champion. Had he, too, deserted her in this awful extremity?

Her eyes rested, with the fascination of sickening terror, upon the dragon. The huge monster had now discovered his prey, and with a roar which seemed to make the very summits of the mountains tremble, commenced scrambling up the rocks towards her. He drew nearer and nearer, the poison of his breath had already impregnated the atmosphere which she breathed, and in hopeless agony the doomed maiden raised her fearful eyes, and snatching a miniature crucifix from her bosom, held it with outstretched hands towards Heaven.

"Thou, God of my fathers," she cried, in sweet and thrilling tones, "canst yet snatch from death the survivor of a lost people, who have ever served thee! In thee have I trusted, O Father; leave me not now to the mercy of my enemies!"

The words, the voice in which they were uttered, and above all, the beautiful and sublime spectacle of the kneeling Thurisneida, were more than the gallant Harswick could endure. With a loud cry of encouragement, which animated the breast of the victim with a new hope, he sprang from the eminence where he had been standing in petrified horror, and shouted, in trumpet tones:

"Who will go with me to the rescue of this maiden? Have we ever warred with women, my men? and will you suffer yourselves to join in this brutal wickedness?"

The words and the example of the young leader seemed to inspire his followers with like



generous sentiments. With a cry of approval, they rushed after him, sending as they went a shower of well-aimed missiles towards the dragon. Wounded in twenty places by this attack, the monster paused and sent up a cry of pain and anger. Before he could turn upon his assailants, another assault confused and weakened him still more, and the heavy axe of Harswick descended upon his head in a terrific death-blow. Writhing in convulsive agony, the monster rolled to the edge of the rock; and as he fell from it, the water below was lashed to foam by his death-struggles, and crimsoned with his blood. Soon, however, he sank from sight, and the Rhine closed over him as if glad to entomb so dreadful a scourge.

The eager hands of Harswick unbound the grateful Thurnisnelda, and his willing arms bore her from the scene of her peril. Various sentiments, in the meantime, prevailed among the bands, some approving the act of Harswick, and some denouncing it. Passing boldly before the infuriated Rinbod, the young chief exclaimed, "In the sight of all, I avow this deed; and thus will I continue to defend and protect this maiden from harm! Who is with me? Who will join me against the wickedness of her oppressor?"

The appeal was answered by the clamor of an hundred voices. The better feelings of the brigands had for once become aroused, and they continued to flock around Harswick and Thurnisnelda, until scarcely a handful was left to sustain the cause of Rinbod. The latter looked around upon the decimated number of his followers, and glaring with savage hatred upon his young rival, he shouted in his fury:

"You have made this the hour of your triumph; but may my strength turn to weakness, and this right arm wither like the blasted pine, if my own shall not come at some time! And ye, faithless people, who have cast me out from among ye, may ye receive your punishment, which my hands shall be henceforth engaged in preparing, against the day of reckoning!"

Shaking his clenched hand menacingly towards those whom he had thus threatened, Rinbod sprang away up the ascent of the Drachenfels, followed by a few whose depraved hearts sympathized with him and his avowed undertaking. With a glad feeling of relief, Harswick watched them until they entered one of the upper passes and disappeared from his sight.

#### II.—HILDEGONDE.

High up upon the side of the Drachenfels, shortly after the occurrence of the events just detailed, the Count Harswick built for himself a castle, to which, in commemoration of the slaying of the monster which had so long infested the region, he gave the name of Drachenborg, or Dragon's Castle. And here the lovely Thurnisnelda was installed as the wedded bride of the devoted young chief.

It is unnecessary to specify the particular reasons which induced this union—they must all ready have occurred to the reader. We may remark, however, that it seemed perfectly natural for the captive maiden to love the man who had so heroically shielded her from injury. He was young, handsome and noble-hearted; and Thurnisnelda, cast suddenly upon him for protection, her people cut off in a moment, as it were, and her home destroyed, accepted the ardent offering of his love with undissembled satisfaction. As for Harswick, he well nigh idolized the beautiful object of his affections, and the days which had formerly been spent in the chase, or in distant forays, were now passed at her side. The ardor of the lover seemed to be increased rather than diminished, in the husband; the music of her voice, and the light of her eyes, never ceased to thrill his heart with unspeakable rapture.

Nor was it long before the companionship of his bride had worked in him an important change. It could not be otherwise than that the purifying influence of a spirit so refined, so holy as was hers, should soften the asperities which long familiarity with scenes of violence had thrown around his otherwise generous and noble heart. Silently, and almost reverently, Count Harswick received from the lips of his wife the truths of Christianity, in which her faith had ever been placed; and for her sake he pondered, listened, and finally believed with her. And it was marvellous to see the wonderful change which was wrought through the agency of that brave Christian woman. The rough followers of her husband revered her as though she had been an angel of light; and through her efforts, and

those of Count Harswick, they too learned the wondrous story of the redemption. They may not have perfectly comprehended it, or, comprehending, may not have believed, but yet the precious seed thrown by the gentle hand of Thurnisnelda had taken root among them; and so marvellous was the change which was thus induced, that the Lady of Drachenborg could hardly persuade herself that these were really the savage men whose hands had once devoted her to a fearful death.

This strange alteration in the characters and habits of Harswick and his followers was speedily noised abroad through the country. Rinbod heard of it in the mountain fastnesses, where he had taken refuge, and he laughed in scorn and derision.

"It will be well for thee, Harswick," he soliloquized, "if this mummery of prayer can save thee from my vengeance! For as I live, thou shalt answer at the sword's point for the prize which thou hast snatched from me!"

It had been the intention of the savage and revengeful chief to collect a band of harry and unscrupulous men in the mountains, and descend with them to the accomplishment of the vengeance which had now become an object and a passion with him. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, all the mercenary banditti of the neighborhood being engaged in a war which was being waged between two of the feudal barons near the marches of the empire. Thither he himself soon repaired, and engaged with his few followers in the service of one of these feudatories, resolved to patiently abide his time until a chance for the accomplishment of his purposes should occur.

In the meantime months sped swiftly upon their course, and still all was happy and peaceful at Drachenborg. The castle overlooked the beautiful islands of Grafen and Nonnen-Perth, in the Rhine; and upon the latter, the Lady Thurnisnelda had caused a convent to be constructed, within the walls of which she had gathered together the surviving maidens of her people. Bereft of home, parents and friends, the sorrowing few gladly accepted the shelter of this calm, religious retreat, and devoted their lives thenceforth to works of devotion and ministrations of kindness and charity.

It was more than a year after the nuptials of Harswick and Thurnisnelda that their union was blessed by the birth of a child. But the blessing was unheeded amid the mourning which followed; for hardly had the eyes of the little stranger first opened to the light, than those of the wife and mother closed forever upon it! The Lady of Drachenborg died; and, according to her last request, she was buried in the vault of the convent which she had founded.

The blow was a heavy one to Count Harswick; he sank under it, and was for a long time inconsolable, absorbed in the magnitude of his grief. This romantic affection was his first and only love; and although time, which heals all wounds, softened and calmed the intensity of his grief, yet his face forever after wore a confirmed expression of sadness, and the buoyancy of youth had departed.

One melancholy pleasure, however, remained to him; the care and tutelage of the infant daughter of his beloved Thurnisnelda. With pleasurable care he watched the development of the mind and person of this darling child, to whom he had given the name of Hildegunde, through the years of her infancy, her girlhood, and until she budded forth into the full perfection of maidenly charms and graces. And after all this had passed, the Count Harswick, now in the middle stage of life, would gaze with wondering delight into the features of his daughter, and there mark the almost perfect resemblance which she bore to her deceased mother. There was the same pure, white brow, the same dark, soulful eyes, the mouth, formed in a never-varying expression of sweetness—the same raven hair, and form of matchless contour and symmetry—all, all the same. And it gladdened the heart of the bereaved husband, as he saw his lost bride reproduced in the beautiful Hildegunde.

The unity of affection which existed between the Count Harswick and his daughter was most beautiful and perfect. The years which he had spent in the careful nurture of her mind and person were more than repaid in the filial love and devotion with which the maiden comforted and blessed him, almost causing him to forget the grief of his great bereavement.

It was impossible that the beauty of Hildegunde should fail to obtain the homage and suit

of numerous lovers. But, as a matter of course, among all those who repaired to Drachenborg to prosecute their advances, one only was favored. This was a nobleman, Roland by name, whose castle stood several leagues above, and upon the opposite shore of the Rhine. Young, noble and chivalrous—possessing, in fact, all the advantages of the Count Harswick in his early days, he could hardly fail to recommend himself to the favorable consideration of Hildegunde. By the waters of the Rhine their faith was plighted; and the other and unsuccessful lovers were compelled to retire from the unequal contest.

Count Harswick saw the choice of his daughter, and smiled approval upon it. It required an effort for him to relinquish his darling child to another; but the thought of his own youthful days and happy companionship with Thurnisnelda pleaded powerfully for the lovers, and pleaded successfully. And now again the castle of Drachenborg was made the scene of a love as pure and beautiful as that of Harswick and Thurnisnelda. The romantic haunts of the vicinity were made the places of the affectionate intercourse of Roland and Hildegunde; and especially did they love to sit together in the twilight, when the music of the vesper bells from Nonnen-Perth came stealing up the rocks. At such times, the maiden could almost fancy that she heard the voice of her mother, blessing and approving her choice.

But suddenly, and upon the eve of their union, the lovers were awakened from their blissful dream by a harsh reality. The wars of the lords-marchers of the frontier, continued through a number of years, had at last been brought to an end; and now, supplied with the force necessary to gratify his undying hatred, by the baron whom he had assisted, and with all the means for its accomplishment in his hands, Rinbod was rapidly making his way towards Drachenborg. The carefully pursued thirst for revenge had in seventeen years reached its culmination, and the savage chief pursued eagerly on to its accomplishment.

This alarming intelligence was received from a reliable source by Count Harswick; and it stimulated him to instant activity. Learning that his old enemy was now within a day's march of Drachenborg, he laid his plans of action with prompt celerity.

"I will not," he said to Roland, "wait until Rinbod shall shut me up within my castle, but rather march out and meet him upon fair ground, where I can make my strength felt. Do you stay here with a few of the men-at-arms, to keep the castle, and protect our dear Hildegunde. Should I be hard pressed, I will not fail to send for your aid."

Roland cheerfully acquiesced in this arrangement; and Harswick, bidding adieu to his tearful child and her young defender, marched from the castle with almost his entire force, leaving with Roland a scanty handful of men-at-arms, with which to fulfil the father's parting charge. And through the whole day, the lovers waited anxiously for the arrival of some message from the count, that they might learn the fortune of the day.

None came, however; but instead, at sunset, a terrible summons from without greeted their ears. Avoiding Count Harswick, the crafty Rinbod had reached the castle by a circuitous march, and was now thundering at the gates with his whole force! Almost frantic with desperation, Roland embraced his terrified betrothed, and rushed to the scene of danger. Disposing his few defenders in the court-yard, he awaited the attack of the enemy. This was all he could do; there were too few to man the walls; nothing remained but to die in defence of the charge which had been committed to his keeping!

The gates were burst open by repeated assaults from without, and Rinbod and his followers poured in overwhelming numbers into the yard. The onset was a fierce one, and yet, the defenders held their ground so bravely, that they seemed at first to render the unequal conflict doubtful. Animated by the voice and example of their desperate leader, they fought with obstinate fury, and many of the mercenary followers of Rinbod fell beneath their blows. But against such overpowering numbers as those they contended with, resistance seemed almost useless. Step by step they were forced back, until but a few feet remained between them and the castle doors.

At this desperate and alarming juncture, the attention of Roland was attracted by a loud noise outside the gates; and immediately a new body of men thronged into the court-yard. Blind with hopeless despair, he sprang furiously to-

wards them; and the leader, a mailed knight on horseback, was stricken down by a terrific blow from his battle-axe. But who shall portray the horror, the fearful presentiment of Roland, as he recognized in the followers of the knight, the retainers of Count Harswick! With nervous eagerness he knelt beside the prostrate body of the fallen knight, and unclosing his visor, gazed with the speechless fascination of remorseful sorrow upon his face. The count himself lay before him, breathing his last—slain by his own hand! Once the dying man opened his eyes and looked reproachfully upon him; and then the unhappy Roland was kneeling by the dead!

The young nobleman seemed as though bereft of sense as he gazed. He knew not of the fierce conflict which was raging around him—he heard not the victorious shout of the retainers of Drachenborg, repeated from every throat as they drove the invaders in panic from the gates—he realized only that he had slain the father of Hildegunde, and yet lived himself! A hand was laid gently upon his arm—Hildegunde was beside him. But as her eyes rested upon the fearful spectacle of her father's corpse, and the incoherent ravings of her lover informed her of the dreadful truth, she uttered a feeble cry of agony, and sank down upon the body, herself seemingly as cold and lifeless.

A little distance from this place of terror one of the outlaws lay, dying from a ghastly wound in his breast. This was Rinbod himself; and as he comprehended the meaning of the scene which we have just described, a demonic look of joy covered his grim features, and with a cry of satisfied revenge upon his lips, he fell back and expired.

Slowly did Hildegunde return to life and consciousness; and with frantic eagerness Roland threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hands, besought her to forgive the irreparable injury which his rashness had caused. She heard him, and replied in faltering, hopeless tones:

"I forgive thee, Roland—but thou and I must forever part! It is not well that the slayer of the father should with the same hand wed the daughter; and though it breaks my heart to give thee up, still must I do it! Farewell, Roland; we shall meet in heaven!"

Her mind was unalterably fixed, and the passionate pleadings of the despairing lover could not change it. Once more she permitted him to clasp her to his heart in one last fond embrace—once more their white lips met, in a farewell kiss; and then they parted forever.

In pursuance of a determination which she had formed, the sorrowing Hildegunde entered the cloister of Nonnen-Perth; and there the remainder of her life was passed. The terrible tragedy which filled her heart with mourning had denied her an earthly bridal; but as the bride of heaven, among the gentle, pious sisterhood of the convent, she learned to bear her great afflictions with resignation, and to pray for an eternity of happiness with Roland.

As for the latter, the lapse of time somewhat assuaged his violent grief; but his heart remained forever steadfast to the object of its best affections. His days were passed in one of the lonely upper chambers of the Drachenborg which overlooked Nonnen-Perth and the white walls of the convent; and in the solitude of this mournful employment, soothed only by the sweet chiming of the matins and vesper bells, he waited anxiously for the approach of death.

By a pleasing coincidence, as the legend tells us, the spirits of Hildegunde and Roland were freed in the same day and hour. Sympathizing with a love so romantic, so sorrowful, and withal, so devoted, the gentle sisters received the remains of Roland into the convent, and laid them side by side with the body of his beloved, in the tomb of Thurnisnelda.

Such is the remarkable tradition of Nonnen-Perth; and with a parting word, we will bring it to a close. The crumbling stones of the convent are yet seen upon the island where it formerly stood, although all traces of those to whom our story relates have disappeared. But the Rhine still flows onward to the sea, and the giant Drachenfels still looms up against the sky—and both continue to testify by their presence, of the beautiful and enduring love of **ROLAND and HILDEGONDE.**

#### LIBERTY.

O, could I worship night beneath the skies  
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,  
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,  
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild, as fair  
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

COWPER





THE RAPIDS BELOW THE DAM.

## FRANKLIN MILLS.

SARANAC RIVER, PLATTSBURGH, NEW YORK.

The picturesque views on this and the following page were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are correct representations of the largest lumber mills in the State of New York. This extensive establishment is located on the Saranac River, two miles above the city of Plattsburgh. The business was first commenced at this place about four years since. The mill, erected by a company of lumber dealers from Maine, is considered the most perfect establishment of the kind in the country. There are manufactured at this mill 40,000 feet of lumber, 9000 shingles, and 14,000 laths, daily. The force employed to produce this great result is from sixty to seventy men. The timber which is here manufactured is cut about seventy miles up the Saranac. The proprietors of the Franklin Mills own 32,000 acres of timber land near the head waters of the Saranac River. The work of cutting is done in the winter, and the timber is rafted down the river in the spring to the pond shown in our second view. This pond contains about seventy-five acres, and has a capacity of 50,000 logs. We give a view of a portion of the pond above the mill with the logs therein. The lumber manufactured here is conveyed by sloops and schooners through Lake Champlain and the Northern Canal to Albany and a market. One of our pictures gives a distant view of the mill from the banks of the river below the dam. Another of the sketches was taken from the opposite bank just below the dam. The remaining picture shows one of the gangs which contains ten saws. The gangs contain from one to twenty-four saws. These mills are owned and operated by J. DeMerrett & Co., whose office is at 344 Federal Street, Boston. The mills are under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Stoddard. The same firm also have in Sherbrook, Canada East, the largest

saw mill in the world, employing one hundred and twenty men night and day. The product of this mill is 120,000 feet of lumber per day. The timber land which this enterprising firm possess in Canada covers an area of ten miles square, and is located on the St. Francis River, fifty miles distant from the mill. The Sherbrook mill has a gang of twenty-six saws, for sawing boards of all widths, called the stock gang, — a live gang of nineteen saws, which trims the logs through all widths, a single saw for large logs, a gang of ten saws, called the "slabber" gang, for siding logs for the stock gang, a shingle, lath, and picket machine, and a machine for filing saws. This mill cost \$30,000 and the running expenses are \$150 per day.

## FRENCH ARMY.

The French army is certainly one of the best developed bodies of men that the world has ever seen. Formed almost entirely of conscripts, the sons of honest families, it draws its strength from the

best blood of the nation. For seven years they are kept circulating through France, except when each regiment takes its turn in Algiers. Thus the entire country is known to the entire army, from the thronged capital to the most quiet provincial town. The ideas of the most ignorant are enlarged, their minds expanded, as they are drawn away from the contracted circles of their little communes; and the sons of the poorest villagers enjoy the pleasures and reap the profits of travel. Each individual of this mass is taught to walk, to stand, to run, to jump, to swim, to climb, to handle the small sword and the broadsword, to manage the musket and the bayonet, with such skill as not only to slay his enemy far off or near at hand, but to protect himself against more numerous bayonets, or against the long sword of the trooper, or even the far-reaching and more formidable lance.

Paris is the centre of this system, and having one day obtained the necessary permit, I had an opportunity of seeing how sedulously this training is attended to. There were not more than half a dozen soldiers exercised at this time, but it must be remembered that those who show most fitness for the task are chosen and drilled most thoroughly, so that in their turn they may become teachers in their several regiments. After some of the more ordinary gymnastic feats, three men were placed in front of an end wall, against which were three platforms, rising one above the other to the roof. Each of the upper platforms was smaller than the one below it by about eighteen inches, enough to make comfortable standing room for a man. Each platform had three equal faces, forming a half hexagon, and just under the edge

of each face of each of the platforms was firmly fastened a round iron bar, so that if a man were not tall enough to jump and catch the edge of the platform he might catch the bar below. I forgot to mention that each platform was about seven feet high, and, besides being fastened to the wall, was supported by wood-work below, but so far from the edge as not to interfere with the men. Three soldiers were placed in front of these platforms, standing on the ground, and each opposite one of the faces. The moment the word of command was given each man jumped at the edge of the first platform, caught it, raised himself up so as to turn up one elbow, and so got on the top; jumped in like manner at the second platform, and got on it, and then upon the third. All this was done so quickly, in fact with such startling rapidity, that I can readily understand the confusion of the Austrians at the startling movements of the French soldiers. It seemed but an instant before the same three soldiers who had been standing motionless upon the ground in front of the platforms were standing just as motionless upon the highest platform, waiting for the next command. At the word they descended in the same way, and stood once more upon the ground.

In a yard attached to this gymnasium I noticed a jumping ditch, some two feet deep and about four feet wide at one end, spreading out to about nine feet at the other. It was about ten feet long, so that the widening was sufficiently gradual. Here was also a strong plank fence, with a roof on top, forming a sort of shed, with the back toward you, and about fifteen feet high. The roof did not lap over the fence, but was securely fastened to it, as was also a strong iron rod running along the fence at its junction with the roof. Slats of inch plank were nailed on this fence, about three inches apart, and the whole fence sloped out from the bottom to the top, so that when a man caught hold of the slats with his fingers his feet would swing clear, and he could thus get no assistance from them in climbing. The same three soldiers who had scaled the platforms were placed in front of this fence. At the word of command each jumped at it with fingers hooked like claws, and, having no hold but what the slats gave them, they

"Very well; place yourself in position as a boxer."

I did so, and he advanced towards me with his hands a little out from his sides, like a wrestler ready to take hold in any way.

"Now I can kick you on your forward leg, and break the bone or hurt you. While you are disturbed by that, or, in case you draw it back, I can raise my foot to your stomach or your chin."

"Well, suppose you should kick at my chin, I would catch your foot. Then what would you do?"

"Well, try it."

He kicked, and I caught his foot, but while I held it firmly he turned, threw both hands on the ground to support his body, and instantaneously brought his other foot so near my nose that I let go of his foot in a moment.

"That is very clever. Is there no party to that?"

"O, yes. It is very simple. You do what I did and I'll show you."

I kicked; he caught my foot; I turned, threw myself on my hands, and thought of course to kick him with my other foot; but he simply put one foot firmly against the thigh of my other leg, and I was powerless. There was also in his movements this same startling rapidity. The kicks were like flashes of lightning, and the hands constantly ready for a grapple or a blow. From what I saw, I have a most respectful dislike to *la Savate*, or, as we would say in English, the Old Shoe — *Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

## THE CREST OF THE ALPS.

The crest of the Bernese Alps is an extended ridge, nowhere less than 700 feet, culminating in peaks some of which are twice the height. No carriage road is constructed over for a great distance, and, indeed, this is the only pass of any kind for a distance of several days' ride, and here existed none till the latter part of the last century. The difficulty of constructing a road lay in the fact that limestone precipices of great height everywhere abound as one approaches the pass from the valley of the Rhone, the opposite from which I approached it. After rising to the height of 3000 feet above the sea, the valley up



FRANKLIN MILL, SARANAC RIVER, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

crawled their way up quickly to the top. There, catching hold of the bar, they doubled themselves up in a most curious way, turning a back somerset and lying at full length on their backs upon the roof, with their arms against their sides. At the next command they stretched out their arms, caught hold of the bar, threw up their legs so as to turn a reverse somerset, and so clawed their way down again.

Besides this they are taught to perform all their evolutions on a run, a style which has been adopted at West Point. They are taught to swim holding the musket and the cartridge-box above the water; to jump from a height upon a ledge where there is barely standing room, with their muskets in their hands, and all their accoutrements upon their backs; to walk in the same way along beams, both square and round, or along the irregularly shaped trunks of trees across ditches or ravines; each man is taught to use his musket and bayonet as a vaulting-pole; and to climb up his comrade's shoulder so as to scale a wall twenty-five feet high.

In the recent accounts of the Zouaves we are told that they also employ in battle *la Savate*, or the art of kicking. Having often heard of this, I one day asked our teacher in the gymnasium at Paris if he knew it.

"O, yes."

"Well, give us a specimen of it," I said, inquiringly.

which the road runs terminates in an amphitheatre of precipices, which rise at a very high angle, in places perpendicular, for 2700 feet. Up this a path has been cut, wide enough for mules, winding this way and that, sometimes on a projecting crag, sometimes on a niche or groove cut in the rock, merely wide enough for the path. It happens, in several places, that a plumb line dropped from the edge of the path will pass outside of the path at some lower point. In many places the path skirts precipices 500 to 1000 feet high, and in one place a plumb line may be dropped from the edge of the path, almost unobstructed, into the valley 1600 feet below. It requires strong nerves to look down from these fearful heights, and still stronger to ride a mule up and down the path, which is only five feet wide, and often without a parapet or guard on the outside. There is a noted water-cure in the valley below, and invalids are carried over on the shoulders of men, but are blindfolded before they come in sight of these places, for fear of the shock it may produce on their nerves. I approached it on the opposite side, and came up to these precipices from above. Suddenly, while I was up at the height where the snow lays, I came to the verge, and the view burst upon me. The effect cannot be described. Nearly 3000 feet below me, or over half a mile perpendicular height, while the horizontal distance was not half that, was a lovely green valley with pastures, and the picturesque village of Leuch. It seemed as if a stone might be tossed on the houses so far beneath. I sat down and gazed on the scene; the gorge below, through which the torrent of the Gala rushes, the valley and its pastures, the village, the rugged limestone precipices, while all around at my sides and in the distance, along the horizon, were the snow-capped peaks, those on the northern horizon being beyond the Rhone, and some of them in Sardinia and Italy. — *A Tourist's Notes.*



POND ABOVE THE DAM.



## THE MILL IN THE JURA.

Switzerland is rich in what theatrical parlance denominates "scenic effects;" in marvellous combinations of crag and chasm, deep and shadowy glen and foaming torrent, unfathomable woods of sombre pine, and vast precipitous walls of glittering ice. In no other European country has Nature worked on so vast a scale, or accumulated (and within comparatively narrow confines) such masses of stern and solemn grandeur. There, the Alpine heights rise up in all the wonderful beauty of their snowy crowns above the very clouds; there, savage torrents tumble and toss through narrow ravines, and over abrupt crags, and down steep walls of rock into abysses of darkness and shadow. Not that where the brow of Nature wears so severe a majesty her smile is always wanting; for there soft sheeny lakes lie in the bosoms of the mountains, reflecting the lights and shades of heaven, and there groves of leafy acacias are musical with the song of birds. But our artist now puts before us a landscape of a wilder and grander character, and shows us the foaming waters and the lofty peaks,—the

Darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear precipitously steep,—

even as they appeared in the bygone days to the poet-gaze of *Childe Harold*.

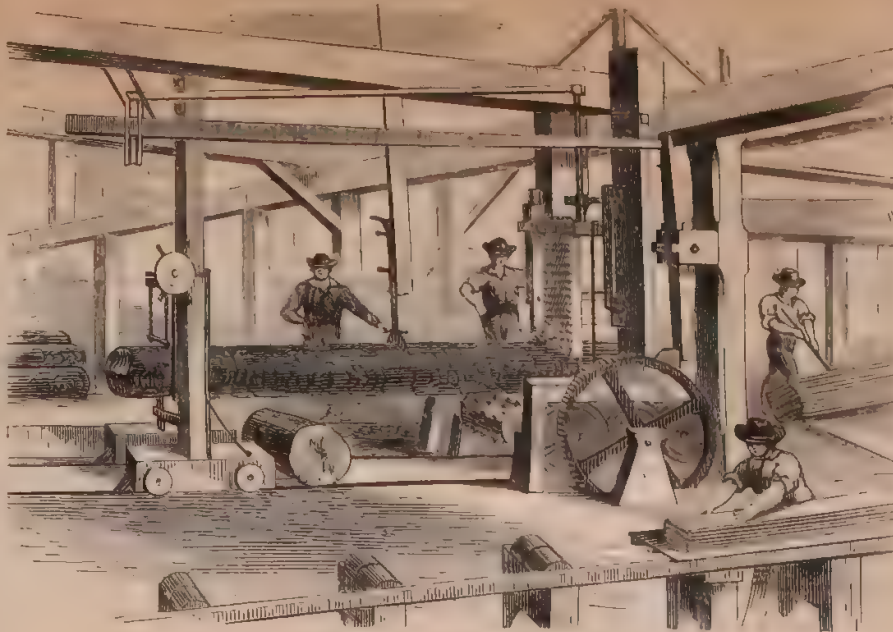
On the high road from Lausanne to Paris, about three miles from a town called Orbe, the traveller obtains a glimpse of the village of *Les Clefs*, or *The Keys*,—or, at least, of a swarthy old tower and a few picturesque chalets, lying several hundred feet below, in a defile of wild rocks,—a ravine, or pass, of which the village is, as it were, the Key.

The river Orbe rises near Iverdun. One of the mountain summits of the Jura is called *La Dent*, The Tooth, and here there is a natural hollow, about forty feet square, known as *The Fairy's Grotto*. Gazing down into this aperture, some hundred feet below you, may be discovered the birth-spring of the Orbe, which leaps out like a young giant from the womb of the mountain, and goes on its adventurous way amidst rocks and precipices, and in the gloom of close inwoven trees. It soon enters the pass, of which we have already spoken, and to a landscape already characterized by unusual features of sublimity, adds the most picturesque effects imaginable.

Below the village of *Les Clefs*, that is, still lower down the river, stand *The Mills*, which form a prominent subject of the illustration at the foot of this page. What a position for a peasant's chalet! What a fitting locality for a stormy imagination like Byron's, or a mystical fancy like Shelley's! The river seethes, and frets, and foams against the walls of rock that hem it in; the misty peaks of Jura soar upward in the immeasurable distance; the black boughs of tall gaunt pines sweep to and fro in the wind like spectral arms. Only to dream of a night of storm and thunder in such a spot, is to feel for awhile a poet.

O, night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
From peak to peak the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

These chalets of the Swiss peasantry are picturesque objects enough in a landscape, and certainly more poetical in aspect than the homes of English laborers. The side walls are low, but the roofs of considerable height, with numerous picturesque gables and singular twisted chimneys. They are fashioned almost wholly of wood. In the centre of the building provision is generally made for the cows and their winter fodder; and the apartments of the family, their workshops, and store-rooms, are all huddled together under the same roof. Under the eaves, which project considerably beyond the walls, runs a gallery round the whole building, to which ascent is gained by an outer staircase, leading to the first floor, or ground floor, for, in the winter, the lower apartments are usually deep hidden in impenetrable snow. We remember to have met with a passage, graphically descriptive of a Swiss chalet, in *Simond's Travels in Switzerland*. It ran somewhat as follows: On the ground blazed a huge fire, round which had been hollowed a ditch a foot deep, and in this the dwellers placed their feet, sitting meanwhile upon the earth. Over the fire hung a great cauldron, warming milk for the manufacture of cheese. All the implements used in the manufacture were the handiwork of the owner of the chalet, and were made of maple and pine. The hut itself was built of trunks of trees rudely joined together, and covered with thick shingles, through which the smoke found vent as best it could. The roof advanced ten or twelve feet beyond the walls, forming a sort of open gallery all round, called the *Milkgang*, or Milkway, beneath which the cows were milked in bad weather, and beneath which a sort of sleeping-place for the men was provided, with straw for



INTERIOR OF FRANKLIN MILL.

their simple couch. In Swiss chalets, however, as in metropolitan houses, there exists a great disparity; and there are an Upper Ten Thousand among the valleys of the Jura as well as in the squares of Belgravia.

Such a locality as that which our "pen and pencil" have endeavored to describe is, of course, well-frequented by mysterious visitants, whose weird shrieks mingle during the night hours with the roar of the torrent and the swift rush of the wind. Not a peasant but believes in them, and, however strong his heart and arm when contending with mortal foes, trembles to cross at night the rude, frail wooden bridge which is thrown across the river, or to venture into the depths of the shadowy pine-groves! Up from the foamy abysses of the waters rises at midnight an airy figure,—the *Maid of the Mist*,—prepared to wreak her vengeance upon those unhappy mortals who may chance, woe's them! to gaze upon her fatal beauty. And there are other supernatural heroes and heroines, about whom a thousand terrible legends are related and accredited, so that few of the peasants of the Jura believe themselves, their families, or their property, secure from evil influence, unless they are provided with a certain wonderful powder which is to be obtained in the neighboring town of Orbe, and which, to be perfectly useful and infallibly efficacious, must be purchased without a word being exchanged between vendor and purchaser. And, indeed, the chemist intuitively understands his customer's wants, and turns immediately to a mysterious drawer, labeled *Gumma Benja*; or, *Benzoin*. But let not our readers laugh at their simplicity, unless they never purchase "pills" reputed to cure all the maladies that "flesh is heir to," nor dose themselves with the thousand and one patent medicines with which suffering humanity is promised relief from pain and disease.

## THE "NATIVITY" OF RUBENS.

We have placed on our last page an engraving representing one of Rubens's most-celebrated pictures, that in which he has most distinctly, in the design, risen above his usual materialism to a high standard of religious feeling. It is also said to be one of his best colored pictures, rich and striking, but not from that meretriciousness which induced Allston to remark once that "Rubens was a splendid liar." Yet with all his faults, this artist deserved the honors he received in his lifetime, and merits the honor which posterity has paid him. Peter Paul Rubens was born on the 28th June, 1577, at Cologne, where his father, formerly a nobleman and Sheriff of Antwerp, had taken refuge during political troubles. After his father's death, he was appointed page to the beautiful Countess of Lalain, in Antwerp, but, being naturally a modest youth, was so shocked at the licentiousness which prevailed in the palace of this lady, that he left, and applied himself to painting, under the tuition of Adam Van Oort, and later, of Otto Van Veen (Ottovonio). By the advice of the latter, he went to Italy, to continue his studies, which he did, recommended from the Archduke Albert to the especial care of Duke Vincentio Gonzaga. The latter at once took him into his retinue, giving him the title of Cavalier, with full permission to devote his entire time to study. From Mantua he repaired to Rome, Venice (where he fully studied and comprehended Titian and Paul Veronese), and Genoa. Wherever he came, he distinguished himself by his masterly skill. In Spain, whither he was sent by the Duke of Gonzaga on a diplomatic mission to King Philip IV., he painted the portrait of the latter, with his principal nobles, studied carefully the Spanish school of painting, and returned home laden with wealth and honor. Hearing that his mother was sick, he hastened

back to Antwerp, but found her already dead; and overcome by grief, he took refuge for four months in a convent, consoling himself by religious art. The brilliant offers of the Archduke, and his love for Isabella Brant, restrained him from returning to Italy, and he married the lady in 1609. In Antwerp, he built himself a splendid house, which he filled with a splendid collection of works of art, all of which, however, he subsequently sold to the Duke of Buckingham for ten thousand pounds. For the Cathedral of Antwerp he painted his greatest picture, *The Descent from the Cross*; for the Jacobites, the *Four Evangelists*; and for the Church of St. Peter, in Cologne, where he was baptized, the *Crucifixion of St. Peter*, with many other splendid works. A great proportion of his paintings were merely sketched and finished by himself, his scholars executing the rest—a fact which accounts for the incredible number of pictures which went forth from his studio. Rubens was in more than one respect an artist of the highest grade. He raised the Belgian school of painting, which had for many years been declining, to a rank paralleled in his own time only by the Spanish. Rubens was one of the most accomplished and learned men of his age, and a finished gentleman and man of the world. He was endowed with an incredible artistic faculty of invention, and seemed inspired with a mysterious impulse to create, combined with a restless activity. In these respects he appears to have been unrivalled. His every design and attitude is original, and it really seems as if repetition in any form were not in his nature. Quiet, gentle loveliness, and

majestic higher beauty, are not, however, to be found in his works. The richest luxuriance of color, voluptuous fullness of figure, ceaseless activity, and energy—in a word, all the beauty of life characterize his works; but we seek in them in vain for those nobler impulses of serene art which characterized his predecessors. In pomp and splendor, in brilliancy and effect, Rubens is, however, unrivalled. When his patron, the duke, died, on his death-bed he commended Rubens to the patronage of the Infanta Donna Isabella. He was in reality sent, shortly after, with the Ambassador of Charles I., to Helt, to conclude a treaty of peace between Spain and England. In the year 1630, he concluded this peace with the English Chancellor Coddington. The King of England had already learned to appreciate him as a gentleman, an artist, and a diplomatist, and had knighted him. Rubens led, during this embassy, an extremely regular and simple life. His first wife died in 1626; his second, Helena Forman, a lady of remarkable beauty, often served him as a model for his female heads; but it is an extraordinary fact, and one which confers the highest tribute to his gallantry, that it was only when he painted her as a portrait, and as herself, that he ever represented her quite as beautiful as she really was. For many years before his death, Rubens was prevented, by gout, from executing any save small paintings. He died on the 30th May, 1640, at Antwerp, and is buried in the St. Jacob's Church. Rubens is an example to artists, in the qualities of energy, perseverance and industry. He showed that it was not necessary for genius to wait for inspiration; or rather, that inspiration came whenever it was resolutely sought. He also demonstrated that varied accomplishments, instead of retarding, facilitate the success of a painter, enlarge his mind, and enrich it with a variety of ideas.



THE MILL IN THE JURA, SWITZERLAND.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- L. Auburndale.—The most melodious of the Australian singing birds is the Sedge Warbler. This bird very much resembles the nightingale, and sings both day and night.
- F. M. Bristol R. T.—We believe that the nationality of the applicant is not regarded in taking out a patent in England. It would cost an American no more than an Englishman.
- C. C. Cameron.—"The potato is believed to have been introduced into Ireland in 1565.
- S. W. Philadelphia.—1. The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe about 551—2. It is estimated that there are 20,000,000 horses in Russia—3. The Austrian cavalry is said to be the finest in Europe.
- R. W.—A laboring man in China can buy food enough to last him a day for about a cent, but that sum is as hard to get there as a dollar here.
- Quebec, Yarmouth, N. S.—Adams' Express employs 3783 men; it has 972 agencies, and its messengers travel daily 40,152 miles.
- Pupil.—The great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was born at Plymouth, England, and we see by a late English paper that a monument is about to be erected to his memory there.
- Gosport, Lancaster, Pa.—Ticknor & Fields will publish Hawthorne's new work.
- "Minutemen"—1. Fruit-raising has become a great business in California. The crop this year will amount to six or seven millions of dollars. 2. We have heard of 100 dozen Duches d'Angouleme pearls being raised in one crop from one single tree near Boston. They sold for \$3 a dozen.
- STATISTICS.—It is an established fact that the number of marriages in time of peace is greater than in time of war, and even where war is expected only, marriages are found to diminish in number. Even in Russia, where the mass of the people seem to take little interest in political affairs, marriages will fall off at the rate of seventy or eighty thousand in a year of war.
- Bibliographer.—The first circulating library in England, on a public plan, was opened by Samuel Parnocet, a dissenting minister of Salisbury, about the year 1740, but it was not very successful.
- TRAVELLERS.—The proportion of persons injured on railways to the whole number of passengers conveyed, which in our own country usually attains the frightful figure of one in 100,000, in England is reduced to one in 250,000, and in Germany to one in 1,250,000!

## SOMETHING ABOUT DIAMONDS.

The diamond is the type of brilliancy and purity all the world over; it is the rose among jewels; the *ne plus ultra* of splendor and value, and coveted above all other gems. Where is the fashionable woman who does not prize above all her other worldly possessions, that diamond necklace which cost thirty thousand dollars, and which no reporter of a ball in which she happens to figure ever failed to expatiate upon at the rate of a penny a line? Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace occupies an important page in history. Diamonds have led to wars, to murders, to crimes without number,—and yet, to the philosopher, they are only bits of crystallized carbon—mere lumps of charcoal. The identity of the diamond and carbon was a theory with Newton, the truth of which experiment has tested. The first grand experiment to prove the combustibility of the diamond, took place before Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whereon the diamond being exposed in the focus of the great lens, it was entirely volatilized. The lens is still in the laboratory of the Grand Duke. Gayton de Moreveau entirely consumed the diamond by projecting it in red hot nitre; it was also burnt by Professor Tennant, by means of melted nitre in a red-hot tube.

The ancients believed that the hardness of the diamond would resist and break the best anvils and hammers, but modern experimentalists have crushed diamonds in steel mortars. When in the act of burning, the diamond glows with an intense and beautiful brightness, like a star, or spark, and without flame.

The price of diamonds has been steadily rising for a number of years. A mercantile man told us lately that diamonds were the best investment out. Times of disturbance and uncertainty in Europe cause a great demand for them; it is so handy to have a million in such a portable form that you can carry it in your vest pocket. Louis Napoleon is a great purchaser of diamonds, not for purposes of display—he keeps rather dark about them—but that, in the event of a radical change in France, he may, if he escapes with his life, have a large fortune at his command.

The crown jewels of European sovereigns embrace many diamonds of very great value. The Austrian family possesses the Maximilian diamond, of a yellow color and rose cut; it has been in the family ever since the reign of the emperor of that name. It came to Austria through the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and had been in the possession of the Medici. It has been rated at 139 1-2 carats; its value is said to be \$778,410.

A sky-blue brilliant in the crown of France is valued at \$200,000. The house of Braganza possesses a diamond valued at a billion dollars! The Empress Catharine II. of Russia bought a diamond without a flaw, the size of a pigeon's egg, for \$450,000 cash, an annuity of \$20,000, and a patent of nobility.

Diamond-cutters always reckon that in the process of cutting the stone loses one-half its weight. "The process of diamond cutting," writes an English jeweller, "is effected by a horizontal iron plate of about ten inches in diameter, called a *schiff*, or mill, which revolves from 2000 to 3000 times per minute. The diamond is fixed in a ball of pewter, at the end of an arm, resting upon the table in which the plate revolves; the other end, at which the ball containing the diamond is fixed, is pressed upon the wheel by iron weights at the discretion of the workman. The weights applied vary from 2 to 30 lbs., according to the size of the facets intended to be cut. The re-cutting of the Koh-i-noor was commenced on July 16th, 1852, his Grace the Duke of Wellington being the first person to place it on the mill. This diamond was found to vary considerably in hardness, during various stages of the operation. The farther it was cut into, the harder the stone appeared to be. At one time the mill, working at the medium rate of 2400 revolutions per minute, made little appreciable impression upon it. The rate of revolution was therefore increased to more than 3000, at which rate the work gradually proceeded. The diamond was completely cut on September 7th, having taken thirty-eight days to cut, working for twelve hours per day without cessation."

An English gentleman, the late Henry Philip Hope, Esq., made the study and collection of precious stones, particularly diamonds, the object of his whole life. Mr. Hope's collection was that of a true lover of the stone itself, not of one who treasured it on account of its immense value. His collection was therefore a fine gathering of specimen stones—of stones in various states, and of various colors. Amongst those exhibited in 1851 were brilliants of an apricot color, of a very fine pink topaz color, of the deepest ruby ballais color, of a lemon color, of a cymophane (green and orange) color, the two tints being distinctly perceptible. Moreover, there were diamonds of a chrysolite color, a beautiful light green, of an aqua-marine (sea-green) color, of steel color, of deep sapphire blue, of light blue, of milky blue, of light orange, and of deep orange, of brown, of dusky red, of deep garnet color, of a jacinth color (tawny red), of rose color, and of a brilliant jet black! These are mentioned to show to what variety the diamond extends. What would the world say if modern sciences, which seem to delight in realizing impossibilities, should discover a process of manufacturing diamonds? The time may come when even this wonder will be achieved, and when Koh-i-noors may be purchased for twenty-five dollars a dozen!

## LIFE IN ITALY.

That very clever feuilletonist, Amedée Achard, has been publishing some quite piquant sketches of Italy in the *Débats*. Let us glean a few items from one of his recent articles: "You cannot go through Italy, especially the Roman Campagna, without evoking the memory of the brigands. Old romances and the operas gave them a terrible reputation. People never set out without taking a robbery into account; a stoppage on the highway was a part of the programme of the journey. One must bring back an adventure, like a mosaic or a chaplet. Those famous brigands, with pointed hats and bristling with pistols, such as you see them in pictures, lend a romantic color to the landscape. Englishmen were known who travelled expressly to be stopped on the highway, and who demanded a bandit at every relay. They were generally accommodated."

"All that is changed; so completely changed that certain amateurs of romance declare the country has lost all its grace in being cleared of its rascals. Intelligent governments, they say, ought to retain a few, to preserve the physiognomy and character of the peninsula. Still you are invariably advised to use a thousand precautions to protect yourself against imaginary *Fra Diavolos*."

"The slaves of tradition put their money in their boots and travel with revolvers, finally discharged at Anieres. Have robberies ceased in Italy—in Rome especially? O, no! they rob you as at Paris, and make arrests as in the *banlieu*—nothing more or less. It is an account, of which the total never varies. As for stabbing,

that is another affair; there are a great many cases—four or five a week. The last year there were, in round numbers, two hundred and eighty-two assassinations or attempts to kill. That seems to you fearful, unheard of, and monstrous, relatively to the sum of the population. Alas! yes—but more importance than it merits must not be assigned to this excess in a sum. All these knife-strokes are distributed among friends. I am not joking. They chat, drink a glass of wine, get heated, discussion begins, and a stab is easily given or received. If the man dies, his friend escapes. The *gens d'armes* come up, but too late. Why should they come too late? If the murderer were arrested, he could not be convicted, for lack of proof. At Rome, as in almost all Italy, in criminal cases a witness is the rarest, the most difficult, in fact the most impossible person to discover. It is the rule that nothing is ever seen or heard. And reasons for this are not wanting. If a witness is met with, as soon as he had made his deposition he is sure to be killed."

"Then murders follow thick like fleecing. This man kills that man, because that man killed the other man. Who has not heard of the affair in which the family of the victim had to employ the exertions of all their friends to stay the proceedings of justice? Was it not necessary to put an end to these '*ricochet*' stabbing cases? It rained daggers. But if, by a miraculous chance, the murderer is sentenced, you may be sure that if he be not pardoned, his penalty will be at least commuted. He will go to the galleys, and on his return will be welcomed back by his family and friends with open arms. There is even an expression for that; the man who comes back from the galleys has been in '*trouble*.' Isn't the expression delicious?"

## TALES FOR THE MARINES.

The "Undersigned," a writer in the New York Atlas, has been amusing himself and his readers by recording his experiences during a brief sojourn in our Athenian village. He is particularly satirical on the subject of our tortuous streets, as the subjoined extract will show. At the same time he displays the most astonishing veridicality, being evidently ignorant of the fact that it is perfectly easy for a man to find his way about Boston, provided he has studied navigation, and steers by chart and compass.

"Asked a Bostonian if he would be 'kind enough to direct us the nearest way to Haymarket Square,' 'Certainly,' spoken rapidly and in a bewildering, uneasy manner. 'Third-street-left-down-cross-over-four-squares-ah!' 'Which way did you say?' No answer; for he was gone. He had in directing us pointed toward no particular street. The first street we came to after leaving him, we turned down, proceeded four squares, crossed over, then into the very same street, which five minutes before we had walked out of. Every man appeared to hesitate as he passed, evidently being desirous of asking a question or two, but recollecting that time is dollars, went on again."

"Some years ago, it is related, a western man lost his wife and himself in the streets of Boston, somewhat strangely. The story is one of the legends of Boston, at least the Undersigned says it is. A western merchant and his wife came to Boston, and 'stopped' at the New England House. One day the gentleman went out; answering his wife's query as to what time he would return, with 'at noon.' Noon, night, morning passed, but he came not. A week rolled by, but he appeared not. Search was made, but no one knew anything about the missing man; the people had enough to do to find themselves. The grief-stricken wife finally returned home. Two, three, four years went by, and she re-married, having long before counted her first beloved as among the dead."

"There is at the present time a singular 'unshaven, unshorn' being wandering wearily through the streets, and inquiring of any one who will listen to him, 'the way to the New England House?' The tone in which he asks this is piteous, sad, supplicating. And so he goes on from day to day. No one knows where he sleeps or how he lives. The Undersigned spoke to him, 'why don't you go to the New England?' 'Ah, sir,' said the poor fellow in a despairing way, 'Ah, sir, I can't. Let me see, you are a stranger here, are you not?'"

"Yes," we (the Undersigned) replied. "So am I, and I get stranger every day. The more I wander about the more I get lost. If I didn't know the streets I might get along better. All these people who are going by are lost. Their friends find them and take 'em home at night.'" "And who finds the friends?" "I don't know. I've been walking these streets these four years—these four years."

"Here he buttonholed a passer by. 'Please, sir, tell me the way to the New England House—I've important business there—I—'"

"The citizen smiled, shook his head, and went on. The poor wanderer forgot the Undersigned, and walked slowly on, asking himself, 'Please

tell me the way to the New England House.' Up one street and down another, night and day, when will his fruitless pilgrimage end? Alas! with death only. He is the western merchant who, four or five years ago it may be known, left his wife, with the promise of being back at noon. He was irredeemably lost. These streets have crazed him, and never, never more will he find his haven of rest."

"There is another crazy man sometimes seen at Roxbury, sometimes at Somerville, or Winter Hill, or up in that eternal monument, who salutes everybody with—"

"I'm a stranger here, sir; I came here a week since. I am in search of—of—Eloazer Paine. Can you tell me where he is, or where he can be found?"

"Wherever he goes he asks for Eloazer Paine. The Undersigned learned his melancholy history. Some six months ago he came to Boston, from Philadelphia. The second day after his arrival, in endeavoring to find his way back to the Revere House, he lost himself. His name is Eloazer Paine, and now he is in search of himself. He says he lost his identity in taking a short cut from Washington street to Faneuil Hall, and his wits over a 'prop' table. If he ever finds himself, it will be after he gets out of Boston."

THE QUEEN'S MAIDS.—The Maids of Honor to the Queen of England are eight in number, and have for pin money, three hundred pounds each. Two of them are always in waiting on her majesty for four weeks at a time, when they are relieved by the two next in rotation, according to a "roll" annually drawn up, regulating the periods of their attendance. When waiting, they dine at the queen's table. They are considered in the light of companions to her majesty. They have a special allowance of a pint of wine a day each, which formerly used to be a bottle; and there was no little feminine grumbling when the Hon. Mr. Murray, then comptroller of the household, cut down their allowance. Since this innovation, however, the rosy tint which is so ornamental to the face of womanhood, has been transferred from the noses to the cheeks of the Maids of Honor.

MR. CHOATE.—The Courier tells a very pleasant anecdote respecting the lamented Choate. It says that two or three years ago, during a season of illness, Mr. Choate was visited by one of his friends, who urged upon him the importance of paying more attention to his health. "Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away; if you continue your professional labors thus, you will entirely undermine your constitution." M. Choate looked up, and with that grave irony and peculiar twinkle of the eye which were so marked and indescribable when he jested, said, "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

"KNITTING-WORK: a Web of many colors, wrought by RUTH PARTINGTON (B. P. Shillaber)."—Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase have got up this delicious volume of Partingtoniana in beautiful style, liberally illustrated by Hoppin. A careful perusal of the work confirms us in the opinion already enunciated from a perusal of our advanced copy. It is a work of genuine humor, occasionally gliding into the kindred province of pathos. Without a word to raise a blush, its fun is genial and hearty. Long life to book and author!

FAST TRAVELLING.—A gentleman, in the course of twenty-five days, was recently in London, Calais, Liverpool, New York, Washington, Cincinnati and Richmond. He is connected with a large commercial firm in New York, and has been on a business tour, selling immense quantities of grain, and is still engaged in buying up more.

RHODE ISLAND PATENTS.—The number of persons resident in Rhode Island to whom patents for useful inventions have been granted, is 421. The oldest patentee living is the venerable Samuel E. Hamlin, of Providence, to whom a patent for a fire engine was granted in August, 1799.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—In Wheeling, Va., the "Merchant of Venice" was once called "The Venetian Compact, or the Pound of Flesh."

A QUEER RECIPE.—The Oswego Times gives a queer recipe for taking ink out of linen. It is to jerk an editor out of his shirt.

JUVENILE WIT.—A smart boy wrote over the door of the village school-house, "the whaling institution."



## ABD-EL-KADER.

This famous *émir*, living in retirement at Broussa, at the commencement of the war in Italy offered his services, or at least his sympathies, to Louis Napoleon. This was the prompting of gratitude, for Louis Napoleon opened the gates of his French prison; an act of magnanimity, or of policy—perhaps a blending of both. All who know the *ex-émir*, are struck with the nobility of his nature. General Duvivier, a distinguished French officer, spoke of Abd-el-Kader, while he was yet unsubdued, in the following terms:

"It was the voluntary act of his people which gave him arms, horses, soldiers, as it gave him absolute power long before this peace (that of Tafna). As a Frenchman, I desire his fall, since the struggle is renewed; my military conduct answers for my declaration. But Abd-el-Kader is the man of history; her muse will never more forget him; she will repeat his name; she will depict him without artillery, without arsenals, without treasure, exhausting for long years immense, valiant, well-appointed armies, constantly renewed; and when this name will remind her of the chiefs who now attempt glory in compassing his destruction, perhaps she will inscribe as appropriate this verdict of Napoleon:—'If the glory of Cæsar was founded on the Gallic war alone, it would be problematical; what can bravery deprived of military science effect against troops of the line, disciplined and constituted like the Roman army?' She will excuse Abd-el-Kader for his rigorous executions; have not nations fighting for liberty always doomed their deserters to death? Poor child of the desert!—whose wealth consists but in thy Koran, thy chapel and thy horse, whose arms are thy genius and thy word, thou wilt fall, perhaps, like the lofty palm beneath the fury of the simoom, but future generations will exalt thy name! woe to the heart which would not bless the martyrs of liberty! Fall, if Providence has prescribed it in its impetuous wisdom, but do not despair of eternal renown; Providence forbids us not to pity thee."

**A CAUTION.**—Let no one resort to spirituous liquors as a tonic—they will never accomplish the desired end, and rather defeat the very object for which they are used. The Oxygenated Bitters have no equal as a tonic medicine. They contain no alcohol, and are especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females, suffering from debility or from any derangement of the natural functions. This long-tried and excellent specific may be procured of all responsible druggists throughout the country, and is endorsed by the medical faculty.

**WOOD ENGRAVINGS.**—We have a very large stock of choice wood engravings on hand, forming an almost countless variety of pictures upon every subject—embracing noted portraits, views of scenery in this country and Europe, military and naval illustrations of peace and war, architecture, etc. We will dispose of any of these to parties who desire them, at a very low rate. Proofs of these engravings, over ten thousand in number, can be seen at our office, and selections made.

**PLYMOUTH MONUMENT.**—The Plymouth Rock states that the cost of the Pilgrim Monument, when fully completed, will be about \$300,000, of which sum about \$45,000 has been subscribed. The time absolutely necessary for its completion will be about six years, but this may be prolonged in order to obtain the amount of funds necessary to defray the expense.

**"LET THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN."**—At the late celebration at Ellington, Conn., the following was the 13th regular toast: "Woman—The lover of union and the friend of annexation. Like our country, her manifest destiny is to spread her skirts."

**THE FLAG OF LOMBARDO-VENETIA.**—The flag of the Lombardo-Venetian States is the figure of a lion with the face of a man—in the right paw, uplifted, is a cross, while the left paw is upon an opened book.

**POETRY OF RAILROADS.**—N. P. Willis deftly terms building railroads alongside river courses, "Italicising the sweetest passages of nature."

**POETRY.**—He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else.

## SPARE MINUTES.

Of all portions of our life, the *spare minutes* are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. This is the period, then, that we should more particularly strive to see usefully employed, and devoted to some stated and worthy purpose. For instance, let some good book be laid by for perusal in these spare moments, that a taste for reading may thus be attained; and a young man who has once acquired a love for reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pursuits, has become possessed of the best preventive in existence against dissipation. By following up this plan of usefully employing these spare minutes, he may fast grow in intellectual attainments. This whole life is little more than a great school, from the cradle to the tomb; and the close of life is the graduating term, when we doubtless enter upon another sphere of action, graded in accordance with the degree of wisdom to which we have attained here. Looking at the subject in this light, does it not present a remarkable incentive for self-culture and improvement? Besides, there are a vast many reasons why we should strive to become intelligent and well read in philosophy, not for the sake of becoming agreeable to society, or even to our friends, but for the sake of the time we are compelled to spend with ourselves. Of all unfortunates, an ignorant man left alone is to be pitied.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we shall have. If we do not pass a day without having read some good and valuable book, if it be only a few pages, at the end of the year we shall be surprised to see, on review, how much we have accomplished; we may empty libraries of their contents in this way. Then, too, practise with your pen; devote a portion of your spare minutes thus. Thoughts engender thoughts; place one idea upon paper, and another will follow it, and so on, until you have written a page, and you will soon find that your mind is unfathomable. Position, wealth, beauty, may desert us—but knowledge is steadfast, and is ours, when once acquired, even to the grave. "The study of literature," says Cicero, "nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad." Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a truthful as well as a striking line, when he taught, "sands make the mountain, moments make the year."

**ORGAN FOR THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.**—Dwight's Journal of Music reports that the noble organ for the Boston Music Hall will probably be finished and set up early next summer. The actual works lie virtually completed now in the manufactory of Herr Walcker, at Ludwigsburg. The delay has been owing to the difficulty of obtaining an entirely satisfactory design for the case. A most chaste and beautiful design by Hammatt Billings has at length been accepted, with the full approval of the builder of the organ. It will be constructed here, under the eye of Mr. Billings. The architecture of the organ provides a noble central position for the Beethoven statue.

**A PRACTICAL JOKE.**—An alchemist solicited a reward from Pope Clement XII., for an alleged discovery of the art of turning stones into gold. The witty pope gave him a very long purse, saying that a man who had it in his power to make gold, only wanted a purse to put it in.

**BREAD AND SMOKE.**—Said a man to a boy strutting up Cornhill, with his cigar, before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread and butter in your mouth than with a cigar." "I know it," said the urchin, "but it would not be half so gaylorious."

**A NEW HALL.**—Capable of seating 800 or more, is to be constructed in the new building at the foot of Bumstead Place. It will serve for concerts and lectures, and for a supper room, connected by an arch with the Music Hall.

**A DISCOVERY.**—An iron cage, in which a New York gentleman caused his wife to be confined, and which "she is never permitted to leave save at night," has been discovered to be a hooped-skirt.

**POINTED.**—An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquents with this touching sentence: "We must *dun*, or we must be *done*."

## Mayside Gatherings.

Efforts are being made to improve the navigation of the Ohio River near Louisville.

The health of Havana is better than it has been during any summer for some years.

Professor Zantederchi finds that plants grow more in moonlight than in dark nights.

The Omaha and Sioux Indians have had a battle on the plains.

They are putting the lower provinces of British America in a good state of defence.

From every direction we learn that tobacco looks unusual well, the season having been very favorable for its growth.

Dr. Philip Van Ness Morris, of Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y., has presented \$10,000 to Williams College.

Nehemiah Hodge, of North Adams, has recovered \$1500 of the New York Central Railroad, for infringement upon his patent railroad brake.

Nahum Ward, a wealthy citizen of Marietta, Ohio, has placed a handsome American marble monument over the remains of Commodore Whipple, of Revolutionary memory.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, speaking of Hon. Rufus Choate, once said: "Mr. Choate was a wonderful man—a marvel—the most brilliant man in America."

A man who resided in Fulton, Ohio, a few days since returned from the funeral of his wife, and going into his solitary room, sat down upon a chair, and died within an hour of grief.

The present population of Detroit is estimated by the Secretary of the Board of Water Commissioners at 75,000—being an increase of 35,000 since 1854, when the last State census was taken.

A colored lady was arrested in New York for stealing a parasol. She offered as an excuse to the magistrate, that the sun was spoiling her complexion. He took pity on her, and sent her to prison for six months, to enable her to bleach.

There is a brave man at Vinegar Hill, in Jo Davies county, Ill. He is only 22 years of age, says the Galena Courier, and has just become the fifth husband of a widow lady full sixty years of age.

A little girl, aged ten, was placed in the New York State Lunatic Asylum. The child was a very intelligent one, and its close application to study threw it into fits, and resulted in destroying the mind.

The grasshoppers are superabundant in Yuba and Nevada counties, Cal., and the Indians are waxing fat upon them. They collect them in pits, singe them with fire, and pack them in bags for consumption at leisure.

They have a tilting club at Charleston, S. C., formed for the purpose of practice and improvement in equestrian exercises. It is in contemplation to give a tournament at a proper time, and, if possible, to offer such an entertainment annually or more frequently.

The work on the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, is said to be progressing, and it is now expected that it will be inclosed by the first of November next, when the work can go on to completion. The marble work is up to the cornice of the second floor, and it is thought to present a fine appearance.

Mr. Horace A. Osborne, a music-teacher, who went from Boston to Cleveland a short time since, killed himself at that place by taking laudanum. He requested, by letter, that no ceremony should be made at his funeral, and intimated a disgust of life as a reason for the suicidal act.

Some boatmen have introduced a novel craft upon the Genesee River, at Rochester. It consists simply of two long, water-tight tin tubes connected at each end by pieces of board, and having in the centre an elevated seat for the oarsmen. This queer looking affair is said to pull with surprising ease and swiftness.

The Catholic Bishop of Montreal has addressed a circular to his clergy, calling upon them, as soon as possible, to pronounce from their pulpits "a strong warning against the opera, the theatre, circus, and other amusements of a similar nature, which at the present moment are a real scandal to our city and country districts."

The Redwood Library and Athenæum, at Newport, R. I., founded in 1747, by Bishop Berkeley and others, has a very choice collection of books. The interior was repaired and much improved this spring, and the establishment is now an important attraction to literary characters visiting Newport.

The Lime Manufactory in Glen's Falls, N. Y., is a curiosity. It has in operation fifteen German patent kilns, which turn out 160,000 barrels of lime per year. During the last eighty days of canal navigation in 1858, they manufactured and sent to market 1000 barrels of lime per day. The consumption of wood reaches 13,000 cords annually.

At the Scientific Convention in Springfield, Mass., Professor Alexander gave a recipe for weighing the moon, claiming that the sun, moon, and all the planetary worlds can be weighed by it accurately, to the ounce. The recipe appears, to outsiders, as clear as fog. The professor himself omits to work it out, and fails to let us know how many pounds of moonshine there are in existence.

## Sands of Gold.

.... A wise freedom is an attribute of God.—*Jerrold.*

.... Pleasure's couch is Virtue's grave.—*Duganne.*

.... The cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts.—*French.*

.... The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.—*Stern.*

.... The opulent man wrongs himself by every superfluity which he does not share.—*De Boufflers.*

.... There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned.—*Jerrold.*

.... There will be always something new to say about women so long as one of them remains on earth.—*De Boufflers.*

.... What good it does to a man, throughout life, to meet kindness and generosity in his youth.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech.—*Hughes.*

.... When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it reveals, but the first days of immortality.—*Madame de Staël.*

.... Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth, that keep a man's nature and being fresh and green.—*Mrs. Cowden Clark.*

.... When we complain of fate, it is only by way of excusing ourselves. It is our caprice, our impatience, our cowardice, whose lapses we charge upon our stars.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits, diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other.—*Bovee.*

.... It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves, that we are so anxious to have others think well of us, and were we conscious of meriting the good, we would care less for their ill opinions.—*Bovee.*

.... We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have a certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.—*Ruskin.*

.... Would you have noble offspring? See that you choose for them a noble mother, since she alone must be their only teacher in that early period, when lessons are best acquired through the sympathies, and when the heart seems rather to strive against than to obey the understanding.—*W. G. Simms.*

## Joker's Budget.

No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

The first thing that a man takes to in life is milk, the last is, his bier.

Jerrold was at a party when the Park guns announced the birth of a prince. "How they do powder these babies!" Jerrold exclaimed.

An old maid, who hates the male sex, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick, the other said, "I don't believe you, for you have not the heart to give anything."

The shortest answer that can be given to the frequent inquiry, "What is the cause of the war?" is to say that Austria has been covering more ground than she had a deed of.

"Well, Talfourd," said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, "have you any more lons in the fire?"

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *henery*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

A dancing-master was taken up in Natches recently, for robbing a fellow-boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and after that everything rascally seemed to come easy to him.

*Scene—a Thunderstorm.* Mary—"O, Augustus, I want to ask you something, so much!" Augustus—"What is it, dear?" Mary—"Is it true that—that—that hoops attract the lightning?"

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought that it was coals you had been turning over," observed a wag.

A sea-sick passenger on board one of the steamers from the Channel Islands, says: "The Frenchman's story seems to me expressive. One morning the cabin-boy came for his boots. 'Boots,' feebly sounded from the berth; 'ah, sare, you may take zem; I sall want zem nevare more.'"

First class in geography stand up. Bill Toots, what's a cape? A thing that mother wears over her shoulders. What's a plain? A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards. What's a desert? It's goodies for dinner. That will do, Bill; I will give you a touch of some goodies after school.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SUMMER.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Summer strains, summer strains,  
Sweeping sadly through the eve,  
Mourning in the paths and lands,  
Mournfully their voices breathe.

Whispering sounds, whispering sounds,  
Rustling low the forest leaf,  
Bringing to the heart quick bounds,  
Bounds of joy and bounds of grief.

Wildering peals, wildering peals,  
Waking twilight echoes far,  
Singing of the woes and weals  
Thrilling 'neath night's peaceful star.

Silver-painted lakes are shining,  
Shadowed by no cloud above;  
Evergreens and lilies lining  
Their rippled waves with rays of love.

Zephyrs o'er them softly sweeping,  
Break but to a gentle rest,  
Rocking to its quiet sleeping  
Each bright wave upon their breast.

Summer strains, summer strains,  
Low, but sadly stealing by,  
Waking in the paths and lanes  
Echoes of the joys that die.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

It was Margaret Walters's wedding day. The westering sun shed a flood of radiance into her boudoir, lighting up with magic glow her dark, queenly beauty, and weaving a circlet of golden rays around her rich, black hair. It was her last hour in that dear, familiar room; the sacred shade in which she had cherished her girlish fancies, the hallowed temple wherein the first fond, pure dreams of maidenhood had descended to her soul. What glowing hopes had been nurtured in that calm solitude! what thrilling visions of future bliss had shed their halo within its walls! But now the Past was consecrated by them, and the near, the dawning Future, would transfer her to new and untried scenes.

Margaret was beautiful; the adulation of many worshippers had been murmured in her ears, but she possessed a pure, strong, womanly soul, which flattery could not taint with its poison. A proud but loving heart beat in her bosom, and it had been fearlessly surrendered at the earnest, passionate suit of Harry St. Legère.

Hitherto the anticipations of her youthful, buoyant nature had been of unclouded happiness, but as the hour drew near which was to consign her future to the keeping of another, what wonder that her head was bowed upon her hand in serious and unwonted reflection?

There came a quick step in the hall, and a hasty knock upon the door. She drew her cashmere wrapper more closely about her, brushed back the heavy masses of half-dishevelled hair which had fallen over her face, and almost before she could reply, the door opened and her lover entered.

"My queen, my bride, my own Margaret!" was his fond, earnest greeting.

An unwonted glow illuminated her dark eyes, and a radiant smile rippled over her beautiful countenance.

"I am glad you have come, Harry," she murmured. "I was just wishing for you. I want to talk to you a little while."

"An hour if you choose, so you don't delay that precious moment which is to make you wholly, altogether mine."

She responded to his enthusiasm with a soft, tremulous sigh, and with an almost tearful smile, she murmured, "Harry, you are sure, very sure you love me?"

"Love you, my lily-queen! Why, don't you know that I worship you; that I am your captive slave; that I would die for you?"

"Ah, Harry, you are so enthusiastic," she said, yet smiling with joy at his earnestness. "But are you sure it will last? Will you always love me with the fond devotion of this hour?"

"Have I not sworn it, Margaret? But what black cloud has intervened its shadow between me and my love. I came here with a bounding pulse, thinking to find you impatient for me, waiting to welcome me with bride-like tenderness, and instead you are a weeping Niobe; what has saddened you so, my Margaret, my pearl?"

"It is wrong, Harry, for me to distress you with my weakness; but I cannot restrain this feeling of uneasiness. Life seems such a real, earnest thing, in the light of this great change; love looks to me of more moment than ever before. Think what I am to do—to leave my parents, my happy home, all the fond and true affection which has hitherto encompassed my life, and place my whole being and happiness in your sole care and keeping."

"Well, Margaret, do you falter? Is your trust in me less than it was yesterday?"

"No, Harry, I only realize more perfectly than ever before the weightiness of the responsibility. O, if you were ever to weary of me, ever to grow cold or indifferent to me, as so many husbands do, it would break my heart."

"Never fear, Margaret," was the gay reply. "Keep your sweet face undisfigured by those odious tears, and I shall always be your bounden thrall. You do not know how I worship your wonderful, bewildering beauty, Margaret, or you could never doubt me."

"Is that the reason you never like to see me in tears?" she asked.

"Yes; and these tears are especially displeasing to me, because they are caused by your unloyal distrust. However, I suppose all women are more or less weak and nervous at such a time. Is it not so, my pet? Once fairly launched upon the smooth sea of matrimony, we shall bid adieu to these April skies."

Margaret had not spoken all her fears to her lover; his joyous mood invited to no deeper confidence; so she put back the weight of chilling doubts which still oppressed her, and calling up her sweetest smiles, she spoke cheerfully of their future, and bade him forget that she had ever entertained a fear.

"Ah, now my brilliant star of love begins to shine out from the encircling vapors! Let the gentle zephyrs disperse them, my darling, and when I return to claim my bride, let me find her radiant in her own unapproachable loveliness." And with one long kiss, which had the warmth if not the calmness of sincerity, he left her.

"Dear Harry!" she murmured, as the door closed; "he is so enthusiastic—his spirits are so airy! Shall I ever be able to realize all his unbounded anticipations?"

Harry had been a gay youth—a worshipper at various shrines long ere he had seen Margaret Walters. That he had been twice before engaged, she was well aware; and from his own confession, she had a glimmering consciousness not only that his impulses were wayward and inconsistent, but that his standard of wily perfection was raised to an almost airy height, and that any failure to reach it would be very likely to be visited with the severe punishment of indifference and neglect. Was it any wonder that even her perfect and unfaltering devotion was dimmed by a shadow of self-distrust?

But her bridesmaids entered—a bevy of prattling, excited girls, intent upon the festal decorations—and her sober thoughts were banished by the array of bridal finery which was spread out before her. An hour later, Harry knocked again at the door, and this time she met him with glowing, happy smiles.

"Isn't she beautiful? isn't she superb?" was the cry of the excited maidens, as Harry stood regarding her with fervent admiration.

"She is more than beautiful; she is divine!" was his earnest exclamation.

"Is it my beauty, then, that he worships?" thought Margaret, sadly. "O, frail, frail tenure, by which to hold so wayward a heart!"

But his glance was so fond, so fervent, the pressure of his hand so reassuring, and above all, she loved him so, that she resolutely dispelled the doubt, and taking his proffered arm, descended to the drawing-room.

A crowd of admiring guests echoed the praises of her beauty; but the rosy blush which gleamed through the midst of the bridal veil, was not the blush of gratified vanity, a purer, holier feeling warmed her heart, and sent the life-current in sparkling eddies to her face. The vows were spoken, the marriage blessing pronounced, and Harry St. Legère pressed his lips to those of his happy, unresisting bride.

Two years had passed, and Margaret was a mother now. A dim night-lamp, burning in her nursery-chamber, revealed the still proud and beautiful woman bending fondly and tenderly over the snowy nest which held her darling treasure. Hot tears were falling fast over its innocent, sleeping face, and with frantic anguish the

mother pressed the baby-form to her aching heart.

For the first six months after marriage, Harry had been as tender and devoted as the most exacting affection could desire; then a slight coolness became apparent in his manner, but Margaret thought, "The husband has a more constant drain upon his love than the suitor, one must not expect him to be punctilious in little things;" and with true womanly magnanimity, she redoubled her quiet, unobtrusive endeavors to please him, and render his home worthy to be still the sacred temple of his affections. But strive as she might, she could not disguise the too apparent fact that his interests and affections were gradually becoming alienated, and his fancy beginning to roam. Sorrowfully she consulted her mirror, to know if her personal attractions were decaying, and turned away to weep bitter, bitter tears. Still a warm hope lingered in her heart; there would come a time surely when this cruel injustice would be repaired, and with the birth of her babe, her heart leaped up to meet the longed-for endearments of her husband's love. Her expectations were partly realized. Holding his fair boy in his arms, and looking upon the pale, suffering, but still beautiful face of his mother, Harry would have been less than human if his heart had not thrilled with something of the old-time tenderness.

But even this was transient. Margaret's health was delicate, and her motherly cares confined her much at home, and Harry, gay rover that he was, could not deprive himself of society for her sake. With noble self-sacrifice, she bade him leave her if it was his pleasure, and waited his coming many a weary night to welcome him with a smile. But that day the idle word of a chance caller had sped like an envenomed arrow to her heart.

"Have you seen the beautiful Miss Morgan yet?" inquired Miss Ashley, a young lady who had been in other days a disappointed rival of Margaret. "She is perfectly superb, just in your old style precisely; only all the gentlemen say she is the most faultlessly beautiful creature that ever strayed from Paradise. I heard Mr. St. Legère say last evening that she was certainly from the seventh heaven of the prophet, for such magnificently regal beauty could belong only to a houri. You know he is always so extravagant in his praise. Fortunately his enthusiasm soon expends itself."

Margaret resolutely subdued the rising in her throat, and replied, calmly, "I have not even heard of Miss Morgan. Pray, who is she?"

"Not heard of her? Is it possible! but then you go out so little. Your devotion to home is really astonishing. Miss Morgan is a Washington belle of three seasons standing; rather haughty and a little dashing in her manners, but then some men are so captivated by such things, you know; and she really is superb, and her taste is so faultlessly exquisite. You may well be proud of your husband, I assure you, for he has distanced all his unmarried competitors, and is the constant satellite of this reigning star."

It was not an angry jealousy that burned in Margaret's heart, and lighted the hectic glow upon her cheek, but the deep, cruel pain of lacerated affection. Her pride sustained her till Miss Ashley left, and then throwing herself upon her bed, she wept a flood of burning tears. Rising at length, half-wild with the anguish at her heart, she dressed herself, and drawing a thick veil over her face, went out for a walk. Her's was not the step of a pleasure-seeker, but the firm, rapid tread of one who seeks forgetfulness in the excitement of action.

Scarce knowing whether her steps were bent, she entered Union Park. The day was bright; nurses were out with their charges, and the air resounded with the merry voices of happy, careless children. Glittering equipages dashed by upon the street, and the mingled hum of the passing multitude drifted over the solitude of the park like the strong voice of the surging sea. But Margaret's senses were locked in oblivion of all around her; her husband, and he alone, filled all her thoughts. Bitterly she recalled the scene in her boudoir, on the night of her marriage, counted over one by one all those fond promises, bethought herself of all the tenderness of their early wedded life, and asked herself with a low, despairing heart-cry, would those scenes never return to her? Must she live on in her gloomy, joyless life, without one ray of real love from that heart which had sworn to cherish and protect her while life should last?

She had crossed the park, and was nearing its opposite boundary, when a voice, that voice whose lightest tone had still power to thrill her deepest emotions, fell on her ear. Looking up, she saw upon the open street a couple of equestrians. Harry, her Harry, mounted on a dark bay steed, his blue eyes flashing with such a light as she had not seen in them for months, and his proudest smile outbeaming from his handsome face, rode by the side of a magnificent—yes, she was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her form was faultless, her carriage superb, and the drooping plumes of her riding-hat shaded a face of exquisite proportions. Her silver voice rang out in a clear and merry laugh, as touching her mettled steed with her silver-mounted whip, she challenged her companion to a race, and they started off upon an animated trot.

Poor Margaret! she clutched the iron railing for support, and gasped, a faint, deathly gasp, for breath. But her strength returned, and with it her pride rallied.

"This is too much!" she said. "I have borne a great deal, patiently, but this is the one drop which overflows the cup. He never loved me—he never had the power to love, his wayward, fickle heart knows not the meaning of the term. I can live with him no longer. His caresses, once so dearly prized, would be repulsive now; I shrink from him as from a serpent's coil. My father's house is yet open to me, I will seek it this day; not another night will I pass under the roof of one who has so foully wronged me."

She hurried home, packed her wardrobe and her jewels, and the few gifts of friends which she especially prized, put on her travelling dress, and then for the first time since in golden twilight she had entered the house, sat down to calm her troubled thoughts. Her lips were firmly compressed, a wild, lurid light burned in her eyes, and a stranger might have taken her anguished looked for the frenzy of a maniac.

Her child still slept on, but the time had come when she must waken and dress him for his journey. Taking a night-lamp in her hand, she crept softly into the nursery, and bent with motherly solicitude over his rosy slumbers.

"Dear Harry! dear, dear child!" she murmured. The babe smiled, his father's smile, and she caught him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and passionately kissed his glowing cheek. Softly she cooed to him in that broken speech which mother-lips so quickly learn; her heart melted beneath the warm touch of his baby fingers, tears flowed over her burning cheeks, and for his sweet sake she resolved still to live, still to suffer for the being who had dowered her with such happiness.

"He is the father of my babe," she murmured, "I cannot, cannot leave him."

The night now was wearing away apace. Since morning she had not seen Harry. She held the babe to her bosom, fed his sweet young life from her own veins, and laid him smiling back again to his unconscious slumbers; and unable yet to overcome her clinging tenderness, she laid down beside him, pressed his rosy cheek to her's, and fell into a troubled sleep. The full moon rose and looked in upon her, and the nurse came in, and peeping softly over the couch, tripped out upon some errand of her own, yet still Margaret slept on.

At ten o'clock there came a ring at the door-bell, then a heavy burden was brought into the hall; quietly, with hushed tread, they bore it up the stairway and laid it carefully upon Margaret's bed.

"My wife, my Margaret, where is she?" moaned the wounded man.

No one knew; but his attending physician, noticing a folded note upon the dressing-table, opened it by Harry's orders and read:

"HARRY ST. LEGÈRE:—Why I have left you your own heart will best inform you. The love you vowed was mine, and mine forever, being transferred to another, you have no longer any need of me in your home; therefore I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere."

YOUR INJURED WIFE.

Her closets and drawers being searched, were found empty, and Harry, convinced at last of his loss, turned his face to the wall and moaned. A quick fever flushed his whole system, and he became delirious. It was midnight when the nurse returned, and hastening to her charge, woke her mistress, who till then had slumbered in peaceful unconsciousness, and told her the strange story of her husband's misfortune. The physician still sat by Harry's bedside, when Margaret, frightened and ghastly pale, entered her own room.



"Harry, Harry!" she exclaimed; "my husband, speak to me!"  
 "He is delirious," said the physician severely; "your tenderness has come too late, madam."  
 "I never had ought but tenderness for him," said Margaret, wondering, as she met the stormy rebuking glance of his eye. "I have loved him as I love my own life; I would die for him this moment."

Dr. Long held up to her the note which had been found upon her table. The sudden flushing of her countenance seemed to him proof of her guilt; but comprehending at last the mistake into which he had fallen, she sat down calmly by him, and revealed to him the whole sorrowful story.

"Do you think he will live, doctor?" she exclaimed, earnestly, at the close. "There is no grief so bitter as to lose him altogether."

"Time only will determine. He was thrown from his horse, and his skull is badly fractured. Careful nursing, however, may restore him."

Margaret took her place by her husband's bedside, releasing Dr. Long, who retired to an adjoining chamber. The sick man moaned and turned restlessly upon his couch, muttering fragments of delirious speech. Anxiously was Margaret's ear strained to catch his lightest whisper; sometimes he murmured her own name, and seemed to be recalling the days of their courtship, and the tenderness of former times; again he was wandering in desolate wilds in search of his lost wife, and crying loudly, "My Margaret, my pearl, my lily-queen! has any one seen her? O, my wife, she is dead! she is lost!" But never once did the name of Eleanor Morgan pass his lips. Tenderly and carefully she watched by his bedside three long days; no other hand administered his medicines, or smoothed his fevered pillow; no other touch but her's cooled his burning brow; no voice but her's answered his piteous cries. At last he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. O, how almost breathlessly the anxious and remorseful wife watched lest the slightest breath might distract him. Towards morning he opened his eyes, and looked faintly yet earnestly about him. Margaret sat by his head, faintly concealed by the curtains, and it was a moment before he saw her.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, at length, "my wife; there, you you have not left me; it was a dream, a cruel nightmare—tell me it was."

"I have never left you, my husband; I am still as ever your true and devoted wife."

"But was there not a note? Did not some one say, 'I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere?' How was it, Margaret? do not deceive me."

"You have been very ill, my husband," was her tender, tearful answer. "You have been delirious, and had many strange fancies; but you are better now. You must not talk, however, or disturb yourself about anything. Be assured that I am still your own true Margaret—your's as dearly and tenderly as on the day we were married;" and she laid her face beside his on the pillow, and soothed him, as one might soothe an ailing child.

"O, Margaret, my love, my light!" he murmured. "I believe earth has not another like you. I love you this hour as I never loved you before."

Harry's wandering heart at last was fixed, never more to roam. During his long and tedious recovery, Margaret's love and patience were untiring, and he appreciated, as he had never done before, the true womanly soul that inspired her.

"Margaret, darling," he said to her one day, "I always loved you differently from any other woman I ever knew. I never saw another woman whom I would have married, and I never for one instant regretted having married you; but never, until the moment when (in my delirium it must have been, though it comes terribly real to me even yet) I thought you had left me; had left me because of my coldness and indifference, my criminal neglect of you, and my foolish attentions to others. O, my darling, God spare me from ever again experiencing the agony of that moment!"

Then kindly and carefully she told him all; of Miss Ashley's call, of her subsequent walk, of her hasty determination, and how it had been prevented. Tears came into his eyes as he listened.

"And you have suffered all this for my wicked folly, Margaret. It shall never be again. Your face, faded and worn by your ceaseless care for me, is more beautiful to my eyes than it ever was in the days of your girlhood; it would make no difference to me now, if you were plainer than the plainest. I love your noble, generous soul, your sweet womanly truth, with such a love as no form of mere physical beauty, however

perfect, can elicit. Can you forgive me, Margaret?"

The reader can fancy her reply.

"Harry," she said a few minutes afterwards, "I always distrusted your admiration of my beauty; not that I doubted its sincerity, but it was so frail a tie; now I feel that we are united by a bond which is stronger than death."

The remorse which Margaret felt for that one fearful dereliction from duty, impressed itself strongly upon her memory. Harry's waywardness, though subdued, was not annihilated; and if in any of the petty trials which afterwards darkened her path, she felt tempted to use hasty or summary measures, the remembrance of that fearful night rose before her, with its lesson of patient, long-enduring, long forbearing love.

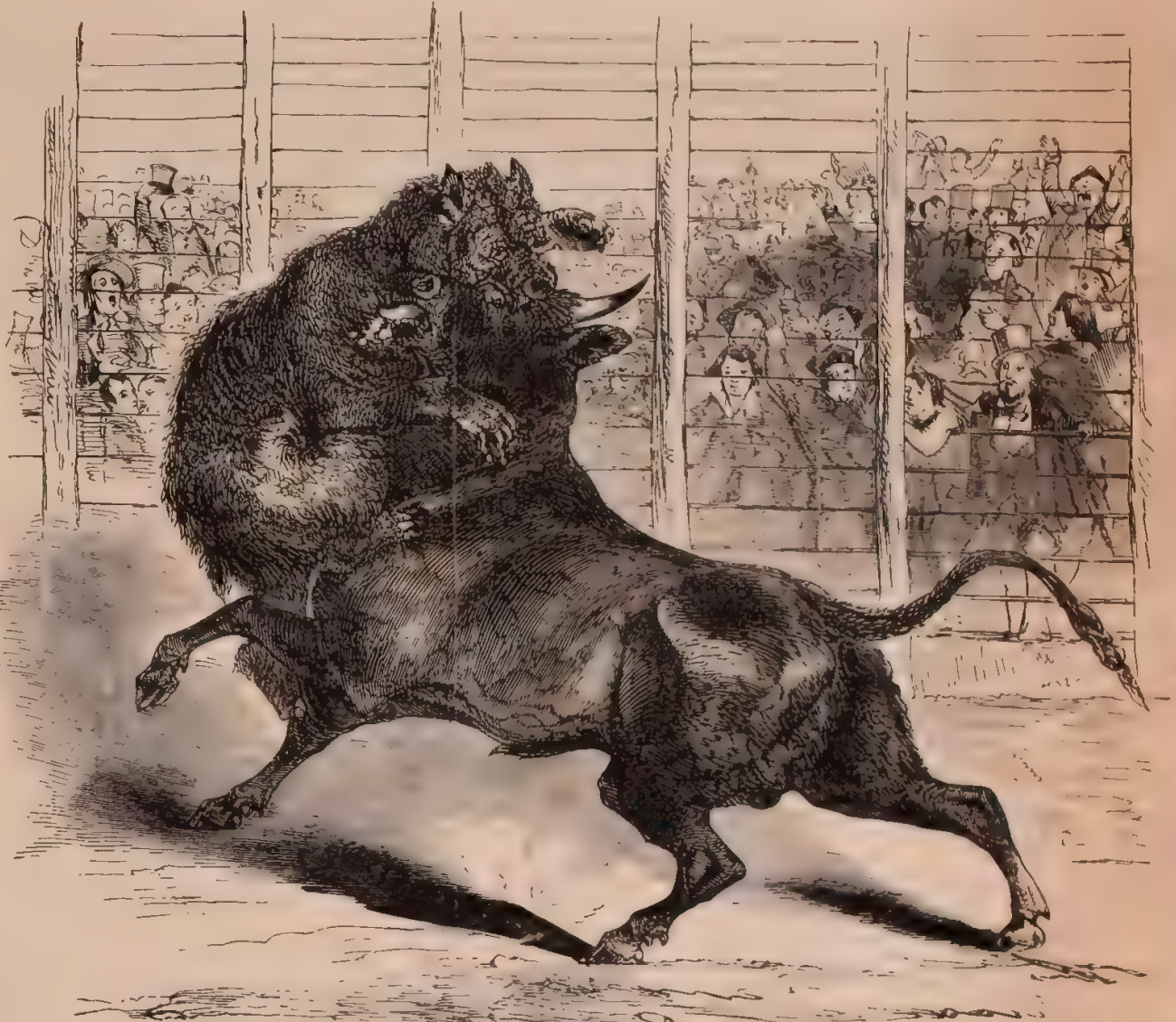
To-morrow is like a juggler that deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us, and thin ice that will not bear our weight. It is a fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bauble that bursts and vanishes away, a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock that many mariners have struck and suffered shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.

powerful grizzly bear, which would weigh about four or five cwt., and would stand from three and a half to four feet high, with a lank sort of India-rubber movement and action about him—about half devil. We had just time to notice the preparatory arrangements, when the crowd from the outside broke through; in rushed several thousand people; they flew like magic on to the top of the large cage, which was covered with boards, so that the cage was soon surrounded and covered in every direction by sight-seers; those from the staging, and outsiders, who could not get a sight, commenced an assault on those on and about the cage, with stones, brickbats, clubs, boards, turf, and everything that came handy, to clear the way and give fair play. This having the desired effect, and all being ready, the slide door was hoisted, and Bruin notified by a ten-foot pole that he was wanted in the other department. The bull was standing in the centre, ready to receive his guest. After the bear had made his entrance, the slide door was shot, so that both animals were secure in the large cage. The bull, considering the intrusion rather improper for Sunday, commencing pawing, and making a low bellow, the bear in the meantime walking round by the bars of the cage, with a

bold, the bull caught him in the eye. The bear was perfectly savage. At it they went again—the bull threw the bear six or eight feet into the air, the bear fell and pretended to be dead. The bull, not being satisfied with these pretensions, drove at him again—the bear grabbed him by the nose, and another hug ensued. The bull extricated himself, and at the bear he went until Bruin sneaked into a corner, out of which he could neither be coaxed, flattered, nor driven. The bull set up a loud bellow, as he proudly walked about the cage, pawing. The excited multitude gave one long, loud yell for Napoleon IV., and departed."

#### THE LIPS.

Beautiful lips are regarded by all persons as indispensable requisites to prettiness in a lady. Nothing but excellent general health will impart to them that charming ruby tint which so delights the observer. It has been said, by the most reliable medical authorities, that a red under lip is one of the surest indications of good health, and it may be well added, that it is one of the most irresistible fascinations of which a young lady can be possessed. The weather affects the lips of some persons to such an extent



A FURIOUS BULL AND BEAR FIGHT, AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

#### BULL AND BEAR FIGHT, NEW ORLEANS.

The above title might be supposed to refer to an encounter of stock-brokers upon change, but such encounters are quite too common to merit the exercise of pen and pencil. Our illustration refers to a terrific combat between a bull and a grizzly bear, which took place some time since in the city of New Orleans, in imitation of a savage sport inaugurated in California in the wilder days of its history. We are glad to say that this species of amusement was soon "played out" in California, and that the attempt to introduce it into the older States was an utter failure. In former days, bear-baiting was a favorite amusement of our English ancestors, and the London Bear Garden was patronized by the nobility and by royalty itself. The Puritans put an end to it, "not," as Macaulay maliciously remarks, "because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Of the strife delineated in the engraving, an eye witness has thus recorded his impressions:

"In the arena was a cage about thirty feet square and twelve feet high, built of timber, grated with bars of iron; in it stood a large, powerful dark slate-colored bull, Napoleon IV.—sole monarch of that establishment. By the side of this stood another cage, with a large and

deep, low howl. After going quite around the cage, and finding it all secure, he stopped, and his eyes began to fire up. The bull by this time appeared to be up to the boiling pitch of rage, unable longer to bear the insolence of the bear. At him he plunged. The bear struck the bull's ear; this enraged the bull, who made another plunge at the bear—the bear, not counting exactly on the sport, got entangled on the bull's horns, and buried his teeth in the upper side of the bull's head; the bull, however, whirled him off. After they had time to breathe awhile, they were stirred up with long poles. The bull made a desperate drive at the bear, knocked him on his back, and jumped on him lengthways. There the two were, head to head. The bear, opening his paws quick as a flash of lightning, took the bull, clasped one paw each side of his head, grasped his nose with his tusks, and in this position held and hugged the bull—both bull and bear kicking with their hind feet, the bear still sticking to his embrace. After remaining some minutes in this position, during which time the blood flowed profusely, the bull, suspecting that the bear was sucking rather too much of his life, made a desperate effort, and cleared himself. Another short respite, and the bull was again warmed up to the scratch. The bear missing his

as to disfigure their beauty, as well as to cause much pain from soreness. A strong wind, united with a cold atmosphere, will frequently cause so great an irritation of the delicate skin of the lips, that weeks will sometimes elapse before the effects will entirely be effaced. Ladies should therefore be quite scrupulous in guarding their faces from cold and wind, especially in riding. In warm weather, cold water may be used in washing the face and lips without fear of their becoming chapped; but in cold weather, both cold and hot water, as also soap, should be avoided. Pure tepid rain water will be found to be the least irritating to a delicate complexion, and a preventive against chapped lips. Much may be done to restore the lips to their natural state, when they become inflamed. An elegant lip-salve may be made in the following simple manner: Put half a pound of fresh lard into a pan, with an ounce and a half of white wax; set it on a slow fire till it is melted; then take a small tin dish, fill it with water, and add a few chips of alkanet root; let the water boil till it becomes of a beautiful red color; strain some of it and mix it with the other ingredients according as may be desired; scent it with some agreeable and favorite extract, and then pour it into small white jars or boxes.—Saturday Courier.



## Poet's Corner.

## A UNE FEMME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Were I a king, my empire I'd resign,  
My car, my sceptre, and the kneeling crowd,  
My crown of gold, my baths of porphyry fine,  
My fleets, more numerous than the waters proud,  
For one kind look from thee.

If I were Jove, I'd give earth, air and sea,  
Angels and demons, of my law the slaves,  
Prodigious chaos and eternity,  
Space, skies and worlds—all air or ocean lavas,  
But for one kiss from thee.—F. A. DURIVAUD.

## SONNET.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness,  
For the loved object, whom we cannot reach,  
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,  
The spirit a true affection to express,  
When hearts are full of innermost distress,  
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,  
Watching the soul's or body's agony,  
Which human effort helps not to make less—  
Then like a cup capacious to contain  
The overflows of the heart, is prayer;  
The longing of the soul is satisfied,  
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;  
And, though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,  
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.—TASNEB.

## DESPAIR.

I am answered, and henceforth  
The course of life that seemed so flowery to me  
With you for guide and master only you,  
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,  
And ending in a ruin—nothing left,  
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,  
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,  
Killed with unutterable unkindness.—TASNEB.

## IMMORTALITY.

Thought  
Alone, and its quick elements—will, passion,  
Reason, imagination—cannot die  
What has thought  
To do with time or place or circumstance?—SHELLEY.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Autumn is close at hand. The nights are lengthening, and, as the rosy hues fade away from the sunset clouds, the melodious clouds seem chanting a farewell song to summer. "The bright verdure of the trees," says Wilson Flagg, "has faded to a more dusky green; and here and there in different parts of the woods, may be observed a sere and yellow leaf, like the white hairs that are interspersed among the dark brown tresses of manhood and indicate the sure advance of hoary years." Already the city gives out autumnal signs. Old familiar faces, unseen for many a day, are met in our daily walks. Large posters on the walls announce that the players have returned to town, letters from Saratoga and Newport and the mountains become rarer in the Daily Transcript, and so the summer is passing away with all its pleasures and drawbacks, its green woods, its delicious fruits, broiling suns and its mosquitoes. The coming fall will present us with new occupations and new objects of contemplation. . . . Louis Napoleon has redeemed one of his promises at least. When dining with his generals before the Italian war, he gave them an invitation to hunt with him in the forest of Compiègne in September. Since then he has been hunting men on the plains of Sardinia and Lombardy; but his bugles have sounded the recall, and the dogs of war are chained up for the present. Good sport to you, Nimrod of France! There will be merry doings in the greenwood by day and merry revels in the banquet-hall at night; but who shall say whether Compiègne and Fontainebleau are not haunted? Have masses enough been said to prevent the pale spectre of Orsini from haunting the bedside of the hero of the 2d of December? Is the peace with Austria of a nature to keep the carbonari's silhouettes in its sheath? Time alone can answer these questions. . . . Our friend Kimball has commenced another dramatic season at the Museum with every augury of his usual success. He had previously engaged the Ronzani Ballet troupe, and notwithstanding the hot weather they attracted full houses, the principal feature being the production, with new scenery, of a ballet founded on Lord Byron's Corsair. The star of the troupe, Signorina Annetta Galletti is a finished artiste, a most graceful and vigorous dancer, and an admirable pantomimist. She sports with the difficulties of her profession, and her *tours de force* are really surprising. She was ably seconded by Mr. G. W. Smith, the best male dancer and ballet master who ever appeared on the American stage. He has been associated with all the Terpsichorean celebrities of the ballet for years. He is a fine pantomimist, and is equally at home in comic and serious character. It is difficult to conceive how one man can play in the same evening, the Conrad of the Corsair and the bewitched padre of the "Maja de Sevilla." . . . The Howard of late under the management of E. L. Davenport, has presented a series of excellent entertainments with a powerful combination company. We have rarely seen pieces so thoroughly well played throughout. . . . Ex-President Tyler is at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, passing the summer. . . . A moralizing writer says: Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character. . . . When Dr. Lucas, a very unpopular man, ventured on a speech in the Irish Parliament, and failed altogether, Grattan said, "He rose without a friend, and sat down without an enemy." . . . Many people like newspapers, but few pre-

serve them: yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph? . . . A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel." . . . Mr. Otway, in reply to Englishmen in Mexico who requested his interference to protect their lives, coolly told them that if any of them were murdered the English government would certainly avenge the outrage. Great consolation, this. . . . More camels, says the *Civilian*, of Galveston, are coming to Texas. The importation now expected is to be made from the valleys of the upper Mongolia. They are stronger than any other kind of camels, and are accustomed to the severest hardships. They are to enter the United States via San Francisco. . . . A Newport letter in the *Journal* says of the bathing: Ladies who cannot boast of natural plumpitude equip themselves with "life-preserving jackets," which they inflate before going into the water, and which thus give them Juno-like proportions. [This may be scandalous, yet it is true, and I this morning heard a plaintive cry from a bathing house as we passed, "Do come in here, Mrs. Journal Reader, and blow me up before I go into the water."] . . . At Edinburgh is still preserved a monster wrought-iron gun of the olden time. The wrought-iron guns were a sort of iron coopers, made with staves and hoops. The famous Scottish gun, Mons Meg, was built by the smith on the spot where it was used—so says tradition—and three lumps of granite were chipped into spheres by hand. At the first shot the walls of the Douglas Castle were pierced through. At the second shot the arm of the lady of the castle was cut off, while in the act of lifting the wine-cup at the noontide meal. The third shot was not fired, the castle being surrendered under fear of what further devilment Mons Meg might achieve. . . . The first time the American flag has been shown to the outward world in the Russian capital, was last Fourth of July, when the United States Consul gave a handsome "spread" to the Americans in the city. . . . Recently, says the *Troy* (N. Y.) *Whig*, while some gentlemen were spending a social hour at a highly respectable residence down town, one of the light-fingered gentry entered the hall and carried off their hats, of various qualities, from common straw up to white beaver. The hat market "ris" immediately, upon the bare-headed procession arriving up town. . . . A western correspondent says there is one feature which is apparent all over the West; while the towns and cities have diminished in business and population, the country has increased in both. Men who would not live in town have gone out upon the prairies, put their hands to the plow, and determined that it is better to raise wheat at fifty cents per bushel than it is to trade on credit with no securities and no pay. . . . An important document, emanating from American shipmasters at Leghorn, has been published. It is a caution to shipmasters taking charters for Leghorn, to beware of certain impositions which have been systematically practised, and for the avoidance of which instructions are given. . . . Ten pound and eight pound brook trout have been caught in the Androsquog waters in Maine. . . . The artesian well at Charleston, S. C., is tubed to the depth of 1320 feet, and supplies 100,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Its temperature, when it reaches the surface, is about 83 degrees of Fahrenheit; its taste slightly alkaline, and it is thought to have medicinal qualities. A trough, near the well, on one of the great thoroughfares of the city, is supplied with this water for the use of horses, which manifest a singular avidity for it, many of them refusing to drink at their stables in the morning, in the expectation of receiving a supply at the trough on their way to their stables. . . . It is supposed that Trimble county, Ky., furnishes more blackberries than any other place of its size in the world. The picking and forwarding to the Cincinnati market has been reduced to a system, and it is found that the receipts of a season, which lasts about six weeks, are not less than \$25,000. Pickers average from \$1.20 to \$2.50 per day. . . . Mr. Galliardet, the Paris correspondent of the *New York Courier* *Des Etats Unis*, who is one of the best informed of all the writers for the American press, says that the reason of the late abrupt peace was because a coldness and distrust had grown up between Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and Louis Napoleon; that the former felt so hurt because Napoleon did not notice the Italian troops in the order of the day, that he purposely left the Imperial Guard to bear the shock of the whole Austrian army for two hours, thereby narrowly escaping the loss of the battle. This and other incidents disgusted Napoleon with the conduct of his allies. Peace was made from a sentiment of distrust toward the king and ministry of Piedmont, and of distrust at the conduct of the people, who so little appreciated the sacrifices and devotion of their allies. . . . I have this moment, says a reliable correspondent, read a letter from a colonel in the French army, in which is this passage: "These Austrians are splendid fellows; worthy enemies. Peace is only gratifying in the sense that we shall cease to have anything to do with these rascally Italians. When we have rested ourselves a little, we are then to cross the water, and be allowed to go and stir up those merchants of the Thames and burn the printing presses of that pestiferous Times." The man who writes this is one of the rising men of the French army. . . . An "Italian wife," who begged for a living at Cincinnati, recently ran away from her Italian husband of the same city. He declares he greatly desires to lose her, as she was one of the best beggars he ever saw, either in Europe or America. . . . A Te Deum was sung in London, in most of the Roman Catholic places of worship in the metropolis, at the conclusion of high mass, in thanksgiving for the restoration of peace. . . . During the last six years California has

imported 15,194,128 gallons of ardent spirits, 5,511,732 gallons of wine, and 295,000 packages of malt liquors; while, during a considerable portion of that time, the home production of these articles was rapidly assuming importance. . . . Kossuth, writing to an English friend from Paris, just previous to his starting for Italy, said: "If I am spared, but fail, I may see England again. Then, however, it will be a broken, useless reed, that is cast on your shores, and few will be the days which it will be able to bear before it rots. Come weal, come woe, the will of Him above be done." . . . Frequent accidents, involving the loss of limbs, occur from the use of mowing machines at the West. A St. Louis paper states that a Mr. Rites, while mowing with a mowing machine, and riding one of the horses hitched thereto, was thrown from the horse, and both arms were cut off by the mower. Amputation took place, and he is doing well. This is the fourth man in that county that has been similarly injured. . . . The St. Louis *Zeitung* says that the capital employed in the St. Louis breweries is nearly \$20,000,000. The number of breweries in the city is thirty-five. They produced last year 115,000 barrels of lager and 74,000 barrels of common beer, which, at \$8 per barrel for the former, and \$6 for the latter, amounts to \$1,399,400. . . . The citizens of Newport, Rhode Island, were surprised one Sunday morning, lately, by the roar of artillery from Fort Adams. It is stated in explanation that the rules of the service require that there shall be a general review of the troops on the last day of every month. In this instance it chanced to fall upon the Sabbath, and as no distinction is made in the order, the commanding officer had no choice in the matter but to proceed with the review. . . . It is said now that Dickens will be in America in eight weeks.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The condition of Italy continues to occupy universal attention in Europe, and the way out of its political complications is hardly guessed. Garibaldi is still in arms, and offers his sword and his arm to the cause of liberty wherever the standard may be raised in his native land. The English tax-bill causes, of course, a great deal of discontent among those who will have to pay. . . . President Pierce was on the eve of leaving England for the United States. The affairs of Italy will probably be settled by France, Austria and Sardinia without a Congress. The French troops will not evacuate Italy, but Prince Napoleon's corps, at least, will remain there for the present. . . . Garibaldi has issued the following order: "However political affairs may go, in the present circumstances, it is the duty of the Italians not to lay down their arms, but to swell the ranks, and to show Europe that, guided by the heroic Victor Emmanuel, they are ready again to confront the vicissitudes of war in whatever form they may present themselves." The *Times* correspondent from Rome says that there is great dissatisfaction here, and "I have no hesitation in saying that the French soldiers alone keep down a general outbreak. The Jesuits have been driven out of Posenza, Forlì, and Ferrara. In the last city only one hour was given them to leave, and in the others twenty-four hours." Prince Napoleon is said to be indefatigable in his efforts for the amicable settlement of all difficulties among the European powers. The *Times* Calcutta correspondent says the campaign has been left to the Oude police, and the Europeans have withdrawn under cover for the rains. The rebels, said to be 6000 strong, are in terrible distress. The Nana, the Begum, and Bela Ras are the only three leaders of note remaining. Intelligence from Cochín China tells of losses sustained by the allied forces, and says that great sickness prevailed there. The natives fight bravely, and it is said that the French admiral has applied for reinforcements, and, meanwhile, is content to hold his position.

## Belligerent.

One of the best informed correspondents of the French papers writes from Italy, that amongst general officers an opinion prevails that the war which has terminated is but the prologue to another. This impression tallies with that expressed by a French general officer to an Italian at Milan the other day: "Now we have done with Lombardy, we hope that the emperor will lead us to Lombard Street." Nor do these sentiments differ from those attributed to Napoleon III.: "Do not believe for a moment that I have forgotten or forgiven the combinations devised by the English against my uncle. The day may not be far distant when I shall be able to prove it to you." My informant was an ex-minister of the Prince Napoleon during the republic, and unless his majesty's sentiments have changed, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and her neighbor of Lombard Street must look to their strong boxes.

## Statue of Napier.

Mr. Adams, the sculptor of the colossal figure of General C. J. Napier, in Trafalgar Square, London, has just completed the model of another statue of the same illustrious warrior, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The general is represented in repose, leaning on his sword, with a rolled up scroll in his right hand, which rests upon his side, so that the figure is totally different from its predecessor in the square, though the likeness is from the same source—a mask taken from the face after death. It stands eight feet high, on a plinth of six inches.

## The Great Eastern.

The English papers report that the engines of this big ship are now erected, the propeller is in its place, and the floats are on the paddle-wheels. The machinery, indeed, is so far complete that the steam has been got up to try the accuracy of the bearings, and so forth. Of her six masts, the first, fifth and sixth are in and rigged. The carpenters having put up the deck bulwarks, the painters are giving the boards the first coat. In a short period the Great Eastern will be coaled and provisioned, and ready to take her trial trip to sea.

## The Emperor Napoleon.

The emperor of the French is altered by the Italian campaign. His complexion is much bronzed, naturally, by exposure to the sun, and his countenance wears also a careworn, anxious look. He has not been seen in Paris since his return from the war, but the news has been sent to the *Journal du Havre* that he no longer wears the points of his moustachios turned up and stiffened with Hungarian pomatum, but allows them to curve downwards, as they did before his marriage. What, if anything, this change may portend we cannot say. A lively imagination may, perhaps, see in it a renunciation of his majesty's military career. A few days since the emperor, speaking of the late war, said: "There is one thing I deeply regret, and that is that my sacrifices for the welfare of Italy have neither been understood nor appreciated by the great powers."

## Slang Dictionary.

Mr. Hutton, an English antiquarian bookseller, has published a "Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant and Vulgar Words used at the present day in the streets of the city of London, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Houses of Parliament, the dens of St. Giles, and the palaces of St. James, to be preceded by a History of Cant and Vulgar Language, from the time of Henry VIII., showing its connection with the Gipsy tongue."

## Wordsworth's Library.

The dispersion of Wordsworth's library terminated after a three days' sale, and appears to have realized fair prices. A collection of the poet's own works, bearing date 1837, and containing a large amount of variorum readings and notes, seems to have excited a good deal of competition, and was finally carried off by Mr. Kerlake of Bristol, for \$75. A volume of sonnets, also with notes, published at 6s., brought \$16.

## A perplexed Mathematician.

Mr. Babbage, the world-famous mathematician, complains to a police magistrate that a gang of dirty musicians in his street render his studies impossible. The magistrate, tenderer of the likings of street loungers and idle servants than of the interests of science, not only lets off the dirty band, but recommends Mr. Babbage to give up his study and go into a back room.

## Telegraph Cable.

Late English papers report that the British government contemplates laying down a telegraph cable from Falmouth to Gibraltar, but tenders for the construction of the cable have not been invited. The Gutta Serena Company are manufacturing the covering. The submergence of the wire can scarcely be effected before next spring.

## The Peace.

The *London Times*, in a leader on the proposed French disarmament, says: "We recognize in this disarmament the sagacity of the emperor in gauging the temper of his people, and, for our own part, we rejoice that we may now return to security and peace. We shall, of course, in due time, follow the example of our neighbor."

## A Female Antiquarian.

Mrs. Alexander Kerr, translator of Ranke's "History of Servia," etc., has recently had the honor of being admitted as a member of the Antiquarian Society of Vienna. She is the first English lady who has received the diploma of this society. Mrs. Kerr has also been admitted as a member of the Geographical Society of Vienna.

## The Marine Venus.

A communication from Rome says: "The magnificent statue of the Marine Venus, which was discovered a few weeks ago in some excavations made in the gardens of Julius Cæsar, not far from the Portese Gate, has been purchased for the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg, for a sum of about 60,000 francs."

## Jesuit College.

The Jesuits have just erected a magnificent chapel on the premises of their establishment in the Rue de Serres, Paris. Its architecture belongs to the pointed style, and presents in all its parts those forms of ancient Christian art which modern French architects imitate with great perfection.

## French Army.

It is stated that as soon as the troops have returned to France and resumed their previous quarters, a great number of temporary furloughs will be granted, which will afterwards be made definite for all those men who have twelve or eighteen months to serve.

## Crops in Upper Italy.

Advises from Verona state that the grapes are so much affected by disease in Lombardy and Venetia that scarcely any are expected to ripen. This loss, with the partial destruction of the corn crops in Upper Italy, leaves a poor prospect for the winter.

## Prince de Metternich.

Prince Richard de Metternich will be the new representative of Austria at the Court of the Tuilleries. Prince Richard is a son of the deceased veteran Metternich, by his second wife, and is about thirty-five years old.

## Remains of Napoleon II.

The Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* says it is generally believed that a deputation, with Prince Napoleon at its head, would shortly arrive to take the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt to France.

## Scientific Convention.

The British Scientific Convention will be held at Aberdeen on the 14th of September. Prince Albert will act as president, and it is hoped in Great Britain that Professor Agassiz will be present.

## Grattan's Property.

It is stated that the estates of Mr. Grattan, amounting to at least \$64,000 a year, have been disposed of between his three daughters.

## Peace Prospects.

The *London Post* says that great confidence must be excited throughout Europe, and a long and interrupted peace is to be hoped for.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

EVERYBODY READS IT.

IT IS IMMENSELY POPULAR!

MRS. PARTINGTON'S  
NEW BOOK.

**KNITTING WORK,**

Is now ready and for sale everywhere. The advance orders, amounting to over

10,000 COPIES,

and the great rush for the book, fully prove the immense popularity of Mrs. Partington, whose name is

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Sam Slick has run his race. Mrs. Partington now is the American humorist; original, genial, laughable, and not unattractive. We wish it to be understood that 'Mrs. Partington' is included in these remarks. No one should buy the book who thinks it useful to laugh."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

has said that "Humor must have feeling in it, wit needs none. Voltaire was a wit; but Mrs. Partington's conversation with the omnibus driver has more feeling and humor than ever he uttered."

**KNITTING WORK,**

BY MRS. PARTINGTON,

Is not only a humorous book, but a happy combination of philosophy and wit, in which the most beautiful thoughts and sentiments are scattered among Partingtonian rhymes and conceits.

It is elegantly illustrated by

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN,

whose own appreciation of humor has been well applied to Mrs. Partington and her.

The present indications are, that the sale of the book will even surpass that of the old lady's previous volume, of which over

30,000 COPIES

were sold in a few months after its issue.

In 1 vol. 12mo. Price, \$1.25

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,  
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

**HOYT'S  
HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.**  
Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE C. QJODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL P. MASON & Co.

**THE AMERICAN HOUSE,  
HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,  
IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL  
IN NEW ENGLAND.**

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug20 9w LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

**BURNETT'S KALLISTON.**

As a Wash for the Complexion, it has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendencies to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations. Those with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady. Prepared only by

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.  
For sale by Dealers generally; price fifty cents a bottle  
aug13 8w

**GAS STEAK BROILERS.**

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the sirloin steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may23 1f 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

**SAMUEL MASURY,**

**PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.**

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS.)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner.

**MERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES**—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved **Wood Pipes.** Mounting and repairing at short notice.

aug13 1f F. BROWN, Apothecary,  
68 Washington Street, corner State.

A BOOK FOR ALL FARMERS.

**GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS.**

A PRACTICAL TREATISE,

Comprising their Natural History, Comparative Nutritive Value, Methods of Utilizing, Cutting and Curing, and the Management of Grass Lands in the United States and British Provinces.

BY CHARLES L. FLINT,

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Member of the Boston Society of Natural History, Author of a Treatise on Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, etc., etc.

One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations.

FOURTH EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED

One Volume. 12mo. 400 pages. Price, \$1.25.

For sale by Booksellers and Periodical Dealers throughout the country.

The object which the author has had in view in the preparation of this volume, has been to embody the most recent, practical, and scientific information of the history, culture, and nutritive value of the grasses and the grains, upon the abundant production of which all successful farming is based.

From a multitude of notices, all expressing great satisfaction with the plain and practical manner with which the whole subject is treated, we select and condense the following

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

"One of the most valuable essays ever printed."—*New York Tribune*.

"The most complete American popular treatise we ever read."—*Ohio Cultivator*.

"The work is an eminently practical one, illustrated by more than one hundred engravings of the various grasses, implements, etc., and should be in every farmer's hands."—*Hartford, Conn.*

"The author has treated the subject in the proper manner, making his treatise perfectly comprehensible to the ordinary intellect, and at the same time so full of accurate details, that it will be valuable to the scientific student as a work of reference."—*New York Times*.

"One of the most practical and valuable treatises on the subject of grasses and forage plants ever published."—*Rural New Yorker*.

"This is, we think, the best treatise of the kind we have ever seen on this important subject."—*Agriculturist, New York*.

PUBLISHED BY

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,

13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

N. B.—Copies will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of the advertised price. A dollar bill and eight three cent postage stamps may be enclosed and sent by letter to the publishers, for a single copy. Or ten copies will be sent to any address in the United States, postage or freight paid, for ten dollars.

ALSO FOR SALE AS ABOVE,

**MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING,**  
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

416 pages. 12mo. Beautifully illustrated. Price \$1.25.

**BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING  
EXPRESS.**

EDITED BY

HENRY G. PARKER AND JOSEPH H. SAWYER.

A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

FIRST EDITION ISSUED ON

SATURDAY MORNING

For country subscribers, and the

SECOND EDITION ON

SUNDAY MORNING.

Which is served at the Boston and suburban breakfast tables by carriers. The *Second Edition* contains the latest telegraphic and local news up to two o'clock on Sunday morning, and it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a COMPLETE AND UNSURPASSED

SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER,

which shall fill the hiatus between the issues of the *Sat* and *Sunday* dailies.

The *Express* has found great favor with press and public, in all directions, for its fearless, honest, independent course. On all matters of public interest it has an opinion which it never hesitates to make manifest, and it has never been known to "crook the pregnant bliges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning."

In the dramatic, musical and literary departments of the *Express*, which are confessedly in able hands, criticisms have never been prepared with an eye to the advertising patronage, no humbug has been spared, and pretentious Christians have always been exposed, and whether the *Express* makes friends or foes, its object will always be to speak the TRUTH.

The large and constantly increasing circulation of the *Express* renders it a desirable advertising medium.

All communications should be addressed to

SAWYER & PARKER,

aug20 No 2 WATER STREET, BOSTON. 4w

**\$50 WORTH OF PIANO FORTE MUSIC FOR \$2.**  
The Home Circle—a collection of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowns, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, etc. Arranged for the Piano Forte, and comprising the most popular Dance Music of the day. Handsomely bound in cloth \$2.00

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As a food for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati, and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.  
6m 13 Dorchester, Mass.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION**

Is for sale everywhere for 10 CENTS per copy. It is the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. ESTABLISHED ORIGINAL. \$2 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street.

**GROVER & BAKER'S**



**CELEBRATED  
FAMILY  
SEWING MACHINES.**

NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

THIRTY THOUSAND IN USE.

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

THE NEW MACHINES INTRODUCED BY THE  
**GROVER & BAKER  
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY**

are of elegant finish, and their operation is rapid and very quiet. The ease with which they can be managed is a distinguishable feature, and the stitch is the strongest, handsomest, and most elastic of any made.

Is there a husband, father, or brother in the United States, who will permit the drudgery of hand sewing in his family, when a Grover & Baker Machine will do it better, more expeditiously, and cheaper than can possibly be done by hand?

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

PRINCIPAL SALES ROOMS.

18 SUMMER STREET - BOSTON.  
495 BROADWAY - NEW YORK.  
730 CHESTNUT STREET - PHILADELPHIA.  
181 BALTIMORE STREET - BALTIMORE.  
58 W. FOURTH STREET - CINCINNATI.  
118 MONTGOMERY STREET - SAN FRANCISCO.

**BANKING, EXCHANGE,**

—AND—

**COLLECTION OFFICE,**  
No. 35 State Street.

LOANS negotiated and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, Attorney, 12 State St., Boston.

ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.**

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of *Balloy's Dollar Monthly*.

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unprecedented price of one dollar.

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Balloy, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 150,000 copies.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of *Balloy's Dollar Monthly* are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

**OXYGENATED BITTERS.**

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University.

Middleton, Conn., Feb. 28, 1860

Seth W. Fowler & Co. — Gentlemen, — I first made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years since. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unrepentant recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue the use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was, an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these Bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These Bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH

Prepared by S. W. Fowler & Co., Boston, and for sale everywhere.

**OXYGENATED BITTERS.**

**LAWSON'S NERVOUS CURATIVE.**

It is agreeable to call the attention of our readers to a meritorious article that we advertise. The agents have handed us the following from a person well known in the place where he lives, as well as in this city, a man of sterling integrity, who speaks for himself.

LOWELL, Mass., March 17, 1860.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure at this time to assure you of the benefit which I have derived from the use of your Nervous Curative, Cure for Neuralgia and kindred diseases. For several weeks I suffered very much from Neuralgia, both in my legs and arms. I was unable to walk, my left arm had become nearly paralyzed, and for many nights I had been deprived of refreshing sleep. Having made use of various applications without obtaining relief, I was advised to try your Nervous Curative, and I can now heartily testify to its worth.

On the first application I experienced relief from pain so as to sleep quietly for several hours, and in four days from the time of my commencing to use the Nervous Curative, I was able to walk about the house, and to use my arms quite naturally. Since then my nerves have continued to grow stronger. I can now walk easily and without pain, and can use my arms almost as well as ever. Hoping that many an afflicted one, by faithfully using your Nervous Curative, may experience similar effects and assuring you of my continual health,

I remain, most respectfully, yours,

ROLAND W. STEVENS,

Organist at Charles Street Church, Boston.

M. S. BURR & Co., 20 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. Price, \$1 per bottle.

WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address  
GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,  
Hosket, N. H.

**Premature Loss of the Hair,** which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Corocaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug13tf

**SALT RHEUM.**

THERE is no disease of the skin so distressing and obnoxious as the chronic form of eczema, commonly called Salt Rheum. Persons of the highest social position have been cured of this a surprising short time by the *PERUVIAN SYRUP*. Like all other cutaneous affections, Salt Rheum must yield to its powerful action on the absorbents and to its tonic and alterative qualities.

**NAMES CUT IN STENCIL PLATES, IN**

German Text, Italic, Roman &

*Writing Letters.*

and the BEST INDELIBLE INK for marking clothing, etc., without staining, at

**METCALF'S STENCIL ROOMS,**  
No. 45 1-2 Salem St., Boston.

Business Plates, Steel Stamps and Brands made to order. Brass Alphabets. Indelible Ink, Type, Thin Brass and Stencil Stock, wholesale and retail. Plates for clothing cut in a few minutes at any time. c4w4t june25

**BOOK BINDING.**

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gantophile. Sold by

F. BROWN,  
aug13 1f 68 Washington Street, corner State.

**PARSONS & GIBBY,**

**STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES**

j2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.





THE NATIVITY.—By RUBENS.

[See page 137.]



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM. | Vol. XVII. No. 10. Whole No. 428.

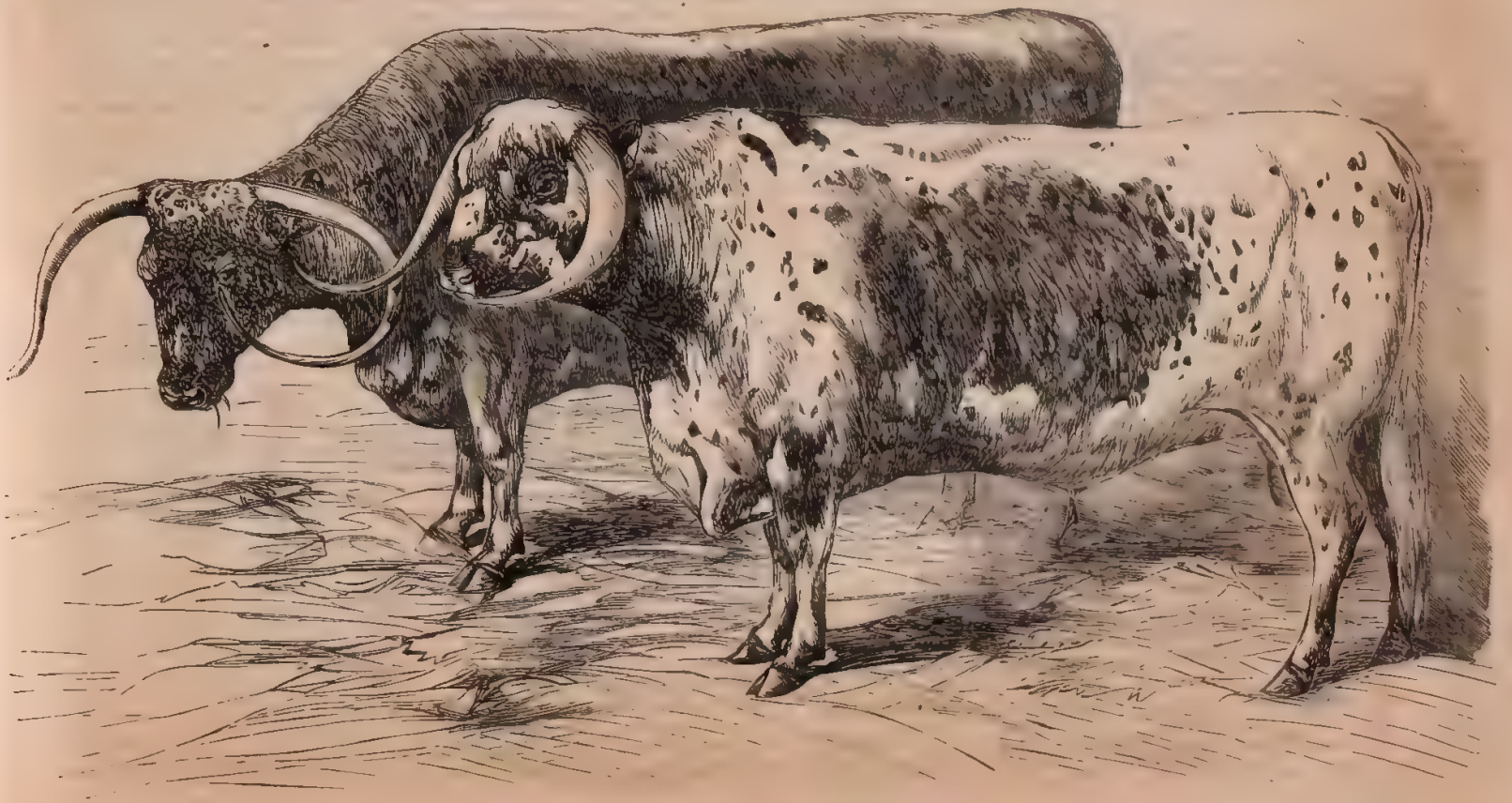
## ENGLISH LONG-HORNED CATTLE.

So many of our subscribers are interested in the raising of cattle, and so general, indeed, is the taste for fine stock, even among those who are not "lords of lowing herds," that, as this is the season of agricultural fairs and displays, we have placed the representations of a pair of prize cattle on this page. It is superfluous to say they are of the long-horned breed. They are, moreover, exact portraits from life, vouched for by an agricultural committee. They both took first prizes (valued £10) at the late agricultural show at Warwick, England. The one on the right is the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Ingo, of Thorpe, near Tamworth, Staffordshire; that on the left belongs to J. H. Burberry, of the Chase, near Kenilworth, Warwick. We have seen no such specimens of long-horned cattle in this country, nor are we aware that it is desirable to breed such. In fact, the favorite oxen from imported stock here, are the Devons, the horns of which are of medium length. Of this breed Dr. Charles L. Flint, in his recently-published "Milk Cows and Dairy Farming," which must henceforth be a standard work, says of the Devons, or rather of the North Devons: "This beautiful race of cattle dates further back than any well-established breed among us. It goes generally under the simple name of Devon; but the cattle from the southern part of the county from which the race derives its name, differ somewhat from those of the northern, having a larger and coarser frame, and far less tendency to fatten, though their dairy qualities are superior. The North Devons are remarkable for hardihood, symmetry and beauty, and are generally bred for work and for beef, rather than for the dairy. The head is fine and well set on; the horns of medium length, generally curved; color usually bright blood-red, but sometimes inclining

to yellow; skin thin and orange-yellow; hair of medium length, soft and silky; muzzle of the nose white; eyes full and mild; ears yellowish, or orange color inside, of moderate size; neck rather long, but with little dewlap; shoulders oblique; legs small and straight, and feet in proportion; chest of good width; rump level; tail full near the setting on, tapering to the tip; thighs of the bull and ox muscular and full, and high in the flank, though in the cow sometimes thought to be too light; the size medium, generally called small. The proportion of meat on the valuable parts is greater, and the offal less, than on most other breeds, while it is well settled that they consume less food in its production. The Devons are popular with the Smithfield butchers, and their beef is well marbled or grained. As working oxen, the Devons, perhaps, excel all other races in quickness, docility and beauty, and the ease with which they are matched. With a reasonable load they are said to be equal to horses as walkers on the road, and when they are no longer wanted for work they fatten easily and turn well." A more favorite breed of cattle is the short-horn, which has stood the test of a century, during which period it has been carefully bred. The stock which formed the basis of the improved short-horn, existed equally in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland and the adjoining counties of England, but the superiority of the cattle reared in Durham, gave that name to the race. The late Colonel Jacques, of the Ten Hills Farm, raised the Creampot family of milkers from imported short-horn stock. The short-horns are finely formed, come early to maturity, and fatten rapidly. Of late years the importation and breeding of pure stock have been pursued in this country with great zeal and liberality, and the importance of these efforts is pretty generally recognized in the

agricultural interest. Some of the greatest minds in the country have not deemed it beneath their notice. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, both of whom held the great Roman orator's opinion with regard to the pre-eminent dignity of farming, were zealous adepts in the business of stock-raising, and Ashland and Marshfield both exhibited splendid specimens of different breeds. Since, however, careful and scientific breeding is only of comparatively recent date in this country, the breeder cannot rely upon unauthenticated stock for his purposes. Of course there are thousands of native cattle, so called, which are equal for dairy and other purposes, to any importations of well-defined and legitimate imported races, but we cannot be sure that they will produce their like. The produce of these hybrids may be very poor cows, and the only certain way is to depend on stock, the pedigree of which can be traced back for several generations, like an English racer or an Arab. Mr. Flint remarks: "The milking qualities of our domestic cows are, to some extent, artificial, the result of care and breeding. In the natural or wild state, the cow only yields enough to nourish her offspring for a few weeks, and then goes dry for several months, or during the greater part of the year. There is, therefore, a constant tendency to revert to that condition, which is prevented only by judicious treatment, designed to develop and increase the milking qualities so valuable to the human race. If this judicious treatment is continued through several generations of the same family or race of animals, the qualities which it is calculated to develop become more or less fixed, and capable of transmission. Instead of being exceptional or peculiar to an individual, they become the permanent characteristics of a breed. Hence the origin of a great variety of breeds or races, the characteristics of each being due to local circum-

stances, such as climate, soil, and the special objects of the breeder, which may be the production of milk, butter and cheese, or the raising of beef and working cattle." So distinctly defined are the characteristics of the prominent breeds, that after a brief study of their "points," any one can recognize them at a glance. This assertion will doubtless be corroborated by those of our readers who visited the fine exhibition of the U. S. Agricultural Society in this city, three years since. Few of them, probably, after studying the specimens, were unable to classify the animals that came under their observation. That exhibition was certainly a fine one. Among them were some admirable Ayrshires, with their delicate heads and bright mottled hides, with many, the favorites. The Ayrshire cow has been known to produce over ten imperial gallons of good milk a day. A cow-feeder of Glasgow, selling fresh milk, is said to have realized two hundred and fifty dollars in seven months from one good cow. With good feeding, seventy-five cents' worth a day is below the average. Alton says that thousands of the best Ayrshire dairy cows, when in prime condition and well-fed, produce 1000 gallons of milk per annum. The Jerseys are to be regarded as a dairy breed, and that almost exclusively. But having, in a previous number, expatiated somewhat on the different breeds of cows, it is unnecessary to pursue this subject further. In the immediate vicinity of Boston, splendid specimens of the different breeds are found upon gentlemen's estates. Our milk-farmers also have generally excellent stocks, and it is a consolation to know that no "swill-milk" finds its way into this city. The cows that supply Boston are fed on good grass, English hay, and fodder-corn, and if there be any adulteration in this important article of food, it is, at the worst, only by a moderate exercise of the pump-handle.



PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH LONG-HORNED CATTLE.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A WEDDING TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

While absorbed in this struggle for life, I heard a sound above my head which froze my very blood with horror. It was that wild, unearthly laugh, which is the index of confirmed mania—the knell of departed reason. Fresh from the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, which had then a department for the insane, I knew but too well the import of that awful laugh. Poor, hapless Adderley! Those life-chords, whose extraordinary tension had caused them to vibrate such exquisite music, had long been stretched to the utmost point of endurance, and with the unwonted excitement of that memorable wedding night, had snapped forever. That glorious brain, too perfect in its nice adjustment and its wondrous delicacy for the rude handling of this vulgar world, was now a heterogeneous mass of wayward fancies, ready to follow the first wild impulse that suggested itself, though it should lead to the most fearful acts of destructiveness and death.

Poor, lost Adderley! What a terrible fate for that brilliant soul—that true child of genius! Alas, alas, how had the mighty fallen! How suddenly was that more than regal head laid low! These dreadful reflections, forced thus rudely upon me, were almost more than I could bear, and in spite of all my efforts at self-possession, I fell helplessly to the bottom of the car and wept.

But I was soon roused to a consciousness of the fact that this was no time or place for the indulgence of enervating grief. Since my first appearance, Adderley had been laughing, shouting, talking and vociferating with the utmost volubility. Suddenly I felt his fingers clutch my shoulder with the same iron grasp which I had so often felt in the happy days of old. I looked up and beheld, instead of the noble visage of my early friend, the face of an incarnate demon. His long black hair was streaming in the wind, and his dark brows were knit into a scowl of diabolical fierceness, while the lustrous eyes beneath shot forth gleams of maniac fury terrible to behold.

"Ha, meddling stranger!" he exclaimed, "who gave thee permission to thrust thyself unbidden upon the privacy of us and our bride? Knowest thou not that it is treason, yea, worse, that it is sacrilege, thus to intrude thyself not only upon a king but upon a god; not only upon a god, but upon the god of gods—Imperial Jove, the Thunderer? Thou shalt die! Base, impudent meddler, thou shalt die! By the dark river of the dead—the gods' dread oath—I swear it! Dost thou hear? Art thou ready? Then down, down to hell, and tell our brother Pluto 'twas Jupiter sent thee there!" And catching me by the throat and raising me as if I had been a little child, he drew me back in order to gain an impetuous whorl with to hurl me to the earth, five thousand feet below.

Utterly powerless as I was in his herculean grasp, I gave myself up for lost; but, at that dread moment, something—a kind, protecting providence I may venture to believe—induced me to pronounce the single word "*Alden*!" in that tone of affectionate remonstrance which many a time, in our old college days, had stayed his hand when uplifted to do some rash deed which he might afterwards be sorry for. The moment he heard the sound he relaxed his grasp and let me fall to the bottom of the car, gazing in my face, in the meantime, with a look of painful, piteous bewilderment.

"God help me!" said the poor fellow, putting his hand to his head, "I think I heard that music once before; but," added he, with a heavy sigh, "it was long ago—O, so long ago!"

Some fibre in that poor, bewildered brain, not yet wholly severed, had been made to vibrate by this casual reminiscence of the dear old times, and it had soothed him like a magic spell. His still wonderfully expressive face, as the bright moonlight fell full upon it, revealed the struggles of the soul within, as sanity and insanity fought for the mastery, and I watched the lights and shades upon it, like sunshine and shadow chasing each other upon some blue mountain side.

The strife, alas, was but a momentary one, and the demon that possessed him soon regained the ascendancy. His fiery eye soon resumed its wild, roving restlessness, and as soon as it lighted

upon his poor, cowering, trembling wife, the terrible maniac laugh again resounded in our ears, while he cried aloud:

"Never mind, never mind, sweet bride—don't look so glum; I'll send the meddling scoundrel to Tartarus, never fear." And with another demoniacal frown, he turned to the place where I was sitting.

At that moment, however, his wandering eye was caught by the moon shining with such splendor above him, and his whole attention, for the moment, was attracted by her silvery radiance.

"Look, Ada, look!" said he, pointing upward, "dost thou not see our bridal chamber, dearest? How gloriously it shines! It is one entire and perfect chrysolite! Think of it, love; just think of it! A honeymoon in the moon, and a palace of our own, all built of a single gem, a thousand miles in diameter! What do you think Master Aladdin would say to that? I mean to invite him to pay us a visit, him and his princess, Badrollgunpowder, or whatever her name is."

Then gazing steadily at the moon, he exclaimed: "Bright goddess of the silver bow! Great *dea triforis*—Luna! Diana! Proserpina! Artemis! Bubastis! Hecate! Ter-gemina! Lucina! Illythia! Noctiluca! Trivia! Siderum Regina!—pale queen of heaven and its stars! Shine out thy very best to-night, as if 'twere for thine own Eudymion's sake! Put on thy most splendid attire, and prepare thee to receive a royal bride; thy father and thy king commands it!"

Then, turning abruptly away, he shouted: "What ho, there! Mercury! Mercury, I say! Villanous thief! Must I, the king of gods and men, stand here, bawling like a chimney-sweep? So; better late than never. See here, sir. I'm sick and tired of this miserable snail's pace. Those birds don't draw well together; besides, they are fat and lazy with good living—gorging themselves with ambrosia, when earthly food is quite good enough for them. His thee to *Æolus*, and tell him that it is my command that he send old Boreas hither instantly, with all his bags, to blow us to the moon. Then speed thee to Vulcan, and bid him send me a fresh supply of thunderbolts; and hark ye, sir! tell him that if they are not better than the last I had, I'll break his other leg with one of them, and put out an eye apiece for each of his Cyclops. And—stay, Mercury; send Hebe or Ganymede hither with a brimming cup of nectar. My throat is as dry as Pluto's kitchen chimney-pots. Off with you now—vanish! I'll give you just ten minutes time—no more."

No genuine order could have been given with more real earnestness and self-conviction of truth than this was. With a magic wave of the hand he dismissed the imaginary messenger, and then, stooping down to me, he whispered:

"I have given Madam Juno the slip, and stolen her peacocks, too, and harnessed them to this car, along with my own eagle. Wont the old lady be hopping—particularly when she finds that I have used her own birds to carry off a mortal bride and waft her to my palace in the moon? Wont she, though? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Here he happened to notice the coming dawn, struggling faintly with the moonlight in the east.

"Ha!" cried he, in an angry tone, "can it be possible that that rascally Phœbus is bringing out the chariot of the sun without my permission? Death and fury! Juno will see us before we get half way! And Mercury, too, not returned yet! And not one drop of nectar, and not one thunderbolt to bless myself with! Now, by all the ghosts in Hades, there is something smells of rebellion here! Rebellion? Rebellion against me?—Imperial Jove, the Thunderer?"

Here he drew himself up to his full height, and assuming that regal port which surely no mortal man could imitate, he declaimed, as no Talma, or Siddons, or Rachel could have done, the following lines:

"Celestial States, immortal gods, give ear:  
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear—  
The bow'd despoil, which not all heaven can move:  
Thou Fate, fulfil it, and ye Powers approve!  
What gait but enters you forbidden field,  
That yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  
Gashed with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven;  
Or from our sacred bill with fury thrown,  
Deep in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
With burning chains fixed to the brazen floors,  
And locked by hell's inexorable doors!  
As far beneath the infernal centre buried  
As from that centre to the eternal world!  
Let each, subversive, dread those dire abodes,  
Nor tempt the vengeance of the god of gods!"

Then, his majestic lip curling with more than imperial disdain, he added:

"Let down our golden, everlasting chain,  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth and  
Then, strike us all, of mortal or immortal birth.  
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth—"

"Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,  
I leave the gods, the ocean, and the land;  
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my right!  
For such I relegate, unbounded and above,  
And such are men and gods compared with Jove!"

These lines were spoken, not in the English dress in which I have given them to the reader, but in the sonorous Greek of their immortal author. And so he went on, for a length of time which seemed to me days rather than minutes, in a paroxysm of the wildest excitement, pouring forth one extravagant rhapsody after another, all rambling and disconnected, but all consistent with the one dominant idea of his *Jovishness*. He vociferated and gesticulated in the most violent manner, and I wondered how it was possible that such extraordinary excitement—mental and physical combined—could last so long.

At last he came to an abrupt pause, and then shouted aloud: "There surely is something the matter with those peacocks; we are hardly moving at all!" And at the conclusion of the sentence, he gave a spring which nearly overturned the car, and before I knew what he was about, he had clambered up to the top of the balloon.

Poor Ada shrieked and sobbed as if her heart would break, he all the time affecting to believe, or perhaps really believing, that she was grieving because we did not get along fast enough. Wringing her hands, she watched him intently as he swayed about on his perilous perch, and I expected every moment to see him falling headlong through the air. Alas, poor girl! What an awful position for one so young, so fragile, so delicate, thus suddenly plunged from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the lowest abyss of misery! Besides the anguish which wrung her heart, her physical suffering was very great, or rather would have been so, if she had been in a condition to feel it. Her dress was of the scantiest description, and at the great height to which we had now attained the cold was very severe, as I could testify, being myself barefooted, and without coat or vest.

The madman, in the meantime, was gazing directly upwards, as if engaged in watching his imaginary peacocks. This gave me the hope of accomplishing what I had already attempted without success. Having quietly moved into a favorable position, I made a sudden effort to seize the cord communicating with the escape-valve, my object, of course, being to let off gas enough to secure the rapid descent of the balloon. To my great disappointment, Adderley was on the watch, ready to anticipate the movement. I caught the rope, but before I had held it a second, he let himself down with the nimbleness of a monkey, and with a wild shout of exultation cut it off close to the valve. Neither Ada nor I, it should be observed, had any knife or other means of puncturing the balloon, even if I could have reached it.

Though as cool as most men, I could not hope to imitate the utter recklessness with which Adderley climbed and swung from rope to rope. He acted precisely as another might have done if the balloon had been resting upon the ground; and the very fact of his being practically unconscious that it was not so, was no doubt the secret of his performing the feat so successfully. Without any further notice of my attempt, he swung himself rapidly down into the car again, crying out:

"Sweet bride, I must confess that we are not likely to reach the moon to-day at this rate. But hark! Do you hear that? Ha, ha! *Æolus* has done my bidding; so dry your tears, sweet one; we shall soon be flying on the wings of old Boreas, a hundred miles an hour. Don't you hear his pipe? Ha, ha! We'll need those lazy birds no longer, so we'll just cut the traces and let them go to Tartarus!"

Almost before these words were out of his mouth, he had pulled out a bowie-knife and severed one of the ropes by which the car was attached to the balloon. There were four of them, and this was at one of the ends. He would immediately have proceeded to cut the others, if the sudden disturbance of the equilibrium of the car had not prevented him, by almost throwing him out. Ada was in the very act of falling, when I managed to throw my arm round her at the same time that I clutched one of the three remaining ropes.

The respite we had gained was hardly long

enough to allow us to take a breath. The next minute the bright bowie-knife was flashing above our heads, severing the very rope to which we were clinging. It was one of the side ropes, and in the position in which the car then hung, the uppermost one. Grasping Ada's waist with desperate energy, I commenced the fearful fall, which, I supposed, was to end in dashing us to atoms upon the distant earth. With a wild, random clutch, however, like that of a drowning man, I succeeded in catching the opposite side rope, one of the two which remained.

With Ada still hanging on my arm, I contrived, by exerting my full strength, to get one leg thrown about the rope at the place of its attachment to the car. But what could it avail? There was the maniac, as inflexible as fate itself, proceeding, with the most matter of fact, business-like air imaginable, to cut the remaining ropes and launch us into the awful abyss below. One minute more and the other end rope was severed, leaving but the fibres of a single frail cord between us and eternity.

If it does really ever happen that a few moments of ineffable anxiety performs the work of half a century, and covers the young head with locks of hoary whiteness, here, surely, if ever, the thing should come to pass. Such is the waywardness of the human mind, that this comparatively trivial idea was at that awful moment uppermost in my thoughts, and when I gazed upon Ada's bright, golden curls, I felt a degree of surprise to see them still undiscolored. But the poor girl had fortunately ceased to be conscious of the terrors of her situation—she was motionless, senseless and insensible.

Just as the first beams of the rising sun began to gild the bright colors of our aerial vessel, and before they had touched even the mountain tops of the earth below, Adderley bent over us, knife in hand, to finish his terrible job. For some time past he had not spoken a word; but this silence, coupled with the grim earnestness with which he went about his work of death, was more fearful than his wildest vociferations had been. With his awful purpose, his maniacal energy, and his almost superhuman strength, he seemed the incarnation of inexorable fate, a human embodiment of the dark-browed Atropos, about to sever three threads of life at a single stroke.

Gazing in bitter anguish upon the lovely flower drooping in my arms, I hurriedly asked myself if human ingenuity could suggest any possible means of escape? Alas, no! Even apart from the stimulus of mania, Adderley's strength could hardly be matched by that of any living man. As it was, though unembarrassed and alone, I would have been but a child in his hands, and there yawned beneath us an abyss of full ten thousand feet in depth. There was no help for it—we must die!

The madman had found a firm footing by thrusting his boot through the frail material of the car, and his knife, as I have said, was already over our heads. I saw him catch the rope, just above us, with his left hand, and raise the knife with his right. Already its edge was within an inch of the spot where he intended to cut it. Fervently commending my soul to the mercy of its Creator, I bowed down my head upon my hands, and with all the calmness I could muster awaited the impending blow.

"May Pluto and all the infernals confound that vile traitor Mercury, and Ganymede, and Hebe, and all the rest of them! Imperial Jove is absolutely fainting for want of a draught of nectar to moisten his parched throat!"

I looked up. The rope was still uninjured, and the madman had apparently delayed his work from pure exhaustion. The tornado of fierce excitement on which he had been tossed for hours had at last expended itself, and a temporary lull was the inevitable consequence.

A faint gleam of hope now visited me. What could I do to take advantage of the pause? There surely must be some chance of escape, if I only had ingenuity enough to find it. But there was little time for deliberation. One slight movement of the maniac's hand and we perished. All sorts of impossible schemes came crowding into my brain, but I could think of nothing feasible. The hand of death had been stayed in the very act of striking—could I really do nothing to prevent its final fall? The very imminence of the danger, while it stimulated my inventive powers into extraordinary activity, seemed to deny me the coolness necessary to their judicious exercise.

While my whole frame was writhing in an



agony of impatient perplexity, I felt myself incommoded by something hard in the right pocket of my pantaloons. The actual physical discomfort which it produced could alone have forced so trivial a thing upon my attention at such a moment. Annoyed, not by the discomfort, but by the interruption, I uttered an ejaculation expressive of my feelings, and was about to dismiss the unwelcome thought with all possible despatch, when there flashed from it an idea, a hope, bright enough to illuminate the lowest depths of my despondency.

At that day, the powerful agents for producing *anesthesia*, now in such general use, were new discoveries and objects of curiosity in remote country places. The evening before I had taken from my trunk a small *flacon* of chloroform to show it to a medical acquaintance, and being called off suddenly, for some purpose or other, I had hastily enveloped it in a handkerchief and stuffed it in the pocket of my pants. I thought no more of it, and it had been left there till that moment.

Thrusting my hand into my pocket, with some difficulty, I grasped the little vessel, enveloped as it was in the handkerchief, and with a strong pressure broke it. I then took it out and held it towards Adderley, saying:

"Here is a wonderful elixir, a potent distillation, an all-powerful perfume, prepared by Chiron, the Centaur, from plants that grow in the garden of the Hesperides. Inhale it, and it will at once revive you."

The madman took it, without hesitation, and carried it to his nostrils. I watched him with intense anxiety, for I was somewhat doubtful about the effect it would have upon him, even if he should inhale a sufficient quantity. As he drew in the vapor, however, with the full power of his lungs, its influence soon became manifest. His athletic frame gradually yielded to the lethargic inhalation, and soon became a mere senseless mass of inert matter.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevent the prostrate maniac from falling out. My first care was to secure his knife as his fingers gradually relaxed their hold. To my great satisfaction, Ada now began to recover. Having hurriedly explained to her what had happened, I placed her in a position where she could hold on for herself. By this time old Boreas was piping most furiously; in fact, it was blowing a gale, directly from the northeast, and this rendered our situation greatly more precarious than it would have been if the weather had been ordinarily calm.

Amid all the tossing and tumbling of our frail support, however, I contrived to steady the insensible form of my friend until I could cut off some of the ropes which had originally bound the machine to the earth, and which were now flapping about in every direction. With the cords thus obtained, I proceeded to secure him in the place where he lay, and in such a manner that it would be impossible for him to get loose when the effect of the chloroform should cease. It was a tedious, difficult and dangerous business, but it was at last effectually accomplished. I also secured Ada in her place.

The next thing was, if possible, to get the balloon to the earth. This had become a terribly urgent necessity, on more accounts than one, for besides our other dangers, the single rope on which our lives were hanging, showed ominous signs of parting at the point where it was attached to the balloon. That half-parted rope I was obliged to climb, for there was, of course, no other way to mend it, and no other way to reach the balloon and puncture it, our only means of effecting its descent without clambering up to the valve, the rope attached to which was now beyond my reach.

By this time I had had my soul saturated with horrors to such an extent, that I gazed up at the parting knot with an apathy that amounted to almost utter indifference. Custom reconciles us to almost everything.

Contrary to my expectation—to my positive conviction indeed—the fastening of our rope did not give way, but gave me time to reach it and secure it. Though far from possessing the wonderful agility, coolness and audacity of Adderley, I was nevertheless a gymnast of no ordinary powers; and it was well that I was, for our lives depended on it.

Having made the dangerous knot perfectly secure, I proceeded to puncture the balloon, and gradually to enlarge the hole as much as I thought the circumstances would allow. The gas poured from the orifice, hissing like steam,

and we soon commenced a rapid descent. The next anxious thought was, where shall we reach the earth? We had been travelling for hours with great rapidity, and I had not the remotest idea of where we were. Notwithstanding the boisterousness of the wind, the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. When we had leisure to cast our eyes below, we saw the country spread out like a map, to an immense extent around us. It was one vast expanse of verdure, varied only by a few little dots of clearings, with a river here and there, like a waving thread of silver.

That we should be dashed to pieces against the tree tops seemed inevitable. While the force of gravity was bringing us rapidly to the earth, the strong northeast wind tended to carry us forward in a direction parallel with its surface. According to a well-known mechanical law, the resulting motion brought us downwards at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees with the plane of the horizon. The force of gravity, however, being a little stronger than that of the wind, our line of descent was brought a little nearer to the perpendicular than the angle mentioned.

As we approached the earth, one little clearing, just before us, broke the monotonous line of the tree-tops. There was a cabin near the centre of it, and two men stood by the door, one of them having a rifle in his hand. As we passed, he took deliberate aim at us and fired; fortunately, however, we were too far off to receive any injury.

We were now almost scraping the tops of the tall pine trees, and I expected every moment to see our balloon rent in pieces, and ourselves precipitated to the ground. Suddenly, and to our great satisfaction, we came to another opening, which I supposed at first to be another clearing. It turned out, however, to be a little lake, completely embowered in the piney woods; so much so, indeed, that we did not see it till we were directly over it.

"May Heaven grant that we alight in the water!" cried I. But there seemed to be very little hope of it, so strong was the wind and so trifling the extent of the lakelet.

There was, however, one thing in our favor which I had overlooked. As soon as we had descended below the line of the tree-tops, they served as a protection against the force of the wind. The consequence was, that we then began to fall almost perpendicularly, until, but a few yards from the farther shore of the lake, we were thrown, all in a confused mass, into the water.

Thus ended that most terrible voyage. What remains to be told I will make as brief as possible. My first care was to free my companions from their bonds. Adderley was revived by contact with the water, but I had no difficulty in managing him. In fact, he remained in a half-comatose, stupified condition for a long time.

We had come to the earth on the extreme outskirts of civilization in the far southwest. The water of the lake, at the point where we fell, was not deep, and we were soon joined by the men whom we had seen in the clearing, who gave us every assistance they could. They were rough and superstitious, and the fellow who shot at us firmly believed that the balloon was some strange monster of a bird.

We were not long in getting safely out of the water; but it was a very tedious and a somewhat difficult job, in our peculiar circumstances, to get back again to the point whence we started. It was a distance of about two hundred miles, "as the crow flies," but we had of course to travel much farther than that.

Adderley's glorious intellect was gone irrevocably. As long as he lived his soul was a moral volcano, ever heaving and smouldering with the pent-up fires within, and occasionally bursting forth into an eruption of terrific violence, spreading terror and dismay everywhere around him. After lingering a few years, in a private mad-house, his wildly throbbing heart was stilled; and two green mounds of earth are all that now remain of the two choice spirits whom I accompanied on that memorable wedding trip.

#### CHOICE OF WORDS.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar—*Trench*.

## THE DIAMOND STAR.

BY FRANCIS A. PURNACE.

In a fine summer night, in the latter half of the seventeenth century (the day and year are immaterial), Clarence Landon, a handsome and high-spirited young Englishman, who had been passing some time in the south of Spain, was standing on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the environs of the ancient city of Valencia, watching with anxious eyes the fading sails of a small felucca, just visible in the golden rays of the rising moon, as catching a breath of the freshening western breeze, they bore the light craft upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean. Though the scene was one of surpassing beauty, though the air was balmy and came to his brow laden with the fragrance of the orange, the myrtle and the rose, the expression of the young man's face was melancholy in the extreme.

"Too late!" he muttered to himself; "too late! It is hard after venturing so much for them, that I should have been baffled in my attempt to escape with them. However, they are safe and happy. If this breeze holds, they will soon pass Cape St. Martin. Don Estella, how I value this pledge of your friendship and gratitude."

And the young man, after raising to his lips a small diamond star, attached to a golden chain, deposited the trinket in his bosom, and then, with a parting glance at the distant vessel, turned homewards, in the direction of the city gates.

Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not notice that his footsteps were dugged by a tall figure, muffled in a black coat, which pursued him in the moonlight like his shadow, and left him only when he entered his *posada*.

Landon spent some time in his room, in reading and arranging letters and papers, and when the clock of the neighboring cathedral sounded the hour of eleven, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and was soon asleep. From a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber, crowded with vexatious visions, he was suddenly and rudely roused by a rough hand upon his shoulder. He started upright in bed, and gazed around him with astonishment. His chamber was filled by half a dozen sinister-looking men, robed entirely in black, in whom he recognized, not without a shudder, the dreaded familiars of the holy office, the officials of the Inquisitorial Tribunal. His first impulse was to grope for his arms; but his sword and pistol had been removed. A rough voice bade him arise and follow, and he had no choice but to obey the mandate. Preceded and followed by the familiars, who were all armed, as he judged by the clash of steel that attended each footstep, though no weapons were apparent, he descended the staircase, came out upon the street, and was conducted through many a winding lane and passage to a low-browed arch, which opened into the basement story of a huge, embattled building, that rose like a fortress before him. The conductor of the band halted here, and knocking thrice upon an oaken door studded with huge iron nails, it was opened silently, and the party entered a dark, subterranean passage of stone, lighted only by a smoky cresset lamp swinging in a recess.

After passing through this corridor, Landon was conducted into a huge vaulted hall, dimly illuminated by the branches of an iron chandelier, by whose light he discovered in front of him a raised platform, on which were seated three men robed in black, while before them, at a table, sat two others similarly attired, with writing implements before them. On the platform was planted a huge banner, the blazon on the folds of which was a wooden cross, flanked by a branch of olive and a naked sword, the motto being, "*Exurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*" *Rise, Lord, and judge thy cause.* It wanted neither this formidable standard, nor the implements of torture scattered round, to convince the young Englishman that he stood in the halls of the Inquisition.

After being permitted to stand some time before the judges, that his mind might be impressed with the terrors of the place, the principal inquisitor addressed him, demanding his name.

"Clarence Landon," was the reply.

"Your birthplace?"

"London, England."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Occupation?"

"I am a gentleman of fortune, with no pursuit but that of knowledge and pleasure."

"You are accused," said the judge, "of having aided and abetted a countryman of yours, named Walter Hamilton, in seducing and carrying off Estella Martinez, a lady of a noble house, and a sister of St. Ursula. How say you, guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty—I am not capable of the infamy with which you charge me."

"He refuses to confess," said the judge, turning to a familiar, the sworn tormentor. "We must try the question. Sanchez, is the rack ready?"

The man addressed was a brawny, muscular ruffian, with a livid and forbidding countenance, whose dark eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he bowed assent to the interrogation.

"Hold!" cried Landon. "The truth can no longer harm any one but myself, and though you may inflict death upon me, you shall not enjoy the fiendish satisfaction of mutilating my limbs with your horrid enginery. I did aid Hamilton, not indeed in ruining an injured maiden, but in rescuing from a thralldom she abhorred, a lovely lady whom Providence formed to make the happiness of an honorable man. By this time Estella is a happy bride."

"Her joys will be shortened," said the inquisitor, frowning. "They cannot long elude the power of Rodrigo d'Almonte, at once judge of the holy office and Governor of Valencia."

"Moderate your transports, governor," replied the Englishman, boldly; "the fugitives are beyond your reach. This very night a swift-winged felucca bore them away from these accursed shores to a land of liberty and happiness."

The brow of Rodrigo grew black as night.

"Insolent!" he answered. "You have outraged and set at naught the authority of church and state; your life shall pay the forfeit."

"Be it so," replied Landon, folding his arms; "but let me tell you that for every drop of blood shed, my country will demand a life. The cross of St. George protects the meekest subject of the English crown."

Rodrigo d'Almonte made no reply, but waving his hand, Landon was removed from the tribunal, and thrown into a dungeon on the same floor with the hall of torture.

Towards the close of a sultry summer day, the narrow streets of Valencia wore an aspect of unusual activity and life-filled, as they were, with representatives of every class of citizens. The tide of human beings seemed to be setting in one direction towards a plaza, or square, in the centre. The Alameda was deserted by its fashionable promenaders; and young and old—all, indeed, who were not forbidden—were at length congregated in the square. The attraction was soon explained, for in the centre of the plaza was seen a lofty platform of wood, on which was erected a stout stake or pillar, to which was affixed an iron chain and ring. Around this were heaped, to the height of several feet, huge fagots of dry wood, ready for the torch. A large body of men-at-arms kept the crowd back from a large open space around the platform. These preparations were made, so the popular rumor ran, for the punishment of a young Englishman, who had aided a Spanish nun in the violation of her vows.

The numerous bells of the city were tolling heavily; and at length, after the patience of the populace had been nearly exhausted, the head of a column of men marching in slow time was seen to enter upon the plaza. First came the governor's guard, their steel caps and cuirasses and halberds polished like silver. After these walked the officials of the Inquisition, and some friars of the order of St. Dominic, surrounded the unfortunate Landon, who wore the *corazo* or pointed cap upon his head, and the *san benito*, a robe painted all over with flames and devils, typifying the awful fate which awaited him. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, while a *cortege* arranged themselves around it, and the Governor of Valencia, mounted on a splendid barbed charger, and wearing his inquisitorial robes over his military uniform, rode into the square amid the *vivas* of the crowd, and the presented arms of the troops, and made a sign for the ceremony to proceed.

As an officer, appointed for the purpose, was about to read the sentence, a great tumult arose in the square, and attracted the attention of all the spectators.

"What is the meaning of this, Alvarez?" asked the governor, addressing one of his lieutenants.

"The people, please your excellency, have got



hold of Isaac, the rich Jew, and insist on his beholding the august spectacle of the *Auto da Fé*."

"The unbelieving dog has never liked these brave shows," answered the governor, with a grim smile, "since his well beloved brother, Isasachar, expiated his heresy on this spot in the great auto, when we burned twenty of his tribe before the king. Beshrew my heart! he abuses my clemency in permitting him to hold house and gold here in Valencia. He shall behold the execution! Make room there, and drag him into the heart of the hollow square."

The cruel order was obeyed, and the old Jew, who was a mild and venerable-looking man, was forced into the centre of the plaza, whence he could have a full view of the horrid scene about to be enacted.

But the indignities to which he had been subjected aroused a latent spark of fire even in the soul of the aged Hebrew. He lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"Spaniards! Christians! are ye men, or are ye brutes? Fear ye not the vengeance of Heaven, when ye enact deeds that would make the savage blush? Think ye that Heaven will long withhold its vengeance from atrocities that cry aloud to it night and day—that the innocent blood ye have spilt will sink, unavenged, into the earth? Fear and tremble, for the hour of wrath and woe is at hand!"

The energy and eloquence with which he spoke sent a strange thrill of terror through the crowd. The governor, alone insensible to fear, shouted from his saddle:

"Tremble for yourself, Isaac! for by the rood, if you dare question the justice of the holy office, you shall share the fate of yonder prisoner."

"I fear not the wrath of man," replied the Jew; "fear you the wrath of Heaven!"

At this moment, as if in vindication of his words, a heavy clap of thunder, that shook the city like the discharge of a park of artillery, broke upon the ear, and one of those sudden storms, so common in southerly latitudes, rolled up its dark masses of clouds, and the light of day was suddenly quenched, as in an eclipse. Vivid flashes of lightning lit the upturned and terror-stricken faces of the cowering multitude. At the same time, the wind howled fiercely through the streets that debouched upon the plaza, and tore the plumage that waved and tossed upon the helmets of the soldiery.

"Executioner!" roared the governor, whose high, stern tones of military command were heard above the roar of the sudden tornado, "do your duty! Set fire to the *fagots*!"

The order was obeyed—the torch was applied, and already a quivering, lurid flame shot up at the feet of the luckless Landon, when the storm burst forth with ungovernable fury. The scaffolding was blown down, and the rain descending in torrents, instantly quenched both torch and *fagot*. The vast crowd were thrown into utter confusion. The terrified horses of the cavalry plunged noddily among the footmen—hundreds fell and were trampled under foot, and prayers, shrieks and imprecations filled the darkened air.

Landon was unhurt amid the wreck of the sacrificial pyre. A ray of hope shot up in his heart. Scrambling out of the ruins, unobserved and unpursued, he fled down the nearest lane with the utmost speed. Anxious to obtain shelter, he, without even a thought, climbed a garden wall—once within which he was safe, for a moment, from pursuit. Rushing through a shaded alley of the garden, he found himself at the door of a large and splendid house. Almost without a hope of finding it yield, he tried the handle, and the door opened. Silently and swiftly he ascended a large, stone staircase, and took refuge in the first apartment which he found before him. A beautiful young girl, the only occupant of the room, starting at the fearful apparition of a stranger, flying for his life in the robe of the *san benito*, fell upon her knees and crossed herself repeatedly, as her dark eyes were fixed in terror on the intruder.

"Lady," cried Landon, "for the love of that Being whom we both worship, though in a different form, take pity on a wretched fellow-being. Save me! save me!"

But you are accursed and condemned," she answered, rising and recoiling.

"I am—I am—but you know my offence. If you ever loved yourself, you know how to pardon it. Think of the horrid fate that awaits me, if you are pitiless."

The lady paused and reflected, Landon watching the expression of her countenance with the

most intense anxiety. At length her brow cleared up; there was an expression of sweetness about her rose lips that revived hope in the heart of the fugitive.

"I will save you if I can," she answered.

"Heaven's best blessing on you for the word!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"But you have come to a dangerous place for safety and shelter," she continued, sadly. "Do you know whose house this is? It is the dwelling of my father, Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, the Governor of Valencia."

Landon started back in terror, but he instantly recovered from that feeling.

"You, then," he said, "are Donna Florinda, in praise of whose beauty and goodness all Valencia is eloquent. I feel that I am safe in your hands."

"I will never betray you," said the lady. "You are safe here. It is my bed-chamber," she continued, blushing; "but I resign it to you—sure, from your countenance, that you are a cavalier of honor, who will never give me cause to repent of the step."

"Be sure of that."

"Swear it," she said, "upon this trinket which my father took from your person in the hall of the Inquisition."

Landon took from Florinda's hand the diamond star given him by Estella, and thus mysteriously restored, and pressed it to his lips.

"By this talisman," he said, "by this token, which I prize so highly, I pledge myself not to abuse your confidence, but to repay the priceless service you render me by a life of gratitude."

"You may remain here, then, for the present," said Florinda, "till I think what can be done for you."

"If I can only make my way to the house of the English ambassador," replied Landon, "I think I can count upon my safety."

Donna Florinda, after lighting a lamp (for it was now nightfall), and setting upon a table some wine and fruit, left the chamber, locking the door behind her.

Descending to the garden, she went directly to a secluded arbor, embowered in foliage, at no great distance from the house.

"Cesareo!" she whispered.

A young cavalier, who was concealed in the arbor, instantly advanced and clasped her in his arms.

"Dear Florinda!" he cried, "I feared that you would disappoint me. But we have yet some happy moments to pass together."

"Not a moment, Cesareo," replied the lady. "My father will soon return. I came to beg you to retire instantly, and await another opportunity of meeting."

"You are anxious to get rid of me!" replied the cavalier.

"Not so—my father will soon return, and he will be sure to inquire for me directly."

"Well, then," said the lover, "if it must be so, go you to the house, and leave me the solitary pleasure of watching the window of the room gladdened by your presence."

"No, no, Cesareo!" cried Florinda, in terror, "that must not be."

As she said this, her eyes were instinctively turned to the window of her room, and Cesareo followed the same direction. The shadow of Landon's figure, as it passed between the lamp and the window, was seen defined distinctly on the curtain.

"By heaven!" cried Cesareo, "there is a man in your bed chamber!"

"My father!" said Florinda.

"You told me in your last breath that he had not returned. You are playing me false, Florinda. You have a lover, and a favored one."

"No, no!" cried the agonized girl. "It is nothing, believe me—trust not appearances, I will explain all."

But at this moment the distant clang of trumpets and kettle drums was heard, announcing the governor's return.

"I must be gone!" cried Florinda—"believe me, I am faithful;" and with these words she fled into the house.

"The dream is over!" said Cesareo. "But I will have vengeance on my rival;" and he left the garden, muttering curses, and grasping the cross-belt of his sword.

Florinda flew to her chamber.

"Fly!" she cried to Landon. "I have sheltered you at the risk of my reputation—my father is returning, and you must leave this house. A jealous lover may denounce me, and both of us be ruined forever. Farewell—climb

the wall at the back of the garden, and take refuge in the next house. I will still watch over you."

Landon obeyed, and made his escape from the governor's garden just as Don Rodrigo was entering the courtyard. He crossed another small garden and entered a small house at the extremity, the door of which was unbarred, and again found refuge in a room on the lower floor, where he concealed himself behind a screen.

He had not been here long before he heard footsteps entering the room, and the voices of two persons in conversation, one of whom was evidently a female and the other an old man.

"Dear father!" said the female, "I am rejoiced to see that you are returned. You never go forth in this city that you do not leave me trembling for your safety."

"I have passed through much peril, Miriam," replied the man. "Snarers and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob the goldsmith, when lo! I was beset by the ungodly rabble."

"Dear father!"

"Yea! and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravening flames, and where thirty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob."

"And did they force you to witness the *Auto da Fé*?"

"They brought me to the place, Miriam—but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophet of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo, Miriam, there was a miracle wrought! The voice of Heaven spake in thunder to rebuke their impious blood-thirstiness. The flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in mighty torrents and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. And a great wind arose, and the scaffold was destroyed, and the goodly youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire, as the multitude were scattered."

"And lives he, father?"

"I fear not," answered the old man, sadly. "For if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel sword of the troopers and the men-at-arms must have sought out his young life."

At this moment Landon stepped from his concealment.

"No, my friends," said he, "I yet live to thank Heaven for its providential care. I have even found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florinda d'Almonte sheltered me and commended me to your roof."

He had now time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we described him on his appearance in the plaza, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter, Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

"Thou art safe beneath this roof," said the Hebrew, "for Donna Florinda, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and for her sake as well as for thine, thou art welcome."

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges.

"I would fain," said the old Hebrew, "give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But of a truth I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish gabardine is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the *san benito*."

"Here comes Reuben," said Miriam. "Welcome home, dear brother."

A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment, and saluted his father, his sister, and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"I was charged," he said, "by the Lady Florinda, to bear this package to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say," he continued, addressing Landon, "that when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting maid and condante will conduct you through the house to the street, and make your way to the English ambassador's."

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment where he was

left alone to change his dress. Donna Florinda had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat and plume, and in addition to these a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, and buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper. He kissed the sword with ecstasy.

"Welcome," he cried, "old friend! With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly, if I fall again into the hands of the Philistines."

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him, and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

"Farewell!" he cried. "I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me that your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon."

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark, and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

"Is it you, Reuben?" said he, in a low tone. But he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unseen assailant a blow with his clenched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practised swordsmen, and guided in the dark by what swordsmen term the perception of the blade. Reuben had made his escape, and gone to tell his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of Herculean strength, wrested the sword from the Englishman's grasp, and held him at his mercy.

"Now, dog!" whispered the victor, "have you anything to offer why I should not take your life as a minion of the tyrant Rodrigo?"

"I scorn to ask my life of an unknown assassin," replied Landon; "but I am no minion of Rodrigo's, and I was even now seeking to escape his clutches."

"If there was a light here," said the stranger, "I could see whether you lied, friend, by your looks. You may be palming off a tale upon me. How did you propose to escape Rodrigo?"

"By making my way through his house," answered Landon.

"A likely tale. How are you to gain access to his house?"

"A waiting-maid was to let me in."

"Well—I'll test your veracity. I have your life in my hands. You are unarmed. I have rapier and dagger. The experiment costs me nothing."

"It would be idle in me to interrogate you," said Landon. "It would be idle to ask who you are."

"I will answer you frankly," replied the stranger. "I am one of those freebooters whose fortunes are their swords. If I were in Rodrigo's power, my life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And yet I am seeking him to-night."

"You speak in riddles."

"Perhaps—but be silent now, if you value your life, and follow me."

The stranger, still retaining a firm grasp upon the luckless Landon, approached the door which led into the governor's house, showing in their progress a perfect acquaintance with the labyrinthine alleys of the garden. They halted, and a female voice spoke in a whisper, saying, "here's the key."

The stranger grasped it, and dragging Landon into the house, instantly locked the door behind him. A dark lantern was placed on the floor of the corridor. The stranger told Landon to take this up, and precede him up stairs. Landon obeyed, the stranger following close behind and giving him whispered directions as to his course. Having reached a certain door, the stranger took a light and entered a chamber, followed by the wondering Englishman. The walls of the room were heavily draped, and upon a huge bed the Governor of Valencia was reclining, buried in a deep slumber.

"He sleeps!" whispered the stranger in the ear of Landon—"he sleeps, as if he had never shed blood; as if the head of my brother had never fallen on the block by the hand of his bloody executioner. He will soon sleep sounder."



"What mean you?" asked Landon.

"Wait and see!" was the reply.

The stranger cautiously lifted the light in his left hand, bending over the sleeper, while with his right hand he drew a broad, sharp poniard from his belt, and raised it in the act to strike. But just as it was descending, Landon caught the assassin's arm, and shouted in his loudest tones—

"Don Rodrigo, wako!"

"Baffled!" cried the ruffian, with an oath. "You shall pay with your life for interfering."

The governor sprang from his bed in time to witness the deadly struggle between Landon and the midnight assassin. It was short and decisive, for as the robber was aiming a blow at his antagonist, the latter changed the direction, and it was buried to the hilt in his own heart. He fell and died without a groan. The noise of the struggle had aroused the household, and the servants came pouring into the room with lights, accompanied by Donna Florinda, who was agonized with terror.

"Dear father!" she cried, rushing into the governor's arms. "What does this mean?"

"It means," replied Don Rodrigo, "that this ruffian who had sworn to take my life because I had condemned his brother to death for manifold misdeeds, has been slain in the attempt by this young man."

"And do you recognize your generous saviour?" exclaimed the daughter. "Behold! It is the young Englishman you condemned to perish at the stake. O, father!" and she explained the manner in which Landon had been enabled to save the governor's life.

"Young man," said the governor, addressing Landon, with deep emotion; "a mightier power than mine is visible in this. For the life you have saved I will repay you in the same manner. I ensure you a full and free pardon, and you shall not have it to say that Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, bad as he has been represented, was a monster of ingratitude."

And he kept his word. Landon soon after set sail for England, in company with the Hebrew family who had sheltered him, and there, in due time, was united to the lovely Miriam, with whose beauty he had been impressed on first sight. In England he rejoined Hamilton and his Spanish bride, to secure whose happiness he had perilled his own life, and he always preserved Estella's diamond star as a memorial of his adventures in Valencia. Soon after his arrival, he received a letter from Donna Florinda, announcing her marriage to Cesareo, whose jealousy had been so signally excited by Landon's shadow on the window-curtain. When Don Rodrigo died, he was buried with all the honors due to a soldier, a governor, and an eminent member of that mild and benevolent institution, the Spanish Inquisition.

#### IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

The celebrated Earl of Chatham performed an amount of business every minute, which filled common improvers of time with utter astonishment. He knew not merely the great outlines of public business, the policy and intrigues of foreign courts, but his eye was on every part of the British dominions; and scarcely a man could move without his knowledge of the man and the object. A friend one day called on him, when Premier of England, and found him down on his hands and knees, playing marbles with his boy, and complaining bitterly that the rogue would not play fair; gaily adding "that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French!" The friend wished to mention a suspicious-looking stranger, who for some time had taken up lodgings in London. Was he a spy, or merely a private gentleman? Pitt went to the drawer, and took out some scores of small portraits, and holding up one which he had selected, asked, "Is that the man?" "Yes, the very person." "O, I have had my eye on him from the time he stepped on shore." All this was accomplished by a rigid observance of time; never suffering a moment to pass without pressing it into service. —*New York Herald.*

#### THE POWER OF HUNGER.

It is hunger which brings stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison houses, barracks, and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which, with stealthy power, is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our highest efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labor, which he hates, and will avoid if possible.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

### THE CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheek."

AGATHA was in a gloomy attic seated before the fireplace, with a pen in her hand, and a sheet of paper opened on a board which she held in her lap. It was by habit alone that she had drawn her chair close by the fireplace, for though it was a bleak Christmas night, there was no fire on Agatha's hearth.

She had no money, and there she sat, using the only means which had enabled her to avoid starvation. Had she applied for work, to nearly all in that large city, she would very likely have been turned coldly away, for there was a heavy weight upon her heart, which made her head droop like one in shame. She had lived in luxury once, and her bright imagination fed upon the beautiful—now she was toiling wearily, to recall those fading images, that she might clothe her thoughts in language pleasing to the reader, and receive perhaps a dollar, which would bring her warmth and food for a few days. Upon a table beside her lay two open sheets of paper. They had been folded, and were traced over with her own fair writing, yet across the margin was written in pencil, and in bolder characters—"Too gloomy." They were sketches which the publisher had rejected. She had not always met with disappointment, or she would not now have cherished the feeble hope which made her again sit with paper and pen, and try to write—not gloomily.

"Too gloomy!" she murmured—"too gloomy! Yes! I was waking when I wrote. I must dream again."

She closed her eyes, and whilst her hands lay idly in her lap, she was trying to live over her girlhood, to awaken the memories that were dying—to shut out the wretchedness, the desolation which like disembodied spirits haunted the place.

"O, I cannot!" she cried aloud, whilst with a shiver she folded her arms across her breast. "Drop by drop my heart's blood has been drained, until I fear it is growing cold. Yes! It is deadly cold!"

There was a faint wailing sound which issued from a bundle of rags close by her on the floor, and she started as if struck by a blow. She laid aside her paper, took up the infant, scarcely a span long, and folded it to her bosom.

"There is some warmth here yet," she cried, pressing the little one closer and closer, and she began hushing its moans with a low lullaby, sweet as the notes of the dying swan. The child still moaned, and now and then the mother looked into its white face, with a stamp upon her own classic features which but once in a lifetime comes upon the human face. Suddenly she started up, caught up some of the rags, and wrapping the child carefully in them, folded it in the same close embrace.

There was a beautiful painting over the fireplace, and most strangely its soft coloring shone in contrast with all around. It was the portrait of Agatha's mother, and she looked up to it now with reverence. Loving eyes looked down upon her, and she now, as if for the last time, gazed long upon them, murmuring—"They will greet me—welcome me, beyond that narrow stream."

She turned away and went out, down the long stairway, out into the open street, where there were fireworks and illuminations, and many shouts upon every side.

Yet Agatha passed onward through the crowd like a ghost, in that Christmas night. At length she came into the street of splendid mansions, and close by the steps of one she paused. The drawing-room windows were low, and one curtain had been left partly up, as if to admit her gaze. There were beautiful forms within, and merry voices reached her ears. One lovely girl stood apart from the groups which were gathered here and there, and she appeared to be reading from the columns of a paper. Her eyes were bent upon the page, but tears stood upon the lashes, which swept her cheek now and then, and Agatha saw them.

A gentleman approached the reader, who, unconscious that he was gazing upon her, read on, absorbed and tearful. She did not move even when he placed over her shining hair a wreath of evergreens. Among its leaves shone something like icicles, and they glittered like so many diamonds as the light fell upon them.

Agatha looked in with lips apart, as if this were not the first time she had stood by that window and gazed in. She murmured unconsciously, "He crowns her—let the Christmas morning come—and he may dream of the crown even poor Agatha may wear."

Words from within reached her ears, and she saw that the lady had looked up, and the gentleman was admiring her wreath, but she only said, "There is something strange in this piece, Arthur. It melts me to tears, and I think I see, all the while I am reading, a pale, sad face looking out from the lines. The world may surmise who is the author of those exquisite sketches, but among us she will never be found. O, if I could but see her, to speak a word of sympathy, to relieve the agony which alone gave birth to these thoughts. To stop her pen, that I might keep her heart from breaking!"

"Strange girl!" said the gentleman, looking at her steadfastly. "Do you know anything of the writer?"

"Nothing but what her writings tell me."

Agatha lost what other words she may have spoken, and she soon saw the gentleman take the wreath from the lady's hair and throw it carelessly on the table. The lady playfully caught it up—but he regained it, and before Agatha could think, the window was thrown up and the wreath flung out. It fell across her own head. There she stood for awhile, with the glittering crown above her death-stamped features, as motionless as marble, and the lady caught a glimpse of the apparition, and with a faint cry sprang forward. The gentleman drew her back quickly, and very suddenly his own face had grown hard and cold.

"What would you do, Lina?"

"It is she!" she cried out. "The face that haunts me. Let me go—I entreat—"

But Agatha's face was gone from the window, and her poor feet were soon toiling up the staircase. She reached her seat, and with her baby hushed upon her bosom, again took her pen and paper. She wrote—

#### "THE CHRISTMAS WREATH."

That was the beginning and the end. There might have been a flashing out of the dying light of genius, but it went out before the pen bore it to the paper. Her head gradually sunk upon the table, and she fell asleep murmuring, "He giveth his beloved rest."

Some one knocked at Lina's door, a few hours later, and on opening it she found a girl there, in poor garments, who addressed her hurriedly, "Come with me. Waste no time."

Lina hesitated, but the girl said, "You would see the writer of those pieces—you wish to ease a breaking heart. Come, and I will show you how to bend one of adamant."

Lina no longer hesitated, and, urged on by a strange impulse, she went out in the bleak air with her conductress. They entered an omnibus, and Lina saw in an instant that Arthur Weldon, her betrothed, was in the opposite seat. He did not recognize her, nor did he hear the tale which the girl was pouring into Lina's ears.

"She is a widow," began the girl, "and her husband died upon the scaffold. She erred only in being deceived in the man she married—for she 'knew him all too late.' He murdered a man in a fit of passion, and was hung. Her rich, proud relatives could not bear the disgrace, and so they all moved far away from even the rumors of the shame, leaving poor Agatha friendless and alone. When every resource failed, she followed one who had been her favorite brother, to this city, hoping to receive some assistance to enable her to keep life in a helpless infant. This brother had become engaged to a highborn girl, a true, noble woman, and he did not choose that she should know of the existence of this poor sister, the murderer's wife. Miss Whiting—it was she who wrote. The world wonders who is the author who has so suddenly become famous. I have heard you wondering, and I think you will never forget the lessons of to-night, when they are ended."

The omnibus paused, and when the two arose to go, Arthur Weldon recognized Lina, and an exclamation burst from his lips.

"Hush!" she whispered, "and come with me. I may need your company on returning."

He could not oppose, but followed where she led, and waited outside the room while the two girls went in.

Agatha's head was still bent, yet she lay with her face partly exposed to view. She slept the long sleep of death, and the infant upon her bo-

som was also stilled into its final rest. There was such a deep silence, unbroken even by a breath, that Lina stood still upon the door sill and looked on the strange sight. The snow, which was falling fast, had drifted through the shingles, and lay in shining particles upon the motionless figures. Upon Agatha's waving brown hair the snow-flakes fell fast, and faster, making a pure, beautiful chaplet for her cold brow; and upon the waxen lids of the infant the flakes fell softly and silently—they could not waken the little sleeper.

Lina saw it all, for the girl held a burning lamp, and stood like a sentinel close by the dead. Even the sheet of paper bearing the words, "The Christmas Wreath," was visible to Lina, and she saw that Agatha's fingers had stiffened around the pen handle.

Arthur Weldon came forward, for he saw Lina as if transfixed and turning to marble, and he would have cried out, but she pointed silently to the spectacle. Then it was his turn to look, and to feel the warmth in his heart growing chill.

The brother (for it was he), in the remorse which came too late, had been even then seeking the sister, whom he had made homeless. He had left his betrothed for the purpose of seeking that face which he had recognized at the window; and he intended to *top her pen*. He had found her all too soon, yet that hand would never again use a pen. In one glance he took in the picture, and turned with a bitter cry towards Lina. He thought she knew the whole story; and he was right, for she was not long in recognizing the brother of the dead Agatha. Arthur looked at her, as he saw the trust, the love, leaving her heart, and he sprang away and rushed out, and never again dared to offer love to Lina Whiting.

It was true that Lina never forgot the lesson of that night. She sought out the wretched poor, relieved their wants, sympathized in their griefs, and, angel that she was, forgot self in her Christian ministrations.

But she never forgot, on every Christmas morning, when the snowflakes fell upon the stone which marked Agatha's grave, to visit the spot, and place over the white marble a Christmas wreath.

#### EQUINE MEMORY.

A venerable friend, whose memory runs back nearly fourscore years and ten, told us a story the other day illustrative of the retentiveness of a horse's memory, which struck us as too good not to be told again. The occurrence dated back to the years of his boyhood, and was related with all the particulars of collateral verification. We give it in brief: A favorite horse which had been stolen from his stall, after an interval of two or three years, was driven by his unsuspecting purchaser to the door of his former owner. The latter asserting his right of property, and offering to submit the validity of his claim to the horse's decision, the purchaser cheerfully accepted the proposal. The test was to be the horse's removal of the wooden pin which fastened the barn door, his opening the door and taking his accustomed place in the stall. On being unharnessed and allowed the liberty of the yard, he at first began to nibble about the borders of the enclosure. Presently his eye (he had but one) caught sight of the stable door; recollections of oats and other choice provender seemed to be awakened; and, without the slightest apparent misgiving, he proceeded to demonstrate, much to the amusement if not satisfaction of both plaintiff and defendant in this novel case of reference, in which party the right of ownership was vested. It is hardly necessary to add that the supposed owner was allowed to return home minus his nag, —a wiser if not a richer man than when he came. —*Salem Register.*

#### COWARDICE OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

During the last rebellion in India, instances of heroism were common—of cowardice there was but one. Indeed, I deeply regret to have to record the fact that there was one officer of high rank, and in the prime of life, who never showed himself outside the walls of the barrack, nor took even the slightest part in the military operations. This craven-hearted man, whose name I withhold out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving relatives, seemed not to possess a thought beyond that of preserving his own worthless life. Throughout three weeks of skulking, while women and children were daily dying around him, and the little band of combatants was being constantly thinned by wounds and death, not even the perils of his own wife could rouse this man to exertion; and when at length we had embarked, at the close of the siege, while our little craft was stuck upon a sandbank, no expostulation could make him quit the shelter of her bulwarks, though we were adopting every possible expedient to lighten her burden. It was positively a relief to us when we found that his cowardice was unavailing; and a bullet through the boat's side that despatched him, caused the only death that we regarded with complacency. —*The Story of Cawnpore.*



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A MEMORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

There are thoughts which make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a tear before the eye—LONGFELLOW.

Beneath these leafy boughs, at eventide,  
When autumn filled the air,  
And the pure gush of moonlight, far and wide,  
Made all the landscape fair,—

While holy silence held that blissful hour,  
When day's rude strife was done,  
And every passion, with its evil power,  
Had vanished with the sun,—

When the sweet sky of night bent softly o'er  
Thy head, beloved, and mine,  
And murmurings of beauty seemed before  
My gladdened eyes to shine,—

We sat together, and while stars shone bright,  
And filled the night with flame,  
Tears, friends, and pleasures vanished, with a light  
Far fainter, ghostlier, came,

And passed before our vision like a dream,  
With memory's mournful chime,  
Yet leaving in their place the joyous gleam  
Of the fair present time

For, sitting thus beside thee, I could press  
Thy blessed hand in mine,  
And see no beaming eyes feel care,  
And hear no voice but thine.

O, darksome fate, which wraps and shrouds this life  
With darkness of its own!  
O, gloomy earth, with pain and sorrow rife,  
And joys forever flown!

In this long winter of a stricken soul,  
Lonely, and sad, and faint,  
While roses bloom and fade, and seasons roll,  
I breathe my weary plaint,

And sadly think of that sweet evening hour,  
Autumn, long ago—  
Within the desert of my heart a flower,  
A solace for my woe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## LEONORA.

BY MARY W. JANVAIN.

FIFTEEN years, with their lights and shadows,  
Had passed into the sea of the shoreless Past,  
When, one bright English June morning a travelling  
chariot was rapidly driven up the green  
hawthorn-hedged avenue leading to the lodge  
where dwelt the aged steward of Glenthornston  
Manor; and a dark, foreign looking gentleman,  
of some thirty-five or eight summers, alighted  
and advanced toward the cottage door.

Fifteen years had it been, since the counterpart  
of that dark green chariot, with its emblazoned  
panels and its span of iron grays, rolled away  
from the manor, bearing to the London metropo-  
lis the young master, Sir Roderick Neville,  
where the spendthrift noble's career in the whirl  
of gay life had impoverished his fine heritage;  
and very shame had hindered his return all these  
long years, until he came—the moneyed lord—to  
redeem from mortgage and debt the seat of his  
ancestors, which had been transmitted, unincum-  
bered, from generation to generation of departed  
Nevilles, since the days of William the Con-  
queror.

But now that time had arrived; and with a  
glance of pride in his keen eye and a haughty  
curve of his iron lips, the returned noble strode  
up the broad grass plateau to meet the old man  
who came over the cottage threshold. "Well,  
Ellis, I have returned to the old place! You re-  
member, I said I would redeem it again," and he  
pointed to the old hall, falling into decay, with  
long trailing ivy vines festooning the closed win-  
dows—"but, surely, my old steward, you know  
your lord?" added the dark-browed man to El-  
lis, who stood with hat in hand, mute with  
wonder.

At length the old man found words.

"My lord baron, is it indeed you my old eyes  
behold again? God bless yer 'onor!—I always  
felt certain you would not let the old hall tumble  
to dust! Here, dame, dame, I say! Here  
is my lord Roderick, come back to buy the Glen-  
thornston lands up again—and we shall hold our  
heads up in the old Manor House once more,  
spite of the mushroom gentry folk around us  
who've been trying to persuade me he's dead and  
buried, these five year, in furrin parts!" and the  
old man fairly pulled his rheumatic partner from  
the threshold, whither she had hobbled from her  
wheel to meet the strange occupant of the chariot.

"Well, well, good friends, I am not returned

from the dead, as you see—but in the best of  
health, and with the determination of making the  
old place my home for the future," said the no-  
ble, shaking the old dame's withered hand. "I  
said this day would come; now, I am here.  
What a Neville *sucara* to do, that he fulfils!"  
and a stronger curve of the lips and the haughty  
sneer of his tones showed that an unconquerable  
will and a dominant pride slept under his calm  
exterior. "Now give me the shelter of your  
lodge, and I will quarter my coachman and  
groom over at the village inn; and after one of  
dame Ellis's frugal dinners and a tankard of good  
homebrewed ale, we will walk over the old man-  
sion, to note what repairs are to be commenced  
to-morrow by the workmen and upholsterers I  
have ordered down from London."

"God bless yer lordship! Can it be I am in  
my sober senses? after all these long fifteen  
years, to see things about to become like they  
were in the days of my lord Baron Thomas,  
your departed, honored futher! Haste!—bestir  
thee, Margery; and get up our lord a dinner of  
thy best cooking—that ever he should honor us  
to break bread beneath our roof! And I will  
bring a flagon of your old ale—for, please you,  
my Lord Roderick, dame Margery's brewing is  
among the best in old England, though I say it!"

And while the dark green travelling chariot,  
with its sleek bays and liveried outriders, whirled  
back to Glenthornston village inn, the nobleman,  
who for many years had not gazed on the home  
of his ancestors—and whose only tidings of those  
domains had come to him in the cramped, scarce  
legible hand of his aged steward, who, though he  
heard nought of his master, still rendered with  
faithful business exactness his account of the  
management—the nobleman sat at the humble  
casement, and gazed out on the green acres, fair  
and smiling as though no ban of mortgage or  
debt lay upon them that June morning.

"You have been a faithful steward, good El-  
lis," he said at length, drawing forth a package  
of letters. "You kept the old place together as  
though every stone in the old hall and every acre  
of land was a sacred trust."

"And so it was, to me, my lord," promptly  
answered the honest steward, "for I always held  
to the belief that you were not dead, as many ad-  
vised me; and would never give token to the  
lawyer folks but what I heard constantly from  
your lordship, lest they should come to minister  
on the estate. And so I always sent the rent-  
roll and the accounts every quarter, as of old; and  
though these three years I have had no word from  
your lordship, I couldn't but believe you would  
come back some day, to buy up all the acres which  
—begging your 'onor's pardon—you let slip  
away in your wild youth. And your 'onor sees  
I was right in waiting—for here's the old hall  
waiting the master, just as he left it before he  
went to the far-off Indies—that ever a Neville  
should soil his hands with the earning of gold!"

"Peace, good Ellis," smiled the noble. "The  
hand that scattered estates should not be ashamed  
to earn the gold to buy them up again"—and he  
laughed—a strange, almost sarcastic laugh—  
"though, I trow, it need not be necessary we  
should satisfy the curious desires of our neigh-  
boring country-folk to learn the secret of our suc-  
cessful stay abroad. I like not over-gossip. Let  
the past be buried, Ellis: it is enough that I am  
Lord Baron Neville once more, and can spend  
the remnant of my years on English soil again."  
And so the conversation ended with dame Mar-  
gery's summons to a savory dinner.

But a few weeks had passed; yet the complete  
restoration of the old Manor House testified that  
the owner meant to make good his promises.  
Estates, parted with in his early days of dissipa-  
tion, were bought up at immense prices—for  
Lord Roderick lavished his gold like water; new  
tenants were installed on the re-purchased farms,  
neat cottages were erected; park, wood and  
meadow lands were united again; and once more  
Glenthornston wore the aspect of olden times.

The old steward Ellis, whose lodge had also  
become benefited by various improvements, went  
everywhere among the workmen and tenantry—  
busy, and happy everywhere save in the presence  
of his master. In his presence, unaccountably,  
he felt ill at ease; and he shrank, shuddering,  
when oaths and imperious commands fell from  
his lordship's lips. He could not understand it.  
His master had left Glenthornston fifteen years  
before—a young man, full of spirit, vitality, and  
a little "wild," it is true, from the time of his en-  
trance on his heirship—yet with the open frank-  
ness of an Englishman about him; but now he

had returned, with foreign look and air—cold,  
stern, and at times passionate, or savagely  
morose.

And then, his seemingly exhaustless stores of  
wealth—how had he obtained them? In India  
trade—honest commerce? If so, why did his  
keen eye droop, or kindle with momentary anger,  
if by chance the forgetful Ellis, grown garrulous  
with his old age, reverted to those long years of  
absence, and their fruit.

"Ay, Margery, I dunno. There's something  
wrong about it!" the old steward would mutter,  
shaking his gray head sorrowfully. "I don't  
like too well his lordship's ways these days—nor  
the furrin furniture, nor fixings, he's brought into  
a sober old English mansion. It don't speak  
any good for Englishmen when they can't put  
up with the same things their fathers did afore  
'em—and here's my lord having the great parlor  
decked out with Frenchified sofas and tables—  
and the wing chamber made fit enough for the  
princess; and I suppose, next thing, we shall see  
a fine furrin lady come to be mistress over us.  
Ah, Margery, I fear 'twont be like the old times,  
after all!" said the old man with a sigh.

At length Ellis's prediction seemed likely to  
become verified: for Lord Roderick went up to  
London—and a week afterward returned to  
Glenthornston, but not alone. A woman, young  
and beautiful, and with eyes of ebony hue, but  
softened diamond splendor, clung to his arm as  
he ascended the broad steps where the carriage  
was drawn up—clinging closer as they crossed  
the oaken threshold, on through the great wain-  
scotted hall, and up the wide staircase, until he  
ushered her into the boudoir which had been fit-  
ted up with elegant luxury in the western wing  
of the hall.

Once, however, Lord Roderick Neville and  
that beautiful lady paused—for the old steward,  
supposing he saw the future Lady of Glenthorn-  
ston, bowed his gray head respectfully as he met  
them in the doorway, then ventured to stoop and  
raise her fair hand, sparkling with jewelled rings,  
to his lips, with the honest words, "God bless  
you, my lady! and grant you a long life, and a  
happy one, in these halls!"

"Stand back, fool!—prating old man!" thun-  
dered the noble in an infuriated voice and with  
ashen lips; and then, in the dulcet tone of a  
strange tongue, he whispered soothingly to the  
wondering girl beside him, leading her to her  
chamber.

"Fear not, Leonora, *carissima*! Only a trou-  
blesome servant whom I was forced to rebuke!"

It was no wonder that, after they had vanished,  
leaving the old steward trembling and confound-  
ed, minutes elapsed ere he comprehended the  
whole; then, turning to his own cottage with  
sorrowful air, he said sadly—"Alas, Margery, it  
is worse than I feared; and I dare not believe  
but that He who is mightier than England's  
lords will lay his hand heavily on Roderick,  
Baron of Glenthornston, if he has deceived you  
poor girl who just went over the hall threshold  
at his side!"

"And just enough will the punishment be!—  
may they both feel it—his lordship and his flaunt-  
ing mistress!" replied dame Margery in a burst  
of virtuous indignation—"Poor girl!—hum!"  
and she tossed her head till every cap ribbon  
quivered.

"Let us not blame her too hardly," said the  
old man in a pitying voice. "She is young, and  
with the saddest looking eyes;—maybe she has  
found out before now that he has deceived her.  
I remember how grateful she looked when I salu-  
tated her as 'my lady'—for it never entered my  
old head that he could have the face to bring one  
to sit in the place of such without the bonds of  
marriage. Ah, lackaday! old Gilbert Ellis, you  
are getting sadly old-fashioned and stupid if you  
expect to find old Sir Thomas's virtues in his son!  
That ever a Neville should have done this bold  
thing!" And he shook his aged head sadly.

And was it any wonder that the beautiful girl,  
whose feet crossed the threshold of that old baro-  
nial mansion—whose eyes had caught their ra-  
diance and her cheeks their bloom from her lov-  
er's flattering promises—failed, in her simple  
trustfulness, to comprehend the sinfulness of the  
position she occupied there? For in the warm  
Italian southland, where Leonora Rimini had  
been born and nurtured, it had been deemed no  
crime to love without the sanction of marriage  
banns; and though, when she stole from her aged  
father's cot in the vale of the Arno, to follow the  
fortunes of her English lover beyond the seas, the  
dark-eyed peasant Francesco, who had hoped  
one day to bring her to his own vine-clad home

among the smiling vineyards, felt such anguish  
as only he feels who loses light and life at one  
blow, yet the duped girl knew, in that hour, no  
sentiment but unswerving devotion to her later  
and more fondly worshipped lover.

And so the nest was deserted; and the tropic  
bird flew to more northern skies. Heaven fore-  
fend her from their chill and gloom!

Two years later. All the brown October day  
had the lord of Glenthornston been at the chase  
with the neighboring gentry—mostly a band of  
rude country squires, who had poured a tide of  
congratulations upon Sir Roderick in the first  
days of his return, and whose advances to friend-  
ship had not been latterly repulsed. But the  
twilight closed in, heavy, and with a thick mist;  
and the low, stifling sighing of the wind among the  
trees on the terraces and bordering the avenue of  
the hall betokened a storm.

When the evening deepened, from the great  
banqueting hall of the Manor House came sounds  
of mirth and festive cheer, and the red wine was  
freely poured, and the wassail song rang high.

"Ho! fill to the brim and pledge me in a  
bumper!" cried Sir Roderick, holding aloft his  
massive silver tankard. "A toast, gentlemen, a  
toast! Here's to youth and beauty, and the Lady  
Amy Winston!"

"A devilish handsome lady, 'pon my word,  
Neville!" familiarly hiccupped a young noble  
from the metropolis, come down to spend the  
shooting season in the Sussex woods. "But I  
say, old fellow," bringing down his hand upon  
the baron's shoulder, "how is't about that dem'd  
handsome girl you've kept caged here this ever  
so long? Come, now, own up like a man, and  
tell us how you're going to get rid of her—for  
this little Lady Amy, you know, is a miracle of  
virtue, and will expect, of course, to find my  
lord baron a very proper sort of man!"

Neville's brow grew dark, and he bit his lips;  
but, dissembling his feelings, he replied lightly,  
"O, there are ways enough, Pelby, to throw  
away a flower one has grown tired of! Leonora  
is a good girl; and, I dare say, will offer no ob-  
jection to a handsome London lodging and an  
annuity. Nelson, bring more wine, and dice  
and cards, too,—for, by Jove, fellows, if the  
nights of my bachelorhood are drawing to an  
end—as I suppose they are—I must make much  
of them. Let this be a right jovial one."

In the height of their festivity, neither Glen-  
thornston's lord nor his boon companions had no-  
ticed the tall figure, wrapped in a scarlet mantle,  
and with a cloud of dishevelled hair streaming  
over her exquisitely moulded shoulders, that  
stole through the long corridors, gained the hall,  
and paused near the door, where their words  
reached her; but when a thin, yet still beautiful  
hand was laid suddenly on Sir Roderick's shoul-  
der, and he turned as suddenly to meet the Ital-  
ian's eyes upon him, then that bold, bad man  
cowered in his seat, and every wine-flushed squire  
trembled at the words which came in a sharp,  
clear, hissing tone, through her pallid lips. Was  
that face—so pale, so agonized, so alight with  
the convulsed emotions of the anguish-riven soul  
of a betrayed woman—the same face of radiant  
beauty which old Ellis, the steward, met that  
morning, two years before, on the hall threshold?  
Truly, neglect had done its work surely; and  
now the thunder-stroke of desertion had com-  
pleted the wreck.

"Roderick Neville!"—and though the accent  
was foreign, and she spoke low as a whisper, yet  
every word fell clear and sharp as the stroke of a  
bell—"you are a traitor to the vows you swore  
in my own *Italie*, under the citron tree where I  
met you in the starry night. But Leonora Rim-  
ini, castaway though she be, will not stay to be  
sent forth from the prison where she was lured  
from her own warm nest. She is an Italian—  
and when the Italian ceases to love, she has begun  
to hate. Hark ye, bad Englishman, to her vow,  
when she swears by the Mary mother who hears  
her vow, and knoweth all her wrongs—if blue  
eyes brighten at thy smile, she will dim them!—  
if baby fingers clasp thy neck, she will stiffen  
their clasp!—and, when all have gone, thou, too,  
shalt feel what it is to betray one who loved more  
than these stone-hearted English women can, but  
one who henceforth hates! For thou shalt live  
unloved and lonely—no heir to thy name shall  
come after thee—and Glenthornston shall pass  
into the hands of strangers!" Then, without  
further word or glance, drawing her red mantle  
like a flame over her ebony hair, the Italian glided  
away.

"Sdeath! am I to be frightened by a girl's



threat!" said the noble, with an uneasy laugh—though his voice was husky, and his hand shook like a leaf as he lifted the wine cup—"Gentlemen, let us forget this unpleasant incident!" and the bottle was passed, and tankards were drained anew.

"Forget!" Ah, let those who can! It is a word easily uttered; but neither song can banish, nor wine drown, the remembrance of that anguished face, that clear, singing voice, or the fearful vow of Leonora Rimini the Italian.

That night, while the rain fell pitilessly, and the storm beat heavily on the woods of Glenthorn Manor, a rude gipsy, returning to the encampment whose glowing fires gleamed ruddy and bright from a hollow in the forest, came suddenly upon a prostrate figure lying prone over a tiny mound at the foot of a willow near the copse—the grave which held what, had it lived, had perhaps been the shield between the Italian's vow and the false-hearted noble. But Leonora's baby—child of love and shame—just opened its eyes, so like its mother's, then went to sleep again; and now she lay across its little grave moaning pitifully in her new anguish of desertion.

And when the kind-hearted gipsy, who recognized in her the same pale, dark-eyed lady he had often seen at twilight gliding across the terraces of the manor house, down through the gardens and wood to this self-same spot—when he raised her from the sodden earth, she only clasped her arms closer over the turf, moaning, "Zitto—zitto—hush, hush! my baby sleeps!"

"Poor lady! sorrow has turned her brain!" said the man, pityingly; then, lifting her and wrapping her in his own coarse jerkin, he bore her to the tent where the kind-hearted women busied themselves in tending the poor sufferer.

Thus they lay that night—the imperious noble in his downy couch, heated, half-maddened by his wine-revels—and the poor-wronged Italian, pallid, and apparently on the verge of the dim land of death.

"Ha, she has flown, then?" said the baron with a start, when told next morning that her apartments were empty. "I scarce thought, though, the girl had spirit enough for that! I expected a vast deal of crying and fussing. Well, I am glad she has saved a scene between us, for heaven knows I did love the girl, and it would have been confoundedly unpleasant,—though I meant to do the right thing by her, and never let her suffer. Jove! that was a hard sentence she uttered last night—and I dare say I shan't forget her face as soon as she does her words. It was something new for Leonora to show temper, and talk of 'revenge,' and that sort of thing!" But, spite of the levity with which he spoke, a deep gloom settled on the baron's countenance, and he could not banish fear from his heart.

Beautiful and quiet was the night. The tired winds were hushed; the birds slept with folded wings; and alike on city and hamlet, hall and cottage, stately tree and folded flower, fell the pure baptism of the white moonlight.

But still as the night, and fairer than all the flowers, was she who slept on the antique velvet-canopied bed in that chamber of the old manor house, where, but a day before, the first wailings of a faint baby voice broke on her ear, ere that voice ceased forever. And there she lay in pale beauty—poor, hapless Lady Amy—with her new-born babe on her breast; blossom and bud, both withered! In her beauty, with her brown hair folded from her blue-veined forehead, and the tender mother-smile not yet cold on her lips.

Gentle Lady Amy! day by day had she faded before the baron's eyes; they said it was consumption—alas, none knew it was a malady which slays its tens of thousands more than fell bodily disease—the slow wasting of the heart! None knew, until in that evening hour when another stood beside the proud Baron Neville in the death-chamber of his wife, what poisoned tongue had been lapping away her life, the while her blue eye grew dimmer, her smile sweeter, and tender as the angels'.

Strongly as his past life of irregular passion had left him capable of loving, had the nobleman loved his gentle blue-eyed lady; and when she bore him an heir to his name and estate, he fondly thought his earthly happiness secure. But from the clear sky the thunderbolt came crashing; mother and child—they lay before him, pale, chill, inanimate; and when, that evening hour, as he kept his solitary, wretched vigil over his dead, a thin hand, almost chill as the sleeper's, was laid on his own, and he turned suddenly, to meet a face almost wan as her's, enframed in

long dishevelled locks of ebony hair, it was no wonder that he cried out in terrible anguish, remembering how Leonora's curse had already become fulfilled—"Away! woman! fiend! have you come hither to torture me? It has all come true—your vow! Had it been by your hand, it could not have come speedier. They are dead—dead—my wife and son!" And his anguish seemed greater than he could bear.

"Ay, Roderick, Baron of Glenthorn—proud Englishman—what think'st thou now? Ay, truly, the Italian's revenge is come!—Think'st thou not so?" and she laughed—such a hollow laugh as froze him into stillness. "Said I not, 'if blue eyes brightened at thy smiles, I would dim them? If baby fingers wound about thy neck, I would stiffen them?' And now, thy dullard gaze comprehends not that this is my work!—that the tongue of Leonora Rimini, the betrayed Italian, whispered into yonder ears, now dead to sound, a tale which did its work as surely, though more slow than the avenging stiletto could have done—a tale of thy falsity and baseness—which sent thy gentle, pure-hearted lady sorrowing to her death!"

There was a brief silence after these terribly distinct words; then suddenly the Italian stepped nearer the couch, swept aside the violet velvet hangings with a gentle touch of her hand, and gazed on the still, white face of the dead. For a moment she seemed subdued, and the in-ane brightness of her eyes softened, as she touched the chill brow of the sleeper.

"And this is death!" she murmured slowly. "Death—sleep—rest! It comes not to the betrayer—it comes not to the weary Leonora—only to the good, the young, the beautiful. They go to dwell with the blessed Virgin in heaven!"

But in another moment, the softened mood passed. It vanished with an anguished sob that burst from the stricken baron's breast, where remorse was contending with better emotions.

"Weep! ay, it does me good to hear thee thus, Baron Glenthorn!" said the Italian, in a quick, fierce voice. "Who wept when Leonora, the young and innocent, went forth from her sire's cot among the laughing vineyards, to her undoing? Who wept when another baby—fair and pure as this, though no father kiss ever touched her tiny lips—was carried out in the dark night, to her little grave deep in yon green woods? Ah, proud Englishman, thou shouldst have bethought thee then of tears and softer words—and, perchance, thou and Leonora had never stood thus face to face beside the dead! I might kill thee now where thou standest," and she drew a short stiletto from her bosom—"but I will not. I leave thee to thy bad heart and to the end which will surely come. Live, thou mayst; but nor wife nor child shall ever bloom again upon thy hearthstone; for the heart thou hast broken shall break thine daily, hourly, in return. Baron, Sir Roderick of Glenthorn, forget not Leonora's vow!"

And again the noble was left alone; and again the rude, wandering gipsy people, who had made their encampment in the brown October woods of Sussex, struck their tents and strolled away to the northern country, numbering with them the wan, faded, half-crazed Italian.

Once more—and after the lapse of five long years—the wandering Zingali were in the low country; their ruddy campfires gleaming out warm and glowing in the cool autumn evenings, and their songs and jocund laughter floating on the air.

It was a rainy night, and they were huddled together by dozens beneath the coarse canvases—dark, swarthy men, playing cards by the firelight—black-haired, olive-complexioned women, stirring the savory mess in the huge kettle over the fires—and sleepy children, dreaming of shaggy ponies and the dogs that were the companions of their daily frolics—a care-free, light-hearted group.

Seated a little apart from the others, Leonora the Italian was busy with her own thoughts, whatever they might be. These five years—though they had strengthened her delicate frame—had left wrinkles on her brow; and the troubled melancholy, at times verging into madness, was still settled in her dusky eyes.

Perhaps her thoughts turned then to Glenthorn's lord, who lay ill, feeble, sick unto death, the skilful leeches said, in his stately canopy bed in the old manor house; and mayhap her own thoughts evoked his—for, amid the rain and the darkness, a messenger from the dying summoned the Italian to his bedside.

In silence Leonora followed the man who sought her in the gipsy camp; and in silence she trod the hushed galleries and halls of the mansion where she once held brief tenure over Sir Roderick's heart. In his own bed-chamber—a dark, wainscotted room, rich in elaborate carving and antique tapestries—propped by pillows, and with heavy crimson drapery and sable plumes drooping over his ponderous bed—face to face, again, after the lapse of five years, were brought the English noble and the Italian.

Old Ellis stood by the bedside—still faithful to his master; and the clergyman who had been summoned held the Liturgy of the Church of England, reading prayers for the passing soul.

Who knows what emotions swept through the heart of the Italian, when she entered that darkened room and gazed upon the face of the dying noble? Who knows but all of hate fled from out her mind, in the presence of that great Avenger who had taken punishment into his own hands? It must have been so; and mayhap a breath of memory blew over her then, wafting her back to love and Italy—for, poor, half-crazed creature that she was, she went up to the bedside from whence old Ellis, looking on with compassionate eyes, stepped aside, and kneeling there, she took the withered hand on the coverlid and kissed it, murmuring in her native tongue, "*Roderique, bell idol mio!*"

And mayhap that unexpected caress softened the heart of the dying more than it had been subdued by the pious counsel of the clergyman, by whose advice he had sent for the Italian; for the noble uttered brokenly—"Leonora—forgive—I will atone—lands, gold—Glenthorn—!" but ere that purpose, whether it was, as the old steward afterward avowed his belief, to bestow his estate on the betrayed woman as a recompense—or another—whatever it might be, that purpose, trembling on his lips, was stayed in the utterance by the sealing hand of death.

Proned on his pillows—while the minister repeated a prayer, and the great clock on the broad oaken staircase of the hall ticked slowly, slowly, and the tramp of the mournful rain came in measured footfalls against the window-panes—lapsed away the life of Baron Roderick of Glenthorn. Who can say but, in that hour, when the sobbing Leonora withheld not her forgiveness, One who sitteth in judgment, and who is more merciful than man is merciful forgave that poor trembling soul the one great sin of his life? I judge not.

But, with the completion of her revengeful vow, happiness came not again to the Italian girl, Leonora Rimini. It was a gentle madness—a sickness of the brain—which henceforth marked her among the rude, kind-hearted Zingali people, whose wanderings she shared, and whose camp she made her home.

And sometimes, when the credulous gentry folk came to cross her palm with gold and hear their fortunes, they would find her rocking some swarthy little Zingara baby to and fro on her bosom, putting up her warning finger to the intruders, and whispering, with a strange smile: "Zitto—zitto—hush, hush! my baby sleeps!"

Or sometimes, on rainy nights, she would creep away by herself in some lonely spot of the canvases tent, and murmur in the dulcet tongue of her native southland, with tones of fondest caressing, "*Roderique, bell idol mio!* Roderick, idol of my soul!"

#### NATIONAL IMPUDENCE.

The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impudent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient habitue has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect—declaring his intention of never returning—solemnly lift his skull cap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the cortege was a fire company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and in the other case a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked vengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal torch and holy candles!—*Christian Examiner.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove like to her variable.

SHAKESPEARE

#### LORD PALMERSTON.

He must be a very old man indeed who remembers the time when Lord Palmerston was not in the House of Commons, taking every opportunity of doing his duty as a legislator, and when in office, as a servant of the crown. For half a century he has been as constant to that floor as any man of business to his desk. To undertake such a servitude beforehand is something overwhelming. Who would do it for any consideration? Consider that it involves London for more than half the year, a renunciation of dinners, parties of all kinds, and what is more, domestic life, except on a few precious evenings, and the bulk of one's time to be spent in listening to exceedingly dull speeches—consider all this, and one would gladly compound with some admitted misfortune, rather than be bound for such a slavery. But that has been Lord Palmerston's own career, if the hundred thousand revolutions of a mill-horse can be so called. He has made it his rule to give an unflinching attention to "everything and everybody; to lose no opportunity; never to get behind, even for five minutes, in the parliamentary race. So he is the man to tell us, with singular authority "The whole life of a man, in a country like this, is a life of struggle, of competition, I will not say of fight, of competition with those who are running the same race—struggle with circumstances, fight against adverse fortune which may every now and then await him. But he who enters into the race with that dogged perseverance which is the characteristic of the English nation, is sure to bring out successfully those talents with which nature may have endowed him, and, whatever the amount of his ability, will always be sure to improve that ability and apply it as successfully as circumstances will allow him."—*London Times.*

#### THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

The Philadelphia Ledger suggests that the graves of Chiriqui and other places of interment used in antiquity, should be made the subject of thorough scientific research. It says: "Much new information would doubtless be obtained from a careful examination of these relics, and it is much to be desired that some scientific mission should visit these regions without delay. Cannot our city furnish a few well-educated, enterprising men, like Kane, to go thither and bring to light all that is to be learned. A work on this subject now would be most valuable. Especially is it desirable to collect and connect all the information respecting the burial places and customs of the Indians all over this continent, as the best means left of ascertaining their identity, or diversity of origin and history. Some of the mounds have been pretty well explored, and the peculiar style, shape, and figures of the pottery found in the burial places of the dead, are well known. Mica is found in almost all the ancient graves in Tennessee, and charcoal in most, both in Tennessee and Alabama. More might probably be learned at this time from a comparison of the earthenware relics than from any other source, as to the identity of various tribes and their real antiquity. In the meantime it may be well to notice how vain and foolish a pride it is which induces any people to carry any portion of their riches with them into the long resting place. Sooner or later nothing can protect such graves from the ravages of the spoiler."

#### THE TURKISH SULTAN.

The Sultan rode a fine bay Arab steed, highly ornamented with trappings of rich gold embroidery and diamonds, and a bridle glittering with the same. He was dressed in a frock coat of blue cloth, like the pacha's, but more elaborately embroidered, and ornamented with diamonds; white pantaloons, richly edged with gold lace at the seams; a cloth cloak was thrown over his shoulders, the collar of which was also wrought with various sorts of precious stones. His fez was surmounted by a full heron plume, attached to the front by a very large diamond, and a large decoration composed of diamonds, among the finest in the world, was suspended from his neck. He passed directly under our windows, regarding us with a fixed look, as is his custom in passing Europeans; and seldom have we seen a face that interested us so much, and the impression at first made was always renewed whenever we saw him afterwards. His features were regular, and so delicate as to be almost effeminate; but an expression of great seriousness, even sadness, so unusual in a person of his age, sat so gracefully upon his youthful face as to make amends for any want of strength or manliness.—*Tent and Haron.*

#### INDIAN APHORISMS.

Riches are less worth than learning; for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is, therefore, thy best friend, and benefits in life, nay, even after death. The riches of priests are moral precepts. Soft words make friends; bitter words make many enemies. Be thankful for the least, after partaking of it. One may have youth, beauty, rank, and wealth; but without wisdom, a man is like a beautiful flower that hath no fragrance—the rose imparteth fragrance to the leaf in which it is folded. Associate with the wise, and their wisdom will cling to thee. The foolish one can discern a fault in another as small as the least of seeds, but he cannot discover a fault in himself as large as a coconut. Lay not a sin upon a child, but upon its parent. When a pupil takes to evil ways, blame the teacher. When a nation degenerates into unseemly courses, blame the ruler; and when a ruler does wrong, blame his ministers.—*Wachman.*



## SUBURBAN SCENERY AROUND BOSTON.

NONANTUM,  
BRIGHTON.

old Craigie House, the headquarters of General Washington during the Revolution, and now the property and residence of the poet Longfellow. It is a large, square house, with pilasters in front, and a beautiful lawn with large immemorial trees on one side. Several other houses along this road are fine specimens of old rural architecture, and surrounded by noble centennial trees. On

The present is particularly the season to enjoy a visit to the scenes which we depict, and we trust that many of our city readers will, in their pleasant afternoon drives, verify, by personal observation, the truthfulness of our delineations. Already the early frosts have tinged the soft green of summer, and here and there the eye will be admonished of the flat foot of time, which has once more brought us to the verge of the season that opens the gate to let stern winter in.—The views of country residences in the vicinity of Boston, which we place on this and the next page, were drawn expressly for us, by Mr. Warren, and have been executed in the best style of our best engravers.

They are all accurate representations of the places delineated, sketched with grace by one who is both an accomplished artist and a lover of nature. Boston has always been famous for the beauty of its environs, and the taste of its country gentlemen. A love of country life, and of landscape gardening, has characterized our leading men of wealth for many generations, and it is a taste distinctly referable to our English origin. So soon as wealth began to develop itself in the colony, those whose means enabled them to indulge in it, began to build homes in the environs in the style of the English country-seats, and hence many of the towns in the immediate vicinity of Boston have an unmistakable English look. Long, wide streets, shaded by elm and other ornamental trees, broad lawns, kept green through the summer by the constant use of the scythe or shears, stately mansions peeping from embowering trees, or approached through magnificent avenues

of limes and oaks, remind you of English rural scenery in its best aspect. The natural features of the country adapt themselves well to the purposes of art; and where nature has been niggardly, the skill of the cultivator has redeemed the desert places, and caused them to blossom like the rose. The various roads diverging from Boston into the country, present an endless variety of agreeable views. The shores of the Mystic are covered with fine country seats, and present charming combinations of wood and water. There are some fine country residences in this direction. Old Cambridge, also, is quite famous for its rural beauties and pleasant summer retreats. On the road to Mount Auburn are several noble estates, conspicuous among which is the



J. W. EDMANDS'S HOUSE, NEWTON CENTRE.

the Watertown road, in the new township of Belmont, John P. Cushing's estate is renowned for the beauty of its trees, the agreeableness of its site, and the taste and care with which the grounds are cultivated. Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline are also crowded with beautiful residences, and are remarkable for natural beauty of scenery. In the adornment of estates, the modern English style of landscape gardening is universally adopted. Landscape gardeners now recognize the necessity of concealing art, of aiding but not suppressing nature. Ornamental trees are now no

longer trimmed and aligned, like soldiers on parade. They are set out in clumps, and disposed along winding curves, and grouped together with due regard to size, habit of growth, and color. In a word, the most pleasing grounds are those which remind us of scenes where Nature herself has exhibited her utmost skill in grouping—such scenes as the painter in search of the beautiful occasionally meets with, which require only to be depicted just as they are, to give universal pleasure. As we have before said, almost every point in the vicinity of our city presents private residences and estates which are models of beauty both in style and local surroundings. All such places are public benefits. Though the owners hold the title deeds, their beauty is a delight to all who view them. The dusty wayfarer, who pauses beneath the shade of a roadside tree, is quite as free to contemplate the rural beauties expanding before him, as the proprietor himself. In some respects the former is the better off of the two. The landless spectator may console himself that he has no taxes to pay, no uninterested employees to deal with, no war to wage with canker worms, borers, blight, drought, and the thousand vexations that embitter the cup of the country gentleman. He sees the glorious result; he is innocent of the painful and costly steps by which it has been reached. He may, therefore, gaze with delighted eyes on the stately elms that shade the avenue to the old ancestral mansion, on the emerald meadows which gleam in the soft sunshine, on the bright water-mirror that reflects the weeping willows and the quivering aspens. Every successful plantation, too, is an example, and begets imitation; thus, images of beauty are multiplied throughout the country. If these views are correct, it seems that we are aiding a good cause in giving currency to correct representations of a few of the most picturesque places in our neighborhood; volumes would be required to embrace them all. Our initial vignette represents a view at Nonantum, Brighton, and the residences, one of Mr. Strong, and the other late of Hon. Horace Gray. These mansions were built many years ago, by two Boston merchants, partners, and are not exceeded for beauty of location by any places near Boston. Certainly no town in this vicinity possesses so many beautiful sites for large establishments, as "Old Brighton." The township comprises an undulating surface, with many commanding eminences, rich, luxuriant valleys, and fine groves of forest trees. Its beauties early attracted the attention of wealthy gentlemen of taste, and accordingly we find old mansion houses blended with the structures of modern date. The drive from Brookline through Brighton to Watertown, offers a great variety of picturesque views, and that looking from the highest point of the road into the valley of the Charles River, is enchanting. Our next picture represents the fine house of William F. Homer, Esq., at Belmont, seven miles from Boston on the Fitchburg Railroad, and on the hither slope of Wellington Hill. It is a spacious and stately structure of the Renaissance style, with Mansard roof, and is exceedingly well proportioned and picturesque. Belmont is a charming place, almost unequalled in romantic beauty by any spot in the immediate neighborhood of the city. Wellington Hill is clothed to the summit with a rich growth of forest trees, and the portion which has been cleared is a succession of gardens rising above each other, and covered with neat, pretty and showy houses. Forest Street, which skirts the base of the hill and leads to West Cambridge, is a charming drive. The whole region of country in this direction is remarkable for its beauty, fertility and healthiness. The estate of Hon. J.



WM. F. HOMER'S RESIDENCE, BELMONT.

W. Edmonds, at Newton Centre, represented in our third engraving, is one of the finest near Boston, and is seen to advantage by those who ride between Newton Corner and the Centre. The house is situated on a pleasing rising ground, and noble shade trees and shrubbery embellish the grounds, which are traversed by avenues affording delightful walks. It is not far from Nonantum, and in a circuit of the most picturesque and highly-cultivated scenery in this part of the country. Not the least attractive, certainly, among the many beautiful places near town, is the residence of Jesse Locke, Esq. It was built by Abner Kingman, Esq., a few years ago, and he resided there until he sold the place to the present occupant. The views from this



JESSE LOCKE'S HOUSE, WATERTOWN.

place are delightful. Our next is a charming rural scene, embracing the house and grounds of George Lyman, Esq., in Waltham. The view comprises but a small portion of the estate, which is one of the finest in the country, and is quite English in its character. There are extensive

woods on the estate, which is kept in a high state of cultivation, affording equal satisfaction to the agriculturist and the lover of nature. Beaver Brook, at its fall on the estate of R. Morris Copeland, Esq., Belmont, is well delineated by our artist. The rocky and wooded glen through which this cascade dashes, is the most romantic spot to be found this side of the White Mountains. In the immediate neighborhood stand the famous Waverley oaks, on the estate of Dexter Ward, Esq., and a remarkably fine old elm tree. Of the remaining views, one represents the elegant residence of Oliver Hastings, Esq., next to that of the poet Longfellow. A pretty fountain on the lawn in front of the house, with its sparkling jets, adds much to the beauty of the scene. The other view is from a hill at Auburndale, formerly the residence of Mr. Copeland, now of Beaver Brook, Belmont. Looking down on Charles River, with its many boats, and its beautiful banks fringed with forest trees, and beyond, hill rising over hill, the spectator finds himself amply rewarded for a long walk or ride. The Worcester Railroad viaduct is seen stretching away in the distance.



LYMAN PLACE, WALTHAM.



## BALZAC AT BOOK MAKING.

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. His house door was now closed to everybody except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks.

In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript, and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning or middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing office it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgements of that not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indescribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegi-



OLIVER HASTINGS'S RESIDENCE, OLD CAMBRIDGE.

2,000,000 gallons of spirits, principally gin; and 8,000,000 gallons of wine. There are 350,000 gas lights, which consume every twenty-four hours 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Its fuel is 13,000,000 tons of coal. One of the present existing evils in London is the impure state of the river Thames, into which all the sewers and drains of the metropolis enter. At low tides, its stench is so offensive that it has even broken up a session of Parliament. And what is worse, there can be no plan formed of a different mode of sewerage for the city. Each day the sewers carry off 9,500,000 cubic feet of refuse, or what would cover daily thirty-six acres of land six feet deep. The pride of London is in her parks and bridges. The tunnel, built at an immense expense, has never as yet, been fitted for carriages, and the passage of footmen barely pays its current expenses. The parks are, Hyde Park, 358 acres; St. John's, 90 acres; Green Park, 60 acres; Kensington Gardens, 356 acres; Regent's Park, 472 acres, and Victoria Park, 265 acres. The city is well supplied with handsome squares and other breathing places. The commerce of London is still immense, although situated at such a distance from the sea. There are belonging to the port of London, 3000 sailing vessels, and 350 steamers, giving employment to 35,000 men and boys. Some sixty millions of dollars worth of merchandise are brought into the port every year. The docks where the shipping receive and discharge their cargoes, are the most magnificent in the world. The West India Docks are the largest, covering 300 acres. Among the magnificent public buildings is the new palace at Westminster, for the two houses of Parliament. It is close on the left bank of the Thames, and covers eight acres. The Metropolitan Cattle Market occupies thirty acres, and cost a million and a half of dollars. Barclay's Brewery occupies over eleven acres of ground, using 5000 bushels of malt daily. These are a few of the wonders of London.—*Hartford Courant.*

## VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The Montreal papers give interesting descriptions of the laying of the last pier of the Grand Trunk Bridge. The Commercial Gazette says: "The perfection to which the system of bridge building has now been brought by the contractors of the Victoria Bridge is such, that only two months have been required from the commencement of the coffer dam to its present state of completion, and it is expected that the whole of the

mass of masonry will be finished and ready for the placing of the tubes in six weeks from this time. No one who has not witnessed the extent of work required for such a structure can conceive with anything like precision of the multifarious and persevering labors involved in its execution. Some idea, however, may be formed from the fact that a water-tight chamber of dimensions large enough to contain the pier has to be formed, in water of twenty to twenty-two feet deep, with an irregular bottom and in a current running, per hog, ten miles an hour. The process by which this is effected is, first by sinking a barge of sixty feet in length, loaded with stone, at some distance in advance of the intended pier. This serves for a breakwater. Next another breakwater formed by crib work and loaded with stones is sunk still nearer, in fact in immediate proximity to the site of the pier. Then comes a similar protection called a 'heading.' In the eddy formed by this heading the coffer dam is made. It is constructed by sinking a frame of horizontal timber to the bottom; by driving outside and all around this a row of piles which are strengthened once more by horizontal beams. This forms the inside wall. An outside wall, some twelve feet distance, is then formed in a similar way, and the interval is filled with clay rammed hard. It is a moment of considerable anxiety and excitement, partaken in by all engaged on the work, when the puddling is reported complete, and the attempt is made to free the interior of the dam from water. So many unseen incidents may have occurred, that nothing but demonstration is enough to prove that the dam is really water-tight. We saw more than one pile which, having struck on a boulder, was diverted from its course and had its lower end projected into the interior of the chamber. No evil had resulted from this circumstance; but flaws of various kinds are not uncommon, and, of course, any one, however small, is at once found by the pressure of so great a body of water. Springs, too, not unfrequently rise up out of the bottom of the dam. In this case the pumps draw at once, and the dam is as tight as it is possible to make it. The next difficulty arises from the removal of the loose stuff at the present bottom. This, of course, weakens the foundation of the dam, and may offer an entrance to the water. Should everything go right the masonry will be commenced in a week or eight days, and, as we have stated, the pier will be finished in five or six weeks."



AUBURNDALE, MASS.

This singular writing dress was fastened around the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again, and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that when he appeared once more among his friends he looked, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and hence hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Bal-

zac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript, and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning or middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing office it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

—All the Year Round.

## LONDON.

London is now the largest and most populous city in the world. As it has increased, it has swallowed up very many small townships, such as Kensington, Hampstead, Highgate, Greenwich, Woolwich, etc., besides the city of Westminster, that was once distinct. It is now seven miles by nine in dimensions, containing sixty-three square miles. It contains 2,300,000 inhabitants, three times as many as the city of New York. They consume annually 13,000,000 bushels of wheat; 240,000 beehives; 1,700,000 sheep; 28,000 calves; 35,000 pigs; besides game, poultry, fish, etc. There is drunk in London annually 48,000,000 gallons of porter and ale



FALLS OF BEAVER BROOK, BELMONT, MASS.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## LEGEND OF STARVED ROCK.

BY WALTER N. JORDAN.

In the "far West," where broad rolling prairies stretch away for miles in billowy undulations—where bold mountainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure sky, crowned with dark firs and cedars, not far from the head-waters of navigation on the Illinois River, and towering up from the brink of the stream, rises a large boulder, called "Starved Rock."

Its walls are of dark gray stone, half veiled with clambering wild vines and trailing mosses, as some dilapidated castle—relic of feudal times—stands wrapped in the drapery which long ages have woven around it; and broken parapets of stunted cedars and firs frown threateningly at the daring adventurer who attempts to scale its precipitous steep. A narrow, almost perpendicular path, on the side opposite from the river, is revealed as you make a circuit of the base of the cliff; and here, he who would reach the highest elevation of the "Rock" can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commemorating the events which gave this wild cliff so singular a name, coming down to us from those times when the red man was sole lord of rock and river and rolling prairie—a little record of the Indian race, which we would weave anew, and again relate the legend of "Starved Rock."

Long years ago, the brave and noble Indian chief, Oconee, leader of a powerful tribe inhabiting the surrounding region, saw and loved the gentle Ulah, daughter of his powerful rival, the chieftain of a neighboring tribe.

Oconee was young and brave; at his belt hung the scalps of a hundred of his foes whom he had slain in the deadly war-fray; his arm was strong, and his eye like the mountain eagle's; and no warrior in the chase could bring down the fleet deer, or the fierce prairie wolf, so sure as he.

Ulah was young and fair, with eyes like the evening star, and dusky locks like the gathering shades of night. She loved the brave Oconee; and when he told her that his wigwam was spread with the softest furs—and, would she consent to share it, for her he would chase the deer, and bring the young eaglet to her feet—then, in the midnight, she crept from her father's lodge and stole away with the young chieftain.

Ne-pow-ra missed his daughter from his wigwam. When he came at evening from the toils of the hunt, she sprang not forth to meet him; when he came from the war-fight, or the deadly ambuscade, exulting in victory, she went not forth with his braves to sing the war-songs of her race. The daughter of a chieftain was in the wigwam of his deadly foe. He could not brook the insult; and gathering his bold, fleet warriors about him at the council fire, he recounted the wrong he had suffered, and bade them follow him to avenge it.

Day after day, night after night, saw them on the trail of the pursued—guided by the starry heavens overhead and the forest wilds beneath. Westward, the stars of night guided their footsteps; and westward, through the tangled wild-woods, the sunbeams revealing broken shrubs and trampled mosses, gave token that they were on the trail.

On the fourth day, the eagle gaze of the fugitives saw the waving plumes of their pursuers in the distance. Before the young chieftain, bold and high rose the huge "Rock," on the brink of the Illinois—behind, came the enraged Ne-pow-ra, with the fierce warriors of his tribe, upon the wind floating their wild cries of vengeance, and dancing ever nearer and nearer their eagle plumes.

The pursued Oconee, with his dusky maiden and a small band of his faithful braves, fled to the rocky fortress—the tower of strength—that rose precipitously in their path.

On, came the pursuers, with wild shouts and unearthly yells—on, on, and nearer yet, until they, too, reached the base of the cliff—and then, shouting a loud war-cry, they rushed swiftly up the narrow footpath, resolved to meet the enemy on its summit.

But the young chieftain's arm was strong, his arrows swift and sharp, and his braves resolved to fight until the death; so one after another, as the warriors below sought to ascend the cliff, were they pierced by unerring arrows from above, till they fell back bleeding and wounded amid their companions.

Then, failing in this attempt, with half their band lying dead among them, the survivors closed

in dark ranks about the base of the Rock, under cover of the thick firs; with sullen silence and invincible determination to await the slow, lingering, horrible death of their victims in the gloomy, desolate fortress above.

Day after day the red sun rose in the orient, wheeled across the burning heavens slowly to the western horizon—at mid-day flinging down scorching beams, and at twilight throwing long, lengthening shadows over water, and wood, and rolling prairie; but to those on the high, huge boulder of gray stone, no relief came.

Still, day by day, the withering sunbeams fell upon them, drying up their very life-blood; still, night by night, those gigantic shadows crept closer, shrouding their hearts. *They were starving!*

And there, too, at the base of the cliff, silent and dusky as the firs which shrouded them from the fierce sun-ray, sat that implacable chieftain, surrounded by his warriors. Neither love, mercy, nor pity, entered his flinty heart. His bitterest foe had stolen his fairest flower; his only child, the daughter of a race of kings, had left his lodge for that of an enemy. Vengeance on them both—the bitter foe and the faithless daughter! White, wan, and emaciated, they wandered about on the brow of the cliff, like ghosts from the far-off hunting grounds of their race.

Strong warriors, who had not quailed in the deadliest combat, now sank down like reeds before the breath of famine. Brave chiefs, who would have laughed in derision at the arrow or the scalping-knife, now felt a fiercer, keener pang, than poisoned shaft or merciless tomahawk ever inflicted. With plenty beneath them, they were starving!

The red deer left browsing in his leafy covert and came down to drink the clear waters of the river flowing below; but no morsel of venison could pass their lips—no drop of that cool water could leave their swollen, parched tongues. The red deer lapped up the crystal liquid of the river—snuffed the cool breeze—and then, catching a glimpse in the mirroring river of the dusky shadows wandering to and fro overhead on the Rock, tossed his antlers and darted away to the green-wood again; the bright river danced onward below with a wild, mocking triumph and freedom; and still sat those dark, stern warriors at the base of the cliff, like statues grim and immovable. O, it was horrible!

And then the Indian maiden came to the brink of the precipice; and, with her long, dark hair streaming like the folds of a rent banner on the air, bent down and pleaded with agonizing gestures and frantic entreaties to her sire, whom she saw far, far below. But never a tone of tenderness or a token of reconciliation went up from that insulted soul. He had chosen the *Indian's revenge!*

Day by day that doomed band thinned away, until at length Famine alone reigned conqueror on the summit of the cliff. Day by day they wasted; and at last all was still. No ghostly forms wandered feebly about—no wailing woman's voice broke the silence.

When all was silent upon the summit, the avenged chieftain and his band ascended. The Indian's wrath was appeased—his vengeance had indeed been terrible. There they lay upon the gray rock—those wasted, skeleton-like forms, all stark and stiff; and there, too, the gentle Indian maiden Ulah had died in the arms of her lover—her ghastly face still bearing the impress of woman's devotion in the death hour—her long, streaming hair at once her bridal veil and shroud!

And now, it is said, full often by the pale, shimmering moonlight, are seen wan, ghostly figures, gliding to and fro upon the cliff, with dark plumes floating upon the night wind; and ever and anon the spectral forms of the Indian maiden and her dusky warrior lover stand hand in hand upon the brink, and in low, wailing voices, chant their death-dirge, ere they go afar, through the gate of Famine, to dwell together in the Great Spirit's happy hunting grounds. Thus runs "The Legend of Starved Rock."

## A TURKISH GRAVE-YARD.

As a distinction in the Turkish tombstone, if it mark the grave of a man, it is surmounted by a turban, and the diversity of forms shows the different generations that have passed away. These round-headed, turbaned stones, have very much the appearance of dwarfish imps, and one almost expects a pair of goggle-eyes to be peering from beneath the well-executed folds of white or gray stone. Those erected for women are decorated with wreaths or bunches of flowers. Both kinds have inscriptions, and are often colored and highly gilded. Sometimes they are of a bright azure blue, richly decorated with gilt, and extremely beautiful.—*Tent and Harem.*

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....\$2 50  
One copy, two years.....4 00  
Five copies, one year.....9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club).....20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. H.—The value of a wrought diamond is calculated by its weight in carats, a carat being equal to three and one-fifth grains. To ascertain the value of a pure wrought diamond, multiply its weight in carats by two, square the product, and multiply that product by ten, which will give you the value in dollars. Thus a diamond of one carat is worth \$40. But after a weight of twenty carats the rule is not applied—diamonds then becoming of almost inestimable value, and commanding fabulous prices.

R. S.—There is little doubt that Peter the Great murdered his son Alexis by administering poison to him with his own hands.

VOYAGER.—We cannot assure you that letters passing through Austrian post offices are exempt from the scrutiny of prying officials. In Maria Theresa's time, secret offices for opening letters were established at the principal German towns. The postmasters were confidential persons, who all enjoyed the favor of the government, and on whom were often bestowed the title of count.

CONVALESCENT.—You evidently require regular, systematic exercise. It will not do to exert yourself by fits and starts.

READER, Portland, Me.—The proportions of sea and land vary considerably in different countries. Humboldt states that in Africa it is one mile of sea-coast to one hundred and forty-two square miles of land; in Africa, one to one hundred, in North America, one to fifty, in Europe, one to thirty-one. In Norway alone there is much larger proportion, it being in that country one mile of sea-coast to every two and a half square miles of land.

M. C., Yarmouth, Mass.—The Chinese criminal code is brutally severe. Recently, the cross was employed in punishing some of the rebels. The victims were tied to it, and then hewn in pieces, inch by inch, and joint by joint, approaching the sort of life as slowly as possible, that the torture might be the more lingering, till at last the whole body was tacked and sliced in pieces, and the limbs dropped asunder. Even women were put to death in this manner because they were related to rebels.

"EXPERIMENT."—Photographic portraits of cabinet size look best when painted in water colors. The photograph needs no preparation. Proceed as in miniature painting, and when finished, glaze the hair and deeper shades with a wash of gum arabic.

## A DISH OF TEA.

How many lovers of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," of Dr. Johnson's famous beverage, the article of luxury so endearingly associated with our national history, know much about it except that they like it amazingly? The ancients—poor, benighted creatures, were ignorant of its virtues, and it is idle for a punning sophomore to quote Martial's line,

"Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te,"

as a proof of the contrary. Let us, therefore, while the urn is diffusing its fragrance over the supper-table, say a few words about this Chinese plant. The well-known *Camellia Japonica* is of the same family as the tea-shrub. Both have the same firm, dark, glossy green leaves, both the same kind of flower, consisting of five white petals—which encircle the seed-vessel in the centre. These flowers are about an inch in diameter when spread out. The fruit contains two or three seeds of a mouse color, and from these seeds plants may be raised. The first which were brought to Europe were presented to Linnaeus, but they did not germinate, and his friend and pupil, Osbeck, undertook to bring him a growing plant on his return from China; but it was washed overboard in a storm off the Cape of Good Hope. In 1763, however, some seeds which had germinated on the voyage home arrived safely at Gottenburg, and were transferred by the great botanist to the gardens at Upsal. Five years later, living plants were brought into England.

When tea was first introduced into Europe, in the seventeenth century, it was a costly article, the price being about fifteen dollars a pound. When Garway, the founder of a celebrated London coffee-house, advertised it at ten shillings, or \$2 50 a pound, some fifteen years later, it had already been denounced as interfering with the sale of beer and other liquors; and in 1660 a duty of eight pence per gallon was levied upon "all the liquor produced from tea which was made and sold in coffee houses." Notwithstanding this great discouragement, it gradually went on making its way, till at last it became one of the most important articles of British commerce, and the duty was no longer levied upon the infusion, but upon the article itself. Previously to Garway's advertisement, it was considered exclusively a luxury for the highest classes.

The principal varieties of tea are known as Souchong, Pekoe, Congou, Hyson, Gunpowder, and Singlo. The first three are black teas, the last three, green. Souchong is the first gathering—like our early green peas, the most prized.

Pekoe, still young leaves, is nearly equal to it. Congou, and several other commoner kinds, all consist of the full-grown leaf. When you have paid for Souchong, or Pekoe, and find a large serrated leaf amongst the tea-leaves, you may be sure that Congou and cheaper sorts have been mixed with the sample from which the infusion has been made. Hyson is composed of the most delicate leaves, all carefully picked, and dried with less heat than Souchong or Pekoe. Hence its more delicate color. Singlo is named after the mountain upon which it grows; and Gunpowder, the dearest of all teas, is manipulated of the most tender leaves, of their full size. Green teas are dyed, and often frequently known to affect the nerves, particularly in persons subject to the *doloureux* and neuralgic complaints, to create nausea, and to prevent sleep.

If we take a map of China, and mark with a pencil a line at twenty degrees of northern latitude, and another at thirty-one degrees, we shall include all the tea-districts of the Celestial Empire. Further north, the island of Japan is equally suited for the growth of tea; and this is attributed to the influence of the sea-air, which renders the climate mild. The finest tea is grown in the country about Nankin, situated midway between Pekin and Canton, where the climate is mild and temperate. The leaves are gathered one by one; and, tedious as the operation may seem, the daily average thus collected by each laborer is said to be four, ten, or fifteen pounds, according to the size of the leaves at the period of each of the three tea harvests. The first harvest is towards the latter end of February, the second about the beginning of April, and the third in June. The finest shrubs frequently grow on the steep declivities of hills, where it would be dangerous and often impracticable to gather them. Chinese ingenuity has discovered a method of obtaining these. These hills are the resort of large monkeys, which, like those of Upper India, possess an instinctive knowledge that "unity is strength," and act in concert. The tea-gatherers have only to irritate one of these, and immediately the whole body rush up to the top of the trees, tear off the branches, and hurl them down in defiance at their tormentors. The Chinese call the green tea *Bing-tcha*, and the black tea *Bou-tcha*, which is equivalent to our Bohea. In the tea-districts, everybody cultivates the shrubs, and the poorest cottage there has its "tea-garden." Even the priests who attend the temples are tea-farmers, and the hills with trees surrounding the Pagodas, so often depicted upon our plates and dishes, represent the tea plantations of these servitors of the idols of Chinese paganism.

The properties of tea have been much extolled, and no doubt, moderately and properly taken, it acts as a gentle astringent and mild corroborative, giving tone to the stomach, and assisting digestion. It quenches thirst more readily than most fluids, and refreshes the spirits in heaviness and sleepiness. These qualities seem to be admitted on all hands, yet the most careful inquirers regard it as a narcotic, the stimulating period of which is the most conspicuous and of longest duration. Hence, for very young children it is improper, as, like all narcotics, it is apt to produce a morbid state of the brain and nervous system. In persons who do not take much active exercise, particularly in the female sex, tea promotes healthy bile, and assists digestion materially; and to those whose diet is chiefly vegetable, it is most beneficial from the same cause. As in all things given us for our good, we should commit no excess in its use, and as a general rule it may be observed, that tea should never be taken till about four hours after any solid repast, and that it is less proper for breakfast than for the evening meal.

FOUNTAINS IN ENGLAND.—Drinking fountains continue to be erected in many of the large towns in England, and of late are being scattered along the various lines of railway, at the different stations. The movement is considered an important auxiliary to the temperance reform.

HAIRWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.—People who have used this preparation declare that it is miraculous in its effects, and that it will perform all that it pretends to do. We refer the reader to the advertisement in another column.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.—Read Mr. Underwood's advertisement in another column about those little twenty-five cent marvels, which he sends by mail.



## CLAUDE LORRAINE.

This eminent artist has met the fate of many landscape painters. His name is on the lips of many, it figures on the lifeless catalogues of old masters, and is heard in pedantic academical discourses, but few know and appreciate his works. While hundreds hang enraptured over a stirring battle-piece, or gaze admiringly upon a lovely form, or a group of luscious fruits, few linger over the enchanted canvases on which the true interpreter of nature has stamped her radiant image.

Claude learned to love nature in his earliest infancy, as he wandered through the fields of Lorraine, where he was born. Left an orphan at an early age, Nature became to him a second mother. Those who saw him wandering, rapt and silent among the trees, the rocks and meadows, deemed him devoid of ordinary intelligence. How could they divine the secret links already forging between the soul of this poor child and the great living heart of the universe? He owed the elements of his art to one of his brothers, a wood-engraver. Another relative took him to Rome, the capital of art, where, undismayed by the narrowest poverty, he began to study painting with enthusiastic ardor. With the exception of a brief visit to his native place, he passed his life in Italy, where he died, at Rome, in 1682, at a very advanced age. It is said that at one period of his career, necessity compelled him to accept a menial employment in a pastry-cook's kitchen, but this is not generally credited. It is better established that at Rome he was at once the servant and pupil of the painter Tassi. This inferior condition, in which penury long retained him, must have doubtless contributed to keep up those habits of restraint, embarrassment and want of confidence, whence some of his biographers have concluded that he was an ignorant and uncultivated man. Ignorant! O, sublime ignorance! how many of his contemporaries might have advantageously exchanged all their knowledge for the ignorance of Claude! Is it not an abuse of language and fact to qualify as educated and cultivated minds those only which are sent forth by the schools and colleges?

Stupidity and ignorance often walk into the world with a diploma. Science is a vast volume, of which the most learned, alas! have conned but a few pages. Shall we refuse the credit of self-culture to those who have not scanned the same pages as ourselves? Granted that you can read the classic poets in their own tongues, that you venerate them because they describe nature admirably, and have made you understand and love her. Well, Claude Lorraine not only could read Nature herself, and comprehend and love her without the aid of the poets, but he has described as faithfully and harmoniously to your eyes, as Theocritus and Virgil have painted her to your ears.

Claude was wont to wander whole days, alone, amidst the glorious scenery of Italy. He took no drawing or painting materials with him—he neither sketched nor colored on the spot—but he mirrored in his heart the beauties that intoxicated his soul, and his memory of the landscape, flung in rainbow tints upon the canvases, was beautiful and radiant with the glory of truth. Yet certain biographers have informed us that "Claude never painted from nature."

**A PLEASANT SPECIFIC.**—Many persons suffer rather than take nauseous medicines, and this is not to be wondered at. All such who suffer from coughs, colds, or irritation of the bronchial tubes, and a tendency to consumption, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as it is efficacious in removing disease. The great success of this popular medicine has led to many imitations being thrown before the public, but the genuine article may be known by its always having "I. Butts" written upon the wrapper which covers each package.

**MONUMENT TO EUGENIE.**—The ladies of Milan have opened a subscription for erecting a marble monument in honor of the empress Eugenie, on which will be inscribed the gratitude and the hopes of Italy.

**SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.**—An astounding reform for the metropolis is the recent change in the observance of the Sabbath by the closing up of ram shops.

**MR. TEN BROECK.**—The friends of this gentleman are jubilant over his recent successes on the English turf.

## NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon is a close but judicious imitator of Napoleon the Great. In his military operations in Italy he adopted the spirit of the great captain, with such modifications in practice as the progress of military science demanded. In his care of the wounded he followed his great exemplar. Before leaving Italy he visited all the hospitals, distributing decorations of the Legion of Honor, and speaking a kind word to every sufferer. An enthusiastic Napoleonist writes from Milan: "We shall not attempt to paint the impression produced on us by this distribution of crosses and medals to the patient and courageous soldiers, whose features, in spite of suffering, were illuminated by a beam of happiness as they touched the glorious hand that bestowed on them the rewards of bravery and military honor. What a picture we might make of each of the scenes we have witnessed! One, especially, profoundly touched us. The emperor, deeply interested in the appearance of a youthful sufferer, whose beautiful but perceptibly changed face expressed the deadliest suffering, approached his bedside, spoke to him gently and encouragingly, and placed a medal in his hand. But that hand, which so lately grasped his weapon with energy, now inert, permitted the medal to elude it, and it fell upon the floor. The emperor then stooped, picked up the medal and placed it near the heart of the poor sufferer. The pencil of Titian, picked up by the emperor Charles V., was doubtless a noble homage rendered by crowned royalty to the royalty of age and genius; but the decoration raised by the emperor Napoleon III., and piously placed on the heart of a dying private soldier, is a homage rendered to valor, which touches the heart more nearly than the courtesy of Charles V."

## THE THREE OAKS.

A favorite haunt of ours is on a hillside in Waltham, that dips abruptly down into a verdant valley, embowered with trees and guarded by wooded hills, a sylvan solitude, with only a farm house here and there to associate the idea of man with that of nature. It is refreshing to a toil-worn man to sit here on the grass beside a spring that bubbles forth with diamond-like sparkle and purity beneath the guardian arms of three huge white-oak trees, the monarchs of the woodland. There those sentinels have stood for ages. The Indian children played beneath their branches long before Columbus planted the royal standard of Castile and Arragon upon St. Salvador; long, long before the Pilgrims set foot upon the immortal Rock. They have long since attained their full gigantic stature, yet their raiment is of the brightest green, and their limbs are as strong and unyielding as if hewn out of the solid rock. Defiant of the blast, when other trees are tossing in the fierce tempest, they stand motionless, sublime, looking down upon the strife of elements, as if masters of the storm. The blast may rend their foliage, but it shakes them not. But in the pleasant sunshine, the gentler airs wake melodies among their fluttering leaves, than which no out-door music is more soothing.

**A CURIOSITY.**—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK." It is in a large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of every-day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and, in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for young and old. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest, we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post-paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

**DON'T BELIEVE IN NEWSPAPERS.**—A woman in Chicago was chided for not going to see her husband, who had been badly injured. Her excuse was, that she had only heard of it through the papers, and "they don't always tell the truth."

**A TRUE EULOGY.**—The N. Y. Evening Post says, Mr. Choate was so true and perfect a husband and father that no thought of his being a great man ever entered the household.

**FOR THE SEA SIDE.**—What mechanical apparatus do the pretty bathers at Newport remind us of? Divin' bell(e)s.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, the actress, was presented with a valuable riding horse, a short time since, by her admirers in Richmond, Virginia.

The citizens of St. Louis, at the recent election, by a vote of 7413 against 5292, decided to have the liquor shops closed on the Sabbath.

Carlo Petti, the distinguished violinist, was recently married at Providence, R. I., to Miss Effie Germon, the pretty and popular actress.

The frigate Chesapeake, captured by the Shannon in 1812, has been enlarged and converted into a propeller, and is now the British flag ship in the China seas.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that a Jew is not bound to respect the Christian Sabbath, but may pursue his usual avocation on that day, if he observes the Jewish Sabbath.

The Bangor Whig states that Asa Burnham and sons, of that city, have cut and secured the present season forty-six tons of good English hay from seventeen acres of land.

A fly trap, invented by a Yankee, which costs only one dollar, caught in a dining-room in a hotel in Manchester, N. H., seventeen hundred flies in one minute.

Michael Joy, a Chicago hackman, in jail at Joliet on a five years' sentence, has just fallen heir to a fortune of \$30,000, left to him by a brother in California.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that the city, town and county bonds of that State are constitutional, and are not affected by the clause restricting the indebtedness of the State.

The wheat crops of Utah are reported as a failure. Grasshoppers are innumerable and very destructive in some of the lower counties, whilst backwardness of the season in the north is proving equally fatal.

A short time since a female on the Rome and Watertown, N. Y., railroad deliberately threw her little infant, about eleven months old, out of the car window, killing it instantly. She was arrested.

The New Londoners devote themselves to catching sharks for summer amusement. The last one reported by the Chronicle was 10 feet long, 7 1/2 feet in circumference, and weighed over 700 pounds.

As Mr. Wm. L. Fairchild, of Utica, Miss., was returning home from a neighbor's, in a buggy, on the 18th ult., accompanied by his wife and child, a tree fell across the road and killed them all, husband, wife and child.

La Mountain, the balloonist, is building a new aerial ship at Lansburgh, N. Y., to cost \$5000, with which he promises to try a voyage across the Atlantic. Some New Yorkers furnish the money.

A safety railroad car has been constructed at Paterson for the Boston and Worcester Railroad. It is of iron, with braces and girders, and is intended to be strong enough to stand a heavy shock, even the rolling down a precipice.

A wild cat was shot in Warner, N. H., some days ago, which weighed twenty and one-half pounds. The length of its body was three feet, and its reach from toe to toe, the feet being extended before and behind, seven feet.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked! She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

Recently, a can of oil of vitriol was travelling in the mail car on the New York Central Railroad. It tipped over and its contents were spilled upon the mail bags, eating them so rapidly that they had to be stopped and remained short of their destination.

A farmer named West Irving, in Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y., was instructing his son in the use of the scythe, and while the boy was swinging the instrument, it struck the father on the thigh, dividing some of the principal arteries, and the unfortunate man bled to death in fifteen minutes.

Prof. Murray of the National Observatory, has been invited by the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to form one of the Consulting Committee to investigate and advise the directors as to the best arrangement of the external form, specific gravity and electrical construction of the next cable.

A firm in Philadelphia have manufactured a splendid sewing machine to be presented to the Empress Eugenie. The case and table of the machine are made of wood from Mount Vernon, and gold, silver and steel are elaborately worked up in the manufacture of the other portions of the machine.

It is said the Croton water used in New York has a strong taste of dish-cloths, as if it had done some service in a kitchen before it reached the consumer, although it is as crystalline as ever. The usual remedial measure for all impurities in the water—a discharge of the main pipes—has been tried, but without success.

George Leith died near Montreal lately, at the great age of 100 years and 7 months. He served forty years in the British navy, and was in the battle of Copenhagen. On the 5th ult., he walked to Montreal, three miles and a half, in one hour, to draw his pension, and on the day he died he was hoeing in his garden, apparently in perfect health. He died while sitting in his chair.

## Sands of Gold.

... The sun seems to shine more sweetly on truth flourishing in beauty.—Jerold.

We agree better in the homage rendered to virtue than on its attributes; and if we adore it, it is as the unknown God.—De Boufflers.

... Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deed.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

... There is but one greater absurdity than that of a man aiming to know himself, which is, for him to think he knows himself.—Bovee.

... As the organ of speech supposes the organ of hearing, so the instinct of complaint supposes the sentiment of compassion.—De Boufflers.

... Right is a plant of slow growth. You cannot tell how long Justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before Justice could run alone.—Jerold.

... Wit may be a thing of pure imagination, but humor involves sentiment and character. Humor is of a genial quality, and is closely allied to pity.—Henry Giles.

... Wit should excite an appetite, not provoke disgust. Wit, without wisdom, is salt without meat; and that is but a comfortless dish to set a hungry man down to.—Bishop Horne.

... In the assurance of strength, there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Bovee.

... Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt, and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—Emerson.

... Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm.—Lamarine.

... Faith and will are the two maternal birds which nourish courage and performance; the one gives us confidence in ourselves, the other enables us to secure the confidence of those whom we would conquer or control.—W. G. Simms.

... Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—Bulwer Lytton.

... It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them, demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor.—W. G. Simms.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you unbuzz'um.

Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Because it wants sense (cents).

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk, and the other the water.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew, named Daniel.

A histrionic party, who has heard a good deal about the "Theatre of War," suggests that the back seats must be desirable.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking sticks? One owns canines and the other nine canes.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my brushwood on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't like to split wood on Sunday."

There is a man down east, rather a facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. The next child was Nothing; it being Nothing New.

An Irish advertisement.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

Some one, on reading a placard of the opera in which Madame Dorus Gras was to sing the character allotted to Miss Hayes, said "he wondered how the substitution of grass for hays would be relished in the stalls."

"Ma, didn't the minister say, last Sunday, that sparks flew upward?" "Yes, my dear; how came you to think of it?" "Because yesterday I saw Cousin Sally's spark staggering down the aisle, and fall downward."

A fellow from the country, being treated to a glass of wild cherry compound, thus exclaimed, as soon as he got the pucker out of his mouth: "Gosh! I guess those cherries were so wild that the man didn't catch very many of them."

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flour of sulphur and water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. "It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SONG OF THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BY R. M. ATLAND.

By the low casement where I am reclining,  
Pause, gentle breeze, on thy way to the sea;  
Linger a moment where roses are twining,  
Linger and carry a message for me:  
Speed on thy flight to the measureless ocean!  
Seek on the waves for the one I love best—  
Whisper of holy, unchanging devotion—  
Speak to his spirit of home and of rest.

When the bright sunset is gracefully flinging  
Over the fair earth her rose colored vest—  
When the sweet voices of twilight are ringing,  
And the first pale star shines out in the west.  
Say that I watch till the glory is faded,  
Breathing a prayer as the shadows grow dim,  
That his life's sunlight may never be shaded,  
And that no sorrow may rest upon him.

Twice hath the summer in beauty and gladness  
Filled with her garlands the blossoming bowers,  
Since o'er my spirit's shadow of sadness  
Came with the breath of the opening flowers—  
Since the sweet dream of enchantment that bound me  
Fled at the whisper that said we must part—  
Since mid the music and sunshine around me,  
Woke the sad wail of a desolate heart.

Wearily, sadly my pathway of duty  
Still I am treading, uncheered and alone—  
Still the sweet angels of Hope and of Beauty  
Smile as they smile ere this sorrow was known,  
But from their loveliness mournfully turning,  
Onward I move in my wearisome way,  
E'en in the depth of my loneliness learning  
Calmly to watch, to endure, and to pray.

Hear, O, my Father, the prayer now ascending:  
Speed his lone bark on her devious way.  
Let thy bright angels from heaven descending,  
Guard and defend her where'er she may stray—  
Watch o'er my dear one, where'er he is roaming,  
Make not his grave in the dim caverned sea,  
And when these roses once more are in blooming,  
Guide him in safety to home and to me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE SETTING SUNBEAM.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I, ELSIE CAMERON, am now fast approaching that period of life which the Psalmist of Israel notes as the appointed term of man's years. Threescore years have nearly won their silent lapse, and the milestones that mark them are not rough hewn and rugged, but smoothly and evenly cut; and having their tops garlanded with flowers, wild but sweet, and not with the purple blossom of the thistle. The birds that have sung in my bower have had few notes of wo intermingled with their strains of gladness, and, altogether, my life has been like "the light and loveliness of a song"—not in its duration, but in its beauty. The saddest tears I have ever shed have been for the woes of others. A few, a very few sorrows have darkened my life, but I have accepted them thankfully and humbly, as the meet reward for my short-comings.

Bright faces of brave sons and beautiful daughters, growing up to manhood and womanhood, have shed light and beauty over my home. They have found kindred spirits to mingle with theirs, and have lain their children in my lap, before a single hair of my head had begun to blanch, or the ruddy smoothness of youth had faded from my cheek.

It was a favorite theory with me, which I had unconsciously adopted from some author whom I had read in early youth, that every person finds a mate on earth. The fact that so many pass through life single and apparently unblessed, is no refutation of the theory. I do not say that the mate is not lost after a brief finding, but I believe still that it is always found.

She who sits apart from the world, nursing her own loneliness until it becomes bitterness, and at whom the world flouts and throws its stale and jeering appellation of old maid, may have the image of him in her heart who was the beloved of her youth. A word—a look—slight as the cobweb, light as the summer's faintest air—may have put the two souls apart for this world; but who shall say that she did not find him who perhaps in the purer and clearer and more truthful atmosphere of another world will be her's forever? He who "totters o'er the ground with his cane," for whose return no wife sits at the fireside at home, with watching and loving eyes, is there not a face that comes in the band of smiling girls which memory calls up, whose rosy blushes came for him alone? And what though she may have bound herself to another, forgetting, or perhaps unconscious of his devotion, is

it not she whom, in dreams, whether sleeping or waking, he calls his own?

So I, Elsie Cameron, wedded as I was at sixteen, by the command of my parents, to one who was old enough to be my grandfather, and who brought me away from the dear Scottish hills, all blooming with the purple heather, left behind me the truest and simplest heart that ever beat; and he, not the man whom I married, was my mate. I knew it then, but I put away the thought, and made myself cheerful, and even happy, in the relation thus forced upon me; was a true and attentive wife to my husband, and cherished no sentiment that could not have been innocently proclaimed in the public streets at noonday. And when the grave closed over the father of my children, I shed true and sincere tears above it. He was my friend, my guardian, my protector, but Heaven, which orders the destinies of mortals, could never have designed him for my mate. On the purple-clad heaths of Scotland my spirit could look, and I beheld him still there. He was the husband, too, of another—a soft, sweet, spiritual creature, whose life was exhaled as the dew-drop on the rose. She lived but to clasp an infant to her breast, and died, blessing the loving heart which she had deemed was all her own.

I sat long in my widowhood, watching with a true and loving mother's heart the destinies of my children. They were all good and beautiful to me, though differing widely from each other, as one star differs from another in glory. The same love of their mother was all that I could recognize as alike in them.

My Willie's golden curls were ever resting on my bosom, and Henry's brave arm was ever held out to support me in my walks, while Madeline's tender eyes would look upon me most lovingly, and Eva's light footsteps would be dancing joyously in my pathway. Often, as this smiling group assembled before me, have I wished that McIvor could see them all. It was not a wish that I needed to blush at feeling. He was free from earthly ties, and so was I. The memory of our childhood and our early youth came back to me like a sweet dream, "when one awaketh," and I saw nothing that could be imputed to me as disrespect to the remembrance of my honored husband, in the thoughts that involuntarily floated over the purple heather of my country.

But think not that the wish ever made me restless or unhappy. It did not; far, far away in the future—I knew not, and cared not, whether it was on earth or in heaven—I knew in the serenest depths of my own soul that Hugh McIvor would be mine. I was willing to accept this waiting time, nor ever wished to urge the time of our meeting faster than it came.

My sweet Madeline was the first to leave our hearth for that of a stranger. Tenderly she was wooed and won by one of her own age and station. Her tender eyes would never overflow with tears for unkindness; for Russell Fleming was good and noble, and I gave her to him without a pang.

For Eva I had more apprehension. Mr. Marion was older than herself by full twenty-two years. It was a great disparity, and I trembled lest Eva would learn to feel that he was unsuitable for her bright, laughing ways. I could have better trusted him with Madeline; but I needed not to fear for Eva. She idolized the sober, serious man, so greatly wiser and better than her giddy self, and made a pattern wife and mother. Willie and Henry stayed with me long after their sisters left; but after a few years, they brought home to me two new daughters on the same night, and entreated me to put them in the place of Eva and Madeline.

Eva's child, Valeria Marion, had stayed with me more than half the time since she was born—the loveliest child, to my partial fancy, that ever gladdened the earth. She was my first grandchild, and dearest. If mothers are forbidden to have favorites among their little flock, surely grandmothers need not be exempted from that privilege; grandmothers too whose own years number less than thirty-five. Eva was married even younger than myself, and when Valeria was born, it was on my thirty-third birthday.

"Now, Valeria," said Eva to her child, one day when she came to fetch her for a month's stay in the hottest part of the year, "now, Valeria, you shall not say grandmother, it shall be Mama Cameron."

"No, no!" said the child, shaking her curls in pretty wilfulness. "She is grandmother, and nobody else."

"Let her call me so, Eva," said I. "It is best for the truth to be told."

"But, mother, you look younger than I do now. It is perfectly absurd to call you grandmother."

"The absurdity, dear Eva," returned I, gravely, "must rest with those who have so prematurely made me so."

So Eva, and afterwards the troop of little Willies, Arthurs, Carries and Julias, who flocked to my hearth, and brought each a ray of sunshine and a breath of soft air to my dwelling, henceforth called me grandmother, and I petted them, knitted mittens and comforters, and made them seedcakes, with as much interest as any old lady of sixty would do for her rising generation of grandchildren.

But when they were all gone away, and I sat alone in the gathering twilight, I felt a something in my heart that told me that this premature old age was not what I ought to have. The love of children and grandchildren was a serene, gentle sort of affection that seemed a part of myself. It was, in fact, a part of myself, and had little of the nobleness and heroism of that love which sacrifices. I had no sacrifices to make. My objects of tenderness were all guarded and cared for without my interposition. They asked no devotion from me—needed none; and, sooth to say, there were times when Grandmother Cameron was a dead letter among her descendants, because none of her said descendants were sick enough or sorry enough to want her nursing or sympathy. A little poor health, a slight feverish attack, or any common disease, would have sent the whole troop after me; but they were hopelessly healthy and strong, and not even a cut finger ever seemed to destroy the equanimity and happiness of my grandchildren.

My life was in danger of running to waste in this manner, for several years. In lack of having anything to do, however, I employed myself in reading. I made ample notes, too, of what I read, classifying and arranging them under various heads, making almost a complete encyclopedia. Then, for my means were ample enough to carry out my whims, I became enamored of gardening, and I sowed and planted, and laid out flower borders, and studied all the books upon gardening, until some new scheme arose in my mind, and I went straight to another sort of hobby-riding. Strange that I did not fall upon spiritualism or mesmerism, or some of the popularisms of the day; but I kept aloof from them religiously. Neither tipplings nor rappings tickled my fancy in the least. I was not unhappy through all this, but I was restless.

Little Valeria still held the highest rank in my affections. She it was that had first invested me with the venerable name of grandmother, and I owed her the first duty of one. She spent much time with me, and it was by her growth chiefly that I marked my own increasing years. How time sped! Valeria sprang all at once upon my astonished gaze a girl of sixteen, and already with an admirer of her own. I waked up to the fact when she had spent several months at a boarding-school, not far from a certain college. She had gone away as a child—she returned a young lady, with one of the young collegians dangling in her train. Poor girl! hard study and watching (not with the sick) had made her look as old as her grandmother.

It was a warm, sultry evening in August, the yellow moon hung over the earth, looking almost like the sun, so bright and golden was its lustre. I had taken my seat in the bay window, where its beams came through the tangled vines. I believe that a bit of the old romance which my early marriage had defrauded from my life, came up just then. If the lapse of years takes away Hope from us, it at least leaves us Memory; and Memory now was knocking very loudly at my heart. I stood again on the purple heather, a girl in white snood and gay tartan, purple and green like the mountains, and Hugh McIvor was at my side, with his young, bright face all aglow with the first flush of love's young dream—that dream than which there is "nothing half so sweet in life."

I started from my reverie, thinking how very idle and foolish all these reminiscences had become. It was like hanging garlands over the dead; but I sat and dreamed it all over again, and secretly mourned that all that is bright should be so fleeting. I had had no youth. The "golden time of youthful prime" had never been mine. I was but a mere child when I was married, and the years that would have been bright and gay, were devoted—I must not say sacrificed—to one who, although kind and good, was scarcely the mate which a young and lively girl

like myself, full of merry fancies and real Scotch gaiety, would have chosen.

I, who would have gladly danced and sung like a free child of the mountains, was chained down to dull formality, to the severe and rigid proprieties of life, and was wearing the quiet badge of widowhood when the childish curls were still escaping from its prim restraint.

And I was forty nine and a grandmother! At this moment Valeria came upon me in my quiet recess. The moonbeams showed her where to find me, and the dear girl passed her arm caressingly around me, and said:

"Why, grandmother, you look like a queen here in your fairy bower. Lean over into the moonlight, and let me look at you. You are beautiful as a girl to-night, with your pale, delicate face shining under the moonbeams. What are you sitting here alone for?"

"Waiting for the lover that did not come to me in my youth, dearest," I answered, laughingly.

"I do believe that he is coming now," said the girl, in her innocent gaiety. "See, he comes up the garden walk, and he has a most noble air too."

A voice was asking for Mrs. Cameron the next minute, at the door, and that voice came to me like the strains of remembered music, such as comes to us with the murmur of long, long ago. My heart leaped at the sound, just as it had done thirty years before; but a grave, old lady of nearly fifty must have no sensations, so I sat perfectly still.

"Grandmother is here, sir," said a younger sister of Valeria who happened to be visiting me that week, and she ushered the stranger in, with a broad glare of light that dissipated all the paintings which had come before me, into "dissolving views."

A stout, "canny" Scotchman followed in little Juliet's wake, as she came in, and the broad light glanced full on a face that absolutely shone and glowed with health and cheerfulness. The brown hair was thick and luxuriant with large curls—not a shadow of gray had yet dimmed their brightness. My bit of romance lay shattered and broken; but from its shivered remnants there arose something better and more real, and I clasped the honest hand of Hugh McIvor, with the conviction that nowhere in the wide world could be found a truer or more earnest man, than the one who stood before me.

During my married state, I had heard passages of his life that reflected honor and credit on his name; and wherever he was known, there was some memorial of his goodness, his integrity and his benevolence. I was proud to think that this man was my early friend—my, my lover even. The children ran out, leaving "grandmother" alone with the stranger. We talked earnestly of what was past, paid meet tribute to the memories of those who had gone out from our homes, and then he asked me if I would go to brighten a home for him again on the banks of the Firth.

"But I am already a grandmother, Hugh. You would not marry a woman who can count grandchildren by the half dozen?"

"Then let a poor, lonely man, who has neither kith nor kin—nothing but a true heart and a store of useless pelf, useless because unshared—let him, I say, take part and place in the family circle, and feel once more that he is not utterly alone. Let your children be my children, and your grandchildren be mine also. Suffer me to believe that my life is not always to be solitary; and it will be so, if you do not come with me, for I will never see another woman in the place of my lost Alice, save yourself, whom I loved even before I knew the angel that brightened my life for a brief year, and then passed away with her child upon her unbeating heart."

What could I say? Was he not my first, my only real beloved? And if long years had parted us, was it worth our while to keep divided because of the rude and jeering speeches of the world? Yet I could not answer for myself then, and I begged a day to think over what he had said.

"Delightful! I never heard anything so pleasant in my life," said Valeria, when I made her my confidant. "Grandmother will make a splendid bride, Juliet. You and I will dress her. It will be the first instance on record, although there are a good many cases where the reverse takes place."

"Nonsense, child! making game of your grandmother!"



"No, indeed!" said the dear girl, laying her head on my shoulder. "I am only too glad that amongst all the happiness which seems to be coming to our family (she blushed a little at this), that grandmother is not left to be happy only in our reflected joy."

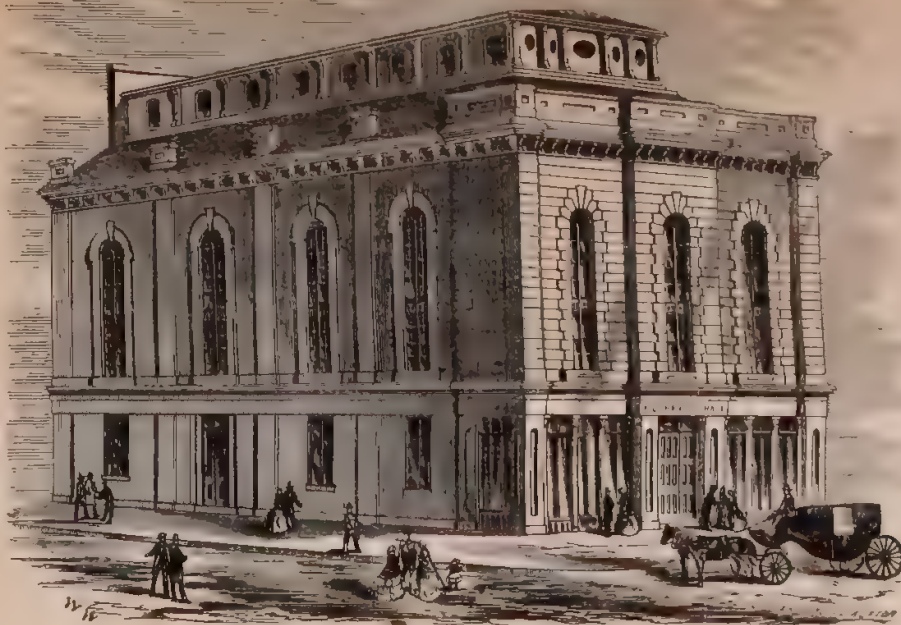
And so it is fixed that Hugh and myself, parted so long, shall take up the broken link in the chain that was severed in our youth, and that he shall come out of the loneliness in which he has lived, giving to me and mine his pure and true heart in exchange for the love we shall all bear for him.

"Too late!" did I hear you say, youthful reader? I will have a little talk with you about that, when you are of my age—and I am eighty or thereabouts. Opinions change wonderfully with years, and so will yours, depend on it, my smiling friend, whose handsome, youthful face looks so rosy now. In a few years the roses will begin to fade away and grow dull. But do you suppose that the human heart within you is going to wither? No more than the shining brown nut withers because the leaves on its native tree have turned sere and fallen to the ground!

Believe it not—though lonely  
Thy evening home may be;  
That Beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea;  
Though Time thy bloom be stealing,  
There's still beyond his art,  
The wild flower wreaths of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart."

#### MECHANICS' HALL, PORTLAND.

This fine building, a view of which is here given, and which was completed by the "Maine Charitable Mechanic Association" in February, 1859, is located on land purchased of Mr. John Russell, for \$6000. It stands on the corner of Casco and Congress Streets, in a most prominent and central position. It is erected from a plan by that well-known architect, T. J. Sparrow, Esq., and was built under his eye, and from his suggestions throughout. The result is an elegant and artistic building, being what was confidently expected from his well-known ability in this department. It has a front on Congress street of 54 feet 4 inches, and its depth on Casco Street is 97 feet. On the first floor in the rear, is the Library Room, 51 feet 4 inches by 27 feet 2 inches, and 15 feet 2 inches high. In front are two stores, 18 feet 4 inches wide, and between them is the principal entrance, 13 feet 4 inches wide, continued to the Library Room and communicating with an entrance six feet in width from Casco Street. In the wide entrance are the stairs leading to the large Hall, which is on the second floor, and also to all the upper portions of the building. The Hall is 33 feet in height and 51 feet 4 inches by 66 feet long from the rear of the building to the two reception rooms in front,



THE NEW MECHANICS' HALL, PORTLAND, MAINE.

which are over and of the width of the stores, and communicating with the hall and stairway. Over these are two private rooms—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—the floors of which are 12 feet above that of the hall. These rooms are fitted with water-closets, etc., complete in every respect, in the most workmanlike manner. Communication is had by iron galleries and stairs from these rooms to the hall floor, near the speaker's platform at the rear of the hall. There are other rooms over these, fitted for a kitchen, store-room, pantry, crockery, glass-ware, etc. The dormer story rises about eight feet above the roof of the main building. This is finished for a supper-room. It is 14 feet in height, 76 feet long by 24 feet wide between the queen posts, and recessed four feet outside of these and under the main roof, making the width of the floor 32 feet. The floor of this room is on the beams, and has a gallery across the front for a look out (giving a grand view of the city and environs), and will accommodate a small orchestra. The height of the building from the sidewalk to the main cor-

nice is 50 feet 6 inches; to top of the dormer story, 64 feet 6 inches. The building is admirably arranged and constructed. The large hall is a most beautiful one, and well adapted for concerts, lectures, balls, or exhibitions of various kinds. It is finely arranged for sound, and is pronounced one of the best music halls in New England. Since its completion, it has been much in use for these various purposes, and has given good satisfaction to those who have occupied it. Mr. John B. Thaxter is the superintendent, to whom applications may be made for terms, etc., by parties desiring to use it.

#### BUNGALOW OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

In a former number of our illustrated journal, we presented a series of views depicting the inhabitants of Borneo, and took occasion in that article to speak of the adventures of Sir James Brooke, until recently Rajah of Sarawak. This gentleman, formerly an English clergyman, settled at Sarawak, and made himself so acceptable to the people, that they chose him for their ra-

jah. Sarawak is on the north coast of Borneo, near its west side, and extends between latitude 1 and 2° North, and longitude 109° 40', and 111° 40' E, bounded west and south by the Krimbang Mountain, and watered by the Sarawak and its tributaries. Before Sir James Brooke's appointment as rajah, it had only 1500 inhabitants, but from the improvements he introduced—the founding of schools, a church, etc.—its prosperity increased, and the population swelled in a few years to 12,000. Sarawak enjoys an excellent climate, is rich in mineral and agricultural products, and is admirably situated for trade. It will be remembered that Sir James Brooke, who was driven from his territory by Chinese outlaws about three years since, returned with a well-armed body of men and inflicted a severe chastisement on them. We believe he has since abandoned the rajahship, and has been desirous of placing Sarawak in the hands of the British. Our engraving shows his Bungalow, a pretty residence, in a romantic spot, and surrounded by all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. A topsail schooner lies at anchor in the little bay, and canoes manned by natives pull about the river.

#### THE DRAINAGE OF PARIS.

The termination of the great conductor beneath the pavement of Paris is regarded as an immense success by the engineers connected with the enterprise. This gigantic drain is considered one of the wonders of modern engineering, and is destined, it appears, to form the great artery of a system of sewerage which has long been in contemplation both for the salubrity of the city and for economy at the same time. Two of these stupend-

ous drains are to be constructed in a line parallel with the Seine, and to conduct the refuse water of the city into a vast reservoir, whence they are to be disseminated as liquid manure over the most barren of the plains round Paris. The system adopted is that experimentalised at Berlin with such eminent success that the sandy plains in the midst of which that city is situated have been converted, within the space of a few years, into the richest meadow land in the whole of Northern Germany. The prevalence of epidemics and miasma during the autumn months in Paris has always been attributed to the immense mass of stagnant waters left to corrupt beneath the slightly covered drains which run beneath the houses, whence they creep as lazily as they list into the Seine. The new system, which will come into action in October, is considered one of the greatest benefits conferred as yet upon the inhabitants of Paris by its very liberal municipality.

All history easily revolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.



BUNGALOW OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK, BORNEO.



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)  
TO MY HUSBAND.

BY DELIA J. MINTOR

I am drowsing, dearest, drowsing,  
On the time when first we met,  
Down beside the sparkling waters,  
Ere the gorgeous sun had set  
Unto thee old time had given  
Maidhood's beauty, maidhood's grace,  
While I owned the sole possession  
Of a childish heart and face.

Then you looked upon me, darling,  
As you'd look upon a flower,  
Growing up in simple freshness  
In a lonely woodland bower.  
But I looked upon thee, dearest,  
As the little creeping vine  
Looks upon the lofty elm,  
Where its tendrils may entwine.

May my bosom's tendrils, loved one,  
Rever round thee strongly twine,  
While thine own pure, deep affections  
Like bright sunbeams on me shine.  
And where'er life's path is trodden,  
And our hearts from earth are riven,  
May we pass together, darling,  
To a happy home in heaven.

## A BEAUTIFUL SMILE

This rhyme

Is like the fair pearl necklace of the queen,  
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were split;  
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept,  
But never more the same two sister pearls  
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other  
On her white neck—so is it with this rhyme:  
It lives dispersed in many hands,  
And every minstrel sings it differently;  
Yet, is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:  
"Man dreams of Fame, while woman wakes to love!"

TENNYSON.

## THE COQUETTE.

Can I again that look recall,  
That once could make me die for thee?  
No, no, the eye that beams on all,  
Shall never more be prized by me.

MOORE.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—After a summer which turned out much warmer than was anticipated, we are entering on a season which has a right to give us a cool reception. Yet there is something so invigorating in our keen autumnal air, that we are sometimes inclined to give September and October the preference over all the other months of the year. At this season we always feel in the best condition for physical and mental labor; and then, in hours of relaxation, the nature in autumn affords a splendid pageant from the first advent of the frost to the fall of the leaf. Tourists are very unwise who abandon mountain and lake just when vegetation puts on those gorgeous kaleidoscopic dyes which art dares not imitate—when the leaves of walnut seem flakes of sunshine, and those of the maple are as red as any lips that were ever kissed. The papers in various parts of the country are having a good deal to say about Colonel Thorne, one of the very rich men of New York, who led an unostentatious life in that city for some years preceding his death, but whose style of living in Paris some fifteen years ago, when the citizenship was on the throne, afforded inexhaustible matter of comment to the French feuilletonists. The colonel died with royalty in the splendor of his equipages and his fetes. We remember hearing how his drawing-rooms were draped with satin curtains with gold bullion fringes, and how he had "forty horses in his stable, forty covers on his table," as Baron Pompolio says or sings. "Madame De Pierres, daughter of Colonel Thorne," says the Home Journal, "is at this time a *dame d'honneur* of the Empress of the French. Her portrait makes one of the bery of stately beauties gathered by Winterhalter's skillful pencil about the tall and graceful figure of the lovely Eugenie, in that admirable picture of an Acedian court, now become familiar to our print shops and our parlors." Mrs. Malr, a grand daughter of Mrs. Siddons, is giving readings from Shakespeare's plays in London. At the invitation of Lady Noel Byron, a small party of private friends recently attended the reading of "Macbeth." "My son," said a philosophical old gentleman, "when draymen take the temperance pledge and the police refuse bribes, when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one, when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off, then thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thine offer of a dress simply because she thinks she doesn't need it." Mr. Charles Dix, son of General John A. Dix, of New York, has just returned to his studio in that city, after passing the summer making sketches and studies on the coast of Maine. Mr. Dix, though a very young man has already achieved a high reputation as a marine painter. He is an enthusiastic lover of art, and all his pictures are painted *en amore*. They are eagerly sought after, and command high prices. The war fever has entirely died out at Paris, and the papers are having peace as diligently as a few weeks since they hounded on the dogs of war. All the plays which celebrate the glory of the Zouaves and the shame of the Austrians have been swept from the bills of the boulevards, and we look for a succession of pastoral pieces in place

of "drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns and thunder." . . . . . Tonyson received five hundred dollars for his poem, "The Grandmother's Apology," published in *Once a Week*. We should imagine that sum would tempt the laureate to write a poem "once a week" for a series of years. . . . . A new line of telegraph has been opened between Chicago and Fort Wayne, and in connection with Pittsburgh. . . . . John Sibley, of Cedar Hill, New York, met with a sudden and violent death lately from a most unexpected cause. He was in the act of passing through the gate leading to his brother's house, having his knife in his hand peeling some fruit. While thus engaged, the gate, in closing, struck his arm, and drove the knife into his heart, causing a wound which proved fatal in a few hours. He died on the following morning. He was about sixteen years of age. . . . . A New York paper says the trade with the interior promises to be the largest ever known. . . . . The remains of Horace Mann were buried in the park immediately in front of Antioch College, where the students will erect a monument to his memory. His disease was called by some typhoid fever and by others dyspepsia; but it was literally exhaustion. He had been doing for some time work enough for two men, and he was literally worn out. . . . . Blondin has performed such wonderful feats that an exchange thinks it would be much safer to cross the Niagara wheeled by Blondin over the rope than to trust that man trap called the Suspension Bridge. . . . . The raftsmen on the St. Lawrence, owing to the competition between boats and cars, are carried the one hundred and seventy miles for one dollar, a rate than which the voyageur would find difficult to diminish on his floating timber home. . . . . The lady editor of the Rockford, Illinois, Standard says: "The 'Daughters of Malta' are becoming as distinguished, and seem to be quite as benevolent in their designs, as the 'Sons of Malta.' Their object is said to be to relieve widowers, destitute bachelors, dandies, Hottentots, and orphan male children. By the time the Sons obtain the control of the Island of Cuba, the Daughters confidently expect to subjugate the Isle of Man." . . . . . At Black River, Michigan, is a large settlement of Hollanders. These ingenious and enterprising people are building a harbor. They have constructed two piers 300 feet into the lake, and will extend them as much farther, giving ten feet of water for vessels. A channel 170 feet wide has been cut through a tongue of land; and the current of the river has washed it out to a sufficient depth for all lake craft. . . . . The snakes brought by Prof. Christy from the South, says the Cincinnati Gazette, have been used at the Ohio Medical College, in a series of experiments to ascertain an antidote for the poison. A few days since a dog was introduced to the snake's cage, and was immediately bitten. Prof. Foote administered to him brandy containing five drachms bromine, four grains of iodide of potassium, and two grains of corrosive sublimate. He recovered in a short time. To test the question whether his recovery was due to the brandy or to the ingredients it contained in solution, another dog was suffered to be bitten, and the bromine, iodide of potassium and corrosive sublimate administered alone. An hour after he seemed to be recovering slowly. The next experiment will be to administer the brandy alone, which is claimed to be an effectual remedy. . . . . Mr. Hume, the Medium, put his "foot into it" lately at Paris, says the Medical Times. At one of his seances, one of the audience made a grab at the moment of a spiritual manifestation upon his leg, and caught in his hand the foot of Mr. Hume. . . . . The French government have determined to include in the accomplishments of the army a knowledge of the art of swimming, as a considerable number were drowned in crossing the rivers in Northern Italy. . . . . The celebrated whitebait, so long believed to be patent only to the Londoners, has been discovered in the Frith of Forth. . . . . A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote: "The morning following the battle of Yorktown I had the curiosity to attend the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket-ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, 'Now, doctor, what would you be at?' 'My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down.' 'I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a violin in camp? If so, bring it to me.' A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said: 'Now, doctor, begin.' And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle. . . . . The Turin correspondent of the London Post states that sixty Hungarians who escaped from the Austrian army were retaken, placed before a battery, fired upon with grape, and all killed but two. . . . . We learn from Russia that Mr. Henry C. Carey's "Letters to the President" have been published in St. Petersburg, and that his work entitled "Principles" is soon to appear from the press in Moscow. . . . . Dr. Dixon says that during his visit to Ireland, he met a mob of children so ragged, that if they had got entangled it would have taken their parents a lifetime to separate them. . . . . The richest man in London has incurred Punch's displeasure, and is nearly touched thus: "A little Wren has built his nest in the Marquis of Westminster's pocket! It has not been disturbed since it laid its first egg." . . . . . The native soil of the Netherlander was reclaimed from the sea, "fished ashore," as Marvel wittily says; and in it, as Butler, with equal humor affirms, "the people do not so much live as go aboard." . . . . . Kidnapping coolies is defined by an exchange—Hooking fans from an ice cream saloon. . . . . In California the papers intimate that the yield of gold continues to be as great as ever, and new discoveries of gold placers are of daily occurrence. By way of variety they have just "scored up" a tin mine. . . . . A writer in the New York Herald estimates that a total of \$2,000,000 of profits will be made by the country hotel keepers in the course of the present season. . . . . The heat in Spain this year has been greater than for many years, and has not only done damage to the crops but killed several people. . . . . Judge Haliburton's maiden speech in the

House of Commons was a failure. A London paper says he is no orator though a "Slick" writer. . . . . The son of the late Metternich, who is ambassador at Paris, it is said inherits his father's striking advantages of person and manner. . . . . Concerning the crops the New York Journal of Commerce says: "This year the different sections of the Union appear to have vied with each other in rewarding the labors of the husbandman. The wheat and corn of the North, abundant as is their yield, do not excel in productiveness the cotton, rice and other crops of the South. All sections share in the abundance of the harvest, and the consequent prosperity of the country." . . . . . A correspondent of the New York Times urges that the foreign importations, about which so much ado has been made throughout the country, are proving to be within the wants of the season now coming on; and that the panic predictors do not understand what they have been writing about. There is good sense in this. . . . . The opera season is expected to open soon with great éclat. The stockholders of the New York Academy of Music have directed new scenery to be painted for the "Sicilian Vespers" and "La Juive," which, with the magnificent dresses and other properties now being manufactured at Paris, will cost about \$25,000. The stockholders of the Philadelphia Academy of Music have expended \$8000 for new and splendid scenery for the foregoing operas. . . . . In a recent lecture on marriage, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, of Connecticut, said: "I know of no more distressing thing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive man, linked to a petulant, little-souled, hen-pecked woman, or a noble woman linked to one of those sordid, mean little liars upon mankind. If such is your case, why, get a divorce in heaven's name, and God help you to it." . . . . . A fellow went into a dining saloon in New Haven a few evenings since and ordered a porterhouse steak with "trimmings." Three quarters of an hour passed, when the proprietor looked into the stall, and discovered that his customer had left by an open window, not only leaving his bill unpaid, but taking the pepper and mustard boxes with him!

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The proceedings of the peace conference at Zurich are deeply interesting, and, of course, engaging the attention of all Europe. The members are as follows: Austria—Count Colloredo and Baron Merenberg; France—Baron Bourqueney and Marquis Bouneville; Sardinia—Chevalier Desambrois and Chevalier Joccasin, the Sardinian Minister at Bern. The news of the dissolution of the French army of Observation on the Rhine produced a very favorable effect in Berlin and Prussia. On the entrance of the King of Sardinia to Milan he was well received. His majesty passed through the Corso on horseback amidst enthusiastic acclamations. A Te Deum was performed, at which the king was present, and he afterwards received the authorities of the city. In the evening a grand illumination took place. The appearance of Milan during the fete was very imposing. Sham fights by 40,000 men have been executed at Chalons Champ, under the Emperor Napoleon's orders, illustrative of episodes at Solferino. The emperor returns to the camp to take command of the manoeuvres. The relations between Austria and Prussia almost assume the dimensions of a regular rupture, and were regarded as dangerous to the smaller German States. The construction of a railway between Moscow and Saratoff, a distance of 700 versts, has been authorized. The capital of the company will be \$5,000,000 roubles, with a government guarantee for 80 years of 4 1/2 per cent.

## The King of Portugal.

The poor young King of Portugal is in a sad state of mind since the demise of his consort. He was one of the most attached of loving husbands. In a letter to his friend, the Duke of Terceira, he says: "It is sad to have known the greatest of misfortunes at the age of ambition and of the illusions that usually accompany it. I am resigned to my lot, and I will fulfil my duties for what my lot is, and not for what it might have been."

## The Jews of Russia.

The Emperor of Russia has authorized the Jews to raise a fund, the interest of which is to be employed as prizes for the best literary works in the Hebrew language which shall be presented to the Academy of Sciences. His majesty has also founded five scholarships at the Technological Institute in favor of young Jews.

## Galway Steamers.

Four steamships are now constructing for the Galway line at Newcastle and Hull; two by Mr. Palmer and two by Mr. Samuelson, eminent ship builders, and \$100,000 have been paid to them on their contracts upon certificates from the admiralty. The ships are to cost about \$400,000 each.

## A Child of the Regiment.

Madame Espinasse, widow of General Espinasse, was written to the second regiment of Zouaves, to have her son received as a child of the regiment.

## English Racing.

Mr. Ten Broeck was not the only person upon whom fortune smiled at the Goodwood races. His friends backed Starke freely, and bagged \$35,000 for their enterprise.

## Italy and the Peace.

Private letters just received from Italy inform us that the peace is becoming more popular with the inhabitants of the various States.

## Parodi.

They say Parodi has accumulated a large fortune, and contemplated retiring from the stage last spring.

## An accomplished Sovereign.

The Emperor of Austria is said to be an excellent linguist, and can speak twelve languages well.

## Albert Smith.

Albert Smith has just been married to Miss Mary Kelsey, late of the Adelphi Theatre, London.

## Effects of Smoking.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the polytechnic school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups—the smokers and nonsmokers—it shows that the smokers have proved themselves inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

## Funeral of a Queen.

At the funeral of the late Queen of Portugal there was a large attendance of the people, and expressions of grief and sympathy were universal. Mourning was to be worn for six months. A very general opinion prevails that the queen was not well treated by the court physicians, and that if there had been a more timely application of the remedies which were afterwards used, she would have escaped. While the body lay in state took place the ceremonial of kissing the hand of the dead monarch—a custom which dates from the time of Don Pedro the Cruel, who obliged his court to pay this homage to the remains of the lovely Inez de Castro.

## French Artists.

Almost all the artists who made the Italian campaign with the French army have returned to Paris. Their faces are as bronzed as if they were veritable Africans. There is not one of them who is not loaded with sketches and albums of all sorts. Everything remarkable at the seat of war has been drawn with the utmost care. One of the painters had a stroke of luck. He recognized, or rather discovered, at Milan a well-preserved fresco, certainly the work of Leonardo da Vinci.

## English Appreciation.

Sir Archibald Alison, in a recent letter to Mr. Allibone, writes in most eulogistic terms of Mr. Prescott and his works. He remarks in conclusion: "The loss of such a man in the prime of life and in the meridian of his powers, is a loss not to his country alone, but to the whole human race, to whom his beautiful writings will always prove a source of instruction and enjoyment."

## French Army and Navy.

In the correspondence from Paris it is observed that notwithstanding the reductions in the army and navy, the men are always within grasp, and can be called from their retreat, and that the line which separates a peace footing from a war footing, is not very distinctly drawn in France.

## New Arch in Paris.

Napoleon has determined upon the erection of a new arch of triumph at Paris, in honor of his Italian victories. It will cost several millions, and will ostensibly be erected by subscription. The bas reliefs are already distributed for execution among the best sculptors in Paris.

## Steamship Navigation.

The British government pays to the various steamship lines which ply between England and the United States and Canada an aggregate bounty of \$1,600,000 in the shape of mail contracts. This seems to be the only way in which ocean steamship navigation can be maintained.

## The 15th of August.

Such was the anxiety of Parisians and foreigners to have a good view of the entry of Napoleon and his army on the 15th of August, that a certain window, with three seats, on the boulevard des Italiens was let for \$200!

## A Murillo.

A picture by Murillo, representing the Assumption, has just been discovered in a chateau in the environs of Casen. The design is admirable, and the color rich and worthy of the great Spanish master.

## The Paris Jockey Club.

The jockey club which displayed its patriotism and gallantry signally during the Italian campaign, has just given a brilliant reception to Marshal McMahon and those of its members who went to the war.

## In Luck.

Jules Favre, the eloquent and fearless republican lawyer who defended Orsini, has just inherited from the sons of a celebrated goldsmith a fortune of more than \$300,000, with a housefull of superb furniture.

## Milan.

A letter from Milan says: "Words fail me to express the funeral gloom that veils the Lombard cities since the peace of Villafranca clouded the sky which for months had worn such bright and cloudless hues."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. Translated from the French of Edmond About. By Mrs. Annie T. Wood. Edited with an introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk. D. D. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington Street. 12mo. pp. 308. 1859.

The early chapters of this much-talked of book appeared in the "Moniteur," Paris, and of course had official sanction. They were so offensive to Rome, however, that the publication was stopped, and the whole work was published in Brussels. For a day or two it was permitted to be sold in Paris, and 10,000 copies were speedily disposed of; but the authorities again interfered, and the book was withdrawn. The friends of the papal government insist that this work, spiced with malice, is full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. But the very controversy it has excited induces every body to read it. The author is a talented, learned and vigorous, but unscrupulous and unreliable writer. The friends of the papal government insist that this work, spiced with malice, is full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. But the very controversy it has excited induces every body to read it. The author is a talented, learned and vigorous, but unscrupulous and unreliable writer. The friends of the papal government insist that this work, spiced with malice, is full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. But the very controversy it has excited induces every body to read it. The author is a talented, learned and vigorous, but unscrupulous and unreliable writer.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have just published "Stumbr, Darlug," song, music by Max Arber, "Dear Mary, Wake from Slumber," music by Max Arber, "Way down in Maine," as sung by Frank Remer, "La Caroline Gallop," by H. F. Mrs. Florence, and "La Caroline Gallop," by H. F. Chalaupka.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY. THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. This is for sale at all of the periodical depots for **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!**

### WISTAR'S BALSAM.

CROUPS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, INFLUENZA, and all affections and diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, not excepting CONSUMPTION, yield to the powerful influence of this great remedy.

LETTER FROM ELDER H. L. GILMAN, A Minister of the Gospel in Vermont.

Glover, Vt., June 20, 1869.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Gents.—I hereby certify that I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the heart and lungs, and have applied to several physicians for help, and have tried almost every remedy of the numerous ones which have been recommended, without receiving any assistance, but had been growing weaker, until, hearing of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry about a year since, I commenced using it with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty or disease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best lung medicine before the public, and I most cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all persons suffering with pulmonary complaints.

H. L. GILMAN.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold all over the country.

### WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out. MICROSCOPES!

#### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Room No. 2. sept18

### HOYT'S

HAIRWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE C. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL P. MASON & Co. sept18

### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

THESE to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

#### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 60 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

Are you getting bald? Is your hair turning gray? Bogle's Hypertonic Fluid is the great restorer of Hair—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may28

MERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Mounting and repairing at short notice.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

68 Washington Street, corner State.

### BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

### BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING EXPRESS.

EDITED BY

HENRY O. PARKER AND JOSEPH H. SAWYER

A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

FIRST EDITION ISSUED ON

SATURDAY MORNING

For country subscribers, and the

SECOND EDITION ON

SUNDAY MORNING,

Which is served at the Boston and suburban breakfast tables by carriers. The Second Edition contains the latest telegraphic and local news up to two o'clock on Sunday morning, and it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a COMPLETE AND UNRIVALLED

SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER,

which shall fill the hiatus between the issues of the Saturday and Monday dailies.

The Express has found great favor with press and public, in all directions, for its fearless, honest, independent course. On all matters of public interest it has an opinion which it never hesitates to make manifest, and it has never been known to "croak the pregnant bligies of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning."

In the dramatic, musical and literary departments of the Express, which are confessedly in able hands, criticisms have never been prepared with an eye to the advertising patronage, no humbug has been spared, and pretentious charlatans have always been exposed; and whether the Express makes friends or foes, its object will always be to speak the TRUTH.

The large and constantly increasing circulation of the Express renders it a desirable advertising medium.

All communications should be addressed to

SAWYER & PARKER,

aug20 No. 2 WATER STREET, BOSTON. 4w

### FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Soreness of the Chest, Asthma, and all Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections by INHALATION OR OTHERWISE.

AT the urgent solicitation of many eminent physicians and others to reduce the price of this invaluable preparation, the agent takes pleasure in announcing that he has been enabled to make arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to \$1 per bottle, and 50 cents per trial bottle, thus placing it within the reach of all classes. The medicine can be taken with or without an inhaler. Price of the inhaler, \$1.

This agreeable remedy can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief. This medicine needs no puffing, but the reader is referred to the convincing testimonials of living witnesses, of which a new one will appear every other week. The following testimonials will serve to show the value of Fousel's Pabulum Vite, and the estimation in which it is held by those who have given it a trial.

Boston, July 22, 1869.

F. J. LAFORME, Esq.—Dear Sir—This may certify that I have used Fousel's Pabulum Vite, and I consider it the best article I ever used for Pulmonary Complaints. My wife has used it for severe colds, and its effect was magical, and I have no objection to your referring in any way to me that you may deem expedient. I have given the above named a fair trial, and with confidence advise all that are afflicted with colds or pulmonary complaints to try it.

Yours truly,

F. J. LAFORME, Esq.,

Surgical Instrument Manufacturer,

123 Washington Street.

F. J. LAFORME, Sole Agent. M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. For sale by all Apothecaries. July 23 sept18

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO—Just issued. Being superior in its plan of study, exceedingly attractive in its Lessons and Exercises, and unequalled in its adaptation to the wants of all classes, is meeting with a most extensive sale, and rapidly becoming the most popular system of Piano Instruction in this country. Price, \$3.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

#### PARALYSIS.

THIS terrible disease, even when depending on grave derangements of the nervous centre, will yield to the restorative power of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which by improving the digestion, and consequently purifying the blood, promotes a proper nutrition of the substance of the brain and nerves.

### THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug20 9w

LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

### GAS STEAK BOILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the sirloin steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may28 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

### MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. 16 11wly

### PARSONS & GIBBY,

STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES

July 2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

### GROVER & BAKER'S



### CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

THIRTY THOUSAND IN USE.

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread, and finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

THE NEW MACHINES INTRODUCED BY THE

### GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

are of elegant finish, and their operation is rapid and very quiet. The ease with which they can be managed is a distinguishable feature, and the stitch is the strongest, handsomest, and most elastic of any made.

Is there a husband, father, or brother in the United States, who will permit the drudgery of hand sewing in his family, when a GROVER & BAKER Machine will do it better, more expeditiously, and cheaper than can possibly be done by hand?

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

### PRINCIPAL SALES ROOMS

18 SUMNER STREET . . . . . BOSTON.

495 BROADWAY . . . . . NEW YORK.

740 CHESTNUT STREET . . . . . PHILADELPHIA.

181 BALTIMORE STREET . . . . . BALTIMORE.

58 W. FOURTH STREET . . . . . CINCINNATI.

118 MONTGOMERY STREET . . . . . SAN FRANCISCO.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. 6m 13

WALTER BAKER & Co.,

Dorchester, Mass.

#### WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. A capital of \$5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address

GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,

June 1 Hookset, N. H.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug18

### SAMUEL MASURY,

PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS.)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 1 1f

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gantophine. Sold by

F. BROWN

aug13 1f 65 Washington Street, corner State

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE BEL ISABEL: or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA. A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHECY OF THE HOMER WALT. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II. of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA: or, OUR LADY OF THE OCEAN. A Tale of Love, Strife and Chivalry. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the 17th century, and is fraught with the sanguinary incidents of those times.

Written for us by . . . . . NED BUNTLINE.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN: or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOURNEMAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER SIX OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by . . . . . AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUEZ-QUAINTANCE. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

RODERICK THE ROVER: or, THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVES. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and heroism it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by . . . . . DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE SEA LARK: or, THE QUADRON OF LOUISIANA. This is a graphic and romantic story of the land and sea, full of adventure and incident.

Written for us by . . . . . LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by . . . . . F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marines. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by . . . . . CAPT. HENRY P. CHEREVER.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by . . . . . SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots







# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 11...WHOLE No. 429.

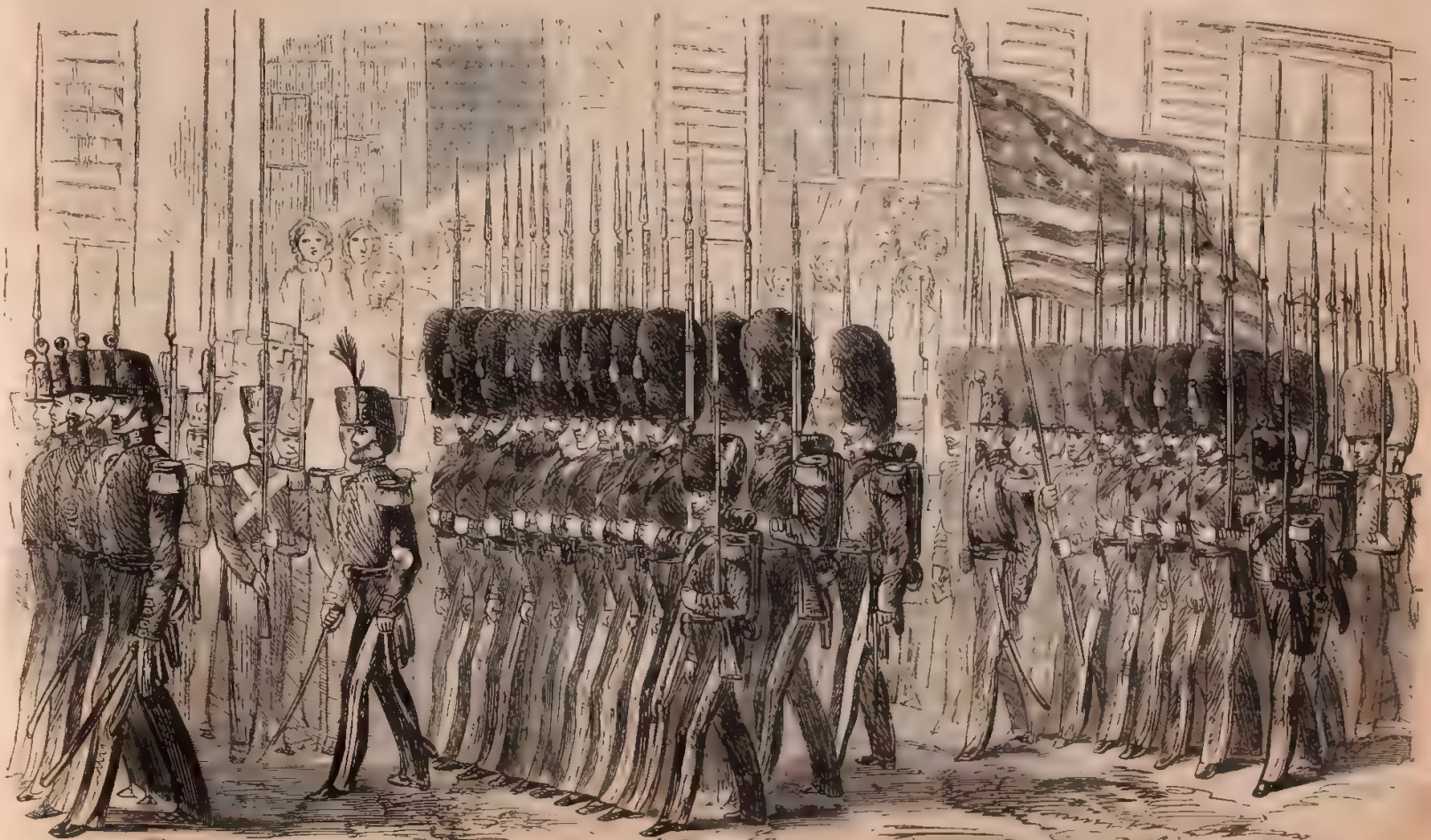
## THE BALTIMORE CITY GUARDS.

The accompanying engraving, representing the Baltimore City Guards receiving the parting salute of their hospitable entertainers, the Charlestown City Guards, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud. The Baltimore City Guards are seen in the foreground, and the line of the Charlestown City Guards is sketched. It will be remembered that we published a representation of the latter company on their return to Charlestown from their trip to Washington. The Baltimore company is a fine body of men, their uniform dark blue, rich and appropriate, and their drill admirable. Both in the ranks and out of it, they made a most agreeable impression during their too brief visit. They arrived at Charlestown on Thursday, August 29, from New Hampshire, where for two days they had been handsomely and hospitably entertained by the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester. The battalion, which is commanded by Major Warner, is an old and highly popular organization, composed of five companies, numbering in the aggregate about one hundred and fifty men. The corps comprises the flower of the military spirits of Baltimore, and was organized twenty-six years ago (in 1833), with Alexander Cheeves, captain. The uniform was gray, and on the first parade the company numbered forty muskets and two officers. In 1835 the Guards, with the other military of Baltimore, were called out by the governor to the bloody riot which broke out between the rival gangs of laborers on the Bal-

timore and Ohio Railroad. The terrible Bank riot of the same year demanded of this company a strong proof of their devotion to the public welfare, and the cause of law and order. In the riot, Cheeves received a disabling wound on the head from a rock hurled by the mob, which compelled him to resign his commission. He was succeeded by the gallant William H. Watson, who in 1846 was killed at the storming of Monterey, in the Mexican war. In April, 1841, the corps took part in the funeral obsequies of President Harrison, at Washington; July 4, 1848, they assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the National Washington Monument. On May 2, 1857, they dispersed the rioters upon the Ohio Railroad, but not until several of the company were injured by the flying stones. In June, 1857, the Guards visited Lexington, Ky., where they assisted in laying the corner stone of the monument to Henry Clay. February 22, 1858, they visited Richmond, where they participated in the inauguration of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. Their visit to Charlestown was on an invitation extended to them by the City Guards, who were cordially received and entertained by them on their excursion to Washington in March, 1857. It was soldier's luck for our military visitors to arrive in the midst of a perfect deluge of rain. Any time during the six weeks previous they would have escaped it, but it came down in torrents as they left the Somerville station of the Boston and Maine Railroad. But like their escort, the Charlestown City

Guards, they bore the pelting of the pitiless storm like men; the artillery roared a welcome, banners fluttered, drums rolled, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The Charlestown City Guards, on this occasion, paraded as a battalion, under command of Captain John T. Boyd, with Captain W. W. Pierce as adjutant, and Lieutenants Pray, Norton, Stickney and Drew. The Baltimore battalion is commanded by Major Joseph P. Warner, and the staff of the battalion is composed of the following officers: Adjutant, E. R. Dorsey; quartermaster, Frisby Lloyd; paymaster, William M. Innes; surgeon, Henry C. Scott; sergeant major, Charles W. Crocker. But two of the five companies of the battalion were present on this occasion—Company A, commanded by Lloyd B. Parker, Lieutenant E. L. Matthews; and Company B, Captain John G. Johannes, Lieutenants William McLain and A. W. Dennison. The battalion musters sixty-five muskets and ten officers, and is accompanied by the Blues' Band, under the direction of Professor Holland. Their uniform consists of coats and pants of navy blue, faced with gold lace, and bearskin caps. Charlestown was dressed up very gaily with flags on the day of the reception, and during the stay of the military guests. After a collation, the Baltimoreans were conducted to "Camp Warner" on Winthrop Square, where they were formally welcomed in an eloquent speech by Mayor Dana. In the afternoon a grand banquet, in honor of the Baltimoreans, was given at the City Hall. On the following day, which

was bright and pleasant, the officers and members of the Baltimore City Guards, and several distinguished citizens, left the armory on Winthrop Street, Charlestown, at quarter past nine o'clock, A. M., on an excursion to noted places in Boston and its suburbs. Carriages and omnibuses were provided for the party, and Captain Boyd, Adjutant W. W. Pierce, and nearly all the officers of the Charlestown Company, and some of the members, were with them to give such explanations as might be needed by the visitors. They visited Faneuil Hall, the Custom House, the old and new Statehouses, the Public Library, etc., and partook of a collation at the Norfolk House, Roxbury. After visiting West Roxbury, Jamaica Pond, Brookline, and Brighton, they drove down by the Charles River Hotel, and across the bridge into the skirts of Watertown, thence past Mount Auburn gate, past Washington's headquarters, the Washington elm, Harvard University, into Somerville, and returned to Charlestown, where after a collation, prepared by J. B. Smith, they took up the line of march for Boston, escorted by the Charlestown City Guards, with full ranks and making a splendid appearance, and left the city in the five and a half train for New York, by way of Norwich and Worcester. We have no doubt that the visit of the Guards to Boston was as agreeable to them as it was to their entertainers, and we trust that this visit will strengthen the ties of good fellowship which unite the various sections of our Union in one common interest.



DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIMORE CITY GUARDS.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A True Story of the Bombardment of Curacao.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

EARLY in the present century the British frigate —, and two British sloops of war, lay off the island of Curacao, in the Caribbean Sea. The purpose of this little squadron, which was under the command of the Hon. Captain M—, was to capture the island from the Dutch and annex it to the British West Indies.

The Dutch governor of the island held out stoutly. The force of the three ships of war was insufficient to render it expedient to land sailors and marines and risk battle with the troops on the island and the armed inhabitants, and the object of the enemy was to compel them to submission by a vigorous blockade, which, by preventing the landing of provisions or munitions of war, must ultimately reduce them to starvation. However, despite all the watchfulness of John Bull, vessels laden with provisions, from the United States, managed to elude the vigilance of the sentries on board the squadron, and, under cover of the night, to land abundance of provender, which was sold for an enormous price. In fact, Brother Jonathan was driving a most lucrative contraband trade, and Mynheer, albeit he had to pay for the joke, laughed in his sleeve at the blockaders, and maintained his rotundity of corporation as bravely as ever.

This, thought Captain M—, will never do, and he resolved to send parties of seamen and marines ashore, during the night, with orders to burn and destroy every barn, granary, or storehouse, they came across, as well as the growing crops in the fields, and having effected this, to make their escape on board the ships before daylight, the boats of the squadron lying off shore ready to receive them as soon as their work of destruction was over.

This plan promised to prove effectual. The Dutch governor had not calculated upon any such visitation as this, and his anger was fearfully aroused. He swore that he would hang up every officer and man that he could catch engaged in these expeditions, on a gallows on the highest part of the ramparts, fully in sight of the squadron, and there let them hang till they dropped.

Captain M— was not to be daunted by these threats. Parties of men were landed almost every night, while in his turn he informed the commandant that for every British seaman that was hanged he would hang a Dutchman at the yardarm of the frigate.

The devastating parties continued to be sent on shore. Granaries and storehouses in flames, illumined the atmosphere every night; all the endeavors of the governor to capture the incendiaries were fruitless, and it soon became evident that starvation must compel the stubborn Hollanders to surrender. The fact was, there was on board the frigate a spy named Horsica, a Dutch creole, perfectly acquainted with every road and path on the island, and with the locality of every farmhouse, storehouse and granary it contained. Under this wretch's guidance it was an easy matter to effect the desired mischief, and to escape, by various by-ways, all the patrols despatched by the governor to capture the British seamen.

Horsica was a man of desperate character who had escaped from a prison on the island, in which he lay under sentence of death, and his personal appearance was as brutally repulsive as his disposition was malignant, but in time of war commanders are not particular as to the means they employ to effect a desired result.

At length, however, thirteen seamen and an officer were surprised, brought into town and sentenced by court martial to die within twenty-four hours, and the following morning before daybreak, the British commander was informed that the sentence would certainly be carried into effect, unless before the expiration of twenty-four hours the entire squadron took its departure from the island.

Captain M— was not a man to be swerved from his purpose by any threats that could be made use of. But in order to gain time, he sent word back by the flag of truce that he would despatch a messenger to the admiral, whose vessel lay at anchor off a neighboring island, and give an answer before noon the next day. With this answer the governor appeared to be satisfied, though he assured the officer who bore it that at

noon the next day, unless the answer was favorable, the fourteen victims should all suffer death.

However, nothing was further from Captain M—'s intentions than to appeal to the admiral, although before dark a gallows, painted black, had been erected on the ramparts in full view of the squadron.

When night again came on, three parties of one hundred marines and soldiers were despatched on shore under the guidance of Horsica, with orders to capture as many of the inhabitants of the island as they could, Captain M— solemnly swearing that he would hang a Dutchman for every British sailor that was executed by the governor.

The officer in command of these parties was Lieutenant Melrose, from whose lips I several years afterward heard this story. With him, in command of the separate parties, were two master's mates of the sloops of war and the marine officer of the frigate.

The largest party, led by Horsica and commanded by Lieutenant Melrose and a mate, whose name I will not mention, marched to a large farm situated at the opposite end of the island from the town, and succeeded in securing ten horses and four mules, and mounted upon these, they rode away into the interior, where the lieutenant was informed resided several of the most wealthy and influential of the inhabitants. A ride of six miles brought them to a country seat of a magistrate of great consideration on the island. The party surrounded the house, having first seized the farm, bailiff and the steward, who were tied hand and foot and strapped across one of the mules, and demanded that the doors should be opened.

Receiving no reply, they forced an entrance and discovered only the aged butler, standing half dressed and trembling in the hall. To Horsica's inquiry after his master, he said that Mynheer Van Tassel and his wife were in Amsterdam, the only town of any importance on the island. This assertion was discredited and the house searched and ransacked from top to bottom, but without effect. The lieutenant was at length satisfied that the old serving man had told the truth. The poor fellow was seized and bound to another of the mules, his earnest pleadings, which were only understood by Horsica, totally disregarded, while the brutal spy, who assumed an authority which under any other circumstances would have caused Melrose to strike him to the earth, regardless of the young officer's remonstrances, smashed all the glass and destroyed all the furniture and valuables he came across, out of spite at his disappointment.

The party was about to leave the house and proceed further, when the master's mate, who had been for some time missing, made his appearance, and coming up to Lieutenant Melrose, reported that while searching for plunder, he had discovered three young ladies, the daughters of the master of the mansion, secreted in a closet.

"Let them be, sir," said the lieutenant, who was heartily sick of the disagreeable duty he had been sent upon. "We have no instructions to harm females, nor is it fitting conduct for an officer in his majesty's service to occupy himself in searching for plunder."

The fellow made some surly reply to the effect that the lieutenant was no officer of his, and turned away. Something in his appearance induced Melrose to follow him, and hurrying to the room in which the three sisters had endeavored to conceal themselves, he found three beautiful girls, the oldest scarcely eighteen, clinging together, half-clothed and frantic with terror.

Around them were standing the master's mate and four armed sailors, their naked cutlasses in their hands, laughing at the terror of the girls; and at their fearful lamentations, which the fellows could not understand any more than the lieutenant. Melrose, however, saw that some gross rudeness had already been offered to the girls, and in a stern voice, he ordered the men to quit the house immediately and prepare to proceed on the march.

To this the master's mate demurred, and had the effrontery to propose the outrage of the unfortunate females. Without replying, Melrose felled the mate to the floor with a blow of his fist, and drawing a pistol commanded the sailors to drag him outside and bind him to the mule upon which the poor butler was already mounted.

The sailors hesitated, saying that they belonged to the sloop and not to the frigate to which the lieutenant belonged, that the mate was their officer, and that the girls were a fair prize,

but Melville, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to the ear of the spokesman, said that if his orders were not immediately obeyed he would blow out the man's brains and carry his messmates prisoners on board the frigate.

Finding that the lieutenant was resolute, the fellows grumblingly obeyed his orders, and the poor girls, discovering that he was their friend and protector, although they were unable to understand his words, threw themselves on their knees before him and kissed his hands, murmuring prayers and blessings in their own language. He endeavored to soothe their terror as best he could, but he had no time to spare, and the cavalcade was soon again under weigh, the master's mate a prisoner.

Horsica the spy proposed to burn down the house, but the lieutenant sternly forbade him to do so at his peril, and perceiving that the young officer was not a man to be trifled with, he suddenly threw away the brand he had already lighted. He, however, proposed an immediate descent upon a mansion about a quarter of a mile distant, where, he said, resided the nephew of the governor, a young man respected and beloved by every one on the island.

Disagreeable as was the duty, the lieutenant could not object to this. The lives of fourteen of his own shipmates were in imminent peril, and such a prize as the governor's nephew was too valuable to be lost.

A short gallop conducted the party to the mansion. It was midnight, and as the acts of incendiarism had hitherto been confined to the coast, the residents of the interior considered that they were safe from outrage. All was silent as the grave, save the gentle sighing of the evening breeze amongst the trees which surrounded the dwelling.

"Surround the house and let no one pass," shouted Melrose, and then the door was assailed with the seamen's pike-handles and the butt ends of their pistols. At length an upper window was raised, and a dishevelled female head, seemingly belonging to a servant of the household, appeared and demanded, in low Dutch, the cause of this midnight disturbance, but the instant she caught sight of the armed men below, she gave utterance to a prolonged shriek and disappeared.

"Time presses," cried the spy, and the lieutenant gave orders to force the door. A post was torn from the ground and used as a battering ram, and after a few starchy blows the door gave way, and the lieutenant and spy and three or four others entered the house. Opening the door of the first room they came to, they discovered that it was the female domestic's sleeping apartment, and the next moment some half-dozen half dressed females, frightened out of their wits by the noise and the appearance of a party of men with drawn swords in their hands and pistols in their belts, were scampering in every direction. Horsica intercepted the flight of an elderly lady, and placing a pistol to her breast insisted upon her instantly leading the way to her master's bedchamber. The old lady's gestures and entreaties, under other circumstances, would have appeared something ludicrous.

"What does she say, Horsica?" said the lieutenant. "We have no time for delay."

The spy interpreted that she said her master had only that evening brought home his newly wedded wife from Amsterdam.

"Bid her lead the way to his chamber," said the lieutenant, "and then call upon him to surrender. The men need not enter the room."

"And lose him by our cursed politeness," muttered the ruffian, who had already discovered the apartment, and throwing his whole weight against the door, he burst it from its hinges and disclosed the interior of the apartment.

A tall, handsome young man, scarcely twenty years of age, was seen, half dressed and rapidly arming himself; he drew his sword upon the spy, but noticing the overwhelming odds against him, he hesitated and then, addressing the lieutenant in English, he said, pointing to the bed on which, covered by the bed clothes, a female form could be distinguished: "I surrender. What means this outrage? You, sir, are an officer, and look like a gentleman. There lies my wife. Pray command your men to leave the room."

The men retired of their own accord, all but the spy, who, replying for the lieutenant, said rudely in Dutch: "It means that we want you as hostage for the lives of fourteen seamen under sentence of death according to the governor's proclamation."

"I am a non combatant," said the youth,

again speaking English and addressing the lieutenant. "I have nothing to do with the governor's proclamation."

"I fear, sir," replied Melrose, "that however repugnant this duty is to my feelings, I must insist upon your accompanying us on board the frigate."

"But my wife—my young wife. Good God! what will become of her?" cried the young man, in a voice of agony.

"This is cursed trifling," interposed Horsica, speaking in Dutch. "You must go on board the frigate and hang, my fine fellow. Do you know me?" and he seized the youth by the throat, at the same time beckoning to two sailors to pinion his arms.

"Horsica, the murderer!" exclaimed the young man in Dutch, and he shuddered at the ruffian's touch.

"Yes, Horsica whom you bore witness against, and who will now see you strung up at the yard-arm. It is turn about, that's all. Your uncle, the governor, sentenced the wrong man. Ha, ha!" and the villain leered horribly and burst into a chuckling laugh like the cry of a hyena.

"Unhand the gentleman, at your peril," shouted the lieutenant; then addressing the youth he said, politely: "I must compel you, sir, to accompany us on board the frigate as a hostage. Let us hope that the governor will rescind his order, and then I trust your detention will be but temporary."

"My poor, dear wife," said the young man in a voice of the most poignant agony, "my own beloved Agatha."

The spy had released his accursed hold at the stern command of the officer, but the sailors had already bound his arms. He cast a despairing look toward the bed where his wife lay, still perfectly concealed beneath the coverings, and uttering again the words, "My darling Agatha," he was leaving the room, when the poor young wife, who had understood all by what Horsica had said, conquering her sex's fears, forgetful of all but the peril of her husband, sprang from the bed in her night-dress, her long fair hair streaming over her white shoulders, and flung herself at Melrose's feet.

"Spare him, sure," she cried, in broken English. "It is my young husband—for love of your mother, your sisters, your wife—if you have a wife in England—spare my husband, or if he die, I too die with him."

Had unlimited wealth been at his disposal, could he have resigned his commission at that instant, the lieutenant, a youth of nineteen, would have given the first, and gladly have thrown up the latter, to have been anywhere else than in his present position. A lovely girl of sixteen knelt at his feet, her tearful blue eyes upturned to his, her soft hands convulsed by clasping his own, her long hair streaming over her shoulders to the floor, her features expressive of the most extreme anguish, and her bosom rapidly heaving beneath its snowy muslin covering, every movement expressing grace and beauty in spite of her distress, while her soft, musical voice, uttering the disjointed, broken English pleadings thrilled to his heart.

"Horsica," he said, his own voice trembling with emotion, "this must not be. I cannot tear from this poor creature her young husband to lead him to certain death. It would be worse than murder. The captain would spare him for her sake were he here himself."

"You would let your shipmates hang for the sake of a pretty woman," said the ruffian. "Very well. You command here. I have only to obey and report to the captain. I would sooner stand in my own shoes than in yours when we get on board the frigate."

The lieutenant hesitated. The poor girl, overcome by her emotions, lay at his feet in a state of unconsciousness, while her husband, who had torn himself from his captors, knelt over, calling upon her name in the most passionately endeavoring terms, although he was unable to assist or even to touch her, by reason of his pinioned arms. Even the rough sailors were moved and a tear stood in the eyes of more than one. The spy alone stood looking on sneeringly, a gleam of tiger-like ferocity in his inflamed eyes. He evidently bore ill will to the youth who was now in his power.

At a gesture from him, two of the sailors stepped forward and were about to raise the grief-stricken youth from his knees. At this moment the young bride partially recovered her consciousness, and raising her head and opening her large blue eyes, still filled with tears, she



she glanced wildly around her, instinctive modesty leading her to draw her loose night-robe more closely about her slender form, while she trembled all over, though as yet she did not fully realize her situation, but as she caught sight of her husband's pale face, the recollection burst upon her.

"*Vilhelm, O, mein lieber Vilhelm!*" she cried, and relapsing into unconsciousness, her head fell heavily upon the hard floor and the blood streamed from her nostrils and lips.

The youthful husband gave utterance to a howl of despair scarcely human. The lieutenant could bear this agonizing scene no longer.

"*Avast there, men,*" he shouted to the sailors. "Unhand the gentleman," and he himself cut the cord which bound the youth's arm. The next instant the released bridegroom had sunk to the floor, and clasping his bride in his arms, he called wildly upon her name and covered her forehead, cheeks and lips with kisses. The sailors were almost unmanned. Most of them had silently quitted the room.

"*Mein Gott, mein Gott!*" said the spy, "this boy lieutenant is mad. Men," addressing the sailors, "will you let him murder your shipmates? If he shrinks from his duty you are no longer bound to obey him. You shall not. All depends upon the capture of this man."

The sailors, softened as they were, perceived this. The young officer knew that he had already laid himself open to a charge of disobedience and neglect of duty, and he was satisfied that the spy would, at all hazards, carry the young Dutchman on board the frigate. To hesitate any longer would be to ruin himself without serving the unfortunates before him. Nay, Horacia would, it was likely, indulge his ferocity and his spite against the prisoner in the most cruel manner if he were left in his hands.

Reluctantly he informed the youthful groom that he must leave his bride and go on board the frigate, while at the same time he, in trembling tones, his heart full of misgiving as he spoke, assured the young girl that in a few hours she would see her husband again. Alas! he had heard that the governor was a man of so stubborn a nature that he would sacrifice his son with his own hands rather than fall off from his word, and he knew that his own commander, though a humane man, would not flinch from his duty as an officer, however repugnant it might be to his feelings as a man.

Not daring to cast another look at the lovely being, now again stretched senseless and bleeding on the floor of the bedroom, he gave orders for the young Dutchman to be mounted on one of the horses, and then commenced the return march to the seashore.

Two servants of the household had been captured, so that, including the young burgomaster and the three men taken from the other house, the party had six prisoners in all. They united with the other parties as they neared the shore, and discovered that together they had succeeded in securing eleven men, making seventeen hostages for the fourteen sailors in the hands of the governor. None, however, but the young burgomaster were men of rank and position, and upon him the lieutenant built his faint hopes of the governor countermarching his terrible decree.

They had delayed so long, the night had so far passed away, that the dawn was glimmering in the eastern sky when the united party with their captives came in sight of the ships. Five minutes longer delay and they would have been too late. They had been discovered by the scouts, and the whole strength of the garrison had been despatched in pursuit. The capture of the entire party would have been inevitable, for they would have been outnumbered by the soldiers six to one.

As it was, they only reached the boats by wading into the water, and had pulled barely out of reach of gunshot, when the volleys from the muskets of the troops rattled on the water just in the wake of the boats like hail. However, they got safely on board, and the lieutenant, who perceived by the scowling looks of the spy and by the angry glare of his eye, that he intended mischief, immediately sought the captain, being resolved to lay before him the whole truth and risk his displeasure, rather than allow Horacia to garble the report after his own fashion.

The lieutenant waited for some minutes in the cabin until his commander, who was in ill health, had risen from his bed and dressed himself. Captain M—— was a man past the prime of life. In his youth he had been remarkably handsome,

and even at this period, though his features were worn with sickness, the result of a long and fatiguing cruise in the tropics, his form was commanding and his countenance strongly prepossessing. Rigid and stern as he was in the execution of his duty, his disposition was kindly and humane and he was beloved by his officers and men. He possessed great influence in the service in consequence of his family position, his elder brother being an earl, and still more, perhaps, on account of his connection with royalty, his sister having been married to his royal highness, the Duke of Sussex, fifth son of King George the Third. It was, therefore, considered a great piece of good fortune to be appointed to the ship he commanded, as he was able and always willing to advance a deserving officer.

Captain M—— had barely time to salute the lieutenant, to congratulate him on the success of the night's enterprise and to express a hope that it would be productive of the hoped-for effect, when the commander of the F—— sloop-of-war entered the cabin, and bowing to Captain M—— and the lieutenant, he begged to be informed of the cause of the master's mate of the sloop having been sent on board a prisoner.

Lieutenant Melrose explained, describing with great feeling the terror of the three young girls who had narrowly missed falling victims to the evil passions of the mate and seamen of the sloop-of-war. It was an excellent prelude to the remaining portions of his report. Both captains listened with feelings of strong indignation.

"The infamous scoundrel!" said the captain of the sloop-of-war. "Mr. Melrose, I thank you for having acted the manly part you have done. I will not bring the fellow to a court-martial. He is unworthy of such officerlike treatment, but I will disrate him as soon as I return on board and then give him four dozen, and as soon as we return to England he shall be dismissed from the service." (The captain was as good as his word.)

"Now," said Captain M——, as soon as his brother officer had left the cabin, "let me hear the details of the expedition, Mr. Melrose. Understand we have seventeen hostages for our fourteen men. I only regret that Burgomaster Vanderheusen is the only person of condition among them, but you have done well. I shall send the youngest of the party on shore with a message to the governor informing him of my determination to hang the remaining sixteen precisely at eight bells (noon) if by that hour our own men are not released. But let me hear the particulars."

The heart of the young officer sunk within his bosom as he listened to his superior and thought of the terrible agony the young wife was suffering, of the maddening horror with which she would hear, if she were alive to hear it, the news of her youthful husband's shocking death, and with faltering voice he related his story, concealing nothing, and dwelling with minute distinctness upon the youth, the loveliness and the terrible agony of the burgomaster's bride. Captain M—— was greatly affected by the sad story; he sighed deeply, and once he groaned aloud and covered his face with his hands to conceal his emotion.

"And now, Captain M——," said Melrose, "I presume to ask you as a man of feeling and kindly sympathies, could I have acted otherwise? That I have been guilty of officerlike weakness, I will allow. If you consider that I am deserving of censure, I am ready to bear it, but I dare to ask you, would you, had you been in my position, have acted otherwise?"

"Mr. Melrose," said the captain, "at your age, I should have acted precisely as you did. Your conduct does honor to your feelings, and it shall be my care that it shall be no detriment to you; but, alas! our duty to our country demands, at times, the sacrifice of all those feelings and sentiments which are honorable to our common humanity. I would willingly die myself—indeed I feel I have not long to live; the service is killing me—could my death save my poor fellows, but I know too well the stubborn temper of the governor of this island. These men must die, yet would to God this duty had fallen upon another than me."

"You have determined, then, to carry your threat into execution?"

"At noon precisely, unless my own men are safe on board at that hour," said the captain, in a deep, sepulchral tone of voice, his whole frame trembling with the violence of his emotions; "at noon precisely, though my own heart should break at witnessing the terrible sight."

"May I presume to speak further?" said the lieutenant, his words scarcely articulate in consequence of his agitation.

The captain made a sign of assent.

"You said," continued the lieutenant, "that it was your purpose to send the youngest of the captives on shore to lay the case before the governor. Has he yet gone?"

"The boat is now alongside. He will be away directly. There is no time to lose. Why do you ask?"

"I thought—that is—perhaps the youngest—" stammered the lieutenant.

"Is a lad of sixteen," explained the captain; "a young farm lad, I should judge from his appearance."

"I was in hopes," continued the lieutenant, "that the burgomaster was the youngest of the victims. O, Captain M——, for the sake of the young wife I saw kneeling before me last night—O, that you had seen her! For her sake cannot the burgomaster be sent to plead with the governor? Recollect he is the governor's own nephew."

"Mr. Melrose," said the captain, solemnly, "I respect your feelings. My own heart bleeds for the poor young lady. I have daughters of my own; but let us not forget that the humblest amongst these unfortunate men probably has friends to whom he is as dear as if he were of princely birth. Even were the burgomaster the youngest, him I could not spare. In him rests my only hope that the governor will be induced to listen to the voice of mercy. Say no more. Would to heaven I had died before I had seen this day, but I must do my duty."

The lieutenant saw that further pleading would be in vain. He rose from his chair, bowed to his superior, and with a sorrowful heart went on deck. The sun was by this time high in the heavens. The long, black cross-beam of the gallows loomed darkly in the morning haze, and men could be seen clinging to it reaving the ropes in readiness for the dreadful double tragedy that was to be enacted at noon.

How rapidly, and yet in another sense how slowly, the hours passed away; how anxiously every movement on shore was watched. Eight, nine, ten o'clock sounded from the shore and resounded from the ship's bells, and yet there was no sign of a boat putting off from the shore with a flag of truce to intimate that the governor had relented. Two hours more and the death-toll of thirty human beings, full of life and health, and guilty of no crime, would sound, O, how awfully in our ears!

The lieutenant obtained permission to visit the young burgomaster on the lower deck, where all the unfortunates were confined. He came forward at once and shook the young officer by the hand, for the cords had been loosed from the arms of the captives and they were free to move about as they pleased, under the eyes of the sentries. He read deep sympathy in the lieutenant's countenance.

"You will see Agatha, my wife, when I am no more," he said. "May I ask you to do me a favor?"

"Most certainly," said the lieutenant. "But do not despair. The governor may yet—"

"Ah, no—I know my uncle too well," he interrupted, with a sad, faint smile. "If I were his only son he would not relent. I was about to beg of you to tell Agatha that my last thought was of her, and that I died with her dear name upon my lips. It was a sad ending of our bridal night," he added, after a pause, with another faint smile.

He still held the lieutenant's hand in his. Presently he said: "I am about to ask you to do a very childish thing, but I know it will be a sad gratification to Agatha, when I am gone. Will you cut off a lock of my hair and carry it to her, and say her dying husband sent it to her as his last gift. Tell her not to grieve too deeply. I know she will feel keenly at first. It will be but natural. But she is very young and she must not let this sad parting embitter her whole existence. Tell her, my dear friend, from me, to look forward to a joyful re-union in a happier world. We shall meet again there, though I could have gladly lingered longer with her in this."

The lieutenant severed the lock of curling, dark, glossy hair, and wrapped it in a paper.

"Thank you," he said. "And now may I ask you to leave me? I would gladly be alone the last few moments I have to live. I shall see you again for a moment when I am led to execution."

"You will forgive me for having been instrumental in bringing this sad fate upon you," said the lieutenant, in tremulous tones. "I shall feel, otherwise, that your blood is on my hands."

"My friend," said he, with a sweet smile, "you did but your duty, and I recollect how it pained you. How gladly, at the risk of your own ruin, you would have let me free."

The lieutenant returned to the deck. It was now past eleven o'clock. Already a party of seamen were aloft reeving yard-ropes. A look of gloom was settled on every visage. The officers were pacing the quarter deck in full uniform, looking as if they were themselves about to suffer death. The captain stood behind the sentry in front of his own cabin, trumpet in hand, his cocked hat on his head and his sword by his side. His face looked like that of a man withdrawn from the tomb rather than that of a living person.

Melrose went to the ward-room to don his own full uniform. As he returned he encountered the captain. He could not refrain from addressing him.

"Captain M——," said he, "as you value the life of an unoffending, innocent girl—a mere child—as you value your own peace of mind, do not permit the young burgomaster to die."

The captain took the hand of the young officer and pressed it to his own, while he pointed mournfully toward the fort.

"Would to God I could, I dared to spare his life," he said, "but look there!"

The lieutenant looked and shuddered. Everything had been arranged for the wholesale murder, and a guard of soldiers were drawn up in front of the gallows, while an immense crowd of spectators were approaching the fatal spot from all directions. Sadly the young officer turned away and joined his comrades. Seven bells—half-past eleven o'clock!

"Brace forward the main yard," shouted the captain.

The men started as they flew to obey the order. The captain's tone was unearthly. The order was given to bring the frigate nearer to the shore, in order to afford a better view of the forthcoming tragedy to the governor and his staff on shore. The two sloop-of-war practised the like manoeuvre. The three vessels were now close together and in the same position.

For ten minutes there was a dead silence—the men-of-war had been hove to and were lying motionless on the water. Every spyglass on board the ships was pointed in the direction of the calaboose in which the sailors were confined.

Presently a gun was fired and the bells of the churches in the town began to toll. Then, manacled two and two together, the captive seamen marched forth between two lines of guards. They had, perhaps, a furlong to march to the gallows, and the ships were so close in shore that by the aid of the spyglasses each man's features were plainly distinguishable. Their lips could be seen in motion as they spoke to each other.

"Master at arms, lead forth the prisoners," shouted the captain. His voice was clear now—clear, stern and loud, as if in the midst of battle. It might have been heard on shore.

One by one the poor victims stepped on deck. Most of them were firm, but pale as ghosts. Lieutenant Melrose had eyes but for one, the unfortunate young burgomaster. Their eyes met and the lips of the youthful victim of war's horrors formed the word "remember." The lieutenant turned his head aside. He could not bear that imploring glance.

The attention of the populace on shore was directed toward the vessels, but the sailor victims never turned their heads. Perhaps they could not bear to look upon the arks of safety that were so near them, yet which had as well been a thousand miles away.

"Hoist the yellow flag," shouted the captain, in a clear, ringing tone. "Toll the bell. Lower the ensign."

The order was simultaneously obeyed on board all three vessels. As the ominous yellow flags were hoisted, the bells commenced to toll and the ensigns, draped in crape, were lowered half mast, while the frigate's band played the "Dead March in Saul." The sight and sound were alike solemn. If it was intended for effect by Captain M——, and to strike terror into the hearts of the people on shore—and no doubt it was—it was admirably managed. Perhaps the captain thought the heart of the governor would relent at the last moment. If so, he was doomed to meet with disappointment.



The first stroke of the clocks on shore commenced to sound the hour of twelve. The sailor victims were already ranged beneath the gallows, the ropes adjusted about their necks. A gunner stood ready, linstock in hand, to fire the gun as soon as the last stroke should sound, the smoke from which when it cleared away should reveal the devoted seamen struggling in the agonies of death.

The like awful scene was visible on the deck of the frigate. It was a dreadful moment. One that a life-time cannot obliterate. Everything was silent on board the ships-of-war. A pin might have been heard to drop on their crowded decks. Even the elements seemed to be hushed in awe. The wind suddenly died away and not a ripple disturbed the smooth surface of the water.

Every eye was directed toward the shore, fixed as if fascinated. How painfully the strokes of the clock chimed in dreadful concert with the ship's bells. There might have been an hour between each stroke, and yet how rapidly they followed each other! Those who listened had lost all sense of time. Each stroke seemed to jar the whole frame, and to be responded to by the throbbing of the listeners' hearts.

Nine—ten—eleven! Every man held his breath. The governor's arm was raised to give the fatal signal. The eyes of the gunner were rigidly fixed upon his face. It was the same on board the frigate. The upraised arm of the governor remained poised in the air. Had he relented, then, at last?

The eyes of the vast multitude of spectators were directed toward the east line of the ramparts. Another moment and the cause was revealed. A fearful, prolonged shriek rent the air; a female figure, clad in white, with dishevelled hair, was seen gliding, as it seemed, so swiftly she flew, towards the governor's stand. A lane was formed for her by the crowd, and rushing onward she threw herself at his feet. It was the young wife of the burgomaster, who had been raving with insanity the whole of that fearful morning. She had been held by her attendants lest she should do herself some mischief; but as the fatal hour drew near she had broken away from them and bareheaded and barefooted, everybody giving way to her, she had traversed the distance from the burgomaster's town-house, to which she had been brought when her husband had been led away, nor did she stop until she threw herself at the feet of her husband's relative, clinging to his legs with desperate tenacity and embracing his knees with frantic energy, while amid fast-falling tears she piteously begged him to spare the victims of his own bitter anger and thereby save her husband's life.

He must have been harder than adamant had he spurned away this lovely, drooping flower. A murmur of compassion rose among the crowd of spectators. He was seen to raise her up and stoop to kiss her cheeks. Then it was known on board the ships-of-war that the tears and pleadings of the loving wife had prevailed with the stern governor when all else had failed.

Every man drew a long breath of relief. In a moment a cheer, loud and deafening as thunder, arose from the excited multitude. The sailors on board the vessels, regardless of discipline, left their posts, and springing to the shrouds manned the yards and rigging, and with cheer upon cheer answered the crowd on shore, who, forgetting that they were enemies, cheered back in return again and again. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kiss." Never were the words of the poet better exemplified.

A long time elapsed before they could be brought to listen to the orders of their officers. At length they descended the rigging and clustering around the lately doomed captives, shook hands and hugged and kissed them in the exuberance of their delight.

The poor men appeared to be bewildered. They could not yet realize that their lives were spared. The poor young burgomaster had fainted. He was carried to the captain's cabin and every care taken of him, and he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken on shore with the rest of the late prisoners, under a flag of truce, and the seamen from the shore were gladly welcomed back by their overjoyed messmates.

Some days later a reinforcement reached the squadron, and the governor of Curacao finding it useless to attempt to hold out any longer, surrendered the island to the king of Great Britain. At the conclusion of peace it was restored to the Dutch government, and about this time Lieutenant, then Commander Melrose, while command-

ing a sloop-of-war on the West India station, touched at the island, and going on shore took occasion to visit the young burgomaster and his wife and to renew his acquaintance under happier auspices.

I need not add that he was most joyously received and most heartily welcomed. He was pressed to remain the guest of the youthful and happy couple while his vessel remained in port, and many a happy evening he passed at their mansion, while they often alluded with heartfelt gratitude to his generous conduct on the sad night which had well-nigh made the lovely Agatha a widow, ere she was scarcely yet a wife.

I have only further to remark that the wretched spy, Horsica, subsequently fell into the hands of the governor of the island and met the fate at the gallows which he most righteously deserved.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE OLD HOUSE ON THE PLAINS.

BY MARY W. JANVIRN.

It was a "garrison house" of the old Puritan times, originally built of heavy plank timber, though enlarged, modernized, and kept in good repair by successive proprietors of successive generations. The upper story had projected over the lower one, the windows were narrow and small-paned, traces of the port-holes of "war time," when dwellers of the sparsely populated township flocked to the garrison for shelter and the protection of the long, black-muzzled "queen's arms," are still pointed out in the thick timbers, and numberless leaden bullets, discharged from Indian fire-arms, have been found imbedded in the still undecaying wood.

In those days, the farmers never went a field to plant or hoe the sturdy Indian maize without their muskets on their shoulders, and the Puritan housewife left at home, doubly barricaded the door with ponderous iron or oak bars, not to be removed till nightfall brought the home-returning husband, lest the dreaded "bloody savages," lurking in the ambush of a neighboring forest, should seize unwitting vantage-ground.

Playful little children—for who dare deny that the offspring of those sober-visaged sires and staid mothers possessed the traits and characteristics of modern childhood?—denied the freedom of sweet country meadows, fruity orchard closes, or a romp on the level, grassy "plains," by watchful mothers, lest a trip to Canada's frontiers (via some Indian forest trail and the guidance of some lurking redskin) should be the consequence, found themselves limited to the length of the long, low garret—a rare frolic ground, I ween—festooned with clusters of traced corn, scarlet bell-peppers, bunches of wild thyme, sage, rue, balm, and every herb which ancient dames held good in the domestic category for "seasoning," or "in sickness."

Or, perchance, one bolder than his fellows, paused on the lower landing of the garret stairs, to explore with prying curiosity the dark nooks and angles by the great roomy chimney, where (according to a tradition told over at twilight as they huddled about the broad kitchen hearth) peered out from remotest depths, "two great eyes," striking fear to whoever dared temerarily brave their optical terrors.

At what period, whence or wherefore, these flaming orbs took up their abode there, or in whose head, whether Medusæ, Gorgon, or Cerberus, they remained a feature, we never know, possibly because, with childlike credence for the story, we never cared or thought to inquire; but, looking back now to those days and wandering anew down the gallery of Imagination, we cannot refrain a half smile and a half-thrill—a smile for the grotesqueness of the vision, a thrill at the memory of our perfect childlike belief and consequent fear and terror.

Ah, me! in these later days it would not need the loosest rein of a saddened fancy to sigh, recurring to the old childish terror, "it was an omen, the Nemesis of our life, sitting there and gazing out with warning, vengeful eyes, into our future." But memories crowd thick and fast. The old house is rich in a mythology which, though certainly scarcely classic as the Grecian, has for us, at odd seasons, a greater charm. Not a nook or turn in the old passages but has its tale, not a room but has its legend.

Here, down "the back stairs," upwards of a century ago, during an Indian attack upon the garrison, the long skirts of a Puritan coat becoming entangled in a tub of dried beans on the

upper landing, scattered over the staircase its overturned contents at such a brisk, rattling rate, that the alarmed savages, thinking the fort well manned and the clattering beans a shower of "white man's bullets," scampered back to their wilds again; that low front entry, then a portion of "the keeping-room," into which the heavy oaken outer door opened, was the Thermopylæan Pass, bravely and successfully defended against a brace of warlike Indian intruders by a courageous woman, whose husband was a-field; behind yon door, in later times, another matron, searching for her hemlock broom, found, instead, to her consternation and terror, the blanketed form of a redskin who, however, speedily quieted her fears by declaring in broken English, "Me friend Indian—white squaw be no afraid. Indian hungry—give Indian eat, he no harm white squaw—no send poor red man hungry 'way, Great Spirit always send white squaw plenty corn!" which promise, it is to be presumed, the Great Spirit who presides over not only the happy hunting-grounds but the fertile corn-fields of his children, fully redeemed, since we have no record of violated rules of hospitality or lack of "plenty corn" unto "the third and fourth generations."

Reader mine, doubtless the romancer might abstract the groundwork of novels *ad finitum* from this old house and its legends; but what need? Truth is stranger than fiction, and her records are imprinted here on every old plank, beam, wall and threshold. Under this ancient roof have been enacted all the scenes and phases of life's great drama, comedy and tragedy, farce and masquerade, *tableaux vivants*, festival, wedding and funeral. I know, in later years, what lips first caught breath beneath it; what blue and brown eyes first opened to day there; what tiny feet pattered about its floors, tripped across its threshold, climbed the old staircase, or, grown bolder, wandered away to distant El Dorado's golden strand, or afar to the prairie-land where to-night other hearth-fires glow.

I remember, in childhood, the little band whose foray-ground of sport on rainy days was the same old garret where other children had played nearly two hundred years ago—the brown-eyed girl who, with quieter tastes than mine, "kept school" with books abstracted from a dusty cabinet in the corner, while others, of a more social mood, sat at juvenile tea drinkings where bolstered dolls, in lace frocks and pantalettes (woe to these luckless mantua-makers when elder sisters discovered the loss of purloined embroideries), assisted in doing table honors, the little nine-year old boy with the blue-veined forehead and delicate frame, entrusted to sister-care by a watchful mother, who floats back on the tide of memory now like the misty fragment of a dream. Alas! that brown-eyed girl and white-browed boy have long slept under the daisies.

And what a halcyon retreat was that old garret on summer afternoons when the rain-spirits beat their musical tattoo on the shingles overhead. There is a sweet rhyme which must have been born of a poet's heart as he sat and dreamed, some rainy day, under some such old attic roof as this:

"Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in my heart,  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start.  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright hues into woof,  
As I listen to the pattering  
Of the soft rain on the roof."

I know in what rooms a trio of young sisters slept, studied, or held their girlish festivals; on what mantel-shelves they placed bouquets of sweet trailing arbutus and glossy winter-green; where stood their book tables, and where hung the mirrors before which they braided up their hair or smiled back the reflection of cheeks and eyes that brightened with the flush and sparkle of young hope and promise. I know, too, alas! the chamber wherein the first link of that sister-chain was severed, wherein two days and nights lay a statuesque, waxen form, whose lips Azrael, the angel of death, had touched with his seal so gently that we scarce knew when the earthly life lapsed into the better, ere they bore her out to sleep under the autumn sod. I remember, as but yesterday, the deathly smell of the new coffin they carried in there, and for months I could never pass that chamber door but the same painful perfume smote like a thrill upon the senses with the same sickly sensation.

To what unexplained phenomena do we owe this power to retain the gloom, the shadow, the terror, while the joyful eludes us, and, like the sunbeam upon which we strive to close our im-

prisoning grasp, we find, alas! that we have it not! Ah, is it not that the Rembrandt shadows of a painting ever impress us most deeply? that the warp, which is of darkness, is of coarser filament than the golden woof of light in the web of life?

Yet all memories of the old house are not saddening ones. I know the very window, with its small thick panes of greenish glass, at the head of the staircase, always open on balmy spring or summer days, where drifts of white blossoms of the "Canada plum tree" used to fall in and lie on the broad upper stairs, and where one could stand and, parting the branches, look away through the long vistas of the distant apple orchards to catch such visions of sunset glory that, to my childish fancy, heaven, the beautiful city, surely sat enthroned upon those western sunset clouds, every block of shadowy gray a massive pedestal, every streak of amber streaming up into the blue, a fluted golden pillar upholding the great arched dome of azure.

I have seen Rembrandts, and Claudes, and Tintaretos since; sunset skies and Italian glories have smiled down upon me in picture galleries, and some sweet landscapes have enriched my wanderings, but never more beautiful picture or landscape than met the gaze of childhood from the old western stair-window.

And birds used to sing there; home-returning swallows, in the twilight, sometimes mistaking their nests, darted in our faces, then flew up to their chirping children beneath the eaves overhead; bobolinks and blue jays twittered there in spring-time, the golden oriole swung his purple-like nest from the limb of the tall apple tree in the garden, while across the field, where the orchard surged up an ocean of white billows odorous of more delicate scent than ever daintiest lady lunged from her brodered kerchief, the domestic mother robin brooded over her young. And at night, too, leaning from that staircase window, I watched "the stars creep o'er the trees."

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West,  
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mel-  
low shade,  
Glimmer like a swarm of fire-flies tangled like a silver braid."

But why linger here? Reader, you who were not born under that old house-roof, whose life's currents has been caught from other fountains and whose feet have trodden other paths, who, perhaps, looking on the classic ruins of the old world, have grown to deem no older structure suggestive or rich in food for the imagination save some ivied castle frowning steeply

"O'er the blue and winding Rhine,"

or cloistered, moss-grown abbey, rich in mellow light of crimson casement, pomp of stately architecture or historic legend, what sympathies may I crave of you for these memories of the humble fort house of stern, bleak, Puritan times?

And yet, surely I judge some of you wrongly. Every New England heart must beat with quickened pulses at the mention of New England homes. The houses that were contemporaneous with the houses where dwelt John Hancock, Governor Bradstreet and Miles Standish, must be regarded as landmarks of an age which left its ineffaceable imprint on the history of our country; the old hearthstones where the Lares and Penates of our Puritan sires were niched, to be sentinelled by the "queen's arm" and the battle-axe, should be guarded, ay, by loving hearts and with loyal veneration; thresholds on which have trodden the feet of those who "came over in the Mayflower," are shrines more sacred than the Orient's, and every timber, plank and beam of these old walls should be sedulously shielded from the levelling hand of that modern vandal, Progress.

But for me, who first saw light under the roof of yon old house, whose record of girlish joys and sorrows was kept and sealed there, whose eyes childish feet first trod those floors, in the old staircase saw beautiful pictures framed in the old staircase window, then pondering, though but vaguely as yet, on the mystery of life, caught glimpses of the beautiful beyond, afar over the rosy battle-ments of the west, whether my feet wander to other climes and my eyes feast on all rare and lovely creations whereof poets have sung and whereunto the poet's heart must ever turn yearningly as the sky-lark soars, singing, to the free, glad, upper air—whether this may come to pass, or my life glide onward in a narrower channel till it flows out into the great ocean of life, I can but turn lovingly and often to the ark whence my wings first went fluttering forth, seeking, and,



thank God, not in vain, to pluck some green olive leaf from the surging waters of life! And if, at last, the good angels come to pilot my boat "across the river," may it float on swift, upheaving waves into that upper sea of blue, afar to that beautiful mansion in the Eternal City, which, in early imaginings, I build—

"Branched with corridors sublime,  
Flecked with winding stairs,  
Such as children wish to climb,  
Following their own prayers,"

beyond those sunset clouds I leaned out to watch from the staircase window of "The Old House on the Plains!"

#### A LONDON GIN PALACE.

Strange that man, the highest and noblest of beings, should so far forget himself as to sink to a level with the vilest! Strange that, boasting the powers of reason and judgment, when darkened hours come over him instead of determinedly resisting and rising far above all little troubles, he should blindly banish them for the moment by a fatal compromise which soon brings them back again in the form of terrible tormenting tyrants!

In no country in the world does intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks appear in a more revolting form than in England. The habitual light-heartedness of the continental European, and the nature of the beverages most readily attainable are with him safeguards against

sent to the motley misery of its visitors. Look at them! The poor and the base, the degraded and the hardened. This is a Gin Palace—one of Satan's vilest pandemoniums on earth. It is full to repletion—the air is foul with the fumes of abominable liquors, and is a poison of itself. As we gaze about and distinguish the individual features of this multitude, the place seems the general rendezvous of all that is vulgar and hateful in human nature. Observe that man—an inebriate—in whose countenance no trace of humanity remains, led away by his poor, pale wife and little daughter! He is drunk! Is there a single word in any tongue which more fully expresses the extreme of degradation and misery? There is a ragged child, too young to reach the counter, save on tip-toe, holding up a bottle for the unnatural wants of parents who starve and neglect her, urged by the most terrible and unconquerable of passions. There is a mother pouring into her infant's mouth, to silence its cries in intoxication, the last drops from her own glass of gin. This is the most terrible sight of all, and it awakes still sadder thoughts when we reflect that it is not an accidental or occasional thing, but a matter of regular occurrence among the mothers—and they are many—who frequent this place. Beyond the partition there is a spot which in many gin-houses is appropriated to gentlemen—for there are degrees and castes even in gin drinking, though it be a vice which of all others seems to sink its devotees to the most degrading equality. Yes—give the gentlemen gin-

can, with feelings of gratitude, exclaim, "How beautiful it is colored!" Fabulous amounts are paid for them when they have donned the fashionable hue, and that which was worth fifty cents when new, has been sold as high as fifteen dollars when colored and rank with the oil of tobacco. The price, however, cannot be considered enormous, when it is understood that the finest quality of meerschaum cannot be perfectly colored under three months, and then it must be in use nearly all the time; say, for instance, thirty cigars per day smoked through one, each cigar costing three cents, would make the cost for ninety days, \$81, without counting sick headaches, nervousness, etc. The meerschaum, or that portion in which the cigar or tobacco is placed, is made in Vienna, of clay found in Asia. The clay resembles the porcelain clay of this country, and is easily moulded into any desired shape, and the finer the quality, the more easily colored by the oil of tobacco. The mouthpiece of the meerschaum is made of amber, a substance resembling resin, found along the Baltic Sea. This is valued according to the size of the pieces, and its fitness for mouthpieces. Many of the meerschaums, since the great demand for the article, are now made of a French clay, with mouthpieces of copal, and so strong is the resemblance, that none but judges of the article can distinguish the difference. These are called, by the knowing ones, "More-shams." These sell from twenty-five cents to one dollar and upwards. The real meerschaums are valued as be-

#### GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

A lady correspondent of the Home Journal, and a very sensible woman, too, treating of the prevailing fashion of resorting to the country in the summer season, writes as follows:—

"Sometimes I spend a few days in the country, with my southern maid, though the country itself is not to my liking. I prefer the city. I do not like to be aroused from my morning's sleep by the noise of crowing cocks and clucking hens, quacking ducks and cackling geese. I object, seriously, to listening to the cry of young calves, and the frenzied howling of their mothers. I experience no pleasure in getting up of mornings to see the sun rise, nor take delight in walking up hill and down vale, through long and tangled grasses, wet, very wet, with the last night's dew. A rainy day in the country is my especial abhorrence; there are no avenue rail-cars, no lines of omnibuses, no hackney-coaches, running into the orchard where the harvest apples are ripening; or through the lanes, on either side of which the cherries are rosy red; or over the hills and far away, where the strawberries are blushing and hiding beneath the leaves. You can't obtain those specialties in the country of a rainy day, unless you are willing to undergo a shower-bath from the trees while gathering the apples and cherries, or a foot-bath while picking the berries. But in the city, whether it be rainy or not, you can always—in their season—obtain those luxuries at Washington Market, and in far better preservation and freshness than you



SCENE IN A LONDON GIN PALACE.

excess. In the Anglo Saxon blood we find, however, a gravity and decision of character which, when fully developed, produces the noblest results, but which, under the current of adverse circumstances, is apt to sink into morbid melancholy. And when social causes combine to produce poverty, as is fearfully the case in England, there is great danger of the patient (for we must so regard the sufferer) yielding, despite his better reason, to the insinuating but treacherous solace of the glass. Consequently, we find among the suffering poor, and among the laboring classes of England, a degree of intemperance which is more than disgusting—it is terrible and monstrous.

We know of nothing which so fearfully indicates the criminal indifference of those who make and execute laws, to the moral state of the multitude, as the attractive and treacherous splendor with which the dealers in intoxicating drinks are, the world over, allowed to invest their calling. Particularly is this the case in London. The stranger passing the lower end of Holborn, or the neighborhood of Whitechapel, or the New Cut, may, at a late hour, be attracted by the flaring gas lights and flashy elegance which distinguishes the entrance to some house of more than ordinary pretensions. Let him enter—following the throng of visitors, and his eye will at once be struck with a scene, of which our engraving is an excellent representation. In every direction there is the glitter of glass and of gilding, and a theatrical splendor of carvings and curtains. But what a contrast does the house pre-

drinkers a place—for in a few years they will sink to the common room. Then the strong hand will be palsied, the bright eye dim, and broadcloth and silk flaunt not in graceful folds, but in looped and windowed raggedness. And darker and drearier will be the downward and rapid course to death. There is one—a black band around his crushed white hat—who once was among the gentlemen—God help him! Such are the patrons of a Gin Palace.

#### THE MEERSCHAUM MANIA.

Within the past two years there has sprung up in our midst a disease known as the "Meerschaum fever," and so rapid has been its growth, that a smoker of cigars or fine-cut is not considered genteel or fashionable without the smoke of his "regalia" or "Turkish" passes through a meerschaum. The usual salutation of "How are you?" is now forgotten, and the words, "Does your meerschaum color?" substituted. For it must be considered that the meerschaum is only considered valuable when it assumes a dark-red appearance. No matter how much it may smell like an old pipe, and scent one's clothes until your friends turn their nose to the windward, while talking to you, fashion has issued its mandate that meerschaums must be colored. Cigars are smoked without number, sleepless nights are spent in extracting the oil from tobacco, so that it may be absorbed in the beloved meerschaum, and the coveted color obtained. Friends are invited to smoke that never were invited before, so that the good time may come when the owner

fore stated, by the length and purity of the mouthpiece, and the fineness of the clay from which they are made. Some of them sell as high as \$20, and the bowls for pipes as high as \$50, in consequence of the elaborate carving upon them. They are made in Vienna, where a large number of persons are employed to meet the present demand. One firm, Doll & Co., have sold over \$6000 worth the present season, and the cry is still "more meerschaums." These pipes have been in use in Vienna and Germany for fifty or more years, and by a few Germans in this country, but not until very recently have our own citizens taken such a fancy to them. Now the fever is equal to the mulberry tree mania which spread over the country, and every cigar shop has its display of meerschaums. Those who are not able to purchase the "Simon Pares" use glass imitations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### IMPERIAL WIT.

It is said that on a recent occasion Prince Jerome called upon his imperial nephew at the Tuileries, and commenced a tirade of violent reproach, levelled mainly against the reluctance of the latter to set the army on the march for Italy. Amongst other things the old prince is said to have exclaimed, "You have not a drop of the Great Napoleon's blood in your veins." "Well," replied the immovable emperor, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders," giving at the same time such a shrug of the appendages mentioned as indicated a violent desire to rid them of their onerous burthen.—Reynolds.

can in the country. In the city you can always find a shady side, somewhere, to walk on. Between the Battery and Central Park there are greener spots than you can anywhere else discover. I know that there are plenty of black spots, too, but these exist, also, wherever man is to be found, whether in town or country. I am always glad, therefore, to get away from the hot, exposed roads of the country, and return to the cool, shaded streets of the city. I see more wonderful and beautiful things displayed in the windows of Broadway, as I pass through it, on my way back, than I have seen all the time of my absence."

On the same subject, a contemporary editor utters the following sensible and truthful remarks: "New York is not half so much of a purgatory in summer as many people imagine, and, if it were not for the fashion of going into the country after 'the Fourth,' there would be a good many who would stay behind for the sake of enjoying the luxuries here which cannot be obtained elsewhere, neither for love nor money. People who imagine it necessary for their health to drink a quart of Congress water before breakfast, can procure the article at the druggists as pure as they can at the springs, and a great deal cheaper; while the lovers of salt water bathing can have that luxury in as great perfection at the Battery as at Cape May or Newport. It would be rather difficult, we admit, to find as high-priced and indifferent hotels here as at the watering places—but, in all other respects, New York can furnish what can be found anywhere else."



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## REVERIE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Blessed these moments of peace bearing leisure,  
Seasons of idleness, vexed not with strife!  
Blessed, thrice blessed, each ecstatic pleasure,  
Snatched from the care and the turmoil of life!  
Now am I a monarch! With sceptre and garland,  
Leaving the dust of the mortal behind,  
Robed in the purple, I haste to the far land,  
To the sweet realms of my Kingdom of Mind!

See the wide shores of this fairy land region,  
View with this birthright, my fete in fee!  
Millions of vassals, my genii-legion,  
Hasten to loyalty, bending the knee!  
Throned on the ideal summits of fancy,  
Cuddled in wizard-walls thus do I find,  
With the sure aid of this soul necromancy,  
Every dear haunt of my Kingdom of Mind!

Hark to the echoes of mirth and enjoyment,  
Toss with these zephyrs of indolent ease!  
Here are no demons of pain and employment,  
And but the ditty the monarch to please!  
Hail, ye bright empires, thought girdled, heart-  
founded,  
Farewell the honors of earth, long-resigned!  
Lo, as a regent, with catraps surrounded,  
Thus do I reign in my Kingdom of Mind!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

SALLIE LOST AND WON.  
WHAT CAME OF A CONFLAGRATION.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

"Fire! fire!"

It is midnight. The great city which a few moments ago slept in the breathless hush of silence and darkness, is all alive now with the echoes and re-echoes of that startling cry. Dells ring—engines rattle—the thunder of rushing feet reverberates along the pavements.

"Fire! fire!"

It is a sound which I have not heard for years without a strange thrilling of the pulses. There are gray threads in my hair, and suspicious crow's tracks about my eyes, and yet, old man as I am, my heart to this day will spring to my throat like a frightened boy's, whenever I listen to that cry. Sitting here by my library-window to night, watching the lurid light of the distant conflagration as it swells up to heaven like a great golden cloud, memory brings back to me, with almost painful distinctness, the one romantic episode of my life; and while the brazen throated bells are pealing out their warning, imploring calls through the awakened city, and the hoarse voice of firemen, the rude clatter of engines, and the trampling of innumerable, hurrying feet are growing fainter in the distance, I have a mind to write out the little romance of which I speak.

But the reader must go out with me, in imagination, away out from this wilderness of brick walls and narrow pavements, to where the moonlight is lying white and still upon country fields and country homes, silvering the dew upon blushing clover meadows, drifting over summer hills, and hanging up silver swings among grand old trees for the giddy winds to frolic in. We will leave the city far behind us, like a huge monster hushed to restless slumber, its thousand fiery eyes sparkling and glittering wickedly, as if in fierce anger because it could not spring forward upon our track and drag us backward. Here, let us take this road, where the tall elm trees stand up in such a proud, sentinel fashion, lacing their green uniforms together over our heads by the white ribbons of the moonlight, leaving only darkness underneath, save where now and then the brown, winding country road is mottled with spots of light, like great, irregular flakes of snow. This way—to the right! It will lead us sooner where we wish to go, and I will show you the spot where years and years ago, ere a single brown hair on my head had whitened, or a single wrinkle dared to show itself upon my face, I turned the saddest and yet the sweetest page in the long book of my life. Ah, yes! the saddest and the sweetest page! I spelled out the words awkwardly at first, and every syllable touched my heart like the quick, cold thrust of a dagger. When I read them over afterward, I found they had been re-written with a pen of gold.

It was a June night, very similar to this, but the hour was earlier. I sat side by side with Sallie Whittemore, on the brown, wooden doorstep of her father's house, and never king occupied his throne with a prouder realizing sense of

his position, than did I that humble yet most exalted seat; humble, because it was a doorstep, and only a wooden one at that, yet most exalted, because Sallie Whittemore, the prettiest, wittiest, rosiest girl for miles around occupied it with me. With just such a saintly face as she wears to-night, the moon came up from behind the eastern hills, brightening the earth with the sad glory of her smile. In just such a dainty way the summer wind ran across the meadows, gathering up here a scent and there a sound, stealing sweet smells from the purple clover-beds, wandering through the orchards, shaking their green boughs in wanton glee, and frightening the few creamy, rose-tinted petals that had outlived the May, down to the dewy ground; purloining a note from the murmurous song which the far-away river was singing to its pebbly shores, ruffling the silken wings of the nested bird, and even daring to stir with its audacious breath the soft hair which shaded Sallie's forehead—that smooth, white forehead I would have given a year of my life to kiss. O, the mocking, cruel wind! Did it know that a sweet tumult of hopes and fears, of painful pleasure and pleasurable pain, was in my heart that hour? As it fluttered its cool wings across my face, did it guess what tender, pleasant thought it was that dashed the swift blood up warm and impetuous to my sun-burned cheeks, and sent a tremor of agitation dancing through my veins? At any rate, it played its mad pranks as though it knew the whole—as though it had spelled out from the crimson alphabet of Sallie's blushes the full story, and was determined to tantalize me to the utmost. It tossed and floated through her silken hair, as if to ridicule the great awkward hands which hung unused by my side, longing but not daring to smooth back caressingly the disordered nut-brown tresses. It played with the tassels of her coquettish little apron, and trembled on the white, crimped edge of the cambric ruffle about her throat. It stirred the folds of her bodice, challenging me to clasp about with my arm the slender waist. It even swept back, daringly, once or twice, the simple gingham skirt, revealing to me the dainty little feet beneath, beating out a gay, quick tune on the greensward.

I had gone to Sallie's that beautiful summer evening to tell her a story of tenderness that had been in my heart for years; gone to her, earnest and courageous with my great hope, to find how cowardly one bright glance from her blue eyes, or one gay word from her ripe, red lips, could make me. I had thought to tell her all I had to say in a single, simple, straight-forward sentence, but, O, how the words stuck in my throat when I tried to speak them, and how my obstinate tongue turned and twisted, as though suddenly grown too large for the mouth which held it. I was a plain, awkward country youth at best, but how plain and how awkward I never realized until I sat there in the moonlight by Sallie's side, confused and agitated, envying her the bewitching self-possession of manner which only rendered me more uncouth and ungraceful in the contrast. And, by the way, what will give women—provoking creatures that they are!—such an air of cool, sweet, easy dignity, as to have their lovers blushing like beets, and blundering like blind pigs in a crooked sty, over a confession of love?

I am quite sure I could have shaken Sallie, well as I loved her, to see with what quiet but arch gaiety she enjoyed my embarrassment. We sat together silently for the most part, though once in awhile I would fling in a little spasmodic gasp of conversation about the weather, the state of the crops, or the harvesting prospects. As for the particular subject, it kept edging about my tongue like a shy fox around a trap, never getting near enough to be caught by the subtle spring-wire of speech.

"Don't you think they are pretty, Ben?" said Sallie, at last, breaking in upon the embarrassing silence with the clear, bell-like music of her voice, and twisting one white hand, as she spoke, in and out through the tangled web of hop-vines that clambered greenly over the brown, wooden porch.

I nodded my head in assent, watching her slight fingers with a kind of fascination, as they fluttered through the dark leaves like so many white blossoms.

"Mr. Hunter's folks have got trumpet honeysuckles for their new house, but I don't think them half as beautiful as these. I always did like hop-vines."

She said it with such a betwitching uplifting of her eyes to mine, as if to know whether I agreed with her or not!

"I wish I was a hop-vine, then, Sallie!"

Don't laugh at me, dear reader! I know now that it was a very silly thing to say. I think I partly realized it then, but in the name of goodness what could a poor, blundering fellow do, when his heart kept climbing up into his mouth just for the fun of tumbling back again, like a frog into a pond, while every drop of blood in his body seemed ambitious to crowd itself into his bursting face, to blaze and burn and flame away, with no obvious reason in the world only to make him the laughing-stock of a merry, coquettish girl?

And a laughing-stock it made of me—no mistake. Sallie looked saucily into my face a moment, and then said, with a little ripple of laughter that set the extreme tips of my ears to burning and tingling as if they had been held in hot pincers:

"Hop vines have one quality which is hardly thought becoming in young men."

"May I ask what that is?" I replied, a trifle sheepishly, making a desperate attempt to imprison one of the soft hands that had fluttered down from the vines to her lap.

"Greenness!"

She snatched her hand away, as she said it, and cast a very innocent, steady look up towards the moon.

Greenness! The word went over me like a cold shower-bath, for I saw what a dolt I was making of myself in the eyes where I cared most to appear well. It did me good service, however. My embarrassment was gone on the instant, and I was as dignified and as cool as the little lady beside me and the nature of the circumstances would permit. The fear that my clownishness would lose me Sallie, had the effect of sobering me back into self-possession, and in a few resolute words, respectful, earnest, tender, but not self-humiliating, (it is astonishing how a man's self-respect always rises up to combat a woman's ridicule!) I told her of my love, and asked her to be my wife.

It was her turn to be flustered then. I tried to read my answer in her face, before she spoke, but the moonlight showed me such a contradictory mystery of smiles and blushes and dimples and pouts and frowns, such sudden upliftings and down-droopings of snowy eyelids, such tossing of curls, and pouting of lips, and flushing of cheeks, that I could make nothing of it but a puzzle, and was forced to content myself and wait patiently for an answer.

It came at last—a faint, hesitating, half-audible no. I was jilted! The blood went away from my face in a swift retreat, making such a great, wild rush at my heart, that for a moment I felt sick and dizzy, and then it came back again, whirling and boiling into my cheeks, eager to tell how mortified and pained I was.

Then I made a fool of myself. I delight to punish myself, even at this late day, by declaring that I made a fool, an unquestionable, actual downright fool of myself. I could almost pull my asinine ears this blessed minute, in pure revenge upon myself. I hadn't lived so long in the world then as I have now. I didn't understand the complicated mystery of a woman's nature; didn't know that she ever allowed her lips knowingly to contradict her heart. And so I accepted Sallie's tremulous negative with as honest a faith in the candor of her decision, as though it had been a plump, firm, scornful one. But it didn't quite agree with something I had heard, once upon a time; and after the first shock of pain was over, I blurted out with:

"Well, then, if you never intended to marry a fellow, what did you encourage him for? And what made you tell Nancy Hunter, when you knew she would tell her brother, and her brother would tell me, that I was the only young man in the village fit for a husband?"

There! I'll leave it the reader if I wasn't an idiot. I believe the old cloven-hoofed father of all folly tempted me into that speech, for I am naturally bright enough. You should have seen Sallie's eyes open upon me, wide and dark, and watched the little fiery sparks of scorn and anger that shot into them, like stars into a cloudy firmament. You should have seen the flood of crimson color break up from the velvet channel of her cheeks, overflow their shore of dimples, and rise up even to the white upland of her brow. You should have seen her superb lips curl, her graceful neck arch itself, her slight figure straighten and rise into almost queenly proportions, as she sprang up and stood before me. My straw hat had been lying on the grass at her feet. She stooped, picked it up, and with a quick,

proud gesture laid it on my head. Ah, Sallie, you were only a simple country girl, but the haughty disdain of that look and motion would have fitted a queen!

"You are a great, rude, conceited creature, Benjamin Woodstock, and if I ever said those words, I could not have been overstocked with common sense, any more than you are now when you are gentlemanly enough to repeat them to me. I congratulate you on the flourishing way in which your vanity must have been increasing with such nutritious food to diet on. I wish you good-evening!"

She stood with her angry eyes bent full upon my face, while she spoke, but as she finished, she swept me a low courtesy, and turned to enter the house. I know, for she has told me since, that my lips were white with the passion of resentful pride and anger which her words awakened in my heart. But I had sense enough to thrust my hat upon my head and take the most direct road home, choking down, as I went along, the current of hot, wrathful thoughts which oppressed me almost to suffocation.

And now I have another confession to make. I hadn't gone a rod and a half from the house, before there came a revulsion of feeling. I felt indignant at myself for my stupidity and rudeness, rather than at Sallie for her just resentment. The predominating influence at work in my heart was no longer wrath but sorrow, and, if you will believe it, I sat down in the bright, moonlight field that adjoined Squire Whittemore's front yard, and in full sight of the house, cried like a whipped schoolboy. Snee at me who will. Those were honest tears, wrung from the heart of an unsophisticated but strongly loving man, at the grave of the sweetest hope he had ever cherished. My love for Sallie Whittemore, and my grief at her rejection, were both simple, sincere and genuine. In the unaffected earnestness of my sorrow, I might have sat there all night with my handkerchief to my eyes, but that a clear, melodious, derisive laugh rang out all at once on the air. I started as if a blow had been dealt me. There was but one mouth in all the world through whose rosy portal such laughter could float, and I knew it! Sallie—malicious, cruel Sallie—had been watching me from her chamber-window!

I could not endure that she of all persons should ridicule my emotion, so I hastily thrust my pocket handkerchief out of sight, and drawing my coat-sleeve vigorously across my eyes once or twice, rose from my seat, and resolutely swallowing my grief for the time being, walked briskly towards home, making a valorous attempt to whistle a sprightly tune, in hopes that Sallie would hear me and judge therefrom of my indifference. I need scarcely add that the attempt resulted in failure. I could stop crying, if need be, to save myself from ridicule, but not for a kingdom could I whistle.

"Fire! fire!"

The clear, shrill cry startled me from an uneasy slumber into which I had fallen along towards midnight. The tears of my great disappointment were dried from my lashes as I sprang up from my bed and pushed away the window curtains, in order to gain, if possible, some knowledge of the origin and cause of the alarm.

"Fire! fire!"

"Squire Whittemore's house is all in a blaze! Bring on your buckets and pails, neighbors, and for the love of heaven hasten!"

These and similar hurried exclamations fell on my ears, as I threw on my clothes and rushed into the street. Squire Whittemore's house! For an instant the blood seemed to have grown stagnant in my veins, but on the next I was flying through the streets towards the scene of the conflagration, as though some invisible power had lent me wings.

All was confusion and alarm and wild disorder there; but as I sprang in among the excited crowd, panting and breathless, a cry, fearful in its depths of terror and despair, broke on my ear, making my very heart stand still with the import of its dreadful words.

"My child! O God, my child! Who will save her?"

One might have known it was a mother's voice, even if they had not seen that aged woman standing in the throng, white, tearless and erect, her gray hairs streaming on the night wind, her face, stony with its mighty fear, turned as if by fascination towards the burning house, her wild, imploring eyes fixed with a terrified stare;



her raised fore-finger pointing frantically to the spot where the flames were bursting out in the wildest fury, and threatening to prevent all approach.

It needed but one glance to show me the cause of that pitiful appeal. Standing by an upper window, with her face rendered almost deathlike in its pallor, by the lurid, ghastly light of the flames, was Sallie Whittemore! It seemed for an instant as if no human aid could reach her, and every breath in that great multitude was hushed in an awful suspense. Then there was a stir among the most daring—a rush—and a dozen stout men sprang forward to the rescue. I was ahead of them all, and my foot was first and firmest on the ladder which stalwart hands had reared against the already trembling walls. Agile as a panther I sprang up the slender rounds, the cinders flying around me in a fiery rain, great, hot clouds of smoke beating into my face and almost blinding me, as I toiled dizzily upward. A moment, and my arms were about the terrified girl's waist; another, and we were one fourth of the way down in our perilous descent. Even then, in that moment of awful danger, there was an exquisite sense of happiness at my heart. Perhaps it was the drooping of that dainty head against my shoulder, perhaps the close clasp of those soft, warm arms about my neck, that made me so, but God knows the feeling was brief as it was blissful. There was a crash, a horrified shout from the crowd below, and I felt the treacherous ladder giving way beneath our weight. I have a vague remembrance of drawing my dear burden more closely to my breast, and of sending up a quick prayer to Heaven for her safety, and then there is a blank in my memory.

#### "A cripple for life!"

I remember how I shivered as the kind physician's words fell on my ear, and how I turned away my eyes from the crowd of pitying, neighborly faces gathered about my couch—turned them away with a sense of utter, helpless, hopeless despair creeping coldly over me. I remember of begging them all to go away, and leave me alone with my own great affliction and bitter sorrow. I remember, too, how they stole softly and silently from the little darkened room—all but one, and that one the person whose presence I could least of all endure. But there she was, and there she would remain, in spite of all my pleading; and she would kneel beside me, and nestle her pale, tearful face beside mine on the pillow, and lay her dear arms about my neck, till I thought her sweet, tender pity would drive me mad.

And when I told her at last that she must go, that such kindness from her was quite unmanly to me—assuring her how from my heart I thanked God that she had not loved me, lest I should have been too selfish to give up even then, when my life was little more than a wreck, she only clung to me the closer, and buried her wet face in my bosom.

"Ben, dear, dear Ben, do not speak so!" she sobbed. "I do love you—I did love all the time, wicked as I was. And if you were blind and deaf, as well as crippled, the only thing that should hinder me from being your wife, would be because I had proved myself so unworthy of you that you had ceased to love me."

I tried to lift her face from my bosom, when she had finished speaking—tried with all my poor strength, but she kept it hidden close, and not till I asked her whether it was gratitude or real, genuine love which prompted her generous avowal, did she release me from her passionate embrace. But then she rose up instantly, showing me her blushing, radiant face, and I knew by the flash of light which glorified it for an instant, that my question needed no answer in words. It was love, real and genuine; and if I had not known it then, I should have learned it since, for it has been the blessing of all my life from that time forward.

#### EXPERIENCE.

There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under a misfortune, was happy—happy in a wife he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and, curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks, and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to his sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel physician is Experience.—*Home Journal*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## A VOYAGE TO SWEDEN.

BY SIDNEY S. TURNER.

THE sultry noon of a hot summer day sent down its burning rays upon the head of a traveler who, with a heavy bundle slung across his shoulders with a stout oaken stick, was walking in the direction of Boston. He had left Salem in the morning, and had proceeded quite leisurely, until noon found him eagerly seeking shelter under some tree, or at least under the shadow of a building, until the torrid hour was past. Having found this, he took from his bundle a small book, and throwing off his hat, he fell at his whole length beneath a large overspreading tree, and began to read.

He was a tall, slender youth, apparently twenty-two or three years old, with a face bronzed and sunburnt, but with a forehead like snow, where the straight black hair was allowed to fall around it at its own pleasure.

A light, as of intellectual superiority, played around that forehead and sparkled in the deep black eyes; and, notwithstanding the mode of travel he had adopted, every person who looked at him would take a second and deeper gaze, and acknowledge that here was no ordinary man; that he walked, not because he was poor, but because he was independent; that instead of trusting his thoughts to the mixed sociality of a stage-coach, he had chosen to enjoy them silently, or to pour them forth where no one could hear, or analyze them to his disadvantage. He lay there and read for more than two hours; then rising and shaping his course toward a farm-house that stood alone, he asked for some bread and milk. The farmer's wife sat bread, fruit, and delicious cream before him, for which he threw down some silver. She refused it, positively, saying that, in their retired situation, it was too pleasant to see a stranger, to allow themselves to be paid. Mutual confidence was inspired, and the result was that the young man was to board with his new friends for a few weeks, until some arrangements could be made for him which might prove more permanent. He was installed at once in a pleasant chamber, overlooking a wide range of hill and meadow, and giving a delicious glimpse of the blue ocean. A neat straw carpet, with white curtains and a white bed-covering, cane-seated chairs with white frames, and a small table, were all the appointments of the simple room. It was the spare chamber of the house, and was scrupulously clean and neat.

It was a sweet resting-place to him, whose life for two years had been sometimes in the crowded cabin of a steamer, sometimes on shipboard, and sometimes on the very top of volcanic mountains, lying there all night to watch an eruption. It was a sweet resting-place, too, for a heart that had ached and trembled, hoped and feared, and had also been torn and bleeding under woes of which the world knew, and for which it cared nothing.

Roland Ashton was the son of a ship master in Salem, who, dying in the East Indies, had left a moderate property to his widow and only son. Mrs. Ashton belonged to an aristocratic family in Salem, and her pride of birth, though not offensive, was still prominent enough to call attention to the fact.

She had educated Roland in something of the same feeling; but in him it operated only as a high-toned self respect. Well educated, highly bred, and in all respects a gentleman, Roland Ashton might have taken precedence of almost every person in his circle; but his modesty restrained him from all demonstrations of superiority, and he contented himself with the lowest seat rather than to claim the highest.

He had visited foreign countries, his property giving him ample means for so doing, by being economically managed; and during his stay his mother had resided with an old friend in Boston. Arranging all things at the pretty farm-house to his liking, and securing a parlor below for his mother, he walked to that city the next morning, intending to prevail on her to return with him.

It was one of Ashton's peculiarities never to ride when he could walk; and, having tired himself on this day, he set out the following morning to trace his way to the city. He had gone a few miles, when a carriage appeared in the distance, swaying and careering so violently that he was convinced something terrible had happened, or was about to happen. On its ap-

proach he found it perfectly empty. A fragment of gauzy material was hanging to the stop; another of a different color to the wheel. Evidently, then, ladies had been thrown from it, and perhaps were dying upon the road. He seized the reins, which were entangling the feet of the horses, and freeing them, he sprang on the seat and drove them back. Beside the road lay a figure apparently lifeless. Another lady was bringing water from a brook in her inverted sunshade, with which she began to sprinkle the recumbent figure.

As Roland sprang to the ground, the lady uttered a cry of heartfelt joy. She explained that the horses became frightened at a large piece of room paper that was blown directly across their feet; that her companion, who was driving, could not hold the reins and had attempted to alight, but missed her footing, and was jerked forward upon some stones; that finding that she could not recover the reins, she followed her friend's example, with better success, her only accident being the loss of half a founce. She told him this while endeavoring to restore her friend, in which Ashton, having secured the horses, was of great service to her.

"My name is Laura King," said the young lady, after a brief pause, in which they were at a loss to know how to proceed.

"And mine is Ashton," rejoined Roland.

"That is right. Now we know each other," she said. "I think it awkward not to be able to call names."

Roland was surprised at the little emotion she experienced for her friend's state, and he did not mind telling her so.

"O, Mr. Ashton! when you have seen as many ladies faint as I have, you will not think it a weighty affair. Still, I should like her to recover before we put her into the carriage."

She did not, however, and Ashton took her up gently and placed her on the seat, and Laura was soon seated by her side. She held her head against her shoulder, and the carriage was driven on by Roland at a smart, quick pace. A few moments of this motion sufficed to send the color into her cheeks, the quick, warm breath to her lips, and as Roland turned round toward her, he was struck with the varied expression of a face lately so still and pallid.

"Whither do you go?" he asked of Miss King, who directed him to a genteel house near Beacon Street. "The very house," said he, "where my mother is staying." But his words were lost in the sound of the wheels, and on second thought he did not repeat them.

He alighted when they arrived, and handed out Miss King. The other lady was really hurt, and he was obliged to take her out in his arms and carry her into the house. Mrs. Ashton herself stood in the hall, and of course the embrace to her long absent son was very cordial. Considerable time elapsed before order was restored and the injured lady placed under the care of a physician. Ashton proposed to his mother to go with him to Woodend that afternoon; but she chose to remain until Caroline King should be restored; so he left her to follow him when she pleased.

When, after three weeks, she joined him, she was accompanied by the two cousins, Caroline and Laura King.

It was her desire that one of these should be her son's wife. They were rich, handsome, and of high birth—both South Carolinians of the best blood—and moreover, the lady who was hurt in the overturning, manifested a great interest in Roland Ashton. They did not know that far beyond the sea, Roland Ashton had left a heart that was longing for his return—that nothing but the remembrance of his mother's pride had prevented him from bringing home the beautiful Swedish girl as his bride. A dutiful son he had ever been, even to the crushing down of hopes that were intertwined with his whole being.

One year before, he had seen Elise Brennar, with the strong hand of sorrow laid heavily upon her. Her parents both died, leaving her poor and friendless. Ashton won her love by the kindness which he bestowed upon her desolate state. That love was not lost—it was soon returned fourfold.

He wrote to his mother, describing Elise, and stating his intentions toward her. She answered, peremptorily refusing to admit her to her presence. Roland felt how little happiness could exist for Elise, while his mother remained so unapproachable, and he returned without her. But hardly had he set foot on his native shore, ere he repented. Though a calm, dispassionate man,

little given to excitement, he felt to the depth of his heart that he could not live without Elise. He liked the Kings—he had loved the Swedish girl. There was a great deal of difference—and when Mrs. Ashton thought herself perfectly sure of a rich daughter in law, he horrified her by declaring his unalterable attachment to Elise; and what was worse, declaring it before Caroline King. She turned a withering look upon Roland, for his eager anxiety on the day of her fall had induced her to think she was the object of his attention; while Laura had long imagined that her smartness and wit had entrapped him. Laura came down the same afternoon with a letter, pretending that she was called home, and that she should go the next day. Roland's quick eyes detected the fact that the letter she held was post-marked in January; and this was August! "It has been long delayed," he remarked; "I fear the occasion for your return has gone by." She detected the sneer, and blushed. "O, I took up the wrong letter," she said, in confusion.

But they went, the same afternoon.

"Mother," said Roland, after they had gone, "will you go to Sweden with me?"

"What a request! how can I?"

"Perfectly well. The steamer sails to-morrow."

"Absurd! I could not—and why should I?"

"To bring home a daughter-in-law."

"Really, my son, you presume upon your recent absence, to ask such a thing."

But notwithstanding her resistance, she went—afraid to trust him by himself, and hoping to be able to prevent him from this marriage, if she should be with him. All the voyage, she held up the image of Caroline King; and almost the moment they arrived in England they met her in a carriage. It was a contrived plan, the Kings having come a fortnight before. Never was a poor fellow so persecuted. They wore over at the same hotel, and both renewed their blandishments, forgetting, or feigning to forget that they had lost their hopes before.

Roland's only resource was to bring Elise to his mother's presence. Even she had begun to despair of his return to Sweden; but now the joy of his presence brought light and beauty to her pale cheek.

Since his departure, a relation whom she never saw had died, leaving her all that he was worth, she being next of kin. It was a great recommendation to Mrs. Ashton, especially when she found that the deceased relative was of rank, although he had never troubled himself about his poorer relations. She made a feint of dissatisfaction; but the event showed that the voyage of the Kings was made in vain. Ashton returned home with his mother and his young bride, and extended an invitation to the two young ladies to accompany him; but they declined to appear as accessories where each had hoped to be principal.

#### THE DIFFUSION OF ODORS.

Odors are capable of a very wide diffusion. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a large room for the space of twenty years. Consider how often, during that time, the air of the apartment must have been renewed, and have become charged with fresh odor. At the lowest computation, the musk had been subdivided into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs. The vast diffusion of odorous effluvia may be conceived from the fact, that a lump of asphaltum, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Yet, since dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, must be essentially distinct. The vapor of pestilence conveys its poison in a still more subtle and attenuated form. The seeds of contagion are known to lurk, for years, in various absorbent substances, which scatter death on exposure to the air.—*Picquet's Art of Perfumery*.

#### AN INTERESTING WORK.

Among the unpublished manuscripts of the late and much lamented Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, was one bearing the following unique and suggestive title: "Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician." It bears the marks of having been added to, up to within a week of the decease of the venerable author. It may with propriety be called his Medical Autobiography, and is a work of quite remarkable character, being filled with facts and anecdotes of rare interest. It will doubtless have a large sale when published. We are informed that Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. have the work in press, and will issue it at an early day.—*Boston Journal*.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.



## THE STATE STREET BLOCK.

We present on this page a fine view of the State Street Block, drawn expressly for our Pictorial. The erection of these buildings is due to the enterprise of the Board of Directors of the Long and Central Wharf Corporations, who completed the foundation work in May, 1857, so that the lots on which the stores stand were ready to be offered for sale in June of that year. Immediately succeeding the sale, the parties purchasing entered into contracts for the erection of the superstructure thereon. These contracts were executed during the month of July, and since that period this spacious range of buildings has been constructed and completed for occupancy, covering an area of 55 575 superficial feet of land, and presenting to the eye a frontage of 1100 feet in length and 70 feet in height, upon the four streets which surround them. The outlay involved in the purchase of the land amounted to \$469,543; the cost of the foundations and underground works to the purchasers of the lots was \$105,494, and the amount of money disbursed for the erection of the superstructure has been \$385,000, forming a grand total of \$960,037 as the whole outlay. The general direction of the laying out, contracting for, and carrying forward of the project, was confided by the Directors of the Long and Central Wharf Corporations to Thomas Lamb and Moses Williams, the Presidents, who retained as architect Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., who designed and prepared all the plans, specifications, contracts, estimates and descriptions of the lots and their foundations, together with the buildings erected upon them, and in conjunction with Robert Marsh, Esq., superintended the erection of the same.

The noble block, comprising sixteen buildings, is a lasting monument to the skill and taste of Mr. Bryant, whose name is associated with so many of our finest structures. The sixteen buildings form one block of warehouses, having four fronts or facades upon four streets, to wit: One north, on the street intended to be called State Street, measuring 425 feet; one south, on the street intended to be called Central Street, measuring 425 feet; one west, on the new street on the east side of the Custom House, 125 feet; and one east, on a portion of Long and Central wharves, which is to be used as a street until such time as the two corporations elect to increase the block of buildings, to the east of those lots now to be sold, as aforesaid,—125 feet. Each and all the buildings composing said block of warehouses, are five stories in height, above ground, and one story, below ground. Each building has eight available and thoroughly strong floorings for storage, or for other purposes, as may be desired.

The exteriors of all the warehouses are similar in style of architecture. They are designed solely with reference to a judicious height of stories for utility as well as good proportion to the structure, as a whole, and for the introduction of suitable light by an ample number of windows and doors, all of which are of liberal dimensions. No attempt has been made to introduce elaborate architecture or ornament of any kind. The effect produced is obtained by arched openings, horizontal facias, and belts between each of the stories; upright pier-block divisions between each warehouse, with those of the street story finished with bold rustic blocks, and by a corbel table cornice which crowns the entire length of each facade. The west end of the block, facing the street to the east of the Custom House, has a central projection, reaching from top to bottom of the facade; it is designed in similar style and arrangement to the other facades, but is crowned with a massive circular pediment, in the tympanum of which it is proposed to introduce some appropriate device or inscription commemorative of the erection and uses of the block. The principal part of all the stones of the facades are designed with rough split faces encircled with tooled marginal lines on the edges of the exterior face of each stone. The faces of the facias and belts of each story are designed as dressed stone, as are also all the window-heads, keystones, arches, capitals, rustics and main cornice.

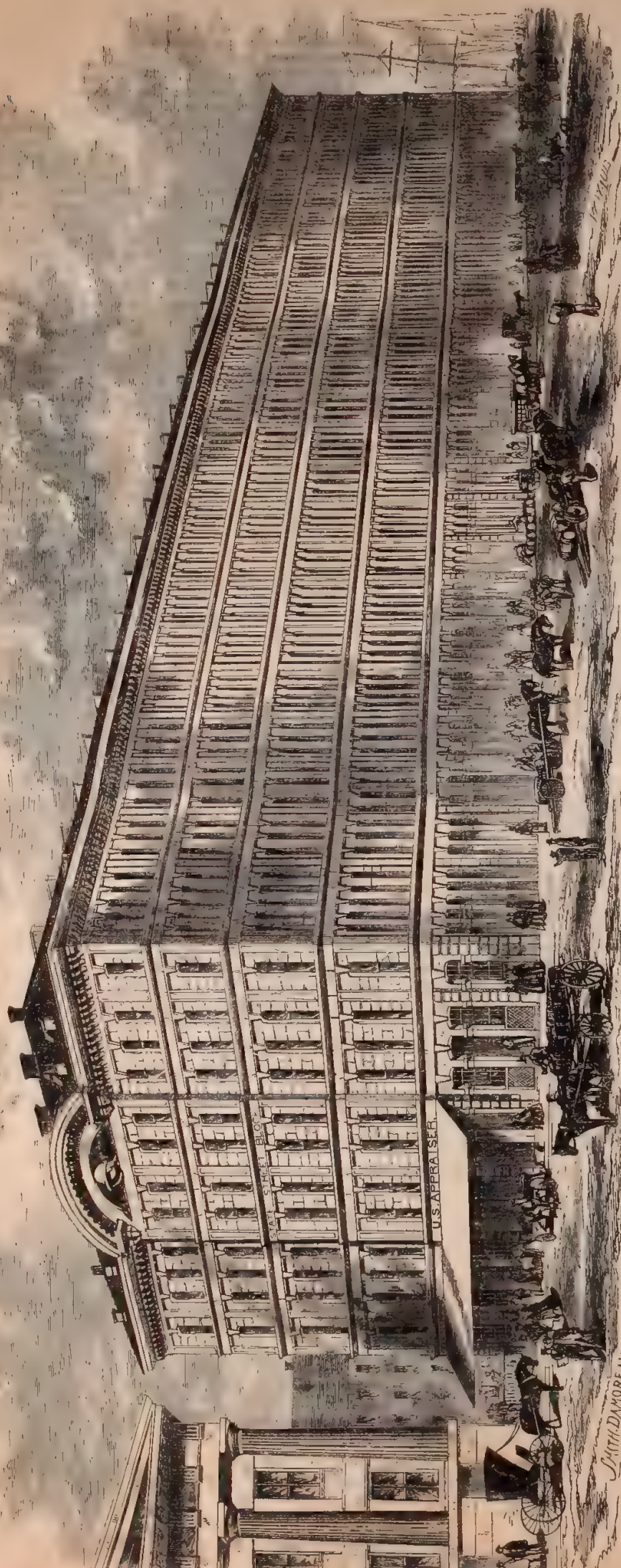
The labor of preparing the lots, in the first place, was immense, as the foundations embraced the necessary filling of the dock—the boxing out of the water, the laying down of an immense sewer, the piling for receiving the walls of the intended structures, the formation of two new streets running east and west across the site of the dock, at the north and south ends of the contemplated buildings, including the proper remodeling of the two sides of the dock into streets running on the north and south sides thereof, and the erection of a massive sea-wall for the formation of the head of the remaining dock to the east of the lots, outside of the street laid down between it and the east end of the lots. The contract for the intricate, tedious, and extensive water and underground foundations, was awarded to Messrs. Greenleaf & Adams, of Boston. The erection of eight of the warehouses was also undertaken by Messrs. Greenleaf & Adams and Joseph Fitch, Esq.; the remainder of the block has been built by the following named gentlemen: Standish & Woodbury, Jonas Fitch, Robert Marsh, Joel Wheeler and Thomas Lyford. These contractors have faithfully executed the work entrusted to their charge. The whole of the granite for the exterior walls and sidewalks has been supplied under a contract made with Messrs. Octavius T. Rogers & Co.; it embraces upwards of 10,000 tons, and has been promptly and satisfactorily supplied.

The location of the U. S. Appraisers stores in the westerly extremity of this noble block, makes an immense saving of time to merchants as well as to government officers. The very best accommodations are afforded to all the tenants. In store No. 9 is placed a steam engine of 100 horse power, connected with which is shafting running the entire length of the whole block of stores. The tenant of this building has to sign a written agreement that he will keep the engine running twelve months of the year, and 12 to 14 hours per day. The cost to each lessee, using steam power, will be less than that of hand power. By means of the hoisting apparatus, attached to the shafting in every store, a hoghead or box of any dimensions, can be raised to the sixth story in about two minutes. The steam engine and hoisting apparatus were constructed by William Adams & Co., and reflect great credit upon their skill as machinists.

## CHARMING NOVELTY.

Ehninger, the artist, has been highly successful, we learn, with his experiments in what may be termed photographic etching. The process is that of etching on plates of glass, prepared according to photographic principles, from which any number of impressions can be printed. The superiority of the process to that of the old style of etching on copper or steel, is that any artist, with a common needle, is able to etch his design upon the glass, without that previous practice with the dry point and skill in laying grounds that is required for etching on metals. The new process is sufficiently expressive to enable amateurs to enjoy the thought, style and touch of the artist in a more complete and perfect form than ordinarily within our reach. Several artists have experimented with Mr. Ehninger's plates, and with great success. The result is a portfolio of etchings of the greatest interest to all who know how to estimate their value. But this is not all. One of each of these illustrations—twelve in number, we believe—Mr. Ehninger proposes to place in the hands of as many different poets, who will embroider them with verse; thus bringing together in one volume the handiwork of the best painters and poets of America.

THE STATE STREET BLOCK, BOSTON.





## LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.

If any one questioned the romantic beauty of the mountainous parts of the Chinese empire, his doubts would be dispelled by a glance at the wild and magnificent landscape delineated in the accompanying engraving. The wild rocks, perforated with broad arches, the sharp fantastic peaks of the mountains, the rushing cascade and the irregular foliage remind us of some gorgeous scene upon the stage, while the pagoda, the galley, and the richly dressed figures in the foreground complete the illusion. Two mountains, of the same name, rise in the middle of Thai-hou, one of the largest lakes in China. They are distinguished by the addition of the words east and west, which indicate their position. That represented by our engraving is Mount Thong-thing-chan of the east. This mountain is situated in the middle of lake Thai-hou, to the southwest of the city of Ou-hien, lat.  $31^{\circ} 23'$ ; longitude  $118^{\circ} 8'$ . The emperor Khien-long, visiting the southern provinces, in the sixteenth year of his reign (1751), composed a piece of verse on the sixteen points of view presented by this mountain. According to the history of the city of Kou-soa, it is eight leagues in circumference; it is a little smaller than Mount Thong-thing-chan of the west, but resembles it much in the boldness of its peaks, the depth of its precipices, and its natural productions, such as mulberry trees, sweet oranges, saffron, etc. According to the history of the city of Ou-hien, now Sou-tcheou-fou, General Mo-li, who lived under the Soui dynasty (581 to 618, A. D.), dwelt a long time on this mountain, and bestowed his name on it. Some authors, in fact, call it Mount Mo-li. It is also called

Siu-mou, that is to say, Siu's mother, because the celebrated Tsen Sia went to meet his mother on this mountain. The eastern summit is called Ou-chan, or the Warrior's Mount. It is one league and two tenths in circumference.

The ancient name of the other mountain, Thong-thing-chan of the east, was Pao-chan. It rises in the middle of lake Thai-hou, and is also southwest of the city of Ou-hien. In the lower part of this mountain there are eight subterranean grottoes which permit access very far under the soil covered by the lake, and reach the territory of Pa-ling, now Yo tcheou-fou, a city of the first class in the province of Hou-Kouang, latitude  $29^{\circ} 24'$ , longitude  $110^{\circ} 34'$ . The same fact is

reported with more details in the memoirs on the Ou country. Mount Pao-chan, says the writer, is 13 leagues from the shore. In the lower part, a little below the level of the lake, open eight grottoes, by means of which you can travel under water, to a prodigious distance, without meeting any impediment. This vast cavern has been named Ti-mé, that is to say, Earth-vein. It is the ninth of the eighteen caverns so celebrated by the Chinese poets and mythologists. Formerly, the history of this mountain tells us, Ho-liu ordered a man, gifted with supernatural knowledge, to explore the depths of this subterranean grotto. Having provided himself with torches and everything necessary for a long excursion, he walked

onward for seventy days, and returned without having discovered the end of the cavern. In the interior, continues the legend, he saw on a stone bench a work in three volumes, and brought it to Ho-liu, who, not being able to decipher it, begged Confucius to explain the subject to him. The philosopher told him that the work was written by the emperor Yu, of the Hia dynasty, (2205-2198, B. C.,) and that it treated of spirits and immortals.

This man was called Mao, and surnamed Ching. He had received the title of Mao-Kong, or prince Mao. The mansion of prince Mao is still seen on the mountain. It has been hewn out of the solid rock, and contains a well-preserved

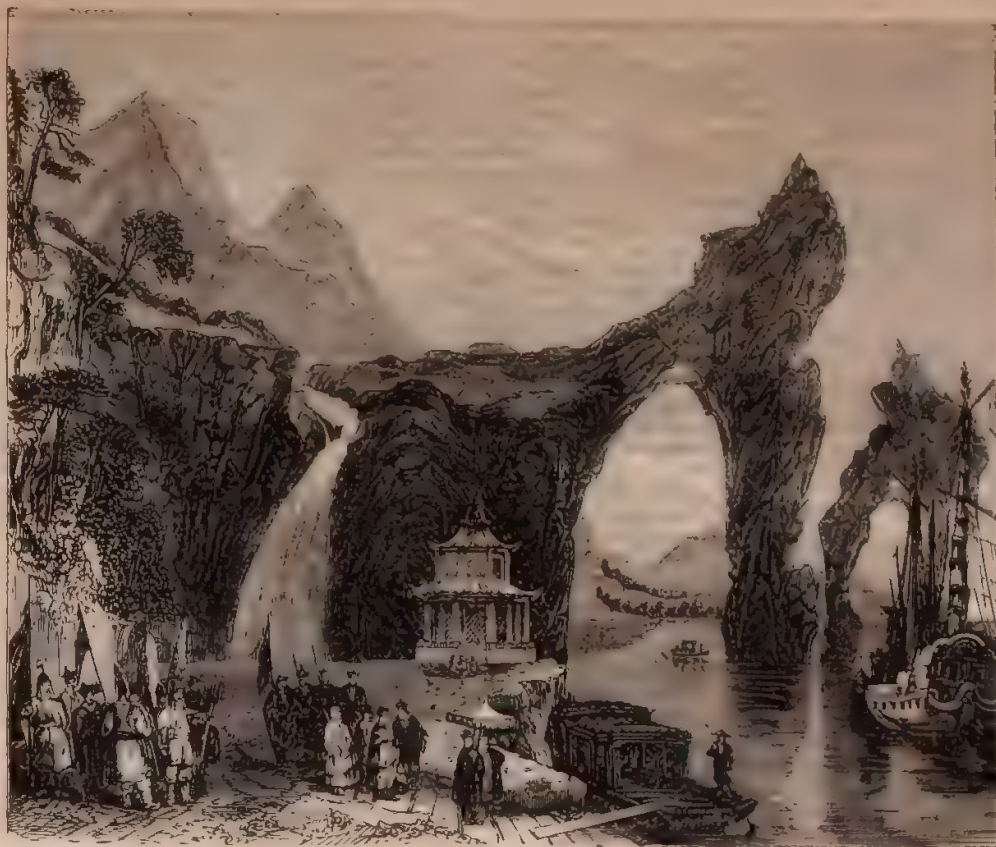
altar. The principal grotto has three portals, all leading to the same cavern, which is divided into many sections by stone gates. The most remarkable parts are the Stone House, the Silver Chamber, and the Hall of Gold. The highest peak of this mountain is called Piao-miao-fong, a word signifying "the summit which is lost in clouds."

BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR  
IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

The accompanying engraving represents the British men-of-war now lying in the famous Bay of Naples. In the foreground is a group of American visitors, called forth to indulge in the interest of the unwonted spectacle. No bay in the world has been more celebrated than that of Naples, and poets and painters have vied with each other in conferring fame upon its splendid scenery. It is a semi-circular outlet of the Mediterranean, about 22 miles in length from Cape Miseno on the northwest, to Cape Campanella on the southeast, and about ten miles in breadth, having, on the shore besides Naples, the capital city, Pozzuolo, Portici, Castel-a-mare, Vico, Sorrento and Massa. Eastward, Vesuvius bounds the prospect, and westward is Montenuovo, while on its surface are the islands of Ischia and Procida at its north, and Capri at its south side. Notwithstanding the extent of the bay, the actual harbor is of small dimensions, being formed by a niche which projects nearly from the centre of the city. The water, though deep at its outer extremity, becomes so shallow near the town as to float only small vessels. It seems, however, to suffice for all the trade which is carried on at this port.

## SELLING AN AUDIENCE.

Some years ago, when—as in our day—Shakespeare and the legitimate drama failed to fill the benches of "old Drury," the manager, in despair, announced for his benefit, that he would, before the eyes of all the audience, and by the simple agency of a sharp knife, manufacture a pair of good and substantial shoes in five minutes. This announcement did—what Shakespeare never had done—fill the house to overflowing; and it was not until the wily manager came forth upon the stage and expertly cut the legs from off a pair of boots he held in his hand, and held up the dismembered understandings, that they realized the fact that they had been "sold."



VIEW ON LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.



BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR, NOW LYING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L., Portland, Me.—The escutcheon recently adopted on the seal of the new State of Oregon, we learn, supported by thirty-three stars, and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, "The Union," in relief, mountains, an elk with branching antlers, a wagon, the Pacific Ocean, on which there is a British man-of-war, the departing, and an American steamer arriving. The second quartering with a sheep plough and pickaxe. (Crest)—The American eagle. Legend—The State of Oregon. The introduction of the English man-of-war is no doubt emblematic of that nation's being obliged to relinquish its claims to the territory.

E. de L., New Orleans, La.—Nous avez tort, monsieur Noheliez pas que "Les grands hommes ont toujours pour tort ce qu'ils font, et pour tout ce qu'ils ne font pas, d'autres raisons que la faiblesse."

TRAVELLER.—The total number of American sea-going vessels reported during the month of July as lost and missing, amount to 19, viz. 5 ships, 4 barques, and 10 schooners. Of these, 2 were burnt, 12 wrecked, 3 abandoned, 1 sunk, and 1 missing.

"SOUTH STREET."—The British steam propellers, Andes, Alps, Lebanon, Taurus and Teneriffe, all of the Cunard line, have been sold to the Spanish government. They will be replaced by five others of greater capacity and power.

C. U.—The Constitution of the United States prohibits the States from making "anything but gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts." This prohibition to the States does not apply expressly to Congress, but the principle does. Congress never made anything but gold and silver a legal tender.

ENGINEER.—The following is said to be a correct calculation of the speed, in a given time, on the railroads of different countries: England—main speed 30; express, 60; maximum, 82. Germany—main speed, 30; express, 64; maximum, 76. United States—main speed, 40; express, 60; maximum, 106. France—main speed, 40; express, 72; maximum, 86. It should be borne in mind that in the United States there are lines of the length of 8900 miles, the stations on which are at great distances from each other.

ARTIST.—At the Museum of Paintings in Madrid is a collection of 2000 pictures, and one of the finest in the world, containing 46 Murillos, 10 Rafaelis, 62 Rubens, 64 Velasquez, 34 Tintoretto, and 43 Titians.

## THE PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

The best informed writers and journalists of Europe appear to be now of opinion that the continent will enjoy a term of peace for several years, a consummation devoutly wished for by merchants, manufacturers and financiers throughout the world. Mazzini, however, says in his late famous letter, "war is for the Empire an absolute necessity. The Empire does not represent a principle, such as liberty, nor a tradition such as legitimacy, nor a faith such as theocracy. The Empire represents a fact—a force created by usurpation, and this fact is necessarily involved: this force cannot maintain itself except by actions that fortify it. Glory and territorial aggrandizement are the only things the Empire can give to France in exchange for liberty. Where a power consists of a chief and an army, war is but the normal condition of its life. It is but an illusion to believe that the Empire can be peace; it would give the lie to history. And the alliances with the Empire can only be alliances with despotism. Alliances are founded upon an identity of principles and interests. The life of the Empire in France requires the triumph of imperialism in Europe. The natural allies of Louis Napoleon are Russia and Austria."

Mazzini's assertions and speculations, however, are to be received with extreme caution, as he is a violent partizan and has certain special purposes to effect. More moderate men, who enjoy, too, a correct position for acquiring information, have no doubt of the pacific policy of the emperor, and, with regard to European alliances, believe that Russia, Austria and Prussia will renew and consolidate their relations, backed by England, and thus a sort of second Holy Alliance be formed against France, the ambition and power of whose chief they are beginning to dread almost as much as they did the force and the aggressive spirit of the first Napoleon.

Mr. Gaillardet, the former able editor of, and now the Paris correspondent of the New York "Courier des Etats-Unis," in one of his late letters reports the following remarks made to him by a German diplomatist: "France possesses two terrible arms against Europe; these are, first, her armies, unequalled in their organization, their impetuosity (*elan*), and the experience they acquire in Algeria; next, the revolutionists they can enroll and raise in Poland as well as Italy, in Hungary as well as throughout Germany. Against the former of these dangers we have no protection except in uniting all our military forces. To suppress the latter, we have but one method, that of satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and of making ourselves more liberal than France, which would permit us, if nec-

essary, to turn against her the arm which she may now employ against us. These steps will probably be taken by all the German powers, including Austria, and when they shall have all granted liberal constitutions to their subjects, imperial France will find herself alone in her internal despotism. We shall form a blockade of liberty about her, and in case of war, she could play the part of liberator—it would be ourselves. Revolutionists would be terrible to her alone."

Gaillardet shrewdly remarks on this: "Though a very good Frenchman, at least I fancy I am, I should be delighted to see Germany and all Europe put this democratic blockade in force against us, because the imperial government would have a very simple way of defeating it; this would be to place itself on the same ground as its rivals, and to show that France wishes to continue to be what she has been, the foremost in political education as in military science. All the world would gain by rivalry. Napoleon III. would thus end the deplorable and painful contradiction which France presents in going to win, with her blood and gold, constitutional liberties for foreigners. This flagrant discrepancy strikes all minds and eyes so forcibly, that it is undoubtedly a weakness for the government who prolongs it, and by being compelled to end it, it would be strengthened rather than weakened. France, by the patriotism, wisdom and devotion she has shown to Napoleon III., has deserved to gain by the last war something more than Lombardy for Piedmont, and liberal reforms for Tuscany and Modena."

These speculations may shadow forth-coming events. Louis Napoleon may be compelled to rely for self-preservation and power on liberal institutions instead of bayonets. We sincerely hope that such may be the case.

## THE NATIVES OF AFRICA AND THE APES.

Wood tells us that the natives of Africa have an idea that the Gorillas and other large apes are really men, but that they pretend to be stupid and dumb in order to escape impressment as slaves. Work, indeed, seems to be *summum malum* in the African mind, and a true African never works if he can help it. As to the necessary household labors and the task of agriculture, he will not raise a finger, but makes his wives work, he having previously purchased them for that purpose. In truth, in a land where the artificial wants are so few—unless the corruptions of pseudo-civilization have made their entrance—there is small need of work. The daily life of a "black fellow" has been very graphically described in a few words. He gets a large melon, cuts it in two, and scoops out the inside; one half he puts on his head, he sits in the other half, and eats the middle.

THE NELLY BAKER.—This charming little steamer which plies between Boston and Nahant, has been full of business the present season. We are glad of it, for everything about the boat is conducted in excellent good taste and careful precision. Mr. M. P. Wild, the gentlemanly caterer and assistant director of the Nelly Baker, has cheered thousands with his choice viands the past summer, putting every one in good humor by his pleasant courtesy and promptness. The boat and her people are universal favorites in Boston harbor.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.—King Hezekias is the first recorded enemy to the liberty of the press: he suppressed a book which treated of the virtues of plants, for fear it should be abused, and engender maladies; a shrewd and notable reason, well worthy of a modern attorney general.

SIGNOR CORELLI.—Poor Corelli, so well known here as a teacher of vocal music, recently committed suicide at Long Island in a fit of insanity produced by disease. He had a large circle of friends and pupils here.

MILITARY VISITORS.—The Montreal Field Battery, Captain Stephenson, left a very favorable impression in our city. The corps is composed of fine, soldierly and gentlemanly men, and their uniform is rich and serviceable.

COOL.—Mr. Blondin's speculating what he shall do at Niagara, if he falls from the rope into the "big drink."

PUNCTUALITY.—With kings, a politeness; with men, a business; with women, a pastime.

## AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Most people, not very well versed in literary history, have a persistent propensity for identifying authors with their heroes. Romantic misses are sure to fancy that the author of the "Black Revenger" must be an unhung pirate, with ferocious hair and predatory boots, wearing "the dear Conrad expression, half savage, half soft," whereas he is in all probability a mild young man, with pensive locks and blue eyes, and that look

"Which lingers give  
To the beloved apostle."

Of the authors of the fashionable novels with which the Minerva press has teemed, ninety nine one-hundredths are the voracious vulgarisms on earth, who could not by any possibility secure their *entree* into a decent drawing room, whose ideas of elegance are drawn from London gin-shops or the tawdry finery of a half-price theatre, and whose knowledge of high life is derived from the maudlin gossip of discarded footmen.

Romance-writers, as a general thing, are very common-place personages in appearance, conversation and manners. Now and then only you find a dashing gentleman, who looks the incarnation of his idea, like W. H. Ainsworth. But we caution young ladies not to fall in love with the personality of authors through their works. It is a dangerous speculation. The imaginary Adonis generally turns out to be a snuffy old gentleman, with spectacles on nose and the corporation of a Falstaff.

Comic writers are proverbially *sad* dogs. Cervantes wrote Don Quixotte in a prison, Cowper produced John Gilpin in a fit of the blackest despondency, and Lamb wrote many of his quaintest and most brilliant essays under the pressure of the most dreadful domestic troubles. The world imagines these comic writers must be funny dogs. The world invites them to supper, and expects them to "set the table on a roar;" and when the world finds them dull and heavy, with none of the humor and merriment of small wits, it sets them down as impostors and plagiarists. For our own part, when we see a literary gentleman with a most lugubrious countenance, looking as if he had buried all his relatives, and was about to be executed himself, we set him down as a wit of the first water. And when we behold a gay, laughing, fashionably-dressed *litterateur*, we make sure that he perpetrates deep tragedies and harrowing romances.

## LITERATURE IN JAPAN.

It appears that the people of this strange empire are noted for something else besides Japan candlesticks and blacking. Whoever walks through the streets of Japan, town or village, will be surprised to notice the number of books exposed for sale in almost every shop. On looking inside he will probably find one or more of the attendants, if otherwise disengaged, busily reading, or listening to something being read by one of the company. In walking through the outskirts of the town, it is not unlikely he will come suddenly on a knot of children, seated in a snug corner out of the sun, all intently engaged in looking through some story book or other they have just bought at a neighboring stall, and laughing right heartily at the comical pictures which adorn the narrative. The conviction is thus brought home to a man's mind that the Japanese are a reading people.

FAST LIVING.—Hufeland, the physiologist, relates that Louis II. of Hungary was crowned in the second year of his life, and ascended the throne in the third. In his fourteenth year he had a complete beard; in his fifteenth he married; in his eighteenth he grew gray, and at twenty he died, with all the appearances of an aged man.

WHAT ARE APPLES?—A subscriber asks the editor of the Field, "Is an apple a vegetable or not?" In scientific language, it belongs to the vegetable kingdom, but in the language of the kitchen it is not a vegetable, but a fruit.

SENSIBLE REMARK.—Public thanks, says the *Athenaeum*, are due to the man who writes an agreeable book; still more to him who writes agreeably on a dull subject.

UNTAXED PROPERTY.—There are three hundred and ten churches in Philadelphia free from taxation, the property of which is assessed at nearly four millions of dollars.

## THE LATE MOSES D. PHILLIPS.

The death of Mr. Phillips, of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has carried sorrow into a very wide circle. His departure inflicts a severe loss on the business community, and a yet more severe one on the private circle of which he was one of the pleasantest and brightest ornaments. Mr. Phillips was born in Charlestown, in this State, in 1813, but has for many years been engaged in the bookselling and publishing business in this city. As a business man, he was enterprising, but not rash, vigilant, energetic, liberal and upright. His promptness and courtesy made it a pleasure to deal with him, and even the *genus irritabile* looked on him as a friend. He was very happy in his domestic relations, and universally beloved in the society in which he moved. Until within a few years he lived in Worcester, making the long journey to and from Boston daily. Of late he has resided in Brookline. He was buried in Worcester, the services being closed by a feeling and impressive prayer from Rev. Edward E. Hale, the former pastor and warm friend of the deceased.

## THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, cultivated literature and letters with a success truly remarkable, when we consider the general ignorance of females in the age in which she lived. She was well versed in the languages, and wrote Latin, particularly, with elegance and fluency. The fragments left behind her prove that had she been permitted to devote more time to poetry, her performances would have been classical. On leaving France, for the scene of her trials and misfortunes, she wrote a beautiful song in French, a translation of which we subjoin:

Sweet shore of France, adieu!  
Dear cherished land,  
I leave the strand  
My earliest pleasures knew.  
Farewell! joy of my heart!  
The sail, our loves that part,  
Take but the half of me;  
One half remains behind,  
Be to the other kind,  
Its memory keep with thee.

THE HAIR.—Somebody said wittily: "You rarely, if ever, see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a musician with short hair, a fop with coarse hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted." This is no less true than funny; yet, although this may be an indication of the active operation of the mind in several cases here mentioned, rendering the adornment of the hair a matter of indifference, by far the largest proportion of the world acknowledge the beauty of this ornament and its wondrous influence, where carefully tended, in adding beauty to the face it luxuriantly surrounds.

THE USE OF PICTURES.—We don't know the author of the following, but it is quite too sensible to be lost: "Pictures are an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, and even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast!"

THE CORNHILL COFFEE HOUSE.—This building has been demolished, to make room for a large granite-fronted building, which Mr. George Young expects to occupy in September, 1860. The Cornhill Coffee House was first opened by Mr. William Fenno, in 1824, and kept by him about fourteen years. He was followed by Mr. Taft, and Mr. Young has been connected with it since 1846.

HON. HORACE MANN.—Messrs. Elliot & White, 322 Washington Street, have just published a remarkably faithful likeness of the late Horace Mann, drawn by D'Avignon. It is a treasure that all lovers of the philanthropic original should frame and hang up in their homes. Price \$1.25—fine impressions.

THAT'S SO.—About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

QUEER.—There is a firm doing business in St. Louis under the name of Liverpool & Dierich.



## THE MODEL EDITOR.

Among the various "model men" who have been delineated for the amusement of the public, we have seen a representation of the model editor, but as it was far from satisfying our ideas of perfection, we will attempt to sketch him according to our own views.

The model editor, then, is a man of universal information—a perfect library, and an astonishing linguist. He is as well-versed in Choctaw and Hindostanee as he is in the vernacular. In science and art he is a perfect adept, and he possesses all the accomplishments which go to make up an admirable Crichton. With all this, he is modest and guileless, a philanthropist and a philosopher. Learned without pedantry, he is firm without obstinacy. Thoroughly educated, he has brilliant ideas of his own. He never shines with borrowed lustre, but is the sun of his system. He has none of the irregularities of genius. He is an early riser, and always at his post. When drawn into a newspaper controversy, he never makes use of violent language or personal abuse. He never addresses an opponent as "our loathsome contemporary," or "the revolting ass who edits the sheet opposite, and whose name, as synonymous with everything vile, we will not sully our lips by repeating." When publicly cowed for an expression of opinion, he receives the castigation as meekly as a sheep, and never seeks redress at the legal tribunals. He uses his scissors with moderation, and never appropriates a paragraph without due reference and compliment to its source. He is never indebted "to his imagination for his facts and his memory for his wit." He never publishes a puff which is not written by himself and does not express his conscientious opinion. He never sighs after green fields and steamboat excursions, or rides in the cars, or any such vanities, but understands perfectly that he is a fixture in his sanctum. When people come into his office and tumble over his unopened files, he is always pleasant and courteous, and requests them to help themselves. He is rather fond of having strangers look over his shoulder and lean thereon when he is inditing editorials. He reads every communication that is sent in, regardless of the apostolic warning that "evil communications corrupt good manners." If he is also proprietor of his journal, he "exults to trust and blushes to be paid." He is fond of people who borrow newspapers instead of subscribing for them, unlike the petulant class who don't understand that folks have a better use for their money than to support those who cater for their amusement and instruction. As a natural consequence he is poor, and very proud of his seedy coat and yawning brogans. If he has any property, he is delighted to sink it all in his establishment. If he is a political editor, and the party he has advocated comes into power, he never thinks of asking office as a reward for his services. He generally wears out at an early age, his demise is briefly stated by his contemporaries, and he lies down to his last repose.

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

**DYSPEPSIA AND CONSUMPTION.**—It is difficult to say which of these diseases causes the victim the most suffering; but the former has now so long been readily cured by the Oxygenated Bitters, that it has ceased to be feared. Those persons who resort to the various alkalies as a relief, are simply augmenting their troubles in the end, and creating a chronic disease; whereas a quick and permanent cure is effected by this pleasant and thoroughly established specific. It is many years since its first introduction, and it has stood the test of millions of trials by all sexes and ages.

**NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.**—A spiritual journal in Paris states that a despatch has been received from Humboldt, informing his friends that he was welcomed into the spirit world by his friend M. Arago, who was the first to take him by the hand.

**A FREAK OF FORTUNE.**—The Oswego Palladium says that Michael Higgins, an Irish laborer who has been recently employed on the streets of that city, at six shillings per day, has become heir to an estate in Ireland worth £7000 a year.

**"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE."**—The grape crop around Cincinnati is said to be the largest ever grown there, and is estimated as worth one million of dollars.

## SEWING MACHINES.

These marvels of progress in invention, these wonderful labor-saving machines, these actual and tangible domestic blessings, are becoming as universal as any other acknowledged family necessity. To fully appreciate the revolution brought about in female labor by this agent, one should step into the fine large establishment of A. MORTON & Co., 332 Washington Street, Boston, where may be found the famous and favorite sewing machine known as *Stout's New Patent Lock-Stitch Family Sewing Machine*. It is surprisingly simple in construction, can be managed with great ease, and will execute a variety of work that is altogether wonderful. It will stitch, hem, run, gather, fell, cord, quilt, and do sundry other styles of sewing, and in the most complete and admirable manner; and in respect to stitching linen, it is admitted to be the machine of the world, while in point of speed, it claims to be one-third faster than any other machine yet produced. Here also may be found the new fifty-dollar sewing machine known as *WHEEL'S PATENT*, certainly one of the best working machines we have ever seen, simple, rapid, uniform and elegant in its work, and not at all liable to get out of order. No business firm could make the liberal offer which Messrs. A. Morton & Co. do, unless assured of the real merit of their article. They say in their advertisement:

"We invite the attention of an intelligent and discriminating public to a careful examination of the two best family sewing machines now before the public. We say, the best machines, and we will demonstrate it to the entire satisfaction of any one who may please to call at our exhibition rooms. We will keep either of the above machines in good order five years without charge, and satisfaction warranted or money refunded. Purchasers of our machines can have the right to exchange within one year, without loss—thus giving an infinite advantage over any other house in the country."

## A NEW BULLET.

Though France just now "roars you as gently as a sucking dove," she does not mean to neglect the arts of war, while developing those of peace. Experiments were recently made in the polygon of Vincennes, in the presence of the minister of war and several generals, with a new bullet destined to take the place of the conical balls now used in the rifled-carbines with which the foot chasseurs and regiments of Zouaves are armed. The new projectile possesses the advantage of superior accuracy of aim, and vastly increased range. The new ball can be sent the enormous distance of more than 1600 yards, with accuracy. The results of the experiments having been communicated to the emperor, during his absence at the head of the army in Italy, he ordered its immediate employment in the battalions of foot chasseurs, and the slight modification of the carbines (the removal of the rifling) is now making.

**WOOD ENGRAVINGS.**—We have a very large stock of choice wood engravings on hand, forming an almost countless variety of pictures upon every subject—embracing noted portraits, views of scenery in this country and Europe, military and naval illustrations of peace and war, architecture, etc. We will dispose of any of these to parties who desire them, at a very low rate. Proofs of these engravings, over ten thousand in number, can be seen at our office, and selections made.

**PORTRAIT OF CHOATE.**—D'Avignon's fine lithographic head of Choate, published by Charles H. Brainard and Elliot & White, of this city, has met with a prodigious sale, and is still in great demand. It is an excellent likeness, executed in a bold and effective style, and has given great satisfaction to Mr. Choate's most intimate friends.

**NOTT RESIGNED.**—The venerable Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., has resigned. He was elected to the office in the year 1804, at the age of 31.

**THE STARRING SYSTEM.**—Significant was the remark of the elder Booth: "In five years, sir, we'll have no supernumeraries in America—they'll all be stars!"

**CLERICAL.**—Rev. W. H. Channing, of Liverpool, has accepted the call of the Thirteenth Congregational Society (corner of Beach Street and Harrison Avenue) to become their pastor.

**REMEMBER THIS.**—The brine in which pork and other meats have been pickled, is a deadly poison to horses and hogs.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The once powerful tribe of Pequot Indians now number only thirty one persons.

A company of genuine African "moaks" are giving concerts in Stockton (Cal) and neighboring cities.

A. T. Stewart, of New York, it is said, intends to build a "Home for Widows and Indigent Women."

A letter from Florence says, "The weather is as hot as Austrian wrath and the fruits ripen apace."

The New York city authorities have determined there shall not be a pig left on Manhattan Island.

Beautiful eyes has Garibaldi! A letter writer says "the eye struck me as light gray, but with a tint of the lion red in it."

A correspondent commences a letter thus: "I write from a cockloft of the Amherst House, in a room about twice as large as a Saratoga trunk."

The Providence Journal says there are "a great many lovely women at Newport." Very likely. But there are a great many more at home.

Isaac Butts, Esq., of the Rochester Union, is quite at home in England, having settled down in housekeeping in a country-seat a few miles from London bridge.

By a few slight transpositions, the omission of a few particles, and the interpolation of a few others, our Declaration of Independence becomes excellent blank verse.

A "Monster Fair" is to be held in St. Louis this month, by the Agricultural and Mechanical Association of that city. A sum exceeding \$20,000 is to be bestowed in premiums.

Our Alabama exchanges are exultant over the success of the copper mines in the northern part of that State. Very rich mines are believed to have been found in Coosa county.

One of the convicts in the Auburn (N. Y.) Prison hid in the boiler of the cooper's shop, and stayed there forty-two hours, part of which time a fire was kindled underneath. He hoped to escape, but was discovered after a long search.

The City Council of St. Louis has passed an ordinance legalizing and directing the keeping open of drinking houses on Sunday until nine o'clock in morning, and after three o'clock in the afternoon.

A brakeman on the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad fell from the train in a fainting fit, while it was running at full speed, a day or two since, struck on his head, rolled down a thirty feet embankment, and was not hurt much.

Susanna Harvey died at Westerly, R. I., lately, at the age of one hundred years and six months. Her husband was in the war of the Revolution, and she had long been in the receipt of a pension from government.

Baltimore papers are earnestly calling upon the judiciary to enforce the penalties incurred by criminal offenders in that city. It would seem that rowdism has at length reached its climax, and is no longer endurable.

The Hartford Post says at the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Allen McLean, which was held at Simsbury, Ct., lately, there was present a family of eight brothers and sisters, every one of whom was present at the ordination, fifty years ago.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated Times says that the fortress of Peschiera would undoubtedly have been taken by the Sardinians and French, after a siege of ten or twelve days, had not Napoleon made peace with Austria. On the water side the fortifications were weak.

Human bones were found in digging on the farm of Mr. William S. Messervey, in South Salem, Mass., a few days since. They are supposed to be the remains of Indians, who must have been buried there more than two centuries ago. Quite a number of Indian skeletons have at various times been found in that vicinity.

The latest "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the poor who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of "Sunday clothes."

Thirty portable steam saw-mills are about to be shipped to Louisiana, from the Novelty Works, New York. They are designed for the sugar planters' use in procuring fuel for boiling the cane. Placed in a forest, they cut the trees down and saw them into four feet lengths, effecting, with the labor of two men, what has up to this time been the work of twenty.

The escape of the prisoners from the California State Prison is explained. The rascals were set to work originally to build their own cells. Taking a practical view of the subject, they varied slightly the plan of the architect, and laid the stones with reference to the easiest manner of breaking out; and for the greater convenience, they buried in the mortar, drills, bars, chisels, and other tools.

There died recently at Guanabouva, Cuba, a wealthy Creole planter named Francisco de la O'Garcia, who is said to have left \$4,000,000. He was the intimate friend of Narciso Lopez, and was arrested during the Pinto troubles. He gave freely of his wealth to aid the cause of Cuban independence, and has bequeathed \$100,000 to establish schools at Matanzas, and for other charities.

## Sands of Gold.

... A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift*.

... Great souls are natural; it is only base souls which are unnatural.—*De Boufflers*.

... Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.—*Miss Bremer*.

... The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears.—*H. Ballou*.

... Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—*Jerrild*.

... There is enjoyment even in sadness; and the same souvenirs which have produced long regrets, may also soften them.—*De Boufflers*.

... Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—*Jerrild*.

... Politeness is the imitation of a mutual good will among men; this good will therefore exists somewhere, for without a model there would be no copy.—*De Boufflers*.

... There are cras in our spirit's existence, as there are cras in our fortunes; cras, when the fate of the character hangs suspended upon some act of volition, some determination of the will.—*Bovee*.

... O, glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time doth take the burden from the weary back, that doth lay salve to the weary feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards.—*Jerrild*.

... An ambition to excel in petty things obstructs the progress to nobler aims. The aspiring spirit, like the winged eagle, should keep its gaze steadily fixed on the sun towards which it soars.—*Bovee*.

... To think without a purpose is to baffle the will, which is equally the soul of purpose and performance. The intellect is imbecile in execution, whose efforts are objectless. That is the ablest mind which has acquired the habit of thinking during action.—*W. G. Simms*.

... He is most secure of life who lives for his fellows. One lives through all periods who has in all periods lived for his race. We must see humanity through our ambition always, if we would make and perpetuate that life which consists in an undying reputation.—*W. G. Simms*.

## Joker's Budget.

A question for survey.—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

We suppose a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

Wanted to patent.—The filter of misfortune, to separate true friends from de scum.

Every man likes to be taken for a gentleman, and no man likes to be charged as one in his hotel bill.

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Because it has stern duty to perform.

Talleyrand, speaking of a well-known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

Grattan said Edmund Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow until he thought the king had a right to take it from him.

Much has been said about feats of strength; but it is an actual fact that a man of but ordinary stature recently knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.

Patrick Macfinagan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into yees!"

In Albany, an Irish servant took the order to "string beans" literally, and had got about three feet in length when her mistress discovered her blunder.

"Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

A gentleman was condoling a lady on the loss of her husband, but finding that she treated it with indifference, exclaimed, "O, very well, madam, if that be the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do!"

A man in Michigan not long since committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the banks of the lake. Verdict, "Found empty."

Women are called the "softer sex" because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic. That's so.

"The weather has been 'all hot' in America," says the Albany Knickerbocker. "We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away, she was hanging the kettle out of the window to get her tea ready."

A lecturer, addressing a Hampshire audience, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE WIND.

BY MARGARET VERNE

Slowly and softly the wind dies out—  
Dies away on yonder plain,  
Leaving the quivering lips of the flowers,—  
Leaving the sunny, golden grain.

There's not a leaf astir with its pilot,  
Adrift with its breath there's not a cloud;  
Not a song of a bird rides out on its wings,  
Be it sung soever clear and loud.

The wind's asleep—its wild breath still;  
The wind's asleep—like a passion dead!  
O, heart of mine, take the lesson home!  
O, heart of mine, pulse soft with dread.

Over thy strings, like a breath of fire,  
Has a mad wind swept—a wind of pain:  
Warning the flowers into golden grain,  
Ripening thy hopes into golden grain.

In thy tender chords it has made a song,  
A song, O heart, but not for aye!  
For the breath is but a thing of the clouds—  
On a barren plain it will die away!

Thy grain may wait in vain for its touch,  
Thy flowers bend low in gentle fright;  
The day may pilot her bright boat out,  
Till it touches the starry shores of night.

But the love of yesterday comes no more;  
From the heart of man it came in play;  
O, weep! O, weep! on its wings it bore,  
The music of all thy life away!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## ROBORGIUS TUNKINS:

—OR,—

## PRAISE VS. CENSURE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

ROBORGIUS TUNKINS, though he had a good name, had a much better personal appearance. He was a well-built, middle-sized man, of about forty years of age, when I first knew him. Hyperion might have exchanged hair with him and been no loser. His eyes were handsome, dark and profound, with usually a melancholy expression. His features were manly, symmetrical and expressive, his complexion was colorless, or a little inclined to be swarthy, and his head had the true Napoleonic shape. Altogether, he was a fine-looking man, and it was no wonder that ten years before, Susannah Delaine fell in love with him, consented to be his wife, and did as she agreed to.

Three little daughters, like a small pair of stairs, blessed their union. That is to say, they blessed Mrs. Tunkins, who was never weary of washing, combing and praising them; but Tunkins did not think so much of them; or, if he did, he kept his gratification chiefly to himself, and when he trotted them, trotted them with a sorrowful regard. This was odd in Roborgius Tunkins, but he was an odd man, as will be seen, though there are many people in this world with similar natures.

The truth appears to be that Roborgius Tunkins was a commission merchant, and possessed excellent business faculties; but being very sensitive to praise and censure, he was constantly liable to long fits of melancholy, which caused him to neglect both his own and other people's business, and this often embarrassed his pecuniary position, and caused much solicitude to his wife and friends.

His sensitiveness was of a strange though not a rare sort. He was fond of praise; but when by some adroit and masterly business manoeuvre he obtained it, it elated him until he felt so much confidence in himself that he thought he could afford to appear unhappy. And so he assumed a stricken appearance, read gloomy poetry, uttered gloomy forebodings, and while secretly luxuriating in the applause of his friends, he quoted Solomon and Job, expressed a wish to die, a conviction that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and yielded to the counsels of a disordered liver, instead of the dictates of what should have been a grateful heart.

Had Roborgius Tunkins been a poet, he would have resembled Byron, who, according to Curran, "wept for the press and wiped his eyes with the public;" and who was as inconsistent as Solomon, inasmuch as, when the most possessed of the blessings that he coveted, he was, or assumed to be, the most wretched.

But though no poet, Roborgius Tunkins was a first-rate business man, and this he proved when disparagement put him upon his mettle. Cen-

sure, to which he was sensitive, was a bitter but wholesome medicine to him, and it was while smarting under real difficulties that he always did his best.

Thus, as he neglected business when too much praised—did little or nothing, because he felt he could do so much—and as genuine discouragements operated as a tonic upon him, he was for a long time a puzzle to his friends.

His most disinterested friend was one Pompey Pinkins, a man who admired his abilities and strove hard to keep him in the continual exercise of them. Once, when the great and gloomy Roborgius had utterly resigned business for as much as two months, the solicitude of Pinkins was very much aroused, and he expostulated with much unction.

This anxiety of Pinkins secretly delighted Tunkins. "Your wife weeps about it," said the single-hearted Pompey. "Why should a man of your universally acknowledged capacity, with such a loving wife and such a trinity of cherubs, and such a host of warm friends, be so neglectful? What a fortune you might make in a few years."

Roborgius felt flattered, but he shook his head with increased mournfulness.

"What is wealth, Pompey? What are all the abilities of man, or all the joys of life? Mere nothing! Are they substantial? Are they not evanescent? I long to lie down and die. I see nothing worth living for."

"Think of your wife and children," said Pinkins, with tears in his eyes. "A king might be proud of them."

"And what is a king, Pompey?"

"A king," returned Pinkins, hesitatingly, "a king—"

"Is only dust," proceeded Roborgius, "like the rest of us, with a little extra gilding. Solomon was a king, but Solomon was wise. He saw through the pomps of life, Pompey, had plenty of wives, and no doubt a great many children; and what did he say? 'It isn't all worth a pinch of snuff,' says he, or something of that sort; and I think so too."

"I was never any great snuff-taker," replied Pinkins, musingly, and scarce conscious of what he was saying, in his anxiety; "and so I must differ with your particular mode of reasoning. Life is sweet to me, and worth striving for. And I think it ought to be to you, when with such little effort you can accomplish so much, with your brilliant abilities. Why can't you resume business? Do—to please your wife and children—to please your friends—to please me."

"I shall," returned Roborgius Tunkins, in a low and hopeless tone. "I am on the eve of preparing for the grave! For a week past I have not felt sure that the next hour would not be my last; and I tell it to you in confidence, Pompey, the only reason why I am not a corpse at this moment is, that I have found it difficult to determine which way to die."

"Good heaven!" ejaculated Pompey, gasping with horrified emotion. "What? And extinguish such a splendid intellect forever!"

"Some prefer charcoal," continued Tunkins, unheedingly; "while others severally choose hanging, poison, drowning, a pistol, opening a vessel, or stabbing outright. What do you think of that?" he added, exhibiting a poniard. "I think that would be the neatest way, myself."

"As a friend, I implore, I command you to give me that!" exclaimed the alarmed Pinkins, easily getting possession of the weapon. "When you are in a reasoning mood, I will return it to you. But you shall not sacrifice yourself with my consent."

"I will do it without, then," insisted Tunkins; "though I shall take my time about it; perhaps not before next Sunday, when all the folks are gone to meeting."

"Let me prevail upon you!"

"I cannot."

"Why can't you try a dose of medicine?"

"Physic! Pshaw!"

"Promise me, then, that you will do nothing rash till I see you again," pleaded Pinkins, now suddenly remembering some affairs of his own; "for I must attend to my own business; even if you do neglect yours."

"I promise, Pompey," said Roborgius, magnanimously extending his hand, "on your account alone."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Pompey with fervor, as he let go his hand and left him.

"What it is to have splendid talents!" thought Pinkins, going about his business. "What a fearful thing. I am almost glad that I am not a

man of genius. But I will save him if I can. But how? I will call on his uncle Ben."

Uncle Ben was a hale old man of sixty odd, and there was nothing odd about him but his years. He heard the statement of Pinkins with grave calmness.

"The fellow really has an insane streak about him," replied he, "though it will never go as far as suicide."

"But something ought to be done," persisted Pinkins; "a man of such splen—"

"There is the trouble," rejoined Uncle Ben. "He is able enough, but he is praised too much. Some people are never happy unless they are miserable, and never miserable unless they are too happy."

"Will you please to explain that little paradox?" asked the perplexed Pinkins.

"You neither understand him nor me," replied Uncle Ben. "The only remedy for imaginary evils is to substitute real ones. When men have to scratch hard to get bread for their families, they seldom indulge in much sentiment. I have always remarked that the greatest grumblers are those who have the least to grumble about. Now, my nephew has been so fulsomely praised, and has been so lucky with such little effort, that nothing but a reverse of treatment will cure him of his laziness and fretting. When a man has the real stuff in him, kick him about, disparage him, and it is astounding how buoyant he'll be. Flatter him into indolence, and ennui will send him to the dogs. That's his case."

"I shouldn't wonder, after all," answered Pinkins. "All his acquaintances know that he is a man of such splen—"

"That they ruin him by telling him so. Now, if you will take an old man's advice, we'll enter into a little conspiracy, and cure him in a short time. We must abuse him, roundly and soundly."

"How?"

"Every way, and let him hear of it. Let your friends into the secret, and let them go to him with all manner of disparaging reports—that one says this, another that, and another something else, against him; that he is beneath mediocrity, ridiculously over-rated, and like all commonplace fellows, as vain as he is inefficient. Even get an article in the papers—in the Mercantile Tradesman, for instance, and sign it with your own initials."

"What, I! with my initials!" exclaimed Pompey Pinkins, aghast.

"Certainly; 'P. P.'"

"He will know it's me!"

"What harm? Why not? If you are his friend, it will have the more effect. The apparent alteration of opinion will wound his vanity the more. I will write it, and you will take the blame. You can keep out of his way till he is goaded into the right track, and I will answer for you at last. If you are his friend, now is the time to prove it."

"I will," said Pinkins, thoughtfully; "though it strikes me that it is rather a curious way to reform a man; and what a base hypocrite he will think I am."

"The baser he thinks you are, the nobler you will be, Mr. Pinkins."

"I will be noble—I will be base!" exclaimed Pinkins, with emotion. "I will sacrifice myself and him too, for his own good; and in the end he will find what a jewel of an uncle you are."

"A diamond, for I will cut him hard," said Uncle Ben; and so he did.

The next number of that influential paper, the Tradesman, contained an awful article, headed "Over-Rated Men—Mercantile Drones—A Notable Case in Point," and signed "P. P."

No less than six of the conspiring friends whom Pompey Pinkins had let into the secret, waited upon Roborgius Tunkins with copies of the paper, and asked him who it could possibly be who had written such an article as that "P. P." Who was "P. P.?"

"It can't mean me! do you think?" said Roborgius, turning pale as he read the following passage:

"We have in our mind's eye a merchant, or rather a pretended merchant, of the dronish, worthless, and yet self-sufficient class we have described; a man whose wife and children have reason to deplore that they have such a husband and father; whose friends have flattered him into the belief that occasional luck, by means of small intrigue, is a proof of his superior smartness; and yet whom nothing but dire and deserved adversity will spur into the smallest efforts to obtain a livelihood; whose transactions as the

mere humble agent of others have been signalized by large pretensions and lame performances, or no performances at all, resulting time and again in serious losses to such firms as have been blind enough to entrust to his wanton negligence the disposal of their merchandise; and whose remissness may as plausibly be charged to his lack of honor as his want of ability. Strange that sagacious merchants can be found who will tacitly countenance such impostors as R. T., whose initials we are induced to give, that we may the more witheringly rebuke and put down the horde of similar pretenders to mercantile ability,—men who are alike a reproach to the name of domestic virtue and stumbling blocks to the interests of trade.

"Does this mean me?" rejoined Roborgius, his color flushing his brow.

"It says R. T.," replied one, significantly. "Wife and children, too," added another. "But who can 'P. P.' be?"

"Now I think of it, gentlemen," said Roborgius, "I haven't seen anything of Pompey Pinkins lately. I used to see him every day."

"It must be Pinkins," returned one. "He writes a very fair article, ha, ha! I should feel rather sheepish, Tunkins, if such a thing had been written about me."

"So should I, ha, ha!" laughed the rest.

"But, gentlemen, you don't think I'm so imbecile as this represents, do you?"

"It is strange that the editor should print it, if he didn't think it would be approved by the merchants," they replied. "The fact is, Tunkins, other people down-town say about the same thing of you, lately; though we didn't like to tell you before. You've rather lost caste. Good-by. Sorry!" And they left without ceremony.

"You look sorry," thought Tunkins, biting his lip, in mortified vanity. "Only let me catch that Pinkins! The traitor! The flatterer! But they're all alike. Is it possible that they all think I'm nobody? Do I overrate myself! Have they been humbugging me all along? But I'll prove to them that I am somebody, though, by Jupiter! I'll attend to business, right off. I'll—but here comes Uncle Ben."

"Have you seen the Tradesman, Rob?" inquired his uncle, pulling out a copy.

"O yes, don't trouble yourself," replied Tunkins, bitterly. "Some of my good-natured admirers have been bringing me the news."

"Well, Rob, no offence, but I think the author is more than half right. He knows you. I suppose it's Pinkins."

"Half right, uncle? Can you say so? I'll show you that it's all wrong. You know that I've got—"

"Self-praise, Rob, goes but little ways. People have taught you to think too much of yourself. There's Jobwell, or Slasher, or Pozeey, that you have always sneered at, and see how they thrive."

"But I can beat them all, at their own game, and what's more, uncle, I will do it. I've been a fool and a drone too long. I will yet make them take back all their slurs, and confound that parasite, Pompey Pinkins!"

"Try, then, and trust in yourself alone," said Uncle Ben.

And for ten persistently industrious years, relieved of flattery and enraged by censure, Roborgius Tunkins acted manfully up to his manful resolution, and fairly and fully achieved what, unless opposed, he never could have done. His determined activity made him cheerful, and the only applause he set any real value upon, was the applause of his own unflinching sagacity; and by his course he acquired a fortune. Although, in due time, Uncle Ben relieved Pinkins of the odium attached to him, and exposed the ruse which had been practised, the disclosure did not abate the efforts of the aroused Roborgius; and he now lives a useful illustration of the fact, that there are some natures which are injured by applause, however much they covet it, and which need the tonic of adversity to make them strive, and labor makes them happy.

## PRAYER.

Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? you shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer bears the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.—  
Spurgeon.





THE WRECK.

## A CHINESE RECEPTION ROOM.

The engraving below represents a Chinese reception room, an elegantly decorated apartment, in which the master of the house is waiting for his guests. In the social intercourse of China there are many curious points of etiquette and ceremonial. The visitor, some hours before making a call, sends a note to the person he wishes to see, asking if he is at leisure to receive him at a certain hour. A verbal answer is returned to this, couched in complimentary expressions. If the guest is of sufficient consequence, the master of the house puts on his best clothes, meets his visitor at the outer door of his house and begs him to enter. The two leaves of the centre door must be opened, for it would be impolite to allow the guest to enter by a side door. Great people have their palanquins carried in, or even ride in on horseback to the foot of the staircase which leads to the hall of reception. The master of the house then places himself at their right hand, and afterwards to their left, saying, "I beg you to go first," and accompanies them, keeping always a little behind. In a room where company is received, the seats are to be arranged in parallel lines, one before the other. In entering, you begin, from the very bottom of the room, to make your bows—that is to say, you

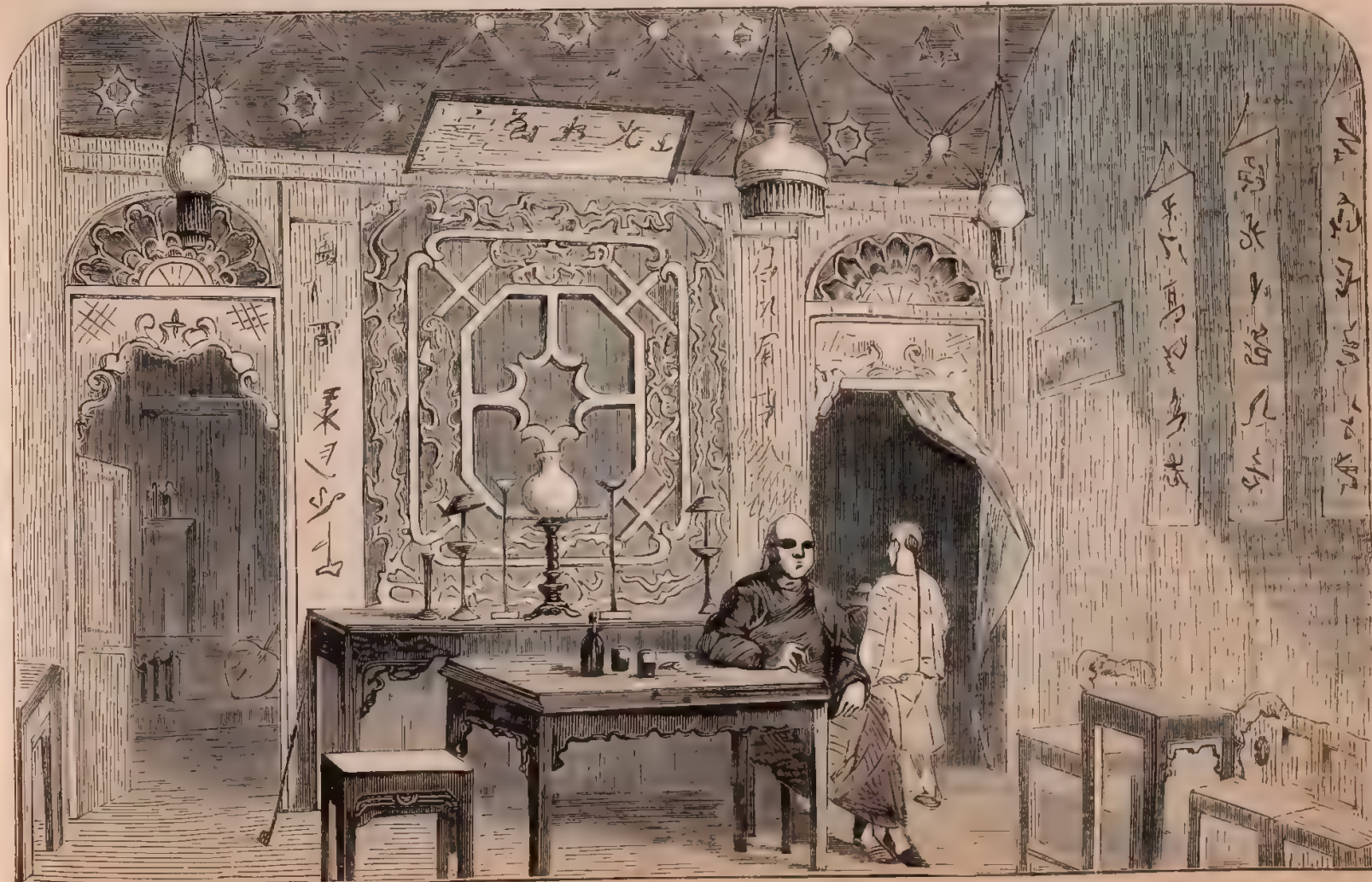
turn towards your host, making one step backward, and bow till your hands, which are kept clasped, touch the ground. In the provinces of the south of China, the south side is the most honorable, but in the north it is the reverse. Of course, the most honorable side is offered to the guest; but he, by an ingenious piece of courtesy, may in two words change the state of things, and say *Pe li*, that is, "We are now observing the ceremony of the north country," which implies, "I hope, in placing me to the south, you are assigning me the least distinguished place." But the master of the house hastens to frustrate the humble intentions of his guest by saying *Nan li*, "Not at all, sir; it is the ceremony of the south, and you are therefore in your proper place." One piece of politeness which is the due of great people, and which does not displease inferiors, is to cover the chairs with little carpets made on purpose. Then there are more antics to be performed. The guest refuses to take the chair of state; the host insists; he makes a feint of wiping the chair with the skirt of his robe, and the stranger does the same for the chair that he is to occupy; finally, the guest bows to his chair before sitting down, and neither party takes his place till he has exhausted all the resources of ceremony and good breeding.

bring one with you, as you would prevent others from using theirs. The conversation must always begin on indifferent and wholly insignificant subjects, and this is, perhaps, the most difficult part of the ceremonial. In China, you generally have to pass about two hours in saying nothing, and then, at the end of your visit, you explain in three words what really brings you there. The visitor rises and says: "I have been troublesome to you a very long time;" and doubtless, of all Chinese compliments, this is the nearest the truth. Before leaving the room, you bow in the same manner as on entering it, the master keeping to the left and a little behind, and following as far as the horse or the palanquin. Before mounting, the stranger entreats the master to leave him, that he may not be guilty of so great a disrespect as turning his back; but the other contents himself with turning half round, that he may not see him mount. When the visitor is seated on his horse, or the bearers have raised the poles of his palanquin, the *tsing-leao*, or adieu, is exchanged, and this is the last civility.

## THE WRECK.

The thrilling picture at the head of this page is no fancy sketch of a marine, but an accurate

drawing of an actual scene, which took place in 1853—the wreck of the ship *Persia* on Fire Island, New York. We found it in our artist's portfolio, and were so much pleased with the spirit of the drawing that we determined to reproduce it. The *Persia* ran ashore in a pleasant evening, all standing, and the passengers and crew effected their escape by means of the ship and shore boats, not a soul being lost. The following day a heavy gale came on, and the ship was lifted from her resting-place and carried high and dry upon the beach, a quarter of a mile from the place where she first struck. Our draughtsman who saw where this change was effected, describes the scene as striking in the extreme, the sea breaking at every roll over the topmasts. After the ship was fairly beached, the work of unloading the cargo commenced. A hole was cut in the side, carts were backed up to the hull, and the rich French goods were tumbled into them as speedily as possible. This, then, was one of those rare shipwrecks in which our sympathies are only enlisted by the loss of property—but alas! of how many fatal shipwrecks have the rocks that line our coast been the witnesses! What volumes might be filled by the simple record of the ravages of the relentless and inexorable ocean—terrible and restless in its might. We do not think of these things in fair weather—not much, at any time, on shore. But when, seated at the ruddy fireside, we listen to the wrath of the blast without that vainly seeks admittance; when we hear the old oaks groaning in their travail; when our shutters shake, and the lamps waver in the intrusive blast, then the thought of the dangers of the deep send a thrill through our frames, and we breathe a prayer for those who "go down to the sea in ships," braving the wild war of the elements.



A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S RECEPTION ROOM.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
A SEA FIGHT.

BY R. JOHNSON.

Along the deep, along the deep,  
The cannon's awful thunders leap:  
Lo! when the mighty vessels sweep  
In conflict dread!  
Most speedily then death will reap  
A host of dead  
On every side the seamen fall,  
All mangled by the blade or ball,  
And sink, as on their God they call,  
Down, down below;  
When shapes which might the sight appall,  
Still come and go.  
The battle's o'er; beneath the tide  
The foemen now sleep side by side,  
Forgotten all their hateful pride,  
In the same grave  
All for their country nobly died;  
Honor the brave!

## MORNING.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.  
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there  
Troop home to churchyards—damned spirits all,  
That in crossways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone:  
For fear lest day should look their shapes upon,  
They wittily themselves exiles from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.  
SHAKESPEARE.

## DESPAIR.

Nor long did Julia linger, though awhile  
She bore her lot with that calm, mournful smile  
The cheek puts on, to mask the heart's despair:  
How white we build the tomb, to hide the havoc there!  
SIMMONS

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Reader, should you not like to have been in Paris to witness the entrance of the French army of Italy into the imperial city? O, that a wish could have wafted us thither and return as to our office in a day! The spectacle must have been in the highest degree imposing and worthy of a great and enthusiastic military nation. Amidst the stormy roll of drums and the blaze of trumpets and cannons, along broad streets blazing with rustling banners and streamers, and walled in with human faces and figures, amidst maddening vivas from half a million pairs of lungs, the bronzed heroes of the guard and line, conscript and veteran, soldier to shoulder, swept with the elastic tread and gay, chivalric bearing of the French. There were the heavy horse and the "winged artillery," the solid infantry of the imperial guard, the light-footed chasseur and zouave, the vivandiere with her picturesque costume and jaunty air, marshals, generals and staff officers, men who had signalized their bravery in the fiercest battles of modern times. They did not parade in glittering holiday costume, but in the soiled and worn garments they wore at Montebello, Magenta and Solferino. Their flags were grimed with the smoke and torn with the shot of battle, and at intervals in the column of march were seen pale-faced soldiers, proud of their wounds and proud of the reception given to them by their countrymen. The whole display was thrillingly dramatic, and will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to witness it. . . . Roger, the tenor of the French opera, who accidentally shattered his right arm while shooting, is recovering from his wounds, but mutilated for life. Poor fellow! he will have a terrible memento of his carelessness in the use of fire-arms. . . . We are delighted to hear of the success of Mrs. Partington's "Knitting-Work." A worthy old lady we know not on the face of the terrestrial globe. May her laurels continue to multiply and her bank-account continue to lengthen! . . . If any one hereafter asks if the Bostonians are a cold and unexcitable people, just refer him to the officers and soldiers of the Montreal Field Battery and abide by their answer. A recent terrible railroad accident has set the New York editors in a fury. They propose various plans for dealing with careless corporations. Some are for hanging the directors of a road on which a fatal accident occurs, others are for milder measures, such as whipping, branding and incarceration. Punch's plan was to enclose a director in an iron cage in front of the engine, so that if a collision occurred he would be sure to find out "how it felt." End-nage apart, however, the best way to deal with the gentry who hold the lives of the travelling public at such cheap account, is to attack their pockets. Make railroad murders so expensive a luxury that nobody can afford to perpetrate them—that's the way. . . . It is a remarkable fact, says the New York Post, that the several governments of Europe keep up larger standing armies than the Roman Empire did eighteen centuries ago, when it was most comprehensive and commanded the greater part of the civilized globe. In the days of Nero, for instance, whose name is the synonym for whatever is atrocious in crime and tyranny, when the empire embraced thirty-eight provinces, comprising the greater part of Central and Western Europe, Asia Minor almost to the Euphrates, and the northern belt of Africa, from the Nile to the Atlantic, the regular army consisted of twenty-eight legions and fourteen cohorts, or of about 190,000 men. The maritime forces at the same time did not exceed 21,000 men, and the various auxiliary troops, raised from the provinces, 172,000 men. The vast dominions of the emperors then were kept in obedience by some 392,000 soldiers. Within forty-eight hours, four St. Louis night policemen were officially submerged by being

caught asleep on their posts, and allowing the night sergeant to steal their clubs and staves. . . . The Jews in America number some two hundred and fifty thousand, who still adhere to the faith of Abraham. They have forty thousand in New York alone. Two senators and four congressmen are of the Jewish faith, which shows the ancient political talent of the race. The Christian Jews do not number more than three or four hundred, of whom one hundred are studying for the ministry. . . . According to chemical examinations recently made in New York, it is found that in most of the vinegar manufactured there is a most poisonous composition, being adulterated with such poisonous substances as sugar of lead, vitriolic acid, and with other poisonous metals and minerals. Such vinegar, it was shown, is a slow poison, destroying the human frame by degrees. . . . A month ago a company of eleven ladies and gentlemen, of Buffalo, N. Y., started upon a pleasure trip to the South, taking a novel mode of travelling. They have a large coach like an omnibus, in which they travel, and carry with them a tent sufficiently large to accommodate the whole company, and camp out much after the gipsy fashion, though in better style. They arrived near Bladenburg, Va., a few days since, and pitched their tent. It is the plan of the company to spend ten months in this trip, and they design to winter at some point on the Gulf coast. The letter V which is so far down the alphabet, has been looking up of late, as a consequence of the war and the peace. We have had Villanova, Vercelli, Valens, Vigevano, Vallegio, Varello, Varese, Vladana, Vallego, Volta, Vollaggio, the Vallentine, Verona, Vicenza, Venice, Vienna, Venetia, and (confound it!) Villafrauca. Then there are Victor Emmanuel, Marshal Viallot, Villafrauca in Sardinia, and the Victories won by the allies. . . . Punch, in the last number, aptly illustrates British sentiment by a caricature. Over a shop is exhibited the sign, "L. Nap. Dealer in Fireworks;" the windows filled with explosive combustibles, with such labels as "Blazes of Triumph," "Roman Candles," "Italian Fireworks," etc., which the proprietor is arranging, with a sinister smile playing around his hooked nose and villainous moustaches. John Bull, fat, sturdy and irate, is coming out of the opposite shop, under the sign of "Roast Beef," and shaking a paper labelled "Income Tax" at his neighbor, exclaiming, "You rascal, it is on account of your confounded fireworks that I have to pay double insurance!" . . . The Emperor of France a few weeks since caused to be transmitted to Lieut. Maury, a gold medal bearing on one side the emperor's effigy, and on the other an inscription highly honorable to the lieutenant. This distinguished officer of our navy has just received from the King of Portugal an autograph letter, conferring upon him the degree of officer of the Tower and Sword, together with the beautiful insignia of the order. . . . There is an odd tale going the round of the press touching Marshal St. Jean d'Angely. At Brescia he was billeted on a certain count, utterly Austrian in his sympathies. The marshal was shown to the garrets, and bore his fate without a murmur, but he sent for a company of grenadiers, and lodged them in the drawing-rooms, and though the nobleman entreated, apologized and prayed, the marshal retained his place just below the tiles, and the grenadiers remained located in the handsomest parts of the mansion. . . . Horace Walpole says: "To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know of; and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it whatever it is, and despise affectation." . . . There are only two hundred and seven revolutionary soldiers that receive pensions, left in the land. . . . Charles Mackay, L. L. D., F. S. A., was pleased to approve of Niagara Falls. They will have quite a run after this. In his picture of the Niagara landscape, however, he criticizes the grass. "To the mind of one accustomed to the English and Scottish landscape, there was one defect in the character of the scenery, and that was the absence of the green grass, earth's most beautiful adornment in the British Isles, but which is nowhere to be seen on the American continent after the early summer. The heat of July parches and withers it, and in autumn and winter there may be said to be no grass at all—nothing but shrivelled herbage, dry as stubble, and of the same color." We are really very sorry about the grass. Our impression had been that it was as green as a London cockney. . . . It is estimated that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico, since the 1st of January last, exclusive of those brought from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas. . . . The wholesale trade of Cincinnati now amounts to about one hundred million dollars per annum. The pork trade alone is some ten millions. The manufactures are varied and extensive, exceeding twenty-five millions a year. One furniture establishment employs upwards of a thousand men, and recently filled a single order from a house in Galveston, Texas, for four hundred tons of furniture. The commercial men of New Orleans have in consideration a ship canal six miles in length, to connect the Mississippi River with the Gulf of Mexico, at a point on the coast above the sand bar. Engineers say it can be done at a cost of \$1,500,000, and will be a permanent channel. . . . A self-propelling steam fire engine, built for a Philadelphia company, propelled itself over a turnpike road near that city, twenty miles in two hours, the highest speed being eighteen miles per hour, and several steep hills were surmounted at the rate of ten miles per hour. The weight of the engine is nine thousand pounds, and that of its fuel, water and nine men, three thousand pounds more. . . . The "Home Journal" says Mrs. Bayard Taylor accompanies her husband to California, and they are to be absent three months, leaving their one daughter with his relatives in Pennsylvania. The trip was unexpected by himself, as, in reply to the application of a Lecturing Committee at San Francisco, he had asked so high a price for a certain number of lectures and three months' absence (five thousand dollars), that he had supposed of course they would not accede. They promptly agreed to his terms, however, and he is now gone, at that very complimentary rate of compensation. We rather think he will turn out to have been the best paid lecturer in the world. . . . The

Vicomtesse de Marigny, sister of Chateaubriand, is living in Dinan, and has just entered her one hundredth year. . . . Hermann Grimm, son of the celebrated Wilhelm, is writing a "Life of Michael Angelo," for which, it is said, he has some new material. . . . Keene, N. H., seems to be thriving and increasing rapidly. The Sentinel says about forty new buildings are already erected this season, or in progress of construction, and that over \$100,000 will be invested in these. . . . John Mason, a convict in the State Prison, said, the other day, "that he commenced his career of rascality with the low, mean and despicable crime of cheating an editor out of his subscription to his paper!" . . . The Mormons are fast disintegrating; many of the women are applying for divorces, and are ashamed of their kind of life, and many are leaving the territory. This fearful fabric, like a fungus of corruption, seems destined to a short life. . . . The New York Express says it is becoming fashionable for ladies in New York to appear with their hair cropped close behind, while in front it is left long enough to curl. It believes that this fashion will soon become general. . . . A writer from Newport represents the ladies there as much afflicted by the fogs. On the night of the Ocean hop some of the most splendid doings up of the most astonishing lace, muslin and other ravishing fabrics, had the starch literally taken out of them—a misfortune compared to the ordinary ills of female life are slight indeed. . . . We are glad to learn, from the preface to a new edition of Eliza Cook's poetical works, that her health is in process of restoration. She says of herself: "I am hoping that a gradual restoration to a better state of health will enable me to resume my minstrel vocation."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The celebration of the 15th of August at Paris was the most brilliant ever known there.—The Zurich Conference has accomplished nothing.—An ill-feeling exists between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, which is evinced in eulogistic articles on Kossuth in the French papers.—The Paris Constitutionnel, in a eulogistic article on the French army, conveys a threat which is considered to be aimed at England. The writer says: "When once there shall have been completed the service of maritime transports which will perform the sudden and unexpected throwing of a corps d'armee on the enemy's shore, the enemies of France, or those who are jealous of her, will think twice before provoking her." The article, it appears, is generally blamed in Paris.—News from Florence take of a new paper, L'Italiano, started to uphold Prince Jerome Napoleon as candidate for the "kingdom of Etruria."—An important paragraph is from St. Petersburg, in the semi-official Invalide Russe, blaming England for eschewing a congress, and insisting on the right of all the great powers to revise, amend, alter, or cancel altogether the proposals at Villafranca and their further concoction at Zurich, whatever they may be.—The hope that the Zurich Conference would sign a definite peace seems to be abandoned.—The London Post remarks that, let Italian affairs take what turn they may, the Emperor Napoleon has, at any rate, drawn one political result from his campaign, and that is, bringing about the disunion of Germany.—The habitual confiscation of English papers sent to Paris has induced the correspondent of a London print to inquire into the fate of the purloined journals; and it appears, as the result, that the quantity seized amounts to several tons annually, the seized papers being sold for twopenny or threepenny per pound as waste paper after the lapse of a few months.—The intelligence from Italy does not reassure us of its final freedom.

## Honors to the Dead.

The tenth anniversary of Charles Albert's death was celebrated at Florence by a solemn mass for the soul of the illustrious dead, in the Santa Croce Church, which was attended by the Ministers of State, the French and Sardinian Legations, the military and leading citizens. On the principal gate of the piazza, which was decorated imposingly for the occasion, appeared the following inscription:

To the Grand Soul  
Of the Italian King, Carlo Alberto,  
Generous of throne and of life,  
For the Independence of Italy,  
Solenn Mass and Requiem  
This Anniversary of his last day.

## Prussia.

A Berlin letter in the German Journal of Frankfurt says: "The Prussian government has decided positively on assuming the initiative in the question of fortifying the coasts of the North Sea. She intends to present a proposition to that effect to the Germanic Diet, and she relies the more on the assent of Austria, and the other States of Southern Germany, that her own share of the expense for the southern fortresses is very considerable. If, however, any difficulties should be thrown in the way of this measure, it is hoped that the Prussian government will know how to accomplish her object in spite of the Germanic Diet."

## Curious.

In a recent thunder storm at Windsor, England, so much hail fell that at its close the poor people did quite a business in collecting it from where it lay drifted about the streets and selling it to inn-keepers, fishmongers, and others.

## Vestvali.

Vestvali's debut in Paris was awaited with much impatience. She has a "terrible" reputation there of being, besides a fine singer, an accomplished duellist, a slayer of bandits in Mexico, and altogether a magnificent creature.

## Musical.

His royal highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg has just finished an opera, entitled "Diane de Solange," which will be played at the Grand Opera in Paris. Madame Stoltz has been engaged for the principal role.

## Sparrows for New Zealand.

In New Zealand the country, at particular seasons, is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clear off the grain crops as completely as if mowed down with a scythe. With the view of counteracting this plague, a novel importation has been made. It is thus noticed by the Southern Cross: "Mr. Brodie has shipped three hundred sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedges in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland; but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grub is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars which devastate the crops. Mr. Brodie has already acclimatized the pheasant, which is abundant in the north. The descent from the pheasant to sparrows is somewhat of an anti-climax; but should the latter multiply, the greatest benefit will have been conferred on the country."

## Rome.

The Journal of Rome, of the 6th, has the following: "After the deplorable events, produced by some factious men, which for a time troubled the tranquillity of the town of Ancona, the Pontifical rule was peacefully re-established; and the municipality recently resolved that a deputation should convey to the foot of the throne of his highness the sentiments of devotedness and fidelity with which the best part of the population has never ceased to be animated. The deputation consisted of the principal ecclesiastical of the cathedral of Ancona, Count Ferretti, Count Milesi Ferretti, and M. Belgiovano. The deputation, being presented by the two cardinals, were received by the Holy Father with his usual kindness and clemency. The deputation afterwards presented its homage to the Cardinal Secretary of State."

## Growth of Cotton in Africa.

In a letter from Mr. Charles Barter, the naturalist of the Niger expedition, recently received by Sir William Hooker, he expresses his opinion that too much ought not to be expected from Central Africa as a cotton-producing country. The plant needs more moisture than it would obtain in much of the land in the interior, and water-carriage should never be far distant in a country where all the loads are conveyed by canoe or on human heads. There is plenty of arable land near the sea and by rivers. The great valley of the Niger would alone yield an enormous supply. It is here cotton must be looked for and its growth encouraged. The great plains of the interior are almost as useless in this respect as the Sahara itself.

## Yvon, the Artist.

M. Yvon, the painter, who accompanied the French army to Italy, in order to sketch on the spot the principal events of the campaign, has had an audience of the emperor at the palace of St. Cloud for the purpose of presenting to his majesty two large sketches of the battles of Magenta and Solferino. The emperor examined them with great attention, and approved of them. These sketches and a representation of the interview of the emperors at Villafranca, will be executed of the same size as the paintings relating to the Crimean war at Versailles, and will be placed in the same room.

## The Italian Question.

The St. Petersburg Gazette, in discussing the "Italian Confederation," asks: "How can absolutist Austria, theocratic Rome, constitutional Piedmont, the Two Sicilies, Parma, Tuscany, and Modena be amalgamated? What measures can be adopted for the uniform development of the moral and productive forces of the nation? How can unity be established and discord be prevented? Must Piedmont make the sacrifice of her liberal innovations to Rome or Vienna, or must the contrary take place? These grave questions," it adds, "can only be decided by a Congress."

## Mr. and Mrs. Kean.

The Literary Gazette hears, on very good authority, that the chief reason for the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean from the stage is the "constant strain of mind and body." Mr. Kean's position demands. He says his efforts are beyond his strength, and justly adds that no return can compensate for such troubles and anxieties as his revivals cost him.

## The Circassians.

It is reported that the Russians have condemned to banishment 40,000 families of Circassians, who live on territory they have conquered, giving them their choice between Siberia and Turkey. Most of them are moving to the latter country, where they will be prepared to fight the Russians again, when they are on their way to Constantinople.

## Italian Newspaper.

A new journal, called Risorgimento, has just been started at Florence. It advocates a confederation of Italian States, not of Italian princes, princes, which, in its opinion, are two very different things.

## Money wanted.

A Russian loan of £12,000,000, and the new Indian loan of £5,000,000 have been introduced into the London Money Market.

## A Collision.

A threatening collision has taken place between the Austrian and Prussian soldiers at Mayence and Frankfurt.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My THIRD BOOK. A collection of Tales, by LOUIS CHANDELIER MOUTON, author of "This, That and the Other," and "Juno Clifford." New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo pp. 484. 1859.

The stories that compose the work before us are all of a high order of merit. A few of them have already charmed the public in the ephemeral pages of magazines and newspapers, but the others are new, and all are worthy of being choicely gathered. They are introduced by one of the prettiest prefaces we ever read. Mrs. Moulton is one of the best of the living female writers of America. She has received a brilliant education, has an original mind and a warm fancy, and writes with the zeal of youth and genius. Her poems are sparkling gems, and every thing she produces, whether poetry or prose, bears the seal of feminine grace. Her last literary venture cannot fail to be a great success.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

**DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.**  
We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Feb. 23, 1859.

Seth W. Fowler & Co.—Gentlemen—I first made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years ago. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of DYSPEPSIA, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unpretending recommendation of Dr. induced by the use of one bottle, and if no benefit was received I discontinued the use.

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was, an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLER & Co., Boston, and for sale every where.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

### HIS LAST WORK.

The late DR. WM. A. ALCOTT left among his papers a most remarkable manuscript, entitled

#### FORTY YEARS

IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS,  
OR THE COGITATIONS AND CONFESSIONS OF  
AN AGED PHYSICIAN.

This most interesting, curious, and valuable book is just published by us. In one volume 12mo. Price \$1.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,

sept 10 2w 20 Washington Street, Boston.

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and responsible party, is deserving of attention, and we present the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from George Alexander Lewis, Esq., of the Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia," a gentleman well-known to our citizens, and whose great suffering was alleviated, almost as though by magic, by this remarkable curative.

Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia,"  
East Boston, Aug. 22, 1859.

Peter Lawson, Esq.: Dear Sir.—The bottle of your "Nervous Curative" which you so kindly sent me, has fairly set me on my feet again, for which I beg to return you my best thanks. I had been for some days suffering greatly from rheumatism in my left leg, particularly the knee, so much so that I could not move without assistance, and when changing my position, had to have the leg lifted or set down. I had also been unable to get any sleep for several nights, when on Tuesday last you gave me the bottle of your "Nervous Curative," and although the limbs were so sore that I could not bear any pressure, still after the first application I slept soundly, and the next morning could bear to have it (my leg) well rubbed. I have continued to improve since, and I am happy to say, now able to resume my duties. I am determined never to be without a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" with me, and I shall take care to keep my family in England supplied with it also, that they may enjoy its benefits as well as myself. With every feeling of gratitude for your inestimable discovery,  
Believe me,  
Faithfully yours,  
(Signed) George Alexander Lewis,  
Second Officer Steamship "Arabia."

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

### A CURIOSITY

#### FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of notable individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

#### THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for  
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept 2 85 School Street, Boston.

## DIED OF CRAMP

Is a humorous sketch in KNITTING WORK.

#### ASTHMA.

THE most distressing forms of this complaint arise from irregular nervous stimulation, causing in the end enlargement of the air-cells, and spasmodic constriction of the air tubes on the slightest provocation. THE PERUVIAN SYRUP equalizes the circulation, calms the nervous system, and restores the equilibrium of the nutritive powers.

## VISITING SARATOGA.

Mrs. Partington once sojourned at this famous resort. She Partingtonally gives her impressions of it in KNITTING WORK.

THE MAY QUEEN—A PASTORAL CANTATA. Words by Henry F. Chorley. Composed by Wm. Sterndale Bennett. Price, 75 cents. In Cloth Embossed, \$1.00. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

## ANOTHER NEW PATENT

\$50

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

### WEED'S NEW PATENT.

MAKING the stitch alike on both sides, like the celebrated SEWING MACHINE. It will stitch, Hem, Fell, Cord, Gather and Quilt. We invite the attention of an intelligent and discriminating public to a careful examination of the two best Family Sewing Machines now before the public. We say the BEST MACHINES, and we will demonstrate it to the entire satisfaction of any one who may please to call at our Exhibition Rooms. We will keep either of the above Machines in good order five years without charge, and satisfaction warranted or money refunded. Purchasers of our Machines can have the right to exchange within one year without loss—thus giving an infinite advantage over any other house in the country.

Agents wanted in every town and county in the New England States, to whom a liberal margin will be given. Address A. MORTON & Co., Sole Agents for the Eastern States, to whom all applications for Agencies and the right to vend must be addressed.

A. MORTON & Co.,

sept 10 332 Washington Street.

## J E A L O U S Y .

"Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it."  
—Byron.

For a sure cure for this too common affliction read "A Pleasant Story for Jealous People," in Mrs. Partington's KNITTING WORK.

### PAUL MORPHY

## C H E S S M E N .



MADE of Solid Metal, in pattern and size the same as his Thousand Dollar Set, as represented above, arrayed in the costume of the ancient Goths and Romans. They are so constructed that they can be used on ship-board or rail cars.

Silvered and Bronzed at \$10 a set, and those finished in Gold and Silver at \$20 a set.

J. H. BURNETT, Stationer,

61 Wall Street, New York City.

REV. MR. GANNETT'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in Ballou's New Block, 24 1/2 Winter Street. The third year of this School will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 16th. The rooms, including a large Calisthenic and Gymnastic Hall, are retired, spacious, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and furnished in the most desirable manner.

The School consists of a Preparatory, Intermediate and Senior Department. The course of study is thorough, systematic, and comprehensive.

The best native teachers are employed in the Modern Languages.

Instruction is given in Drawing and Painting in Water and Oil Colors.

For circulars and further information concerning the School, application may be made at the rooms, between 12 and 2 o'clock, daily, after Sept. 1st, and previously at the residence of the Principal, 15 Boylston Place. Mr. Gannett is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen:—Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D., Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., Rev. S. L. Pomroy, D. D., Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D., Rev. A. L. Stone, Alpheus Hardy, Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., Leonard Woods, LL. D., Prof. Alpheus S. Packard, Prof. George Shepard, D. D.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1859.

## MR. BLIFKIN'S BABY

Was a charming creature. Mrs. Partington will tell you all about it in KNITTING WORK.

## HON. HORACE MANN.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

ELLIOTT & WHITE,

A magnificent Portrait drawn in the highest style of the lithographic art by F. D'Avignon. Size of the Print, exclusive of margin, about 14x18. Price \$1.25. Copies sent by mail or express, postpaid, on receipt of the publication price, by

ELLIOTT & WHITE,

Publishers and Printers, 322 Washington Street.

sept 10 2w

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the salsan steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

#### Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Mounting and repairing at short notice.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

aug 13 68 Washington Street, corner State.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given.

## BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING EXPRESS.

EDITED BY

HENRY G. PARKER AND JOSEPH H. SAWYER.

A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

FIRST EDITION ISSUED ON

SATURDAY MORNING

For country subscribers, and the

SECOND EDITION ON

SUNDAY MORNING,

Which is served at the Boston and suburban breakfast tables by carriers. The Second Edition contains the latest telegraphic and local news up to two o'clock on Sunday morning, and it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a COMPLETE and UNSURPASSED

### SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER,

which shall fill the hiatus between the issues of the Saturday and Monday dailies.

The EXPRESS has found great favor with press and public, in all directions, for its fearless, honest, independent course. On all matters of public interest it has an opinion which it never hesitates to make manifest, and it has never been known to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning."

In the dramatic, musical, and literary departments of the EXPRESS, which are confided in able hands, criticisms have never been prepared with an eye to the advertising patronage, no humbug has been spared, and pretentious charlatans have always been exposed, and whether the EXPRESS makes friends or foes, its object will always be to speak the TRUTH.

The large and constantly increasing circulation of the EXPRESS renders it a desirable advertising medium. All communications should be addressed to

SAWYER & PARKER,

aug 20 No. 2 WATER STREET, BOSTON. 4w

### J O B A D R U M M E R .

He was not, however, a member of Gilmore's Band. For full particulars read Mrs. Partington's KNITTING WORK.

### HOYT'S

## HAIRWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE C. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL P. MASON & Co. sept 3 8w

## SEND HIM TO COLLEGE.

The Boston Post suggests that the profits from the sale of KNITTING WORK should be applied to giving like a Collegiate education. Mrs. Partington smiles content. Subscriptions received in the form of purchases of KNITTING, at all Bookstores.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

#### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

#### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,

early 12 Attorney. 25 State St., Boston

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more ORIGINAL matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day. Besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for your cents per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

### THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

## IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug 20 Dr LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

## THE MODEL HUSBAND.

For a truthful description of this rare individual, read Mrs. PARTINGTON'S KNITTING WORK.

### BOOK BINDING.

## SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 23 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

## GROVER & BAKER'S



## CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. NEW STYLES.

PRICES FROM \$50 TO \$125.

### THIRTY THOUSAND IN USE.

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no winding of thread, and finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. On account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing, they execute either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

THE NEW MACHINES INTRODUCED BY THE

## GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

are of elegant finish, and their operation is rapid and very quiet. The EASE with which they can be managed is a distinguishable feature, and the stitch is the strongest, handsomest, and most elastic of any made.

Is there a husband, father, or brother in the United States, who will permit the drudgery of hand sewing in his family, when a GROVER & BAKER Machine will do it better, more expeditiously, and cheaper than can possibly be done by hand?

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

### PRINCIPAL SALES ROOMS

18 SUMMER STREET - - - - - BOSTON.  
495 BROADWAY - - - - - NEW YORK.  
730 CHESTNUT STREET - - - - - PHILADELPHIA.  
181 BALTIMORE STREET - - - - - BALTIMORE.  
68 W. FOURTH STREET - - - - - CINCINNATI.  
118 MONTGOMERY STREET - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BOMBA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS AND DISTILLED COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

6m 18

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug 13f

### PARSONS & GIBBY,

## STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES

July 2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET

### SAMUEL MASURY,

## PHOTOGRAPH & DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4 f

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gauthier's. Sold by F. BROWN, aug 13 68 Washington Street, corner State.

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.



## WHAT A BLIND MAN CAN DO.

The Springfield Republican gives the annexed interesting account of the remarkable achievements of a blind genius now living in Ludlow: He is a young man, twenty four years of age, who has been blind since he was two years old, and who does not remember that he ever saw. The circumstances which attended the loss of his vision are almost too horrible for belief, yet we have no reason to doubt them as they have been related to us. His widowed mother married a drunkard, and this step-father, conceiving a spite against the child, undertook, when intoxicated, to put its eyes out. Going further in his diabolical purpose, he was about to thrust a red hot poker down its throat, when the frightened but desperate mother interfered and prevented him. The child was then thrown down cellar, where it lay all night, taking a cold which so far aggravated the preceding inflammation of the eyes that the sclerotic coat of each was burnt. Of all this he has no remembrance, and a blessed thing it is for him. At nine years of age he lost his mother, and in that loss became perfectly friendless. From that day to this he has mainly taken care of himself, and now, although cheated by rascally agents, and laboring under every possible disadvantage, has money at interest. Now let us see what this man has done. He is a mechanic, and knows every part of a steam engine, as well as if he could see. He is an engineer, and has not only had charge of stationary engines, but has run as engineer on the Mad River Railroad in Ohio. Of course he ran with a look-out, and between this look-out and himself he had arranged a series of abbreviations of language, so that he could learn from him the position of any object on the track instantaneously. He was engineer, let it be remembered, of a passenger train! What is more remarkable than all, is that he has made a beautiful little steam engine with his own hands, so small that he can carry the whole of it in his pocket, and get up steam at pleasure. This might well be considered accomplishment enough for one blind man, yet this is but a beginning. He has a great genius for music, and possesses a voice which, in many characteristics, is without doubt the most wonderful voice in the world. On Tuesday evening of the present week he was invited to a private house, in this city to give an exhibition of his musical abilities, and a few musical men and women were invited to hear him, all of whom will bear testimony of their astonishment and delight. We suppose that all musical people will shrug their shoulders with incredulity when we tell them that his voice has the compass of five octaves, yet such is the fact that he demonstrated to this company. Of course the lowest notes are guttural, and the highest are falsetto; but the falsetto notes are pleasant and good, and the gutturals true tones, and as musical as such tones can be. We are not sufficiently versed in musical terms to tell what his lowest note is, but it is the lowest note in the piano, arranged upon the usual scale—or triple C, as he calls it. His chest tones are excellent, and although Carl Fornes may have more power, his quality is no better, while in his lower notes he goes down "out of sight" of Carl Fornes altogether. We can give no idea of his voice by any comparison, for we have never heard a voice with which to compare it. Of course, with such a voice as this, the owner is tempted to try tricks. The most interesting of these was the application of it to even purposes. He began by singing in a delicate soprano the first lines of "Oft in the still night," then, as he proceeded, he slid into the alto, then into the tenor, then into the base, and then into the "double base," an octave below. This finished the tune, when he rose, and turning his back to the audience, executed some most excellent feats of ventriloquism, and wound off by imitating an old fashioned spinning wheel so perfectly that the assembly was thrown into roars of laughter. He usually accompanies himself with a melodeon, to which he has added a swell of his own invention that produces all the effect of the swell in the organ. This man's name is W. A. Carns. He was born, we think, in one of the Western States, and has lived where he could get a chance. He is of medium height, thick set, modest in demeanor, interesting in conversation, and has received an education in some asylum for the blind, for which he appears unboundedly grateful. He is now engaged in the invention of some means by which the blind may be enabled to have their regular newspapers, and he will do it.

## THE SISTERS.

The engraving on this page is a transcript from a charming picture, and the design and grouping are certainly masterly. The costumes are of the last century, but yet they no longer afford a very striking contrast to those of our own days, for the same point in the circle of fashion has nearly come round to us in its revolution. But whether old-fashioned or new-fashioned, the costumes in our picture harmonize well with the wearers and with the landscape in which they are set. The latter is unmistakably English; this fact the solid character of the stone cottage, with its deeply set casement and its trained foliage, tells us. And then those bright faces that beam on us and make us forget all else—nowhere but in merry England could such faces smile upon us. They are sisters—like, yet unlike each other. Enough of kindred expression to show a common origin—dissimilarity enough to allow free scope

## COINAGE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The coinage department of the mint at Philadelphia is probably as perfect in its operations and appointments as that of any establishment of the kind in the world. The engine driving the machinery is of the form usually known as the steelyard engine; it is a double vertical high-pressure engine, with cranks at right angles. The power is transmitted by a caoutchouc belt, two feet wide, from a drum of eight feet in diameter, and is estimated to be equal to ninety horses. At times, this is all required, while at others much less is sufficient, and in uncertain proportions; to meet this irregularity, and to insure that steadiness of motion so necessary in such delicate operations, a governor and throttle-valve of a peculiar construction have been devised, and which operate in the most perfect manner.

The rolling mills, four in number, are driven by belts, at the rate of six revolutions per minute,

## PAUL JONES.

The Virginia Index is publishing a series of interesting sketches, by Thomas Chaso, of Chesterfield, of "The Life, Character, and Times of character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not, a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis. After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at a fair gun shot, with a new and strong frigate like the Serapis, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the Bon Homme Richard, Mr. Chaso proceeds:

"The working of the guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but was now resumed. Of course neither ship could use her guns but on one side; and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrods sometimes hit each other.

"Fair play, you d—d Yankee!" an Englishman would exclaim. "Mind your eye, John Bull, or I'll," &c. The firing was not rapid, particularly on Jones's part; for it could do the ships no hurt, except to knock the guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters from each other's decks. Jones and his men kept a sharp look-out that Pearson and his men did not cut the lashings and sever the ships. Neither of these ships was damaged "between wind and water," nor could they now be by any use of the big gun. Both had men in the rigging, doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play Jones had the best of it, for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer; still Pearson would not surrender, insisting that Jones ought to. Captain Landais, with the Alliance, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside; but of necessity it hurt Jones as much as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out, "Captain Landais, let us alone; I can handle him." Both ships were often on fire, and as often was the fire extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the rigging, this was one of the safest sea-fights, so far as those on deck were concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across each deck; and the men, by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, by only stepping a little aside. Had the Bon Homme Richard been a new, strong ship, as was the Serapis, both might have lain there and burned powder and thrown shot until they rotted, as to sinking either with the guns of the other. But the Bon Homme Richard was old and rotten, and was leaking badly before Jones made her fast to the Serapis; and thus fast, the strain upon her against the other ship, and from the explosion of the guns, made her leak worse, and it was evident that she must ere long go down. Some of Jones's men, and one of his officers, told him she must soon go down, and suggested a surrender. "You never mind that; you shall have a better ship to go home in," said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the Bon Homme Richard was about to sink, she would capsize the Serapis, and both must go down together. It was, therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson; which, for the sake of saving himself and men from a watery grave, would strike first. But Jones had recourse to a stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and

at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on to the deck of the Serapis, and clear it. So Jones's men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on his deck. Pearson, supposing they were killed, or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike, was thrown completely off his guard. This was Jones's time. Giving his signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, rushed on the deck of the Serapis, killing everything they could reach, and in a short time would have killed everything on board; but Captain Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, "Captain Jones, I surrender!" at the same moment taking his sword by the blade he presented the handle to Jones, and with the next breath ordered the colors to be taken down. This was in the night. The next day evening the Bon Homme Richard went down head foremost. Thus terminated the strangest naval fight on record. Paul Jones took the Serapis, but Capt Pearson sunk the Bon Homme Richard."



THE SISTERS.

to individual character. The gentle girl leaning on the garden gate is pretty; she who occupies the garden chair, beautiful. One is winning and attractive, the other fascinating and dazzling. We can easily divine the different attributes of the sisters and predict their careers. One, modest, humble, unambitious, will be content with home, until some neighbor's son, some old school-companion, grown to manhood, woos her for his mate. But she will never leave her native village, nor go far from the paternal roof. She is one of those delicate flowers that wither in transplanting. The other sister dreams of a more dazzling career—of a rich and titled suitor, of gaudy raiment, the blaze of jewels, the triumphs of court balls, the excitements of travel. It would cost her many tears, doubtless, to leave home, but they would be quickly dried. The life of one sister would be like a placid stream flowing through banks enamelled by native flowers; that of the other, like the rush of a meteor through the sky, brilliant for awhile, but ending in darkness.

the distances between the rollers being adjusted by double wedges, moved by a train of wheels which are connected with a dial-plate and bands, divided and numbered into hours and minutes, so as to indicate the proper thickness of the strips of metal, without the use of gauges. Gold strips are heated in an iron heater by steam, and waxed with a cloth dipped in melted wax, and the silver strips are coated with tallow by means of a brush. The draw bench is used for both metals, and trial pieces are cut from every strip and their weight tested, preparatory to cutting the whole. The cutting processes are very simple and efficient, consisting of a shaft moved by pulleys, and a two and a-half inch belt, with a fly wheel of small diameter, but sufficient in momentum to drive the punch through the slip of metal by means of an eccentric of three-eighths of an inch, at the rate of two hundred and fifty pieces per minute, which skilled hands can readily accomplish and continue until the slip is exhausted.—Commercial Bulletin.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. } Vol. XVII., No. 12... Whole No. 430.

## HON. R. E. FENTON, M. C.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. D'Avignon, the distinguished artist, and is considered an excellent likeness of the original. Hon. Reuben Eaton Fenton was born in what is now called the town of Carroll, Chautauque county, New York, July 4, 1819, and is now forty years of age. He is one of the most distinguished-looking men in the National House of Representatives, tall and graceful, and noted, in private life, for the courtesy and amenity of his manners. Like many of our public men, his early years were passed in agricultural pursuits, varied with brief terms of study at the public schools. In 1834-5 he attended "College Hill Academy," which has since expanded into the "Farmers' College," one of the most noted educational institutions of Ohio. In 1836-7 we find him a student at the "Fredonia Academy," New York. In 1838 he studied law at Watertown, N. Y., rather as a branch of education than with views. In 1840 he engaged in the lumber trade, which he pursued with industry and success, commencing with a very moderate capital and rapidly expanding his operations to a scale of great magnitude. In Colonel Fenton's case, as in many others, what the world terms "good luck" is really the logical result of energy, untiring vigilance, personal activity and intelligence. At an early age the subject of this sketch took a lively interest in politics and public affairs. In 1843 he was elected Supervisor of the town of Carroll, and remained for the eight succeeding years a member of that board, for three of which he was its chairman. In 1849 he was the democratic candidate for the Assembly for the Eastern District of Chautauque, his opponent being Major Samuel Barrett, of Jamestown, a popular whig candidate in a stout whig region. Mr. Fenton was defeated by only twenty-one votes. In 1852, after a hot contest, he was chosen member of Congress over Hon. G. A. S. Crocker, the whig candidate. He took his seat in the National Legislature as a supporter of the Pierce administration, but his free-soil tendencies soon placed him in the opposition ranks. During the remainder of his congressional term he acted with Foote, Seward, Banks, etc., and was instrumental in building up the republican party. Mr. Fenton distinguished himself as a working-member of Congress, and did good service upon the Committee on Commerce. The "Reciprocity Treaty" was reported by this committee. Mr. Fenton was also successful in his advocacy of the demands of the old soldiers and their widows for pensions and bounty lands. He made speeches on the Nebraska bill, in opposition to the proposed increase of postage, in favor of harbor and river improvements, and on other important questions. In the fall of 1854 he accepted a nomination as the "People's Candidate," on a ticket got up to defeat the American candidate, Hon. F. S. Edwards, but was defeated by some fourteen hundred votes, Americanism at that time over-riding all opposition. He participated actively in the presidential campaign of 1856, and in September of that year received the nomination of the Republican Congressional Convention. He was opposed by Hon. F. S. Edwards (American), and Hon. C. J. Allen, (democrat), but was elected by a majority of 8610 over Mr. Edwards, and a majority of more than 5000 over both. During all these fierce political contests, Mr. Fenton never forfeited his position in private life; for he was always courteous in society to those who politically assailed him. He wears

his triumphs with a generosity which disarms hostility. In the course of his active life he has devoted much time to agricultural interests, and his addresses before various agricultural societies are finished literary productions. Mr. Fenton was re-elected to Congress last fall, by a vote increased from the party ticket. As a specimen of his style in debate, we make the following extract from his speech on "Invalid Pensions—Immigration and New Party Issues," delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 9, 1855: "I freely admit the existence of evils growing out of the system of tactics adopted or practised by both political parties in their relations to our adopted citizens. Their prejudices, as a class, have too often been appealed to, and their suffrages secured by means alike discreditable and pernicious, and so far as this order may correct this and other evils of the old organizations, it has my approval and co-operation. The purity of our elective franchise depends on the influences that control its exercise, and, therefore, all ap-

peals to the cupidity, ambition, or prejudices of the electors, should be discountenanced by every friend of our institutions. But surely these good ends can be accomplished by open means, without infringing upon the acknowledged rights of any of our citizens, or doing violence to sentiments which recognize the brotherhood of man. The first general idea that has attracted my notice, said to be partially embraced in the designs of this party, is a restriction upon emigration to this country from other nations. That the emigration hither of the paupers and criminals of Europe, giving to us the dregs of a population which the reformatory laws and regulations of despotic governments have cast out, even of their jurisdiction as unwholesome, should be prohibited, cannot, I apprehend, admit of a serious doubt. The committee of which I have the honor of being a member, have had this subject under consideration, and have reported a bill carefully guarded, and of great stringency upon this subject, which, if adopted, I confidently hope

will remedy, to a considerable extent, the growing evil. On the other hand, that obstructions should be placed in the way of the intelligent, industrious, sober and enterprising men, who seek a home in this proclaimed 'land of the free and home of the oppressed,' with the hope of bettering their condition, I cannot believe will be tolerated, on due reflection, by any liberal mind. Let us inquire, Mr. Speaker, if it would not be better, more in accordance with the spirit and genius of our institutions, that while we guard so far as we may against the evils I have referred to, we should turn our attention with renewed interest to 'Americanizing,' if I may be allowed the use of the term, the foreign population now among us, and those who may hereafter come to our shores. The foreign element is already here, and its magnitude and importance will be increased. Causes beyond our control have long ago settled this question. The manner in which these people are to be received and treated, presents a grave and important question which we must meet. Will they be likely to forget their early habits and impressions, to regard our country and its laws with favor, and become the earnest promoters of its interests in peace, and the defenders of its safety in war, if we close our hearts and our sympathies against them, and treat them as a proscribed and suspected people? Will they not remain among us, aliens in sentiment and feeling, as well as in character and condition? Will not the unavoidable effect of an intolerant and exclusive policy be to unite and combine the foreign population in a community of feeling and of interest, and place them beyond the influence of the sentiments that fill our own bosoms as American citizens, proud of our country, and solicitous of its welfare? In this condition, would they not form in our social and political economy an element of weakness, if not of danger? These, it seems to me, sir, are interesting inquiries, and demand the honest investigation and conscientious action of every one who may be in a position to influence the direction of public affairs. The experience of the world may be safely consulted as a guide in this matter. The endless contests in almost every other country on earth, between classes and conditions, the oppressed and the free, the privileged and proscribed, furnish lessons of instruction and warning; they serve as beacon-lights to warn the thoughtless and indifferent of impending danger. Philanthropy instead of self-interest, wisdom and not passion, should influence our reflections upon this subject; and, thus actuated, we need not fear that we shall go very far astray. The intelligent judgment of a great and noble people, in whose veins courses the best blood of races, will settle the question in accordance with the rights of all the parties, the dictates of enlightened civilization, the best interests of the country, and the spirit of the age. I have regarded the mission of this country with somewhat different views than it would seem are cherished by the organization of which I have been speaking. We have claimed for ourselves the purpose of civilizing, Christianizing, and elevating the human race. These men are our brethren, for our common Father 'bath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Let us, then, so far as practicable, elevate, disenthral, and redeem those who are cast among us from the vices and errors of their years in a foreign land, under governments and with people less just and less favored than our own, and recognizing their common brotherhood, seek to give them a share in our common glorious inheritance."



HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, M. C.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## THE BURGESS OF BRILL.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE Duke of Alva was viceroy of the provinces. The high-handed course which he had followed in his government is well known, and the terrible despair which he had grafted on the people, till dominated and beggared, they waited apathetically for the heavy hand to lift and usher them into peace either for this world or the next. His immortal adversary, William of Nassau, was at present in Germany, endeavoring to raise forces adequate to his object, so that Alva was not suffering through him; but the special torment of the viceroy was De la Marck, Orange's admiral, who, in a sudden moment, had sworn never to cut beard or hair till the murder of Egmont was avenged. His ships, or rather those of Orange, but under his command, were called the Beggars of the Sea (with whom our readers are familiar), and were the terror of the whole world, so to speak; and among the leaders under him were Robol and the witty and brave Seigneur de Treslong. The Lord of Treslong was a man of profound ability and military genius, but young and wealthy. Nothing of this had been developed until the execution of a brother for no other crime than remonstrating against the tyranny that destroyed a feeble people. Then all his latent fire blazed forth, and converting his property into ships and armaments, he joined the wild forces of De la Marck, never to rest again till freedom was accomplished for the groaning land.

There lived at this period of which we speak, a rich burgher of the seaport town of Brill. This burgher had amassed his wealth in honest trade, which was all very well, but though he did not exhibit so much inclination to spend as to make, he was endowed with some authority, and had long sat on the magisterial bench. Under these circumstances, and having nearly attained his sixtieth year, he began to look about him for a wife. His house was a large one, on the main street of the city, entered by a broad flight of steps, with statues in rock forming the balustrades, and was furnished in princely magnificence; behind it ran an old close, prodigal in trees, for whose fruit the worthy burgher manifested great taste, and sometimes in flowers as rich and redolent, for which the burgher manifested no taste at all. But all this luxury had not cost the Burgher Dummelburg a stiver; it was the confiscated property of the noble Count Vansyckle, who had escaped with little but life and wife, leaving his daughter in the protection of a friend at Brussels till he could make other arrangements. The estates and funds of this count had flowed into Alva's coffers with the exception of the house in Brill, which was the reward of Dummelburg as informant, accuser and spy.

When the Herr Dummelburg entered his new house, it was with great glee and exultation, but he soon found that such princely arrangements needed a princely fortune to keep in order, and although his own fortune might come under that denomination, he did not fancy wasting thousands of guildres in maintaining so fine an establishment.

"What is the use?" questioned the burgher, silently. "You can't eat it!"

He therefore speedily dismissed the old domestics, and shutting up all of the house but two or three rooms, settled to dinner and beer, and sleep. Yet this life soon wearied the man; his single servant was beggarly society; he might as well put his head into a lion's mouth as speak publicly of state affairs, and none of the nobles among whom he had come to reside, deigned to vouchsafe him a word. That ought not to have troubled Meinheer Dummelburg, for they were a sorry set, who forswore God and country for the sake of quiet, which, after all, they did not get, for never at one moment were they sure their heads would be on their shoulders at the next. This, we say, ought not to have troubled him; but it did, and tired of playing the Count Vansyckle's part alone, as he looked about for a wife, he resolved she should be of as noble a family as any around him, that some day yet he might overtop these haughty seigneurs, all of whom he hated.

Thus Dummelburg had made up his mind what he wanted, but nowhere saw any opportunity of obtaining it, when all the cities were ordered to send deputations into Brussels for a great rejoicing over the proclamation of Alva of a

general pardon or amnesty. This amnesty was the greatest force with which a king ever insulted people, but as yet ignorant of its contents, they looked for some show of the old order of things and were hilarious, but the thing only pardoned harmless folk, such as the Herr Dummelburg, while the generous, self-sacrificing patriots, and all who had given them so much as a cup of water, were therein abandoned to the cruellest death. But in the deputation from the seacoast was the burgher. This was a great era in his life, for he had never before left the town of Brill, and his eyes and his mouth, too, for the matter of that, were most of the time roundly open in a state of aggravated astonishment.

The great square of Brussels, so often the scene of knightly tournament, was brilliant with the soldiery; in the midst was erected a throne covered with cloth of gold, upon which Alva, wearing, says the historian, the hat and sword conferred by the pope as a reward from God—*Munus a Deo*—was seated; a populace eager with hope filled every remaining nook, and from the windows looked down all the lovely women in Brussels who were not plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of some dear friend. As the various deputations filed through the square, they were greeted with shouts and songs, and squibs, or hearty cries of good will, as the case might be, while now and then flowers and perfumes were shed on them from the white hands above. But the deputation from Brill received more jokes and fewer favors than any, for that town had been, perhaps, more quiet than the others, although never scyphantic on the whole, and it was by the merest accident that a tiny lace handkerchief, fluttering downward from a balcony, fell into the hands of Meinheer Dummelburg. With a natural curiosity, he turned upward his flat little face to see whence the fairy thing had come. A chair on which was thrown a drapery of crimson velvet coronetted and fringed with gold, stood in the balcony, and in it, like the merest vapor, the fairest, whitest, smallest of beautiful creatures reclined with an air of contemptuous indifference that was to her features what the sparkle is to wine. She was clad in an airy profusion of lace and mousselines, and white Samarcand silk; in her yellow hair wearing a wreath of heart's-ease, whose significance her large, brown eyes, with their variations, now sad, now tender, mocked; one white arm hung half over the ledge and from that hand had carelessly slipped the lace trifle caught below. There were several other ladies in the same place, but the Herr Dummelburg could bestow on them no attention. Something flashed across him, a resemblance, a memory; he rubbed all the scanty hair on his shining head in delight.

"I knew it was a lucky day I came on!" he cried, to his neighbor in the procession, who thought him suddenly possessed. "You see her, Meinheer Winkel?" he whispered. "The white lady in the crimson chair? You have seen her before? Who is it? Not the young countess, daughter of the traitor Vansyckle?"

"Yes, verily," said the other broad Dutchman. "Vansyckle's child. Count's child, but beggar."

"Beggar now, maybe," was the worthy Dummelburg's response, "but not to be so long."

"Why?" asked the other. "What is to be done? Who—how?"

"I, my friend; I, I make her my wife, the Frau Dummelburg. See, there is a seller of seals and gems; when this is over, I go buy my betrothal ring."

"You? you take her? Why, she's a count's child, I said."

"And what of that? You said she was a beggar, too. I'll take care that she is no longer. Pretty thing! What a grand wife for a gentleman! I'll dress her in satins and silks, she shall not bring the water to wash her hands—those little hands!—and she shall step from the door to her carriage holding up her fine trains like the Princess Von Wolt (my next neighbor at home), this way!" And here the rapturous burgher, quite carried away by his thoughts, seized one side of his voluminous breeches, and began tip-toeing off in a sidling manner from his companion, with all the mincing of a lady's maid. It was just at this amazing juncture that one of the ladies in the balcony touched the young countess lightly and pointed out this ridiculous burgher, who looked at the moment as if he were performing a *pas seul* for the benefit of the duke and his soldiery.

"Look, Elle!" said this lady, her hostess.

"Look Anne, Marna, at that absurd figure, eyes half shut, mouth smirking, like a butter ball with toes, dancing down below!" As she spoke, the Countess Elle turned, laughed gaily, and starting to her feet, her face puckered into quaint resemblance of the burgher's, her fingers in her sleeves, she tiptoed off in the same style. The burgher looked up at the sound of the laughter, resumed his place in the procession, but devoutly kissing the handkerchief and rolling up his eyes, he waved it in his hand toward the balcony, placed it in his bosom and passed on.

"A sudden passion, Elle!" said the other lady. "A new conquest, far-fetched, dear bought, and fit for ladies! I congratulate you."

Here there was a general laugh, but Elle, already sobered, leaned over, holding up her drooping hair, and inspected him; for in those days every demonstration inspired fear, were it love or hate. But just then the unsuspicious burgher glanced over his shoulder, and seeing her looking at him, turned, walked backward in the procession, while bowing, placing his hand on her heart, kissing the trophy and ogling her with other marks of sudden affection. It was a novel way of courtship, but, thought the burgher, very effective.

At last the great affair was over. Alva flattered himself that he had gulled the mob anew by his comedy, the people flattered themselves that nobody cared a fig for his promises. His threats he fulfilled, but his promises were lies. When evening came, a grand ball was to be held in the palace of Madame Volveren, the lady at whose house and under whose care was the Countess Elle.

Already at nine o'clock, the square was blazing with lights, and before ten, the saloons and drawing-rooms were crowded. According to the instructions of her father, the young countess kept herself very much out of sight generally, that her condition might not force itself upon Alva's notice, and she did not appear among the guests.

The entertainments given in Brussels during these cruel years of the Dictatorship, were few, but this one was designed by the generous Madame Volveren, under the pretext of rejoicing, but really in hopes that many of the patriots in disguise might thus have an opportunity of meeting one another.

The halls were crowded, the dancers flushed, and the music thrilling far away in the distant galleries, while the lonely little Countess Elle lay in her parlor half-asleep. The room opened into a small conservatory abounding in luscious scents, and not many feet distant from the ground. Suddenly, while yet half lost in sleep, a light foot was planted in the conservatory, a quick, bold step sounded, and opening her dreamy eyes, she saw a tall, dark figure standing in the conservatory door. Instantly closing them, albeit her heart may have beaten a trifle quicker, she awaited his movements, sliily, however, watching under the shield of lashes.

"A cordial welcome. I am to hope for no better from little Elle?" he asked, still maintaining his position.

Elle half-rose and yawned. "Ah! is it you, Treslong?" she asked, carelessly. "I thought you had been in England. Who let you in?"

"Nimbleness and Dexterity, two friends of mine."

"And what have you come for?" she continued, in so sweet a voice as to atone for the rudeness of her words.

"For my health, partly."

"Well, take it, and good-by. I will finish my nap," and she half-sank again among her cushions.

"Finish it, by all means! and then we will converse."

"You are assured. Have you learned abroad nothing but to break in upon one's slumber?" she cried, assuming a new cue. "If you will converse, there are a thousand below to help you. As for me, leave me to dream."

"And leaving, when should I return?"

"Return? You are cool! Brussels is, perhaps, a pleasant place to saunter in, and losing one's head a pleasant pastime? Just remember that I don't care to be caught in conversation with a traitor. You are a traitor, Treslong; you know you are a traitor."

"Well, and if I were," he said, laughing, "you would give—"

"A Beggar of the Sea, must you be a beggar of the land? Well, and what then?"

"You would give—at least a welcome?"

"O, that is all?" she exclaimed, pouting.

"You are very provoking, Treslong! You never used to speak so! In my father's house you were—you never—"

But here, before she could finish her utterance, Treslong exclaimed: "Very well. If you will not give, I take it!" And stepping forward, he clasped her in his strong arms, smothered her cry in his lingering kiss and held her closely in a silence of impassioned greeting so long denied. Struggling, she partially released herself, and stood with folded hands and downcast eyes while he surveyed her, then timidly raising her glance a moment, again sprang into his arms.

"O, my love! O, Treslong! You will forgive me," she murmured. "I was ashamed, I didn't know but you were changed. I cannot speak when I see you!"

"And I, my delight, am silent."

She drew him to a seat on the lounge, unfastened his long cloak and lifted off the slouching hat which he had retained for its shelter, passing her fingers through the dark waving hair, over the white brow. "Just the same as a year ago," she whispered. "O! And you love me just the same? You are not changed any, then? Say so, if you are! But it would break my heart, for I love you, I love you so, my dear!" And the capricious thing wound her arms round him and with her head on his bosom, gave a little sob.

"You, too, are just the same; as sparkling, as various, my little pearl of all colors, my rain-drop—"

"Yes, you used to say so."

"And I—judge how far I am changed. I am come through all these squadrons of the fiend, these ten thousand Spanish villains, to bring you. There is a preacher, a magistrate, without. Dearest, you will not hesitate now, since we love each other so; you will let nothing separate us longer?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking up with startled eyes.

"I mean, sweet, will you go with me?"

"What! In your fleet?"

"Yes, in my fleet."

"O, Treslong, how can I?"

"My wife can."

"But I am not your wife, you know."

"I told you the man waited without to make you so. Call Madame Volveren for witness, and in ten minutes you and I, my darling, are beyond the city walls and on the road to safety and joy. Are you going?"

Elle waited a moment, half turned, came back and laid her face against his. "Will you love me just as well—always?"

"Always is a long time. But when I cease to love you, I shall cease to live."

She loosened his grasp and vanished from the room. Soon afterward a servant entered the saloon, sought Madame Volveren and delivered a brief message. She followed him to the Countess Elle. "I want you a moment," said the latter, leading the way back to the room she had left, where stood Treslong and another. Treslong bowed to Madame Volveren, then took Elle's hand, and before the lady could interpose, the few short words of the service had been pronounced and the marriage certificate signed.

"Your signature, madame," demanded the notary.

"It is unexpected. I am unprepared. It is a death-penalty for me to be here. What would Vansyckle—"

"Vansyckle gave her to me, sent me," said the Lord of Treslong. "My little wife is the gift of her father."

"I cannot help it," said Madame Volveren. "You are married. If my name is of any use, there it is, and my life with it, but I take no responsibility."

"Thank you, dear madame. Be assured that no pain shall reach you for this. Do not let us detain you longer," said he, and she shortly left them.

The notary or preacher had already gone. The Lady of Treslong clung a moment to her husband, then he threw the great cloak round him, took her in his arms and striding through the conservatory, slid to the ground and vanished in the darkness.

When Madame Volveren returned to her guests, she found some confusion among them, some tittering, some wrath. Looking round questioning, what was her amazement to be—hold an unexpected and uninvited guest, the fat little Burgher Dummelburg, making his way toward her by elbowing and floundering among the others, while his rubicund face, broad and



radiant as the sun, streamed with perspiration, which he wiped away by means of a red cotton handkerchief. Having reached her, he made a low bow.

"Your servant, madame," he said.

"I am happy to see you, monsieur," she returned. "Pardon me if I do not remember your name."

"No consequence. I couldn't hope you to, never having heard it; I am called the Herr Dummelburg, of Vansyckle Palace, Brill."

"You are very welcome, Herr Dummelburg. You are a stranger in Brussels."

"Yes, a stranger, but one can always make friends, I flatter me. I present myself to you for that purpose, and to make also a wife," he replied, viewing the arrangement as a certainty.

Madame Volveren being herself a widow, started in alarm. Did he mean her, she wondered.

"No, no, madame, not you!" he exclaimed, reading her thought, "but the Countess Elle. I am not so old, after all. I am rich to count millions. I am good natured; not ill-looking, if I may say it," returned the little fright. "It will be pleasant to my sweet lady to return to her family mansion, which is now mine. I shall be to her a good husband enough; she, no doubt, will be a loving wife. I have thought it all over. My mind is quite made up, but it were, perhaps, best to mention the matter to you."

"Yes, you were right," said Madame Volveren, suffocating with laughter.

"And it will do, madame! I and my wife shall always be happy to see you at Vansyckle Palace. Little Dame Dummelburg shall be the envy of Brill! Where is the bride? I do not see her; will you conduct me to her?"

"Really, monsieur, I regret, for your sake, that the affair is impossible."

"Impossible?"

"You cannot betroth the Countess Elle."

"Cannot? Why, madame, here is the ring; I bought it five hours ago, and paid a Flemish gueldre for it."

"I am sorry you have misspent your silver. Doubtless there are other maidens who will be glad to wear your ring. The Countess Elle cannot."

"Cannot?" repeated the puzzled burgher.

"And why, pray?"

"There are many reasons."

"Just state them."

"You are not noble, pardon me."

"Well, I am very rich."

"Her father's assent it is necessary to obtain."

"Her father is a rebel and a traitor, you know. His assent is not required. There is nobody but me in the case."

"So one would think. But the countess would hardly choose for her husband the man who betrayed her father."

"Tush, tush! you grow sentimental. In these days the countess will do well to marry the man who can give her a good dinner. Moreover, I know her heart, you see. She was struck when first catching sight of me! Didn't she throw me her handkerchief, and give me her sweetest smiles afterward? Come, come, you coquette for her! She loves me. Conduct me to her."

"Monsieur, you are too absurd! The countess was laughing at you, will not marry you. Good-night."

"What! What! Will not marry me? You are beside yourself! The notary is in the hall. Come, nonsense, I wish to reach Brill the morrow but one. Where is she?"

"Was there ever seen such a little pest?" cried Madame Volveren, at last. "Let me hear no more of this! It is impossible. Leave my house."

"Impossible? Leave your house? By the bones of St. Gudule, neither! You will not allow such a marriage? Let me see you prevent it! I have interest you do not dream of. I can part with my money on occasion," and here the burgher rolled his head from side to side like a barrel at sea in a storm. "Alva, Alva, Alva! Do you hear?" he cried, raising his voice like Stentor, "will give her to me!"

"It is even beyond his grace's power. The young countess is, I am happy to say, the wife of another man."

"Of whom?"

"That is not your affair."

"Who married them?"

"Nor that."

"A Catholic?"

"No matter."

"By heavens! If a Lutheran, a Calvinist, an Anabaptist—you know the law—a flash of an axe, and for witnessing the deed, your head's not worth that!" And the excited little wretch filled his fingers in the lady's face.

"Here, John! Thomas!" cried Madame Volveren, "take this ridiculous gentleman and turn him out of doors." At her command two gold-laced domestics seized the struggling, crimson-faced fellow and planted him outside the house, where, loudly vociferating, they left him.

Madame Volveren and her friends made themselves very merry over this skirmish, but after finding that all his efforts were in vain, a new thought struck the Herr Dummelburg, and running breathlessly, he presented himself almost immediately at the residence of the viceroy, where, by an accident, he was admitted. Hero he speedily represented his case.

"Your grace will assist me?" he demanded.

"Why," began the surly duke, "if she is married, how? I will cut off her head with pleasure, for the traitorous blood that is in her, but no more. And that would hardly suit you?" he added, with a grim smile.

"No, no, no!" cried the alarmed burgher. "Not so, by any means! But off this husband's head. Give me a force to enter Volveren's house and get her. You shall have a thousand crowns."

"That is not enough. You shall have a dozen men placed at your command for one hour for the sum of ten thousand crowns."

Herr Dummelburg almost tore his hair; his money was dear as his life, but just then he was so enormously in love that no more was necessary. He gave an order for ten thousand crowns, which the duke quietly altered to twenty thousand, as he turned away, gave him the men and bowed him out. A short street took them to the rear of Madame Volveren's house, for before joining the guests within at all, Dummelburg had explored all the surroundings, had even climbed the conservatory and looked in on the sleeping Elle, making his exit almost coincide with Treslong's entrance. The little general now posted his men round the grounds, and with much puffing and panting climbed again and entered. He had no doubt but he should succeed charmingly with the damsel herself. Picture his open-eyed surprise when she was nowhere to be seen. The bird had flown. A scarf lying on the floor, he picked up unconsciously and examined. On one end was embroidered a crest. He knew it well; it was Treslong's.

"The Seigneur de Treslong—has he been here?" he murmured to himself, and then his eye fell on the blotting-paper used by the notary in writing the certificate. He caught it from the table. The impress of the deed proved perfect, but, unfortunately, being reversed, was unreadable. A brilliant idea for the second time laid hold of the burgher; he ran to the mirror and held the paper before him. There, in letters bright as fire, he read the record of the Countess Elle's marriage with the Lord of Treslong. Waving the blotting-paper like a banner, he leaped through the conservatory to the ground, crying but half intelligibly that it was Treslong; Treslong had been there not twenty minutes since.

"And what to do now, monsieur?" asked the corporal of the guard allowed.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," sighed the dolorous burgher, recalled to a sense of his loss.

"Then, sir, let me say. Treslong been here? Then he has not yet left, for he would take the West Port, and that is an hour's walk to a laden man. Shoulder arms! We'll be up with him! The duke will give us more gold than we've seen this year, should we bring him in Treslong's head!" And at a round pace they opened the pursuit.

It so happened that when Treslong with his light burden was within a few rods of the west gate, outside of which his men and horses waited, the company of Vargas marched down an opposite street and would have encountered him had he not prudently stepped into the shadow of a little alley, since his person being well known to Vargas, the bloodthirsty lieutenant of Alva, he would otherwise have been instantly recognized. As it was, the company, pouring into the long street, evinced no inclination to depart speedily, but stacked their arms and proceeded to refresh themselves at the fountain playing near by. Thus for at least one half hour was Treslong detained by these varlets. At last they regathered their arms and departed, when he hurriedly stole from his retreat and before many

minutes had reached the gate. A quick signal was answered by a light from the keeper, who unlocked the small door in the large portal, and Treslong having shown a passport obtained from a powerful friend who played a double part with Alva, was about to hurry through, when a dozen men hurled themselves from their concealment and dealing a shower of blows on his defenceless head laid him prostrate. It was the little band under the burgher's command, who arrived there first and secretly waited for him to present himself. The discharge of balls that followed was, of course, fruitless, since the target was fallen. The burgher stooping, snatched the fainting Elle from his arms, and in the tumult ensuing, the keeper, a humane man, purposely extinguished his torch, and shoving Treslong out the little door quickly, shut and bolted it.

"Up the street!" he cried. "After him! up the street!" The men, who had seen Treslong show a passport, were far from suspecting any ruse on the keeper's part, and plunged off in chase, while the attendants outside hearing the melee, stood ready to receive their master, and snatching him up in his senseless condition, they clambered on the ladder they had brought over the moat, and mounting their horses dashed away. Although, after a time, reviving their leader, they did not allow him to utter a word, in the rapid flight, and by noon the next day he lay suffering from high fever in his own ship, which had put off to join those of De la Marck on the British coast.

But when the corporal with his dozen soldiers raced up the street in pursuit of their imagined victim, they had left the burgher in possession of the countess, for the good luck which frequently favors stupidity had followed him. Pondering the matter phlegmatically a while, he then arranged the little unconscious bundle in his arms more conveniently, and trotted off for his lodgings. Ordering his horses to be put to his coach, he left the Countess Elle with his servant, and ran to Madame Volveren's. It was not three quarters of an hour since he had been ignominiously thrust forth, but forcing his way up the stairs again, he entered, and saw the hostess standing with his grace the Duke of Alva, who had shortly since arrived, in the centre of a space left by the two stricken guests.

Pushing up on one side and the other, the resolute Dummelburg made his way to them, and greeting the duke with a reverence, turned suddenly and snapped his fingers in Madame Volveren's face anew. "I've got her!" he cried, "and Treslong's dead, and you may get her now if you can!" And again he snapped his fingers. Instantly all was consternation. Madame Volveren flew to the rooms of the Countess Elle to ascertain if she were not there, and the assemblage, excited by her dismay, became a scene of tumultuousness, in whose midst Dummelburg made his escape again. Arrived once more at his lodgings, he found the prisoner revived and imploring the servant with prayers and tears to release her. But the man was inexorable. His coach was ready; the breathless little Dummelburg took the agonized girl, and having seated himself with her therein, gave the word, and they rolled rapidly along the streets, the burgher still holding her and covering her mouth, that shrieks might not be heard. Once on the broad highway, he unfolded his arms; at the motion, Elle sprang from him quite to the other side of the coach. The burgher was a little flustered.

"Hum—ha," he remonstrated gently. "My lady, I'll not hurt you. You shall be just as free and gay as a bird, wear velvet and jewels—at least on Sundays. I'll keep for you an extra servant. I'll—"

"Speak another word," cried Elle from her corner, "or come near me, and I will put this dagger in your heart! By my mother's soul, I will!" And now the first time she had been able to get at it, she held it in the light of the carriage lamp. "O God, help me!" she cried, with loud sobs. Thus meagreer was reduced to some respectful deportment, and three days afterward the beautiful young countess was lodged in her father's house by him, but without having relinquished her dagger.

Day by day dragged on endless lengths, and yet the Herr Dummelburg found his suit no more prosperous than at first; in vain he assured her that Treslong was dead; she obstinately refused to believe it, and was steadfast in her faith that he would yet release her. Just a wife, it was impossible for her to find herself a widow. And thus the Herr Dummelburg mingled perpetual tears with his tea and toast.

It was just at this time that Alva concluded those arrangements with Elizabeth of England, which, while he dreamed of their being highly advantageous, were really to prove fatal to all Spanish rule in the north. In compliance with his request, she forbade her subjects to supply with meat, bread, or beer, any of the Beggars of the Sea; the consequence of which prohibition was that they were obliged to forsake the British ports and seek some other haven. It had been their intention to make for a town in Holland, but a violent storm rising suddenly, blew them far up the north sea, and when they again shaped their course, it was for the strong little town of Brill, which, once taken, would be a key stone for the patriots to the recovery of their whole native land.

But during all these days of weary storm and shine, the Countess Ella sat unfriended. Meagreer Dummelburg's threats were unheeded by her; her dagger was her reliance; and all his wooing met with no reply, while having the freedom of the house, she wandered from room to room, as fancy pleased, and sat for hours at an upper window looking out over the dim sea. It was curious to observe the passionate nature of this white, airy child. And when the burgher renewed his attempts at conversation, calling her his dear, his lamb, his duck, and whatever other dish of roast or boiled that suggested itself to his greasy imagination, she only gazed at him with eyes that were flames, and that too strongly hinted at the dagger in reserve. It seemed to her that this imprisonment would never end; each day had a length that years formerly had not gained; the nights seemed as if morning would never dawn upon them, and throughout all, she experienced a loathing of the little Dummelburg that actually made her ill. A ceaseless hectic of excitement and expectation fired her cheek. Unaccustomed to perform her own toilet, she attended to it now scrupulously, that Treslong might find her fair as he left her; never was there known such faith, such patience, such ardor. So intense was her expectation, that every nerve was wrought beyond its normal tone, and she even saw distant objects and heard indistinct sounds far sooner than any others.

She had ascended, one noon, to the roof of the house, and was looking, as usual, with her hand shading her eyes, over the sea. As she slowly swept the field of vision, a black speck, an upright line in the sunshine, followed by another and another, caught her glance. As they increased, with the quickness of sound she grouped them, arranged them, and long before a different eye would have discerned the point of a mast creeping over the horizon, Elle believed to see plainly the twenty ships of De la Marck, with the pennons of the commonwealth of ancient Flanders, of Treslong, flying. The Herr Dummelburg dined early, and having satisfied herself of these truths, she descended and sat calmly at the table, where he had never before seen her. The burgher was amazed. And immediately afterward was so extremely affable that he surprised himself. "My little plum," he said, ogling her, and dipping cascades of sour kraut into her plate, "you will yield yet. You will not cry out those pretty eyes for a great fellow that is dead. Come, now, kiss me on the cheek, thou sweet as honey! When shall I make the little lady the Dame Dummelburg? Come, now, bethink you; when shall I have a pleasant answer?"

"You shall have an answer to-night," said the Countess Elle, rising, and addressing him her first voluntary words. In a few moments more, the Herr Dummelburg went out, carefully locking his door, and sought the house where the other magistrates flocked after their dinner hours. As for Elle, she dragged a long pole that she had found, up to the roof, and having secured the door with this, quietly waited till the Beggars of the Sea should land.

While she waited, all that swift, bold comedy of the ferryman sent from the ships to the magistrates with a demand for the surrender of the town, the hesitation of the burghers, the enthusiasm of the town's people, the ambiguous reply, the retort, the panic of the magistrates all running to seize what they might and fly—all this passed before her eyes; and Herr Dummelburg himself, out of breath and almost voiceless, entered his house, caught his papers, and eagerly sought for her. She was not to be found. He ascended the stairs to the roof, but the door was closed and so firmly barred as to resist every effort. In despair, coaxing and crying, he ran down to the streets clamoring for ladders. But the house was too high for any to scale, and just



as he had secured one a few feet longer, the gates were opened, and De la Mark and his patriots rushed in. The fat little burgher took ingloriously to his heels, with the rest of the terrified magistracy, and ran for his life.

Having ascertained his departure, Elle cautiously dragged away the bar, and descended to the hall. Watching from a window till Treslong, brave, brilliant as ever, but pale and care-worn, turned the street; then she drew a breath of full relief, opened the great doors of Vansyckle Palace, that swung slowly to her slender strength, and appeared before the invaders.

The eyes of the chief were turned away, but Robol asked, with a sailor's frankness, at the sight, "Who might this be?"

"The wife of the Lord of Treslong," was the reply, as Elle retreated into the house. In a flash Treslong had sprung up the steps and followed her, and of so passionate a meeting it must be unnecessary to speak.

Meanwhile, the burgher Dummelburg had hardly panted along a league, when night fell upon his weary flight. With some philosophy, the little man began to wonder what he was running away from, and while he pondered, two men-at-arms, riding leisurely along, overtook him and passed. Passed, but not so quickly that the burgher did not pick up the words they dropped.

"Ay, Vargas had his eye on her some time; he knew, I'll warrant, what a precious booty it was, and so he took her."

"And it is known?"

"Not abroad. The burgesses ran, and so were not killed."

"And he has her now?"

"O, ay—" and here he lost the connection. Who was she? of what did they talk? he asked himself, and the silly little burgher, whose mind was full of Elle alone, could not conceive that one should converse of anything else, and did not dream that they meant the tiny city of Ban, just taken by Vargas, and which the duke suffered him to retain. To Herr Dummelburg, it was Elle who was taken, who was kept by Vargas, and he cursed his folly that he had wasted time battering at the roof door, where of course she could not be, he said, when he might have been collecting his valuables. But if Vargas kept her, where was she? he asked himself again, and with his usual brilliancy of conception, suddenly resolved to return and tell Treslong of the fact, for, reasoned he, "it is better that creature should have her than Vargas, and between the two, I may get her myself!"

Bold with his sudden resolution, he turned his steps and trotted back toward Brill.

It was evening of the next day when the burgher Dummelburg mounted the steps of his recent residence, and timidly demanded admittance. He was shown into the great oaken hall. A dozen lights flamed in the splendid silver sconces, with a prodigality that made him groan, and a fire of blazing logs streamed up the broad chimney, that reddened with jovial cheer to the long look and generous heat. On either side of this chimney sat the Count and Countess Vansyckle, at last reinstated in their rights. The Lord of Treslong entered simultaneously at an opposite door.

The burgher seated himself uninvited, at a distance, placed his hat on the floor and wiped his face.

"Hem, ha. Good even, sir. Your servant, Madame. Seigneur de Treslong? Sir—that is—I mean—well, yes—Vargas has got her now?"

"Gotten who, sir?" asked Treslong.

"Your wife, to be sure."

The lady by the fire laughed lightly.

"Yes, meinbeer," continued the last speaker, biting his nails, "got the Countess Elle! But, I'll tell you what, sir, if you'll join with me, I'll do my best—"

"Not so fast. You mistake," said the other; and stepping back to the door from whence he had issued, he opened it and spoke within. At the word, the same little airy vision whom the burgher had seen on the balcony at Brussels, now all smiles and blushes, and more lovely than ever, danced into sight, and then with mock sobriety gathered her laces in one hand and made him a bewitching courtesy.

"I believe, sir," said her husband, while this little pantomime passed, "that I have her myself. I do not remember your name, but allow me to present you to the Lady of Treslong,—and the door!"

Presents, which our love for the donor have made precious, are ever the most acceptable.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## HARLEY LANGDON'S WIDOW.

BY EDWARD MONTFORD.

A MOURNFUL looking procession was passing through the principal street of a large manufacturing town; so mournful, if one might judge by the faces, as to make it probable that one unusually beloved, or removed by some sudden or terrible blow, had caused such a large concourse of people, and with such heavy hearts.

Both were true. Harley Langdon was valued beyond most men by those who knew him, and the circumstances of his death were more than ordinarily painful. It occurred on a pleasure party by railway, where from some inadvertency of his own or others, in ascending the steps, he was drawn under and crushed.

A few years before he had married. He was not young, but there was not an unmarried woman in the town that would have refused Harley Langdon. It was not strange, then, that Sara Wellman accepted him, though fifteen years her senior. One would think of him in reading, "John Halifax, Gentleman," so good, upright, tender, manly and noble a man was he. They had lived a very few years together, but they were happy ones. When the end came, there was a sentiment of universal mourning, as if the whole town had lost a friend.

But if that were so, what must be the state of the poor young wife, with two infants at her side, and another yet unborn! Sorrow has many phases; but this was a very sad, very painful view to take of the life of the fair creature, who only two days ago was so happy, so blessed beyond the ordinary lot of women.

Twice, while Harley lay in his last sleep in the house, and when it was fully crowded with sympathizing friends and acquaintances, a man of noble and dignified yet eminently gentle mien, was seen sitting beside the now shadowy form. He spoke to no one, except when Sara came near. To her he talked in a voice of sweet yet powerful tones, and in language the highest and most noble that could fall from human lips.

No one knew him. No one saw him come in nor go out; but, at intervals, he sat by the coffin, and gazed upon the calm beautiful face of the dead, and then in words that seemed alternately a psalm and a prayer, an aspiration and a benediction, he poured out the sympathetic stream, so different to the hackneyed common-places which the poor mourner has so often been called on to endure, and which fall so coldly upon the heart, sick and oppressed with heavy grief.

When the form was removed from the room, he was seen no more; but often in the stillness of the lone chamber, when the widow sat holding the little babe, on whose face no father's kiss could ever be imprinted, Sara thought of the unknown, and recalled the lofty and comforting words which he uttered.

With hands tied, she could do no more than take care of the three infants—that is, she could earn nothing—and soon it became imperative that she should be aided somehow or other. The "bread winner" was gone; and since his death there had been large outgoes that were inevitable under the circumstances. Her resources were almost exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for help to keep her children from destitution, unless she contracted debts, which she was unwilling to do.

Young and beautiful, Sara's face, shrouded in her deep mourning veil, awakened an interest in all who saw her; and, unfortunately for her, it did so in the heart of one who was as unworthy of her as he was of the woman whom he had sent to the grave three years before, the victim of his selfish and arbitrary nature.

As Sara stepped from her door to the church, he saw her for the first time; and, cruel, heartless and calculating as he was, he was touched almost to deep reverence. He said to himself, "If that woman were childless, she should be my wife;" and the next time he said, "She shall be, in spite of her children. I can get rid of them somehow."

How artfully he induced her to think that her duty to her children demanded her to marry him, I have not time to tell. It is enough that she sealed her unhappiness by so doing, and awoke to the fact that she had done the worst possible thing for them and for herself. Accustomed to Harley's large and beneficent ways, it was a trial to come down to a code of economy so severe as that demanded by Mr. Trevelyan.

He had a large family of his own, and the addition of Sara and the children seemed a very onerous burden, although her nimble fingers saved him from the enormous expenses of work women whom he had hitherto employed. The fact was, simply, that he wanted her, but not her incumbrances; and she, alas, having fallen into the error of marrying without love, clung, of course, still closer and closer to the children for whom she had made so sad a sacrifice.

Very bright, beautiful creatures were Sara's children—very different to his own awkward and sometimes stupid ones. The difference was easily accounted for—hers had been bred in love, and his in fear. Their poor, sick mother had worn out her frail life in this atmosphere of dread, which Mr. Trevelyan's temper and selfishness had created around her, and his children suffered from the same cause. Still they inherited enough of their father's disposition to enact the petty tyrant whenever they could find opportunity, and of course Sara's children were the first victims.

Money was never forthcoming. Everything purchased was through Mr. Trevelyan's own hands. Sara had long ago expended everything to clothe her growing children decently, and her own wardrobe had received no addition for the two years that she had lived in her new home. And, added to her privations of cold, and even hunger—for neither the fire nor the table was half supplied—he had taunted her of her pride, and boasted that he would bring it down; and, worse than all, had assailed the memory of her good and noble husband. Even now, the house was in a state of constant anarchy from the growing violence of the two eldest sons, who were throwing off their father's authority, and were becoming as abusive as they had formerly been abject.

"O, for a little home in the wilderness!" she exclaimed, as she looked upon the worn garments of her children, and knew that she had not the privilege of earning their simple clothing. Her hands were busy all day for the rest; and now they had found a new occupation, for another babe was born, lessening her capacity of doing anything for the three neglected ones, who now wandered about, unfit to be sent to school for want of proper garments to wear.

Sara was sitting by the scanty fire one evening, rocking her child in the cradle. Mr. Trevelyan had gone away on business, to stay two nights. He had gone in a high temper, and had said, once or twice, while getting ready, that he wished he had never married her, with her brood of children. She had that morning, almost on her knees, begged for a little money to buy shoes for her children. He had laughed scornfully at the idea of his spending money for Harley Langdon's children! It rankled in her breast all day. And as she sat there, a strange thought came into her mind. "He never shall! I will go from hence, where my own hands shall be free to maintain them. I will not stay in this house a bondswoman, and my children slaves. Better far that they were slaves at the South, where at least they would be fed and clothed."

She looked at the sleeping babe in the cradle. "I will take her too," she murmured; but then the thought came that it was *his* child, and perhaps, even to a shamefully abused wife as she was, the law might not give it to the mother. But she would try it; nothing could be worse than this state, and there was no hope of reprieve except by instant flight. That night she sold to a broker the ornaments and a little watch that Harley had given her, and found that she had money enough from the sale to get her to some city, where she hoped to earn her bread.

The next morning, when the Trevelyan children were all out of the way, a carriage took her and the four little ones to the railway station. She had felt a perfect right to the linen and silver ware which she had brought to the house, and she took it without scruple. As the cars reached the crowded city, her brave heart trembled a little; but she would not go back, no, not for the wealth of the Indies. No escaped slave could ever have known a more delightful sense of freedom than she did by escaping from those hated chains. Labor, even of the meanest sort, seemed delightful. She would welcome even abject poverty, if it could be borne without the sight of him who had already subjected her to many of its worst privations.

She had been carried to a hotel on her first arrival, but before night had found a cheap boarding house, suitable to her limited means, until she could look about her and find something to

do. But in a few days the prospect looked darker and darker, and she wandered out, when her babe was asleep, half-frantic to think that soon they must be homeless.

"Boarding house to belet," was the announcement on the window of a large building, and it met Sara's eye like a revelation. What hindered her from taking it? She was skilled in house-keeping, and her children would have food and a home, if nothing more. It would take time to tell how she besieged the owner of the house to let her have it without security; and, when finally he yielded, how great was her struggle to obtain the necessary furniture for commencing. But she did it! and the result was beyond her most sanguine hopes. Her house, under her careful and judicious management, soon acquired a name—and increasing guests soon gave her the means of making it attractive.

Once or twice she was annoyed by Trevelyan; but she had grown a brave, strong-hearted woman now, and she was firm in her refusal to go back to servitude in his house, even though he promised so fair. She feared that he would take the child away; but she had overrated his liberality. He would have been obliged to hire an attendant for it, and if Sara would maintain it, he was perfectly willing.

Death took the little one, however, thus dissolving the last shadow of a tie between them. Sara mourned the little creature most sincerely, and for a time her affliction affected her health, and almost her reason; but she roused herself to other duties, and her mind recovered its usual tone.

Years have passed away, and Sara sits in the pleasant, happy home which her own struggles have obtained for her. Her children have grown up around her, with all the advantages which could have been theirs had they been born to wealth, and they are fitted for any situation in life. And this is wholly through the exertions of the mother. She has gained a triumphant separation, by the law, from her tormentor, and hence is free to pursue her own course unmolested. If her children are not proud of such a mother, let them turn to the indolent, superbly-dressed women who pace up and down Washington Street, shunning the very thought of labor or exertion, and whose strongest effort is not equal to sweeping a room, or preparing the simplest meal. One Sara Langdon—she has taken Harley's name again, the dearest name to her on earth—is worth a legion of such butterflies.

Did Sara do right? I appeal for answer, not to women of the world, not to "strong-minded women," but to men, noble, high minded men. There are such men, who combine the lion heart with the tenderness of a woman; and I think I can hear from their lips a strong, concentrated YES!

### SATAN'S MARKS IN THE SWINE.

A few days since, in going into my back-yard, where a fresh-killed pig had just been hung up, a man who knew I was curious in such matters, said, "There, now, there's the mark as Satan made it in the herd of swine before they ran down the cliffs into the sea," pointing to five dark marks on the skin of the inside of each fore leg. On my questioning him, he assured me that he had never seen a pig without them (I have since looked at five, and they had the same); and he said the tradition was that all swine had them ever since the casting out of the devils which destroyed the herd in the sea. My queries are, does this mark always exist? How do anatomists account for it?—*Notes and Queries.*

### HUMOR.

Humor is a perennial source of purity and freshness to the mind. It clears away the cobwebs; it qualifies the hot, rich draughts of sentiment; it freshens up the sated edge of appetite; it flows through the whole being like a babbling stream, with verdure always green upon its banks. Without humor, we are either hot simooms or arid plains. Your Keateses and your Shelleys burn themselves out for want of it; your Shakespeares and your Dickensses are so irrigated by its delicious coolness, that they endure green and fresh forever.—*Oliver.*

### SELF-ACQUITTAL.

Addison said that "a man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interfere with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself secured by the applauses of the public. A man oned by the applauses of the world, the verdict is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him."



## CHICKERING &amp; SONS' ESTABLISHMENTS.

The engravings we recently published illustrating the process of manufacturing pianofortes, as conducted at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' great establishment in this city, having been received with great favor, we have been induced to place on the present page accurate delineations of two of their great branch sales warehouses, one at No. 807 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the other at 694 Broadway corner of Fourth Street, New York. The Philadelphia warehouse is built of Acadian stone, and the architectural effect is very striking. The first floor being 165 feet in depth, running back to Jayne Street, by 25 feet in width, is occupied by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons for the sale of their instruments, and the height of the ceiling being eighteen feet, so concentrates the sound, upon the touch of the instrument, as to produce a delightful impression of its merits or otherwise. The arrangement of this floor is perfect; the office being in front, shut off by large glass doors from the salesroom, 95 feet in the centre, with corresponding glass doors in its rear, closing in the room for repairs. The walls are fresco painted; light is plentiful through glass skylights, while the arrangement of the chandeliers, gas pendants, etc., has added another laurel leaf to their chaplet of renown. The upper floors, finely arranged with every convenience, the building being four stories in height, together with a portion of the fine basement, are let to a jobbing house. The cost of this property was \$70,000, and it is, without exception, the finest Piano Forte Wareroom in the United States. The New York warehouse is of brick, and presents a fine appearance. The pictures we have given not only show the extent of the business of the Messrs. Chickering, but indicate the growth of musical taste in this country. It has been such that a piano, instead of being a luxury, has become a household necessity. It is curious to compare one of Chickering's parlor pianos with the instrument dignified by that name dating back only half a century. The piano, the successor of the clavichord, harpsichord and spinnet, was first known as a musical instrument in Europe, in 1760, consequently the invention is but a century old. The most famous piano fortes of Europe are the Erard pianos, and one of them was used by Thalberg at his first concert at the Music Hall in this city. But when he tried one of the Chickering grand pianos placed beside it, he admitted that it was equal, if not superior to the foreign instrument. The late Jonas Chickering, of this city, devoted his whole life to perfecting the piano. His first piano was made in 1820, since which date more than twenty thousand pianos have been made by himself and his sons. The Messrs. Chickering now employ 300 men, and turn out 40 pianos a week, or two thousand and eighty in a year, so greatly has their business increased; yet, with all the resources and industry of their vast establishments, they find it impossible to keep pace with the demand, such is the reputation of their instruments. Their unsurpassed pianos carry their fame to every quarter of the globe.

## STREETS OF PERA.

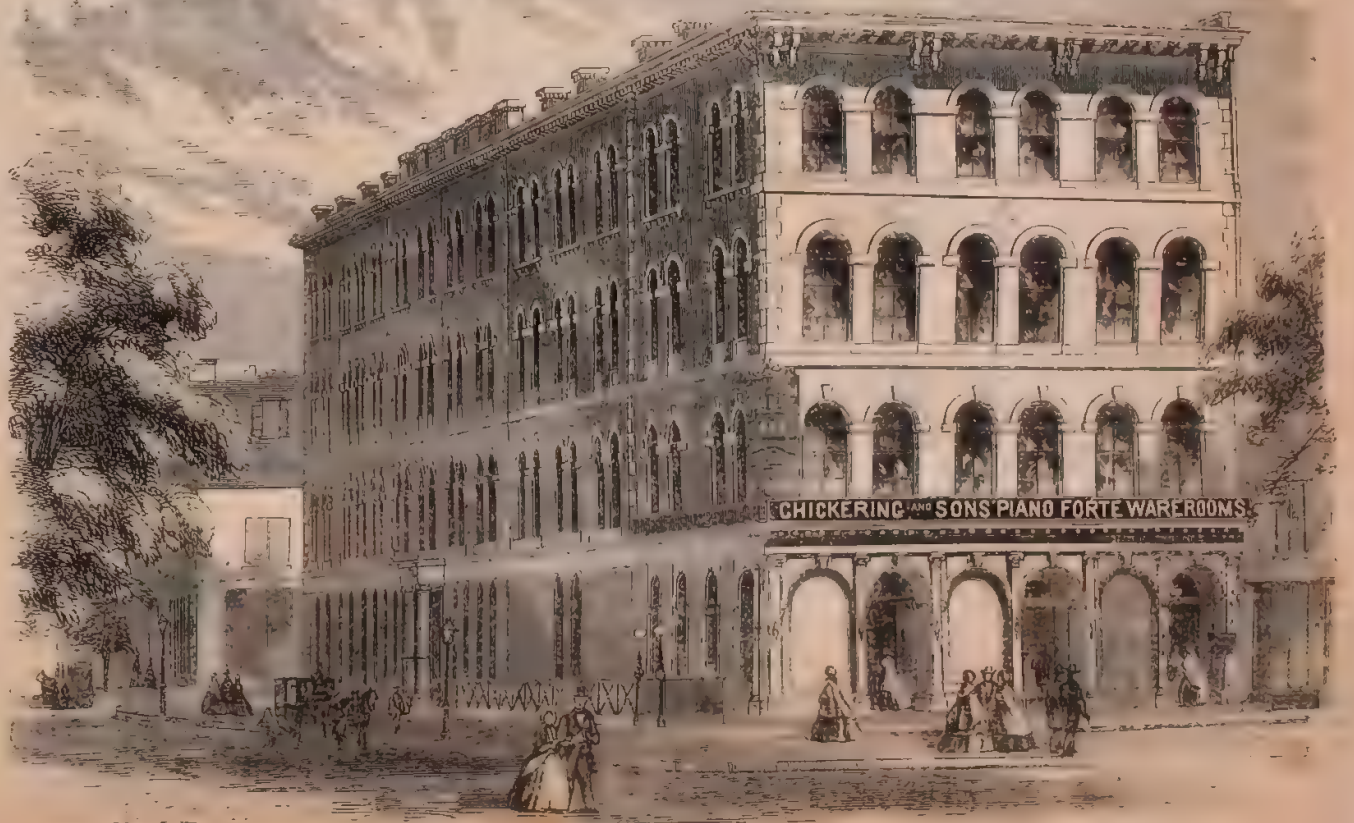
The streets of Pera and its suburbs may defy all the world to match them in the inconvenience arising from bad pavements, dirt, crowds of donkeys laden with bricks and timbers for building, caravans of camels, and the *taalikas* or carriages of the higher classes of society, that frequently blockade the passage. In the midst of this transportation of goods, chattels, and gentry, between buildings that encroach upon the highway, which is minus sidewalks, the mixed and motley multitude of pedestrians that form the great portion of this Babel contrive to thread a tortuous course; now arrested by long timbers that, fastened together and crossed upon the neck of the poor little animal, are left to fly apart and vibrate, threatening annihilation to the unfortunate object within their reach; now warned by the tinkling bell that is suspended from the neck of the camel of the approach of the long train that follows; here seeking shelter in the door of some shop from the rapid and heavy gallop of powerful chargers mounted by Turkish chiefs, whose arms are rattling upon the pommel of the richly embroidered saddle, and the numerous attendants who bring up the rear, there dexterously escaping a crushing pelt from a cargo of bricks that nearly conceals the little victim doomed to bear it, who, in common with a score of his companions, left to their own guidance, jostle and totter hither and thither, as if they were practising for a tilting match.—*P. et and H. em*



CHICKERING AND SONS' PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

## A STRANGE STORY

The following is from Whittier's "Supernaturalism." "In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time Attorney General. A few years since, while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty five years of age, good-looking, intelligent, and well dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney general, he said to him, 'I do not wonder at your astonishment; examine these papers.' They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaints as follows: In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed, and remarked, 'They keep up quite a rum-pus to-night.' The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after saw a bright light in his bed room, and an apparition which said to him, 'I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now.' The next morning while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered, 'I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F—, and put here.' The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him to desist and escape; and on looking up, he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing, and continued to labor. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Up in this the farmer swore, 'This is that cursed Irishman's work!' He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbors, and was then informed that some years before an Irishman in the employment of the farmer, suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made an oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but of course the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution, and consequently the whole matter was suffered to drop."



CHICKERING AND SONS' WAREHOUSE, 694 BROADWAY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]  
**LOSING AND FINDING.**

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Faint and white,  
 In the still moonlight,  
*Something lies in the grass at my feet;*  
 Perhaps it is naught  
 But the gossamer wrought  
 By the cunning spider—my heart to cheat;  
 Perhaps it is only  
 The night-flower lonely,  
 Lifting its white brow out of the grass;  
 Lifting it too,  
 Through the cold bright dew,  
 Only to see when my Love should pass.  
 This—I am sure—  
 Where the dew lies pure,  
 Scarcely brushed by her foot a light fall—  
 This is the way,  
 I have heard her say,  
 That leads o'er the lawn to her Father's Hall;  
 And less, I know,  
 Than an hour ago,  
 She passed like a perfume, dainty and sweet,  
 O'er the tender mass  
 Of blossoming grass—  
 The very grass that is under my feet!  
 O, sweet, bold wind,  
 Cunning and kind,  
 Blowing out from the malice west!  
 Running so swift  
 Through the grass to lift  
 The web at my feet, like a wave's white crest!  
 Fluttering it lies,  
 As if shaken with sighs,  
 Like a sweet white blossom with love for its guest,  
 And free it unfold  
 With a meaning untold,  
 Blown out by the dear, cunning wind of the west!  
 It is not a flower,  
 Nor the web of an hour  
 Which sometimes the spider weaves—dainty and fine,  
 And leaves to grow white  
 With the dew of the night,  
 And the bleaching of moonbeams that silently shine.  
 Nay 't naught that had not  
 By her fair hand been wrought,  
 Could my soul to such tender delirium stir;  
 And henceforth, sweetly safe,  
 Here, the dear airy waif,  
 I will wear on the heart I have given to her!  
 And I gather it there  
 With a tenderer care  
 Than ever I gathered a flower from its stem;  
 And a dreamy perfume,  
 As of rosemary bloom,  
 Floats out of the delicate, tremulous hem.  
 Fair fabric of lace!  
 Pretty marvel of grace!  
 Floating down from her hand like a leaf on the air!  
 Thou hast kissed her dear eyes—  
 Thou hast drunk her sweet sighs!  
 And I faint with a rapture too tender to hear!  
 O, wind of the west—  
 Ever, evermore blest!  
 Thou hast toyed with thy daintiest trifle to-night!  
 Blow back to their bowers,  
 And shame the sweet flowers  
 With the fragrance just won in thy rapturous flight!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

**ASTREA:**

—OR—

**THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.**

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

**I.—WHO IS SHE.**

"Is that the girl?"  
 "Yes, the one with the dark eyes. There, now you can see her—Mark has moved."  
 "Beautiful—very! She knows it too."  
 "O, I suppose so! Very likely her brain will be turned before long. Now come here; I will show you her parents. There they sit—that squint-eyed man with the red hair, and that fat woman—blowsy, vulgar!"  
 "The parents of that Hebe? Nonsense! Impossible!"  
 "Well, so I say. I don't believe it; nobody hereabouts does. They went on a voyage to the East Indies some ten years ago. His brother is a sea-captain; you would not think him his brother, if you saw him. Well, they brought this child home after an absence of four years; she was then but three. A most beautiful child she was, always wearing a variety of ornaments. Strange to say, they came home rich also, built them a splendid dwelling in the city, a villa in the country. The child is now thirteen, and receiving a superior education. She seems to me southern in all her tastes. Her temperament is ardent, impulsive. She is passionately fond of music and admiration. She will be queenly, if she lives three or four years longer."

This conversation was carried on at a child's party. It was given by a wealthy man, on the occasion of his only daughter's birthday. Many of the parents were also invited, among them the rich but not aristocratic Watermans.

The gay dresses of the little ones flashed in the profusion of light. Among them, for grace, dignity and beauty, Astrea Waterman shone resplendent; she was far the loveliest creature present. For a child, she wore too much jewelry; arms, neck and head shining lustrous with bright gems, but still she did not look vulgar, but bore them as if it were her right.

"We want singing. Who will sing? Where is Astrea Waterman?"

"We want dancing. Where is Astrea Waterman?"

"We want games. Who has seen Astrea?"

Thus her name was coupled with every amusement; it was very evident that Astrea was the star, the belle of the evening. Her delighted parents had eyes only for her.

"Is she not charming?" they said repeatedly to each other.

"See!" exclaimed the wife, nudging the arm of her husband; "If that Mark Hamilton aint taking her out to dance. I wonder she speaks to him; I wonder they would invite him"—they, meant the Landholms, who gave the party.

"He's a splendid figger, though," said Mrs. Waterman, complacently.

"His father failed last week," replied her husband.

"Law! do see how she seems to take to him!" cried Mrs. Waterman, anxiously, in a loud whisper.

"She's only a child, you know," replied her spouse.

"But she talks of him all the time at home (there's that John Banks), thinks he's the handsomest boy of her acquaintance," replied Mrs. Waterman. "His father would like nothing better than to have him grow up to like her and marry her. See, they're done; and there goes John Banks—yes, she's going to dance with him. He's a catch."

"Pshaw! his father aint worth only a hundred thousand. Astrea don't go to no one less than a million or two," replied Mr. Waterman, with an emphatic shake of the head. "She's too young now to bother anything about it; all the Marks and Johns in existence may flirt with her, I don't care. She a regular beauty, anyhow."

**II.—ASPIRATION—DECLARATION.**

Four years had passed, and with the beautiful Astrea in a succession of splendid victories. There was indeed danger that her head would be turned. She had grown more haughty in manner, as well as more beautiful in person. It was strange that towards her father and mother she sometimes evinced a marked repugnance; it might be that association with the refined and the intellectual, made their defects more striking to her keen vision. That was not dutiful, or would not have been in some cases; in hers—but we shall see as we progress.

The brilliant parlors of the Watermans were always lighted. Astrea was their sole queen. She was so regal! so loftily commanding in her presence! She had always worshippers in plenty. The rich, the gifted the great; men high in office, in attainments, in position; lawyers, clergymen, judges, physicians, waited upon her smiles. She was the all absorbing topic of New York. Her genius, her wit, her beauty, drew even strangers to her presence; the gifted of other lands were her guests.

And all started and wondered, when they saw Mr. and Mrs. Waterman. Was it possible that they called such a jewel, child! Could she call them mother, father? She did; but there was a strange, lurking consciousness that in some way they were unworthy of her love. They, on the contrary, lavished gifts and praise upon her; they would have added caresses, but these she could not endure—an innate delicacy forbade it.

Did she not love at all, then? Was the heart cold, impassible? O, by no means! Astrea was as noble in disposition as gifted in mind and person. She was above the servile love of gold for gold's sake; she did not wish to marry a poor man—her whole life had been passed amid luxury; she would not marry an ignoble man—for that she was too ambitious.

Among all her admirers, Mark Hamilton was perhaps the most highly gifted. He had his own way to make yet in the world. The path was uphill, and beset with difficulties. His father had died like a blasted tree, withered by poverty

and neglect. The son had for a time felt the depressing influences that surrounded him, but after a while they nerved him instead of prostrating. He had a mother and two sisters dependent upon his exertions, and he but twenty one.

How could he aspire to the love of the beautiful Astrea? It was, he felt, no place for him, that regal home. Its luxuries only placed before him a contrast that embittered the hours he spent with her. It was passing strange—it could not be mockery?—upon no other did she smile as upon him. Not that she revealed an open preference—she was too womanly to do that unsolicited—but he could tell, a close observer could have told, also, that there was a hidden place in her heart where he held sole and undisputed sway.

This knowledge, while it inspired, also saddened him. He knew she must be aware how many years of toil must be spent before he could honorably ask her to become his wife.

One evening he called, expecting to find her surrounded by her usual brilliant galaxy. To his astonishment he was introduced into a gorgeous private parlor, in which he had never entered before. Astrea was there; she welcomed him with a bright, warm smile. She was attired in spotless white, a few pearl ornaments only added. Never had she seemed so surpassingly lovely.

"I thought it was your soiree to-night," he said, astonished.

She shook her head.

"You were not here at the last one, so I appointed it for another evening."

"No; I was not here. I never did attend those assemblies," he replied.

"And why not?" she queried, lifting her dark eyes to his face.

He smiled in answer. "You who know me so well, can you not guess?" he asked. "It is not that I am proud, but I should meet those here who remind me that I have not yet made a fame, and am not so much entitled to the distinction of your invitation as they."

His voice trembled sufficiently to show her that that was not his only reason.

"I have sometimes felt hurt at your neglect," said Astrea, with down-cast eyes. "If you were not entitled, as you say, to an entrance, I should not invite you."

"Have I been missed? Has my absence been noted, thought about, for a moment?" asked the young man, earnestly, taking her hand. In the act of lifting it, he paused with a suddenly delicacy. "Pardon me," he said. "I forget myself."

"I have nothing to pardon, Mr. Hamilton," said Astrea, blushing as she met the earnest, worshipful glance of his dark eye.

He turned away suddenly with a heavy sigh. "Why should I burden her heart with a knowledge of my hopeless love?" he said to himself.

"Your mother's health is good, I hope," he said, embarrassed.

"My mother!" The word was spoken with marked emphasis. He looked up astonished. Filial ingratitude was not what he expected to meet in this faultless creature, this divinity.

"I cannot help it, Mr. Hamilton; I know not why, but I am haunted with the conviction that those to whom I owe so much are not rightly entitled to my love and veneration. You look surprised that I make this declaration, but you surely have heard the common opinion of society."

"I do not deny that I have," replied Mark Hamilton.

"Look for instance at me, and then at Mrs. Waterman. I think I am not vain, least of all puffed up with any self-conceit, but where is there one point of resemblance in mind or person? I have studied her, I have studied myself, faithfully. Your mother has transmitted to you her features, her peculiar delicacy of manner—" she stopped, conscious that her enthusiasm was carrying her too far.

"You certainly do not resemble Mrs. Waterman," said Mark, smiling a little. "Her hair is very light, and Mr. Waterman's is a bright red, while yours is almost ebony in its hue. I have heard many remark that."

"They both have blue eyes," said Astrea, half-laughing.

"While yours are a most beautiful brown—or are they black?"

"No flattery, Mr. Hamilton."

"You know I would not flatter," he replied, seriously.

"I believe you would not," she said, quite as seriously.

It was a dangerous temptation to him, and he could not resist. Before he left her that night he had unfolded all his plans for the future; he had told his love, and she had listened and accepted.

"She was young, and willing to wait," she said; "she knew that he would soon achieve fame, a high position. He had said right, she could not be the wife of a poor man; but he was to win fortune, as well as renown. She would be his prophetic, and predict greatness, honor and wealth."

He was a happy man as he left that splendid mansion, on that auspicious night. His lips had touched her brow, a privilege that proud men would have bended the knee for, and rich men have given untold wealth.

**III.—TREACHERY DISCOVERED.**

"Lud, wife! O, my good gracious! O, my good heavens! I shall go crazy, I know I shall!"

"Simon Waterman, what on yearth is the matter with you? You've got me in such a fluster!" And Mrs. Waterman waddled into the room, pulling her silken wrapper about her portly figure.

"Ruined, wife, ruined! sure as guns! Look at this letter, all covered with seals and furin postmarks. O, Lud! it's from—it's from—I can't say it," he gasped.

"Can't you be a man, and tell a body something? What do you mean, Simon Waterman? I wish to mercy I could read writin', I'd know what it was, I tell ye!"

"O, grassus, it's from Injy!" And Simon Waterman sat with his hands folded, moving to and fro, the picture of a man in a severe stage of colic.

"From Injy!" His wife dropped into the nearest seat. "Goodness alive, have they found out! What do they say? Quick, tell me, man!"

"They say—O, Lud! Do let me read you the letter;" and holding it up with shaky hands, his head thrown back, his red hair standing straight out, he read, almost spasmodically:

"SIR:—For many years the fate of my only child has been involved in a terrible mystery, which we have in vain striven to perpetrate. ('No, penetrate—O, Lud!') After a diligent inquiry of fifteen years, I think I have at last found a clue to her whereabouts, or rather that of her little child, Astrea Elenora Penshurst. It seems that my daughter, with this little child, sailed from the shores of 'Injy' seventeen years ago, in company with a Major Pollard, whom she had clandestinely married, taking with her the sum of ninety thousand dollars in Bank of England notes, and in gold. The name of the ship was the 'Clara,'—American—captain, Jabez Waterman. Further than this, and that both parents died on the passage, I cannot with certainty ascertain. But of this be sure, the child and the money must be forthcoming when my agent calls upon you, in the course of three months, or the absence of both satisfactorily accounted for. Astrea Elenora Penshurst is the daughter of Major General Henry Herbert Penshurst, of her majesty's hussars, twenty-second regiment, and the granddaughter of Lord Granby Penshurst, now in India. Her noble relative will spare no pains for the restoration of his daughter's child. As we have received direct information from the United States, it will be useless for you to attempt to conceal yourself or the child, as we will move the kingdom of Great Britain, and the world if need be, in order to return her to the arms of her honorable family."

"There! what do you think of that, eh? Sealed by the lord chancellor! O, good Lud, we're ruined. I tell ye what, old woman, we're ruined!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Waterman, sharply; "somebody's coming."

It was Astrea, passing through the room to reach her own. The two base wretches cowed before her inquiring glance; neither of them dared look her in the face. Never had she appeared so supremely beautiful as when it was so fully apparent that they must lose her forever. She paused a moment, seeing their excited manner, and asked, naturally, what had happened.

Simon's glance at his wife seemed to say, "There! she knows." Mrs. Waterman returned a threatening look, and replied that nothing had happened out of the unnatural course, and rising, beckoned her husband to follow her. "Well, what's to be done?" he asked. "Must we give it all up?"

"Give it all up? No, you coward, give up nothing! Tear up that letter, or burn it; travel—take her off somewhere, she wants to go."

"But everybody will know where we are going; don't you see that? The girl is a woman grown; don't you think it will be found out, fel-



lers after her as they are too!" and he groaned in anguish.

"Dispute it, then, you fool! She's ours; who dares to say she isn't ours? born in a farin country to be sure, where I went for the benefit of my health. Dispute it; we've got money enough and to spare. I tell ye what, old man, I'd fight it out now, and if they take her, why people won't half of 'em believe it. There aint no proof, not a jot or tittle. Your brother's dead, and 'tisn't likely any of the crew is livin'. Come, be spunky!"

"Well, old woman, I'll see, I'll see!" he said, fumbling about his pockets. "As you say, there aint no manner of proof to be sure; brother Jabez is dead, and we've got his property. Let 'em come on, I aint afraid! Got me my gold specs, wife, I'm going out."

The gold specs were found and properly adjusted, the gold-headed cane was put in motion, and the moneyed man went down street in no very enviable frame of mind. Only one thing gave him comfort: the letter might have been written by an impostor, who wanted to get his money. He would be very sharp and shrewd, nobody should take advantage of him. As he walked and thought, his courage rose.

#### IV.—ASTREA FINDS THE LETTER.

On going through the hall on that same morning, Astrea had discovered a folded paper lying in a corner at the foot of the stairs. A thrill ran through her veins, she knew not why, as she picked it up and hurried to her chamber. She was breathless, as she sat down to open it. It was postmarked so strangely! "Was it indeed a betrayal of confidence?" she asked, as she sat trembling with excitement, looking upon the strange letter that she longed to read. "Was it this that had thrown her parents into such an unwanted state of excitement? Might it not possibly be something of importance concerning herself?"

It was a questionable conclusion at which she arrived, but she justified herself, as, with eager eyes and wildly-beating heart, she perused the letter from beginning to end. O, joy! For a moment her pulses almost stopped. Here the mystery was solved; her lineage was pure and unsullied. These vulgar people, kind as they had been to her, were her abductors, and hers was the fortune they held and had enjoyed so long. How fervently she thanked Heaven for this wonderful interposition—this, as she thought, almost miraculous event.

What should she do with this evidence? Her resolution was quickly taken; she would go immediately to Mark Hamilton. He had a right to her confidence. In an hour after that she sat in his office, and the letter was in his hands. He looked towards her as he read, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Indeed I wish you joy!" he exclaimed, fervently; "but you must act with great caution. Of course you were too young to remember anything connected with the event, and there may be absence of proof, although from the way this letter reads, I should think not. I presume if this agent comes, your Mr. Waterman will consult his lawyer, and he is rich, immensely rich."

"But his wealth is all mine!" exclaimed Astrea, indignantly.

"Very true; but, I repeat, be cautious, very cautious. If, when the matter takes legal form, you side with the agent who will come on, as of course you will, then you can confide all your suspicions, objects, protests, etc., to your lawyer—and—"

"Wait! I choose you for my legal adviser," she said, hurriedly.

"Thank you for the honor conferred. It is a great honor. But remember this will be a complicated case, and I am a young man, some would say inexperienced. There are able lawyers, whose gray hairs—"

"Wisdom doesn't always dwell in gray hairs," said Astrea. "You need say no more; I will have you for my counsel, or none—unless, indeed, you refuse!"

"I assure you I would not do that," he said earnestly; "and I further assure you, that if untiring vigilance, hard study, and a head whose every faculty will be brought into the contest, can effect a decision in your favor, I shall be successful. Meanwhile, it is extremely fortunate that you have this letter. Keep it sacredly, and write immediately to the chancellor whose name I observe underneath this signature. I would also advise you to write to Lord Granby Pen-

hurst, your grandfather, if this missive is correct. We must get some proof from India—for instance, likenesses of your father and mother if possible. However, we will wait till the agent mentioned here has arrived. He is probably in England by this time, and will arrive here somewhere about the last of this month. Keep very calm at home; do not let them suspect that you have this information. By the way, how in the name of mercy did you obtain this letter?"

"By the merest chance in the world," replied Astrea. "I found it at the bottom of the stairs, where he must have dropped it."

"Strange! It is assuredly a providence," said the young lawyer. "I should have thought almost any one in his sane mind would have destroyed it immediately, under the circumstances, or locked it away where it would have been safe from discovery. But thus knavery often defeats itself."

#### V.—REFUSING A MATCH.

"Astry, I want you to come in my room a minute."

The young girl roused herself from a pleasant reverie, at the sound of the fawning voice. She had noticed an unusual commotion about the house nearly all the afternoon. It seemed as if every nook and cranny had been searched, and she knew it was for the missing letter which was safely locked away in the house of a friend. For a moment, as she looked up and saw the insignificant face of Simon Waterman, the red blood leaped to her very brow, and it was with difficulty she commanded herself sufficiently to follow him.

"Astry, my daughter, I've got something pleasant to tell you."

"Well, sir, what is it? I must request you to be brief," she said, with a stately manner, as she stood before him.

"Sit down, my daughter, sit down; your father has got—"

"If you please, sir, I prefer to stand up. Will you be brief?"

He looked at her with a sort of gaping wonder. She, recollecting herself, unbent from her extreme dignity sufficiently to listen in a calmer mood.

"I have had a proposition for your hand, my child," he said, with becoming paternal tenderness.

"Indeed!" The old hauteur came back, in spite of her resolves.

"Yes, my child, the son of William Nestor—the great, magnificent William Nestor, rich enough to buy your old father a dozen times—has made a very honorable proposition for your hand."

"Then, if he has made a 'proposition,' I will answer him with an 'interjection' and an exclamation, O! and no!"

The man looked at her stupidly.

"I say I won't have him!" cried Astrea, with scornful lip, flashing eye, and dilated nostril.

"You—won't—have—him—eh?"

"No, I won't have him!" she replied, vehemently.

"He's rich," replied the old man, passively, stunned out of all resistance.

"That makes no difference, sir," said Astrea, controlling herself so as to assume her habitual habit of respect. "Were he made of gold, I would not marry him."

"You are crazy, child!"

"Do you think so?" she asked, calmly, smiling a little.

He grew nervous.

"I—parents have the right—that is, they say thus far shalt thou—to be understood, I mean—I wish you to marry this man."

"Your wishes are to me of no manner of importance, sir, in this matter. Were my father the king, I should not allow him to dispose of my hand as he pleased."

The man started, looked keenly at her for a moment, then shook from head to foot, as if with an ague chill.

"You can go, Astry; but," he added, faintly, "I shall hold another interview with you, and—to be understood—I mean—"

"It is no manner of consequence, sir, what you mean," said Astrea; and fearing that she had said too much, she hastily left the room.

#### VI.—SUCCESS AND RESTORATION.

The scene, a crowded court-room; Mark Hamilton, the "young man eloquent," in the midst of a lofty appeal, seemed like an inspired being;

his dark hair was thrown carelessly back from a noble forehead—his eyes emitted flashes of light. He was drawing near the conclusion of his speech. It had been an exciting case; none more so, perhaps, in all the annals of law. The Watermans, restless and frightened, occupied positions near their counsel.

A dark haired man, of a somewhat striking appearance, an Englishman, sat near, and by his side, Astrea, closely veiled, though the intense emotion manifested in her countenance and eager, shining eyes, could be seen by those near enough through the envious gauze.

There was a silence as of the dead, when the learned counsel, lifted above, almost out of himself by the force of his own eloquence, began a sentence that was to decide the case perhaps forever.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I have more evidence, mute but powerful; the faces of the dead will speak to you as voices from the silent grave."

At a motion of his hand, two immensely large pictures were brought forward, the coverings carefully drawn aside, disclosing two full length portraits; one, that of a lovely lady habited in crimson velvet and diamonds; the other, a noble military officer dressed in splendid regimentals. Now had come the trying moment. There was a rush forward, then again breathless silence.

"I would have you note the resemblance between the young lady, whose right is disputed, and this picture," pointing to one of the portraits.

Astrea came forward, supported by the agent from abroad. Her hands trembled, as she untied the strings of her bonnet and stood before them, a living transcript of the picture, that might almost have been painted for her. A murmur ran through the building, from those who saw, of approbation—from those who did not of disappointment. But a scene followed which drew tears from every eye. The young girl turned, all excitement, all emotion, and kneeling reverently at the feet of the portrait, cried, passionately, "My mother! O, my mother!" Then rising, she leaned forward and kissed the white brow.

A shout of applause went up as she did this. Her unaffected tremor, the pathos of her rich voice, her extreme loveliness, the extraordinary circumstances attending the trial, all combined to make a deathless impression. Handkerchiefs were waved—there was a rushing sound of voices, the sympathy of united hearts breaking into sound. The jury did not leave their seats. With trembling lips, they gave in a unanimous verdict. Then the hall resounded again with the rapturous exclamations of the throng.

Meantime the guilty Watermans, pale as death, shaking with terror, feeling that their hour had come, and writhing under the stinging imprecations of young Hamilton, sat cowering in their seats. In all absence of direct proof, the guilt of abduction could not be fully made out against them; but their subsequent wealth, when before the voyage they were comparatively poor, was evidence sufficient that the money of the unfortunate passengers had been appropriated unlawfully to their own use.

The ninety thousand dollars were ordered to be refunded to Astrea, and the wretched couple were set at liberty under heavy bail. They restored the greater part of the fortune, and in consequence of Astrea's liberality, were enabled to enter a small business that kept them far above want.

Thus Mark Hamilton made himself a reputation that was not soon to be forgotten. One success followed another, until his name stood upon the topmost roll of fame. A year elapsed before he was wedded to Astrea, she meanwhile journeying to England, in order to extend her acquaintance to the members of her father's family. In the Old World, her grace and beauty gained her an enviable distinction, and she was besieged with aspirants for her hand; but her noble heart remained true to the love that had been inspired by as noble qualities as were ever ascribed to manhood. She returned, unmoved by the admiration of the titled scions of an English soil, and married Mark Hamilton, her first and only love.

The wedding was celebrated in the old Trinity church in New York, with due magnificence, and never was there a nobler bridegroom, never a more lovely bride.

#### LABOR.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth! Mrs. Osgood

#### EMILY GEIGER.

At the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, who was on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the general could find no man in that part of the State who was bold enough to undertake so dangerous a mission. The country to be passed through, for many miles, was full of blood thirsty Tories, who, on every occasion that offered, imbrued their hands in the blood of the Whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to General Green, and proposed to act as his messenger; and the general, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal. He accordingly wrote a letter and delivered it, and at the same time communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accidents. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey she was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Green's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, Emily was suspected, and confined to a room; and as the officer in command had the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for that purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedition, and as soon as the door was closed, and the bustle a little subsided, she ate up the letter piece by piece. After a while the matron arrived, and upon searching carefully, nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart for where she was bound; but she took a circuitous route to avoid further detention, and soon after struck in the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Emily told her adventure, and delivered Green's verbal message to Sumter, who, in consequence, soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. Emily Geiger afterwards married Mr. Therwitz, a rich planter on the Congaree.—*Revolutionary Hercules.*

#### MR. CHOATE'S LOVE FOR BOOKS.

A dealer in old books sends to the New York Times the following: "About ten years ago, when on a visit, or passing through this city, Mr Choate called at my store about ten o'clock, A. M., and introduced himself as a lover of books and an occasional buyer, and then desired to be shown where the Metaphysics, the Greek and Roman classics stood. He immediately commenced his researches with great apparent eagerness, nor did he quit his toil till he was compelled to do so by the store being shut up, thus having been over nine hours on a stretch, without food or drink. He remarked that he had quite exhausted himself mentally as well as bodily. He had been greatly interested, as well as excited, at what he had seen, 'for,' continued he, 'I have discovered many books that I have never seen before, and seen those that I had never heard of; but, above all, I have been more than overjoyed at discovering in your collection a copy of a famous commentary on the writings of Homer, in seven volumes, quarto, a work that I have long had an intense desire to possess.' He afterwards purchased the precious volumes. I had the seven volumes bound in three, in a handsome and appropriate style. These works no doubt still grace his library."

#### HEALTH.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes, with common diseases strength grows decrepit; youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are burdens; but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and the most criminal of his subjects.—*Sir W. Temple.*

#### A PEACEFUL HOME.

That house is no home which holds a grumbling father, a scolding mother, a rowdy son, a lazy daughter, and a bad-tempered child. It may be built of marble, surrounded by garden, park and fountains; carpets of extravagant costliness may spread its floors; pictures of rarest merit may adorn its walls; its tables may abound with dainties the most luxurious; its every ordering may be complete, but yet it will not be a home. To make it such, there must be a change of inmates.—*Becher.*

#### INTEGRITY.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*





THE GRAND SQUARE AT PERUGIA, ITALY.

## PERUGIA.

The engraving above presents a view of Perugia, rendered infamous by the atrocities recently committed there by the hireling Swiss in the service of the pope. Like some other towns in the States of the church, it declared for Italian liberty, but we believe that it was the only one visited by the vengeance of Rome. The Swiss Guard, after effecting an entrance into the city, sacked it and murdered all they met with. Our countryman, Mr. Perkins, with his sister and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Doane, widow of the late Bishop of New Jersey, were only saved from death by the generous devotion of their landlady, whose husband was murdered by the Swiss, and by a private soldier, who yielded to Mr. Perkins's entreaties and promises. Mr. Perkins has since amply rewarded his protector, by procuring his discharge from the army and liberally providing for him. The Perkins party was robbed of all their clothes and property, amounting to about three thousand dollars' worth, but indemnification has since been obtained from the papal government, through the representations of the American minister at Rome. For the part he took in conducting his hirelings to murder and rapine, the colonel commandant has been made a general. The exterior view of the city of Perugia is very striking, partly owing to its elevation, being built on the top of a mountain ridge which divides the valleys of Gerna and the Tiber. The ascent from the foot of the hill of Perugia to the city gates is so steep, that additional horses or oxen are required to assist post-horses in mounting it. The interior of the city is full of objects of interest—palaces, churches, monasteries, pictures, statues, etc. There are upwards of one hundred churches, and some fifty monasteries. Considerable portions of the old Etruscan walls and foundations of gates remain; and many Etruscan tombs have been discovered since 1840, containing most interesting spec-

imens of bronze vases, lamps, weapons, etc. Perugia possesses several fine piazzas or squares, formed of noble and picturesque buildings, though many of them have been sadly disfigured.

One of these piazzas is represented in our engraving, and is highly picturesque in its features, and when filled with the townspeople and peasantry on market-days, presents a bright and

stirring scene. The Piazza Sopramuro is singular from the fact of being supported by subterranean masonry. In another of the piazzas is one of the most celebrated fountains in Italy,

composed of marble and bronze, ornamented with beautiful statues and reliefs, the work of Nicola and Giovanni da Pisa. Perugia has been much visited by the plague. In 1348, 100,000 are said to have perished; and in 1524, Pietro Perugino was one of the victims. Notwithstanding this, from its elevated position, the city is very healthy, and at the season when the heat is so overpowering in Italy, is resorted to for its refreshing coolness; the surrounding view is beautiful.

## CAMEL CORPS IN INDIA.

The accompanying engraving, representing a camel belonging to the famous Camel Corps employed in the British service in India, with one of the 92d Highlanders mounted on his back, is based on a drawing made by a Highland officer now serving in the East. All the details are given with military accuracy. The Camel Corps, now commanded by Captain Payne Barras, late the Poonah Horse, was raised last year in Rajpootana, by Captain Lucas. It numbers about 600, and is distributed, in bodies of about 200, with the different columns in pursuit of Tantia Topes. The portion with General Michel's force has been carrying a detachment of 150 of 92d Highlanders for the last two months. The advantages of the corps are the great distances infantry can be taken in pursuit of the enemy, and brought comparatively fresh into action, at the same time bearing their rations, etc., etc., for five or six days. When tents and camp equipage are left behind for several days, as often happens in a long pursuit, the thick rugs of which the camel's saddle is composed forms an excellent bed and covering for the soldier. The corps has also been exceedingly useful in conveying despatches and gaining intelligence of the enemy's movements.



ONE OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF INDIA.



## URBAN RATAZZI,

## THE NEW SARDINIAN MINISTER.

Urban Ratazzi, who has been several times Minister and President of the Sardinian Chambers, was born in the city of Alessandria, in the year 1808, of a highly respectable and even distinguished family. At an early age he commenced the study of the law, and soon acquired reputation by his ability and learning. In 1848 the electors of Alessandria returned him to the Chamber of Deputies. The important draught of a law for a fusion with Lombardy was confided to him in the month of July, 1848, and the Balbo ministry having seen fit to retire after the vote of the Chamber on this question, M. Ratazzi entered the new cabinet with the portfolio of Public Instruction. This cabinet was short-lived, like that which succeeded it, and in the same year, 1848, Gioberti having been entrusted with the reconstruction of the government, appointed M. Ratazzi first Minister of Justice, and afterwards Minister of the Interior. The differences between the President of the Council, who wished to re-establish by Piedmontese arms the sovereigns of Rome and Tuscany who had been expelled by the revolution, and the rest of the ministers, who, with Charles Albert, were for a war with Austria, led to the resignation of Gioberti, and M. Ratazzi remained the chief of the cabinet, of which he was the leading spirit. In this capacity he pronounced against the armistice concluded at Milan six months before. After the fatal consequences of the defeat of Novara, the abdication of the king and the despairing retirement of the ministry, M. Ratazzi resumed his seat as a deputy. Returning to everyday life, the former chief of the democratic cabinet, whose last participation in affairs had enlightened him on the conditions of power, and whose views had been modified, separated himself in the following session (1850) from his most progressive friends, and constituted, with their new tendencies, a distinct party, which still exists. The programme of this party, at once national and dynastic, constantly won accessions. M. Ratazzi, a voluntary supporter of the ministry in many cases, was, in the session of 1851-52, elected vice-president of the chamber by a handsome majority. Count Cavour now proposed a fusion with the Ratazzi party. This coalition was called the *connubio* (marriage), and the name has remained famous. Soon after, Cavour, overthrowing the Azeglio ministry, rose to power. In the month of October, 1853, he induced M. Ratazzi to take office with him as Minister of Justice. The administration was then passing through a severe crisis. The people, dissatisfied with the increase of taxes and the dearth of provisions, rebelled in the streets of Turin, and threatened the first minister. M. Ratazzi acted a truly generous and courageous part in entering the cabinet, and he labored effectively in calming the public mind. His name and the guarantee of his presence accomplished more than vigorous measures. In 1855 he exchanged the seals for the ministry of the interior, a post



COMMANDER URBAN RATAZZI, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, SARDINIA.

which he kept till the 14th of January of last year. In both these capacities he proposed and carried important laws respecting the press, legislation, religious orders, and the administration of government. Few statesmen have worked so

hard and so usefully in so short a space of time. His last retirement from power gives us the measure of the noble and delicate character he has always shown. Notwithstanding his excessive reserve in politics, notwithstanding his well-

known devotion to the king and his cordial agreement with the president of the council, the Minister of the Interior had not ceased to exhibit the utmost antipathy to the retrogradists and the allies of the Austrian party in parliament. They forgave him neither his origin nor the share he had in elevating Count Cavour to power. The most odious attacks were daily made against him. They reached such a height of violence that M. Ratazzi resolved to retire, leaving to events the care of punishing his traducers. It was a painful surprise to the chamber and the country. Public attention, in spite of his avowed intention never again to take office, did not lose sight of him. He was watched in his humble deputy's seat with as keen an interest, perhaps, as when placed on the ministerial bench. The year 1858, so crowded for history with the struggle between France and Piedmont against Austria, punished those who still hoped to subject the only free country of Italy to foreign vassalage. The Franco-Sardinian alliance made patent to all, the magnanimous words of King Victor Emmanuel at the opening of the Piedmontese parliament; these different and convincing proofs of the approaching triumph of the cause of independence reduced the anti-national party to silence. M. Ratazzi yielded to the universal wish that he should once again occupy the post of President of the Chamber. In a remarkable address he said, "After the appeal made to concord and self-denial by august lips, every man ought to silence his own prejudices, and think only of his king and country, to serve them to the extent of his strength." M. Ratazzi, the personal friend of the king, devoted to the dynasty and at the same time leader of the progressive party, universally respected for his services, his spotless integrity, his dignified and kind manners, although he has exhausted all honors, and exercised all powers, has not yet reached the end of his career.

## CALPEE, HINDOSTAN.

The town of which we herewith give a striking view, is in the province of Agra, on the Jumna, about fifty miles southwest of Cawnpore. The original town stood on the plain, remote from the river; but repeated incursions by the Maharrattas induced the inhabitants to remove it to its present position, among extensive ravines, where there is a fort commanding the Jumna. The town is large and populous, and has been accustomed to carry on a considerable trade. It was, at least before the recent troubles in India, an entrepot for the cotton of the southwest territories, and was noted for its paper and sugar candy—the latter an item of product not so unimportant in the East as its name implies to European ideas. It is to be hoped that the restoration of tranquillity in the district in which it is situated has had a corresponding effect on its condition as one of the trading towns of India. The return of a state of peace and quietness, we trust, will still further develop the internal resources of this land of the East.



CALPEE, ON THE JUMNA, INDIA.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years..... 4 00  
Five copies one year..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M., Baltimore, Md.—The Hawaiian Kingdom has adopted the American silver dollar as the standard of value. The Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu has attempted to encourage the introduction of American dimes and half dimes by making them current at their actual value.  
JURIS.—The battle of Colloiden was fought on the 16th of April, 1736.  
PIKE'S PEAK.—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars, a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars.  
BILBEN.—Bilben is perhaps the oldest city in Europe. It is supposed to have been founded by the Phoenicians.  
R. F., Richmond, Va.—Large quantities of tobacco have been raised this year in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. The manure used is decomposed lava.  
BILBEN.—West Cambridge—The difference between the Eastern red brick and the yellow brick of Milwaukee consists principally in the clay itself, the former containing the sulphure of iron in combination with alumina, the latter sulphur instead.  
REAR.—The French invaded Ireland in 1797, but accomplished nothing.  
LAWSON, N. Nashua, N. H.—Stetson's Astor House farm, in New Jersey, comprises 300 acres, in a high state of cultivation, on which are fifty choice imported cattle, producing 450 quarts of milk per day, 400 head of swine and 4000 hens.  
R. S.—We do not undertake to give medical advice—that is the province of professional men.  
"MIRAZA"—Miraz's Ledge Lighthouse is now sixty-two feet high, and will be finished next season.  
THEATRE.—The Royal Italian Opera House, Bow Street, Covent-garden, London, as it now stands, is externally one huge structure, nearly 400 feet high by 120 feet broad, and no less than 240 feet long, about one fifth larger than the late theatre, and about the same size as the celebrated La Scala of Milan, hitherto the largest in the world.  
T. M.—When reading or writing the person should be so seated as to have the back to the light, that it may fall on the paper, and so relieve the eyes.  
G. O.—The best representation of "Philip Garbois" we ever saw was the late Henry J. Finn.  
R. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—M. Schwarzer estimates the total value of Austrian production—agricultural, metallic, industrial and commercial—at 4,100,000,000 florins.

## FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Never was there a year, perhaps, when so many Americans have gone abroad, than the present. The numerous steamships which are constantly leaving our ports for Europe, have departed full-freighted with our countrymen and countrywomen, bent on beholding the wonders of the Old World. The complete revival of business, after its temporary prostration, enabled large numbers to do so. Then again, the growing extravagance of living at our fashionable resorts has, it has been hinted, made a foreign, in preference to a domestic tour, a matter of economy. We have been told that a family could cross the Atlantic, spend some weeks in Europe and return, with a less expenditure than a summer at Saratoga or Newport would involve. This may be an exaggerated statement. It is certain, however, that the fashionables of Europe pass their summers more rationally than "our best society" does. Extravagant displays of dress are *mauvais ton* at continental watering places and rural retreats. The ladies and gentlemen of Europe do not think it essential to their reputation to ruin costly dresses by car-travel; neither do they consider it imperative to "throw away their cash to show how much they have a year." They rather prefer to rest their *prestige* on personal acquirements. It is rather humiliating, however, to know that there is less snobbishness in aristocratic circles on the continent than in fashionable coteries with us.

The war in Italy did not check the tide of travel as it was anticipated that it would do. It was soon apparent that it would be confined to a narrow space, and numbers of adventurous travellers were attracted to its outskirts to witness the thrilling features of martial strife, and peace has now thrown down the barriers of a region rendered attractive by the tremendous dramas therein enacted.

It is quite too late in the day to question or enlarge upon the advantages of foreign travel. The minds that doubt its importance as a means of education, belong to the dark ages. Few persons are injured by foreign travel who would be improved by remaining at home. Those who are frivolous and vicious at home, will be frivolous and vicious abroad. "Travellers beyond sea change their climates, but not their hearts," says the Roman poet. But earnest and thoughtful men who go to Europe to study humanity as well as art, in manifestations new to them, never fail to be improved by the enlargement of their sphere of observation. As absence only intensifies the flame of true love, so it only stimulates

the ardor of true patriotism. Our returned American travellers are better citizens than when they left our shores; they are better enabled to appreciate our institutions, and their views are more liberal and comprehensive. It has been observed that our countrymen abroad lose the bitterness of partisanship in an expanded and generous patriotism. Of course there are exceptions to prove the rule, but the mass leave behind them the bitterness of party strife.

Americans worthy of the name, in surveying the world from the stand-point of personal observation, recognize the unparalleled greatness and prosperity, and the complete independence of their country. This conviction alone is worth all the cost of foreign travel. "I have come back," said General Pierce, on his return from Europe, "more thoroughly convinced, than ever before, of the wisdom, strength and durability of these institutions under which we live, and of the constitution which upholds them. We have no questions of the balance of power to continually agitate and disturb us. We need not give ourselves one moment's uneasiness about armaments by sea or by land, on the part of any foreign power. Whether these armaments be increased or diminished—whether they be strong or weak—is to us, as a nation, a matter of indifference. With the great barrier of the Atlantic rolling between us and them, so long as we are true to ourselves, true to our theory, true to our honor and dignity, and just to them, they will have no motive, and, let me add, I believe they will have no inclination to interfere, even if they had the material might, with our outward march of peaceful prosperity. We have only to cultivate the peerless inheritance which, through the interposition and blessing of God, has descended to us; to recognize and gratefully acknowledge His goodness; to obey law, and, first of all, the fundamental law of the land; and we cannot fail to secure an unchecked career of pervading, united prosperity and happiness." Though this may be the theory of every hopeful patriot, it is worth much to receive an indelible impression of its truth.

## NEAR HOME.

The gold mines of Georgia promise as liberal a yield to the miner as any that have been explored. Those in search of the precious ore need not travel to Pike's Peak, or to California, to gratify their avarice, for the fact is well authenticated that as rich veins exist in Georgia as in any known place in the world. Professor Darby's testimony as to this locality is corroborated by specimens of quartz now to be seen here that present abundance of yellow proof of their worth. We have seen pieces the size of a hen's egg, containing, at a moderate estimate, from twelve to fifteen pennyweights of pure gold, and nuggets of smaller size, six and eight pennyweights. Mr. Mabone, one of the proprietors of the Glade Mines—the richest discovered—is at the Revere House with specimens well worthy of examination, which he will be happy to exhibit to any one desirous of seeing them. They are very curious.

PEACH CUTTING MACHINE.—A man in Boonville, Arkansas, named J. C. Kuhn, has patented a "Yankee notion," which "dresses" a peach in the neatest and best manner. For preserving and drying, the stones have to be extracted from the peaches, and this invention is designed to cut them in pieces and remove the stone at one operation. It consists of two curved knives, which cross each other and are attached to elastic bars, used in connection with a tube placed vertically within a box, and a pressing lever.

A PLEASANT CURE.—The young man who cast his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, has had them replaced by going to the altar with her, and now sees as well as ever.

LIBERTY.—Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

SCOTCH SAYING.—Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and blood.

A SCRAP OF MORALITY.—Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them.

## THE TOAD TRADE.

Do not start, gentle reader, at the title of this article; we mean not to discourse allegorically and figuratively of social toad-eating and toad-eaters—leaving these subjects to the pens of Thackeray and Curtis—but of a legitimate trade in garden toads, those honest enemies of destructive insects, and friends of the cultivators of the soil. None but Frenchmen, of course, would think of making a regular business of trading in these brown-coated gentlemen, and accordingly we find the trade flourishing in Paris alone.

Toads for some years have been the indispensable allies of the French market gardeners, cultivating rich and moist grounds. Many of these men fill their gardens with them to get rid of a throng of insects injurious to the vegetables they have raised by laborious and scientific culture. Especially do toads attack and demolish the slugs and snails which in a single night sometimes utterly destroy the commercial value of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, and even early fruits. In having recourse to these singular auxiliaries, the French gardeners imitate their English brethren.

A great portion of the vegetable supply of London is derived from kitchen-gardens in the vicinity of that immense city, cultivated, it is said, by 35,000 persons. These gardens are a perfect marvel of laborious culture. You see, sometimes, acres and acres, covered with hand-glasses. Richly manured and sedulously tended, some of these garden-spots are so managed as to yield five crops annually. Not only is there not a weed among them, but the vegetables are examined with lenses to detect mildew and fungi. Besides toads, which they pay six shillings a dozen for, they make use of fowls to destroy the aphides, rigging them with boots which prevent their scratching, and allow them only the use of their bills.

The price of toads is lower in Paris than in London; in the former city they are still sold, notwithstanding the demand, for about fifty-cents a dozen, and many are exported to England. The dealers in this strange commodity keep them in the bottom of huge casks, into which they are constantly plunging their bare hands and arms, without showing the slightest fear of the liquid secreted by the toads, which science has sometimes declared harmless, and sometimes pronounced venomous. Busy little fellows, these repulsive-looking creatures are, and worthy of all possible encouragement and patronage.

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co, No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of every-day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest, we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter-stamps or silver, will receive a copy *post paid* by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family with, the coming long evenings.

THE BOSTON CRITIC.—This is the title of a new and neatly printed folio paper, issued weekly by C. H. Bailey, Webster & Co., No. 16 Summer Street. Its special purpose, we are told, is to "expose, condemn, and thus contribute to remedy social abuses." It also aims to furnish a pleasant literary miscellany. Its epigraph is, "Heart—Courage—Honor—Patience—Will."

NEGRO WIT.—"Sambo, you know dat Parson Muffin tole us last Sunday dat good cometh out of evil. Now for an illustration. Dis kinky lock ob Dinah's wool sent me in her last letter, rejoices de cockles ob my heart. Dus, *dis-tress* causes happiness. Q. E. D. Don't you see 'um?"

POLITICIANS.—Politicians are hard hitters, and sometimes receive hard hits. Somebody says, a leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance and never to keep his word.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.—There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

## THE DASHAWAY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Dashaway Temperance Society is a thriving "league" in San Francisco. The original nineteen starters were *habitues* of an engine house, and members of the company that propelled the machine. They had been four or five days and nights on a frightful "tour," without going out of the house, when snakes and other "insects" that usually follow such orgies, began to appear. At length a dawn of reason began to reach one of the party, who was worm-eaten clean through, when he rose on his tottering legs, and nervously exclaimed, "Boys, let's dash away this stuff, and drink no more!" "Agreed!" said three or four. "I'm hanged if I don't!" says another; and so on by degrees the whole nineteen came in and signed a moral "Declaration of Independence." Subsequently the whole company signed the contract. From this little point started the "Dashaway Association," numbering now about fifteen hundred members, including in its number the first Governor of California, who was for many years a confirmed inebriate; also lawyers, actors, and civilians of all grades, from the highest to the lowest—from those who tipped in fashionable society, in fashionable saloons, among the politicians of the day (always liberal about election time), to those who took their quiet "snifter" of double-breasted Minnie-rifle whiskey, on the docks and wharves.

## A FRENCH CHARITY.

The French people are among the most charitable in the world. Many of their institutions are founded on very benevolent principles, and indicate a noble spirit of sympathy for the unfortunate and the poor. Some time since a new eleemosynary institution was inaugurated at Paris. It consists of a large and elegant retreat, which is intended for the residence of workmen convalescing from diseases of which they have been cured in the city hospitals, but who require more or less of time for a perfect re-establishment of their health. This new hospital is endowed with fifty acres of ground laid off in walks and grass plots, and decorated with fountains and running water. It has long corridors for promenades during rainy weather, and is in every way adapted to the recuperation of invalids able to move about. The initiative of this great establishment was taken by the emperor. The State pays the greater part of the expense; the city the remainder. About five hundred persons can be received at once, and it is computed that the number of invalids who will annually be received will amount to six thousand.

SEWING MACHINE.—We have in our family a marvelous little agent, which is a wonder of docility, industry and promptness; which is also always ready when called upon, and which never tires. This most indispensable domestic article is one of LADD & WEBSTER'S *Tight Stitch Sewing Machines*. It is a never ending source of wonder to behold the amount of finished work it will turn out; so perfect, uniform and strong. With this little bit of machinery, a child twelve years old can accomplish more in half a day than a score of seamstresses, with their hands alone, can do in a week! We most heartily endorse the LADD & WEBSTER machine, after having thoroughly tested it by careful use. We are at a loss whether most to admire it for the simplicity of its construction (whereby it is next to impossible for it to get out of order), or the perfection of the work which it consummates.

THE BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING EXPRESS.—This enterprising weekly miscellaneous journal has just completed its first year of publication, and has steadily grown in public favor from the commencement, until it has attained a firm foundation. This position has been reached by no spasmodic effort, but through patient industry and liberal enterprise on the part of its publishers. The *Express* is becoming a Sunday morning necessity to our citizens.

JUST SO.—The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make the iron hot by striking.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What would Neptune exclaim if the sea were taken from him? I have not a notion!

WEARING BLACK.—The reason why Americans dress in black is because they dislike a "fit of the blues."



## THE GRANARY BURYING GROUND.

The Granary Burying Ground was so called from an old building that stood thereabout in the ante revolutionary period. At the time of the Revolution, there was an immense enclosure here, attached, if we remember rightly, to the almshouse. After the battle of Bunker Hill, this field gave ghastly evidence of the prowess of the continental troops in their first great resistance to the enemies of their country, for here were ranged, previous to interment, the corpses of the private soldiers who had fallen in the storm of the redoubt. They lay in ranks together upon the sward as they had stood shoulder to shoulder in the hour of battle. There was the flank company sergeant, his scarlet uniform, whose facings distinguished his regiment, dyed with a deeper red, his limbs stiffened, his features still wearing the defiant look of the death-struggle; there the stout Highlander of the 92d, his bloody tartan folded over his still heart that would no more beat to the pibroch or slogan of his clan, whose last prophetic song had been, perhaps,

"We'll, maybe, return to Lochaber no more"

Peace to the ashes of the brave and loyal—our gallant enemies! But a costlier sacrifice was the blood poured forth as freely as water on yonder monumental hill—mount of battle, not for king, but for country; nor has our Israel a higher place than that whereon "our fathers bared their foreheads to the God of battles when he came to his awful baptism of blood and fire."

## A STORY OF WATERLOO.

The following story pertaining to the battle of Waterloo, told by Wholem in his recent excellent history of France, published by the Blackwoods, Edinburgh, the author guarantees to be authentic: "It was Sunday; and while all the church-bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, 'There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember when we were in the peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould.' He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down the little pellets of the soil. 'That's it, sir,' said the gardener, 'they're at it, sure enough.' Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread from end to end of all the sea-girt isles; joy-cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land, and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE—for September, is a choice and beautiful number. One hundred pages of original matter, also numerous fine illustrations, and two pages of most laughable humorous engravings, all original. For sale everywhere for TEN CENTS per copy. Sent by mail for one dollar a year. The cheapest magazine in the world.

AN OLD NOTARY.—M. Danahan, the senior of the notaries of France, has just died at Aramita (Basses Pyrenees), aged 96, in full possession of his faculties. He began to practise his profession under Louis XVI.

A ZOUAVE'S LUCK.—A Zouave lost one of his fingers at the battle of Solferino. "Bon!" he exclaimed,—"just my luck to lose the finger upon which I wore my wedding ring. Now my wife will insist that I gave it to another woman."

MADAME RISTORI.—Wont there be a sensation when this great artist gives her readings here. She will draw almost as well as the Ravels, and the less people understand her the more delighted they will be.

A JUVENILE IDEA.—A sharp urchin derided the dignity of the sun, because he is only a day laborer.

NOTE IT.—Straighten is to make straight; while straiten is to make narrow.

## WHAT NATIONS FIGHT HARDEST?

A paragraph from the Herald has been going the rounds, which presumes to show, in tabular form, what nations fight hardest, by the number slain in proportion to those engaged. The article goes on to state that only seven per cent. of the forces engaged at Solferino were killed and wounded, and on comparing this with the killed and wounded in other decisive battles in this country and in Mexico, concludes that our own troops, the English, and even the Mexicans, whom it has been the habit to depreciate, are much harder fighters than the French and Austrians. At the battle of Bunker Hill there were forty-three per cent. killed and wounded, and in the various engagements of the Mexican war the number placed hors du combat varied from thirty-three to ten per cent. The per centage of killed and wounded will not depend simply upon hard fighting, but upon the numbers engaged. In a fight between half a dozen combatants, the one side would annihilate the other, and more than fifty per cent. will perish. The Horatii and Curatii fought, and out of the six combatants five were killed. In armies of hundreds of thousands, only a small proportion can be brought face to face, and consequently the killed and wounded will be a small per centage of the whole number. But the military editors of New York perform their calculations by simple addition, and scorn to acknowledge the disturbing influence of circumstances.

## WHISKEY MAKING.

The Apache Indians, it is doubtless well known, have no liquor law, and they make their own fire-water as follows: The corn is first soaked for twenty-four hours, a hole is then dug in the ground, generally in a wigwam, and some dry grass laid on the bottom; on this grass the corn is placed, and a layer of grass over it. Four or five times a day warm water is sprinkled over the corn, and at night the family sleep on it to increase the warmth, and make the corn sprout quick. At the end of four or five days the corn is all sprouted; it is then dried, and pounded fine, put in a kettle, and boiled for five hours; when cooled, it is mixed with sugar and flour, and left to ferment for twelve hours, when it is ready for drinking. Although not rank to the taste, and fiery, its intoxicating power is very great, and when an Indian has a quart or two aboard, he don't care a copper who is President of the United States.

THE DYSPETIC.—Is there a more miserable person in existence than the confirmed dyspeptic? And yet he may certainly be cured, and that, too, right speedily, by the use of the *Oxy-genated Bitters*. This article has been long before the public, receiving the endorsement of the medical faculty, and its name is a "household word" from Maine to Mexico. Indigestion is a fearful enemy to contend with, but we have the means of entirely vanquishing this terrible foe, in the use of these celebrated Bitters.

THE THREE EMPERORS.—It is not at all unlikely that the Czar of Russia and the Kaiser of Austria will before long meet Louis Napoleon at the Tuilleries. The imperial adventurer has fought with both of them and shaken hands. "Long live our friends the enemies!" as Talleyrand said when the allies entered Paris.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

PLEASANT INFORMATION.—Chemical examinations, it is said, go to show that most of the vinegar made in New York is adulterated with sugar of lead, vitriolic acid, and other poisonous metals and minerals.

TOM THUMB ON THE WAVE.—Little Tom Thumb, the renowned General, is coming out with the luxuries which he can so well afford. He has just had a new yacht built for him, which proves to be the fastest of all around Bridgeport.

A QUESTION.—Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?

## Upside Gatherings.

Forty-nine miles of the old Atlantic cable has been re-shipped to Liverpool.

The new cathedral of Christ Church, Montreal, is now erecting at a cost of upwards of \$200,000. George A. Meitzko, professor of music in Castleton Seminary, committed suicide a few days since.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate states that five missionaries from the Southern Methodist Church will sail for Japan in November.

The sugar crop in Louisiana looks exceedingly well. In Texas, the sugar and cotton go very finely, and a large crop is anticipated.

The New Bedford Standard says there is a man in that city who is the smallest of eleven children, and yet weighs 212 pounds.

A crane was killed in Longmeadow, by Byron H. Eldridge of Agawam, which measured six feet from wing to wing, and five feet from head to feet.

The Montreal Patriot, in a paragraph of five lines, announces the discontinuance of five Canadian papers. They all died from a lack of public appreciation and support.

The amount of land sold at the recent government sales in Kansas, is said to have been astonishingly small, compared with former years; while the subsequent location of land warrants was very limited.

Advices from the South show that the growing cotton crop will probably reach the quantity of four millions of bales. This crop, at fifty dollars a bale, will produce two hundred millions of dollars.

Dr. J. Bush of Vassalboro', Me., says he has cured the bite of a rattlesnake by administering the juice of the plantain freely, at the same time giving strong sweating powders to expel the poison from the system.

The New York canals appear to be in a bad way. So far the present year, the total amount of tolls is only \$784,999, or nearly a million and a quarter less than for the same period in 1857, and about \$200,000 less than in 1858.

The celebrated magician, who has travelled the country over as the "Fakir of Siva," is now pastor of one of the congregations at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and is known as the Rev. Dr. Huskiss.

Two unhappy little lads drowned themselves in a boat load of wheat lying at the wharf in Milwaukee, recently. The playful little fellows jumped in for a frolic, and sunk almost as if in water. Their bodies were found standing straight up, and hats on.

A Yankee schoolmaster, named Comstock, turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer, at Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, ran away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

The big tunnel on the Covington and Ohio railroad, in Greenbrier county, Va., is 4700 feet long, and 700 feet below the surface of the earth. It is 300 feet longer than the Blue Ridge tunnel. The width is 27 feet, to accommodate a double track, and the height is 23 feet.

Ants, though destructive, are useful, as they prey upon all kinds of aphides, as do also earwigs and lady-birds. However, ants and earwigs only pick out the fat ones, whilst the lady-bird eats regularly on, and misses none that come in its way.

A large white oak tree standing on the farm of Mr. Willis Sherman, in Rochester, Mass., was recently struck by lightning, splitting it from centre to circumference. The bark was entirely peeled off from its roots up to where the limbs branched off.

An enthusiastic student of the photographic art, in Algeria, announces that he has succeeded in photographing the guillotining of an Arab sheik. The descending axe of the guillotine, and the falling, ghastly head of the victim, are said to be perfectly represented.

A steam music whistle belonging to a circus, at Utica, a couple of days since, whistled an ice-cart horse into a terrible run. The horse and cart plunged through a crowd, knocking down a dozen persons, or more, like so many ninepins. The circus is held for the damages.

The late Major M. A. Browder left by his will the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville (Ala.) Collegiate and Military Institute. The interest on this large sum is to be applied to the payment of professors' salaries, and the education of poor boys.

A Mr. Cook, of Mansfield, Ohio, writes to the papers that he has been engaged for many years upon the invention of a flying-machine, which he has now nearly completed, and with which he expects to make the trip to San Francisco and back in twelve hours! Electricity is to be the motive power.

The disease known as the "black tongue" is prevailing among the cattle and deer in the southern part of Missouri. It is particularly fatal to the deer, which are found dead in droves of ten, twenty, and even fifty. In some of the forests, the air is loaded with the stench from their carcasses.

No country is so rich in diamonds as Brazil. The most celebrated mines are those of Sierra de Frib, a district surrounded by almost inaccessible rocks, and guarded by the strictest vigilance. The largest known diamond was found in the Rio Abaste, in 1791, which weighed 138 1/2 carats. Many rich mines have since been discovered, but of less value.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—Bacon.

.... As the heart is, so is love to the heart.—Longfellow.

.... The fame of a battle-field grows with its years.—R. A. Wilmott.

.... Justice is a science which is only well taught by virtue.—De Boufflers.

.... It is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.—Douglas Jerrold.

.... Conscience is the living law, and honor is to this law what piety is to religion.—De Boufflers.

.... A minority in the right, associated by convictions of right, are pretty sure in the end to triumph.—Bovee.

.... The true philosophy of life is that divine art which enables us to transmute its every moment into the pure gold of heroic and changeless immortality.—Aquecheek.

.... Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—Macaulay.

.... A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet a great sinner.—Chalmers.

.... He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner, who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, is practised every day—by the world.—Bishop Latimer.

.... Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence; he commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—Carlyle.

.... The thing that pleased us yesterday, pleases no more to-day. Then, it was the object of our passion—now, of our disgust. And yet the thing itself remains the same. Things change, but men much more.—Bovee.

.... The bond which holds the iniquitous together is one perpetually liable to rupture. The very principle which brings the parties to co-operate, that of the spoils, is one which constantly prompts each to make prey of the other.—W. G. Simms.

.... Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Sidney Smith.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is a lover like a tailor? Because he presses his suit.

Why is a bed-cover like a blister? Because it's a counterpane, (counter pain.)

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Providence says, when the health of a city is good, the undertaker has "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

"Love in a cottage" is all very well when you own the cottage, and have money coming in to keep it warm.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries—"Married, last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb."

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "O, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

Why is Louis Napoleon, returning from Italy, like a man who dismounts from a vicious horse? Because he gets off before he gets through, (throw!)

An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to know themselves. That's advising a good many to form very low—and disreputable acquaintances.

Of what two cities in France are you reminded by seeing a lady in a morning gown which is very large and drags upon the ground? Toulon and Toulouse, (too long and too loose.)

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply; "I never have rendered him any service."

If you would enjoy your cigar, and, at the same time, the presence of the ladies, it is recommended in the Literary Gazette that you should "invite none but widows, who'll bring their own weeds."

A broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked how old his father was. "Well," said he abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect that he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

A novelist tells of two lovers, who agreed to wave their hands toward each other, at a certain hour, across the Atlantic ocean. One might suppose there would be waves enough between them, without their trying to make any more with their hands.

"Do you smoke, sir?" said a London sharper to a country gentleman, whom he met in a coffee-house, and with whom he wished to scrape an acquaintance. "Yes," said the other, with a cool, steady eye, "any one who has a design upon me."



## LINES\*

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING LITTLE DOLLIE DUTTON.

[*Etta*, the oldest of the celebrated Dutton children, died at Rockland, Maine, August 20, of cholera morbus, after an illness of ten days. This will be sad news to her numerous friends. The following beautiful lines were written by L. Pope Vose, editor of the Rockland, Maine, Gazette.]

In the by-gone days of boyhood,  
Story-books to me have told  
Often of some laughing fairy,  
In the wondrous days of old,  
Riding on some bright-eyed insect,  
Bathing in a drop of dew,  
Sleeping in a velvet rose-leaf,—  
Fairy DOLLIE, was it you?

I have read of some bright spirit,  
From the realms of bliss astray,  
Who had come to earth-born mortals,  
From the seraph throng away,  
Bringing joy, and love, and beauty,  
To each heart that's pure and true,  
And I half believe I've seen her,  
Little DOLLIE, was it you?

I have heard of fabled nectar,  
Such as heathen gods have seen,  
But I never comprehended  
Half such words as "sweet" could mean  
Till, with lips no rose-bud rivals  
In its softness or its hue,  
Once a little fairy kissed me,—  
Edith DOLLIE, was it you?

I have seen a tiny being,  
With an angel form and face,  
And I thought must dwell within her  
Gentleness, and love, and grace;  
And I wished the years might find her  
Ever pure, and good, and true,—  
Shall this life of love and beauty,  
DOLLIE, always be for you?

If I ever go to heaven,  
Through our Father's wondrous love,  
I shall seek a little angel,  
'Mong the shining host above,  
And, if told they still await her,  
I shall wait her coming, too,  
And I hope that, when I find her,  
Darling DOLLIE, 'twill be you.

\* At the time the writer saw little Dollie, her sister Etta was sick, and of course did not appear at levees.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## GREYSTONE HOUSE.

BY CURTIS H. DALTON.

In a desolate old house belonging to the ancient family of the Greystones, in Warwick, you may still find the portraits of the last two of the race, Philip and John Greystone. They are represented in the loose round coats of the last century, with elaborate ruffles and flowing hair, and the portraits are of very young and handsome men.

Old Mr. Greystone, the immediate predecessor of the young men, died while they were yet in their minority. The widow lingered only a few years after her husband's death, and on the very night of the festive occasion of the youngest son coming of age, she was seized with an accession of the disease which had previously sapped the springs of life, and in a few hours she had joined the congregation of the dead.

United in heart and soul, the brothers were satisfied to live together at the old mansion-house, sometimes employed in superintending their estate, sometimes devoting themselves to a somewhat severe course of study, or to a deeper acquaintance with art. Such was their love for each other, that it was rare that any controversy or difference arose between them. When there did, it was always through the more impetuous temper of the youngest brother, John, and did not last long.

It was a glorious summer time. Warwick, a rich farming town, was full of rich affluence of the brilliant and glowing season, and on the land belonging to the Greystones, nature seemed to have bestowed a double portion of beauty and fragrance. The clover-scented fields, all aglow with the rich blooms that yielded a perfume unsurpassed by the odors of the East, the tasselled corn-fields, and the flowers in the large garden which was the pride and boast of old black Peter, the faithful and attached servant who attended to that alone; the tall, mystic trees that had shaded the Greystone mansion for more than a century, and the calm, almost Sabbath stillness that brooded in their green shades, made the place a very Eden, of which only the Eve was wanting.

Wanting, and likely to be so, for the flaxen-haired, insipid daughters of the Warwick gentry, intent only upon frivolous pleasures, or trying to support a spurious and mock gentility, could not be supposed to touch the hearts of the somewhat over-refined brothers Greystone. In vain did the

aforsaid damsels spread their snares for the dwellers at Greystone House; in vain did some fair horsewoman meet with a fall directly before the gate and be brought into the house by old Peter, who, aware of the game, would be grinning from ear to ear, over the apparently fainting burden; and in vain did the fathers and mothers of every girl of marriageable age, extend invitations to the brothers to dine with select parties at their houses. No impression had been made, and the besieged youths passed on in the calm, unblemished dignity of a "mediation fancy free," so far as it regarded the fair spinsters of Warwick.

But while the summer was, as I have said, in all its glorious prime, a young and talented artist came to enjoy the beauties of Warwick, and to gather new materials for his art amid the fullness and beauty of country life. Meeting him occasionally, at different points of view upon their own premises, and finding that he had hit admirably upon every scene which their own taste had most cherished, they gradually came into close companionship with one who seemed more congenial with themselves than their pleasure-loving, unintellectual neighbors.

Not until the summer had half waned did the fact come to the knowledge of the brothers that the young artist, Angelo Romaine, had not come to Warwick alone. An accidental glimpse of a face of angelic sweetness and a form of sylphine lightness and grace, as they met them in the forest at twilight, let them into the mystery, but did not unveil another. Who was she? trembled for many days upon their tongues. If his wife, why had they not been permitted to see her and offer to her the civilities which they had tendered to the artist himself? If not his wife—but here Philip, who was about to question the propriety of his new friend's conduct, paused, ashamed of his transient and probably unjust suspicion.

"No, don't think that, brother Philip!" said John, answering his brother's involuntary blush. "Be content with trusting to time for a solution of the mystery. I will not believe Romaine capable of wrong."

"Nor I, either," answered Philip, ingenuously. "Forget that I ever foolishly began to suggest such a matter to your more generous nature."

"Nay, I must plead guilty to a passing thought akin to yours; but we will not think of it again."

And when they met the young Angelo again, it was with all the warmth of hearts untouched by suspicion or distrust. On the young artist's face, however, there was a troubled expression, which was not entirely dispelled through their whole interview.

Again they chanced to see the beautiful object of their intense curiosity. Angelo, they knew, had lodgings at a farm-house not far distant from the Greystone mansion. They involuntarily turned their footsteps in that direction, one day, and when in the vicinity of a large pond at the extremity of their own property, they heard cries for help. Hurrying to the spot, they saw Angelo struggling in the water, and finally, after plunging several times, bringing up a beautiful little girl, the daughter of the farmer. No one, apparently, had seen the accident, save the very person whom the brothers had most wished to see again. On the very margin of the pond, the unknown companion of Angelo received from his arms the dripping and unconscious burden, and flew with it to the farm-house. "Don't wait a moment, Angelo," was her musical cry, as she disappeared, "but change your clothes quickly."

Angelo looked up with astonishment as his friends, unseen before, hastened towards him. They, too, hurried him off to change his dress, and walked quickly away, that he might not feel their presence a restraint.

The brief glimpse which they had of the unknown only whetted the interest of the brothers. That brief glimpse had told them how surpassingly lovely was the companion of their friend. No auburn-haired, pink-and-white, blue-eyed blonde, was the wife of Angelo, if, indeed, she were his wife. The sun of the north rarely shines upon such complexions as hers, so rich in the mantling glow that struggled through the clear brown of the cheek. Long, dark eyelashes lay on that cheek, and the soft, sweet lustrous eyes lighted up the whole face. The black, glossy hair was parted in wavy masses from the brow, and coiled up in a large knot, low at the back of the head. She was dressed in deep mourning material, but cut in simple fashion, like a morning dress, and not a single ornament disturbed the severe simplicity of her appearance.

There was a purity, a tenderness and gentleness in every look and motion, beholding which, no thought or suspicion could enter into any heart. But, who was she? was still the ever-recurring question.

They who saw Philip Greystone after that day, were sensible of a change, indescribable and in explicable, in his appearance. His usually calm and quiet demeanor had given place to a dreamy restlessness of manner, and a general uneasiness of expression in his look. He seemed absent and abstracted, and only roused himself, perforce, when Angelo Romaine came to Greystone House, roused himself to a sort of fierce, dogged, defiant air, which, to say the least of it, was unreasonable and unfriendly, and touched the feelings and temper of the sensitive artist.

Angelo Romaine was in himself the very soul of honor. He had accepted the proffered friendship of the brothers with a feeling of perfect equality upon all points but that of wealth. If they were of gentle blood, so was he—if scholars and men of taste, and lovers of art, he was all these; and, superadded to these, he had that exquisite sensibility, that rare and delicate perception of the quality of persons and things which, I sometimes fancy, grow only in souls that the touch of poverty has quickened into more subtle life. He saw that Philip Greystone was striving with some new and inexplicable feeling, and, although his manner towards himself was still kind and friendly, yet he had a vague sense that there was something behind that he could not altogether discern.

What tempted Philip Greystone to break through the wall of reserve which he had imposed upon himself, and wander to the farm-house on the very evening after the child's accident, to ask after the little sufferer? So uniformly kind were the brothers Greystone to those beneath them, that the farmer's wife showed no surprise at his visit. "But," said the good woman, "my child's safety was all owing to those angels, the Romaines. O, your honor, never was there such people in the world!"

Philip's heart turned sick within him. "The Romaines!" They were then, undoubtedly, husband and wife. Then, indeed, he had no business there, and he would escape as soon as possible. Yet, as he turned to go away from the door, the same vision that for days haunted his waking and sleeping thoughts, came before him so suddenly that he could not avoid her.

Those soft eyes looked up at him for an instant and then veiled their splendor beneath the long, silky lashes. Only for an instant, yet long enough to distract and confuse him. It needed the remembrance of the woman's words, "the Romaines," to quiet and subdue him. Yet, so gentle and peaceful was that momentary glance, so brief and timid withal, that when he had turned away, after a slight bow, its remembrance came over him like a sweet dream of peace, allaying the storm and tempest within.

John met him at the door of Greystone House. "Have you heard anything of our fair neighbor?" he asked, in an eager, almost boyish manner. Philip shook his head and went to his own room, as if loth to communicate any of the sweet emotions that her presence had given him. Late at night, John found him sitting by the open window, his eyes fixed upon the starry sky, and evidently under the influence of some strong and powerful emotion.

"Philip! Philip! what is this?" said the anxious brother.

"It means that I am a fool, John," answered Philip, "an egregious fool! I know it, feel it, yet cannot bring up my soul like a man, to bear against it."

"Against what, Philip? The looks of a woman? Surely, a Greystone need not seek for a wife. Pray rouse yourself from this unwonted sadness, and be a man."

"You can say nothing of my folly, John, that I do not feel is more than deserved. One would think," he added, smiling sorrowfully, as if at his own weakness, "that I had never seen a pretty woman before. To think, too, of my falling in love, only by seeing her, and once hearing her voice!"

"Ah, well, Philip, it is a fair face and a musical voice, and it is seldom that we poor anchorites meet with the like." And John sighed almost as deeply as the other.

Many such conversations as this took place between the brothers, but while the elder talked freely of his own feelings, even while he ridiculed them with a bitter sarcasm, it was observable that John never spoke of his own. And yet

John Greystone was no less stirred by that vision of beauty than himself.

A morning of surpassing loveliness had brought the two brothers out into the open air. They had sauntered through their own grounds, and had come out into a portion of debatable land lying between them and the possessions of the farmer with whom the Romaines were staying. The Greystones had long since ceased to claim this tract, although satisfied that it belonged to them, but still its wild and romantic beauty sometimes tempted them to walk there. In the shadow of some tall pines, there was a broad rock which invited repose, and below the edge of this was a deep ravine descending sharply a hundred feet or more, upon the ragged and pointed rocks below.

As they came out from the shadow of the trees, they saw Angelo Romaine and the lady they had seen at the farm-house, seated together upon the rock. Both were sketching in perfect silence, but as they raised their eyes to the prospect they were portraying, they both rested their gaze upon the intruders, who were just turning to depart.

With an eager gesture, Angelo sprang towards them; so eager that his companion involuntarily followed his example, and, in so doing, she nearly slipped from the edge of the rock. Catching at a shrub that grew in one of its fissures, she supported herself slightly, but yet, at the imminent danger of falling.

Angelo saw her danger, but was incapable of moving. His lips grew white as marble, and he sank fainting upon the rock. John Greystone was the first to reach her. His hand was extended, and after repeated efforts to reach it, she at length threw herself forward in such a manner as to be able to grasp the hand that was offered. Even then she swayed a little, and the slight hand that held his, trembled and grew cold as death and feeling as though it were dissolved into dew.

John drew her gently forward, but as he was about to clasp her in his arms, she fell into the extended ones of Philip. What madness seized upon him, to snatch her from his presence thus, to press her to his heart and call her by every dear name that could rise from a lover's lips? What madness seized him, to press those lips to her hand again and again, and not to cease until her calm, rebuking look brought him to a sense of his wrong doing?

John Greystone had gone—Angelo lay still senseless at Philip's feet; but the lady was already by his side, kneeling and calling him by name, in tones of tender pathos, to awake. When, at length, she had restored him to consciousness, she gathered up the materials of their work, and turning to Philip, she said, "You will bear my thanks to the gentleman who rescued me from falling," and disappeared.

Angelo was warm in his acknowledgements. He had not heard her words, and supposed that Philip was her preserver.

"It would have killed me, had I lost her, Mr. Greystone. She is my all—my life."

Philip uttered a few indistinct words and left him. A few moments after, he saw the artist join the lady in the path below the hill, and he turned to go home with a feeling of shame at meeting his brother. Yet he lingered with a lover's fondness over one remembrance. It was that of her name. Angelo, in the first moment of his awakening, had called her Isidore, and Philip kept repeating over the words, until he seemed to write it indelibly on his heart.

John Greystone sat thoughtfully by the window, looking out upon the glowing autumnal scenery. Philip entered without a word. It was seldom that the brothers met thus, but something had jarred upon the chords of that serene music which had been sounding in their hearts from infancy. The troubled silence was prolonged till dinner-time, and even then there was a strange constraint.

To Philip's surprise, his brother walked out without him, after the evening shades had begun to fall. He waited long, but John did not come until quite late. When he did return, there was a deep flush on his cheeks and a bright light in his eye. Philip wondered, but was too proud to ask. He only said, carelessly, "you were out late to-night."

"I was, Philip. I have been with Angelo and his sister."

Had the world suddenly changed from darkness to light? One would have thought so by Philip Greystone's eyes as they flashed upon his brother's gaze.

"His sister! say that again, John, I implore



you! His sister Isidore!" And in the fullness of joy, the strong man wept tears of thankfulness.

John's answer was cold and brief. He had called to inquire after the effect of the shock which the lady must have sustained in their morning adventure, and had been presented by the artist to his sister. He did not say that, in that long evening, he had progressed very far into visible favor with Isidore Romaine. He could not say it to Philip.

He knew, the next morning, when Philip went out as early as etiquette, even in a country town, would permit, that he had gone to the farmhouse, but he did not fear. Isidore had evidently not forgotten Philip's conduct, and, asexidorently resented it. John pitied him, but he could not help exulting, too.

When Philip had returned, it was with a heart utterly crushed. He had offered his hand to Isidore Romaine and had been refused! In the excess of his disappointment, he ordered Peter to make arrangements for travelling, and with little more than a passing farewell to his brother, he went away without even stating his destination.

Angelo Romaine did not suspect the cause of this sudden departure, and Isidore did not enlighten him. When, therefore, John Greystone had signified to the artist that he wished to address her, it was with an unmingled sense of joy

since they had known each other, and every thought of their hearts was known to each. They were talking of their return to Warwick, and the anticipation seemed to be without alloy.

"We shall all be very happy there," said Philip, in a tone of cheerfulness, and Angelo seemed rapturously to assent.

The twenty-fifth of October arrived. Greystone House was thrown open and seemed to be in a state of preparation for some great arrival. John and Isidore were there. They had been simply requested to meet Philip and Angelo on that day, and not without some trepidation on John's part, they had obeyed the summons. He feared the effects upon his brother, of coming home.

Old Peter had called them to the garden to admire his autumn flowers, and when they returned to the house, there stood Philip and Angelo, and, clinging to the arm of each, were two fair young creatures, whose strong resemblance showed them to be sisters, and who rivalled Isidore in beauty.

Greystone House is deserted now, but yearly the descendants of its ancient family repair to the time-honored place and spend a single day in viewing the scenes where their ancestors lived. Not a relic is displaced. The portraits of the brothers still hang upon the wall as when they

elevation of the "Morro," above the level of the water, all combine to make the harbor of Havana well nigh invincible from attacks by sea. The fortifications alluded to, are not the only ones; numerous others are found upon the landward side of the city, and few cities, ancient or modern, have been as well provided with means of defence as that of Havana. Nevertheless, something remains to be done by the defenders, for Havana was taken by the English under Lord Albermarle and Sir George Pocock, in 1763, when Morro fort was stormed and captured. Since that time, however, all the fortifications have been greatly strengthened. Upon the terrace stands a light-house, visible a great distance at sea. A signal telegraph is also established there.

#### INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

As the Kentucky regiment crossed the Nuocos, and reached those immense prairies and wood-bound streams which spread themselves out 300 miles to the Rio Grande, great quantities of game presented a strong temptation to the soldiers, and it was found very difficult to keep the regiment from straggling. When the campground was chosen, the sick, the lame, and the hunters, were, contrary to all military rules, stretched out for miles behind. This was the greater breach of orders, because frequent signs

space, not knowing but that he would be cut off by a superior force while still out of hearing of a gunshot from the regiment. But as he emerged into the wide sea of grass and flowers, the coast was clear, and all was serene and lovely—not a redskin to be seen! But the sun was fast sinking in the west, and being far behind the regiment, he kept up a brisk canter till the hindmost stragglers came in view.—*New York Tribune.*

#### QUILLS AND PENS.

Owing to the constant necessity of mending quill pens, the loss of time consequent thereon, and the inequality of the writing, an immense amount of labor and ingenuity has been employed to produce some more durable substitute. The only substitute which has attained to anything like general use is the steel pen; but long before their general introduction, metallic pens of other kinds were tried—sometimes silver, sometimes brass, etc. One of the first attempts to combine the elasticity of quill pens with increased durability consisted in arming the points with metallic nibs, but the improvement was not adequate to the increased cost. Another class of improvements, or suggested improvements, was the introduction of pens whose nibs should be formed of precious stones. One kind consisted of a tortoise shell tube or barrel, with small fragments of



AMERICAN MAIL STEAMER PASSING INTO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

at the proposal, although Philip had been the dearest to his own heart.

No one who knew John Greystone, could suppose for a moment, that he could be happy while his brother was wretched. He sought him where he would be most likely to find him—at Rome, where Philip had often desired to go. John's affectionate heart prompted him to say all that was kind and generous, and Philip could not long refrain from disclosing his cause of sorrow.

"And she never told you of this?" he asked. "Never hinted that I was a refused and despairing lover?"

"Never, Philip." "Then, indeed, she is worthy of you, John, and may God bless your union. Let me not lose my brother's love, and I will try to look upon this sorrow as philosophically as I can."

"And you will return with me?" "Nay, that would be asking too much, John. When Isidore Romaine is your wife, perhaps I will visit you."

"And our home? Do you think, Philip, that I can stay there while you are a wanderer? I am not such a selfish, heartless being as that."

"I know it; but I must not spoil your happiness." "A few months later, and Angelo Romaine, having seen Isidore settled in a new home, not far from Greystone House (for John was bent on not residing there, and had engaged another residence, temporarily), was wandering over classic ground with Philip. It was nearly a year

were freshly painted by the fine old artist, whom they dimly remember by the honored name in the right hand corner, close to the gorgeous, old-fashioned frames—Angelo Romaine.

#### U. S. MAIL STEAMER ENTERING HAVANA.

The fine engraving on this page represents the far-famed fortifications of the Morro and the Punta, which defend the entrance of the harbor of Havana, and over which the stars and stripes of this country will one day wave in peaceful or warlike triumph, with one of our fine mail steamers plunging the narrow channel that divides them. The harbor of Havana is generally, and very justly extolled. It is capable of containing on its bosom 1000 ships, without cable or anchor, in almost perfect safety. The depth of water in the harbor is about six fathoms. The harbor consists of a bay or basin, completely surrounded by land on all sides, there being but a small and winding outlet to the ocean. In this respect it very much resembles the harbor of Acapulco, Mexico, considered the best on the Pacific ocean. The mouth of the channel, leading to the harbor, is secured by two strong forts, one on the east side called "Morro," and the other on the opposite side, adjoining the town, called "Punta." "Morro" fort is of triangular form, fortified with bastions and with upwards of one hundred cannon, besides numerous ramparts and ditches. Other forts and platforms being connected with it, the "Punta" fortifications on the opposite side, the extreme narrowness of the channel, the suitable

of roving Camanches were seen, who were ready to cut off any straggler, secretly, and appropriate his clothes and gun. One day, Captain Cassius M. Clay, of the Kentucky Volunteers, was hunting turkeys, and strayed several miles from his regiment; a flock of turkeys flew out of the prairie into the woods. Tying his horse to a bush, he entered the dry channel of a stream, the banks of which rose on both sides above his head, and began calling the turkeys in Indian style, with the small bone of a defunct turkey's pinion. The fowls answered, and came nearer and nearer. At length, on raising his head cautiously above the bank, instead of seeing the turkeys he heard a "click." There is no noise of tree or stream or wild beast, in all savage nature, like this suggestive sound—to Clay's practised ear it was a death-knell—the springing of a trigger! As quick as thought he slipped back into the ravine, and, running some hundreds of yards, he reached and mounted his courser. His suspicions were now all too well founded. The regiment had crossed the wood above, and, as soon as the last horseman disappeared from the distant horizon, a troop of Camanches, who had been watching them from the wood, could be seen deploying from the wood, in long Indian file, into the prairie. Notwithstanding the odds against him, trusting to the blood of his Kentucky racer, Clay gave a shout of defiance, waved his hat, and plunged into the wood, following the trace for half a mile before he struck the opposite prairie. With breathless anxiety, he approached the clear

diamond or ruby imbedded in the nib; another kind contained a nib of ruby set in fine gold, and such pens have been said to last six years without injury. Some have also been formed of rhodium nibs set in gold. Pens of gold, of silver, and of gold alloyed with silver, are common. Steel, however, is the only material which has successfully competed with the quill; and they are now manufactured to an amount in quantity, and at a cost so small as hardly to be credible. Different makers have different modes of operation, but the following will give a general idea of the method employed:—In the first place flat pieces of steel are cut out, of the shape required, by a stamping press, they are then placed under another press, which pierces the holes and cuts the slits, and they are struck into their convex shape by a third press. They are then polished and tempered. The polishing is managed in rather a curious manner; a quantity of pens are shut up in an iron cylinder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and this cylinder is attached at each end to a crank, the axes of which are connected by a wheel and set in motion by a handle or by machinery. Thus by being rubbed against each other the pens come out well polished, and with all the burrs or sharp angles left by the cutting-presses rubbed smooth. There are also other modes of performing this operation, as well as various processes in the general manufacture, peculiar to different establishments. Fountain pens are so made as to hold a reservoir of ink.—*Commercial Bulletin*



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO JOSEY COTTRELL.

BY T. L. D.

I know, dear Josey, that wealth and power  
Cannot true peace impart;  
I know that these are not the things  
To satisfy the heart.

I know that earth-born joys decay  
While yet we call them ours;  
I know that pleasures pass away  
Like autumn's fading flowers.

And O, I ask that deeper joys  
May round thy spirit flow;  
Than earth, with all its gilded pomp,  
And pleasures can bestow.

And if we meet no more on earth,  
O, may we meet above,  
Where pain and parting all are o'er,  
And life is lost in love.

## MORNING

Thus passed the night, so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth in pilgrim's steps in amice gray,  
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds.  
And now the sun with more effulgent beams  
Had cheered the face of earth and dried the birds,  
From drooping plumes and drooping trees; the wet,  
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.—MILTON.

## THE CHILDREN OF FANCY.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence.—BYRON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The season of harvest has arrived, and, though here and there certain crops may have failed, yet in the length and breadth of the land, the husbandman has ample reason for devout thanksgiving. Indeed, the only source of complaint we have heard is that we have raised too much grain this year. Think of the exuberant fertility that has brought this to pass! The United States have raised more than enough to feed their thirty millions of mouths and have a greater surplus than Europe can consume, while the remains of last year's harvest, important in bulk, are yet in store. And this is not all, we have yet millions of acres that the plough has never touched reserved to feed the coming generations of Europe and America. Truly our lines are cast in pleasant places. We cannot reflect too deeply on the blessings we enjoy. A contemplation of our national advantages impels us to cement the bonds of brotherhood and good feeling that bind all parts of our country in a common chain of interest. Hawthorne is to give us another book. It will be welcome as the flowers in May. In elegance of style, in originality of thought, in subtle analysis of the human heart, in sweet and pathetic pictures, in weird-like images of gloom and mystery, the author of the "Scarlet Letter" is without a rival on this shore of the Atlantic—if in the world. The editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette has announced the approaching visit of the French Comedy and Vaudeville Company, and we shall hold him responsible for the fulfillment of his promise. We feel quite sure that the troupe would be successful for a short season; so large a proportion of our people have a grammatical knowledge of the French language, and would be glad to avail themselves of such an agreeable series of lessons in French pronunciation as the performances of a dramatic company would afford. Americans who have been in Paris say that they learned French faster at the boulevard theatres than in any other way. The French company must come to Boston. P. F. Rothmel, the eminent artist, returned from Europe to Philadelphia lately, after an absence of three years. He was cordially welcomed by hundreds of enthusiastic admirers and friends. Stories of discoveries of rich silver mines, by a party of Americans, come to us from Arizona. It is said they have found the long lost celebrated Vega mine, whose richness was renowned even upon the mining records of old Spain. It was worked by the Jesuit explorers, who, when compelled to leave by the Apaches, destroyed their works, and blocked up the mouth of the main shaft. A Mrs. Peters, who apparently died in Franklin county, Ohio, a few days ago, was somewhat hurriedly buried by her husband's orders, in spite of remonstrance. Dug up a few hours afterward she was resuscitated and is now recovering. The husband had been arrested for his "haste"—to call it by no worse name. A Buffalo paper says tight rope walking is undoubtedly an elegant accomplishment, and should be introduced in young ladies' boarding schools, but only under competent instruction. It is one of the fine arts, and not to be mastered by every aspirant, and proves its assertion by mentioning several little boys with collar bones broken in attempts at the Blondin. The N. Y. Times says of a building in the Park: "But neither a beaver nor a prairie-dog, nor any animal on earth, save a City Father, could ever have devised such a monstrous pile of bricks and mortar as the structure in question. It belongs to that order of architecture which, for lack of a better name, may be defined as the 'municipal.' " Miss Mitchell, the fair and distinguished artist and theatrical favorite, has had presented to her by some of her numerous Southern admirers, one of the handsomest saddle horses—which they prettily named "Maggie Mitchell"—seen in many a day. The post-

office Department have received numerous letters suggesting methods by which postage stamps may be cancelled with more certainty than by the present method. Some of these methods are very ingenious in theory, but unfortunately, none of them are practicable. Canadian newspapers continue to speak with little reserve respecting the proposed imposition upon the British Colonies of the costs of their military defence. After referring to the revolt of the thirteen American Colonies and the cause of it, the Toronto Colonist says: "If the idea of self-defence is urged upon them, they will soon be looking around for alliances that will be pacific and protective—commercial preferences will be employed as guarantees of good neighborhood—and the original allegiance will rapidly fade under system of merely pecuniary calculations." The furniture of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York cost \$350,000. The entire investment in the enterprise is \$1,150,000. The New York Mercury says there is a suspicious-looking individual, "a furrier," going around town carrying a string to the end of which is attached a dirty, thieving little monkey. Wherever this individual spies a bedroom or parlor window open, he stops and listens, and if he is satisfied that there is no one present in the room, he sends Mr. Monkey creeping slyly up the front of the house into the open window. Now the man-monkey on the sidewalk, having hold of the other end of the string, is strongly suspected of having communicated his own thieving propensities to the little monkey, and has "educated" him to fasten on little valuables, such as bracelets, breast-pins, finger-rings or loose change, which his monkeyship may find lying on the toilet or centre-tables. Somebody says: Herosim lives longer in the mind when associated with women than with men. Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling will be remembered when hundreds of their masculine peers and superiors shall be forgotten. Washington Allston could paint with the pen as well as with the pencil. Witness the following word-picture of an Italian sunset: "It was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter, but one that must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold, lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fottish mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled saunter; in another he was again piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash to wrap the whole heavens in flame. A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought. At Ciccioni, recently, a lady's hair caught fire while she was bending over a lamp, and, communicating the flames to her clothes, her neck, head and face were badly burned, so much so that her features will be marred for life. The girl had saturated her hair with a peculiarly inflammable oil, which caused her locks to ignite and burn as if she had thrust her head into a vessel of spirits of turpentine. Victor Emmanuel was not angry with Louis Napoleon at Turin, nor did he behave with rudeness to his ally. He only tried to be dignified and not cringing to a man who had presented him with Lombardy, and made him a fifth rate power in Europe. Kings are not un-civil to emperors who give them such souvenirs. Be unassuming when you are young, and you will be honored—at all events, respected, when old. There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden or at least soften, every reflecting observer.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BY-LAWS OF CORINTHIAN LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, OF CONCORD, MASS., etc. By LOUIS A. SURETTE, Master of Corinthian Lodge from October, 1851, to October, 1858.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this elegant and interesting volume, which contains a history of the lodge, organized July 5, 1797, biographies of its most prominent officers and members, and also a succinct historical sketch of Masonry. It has a capital profile, full length sketch of Rev. Ezra Ripley, a fine steel portrait of Mr. Surette, with his graceful autograph, while the likeness of Lemuel Shattuck is truly admirable. The typographical execution of the book is highly creditable to the press of Benj. Tolman, of Concord.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. 4th edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 395. 1859.

This excellent and comprehensive work treats of grasses and forage plants, their natural history, comparative nutritive value, methods of cultivating, curing and the management of grass lands in the United States and British Provinces. It has one hundred and seventy illustrations. It is very well arranged, carefully indexed, and written in a clear, intelligible style. Every farmer ought to have a copy, together with Mr. Flint's "Milk Cows and Dairy Farming." We really believe that the author will turn out to be the "man who makes two blades of grass grow where one did before," occasionally alluded to in agricultural addresses.

FOUR YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS. or, The Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 384. 1859.

This quiet and entertaining work is from the late Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, and was considered by him as the completion of his labors. Of its value we are not competent judges, as it can only be appreciated by those who have thoroughly studied the healing art. Dr. Alcott placed the greatest faith in the curative resources of nature, diet, exercise, bathing, etc. Whatever may be thought of his theories, his experiences are eminently readable.

NEW MUSIC—Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington Street, have published "Star of my Hope," a song, words by Edmeston music by Mozart. "Fill the Wine-Cup," quartette, "Over the Waves we Boat," song by Stephen Glover; "Retrospection," a duet, by R. R. Traneb.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An exquisite story of a dog, told in charming style.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1860

This welcome annual appears from the press of Hickling, Swan & Brower, and is full of the usual excellent matter.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

If Louis Napoleon startled the world by the words addressed to the Austrian ambassador in January last, if he again electrified it by displaying in the war thus shadowed forth almost unparalleled military genius and fortune, if he made of the peace at Villafranca a *coup de theatre*, he created certainly yet greater wonder, astonishment, and, it may be added, admiration, by the proclamation of the general amnesty which followed the *fetes* of last month. There had been slight indications in the Paris journals of a relaxation of the iron rule, but nothing whatever premonitory of such a sweeping measure. It shows that Louis Napoleon is the boldest as well as the ablest man of Europe at the present hour. The amnesty has already disarmed most of the opposition. Louis Blanc and a few others reject the clemency and cling to exile, but the greater part of the proscribed willingly return to Paris—their home and their world. The French emperor has evidently inaugurated a new political era.—Lieut. Col de Montalembert, of the French Lancers of the Guard, has been appointed to the command of the First African Chasseurs. He is brother of the celebrated writer whose trial made so much noise in October last year.—The czar has presented the sultan with the decoration of the Order of St. Andrew, in diamonds, valued at 1,000,000 piastres, in acknowledgment of the reception recently given to the Grand Duke Constantine.—Germany has lost one of her most eminent female scholars. Frau Dr. Heidenreich, nee von Siebold, died at Darmstadt recently. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Gottingen and Glessen, and took her doctor's degree in 1817, not *honoris causa*, by favor of the faculty, but, like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, and by defending in public disputation a number of medical theses.

## Russian Opinion.

The time at which sovereigns alone could make peace and decide the fate of nations has passed away. Human progress, and nations are determined to be consulted on their fate. There was a time when Napoleon I. announced in the *Moniteur* that such or such a dynasty had ceased to reign, when he made one of his brothers, his cousins or his marshals ascend the throne, and when the people witnessed these dynastic changes with philosophic indifference, caring little at being treated like a flock of sheep by a clever speculator. The increase of general enlightenment has, however, since shown to each nation that by the side of the sacred rights of dynasties there are the rights of peoples, and that nations ought not to be sacrificed to the interests of an individual.

## Cardinal Antonelli.

From Rome the report of the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli is positively denied. That statesman never possessed more of the confidence of the pope than he does at present, and it is not under the actual circumstances of Italy and of the Holy See that he would think of resigning. The same authority on which this is asserted adds that, if the Central Italian Prince be restored, the pope will not refuse to accept the Honorary Presidency of the Italian Confederation, leaving to the King of Naples the real leadership, as to him, his holiness is of opinion, it of right belongs, since his dominions are the largest in Italy.

## Modena.

The signatures in favor of the annexation to Piedmont collected in the commune of Modena amount to 9495, which, in a total population of 65,000 souls—due account being taken of women and children and the usual average of persons who abstain from voting—is generally looked upon as an excellent result. From the city and province of Reggio 26,000 votes have been obtained, of which the commune of Reggio alone furnished 13,964.

## The French Amnesty.

No doubt seems to be entertained that the amnesty is complete and unlimited in all respects, that it passes the sponge over every past offence, and relieves all persons from the action of the law of public safety so long as they shall not have incurred fresh condemnation from the tribunals.

## Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has assumed the head of the army of Central Italy. He has under him, it is said, no less than 40,000 men—a force which may give the Austrians some trouble if an appeal to arms should be again necessary.

## Ptolemy's Geography.

Mr. Sebastiauff, a Russian servant, has discovered an old MS. of Ptolemy's Geography in the Monastery of Mount Athos, and has made photographic copies of the maps for the classic world.

## Bank Notes.

This year £2,000,000 more in bank notes are in circulation in England than there were last year. This is attributed to the great preponderance of home travellers this season.

## Naples.

The city of Naples is going to raise a loan of two millions of ducats for the payment of a portion of its debts, which are legion, and for the completion of the road called Maria Teresa.

## Count Cavour.

Count Cavour is staying at present at Geneva, on a visit to his relative, M. De la Rive, distinguished in the world of science by his "Treatise on Electricity."

## Mazzini's Agents.

Several of Mazzini's agents have been arrested in the Romagna, and others have been quietly sent away from Tuscany.

## A Defaulter.

John Edward Butler, of London, has absconded, a defaulter to the amount of £100,000.

## PROCURE THE BEST.

Extract from a letter from Rev. E. M. Dodd, agent American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Smyrna:

Smyrna, April 15, 1859.

Messrs. LADD, WEBSTER & Co.—Gentlemen,—The Sewing Machine purchased of you by Mr. Wetherill, for Mrs. Dodd, has arrived safely, and is in operation. We are very much pleased with it. There was not the least difficulty in starting it, and it has gone on sewing steadily and to our satisfaction. We shall take pleasure in recommending your machine, and hope that they may get into use here.

(Signed)

E. M. Dodd.

Letter from Lieut. W. L. MAURY, United States Navy:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON,  
Aug. 12, 1859.

Gentlemen,—The Sewing Machine ordered from you is safely at hand, and Mrs. M. is fully satisfied with it. As an evidence of its simplicity—without directions or explanations she commenced working on it after a very short trial, and has not experienced the least difficulty in its operation. I cheerfully give you my testimonial in its favor.

I am, respectfully,  
Your ob't serv't,

W. L. MAURY.

(Signed)

To Messrs. LADD, WEBSTER & Co.

Letter from the Principal of the N. Y. State Normal School:

N. Y. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,  
ALBANY, April 24, 1859.

LADD, WEBSTER & Co.—Gentlemen,—Yours of the 22d containing needles came duly to hand. I have had some little opportunity for experimenting with your machine, which I have done in class exercise, occupying thirty-five minutes each day, during which time I give practical instruction to three pupils taken in order from our senior class. The ladies are delighted with the exercise, and I confess I am surprised at the ease with which they learn to manage the machine. I have found seven of my class who have other machines; but they have uniformly expressed their preference for yours. After seeing it worked by all sorts of "raw hands," I have found no reason to regret the choice I made of yours over all others with which to give instructions in my school. I think I can now in all candor say that my expectations have been fully realized. In ease of management, and in the perfection of its work, it is, in my opinion, beyond comparison, the best of the thirteen different sewing-machines which I have been enabled to examine. \* \* \*

Excuse this long and hastily written letter. If I did not like your machine and believe that it presents to the public all the requisites needed for family work, I should not trouble myself to write in regard to a matter that does not personally concern me in the least.

Truly yours,

D. H. COCHRAN,

Principal of the N. Y. State Normal School.

The following unsolicited commendation of our machine is from the pen of a lady well-known in New England:

Messrs. LADD, WEBSTER & Co.—Gentlemen,—In justice to the superior excellence of the sewing-machines manufactured by you, allow me to give you a leaf from my note-book of experience in these matters. Skeptical in my belief of the practicability of constructing a machine that could sew with the neatness and durability of the hand, I yet determined to investigate the subject, and test the comparative merits of the different machines, as also the *reliability* of any of them. To do this I spent many weeks, I might almost say months, in a careful examination both of the mechanism and practical results of the various competitors for public favor and patronage. Passing over the minor ones, whose deficiencies a very superficial observer would quickly detect, my judgment at length decided between two of the most prominent machines now before the public. Let it might seem ludicrous, I will not here give the name of the one which I first subjected to a thorough and impartial trial in my own house, with an efficient, practical operator to teach me, but I do most emphatically assert that your machine is, in my judgment, the *ne plus ultra* of all modern inventions. In simplicity, durability and strength, it far exceeds any other that I have seen. It is perfectly easy to manage, quick in its operation, never liable to get out of order if properly used, and gives a stitch on both sides alike, which cannot be excelled. These are but a part of the excellencies I could name as pertaining to the machine I obtained of you, and which grows more and more precious to me as I subject it to new and daily trials. What into favor as I subject it to new and daily trials. What an era in the tolling life of thousands who depend for subsistence upon the ceaseless stitch, stitch, stitch of their aching fingers, in this noble invention! Surely, as public benefactors, you have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, that you have arrived to such a degree of perfection in the manufacture of this most indispensable article of domestic comfort and economy.

Most respectfully yours,

Mrs H. J. MOORE,  
Newton Corner, Mass.

Newton, May 7, 1859.

**LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,**  
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON,  
OPPOSITE TRINITY CHURCH.  
New York.  
500 Broadway, - - - Philadelphia.  
820 Chestnut Street, - - - Baltimore.  
202 Baltimore Street, - - - Cincinnati.  
6 West Fourth Street, - - -







## HOUDIN, THE CONJURER.

Among the feats of Houdin, the noted French conjurer, whose autobiography has lately appeared in Paris, the following is an instance of his nerve, and of his full command of the art: Houdin visited Algiers, and had a trial of skill with the marabouts or conjurers of that country. After having performed the trick, says he, of suffering an Arab to fire at me with a loaded pistol, the ball appearing inside an apple in my hand, I journeyed into the interior, and there met several marabouts, one of whom told me he was not to be deceived. "Why so?" "Because I don't believe in your power." "Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you don't believe in my power, I will compel you to believe in my skill." "Neither in one nor in the other." I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the marabout. "Stay!" I said to him; "you see this five-franc piece?" "Yes." "Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it in spite of yourself." "I am ready," the Arab said, in an incredulous voice, as he held out his tightly-closed fist. I took the piece at the end of my fingers, so that the assembly might all see it, then feigning to throw it at the marabout, it disappeared at the word "Pass!" My man opened his hand, and finding nothing in it, shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "You see, I told you so!" I was well aware it was not there, but it was important to throw the marabout's attention from his sash, and for this purpose I employed the feint. "That does not surprise me," I replied, "for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand, and has fallen into your sash. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me. Here it is!" and I showed him the watch in my hand. The marabout quickly put his hand in his belt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupefied at finding the five-franc piece. The spectators were astonished. Some of them began telling their beads, but the marabout frowned without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design. "I now believe in your power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer," and offering me two pistols he held concealed under his burnous, he added, "Come, choose one of these pistols, we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, for I saw you perform this trick at your own theatre." I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge, and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited. At last I thought of an idea which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily. "To-morrow morning," said I, "at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge." The marabout, surprised at my compliance, assented, and summoned all the company to be present. By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, and on entering the hall found none of the guests were absent. Indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd. The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the marabout put in a fair charge of powder, and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced, I chose one which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper. The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake. We went through the same movements with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived. Solemn indeed it seemed to everybody; to the spectators, who were uncertain of the issue—to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for as my new trick did not depend on any arrangements heretofore tried, I feared an error—an act of treachery—I knew not what. Still I posted myself fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion. The marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth. More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him. "You could not injure me," I said, "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look on that wall!"

"I pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall there appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed. The marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell and his head was bowed upon his chest, as if he were annihilated. It was evident that for a moment he doubted everything, even the prophets. The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

## THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA.

The engraving on this page is from a picture by E. R. Pickersgill, illustrative of a scene in the third act of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," that glittering gallery of splendid portraits, which has furnished so many themes for the emulous pencil. The reader, of course, recalls the "situation." Viola, wrecked on the coast of Illyria, has assumed a male disguise and entered the service of Duke Orsino as a page, but has fallen in love with him, while he, all unconscious of her sex and of her attachment to himself, sends her with love-messages to the Lady Olivia, who spurns his suit. The duke says, in the scene with Viola:

—make no compare  
Between that low woman can bear me,  
And that I love Olivia.  
Viola.—Ay, but I know—  
Duke.—What dost thou know?  
Viola.—Too well what love women to men may owe.  
In faith they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship  
Duke.—Now, what's her history?



THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA.

[SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT."]

Viola.—A blank, my lord: she never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief: Was not this love indeed?  
We men may more, even more, but indeed  
Our rhymes are more than will: for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.  
Duke.—But died the sister of her love, my boy?  
Viola.—I'm all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.

It is the moment when the disguised girl, with a sly shyness, makes the last declaration, that the artist has seized upon. The figure of Viola, in her boy's clothes, is very delicately conceived, and is well contrasted with that of the duke. Indeed, the whole design and grouping are fine.

PHENOMENA OF UTTERANCE.—A traveller writes:—"We started from a little town in the vicinity of Holstein. I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you will take Tzschucken and Kionjod, and mix them up with Ompompanooshe, Scotch snuff, and Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards with a sneeze, you get within about six miles of it."

## RICE PLANTATION.

In the fall, after the rice is cut, as soon as perfectly dry, the stubble is burnt off. Sometimes the weather will not allow this, then it remains and is chopped under in the winter. In December, the whole land intended for cultivation is gone over with the hoe, breaking clods, etc. In March, the planting season begins, and from that time onward is the rush. As soon as a field is planted it is covered with water, and so remains until the rice is pretty well grown. The water is then let off, and soon after the field is gone over with the hoe to chop out grass and work the rice. This is done twice before the crop ripens. The irrigation is managed so that when one field is under water, another may be dry. Several hands are constantly employed in clearing out ditches, stopping leaks in embankment, etc. Every kind of bird is a lover of rice, and an enemy to the interests of the rice planters; but the one most dreaded is the rice-bird. It is a small bird, of darkish brown color, with a sharp, stout bill, with which it grasps the stalk of rice and squeezes the milk from it as effectually as if done

## BURIAL PLACE OF VICEROY YEH.

The interior of Canton has been thoroughly traversed, and its more attractive points are so widely known that it is not worth while to review them. But just now, outside the city wall there is a little nook in which cluster more quiet retrospections than in any place besides, for here is that stand point just mentioned, the coffin of Governor Yeh. A few rods outside the east gate of the city, back from the street, stands an unpretending Taoist temple. A plain, unornamented gate opens the way into a long, narrow enclosure, through which walking we come to the temple. The grounds seem deserted, save that one old Chinaman stands by the inner gate. "Are you the door-keeper?" asks our guide. "No, a poor beggar." We pass through, and there mongrel dogs come running out from a small building near by.

"Ah! here are Yeh's door-keepers now," remarks one of the party. Through another gate and a pathway overhung with white (mourning color) leads to the apartment of the dead. Half-a-dozen polite and respectable-looking Chinese point the way, and a Taoist priest kindly furnishes all needful information. We enter an apartment about 25 by 20 feet in dimensions, the sides of which are hung with blue woollen cloth, upon which are large Chinese characters, embroidered in white silk. An altar stands in the middle of the room, similar to those in temples generally, save that in place of the middle idol appears a tablet of white silk, upon which are written the name and rank of the deceased, and before this are arranged a dozen or more bowls, containing cooked vegetables and other eatables, the offerings of as many friendly Mandarins, also piles of artificial fruit, made of flour and painted after nature. A silk curtain hangs behind the altar, from the roof to the floor. Raising this, we pass under—and here rests the coffin. The walls are bare, the floor dirty, and a pile of sawdust reposes undisturbed in the corner. The coffin is of the usual Chinese form, but of enormous dimensions, being about twelve feet in length, by 4 feet in diameter at the larger end. It is built of a hard and costly wood found in the province of Sz-chune, the northeast corner of the empire, each side being formed of a single slab. It is entirely plain and resembles any oaken box that a ship carpenter might make with only a plane and saw. Its cost, however, is about fifteen hundred dollars. We have seen before where Yeh lived, we see now where he lies. Both places are quiet enough now, but their stillness brings out in vivid contrast the scenes of the last three years, and if any one would think over that history, this death house of the most prominent figure in it, is no mean place from which to look back. The man who for years ruled with a rod of iron the most turbulent millions of the Chinese empire and slaughtered 100,000 of his countrymen; who for years out-diplomatized the ambassadors of the most enlightened nations; who for years preserved inviolate the interior of his capital, even to the end fighting, and not for glory, nor for principle, but only that the eyes of the stranger might not spy out the poverty and worthlessness of a city that was little better than ruins before a shot was fired; who could not fight and would not yield until his city was a desert,—after all his skill, his obstinacy, his power, his cruelty, his pride, here he lies outside his city walls, and none wish him well. We ask the red-nosed priest "what do you there?" and learn that every morning he prays before the tablet, and makes offerings for the benefit of the dead. "Was Yeh a Taoist?" "Yes." "A priest?" "No! No! (with emphasis). He was more high. Above all." We look at the coffin and think it was indeed

a fall which in two short years sent him from his palace to such a residence as this. But our readers must see for themselves and moralize for themselves. The priest avers that the body is soon to be sent to the province to which Yeh belongs. Many Chinese report, on the contrary, that orders are expected from the emperor to degrade, i. e., cut in a thousand pieces and scatter the body of the servant who could not save the celestial city from the barbarian. However that may turn out, it matters little now to the royal inmate of the Taoist temple.—Hong Kong Register.

## ENGLISH CRITICS.

The London Athenæum, with all its high pretensions to literary criticism and authority, sometimes discloses a weak spot. One of these weak spots was revealed the other day, when it spoke of the "Sermons of Dow, Jr.," as discourses that were actually delivered at one time in the American pulpit, whereas, everybody knows, that knows anything, that they had their origin in a New York weekly paper, and that the "Rev." Mr. Dow was no "Rev." at all, only a Sunday editor.

To the weak and craven-hearted the time for honorable achievement never comes. Men of spirit are the masters, not the slaves of time.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM  
6 CENTS SINGLE. } Vol. XVII., No. 13... Whole No. 431.

## STATE ENCAMPMENT, CONCORD, MASS.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Wand, and represents the troops at Camp Massachusetts passing in review before the commander-in-chief and staff. Captain Nims's Light Artillery are in front, with full ranks, as they actually appeared on the field, followed by the National Lancers and Light Dragoons, and then come the infantry regiments in column. The moving mass is backed by the white tents, and the distance crowned by the line of wooded hills, which formed a framework to the grand military pageant. At the encampment of the 7th, 8th and 9th of this month, the volunteer militia of Massachusetts were assembled for camp duty for the first time in the history of the Commonwealth, and the perfect success of the experiment, which reflects the highest credit on the commander-in-chief, the adjutant-general, and all the officers and men engaged in the duties of the field, will probably lead to its repetition. The ground was well selected. In the immediate vicinity of scenes hallowed by the first forcible resistance made to British authority, the associations connected with it were well calculated to animate and elevate the zeal of our citizen-soldiers. On the right of the Fitchburg Railroad, at a distance of about twenty-two miles from Boston, a vast and perfectly level field was prepared for the encampment, bounded on the right and left flanks and in front by roads, and in the rear by the Assabet River. Parallel with

the Assabet, stretched out the line of white tents belonging to the divisionary corps of Salem Cadets, and the 1st and 2d divisions, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Samuel Andrews of Roxbury and William Sutton of South Danvers. The 3d division, under the command of Major-General Augustus Morse of Leominster, occupied the left of this line, nearest the railroad, their camp making an obtuse angle with that of the 1st and 2d divisions, and separated from them by a brook. To the right of the main field, and divided from it by the road from Concord to Acton, was the camp of the Boston Light Artillery, Captain Nims, the National Lancers and Boston Dragoons, forming the 1st Battalion of Light Dragoons, under Major White, the Waltham Dragoons, Captain Gibbs, and the Salem Light Artillery, Captain Mann. Governor Banks's headquarters and the camp of his body-guard, the Boston Independent Cadets, Lieut. Colonel Holmes, were nearly in front of the 1st division, separated by a road, on an elevated piece of ground, interspersed with trees and sloping down in the rear to the brink of a beautiful pond. There was ample space for carriages and spectators on foot on three sides of the encampment. The effect of the city of canvass by moonlight, with the sentinels, infantry and cavalry, pacing their rounds, was very romantic and impressive. The arrangements were excellent, and good order prevailed from the moment of the arrival of the troops on the field to the hour of striking the tents on the last day. The companies, with

scarcely an exception, turned out with very full ranks, and displayed admirable proficiency in military science. Had we the space, we should be glad to pass the troops in review, and comment on the features that struck us in the appearance, marching and evolutions of the different regiments and companies. The total force on the field amounted to about 5000 men. The remarkable promptitude with which all the orders were executed, and the punctuality with which all the details of the crowded programme for the three days were performed, must have severely disappointed the enemies of our militia system, and those critics who predicted numerous blunders from the assemblage of all the troops of the State for the first time. The grand feature of the first day was the march through Concord and to the Monument, to the Revolutionary battle-ground and back to camp. The field operations on the second day, the manoeuvring and firing, were excellent. On the third came the grand review in the presence of Major-General Wool and the members of both houses of the Legislature. We witnessed the march to Concord, and had an excellent opportunity of seeing all the troops. The display was very fine. The column was headed by his excellency the commander-in-chief, mounted on the famous Green Mountain Morgan, and accompanied by his splendid staff. The cavalry of the column made a brilliant appearance. The National Lancers, Captain M. C. Kenney, came out 125 strong, mounted on splendid horses, and looked like a regiment; the Boston Light Dra-

goons, Captain Thomas J. Pierce, had 80 sabres; the Brigade Company of Light Dragoons, of North Bridgewater, Captain Jonas R. Perkins, had 40 horses; the Brigade Company of Light Dragoons, Captain William Gibbs, turned out 60 strong, and were much commended for their soldierly appearance and the excellence of their drill; the Springfield Horse Guards, Captain Charles A. Baxter, forty-three officers and men, attracted great attention by their dashing uniforms. The infantry regiments mustered strong. Colonel Cowdin's regiment, Major Rogers's new battalion, the New Bedford and Quincy regiments attracted special attention. Major Poore's "Savages" proved an attractive feature in the column. In a word, there was much to commend in every body of troops that fell under our observation, and the impression produced by the whole, was one of unalloyed pleasure and pride. The duties performed by officers and men throughout the three days were exceedingly arduous, but were discharged with unflinching zeal and spirit. The commander-in-chief passed the whole time in camp, and was indefatigable in doing duty as a soldier, and in dispensing his hospitality to his numerous distinguished visitors. Camp Massachusetts, under such auspices, was a complete success. We cannot conclude this brief notice without alluding to the admirable management of the Fitchburg Railroad during camp week. Though the troops and many thousands of visitors passed over the road, trains going and coming hourly, not an accident occurred.



THE STATE ENCAMPMENT AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## ST. JOHN'S LITTLE FINGER.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

I entertain an absolute conviction that gold, in mass and in position and infinite in quantity will within three years, reveal itself. — *Col. and Major General*

[The following letter was discovered by accident. Where it was written cannot now be known. The date is a 1, an 8, an 0 and something which has been rubbed out. It was therefore written some time within the first decade of the present century, and probably after the purchase of Louisiana in 1803.]

DEAR TOM — At your urgent request, I give you the information you desire, being very sure that you will faithfully observe the oath of secrecy which I have exacted. I have already given you my reasons for this course, and I know that you will properly understand and appreciate them.

I was born in Philadelphia, but bred chiefly in the State of Virginia. My father was the son of a wealthy planter. One of the planter's tenants was a poor shoemaker, named Jerry Trippe, and in their early boyhood, Jerry's son Jerry and my father were playmates.

Years flew by, and my father became a successful merchant in the city of Philadelphia. One day he met in the street young Jerry Trippe, who was more than half-starved. He had come to the city to seek his fortune, at a time of great depression in the shoemaking business, and had been unable to get work. My father took the famished youth home with him, and supplied his wants, and afterwards gave him a situation in his establishment, where he could make a comfortable living.

Trippe possessed energy and thrift, and soon began to rise. My father befriended him in every way, and furnished him with the means to obtain a useful education. In a few years he became the chief clerk, and eventually his employer took him into partnership. The latter, after a time, retired from business, and so facilitated matters as to enable Trippe to retain the whole concern in his own hands. The ex-shoemaker went ahead amazingly. Everything he touched seemed to prosper, and by the time he was fifty years of age, there were few men "on change" to whom he gave precedence.

My father's fortunes were of a different complexion. He had always been called "too soft-hearted for his own good," and was prevailed upon so often to assist in propping up the credit of old mercantile acquaintances, that he eventually became a bankrupt himself, and died of a disease which trouble and vexation had brought on him. My mother soon followed, and left me an orphan at the age of fourteen.

I had neither brother nor sister. I had spent much of my time with my relations in Virginia, but I now wished to be independent. As a very great favor, I was received into Mr. Trippe's counting-house. I served him faithfully till I was twenty-one, and at that age obtained a small interest in an establishment of the same nature. I worked hard, and when I was twenty-five, I was doing business in a small way on my own account, and with good prospects for the future.

There were few persons whom I esteemed less than Jeremiah Trippe, and our characters and dispositions were as far as the poles asunder. But fortune sometimes plays strange tricks with our likes and dislikes, and it so happened that the person of all others whom I liked best, was the very person of all others whom Jerry Trippe liked best. Not that he had any great amount of liking to bestow upon anything, apart from himself and his money; but, better than anything except himself and his money, he liked his daughter Mary; and better than all things else, even including myself and my money (I will venture to say), did I like that same daughter Mary.

Like her? The word is an outrage upon my feelings. I loved her, I adored her, *je n'étais fou* — "I was fool of her" — as the Frenchman says. I would have given all my money (which was very little), and all myself (which was very big), for one loving glance of her soft blue eye. Yes, Tom, I was "fool of her" to a seriously ridiculous extent — a fool in everything that concerned her, beyond all precedent. I was sorry that she was old Trippe's daughter, but it did not make the least difference in my feelings. If she had been Beelzebub's daughter, it would have been all the same. I would not have liked very well to have the evil one for my children's grandfather, it must be admitted, but I would have married her all the same.

And what did old Trippe think of all this? you will ask. Well, Tom, if I had not been a miserable, addle-pated, foggy-turnip-headed dolt of a lover, I might have known that I had no more chance of being his son-in-law than Satan's. I had a little of my father's soft-heartedness, and the old man had often called me a fool on account of it, and predicted that I never would prosper. But I had aided him in the acquisition of many thousands of dollars, and probably was more of a favorite with him than anybody else. I was therefore stupid enough to hope — yes, arrogantly stupid enough to hope that old Trippe would give his only daughter to a poor man! I am free to confess that that idea alone should secure my righteous condemnation before a commission de lunatico inquiring.

Well, one sunshiny morning, with this forlorn "hope," I sallied forth to ask Jerry Trippe for his daughter. The daughter's consent I had, of course; that is, provided I could get the father's. She loved her father, cross-grained old curmudgeon as he was; and she feared him too, excessively. No power on earth, I was satisfied, could induce her to marry without his consent.

Did you ever pop the question, Tom? I don't mean to a lady — that's just as easy as to eat your breakfast — to a father, I mean. If you have performed that courageous act, I certify that you are fit to be a brigadier, as far as spunk is concerned. You couldn't give a better proof of it.

Like a schoolboy about to bathe in water inconveniently cool, I dallied and shivered awhile upon the brink, and then plunged headlong. And cool enough was the reception I met with, I do assure you.

"Sir," said I, "I love your daughter, and with your approval I will marry her."

With all my "hope," I had never expected anything but a considerable flare-up at first; but there was nothing of the kind, the old man was as cool as a cucumber.

"Young man," he said, slowly raising his eyes from a letter he was reading, "can you raise five hundred thousand dollars?"

I shook my head.

"Then you can't have my daughter."

"But —"

"There is no use to say one word more. I mean to give my daughter half a million on her wedding-day, and the man who seeks to marry her must cover that amount dollar for dollar, or he will never be her husband. I have no more to say."

"Mr. Trippe, will you hear me?"

"I'll hear, but I'll not promise to listen." And the stony-hearted "parient" went on with the perusal of his letter.

But I was determined "not to give it up so," as the Virginia negroes say, or rather sing. I had prepared a beautiful speech for the occasion, and I could not think of having it strangled in the cradle. I commenced it, in tones of melting pathos. The second period, in particular, was magnificently turned, and ended with "bleeding hearts."

"—worth six cents a piece," read old Trippe from his commercial letter, as if continuing the sentence.

"Love," continued I, "love in all its pristine purity to be valued —"

"—at ten cents, and dear at that," read Trippe.

"Mr. Trippe," cried I, "my feelings —"

"—being a damaged article, are worth little or nothing at the present time."

"I say, sir, that my feelings —"

"—would hardly bring three cents a bushel."

"My outraged feelings, sir —"

"—might possibly be exchanged for stale codfish and sourcrot of an inferior quality."

In a tempest of rage, I fled from the room, lest I should be tempted to raise my hand against my Mary's father. My "hopes" were dead, and old Trippe's market quotations were their only requiem.

And yet — can you believe it, Tom? — I was actually fool enough to go back to that man, on that self-same errand. The "hopes" were not dead, then, after all, I hear you say. No; or rather there was a resurrection of them, consequent upon a stolen interview I had with Mary. But I won't go into particulars. Suffice it to say that I told him Mary had begged me to try again, and I could refuse her nothing. And then I asked him, in tones of tenderest pathos, if he had no hope, however small, to give me. He went to his desk, wrote something on a bit of paper, handed it to me, and then took his hat

and left, "planted there," as the French say, in the middle of the floor. I opened the paper, and read these words:

"All the hope I can give you is this certificate: Whenever you can prove yourself the possessor and owner of five hundred thousand dollars, or its equivalent in property, you shall marry my daughter. JEREMIAH TRIPPE."

That was "hope" with a vengeance, now, wasn't it? It was adding insult to injury. He might just as well have required me to hang a roc's egg in the hall, or to build a palace like Aladdin's in one night. Ah, if I only knew how to get that glorious lamp! But there are no such things now a days. I doubt if all Asia, and Africa to boot, could furnish one single *genie* of respectable acquirements. The race is extinct, I fear. Gone the way of the ichthyosauri, and the pterodactyles, and the men with their heads under their shoulders, and all the rest of them. Well, Tom, I grew as melancholy as a burlesque opera, and as thin as a thread-paper. Business became a bore, and so far from making five hundred thousand dollars, I bid fair to lose all I had.

Finding that things were growing from bad to worse, I resolved to try a change of scene; though I had little enough hope of deriving any benefit from it. Reason and common sense told me I ought to forget Mary; but, with all due deference to such respectable attributes, reason and common sense were made to understand that that was all humbug. I couldn't forget her if I would, and I wouldn't if I could.

Well, I rambled away down into old Virginia, half jolting the life out of myself in those abominable stage-coaches, over those abominable roads, of which Patrick Henry said there was only one kept in good repair — the road to ruin. But I couldn't jolt Mary out of my head, or my heart either. I do wish that somebody would invent a plan of travelling by balloon, or by steam, or get a patent iron horse that would carry us eight or ten miles an hour, without jolting.

I arrived at last at the old-fashioned country house of my old-fashioned uncle, John Gregory. The morning after my arrival, I sallied forth with my rifle, at sunrise, and walked indefatigably till sunset, killing nothing, and trying with all my might to think of nothing. And I did think of nothing — but Mary. I was not long in making the discovery that I had made an egregious blunder in seeking the solitude of the country. It was worse than the city, tenfold over. That night I was half-crazy. I had serious thoughts of selling myself to Satan for half a million of dollars. I wonder if I could not find some treatise on the black art, from which I could learn the *modus operandi* in such cases.

My old-fashioned uncle had an old-fashioned library — a fine collection of rare old books. I rummaged among them, but found no directions for transmuting souls into dollars. Determined, however, to read, or to try to read something, I pitched upon an old Spanish work, printed at Madrid, and took it to my room. It was a queer book, and the author as queer a fish as any that ever came out of the sea. It was the preface that first attracted my attention. It commenced as follows:

"When I was Sanchez the poor man, nobody cared a copper whether I lived or died; but now that I have become Sanchez the rich man, every one takes an interest in all I do and say, and particularly in the important question where I got my gold that has made me so rich. It has been extensively rumored that I am going to answer that question in this book. I am happy to inform my ten thousand anxious friends that I will — do no such a thing. Let those who want gold, go and look for it, as I did."

With this cold comfort for the reader to start with, the writer proceeds, in a quaint and nervous style, to discourse of certain mineral regions in Northern Mexico, and the adjacent territories of the United States. Silver was the mineral chiefly treated of, and various localities were pointed out, where silver ore, of extraordinary richness, might be procured in inexhaustible quantities.

Until very lately, no craving for riches had disturbed my tranquillity in the slightest degree; but now the thirst for gold was absolutely consuming me — for gold in great masses, that is; single hundreds and thousands I looked upon with positive contempt. And those eternities of silver, how I gloated over the idea! How it would have titillated the cockles of my heart to have cut five hundred thousand dollars' worth out of the mass!

But, even if I knew the exact locality of this silver paradise, and even if it was not in a country of bloody-minded savages, it would have done me no good. Silver mines require fortunes even to give them a start.

Next morning it was raining, and I sat some time listlessly turning over the leaves of Senor Sanchez's book. Having accidentally brought one of the leaves between my eyes and the light, I observed that in the leaf I was looking at there was a "water mark," consisting of a number of words visible in the body of the paper, and legible only when the leaf was held up against the light. The words were these:

"There is gold enough in St. John's little-finger to pave the road from Madrid to Jerusalem."

This, like the book itself, was in the Spanish language. Turning over the leaves, and examining them, I found every thirty-second leaf had a similar water mark. What could be the meaning of it? I pondered on that question for hours, and the final conclusion I came to was, that the eccentric author had hit upon this method of giving a hint, to any one who was shrewd enough to comprehend it, of the whereabouts of the rich deposit from which he had enriched himself. I thought of the epitaph of the eccentric ecclesiastic in Gil Blas; and, enigmatical as it was, it seemed to me just the oracular sort of utterance to be in keeping with the character of its writer.

In a soberer, calmer mood, with my brain less exalted by the almost monomaniacal dwelling upon one idea, I might, probably would, have thought differently. As it was, I felt firmly persuaded that I was right. But could the enigma be solved? That was the rub. It was hardly consistent with a decent reputation for sanity, to start on a pilgrimage in search of St. John's little-finger, with a view of getting a cart-load of gold out of it; but, sane or insane, it was the very thing I was determined to do. St. John's little-finger might be on the island of Patmos, for aught I knew to the contrary, but I was resolved to go in search of it, nevertheless.

A large portion of Sanchez's book was devoted to a description of the wonders of the *Sierra de la Plata* — the Silver Mountain — situated somewhere in the northern region of Mexico; and there, or thereabouts, I felt a gold mine of extraordinary richness was to be found. I was resolved to go thither, or I should rather say to start thitherward, for the chances, it must be confessed, were several to one that I would not get there.

But "faint heart never won fair lady," thought I; and, desperate as the adventure was, I really did not see what better thing I could do. "Desperate cases require desperate remedies," and my case was just about as desperate as it could be. To settle down quietly to business, in the condition I then was in, was a moral impossibility; and, in fact, to live at all without Mary, seemed just as impossible. To obtain Mary, without a miracle, or something very like it, was another impossibility. But miracles and impossibilities, for her sake, I was resolved to attempt. I had a faithful negro servant, once a slave, who had been the companion of my childhood. His good mother, my old nurse, had named him Bunyan. Him I was resolved to take with me. I wanted but one other companion, and upon securing him, I felt that everything depended. His name was Michael Partridge; he was about fifty years of age, and resided at that time in Western Virginia. He had been one of the most daring and most experienced hunters and trappers in all the West, and I knew that he had crossed the Rocky Mountains. I visited the banks of the Ohio on purpose to see him; and one of the first things I said to him was to inquire if he knew where the *Sierra de la Plata* was?

"Yes, I do," replied Mike. "I have seen it more than once, and it is one of the curiousest places I ever did see. It branches off from the great chain of the Rocky Mountains, which the Spaniards call the *Sierra Madre*, and at that point the *Sierra de San Juan*. It runs off toward the Pacific Ocean, and the place where it joins the *Sierra de San Juan* is a rare curiosity. It looks as if water had got mad one day, and ripped up the yearn a'most to its very centre, a-showin' of its inside and a scatterin' of its bowels about in every direction."

"Do you know how far it is from Santa Fe?"

"No, not rightly; but I don't think it can be much over a hundred miles — that is, the place what I've been tellin' you about. It lays off to



he nor'ard and west'ard, and is the very tiptop of the middle pint of the backbone of North America. The Arkansas River rises on the east side of it, and runs off to the Mississippi; some of the head waters of the Colorado rises on its left flank, and runs off into the gulf of California and the Pacific; and the Rio Grande, or Rio del Norte as some call it, runs from its southern slope away down to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Do you think there is any silver and gold there, Mike?"

"Lashins of 'em. It's the richest place for silver in the whole world; and as for gold, the Indians say that their forefathers got such quantities out of that mountain, that they used to have great chunks of it for stools."

"Well, how about finding the mine where those stools came from?"

"As to that, I can't say. I never saw no gold that myself, nor never hunted for none; but I've often thought I'd like to have a sarch for it."

"Well now, Mike, what do you say to taking a trip to the spot, and all expenses paid?"

"That depends very much upon what kind of men are to go along. There is not one man in three that would stand any chance of ever gettin' back from that alive and onscalped?"

"Would you take me for one?"

Mike examined my broad shoulders, expansive chest, and muscles developed by habitual exercise, and pronounced an emphatic "yes."

"And this darkey for another?"

Bunyan was weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. He was a powerful man.

"And how many more, do you think?"

"Not another one, if I was to have the regulatin' of it. 'Nough's as good as a feast."

"Well, Mike, you shall have the regulating of it. How soon will you be ready?"

"To-morrow, if you choose."

"That is rather too soon for me. I shall have to return to Philadelphia first. In two months from this day I will meet you at the Guy-andotte."

"Agreed. I'll be thar."

And so the matter was settled, and after a little more talk about the best route, and the preparations for the journey, we parted.

I returned to Philadelphia, and got everything in readiness without breathing one syllable of my design to any human being, not even to Mary. When all was ready, I started, with Bunyan, for the banks of the Ohio. Mike was at the place of rendezvous, with a boat suited to our purpose, and we started at once. We descended the Ohio, and then ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis. Then we pushed on westward, with two packed mules, on the Santa Fe trail, first following up the Missouri for a considerable distance, then striking off to the Arkansas, and then away, in a south-westerly direction, to Santa Fe. We arrived safely at the capital of New Mexico, after many vicissitudes, which I have not space to recount. Here we tarried a week to recruit, and then started for the Silver Mountain, each man with his rifle and knapsack. The mules we left behind.

We now entered upon what was by far the most perilous part of our journey. The dangers, from natural causes alone, in this wild, unexplored region, hardly ever trodden before by the foot of a white man, would have been sufficiently appalling, without the presence of the savage hordes who roamed over every mile of it. Very few of those far western Indians knew anything about fire arms; and the superiority of our trusty rifles over bows and arrows constituted our chief dependence—and more than once they saved our lives.

Our adventures in these regions would fill a volume. I will only give you an account of one of them as a sample of the rest. A strong party of Indians—Navajos, our guide called them—followed us nearly a week. At first they seemed disposed to be friendly; but one day they took it into their heads to make certain advances to Bunyan, whom they seemed to regard as of a race somewhat akin to their own. Poor Bun's dignity was terribly outraged, and he rejected their overtures with disdain, whereupon they were all mortally offended, and withdrew to a man.

The next day they re-appeared, in warlike array, and attacked us with great fury; but we beat them off without much difficulty, and, much against our will, killed two or three of their number. After this they did not venture to attack us openly, but, as I have stated, constantly harassed us, both by day and by night.

One evening, a little before sunset, they

pounced upon us to the number of sixty or seventy, in a place hemmed in on all sides by perpendicular rocks, except in the direction in which the Indians were approaching. From the first moment of their appearance, I saw plainly that there was no escape for us.

"Well, Mike," said I, "they have the upper-hand of us this time. We are caught in a trap. All we can do, I fear, is to defend our lives as long as possible. It will be better to die at once, than to be taken captive, and we may possibly drive them off. Let us look to our priming."

"No, no!" said Mike, emphatically, "do as I do, and be as quick as possible."

"Why, Mike, you are crazy! You are drawing the charge from your rifle!"

For an instant, I thought that Mike had actually had his senses frightened out of him; but the calm, cool decision expressed in his weather-beaten face, soon induced me to change my opinion, and submit to his apparently suicidal direction. I knew that he was a man who generally had good reasons for what he did; but what they could possibly be in this instance, it was beyond my penetration to discover. As he said, however, it was no time for asking or answering questions, and I quietly proceeded to draw the bullet from my rifle, leaving the powder, as I saw he had done; and Bunyan, very much against his will, was compelled to do likewise.

We were captured, of course. Our rifles were objects of great curiosity, and many of the Indians were afraid to touch them. There was an old chief, however, who seemed to have more knowledge of fire-arms than the rest, and to be not a little proud of the same. After some consultation with the others, he seized one of the rifles, pointed it at me, and was about to draw the trigger, when Mike stepped in before me, saying a word or two in his own language. The old fellow then aimed at Mike, and blazed away.

The muzzle of the gun was within three feet of Mike's breast, and great was the amazement of the Indians when they found him to be uninjured. But Mike increased their astonishment tenfold, when he produced a bullet from his hand, declaring that he had caught it as it flew from the barrel of the rifle. The old chief shook his head, in great perplexity, seized another rifle, aimed at Mike again, and pulled the trigger. At the moment of the discharge, the old hunter gave a jerk with his hand before the muzzle of the gun—the next moment he showed two bullets. The Indian tried the remaining rifle—Mike, of course, still remained unharmed, and now showed three bullets in his hand.

The chief (as the backwoodsmen say) "caved in," and gazed upon Mike as if he had been a supernatural being, as he no doubt thought he was. A short colloquy then took place in the Indian dialect, between the old hunter and the rifle-shooting Indian, at the termination of which our guns and knapsacks were restored to us, and we were told to go in peace. Mike had succeeded in making the Indians believe that we were great "medicine men," and that an injury offered to us would instantly draw down upon the offender the wrath of the Great Spirit, in its most terrific form. He knew that these tribes had often murdered white captives with their own rifles, hence the withdrawing of the bullets. From this day forth we had no trouble with the Indians, except that which resulted from too much friendliness and officiousness. We had various other difficulties to contend with, however, and we had a tedious journey to accomplish, and many hardships to contend with, before we reached our place of destination.

At last we found ourselves encamped in the angle formed by the junction of the Sierras San Juan and La Plata, and the next day we ascended the mighty volcanic mass which towers up to the region of eternal snows, between the head-waters of the Great Colorado and the Rio San Juan (river St. John). We found this wondrous mountain all (externally) that Sanchez and Mike Partridge had described it to be. Its flanks descend by immense terraces of carboniferous and sulphurous limestone, and in its huge mass it seemed as if all the formations of the globe had mingled. Here we saw lava, sandstone, limestone, porphyritic granite, various metallic ores and precious stones, salt, marble, coal, thermal and medicinal springs, fantastically-shaped mountains, called by the Spaniards *cristones*, level mesas of great fertility, picturesque canons, silver streams, and dark, waving forests.

Here, too, rising from the western spurs of the Silver Mountain, we saw the Cerro de Sul—a

pure stratified mass, a mountain of rock salt channelled by the river Dolores, whose waters seem encased in incrustations of hoar-frost. These, and a hundred other marvels, we saw, but no gold, and no finger of St. John. We examined laboriously the river of that name, and made minute inquiries of the Indians, but all to no purpose. The Indians had some gold, and had vague traditions of an immense mass of it somewhere in that region, but they either could not or would not give us any definite information.

For many weary weeks we trudged over this rugged district, and our patience was fast wearing away, when we met with a little adventure which tended to re-animate us. The Indians had told us of a white man, a sort of hermit, who made his home in these mountains, and one day we happened to stumble upon him. I was alone, when I found him sitting on a rock, on one of the loftiest peaks of the Sierra. He spoke Spanish, and we had a long conversation, of which I may tell you more in another letter. He had a strange history. The recluse seemed to know nothing, and evidently cared nothing about gold, but he was well acquainted with the topography of the mountains, and answered my numerous questions without hesitation.

"What do you call those mountain torrents?" said I; "three, four, five of them, which glisten in the sunlight like molten silver. Have they any name?"

"Yes; they are, *Los dedos de San Juan*—the fingers of St. John. That next is the little finger."

The hermit must have thought me a little cracked, for I certainly leaped three feet high, and cut a caper in the air besides. Then, without adding another word, I ran off to find Mike, and told him I had found St. John's little-finger at last.

These five streams issue from five springs in the side of the mountain, and eventually unite below with others to form the river St. John (San Juan). I was convinced that we had now solved the enigma of old Sanchez, and that we should find a great deposit of gold somewhere about the smallest of these streams—the one pointed out by the hermit.

Well, for two long, tedious weeks we hovered about that mountain stream, from its source to its confluence with the others, and turned over almost every stone in its bed and out of it, but not a grain of gold did we see. At last, with heavy hearts, we gave it up, and one bright morning in July began to retrace our steps homeward. After travelling a few miles, we halted for breakfast. Bunyan placed his rifle against a huge rock, and began to prepare the meal. Listlessly gazing at the breach of the gun, I saw something glistening in a crack of the stock, where it had been nearly broken by falling down a precipice. I looked at it closely, and then picked it out, and in a few minutes satisfied myself that it was gold. It weighed about two grains.

Though we had seen none, I knew that small quantities of gold had been picked up by the Indians in that region, and there was nothing remarkable therefore about this individual specimen. Still, however, I had an ardent curiosity to know whence it came.

"Look here, Bunyan," said I, "do you know how this got into your rifle? I found it in that crack."

"I spec it was yistiddy, when I jobbed it in under the place where the water tumbles over."

I remembered the spot, and it was in the little finger. There was a very pretty cascade in the course of the stream, and a sort of hole behind it, into which Bunyan had thrust his rifle. The gold had certainly come from that spot, and there might be more of it there. At all events, I was resolved to go back and look. With some difficulty, I induced Mike to retrace his steps, and the day was still young when we reached the little stream again.

Upon examination, we found that there was a considerable cavity in the rock, behind the waterfall, and after awhile I ascertained that there was, at one point, space enough between the water and the rock to allow the body of a man to pass. With a slight wetting, I managed to get into the cavity. I groped about, and soon discovered that it ran backwards and downwards to a considerable extent, but as it was as dark as Erebus, I must have a light. There was a plenty of fat pine on the mountain, and we soon had a collection of torches, with which we all entered the cavity. We saw before us a narrow chasm, sloping gently downward; we advanced

cautiously; the passage became wider, became a spacious cave, and—"Gracious heaven!" cried I, "the walls, as far as I can see, are lined with gold!"

Yes, Tom, it was all true. We had reached El Dorado at last. There was gold above us, gold below us, and all around us—pounds, hundred weights, tons of it! In fact, as far as we could see, in every direction, there was no end to it. Huge pillars of quartz rocks supported the roof, and they were all encrusted with the precious metal, which everywhere protruded from them in masses that would fill a half-bushel. Great boulders of it lay upon the floor of the cave, too large and too heavy to be lifted, or even moved. In short, there, lying around us and perfectly accessible, was gold, pure virgin gold, enough, at its current value, to purchase all the property, of every description, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and all the isles of the sea, and the souls and bodies of half mankind to boot.

But I have already made my letter too long, Tom, and I must hasten to the end. We had not the means of carrying much of this treasure away with us. We filled our pockets, however, and then started at once for Santa Fe, whence we returned with ten mules. These were loaded with gold, placing some bits of silver ore on the surface of the packages, and giving it out everywhere that we were carrying samples of this ore to the East, to have them tested. With nine of these mules, and their full burdens, we reached Philadelphia, after many dangers and difficulties on the way.

Both Bunyan and Mike, poor fellows, found this sudden accession of wealth more than they could bear. They both died within two years, having hastened—having caused, in fact—their own destruction. They both carried our secret to their graves; a secret, Tom, of which you and I are now the only depositaries. You will keep it, I know, both because I wish it, and because it is your interest to do so; else, if the gold in that mountain were to be distributed among mankind, it would become so common and so cheap as to be almost worthless.

I reached Philadelphia in the nick of time.

An Anglo East India nabob, a widower near fifty, had taken up his residence in that city, and, it was believed, was courting Mary. He was building a perfect palace near Jerry Tripp's residence, and was astonishing every one by the gorgeous magnificence which he was extracting from his ruses. Keeping myself entirely in the background, I at once began to amuse myself by eclipsing the nabob in his own line. I built a house vastly superior to his, and furnished it in such a style that it became the marvel of the city; and in everything of the sort that he undertook, I overshadowed him into insignificance. The nabob was equally enraged and astounded; but, with all his ingenuity, he could not discover who it was that was thus rivalling him. In the meantime, as I learned from Mary, he began to push his courtship so vigorously, that I saw the time had come for me to throw off the mask.

I accordingly called upon Mr. Tripp, and demanded the fulfilment of the promise which he gave to me, unsolicited, over his own hand. Jerry thought I was trying to play some foolish trick for the purpose of annoying him, and I found it absolutely impossible to convince him that I was really in earnest. He promised, however, to have his five hundred thousand dollars ready the following Monday, though he evidently had not the most distant idea that I could furnish a like amount. Monday came, and I called at the appointed hour. The old man was resolved to show up my poverty in the strongest light, and therefore had his friend and intended son-in-law, the nabob, present, to witness my discomfiture. With a pompous air, he recalled the terms of the agreement, and did the very thing I wanted, that is, acknowledge his promise and signature. Then, with a magisterial flourish and a wink at the other, he put down ten notes, each of the denomination of one thousand dollars. I covered the sum with notes to the value of one hundred thousand dollars. My companions both stared, in wonder, but seemed too utterly dumfounded to say anything, and Tripp put down another thousand, on which I placed another hundred thousand. I had ransacked half the banks in the United States, and was prepared to carry on the farce indefinitely; but the old man gave in, and with a face as white as a sheet, acknowledged himself beaten at his own weapons. I believe he thought I was in league with the devil, but he gave me his daughter very willingly, for all that. And so ends my story, Tom.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]  
**THE WAVE-SWEPT CITY.**

BY WILLIE E. PAROB.

I have read about a city  
 Buried in the Northern Sea,  
 Where the bells of wave-swept churches  
 (So the stories all agree)  
 Can be heard upon the Sabbath  
 When the people bend the knee.

Sounding upward through the water,  
 Floating onward through the air,  
 As in other times they sounded  
 When they called to praise and prayer  
 All the strong and the faint-hearted,  
 All the brave and all the fair.

There are those whose faith in legend  
 Leads them to the Northern Sea,  
 Where they pace the sands in silence  
 Till the bell rings solemnly;  
 Then, with hands and eyes uplifted,  
 Humbly bend the willing knee.

And the sweet sound of the chiming  
 Falling on the pilgrim's ear,  
 Leave within the heart an echo  
 That will never disappear,  
 But grow dearer with the coming  
 And the going of each year.

And I think of other cities,  
 In the sea of long ago,  
 And of memory bells whose chiming,  
 Coming sweetly, soft and low,  
 Bear the echoes of affection  
 That once through our hearts did flow.

Overswept by Time's dark waters,  
 Yet oblivion cannot quite  
 Keep the memory from the spirit  
 Of the scenes it hides from sight,  
 And, though leaving us in darkness,  
 We are conscious of the light.

### THE WHITE APRON.

It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history, or prominent among the heroic traditions of war, how large is the proportion composed of those who have greatness thrust upon them, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness, and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves? It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. A time however was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe. But it is the story of the fortunate milkmaid which is the object of this paper, not the progress and termination of the first Napoleon wars. On the outskirts of Luneberg there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milch farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lacteal fluid in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual bucolic attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could make even an empress of a short, stout, red-headed dairy-woman. Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her shoulders—she issued forth on a certain morning, the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain; little did she dream or think—supposing she was in the habit of thinking, to which practice, luckily for their health and vigor, milkmaids are not prone—that fortune was waiting elily, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only said—to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assist-

ant dairymaid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and sang and laughed on the road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing." (*Ich sehe nichts.*)

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk must go to Luneberg, if Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfast for once."

But, arguing thus, they still walked on; and, as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg. There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advantage. An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewed on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her hands, crying out:

"Rouleaux! rouleaux! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for rouleaux of coin which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both wore large white aprons, with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf. Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Luneberg, which hailed round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, from a better, holier motive. In after-times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her, who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that, which indeed ultimately proved more valuable to her aggrandizement, than the gold for which she took the packages strewed around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirement is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distress.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), "do the same—as one goes, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least, viewed her. Fear alone, made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable. Her acceptance of the duty imposed, was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from her-

self. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with their burden, to the poor fellows, who for want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office; so, backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, mid volleys of no less fiery oaths, midst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen, and Caroline Burger, carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advances, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Stragglers, fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently, changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milk-maid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by charring and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering amongst a parcel of rascallion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty, was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milk-maid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girdle of Good Luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those whom the blind goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow. And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drunk to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse sides—what a pity! In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Dire event! which the poor Lunebergers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did for many days, in a dark, dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grimm, and who, unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Luneberg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet.

Her sorrows ended here. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man, whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Burger, in the latter's obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitants of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

### BETWEEN OURSELVES!

In these days of ingenious advertising, one is very apt to take for gospel truth every word that is printed, and the most superlative and exaggerated declarations are unhesitatingly admitted. But shrewd people are apt to see through the transparent trickery of these matters, and take the liberty of judging for themselves. This is as it should be, and any individual, either in the publishing or other business, who has a really valuable article which he offers to the public, will always court examination and criticism. Thus it is with

#### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Established for many years, it has never before reached its present degree of excellence and typographical beauty. Its publisher does not find it necessary to flood the town with flaming posters, nor to monopolize whole pages of the daily press in repeating idle words over and over again, simply to challenge the curiosity of the thoughtless; he prefers to expend money liberally upon the pages of his own paper, and thus to produce a choice and elegant weekly journal, which shall speak for itself, and which shall fully satisfy the purchaser when he takes it home to read.

#### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

now circulates over a more extended territory than any other paper in this country, and is a household word from Maine to California. There are two journals, and only two in the United States, that equal it in circulation, and notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of its imitators, it has never yet been beaten in a single issue, as it regards beauty and intrinsic value. Its columns are running over with choice and attractive reading, and are ORIGINAL from head-line to imprint, embracing tales, sketches, poems, wit and humor, carefully prepared editorials upon all current themes, and the foreign and domestic news.

#### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

never contains one vulgar line or word, but is just such a paper as any father or brother would place before the home circle. In its large amount of reading, there is home circle. In its large amount of reading, there is matter to suit all tastes, young and old, male and female; nor will it catch the eye for a moment and then be thrown aside, but it is such a visitor as will be recurrd to again and again, and will afford hours, each week, of delightful companionship. This is a statement of facts, and then judge for yourself, by a careful examination.

#### FOUR CENTS PER COPY.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

22 Winter Street, Boston.



## GROUPING OF VOLCANOES.

Even more than the form and height of volcanoes is their grouping, because it leads us to the great geological phenomenon of elevation over fissures. Such group of volcanoes, whether they have been elevated according to Leopold von Buch, in lines, or crust in which (whether it may have been from the lesser thickness of the rocky strata, or from their nature, or from their original fissuring) the tendency of the molten interior to break forth has met with least resistance. Three degrees of latitude are included in the space in which the volcanic activity manifests itself fearfully, in Etna, in the Eolian Isles, in Vesuvius, and the Phlegrean Fields from Puteoli (Dicaearchia) to Cumæ and to the fire vomiting Epopeus on Ischia, the Tyrrhenian Ape's Island, and, Ænaria. Such a connection of analogous phenomena could not escape the notice of the Greeks. Strabo says, "The whole sea, beginning from Cumæ to Sicily, is traversed by fire, and has undoubtedly in its depths hollow passages communicating with each other and with the mainland. Such an inflammable nature as is described by all shows itself not only in Etna, but also in the country around Dicaearchus and Neopolis, and around Baïæ and Pithunæ."

portions of the Pyriphlegethon are blown out. The expression, "driven out with violence," may be understood to refer to the motive force of the previously enclosed and suddenly and forcibly escaping wind, on which subsequently Aristotle, in his "Meteorology," founded his whole theory of volcanic action.—Von Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

## PLATINUM.

The heaviest and the lightest substances with which we are acquainted possess the properties which chemists recognize as metallic. The lightest substance known is hydrogen, and, although a gas, is yet presumed, with good reason, to be a volatile metal. Platinum is remarkable as being the heaviest of all the elements which constitute the world. If we take a certain bulk of lead weighing one pound, and the same bulk of platinum, we shall find that the latter weighs more than one pound and three-quarters. It is now about one hundred years since Europeans became acquainted with platinum through Mr. Wood, Assay-Master, of Jamaica. The sandy beds of the rivers have their rise in that portion of the Andes which separates the Atlantic (near the Caribbean Sea) from the Pacific Ocean, yield

property or power the secret of which we are unable to define, which singular quality has been brought into practical use by the manufacturing perfumers. At several of the perfumery factors' warehouses may be seen what they call the "Philosophical Incense Lamp," which is a marvellous realization of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, so graphically described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." This lamp once ignited, will never go out unless purposely extinguished, provided, of course, that there be material to consume. The property is due to a little platinum ball placed in the wick, which once being made red-hot with the flame, will remain incandescent to the end of time. It is this property which is a still unexplained secret of nature. The incense lamps are trimmed with sweet-smelling spirit, and the red-hot platinum causes this to evaporate, thus perpetually flinging fragrance around. Some few years ago platinum was used in Russia as money, and stamped as coin of the realm. Why it was abandoned, we are unable to learn. Should there be any further scarcity of gold or silver, it is probable that platinum will again be used as a medium of exchange. If a stream of water passing steadily through a pipe of a certain size were suddenly caused to flow

appearance indicative of such. The volcano of Fudsi Jamma is said to have been created three hundred years before Christ, upon the occasion of an immense land slide, by which was created the great lake of Mitsu. At this time it is related that the great mountain of Fudsi was forced from the surface to its present height. Of this we may reasonably entertain doubt, since Japan is generally a mountainous and hilly country, and the northern part of Nippon is traversed by a chain of mountains with several elevated peaks, some of which are volcanic either in an active or extinct state. It would appear more probable that the Fudsi previously formed one among the chain of mountains by which it is surrounded, that its eruption formed the lake in question, which also changed the character of its peak to such an extent as to give it the name and origin of a new mountain. In the year 800, A. D., this volcano was described as the largest and most active in Japan. The year previously an eruption occurred that lasted 34 days, and is said to have been of the most terrible nature. In the years 836 and 864, A. D., further eruptions occurred, more violent than any preceding ones. These latter eruptions were accompanied by earthquakes, and by the most frightful thun-



THE GREAT CRATER OF THE FUDSI JAMMA, JAPAN.

Thence arose the fable that Typhon lies under Sicily, and that when he turns himself, flames and water burst forth, and sometimes even small islands and boiling water. "Often, between Strongyle and Lipara (in this wide sweep), flames are seen to issue from the surface of the sea, when the fire opens for it a passage from the cavities in the depths, and violently forces its onward way." In Pindar the body of Typhon is so vast, that "Sicily, and the sea surrounded heights above Cumæ (Phlegra, the 'field of burning'), lie on the monster's shaggy breast." Typhon (the raging Enceladus) became in the Greek popular phantasy the mystic designation of the unknown cause of volcanic phenomena, lying deeply buried in the bosom of the earth. By the situation and space assigned to his bulk, they indicated the boundaries and connected action of the particular volcanic system. In the richly imaginative geological picture of the interior of the earth, in Plato's grand contemplation of nature, in the Phædo, this connected system is, with still greater boldness, extended to all volcanic systems. In it the lava streams draw their supplies from the Pyriphlegethon, where, "after it has often rolled round and beneath the earth," it pours itself into the Tartarus. Plato says expressly that in the fire-vomiting mountains, where such are found on the earth, small

gold, silver, platinum, and other metals. Near Carthage, a city of South America, in the republic of New Granada, is a famous mine called Santa Fe. From this place most of the platinum of commerce is procured, but it is also found in the Brasils, Mexico, St. Domingo, and on the eastern declivity of the Ural Mountains in Russia. It is also found in Borneo, and will probably be discovered in Australia, if proper search be made for it. By some extraordinary process, the laboratorian chemists can liquify this metal, but it cannot be melted by the strongest blast furnace, nor by any of the appliances in ordinary use by metal workers; hence it is said to be infusible; and did it not possess the property called welding, that of uniting or adhering together when squeezed or hammered at a white heat, it would be almost useless. As, however, it can be welded, various useful vessels are made of it; and thus we find it has qualities peculiar to itself. No single acid will dissolve it; hence its very refractory nature renders it invaluable to philosophers. In a platinum crucible they can submit other substances to experiment either with fire or chemicals, without any fear of modification from the containing vessel. Magic, according to the lexicographers, is "the secret workings of natural powers." Such being the case, platinum is truly magical, for it possesses a

through another pipe joined to it of half the size, nothing more would be noticed than that the water in the smaller pipe would flow with increased velocity; but if a current of electricity, while passing along a copper wire, be made to pass over a smaller one, or link of platinum wire, then a marvellous effect takes place—the platinum becomes red-hot! In this way, for igniting gunpowder at a distance, and blasting rocks, engineers find platinum of the greatest service.—*London Mining Journal*.

## THE CRATER OF FUDSI JAMMA, JAPAN.

That the mountain scenery of Japan is of the most striking and romantic character, is shown by the faithful representation herewith published of one of its celebrated localities. The drawing was made upon the spot, and singular as its features are, the picture is a rigid transcript from nature. The mountain of Fudsi Jamma is situated in the island of Nippon, west of the bay of Yedo, and in the vicinity of the bay of Tomina. The height of this remarkable peak is between eleven and twelve thousand feet. The snow seldom melts on the summit, though it is probable such was not the case when this volcano was in an active state. It appears certain that Fudsi Jamma is now extinct as a volcano, there being no recent eruptions, and nothing in the present

der. The flames rose high from all parts of the mountain, which was on fire for ten days, until at length the lower part of the mountain burst with a most tremendous explosion. The results were truly terrific; the lava ran to a distance of nearly five leagues, while the devastation extended over an area of more than thirty leagues. In the year 1707, a severe earthquake was again felt, and two eruptions took place from the crater of Fudsi. Flames burst forth to an enormous height, immense masses of rocks and stones were hurled upwards in a continuous cascade, and cinders flew at the distance of ten leagues. An interval of two days elapsed between the first and second eruptions, the last of which occupied two days. The neighboring plain, and surrounding country, were covered with large masses of rock, ashes, and sand reddened by heat. The ashes were driven to a great distance, and fell to a depth of several inches in the city of Jeddo.

Religion is not the straight jacket system of the Pharisee, nor the semi-sensualism of the liberalist, but "denying ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and also by living soberly, righteously and godly," "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—the sweetest and most precious enjoyment of religion being the results of tribulation, and the fruits of self-denial.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE CHILDREN OF NATURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

(Three miles easterly from the village of Lewiston, N. Y. crowning a bold and picturesque ridge is the house of worship of the remnant of the once powerful Tuscarora tribe of Indians, and around this at unequal distances, are scattered the wigwags which compose the last village of the race. Every view of the landscape which surround this remarkable spot is beautiful and picturesque in the highest degree, and especially does the eye of the beholder turn admiringly towards the magnificent face of Lake Ontario for a stretch of an hundred miles, dotted here and there with sails and steamers, and plainly exhibiting the Canadian shore, full fifty miles distant. And here in this unpretentious structure, surrounded by some of the most sublime of Nature's works, the Tuscaroras, true children of nature, assemble each Sabbath to receive the ministrations of their missionary. The services are conducted in the native Indian tongue, and, altogether, the scene is one of a deeply impressive character.)

God of the Red and White,  
Great Spirit of the sky,  
Whose lurid lightnings fill the night,  
Before whose wrath we fly,—  
O, hear the prayer we speed to thee,  
Regard our piteous cry!

The patriarchs of our race,  
Our holy men of yore,  
Within their hearts to thee gave place,  
As theirs had done before,  
And here, to-day, with trembling lips,  
We bow the knee once more!

Far from our ancient home,\*  
Our ancient council-fire,  
Poor, wandering de-late we come,  
Before destruction dire;  
O, save us from the conqueror's brand,  
And from the conqueror's ire!

Like to the withered leaf  
Before the wintry blast,  
We left our fathers' graves in grief,  
Forlorn, despoiled, outcast,  
And soon the stars shall gaze upon,  
Of all our tribe, the last!

But here with joy we meet,  
This smiling Sabbath morn,  
When summer skies in beauty greet  
Our fervent prayers, heart-born;  
While prayer and praise shall evermore  
Those willing hearts adorn.

Then, God of Red and White,  
Great Spirit of the sky,  
Whose lurid lightnings fill the night,  
Before whose wrath we fly,—  
O, hear the prayer we raise to thee,  
Regard our piteous cry!

\* Before their final flight to the North, the Tuscaroras, in conjunction with the Yamassees, were the most powerful Indians in the Carolinas. Both were conquered and expelled by Governor Craven, in 1713.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE WHITE LADY OF MUCKROSS.

A Romantic Legend of the West of Ireland.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A FEW years since, a traveller in search of pleasure, who was passing a few days amidst the beautiful and romantic scenery in the environs of the Lake of Killarney, in the west of Ireland, while wandering one day in the valleys which intersect the mountains in every direction, became so completely engrossed by the ever changing prospect as he emerged from the shadow of one mountain pass only to find himself at the entrance of another, that darkness surprised him before he was aware of it. Anxious to reach his hotel by a short cut across the mountains, he soon found that he had lost his way. The night was very dark, and he was aware that under such circumstances travelling on foot was very dangerous, on account of the numerous tracts of bog-land from which, if the incautious wayfarer should wander unawares, he would soon find himself unable to extricate himself, as, in many instances, these bogs are ten or twelve feet in depth, and of so soft a nature as to be unable to bear the weight of a man's body. Indeed, instances are of by no means rare occurrence of unfortunate way-faring strangers perishing in these morasses, their bodies having been subsequently dug up by the bog-cutters from far beneath the surface, and though the nature of the soil is such that it preserves animal substances from decomposition, so that it is scarcely possible to affirm how long they have been buried, it has frequently been discovered at a subsequent period, that these bodies were those of unfortunates who had been missing for years. The more the traveller sought to find the right path, the more deeply he found himself involved in difficulty, while to increase the discomforts of his position, it was evident that one of those storms which so frequently burst with fury over the mountain districts of Connaught,

was rapidly brewing. Finding himself in this dilemma, the traveller thought the wisest plan, especially as the weather was warm, to look around him for such a shelter as nature afforded, and to wrap himself in his cloak, lie down and wait for daylight. An overhanging rock a short distance from him, promised him a partial shelter from the threatened storm, and he bent his steps towards it. To reach it he had to ascend an eminence, and when he arrived at the spot, he perceived, but a few hundred yards distant, the faint red glimmer of a light, which evidently proceeded from a fire. Not doubting that it proceeded from the hovel of some woodcutter or swineherd, he resolved to approach it and seek the hospitality of its owners, which he had no doubt would, according to the custom of the country, be readily accorded. Besides, he began to feel hungry, and he thought that a meal, even of potatoes and buttermilk, eaten within the walls of a habitation, however rude, would be preferable to a midnight hungry bivouac in the open air.

Descending from the eminence he lost sight of the light, but he had noted its bearings, and a short walk brought him to the door of a rude stone hut, so concealed behind forest trees and so sheltered beneath an overhanging cliff, that had he not seen the light from the hill side, he might have passed within a few rods of it without perceiving it. He knocked at the rude, unpainted door, and was immediately saluted by the loud barking of a dog, which was quickly silenced by the rough voice of a man, who cried, "Whisht, Nero, ye baste; would ye be ather bethrayin' us?"

A dull sound, apparently a kick from the man's boot, sent the beast yelping to its corner, and then all was silent. No one came to the door, but the traveller, placing his ear to a crevice in the panels, fancied he heard a noise like that occasioned by moving furniture inside. He went to the window, but something had been placed against it so that the light was only visible through the chinks of the shutters. A mournful gust of wind, accompanied by a few drops of rain, the precursor of the forthcoming storm, admonished him of the necessity of gaining admittance, if possible, and he again applied his cudgel to the door, which, after a short interval, was opened by an aged female, who gazed upon him with a half-frightened air, and seemed doubtful whether or not to admit him.

It was no time for ceremony, the rain was now falling fast, the wind howled mournfully among the branches of the trees and through the mountain passes, a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the atmosphere, and a peal of thunder immediately followed, reverberating among the mountains and echoed and re-echoed till it died away in the distance.

"God save all here," said the stranger, stepping past the woman and entering the hut. "I have come to seek shelter from the storm, and if you will allow me, to remain till daylight. I have lost my way and I am afraid to venture among the bogs in the darkness."

"Who and what may ye be, sir?" said the woman, who had been scrutinizing the traveller's dress and appearance apparently with a satisfied result, for the expression of alarm which had rested upon her features, had almost entirely disappeared.

"I am a traveller for pleasure, and I have been stopping at the hotel near Lake Killarney for several days; to-day I wandered about among the mountains until I lost myself and darkness came upon me unawares."

"Sure ye are welcome," said the old woman. "God forbid we should refuse welcome to the stranger, or the bit bite and sup while we have it to offer; but you'll excuse me, sir, I thought at first, maybe ye was one of the 'peelers' who had come down upon us."

The traveller was at no loss to discover the cause of the woman's alarm, for a stinging spirituous odor prevailed in the cabin, and a number of kettles and pans thrown hurriedly into a corner and only partially concealed by a heap of straw, explained the noise he had heard, and the fact that he had surprised the inmates while they were engaged in the illicit manufacture of whiskey, a trade which he was well aware was carried on to an enormous extent by the mountain peasantry, greatly to the loss of the revenue.

"Sure," continued the old woman, "a gentleman like you will never be so mope as to inform upon poor crayers who are striving to earn an honest penny!"

*Peelers*, the Irish constabulary, a force instituted by Sir Robert Peel, hence the name.

The traveller had his doubts as to the honesty of the practice, but, as the old woman said, he was no informer, besides, he felt that he was in the power of he knew not how many lawless men, whose hospitality he was about to accept, so he quickly assured the old dame that it was nothing to him how the family occupied themselves, and certainly he was not so base as to endeavor to bring trouble upon those who had given him shelter in the hour of need.

This assurance seemed perfectly to satisfy his hostess, who hastened to call the other inmates of the hut, who had concealed themselves on the traveller's appearance. The next moment a middle-aged man and woman, a lad of eighteen, and a good-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, made their appearance on the floor of the hut as mysteriously as if they had sprung up from the earth, for the stranger had not observed them enter until they all stood before him and gave him a hearty but rough welcome.

The man and boy, though not ill-looking, presented a wild, half-savage aspect, and the traveller acknowledged to himself that he would not have chosen to have met either of them in a lonely spot among the mountains, but he knew enough of the Irish character to satisfy himself that they having once granted him the hospitality of their rude abode, he was perfectly safe, even if his pockets had been loaded with gold.

He thanked them courteously and responded to the request of the eldest of the two females, that he would join them in their evening meal, by saying that his long walk had made him hungry, and he should be very happy to do so.

"We'll put aside the still for the night, since the stranger gentleman is with us," said the man, "and Bridget, jewel, ye'll get the supper ready as soon as convaynient. An', maybe, sir," addressing the stranger, "ye'll not object to a taste of usquebaugh to kepe the cowl from your stomach while the womanfolk are gettin' the praties ready?"

The whiskey, steaming from the still, was produced in an earthen jug and drunk from tin pannikins, which the middle-aged female placed upon the rude bench which did duty for a table. Both the man and the lad swallowed a large quantity of the fiery spirit, undiluted, without the slightest grimace, but the traveller mixed his portion with water and then found it sufficiently strong, though by no means of an unpleasant flavor.

"Sure there's not a drop o' whiskey that pays duty to Queen Victoria that's got the thrue flavor like that same," said the man, appealing to the stranger, as he set down on the table his tin cup and smacked his lips, after having swallowed the fiery draught.

The traveller, whether from policy or conviction, perhaps from both, assented, and the man seemed gratified and pleased with the taste of his guest. The supper was now ready and the traveller was invited to seat himself upon the only stool the cabin boasted, the rest seating themselves on the bare earthen floor; a cauldron of hot steaming potatoes was emptied into a huge wicker basket placed in their midst, and a fresh jug of whiskey and another of buttermilk were produced and partaken of by the company, according to the inclination of each, *ad libitum*. The meal finished, the stranger was asked if he would like to retire to rest, and as he replied in the affirmative, the only bed in the cabin, which stood in the dark room separated from the main apartment by a boarded partition which did not reach to the smoke-blackened rafters which supported the roof, was offered him, but he declined accepting it for more reasons than one, and preferred to take up his quarters for the night upon a heap of clean straw which was spread upon the floor of the principal apartment, and shared by the two male members of the family, the three females jointly occupying the bed.

The storm by this time had subsided and the moonbeams shone bright and clear through the aperture which served for a window. The man and boy, by their energetic snoring, soon gave evidence that they were both sound asleep, and the traveller, wearied by the adventures of the day, soon followed their example.

It was, as he supposed, past the hour of midnight, though as he had left his watch at the hotel, he had no means of ascertaining, when he was awakened from his slumbers by the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, and a noise like the tramp of a procession passing along a road. At first he thought he was dreaming, for such sounds were little likely to be heard amid the dark mountain solitude in which the hovel was situated.

To satisfy himself, he sat up on his bed of straw and looked around him. The moon had risen to its height, and the interior of the cabin was almost as light as day. Beside him were the sleepers, breathing heavily and lying motionless in their deep slumbers; everything in the rude, smoke-blackened apartment was as he had noticed when he lay down to sleep. He was awake, surely. Still he heard the wild notes of the music, now seemingly close to the cabin, now far distant among the mountains and in the ravines. Then it appeared to approach nearer again, still nearer—and he distinctly heard the shuffling of feet, as if those taking part in the procession were dancing instead of walking along, and yet the music sounded unearthly, but that, he thought, was occasioned by the hour of the night in which it was heard, and its unexpected visit to such a place. The traveller's curiosity was awakened to the utmost. He wondered that neither his host nor any of his family heard it, and unwilling to disturb them, yet determined to learn the cause of the unwonted revelry, or at least to discover whence it proceeded, he arose softly, and stepping lightly to the door, which was unbarred, opened it and stepped out on to the moor.

He could perceive nothing of the musicians, but the music sounded more loudly, and following the sound until he came to a comparatively open and level space, he saw at a short distance from him a procession of men and women led by fiddlers and bagpipers, passing rapidly before him not more than a hundred yards from where he stood. The females were clad in white and the men wore ribbons in their hats, and carried flags and banners, on which appeared to be wrought various fanciful or heraldic devices. Two figures, a male and a female, were mounted on small ponies, which were decorated with ribbons and led by boys clad in white garments. The instruments of the musicians who played lively tunes, were also ornamented with gay-colored streamers, and occasionally those who formed the procession united their voices to the sound of the music, and the effect heard at night amid the solitude of the dark mountains, which re-echoed the sound and appeared to increase the volume of the music, was sweet and impressive beyond conception. The procession numbered some hundred persons, and those who walked first, to the number of thirty, males and females, were evidently above the condition of the rest, who wore the customary habiliments of the peasantry of the district, although somewhat antiquated; but what seemed to strike the traveller as somewhat singular, was that, notwithstanding he heard the shuffling of feet, the party seemed to glide over the earth rather than walk.

Determined, if possible, to learn the cause of the procession at this strange time of the night for such a gathering, the traveller approached nearer, but he could not approach nearer than a certain distance. After that, if he increased his pace, so did they. If he slackened his speed, theirs was slackened also.

Forgetting aught else in his curiosity, the traveller followed them over ground that he did not recollect to have traversed during his day's peregrinations, until they led him to a ruined castle, through the gateway of which they passed and disappeared. The traveller followed, but when he reached the gateway, he saw nothing but a ruined archway, which he now recollected he had passed on his way to the hotel, some days before; beyond the archway there was nothing to be seen but the mountains and forests and a sheet of clear water, in which the moon and stars were briefly reflected, and which he judged was a portion of Lake Killarney. He saw nothing more of the procession. The music was silent, and nothing was heard but the moaning of the wind as it passed through the loopholes in the ruined arch, and the occasional elin scream of an owl frightened from its roosting-place among the ruins by the appearance of the traveller, who now began to feel extremely uncomfortable and to wish himself back again in the rude hovel where, at any rate, he would have living beings for his companions, for, though he had always hitherto laughed at ghost stories, he could not doubt now that there was something supernatural in the sight he had witnessed; besides it was by no means pleasant, immediately after this strange adventure, to find himself alone, in the dead of night, far from any human habitation, for he was satisfied that he must have walked at least two miles since he had left the cabin. Turning to retrace his steps, he discovered to his consternation, that he had no recollection whatever of the



ground over which he had passed—his mind had been so occupied by the sight he had witnessed. However, he resolved to trust to chance and walk in a direction which he thought would be the most likely to bring him back to the hut.

He had not advanced many steps when he heard sounds of revelry, and looking back he saw that the ruins he had just left were brilliantly illuminated.

From this direction, the sounds of revelry proceeded; but being now filled with vague feelings of alarm, he stopped not to listen, but hastened on along the path he had chosen. He had not proceeded far when the sounds of revelry which had lately filled his ears were suddenly changed to lamentations, and sounds of moaning. Dismal shrieks were heard, as of females in distress, and shouts of men, and the clash of steel weapons.

Again he looked back, and to his astonishment and dismay, he perceived that the brilliant lights which had shone from the turrets and windows of the ruined castle, had changed to a blood red color, and while he still gazed they were extinguished altogether.

Turning about again, the traveller redoubled his speed, but he had not advanced far when he heard a noise behind him. He looked back for the third time, and to his further dismay, saw the late revellers flying from the ruins in disorder, and approaching rapidly toward him.

He turned aside and concealed himself behind a large stone on the mountain side, in the hope that the flying procession would pass by, so that he could proceed on his way back to the cabin, alone; for much as he would have given at that moment for a living companion, he had no fancy for such ghostly company.

On it came, but now there was no sound of joyous music. The pipers and fiddlers played a doleful funeral march, and the females accompanied it with dismal croanings, intermingled with shrieks and other sounds of woe. It passed the spot where he lay concealed, and when it had proceeded a short distance beyond, he was irresistibly led to follow it. Fearful, however, of being observed if he ventured too near, he suddenly stopped, when the procession stopped also. He was about to return to his hiding place, when the leaders of the procession turned about, glided rather than marched to the rear, and advanced toward him. He stopped, and they stopped also. Mustering up all his fast oozing courage, he advanced a few paces, when they immediately receded.

There was nothing for him, apparently, but to follow at a short distance behind, as he had done before, and marching thus for half an hour, the pipers and fiddlers still playing their mournful strains, and the women still uttering doleful screams and cries of distress, while the males of the party marched in moody silence, he found himself opposite the cabin he had left.

He sprang toward it and opened the door. The inmates were still soundly sleeping. Everything was still as he had left it—the vacant space on the straw, from which he had risen, still unfiled.

Before he returned to it, he glanced out the unglazed window of the hut, but he saw nothing but the waving trees and the wide sweep of moorland, bounded by the mountains above which the moon was still brightly shining, although a glimmering of light in the eastern sky announced the near approach of day.

He laid himself down, and notwithstanding his strange adventure, the midnight tramp over hill and valley had so wearied him that he soon slept.

When he again awoke it was broad day. The people of the hovel were already astir. The women were preparing the humble breakfast of the family, and the men were getting things in readiness for their day's labor.

As soon as they perceived that their guest had risen, they invited him to partake of a dram of whiskey, which offer, however, he declined. He recollected every circumstance of his midnight walk. The minutest incident was vividly impressed upon his mind, and yet the whole affair seemed to be so ridiculously improbable, that he could not bring himself to believe it was anything else than a vivid dream. But when he was about to put on his boots, which he had taken off before he lay down on his straw bed, he perceived that the upper leathers were covered with mud, and that mud adhered thickly to the soles!

Now on his first arrival at the hut, they were unsoiled, as he had wandered all day amongst

the grass perfectly freed from damp by the summer sun, and he recollected that while near the ruined arch, his feet had almost stuck fast in the damp, loamy soil, and that he had walked over it for some distance. Here was proof corroborative that he had been abroad during the night—at least, and at the risk of being laughed at, he determined to relate the circumstances to his host, though he was certainly surprised that he and his family could have slept so soundly, if the sound of music had really been heard by himself.

To his astonishment, his host and hostess, as well as the old woman and the young people, listened with grave attention to his narration, and when he had concluded, the man said:

"Shure, the gintleman has seen the White Lady of Castle Muckross. 'Tis well for ye, sir. 'Tis a warning to the stranger. May I make so bold as to ask ye if ye have to cross the water afore long?"

"Not that I am aware of, my friend," replied the traveller; "unless I should join a pleasure party on the lake, or something of that sort."

"Then take my advice, and don't ye jine any party, nor go on the water at all, unless after ye've been asked and have refused, and some trouble has come to them that asked ye. Thin ye'll be safe to go where you will, but not before."

The traveller's curiosity was stimulated. "That I left the cabin last night," he said, "is certain, for my boots bear me witness; but if, as it seems to me, I heard music and saw a procession, it is singular that all others in the hut slept soundly."

"There's not the shaddy or a doubt ye heern music and followed the bridal procession of the Lady of Clonmel," replied the man. "Shure, none but strangers sees and hears it, and they can't help but follow. It does n't appear to us who live in the neighborhood."

The simple breakfast was now ready, and the family sat down to the meal. The traveller expressed a wish to hear the history of the White Lady, and as he was in haste to return to his hotel, the host promised to accompany him a part of the way and set him in the right path, and on the way to relate the legend.

Breakfast over, he rose to depart, first having offered money to his hostess, which the good woman proudly refused. "Shure," she said, "we'd not be taking pay from the stranger, who comes to us in distress. Ye're heartily welcome to what little ye've had, and I wish it was more with all my heart, but all we ask is that ye'll say no more of what ye've seen or the still, so as to set the gauger upon us, and good luck go with you on your journey."

The traveller promised inviolable secrecy, and having bidden farewell to his kind hostess and the rest of the family, he set forth, accompanied by his host, for his hotel, which he was informed was nearly ten miles distant—so far had he rambled from home on the previous day.

As soon as they left the cabin, the host thus commenced:

"Ye must know, sir, that in the good old times, when every province in Ireland had a king of its own, and the great lords lived in their castles, with hosts of knights and squires, and retainers, and such a thing as poverty and distress was unknown in the land, there lived in Clonmel, in Tipperary, where he had a great castle, and heaps of servants, a great lord named O'Moore, who had one child, a beautiful daughter, who, because she would one day own all her father's lands, but more because she was so beautiful and so good that the likes of her for good looks and perty manners, generosity to the poor and distressed, was never seen afore or since, had lots of lovers seeking to gain her hand. But though she was kind in her manner to everybody, she loved none of the young lords well enough to be his wife, until at last the young Lord of Muckross, who had been long absent in foreign parts, came home and made up to her. Well, sir, afther courting each other for a long time; the Lord of Muckross asked the Lord of Clonmel to give him his daughter for a wife, and the old Lord of Clonmel knowin' nothin' agin the young man, and much in his favor and how he owned the castle and all the land hereabouts, consented, and promised to give his daughter hapas of money—gold and silver—besides, and it was settled that when the young Lord of Muckross should return from foreign parts agin—seeing he was obliged to go there for awhile, being high in favor with the French king—he was to take the young lady home to his castle.

"Now there was a wicked young lord who came from the north, that they called the Baron of Derry—who had long courted the Lady of Clonmel to no purpose, for she know'd all his evil coorses, and wouldn't so much as look at him, and when he heard that the young Lord of Muckross was a goin' to carry away the lady, he flew into a terrible rage, and swore he'd be revenged on her, and that she should die before she should become Lady Muckross. But he only told this to his own folks, and putind to be very much grieved because the lady wouldn't look at him, and went home and shut himself up in his castle in the north.

"Now the old Lord of Clonmel was suddenly called to go abroad, and being desirous of placing his daughter in safety while he was away, he sent her to a convent that stood near by my cabin, for he was sure no young lords would come a courting her there, and there she was to stay either till the old lord or the Lord of Muckross came from abroad to claim her.

"But, meanwhile, the Baron of Derry was planning all sorts of mischief in his castle in the north, for he could scheme anything that seemed as if it would serve his purpose, and at last he heard that the young Lord of Muckross was coming home, and in his cruel passion, he swore that he would kill the young lady sooner than she should marry the young lord. So he hired a clerk to write a letter to the young lady, in the handwrite of the lord of Muckross, to tell her that he would be at her father's castle on such a day, and bring the priest with him to make them man and wife; and havin' done this he set out for Castle Muckross with a band of his own retainers, and unbeknown to anybody took possession of the castle, which was empty by reason of the old lord being gone away to foreign parts, and there he waited the young lady's arrival.

"Now the young lady was mighty pleased when she received the letter, telling her the young lord was coming home, and she told the lady abess of the nunnery, and a grand procession with bagpipers and fiddlers was got up to conduct the bride to the castle, where she expected to find the young lord awaiting for her.

"She rode on a beautiful black pony, and a young nevey of the lady abess' rode by her side, as you saw them last night, and a mighty fine procession they made of it, with the music playing, and the maidens dressed all in white, singing, and their sweethearts a walking by their sides a courting of them as they walked along, till they came to the castle, which was all lit up till it looked like a fairy palace.

"Well, the young lady, followed by all her friends, and lots of her father's retainers, entered the castle, and there sure enough in the great hall stood the young Lord of Muckross, dressed up like a prince ready to receive his bride.

"When the lady clasped her two swate eyes on him, she gave a great cry of joy, and the music struck up, and the men folks shouted, and the ladies cried for joy, and there was mighty goings on. The young lady rushed into the young lord's arms, and the men shouted and the women cried, and the pipes and fiddles played, louder, and faster, and merrier than ever, but in a moment the young lady gave a loud shriek, and fell to the floor, and the people thought she had fainted, till they saw blood on her bosom, and that she was gasping for breath.

"The women crowded round her, and raised her up, but she was dead, and the people set up a great howl that might have been heard at Clonmel, and they turned to the Lord of Muckross to learn the reason of this outrage, but he had thrown off his disguise, and it was the Baron of Derry that stood before them, armed to the teeth, and with twenty of his followers, all armed with broadswords standing round him.

"The Lord of Muckross shall not even have the dead body of his bride," he cried, the sight of the lady's blood having made him mad with passion, and rushing with his followers upon the unarmed people, he tore the dead body of the beautiful lady from them, and cast it into the lake which lay near by, and then taking to his boats, he was crossing the lake to return home after doing this cruel deed, when it chanced that the young Lord of Muckross who had just returned from abroad, met him on the water.

"He was struck with amazement to see the Baron of Derry, who he believed to be far away, coming from his castle, and he bade his men stop while he asked the reason—and in his hatred and pride, the baron up and told him what he had done. The young lord's eyes flashed fire when he heard the baron boast of the cruel murder,

and he ordered his retainers to draw their swords, and a great battle was fought on the lake, and the baron and most of his retainers were killed, and their bodies thrown into the water.

"The young lord never lifted up his head afther this; he retired to a monastery, and the castle of Muckross was allowed to fall to ruin.

"The procession that marched out so gay, returned to the convent, the pipers and fiddlers playing mournful lamentations for the dead, and the women waiting and shrieking, and the land around was cursed by the priest, and the convent removed to another part of the country.

"But for all that," continued the narrator, "it's a mighty fine place for a still, for nobody comes here afther dark, and not often, even in broad daylight, though those who live here never see anything, but at certain seasons of the year the ghosts of the procession walk, with music playing, and flags flying, to the ruins of the castle, and back again, and any stranger who chances to be near hears the music, and sees the ghosts, and if he follows them to the ruins and back, it's a sure warning that some accident by water is about to happen to him, unless he takes warning and waits till the danger is past, which is when he hears of some accident by water, which he would have shared had it not been for the warning."

They had now reached the beaten track across the mountains to the hotel on the borders of the lake, and the narrator of this legend bade the traveller godspeed, and returned to his hut, after repeating his warning to the stranger to avoid the water if he valued his life.

The traveller reached the hotel in safety, and on the following day some of the guests of the hotel arranged a fishing party on the lake, and asked him to join them, knowing his fondness for the sport. Notwithstanding his disbelief in the story he had heard, he declined to accept the invitation, smiling at the same time at his own superstitious folly, and the party proceeded without him.

They had been about two hours on the lake, and had hoisted their sail to return to the hotel, well pleased with their sport, when a sudden gust of wind arose, the boat was capsized, and every one on board perished!

The traveller always disavowed his belief in the legend, yet he insisted in the presence of many of his friends—among others—the writer of this story—that he was awakened from his slumbers in the hut, by the sound of music, and he saw and followed the ghostly procession, as has been described. He was a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and it must be acknowledged, even by the most skeptical in such things, that the illusion—the warning—and the catastrophe form a series of singular coincidences.

As to the Lords of Muckross and Clonmel, the unhappy lady, and the cruel baron, it is impossible to say whether such persons ever existed, or if such a tragedy as we have recorded ever occurred; but the ruins of Muckross are still standing near the Lake of Killarny.

Cæsar "thought that he had done nothing while there remained anything for him to do."

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

☞ ONE DOLLAR. ☞  
WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

☞ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

☞ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

☞ Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations are embodied in each number.

☞ Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

☞ If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

☞ To all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be the cheapest magazine in the world!

☞ It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

☞ Devoted to new tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

☞ Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

☞ Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!

☞ Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

☞ Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for fifty dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Water Street, Boston, Mass.





SCENE IN A TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

## INTERIOR OF A TURKISH CAFE.

The accompanying engraving is from a photograph, and delineates accurately a couple of smokers enjoying their habitual pipes in one of the humbler cafés of Constantinople. It is interesting to preserve these records of oriental manners, for they are fast passing away. Stamboul is not the Stamboul it was before the Crimean

war. At that period the influx of Franks swept over it like a wave, leaving, as it receded, many traces of the invasion behind it. The great struggles of the first French empire had disseminated French notions in Constantinople, and the Crimean war deepened the impressions then made. Moarn for this, ye ulemas, imams and mufkis, who pray in the three hundred and forty-

our mosques whose minarets and cupolas shine forth against a sky of spotless azure. Weep! for the triumph of the infidels is great! Soon will the hours of your harems walk the busy Bezestein unveiled, that the eyes of Frankish dogs may gloat upon their charms. Still, it will be long before the cafés are abandoned, or the pipe laid aside, for the use of both have be-

come universal. In ordinary times the Constantinopolitan coffee-houses are very quiet places. Customers come and go like shadows, and when under the hospitable roof, sit, smoke and drink in silence. Sometimes they play at chess and draughts, games not forbidden by the Koran. So still is every person that swallows build their nests in the angles of the rafters and sit in and



CITY OF CORFU, AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF VIDO.



out as if the place were deserted. The café is animated only at the epoch of the two Bairams and the Rhamazan. It is then transformed into a theatre, and itinerant musicians, dancers and the *meddahs* or *Khodjas* (professors) flock thither. The latter are much like the ancient troubadours. They frequent the best patronized coffee-houses, place themselves on a high platform, behind a little table, strike a sharp blow with a stick they hold in their hands, and the session begins. The *meddah* opens with a eulogy of the sultan, to whom he wishes all sorts of happiness. Then he tells stories like those of the Arabian Nights. What charms his audiences particularly, is the skill with which he imitates the gestures, movements and language of the fictitious characters. In the pauses of his romance, his assistant goes round collecting contributions. The *Meddahs* are generally tall, with expressive faces and fine voices. They sometimes possess great literary merit. They live moderately, and the contributions of a single session sometimes support them for a week. Only those who have heard and seen these professional story tellers can appreciate the great histrionic and dramatic power they possess. They are successful in working up their auditors to the highest pitch of excitement, and sustaining it to the close of their tale most skillfully.

branches of the inland scenery. Corfu is the capital of one of the Ionian islands of that name, which is separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow channel. The population is about 20,000. It has steam communication with Trieste, Athens, Gibraltar and England. It is distinguished in history for its successful repulse of the Turks in 1716. The island of Corfu is interesting in many points, and its scenery, as our engraving shows, is exceedingly striking and romantic. In the foreground of our picture will be noticed one of those curious craft with lateen sails, peculiar to the Mediterranean.

#### THE KERANCHIE.

The singular looking conveyance which we have engraved, may be termed the *Ilindoo's* cab, or omnibus (for it picks up its fares as it proceeds on its journey). It is not of English but of Indian manufacture, through probably indebted to some European model for its form and structure. The high-boned, large-bodied ponies are harnessed to the bamboo pole by the simplest means: an old, worn-out *dotey*, which for the last five years has served as a turban, a cloak by day and a sheet by night, besides performing other offices too numerous to detail, is used for connecting the *tathos* to the vehicle in the primitive

#### SOMETHING ABOUT LEPERS.

Only a few years ago, in the church at Quimperle, in Brittany, there still existed a ghastly evidence of the strength of the feeling with respect to lepers. It was that of a skeleton hand, suspended near the *benitier*. The legend ran thus:—A rich *Cagot*, who was, it would appear, less abject and submissive than the rest of his unfortunate race (with whom it had become second nature), had dared to love a peasant girl of pure Breton blood; she had even allowed him to suppose that his affection was returned. One day, after mass (for the *Cagots* are all pious Catholics), he followed the girl out, not daring, however, to join her. As she passed the *benitier* she touched the water with her fingers, and, forgetting the ban on her lover, made a sign to him to do the same. She paid dearly for her girlish fancy: he stepped forward, in lover-like haste to fulfil her wish; the instant after an old soldier, who had witnessed the desecration, as it was then considered, drew his sword, cut off the offending hand at the wrist, and hung it up dripping with red blood. This legend dates in the seventeenth century. They were only allowed to receive the host at certain times, and it was presented to them on the end of a wooden fork. There is a picture now existing in one little inn, in the

ket for the purpose of purchase, save on Monday, which was a day set apart for them. A *Cagot* was further compelled to have a piece of red or yellow cloth sewed conspicuously on the front part of his dress, or the foot of a duck or a goose suspended from his left shoulder. They were, of course, not permitted to reside within the walls of any city, or indeed, within a certain number of miles of it; and nothing more desolate or hopeless than a *Cagot* village could well be conceived. Neither were they allowed, after their joyless life was over, to rest in peace; the curse pursued them to the grave; further, fortunately, even Christians cannot follow their enemies. All *Cagots* were buried in a separate division, on the north side of a cemetery. In the Pays Basque, the hatred was carried even to a greater pitch than anywhere else. The *Cagots* originally had settled principally in Brittany, the Landes, the Pays Basque, and the valleys of the Basses and Hauts Pyrenees. One of the popes, as early as 1520, made some efforts in their behalf; for it is a singular fact, that these unfortunates had always been, and such of them as now exist are to this day, good and zealous Catholics, and devout and regular attendants of the mass. But the pope's exertions were at that period followed by a very little result. In the



THE KERANCHIE, OR KIDRAPORE OMNIBUS.

#### THE CITY OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

The second engraving on the preceding page represents a panoramic view of the city of Corfu as seen from the fortified island of Vido, a little more than a mile distant. From Vido the best view of the city is undoubtedly to be obtained, affording a distant glimpse of the Bay of Castades, while the eye at the same time rests upon the principal object in the sketch—the Citadel, Rock and Signal Station. The low range of buildings beneath are, severally, the line and artillery barracks, hospital, general's quarters, and saluting battery. The Rock is a bold and well-fortified position. The high building to the right, lower down, is the Lord High Commissioner's Palace. The style of architecture is not elaborate. In the foreground is the sea-wall, of very antique design, leading round through the quaint market-place to the lower end of the town towards Fort Neuf. The tower near the centre of the picture is the Cathedral of Saint Spiridione. The smaller tower is one of the numerous chapels abounding in the city. Fort Neuf is an imposing fortress, consisting of an upper and lower barrack, the latter, little worthy of notice, being about one of the most inconvenient and confined quarters ever erected, and situated beneath the rugged rock, ascending which by a high flight of steps the Upper Bell Fort is reached. The view from the Bell Fort is splendid, embracing the distant land of Albania, the fine view of the island stretching towards Paxo, the high land adjoining Mount Saint Salvador, and various

mode, shown in the engraving. The driver is seated on a small perch in front, in a highly dangerous position; indeed, the whole turn-out, as it goes tearing through the dust, now staggering and swaying about on its immense springs and its waddling wheels to a degree really alarming, tacking here and there at the eccentric wills of the ponies, over which the driver has little control beyond urging them forward by the incessant application of his home made whip,—all this sets the beholder wondering, first, that the whole affair does not turn over at once, or that it has not done so long before; and, secondly, that six sane men could be found willing thus so manifestly to risk their necks and limbs. English sailors at Calcutta, under the influence of their proverbial fondness for a ride, and the stimulative qualities of arrack, may be frequently seen occupying the intensely awkward seats of those vehicles, noisily rejoicing in the excitement afforded by the perilous nature of their progress; indeed, Jack is accustomed to contemplate a ride in a keranchie as a stock item in his bill of fare for the novelties of a "day ashore." At Kidrapore, Alipore, and at some parts of the circular road, and other native portions of the city of Calcutta and its environs, keranchies may be seen in numbers, with their swarthy loads of perspiring Hindoos (one or more with a still greater deficiency of the bump of caution on the roof), preparing to start, or on their way, to their several destinations, usually within four or five miles of the metropolis. Queer things, these keranchies.

Basses Pyrenees, which is a rude representation of the scene, and the priest and the *Cagot* penitent are depicted in that position. They were only allowed to enter the church by a small side portal appropriated to them, and which was purposely built so low that they had to bend double before they could enter. Such an one is still to be seen at Luz, and another, also, did exist at Larroque. They were accursed as Jews, and on this supposition special laws were made, supposed to bear heavily on the Hebrew nature. They were forbidden to buy or possess land, neither might they own more than a certain number of sheep and pigs. In many parts pigs were the only animals they were permitted to purchase or keep. Their aptitude for the carpenter trade (for they excelled in many handicrafts) was converted into a proof that they were the original makers of the cross. They were accursed as being Egyptians. It was universally believed that they had the *jettatura*, or evil eye; that they trafficked much in charms, worked magic, and gathered and sold herbs, one in particular, known in the country as *la bon succés*. Finally, they were accursed as being Moors, or descendants of the Saracens, though they were fair, tall men. They were accursed of being of such a noisome smell, that neither man nor beast could endure to be near them. They were, therefore, forbidden to walk in the middle of the street, which was at that time the best part; to touch passers-by, even by accident; to enter any town before sunset, or after sunrise; or to visit any fair or mar-

eighteenth century some of the wealthier *Cagots* began to try the question of their rights in the civil courts, but were invariably worsted. A celebrated physician was appointed especially to examine them, to ascertain whether any of the alleged physical peculiarities really existed: their blood was analyzed, but nothing deleterious was extracted, much to the surprise of the populace; neither could any smell be detected dissimilar to other human beings, or any extraordinary heat from their persons. In the physician's report, he affirmed, indeed, that their demeanor was much more abject and timid than was common to men—not, perhaps, an unnatural consequence of the persecutions which they had endured for ages—and that their ears were very large and oddly shaped (the popular supposition was, that they had sheep's ears, which they concealed by their hair)—but that they were fair, well-shaped, and even possessed virtues; such as industry, benevolence, piety, and meekness. It would appear that the mine of hatred, so sedulously worked for centuries with respect to this pariah race, is at last exhausted. The feeling has died out, and is now only heard of in remote valleys. The *Cagots* have intermingled with others by marriage, and it is at this date almost impossible to find a pure *Cagot*, though, as has been before said, families who are more or less descendants of *Cagot* blood are still to be met with by any one who may be interested in such a search.—*Roadside Sketches in the Pyrenees.*



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BEVERLY."—Your work has been received and will be noticed as soon as the publisher's advertisement appears.

SUNBURN.—The migratory arrangements of storks are even more interesting than those of the swallow. They are never heard to utter any sound until the time of their departure has arrived, which is at the beginning of September. They then begin to make a very singular kind of clatter, communicating with every member of their flock. They never start until each individual is collected together. Night is the time chosen. Strict silence is then preserved, and they rise immediately high up in the air. They form themselves into a triangle, and one bird takes the apex. The duties of this position are too laborious to be long sustained, and therefore, when fatigue is felt, the leading bird retires, and another takes its place. The study is full of interest.

"A MIDDLESEX FARMER."—In Caldwell county, Texas, the white Malaga grape grafted on the common mustang of that State, has proved a perfect success. R. C. Generali is Marquette, the new president of the council and minister of war of Sardinia, is well known. He has been minister of war for ten years, and it was he who organized the Piedmontese army. He served with it with great distinction both in the Crimea and in Italy. He is considered both a good administrator and a good soldier. He enjoys the friendship of the king. He belongs to one of the noblest families in Piedmont, his brother being the Prince de Masserano, and he is decorated with the Grand Cross of the Annunziata, and with that of the Legion of Honor. He is only fifty years of age.

"AMBIANT."—Rockport, Mass.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has resumed concert singing, and is about to take a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Herr Joachim. C. O. Newburyport, Mass.—The plan of the Victoria Bridge was drawn by Stevenson, the great English engineer, for which he received \$225,000.

"A SUPERIOR."—We have seen it stated that in Cincinnati, now that street railroad tracks are to be laid, a new wheel for vehicles has been invented. The outer rim of its tire is as usual. The inner rim fits the rail, and while on the track the carriage passes as smoothly as a car. When on the pavement, the other part of the wheel runs on the surface of the road as ordinary wheels do now.

## FALL AND WINTER.

There is nothing in the great change through which Nature passes in her progress from summer to spring, that ought to excite melancholy feelings in the observer. A poetic sentimentality may invest the phenomena of this season with sombre hues, but practical experience takes no gloomy view of the appearances that meet the eye. It is true that the flowers die along the borders; it is true that the forest trees first put on the hectic flush of consumption, and then one by one drop their leaves to earth. The red flag of the oak flutters last in the gale, and often waves till new colors are displayed on its sturdy mast; but, with the exception of the evergreens, all the glories of summer lie shattered in our pathways. The music of the groves is hushed, and the cold breeze only wakes the discords of rustling sedge and clashing branches. But what of this? We know that Nature will again arouse from her long sleep. We know that flowers as bright as those of the olden time, will again ravish our senses; we know that the woodlands will again put on another raiment as green, and far more ample, than that stripped from them by the keen winter and autumnal blast. That there is no death, only re-creation, is the joyful lesson that we glean from our experience of woods and fields.

During the long torpor of nature, many animals sink into a congenial slumber, but higher organizations soar into a higher region of activity and enjoyment. Man and the domestic creatures by whom he is surrounded, and who, by a wondrous magnetism, borrow something from his controlling force, undergo only a vivifying change of habit.

Social life is never more enjoyable than during the period opening before us. We feel a sort of necessity of gathering together under the hospitable roof; families become more united, and the cheerful "register"—we wish we could say cheerful *hearth*—witnesses the pleasantest groupings of relatives and friends. To those who are even more gregarious in their tastes, the theatres, concerts, balls and lecture rooms offer an endless variety of excitement. Nor are indoor sports alone practicable; on the contrary, there is no time like fall and winter for outdoor exercises, and those of the most healthful and exhilarating character. The now fashionable exercise of skating, which is enjoyed by all classes and ages, and by both sexes, is a better panacea than can be found in any apothecary's drawer or bottle. Walking, too, before the snow comes, is an admirable out-of-door resource. A vigorous march of ten or twenty miles to a man, in ordi-

nary training, sets him up for a week. And then sleigh-riding!—for the sake of it, one might almost submit to the rigors experienced by Dr. Kane in his Arctic voyage.

But it is chiefly as a period of intellectual development, that the long evenings of the autumn and winter are dear to the dwellers in high latitudes. These long evenings, valuable to all, are an especial boon to those engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The farmer then collects his files of papers, magazines and books, and "posts himself up" with a zest all the keener from long deprivation. After a day at the plough, or in the hay-field, it is useless for him to attempt reading; he must be content with that which the leisure of the seventh day affords. But the farm work for the season is closed up; when the cellar is full of apples and potatoes, and the barn crowded to the pitch with fragrant hay, he only has work enough to do to afford him exercise without weariness, and to enable him to read and study with a relish. How this opportunity is improved, we can see by conversing with the hardy yeomen of New England.

It is a great mistake to suppose that education, in the true sense of the word, is the gift of schools, academies, or even universities. They but teach us how to learn; but point to the path which we must pursue, and save us from losing ourselves in wayside wanderings. The acquisitions that mark and make a man are self-acquired; and it is the employment of such opportunities as those we have pointed out, that yields a full and satisfactory intellectual development.

## HOW NAPOLEON III. LOOKS.

It is interesting to know just how the ruler of France, and the arbiter of European destinies, appears to an unprejudiced observer. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes from Paris, August 14: "I had a very satisfactory view of the emperor to-day, as he turned down, at the head of the army from Italy, from the Boulevard de Capucins into the Rue de la Paix, with the undecorated bronze statue of his uncle directly before him. On horseback, he is certainly a fine-looking man. He was dressed with rich simplicity, and his horse's decorations were those of an imperial gentleman. Nothing like the crowd this morning has been seen in Paris for a generation, except on the occasion of the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, and of the last visit of Victoria. The pictures represent Napoleon very fairly, except that he is rather stouter than commonly shown, and that his beard is of a light brown color. I was struck with the anxiety about him prevalent everywhere among the lovers of order, and more than once I heard expressions of thankfulness that he was so far on his dangerous way without accident. Several of the cavalry of the imperial guard carried on their horses their little sons, spectators of the scene. The little fellows were dressed in the uniform of the Guard. I saw in the demeanor of the emperor nothing but modesty and dignity. He looked born in the purple. Others, who had seen him before, thought they could discover in his face evident traces of sadness and disappointment. A French gentleman was sure that he had grown gray during the last three months."

## THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

The foreign legion enlisted by the French in Algeria, is one of the most effective bodies of troops enrolled under their flag. It is composed of English, Germans, Russians, and other foreigners. The uniform is the same as that of the infantry of the line, with the exception of a copper number on the *kepi* or cap. The legionaries have the dashing air of the French Zouaves, with whom they fraternize completely. In Africa, before the Crimean war, they took part in all the battles. Emulous of the Zouaves, and their rivals in glory, the legionaries followed them to the Crimea, and on their return from the siege of Sebastopol, the emperor adopted these gallant soldiers, and confided a tri-colored flag to their hands. In 1856, the Kabyles trembled before them on the summits of their inaccessible rocks, and the depths of their ravines. The Beni-Koufis and the Beni-bou-Abdous abandoned their villages and fled at their approach. The Zouaves and the legion are united in indissoluble friendship, and their union has been cemented by blood.

In 1857, at the battle of Scheriden, the legion rendered the 2d Zouaves a signal service, and the last regiment swore upon the spot to acquit their debt to their brothers-in-arms. It was in the middle of the attack; 6000 Kabyles, strongly

entrenched, arrested the rush of 1200 Zouaves, who, kneeling around their flag, suffered themselves to be decimated rather than recoil a foot. The position was critical, the men were falling under a storm of bullets, and 400 wounded had made a frightful gap in the ranks. Suddenly a tremendous clamor arose on the left, and the Zouaves saw the gallant legionaries debouching with a cry of "On, on! to the rescue of the Zouaves!" In the twinkling of an eye, both regiments uniting, they sprang into the trench and repulsed the enemy.

On the 4th of May, at Magenta, the legion, which was always brigaded with the 2d Zouaves, saw its flag in peril. Carried away by their ardor, the legionaries found themselves in the middle of the Austrians, and the inferiority of their numbers made them fear a disaster. The trumpet sounded the rally, and their brave colonel, who met a glorious death that day, saw the Zouaves hastening up. They had heard the trumpet-call, and all within reach had rallied, saying to each other, "The bayonet! the bayonet! to save the flag of the legion!" A few minutes afterwards, formed in compact mass, the Africans resumed the offensive, and mowing the enemy's ranks with their terrible curved bayonet, they proved once more that "union is strength." As at Magenta, Solferino, and other battle-fields, the legion on its return to Paris marched shoulder to shoulder with the Zouaves, and shared the enthusiasm of their reception. They form the 2d brigade of the division, commanded by the late General Espinasse. All Paris applauded Brigadier-General Castagny, who directed the famous bayonet charge which will live forever in the memory of the French army.

TO THE LADIES.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in to-day's paper of F. P. Shumway, at 243 Washington Street. For the last ten or fifteen years our lady friends have known his store as one of the best in this city for a general assortment of small wares, dress trimmings, fancy goods and the like; and, what is more essential in a retail store, they may always be sure of lady-like treatment by the employees. No urgency to buy, but the articles are shown them in a pleasant manner, and the prices are as low for the best quality of goods as at any other store. The general expansion which has been so much in style for a few years past, has taxed the ingenuity of the most skillful to answer the demand for fancy trimmings, spring skirts, and a thousand and one little articles that go to make up a lady's wardrobe; and after making a visit to Mr. Shumway's store, and noticing the perfectness of each and every department, and the almost endless variety of the goods there to be found, we are not surprised to hear the general expression of the ladies that there is the place at which to make their purchases.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—The Montreal Pilot says the Victoria Bridge will be finished and open for traffic early in November, and it is certain that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle will visit Canada in the spring, and be present at the celebration of the opening.

A WEALTHY BANKER.—Mr. George Brown, the celebrated banker, whose death occurred recently at Baltimore, died possessed of a fortune of five millions of dollars. He left three children to inherit the property. Enough to begin the world with, surely.

VERSUS HOOPS.—The New England Courant, in 1726, contains the following advertisement: "Just published and sold by the printer thereof, 'Hooped Petticoats Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and the Law of God.'—Price 6d."

A CHESS MANIAC.—Hyde tells us that Louis XIII. of France, had a chess-board quilted with wool, the men each with a point at the bottom; by which means he played when riding in a carriage, sticking the men in the cushion.

THE NEW BOWERY THEATRE, N. Y.—Messrs. Fox & Lingard's new Bowery Theatre, opened recently, will seat 4000 persons comfortably. Isn't this the largest theatre in the world, then?

THE ARCTIC.—The steamer Arctic, formerly connected with Kane's explorations at the North Pole, is fitting out at Norfolk as a light ship.

## PERSONAL PLUMPTITUDE.

Fashion takes cognizance of and controls other matters besides dress. It has the audacity to say how much people shall weigh, and the flat has gone forth from Paris, "no fat—no beauty." A respectable amount of *embonpoint* is now a necessary passport to success in the gallant world. Slenderness is slighted and scragginess utterly proscribed. Is this a sign of a general tendency to materialism, or is the fashion founded on sound philosophic principles? The fact is as we have stated. If Falstaff were alive now, he would command the *entree* of the best society, solely on the score of his ponderosity. As the cold weather approaches, our corpulent friends may take heart and rejoice, for, says the Eclectic Review, "human fat, to use a dock expression, is bonded fuel. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material, upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Should any voluminous gentleman be put upon short commons, or worse still, upon no commons at all, this reserve fund would be silently invaded, and day by day the sufferer would dwindle down until reduced to an affecting state of attenuation. Let all plump persons, therefore, rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious, congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold. Blessed with such depots of fuel in their own frames, they are entitled to crow over the spare Cassius-like figures in which no bountiful provision has been made for the season of privation. They, too, can afford to lavish their caloric when lankier mortals have none to sport. Partly in jest, but partly in earnest, a military writer mentions a corpulent soldier who threw out so much heat that his comrades contended for the pleasure of lying near him whilst bivouacking in the field. It is even playfully alleged that some of them would come to warm their hands over him; and it was certain that no man in the army could dry up a puddle by force of natural caloric with more celerity than this portly hero. Is there not something positively benevolent in obesity? Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be philanthropically fat?"

## WORKING IN EARNEST.

To accomplish anything, you must give your whole soul to it while you are about it. One hour of stern, relentless study, is worth a dozen of dozing, languid reading. Bulwer, since leaving college, has read prodigiously, though he has travelled much, and mixed in society and politics, and yet has written sixty volumes. Yet he says the time he has devoted to books and authorship, was never more than three hours a day. "But then," he adds, "during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

AN EX-PRESIDENT.—A letter from Old Point, Va., says John Tyler is living a mile or two from this place, in a neat cottage, as I understand, with no professions to style or ceremony. He has grown somewhat older, of course, since I saw him last, in the White House in 1841; but still walks with the ease and elasticity of a much younger man. By his side was his handsome wife.

SEWING MACHINES.—It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing machine near a window when there is a thunder-storm; but it is also no less dangerous to sit near some sewing-machines when there is no thunder-storm.

CONSOLATION.—A lady, with a sigh, exclaimed: "Well, I have lost my lawsuit!" "O, mama, how glad I am," said her child, "that you have lost it, for it tormented you awfully!"

NEW THEATRE.—The new theatre built on the site of the Metropolitan, in New York, is described as a very pretty affair. The interior is colored in violet, pink and white.

EGYPT.—The recently completed census of this interesting country shows the total population to be 5,165,000.

PHILOSOPHY.—To be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind.

LIBERAL.—In five years Indiana has erected 2700 school-houses, at an expense of \$1,100,000.



## SALARIES IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The difference in the salaries paid to the members of the American and British Cabinet, is sometimes marked. The American Cabinet consists of the Secretary of State, of War, of the Navy, of the Interior, of the Post Master General, and the Attorney General, who each receive \$8000 per annum, amounting in the aggregate to \$56,000. The British Cabinet consists as follows: Prime Minister, salary \$25,000; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, salary \$25,000; Chancellor for the Exchequer, salary \$25,000; Lord Chancellor, salary \$50,000, and a retiring pension of \$25,000, which he receives though he held office but for a day; Home Secretary, salary \$25,000; Colonial Secretary, salary \$25,000; Secretary of War, salary \$25,000; Indian Secretary, salary \$25,000; Lord President of the Council, salary 10,000; Lord Privy Seal, salary \$10,000; Post Master General, salary \$12,000; First Lord of the Admiralty, salary \$22,500; Chief Secretary for Ireland, salary \$22,500; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, salary \$10,000; President of the Poor Law Board, salary \$10,000; President of the Board of Trade, salary \$10,000. The aggregate of the salaries \$332,500.

The difference in the salaries paid respectively to the American and British Cabinet, represents fairly the difference in the general cost of the administration of the two governments. It will be observed that the Lord Chancellor of England receives double the salary of our President, and nearly equal to the aggregate of the salaries of all our Cabinet officers, besides a life pension after retiring from office equal to our Presidential salary. Each of the principal British Secretaries of State receives a salary equal to that of our President. We are not enlightened as to the sums received by the royal family from the public coffers, but they are enormous. At the same time there are thousands of people in England who live on less than a shilling a day.

## THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A traveller in Spain writes: "I have seen the Queen at Aranjuez, and never in my life was so agreeably disappointed. She does not in any feature resemble the wretched portraits of her stamped on the Spanish coin, or painted in so-called portraits. She is a fine looking woman, and it pleased me very much to see her in mourning for the King of Naples!—because black becomes her." But "handsome is that handsome does," and we hope that the queen behaves better than she "used to did." She was not a model young lady, by any means. But we suppose she has grown wiser as she has grown older, for

"Fanny was younger once than now she is."

**NOVEL ILLUMINATION.**—At a public illumination in Paris, a few weeks ago a numerous band of the gamins, or "street boys" of Paris, went along the Boulevards, carrying colored lanterns at the ends of long sticks. A person who met them questioned one of the boys as to the meaning of this singular exhibition. "You are not very sharp," was the reply; "we have no windows looking into the street, and we therefore light ourselves up."

**CAN GOUT BE CURED?**—It is said that the severest gout has been cured by a persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

**SCIENTIFIC.**—Next to the wonder how the milk got into the cocoa nut, came George the Third's marvel how the apple got into the dumpling. This has been succeeded by the question why white ashes should come from coal, when coals are so black?

**SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.**—There is an old bachelor in London so confirmed that he will never read war news, because so much is said about infantry.

**A COMMERCIAL PROBLEM.**—If oranges can be purchased for a penny a piece, how much would a whole one cost.

**A FACT.**—Pawnbrokers keep pledges longer than confirmed inebriates.

**SOCIETY.**—What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss eries?

## LENGTH OF LIFE INCREASING.

We are told, in a recent publication, "Hints toward Physical Perfection, or the Philosophy of Human Beauty," that the average length of human life is steadily increasing. The author says: Notwithstanding the lamentable premature mortality of the present day, statistics show that the length of life has been steadily increasing since the sixteenth century, when, according to Dr. Buchanan, its average was only eighteen years. It is now forty-three years. In Geneva, Switzerland, of whose population, births and deaths, an accurate account has been kept for three centuries, the mean duration of life, from 1500 to 1600 was 21 years, 2 months; from 1600 to 1700 was 25 years, 9 months; from 1700 to 1800 was 32 years, 9 months; in 1830 was 40 years, 5 months; in 1850 was 47 years.

The mean duration of life among the ancient Romans, not including the servile classes, according to Ulpianus (as quoted by Dr. Southwood Smith), was only thirty years. Among the same class in Great Britain at the present time it is fifty years. For the whole population of Great Britain the average is forty-five; for France, forty-two; and for the United States, about forty-three. These facts illustrate, in a very striking manner, the influence of civilization and an increase of knowledge and the comforts of life in promoting physical welfare. The poor and laboring classes in most countries (popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding), are shorter lived by more than one-fourth than the wealthy. A comparison made for France, by M. Villamermé, and based on actual statistics, shows that the latter live, on an average, twelve years longer than the poor. The proportion would be different here, however, as even those whom we call poor possess most of the conditions essential to health and long life as largely as the rich, and are free from some of the unfavorable conditions to which the latter are subjected.

## TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

"One man," says Marcus Aurelius, "after having obliged another, will hasten to charge him with the favor. Another does not so; but he has always present in his thoughts the service he has rendered, and looks upon the recipient as his debtor. A third does not think even that he has performed an act of kindness; like unto the vine which, having borne the grape, asks nothing more, satisfied with having produced the fruit which is proper to it. The horse which runs a race, the dog which has hunted, the bee which has made honey, and the benefactor, make no noise about what they have done, but pass to some other action of the same nature, like the vine, which, in its season, produces fruit again."

**SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.**—All persons would be very glad to do this, no doubt, and therefore we recommend them to use what we know to be an excellent remedy. When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest that fell destroyer, consumption, it does more than most physicians can possibly do. A single trial will convince the most incredulous person. The genuine has written on the wrapper, "I. Butts," and is sold throughout the country by all responsible druggists.

**FOR THESE LONG EVENINGS.**—Enclose us one dollar and receive for a whole year Ballou's Dollar Monthly, full of charming original reading, one hundred pages in each number, and finely illustrated. It will be sent by return of mail, and will prove a marvel each month, that such a work can be furnished for one dollar. Present circulation 116,000!!

**FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**—The latest style of hoop skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-back action bustle, Etruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

**ROUGE.**—The ladies of Saratoga this season painted in profusion; the diving-bells of Newport did not attempt it, as it is incompatible with aquatic sports.

**CINCINNATI.**—The papers of the Queen City do tell some awful sensation stories lately, of circumstances said to occur in their midst.

**FACT.**—Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally shallow.

## Mayside Gatherings.

There are 250,000 Jews in America, 40,000 in New York city alone.

The last news from Yucatan is, that the war of races there had ceased.

The 200th anniversary of Nantucket is to be celebrated in October.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company are gradually substituting iron bridges for wooden ones.

During the last three months 4747 children have died in New York—an average of over fifty per day!

Two specimens of the Texas horned frog have been received at the Smithsonian Institute.

Government is about making a new commercial treaty with France, one that shall be better for both parties.

The number of arrivals at the Saratoga hotels the past season has been 23,000, or 4000 more than last year.

It is estimated that the tobacco crop of Connecticut this year will be worth one million dollars.

An individual advertises for sale 100 barrels of whiskey, which he had imported "expressly for his own use."

It is stated that "in Cuba the value of coolies is steadily on the increase, and latterly sales have been made at \$400 per head."

The New Orleans Picayune learns that the widow of the late General Quitman died on the evening of the 22d of August.

A Philadelphia medical journal says that the sea-shore air in autumn is even of more use to invalids than in summer.

An Arkansas paper says that many of the girls in that State grow six feet high. They must be uncommonly well cultivated.

Mons. Chabert, known years ago as the "fire king," and who entered red-hot ovens and cooked beefsteak therein, died in New York lately.

The editor of the New Orleans Bulletin has received the gift of a pumpkin which weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and measures seven feet in circumference.

The Illinois farmers are complaining that the wheat crop does not average as much per acre as was expected—that, indeed, there is only two-thirds of an average crop.

On the most fashionable equipages now, the coachman's box in front is dispensed with, and outriders and postillions are employed, thus securing to the riders within a front view.

In the Superior Court, sitting at New London, Ct., a jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs, in a slander suit, assessing damages at three cents. The parties to the suit were married couples.

So numerous are wild grape vines in North Louisiana, that the Louisiana Baptist advises the making of communion wine from them instead of purchasing adulterated material for this purpose.

Mention is made of much injury to the potato crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot. At Stratford whole fields have been destroyed. The disease has been mostly among the Pink-eye and Mercer varieties.

The recent meteoric explosion in Rensselaer County, N. Y., was pronounced "a slight shock of an earthquake," in Waterford, Saratoga County, and other points within twenty-five miles of that place. Houses were shaken, and a low rumbling sound was heard.

The new Custom House at Chicago is represented as a very handsome building. It is built of Illinois marble of cream color, and is three stories high. The lower story is devoted to the Post Office, the second to the Custom House, and the third to the United States Courts. It is estimated to cost \$450,000.

A Detroit paper recounts "a sable wedding in jail," and says the bride was decked out in all the finery she could muster, having got herself up for the occasion without regard to expense. A wreath of hollyhocks encircled her head, set off in the background by a thicket of asparagus, over which was thrown a green veil to hide her blushes.

In the case of Daniel Wightman against the city of Providence, in which the plaintiff claimed \$4000 damages for injuries sustained by falling in the street, in an icy time in winter, the jury returned a verdict for the whole amount claimed. Mr. Wightman offered to settle his claim for \$500, but the Common Council refused to give him that sum.

There is on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred and eighty miles east of El Paso, a spring said to be a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of eight thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is as smooth as that of a mountain lake. It is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called Leon Hole.

A marble sarcophagus for the remains of Henry Clay has just been completed in Philadelphia. It is designed for the monument now erecting at Lexington, Kentucky. It is cut from a solid block of marble of the shape of a coffin, and the interior is of sufficient size to admit the leaden case containing the remains of the deceased statesman. The outside of the sarcophagus is beautifully carved with appropriate emblems.

## Sands of Gold.

.... A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. —Shakespeare

.... There are two ways of pleasing: to amuse and to interest. —De Boufflers.

.... Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven. —Shakespeare.

.... A poet is thought to observe everything from a higher sphere, and to transport his spectators to his point of view. —De Boufflers.

.... A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it. —Berge.

.... He that doeth a base thing in his zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. —Jeremy Taylor.

.... The best physician is he who insinuates hope into the heart at the same time that he prescribes a cordial for the disease. —Bovee.

.... The best of men may sometimes fall into the gutter, but it is the worst only who is willing to remain there. —W. G. Sumner.

.... Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness. —Buntholm.

.... A generous, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world. —Bacon.

.... If, under all circumstances, a man does not go round facts or ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, feeble, and in danger of perishing. —Balzac.

.... All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but then it must be in their own way; what a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in ours! —Bulwer Lytton.

.... It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts as to the chance of forgiveness. —W. G. Sumner.

.... I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we may have either a doddled dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide shadowing tree—either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. —Carlyle.

.... Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain. —Johnson.

## Joker's Budget.

Are not the British queen's subjects, properly speaking, victims?

In India a lac of rupees is wealth; here a lack of dollars is poverty.

Debater is becoming a philosopher. He don't care for victuals—all he asks is enough to eat.

Broadway promenading is truthfully illustrative of the old song, "Such a getting up stures," etc.

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their living, but in former times it was usual for them to urn their dead!

A sprinkler is always an in-dustrious man, but some men in a hay-field are mower-industrious.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw craps on the door the next morning."

Mrs. Partington insists that to be struck by lightning is shocking. Our insane reporter thinks that gathering sheaves of grain in a harvest-field is more shocking.

Which is the way to the Bank?—"What is the meaning of that, papa?" said an inquiring youngster to his papa, who was busy crossing a cheque. "That my dear, is a crossing that leads to the Bank."

A Cincinnati at the Tremont House, Chicago, expatiating on the "vine clad hills," etc., claimed that the Ohio was "the Rhine of the New World." "Yes," ejaculated old X—, "the pork-Rhine."

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

"Sam, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new over-seer?" "Yes, massa, I met him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man—he made a bow, dat's all he said."

A gentleman who recently travelled over a certain railroad, which it might excite jealousy to mention by name, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the trains to drive off the calves and sheep!

Health is getting to be vulgar, and is confined principally to servant girls. No "lady" can possibly plead guilty to "being well," without losing caste. Spinal complaints are just now in the ascendant, no female being considered "good society" who possesses sufficient strength to raise a smoothing iron.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANEW.

BY EDWIN B. LISCOMB.

I cannot sing as I used to sing—  
The heart is not the same in tone;  
You know how it used to tremulously bring  
To your bosom its plaintive and constant moan,  
"Alone—alone."

No other, as you, hath searched far within  
To gently pluck out the rankling thorn.  
I do not know but thy hand has been  
The saviour of my heart forlorn;  
For when no help but death seemed nigh,  
It ceaselessly probed, and shielded from scorn;  
It fondled gently, and hushed the sigh,  
And stilled despair ere yet 'twas born.

But this is not all that I meant to say—  
I cannot sing as I used to sing,  
For at last there has dawned a beautiful day,  
To my soul a new life and sunshine to bring

It is the bright hope of that far distant shore,  
And the presence of Him who hath said  
He will not forsake or cast from his door  
The loved ones for whom He hath bled.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit haunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The house is haunted."

It was a sombre, haughty-looking old mansion, wearing its strange air of desolation and ruin as we sometimes see a proud man, fearless of eye, firm of foot, and strong of muscle, wearing the sign of a premature old age in his whitened hair, which sorrow, and not time, had bleached. I stole into the wide, dusty hall with timid steps and loud-beating heart. A feeling of awe, not altogether unlike terror, crept over me as the heavy door which I had pushed open when I entered, swung to on its creaking hinges, leaving me alone in the breathless silence and hushed gloom of the Haunted House.

There was a dark and fearful story connected with that old, deserted English mansion, and as I stood there among the shadows, with all the superstitious and unreasoning credulity of an untaught childhood rising up to combat my naturally courageous spirit, and heighten the effect of an imagination which at all times was too daring and active for a well-balanced mind, it seemed as if the stately walls were lowering down upon me a terrible repetition of that tale of horrors. I clasped my hands instinctively across my eyes, lest I should see spectral faces leering at me over the oaken bannisters, or ghostly figures, with the charnel mould upon their garments, gliding up and down the broad stairs with restless step and unholy laughter.

Years before, a proud old English gentleman had brought a young wife there to brighten up the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home. She was of Italian birth, and strangely beautiful. Her husband was old enough to be her grandfather, they said—a stern, upright, relentless man, and very proud, but loving his childish bride with all the strength and passion of which such natures are capable. Every luxury which wealth could command or love suggest, was lavished upon her. He was a slave to her lightest caprices, and sometimes when she was ill or sad, or even if only chary of her bewitching smiles, the neighbors would see him wandering alone through his garden grounds, his haughty head bowed upon his breast, his stern face softened into an expression of profound and tender sadness, tending the flowers she loved as quietly and patiently as though they had been human and conscious things, capable of expressing to her the delicate care which, for her sake, had been bestowed upon them.

But the young wife was false of heart as she was beautiful in person. She had coveted the old man's wealth and rank, and exchanged for them her youth and maidenly charm, caring little for the passionate love which his great heart squandered upon her so prodigally. The seals of her own heart had never been broken by the subtle touch of the magician, Love, or else, perhaps, its sweet waters might have swept through and cleansed her nature, washing away the worldliness and selfish pride which made her life a wreck. But there came a time when the dormant affections of her heart germinated, and taking root in an unnatural soil, as if to revenge themselves upon her for the wrong she had done them, blossomed into shame and guilt. With

the spell of that unholy passion strong upon her, she fled from England and left the shadow of her sin lying like a black phantom across the threshold of her dishonored husband's home and heart.

If she thought to escape his vengeance, she knew not the man whose name she had disgraced and made a byword for a gossiping world to scoff at. Sir Richard Mordaunt was as implacable and cruel an enemy as he was a generous and devoted friend. If he could love fervently, he could hate as well. She had held a lion couchant at her feet by a silken thread, but if she thought to strike the kingly creature in the face, without rousing all the hot, bad blood of his passionate heart, she overrated her power. Every evil attribute of his nature was roused and stung to action by her ingratitude and the foul stain it had left upon his haughty name.

One night in the arms of her paramour, the Lady Inez slept long and soundly. But when she woke, her rich night-ropes were stained with blood. Faint with horror, she turned to find herself alone, and on the pillow beside her, the ghastly, trunkless head of her lover, dripping blood over the velvet counterpane and in among the rich masses of her raven hair. His bold, bad arms severed from the body, still encircled her, and his wide-open, glassy eyes stared into hers, with their pitiful death agony still lingering cold and stony in their blue depths.

Sir Richard Mordaunt was never heard of afterward, but the arch-fiend himself might have gloated over the terrible success of that bloody retribution. From the moment of that awful awakening, the Lady Inez was a gibbering maniac, and months after, wild-eyed, haggard and dusty with travel, she crept back to her old home to die. There, in the very room which had been her nuptial chamber years before, she gave birth to a disgraced and fatherless babe.

A young, kind-hearted peasant woman adopted the little orphan, and the dead mother's name was never taught to her. The old mansion was deserted, and the simple people round about told strange stories by their firesides of the ghostly tenants that flitted through its rooms with jeering laughter and unhallowed mirth. They said there was one room that no human force could open—the chamber where Lady Inez died, and where the unquiet spirit of the sinful woman and her murdered lover kept unearthly tryst together.

This was the story that had come to my childish ears, of Mordaunt Hall, and one night, climbing to my father's knee, as he sat smoking his evening pipe in the rude, old-fashioned kitchen of our peasant home, I had asked him to tell me if it was true. With a quick gesture, which betokened neither anger nor impatience, but an emotion stronger than either, he put me down and said, in a hoarse, hurried voice: "Hush, girl! These things are not for you or such as you to meddle with. Get me my tobacco from the shelf yonder, and let me hear no more of this."

But I was not satisfied. My quick, childish eyes had noticed the sudden pallor that overspread his rough, sunburned face, and the tremor that shook his strong hands as he pushed me from him like an unclean thing.

I was a fearless, adventurous child, with a dash of recklessness in my composition, and the fearful story of the Haunted Hall took strong hold of my imagination. My father's agitation strengthened the power which it had gained over my mind, and day by day the fascination deepened until curiosity overcame whatever prudence my impulsive nature possessed, and led me where the strongest and bravest man in the whole neighborhood could scarcely have been induced to enter alone—into the very gloom and mystery of Mordaunt Hall itself.

I have described the first spell which fell upon me as I entered the great lonely hall and heard the ponderous door shutting heavily together with a dull, almost human shriek of its rusty hinges. For a few moments I stood paralyzed, holding my hands across my eyes and listening tremblingly to the audible throb, throb, throb, of my scared heart. But the feeling of spasmodic fear died away as suddenly and unaccountably as it came, and with a reckless laugh at my weakness, I sprang up over the echoing stairs and dashed (with a kind of mad glee at my new-found courage) through the upper hall. I stood up on tiptoe and tried the rusty latches one by one, as I ran along, experiencing a vivid disappointment as each one yielded to my touch. I was in search of the room—I had no desire to penetrate the others.

I found it at last. At the farther end of the shadowy corridor there was a door that would not yield, though I pushed and strained and beat against it with all my might. My mad, unnatural curiosity (for I think I must have been mad) rose to fever height at this discovery. I struck my slender hands against the stubborn latch, bruising them at every blow, and then crying out with rage, more because my efforts were so futile than from any pain they caused me.

I know not what devil tempted me, but at last, moved by an irresistible impulse that I could neither account for nor control, I put my lips to the key-hole and shouted in a voice so loud and shrill that its echoes rang through the oppressive silence as though a thousand fiendish voices had caught up my words: "Lady Inez! Lady Inez! Let me in!"

Again I tried the latch. It yielded to my lightest touch and back on noiseless hinges swung the great oaken door. Startled and horrified by my success, and yet nerved by it to a pitch of daring and wild eagerness which would not allow me to retreat, I stepped across the threshold.

I stood in a large, dim chamber, gloomy with antique furniture and oppressive in its death-like silence. On the wall opposite me, reflecting my slight figure and imparting a wierd look to my wild, pale face and dilated eyes, hung a great, full length mirror. The frame was of carved wood, massive and costly, and all over it spiders had festooned their gray, clinging webs. The dust of years had settled thick and brown on the velvet chairs and rosewood toilet-table, and the rich coverlet and downy pillows of the great grand-looking bed in the corner, were blue with mould.

"Agatha!"

Who whispered my name? Had any one followed me? I glanced back toward the entrance but the door had closed as noiselessly as it opened, and no one was with me. Could any person be concealed in the room? I peered around among the shadows, and even went forward and lifted the damp, mildewed drapery of the bed. No—I was alone. It must have been a freak of my distempered fancy, I thought, yet how strangely distinct my name had sounded.

I turned again and looked about the room. One window, half-way between the bed and the mirror, was broken, frame-work and all, and through the fragments of shattered wood and stained glass, a straggling vine of ivy had crawled in and was trailing on the discolored velvet matting beneath. Its leaves wore their autumnal tinge of scarlet, and to me they looked like little oval pools of blood, staining their indelible crimson upon the floor.

"Agatha!"

Again that whisper, louder and more distinct. I could not be mistaken. Was it the wind among the ivy-vines? Something, whether of good or evil I cannot say, told me it was not—that neither human voice nor any agency of earth or nature was in the sound. And yet I was not afraid, or if I was, I was unconscious of fear. There was a fascination in that ghostly solitude and that mysterious pronunciation of my name which acted like magic upon my overwrought nerves and buoyed up my spirit with unnatural courage.

"Agatha! Agatha Mordaunt! M-o-r-d-a-u-n-t!"

Strong and clear, and O, how fearfully sweet was that silvery whisper. For the first time, a chill ran over me, making my blood like ice. And yet, fool that I was, I laughed. Agatha Miller was my name—not Agatha Mordaunt. And so, with a burst of derisive merriment, I mocked the phantom voice, and bade the ghosts, if there were any, to come out and face me, and not make such strange mistakes with honest people's names and skulk away among the shadows like cowards. And still the wind played with the trailing ivy vines, and the little oval pools of blood made crimson blotches on the discolored floor.

God of heaven! Was my irreverent, blasphemous challenge to be accepted? Why had I not noticed before, that beautiful portrait on the wall beside me, that was looking down on me with such human, life-like eyes, sneering at me with its cold, exquisite mouth?

"Lady Inez!"

I spoke the name as though it had been the living and tangible form of the dead woman that was there beside me in that haunted chamber, for I knew at once whose dark, southern loveliness that rare painting represented. Those great, passionate, slumbrous eyes, the rich black hair braided up with pearls, the line of fine white

teeth just visible through the rare redness of the parted lips, the ruby cross lying on the swell of her white bosom as though still trembling with the pulsations of a living heart, the exquisitely moulded throat and arms, the satin bodice laced together with strings of pearls, and floating over all, the misty whiteness of a bridal veil, are all burned upon my memory in characters of fire.

"Agatha! Agatha Mordaunt!"

The red, cold, sneering lips did not stir or alter from their expression of stony scorn, and yet I could have sworn that those hissing syllables issued from thence, and that the great haughty eyes put on a malignant look, while I stood there staring into them, with my hands locked rigidly across my breast.

Like one to whom delay is fatal, I struggled with the fearful fascination that was upon me, and by a spasmodic effort of my will, withdrew my charmed gaze from the beautiful picture-face of the false fiend whose glances were burning into my very soul. But I only turned from one horror to another. Reflected from the dusty surface of the great mirror, about whose worm-eaten frame, the thick gray spider-webs were tangled, all alive with the crawling of their loathsome tenants, was a face so like the pictured one upon the wall, that I screamed with terror, thinking it had left its place to mock me. A face so like and yet so unlike! So like in the dark beauty of the delicate features, the splendor of the great impassioned eyes, the rich bloom breaking up through the olive cheeks, and the haughty curve of the small red mouth; yet so unlike, because there were no pearls showered in like a storm of snow-flakes among the black masses of braided hair, because the arms were brown and sunburned and not round enough for a perfect symmetry, and because instead of a satin bodice there were the coarse linsey woolsey garments of a peasant girl. Merciful Heaven! Was that my face, mine, Agatha Miller's? What terrible resemblance linked it to that other one sneering down upon me from its costly frame? Why could I not have had a fair face like the rest of my father's children? Why had my brothers and sisters inherited the bright blue eyes and sunny hair of their English parents, and I alone been excepted, the one dark, southern-complexioned lamb of their northern flock? And why had they called me Agatha Inez Miller?

The horrible truth flashed over me all at once, and I fled from it as from a demon. I say I fled. Rather I attempted to fly, for my feet were chained to the accursed spot. It seemed ages that I stood there, keeping the phantoms at bay with my outstretched, imploring hands, and yet I knew it was but a few, a very few hours, for I watched the twilight gather slowly, and saw the first ghostly glimmer of light that the new moon cast into the chamber. With the moonlight came that voice again, and it almost maddened me, for this time it said: "Agatha! Agatha, my child!"

It broke the bewildering horror that was upon me, and gave the strength of fear to my paralyzed limbs. With a cry of unearthly terror, I sprang across the dark chamber to the door. It was close shut and I could not open it. Behind me, close behind, I could hear—what?—something that told me that the evil thing had left its station on the wall to pursue my flying steps. Mad with fear, I cast myself down on the shadowy floor and screamed till the whole hateful mansion rung with my shrieks. And then there came a hideous thought, an involuntary and electric knowledge that as I came, so must I go—that only one hand could open for me that door, and acting upon it, I called aloud with desperate eagerness, "Lady Inez! Lady Inez! Let me out!"

There was a burst of derisive laughter, an embrace like the clasping of skeleton arms about my waist, a caress as if clammy lips had touched my forehead, a shock, a burst of light, and then I stood, not in the fearful chamber, with the moonlight glimmering around me, but down in the wide, dusty hall, with my hands across my eyes, listening to the audible throb, throb, throb, of my scared heart, the ponderous outer door just swinging to on its hinges and a gleam of afternoon sunshine streaming in and lying like a bar of gold across the oaken bannisters.

I opened the door and fled wildly from the spot, but I knew it was the unquiet spirit of my dead and sinful mother that called after, as I dashed down the wooded avenue with the recklessness of desperate terror: "Agatha! Agatha! my child!"



## HANDEL, THE COMPOSER.

Burney says, "His figure was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius." According to Hawkins, "he was in his person a large and very portly man; his gait, which was over sauntering, was rather ungraceful, as it had in it somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed. His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity tempered with benevolence, and every quality of the heart that has a tendency to beget confidence and ensure esteem."—He had a keen appreciation of wit in others, and was often witty himself. On one occasion, Dubourg, the violinist, indulged in such a wandering *cadenza*, that he found it difficult to return to the original key. When, at last, he did arrive at the final "shake," Handel cried out, with his customary coolness, "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg, welcome home at last!"—On another occasion, a singer named Gordon, accused him of accompanying him badly, and declared that if he did not change his style he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it. "Let me know when you will do that," exclaimed the angry composer, "and I will advertise it; for I am sure more people will come to see you shump, dan dey will come to

Handel replied, "Den pring up to tinner preestissimo, I am de gombany." When asked what were his feelings during the composition of the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself!" He often wept while composing some of his most pathetic airs.

## CHILDREN OF ADVERSITY.

The editor of the Newburyport Herald has been to the alms-house in that place. He gives a very interesting account of his visit there, with many historical details of the previous life of some of its inmates. The two following paragraphs close his description. They forcibly illustrate the mutations of human life. "Several old ladies also interested us much. One, engaged in knitting, told us of better days. She belongs to the stock that has furnished an admiral to the British navy; and her own father was favorably known in this town. He was a patriot of the Revolution and served through that war from its beginning to the end. Four years he was one of Washington's body-guard, and was in every battle where the general was present. She had a brother, who lies buried at St. Helena, who was one of the most successful sea-captains that ever sailed a ship. He made twenty-four voyages to India without the loss of a dollar to owners or insurance companies. During Bonaparte's last imprisonment he held conversations with him, and made overtures for his release.

## FUNERAL OF A SIBERIAN CHIEF.

At a late meeting of the London Royal Historical Society, Mr. Atkinson, whose interesting travels among the Kirgiz and other nomads of Siberia, have recently been published, delivered to the meeting "a narrative of some of his adventures among those rarely visited tribes," giving a graphic picture of their habits and manners. The following is an account of the funeral of a chief named Darna Syrym, who died near Norzaisan, when Mr. Atkinson was on a visit to the tribe: So soon as the chief was dead, messengers were sent off to invite the head men residing within a hundred miles, who all immediately repaired to the place. The body of the chief was laid out in his best attire, his chair of state was placed at his head, his saddle, arms and clothing were hung around, and silk curtains were suspended from the roof of his yurt. His wives and daughters, with the females of the tribe, knelt around, and the funeral dirge, in which the voices of men occasionally joined. While this was going on, the funeral feast was preparing. Ten horses and a hundred sheep were slaughtered, and the flesh thrown into numerous cauldrons, boiling over fires kindled in the ground, which were constantly kept stirred by men stripped to the waist. When a sufficient quantity of food was dressed, the feast began. The guests sat in a circle round the meat, the chiefs nearest the centre; those of next degree next them; and the women outside.

## PAUL JONES'S GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

The history of naval warfare records no more terrible sea fight than that between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis delineated in the accompanying engraving. Often as its story has been told, the recital still stirs the blood like the blast of a trumpet on the field of battle. It will be remembered that John Paul Jones was placed in command of an important expedition, which was fitted out under the joint auspices of France and the colonies. The fleet was composed of five vessels—the Duc de Duras, Alliance, Pallas, Corf, and Vengeance. The vessels were all French except the Alliance, but sailed under American commissions, given by Doctor Franklin, and were to be governed by the rules of the American navy during the cruise. In compliment to Doctor Franklin, the name of the Duc de Duras was changed to the Bonhomme Richard, and this became the flag-ship of the expedition. The fleet sailed from L'Orient in June, 1779, but became scattered, and, after taking a few prizes, returned to port. It sailed again in August, with two strong French privateers, and soon captured a most valuable prize. Afterwards, the whole squadron, except the Corf and two privateers, was cruising under the mouth of the Humber, when the Baltic fleet, of about forty merchantmen, made its appearance from behind Flamborough Head, protected by the Serapis of forty-four guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty-two guns. Jones immediately signalled



THE FAMOUS SEA FIGHT BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

hear you sing!"—On first hearing the musical instrument called the *Serpent*, he took a dislike to its sounds and inquired, "Vat he dat?" And being told it was called "a serpent," he replied, "O, de serbent, ay; but it not be de serbent vat treed Eve."—To a friend who expressed his sorrow at seeing the theatre so empty, he rejoined, "Nevre moind, de theatre vil sount de petter."—He undertook the care of a lad who was strongly recommended to him, but the lad running away, he was heard to mutter to himself, "De tefel! de fater vas desheaved; de mutter vas desheaved; but I vas not desheaved! He is ein schountrel, and coot for nutting."—The singer Carestini refused to sing the air in *Alema*, "Verdi Prati" (Green Meadows), as not adapted to his voice. Handel rushed to his house and addressed him, "You toe! don't I know petter as your shelf voat es pest for you to sing! If you will not sing all de song voat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver!"—Signora Cazzoni, during a rehearsal of the opera of *Othello*, protested that she would not sing the air "Falsa imagine" (vain hopes). Handel flew at her in a furious rage, exclaiming, "I always know you were a very tefel, but I shall now let you know dat I am Beolzebub, de brince of de tefels!" and swore he would throw her out of the window.—Having to dine at a tavern, he ordered beforehand a dinner for three persons, and when at the appointed hour he sat down at the table, expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The landlord said, "We will bring it up, sir, as soon as the company arrives."

'He was a kind brother,' said this woman, 'and had he lived, I never should have been here.'

"There was another old lady that very much impressed us. She was really beautiful; not an uncommon thing, however, for where vice does not deform, women almost invariably become more interesting as they grow old. She was full of woman's dignity and grace, and a pleasant smile played over her pale face, curling lips of beauty, and sending lustre to eyes that had all the placid innocence of childhood. She spoke of other days, of different circumstances, of gentle blood—of father, mother, brother, all gone now, and she, the last of her race, in poverty. As the only daughter—the light and joy of her father's house, she was unfortunately brought up without labor, and to-day her small hand is as delicate as an infant's. Fond parents thought only of what affection could do, and what wealth could bestow on her. Among the gay she was the gayest; through the mazes of the dance she passed like the form of a sylph, and in all the virgin train not one shone more brightly than she. Times changed; wealth vanished; friends departed; and now she sits there, bearing the traces of the past, but looking more hopefully to the future, when the weary day shall have ended, and the glad summons shall call her to join those who have gone before, and where God's own hand shall wipe away each tear, and bid all sorrows cease."

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.

The feast lasted seven days, during which two thousand persons partook heartily in the consumption of mutton and horseflesh. On the eighth day, the body was conveyed to the tomb on a camel; the camel also carried the chair of state. The two favorite horses of the chief followed, after which went the whole tribe, singing the funeral hymn. On reaching the place of burial, the body was deposited in the grave, and the horses were forthwith slain and placed beside the body of their master. When the grave was filled up, all returned to the encampment to continue the funeral feast, which was furnished by one hundred horses and one thousand sheep, slaughtered for the occasion. The festival continued several days after the burial, the chiefs and the family of the deceased chanting his praises every day, until all the guests had gradually departed for their homes. The feast was kept up by the tribe for a considerable time afterwards; and the chanting was repeated every day, at sunrise and sunset, for a whole year. Mr. Atkinson dwelt on the very impressive nature of the ceremony—the wailing music of the funeral chants, the sorrow, apparent at least, exhibited by an immense concourse of mourners, mingled with the almost savage accompaniment of the feast; all this, in the midst of a desert which seemed of unlimited extent, produced an effect which an Englishman finds it difficult to picture to himself. The native habits and customs of the people of these bleak solitudes, as they were developed to our traveller, furnished a field of survey of much interest and reflection.

orders for a general chase, and very great confusion became observable among the merchant fleet, which the English armed vessels prepared to defend. Here Landais disobeyed Jones's orders, by cowardly ordering the Alliance to a distance. Night set in, while the Richard and Pallas, and their English opponents, were maneuvering for the advantage. Early in the evening the Richard and Serapis engaged. Jones was aware of the superiority of the Serapis, and hence endeavored to lay across the bow of that vessel. In endeavoring to accomplish this, the bowsprit of the Serapis ran between the poop and mizzenmast of the Richard, in which position both vessels were immediately lashed together by Jones. The wind afterwards swung them around, so close together that the muzzles of the respective guns almost touched each other, and in this position the action continued during two hours. The engagement grew warmer and warmer, and the combatants fought hand to hand. The Richard had been pierced by numerous eighteen pound balls, and was rapidly filling. Only three nine-pounders kept up the cannonade from the Richard; but the marines in the tops sent down volleys of bullets on to the deck of the Englishman. Ignited fire balls were scattered on the deck of the Serapis, which at once was on fire in a dozen places at once. On three or four occasions both vessels were on fire at the same time. In the heat of the engagement the Alliance approached, and from one of her broadsides eleven men in the Richard were wounded, and one officer killed. Soon after the Serapis and Scarborough struck.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WEE WILLIE'S SMILE!

BY M. T. CALDWELL.

O, wee Willie's smile, to his mother's eye,  
Is the loveliest sight beneath the sky,  
It brings a joy that is holier far  
Than the blessings of love or of friendship are.

For the soft, dark eye hath a wistful gleam  
It caught from the angels, he left in his dream;  
As regretting half he has come away,  
From those regions bright to this world of clay.

But the radiant smile that dawns apace,  
Tells of solace found, in his mother's face,  
Accepting the light of his earnest love,  
For loss of the wings that have fled above

O, sweet are the lips where that rare smile breaks,  
As the violet's breath when the south wind wakes!  
O, wee Willie's smile, to his mother's eye,  
Is the loveliest sight beneath the sky!

## SLEEP.

"Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet,"  
Lullaby said "Ains" that cannot be  
To one whose days are days of misery  
How often did she stretch her hands to greet  
Eremina, rescued in the dream of night!  
How oft amid the vision of delight,  
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems;  
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear  
The winds that moan above, the waves below!  
Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of Woe,  
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so

SOUTHERN.

## GREATNESS.

Real glory  
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;  
And without that the conqueror is naught  
But the first slave—THOMSON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The London Times lately commented on the fact that at the late great celebration in Paris, there was no speech making, except the remarks of the emperor, and they were exceedingly brief. Had the celebration taken place in London or in any city of America, the length of the proceedings would have been doubled by the outpouring of that eloquence which is a gift of the Anglo-Saxon race, and which in countries peopled by Anglo-Saxons is often it must be confessed, a nuisance. It is a curious fact that the power of eloquence is in inverse ratio to the conventional power. The French are the most brilliant talkers in the world—all of them, men, women and children, talk fluently, and talk well, but they have produced only enough of it and public speakers to form an exception to a general rule. On the other hand, the English and Americans, who have very little conversational power, can point to thousands of brilliant orators. John Bull is shy and hesitating, or blunt and laconic in conversation; Brother Jonathan, free from the *mauvaise honte* of his English brother, has a very limited amount of small talk, and is very apt in company to harangue and lecture rather than converse. These are curious facts. .... If the autumn ends as it commenced we shall have had one of the finest seasons within our memory;—made of cool nights, bright, bracing mornings, golden meridians, and entrancing afternoons. Mental and bodily exercise are both prompted by the glorious weather that precedes the long reign of hot-air stores and oven-like apartments. Punch says, "A woman's tongue is a sharp weapon that she should never draw excepting in her self-defence, and then only after the strongest provocation. That weapon, sharp as it is, is never so effective as when tempered with mercy." "I rode out yesterday," says the Paris correspondent of the London Literary Gazette under date of the 24<sup>th</sup> ult., "to see the little species of cottage farm that the Town Council of Paris has given to Lamartine. It is as yet a rambling sort of edifice, but when half of it shall be pulled down (which workmen are now busy upon) it will be a pretty place enough, and the greatest spot of modern France (one of the greatest of modern ages) may retire there to a pleasant half-solitude, that even his best friends may think of with satisfaction. The land is bad (for else it would probably never have been made a present off), but I should fancy cabbages and potatoes are not exactly the produce the lover of 'Eloise' will ask from his garden, and the few trees round it give it a cool, shady, sequestered air, that is charming in this broiling weather. It nestles just under the princely plantation of La Muette where Madame Du Barry once 'sat enthroned,' reigning over 'La France,' as she was wont to style Louis XV., and where the widow of the late Pierre Erard, the pianoforte maker, now dwells. All the shade and all the perfumes of the once royal residence are gratuitously poured forth upon a seemingly humble neighbor, and the nightingales of La Muette will send forth their heavenly strains unconsciously to the ear of as glorious a master of song as themselves." .... The Panama directors have confirmed the action of their committee in the purchase of the Collier steamers. The Pacific Mail Company had already done so. The ships will be put into a new company and will commence their trips the 5th of October. .... "I hope you are not disposed to question the character of my milk," said a dairyman to his customer. "O, no, indeed, it has evidently been pumped enough already." .... Truth is the golden fruit which hangs upon the tree of liberty. How beautiful, and yet how difficult for poor mortals to grasp it. .... Physicians are the nut crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shells that surround them. .... A son

of Marshal Macdonald, one of these great captains who filled Europe with their renown during the career of the first Napoleon, is now residing in Indiana. He is represented as a gentleman of wealth and standing. His son, and of course the grandson of the marshal, now resides in St. Louis. He is a young member of the bar, of fine personal appearance, and stated to be promising in his profession. .... Everybody has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Sir Connell and Tryone, the most laconic correspondence in history: "Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—O'Donnell." "I owe you no tribute, and if I did—O'Neil." .... The Baltimore Exchange says: "Those persons who have been accustomed to regard the pine forests of the South as of comparatively small commercial importance will be surprised to learn that the annual value of the hewn timber, of the sawed plank, boards, scantling, rosin, pitch, and turpentine is estimated to be not less, in the aggregate, than from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars; while it is impossible to compute the yearly loss by waste, in girdling trees that are the growth of centuries for the purpose of opening up new plantations or extending the area of those already worked. .... A package was received at the Smithsonian Institution, recently, containing two living specimens of the Texas horned frogs. They were brought from Huntsville, Texas, in a mail bag, and had received no food since they left Texas. .... A case on trial in the Police Court of Bangor, recently, was decided in favor of the plaintiff, whereupon the defendant determined to appeal. The judge fixed the amount for which he would be required to find sureties before his appeal could be allowed, and he went out to obtain his bondsmen. In the meantime the judge had commenced the trial of another cause, when the defendant came in, and without ceremony asked the judge, "Will yer honor take a 'hoos'?" His honor said a "hoos" wouldn't answer, and so could not be received as surety. .... We see that the bishop of Exeter (England) has sanctioned a plan proposed to him for organizing a community of women desirous of devoting themselves exclusively to works of charity and piety. They are to be called "Sisters of Charity," or "Deaconesses." No personal vows are to be taken. A period of probation will first have to be passed, during which it will be allowable to leave at any time. After this, an engagement to the society, for a period not exceeding five years, will be made renewable at the expiration of that term. .... A white flag has for some days past been floating over the House of Correction at Hohenebel, in Bohemia, to indicate that there are no prisoners. The prison is the only one in a district containing a population of 70,000, the greater part of whom are poor weavers. .... It is stated that Spain intends to extend a more liberal form of government to Cuba. .... A public dinner was given to William H. Webb, Esq., on the 28th day of July, at the residence of the American consul at St. Petersburg, by the American residents in Russia. Speeches highly commendatory of the American shipbuilder were made, and toasts drank in bumpers of champagne, by some thirty or forty gentlemen who sat down to dinner. .... A California paper says a miner, named Gibson, took out of his sluices on Coyote Creek, near Vallecito, a seventy ounce lump of gold mixed with quartz. After separating, there were forty ounces of pure gold. .... A prize fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers, the English champion, is announced. .... A letter from Constantinople states that such is the prodigality of the sultan, that, though his civil list is 27,000,000 francs, the ninth of the total revenue of Turkey, his debts amount to nearly 600,000,000 francs. As examples of his majesty's extravagance, the letter states that in 1858 he borrowed 10,000,000 francs at 11 per cent., to pay for a *fete* given to his two daughters, and the palace of Dolmabahce recently cost him 70,000,000 francs. According to this letter, the sultan has no idea of the value of money, and as a proof of it relates that having once asked what the palace of Dolmabahce had cost, he was told, "Only 3500 piastres," (584 francs), and that he gravely accepted the answer as true. The sultan, the letter adds, has a great many ministers, each of whom receives 250,000 francs a year, and in his army are 120 muobirs (marshals), each with the pay of 200,000 francs a year. In addition, the marshals, when holding commands, extort money from the populations. The one at Erzeroum, for example, is represented to make not less than 800,000 francs a year. .... The residents of Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, were very much amused at the coolness of a party of mounters who followed the last remains of some departed relative or friend to the grave, the other day. They were seated in a wagon, in the most cozy and sociable of attitudes, with a huge water-melon reposing in the midst, from which each carved and ate with a gusto peculiar to the occasion, the rinds strewn the road on each side, and marking the course down the avenue as far as could be seen. .... The London Field says it is calculated in the Ring that Mr. Ten Broeck is a richer man by £10,000 than he was when he landed on those hospitable shores in 1857. .... The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says that Miss Evans, now known to be the author of Adam Bede, was only nineteen when she translated, and translated well, Strauss's *Leben Jesu*. She has long been known in literary society in London as the contributor of several very thoughtful papers to the Westminster Review, particularly some on the position, duties, and difficulties of women. Miss Evans is either a native of, or was long a resident in, Nuneham, where some of her family still live. .... The success of the General Admiral steam frigate is unquestionable. The emperor has promoted all of the Russian officers who were in this country engaged in superintending her construction. .... Sir John Herschel attributes the appearance of the aurora to the agency of electricity. This wonderful agent, says he, which we see in intense activity in lightning, and in a feeble and more diffused form traversing the upper regions of the atmosphere in the northern lights, is present, probably, in immense abundance in every form of matter which surrounds us, but becomes sensible only when disturbed by excitations of peculiar kinds. .... At Paris, as we learn from the correspondence of the New York Express, Miss Mary Mason, daughter of the American minister, was married to Mr.

Archer Anderson of Virginia. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, and was a quiet, unostentatious affair. .... According to advices received in St. Louis, 3439 emigrant wagons have passed over the Western Plains this season, for California and Salt Lake City, four-fifths of them going to California. Loose cattle estimated at from 120,000 to 140,000; sheep, about 6000. .... In Europe quite a difference exists in the percentage of deaths in the north and south. In the former, death annually takes one man in every forty-four; in the latter, one in every thirty-six—while for the whole population, amounting to two hundred and ten millions, one in forty dies annually. .... Captain Chappell, of New London, who saved a man from drowning recently, was just about to be married, and had on his "best clothes" at the time. Notwithstanding this, he plunged in, like the illustrious hero of antiquity, "accoutred as he was, and after saving the man, was married in his wet suit. It is considered a proof of bravery, this reckless discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oural Mountains. One consigned to Mr. R—, of Bathaston, as a specimen, brought £50,000. There is every reason to believe that a mine of inextinguishable wealth has been discovered. .... An ascent of Mont Blanc has been made by a route hitherto supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Rev. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C. Hudson, and Messrs. W. Foster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides. This route is free from crevasses, rocks, any similar difficulties. .... A burlesque target company, denominated the "Umbrella Guard," paraded the streets of New York recently, bound on a pleasure excursion. Each man of this fantastical looking corps was armed with an umbrella, and bore no other implement of war.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The political news from Europe is unimportant, though the prospects are that a settlement of the Italian question, at least temporarily, will be arrived at, and that peace for some years will reign in Europe. In England, however, fears of the future attitude of Louis Napoleon are still entertained.—It is rumored in Paris that the State is about to bring an action against a private individual for the restitution of Cardinal Richelieu's head, which was cut off when the mob broke into the chapel of the Sorbonne, at the time of the great revolution, and has hitherto been kept as an heirloom in the family of a deputy, into whose hands it fell.—The Galway Steamship Company has contracted for four new side-wheel steamers, nearly as large as the *Perla*, and one of them, now building on the Clyde, will probably be put on the line in May next.—The Liverpool Journal says: "Our government is not without some anxiety. The queen has been reviewing the troops at Aldershot, and increased anxiety is manifested for the formation of volunteer and rifle corps. They are now very numerous, say 30,000 men; but, if the plan was rendered popular, instead of 30,000 there would be 300,000 active and intelligent young men under drill."—It is said in London that the recent article in the London Quarterly Review, demonstrating the feasibility of a French invasion of England is from the pen of Sir Howard Douglas, the eminent military writer.

## King and Queen of Naples.

A Naples letter says: "The king and his bride are at Quisisana. His majesty drives out escorted by a company of guides and forest keepers on horseback, armed to the teeth. A gentleman wishing the other day to present a petition to the king waited at a point where he was coming down the hill from Quisisana, and where the carriage was obliged to go at a slow pace. The king, on approaching, would not take the petition, but the gentleman persisted in walking by the carriage till the queen slid her arm behind her husband's shoulders and took the paper. After delivering the paper he was arrested by the king's followers and well flogged. This is the way the young sovereign, just come to his throne, treats his subjects. As for the intelligent little queen, she is as miserable as may be, and is reported to have very little respect for her husband, on account of the absurd education given him by his father, and which unfits him as much for private as public life."

## The Great Eastern.

The Mechanic's Magazine thus treats of the Great Eastern as a war ship: "Without in the least degree detracting from her commercial qualities, or increasing her cost, Mr. Scott Russell has so constructed her that no less than three hundred and sixty 10-inch guns might be placed on board of her and be fought, if the government should at any time desire to convert her into a ship of war, either temporarily or otherwise. This is no small matter."

## Prussia.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times says that owing to the complications of the affairs of Italy the Prussian government is favorable to a European Congress, as it would be an acknowledgement that France and Austria are the arbiters of Europe, if such weighty questions are allowed to be decided by the Zurich Conference.

## Austria.

Letters from Vienna express apprehension that the difficulties of the Italian question will not be settled at Zurich, and give a report that furloughs granted to Austrian soldiers returning from Italy, had been suspended, and that seven out of twelve Austrian corps d'armee are to be retained on a war footing.

## The Paris "Patrie."

The Paris *Patrie* having given utterance to strong anti-Austrian sentiments, had, pursuant to official orders, told its readers that it does not receive its inspiration from the government, but expresses its own views only.

## The Invasion of England.

The London Advertiser gives the following curious news in its Paris correspondence: "Engineers have been sent to Bologne to survey the whole line of coast thence to Calais, that they may fix upon a spot for the formation of a seaport sufficiently spacious to contain a fleet of fifty transports, and that the minister of marine had notified his subalterns that fifty transports, each capable of containing two thousand men, must be ready and waiting on the coast opposite Dover by the commencement of the ensuing year." The writer says the statement reposes on excellent authority, and a full confirmation of its authenticity had been telegraphed to the English government. He throws out a conjecture that a French altercation with Belgium will supply a pretext for a rupture with England. This story was of course regarded as a ridiculous canard.

## Victor Emmanuel.

The King of Sardinia, in returning thanks for a medal presented to him by a private society, says that his efforts were always concentrated for the great national cause, that he lived for it and was ready to die for it; that difficulties and misfortunes arise which must and certainly will be surmounted, and that in view of the wisdom and good order now displayed in the Duchies and the Romagna, it has been impossible to go further, as he might have wished. In conclusion, he pledged his best efforts for the welfare of Italy.

## The Collier Folio.

The Duke of Devonshire, its owner, has withdrawn the famous Collier folio from the British Museum, and has placed it in the hands of his solicitor for safe keeping. Such was the excitement which the question raised as to the good faith of Mr. Collier and the corrector of the folio had created, that the duke thought it best to have the volume under his own eye.

## Italy.

The object of the defensive league between the provisional governments of Tuscany and Bologna and the dictator of Modena, is stated to be to prevent the restoration of the fallen governments, maintain internal order, and lay down the basis of assimilation in institutions.

## The French Liberals.

The liberals in France are represented as being disappointed at the number of eminent men who decline availing themselves of the amnesty. Their presence in France would, it is contended, be advantageous to the cause of liberty.

## Venice.

A number of distinguished Venetians have been sent as representatives to the European powers, and they have issued a long address in which they say the conduct of Austria has not changed since the peace.

## The "Times" and the Tuscans.

The London Times strongly urges the Tuscans to be prepared to resist Austrian aggression even if they have to fight, and points to Garibaldi as a noble champion for them of the Washington school.

## John Ruskin.

Mr John Ruskin is at Basle, Switzerland. He has a new work nearly completed. It is reported that he has written a series of lectures, with the ultimate design of delivering them in the United States.

## China.

Advices from Canton say a fleet of 190 vessels would precede the English, French and American ambassadors up the Peiho, in case it should be necessary to force a passage to Peking.

## The General Admiral.

The naval critic of the London Times gives on the whole a very favorable report of an inspection of the Russian frigate General Admiral, which remained at Spithead.

## East India Company.

The old East India Company's army may be considered dissolved. Five thousand Europeans have taken their discharge, and four thousand more were expected.

## Massacre of Christians.

A general massacre of the Christians in two towns in Borneo is reported. Pilgrims from Mecca are supposed to have given the signal for the outbreak.

## The Grand Duke Constantine.

The Russian journals deny that the Grand Duke Constantine's visit to England has any political object. He only went to study naval progress.

## Austrian Military Schools.

The Augsburg Gazette says that the Austrian military schools are to be completely re-organized on the model of those in France.

## Egypt.

The treasury of Egypt is increasing his army considerably.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With an introduction by Bayard Taylor. New York. Rudd & Carleton. 12mo pp 482 1859.  
This work, based on a wide range of authorities, is well executed and full of interest, and is worthy of the excellent subject. Humboldt was not only the foremost scientific man of his age, but his personal adventures were entirely romantic and his character lofty and unexcelled. Devoted to science for the sake of science, he set little store by the earthly honors that were showered upon him. The record of such a life is invaluable as an example. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co.  
MISS LESLIE'S BEHAVIOUR BOOK. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo pp 33.  
An excellent guide and manual for ladies, written by a true lady and a fearless outspoken woman. No one can read it without benefitting by it. Boston. Shepard, Clark & Brown.  
DICKENS AND SCOTT.  
The same publishers are issuing cheap and excellent editions of the works of Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott, in numbers, twenty-five cents each.



For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle      angled





SUNDAY MEETING OF COLORED PEOPLE AT CHICAGO.

## SCENE IN AN AFRICAN CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The scene delineated in one of the engravings on this page, is sketched from life, and represents the interior of an African church, at Chicago, during a prayer-meeting at a period of the greatest excitement. A friend of ours, who has attended on more than one occasion, was much impressed by the rude eloquence of the preacher, and by the wild excitement of his auditors. The impressibility of the colored races is strikingly exhibited in their religious exercises. Wild gestures, convulsions, stentorian shouts, attest the fervency of their zeal. Their "wrestlings" are sometimes fearful to contemplate. The women are as much excited as the men, perhaps even more so. Scenes ludicrous in themselves often occur at these meetings, but we forbear to enlarge upon them, for the parties engaged are all sincere and devout, and hence, have a right to be shielded from ridicule, and to be permitted to conduct their services in their own way. As we contemplate their gatherings, we cannot help being impressed with the important results to the colored races which have flowed from their contact with civilized whites. The ancestors of these same people dashed out their brethren's brains with clubs, in honor of beastly idols; their descendants recognize the truths of the gospel, and the efficacy of those self-sacrifices which a divine religion has substituted for the sanguinary offerings of paganism.

## WASHINGTON'S ROCK.

Our engraving shows one of the most romantic and hallowed localities in the State of New Jersey, situated near Middlebrook, on the southern slope of the mountains of Somerset county, New Jersey, known as *Washington's Rock*. From its great altitude, an uninterrupted view is obtained of the country extending from the hills of Bergen, on the east, to those of Hunterdon on the west, embracing the highlands of Nevisink, Staten Island, the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, New Brunswick, and Perth Amboy, villages almost without number, and a section of country unsurpassed in landscape beauties. The name of the rock is taken from revolutionary associations. In the spring of 1777, the American army lay encamped in the valley of Middlebrook, below. But twelve miles off, at New Brunswick, lay the British army, under charge of Lord Howe. The position of our army was strong, notwithstanding the poverty of their circumstances, and every conceivable feint and stratagem was resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of decoying them from their security, but without effect. Finally, fatigued with exertion, the British army left for Perth Amboy, intending to leave Philadelphia via Staten Island, thus avoiding the American posts at Princeton and Trenton. During the whole of this trying period, tradition says that Gen. Washington habitually frequented the rock shown in our picture, to study out the probable movements of the foe. The rock is a large key-stone boulder, perched on the edge of the mountain's brow, seemingly ready to topple off, and crush to atoms the hamlets below.

## THE WORLD IN A NEWSPAPER.

Wonderful to him who has eyes to see it rightly is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Salem, the advent of my weekly journal is that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown paper wrapper!

Hither to my obscure corner, by wind, or steam, on horseback, on dromedary back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly.

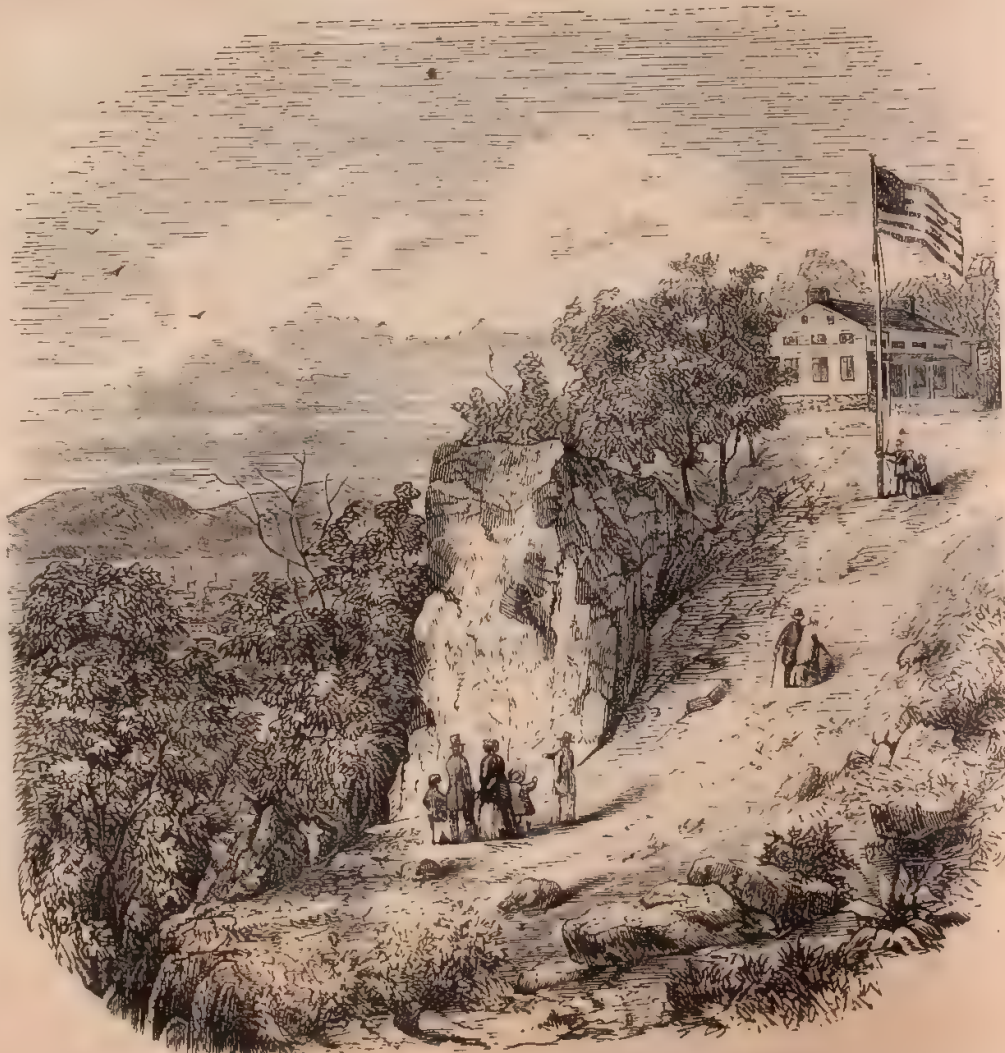
The animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a man brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. This is the great Soandso, defending his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature

you see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectators also. Think of it! for two dollars a year I buy a season ticket to this great Globe Theatre, whose scene shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! Deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotion, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth, and as sudden poverty. I hold in my hand the end of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of that puppet pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me know that he has received a fresh supply of Dimity Broisings? But to none of us does the present (even for a moment discerned as such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sun rise and get used to Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be a wrap-page to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals.—James Russell Lowell.

## AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stand two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incidents.—Both the father and the son were, for some offence against the State, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstance appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he was offered a pardon, on a cruel and barbarous condition—namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for let us hope, for the honor of our nature, that there are very few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation for him in his last moments to think that in his death he was an instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all, one after another, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearer interests of filial affection; he fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law. Hard must their hearts indeed be—bereft of every sensation of humanity—who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended; and on a simple report of the transaction to the authorities, both were pardoned. High rewards and honors were conferred on the son; and finally those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature.—Reynolds.



WASHINGTON'S ROCK, SOMERSET COUNTY, NEW JERSEY



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. { Vol. XVII., No. 14...WHOLE No. 482.  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

## THE FRENCH SOLDIER.

Our engraving represents a French soldier returning on shipboard to Marseilles, en route for his native place. It is no fancy picture, but a sketch from life, and bears the impress of truthfulness. The worn and hollow face, the traces of suffering borne with dignity, the seal of melancholy blended with pride that war leaves upon its votaries, are rendered with a bold and graceful touch worthy of Gavarni. The national type is well preserved; you could not by any possibility mistake the subject for an Englishman, a German, a Swiss, a Russian, an Austrian, or even an Italian. The mould of face and figure is Gallic, and breathes of that military nation, distinguished from its earliest historical records has been distinguished for gallantry in the field, and for a love of arms equalled by no other civilized people, with the exception, perhaps, of the Hungarians and Poles. What a thrill of pride ran through the hearts of his auditors, when Lamartine, addressing his friends, neighbors and constituents at Macon, in 1858, in allusion to a furious storm that arose and threatened to sweep away the tent under which they were assembled, exclaimed, "You are the worthy descendants of those gallant men whose boast it was that even if the arch of heaven should fall, they would sustain it on their lance-points!" No appeal to the military spirit of France was ever made in vain. In ancient Gaul the entire population flew to arms when the foot of the invader pressed their soil, and Cæsar won no greener laurels than those reaped in the deadly conflicts in which the Gauls bared their naked bosoms to the spears and javelins of the Roman legionaries. When the revolution once more gave freedom to the French people, they flocked by thousands to the national colors, and though all Europe was banded against them, beat back the enemy on many a stricken field, trailing his colors in the dust of his own soil. "The French tricolor," as Lamartine has well said, "has made the tour of the world in glory." But it remained for Napoleon I. to develop the full force of the French military spirit. The battles to which he led the French soldiery, were "combats of giants." From the "terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," to the annihilation of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, is one uninterrupted trail of glory. We do not mean that it was unchecked by reverses, but we do assert that the arms of France were never dishonored, but that the valor of her braves commanded the respect of their victors. To have fallen at Waterloo was no dishonor, and the record of Waterloo is as glorious to French arms, in one sense, as the day of Austerlitz. We are apt to sympathize with only military success; but who does not look upon the Guard preferring death to surrender, with even more respect and admiration than when it bore its victorious eagles in the heart of the enemy's ranks on its proudest day of victory? The white plume of Marshal Ney never shone with a purer light than when it waved at the head of the falling Cæsar's forlorn hope, as they descended to the "harvest of death," on the fatal plain of Waterloo. Since that time, the French army has reaped many laurels—in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy. Africa has been the great school of the French soldier in these later years. The African campaigns, and their exigencies and requirements, gave birth to the Chasseurs de Vincennes, the Zouaves and the Turcos. Under the burning skies and on the arid plains of Algeria, the French infantry were trained, by long marches, to that degree of hardihood which makes them the finest infantry in Europe. We

saw a statement recently to the effect that the French infantry soldier carries on the march sixty or seventy pounds weight, made up of tent-cloth, ball-cartridges, blankets, rations, etc. With this load he is sometimes required to march thirty or even thirty-six miles in a day. It was men thus trained who astonished their English allies in the Crimea by their patient endurance of the vicissitudes of climate and the toils of the camp. But it is not alone this patient endurance of fatigue that gives the French soldier his supremacy; the Russian and Austrian may perhaps march as far and carry as great a weight as the Frenchman: it is the impetuosity, the rush, the *élan*, as they themselves call it, which wins victory for their eagles. Think of men, disdainful the use of cartridges, and plunging with the cold steel on batteries vomiting forth death, as the French infantry did at Palestro, Magenta and Solferino!

Were they not worthy sons of those heroes who rolled back the Mameluke horse of Murad, Bey at the Pyramids, and reddened the snow with their blood at the Moskowa? In science, in physique, in morale, the French army is an example to the world. No officer is appointed to command who has not received a brilliant military education, or who has not thoroughly learned the art of war with a title to promotion on the field of battle. Thus the soldiers have the fullest confidence in those who lead them—confidence in their knowledge as well as their bravery, such as cannot be felt by the troops of those countries where the officers owe their epaulettes to the political influence of their friends, or the length of their own purses. The system of conscription also brings into the ranks representatives of all classes. A French peasant promoted from the plough-tail to the saddle, may have for his file-

coverer a nobleman with a hundred thousand francs a year, for it is not unusual for men of rank and wealth, when their turn comes, to serve as common soldiers in the army. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* have had many gentlemen in their ranks, and other arms of the service can boast their social illustrations. Hence a spirit of refinement, of chivalry, is diffused through the army. They fight like heroes, and behave like gentlemen. We are told that during the whole of the late war in Italy, the soldiers behaved as well in camp and garrison as in the field. They committed no outrages, they respected private property, they exacted no tribute, they were grateful for attention. Such conduct mitigates the inevitable horrors of war. The Austrian prisoners were treated so well by their captors and by the people of France, that when returned to their own country at the conclusion of peace, many of them shed tears, as if they were leaving home and friends. In the care of the wounded, the French soldiers and the French surgeons made no difference between their comrades and their enemy. It is traits like these that we contemplate with the highest satisfaction. When gallantry, endurance and other soldierly qualities are united to humanity, forbearance and kindness, the soldier who exhibits them has a legitimate claim to honor and respect. The reception of the French soldiers at Paris on their return from their brief but hard service, and their rapid series of glorious victories, shows how dear are the triumphs of war to the hearts of the French people. All classes vied with each other in doing them honor, from the titled satellites of the emperor and empress, to the rude workmen of the stormy faubourg. Costly bouquets were lavished by fair hands from gilded balconies; floral offerings that cost but the lowest coin were presented in the street. The sidewalks, the windows, the parapets, the roofs and the chimneys even, were thronged with spectators. Even the phlegmatic English caught the enthusiasm, and as the vast deep-fronted column moved along the boulevards, the "Vive les Zouaves!" and "vive la ligne," from British throats, were as hearty as those uttered by Gallic lungs. So ardent is the military enthusiasm of France, that many sober politicians believe that if foreign wars are not from time to time waged, a French government can scarcely maintain itself in power. It was with the utmost difficulty that Louis Philippe kept the peace for eighteen years, and perhaps a less pacific policy would have prolonged his reign. Louis Napoleon has profited by the mistakes of his predecessor, and shown a better understanding of the character of the people he governs. The French soldiery have been his especial pets from the days of his presidency to the present hour. It was his certainty that he had entirely won the army that enabled him to venture on the *coup d'état*, and, since then, notwithstanding his declaration that the "empire was peace," he has found work for his bayonets. Fear of the French army keeps England and Germany in a fever of anxiety. Few people credit the pacific assurances of Napoleon, and all ask themselves, "Where will he strike next?" The best informed people of England entertain a belief that he will certainly attempt an invasion; not the public men, but the men of the clubs, men versed in continental affairs, and men who have travelled. They regard Napoleon's recent amnesty, his proposed emancipation of the press as indicative of a design first to unite all France, and then, backed by such combined support, to launch the thunderbolts of war against that nation.



THE CONVALESCENT FRENCH SOLDIER RETURNING TO FRANCE.



(Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE PORTUGUESE SISTERS.

An Episode of the East India Insurrection.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE IDYL.

The Dutch have labored sixty years to wrest from the Portuguese their Indian possessions, but the descendants of Alphonso de Albuquerque are still found on the lands conquered by the flag of Lisbon, in 1498. So the family of Luiz Rivares, settled between Meerut and Morahabad, dated its origin from Vasco de Gama. The descendants of sailors and conquerors have become, according to the law of progress, cultivators of the soil.

The indigo plantation of Luiz Rivares is situated on the lower slope of a charming valley, watered by the little river called the Hindus. It is an oasis of trees, flowers and springs, in the centre of a large field, where grows abundantly the benafout rice, the best rice in India. On the horizon of this vast rice-field may be seen the sombre outlines of the forest of Wilharma. A hill, or more properly speaking, a rocky eminence, separated the plantation from the dwelling of the English planter, John Windham. The two neighbors and their families lived harmoniously. In a lonely place, neighbors are always friends. It is a lesson for cities. If I had a romance to write, I would choose this Indian landscape, but to-day history has anticipated me, it has chosen it for me: it has done more, it has deprived me of the necessity of invention, even to its minutest details. When history gives herself the trouble, she can humble all the imaginations of romancers.

In our European countries, nothing can give an idea of the picture I am about to attempt to paint, and which was re-produced every day, with little variation, in the large green saloon of the plantation of Luiz Rivares, at the hour of noon, when excessive heat suspends labor.

This green hall is not the work of a mason or an architect, nature has built its four walls and ceiling with a massive assemblage of all the trees of the tropics; a large stream traverses its whole length, murmuring over its pebbly bed, and forms at a little distance, beneath sombre arches of foliage, a lake, where Indian laborers swim and sport with the tame elephants. The same hand which constructed the walls and arched the roof, has woven the softest carpets of turf and flowers. It is evident that kind nature destined this beautiful work of embroidery for the repose of laborers in a crepuscular light which invites to sleep; it is not a place for promenade, but a bed.

It is the night of mid-day; two young Indian girls only are awake, seated in a swing and singing plaintively and with subdued voices, the celebrated Song of the Rice Fields. This song, monotonous, like all Oriental music, prolonged the sleep of masters and servants, in the alcove of the Indian siesta; but when silence succeeded, a young man suddenly awoke, and striking with his hand a small chess-board placed on the grass, said: "Good! We fell asleep in the midst of the gambit *muzio*."

At this exclamation, another young man awoke, saying: "I am not asleep, I hear. We were at the seventh move of the gambit, my dear Master Hebert."

"Right!" returned Hebert, "I knew I could not have been asleep. Those young girls magnetized us with their mournful music. Swing, if you please, my pretty children, Lula and Naddya, but do not sing. You can re-commence at midnight. Now, my dear Captain Volsy, I am at your service. The king's pawn, one square. Take care, I am about to play you a trick."

"But," said Volsy, "you are sacrificing this pawn."

"Well, take it, and you will see."

"Then I will not take it."

"So much the worse for you."

"The deuce take the gambit *muzio*," said Volsy, clearing the chess-board. "Doctor Hebert, your gambits disgust me with this game."

"This Englishman is very passionate!" said Hebert. "Are you very sure you are English, my dear Volsy?"

"Hebert, my friend, you have not the gravity which becomes your profession of physician. In Europe, you would not find a rich man who would allow himself to be cured by you."

"Hold!" said Hebert, "you remind me that the poor fakir, Waly, is waiting me in his cabin."

"What madness possesses you to cure fakirs, Doctor Hebert Colomb?"

"Yes, you are English, Volsy; I do not doubt it now; you are even worthy to enter into the Council of Ten of the East India Company. You look upon a fakir as one insect the more in a country of insects; you would crush him boldly, if he were beneath your heel."

"I would thrust him aside."

"You would crush him. I would cure him. A fakir is a man."

"He is a madman."

"No; he is only an enthusiast. Besides, pride apart, have I not done a good work? This poor devil had sworn to bury a steel point in his right side every time the clock of the manufactory struck. With the permission of Luiz Rivares, I caused the clock to be stopped, and the fakir, fearing the displeasure of his god, left off puncturing himself. He ascribes the silence of the bell to Brahma. His reason is sound now; it remains only for me to heal his wounds."

"Courage," said Volsy, laughing; "two or three more such cures, and the King of Delhi will appoint you physician-in-chief to the fakirs."

"I would accept, and render a famous service to English India. These fakirs are your most dangerous enemies; they succeed the Thugs, who had nearly taken Bengal from you in the war of Nizam. We have everything to fear from these men, who fear nothing. The fakirs make sport of mutilations, of suicides, of martyrdoms; they die smilingly beneath the wheels of the sacred car, because they will revive, they say, in the celestial garden of Mandana. If their fanaticism should ever become national, if the contagion should seize the sepoys, God knows what would happen."

"Good!" said Volsy, laughing, "we are taking matters seriously."

"Well, would you take them otherwise, my dear Volsy?"

"Yes, doctor, I need to do so as a remedy; the thermometer marks thirty degrees in the shade, and we are committing the folly of waxing warm."

"Volsy, do you know what I found in the cabin of the fakir Waly? An English Bible."

"William Bart must have deposited it there."

"I know it," interrupted Doctor Hebert; "conceive the mania of this mad Methodist. He walks about in India with a bundle of Bibles, and leaves a copy in every place where he drinks a glass of water."

"What great harm is there in that?" asked Volsy.

"Great harm and great folly, my dear Volsy. To commence with the folly. I can conceive of giving a knowledge of the Bible to Indians who can read as they do at the religious college of Pulo Pinang; but to give any English book whatever to poor ignoramus who do not know even the first letter of the Indian alphabet, is both ridiculous and absurd. To pass to the evil. Their fanaticism is irritated at this book, or this mysterious thing which falls with premeditation from an English hand. They fear you even in your presents, and when the colporteur has left the cabin, proud of having disposed of a copy, the illiterate Indian kicks the book, digs a deep hole, buries it, and performs his ablutions to wash away its contamination. Then he assumes an air of solemnity, looks at the road which the Methodist has taken, and curses him with all the anathemas known to his caste. A day may come when assassination will take the place of malediction."

Volsy laughed as he listened to Doctor Hebert, and, seating himself on the turf, said, as he replaced the men on the chess board: "Well, my dear Hebert, I prefer the gambit *muzio*; give me another lesson, I will be more tractable, and afterwards let you go to your beloved fakir."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, a pantomime which signified, you are an incorrigible Englishman; and, refusing to obey the gesture and the invitation of Volsy, took a few steps in the direction of the fakir's cabin. Suddenly he stopped, as if he had changed his mind, and smiling at Volsy, appeared to consent to continue his lesson of the gambit.

"O, I am not the dupe of your conversion," said Volsy, laughingly. "I saw the branches move at the entrance of the green saloon. The angels have come."

In fact, it seemed as if two stars were rising in the direction indicated by Volsy's finger; they illumined the dome of verdure, and suddenly gave an inexpressible charm to this vast alcove of trees, turf, springs and flowers. Paula and

Amata, the two daughters of Luiz Rivares, entered with elegant nonchalance, and responded by an imperceptible movement to the respectful salutes of Hebert and Volsy. The crossing of the two races had been favorable to the young girls. Paula was a brunette, Amata a blonde; this difference allowed of their being recognized, for the beauty of the younger was so exact a copy of that of the elder, that mistakes might otherwise have arisen even in their own family; they might be distinguished by the color of their hair. This powerful Indian nature, which filtrates the sap of its sunlight into its plants and flowers, has often the same natural complacency for women; then creole beauties seem to borrow from the Indian flora its treasures of luxury and brilliancy; they grow and develop into a superb blossoming, like living sisters of the aloes and the palm-trees.

Although this history commences with the year 1857, truth compels us to say that the costume of these two young ladies was the extreme antithesis of the reigning fashions. The climate and the country of India have requirements and exigencies unforeseen by Parisian dressmakers. The fashions of the Directory have been invented by a great creole lady accustomed to praise, in a climate which prohibits dress from concealing beneath its folds the slightest deception.

Accustomed to living in the familiarity of domestic life with Paula and Amata, Hebert and Volsy always experienced a respectful awe when they encountered the two sisters, and if the English mode had not prevailed in the dwelling of Luiz Rivares, these two young people would never have dared to introduce a conversation with them. Paula or Amata always commenced it.

"Continue your game, gentlemen," said Paula, without letting go her sister's arm, "we do not wish to interrupt the lesson of chess."

"We had ended our game," said Hebert, drawing out his watch; "it is already very late—two o'clock! I must go to work."

The young ladies laughed.

"Yes, ladies, to work," resumed Hebert, "it is no joke. I am going to botanize along the stream; it is an unpleasant task in the hot sun, but I did not come to India to be idle."

"How seriously that was said!" remarked Volsy.

Doctor Hebert, who had stammered as he replied to Paula, found himself suddenly at his ease, thanks to the jesting reflection of Volsy, and raising his head and folding his arms, said to the English officer: "Ah, my dear Volsy, do you think that I laid aside the hope of Parisian practice, the best practice in the world, when one has it, to follow the example in India of your lazy English doctors? What have you done for science since Lord Cornwallis and the conquest of 1799? You have trod for sixty years, on thousands of plants, of which each one is a remedy, prepared in the laboratory of the sun, and have not even discovered the leaf which cures the headache or a cold."

"Good! good!" said Paula and Amata, clapping their hands.

"Pardon me," said Volsy, laughingly, "we have discovered the root of the yellowlip for the bite of the cobra-capella, and the yapana, for the cholera morbus."

"O, perfidious Albion!" exclaimed the doctor, "these two remedies were discovered before the dynasty of Aurengzebe, under the reign of Baber. It was an Indian physician, the *mouloy* of the coast of Delhi, who invented them."

"With this discussion," said Paula, "we have made the doctor lose his hour for botanizing; he might, perhaps, have discovered the herb which cures the headache."

And the two sisters made a movement to retreat, which was suspended by a gesture from Volsy.

"Our two sepoys are awaking," said he; "if you will enter your palanquins for your daily ride to our dwelling, ladies, these two men will serve you as an escort—an escort of honor," added he, laughing, "for you know that there is not the slightest danger."

The two Indian girls, Lula and Naddya, who had fallen asleep chanting the Song of the Rice Fields, awoke at the call of Paula, and disappeared beneath an archway of trees, a natural gallery of the dwelling of Rivares.

"My work can wait," said Doctor Hebert to Paula; "we will assist at your departure."

"And is the time for your voyage fixed?" asked Paula, in a timid voice.

"No, mademoiselle. I have many things to study here, and do not wish to return to France empty-handed. Our profession is not advantageous in Paris for us young people. The number of old physicians kills us. I wish to create for myself a speciality. With steam, railroads and the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, all young physicians will do in ten years as I am now doing. I must, therefore, profit by my monopoly. In 1867, it will be too late."

"My sister is calling me," said Paula; "the palanquins have come; we shall now set out. I restore you to your botanical labors, and wish you may be successful in finding a plant which cures—"

"The wounds of the heart," interrupted Hebert, in a low tone.

Paula bounded like a gazelle wounded by the hunter, and hastened toward the palanquins.

"At last the word is said; it has escaped me unintentionally." Such was the reflection which the countenance of Hebert expressed, after the clearest and most concise of declarations.

The bearers of the palanquins were at their posts; Paula and Amata seated themselves beneath silken canopies, from which floated in the breeze a fringe of ribbons which cooled the air like thousands of little fans.

Volsy spoke thus to his two sepoys: "Tauly and Mendesour, escort these palanquins to my father's dwelling, and come to rejoin me here."

Tauly and Mendesour belonged to the 20th regiment of native infantry in cantonments at Meerut; two vigorously built young soldiers, two satyrs of Ramaiana, two demons with epidermis of bronze, hair of ebony, eyes of fire. Nothing in them indicated the inferiority of the race; on the contrary, it was evident that the energetic blood of Malaisia flowed in their veins, and that they belonged, by the natural right of filiation, to that ancient Indian family which has chiselled in statues, in pagodas, in monsters, in idols, all the granite of Bengal and Java.

A little while before their departure, Tauly and Mendesour had addressed some flattering words to Lula and Naddya; but these young Indian girls were accustomed to reply to the gallant speeches of the copper-colored race only by a proud and disdainful silence; their ambition aspired higher. Like the women of every country and shade, Lula and her sister, gifted with an admirable talent of imitation, had learned in the school of their two beautiful mistresses, the coquetry and dignity of European castes. In their moments of leisure, they practised their lessons in the large mirror, and forgetting their complexion at sight of their Bengalese beauty, assumed the elegance of the noble English lady, and dreamed of lawful marriage with a handsome officer of the garrison of Meerut or Morahabad.

An indifferent observer might have remarked the singular variety of the four groups at the departure of the palanquins: Paula and Amata carelessly sitting like two adorable goddesses, and looking at no one, that all eyes might look at them; Volsy and Hebert fixing their eyes on the odalisque sandals which played with the fringes of the silken curtains; Lula and Naddya, negligently leaning against a palm-tree and promising themselves, at no distant future, a ride in palanquins also; Tauly and Mendesour flashing the lightnings of their eyes on the two clouds of Chinese stuffs which concealed the Europeans, those white marvels, unknown in the harems of Delhi, Lahore and Agra.

Doctor Hebert and Volsy followed the palanquins with their eyes to the extremity of the little road which terminated at the hill. As soon as there was no longer anything to see but a luxuriant landscape, the two young people were seized with that sadness which follows the sunset, and returned to the green saloon to look at the traces which the beloved feet had left on the turf and wild flowers. Words failed both to commence the conversation and perhaps change friends to rivals, for no previous confidence had been made; neither knew exactly his position, and each feared to become enlightened.

At last Volsy summoned resolution; he touched the doctor's arm lightly, saying, with a smile: "Do you know what men do when they are in love?"

"They love," replied Hebert, lightly. "Since you do not choose to tell, I will," resumed the Englishman. "Men in love, in the presence of the beloved one, either maintain silence, or speak in order to shine at the expense of their neighbors. That is what you have just done, my dear doctor. When you and I are



alone together, you spare your wit, but if a woman arrives, you crush me without pity. Hebert, you are in love."

"My dear Volsy," said Hebert, with assumed dignity, "I did not come to India to violate the holy laws of hospitality; I came to instruct myself in my profession, you know very well. Certainly I admire, like everybody else, the beauty of the ladies Rivaes, but that is all. In my turn, my dear Volsy, I address to you the same question, reply to me frankly."

"Well," returned Volsy, laughing, "I will be as serious as yourself. The Misses Rivaes are the only friends of my family; they are at this moment at my house, and I am here. You see that I avoid them; this is the only concession I can make. Beneath our Indian sun, only a minute is required to take away one's self-possession, and a soldier in love is a deserter who has passed over to the enemy."

This ambiguous explanation seemed to satisfy the young doctor; he extended his hand to Volsy, and pointing to a new personage who had arrived, dripping with perspiration and laden with an enormous burden, he said: "There, my dear Volsy, is a youth who is more unfortunate than either of us; he is in love and about to marry."

"Your servant, Cesar Verlaque, about to marry!" asked Volsy, with astonishment, "and whom?"

"O, do not be alarmed, Volsy, he is to espouse Lula."

"Lula!" responded Volsy, "who has refused to marry a brahmin enamored of her, and who, by her scorn, obliged that poor Waly to become a fakir?"

"Yes, Lula," replied Hebert, "the young Indian women have no longer religious prejudices. Even widows prefer a second marriage to the funeral pile. Lula would rather be the wife of a French or English servant, than the favorite sultana of the Great Mogul. Women, everywhere, have good sense. If the East India Company were directed by five Englishmen, it would make at least five blunders less per day."

Cesar Verlaque having deposited his burden, approached the doctor to take his orders.

"Have you gathered a good harvest?" said Hebert.

"I hope you will be satisfied," replied Cesar; "I found between the crevices of the rocks, a family of plants as large as an umbrella, and lined with velvet, like the mantle of a princess. I gathered them all."

"Very well; go deposit your plants in my room and rest."

"Rest!" said Cesar, "O, not yet; I will rest at midnight, if the tiger will let me. I discovered on the edge of the forest a little shrub which sweats in the sunshine like an Italian pine. There is something in that, I said, and I am going to uproot the shrub while the tiger is asleep." And Cesar saluted his master and disappeared.

"There is one whom I cured by a process unknown to medicine," said the doctor, to Volsy. "This poor boy had not been planted on congenial soil. Transplantation has cured him of his natural infirmity. He was so averse to labor that one day, being hungry, he preferred stealing two loaves of bread to earning them. He was taken, tried, convicted and sent to prison. I studied the physical constitution of this youth, and thought I recognized in him one of those nervous natures which the north kills and the south resuscitates. To day, in a congenial climate, he puts money in my purse and labors almost unremittently."

Volsy listened to the recital of this moral cure with a distraction which the doctor remarked, without asking an immediate explanation of it. Not a word of praise or raillery was pronounced by the English officer. Hebert left him, saying, carelessly: "I must go and examine the new vegetable riches of my herbal."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DRAMA.

NIGHT, always precocious in those climates, had long since fallen, and this time, contrary to their usual habits, Paula and Amata had not yet appeared at the house of their father, Luiz Rivaes, on their return from the dwelling of John Windham. The young Doctor Hebert began to feel some uneasiness, although he affected much gaiety in presence of the father, not speaking of his daughters, but relating the successful experiments which he had just made

in his laboratory with two new plants discovered in the morning.

At intervals, Luiz Rivaes repeated the usual phrase of long and anxious expectation. "I do not understand this delay; they should have been here at least an hour ago."

They were both seated on the steps of the *chattram*, by the light of those splendid constellations which give as much brightness to the nights of India as does the sun to the days of the north. When the conversation was interrupted, they listened to the sounds of the country, and Doctor Hebert repeated: "There is not the shadow of danger. Eight bearers and two sepoy; with this escort, two women might now travel over India. The tiger is rare and cowardly, and besides, it is not yet up."

A dull and almost human plaint was heard, and Luiz Rivaes started and looked at Hebert. The gardener passed by the dwelling and said: "Baby whines and refuses to enter his enclosure. His mistress has not bid him good-night."

"Poor Baby!" said Hebert, "I will come to console you, and Cylon also."

Baby and Cylon, the two favorite elephants of Paula and Amata, persisted in remaining outside the gate of their vast yard, and remained deaf to the persuasions of the young Indian girls, Lula and Naddya.

Hebert had seized this opportunity to separate from Luiz Rivaes and free himself from an intolerable constraint, for this delay had already changed his fears into despair. Besides, Volsy seemed to suspect him, and not knowing to what reasonable cause to attribute the absence of the two sisters, he feared even a crime, and all the alarming events which one can imagine in a wilderness where the law protects only criminals. Meanwhile, as he had undertaken to console the elephants, he walked towards the enclosure, and addressing the two colossuses, repeated all that the English language has softest in superlatives, to calm their impatience.

"Take care," said Lula, "do not approach too near Cylon, he is enraged; look how he flattens his ears."

"He is too reasonable to be angry with me," said Hebert; "what have I done to him?"

"You are of the country and have the accent of his old master, the merchant of Meerut."

"Does Cylon dislike the French?" said Hebert, laughing.

"He killed one at Meerut."

Hebert stepped two paces backwards. The bravest fears a blow from a trunk on his forehead. Cylon seemed to comprehend the meaning of this dialogue, and assumed an attitude of composure, that he might not frighten a man, who was in reality a friend, though a Frenchman. Hebert forced a laugh, and, resuming his first place, hastily interrupted Lula.

"I should like to hear the story, and if we had time—"

"O, it is not long," returned the young girl.

"Listen. Cylon was led every day by his master to the watering-place of elephants at the gate of Delhi. His master fell sick, and the servant, who was a French deserter from the marines, mounted on the neck of Cylon to go to the fountain. On the way, he bought a cocoa-nut and attempted to crack it on the walls of the houses at the right and left. The streets of Meerut are very narrow, but the height of Cylon prevented the cocoa nut from reaching the walls. Then this servant attempted to break the nut on the elephant's head, treating this noble animal as if he were a rock on the highway. Cylon comprehended the gravity of the insult, but, according to the habits of his race, did not allow himself to yield to the first impulse of a just anger, but wished to reflect in order to assure himself that the servant did not deserve to be forgiven. The next day, on the same route to the watering-place and in the same alley, the domestic was on foot, leading Cylon, and when they had arrived at the cocoa merchants, the elephant picked up one of these fruits and broke it on the head of his conductor."

"And the head?" asked Hebert.

"Was crushed, of course; the trunk of an enraged elephant would break anything. After that, Cylon went to the fountain and returned home alone, followed by witnesses who had seen the insult and the vengeance, and justified him to his master. All the inhabitants of Meerut blamed the servant, and no one pitied him."

During this recital, the two elephants gave signs of uneasiness; they expanded their cavernous ears, as if to listen the better to those distant sounds which cannot reach feeble human ears;

they elevated their trunks vertically, as if to snuff on the evening breeze the emanations from the wild beasts which might follow their two young mistresses on their return in the palanquins. At least, it was thus that Lula and Naddya attempted to explain the mysterious movements of the two colossuses.

"A great danger is in the air," said Lula, looking in the direction of Meerut. "Men are often mistaken; elephants never."

"Ah!" said Hebert, "that is extraordinary; we must hasten to the residence of John Windham. Lula, make Cylon kneel; Naddya, run and get me my carbine; I must go, I may be of assistance."

At the first sign from Lula, and as if he had comprehended the order, Cylon was preparing to kneel in order to favor the ascent of Hebert, when the dogs of the house were seen to run on the road to Meerut.

"The dogs do not bark," said the young girls, jumping with joy. "There are the palanquins."

In fact, the two daughters of Luiz Rivaes, lighted by resin torches, soon appeared beneath the first trees of the avenue and fell into the arms of their father, giving signs of terror beyond known perils. They rapidly ascended the steps of the dwelling, entered the grand hall and seated themselves, or rather fell upon the nearest divan. He who had seen them on their departure would not have known them on their return. By their livid paleness, by their mute despair, it was evident they had suffered extremely.

The door of the saloon was closed, and Doctor Hebert alone remained with Luiz Rivaes, Paula and Amata. The young man would have withdrawn, but an imperative sign from the head of the family detained him. A physician is never an intruder at such fearful crises, so Rivaes thought.

The French doctor had, in the highest degree, an instinctive faculty, which is often with others but the fruit of mature experience and long observation; he could read on a countenance the secret thoughts, especially because of the efforts made to conceal them. So, at this moment, rapid as lightning, he comprehended that the grief, the emotion, the despair of the two sisters, took their source from different causes, and that the fearful revelation they were about to make would not tell all, and would keep an important secret.

Here, then, is what was revealed by Amata. The sepoy garrison at Moradabad had revolted; they had massacred the English officers and all the English families. It was said that at Delhi and Agra the rebel natives had delivered themselves up to the most atrocious excesses, to acts of unheard-of brutality. A dull agitation reigned in the regiment at Meerut. An explosion was expected, and young Volsy, listening only to the call of duty, had torn himself from the arms of his family and mounted his horse to rejoin his cantonment.

At this sentence in the recital of Amata, her sister Paula suppressed her sobs, and her head fell on her breast in a nervous convulsion. Hebert had listened to all vaguely, he looked only to Amata. From this moment, doubt was no longer permitted to him; Paula was the betrothed of Volsy Windham.

"The secret has been well kept," thought Hebert, "but there are decisive circumstances which betray the most intimate secrets of the heart."

Luiz Rivaes embraced his daughters tenderly, and, after a long silence, interrupted only by tears, he said: "A great misfortune has doubtless happened around us, but it threatens only the English; we are colonists, and the Indians have no motive to injure us. So do not despair, my dear daughters. Our dwelling is a safe asylum, the Portuguese flag will protect us. Is it not so, Doctor Hebert?"

The young man was pacing the saloon and paying no attention to the words of Luiz Rivaes, but, on hearing his name pronounced, he stopped, and not knowing what to reply to a question which he had not heard, exclaimed: "I have predicted it a hundred times, and all the wise men in East India have predicted it. The old fool of an East India Company will ruin this country. I said so this morning to Volsy, and he laughed. This evening we shall laugh no more."

Silence ensued in the saloon, but Amata quickly interrupted it by summoning through the window, Lula and Naddya, to request them to give refreshments to the poor bearers and the two sepoys who had escorted them to their dwelling.

"This night," said Rivaes then, "we run no risk, so, my dear daughters, go and take a little

rest which you so much need. To-morrow, the flag of Portugal shall wave on the roof of our house."

Amata had approached her father, doubtless to say something to him in confidence, and the young doctor would have profited by the favorable opportunity to address himself directly to Paula, but the latter rose like a Pythoness on her tripod and said, in a stern voice: "Would you know, sir, the cause of our delay? It was this. My sister and myself, two women! wished to depart for Meerut, we wished to accompany the brave soldier who was so heroically doing his duty. And you, sir, his friend, you spend your courage against the East India Company! You forget that France was the ally of England in the last war, and have not had the generous inspiration to hasten to Meerut to fulfil your double duty as friend and physician."

And without waiting for a reply or justification, Paula hastened to rejoin her sister, leaving Hebert immovable and mute with surprise and confusion. An instant afterwards he was alone in the great hall; three good nights had been addressed to him and he had not replied.

Twenty projects crossed each other in his head, all admitted and rejected at the same instant. The blood rushed to his forehead, and everything appeared at once easy and impossible. An hour had just overturned the scaffolding of his future. He had pictured himself with a sweet dream; had seen himself arrive at fortune and at fame by honorable labors and unheard-of discoveries in this garden of India, this laboratory of the sun, this herbal of God, this pharmacopoeia of the world; he was the friend of Luiz Rivaes and had hoped to be his son-in-law. In reasoning thus, he had not flattered, he had only been just to himself. Sons-in-law like Dr. Hebert Colomb do not abound in the civil service of the Ganges, and all the passports of the foreign office do not contain, like that of Hebert, the flattering description: *twenty-five years, black hair, aquiline nose, high forehead, in fine, whatever constitutes the physical distinction of man, for the word beauty should be applied only to woman; it is a word exclusively feminine.*

A young English officer, fair, rosy and agreeable, was the betrothed of Paula, and that he might not be dishonored in the eyes of Portugal, it was necessary that Hebert should depart with the arms of a soldier and the medicine-chest of a physician to give the aid of friendship to a fortunate rival. Devotion above human courage.

There are in the Gospel two words sublime in their association: "I will arise and go," *surgam et ibo*; it is the cry of heroic resolutions. Hebert found it in his soul and rose to depart without bidding any adieu; his absence would speak for him.

As he was repairing to the quarters of the servants, he encountered Cesar Verlaque, laden with a parcel of plants, and said to him: "Will you accompany me to Meerut?"

"But do you know what has taken place at Meerut?" said Verlaque. "Do you know the latest news?"

"No."

"I will inform you. Two English servants have just arrived and taken refuge here. They escaped the massacre by a miracle. The European habitations in the environs are burned. Everything white is English. Only the Indian is spared. The sepoys are committing horrors without a name, murdering, outraging, cutting to pieces young girls, children. The Indian sun has never witnessed such scenes. Now, master, would you see them nearer? let us go, I will follow you."

"Go and saddle two horses immediately, my brave Verlaque, and wait for me at the gate of the court yard. I will write a letter to my mother, and that duty fulfilled, we will do another. Go and choose our best Parisian weapons, load the carbines and pistols as if for a tiger hunt, and make haste."

Night had advanced, a silence of solitude reigned around the dwelling, and gave a fearful gloom to this nocturnal landscape which the sun made so joyous. A single window remained open towards the north and allowed the gleam of a lamp, reflected from a thick grove of ebony trees. It was the chamber of the two sisters, Paula and Amata; they were seeking from the night air a little coolness to soothe the fever of their emotions while awaiting the blessings of sleep.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

It is surely better a man should be abused than forgotten.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## SONNET.—INFERUS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"—facilis descensus Avernus,  
Nocentes atque illos patet atria Divis.  
Sed revocare gradum, superaque cedere ad aurum,  
Hic opus, hic labor est!"

Easy the road that leads to realms of death,  
And feet innumerable walk therein;  
Butween with flowers the dizzying path of sin,  
And, at the gate, the demon-tempter waiteth.

"Come, enter here, for pleasure waits within."  
Yea—easy is the road! Have ye not seen  
Where wanton lust doth lurk in winsome guise?  
Or where each hateful passion ambush'd lies?

While sin's seductive witcheries lie between?  
Easy the road, and beautiful her feet  
Who leads these captive down the steep of hell!  
Fair are these haunts—Temptation here doth dwell.

O, fly thee, mortal, when her measures sweet,  
In syren strains thine ears enraptured greet!  
How bright the way, how pleasurable the road,  
Which, with its quick gradations, downward leads.

Through gardens of delight to death's abode!  
Ay, but these flowers shall shrink to noxious weeds,  
And as thou turn'st in terror wild to flee  
From the black pit, which now all horror breeds.

Poor wretch—around thee rolls in fire a boundless sea!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## PHEBE MARLOW'S THREE LOVERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

THE nicest of great, old-fashioned kitchens was Farmer Marlow's, and on the particular evening of which I write, it looked more than usually cozy, with the chimney-curtains closely drawn to shut out the sharp December wind, a wood fire flashing and roaring most gloriously in the broad fire-place, and pretty Phebe Marlow, the farmer's buxom daughter, sitting alone by the wide brick hearth, the glimmer of the pine blaze springing up to waste itself in a red tide of kisses on her bright face, warming the blood in her cheeks till their soft, tempting bloom quite put to shame the jaunty cherry ribbons in her hair. Ah! there wasn't a comelier, more bewitching lass in all Christendom than this same little Phebe, and it is not impossible that she was thinking of this fact as she sat there before the blazing fire, for she leaned her head coquetically on her small brown hand (Phebe was a farmer's daughter, remember), and let such a pleasant, happy smile spread over her face, that a whole nest of dimples was startled into motion, and went fluttering and dancing around her lips like bees about the scarlet heart of a rose, while the ambitious flames panted and wrestled up the great chimney for very love of the black eyes in which they saw themselves reflected.

But whatever gratifying thought was in the damsel's mind, it did not seem inclined to pay a long visit, for the smile was displaced by just the most delicious shadow of a pout, and Phebe sprang up resolutely, glancing in a half-nervous way at the distorted pictures which the romping firelight was sketching on the wall, looking up at the tall wooden clock in the corner, the fingers of which pointed to the early hour of seven, and then going to the window and sighing as she pushed aside the curtain for a moment and looked down the long, desolate, snow-covered road. You might have thought, so long she stood there with her rosy face pressed against the frame, and her bright eyes peering out into the wintry darkness, that she was looking for something or somebody in particular, and, perhaps she was! At any rate, she was very lonely, for her father and mother had gone to a neighboring village to a lecture, leaving her to keep house alone until their return.

Evidently it was dull work for the lively-spirited young lady, but she seemed determined to make the best of it, for she went out into the pantry, and bringing in a large wooden churn, set it down before the hearth, and then tying a gingham apron about her waist, to keep the great white spatters of cream from her neat woolen dress, she seated herself to a task which one of the dainty feminines of the present day would turn pale to think of accomplishing.

By the way, if there is a single old bachelor among my readers, let me ask him if he ever saw a pretty girl churning, and if so, if he is now a bachelor from choice or necessity? Certain am I that he could never have seen Phebe, my charming heroine, with her sleeves tucked away from her round, white arms, leaving them bare and free for their vigorous exercise, the flush on her cheeks and the golden fire-shine shimmering over her black hair, the cherry ribbons on her

head and the little leather-shodden feet out stretched on the braided hearth-rug, the cambric ruffle about her slender throat, the tape strings of her apron, in fact every portion of her jaunty, becoming dress keeping time to the rising and falling of the restless dasher, he couldn't have seen her so, I say, without wishing—bless me! who gave my elbow such a merciless nudge? As I live, here is Phebe herself, come to pay me an afternoon visit, with her youngest ba—but I anticipate.

A bright idea strikes me. She shall sit down and write out her own little love affair. It will be doubly interesting, I know. I doubt if she ever wrote a story in all her life, or even dreamed of such a thing, and I am sure she will lead my tired pen out of its hackneyed courses and flavor this short narrative with an interest I could not hope to give it. In return, I will take care of her ba—but I anticipate again.

## PHEBE'S STORY.

I make you my prettiest bow, dear readers. As Margaret here says, I never wrote a story in my life, and never thought of such a thing. But she has promised me that if I fill out these blank sheets of paper for her, she will go home and spend the evening with me, which is something of a temptation, for you must know that we are the dearest friends in the world, and have been ever since we used to be schoolmates together, which was so long ago that I shouldn't dare tell you, for fear you would be guessing at Margaret's age. She's a nice old maid—girl, though I will say, in confidence, that she kisses John (that's my husband) just when she pleases, and is a terrible tease among the children. Never mind, I'll be even with her one of these days, when she has a husband to kiss (if she ever does, which I sometimes doubt the likelihood of).

There! I've done something wrong to begin with, for experienced story-writers never bring in the husband and babies till the closing paragraph. Please forget that part.

Maggie has seen fit to introduce me to you in rather a novel way, and has said a great many agreeable things about me, for which you must please give credit to her wonderful imaginative powers, as I was not half so charming or pretty as she would try to make you think, though I looked well enough, to be sure, and was as wild a little witch as ever hunted hen's eggs or rode on a hay-cart. The churning which she makes such an ado about, was, in spite of her rhapsody, a very tiresome piece of business, and made my arms ache dreadfully. Perhaps I shouldn't have thought so much about it if I had had any one to keep me company, but I was terribly lonesome, and the time seemed long. I kept wishing some of the boys and girls would drop in for an evening's chat, for they all knew that father and mother were gone, and just what a nice place the old kitchen was for a game of Copenhagen or Blind Man's Buff. I had begun to think real hard of them and had half made up my mind to lean my head against the churn-handle and have a good lonesome cry all to myself, when I heard heavy, stamping feet at the door, and the next minute who should walk into the room but Sam Partridge, the awkwardest, homeliest, most ill-mannered specimen of an overgrown country youth that can well be imagined? Dear knows I was vexed enough at the prospect of staying there alone all the evening, but he is the last one I should have wished for a companion.

Now he was rather "stepping up" to me, Sam was, and I knew in a moment that he had seen father's sleigh go past the village, and surmising that I would be alone, had come up sparking. I should have known it by his dress, if in no other way, for he was mightily smarted up. He had on a brand new pair of home made pantaloons and his go-to-meeting swallow-tail coat. A flaring red neck-tie and a tall hat completed his costume, and though his trousers had been cut three inches too short for his long legs, and his blue swallow-tail was one that had encircled his grandfather as long ago as that venerable gentleman went courting himself, yet Sam marched into the room as bravely as if he were going to lay siege to a British man-of-war, instead of the poor little heart of a country girl like myself.

"A cold night, aint it, Phebe?" he said, familiarly, going up to the fire and rubbing his great red hands briskly over the blaze. "Old folks aint tu hum, be they?"

Just as I was about to answer him, there came a gingerly rap at the front door, something like the pecking of a sick hen at a dough-dish. I took the candle, leaving Sam to admire himself

in the dark, and went to the door. Whom do you think I found there? As sure as my name is Phebe, it was Moses Marsh, the village dentist—a dignified, dapper little man, who had asked me at least as many as four times to marry him, and that before his first wife (for he was a widower) had been dead a year. I think the phrenologists would have marked his organ of hope up somewhere among the nines or tens, for he kept coming to see me, even after the fourth refusal of his suit, and didn't seem to entertain the slightest doubt about eventually calling me Mrs. Marsh. Maybe I encouraged him a little at times. I am inclined to think now that I must have done so, though I am very sure if I did, it was to torment the younger fellows—one in particular.

Well, I led the way to the kitchen in high glee. The idea of having two lovers to entertain in one evening, and neither of them at all agreeable, was so amusing that I almost choked in replying to his dignified "I hope I find you well this evening, Miss Phebe," and had to make a pretence of wiping my nose on my apron, in order to hold one corner of it across my mouth to smother a very rude giggle.

Sam stared at us, as we entered the room, with a sort of sheepish wonder, which made me want to laugh the more. I went back to my churning, after handing a chair to my guest. He had a way of always looking stiff and straight like a broom-handle, and when he plumped himself down into his seat, it seemed to me that instead of bending, he broke short off in the middle, and there were the fragments of him, each proper and upright, like the individual whole, but still looking like pieces which could never be put together again in the right shape. Thinking first of this, and then of Sam's great awkward figure, standing so near me that the pointed tails of his famous coat brushed against me, I had hard work to say anything serious to them, you may well believe.

Just as I was trying to steady my voice so that I might make the usual inquiries regarding the health of Sam's mother and sisters, I heard a quick, springing step coming over the snow-crusted fields towards the house. I should have known that step among a million, and it seemed as if every drop of blood in my foolish heart came flying up into my face at the sound.

Surprise parties had not been heard of in that day, or I should certainly have imagined that I was being favored with such an entertainment, when John Harris—dear, handsome John—the favorite with all the Cranston boys, and the idol of all the girls, myself included, joined our little trio. What a smile there was on his bright, frank face, so unlike Sam's intolerable grin, or the slow, watery simper of Moses Marsh. And how vividly the impression came over me, though no doubt I was very silly, that instead of bringing in with him a cold breath of the wintry weather outside, it was a gush of summer warmth and fragrance that followed him into the old dim kitchen, making its old shadowy corners look bright and sweet to me. I could almost have gone to the window, expecting to look out upon the green grass and blushing roses.

But mind you, I wouldn't have had John mistrust how I was feeling for anything in the world. We were always quarrelling, and I don't exactly mean that either. We had a way of saying little sharp things to each other, and of getting into a most agreeable disagreement whenever chance threw us together, though all the while I knew he liked me, and I am very sure he knew the same of me. I suppose I was what people call a coquette, in my small way, though being a sober married woman now, I don't exactly like to say it, it sounds so vain-like. But John knew just how to treat me, and never made a mistake in his quick march into my affections.

I bowed very coolly to him, and he bowed very coolly in return, though I saw a roguish glimmer in his great blue eyes as he advanced and shook hands with Sam and Moses. The farmer held out his awkward paw with a most unceremonious snicker, and said, as he withdrew it and thrust the long fingers up through his bushy brown hair: "It 'pears to me as though we'd all come on pooty much the same errand, and I guess none of us didn't come to see the old folks."

Another snicker followed this trite observation, and I felt my face flaming and crimsoning painfully. John must have noticed it, for he sprang forward, and catching me up as though I had been a doll (yet not rudely, I am sure), set me down almost instantly in a far corner of the room, where the fire in my cheeks might burn out

by degrees, and no one be the wiser for it. It was very kind of him.

"I know you are tired, Phebe; you have churned a delightful color into your cheeks," he said, laughingly. "Let me try it for a while and see if I can manufacture two such roses as you have done."

He commenced churning as he spoke, and for a few moments I heard nothing but regular strokes of the wooden dasher in the cream, and the loud, quick beating of my own heart in the corner. What made my heart beat loud and quick, do you ask? Hadn't John's arm just been round my waist, I'd like to know? I don't believe there was a girl in all Cranston whose heart wouldn't have beat the faster for it.

"Miss Phebe," said Moses, suddenly, turning his round, brown, cow-like eyes toward the corner where I sat, "Mr. Harris has set an example worthy of imitation. Is there no way in which I can be of assistance to you?"

The I was emphasized in a peculiar manner, as much as to say that he, of all persons, had the best right in the world to assist me, however much more officious such light-headed youths as John Harris might be with their offers of help.

"O, yes, indeed!" I answered, glad enough to think of his being occupied in any way which would free me from his annoying but most innocent staring. "I have a tray of apples to pare and a pan of beans to look over this evening for to-morrow's baking. You may do the beans for me, if you wish, and I shall be very thankful."

I drew the table out nearer the fire and set the pan of beans upon it with the utmost alacrity, while he dragged a couple of chairs up to it, setting them side by side, and remarking, with his thin smile and another roll of his cowy eyes, intended to be particularly affectionate, that he supposed I would be his near neighbor while I pared my apples.

"I suggest," said John, coming to my assistance again, "that Sam shall take care of the apples. Then we shall be all out of mischief, and Phebe will have nothing to do but entertain us."

"Sartin, sartin!" exclaimed Sam, springing forward, with a great clap of his horny palms, "I'll pare the apples, but I'll have it in the bargain that the one who gets his job done first shall have the coast clear to himself from that time, that is, if Miss Phebe, here, haint no objection."

Evidently Sam hadn't put on his bran new breeches and blue swallow-tail to no purpose. He meant to make a sure business of his courtship, if it was a possible thing.

"What do you say to that?" said John, turning to me with a tantalizing laugh. "Sam certainly deserves some reward for his bravery. I doubt much if either Mr. Marsh or myself would have had the courage to speak our wishes so distinctly. What say you to the proposal? Are you willing that the one among us who shall prove himself the most expeditious workman, shall be honored by sitting alone with you for the remainder of the evening?"

It was one of those provoking emergencies, in which I knew not what to say or how to act. Usually I was pert and saucy enough, but I had no retort for so unexpected and ludicrous a proposal.

"Silence gives consent," whispered John, while I still stood blushing and confused, and I could but laugh at the vigorous way in which he re-applied himself to his task.

"That's so!" cried Sam, flinging himself down beside Moses. "Bring on your sour apples, Phebe! Hurra for the spriest fingers and the pootiest gal in Cranston!"

Moses turned toward him with a dignified look of reproof, and then asked me, with a faint attempt at wit, if John had requested me to give him a cent. He thought he whispered something that sounded like that.

I have to laugh even at this late day, thinking of the next half-hour, and the ridiculous haste with which Moses and Sam applied themselves to their labor. Not that John seemed indifferent, by any means, but while the others defeated themselves by their own hurrying, he alone was cool and collected. I need not tell you on whose side my sympathies were enlisted, or with what a growing horror I watched the beans and apples disappearing before the expeditious fingers of Moses and Sam, while the obstinate cream still swish-swashed gently back and forth in the churn, without the faintest apparent wish to become batter.

I thought John caught a little of the same spirit



which infected me, for he began to cast nervous glances toward his rivals, and to examine more and more closely the thin white cream for some signs of butter. So interested were we all that the fire went down without replenishing, and all of a sudden, the candle, as if ambitious of following the example, went out in sympathy, though I was sure it had not half burned down.

While I was wondering at the occurrence, I heard what sounded to me like the unceremonious thumping of a man's boot against the table-leg, and the next moment, beans, apples and candlestick were rolling together across the floor. I knew then whose foot had done the mischief, and for what reason. Dear, wicked John! He did want to sit up with me very much indeed—don't you think so? I ran into the pantry for another candle, and while there a sudden thought struck me. Close by the door was a churning of new butter which father had "brought" before starting for the lecture. The churns were just alike—I could easily change them in the darkness, and why not? No one would be the wiser; I should get rid of Moses and Sam, and—better than all the rest—pshaw! What nonsense for a married woman to be writing!

The idea no sooner darted through my brain than I started to put it in execution. The churn

kitchen, and then at the broken one lying in the hall, and again into my crimsoned, confused face, that he, too, began to comprehend how affairs stood. Moses was duller of comprehension, and stood scratching his head and looking from one churn to the other perplexed, as if trying to find out which was the real me, and which the ghost.

Here I am at the last page of Maggie's paper, and my story still unfinished. My Johnnie is kicking most lustily in Maggie's unskilful arms, and crying at the top of his lungs to go home. And so you must excuse me if I condense the rest of the evening's adventures into a single paragraph, for it wouldn't be quite fair to leave you so, without telling how Sam, like the good-natured fellow he was, swallowed his disappointment and his matrimonial hopes together in one laughing gulp, and retreated from the field, prevailing upon Moses to bear him company; or how John and I sat side by side on the old-fashioned kitchen settee, talking all manner of foolish things; or still further, how I promised to— Well, my little Johnnie is named for his father, and he is the youngest of three. I am a demure lady of thirty-seven, just two years younger than—Margaret snatches at my arm—good-by! I didn't mean *her*, I am sure.

Very cordially, PHEDRA HARRIS.

#### THE GOV. GENERAL OF CUBA IN COUNCIL.

As everything relating to the island of Cuba has an interest to Americans, from the proximity of that island to our shores, and the contrast it presents to our institutions, we have selected for the illustration of this page a picture of the governor-general holding a council. The captain-general of Cuba have always wielded great power, but since 1825, or, for a period of thirty-five years, they have enjoyed almost unlimited authority, governing as an arbitrary autocrat governs in the old world. Vives first received this *carte blanche*, when the island was threatened with invasion by the united forces of Mexico and Columbia. Tacon wielded these powers with an unsparring hand, and successive dangers have induced the home government to continue to successive captains-general nearly the same broad authority which was conferred upon Vives. Yet Spain persists in terming the "Island of the Gulf," her "ever-loyal island of Cuba," though the fact that the creoles are held in subjection solely by Spanish bayonets and the threats of the dungeon, exile and the infamous punishment of the *garrote*, is notorious. The captain-general says that Spain relies not on foreign aid to maintain her rights, but on her "powerful navy and disciplined army, of the loyalty of

#### THE NEW TRIALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

For a time has come when they that stand for Christ must be either a great deal better in their life, or else a great deal worse. All the fiery woes of persecution that, in former ages, burnt in a saintly piety, are extinguished. The way to heaven is grown easy and safe, under the guarantee of our modern liberties. The world, meantime, is in tide of economic progress—the very soil of the world is being scientifically fattened for a more copious production. Wealth is becoming, thus, a hope more nearly universal, and so, luxury, show, fashion, are becoming a kind of general ambition. A great and fearful problem is thus raised for the gospel: how to let in riches into piety itself; how to make a solid union between power and humility; how to raise the tastes and manners, and keep the simplicity of feeling; how to amplify conditions, without raising puffs and swells in the men; in one word, how to bring in means, and not bring dissipations, fumings of pride, vapors of conceit, shows of vanity, apings of the great world of ungodliness. Such a fool is man that, getting power, he loses sobriety, and it is yet to be seen whether even the lowly-minded, self-renouncing religion of Jesus can save a prospering age from this folly. What is specially wanted therefore now



GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA IN COUNCIL.

was heavy, but I was stronger than the girls of the present day, and lifted it in my arms as though it had been but a kitten. It was the work of an instant to transfer it to the kitchen and set it softly beside its mate. But alas! for me, as I was tripping lightly and softly back with the other one, my foot caught in the door-mat and precipitated me in a kind of half-somersault into the hall. Before I had time to spring to my feet, I felt the cream from the overturned churn pouring over me in a cool deluge, and saw Sam Partridge standing in the doorway with the lighted remnant of the candle which he had picked up somewhere from the "wreck of matter." Standing on tiptoe behind him, and looking over his brawny shoulders, was Moses, his eyes and mouth both stretched wide open with surprise.

It was John, I believe, who came to my rescue, lifting me up so cautiously, and casting into my face at the same time a glance which assured me as plainly as words could have done, that he understood the matter perfectly. I am sure that I looked something like a nymph rising from the sea and dripping with foam, but my looks bore no comparison to my feelings. To say that I would gladly have had the earth open to swallow me up, would be doing but faint justice to my sensations, for I saw as Sam cast a quizzical glance first at the whole chura standing in the

#### POISONED SNUFF.

Scented snuffs were sometimes made the recipients of poison. In 1712, the Duke de Noailles presented the Dauphiness of France with a box of Spanish snuff in which she delighted; she kept it for a few days privately; it was charged with poison, which she inhaled; and five days after the present, died of it, complaining of sharp pain in the temples. This excited much attention, and great fears of "accepting a pinch" on the one hand, or offering it on the other. It became a general belief that such poisoned snuff was used in Spain, and by Spanish emissaries to clear away political opponents, and that the Jesuits also adopted it for the purpose of poisoning their enemies. Hence it was termed "Jesuit's snuff," and a great dread of it was felt for a considerable time. One instance of it is given in an anecdote of the Duc de Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé; who took Santeuil, the poet, to a great entertainment, compelled him to drink a large quantity of champagne, and ultimately emptied his snuff-box, filled with Spanish snuff, into his wine. This produced a violent fever, of which Santeuil died, amid excruciating agonies, within fourteen hours after. Other instances of the use of this article for such a purpose are familiar in its history.—*Tobacco: Its History and Associations.*

the overwhelming majority of her vigorous native citizens, on the strength imparted to the good by the defence of their hearths, their laws and their God, and on hurricanes and yellow fever for the enemy." Hereupon an intelligent creole remarks, "No reliance can be placed on the loyalty of the vast majority of the vigorous citizens (unless the negroes alone are comprehended under this phrase), when the whites are deprived of arms for the defence of their country, and men are fined five pesos for carrying canes of a larger size than can be readily introduced into a gun-barrel, and free people of color are alone admitted into the ranks of the troops. The Cubans are not relied upon, since, to prevent their joining Lopez, all the roads were blockaded, and everybody found on them shot; and the immense number of exiles does not prove the majority which favors the government to be so prodigious. The value of the powerful navy and army of the island was shown in the landing of Lopez and the victories which three hundred men constantly obtained over an army of seven thousand, dispersing only when ammunition failed them. Hurricanes and yellow fever are most melancholy arms of defence, and, if they only injured the enemy, the Spaniards, who are as much exposed as other Europeans to the fatal influence, would be the true enemies of Cuba."

is Christian men and churches who maintain the open state with God; living joyfully above the world, when the world's best gift are theirs; godly, self-renouncing, simple, responsible, using their great means for great benefactions, and finding always, in the riches of Christ, a heaven-full of consciously ennobled joy and peace, such as plainly no inferior good can yield. What we want is Christian men and families who can be saints without being persecuted or poor; men who, having mastered all prosperity, can master also themselves; who, having conquered all the good of time, can conquer it again by being superior to it; doing honor to God's abounding fatherhood in all most generous uses of his gifts, and yet in such a way, all ascetic practices apart, that not his gifts but he himself will ever be the joy and rest, and fullness of their heart. The low, legal, anxious piety now commonly prevalent is far too doubtfully blessed in Christ—a kind of starvation, out of which the soul hies herself eagerly to lay hold of almost any sort of good. It is no argument for unworldliness, but the great temptation to it rather. Nothing answers now but fulness in Christ, riches above all riches, glory within above all glories without, to be imparadised in faith, and God to faith revealed.—*Dr. Bushnell's Farewell Sermon.*



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## TWILIGHT.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

'Tis the penitence hour of twilight,  
And the noisy day is past,  
While the oriental shadows  
Now are falling, falling fast.

Slowly down the distant heavens,  
Sink the broadening sun of day,  
Melting in a ring of crimson  
When it kissed the mountain gray.

Ocean's waves are bright and glassy,  
Rosy as the skies above,  
While upon its brow is mirrored  
Vesper's little star of love.

Down the distant shady valley,  
Listen to the fairy ring  
Cushing from the silver streamlet  
As it purls the mead along.

Darker shades are in the forest,  
Darker birds are on the wing,  
While the dying sunlight mellow  
On each grove and mountain spring.

Sorrow, like the summer twilight,  
Casts a shadow o'er the soul,  
Tinging with its passive hues  
Pleasure's wavelets as they roll.

Soothing down the heart in slumber,  
Drowning grief in Lethe's stream,  
Comes the starry light of heaven  
O'er each fairy evening dream.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## A JUDICIAL MURDER.

The English Criminal Code a Hundred Years ago.

BY H. B. SANFORD.

In the year 1748, one Mr. Jacob Halston—a wholesale dealer in Birmingham and Sheffield goods, carried on business in Mincing Lane, in the city of London. Mr. Jacob Halston was a ruddy good looking, somewhat corpulent man, of about sixty years old, who had commenced life in the midst of a hard struggle with poverty, and who, by dint of industry, energy and integrity, had succeeded in accumulating a fortune. He was a good-meaning, not over-educated, but uncharitable man, who was kind to his family and friends, and most hospitable to strangers, when they visited him at his handsome villa, on Clapham Common, about five miles from London, but he was shrewd and cautious in business matters, strict to the letter in fulfilling his own engagements, and as strict in enforcing the like promptitude in his dealings with others. In fact, a very Shylock in insisting upon the promises of his bond. His family consisted of his wife, and his daughter, the latter a young lady of eighteen, pretty and amiable, and accomplished after the fashion of the young ladies a hundred years ago.

Mr. Halston had some friends who lived in Edinburgh, and Miss Julia Halston, after quitting school on attaining to her seventeenth birthday, had paid a long promised visit to these friends, with whom she had remained for several months. While in Edinburgh, she had made the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy—a handsome, generous, dashing young fellow—and the result of this acquaintance was that the two young people fell in love with each other, without thinking it necessary to ask the advice either of friends or parents.

Lieutenant Thompson, who was attached to a frigate then lying in Leith roads, went to sea, being bound on a cruise in the Mediterranean which it was expected would occupy at least two years, but before he sailed he had had a private interview with the young lady, had declared his passion, and had been accepted as her lover, Miss Halston having promised to remain faithful to the young sailor under any circumstances, and to use her best endeavors to obtain her father's consent to their union on the lieutenant's return to England; while he, on his part, vowed that the fair Julia would prove a safeguard against any attacks that might be made upon his heart, by the black-eyed *senoritas* of Spain, or the still more seductive daughters of Italy.

In truth Julia did not anticipate a very difficult task in her endeavor to win over her father, for she knew that he doted upon her, and her lover belonged to a respectable Scotch family, which, if it was not so wealthy, occupied a higher social position than did her own.

She was correct in her expectations. The old merchant was somewhat angry at first. He

would have wished his daughter to marry a young merchant or tradesman rather than an officer of the army or navy, both of which services he professed to regard with contempt, but having ascertained the fact that Lieutenant Thompson's father was an independent gentleman, and a justice of the peace—though his income was very limited; that the young officer had friends who were likely to push his promotion, and that he had an elder married brother, who was a merchant in Edinburgh, in his (Mr. Halston's) line of business, and in good standing, he, at length, gave his consent to his daughter's anticipated union, and everything was satisfactorily arranged in regard to the future.

The two families became intimate. Old Mr. Thompson—the Scotch laird—came up to London on a visit, and made his home at the villa on Clapham Common, and shortly after the old gentleman's departure, the lieutenant's brother—the Edinburgh hardware merchant—came to London, and as was to be expected, made the acquaintance of Mr. Halston.

Before this gentleman left London, he visited the warehouse in Mincing Lane, and selecting goods to the value of one thousand pounds, he paid half that amount in cash, and gave his notes to Mr. Halston for the remainder, at three months.

The three months came round, the notes were promptly paid, and then the Scotch tradesman thought he would succeed better if he started business in London himself. He did so, again obtaining goods from Mr. Halston—on credit of six months—to the value of one thousand pounds. Now, however, he began to meet with disappointments and misfortunes. The six months elapsed, and he was unable to pay Mr. Halston for the goods he had received from the old gentleman. He called in at the counting-house in Mincing Lane, and informed his creditor of the fact.

"Hem!" gruffly exclaimed the merchant, "can't your father help you?"

"No," replied Thompson, "I have two unmarried sisters. My father's income is barely sufficient for his own support and theirs. I could not ask him to assist me—I thought—"

He hesitated and stammered, but failed to complete the sentence.

"Thought what, James Thompson?" said the merchant.

"That perhaps you would give me a little time?"

"If I do, what probability is there that you can repay me, and when?"

The tradesman was forced to confess that he saw no immediate probability of being in a condition to pay his debts. He would labor hard, and be as economical as possible, and perhaps—

"Get deeper and deeper into trouble!" interrupted Mr. Halston. "I am not your only creditor?" he added.

"I am sorry to say that you are not."

"And if I wait, will others? No, the only way is for you at once to declare yourself a bankrupt, dispose of your stock and goods, and pay your creditors with the proceeds, unless, indeed, your brother Charles—"

"Charles has nothing but his pay as a lieutenant of the navy," was James Thompson's reply; "and that is little enough. He will return home in the course of six or eight months, and you know he is engaged to Miss Julia. Poor fellow. Charles is generous enough to make any sacrifice, but I should scorn to ask him to lend me his well earned money, unless I knew that I could promptly repay the loan."

All James Thompson's endeavors to obtain assistance, or even time from Mr. Halston were futile. The old merchant argued that if he was inclined to show mercy, others would not, and he would only be the greatest loser by his generosity, as other creditors would seize upon the whole property, and exclude him—the chief creditor—from a due share in the proceeds of the sale.

"I am sorry for you, James," he said, "by-and-by, if you ever get your certificate, I may assist you to start again; but it is my rule—one from which I have never swerved—to admit no claims of friendship, or even of relationship, to stand in the way of business. I should deal with my own brother, if I had one, just as I would deal with a stranger. But this matter between you and me will make no difference in the arrangements between my Julia and your brother Charles."

So a commission of bankruptcy was issued against James Thompson, of Scotland—now of

London, merchant; and his property was sold for the benefit of his creditors.

As had been anticipated, the proceeds of the sale were quite insufficient to meet the demands of the latter, and the amount being divided proportionally between the various claimants, Thompson still remained indebted to Mr. Halston in the sum of two hundred pounds, and in various amounts, from one hundred and fifty down to twenty pounds to others, making the whole sum of his indebtedness nearly six hundred pounds.

Debt and bankruptcy were regarded in a very different light a hundred years ago from what they are now. Whether James Thompson's creditors were morally justified in acting as they did, we will not take it upon ourselves to say. Probably they were actuated by feelings of anger and bitterness because they were unable to obtain what they considered their just due; but these creditors—Mr. Halston *inter alios*, appeared in court against the unfortunate debtor. The court refused to grant him his certificate of discharge, and a commission was issued calling upon James Thompson to surrender himself a prisoner in some one of his majesty's prisons, for debt, in the city of London, there to be held in durance for the satisfaction of his creditors.

Now Mr. Thompson felt that he had done all that it lay in his power to do in giving up to his creditors the whole of his property, and leaving his wife in London, he answered the summons of the commissioners of the court of bankruptcy, by flying to Scotland, where they could not seize upon his person. His creditors were furious when they heard of the successful escape of their victim, and they vowed vengeance if ever he showed himself in London again.

Another six months passed away. Lieutenant Thompson was expected to arrive home in the course of a month or two. He had written Julia to that purport, and as Mr. Halston, angry as he was with James Thompson, held his brother, the lieutenant, guiltless, Julia was making preparations for her wedding, which was to come off within a month after her lover's return. Indeed, unless the frigate should be unexpectedly delayed on her return trip—the day was fixed for the wedding.

Meanwhile James Thompson had found some profitable occupation in Scotland, by which, in the course of a year or two, he hoped to be able to satisfy his creditors. He was living at Peteshead—a short distance from the town of Aberdeen, and he felt sad and lonesome, deprived as he was of the society of his wife and child. He determined therefore, to go up to London, in disguise, and bring them home to Scotland. They were living in lodgings in the borough, and he reached London, and found them out without it having become known to his creditors that he had quitted Scotland.

All was prepared for their departure on board one of the Leith smacks, then lying in the river Thames. He had seen them safe to the cabin of the vessel, and had stepped on shore for a few moments to make some little purchase, when, by chance, he encountered one of his creditors, in Ratcliffe Highway. The man recognized him, and calling a constable, had him arrested as a fugitive from justice. He was carried before Henry Fielding—the novelist, and the celebrated author of "Tom Jones"—who was at that time a magistrate in London, and by him committed to Newgate prison, to take his trial for non-surrender.

His wife and child, who knew nothing of his arrest, sailed on board the smack, without him, and for a long, weary month he was an inmate of the foul keeping-room of Newgate—the involuntary companion of thieves, rogues, and murderers, and miscreants of the deepest dye, who, like himself, and many others guilty of such like venial offences, were awaiting the day of trial.

Mr. Halston had kept his daughter in perfect ignorance of these matters, and it chanced that on the very day appointed for the trial of James Thompson, the frigate on board of which his brother sailed, arrived in the Downs, and the young lieutenant went on shore at Dover, and posted up to London, and paid a visit to his bride elect, at Clapham Common. Mr. Halston was absent, having been detained all day at the Old Bailey, as one of the witnesses against the accused, James Thompson.

These were the days of hanging, drawing, and quartering; the days when the criminal code of England might have challenged comparison with the "bloody laws of Draco." These were the days when the perpetrators of the paltry theft of

ten dollars in money, of a few pounds of bacon or cheese from a shop, or of a few silver spoons from a dwelling-house, would each or all have been punished by hanging beneath the gallows. The days when the man, who, impelled by poverty, stole a few articles of clothing, or a few mouthfuls of food for the sake of his naked, starving children, or who passed off a worthless bank note, or coined a paltry shilling, met the fate of the vilest murderer; the good old times, when almost every Monday morning witnessed the sight of a dozen trembling wretches, swinging between earth and heaven, while the gaping crowd beneath looked on, and pickpockets plied their trade, and street ballad singers cried and sold the "last dying confessions" of the same men whose breath was then being choked out of them, which confessions were rapidly purchased by the eager crowd, while the melancholy bell of the neighboring church of St. Sepulchre—rightly named—told the death peal!

The proof against James Thompson was complete. He was found guilty of evading imprisonment, or, as it was termed, of "non-surrender" and contempt of justice, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead—on that day, fortnight—the day before that which had been appointed for the wedding of his brother Charles and Julia Halston—the daughter of his chief accuser—although it is but just to say that had Mr. Halston not been compelled to testify against his debtor, he would not have done so.

The merchant was shocked, when on his return home, his daughter introduced her lover to her father—who, it will be recollected, had never seen the lieutenant—the unfortunate acquaintance-ship of the two families having sprung up after the young officer's departure for the Mediterranean—and more shocked still when the young man, after warmly shaking the hand of his betrothed bride's parent, observed that his brother James had written him that he had commenced business in London, and asked if he was still in the city, and where he lived.

"Dear papa, are you ill?" asked Julia, as the merchant changed color and staggered to a sofa, while the young man looked at him with an expression of sympathy in his features.

"No," gasped the merchant—"a mere trifling faintness. I have been—been—much annoyed to-day—I shall be better directly. Julia, bring me a glass of water."

The young lady withdrew to obtain the water, leaving her lover alone in the room with her father. At this moment one of the venders of the sheets already alluded to, passed the house, crying in a loud voice:

"Here's the only true account of the trial and condemnation, and sentence of James Thompson, for non surrender, and attempt to defraud his creditors, who is to be hanged under the gallows on Monday fortnight, with ten other culprits. The full, true and particular account—only one penny."

The fellow stopped under the window of the villa, and repeated his doleful cry. The young lieutenant caught his brother's name, and looked at the merchant as if for an explanation. Mr. Halston covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Halston?" cried the young man—"my brother's name—but, nonsense," he added, with a sickly smile, "it cannot of course, be he. How foolish I am. There are thousands of the name of James Thompson."

Mr. Halston still made no reply. Meanwhile Julia had returned with the water, and the fellow beneath the window, as if he had known what was going on within, or perhaps determined to force a sale of his wares among the servants in the kitchen, approached still closer, and looking over the railings into the area, repeated his doleful sing song, which Julia now listened to, with amazement and horror.

Still Mr. Halston had not spoken nor raised his head. His silence and his evident perturbation of mind thoroughly alarmed the young officer; he rushed to the window, and raising the sash, threw a shilling to the ballad venter, demanding at the same time a couple of his papers.

"Stay—for God's sake, stay! Shut down the window," cried Mr. Halston.

It was too late, even if it would have answered any purpose. The ballad venter had tossed in two of his confessions, and picking up the shilling, had hobbled off with it, without waiting to ask if the gentleman wanted any change.

Charles Thompson had glanced hurriedly over the sheet. "What is the meaning of this, Mr.



Halston?" he asked, in a fierce tone of voice, while his face was white as the paper he held in his hand. Mr. Halston shuddered, but made no reply. Julia stood erect as a statue, and gazed with terror expressed in her countenance, first at her father, then at her lover.

"Mr. Halston, I insist upon an answer," cried the lieutenant,—"and then the merchant, in tones scarcely articulate, explained the sad mystery, softening as much as possible his own actions in the prosecution, and insisting that he had been compelled to testify as he had done.

We will leave the scene that followed to be imagined. Julia fainted, and late as was the hour, the young lieutenant, heedless of the condition of his mistress, hurried off to Newgate, to demand admission to his brother. He could not obtain admission that night, but he waited all night at a neighboring coffee house, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with James at an early hour on the following morning.

It was a sad and painful meeting. As yet, neither the father, nor mother, nor the sisters of the condemned had even heard of his arrest—for he had purposely refrained from writing to them—nor, indeed, had they any idea that he had rendered himself liable to such a terrible fate.

There was little time to be lost—communication between one distant place and another was not so easy as it is now. It was four or five days journey by post, from London to Scotland. Lieutenant Thompson departed for Edinburgh immediately, to be himself the bearer of the bad intelligence to his aged parents and his sisters—a sad meeting after an absence of two years. The old gentleman returned to London with his son, resolved to seek James's pardon in person, at the office of the secretary for the home department, and Mr. Halston united with the father and brother in this endeavor.

Their efforts were in vain. The secretary at first refused to see them. At length, having been informed of the particulars, he betrayed some interest, and ordered them to be admitted, and listened to the story from their own lips. He was evidently moved to pity, and promised to lay the matter before his majesty that evening, and use his influence to obtain a pardon for the condemned. But he gave them little hope of success.

"The king," said his lordship, "would rather pardon a murderer than a forger, or rather than interfere in any matters which would affect the well-being of the commercial interests of the country; but I will do my best. When is the day appointed for the execution?"

"Next Monday, my lord," replied the lieutenant.

"Next Monday, and this is Friday! There is indeed little time to spare. Call to-morrow, and you shall know of my success or failure. I will strive to the utmost to obtain your brother's pardon, young gentleman, but I cannot bid you hope."

Thanking his lordship for his kind interest, the old gentleman and his son, and Mr. Halston, left the office; and a wretched night to them all, and to Julia, was that which intervened between the time of their interview with the secretary and the hour on the following day when the best or the worst would be made known. They feared to go near the poor prisoner, who was aware of the errand on which they had gone, and who was feverishly expecting them, walking up and down the stone floor of the condemned cell, unable to sleep, or even to remain quiet for a moment. They could give him no hope, and they dared not see him.

At ten o'clock the next morning, a carriage stopped before the office of the home secretary, from which alighted the three gentlemen who had visited the office the day before. A lady remained in the carriage. It was Julia, who was so anxious, for her lover's sake, that she could not remain at home. It seemed to her excited fancy that she, through her father, was guilty of the blood of her betrothed husband's brother. The party that had entered the office, soon returned. The sad expression of their countenances betrayed to the expectant, anxious girl, the ill success of their mission.

Soon she heard all. The king had refused to interfere with the course of justice! The secretary had risen from his chair when they entered the office.

"I bade you not to hope," he said, "I have bad news to tell you."

"His majesty has refused to pardon my boy?" said the unhappy father.

"It is so," returned his lordship, "I urged his

majesty to show mercy, using every argument I could think of, in behalf of the unhappy prisoner. I did not hesitate to say that I considered the penalty of death for such an offence, a blot on our criminal statutes—a brutal law, fit only for a nation of savages. His majesty replied:

"My lord, if I pardon this man, I shall hold myself guilty of the murder of all who have suffered the penalty of death for the same offence!"

"After this I had no more to say. I saw that the king was offended at my pertinacity. I bowed, and left the royal presence."

We will draw the curtain over all that passed during the days that intervened before the day of execution; even the anguish of the father and brother, and of Julia, and the self-reproach and keen remorse of Mr. Halston; over the misery of the prisoner in his cell, doomed to die for what now a-days would be held as a mere venial offence, and unable to bid the last farewells to his far distant wife and child.

At eight o'clock, on the following Monday, the bell of St Sepulchre began to toll. The streets in front of Newgate were thronged with eager gazers, men, women and children, of the lowest class of society, many of them drunk and quarrelsome—all anxious for the show to begin. The windows of the opposite houses were filled with men and women, of a more respectable (?) class, who could afford to pay for a rare excitement, while the roofs and chimney stacks were swarming with boys and young men who had ascended to the risky eminences, to witness the real tragedy that was about to be enacted below.

Presently the door of the great, gloomy prison was opened, and the chaplain of Newgate appeared, attired in his clerical robes. He was followed by three men whose arms were pinioned to their sides, and then came forth the executioner and his assistants, and one or two of the officers of the prison. They ascended into a cart that stood near by, when the prisoners were seated in a row, their backs to the horses' heads, and the clergyman took a seat opposite to and facing them; the executioner and constables seated themselves in the rear of the cart.

A guard of horse soldiers had meanwhile arrived, who stationed themselves on each side of the rude vehicle, and the word was given for the terrible procession to move onwards in the direction of Tyburn—then the place of execution—now the centre of the most fashionable part of the great metropolis of England. The crowd followed, talking and laughing; the more respectable citizens kept their seats at the windows, and coming down the street, got into carriages which were waiting to receive them, and which swelled the procession.

On they went, increasing their number as they proceeded, the windows of the houses on the way being also filled with people. It occupied full two hours to pass over the short four miles from Newgate to Tyburn.

At length the place of doom was reached; the soldiers stationed themselves around the black painted gallows, and cleared a space in front, into which the cart entered, and backed up near a ladder which was placed against the platform on which the cross beam was erected, from which three nooses could be seen depending.

Then the prisoners mounted the ladder, the chaplain leading the way, and the executioner and his subordinates following in the rear. A few words were spoken which nobody could distinguish amid the murmur of the crowd; then a thrill of horror passed round the spectators; there was a momentary, solemn silence, and the next moment the bodies of the condemned were struggling in mid air. The silence was but for a moment, it was broken by the ill-omened cries of the ballad venders, hawking for sale "the last dying speeches and confessions" of the men who were still struggling beneath the gallows.

Many of the spectators now dispersed; others remained rooted to the spot, until the struggles of the dying victims ceased, and the executioners cut them down, delivering the bodies of James Thompson, and of George Griffiths, who had been hanged for forgery, to their friends, while the body of the third victim, Daniel Cardwell, who had been guilty of highway robbery and brutal murder, was given over to the surgeons for dissection, to advance the cause of science! Immense as was the difference in the comparative atrocity of the crimes of the doomed men, this was all the distinction the law allowed in the nature of their punishment!

\* The words actually used by George the Third, on a similar occasion.

The elder Mr. Thompson and his son Charles returned to Scotland. Mr. Halston returned home from the prison, for, of course, he did not witness the execution, to reproach himself incessantly with having caused the shameful death of James Thompson. It is believed that the remorse he felt hastened his own death which occurred within a year. Lieutenant Thompson again went to sea—still an unmarried man.

Five years later there was a wedding at St. George's church, Hanover square, London. Charles Thompson, Esquire—post captain in the royal navy, was the bridegroom, and the bride was the wealthy and beautiful Julia Halston.

Thus the two lovers were united at last; but the name of the unfortunate, murdered James was rarely mentioned by either, though Captain Thompson adopted and educated as his own child, the only daughter of his late brother, whose widow died a few weeks after she heard of the sad fate of her husband.

True as is this story, and horrible as now appears this net of judicial strangulation, so common were such executions at this period—only one hundred years ago—that not a word of surprise or indignation was expressed in the public journals of the day, at this poor man's fate! It was thought in those good old times—which some people are so fond of talking—that the abolition of capital punishment, not only for forgery, but in such a case as that of a fugitive bankrupt, would bring down utter ruin upon a commercial country.

#### AGES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

President Buchanan will be 68 years old on the 13th of November next; Vice President Breckinridge will be 39 years of age on the 16th of January next; Lewis Cass is nearly 77 years old; Stephen A. Douglas was 46 years of age on the 23d of April last; Simon Cameron is in his 60th year, Jefferson Davis is 54 years old, Caleb Cushing is in his 60th year; Howell Cobb will be 44 years old on the 7th of September next; William H. Seward is in his 58th year; Franklin Pierce is 54 years old; Robert Field Stockton is nearly 60 years of age; John Charles Fremont was 46 years old on the 7th of January last; John Bell is 62 years old; John J. Crittenden will be 73 years old in September next; Alexander H. Stephens was 47 years old in February last; James L. Orr was 37 years old on the 12th day of May last; Jesse D. Bright is in his 47th year; Augustus C. Dodge is about 47 years old; James Shields is 49 years old, Isaac Pomeroy is 61 years old; Henry A. Wise is in his 53d year; Robert M. T. Hunter is nearly 50 years of age; Robert Toombs was 49 years old on the 2d of July last; Edward Everett was 64 years old in April last; John M. Read is over 60 years of age; Daniel S. Dickinson will be 59 years old on the 11th of September next; Horatio Seymour is about 50 years of age; John E. Wood is about 65 years of age; John Shedd is in his 66th year; Nathaniel P. Banks was 43 years old last January.—*Horne Journal.*

#### PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system, it acts like a compensation bond, it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity, and vigor which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man, who puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

#### UNSUCCESSFUL IN THIS LIFE.

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. All success sometimes arises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good, from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least, excellence, that die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.—*Hillard.*

#### A JOKE BEFORE DEATH.

In the middle of the last century, there was an Earl of Rosse, who, in character and disposition, resembled the profligate Earl of Rochester, of the Restoration; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do; and finally beyond repair. Some asserted, that he dealt with the fiend. Be it as it will, his lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the Groom Porter's, where he was a man of honor; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbor, Rev. John Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life, the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the Earl of Kildare was one of most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Rosse. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter, he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare, he likewise prevailed on the dean's servant to carry it, and say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate little man, extremely formal and delicate, inasmuch that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but without observed the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner:—"Pray, my lord, did you ever hear I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gambler, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous?"—"You, my lord," said the bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness and virtue."—"Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?"—"Surely," answered his grace, "no man in his senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court." Upon this, Lord Kildare gave to his grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the dean's servant, and which both the archbishop and the earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The archbishop immediately sent for the dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed with the gentleman about it, which his lordship accordingly did. When the dean entered, his grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had written that letter?—"The dean answered, 'I did, my lord.'—"Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lesson you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a disordered brain; besides, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give up your possession in the church."—"My lord," replied the dean, "I never do anything, for which I am afraid to be called to account, before any tribunal on earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties."—"And the dean retired with emotion, leaving the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him. The archbishop, who foresaw that ruin must attend the dean upon entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and urged him to ask my lord's pardon, before the matter became public.—"Ask his pardon!" said the dean, "why the man is dead!"—"What! Lord Kildare dead?"—"No, Lord Rosse."—"Good heavens," said the archbishop, "did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?"—"No, truly, my lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." On examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the dean saw that Lord Rosse died as he had lived about four hours after he had sent the letter. The poor footman however lost his place by the jest.—*Gilbert's History.*



## A LAVA STREAM.

Professor Haskell, of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands, a recent graduate of Yale, visited the volcano of Mouna Loa with about thirty of the students, and in an article on the subject, he gives a vivid description of the majestic river of lava flowing from the mountain to the sea. He says:—"Descending by the stream of lava flowing from the mountain, we were able to follow it on its south side, as a strong wind was blowing from that direction. Here we found good walking, and could with safety approach within a few feet of the channel. The width of the stream was from twenty to one hundred feet, but its velocity almost incredible. Some of the party thought it one hundred miles per hour. We could not calculate it in any way, for pieces of cold lava thrown into it sink and melt almost instantly. The velocity certainly seemed as great as that of a railroad car. For eight or ten miles the stream presented a succession of cascades, rapids, curves and eddies, with an occasional cataract. Some of these were formed by the nature of the ground over which it flowed, some by the new lava itself. The stream had built up its own bank on each side, and had added to the depth of its channel by melting at the bottom. The stream flowed more gracefully than water. In consequence of its immense velocity and imperfect mobility, its surface took the same shape as the ground over which it flowed. It therefore presented not only hollows but ridges. In several places, for a few feet, the course of the stream was an ascent of five to ten degrees; in one instance, of twenty-five. Where the turns in the streams were abrupt, the outside stream was much higher than the inside. So much was this the case, that the outside sometimes curved over the inside, forming a spiral. It is needless to add that we were filled with wonder and admiration of the sight we saw. The clinkers are always formed by deep streams, and generally by wide ones, which flow sluggishly, become dammed up in front by the cooling of the lava, and in some instances cooled over the top, forming as it were a pond or lake. As the stream augments beneath, the barrier in front and the crust on the surface are broken up, and the pieces are rolled forward and coated over the melted lava, which cools and adheres to them more or less. Then, from the force of the melted lava behind and underneath, the stream rolls over and over itself. In this way a bank of clinkers, ten to forty feet high, resembling an embankment of a railroad, is formed. Often at the end of the stream no liquid lava can be seen, and the only evidence of motion is the rolling of the jagged rocks of all sizes down the front of the embankment. Sometimes the stream breaks through this embankment, and flows on for a time, until it gets clogged up again, and then the same processes are repeated. In this latter case the out-bursting stream often carries, as it were, on its back, immense masses of clinkers, which look like hills walking. We found no clinkers until we reached the plain, and it would seem that none are formed except where the descent is but little, or the lava but imperfectly melted.

"There is only one point more of which I will speak. I am not quite satisfied that there is a fissure in the side of the mountain, through which the lava made its exit to the surface. Those of our party who had seen the flow of 1840, and who had no doubt of a fissure in the side of the mountain then, think that there is no fissure in this case. I do not, of course, believe in the old theory of a perpendicular duct or pipe reaching down to the reservoir of lava; but it seems to me that the lava, by the pressure of gasses and steam, works its way to the surface as the water of springs by the hydraulic pressure. Hydraulic pressure also constitutes a part of the force which impels lava. Mouna Loa is full of caves, passages, etc., and very porous; and besides, the lava, in case of this flow at least, could melt its way more or less where it met obstructions. It may be, however, that there is a rent in the side of the mountain."



A CHINESE DOCTOR.

## A CHINESE DOCTOR.

The accompanying picture is an actual portrait of a queer old fellow who exercises the healing art on foreigners and natives, at Canton, and who is supposed by the credulous to possess the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for the relief of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Notwithstanding his venerable appearance, and the mysterious apparatus by which he is surrounded, we should have no inclination to trust ourselves in his hands, if we found ourselves prostrated by illness anywhere within his latitude and longitude. We should far rather leave the result to nature and the strength of our constitution. The professional gentleman our artist has delineated is not handsome—far from it—but that is a circumstance over which he has no control. He has just written out a prescription, and is preparing to smoke the calumet of peace. The pipe is made of brass, and the smoke is caused to pass through water. Only three whiffs at a time are legitimate, which would not suit a German at all. These doctors always feel the pulses of both wrists. Their medicines consist mostly of herbs. As surgeons they are very ignorant; in curing fevers and other diseases, however, they are said to possess some skill.

## CHINESE HAIR-DRESSER.

As a pendant to our sketch of a Chinese doctor, we add a representation of the manner of dressing a lady's hair in the style so fashionable in the Celestial empire, and so well known to us through the medium of pictures and engravings—the "teapot" style. This is a most wonderful and incomprehensible operation, and takes a long time to do. A sort of gum, made from shavings of a peculiar kind of wood, assists in keeping together the hair in its various positions. You must acknowledge that the back of it bears a strong resemblance to the handle of a teapot. A woman cannot do her own back hair in this style, therefore she is compelled to call to her assistance some woman or friend; and of course, "China custom," it is paid for in cash. On the table is one of the dressing-cases indispensable to the Celestial female. It contains looking-glass, drawers, combs, hair-pins, white powder for the complexion (observe how civilized they are), rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a red rag. We must confess the position of mademoiselle is not quite after the antique—even modern ideas of grace might object—but that is not the artist's fault; he copied "nature," probably agreeing with Sam Slick's notion, that she can't be improved upon. For ourselves, however, we are free to confess that the style of Chinese beauty and grace is not our style.

## NEWLY-DISCOVERED ACTION OF LIGHT.

According to M. Niepce de Saint Victor's recent experiments, if a solution of starch or dextrine (one of its constituents, with gum and sugar) be exposed a short time (say a quarter of an hour for a small quantity) to the action of solar light, the liquid will be converted into glucose (grape sugar). This will tend to explain many natural phenomena, such as the ripening of fruits, etc. M. Niepce believes that if bunches of grapes at the beginning of autumn were enclosed in paper bags steeped in a solution of tartaric acid, not only would the ripening be accelerated, but the quantity of sugar in the fruit would be greatly increased, tartaric acid, like the nitrate of uranium, having the property of absorbing and retaining the light in its condition of chemical efficacy.—Cosmos.



CHINESE HEAD-DRESSING.





M. ALBERT DE POURTALES, PRUSSIAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

COUNT ALBERT DE POURTALES,  
MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO FRANCE.

The accompanying likeness of Count Albert de Pourtales, minister plenipotentiary from the court of Berlin to that of the Tuileries, is from a recent photograph. To become the representative of a great foreign power in one's native city is certainly a rare destiny, yet this has been the fortune of the subject of our sketch. Born at Paris in 1812, he was recently sent thither as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the court of Prussia. The Count de Pourtales, entering on the diplomatic career at an early age, worked from 1845 to 1848 in the ministry of foreign affairs, where he attracted attention by the extent of his knowledge and by his command of the two languages used in the German bureaux. He was afterwards appointed minister plenipotentiary of Europe near the Sublime Porte, and thus enjoyed an early opportunity of employing the varied resources of his mind, as well as his diplomatic tact. Belonging to the number of statesmen who have always desired that Prussia should take an active part, and one worthy of her rank in European affairs, M. de Pourtales, chafing at the period of reaction on which Prussia entered in 1851, was withdrawn from service, at his own request. In 1854, when the oriental question gave Prussia an opportunity to combat the pretensions of Russia, M. de Pourtales returned to public life and exerted an influence highly favorable to the Western Alliance. It is well known that neither he nor his political friends succeeded in their plans, the system of strict neutrality for Prussia having prevailed at the royal council. M. de Pourtales then again retired and took part in the reformatory movement, of which the "Weekly Press" of Berlin was the organ, and who triumphed on the incoming of the regency. Old age and death which regenerate diplomatic bodies as they regenerate the social body, had vacated important diplomatic posts in Prussia, and this circumstance assisted the recently-established regency and enabled it to address foreign courts through new representatives. The Paris mission was in the hands of an eminent man, at once a zealous patriot and a sincere friend of France. It is probable that if all the ambassadors had been changed, the Paris ambassador would have remained at his post, for he possessed the exact qualities necessary to maintain a good understanding between the courts of Prussia and France. But death decided otherwise; Count Hatzfeldt having repaired to Paris at the commencement of the Italian difficulty, without having been recalled, died suddenly in that city, universally regretted. Paris was one of the most desirable posts, and one of the most difficult to fill. The qualifications of Count de Pourtales, who enjoyed the entire confidence of the prince regent, naturally pointed him out, and this selection produced the happiest effect in France, as well as in Prussia. The social position which M. de Pourtales occupies in his country, is the more important, since he is married to Mademoiselle de Bethmann Howley, whose father, minister of public instruction, is one of the most influential members of the present government.

## A SCENE IN SAVOY.

The second engraving on this page, from a sketch by the celebrated Karl Girardet, exhibits a picture of village life and scenery in Savoy, full of nature and animation. It requires a very small matter to produce a prodigious excitement in the quiet Alpine villages. At the sound of the itinerant hand organ which has suddenly broken the silence of the hamlet, the head of the family has dropped his tools, the good wife has abandoned her distaff, and the children at the fountain have forsaken their toys. All this is caused by a monkey, who has made the tour of Switzerland, not to see, but to be seen, and his grimaces, his pranks and his begging, fill the simple villagers with wonder. The staid householder, though he has reached an age when the edge of curiosity usually becomes blunted, is sufficiently interested to bestow a moment's attention on the quasi wrinkled little traveller; but what interests him yet more than the monkey, is the pleasure, dashed with fight, expressed by his grandson. The child, with a firmness unusual at his age, has resolved to bestow alms on the queer mendicant. To bring him to this great effort, his father has taken him in his arms, and his mother to whisper a few words of encouragement. Words and caresses have carried

the day; the child extends his arm, but averts his head, and the eyes dare not look on what the hand performs. The monkey, clinging boldly to the wooden gallery, seizes with his black and rough paw, the offering which the smooth little hand drops into it. We should not like to wager, that the old woman looking on with a grin over the grandfather's shoulder, would do the same thing herself without hesitation. While this scene is enacting in the gully, we see opposite a good mother who is trying to comfort a bouncing little boy, who hides his head in her clothes. For all that, he is shouting, wailing and weeping, will not be comforted and refuses to gaze upon the horrible monster. But if you were to put a goad in the little fellow's hand, he would drive twenty head of cattle to pasture without a word; and only let him grow up, he will be a hero of the stamp of the Tells, the Melchals and the Winkelrieds. Is the unknown less terrible to little girls? Here is one who appears perfectly dauntless. She quells the barking of an infuriated dog and communicates courage to a younger sister. The latter, who imbibes valor from the pressure of a kindly hand, points gaily with the other to the hero of the scene, while her brother, one of those who regard the monkey race with suspicion, probably because he has heard something to their disadvantage at school, looks up from his safe position at the African monster. He lies half crouching on the bench, ready to fly at the first alarm. In the midst of the laughter, the barking and the tears, the hand-organ continues and fixes the attention of the young village girls; but are not their eyes arrested by the puppets walking in the rear of the melancholy musical instrument?

## SILENCE OF THE OCEAN.

There are many kinds of stillness. There is the silence of a study or library, as it were the calm, reflective brooding of thought, a quiet shed from the spiritual presence of the gifted minds of other times, and which always soothes the spirits and refreshes the heart. There is the hush of the summer woods, a silence that seems to reproach us as though we had startled some holier presence from its proper solitude by our profane intrusion. There is the stillness of the city streets at midnight, the more impressive from

our knowledge of the restless life and busy passions that only slumber near, and which a few hours will waken to intense and noisy toil. There is the silence of a grand cathedral in its week-day emptiness, in which to recognize the solemnity of its consecrated uses, and which we fear instinctively to desecrate by loud or careless speech. And there is a stillness in a room of death, which throws a sudden spell over levity itself, too mysterious and strange for our analysis. How thrilling, how overpowering is it when the night shadows have settled deep over the waves, and the sky and the sea are alone together! It is the type of silence; it is eternity communing with its material symbol; it is voiceless, being dumb from reverent consciousness of its own mystery—mute order gazing into the bosom of mute lawlessness! For how many ages have those countless lights looked down upon the sea, observed its stormy and its noiseless wrath, witnessed the dark gathering and spent energy of the tempests, or seen their own dim radiance mirrored in its peaceful depths. How many tragedies have they not looked down into—the midnight murder and the midnight wreck; how many shrieks of wild, unchained terror; how many calm and trusting prayers from mortals sinking for the last time in the remorseless waves have ascended towards them unheeded, from its still and solemn vault. The ocean is the realm of an awful silence. Its waves lift up noiselessly to the impulse of the winds, and, but a few feet beneath the effervescence of the surface, its silent currents flow unnoticed and unbroken like the constant purposes of Providence below the apparent chance and tumult of human history.

Especially is the desert silence of the ocean impressive to the soul of the novice on its waves, for the first time cut off from the channels of intelligence and from the intercourse with the world. The breezes that travel from the eastern hemisphere bring no tidings with them of the course of revolutions and the fate of kingdoms. In our musings and eager hypotheses about the progress of freedom, and the triumph of right, how does the sea mock us with its seemingly conscious and intentional indifference to the destiny of man, as though it would say to us, "vain child of a year, another century, perhaps, and these kingdoms will have gone, while the play of my billows shall be as fresh as when the ships of Tarishish and the Grecian fleets floated over them in safety, or sank into their bosom." The winds that blow from home waft no tidings of the steady changes with which the shortest absence startles the heart. The sea is the throne of silence. Upon it we are thrown on our own resources, and there is health for our moral nature in its quiet, chastening influences. The silence of the great deep suggests thoughts of the infinite and Sublime.—*Transcript.*



VILLAGE SCENE IN SAVOY, SWITZERLAND.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- C. D., Lowell, Mass.—More than 40,000,000 of cigars are now made annually in the Connecticut Valley.
- PURIL.—The temperature of the blood in health is preserved exactly at the same degree, whether the individual is placed at the pole or the equator.
- R. G.—Valuable packages from abroad cannot be consigned by their owners to collectors of customs in American ports. The treasury department has issued instructions that such consignments are expressly prohibited from being engaged in the business of importation. Should cases occur, after this warning, it will become the duty of the department to adopt such measures as the law may warrant to put an end to the practice.
- B. B., Concord, N. H.—Since the year 1850 no iron ships have been added to the British navy. Between 1843 and 1847 eighteen were built or purchased.
- O. S., Baltimore.—A nebula, in heraldry, is a line drawn with undulations resembling the form of clouds.
- C. C., Newburyport, Mass.—On January 1st, 1859, Liverpool had a registry of 210 steam vessels, of which 152 were built of iron and the rest of wood, 82 of the former and two of the latter being propelled by the screw.
- "Two-Forty"—The London Field states that Mr. Ten Broeck has made \$200,000 in England.
- "TRADER," Albany, N. Y.—The business of putting up fruits and meats in hermetically sealed packages was introduced into America some twenty-five or thirty years since by a firm in the British Provinces. In England it was practised many years previous.
- ESQUIRE.—It is stated that no Mormon can be convicted by a Mormon jury for any crime that he may commit in behalf of the church.
- "A FURNACE," 5th Avenue, N. Y.—We have no knowledge of Lamartine's affairs except what we gather from the newspapers. He is always preaching poverty, though we believe that he is still possessed of three fine farms. We suspect that he does not know the value of money or how to take care of it—in other words, he is more of a poet than a practical man.
- M. M., Concord, N. H.—The fact that the great English dramatic poet signed his name "Shakspeare" ought to settle its orthography forever. He who renders a family name immortal is surely entitled to dictate its spelling.
- CONVULSANT, Portland, Me.—If you can afford it, ride on horseback every day.
- J. C., Burlington, Vt.—The steamers chartered by our government for the Paraguay expedition are now the permanent property of the United States.

## BOSTON IMPROVEMENTS.

We sometimes now-a-days get lost in our city; not, certainly from its immensity, not, certainly for the complicated character of its net-work of winding and radiating streets, for we are to "the manor born," and could find our way from one end to the other, in the darkest night, or the thickest fog, without once heaving the lead or hailing another craft. No—it is not that that bothers us, but the changes that are constantly going on about us, architectural changes that seem as rapid as the construction of Aladdin's palace. We pass two or three months without going through a certain street, and lo! the next time we chance that way, some favorite old landmark has disappeared, some low-browed shop has been sold for fire-wood, and in their places stand an iron building, half a dozen stories high, or a free-stone warehouse with Venetian or Romanesque front.

Washington Street, one of our favorite haunts, we manage to keep the run of, though sober old Washington Street is getting "fast," we are sorry to say. Crooked as Richard the Third, it needs must, like that amiable monarch, "study fashions to adorn its person." Not content with its plain old school respectability, its solid man-of-Boston look, its decided individuality, it must perforce trick itself out with a bit of Broadway, a scrap of Chestnut street, a favor of Regent Street, and a morsel of the Boulevard Italien. Its old continental uniform has become a coat of many colors, and whereas, in the old time, the simplicity of the country was continued down to the Old South Church, now the dash and glitter of city finery are carried away out to Roxbury line. Why, not many years ago, the old Lamb Tavern, on the site of the Adams House, was a perfect picture of a country inn. White and wooden, it had the smart look of a village stage-house, but nothing of a city air. The huge stable was filled with the horses of country visitors, for such found themselves at home within its hospitable halls. In and out of its portals flowed farmers with cow-hide boots, and homespun coats, Bacolic youths resplendent in blue coats and yellow vests, blooming crinoline-less maidens in blazing flowered calicoes, with eyes like stars, and cheeks like petals of the peony. Betrothed lovers wandered forth to see the sights, hand in hand, as our first parents strolled through the garden of delights. From the paved court yard, in and out, at all hours, rolled huge white-topped baggage-wagons, or stage-coaches, piled up with trunks and trav-

ellers, and drawn by game looking cattle. They are all gone, and the scene is utterly changed.

During the session of the Massachusetts "Legislature," the "Great and Gineral Court," much of the wisdom of the Commonwealth was stowed away beneath the roof-tree of the Lamb. If instead of the usual petition, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" the safety of the Lamb had been invoked, a majority of the State legislature would have been provided for. The table of the Lamb was a good one—not all mutton as the name of the hostelry might have led one to anticipate. The waiters were roseate Hebes, suggestive of haymaking, and huskings, and quiltings, and all sorts of rural festivals. There was no French or Italian cookery, but Yankee abundance and Yankee neatness. And, shade of Heliogabalus! how those representatives would eat. In those days dyspepsia and indigestion were not invented, and valorous trencher-men possessed the *dura ilia messorum*. Ham, eggs, hot bread, oysters, beef, cheese and pickles disappeared before their voracity, "like snow when its thaw," as Burns says.

We remember one fat rascal, who was a perfect facsimile of Massinger's Justice Greedy, and had he been but "indifferent honest," he would have confessed with that worthy—"I am no chameleon, to feed on air; no Frenchman, to feed on a soured frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup; I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savory burthen, smoking hot from spit, furnace, and cauldron." But this cormorant was always talking about the delicacy of his stomach, and lamenting that he could not eat. When he made his dainty effort "jest to pick a little bit," he generally swept the board. In the House, he always slept through the debates, and never delivered but one oration, and that was a pathetic appeal for adjournment when the session had been protracted beyond the hour of dinner. But he has gone with the rest.

Country legislators are now not to be distinguished from city members, and their headquarters are removed to Parker's. Times are changed—improved is the word—and we are all changed with them.

## FACILITIES OF TRAVEL.

Nothing is more surprising than the revolution in the mode of travelling by sea and land, which has occurred within the memory of men not yet old enough to be classed among the "fogies." Mail-coaches were only introduced about a hundred years ago. "In old times," says an English writer, "people of an humble rank travelled only on foot, and those of a higher station on horseback. Noblemen and gentlemen, as much for ostentation as use, kept running footmen—a class of servants active in limb, who run before them on a journey, or went upon errands of special import. This custom did not cease among noble families in Scotland till the middle of the last century. The Earl of March, father to the late Duke of Queensbury, and who lived at Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, had one named John Mann, who used to run in front of the carriage, with a long staff. In the head of the staff was a recess for a hard-boiled egg, such being the only food taken by Mann during a long journey."

The length of time consumed in journeys by even the best kind of carriages is now a matter of surprise. The stage-coach which went between London and Oxford, in the reign of Charles II. required two days, though the space is only fifty-eight miles. That to Exeter (168 miles), required four days. In 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, to meet Charles III. of Spain, the distance being about forty miles, he required fourteen hours for the journey, the last nine miles taking six. The person who records this fact says the long time was the more surprising, as when not overturned, or when stuck fast in the mire, his royal highness made no stop during the journey.

Of the stage-coach journey to Bath, about 1748, we learn some particulars from Smollett's celebrated novel. Mr. Random enters the coach before breakfast. It proceeds. A highwayman attacks it before breakfast, and is repulsed by the hero. Strap meanwhile accompanies the coach on horseback. A night is spent on the road, and the journey is finished next day, apparently towards evening—108 miles.

Our coaches on the best routes radiating from Boston, the Salem and Providence turnpikes, for instance, used to make about ten miles an hour. Railroads have reduced the time on the road to a third or a quarter of that consumed by

he coaches. But the improvement in comfort is incalculable. A stage-coach journey in winter was excruciating, and you were half frozen and jolted to death. Now you glide from city to city, as comfortably as if you were sitting in your own warm, snug study or parlor. And then in ocean navigation, what a leap from the cabin of the Mayflower to the princely grand saloon of the Great Eastern!

## KEAN AND RACHEL.

On one of the most triumphant repetitions of "Macbeth" at the Princess's, Mr. C. Kean received a compliment equally unexpected and agreeable. He knew that she formed one of the audience, and played his best in consequence. When the play ended, she came round to his dressing-room for personal introduction. Her praises were poured forth with all the ardor of appreciating genius, and wound up with enthusiastic ebullition: "*Pernettez que je vous embrasse*" (Allow me to kiss you). Such a request demanded instant compliance, and the fraternal salute was most cordially exchanged between the two great artists. The incident recalls a similar one that happened when Garrick visited Paris. In a private party at the house of Mademoiselle Clarion, the Rachel of her day, he was asked to gratify the company by a specimen of his power. He rose at once, and gave the dagger soliloquy from "Macbeth" without preparation or arrangement. The spectators were electrified, and Clarion, although unacquainted with the English language, was so excited by the expressive action and feature, that she caught Garrick in her arms, and kissed him. Mrs. Garrick, who was present, and frequently related the story, invariably added, "All were surprised, but David and I were delighted."

## EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Some philanthropic ladies in England have organized a "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women." They intend to establish a large school for girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly instructed in accounts, book-keeping, etc.; be taught to fold and tie up parcels, and perform many other acts, which a retired shop-woman could teach them. The necessity of politeness towards customers, and a constant self-command, will also be duly impressed upon them. It is believed that girls educated in this school would be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket sellers at railway stations. It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connection with the schools, where the girls might be taught other trades—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men, such as printing, hair-dressing, etc., for instance, and possibly even watch-making. As the means of the society increase, so would the number of workshops and the variety of trades taught.

"GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE."—New work by Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald.—We learn that a new work on the above subject is about to appear, by this writer, presenting the subject in all its great branches, and treating it both philosophically and practically. We are authorized to expect a very full treatise, and from what we know of the author, we have no doubt it will be a work of great interest, and destined probably to a very wide circulation. It will be out about the first of October; published by Otis Clapp, Boston.

CROSSES FOR THE PRESS.—Among the nominations to different grades of the Legion of Honor, given on the occasion of the emperor's fete, are three crosses for the Paris press and one for the press of the department. Louis Napoleon has crossed the French press before this.

MR. RAYMOND.—Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the N. Y. Times, is back again at his post, working as quietly as if he had never sniffed the smoke of one of the greatest battles of modern times—Solferino—of which he was an eye-witness.

RATHER QUEER.—A singular reason is urged against building a piece of railroad in northern Michigan; it is, that "the flies and mosquitoes will render it almost impracticable in summer."

A TRUE SAYING.—Every word, says Bulwer, has its sequel, and the sequel of epicure is beggar.

## AN UNWILLING AERONAUT.

The Abkar, of Algiers, relates the following alarming adventure, which lately took place at Mostaganem: Two brothers, named Braquet, were about to ascend in a balloon, one of them having engaged to go through a variety of gymnastic exercises on what is called the *trapeze*—a piece of wood suspended from two ropes hanging below the car. As the spectacle was a novel one in that part of the country, a great multitude had collected. At the moment when the order was given to let go, the men who had hold of the cords all obeyed the order with the exception of one, a Spaniard, who, by some mismanagement, got entangled in the rope which he had to hold, and was lifted in the air. The alarm of the spectators was extreme, but they became somewhat tranquil by seeing the man climb up the rope, and, though not without some difficulty, take his seat on the piece of wood astride which one of the aeronauts was seated. The Spaniard, finding the balloon ascending, became alarmed, and called loudly on Braquet to descend. "I want to go down," said he. "And I," replied Braquet, going through his exercises, "want to get rid of you, so let go." "But let me get down, I say. I cannot sit comfortably here." "It was not I who asked you to come here," said Braquet, "why do you intrude yourself here?" "My head is getting dizzy and I am losing my hold," urged the Spaniard. "Shut your eyes," said Braquet. In this state the man was borne through the air for some time, when at length the aeronaut in the car took compassion on him, and skillfully bringing the balloon near the ground, enabled him to drop along the rope from the critical position in which he was seated, and reach the ground without any injury beyond a few bruises.

## ALL WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.

He was born in April, 1565, at Stratford-on-Avon, was the son of John Shakspeare, tradesman, and at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, then twenty-six years old. In 1586 he went to London, and there became a player; in 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theatre, and in 1595 was a prominent sharer in a large theatre called the Globe. He seems to have altered, mended, and added to the dramas of others before he wrote any himself. Between 1591 and 1613 he wrote over thirty plays, but the precise date of the composition it is impossible to fix. About the year 1610 he retired permanently to Stratford. He died on the 23d of April, 1616. Such are the meagre results of a century of research into the external life of Shakspeare.

NEW NEIGHBORS.—Nearly opposite to our office, at 27 Winter Street, Messrs. Dix & Evans have opened an elegant new store, built expressly for them, for the purpose of supplying Ladies and Gents Furnishing Goods. There is to be found here one of the largest and best stocks of the kind in Boston, all fresh and new, and of endless variety. Especially in the line of Hosiery, Gloves and Under Garments, we have never seen a more complete or choicer selection. Remember the number, 27 Winter Street.

MARRIAGE.—"Married people," said Dean Swift (a most unreliable authority on the subject, by the way), "for being so closely united, are but the apter to cease loving, as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner."

MATURE ATTRACTION.—When Mlle. Mars, the great comedienne of France, was sixty years of age, she bewitched the Count de Morncy, then twenty-six. A similar story is told of Ninon de l'Enclos.

AN AUTHOR MARRIED.—Mr. Oliver S. Land, the well-known author, was recently united to Miss Ella D. Clark, daughter of Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq., of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

ROSA BONHEUR.—This charming painter has contributed a picture to the exhibition of the New York Academy of Design, painted expressly for it. The subject is "Haymaking."

IS IT NOT SO?—When you hear a man railing against wealth, be sure that he is a victim of disappointed avarice.

PERHAPS.—Says St Evremont; "A woman's last sighs are for her beauty."



## CARDINAL DUBOIS.

Dubois, before his promotion, fretted himself to a perfect skeleton with his schemes to procure the cardinal's red hat, while his steward, De la Vigne, seemed to be getting plump and fat in proportion as his master waxed meagre. The latter said to him one day, "How is it, De la Vigne, that while I am getting leaner and leaner, you are growing fatter and fatter every day?"

"The reason is very plain," answered the steward. "You, my lord, have always a hat in your head; while I always have my head in my hat."

When Dubois finally obtained the coveted red hat, he immediately grew plump and portly. The wags said that the cardinal's scone was deeper red outside than in.

On the occasion of his elevation, he paid a visit to an old chateau of his, accompanied by a confidential hanger-on, a sort of jester, named Dupin, who happened to be a small sandy-haired man. The cardinal was no sooner established in his chateau, than addresses, congratulations, and depositions flowed in from all quarters. Among others who waited on his eminence was the Mayor of Miroblais, a town famous principally for its annual fair of asses. The dignitary had prepared, with the help of the village school-master, a long-winded harangue, which he began to deliver with all the pomposity and emphasis peculiar to little men. Dupin, who noticed that his master showed unmistakable signs of annoyance at the infliction, interrupted him by asking the following question:

"By the way, Mr. Mayor, what did asses fetch at your last fair?"

"Why, sir," replied the mayor, with perfect coolness, "small sandy ones, like you, brought only twenty francs, and plenty of 'em at that price." After which retort, he resumed his oration and finished it without further interruption from the humbled wag.

## NEW MAP OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY.

An excellent map of Boston and the suburban places within a radius of between seven and eight miles of State Street, has just been issued by F. A. Baker, 106 Washington Street, from actual surveys, under the direction of H. F. Walling, superintendent of the State map. It includes all of Boston, in its various departments, with the harbor and islands, the cities of Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown and Chelsea, and the towns of Somerville, West Roxbury, West Cambridge, Watertown, Medford, Malden, Brookline, North Chelsea, Brighton, Belmont, Winthrop, and large portions of Dorchester and Newton. The scale is five inches to a mile, which allows space for mention of all the public buildings, and the names of many of the residents on the avenues in the towns near Boston. The villages which have grown up of late years in suburban places are noted, and attention seems to have been given to every matter that would add to the completeness of the work, or enhance its value. The boundaries of the towns are very plainly indicated, and the references to noted places are very copious. Circles are drawn across the map, each mile from State Street, so that air line distances may be ascertained without the use of the scale. We hope the enterprise of the publishers of this map will meet with liberal reward from the public. Orders received at E. P. Dutton's, 106 Washington Street. Price five dollars.

Granet, the celebrated French painter, famous for his interiors, died recently, leaving a large fortune to his sister.—*Horne Journal*.

Good gracious! Celebrated for his interiors! Had he, like Cardinal Woolsey, "an unbounded stomach?"

So we go.—We don't often mention it, but seven of our exchanges which come to hand this week, have original sketches borrowed from this paper, but which they accidentally omit to credit us with!

WESTERN INDIANS.—These poor forsaken creatures are getting troublesome again. Sixty were lately killed in an encounter with United States troops.

EXPRESSIVE.—If a Mississippi boatman desires to express his admiration of a person, he will tell you that the individual is a "good egg."

POETICAL.—Gratitude is beautifully styled, the memory of the heart!

ENNUI.—Emptiness of heart and mind!

## RABELAIS AND THE LAMPREYS.

The witty and eccentric Rabelais was, as it is well known, physician to Cardinal Lorraine, who was one of the most renowned epicures and gourmandizers of his age. One part of his daily duties was to wait upon the cardinal at dinner and point out to him what dishes were indigestible, and what food might be partaken of with impunity. One day a dish of lampreys was set before his eminence, and he immediately plunged his fork into one of the crispest and largest of the fish, preparatory to removing it to his plate. Rabelais, however, interposed with the gravest air, and tapping the plate containing the lampreys three times—a cabalistic number—shook his formidable wig, and said, in the gravest tones of solemn warning:

"Indigestible! Indigestible! Indigestible!"

The cardinal turned pale with horror. "Take it away!" he exclaimed, and a servant instantly seized upon the offending dish.

"Hullo, you sir!" cried the physician, "bring those lampreys to me!"

And before the cardinal could recover from his astonishment and indignation, Rabelais had devoured every one of the fish.

"Sir!" exclaimed his eminence, as soon as he could recover breath for utterance, "what is the meaning of this conduct? You condemn this food as indigestible, and yet make no scruple of devouring it before my very eyes."

"I beg your eminence's pardon," asked the doctor, humbly. "I tapped the plate, and that, you will certainly acknowledge, is indigestible enough. As for the fish—I was astonished at your sending them away. They are not only very easy of digestion, but I assure you I find their flavor very exquisite, and have ate them with a perfect relish."

VANDALISM.—The daguerreotype rooms of Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., at number 299 1 2 Washington Street, were entered on Sunday week by some villains, whose evident purpose was to destroy the beautiful works of art on exhibition. This intent was not accomplished to a large extent, when the intruders were interrupted by the visit of one of the proprietors, and decamped hastily. The rascals stole less than fifty dollars worth of articles, but they destroyed many fine and choice pictures, such as this house are celebrated for producing.

CRUELTY TO CLERKS.—The Newcastle (England) Daily Chronicle says that a well-known banker lately observed that several of his clerks had adorned themselves with mustaches. He called into his private room all the mustached, and said, "Gentlemen, I have no wish to interfere with your private amusements or hobbies, but I must insist upon the mustaches being off in business hours. After 5 P. M. indulge your hobbies, if you choose."

USEFUL INVENTION.—A machine to tie up bundles of kindling wood has been invented. As its sawing, splitting and tying is now all done by machinery, it will lighten a prime source of expense to the poor.

VIGOROUS AGE.—Among the instances of a vigorous old age, that of Miss Catharine Sedgwick stands preeminent. Although 70 years of age, she has just produced a new novel, called "Walter Thornley."

FEMALE HEROISM.—The heroism of a young and delicate girl is mentioned in a Cincinnati paper. A burglar was shot through the hat by an alarmed young lady.

GERMANS.—It is said that the German population of the United States now number some six millions of souls. A remarkable fact.

SAD THOUGHT.—Though many are laying their bones in the soil of Pike's Peak, some few are sending gold home to their eastern friends.

DUELS.—Two more duels at the southwest since our last issue. We only wish these foolish fellows were better shots.

COLOSSAL.—They have been exhibiting an ox in San Francisco weighing 3400 pounds!

THE UNION.—The offspring of our weakness, and the parent of our strength!

NEW MOTTO FOR FRANCE.—L'empire c'est la paix au gun!

## Timeside Gatherings.

The rate of taxation in New York this fall will be about \$17 on \$1000.

The New York Post thinks the Peter Funk auctions in that city are a crying nuisance.

The Gentiles in Salt Lake City have applied for military aid to suppress disorders, and protect their lives.

The New York Herald says that the Fifth Avenue Hotel has been such a success, that another house, still further up town, is talked of.

We learn from the Florida papers that the crops of corn and cotton in most portions of that State promise an abundant yield.

The number of students in the several classes, in Dartmouth College is as follows: Seniors, 65; Juniors, 70; Sophomores, 70; Freshmen, 72. Total, 277.

The Utica Observer learns that a message was sent recently, by telegraph, from Albany to Kansas city, and an answer received within the short space of six hours!

The new suspension bridge now in the course of erection over the Ohio, at Wheeling, will have a span of over 1000 feet. The estimated cost of the structure is \$37,000.

The Portsmouth Chronicle reports that there are twenty men in that city eighty years of age and upwards; two of them have passed the age of fourscore and ten.

The Taunton (Mass.) Locomotive Works, since their establishment in 1847, have made to order about 270 locomotives, and some of them are running in almost every State.

The "more advanced spiritualists" have outgrown the necessity of any form of marriage, but in deference to the human weakness they think it best to retain something that will answer the purpose.

During the present season, one individual at Columbus, Ohio, has purchased 400,000 pounds of wool, at a cost of \$180,000. It is estimated that the quantity bought and sold in the State during the season will reach 10,000,000 pounds.

At the Union Factory in San Francisco, four 24 pounder iron howitzers have been made for the liberal party of Mexico. These are the first guns ever cast in California, and reflect much credit upon her enterprise and progress.

The Hartford Press announces the death of Colonel Samuel Green, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the oldest printer in the State—possibly in the United States—and was long actively connected with the newspaper press in Connecticut.

When Governor Seymour returned from Russia, lately, to his home in Hartford, Ct., he was immediately recognized by a favorite house dog that had not seen him for six years, which leaped and fawned upon him with every demonstration of joy.

A pickpocket, not long since in the Missouri Penitentiary, writes from Toulon, in France, to the warden, that he is doing a big business now all about Europe, but he says he intends having money to come back, buy land, and settle in America.

William Owney, of Southampton county, Va., died a short time since, aged 109 years and five months. He was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and also at Petersburg, Va., when Arnold paid that town a visit. The old soldier had never taken medicine in his life, and in his last illness positively refused to have it administered.

Annie Williams, a seamstress, lately committed suicide in Philadelphia by swallowing an ounce of laudanum, purchased with the last penny she possessed. A local paper describes her as "only twenty three years of age, and possessed of as fine a person as the finest lady you will meet in Chestnut Street." She could not obtain work to support herself.

An exchange says there is living in the town of Stratton, Vermont, an old revolutionary soldier, aged one hundred and four years, who was one of the captors of General Prescott. He was at the battle of New London, was badly wounded, and he remained in the army till the close of the war, in 1785, and yet this soldier has never received a pension.

Madame Gassier has accepted a second engagement in the Cuban city of luxury, Havana, for the approaching winter season, upon terms equivalent to two thousand five hundred dollars per week, in addition to a free benefit—conditions which we are inclined to consider unprecedented in the experience of any prima donna either in this or in any other country.

A man-brute in Baltimore set his four dogs on a boy eleven years old, and they bit his legs, arms, back and abdomen, which were completely lacerated by their teeth, and his whole person covered with blood, when the police officers succeeded in rescuing him, hardly alive, from their ferocious possession. The dogs were then ordered to be killed, and the owner put in prison.

Mrs. Blandina Dudley, of Albany, was recently found to have executed a deed of trust of all her property to Rutgers B. Miller, of Utica, under circumstances justifying an suspicion that it was procured by fraud. Her relatives determined to contest this document, but finally agreed to a compromise, by which Miller agreed to resign all claim for \$10,000. Mrs. Dudley, however, did not assent to this arrangement, and acting under the advice of counsel, refused to pay over the \$10,000.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The warrior who cultivates his mind, polishes his arms.—*De Boufflers*.

.... No man is obliged to do as much as he can do.—*Dr. Johnson*.

.... Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

.... Ignorance is a prolonged infancy only deprived of its charm.—*De Boufflers*.

.... Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the divinity that stirs within us.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—*Rochejaqueault*.

.... Men in misfortune are like men in the dark, to whom all colors are the same.—*Swift*.

.... It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.—*Dickens*.

.... When you want anything of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.—*Rochejaqueault*.

.... Nature confesses that she has bestowed upon man a most susceptible heart—in that she has granted tears.—*Juvenal*.

.... Humanity still conquers, though suffering. Be careful not to lose that, and you lose nothing.—*W. G. Sumner*.

.... We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.—*Mrs. Jameson*.

.... We complain that the censure of our neighbor does us injustice. How much greater would be our grief were his judgment just.—*W. G. Sumner*.

.... False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—*Bovee*.

.... It is better not to expect or calculate consequences. Let us try to do right actions, without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others.—*Mrs. Gaskell*.

.... With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.—*Zimmerman*.

.... Woman's power is over the affections. A beautiful dominion is hers, for the seat of it is in man's heart. She risks its forfeiture when she seeks to extend it.—*Bovee*.

## Joker's Budget.

Looking out for number one is little else than I-service.

There are many married people whose every day breakfast is a broil.

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Yes, a rope-walk.

It is not considered proper for young ladies to give their countenance to indiscriminate kissing.

A sexton who failed during the hard times, gravely remarked that he had been "unfortunate in his undertakings."

Which railroad in England is the most favorable to the acquisition of knowledge? The Reading.

Droll people, these Parisians, said one of the wounded of Solferino; I have lost a leg, and they clap their hands!

The lobster is without doubt a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after its death.

"Steel your heart," said an ex-president to his son, who was going to Europe; "you are now going among some of the most fascinating of the fair sex." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising youth.

"O, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice-boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, master," said the boy, "I have been practising it since I was a child."

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow," said she, "has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

Three cockneys, being out one evening in a dense fog, came up to a building that they thus described: The first said, "There's a house." "No," said the second, "it's a nut." The third said, "You're both wrong, it's a nin."

In Belfast, Ireland, after questioning the children of a charity school about what the wife of a king or emperor was called, asked, "What is the wife of a duke called?" "A drake," exclaimed several voices.

A stranger meeting an editor in the street in Boston, a few days since, roughly accosted him with, "Here! I want to go to the Fremont House!" The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you want to be gone long!"

"Where did you prig that shilling from?" said Buttons to Sam. "Prig it, sir," was the response; "I'll make you prove vat you say, sir. I found that shillen in master's trousers pocket, and he had gone out of town for a month."

A lawyer, reading a will in a country village the other day, incidentally mentioned "heirs and successors," upon which a young gentleman of forty-five, rather hard of hearing, remarked, "Dear me, who ever heard of 'heirs and successors' being in a will before."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE ROBIN'S NEST IN THE MAPLE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESSEUR HATES.

When the rays of the sun at its sitting,  
Come in to enliven the gloom,  
Its glances fall fitful and broken  
On the floor of my snug little room.  
For it comes through the branches close woven,  
Of the maple, whose broad shining leaves  
Are tossed by the breezes of even,  
'Gainst the moss on the low cottage eaves.

A curtain of green to my window  
It gives in the sunshiny spring,  
But a drapery of gorgeous crimson  
The bright frosty autumn days bring  
No hangings in palaces royal,  
Though woven by Persian loom,  
Can equal in splendor the curtain  
That shadows my one attic room.

In the spring of the year, when the birdlings  
Were building their nest in each tree,  
Two robins made love in its branches,  
And chanted sweet music to me  
And ere many days had departed,  
They made them a nest 'mid the leaves,  
Of twigs and dried grass, interwoven  
With moss, from the overhanging eaves.

All day could I watch from my window  
The robins a-building their nest,  
And hung the home for their children  
With down from each warm throbbing breast.  
And listen unseen to their music,  
That made all the echoes resound,  
When blue eggs gleamed out through the branches  
Of the maple above and around.

And then after long patient waiting,  
I heard the young birds in their nest,  
Chirping low, as with joyous carols  
The fond mother sang them to rest  
And all, through the long summer hours,  
They chanted their hymns in my tree,  
While the young birds joining their voices,  
Melodiously sang unto me.

And when with the first breath of winter  
They fled to some far distant clime,  
I hoped they might come to my window  
Again in the sunny spring time.  
When the flowers are opening in beauty,  
And green leaves hang thick on my tree,  
I would listen to hear 'mid its branches  
The sweet songs they warbled to me.

## THE VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS.

"Musha! I had cess to you, Darby Dillon! Och, wirra! wirra! is id going to brake the doore in ye are wid hammerin? By the blessed light, one id think ye had a goat's horn on every knuckle! Ha, ha, ha—ha, yer at it agin, ye dirty baste! Ugh! I suppose I must let you in."

"Knock, knock—rattle, rattle."  
"Hurry, hurry wid ye, Thade alanna!—hurry, I say. Tell the gentleman in the big beard that I'm off, but'll wait a start for him, if he's purty lively."

Post-horn: tarroo-tarroo-tarroo! ad lib.  
Thus was I awoke out of a most delightful slumber, during which I had pleasantly travelled through all the pleasant paths of dreamland. A rude awakening it was, but its accompaniments were worse. The rain poured in torrents—enough, as I heard Darby, the mail driver, soliloquize on the outside, "to pelt holes in the hide of a rancoceros!" The tempest raged in fury, an inky darkness pervaded, and I had the prospect of an eight hours' drive before me into the heart of the kingdom of Kerry.

There was nothing else for it; so, with the resolution of despair, I sprang from my turf, smoke-perfumed couch, nearly upsetting Thade, as he rushed into my room.

"Och, murther, yer honor! I'm ruined intirely. I overslep mysel, and there's that villin Darby has come too airly, a purpose—"

"Just give Darby my compliments, and ask him would not a drop of hot water, with the insects in it scalded with a drop of whiskey, make him weather-proof this morning?"

"Begar, jest the thing to keep the old baste from growlin his liver out, yer honor!" was the delighted answer of the shock-headed little waiter of the principal house of entertainment for man and beast in the good town of Tralee.

I peeped through the window, and could just discern the outline of the vehicle upon which I was about to undergo an amount of bodily suffering which none but those who have travelled on an Irish mail-car can at all appreciate. Perched upon the apex of a rectangularly-shaped box, appeared a bulky mass of shiny, wet oilskin garments: naught of the "human form divine" could be seen, save a red button of a nose and about an inch of brickdust-colored cheek, revealed by the occasional flashings from the bowl

of a "dudheen," with a thing called a hat set well forward to meet the driving rain, and the car drawn close to the door, so that he could reach it with the butt of his whip—there sat Darby Dillon, one of the rarest specimens of an Irish driver it ever fell to my lot to encounter.

After fortifying the inner man, and disposing of Thade and his fee, which he acknowledged with a "God bless yer honor—ids yerself I always found to be a raale ossifer; and sure ye never lave us bud I'm wishin ye back agin!" which certainly puzzled me, as I had never set eyes on him before, and mentally hoped I never might again; I proceeded to mount, and we rattled out of the town, getting an occasional "thug" from a rat or a stone about the size of a thirty-two pound shot, occasioning a shock which sent a throe of agony through the fag-ends of one's teeth, when Darby opened fire.

"Does yer honor iver take a blast of the pipe?" he inquired, with a patronizing bend of his bullet-shaped cranium.

"Often, Darby, mabouchal!" said I; for there is nothing will open an Irishman's heart like entering into his ways at once.

"Here ye are, thin, alanna!" returned he. "Niver be afraid uv id; ids good for the lungs, bewtiful to privint ketching a cowl, and whin yer inclined in the way of miditation, bedad ids quare what castles ye can build up out uv the smoke of a dudheen."

Accepting Darby's philosophy, I was speedily occupied in dispersing volumes from the generous weed; during which we overtook a tall, shambling gaited individual, clothed in black, a cross between a distressed tradesman and an unfrocked parson.

"D'ye see that chap?" inquired Darby.

"Yes; what of him?"

"Well now, if that was a daycint fellow, I'd give him a lift this blake morning, but—Morrow—morrow, kindly!" he exclaimed to the individual in question, "but as I was sayin, yer honor, he's one uv them snakin Soupers!"

"What the plague is that, Darby?" I inquired, for he might just as well have catechised me in pagan nomenclature.

"Ye see how it is, yer honor, that ther's some people in this world when ther well off don't know it, and can't keep themselves to themselves, and lave their neighbors to make their pace wid heaven after their own notions; but, begar, if they find out that ye dig wid the left foot, they'll want to make ye dig wid the right, and so the world goes round; and they sind craytres like that down here to put contintion among the people; they call it enlight'nin uz. Sure we have light consciences, and light stomachs, glory be to God! and if that's not lightnin enough, I don't know what is!"

I now perceived Darby's drift.

"O, they want to convert you, Darby, do they?"

"Ye have it now, yer honor. Musha, don't let the pipe out! Well, as I was tellin yer honor, one of them chaps tuck a purty joke out uv me a while ago. He was a sort uv an inspec-thur—a fat, jolly chap enough too, and plinty uv fun in his way—and, bedad, ids myself thinks id was more the money he was makin than the marvels he was workin, that tuck up the most of his time!"

"What did he do to you, Darby?" I inquired, fearing his garrulity would lead him to be discursive.

"Why, thin, I'll tell you. I stopped at Corny Callaghan's up here above, one mornin, to lave him a bag of male; bud while I was lightin the pipe, down comes my gentleman, throttin along the Boreen as brisk as a two-year-old. 'Have ye an empty sate on the car?' says he. 'Id wouldn't take a blind man to tell that,' says I, 'seein there's none of them full.' 'Bedad, yer a pleasant fellow, anyhow,' says he, jumping on the car. 'What's yer name, my man?' says he, as I druv on. 'Darby Dillon, at yer service,' says I, looking at him hard, yer honor, this way." and Darby screwed his little dark ferret-eyes into a look that he meant to pierce like gimlets.

"'Yer a mumber,' says he, of that erroneous religion that sheds ids baleful influence over this benighted land!' 'Bedad,' says I, 'I don't know what that manes, at all, at all; bud if ids what perensuasion I am,' says I, daytermined to let him see I wasn't as ignorant as he was, 'I'm an humble follower of that pagan prince the Pope of Roome,' says I, 'at yer service!' Well, my jewel, wid that ye think the blackguard id drop off the car wid the laughin. 'Manners is a purty thing,' says I, in a huff, ye understand, yer

honor, for a chap doesn't like to be laughed at by thim kind of cattle. 'Pon my honor, Darby,' says he, 'I bog yer pardon!' 'Och, thin,' says I, 'if ids comin boghrottin down here ye are, ye'd better lave yer honor behind ye!' angered like, ye know, to hear a spalpeen like that takin the word out uv a gentleman's mouth. 'Well, Darby,' says he, 'and do you attind yer devotions?' 'As often as her majesty lets me,' says I, 'but she has such a constant demand for my sarvices, that whin I do get a male of prayers I make a good one!' 'And do you understand what the priest says whin he's prayin for you?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'why should I? Ids not for the likes of uz,' says I, 'to be pryin?' 'An what good does it do you?' says he, 'if ye don't understand it?' 'It's mighty edifyin,' says I, 'and comfortin too, that fine ould Roman language!' Well, bedad, I shot him up completely, and he hadn't another word to say for a long time. Bymeby, anyhow, he got over it, and, as we'd meet a flock of geese, he'd begin to cackle, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble! Cackle, cackle!' until, upon my conscience, the ould ganders thimselves didn't know whether they were on ther heads or ther tails. Thin, if we met an ould puckawn goat, he'd begin to 'Ma-a-a-h-a!' till you'd think he'd crack his jaws. And as to cows and calves and jackasses, bedad, he had them all dancin quodreels along the road. Thinks I to myself, says I, bedad this is a luntic, and I got into a fair thrimble uv fright; all of a sudden he jumps and ketches me by the arm: 'Darby!' says he, wid a shout. 'Y-e-s-sir,' says I, making ready to lep off the car and run for my life. 'D'ye understand what I'm saying to the geese and the goats?' says he. 'Divil resave the word!' says I. 'Aren't ye edified?' says he. 'I am,' says I, thinking to humor his madness, ye know. 'Aren't ye comfortable?' says he. 'N—Yes,' says I, ketchin myself before I vexed him. 'Well, whisper,' says he. Now I'm in for it, says I; he'll bite the ear off me anyhow; bud sure, maybe he'd knock my brains out if I don't; so I stooped down to him, yer honor, and he says, 'Sure, you want tell any one?' says he. 'Divil a word,' says I. 'Pon yer honor?' says he. 'Pon my honor!' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'that's as good to you as the priest's Latin!'

Enjoying a hearty laugh with the good-humored Darby, we rolled ourselves up afresh, for the storm came on more pitilessly than ever. We had by this time arrived in a very wild and bleak mountain district, and occasionally we caught glimpses of the Atlantic lashing the iron-bound coast with impotent fury. Wilder and wilder whistled the blast through the narrow defile through which we endeavored to urge the panting steed; the sheets of driving rain were whirled into mist and fog, enough to obscure the daylight; when suddenly, as we emerged from the rocky pass, there was a lull in the gale, the rain suddenly ceased, the sun shone forth in meridian splendor, and I beheld a scene which has left an impression on my mind never to be effaced; we had entered a narrow valley, surrounded with bleak and barren mountains, adown whose sides leaped foaming torrents; nor verdure, leaf nor tree gave relief to the eye on three sides of our point of view, but on our right such a romantic little picture enchained the eye, that I jumped from the car and stood for a lengthened period lost in astonished admiration. The road wound in the form of a large horse-shoe, on the inside of which ran a clear and beautiful river, unstained by mountain torrent or aught else that was impure; its bed of snow-white pebbles strongly contrasting with the rich emerald-hued verdure of a mound of considerable extent, whose base it washed with a playful ripple, as if to injure such a lovely spot would be a mortal crime against nature. The mountain rose gently from the back of this mound, and there laurestina, arbutus, and evergreens of various kinds luxuriated in wild profusion. Row over row, and tier over tier, this miniature mountain forest arose like the seats of an amphitheatre; the wild rose and sweet-briar gave forth their richest perfume; and the primrose, blue bell, and wood violet flourished in lavish wildness. But the mound, the emerald mound, if ever there was a peaceful-looking spot on the face of God's creation, there it lay; it was studded all over with little tombstones and little wooden crosses; so curiously formed, so quaintly fashioned, so cunningly worked, and so carefully preserved—flowers of rare and splendid hue loaded the air with the sweet scents of spring; garlands woven with jealous care hung suspended here and there, whilst gently raised little ridges encased in their moss-clad bosom all that on

earth remained of those whose gentle spirits knew no guile; whose souls knew no sin; who had bloomed and passed away from earth to heaven; whose little voices were hushed by whispering angels; whose sojourn knew not of sorrow or of suffering! Such a holy quiet reigned around, that involuntarily I removed my cap, and as I cast a furtive look at Darby, I perceived that poor fellow, rough as he was in exterior, he had a Christian heart, for a tear moistened his cheek as he offered up an Irish peasant's heartfelt prayer for the souls of the dead. To add appropriate interest to the sweet solemnity of the picture, kneeling amongst the tiny tombstones, clad in the picturesque garb of the country, sky-blue coats, and the females with the distinguishing scarlet cloaks, were many a poor fond father and mother, who had toiled wearily and from afar to deck with flowers and smooth the mossy canopy that covered all that was dear to them, and to commune in spirit with their lost first-born. We stood before the "Graves of the Innocents."

As we returned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darby, was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and peaceful resting place? Regarding me with an indescribable look—half serious, half comic—he burst forth:

"Why, thin, musha, yer honor it's joking me ye are now. Don't you know there's not a mountain, valley, or river, nor a rath, nor a bo-reen, lake, watherfall, or landmark of our bewtiful green island that hasn't its own wild story? Haven't we White Ladies and Black Ladies, and Phookas, Banshees and Chirichans, and Leprichauns as plenty as thorns in a whin bush. Story, indeed—ay, and a bither one."

"Well, then, Darby," said I, producing a fresh stock of the real 'Maryland,' which made his eyes sparkle again, "we'll load again, and then you can fire away with the story."

"Long life to yer honor," ejaculated Darby, as he sent forth a puff like the explosion from a thirteen-inch mortar, and giving the old horse a thwack that resounded along the mountain like the blow of a sledge, he settled himself down for a comfortable yarn.

"There's an ould manor in these parts, called the Manor of Frierné, belonging to the raale ould stock; they owned half the country at one time, but the ould Friernés were gallows ould chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, racin and shootin, and spending their money in foreign parts. Och, musha! 'twas a great ould place in times gone by, and the ould castle stands there still, yer honor, and would do yer heart good to look at it; every stone is as perfect as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of solid stone-work is in every wall of it—and you might manewver a rigement in the ould coortyard. The last of the Friernés that was in the country—O, he was a wild chap!—shocking, and always a wild clan about him; but there was one desperate scoundrel that used to set him on for all sorts of badness. No good could come of him, and so the neighbors and tinints said; but this black-hearted rascal drew him on from bad to worse, until he had to lave the country, and thin this chap was made agint over the property. Och, wirra, wirra! bud it was a bad day for the tinints of Frierné—for they never knew had thraiteiment until then. Ye see that brake up in the mountains there, yer honor?"

"I do, Darby!"

"That's called 'Tubbermore!' continued he. "And up there lived a strong young farmer, a tinint of the Friernés, by the name of Con Flaherty. Con had the best farm on the estate, for he was own fosterer to the young Frierné, and used to be always at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the purtiest Colleen Dhas in all Kerry; and many an achin heart there was amongst the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty."

"Now the agint, Misthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—bad look to the likes of thim—had as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall uv the four coorts; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girleen he left without name or character, deluded and desaired; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darby, "a man that id lave an innocent girleen on to ruin and destruction, and a nameless grave among strangers, is no man at few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all—he's a brute-baste! Well, this was the sort of a chap that had the whole of the manor of



Frierné under him. But the moment he clapped his eyes on Noreen of Tubbermore, he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, captain, jewel, if there's one woman in the world that's more virtuous than another, it's an Irishwoman; and course I know there's an odd one now and agin, but in the main they bate creation. So, my dear, Noreen up an she tould Mithur O'Mara that if he kem to her house agin on the same errand, she'd make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave. Well, they lived on, and there wasn't a happier, or purtier, or better hearted couple in the country round; the poor never left their doore empty handed, and the stranger was always welkim. A year rowled on, and their first child was born—O, such a bewtiful little crayture! 'twould jump and clap its little dawehy hands, and crow at everybody, showin it had the big, gineros heart of father and mother; 'twas a little flaxen-haired girlcen too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that bloomed before its time. All this time Mithur O'Mara was working his evil plans—and he persacuted the life and soul out of poor Con Flaherty, and things began to go wrong. At last Con forgot himself, and he struck the agint one day at the fair of Cahirciveen; it was all the black thafe wanted, so poor Con was clapped into goal and kep there, and poor Noreen undtherwent such a persacution, that she drooped away to nothing; indeed people said that to save poor Con from the hulks, she did more nor she ought

seen stretched upon her little grave, for his all was there.

"One wild night the agint had to go though the Black Pass, as it was thin called, and his cowardly heart quailed within him, as he remembered havin heard tell how Con Flaherty's child that he had murdered was buried there; but he couldn't go back, for the night was wild and stormy. When he got fairly opposite the mound his heart lepped up in his mouth, as he saw a tall, dark figure glide down from it, cross the river, and stand fair in his way.

"Who-o's e there?" says he, every hair on his head stannin on an ind.

"Mo!" says a voice, that sounded more like one from the grave than anything else.

"Who are you?" says he, the voice makin him bould.

"Con Flaherty!" was the answer.

"O, you black villain!" shouts O'Mara, "would you murder a difenceless man?"

"My wife was difenceless, and so was my child!" said Con. "And you murdered them?"

"No—no—no!" says the villain, his teeth knockin together wid the fright. "Shure, didn't they die natural!"

"Liar!" shouted O'Flaherty, "twice to-night," says he, "I had you covered, and the wavin of a blade of grass would have sent your soul to its long and bad account; but I couldn't do it," says he, the big tears coorsin down his cheeks, as he dashed the gun in the road, for the spirit of my

#### HORSE-RACING AMONG THE JAPANESE.

The accompanying engraving represents a Japanese horse-race, and is quite curious and interesting. The track is circular, and not elliptical as in England and this country, and the object seems to be not so much to test the speed of the horses, as to exhibit their points and action. Accordingly we find neither the horses nor men accoutred in a style conducive to great rapidity of movement. The riders are dressed very cumbrously, and the saddles and heavy shovel-stirrups impose an unnecessary weight upon the horses. The race-riders seem to make no effort to overtake or pass each other, but are equi-distant on the circumference of the course, round which they go bobbing up and down with the beat of the gallop, holding their horses hard, bowing down over the animals' necks, the wind filling their garments, and giving them the appearance of huge, clumsy and mishapen butterflies. How different is all this from the spectacle presented by an American race-course, where the horses are trained to the fineness of silk, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on their clear muscles, where the head-stalls and saddles are as light as possible, and the jockeys, with close-fitting caps, and light jackets and breeches, are as gaunt and fleshless as the flying steeds they back. The Japanese have some excellent horses, and have given much attention to breeding them. Dr. Hawks, in his narrative of the Japan expedition, notices a "book in two volumes, written

#### GROANS AND SIGHS.

In attempting to throw up cinders, oversetting and scattering them far and wide, by dashing the edge of the shovel, as if with a violent determination, against the upper bar of the grate.

After having invited a large party to dinner—within a few hours of their expected arrival, some of the most indispensable servants (cook in particular) seized with the influenza, small pox, etc., when it is quite too late either to look out for substitutes, or to put off the engagement.

A villanous cold in the head; blowing your nose lustily and frequently, till you are a walking nuisance to all around you—but without any fruits, except a sharp twinging sensation in the nostrils, as the passages you have forced open close up again, with a shrill, thin, whining whistle—not to mention the necessity of disgusting yourself and friends by pronouncing M like B, and N like D, till you are well.

Being on the bri... on the bri... on the bri... on bri... (sneezes) ...ink of a sneeze for a quarter of an hour together, and yet, with all your gasping and sobbing, never able to compass it.

After over-fatigue, or watching—those self-invited starts, jerks, or twitches that fly about the limbs and body, and come on with an indescribable kind of tingling, teasing, gnawing restlessness; more especially towards bed-time.

A carriage which is of little or no use to you, because your coachman generally chooses either to be sick himself, or that his horses should be



HORSE-RACING AMONG THE JAPANESE.

for Mithur O'Mary; be that as it may, the day poor Con got out of gaol and kem home, Noreen died, blessin him and the dawshy girlcen. The next day the bailiff kem and saized everything on the farm for the rint that became due while Con was in prison, and two days after Con Flaherty rowled up his poor little girl in his frieze cotamore, and left the home that had been his and his father's and his grandfather's before him, a desperate and a ruined man, and as he left Tubbermore, he swore an awful oath that he would have a deep and bloody revenge on Mithur Dan O'Mara.

"Well, yer honor, the agint heard that Con was goin about threatenin his life, and he wint and swore his life was in danger. O, yer honor, it would make yer heart bleed if I was to tell you the way they hunted that poor fellow through the country; that big black villain always in his thracks, until the neighbors began to cry shame on him; the poor fellow he was like a speshre, and night or day he never left the little, dawshy, darlin Noreen; the dyn prayer of his lost, ruined colleen was always ringin in his ears; he always kep her wrapt up in his big coat, and no matter where he was hunted, little Noreen was always wid him. The neighbors at last missed him for a day or two, and whin they wint to look after him wid some food in some of his hidin places, they found him lyin on that green mound, and there too was the dead body of the little colleen, the jewel of his poor broken heart. They buried the poor darlin there and then, and many is the night the figure of poor Con could be

poor dead child whispered for mercy for you."

"The next morning poor Con was found lying on the little girlcen's grave, but whin they wint to wake him up, his spirit had gone to hers.

"Ever since that, yer honor," continued Darby, "the first-borns that die in their infancy are brought there to be buried from miles upon miles all round the country, and on the anniversary of their deaths, if the father or mother are able to thravel at all, they come to the grave to pray, and dress it with fresh flowers and garlands; and they think that the spirit of their child is watchin and smilin on them; and would you believe it, yer honor, whin I tell you that many a black and foul deed has been prevented by a pilgrimage to the VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS!"

#### NEW DISCOVERY IN FIRE-ARMS.

Experiments were recently made at Vincennes, France, to ascertain the accuracy of fire and the distance traversed by a new musket bullet proposed to replace the bullet fired from the rifles with which the Chasseurs and Zouaves are armed. The following are the results:—Of 100 balls from the old fashion, fired from a rifle of 600 yards' distance, forty-three struck the target, and fourteen balls at 800 yards. Of 100 newly-invented balls, fired from a smooth barrel at 600 yards, sixty-five struck the target, and thirty-nine at 800 yards—being a difference of twenty-five per cent. in favor of the new ball. A still more extraordinary fact is, the new ball will kill at a distance of 1500 yards, while a rifle ball is not effective at more than 1000 yards.

by Prince Hayashi, the chief member of the imperial commission appointed to negotiate the treaty, and presented by him to Commodore Perry. The subject treated of is 'the points of a horse,' and the work is illustrated by a large number of pictures. The illustrations are from wood cuts of bold outline, and apparently printed with a tint, to distinguish each in the various groups of the animals, by sober grays, reds and blacks. The style might be classed as that of the mediæval, and the horses might pass for those sketched in the time of Albert Durer, though with a more rigid adherence to nature. They exhibit, what may be noticed in the Elgin marbles, a breed of small stature and finely-formed limbs, such as are found in southern countries. The animals are represented in various attitudes, curvetting, gambolling and rolling upon the ground, positions requiring and exhibiting an ability in foreshortening, which is found, with no small surprise, in Asiatic art. When the officers of the expedition landed in state on the shores of the bay of Yedo, they were received by infantry, "but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind, somewhat in the distance, as if held in reserve. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action; and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade."

A wise man will dread the beginning of quarrels. None of us know how much of the evil spirit is either in himself or his adversary.

lame; yet you are afraid to part with him, as unluckily he is a careful driver, and extremely sober, and you a great coward.

In the depth of winter—trying in vain to effect an union between unsifted butter and the crum of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Sudden and violently scratching your ear, without recollecting to respect the feelings of an excruciating pimple with which it is infested.

Writing at the same rickety table with another who employs his shoulder, elbow and body still more actively than his fingers.

Receiving the first hint that your thimble has a hole worn through it, from the needle as it runs, head and shoulders, under the nail.

The sensation when your foot is fast asleep, and before the sharp shooting, which you have yet to expect, has yet come on.

Dreaming that you have a locked jaw, and seeming to wrench open your head in your convulsive efforts to speak or gape.

In your sick-chamber—receiving a large parcel, which you expect to contain interesting books, or dainties, sent by some kind friend; and on eagerly opening it, finding only a myriad of fresh phials and packages of medicines—and this, too, when you thought you had done with the doctor.

Waking in the middle of the night in a state of raging thirst; eagerly blundering in the dark to the washing-stand; and there, after preparing with a firm grasp to raise a large, full water-decanter to your mouth, finding it fly up in your hand, as light as emptiness can make it!—"The Miseries of Human Life."



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## SERENADE.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Floating on the limpid tide,  
Gay gondola, swiftly glide;  
Art thou waking, lady fair?  
While sweet numbers fill the air,  
Waft them lightly, gentle breeze,  
Charming thus her hours of ease.

Myriad stars that fleck the sky  
Witness every earnest sigh;  
Deeper grief ne'er rent a heart—  
Can it be that we must part?  
Waft my sighs, O, gentle breeze!  
Cheering thus her hours of ease.

Luna's pale and silvery ray  
Lights thy lover on his way;  
List and answer now my lay,  
Hither come, O haste away;  
Waft her answer, gentle breeze,  
A lover's breaking heart to ease.

## DANDELIONS.

O, golden comas in sweet Nature's book,  
Strewn up and down her emerald tinted page,  
Like revelations of the twilight past,  
Ye come now to me in my manhood's age.

The dew drops glittering tear-like in your eyes,  
Reflect the silver-breasted stars above,  
And teach me that my sad, desponding heart  
May likewise mirror back God's boundless love!

No truer watchers wish I o'er my grave,  
Than you green girdled, unpretending forms,  
E'er faithful, in the golden, summer calms,  
Nor fleeing at the rude autumnal storms!

PARMENTER.

## WITH A ROSE.

Go, lovely rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

## LOVE'S QUESTION.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?  
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,  
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?—YOUNG.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—There are times when an editor becomes mutinous; when he wishes no good to pens and ink, and rather thinks, upon the whole, that the press is a humbug. At such times of splanetic humor he would fain consign Dr. Faustus to the sable gentleman whom tradition calls his prompter and executioner, and, seizing hat and staff, he forth to the suburbs on foot, or mounting a spirited steed, canter out of the city to enjoy to the full the glories of this autumnal weather. Now, at early dawn and evening, soft gray mists rise along the water-courses and shroud the bases of the hills with their silvery folds. At these times there is just enough of the mystical and visionary in the landscape to interest the imagination. One can form a thousand fantastic shapes of fairy or giant or spectral visitant in the vapory recesses of these cloud-regions. And the warm rays of the rising sun dispel these fanciful hallucinations. The mists condense and coil themselves together like huge serpents retreating from their jungles. Anon, as they stretch upward in the air, they are transformed to golden or rosy clouds and finally melt away in the clear azure of the fine autumnal heaven. Now do the rustling cornfields begin to change their livery from green to gold. The fields present jolly corporations of fat pumpkins growing red and fat in the sun, and giving goodly promise of famous pies at the genial season of thanksgiving. The autumn of New England is the crowning season of the year. It has not the chill coyness of spring, nor the parching heats of summer, but it is bland, genial and invigorating, and no lover of the "land of the forest and the rock" fails to greet its advent with delight. . . . We are afraid the fair Parisiennes are recklessly extravagant, and we trust that few of our fair countrywomen will feel inclined to imitate them. A lady writing from Paris tells a sad story of the scale of a Frenchwoman's preparations for passing a week as a guest of the emperor and empress at Compiegne. She says: "This lady had ordered nineteen dresses for her one week (that is, her hoped-for week) at Compiegne. Averaging each dress at one hundred dollars, which is Roger's average price, we attain the nice little sum of nineteen hundred dollars. Then there are of course other, and as equally necessary things, such as gloves *lingerie*, etc. Rather a dear week's pleasure, take it all in all! The dreadful extravagances of the ladies going constantly to court has reached the emperor's ears, and it is said that he specially desired the empress to set the example of great simplicity to ladies surrounding her majesty. This, it is said, the beautiful Eugenie does as much as possible; it is not uncommon to hear her pointed out by a Parisian to some country cousin as being of her ladies 'Celle qui est habillée le plus simplement,' (she who is deemed the plainest) which is often the case." . . . Some men really seem to be born to ill luck. A man named Clark Burrows, of Ontario, Indiana, about four years since fell from the scaffolding around a church steeple while he was painting. He fell to the roof, a distance of ninety feet, and from thence bounded off, struck a ladder, from which he broke four stout rungs, and landed at last in a heap of sand in the churchyard without materially injuring himself. A few months after this event he got caught in the machinery of a mill, and had every particle of clothing torn from his body, but escaped with

a few flesh wounds. Recently he descended into a well which was in course of being excavated, when the earth caved in upon him, and before he could be extricated life was extinct. . . . At Cleveland, recently, James Reynolds, a colored man, and by profession a whitewasher, sat ninety large peaches on a wager. He was fifteen minutes doing it. The wager was \$250. He arose from the re-  
 . . . Apparently refreshed, and resumed his artistic vocation. Nobody after this can im-peach his voracity. . . . A romantic story is being told of a young French actress who made her debut at the Theatre du Palais Royal about a year ago. Although but seventeen years of age, and possessed of extraordinary beauty, the young aspirant for dramatic honors did not make a very favorable impression. A wealthy Moldavian who had just lost his wife, visited the theatre, and saw in the debutante an exact likeness of his departed spouse. Love succeeded astonishment, and the gentleman demanded her hand; her parents were agreeable, and the marriage was celebrated recently in presence of the gentleman's aristocratic friends. The best part of the story is that the young lady is of highly respectable parents, though very poor; the bridegroom with a snug fortune of 60,000 francs a year will, no doubt, render the happiness of the whole family complete. . . . A member of the Chicago bar, and graduate of one of the New England colleges, has been sent to the City Bridewell for ten days, for the larceny of ten cents from the till of a bar-room. He is not more than twenty-five years of age, and has resided in Chicago two or three years. He was intoxicated at the time of committing the offence. . . . There are "some pumpkins" in Texas, we should judge, by the statement made by the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, whose editor says he has received one which weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and measures seven feet in circumference. . . . At Bologna and in Romagna, as at Modena, since the expulsion of the papal authorities, the statistics of crime give the most satisfactory results. Those countries have never been so free from criminal offences. . . . M. Victor Hugo makes the following declaration: "No one will expect that, so far as I am personally concerned, I should give a moment's attention to the thing called an amnesty. While the state of France remains what it is, my duty will be to protest against it absolutely, inflexibly, eternally. Faithful to the engagement I have made with my conscience, I shall share to the last the exile of liberty. When liberty returns, I will return." . . . American ingenuity has fully proved its claims to superiority in the matter of steam ploughs. A comparison between the machine of Fowler, an Englishman, which obtained the prize at the trial of the Royal Agricultural Society just held at Warwick, and that of Fawkes, a native of this country, by President Kennedy of the Polytechnic College, Philadelphia, exhibits the following results: The American machine will easily and regularly plough three acres an hour, with the attendance of two men. Fowler's prize machine may be made to plough three-fifths of an acre an hour, with five men and a boy—that is, Fawkes with two men, will plough five acres in the same time that Fowler, with five men and a boy, will plough one. . . . Land on Broadway, New York, 100 feet in depth, is worth at the present time about \$40 for each one sixteenth part of an inch, \$80 per quarter inch; \$230 per entire inch; \$4000 per foot; \$100,000 for a decently fronted lot; \$250,000 for a moderate show, and about \$1,000,000 for a "splurge." . . . A letter from Vienna informs us that a complete reorganization of the Austrian army, particularly of the artillery, which proved itself so inferior to the French, is about to take place. Several Austrian general officers are not of that opinion. They say that the superiority of the French arises from their constant campaigns in Algeria, which colony is a much better school for officers than St. Cyr. . . . Expensive houses out of the cities of New England are sold at a large discount from their cost when they are put into the market. A fine mansion and estate within four miles of Boston, which cost \$40,000, was recently sold for less than one-half that sum. The Northampton Courier reports that the Edward Clarke homestead, in that town, was sold for \$15,160. The price is considered a low one. The place was appraised about a year ago at \$25,000. . . . In one of the rural towns in Vermont, there lived a man who was accused of stealing sheep, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge before a court of justice. But, as it happened, before the day of trial he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentation. At last, a thought seemed to strike her; she brightened up, and throwing up her hands she joyously ejaculated: "Well, thank God, he's out of the sheep scrape, anyhow!" . . . The agricultural society which holds its fair at Dundee, Illinois, in October, offers a premium of five dollars to the young lady "who will pare a peak of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best!" . . . A six pounder, cast in 1798, and taken from the frigate Macedonian, is now on the summit of Mt. Peter at Great Barrington. It was a present to the town from George R. Ives. . . . Congress having appropriated money for the construction of a new fort at New Bedford, the work is to be commenced immediately, and Captain Cullum of the United States Engineer Corps is making preparations. The fort is to be located on Clark's Point, south of the city. It will mount fifty guns, and when supported by another, to be erected on a shoal in the harbor, will afford complete protection to the inner harbor. During the fall and winter the work will be laid out and prepared, and in the spring a full force of men will be employed. . . . The total amount of valuation of Lowell is \$22,735,583; an increase of \$1,982,202 over last year. The whole number of polls is 7101; an increase of 287. The poll tax for the present year is \$1.50, against \$1.75 last year. The tax on property is 75 cents on \$100, against 84 cents on \$100 last year. . . . Statistics collected by the American Iron Association show that there are 1200 efficient iron works in the United States. These produce annually \$50,000 tons of metal, worth about fifty million dollars. Of the iron used in this country, 70 per cent is of domestic manufacture, whilst the remaining 30 is imported. . . . Fauny Haverman was killed by being caught in a belt at Saquoit (New York)

factory, recently. Her head and body were fearfully crushed, and both arms torn off and thrown some distance. . . . At Sandwich, John Shields, a young man employed at the glass works, was fatally injured by being jammed between two cars which he was endeavoring to shackle. . . . A client, while bathing at Trinity (Edinburgh), saw his agent rise up, after a long dive, at his side. "Ho, there, Saunders, have you taken out a *figa* warrant against Burt?" "He is in quod," replied the agent, and instantly dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to the client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview until he got his bill, containing the entry, "To consultation at Trinity, the incarceration of Burt, 6s. 8d." . . . Mr. James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, has recently left London for Paris and the continent. He will be absent for several months. While in England he was the guest, successively, of Charles Dickens, Tennyson, Carlyle, Reade, and other eminent literary men. . . . "Have pity on a poor blind woman," cried an athletic beggar-man to a passer-by. "You must be mad as well as blind," was the answer; "you look more like a stout able man, than a poor blind woman." "Ah, sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I took the place of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business in her name, and if I said I was a strong man, nobody would pity me." . . . The Pittsburg Eagle says that in tearing down a building in Adams, the remains of an infant, with the skin evidently dried on to the skeleton, were discovered beneath a floor. The infant must have been from six to eight months old, and whether by foul means or fair it came there, or how long it has been in its unnatural grave, are questions wrapped in mystery, and of no easy solution, as the building is one of the oldest in Adams.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The conferences at Zurich drag their slow length along, and it seems unlikely, from present appearances, that they will arrive at a satisfactory settlement of the Italian question. A European Congress is talked of as affording the only chance of a solution. The effect of this suspense is clearly visible on the Paris Bourse, the London Exchange, and other great financial centers.—The curious collision between the Moors and Spauiards at Ceuta seems to revive a page of medieval history. It is singular that after so many years of peace, Christian and infidel should be cutting each other's throats again on the battle-field of ages past.—Since the overthrow of the temporal power of the pope, the banditti and smugglers, who had infested the Campagna, had entirely disappeared.—Admiral from Russia state that the expedition into Daghestan had been completely successful. A company had been formed in St. Petersburg for constructing commercial posts there on a large scale.—A letter from Paris says the Queen of Spain had sent to the various courts a protest against the ejection of her Bourbon cousin from Parma.—The Newfoundland mail at Paris brought the announcement of a full triumph of the French Admiralty over the English in the questions concerning the fisheries.—A Paris letter says there is no doubt that the Zurich Conference disagrees about many points touching the peace of Villa Franca, and the opinion is growing stronger every day that a Congress must be held.

## Selling a Wife.

At Dudley, England, the shocking spectacle was recently witnessed of a man named Pensette offering his wife, to whom he had been married but three weeks, for sale, because he had found her to be neither "worse nor better." He first caused a rumor to be spread that he should sell her on a certain night, and accordingly he took her, with a halter round her neck, about three-quarters of a mile, opposite the brewery in Dudley, where, amid a vast number of people, the disgraceful sight of offering her for sale was to be seen. The first bid was 1 l. 2 s., and ultimately reached 6d. Her husband, in his ignorance, thinks—this repeated three times—she has no claim upon him.

## French Academy.

The French Academy is still embarrassed with the question of finding a worthy successor to the late M. de Toqueville. The appointment of M. Troplong, a notability in politics and literature, is urged by some of the members; the Reverend Father Lacordaire has many advocates for membership, such as Montalembert, Cousin, Villemain, Guizot, Berryer and Biot, while he is opposed by such men as Lebrun, Angier, Thiers, and others. Several members wish M. Gustave de Beaumont, the intimate friend and coadjutor of M. de Toqueville, to succeed him. He is already a member of the Academie des Sciences Moral et Politiques.

## A Successful Writer.

Mrs. Mary Ann Evans, author of "Adam Bede," has already received from Messrs. Blackwood, for that work, upward of \$20,000. She is engaged upon a new novel for the same publishers, which is said to be of a different character from any of her preceding works. Her jibes at the bishops and her general eulogy of dissenting clergymen are said to agonize the senior Blackwood, who is a zealous churchman, and thinks the archbishop of Canterbury the greatest creature on earth.

## Verdi the Composer.

The celebrated composer, Verdi, has reached Paris. He has, it seems, resolved to write no more; but it is hoped that he will not, like Rossini, act thus, as he is still in full possession of his splendid faculties, and to persist in this resolution would be indeed a calamity to the art of which he is now the acknowledged head.

## Lytton Bulwer.

Bulwer's health is entirely restored. He spent the summer at Knebworth, but is about leaving for the continent, and possibly for Egypt and the East. He is occupied upon a historical novel, which was begun nearly ten years since. His hearing is much impaired by his recent illness.

## An English Present.

Sir John Bowring, English commissioner to China, has received from the Chinese employed by the English government at Hong Kong, a beautiful mirror in a rich frame of Chinese workmanship, a large bronze vase with each of these gifts was an inscription, the first two declaring that Sir John's administration had been pure as the glass in which he might behold his face, or the water which was contained in the vase; the last wishing him a joyful and peaceful old age.

## Public Fountain.

The public fountain movement, which has been so successful in England, is not unfelt at Berlin, but the Berliners have refined it. On all the open places elegant little structures of wood, painted white, and more or less gilded, have been put up. They are about twelve feet by eight. Behind a narrow counter adorned with water plants, two maidens serve out to the thirsty public goblets of soda-water at the small charge of a halfpenny. They have many customers, and the ingenious speculator is doing a lucrative business.

## Court Gossip.

The Queen of Spain is said to be as much addicted to port wine, as "court scandal," says Queen Victoria is. But it affects both rather differently. The Queen of Spain suffers from it internally; Queen Victoria externally. The Queen of Spain is interfered with medicinally; Queen Victoria physically. It touches the Queen of Spain's heart and head; it touches Queen Victoria's face and feet. These be strange contrasts as truly as these be two queens, and that the thing in question is port wine—the real thing too.

## Imaginative.

The London Telegraph, in reporting the sale of Wordsworth library, says: "If we could adopt the superstition of the Oriental, and believe that the spirits of the dead cling to the volumes they loved in life, how should we be concerned for gentle poets like Wordsworth, who in that case would have to be constantly on the wing, flying from the cold ridges of Cumberland and Westmoreland to dingy courts and alleys in London, and across the Atlantic to the banks of the Alabama and the Mississippi."

## The Poor Man's Bible.

Mr. Russell Smith will soon reproduce in London the "Poor Man's Bible," a very ancient copy of the Scriptures printed from wooden blocks before the invention of metal types. Fac-similes will be given of the engravings, which illustrate the original work—forty in number, and of course rather singular in design and execution. Several copies are known still to exist in Europe, and the present reprint will be copied from the volume in the British Museum.

## Economy in Fuel.

A Mr. Napier of Glasgow, Scotland, has made a discovery recently, by which the consumption of fuel in steamships is greatly economized. It has been tried on several ocean steamships with success. The saving is one-third in the quantity used, so that on a voyage from Liverpool to the West Indies and back, the saving would be from £1500 to £2000. This will be an immense advantage to the Great Eastern.

## Burning of Widows.

The Delhi Gazette records three cases of Suttee during the month of May last. One took place in the neighborhood of Futtyghur, another at the village of Koongur, in Hansi district, and a third on the estate of the Dadree Nawab. It is stated that at Koongur the subject was talked of for some days before, and the barbarous rite celebrated in the open day, without any remonstrance or check from the local police.

## Macaulay and Alison.

The severe criticisms upon Macaulay, which have lately appeared in Blackwood, are attributed to Sir Archibald Alison. On the other hand, Fraser's Magazine contains an article making a most unparaphrasing assault on Alison's History of Europe, exposing blunders taken from all parts of the book, and some reviewers suggest Macaulay as the author of the article.

## Aristocracy.

The Spanish titled aristocracy, according to one of the journals, consists of 2 princes, 82 dukes, 659 marquises, 546 counts, 74 viscounts, and 63 barons. The American titled aristocracy consists of 675,327 captains, 140,476 colonels, 102,319 majors, 4321 generals, 526 excellencies, 97 325 honorables, 874,532 deacons, 48,196 able editors, and 1 baron.

## Frederika Bremer.

A letter from a Scottish lady in Athens refers to the celebrated Swedish authoress as follows: "Miss F. Bremer is at present here. She is a dear little old lady. She has a very high forehead. Her manners are very pleasing. She speaks English very well, though with what you would call a German accent."

## A Drunken Dwarf.

Edwin Calvert, a dwarf of some celebrity, at Skipton, England, has died from the effects of drink. He was seventeen years of age, thirty-six inches in height (three inches less than Tom Thumb), and weighed only twenty-three and a half pounds. Arrangements were being made for him to be presented to the queen.

## Jenny Lind.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt is to sing in Dublin in October next, in the Messiah. The performances are in aid of the Incorporated Society for the Relief of Distressed Musicians in Ireland. She gives her gratuitous services.

## New Humorous Work.

Messrs. George Augustus Sala and Edmund Yates are jointly engaged upon a fantastic work, which is to describe the imaginary invasion of England by the French.

## The Telegraph in Persia.

The first electric telegraph has now been set up in Persia. It is sixty leagues long, and extends from Teheran to the camp of Sultanah.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## NEW STORE!

## LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have opened the new and spacious store, No. 27 Winter Street, where they are prepared to furnish Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

Hosiery, Gloves, and Under-Garments of every style and quality.

— ALSO —

## YARNS, THREADS,

And such articles as are usually kept in Thread Stores.

## DIX &amp; EVANS,

No. 27 Winter Street, Boston.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM.

COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, INFLUENZA, and all affections and diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, not even excepting CONSUMPTION, yield to the powerful influence of this great remedy.

LETTER FROM ELDER H. L. GILMAN,  
A Minister of the Gospel in Vermont.

Glover, Vt., June 20, 1859.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co.,—Gents,—I hereby certify that I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the heart and lungs, and have applied to several physicians for help, and have tried almost every remedy of the numerous ones which have been recommended, without receiving any assistance, but had been growing weaker, until, hearing of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry about a year since, I commenced using it with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty or disease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best lung medicine before the public, and I most cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all persons suffering with pulmonary complaints.

H. L. GILMAN.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold all over the country.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM.

## RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD

FOR THE

## PIANO FORTE

IS

## A DECIDED SUCCESS!

AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING

The Standard Work of Piano Instruction.

An examination will convince any one of

ITS SUPERIORITY AND GENUINE MERIT.

Two Editions are published, one adopting American, the other Foreign Fingering. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the edition with American Fingering will be sent. Price \$3, on receipt of which it will be forwarded by mail, post paid.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
sept24 3w 277 WASHINGTON STREET

## BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TREEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

## BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hygienic Fluid is the great restorer of Hair.—All others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.  
Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. coply may28

# "GET THE BEST"

## WEBSTER UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL EDITION!

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.  
MICROSCOPES!

## MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address

## CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

Room No. 2 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.  
septf

MERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Moulding and repairing at short notice.

F BROWN, Apothecary,  
aug13 tf 68 Washington Street, corner State

# PARSONS & GIBBY,

## STAMPERS OF EMBROIDERIES.

aug2 3m NO 3 WINTER STREET.

## ANOTHER NEW PATENT

\$50

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

WEED'S NEW PATENT.

MAKING the stitch alike on both sides, like the celebrated STANT'S \$50 MACHINE. It will Stitch, Hem, Fell, Cord, Gather and Quilt. We invite the attention of an intelligent and discriminating public to a careful examination of the two best Family Sewing Machines now before the public. We say the BEST MACHINES, and we will demonstrate it to the entire satisfaction of any one who may please to call at our Exhibition Rooms. We will keep either of the above Machines in good order five years without charge, and satisfaction warranted or money refunded. Purchasers of our Machines can have the right to exchange within one year without loss—thus giving an infinite advantage over any other house in the country.

Agents wanted in every town and county in the New England States, to whom a liberal margin will be given. Address A. MORTON & CO., 332 Washington Street, Boston, to whom all applications for Agencies and the right to vend must be addressed.

A. MORTON & Co.,

sept10 tf 332 Washington Street.



## TRIMMINGS,

CORSETS,

Watchspring Skirts,

CHENILLES,

Head Dresses,

COIFFURES,

AND

Thread Store Goods.

ALSO,

Zephyr Wools,

PRINTED

CHINCHILLA,

AND

SHADES

Of all Colors,

2, 4, AND 8 FOLD,

1000 pounds just received, which we offer at wholesale and retail at the lowest prices at

F. P. SHAW'S,

243

WASHINGTON

sept24 4w STREET.

## OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE,

72 Tremont Street, Boston.

JUST opened, French Corsets, CORSETS, CORSETS, in all the most desirable makes, from one dollar upwards. Please examine. Very best FRENCH KID GLOVES for 63 cents a pair.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS.

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and responsible party, is deserving of attention, and we present the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from George Alexander Lewis, Esq., of the Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia," a gentleman well known to our citizens, and whose great suffering was alleviated, almost as though by magic, by this remarkable curative.

Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia,"  
East Boston, Aug. 22, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.: Dear Sir.—The bottle of your "Nervous Curative" which you so kindly sent me, has fairly set me on my feet again, for which I beg to return you my best thanks. I had been for some days suffering greatly from rheumatism in my left leg, particularly the knee, so much so that I could not move without assistance, and when changing my position, had to have the leg lifted or set down. I had also been unable to get any sleep for several nights, when on Tuesday last you gave me the bottle of your "Nervous Curative," and although the limbs were so sore that I could not bear any pressure, still after the first application I slept soundly, and the next morning could bear to have it (my leg) well rubbed. I have continued to improve since, and I am happy to say, now able to resume my duties. I am determined never to be without a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" with me, and I shall take care to keep my family in England supplied with it also, that they may enjoy its benefits as well as myself. With every feeling of gratitude for your inestimable discovery,  
Believe me,  
Faithfully yours,  
GEORGE ALEX. LEWIS,  
(Signed) Second Officer Steamship "Arabia."

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

## ULCERS.

THERE is no surer sign of the deterioration of the vital fluids, and of a general debilitated condition of the system, than the occurrence and persistence of ulcers in various parts of the body. The PERUVIAN SYRUP improves the tone of the stomach, causes the preparation of a purer blood, and of course must restore the unhealthy loss of substance, which is generally so difficult to fill up.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand.

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED instantly by the application of Gantophile. Sold by

F BROWN,  
aug13 tf 68 Washington Street, corner State.

## A CURIOSITY

FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

## THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept 2 tf 35 School Street, Boston.

## HOYT'S

## HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE C. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL P. MASON & Co. sept3 8w

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOGENEOUS, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATES, PREPARED IN COCOA, BUENA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOGENEOUS and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CHOCOLAT COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, sanitary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati, and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
sept24 tf Dorchester, Mass.

## THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public

aug20 9w LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

## CUSHMAN &amp; BROOKS,

## OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE.

72 Tremont Street, Boston.

JUST opened Four Cases Linen Goods, TOWELS, GRASSHOPPER DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TABLE COVERS, DOWLS, WHITE DAMASKS, 112 wide for twenty-five cents a yard, LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, LINEN LAWNS and CAMBRICS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, all at our LOW PRICES.

## GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the venison steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Stenders.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may28 tf 174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

## CUSHMAN &amp; BROOKS,

72 TREMONT STREET BOSTON.

## OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE.

NEW EMBROIDERED COLLARS, NEW EMBROIDERED BELTS, NEW EMBROIDERED HANDS, NEW EMBROIDERED FLOUNTINGS, NEW EMBROIDERED INFANTS' FROCK WAISTS. New goods of every description at prices which command your attention. FURNISH DILIGENTLY for knitting, all prices. New Invoice BEST SPRING SKIRTS.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cointaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug13e

## SAMUEL MASURY,

## PHOTOGRAPH &amp; DIQUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS.)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Diquerretype taken in the most superior manner. June1 tf

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly (Novelists style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or ten copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE DANCING STAR: or, THE SHOOTERS OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.  
Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING: or, HERMIONE OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.  
Written for us by.....MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by.....DAVID H. ROBINSON.

THE BEL ISABEL: or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA. A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHET OF THE BURNER WALK. A Tale of the Thine of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.  
Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN: or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.  
Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER OF VINOMIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.  
Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.  
Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BRIDICK.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOBSCOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.  
Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.  
Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

RODERICK THE ROVER: or, THE SPIRIT OF THE BUCKEY. This is a romantic story of the Buccaneer times, depicting scenes in the Old and New World, of varied and thrilling interest.  
Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, THE REGULATOR AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texas Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.  
Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CATALAN. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.  
Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and featuring a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROYAL CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of fireman's hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.  
Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHERYER.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.  
Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SPOOK OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.  
Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.





PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY.

## PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY.

The above engraving represents all the characteristics of a Spanish belle. The graceful figure, the regular features, with the lustrous beaming black eyes, coquettishly veiled by the costly lace mantilla, the fan now resting idly in the hand, but when in motion the fluttering and eloquent transmitter of a thousand love signs as expressive as words, are all there. The fascination of these Spanish belles is less in form and feature than in the exquisite grace which clothes them as with a garment. Their every motion is vital with elegance, and in repose they are models for the painter. Their large black eyes, alternately languorous and fiery, shoot the arrows of Cupid straight to the heart of him who gazes only to bow in submission. They have rich, voluptuous forms, and the daintiest of fairy feet. Their walk is a marvel to behold, with its elastic, springy step, and its well-poised swaying movement. But it is in the national dances that the Spanish women are seen to the best advantage—in the *Cacucha*, the *Bolero*, the *Jota Arragon-*

*ese*, in which they put forth all the fascination of supple limbs, graceful action and bewildering grace and expression; and what fiery hearts beat in these lovely bosoms, let the story of the heroic maid of Zaragoza attest.

## ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON.

With him there was never relaxation till every duty was discharged. A curious illustration of this habit was told us by an English statesman, who had it from General Alava. On the night previous to one of the Duke's Peninsular victories, another officer came up to Alava, and asked in much alarm, "What will become of us? We shall have a great battle to-morrow, and Lord Wellington is doing nothing but flirting with Madame de Quintana!"

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Alava, "if we are to have a great battle to-morrow, for it is quite certain that all his arrangements are made, if he is flirting with Madame de Quintana." His coolness in danger, and his personal es-

capades, were as striking attributes of the individual man as his tactics were attributes of the general. During the battle of Talavera, Albuquerque sent him by a staff officer a letter informing him that Cuesta, the commander of the Spanish army in the action, was a traitor, and was actually playing into the enemy's hands. He was intently watching the progress of the action as the despatch reached him; he took the letter, read it, and turning to his aide-de-camp, coolly said, "Very well, colonel, you may go back to your brigade." On another occasion, just before the siege of Rodrigo, when the proximity of the allies to Marmont's army placed him in considerable danger by reason of the non-arrival of their flank divisions, a Spanish general was astonished to find the English commander lying on the grounds in front of his troops, serenely and imperturbably awaiting the issue of the peril. "Well, general," said the Spaniard, "you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease; it is enough to put one in a fever."

"I have done the best," the duke replied,

"that could be done, according to my own judgment, and hence it is that I don't disturb myself either about the enemy in my front, or about what they may say in England."

In several instances he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Once at Talavera, in the midst of the action; once just before the battle of Maya, being surprised by a party of French while looking at his maps; once at Quatrebras, again during the battle. In the latter action, as he was carried away on the tide of a retreating body of young troops, the French lancers suddenly charged on its flank, and his only chance was in his horse's speed. "He arrived," Mr. Gleig writes, "hotly pursued, at the edge of a ditch, within which the 92nd Highlanders were lying, and the points of their bayonets bristled over the edges. He called out to them as he approached, 'Lie down, men!' and the order was obeyed, whereupon he leaped his horse across the ditch, and immediately pulled up with a gratified smile on his countenance."—*Edinburgh Review*.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. Vol. XVII, No. 15... Whole No. 433

## THE TURCOS IN PARIS.

The Zouaves of the French army are familiar to us by means of frequent description and illustration, but the Turcos, that other singular and almost equally effective corps, are less known to us. Our engraving shows a column of these wild African warriors, sons of the desert and the mountain, marching through the streets of Paris with the long firm stride that carried them to meet the enemy on the plains of Lombardy. To the Parisians themselves the Turcos are welcome as a novelty, and a novelty is always welcome in Paris. Their dress is the same as that of the Zouaves, differing only in color, the color of the pantaloons; blue for Turcos, red for Zouaves. Since 1842, when the first three Arabic battalions were organized in Algeria, under the command of Bosquet, Vergé and Thomas, the French generals have exerted themselves to attach the natives to the tricolor. The Turco is now a Frenchman. He loves the eagle of his regiment on which he has written in his best blood the names of Alma, Tracktir, Sebastopol, Kinburn, Turbigo, Magenta, and Solferino, without counting a hundred combats in Africa. He is proud of his uniform and of the badges which his valor has attached to it. There are now four fine regiments of these native skirmishers; three in Algeria and the one now quartered near Paris,

which formed a part of the Duke de Magenta's corps d'armée, and participated in the greatest dangers and most brilliant successes of the Italian campaign. The Emperor Napoleon was delighted with the behaviour of the Turcos under fire, and at a time when the war bid fair to be prolonged and extended, he determined to organize a fifth regiment of Turcos, and recruiting had actually commenced for it when the arrangement of Villafranca was made. The French lay great stress upon the services of the Turcos in Italy. At Sebastopol, where they covered themselves with glory, it might be thought that in fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French against the Russians, they were obeying a religious feeling, and defended the crescent menaced in the person of the sultan. But in Italy they had no such motive; they fought, and fought nobly, for France alone. At Turbigo, where they fought almost alone, they excited the admiration of General la Motte Rouge, who led them into the fire. At Magenta they vied in impetuosity with the best French regiments, and Marshal MacMahon, on the same evening, directed the attention of the emperor to their achievements. Finally, at Solferino, where they lost their brilliant and deeply-lamented colonel, Laure, and their gallant lieutenant-colonel, Herment, they outdid themselves. The Turco is not only brave,

he is intelligent. He is quite a lion in the streets of Paris, as he steps along with a jaunty gait, his smile displaying his pearly teeth in contrast to his dusky skin. His uniform, the elegance of which has resisted the storm of battle, is still brilliant, it is so well taken care of, so carefully ~~sponged and brushed~~. And the white turban coiled round his head like a serpent (as a song of the Turcos has it)—the white turban is a model of artistic skill, and drives the oldest Zouaves of the guard to despair, it is so perfect. The gaiters, leggings and shoes of the Turco fit them as nicely as the satin boots of a Parisian belle, and the beholder asks with astonishment how they could have performed the extraordinary marches they have accomplished so daintily shod. Almost all the Arabs have chivalric and noble faces and graceful figures; they are gay and communicative, and remind us of the Moors at the period of their occupation of Spain, when they shone alike in art, arms and letters, and exhibited the highest refinement. They answer all questions that are asked them, though most of them speak a dialect so broken as to be incomprehensible, a few of them only having mastered the French, speaking it fluently. One of their officers, a very young man, just out of school, replied to a gentleman who asked him how his men manœvered, "Like the battalion."

That was the highest praise, for the battalion referred to is that of St. Cyr, the battalion par excellence, which the old pupils of the military school at St. Cyr never designate otherwise. Much of the efficiency of the Turco is attributed to their splendid corps of officers, which, from time to time, has embraced such men as Generals Bosquet, Vergé, Wimpffen, Thomas, Rose, Bataille and Bourbaki, and Colonels d'Argent, Levy, Martineau-Deschenets, Liébert and Lauro. Gallant, young and highly-educated, all the officers of these native tirailleurs lead their men with ardor. They are beloved by their soldiers, and discipline becomes easy with men united by fire. To a Turco the colonel, the chief of the tribe, is a father. We have mentioned that the Turcos were first organized in 1842, as three battalions. In 1852 the number of companies of each battalion was increased to eight. In 1854, Marshal St. Arnaud organized the regiment which was employed in the Crimean war. The marvels they achieved under the command of Colonels Wimpffen and Rose led to an increase of their special force, towards the close of 1855, and three regiments, one for each province, took the place of the three battalions in Algeria. The Arabs now voluntarily enlist in the French ranks, and the feeling that prevails among them assures the French government of a supply of soldiers.



THE TURCOS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS.



(Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE PORTUGUESE SISTERS.

An Episode of the East India Insurrection.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Two men—we are obliged to give them this name—issued from the grove of ebony trees like wild beasts, and began to creep like reptiles through the tall grass, according to the custom of the Thugs when they are about to strangle their victims. These two monsters of the night were Taully and Mendesour, the two faithful sepoy of Volsy.

Arrived at the foot of the wall of the dwelling, beneath the pavilion of the two sisters, they listened in order to assure themselves that the conversation of the young girls had been interrupted by sleep; and afterwards examined the wall, in order to scale it with the marvellous agility of Indian jugglers.

A light rustling of the grass made them turn their heads, and what they saw in the shadow chilled their blood, and arrested the exclamation on their lips. Two constables of nature, the two elephants, were touching Taully and Mendesour with the end of their trunks, and looking at them with their little eyes red as coals.

Left to themselves, in the disorder of the evening, when master and servants had lost their senses, our two friends, Cylon and Baby, were profiting by their nocturnal liberty and pasturing among the sugar-canes; but their instinct, superior to our reason, leading them to foresee dangers in this unaccustomed confusion, they were watching the habitation as a distance, like two giants, with their infallible scent, and the Indian marauders had just been made aware of their vigilance and intelligent care. The elephants had arrested the guilty, but their duties ended here; they did not regard themselves as either judges or executioners; they imprisoned the two sepoys in the formidable circle of their trunks, and awaited the day to deliver them to human justice. To do more would have been to have compromised the calm wisdom and intuitive logic of elephants.

Dr. Hebert had terminated a long and affectionate letter to his mother, and this pious duty fulfilled, he found himself more calm.

"If I die in this expedition," said he, "I shall have given my mother three more happy months."

He left his missive full in sight on the table, and then resolutely went out to rejoin Cesar Verlaq. A very natural idea turned him a moment from the direct road; he wished to give a last glance, as an adieu, to the flowery pavilion which Paula frequented at mid-day, in a pleasant shade, to read or embroider. When he had turned the angle of the wall, he stopped short, as if thunderstruck with surprise, on perceiving a scene unknown in the history of Indian fable: two sinister men, immovable as statues of black granite, and guarded by two elephants. By the dubious light which fell on the pavilion, it might have been thought one of the enormous bas-reliefs in the subterranean temples of Elora, when a ray of light penetrates the shadowy horrors of those pits, dug by unknown architects.

After the surprise, reflection came, and the young doctor, on recognizing the two sepoys, divined all. Nocturnal marauders, these copper-colored bandits were the advanced guard of the whole band of Meerut. A horrible danger therefore threatened the two daughters of Rivares, and for the moment nothing must be thought of but to watch over and defend without alarming the young women. Hebert therefore renounced, through duty and necessity, his expedition to Meerut, and held a council with Cesar Verlaq on the decisive part to be taken.

Verlaq, who was on familiar terms with the two elephants, and often served as their cornc, said to Hebert, "Let me act; I think my idea good."

He provided himself with things necessary to the meditated operation, and under the protection of the friendly trunks, tightly bound Taully and Mendesour, and confined them in a cellar of the dwelling. Hebert accompanied his two servants with two loaded pistols, his finger on the trigger, ready to fire in case of resistance. After this expedition, Hebert consulted Verlaq on the number of servants on whom they could rely to defend the dwelling in case of surprise.

"On very few," said Verlaq, sadly. "I know all the household, and I see scarcely four men

brave and sincerely attached to the family—there is the gardener, the groom, the servant of M. Rivares, and a rice-beater; the rest will do us no harm, I think, but they will not defend us."

"Well," said Hebert, "we must immediately, and under any pretext whatever, awaken those four men, inform them of the danger, and tell them to hold themselves in readiness, arms in hand; especially observe the greatest secrecy—my brave hostages, these women, must know nothing of it; they have already suffered enough, and—"

"But," interrupted Verlaq, "if we are attacked, these two young ladies will hear the firing of the carbines, and it would perhaps be better to warn them."

"No, Verlaq; it is important that they should have rest and sleep as long as possible; and then, who knows? our duty is to take every precaution, but we still have the happy chance of not being attacked."

"You are right; but when we begin to take precautions, we should take all," said Verlaq, after having reflected; "this is the best."

"Well, let us hear it."

"I will place the largest howdahs on the backs of our two elephants, that they may be ready for flight. At the first alarm, Cylon and Baby will carry these young girls and their mahouts faster than the swiftest horse; I will undertake to conduct them to a place of safety."

Hebert reflected a little, and said, "I approve you, lose no time. Place the howdahs, and afterwards awaken and arm the faithful servants; everything must be ready in an hour."

The night rolled away, and the young doctor, who had undertaken the role of sentinel, listened constantly to the murmurs of the country, and heard nothing which justified his fears; no disturbing sound arose in the neighborhood. The little company of defenders, assembled beneath the *chattram*, kept guard; the two elephants were waiting at the gate of their enclosure, and seemed joyful, Verlaq said, as if they divined the greatness of the service they were about to render to their young mistresses on this fearful night.

They were anticipating danger until sunrise. The light of the day dispelled their anxieties, and even gave them a character of almost ridiculous exaggeration; Verlaq hazarded some pleasantries, as he returned Cylon and Baby to their enclosure, where he disencumbered them of their travelling paraphernalia. The servants summoned to labor, murmured against Hebert, regretting the loss of a night's sleep. All the stories of the night before were treated as Indian visions and Chinese tales; Luiz Rivares himself, reassured by the brilliancy of the sun and the serenity of the country, showed a countenance so calm, that labor commenced in the factory as if the alarms of the night before had ceased to exist.

Paula descended very late and alone; she manifested great astonishment at seeing Dr. Hebert carelessly seated on the terrace of the dwelling, and advanced towards him with the intention of receiving his salutation and ironically thanking him for the zeal with which he had hastened to the succor of his friend. The first words between the young girl and the doctor were cold and polite.

"Sir," said she, in her softest tone, "I have heard the gallantry of the French vaunted, and I now see the extent of their courage."

Hebert bounded as if this sentence had been a poignard-thrust, and replied, in a calm tone, "Mademoiselle, a nation should not be judged by one man; I may be wanting in gallantry and courage, but that proves nothing against my nation."

"So, sir," resumed the young and beautiful creole, "you justify yourself only by self-accusation."

"What will I say to you, mademoiselle! facts speak against me; appearances are unfavorable to me. I should be at Meerut, and I am here. I prefer security to peril—that is but too evident."

"And have you passed a good night?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am very well satisfied with it."

"And now, sir, does not the sun, which gives courage to the cowardly, counsel you better than the night? You will go to botanize along the streams; you will not go to Meerut to learn the fate of your friend."

The obstinate silence of Hebert raised the prolonged irritation of the young creole to its height; she dashed on the young man a light-

ning glance, and said to him, "I have learned to-day what cowardice is." And she disappeared beneath the trees, murmuring other words still more severe.

During this intolerable conversation the young man behaved heroically; it needed but a word to justify himself from so odious an accusation from a beloved woman; he resolved to be silent and remain faithful to his first plan, not to alarm the females, and protect them without their knowledge.

Paula did not confine herself to words; she profited by the ascendancy which she had over her father, to avenge herself for Hebert's conduct and silence. She demanded that, by the orders of Luiz Rivares, this cowardly Frenchman should be driven from their dwelling, as unworthy to be a guest in a noble Portuguese family. The father, influenced by Paula, became inspired with the blind indignation of his daughter, and encountering Hebert in the green saloon, said to him, in a severe tone:

"Sir, India is large; you can botanize everywhere; you will honor us by your absence." And putting his hand to his Manila hat, without uncovering, he made a bow, and was about to leave.

Hebert ran to him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Will you permit me to confide to you alone a little secret?"

The friendly tone which accompanied these words struck Luiz Rivares, who seemed disposed to listen to the confidence of the doctor.

Then Hebert revealed the horrible scenes of the night in all their details, and pointed to the temporary prison where the two bandits were confined. He ended by these words: "Now I can accept my dismissal without shame; adieu, Rivares, watch over your prisoners."

It was then Rivares who detained Dr. Hebert by the arm. This terrible recital had deeply affected the father of the family and the master of the dwelling; he pressed the hand of the young man, and said to him, "That I might thank you as you deserve, I would gladly call you my son. The day may come perhaps—"

He stopped hastily, and withdrew his hands from those of Dr. Hebert; Paula was crossing the green saloon, suppressing a cry of surprise, the first tones of which were heard. She had witnessed with a kind of joy, a scene of expulsion, the disgrace of which fell on the cowardly Hebert, and what did she see? Her father lavishing on this wretch testimonies of the most lively affection and the most sincere friendship.

Luiz Rivares secretly wiped away two tears, replaced them by a smile, and advancing towards Paula, said to her, "Dear child, you should have full confidence in your father, your best and perhaps your only friend. Well! I swear to you that Dr. Hebert does not deserve the affront he has just received; he is a man of honor and courage."

A burst of harsh laughter interrupted this eulogy; Paula had reached the delirium of anger and grief.

"Yes, I might have expected this," said she; "he has spoken to you with the false wit of a demon, and has seduced you. You are his dupe, and he laughs at your credulity."

"No, no, my daughter," interrupted Rivares; "no, believe me, this young man—"

"He has unworthily deceived you, my father, I tell you. Ah, if you had seen him in my presence just now, pale and mute, like a criminal surprised in his crime, you would not justify him as you do."

"I shall always justify him, my dear Paula; and you will soon render him justice yourself."

Paula started and made an imperative gesture; her subtle ear had just heard confused cries and the precipitate gallop of a horse. She took her father's arm, and said, in a stifled voice, "come."

A rider was flying through the outer gate of the dwelling, amidst the servants and workmen of the factory attracted by the same sounds; with his left arm he held a young girl of eleven or twelve clasped to his breast, and his right hand seemed to make the gesture which commands silence and composure. Paula uttered a cry of terror, but her energy saved her from fainting; she had recognized from afar her betrothed Volsy; she had seen traces of blood on the white pantaloons of his uniform; all announced an unparalleled disaster, the ravaging of the dwelling of the Windhams, and the massacre of a whole family, of whom only little Mary remained, miraculously saved by her brother and by the protection of God.

## CHAPTER III.

## THROUGH THE WOODS.

It was a moment impossible to describe, for too many incidents took place at once. Paula and Amata seized the little girl, who called upon her mother with heart-rending cries, and Dr. Hebert received in his arms the young English officer, who was losing blood through a wound, and scarcely articulating these fearful words:

"Save the women—not a moment's delay—the brigands are there—do not lose time with me—I am mortally wounded."

Luiz Rivares, beside himself, and no longer master of his reason, like every unhappy man whom a sudden catastrophe crushes, was going and coming on the terrace, exclaiming, "I am not English! My flag will protect me! I will not abandon my dwelling, I will receive them here!"

Hebert was dressing Volsy's wound, and, at every instant, looking on all sides to see if the faithful Verlaq had not arrived. The Indian servants and laborers assembled before the habitation, looked upon this scene with alarming indifference, and did not seem disposed to take arms to defend the dwelling against their insurgent countrymen.

"Make haste!" Volsy constantly repeated; "save the women, in Heaven's name!"

Hebert, absorbed in his duties as a physician, seemed not to hear Volsy.

Verlaq soon arrived with the two elephants, two horses, ammunition and provisions of every kind. Hebert said to Volsy, "Let us save the women and children," and made a sign to Verlaq to prepare the elephants to receive the fugitives. Volsy, lying on the ground apparently dying, did not speak, but he constantly pointed with his finger and his eye towards the road leading to his father's dwelling; that is to say, the path of the expected incendiaries and murderers. Then the young man closed his eyes, dropped his arms, and seemed to surrender up his soul in a last convulsion.

"He is dead!" said several voices, at the moment Paula was descending to the terrace.

"Silence!" said Hebert. And taking Volsy in his arms, with the aid of Verlaq, he placed him in the howdah of the elephant Cylon, saying to the desolate and mute Paula, "Do not be alarmed, it is only a fainting fit from exhaustion; I will answer for the life of Volsy."

In a twinkling, the two young ladies, little Mary, Hebert, Volsy, Lula, Verlaq, the faithful gardener, Luiz Rivares, some placed on the elephant, others on the horses, left the dwelling, directing themselves towards the forest of Wilharma, by a hard, rocky path which returned no traces of the fugitives. Verlaq and the gardener, placed on the necks of the elephants, served as cornacs, and the two colossuses outstripped in their race the two fleet horses mounted by Hebert and Rivares. A quarter of an hour afterwards harsh and confused voices were heard on the road from Meerut, with the tumult of a tropical hurricane; there were quickly seen to arrive a pack of copper-colored demons, spectres from Ramaians, Indian vampires, covered with the blood of victims, armed with Malay poniards, with English carbines, with resinous torches; a living trunk of destruction, which massacred, burnt, ravaged everything in its passage, and left behind it only smoking ashes, scattered ruins, and streams of human blood.

The monsters found the dwelling deserted, and ravaged it from top to bottom. Taully and Mendesour, the two sepoy prisoners, uttered frightful howls at the bottom of their cellar, and, delivered by their countrymen, re-appeared in the sunshine, with a thirst for vengeance and a fury of passion of which nothing can give an idea in the cold countries of the North, and which are the natural sentiments of those ones of flame, where the same blood flows in the veins of savage men and the black tiger.

The two ferocious prisoners had heard the heavy and rapid steps of the two elephants, and guessed the direction of the fugitives; they armed themselves to the teeth, associated four friends with the chances of their expedition, mounting six horses taken from the stables, rushed like demon centaurs in pursuit of the daughters of Rivares, and the horses, scenting in the air the traces of their companions, seconded to perfection the guilty intentions of their riders. Meanwhile the little caravan, guided by Verlaq, had reached the depths of the forest of Wilharma, and halted in the midst of a thicket



of *cassuarinas*—charming trees, whose light leaves imitate the murmur of the sea. As he had no longer any secrets to keep, Luiz Rivares had just informed his two daughters of the heroism of Dr. Hebert on the last night, to defend them and protect their dwelling. After the recital, Paula would willingly have thrown herself at Hebert's feet, to ask his pardon for so many suspicious and abusive words; her hatred was turned into affection and gratitude, especially at the moment when she saw the young physician lavishing the most intelligent cares on the wounded Volsy, for this halt in the woods had been made only to give a little rest to the young officer, and apply a second dressing to an alarming hemorrhage. On this occasion Hebert found wonderful resources in his art and his studies. The leaf of the tree which secretes in the sun, discovered by Verlaque, a tree which the English call *sun-tree*, wrought an astonishing cure, or at least gave hopes of a prompt and complete recovery. The smile re-appeared on the countenance of Volsy, and his young physician, generously forgetting that he was also his rival, uttered a cry of joy, and raising his eyes to heaven, said to Paula, "I have administered the remedy, God will heal him."

Paula turned her head to conceal tears and conflicting emotions, and pressed the hands of the young doctor.

"Now," said Hebert, "our poor wounded man needs sleep, and whatever may happen, our duty is to remain here a few hours to give him that rest which is the principal remedy."

Verlaque shook his head sadly and said, "The place is not safe; we must march immediately to the frontiers of Nepal, to Almora."

"Verlaque," replied Hebert, smiling, "you are selfish, and the advice is not good; besides, it did not originate with you, it was whispered to you by Lula. You are not well enough acquainted with geography to know that Almora is on the frontier of Nepal." And addressing Lula, he continued, "Lula, from what country are you?"

"From Almora, Dr. Hebert."

"There!" resumed the doctor, laughingly, "I thought as much. Lula, listen! If your betrothed Verlaque were wounded like Volsy, and needed two hours' sleep to ensure his recovery, would you forsake him on the road to Almora? No, you reply by a sign; well, do not give bad advice to Verlaque."

The spot was charming; the *cassuarinas* stood in dense arches above the beds of the grass; a thousand birds were singing with the trees; a fountain escaped from a little mossy rock and formed a basin of living water, where the elephants found a vast trough.

Paula constantly repeated in a low voice, to her sister, "I will never pardon my injustice towards Hebert; he is not a man, he is an angel."

Little Mary slept in the lap of Amata. Luiz Rivares, seated on the turf and leaning against a tree, seemed overwhelmed by a gloomy despair; the young officer was asleep beside Hebert, his guardian angel.

The elephants, after having quenched their thirst, were playing with the end of their trunks in the water of the reservoir, or sporting amicably with the horses, when suddenly they suspended their recreation, uttered a cry of uneasiness, and with uplifted trunks, scented the depths of the suspected forest. Verlaque hastily arose and made a sign to Hebert. The elephants uttered a second cry more shrill than the former, which signified, the first was a suspicion, the second is a certainty.

Verlaque fastened the horses to a tree in the midst of a thicket. Hebert said to Amata, "Do not wake Mary, and conceal yourself in this knot of ebony trees." Luiz Rivares, animated by the danger, seized a carbine, and made a signal that they might rely upon him. They carried Volsy, without awaking him, into the dark recess where the women had just concealed themselves. Hebert, Verlaque and Rivares mounted the elephants, like a little garrison withdrawn into a citadel to defend itself with advantage against numerous enemies.

Tauly, Mendesour, and their four friends, arrived on horseback, but advanced with difficulty through the vines, bushes and brush of the virgin forest; they had not followed the route opened by the two trunks, like pioneers' hatchets. Their horses had not guided them perfectly. Tauly and Mendesour knew the fountain of the *cassuarinas*, and had guessed the halting place of the fugitives by the direction taken by the horses. There was so dense a veil of branches, of aerial

plants, of parasites, of floating flowers, that it was impossible to see a human body or a wild beast at the distance of twenty paces. The horses of the sepoys, constantly guided by their scent, opened a breach through the vegetable wall, and the crashing of branches suddenly reached the ears of Hebert, Verlaque and Rivares. The elephants elongated their ivory tusks in the direction of danger, and raised their trunks like massive clubs; the three men commended the poor women to God, and aimed their carbines. The two elephants stood immovable as towers of granite.

A sudden clearing was made in the trees, and the six Indians appeared almost at once. Three shots were fired from the elephants, and three bodies fell noiselessly among the grass; at the same moment, the living Indians descended from their horses and crept like serpents, with prodigious agility, to the spot where the women had taken refuge. An Indian sun stroke had doubtless added to the madness of these three demons, for they forgot all the measures of prudence which the bravest savages take in their attacks. They were of the race of those Indian fanatics who die with delight beneath the wheels of the car of Siva, expecting to revive, after death, in the garden of the blue god; so, instead of fleeing, they attack with rage, like reptiles surrounded by a circle of fire. Paula, Amata and Lula, frozen with terror, saw the approach of the three monsters, and the cry of distress expired upon their lips; little Mary was still sleeping that infantile sleep which even thunder would not disturb. Volsy, suddenly awoken by the triple detonation of the carbines, rose, notwithstanding his weakness, to defend the young girls, and was overthrown by a blow from the poniard of the sepoy Mendesour. At this moment, when the women were passing suddenly from terror to heroism, Paula and Amata, seized by the bronze hands and burned by the breath of demons, were struggling victoriously, like the sainted women of old in cities taken by assault, and at this moment, Rivares, Verlaque and the doctor, who had dropped rather than descended from their elephants, ran to this horrible scene, and unable to use their fire-arms for fear of injuring the women, rushed upon the Indians, grasped them with vigorous arms, and, at the very outset of this conflict, body to body, were astonished, with reason, at seeing three corpses roll beneath them. Two friends had come to the rescue, two defenders well known to Tauly and Mendesour; they had no arms, they feared not to err in their blows, always infallible, and their death-blows were delicate as caresses. The blows with the trunk given on three copper-colored foreheads had sufficed, and our elephants, after the victory, retained their modest impassibility, and were calm as Hercules in repose.

Hebert was already beside Volsy, and, on examining his wound, feared the poison more than the blow of the weapon. It was necessary first to apply an antidote, and to use the root of the yellow tulip-tree, discovered to be a remedy for the mortal wounds of the cobra capella. Verlaque had opened his herbal of Indian medicaments, and the little caravan, forgetting their recent sufferings, watched, with mute anxiety, the proceedings of Hebert beside the couch of the wounded man. At intervals Paula looked at her sister, and this glance expressed all the noble sentiments of admiration and tenderness. Amata did not give the response expected, she even maintained a gloomy deportment, inexplicable to her sister.

In the state of weakness in which Volsy had been at the moment of the attack, the least blow must have overthrown him. His new wound was not deep, the hand that wielded the Malay poniard having struck in a moment of frenzy, when its owner was intent upon other things. After a very attentive examination, Hebert, being re-assured on the subject of the poison, said to his friends, "Be tranquil, all will be well. This place is not safe; let us leave it."

The young wounded man gave a slight smile of approval to this language of Hebert.

"We must quit the jungles before night," said Verlaque, as if speaking to himself.

"The advice is good," remarked Rivares, looking at the sun through the trees, as we look at the face of a clock to calculate the time.

The women, who comprehended the meaning of those sentences, started and listened to the murmurs of the jungles, as if the howling of wild beasts had anticipated the setting of the sun.

The elephants had discovered a bread fruit

tree, and were quickly gathering a frugal collation from the providential table of the wilderness. These colossuses doubtless suspected that the caravan was at this moment uneasy about the wild beasts, and not knowing how to reassure them, had the air of being occupied with a trifle, as if to advise them to the same indifference.

But men do not always understand elephants. A very natural fear manifested itself in the wanderers, for the earliest shades of evening were already darkening the trunks of the trees and the water of the reservoir. They resumed their route towards the west, in the direction of Almora. The march was slow through the woods, for it was necessary to pass through galleries of verdure opened by the elephants, the forest growing more and more dense as it receded from inhabited lands. A very brief twilight was shedding its last gleams, and night fell suddenly like a black dome over our poor fugitives.

Volsy constantly complained of a devouring thirst, like all wounded men, and obstinately refused the warm water which remained of their stores. The doctor also persisted in refusing him, when they crossed a stream, for cold water increases fever after wounds. They arrived in a clearing, when the constellation of the Southern Cross let fall a ray as if to serve for a compass, and a sheet of living water sparkled like an immense mirror amid the surrounding darkness. Volsy rose painfully on the cushion of his howdah, and in a supplicating voice, asked for one drop of water. Hebert shrugged his shoulders, and said to Paula, "I take you to witness that I grant him this drop of water against my judgment."

It was the first time since they had left their dwelling that Hebert had spoken to Paula. And the doctor was preparing to descend from the elephant, when Verlaque stretched out his right arm and said to him, "There are others at the watering-place."

Two supple forms were undulating among the grass, and a hoarse cry from a mouth of iron resounded in this solitude. The horses uttered plaintive neighings, and their hair bristled; the elephants shook their ears, raised their trunks, and turned their tusks in the direction of the peril. Disturbed in the mystery of their night, and on the banks of their watering place, two large tigers advanced boldly towards the usurpers of their domain, and scented the emanations from the air to ascertain the species of their enemy. The horses sheltered themselves behind the elephants.

The night breeze bore to the nostrils of the tigers the exciting odor of live flesh and fresh blood. They had never been invited by nature to such a feast; the intoxication of gluttonous desire burned in their brains; they did not listen to their instinct, which often counsels prudence, and resolved upon the attack, using always the feline skill and tactics of rapid evolutions. Verlaque and Hebert, armed with their carbines, held themselves in readiness to fire when distance should favor their aim through the uncertainty of the darkness. Volsy held another carbine to hand to his neighbor, and Lula fulfilled the same office for Verlaque on the other elephant.

The two colossuses played with their trunks, with a sportive air, as a child does with a ribbon to excite the tricks of a kitten. Neither family traditions nor native instinct could give to the tigers an idea of the strange spectacle which they witnessed in their primeval forest, and, as if to devote a moment to sage reflection, they put themselves in a posture of a sphynx, and began to look at these unknown aggressors.

The elephants comprehended that their masters and mistresses were not traversing these woods for pleasure, that they doubtless had more serious business, and that these impertinent cats must be despatched as soon as possible. With this thought, they advanced side by side, with resolute step, uttering a roar of attack like an earthquake unchained by a volcano.

Two yells replied, and the tigers, springing to their feet, recoiled with slow steps but with eyes fixed on the enemy, and in a menacing attitude, which announced a speedy aggression. At the moment they were simulating an attack in front, the two feline monsters executed prodigious leaps in order to kill the horses and fall behind the caravan, far from trunks and tusks.

This sort of tactics sometimes succeeds in the battles of men; the Carthaginians especially, says history, used it against the Romans, and the Romans against the Gauls; but elephants never have been and never will be dupes of these coarse

stratagems; they follow the wild beast in all his agile evolutions, and constantly present to him their trunks and tusks. At this encounter, the tigers in vain described immense ellipses to fascinate the eye of the elephants; our gigantic friends, always guided by calmness and strength, did not allow themselves to be invaded on the weak side; they had constituted themselves the guardians of the men, the women, and even of the horses, and had determined, in this extreme peril, to watch over the safety of all, and compromise no existence by human stupidity or a fault of position, fatal errors so common with ancient and modern generals.

After the first moments of danger, energy returns to the heart, and we can even relish the keen play of emotions. From the top of her elephant, Paula followed with feverish interest all the phases of this fearful drama, and almost thanked the chance which had placed her in this natural amphitheatre, where the colossuses and monsters of creation are about to fight a death-battle. The landscape belonged to the early ages of the world; it had the primitive and wild grace of Eden; an immense rotunda, formed by tufted trees, sown with tall grass, and watered by a stream issuing from the lake. The light of splendid Indian stars descended through a thousand crevices of verdure upon the grassy carpet, and gave to all these natural decorations a fantastic hue, surpassing the efforts of the pencil.

The tigers were irritated to frenzy by the immovable tactics of the elephants; they then attempted what they almost always do in these encounters: these monsters took a furious start, and at the last bound, describing a curve, fell upon the heads of the elephants; the trunks caught them by the neck and suspended them to the ivory tusks like sheep in a market place. A simple movement launched them in the air, and on their fall, they received a blow from the trunk which crushed them.

The women tearfully applauded this scene; the two temporary cornices lavished carresses on the two colossuses, who appeared very sensitive to these manifestations of friendship. The sage Indian naturalist was right in uttering these words, "*The last word may be said of man, but of the elephant never.*" At the moment when the caravan, guided by the Southern Cross, was about to resume its route, the elephants picked up the bodies of the tigers with the ends of their trunks, and followed the direction indicated by their conductors. As elephants cannot be suspected of pride, the fugitives asked one another what could be the reason why the conquerors thus bore off the trophies of their glories. Paula discovered the secret.

"These great creatures," said Paula, "do nothing without a motive, they are unwilling to expose us a second time to such emotions, in these jungles where tigers roam, and they bear off their dead comrades, not as a trophy, but to inspire terror."

A general assent received this explanation.

"If a man should live with elephants," said Hebert, "he would never commit a folly. If I come out of this forest alive, I will not leave these."

"You shall not," said Volsy, in a low voice, pressing the hand of his friend, become his benefactor.

Hebert attached no importance to this speech of the young Englishman, and continued his cares to the wounded man all night. Two eyes were always open to the noble conduct of the young physician. Paula observed all.

They emerged from the jungles a little before sunrise. When the consoling star, which dispels phantoms and disperses monsters, rose upon India, the caravan was advancing over a wild and barren plain, interspersed here and there with the cactus and euphorbia. The tall vegetation had disappeared. They halted for the morning repast in the ruins of the pagoda of Neer Joor, destroyed, it is said, in 1405, by Tamerlane, when this ferocious ravager went to conquer China, passing through Nepal.

Youth, moral courage, and even emotion had already wrought a very gratifying improvement in the condition of Volsy; but to secure his recovery, the physician continued the severity of his treatment; he constituted himself the nurse of his friend, and nothing could for a moment divert him from his duties.

From the ruins of the pagoda to the Chinese hostelry of Almora, no annoying incident disturbed the caravan, even during the nights passed in the open air. When they had arrived at a place of repose and safety, Volsy, almost re-



covered, thanks to the devotion of Hebert, asked five minutes' conversation with his young doctor. The tone of the request was mysterious, and affected the heart of Hebert more than the nocturnal encounter with the tigers.

"Hebert," said Volsey, "do you remember our last conversation in the green hall of the dwelling of Rivares?"

"A little—I think—yes," stammered the young physician.

"On that day," resumed Volsey, "we played a game unworthy of our friendship; we essayed to deceive each other like two diplomatists. At twenty-five we had gray hairs."

"It seems to me," said Hebert, smiling, "that I have some remembrance of it."

"Dear doctor," resumed Volsey, in a serious tone, "do not let us recommence. As for me, I will ask you frankly, 'Do you love Mademoiselle Paula Rivares?' Silence is the resource of honest people who do not wish to tell a falsehood. You love her."

"Well!" interrupted Hebert, recovering his energy, "you will not be surprised if I quit you this evening, to travel in the neighborhood, among the European establishments of Himalaya."

"And you will depart alone, Hebert?"

"With my brave Verlaque, who from a servant has become my friend. Advancement is quickly made beneath an Indian sun."

"You are right, Hebert. That gives me an idea." He wiped away two tears, suppressed a burst of grief, and continued thus: "Friend Hebert, I have seen my father and mother massacred before my eyes; have saved of my family only my poor little sister, now an orphan. I owe myself to this child and to my country. A frightful war has commenced, and every English deserter is a coward and infamous. Yes, I have dreamed of marriage, but under a serene sky. To marry at my age, with my profession, and in present circumstances, would be to pass over to the enemy. I will die at my post, if necessary, but a young wife shall not wear mourning for my death in her honeymoon. I will depart this evening to join Havelock; you shall adopt my sister, and espouse Paula Rivares."

There was a moment of silence. Hebert stood as if transfixed with grief and joy by the unexpectedness of this declaration, and stammered some incoherent words, the meaning of which was derived by Volsey, who added:

"There is no objection to be made to an irrevocable determination. You would raise doubts of Paula's consent: your doubts will soon be dispelled. In my fearful journey, my dear Hebert, you had my life in your hands twenty times, and guarded carefully as a treasure, that life which was killing you. I have not lost a single movement of Paula, even on the night of the tigers. I affirm to you that you have the esteem and admiration of the young, heroic girl. After my departure, you will have more."

All the objections of Hebert gave way before the energetic will of Volsey. The day passed very sadly, for the young officer soon announced to all his inevitable resolution, and each, in the depths of his heart acknowledged that Volsey as a soldier, could not act otherwise. In times of war, duty is the command of God. The adieux were heart-rending, but Volsey, who thought he had already heard the cannon of Lucknow, tore himself violently from the embraces of his friends, set out on horseback, and directed himself to the left shore of the Ganges, where the spark of Meerut had already kindled the fires of rebellion.

Rivares, Hebert and the ladies settled temporarily at Almora, in a house built on the European plan, in the outskirts of the city. After five months had sorrowfully rolled away, they learned that poor Volsey, serving as captain under General Havelock, had been killed at Cawnpore. Alas! in this world everything ends, even mourning! A letter, received at Marseilles last November, announces that the marriage of Hebert and Paula will take place soon as the family arrangements admit.

#### THE DIAMOND WEARER.

I must tell you of a very sensible, uncommonly matter-of-fact gentleman in this city, who, united to all the strong-minded qualities of his sex the most feminine fondness for brilliants. He wears about \$6000 worth stuck about him in every accountable shape. Shirt studs, sleeve buttons, breastpin, and numerous finger rings, are all single stones of the first water; and the same charming jewels gleam in the open links of his watch chain, and are thickly studded in the back of his time-keeper. It is an odd fancy, for a man who is exceedingly plain and rather negligent in his other attire.—*Charleston Paper.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

#### THE FLOWER OF LIDDESDALE.

BY L. T. TURNER.

"How else shall I prove that my love for you is boundless?" uttered an impassioned lover to a very fair and lovely girl, who had turned away as the speaker concluded a former whispered sentence.

"By doing my bidding, my Lord of Athole," she now replied, in a haughty tone.

"Ay, sweet Annie; but have you considered how difficult the task imposed?—to cease gazing on you, when every feature is beauty's own—to leave you, while there are yet words on my tongue to tell you all I would brave for your love. Indeed, Annie, I cannot leave while there is yet one of hope's bright sparks in my bosom."

"Then I wish I might pluck it thence, Sir Knight."

"Nay, you cannot. Listen, while I again recount all that I would do for one of your heart-cheering smiles. Have I not told you, dearest, that your father should soon be once more with his own dearly-loved child—on the hills of wild Liddesdale? Then, too, I would gather round me thrice the number of brave hearts and strong swords (even including the renowned Dalwolsy, lady, which your sire owns. Annie Douglas, I would join your brave father's followers; his wrongs should be mine."

"Again, Sir Knight!" she exclaimed, in an offended tone, "do you offend my ears again with your base proffers? Do you think that by proving traitor to the cause you have chosen, you will win my favor? I will no longer listen to you. And as for liberating Liddesdale's lord, learn, Sir Knight, that his followers have proffered his ransom, and in a few days you may call all the strength you have vaunted to your aid, for they need it who raise their arm against his—"

She was interrupted by the unexpected sound of a horse's hoofs which seemed to be fast approaching the valley in which they stood.

"It is some one of our followers, my Lord of Athole," she continued; "I warn you to be gone!"

"But, dearest, first tell me that you will think favorably of the risk I have run to gaze on the far-famed flower of Liddesdale?"

"I will converse with you no longer. Farewell, my lord," she replied.

Athole placed his foot in the stirrup, and vaulting gracefully into the saddle, waved a kiss on the breeze which came softly over the cheek of Annie, exclaiming:

"Adieu, my pretty wild flower—I will yet win your love," then spurring the gay steed, was lost to sight before the other horseman was seen as a black speck on the hill-top.

For some minutes Annie stood vacantly gazing on the lessening figure of Athole, and thinking of the treacherous proposals he had made her; but now the hasty approach of the other roused her from the reverie.

"It is De Vipont, with news of my father, or commands from him," she murmured; "but no, 'tis a stranger, and young and handsome, too. Perhaps he is a friend to England—and here I am alone, unattended. O, there is Scotland's plumed bonnet! doubtless he bears tidings of our troops."

He was even by her side, as she concluded; and, instantly leaping from his horse, bent his knee before her, as he exclaimed:

"Scotland's pride! Liddesdale's famed one! for you can be no other; tell me, lady, if you are the envied Annie!"

With a crimsoned cheek, and a downcast eye, she replied softly:

"I call Liddesdale's Douglas a father."

"Then, Annie Douglas, Ramsay of Dalwolsy bears you a command from his own lips."

"Rise, rise, sir!" she exclaimed hurriedly, and glancing timidly on the fine features raised to her face. "Does Scotland's bravest kneel before one of her maidens, whom it would better become to hold the rein while your foot is in the stirrup? but I had forgotten; you said you had a command from my father. Have you then spoken with him?"

"Ay, fairest; he is once again come to gladden Scotland with his presence; and in token to you that my words hold the stamp of truth, I bring you this ring."

A blush of shame crimsoned even her fair brow as she gazed on it, and remembered that

she had been thus holding converse with a stranger who had but called himself as one of their bravest champions, and for the sincerity of whose words she had required no further proof than a handsome face and frank bearing.

But he had called himself by a title which had never been uttered in her presence except in terms of pride and admiration by every noble who had graced the feasts at her own castle home; and, unwittingly she had suffered it to become rooted amid the tenderest feelings of her heart, till even its mention had banished from her mind every remembrance of maidenly caution and pride, and thrilled her woman's feeling to their depths.

"Shame is it to me, Sir Knight," she said at length, in a broken voice, "to look on my brave sire's token. You can think me but a bold lassie, and it brings to my sad memory that I have not yet bidden you to our board, where I, alas! must play the hostess; for my angel mother is at rest—my father, as you know, is watching his country's interest."

Dalwolsy joyfully took his horse by the bridle, and led him by the side of Annie, beguiling the way with words, the same she had often heard, but never till then felt. First, though, Douglas's command was Dalwolsy's theme.

"You must away with the morrow's dawn, lady," he said; "every vassal must hence to his lord's banner. Then, Annie, your father thinks truly, that a scarcely inhabited castle is not a fit place for one like you."

"Ramsay," she interrupted, "whither would he send me? Sir," pointing to the castle turrets as they rose to view, "I have so long called that home, I should weep to leave it. Nobles have whispered in my ear that other hills are fairer than Liddesdale—that their own castles are more than our hermitage, and their vassals braver than the Douglas's followers—but, Sir Ramsay, I have not believed them; tell me, then, whither my honored sire wills me to go?"

"I must bear you safely to Kildrummie, lady, where you will be safe, since the stout-hearted Christina Moray defends it; and where, moreover, you will be surrounded by some of Scotland's maidens equal in rank to yourself. Think, Annie, do you not fancy your days the merrier already, that you are going to sojourn in a castle famed for gallantry and mirth?"

"But my mother's grave, Alexander Ramsay?" returned Annie, in a broken, mournful voice, and raising her tearful eyes imploringly. "I am a wilful creature, Ramsay," she continued, "but I always fly to that tomb of peace when my heart beats too fiercely. I shall leave in our hermitage the only happiness I have known when Liddesdale's lord was far away in the southern land."

"Your only happiness, lady!" repeated Ramsay, casting a meaning glance to the hill-top over which Athole had disappeared. "Pardon me; but I had imagined your happiness was centered in the living rather than the dead."

Annie blushed and smiled as she caught his meaning, and replied:

"Ay; you are fancying that yonder gallant was a true-love. He has said he is."

"And you doubt it?"

"Nay, I know not that I have ever thought about it. Tell me, Sir Alexander, would you—and you have boasted over much bravery and love—would you ride away at the glimpse of a single horseman?"

"Might I die anywhere but on the field of glory, if I did! But, Annie, does your father know this?"

"Know what, Sir Knight? Do you think I would trouble his ears with the trash that Athole's earl, Scotland's enemy, whispers to a Douglas?"

"Athole!" exclaimed Ramsay, with a heightened color; "by my good sword, we will give him other work to do than galloping over our hills in search of our fairest maidens. Annie, young leddy Douglas—if you love him, do not tell me so—for I have sworn to dip my sword in his blood; and if such words came from your lips, I fear me I should be perjured."

Annie gazed with surprise on the glowing eyes and heaving chest of Ramsay.

"I love him!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly in her walk, "an' I did, Sir Knight, I would either root it from my bosom, or never again set foot in Liddesdale. But I hate him, Ramsay; his very words and voice are my detestation. But we shall shortly be in the halls of a Douglas, and Athole is not a name to breathe there. Rather let its walls resound in honor of its guest?"

Ramsay did not neglect to repay her words in kind; and their effect may be best judged from

the knowledge that, at the next morning's dawn, he was plighting and receiving vows of faith at her mother's grave, ere they began their journey towards Kildrummie.

Annie was attended by her maidens, and Dalwolsy led a troop of the bravest hearts in Liddesdale. It will not be surprising, then, to learn that it was a mirthful train which wended its way towards the castle; but as they neared it, their spirits flagged, and the merry jokes grew less frequent among the men and maidens, and Annie and Dalwolsy seemed deeply buried in thought.

"Do not the horses grow weary?" said Annie, after a long silence, during which she had imagined their pace to slacken.

"No, dearest," replied Ramsay; "they are but too ready to bear you on. Your father is awaiting me—my country calls me; I may not then even allow my heart to guide me, or I should say it were necessary to rest here. But look, Annie; yonder turret is Kildrummie, and there we must part, but we meet again, love, before long. Will you give me a golden tress to show your father as a token of your love when I shall ask you of him?"

"Take your sword, Ramsay, and cut it from beneath my hood—but stay, it is a work unfitting the dread of England. Call one of the vassals hither, and use his less valued weapon."

But Ramsay cut the bright lock while she was yet speaking, and placed it in the folds of his vest.

They were now called to from the walls of Kildrummie, in a deep masculine tone, but which, to Annie's surprise, proceeded from one of her own sex, "the heroic Christina Moray," who was summoning the numerous sentinels to their posts.

Dalwolsy was admitted on the instant, with the young Lady Douglas and her maidens, but the former staid only to repeat that Annie was committed to her guardianship by the flower of the Scottish chivalry, to receive a gracious promise of protection from the Lady Moray, and perhaps the lingering farewell of one other, before, placing his bonnet on his brow, he was bowing gracefully on his steed as he led his little band on their now weary march.

Annie stood silently by the side of her brave hostess, but quite unconscious of such presence, for her eyes were fixed on the lessening plume which was tossed to and fro in the varying breezes.

"Annie Douglas," at length interrupted Lady Moray, "do you see yonder cloud of dust, which grows more dense with every passing moment? You do! Then, maiden, I will tell you that we are not calling every hand to its post for mere pastime. That mist, in every probability, circles foes. You start! Nay, you have but a weakly heart for the bride of a soldier."

Annie's eyes sank beneath the keen glance of the Lady Moray, and she wondered, in her simplicity, how she could have learned anything that had passed between her and Ramsay.

"But, Annie Douglas," continued her hostess, with a kindly smile, and parting the long golden ringlets from the downcast cheek, "do you think that Dalwolsy's eyes speak a language unintelligible to all, save you? and that your smile can be read alone by him? No, no; remember, for the future, that others than yourself have eyes. But go within and throw yourself on a velvet couch, and dream again each look and word, and sigh, while we deal with more substantial matter. Within with you! within!"

Annie was not disinclined, after her fatigues, to profit by the request of her kind protectress, who now accompanied her to a chamber, where she ranged her maidens round her, and was soon again in the little chapel at Liddesdale, with Dalwolsy plighting his faith at her side.

Meanwhile Athole's earl had not been idle. He had contrived to be an unobserved spectator of the meeting between Annie and Dalwolsy, whom he had recognized by his plumed bonnet and his gay bearing, by merely riding round the hill's side and coming again within a few paces of the spot where they stood. He watched Annie's blushes, listened to the words of kindness which fell from her lips, and the homage paid her by Dalwolsy.

When they moved away, he hastily drew from his saddle-bow a small bundle, which, it seemed, contained the dress of Liddesdale's vassals. This he quickly donned, and, taking a different route, arrived at the castle long before those who had loitered so willingly on the way. He then bent his steps to an outer wall, where it appeared he was expected, for a very pretty but simple



looking girl returned his salutation, adding, that he was a "tardy callant."

"Nay, Jeanie, then I must ask forgiveness. I have been spending my time on my master's business, but each moment was an hour before I could reach you." And he passed his arm tenderly round her waist, while he continued: "You need not hasten home, for your mistress is beguiling her evening walk by listening to words which are honeyed to her ear as yours to mine. You will go hence many a weary mile to-morrow. Listen, Jeanie; my master loves your mistress even as I do you, he need not better; but he is not happy as I am, Jeanie, for you know that she has scorned his suit, though he has risked so much to come hither just to gaze on a bright eye. He has braw lands which she might call her ain, and siller eno' to purchase half Scotland, and it is my lord's wish that she should love him; but the Douglas has sent one hither to bear her to a far awa castle for protection, and this one she will love, despite my lord and yours, if some measure be not taken to make her Countess of Athole quickly."

"Ay," interrupted the maiden, "but maybe my young leddy loses another far, far better."

"A woman's suggestion, or rather," said he, checking the impatient tone with which he began, "I own that you show a kindly heart. But I tell you this is a mere momentary fancy, just to be perverse; this Dalwolsy will be off to the wars and forget that he ever set foot on Liddesdale."

"But how to bring her to consent to such a measure?"

"Have you not some token which you could give my master, and which might come from her father? Nay, there is nothing in those words to make my Jeanie start. The Laddy Annie will soon acknowledge that we have planned her happiness."

"But I fear me—"

"What should you fear," he interrupted, "when my arm encircles you? Bethink of something that may serve my master, and I must away quickly, though to meet you again shortly, when I hope we may serve under our mutual master."

The thoughts which crept over the maiden's heart at this suggestion, completed all he wished. She turned hastily to him and replied: "There is her mother's portrait, which my lord always carries with him when he gangs awa' with the soder lads, but he was roused so hastily by this last call, that he left it in the closet; if your lord take that, she will credit the token."

"It is well, dearest; hasten, and bring it hither."

Then, as she left his side, he murmured: "A blessing on her for a kind-hearted lassie! Methinks I have the haughty Annie in my toils now. What a fool I am thus to intrigue for a wild, though beautiful flower, when a whole parterre of richer ones are spread for my choosing! But she has scorned me; that is sufficient to decide her mine. Ah, my pretty Jeanie!" as the girl approached with the portrait, "there is not another like you in broad Scotland. For the present, I must away, but in a few days we meet again."

And so saying, he placed the picture in his bosom, and pressing a most deceitful kiss on her lips, he remounted his horse and galloped off. But Jeanie, the simple, kind-hearted Jeanie, stood gazing after him with all the yearning of woman's affection in her tearful eyes and pallid cheek, and she placed every confidence in the completion of her lady's happiness, since it was an earl who was to wed her, and bring so many, or at least one brave heart (so she fancied), to the standard of her lord.

But now to return to Annie Douglas, who, perfectly unconscious of all that had passed in that meeting, was fondly dreaming of other and more valued presence, when she was aroused by Lady Moray's hand placed lightly on her cheek.

"I have dismissed your maidens, love, for the Earl of Athole waits on you. Ay, I was wrong in conjecturing that enemies approached. See, dear," as Strathbogie entered, "he wears the dress which best becomes all who own hearts of steel. But I prevent his delivering you a message from your father."

"From my father!" repeated Annie. "Nay, my lady, I must have other proof of it than mere words."

Athole's tongue burned to tell her that she had not always displayed so much caution in ascertaining such truths, but he dared not give the

thought utterance now. He drew forth the portrait and placed it before the astonished but instantly convinced Annie.

"Then I am to welcome a friend of Liddesdale's lord, Sir Knight; believe me, as such, you are welcome."

These few words she uttered with the most complaisant air, to atone for the suspicion her first greeting had evinced.

"Such welcome from your lips, lady," he returned, sorrowfully, and with the utmost respect, "were enough to repay me, even though I had lost honor in the exchange, instead of gaining it. But I will endeavor to remember the lesson so lately learned," and he bowed lowly to her. "But," he continued, "I bring you a message and bidding—you cannot dispute their truth. I am but sorry, An—lady, that my words require aught to certify them as such to your ear." Then turning a flushed cheek to the surprised Lady Moray, he inquired: "Has our brave Dalwolsy left here?"

"Ay, Sir Athole. I would he had tarried to welcome you to Scotland's glory," returned the animated Christina.

"It would have increased my present happiness, doubtless, lady," said the wily earl; "but since he has left, the bidding I bore him rests with me. Young leddy, you must hence to your father, and I wish, since I hear it is also your desire, that one other had been here to be your escort."

"You mean our Ramsay, my lord. By my sword, Athole, you have a discerning eye. Ay, Annie, 'tis a deep-dyed blush of yours."

The Lady Moray spoke truly. Annie's cheek burned in its depth of crimson as she turned it from the jealous eye fixed upon it, but which grew softened in smiles as he smothered tumultuous throbs of love and hatred in his bosom, and in a winning and respectful tone he asked when the Lady Annie would be prepared to depart.

She looked long and earnestly at the beautiful picture before her, as if tracing in its placid smile an approval or disapproval of this sudden and, to her, inexplicable bidding; for she felt, though she knew not why, with such a token, a distrust for which she blamed herself, even while unable to repress the fast falling tears.

"How's this, Annie Douglas!" demanded the Lady Moray, "do you hesitate to join your father? Maybe, faint-hearted one, you fear the sounds of clashing swords and the battle call."

"No, no, indeed no, lady. But 'tis rarely I gaze on these features without giving way to this weakness," said Annie; then, for the first time raising her eyes to Athole's, she continued: "My lord, I wait your pleasure."

"Then so soon as the sun's bright heralding crimson is in the east, we will away."

"And now to the banquet hall, Strathbogie," interrupted Lady Moray; "we will summon minstrelsy, and pass in friendly converse and mirthful laugh, some of the few intervening hours."

And at the morning's dawn, Annie and her maidens were mounted ready for the journey, during which Athole preceded them by some paces, the little band of soldiers bringing up in the rear. They were fast approaching the forest of Kiblene, where they were first to halt, and as yet the silence was unbroken. Annie was not a little surprised to see a regularly encamped army, though small in number, and her heart failed her as she noticed that the officer who approached her, wore the military dress of England, as indeed did all, save the few accompanying Athole.

She and her train were immediately conducted to a tent prepared for her reception, and to which Athole soon sent, requesting permission to speak in private with her. Her heart misgave her, when, bidding her favorite attendant alone remain with her, she awaited the entrance of Athole.

It was not long ere he stood by her side. The respect hitherto displayed in his every word and action seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and to have given way to a self-satisfied and almost exultant air, and the composure of his countenance to a supercilious smile. He, too, now wore the English dress.

"My Lord of Athole," said Annie, in answer to his request that they might be quite alone, "you can have nothing to say to me which may not as well reach the ear of my confidential maiden, as—"

But she was interrupted by the girl shrinking on her knees before her, pale, and shutting her eyes as Athole's were bent upon her, his lips

vainly endeavoring to give his rage utterance, as he recognized Jeanie.

"Lady, lady!" she exclaimed, in an agonized tone, "do not listen to him! bid him leave you, and I will tell you all! how foolish I have been, how base he is—all, all!" and she sank fainting at her mistress's feet.

"The girl has lost her senses, young lady," said Athole, scornfully, as Annie gazed on the lifeless form with the utmost astonishment. Then, as she summoned her other attendants, he bowed and left the tent.

She was now convinced that there was treachery in the proceedings, but hour after hour passed, and still Jeanie lay in the same unconscious state. Suddenly the battle-cry was raised, and Annie was despatching a messenger to learn the reason, when Athole, with flushed cheeks and hurried manner, rushed into her presence.

"Annie Douglas!" he exclaimed, throwing his battle cloak around her, "we are surrounded by enemies. I will not leave you to become the bride of the hated Ramsay. I do not belong to your boasted Scotland. And listen, if I live and conquer now, you shall away with me to England—if I die, you die too!"

But Annie did not hear the threat, for she was lying, a death-like paleness on her lips and face, in his arms, and he was bearing her to his own staid. Then, as he clasped her with one arm, the other outstretched sword in hand, he touched the rock which stood beside him, and swore to be victorious, or die. His soldiers were dropping around him as each arrow whistled down from the eminence whereon the enemy stood, and upon whom Athole had fixed a glassy stare, for he recognized in the tartans and plumes waving to and fro in the breeze, Dalwolsy and Douglas of Liddesdale.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "have you learned that Athole bears the prize? Dearest," as he turned to the beautiful being he grasped in his hated embrace, and pressing her cold lips to his, "we do not part."

An arrow was shot from a bow which was stretched over the precipice, and Athole fell; another followed it—Annie was bleeding by his side.

With the agony returned consciousness, and when she raised her eyes, Alexander Ramsay's arms were round her, while her father and maidens were weeping beside him; but Ramsay's eyes were tearless, though his soul was bitterness itself. His bosom, which was heaving tumultuously, alone betrayed the inward workings of his spirit, as he gasped out: "Annie, my affianced bride, it was my hand laid that dastard low, and my hand, but, O, how unwittingly, stretched you by his side! Stay, stay, dearest! one word—forgiveness!"

She raised her head for one moment, and pressed her lips on the icy hand supporting it, then, raising her eyes to her father and smiling on him, she drooped in death.

#### LIVING LINKS OF DISTANT AGES.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in a curious and interesting chapter in the Edinburgh Journal, entitled, "Distant Ages connected by Individuals," states (in 1847): "There is living, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, a gentleman who can boast personal acquaintance with an individual who has seen and conversed with another who certainly had been present at the battle of Flodden Field!" Marvellous as this may appear, it is not the less true. The gentleman to whom allusion is made was personally acquainted with the celebrated Peter Garden, of Auchterless, who died in 1775, at the reputed age of 131. Peter, in his young days, was servant to Garden of Troup, whom he accompanied on a journey through the north of England, when he saw and conversed with the famous Henry Jenkins, who died 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins was born in 1501, and was, of course, twelve years old at the battle of Flodden Field; and, on that memorable occasion, he bore arms to an English nobleman, whom he served in the capacity of page. "When we think of such things," adds Mr. Chambers, "the ordinary laws of nature seem to have undergone some partial relaxation, and the dust of ancient times almost becomes living flesh before our eyes."

—Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.

#### THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

Havelock was a man who knew that art, which the Duke of Wellington could exemplify though he could not describe, "how to win a battle." Had the hero of Lucknow been a scion of aristocracy, fitting scope for his commanding talents would, long before the campaign that made him famous, have been found for him. He, in that case, might have commanded at Kabul, instead of Elphinstone; the prophecy of the mulberry trees would then never have been looked for or recorded, and English glory would have been free from the darkest spot that clouds its escutcheon.—London Herald.

#### WOMEN IN THE GARDEN.

Much in these days is said about the sphere of woman. Of the vexed question we have nothing now to say. The culture of the soil, the body and the soul are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, these are what we are aiming at. And to this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keep and dress with her own hands, or that she supervise and manage. The culture of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and garden vegetables is as delightful and profitable as anything in which a woman can engage. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snowball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia bed there and a moss border here will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not in the least objectionable. In all the schools the girls study botany. It is healthful, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any employment is feminine, it would seem that this is. If any is healthy, this must be. If any is pleasurable, none can be more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our country sisters, have a garden, if only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what pleases you best, with a good variety, and see what you can do with it. What woman cannot raise beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspberry bush, or currant, or gooseberry and tend it well? Come, good women, study your health, your usefulness and happiness, and your children also.—Valley Farmer.

#### SUPERSTITIONS IN CUMBERLAND.

In the pastoral valleys, it occurs now and then that the milk will not churn. Elsewhere, the causes of this are understood, and cow and milk are treated accordingly. Not so here. The cow is at once concluded to be bewitched; and it is feared that she will spread the witchery to the whole dairy. So, instead of any sensible method, the remedy tried is depositing in the cow-house some soil from the nearest churchyard. As it is probable this fails, time is lost in other proceedings. Stirring with a stick from the rowan-tree is one of the least troublesome. If the cows are disordered, it is a practice in many of the dales to light "the Need-fire," notice being given through the neighboring valleys that the charm may be sent for if wanted. The Need-fire is produced by rubbing two sticks together. A great pile of combustible stuff is prepared, and the more smoke it gives the better. When lighted, the neighbors snatch some of the fire to hurry home and light their piles. The cattle, diseased and sound, are then driven through the fire; as some of the Irish, by a remnant of paganism, charm their property, and even their children, by passing or snatching them through the fire, making strangers ask whether Moloch is acknowledged there still. It is said in a certain Cumberland dale, that when a farmer had driven all his live property through, he proceeded to drive his wife after the cows, saying he should then be free from all distempers.—Miss Martineau.

#### NOVEL LOCKUP.

The temperance people of Grotton Junction have lately been moving in the temperance cause, and several violators of the liquor law have been made to suffer as they deserve. A few days since, one of the rum-sellers was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. This occurred near evening, when it was too late to take the prisoner to the county jail, so he must be locked up. But where? That was the question. There is no lockup in town; but necessity is the mother of invention, and the police were not long in finding a place of security. An empty baggage car was standing at the railroad depot, and into this the culprit was thrust and the door made fast. About one o'clock next morning, the freight engine backed up to the train and steamed away with the "Grotton jail" and contents. The prisoner soon waked up to his condition, but did not succeed in making his case known until the arrival of the train in Portland. Here he was let out, when his surprise at finding himself "down east" was only exceeded by the railroad men, who little thought they had been running away with a prisoner.—Woburn Budget.

#### THE WIFE.

To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart; so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight), and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools; but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—Jeremy Taylor.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## MY BIRTHDAY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

A milestone in the path of life,  
A moment's peace amid the fray  
And conflict of this earth-born strife,  
Is passed, has dawned on me to-day  
Ah! swiftly do these seasons fly,  
I hear their lightning plasons play,  
As, winging onward, flitting by,  
They bring to me my natal day

Yes, more than this: with magic art  
They paint the scenes of parted days,  
The lost affections of the heart,  
Unto my sad and weary gaze;  
The hopes and joys of other years,  
Are shadowed forth in memory's glass,  
And on my spectral smiles and tears  
In ghostly throng before me pass.

They come, they go—upon the tide,  
The current of this rushing stream,  
These fair life-bubbles gaily glide,  
Then break and vanish, like a dream!  
O, passing fair and bright to see  
Are these sweet children of my heart,  
Yet in their very mirth and glee,  
Like flitting shadows they depart.

Time wanes apace—yet wondrous brief  
The record of my buried years;  
'Tis full enough, I ween, for grief,  
For pain, for doubts, for cankerling fears;  
Too full for sorrow's bitter bouts,  
With clouds without and cares within;  
For broken friendship' withered flowers—  
Alas, 'tis far too full for sin!

And yet, again, too few these years  
For all that brighten earthly care,  
For every pleasure that endears  
This transient home, and makes it fair;  
Too few for genial friendship's smile,  
Dear, blessed boon, sent from above  
To win our hearts from grief awhile—  
Too few, I freely own, for love!

O, soul of mine, arise, be strong!  
Scan well the measure of this life,  
These earthly birthdays but prolong  
A little time thy care and strife.  
Look with the vision blast of faith,  
O, look beyond this joyless earth!  
For He who triumphed over death  
Can give thee an eternal birth!

## GUESTS AT THE RED LION.

It's now nigh on for ten years since the Red Lion and I parted company. The Red Lion was once the best house in Tunstone, but the railway broke up the coaches, and that broke up the business, and I was glad to get away while I had anything to get away with.

My wife (God bless her!) I shall never see again in this world. She was very lame, and could n't get about without help; so she sat for the most part in the little snugery behind the bar, which I had fitted up for her as nice as money could make it. Her birdcage hung from the ceiling, and in a warm corner near the fire there was a hassock, which was the special property of her tabby. Opposite to where my wife sat was a little mahogany cupboard let into the wall, the door of which was generally half open, so that when she looked up from her sewing or knitting, she could see ranged on the shelves the famous old china which her grandmother gave her for a wedding present; and above it, the silver teapot, the gilt candle-cup, etc.; and at the top of all, the great punch-bowl, which was used only on our grand occasions: all of which these articles she used to take much pleasure in looking at. Her room was divided from the bar by a glass door, which she could open and shut at pleasure; so that when any friends or acquaintance dropped in, she could, if so minded, have a chat with them; and though she sat there day after day, and month after month, it's my opinion that she knew more about the Tunstone people, and their private affairs, than any other person in the town, except, perhaps my head waiter, Jim Topping. A very decent sort of fellow he was—middle-aged, brown, lean, with a stoop of the shoulders, and only one eye; but that one as sharp as a gimlet, and equal to the two eyes of most people. Poor fellow! he has been dead these seven years; and lies in Tunstone churchyard, with the finest double daisy growing on his grave that could be had for love or money. It was a flower he was always fond of, so I had one planted over him out of compliment to his memory.

It was one December afternoon, the very winter we had that long black frost, when I heard Jim talking to my wife.

"I've put them into Number Nine," says he,

"and a very nice couple they seem to be. Cutlets and a chicken for dinner, M'm."

"Where do they come from, Jim?" says I.

"From the railway-station," says Jim; "further than that I can't say. Name on the luggage is Oldwink."

It was not long before I went up-stairs to pay my respects. When I entered the room, the gentleman was standing with his hands under his coat-tails, looking very earnestly through his spectacles at a print over the chimney-piece.

"After Gainsborough, eh?" he was saying.

"Great painter, Gainsborough. This is in his best style. Background well filled in; side lights skillfully introduced; pyramidal grouping strictly observed. Full of merit, my dear. A wonderful painting. The original is in the gallery of my friend Lord Papyrus. Ah, landlord, is that you?"

The speaker was a portly, well-built, middle-aged gentleman. His cheeks and chin were well filled out, and he had a hearty color in his face; he had a hearty voice too—rich and full, that sounded as if he had a sugarplum always in his mouth. He had not a great deal of hair left, but what he had was brushed and frizzled, and made the most of. A large old-fashioned brooch held his white cravat in its place; and his feet were encased in shoes and gaiters. He had a well-fed, comfortable look, such as a landlord likes to see; and I set him down at first sight either for a retired doctor, a clergyman out for a holiday, or a gentleman living on his private means.

The lady was considerably younger than her husband. She was rather sharp featured, and rather hard of hearing. I think, too, that she painted a little; but many ladies do that, and are thought none the worse for it.

"We think of staying a few days with you, Jobson, if we are suited. We shall, in fact, probably stay Sunday over. We have been traveling a great deal lately, and Mrs. Oldwink requires a little rest and quiet.—You require a little rest and quiet, eh, my dear?" he said, elevating his voice, and addressing the lady.

"O, yes, certainly, a little rest and quiet," she replied with a nod of the head, and fell to work on some crotchet again, as if for dear life.

"Her health is hardly what it ought to be," resumed Mr. Oldwink, in a low, impressive tone. "But we must get you to drive us out, Jobson, for an hour or two every day; and try the effect of this pure country air. I trust that your sherry will bear investigation."

I went down-stairs deeply impressed with the affability of Mr. Oldwink, and fetched up a bottle out of a private bin, which was never touched except on special occasions. After dinner, Mr. Oldwink drank his wine, and read the daily paper; and we heard no more of him or his lady till the following morning.

The same evening another stranger arrived at the Red Lion, who walked direct into the common parlour and ordered tea and a bed. We somehow took him for a commercial gentleman, but he had no luggage with him, except a very small carpet-bag.

He just walked in, ordered his tea, asked what company there was in the house; and then, saying he had the toothache very bad, tied a red silk handkerchief round his head, and getting into a warm corner, never left it till he went to bed.

Next morning came a letter directed to Mr. Purkiss, which he claimed, so of course his name was Purkiss. That was all we learned about him. As for his appearance, it was neither gentlemanly nor vulgar, but midway between the two. He was dressed in a suit of brown clothes; and was altogether a quiet, common-place sort of fellow. He still complained of the toothache, and kept the red handkerchief bound round his face; he said he should not stir out that day, but try what a little nursing of himself would do towards taking away the pain.

Half an hour after that, when I set off to drive Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink round the town, looking through the window I saw Mr. Purkiss walking up and down, with his head tied up, and his hand pressed against his cheek. He brightened up for a moment as we passed, and came to the window to see us off.

I drove Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink through Tunstone, and round Tunstone, and pointed out all the interesting places I could think of. Mr. Oldwink seemed to be a gentleman of much information, and made learned remarks on everything we examined. Mrs. Oldwink had not much to say, but appeared to be so greatly gratified with the outing, that Mr. Oldwink arranged another for the following day.

When I reached home, I was greatly surprised at finding Mr. Purkiss seated comfortably in the snugery with my wife. This was a favor seldom granted to any but very old friends, and I hardly knew what to think at seeing a stranger there. I suppose my wife's soft heart had been first drawn toward him by the report of his toothache; and as he took all the remedies recommended by her, she hardly knew how to praise him enough, and said he was the nicest gentleman she had seen for a long time.

I drove out Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink every forenoon. We visited every place of interest for miles round Tunstone; and Mr. Oldwink made me tell him everything I knew about each place we visited; and always added to what I said a few moral remarks of his own, so that I became more certain than ever that he was a clergyman away from home on a holiday; and when I hinted the matter to him (for I confess I was curious about it), he only smiled, and said I might have been further out in my guess.

As for Mr. Purkiss, I give you my word that he grew more of a puzzle to me every day. Neither Jim nor I knew what to make of him; and when Jim didn't know what to make of a man, that gimlet eye of his always did double duty in the way of keeping watch. He and I laid our heads together about it, you may be sure; but the more we thought about it, the more in the dark we seemed to be; and though Mr. Purkiss was a quiet, inoffensive, civil-spoken man enough, yet, as I've found, the less we know of people the more inclined we are to judge hardly of them. If he had any business to do in Tunstone, he seemed in no hurry to do it; for he seldom went out, and never for more than half an hour at a time—and that of itself was very suspicious—but was generally moving up and down the house from one room to another, as people having the toothache often will do; and Jim found it hard work dodging about after him so as not to let him know he was watched.

Well, Christmas Eve arrived, and all our guests departed except Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink, and Mr. Purkiss, and they informed me that they intended staying over Christmas Day. Now, during all the years I was in the public line, I made a point of asking any company we might have in the house to dine with me at my own table on Christmas Day; and I don't think that any of them could ever say that I gave them a shabby dinner or a poor bottle of wine at such times. I kept up the custom in the present instance, and was pleased that my invitation was not refused. My old friend Scatcher, who makes a capital fourth at a rubber, did not neglect to come; and we all sat down on Christmas Day as comfortable a little party as you need wish to look at. It would have done anybody's eyes good to have seen Mr. Oldwink, as he sat on my left hand, looking so beaming and affable as he uttered a grace for the seasonable bounties of roast goose and onion sauce.

As soon as the cloth was removed, I could see that Scatcher was fidgeting for the cards to be brought out; so I made bold to ask Mr. Oldwink whether he would make one at a quiet rubber.

"Why, really, my friends," he remarked, "it is very seldom that I touch a card; in fact, I am a novice at all games of chance or skill; but, on an occasion of this sort, I should be very sorry to mar the festivity. Do not, however, expect much from me. Let the stakes be low, if you please; just sufficient to give an interest to the game. Say half-crown points—I could not conscientiously play for more; with, if you like, an extra shilling on the odd trick."

Scatcher and I opened our eyes; we had never played for more than a shilling a corner; but, of course, we did not say so; so it was settled at half-a-crown. As for Mr. Purkiss, when I asked him, he said in his quiet way that he should be happy to do as the rest of the company did. So we cut for partners; and, as it fell out, it was Scatcher and Mr. Oldwink against Mr. Purkiss and myself. Mr. Oldwink passed me his snuff-box while Scatcher was dealing.

"A remarkable box that, Jobson," he observed, seeing that I was admiring it. "It was presented to me by the Emperor of Russia, in return for a secret service which I rendered his majesty during the time I was travelling through his dominions. He sent me this snuff-box, and an autograph letter of thanks. Diamonds trumps. Knave turned up."

Mr. Purkiss held out his hand for the box, but Mr. Oldwink took it up, and put it in his pocket;

perhaps he did not like to have it fingered by strangers. The luck of Scatcher and his partner was somewhat astonishing; they won rubber after rubber, while our scores were scarcely worth counting; but I must say it was chiefly owing to the splendid cards held by Mr. Oldwink. I could not understand how it was that, when that gentleman dealt, he invariably turned up an honor, and had generally two more of the same suit to keep it company, with a long hand of something else to follow. I don't think I'm a bad-tempered fellow, but really, I began to feel very aggravated at losing one-half crown after another in the manner I did; but Mr. Purkiss, who of course lost as much as I did, was so cool and quiet, that I was ashamed to display my ill-feeling. At the conclusion of the fourth rubber, Mr. Purkiss got up, turned his chair round three times, and then sat down again. Scatcher rubbed his chin, and was evidently puzzled. Mr. Purkiss smiled.

"When I was a lad," said he, "I remember hearing my grandmother say, that when you were unlucky at cards, it was a good thing to turn your chair round three times; so we may as well try an old wife's remedy."

It may seem hard to believe, but it is nevertheless a fact, that, after my partner had turned his chair, he never failed, when it was his deal, to turn up an honor, and hold two more in his hand, so that the next two rubbers were won by us. At the end of the second, Mr. Oldwink got up, rather hastily as it seemed, and said he was tired of playing; and Mr. Purkiss had a quiet laugh to himself in a corner. So I opened a fresh box of cheroots, and the cards were put away.

Next morning, as I was coming down-stairs, Mr. Oldwink called me into his room, and shut the door.

"Who is that Mr. Purkiss who was playing with us last night?" he asked.

"I know no more of him than you do, sir. He sits in the commercial-room; he has been here four days; and how much longer he intends staying, I don't know."

"To speak the truth, Jobson, I don't like the looks of the man."

"I'm no great admirer of him myself, sir."

"Mind, Jobson, I don't say the man is not an honest man, nor a meritorious man, and I am merely speaking in your interest, Jobson—for such a matter can in no other way concern me—when I say, keep your eye on the spoons. I hope I am not wronging the man when I state it as my opinion—and conscientiously I state it—that he has somewhat of a hang-dog countenance."

I was much obliged to Mr. Oldwink for putting me on my guard, and so I told him. I then went down to Jim, and consulted with him as to what ought to be done. Jim had nothing to advise, except that he should still continue to keep his eye on Mr. Purkiss. He agreed with me that it was rather a suspicious case; and at last suggested that the opinion of Mrs. Jobson should be taken. So together we went to my wife, and opened the matter to her. We, however, gained no advantage by the proceeding. She called Jim and me a pair of old fools; declared that Mr. Purkiss was one of the nicest gentlemen she had ever come across, and gave it as her opinion that Mr. Oldwink was nothing better than a humbug. Jim and I retired discomfited, and talked the matter over again in the partry. Jim's gimlet eye did double duty for the remainder of the day.

It was a relief to all parties when Mr. Purkiss asked for his bill next morning, and desired that his carpet-bag might be sent to the station. He took a very polite farewell of my wife, saying he hoped soon to have the pleasure of seeing her again.

When I told Mr. Oldwink that Mr. Purkiss was gone, he smiled blandly upon me, and rubbed his fingers gently through his hair. "It is well," said he. "It was your interest I had at heart, Jobson, in saying what I did; but, if I am anything of a physiognomist, that man is destined either to be hanged or transported. And now, my good friend, in ten minutes Mrs. Oldwink and I will be ready for our usual matutinal drive."

Two mornings after this, Mr. Oldwink again sent for me up-stairs.

"Jobson," said he, "be good enough to let me have my bill in half an hour from this time. Mrs. Oldwink and I depart by the 11:45 train; but previously we shall take a walk into the town to purchase a few little mementoes of our visit to Tunstone. Mrs. Oldwink desires me to say that



she has been very much gratified by your attention and evident desire to please. Speaking for myself, I may also express a similar feeling; and I may add that I shall not fail to recommend the Red Lion to my friend Sir Rufus Bloomsbury, who, I believe, intends coming down here in May for a fortnight's fishing. In half-an-hour from this time, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink went out, and returned in about half-an-hour, carrying two or three small parcels. The bill was looked over, and paid without a murmur. Mr. Oldwink's luggage stood ready to be conveyed to the station.

"Jobson," said that gentleman, suddenly, as if the thought had just struck him, "it would not be amiss, I think, if you were to get your trap out and drive Mrs. Oldwink and myself as far as Deepwood, the first station on the line to London. It is a suggestion of my wife's—and not a bad one, I think. By driving fast, we should be just in time to catch the 11:45 train from here. What say you? Would the mare do it in the time?"

"I'll warrant her, sir," I replied. "The trap shall be ready in three minutes."

So it was—and we all three got in. The luggage, which was not heavy, was put under the seat, and down Highgate we whirled at a spanking pace, and in five minutes Tunstone was left behind. Our ride was pleasant but short, for Deepwood was only five miles off. Mr. Oldwink praised my mare to the skies, and listened to me with much attention while I mentioned all her good points, and told him what way her best qualities might be brought out by one who understood her. We were just driving into Deepwood when I noticed Mr. Oldwink fumbling with his pockets. A moment after, he turned to me, looking very serious and alarmed.

"Jobson," said he, "I find that I have left my purse and a packet of very important papers on the sitting-room table of the Red Lion. What is to be done?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure, unless we drive back for them," said I, letting the mare drop into a walk. "Or will you go forward, and let me send them to your address through post?"

"It's not that I care much for the purse, but the documents are of great importance to me. Let me consider what will be the best plan to adopt."

He laid his finger on his lips, and thought for a few moments.

"I have it!" said he, brightening up. "A train for Tunstone passes here in five minutes from this time. Jobson, will you return by it, and obtain the purse and the papers? We must let the 11:45 go on without us; but there is another train at 12:30 from Tunstone which stops here—you will just have time to get the articles and return by it. We will meet it at the station here, and go forward by it, after paying you for your trouble, and you will return home with the mare. Will you so far oblige me?"

Such a request it was impossible to refuse. We saw the train approaching. I jumped out of the trap, ran to the station and took my ticket; and, looking out of the window as the train started, I saw Mr. Oldwink drawing up at the door of the railway hotel, and preparing to alight.

When I got out of the train at Tunstone, who should I see on the platform but Mr. Purkiss? He gave me a nod and held up his finger; but as I had no time to lose, I pretended not to have seen him, and dived into the crowd; but when I reached the door, there he was again.

"Mr. Jobson, I want to speak to you a minute."

"Can't stay now, Mr. Purkiss. Another time I shall be most happy."

"Another time won't do. Now listen to me. Where have you left Mr. Oldwink?"

"I don't know what right you have to ask the question, but I left the gentleman you name at Deepwood."

"Did he pay his bill before leaving the Red Lion?"

"Certainly he did. But really, Mr. —"

"Now don't lose your temper. He paid you with a twenty-pound Bank of England note, did he not?"

"He did."

"The note is a forged one. Got it about you?"

"No; it's at home."

"Well, I tell you again, it's a forged one; and, more than that, that your friend, Mr. Oldwink, is one of the most notorious swindlers in the three kingdoms."

You might have knocked me down with a cork when I heard Mr. Purkiss say these words.

"And who are you, sir?" I at length contrived to stammer out. "And how came you to know all those things?"

"I am an officer of the Detective Force. I have had my eye on Mr. Oldwink for some time, but he is such a slippery customer that it was difficult to prove anything against him. I tracked him to your house; and then, as I was quite a stranger to him, I took up my quarters there, in order to watch him more closely. But he began to suspect me after a while, as did you also, Jobson, in another fashion; so that I found it advisable to leave the Red Lion. But I did not lose sight of my gentleman; for though you thought I had left the town, I was, in reality, snugly located at the Green Dragon, opposite your house; where I received confidential communications from your wife respecting Mr. Oldwink, by a trusty messenger, every two hours during the day. Don't look so wild, Jobson, or people will think you are losing your wits. Well, this morning I was informed that Oldwink was going to make a few purchases previous to leaving Tunstone by the 11:45 train; so I set my man to watch him, and note all the shops he favored with his custom. As soon as he was housed again in the Red Lion, I took a banker's clerk with me, and went the same round he had taken. The result was, that we found he had purchased nearly a hundred pounds' worth of jewelry at different shops, together with a small parcel of valuable velvets; for all of which he had paid with forged notes, receiving the change in gold and silver. This done, I posted off to the station, expecting to nab my gentleman on the platform with the property on him. But he was too deep for me; the 11:45 departed, and he never came; and my man has just been down to inform me that he and you had set off by road. And now I'm off to Deepwood by the train, which starts in five minutes; so do you just get a nip of brandy to keep your clockwork in order, and then go back with me; and slippery as he is, see if I don't lay hold of him yet."

Judge what my feelings were while I listened to Mr. Purkiss's story. I was ready to bite my thumbs off with vexation.

When we reached Deepwood, no Mr. Oldwink was to be seen; and my companion laughed at me when I expressed my surprise at not finding him there.

"To think you should expect such a thing!" said he. "Why he is miles off by this time, unless your mare has broken down." Here was another blow for me, for I had no idea that he would take off with my mare. "It would not do for him to travel by rail," added Mr. Purkiss, as an afterthought. "He was afraid of the telegraph."

We found on inquiry at the railway inn, that the old scamp had stayed there about five minutes only, to bait the mare, and take some refreshment; and then, after asking a few questions respecting the roads, had set off at a good pace northward. In three minutes we had a gig out, a horse in the shafts, and ourselves seated behind it; and after learning which road the fugitives had taken, set off after them as hard as we could go.

"And Mrs. Oldwink, what of her?" said I to my companion.

"Birds of a feather—you know the rest," he replied, biting off the end of a cigar.

It was a raw and bitter afternoon, with showers of sleety rain at intervals. The horse that carried us along was a good one, pretty near equal to my mare, and fresh to begin with. So on we went, over hill and dale, through a very wild and lonely country; every mile, as it seemed, leading us farther away from any town or village; and with but one wayside inn to break the solitude, at which we stayed for a few minutes to bait our horse, and where we gathered tidings that made us hasten on again. We had got, perhaps, a matter of ten or twelve miles from Deepwood, when Mr. Purkiss suddenly flung the cigar out of his mouth, gave the horse a sharp lash that made it bound madly forward, and pushing his hat tighter over his brows, gave vent to a smothered "Hurrah!" There they were before us.

It was some minutes before they found out that they were followed. Mrs. Oldwink, happening to turn her head, was the first to see us; next her husband gave a backward glance; and then, half-rising in his seat, lashed into my poor mare in a style that made my blood boil to see. Though we did our best, the distance between us gradually increased; and in one sense I could hardly regret that it was so, since it proved so

plainly the superior bottom of my mare. There was not a word spoken for some time, so great was our anxiety. It had become a question of speed and endurance between the two horses. The road, which had been level and straight for some distance, came at length to a considerable hill, nearly covered by a thick plantation of young trees, up the side of which it wound with a sharp curve. The gig before us passed out of sight when it reached this bend of the road, while we were still a considerable distance from it. When we came up to the curve, we saw that there was another bend in the opposite direction higher up the face of the hill, and that Oldwink had passed the second corner before we reached the first, and was therefore still out of view. The hill was so steep that we were obliged to allow the mare to walk up it, for fear of blowing her completely. What then was our surprise, on passing the second corner, to find the gig and its occupants only about fifty yards ahead of us. Purkiss rubbed his eyes as though he could hardly believe them. But there the fugitives were, real enough; for Oldwink was looking over his shoulder as we turned the corner, and on seeing us took off his hat, and moved to us as though wishing us good day.

"Must have halted here a minute or two to breathe the mare," said Mr. Purkiss, after cogitating for a few moments.

"He needn't have done so," said I, "if he had understood how to manage her."

Oldwink moved rapidly ahead, and gradually placed the former distance between us.

The afternoon was beginning to darken, and the mists to creep down the hill-sides. The road, though level, had now become very crooked; and the gig before us was out of sight as often as not. Oldwink himself frequently looked back, but Mrs. Oldwink sat calm and upright beside him, and never noticed us even with a glance.

We had got, as near as I can reckon, about three miles past the hill, when, for the fifth or sixth time, we lost the gig before us behind a bend of the road. We were four minutes, I should say—or, at the outside, five—before we passed the corner, and recovered sight of it; and when we did see it, we both of us this time had need to rub our eyes in earnest. There—a hundred yards ahead of us—stood the gig; and in it sat Mrs. Oldwink in the most unconcerned manner possible; but Mr. Oldwink had disappeared, and with him the mare. Mr. Purkiss pulled up suddenly when this sight met his eyes. He knew no more than myself what to make of it. Oldwink certainly was gone—the mare certainly was gone; but why leave Mrs. Oldwink in that heartless manner to meet her fate alone? And why did that eccentric lady appear so perfectly unmoved at being thus unceremoniously deserted?

Mr. Purkiss whistled softly to himself, while we advanced at a walk toward the deserted lady, who did not condescend even to turn her head when we drew up close behind her and descended to accost her.

Mr. Purkiss was the first to approach her. "A Dummy, by Jove!" he screamed, as he peered under the bonnet. "Done again, as I'm a sinner!"

It was as he said. The figure we had taken for Mrs. Oldwink was merely two cross sticks placed upright in the gig, and covered by the lady's ample shawl and bonnet—in fact, nothing more nor less than a respectable scarecrow.

"Well," said I, scratching my head, "I confess I don't see the meaning of this thing."

"You don't!" cried Mr. Purkiss, glancing savagely at me, for he was evidently out of temper at last. "Why, what a stupid you must be! Don't you see, man, that when Oldwink halted close to the plantation, instead of his doing it to breathe the mare as we thought, he did it to give his wife an opportunity of making off into the wood with the jewelry? This thing was then dressed up, and we were enticed forward as far as this spot, in order to give the woman an opportunity of getting clear away. And now, to finish the affair, Oldwink has made off with your mare across the country, and will meet his wife at some place agreed on, twenty or thirty miles away from this. Well, he's a slippery customer and no mistake!"

Further pursuit was useless for the present, even if we had known which road Oldwink had taken; and very down in the mouth we both looked as we turned our faces back to Deepwood, which we did not reach till far into night.

What my wife had to say to me about this little affair when I got home, need not be set down here. And the wiggling she gave Jim! Poor

old girl! it served her to talk about for many a month after, so that I found it best after a while to shorten her tongue by buying her a peach-colored satin gown.

I have nothing more to add, except that Mr. Oldwink and his wife were taken at Liverpool some three months after by Mr. Purkiss; for some years after which event they were both cared for at the expense of an enlightened public.

#### THE STEAMER "NORTH STAR."

The engraving on page 237 represents the steamship "North Star," built by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1853, for himself. Her first voyage was a pleasure trip to various ports of Europe, the liberal owner taking with him a company of ladies and gentlemen, numbering about forty. The idea was original and excited the greatest attention in Europe and this country. Rev. Dr. Charles, who accompanied the expedition, and officiated as chaplain, commemorated the incidents of the voyage in a very readable book, the "Cruise of the North Star." The writer of that work, and the commander, Captain Eldredge, both of whom contributed much to the success and enjoyment of the journey, are now no more. The vessel is now on the line between New York and Panama. Built under the eye of the owner, she realized his views in a rare combination of symmetry and strength. She was built by Mr. Simonson, and is a fine specimen of American naval architecture. She is rated at 2500 tons.

Apart from the beauty of her model, she is probably one of the strongest fastened vessels of her tonnage afloat. She is two hundred and sixty feet on the keel, two hundred and seventy feet on the spar deck, thirty-eight breadth of beam, thirteen feet from floor timber to lower deck beams, seven feet eight inches between decks, seven feet six inches between main and spar decks, making her whole depth twenty-eight feet six inches. Her keel, of white oak, is fifteen inches sided by fourteen inches wide, stem and stern posts of the same material, with double aprons, and inner posts of live oak, bolted through with 1 3/8 inch copper bolts, deadwood of white oak, and thirteen inches thick, fastened with 1 1/2 inch copper bolts, in the most substantial manner. The floor timbers are sided twelve inches, and moulded thirteen inches, being placed close together and bolted through sideways with 1 1/2 inch bolts. The main keelson, of which there are five rows extending the entire length of the ship, are of white oak, sided fifteen inches by 32 inches deep, the first tier being fastened with two copper bolts 1 1/2 inches in diameter, through every floor timber, the upper tiers secured to the lower one with large iron bolts. The bed upon which the engine rests is composed of four rows of keelsons, two feet two inches by five feet deep, secured by iron screw bolts driven from the bottom before the vessel was planked.

The ceiling is of six inch yellow pine, and bolted in the same manner as the bilge streaks, forming one substantial mass of timber fourteen feet in depth. The lower deck clamps, on which the beams rest, are seven inches thick, thoroughly fastened with iron bolts driven from the outside, and riveted on the inside. There are forty-five deck beams in the lower deck, with carlines between, sided fifteen inches and moulded fourteen inches, with lodging and bosom knees of white oak, and a large hanging knee on each end. The engines were made at the Allaire works. The cabins, saloons and state-rooms are fitted up in that style of splendor which characterizes all of our sea-going passenger steamers, and in which we surpass the decorations of all foreign vessels. We have now fairly shown the world that our mechanics and constructors are capable of producing Atlantic steamships of the greatest speed and strength and may honorably defy competition.

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 110,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for one dollar. It is published eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine. Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number. Over two hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar! If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle. In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world. It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press. Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor. Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors. Though published but four years it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 110,000 copies! Any person ordering one dollar to the proprietor, as he will receive the Magazine for one year. Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars. M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.





PIMO WOMEN.

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN TRIBES.

On this and the next page we have placed a series of well engraved illustrations from authentic sketches, delineating representatives of the various tribes of aborigines yet existing in the west and south, still preserving the customs of their savage ancestors, still subsisting chiefly by the chase, and finding their supreme glory in battle, in spite of persistent efforts to civilize them and change their habits, in spite of the progressing wave of civilization rolling towards and from the Pacific, and threatening the ultimate extinction of the primitive lords of the soil. Of the number of Indians still existing in North America, few are seen in the older and more densely settled States. Here and there, surrounded by white men, as at Marshpee, in this State, a little handful cling together, who have adopted some of the habits of the whites, but the impossibility of the co-existence of the Indian and the white man, seems an established rule only proved by exception. There is, with the Indian, an innate repugnance to the regular labor and steady habits which give the white race its pre-eminence. They are emphatically the children of the forest and the wild. The chase, "image of war," with its wild excitement, its dangers and adventures, has still an invincible charm for them. War, too, is their passion. How few and far between are the examples of red men laying aside the bow and the rifle, and betaking themselves to agricultural and mechanical arts. No—their day has passed away, their sun has set. Year by year, their numbers diminish, year by year their territory is contracted, and year by year the cities of the pale-faces encroach upon their hunting-grounds and wigwams. They have borrowed from the whites only weapons of destruction and poisons of death. There is something melancholy in this obliteration of a race of men. Their doom was

sealed the moment the keel of the discoverer's caravel grated on the sands of St. Salvador. The white winged messengers that bore to the shores of the New World the cross and the standard of Castile and Arragon, brought also the death-warrant of the red men. The story of their wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards is too trite to be repeated. Doomed to degrading toil, plundered, insulted, outraged, the gentle savages of the tropic wilted away before the breath of the white invaders. The Indians of the north were made of sterner stuff, and experienced more justice at the hands of the whites. Still they were treated with sufficient severity; and when they chose to send the snake-skin and arrows, in token of defiance, the war they courted was waged with pitiless sternness. The "heathen salvages" were shot like dogs, and in spite of all their bravery and adroitness, and knowledge of the country, they proved no match for the men who had beaten the royal troops at Worcester and Naseby, the iron men of the "Bible and the Sword," who overturned the British monarch. Poetry, song and painting have embalmed the memory of the old possessors of the soil; but they themselves have left no memorials in the lands which they once occupied. Their frail wigwams have long since perished; the ploughshare has obliterated all traces of the graves of the dead, and only here and there a lake, a river or a mountain, preserves the music of their disused tongue. Why need we wonder that with so many traditions of departed glory and landed wealth as they possess, they sometimes fiercely turn to bay and avenge the wrongs of their ancestors on the descendants of the men who dispossessed them of their native soil?

It is vain to quote the arguments of learned writers to show that nomadic tribes have no right to any territory which is needed by civilized men, it is vain to tell how many jack-knives and brass buttons, and iron nails were given for the site of a city; we must look at these contests from an Indian stand-point. Then, while we admit that the fire and sword must be used to guard our frontier, we can conceive how it is there that scenes of blood and vengeance occur. Critically examined, there is little to excite sympathy in the Indian character. The Indians are, almost to a man, cruel, haughty and sensual. They degrade their women and load them with the severest tasks. Even their bravery is not of that exalted character which commands admiration, and is always tarnished with ferocity. Mutilation and torture are freely inflicted on the fallen foe, and a tribe rarely takes the war-path if it is not sure that its numbers are far greater than those of the enemy. Yet there are many striking traits in the Indian character, a certain picturesque quality of thought and language, hospitality, respect for the dead, contempt of suffering. Poets and romance-writers have made the most of these salient features, but it is not in poetry and romance that we are to look for faithful delineations of the Indian race. We must rather seek them in the stories of pioneers and hunters, of travellers who have "summered and wintered" them, of explorers, traders and agents.

The accompanying pictures are all authentic. One of them (the third) represents a family of Diegeno Indians on their travels. This people are of the San Diego country, and are among its curiosities. They were converted by the Jesuits many years ago. They became partly civilized and were industrious and happy, and collected many comforts about them. Naturally lazy and incapable of self-government, and deeply imbued with all the traits of the wild Indian, they soon degenerated, after the missions had fallen from under the rule of the church, and have become worse than in their original condition. Many of their women are said to be beautiful and all of them are well developed and superbly formed. They imitate the whites in dress, and on a single person one may sometimes see odds and ends of clothing from all parts of the world. Adjoining the Diegeno, and owning a part of the same great valley, that of the Colorado, is the nation of Yuma Indians, delineated in our last engraving. These are said to be a very treacherous people; they conquer by craft and cunning, and delight in midnight attacks; they invite each other to feasts under the garb of friendship, and suddenly fall upon and kill their guests; or, taking advantage of the absence of the warriors from their villages, massacre the old women and the young children, and carry off as prisoners the young women and larger children. They possess but few horses, and carry on their expeditions on foot. Their war weapons are bows and arrows, clubs and knives, with which they make sad havoc among their enemies. They are of the medium height, and of a dark brown color, and many of the women are beautiful in form. An essential article of dress, worn by the men as depicted in one of our sketches, is a piece of coarse cloth; and the women wear a becoming dress, woven out of the inner bark of the willow, which article is also represented. The front portion is woven plain, but the back into an irregular shape, with a lump on each side, answering the purpose and appearing like a bustle. On



PAPAGOS WOMEN.

this protuberance the women carry their young children, a rope passing around the child, and the ends tied together in front of the mother. Both sexes paint, and the men wear longer hair than the women. Their language is not sweet, but the two damsels before us glory in the soft names of Ma-vah and Le-och. Unmarried women are taken care of by the tribes; when a death occurs in a village it is immediately deserted; and the bodies of their dead they consume with fire. They are fond of games, and squat down and play a game of cards, even upon a journey. Although constantly in the water, these Indians never use canoes, but swim from shore to shore. In their rude way they cultivate melons, corn, pumpkins, and beans, the last being a main dependence, and their favorite animal food is the mule.

Another of our portraits is that of Noco-shimatt-tash-tanaki, or Grisly Bear. He is a Seminole, and the principal chief of that part of his nation, consisting of about 2500 souls, who emigrated from Florida a few years ago, and now reside on the prairies west of the Arkansas River. He comes of the same cunning, ferocious, and determined race who so long defied the power of the government. Though accustomed to the use of the horse, it will be perceived that our friend prefers to stand forth as a pedestrian.

Another curious race, found in the Valley of the Gila, are the Pimo Indians, two females of whom are represented in our first engraving. They are farther advanced in the ways of civilization than any other barbarous people on the Mexican frontier. They have among them many great warriors, and yet they habitually work laboriously in the field. They are the owners of fine horses and mules, fat oxen, cows, pigs, poultry, etc. They consider themselves the descendants of the Aztecs, and claim Montezuma to have been of their tribe. Their huts are of an oval shape, not high, built of reeds and mud, and thatched with wheat straw; their country, during the proper season, being covered with fields of the waving golden grain.

Another of our engravings represents a Lipan warrior. He belongs to a tribe residing in Texas, and numbering not more than six hundred souls. Though they have rendered some service as guides, they are in reality, a race of horse thieves; and the fine animal upon which the Indian is mounted is, probably, one of the



DIEGENO INDIANS TRAVELLING.

acquisitions of his last foray. Another tribe of aborigines is that known by the name of Papagos. They wander over the country from San Javier as far west as the Tinajas Altas. They were at one time a formidable tribe, and waged unceasing war against the Mexicans. They are comparatively well off in worldly goods, planting corn and wheat, and possessing cattle and horses. They are, at the present time, a quiet and inoffensive tribe. The women dress respectably, but the men go nearly naked. One portion of the tribe have a superstition which makes them afraid of water, preventing them from erecting their houses in sight of a river or a lake; while others prefer a residence on the immediate banks of the salt lakes near the Gulf of California. The two specimens shown in our second illustration, are accurate representations of the women of the tribe.

## HOTEL AT PERA.

We were shown directly to our apartments, and the first sight of a room—large enough, if divided, to make three ordinary drawing-rooms—affected us somewhat like the entrance into a museum. Passing through it we found our sleeping apartments, consisting of three or four consecutive divisions of the length of the large hall, which formed the back part of the building. They were scantily but comfortably furnished, and commanded a view of a portion of the sea and some interesting parts of the city; but the prospect of the smiling garden and grounds connected with the French palace, that lay directly beneath our windows, was more cheering and less strange than any other object. The large hall, that was to be our drawing-room had neither stove nor fireplace; and the day after we became its occupants, the weather was so cold that it snowed nearly all day long. A large copper vessel called a mangal, in which were three or four quarts of burning charcoal, was placed in the room, around which we all huddled, in the vain hope of making ourselves comfortable. If we succeeded, as we sat crouching over it, in getting a little glow in our blue noses, and in thawing the benumbed ends of our fingers, it was at the fearful expense of severe headaches and dizzy brains. But another mangal was added, and large screens of baize, or some other material, were spread round the vessels of coal, forming a little apartment, in which we sought shelter.—*The Tent and Harem.*



## A MORNING WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius, to the world. She is the most distinguished female painter living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame—no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever Art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany, and the smaller kingdoms of Europe, the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock on the eleventh of March we were set down at No. 32 Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate and down to the farther end of a garden, where we entered the vestibule of a small cottage house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her atelier—a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second stage—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, mademoiselle," we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel, called "*Les Moutons*" (The Sheep).

"Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband—my world—my life-dream—the air I breathe. I know nothing else—feel nothing else—think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married?" we said.

"Have I not said that I married Art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptance of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. But the subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You don't love society?" we said.

"Yes I do," she replied, with an air of impatience; "but I

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction gratis.

Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days it would be easy for her to do it in England, by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches.

"*Marché aux Chevaux*," (The Horse Fair), which was exhibited at Williams & Stevens's a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess. America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dollars for a "*View in the Pyrenees*"—one of her least-known pictures. A rich Hollander, visiting her atelier recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to comply with your request," she said, "I am not inspired." Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of women; in appearance, about thirty-five years old; petite, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short, and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt sans crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish. Mademoiselle also has an atelier in the country, where she spends much time.

When in the city she wears the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear. There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day, when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man (as he supposed from the costume), seated on the side of the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "O, run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude. On another occasion, mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theatre. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "I am ready;" and away she went to the theatre just as she was. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him he went off in a rage:

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn her out! If you do not, I will never enter your theatre again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress circle." The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the

fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter. "Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it?" Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."—*Correspondence Home Journal.*

## SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

We give below an interesting statement of the services of the soldiers now living in the State of Ohio, whose names are upon the roll of the pension office: James McDermut, now living in Ohio, enlisted for three years, in 1777, at Easton, Pennsylvania, and marched to rendezvous near Trenton, New Jersey, and thence to Germantown, Pennsylvania. During this period was in several skirmishes with the enemy, but the engagement at Germantown was the first regular battle he was in. Soon after, returned to Trenton, and was occupied at intervals in pursuing and harassing the British and Hessians, as well as avenging the mercenary depredations and outrages committed upon the inhabitants of New Jersey. Was one of the actors in the battle of Monmouth, when the excessive heat of the day, combined with the dust and smoke of the contest, and the two frequent use of cold water, caused so much suffering as well as death to many of the combatants. This soldier was under the immediate command of Col. Seeley, and well recollects the undaunted courage and untiring activity displayed during the battle by him and Gen. Forman, and the conspicuous manner in which both passed along the lines several times to animate the soldiers.

Adam Link, now in Ohio, entered the regular service in 1777. His father, a bold, fear-

less man, had settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and in opposition to the advice of friends, on the extreme borders of civilization, near the Virginia line. Being thus exposed to the subtle dangers which then surrounded a frontier life, in the vicinity of Indians unfriendly to the whites, Adam acquired in the hardships and dangers of border warfare an experience which fitted him for future service in the cause of his country, as well as to assist in the protection of the property and the lives of the family. Immediately upon the commencement of hostilities the Indians made a descent upon the settlement, captured his father, then murdered and scalped him, burnt the house and barn, destroyed a large field of corn, a hundred hogs, forty sheep, all the cattle and horses, and three hundred bushels of wheat. From this period the family, from having enjoyed an unusual amount of wealth and independence, were at once depressed into poverty, and suffered great privation and danger during the remainder of the war. At the time of his enlistment under Captain Mason, so well was he known as to cause this remark to be made of him: "He is a good marksman, and will now have an opportunity to try his skill." At different periods he served in the garrison at Wheeling, Moore, Dements, and Shepherd Forts, and acted as an Indian spy, as well as scouting along the frontier; was at Wheeling garrison when Capt. Mason was shot through the hips.

John Strait, now living in Ohio, entered the Rhode Island line in 1775, commanded by Col. Varnum; has served under Generals Greene and Sullivan; was in the regiment that landed on the island and marched against the British fort on Batt's Hill, but found that it was evacuated; was at the battle of Newport. Besides these three we know not that there are any other of these old veterans in the State.—*Washington Constitution.*



YUMA INDIANS.

## A LIPAN WARRIOR.

select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature; the company of horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books and the thoughts of great minds. I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her—society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded."

"Have you given the Women's Rights question any attention?" we asked.

"Women's rights!—women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint '*Marché aux Chevaux*,' (The Horse Fair,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask permission to think!"

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the atelier. On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck, with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the farther end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl, and a parrot. On the wall, opposite the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, etc., in bronze and plaster, modelled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us. The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the atelier, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the atelier of a lady.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**HOUSEKEEPER, TARTAN.**—In Russia, where the ravages of the moth commit such extensive mischief, it becomes a subject of importance to find some counteracting agency. The fur, which are there so universally worn, are one of the principal causes which engender this destructive insect. It is found by experience in that country that nothing so efficacious as a preventive as a very strong tobacco, known by the name of Mohorika. A portion of this placed on any article proves the most effectual antidote that can be used.

**EMMA V.**—Grecian "putting and "Oriental" painting are only old processes revived.

**J. C.**—It is true that many English people do not travel on the continent this year owing to the unamiable feelings with which they are regarded everywhere.

**POPE.**—The Confession of Faith, presented by the Protestants in 1530 to the Emperor Charles V., is called the Augsburg Confession, because it was presented to the emperor in the city of Augsburg.

**STRUTTER.**—The power of flight given to some birds is most extraordinary. The frigate bird, for instance, is known to perform a journey of twelve hundred miles without pausing an instant to rest its wings, even on the surface of the ocean. A shark will also follow a vessel from America to Europe without any intermission.

**QUI TAM.** Rockport, Mass.—Ames received \$800 for his portrait of Choate, and has received orders for a duplicate.

**BECKINER.**—At an English fashionable dinner table it has now become an established custom to have nothing but dessert and flowers on the table. All the dishes are carried at the side tables, and the vegetables handed round.

**FORESTER.**—Thirty-one coal burning engines are in use on the Hudson River Railroad, reducing the current expenses of each engine, according to the estimate, some forty per cent. All our principal railways, running through thickly settled districts, where wood is scarce and dear, will soon employ coal burners exclusively.

**C. C.**—Wheeling.—Insects and worms have white (or colorless) and cold blood. Animals with cold blood are always more tenacious of life than those with warm blood.

**E. C.**—Ostriches in confinement seem to have a craving for stone and iron. An ostrich died lately near Caen, France, in whose stomach was found a closed knife, some stones, some nails and a file.

**VORAKA.**—We learn from the correspondent of an exchange paper that persons arriving in New York will hereafter be spared much annoyance, as police officers are now placed at each steamboat landing and railroad depot to protect them from the outrages and impositions of hackmen, runners, etc. Strangers should always state their wants to an officer, whose duty it is to give them all the information required.

## HOW MUCH THEY EAT IN PARIS.

If in the insane visions of a raging fever, we conjured up the image of a vast, ravenous, sensual being, opening a million hungry mouths, we could hardly conceive of the possibility of satisfying his tremendous appetite. But this monster is no fiction of the imagination—it is no creation of the delirium of fever; it exists, it lives, it opens its million mouths, seeking what it may devour, and this monstrous eater is named PARIS. Let us see what it costs to supply the cormorant with meat and drink for a year. The quantity of water consumed cannot be estimated; that which is purchased for the use of families and individuals, costs 4,000,000 of francs. And for the other items. Flour, 62,000,000; meat, 95,000,000; cooked meat, (principally pork), 34,000,000; wine, 196,000,000; alcohol, in various shapes, 34,000,000; beer, 8,000,000; cider, vinegar, olive oil, etc. 7,000,000; poultry and game, 20,000,000; butter, 27,000,000; eggs, 9,000,000; pies, truffles, and other costly delicacies, 2,000,000; milk, 14,000,000; fresh fish, 12,000,000; oysters, 2,000,000; vegetables and fruits, 40,000,000; sugar, coffee, tea, cheese, dried fish, salt, spices, etc. 72,000,000; paid to pastry cooks, restaurants, etc. for special culinary preparations, 8,000,000; fuel, for cooking, 10,000,000; making a grand total of 656,000,000 of francs, or \$131,200,000.

The above valuation is based on ordinary years. It corresponds to the average prices for provisions, and to an accidental inflation caused by bad seasons. Admitting this figure of \$131,200,000 as the expression of the sum paid by the Parisian consumers for their food, the expenditure of each individual is \$124 60 a year, or thirty-four cents a day, nearly.

It is unnecessary to remark that the distribution is not equal. The luxury of opulent tables is balanced by the trivial consumption of young children, old men, the invalids, or by the compulsory privations of extremely poor people.

The cost of living in Paris varies according to style. In general, a good dinner costs you from 4 to 6 francs; a more pretentious one from 10 to 16 francs; a dinner "fit to set before a king" from 20 to 25 francs. Then, in certain quarters of Paris, along the *Marché des Innocents*, for instance, you will find little tables set in the open air, where you can buy a dish of something

for two or three cents. There are men who deal in soups alone, and will give you a bowl, such as it is, for a cent. There is a woman who perambulates the quays or the boulevards in the Temple quarter, carrying before her a chafing-dish and a stove, who sells you sausages smoking hot, or fried potatoes, paper cornets, or fritters. Her portable establishment furnishes a complete dinner, meat, vegetables and dessert for 5 or 6 cents. Many a hard-up student, or used-up Bohemian, lives in this way, till "something turns up," a *la* Micawber.

## SMALL THINGS.

It is a proof of a very unphilosophic mind to despise small things. "Despise not the day of small things," is a sacred injunction, full of the highest wisdom and philosophy. The greatest fortunes are but the aggregation of trivial sums; the greatest achievements are but the unity of minute particulars. An ancient king of France took it into his head to form a library, and set up in the literary business with a capital of ten volumes. The library—the imperial library of Paris, now contains 700,000 volumes, and is of countless worth.

A quarrel about a pig is said to have involved us in the war of 1812 with Great Britain. We quote the story as we have seen it, without vouching for its historical accuracy: "Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, R. I., chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk, when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the 'last feather;' the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a senator, the democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the senate, it was declared by a majority of one vote, so that but for the pig, we should probably have been saved from this war." Is it not a momentous question? We might multiply examples, and illustrations, to give force to the admonition, not to despise small things.

**SHARP PRACTICE.**—A colored man, who owns a farm in Bedford, and who sells hay in this city, has been detected in a singular fraud. His wagon has been seized, and a false bottom found, in which was a quantity of sand and mud weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, which sand and mud his customers had been for some time paying for as good hay. His property has been attached by his defrauded customers.

**HAPPY COMPLIMENT.**—The highest eulogium of Mr. Webster's ability that occurs in the recent address of Edward Everett, is where he says of the former that "there are few who would not confess, when they agreed with him, that he had expressed their opinions better than they could do it themselves."

**TAKE OUR ADVICE.**—Enclose twenty-five cents to John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, and order a copy of that great curiosity, *The Illustrated Scrap Book*, which will come to you with its five hundred engravings, post paid, by return of mail.

**SUBMARINE EXPLOIT.**—A man named Wilson, dressed in a suit of patent submarine armor, has walked across the Schuylkill River, under water, at Philadelphia. Every one to his taste; most people try to keep their heads above water!

**AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.**—The man who won a thousand dollars on a fight between a saw horse and a hydraulic ram, recently lost all his money on a mill race.

**LONGEVITY.**—The oldest person living in Chelsea, Mass., is an Irish woman aged 104 years!

**STRONG MINDED.**—A woman in Worcester, Mass., cowhided a man there the other day.

## SHREVE, BROWN &amp; CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT.

In all the great cities of Europe and America, the most attractive establishments to visitors and residents are those devoted to the sale of silver ware and jewelry. Here wealth is displayed in its most tangible and concentrated form, and finds its expression in the most minute and curious workmanship. Many of these magazines are sumptuous and splendid, but we question if there is anywhere, either in Europe or America, one more tasteful and elegant, more comprehensive and complete, than that of Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co., (formerly Jones, Ball & Co.), No. 226 Washington, and No. 1 Summer Streets, Boston. None of the jewelry stores in the galleries of the Palais Royal, Paris, begin to compare with this ornament of our city, either in elegance or in completeness of stock. Notwithstanding the modern progress of luxury, the establishment has never yet been eclipsed or even rivaled. Fitted up with true artistic taste, it must always please the refined and intelligent. It is furnished in its whole extent—some 125 feet in length, by 67 feet in breadth—from floor to ceiling, with costly and elegant goods. The cases enclose magnificent specimens of silver ware, watches, from the most celebrated manufacturers, diamonds, emeralds, pearls, etc., etc., set in thousand forms which art has devised to meet the caprices of fashion and the patronage of wealth. It is a dazzling gallery of riches and splendor. In various parts of the spacious store are statuettes and other articles of bronze, of elaborate workmanship and high cost. Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co. are constantly importing these gems direct from the ateliers of the most celebrated artists in the world. The stock embraces every article that artists in bronze, gold and silver, and that dealers in precious stones supply, and the extensive correspondence of the firm enables them to fill orders for every object of *virtu* which they do not themselves manufacture. Whether we survey the exterior or the interior of this magnificent store, whether we contemplate its costly contents in detail, or in reference to the whole, we find nothing to criticize and nothing to suggest. It completely fills the eye and satisfies the taste, and must be regarded, in every respect, as a model establishment.

## A DISCOVERY AS TO BUTTER.

A New Yorker in the country writes thus to the New York Tribune of his success in investigating the, to him, mysteries of butter making: "It always used to bother us where butter came from. Our idea was that it must have come from a salt mine, mixed up in some inscrutable way in tubs. But it appears that butter is made by women. We happened one day to be out in the place called the 'wood house,' when a very singular occurrence took place. A woman who was there put on an apron, and then proceeded towards a singular-looking institution with a stick in it. Taking hold of this stick, she began working it up and down as though her very life depended on the operation. 'What in the name of wonder are you doing there?' said we. 'Making butter, you fool.' Being in pursuit of knowledge, we disregarded the superfluous appellation, and mildly asked her the rationale of the process, when, to our astonishment, she wheeled upon us and delivered herself of the following remarkable sentiment: 'Naow, look a here, mister, I don't warnt none of your gas. You've been a follering me around and around ever since you've been here, and I wont stand it no longer. Naow go.' We went, but we knew one thing—butter is made by women in some way or other."

**GREELEY AND THE MORMONS.**—In spite of the very moderate manner in which Horace Greeley spoke of the Mormons, Heber Kimball has been opening all the sluices of his billings-gate upon him. His gentlest assertion is that Horace "is the greatest liar on the face of the earth."

**WE DENY IT.**—The London Times has the audacity to say "the best thumbed book in the public library of Boston is—what? That sacred volume which is, somewhat irreverently, known in the land of its birth as the Snob's Bible—we mean the British Peerage."

**CALLED OUT.**—The New Haven Register relates that an actor at one of the theatres was called out four times in one evening, not long ago—twice by a sheriff, once by a tailor, and once by an irresistible desire to imbibe.

## LARGE GREEK CONTRACT.

We are permitted, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, to state that the American Bank Note Company, which organized last year, and is now in active operation in the Merchants' Exchange Building, has just completed a contract for the National Bank of Greece, providing that institution with notes of various denominations, engraved in the highest style which the art has yet attained in any country. The general appearance of the notes, in comparison with those commonly issued by American banks, is not remarkable, except that they are larger and have rough edges—in the latter respect resembling notes of the Bank of England. The paper is made expressly for the Greek Bank, with a water-mark, and is printed in three colors—black, red, and green. All have the name of the bank inscribed across the left hand; and among the embellishments is a portrait of the governor of the bank, the national coat of arms, and a beautiful vignette. One of the latter represents the temple of Theseus, at Athens. These notes are bound in volumes, and cut out as issued, leaving a marginal record of their number and amount. Their denominations are severally ten, twenty-five, and one hundred drachmas; six drachmas being equivalent to a dollar. Their size varies a trifle, increasing according to the amount of the note.

This is the first contract of any magnitude for bank note engraving ever executed in this country, for any European government; and, having been awarded to United States engravers, contrary to all precedent, and in face of the strong competition offered by the engravers of Europe, may very naturally be construed as a high compliment to American art. It is also gratifying so far as it indicates the progress of the Great Republic in national greatness and renown. In mechanics, the superior skill of the United States has been repeatedly acknowledged, as in naval architecture, the construction of implements of war, agriculture, etc.; but in the arts we have not made equal advance. In painting and sculpture we are only beginning to attract attention. Bank note engraving, however, has been carried to a degree of excellence equalled in no other part of the world.

**AN UNLUCKY HEBREW.**—A Jew residing at Lyons, lately lost his purse, containing 1200 francs, and advertised the loss in the usual way. The next day he received this letter:—"Amiable Israelite,—It is I who have found your 1200 francs and you may weep for them, for you will never get them back. I am leading the life of a Sardanapalus. Here is an account of what I have this day had for breakfast and for dinner. [A detail of the two meals was here given.] I shall continue to live in this manner, gracious Hebrew, until your 1200 francs are exhausted, and I will finish by drinking a glass of wine to your health."

**A VALUABLE MEERSCHAUM.**—The Philadelphia North American tells of a "splendid article in the way of a meerschaum," which is in the possession of Dr. Morris J. Asce, of Jefferson College. It formerly belonged to the King of Prussia, and was colored in a most effectual manner. Its royal owner caused it to be smoked by a whole regiment of soldiers, until it was as black as anthracite, one man passing it to his comrade as soon as he had enjoyed it sufficiently himself.

**A YANKEE GIRL.**—A New London girl at San Antonio, Texas, keeps a bowling saloon and offers herself to roll with any amateur in the country. She finds plenty who are willing to try their hand with her, and she pockets the change, never as yet having been beaten. She states that in six months she cleared \$2000.

**HOWARD ATHENÆUM.**—This house, under its present management, is reaping a rich harvest, a return which is fully merited by the liberal and excellent style in which its performances are given. The company is a remarkably talented one, and the appointments very perfect.

**GENEROUS BEQUEST.**—The late M. A. Bowden, of Georgia, left the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville College and Military Institute, to be applied to the payment of professors and the education of poor boys.

**GOOD HUMORED SATIRE.**—There is a relief in ridicule and good natured satire. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a measure, ease us of any disagreeable passion about it.



## GERMANY.

It appears that a movement is making—whether likely to be successful or not, it remains to be seen—to reform the federal constitution of Germany, and to establish, on liberal bases, a great representative State. It will be remembered that this was a darling scheme of the liberals of 1848 and 1849, but they failed in their projects, and the present German confederation is that established by the federative act of 1815 and the final act of 1820. The Brussels Nord, a very influential paper, in speaking of this movement, says: "The late war has proved, it must be admitted, the absolute impotence of the Germanic confederation for anything beyond purely defensive measures. What is now asked in its name, is a reform, giving it at need and will, the offensive action which its own institutions and general treaties have withheld. Will those who are moving it in this direction obtain their end? This question interests not only Germany, but all Europe, and particularly France, for we must admit that it is disappointed at finding their present federal institutions an obstacle to intervention against France in the Italian war, which now impels certain German parties to demand a reform of their institutions."

"But these reforms forget only one thing, that is, that the Germanic confederation is a European institution, that it is, as such, one of the essential bases of the present legal state of Europe and are of the conditions of the general equilibrium; that it was created by the consent of Europe and consecrated by fundamental treaties which are the common work of all the powers, and that, consequently, it can neither be abolished nor reformed in its essential conditions, except by a common resolve of all Europe assembled for that purpose. It is not assuredly the same to Europe whether there exists in the centre of the States which compose it, a confederation of sovereign States like that which has shown its impotence to draw the world into a general and perhaps endless war, or a great State, a unit with forty-three millions of inhabitants. Evidently, if this reform should be accomplished, all the conditions of the equilibrium would be overthrown, and it would be necessary to reconstruct the edifice on entirely new bases. But it cannot be accomplished without the consent and concurrence of all Europe, highly interested as it is to maintain the confederation of German States in its purely defensive character. This is a truth which the reformers of the Germanic confederation seem to us too ready to forget, and which it is not unimportant to remind them of in the midst of their active and unreasonable attempts."

**A NEW BALLOON.**—A new air-ship called after her birth-place, "The City of New York," is nearly completed, and is designed for a journey across the Atlantic. Her pilot is T. S. C. Lewis, of New Hampshire, hero of 36 ascensions, and she is five times larger than the largest balloon ever built. She has many new improvements, her basket will be warmed by a lime-stove, a metallic life-boat is attached to her, and in three or four weeks she will start; her projector expects that she will make the voyage in 48 hours.

**MISJUDGED ECONOMY.**—What the world calls avarice is often no more than compulsory economy; and even a wilful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

**A FRENCH FOGY.**—A French historian and poet of the fifteenth century discovered at the invention of printing, and the discovery of the New World by Columbus. He was opposed to innovations, and thought that the "old paths" were good enough for his footsteps.

**THE GREAT CLOCK.**—The great clock at the Houses of Parliament, London, now strikes the hours regularly upon the great bell, and the sound may be heard distinctly for miles round the metropolis.

**LIBERAL TERMS.**—Madame Gassier is engaged for the Havana opera season at \$2500 a week and a free benefit. Such terms would almost make a nightingale of a crow.

**LIGHT TAX.**—Georgia is probably the lightest taxed State in the Union. Its State tax is only two thirds of a mill on the dollar.

## THE ISLAND OF SAN JUAN.

Our readers are aware that General Harney, commander-in-chief of the Pacific division of the American army, has taken possession of the disputed island of San Juan on the northwest coast, and that the assertion of sovereignty is likely to lead to a great deal of diplomatic correspondence, if not to more serious doings between Great Britain and this country. Let us glance a moment at the geographical position of this island which has suddenly sprung up into such political importance. The line separating Washington Territory and British Columbia, has remained up to this time purely ideal—it is the 49th degree of north latitude. But as the more these States are developed, the more necessary it becomes to establish their boundaries distinctly. By its position, the island of San Juan would seem to authorize no contest, for it is situated within the 49th degree of latitude (between 48° 30' and 48° 40') and consequently an American territory. If England claims possession of it, it is not because she misunderstands the material fact of its geographical situation, but because she asserts that this island, as well as the adjacent ones forming the archipelago, are annexes of Vancouver's Island, her possession of which is not disputed, though it lies on both sides of the 49th degree. Victoria and all the southern part of the island is really within American limits. As this island could not be cut in two, the entire property is left to England, but it is an abuse for her, on the strength of that title, to grasp at islands entirely separated from Vancouver's. At any rate, the smart Yankees who have now a foothold on the island, and are backed by military authority, will not be very likely to surrender easily, or to be frightened at the aspect of an occasional man-of-war taking a look at their settlement. We shall soon see what the British government says to this affair, and in the meanwhile may keep our quills sharpened and our powder dry.

**"THE DANCING STAR: OR, The Smuggler of the Chesapeake."**—A little more than a year since we published a large edition of this fascinating sea story, from the pen of Professor Ingraham, every copy of which was sold in three weeks from the date of issuing. We have received repeated calls for the work from all quarters, but have been obliged to return one answer to all, "out of print." We have now put to press a new edition, fully illustrated with large original drawings, which will be issued next week. Any person enclosing us twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver, shall receive a copy by return of mail, postage paid.

**MONTENEGRIN WARRIORS.**—A letter in Galignani, from Cattaro, states that Prince Danilo, who had instituted a military medal, has distributed it to the officers and soldiers of his army who distinguished themselves at the battle of Grubove. The claims of the Montenegrin warriors were established in rather a singular manner; all those who had killed a Turk and produced his nose to the prince, received the medal. That is, they turned up their noses at the proffered reward.

**THE LEVIATHAN STEAMSHIP.**—The Great Eastern is as long as the distance between the eastern end of the Old State House and the lower corner of State and Broad Streets. Three monuments as high as the shafts on Bunker Hill could be placed end for end on her deck, and yet leave thirty-seven feet of space in length uncovered.

**TAGLIONI'S POSITION.**—Mdlle. Taglioni has just been officially appointed, by the French Minister of State, to be inspectress of all the dancing classes of the opera, and to perfect such pupils as she may consider likely to become first-rate performers. Taglioni is poor—has lost all her property.

**ARTISTIC.**—Mr. Corcoran of Washington, is erecting on Pennsylvania Avenue, an art gallery, which is estimated to cost two hundred thousand dollars. The gallery will be free, and will be managed by trustees appointed by Mr. Corcoran.

**SMART.**—Mr. Noah Noyes, the oldest man in Newbury, cut this year 2500 weight of meadow hay in less than a day. Mr. Noyes was born in 1770, and is consequently 89 years old.

**HEALTHY.**—The Southern States have been remarkably free from sickness during the past summer.

## Mayside Gatherings.

Wildman calculates that a single colony of wasps breeds upwards of 30,000 in a year.

Twenty-one thousand people were present at the firemen's celebration in Zanesville, Ohio.

The losses by the great fire at Halifax, Sept. 9, will amount in the aggregate to about one million of dollars.

The value of produce received at New Orleans for the year has been \$178,952,664, larger by \$6,797,118, than the highest previous year, that of 1857.

An excellent bust of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in plaster of Paris, has been sent to Messrs Sheldon & Co., New York, by that reverend gentleman as a present to the firm.

The Dispensary physicians in the city of New York attend annually, it is said, 120,000 poor patients whose disease might have been prevented by the execution of proper sanitary regulations.

The sexton of the Catholic burying ground at Fall River, in his returns to the City Clerk, assigns as a cause of the death of one of the persons whom he interred—"shortness of breath."

By the last report of the Secretary of War, the militia for the United States number 2,766,726, of which about 2,700,000 are infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 riflemen.

There are now in operation in the United States one mile of railway for every thousand inhabitants; in England, one to every 2500, and in the whole of Great Britain one to every 3000 inhabitants.

The London Times, in a leading article on England's defence preparations, says she is now rapidly approaching a position, if indeed she has not actually attained it, in which no assailant can hope to attack her with impunity.

From Monroe county, N. Y., it is estimated that 30,000 barrels of apples have already been shipped this season, and that the entire amount will reach 80,000 barrels. The total apple crop of Western New York is estimated to be from 600,000 to 1,000,000 bushels.

In Germany, says "Pasant Life," every inch of ground is made to produce something, and sometimes the soil produces two or three crops. Everything that cattle can eat is used for fodder, and the children wash weeds and other refuse matter to make them attractive to cattle.

It is asserted that silver ore of extraordinary richness has been found on Colonel Fremont's tract in California. It is nearly all pure silver, being but slightly mixed with copper. It is found forty feet below the surface, and said to contain ninety per cent. of silver.

In Newport, as a boy named Johnston, seven years old, was picking up chips in a shipyard, the workmen, not knowing that he was in the way, rolled a mast over upon him, killing him instantly. He had been warned to keep away.

It is authoritatively stated that the amount of money remitted home by Irishmen resident in America, the last year, for the purpose of assisting their friends to emigrate, was \$2,360,000. The ten preceding years the amount remitted was \$49,680,000.

Among the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel is a new article of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate white elastic fabric, with frilled edges about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner.

Doctor S. P. Townsend, who retired from the Sarsaparilla business some years ago with a fortune of half a million, having lost much by speculations, has resumed it again. He is fond of speculation, and it was he who sent the Rev. Mr. Corey to England to invite Mr. Spurgeon to this country.

Steam is always fresh, and thus all the solid matter contained in the feed water, whether it be salt, chalk, or vegetable substance, is left in the boiler. With twenty grains of solid matter per gallon of water, the deposit in a boiler evaporating 2000 gallons daily, would, in one year, amount to about one ton.

The committee upon the plan of the monument to be erected in Independence Square, Philadelphia, to the memory of the signers of the declaration of independence, offer a premium of \$300 for the best plan, and \$200 for the second best. The monument is to be of marble or granite, on a base of sixty feet, and to cost, with the iron railing, \$150,000.

Letters from Zante (Ionian Islands) of 16th of August, 1859, state that the current crop this year is in a very prosperous condition. The blight, which for five or six seasons past has caused the total destruction of the vines, has entirely disappeared. Zante would perhaps make twelve million pounds, of very excellent quality; Cephalonia thirteen millions, and Morea fifty millions.

The water in the Connecticut is lower by two feet than it has been known for twenty years and more, and boats find it almost impossible to reach "the head of flood navigation." It is stated that they are longer in going from Middletown to Hartford than from New York to Middletown, and that the river is filling up and becoming more difficult of navigation yearly.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Adieu's makes opportunities, the want of it gives them.—Bovee.

.... To the imagination, immensity is but a step.—Dr. Boufflers.

.... He is a fool that praises himself, and a madman that speaks ill of himself.—Danish Proverb.

.... Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—La Rochefoucauld.

.... The politician never proves more utterly mortal, than when he gives ear to his enemy.—W. G. Simms.

.... Hard workers are not so often dishonest as the indolent, their industry placing them above temptation.—Bovee.

.... Pleasure may be called the short cut to the tomb, as it shortens time, which is the way.—Jerold.

.... The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others.—Bryce.

.... When I take the humor of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through.—Ben Jonson.

.... To the proud man who has erred, the great difficulty is in knowing when atonement has been made.—W. G. Simms.

.... This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.—Harley.

.... The sum of our existence, divided by reason, never gives an integer number, but a surprising fraction is always left behind.—Goethe.

.... As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

.... Old men's lives are lengthened shadows; their evening sun falls coldly on the earth, but the shadows all point to the morning.—Jean Paul.

.... The passions of the men of society differ as much from the passions of the natural man as the fruits of a grafted tree from those of a wild one.—Dr. Boufflers.

.... No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—Sydney Smith.

## Joker's Budget.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It holds the comb.

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and the profits.

Why is an Atlantic steamship like a horse's collar? It goes over the main (mane).

Why is a man poking a wood fire like a ram seller? Because he stirs the brand he pushes.

Why is unpremeditated homicide like a man's indulging in immoderate mirth? Because it's manslaughter (man's laughter).

"Barber, I think this towel has been in use long enough." "It has been used more than six weeks, and no one has ever found fault with it before!"

A tailor in New York has a bill in his window to the following effect: "Wanted, several thin coat makers." This is a fine chance for spare tails.

Soon after the battle of Loban, a wit observed that Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he had lately received a check on the bank of the Danube.

A coffin maker having apartments to let, pasted his bills announcing the same, upon the coffins in the window, "lodgings for single gentlemen."

A would-be prude remarked one day in hearing of Mlle. Dejazet, "I am very particular about my reputation." "You are always particular about trifles," replied Dejazet.

"My dear, what shall we name bub?" "Why, huz, I've settled on Peter." "I never knew a man by the simple name of Peter that could not earn his salt." "Well, then, call him Salt Peter."

"You had better ask for manners, than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

An Irishman took the cars at Boston for Worcester. On jumping from the cars, he remarked that if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time, he would have walked a foot.

Old Gent—"Waiter!" Waiter—"What, sir?" Old Gent—"Bowl of soup, rare!" Waiter—"On a fork, sir, or in a paper?" Old Gent—"Tie it in my handkerchief, and don't break the edge." Exit waiter in search of to-morrow's paper.

There is a joke abroad that one day at a conversation Lord Brougham was talking learnedly about a Lindoo poem, written 500 years B. C., when suddenly, on some hint given, he began to discourse with equal knowledge on the philosophy of cooking a beefsteak. He is the most versatile man abroad.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## BEN, MY LOVER.

BY SYDIE PARK.

O'er the meadows bright with verdure,  
Creep the shadows cool and brown,  
And the sunset's crimson banners,  
Fringed with gold are floating down,  
While I'm waiting for his coming,  
From the field of yellow grain;  
He has promised he would meet me,  
Just at sunset in the lane.

If with silent heart I listen,  
To the murmur of the leaves,  
When the Sabbath stills are broken  
By the truant summer breeze,  
I shall hear the solemn cadence  
Of an anthem loud and free,  
Drifting up in mighty surges,  
Like the sighings of the sea.

Dearer than the gorgeous banners,  
Floating softly down the west,  
Or the grand triumphant music,  
With its stirring vague unrest,  
Is the one low song I'm keeping,  
Like a royal blessed dream;  
And my soul is never weary  
Conning o'er its witching theme.

But the crimson light is dying,  
Longer have the shadows grown,  
O, I am impatient waiting,  
In the quiet all alone.  
And I wonder why he tarries,  
With the stalwart reapers yet,  
When the last ripe sheaves are garnered  
Ere the golden sun had set.

Hush, cold lips! be still your chiding,  
Ben, my lover, cometh now,  
Yet a moment, and his kisses  
Will fall lightly on my brow;  
And the old sweet words, "I love you!"  
Shall be murmured o'er again;  
Old sweet words, yet new forever,  
Charming with their glad refrain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

## BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

HALF way up the hill, at the top of which is Castel-Cuille, a sweet little cottage lies half buried in trees. It was the home of Marguerite, the daughter of an old Gascon officer—the same Marguerite whom *Jasmin* has immortalized in that language which some translators imagine was once spoken universally in the south of France, and which is still that of the peasantry.

This little country maiden was one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed in a lowly hamlet. The cottage itself, set in its frame-work of green leaves, and white orchard blooms, was neat as her hands could make it; its simple furniture made beautiful by its perfect order and arrangement, and rendered picturesque by the profusion of plants and flowers by which it was surrounded.

In this retreat, Marguerite performed the part of housekeeper to her father and little Paul, her brother. No sorrow had as yet thrown a cloud over her save her mother's death, and that of her eldest brother; and already, griefs were fast subsiding into a gentle, placid memory, in which nothing of bitterness was mingled.

The old officer worshiped his children, and seemed content to pass his life, now in its sunset hour, in their society alone. Paul was the most affectionate of brothers, and the little maiden's life was beautiful in its devotion to both. Even a new claimant to her love seemed to draw nothing from her father and brother; for latterly, the handsome young peasant, Baptiste, had spent his leisure hours at the cottage, and yet the old officer's ruffles wore the same immaculate purity of hue, and Paul's simple garments were as neatly made as ever.

She and Baptiste were affianced. The wedding day was set, although some time was to elapse before it; and no change was to be made except that the little cottage was to be enlarged for a new inmate—for not even marriage could separate the affectionate girl from those who had been so dependent on her household cares for their comfort.

In the midst of all this happiness, Marguerite was suddenly attacked with measles, and the father, afraid to trust her to another, turned nurse, and took care of the beloved one who had so long been his household angel. The disease, sometimes so light and simple, assumed with Marguerite a fearful aspect. For days she struggled with it, and at last, when only youth and

the strength of a constitution, nurtured by the sweet mountain air, subdued its violence, it did not even then leave her unscathed.

For Marguerite—with the bloom coming back into her cheeks as bright as ever—with renewed health apparently as strong as before—with the soft curls again floating over the brow so nobly shaped—was still sorely smitten by a calamity as irretrievable as it was terrible. Those beautiful eyes that had never looked aught but the tenderest love, were thenceforth dark and sightless!

Marguerite accepted the affliction with the same gentleness that had always characterized her. Perhaps she still hoped for restoration; but months passed, and the blind girl sat in darkness.

The brave old officer who had never shrunk from the cannon, was prostrated by this blow. Marguerite did not see the dead face, but she passed her white fingers over it, and knew that death had smoothed the furrows which grief had made there. Then she clung closer to Baptiste and little Paul. She could not know, save by his strange silence, how the former was gathering up his resolution to obey his father, who was perpetually taunting him now, with the thoughts of a blind wife. And even his silence, she interpreted kindly into grief for her privation. So full and perfect was her faith in him—so wicked she would have thought herself, had the case been reversed, if she had thought of forsaking him, that she never dreamed of telling him that he might give her up. She would have deemed it treason to the fond love she knew he had borne her so long.

One morning he came in with an appearance of great haste. His father had desired him to go away far up the mountains, on a mission for him which would occupy some time, and he came to bid her adieu. It was all so sudden that she did not even have time to ask when he would come back; but scarcely had he departed, before she thought of it, and felt her way to the door, as if to call him; but the sound of other footsteps near, made her desist, and she returned to her little room, and threw herself upon the bed, weeping and sobbing out the sad words, "alone! alone!"

"No, Marguerite, I am here," said the soft voice of little Paul. "You and I can live together, and I will see that nothing shall harm or trouble you. Reach your hand up to my head, dear sister, and see how tall I have grown since you were sick. Now I can be your protector, can I not?"

And smiles and tears and kisses answered the brave boy's tender words.

The trees, so full of blossoms when Baptiste went away, are loaded down with their wealth of fruit, and still he comes not. Marguerite sits in her darkness, her hands listlessly folded on her lap, and wonders what keeps him so long. Every sound seems to be that of his footsteps; but it passes on and leaves her in her loneliness. And so the season goes on, and again apple and plum and almond give the sweet odor of their blossoms to the breeze, but he who inhaled their fragrance with her last year, is no longer here.

"Marguerite, dearest, I have been down the hill," exclaimed little Paul, as he ran in with his cheeks all aglow with excitement. "There is a bridal party just winding round the foot of it, on the way to the church. Why were we not bidden, sister? It is very ill-natured in Angela, not to ask us."

"Angela! why Paul! Angela to be married this morning, and I, her friend, not to know it?"

"Ay, both friends—the bride and bridegroom. She is to be married to your friend, Monsieur Baptiste, who came to see you so often last year."

There was a sharp quick cry, as if body and soul were separating, and there, upon the earthen floor, lay Marguerite with the pale hue of death, as little Paul imagined, upon her face.

At that moment the sound of the bridal music reached the cottage as the train passed on just beneath it. The air was pure and clear, and the words of the song were wafted up to the ear of Marguerite, whose other senses were sharpened since she had lost her sight. She started up, fully roused from her momentary lethargy.

"If you could only see them, dear Marguerite! They are passing up to the cliff with heavy wreaths and chains of flowers, to deck the church where they are to be married to-morrow morning."

A step at the door announced a visitor. It was old Jeanne, the fortune-teller, who came to

see how poor Marguerite bore her affliction. The girl's pallid looks soon sent her away without the power of speaking a word; and, full of sorrow and anger, she hastened to where the bridal party were singing and laughing in their thoughtless glee. She approached Angela who was as wild and joyous as the rest.

"Take care, Angela!" she whispered; "perhaps from this wedding, a death may come. In marrying Baptiste, you are digging a grave!"

And the old woman weeps as she remembers the pale, sad face that she has left in the cottage. Angela sees her tears, and glances disturbed at Baptiste. No glad, joyous bridegroom does he seem, but he stands there with a wearied, unhappy look, as if the general gaiety met with no response in his heart.

"My poor Marguerite!" he murmured. "Lost! sacrificed to my father's iron will, that bids me marry where I do not love."

Angela did not hear the words, but a strange gloom seemed to spread itself over her bridal train, as if a deep, dark thunder cloud had suddenly covered the sky; but she quickly recovered herself. She had known all along that she was usurping the sacred rights of the blind girl, but Baptiste was too great a prize for the weak-minded Angela to resign voluntarily, although she saw that he did not love her.

"Wake, wake, dear sister!" called out the cheerful voice of little Paul, as soon as the gray dawn had broken, the next day. "Come with me to the bridal. We can hear the music and the service if we were not asked."

Marguerite had not waited to be called. She had risen long before, and was arranging the soft, glossy hair that hung down over her beautiful neck and shoulders. She put on the white dress long ago made for her wedding, and the pretty satin slippers bought by her father, for the same occasion. A delicate spray of white roses, with a few almond blooms fastened her corsage, and a ring which Baptiste had given her hung loosely upon the little shrunken finger it had once fitted.

"Are you ready, dear Marguerite?" shouted the impatient voice of Paul.

"One instant, darling!" she called, from her room, and after seeking in her drawer for something which she put into her bodice, and of which the boy saw only the glitter, without knowing what it was, she joined him, and he led her from the door, talking as he went, of the grand bridal.

He had not seen how the girl had knelt down by her bedside a few moments before, and, while the cold dews of anguish had bathed her temples, she had prayed in a low, sweet, murmuring voice, "Father, forgive me!"

It rains—a dark, drizzling rain, far more dreary and irritating than a sharp, quick shower. It brings out the sweet smile of the laurel branches with which the path is strewn; and Marguerite turns away with a shudder as she inhales it.

"Where are we, Paul?" asked the maiden.

"Is this the hill?"

"Don't you see, Marguerite, we are almost there?"

Marguerite's smile was like the sunlight upon graves—so dreary when hope is buried out of sight.

"See, love?"

"O, sister, I had forgotten. Forgive me?"

A hawk wheeled round in a circle just above their heads. Marguerite heard the flutter of his sable wings, and asked Paul what it was.

"O, the black bird that our father said was called an ospray, and that he brought bad tidings. There was an ospray on the roof the night that brother Antoine died. I remember Antoine said, 'I am going, Marguerite; take care of little Paul.' And when our father died, too; there was one there."

"O, Paul, don't, don't? Let us go back to our home. I will try to take care of you, my poor boy!"

But no! he would not go home, until he had seen the bridal, and Marguerite borne on by a resistless influence, entered the church, after stopping an instant at the spot where the family graves lay blooming with the flowers she could not see.

Before the altar stands the priest, and kneeling at his feet are the bridal pair. The blind girl listens breathlessly for some sound. One word alone reached her quick ear, unheard by others in its low, faltering tone. She knew whose was the voice that uttered it.

It was he, then, Baptiste himself. She called wildly to him to stop and take her blood, instead of the holy water for his bridal. A vacant, idiotic smile was his only response, while the vain Angela simpered and laughed, as if the blind girl were jesting upon the loss of her lover.

There were wax candles burning upon the altar; and, in their light, something was seen to glitter brightly in the hand of the blind girl, as she drew it from within her bodice. As she raised it, with the point turned towards herself, little Paul, who saw that it was a small steel poniard, once his father's, snatched it from her hand.

"Marguerite! Marguerite! you will be hurt!" he cried. She looked wildly round at those words.

"I will not do it, darling! I must live to take care of little Paul!"

But while she spoke, she sank down upon the steps of the altar, close to the bridal pair. Baptiste, shivering with terror, stooped down and called her by her name. A smile of more than mortal beauty passed over her face at that sound. The lips quivered and then were motionless as the altar step on which she lay. With that slight, fluttering motion, life had gone out forever.

That evening, no bridal song was heard in the church; but, in its place, the grand, solemn old funeral chant of the "De profundis" awakened the tears of all who heard it.

On a bier, literally covered with flowers, lay the blind girl. What "mortal woe" could reach that "peaceful sleeper" now? Surely the angel that prevented the poniard's stroke, was now "watching that long repose" that seemed so quiet—so serene. Beside the bier, his small hand wreathed among the soft curls of his sister's hair, knelt little Paul, and near him stood one of the young priests who had joined in the service. As the child murmured his brother's dying words, "take care of little Paul," the young priest clasped the tiny hand within his, and whispered, "I will. You shall come with me. Weep no more for your sister. She sees now!"

## THE PRISON OF HAVANA.

The Presido and Grand Carcel of Havana is a large building, of yellow stone, standing near the fort of Punta, and is one of the striking objects as you enter the harbor. It has no appearance of a gaol without, but rather of a palace or court; but within, it is full of live men's bones, and of all uncleanness. No man, whose notions are derived from an American or English penitentiary of the last twenty years, or fifty years, can form an idea of the great Cuban prison. It is simply horrible. There are no cells, except for solitary confinement of "incomunicados,"—who are usually political offenders. The prisoners are placed in large rooms, with stone floors and grated windows, where they are left, from twenty to fifty in each, without work, without books, without interference or intervention of any one, day and night—day and night, for the weeks, months, or years of their sentences. The sights are dreadful. In this hot climate, so many beings, with no provision for ventilation but the grated windows—so unclean, and most of them naked above the waist—all spend their time in walking, talking, playing, and smoking; and, at night, without bed or blanket, they lie down on the stone floor, on what clothes they may have, to sleep if they can. The whole prison, with the exception of the few cells for the "incomunicados," was a series of these great cages, in which human beings were shut up. Incarceration is the beginning, middle, and end of the whole system.—*Dana.*

## L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Hungarian war of liberty, like that which settled the destinies of Poland, brought into action the energies of many a noble spirit whose name remained unrecorded upon the lists of fame. History has emblazoned in brilliant colors the courageous deeds of that heroic band, which, under the leadership of the renowned Kossuth, so nearly succeeded in rescuing the land of the Magyar from the grasp of despotic Austria. Although the effort was not crowned with success, and the leaders and principal abettors of the revolution were driven into exile, despoiled of their property, and obliged to seek in foreign countries that subsistence which was denied them in their native land, the struggle had the effect to disperse the cloud of error which had so long prevailed with regard to Hungary, and introduced us to a race of men in every respect the superiors of those by whom they had been reduced to subjection. Dr. L. J. Chapkay, the subject of this sketch, is a favorable specimen of his nation. He has natural talents, which, exerted in the sphere that had been marked out for him at home, gave him at once an honorable position. His family was one of the first to espouse the republican cause. Born in 1825, and graduating in 1842 from the College of Esperances, he selected the profession of medicine as that best suited to his talents and inclinations, and



was regularly entered at the University of Pesth. Here he went through the usual course of studies with such credit to himself as to elicit the warmest encomiums from the faculty. He received his diploma in 1847, and entered at once upon the promising career that lay before him. When in 1848 the project of casting off the insufferable rule of Austria and proclaiming the independence of Hungary was agitated in the political circles, Dr. Czapkay at once took a warm interest in the plans; he openly proclaimed his sympathy with the cause of freedom, and when the revolution broke out, joined the republican army, with many other scions of the Hungarian nobility and gentry, as a volunteer. In this capacity he exhibited so much bravery, that he soon received a lieutenant's commission, and on the reorganization of the army he was transferred to the surgical staff, and in 1849 ordered to the military hospital at Pesth, with the rank of captain. Dr. Czapkay speaks in feeling terms of the horrors which came under his notice while attending the wounded at this hospital. After the battle of Veitzen, the wounded were removed to Pesth in large numbers. Many practitioners attached to the army, overwhelmed by their duties or grown callous in the pursuit of them, would slight the cases committed to their charge, but Dr. Czapkay, with a humanity which does him credit, and which is to this day characteristic of the man, redoubled his assiduity in this useful field, and was the means of saving to society many a valuable life. A poor young soldier of the line, whose personal symmetry and comeliness of features attracted the surgeon's attention, had been brought in on a hurdle, apparently breathing his last. He was attended by a lovely girl of aristocratic appearance, which, in spite of the plainness of her attire, would exhibit itself. This poor girl watched every movement of the physicians with looks of agonized anxiety, which testified how deep was the interest she felt in the wounded youth. As one after another they examined his wounds, and turned away with a gloomy shake of the head, her agitation was fearful to witness. "Is there, then, no hope?" she would ask of each in turn, and as the usual negative was received, her voice became weaker and more tremulous, and her eyes glared with unnatural fires, which showed that nature, overtasked, was giving way, and reason beginning to reel upon its throne. "Fear not, I will save your betrothed," replied the doctor, as she addressed the same question to him. And he was as good as his word; he saved the young soldier's life, and had afterwards the satisfaction of seeing him rewarded by promotion, and finally wedded to the lady of his choice—an Austrian countess of great wealth and influence. Dr. Czapkay was soon after called by the exigencies of the time into active service. He assumed the post of chief surgeon to the twentieth battalion of infantry, afterwards celebrated as the Honved Corps, and in this connection shared in all the vicissitudes through which his regiment passed, often distinguishing himself by his bravery as a soldier, as he had already done in his capacity of surgeon. On one occasion he made a very narrow escape. At the battle of Kassa, the Austrians, com-



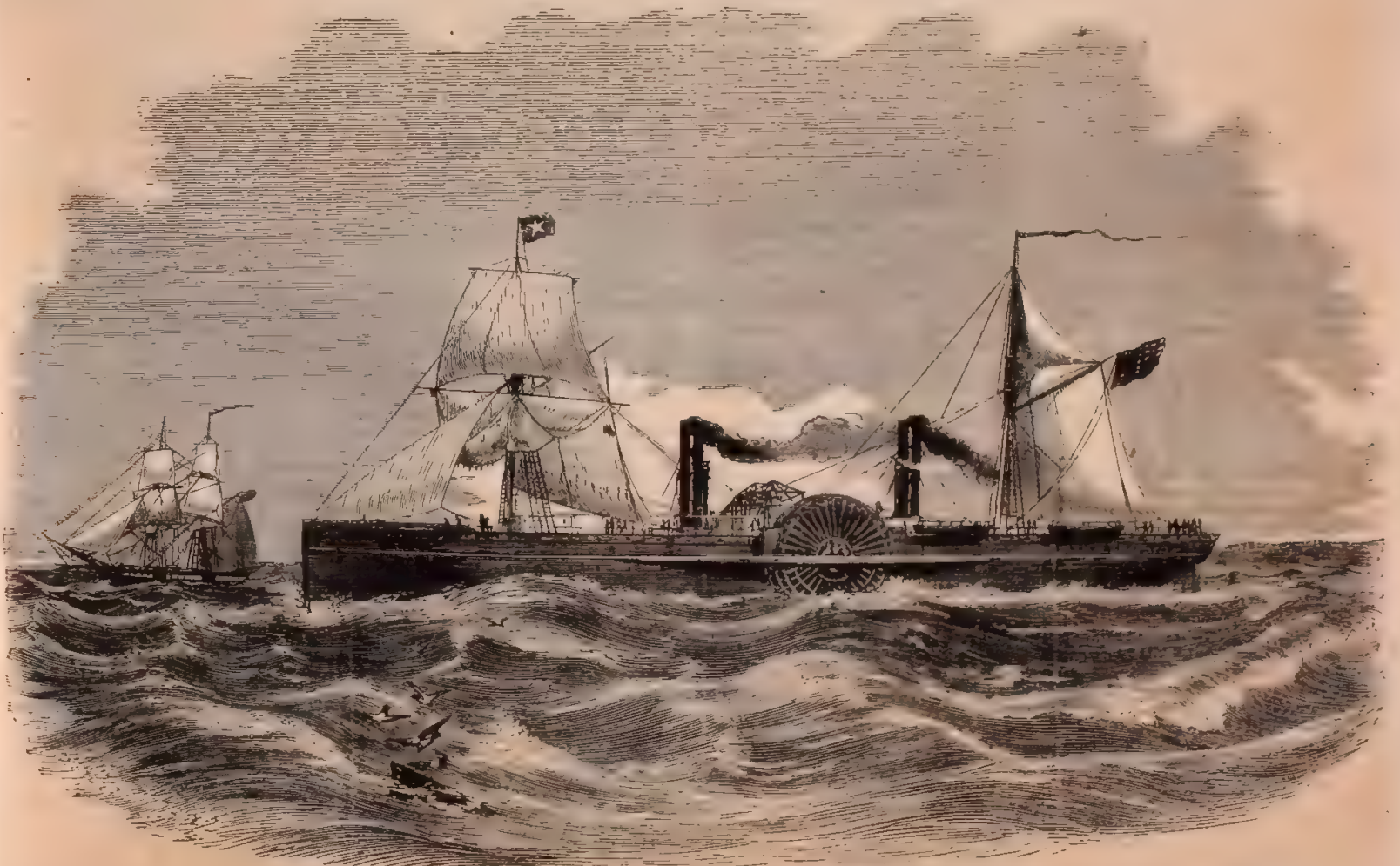
L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

manded by General Schlick, had taken position on the side of a mountain, while the Hungarians, under General Meszaros, occupied an unfavorable stand in the valley below. The Hungarians, discovering their disadvantage, were proceeding to remedy this oversight by removing to an eminence better suited to military purposes, when the enemy, directing the whole force of his centre against the Hungarians' left flank, overwhelmed it and hurled it aside by the mere weight of superior numbers.

This movement uncovered the medical staff, which was immediately involved in the fight, and

would undoubtedly have been cut to pieces had not the Hungarian leader sent a reinforcement to their rescue. Those were times of peril and privation—a powerful foe, or, rather, a combination of foes, without, and treachery within the walls of every city. The unexpected defection of Gorgey crushed the hopes of the Hungarian patriots and covered his own name with undying infamy. The leaders of the revolution became fugitives in the land for whose freedom they had fought. Russia lent her forces to disperse the remains of the Hungarian army, and with her powerful aid Austria succeeded in extinguishing

the spark of European independence. A price was set upon the heads of the patriots, many of whom suffered at the hands of the butcher Haynau the severest tortures and died the most violent deaths. Dr. Czapkay was among the number of those who fled for life and liberty. In 1850 he reached Hamburg, almost destitute, and departed thence for New York city, en route for Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 9th of May following. There he entered at once upon the practice of his profession, fortifying himself in his ambitious purposes by marriage with an amiable young lady of that city. Dr. Czapkay subsequently accompanied Kossuth in his triumphal journey through the United States, and for a brief time endeavored to establish himself as a physician in the Modern Athens, but in a city whose inhabitants are exclusive in a remarkable degree, and where professions are almost hereditary, the difficulty of obtaining a foothold was too great for an impulsive disposition like that of our ex-Honved. In May, 1854, Dr. Czapkay arrived in San Francisco, where the prospect proved to be worse than in either Philadelphia or Boston. For a moment only the subject of this biography allowed himself to be oppressed by gloomy forebodings. San Francisco was the seat of a severe commercial crisis. Her bankers and merchants were failing on every side, and, although Dr. Czapkay came with the highest testimonials in his favor, he seemed likely to lack for patients. To add to the difficulties against which he had to contend, the place was overstocked with physicians, many of whom were obliged to lend their energies to other pursuits, in order to provide the means of subsistence. There was also little or no ill health, and Dr. Czapkay proceeded to Marysville, in the faint hope that he might there find the golden opportunity he had been seeking. These visions were dissipated by a conflagration, which drove him back towards the close of 1854 to San Francisco. But Dr. Czapkay's indomitable perseverance did not fail him even then. Possessing unbounded confidence in his own resources, he exerted every power of mind and body with which nature had gifted him, and from that moment to the present, fortune has smiled upon him, until he has become one of the landed capitalists and wealthiest men of the State, while as a practical philanthropist his name stands high among the medical and surgical lights of the day. Since his establishment on the Pacific coast he has received the *ad eundem* (honorary) degree from the Philadelphia College of Medicine. He is a member of many of the charitable associations of the day, and has conferred unnumbered benefits upon the weak and necessitous. Society boasts with a commendable pride of its Howards, its Ricords, and its Hunters, and the scientific records of the Pacific have already borne glittering testimony to the surgical and medical achievements of a Czapkay. Maintaining in his social relations all those ennobling traits which mark the man of honor and the gentleman, he devotes himself assiduously to the practice of his profession, which he has pursued with such eminent success. The portrait which accompanies this sketch is a very perfect likeness of the original.



VANDERBILT'S AMERICAN STEAMER, THE NORTH STAR.

[See page 231.]



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

### I'VE STOOD ON THE SHORE.

BY JAMES RISTINE

I've stood on the shore of a beautiful lake,  
When Luna beamed silvery o'er its fair brow,  
And heard the sweet tones of the peasant's harp break  
Like fairy sounds over the ripples below.

And I knew in the cottage far over the stream,  
Whence came those sweet whisperings from beauty's  
soft touch,  
Contentment resided—if not, in a dream  
Alone, such a being could transport so much.

There love is as pure as the brow of the lake—  
As the moonlight that tranquilly glides o'er its wave—  
And there all are happy as larks that awake  
At morning within the clear waves to lave

### THE ADVANTAGES OF BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health.  
The kind refresher of the summer heats,  
Nor, when cold winter keeps the brightening flood,  
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.  
Thus I, redoubtless, and is oft preserved,  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift slip  
Or accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force, and the same Roman arm,  
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,  
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
Even from thy body's purity the mind  
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.—THOMSON.

### LOWLINESS

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He treads on the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.—SHAKESPEARE.

### VIRTUE

Thou know'st but little,  
If thou dost think true virtue is confined  
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,  
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole creation,  
And beats the pulse of every faithful heart.—MILLER

## Editor's Easy Chair.

### GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The statue of Webster has now been inaugurated, and occupies its pedestal in front of the State House. We trust it will not be long before the statue of another great man fills the opposite space. It is time that our public buildings should be externally ornamented by works of high art, handing down to posterity the form and features of those who have deserved well of the republic—its statesmen, warriors, orators, and men of learning. The Webster and Washington of our State Capitol should have marble and bronze companions, executed by American artists. . . . Rev. Thomas Hill of Waltham has been installed as president of Antioch College. Dr. Hill is a ripe scholar, an original thinker, and a man of unblemished purity of character, gentle and yet firm, and in every way fitted to preside over an educational institution of the first class. Nothing could have induced him to leave his Waltham parsonage but a conviction that he could do more good in his new office. . . . At a banquet given lately by the King of Sardinia to the French officers, Marshal Vaillant thus complimented their royal host: "Gentlemen, I propose the health of his majesty—the knightly king who wields the old and noble sword of the house of Savoy, the sword that on a day of mourning he recovered from the failing hand of a hero, and which he bathed in such lustre on the fields of Palestro and Solferino; the health of the valiant captain, the hardy soldier, who regards neither hunger nor thirst, neither heat nor cold, whose iron frame defies fatigue, whose lion heart defies peril: to the chief of that splendid and firm army whose standard joined the French on the shores of the Black Sea and the banks of the Po, and everywhere showed itself the worthy rival of our own: to the Piedmontese army! to King Victor Emmanuel! to his glory and his happiness! Long live the king!" That was spoken like a soldier, and has the ring of steel. . . . An ingenious trickster has lately been going the rounds, offering to sell a patent receipt, which will transform tallow candles into good stearines for no price at all. He illustrates its efficacy, on the spot, by filling candle moulds with tallow; adding his composition, and lo! the stearine candles come forth in all their beauty. Having pocketed his fee, and disappeared, the candle maker finds that the adventurer has cunningly substituted the real stearine in place of tallow, and the patent candles are of the same materials and same cost as are the usual stearine. . . . At Rochester there is a tight rope in the enclosure of Falk Field, used for practice, upon which amateurs are daily performing. There is a score of men and boys in the city who go there, walk the rope with but little difficulty, and few of them fall. There is one lad, a boy of fourteen, who performs as well as Blondin upon the rope, and would run across Niagara River on Blondin's great cable in less time than the owner can do it. . . . An attempt is about to be made to introduce the growth of silk into Holstein. The mulberry trees, which have been planted for some time on the shores of the Baltic, near Heiligenhafen, have thriven well, and an abundant supply of cocoons has been received. . . . Dr. J. C. Nott writes from Paris to the *Medical Register* that he is still hard at work, making purchases for the Mobile Medical College. He says: "The collection of Vasseur when I obtained the largest portion of articles purchased up to this time, is a very rich one. I have from him a complete system of osteology, from the earliest period of infancy up to adult age, representing this system in every phase that the most minute demonstration could require. I have from Vasseur, also, an extensive and very valuable collection of diseased bones, which will be extremely useful in practical teaching. In addition to these, I get from him some models of diseased eyes, which are excellent, various little models in wax, and beyond all this a series of comparative anatomy." They raise better skeletons in France than we do here—and they come cheaper. . . . The St. Louis Democrat censures the citizens for their general apathy in the matter of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Benton—an enterprise in which some steps were taken shortly after his death, since when nothing has been done. . . . Steam has been applied to the sewing machine. In one of the stores in New York, there has lately been on exhibition a large sized machine, driven by a steam engine so small in its dimensions that it seems as though it must have been made with fairy hands. The two are connected with a narrow ribbon of leather, and as the almost invisible needle files on its journey across the cloth, in response to the little reminding cranks and levers of the animated Lilliputian by its side, hemming, stitching, and gathering in its course, it seems as if it only wanted a tongue to make it a petticoated seamstress. . . . The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette mentions the arrival at that place of a number of Mormons from Salt Lake City, who report that 4000 or 5000 recalcitrant saints will make their exodus from the valley this season. . . . The Independent states that the leading silk and fancy dry goods auction houses in New York "hammered off" last year on six months' credit the enormous amount in value of \$3,000,000 of foreign merchandise, consisting mostly of silks, ribbons and printed goods. . . . The Duke of Wellington, in his private explanatory letter to Mr. Channing, in regard to a misunderstanding between them in 1847, used this language: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life." . . . Leigh Hunt, whom Christopher North pronounced to be the "most vivid of poets and most cordial of critics," died in London, August 28th, at the age of 74 years. For more than half a century he has occupied a prominent position in the world of letters. His youthful effusions were published in 1801. Fifty years ago he was associated with Byron, Hazlitt and Shelley, and since that time his name has been familiar as a "household word," in England and America. He has been extensively connected with the British press, and modern English literature, and his last days have been passed in the happiest manner. . . . Many fishermen have a strong musical taste, developed principally in violins and accordions. Salt water seems to inspire a love for music, and it is doubtless true that the fish horn was the first musical instrument invented, though like all pioneers it is not appreciated at the present time. . . . It appears from tables that have been carefully compiled, that since 1853 some seventeen railroad accidents have occurred in the United States, which could lay claim to the dignity of first class horrors—the list of killed and wounded footing up three hundred and three of the former and six hundred and twelve of the latter. But the above statement is wholly eclipsed by a comparison of the figures with the losses which have been sustained on our Western rivers for the first six months of the present year. During this brief period, no less than three hundred and sixty-seven lives have been lost by the snagging, explosion, conflagration, etc., of boats—not to mention nearly two millions of dollars worth of property which has been destroyed in the same way. . . . A Paris paper thus enumerates what a French soldier has to carry packed inside and strapped outside: On the outside—The tenteabri and tent-pole; a blanket, a waterproof cape with hood, a water-bucket, used also as a camp kettle, a round loaf of black bread; a tin pan; a quart measure. Inside—A pair of gaiters; two shirts; a pair of shoes; an order book; a small canvas bag, containing an awl, five stout needles, a skein of scarlet thread, a skein of yellow thread, a skein of black thread, a thimble, shoe, clothes and musket brushes; a small box containing the tools necessary to take a musket to pieces and put it together again, a grease box and a wax box; two pocket handkerchiefs; fifty rounds of ball cartridge; and anything else he can find room for. The weight he carries is from sixty to seventy pounds. . . . Many a man keeps on drinking till he has a coat either to his back or his stomach. . . . A story has been circulating in the papers respecting a child in New Bedford who was left sleeping in a cradle, and who was found by its mother nearly deprived of life by a cat, which had stolen into the cradle and was sucking the infant's breath. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, a semi-medical organ, advances the opinion that the story is all moonshine so far as the child's breath is concerned, as at such a game the cat would have the worst of the bargain, babies having a much stronger power of suction than cats. The probability is that the cat selected the cradle as a warm bed, and lying on the child's chest produced violent nightmare, which might have resulted, as it sometimes does, in death. . . . Almost every writer speaks of "expectation standing on tip-toe," and she seems to have been standing thus ever since the invention of letters. The wonder is that her "toe" has not long since given way. . . . The reason why whales frequent the Arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil. . . . One must be easy in his mind to go to sleep quietly, but what must have been the feelings of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a Western hotel to sleep with a blackwoodsman, who gave him this welcome: "Well, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see, I'm an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping Indians. At the place I stopped night before last, they charged me five dollars extra 'cause I happened to whistle up the headboard with my kufie while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed, if you like. I feel kind penecable to-night." . . . There are in the consolidated city of Philadelphia about twenty ice establishments. The annual storage averages 1,000,000 tons, about 40 per cent of which is lost by waste. The importation from Boston

varies according to the ice crop yielded by their winters. This year most of the whole supply, it is stated, was derived from Boston. . . . Mrs. Anna Bishop has been well received in New York. The New York Evening Post says she has preserved her voice in all its accustomed freshness, and looks but little older than when there last. . . . The Providence Railroad depot, Boston, is receiving an addition to its passenger department, viz., a new wing, at the northeast corner of the building, which will front seventy feet on Pleasant Street, with a depth of forty feet. It will be brick, one story high, and will afford ample space for two large rooms for passengers—one for gentlemen and another for ladies. . . . There was lately on exhibition at Sidney, Australia, a set of horse shoes made of native gold, weighing twenty-four ounces, and worth about \$500. They were made for a favorite pony in New South Wales. . . . A new dodge, says the Chicago Press, has been put in practice, which has victimized several brokers. A man steps into a broker's office with some "California" gold in a handkerchief, which he offers for sale. The gold stands the test of acid, and would deceive superficial judges, but it is gold cold melted and mixed with enough silver to bring it down to twelve carats fine, profit. Something which the acid does not affect is put in to keep up the color. . . . An animal which the papers call a "cougar" was killed in the Towaunda swamp, about fourteen miles from Batavia, N. Y., lately. It measured eight feet from the extremity of its paws to the end of its tail, and weighed 147 pounds. The sheep-folds of the farmers in that vicinity have long suffered from its depredations. . . . Blondin has given his last performance for the season at Niagara. Upon the first day of June next he proposes again stretching his cable, and crossing the chasm upon stilts, with a wheelbarrow, etc.

Garibaldi at Parma.  
The people and the National Guard were waiting for him at the railway station, the crowd was excited to such a degree that they took the horses from the carriage, and drew him in triumph from street to street through the town, amid a shower of bouquets; and not content with this, on reaching his hotel, he was compelled to address the people from the balconies, which he did as follows: "After this demonstration, say, is it possible that the fugitive princes can ever return?" "No, it is impossible," was the unanimous response. "Well, then," added the general, "I swear to you by this sword, that if ever they dare to attempt to consign you again to servitude, we shall know how to defend ourselves to the last gasp. We ask no favors from any quarter; we only want our rights, like other nations, and with the help of Heaven we will have them at any cost—since diplomacy is endeavoring to deprive us of them."

### An aged Matron.

The commissary of police of the district of the Rue Vivienne, Paris, was recently called on to record the sudden death of an old lady, named Ereville, occupying a room on the Boulevard des Italiens, and to his surprise he learned that she was not less than 104 years of age. It is believed that her death, which took place very quietly, was hastened by the fatigue she underwent in remaining for a length of time at her window, on the 14th, to see the troops pass; but, in spite of all that could be said to her, she persisted in seeing the spectacle to the end, because, she said, it reminded her of the triumphal entry into Paris of General Bonaparte and the army of Italy, upwards of fifty years ago.

### Americans in London.

A London letter of August, says—"Several American gentlemen are in this vicinity, participating in the country hospitality of the Londoners. Among others Mr. J. Lathrop Motley, author of the 'Dutch Republic,' is staying a few miles out in the country, with his lady and family. He proposes passing the winter at the Hague, where the public will rejoice to hear he intends prosecuting still further his researches into Dutch history. At present he is engaged on a work of two volumes, which perhaps may be regarded as a continuation of the 'History of the Rise of the Republic,' but it will be christened with a new name."

### Advice to Students.

At the recent annual meeting of the Institute of France, the president seized upon a happy idea for the matter of his address; he condemned the too exclusive spirit in which many scientific and literary men pursued their studies, pointed to Leonardo da Vinci, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Descartes, and others, as examples for imitation, and argued that a true student or a true artist cannot, without injury to his own mind, isolate himself from the pursuits of his brother inquirers, but should ever bear in mind that "all the Muses were sisters."

### Notre Dame de Paris.

The works of the Cathedral of Notre Dame proceed rapidly. Seventeen of the statues have been placed in the "Gallery of the Kings," over the grand porch. The number when completed will be twenty-seven, commencing with Childbert and ending with Philippe-Auguste. The new spire raised over the intersection of the nave and transept has been covered with ornamental lead work, and the windows of the choir, fifty-one in number, are about to be filled with stained glass.

### Domestics in England.

A female domestic in England lately gave notice to her master that she was about to leave him to be married. Her master refused to accept her notice, but in spite of his refusal she went off and got married. The master then obtained the services of an officer who arrested the delinquent and carried her before a magistrate. The official sentenced her to pay a fine of £1 and to return to the service of her master, and the sentence was put in immediate execution.

### Naples.

A letter in a Genoese journal gives the cheering announcement that the Neapolitan government is preparing a constitution based upon an elective system and a National Assembly. Triennial Parliaments, to sit every year, but only for fifteen days; responsible ministers; and the power of dissolution of the Parliament by the king, with the consent of his ministers, are among the features particularly.

### Photographing an Emperor.

During the late military fete at Paris, the emperor reined in his charger whilst riding by the photographer's, Dindert, on the Boulevard, that he might be photographed at the head of his army. A copy of his picture is to be presented to each of his marshals.

### Splendid Present.

The inhabitants of Paris have recently presented the Empress Eugenie two superb vases of gold, weighing 180 ounces. They contain flowers of gold, each flower emitting an odor similar to the natural one of the flower which its form represents.

### General Fanti.

General Fanti has been appointed commander in chief of the army of the Italian League. General Garibaldi, it is positively affirmed, had been offered that high post, but his modesty prompted him to decline it.

### Sheridan Knowles.

Sheridan Knowles the venerable dramatist and preacher, lately addressed a large audience at Victoria Hall, Rothesay. His health has much improved of late, notwithstanding his advancing years.

### Ancient Busts.

It is stated that busts of Cicero and Agrippina and a statue of Apollo, all in bronze, were found recently in removing some earth for a road near Pompeii, and were placed in the museum at Naples.

### The Sultan of Turkey.

The health of the Sultan of Turkey has been restored. He had been almost at the point of death from fever.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### Matters in General.

The British forces have been signally defeated in China, at Pihlo, which resulted in the loss of no less than five gun-boats, and about a third of their whole force engaged. The mouth of the river was very effectually barred by iron stakes and booms. This bar was raked by the fire of newly constructed forts on the other side of the river, mounting 90 to 100 guns. If the Americans can open China to all nations by peaceful methods, let them do it; but thus far, they seem better able to help themselves than to do anything for the world at large. Little is said of the Conference of Zurich, and it appears to have lost all interest. The London Times says that nearly a year must elapse before any decided movements can be attempted in China, owing to the insufficiency of forces. It is supposed, however, that the China trade will not be interrupted. The Paris correspondent of the London Times states that a naval officer has been despatched by the French government to Perim to ascertain whether the island is being converted into a citadel, or is availed of simply as a pedestal for a useful lantern. The French papers announce that the special agent who was sent by the French government on a secret mission to India, has presented a report to Walewski, giving a very gloomy picture of the state of India. The article in the Paris Monitor, in regard to the peace of Villafranca, continued to occupy attention. It produced a very unfavorable effect at Paris, and future complications, again menacing to the state of Europe, were anticipated. The article came direct from the emperor to St. Saver. A new reform movement has been commenced in England. Cobden and others had had meetings, at which it was resolved that financial reform associations should be established in the principal towns—that lectures should be given, so as to prepare the way for an organized Parliamentary attack on the system at present in vogue.

### Works of Art.

Some idea may be formed of the enormous sums of money which are sunk in the purchase of pictures by the wealthier classes in England, from the fact that the collection of the late Lord Northwick has produced no less than £95,726. The sale extended over eighteen days, and was attended by dealers from all parts of the world. The picture of the "Birth of Jupiter," which cost his lordship £80, was knocked down at £1000. The picture of "St. John," by Carlo Dolci, from the Lucien Bonaparte Gallery, was knocked down for the sum of 2010 guineas. This is the highest price realized for a single picture throughout the sale.

### Russian Censorship of Sermons.

A singular custom has hitherto prevailed in the Russian Church, in accordance with which, in every diocese, preachers, before delivering their sermons, have had to submit them to the censorship of the dean, who examined and corrected, authorized or suppressed them, as he thought proper. The deans, in turn, submitted their sermons to the bishop, and so on through all the orders of the hierarchy. By a recent ukase, this censorship has been abolished in the diocese of St. Petersburg, and the freedom of speech is granted to preachers.

### English Authors.

Literature, like fashion, has quitted London. Mr. Dickens is at his country house, Gadshill Place, near Rochester. He has finally declined to accept a most inviting offer which was made to him to give readings in America. Mr. Carlyle is in Fifehire, Sir E. Lytton at Knebworth, Mr. Thackeray on the continent, and Mr. Wilkie Collins at Broadstairs, engaged on a new novel, which is to be published in "All the Year Round," on the conclusion of Mr. Dickens's story.

### French Exiles.

Proudhon, the Socialist, Barbes and Charras are among the additional French exiles who have declined the privileges of the late amnesty. Victor Schoelcher, a well known French author, now in England, whose latest work, a "Life of Handel," has been recently published by Mason Brothers of New York, has also declined to return to France, and has written a rather severe letter, in which he calls the emperor "Mr. Bonaparte."



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## SHREVE, BROWN &amp; Co.,

(LATE JONES, BALL &amp; Co.)

226 Washington and 1 Summer Sts., BOSTON.

OFFER for sale to the trade and at retail, a large assortment of goods at the lowest prices, consisting in part of the following, viz.

## WATCHES,

Including London and Geneva, in Gold and Silver Cases, of various styles and qualities, from the best manufacturers.

## CLOCKS,

In Marble and Bronze, of new and beautiful designs.

## BRONZES,

Statuettes, Vases, and ornaments of every description.

## SILVER WARE,

Of Modern and Antique Patterns, Tea Sets, Urns, Salvers, Pitchers, Baskets, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., of our own manufacture, and silver warranted of standard quality, and the workmanship executed in a superior manner.

## JEWELRY,

Of English, French, and American manufacture, of every description, constantly on hand.

## PLATED WARE.

English and American Plated Ware, of the best and medium quality.

Also a general assortment of

## FANCY GOODS.

We solicit purchasers to call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing.

## FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

The new Fall Style of

## HAT,

To be had of the Designer and Manufacturer,

## ABORN,

oct 8 2w 95 Washington St., Boston.



## TRIMMINGS,

CORSETS,

Watchspring Skirts,

CHENILLES,

Head Dresses,

COIFFURES,

AND

Thread Store Goods.

ALSO,

Zephyr Wools,

PRINTED

CHINCHILLA,

AND

SHADES

Of all Colors,

2, 4, AND 8 FOLD,

1000 pounds just received,

which we offer

at wholesale and retail

at the lowest prices at

F. P. SHUMWAY'S,

243

WASHINGTON

sept 24 4w STREET.



## BOOKBINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

## FLATULENCE.

MANY persons are annoyed, and even distressed, by the occurrence of flatulence, or wind in the stomach and bowels. This arises from impaired digestion, and loss of tone in the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal. By restoring the necessary tone to the stomach, the PERUVIAN SYRUP renders the painful symptoms impossible, and permits the food to go through its natural process of digestion.

## THE AMERICAN HOUSE,

HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug 20 9w

LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES—the largest and best assortment in the States. Also, elegantly carved Wood Pipes. Mounting and repairing at short notice.

aug 13 1f

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

68 Washington Street, corner State.

116,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred copies of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.

No. 22 Winter Street.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.



## RUTH PARTINGTON

WISHES YOU TO READ HER

## KNITTING WORK.

IT WAS PUBLISHED

AUGUST 10,

Since which time there have been sold

THREE EDITIONS,

AMOUNTING TO

15,000 COPIES!

Thus entitling the work to the claim of a

COMPLETE SUCCESS!

Daily orders are received for it from all parts of New England, and from the South and West, so that

## IT STILL SELLS WELL.

"It contains nothing inconsistent with good morals." *Hartford Calendar (Episcopal).*

"It possesses wonderful naivete and charm, and its abundant wit and humor is speed and seasoned with much wholesome instruction." *Watchman and Reflector (Baptist).*

"Like Mrs. Partington's 'Unmarried Bachelor,' this book is perfectly 'vacuinating.'" *Chicago Christian Advocate (Methodist).*

"It will win favor by its excellent feeling and attractive variety." *Daily Tribune, New York.*

"It points a moral or inculcates a lesson while it makes you laugh, and in its quietest and best strokes of mirth, there is often an after feeling of tears." *Harper's Weekly.*

It is the book for an

Evening's Entertainment.

It is just the book for a

Leisure Day.

Or just the book for

Car Reading.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

In 1 Vol., 12mo. Price, \$1.25.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,

Publishers, Boston.

## NOTICE.

In the Boston Post of September 24th, 1858, the editor says:

"An extraordinary cure of Consumption has recently come to our knowledge, effected through the instrumentality of *Fowler's Pulmonary Vine*, the evidence of which is in the handwriting of the subject, Mr. William P. Brigham, No. 180 Albany Street, in this city. It seems that for eighteen months he had been exhibiting all the usual symptoms of Consumption; and that after having had recourse to the skill of various physicians without benefit, he had to abandon his business and be confined to his house. Hearing of *Fowler's Pulmonary Vine*, and of several remarkable cures effected by it in cases as desperate as his own, he concluded to try it as a forlorn hope. The result has been most happy—he has now entirely recovered, and is engaged in his usual pursuits. It is such well authenticated cases as this that we take pleasure in laying before our readers, since by so doing, many valuable lives may be saved and much good effected."

This celebrated specific is now universally acknowledged to be infinitely superior to all other preparations for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Diseases, both from its innocent nature and its most remarkable curative properties, it being the only remedy known that can arrest the development of Tubercles in the Lungs, or restore the vital functions of the pulmonary organs, to their normal condition.

For sale by all Druggists. F. S. LAFORME, Sole Agent. M. S. BURR & Co., General Agents, 21 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1 per bottle, and 50 cents for trial bottle. The medicine can be administered with or without an Inhaler. Price of Inhaler, \$1.

## GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a *tender beef steak*, when cooked in this apparatus, shall be rendered *equally as tender as the sardin steak* when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,

may 28 1f 174 Washington, opposite Brimfield St.

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to do their value, to preserve them, and to make them available for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelties, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for less than ten cents per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

## OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE.

72 Tremont Street, Boston.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS are opening a full line New French Corsets, prices very low. New Styles French Vests, New Lace, New Embroidered Collars and Sails, New Muffs, Collars, Infants Embroidered Waists, Cambric Edgings and Insertions, Cambric Muslins, Namooks, checks and striped from 12 1/2 to 37 1/2 cents a yard. Shetland Vests, good, for 25 cents each. New French Flowers, Bonnet Ribbons, Ruchies, at wholesale and retail, very low. Ladies and Gentlemen's Morino Vests—a full stock just opened, Gents and Children's Hosiery, of every description, very best French Kid Gloves, 63 cents a pair, Lion Cambric Handkerchiefs, Embroidered Handkerchiefs, also Hemmed Starched Handkerchiefs, every variety, a full line Fine Wool Flannels, Cottons, etc., etc.; a full stock best Spring Skirts and Skirt Supporters, Linen Towels, Napkins and Table Cloths, from auction very cheap. New goods from every sale at decided bargains.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University.

Middlebury, Conn., Feb. 28, 1859.

SIR: W. FOWLE & Co., Gentlemen, I first made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years ago. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unpretending recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue the use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was, an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale every where.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

## RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD

FOR THE

## PIANO FORTE

IS

## A DECIDED SUCCESS!

AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING

The Standard Work of Piano Instruction.

An examination will convince any one of

ITS SUPERIORITY AND GENUINE MERIT.

Two Editions are published, one adopting American, the other Foreign Fingering. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the edition with American Fingering will be sent. Price \$3 on receipt of which it will be forwarded by mail, post paid.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

sept 24 3w 277 WASHINGTON STREET

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists at 60 cents a bottle. aug 13 8t

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; E. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

## HOYT'S

## HAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its

Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE O. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 25 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL P. MASON & Co. sept 3 8w

LADIES' KID GLOVES CLEANSED INSTANTLY by the application of Gantophile. Sent by

aug 13 1f 68 Washington Street, corner State.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given.

## NEW EDITION

OF THE

## BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU.

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,

MATHEW M. BALLOU.

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, reared by a filial hand, to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step and year by year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are thoroughly delineated.

The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit with which it has been received by good judges.

"Mr. Mathew M. Ballou has discharged his filial task in a most able and acceptable manner; with unaffected candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission." *Boston Evening Transcript.*

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far as possible, his own biographer, and wherever the patriarch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency, in the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression." *Littell's Living Age.*

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is written by one who knew the subject of it at home." *Rev. O. A. Skinner.*

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as to present the full proportions of his father's character." *Rev. C. W. Montgomery.*

"It is from the pen of Mathew M. Ballou, editor of Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great discrimination." *Rev. J. W. Loring.*

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of biography than has our author, as shown by this work." *Rev. A. Miner.*

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and finished; no straining after highly-wrought, flowery diction, and no descending to lightness or frivolity." *New York City Ambassador.*

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically, and truly recorded." *Oliver Branch.*

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou' discourse, or who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain the present publication. It is accompanied with an excellent engraving of the good man." *Boston Bee.*

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy, and natural style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence which characterized 'the old man eloquent'; the eloquence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the outgushing of feeling." *Rev. C. F. L. Felt.*

"The present volume embodies the history of his public, as well as his private trials. The gist of his doctrines and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the venerable subject." *Boston Post.*

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vigorous and successful writers connected with the Boston press, and the present volume will add much to his well-earned reputation." *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us in life—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom of a sage." *Vermont Chronicle.*

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS,

No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

## A CURIOSITY

FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

## THIS REAL NOVELTY

Is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept 2 1f 35 School Street, Boston.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. L. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS, cowlly 12 Attorney, 26 State St., Boston.

## SAMUEL MASURY,

## PHOTOGRAPH &amp; DAGUERRETYPE ARTIST.

(UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS)

289 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Photographs taken of every size and finished in Oil, Water, India Ink and Pastel Colors. Daguerreotypes taken in the most superior manner. June 4 1f

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, in neat and cheap and returned on week.



## COSTUMES OF AUVERGNE, FRANCE.

Auvergne, formerly a province of France, but now comprising the departments of Puy-de-Dôme and Cantal, with about 900,000 inhabitants, lies to the south of the geographical centre of the kingdom. It took its name from the ancient inhabitants, the *Averni*. Upper and Lower Auvergne, corresponding now to Puy-de-Dôme and Cantal, contains about 500 square leagues of territory. The mountains of Auvergne are among the most noted of France. The centre of the present department is formed of the Mont d'or, or Mountain of Gold, not called so, however, from any mineral riches it contains. Auvergne was celebrated in the days of ancient Gaul, and has always remained a very important part of France. It is much visited by tourists, in summer, but the reign of winter is described as long and dismal. Wild storms rage among the mountains, and the traveller who ventures along their ridges, and through their gorges, encounters peril at every step. Wolves prowl about them even in daylight. The Pic de Sancy is one of the most romantic of the mountains of Auvergne. From its summit you discern a dozen lakes, portions of several departments, and a long succession of mountain peaks and ridges. Farming and grazing are the principal occupa-

men were hardly darker than the bronzed French Zouave, with small, spare forms, and the sharp, keen, cunning expression of the half-civilized Oriental; others were ponderous, bull-necked and bullet-headed mulattoes, of almost gigantic stature, and seemingly ponderous strength, with lips and noses of the true Soudanian breed, and skins as black and shining as ink. As a general rule, the stature of these soldiers is superior to that of the French regiments of similar character. This is made especially apparent by the similarity of the uniform, which is the same in form in both corps, native and foreign; the only difference being that the loose trousers of the French Zouaves are red, while those of the African Turcos are, like their jackets, blue. The color, relieved by yellow facings and brocade, suits their swarthy complexions admirably; and it is difficult to conceive a figure more likely to strike terror into the pale Teutonic tribes of Northern Germany, unaccustomed to the sight, than one of those fierce-looking Kabyles or Moors, in his blue or yellow costume and snow-white turban twined round his jetty brows. There are, as I have said, men of all shades and sizes amongst them; but those above the middle height predominated, and every now and then one came across a tall, thin, lithe, thorough-bred looking Numidian, some

sable warriors adjusted their top knots and mustachios according to the most approved fashion. Rolling the turban is a matter of much importance and skill. It takes three hands to effect the operation properly; two men holding the linen cloth, while a third rolls it, displaying much coquettishness in not leaving a wrinkle behind him as he proceeds. Another part of their toilette in which they materially aid each other, is the long crimson scarf wound around the waist. A friend holds one end tightly, while the wearer commences at the other, and gradually and carefully winds himself up to the spot where his comrade stands.

The tents of the Turcos, like those of the rest of the army, are of the well known campaigning fashion called *tenies d'abris*. They are framed of six pieces of canvass, four of which form the conical covering, meeting in a ridge at the top, while the other two close the aperture left at either end; the whole assuming very nearly the shape of an ordinary dog-kennel. The light sticks which support it take to pieces like parts of a fishing rod, and, with the pieces of canvass, are divided among and strapped on their knapsacks by the six men who occupy the tent. No more perfect way perhaps has ever been devised of carrying one's own house on one's shoulders.

dread. He devours his own children; but, strange to say, likes better (for eating) the children of his neighbors. Heat spoils his appetite—cold sharpens it; and this very day (30 December, 1846), a friend has sent me a gormandizing specimen, caught by an armed gudgeon, amidst the ice and snow of the Thames, near Marlow. I envy the pike's constitution.—*Handbook of Angling*.

## TO MAKE CURRANT WINE.

For several years we have made a ten gallon keg of currant wine, which is of as good quality as any we have tasted, and is generally so pronounced by those who have had an opportunity to judge. The mode of manufacture is simple, and can be easily followed by any family having the currants, and the disposition to make the wine. For general information, we give the receipt, and cordially recommend it.

The currants should be fully ripe when picked; put them into a large tub, in which they may remain a day or two; then crush them with the hands, unless you have a small patent cider-press, in which they should not be pressed too much, or the stems will be bruised and impart a disagreeable taste to the juice. If the hands are used, put the crushed fruit, after the juice has been poured off, in a cloth or sack and press out



COSTUMES OF AUVERGNE, FRANCE.

tions of the inhabitants, and their wealth consists in grain, herds and flocks. The people are robust and hardy, and many of the muscular porters and other laborers you see in Paris, who exhibit a very different type of the Frenchman from that which passes current as such, are Auvergnats. Our artist has grouped together a number of these people. In the centre sits a sturdy grazer, with wooden shoes (*sabots*) on his feet, and his iron-shod mountain staff in his hand. The woman beside him is a fair representative of the undeveloped beauties of Auvergne. She is quite in the Rubens style of attraction. The other female figure shows the plain attire and peculiar headdress of the mountains. The reclining figure on the left, with slouched hat and coarse, loose garments, is a cattle tender. A woman making butter in a hand-churn completes the group. These people are ignorant, but honest and industrious.

## THE TURCOS.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, paid a visit to the camp of St. Maur—some two or three miles from Paris—where the returned army of Italy were encamped, preparatory to the grand march into Paris. In his letter he gives the annexed graphic description of the Turcos, and their habits.—The French Turcos' regiments present every shade of color, and every variety of African race, from the comparatively fair skinned native of the coast to the coal black negro of the interior. Some of the

six feet one or two inches in height, seemingly as fleet as a panther, and not much tamer in character. Yet, when not roused to anger, the men seemed playful, and even affectionate amongst each other, and without animosity or any apparent distinction of caste! The burly, coarse-bred, flat-nosed nigger was treated *en bon comrade* by the slight-built, sharp-featured and elegantly-moulded Berber. To walk hand in hand was almost universal, and it was by no means unusual to see two of them strolling about, with their arms round each other's necks. But on the least provocation the hot blood of the children of the South was up in a moment, and they glared at each other like true savages, as they disputed over a can of water, or a dish of coffee.

Shaving is an important operation with Mussulmen, and the barber's shop, in the Turcos' camp, was crowded with customers. One after another took his seat on the tin kettle which served as a stool, and unbarbican his bare pate, exposed the single tuft or scalp lock, which alone most of them retained on the summit. The fashion, however, is slightly varied, and some allowed a sufficient quantity of hair to grow to cover the entire crown of the head. No Figaro ever performed his business more dextrously than an Algerian shaver; and with the aid only of a little water, the razor did its work with a rapidity that was truly startling. A bit of looking glass, not much bigger than a five franc piece, was in great request, and by its aid these

A layer of straw or dry leaves, and a soldier's blanket completes the accommodation. In the day time the shady side of the tent can be lifted up, and forms thus a most agreeable canopy.

## THE PIKE.

The pike, commonly called Jack when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well known fish—like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy, unsociable, tyrannical savage, and is hated like Bluebeard. Everybody girds at him with a spear, gaff, hook, net, snare, even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge hook is especially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded; and, like the most accomplished corporate officer, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a so'n-night. He can gorge himself then to beyond the gills without the slightest derangement of the stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at; and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and

the remaining juice. Put the juice back in the tub after cleansing it, where it should remain for about three days, until the first stages of fermentation are over, and removing once or twice a day the scum copiously arising to the top. Then put the juice into a vessel—a demijohn, keg, or barrel—of a size to suit the quantity to be made, and to each quart of juice, add three pounds of the best brown sugar (we prefer this to the loaf), and water sufficient to make a gallon.

Thus, ten quarts of juice and thirty pounds of sugar will give you ten gallons of wine, and so on in that proportion. The cask must be full, and the bung or stopper left off till fermentation ceases, which will be in twelve or fifteen days. Meantime the cask must be filled up daily with water, as fermentation throws out the impure matter. When fermentation ceases, rack the wine off carefully, either from the spigot or by a siphon, and keep running all the time. Cleanse the cask thoroughly with boiling water, then return the wine, bung up tightly, and let it stand for four or five months, when it will be fit to drink, and can be bottled if desired.

All the vessels, casks, etc., should be perfectly sweet, and the whole operation should be done with an eye to cleanliness. In each event, every drop of brandy or other spirituous liquors added will detract from the flavor of the wine, and will not in the least degree increase its keeping qualities. Currant wine made in this way will keep for an age, unless it is—drank.—*Germantown Telegraph*.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

3 CENTS SINGLE. | Vol. XVII., No. 16... Whole No. 434  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM.



LOUIS NAPOLEON AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY IN PARIS.

[See page 270.]



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANNA MORTON:

—OR—

## SELF SACRIFICE.

BY DELL A. CALKINS.

"I shall miss you sadly, Anna, during the months that you are to remain absent," said Caroline Dinsmore to her friend, Anna Morton, on the evening previous to the latter's leaving home for a long absence.

"Not more than I shall miss you, Carrie, and my own dear home, and Oakfield with all its sweet associations," replied Anna.

"I shall be very lonely in my rambles, Anna. The woods will lose half their endearing beauties, when you are not here to wander with me through their pleasant shades."

"You forget, Carrie, that Mr. Grant has promised to be your humble servant, upon whom you are to call at all times, as upon a brother."

"Do not laugh at me, Anna, you know I detest Mr. Grant, and only tolerate him because I find it necessary to do so; besides, it is not an humble servant that I require, but a faithful friend, such as you, dear Anna, have always been."

"I presume Mr. Grant might unite the two, and there is no doubt in my own mind, that he would gladly act in another capacity—that of a devoted lover. I think I have perceived symptoms of it lately."

"Devoted fiddlesticks! How can you talk in this way, Anna?"

"Well, well, don't look so earnest about it, but promise me seriously, dear Carrie, that whenever you do give away your heart, I may be the first to share your secret; will you promise, Carrie?"

"I will, Anna, provided you make me the same promise. Now remember! no withdrawing from the compact; as soon as you experience the symptoms, you must make it known to me. The disease manifests itself in much the same manner to every individual who is exposed to the contagion; a feeling of 'goneness' about the heart, stomach and understanding, and frequently, an entire loss of common-sense and identity, accompanied by bilious glances of the eye, with prolonged and prodigious sighs, to which the whirlwind bears no comparison. This is the 'diagnosis,' Anna, and it lies with yourself to make use of those remedies that cover the greatest number of symptoms; yet, if you should need 'counsel,' I should be happy to serve you whenever you may feel disposed to seek it."

"You lay me under many obligations for so lucid an explanation, but I sincerely trust I may be allowed to escape the infliction, fearful it might prove more than I could endure. Now I must say good-by, Carrie, for this is my last evening at home, and I must spend it with mother. Remember your promise, Carrie, to write me long letters, and often."

"Never fear, Anna, that I shall forget it; I shall be too anxious to hear often from you, not to fulfil it."

And thus the two friends parted, one to her elegant and luxurious home and the society of fond and indulgent parents, the other to bid adieu for weary months to the scenes of childhood, round which passing years had linked endearing charms, while the warm sunlight of her widowed mother's love shed radiance round her home. Anna Morton would on the morrow bid farewell, and in a distant city engage in that vocation which would enable her, from the rich stores of her own cultivated intellect, to impart to others those precious gifts that are of more worth than gold or gems.

Caroline Dinsmore and Anna Morton had been inseparable friends from childhood. Constant association in all childish pastimes formed the basis of an attachment which years of school-girl intercourse served rather to increase than diminish. They were nearly of the same age, and only daughters, yet here the similarity between them, slight though it was, terminated.

Carrie Dinsmore, as she was usually called, was beautiful as a dream of heaven, full of life and animation, frank and confiding, but when roused by the power of deep emotion, or imagined wrong, high spirited and dignified in the full possession of that superiority which lifted her above common minds, and constituted her a noble and intellectual woman. Reared in affluence, with no wish ungratified, hers had been, thus far, a charmed life, enwoven with sunbeams

and flowers, and overhung by rosy-tinted clouds of beauty.

Anna Morton was not beautiful, like her friend, yet hers were those enduring and endearing charms that outlast the grace of form and feature, lending even to the plainest countenance, the beauty of the inner spirit of purity that found its resting place within the sanctuary of her soul, and manifested by kindly acts and loving words, radiating the sunlight of joy, dispelling mists of gloom and sorrow, and imparting to other hearts a portion of its own beautiful nature.

The days of childhood that promised an undimmed future, had passed to the land of broken hopes and vanished dreams, leaving Anna in the spring-time hours of her life dependent on herself for all that was to make that life a pleasure rather than a pain. Retiring and unassuming in manner, none but those who knew her well, understood her real worth, or the depth and strength of her character; but once perusing the pure pages of her heart, none ever failed to turn again and renew the pleasant task.

Weeks passed away, and though Carrie did indeed miss the companionship of Anna in her daily walks, the warm pressure of her hand, and the loving glances of her eye, yet the feeling was not such as would have been experienced had the separation taken place months earlier than it did, for was there not a manly form ever at her side, a kindly hand always near to assist her up the steep woodland path, when some sweet, wild flower attracted her beauty-loving eye? And then, when the summit of the hill was gained, and the coveted treasure added to the rich collection already made, when with beaming smiles she thanked him who stood beside her, gazing into those bright eyes as if in their clear depths he sought to read his fortune—did not the sweet conviction steal upon her soul, that a feeling dearer far than friendship had found a home within her heart? What wonder, then, that Anna Morton's absence made not the void that Carrie feared it would, when on that calm eve in early June, she bade her friend a sad farewell?

Norman Leigh had come to Oakfield for the purpose of recruiting his wasted energies previous to settling down in his native city for the practice of the profession he had chosen, and while visiting at the house of a mutual friend, had first gazed in admiration on the beauty of Carrie Dinsmore; then and there he silently registered a vow, that if the fair girl's heart were yet her own, he would plead for it as a priceless treasure. Fate smiled upon him, and hope gently led him onward until the prize was won.

It was towards the close of a pleasant summer day, as they sat together on Sunset Hill, as Carrie's favorite resort was called, watching the crimson and amber waves of light as they slowly receded from the shores of day, that Norman Leigh gained assurance from the lips of Carrie Dinsmore, the sweet assurance that the deep and earnest love he bore her was returned, and happy in the possession of the prize he coveted, he vowed unwavering constancy and eternal love.

When Carrie Dinsmore parted from Norman Leigh that night, it was as his plighted wife, and with emotions of deep and earnest joy filling her glad young heart, and irradiating every line of her lovely countenance with new beauty, imparting a holier, deeper light to her clear, dark eye, and with a rich harmony in her tones that told of a heart whose chords were throbbing in unison with those of the dearly loved. And when on the morrow Norman came to say farewell previous to his return to his own home, though the dew of sorrow hung upon the silken lashes of Carrie, and her voice slightly trembled as the parting words were spoken, the same deep feeling of joy still remained, and chased away the transient clouds that floated like a veil of mist around her.

Lester Grant had been a resident of Oakfield for a period of nearly two years, and during that time had succeeded in establishing a reputation as a lawyer of decided talent and ability. He was pleasing and agreeable in manners, and by the ladies—at least the greater part of them—much admired; yet, the more discriminating among those who knew him best, penetrated the mantle of grace and goodness that hung so airily upon his shoulders, and beheld beneath merely the skeleton of true manliness, from which the outer covering had wholly vanished.

Lester Grant had bowed in homage at the shrine of many fair ones, yet his love had been

awakened by but one. But alas! for the transitory nature of earth's sweetest hopes! The eye that he would fain have seen lighted with gladness at his approach, turned from his own pleading glance, and left him to mourn in anguish over the ruins of the fair temple he had reared.

Weeks, months passed away, and the love he had cherished changed into hatred, bitter and intense, as in her daily walks and rides he saw the place he had hoped to fill by the side of Carrie Dinsmore gladly given to another.

A spirit of revenge took possession of his heart, from this time forth, and he determined to leave no means untried whereby he might mar the happiness of her who had rejected the love he offered, and given her heart—the heart he coveted, into the keeping of another. No feeling of remorse swayed his soul, as, with the outward semblance of continued friendship, he gazed upon the fair, smiling face of her he had once loved, or listened to the rich music of her voice as from the full, deep springs of her happiness it came welling up.

Time passed. Long and frequent letters were exchanged between Carrie and Anna, one telling of joys and sorrows in her life of labor, the other breathing only the fullness of joy. Carrie wrote, "O, I do so long to have you with me, Anna, that I might pour into your friendly ear the full tide of happiness that is bearing me onward towards a glad, bright future! I have missed you, Anna, O, so sadly! Yet now he has gone, I feel our separation still more deeply, and with all my joy, a feeling of deep sadness for which I cannot account, ever and anon comes upon my heart and seems to fold it in dark wings of gloom; but even while I write, a smile comes to my lips, and I am tempted to cast my letter to the winds. Should you conclude to remove to B., as you intimated in your last, dear Anna, you will then have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this dear friend of mine, and can determine for yourself if I have exaggerated in my description of his worth and talents. But remember, Anna, don't steal away his heart from me, for I could not live without it now."

One evening Carrie came from her room, hat and shawl on, prepared for a walk, and holding in her hand a letter which she wished to deposit in the office before dark, but just as she was descending the steps, she was met by a party of friends from whom she could not well excuse herself, and returning with them into the house, she handed her letter to a young girl who happened to be passing through the hall, charging her to proceed with it directly to the office.

Hetty Lee took the letter, and hurrying on her bonnet, promised to perform the errand immediately, glad of an opportunity to show the pretty dress she had put on for the first time, and hoping she might meet one in whom, of late, she had become deeply interested, yet whose name she dared not breathe aloud.

Hetty had lived with Mrs. Dinsmore from a mere child; she was very pretty, and for one in her station, remarkably intelligent and interesting; she was not really an humble friend, nor could she be called a servant; she seemed to stand on the dividing line between the two. Her greatest fault was vanity, and an absorbing love of dress, to gratify which, no sacrifice was too great, short of actual crime.

Lester Grant had seen this girl in his visits to the house of Mr. Dinsmore, and was particularly struck with her beauty and her evident love of admiration. Hetty was aware of the interest with which he regarded her, and had found an opportunity several times, of conversing with him, when he had happened to call during the absence of Carrie, and was greatly pleased at his evident admiration; she never dreamed he was amusing himself at her expense, and when at length he occasionally joined her in her evening walks, no warning voice whispered her to beware of the temper, and thoughtless of the future, she pursued her perilous course.

It was rapidly growing dark when Hetty started out, and she was just hastening her steps lest she should not reach the office in time, when a low voice at her side accosted her.

"Where is the little bird flying to now?"

"O, Mr. Grant, is that you? I am going to the post-office with a letter for Miss Carrie."

"A letter for her friend Anna, perhaps?" said the gentleman, carelessly, yet looking earnestly at the girl as he spoke.

"O, no! It is for her lover," answered Hetty, with a toss of her head and a coquettish look at her companion.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, in a quick, low tone, then, drawing the girl's arm through his, he continued, in a soft, insinuating voice, "Well, little one, you may slacken your speed, and we will take a short walk, for the office is already closed."

"Closed! And are you quite sure? it is not eight yet, and Miss Carrie is very anxious the letter should go to-night."

"No doubt!" replied the man, with a sneer, "she is probably impatient to receive one in return. I hope she will not be disappointed!" And he laughed a short, disagreeable laugh, that made Hetty start and look inquiringly in his face, which wore an expression she had never before seen there. As they turned from the principal street into one less frequented, Lester Grant said: "Hetty, you had better let me take the letter; I can put it in the office early in the morning, and it will be all the same to Miss Dinsmore."

"I am afraid she wouldn't like it. I think I had better hurry and put it in now; it may not be too late yet."

"What! and spoil our walk! I thought, Hetty, you would like to walk with me this evening; but if I am mistaken, you can go," and he shook her hand from his arm, and turned as if to leave her.

"Yes, I will walk with you!" exclaimed Hetty, hastily. "You may take the letter; here it is, only don't let Miss Carrie know of it."

"Never fear!" said Lester Grant, as he eagerly took the letter from Hetty's hand, and then again drawing the girl's arm through his, they proceeded on their way. Before they parted that night, Lester Grant had gained from Hetty the information that she often carried letters for Miss Carrie to and from the office, and so warped had her sense of right become, that after some persuasion and several promises of bright ribbons, Hetty finally consented to let him see all letters that she took from the office ere she should carry them to Miss Dinsmore.

It was quite late when Hetty Lee bade her companion good night, at the corner of the street, and with a feeling of oppression at her heart, crept stealthily to her own room, almost resolved to see him again and retract the promise she had rashly made, and implore him, whatever his own evil intentions were, not to bring upon her head the reproaches of those who had always been kind to her, much more so than she deserved. But slumber soon laid its weight upon her eyelids and hushed the low voice that whispered in her heart, and on the morrow the resolution vanished.

Summer had laid aside her airy robes of beauty for those more gorgeous hues that deck the latter months of autumn. Bright-eyed flowers no longer waited for the south wind's kiss, but gently folding their fair petals, as fold above bright, sunny eyes, the blue-veined lids of infancy at the low, death-angel's call, shutting out all life and light, they bowed their fair brows before the destroyer of their beauty, and sweetly, sadly breathed away their being.

The golden glow of an autumnal sunset still lingered on the summit of the hill, crowning it with glorious beauty, while the rich hues of the foliage that decked its sides like regal robes, reflected to the eye of the beholder a scene exquisitely lovely, yet made still more beautiful by reason of its transitory nature.

With slow and lingering step, Carrie Dinsmore threaded her way through the narrow path that wound around the base of the hill to its sunlit summit, and as she reached its highest point, where the eye could gaze for miles on plain and meadow that extended on every side in all the richness of their beauty, her glance lingered a moment on the scene before her, and then, with a low sigh, she turned away and seated herself in her favorite resting-place beneath the branches of a wide-spreading oak, giving up her thoughts to reverie.

Since last she plucked with eager hand the scented violet that looked with glad blue eyes upon the happiness that love had kindled in her heart, a change, a saddening change, had passed athwart the fair horizon of her life, leaving only clouds of darkness, where once the bow of promise hung. Now, with the flowers she loved so well, her brightest hopes had faded, and the low sighing of the mournful autumn wind in the branches above her head, seemed dirge-like, in its low monotony. Drawing forth a letter, Carrie read and re-read its contents, until blinding tears filled her sad blue eyes; then, casting the paper aside, words of agony escaped her lips.



"O, it is cruel to write me thus! Why should he doubt my love? why cast me from him without a word of explanation? Yet what could I say to him? I am innocent of all cause of offence, and I cannot pierce the veil of mystery that hangs around his words. I have never hinted at a change in my affection for him, and as to any other attachment, he has no foundation for the suspicion. What can it mean? I fear it has but one interpretation—he is weary of my love, and seeks thus to break its bonds. I have been deceived in him, and yet I deemed him all that was good and noble. I must, I will write to him! Yet—no, he coldly, scornfully forbids it, and I will not force my love upon him; he thinks I have deceived him, and will listen to no explanation. I will bear the blows as a slighted woman ought. A slighted woman! Not by all my pride, I will rather prove to him how powerless falls the shaft designed to pierce my soul. With these last tears, I wash from my heart the image of Norman Leigh, while his name shall no longer linger lovingly upon my lips."

With quick, resolute hand, Carrie wiped away her tears, and then, as the shades of evening were rapidly advancing, descended the hill with a firm step and determined bearing, strong in the canopy of truth and innocence.

Carrie confided to Anna Morton the history of her love for Norman Leigh, asserting her conviction that he had never really loved her, but had taken this means of breaking their engagement, merely as a shield for his fickleness.

Anna was pained at this termination of her friend's dream of happiness, and sought to change her views in regard to Norman Leigh, yet it was of no avail; Carrie scornfully rejected Anna's proposition for a reconciliation, saying:

"If you think, Anna, that I would sue for his love, you little know the heart that throbs with indignation at the thought! No! the love that was freely given him in exchange for that as freely offered, has all been returned to me with cold and chilling words that may never be forgotten, and never would woman's pride allow word or sigh of mine to reach his heart, even did I know that heart would be laid at my feet when the supplicating word was uttered."

"When you shall chance to meet with Norman Leigh, never breathe my name to him. I would not that he should be reminded of one whom he has scorned; let my memory be to him as a dream, indistinct, and fading soon away. Remember, Anna, as you love me, never recall me to his remembrance."

Months passed; grief, that in spite of all her pride, had settled like a cloud about the heart of Carrie Dinsmore, traced its deepening lines upon her fair young face. Yet none ever knew the cause; in silence had she suffered, in silence wrestled with the anguish that would not seek relief in sympathy. The correspondence between Anna and Carrie still continued, yet never after that first time, had Carrie even alluded to the subject that had caused her so much of sorrow.

Anna still hoped, till there could be ground for hope no longer, that Norman Leigh would return to his allegiance, but as time passed, the hope passed with it, and Anna had ceased to think of it, and believed it would never be. But as this hope died out, another took its place.

The name of Norman Leigh had more or less often found a place in Anna's letters, but of late she rarely mentioned him, and her letters seemed to Carrie constrained and less confiding than formerly, and when rallied on the subject, Anna answered evasively the questions of her friend, yet proving to the quick eye of Carrie there was something to conceal, something that Anna would gladly make known, yet dared not.

It was not long, however, ere a few sentences in one of Anna's letters revealed to Carrie all that had seemed a mystery. Anna wrote:

"For weeks past, dear Carrie, I have wished to open my heart to you, yet each time I have made the attempt, my pen has faltered, and I have laid it down despairingly. Now, I will hesitate no longer, but make the confession that has hung trembling on my lips each time I have addressed you. The smile of scorn may wreath your lips, or perchance the light of pity will beam from your dark eyes, when I tell you that the heart you deemed devoid of honor, has poured its rich treasures of love at my feet, and, unlike you, I could not close my eyes to the manly worth of him whom I have learned to love, ay, worship, as I have never loved or worshipped aught else on earth! Will you forgive me, Carrie, for this treason to yourself, and allow me still to

hold the place in your regard that has ever been dearly prized by me? It was long, dear Carrie, ere I could look upon Norman Leigh even in the light of a friend, but long and frequent intercourse with him has taught me he has been wronged, and the love he sought has at length been given him."

Months had passed since the fading out of Carrie Dinsmore's dream of love, and she had forced herself to believe that every trace of her soul's conflict had been blotted out, yet as she read these lines penned by Anna's hand, a low cry escaped her pallid lips, and clasping her hands tightly together, she sat with bowed head, immovable as one deprived of life. Hours passed away, and still she retained the same despairing attitude, till at length, forcing back the tears that welled upward from exhausted fountains, she started to her feet, and throwing backward the long wavy hair that shaded her temples, she paced her room with rapid steps, thought following thought in quick succession, like ocean billows on the wave-washed shore.

Rapidly she scanned the past—its bright moments, joy-laden, its rosy dreams and glowing hopes that love had called to light and life, and all those varied gleams imagination brings to gild life's morning hours. And now, in these moments of anguish, the yearnings of her heart found utterance. Pride no longer stood sentinel at its portals; the tide of memory was too strong to be resisted, and sweeping away all barriers, her proud spirit bowed in agony beneath the overwhelming flood that poured in upon her being.

Again she read the words that opened once more the wound she had deemed long since healed. And as she rose, the conviction stole upon her heart for the first time since that dark hour when she learned the love of Norman Leigh had been withdrawn, that she had been unjust to him. Yet why recall the past? It was dead to her, and now it was her task once more to stifle the grief that again preyed upon her heart. With a determination to banish all thought of Norman Leigh, and calling pride once more to her aid, Carrie prepared to answer Anna's letter; kindly and affectionately did she refer to the confession of her friend, yet in terms so guarded, none could have told the agony it cost her, and when her task was finished, wearily laying aside her pen, Carrie laid her head upon her folded arms and gave herself up to thought, till the clock upon the mantel warned her that the midnight hours were passing, and rising with a face pale from conflicting emotions, yet with the light of firm resolve beaming in her eye, she sought repose.

Anna Morton sat one evening just at twilight in a musing mood, alone in the parlor of Mrs. Allen, the lady with whom she had made her home during her residence in B. Thoughts of the home of her childhood thronged around her, past hours of happiness enjoyed with her early friend, came back to her, filling her heart with yearnings for the companionship of that loved one.

Taking from her writing-desk that stood near, a picture of Carrie, she sat intently looking at it, when the door opened and Norman Leigh entered. After conversing nearly an hour with her companion, Anna turned to him with a smile and a slight blush, saying:

"I have long wished to ask you a question; will you answer it now?"

"Upon one condition," returned Norman, smiling.

"Name it."

"That I may be allowed to look upon the picture that absorbed your attention when I entered."

Anna looked up hastily, hesitated, then after a moment's thought, replied:

"Yes, I will allow you to see it."

"Well, then, the picture first, and then the question," said Leigh, gayly, appearing not to notice her embarrassment, though wondering greatly at its cause. The name of Carrie Dinsmore had never been mentioned between them, though Norman Leigh well knew that Anna and Carrie were early friends. Anna had refrained from speaking the forbidden name, through regard to the wishes of her friend. And Norman Leigh, why did he never speak of one whom he had once loved? Because he had believed himself deceived in her he had deemed all truth, and in the first moments of his distrust, had vowed never again to look upon her face, or breathe the name that once had power to stir the deepest waters of affection in his breast. Mingling with

the fair and gay, he sought in vain some shrine whereon he might lay the offering of his love. His yearnings were unsatisfied, until at length he met with Anna Morton, but as acquaintance opened to him the rich treasures of her intellect, and a knowledge of the purity of her heart, he once more fancied his bark of love anchored in safety on the calm bosom of an unruffled sea. And yet he deceived himself, he unconsciously deceived Anna, for down deep in his heart burned the unextinguished embers of a passion that needed but a single breath to fan them to an undying flame.

As Norman Leigh received the picture from the hands of Anna Morton, and turned to look upon its smiling lineaments, the effect was startling. A deathly hue overspread his countenance, the smile that had lighted up his features, gave place to an expression of deep agony. Thro looking lovingly upon him from out the ivory, was the fair, smiling face of her whom he had so misjudged. The same deep, earnest eyes looked up into his own; the small, sweet mouth round which a smile was wreathed, seemed about to whisper to his aching heart, the low, dear words of love.

A sickness of the soul came over Norman Leigh, and in that brief moment he learned how deep had been the love he bore for her who smiled unconsciously upon him. The pallor of his countenance, the hasty words he uttered, were evidences to Anna that there was more in the heart of him who stood beside her than she had yet been enabled to read, and with the conviction came that deathly sinking of the heart that tells a blight has come upon it.

Leigh strove to command himself and appear at ease, and he so far succeeded, that when he left her, Anna's heart was greatly lightened of its weight, yet still dim shadows hung around it. The question she had framed, remained unasked, a few hasty, unimportant words were uttered by Leigh about the picture, and then no further mention was made of it. \* \* \*

The period Anna had allotted for her absence from home had nearly expired, and she was now making preparations for her return. She had been out shopping one morning, and on her return was informed that Mr. Leigh awaited her in the parlor. The door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open, she entered the room, her light footfall returning no sound to its occupant. He sat, his head leaning on one hand, gazing earnestly on the picture of Carrie Dinsmore that Anna had unknowingly left lying upon the table, the same deathly pallor, the same expression of soul felt anguish sat upon his countenance as when on that first evening he gazed upon the painted lines.

Anna stood transfixed; the forebodings that had filled her heart on a previous occasion, again pressed heavily upon it, depriving her for the instant of the power of speech, yet soon recovering herself, and finding that she was still unperceived, she turned and glided from the room ere her entrance had been noticed.

Regaining her own apartment, Anna yielded to the emotions that filled her heart. A suspicion of the true state of Norman Leigh's affections sent a thrill of agony through her being that well nigh overpowered her reason, and with a low moan she sank upon her knees and tried to pray, but words came not; only the same low moan of anguish escaped her white lips; the soul's agony lay too deep for words, yet the voiceless prayer that trembled there made it-eif a pathway to the throne of the Infinite, and He who knows each aspiration of the heart, uttered or unexpressed, gave strength sufficient for the trial, to his supplicating child.

Anna took no note of time; hours might have passed, or only minutes, she knew not; but at length the closing of the hall door roused her from the spell that bound her, and rising from her lowly posture, she approached the window just in time to see Norman Leigh descending the steps to the street. With a feeling of relief that she was not obliged to meet him then, she turned away, and sinking upon a seat, endeavored to collect her thoughts.

After this Anna Morton and Norman Leigh met often, yet the feelings of each were changed. Leigh was always in a gloomy, thoughtful mood, from which it was with difficulty that he roused himself, and though his manner towards Anna was kind and tender, there was still evidence enough to strengthen the suspicions she had entertained, and confirm a resolution made in that hour of anguish when the soul wrestled with opposing powers that stood in readiness to sweep

away each joyous hope that had made life hitherto a scene of beauty.

The hour for departure came at length, and assuming a gayety she did not feel, she met Norman Leigh to say farewell. Though her cheek was pale, and a strange light shone in her clear, dark eye, yet he who stood beside her listening to the low words she uttered, believed it to be but the brief emotion caused by the thought of separation. But his eye pierced not the inner recesses of Anna's heart, as, stilling its wild throbbings, with calm, low tones the parting words were uttered; and then, with one long, last look, she turned away, while in that hour of parting, her own trembling hand had set the seal upon life's brightest hopes.

Anna had been at home nearly a fortnight, and it had already been rumored that she was making preparations for her intended marriage; but when rallied by her friends upon the subject, she would shake her head and make some evasive answer, while the deathlike pallor that overspread her countenance, sadly puzzled those who would gladly have put more searching questions, had they dared.

The old friendship between Carrie and Anna had been renewed, and the quick eye of Anna at once discovered the changes that a year had made in the appearance of her friend.

Carrie strove to rally her spirits when in Anna's presence, and to converse without hesitation on the subject of her approaching marriage. At such times Anna made but slight answers, and occupied herself in noting every word and look of Carrie's, striving as often as possible to bring out her sentiments in regard to Norman Leigh, that she might be the better able to judge of her present feelings towards him who once claimed the highest place in her regard. Gradually she was led to speak of him, till at length Anna had learned every particular relating to the dissolving of their engagement, with the exception of the agony she had endured, and of that Anna had no need to hear, while Carrie's pride would not suffer her to mention it, especially now that she realized the change in their relative positions.

Anna, believing she had a clue to the facts of the case, questioned as minutely as delicacy would permit, concerning the letters that had been exchanged between them, and in the course of conversation, Carrie remarked:

"When I first read the last letter of Norman Leigh, I fully believed it to have been forged, but knowing none who would be at all likely to wish to injure me, I soon gave up the idea; besides this, I had usually received my letters in person, with the exception of once or twice, and then Hetty Lee brought them to me, and I would as soon trust her as myself."

There were two ideas in all that Carrie said, that Anna had denched and fixed upon her mind, yet she said nothing concerning them at the time, and soon after this, the conversation being interrupted, Carrie, who had been calling on Anna, took leave.

That evening, as Anna sat alone with her mother, she broke a long silence by asking, abruptly, "Mother, what is your opinion of Mr. Grant?"

Mrs. Morton looked up in some surprise as her daughter asked this sudden question, then hesitating a moment, while a glow came to her usually pale cheek, she replied:

"I believe, though I would say it to none but you, that Lester Grant is a man utterly devoid of principle; one who would rob the widow and the fatherless of their last penny, and would scruple not to benefit himself at whatever cost to others, who, to revenge an injury, would go any length."

"This is the opinion I had formed of him, precisely," remarked Anna.

"He has been very attentive to your friend Carrie, during your absence," continued Mrs. Morton, "and rumor says, offered her his hand and heart, which she refused."

"I suspected as much," replied Anna, "but where is he now? I have not seen him yet."

"Charges of the grossest nature have been brought against him, he hastily left Oakfield some three weeks before your return. It has been whispered that he tried hard to have poor Hetty Lee accompany him. Whether this is true or not, I am unable to say; certain it is, however, they have often been seen together, and it is supposed he had a great influence over her. I myself know that she has seemed very unhappy since his departure."



Anna listened with but few comments, but a resolution was taken that night which the morning saw carried out. As Hetty Lee was passing Mrs. Morton's on the morning following the conversation of Anna and her mother, Anna called to her, and asked her to come in for a few moments, as she wished to have some conversation with her. Hetty turned pale, hesitated a moment, and finally entered the house. She remained closeted with Anna for nearly an hour, and when she again came forth, her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, while the deathly pallor of Anna's countenance, the strange, settled look of despair, mingled with stern resolve, told too plainly that all had been made known to her—all had been revealed that was henceforth to make the love of Norman Leigh but "a memory and a name." Retiring again to her own room, Anna wrestled alone with the deep anguish of her heart. All that she had feared was now made plain to her. Norman Leigh had indeed offered her his love, but far down beneath this second love, she had seen glimpses of the first, purer, deeper, stronger than that he bore for her, though deemed hopeless. And had she not reason to believe that the love Carrie had in vain tried to crush, still lived, smothered though it might be, but still living, real?

And should she, knowing all this, divide two hearts that were in reality one? No! every principle of right forbade it. The happiness of him she loved must be secured at whatever cost. And that dear friend who had ever been to her as a sister, should her young life be blighted, and through her? It must never be! Though her own heart might break in the struggle, its dearest hopes must be offered up a sacrifice for the good of those she loved. The relation that had existed between herself and Norman Leigh must be forever broken; she must see him no more—she should see him no more; she had felt this at their parting, which she had believed then to be final; 'twas this that caused her voice to tremble with the emotion she could not fully hide, this that made the throbbing of her weary heart seem like a funeral drum beating above buried hopes that would no more gladden her with the sweet light of life. Henceforth she must nerve her heart to tread alone those paths she had fondly hoped to tread with him. Now, her brightest joy should be, the knowledge of duty well performed, the consciousness of having secured to those she loved the happiness she had forever denied herself.

The struggle was long and fearful, yet the victory over self was finally gained, and then unfalteringly did Anna complete her task. With the explanations she was enabled to give, her object was at length accomplished, and those long separated were again united.

Deep joy filled Carrie's heart when all was told her, yet tears of sorrow filled her eyes and fell upon the pale, calm face of Anna when she thought upon the sacrifice that noble heart was making for her—for him; and even the knowledge of the continued love of Norman Leigh had not power to remove the weight that rested upon her spirit when thoughts of Anna's trial filled her mind.

When Anna wrote to Norman Leigh and told him of the letters that Lester Grant had forged, and that Carrie Dinsmore was all that he had ever believed her to be, when he found that she still loved him as deeply, as fervently as ever, when he read, written by Anna's own steady hand, the words that freed him from herself, joy and grief struggled for the mastery.

Anna Morton was his affianced bride; he knew, he could not help but know, she loved him with all the ardor of an earnest nature, and now, in the unselfish depth of that love, she had resigned him to another. In his heart he could not but appreciate her worth, yet still a low voice whispered to him that, though he had not before realized it, his love for Carrie Dinsmore was deeper far than that he had experienced for Anna Morton. Yet should he avail himself of her generosity, and accept the sacrifice she offered—her bleeding heart laid upon the shrine of his love for another?

At first, he rejected the thought, then the pleading eyes of her whom he first loved seemed to look upon him with upbraiding that he would thus sacrifice her happiness with his own; for could he be happy with Anna, knowing that he had thus lost Carrie? and thus would not the sacrifice be doubled? The decision was made that widowed one fond heart, while it brought joy and gladness to another.

Ere the morning arrived on which Carrie Dinsmore was to become the bride of Norman Leigh, Anna Morton and her mother were on their way to a distant State. After the first great trial was over, Anna felt that she could bear no more. For worlds she would not again have looked upon the face of Norman Leigh. And thus, gaining her mother's consent, they had concluded to share the home of an only brother of Mrs. Morton's, far from the scenes of earlier years.

Norman and Carrie Leigh were happy in each other's love, and grateful to her who had proved to them there are some human hearts where selfishness may not find a home, and striving to follow the example she had set them, they endeavored to make themselves more worthy each other's love.

Anna Morton had many suitors, yet she never married. The love she had once cherished could never give place to another, and thus calmly and quietly life's pilgrimage was performed, and at length the crown of glory won, for which on earth her brow was fitted.

#### THE TROUT.

The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish; after which both male and female become lean, weak and unwholesome eating, and if examined closely will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insect, which appear to suck their substance from them. They continue until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of the body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male, they swim rapidly, and often leap like salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout pond, I placed 1500 in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle worms, rose bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed, and are not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound and tremble all over. —Robert L. Peale.

#### A WIFE FOR A KING.

Henry VII gave the following, among other directions, to the ambassadors he sent to Naples to open a negotiation for the hand of Queen Joanna: "To mark and note well the age and stature of the said young queen, and the features of her body, the favor of her visage, the clearness of her skin, the color of her hair, to note well her eyes, brows, teeth, and lips, to mark well the fashion of her nose, specially to note her complexion, her arms, hands, fingers, neck, whether she have any sickness, deformity or blemish, and whether there appear any hair about her lips or not. Item, that they endeavor them to speak with the said young queen, fasting, and that she may tell unto them some matter at length, and to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to the intent that they may feel the condition of her breath, whether it be sweet or not, and to mark at every time when they speak with her, if they feel any savor of spices, rose-water, or musk by the breath of her mouth or not. Item, to note the height of her stature, and to inquire whether she wear any slippers, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent they be not deceived in the very height and fashion of her; and if they may come to the sight of her slippers, then to note the fashion of her foot."—*Memorials of Henry VII.*

#### RAILROADS IN ASIA.

The great railway enterprises now in progress in Asia are gigantic projects. But there are rich and populous regions to be tapped; a trade famous from immemorial times for its precious and costly products to be secured, and powerful empires in competition for it. The ordinary limits of the possible fade away while we look at the prospect. One thing is certain, a new era is inaugurated in Asia. The caravan routes, over which the camel, mule and donkey have slowly toiled for almost forty centuries, will soon be replaced by the railway and steam engine. Distance and its consequence, infrequent intercourse, which have "made enemies of nations," will be annihilated. The Asiatic races will be made better acquainted with one another, and with Europe and America. Knowledge will be diffused, thought awakened. A familiar acquaintance with Christian lands, laws, homes, and the whole incomparably higher civilization of Christendom will exert a powerful influence in remoulding and regenerating the political and social condition of that ancient region where the career of humanity began, and whither it seems about to return, as if to carry back all that it has learned and gained in its wide wanderings and adventures, to decorate and enrich the old home-land of the race.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

#### TOM ROCKET.

"It happened to be my father," said the tall man in the chimney corner, "and that's how I came to know all about it."

The chimney corner is that of the Rising Sun, a pleasant little roadside inn, about two miles from Northampton, and the tall man is the president of a bowling-club that met there, once a fortnight, principally to dine. The "it," of which the speaker's relative was the hero, is the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

The reason why we were listening to stories, instead of playing bowls, was simply this: One of the heaviest thunder storms that I can remember, broke over the Rising Sun that afternoon. All during dinner we could see great ragged, copper-colored clouds banking up against the wind, and the cloth was hardly off the table, when spit! spat! spat! against the diamond-shaped window-panes came a few heavy hail-stones, then came the lightning, then came the thunder, and then came the rain, as though it had not rained for ten years, and was determined to make up for lost time. So there was nothing for it but to sit still and amuse ourselves, as best we could, in doors; and the conversation having turned upon travelling, and the dangers of the road before railways were invented, Mr. Josh Sandiger, our president, sitting and smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, volunteered to tell us a tale of those times, and said he, "It happened to my father, and that's how I came to know all about it."

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed with his pipe. He always smoked a very long clay pipe, which seemed to require a great deal of management to get it to draw properly. He never says more than about six words at a time; then he has a pull at his pipe, and goes on again, giving you a whiff of words, and then a whiff of smoke, whilst you are turning them over in your mind and wondering what is coming next. About every tenth whiff, he takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks gravely into the bowl; then he takes the tobacco-stopper, presses down the ashes carefully, and shakes them out on the hob; then he looks into it again, and, if it is all right, he dips the shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the bowl a third time, and gives it a rub with his cuff. Next, he opens his mouth wide, puts the sealing-wax end in, closes his lips upon it slowly, and then goes on again with his story, six words at a time as before. He is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is our president. And so, of course, he is; but I must confess, out of his hearing, that all this fidgeting, the pauses and puffings, and stoppings and rubbings, and lookings at nothing at all, in the middle of a story, irritate me sometimes to that degree that I feel inclined to run at him, knock his pipe out of his mouth, and shriek at him to get on faster—that I do!

It would be as well, perhaps, then, if I were to quote his own words as nearly as I can recollect them straight on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Josh) used often to say that he would like to see the man who could rob him upon the highway, and one fine November evening he did see him.

You young fellows who are accustomed to be whisked away a hundred miles between your breakfast and your dinner by an express-train, and grumble easily if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1795—cross country travelling 'specially. Folks did not leave their homes then, if they could help it. It's all very fine talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than scavengers or police about, the roads are not very charming, I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back, in those days! and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British Constitution was being

pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and to warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man, and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair, with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more besides, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree as to what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob him on the highway, and, as I said before, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great title cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over or past anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and re-loaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "Stand and deliver!" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge; she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" inquired Tom, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one for you nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom



dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or, by —, I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there!" And he laid the cold muzzle of the pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded fire-arms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it. My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick, black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father; "you know so much about it, that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"O, they are worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied, sulkily—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired, with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred."

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them, if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why, what a niony you must take me for," he said. "Why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?"

"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted, in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued, in an altered tone, "do you see that bridge? Well! There's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very well! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones, at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked, politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good-night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own (Mr. Josh continued, after a pause), but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous

Bow-Street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but, just at the last moment, Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the running should come by different roads, and all meet at a wayside inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock P. M. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course, was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said, quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that's to you?" said my father.

"O, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father, "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The name fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge, they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water.

It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rains set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. The causeway was built of wood. At some places the earth was covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out, and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one on each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water,

there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "but, hush! we must not talk, time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles, watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream, that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found to his great surprise that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—the money was gone! O, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knock again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him, owlishly, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

"By destroying these writings, I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false."

TOM ROCKET.

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! And now I've done, gentlemen all. I looks to—wards you."

So our worthy president "looked to—wards us," and finished his brandy and water at a gulp. Then, finding that the rain had given over, we thanked him for his story, and all adjourned to the bowling-green.

#### A WOOD.

This wood I've entered oft, when all in sheen  
The princely Morning walks o'er diamond dew;  
And still have lingered till the vain young Night  
Trembles o'er her own beauty in the sea.

ALEXANDER SMITH

#### SILVER AND ITS USES.

This metal possesses great interest. Its frequent mention in the Scriptures indicates its ancient use and application as money. It is one of those metals which the alchemists of old termed "noble" metals, because they found that it could not be rusted; moreover, they could not dissolve it in any menstruum they possessed. Fire only made it brighter. Allusion is made to this fact in the book of Job, to illustrate the triumph of a good heart over misfortune. Silver is found in all parts of the world, and England yields its share. Bishop Watson, one of our early chemical writers, says that the silver which was procured from the mines in Cardiganshire, by Sir Hugh Myddleton, amounting to 2000*l.* value per month, enabled him to construct that valuable work which we call the New River, for the purpose of supplying a portion of London with water. The bishop also mentions that a mint was established at Aberystwith for coining silver. In the English mines this metal is found mixed with lead, from which it is separated by a very simple process. The mixed metal is melted in an iron pot, and is then allowed to cool. The silver "sets" before the lead, and is then separated by simply straining it through a colander. Silver can be beaten out into leaves so thin that one grain of it can be made to cover a surface of more than 50 square inches. Wire can also be drawn from it finer than a human hair. In these respects it has a nearer resemblance to gold than any other metal. With the mechanical properties of silver most readers are pretty well acquainted; but as very little is known of its chemical qualities, it may be well to mention them. Silver has, as it were, a determination to exist in no other form than in the metallic state in which we generally see it; and although the chemist may dissolve it, and overcome its mobility, yet it is so prone to assume its natural state that even daylight will restore it to its pristine beauty. It is here that chemistry shows its great power in adapting a peculiar property of a material to some use in the arts and manufactures. So we see that silver is the main instrument in the photographic art. Silver is dissolved, some salt is added, you look at it, and the result is that your shadow is there indelibly printed. The poets may well liken soft flowing rivers to "silver threads covering the green velvet of the earth;" but such types are prosy compared with the painting after life produced by a sunbeam on a fabric imbued with silver. Again, how carefully the good housewife marks her linen! She well knows how it is thus preserved for her own use, but perhaps is not aware of the fact that the indelible ink is nothing more than the solution of a 3*d.* piece, for which she willingly pays 1*s.* Sometimes a little fungus takes up its abode on the human skin; it grows very fast, but does not cause much pain; nevertheless it is so insidious that if not carefully watched it would destroy life. The doctor comes, he rubs over with a little caustic, and health is restored. This caustic is called nitrate of silver.

#### A RUSSIAN LADY.

We were now on board the Sylphide, proceeding from the Nova to Peterhof. Nothing remained of the clamor that had been, but the low mumbling of a knot of naval courtiers near the wheel, who, alike indifferent to the raging elements, the pitching boat, or the creature sufferings around them, continued their discourse in broken phrases, between long-drawn whiffs of Jewoff's "superlatives," for which privilege they had preferred paying a two-shilling fare in our steamer to a free passage in a crown boat, where smoking is prohibited. To some such weighty consideration we were probably indebted for the company of a lovely woman who sat opposite to us, and whose Madonna-like countenance I had been intently admiring for some time; for, thrusting a small, delicately-gloved hand into the pocket of her cashmere morning-dress, she pulled out an embroidered case, from whence leisurely selecting a papercase, she shut it with a loud snap, and returned it to her pocket, looking round meanwhile as if in search of something, which in my ignorance, I supposed to be some rough surface, whereon to rub a lucifer; but one of the naval smokers, before alluded to, better acquainted with the nature of the difficulty, gallantly approached her, and proffered the lighted end of his cigar. The lady rose, their heads drew near, she obtained a light, and gracefully thanked him; he bowed, and they both resumed their seats, she—the beautiful Madonna!—sat there puffing away most manfully, her elbow over the side, and her legs across. My friends informed me that she was really a woman of some consequence, married to a man of high rank, and the mother of several children; and furthermore, that she was a capital "whip"—a very uncommon accomplishment for this part of the world, "fast" ladies of this genus being rare in Russia—that she was not an indifferent sewer, and that she smoked green tea.—*Six Years' Travel in Russia.*

#### HABIT.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do. A snuff taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing the pleasure resulting from it is by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THAT NIGHT.

BY MARGARET VERNE

The moon was up, and I thanked God for that;—  
The moon was up and falling bright up on the floor,  
And, now I think of it, the breeze  
Rippled the glossy woodbine at the door.

And down upon the gravelled path the shadows fell,  
Like clotted spots between the tangled green;  
And flowers, like quivering human lips,  
Moved at the dim old window screen.

And up the tented sky a white cloud ran.  
Flecked here and there by drops of golden light,  
And everywhere, O heart, O heart of mine,  
There was a stillness, like eternal night!

A white face, O my God, so deadly white!  
Was all I had of life or hope that night;  
A white face, like a dead thing, and cold,  
Its marble eyes shut close and tight!

But I was strong, and I could, with my prayers,  
Touch the great Father's heart with pity, so I said,  
My love could cope with this, and with it  
I could win to life my worshipped dead.

My idol should not die! My God should hear!  
And breathing on the lips and eyes of death,  
I cursed the power that made my fate so hard—  
That lent me, for an hour, my fleeting breath!

But that was years ago,—and now, to-night,  
The moon tells the sad story o'er again,  
And my heart, —well, I will not speak of that—  
But some there are who know a deal of pain.

Just over there—you see the shadows fall,  
Between the willow and the garden gate,—  
There is a grave,—I was not made so lone;  
For every heart I'm sure God sends a mate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MISS BETTY'S PICTURES.

BY EVA MILFORD.

WHEN I WAS a child, and still lived in the dear old seashore town which I may never see again, my daily walk to school led me by a large isolated house, known as Miss Betty Leeming's, and inhabited only by that lady and one old negro woman servant. Various circumstances combined to invest this old house, at least to my childish mind, with mysterious and even awful attributes. Its gloomy exterior, where the blinds remained always closed except in Miss Betty's own chamber, the deadly hush which seemed to pervade even the air about it, the age and color of the solitary servant, who was never seen except when she glided out at twilight, to supply the small household's daily wants, but chiefly the never-failing sight which morning and evening met the timid glance which I ventured to raise as I hurried by. This was the figure of Miss Betty herself, which was plainly discernible through the low windows of her chamber, as she slowly paced up and down, always clothed in white, and always wringing her hands with a monotonous yet convulsive movement—sometimes in summer, when the windows were open, I could distinguish the low murmur of her voice, and once or twice creeping along close beneath the garden fence with its hedge of dusty lilacs, I made out the words:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

Words simple, even puerile in themselves, but uttered in such a tone of anguish, and ever new despair, that I never crept away from beneath the dusty hedge, but with tears and sobs.

I was myself an orphan, and not very happy in my uncle's house; my stirring aunt had no children, and kept no servants, so there seemed to be no one of whom I liked to ask Miss Betty Leeming's story. Once I mentioned her to Alice, my favorite playmate, but she said contemptuously:

"Poo, she's an old crazy woman—nobody cares anything for her—the boys say they'd fire stones at the windows, only for the old black thing who lives with her—she's a witch, and could kill you any minute, just as easy!"

I changed the subject, for I felt that Alice was taking but a vulgar and outside view of the subject, and I would not have my childish dreams disturbed, either with regard to her own character, or Miss Betty's history.

That night, however, I sat beside the window of my little bedroom, revolving a daring scheme, and when at last I quietly undressed by moonlight, I had resolved upon its accomplishment. I did not pause as I passed the old house next day, and hardly looked at it—I felt as if I must board my strength, and stifle my emotions to support me when the time should come.

The moment that school was dismissed in the afternoon, I hurried away, not heeding the various invitations of my playmates, and seeking certain well known nooks of wood and meadow, had soon collected a really beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, mingled with some long stems of wood strawberries, whose sweet musky odor mingled deliciously with the more delicate flower perfumes. With this in my hand, I hurried on, nor paused until with dizzy eyes and chokingly pulsating heart, I stood upon the threshold of Miss Betty's door, and raising the heavy iron knocker, woke the long sleeping echoes of Miss Betty's house.

Long silence followed my first summons, but mine was one of those timid natures, which once aroused, will dare all and do all, but never retreat. I knocked again more loudly, more resolutely—a few moments, and the door opened, slowly and groanfully—like the door of a long-closed tomb.

It was the old negress, as I had expected, who stood and glared silently and irresolutely at me. I did not wait for her to speak, but hurried on:

"Here are some flowers for Miss Betty—I think she will like them—may I carry them up?"

The old woman paused—peered earnestly into the little pale face before her, and finally, without speaking, took me by the arm, and drew me in, closing and barring the door behind me.

I shivered all over—would she kill me and throw me in the well, like little Sir Hugh and the Jew's daughter, which my aunt used to sing?—I did not know, but followed resolutely as she led me through the long, dark entry to a small side-staircase; up this we groped, and then paused until the groping hand of the old woman fell upon the latch of a door, which she opened; then my heart gave a great throb of relief, for it was really Miss Betty's chamber, and there, dressed in her loose white robe, paced Miss Betty up and down, up and down, still wringing her hands, and moaning over and over:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

She did not look at us until the old woman hobbled up to her, and laying a hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Bucra picaninny bring lilly posie to Missy—look, honey-plum, see de pity posie."

It is impossible to describe the coaxing pleading tone of the old woman's voice, as she thus addressed the wan worn woman before her. Evidently to her, instead of a middle-aged heart-broken woman, Miss Betty was a suffering child, who must be coaxed and petted, that she might forget her little sorrows. The tears rushed to my eyes—I longed, child that I was, to change places with Miss Betty, and give all to be thus loved and cared for.

Miss Betty paused in her walk, took the flowers, gazed at them eagerly, inhaled their fragrance, and then throwing them down, covered her face, and burst into a wild fit of crying.

I shrunk back frightened, and stood irresolute, while the woman lifting the slight figure of her mistress, laid her upon the bed, and taking from a drawer some aromatic vinegar, bathed her forehead and temples.

Presently the invalid became more quiet, although she still wept silently, and my eyes wandered from her to the mysterious chamber in which I found myself. It was a large, low room, with an uncarpeted floor, and rich old mahogany furniture; what however particularly attracted me were the pictures. These were five in number, evidently portraits, and the idea at once occurred even to my inexperienced mind, that they were members of one family.

One was a gentleman, dressed in a flowing robe of Indian silk, such as I remembered my aunt to have shown one day to a visitor, as belonging to my grandfather. In one hand he held an open letter, with a finger of the other pointing to it, while his dark serious eyes seemed fixed so intently upon my face, that I felt as if I were the person whose attention he had been waiting all these years to attract to that now illegible line. Opposite, hung the picture of a lady whom I at once decided must be his wife. She had a sweet and pensive face, somewhat delicate and languid too, as if she did not feel very strong. She was dressed in a soft, smoke-colored silk dress, with a gauzy scarf about her shoulders; in her hair, and on her neck and arms, were ornaments of pearl and opal which I remember thinking well suited to her fragile loveliness, although I did not then know either the names of the gems, or why they suited me so well in the picture.

The next portrait was that of a young man

about twenty years old I should judge from recollection. He looked very much like his father, except that his face wore an eager, impatient look, as if life held out so many pleasures to him that he could hardly bear to wait long enough to have his picture painted. In one hand he held a wide brimmed hat, and a riding-whip, while the other rested on the head of a great dog, who looked eagerly up in his face.

Next to this young gentleman's portrait, hung that of his sister, an exquisitely lovely young girl, about sixteen, but already dressed in her bridal robes. Among her dark curls were twined orange flowers and buds, which drooping down were lost upon the whiteness of her pearly neck and shoulders; besides the flowers, she wore no ornaments except the lace which flowed as a veil behind her back, and draped with its soft folds the round white arms and little hands which lay clasped upon her lap. She was seated in a garden chair, and from the pale tree above her head hung great festoons of gorgeous flowers which years after I recognized as passion flowers. The eyes were downcast, but their darkness was visible through the transparent lids, and the black lashes showed upon the pale clear cheek. About the little rosy mouth played a half smile of bashful pleasure, and the skillful painter had thrown over the whole figure just the air of pretty consciousness which one can imagine in a young girl, wearing her bridal dress, though not yet a bride.

The last picture hung over the bed, as if Miss Betty did not care to look at it so much as the others, and yet it was very pretty, representing a little child with merry eyes and laughing, golden hair, seated upon the grass, the lap of her little white frock filled with bright flowers, among which her little fat hands were plunged, while her eyes were raised to a great orange which was held just within her reach, by a black woman who laughed from every one of her white teeth, and from every fold of her gay turban.

It may seem to some persons unnatural that I should notice so many little particulars in these five pictures, and be able to describe them so minutely after these many years, but I was a quiet and observant child, thoughtful beyond my age, and was often storing up food for memory, while those about me thought me engrossed in play, or too young to understand what was going on. Besides, this was not the only interview which I had with Miss Betty's pictures.

I had just concluded this first examination, and was turning to begin again, when the negro woman (whose name I afterwards found to be Judith, or as Miss Betty always called her Mamma Judy), turned round from the bed where her mistress was now sleeping, and coming towards the door, seized me by the arm and hurried me out before her, nor did she pause to speak till she had put me out the front door, and was closing it behind me; opening it a little way, just as I thought it shut, she put out a skinny hand, and patting me gently on the head, muttered in her hoarse voice:

"Good picaninny—maum tank picaninny, but don'tee ever come here again—make poor lily Missy cry, see de posies dat she use 'a pick."

The door closed, and I hurried home, my heart beating proudly with the consciousness of having successfully achieved a perilous enterprise, and come safely out of unknown dangers.

Although longing to see and know more of Miss Betty and her pictures, I did not think of again intruding after Maum Judy's injunction, until one day, about a fortnight after my visit, as I walked slowly by the house, looking eagerly up, in hopes of seeing Miss Betty, which I had not done for some days, the door slowly opened, and old Judy's dark and withered face appeared in the aperture. She silently beckoned to me, and without hesitation I obeyed the summons. Once inside the house, with the door locked, the negress breathed more freely, and patting me again upon the head, said sadly:

"Lilly missy berry tic—drefful weakly, chile—'pec she wont nebbet giber dat ar fright—wants to see bucr picaninny dat bring her posies—must n't talkee much—she so berry weak."

"No, ma'am," replied I timidly to this caution, and we again climbed the dark and narrow stair-case, and opening the door, Judith admitted me to the chamber of the pictures, where Miss Betty lay in bed. She looked paler and weaker than she had done when I saw her before, but her eyes had a softer and quieter look, and when she saw me she smiled a little, which I had never seen her do before.

"Come here, little girl!" said she, putting out

her thin white hand, and taking mine; "I thank you very much for bringing me the flowers—they have made a great change in my life—what is your name, dear?"

"Salome, ma'am," replied I, timidly.

"That is rather a sad name, but you do not look like a very merry child—perhaps it suits you as a blither one would do. Will you stay with me a little while this morning?"

"Thank you, ma'am, I should like to very much," said I, mentally resolving to risk the "tardy mark" and the loss of my "nooning" for the sake of seeing a little more of Miss Betty.

"That is right," said she, smiling again. "It is long since I spoke to any one but poor maum, who has been faithful to me through all, and I should like to talk a little to-day."

"Would you please then, ma'am, to tell me a little about the pretty pictures here?" asked I, quickly, forgetting in my eagerness, not only my own natural reserve, but the caution impressed upon me by maum Judy (who had not entered the chamber with me, being probably detained by some domestic duty).

Miss Betty did not answer me for a moment or two, but her eyes wandering from my face, visited each picture in succession, filling the while with tears, and her hands slowly folding together, began the old motion, and her pale lips softly whispered:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

I was quite still and silent, fearing lest I had been the means of making the poor lady worse in body and mind, but after a little while she looked at me again, wiped her eyes, and said kindly:

"Yes, Salome, I will tell you about them, for I think about them always, and it will be no worse to speak. That gentleman was my father, that lady my mother, that, my only sister, that, my brother, and the picture above my head which I cannot see, is myself, and maum Judy, who was then, as now, my kind and faithful nurse.

"I was born in one of the West India islands, where my father had gone from here some years before. My first memories are of such flowers and fruits as you see there, and of all the beauties of the tropics. These pictures were painted by an artist whom my father brought from one of the great cities, on the occasion of my sister's marriage. I remember her, just as she looked then—I remember the gay wedding, and how we all cried when she went away—after that, I remember nothing for some time—I was but a little child—but I know she was there the dreadful night, she and her baby. I suppose she had come on a visit, or perhaps to live—but she was there. That night—I was in bed, and was awakened suddenly by my pale beautiful mama, who snatched me up, and held me close to her breast, while her hot tears rained down on my head. She ran with me into her room, and crouched down behind the bed, still sobbing, but warning me to be quiet. Presently there was a great noise outside, and a crowd of servants rushed into the room—they were all field hands, and I did not know any of them,—the house servants loved us all, and would not join. They soon found us, but when they seized my mother she did not stir—I do not know if she was fainted or dead—I hope she was dead. One man took her, and another me, and carried us to the great saloon. There was my father, pale and bloody, tied foot and head to a marble statue. He looked weak, but brave as ever—if he had been free and had a weapon, he would have driven them all before him, even then. My brother lay upon a couch, dreadfully wounded, and breathing slow and hard—my sister with her baby in her arms, stood between two fierce looking negroes—I think her wits were gone, for she smiled as she looked about her, and cooed to little Lota when she held up her hand.

"The slaves whispered together, and then one—he did not belong to our plantation, I am sure—stepped out from among them, and asked my father something which made him very angry—I do not know, but suppose he offered to spare his life on some disgraceful terms, for father said very loud and quickly:

"No, villain! The only mercy I ask is, that I may see my wife and daughter dead before me."

"The great black made no answer, but swinging the hatchet which he held, round his own head, buried it in my father's forehead.

"I saw them all die, O, child, I saw it all! The little baby lay upon the hearth, his mother beside him—my brave, noble brother, my mother—all murdered—all! They would have seized



me, but maum Judy snatched me from the man who held me, and hurried me away. I was saved, but I suppose the terrible shock had scattered my senses, for I was a child then, and now my hair is turning gray, but I remember nothing since, till the flowers that you brought me—my life ended there.

"Maum brought me to this country, she says, and to some of my mother's friends—finally we came here; they recovered some of my father's property, among the rest these pictures, and they have been for years my world—they and this old house, which was my mother's home."

Miss Betty paused, breathless and pale. I was crying so much that I could not speak, but I kissed the white hand which lay outside the bed—kissed it again and again. Miss Betty did not cry, or speak, but I think it would have been better if she had—she was so very white and still. So we sat, motionless and silent in the solemn room, until maum Judy came softly in to look after her nursing. Stealing up to the bed she bent over, evidently expecting to find Miss Betty asleep, but as soon as she saw the white face, and dim, languid eyes, she turned to me almost fiercely:

"Go 'way, bad picaninny—go right 'way. Did n't me tell 'ee no talkee much, no let lily Missy talkee?—now here she all gone—clean tuckered out. Go long wid you!"

Frightened and unhappy, I crept to the door, venturing only to pause and press one more kiss on the beautiful pale hand, which did not move in response, then I opened very softly the door, and stole down the dark stairs to the gloomy hall beneath. It was almost more than my little fingers could accomplish to withdraw those ponderous bolts, but I labored eagerly upon them for there was something in the air of the old house which hung upon me like a night-mare, and I felt so intense a longing to escape into the fresh, free air, that I believe I should have made my way through the solid door rather than to remain within it. This feeling, however, gradually wore away, and after a few days, I used to look up at the old house as longingly as ever, but I never saw either Miss Betty or her pictures again.

A month later, and one Sunday evening the church bell tolled solemnly and slow. My aunt listened quietly, and said:

"That's for poor Miss Betty Leeming—her troubles are over at last, thank God."

#### LECTURERS AND LECTURING.

The Providence Journal in some observations upon "Lecturers and Lecturing," says—"To succeed and survive he (the lecturer) must not only have intellectual gifts, but he must have powers of physical endurance, which may well excite our admiration. If he is one of the 'fifty dollars and expenses paid' class, to whose ranks the volunteer neophytes are ever aspiring, he must have a nervous system which enables him to thrill an audience with his pathos, and yet to travel day after day without the luxury of a bed, without the privilege of swallowing deliberately a digestible meal, or of escaping the salutations of the innumerable great men with which our towns abound. If he belongs to that worthy class who have their reputations to achieve, and who figure before the young men and maidens of the rural districts, for nothing and expenses paid by a contribution, he must have the constitution of an Esquimaux, to go, heated by the over loaded stove and the excitement of his oratory into rooms which have not been opened for months, which have an unmistakable sepulchral odor, and there to pass the night in taking the accumulated frosts of half a winter out of the high 'spare bed.'"

#### A MAN-HUNT IN AUSTRALIA.

I met with a squatter at Melbourne soon after my arrival there, who deliberately confessed to having joined, on several occasions, a mounted party for hunting "the blacks," partly for the sport of the thing, partly to rid the district of them. This hunting consisted in shooting as many of them as their shots could overtake; men, women, and children were indiscriminately murdered by those demons on horseback, and their bodies left to lie where they had fallen beneath the silent heaven. "We sometimes used to shoot a dozen or two before breakfast," was one memorable confession of the squatter alluded to; "but even that didn't keep them away; they'd come in the night, and if there was anything they could lay their hands on, they'd plunder it; so, said I, wait a bit, my boys, and I just poisoned a carcass or two with stock arsenic, and had them left out for the gentry, whenever they were likely to pass; that dose, two or three times, ridded them off better than anything else."—*Cornwallis.*

All the tears under heaven would not float an eight by ten affliction, to say nothing of more weighty ones. If misfortune approaches you, meet it with resolution. If there is any weeping to be done, let it be done by the turtle dove and willows.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

#### Half an Hour with the Puritans.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

In the year 1635, the ship *Angel Gabriel* sailed from Bristol, in England, with passengers to the coast of America. Among these were a Mr. Cogswell, a merchant of London, his wife and seven children—three sons and four daughters. When almost at the point of arrival, a storm drove the ship into Pemaquid Bay, where she was wrecked, and a great part of his possessions, consisting of furniture, and, most probably, of trading goods, were lost.

The passengers escaped to land; and the Cogswell family, tenderly reared as had been the London bred children, had no refuge but a tent on the wild shores of Maine, with bears and wolves on one side, and Indians on the other. Here the wife and children remained, until Mr. Cogswell went to Boston, to select a place for their future residence.

The ship had sailed in May; and in October, he had received a grant of three hundred acres of land at Chebacco—had hastily built a log house, and removed his family to their new abode, just as the glories of autumnal scenery, as seen in an American forest, greeted their eyes for the first time. The log house was a welcome shelter to Elizabeth Cogswell, who had been longing to gather her little flock once more beneath a roof tree. That noble, healthful, handsome English mother, fresh from the lap of luxury, moving in refined and cultivated society, was even thankful for the comforts of a log hut in the wilderness, if but he whom she so loved, were beside her, and their seven human blossoms gladdening their forest path.

John Cogswell had come to America to be a farmer; and when he looked round upon the wide possessions that lay before him, and thought of the three sons whom he had brought from the temptations of a city life—a life in London—to the pure and peaceful existence he trusted to see them following here, he would not have exchanged his position for that of King Charles himself.

And his wife and her little daughters, delighted to find freedom in the open air, were never tired of admiring their generous expanse of woodland and meadow land, their noble animals, their multitude of fowls and all the pleasant sights and sounds of their country life.

Strangely enough did their coarse and ordinary fare—hominy and bean porridge, or vegetables—contrast with the splendid silver tureens, the massive spoons and rich china; and not less observable, that between the rough floors and bare logs, and the superb curtains and carpets which they had brought from beyond the sea.

Not a sigh was ever breathed for their English home, however, with all its wealth and luxury. The forest life filled up the measure of their happiness; and if the incongruities of their surroundings claimed attention at all, it was only to enjoy a laugh at the remarks they would excite from their London acquaintances.

Looking back to the scanty records of those days, we are sometimes tempted to ask, if all the refinement, the show and glitter, the waste of life, the reckless hastening to be rich, and the countless gauds with which we invest existence in these days of hurry and excitement, are indeed worth the price we pay for them?

And now, in the lapse of a few years, John Cogswell's children have grown to be men and women, with frames hardened and more healthy by simple and active exercise, and plain, unvarnished food.

A new house takes the place of the log hut, which is not however demolished, but kept as a reminder of former struggles in the wilderness; and from the yet unopened stores of rich goods and furniture, saved from the wreck at Pemaquid Bay, the plenishing of the new house is taken, and exhibited to the wondering eyes of the neighbors. Turkey carpets, rich curtains and silver plate, all have place there, and the palace of a duke could hardly excite more admiration than the simple frame building, with its clay chimneys, after the decorations are completed.

And hither comes young Godfrey Armitage, from Boston, to woo the pretty forest maiden whom he saw the last summer, while on a visit at his uncle's farm, in the neighboring village. He has written her father for permission to address her, and finding her not averse, he has expressed himself willing that his daughter should

receive him at a time specified. The day comes, and Mary, blushing like a rose, bashfully welcomes him, and they are betrothed.

In quaint, but earnest and heartfelt words, Mary wrote to her sister Hannah, of her engagement, warming up to enthusiasm in the description of her lover, and exulting with a woman's natural and pardonable vanity, in his love for her.

Women are the same in court, in village, and in forest, as far as coquetry goes; and a large spice of this quality had entered into the composition of Hannah Cogswell.

She had been absent at Salem for some months, learning some pretty feminine accomplishments, and improving, by opportunity, the aforesaid stock of coquetry. Somewhat too exultant she thought her sister's letters; and in the innocent but perilous ideas it suggested, one was uppermost; that of subduing Mary's lover, by her own charms; meaning only to enjoy herself at her sister's expense, without dreaming of the aching hearts that might follow her unthinking frolic.

Well might Mary look dismayed at the evident admiration of her lover, when Hannah came home, unexpectedly, at the period of his second visit, and opened the whole battery of her attractions upon him.

Hannah sang; and the scientific training she had received at Salem, and the many new and beautiful airs she had learned, joined to a voice always melodious, enabled her to leave far behind Mary's psalm singing. To the practised ear of Godfrey Armitage, Hannah's music was enchanting.

To the surprise of the family, the lover stayed a week longer than was his custom, and when he left them, it was with the opportunity of Hannah's company as far as Salem.

What passed on their journey, Hannah did not reveal; but the next letter of Armitage's was a formal resignation of Mary's hand, and, closely following was a letter to her father, asking permission of him to address her sister.

The answer to this last was characteristic of the sturdy old man. It comprised but one sentence, but that was enough to show the variable and inconstant lover with whom he was to deal. It bore simply these words:

"MARY OR NONE."

And as the coquettish Hannah had encountered a certain Charles Waldo in her travels, who claimed her love, she wrote a half saucy epistle to Mr. Armitage, acknowledging that she only encouraged him in a spirit of mirth, and had no idea of defrauding her sister of his changeless and undying affection! Glad indeed was the youth to return to the more truthful and sincere love of Mary, with whom he managed to make his peace in a way best known to himself, and, shortly after, the first wedding took place in Mr. Cogswell's family, followed in rapid succession by six others.

Won by the sweet and simple graces of Mary, Godfrey Armitage never looked back to his temporary desertion of her without shame and remorse; nor did the Chelmsford lady ever recover her full measure of saucy repartee and playful coquetry again, much doubtless, to the satisfaction of Goodman Waldo, and his subsequent peace of mind.

Time passes with the now lonely family at Chebacco. John, the eldest son, has removed to what was called the school farm, but William remains with the parents, now hale and hearty still, but growing past their active labor, and willing to resign their places to the younger and stronger. When the autumnal harvest is gathered in, and the pious hearts of the Puritans are offering up thanksgiving to the God of harvest, there is no board that shows a more numerous assemblage of children and grand-children, than that of the aged and venerable John and Elizabeth; none whose names are oftener perpetuated, for already there are seven grand children named for each; and if custom permitted more in the same family, there would be a repetition of the two names, so dearly loved and honored are those two.

One of these grand-children was taken prisoner by the Indians, at the time of Philip's war; but he too bore the name of his grand-father, and perhaps it was a charm that gave him an escape.

Yes—years did pass; and the Johns and Elizabeths have given place to others, worthy, we trust, of such an ancestry. From this simple, unpretending spot where they dwelt who gave a name and a dignity to its humble location, oth-

ers have originated who need not the light of ancestry to immortalize them. One whose talents are the boast of our age, whose highest distinction is in the legal profession, but whose pathway is not unknown in the fields of American literature, is glad and proud to own himself a child of Chebacco.

Long may it flourish! Long may its peaceful streets echo to the sound of the boat builder's hammer; and long may the quaint old English names of Cogswell, and Burnham, and Story, and Andrews, and Choate, be perpetuated in descendants, who will bring honor upon the memory of those whose headstones are crumbling to dust, in the lapse of years.

#### FILIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

On the large islands is often found the custom, prevalent among many savage tribes, of seizing upon a woman by apparent or actual force, in order to make her a wife. On reaching the home of her abductor, should she not approve of the match, she runs to some one who can protect her; it, however, she is satisfied, the matter is settled forthwith, a feast is given to her friends the next morning, and the couple are thereafter considered as man and wife. "Writing to a woman" is of recent date, and generally done without pen, ink, or paper. It is the "popping the question" of English life, and though for the most part done by the men, yet the women do not hesitate to adopt the same course when so inclined. The man, however, takes a present to help his suit; the woman trusts only to her charms. Wonderfully artless are some of the appeals made by the men. Thivalala, whose legs were disfigured with elephantiasis, addressed a smart young widow thus: "You know my circumstances; I am poor; I am afflicted; I am far away from my friends; I need some one to care for me, love me, and become my wife." She, sympathizing, consented. Plain speaking in these affairs is not uncommon. Simioni Wangkuvou, wishing to bring the object of his affection to a decision, addressed these homely remarks to her, in the hearing of several persons:—"I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell; but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you; only let it be a settled thing."—*Fig and the Figins*

#### HOW TO MAKE MONDAY LUCKY.

There lived in Gayfield Square two charming old maiden ladies—Miss Mary Smith and Miss Peggy Fyffe. They had a pet superstition, for which they paid, between them, three-pence a week to a street porter, that he might be the first to tell them it was Monday, deeming it unlucky to hear the day first mentioned by a woman. They laid each three half-pence on the hall table on Sunday night, and early next morning the man called to wish them a happy Monday, and pick up his reward. Once when Miss Fyffe was confined to bed, her attendant inquired what she would like for dinner, for it was Monday, and there would be no fish to be got. "Woe worth you," Miss Fyffe exclaimed, "do ye no ken that I pay a man to tell me it is Monday?" When Miss Fyffe died, Miss Smith refused to pay any more than her weekly dole of three half-pence. Miss Douglas, of Brighton, being present, the maid whispered, "Never mind, I'll just pay it out of the house money!"—*Scottish Life by Dean Amey.*

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original Magazine may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper with new type, and fully printed on each white page, with new type, and each number contains over 100 beautiful pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine. Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number. Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar! If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle, it is all respects it is fresh and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world. It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press. Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor. Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors. Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies! Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year. Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



# LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. A. A. JOHNSON.

D. A. NORTHUP, *Lafayette, R. I.*

It was in '83, in the latter part of summer,  
A few hours after the sun had sunk to rest  
Death came so sudden through our door  
And robbed us of our best

O, this world is cold and dreary  
Now our loving one is gone  
To that land where rests the weary  
When the work of life is done.

Think you not we must be lonely  
With no Annie's smiles to cheer  
And the voice we loved so fondly  
Falls no more upon our ear

For her love-lit eye no longer  
Sheds on us its cheering ray  
And the hand that ne'er was weary  
Toils no more in its lovely way

Gone from earth, a cherished mother  
Death has laid our loved one low.  
One who shared our joys and sorrow  
In this lonely world of woe

Though we shed the tears of anguish  
As they bear her form away  
Slowly to the silent churchyard,  
There to join its fellow clay

And there in the silent grave we leave her,  
With tears of grief and pain our bosoms swell,  
Yet we feel it was the will of heaven,  
And we trust that it is well.

Yet amid this heartfelt sadness  
There arise bright beams of hope  
Tho' clouds may dim their brightness  
And lift our fainting spirits up

Is it well that our Heavenly Father  
Took her while her heart was pure?  
Is it well he did not leave her  
Coming trial to endure?

Is it God's will her feet no longer  
Tread life's rough and thorny track?  
Yet we miss her, O how sadly,  
But we cannot call her back







"L'AIGLE,"—THE NEW FRENCH IMPERIAL YACHT, AT CHERBOURG.

#### IMPERIAL STEAM-YACHT "L'AIGLE."

For many years the French have been devoting a vast amount of time and money to the improvement of their navy and mercantile marine. It was under the reign of Louis Philippe that the French naval architects began to distinguish themselves, and to produce some fine models of ships-of-war. Many of our readers may remember what a noble vessel the *Belle Poule* was, in which the Prince de Joinville, the sailor of the Orleans family, visited this country. The talents and zeal of the prince gave a great impulse to the reforms in the French navy. Louis Napoleon, though no sailor, has recognized the importance of building up a powerful navy, and he has succeeded in getting up one which commands respect, if it does not inspire alarm, in England. It is especially affluent in steam-vessels of all sizes, from frigates to gunboats. The time may not be far distant when these well-appointed fleets will contest the claim of England to be mistress of the seas. The marine picture on this page represents one of the latest achievements of the French naval constructors—*L'Aigle* (the Eagle), a steam-yacht, which has taken the place of *La Reine Hortense*, and bears the imperial colors. The *Reine Hortense*, though an elegant vessel, was insufficient for the wants of his imperial majesty, Louis Napoleon. According to a French authority, "by reason of her narrow dimensions, she was not adapted to those requirements of speed and interior accommodation which should now belong to a vessel reserved for the special service of the chief of a great nation." The consequence was that the head of the marine department was instructed to build another vessel. The orders were issued at the beginning of 1858, and she is now in active service. Her sailing powers have proved highly satisfactory. Her length from prow to stern is 270 feet; length along the water's edge, 246 feet; breadth, 31 feet; mean draught of water with full cargo, 13 feet. *L'Aigle* has run at the rate of fifteen knots an hour at full speed, and everything in her favor, she makes sixteen knots. This royal yacht is, as might be ex-

pected, fitted up internally in a very superb manner. The principal cabin is a perfect bijou of upholstery. No expense has been spared to render her, in every respect, worthy of the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and the spirited nation over which he rules.

#### SCENES IN NAPLES.

The second engraving on this page, and that on the next, illustrate life in Naples, and are exceedingly characteristic and spirited. The locality of the second of these sketches is a street outside of a shop, the sign of which, "Pâtissier Français (French Pastry Cook)," is suggestive of a thousand dainties. Two pretty girls, apparently

English, are issuing from the door, and are of course beset by a horde of beggars, whose appetites have been whetted by the tantalizing display of delicacies at the plate-glass windows. Ices and pastry are two things for which Naples stands pre-eminent, and so necessary are these dainties to the people, that the shops at which they are sold are exempted from the law which compels all others to close on religious festivals. So far is the craving for luxuries of this description carried, that half-naked beggars watch the exit of customers from the pastry cook's shop, and appeal to them, by the memory of what they have just partaken of, for a half or a quarter of a carline wherewith to procure refreshing

draughts to moisten their own parched palates. Having had a few small coins thrown to them, the only way of getting rid of their importunity, they hasten off to the nearest stall to "ber fresco" (drink iced water), or to eat an ice, confidently entrusted to them with a silver spoon by the merchant they so habitually deal with. The other picture is also very characteristic of the city. The shabby fellow seated at the table installed in a vacant portico, is a public writer, whose superior knowledge makes him the confidant of all those who have not mastered the mysteries of reading and writing. His client, in the present instance, is a girl who is evidently dictating a reply to a billet-doux. These public scribe-

ners, poor and poorly paid, are the soul of honor—their hearts are the grave of secrets. The Romeos and Juliets of humble life go to him with as much confidence as they go their confessor. Into his ear they pour their loves, their quarrels, their embarrassments, and all their little schemes. It is probable that all his letters are pretty much alike and that his calling makes no great demands upon his brain and fancy. His little gains enable him to live well in a place where living is so cheap. Beneath the genial sky of Naples even the lazzaroni do not suffer as beggars do in northern cities. They are temperate, and provisions are so cheap that the merest pittance will buy them food for the day. If there is a surplus, they are able to indulge in some of the *divertimenti* of the mole. If they have no other place, they can sleep under the portico of a palace or a church with impunity. Naples and its environs are truly enchanting. Well may the Neapolitan be proud of his country, call it a piece of heaven fallen on the earth, and exclaim, "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori*" (see Naples and then die)! The air is balmy and delicious; the heat of summer is tempered by the cool breezes that sweep in from the Mediterranean, the magnificent bay is unrivalled in its beauty, every island and headland the eye rests upon is clustered with historical associations, the fields in the vicinity are fertile and smiling, the graceful elms are fes-



A NEAPOLITAN LETTER WRITER.



tooned with vines that yield delicious fruits, and night and day the movement of the population makes a perpetual fair in the city. Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, Pausilippo—these are a few of the points of interest in the neighborhood. Then there are palaces and galleries and theatres—treasures of art and treasures of science, and Naples only wants good government to make it the most delightful residence in Italy. The ancients knew how to appreciate the enchantments of this region, and fables told of the temple and grove of a siren, by name Parthenope, situated here; but the fable and the name only denote the charms of this El Dorado.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

When the stern and terrible reformer, Martin Luther, with as heavy a task as God ever laid on a mortal man, threw his cares aside from time to time, and played on his flute, jested with his friends, gambled elephant-like with his children, or gave himself up with extravagant delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his power fresh, so as to renew at the fitting time, and finish the work which had been given him to do. Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of life, but interludes, recreations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being ut-

Italian, Saracenic, or any other chronicles, could an exception be found to the law which dooms to ruin any people who, abandoning the duties for the delights of this transitory state, live only in the frivolities of life, and find only the means of a dissolute and emasculate self-indulgence in God's best gifts to man—in wealth and leisure and society, in erudition and art and science, in literature and philosophy and eloquence, in the domestic affections which should bless our existence, and in the worship by which it should be consecrated. The amusements of men should ever be indulged only as means to give zest and tone to the mind in its pursuit of the higher objects of life.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

#### ENGLISH PATENTS.

The New York Times in an account of the Astor Library states the following facts:—One of the most remarkable series of volumes in the library is the Specifications of English Patents. There are in all about 600 volumes, which are devoted to minute descriptions of patents taken out in England since the year 1617. As exhibiting the increased activity of inventive genius in these latter times, it is a fact worth noting that from 1617 to 1823, 14,000 patents were issued, while from 1852 to the present time, there have been 15,000 taken out. The indexing of these

#### JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

The following scene is from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York Century  
"BELINDA" (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. And still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her 17th year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who

their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle-path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly-wedded bride, at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the



A PASTRY COOK'S SHOP AT NAPLES.

terly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up from time to time to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of the serious duties which God has imposed on every man whom he has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion. The soul which lays upon itself no weightier obligations and seeks no higher ends, is lost. Even poetry, and music, and art, so beautiful in their place as the handmaids of religion, only lead us into the paths of death when they withdraw from her guidance and demand for themselves the worship which is due to God alone. "This, too, is the ruinous effect of an education of accomplishments. The education of the taste, and the cultivation of the feelings, in undue proportion, destroy the masculine tone of mind. An education chiefly romantic or poetical, not balanced by hard practical life, is simply the ruin of the soul." And when such has become the character of a community, when aesthetic tastes have greater influence than the love of truth, and amusements are allowed to stand in the place of better things, then, no matter what external show of prosperity or refinement there may be, the doom of that community is sealed. "For," says Sir James Stephen, "neither in sacred nor profane history, neither in the monarchies of the East, nor the free commonwealths of the Western world, neither in Egyptian, Grecian, Roman,

volumes displays remarkable industry and a systematic thoroughness which can hardly be surpassed. One series of catalogues gives the names of inventors, another the character of the patent issued, and still another the lawsuits which have originated through alleged trespass upon the rights. Thus our own inventors can obtain all the information they may desire with reference to English patents by going no further from home than the Astor Library. Strange as it may appear, the binding of these volumes has cost \$10,000. All the drawings have been mounted with muslin, that the books might be handled without falling to pieces, and this alone has cost for the 200 volumes about \$1000.

#### BARON STEUBEN'S BURIAL AND GRAVE.

Agreeably to his directions, Steuben was buried about noon, on the 30th of November, 1794. His neighbors, about thirty in number, hastened to the farm to pay their last respects to their beloved old townsman. It was a simple and modest cortege which, on a shivering, winter day, accompanied his remains to the grave. No mourning parade or music was there; no crape-covered eagles or colors were to be seen; no cannon fired a military salute; no word was spoken; no funeral oration delivered. Some handfuls of earth, and the tears of a few manly and sincere friends, were the last tribute paid to the citizen soldier, who, having contributed in no small degree to the attainment of American independence, now found lasting repose in the unbroken stillness of her primeval forests.—*Life of Steuben.*

dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at 19. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the feats of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's doorstep, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing, after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book, that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in

bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold.

#### ERRORS OF YOUTH.

The mistakes and errors of youth are the evil geni which wait upon our manhood, and the ghosts that make us tremble in old age. They chill our ardor when ardor would be success; oppose our progress when to advance would be to conquer; haunt our walks, which might otherwise be blessed by the happiest spirits—by love, by grace, by faith, and beauty—and are not to be laid by all our exorcisms, nor to be entreated by all our supplications. We have raised them, in our folly, till they have grown superior to the check of our wisdom. Our very friends are useful to encourage their assaults, and to keep them from perishing. They keep them wakeful, when, perhaps, they would prefer to be at rest, quite as much as ourselves.—*W. G. Simms.*

A lie has no legs, but scandal has wings.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—In little more than three years Edward Everett has received and paid over to the Mt. Vernon Fund, and to other benevolent associations, more than 90,000 dollars. He has delivered his Washington address one hundred and twenty-nine times since February 22, 1856.

R. S., Rockport, Mass.—Louis Napoleon is fifty-two years of age; Francis Joseph, twenty-nine. The latter is of middle height, very slim, and light in figure, of fair complexion, and of the full features of the house of Austria.

EXPERIMENT.—Captain Dahlgren, U. S. A., has proved one of his boat guns and states that it does good execution at the distance of two thousand yards, which is the distance at which such effect was reported of the guns at the battle of Solferino. The boat gun carries an oblong twelve pound ball, and is of the same calibre probably as the French field guns.

MACHIAVEL. "Philadelphia.—We must wait till the conclusion of the conference at Zurich before we pronounce on the peace between France and Austria. The London Times sums up the results of the peace thus: 'The treaty is signed and the blood is shed, the war is ended and the peace is made, but no one, so far as we can see, is the better for the fight.'"

C. G., Brookline.—If you were an older man you would not be disturbed at the occurrence. Remember that "It is in the power of every man to preserve his property, but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports."

"INQUIRY." Cincinnati, Ohio.—The enterprise of editing Mr. Choate's works has been undertaken by his own family.

G. B., Louisville, Ky.—Human growth, according to Professor Quetelet, is not completed until the twenty-fifth year, at least in Belgium. But this period is supposed to be shorter in other countries, certainly so within the tropics, and in very warm regions, where development and decay are universally allowed to be more rapid.

R. C.—Archimedes is reported to have burned the Roman fleet in the harbor of Syracuse by means of condensing and reflecting the sun's rays from mirrors. Bullen, with 165 mirrors, each about six inches square, set fire to planks of beech 150 feet distant, and with the faint rays of the sun at Paris in the month of March.

## OUR VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Last month, in spite of pressing editorial duties, we managed to give the office the slip for a few hours, and joining the tide of human beings flowing in the direction of Concord, had an opportunity of seeing the volunteer troops of the Commonwealth assembled for the first time in a body, and under the marshaling of the commander-in-chief. It is needless to say that we enjoyed the display as a spectacle; but it was something better than a mere military pageant; it had a higher import and a deeper significance. It showed that the military spirit of our people is not extinct, that we possess the aptitude as well as the right to bear arms, and that we are prepared to meet with energy, if need come, "domestic treason" and "foreign levy." Not in vain have the pages of our annals been crowded with the heroic deeds of Indian and French wars, with the glories of the revolutionary strife, with the martial achievements of the second war of independence, and with those stern combats in the valley of Mexico, where the colors of the New England regiment were as far advanced as any in the path of glory.

The full ranks of the different regiments show the zeal of the members, and their admirable discipline was such that it was evident that a few weeks' campaigning would bring them up to the highest standard of military exigency. And this is well. Lament it as we will, the weapons of war must for many years, perhaps for many centuries, be familiar to the hands of every people that would preserve its independence. In our day, we despair of seeing the dream of a peaceful Utopia realized on earth. Woe to the nation that turns its swords into ploughshares and reaping-hooks, while armed despots sit on thrones encircled by bristling bayonets and rifled cannon, on the watch for prey! How long would it be, supposing we disbanded our regulars and our militia, and sold our military stores, before one or more European despots would grasp the opportunity of putting an end to the great republic which is a perpetual shame and menace to their system of oppression and repression, of crushing burthens and of capricious legislation? We have not insisted on the necessity of the militia as an armed police force, in case of domestic troubles, though this is a feature of the system deserving of the most serious consideration. The certainty of the existence of armed citizen corps in every locality is essential in keeping down the ruffian spirit of dangerous individuals, which, but for our volunteers, would break forth in outrage and defiance of civil authority.

In this connection we must express the pleasure with which we have perused the letter of that noble old soldier, General Wool, an honored visitor to the Concord encampment, in reply to the complimentary communication addressed to him by Governor Banks. "The right of the people to keep and bear arms," says the veteran, "is the great conservative feature of our free institutions. This right, with a well-regulated military organization, is essential to the preservation and protection of the privileges guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It is this feature in the Constitution which renders large standing armies unnecessary, and which are used by other nations, not having the privilege of keeping and bearing arms, to override and keep down the people. Where the people have only picks, axes, shovels, spades, etc., as in France, Italy, and Austria, as well as in other European powers, they cannot resist musketry, rifles and rifled cannon. Hence, the monarchs of the world have their feet on the necks of their subjects, and will keep them there in spite of shovels, axes and spades. The privilege of keeping and bearing arms at will by our people is not permitted in any of the continental powers of Europe. Whenever the people of the United States abandon this great privilege, it will be the beginning of the end of their free institutions, and not long after they will become what the people of Europe are, the down-trodden of America. To guard against such a result let us then cherish this invaluable privilege, this great conservative feature of our institutions, of keeping and bearing arms, which, while it banishes the necessity of large standing armies, renders the republic invincible."

## THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

On our first page we have placed the finest equestrian portrait that has yet appeared of the Emperor Napoleon III. It represents him entering Paris at the head of his staff and army, with a Zouave and a grenadier of the imperial guard presenting arms on either side of him. He has now fairly won his epaulettes and earned a legitimate title to military honors. After his baptism of fire at Magenta and Solferino, and his rapid and brilliant operations in Italy, no one will contest his claims to gallantry and soldiership. The present ruler of France appears to the best advantage on horseback. Mounted on a splendid charger, the inferiority of his stature ceases to attract attention, for he is a superb horseman, and sits with great grace and dignity. At a review which took place in the Champ de Mars, not long before the opening of the Italian campaign, he had an opportunity to display the perfection of horsemanship, which he did not neglect to embrace. He was sitting quietly on his horse watching the manoeuvres of a body of troops in a distant part of the field, when his eagle eye detected a mistake which, if not remedied instantly, would throw the column into disgraceful confusion. Thereupon he set spurs to his horse and dashed across the field at full gallop. Suddenly he discovered a barouche standing directly across the path. Instead of reining up and making a detour, he gathered up his horse, gave him a fresh touch of the steel, and topped the carriage in a flying leap that would have done honor to the boldest Leicestershire fox-hunter. The feat was witnessed by thousands, who rent the air with their delighted acclamations, for it was just the sort of achievement to touch the French nearly and rouse their enthusiasm. No professional rider at the imperial circus could have done better. The likeness of the emperor in our picture, though on a small scale, is admirable, as those who have seen him will admit.

## THE SPUR AND THE SADDLE.

These are glorious days for equestrian exercise—none like them in the whole circle of the revolving year. The cool mornings and evenings, stirring the blood, steadying the nerves, and bracing the muscles, prepare one to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," or at least to make the attempt. The autumn weather "puts a fever in the blood of age and makes the infant sinew strong as steel." There is a magic in the spur and the saddle that is perfectly irresistible. The humblest citizen who can manage to bestride a nag, is filled with high thoughts and lofty aspirations. As he feels the bounding steed beneath him, yielding to the rein and prompt to the suggestion of the "armed heel," he feels fit for deeds of high emprise,

— "Though spurs are won no more  
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling."

Of course he could charge a battery and ride over the guns as Colonel May did in Mexico. Is it not worth something to be so lifted out of one's self, to be so buoyed up and exhilarated? It is this excitement which makes exercise in the saddle so beneficial, and which led a famous English physician to adopt one prescription for all his cases—"Live in the saddle."

We are surprised that in a country where so much money is expended on horseflesh, riding is so unpopular as it is. Of a hundred men you meet on the road in the vicinity of our great northern cities, ninety-nine will be behind a horse to one mounted. A little equestrian spasm occurs once in a while, and then you may chance to see a cavalcade of harness horses equipped with saddles and mounted by ladies and gentlemen who ride just often enough to ride very badly and with great fatigue to themselves and their steeds. Yet there is no country in the world where the appliances for this sort of exercise are more plentiful. Strange as it may seem, in England, where they are so fond of the saddle, the breed of good saddle backs is dying out, while we here in the north raise thousands of horses annually, neat-stepping, compactly-built, sure footed animals, that never ought to look through a collar, and are just the things for ladies and gentlemen to ride. We really wish that an equestrian furor would arise and become chronic. We should then see fewer pale faces, and hear less about "nerves" feminine and masculine.

## BEE SWARMING.

A very singular circumstance occurred lately in England. A man named Blight, seeing a swarm of bees at the top of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, plucked a bough, and, strange as it may appear, stood in the road and endeavored to attract them to it. They flew towards him; but, instead of pitching on the leafy bough, they clustered inches deep on the man's head, face, neck, and hands. Many people, seeing this, became alarmed; but the man, knowing well the habits of bees, stood perfectly still and composed, and directed some of the bystanders to procure a hive, saying that if this were done the bees would doubtless be attracted into it. A hive was obtained, and the result was as anticipated. The bees forsook the man for the hive, and they were restored to Mr. Elworthy, the owner. It is a remarkable fact that, although the bees stuck to the man for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, they did him no injury. Had he moved or become agitated he would have been severely stung, and in all probability death would have ensued.

TROTTING IN AMERICA.—It is said that the first public trotting match for money which ever took place in America was in 1818, when a match was made for \$1000 that no horse could be procured which could trot a mile in three minutes. A horse named Boston Blue won the stake, contrary to general expectation, by trotting the mile in a few seconds less than the prescribed time. Gradually the speed of American horses has been increased, until the public ceases to be astonished when Flora Temple trots a mile in two minutes and twenty-three seconds.

SEWING MACHINES.—"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, and blessed be the man who first invented sewing machines, say we. At this writing we have reference to the popular and excellent article known as Johnson's Improved Double Thread Family Sewing Machine. Let our readers step in at 13 Tremont Row, before supplying themselves with this necessary domestic article, and examine this noiseless and superior invention.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.—Victor Emmanuel is disbanding his army, but the men are supplied with passports for his camp and Modena, where they will swell the army of Central Italy under Fanti and Garibaldi.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The sum of £7949 sterling has this year been voted by Parliament towards the expenses of Doctor Livingstone's Zambesi expedition.

SIR WILLIAM EYRE.—The London Times records the death of Sir Wm. Eyre, late in command of the forces in Canada. His age was 53.

GIBRALTAR.—Madrid journals publish articles on the necessity of taking Gibraltar from the English, no matter by what means.

## CORAL FORMATIONS.

Several theories of coral formations have been propounded at different times by scientific men. The last, and most generally received, is that of the distinguished naturalist, Mr. Darwin, who supposes these stupendous piles to have been reared, according to one uniform law, by minute marine animalculæ, which separate the calcareous particles from the sea, and therewith build up these wonderful structures. He conceives that, at the commencement of their formation, the corals are attached to the land like a fringe at or near the surface of the sea; that in those instances where the reef is at a distance from the land, the land has subsided; and that, as the land has gradually sunk, the corals have built up the reef to the surface. Wherever a portion of land remaining above the water is encircled by a reef at a distance from the land, he believes that the barrier reef rests upon the line of the shore at which the corals commenced their work; that the outer reefs rise perpendicularly; and that the distance of the barrier reefs from the present junction of the sea with the land, marks the inclination of the land inwards or towards the centre, from the line at which the corals began their operations. In reference to the circular reefs without any land in the centre, this theory assumes that the whole of the land has sunk beneath the water, which now fills the entire space within the coral walls. In process of time breaches occur in these ramparts, through which the ocean currents force their way, and, breaking down other parts of the reef, carry off the fragments until the whole is dispersed. Mr. Darwin's reputation as a profound and sagacious student of nature is so well established, that his conclusions have been received with that general confidence to which they are justly entitled; and though this theory may not apply to all the phenomena, it is much more satisfactory than any other, and is the nearest approach yet made to the elucidation of this branch of science.

## RATHER A SMART OPERATION.

Some months since, says the Herald, a fast young man, who, at times, was in want of the needful, and had been in the habit of "spouting" a diamond pin, consisting of a single stone of great beauty, made application to a broker for money, pledging the pin as collateral. After a brief examination the applicant was offered \$50, but he wanted more, and left the shop with the understanding that if he could not get an additional amount from some other "uncle" he would return. The owner of the pin was not gone from the shop more than ten minutes when he returned, threw down the pin, and wanted \$50. The money was counted out and the pin put away without an examination, and a week elapsed before the broker discovered that while his customer was absent from the store he had changed the stones and for the diamond substituted a piece of glass of the exact size of the diamond. He has never redeemed his property and probably never will.

THE INDIA QUESTION.—An English paper says: "We cannot shake off our India burden and walk away. The day we attempt that, it becomes a sword in the hands of Russia. The task to be undertaken is the exposure of British wrong-doing in India, from the Afghan war down to the annexation of Oude and the Cartridge Mutiny; and the insistence upon the inauguration of an era of right-doing, by beginning to do right. Englishmen must be made to understand, before it is too late, that not only is the national credit at stake on this subject, but the national existence."

THE DOUBLE OVEN RANGE.—Housekeepers would do well to read Gardner Chilson's advertisement in another column of this paper. The excellent domestic Range which he manufactures is finding its way into all of our first class houses, while its price is such as to place it within the means of all.

AN INSTITUTION.—Ballou's Dollar Monthly, only one dollar a year, fully illustrated, original throughout, making two volumes of twelve hundred pages a year. The cheapest in the world!

COLONEL FREMONT.—This gentleman is after all on the high road to fortune in California. His quartz-mills are yielding enormously.

GREAT EASTERN.—Great Eastern! Great Eastern!! Great Eastern!!!



## GRAND JURIES.

The legislature have passed a law which virtually abolishes Grand Juries, and provides for the trial of criminals upon information. All cases are to be examined directly by a justice of the peace, and by him committed directly to the higher courts, instead of being sent for indictment as heretofore. We very much doubt the wisdom of this change, for whatever may be said of the secret, inquisitorial functions of the Grand Jury, it is in reality a great protection to the citizen against being subjected to the ignominy of a public trial upon slight or insufficient grounds. The grand inquest, as it is called, has a wider range in its functions than a trial jury; the latter being restrained by the literalities and technicalities of the law, while the former has a full discretion as to palliating circumstances, justification, and other considerations which may influence the question of culpability on the part of the accused. The Grand Jury is, to a certain extent, the embodiment of public opinion, whereas the jury is the representative of the will of the people as expressed by law. The former acts upon a view of all the merits of the case, while the trial jury is circumscribed in its action by the legal considerations that are involved. The offices of the two bodies are essentially different, and yet both useful to the citizen and to the public. The former asks not whether a man is guilty, but whether all the circumstances of the case that are known to them, require that he should be put on trial. The latter determines the question of his legal guilt. We see not what possible good can result from abolishing the Grand Jury, but can readily conceive that much evil may result therefrom.

**DR. ALCOTT'S WORKS.**—We have just received from the publishers, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, copies of their last editions of those popular and standard works by the late Dr. W. A. Alcott, the "Physiology of Marriage," "Courtship and Marriage," and the "Laws of Health," the last-named being his complete and elaborate production, containing his mature views, and the latest corrections of his pen. It is almost needless to call attention to books which have been so widely disseminated, and so deeply stamped by popular approval. The recent death of the author has created a demand for them which it taxes the utmost resources of the publishers to keep pace with. As some opponents of the doctor's theories have attributed his death to a rigid adherence to the system of living that he advocates, it may be proper to state that for thirty years he kept at bay the insidious advances of consumption, by a scrupulous attention to diet, exercise, and the other laws of health which he has laid down in his great work. The three books which we have mentioned abound in incontrovertible facts, and are a treasury of physiological knowledge.

**TO THE LADIES.**—It will be interesting to the ladies to learn that a place has been opened in Boston for the stamping of embroideries of any pattern desired. Messrs. Parsons & Gibby, a firm that have long been established in Lowell, as pattern inventors and designers, have opened a sales room for the convenience of ladies, at No. 3 Winter Street, over George Turnbull & Co's store, and have on hand a large variety of the newest styles of patterns of collars, handkerchiefs, and the thousand and one articles embroidered by ladies.

**"CAPTAIN BELT: or, The Buccaneer of the Gulf."**—Send us twenty cents in postage stamps, and this remarkable novelette, fully illustrated with large original engravings, will be sent to you, post paid, by return of mail. The present edition is the 33,000 of this fine nautical tale, being the fifth edition.

**PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AND MR. SICKLES.**—The Washington Star denies that the president ever visited Mr. Sickles. Then that picture we saw in an exchange, depicting the interview, could not have been "drawn from a photograph."

**GOOD NEWS.**—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood have reconciled, and have taken the American Theatre, San Francisco, together. Be a good boy, John, and there'll be no trouble hereafter.

**GERRY, THE ARTIST.**—Mr. Samuel L. Gerry, the landscapist, is about to visit Europe again. He will pass the summer among the Swiss Alps, and bring us back new pictures of Alpine scenery.

## THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The marble shaft at the national capitol, commenced in honor of the illustrious name sake of that city, still stands in its hunched-up, unfinished state. Everything is still and desolate about the spot, as it has been for the last few years. Not a blow is struck, not a stone is raised, and the solitary visitor who wanders to the site, gazes upon a scene of loneliness quite as profound as that which surrounds the pyramids of the desert. At the last session, Congress passed an act incorporating the Washington Monument Society, by which Winfield Scott, James Kearney, M. F. Maury, Peter Force, and some fourteen other gentlemen are constituted a body corporate, with the President of the United States, *ex officio*, for president of the corporation. The society have met and considered the state of the affairs of the monument, and have expressed a determination to proceed with the work at the earliest possible moment. It is hoped that this new movement will inspire public confidence, and awaken a strong interest for the speedy finishing of this eminently national work. A patriotic effort is making in Ohio, to raise funds for the completion of the structure, and we look forward to the day when other States will follow the example thus set.

## ESCAPED.

Doctor Gaillardet, who was convicted of a murderous assault upon a New York landlord, has reached Paris in safety. It will be remembered that the officer who had charge of him allowed him to dine at a restaurant with his friends. The wine circulated freely, the officer partaking. During the entertainment the doctor stepped out, but the confiding officer did not dream of his attempting an escape, "because he left his hat." However, the doctor preferred the loss of his hat to that of his liberty, and was soon on his way to Canada, whence he has gone to Europe. This noted M. D., who did the officer so very brown, is brother of F. Gaillardet, a French literary man, who made a fortune out of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, and is now its Paris correspondent. He first became famous by his play "La Tour de Nesle," which still keeps the French and American stages. A quarrel respecting the authorship of this piece, led to a duel with that remarkable colored gentleman Alexander Dumas, senior. F. Gaillardet is a brilliant writer, and made a capital paper of the New York "Courier."

**THE DUTTON CHILDREN.**—These two little marvels of humanity are now exhibiting throughout this State. These children were born in this country, and are now respectively nine and eleven years of age, and yet they are but little tiny specimens of humanity, not bigger than many of the pretty dolls we see in the shop windows. They are perfectly formed, and so lovely in their appearance, and so sprightly in their movements, and their little voices sound out so sweetly and harmoniously in song, that every one is filled with admiration in seeing and hearing them. Mr. Dutton, the father of these little girls, very properly accompanies them, and manifests a watchful and tender care that they are not exercised above their powers of endurance. We consider them so great a curiosity, that we shall give our readers an engraving of them in a few days.

**O'NEIL'S IRISH PICTORIAL.**—This Boston weekly paper (late the "Irish Miscellany") is a quarto sheet, illustrated with wood engravings, and treating of topics interesting to the sons of the Emerald Isle and their descendants in this country. Sergeant O'Neil, the editor, is a bold dragoon, who has seen much service abroad and in the Mexican war; and his military reminiscences, published in his paper, show that he can handle the pen as well as the sword.

**CALIFORNIA.**—The defeat of the Pacific railroad bill in the United States Senate was not much relished in California, and some of the papers put their columns in mourning for it.

**CINCINNATI.**—Pike's new opera house, Cincinnati, of which we gave a fine representation in the Pictorial, has been doing a magnificent business with opera.

**LONDON LITERATURE.**—There are six hundred and fifty periodicals published in the city of London.

## Seaside Gatherings.

A couple are living in Vermont who were married in 1790.

The Erie Railroad Company will put six sleeping cars on their road next month.

Illinois legislators receive \$1 per day at present, being \$7 a week less than their board costs.

It is said that not a single divorce has ever been obtained in South Carolina.

It is stated that it would require 65,000 artillerymen to man all the sea fortifications of the Union.

A colored man in Cincinnati has begun to turn white—his back, one of his shoulders, and one arm have completely lost their color.

Mr. Hackett, the distinguished representative of "Falstaff," is at present rustication on his farm in Illinois.

A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune says Miramon is the finest soldier in the Mexican army—possessed of true military genius.

It is said that one of the strong minded women in New York has challenged the "Bonnie Boy" to a trial of the manly art.

Dr. William Newton Mercer, of New Orleans, has made an additional donation of \$2500 to the Maryland Agricultural College, making in all \$7500.

At Buffalo, lately, the wind played a curious freak, first drawing four or five feet of water from the canal, and then, by a counter blow, as quickly filling it again to overflowing.

A large amount of loss has been sustained by the coal operators in the mining regions of Pennsylvania in consequence of the mines having been flooded by the recent heavy rains.

A conductor on the Providence and Worcester railroad, John E. Taft, has travelled 360,000 miles and carried 1,500,000 passengers without serious injury to any of them.

A Canadian lynx was recently shot in Iowa, measuring, when standing, two feet, and thirty-four inches along the back. He was of a grayish color, with the outer ends of the hair wavy black.

As Pleasant M. Mask was lately addressing 4000 people at Holly Springs, Miss., he suddenly fell from the platform on which he stood, and broke his neck. He had previously committed a murder.

Mrs. Eliza Thum, a German woman of Chicago, drowned herself in barrel of water a few days ago, during a fit of insanity brought on by religious excitement. She had a husband and four children.

A horse railroad is about to be constructed in Chicago. The company, headed by L. Bigelow, Esq., formerly superintendent of the Fitchburg railroad, has obtained a charter, and will soon commence the work of putting down the iron.

The St. Louis Democrat says that at the close of the last session of the Missouri legislature there was a "grand spree," which culminated in the governor's riding on horseback into his own parlor, and playing a tune on the piano with the animal's fore feet.

A new park is to be made in New Haven, to be called "Brewster Park," in honor of Mr. James Brewster, a citizen noted for his public spirit and philanthropy. The grounds selected are located in the western part of the city, and cover over forty acres.

The use of coal for locomotives is constantly increasing. One of the engines of the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad has lately been changed from a wood to a coal burner, and with greater saving in expense for fuel than we have heretofore seen reported.

New Orleans is to have a first-class opera-house. It is all settled. It is to be located on the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets. Mr. Boucoussie is to be its manager. It is to cost something like \$200,000, and is to be ready to be opened by the last of the coming October.

A new confidence game has arisen in New York. A sharper accosts a child and promises him some pet animals, provided he will find at home a piece of gold to catch them with. The child is delighted, runs home and hunts up or begs some money, and gives it over to the confidence man, who disappears.

The flood which caused such immense damage last spring in the neighborhood of New Orleans, has taught the inhabitants wisdom, and the levees along the whole line of the river have been strengthened to such an extent as to warrant the belief that they will withstand any rise which may take place.

The centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Niagara, by the united forces of Great Britain and the colonies, is to be celebrated next summer, on the battle-ground. The suggestion was made by the Hon. Hamilton Merritt, of St. Catherine's, Canada. The anniversary occurs on the 25th of July.

The Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the social status of that territory. The results foot up as follows: Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these 13 have more than 19 wives; 730 men with five wives; 1100 men with four, and 1400 with more than one wife.

The pedestal of Clark Mills's equestrian statue of Washington will consist of three tiers or tablets, the smaller surmounting the larger and ornamented with various designs illustrative of the country from its first settlement up to the time of the warrior statesman in whose honor the great design is to be erected.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Ancient medals are the seals of history. —*De Boufflers.*

.... We can more easily conceive of a thing as faultless than as perfect. —*Bacon.*

.... Law and liberty are not adverse, but different sides of one fact. —*Rev. F. H. Hedge.*

.... Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those they have injured. —*F. A. Durrage.*

.... To the one Faust who found a comrade in the fiend, there are a thousand who are visited by the angel. —*Bulwer.*

.... I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception. —*Steele.*

.... It is chiefly to the willfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. —*Henry Reed.*

.... No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings. —*Halderton.*

.... A generous nature, when it forgives an abuse of its favors, seeks by increased kindness to prevent a repetition of the ingratitude. —*Bulwer.*

.... With antiquaries, the progress of time is retrograde, and the past comes nearer to them at every step they take towards the future. —*Le Boufflers.*

.... Friendship requires action. Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love. —*Jean Paul.*

.... Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich did their share, how would the woes of this world be lightened. —*Mrs. Kirkland.*

.... Love, like a beautiful opal, is a clouded gem which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart. —*Mrs. Child.*

.... At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jacknife. —*O. W. Holmes.*

.... Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it. —*Bulwer.*

.... It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. —*Steele.*

## Joker's Budget.

**The Height of Coolness.**—The top of Mont Blanc.

**Buffer** complains that the opera gives him a singing in the ears.

**The ugliest and most mischievous** Miss we ever knew was Miss government.

**"Come here, Master Thommy, do you know your A, B, C's?"** "Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees."

**Why is the letter N like a faithless lover?** Because it's inconstant.

**Why is the letter G like matrimony?** Because it is the end of courtship.

**What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window?** The window.

**Why must the letter R be always in confusion?** Because it is in the midst of a labyrinth.

**It is generally conceded, now-a-days, that tin makes the very best of belle metal.**

**The man that broke his arm in pulling a whiskey punch out of a tumbler, has taken to a sling.**

**Sanctum-sanctum.**—An editor always considers his room better than his company.

**Misplaced politeness.**—Asking a full hooped lady to take a seat in an arm chair. It can't be done!

**What plant given by a lady to her suitor would express "leave of absence?"** Say go, (Sago).

**Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes?** Because they correspond but never meet.

**A chap down East has invented a machine to make pumpkin pies.** It is driven by the force of circumstances.

**What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double?** The letter O.

**Why are blacksmiths the most discontented of tradesmen?** Because they are always on the strike for wages.

**Why would a man in the ship insurance business make a bad author?** Because, being an underwriter, he could not, of course, write anything over well.

**"Mr. R—, why did you bring this suit to our court? Why did you not leave it out to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?"** "Your honor," replied R—, "I preferred that honest men shouldn't try it."

**Frances Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he would always go to them; "for," said he, "if they come to me they may stay as long as they please—if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."**



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Great Heart of Allan Dunn.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"To love, to bliss, their blended souls were given,  
And each, too happy, asked no other heaven."

"Why are you so gloomy to-night, Allan Dunn?"

The question was put by a young and handsome man, hardly past the boundaries of boyhood. Allan Dunn was a bachelor. The world called him odd; but the world never knew that deep in his heart there had been a sacred love for sweet Alice Bernard, the bride of seventeen summers, who was to be given away in marriage in these brilliantly-lighted parlors, on this lovely June night.

"I had a dream," said Allan, turning away as he spoke.

Fréd Bernard followed him.

"What was your dream, Allan Dunn? You, of all men, to be troubled by a dream! Tell me—faith, it must have been a portentous vision to make you so glum. Come into this room here—we shall be alone for a few moments—brides are always behind time."

"I can tell you without leaving," said Allan, quietly. "I dreamed that your sister came in to be married, and after the ceremony the scene changed to a funeral. There was a large coffin in the room, with Horace Turner's name and age recorded on the plate. A shadowy form stood in that corner, where Miss White is flirting with that brainless Stephens. It wavered like the flame of a candle—she did not see it, but I did; and I told her repeatedly that her husband was here, but she was too much grief-stricken to heed me. I shall never forget her appearance, never; it was a sight I pray God I may never realize."

"Pshaw! it was only a dream."

So said young Bernard; but the pale cheek and lip attested to the thrilling power of the narrator.

"I don't believe in dreams, do you?" asked the young man, uneasily.

"I don't know why I should," replied Allan Dunn. "I never knew one of my own to be fulfilled—" He paused, for at that moment entered the loveliest vision that ever greeted mortal eyes.

O, how exceedingly pure was that perfect face of Alice Bernard! Her hair of a pale gold color fell in soft swaying masses around her cheeks, and mingling with its gleam was the exquisite bridal-veil, white as the first fleece of winter.

Alice was the only child of a rich merchant. "As good as she was beautiful," was the comment of all who knew her. She had grown up like a white rose, unstained by contact with whatever influence might have thrown about her, unsullied even by the constant admiration which was showered upon her. It seemed impossible to spoil that rare nature, prosperity had only brought out the exceeding beauty of her spirit. The highest and the lowest were alike regarded by her, so that even the servants and the poor washerwomen, who had experienced many proofs of her bounty, wept tears of honest sorrow to think that she was to leave the home she had so long blessed. Allan Dunn never once took his eyes from the sweet girl till the blessing was pronounced; then he moved hastily from the place where had stood, hurried from the room and into the street, pulling his hat down hard upon his brow.

Allan had been a daily visitor at the house of the merchant Bernard ever since the day the latter had said, pressing his hand, "congratulate me, Dunn, there is a babe, a sweet little daughter, born to me." He had watched the lovely child from its infancy, bought and made her costly presents, taken her out with him, walking with a proud step as many a one stopped to remark upon her beauty. As she grew still older, his quiet vigilance never relaxed. He did much towards forming her character; and until the day that she was fifteen, he never ceased to call her his darling.

Suddenly the pet name was dropped. "Miss Alice" came oftener from his lips than she liked to have it. He grew silent and particular in his deportment towards her, only offered her his company when there was no other escort, and gradually Alice ceased to go to him with her troubles, especially as young Horace Turner, the son of her father's partner, became a frequent visitor at the merchant's house.

Now they were married, and Allan Dunn felt

more lonely, more miserable than ever. He had schooled himself into submission, he thought—he had repeated the name to himself until it was not difficult to speak it. He had not been pleased with Horace Turner, and yet he could never tell why, for the young man seemed unobjectionable in manners and in morals. He was exceedingly handsome, with perhaps an air a little too dashing; but who could not forgive him some little mannerism, while it led to nothing harmful.

Alice loved him, almost worshipped the beau ideal of her girlhood. In her exceeding happiness she saw no fault in him—no trouble in the future—she was resting in the present.

"To wilful men  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters."

One brief, beautiful year had passed. Alice was the mistress of a happy home, an indulgent and much-loved wife. Splendor surrounded her on every side, servants came at her slightest call, not a cloud, even no bigger than a man's hand, had she seen since her wedding-day.

"Ally," said her husband one evening, just after the gas was lighted, "I'm going away for a few weeks on business."

Alice opened her eyes—a sudden terror distended them.

"Going to leave me?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Why, yes, pet, only for a little while; I have been to New Orleans nearly every season, and my business calls me, imperatively."

"But can't I go with you?"

"Go with me? no indeed; don't you know that yellow-jack reigns there? Take my little beauty to get sick and die? no indeed."

"But you would get sick; and O, Horace, if you should die!"

"No danger, darling; I've had the fever, and am not in the least afraid. Come, be happy about it now; I shall stay but two weeks at the longest. Can't you smile once, in view of such a short separation?"

She shook her head sadly—her eyes were filled with tears.

"Allan, go over to the house as often as you can when I am gone, there's a good old fellow," said Horace to Allan Dunn, on the morning of his departure. "You're such an old friend, you know, Alice will like to see as much of you as possible."

"I shall be happy to call sometimes," said Allan, coldly.

"O, nonsense! Sometimes. Call every evening, wont you? she will be round at her father's. Sing with her, tell her stories, keep her lively, keep her mind engaged, and she wont think so much of my absence."

Allan's lip curled, and there was a gloss on his fine cheek. "He thinks I may amuse her as one would a playful kitten, by dangling a string for her," he muttered to himself.

"I shall be sure to call on Mrs. Turner," he said aloud, "as often as my engagements will permit."

"Do so, and please let your engagements permit you often. You know I shouldn't be jealous of you as I should of some of our young fellows."

This light, thoughtless speech stung Allan Dunn to the quick, and set a strange passion to work in his hitherto well disciplined heart.

"The husband of Alice Bernard need be jealous of no man," he said, in his cold, sarcastic tone. "She is not only above coquetry, but above all suspicion."

"There may be more danger than you think," he added to himself. "I have the audacity to believe I might have carried your once-to-be wife off, before your eyes, had I possessed an ounce more of self-esteem. Then, I flatter myself, she might have had a man for a husband, not a boardless boy. Take care, sir, take care, I'm not a dotard yet."

Horace, with a twirl at his moustache, and a trifling smile, bade his friend good morning, and went to take his leave of Alice. Poor, petted young wife—the parting was as terrible to her as if he had been going on a voyage round the world. It was a heavy blow to one who had never known trial.

"What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole!"  
"O, what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,  
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!"

"Alice, Mr. Dunn is down stairs—our old friend. He came on purpose to see you."

"O, dear!"—the book was languidly laid aside—"please, mother, do tell him I can't see

any one. I've a headache and a heartache too," she sighed.

"But, my love, he came on purpose at Horace's special request. You would not treat such kindness so rudely."

"But only look at me, mother."

"You are so well acquainted with him, darling, that you never need change your dress. That delicate silk becomes your complexion wonderfully. Just pass this blue sash around your waist, and put these bracelets on. There, you look beautifully."

"Well enough for him," said Alice, pettishly; "the old back!"

"Quiet as he is, Alice, he was once the life of society. When I was married, I never saw a more splendid young man, your father excepted."

"But he's old now," retorted Alice, lifting a curl to pin back. "O, dear, what an old foggy compared to my Horace!" And again a sigh came fluttering on her lips.

Meanwhile, in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, sat Mr. Bernard, enjoying a pleasant tete-a-tete with Allan Dunn. For years he had not been more happy. It seemed like old times. And, by the way, it will do no harm to add here that the merchant Bernard was not yet forty, and Allan was some three years his senior. Thirty-five is not such an extremely old age.

Alice came floating in. She looked very beautiful, and started as Allan Dunn rose from his seat to greet her. Well she might. Allan had taken extraordinary pains with his toilet, from the elegantly curled and perfumed locks above his broad brow, to the patent shoes that glistened beneath a Parisian suit. How eloquent he was! Never did anecdote and wit fall so charmingly from the lips of manhood as from his. Alice was charmed—she was astonished. He opened the grand piano, ran his fingers from note to note in a sweet, plaintive prelude, and then sang with an impassioned tenderness that the family group had never heard equalled.

"I never knew you played, I never knew you sang," said Alice, as he seated himself with graceful abandon.

"O, yes, years ago," he said, carelessly.

"Years ago!" reiterated Alice, quite forgetting herself.

"I remember it!" exclaimed her father; "when we were young men together you sang and played. But bless me, what have you been doing, my dear fellow? you look as youthful as you did the day I was married."

"Taken a new lease of life," said Allan, gravely.

Alice declared that she had never spent a pleasanter evening, and wished that dear Horace could have been with them.

Allan came again and again. He exerted himself to the utmost not only to please, but to dazzle. Alice wondered innocently many times before her mother, why she had never seen him so very handsome and brilliant he was. Poor child! she little knew that now he was in the power of the tempter—that for the time everything was forgotten save the desire, the determination to please and allure her. For the time, I said, there came a reaction.

"What am I doing?" cried Allan Dunn, one night when he came home. He sat down and looked resolutely into his own heart, and read treachery there. He shuddered as he laid bare his motives with no tender hand. "Allan Dunn!" he said, sternly, "this must be so no longer." And from that time he went no more to Alice Turner's home—until—but I will not anticipate.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Bernard one morning at the breakfast table.

Alice grew pale, put down the morsel she was eating, and noticing that her father gave one agonizing glance towards her, all strength forsook her. She could only murmur: "What of my husband? I am sure there is bad news."

"I was rash," murmured her father; "I dare say it is false. Wife, look to her, she has fainted. My God, what a blow for the poor child!"

Meantime, Alice was carried to her chamber, and restoratives applied. Her mother had read the fatal paragraph and told it to her before an hour had passed. Now Alice clung to her bosom trembling, stunned. Poor child! the blow came near being fatal. For weeks there only issued from her dry, burning lips, "Died of yellow fever—died of yellow fever."

There were no tears, until one day Allan Dunn was admitted into her room. Her sobs and tears were mingled with loud cries of grief. When she grew comparatively calm, she insisted upon

having a funeral. In vain they urged her not to do violence to her feelings by an indulgence so unavailing. It was impossible to reason with her, and accordingly Allan's dream was realized. The coffin, though without the corpse, was there in the midst of the splendid parlors, the procession followed the hearse to a grave in the beautiful cemetery, and dressed in the deepest mourning, the fair young creature so early widowed, returned to her home desolate, but yet consoled.

Titles of honor add not to his worth,  
Who is an honor to his title?

And what now were the emotions of Allan Dunn? I can hardly define them—but only say they were by no means as pleasant as he would have desired. He was not altogether satisfied with himself—and yet he had conquered himself—he was written down greater than those who take kingdoms. Who can tell what gratitude there was in his heart over his own salvation? He heard of the death of young Horace Turner from the lips of Mr. Bernard.

"Poor fellow! to fall so early!" was his first thought. His second was a thanksgiving, "I have not wronged him."

And yet, strange to say, so contradictory is the nature of man, that warmer feelings mingled with his mourning. Turner was dead, and Alice was free. He was the friend whom Horace had chosen for his wife. She had been pleased with his society—how much dearer might it not seem at this sad period? Besides, he was sure of the father—Bernard had always loved him.

Weeks passed, months elapsed. Allan Dunn loved with all the intensity of his soul. Compared with his former attachment which he felt was hopeless from the first, his present feelings were as the flame of the sun to the light of the candle. Every sad smile of Alice Turner was treasured in his heart. Every pleasant word engraved there as by fire. As yet, only the tender and delicate regards of a friend had been given the idol of his soul; but their very tenderness and delicacy spoke volumes.

One evening he had been at the house of his friend. Alice was there; her mournful, beautiful face never seemed so holy, so lovely! She had been very kind—had listened to the story of his travels with absorbing attention, and had smiled so gently upon him at parting, that for the lonesome mile he walked to his home through the keep, frosty night air, the recollection kept him warm.

It was a dark night, and he was glad to see at length the light in the hall of his bachelor home. Opening the door warily, he entered the cosy sitting-room where he was wont to keep a fire, and moved round cautiously, feeling for his lamp, which he kept upon a particular bracket. The ruddy glow of the fire brightened the carpet before it, and extended to the crimson-lined couch a few yards off; but it did not touch the bowed figure of a man who sat near the remotest corner trembling, shivering, although the room was very warm.

"This is pleasant!" said Allan, stooping to light the taper in his hand, and he continued to talk to himself in a manner usual with him, till turning about suddenly, he saw the almost motionless figure of the stranger. Startled, he stood there, with a "halloa!" Then gliding to a recess he took down a pistol, and called the man to look up, to speak.

"You need not arm yourself, Allan," said a hollow voice, and the face was upturned to him.

Great Heaven! Had Horace Turner risen from his grave? Was there the smell of the sepulchre upon his garments? That face was death-pallid, those eyes were hollow and brilliant. Was this indeed a visitant from the other world?

"Do you live, Horace Turner?" asked Allan Dunn, nearing the unearthly figure.

"Yes, I live," said the broken voice; "but if I could, I would curse God and die."

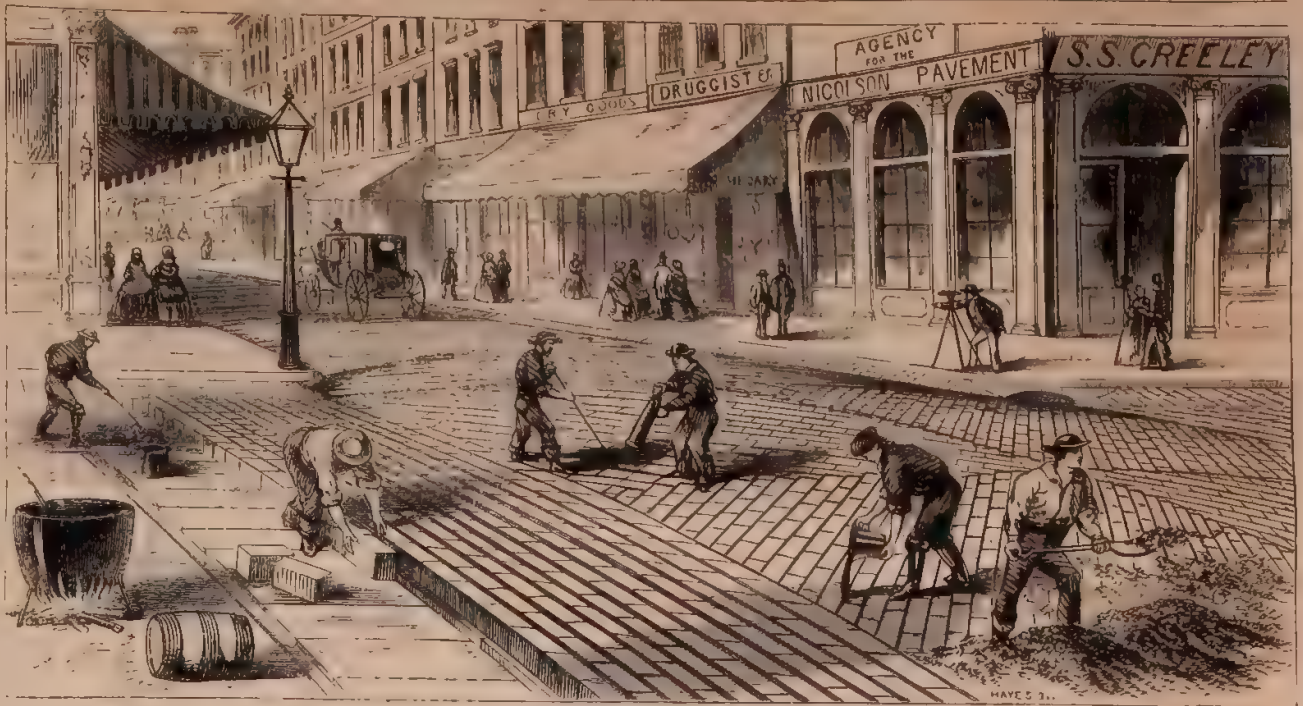
There came one fierce pang to the heart of Allan Dunn. Alice was no longer a widow. Had she rejected him, the pain had not been more terrible. Must he give up his idolized love? "What is the meaning of this mystery? Explain," he said, in a voice as hollow as that of Horace Turner.

"Allan Dunn, I throw myself on your generosity; nay, rather on your mercy," said Horace. "I am a God-forsaken man, unworthy of the love and confidence of my kind. In a word, I committed a forgery on my friend. He threatened to expose me unless the money was instantly forthcoming. I had spent it—lost it at the gaming table. O, my God!"



## THE "NICOLSON PAVEMENT."

The accompanying engraving represents the "Nicolson Pavement" as it appears at the crossing of Clark and Washington Streets in the city of Chicago, Illinois. The figures and the unfinished portion of the street, are designed to illustrate the manner of constructing the pavement. This valuable improvement in street paving is the invention of Mr. Samuel Nicolson of Boston, Mass. We find in a pamphlet, published and distributed by Mr. Nicolson in 1855, that, having been for many years the treasurer and superintendent of the Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation, whose roads and avenues extend to nearly ten miles in length, and seeing the great want of improvement upon the old methods of stone paving and McAdamizing streets and roads, he gave the subject his earnest investigation, and then determined that a composition of wood, tar and gravel, if properly combined, would make a more perfect roadway than any other materials; as such composition would be comparatively noiseless and smooth, safe and easy for the feet of horses, prevent earthy exhalations, and also prevent the entrance of frost. Mr. Nicolson's method of constructing his pavement is as follows:—The street, being properly graded, is covered with a thin coat of tar, then by a flooring of boards placed lengthwise of the street, then with another thin coat of hot tar; on this the paving blocks are placed. The blocks are cut from planks three or four inches thick and six inches long, and are set endwise in rows across the street; between the rows of blocks there is placed a strip of board about one inch thick and two inches wide, over which coarse sand or gravel is rammed, and then hot tar is poured over the whole surface of the pavement, penetrating into the wood and amongst the gravel, so as to render the whole so solid as to exclude the entrance of moisture; whilst the tar is hot the whole is covered thickly with sand, and the pavement is in condition for travel. The first experiment made by the inventor was upon the Western Avenue, in 1848, where it was exposed to public travel for more than seven years, without requiring repairs. It was next put upon Mason street in 1854, on West street and Washington street in 1855, on Chauncey street in 1856, on Exchange street in 1857. The block of the latter pavement is of hard wood, and now, after two winters, and the hard usage to which the pavement of that street is always subjected, its appearance and promise of durability is not equalled by any stone pavement in this city. It is officially stated by Mr. R. Copeland, the Superintendent of Public Works of the city of Chicago, that a portion of Welles street, in that city, was paved with the "Nicolson Pavement" in 1856, that it has received no repairs, is now in perfectly good order, and looks likely to last several years longer. He also states that there is now laid and under contract for completion this fall, thirty one thousand square yards of the above-named pavement, covering one and one eighth mile of streets and alleys. That "the pavement is cleanly, noiseless, impervious to water and frost, affords an excellent foot-hold for horses, and is in all respects a very desirable pavement, both for occupants of adjoining buildings and for persons driving over it. It is of great value in the saving of wear to vehicles and injury to horses." There are many testimonials concerning the sanitary and other qualities of this pavement, by scientific and practical men, at our command; but we think the above account of this valuable invention will be sufficient to call attention to a subject promising so much comfort and advantage to all towns and cities. The pamphlet referred to above is very interesting and is filled with facts and abounds in verified statements, showing the excellence of this system of pavement, in every point of view.



PUTTING DOWN THE NICOLSON PAVEMENT AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## BORRONEO CHAPEL, WEYBRIDGE, ENG.

The irregular building, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, delineated in our engraving, is the spot where, "after life's fitful hour," Louis Philippe, ex-king of the French, and the beautiful and intellectual Duchess d'Orleans, his daughter-in-law, "sleep well" in foreign soil. For the moralist or the poet we can imagine no fitter theme than the grave of Louis Philippe. We can imagine no spot of "hallowed ground" whereon the philosopher can better erect a fabric of solemn reasoning than the little sanctuary at Weybridge, where sleeps the late King of the French.

He left a mark behind  
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,  
And give it whole to late posterity!

The village of Weybridge lies about one mile southward of the Weybridge Station on the South Western Railway, and is surrounded by some pleasant scenery, which derives a picturesque character from "the splashing waters" of the river Wey. In its immediate vicinity is Oat-

lands Park, the residence of the late Duke of York, and after his death, of his amiable and benevolent duchess. There is a famous grotto in the park, originally formed at a cost of £40,000, and entirely composed of minute pieces of spar, rock, minerals and shells. But the tourist chiefly visits Weybridge for the purpose of inspecting the little and fantastic chapel, known as the Chapel of Borromeo, wherein are interred the remains of Louis Philippe and his two daughters, the Duchesses de Nemours and D'Orleans. It was founded by a gentleman of the name of Taylor, several years since, and intended as a family mausoleum. His tomb is placed in the crypt, in proximity to those of the king and the princesses. The tomb of Louis Philippe is extremely simple, and distinguished with but little ornament. It bears an inscription in Latin, recording his death at Claremont, on the 26th of August, 1850, at the ripe age of 76, and gives expression to the confident hope that his remains will yet be removed to his own country to repose with the ashes of his ancestors—"avitas inter cineres."

Wreaths of "immortelles," and vases brimmed with flowers adorn the steps of the tomb. The chapel is surrounded by a very beautiful garden, and sheltered by graceful boughs, through which delightful vistas of the ample heath and distant meadows occasionally present themselves. The decease of Louis Philippe's daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Orleans, (Helene Louisa Elizabeth) took place May 18, 1858. On her son rest the hopes of those who yet cherish the fond belief that France will regain her lost liberty, under the shadow of a constitutional monarchy. Whether these wishes will be realized or not it is not our province to inquire; but the fact of their existence, as well as the singular interest attaching to the career of him who was once extolled as the Citizen King, may well induce the traveller to pause for awhile at the Chapel of Borromeo, and muse by the tombs of Louis Philippe and his children. We doubt whether all history presents a more romantic chapter, or one more full of change and accident, of surprising elevation and sudden descent, than the life of Louis Philippe. In him the Orleans dynasty begun, and, apparently, terminated. With him commenced in France the experience of a system of constitutional government, which fell, as it had risen, with him. His life was one of sudden and extreme changes, and he died at last, under the roof of an English palace, and now lies sleeping in a grave upon English ground. Never was monarch less loved than Louis Philippe—except in the bosom of his family—where the best side of his character was displayed as an affectionate father and a decorous husband. Never was monarch less loved, for no man believed in him, while all men believed in his in-merit; for it was suspected that he looked upon his ministers as mere tools, to be taken up and thrown aside as his purposes required.



CHAPEL OF BORROMEIO, WEYBRIDGE, ENGLAND.—BURIAL-PLACE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## SONG.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There are rude winds to-night—hear them sobbing and sighing!

They tap on the windows, they rattle the door;  
Now tuning their voice to the wall of the dying,  
Now shrieking together in sonorous roar.

Yet I care not, I care not—within is my Eden,  
The firelight grows strong as the red flames arise,  
And thus in my castle I revel and wassail,  
Dear soul, in the beautiful light of thine eyes!

There are black clouds to-night, how they riot in thunder!  
How dark are their curtains, the banners of death!  
They have lightnings in check, with a mission to sunder,  
And scatter the bodies of men with their breath!  
But I care not, I care not—my Eden is cloudless,  
No death-bearing flame from its bosom may rise,  
Save the flame that is laden with love of a maiden,  
The beautiful light of the soul in thine eyes!

O, cares and perplexities, cease your vain mission!  
Ye legions of sorrows, I laugh at your powers;  
Leave, leave, and forever, this palace elysian,  
Begone from my sight, in these fair sunny hours.  
I care not, albeit on the morrow you'll find me,  
And cause me to grieve with most pitiable sighs;  
Here, love is my pleasure, unstinted in measure,  
For here is the beautiful light of thine eyes!

## TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

This book, this holy book on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity.  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
And signature of God Almighty stamped  
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,  
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,  
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time  
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
And evermore beseeching men, with tears,  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOCK.

## AUTUMN

With laughing autumn to the Atlantic isles,  
And range with him the Hesperian field and see,  
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,  
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step  
Kicks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow  
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill.  
As with the blushes of an evening sky?—AKENSIDE.

## PERFECTIONS OF CREATION

In the vast and the minute, we see  
The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

CONFER.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Quite an event in our world of art has been the exhibition of two, or rather three pictures of Rosa Bonheur at Williams & Everett's. We say three, because, although the "Muleteers" and the "Highland Cattle" are her work alone, she painted the capital bull's head on which she is represented as leaning in Edouard Dufresne's picture of her. Charming indeed are these pictures—full of life, of nature, of rich color and expression. Admirable in drawing, in grouping, in management of light and shade, they absolutely defy criticism. There is a breadth and force in all of Rosa Bonheur's works which command admiration. Every touch is in the right place, and every touch is fraily put on. There is no hesitancy, no vacillation in her treatment. There is none of that "lodging" of detail, which ignorance of anatomy sometimes forces a painter to adopt, and, on the other hand, no ostentation of technical knowledge which so many art-pedants indulge in. Her animals do not seem to "pose." The canvass mirrors nature, as the soul of the painter mirrors it. Certainly, among living animal painters, Rosa Bonheur stands pre-eminent. . . . One of our Scotch exchanges mentions a rather laughable incident which occurred the other day on Lochleven, with a keen disciple of the rod, by a monster trout bolting off with his rod, measuring fourteen feet in length, a reel and about forty yards of line and cast line. In the keenness of the moment he had allowed the rod to slip out of his hand, when it suddenly disappeared to the bottom. A large trout, weighing upwards of eight pounds, was found dead in the loch a few days afterwards, and it is supposed by some to be the identical trout which had evicted such extraordinary rapacity. . . . Prince Lucien Bonaparte has printed a catalogue of the works edited by him in the various dialects of Europe—also a list of works now in press. The more recent works are the Canticles in Basque, the Gospel of St. Matthew in the vulgar dialects of Venetia, Milan, Naples, and Bergamo. Among other labors, the prince has printed the Song of Solomon in four English dialects—Lowland Scotch, and the dialects of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Westmoreland, preserving, for the use of linguists and historians, the exact state of language in those districts, as spoken by the native population in the reign of Victoria. . . . The Ost Deutsche Post, in contradiction of a statement made that there are no Protestants in the Austrian Empire, gives an account of their numbers in the various sections of the empire, and concludes by saying that Protestantism is represented there by 3,000,000. . . . M. E. de Girardin, in his new pamphlet, thus defines war: "War is murder; war is robbery. It is robbery and murder taught and commanded by governments to the people, it is robbery and murder proclaimed, blessed, dignified and crowned, it is robbery and murder without punish-

ment and shame, with impunity and glory; it is robbery and murder rescued from the scaffold by the arch of triumph; it is legal absurdity, for it is society commanding what it prohibits and prohibiting what it commands, recompensing what it punishes and punishing what it recompenses, glorifying what it brands and branding what it glorifies. The fact is the same; the name alone is different." The pamphlet has an appendix containing the names of those who have condemned war. By the side of Pascal is to be found the Emperor Nicholas; by the side of Rousseau, Louis Philippe; Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. unite in the same anathema against war and the same exaltation of the advantages of peace. The author proposes a European confederation, and points out four different modes of reducing or abolishing the immense armies and fleets of the great powers. . . . A new work by M. Victor Hugo, entitled "La Légende des Siècles," is about to be published. In this work, which has been long in the contemplation of the author, M. Victor Hugo describes under the mask of some heroic or historical personage, the aspirations and sufferings of the human race. Each of these dramas represents a phase of history from the fall of Eve to the present era, and possesses an action and interest of its own. The first volume is divided into six parts; the first comprehends the period from Eve to our Saviour; the second, the Fall of Rome; the third, Islam; the fourth, the Christian Heroic Age, the fifth, the Knight Errant; the sixth, the Thrones of the Orient. . . . Miss Heron has been playing at the Howard Athenæum in Mrs. Bates' "Geraldine" with great success. . . . The New York Journal of Commerce thinks Mr. Everett's address, at the inauguration of the Webster Statue, his most masterly oratorical effort. . . . Many are the stories still related about Lord Seymour, the eccentric English nobleman who died lately in Paris, and his prowess; among others, that he once put seven policemen, who tried to interfere with his amusements, into a big tub, and set a green-grocer's stall, from the Marche des Innocents, on the top of it; and how, another time, he floored a whole regiment of commissionaires, who, attracted by his fame, had come expressly to his residence to try "le box." Lord Seymour led a wild life in Paris, and wasted countless sums of money, but he left a large fortune to the hospitals and poor of London and Paris. . . . Dr. James Turnbull, physician to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, says, "General observation of tubercular disease of the lungs, as well as the results in some of the previous cases, enable me to express with confidence the opinion that perfect recovery in the early stage may not unfrequently be permanent; that it may likewise be so in those advancing into the second stage, when the extent of disease is limited; but that in those in the third stage, where one or more cavities exist, perfect recovery is so rare that it can be permanent only in exceptional cases. It is, however, satisfactory to know that, though the ultimate result in these cases must be very generally unfavorable, the disease may often be suspended, and a fair amount of health enjoyed by the patient for an indefinite period of years. . . . In the advertising columns of the New York Evening Post is the following, from the notice published by the property clerk of the police commissioners: "Also a horse and watch stolen from the pocket of a man who was asleep in the street." . . . There are in the ducal palace at Mantua a few very small apartments, perhaps six or seven, leading one into another. They are not six feet high, and may be about eight square. They are now bare whitewashed rooms, with no doors or furniture, though in one, called the kitchen, is a raised platform with steps. You ascend to these rooms by one or two proportionately diminutive flights of steps. The young man who shows the building says they were built by some duke of Mantua for his dwarfs. . . . In New Orleans, recently, at a big fire, a man named Jules Dreux, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, being in danger of burning, saved his life in some miraculous manner, upon the exact particulars of which the papers disagree, some saying that he jumped across the street to the roofs of the houses opposite, and others insisting that he came down a fire-story ladder in three jumps. An honest Dutchman, who saw the whole affair, says that Jules took the "grapple rope," fastened one end of it to the roof of the burning building, threw the other end, to which was attached the iron grapple, across the street, caught it on the roof of the house opposite, and hauled it taut. Having thus extemporized a tight rope, he took a crowbar for a balance-pole, and deliberately walked across. . . . The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfume, and above all, of musk. Her dressing-room was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmesbury has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed. . . . Punch has a very good sketch illustrative of the amnesty recently issued by Napoleon. It represents a schoolroom, on the wall of which is a map of Europe. The schoolmistress is Liberty herself, who is teaching Master Louis Napoleon how to write. On the ground are the broken drum, a toy sword, and a little dancing figure of Polichinello. On a huge blackboard Master Napoleon, with a small body encased in a child's tunic and lace pants, has just chalked the word Amnesty in good fair letters, his hand having been guided in that good work by his Celestial mistress. . . . A Paris correspondent of the New York Courier relates a stroke of good fortune which has fallen upon a young Frenchman, M. Andre de Goy, who was, as he says, at one time professor of French at Harvard College, and editor of a paper which had a brief existence in New York. He obtained a scanty support by writing for the Paris press, when a relative, who he supposed had forgotten him, died, leaving him heir to a fortune of a million and a half of francs. . . . A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, at Manakato, Minnesota, says that the sportsmen are having lively times this fall, game being very abundant—prairie chickens, ducks and geese are shot by the hundred. . . . The great balloon, the City of New York, with which it is the intention of Mr. Lowe,

the aeronaut, to cross the Atlantic, when fully inflated will be 300 feet in height. . . . A Michigan judge recently started to hold the fall term of his circuit in the northern counties. The place at which the first court was to be held could only be reached by travelling ninety miles through the woods. The judge and his companion lost their way, and wandered through swamps and marshes for five days, and camped out six nights,—and all on three days' allowance of provisions. They finally reached the place from whence they set out, and took a fresh start. . . . "Captain," said a French soldier of the army of Italy, "I should like to carry home a souvenir of this country to my sweetheart. The corporal says that the best thing they have produced here is their Raphael. Now, would it not be well to carry her back a few of them?" . . . In the middle of the road between Niagara and Queenstown there stands an old oak tree, which possesses considerable historical interest from a tradition connected with it. It is, that in one of his pedestrian excursions to the falls, the "Bar of Erin" sat down under its wide-spreading branches, and composed the "Woodpecker Tapping." It goes by the name of "Tom Moore's Oak." It is gradually yielding to the destroyer of all things, and has lost all appearance of vitality. . . . A man who was arrested at Detroit recently, disguised in female garments, proved to be a horse thief who broke jail a short time since at Whitby, Ontario county, about thirty miles east of Toronto, and assumed the disguise of a female the more readily to effect his escape. . . . The Virginia papers advocate a general celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, on the 19th of this month. They propose that all the citizen soldiery shall encamp upon the battle ground and celebrate the day in a proper style. . . . The amount of unpaid water rents in New York for the year 1883, with 15 per cent. added as a penalty for non-payment, was upwards of \$55,000.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The San Juan affair is making a great stir in England, and calls forth many saucy articles from the British press. The London Post characterizes Harney's conduct as totally opposed to the first principles of public law, and hopes the American government will disavow it.—The Daily News announces that Lord Clyde will retire from the command of the Indian army at the end of the year, and will be succeeded by General Sir Hugh Rose, who played a prominent part in suppressing the rebellion.—General Mansfield is to be commander-in-chief of the Bombay army.—The Independence Belge says that Lord Cowley and Count Walewski had been commissioned to arrange the basis of co-operation between England and France in prosecuting the Chinese war. Three 91-gun ships were under orders for foreign service at Portsmouth, and four gun-boats were being prepared with all haste for China. The utmost activity prevailed at Woolwich and elsewhere in getting off ammunition, etc.—The Times Paris correspondence says if the reports of the day may be credited, there is a possibility of a settlement of the Italian question, which should satisfy all parties, and the general impression was that the political horizon was likely soon to be clearer than for some time past.—The Constitutionnel had given prominence to an editorial, in which it calls on England to side with France on the Italian question, and the article was regarded as an appeal to England to assist diplomatically, in extricating the emperor from difficulties engendered at Villafranca.—The French outposts on the frontiers of Morocco had been several times fiercely attacked by the native tribes, but they had been repulsed. The government of Morocco is not implicated in these attacks.—Garibaldi had issued a letter, publicly acknowledging his admiring gratitude to the patriotic population of the Italian Tyrol for the heroism of their services during the war.

## Turkey.

Disturbances have taken place in Candia, caused by the collection of certain taxes from the Greeks. Five tax gatherers had been murdered. Two battalions of soldiers had been sent to arrest the ringleaders. A Circassian deputation had arrived at Constantinople and presented to the ambassadors of the several powers a protest against the invasion of their country by Russia, and stating that the whole of their provinces would be forced to submit, if abandoned by the Porte.

## French Exiles.

Two additional prominent French exiles publish in the London Times their views of the late amnesty. M. E. Guinet declines to accept it, denying the right of the emperor to prescribe or pardon him. Felix Pyatt determines, as a matter of policy, to accept the amnesty and return to France, where, he thinks, patriots may do more good than by remaining aloof.

## The Suez Canal.

The London representative of the Suez Canal scheme has issued a pamphlet, in which he asserts that the company, having commenced operations, is determined to continue them in spite of all opposition. It is reported in Paris that France had notified the Porte that it does not intend to treat the Suez Canal affair as a political affair.

## French Military System.

A majority of the French generals who commanded in the late war have given a strong opinion against the system of temporary and renewable leave of absence. Men who were recalled from their families and workshops only proved maddling soldiers. A military committee is expected to be appointed on the question.

## French Uniforms.

A commission is sitting in Paris for the purpose of making some alteration in the uniform of the army. Ease and simplicity are the order of the day; and there is as much writing on the subject as would fill the fashionable columns of *La Follet* upon the ladies' toilet for many successive months.

## Robberies at Hotels.

A lady guest at a hotel in Dieppe was robbed of 1900 francs in notes, a watch, and other articles of value to the amount of 1000 francs. She had not negligently left them exposed, and had locked the door of her room upon leaving it before the robbery, consequently a tribunal ordered the landlord to refund the whole amount, the responsibility being thrown on him by law of answering for robberies effected in his house when no neglect on the part of the person robbed could be proved.

## Vestrali in Paris.

Nothing is talked of in Paris, but the armor of Made. Vestrali in the part of Romeo. It is of aluminium, cost \$3200, and only weighs four pounds. That worn by Madame Pasta, in the same part was of fine steel, weighed thirty-seven pounds, was made at the royal works in Prussia, and cost nearly ten thousand dollars.

## The Empress's Present.

The Empress Eugenie has just presented the dress worn by her on her first appearance at church, after the birth of the prince imperial, the embroidery of which cost twenty-five thousand francs, to the statue of the Virgin on the altar of Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseilles.

## Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has put forth an order of the day contradicting the malicious report about the Tuscan troops being unserviceable. He says he finds them gallant, soldierlike men, fit for any exploit, and their discipline, so as he will show should an enemy appear.

## Bologna.

The National Assembly of Bologna has adopted resolutions declaring that the people of the Romagna desire annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Bologna was illuminated in honor of the event.

## Ferdinand Flocon.

M. Ferdinand Flocon, member of the provisional government established in Paris in 1848, has written a letter to a Swiss paper announcing his intention to decline to avail himself of the amnesty lately published by the Emperor Napoleon.

## Honors to the Dead.

The *Nouvelles* states that, by a decision of the emperor, the names of officers of all ranks who were killed during the war in Italy are to be inscribed on marble tablets, and placed in the Museum of Versailles.

## Germany.

Agitation in Germany was increasing, in favor of a firm, strong and central government, and for the convocation of a national assembly, in lieu of the present diet. Prussia is called to take the initiative.

## Morocco.

Madrid journals say that the Emperor of Morocco has declared traitors the tribes on the coast who insulted the Spanish flag, and had promised to inflict summary chastisement upon them.

## French Coinage.

During the reign of Napoleon III. the French mints have coined to the amount of 2,770,864,775 francs in gold, and 176,908,231 francs in silver.

## Algeria.

The *Moniteur* publishes the agricultural statistics of Algiers, showing that the recent harvests in that colony have been satisfactory.

## The Papal Army.

It is supposed that the papal army is not in condition to act against the forces of Romagna, led by Garibaldi.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The volume before us is a large, strongly-bound and elegant quarto of about 240 pages, by Nathan Richardson, author of the "Modern School for the Piano Forte." It is claimed to be superior to all other instruction books in adaptation, classification, progression and facility of comprehension. The plan is original. The text is illustrated by numerous diagrams, and the selected passages are from the works of the great musical composers. A chapter is devoted to the first principles of Harmony Through Bass. The typographical execution of the work is faultless.

ALMOST A HEROINE. By the author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp 289.

It is enough for the reading public to know that this work is by the author of "Charles Auchester," one of the very best novels of the century, to induce them to procure and peruse it. No disappointment will follow; for this work is, in most respects, quite up to the high standard of its predecessors. We shall spoil the pleasure of our friends by attempting an analysis of this highly interesting story.

DOW'S PATENT REMEDIES. By Dow, J. 4th Series. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp 288.

A variety of topics are here treated in a quaint, felicitous style, which has made "Dow, Jr." a household word in America. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE BOOK OF 1000 COMIC STORIES. By the author of Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A vast heap of anecdotes, comic songs, sketches, conundrums, etc., gathered from all sources, and illustrated by 210 humorous engravings. No one who thinks laughter is wicked ought ever to prep between the covers. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

THE DICTIONARY OF LOVE. By THEOCRITUS JUNIOR. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Within the compass of 275 pages, the compiler of this volume has contrived to present a history of the tender passion, innumerable quotations from ancient and modern writers on the subject, formulas for love-letters, and a variety of collateral matters. The work is very handsomely got up. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

THE LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp 387.

Besides the essay which gives its title to this elegant volume, there are papers called the "Life of Milton," "The Sullotes," the "Fatal Marksmen," "The Incogitatio," "The Dice," and "King of Hayti." The "Fatal Marksmen" is the story of Der Freyschütz, which had a prodigious circulation on its first appearance, and which is now first acknowledged as De Quincey's.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, 72 Tremont Street, Boston.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS are fully prepared to give their customers a series of the greatest bargains ever offered in this city in

Lace Goods, Embroideries, White Goods,  
French Veils, Gloves, Hosiery, Under  
Garments, Skirts, French Corsets,  
Ribbons, Flowers, Ruches,  
Linen Goods, House-  
keeping Goods,  
Muslins,  
CAMBRICS, NAVY-SOOTS, BRILLIANTS, etc. etc.

10 Bales of real RUSSIA CRASH for 6 1-4 cts. a yard  
An invoice of SKIRTS for 87 1-2 cts.  
SKIRT SUPPORTERS for 12 1-2 cts.  
FLEECE LINED HOSIERY.  
NEW RIBBONS opening every week. Cheap.  
NEW FRENCH FLOWERS. Choice styles.  
INFANTS' EMBROIDERED WAISTS.  
COLLARS. SLEEVES IN SETS.  
EDGEINGS AND INSERTIONS. Cheap.  
LADIES AND GENTS UNDERVESTS, all styles—cheap.  
HEAVY RIBBED WOOL HOSE, 21 cents.  
BEST FRENCH KID GLOVES, 63 cents.  
NEW FRENCH AND SHETLAND VEILS, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.

Ladies, Please Call and Examine for Yourself.

### JOHNSON'S IMPROVED DOUBLE THREAD FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

FAMILY USE,  
to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,  
oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

### SEA FOAM PIPES, From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also, MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES, In Cases,

FRENCH WOOD PIPES,  
and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.  
MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.  
F. BROWN, Apothecary,  
4 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct15

### NEW STORE!

LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.  
THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have opened the new and spacious store, No. 27 Winter Street, where they are prepared to furnish Ladies, Gentlemen's and Children's HOSIERY, GLOVES, and UNDER-GARMENTS of every style and quality. Also, YARNS, THREADS and such articles as are usually kept in Thread Stores.

DIX & EVANS,  
No. 27 Winter Street, Boston.

### NEW EDITION OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU.

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,  
MATURIN M. BALLOU.

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with, from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, erected by a filial hand to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step, and year by year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are thoroughly delineated.

A. TOMPKINS,  
No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

### PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET

AT VERY LOW PRICES.  
\$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER,

with no charge for rent, if purchased within one year.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

### GAS STEAK BROILERS.

THE public are invited to call and examine this new invention, which I now offer for sale, and warrant that a tough beef steak when cooked in this apparatus shall be rendered equally as tender as the surlain steak when cooked over charcoal fire.

Gas Cooking Apparatus.

Gas Flat-iron Heaters.

Gas Fixtures and Pipe.

W. F. SHAW,  
174 Washington, opposite Bromfield St.

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap and returned in one week.

### NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF these new Ranges will thoroughly examine my Double Oven Range, patented January, 1859, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the oven to bake quick and perfectly even without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to use any other as much to feed a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air stoves, to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my Own Furnaces now in general use and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 8w GARDNER CHILSON.



TRIMMINGS,  
CORSETS,  
Watchspring Skirts,  
CHEMISES,  
Head Dresses  
COIFFURES,  
AND  
Thread Store Goods.

ALSO,  
Zephyr Wools,  
PRINTED  
CHINCHILLA,  
AND  
SHADES  
Of all Colors,  
2, 4, AND 8 FOLD,  
1000 pounds just received, which we offer at wholesale and retail at the lowest prices at  
F. P. SHUMWAY'S,  
243  
WASHINGTON  
sept24 4w STREET.

### WISTAR'S BALSAM.

COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, INFLUENZA, and all affections and diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, not even excepting CONSUMPTION, yield to the powerful influence of this great remedy.

LETTER FROM ELDER H. L. GILMAN,  
A Minister of the Gospel in Vermont

Glover, Vt., June 20, 1859.  
Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co.,—Gents,—I hereby certify that I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the heart and lungs, and have applied to several physicians for help, and have tried almost every remedy of the numerous ones which have been recommended, without receiving any assistance, but had been growing weaker, until, hearing of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry about a year since, I commenced using it with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty or disease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best lung medicine before the public, and I most cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all persons suffering with pulmonary complaints.

H. L. GILMAN.  
Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold all over the country.

### WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address.

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,  
114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, sept3

### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting

### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 60 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair,—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.  
Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may25

### NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.

HOW often do we see persons so easily irritated by the commonest trials and events of life, as to be perfect "sensitive plants" as regards external circumstances. Let such persons try the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and they will soon find that with their increased strength, they can buffet the waves of every day life with vigor and pleasure.

### BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,  
Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,  
BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

### HOYT'S

### HAIR RESTORATIVE. Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver, sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact any thing deleterious to the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and original preparation, and the only article which will give the hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily applied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no washing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE C. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by EARL, P. MASON & Co. sept3 8w

### A CURIOSITY

### FOR EVERYBODY.

### THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

### JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

### THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept2 1f 55 School Street, Boston.

### FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

### The new Fall Style of

### HAT,

To be had of the Designer and Manufacturer,

### ABORN,

oct8 2w 95 Washington St., Boston.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

### W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEOPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass. sept24 1f

Premature Loss of the Hair, Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug18tf

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.

No. 22 Winter Street.

### THE AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED HOTEL IN NEW ENGLAND.

Possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences for the accommodation of the travelling public.

aug20 9w LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for 25¢ a year, and for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail and the price at once given.

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelette style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE UNKNOWN MASK: or, THE BELLE OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE DANCING STAR: or, THE SMUGGLER OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.

Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING: or, HARMONY OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.

Written for us by.....MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE BEL ISABEL: or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA. A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary character. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHECY OF THE BURNER WALD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover. Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHEREVER.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUGARHANA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PHENOSCOOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN: or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER SPY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CATALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Pub. Off. No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## SCENES IN LIMA.

The city of Lima, formerly called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or the City of the Kings, is one of the most interesting places to the tourist in South America. It is situated on the river Rimac, about 10 miles from the Pacific ocean, in latitude 12° 2' south, at an elevation of about 700 feet from the sea level. When seen from its port, Callao, it presents a beautiful appearance. It is entered by a magnificent avenue called the Alameda, at the end of which stands a once beautiful but now ruined gate. Pizarro, the founder of the city, in laying it out, distributed the spaces for the houses in quarters of 150 varas, or Spanish yards. The streets are broad, intersecting each other at right angles, and run either from north to south, or from east to west. Small streams of water, conducted from the river about the town, and arched over, contribute to its cleanliness. The suburb of St. Lazarus is on the opposite side of the river and connected with Lima by a bridge. In consequence of the earthquakes by which the city has so frequently suffered, the houses are seldom raised more than two stories, and commonly are built of wood with flat roofs, from which no inconvenience arises in a country where rain is unknown. The houses of the wealthy are built in the Moorish style, introduced from Spain, and are highly picturesque. They consist of a square pile, enclosing a quadrangular court, which is surrounded with piazzas, and sometimes contain a second or even third inner court. The Plaza, or great square, in the centre of the city, is surrounded partly by shops, and partly by public buildings, among which are the cathedral and the government palace, in which latter the visitor is shown the hall in which Pizarro was assassinated. The riches which have been lavished on the cathedral are almost beyond belief any where but in a city which once paved a street with ingots of silver, in honor of a new viceroy. The Cabildo or city house, built in the Chinese style, the mint, the palace of the inquisition, part of which is now occupied as a national museum, and the convent of the Franciscans, said to cover an eighth of the whole city, are worthy of notice. Formerly there were 1200 monks in the city, but the number is now greatly reduced. There are fourteen convents for women, and a number of *casas de ejercicio*, to which ladies retire for two or three weeks to perform various acts of pious penance. A university was founded at Lima in 1551, to which the crown of Spain granted the same privileges as to that of Salamanca. The higher classes of the inhabitants are generally well educated, and

the women are celebrated for their vivacity and beauty. Both sexes smoke, and this practice is excused by the allegation that it is rendered necessary by the mists, which the sailors call Peruvian dew, which prevail at certain seasons. The inhabitants are the most pleasure-loving people in the world. Music, bull-fights and cards are the principal amusements; dancing, which is a favorite in many of the southern republics, not being popular with the Limenians. The Spaniards of Lima are almost all Craoles, the Chapeones, or European Spaniards, having left the country during the political troubles. More than twenty earthquakes have visited Lima since 1582. In the earthquake of 1746, not more than 20 houses out of 3000, were left standing, and of 23 ships in the harbor of Callao, 19 were sunk. The earthquakes of 1764, 1822 and 1828, were also frightfully destructive of life and property. The personal appearance of the people of Lima is strikingly exhibited in our accompanying engravings, "a visit to a convent in Lima," and "a scene at a convent gate." In the former, the aged, weather-beaten and sandalled friar is receiving

the visit of two ladies with their attendant Caballeros. The ladies are dressed in the Spanish style, which many of them have not yet abandoned, with their elegant black lace mantillas and flowing sayas, which they wear with proverbial grace. At a little distance sits a third lady with her head enveloped in the folds of areboso, a style which the Spaniards adopted from the Orientals, and have transmitted to their colonies. In the second engraving we have a more numerous group. The priest with attendants bearing banners and crucifixes, sits at the convent gate receiving the contributions of the pious and charitable. Two Limenas, one coyly veiling her charms, the other coquettishly displaying hers in an airy attire, offer a striking contrast to the monks beside them, who wear those extraordinary hats which produce such amusement when we see them on the stage in the opera of the Barber of Seville. The whole picture affords one a lively idea of the characteristic costumes and manners of Lima. The ladies of this city are noted all the world over, as much for their beauty as for their grace and peculiar fascination.

## LADY STANHOPE.

A melancholy change has come over her residence since I first visited it. The garden, with its trellised arbors, and shaded alleys, is now utterly destroyed, and not one room of all the large establishment remains entire. This on the southwest corner was the room in which her ladyship wore out the three last dreary months of life, and this on the east of it was the open lewan where we found the body wrapped in waxed clothes dipped in turpentine and spirits. The tomb also is sadly changed. There is no inscription—not a word in any language, and unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost. The British consul at Beirut requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached this place about midnight. After a brief examination, the consul decided that the funeral must take place at once. The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a company with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. The consul subsequently remarked that there were some curious coincidences between this and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early lover. In silence, on the lone mountain at midnight, "our lanterns dimly burning," with the flag of her country over her, "she lay like a warrior

taking her rest," and we left her "alone in her glory." There was but one of her own nation present, and his name was Moore. The people of Juna, that village across the Wady, are full of wonderful stories about Lady Hester. Several of our friends in Sidon were in her service for years, and from them, and from others still more closely connected, I have had abundant opportunity to learn the character of this strange being. On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well-informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and at times revengeful in a high degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emerald—weapons, pipe, and all. Nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards, and her servants with absolute authority. The site of her residence was badly chosen. She had, however, the English taste for beautiful grounds, and spared neither labor nor expense, to convert the barren hill into a paradise of sweet flowers—W. M. Thomson, D.D.



VISIT TO A LIMA CONVENT.



SCENE AT A CONVENT GATE IN LIMA.



# BALLOU'S

# PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS SINGLE } VOL. XVII., No. 17...WHOLE No. 435.

## "THE OLD SALT HOUSE."

Some two or three weeks ago, taking up our copy of the Boston Post, which is, by the way, quite as necessary to our existence as our breakfast, our attention was caught by the following paragraph:

"THE 'OLD SALT HOUSE.'—In consequence of the strong proclivity of the occupant of this antique landmark for old associations, the owners of it have yielded to the wish of their tenant to have it remain as it now is, with the exception of raising it up so as to prevent the high tide flowing into it. We are informed that since the demolition of the old store was first contemplated, it has had such an extraordinary effect upon 'Acorn' that he is but a shadow of what he was, and he may be seen walking up and down the wharf, in a moody manner, and with a face marked by sadness. It is thought by many of his most intimate friends, that had not the owners of the store consented to have it remain in its present state, 'Acorn' would have relinquished the salt business, and joined his friend George Wilkins Kendall, in Texas, and turned his attention to sheep raising! 'Tis better as it is,' as Long Wharf cannot spare the 'old salt' quite yet. We regret to hear, however, that the old fellow has grown so thin in consequence of worrying, that he can scarcely make a shadow on the ground, unless he has an umbrella over his head."

Here was news indeed! Until that moment we had never dreamed that the sacred old pile had been menaced by the hand of innovation. We had thus escaped a pang, but it was with feelings of distress that we learned that "Acorn," whose shadow we had so often wished might never be less, was almost deprived of that necessary adjunct to a substance, and nearly in the condition of the man in the German legend who parted with his shadow for a consideration. We immediately hastened down to 49 Long Wharf, and there discovered that the account of the lessee's fragility was merely a pleasant fiction of Colonel Greene. We found "Acorn" as plump as a partridge, as bright eyed, wide awake and gay as ever, and capable of projecting a very fair shadow—at sunset. Relieved on this point, we ascertained that the "Old Salt House" stood precisely as we had known it for years, leaning a little forward from decrepitude, and that the raising and supplying of new underpinning had not yet commenced. Calling in the aid of Mr. S. Masury, the accomplished photographer, we secured an excellent view of Acorn's "local habitation," from which the drawing was made that faces the reader on this page. The engraving is in Damoreau's best style. The "Old Salt House," which forms the corner nearest the spectator of the block of wooden buildings delineated in the engraving, was erected a hundred and fifty years ago. It has been occupied by the present lessee for more than a quarter of a century; indeed, his name, "James Oaks," on the sign over the door, can now only be read by the eye of faith. Everybody knows the "Old Salt House," and knows that both "Turks Island" and "attic salt" are supplied in any quantity. No one who visits the occupant in search of either, ever leaves him disappointed. Here, then, in the dim and dusty recesses of the venerable building, has the facile pen of the gifted "Acorn" dashed off those rich and racy sporting epistles, sketches of life on the road, and dramatic criticisms, which, appearing in the columns of the New York Spirit of the Times, have made that *nom de plume* a household word in America, and even in England. Hither, too, have his wit and kindness and generous sympathy attracted visitors clothed by genius with the imperial purple of renown. The dusty, creaking staircase and sunken floors have been trodden by feet that, alas! have ceased to walk the earth. William T. Porter, the brilliant, gentle, generous, the refined spirit of the "Spirit," William Henry Herbert, the ripe scholar and splendid writer; Mat. Field, the gifted "Phazma" of the New Orleans Picayune; his brother Joe, the "Straws" of the Picayune, and of the St. Louis Reveille, the best "Dazzle" on the stage; Edmund Kean, the splendid meteor of the English stage; Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, a genius of no less brilliancy; Power, the Irish comedian; Henry J. Finn; Sargent S. Prentiss, the orator and lawyer, were among the welcome guests of the "Old Salt House." Sad and sweet are the memories their names evoke. Among the living who have graced these dusky chambers, and who always call at 49 when in these latitudes, are such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Wilkins Kendall, the "ex-Santa Fé prisoner," as we used to call him in the Spirit of the Times, Colonel Albert Pike, the American Koerner, A. M. Holbrook and F. A. Lumsden of the New Orleans Picayune, Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, T. B. Thorpe ("Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter"), Sol. Smith, and a host of others, distinguished in literature, in arms, on the turf, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the medical profession. The old house is truly classic ground.



THE OLD SALT HOUSE, LONG WHARF, BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE ROADSIDE INN:

—OR—

## THE FORTUNES AND MISHAPS OF JOHN SMITH.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A GOOD many years ago, it was my misfortune to spend a weary day at a roadside inn, on the by road between the towns of Ipswich and Cambridge. I had undertaken a journey from London to Newmarket, a distance of seventy-two miles. It was before the introduction of steam travel, when a journey of one hundred miles by stage (though the long stage-coaches of those days were exceedingly well appointed affairs) was as serious and expensive an undertaking as a journey of one thousand at this present time. I travelled over the great North Road, probably, without exception, the handsomest coach road in the world; but the gloomy month of November was well advanced, and travelling at that season of the year is by no means an enviable amusement, as I found to my cost before I reached the end of my journey.

Before the stage reached Cambridge a snow storm set in, and the weather looked so threatening, that most of the passengers determined to remain over night at the inn in Cambridge, where we stopped to change horses, and to proceed to Newmarket on the morrow. Consequently there were left only myself in sole and lordly occupation of the inside, one solitary outside passenger—outside fare, as he was recorded on the way-bill—and the coachman and guard. Away we started anew. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, and already dark. Silently the wheels rolled on the snow-covered thoroughfares, along deserted streets lined with the monastic-like colleges which compose the world-renowned University. Not a living soul was abroad—not a sound was heard. The scarlet-coated guard had not sufficient spirit to blow his bugle-horn; the clattering of the horses' roofs was deadened, as they plunged, fetlock deep, into the soft snow; the gloomy-looking walls of the ancient colleges—the work of centuries gone by—frowned upon the stage as it rolled noiselessly past them like a phantom coach, with ghostly passengers, passing through a city of the dead. Away into the open country—away, away! The gallant steeds, well fed and sleek, and fresh from the stable, dashed bravely, for some miles, along the great North Road; the fields on both sides glittering amid the darkness in their fresh covering of snow, and the naked branches of the trees festooned with snowy drapery. Very soon, however, the speed of the horses decreased, until, at length, they subsided into a walk—stopped—went on—stopped again—again struggled forward with jerks, and came to a full stop.

I suppose I had been asleep, or had fallen into a dreamy reverie. All I recollect is, that I had drawn my cloak more tightly round me, and, snuggling into a corner, had felicitated myself, as the best-natured people are apt to do, on being so much better off than my fellow-travellers outside the stage, who were exposed to the pitiless storm, when I was roused by the opening of the coach door, and the voice of the coachman, who exclaimed:

"You'd better get out, sir."

"Ah, yes," I replied, rubbing my eyes and yawning, "get out, you say? I suppose we are at Newmarket." Visions of a hot supper, and a cheerful fire, and a snug bed, after a glass of strong whiskey punch, rose up before me, when the pleasing fancy was dissolved by the coachman, who replied:

"At Newmarket! No, master—nor more nor half way."

"Then why should I get out?" I asked, planting my feet as gingerly into the cold snow as a cat does her paws in crossing a puddle. Not a house was to be seen—the only light was that afforded by the coachman's lantern, and the reflection of the white snow. The blasts of the north wind pierced to the skin—the sleet was blinding. I looked at my watch by the light of the lantern. It was half past ten o'clock. We left Cambridge at six—four hours and a half ago! I must have slept, that was certain, but—"What's the meaning of this?" said I, holding the face of my watch to the coachman.

"The meanin' on it be, as it's impossible to get on no farder to-night. The osses is used up, and me and the guard can't stand it no longer. I'm a'most blind a'ready. I don't know how

the 'outside fare' has stood it; I wonder he aint a friz corpus!"

I looked around as well as I could amidst the blinding sleet and snow. The "outside fare" was standing near me, wrapped like a mummy in cloaks and capes, and, as a mummy, silent. The coach was half buried in a snow drift; but the horses and guard were not to be seen. I was informed in response to my somewhat petulant inquiries, that we had been over four hours in getting six miles from Cambridge; that further progress until the storm abated was out of the question; that there was a public house about half a mile further on, on a by-road which led to Ipswich, and that the guard had gone on, leading the horses, to arouse the inn-keeper, and set him to work to receive his unexpected guests. We—the coachman, the "outside fare," and I—were to follow as fast as we could, bringing with us such light packages as were valuable, leaving the stage and the bulk of the luggage to take care of themselves—the furious, blinding storm being an efficient guard against robbers. The guard was to return and meet us, if he succeeded in finding shelter for the horses and ourselves.

It was not very pleasant, this midnight journey through a snow storm; but it was no use grumbling—to stay behind was to starve and freeze to death; so, each of us lugging a bundle under our arms, followed the track left by the guard and his four-footed companions, walking on in Indian file, the coachman, with the lantern, being appointed to take the post of honor—the advance guard. Not a word was spoken; the cold was too severe to allow us to open our mouths.

We soon lost the track of the guard, which was filled up by the fast-falling and drifting snows. We seemed to have walked four times the distance the coachman had mentioned, and began to fear we had lost our way, when, to our great joy, we met the guard returning. He had found shelter for the night—such as it was—he said, and the inn was close by. Onward we trudged, with renewed vigor, and soon reached the public house.

It proved to be an old-fashioned roadside inn, of considerable size, which, in olden times, when some half a dozen stages had passed it every day, had driven a flourishing business; but, of late years, only the way-stage from Cambridge to Ipswich passed over the by-road, without stopping at the inn, which had dwindled down to a mere house of call for thirsty countryfolk.

The occupants were a clownish inn-keeper, whose proper vocation was at the plough's tail, his dowdy wife, and a slatternly daughter. No white-aproned, slipped waiters now bustled about the apartments, and hurried through the long, dreary passages. No longer, as in days of yore, the walls resounded with the impatient calls of hungry and thirsty travellers. Everything had fallen to decay!

We were shown into a large room, lighted with a single candle, and filled with smoke from the recently kindled fire in the rusty grate. All was cold and dreary. To my demand for supper and hot brandy and water, I was met by the clownish landlord's announcement that there was "naught to eat i'th' hoos, but a loaf as th' misses had put by for breakfast i'th' morn'"; but after much persuasion, I prevailed upon him to send his daughter to the house of a neighboring farmer, whom she aroused from his bed. He sent in some bacon and eggs, and of this plain fare we ate heartily, washing it down with copious draughts of mulled Cambridge ale. I invited the "outside fare" to join me at the table, and, after much pressing, he accepted the invitation. I now saw his features for the first time—since we arrived at the inn, he had sat crouching before the fire, not speaking a word. He now threw aside his cloak, and took his seat at the table opposite me, the candlestick standing on the centre of the table between us.

"Ah! What! Surely, I thought, I had seen that face before. It was quite familiar to me, and yet for the life of me I could not recollect who it was, or where I had seen it last. I mentally recalled the names of all my friends and acquaintances. Was it Jones?—No. Was it Wilson?—No. Sandford?—Thomson?—Robinson?—Medford?—No; it was none of these. It seemed like, and yet unlike, one and all. It was too old for some, too youthful for others; too fat, too thin; like nobody, and yet like everybody. "Snooks!" I exclaimed, half-springing to my feet, and startling my mysterious fellow-traveller, who had not appeared to relish the somewhat rude scrutiny his features had under-

gone. "How foolish," I muttered; "Snooks is younger than I—not thirty yet." My fellow-traveller was fifty at the very least.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "I thought I knew—that is, I thought—Will you take another egg, Mr. —?" I added, in an insinuating, interrogatory tone, thinking, "I should get hold of the name now, certainly. Will you allow me to help you to another egg, Mr.—em—em—? I really can't recollect your name."

"Smith," said my fellow-traveller, moodily.

"God bless me!" I exclaimed, dropping my knife and fork, and upsetting my tumbler; and, catching hold of my companion's hand, I shook it heartily. What, Smith of Old Trinity? My chum at college? I felt, I knew—

"I am not Smith of Old Trinity," said the "outside fare," withdrawing his hand, testily. "I never was at college, and I don't know as I ever saw your face before to-night."

He spoke in a tone of voice which had more in it of sorrow than of anger, and I promptly apologized for my rudeness.

"I really thought I had seen you before," said I, "nay more, that you were a friend; but I see my folly. My friend Smith, who, by the way, I should have recollected, for I received a letter from him this morning, is now thumping the pulpit—'drum ecclesiastic,' as Hudibras hath it—in a crazy parish in Devonshire, is not thirty-five years of age. I sincerely beg your pardon."

My fellow-traveller made no reply, but shook his head once or twice, involuntarily as it were, and in a deprecating manner, and remained plunged in deep thought.

It was now past one o'clock, and I called the landlord, and expressed my desire to retire. I was shown into a large, straggling bedroom, which, however, contained a clean and comfortable bed. I undressed, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming that all my friends stood in a row before me, and that I was unable to call any one of them by name.

The dull, murky light of a stormy winter morning was feebly penetrating the window when I awoke. I rose and hastily performed my toilet, shivering the while, and then descended the wide staircase, and entered the apartment where I had left my fellow-traveller the previous night. The coachman and guard were warming themselves before the fire. In reply to my anxious question, they forbade any hope of proceeding on the journey that day. The storm was raging as violently as ever. The snow was three feet deep on a level. I sighed, and remained silent. Presently my fellow-traveller entered the room, and the landlord appeared to lay the table cloth.

"So you have procured something for breakfast, landlord?" said I.

"Ees, maister. I sent our Maggy out t' morn' t' th' village a mile off, through the snow—but that's naught to Maggy—and t' lass brought back all her could find."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Gentlemen"—to the coachman, guard, and "outside fare"—"will you do me the favor of breakfasting with me this morning?"

The coachman and guard willingly accepted the invitation, the "outside fare" looked fidgety and uneasy, but said not a word.

Presently the coachman and guard quitted the room for some purpose; the landlord was in the kitchen cooking sausages. The "outside fare" rose from his seat, advanced a step or two towards me—hesitated—advanced again, and somewhat nervously, thus addressed me:

"Sir, I have informed you that my name is Smith—John Smith? Yours?"

"Is Howard," said I.

"Mr. Howard," continued my fellow-traveller, "you asked me to sup with you last night, this morning you have invited me to breakfast with you; it is my duty to inform you that if we are detained over so long by this weather, it will be out of my power to return the compliment." He drew from his pocket a worn, greasy looking wallet, and took from it one shilling. "I paid one shilling," he continued, "for my bed last night. This is all the money that remains to me. Thank God my fare outside is paid through."

I am but a poor man; before retiring the previous night, I had counted the contents of my purse. I possessed five pounds seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny. I might be imprisoned in the inn for a week; but, I thought, I have friends at Newmarket, who, upon application, will gladly replenish my purse. A week's expenses for two cannot amount to five pounds, in

this miserable place. It is through no fault of this poor man that he is thus unpleasantly situated. He looks quite respectable. I will even be generous, and for once act the part of the Good Samaritan. It is not often I can afford the pleasure of doing a kind action.

"Put up your purse, my friend," said I, laying my hand in a friendly-patronizing manner on my fellow-traveller's shoulder, and speaking in a tone of voice that would have become Sterne, when on his "Sentimental Journey,"—"put up thy wallet. Let thy last shilling still nestle within its leathern hiding place; I have enough for thee and me. While here confined, thou shalt be my guest."

My five pounds increased in imagination to a vast amount. My heart swelled in my bosom. I felt myself a millionaire. My poor friend pressed my hand in silence; he breathed a sigh of relief, tears gathered in his eyes—one rolled down his furrowed cheek and fell upon my hand. I did not wipe it off, it was the sacred tear of gratitude. Such gems are rare! He turned away his head, as if ashamed of his emotion, but his heart was full, and he could not speak. We sat down to a humble but abundant meal. Breakfast over, I thought how I could manage to kill the weary time.

There were a few soiled, tattered volumes on the sideboard. I examined them. Fish! They were copies of the volumes always, by some singular coincidence, to be found in the sitting-room of a wayside inn. The everlasting and disgusting Newgate Calendar, The Pilgrim's Progress, Murray's Guide to Paris, and an odd volume of the Spectator. I turned over the familiar pages of the last named volume, but I soon wearied of it. I knew it almost by heart. "What shall I do?" I asked myself. An idea struck me. I had heard of travellers in our position whiling away the time by telling stories. Why not we? I broached the subject to my companions. The coachman and guard would like to listen, but they could not tell a story.

"It rests then between you and me," said I to my travelling companion. "Will you begin, or shall I?"

"I owe you some return for your generosity," he replied; "I may yet be more deeply indebted. If the history of my miserable life will interest you, I will willingly relate it."

"It will, very much," said I.

I was really curious to learn how my companion had been brought to entertain the misanthropic view of life which he evidently nurtured. I ordered in a jorum of the landlord's best ale. We each drank a tumblerfull, and the "outside fare" thus began:

"Gentlemen, my name is Smith—John Smith. To the possession of this unfortunately common patronymic, and to my unhappy resemblance to everybody, I owe the many misfortunes of my life—"

"Sure," interrupted the coachman, "I could ha' swore the gemman were Tom Higgins a comed to life agin, when fust I see him a mountin' the stage at the 'Belle Savage.'"

"Nay, Jack Hazleton you mean, as was transported for burglary," interrupted the guard. "The gemman's plaguy like Jack Hazleton."

Each maintained his own opinion, and the dispute might have run high, when I interposed, and begged them to remain silent, and allow the old gentleman to proceed with his story.

"I will pass over the unimportant events of my boyish years," continued the old man. "It will not interest you to know how many times my back received the scores properly due to the derelictions of other more fortunate John Smiths. Enough to say, that, committing fewer faults than most of my schoolmates, for my liability to punishment made me wary, I left school, at the age of sixteen, the best flogged youth of my day. If the birch be sharpener of the intellect, then an 'Admirable Smith' should have overshadowed the fame of the 'Admirable Crichton.' My father was a well-to-do tradesman of the city of London. When I had attained to my sixteenth birthday, he bade me choose a trade or profession. The result was that I was placed an apprentice in the warehouse of Messrs. Dimity & Calico, the well-known linen-draper of Oxford Street. These gentlemen had placed over their shop doors a flaming sign, splendidly emblazoned, bearing the royal coat-of-arms, and informing a loyal public that they had the honor to be 'Linen-draper to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.' The sign is there to this day, though old Dimity and Calico have both been laid in the silent tomb."



"With them it was no empty boast, as it often is with tradesmen. They really served the palace, and many a shirt worn on the royal back of His Majesty George the Fourth, was fashioned from linen bought at the shop of Dimity & Calico. I will not waste time in recounting all the minor mishaps which befell me between my sixteenth and twenty-fifth years; how many times I was sent to the watch-house, charged with misdemeanors perpetrated by other Smiths, or by persons whom I was said to resemble; nor how often I was snubbed by the magistrates in the morning, after passing the night with thieves and prostitutes, in a filthy, underground cell, for stating my name to be John Smith, which they insisted was a paltry subterfuge—a name assumed by young men, who, guilty of some petty outrage, perpetrated in a drunken frolic, were anxious to disguise their real names. So repeatedly was I in trouble, that I should have been discharged, disgracefully, by my employers, half a dozen times, only that I was an excellent salesman. Ladies would purchase goods from me, often when they did not need them, because, they insisted, I so forcibly reminded them of some dear absent friend, some former lover, or deceased husband, cousin, or brother. A buxom widow, fat, fair and forty, actually fell with her head upon my shoulder, her arms thrown around my neck, and, weeping the while, kissed me half a dozen times before the whole body of shopmen and the customers in the shop, because, she sobbed out, I so much resembled her dear husband, who had deceased some twenty years before.

"These things were very unpleasant, and subjected me to the ridicule of my shopmates; but I had to bear with them. I will now advance at once to the first difficulty of importance in which my name, and my personal resemblance to congregate humanity, involved me.

"I have already stated that my employers were haberdashers to his most gracious majesty George the Fourth. I had frequently been sent to the palace with bundles, the materials of which had been purchased at our shop, and had, naturally, made the acquaintance of several of the inferior domestics. One day, when I was about twenty-five years old, Mr. Dimity accosted me thus:

"Smith, you live near Pimlico. As you go home to-night (you had better leave the shop at five o'clock), I want you to leave that parcel of goods at the palace," pointing out the parcel. "It is for one of the housekeepers, and must be left at six o'clock precisely."

"I had seen, in the columns of the 'Morning Post,' that there was to be a grand 'reception' that evening. I had often wished to witness the splendor of these gatherings of the nobility of England, at the palace of their sovereign, and had been promised by one of the under-servants—out of livery—that, if I presented myself at the palace, on the occasion of a levee, in proper costume, he would endeavor to secure me a post whence I could perceive all that was going forward. I had been foolish enough to provide myself with a court suit, cocked hat, sword and all, ready for any opportunity that offered. The long-wished-for opportunity had arrived.

"I quitted the shop before five o'clock, hurried home, with the parcel under my arm, hastily donned my court attire, and departed for the palace in a coach I had hired for the occasion, not wishing to be seen in the streets carrying a bundle and disguised in powdered hair, with a black silk bag dangling behind over my shoulders, a straight-collared, laced coat, such as was worn by the gentry of the last century, a waistcoat, with flaps which descended nearly to my knees, black silk breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, set with false diamonds—I could not afford real stones, of course—and a long, straight sword, which looked like a cook's spit, and was continually going between my legs. When I looked in the mirror, after I had completed my attire by clapping upon my head a little three-cornered cocked hat, I thought I looked more like a monkey dressed up for a show than a man; but curiosity urged me on, and throwing a long cloak over all, I entered the coach, and bade the coachman drive with all speed to the palace.

"The vast number of handsome vehicles, and the throng of footmen in gorgeous liveries, loitering around the palace gates, informed me that the reception had already commenced. I told the coachman to take a street in the rear, and set me down at one of the back entrances of the palace yard. Here I alighted, took my parcel under my arm, and entering the palace, stated

my errand, and delivered the goods to a person whose duty it was to receive them. Here, boldly advancing, I entered a small closet, unperceived, threw off my cloak, and appeared full-dressed in the court costume of the day.

"I was puzzled which way to turn, until meeting a servant in the royal livery, I was about to inquire for Mr. —, the chamberlain who had engaged to procure me a sight of the proceedings. The servant whom I addressed bowed low, until his powdered head was on a level with his hip.

"My lord," said he, respectfully, "your lordship has mistaken the way. If your lordship—"

"I am John Smith, from Dimity & Calico's," I explained, blushing with shame. "You must recollect me," and I explained to the astonished footman the cause of my strange metamorphosis.

"He laughed, after recovering from his astonishment, and directed me where to find Mr. —.

"Really," he said, as I parted from him, "you look so astonishingly like the Marquis of —, that I took you for his lordship."

"I colored again to the very roots of my hair; but this time with some pleasure and pride mingled with my bashfulness. I had often before been taken for persons whom I didn't care to resemble; but it was something to be taken for so distinguished a nobleman as the Marquis of —. I found, after some difficulty, the under chamberlain of whom I was in search. He bowed low as I approached.

"Your grace," he commenced, "has by some mistake taken the—"

"I am John Smith, Mr. —," I explained, cutting the chamberlain short in his most respectful address. "You recollect you were kind enough to promise me, that, on the next grand reception day, if I came in court costume, you would lead me to a place where I could see and hear all that was going forward?"

"I did—I recollect, Mr. Smith," he said, "and I will fulfil my promise. Step forward boldly; look as if you were accustomed to the thing, and follow me. Confounded strong resemblance," I heard him mutter to himself, as he led the way.

"He called me your grace," thought I; "first taken for a marquis and then for a duke, by folks who see dukes and marquises every day of their lives! John Smith, if you do resemble everybody, it is very plain that you resemble somebody too."

"We passed through several rooms, crowded with chamberlains and 'gold and silver sticks' in waiting, at the entrance of each of which my conductor threw open the doors wide, and exclaimed, with stentorian lungs, 'Mr.—John—Smith.'

"The gold sticks bent, the chamberlains bowed, and I passed on, looking as stiff as I could, though I perspired profusely, and my knees trembled beneath the weight of my body. I half-repent of my temerity, and wished myself back behind the shop-counter again; but I had gone too far to retrace my steps. There was nothing left but to carry the farce through with the best possible face.

"At length I found myself one among a crowd of ladies, dressed in the richest attire, and loaded with gold and jewels, and gentlemen, all similarly attired as myself, with the exception of the favored few who escaped the necessity of dressing themselves up like monkeys, by being privileged to wear the uniforms of the army and navy.

"My conductor whispered me to wait patiently until he signalled to me to come forward. I stood only a few yards from the doors of the grand drawing-room. I could see the glare of lights within, but I was sadly squeezed and pushed from one side to the other, by right honorable lords and ladies, who scrambled to get near the door, more like a crowd at the entrance of a theatre than an assemblage of the pride of England's nobility and gentry.

"They aint much different from other folks, after all," thought I.

"Every moment my ears caught the sounds, uttered loudly and in pompous tones, 'The Earl of So-and-So,' 'The Marquis of Such-a-Place,' 'The Duchess of Something,' 'Lady Such-an-One,' 'The Hon. Mr. Something-Else,' until I began to feel frightened at my temerity in trusting myself—I, plain John Smith, the linendraper's shopman—into the society of such a crowd of nobilities. 'What,' thought I, 'would become of me, if they should discern that I am but a goose in a peacock's plumage?' I had not, however, much time to think. Presently I

felt the hand of the chamberlain laid lightly upon my shoulder.

"Follow me," he whispered, "don't be frightened, and when you get in, fall into the background, nobody will notice you."

"I did as I was bidden, trembling and blushing in spite of myself, and half-stumbling over my sword, which would keep getting between my legs at every step. I am sure my face was as red as the comb of a turkey-cock, and it burned like fire.

"Mr. John Smith," cried the chamberlain, not quite so loud, I thought, as many of the announcements were made, and the next moment I found myself face to face with royalty—one among a throng of the proudest, wealthiest, fairest and most honored of my countrymen and women. I shrank into a corner of the vast apartment, most distant from the throne, upon which the king was seated, while, one by one, fair ladies and noble gentlemen were led past by a previously presented friend, each bowing and kissing his majesty's hand as they passed by. Near by me stood a noble looking, elderly gentleman, attired in a gorgeous military uniform, who observed me with so much attention—nay, stared at me in so rude a manner, that I would have resented it anywhere else—that I was quite disconcerted. Presently he stepped towards a chamberlain, who, gold stick in hand, was standing near the door, and said something to him. The chamberlain despatched a messenger for something or somebody, and the messenger quickly returned with the under chamberlain who had announced my name at the door, the latter looking extremely sheepish.

"Good gracious!" I muttered between my teeth, while my limbs almost refused to support my weight, "it's all up with me." However, I strained my ears to the utmost.

"Yes—Smith, may it please your royal highness," I heard the chamberlain say, at the same time bowing low.

"The Duke of York, the king's brother—for the elderly gentleman in uniform was no less a personage—glanced towards me, and then took up his position in the midst of a bevy of fair ladies, whose bright glances were furtively directed towards me, while his royal highness was in conversation with them. Presently the royal duke quitted the ladies, and walked, just as if it was nothing, straight up to the king on the throne, and began whispering in his ear, at the same time both looked towards the corner where I was trying to conceal myself.

"O Lord," I thought, "here's a pretty job I've made of it! The duke's gone to tell the king that Dimity & Co.'s shopman has smuggled himself into the palace. I shall be kicked out of the room, as sure as fate; perhaps sent to prison as an impostor. O dear! What a fool I've made of myself!"

"Meanwhile the ladies to whom the duke had been talking, had whispered to others, and it seemed to me that the eyes of every person in the room were directed towards me. I could hear the whispers:

"How he blushes," whispered a beautiful girl to a middle-aged dowager.

"Yes, my love," was the reply. "Modesty always is found—"

"I couldn't catch the remainder of the sentence, but I thought, 'Ah! the good old lady pities my unfortunate position; but if she means that modesty always is found among linendrapers' shopmen, she's sadly mistaken.'"

"Presently I perceived the Duke of York stalking straight from the throne towards me, as if he were marching at the head of an army. 'Now for it, John Smith. O, you fool!' said I to myself. 'I gathered up the skirts of my coat, and prepared to rush out as soon as ever the foot of his royal highness was stretched forward to kick me, as I surely expected it would be; but to my utter amazement, the duke advanced towards me, smiling most amiably. He stretched forth his hand, and took mine in his, and shaking it cordially, said:

"Mr. Smith, I will do myself the pleasure of presenting you to his majesty. Be kind enough to accompany me, and—"

"But, sir—I beg pardon—your royal highness—" I stammered out. "I'm only John Smith—"

"Soon to be Sir John," replied his royal highness. "As a brother-soldier, Mr. Smith, I am truly glad that it has devolved upon me to—"

"But, sir—your royal highness—I am no soldier. I am—"

"A man," said the duke, "such as kings should delight to honor. Would to Heaven his majesty had more such men, and such soldiers in his army; but I wonder, Mr. Smith—captain—Sir John Smith I hope soon to call you—I wonder you did not appear in uniform. His majesty would have been better pleased—"

"But, may it please your royal highness, I had no uniform—"

"Fit to be worn in the presence," said the duke. "No wonder, after all, despatched as you were from your duties in such a hurry. I only wonder, when I come to think of it, how you ever managed to get a court suit ready in time."

"I have had it by me for some time, your royal highness," I explained, fancying, as he had spoken of my being despatched from duty in such a hurry, that he knew all about the affair. I was only puzzled at his terming me a soldier, and speaking of Sir John. "Surely," I thought, "his royal highness is making fun of me, and I am to be made ridiculous before the whole assembly. O, that I were back again in Oxford Street."

"Ah! you have had it by you in readiness for this occasion," said the duke, archly smiling. "Well, yours has been a noble ambition, Mr. Smith."

"I wish I knew that you really thought it so," I muttered to myself.

"As we were slowly parading throughout the entire length of the immense apartment, we were, of course, the cynosure of all eyes, and I heard many a whisper that was not intended for my ears, which I interpreted according to my own understanding of the matter.

"How youthful looking!" [To be such an impudent scoundrel, I mentally exclaimed.]

"How bashful he appears. He looks as if he were ashamed of himself," whispered another, [as he ought thoroughly to be, I concluded the sentence].

"Aw, I shouldn't care and if I were in the fellah's place," I heard a young, mustachied militaire whisper to a fair girl who stood near him."

"I wish you were, with all my heart," thought I, "if I could but change places with you."

"By this time my royal conductor stood by my side opposite the throne. His majesty smiled, and graciously extended his hand for me to kiss, according to court etiquette; but quite forgetting myself in the trepidation of the moment, instead of kneeling and respectfully raising the royal finger-tips to my lips, I took his majesty's hand in mine, shook it, and humbly expressed the hope that his majesty was in good health.

"The king frowned ominously, and I at once recollected what an outrageous breach of etiquette I had been guilty of. I wished heartily that the floor would open and swallow me up. Hopelessly and helplessly, I looked around me. No one dared to laugh, but I could see dozens of pretty lips twitching, and bright eyes dancing with suppressed merriment. The good-natured duke saw my embarrassment, and came to my side.

"Smilingly he said, 'We soldiers bred in camps are but little versed in the staid ceremonies of the court. Mr. Smith, your majesty, would, I will take it upon myself to say, sooner face a loaded cannon, or a regiment of your majesty's enemies, than stand in your august presence, with a battery of such bright eyes beaming upon him,' bowing to a group of ladies who stood around the throne.

"The king relaxed the severity of his countenance, and the ladies bowed and smiled.

"John Smith," said his majesty, "we have heard of your gallant behaviour in the East." [Up in Oxford Street, in the east end of London, among the female customers of Dimity & Co., I thought. Somebody's been telling the king. They will do it; I can't help it. It's not my fault; and now the king's going to shame me before the whole court.] These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind. His majesty proceeded: "And, on the recommendation of our royal brother, who is ever ready to appreciate and to reward merit, even in the humblest soldier of the gallant army of which he is the commander-in-chief, we have resolved to bestow upon you the honor of knighthood. You are now, John Smith, only a lieutenant in the service, I am informed. It is not our province to advance you in military rank. It will remain with our royal brother to promote you in the service. We may say, ourselves, that we have been informed by our royal brother that a captaincy awaits your acceptance at the 'Horse Guards,' and we have no doubt that your future career in the noble profession to which you promise to



be a distinguished ornament, will be a glorious one, and that you will in due course of time rise to the highest rank in the service. Kneel, John Smith."

"I had heard his majesty while he was speaking, but it was not until afterwards that I could recollect a single word he had uttered. An attendant presented to the king a drawn sword. His majesty had bidden me kneel. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not to be deprived of life merely because I have been guilty of a foolish curiosity?' Surely his majesty will not take upon himself the duties of the executioner!"

"My knees smote together. In my agony, the sweat stood in big drops upon my brow. 'Pardon I your majesty, pardon I' I cried. The frown was again gathering on the brow of the king. The duke observed it, and almost forced me on my knees. I bent my head, in dread silence, to receive the anticipated stroke which would stretch me a lifeless corpse at the foot of the throne, and send my head rolling over the carpet. His majesty pronounced some cabalistic words which I neither understood nor heard, but instead of the sword blade falling, as I expected, upon my naked neck, it was gently laid upon my shoulder, and I caught the words, 'Rise, Sir John Smith.'

"It was like a reprieve from death to a culprit standing beneath the gallows. I endeavored to spring to my feet, in order to bless his majesty for his gracious clemency, when my sword caught me between my legs as I was rising, and threw me on my back, with my feet in the air, in close proximity to the king's person. The most rigid etiquette could bear this no longer. I heard stifled laughter on every side, and as the duke assisted me to rise, I heard his royal highness mutter to himself, 'Who could have believed the fellow was such a confounded fool, or clown—I scarcely know which to call him—'

"I dared not face the throne again; and the duke, looking very much out of temper, was conducting me back to my former place, amid the illy-suppressed titters of the whole assemblage, when there was heard a commotion near the door. I soon learned what had caused it; the real Lieutenant Smith had arrived, and the ludicrous mistake that had been made was discovered. I slunk out of the room, and out of the palace, and in my ridiculous garb, ran home as quickly as I could, followed by a crowd of boys, who hooted and shouted, and flung stones and street-filth after me, thinking that I was a madman who had broken loose from confinement.

"The next day I read the full account of the incident in the London Times. It appeared that a certain Lieutenant Smith had most gallantly led a storming party against some fort in the East Indies, and had not only succeeded in capturing the fort, in spite of overwhelming odds, but had rescued a great many ladies and children, who had been held in captivity by the natives. 'This young officer,' said the Times, 'has been sent home with important despatches, quite unexpectedly to himself, and the generous Duke of York, ever anxious to acknowledge gallant service, had induced his majesty to confer upon Mr. Smith the honor of knighthood—his royal highness also resolved to present him with a captain's commission. The young lieutenant was invited to attend the drawing-room, but was not informed of the honors which awaited him. Early in the evening, his royal highness thought he recognized his protégé, whom he had seen but once, in the person of a young man in court costume, who stood near the entrance of the drawing-room. With characteristic good nature, his royal highness himself conducted the supposed officer to the throne of his august brother, where the chivalric ceremony was immediately performed. In attempting to rise from his kneeling position, the impudent varlet, who had imposed upon the noble duke, fell backwards, the sword he was unused to wearing having tripped him up, and a most undignified and ludicrous scene was enacted in the drawing-room. At this juncture the real Simon Pure arrived, and the absurd mistake that had been made was discovered. Meanwhile the rascally impostor skulked out of the room and escaped from the palace. From inquiry subsequently made of the inferior servants of the palace, we learn that the knave or simpleton whose impudence and folly led to this ridiculous error, is a shopman at a linendraper's in Oxford Street, who occasionally supplies goods for the palace. We hope the impudent, sneaking varlet will receive a reprimand from his employers. He ought to be set in the pillory.'"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## An Adventure in the Arctic Ocean.

BY CAPTAIN F. ALCORN.

WE were in the Arctic Ocean, in the region of eternal ice, where we had become entangled in a vast field, which rendered our progress so uncertain and slow, that Captain Edson resolved to furl sail and lie by, trusting to fortune and a fair wind for that extrication from a perilous position which we were unable to effect.

We remained stationary two days, during which time the ice had grown more and more dense, until it presented the appearance of a solid mass, which awakened serious apprehensions for our safety. On the evening of that day I had the last dog-watch, and joining the mate on the quarter-deck at four bells, found him deeply intent upon some distant object, which he was viewing through the telescope, heedless of my approach, until I attracted his attention by demanding, "What have you discovered, Mr. Harding? bear or Esquimaux?"

"Ah, four bells is it, Mr. A.? I declare, I've been so busy for the last hour endeavoring to make out the genus of those objects just visible to the naked eye here-away"—and he indicated a point to S. E.—"that I failed to notice the advance of time. They are alive, that's certain. But see what you can make of them."

"What do you call them?" I demanded, as I took the glass which he tendered.

"I am far from certain; but I am inclined to term them bears. If we were further in shore, I might think them Indians; but the cowardly Esquimaux never venture so far from land."

"We may be nearer land than you imagine, Mr. Harding," said I, removing the glass from my eye, and adding, "Bears, I have heard, will seldom venture further than Indians."

"Well, so have I; but what do you make of those objects?"

"They closely resemble bears, sir."

"So I think, and I hope they may prove so. A bear hunt would be just the thing to put life in our fellows now. They've been so long idle, it will require some extraordinary occurrence to wake 'em up."

"They'd better be waked up by anything but a bear hunt, I fancy," growled the third mate, an old Arctic whalerman, half-aside.

"Why so, Murray?" demanded the mate.

"'Cause this ain't jest the season to hunt bears on the ice, in this region, sir."

"Why not?"

"The weather's so unsartin."

"Well, I think it's pretty certain that we are prisoners, and likely to remain so, unless something—a convulsion of nature, or the Arctic Ocean, at least, takes place shortly," responded I, with a smile.

"So I say! You're an old croaker, Murray—a confirmed croaker. To hear you, one would think all was wrong, and nothing right."

"Jest so!" responded Murray, with a shrug; when hitching up his pants, and buttoning the chin-strap of his reefing-jacket, he added, "You may laugh, Mr. Harding, ay, and call me croaker as much as you please, but mark my words, if you attempt to hunt them bears you'll rue it."

"You think so, Murray? Just let them give me a chance, and see if I don't prove you to be a false prophet."

The old whalerman granted disapprovingly in reply, while the mate continued: "Keep an eye on their motions, Mr. A., and if they manifest a design to visit us before eight bells, let me know it," and transmitting the standing orders, he disappeared down the companion-way, when the third mate prepared to follow him, saying, as he moved off, "The mate's a fine fellow and a good seaman, but too headstrong by half. Mark my words, sir. He'll get into a scrape with them bears, see if he don't."

I smiled at what I deemed the old man's conceit, and raising the glass, levelled it at the objects of general interest, while he descended to the state-room, muttering something about hair-brained boys and old stagers, which was too indistinct to be understood. The objects were bears, and evidently intent on learning what we were made of, as their rapid approach testified. At six bells they had approached within a mile, when I sought the mate's state-room, and informed him of the fact.

"They're coming, then," said he, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Now if we can only muster a party, we'll have some sport. How many are there of them?"

"I can distinguish four full-grown fellows, and, I think, a cub or two; but I'm not sure."

"Good! The more the merrier. Jump forward and ascertain how many of the men will join us, and I will ask Captain Edson's permission for all who choose to go."

The moment I said "bears" to the crew, they were all up and eager for the sport, while Captain Edson not only accorded permission readily, but also expressed a determination to make one of the party.

Half an hour later we were all ready for the chase, when leaving the ship in charge of the third mate, steward, cook, and three seamen, who could scarce be induced to remain, we set out to meet and welcome our unwieldy visitors. They had come to a halt about half a mile from the ship; but on our approach they beat a retreat, shaping a course to the eastward, towards which they moved in a body, while we experienced some difficulty in keeping pace with their movements, owing to the rough and uncertain footing presented by the "floo."

Yet we followed in hot pursuit, keeping them within range, but reserving our ammunition at the express desire of the captain, who was bent on having at least one hide as a trophy of our daring, and consequently wished every shot to tell to advantage. For nearly an hour we plodded on, clambering, crawling, or tumbling over the wind-rows of jagged ice in any manner suited to our taste or ability, but, to our excessive chagrin, without materially lessening the distance which divided us from our intended game.

At length Captain Edson, becoming impatient at our slow progress, gave the order to fire, when we discharged all the muskets, some fourteen, in our possession, but with slight effect on the objects of our aim, who responded to our efforts by a unanimous growl, and diverging from their course, hauled up a point or two to the northward. We fired again as soon as loaded, but with as little effect as before, when Captain Edson exclaimed:

"Hold on, lads! We must save our powder for close quarters; and closer quarters we must gain, or we don't get any bear-steak."

Re-loading, we continued our pursuit some twenty minutes longer, when the bears came to a halt and stood at bay, their retreat being cut off by a narrow strip of open water, which was hidden from our view by an intervening ridge of ice until we were within fifty yards of our game. Halting at a signal from Captain Edson, we poured in a third volley, which took effect on all four bears, enraging them to such a degree that they evinced a disposition to show fight, advancing upon us in a body.

"Now for action, men!" exclaimed the old man. "Let them have it as you're ready, and make sure of them!" And bounding forward, he discharged both barrels of his rifle with telling effect upon one of our antagonists, which reeled forward a few yards and sunk on its haunches, uttering a deep and savage growl.

"Hurra, boys, there's one done for!" exclaimed the mate. "The captain's won his laurels, and here goes for mine!" And raising his musket, he aimed at the nearest bear, discharging his musket almost at the instant it touched his shoulder.

His ball took effect in the shoulder of the object of his aim; but failing to disable the brute, only served to increase its rage. We now poured in an irregular volley, which proving generally ineffectual, placed us in some measure at the mercy of the brutes, one of which had apparently singled out Captain Edson, and was advancing upon him rapidly, while he was coolly ramming home a ball in the second barrel of his piece. Observing several of my companions seeking safety in flight, I shouted:

"Fall back and load as you retire; but for mercy's sake don't show the 'white feather' now!"

"Ay, ay! Keep them together," shouted the old man, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, when the remainder of the sentence was lost in the report of his piece.

His ball brought down the bear; but I had no time for observation, its two companions being close aboard of us, and evidently bent on mischief. Retreating slowly, we maintained a dropping fire upon the brutes, until they halted, when we came to a stand, and a minute later poured in a most effective discharge.

Gathering courage from success, the majority of the party made a rush towards the wounded bruits, and deeming them less formidable than

they really were, ventured too near in their mad haste to despatch them—discovering their mistake only when one of their number found himself gathered to the shaggy breast of the largest bear, who merely gave him one hug, breaking his back and killing him as easily as one would a spider. Captain Edson witnessed the catastrophe, and with a cry of horror, raised his rifle, but too late to prevent its consummation, his well-aimed ball speeding on its mission only when poor Ned Philbrick rolled a corpse on the ice.

But that ball avenged his death. With a deep growl, his slayer tumbled over on the inanimate form, and a few moments later ceased to struggle. We now hastened to despatch the other three, which, though fully disabled, were far from dead; and having, not without much difficulty, effected our purpose, prepared to divest the carcasses of the hides, which were designed as trophies of our success.

While engaged in stripping the carcass of the bear nearest the strip of water, we became sensible that the opening had enlarged; when, a few minutes' observation assured us that the field had parted, and was slowly but surely drifting asunder.

Startled by the discovery, I hastened to communicate the fact to the captain, who received the intelligence with evident alarm, and dropping his knife took out his pocket spy-glass, through which he looked towards the ship, the spars of which were scarce discernible with the naked eye. The scrutiny lasted but a moment, when he exclaimed:

"We're in for't, by all that's unfortunate. Mr. Murray, has the union at the main and—Hark!"

The faint report of a gun, with its attendant reverberations, fell upon our ears as he spoke, when he added, hastily:

"That gun was intended as a recall. The old sea-dog was right, when he said we would rue our sport. Avast there, Mr. Harding—do you hear that gun?"

"Ay, sir—and I reckon it means something. Only think of it, that old 'blubber-bunter' was right after all! What's to be done, captain? Must we leave these fellows with their jackets hanging, or shall we brave it out, and carry off the prizes?"

"No, no, let's be off at once! Murray's too old a sailor to make false signals. Poor Ned—I wish we could take his remains with us, or at least spare time to give them Christian burial."

"Never mind, captain. If the ice is breaking up, the Arctic Ocean will soon do that duty for us. Shall I pass the word to make sail for the ship?"

"By all means, Mr. Harding!" And regaining his knife and rifle, Captain Edson led off at a brisk pace, followed by all hands.

When we left the ship, nearly two hours previous, a fresh northwest breeze prevailed; but we had not proceeded far on our return when we discovered that the wind had veered over eight points southerly, and freshening fast to a gale, which threatened to prove signally disastrous to our retreat by raising a swell, which would hasten the destruction of the floe.

Apprehensive of the worst, we urged the men to the utmost speed, which at best was but slow, owing to the innumerable hillocks of ice over which we had to clamber, and which caused us not a few severe falls and various bruises. We had accomplished rather more than half the distance to the ship, when we became sensible of a movement in the ice, which caused us to double our exertions, only to discover some ten minutes later that our return to the vessel was effectually cut off.

The ship was still two and a half miles distant, when we came to a halt on the verge of the impediment to our progress—a vast sheet of water extending east and west beyond the boundaries of our vision, and not less than one-quarter of a mile wide.

"Here's a go! What's to be done now, I'd like to know?" said the mate, as he gazed anxiously in Captain Edson's face.

"Swim for't, all who can, and let those who remain trust to fortune and the success of those who go," was the old man's rejoinder.

"Humph! I can swim rock-fashion," said the mate, with the "ghost of a smile." "But 'tain't a bad idea for those who are of the genus amphibious. Come lads, you hear—somebody's got to swim for't. Who'll try?"

Several doffed their jackets and kicked off their boots as he spoke, and in less than a minute were nobly breasting the chilling fluid in as



attempt to gain the further side. But they were scarce ten rods distant when we became assured that the breach in the ice was becoming wider, and the mate proposed to abandon the idea, and we sat down in a cluster to await the result of this attempt.

"Twas a cold and dreary task the passage of that ice-bound strait; but the noble fellows proved equal to its accomplishment, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing them emerge on the other side, from which they waved a farewell signal ere they hurried on. Fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and they were no longer visible, when a decided alteration took place in the ship's position, which was speedily followed by the fall of her maintopmast, a proof that she was free from her icy-bonds.

"Well done, Murray!" exclaimed the captain, as he witnessed the broad sheet of canvass slowly expanding to the fresh breeze. "That man's a treasure, Harding. If he can handle the old boat so short-handed, he deserves to have a ship, and shall, if I live and my influence can obtain him one. He seems to have sea-room—see how he comes round. Dead before it—that's your sort. Hurra! He's bound to the rescue any way!"

And so he was. Twenty minutes later the foretopmast opened to the breeze, and the yard began to travel slowly to the mast-head, a proof that willing hands, if few in number, had manned the capstan bars. For a short time the ship

trimmed our scant canvass on a bowline, thankful for our escape, and eager to bid adieu to the scene of our adventure.

#### VIEW ON THE CHENANGO RIVER, N. Y.

The pleasing landscape illustration on this page, is engraved from a charming picture by J. F. Cropsey, of New York, painted for Nicholas Ludlum, Esq. The scene is on the banks of the Chenango River, at Sherburne, Chenango county, New York. Though we cannot convey to our readers an idea of the rich coloring, the exquisite gradation of tints from the bright foreground to the misty distance, the emerald splendor of the drooping foliage, yet we have faithfully rendered the effects of light and shade, and the grace of the composition. The pervading quiet of this scene soothes and delights the beholder. We are not surprised that a taste for landscapes has of late grown to a passion, and that our best landscapists find constant employment in transcribing the charms of American scenery to canvass. Cropsey is one of that brilliant coterie of painters, embracing such names as Church, Cassilear and Kensett, who have conferred a high artistic glory on our sister city of New York. These men have succeeded, where men of perhaps equal genius have failed, because they have gone to work in the right way. They have discarded conventionalism and imitation, and taken nature in her beautiful American wildness and grace as their model. They have worked in the

green, and we are willing to allow the skies to smile occasionally, and do not think that a bright transcript of a sunny landscape is treason to high art.

#### THE GALLEY SLAVES OF FRANCE.

A correspondent of the London Times, in a long letter dated at Toulon, gives the following account of the "forçats" there, formerly well known under the name of "galley slaves." It is not to be expected that one can speak of Toulon without saying a word of the galley slaves or forçats. There are in the arsenal and yard 4500, who do all the heavy work. They drag the materials about, and some are employed in sawing timber. The worst are attached in couples by heavy chains passing around the ankles and waists and linked together. The better behaved are allowed to go singly, ironed in the same way, with the exception of the connecting chain. They are clothed in coarse canvass trousers and shirts, branded with their numbers, and a woollen jacket. Those who are condemned for life wear a long, green, woollen, peakless cap, sometimes like a nightcap with the top cut off, and made square. On the front of the cap is a tin plate with the number of the wearer punched out. The convicts who are condemned for a term of years are distinguished from the others by red caps, and those who have been more than once to the Bagnes by yellow sleeves to their jackets. Their faces, closely shaven, bronzed by exposure

Ceroy, who commanded a regiment at Marseilles in 1851, who was charged with the execution of the coup d'état in this town, and who was subsequently convicted of swindling; Captain Doinéau, Chef d'un bureau Arab, convicted of having conspired to murder an Arab chief; Lieutenant de Mercey, convicted of having unfairly and with premeditation slain another officer when tipsy in a duel; the chief army accountant (chef comptable), who was sent to the Crimea, the two managers of the Bank of Toulon, and six abbés (and there are more who manage to keep their former calling secret). An eminent painter is chained to a distinguished member of the Paris bar, and between them they keep the accounts of one department of the prisons, while of lawyers and notaries there is no end. Among the forçats are men of all nations, as of all ranks in society. We contribute our quota, one—an Englishman, who was arrested at Calais with forged notes in his possession, and who, there is every reason to believe, was guiltless of any criminal intention. He has recently been brought to Toulon from Rochefort in consumption, and not allowed to wear flannel, although permitted to do so in Rochefort. There is also a hazy rumor of a British peer of the realm being among the forçats, but, as no one has ever seen him, it may be dismissed as a myth.

To the present government of France is due the merit of endeavoring to deal with the great social evil, the Bagnes, where vice stagnates and



VIEW ON THE CHENANGO RIVER, NEW YORK.

headed for us direct, when she fell off suddenly four points, but still continued to move, and after a brief space came up to her original course, which she held some ten minutes longer, when she again became stationary.

So intent had we been on the ship's progress, that we failed to notice the change taking place in our immediate vicinity; but it now forced itself upon our observation by extending to the centre of the group, awakening us to a sense of imminent danger, as we beheld a fissure open in our very midst, and divide the party. A sudden leap, and we were together again, but on a patch of ice scarce an acre in extent, and which the slightest shock might shatter. For near a minute all were dumb with horror, Captain Edson being the first to speak.

"Lie close, my lads! A movement, however slight, may cost us all our lives, while to keep quiet is an easy task, and may result in our safety. Ha—there goes the ice yonder! Should that break reach the ship, we're safe."

Following the index of his glance, we observed the opposite field slowly parting, and a few minutes later became assured that the ship was again in motion. Such was the fact. The break had opened a channel for her, through which she soon dashed at a five-knot rate, when we discovered our late companions on her fore-castle, on which we had the supreme happiness of joining them ere many minutes had elapsed.

We had enough of polar bears and polar regions, and with a sigh to the memory of him whose corpse we had been compelled to desert,

same spirit as the English landscapists, avoiding their tones of color. Formerly an American landscape-painter who had learned his art of English artists, thought it necessary to re-produce the lowering skies of England when dealing with American scenes. The results were wholly unsatisfactory. We did not recognize our bright sunny Nature in this foreign garb. But our modern American landscapists have made the woods and fields their studio. They have set up their easels in the Catskills, in the White Mountains, along the banks of our gliding rivers, by the shores of the sounding sea. They do not fear to paint what is before them—the blue, cloudless sky, the clearly-pencilled leaves, the distinctly-defined herbage of the near foreground. They dare even—these young Americans—to paint trees green. According to the old rules of art, that was an unpardonable sin. If a landscapist of the old school painted a June forest, he touched up his foliage with umber, or sienna, or yellow ochre and black. "Nature put him out," as old Fuseli once humorously exclaimed. We remember once walking on the Common at mid-summer, with an artist then in vogue, during those days when we thought nature and art two different things, and our companion asked us what we thought the color of the elms was. In the innocence of our heart, we replied "green." But it seems we were betraying our own veridancy. "No, sir!" replied the artist, emphatically. "They're black—decidedly black. You have no eye for color." But we have changed all that—we admit that summer leaves and grass are

to the sun, and brutalized by crime, are fearful to behold, and their repulsive appearance is heightened by their hair being notched short in lines running around the head, in order to facilitate recognition should they escape. At night they lie down on inclined lengths of plank, without mattress or covering, in twenties or thirties, and an iron rod is run through the leg chains of each, so that no one can move without the rest. The food consists of brown bread, not all wheat flour, soup, and *haricots et fèves*, beans. No wine or tobacco is allowed, but the convicts are permitted to receive 10f. a month from their friends, with which they may purchase any eatable they please. The greatest and most degrading punishment, and one which must also be the greatest obstacle to reformation, is chaining the men in couples. Youths over sixteen may be seen chained to old men tainted with every crime. Walking or sleeping, the comrades of the chain are never separated, until freedom or death removes one of them. In spite of the hideous costume and revolting appearance of the forçats, there were some who still exhibited traces of their former position, whose gentility, so to speak, pierced through their convict garb. One in particular, standing nearly six feet high, and who is intently watching the arrival of wounded French soldiers from Italy, struck me on account of the ease and grace with which he moved, bowing to the guardians passing by, although his actions were accompanied by the horrid clanking of his chains. At the time of my visit I was told that there were then among the forçats, Colonel de

grows more hideous, to be again let loose on society. Penal settlements have been formed in Africa and French Guiana, to which some of the convicts have been removed. Toulon is now the only Bagne; those of Rochefort and Brest have been abolished; but still the work goes on very slowly. Three cargoes of 500 each have been shipped off, yet their places are nearly all filled up by new arrivals. Moreover, it would appear that the forçats cannot be legally compelled to go unless they choose. They were condemned to hard labor in the dockyards and arsenal of the State, and not to transportation. To coax them to go abroad, they are promised that on their arrival they shall be relieved of their chains, and allowed the free use of their limbs. But, so great is the dread of Lambessa and Cayenne, and the craven fear of death, that they prefer the fetters and horrors of the Bagne at Toulon to comparative independence at these two French colonies. As one of their guardians characterized them, "*Tous ces assassins et voleurs sont si lâches ils ont peur de mourir*."—All these assassins and thieves are such cowards, that they fear death!

The extravagance of our demands is continually mocked by our necessities. How absurd that he who lacks even his daily bread, and is at no time sure of it for three days together, will yet indulge in dreams of quails showered from the heavens!—and yet, the very virtue of Hope is to be found in this very sort of illusion; and poverty is soled, feeding upon a dream, in the absence of any more solid viands.—Simms.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MANFRED DE LISLE:

—OR—

## THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"In that quaint old gothic structure in yonder hollow, now almost hidden by the luxuriance of rambling vines which have grown around it, lived, fifteen years ago, Manfred De Lisle, the subject of my present story."

The speaker was a benevolent appearing, venerable man, with whitened hair and feeble form. I had met him in the course of an extended ramble in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of "Merry England," and finding him a most entertaining companion, I gladly took the opportunity to spend an hour in his society. He was, and had been for years, as he informed me, the vicar of the English Church in the adjoining parish. We strolled leisurely along the green, shaded bank of the Thames, beguiling the time with pleasant conversation, until my eye happened to rest upon an antique country-house, upon the opposite side of the stream, half embowered in the profusion of the surrounding foliage. It was one of those objects which instinctively attract the attention of every lover of the picturesque (and I confess myself one of the class), and I immediately directed the attention of my companion to it.

"Ah, the old De Lisle mansion," he exclaimed. "You are not the only one who has questioned me in regard to it. Within the walls of that old structure I was, many years ago, the witness of a singular scene. But stay a moment; did I understand you to say that you are from America?"

"You did—I am an American," was my reply.

"Sit with me then," he continued, "upon this grassy bank, and I will tell you a tale of yonder ancient mansion, which I think can do no other-wise than interest you. That it is true, I bear witness with my own lips. And yet, looking back over these long years which have intervened, I can sometimes persuade myself only with difficulty that the whole is not some strange creation of my brain, although I never think of the deep, awful solemnity of the hour in which this revelation was made to me, without a shudder."

My interest and attention were instantly excited by this promising opening, and seating myself upon the luxuriant grass by the side of the aged vicar, I listened to hear his story. And then, while the shadows of twilight were falling around us, rendering still more stern and gloomy the old mansion of which he spoke, and towards which my eyes constantly wandered, he gave me his remarkable story, just as I have here transcribed it.

"There was a reason," he commenced, "for my desiring to know whether or not you were an American. Ten years ago, Manfred De Lisle, then upon his death-bed, and within the old edifice to which you have just called my attention, made to me the confession of which I am about to tell you. I then promised him most sacredly that I would never reveal the secret which he consigned to me to any living Englishman. He wished that none of his countrymen should learn it, and therefore hold his name thereafter for all time in abhorrence and detestation. That trust I have kept well and truly; to none, save myself, is the strange, terrible life secret of Manfred De Lisle known, and it will be no breach of my promise if I reveal it to you.

"I well remember the night upon which this singular occurrence happened. It was but a few months after I had taken charge of the parish of Wilmarth, and thus I was little acquainted, comparatively speaking, with either it or my parishioners. The De Lisle mansion I had not yet visited. I had heard its owner spoken of as Colonel De Lisle, a man who had for many years been singularly taciturn and repellant to all, and upon the several occasions that I had seen him in his pew at church, I noticed particularly his unmistakable military deportment, and, at the same time, the deep furrows and torturing appearance of mental disquietude which his thin, haggard face always wore. He was then, I should say, perhaps sixty years of age.

"Often, while in the midst of the service, my eyes would unconsciously wander to that face, with its almost preternatural expression, and more than once I have speculated within myself

as to the history of this incomprehensible man. To none, I was informed, had he ever confided his cares or troubles, or whatever might have occasioned his mental distress; he was forever stern, silent and unapproachable. Nor was it mere idle curiosity which prompted me to desire to know more of him; the desire flowed partly from the real interest which his appearance excited within me, and partly from a sense of my duty as a minister of God. And this desire was soon gratified, in a singular and unexpected manner.

"But let me return to the scenes of the night of which I commenced to speak. The season was mid-winter, and throughout the whole day the snow had fallen fast and furiously, and when darkness came the earth was thickly covered with irregular heaps and drifts. The night, too, was a bitter cold one, and as I seated myself in my dressing-gown and slippers before the cheerful fire of my study, my thoughts turned pleasantly upon the long indoor winter evening which lay before me. My library, the solace of many hours which must without it have been lonely, was close at hand, and taking up one of my favorite volumes I soon fixed my attention upon its pages, listening at intervals to the wild shrieking of the storm without.

"A loud ring of the door-bell, repeated almost instantly, suddenly aroused me from my abstraction. Laying my book down, I began to conjecture the causes which could have brought any person out upon so inclement a night, and of course I concluded at once that it must be some imperative and urgent business.

"Perhaps, I reflected, my presence is called for at some bed of death; some spirit may be taking its flight in the midst of this wild winter tempest. The seasons make no difference with the course of death; in storm and calm, in sunshine and darkness, the destroyer is always abroad upon his mission! and as the servant of God, I must still follow in the steps of the death-angel, and minister to the souls of the poor relics of mortality which strew his path. My conjecture proved correct. Voices of persons in conversation came to my ear, and in a moment my domestic entered the room.

"Colonel De Lisle's man is at the door, sir," she said. 'He says his master is dying, and wishes you to come to him without delay.'

"Astonished and awe-struck by this announcement, as I was, I promptly prepared to go forth in answer to the wish of the dying. Rapid thoughts flashed through my mind as I buttoned on my surtout and muffled my face closely in a thick scarf. But two weeks before I had seen Colonel De Lisle in his accustomed place at church, paler, sadder and more gloomy than ever before—and now he had sent for me to attend him in his last moments! The thought was a solemn one, and with it came another and a strange one—the thought that now, and from the lips of the dying, I was to gain the solution of the mystery which had always, within the memories of the inhabitants of Wilmarth, surrounded Manfred De Lisle as if with an atmosphere of secrecy.

"My preparations were quickly made, and I joined the messenger at the door. Besides the horse which he had ridden, he had brought another for my use which he was now holding by the bridle. No words passed between us until we had gained the saddle and were floundering forward as best we might through the deep drifts of snow which rendered the road well nigh impassable. I realized at once that this was no time for delay, and therefore wasted no time in unnecessary words. I believe that only one question and answer passed between us upon the way. As we arrived at the crossing of the roads, the man paused for a moment to decide upon the nearest route, and taking the opportunity, I almost shouted close to his ear, in order that my voice might be heard above the howling of the storm:

"Your master cannot live, you say?"

"I am afraid so," he replied, sadly, shaking his head. 'The doctor had not come when I left him, but I think he is beyond the reach of medicine.'

"We rode on silently and as fast as possible, and in another half hour we had reached the gate of the mansion. The whole front of the house was dark and gloomy, with the exception of two windows in the corner of the left hand wing, which were only faintly lighted. I at once conjectured that there was the chamber of death, and as my guide dismounted and led me directly towards it, I found that I had surmised rightly.

We entered at a small door in the wing, and passing across a dark hall, silently entered the room where the master of the house was lying. The scene presented here was a deeply solemn and impressive one. The servants of the house were collected around the bed, most of them in tears, and all showing their grief in some manner. At the head of the bed was the physician, his fingers placed upon the wrist of his patient, and his eyes fixed steadily upon a watch which he held in his left hand. As I approached, the servants recognized me and fell back, and I at once took my position by the side of the physician and awaited with anxiety the result of his examination. This was of no long duration; relinquishing the hand, he turned to me and whispered:

"My labors here are useless; he has passed the power of my art! Look at him and judge for yourself; observe his face, so thin, haggard, and ghastly pale, his damp, corrugated forehead, and his faint, irregular breathing! For the last year his life has been slowly wasting away and consuming, and this night must witness the last scene in his earthly career!"

"The brief description thus given of the dying man was a perfect one; I looked again and saw upon the bed the form of Manfred De Lisle, living still, it is true, and yet the very personification of death! Altogether, the presence of death has never affected me, before or since, as in this instance. His bony hands were clasped tightly together outside of the bed, and the long and matted black hair, mixed here and there with gray, which half hid his fallow and furrowed cheeks, added strangely to the wildness of his appearance. Suddenly, with a start, he opened his eyes, and earnestly pronounced the words:

"Has he come—can he refuse to comfort me in this terrible hour?"

"Hardly had he spoken, when his wandering glance fell upon my face. A glad smile broke through the weary, anxious expression of his own, and stretching out his thin hand, he grasped mine with unmistakable eagerness, at the same time uttering my name in a faint voice.

"Thanks! thanks!" he continued, still holding my hand. 'In these last moments of this long life agony, it will remove one half of the pang to have you by my side. But O, would to God that I might not be doubtful of my hereafter!'

"A terrible spasm shook his frame, and covering his face, he groaned in deep anguish. Bending over him, I was about to whisper some soothing words in his ear, when suddenly starting up to a sitting posture, he exclaimed:

"Tell me, good sir—tell me this, and in the name of Him whose name I tremble to speak, deceive not the dying. Is there, can there be a transgression so deep, so sinful, that the atonement of our blessed Redeemer cannot reach? Were his promises given for me and for my sins?"

"As you hope for heaven and an eternity of weal," I solemnly replied, "I beseech you doubt it not, but rather hold fast to the blessed belief! Miserable indeed would we be had not the precious blood of Calvary been shed for all; Christ indeed died that we might receive eternal life!"

"His countenance grew calmer while I was speaking, and became almost placid. For a moment he lay silent and motionless, and then, arousing his faculties again, he said:

"I believe you, reverend sir, and the belief gives me such joy as you can hardly comprehend. But still, I shudder to think of the burden of guilt which is yet mine!"

"Confess, then, and repent, ere it shall be too late," I said.

"I will! I will! This is almost my last hour; my life lamp flickers and burns low—my time is short. Leave me now," he continued, addressing those who stood around him; "I would be alone with God and this holy man, his servant!"

"The domestics obeyed—they, as well as the physician, leaving the room in silence. When we were alone, Colonel De Lisle spoke as follows:

"I know not, sir, whether the doctor has ventured to pronounce upon my disease, but I do know that it is one which he is powerless to arrest. Conscience, remorse, and the stings of a guilty soul are the ailments which have for years lashed and preyed upon me, until at last they have brought me here—to the brink of the grave! And now, before the earth closes over me, let me

confess to you the terrible secret which even now burns like a living fire within my breast. There must surely be merit in confession and repentance, even when made beneath the hand of Death himself."

"Drawing a chair to the bedside, I sat and listened to his words with absorbed attention. He spoke low and feebly, but sufficiently distinct to allow of my hearing; and when he came to the more exciting portions of his strange tale, his voice was raised to a somewhat louder key.

"It is many a long year," he commenced, 'since I first came to this parish of Wilmarth to pass the remainder of my life. I am now more than sixty years of age; then I was barely half that number—and yet, even then, young as I was, the blight of utter desolation had already fallen upon my life! I have revealed myself to none in this neighborhood; none know my history, or whence I came. And you, I trust, will guard the secret as jealously as I have; never, I beseech you, breathe to English ears the revelation which I am about to make, for the first time in my life!'

"I assured him that his wishes should be sacredly regarded, and he continued:

"My parentage is English; but when quite an infant my family removed to Ireland and settled in Dublin, which for the first half of my life became my home. My parents died while I was still quite young, and I was left to the care of a maiden aunt, under whose protection my cousin, Francis Martyn, who was also an orphan, had likewise been placed.

"Sir, I have heard men speak of friendship, but I never yet have seen its strength and fervor so strongly exemplified as in the bond which united my cousin and myself. There was the difference of scarcely a month in our ages, our temperaments were the same, we loved the same pursuits, both in childhood, youth and manhood, and, above all, we cared for nothing so much as each other's society. Day by day our hearts seemed to draw nearer and nearer in a beautiful and enduring friendship. In the quiet of that secluded home we grew up together, alone in the world, as it was, and yet strong in our mutual reliance.

"Thus passed the calm current of our lives, until the death of our aunt, which happened shortly after we had attained our twenty-fifth year. The happening of this event gave me the opportunity to gratify an ambition which I had long cherished in secret—the desire to become a soldier. With the little sum which my aunt had held in trust for me, I purchased a commission in a regiment which had just been ordered to active service in America, and when my cousin learned my intention, he immediately conceived a like determination, which he soon carried into effect. Together we bade adieu to our home, and crossed the Atlantic with our commands.

"I will not give you an account of our stirring adventures in the American war of 1812, for these have little connection with my story. Side by side we fought upon many of the bloody fields of that contest, and in the terrible night-battle at Lundy's Lane we were both severely wounded. Although not dangerous, our injuries were such as incapacitated us for immediate service, and a few days after the battle we obtained a temporary discharge. Returning together to our old home in Ireland, we passed several months in recreating ourselves, and in the pleasant society of our Dublin friends.

"The war upon the Continent, which had been temporarily suspended by the abdication of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, soon broke out with renewed strife and fury. Hardly a year after the return of Martyn and myself from America, Napoleon escaped from his island prison in the Mediterranean, and instantly the call "to arms!" was sounded throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. Participating in the common fervor and enthusiasm, Francis Martyn and myself determined to rejoin the service. This was an easy matter; upon our application we were speedily placed in the Enniskillen regiment, with our former rank, and a few weeks saw us transferred with the army of the duke to Belgium, to watch the advance of the French.

"Upon the memorable night of the 17th of June, together with the other officers of the army, we were hurried from the festivities of the ball at Brussels to the field of Waterloo. Of the horrors of that next memorable day of carnage I will not speak; suffice it to say that our regiment was in the thickest of the battle and shared in the glory of the victory, and that both



Francis Martyn and I were with it, and were afterwards complimented by our colonel for our services. Both of us, also, were promoted.

"Again we returned to Ireland, but not now as quietly as before. It is impossible, sir, to tell you now, at this distant day, of the wild, delirious enthusiasm with which the survivors of the brief campaign at Waterloo were received at home. Even the meanest private in the army was at once exalted to the dignity of a hero, and for weeks the great cities of the kingdom were in a state of turbulent joy.

"A banquet was resolved upon, in Dublin, to be given by the citizens to the officers of the Enniskillens, and this was at once done. How well I remember every incident of that unhappy day! The wealth, the beauty, the aristocracy of the metropolis were present, and all was hilarity and mirth. The scene and its seductive pleasures intoxicated me; I drank long and deeply, and carried away by the excitement of the occasion, I soon lost myself in the insane frenzy of drunkenness. For the time I lost my reason; I hardly knew where or what I was.

"My cousin sat directly opposite me; he drank but sparingly, and more than once I saw him looking anxiously towards me as I swallowed a new draught of the fiery liquor. I was so blind and maddened that this chafed and irritated me beyond measure; and a moment after he whispered in a low tone across the table:

"*"I beg of you, Manfred, don't drink any more to-night! No one can tell what will be the effects of your intoxication!"*

"*"Do you mean to say, Captain Martyn,"* I retorted, fiercely, and in so loud a tone as to attract the attention of the whole table, *"that I am drunk? If so, permit me to call you a liar!"*

"A blank silence of amazement followed these rash and uncalled-for words; every eye was turned to Francis Martyn. He was a man of unquestioned bravery, and my disgraceful epithet stung him to the heart, while at the same time he respected my condition too well to resent it. His face turned pale and he compressed his lips together.

"*"You will think better of this, Manfred, when you are cooler,"* he said. *"We have been friends too long to quarrel now."*

"*"When I am cooler, Captain Martyn?"* I exclaimed; and in the blind passion of drunken fury I started to my feet. *"Sir, this is unbearable; you have just repeated your insult, and I am not the man to bear such treatment!"*

"With these words I drew my sword and sprang across the table. All was instantly confusion and outcry; the company rose to their feet and rushed forward with loud exclamations to separate us. Impatiently shaking off the hands which were laid upon my shoulders, I made a furious thrust directly towards my cousin's breast. But he had now become aroused to the danger of his position, and drawing his rapier he easily parried my stroke. In my present condition the issue of this contest could not be doubtful; hardly had I made three passes before he snapped my blade short at the hilt. Casting down the useless guard, I rushed upon him with a cry of rage and shame; he avoided me. I was seized by a dozen strong hands—and then, overcome by my exertions, by the wine I had drunk, but still more by a sense of disgrace and defeat, I fell senseless to the floor. I was carried to a private chamber, and the company broke up in confusion and embarrassed regret.

"The next morning—good Heaven, clear from my vision the terrible sight which has since haunted it!—the next morning Francis Martyn was discovered lying in a pool of his own blood upon the floor of his bed-chamber, dead and rigid! A cry of horror rang through the hotel, and all its occupants rushed in trembling horror to the scene of this terrible tragedy. With others I made my way thither, and pressing through the crowd, I stood by the body of my friend and gazed in blank dismay and with a sickening heart upon it. By my side was the lovely Sarah Derwent, the affianced bride of the dead, and she, too, was gazing in speechless agony upon his face. The scene, the sight, was more than I could bear; the remembrance of our friendship, and of my parting in fierce hatred with my cousin, thronged upon my mind and completely overpowered me. Again I fainted, and was again borne by my friends to my room.

"A strict search was immediately instituted for the assassin, but neither sign nor trace of him could be found. The search was prolonged and continued with indefatigable earnestness, but, strange to say, not the slightest clue to the mur-

derer could be ascertained. The singularity of this fact was commented upon; it excited public attention, and gradually my own name began to be coupled with that of Martyn. The circumstance of my quarrel with him the night before the deed was committed was brought forward and canvassed with renewed interest, until at last several persons ventured to charge me with the crime. My friends indignantly denied it; the charge was persisted in, and at length the excitement created by this strange affair became so intense that the matter was brought before the grand jury. A true bill was found against me, and I was at once committed to prison to answer the indictment.

"But notwithstanding these ominous circumstances, public opinion was strongly favorable to me. I was visited in my prison by friends innumerable, who assured me of the certainty of my acquittal, and promised every effort in my behalf. But to all offers of this kind I returned a firm and decided negative. I told my friends that I should employ no counsel and offer no defence. They remonstrated, but I was firm and immovable in my purpose.

"The day of my trial at last came. The court-room was thronged by my friends; it seemed more like a day of triumph for me than a day of doom. I was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty; the jury were impanelled, and the trial proceeded. The prosecuting attorney simply proved the finding of the dead body of Francis Martyn, and my quarrel with him upon the preceding night, without attempting to connect the two circumstances in any manner. Here he rested his case, and when called upon for my defence, I rose and made a short address to the jury.

"*"I see among you, gentlemen of the jury,"* I said, *"several whom I well know, and to whom, I am happy to believe, I am as well known. By you I am to be judged, and by that judgment will I abide unmurmuringly. If it be that the belief enters your minds that because of a momentary difficulty with one whom I loved as well as my own life, I could steal to the bedside of that friend and play the part of the midnight assassin, then, gentlemen, pronounce upon me the doom of death! But if it shall seem to you that Manfred De Lisle is as incapable of harboring a revenge so dark in his bosom, as that which might urge him to slay the cherished friend of his youth for a cause so slight—if years passed in the service of my country, and the yet unhealed wounds received in that service can merit anything—if there is any testimony in the record of a life hitherto pure and spotless—if, in short, you believe me as innocent of this fearful crime as a babe unborn, then, gentlemen, do me the justice to avow it! I have answered to this charge, not guilty; and living or dying, in honor or dishonor, with the prospect of a pleasant life yet to be passed, or with the vision of the scaffold of a disgraceful death, still will I say, **NOT GUILTY!** Gentlemen, I can say no more; in your hands I place my life, with a perfect confidence that you will judge me justly."*

"The public prosecutor refused to make any appeal to the jury; the judge charged them strongly in my favor, and without leaving their seats they rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. The court-room echoed with the acclamations of the crowd, and I was caught up in the arms of my friends and borne off in triumph upon their shoulders.

"At this point the speaker paused. His face grew still more pallid, and a shudder shook his whole frame.

"*"And now,"* he said, huskily, *"God help me to make this torturing confession to Him and you!"*

"A groan of anguish burst from the lips of the wretched man, and at the same instant a quick suspicion of the terrible truth darted like lightning through my brain.

"*"Stay,"* I exclaimed, *"do you mean to tell me that you—"*

"*"That I murdered Francis Martyn? Yes! Notwithstanding the bold air of innocence which I assumed, and in spite of the verdict of the jury, I, and I alone, was nevertheless the murderer of my cousin! This is the secret which has burdened my life, which has made my existence a curse, and now drags me down to the grave!"*

"These words were uttered in a firm, deliberate tone, which assured me of their truth. For a few moments there was a painful silence; the guilty and dying man lay with his face concealed from my sight, while I gazed upon him with all the fascination of horrified surprise.

"But what," I at length asked, "moved you to this awful crime?"

"It must have been," he slowly replied, "the overwhelming tide of my rage and passion. Upon that terrible night, after those had retired from my room who bore me thither, I became almost a maniac in my fury. I raged wildly around the walls until my strength was spent, and throwing myself headlong upon the floor I endeavored to think. But my mind was still in a transport of fury; I realized only that I had been disgraced in the eyes of my friends—that my enemies, if any such had been present, were triumphing in my humiliation—and I ground my teeth together and groaned. I forgot the friendship of a lifetime; I remembered not that nothing save my own wilfulness had brought this shame upon me, and I thirsted for speedy revenge. I did not stop to reason, to consider the consequences of my act, but rushing from my chamber, I sought that of Francis Martyn. He was sitting by his table, writing, by the aid of a night-lamp. He turned as I entered, and with one fierce blow of my rapier I smote him to the heart! He recognized me, cast upon me one reproachful glance—O, God, I see it now!—and without a word fell dead at my feet!"

"I looked upon him for a moment, coldly and remorselessly, and then approaching the table I examined the paper upon which he had been writing. As I read, my brain reeled and my heart well nigh burst with the terrible revelation of the moment. It was a letter, addressed to myself, full of those endearing and tender expressions which he so delighted to use towards me. The ink was still wet where he had written my name, and the last words were these:

"*"Dear Manfred, let us be reconciled; forgive me if I have angered you, and let us forget it. If you remember our long friendship, you cannot, I am sure, bear hatred to me! I have known and loved you too long to lose—"*

"And there it ended, just as I had cut it short by my murderous blow! Seizing the paper, I consumed it to ashes in the flame of the lamp, and then rushed from the room, to be forever haunted by the voice, the face, the form of Francis Martyn, triumphant even in death!"

"Again he paused for a moment. His voice was growing rapidly more husky and faint, and as if conscious of his waning vitality, he continued in a more rapid tone. I bent lower to catch every one of his imperfectly uttered words.

"*"And I have been haunted,"* he said. *"I know not how it was that I appeared so calm, so collected at the trial; it must have been that a sense of desperation pervaded my being; that a consciousness of the utter hopelessness of my life, should I be spared the disgrace of a felon's death, made me indifferent as to my fate, as I certainly was. Henceforth there was to be no peace for me; remorse and the terrors of an outraged conscience held my soul with their iron grasp; I seemed to be accursed in the sight of Heaven. My friends congratulated me upon my acquittal and the triumphant vindication of my innocence; every word went to my heart like a steel-barbed arrow! Upon the very night of my trial I secretly fled from my home. There were abundant reasons to urge me to this step. The associations which I had shared with Martyn, the scenes which we had loved in common—everything which might remind me of him was there. Life was destined to be replete with horrors for me; but a life passed in the very locality of this tragedy would be a tenfold living death. I crossed the Irish Sea and wandered hither, and here I have lived and suffered in secret for thirty years. Those whom I left in Ireland know not of my fate; they probably think me long since dead."*

"I have spoken once of Sarah Derwent, the beautiful betrothed of Francis Martyn. Beneath the terrible blow of the death of her lover she sank like a broken reed; but she lived and still lives. And that weak, frail woman alone fathomed the truth in relation to the murder of Martyn; she well knew whose hand inflicted the blow; to her the revelation stood plainly upon my braggard face. She came to me once while I lay in prison—not with bitter words, but with sad, reproachful looks, which nearly crazed me. Once, five years ago, she appeared to me here, old and careworn, but still a living reproach to me. Where she is now, I know not; would she were here at this moment, that I might implore her forgiveness!"

"There are certainly some moments in our lives when events occur which seem to us but little less than miracles. Hardly had the dying

man uttered these words, before the rustling of garments attracted my attention, and forth from a distant corner of the room, where she had hitherto been concealed by the shadows of the massive furniture, came a female, and with a slow and tottering step she moved to the bedside. Her form was bent with age, her face was withered and furrowed, and her hair thin and gray; and yet there was about her something which spoke forcibly of rare loveliness which had once been hers. Her dark eyes were filled with a soft, mournful light, which, as I saw it, seemed almost the emanation from another world; and as she glided forward and sank upon her knees by the bed, I drew back in awe and reverence. How I received the revelation I know not, but instinctively, as it appeared to me, I became aware that I was gazing upon the face of none other than Sarah Derwent.

"A new life seemed to possess, for the moment, the frame of Manfred De Lisle. A joyous smile overspread his pale, wasted face, and raising himself to his elbow, he stretched out his hand to his strange visitor. She took it softly in her own, and as she bent her head, I saw that a tear fell upon it.

"*"Forgive—forgive!"* was all that De Lisle could utter, and then, in a broken and quivering voice, she replied:

"*"I do forgive you, Colonel De Lisle, and may Heaven pardon you as truly as I do! I can survive you but for a little time, and God forbid that this solemn hour should be one of harshness and bitter words! Yes, I forgive you; may your repentance be as sincere as your sin was great and fearful!"*

"The dying man pressed her hand and strove with all his power to speak—but speech was now gone from him forever. He raised his clasped hands, and while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks, he looked earnestly towards me. That glance, so fraught with eloquent meaning, I could not fail to understand, and kneeling by his pillow, I raised my voice in earnest and fervent prayer. I prayed that the atonement of the unhappy sufferer might forever purge his fleeting spirit of its sin, and that the unquiet soul might find in death the rest which had been denied it upon earth, and my prayer seemed answered at once. As I concluded, both she who knelt with me and myself looked towards the face of the sufferer. It was rigid and expressionless; and as we looked we knew that the long life-struggle was ended, and that the spirit of Manfred De Lisle had ascended to Him who gave it!"

Upon the following morning I left the little village inn and walked slowly and thoughtfully down the street. The strange and deeply interesting story of the good pastor had made an ineffaceable impression upon my mind; during the night the scenes which he spoke of came before me in my dreams, and now I could find no thought for anything besides this—the fearful life-secret of Manfred De Lisle.

As I walked on, the spire of the village church met my eye. Close at hand was the graveyard, and moved by a sudden impulse, I turned aside from the street and entered its gate. For more than an hour I lingered among the simple mounds and tombstones, where

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

spelling out with difficulty the half-effaced letterings upon the stones, and musing upon the common end of all mortality.

As I was about departing from this "silent city," an inscription upon a marble tablet near by attracted my attention. I paused beside it and read these words:

"MANFRED DE LISLE. *Æt* 62.  
—in his grave,  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Beside this was another grave, and upon the stone the simple name, "Sarah Derwent." I looked upon it, and then my eyes turned again to the first. Almost unconsciously I repeated the inscription.

"*"Yes—he sleeps well!"* I soliloquized. "Manfred De Lisle, troubled, unhappy spirit, blessed art thou in this sleep which knows no waking; from which may a merciful God grant that thou shalt be summoned to a lenient judgment!"

Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart: it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.—Bryant.



## REMARKABLE TREES.

On this and the next page we have placed a series of very graceful and interesting engravings, representing some of the most remarkable trees in the eastern and western hemispheres, commencing with delineations of those in California. These enormous trees are the growth of Calaveras County. They indicate the richness of the soil, and show that this country is as rich in its vegetation as in its minerals. The Big Tree represented in our sketch is ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred feet in length. Five men were engaged for a month in sawing it down. They sawed and bored great holes with immense augers, until the giant of the forest lost his equilibrium and fell with a tremendous crash. Three weeks were employed by the workmen in removing the bark from a portion of the trunk, which measured fifty-two feet. This bark, in thickness, in many parts, more than two feet, was exhibited at San Francisco. The learned of the place have set themselves to ascertain the age of this enormous tree, and, by



THE PIONEER'S CABIN.

counting the concentric rings, have come to the conclusion that it must be at least three thousand years old.

The Three Graces or Three Sisters, also represented on this page, are united at the base, but each has a separate trunk, measuring in circumference some ninety-two feet. The Miner's Cabin has a circumference of eighty feet, while its height is reckoned at three hundred feet. The Pioneer's Cabin is of similar dimensions. There are many other trees of similar magnitude, each of which has been named according to the fancy of the emigrants. There are two trees, for instance, called Husband and Wife—a group, The Family Group. One tree, with the enormous circumference of one hundred and ten feet, and an elevation of five hundred feet, has been called—because he is believed to be the oldest tree known in the neighborhood—The Father of the Forest. A tree, also of great size, standing by itself in a forlorn place, has received the suitable appellation of Old Maid. We also furnish our readers with an engraving termed The Horseback-Ride, representing the hollow trunk of a tree, which affords space sufficient for a man on horseback to drive up the heart of the tree, a distance of seventy-five feet.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, in an interesting account of a visit to these trees, says: "We were prepared to see the largest kind of trees and not to be a bit astonished. So, as soon as our toilet was made, we started down the road we had come the night before, and at a distance of one hundred yards, passed between the 'Two Guardsmen,' which flank either side of the road as we near the house. These two trees are about fifteen feet apart, and are of nearly equal size, being one twenty and the other twenty-two feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high. These two trees are very perfect and very much alike; one of them leans a little towards the other, and their tops are joined together as one tree. Very few of the trees have branches lower down than one hundred feet from the ground. For such monstrous trunks, their branches and foliage are meagre, the former being few, gnarled and crooked, and the latter very thin. Leaving the 'Guardsmen,' we turned to the left, and after a few rods



THE THREE SISTERS.

walking, came to a third tree (no name), which is forty six feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high. A few steps further on and we met a tall, straight, graceful tree, with foliage, well proportioned about the top. A modest sign-board told us that this is the 'Beauty of the Forest,' which is sixty feet in circumference, and three hundred feet in height. The fifth tree has no name, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high. Alta California is the name of the sixth tree, which is a beautiful, symmetrical, and graceful tree, with fine foliage at the top. It is ninety feet in circumference, and about two hundred and ninety-five feet high. At one hundred feet from the ground this tree is forty-five feet in circumference. The seventh tree has fallen, and measured three hundred feet from the roots to the top. Still on the road leading to the main grove, we meet the eighth tree, called Uncle Tom's Cabin. This is a large and heavy tree, the butt of which has been burned out, forming a hollow which will hold some twenty-five persons, and room to spare. The ninth tree is called

Old Dominion, and is fifty-two feet round, and two hundred and seventy-five feet high. The tenth tree is called the Empire State, and is eighty-nine feet round, and three hundred feet high. Vermont is the name attached to the eleventh tree, and is fifty feet round by two hundred feet high. The twelfth tree, which has fallen and is nearly all destroyed by fire, must have been immense, judging from the stump lying upon the ground, which is seventy-five feet long, and burnt out in the centre, so much that several of us, later in the day, rode through it on a horse sixteen and a half hands high. Half the distance through we sat bolt upright on the horse and had plenty of space above our heads, whilst the other half, not having burned so much, we bent our heads forward so as not to strike the 'roof.' We passed on and examined the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth trees, which varied in size from fifty-four to seventy feet round, and from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and ninety feet in height. The seventeenth tree is called Young America, and is eighty-eight feet round, and two hundred

and ninety-five feet high. Directly opposite this tree, and separated by a carriage way, are the Siamese Twins, two trees springing from the same butt, being ninety feet round and two hundred and ninety feet high. Old Kentucky, the nineteenth tree, is sixty-three feet round, by two hundred and eighty-five feet in height. The twentieth tree stands to the right of the road on the side of the hill, and from its lonely position is called the Old Bachelor. The twenty-first and twenty-second trees are of an average size. The Mother and Son are next, being two trees joined together at the roots, being one hundred and ten feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height. The twenty-fourth tree is General Scott, being a stately, grand old tree, measuring sixty-three feet round and two hundred and ninety feet in height. The Fairy of the Forest is a graceful tree, standing on the left of the road, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high and but twelve feet through. This beautiful tree tapers gradually from the ground, and is clear of branches for at least one hundred feet high; the



THE MINER'S CABIN.

top being clothed in regular foliage. With one accord we named this tree as stated, the Fairy of the Forest. Hercules is the next in order, and a grand old fellow this is, being over thirty feet six inches in diameter and two hundred and eighty feet high. Some cool, calculating lumberman has measured this tree into boards, and says there is upwards of (725,000) seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of inch boards in it. We now come to the Father of the Forest, a fallen tree, which is estimated to be one hundred and twelve feet in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet long. In the fall this tree has been broken in several places. From the depth it is buried in the soil, it must have been down a long time. In order to comprehend the immense size of this mammoth, we mounted by a ladder to the top of the trunk, and walked over its length. Truly, one must go and see, to believe, and no one can see without being filled with awe and wonder. The Mother of the Forest is a short distance on, and is still standing, being ninety feet round and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high. The bark, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet, has been removed by some speculative vandals and carried abroad for exhibition. We might mention here that they took the bark abroad, set it up for exhibition, but owing to the immensity of the circumference nobody would believe it came off one tree, and finally, being branded as a humbug, they had to shut up the exhibition, and ended by losing a goodly sum of money. The Family Group is the name of twenty-six trees, all standing close together, and varying in size from fourteen to twenty-two feet in diameter, and from two hundred to two hundred and ninety feet in height. Damon and Pythias are the names of two trees which were once joined together, but are now separated some three feet, fire having burned a space of that width between them. It might be mentioned here that many of the trees are badly scarred by fire, which has, in ages past, swept through this grand old forest. The Hermit stands all alone, and is seventy-five feet round by three hundred and twenty feet in height. The Pioneer's Cabin is the name of a tree thirty-three feet through and but one hundred and fifty feet high, the top having been broken off. The fallen part



THE BIG TREE.



THE HORSEBACK RIDE.





PLANE-TREE NEAR SMYRNA, IN ASIA MINOR.

has been destroyed by fire, as not a vestige of it remains. The Three Graces are three tall, graceful trees, standing side by side in a parallel line, of the same size and length. The centre one is perfectly straight, but so close do they stand that the top foliage has bent the outer ones a little from the perpendicular. There are several other trees near the Graces, one of which, the Miner's Cabin, is twenty-one feet in diameter and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. The butt has been burnt out much in the shape of

stand in about fifty acres of ground. To say they are wonderful, grand, magnificent or immense, is poor language—one must go to them, walk round them, get into their hollows, ride through the burnt monster, walk over the Father of the Forest—yes, go among them and around them again and again to be fully impressed with their immensity."

We now come to our delineation of the famous plane-tree. Smyrna, one of the largest cities of the Asiatic coast, is situated

on a beautiful bay, surrounded by lofty mountains. A vast plain extends from the eastern limits of the city to lofty hills covered with rich villages on the opposite side to the sea. Traversed by the Melos, a pretty river which bathes the walls of Smyrna, it is of rare fertility; poplars, cypress and plane-trees grow there very vigorously, as well as all kinds of nutritious vegetables. About the middle of this plain, on the side of the road from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a groto is shown in which it is said Homer wrote his Iliad), stands an aged plane-tree, remarkable for its dimensions, and yet more so for its singular form. The trunk is separated into two parts strong enough, in spite of their division, to support the mass of the tree. These two stocks, uniting at a great height, form a species of arch, through which the people of the neighborhood often pass, the place being much frequented, because the rich city merchants generally have their country-seats at Bournabat. The tree does not grow precisely in the middle of the road; it would be an impediment to carriages, the space between the stems not being large enough to admit them, but foot passengers and sometimes people on horseback take a path parallel and contiguous to the road which traverses this curious vegetable gateway.

The last engraving represents the Boabab, or Gouty Stem Tree. In north-western Australia, the character of the soil is such, that few trees are met with, except upon the borders of streams, and they are nearly of the same character as those of the rest of the continent. In addition to these, however, it possesses a tree—the *Adansonia Gregorii*—of great value for its fruit, known as the Gouty Stem Tree by the colonists. It is of the same genus as the Boabab of Africa and the Cape de Verd Islands. It grows to a very large size—sometimes to eighty feet in circumference. The fruit is much sought after by the natives, and affords a palatable repast in those hot regions. The fruit, in shape, is oval, differing from the fruit of the African Boabab, which resembles a cucumber. It is by no means a rare tree in the sandy plains of north-western Australia, and it is a bounteous provision of the Almighty to supply the want of water in these arid lands, the tree, when pruned in the spring, yielding a copious supply of juice of a very refreshing character. The Australian Boabab is not generally confined to the coast, but is found as much as a hundred miles inland. Its habitat is in the tract which lies between Sir George Grey's Glenelg River and the west coast of Arnhemland. It likes a sandy soil. It has been named *Adansonia Gregorii*, in honor of the gentleman who first described it.

## GAS AND SHADE TREES.

The common council of the city of New Haven are now engaged in investigating the cause of the destruction of many of the shade trees in that city,—supposed to be occasioned by gas escaping from the street mains. The subject is one of interest to the citizens of every place supplied with gas, and we hope the investigation will be thorough, and if possible, some practicable mode devised of preventing the evil. The penetration of gas in the earth, where trees are rooted, for a few days even, seems to be fatal to them. Maples are more easily affected than elms. A committee of the council say that an easy, and as they believe, a practical mode of ascertaining whether the gas pipes leak, would be to bore into the earth directly over the pipes with an instrument made especially for the purpose, in a manner similar to that in which a firkin of butter or cheese is tapped. The earth drawn out by it would disclose, by the smell, the presence of gas. In case the earth around the roots of valuable trees have become impregnated with gas, the committee think the trees might be saved, if attended to promptly, by removing the earth, cutting off the small fibrous roots and supplying the tree with fresh earth. Other modes of protecting the trees from such an injury will undoubtedly be suggested by persons of practical knowledge on this subject, and the committee invite communications upon the matter.



THE BOABAB, OR GOUTY STEM TREE, OF AUSTRALIA.

recess a large number of people. We have now made the tour of the grove, and arrive back of the house, where we catch a back view of the trunk of what was "the big tree." This was the first tree discovered by the hunter Dowd. It was a noble, straight giant, over three hundred feet high, and about thirty feet through at the base. In August, 1853, some parties took a notion to cut this tree down, and, manufacturing augers, went to work. It took five men twenty-five working days to bore the tree through so as to separate the butt, but so plumb did the tree stand that it would not fall. After trying every means to topple it over, they cut down a large tree near it, and let it fall against the old giant, but still it would not succumb. A second tree was then cut down and made to fall against the mammoth, when it was forced over and fell with a crash which shook the very foundations of the hills and made a noise to which it is hard to liken anything. The fall broke the solid trunk in several places even as a pipe-stem. When the hotel was first built at the Grove, the butt of this fallen monarch was levelled off and is now a portion of the floor of the ball-room. The tree is a very good circle and measures, not in the widest part, twenty-five feet through. This is ten feet from the earth, without counting the bark, which varies from a few inches to over a foot in thickness. The wood of the 'big tree' is of about the color of our red-wood, and the bark of a cinnamon color. It makes nice-looking furniture, not unlike mahogany in color, when dressed and varnished. It must be borne in mind that this entire grove of trees all



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—We have endeavored to find the work you inquired for, but we are informed by publishers that it is entirely out of print. A new edition will probably be issued by the Appletons the ensuing spring.

STATISTICIAN.—In the accounts which are kept of the births and deaths in Prussia, and in which the greatest exactness is observed, it appears that at the last census there were 32,573 persons who were not accounted for, and it is suspected that the difference arises from the number of young men who have clandestinely left the country during the last three years to avoid military service, or from the number of persons who have emigrated without having obtained that permission which the law requires.

B. M.—The Turkish empire derived its name Ottoman from its founder, Othman.

FARMER.—From the town of Milton, Ulster county, there were 335,032 baskets of raspberries sent to New York the past season, at an average of five cents per basket, realizing \$1,675,160. Thousands of baskets were sent from the same section of country. One berry raiser produced and sold from one-third of an acre over 6000 baskets, which netted him five cents per basket, amounting to about \$300.

HARVARD.—The German students form themselves into three societies, and are distinguished by the colors of caps; these are red, green, and orange.

ENGINEER.—The commissioners on the State House, deeming it necessary to preserve the exact location of the rod on its top, for the benefit of all the triangulations in the vicinity, ordered, before the old dome was removed to give place to the present new one, that the rod should be carefully located and replaced on the new dome in precisely the same position it formerly occupied. This was done by T. & J. Doane, civil engineers, and becomes important, as it is one of the main points in the triangulation of the State by Simeon Borden in 1844.

CURRENCY.—The genuineness of a bank note is more frequently tested by the touch than the sight. Those accustomed to banking business are extremely quick at this mode of detection.

SERGEANT S.—The recent victory obtained by the Chinese over the English and French, shows a wonderful advance in the tactics of war since their first encounters with the English, when they marched up against them without arms, and with gongs and other noisy instruments, thinking to frighten the foreigners.

HISTORIAN.—A life of James Wilson, the Scotch naturalist and genial writer, has been written by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and is very excellent reading. Mr. Wilson was a wit as well as an enthusiast in natural science, and some of the private letters embraced in this volume sparkle with the most graceful and pleasant humor.

## THE POPE OF ROME.

Start not at this title, reader, however suggestive it may seem. We are not about to falsify our promises and practice by plunging into polemics or politics; we shall neither assail nor defend the tiara, but propose simply to speak of the occupant of the throne spiritual and temporal, whose seat is the eternal seven-hilled city, as a brief biographer, recording some facts which may not be familiar to all our readers. Pius IX. is one of the men of the times, whose name rises as often as any other on the tidal wave of foreign intelligence. He is a ruler whose spiritual authority is recognized by the faithful in all quarters of the globe, but whose temporal power is confined to the sway of about three millions of people, occupying a narrow space on the map of the world, but a most important sovereignty, notwithstanding its contracted limits.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti, now Pope Pius IX., was born at Sinigaglia, in the Marches of Ancona, on the 13th of May, 1792. In his youth he was destined for the military profession, and he served for a time, first in the French, and afterwards in the Austrian army. But the state of his health having disabled him from longer sustaining the fatigues of military life, he entered the ecclesiastical state.

In 1823, he proceeded to Chili, in South America, as auditor, in the suite of Monsignore Musi, and at the expiration of two years he returned to Europe. Leo XII., who then filled the Papal chair, was very friendly to Mastai. He successively elevated him to the dignity of prelate, and appointed him president of the Hospital of St. Michael, and Archbishop of Spoleto. In 1832, Gregory XVI., then being Pope, Mastai relinquished the bishopric of Spoleto to accept that of Imola. In 1841, he was created a cardinal.

Five years afterwards Pope Gregory died, and on the 14th of June, 1846, the cardinals assembled in conclave to choose a new Pope by the form called in the Roman Church "Scrutinium," which is in fact balloting. Thirty-six cardinals voted, and it fell to the lot of Mastai to examine the contents of the urn containing the votes. The first paper (Buletta) which he drew forth bore his own name, so did the second, so also did the third. Twenty times in succession was the same name drawn from the urn. Mastai could proceed no further. Overpowered by

emotion, he begged the assembly would excuse him from continuing the assigned duty, and appoint another cardinal in his place. But so stringent are the forms observed on such occasions, that to have yielded to this request would have had the effect of invalidating the election; and the whole of the proceedings would have been annulled.

"Sit down and recover yourself!" was the unanimous cry of the conclave.

Mastai sat down, pale, mute and motionless. He drank a glass of water handed to him by one of his colleagues, and after a little time, being somewhat restored, he slowly proceeded with the task of drawing forth the papers from the urn. The voters were thirty-six in number, and thirty-five times his own name was inscribed. Every member of the sacred college simultaneously arose, and the vaulted roof of the chapel resounded with the acclamations of the cardinals. After the observance of the customary formalities, one of the cardinals advanced to Mastai, to ask him whether he was willing to accept the tiara; whereupon he replied that he conformed to the will of God, and took the title of Pius IX. The same evening the new Pope entered the Vatican.

The habits of Pius IX. are characterized by patriarchal simplicity and regularity. He rises every morning at seven o'clock, and having performed mass alone in his oratory, he attends a second mass. After partaking of a light breakfast, he proceeds to his cabinet. Two chairs and a table, on which stands a crucifix, are the only furniture of the little apartment in which the interests of the Roman Church are discussed and arranged, and the labors of the pontificate performed.

The Pope dines about three o'clock, alone—always alone: such is the indispensable condition of Papal etiquette. The repast is so humble, that a Roman *scudo* defrays its whole cost. A short siesta, a few visits, and a brief interval devoted to a drive or a walk, fill up the time till six o'clock. At that hour the Pope again returns to his cabinet, where he continues occupied till ten at night.

## ARISTOCRATIC MANNERS.

An American lady who has resided many years in Paris, tells an amusing story of a little incident which lately happened in that gay capital. She had made the acquaintance of an English countess of irreproachable *ton*, and accompanied her to a fashionable French milliner's to select some dresses, as the fair daughter of Albion was a new comer, and was unwilling to rely on her own judgment or the recommendations of the *marchande des modes*. While they were examining patterns, in burst a very plump lady, who began by upbraiding the dress-maker for a delay in sending home a certain dress.

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed the fat lady, "if this occurs again, no more of my custom—and the dress, how does it fit, now it is sent home? Look!" and taking off her shawl, she exposed to view a dress, laced up the back with about an inch of something white, which should have been hidden, showing behind—"well, all I can say is, that I'm served up like a ham."

This was too much for the aristocratic English lady, who, hastily dropping the silks, left the room followed by the dressmaker. "Have the goodness to send my bill immediately; had I known that you were in the habit of making dresses for such persons, I should never have come to you."

The poor dressmaker first looked frightened, then bewildered, then smiled complacently.

"I understand your ladyship's mistake," said she; "and it is by no means surprising. But my lady may be assured that I admit no vulgar persons to my rooms. That was," and here she lowered her voice to a confidential tone, "the Princess D—, the emperor's cousin."

It was indeed the Princess Mathilde, Countess Demidoff, now "fair, fat and forty," sister of Prince Napoleon, and daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, by his second wife, the Princess Frederika Caroline, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Mathilde might have been Empress of France, had she been true to Louis Napoleon, who was once deeply in love with her, and even engaged to her. But the match was broken off by her own caprice, and she finally, in 1841, married Count Anatole Demidoff, for his money. The marriage proved a very unhappy one, and the count thoroughly hates his Napoleonic bride. They have not lived together for many years, but the count has the satisfaction of persistently op-

posing Mathilde's attempts at procuring a divorce, and holding her in chains that have long since changed from roses to iron links. The princess is a very free-and-easy character, a patron of art and artists, a bit of a political intrigante, and altogether one of the most talked-of women in Paris.

## CHANGES IN PARIS.

The good people of Boston, with improvements and changes going on constantly about them, are apt to think that they are a little ahead of all the world in the line of municipal progress. But Louis Napoleon "leads the crowd" in this direction. In nothing is his wonderful activity so manifest as in what he has done and is doing for his splendid capital. During the last five years, says a Paris letter in the Philadelphia Inquirer, such vast improvements have been made as to completely alter the aspect of nearly every quarter of the metropolis, and the work of demolition and rebuilding continues with unabated ardor. As a matter of precaution, the narrow streets in the noisome purlieus of the Quartier St. Antoine have been destroyed; the Rue de Rivoli has been opened in a straight line from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, so that cannon planted at the lower end of the Tuileries garden would now sweep the whole length of that avenue, to the spot where the revolution always makes its grand stand-point; the granite pavements have been exchanged for the Macadam system, although more expensive, but the latter cannot be torn up and thrown into barricades; and wide boulevards have been opened in every part of the city, offering perfect facilities for the passage of large bodies of troops and masses of artillery. The lower orders of Paris have hitherto lived in communities, swarming together in thousands, and left in all their squalor and vice. These communities of poverty and crime are being rapidly broken up, the dens razed to the ground, and the tenants forced to separate and seek refuge either in the suburbs or in quarters of the city widely distant from each other, where the police are better able to watch their movements.

That part of the capital where the great institutions of learning are located, and where, in dirty, crowded streets, live the grave professors, rollicking students, the proud old aristocracy of the *ancien regime*, and the rag-pickers, almost pell-mell together, was spared for a long time, but the hand of improvement has at last reached it, and the opening of the Boulevard St. Germain will effect an immense amelioration in that venerable faubourg, so full of historical reminiscences. The demolitions which have been commenced upon the Place Maubert will remove forever many interesting landmarks of ancient Paris.

MILK.—Our citizens are complaining bitterly of the impure character of the milk generally supplied to consumers. Milk—good milk, cannot be sold for less than six cents per quart, and at that price will afford the dealer a fair profit.

SHIP-BUILDING.—This branch of industry has been rather depressed lately, but there are some twenty vessels of various sizes now on the stocks, and three have been launched within a few days.

TRUE CHARITY.—Old wine was never put to a better use than when the Duke of Northumberland recently sent a thousand bottles of sherry, thirty years in bottle, to the Westminster Hospital, for the use of the patients.

TREES.—Now is the time to transplant them; let attention be given to this profitable and important branch of agricultural interest. Fruit raising near any large market is wonderfully profitable.

OUR VICINITY.—The environs of Boston are growing in point of population even faster than the city itself. The year 1859 will add about nine thousand to the population of this city.

DR. BEECHER.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher's autobiography is in preparation. It is said to be deeply interesting.

FIRE ENGINES.—Boston has now four steam fire engines, and another in the course of building.

PERSONAL.—General Scott is just 73 years old.

## GERMAN GARDENS.

In nothing is the difference between Germany and America more visible to a traveller or casual observer, than in the gardens; for this they are all termed, whether public or private. Those which belong to individuals and surround private houses, are like those we have been accustomed to seeing, and not at all more beautiful. So says the Country Gentleman, a paper devoted to this subject. Indeed, in the suburbs of New York, Boston, and almost any American city, may be found rivals for anything of the kind in Germany. But those provided for the public are almost as numerous, and it is common to find, surrounding all the cities, gardens owned by those whose profession is the rearing of plants for sale and vegetables for the market, but who live further in the country themselves, and perhaps very humbly, while a rich family from the city occupies a house attached to the garden, and pays for the privilege of enjoying its walks, and breathing the fragrance of its flowers. These summer houses are built very slightly, and very plainly furnished, and only resorted to during the hottest of the season, merely to get rid of the dust of the city awhile. The garden consists of beds of vegetables, bordered with flowers, fruit-trees, berries and ornamental shrubbery. In every garden, public and private, there is a table and benches for taking tea, coffee and lunch; and we have been day after day, and week after week, to these gardens, without ever being invited to go into the house; and this is the same whether we go morning, noon or night. The ladies have always their embroidery or knitting-work, and one would think they had very little else to do in life than manufacture long stockings and mark pin-cushions.

We have often seen ladies take their knitting-work before breakfast, and resort to the garden to wait till the bread and coffee arrives; and among Protestants, Sunday is no exception to the custom of receiving visitors, walking in the gardens, and knitting and embroidering, unless, perhaps, it is more universal on this day, and a family feels more certain that company will arrive. The young people play ball and games, and perhaps have a dance. Among the Catholics it is not the custom to work as on other days, and the sewing and knitting are all put out of sight as scrupulously as among the Puritan descendants of New England; but they walk and visit, and are more punctual at church. Being in a family where the young ladies went to a ball on Saturday night and danced till four in the morning, we were surprised to see them going to church at seven. On asking how they could, when they were sleepy and weary, they said they must, whether they could or not, as the priest did not allow them to stay at home, and took neither a ball nor anything else as an excuse. Yet he had no objection to their going to a ball Saturday night or Sunday night, or to their indulging in any discussion after church; but the morning devotions must not be neglected.

NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—Our New York friends will have good reason to be proud of their new park when it is finished, and certainly "the work goes bravely on." Its total area is 843 acres, and it is about two and a half miles long. It is to be "a system of roads, avenues, winding paths, lawns, groves, shrubberies, hillocks, grottoes, fountains, falls, streams, lakes, arches, bridges, and terraces."

IMPORTANT ENDORSEMENT.—We have several times called the attention of our readers to the Ladd & Webster Sewing Machine, as remarkable for its perfection in construction and performance; and we are now gratified to know that this machine has just received the first premium over all others, at both the Kentucky and Pennsylvania State Fairs.

ECONOMY.—The most profitable animal that a family in moderate circumstances can own, is a good cow. She will pay her cost and keeping over and over again, and nearly half support a small family.

MOROCCO.—The London Times says a telegraphic despatch from Tangiers announces that Sidi Mohammed, the eldest son of the late Emperor of Morocco, has been proclaimed as his successor.

SIGNS OF THE MITTEN.—A lover may imagine himself discarded when he sees another's name on the wedding cards. His natural exclamation will be, "What's a miss?"



## CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his own oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

"Susan!"

Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty; that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

There are some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related he preached a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out, "Now, all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched forth both his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamant sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit.

Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determined that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merits of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment: He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the royal chapel, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the royal chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing therein. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind; but turning the paper on both sides, he said: "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things;" and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of Creation.

**CRAZED BY THE AURORA.**—The Columbus Statesman says that a young lady, aged about sixteen, of considerable intelligence, and prepossessing appearance, is now residing with the sheriff of Ottawa county, preparatory to her removal to the lunatic asylum, having become insane from viewing the aurora borealis a short time ago, which she was induced to believe betokened the approaching end of the world.

**ALARMING CONTINGENCY.**—Referring to the suggestion that the Great Eastern may be taken to send British troops to China, the Providence Journal remarks that "the State of Maine will declare war with England, if the ship is turned away from Portland."

**ART ITEM.**—The superb paintings by Rosa Bonheur, which have been exhibiting at Williams & Everett's, in this city, are gems indeed, and should be visited by every lover of the artistic and beautiful.

**CONTINENTAL ARMIES.**—A statistical publication just issued, states that the cost of keeping up permanent armies on the continent amounts to eighty millions sterling.

**CHARLES DICKENS.**—This popular author is not coming over at present, but his lecturing tour, though postponed, is not abandoned.

**SLEEP.**—A distinguished writer says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

## THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.

We beg leave to call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement and accompanying certificates relative to the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which occupy a page of our journal to-day. The originals of these certificates we have examined, and are convinced that there can be no question as to their genuineness and truth. We feel confident that no one can read such an extraordinary array of evidence of the highest character without being satisfied that there is no medicinal agent now before the public which has stronger claims to their attention. They will find the certificates of well-known clergymen, chemists and physicians, bearing witness to such a mass of facts, as to leave no question of the great value of this remedy on any mind not closed against human testimony. It has been said by some who have but a superficial knowledge of the manner in which this medicine acts upon the human system, that it cures too many "different diseases." A perusal of the treatise on iron, which forms the introduction to the pamphlet recently published by the proprietor, will convince any one that no criticism is more unfounded than this. It is well known to those who have paid any attention to the subject, that most of the diseases of civilized life arise from imperfect digestion. Unless the digestion is perfect, the blood cannot be properly prepared, and consequently cannot nourish all parts of the system. Many suppose that the blood is a homogeneous fluid, but, on the contrary, it is made up of a number of distinct elements. Just as a ray of light is shown by the prism to consist of seven different colors. A kaleidoscope is composed of a certain number of substances or elements, and the combination exhibits a beautiful arrangement of figures; but let one of the substances or elements be taken from it, and the figures are all changed. So also if the digestion is impaired, some element necessary to make the blood perfect is wanting, and the part of the system it was intended to nourish becomes diseased. It is easy, therefore, to perceive that disease in any organ may ensue when the blood is deficient in any of its proper elements, "and that the so-called 'different diseases' cured by the Peruvian Syrup are in reality only difficult phases of disease, depending on one and the same cause, viz., impaired and imperfect digestion, and consequent deterioration of the blood."

We should not speak thus confidently did we not know what we were talking about. We have given the Syrup a faithful trial in our family, with marked success, and we have seen its genial effects in such a variety of cases, that we do not hesitate to express the opinion that it is worthy of all confidence, and ought to be in every family throughout the country.

**WATER FOR CHELSEA AND CHARLESTOWN.**—The Bunker Hill Aurora states that in pursuance of the plan initiated by Mayor Dana, of supplying Charlestown with water, a petition will be presented at the meeting of the legislature in January, for authority to that city, by itself or in association with the city of Chelsea, to lay pipes from Mystic or other ponds for the supplying of the two cities with pure water.

**MEERSCHAUMS.**—The Meerscham mania continues unabated, and not to have a Pipe or Tube is to be far behind the times. Our friend Brown, Apothecary, corner of Washington and State Streets, is receiving by every steamer from abroad, the most beautiful specimens of Meerscham and Briar Wood Pipes and Tubes. Look in upon him.

**FROM CHIRIQUI.**—The Chiriqui gold diggings do not yield according to expectation. About fifty persons from Panama, who have been at work six months among the graves, have not collected enough gold to pay their expenses.

**A GENTLE CORDWAINER.**—The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he run his awl into a sole.

**DEAD LITERATURE.**—The Post-Master General is making some arrangements for the more effective return of dead letters to their writers.

**SMART MAN.**—The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

**AUSTRALIA.**—The yield of the gold fields is now considered to be decreasing.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The whole amount of gold sent from Pike's Peak is \$73,000.

Rosa Bonheur contemplates a visit to the United States at no very distant date.

James Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," is announced to appear in November.

Irving's "Life of Washington" is having a larger sale than any of his previous works.

Two New York pawn-brokers have been fined \$100 for demanding and collecting usurious interest.

The silver mining business in Arizona is now said to have reached a point where success is certain.

The strike of the four thousand coal diggers in the Pennsylvania mining district has resulted unfavorably for them.

The Northern Albany Railroad has just been sold at auction. The stockholders and bondholders lose over \$3,000,000.

The Austin (Texas) State Gazette says that \$16,000 have been lost lately in the mails between Galveston and New Orleans.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects, boiled to death; 700,000 pounds are annually used for scarlet and crimson dyes.

General Jackson's old horse is dead at last, at the age of forty-one years. For several years he has been unable to masticate, and was fed with bran, etc.

In answer to an advertisement for a grammar school teacher in Chelsea, Mass., over one hundred well-qualified teachers made application. Of these forty were examined.

The nutmeg tree is indigenous to the vicinity of Santa Cruz, California, and the nuts obtained from them are said to be equal to the oriental article.

Mr. Ten Broeck writes from England to a friend in Memphis that his winnings in England this year have topped \$440,000, to gain which he risked but \$20,000.

At St. Joseph, Michigan, there is a peach orchard covering only five acres of ground, from which the owner has already sold, this year, over nine thousand dollars worth of peaches.

The usual significance of "a bull in a China shop" is reversed by the recent affair at the mouth of the Peiho: the bull in this case got decidedly the worst of the visit.

The citizens of Philadelphia have to pay \$20,000 this year for the privilege of voting. Of this amount \$12,650 is for the pay of judges, inspectors and clerks.

Two thieves who were recently caught stealing cattle in Carson Valley were punished by having their left ears cropped and being banished from the country.

The Central Park in New York has cost the city nearly five and a half millions already, nearly all being for the land; the improvements upon it will cost nearly two millions more.

Five Indian chiefs, representing the remnant of St. Regis, Iroquois and other tribes on the New York reservation, have gone to Kansas to buy lands for the removal of their people thither.

From an official report, it appears that since 1847 the introduction of Asiatics to meet the wants of Cuban labor cover 42,501 subjects—there having perished in the transit 7622, or 15 per cent. of those taken on board.

There are at present in the world about one hundred and twenty-one thousand Mormons. Eighty-three thousand live in Utah, of whom four thousand six hundred and seventeen have sixteen thousand five hundred wives!

Mr. Everett's last oration contained about seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty words. The Gazette says he omitted probably about four thousand words in its delivery. He spoke an hour and three quarters without reference to his notes.

The Philological Society of London have in course of preparation a new dictionary of the English language on a most comprehensive plan. It is intended to include every word occurring in the literature of the language, with its meaning illustrated by appropriate citations.

On the day of the fête in Paris, the empress wore some "stunning" jewelry, among other things, a bracelet formed of a garland of flowers of the double laurel strung together with pearls and diamonds, and winding several times around the wrist.

The subscription which was made in this country for the benefit of the Italian sufferers in the late war reached the sum of \$10,623. The money has already been remitted to them, and has been most gratefully received by the poor fellows, who were so sadly in need.

The venerable Allen pear tree, at Salem, which is said to be two hundred and nineteen years old, still lives and flourishes. It produced five bushels of handsome and palatable fruit this season, which is very remarkable considering the barrenness of the season.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says there is now a lively movement of horses to the South. They are generally fine blooded animals, bought in the New England market at high figures, and are destined to grace the stables of wealthy planters. The equine exportation to the South is uncommonly large this year.

## Sands of Gold.

.... How beautiful is victory, but how dear.—*De Boufflers.*

.... He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—*Brugere.*

.... If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.—*Jerrold.*

.... The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.—*Bovee.*

.... Facility helps to accomplish, but does not accomplish anything; it goes faster, but never as far as labor.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Generally superior men are lonely men. Their superiority isolates them. Or it is at once the effect and the cause of isolation.—*Bovee.*

.... Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situations turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.—*Thomson.*

.... We are too apt to bury our accounts along with our benefactors; to enjoy the triumphs of others as though they were the property of ourselves.—*Jerrold.*

.... The poor and the despised are much given to boasting; they feel that their position is equivocal, and brag to make it less so.—*Bovee.*

.... Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.—*Jean Paul.*

.... Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.—*Walpole.*

.... Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor, when he upon whom the service is conferred, has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible it is almost to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne.*

.... It is perfectly delightful, the philosophy with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of our neighbors. That another should be hungry, after we have dined, is a consideration that distresses nobody.—*W. G. Simms.*

## Joker's Budget.

The quickest way to make "eye-water," is to run your nose against a lamp-post.

They who "pine" in their youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he's a bit of a buck.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

"You can't do that again," said the pig, when the boy cut off his tail.

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supergallant, "is to shut your eyes."

"Shall I paint your cheeks for you, wife?" "No, husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when cooled.

Bald-headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

Not according to the Code.—A Frenchman, on his tailing a coat badly repaired, returned it to his tailor and indignantly demanded "a mend honorable."

One of our city bakers, says a New Orleans wag, has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound loaf only weighs eight ounces.

"This snow storm the boys regard as a joke," said one Doctor S., during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of!"

Bill came running into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charity begin?" "At home," I replied, in the words of the proverb. "Not by a good deal," rejoined Bill; "it begins at (C)."

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret.

Phelix McCarthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always late." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "sure some one must be late."

A general on the point of death, opening his eyes, and seeing a consultation of three physicians, who were standing close by his bed-side, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons, it's all over with me!" and instantly expired.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE FORSAKEN.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Stars fade! Isles flit—the everlasting hills  
Bow low their foreheads 'neath the weight of years;  
And each, whose breast life's kindling current thrills,  
Must pass, a pageant, gemmed and crowned with tears.  
Why sit'st thou here, lone one, at eventide,  
Nursing thy fond despair with anguished eye,  
While o'er thy head night's glittering navies ride,  
And fancy's ear may catch the pean high  
That from each flame-wreathed bark rolls grand along  
The sky?

O, is there aught beneath the tidal moon  
Can turn the rock-fast spirit from its poise,  
Soft as the touch of lily-fingered June,  
When o'er the earth she wakes her flowery joys?  
Or is there aught can hurl it from its throne,  
As slinks the wood-knight, crashing in his might,  
When through the air the northern riders moan  
Their shrill death-song, and o'er the wintry fight  
Their crests, aurora-plumed, dart through the quivering  
Night?

'Tis true—love's power, throughout the circling world,  
Rules all-triumphant; savage, saint and sage  
Have felt its influence—war his banners furled,  
Or at thy bidding bade the combat rage,  
Till nations toppled o'er their swarming boys!  
The coldest hearts, who life's broad highway shun,  
Have oft crept forth to warm them in its rays,  
As, when the long, dread Arctic night was done,  
Where splintered glaciers soar, the voyager hailed the  
sun.

Though joy hath fled thee, and dark woes be thine,  
Yet shall thy father's blessings, scattered o'er  
The long-trod path, like countless star-worlds shine,  
If memory open to view her golden store!  
And though the portals of thy soul be dim  
With earth-born tears, and gathering mists forlorn,  
Yet may their echoes catch thy victor-hymn,  
For time's true hand shall lead the golden morn.  
And through the severing cloud hope's conquering iris  
dawn.

Why seek the steadfast mid the endless whirl  
Of jarring mind, and life's tempestuous hour;  
All earth-forms are but varying shades, that curl  
Up from heaven's verge! Lo, night's mysterious power  
Is shattered, and the day-star gleams on high,  
Rousing to daily care the hurrying throng.  
So let thy manhood bid the shadows fly  
Up to the heights, till, past the gates of wrong,  
Burns o'er thy pilgrim track the seraph's morning  
song!

## A MODERN GHOST STORY.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to pass, with my family, a winter in one of the islands of the North Atlantic, and in that dreary region occurred the singular circumstances which I mean to relate, and which, though not to be compared, in some respects, with the orthodox ghost stories of former times, yet have the singular merit of being strictly true.

In the northern locality which I have mentioned, the short summer months may be most agreeably spent, for there is constant communication with the world beyond the broad waters which surround it, and the island itself is covered with beauty and verdure. The troops stationed there, and the government suite and its dependencies, make the chief town gay, and sometimes even brilliant. But this period is brief, indeed; and the long winter occupies the greater portion of the year, requiring all appliances and means to boot, to relieve the weary monotony of the season, where, for months together, the eye rests on fields of snow, and the ear grows tired of the ringing of the sleigh-bells.

Having found that we should be obliged, by circumstances, to remain during the winter, we made every arrangement to render our residence as cheerful and comfortable as possible; and early in November we found ourselves quite prepared.

We had hired, on our first arrival, the only large or pleasant dwelling to be obtained. It was at a little distance from the town, old-fashioned and roomy, with large offices, deep cellars and wine-vaults, which, it was said, had been (in former times, when the house was occupied by a government officer) well filled with good wine, but now was tenanted by spirits of an inferior kind.

In fact, the house was said to be haunted, and to this story, which the common people of the place firmly believed, and to the evil reputation which they gave it, we were indebted for our spacious and comfortable quarters. There we had spent the short summer without any annoyance, however, from our ghostly fellow-inmates in the deep vaults. We had sometimes, indeed, heard strange noises and rumblings, and also a clanking sound, which a strong imagination might have converted into a ringing of chains, such as

figures not unfrequently in the most approved ghost stories; but as no member of our family was possessed of much imagination, we were all content to attribute these sounds to the rats, who were often visible, and remarkably large and contented-looking. There had been shown to us, also, according to the usual custom in cases of haunted houses, spots of blood on the floor of one of the unused attic rooms, which, it was related, had always returned more vividly after any attempt to remove them by scrubbing or other means; but when one of the gentlemen of the family took a plane from the tool-chest, and planed away the obnoxious stains, the last traces of the spirits seemed to have been removed.

And now winter reigned in earnest. The sun shone through the short day as brightly as in summer; the pure snow was dazzling from the reflections of his beams, but the air was piercing cold, and so clear that sounds could be heard from a great distance. Few sounds, however, were to be heard, save the ever-ringing sleigh-bells, and occasionally the distant music of the military band from the barrack square. Few storms occur during the winter, and almost every night of that well-remembered season, the stars shone so marvellously bright that it seemed like moonlight, and the moonlight was like a more soft and beautiful day.

As I was, at that period, full of youth and spirits, I especially enjoyed the severe beauty of the season; and often, before going to rest, I would throw open the shutter of the double glass window, and gaze out upon the night; so calm, so bright, so cold. And so, cheerfully and comfortably, thanks to good fires and constant occupation, we were drawing near to the merry time of Christmas, and were busily preparing to celebrate it with the usual feasting and gaiety, when our arrangements were much impeded by the unaccountable circumstance of our servants, one after another, giving us warning that they intended to leave us, without assigning any other reason than that they could not stay, or did not wish to stay. We tried every means to induce them to remain, inquiring most earnestly into the cause of the dissatisfaction—but to no purpose. I should have remarked, that we had most positively prohibited all conversation on the subject of ghosts, for fear of alarming the children, or silly housemaids; but now it became necessary to inquire, with assumed gravity, if any annoyance had been offered by the spectres. Then all tongues were unloosed, and the great mystery revealed. The ghost had been seen, and was to be seen, every night; and, strange to say, not in the house—whence our irreverent conduct had, no doubt, driven him—but outside, round about the dwelling and gardens, wandering in the moonlight, regardless of the excessive cold, parading from nightfall till the dawn. To this statement both men and maid-servants firmly adhered; no reasoning, no persuasion, could be of any avail to convince them to the contrary. Now, however ridiculous we might think the story, the effects, at least, were not ridiculous; on the contrary, quite serious. We endeavored, therefore, to calm the excitement by promising to keep the doors fast bolted after nightfall, to prevent the ghost from entering, and not to send out on any errand, after that time, any of their number; and finally, by offering increased wages, we induced the elder ones to remain.

The ghost, I was told, had been visible for about a week, and I was very anxious, for my part, to make his acquaintance. But though I looked for him anxiously on the first evening after I received the information, I looked in vain. He did not appear; and the only description I could get of him was that he looked terrible—that his eyes were dreadful. On the next day after, there was a heavy fall of snow, covering up the beaten path, and keeping us all close prisoners at home; but at sunset we rejoiced to see the clouds break away, and the sun peep out for a moment, before his setting, just to promise a bright to-morrow.

That night, about eleven o'clock, I was alone in my room; a bright wood-fire burned upon the hearth, the large old-fashioned chamber looked cheerful, and in making preparation for a proposed sleighing-party, on the morrow, I spent some time. Before going to rest, wishing to see whether the prospect of clear weather continued, I threw open the window shutters and looked out upon the night. Brighter, seemingly, than ever, the moon, now nearly full, shone exactly opposite my window; every building, tree, and even shadow, could be seen clearly against the pure soft snow, which lay in one unsullied sheet upon

the open space, which extended between the house and long row of out-buildings which bounded the court-yard.

After a few moments, I was about to close the shutters, when a long shadow fell across the moonlight, and slowly, noiselessly—for the snow gave no echo to the step—a figure advanced before me, so close that the whole appearance was perfectly distinct.

Let no one accuse me of weakness, if I own that I shuddered as I looked; for such a wild, unearthly face might indeed cause the feeling. A face almost as white as the snow, and apparently marked by small-pox, and eyes that were so stony, yet so sad and wild, so pale, they were almost white, yet vivid with strange light, as he turned away with an expression of despairing sorrow that it is impossible to describe. The figure was of middling height, and clad in comfortable garments, the appearance of which, together with a glazed hat, gave an indefinite idea of a sailor's dress. I stood fixed to the spot, and breathless, but not with fear, for I seemed to know that there was nothing to dread from the being who walked so slowly past without looking at or seeming to observe me. Once he looked towards an upper window, and stood a moment gazing there with an expression of mingled reproach, grief and agony, but withal so stony and unnatural that I involuntarily closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, he was gone.

Then I knew that I had seen the original of the ghost story; and I lay awake many hours, trying to account for such a singular appearance—for, in spite of all reasoning, that look made a most disagreeable impression upon me.

Of course I related the circumstance the next morning; and, accompanied by several of the family, made a search in the grounds for traces of the course which my midnight visitor had taken. These were easily found in the fresh snow; the footprints extending from the main road, through the garden, to a small gate little used in winter, and thence through the court-yard and grounds, across to a road which bounded us on the other side; there, all traces ended, for there the snow was already beaten down by many feet, and the passing of vehicles. The print, however, through the garden, was at least that of an earthly foot; and we endeavored to persuade the servants, who looked on with mysterious shakings of the head, that it was not strange a person should make, in this manner, a short cut through the grounds from one road to the other.

They, however, had their own convictions; they, too, had seen those terrible eyes. When they had gone to rest, we watched long for the coming of the unknown, but in vain; no shadow, as on the preceding night, fell across the moonlight, though we waited till the moon disappeared and left the stars alone in the deep blue of the winter sky. On the next night, however, the figure was seen, shortly after the twilight faded away. It approached through the garden, but not near, wandering about the grounds, and disappearing altogether when any attempt was made to come near to it; and although it came again the next night, and almost every succeeding one through the winter, it was in vain we tried to seize it. When watched, it would not approach the house, but slowly wandered around it, occasionally looking up to a window with that gaze of infinite sadness, which none of those who saw it ever forgot. Often we hid in the shadow of the out-buildings, hoping to steal out upon him unawares; but he seemed to hear the slightest sound, and to see into the darkest cover; although he appeared to be looking at nothing, for he invariably avoided every ambush, and if approached more openly he would spring over the nearest hedge, or gate, or wall, with marvellous lightness and speed, and disappear, generally in a fir-wood which skirted the plantations. He always came in sight suddenly, as if he had sprung from the earth, and often remained till a late hour; but sometimes he came with the midnight, and only departed with the dawn; sometimes he wandered lonely about, and at others would stand for a long time beside the little gate which I have mentioned, looking up at his favorite window, and always seeming quite unmindful of the intense cold, to which the most hardy person would not venture to be exposed.

Why he thus haunted our dwelling, and why he so delighted to look at that window, was a mystery—for that window was not in the chamber where had been seen the ominous stains; nor did his conduct indicate any desire to enter the house. But the old stories were revived in full

force; many wonderful and entirely new ones composed; and as such tales are exceedingly popular with a certain class of people, our ghost became a subject of almost public interest and discussion, and many of our neighbors made useless attempts to discover the mystery. About that time, also, we had a visitor—a wild, thoughtless fellow, who always declared his belief that the ghost was a cheat and a humbug, who only wanted and waited an opportunity to steal. And full of this idea, he determined on a plan of his own, which he imparted to no one. He watched at the window of his room till the supernatural visitor should appear, and with the sash open, and the shutters partly closed, stood prepared to fire a musket from that position. The gun, however, was not loaded with ball, and could have done but little injury.

He did not wait long before the pale, haggard face was in his sight—from what quarter appearing, our friend could not say; he did but glance up at the moon, as he said afterwards, and when he looked down again, there stood the figure in the middle of the yard. With his usual slow step he went away, and returned a few times, then stood still beside some sticks of wood for burning, which lay there. An axe, which had been used that day for chopping them, lay carelessly upon the pile; he took it up, passed his hand slowly across the edge, which flashed as he moved it in the light, then he laid it down; and while in the act, the gun was fired from the window by his concealed foe, who looked to see him fall or run away—but he did neither. Only raising his sad, sad eyes to the window, he looked a moment, and moved slowly away.

This was the last attempt which I remember to secure the poor wanderer; and by degrees, even as we became accustomed to much more disagreeable visitations, we got used to his: and as he had never attempted any sort of injury to either person or property, all actual fear on that subject was quieted; but the awe and the mystery were kept alive by his continued appearance during the same period of the night, though he always remained longest when the moon shone clear and bright upon the scene of his strange wanderings. And so the weeks and months passed on, the days becoming more intensely cold, the nights more gloriously bright.

On the 14th of February a grand military ball was to be given. Such affairs make no small stir, in a small city, and this caused such an excitement, that our ghost-story seemed to be in a measure forgotten. Engaged in busy preparations, perhaps, no one had had time to watch for his coming. At all events, for several days very little had been said about him. Well, the evening of the ball arrived, and about nine o'clock the large sleigh, with the gay horses and merry bells, came to take thither all the family with the exception only of myself; for a most unfortunate and severe cold obliged me to remain at home, and with some regret I saw them depart. I had resolved to sit up till their return, which I did not expect till a late hour, and hoped, with the aid of some new books and a bright fire, to pass the time almost as pleasantly as if I had gone to the ball.

At ten o'clock I heard the steps of the last retiring domestic, and no one remained in the lower part of the house but myself.

I have said that the house was large and antique. Through the long passages the footsteps echoed, hollow and distinct, and when they had ceased, I felt almost lonely; but the fire was cheerful, the books at least new, and I began to read. Presently, I went to the window, and drawing back the curtains, looked long and thoughtfully at the stars, which glowed, and sparkled, and shone with such varied beauty and glory.

I was about to turn away, but before I could do so, a creaking noise, as of snow crushed beneath the feet in very cold weather, caused me to stand still and listen. I stood opposite and near to the window, and strained my eyes to see through it. The creaking came nearer. I knew that these were steps. A small railing extended from that end of the house. I heard that some one jumped over it, and then a long shadow fell across the moonlight.

I felt that it came nearer—nearer. I stood with eyes strained to painfulness, and fixed upon the window. I knew what was coming—what I had often seen before; but now I dreaded to meet that fearful look—at such an hour—alone! but I could not turn myself away; I must look. Good heaven! he was coming up close, close to the window; already he stood upon a low bank



beneath it, and pressed his face close against the glass, till the features were flattened upon it.

Unable to speak or move, I still stood chilled with horror, and looked upon that melancholy, ghastly countenance. And now the eyes were fastened with a cold glare upon my own. It was a look that I try in vain to describe in words—a look of death, yet of burning intensity! and of grief so deep, so utter, so hopeless, yet of one turned to stone. The effect it produced on me was of mingled horror and heart-aching pity. I noticed, though without the power of thought, that the whole appearance was more attenuated than when I had last seen it—the white face yet whiter, and those fearful eyes brighter with that look of longing, despairing wretchedness.

Minutes must have passed, and still I looked on him and he on me; then he drew back his face from the glass, and laid his long hands upon the window-frame. Heaven! was he about to enter? The glass shook, and I lost all power to support myself. No chair was near; I sunk down upon the floor, my eyes still fixed upon the window; my head rested upon the stand, where I had placed the candlestick; it shook, the candle fell and was extinguished! No light but the moonbeams inside, and the glare of those eyes without!

A feeling of sickness came over me; there was a rushing sound in my ears, and I remember nothing more.

A furious ringing at the door-bell aroused me at length from what seemed a long and dreadful dream. I raised myself up—the clock was striking two; and another loud, impatient ring told me that the party had returned from the ball, and must have been ringing for some time. I hurried to open the door, composing myself by the way. As I had no light with me, I was saved from any immediate comments on my appearance, which must have been somewhat agitated. But I was much rallied on having fallen asleep, and allowed the fire to burn so low. I lost my character for watchfulness entirely, and it was some time before I felt inclined to tell the whole truth, so much did I shrink from recurring to the circumstance.

I would not allow any measures to be taken against the poor creature who had so shocked me—convinced that he must be a maniac. But I could not help shuddering, whenever I heard of him; for he still wandered about us at intervals, till the month of April, when we removed from the house, and the island, never to return. Many a time afterwards I thought upon this strange visitation.

About four years subsequently, I met, at a summer resort, the old physician who had occasionally attended our family during that memorable period. After some little conversation, he said to me, "Do you not remember the ghost who used to haunt your house, and about whom there was such an excitement? Well, he continued to wander about through the summer and autumn, till the next January. No one, however, had succeeded in approaching him more nearly than before. That winter was uncommonly severe and stormy; many poor unfortunates, overtaken by snowstorms, perished on the roads. One morning, while I was at the hospital, the body of a stranger was brought in. It was frozen, and life was quite extinct: it had been found beside the little garden gate of the old mansion where you used to reside, and was apparently that of a sailor of middle age, and attenuated to the utmost degree. I doubted not that it was the unfortunate being who used to roam about that spot, and that he there met, at last, his only friend—death. The body was exposed for recognition, and, after two days, an old woman hobbled to the place, and claimed it as that of her grandson. She was very old, almost a cripple, and quite childish, and from her we could obtain but little information; but she said that her grandson had dwelt with her, at a small cottage, on some wild land, at a few miles distance from the town; that he was a sailor, and had returned from sea a year since; that he stayed with her, in her cottage, during the day, scarcely ever speaking a word, but every evening he went to the town, to meet his Margaret. And this was all she knew. And who was Margaret? She only answered his Margaret. But these few scraps of information revived the memories of others in the place, and when I had put all together, it was plain enough—the same old story, old in humble as in higher life. Love, disappointment, madness; and it came about thus."

"A love story!" I exclaimed, interrupting the good doctor. "I never thought of that."

"Why?" he replied; "it is not the first time that ghost and love stories have been connected. But at all events, the subject of this story was a young sailor who had passed his childhood with an aged grandmother. He was always, as she stated, a kind and gentle boy; and Margaret was a beautiful young girl, in humble life, to whom he was to be married, when, after a few successful voyages, he should return from sea. On the day when he was to go on board his ship, Margaret went to live as children's maid in the old mansion, where you afterwards resided. There, in the evening, he parted from her, at the little garden gate, where they had long stood

talking in the summer moonlight, and there he still stayed after she had said farewell, and gone into the house; till, from a little window above, he again saw her loving young face, and heard a last 'good-by.' It was at that window he saw her last on earth; for when, two years after, he returned from a prosperous voyage, poor Margaret, while in the midst of health and beauty, had gone from the earth altogether. From her fellow-servants he learned the story, when he went to seek her, the first moment of his arrival. Overwhelmed with anguish, and nearly fainting, he staggered home to the dwelling of his grandmother, and lay for many weeks extremely near to death. He was an humble sailor—but he had loved much! After a partial recovery, he again went to sea, having provided for the comfort of his aged relative, and was heard of no more, for several years, until the winter which you spent in the island. It appears that he then returned again, none knew from whence. His memory and reason seemed quite gone. He must have had another illness, for he was deeply marked by small-pox, which accounted for his not being recognized. He remained, during the day, quietly in his grandmother's cottage, which, on an unfrequented spot as I have said, was rarely visited; and every evening, at the approach of twilight, set out on his long walk to the town, to meet Margaret, and thus at last he met her—just by the garden gate, where they had parted."

Such was the doctor's sad story. It accounted for everything we had found so strange, and I

when thoroughly satisfied, how quickly he plashes out of the stream, and how gaily he bears you home when he knows that you have a banquet of fragrant hay all ready for him! A horse is very nice in his tastes, and only great privation will induce him to swallow brackish water. In our boyish days it was rare sport to ride the horses to water, and we have not yet lost our relish for it. We love still to sit on a good horse while he is laying in his supply of the crystal element, and notice his unmistakable tokens of enjoyment.

#### A ROYAL ARTIST.

William III., King of Holland, is by instinct a musician, and composes very remarkable melodies. At Wiesbaden, where he is just now, he possesses an elegant villa, and if not the actual ruler there, lives at least like a prince. He has a strong partiality for the place, because in its magnificent woods and mountains he finds his happiest inspirations. He is fond of going about the country alone on horseback; occasionally, however, he travels in a little drowsy way, where, with his head thrown back, attending the fitting clouds and the smoke from his regalia, he gives himself to his musical studies, and in this way composes, as the case may be, sylvan, amorous, or impassioned melodies. Inspired with the ideas natural to an earnest votary of revelry and solitude, this artist-king no doubt often imprecates the high position which confines him to his native dikes and prevents his going over distant seas to

#### THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

A graveyard is *always* an interesting place. We have in our city several ancient silent homes of the dead, one of the oldest of them, Christ Church burying ground, at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets. For nearly a century and a half this has been a place of sepulture. It was purchased of James Steel, in August, 1719, and at first surrounded by a fence, which a short time previous to the Revolution, was replaced by the present wall, at an expense of over seven hundred pounds. The gate is generally opened each morning for about an hour, say between seven and eight o'clock, sometimes at other hours. There is a difficulty in describing situations intelligibly, from the fact of their being so few paths; but the old grave digger knows the whole yard "by heart," and is very kind in affording information.

The first place to which one's steps will be directed on entering the gate is to the grave of Franklin. This is near the street corner, and we have seen it stated his remains were placed there in order that a monument, if raised near, might be readily seen by passers-by. No monument has yet been erected, but the plain slab headed with its simple inscription,

BENJAMIN  
AND  
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN,  
1790.

marks his resting-place. During the year past a portion of the brick wall adjoining has been replaced by an iron railing, so that the grave may now be seen from the street. The incidents in the life of the "American Sage," as he was denominated in France, are familiar enough to all of us; let us dwell a few moments on the honors paid his memory when dead. His death, which occurred on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1790, had long been anticipated. He was then eighty-four years old. For a year or so previously he had been so infirm that he had to be carried about the streets in a sedan chair. But, though not unexpected, the event created a profound sensation, both at home and abroad. His funeral took place the Wednesday following his death, and was witnessed, it is stated, by 20,000 persons. The procession consisted of all the clergy in the city (about 30 in number), the corpse, the pall being borne by the Chief Justice, the President of the Bank, Samuel Powell, William Bingham and David Rittenhouse, the Mourners, the Supreme Executive Council, the General Assembly, the Mayor and Corporation of the City, Judges of the Supreme Court, etc., the Bar, Printers, the Philosophical Society, the College of Physicians, the Cincinnati, the Faculty and Students of the University, other Societies and Citizens. All the bells of the city were tolled, and minute guns fired, during the time of the funeral. (There is among the State papers at Harrisburg a bill for £22 9s. 8d. paid for the powder, etc., employed by the artillery on the occasion.) Congress and the Supreme Executive Council of the State went into mourning for thirty days. When news of Franklin's death reached Paris it was announced by Mirabeau to the National Assembly of France in an eloquent address, a translation of which is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. The original may be seen in the *Moniteur* for June 11th, 1790, (No. 969 F.,) in the Philadelphia Library. The resolution offered by the speaker in closing, that the Assembly should go into mourning for three days, were seconded by Rochefoucault and Lafayette, and passed by acclamation. Subsequently, the commune of Paris ordered funeral honors to be paid to his memory. The place chosen for the ceremonies was the Halle au Blé.

"The whole building," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "was hung with black." A pulpit ("for the orator of the day, the Abbe Fouchet") was erected with suitable ornaments, and in full view rose a sarcophagus in antique form, with the following inscription:

"Eripuit celo fulmen sceptrumque tyranni."

With these words ("He snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants") D'Alambert had welcomed Franklin to the French Academy, on his first arrival in Paris. The abbe's eulogy was thought to be a masterly one. Twenty-six copies of it were sent to the Congress of the United States. The *Moniteur* (before cited) of the 15th of June, 1790, says that many friends of liberty met at the Cafe Principe, Rue des Fosses, and having erected there a mausoleum to Franklin, one of their number pronounced a tribute to his memory, which was received most appropriately with tears and silence. The *Gentleman's Magazine* adds, that a society of printers, in Paris, assembled in the hall of the Cordeliers, around a bust of Franklin, elevated on a pedestal and wearing a civic crown—a printing-press, etc., being near—and while an apprentice was pronouncing an eulogy, the compositors and others were occupied in printing and distributing copies to the numerous bodies of citizens who were present.

While it is pleasant to see the memory of this great man duly honored at home, these, as it were spontaneous tributes of foreigners, show what a reverence was felt for the talents of Benjamin Franklin, the printer.—*Forney's Phila. Express.*



THE WATERING PLACE.

was much moved by the recital. Is it strange that, when the moon shines cold and bright in the deep winter nights, I am reminded of a lonely island, where the seas ever moan round the shore, and the snow lies deep upon the humble grave of a poor, broken-hearted sailor.

#### THE WATERING-PLACE.

The landscape on this page is a natural and graceful artistic composition. It is the close of day, and the sun declining in the west, lights up the masses of foliage with orange beams, and projecting long and broad shadows from the intervening hills, defines every undulation of the land. The long day's toil is over, and the farmer's boy has ridden the two noble plough-horses into the cool stream to drink. The reins are thrown loose, and the animals can drink at will. One is stooping his head; the other, startled at some noise, or interested in some distant moving object, pricks forward his ears and lifts his head to listen or watch. It is a satisfaction to see a horse drink, he does it with such a keen relish. When very thirsty he fastens on the water, and for some moments the regular vibration of his ears tells how steadily he is imbibing the delicious nectar. But when the poignancy of his thirst is slaked, he finishes his draughts very deliberately, as a connoisseur of wine sips the contents of his glass. Every now and then he lifts his moistened lips and surveys surrounding objects. At a long pause you fancy he is satisfied, but at the slightest touch of the rein down goes his head again, and more nectar is inhaled. But

unexplored countries. Those who have heard his music, describe it as full of soul and modulation, capable of powerful sympathy and of communicating strong emotion. He arranges it for himself, quite often extemporaneously, but never takes the trouble to write out the tunes, which of course would be lost when once sung, were it not for a preceptor who, passionately fond of his sovereign's music, always stenographs it. This singular faculty of the king is all the more surprising in that he is really inexperienced, possessing but very little skill, being ignorant of the rules of composition, and even of musical terms. A walk, a hunt, anything emotional, in fact, inspires him, and then he commences by uttering the words, which he sings to himself, and which, though simple and unmeasured, shape the sentiment of the music. He then calls the preceptor and makes him sit down at the piano; but, instead of telling him in what octave he wishes to be accompanied, he tries the instrument himself and says to his attendant: "Hold! accompany me from this side of the board—no, wait! from that side, then this way." He then sings the written words, which are sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and at other times in Dutch. When the air is sung, he repeats it, and, in so doing, occasionally corrects it. Then, when he has completed it, he says to his companion: "Well, my dear sir, how do you like that?" "Ah, sire," he responds, "it is admirable—magnificent. You have never done better. But it is singular. I know not how you do it; for this does not resemble music, and still it pleases."



## Poet's Corner.

## WAITING FOR THE HARVESTERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

And there she sat in ripened loveliness,  
An English mother joying in her babes,  
Whose life was bright before her, and whose lips  
Were breaking into language with the sweet  
And lovely sentences they learn so soon.  
Her face was very beautiful, and mirth  
Was native on her lip, but ever now,  
As a sweet tone delighted her, the smile  
Went melting into sadness, and the lash  
Drooped gently to her eye, as if it knew  
Affection was too chaste a thing for mirth.  
It was the time for harvest, and she sat  
Awaiting one. A breath of scented air  
Was in the air, and from the distance came  
The noise of sickles, and the voices sent  
Out on the stillness of the quiet moon,  
And the low waters, coming like the strain  
Of a pattering melody, stole in  
And made all music. 'Twas a holiness  
Of nature's making, and I lifted up  
My heart to heaven, and in my gladness prayed  
That if a heart were sad, or if a tear  
Were living upon earth, it might be theirs  
To go abroad in nature, and to see  
A mother and her gentle babes like these.

## PRUDENCE.

There is that madness which all lovers have;  
But yet it's sweet and pleasing so to rave;  
Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound;  
But paradise is the enchanted ground.  
A palace void of envy, cares and strife,  
Where gentle hours delude so much of life;  
To take those charms away, and set me free,  
Is but to send me into misery.  
And Prudence, of whose care you so much boast,  
Restores the pains which that sweet folly lost.

BEAUMONT.

## SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;  
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;  
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn;  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

DARWIN.

## WOMAN.

The world was sad—the garden was a wild!  
The man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.  
CAMPBELL.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The prospects of universal peace are not quite so encouraging as philanthropists could desire. Just as they were congratulating themselves on the cessation of the thunder of guns in Italy, from the extreme verge of the Eastern hemisphere comes the din of war. The Chinese have suddenly thrown down the gauntlet to the English, and, for the first time, shown their ability to play successfully with the terrible arms of modern warfare. So far as we can learn, the Chinese, though impolitic in the attack at the Peiho, were not without justification. The annoyance of the British in insisting on forcing their way up a certain channel of a river, when told that another was reserved for them, and in resolving to ascend to Peking with an armed force, brought down the Celestial vengeance on their own heads. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post makes this suggestion: "Suppose Russia and France had been at war with England, and had taken and destroyed the fortifications of Liverpool, keeping possession of the port, suppose peace had ensued afterward, and they had sent a powerful fleet to get the treaty ratified at London, would the English government have permitted a fleet of armed vessels to sail up the Thames for that purpose? telling them the prime minister was ready to receive them at the mouth of the Medway, but that they must not pass Tilbury fort. Surely, England would have been justified in this. Why, then, are the Chinese to be blamed for resisting the passage of the English by a different channel than the one indicated by them?..... We have rarely seen a brighter, more intellectual face than that of Rosa Bonheur as depicted in Edouard Dubufe's portrait. It is not unfeminine; but it bears the stamp of resolution, of inspiration, of self-reliant genius. It is pleasant to find one head at least which does not disappoint our preconceived notions of the original. .... Mr. Sage, of the French theatre, New York, has brought over a nicely-balanced troupe of artists for the performance of opera, vaudeville and comedy. If he is wise as well as Sage, he will bring them to Boston during the coming season. They would be almost certain to draw good houses for a month. .... A writer in the London Literary Gazette thus describes the personal appearance of Leigh Hunt: "In person he was rather above middle height, slender in figure, and extremely prepossessing in countenance. His eyes were large and lustrous, of a peculiarly rich and deep blue. His hair, always remarkably fine, hung in thick masses around his face in his youth, and his address was winning and pleasant; his voice was remarkably delicate and musical, and it was impossible to be an hour in his company without recognizing in him one of the choicest and most genial of spirits." .... A letter from Paris says: "You may remember that on the 1st of August a collision took place on the Lyons and Paris Railway, causing the death of three persons, and wounding thirty-three more or less dangerously. Justice took this case in hand, and a trial of all parties concerned ensued. The result has been the condemnation of the *chef de gare* to two years imprisonment, and one of the assistants to one year's imprisonment, and a third to six

months. All of them were fined 300 francs, and are liable for the costs, the company being held civilly responsible for the results of the dreadful accident. A Madame Munier was killed; her husband sued the company, and obtained 30,000 francs damages. This will be a warning to all careless railroad employees in France." .... What a glorious answer that was of Everett's to the question, Had Webster no faults?—"He was a man." How true it is that in the infirmity, rather than the strength, of manhood, men find the common bond of union. .... A letter from Havana says the Spanish opera company have commenced to give their "funciones" in the Tacon Theatre, and have been very well received, although they began under rather unfavorable circumstances, for Dona Juana Lopez, prima donna, died a short time since of the yellow fever, after an illness of five days. She was a very beautiful woman and an accomplished cantatrice, only twenty years of age. She never performed in Havana, and did not wish to go there, as she was afraid of the "vomito." .... While the proprietor of the Pacific Museum was moving his establishment through the streets of San Francisco, by some neglect of his employees the cage which held the sea-lions was not properly secured, and at the corner of Kearny and California Streets, the largest lion, a monster of about 1000 pounds avoirdupois, leaped out of the wagon and began wiggle-wagging down the street towards the bay. The spectacle attracted a large crowd, and the animal progressed to their delight and wonder about 200 yards, when a person versed in sea-lion philosophy caught up a stick and knocked him over, and he was secured. .... Physicians in India raise blisters with red hot iron, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart" we don't know anything that would.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The London papers are crowded with details respecting the discovery of the remains and records of Sir John Franklin's expedition.—Schamyl, abandoned by his people, has been given up a prisoner of war to the Russians. Such is the gratitude of the Caucasians. At the age of sixty-two, after being for twenty-five years the victorious chieftain of the Caucasus, and causing the death of at least half a million Russians, he is at last surrendered with a baseness characteristic of Asiatics, into the hands of his life-long enemies. Schamyl was born in 1797.—The Great Eastern is now controlled by Liverpool merchants. The Journal of that city says "at Portland, without any consumption of coal, the small tax on visitors would realize £600 a day; that at Holyhead the same price of admission will produce about £2000 a day."—Lord Palmerston's recent speech on railways is considered by the Liverpool Journal a happy condensation of all that could be said on the subject. He recognized with gladness the social revolution they had occasioned; and he saw with clearness that, as yet, the people of England are hardly in a condition to appreciate the vast results of this rapid means of transit. His observations, continues the Journal, "are a painful comment on the history of these great works; for his lordship cannot have forgotten that, when first projected, they excited the enmity, the ridicule, and opposition of the landed interests of this country."—Jessie Mariton White and her husband are no longer in the dungeons of Italy but in Maximilian. She and her husband have been released from custody by the Bologna governor, and have gone to Switzerland. They were seized upon the plea of the public exigency, and a discharge is ordered when danger is no longer feared.—Fennyson, the British poet laureate, has returned from Lisbon much charmed with his glimpses of the peninsula, but a good deal irritated by heat and mosquitoes. Last year he visited Norway and crossed the Scandinavian limb of Europe. It is now said there is no truth in the report that his health is impaired.

## The French Press.

Reports that the restrictions on the French press are about to be materially relaxed, continue to be circulated in Paris, and it is even affirmed that an announcement of the relaxation is about to appear in the *Moniteur*. The amount of credence given to these rumors is increased by the fact that the Journal des Debates, the Presse, and one or two other journals, have recently published articles which are far bolder and plainer than any that have for years appeared in their columns, and which seem to show their writers' consciousness that the "director of the press" will not display his old rigor.

## Old Tobacco Pipe.

The tobacco pipe out of which Johann Sobiesky smoked during the siege of Vienna, and which had been carried away by the French about fifty years ago, has lately been sent back to Vienna, and reinstated to its former place and honors. We do not know whether this fact is one of the results of the recent peace; if so, old Sobiesky's war-pipe war truly be called a peace-pipe.

## The Workmen of London.

With respect to the nine hours movement in London, we find that from 1000 to 2000 men have gone in to work on the terms of the declaration, and some 800 more have accepted employment on the principle of the "shop rule." It is stated that a considerable number of workmen have arrived in London from the provinces.

## Hugh Miller's Museum.

The museum of the late Hugh Miller has been preserved to the capital of Scotland. The price is upwards of £1000, of which government contributes £500, the remainder being made up by contributions from the friends of science and the admirers of one of her most gifted sons.

## Austrian Harvest.

Advices from Vienna state that the accounts from all parts of the Austrian empire represent the harvest as most satisfactory. In Hungary, especially, the crops far surpass what was expected.

## Prince Napoleon.

Intrigues for the creation of an Etrurian kingdom under the sovereignty of Prince Napoleon, are prosecuted with more activity than success throughout Central Italy. The prince himself is said to have declared in a letter that he warmly desires the annexation of the Duchies and Romagna to Piedmont, but that if that annexation cannot be effected, he is prepared to accept an Etrurian crown, with or without the consent of his imperial cousin.

## Virtuous Conduct.

The Monthyon prizes of the French Academy, for virtuous conduct, were awarded to the Abbe Halluin, for the establishment of an asylum at Arras, where 170 friendless children are educated; to Anne Sars, of Becherel, for nine years' labor in collecting, for the use of the poor, old linen and clothes of all description; and to Madame Thiebaut, of Vic-sur-Seille, for her benevolent labors in aid of the insane and idiotic.

## Paris Fashions.

The belles of Paris after racking their little heads to discover some point in fashion which they may alter, have at length pounced upon bonnets. There is a powerfully established crusade against these luckless bits of snary, and it is even asserted that the queen of fashion, Eugenie herself, is quite willing to lend her countenance to the abolishing of bonnets.

## Austrian Uniforms.

The Vienna Gazette flatly contradicts the report lately published by the Frankfort Journal, to the effect that the uniform of the Austrian infantry was to be changed. "We believe we are well informed," writes the Gazette, "in saying that the existing uniform, to which so many glorious traditions are attached, will be preserved without modification."

## Great Earthquake.

Letters from Trebizond state that the town of Shirvan, in the government of Tiflis, had been buried beneath a mountain thrown on it by a recent shock of an earthquake.

## Roger's Benefit.

A night is about to be devoted to the opera at Paris to a colossal performance for the benefit of M. Roger. All the artists of distinction in Paris express their desire to assist.

## Great Exhibition.

The Emperor Napoleon has resolved that another exhibition of the Works of National Industry shall take place at the palace in the Champs Elysees.

## Swiss Soldiers.

Eight thousand three hundred and eighty-six Swiss soldiers have left the service of the Neapolitan government, and a few only now remain.

## Victor Hugo's Poem.

The first instalment of Victor Hugo's new poem, "La Legende des Siecles," appears in the September number of the *Revue Des Mondes*.

## Kaulbach's Picture.

Kaulbach has presented his new picture, "Otho III. visiting the Tomb of Charlemagne," to the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg.

## The Pope.

Letters from Rome state that the health of the pope is almost entirely restored.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF those requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my *Double Oven Range*, patented January, 1859, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the ovens to bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my *Cone Furnaces*, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

## BEAUTY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

## UNDERWOOD'S WHITE AND RED

ARE the most delicate cosmetics known. Easily applied, will not injure the skin, and look so natural as not to be discovered. A freckle mark or scar, a pale or dark skin, may as well be covered or improved as not. 'Tis certainly wise to make oneself as comely and agreeable as possible.

Sent everywhere, by mail, with full printed instructions, for 25 cents. Truly a small investment for good looks. C. B. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

## SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also,

## MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

in Cases.

## FRENCH WOOD PIPES,

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

11 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct15

## THE WESTERN BELL.

A NEW collection of Glee, Quartettes, and Choruses. By F. H. Pease and E. A. Perkins. This volume will be found of unusual excellence. The great variety and originality of its contents will fully meet the wants of those who, wearied with the continued repetitions of old songs in books of this nature, have long demanded something new. Price, 81.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

## LADD, WEBSTER &amp; Co.



## FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

Kentucky and Pennsylvania State Fairs,

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

## SALESROOMS.

17 Summer Street..... Boston.  
500 Broadway..... New York.  
820 Chestnut Street..... Philadelphia.  
202 Baltimore Street..... Baltimore.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

## DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Feb. 23, 1859.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co.:—Gentlemen,—I first made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years ago. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unpertending recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue the use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was, an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale everywhere.

## OXYGENATED BITTERS.

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED

## DOUBLE THREAD

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

## FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

## Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,

oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, Attorney. JOSEPH W. DAVIS, 25 State St., Boston.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOEPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOEPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS and CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass. sept24 tf

Premature Loss of the Hair, Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoa. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug18tf



# PERUVIAN SYRUP,

OR,  
PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON COMBINED.

This well-known remedy has been used very extensively, and with great success in the cure of



## DYSPEPSIA,

OR,  
Impaired and Imperfect Digestion,  
AND THE CONSEQUENT  
DETERIORATION OF THE BLOOD;  
AND FOR THE CURE OF THE FOLLOWING  
FORMS OF DISEASE,  
MOST OF WHICH ORIGINATE IN  
**DYSPEPSIA:**

Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Neuralgia and Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Head-ache, Languor and Depression of Spirits, Carbuncles and Boils, Erysipelas, Scoury, Affections of the Skin, Consumptive Tendencies, Bronchitis, Diseases peculiar to Females, and all Complaints accompanied by General Debility, and requiring a Tonic and Alterative Medicine.

Note.—The failure of IRON as a remedy for DYSPEPSIA, a bad state of the blood, and the numerous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want of such a preparation of it as shall enter the stomach in a PROTOXIDE state, and assimilate at once with the blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, containing, as it does, IRON in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation. For this reason the PERUVIAN SYRUP often radically cures diseases in which other preparations of IRON and other medicines have been found to be of no avail.

Certificate of A. A. Hayes, M. D., of Boston.

It is well known that the medicinal effects of Protoxide of Iron are lost by even a very brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protoxide of Iron, without further oxidation, has been deemed impossible. In the PERUVIAN SYRUP this desirable point is attained by COMBINATION IN A WAY BEFORE UNKNOWN; and this solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates and tartrates of the Materia Medica. It is also eminently adapted to take the place of any Protoxide of Iron which physicians have used in Scoury, or scorbutic attacks; and to meet such cases the Syrup should be found in the medicine-chest of every ship.

A. A. HAYES, Assayer to the State of Mass.  
16 Boylston Street, Boston.

Certificate of James R. Chilton, M. D., of New York.

A medicinal preparation has been placed in my hands, called "PERUVIAN SYRUP," for the special purpose of determining the nature of its active ingredients, and also to ascertain whether or not it contains any metallic or vegetable substance deemed objectionable. The result of my examination proves to me that none of the metallic or mineral poisons are present in it, nor have I found in it any indication of vegetable poisonous principles. The main active ingredient in its composition is a salt of the Protoxide of Iron, which is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It is well known to medical men that preparations of Iron, where the metal exists in the state of Protoxide, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it may be given in quantities so small as not to disturb the stomach of delicate patients.

It is equally well known, that it has been found very difficult to preserve in a PALATABLE form, for a desirable length of time, compounds of the Protoxide of Iron. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am pleased to say, will be found to have accomplished this desirable end.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.  
93 Prince Street, New York, Aug. 8, 1859.

The following certificate is from well-known citizens of Boston:

The undersigned, having experienced the beneficial effects of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public.

Rev John Pierpont, Peter Harvey,  
Thomas A. Dexter, James C. Dunn,  
S. H. Kendall, M. D., Samuel May,  
Thomas C. Amory, Rev Thos. Whittemore.

### Testimonials from Clergymen.

The Rev JOHN PIERPONT says: "I have been cured of a troublesome cutaneous disease by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and it affords me great satisfaction to find that it is making its way into the confidence of the medical profession, for my settled conviction is that it deserves the confidence, not of that profession alone, but of the public."

The Rev WARREN BURTON: "I do not hesitate to recommend the PERUVIAN SYRUP to any whose habits render them liable to HEADACHE, DYSPEPTIC COMPLAINTS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS and GENERAL DEBILITY."

Professor E. VITALIS SCHERR: "For all the Protean forms of disease, and innumerable complaints that are comprehended under the popular but somewhat vague terms of NERVOUSNESS and DYSPEPSIA, I believe the PERUVIAN SYRUP to be a veritable specific."

The Rev THOS WHITTEMORE: "I have been using, for some time past, the PERUVIAN SYRUP. It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle. I have no doubts, that in cases of PARALYSIS, like mine, Dyspepsia, and especially of Dropsy, it may be administered with a greater prospect of success than any other medicine in use among us."

### Testimonials from well-known Physicians.

Letter from S. H. KENDALL, M. D., Boston, Jan. 22, 59. I was for many years afflicted with LIVER COMPLAINT, of which I was cured in 1854 by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and have enjoyed perfect health ever since.

Letter from FRANCIS DANA, M. D., Boston, June 7, 1859. I have been relieved of a CATARRHAL AFFECTION, consequent on BRONCHITIS, by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and I would recommend it where a tonic and alterative effect is desired.

Letter from JEREMIAH STONE, M. D., of Provincetown, Mass., Dec. 30, 1858. I have used the PERUVIAN SYRUP in my practice for fifteen months, and it has fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. It is the best ideal of a preparation of iron, and as such I feel it to be a duty to recommend it to all medical practitioners. I have used the Syrup in a remarkable case of SCROFULOUS AFFECTION of the bones and periosteum combined, which effected a complete restoration to health. For such diseases as this, I find for the Syrup an invaluable medicine.

JEREMIAH STONE, M. D.

Letter from LEWIS JOHNSTON, M. D., of Horton, N. S. Feb. 1, 1859. My experience of the PERUVIAN SYRUP satisfies me that it is a valuable remedy for diseases usually classed under the general terms of DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY and NEURALGIA. I have also found it useful in RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS and HEMORRHOIDS of the LUNGS.

Letter from W. R. CHISHOLM, M. D., New Bedford, Dec. 25, 1858. I have employed the PERUVIAN SYRUP successfully in cases of DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC DIARRHEA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NEURALGIA, ERYSIPELAS, BOILS and DISEASES OF THE SKIN, also CHLOROSIS, LEUCORRHEA, PROLAPSUS Uteri, and in FEMALE COMPLAINTS generally. As an alterative tonic the Syrup ought to be used by clergymen, editors, cash officers, clerks, lawyers, and others who use their brains more than their muscles; as well as operatives, printers, tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses, and all those whose occupation confines them in ill-ventilated and overheated rooms, who are liable to suffer more or less from nervous debility.

Letter from ROSWELL KINNEY, M. D., Mannville, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1858. I do not hesitate to say that the PERUVIAN SYRUP has claims to confidence equal if not superior to those of any medicine that has ever come to my knowledge. I have used it with great success for DYSPEPSIA and ERYSIPELAS.

N. B.—Pamphlets giving further information of the Syrup can be had on application to the agents or to

N. L. CLARK & Co., Proprietors,  
CODMAN BUILDINGS, 78 SUDBURY ST.,  
BOSTON.

Sold by Druggists generally in the United States.

### DYSPEPSIA AND NEURALGIA.

Letter from Mr. Insley Jewett.

Boston, June 1, 1859.  
GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered, and sometimes very severely, for twenty-seven years, from DYSPEPSIA, and began to have my fears that it would result in consumption. During that time I had the best medical advice, and tried the effect of dieting, travelling, farming, and various other kinds of exercise, but without receiving permanent relief. I became very feeble, and my stomach at length rejected every kind of food, even rice-water. In January last, I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup, and found immediate benefit from it. In the course of three or four weeks I was entirely relieved from my sufferings. Since then I have enjoyed uninterrupted health. I recommended the Syrup to one of my friends who had suffered severely from Neuralgia. He took one bottle of it, which relieved him at once, and not having had any return of the disease for three months, he considers himself permanently cured.

Yours, respectfully,  
No. 15 Avon Place. INSLEY JEWETT.

### CARBUNCLES AND BOILS.

Letter from Rev Richard S. Edes.

BOLTON, MASS., June 1, 1849.  
Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—For years I was a sufferer from boils, so that my life became wearisome through their frequent and persistent recurrence. In 1854, a carbuncle, which ultimately occupied a space of three or four square inches, formed on the small of my back. During its progress large pieces of decomposed flesh were every day or two cut away, and the prostration and general disturbance of the system were great. Before I had recovered from this attack two smaller carbuncles broke out higher up, and I was again threatened with a recurrence of the sufferings to which I had so long been subjected. It was at this time that I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup. I had previously availed myself of the advice of scientific and skillful physicians, and had tried various remedies which were recommended to me. They sometimes produced a temporary relief, but none of them had the effect to break up the tendency of my system to boils and carbuncles. Formerly the slightest injury to the cuticle, a scratch, or an abrasion was almost certain to result in a boil, sometimes a succession of them. I continued taking the Peruvian Syrup until I had used five bottles of it, since then I have had nothing of the kind, although occasions have since occurred, which would have given rise to acute sufferings, had my system been in its former diseased condition.

I attribute this improved state of my system entirely to the Peruvian Syrup, and I feel that I cannot express my obligations to it in terms too strong. For years I was one of the greatest sufferers. Other medicines gave me partial and temporary relief, but this remarkable remedy, with a kind of intuitive sense, went directly to the root of the evil, and did its work with a thoroughness worthy of its established character.

Respectfully yours,  
RICHARD S. EDES.

### SCROFULA.

Letter from Mr. I. E. Collins.

WINDHAM, MASS., Sept. 23, 1859.  
Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the great and beneficial results I have experienced from the use of the Peruvian Syrup. I have been afflicted from youth up with a severe and malig-

"Scrofulous Humor." My face and neck were covered with eruptions and sores, and at times very badly swollen. My general health failed me, and I suffered from extreme debility of the whole system. I had tried various kinds of medicines, but found that of no avail. Finally I was induced by a friend to try the Peruvian Syrup, at the time of an unusually violent attack of the disease. I soon began to experience the beneficial effects of it, and by the time I had taken one bottle, to my great surprise, the swelling had entirely disappeared from my face and neck, the sores had healed, and my general health had greatly improved. I continued its use, and have taken some half dozen bottles, which have been attended with the most satisfactory results, there are now no indications of the disease, and my whole system seems to have undergone an entire change.

Very respectfully, yours,  
(Signed) I. E. COLLINS,  
No 24 Central Street, Boston.

### SCROFULA IN CHILDREN.

Letter from D. R. Wiczorek.

New York, May 15, 1859.  
59 West 41st Street  
To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup.

GENTLEMEN,—My daughter, Caroline, two and a half years of age, suffered, since her birth, from scrofula, boils, oppression of the stomach, and loss of appetite. As you know, I have tried your "Peruvian Syrup," and I am very happy to confess she is restored to good health. The same was with my youngest boy, Rudolph, eight months old. He suffered from scrofula. His ears were sore, and he had on different parts of his body scabs of a dangerous character. I gave him your Peruvian Syrup during two weeks, a teaspoonful a day, and my pretty boy is perfectly well, and his entire body free from scabs.

Yours, with respect,  
DR. R. WICZOREK,  
Pastor of the German Evangelical Church.

### ABSCESSSES AND FISTULA.

Letter from Mr. James P. Cox.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—It is with feelings of gratitude that I place before you a simple statement of my sufferings and cure from the use of the Peruvian Syrup. I am forty years of age, and my occupation is that of a map engraver. About fifteen years ago I was attacked with what I suppose was a disease of the spine. I could not walk erect owing to a great weakness which I experienced at the small of my back. My digestion became impaired, and by degrees my whole system became deranged. I suffered in this way for seven years, and then placed myself in the hands of eminent physicians. They treated me with mercury and many other strong remedies, but I grew worse instead of better.

In the spring of 1857, there appeared upon my back and side two large abscesses, and at this time I was also suffering from a very bad fistula. My whole system became utterly prostrated, so that I was confined to my house during the summer. Upon the return of cold weather I got better, but the following spring (1858), I was affected the same way as before, and confined to my house during another summer. With the return of winter I again got better, but with the opening spring of 1859 my old complaints returned in full force, and I had the prospect of another summer of confinement and suffering, when I was advised to try the Peruvian Syrup. I commenced using it, and at once experienced great relief. I have taken three bottles of it, and every trace of my former complaints have left me. My system has regained its strength, my appetite has returned, and I feel myself completely renewed in age and vigor. In a word, my health is now perfect, and I can truly say that I was never able to do more work, and with greater ease to myself, than at this time.

Yours, respectfully,  
JAMES P. COX.

### Neuralgia of the Head and Gastralgia.

Letter from Miss K. Kelly.

I have been afflicted with pains in my stomach for a number of years of the most excruciating severity, accompanied by agonizing headaches. My sufferings were intense, and nothing seemed to have power to relieve me. Applications internal and external were of no avail. Prescriptions from the first physicians failed in their object. I lost all hope, for I supposed my disease was beyond the reach of medicine, when a kind-hearted lady inquired into my case, and recommended me to try the Peruvian Syrup. I immediately took one bottle of it, and I cannot express the happiness I feel in being able to state that it has been entirely successful, and I consider myself cured of frightful neuralgic pains that have pursued me for years.

K. KELLEY.

Letter from Mrs. Maria Burrell, the well known Principal of the Mt. Washington Seminary for Young Ladies, South Boston, Mass.

South Boston, Mass., March 1, 1859.  
I certify that Miss Kelley has been a member of my family for many years. I have witnessed her acute sufferings and her entire relief, by taking one bottle of Peruvian Syrup.

MARIA BURRELL,  
Principal of Mt. Washington Seminary for Young Ladies.

### Discharges from the Ear, with Deafness.

Letter from Mr. C. E. Sargent.

Boston, Nov. 13, 1858.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled for upwards of eighteen years with running sores in my head, discharging at my left ear, as often as twice a week, a thick, slimy matter of the most offensive smell, also impeding my hearing so that I could not hear a watch tick. I have been doing more or less for six years to purify my blood, and thus remove the sores or boils, but without any change, except seemingly for the worse. About two months since I commenced taking the "Peruvian Syrup." In less than two weeks I began to improve. The discharges became less frequent, with an entire change in their appearance, being thin and watery. I have not more the discharges ceased altogether, and I have not been troubled with them since. My hearing is also improving, so that I can hear a watch tick plainly. My general health is much better, and I shall continue the use of the Syrup in the confident expectation of deriving further benefit from it.

Yours, most gratefully,  
CYRUS E. SARGENT.

Boston, Dec. 1, 1858.  
This is to certify that Mr. C. E. Sargent has been in our employ for several years, and we feel assured that any statement he may make in regard to the infirmity with which he has been afflicted can be relied upon as truthful and correct.

HALLET, DAVIS & Co.,  
Piano Forte manufacturers,  
409 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17, 1859  
Worthington House, Chestnut St.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup.  
GENTLEMEN,—After the date of my letter to you of the 13th November last, I continued to use the Peruvian Syrup, until my hearing was fully restored to me, and my health perfectly re-established. I have not taken any of the Syrup for several months past, and I have no doubt that

I am permanently cured of the infirmity with which I was for so many years afflicted.

Yours, respectfully,  
CYRUS E. SARGENT.

### CHRONIC DISEASE OF THE BRAIN.

Letter from Rev. Calvin Damon, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., July 19, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
DEAR SIRS,—You may remember my acknowledgment, some three months since, of the reception of your "Letter to Clergymen." Such a personal application was I enabled, may, I am thankful, to make of it, that it seemed a private rather than a public letter, and so to claim the acknowledgment it received. Unrolling before me the map of my experience through ten long years of suffering, it presented my disease, to a large extent, in a new but unmistakably true light, and enabled me to trace the entire line of its workings, in the relation of cause and effect, from its incipient state to the latest stage of its progress. I have no words to express the comfort your "Letter" gave me, and the confidence its accompanying testimonials inspired. So great and so gratifying had been my suffering that your "Letter" would have proved a comforter, by shedding the light which it did on the nature of my disease, even though it had been denied the companionship of hope. It is some relief to know the cause of our suffering.

Some twelve years ago, I began to experience great inconvenience, and at times severe suffering, from a determination of blood to the head. This steadily increased upon me for years, till my physician pronounced my case a strong tendency to congestion of the brain; subsequently the case was described as a "chronic inflammation of the brain." I had no thought of any serious trouble with my digestive organs, or of any marked sympathy in my case between them and the brain, until your "Letter" recalled such portions of my experience as served to convince me that here was one, if not the one great secret of my suffering. The severity of my brain trouble denied me a thought of suffering in any other direction. I do not ask me to describe the distress, nay, agony, which I experienced through those long years, both by day and by night, with only now and then a brief interval of comparative exemption. Description is baffled by it.

From near the commencement of my brain disease, up to the date of the reception of your "Letter," I had not been able to pillow my head on feathers for a single hour—could not carry an instant in a low-posted apartment, and, through many hours of most summer nights, was compelled to remain out of doors, with uncovered head, by reason of the crushing atmospheric pressure. Inability to sleep strengthened with my disease, until I could pass several consecutive nights with unclosed eyes, accompanied by sight-seeing that were anything but agreeable. Two years since, after a long and painful struggle, I was compelled to yield, soul and body, to my disease. I resigned my pastoral charge, and turned the key, as I then feared, forever on my study. My whole nervous system had become completely prostrated. I was soon compelled to shut myself out from society, to deny myself the intercourse of my friends, and to forego the very shadow of excitement, in order to preserve the reason that seemed tottering on its throne.

After reading your "Letter," I commenced taking the "Peruvian Syrup," and have persevered in its use to the present time. I am not cured; but judge whether I have been helped, when I tell you that for two months I have had no distress in my head, I have not had one sleepless night, I have pillowed my head on feathers, I have been able to speak nearly every week in public, and not only am I able to mingle with my friends, but during the last fortnight I have visited the homes of nearly eighty families of my acquaintance without serious inconvenience. Are you not satisfied with such a result? It is a result for which I had never dared to hope. I almost feel to question my identity when I reflect upon the suffering I have so long experienced, and consider the entire exemption from which I now enjoy I have gained. I was not cured. My nervous system is still weak, and although the distress has left my brain, I have not regained, in any large measure, the sight of which I was partially bereft, and the power of mental application. But I have strong hope of being made "every whit whole," of being literally furnished with an iron constitution. I shall continue the use of your Syrup for months yet to come.

Very truly and gratefully yours,  
CALVIN DAMON.

P. S.—I should have stated that for seven or eight years I have been afflicted, at intervals, with boils. Since the use of the Syrup I have had one large and painful one near the centre of the spine, and around it (as if anxious to improve their last chance) a cluster of smaller ones, all of which have now disappeared.

### Debility and Nervous Headache.

Second letter from Rev. Calvin Damon, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Sept. 22, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—I consider the effect of the Peruvian Syrup not more remarkable in my own case than in that of my wife. Several years since she began to experience unusual turns of what we at first regarded the common sick-headache. These increased upon her both in severity and frequency. She followed the prescriptions of excellent physicians all to no purpose, and was finally assured by her medical attendant that her case was not such as commonly passes under the name of sick-headache, but a sickness resulting rather from weakness. She would have a premonition of her sickness in a dimness of sight, with floating specks before her eyes, followed soon by a severe pain in the head, and then nausea and vomiting of the most distressing nature. These turns would last from twelve to twenty-four hours, and were very prostrating in their effects. For the last few years they were almost inevitably induced by over-exertion, or excitement from any cause, however slight, even such as were consequent upon making and receiving calls.

Very soon after the Peruvian Syrup began to prove its adaptability to my case, she was apprized by the usual harbinger, the eclipse of light, of an approaching sick turn. She resolved at once on a trial of the Syrup. It accomplished what no other medicine has had power to do. It stayed her sickness, and from that hour to this, numbering several months, in the course of which she has passed through a hundred experiences that would previously have induced her distressing sickness, she has not felt the slightest intimation of its approach.

Very gratefully yours,  
CALVIN DAMON.

### Liver Complaint and Amenorrhoea.

Newton Corner, Aug. 7, 1859.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup  
I have for some time been intending to give you an account of the most miraculous cure effected by your invaluable medicine, in the case of a young girl in my family. She had suffered for more than two years from complaints indicating a diseased state of the liver. The symptoms were indigestion and severe pain in the right side, which was much swollen, and hard to the touch, entire loss of appetite, constant headache, with great emaciation and debility. Her complexion was sallow, extremities cold, breath short, with a suppression of her courses for more than a year. She had applied to several respectable physicians but without obtaining any relief. It was my opinion, and that of every one who saw her, that she could not live long. I had part of a bottle of Peruvian Syrup by me, which I gave her. In two days she showed signs of amendment, and by the time she had taken that bottle and one other she was entirely cured, and is now a perfect picture of health, overflowing with gratitude to "Peruvian Syrup," and to those who promote its circulation.

Very truly, yours,  
A. DORR





THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME.

## THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME.

In contrast to many war pictures we have given, we now present one in which, though the military figure, yet "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." The scene is one of those dancing-gardens outside the barriers of

Paris, where the admission fees are so low that the poorest can avail themselves of the amusement so dear to the hearts of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. A soldier of Italy, who has happily escaped the dangers of Austrian bullets and bayonets, is advancing to solicit the hand of a

fair countrywoman. He does it with a certain degree of assurance, for he is perfectly convinced that "none but the brave deserve the fair." The damsel he honors does not even seek to disguise the pleasure the soldier's preference gives her, and she will soon be moving through the mazes

of the cotillon, or whirling in the waltz with her gallant partner. The French soldier of to day inherits all the gallantry of his chivalric ancestors. In battle he is animated by the thirst of glory; in peace he aspires to the smiles of the fair; at home alike in ball-room and battle.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$2 50 PER ANNUM. Vol. XVII., No. 18. Whole No. 436.

## STATUE OF REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

The accompanying engraving of Brackett's statue of Rev. Hosea Ballou, recently placed over his grave at Mount Auburn, is from a drawing made expressly for us by William Waud. This commemorative statue of the eminent man, who was so universally beloved and respected for his talents, his life devoted to the promulgation of the word of God, to the building up and extension of the church to which he belonged, and to the practice of all the virtues which adorn, beautify and dignify social existence, was purchased by subscriptions from the Universalist denomination at large. The committee entrusted with carrying the plan into execution, selected Edward A. Brackett as the artist. The task was no light one, and involved many serious difficulties. The subject was no more, and the sculptor had no reliable likeness in relief to aid his efforts, and was compelled to supply the deficiency by consulting engraved portraits, likenesses taken in the infancy of the daguerreotype, and such verbal suggestions as the friends and family of the departed could make. But Mr. Brackett had often before triumphantly surmounted similar obstacles, and his success in the present instance has been complete. The head, as a mere likeness, is satisfactory; in treatment and expression it leaves nothing to be desired. The earnestness, the grave sweetness, and the mild dignity that characterized the original, are here. The attitude is natural and easy, and the drapery is managed with breadth, grace and effect. Those who from long familiarity with the departed are entitled to express an opinion of the artist's fidelity, are satisfied with the result of his labors, while viewed simply as a work of art, we think that a high rank will be accorded to this effort. The statue is of pure white marble, standing upon a granite pedestal. There is no inscription, recording in florid terms the titles of the deceased to love and veneration; none such were needed. His memory requires no monument; his epitaph is written in the hearts of those who loved him; his fame will live with that great body of Christians, which he saw increase from a small band of worshippers to a wide-spread, powerful and influential denomination, and with whose progress and development he was identified through a long, laborious, self-sacrificing life. His reputation will live outside even of the wide circle of his followers, among all who cherish the memory of the good, the pure, the wise, the charitable and the sacrificing. But to that memory and that fame this votive statue is a graceful offering, and is especially endeared to all connected with the departed by ties of blood. It stands in the sweet and secluded necropolis, where art has done so much and nature so much, a memorial of the dead and living—of the virtues of one, of the

love of the other. There it will stand when all who have contributed to and witnessed its erection have passed away; when the sculptor's hand is pulseless, and the hearts of those who now behold his cunning work have ceased to beat. The Rev. Mr. Ballou was born in 1771, and died in 1852—a long life vouchsafed to but few among the sons of men. Yet to the last his mind was active, and to within a few weeks of his death, he was constantly occupied in the sacred duties of his calling. The very copy of the religious paper, the Trumpet, which announced the sad news of his death, contained two articles from his pen, and he was looking forward to fulfilling engagements to preach at remote places, when the summons found him. "Verily he was at his

post to the last," says the Rev. T. B. Thayer, in a beautiful eulogy, "and when the messenger came, he was ready. He fell in the full armor of God, with the helmet of salvation on his head, his spotless heart covered with the breastplate of righteousness, his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. In one hand he held the shield of faith, and in the other the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God—the sword which he had for sixty years wielded with such success in his multiplied battles with error and sin, and by which at last he was, through Jesus Christ, made conqueror, and more than conqueror, over death and the grave. Verily the old man died as he had lived, faithful, courageous, serene, victorious to the last."

It will be a long time before we shall get accustomed, in our associations and conventions, to the absence of that venerable form, those gray hairs, and that voice of wisdom, gentleness and love, which came like oil on the troubled waters of debate, and drew out the entangled threads of thought, and by quaint queries, by questions which answered themselves, questions plainer than most men's answers, penetrated to the heart of every subject, and showed us, as by a flash of light, the exact point where the truth lay. We shall often desire in our councils his presence, his clear thought, his persuasive language, his gentleness of manner and his conclusive logic." The occasion of his death was prolific of similar eulogies from the pulpit and the press. "A great

man has fallen," wrote

the editor of the Trumpet.

"There have been but

few such men as Father

Ballou. We can truly say

that those who knew him

best loved him most.

Those who had heard him

preach the oftenest, and

who had read the most

thoroughly what he had

written, felt more than

others the power of his

mind, and were more

deeply convinced than

others that he was intel-

lectually, as well as relig-

iously and morally, a great

man. His life was pro-

tracted beyond fourscore

years; he enjoyed a large

share of health and

strength through that

whole time. He was never

idle; he worked up to the

last week of his life, in

the harvest-field, and ac-

tually died with the sickle

in his hand.

For ourselves we say,

most unreservedly, we

never knew a better man.

We say this after having

lived in his family, under

his immediate tuition, and

since that time spent more

than thirty years side by

side with him 'in jour-

neyings often,' in mutual

consultations, and in very

frequent interviews.

There remain yet to be

described the childlike

simplicity of the man; his

benevolence; his blind-

ness to the faults of others;

his open eye to their vir-

tuities; his strong sense of

rectitude; his remarkable

and long-continued habits

of justice; his wonderful

mind, so clear, so strong

to the last; his eagle-eyed

sagacity; his strong faith

in God and his word—a

faith like a mountain for

its towering height and

firmness; his devotion to

the truth; his love of the

work of the ministry; his

truly religious character;

his susceptibility to deep

devotional feeling; his

love of conventions and

associations for the sea-

sons of public worship

they gave him so many

opportunities to enjoy;

his love of conference

meetings; his power over

the people; his closing

sermons at conventions;

his prayers at the separa-

tion, when all, old and

young, male and female,

clergy and laity, would be

melted into tears. Ah!

who shall attempt to de-

scribe all these things?"

The life of the Rev. Mr.

Ballou is full of instruc-

tive lessons, and its whole

course will bear the closest

scrutiny from its com-

ment to its close.



STATUE OF HOSEA BALLOU, LATELY ERECTED AT MOUNT AUBURN.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## THE ROADSIDE INN:

—OR—

## THE FORTUNES AND MISHAPS OF JOHN SMITH.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

"Thus the whole affair was blown. I was 'Sn John'd' by my acquaintances, and was an object of ridicule to my fellow-shoppers and to the customers, as well as to the crowds that hung about the shop to get a peep at me. I was obliged to resign my situation, greatly to the indignation of my father, who reprimanded me severely. I lost an excellent salary, and was compelled to leave London for some months, until the affair was forgotten.

"Thus, gentlemen, I have related to you the particulars of the first trouble of serious consequence, which was brought about more in consequence of my resemblance to another person, and my very common name, than by my own silly curiosity."

We thanked Mr. Smith for the pleasure he had afforded us in relating this ludicrous incident, and begged him to proceed with the history of his life.

"Ah, gentlemen!" said he, "what I have next to relate involved me in a far more serious difficulty. I am fearful that I shall weary you with the long detail; but if—"

"Go on, by all means, Mr. Smith," we interrupted in chorus. "We shall be delighted to listen."

"Gentlemen," said John Smith, "some ten or twelve months after my unfortunate *debut* at his majesty's drawing room, I fell in love with a young lady, of whom it is not speaking too highly, when I designate her as the most charming of her charming sex. My love was reciprocated. My father was glad to learn that I was anxious to settle in life, and joyfully gave his consent—all the more joyfully that the lady had five thousand pounds of her own, which she had inherited from her mother.

"My father promised to bestow, on the day of our union, the like sum upon me, and it was arranged that I should go into business on my own account with our joint capital. Everything seemed to predict a joyous wedding; but, alas! fate, and my unfortunate name and face, went against me. The event which should have made me the happiest of men, ruined my prospects for life. But you shall hear—"

"The wedding day was appointed. A party was invited to dine and spend the evening at my father's house, on Clapham Common, where Julia—that was the name of my lovely bride—and I were to reside after our marriage, until we could look about us and find a house that would suit us. Six young schoolfellows of my Julia's were chosen by her to act the part of bridesmaids. It was settled who among our friends should be witnesses to the ceremony. Everything was arranged in the most satisfactory manner. We were to be married in St. Mary la bonne Church, exactly at twelve at noon. The father of my Julia was deputed to give away the bride, and precisely at a quarter to twelve o'clock, six coaches, each drawn by four horses, the horses and coachmen adorned with white bridal favors, drew up before the church door.

"The procession entered the church, and advanced to the altar, where the clergyman stood awaiting us. The ceremony was commenced and concluded in the most solemn manner. The remaining needful formalities were gone through with; the fact of the marriage having taken place, duly attested, and I clasped my Julia in my warm embrace—my own, my lovely, loving bride.

"That was my first, last moment of unadulterated happiness. Since then my life has been a weary burden; an hour of ease has occasionally sweetened days and weeks of pain and wretchedness—but even that brief hour has been embittered by anxious thoughts and corroding cares, which I could not banish from my memory.

"Before we had fairly re-seated ourselves in the coach, my newly-made bride and I, to return to the paternal mansion, a messenger appeared, breathless with haste, at the door, bearing a letter with a foreign post-mark. It was for Julia, and the ominous words, deeply underlined, '*immediate attention implored*,' appeared on the left hand corner. The messenger had sought Julia

in her father's house, and failing to find her, had hastened to the church. He had just returned from abroad, and had received the letter at Paris from Vienna. It was directed to his care. It was from Julia's sister, then residing at Vienna with her husband, the foreign partner of an eminent German house, importers of dolls' eyes, in the city of London.

"Julia, with trembling hands, broke the seal and tore off the envelope. The contents were brief, two lines only, written evidently by a trembling, fluttering hand:

"Come to me, Julia, my sister—come immediately, if you would see me alive. I am dying. Your loving sister, AGNES."

"Julia dropped the letter when she had read these lines, and leaning her head upon my shoulder, wept bitterly, and refused to be comforted.

"I have been enjoying myself," she sobbed forth. "I have been thinking of marriage and a happy future—I have actually been married—and my only sister is dying in a foreign land! O, how selfish I have been! But I must hasten to her at once—at once."

"This was a sorry ending to a wedding festival; the love that should have poured out like water into the breast of the newly-made husband, yearning to receive it, was frozen up at the outset. The husband was forgotten for the time being, and all the latent affection of my Julia's soul was given to the absent, dying sister. I could not, however, complain. The grief of my beautiful bride, her devoted affection, manifested in words of deepest tenderness, were so many proofs of the devoted love to which her soul was susceptible. 'Some day,' I thought, 'this undying love will be given to me. I will wait,' only—I am sure that you will sympathize with my feelings at that period, gentlemen—I could have wished that my dear sister-in-law Agnes had postponed, until some future period of our married life, this severe testing of her younger sister's affection.

"Post-chaises must be hired. We must start immediately for Dover, en route for the continent. Julia would listen to nothing else. I and her father and two of her bridesmaids were to accompany her, if we chose. This was our own arrangement. She would have gone alone, for ought she cared, so all-absorbing was her affection for her sister, so eager was she to reach Vienna before that only sister breathed her last. Her anxiety was tenfold increased, in consequence of her ignorance of her sister's malady. She might have met with a serious accident! She might—There was no saying or anticipating what she might or might not have done!

"In less than an hour, trunks were packed and corded, two post-chaises were at the door, and we were ready to commence our journey—my bridal tour! What a mockery! Flying post-haste, on the day of my wedding, to the bedside of death—perhaps!

"I had but one consolation—a poor one indeed. The day, I hoped, would come when these heart-rending trials would be forgotten in conjugal happiness. '*Haec olim meminisse juvabit*,' I repeated to myself lugubriously, seeking relief from the classics; for, as you perceive, gentlemen, I had not yet entirely forgotten the Latin that had been so thoroughly flogged into me at school.

"Julia and her two bridesmaids travelled in one post-chaise, myself and Julia's papa in the other. This was Julia's own arrangement, sorely against my will; but only just out of church, and under such circumstances, I could not insist upon the exercise of a husband's authority. But we travelled all night, with fresh relays of horses, and I think you will agree with me, gentlemen, that it was not the most agreeable manner of passing my wedding-night, particularly as my father-in-law slept uneasily all night long, and snored frightfully.

"Day-dawn witnessed our cavalcade entering the ancient town of Dover. We stopped and alighted at the White Hart Hotel. Julia would have gone on board the packet immediately; but, fortunately for the rest of us, as it then appeared, for we were hungry and tired—but unfortunately for me, as you will shortly discover—the packet did not sail till noon. It was now scarcely five o'clock in the morning.

"While I was away at the pier, making inquiries and securing state rooms for our party—breakfast in the meanwhile being prepared at the hotel—I noticed that I was the object of a most intense scrutiny to a sharp, vinegar-faced, middle-aged lady. I wondered what had caused her

to be abroad at such an early hour, otherwise, her evident interest in me did not much surprise nor trouble me. I was used to such observations by this time. 'The old lady sees in me a resemblance to some brother, father, uncle, old admirer, or former friend,' I thought, and then thought no more of the matter; but I noticed she went on board the packet when I left, and spoke to the captain. 'Going to Paris herself,' I muttered, as I strolled back towards the hotel. Just as I was entering the door, I chanced to turn my head. The vinegar-faced lady was close behind me, and followed me in. 'The old lady walks fast,' thinks I. 'So she puts up at the White Hart, as well as ourselves.'

"We breakfasted, and then I strolled out in the direction of the celebrated castle, built, some say, by the Romans. I was by myself. Julia kept her own apartment, close shut up, with her bridesmaids, and my father-in-law was sorely grieved with the thought of his elder daughter's mysterious sickness. He also kept his room. I noticed two tolerably well-dressed but ruffianly-looking fellows closely following me, as I ascended the hill which leads to the castle, but it did not trouble me. There were several persons walking in the same direction. Presently the two men came up to me and entered into a conversation, showing their ill-breeding by asking a good many impertinent questions which did not concern them; but I was too low-spirited to resent their impertinence, and having nothing to conceal, I answered them freely.

"Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned to the hotel. Lunch was prepared for our party, and for other guests who were going on board the packet, and we left the hotel and walked slowly to the pier. Julia and her bridesmaids and my father-in-law went on board the packet, and retired to the cabin. It wanted just half an hour to the time appointed for sailing, and I walked disconsolately to and fro on the pier. At last the packet was hauled out to the pier-head, the sails were loosed, and I was on the point of stepping on board to rejoin my bride, when I was collared by the two ill-looking ruffians who had followed me to the castle during the forenoon.

"What's the meaning of this, fellows?" said I, indignantly, struggling to shake myself free. 'Unhand me, scoundrels. Would you rob me on the pier, in broad day? Unhand me, I say, or—'

"Best be civil, and go 'long with us quietly, master," said one of the men. 'Hard words won't do you no manner o' good.'

"A grinning crowd had already collected around us. I appealed to their sympathies.

"Release me, gentlemen (God save the mark)! Release me from the grasp of these villains. See! My —, the packet's off! Stop her, for pity's sake, some of you! My wife's on board! I'm a free-born Briton. How dare you keep me from my wife?"

"This touching appeal to the sympathies of the bystanders—a crowd of fishermen and idlers—was utterly useless. They grinned the more, and seemed to enjoy the fun. I looked frantically after the packet; her sails were hoisted, and she was already several hundred yards from the pier-end.

"At this moment, to my utter amazement, the vinegar-faced lady, whom I had observed staring at me so intently in the morning, elbowed her way through the crowd, and throwing her skinny arms round my neck, clasping me so tightly that I was nearly choking, burst into tears, crying out, amidst her sobs:

"O, John Smith—John Smith—how could you—could you—could you?"

"A burst of execration came from the male portion of the spectators, while several females who had joined the crowd, were still louder in their denunciations; others were sobbing in sympathy with the vinegar-faced lady.

"O, if he war mine!" cried one—an Amazonian fish-woman—thrusting her huge fist into my face, 'I'd tear his eyes out, I would, the nasty, dirty wretch.'

"Ah!" said another, less demonstrative in her temperament. 'See, the poor, dear, heart-broken critter loves him still, and he agoin to leave her, arter spendin' all her fortin—and the poor, dear children too—all for that pale-faced chit as is going off in the packet! Bad luck to her and all sich—and she sich a comfobel-looking lady. I dunno whar men's tastes be, for my part.'

"Let me go, ruffians—fools!" I cried, struggling violently; 'that woman on board the packet is my wife.'

"His wife! O dear, O dear! The wickedness of this world—and he confesses to it!" cried several of the women in chorus.

"The vinegar-faced lady uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting to the ground.

"See, the brute's knocked the poor critter down!" cried voices from the crowd. 'Shame, shame! Rush in at him; tear him to pieces; fling him over the pier.'

"A rush was made towards me. The officers, for such I now knew they were, had great difficulty in keeping off the crowd, and preventing them from putting these threats into execution, while to add to the awkwardness of my position, the woman who had fainted had recovered herself, and assisted by some sympathizing bystanders, had risen to her feet. Hearing these threats, and observing the furious demonstrations of the crowd, she cried out, 'No, no, don't let them harm him, officers!' and again seizing me by the throat so tightly that I gasped for breath, she burst anew into a flood of tears.

"What is the meaning of this, officers?" said I, as calmly as I could, perceiving that violence on my part was of no manner of use.

"The meaning, master?" said one of the officers, sternly. 'Do you pretend not to know? Do you mean to say you are not the husband of this lady?'

"As true as there is justice in heaven!" said I. 'To my knowledge, I never saw the lady until this morning.'

"The officers sneered, and winked at each other. 'He's an old un,' said one; 'he's up to this sort o' game more nor once.'

"Hear to him! hear to him!" shrieked the females, who were by far the most demonstrative among the crowd, 'he denies that his name is Smith, when he confessed it to the constables this morning. Ah-h-h, the wretch!'

"I do not deny any such thing," I said, indignantly. 'My name is Smith—John Smith—and I have never done anything to make me ashamed of it.'

"Now he confesses it; he boasts of it; he glories in his wickedness. Ah-h-h, the shame-faced villain!" was the response to this honest acknowledgment.

"What would you have, good people?" said I. 'You cry shame upon me, first for denying that my name is Smith, which I never did, and then—'

"You're a liar!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"No sarmonizing on the pier-head, I pertests agin it," cried another. And a daub of mud struck me in the face, bunged up my eyes effectually, and spattered on the officers.

"The latter grew angry, and began to threaten the crowd, who retorted, and the fun grew fast and furious.

"Come, Smith," said one of the constables, 'you see the folly of this. Come quietly to the watch-house, and if you can explain matters to the magistrate, so much the better for yourself; but I tell you it looks plaguy black against you.'

"I cast a longing look across the channel; the packet was far away at sea. O, how I longed to be aboard of her! I wondered if my wife and her father had missed me. Perhaps not yet. Very likely they believed me to be on deck, and would not find out their mistake until they had landed on the pier at Calais. And then—What would they think? Most likely that I had fallen overboard and was drowned! Almost heart-broken, I surrendered myself quietly to the constables, and was conveyed through the streets of Dover, past the White Hart, where I had put up, the guests and the landlord and landlady and the waiters staring out of the doors and windows, evidently recognizing me, and the crowd following and hooting, until I was locked up in a dark, damp cell in the watch-house. It was only then that I fully comprehended that I had been arrested at the instance of one Mrs. John Smith, charged with having deserted her and her family of four children, after having been five years married to her, and with carrying off with me the sum of one thousand pounds, which had been left to my wife by a deceased uncle. It appeared that ten long years had elapsed since I had taken French leave of my beloved family; so, as I was then in my twenty-seventh year, putting the years of married life and years of absence together, I must have been married in my twelfth year! Ah, you may laugh, gentlemen. I'm speaking jocosely about the affair myself, just now; but it was no joke to me, you'll perceive shortly.

Consequently I was visited in my cell by



one of the constables. He came in with the jailor, who brought me my wretched supper, to have a chat with me, and cheer me up, he said. I thanked him, and asked him to sit down on the narrow bed of straw; but I would rather he had kept away. I was in no mood for talking.

"Master," he began, "it's not for me to dishearten ye; but it's a pretty sort of fix yer in."

"I'm guiltless of any wrong," said I, "and I'll prove it before any intelligent magistrate. I'll sue for damages for false imprisonment. I'm a free-born Briton, and—"

"O, come now, stash that gibberish," said the constable. "I never seed the cove as didn't swear he was as innocent as a lamb, and I allers misjudges coves as talks flash about bein' free-born Britons, and sich-like gammon."

"There is not, there cannot be one particle of evidence against me to justify this usage," said I, indignantly.

"Bother!" exclaimed the constable. "Beant there the 'dentification of your wife? Beant there yer own confession? You ought to ha' been more fly, man." "Twan't much to speak on at fust, if you hadn't confessed afore everybody on the pier, as how you wor married to the 'ooman as is gone over to Calais aboard the packet. To be sure you confessed to me and my chum, this mornin', up at the castle, as you'd married the gal; but nuther Bill nor I is the chaps to 'pear agin a cove in ill-luck. We should ha' kept close in the matter. That was the reason we didn't rest you there and then. We thought as how we'd let the young 'ooman get off fust. The only charge yer wife brought agin yer was for desertin' her and the children, and cuttin' stick with the gal. Now it's a clear case o' bigamy, by yer own confession afore a hundred witnesses. She's a good 'ooman, that ere wife o' yours. 'Twer a cryin' sin to run away from such a 'ooman. She's been a takin' on, mainly about yer, since yer was took up. She says, sooner than yer should be transported for life for bigamy, she'd ha' held her tongue, and e'en let yer go off with the gal—"

"—her!" said I. I couldn't help the oath from coming out to have saved my life.

"Ah, you're a hard un," said the constable, shaking his head. "I see it aint o' no use in talkin' to yer, so I'll wish yer good-night. You'll be had up afore the magistrates at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." So saying, the constable left the cell, and shortly after he had gone, I was locked up for the night.

"It is unnecessary for me to relate all the manifold horrors of that dreadful night. Shortly after my untouched breakfast had been brought in, in the morning, the turnkey appeared to inform me that the court was open, and that I must go with him before the magistrates.

"All my clothing was on board the packet save that which I wore, which was torn and disordered, and covered with dust, in the scuffle on the pier the previous day. One of my eyes was half-closed up and blackened, by the lump of mud which had struck me, and my upper lip was severely cut somehow during the struggle. My face and the bosom of my shirt were stained with blood and dirt, and the collar of my coat had been torn off. I was a shocking figure to appear in court. My looks were sufficient to condemn me unheard.

"I can't go in this condition," I said, looking wofully at my bedraggled clothing—but not having the least idea how disgustingly dirty and blood-stained my face was.

"You must, and that directly," said the turnkey, sulkily. "You should ha' thought of that afore."

"Remonstrance was of no use. I was compelled to appear before a crowded court—for the particulars of the arrest on the pier, at the moment when I was about to fly the country, had become known to everybody in the little seaport. There was, consequently, a great desire to see the 'gallant, gay Lothario.' The ladies were especially curious; and, when I made my appearance—being nothing to brag of at the best of times—ragged and begrimed from head to foot, with a black eye, and a swollen and bloody face and dishevelled hair, so great was the disappointment, that the spectators could not refrain from an audible expression of it.

"Well," whispered a lady on the magistrates' bench, "there's no accounting for tastes; but it must be a strange woman who would run away with such a villainous scarecrow at that."

"If I were his wife, I should think myself well rid of him," said another.

"But the poor children," interrupted a third.

"Silence in the court!" cried the presiding magistrate; but I could perceive that the three magistrates on the bench were predisposed against me.

"I was charged with the crime of deserting my wife and family, by the vinegar-faced woman, who unfortunately had married one John Smith. This, gentlemen, you are aware of already.

"Amidst many sobs and tears, which affected both court and spectators, who sympathized deeply with her, Mrs. Smith swore to my identity. 'She could not be mistaken,' she said, 'notwithstanding he had been ten years absent from her, in the husband with whom she had passed five happy years of her wedded life.' Four children, from ten to fourteen years old, were produced, and asked by the magistrate if I was their father?

"Yes," said they all, blubbering and stammering amidst their tears; and the youngest, a chuckle-headed boy, with an enormously large mouth and a flat nose and carrotty hair, and a dirty face in the bargain, seized with a sudden impulse of filial affection, ran to me and caught me by the hand, kissing it, and calling upon me in piteous accents to come home to mammy. The court and spectators were affected to tears. Some ladies wept audibly, and others said that the hideous, slobbering urchin was the very image of his father! They would perceive the relationship anywhere. *This was too bad!*

"I pleaded my youth, and asked how I, then only twenty-seven, could have married Mrs. Smith fifteen years before—in my twelfth year! My plea was answered by a burst of derision. I was told by the presiding magistrate that I was telling a falsehood regarding my age, and that I knew it. I was fifty years old, if I was a day. Gentlemen, I grant that in my youthful days I looked much older than I was; but in the condition in which I appeared in that court, it would have puzzled Solomon to have guessed my age. 'The case of cruel and unnatural desertion of an amiable wife and interesting family is fully made out against you, John Smith,' said the presiding magistrate. 'Were this all—and this was the sole charge made against you, in the first instance—I should merely commit you to prison until you could find bonds for the future support of your wife and family; but a grave charge has since been preferred against you. You have, by your own confession, been guilty of bigamy, in marrying a second wife while this lady now in court is still living. A few years ago the penalty of this crime was death; now, the humanitarian disposition of the age has struck it from the list of capital crimes; but if you are really guilty of this crime, you will be sentenced to transportation for life. I will simply ask you one question: Are you married to that—that person who came with you to Dover, and sailed in the packet yesterday for Calais?'

"I am, sir," said I, boldly; 'and to her—to that lady only have I been married. I was married only the day before yesterday, at the parish church of St. Mary la Bonne, London.'

"There was a piercing shriek from the vicinity of the witness-box. Mrs. Smith had uttered the shriek, and fallen senseless to the floor.

"The brute! the unblushing, audacious scoundrel!" I heard uttered by female lips, amidst the bustle which the accident occasioned.

"You seem callous to every honorable sentiment or kindly feeling, John Smith," said the magistrate, when the bustle had in some degree subsided. 'I shall simply commit you to the county goal, at Maidstone, to take your trial for bigamy. You stand fully committed. Constables, remove the prisoner.'

"I was taken to Maidstone that night, heavily ironed, and lodged in the county goal. My first act was to write to my father, for I had no money, save a few pounds, and no other relative or friend living. He at least could prove the date of my birth, and thus at once clear me of this absurd charge.

"Two days passed away; on the third came a letter from my father's housekeeper. The first portion was full of moral advice. She evidently believed me guilty, and upbraided me for concealing my marriage from my father and friends. I passed all this over, and read the few last lines. My father had read a garbled account of my arrest in the London papers. It was a fit subject for apoplexy. He had been immediately seized with a fit of that terrible disease, and, in spite of every endeavor to revive him, he had never recovered his senses or opened his lips. He died an hour prior to the writing of this letter. The letter fell from my hands, and I sunk to the

floor, stupified with grief. It was a week before I sufficiently recovered to recollect the difficulties of my position. Counsel called upon me. My father had left money behind him. They were eager to take up my cause and plead my case, and with one, whose appearance pleased me, I eagerly closed.

"Time passed on; my counsel buoyed my spirits up with strong hopes of success; but the day before that appointed for trial, on being closely pressed, he confessed that he saw little prospect of procuring my acquittal.

"I fully believe in your innocence," said he, 'more from your manner—I judge a good deal from that—than from your asseverations—'

"But, my dear sir," said I, 'I am only twenty-seven years old! The thing is absurd, impossible!'

"I believe you, Mr. Smith," said the counsel; 'but I must acknowledge, if I had, as a total stranger who had never seen you, been asked to guess your age, I should say forty. Pardon me. It may be from anxiety of mind, but you really appear to have reached that age. Can you think of no one who knew you as a child? Where were you at school?'

"At Ashford," said I. 'The school no longer exists—the schoolmaster is dead.'

"Hem!" exclaimed the counsel, thoughtfully. 'It is very unfortunate. It is as if there were some fatality attached to you. Now if the church where you had been christened had not been burned down, and all the records destroyed, the course would be plain enough.'

"But it is destroyed," said I, 'so it's of no use thinking about that. Have you received no answer to the letter you wrote to my father-in-law? He may have written to you though he will not write to me.'

"I have. The old gentleman writes that he will keep out of the way, and not appear against you, for his daughter's sake; but he is confident of your guilt, and will not receive nor allow his daughter to receive any further communication from you or me. He says it was the finger of Providence that directed him and his daughter to Vienna, when the marriage of the latter had not proceeded beyond the ceremony at church—for there really was nothing seriously the matter with his oldest child. When they reached Vienna, they found her quite well and cheerful—the happy mother of a beautiful female child.'

"And her confounded foolish fancies led me into this scrape!" said I.

"I was thinking of advertising," said the counsel; 'but to advertise for some person who knew the date of the birth of John Smith, son of John and Mary Smith, of London, would be simply ridiculous. I should receive dates specifying all hours of the day for the last fifty years! You don't know the name of the street in which you were born?'

"No—nor the parish. I only know that I have heard it was in the city of London.'

"Well, Mr. Smith," said the counsel, rising to retire, 'recollect the trial comes off to-morrow. Keep your spirits up, and hope for the best. It is my duty to inform you that public opinion is strongly against you. It is said your reprobate conduct has reduced your first wife to poverty, and cast your children loose upon the world; has ruined the peace of mind of the family of your second wife, and destroyed the happiness of a young and beautiful woman, and has brought the gray hairs of your father in sorrow to the grave. But keep your heart up, Mr. Smith; be as hopeful and cheerful as possible. Good-night, and pleasant dreams.'

"Avaunt, Job's comforter!" I exclaimed, as the sound of the heavy iron door swinging to, and the rattle of the bolt smote my ears. 'Be cheerful—keep my heart up! I shall go mad!'

"The morrow, the dread day of trial, came. I was arraigned before the court. The room was crowded with spectators. The curiosity of the county had been awakened.

"I will not weary you with a long detail of the trial. The clergyman, who married Mrs. Smith ten years before, swore, to the best of his knowledge and belief, to my identity with her husband. The woman herself was an unwilling witness to the same effect, and so were some dozen or more persons who had known her, or resided near her, at that period of her life, and until the day her husband had left her. The woman who had nursed the children was most positive, and the court was compelled to restrain her tongue. She commenced to denounce me before the judge, jury and spectators. Only two witnesses were doubtful. One old farmer swore that he believed

I was Mrs. Smith's husband, but I looked uncommonly like Mr. Wilkins, who used to keep school in the house a top o' the hill, and another—his neighbor—swore that if I wasn't Mrs. Smith's husband, I was plaguy like to Mr. Spratt the milkman, who lived in the valley at the foot of the hill. He know'd Schoolmaster Wilkins, and he didn't think I war a bit like him.

"My own assertions as to my age only provoked a sneer. The judge as much as told me I was telling a falsehood; and when my counsel spoke of the church in which I had been christened having unfortunately been burned to the ground, and the records destroyed, although the statement was perfectly correct in every particular, it only provoked a contemptuous smile from judge, court and spectators, and a remark from the king's advocate to the effect that it was a very convenient accident, but, unfortunately for me, it would not serve the purpose intended.

"The result was that I was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for seven years to one of the penal colonies, and my father's property, there being no other heirs, was confiscated by the crown.

"I should weary you, gentlemen," continued the outside-stage-traveller, "were I to relate a tithe of the mishaps that have befallen me in consequence of my too common patronymic, and my unlucky resemblance to others. After my return from the penal colony, I went to Russia, having heard that there was a good opening there for an engineer. I had learned that trade during my seven years' imprisonment, and was banished to Siberia for life, on account of my resemblance to one John Smith, a German insurrectionist. After the expiration of five years, the real John Smith was arrested, and I was graciously pardoned by the Emperor Nicholas!

"But I will say no more. I am now on my way to Newmarket to answer an advertisement, from which I learn that an elder brother, who left England when a boy, and has never since been heard of, has died, and I am sole heir of his fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. Here I am storm-bound. I feel certain that some other John Smith will assert his false claim, and get the money."

The narrative was finished; the landlord served our humble dinner, and, to our great joy, after dinner a thaw set in. The next morning we resumed our journey, and soon reached Newmarket.

John Smith's presentiment of coming evil did not deceive him. He was opposed by another John Smith, and for several years was involved in the intricacies and uncertainties of the law. But fortune at length grew weary of persecuting him. He was the victor after the long contest, and became at once a wealthy man. And now the fickle jade began to heap with favors the man over whom she had tyrannized for many years. The guilty husband of the deserted Mrs. Smith confessed to his guilt, on his death-bed, and acknowledged that one John Smith had been unjustly convicted of the crime of bigamy, through his (the dying man's) desertion of his wife. A tardy acknowledgement of John Smith's innocence was made, and his father's estate was restored to him. Julia, his maiden bride, who had retained her love for her, as she supposed, guilty husband, saw in the papers the public acknowledgement, and immediately hastened to him, was joyfully received, and ever after lived with him, at Ichabod Manor, the estate he purchased and named after the uncle who had made him his heir. And now the old story of his being knighted by George the Fourth was resuscitated. He had really been knighted, though in mistake. The neighbors began to style him Sir John Smith—at first jocosely, but the title stuck to him, and as Sir John and Lady Smith of Ichabod Manor were he and Julia known, until they died within a few weeks of each other, about ten years ago. They left no issue, and a nephew of Lady Smith is now the Lord of Ichabod Manor.

#### POINTLESS SERMONS.

In one of his discourses John Newton has this pithy remark: "Many sermons, ingenious of their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, owned by nobody, and if a hundred were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents. Such, whatever excellence it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jewelled hilt, a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and therefore, for real use is no sword. The truth properly presented, has an edge; it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discernment of the thoughts and intents of the heart."



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial)

## HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!

BY YORK

When with the world, in dandy strife, thy soul,  
Face unto face, with warring jar is brought,  
Thy thoughts with virtue's calmness then control,  
And hope and wait, for so the conflict's short.

Be not dismayed, O, trembling heart!  
To tread the path which worthier feet have trod,  
But firm and steadfast nobly act thy part,  
Alone reliant on thyself and God!

What though thick trials in thy path are strewed,  
And sad misfortune o'er thy prospect lowers,  
To wealth and fame there is no other road,  
The path to bright success ne'er led through shaded bowers.

Go boldly forth, nor fear the event shall prove  
Thy struggles bootless and thy patience vain,  
But where thy duty leads, there trusting go,  
And hope and wait and strive and ne'er complain.

Deem not thine is the only heart depressed,  
But with thy striving brothers sympathize and live;  
Then let thy soul for them expand, nor rest  
Absorbed within thyself, but having, give.

So shall thy trust be crowned with virtue's sure reward,  
And earthly good shall follow in its train,  
And conquered foes thy hours shall award,  
And friends rejoice, nor in thy fall complain.

## THE MANŒUVERING AUNT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"MARCIA," said Mrs. Allerton to her niece, "I shall expect that you will do your best to appear to advantage at Mrs. Rowland's party this evening."

"Why, aunt?"

"Need you ask? Is not Algernon Lyndon to be there?"

"I think it probable that he will."

"And is not that sufficient reason for you to call into requisition all your powers of pleasing?"

"I don't know why I should be at particular pains to please him, more than any other person."

"What a girl you are! Don't you know that one day he will come into possession of one of the most princely fortunes in the country?"

"I have heard so, and that is the reason—or at least one of the reasons, why I am determined to take no more pains to please him than any one else. I should feel it to be a degradation to enter the lists with a score of young ladies, who will not blush to play to the lead of their manœuvring mamas, for the chance of being placed at the head of an elegant establishment."

"But Algernon Lyndon—his golden expectations out of the question—is a prize of himself. He is handsome, noble-looking, accomplished, and, it is said, of perfectly correct habits."

"I dare say he is well enough, though I will freely confess that I am not prepared to like him. It is now about a week since he returned from his European tour, and in that time I have become fairly surfeited with hearing his praises, the more so from knowing that it is the wealth he has in prospect, not his worth, which inspires them."

"I regret that your antagonism is so easily roused. If Algernon Lyndon should be made aware of this trait in your character, it would at once, I have no doubt, put him on his guard against all your attractions. If you had heard people speak disparagingly of him, I shouldn't wonder if by this time you had exhausted all the figures of rhetoric in his defence."

"It is not improbable—and as to what you term the antagonism of my character, if by it you mean a resolution not to place myself on a level with those who employ themselves in weaving nets for the entanglement of every young gentleman they meet in society who is considered an eligible match, I can only say that I think it more worthy of praise than censure."

"Any person who was ever acquainted with James Walsingham, might know that you were his daughter. He might have had the title of 'honorable' prefixed to his name, if he had not been so afraid of earning the character of an office-seeker."

"If the title was never placed before his name, it belonged to his character, and was proved by his conduct, every day of his life."

"Brother James, as you say, was an honorable man, but he had little worldly wisdom, a deficiency which makes the trust I have assumed, as regards yourself, one of great responsibility. As

I have little or nothing to give you myself, I feel bound to do my best to bring about a match between you and some gentleman of wealth and position."

"My dear aunt, just let things take their natural course, and I dare say they will come out right in the end. Young men are not half so blind as they are supposed to be, and do not, if the truth be known, at all relish being angled for."

"There I agree with you, but it is not every one that can handle such delicate matters as I can. Had it not been for me, your cousin Jane would not have married the wealthy man she did. She was not like you—she was willing to be advised in so important an affair. Come, it is time for you to decide on what dress to wear this evening."

"I have already decided. I shall wear the same that I wore at Mrs. Ward's soiree."

"That plain dress? Well, I see that you are determined to make yourself look like a fright." She came near adding, "I wonder what Algernon Lyndon will think!" but imagining that the remark might influence her niece to dress still plainer, she prudently suppressed it.

Marcia Walsingham, when her toilette was completed, instead of looking like a fright, never appeared better, for hers was a style of beauty which needed not the foreign aid of ornament; and had she been as anxious as her aunt to see Algernon Lyndon kneeling at her shrine, she could not have adopted a more judicious course. Mrs. Allerton thought differently. She imagined that gorgeous robes, and the flash and glitter of jewelry, did great execution when there were hearts to conquer.

It had been Mrs. Allerton's intention to arrive at Mrs. Rowland's party fashionably late, but the obstinacy of her niece relative to dressing so plainly, caused her to alter her mind, and she and Miss Walsingham were among the first who were ushered into the brilliant and luxurious apartments.

In about fifteen minutes the guests began to arrive in rapid succession. Though Marcia did not bear the name of Algernon Lyndon announced, she was soon aware of his presence, by the eagerness with which a number of ladies, each of whom had one or more unmarried daughters, pressed towards the spot where he stood. He had not been overrated, even by her aunt, as to his personal appearance, she was obliged to confess to herself; and, as from time to time curiosity prompted her to observe him, she could not help imagining that she detected a certain expression of countenance, which showed that he knew and rightly appreciated the motives of those who paid him such flattering attention.

Mrs. Allerton, mortified on account of Marcia's plain dress, for some time kept aloof from the circle surrounding him, composed for the most part of mamas and their daughters, with a sprinkling of aunts and nieces. But for her it was a magic one, and she was drawn towards it slowly yet irresistibly. She had on a former occasion been introduced to Lyndon, and she was much flattered at finding that he at once recognized her.

"Is your niece, Miss Walsingham, present?" inquired Mrs. Rustlin, one of the ladies who helped to form the circle, at whose side stood Malvina, her daughter, a young lady of brilliant complexion, with a jewelled bandeau sparkling amid her raven hair.

"She is," replied Mrs. Allerton, in a constrained manner, as she mentally contrasted the rich and showy dress of the sparkling beauty near her, and that of Marcia.

"O, I see her now," said Mrs. Rustlin. "She is deeply engaged in conversation with that antiquated old lady, who looks as if she came out of the ark that we were speaking about just now."

"I cannot, for my part," said Malvina, "imagine where Mrs. Rowland picked her up, and after finding her, it appears to me still stranger why she invited her to her party. One thing is certain—it is not because she is either useful or ornamental."

"It may be," said Algernon Lyndon, "that Mrs. Rowland invited her from motives of philanthropy."

"If so," said Malvina, "she carries her ideas of philanthropy to an extent which I should call quixotic. I don't think that a lady has a right to invite such an ancient-looking specimen of humanity to mar the *tout ensemble* of a brilliant and select party."

"There is no knowing," said Lyndon, "but

that the ancient-looking specimen of humanity in question may be richly endowed, both morally and intellectually. At least, one might so infer from the sustained and animated conversation between her and the young lady near her—Miss Walsingham, I think you called her."

"No correct opinion can be formed by that," said Malvina, lowering her voice so as not to be overheard by Mrs. Allerton; "for, Miss Walsingham takes pride in acting differently from other people. If she should happen to take it into her head, she would be sociable with a beggar."

"Not because of her humility, I assure you," said Mrs. Rustlin, drawing near and speaking in the same subdued tone of voice, "for, in addition to her being odd, never was there a person prouder, or more self-conceited. Were it not so, she would never have thought of dressing so plainly this evening. Were I in Mrs. Rowland's place, I should consider it anything but complimentary for a guest to appear attired with such unlikable simplicity."

"You forget that her beauty is of the regularly classic order, and will, therefore, permit of a severe simplicity of style, as regards costume," said Malvina, with a toss of head.

"I suspect your pa would not much care if your beauty was the regularly classic order," said her mother, "if it permits the absence of all ornaments. Jewelry, particularly diamonds, is rather expensive," she added, glancing at the bandeau which glittered amid her daughter's luxurious tresses."

"Mrs. Allerton," said Malvina, rather abruptly addressing that lady, "we have been wondering who that queer-looking person is your niece appears to be on such intimate terms with. Perhaps you can enlighten us."

"No—I never saw her before," was Mrs. Allerton's reply.

"Let her be who she will, she must, I think, have something extremely fascinating about her," said Mrs. Rustlin, "for Miss Walsingham appears perfectly spell-bound."

"The spell lies in that natty little cap of hers, I suspect," said Malvina, tittering. "It must, without doubt, be a fresh importation from Paris."

Mrs. Allerton bit her lips with vexation, yet angry as she felt with her niece, and hopeless as she considered her case, as respected her making a favorable impression on Algernon Lyndon, she was determined to do what she could for her.

"I assure you, Mr. Lyndon," she said, "that Marcia is an excellent girl in her way. She has sense, is well educated, and her tastes are cultivated and refined; and though some might smile at my speaking of it, I must say, that when I am indisposed, I find her one of the best of nurses. Her one great fault is, she is unwilling in many things to be guided by the advice of those who are older and wiser than she is."

"But not unwilling to have a little chat with one who is older if not wiser than herself," he replied, while with a smile he looked towards Miss Walsingham, where she continued to be as deeply engaged as ever in conversation with the lady, who had excited the merriment of Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter.

"Really, Mrs. Allerton," said Mrs. Rustlin, "your niece might as well have remained at home and regaled herself with a conversation with your housekeeper. Bless us, the spell is broken at last! See, she has left her fascinating companion, and is coming this way, conducted by Mr. Rowland."

"There is a counter-charm," said Malvina, directing a quick glance at Lyndon, and accompanying her words with a toss of the head—her favorite method of giving emphasis, and at the same time a covert significance to her remarks.

They all imagined that Miss Walsingham was going to join them, but they soon found that the piano, not they, was what constituted the "counter attraction."

Some allusion had been made to a favorite though rather an old-fashioned song, in the vicinity of Miss Walsingham, when Mr. Rowland, who happened to be near, remarked that he believed he had heard her sing it.

"It is not improbable," she replied, "as it is one I often sing."

"Will you not favor us with it now?" said a lady, who heard her answer.

"It is a song I love above all others," said the lady with whom Miss Walsingham had been conversing, "for with it are associated many mournful yet not unpleasant incidents."

This remark was enough. Without a mo-

ment's hesitation, Marcia said she would sing the song with pleasure. When she had reached the piano, she said in a low voice to Mr. Rowland, "Who is that lady that has been charming me with her conversation? Mrs. Rowland introduced me to her, but I didn't understand her name."

"Why that is Mrs. Payton, Algernon Lyndon's aunt, or I might say mother, for she has, if possible, been more than a mother to him, having literally supplied the place of both of his parents, who died when he was a child."

"Can it be possible?" said Marcia, and as she spoke, a crimson blush suffused her cheeks, for the thought struck her that Lyndon, who could not be blind to the arts which were made use of to attract his favor, might imagine that she, with the same object in view, had fallen on the more insidious method of endeavoring to win his favor by being particularly attentive to one to whom he owed so much, and to whom, as fame said, he was devotedly attached. It was not without considerable effort that she so far recovered her self-possession as to properly control her voice. When she commenced her song, the most inveterate talkers were for once silenced. The pure, dulcet tones of her voice possessed for them a still greater charm than the continuous buzz of their own.

"Your niece is becoming decidedly old-fashioned in her tastes," said Mrs. Rustlin, addressing Mrs. Allerton. "I positively used to sing that song when I was a school-girl."

Malvina made no verbal comment, but contented herself by manifesting her sentiments on the subject by another of those tosses of the head, which, by some unfortunate hallucination, she imagined made her appear peculiarly piquant and engaging.

"You who have so recently returned from Italy—the land of song and glorious skies," Mrs. Rustlin went on to say, as she turned from Mrs. Allerton to Lyndon, "must find an old Scotch song, like the one Miss Walsingham chooses to entertain the company with, particularly dull and tiresome."

"On the contrary, it is particularly grateful. It is one of my favorites, partly on account of its simplicity and pathos, and partly because it is the favorite of one, who has ever since my remembrance, been the same as a mother to me."

"It is natural that you should like it, then," said Mrs. Rustlin. "The lady you allude to is an excellent woman, I have heard. Malvina, you agree with me, I know."

"Certainly," was the young lady's reply. "Nothing, in my opinion, exhibits the character of young persons in a more charming and amiable light, than an endeavor to assimilate their tastes to those of their parents and guardians."

"And, on the contrary," said Mrs. Rustlin, "when I see a young lady, for the sake of gratifying some whim or caprice, go counter to what would please a parent, or even an *aunt*, either in matters of dress or other particulars, I make it a point to warn my son against her attractions, if unfortunately for any gentleman in pursuit of a wife, she happens to have any."

Mrs. Allerton, who was a good deal disconcerted at a speech which she knew was aimed at her niece, remarked, that, for her part, she thought a great deal of allowance should be made on account of early impressions. Marcia, for instance, whose mother died when she was an infant, was, till nearly sixteen, under the direct control of her father. The result was what might naturally have been anticipated, but time and example, she doubted not, would do their gradual and silent work.

Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter exchanged smiles, while Algernon Lyndon, who had for some time been meditating his escape, took advantage of an opening in the circle, to slip quietly away. The ladies, who had so long held him in durance, silently watched him, till they saw him approach the elderly lady with whom Miss Walsingham had been on such excellent terms, and whom they were inclined to regard rather favorably, from her having afforded them the means of making what they considered some rather smart remarks, which they suspected would tell well, in the opinion of Lyndon.

"What can be his object?" said Mrs. Rustlin. "How I wish I was near enough to listen to what he says to her," said Malvina.

He remained only long enough to interchange a few words with her, and then approached the piano, where Miss Walsingham, having consented to sing another old-fashioned song, was still seated.



"You must introduce me to Miss Walsingham," said Lyndon, aside to Mr. Rowland, "as soon as she has finished her song."

"You show your good taste in requesting it," said Mr. Rowland. "Had I a son, I don't know but that I should be tempted to try my skill at match-making, if I thought there were the least chance of my obtaining her for a daughter-in-law."

Marcia, though so firmly pre-determined not to like Lyndon, had found her resolution giving way, before the introduction took place; and now, while she listened to his just and even eloquent remarks, made without the least attempt at display, her prejudices, which had their true origin in the excessive and fulsome praise lavished on him by her aunt and others, vanished like the mists of morning.

While Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, with others equally interested, regarded her with envious and jealous eyes, Mrs. Allerton could scarcely restrain an open manifestation of triumph.

"What is the matter, Malvina?" said Mrs. Rustlin, to her daughter, who, having just returned from making some morning calls, threw herself upon a sofa with a manner and with a countenance expressive of angry excitement.

"I never was so vexed in my life," said Malvina.

"Why? What has happened?"

"Enough, I should think. You remember that lady in the antique dress, at Mrs. Rowland's party last evening?"

"Yes."

"And you also recollect the remarks we made."

"Not the words exactly, but the spirit of them perfectly. I know that I thought some of yours were particularly piquant and sparkling."

"I thought so, too, till I was told who she was."

"And who did she prove to be?"

"Mrs. Payton, Algernon Lyndon's aunt, or mother, as he calls her."

"I cannot believe it."

"It is true, for I had my information from Mrs. Rowland."

"Well, the game is up with regard to him, then. You will never be Mrs. Algernon Lyndon. Many young gentlemen would not have given what you said a second thought, but he has the reputation of being so devoted to her."

"Yes, one might almost suppose that he thought her to be, what a certain lady I once heard of, imagined herself to be."

"What was that?"

"A great glass ornament."

"It is easy to see now, why Marcia Walsingham was so attentive to her. Under pretence of being perfectly indifferent about forming an acquaintance with Algernon Lyndon, or of appearing attractive in his presence, she was all the while artfully endeavoring to inveigle herself into his good graces by devoting herself to Mrs. Payton."

"She has not the least idea, I suspect, that the mask she assumed must appear perfectly transparent to all except Mrs. Payton and Lyndon, and so it would to them, were they not blinded by self-love."

During this colloquy between Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, Mrs. Allerton, with an air that showed she had never, on any prior occasion, held so exalted a place in her own esteem, was congratulating her niece on the fair matrimonial prospect opening before her. Marcia denied that there was any such prospect.

"Don't tell me," said her aunt. "I am too close an observer in such things to be mistaken. He has already made his mind up to offer himself to you the first opportunity. And you may thank me for it, for I had not in the most adroit and delicate manner imaginable, raised the veil from those virtues which all young men of Lyndon's particular turn are always sure to admire, he would never have noticed you in that plain, unbecoming dress you wore to the party."

"We differ as to the becomingness of my dress, aunt, for in my own conceit, I never looked better in my life, than I did that evening."

"I know you look well in anything, let it be ever so plain, yet, when I saw the contrast between your dress and Malvina Rustlin's, I thought you would stand no chance in attracting Lyndon's attention; but never, at any moment, did I tremble for you as when I saw you so completely engrossed in conversation with that antiquated looking woman; for the Rustlins, the moment they saw you conversing with her, said

such queer things about her, as to place her in an extremely ludicrous light, which of course more or less reflected itself on you, and, as you know, nothing is so perfectly overwhelming as ridicule. Lyndon showed himself to be possessed of more moral courage than I could have given any young man of fashion credit for, when he actually went and spoke to the old lady."

"As you say, Mr. Lyndon did show himself possessed of more moral courage than some young men I have seen. Dudley Melton, for instance, who caused such a sensation in the fashionable circles last year, was ashamed of his own mother—one of the most intelligent, intellectual women I ever met with, because she was ignorant of some of the conventionalisms of fashionable life. I suspect, aunt, you have not yet heard who the lady was, to whom Lyndon was so condescending."

"No, I have not."

"It was Mrs. Payton."

"What! Algernon Lyndon's rich aunt?"

"Yes; she had been at Mr. Rowland's several days, and the party, by Lyndon's suggestion, was out of compliment to her. She suffers from low spirits, and he hoped it would have the effect to cheer her."

"Well, I cannot imagine why she dresses in such old-fashioned style."

"She has a few harmless eccentricities, and that is one of them. She excluded herself from society many years after her husband's death, and has, ever since, continued to wear the kind of dress which was in fashion at the time he died. She seldom now appears in society, and never, it is said, except to gratify her nephew, who thinks such strict seclusion injurious to her health."

"All that I can say is, I am glad that I did not join in the ridicule against her. What will the Rustlins say, when they come to find out who she is! I shouldn't wonder if Malvina were confined to her room a week in consequence of what has proved to be their ill-timed remarks. Well, I hope it will teach both mother and daughter a good lesson."

This concluding remark was made with the self-complacent air of one who appeared not to have the most remote idea that she was condemning in others what she often practised herself.

A call from Algernon Lyndon gave a pleasant interruption to their conversation. He appeared to great advantage—better, a thousand times, Mrs. Allerton said, than she had ever seen him before.

When, several weeks afterward, she found that he had offered himself to her niece, and was accepted, she said:

"Mrs. Payton can give a fortune to her nephew, but I, by my tact and clever management, shall succeed in securing both a fortune and a husband for my niece."

This assertion, though in moments of cool reflection it appeared rather apocryphal to herself, as well as others, was repeated so often that she ultimately imagined it to be true.

#### LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT INNS.

A recent London paper advertises a genuine Thesaurus of ancient tavern signs and other curiosities at auction, collected during a long life by some curious antiquary. The catalogue covered an extensive and unique collection, for a history of ancient and modern inns, taverns and coffee-houses in town and country (numbering upwards of 850 signs), formed with unwearied diligence and vast outlay during a life time, and illustrated with upwards of 2500 of ancient and modern engravings, comprising topographical and antiquarian subjects, early views of London, caricatures, humorous and satirical subjects, portraits of celebrities whose names have been adopted as signs, characters remarkable for their eccentricities, actors and actresses—others illustrating ancient sports and pastimes—etchings, woodcuts and numerous others, plain and colored, many of great rarity—also 415 drawings in water colors, sepia, and pen and ink, and numerous copies from scarce engravings and old paintings—together with extensive antiquarian, local, and biographical notices (both printed and in MS.), on signs and their origin—meriments and witticisms in prose and verse—tales, traditions, legends, and remarkable incidents—singular inscriptions on tap-room windows and walls— anecdotes of landlords, guests, visitors, writers, etc., Bacchanalian and other songs and ballads, some set to music—fac simile autograph letters of Garrick and other celebrated men—scarce tracts, including "The Downfall of Temporizing Poets, Unlicensed Printers, Upstart Booksellers, Trotting Mercenaries, and Brawling Hawkers, being a very pleasant dialogue between Lightfoot the Mercury and Suck Bottle Hawker, Red Nose the Poet being Moderator between them, Printed Merrily and May be read Unhappy between Hawke and Buzzard, 1641."—*Boston Transcript.*

#### THE GREAT EASTERN UNDER WAY.

Though we have before given representations of the great marvel of marine architecture, which is represented on page 245, and various descriptions and articles, from time to time, exhibiting her wonderful proportions during the course of her slow but sure progress to completion, still we are quite sure that our readers will not be displeased to witness a new and fine engraving of her, as she now rides the deep unshaken by the late explosion, which, though it unhappily caused a sacrifice of life, inflicted no irreparable damage on the ship. Her strength has now been severely tested. An accident at her launch, the jamming of the cradles on the ways, served to bring out in the most unmistakable manner the property of rigidity. Not for the few moments that a passing Atlantic wave might leave a large portion of her length unsupported, not for days or weeks merely, but for months, did from 120 to 150 feet of her length at each end, and nearly 100 feet in her centre, remain suspended in the air without any sort of support whatever, and yet the deflection was absolutely nil. The second accident, which occurred on her trial-trip, proved the means of testing in the most convincing manner her other property—that of enormous strength. Had Mr. Brunel proposed, while she lay at Deptford, and before any fittings were in, to deck over and fit up with rough models of cabins, floors, etc., etc., one of the compartments, and then, by way of testing her powers of endurance, to explode in the bottom of that compartment a charge of gunpowder sufficient to hoist one of her huge funnels fifty feet into the air, we may suppose that the proposal would have been received with very considerable astonishment and demur on the part of directors, shareholders, and every one interested in her welfare; and yet this is, in fact, what the recent accident has effected. An explosion took place in one of the compartments, the certain effects of which on any other ship that ever was constructed may be gathered from the significant fact that the first impulse of that experienced navigator, our countryman, Captain Comstock, was to spring on the paddle box and look over the sides, to see if they were blown out. No other ship afloat could have withstood the enormous bursting pressure of the steam, nor have survived the shock; and yet it is a literal and actual fact that no harm whatever has been done to any part of the fabric. The sides, the bulkheads, and every portion of the frame remain in their former imperturbable rigidity; whilst in the next compartment but one the shock experienced was no more, as one of the gentlemen present expressed it, than if one of the crew passing overhead with a twelve-pound shot in his hands had let it fall on the deck. There was no need to stop the vessel's course. Her engines continued to work as before, and on her arrival in Portland harbor she was ready to be thrown open to visitors—excepting, of course, the parts under repair—as announced in the advertisements.

It is abundantly evident now that the mode of construction universally adopted in seagoing iron ships—namely, in compartments separated by iron walls, technically called "bulkheads,"—amounts in the case of the Great Eastern to a guarantee of absolute security. Almost anything might go on in one or two of the compartments without its being even known in the others; the gentlemen in the after saloon would actually have taken no notice of the very slight noise which reached their ears but for the fragments which began to fall through the skylight; and, if such was the case with so violent an explosion as that which took place off Hastings, it is difficult to conceive any other disaster of a character more likely to make itself felt. Those who visited the great ship whilst she lay at Deptford, made their way through certain square holes of rather uncomfortable dimensions in huge iron walls. The iron walls were the bulkheads in question, and the holes were apertures left for the convenience of passage to and fro during the completion of the vessel by the omission of one of the iron plates of which these bulkheads are constructed, and they were closed up before the ship started; so that she is now divided from deck to keel into six, and for about that depth into thirteen, perfectly water-tight compartments.

A correspondent writes: "The Great Eastern is the finest vessel that was ever built, and one over which, notwithstanding all that has been predicted to the contrary, the sea seems to exercise no influence. During a portion of her trial-trip a heavy swell was running, and large vessels were lying to under close-reefed top-sails, pitching deeply to the sea, and sending the spray in clouds from their bows. At this time the Great Eastern was as motionless as a rock. Now and then heavy rollers passed her, but their size and action could only be known by observing their effect on other ships. A number of the passengers went forward to the extreme end of the bows, and remained watching the stern of the vessel by comparing it with the line of the horizon to detect a movement. Only by such a rigid test as this could it be discerned that the Great Eastern was moving gently now and then, scarcely more than a foot along her entire length, as the waves rushed under her."

An unusual degree of interest is invariably attached to any great undertaking, and, whether it is a failure or a success, we cannot divest ourselves of a most sensitive and personal feeling in the matter. As it is with nations, so it is also with individuals; and although the undertaking itself is entirely independent of our control, yet the sympathy which we manifest for its result proves that we are not insensible to the affairs of other people any more than we are to those of our own. This is remarkably instanced in the case of the great ship, which has now com-

menced the active duties for which she was designed and built, and which augurs well for the realization of all those hopes which we entertained in such a project as her creation. The vast improvements which have been made in naval architecture, as well as in the application of the paddle and the screw, through the agency of steam power, suggested a further and more extensive development of shipbuilding and propulsion which should be found as effectual to the economy of time and distance by sea as an application of the same agency had accomplished by railroads on the land. The size of a vessel was deemed to be the index of this celerity, and the greater the ship the more scope would be allowed for her machinery, and, as a consequence, the increase of bulk would not counterbalance the increase of power which that machinery would apply. The power would naturally be increased to propel the additional weight, but the power itself would be far beyond the proportions necessary only to that end, and must, *per se*, add to the means of effecting a more rapid transition through the waters. If this rule would apply where the larger scope for additional canvass to a sailing-ship enabled mariners to curtail the length of any particular voyage, a *fortiori* must it be demonstrable when the irresistible agency of steam is in greater proportions introduced for the increase in velocity of the means of transit. Many difficulties have been suggested, and some which appeared practically insuperable for the general use of large ships, as instanced in the case of the Renfrew and Columbus, both of which were wrecked, and the extreme length of each of which was 370 feet, and the width 60 feet. But this was prior to the introduction of steam. When, however, we bear in mind the difference between a sailing craft and a steamer we can account for deficiencies in the former, which appear valueless in contrast with the latter. The one is dependent to a great extent on the direction of the wind and the consequent casualties thereof; the other is independent of either, and will work her own way against all obstacles by an agency which baffles the weather and defies the storm. Mr. Brunel suggested the plan of the Great Eastern, and a company, as we are well aware, was soon formed to carry out the project. That company was, subsequent to the launching of the vessel, dissolved, and a new one established, under whose auspices she has attained her present position.

An important feature of the equipment of this great ship is the patent magnetic apparatus and patent floating compass, invented and applied to the Great Eastern by Mr. John Gray of Liverpool. The binnacle consists of an inclosed battery of magnets, adjustable by vertical screws, which move the magnets in proportion to the deviation of the compass arising from the influence of the iron. This error is produced by celestial or terrestrial observations, and after the instruments are perfectly regulated by a competent person the process of readjustment (if necessary) is so exceedingly simple that by the officers of the ship merely placing the ship's head in two positions, north or south, east or west, the compass in the northern hemisphere can be made perfect. If alteration takes place in the ship's magnetism of an opposite character in the southern hemisphere, by reversing the position of the magnets, and by the same process being adopted, the instruments will be found as correct as in the northern hemisphere.

There are other applications all calculated for the utmost precision in navigating the ship, one of which is highly important for correcting the dangerous influence arising from heeling. A vertical magnet is made movable in the centre of the apparatus for obviating errors arising from that cause, for it is not at all an uncommon circumstance for the needle to be deflected to the extent of 50 degrees, and in some instances more. This disturbance is productive of oscillation of the card when the vessel rolls, a repetition of which gives a momentum that ultimately causes the card to revolve with such velocity as to render it perfectly useless to the seaman.

There is also a vertical double disc, which registers the ship's course, and prevents any disputation with the officer on duty. On each side of the binnacle is placed a metal box containing soft iron, for the adjustment of a small amount of deviation in the quadrants, remaining stationary with its contents in all latitudes.

The patent floating compass is constructed to prevent vibration from affecting the centres of action. It consists of an inner bowl floating in an outer one, the object of which is to render the inner bowl insulated in its water bed, the exterior being solely influenced by the action of the ship. Through a mechanical arrangement in the interior of the inner bowl the hardest gems and the finest centres may be applied without fear of oscillation of the card. The entire combination of these important points ensures perfect indication, steadiness of action, and extreme durability.

Mr. Gray has not only had the honor of supplying the Great Eastern with these instruments, but also the principal European Governments. The directors of the Great Eastern have felt such confidence in him that, independently of supplying the compasses, etc., he is engaged to perform the onerous duty of adjusting the instruments, seven of which will be in action at the same time.

A volume might easily be written in describing the peculiarities of this marvel of science and mechanical skill. But no description of such a work would prove satisfactory to the general reader. Her very bulk cannot be adequately comprehended until the eye itself compares it with surrounding objects. Fortunately, all who live in communication with our northern seaboard, will have an opportunity of examining for themselves the leviathan steamer.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY MRS. A. P. O.

It is said that when engineers are about to bridge a stream, they first throw across a single cord, and then other strands are added, till a plank can be laid on which they can cross to the opposite shore. So our sorrows may be but the cords forming a bridge for us from earth to heaven.

One cord across the stream—  
The stream that doth divide  
The earthly from the heavenly shore,  
Where we would all abide.

A foot is on the cord—  
A little dimpled foot,  
That falters not, but presses on  
To meet the blessed Lord.

Unheeded rush the waters by—  
She looketh not below,  
Upward is cast her sweet blue eye,  
To the home where she would go.

Her golden hair reflects the rays  
Of the eternal Sun,  
And the halo round her blinds our gaze  
As thus she journeys on.

We call her back, but loving words  
Meet not her listening ear,  
There's other music nearer now—  
That of the heavenly sphere.

Another cord so firmly twined—  
Another darling one,  
Crossed o'er with sweet good-by to all—  
The loved ones left alone.

And one by one the cords are twined,  
Till all our treasures sweet  
Have walked across the narrow bridge  
With firm and willing feet.

And on the other shore they stand,  
Methinks I see them all,  
With each a golden cord in hand,  
And thus I hear them call.

Come to us father—mother dear,  
Earth's wayside is but rough,  
We've twined the cords—pass without fear,  
The bridge is firm enough.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE SPANISH BRIDE.

## A TRUE STORY OF SPANISH AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM B. CLARK.

"A WRETCHED dull place, this port of Tehuantepec," observed the surgeon of the *Blonde* frigate, the Honorable Captain Mason, commander, to my humble self, a passed midshipman of the aforesaid frigate, as we stood on the quarter-deck together, gazing towards the arid shore, and the town, which resembled more than anything else, at the short distance we lay from it, a heap of ruins, of what the imagination might conceive had once been an immense castle, covering several acres of ground with its numerous bastions, towers and dependencies. "A wretched dull place," repeated the surgeon. "If this is coming back to civilization, I, for my part, could wish we had remained among the Society Islands. The scenery was delightful there; the beautiful groves of breadfruit trees; the lanes, lined with lime trees; the clumps of cocoa-nut trees, interspersed here and there; the lofty mountains in the background; the pretty cottages of the natives, and the sparkling sea in front, washing the white, sandy beach—never disturbed by storm or tempest."

"And the pretty Society Island lasses, always cheerful and good-tempered," interrupted a saucy little midshipman.

"Mr. Talbot," said the surgeon, "I would thank you when you find me engaged in poetical description, to know your place, and keep your tongue silent until I have finished. Now I have entirely lost the thread of my description."

"And I suggested that which you appeared to have forgotten," said the midshipman, not in the least discomposed by the reproof his senior officer. "You should have begun with the Tahitian belles, for if there be fairer, there are few handsomer in the saloons of London or Paris. We could get up a ball there, *al fresco*, at a moment's notice, now here—"

"We can find nobody to dance with, at least no ladies," interrupted a young lieutenant. "You are right, young Talbot. I scarcely wonder at Fletcher's mutiny, when I think of the many fascinations of the girls of the Society Islands."

"A ball," said the surgeon, musingly. "It would be something pleasant, for a change; here

we've been lying for three weeks, everything dull as ditch water. I wonder, now, if old Mason would allow us to get up a 'hop' on board, if we were to ask him?"

"What ladies are we to invite?" said I.

"Why," answered the lieutenant, "some of the half-breeds would answer tolerably well, for want of better and fairer. There are Don Manuel, the governor's two daughters, and Don Silvio, the commandanté, has a pretty wife, more than half old Spanish, I should judge, and then there is the unknown senorita, whom four or five of us have got a glimpse of in the marketplace, which she visits every morning—myself among the rest. A pure Castilian, lovely as Hebe and stately as Juno, and loving as Venus, or I am no judge of feminine physiognomy. I wonder who the deuce she is?"

"I can enlighten you, Marlow," said the surgeon. "I twisted the whole story, by means of a bribe of a quarter dollar, from the mulatto girl who attends her to market."

"You can? The story! the story!" all cried.

"The story is very brief," resumed the surgeon. "The lady is named Dona Paula de Montescá; she is the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who resides still in Old Spain on his own estates, and the niece of Don Enrique de Montescá, the commandanté of Tehuantepec. Her father, though it is not generally known, is disaffected to the Spanish government, and when some year or two ago, Lieutenant Don Thomas de Zuma, of the Peruvian navy, visited Spain, the old don was very kind and hospitable to the young *teniente*, and the young couple fell in love with each other. Don Thomas returned to Peru and his duties, and Don Pedro, the father of the young lady, sent her to this place of purgatory, in order that she might remain with her uncle until after her marriage with Don Thomas, who commands that Peruvian schooner-of-war which came into port to-day. The wedding is to come off on Monday next, and Don Thomas will, a few days after, carry off his bride to Lima, where the *teniente's* parents reside. *Voilà mon roman, messieurs.*"

"A capital excuse. Old Mason can't refuse us," said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands. "We must give a party on board the *Blonde* the day after the wedding, in honor of the bride."

"We can scarcely presume to invite them, since they have not thought it worth while to invite the officers of her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Blonde* to the wedding," said Talbot.

"I wonder they have not," said Marlow.

"There is a very pleasant sequel to my story," interposed the surgeon. "I was walking in the Almandral to-day, with the captain, and we met the old commandanté, who placed in the captain's hands a general invitation to the captain, lieutenants, surgeons, midshipmen and marine officers of the *Blonde*, which the captain accepted in our names. The commandanté told us that the officers of the Chilean schooner which came into port a week ago, are invited and have accepted."

"Why, Chili and Peru are at drawn daggers," said Talbot. "It is 'war to the knife' between the two republics!"

"That is nothing," replied the surgeon. "This is a neutral port. It is not necessary in time of war that the natives of two hostile nations should entertain animosity toward each other."

When Captain Mason returned on board at a late hour in the day, the invitation was presented to us *en masse*, and, of course, promptly accepted, and on the following Monday evening the entire body of the *Blonde's* officers, brilliant in blue and gold, attended at the hospitable mansion of Don Enrique de Montescá, and were introduced to the bride. The bridegroom we made an earlier acquaintance with on board our own frigate, in the following manner:

Our purser, with a keen eye to profit, which distinguishes most of the gentlemen of that grade, at any rate, in the British service, had, although it was an infringement of the laws regulating the naval service, provided himself with a variety of merchantable goods, such as he had been informed by a brother purser, who had made his penny by such means, were in very great demand along the Pacific coast of South America from Bolivia to Guatemala, *videlicet*, ready-made frock and dress coats, pantaloons, and other articles of attire, watches, ear-rings, and various articles of *bijouterie* for the dark-colored belles of the republics, and many other trinkets, and he could not have visited Tehuantepec at a better time, for, independently of the masculine garments, which

at the period of which I write, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, were always sure to find a ready sale, the approaching wedding of Dona Paula created an immense demand for the jewelry and other trinkets—the consequence was that, under pretence of paying visits to the frigate—for the purser dared not *openly* turn his state-room into a bazaar—our vessel was visited at all hours of the day by the officials from the town, and by the officers of the Peruvian and Chilean schooners. Among the rest came the two commanders, Don Thomas de Zuma, and Don Stephano de Ponto, of the Chilean vessel-of-war.

I had not, as yet, seen the bride, but when I first saw Don Thomas, I could not help thinking that however lovely the young Dona Paula might be, her lover, so far as good looks go, was worthy of her. Tall, well-formed, with regular Spanish features, classical almost to a fault, and with a fair complexion, rarely to be met with among Spaniards, the *teniente* was the *beau idéal* of a *preux chevalier*, and his gorgeous uniform—the coat heavy with gold lace, and the pantaloons of scarlet, with a broad gold stripe—however the latter outraged our ideas of naval costume, set off his majestic and beautifully-proportioned figure to advantage. He had been educated in Old Spain, and appeared to be very intelligent. Certainly his manners were those of a courtly gentleman, and report—and we had every reason to believe that report told the truth—said that he was as amiable as he was handsome. He seemed to be almost idolized by his crew.

The commander of the Chilean schooner was by no means so prepossessing. Both were young men under thirty, but Don Stephano was short and squat in figure, ruddy complexioned, and his features, though far from ugly, were not by any means handsome. There was an habitual, sinister scowl on his brow and lips, which would have deteriorated from a very much handsomer face. However, they and their subordinates met on our decks and partook of luncheon in the ward-room, seemingly in perfect amity, for nearly all the officers of both vessels were, by birth, old Spaniards, and the conversation often turned upon mutual friends whom they had known at home.

The purser made a capital sale. No Jew could have managed better. Showy gold watches, which I well knew could be purchased wholesale at Savory's, on Ludgate Hill, in London, at the rate of £3 3s. each, went off readily at from ten to fifteen guineas. Slop coats and trousers, which Moses & Co., of the Minories, would have sold at two pounds the suit, readily fetched ten pounds, and other articles in proportion. Don Thomas was mulcted at a most extortionate rate, for the gallant young fellow purchased more than one half of the purser's stock of jewelry to present to his bride and her friends. I don't know how "Nipcheese" reconciled his gains and his conscience; but as I was not the keeper of the latter, it was no business of mine.

The wedding day, as I have previously stated, arrived. The ample ball-room in the mansion of the commandanté was filled with the *élite* of Tehuantepec and the adjoining country, and exhibited a very splendid appearance, for although the costumes of the civilians were somewhat *outré*, the mingling of British, Chilean and Peruvian naval uniforms, with the uniforms of the Spanish military officers, and the official costume of the governor and the commandanté, and of their staffs, and of the gay dresses of the Tehuantepec belles, had a very pretty and dazzling effect.

As to the bride, she was all that "fancy had painted her," lovely as a houri from an oriental paradise, and magnificently attired, and profusely adorned with jewelry she had brought from Spain, and with the presents that had been showered upon her by her lover, her uncle, and her friends.

She was little more than a child, scarcely sixteen, with a clear olive complexion, and hair glossy and black as the raven's wing. Her form was *petite*, but most exquisitely proportionate, and her small hands and feet were worthy of the encomiums which all travellers have bestowed upon those members, when speaking of the Andalusian race, to which she belonged. The greatest charm, however, in her lovely countenance, lay in her eyes. Poets have praised the eyes of the gazelle, and no gazelle ever possessed orbs more enchantingly beautiful. Black as night, deeply seated in their liquid depths and shaded by long silky eyelashes, and overarched by black eyebrows that it was difficult to believe had not been pencilled by some artistic hand, they now expressed a soft melancholy, now

seemed fixed in thought, now flashed with spirit, and now beamed with tenderness and love. The bridesmaids were pretty girls, for Tehuantepec, but their charms were totally eclipsed by Dona Paula, and I verily believe there was not an unmarried man present, under fifty, that was not overhead and ears in love with her before the evening was over. I fancied that I perceived a sort of satisfactory expression in the looks of the other females present—I mean the unmarried ones, and I did not wonder at it. However brilliant the stars may be on a fine spring night, the brightest of them suffers by too close proximity with the full moon, and I have no doubt the Tehuantepec belles had a secret satisfaction in knowing that the superlative charms of the fair Andalusian were shortly to be removed thence to torture the bosoms and break the hearts of the youth of Lima.

However, I did not set out to write a description of female beauty—a species of composition to which I confess my humble pen is wholly inadequate, so I will merely observe that the wedding was a gay and joyous affair, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

At the conclusion of the night's entertainment, we extended our invitation to the governor, the commandanté and their families, the civilians in official positions, the military officers, the Chilean and Peruvian officers, and the ladies in general, to a ball to be given on the following Monday on board her Britannic Majesty's ship *Blonde*, which invitation was promptly and cordially accepted. The young bridegroom actually postponed the departure of his vessel, which had been fixed for the next Saturday, for the express purpose of attending, with his lovely and fascinating bride.

The frigate was gallily decked for the occasion with branches and flowers, the quarter-deck made a splendid *al fresco* ball room, we had a famous band on board, were well supplied with delicacies from Europe, the captain's, as well as the ward-room cook, were *artistes*, and we were all anxious to please our visitors; the ship's crew were attired in their best, the marines were in full uniform, therefore, as may well be imagined, everything went off swimmingly, and everybody was delighted. A salute of seventeen guns was fired when the boat which contained the bride and bridegroom came alongside, and the like honor was paid them on their departure for the Peruvian schooner, at an hour past midnight, the boats of the frigate filled with officers, composing a guard of honor, accompanying Lieutenant De Zuma and Dona Paula to the vessel, which was to sail before daylight in the morning, which had already been ushered in.

We took the opportunity of examining the schooner, Don Thomas, his young bride hanging on his arm, courteously showing us over the vessel, and afterward, at the earnest invitation of Don Stephano, we visited the Chilean schooner, he doing us the like favor. Both were very neat, well armed, well appointed vessels, in every respect, and were a credit to the services to which they belonged, though the Chilean was considerably the larger and more heavily armed vessel. When at length we returned to our own frigate, we heard the boatswain's call on board the Peruvian, already summoning the crew to get the vessel under weigh.

We were all pretty much tired out when we got on board, and speedily descended to our respective cabins to seek repose—all but the unlucky wight, myself, whose morning watch it chanced to be.

I was standing on the starboard side of the quarter deck dreamily looking over the side in the direction of the two schooners, which lay about a quarter of a mile apart, and about two miles distant from the frigate, and to tell the truth, I was infringing the rules of the service, by falling into short dozes on my watch, in spite of my efforts to keep awake, when chancing to look up, I perceived the Peruvian schooner standing under easy sail, and already nearly out of the harbor.

While watching her progress, I fancied that I saw the Chilean gliding out to seaward, though I had heard none of the customary sounds which denote that a vessel is getting ready for sea. I could not believe my eyesight, and thought it was merely an optical delusion caused by sleepiness, when suddenly I saw the schooner's foretop-sail drop from its folds, and in a moment it was silently "sheeted home."

"Talbot," said I, to the sleepy young midshipman who was my aid-de-camp on the watch, "is the Chilean schooner really under weigh, or do my eyes deceive me?"



"She has loosed her foretopsail," said the youth, rubbing his eyes, "and, by George, there goes the spanker! Yes, she's under weigh, sure enough."

"Didn't the Captain Don Stephano tell Captain Mason, on board the schooner, not an hour ago, that he did not intend to sail for several days?"

"Yes he did, sir. He said so to both Captain Mason and Don Thomas. I was close by at the time. I was thinking that if they were both to sail at the same time, there might be an awkward collision when they reached a league outside the neutral port."

"Had we not better report to Captain Mason?"

"Not yet," I replied. "Let us first see what they mean to do. Perhaps the Chilian will courteously forget that the war is in existence. Don Stephano may have some friendly purpose. Perhaps he has some message to convey, or some present to offer to the bide, which he has forgotten?"

The vessels, in the course of a quarter of an hour longer, were in close proximity, and all doubts, hopes or fears, with respect to the intentions of Don Stephano were speedily set at rest. A flash, a cloud of smoke and the boom of a gun—shot, by the peculiar ring of the report—from the side of the Chilian, showed too plainly that Don Stephano was in earnest, and that it was his treacherous purpose to capture the Peruvian.

"Rouse up the captain, Talbot; and the first lieutenant," said I. "The infernal scoundrel!"

I had hardly uttered the words, ere a gun was fired from the Peruvian. Then came two together from the broadside of the Chilian, responded to by the like number from Don Thomas's vessel.

The conflict was brief, for though both vessels carried the like number of guns—six—those of the Chilian were of double the calibre of her opponent's.

Before the captain or the lieutenant gained the deck, the vessels had closed, and that the Peruvian had been boarded by Don Stephano's crew was made apparent by the clash of steel, and the savage shouts of the sailors of both vessels, distinctly heard, though they were at least three miles off, in the calm, still air of the morning.

The unexpected sound of cannon had awakened the greater portion of the officers and crew of the frigate, and in a few minutes the decks were swarming with men. There needed no explanation, the day had dawned, and every one could discern the cause of the disturbance. Officers and men alike, were bitter in their denunciations of the cruel treachery of the Chilian commander.

"Would to heaven," exclaimed Captain Mason, "that we could interfere. I'd teach the black-visaged rascal a lesson of gallantry. But the fellow has the laws of war on his side. Both vessels are beyond the neutral waters, and we are bound to maintain neutrality ourselves."

"Could we not give chase and show the rascal, Don Stephano, a taste of our metal, sir?" asked the first lieutenant, in an excited voice.

"I have as good a heart to do so, Mr. Davis," responded the captain, "as ever man had, if I dared, but it would be an act of piracy on our part. It would be as much as my life is worth."

In less than half an hour the clashing of steel, and the ringing of musketry and pistol shots ceased, and it was sufficiently evident that the Peruvian was the Chilian's prize.

"Poor Don Thomas!" exclaimed some.

"Poor Dona Paula!" responded others. "This is a sad ending to the pretty creature's bridal night."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain, "I can't openly interfere. But I'll follow them. I'll follow them to Chili. Don Stephano will, doubtless, make for Valparaiso with his prize. These bastard South American Spaniards are blood-thirsty as demons. They repudiate the laws of war, and give no quarter to their prisoners. I shouldn't at all wonder if it fares hardly with Don Thomas, and then what will become of poor Dona Paula? The presence of an English frigate in the port may serve some good purpose, the remonstrances of a British officer may have some good effect if the Chilian government threaten the poor lad's life. If, indeed, he be still living, for I greatly mistake Don Thomas if he surrendered his ship while he was able to keep the deck. Mr. Davis, we'll get under weigh forthwith. Master, look to your duties; boatswain, pipe all hands to unmoor ship and make sail."

The shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle resounded throughout the ship, but the summons was needless. All hands were already on deck, and never was ship got under weigh more speedily or with better will than was the Blonde frigate that bright July morning.

A smart breeze had, however, sprung up with the appearance of the sun above the horizon. The schooners drew a light draught of water and had several miles the start of us. The wind was not strong enough to test the sailing qualities of the heavy frigate, and before noon both vessels were hull down, and in the course of the afternoon were clear out of sight.

Nevertheless, we pursued our course for Chili, hoping with all our hearts that before the Chilian reached port with her prize, some Peruvian man-of-war might intercept her and force Don Stephano to disgorge his ill-gotten prey.

We saw nothing of the vessels until we arrived off Valparaiso, when, as we sailed into the harbor, we perceived them both at anchor in the bay; the Chilian with all her colors jauntily flying, the Peruvian a short distance from her, dismantled, and with the Chilian flag hoisted over the Peruvian ensign, flying at her main-gaff end.

It was just day-dawn, four o'clock, A. M., when we dropped anchor in the port. At this moment a volley of musketry was fired, apparently in the courtyard of the castle. The sound of musketry was unusual at that early hour, and betokened a military execution. I don't know how it was, but the quick, sharp rattle sounded ominously, not only in my ears, but in the ears of all on board the frigate. The captain hailed an English merchantman at anchor near us.

"What means that firing from the castle-yard? Do you know?"

"Don Thomas de Zuma, a Peruvian naval officer, whose vessel lies there dismantled, was left by order of a court-martial, to be shot at four o'clock this morning," was the response. "His vessel was captured off Tehuantepec, by the Chilian national schooner Andes, Don Stephano de Ponto commander, and was only brought into port the day before yesterday."

"Quick work, and a bloody and treacherous deed," muttered Captain Mason, between his clenched teeth. "Lower my gig. I'll go on shore and learn what I can of poor Dona Paula. Poor, poor Don Thomas!"

The rest of my story is soon told. The captain almost forced his way into the castle-yard, where the band was playing a lively martial air, and the soldiers were removing the bleeding corpse of the unfortunate young Peruvian officer, and on a rude bench, attended by two weeping females, lay the unconscious form of the beautiful widowed bride, Dona Paula.

With considerable difficulty, and not without using threats, whether rightfully or wrongfully, I leave to the reader's opinion, Captain Mason obtained permission to convey the young widow on board the frigate, in order to convey her home to her family, as the Blonde was homeward bound.

The Chilian government wished to detain her in Valparaiso.

A few days after, we sailed. Dona Paula remained for a long time inconsolable, but she was young and full of health, and she gradually recovered her spirits, though she still deeply lamented the untimely fate of her husband. Lieutenant Marlow was especially attentive to her, and from her we learnt the following account of the capture. It appeared that Don Stephano, on reaching hailing distance of the Peruvian schooner, had called upon Don Thomas to surrender to the Chilian flag, and on receiving a refusal, had immediately fired into the schooner. As soon as possible, the shot was returned, but Don Thomas, far from anticipating treachery on the part of Don Stephano, with whom but an hour before he had been on terms of apparent amity, was in the cabin with his bride. He was severely wounded by the second discharge from the Chilian, and obliged to be carried below.

Don Stephano closed and boarded the Peruvian, and the crew of the latter vessel, taken by surprise, and their commander wounded, made a brave but useless resistance. They were soon overpowered, and those of the crew who were unhurt were placed in irons. A prize crew was then sent on board the captured vessel, and the wounded Don Thomas and his bride were removed to the Chilian schooner.

Immediately on the arrival of the vessel at Valparaiso, a court-martial was held, and contrary to all the usages of civilized warfare, Don

Thomas, still unable to stand in consequence of his wounds, was sentenced to immediate execution, for conspiring against the liberties of Chili!

The unhappy widow was landed at Cadiz, whence she soon found her way to her friends, and the Blonde pursued her homeward course. When we arrived at Spithead, the frigate was paid off and laid up in ordinary, and the officers and crew set at liberty.

Lieutenant Marlow, who was a fine, handsome young fellow, of wealthy family, and connected with one of the noblest families of the realm, shortly after set forth on a continental tour, in the course of which he travelled into Spain. Six months after his departure, I read the following paragraph in a copy of the London Times:

"Madrid, October the 17th. Lieutenant Henry Marlow, late of her majesty's frigate Blonde, yesterday led to the altar of the Cathedral of Saint Augustin, in this capital, Dona Paula de Zuma, nee De Montesa, widow of the late gallant and noble Don Thomas de Zuma, of the Peruvian navy. The dona is reputed to be one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of Andalusia, of which province she is a native. Although a widow, she is but seventeen years of age. The happy pair intend to proceed to Paris, where the marriage ceremony will be repeated in one of the Protestant churches of that city. The family of Dona Paula is noble, her father being a count and a grandee of Spain; we need scarcely remind our readers that Lieutenant Marlow, who is, we understand, in his twenty-third year, is a first cousin of the Earl of Albemarle. He is said to possess an independent fortune in his own right. We wish the bride and bridegroom every happiness."

#### THE LATE MR. BRUNEL.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes as follows of some well-known characteristics of this distinguished engineer: "The death of Isambard Brunel has excited much sympathy. The verdict on him might be, 'killed by the Great Eastern'—but less by the anxiety consequent upon the completion and starting of the big ship, than by the mortification and disappointment at the cost and bungling of her launching. With that daring independence, or rather defiance of settled opinion, which distinguished Brunel, he had made arrangements for the moving of the Leviathan to the water which were in contradiction with many doctrines hitherto accepted as axioms in ship-launching. Mr. Scott Russell made an offer to the company to contract for the launching for an expense of £15,000. Mr. Brunel pooh-hoed the figure as needlessly costly. His own arrangements cost the company close on \$100,000. Yet he never swerved, after once determining his course. Audacity was one leading feature of Brunel's engineering character. I heard an anecdote which illustrates this strikingly. Brunel had views in contradiction to those of his brethren, as to the employment of a peculiar kind of Roman cement in railway bridge building. Other engineers objected to its use, as it hardened too fast to allow the work to settle properly. Not so Brunel. Trusting to his own view, he used this mortar in one of the first large bridges constructed by them for the Great Western line. It fell soon after its erection. Brunel entered the room where the directors were assembled, in discomfited conclave, to discuss the accident. 'I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the fall of — bridge,' was Brunel's entry on the subject. 'Congratulate us! on an accident involving disaster and the loss of — pounds?' was the angry and amazed rejoinder. 'Certainly,' said Brunel, coolly. 'I was just about to put up two hundred bridges on the same principle.'"

#### THE AURORA BOREALIS: WHAT IS IT?

In "A Research into the Laws of Force," by Samuel Elliott Cones, the following passage occurs: "The aurora of the northern regions appears to be an arch in the circuit of the 'magnetic force,' spanning a portion of the earth, as if conducting the flow from where it abounds to where it is needed without passing through the intermediate parts. The shooting cylinders of rays have been compared to the flame which arises in the closed circuit of the voltaic pile between two points of carbon. Is it not a flame stretching between the surcharged and under-charged parts of the earth or atmosphere? That it is a passage of what is called the galvanic fluid we know; for it disturbs the magnetic needle, which often points to the corona of the arch. It indicates a disturbed electric condition; and, while the lightning in the electrical storm shows a sudden transfer of force, the aurora represents a more gradual adjustment of the equilibrium; in the one a disruptive, in the other a conductive discharge. It does not occur in the night time only, but its path may often be traced by day in a circle of half illuminated clouds. It is usually accompanied by a high barometric condition of atmosphere, and great tension of vapor; by all the phases of motion which indicate the presence of more than the usual force. For this reason we consider it a distribution of the magnetism of the polar regions passing over an already well supplied region. With us the aurora most frequently appears after an easterly wind has subsided, and a clear wind from the northwest has begun to diffuse the spare force of the more northerly regions."

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN HEROES.

Wonderful men, no doubt, were the heroes of ancient Greece, and Macedon, and Rome. Tremendous fellows, too, beyond all question, were the knights of the feudal ages, with the big *espaldrons* or two-handed swords, their maces, spears, curial axes, and other devices for cracking and piercing each other's shells of iron. But that Greeks, Macedonians, Romans, Normans, or any other manner of men of which history or tradition, prose or poetry, has made mention, had more pluck and pith than the civilized sons of Adam at the present day, we utterly deny. All the soldiers of antiquity wore protective armor; the *homies* of whom the classic historians and bards have so much to say, having been almost cased in metal. It was the same with the champions of the age of chivalry. They trusted as much to the invulnerability of their "mail of proof" as to their weapons of offence. Even the *canaille* of the soldiery, in the middle ages, wore jerkins of buff that would resist the edge of an ordinary blade, and head-pieces of steel. Now, as specimens of courage, what were the exploits of men thus protected compared with the charges of modern troops? With unprotected breasts they dash forward to the encounter of the bayonet. They rush with unloaded pieces, on full, upon batteries which they know must kill two-thirds of the assailing force before it can strike a blow. They march coolly between lines of houses from every window of which the foe is raining death. Against instruments of slaughter compared with which those of the ancient world were toys, they hurl themselves with shouts of exultation. Nothing appals them. Even when forced back by superior numbers, they retreat in order. It is impossible to say what the legions of Caesar, or the crusaders under Richard the Lion-Hearted, might have done under similar circumstances. They were never subjected to the imminent perils of modern warfare. Modern wars, horribly destructive as they are, afford this consolation to modern pride: they show that the *grit* of the race—or at least of the best part of it—has not degenerated, and that, whatever classical pedants may think or say, the educated and civilized man of to day is at least the peer, in constitutional courage and physical energy, of the man of any preceding age.—*Reynold's Miscellany.*

#### FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHILDREN.

In France the child is brought up, develops itself, grows and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks, she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs, she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears or smiles, joys or griefs—all are shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world lives under the eyes of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, foreseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes. In England there is nothing parallel. There you will not find the tender intimacy, and foresight of our domestic hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born it is confided to strange hands—a Frenchwoman or German takes care of it, and teaches it her own language. Later, it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repast finished, the noisy recreation follows, animated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess.—*M. Loise's France and England considered.*

There is no society, however free and democratic, where wealth will not create an aristocracy.

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR. WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."  
Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.  
Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.  
Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!  
If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.  
In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.  
It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.  
Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.  
Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.  
Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!  
Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.  
Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.





THE ALPS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

## THE ALPS AND CASHMERE.

Of the two companion pictures, on this and the next page, the first represents, in a spirited manner, the dwelling places and occupations of the free and hardy Switzers. We behold the interior

of a chalet, with the dairy operations going on, its exterior, with the hunter and the dead chamois, the victim of his unerring aim; above, the herds and flocks that make the wealth of the simple inhabitants, a Swiss cottage, and tower-

ing over all, the Alps with their eternal crown of snow. The other picture introduces us to India, and shows us, in one compartment, a pair of the famous Cashmere goats, and in the other the Hindoo weavers, whom these animals supply

with the material for their valuable fabrics. There is nothing simpler than the abode of the manufacturer of these magnificent productions. He rents a small plot of ground, puts four sticks into it, fastens them with cross-beams,





CASHMERE AND ITS PRODUCTS.

constructs walls of wicker-work, and the roof with palm leaves; he then installs himself in his hut with his family and tools, the latter of which are few and of the simplest description. The Hindoo knows nothing of the mechanical contriv-

ances to aid him in his work. He first winds his thread on a distaff, erects an oblong frame, and then commences his work with a large wooden needle, very much in the same manner as the workmen in the famous French manufactory of

the Gobelins, so well known to all continental travellers. The Hindoo weaver requires eighteen months to make a long shawl, and eight months to weave a square one. To accelerate the work, not unfrequently several men, often five, work at

the same shawl. The different parts of it are afterwards sewn together with great skill. An artisan can earn at the utmost four anas, or about four cents a day. This, however, is enough to support life in a country where rice is cheap.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FAN OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Certainly some individuals have reason to believe in "lucky days." Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April. Some of his greatest victories were won on the same day of the same month, and his death also took place on the 6th of April. It was also remarked as propitious by his father, Philip, who achieved great successes on the same day.

R. B.—Many coincidences met with in history are curious. For instance, On two occasions, when Jerusalem has been besieged and taken, the names of the principal persons have been the same, the two Popes Urban, two Roman Emperors Frederick, and two Patriarchs Isaac.

M. C.—On the authority of the Quarterly Review, we may answer the question in the affirmative, that rats are eaten by the French, and that at the siege of Malta they fetched the very high price of a dollar each. The same great authority states that the prejudice of the English against eating them is quite unfounded on any reason, as these animals feed, whenever they can get it, chiefly on grain and are, therefore, preferable to many things which are in daily use.

TRIO.—"A" becomes "an" before a vowel, or a vowel sound.

R. R.—One of the prettiest climbing plants to train round a window, or for other ornamental purposes, is the cobaea. It bears a beautiful large purple flower, and has a very pretty foliage. It was until lately classed with the Bignonias. We have one now growing in our house, having removed it from the garden, as it is not hardy. It is trained round a window. The flowers are large and bell-shaped, and when first opened are of a greenish white; in a day or two, they change to a rich purple.

Mrs. G. F. Rockport.—Oral instruction alone can impart a true pronunciation of the French. Pronouncing dictionaries are useful for reference in doubtful cases, after you have learned to speak the language.

THEATRE.—"Inez the Poisoner" is the joint production of F. S. Hill and his late father. It is one of the most affecting plays of the modern drama.

M. C., Baltimore, Md.—The debt of India is very large. A return to the House of Lords shows that the grand total amount of the sums borrowed in India since May, 1857, down to June last, is 108,630,563 rupees, or £10,869,056. Another return shows that in 1855 the debt in India amounted to £60,704,084, and the interest payable to £2,686,275. The amount of home bond debt outstanding in 1857-8 was £8,394,400, and the interest payable £165,776.

## THE ZEAL FOR IMPROVEMENT.

There is nothing more strikingly characteristic of the age we live in than the zeal for improvement which marks all classes, and illustrates how wide and general is the spread of intelligence. In former centuries, every discovery and innovation was viewed either with suspicion, scorn or hate, and these prejudices were as rife among the cultivated classes as among the unlettered and ignorant. The Church frowned upon science, and branded with the name of magic every uncomprehended effort of the mind. Copernicus and Galileo saw the dungeons of the Inquisition yawning between them and the exposition of their theories. Jenner encountered a storm of ridicule and hate when he attempted to introduce vaccination, learned physicians leading the van of the assault. When Ambrose Paré proposed to tie up the arteries in cases of amputation, as a substitute for the existing practices of removing limbs with red-hot knives, cauterizing the raw stumps with heated irons, or plunging them into boiling pitch, he was assailed by such a storm of opposition as nearly crushed him.

Intelligent readers need not be reminded that Faust came near meeting death in Paris as a professor of the Black Art, though he printed the Bible by his new process. It was necessary to enlist the services of a strong police force to prevent the mob from destroying the first steam printing press set up in London, so lately as 1814. The introduction of steam navigation in England raised a storm, and a yet greater tempest was evoked by the railroads. "Treatises," we are told, "were written to demonstrate the danger of travelling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and it was advised that Parliament should restrict the speed at that rate; while some philosophers argued that at a speed of forty miles an hour there would be great difficulty in breathing. The Quarterly Review of 1824, alluding to a proposed railway, said: 'But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We will back old father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum.'" Dr. Lardner argued the impossibility of navigating the Atlantic by steam not a great while before he came to this country in a steamer.

Thus, up to quite a recent date, the good genius of invention had to fight a battle with the evil genius of prejudice. But the marvels that mind in the manipulation of matter has achieved

—ocean steam navigation, the electric telegraph with its control of viewless forces, and its annihilation of time, etherization in its annihilation of pain, the daguerreotype, the photograph, all these successive triumphs have swept away the race of doubters. We are all now believers and workers; and the best proof of this is, that we embark our money readily in the most gigantic enterprises. Projects to make a pathway for thought beneath the waves of the Atlantic, to sever continents by a canal, to build a ship second in size only to Noah's Ark, and their ready millions pouring into the hands of the directors. Nothing surprises, nothing daunts us; we have the fullest faith in the genius of the 19th century, and in its capabilities of indefinite improvements.

## THE FRENCH PRESS.

The hopes of those who confidently believed that Louis Napoleon was about to restore the freedom of the press in France have been woefully disappointed. He certainly suffered such a purpose to be inferred, but when the fulfilment of the hope was looked for, he was true to the Napoleonic tradition. Napoleon I. feared a free press more than an "army with banners," and Napoleon III. evidently fears that if he relaxes his repressive measures, another Armand Carrel may rise and prove too strong for his throne. He remembers the part played by the French press in former revolutions, and he dreads to re-awaken its thunder-tones. If his purposes were lofty and his plans patriotic, he would court the freest expression of opinion. But he is neither high-minded nor great enough to champion liberty in France.

Still, standing in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, he must needs speciously plead for his attitude before the world. He tells us through his organ, the *Moniteur*, that the French press is free; the government places no restriction on the utterance of opinion. This is but part of the truth. The press is free to publish what it pleases; but if, what pleases itself does not please the emperor, the offending journal receives a "warning," and if that warning is not heeded, it is simply annihilated, the proprietors are ruined, the editor is without employment, and the compositors and pressmen are turned adrift upon the town. Louis Napoleon knows that the "liberty of the press and the liberty of the people must stand or fall together," and he has decreed that they must fall. But only for a season. The mind of France is a mighty force, and cannot be so controlled. Such force, so compressed and so irritated, becomes a terribly explosive element. A few drops of water compressed and exposed to the action of fire, acquires strength enough to rend the firmest structure to its base. Is the ruler of France ignorant that the laws of mind and the laws of matter are in many respects identical?

PLAGIARISM.—A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon his originality, was startled one day by a friend coolly telling him that every word of his favorite discourse was stolen from a book he had at home. The astonished writer begged for a sight of this volume. He was, however, released from his misery by the other smilingly announcing the work in question to be *Worcester's Dictionary*, "where," continued his tormentor, "I undertake to find every word of your discourse."

CRIBBING.—"Mien-Yaun," the Chinese story, which first appeared in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is reprinted as the opening original article in the September number of a London magazine. The story was by no means a "mean yarn," and it was very "mean fun" to hook it.

AFFECTATION.—There are many who affect a want of education, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who think them capable of revenge.

MORTUARY TABLETS.—Black marble tablets are preparing for the Historical Museum of Versailles, whereon will be inscribed in golden letters the names of all the French officers that perished in Italy.

BALTIMORE.—There are strong hopes now that the good people of the monumental city will obtain the control of their affairs, in spite of the rowdies.

## AN AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

In the memoirs of Robert Houdin, the famous French conjurer, just published in Paris, a book well deserving a good translation, we find a very interesting account of Kempelen's celebrated automaton chess-player. It seems that in 1796 a revolt broke out in a regiment stationed at Riga, which was instigated by an officer named Worousky—a man of talent and energy. He was of short stature, but well built. In the rout he had both thighs shattered by a cannon ball, besides receiving other material damage. A Russian physician named Osloff secreted him in his house, and amputated his limbs; Worousky was saved at the expense of about one-half of his body. The man was a wonderful chess player, and Osloff became interested, being a good player himself, in endeavoring to defeat him. Kempelen, who was a celebrated Viennese mechanic, paid a visit to Osloff. He and Osloff combined were defeated by Worousky. Kempelen then conceived the idea of the famous automaton chess-player. This was invented and finished within the period of three months from its conception. Osloff played the first game with it on the 10th of October, 1797. He was beaten, saying, "if I were not certain Worousky is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. Besides," said Osloff, "can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand just like Worousky?" Worousky then spoke to his friend from the interior of the automaton. It will be remembered that the automaton always used the left hand, a defect always attributed to the carelessness of the constructor, when, in fact, Worousky had but the left hand to use.

## VESTALI.

Contrary to prediction, Vestali, the sassy, dashing Italian singer, has been wonderfully successful in Paris. Nothing is talked of but her Romeo, and the splendid aluminium armor she wears. But the chronicle does not halt here. Alas, for poetry and romance! Vestali has passed from plumpitude to corpulence, yea, even ponderosity. Only think of a fat lover for the gentle Juliet! A Falstaffian inamorato climbing by a silken ladder to the "high top-gallant of his hope." Juliet tells us that if her love should die, she'd cut him up in little stars. Vestali would make several jolly constellations. Opera-singers have a most unfortunate facility for taking on flesh, and when one of them is verging towards forty, she is always in a fair way to look like a Japanese wrestler. It is one of the misfortunes of the profession.

A LOT OF LOVERS.—There is a young lady residing in Cincinnati who has no less than seventeen lovers. For some time past they have been quarrelling among themselves as to who had the best claims to her affection. The other evening they chanced to meet, and, after talking the matter over, agreed to submit the case to Squire John McFall. The squire settled the matter, outside of his legal capacity, by giving the young lady into the hands of one of the party, who, by the by, was fortunate enough to possess her daguerreotype. All hands were satisfied.

CHELSEA BRIDGE.—The city authorities of Chelsea give notice that a petition will be sent to the legislature in 1860, setting forth that the public convenience requires that the Chelsea bridge, between the cities of Charlestown and Chelsea, should be made free, and they therefore pray that such laws may be passed as will secure the removal of tolls from said bridge.

SPAIN AND ROME.—The Florence correspondent of the London Times says a treaty was signed in August between the papal government and the Queen of Spain, by which the latter engages to occupy the Roman States with her troops when the French forces are withdrawn.

THE MODERN HELEN.—"The handsomest woman on the stage" is said to be Miss Cruvelli, one of Strakosch's opera troupe. She is a masculine contralto, like Vestali.

THE REASON.—The N. Y. Saturday Press says why Australian Kelly, the pugilist, was defeated, was because they set a Price upon his head.

AN OLD PAPER.—The New Hampshire Gazette lately commenced its one hundred and fourth year!

## ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES.

The exhibition of her famous "Horse Fair," "Muleteers," and "Highland Cattle," some portraits of horses, and several photographs and engravings, have made us pretty familiar with the powers of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. We recognize in her productions a conscientious study of nature, a masterly accuracy of drawing, rich color, bold handling, a vigor and frankness that disdain finesse and pettiness. These are high merits, and Mlle. Bonheur deservedly enjoys high estimation. She stands foremost in her class of artists, but that class is not a high one. However pleasing and gratifying as transcripts of nature, her pictures do not reach high art. There is no sentiment, no suggestiveness in them. They are simply portraits of cattle, destitute of refining associations; so much beef, so much mutton or wool, if you please, so many francs' worth of horseflesh. The frame of the canvass bounds the subject. We must be satisfied with what lies within it and before us. We must still go to Landseer for the poetry of animal painting. The life of Landseer's animals is associated with the higher life of man. They suggest refining and elevating thoughts. His accessories are links of a golden chain that unites us to a world beyond. His groups are almost always symbolical; Rosa Bonheur's never. She lacks both fancy and imagination; these are gifts of the English artist which impart a magic to his pencil. One of his least ambitious pictures represents a shepherd's dog watching, with the fidelity that survives death, the coffin that contains the remains of his beloved master, in a lonely Highland hut. This is more than a picture; it is a poem. It is full of emotional interest. It awakens thought and fancy, and calls up a crowd of images and ideas. Study, too, his celebrated companion-pictures, "War" and "Peace." How grandly suggestive they are! In both of them the animals are admirably drawn, and this is no small merit, but association with the most momentous events of the life of man lifts the paintings in which they figure into the sphere of high art. For all this, Rosa Bonheur is a charming artist. There are many panels and niches in the temple of Art, and her productions worthily fill their appropriate place. When we consider her sex and her age, their achievement appears truly wonderful; while intrinsically, they are meritorious and valuable.

OLD FOLKS.—One of the enumerators of the school census in Cincinnati, in his perambulations in search of the school children, entered a domicile, where he found a lady, who said that she was one hundred and twelve years old, and, on making inquiry of her whether she had any children about the house, she replied that she "had but one boy, at work in the other room, and he was eighty-one years of age!"

VALUABLE WORKS OF ART LOST.—The ship Josiah Quincy, lost on its voyage from Leghorn to Boston, had on board a very valuable collection of works of art, belonging to our citizens who have recently visited Italy. The paintings, bronzes, books, photographs, bas reliefs, ancient arms and armor, and statuary that sunk in her, cost many thousands of dollars.

OIL SPRING.—The oil spring lately discovered at Titusville, Pa., is described by the correspondent of the New York Tribune as yielding 500 gallons of crude oil a day. The supply does not seem to be affected by the quantity that is taken out.

A FAT OFFICE.—They say that the Superintendent of Publication, in Louisiana, receives a salary of three thousand dollars, for which he is required to sign his name four times, thus getting seven hundred and fifty dollars for each time he writes his name.

FRENCH RAILROADS.—During the present Napoleon's reign the French have constructed railways to the extent of more than 7000 kilometres, or about 4500 miles, and they have spent three milliard francs, or £120,000,000 upon the task.

CONCORD GRAPE.—The Concord grape has maintained its superiority the present season in ripening its fruit where other varieties have almost wholly failed.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CROPS.—The hay crop in New Hampshire has been very abundant, but the corn and potatoes are below the average.



## DANIEL WEBSTER.

We well remember, says the Traveller, an anecdote of Daniel Webster, related to us by a lady who passed away in the bloom of life, which disproves a very common supposition that the manner of Mr. Webster was cold and repulsive. When a child of eleven years of age, she was travelling in a stage to Concord, N. H. This was before the railroad extended to that place, and when it was a tedious day's journey from Boston. Among the passengers was Daniel Webster, who was on his way to Concord to deliver an oration. The young girl knew not of his fame as an orator, which had then reached its meridian height. There was nothing about him to inspire awe, and she was soon on the best terms with the great statesman. He chatted with her, told her stories, joked with her, got out at the wayside taverns to procure for her water, and when she was tired, nestled her to sleep in his arms. Occasionally he would seem abstracted. His lips moved, and he was probably conning over his oration for the morrow. But a word from his young companion, who was to him but a waif on the sea of travel, would again light up his countenance with a smile. Thus they journeyed upon the best of terms, until they reached Concord, when the guns spoke a welcome, and the stage was quickly surrounded by a crowd eager to catch a glimpse of the opponent of Hayne, and the statesman whose praise was upon every tongue. The young girl shrunk back, frightened, and timidly inquired of Mr. Webster what the noise was about. "It is to welcome you to Concord," replied Mr. Webster, gaily, as he lifted her from the stage and bore her to the steps of the hotel. He then turned to respond to the cheers and congratulations of his friends.

The young girl never saw Mr. Webster again. But she cherished the memory of his features with pleasure. She remembered his dark, cavernous eyes, his massive brow, and his dark features, but they were remembered as possessing a geniality and brightness that were never produced in any picture or bust which she afterwards saw. It is perhaps noticeable, as a coincidence, that while the bells were tolling in Boston for the funeral ceremonies of Mr. Webster, and the procession of sorrowing thousands was passing through the streets, the spirit of this young girl, then a wife and a mother, took its departure, to renew, perhaps, in a bright world the acquaintance of a day which had been to her so pleasant.

**LITIGATION.**—A singular suit is being tried in Port au Prince. A man named Archer had sold to one Jean Simon, an official of the emperor, \$10,000 worth of goods, for payment of which he brought action in 1857. The justice of the claim was acknowledged by the courts, but the whole affair was declared null, because the prosecutor had neglected in the necessary documents to add to the name of the defendant the title, "Baron, attached to the State of his majesty the emperor." The plaintiff now renews his suit, hoping to be more successful under republican than he was under imperial justice.

**BOSTON STREETS.**—The Hartford Times says: "That witty counsellor, guide, philosopher and friend C. C. esq., was in Boston lately, when he inquired of a good-looking man the direction to such a place. Good-looking man says—'you keep straight up that street, and'—C. C., 'Did you say straight?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it can't be did.' And it can't in any street in Boston." The New Haven Palladium adds its mite, as follows: "The 'good-looking man' had been reading Hood's lines

'Straight down the crooked lane,  
And all round the square.'

**AUTUMN LEAVES.**—The fallen leaves of our trees, gorgeous with their prismatic colors, are now eagerly sought after in England, where they are woven into wreaths and worn by aristocratic beauties.

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—The New York Saturday Press likens the Garibaldi, as represented on the boards of the New Bowery Theatre, to the captain of a target company.

**THE CHOLERA.**—Only think of this fell disease decimating the buffaloes on the western prairies.

**AERIAL NAVIGATION.**—Ballooning seems to be going down—balloons do certainly.

## AN INTERESTING STORY.

Colonel Samuel Swett lately presented to the New England Historic Genealogical Society a manuscript poem on the death of the only son of Governor John Hancock, at the age of ten years. Gov. Hancock had one daughter who died in early infancy, and he was thus left childless like many other of the revolutionary patriots and heroes. The circumstance of the death of Gov. Hancock's son, said Colonel Swett, was peculiar and interesting. In the Arabian Nights we have an account of a king's son, whose fate, it was foretold, would be to be killed by a lion. His anxious parents accordingly took every precaution to keep him aloof from a meted fatality. He was not allowed to hunt, and was much confined in a palace, where, for his amusement, many animals of the forest were painted on the walls, and among them his dreaded foe, the lion. Provoked at his confinement, the restrained youth struck a violent blow at the hateful lion, and a concealed nail under the picture inflicted a fatal wound, and verified the dreadful prophecy. Similar was the fate of Hancock's only son. His parents, to avoid the dangers of skating, sent him to practise it under the especial care of an old retired domestic of the governor at Brintree—Henry Smith. The poor youth, while engaged in this amusement, under all these precautions, fell upon the ice and was mortally wounded in the head. These circumstances are described in the striking illustrated manuscript obituary notice of him by a schoolmate of his at the time of his death—the late Samuel Adams Dorr of Roxbury. This manuscript has been preserved in a remarkably unimpaired state, said Colonel Swett, and was lately presented to me by the family of Mr. Dorr, and I have the pleasure of presenting it now to this society, in the hope that the same devoted care will be extended to it by them.

**ABOUT BEARS.**—At Manitowish, Wisconsin, one night recently, the residence of a Mr. Greenman, near that place, was visited by a huge bear, which deliberately placed his fore paws on the window sill of Mr. G.'s bedroom, awakening him from his slumbers. Supposing the animal to be a cow, Mr. G. went to his door to drive it away, when he again met bruin, ready to come in, and having no other weapon than a jack-plane, he threw it at him. The bear apparently decamped, but the loss of three fine shoots in the morning assured Mr. G. that his pig-pen had also been examined by his visitor.

**CHARLES MATTHEWS.**—Mr. Charles Matthews is sharply criticised in the London Daily News: "We find him now scarcely recognizable as his former self, and falling short in every single point in which he was formerly so great. He has lost his vivacity, his fire, and actually his marvellously quick perception and reproduction of the ludicrous has apparently failed him."

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

**PLEASANT COMMUNICATION.**—A young Hebrew gentleman of New York, writes to a father of that city, that if he does not bestow his daughter's hand on the letter-writer, he will murder him before the holidays are over. "Your daughter or your life," is a new way of popping the question.

**A PRINTER'S EXCUSE.**—A correspondent entered an office, and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

**AN ODOMETER.**—A new invention is spoken of for measuring distances, which promises to be very useful. It is attached to a buggy or carriage wheel, and so arranged as to strike at every mile.

**CHARLES KINGSLEY.**—This celebrated writer is said to be engaged in the composition of a new novel on a historical subject of much interest.

**QUERY BY A LANDSMAN.**—Does a ship wear whalebone in her stays, and does she ever suffer from tight lacing?

## Wayside Gatherings.

There are six thousand dentists in the United States.

In the Cincinnati jail there are now fourteen prisoners charged with murder in the first degree.

In fifty-one counties of Indiana, according to the assessors' returns, there are 1,245,990 hogs.

New Orleans, for the first time for forty years, has this season been free from epidemic of any sort.

Lead is being shipped from Kansas City to St. Louis in considerable quantities. It is hauled over one hundred miles.

W. W. Walker, Jr., the editor of the Columbia, S. C., Courant, has received a legacy of \$525,000 from an English relative.

T. Buchanan Read is engaged in painting a subject taken from Cooper's novel of the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish."

Upper Canada has not for several years had so bounteous a harvest as has lately been gathered.

The word London is of Slavonic origin, and signifies a town upon water. *Lon* is the Slavonic for water, and *Don*, city.

The claim of Philip Arnold, of Yuba county, California, is the richest one in existence. It yields sometimes \$1000 a day.

The clergy of Springfield, Ohio, have united in publishing a remonstrance against the holding of lotteries at church and charitable fairs.

The Montreal Transcript says that, although the Victoria Bridge will doubtless be completed by the end of November, the grand inauguration will not take place until next year.

The journeyman bricklayers of New York have raised about \$800 for the aid of their fellow craftsmen of London, who have been on a strike for five months.

Mr. C. E. Norton is to collect and arrange his papers on the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, which have found favor with the scholarly readers of the "Atlantic Monthly."

The Philadelphia Press says: "One of the great secrets of the commercial success of New York is unquestionably the pains studiously taken there to present attractions to strangers."

A physician named John Gorrie, of Apalachicola, Florida, has invented an apparatus for freezing by steam! The next step will be to warm ourselves with a snow-bank.

The old Cushman house in Barnardston, Mass., built in 1785, which has been the residence of five generations of Cushmans, was destroyed by fire recently.

An eagle was set upon and beaten off by three crows, on the shore of Seneca Lake, a few days ago, so that his kingship got away to the clouds as rapidly as possible. It is supposed that the crows were defending their nests.

Powell, whose picture of the "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," is in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, has been commissioned by the State of Ohio to paint "The Battle of Lake Erie," for the Capitol of that State.

The city of Wilmington, Del., is so well satisfied with the recent experiments with the water gas at that place, that preparations are now being made, says the Wilmington Journal, to dispense with coal gas and use the water gas exclusively.

Five years since, a farmer in Illinois, notwithstanding all his neighbors insisted he was playing the fool, set out on his farm one thousand peach trees, and this season he was offered ten thousand dollars for the crop, which he afterwards sold in the lot for fourteen thousand dollars.

P. T. Barnum, Esq., intends to improve East Bridgeport by setting out a large number of shade trees along the highway. This is a good idea—and one which every land holder ought to act upon. It not only looks well, but it adds much to the value of the property. Mr. Barnum has advertised for one thousand trees to enable him to carry out his plans.

The village of South Braintree, Mass., is rapidly increasing in wealth and numbers, and at present exhibits much thrift and enterprise. Several fine buildings are now going up, which will add much to the appearance of the place. The entire village has been built up within eight years, and its future bids fair to be as prosperous as the past.

In Hadley, Mass., the tobacco crop which has just been harvested is valued at about \$40,000, about double the value of 25,000 bushels of corn, the crop that has been ordinarily raised in that town for the last twenty years. The latter crop would require about seven hundred acres for its cultivation, while the tobacco has been raised on about two hundred acres.

The new oyster placer off Norfolk has yielded 250,000 bushels of oysters the day. This is better than Pike's Peak. It is estimated that the "placer" cannot be exhausted in five years. The origin of the bed is supposed to be the wreck of a Connecticut schooner with a deck load of thirty bushels of "seedling oysters" on the spot eighteen years ago.

A Western paper says, we have received a box of very superior Isabella and Catawba grapes, from the vineyard of Mr. Werk, in Green township, near Cincinnati. The vineyard from which they were picked comprises 65 acres, the produce of which this season is estimated in wine at fifteen thousand gallons, worth \$60,000. Mr. Werk has the reputation of making a very pure article of wine.

## Sands of Gold.

.... One loses all the time which he can employ better.—Rousseau.

.... Happiness is like a diamond, and pleasure like a drop of water.—De Boufflers.

.... Treason is like diamonds—there's nothing to be made by the small trader.—Jerrold.

.... There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little.—Bacon.

.... Perhaps I should have the right to hate my fellows, but I hate hatred.—De Boufflers.

.... The character that needs law to mend it, is hardly worth the tinkering.—Jerrold.

.... Genius is nothing more than the faculty of laboring to advantage.—Parsons.

.... Diffidence is a tardiness in nature, which often leaves the history unspeakable that it intends to do.—Shakespeare.

.... If you would avoid being angry with your servants, wait as much as possible upon yourself.—Simms.

.... Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—Steele.

.... The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.—Cicero.

.... The most successful people are those who have but one object and pursue it with persistence. "The great art," says Goethe, "is judiciously to limit and isolate oneself."—Bovee.

.... When a man has nothing in the world to lose, he is then in the best condition to sacrifice for the public good everything that is his.—Jerrold.

.... The most dangerous men are those who have a reputation for probity. To quarrel with such is to have all the world take sides against you.—Bovee.

.... Taught by experience to know my own blindness, shall I speak as if I could not err, and as if others might not, in some disputed points be more enlightened than myself?—Channing.

.... To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery or death.—Lamartine.

.... Good counsel, when the fit is on us, is the very worst sort of impertinence. "Your words are very good," said the Seminole chief to the preacher; "I have heard you; yet, after all, the pain is here—still here in the temples."—Simms.

## Joker's Budget.

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons, they charge so.

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

"Don't eat a fellow up," as the Cape Cod girls say when they are kissed.

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together? Skates and soles.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (sense) in it.

The "Deacon's" last conundrum: Which is the quickest, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

Why should a tetotaler refrain from marrying? Because, if he got a wife, his principles would not permit him to sup port her!

Mrs. Partington is opposed to the Home Exemption law, because men, she says, would stay away all night. "Bless her old heart!"

Why is a hog the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill him and afterwards cure him.

A man's wedding day should be called his "bridal day;" the orthography of that word is wrong, and it should be written, "bride day."

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."

Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word impartial. A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hail storm."

A late writer says that the skies of Italy are bluer than anything he ever saw, with the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

In St. Giles's, the following notice was lately posted in the window of a lodging house: "Hay, sack and flour to let, chickens and carrot." The purport of the notice was: "A second floor to let, kitchen and garret."

A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked: "How many gods are there?" the boy, after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know how many you have in Connecticut; but we have none in Rhode Island!"



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE WOMAN HATER.

BY C. L. BENT.

Now, dear Grace, throw aside your book, seat yourself beside me on the sofa, and let me tell you some of the "chances and changes" which have visited me, your loving Kate, since we parted on the steps of the old seminary at Vine-land. Don't shake your sunny curls at me; I promise you, my sober little dame, I have done nothing worse than my scrapes at school would warrant, and was not Miss Grace Allen a sharer in those never-to-be-forgotten deeds of lang syne? So "lend me your ear," and I will commence. While you were receiving the caresses of fond parents who had come to convey you to your happy home in Virginia, I was whirled along in the dusty cars to the residence of my as yet unknown guardian. Perhaps you may not remember that at the death of my father two years since, Mr. Manly, to whose guardianship I was committed, was absent with his family in Europe, and as their stay there had been protracted until within a month or two before I finished my course at the seminary, I had never met any of them. Mr. Manly was an old and dear friend of my father's, and I hoped, for his sake, he would love his only child; I knew nothing of his wife and son, except that the latter was still abroad; this item was quite pleasing to me, for I knew not how I should be received, and also had no particular desire to be *loved* by the presence of a young fop affecting Parisian style and manners; such then was my opinion of the gentleman. My feelings were anything but enviable during the journey; remembrances of my father, the vain endeavor to recall the features of my mother, who left me when a child to watch over me in heaven, the painful thought that they would not meet me at my journey's end and fold me in their embrace, the desire to be back in our old room with Gracie by my side—these thoughts and many more came thronging before my mind's vision.

But I was soon called from my sorrowful meditations to the busy world without by the stopping of the train at my destination, and dashing aside the truant tears, I left the car with the most resolute air I could summon; certainly my face could not have worn a happy expression, nor a very bewitching one either, covered as it was with a mixture of tears and cinders. The carriage which conveyed me from the depot, soon stopped before a large, handsome mansion, and while I was gazing at my future home with admiration of its beauty and doubt as to its inmates, I found myself folded in the arms of a portly old gentleman, and was not long in learning that it was my guardian. I will not tell you how delighted I was with him and his gentle, invalid wife, to whom he immediately conducted me; suffice it, that I felt at once at home; all my fears were dispelled, and my gaiety returned with, I am sorry to say, redoubled force, nor did days as they passed, bring me any dissatisfaction with my new situation. I found myself the pet of the house; "it was just what we needed," lively Mr. Manly said; "you, wife, wanted somebody to read and chat with you, and I wanted a companion in romping, and I guess my little Kate answers for both," so day after day I rode with him, sailed, played chess, and at last laughingly proposed stealing apples from a neighbor's tree, "for a change," but as this did not quite meet with his approval, the praiseworthy feat has not yet been attempted. (Don't look so shocked, Grace, we have only delayed it till we can have you to help us.)

But if my hours with Mr. Manly were gay, those spent with his wife were more instructive, and not less happy. She was often confined for weeks to her room, but one did not feel when with her as with an invalid, so patient and gentle was she in her sufferings, and her face always wore the same pleasant smile. The moments flew swiftly by as I read to her from her favorite authors, and while giving her pleasure, I was myself acquiring a taste for those books which, when perused in other scenes, seemed to me dull and uninteresting. I now for the first time saw *sense* in poetry, and when listening to the nicely modulated tone of her voice, felt my cheeks glow with a keen appreciation of, and sympathy in, the poet's sentiments.

Besides these dear parents in all but name, I soon found many pleasant friends in the families that clustered around us; one, a bright brunette, had a large share of my love, and held in part your place; at my request, she often spent sev-

eral weeks with me, and her vivacity and good-nature made her a very desirable companion. One morning in June we were seated with our work in the cool breakfast-room, when we were startled by the sudden and hurried entrance of my guardian with an open letter in his hand; our fear that he had received ill news was dissipated by his exclaiming, "Hurra, hurra, girls! now for rides and sails! Patch up your old dresses for fresh races! Ned's in New York—steamer arrived yesterday—he'll be here to-morrow," and he rushed from the room to tell his wife the, to them, joyful tidings.

"There," I said to Sue, "that is just what I expected; no sooner am I nicely settled here, having a good time, than this dandy must come home; I wish the attractions of the old world had kept him away longer, I shall be bored to death by the fellow."

"Ha, ha! Kate, don't be frightened; you won't be troubled with his attentions or conversation, I promise you; why, my dear little piece of ignorance, don't you know he is that immaculate, keep-your-distance sort of a creature dubbed a *woman hater*? Perhaps he may favor you with a slight bend of his classic head, and he will think you highly honored thereby; but you have made another mistake in regard to the gentleman; he is many degrees removed from a dandy."

"But tell me, Sue, how can the son of so excellent a mother dislike her sex? Such a kind and constant friend as she has proved, certainly cannot be aught but a loving and self-sacrificing parent, and from the extracts she has frequently read me from his letters, I should judge he appreciated and fully returned her affection."

"Your surmises are correct, and at twenty-one he was as agreeable to every woman as to his mother, but his feelings underwent a great change by the disappointment of a dear friend, one who had been his playmate in youth, his chum at college, and was at that time his partner in business; he was engaged to a beautiful but flighty young lady, who had always appeared to him the image of constancy and devoted love, but she met one richer in this world's goods, and abandoned true worth for an elegant mansion and showy equipage. Since this sad incident in his friend's life, Mr. Edward has lost all trust in women, thinks them all false, whether fair or black, so beware, 'Katie darling,' how you conduct yourself when he comes, or, in addition to his indifference, you will excite his disgust, and wouldn't that be a terrible blow, ma chere?" So saying, the witch, care-for-nought elf showered a handful of prairie roses over my head and face, and rushed past me, laughing at my endeavors to extricate them from my tangled locks.

On the afternoon of the following day all was preparation and expectancy; it was the hour of the long-absent son's return, and while his parents were anxiously awaiting him below, I was seated in my room with my ever-busy thoughts for companions. Yes, I said to myself, Edward Manly shall find there is one woman who can meet his coolness with equal indifference; he shall find that, in spite of his well-known sentiments, I can day by day, in his presence, continue a round of flirting and romping; I shall also express my own opinions without reserve, even if they differ from his in every particular. Doubtless he thinks the school-girl will be awed by his haughty manners, but he will find his match in Kate Percival. Let me think of the first way to show my independence. Now I have it! Aunt Mary (by this more familiar name did I now call Mrs. Manly) has often remarked his preference for simplicity in dress, particularly at family parties, so adieu to simplicity, and I threw aside the blue muslin which I had intended to wear, and searched my wardrobe through and through for the most showy evening dress I possessed. After considerable delay in the selection, I adorned myself with a flounced silk, trimmed with innumerable laces and ruffles; my hair, which I usually wound in a heavy braid round my head, I dressed in the most elaborate manner my poor brain could devise. While I was accomplishing these unusual duties of my toilette, the cause of them arrived, and as I was adding the "last touches," the teabell rang; leaving my room, I met Sue, who was also on her way below. Now she was rather fond of dress, and to-day had bestowed additional care on her attire, and as we entered the supper-room together, I had hard work to restrain my laughter at our brilliant and somewhat ridiculous appearance.

We were introduced; I received the "slight bend of his classic head," which Sue had so faithfully described, while my observing eye noted the sarcastic smile which flitted across his features as he carelessly glanced at me; this I attributed to my dress, and it was all I needed to insure my gravity. I dashed into a light conversation with Colonel Easton, Sue's lively cousin, and a frequent visitor at my guardian's; this, however, did not prevent my occasionally stealing a glance at the gentleman the other side of the table, and as I soon found he was conferring his attention entirely to his parents and would not observe my occupation, I had abundant opportunities to gratify my curiosity as to his looks. Dark brown locks shaded a brow on which was stamped in bold delineations a wealth of manly thought and action, his eyes, sad in their darkness, flashed with earnestness when narrating to his father the exciting incidents of his travel, and in turn softened into tenderness as he glanced at his pale mother, and in gentle tones told her his joy at being by her side once more. His features were by no means regular, but with those eyes and hair, I could not be anything but charmed with his face; I soon, however, found my enthusiasm fast cooling, for at a remark addressed to him by poor Sue (who was doing her best, as she afterwards told me, to swallow her prejudice with her toast and be as agreeable as possible to him for once), the kindling expression vanished, and one could hardly have recognized in the constrained, chillingly polite tones which answered her, the full, ringing voice which a moment before fell upon the listening ear. The short summer evening soon passed, Edward Manly continuing his devotion to his mother, and the colonel lavishing his attentions on us. Mr. Manly was stretched in a most unromantic manner on the sofa, his very audible snores conveniently filling the occasional pauses in the conversation.

Now followed in rapid succession the rides and sails which Mr. Manly had foretold when he announced his son's expected arrival; and although that son did not often accompany us, yet the numerous visitors who came to spend some of the hot days of July and August with us in our cool retreat, were continually forming new plans, and evidently were enjoying themselves. When Edward did grant us his company, he invariably attached himself to some of the gentlemen, and as there were more *lords* than ladies in the party (a fortunate, but I grieve to say *rare* occurrence), he was always sure of an entire exemption from attendance on the latter. I, in the meantime, was carrying on any number of harmless flirtations, always sure of Colonel Easton for a stand-by; with Edward I scarcely exchanged a word, excepting the mere salutations of the day, while I was convinced that his opinion of me was by no means an exalted one—in fact, he seemed to consider Kate Percival the most depraved of the females in the house; occasionally during some of my mad sallies with the colonel, I detected that same sarcastic smile, and more than once I met his cold glance when I delivered some *peculiarly edifying* speech, but as a general thing, he seemed utterly oblivious of my existence. My suspicions were at length confirmed. One day Aunt Mary had one of those severe headaches with which in summer she was so often afflicted; at such times, the morning was always spent by her alone, as her extreme nervousness made the presence of any one intolerable. It had always been my custom, as it was her desire, at a certain hour when the intensity of the pain had abated somewhat, to bathe her head and fan her till she fell asleep. That day at the usual time, I was passing through the hall on my way to her room, when hearing some one approach, I stepped into a little recess waiting for the corner to pass. As the footsteps neared my retreat, I became aware that they were produced by two persons, and soon I heard the well-known tones of Edward's voice in conversation with Milly, an old and faithful servant of the family.

"Milly," he said, "I have just seen your mistress, the violence of her sufferings is diminished and she has sent for Miss Percival, though," he added, with a sneer which was perceptible, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, "I should think her rustling silks and ceaseless prating were little suited to a sick room, but she desires it, and you had better call the young lady." They passed, and the young lady darted forward, now fully decided as to the impression she had made.

The next morning Edward left us, as he said

to be absent a fortnight; his business, which had been somewhat neglected since his return, required his immediate presence in a neighboring city, and he left with regret the repose and quiet of his country home for burning bricks and dusty pavements. His departure was the signal for my re-adopting old manners and dress, and I welcomed with delight the freedom and ease of muslins and cambrics, in exchange for the uncomfortable silks with which I had tortured myself for the last four weeks; perhaps I was not so pleasing to the colonel's eye as when possessed of the flatteries of dress, but I did not care for that; for the next fortnight I was determined to seek my own comfort, and the opinion of others was of no moment to me. But I was dissatisfied with myself in one respect; I missed Edward Manly! In vain I scolded myself and cried, "shame, Kate Percival, where is now your boasted independence? Why give a thought to the 'woman hater'?" It was no use, *miss him I did*. More than this, I found myself often yawning and wishing it was night, glancing at my watch and suggesting early hours; the same spirit which, when he was present, prompted me to be gay, in his absence took away all desire for mirth, and robbed the society of others of all charm. No longer having an object in view, my ardor for rides and excursions soon cooled, and my spirited flirtations met with an abrupt conclusion, but as a much-desired substitute, I resumed my pleasant readings with Aunt Mary; these had been given up some time before, as her son spent much of his time by her side, and thus had taken my part. I had felt much disappointment at losing my pleasantest occupation, but had said nothing, knowing that he could much more acceptably perform the duties which were, of course, as dearly prized by him as by me; I could not think he valued them more. Mrs. Manly, in the kindness of her heart, was glad that I could be released from them, as she noticed my seemingly increasing love for society, and was willing to gratify it; now, however, we spent many hours again together, and they seemed to me fraught with even more happiness than the bygone. As I entered her room one evening, the thought struck me that that was the tenth day of Edward's stay in the city, and consequently a few days would bring about a reverse in the state of affairs; determined, however, to enjoy the present, I recalled my thoughts from the almost regret with which I had for a moment looked upon his return, and commenced reading aloud a favorite chapter from *Ivanhoe*; interested anew in the oft-perused story, I turned leaf after leaf, forgetful of the passing moments, the silence of Mrs. Manly showing that she was also wholly absorbed in the words of the master-novelist. Suddenly aroused to a remembrance of ourselves by a loud burst of laughter from the merry group below, I lifted my eyes from the book to ask if I should continue, when what was my astonishment at beholding Edward Manly seated near the door in a listening attitude, and with an air of composure which told me he had been an occupant of the room for some time; the shaded light had prevented his mother's observing him, and thus I had had an unknown auditor. Rushing unceremoniously from the room, I hastened to my chamber, where I remained the rest of the evening, angry with myself at my stupidity in not noting his entrance, and mortified that he had seen me thus. Of course, I thought, he knows now my former manners were assumed, or I should have been in the drawing-room spending the evening, as I was accustomed when he was at home—then in place of flounces, he saw only a plain muslin (the identical one, Grace, I threw aside the day he made his first appearance here). Well, it will be a farce now to continue my former extravagances, but I believe I shall dislike him more than ever; with this *believe* still unsettled in my mind, I fell asleep, but I shall not tell you the silly things that happened to me in Dreamland.

The next morning I went down to breakfast trying to look very unconscious, and still uncertain how to conduct myself, but I fear my efforts to preserve my indifference met with poor success; before the meal was over, I rallied my spirits sufficiently to plan a horseback ride, and as the idea was an agreeable one to all, confined as we had been by the pelting rain to the house for the last two days, we were soon mounted, and I found the brisk trot in the fresh morning air quite beneficial. It chanced as we were returning, one of the party expressed a wish to visit a certain spring, which was some ways distant by a different path; as Sue and I were the only ones



who were acquainted with its locality, we were called upon to guide the others; Sue, who by the way was something of a lazy body, complained of fatigue, and as several others preferred pursuing their course homeward, we separated, I leading some five or six to the desired spot. Among this number was Edward, and with some trepidation I observed him approaching me; the idea of riding by his side all that distance, was rather formidable, but as the other four persons consisted of two engaged lovers, and a young husband and wife who were as yet inseparable, I saw no alternative, so lashing the bushes with my whip as we rode along, I tried to look as demure as possible, occasionally stealing a sly glance at my companion from under my feathers. At first all was silence—truly delightful, I thought—we trotted on a little farther. "I wonder how long this will last," I whispered to myself—silence still. "Unendurable," I ejaculated, aside, with a smart stroke on poor Jennie's neck, and at last unable to restrain myself any longer, I turned to him, exclaiming: "Mr. Manly, if you are going to ride with me, and if you don't want to hear my ceaseless prating, you must talk yourself, for I abominate silence."

"Well, Miss Percival," he replied, not noticing my quotation, "I have been on the point of addressing you several times, and have been thinking of the best manner to word my ideas, so if you can tolerate the conversation of one who has never possessed the art of flattery, and the usual small talk used by gentlemen toward the fair sex, I will try what plain fact can do towards relieving the monotony of our ride."

"For which you shall have my hearty thanks, and as our path does not present many objects of interest, suppose you commence at once," I rejoined, fast losing the feeling of restraint which had at first crept over me.

"I will, and first let me thank you for the kindness and thought you have evinced by your readings to my mother; her lips have informed me that last evening was not the first occasion, but that it had always been your custom since you took up your abode here until the close of my European tour; your countenance last night expressed the pleasure it gave you, and I accuse myself for robbing you of it; let me hope you will continue your task, which is fully appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. I withdraw all my claims, hoping, however, I shall not be entirely excluded, but may be allowed another enjoyment of that to which I so unlawfully treated myself not twenty-four hours ago."

Not knowing exactly what to reply, I mumbled a "thank you," and turned his attention to another subject. During that ride I discovered that he could make himself agreeable to ladies if he so desired, and when the spring had been seen and duly discussed, and we had turned our horses' heads I was half-sorry that it was all over, for I expected when we should reach home he would revive his wonted indifference to my presence, while I could not help smiling and feeling slightly chagrined at the utter change in my own sentiments, knowing that I could not recall my former nonchalance. But I was mistaken in regard to him, for, although never attentive, he showed a respectful remembrance of me, and at times conversed with me with even something of that tender bearing which before he had used when only with his mother; quite a reform, I thought. In time we shall have him gallant to all, and perhaps even on his knees to Sue. A few more weeks and our summer guests had left us; they had flown back to the gay city, but if their own words were to be credited, the time spent with us had been pleasant; they all declared the change to a country town from a fashionable watering-place well made, and some

of them proposed trying it another season. "At any rate," Mr. Manly said, "they had had enough to eat and drink, and chances enough to be merry with his horses and boats, and that was enough;" many begged and almost insisted upon my accompanying them to their homes, but I pleaded off, promising to give them a call when the winter snows should be fairly upon us. So they went, and the large parlors seemed larger than ever without their familiar faces; Bridget began to "see their way through," kitty occupied unmolested the corner of the sofa, Jack no longer ran frantically about the house brandishing his blacking-brush and scolding about "dem gentlemen's boots," and I returned to my old ways, missing Sue some, but not mourning over the absence of the others. This same saucy Sue was at home preparing for a wedding at which she was to take a prominent part; a gallant mounted major was the conqueror, and was well deserving of the warm heart after which Sue had led him a long race. But, Grace, didn't I detect a gape then? Let me hasten in my story. Chilly days came, and having no longer a desire to be abroad, I passed many hours in Aunt Mary's room; hardly a day came that did not bring Edward there also, and when I was wearied he would take my book and continue in his clear, manly tones, while I sat there wondering at myself and him, and as soon as the book was closed, would make my exit. One day leaving them thus, I went to the library, which I found unoccupied; throwing myself into an easy chair, I watched the curling flames as they flashed in the gathering twilight. Without, it was cold and cheerless, and as I listened to the pattering

drops of rain, I merely marked the entrance of some one without seeking to learn who, but supposed it was a servant, as he proceeded to draw the curtains and light the gas.

"Now, Tom," I said, as he finished the latter, "wont you bring me a glass of good cold water?" The opening and shutting of doors showed his assent; he soon returned, and as I reached forth my hand for the glass, my eye fell upon Edward presenting it with a bow worthy of the real Tom. Laughing at my mistake, he threw himself on the sofa with the air of one about to open a long conversation.

"So you prefer solitude, Miss Percival," he continued, "but if you will not favor my mother and myself with your company at the twilight hour, you must let me take Tom's office occasionally, and draw the curtains, even if you will not let me remain."

"O," I replied, "if you take his duties upon yourself, you must only expect his pay, and I believe spending his time in the library is not included in that."

"Well, I suppose I must be content with a little, but I must take the liberty of asking you a question which I have been intending to for some time; that is, to learn the reason of your always playing truant the moment our reading is concluded, and leaving us to entertain ourselves."

Well, I thought, this, I suppose, is what people call *plunging in medias res*; however, he shall know the reason as he has the impertinence to ask it. So I replied: "O, that is easily answered. I was informed when you came, that you were a regular woman hater, consequently I did not wish to bore you with my society,"

adding, as I saw with infinite amusement, the biting of his lip, "besides, I believe the opinion you expressed of me once when you thought I was far distant, was not very encouraging; I refer to the time when you remarked to Milly in the hall that my rustling silks and ceaseless prating were not very conducive to the quiet of a sick room."

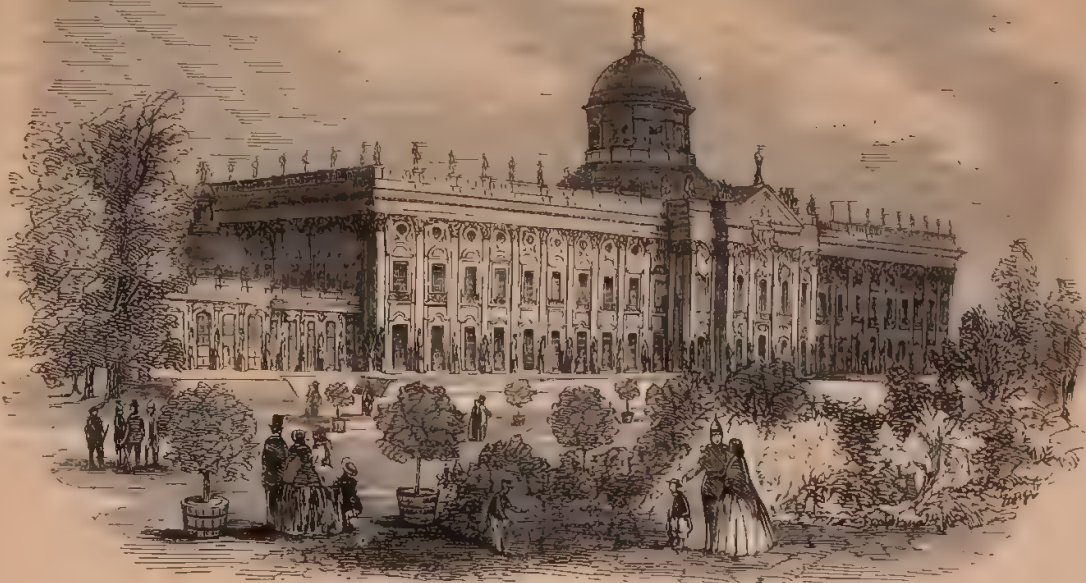
"I have two charges to answer, but I hope my judge will prove a mild one. Your informant in regard to my opinion of women was laboring under a slight mistake; I confess that, owing to some unhappy circumstances, I found that all women were not possessed of the truth and innocence with which my boyish enthusiasm had invested them; but I knew there were many exceptions, although this experience made me watchful and slow in discovering the jewels of the sex. And I often erred in my decisions, as the present case shows; I first formed an opinion of you as I saw you for the first four weeks of my stay here, but a happy chain of events showed you to me in your true character, and as such I have only admired you. Let me hope my punishment shall be light, for if you should pronounce a severe judgment, I should fear to trust in your hands another cause—one which should be plead in the twilight hour, dear Kate—but nonsense, I can't tell you any more, so good-night—but first, will you promise to be my bridesmaid?"

#### ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN.

The smaller engraving on this page presents a view of one of the royal Prussian residences, surrounded by gardens, and erected in an elaborate style of architecture and ornamentation. The façade is of great extent, pierced by many windows, and covered with escutcheons, bas-reliefs, etc. Sculpture figures largely in the details of this edifice, and the art of the statuary has been invoked to decorate the roof, the niches and the basement of the building. Rows of statues surmount the eaves, lines of statues, like sentinels, guard the base. However fine the general effect may be, we dislike this multiplication of statues in connection with architecture. Especially is the taste exceptionable which sanctions it when a very elevated position, as the roof of a building, is chosen as the resting-place of these works of art. There is no near point of view from which they can be seen to advantage, and viewed from a distance, they look like nothing more than a cluster of pinnacles. Very few of the European palaces will bear criticism. They are mostly noticeable for their combronsness and cost, and the American visitor particularly is apt to count the cost, and reflect how heavily subjects are burthened with taxes, that their crowned rulers may be surrounded with questionable splendor.

#### THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

The late Abner L. Pentland of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance." Doubtless, this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith, to a calm dying bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in his mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God, the glories of the new world grow brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of His Father, as he dwells with rapture on these enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him and troops of angels come to take him to the hills above.



ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.



THE GREAT EASTERN UNDER WEIGH.

[See page 277.]



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## PARTED.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MONIARTY.

What saddened thought his broad brow bears!  
What high aims crushed no more to rise!  
While eloquence that moves men's souls  
Upon his lips prefigured lies.

And quenched the light of his dark eyes,  
All speechless love their depths reveal;  
Ah, pride has closed hope's golden gates,  
Despair the while their iron seal.

One spring tide, when the April days  
With chequered glory dawned and fled,  
He met her, and that blissful hour  
His soul leaped forth with hers to wed.

Alas, he knew not woman's heart,  
And deemed her cold when most his own;  
Her modest love—his silent pride,  
Have left the tale to both unknown.

## OCTOBER.

Splendor is on the bough!  
The withering leaves fall fast;  
Yet wilder beauty crowns the forest now,  
Than through the summer past.

A more resplendent blaze,  
Of rich and radiant hues,  
Gleams through the autumn haze,  
Than mid the summer dews.—WM. HOWITT.

## THE PRESENT HOUR.

Only the present hour has life,  
The home of work, the field of strife,  
Choose not thy bride among the dead,  
But press the present to thy breast;  
In her thy soul shall find its bread,  
Thy mind its sphere, thy heart its rest.

PAMPER.

## HONESTY.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,  
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock;  
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;  
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

DAVENPORT.

## DESPAIRING LOVE.

It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, thou art so above me.

SHAKESPEARE.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We have rarely been more pleased with any military display than with that made by the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford on their recent visit to this city. They took us, and we suppose the generosity of our citizens, by surprise, for little was known here, except among the "sons of Connecticut," of this organization. The splendid continental uniforms, the size of the battalion, the ease and bearing of the members, the old-fashioned drill, the old-fashioned music, all combined to give them a remarkable fascination. We trust that the Phalanx will pay us another visit.... How capricious we modern Athenians are! The opera at the Boston was a comparative failure, and yet, in advance, we anticipated a brilliant success for it.... We have lately seen some beautiful photographs executed by Messrs. Loomis & Shepard, Tremont Row, successors to Cutting & Turner. They were truly artistic pictures. By the way, all persons are not aware that photographs can be taken equally well in all weathers. Very many people fancy they must wait for a sunshiny day for a sitting, whereas, some of the finest pictures have been taken in cloudy or rainy weather.... Lady Franklin's sacrifices and efforts to discover the fate of her gallant husband have at last been crowned with success. He is lost to her on earth, but she knows now when and where his gallant spirit took its flight.... People are already beginning to speculate on the prospects of skating.... The London Morning Post got the start of all the other newspapers in publishing an account of the trip and the arrival of the Great Eastern at Portland, England. But the letter, although dated "on board the Great Eastern," said not a word of any accident, and it turned out that the writer had accidentally missed his passage, and had accordingly invented a description, in total ignorance that anything of momentous character had taken place.... It is stated that since Pennsylvania sold her public works she has commenced the reduction of her public debt at the rate of a million dollars a year, besides paying interest on the principal. At that rate she will pay it off in about forty-six years.... From the army and navy diet scale of France and England, based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and a quarter pounds avoirdupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this, about three-fourths vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of 806 pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks, its estimated quantity is about 1600 pounds per annum. The air received by breathing, may be taken at 800 pounds. With these figures before us, we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water, and air, which a man receives, amount in the aggregate to more than 3000 pounds a year—about a ton and a half, or about twenty times his weight. The enormous quantity shows the expenditure of material required for life.... A careful demonstration has shown that 300 pounds of pure gold represents the entire quantity taken out of the graves at Chirkbury. This would give only the sum of \$75,000, calculating the value at \$250 per pound. To gather this \$75,000 has re-

quired 46,000 days' work, performed by about 15,000 persons, mostly during the month of July.... An editor in South Carolina is so poor that when two times meet in his pocket he introduces them—they are such strangers.... At a recent dinner, Hon. George Washington Warren closed an appropriate speech with the following sentiment: "Art and Eloquence—The one presents to the eye of future ages the lineaments and personal features of a great man,—the eulogium of the other gives to the mind and heart of all time those qualities and characteristics which are loved and revered. Fortunate are those eminent men who, like Washington and Webster, are presented to posterity by the highest aid of both.".... The original grant of land made by the crown of Spain to Cortes, the mighty conqueror of Mexico, is located on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and is now in possession of a very rich old Spaniard. The Tehuantepec road will cut it in two for a distance of over twenty miles.... A curious fact in relation to the Alanthus tree related by the Sussex Democrat, has just occurred in Newton. Many years since a flourishing colony of the beautiful, half domestic birds known as martins, were accustomed to inhabit a cage upon the sign-post of the Ward House, but when two of these Alanthus trees, transplanted close by, had grown as high as the cage the birds left it entirely. The day those trees were cut down, and the same afternoon, the cage was filled with martins, apparently delighted to regain possession of their old haunt, in which, doubtless, many of them first made a break into this world. The natural instincts of the birds was decidedly superior to the perverted taste of man, who will insist in cultivating the poisonous wood in the most crowded villages of the land.... The State geologist of Arkansas furnishes good reasons to suppose that diamonds will be found in Arkansas. The geological formation and the signs that accompany such valuable deposits exist in such relations as to authorize him to encourage search for this most valuable mineral.... "Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a paraphrase?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir.".... Kels two feet in length, and as large round as circumstances permit are now being taken from the Cochituate pipes in Boston. Quite an ornamental addition to a pitcher of water.... A correspondent of the Charlottesville, Virginia, Advocate mourns the loss of two twin poplars, which were recently blown down. They stood on the farm of the late Capt. John Harris, near the Howardsville turnpike road. These giants of the forest measured from the fork (about four feet from the ground) ninety-five feet to the first limb; they were four feet in diameter just above the fork, and for fifty feet diminished but very few inches; at the first limb they were nearly three feet in diameter. Their entire length is about one hundred and fifty feet. So well were they known, and so universally admired, that their destruction seems to cause general regret.... The details of the failure of the Bally canal enterprise are given. On arriving in Central America in the beginning of the expedition, Bally brought with him 700,000 francs, but after this sum had been expended, he could not carry on his enterprise. He had sixty men and for five months paid them their wages. At the end of that time he returned to France, leaving the rest of the party to shift as they could. The only work that has been accomplished is a great house which Bally built for himself at San Felix. Now all has been abandoned.... Cole, in his life of Charles Kean, says: An amusing incident occurred during one of the rehearsals of Schamyl. A particular scene represented a cataract, above which, at a considerable elevation from the stage, a raft had to pass, occupied by three or four persons, one erect, and the others in stooping or recumbent positions. A considerable delay occurred. Mr. Kean, who superintended the rehearsal, called loudly to demand the cause. No answer. "Why does not the raft come on?" Again no answer. The question being reiterated, one of the actors, who should have been at his post, at last appeared from the back of the stage, and exclaimed with excitement, "The raft is unsafe, sir; it would endanger a man's life to venture on it. I really cannot incur such a risk." Some further discussion then arose, interrupted suddenly by a loud burst of applause from all who were looking on. This was occasioned by the appearance of the raft passing steadily across with Mrs. Kean standing in the centre, occupying the position of the apprehensive remonstrant. We need scarcely say he was silenced by this eloquent reply. If Mrs. Kean had broken her leg or her neck, how the press would have exclaimed about her foolhardiness.... The expenses of the French army during the Italian campaign amounted to six hundred thousand dollars a day. Add as much more for the Austrian army, and twice as much more for the European armies put on a war footing, and add the value of the large amount destroyed, and we have an enormous expense for the short war.... Mr. James Campbell, steward of the Great Eastern, in answer to an application from a brewer for leave to supply certain ale, replied: "Well, I don't know; yes, you may send in a hundred dozen as a sample, if you like." And the brewers did like. Everything on the Great Eastern is on a magnificent scale, including the beer.... At a representation of Mozart's Don Giovanni, a young coxcomb hummed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer, said aloud: "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him. "No; I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you.".... Mr. Concoran, in view of the profits and fortunes amassed by the proprietors of the Washington "hotels," has almost concluded to build a tavern as large as the Capitol, upon the southern corner of Jackson Square, to be conducted on the European plan. So says a correspondent of the News.... Strakosch has engaged the following additional artists for the winter season at the New York Academy of Music: Md'les Cruveilli and Speranza, and Signori Beaucarde, Sigelli, Lesta and Ferri. Beaucarde is a most popular tenor. It was for his voice that Verdi wrote the part of Manrico in the never-failing "Trovatore.".... Seventeen business firms in New York have subscribed \$50 each to procure a testimonial to Colonel

Duryea of that city, under whom the famous Seventh Regiment attained its reputation.... The origin of Flora Temple has become a subject of considerable interest in sporting circles, since her recent triumphs. The Waterville (New York) Times says: "We had supposed that 'all the world and the rest of mankind' were aware that Flora Temple, the 'Queen of the Turf,' was born in the town of Saugersfield. She was foaled in 1846, and, when quite young, sold to Nathan Tracy, of Hamilton, Madison county, for \$18; he kept her less than three years. Flora then became the property of William Cogden, of Smyrna, Chenango county, who subsequently sold her to Messrs. Richardson & Kellogg, of Eaton, Madison county. This firm kept a livery, and Flora became quite popular with the patrons of their stable. Mr. Richardson finally took the mare to Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, and sold her to Mr. J. Vialle for \$175. Flora's dam was Madame Temple, a 'horse of all work,' first owned by Elisha Peck, of Waterville. Flora was her first colt.".... Immediately at the close of the war, when popular support was desired by the French government, the Moniteur, official organ of Louis Napoleon, was laid on his promises of extending great freedom to the press. Now that the government is in freedom favor, it has simply recalled the warnings it had previously given, ordering that if the journals were not discreetly silent, their newspapers would be stopped and their editors imprisoned.... Dr. Winterbottom, of England, has given \$100,000 for the establishment of a free nautical school for seamen.... The Rochester papers say the search in the canal at Albion, the scene of the recent disaster, results in finding no more bodies. The total number of dead is 14, and 15 wounded.... Manzoni has been appointed perpetual president of the Milan Academy for Sciences and Art, with a pension of \$2500 a year for his patriotic services.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The Paris Moniteur says: "Under pretext that the press is not free, several journals are attacking the decree of February 1, 1852, passing the extreme limits of discussion, and falling in respect to law, which is inseparable to the royal exercise of liberty. The government will never fail in the duties imposed on it to make the laws respected." Accordingly the offending journals are notified that these discussions will not be permitted to continue.—The account given in the French Presse of the manner of Mr. Ward's introduction to Pekin was a pure fabrication.—Sidi Sadok has succeeded to the throne of Tunis vacated by the death of the old bey.—In Austria a governmental effort is making to reduce the taxes.—The Chinese are said to have treated the wounded French and English who fell into their hands with great kindness.—The telegraphic submarine cable connecting Malta and Sicily is a complete success.—The London Times ridicules the idea of a war between England and the United States about the possession of the island of St. Juan.—The Morocco tribes who recently ventured to attack the French lines at Algiers were so handsomely beaten by the Zouaves that they have not been seen or heard from since. These attacks were not prompted by the new emperor of Morocco, but arose from the character of the neighboring tribes, such as the Beni-Senassen, the Malira and the Angades, who availed themselves of the internal troubles of Morocco to commit those acts of plunder which are characteristic of these fierce people.—The Tuscan government has decided on issuing two medals; one in commemoration of the act of assembly renouncing the house of Austro-Lorraine forever; the other, in memory of the resolution announcing that Tuscany wishes to form a part of the kingdom of Piedmont under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel II.—The death of Mr. Mason, our minister to France, at Paris, was an unexpected event, and has carried sorrow into a wide circle of relatives and friends. Mr. Mason was as much beloved in public as he was in private life.—France and Austria are still armed to the teeth, and further trouble in Europe is shortly anticipated.

## England and China.

The intelligence from England indicates a fierce crusade on the Flowery Land. Its origin, however, provokes European criticism. The Austrian Gazette asks, with point, too, whether, if a Russian ambassador should attempt to enter the Thames with a fleet, or a French envoy should enter the Scheldt with a squadron, all Europe would not ring with one cry of indignation, and everybody would not bless the arms that resisted the outrage? The French Nationale, in a sharp article, expresses decided regret at the complication of France in this matter. England has great interests at stake, buys tea and sells opium; but what object has France?

## A Fast Englishman.

A young man named Francis George Hare, twenty-nine years old, and formerly a lieutenant in the Life Guards, was recently released from prison in London, where he has been confined for debt since October, 1857, the creditors, though notified, not appearing to object to his discharge. He has spent a fortune of \$250,000, and incurred debts to an equal if not a larger amount. Among the items of his expenses were \$50,000 for interest paid at various times, exclusive of other large sums for "discounts." An amount of over \$30,000 was charged for losses at "play."

## Flamingos at Marseilles.

The Zoological Garden at Marseilles has just been enriched by no less than forty-two fine flamingos, brought from Alexandria by a steamer. The moment they reached the garden they all rushed to the large pond, and gave themselves a good bath, which they appeared to enjoy greatly.

## The French.

The Liverpool Courier thinks the French have the organ of adhesiveness very strongly developed, and are with difficulty removed from any place they once occupy.—witness Rome for that.

## Garibaldi and the People of Como.

The Municipality of Como having informed General Garibaldi of their intention of erecting a monument in commemoration of the battle of San Fermo, the general has replied as follows, from Modena: "The engagements which took place in May last in your town and neighborhood are worthy of being recorded. Great, indeed, was the bravery of the riflemen of the Alps, most of whom belonged to your population. How can I express my gratitude to you? For the little I have done you have held me up to the esteem of Italy, and even of distant nations. Ten years ago when I had the honor of fighting on the soil of Lombardy, I covered the national banner with crapes, because it had been forced to yield to the pressure of the foreigner. That act weighed on my heart for ten years, while I hoped to return and fight on your fields. May God, who has fulfilled those hopes, bless the thankful and religious people that have suffered so much."

## Marriages of Authors.

The London Critic affirms that there are many happy marriages among poets, novelists, and writers generally, and even where literary excellence has been attained by both husband and wife. As an offset to Milton, Byron, Bulwer, Dickens, etc., the Critic says: "Luther married happily, though he did jocularly say that he liked his wife next to his Commentary on Galatians, Bacon was a happy Benedict; old Sam Johnson preserved an affectionate remembrance of his wife, and religiously kept the anniversary of her death with sorrowful observance at his dying day. Pope, Rogers, Hume, Macaulay, Swift, Gibbon, Pitt, Fox, Charles Lamb, and many other British celebrities, kept out of the noose."

## Sympathy for Italy.

The depth of English sympathy for the struggling States of Central Italy is about to be tested by a public subscription. Five Italian gentlemen—one of whom is Avesani, who played a prominent part at Venice in 1848—have taken the initiative in the formation of a committee in London for the purpose of obtaining aid for the patriotic men who are now endeavoring to throw off the yoke of the tyrants who have so long oppressed them. Lord Shaftesbury has been appealed to to assume the direction of this movement.

## Italy.

The latest and most accredited report respecting Italy is that the Grand Duke of Tuscany will regain his throne, not by forcible means, but by an appeal to universal suffrage, accompanied by the grant of a constitution, and by a general amnesty; that the Duchesse of Parma will have Modena, and that Parma will remain annexed to Piedmont. The warmest and most sanguine partisans have now given up hopes of being emancipated from papal rule.

## Trade with China.

It is alleged in England, that however the two governments of England and China may fight, buying tea and selling opium will still go on. It was so in the last war. While the balls were flying trade was progressing; and one journal records the most singular anomaly, that with the consent of their government, ten British traders collected, for the Chinese government, the very revenue that was expended to resist the British approach to Pekin!

## Preparations in France.

Letters from the provinces in France concur in the reports of grand armaments at the various ports. The government had purchased land at a high price on the coast for the purpose of erecting fortifications. At Boulogne, a floating battery is to be constructed without sails, navigated by steam, and armed with rifled guns.

## King of Belgium.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald confirms in the most positive manner the statement that the King of Belgium's visit to the emperor was wholly on account of the debt due by Belgium to France, amounting to two million pounds, a pressing claim for immediate payment having been put forward.

## China.

The last news from Shanghai establishes beyond doubt the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American envoy, at Pekin. This diplomat ascended the Ki-Toehon Yun Ho, one of the branches of the Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation.

## Fountains of the Nile.

They do aver that the fountains of the Nile have at last been discovered. They are not fountains, literally, but a lake, which lies directly on the equatorial line, covering six leagues, rather more than half to the north of the equator.

## Knights of the Iron Crown.

The Sardinian king and the Austrian kaiser could not, at first, agree about the privilege of making Knights of the Order of the Iron Crown. Finally, they settled that each potentate shall create half the knights.

## Naples.

It is stated that the reports of disturbances in Naples are unfounded, but that some agitation prevailed, and government had taken precautionary measures.

## Great Fire.

Constantinople has had a fire, losing about a thousand houses, which would be called a grand conflagration anywhere else.

## Plague at Beirut.

Two cases of plague have occurred at Beirut, and have caused strict sanitary measures of precaution to be taken.

## Modena.

The Duke of Modena is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5000 more under the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

## The Pope.

Rumor says that the pope contemplates abandoning Rome, and again taking refuge at Gaeta.

## French force for China.

The French military force, 12,000 picked men, will sail for China about the middle of November.



**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.**—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

We have goods particularly designed for the  
**Inverness Cape Coat, Cape Surtout, and  
Box Overcoat.**

Also—CASTOR BEAVERS, KANE, ESQUIMAUX,  
AND PETERSBURG COATINGS.

Beautiful Goods, made ESPECIALLY for Matched  
Pants, and Vests, and Entire Suits.

Extra Superior **Black Goods**, for Dress Suits, and  
a great variety of Novelties, very stylish for street wear.

**DRESSING-GOWN GOODS.**

Our garments will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES  
at which choice goods can be afforded.

**JACOBS & DEANE,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
NO. 21 COURT STREET. oct29 4w

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

These requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my  
Double Oven Range, patented January, 1850, they  
will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-  
regulating flues around the oven (causing the ovens to  
bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious  
complication of dampers), together with unparalleled  
economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and  
thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony  
from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one  
housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other  
Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice  
as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety  
of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air flues,  
to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Black-  
stone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also,  
a large assortment of my **Cone Furnaces**, now in general  
use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for  
thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this  
country. oct16 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

## A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing  
FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable sub-  
ject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural his-  
tory, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities,  
types of character, famous architecture, portraits of no-  
ted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaus-  
tible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

### THIS REAL NOVELTY

Is for sale at all of the periodical depots for  
**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!**

Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on  
the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

**JOHN J. DYER & Co.,**

sept 2 1f 85 School Street, Boston.

## HOYT'S HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to Restore Gray Hair to its  
Natural Color.

THE many advantages possessed by this article over  
all others, renders it not only the most pleasant, safe  
and agreeable to use, but really indispensable to all who  
have gray hair. It is not composed of nitrate of silver,  
sugar of lead, sulphur, or in fact anything deleterious to  
the hair. We claim that it is an entirely new and origi-  
nal preparation, and the only article which will give the  
hair any shade desired. It is pleasant to use, easily ap-  
plied in five or ten minutes' time, and requires no wash-  
ing before or after using.

The Agent, Mr. FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the  
American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased  
to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove  
it to them by application free of charge.

For sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by GEORGE  
C. GOODWIN & Co., 11 and 12 Marshall Street; M. S.  
BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, and in Providence by  
EARL P. MASON & Co. sept3 8w

\$50 Worth of Piano Forte Music for

\$1 50.

**THE HOME CIRCLE.**—A collection of Marches,  
Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowns, Quadrilles,  
Contra Dances, etc. Arranged for the Piano Forte, and  
comprising the most popular Dance Music of the day.  
Handsomely bound in cloth, \$2 00; in boards \$1 50.

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & Co.,**  
277 WASHINGTON STREET

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED DOUBLE THREAD FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search  
of a Superior Machine for  
**FAMILY USE,**  
to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It  
is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out  
of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

**C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,**

oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## NOTICE.

In the Boston Post of September 24th, 1858, the editor  
says.

"An extraordinary cure of Consumption has recently  
come to our knowledge, effected through the instrumen-  
tality of *Foussé's Pulmonary Vitor*, the evidence of which is  
in the handwriting of the subject, Mr. William P. Brigh-  
am, No. 334 Albany Street, in this city. It seems that  
for eighteen months he had been exhibiting all the usual  
symptoms of Consumption, and that after having had  
recourse to the skill of various physicians without bene-  
fit, he had to abandon his business and be confined to  
his house. Hearing of *Foussé's Pulmonary Vitor*, and of  
several remarkable cures effected by it in cases as de-  
perate as his own, he concluded to try it as a forlorn  
hope. The result has been most happy—he has now en-  
tirely recovered, and is engaged in his usual pursuits.  
It is such well substantiated cases as this that we take  
pleasure in laying before our readers, since by so doing,  
many valuable lives may be saved and much good  
effected."

This celebrated specific is now universally acknowledged  
to be infinitely superior to all other preparations for the  
cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all  
Pulmonary Diseases, both from its innocent nature and  
its most remarkable curative properties; it being the only  
remedy known that can arrest the development of Tubercles  
in the Lungs, or restore the vital functions of the pulmonary  
organs, to their normal condition.

For sale by all Druggists. **F. S. LAFORME**, Sole  
Agent, M. S. BURR & Co., General Agents, 2 Tremont  
Street, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1 per bottle, and 50 cents  
for trial bottle. The medicine can be administered with  
or without an Inhaler. Price of Inhaler, \$1.

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate,  
from a well-known and responsible party, is de-  
serving of attention, and we present the same to our  
readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from  
J. B. Eaton, Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua &  
Lowell Railroads, a gentleman well-known to our citizens,  
who thus speaks of the Curative, from which he received  
radical relief:

NASHUA, N. H., March 11, 1859.  
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure  
that I inform you that I have used your "Nervous  
Curative" for the cure of *Chubbins*, and with entire  
success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many  
years, and never found any permanent relief till I ap-  
plied your Nervous Curative according to directions. I  
also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied  
your Nervous Curative, and it gave me immediate relief.  
I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and  
recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted.

Yours truly,  
J. B. EATON,  
Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell  
Railroad.

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents,  
M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by  
all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

## The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

## MICROSCOPES! MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A  
fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect  
a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with in-  
structions in the manner of using, or five instruments of  
different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for  
\$1 00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-  
five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amuse-  
ment may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense.  
Address.

**CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,**  
114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,  
Room No. 2. sept3

## CONVALESCENCE AFTER TYPHOID FEVER.

EVERY one who knows anything of this fever, knows  
that the period of convalescence is extremely long. If  
indeed the health be ever perfectly re-established. In  
such cases, the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies a want  
long felt by the profession, and has restored invalids to  
health in a remarkably rapid manner, when all the usual  
tonic remedies had failed.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY  
**E. A. TEULON,**

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite the Old South Church,  
Successor in the Card Engraving Department to  
**MR. N. D. COTTON.**

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes,  
etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens,  
conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper  
and Envelopes on hand. 16 11wly

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM  
CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BRODIA, COCOA PASTE,  
COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC AND DITTE-  
RIO COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manu-  
factured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted  
superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the  
United States. As nourishment for children, Invalids,  
and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and  
Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable  
and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York;  
Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore;  
Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers  
generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.,**  
Dorchester, Mass. sept24 1f

## SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also,  
**MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,**

In Cases,  
**FRENCH WOOD PIPES,**

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

**F. BROWN, Apothecary,**  
68 Washington, corner State St, Boston. oct15

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

is for sale every where for FOUR CENTS per copy. It is  
the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. EX-  
TRAORDINARY ORIGINAL. \$2 per annum.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street. 1f

## NEW EDITION

OF THE

## BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU.

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,

**MATURIN M. BALLOU.**

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met  
with, from the first week of its publication, speaks  
more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do.  
It is a worthy monument, reared by a filial hand, to the  
memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to  
honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of  
the subject, and brings him step by step, and year by  
year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors  
of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and  
of public application, are thoroughly delineated.

The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit  
with which it has been received by good judges:

"Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has discharged his filial task  
in a most able and acceptable manner, with unaffected  
candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission."  
—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far  
as possible, his own biographer; and wherever the patri-  
arch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency, in  
the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression."  
—*Ladies Repository*, Boston.

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is writ-  
ten by one who knew the subject of it at home."  
—*Rev. O. A. Skinner*.

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as  
to present the full proportions of his father's character."  
—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery*.

"It is from the pen of Maturin M. Ballou, editor of  
Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great dis-  
crimination."  
—*Boston Evening Gazette*.

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of  
biography than our author, as shown by this work."  
—*Rev. A. A. Miner*.

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and  
fleshy; no straining after highly-wrought, flowery dic-  
tion, and no descending to lightness or frivolity."  
—*New York Ch. Ambassador*.

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically,  
and truly recorded."  
—*Oliver Branch*.

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou' discourse, or  
who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain  
the present publication. It is accompanied with an ex-  
cellent engraving of the good man."  
—*Boston Bee*.

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy and natu-  
ral style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence  
which characterized 'the old man eloquent,' the elo-  
quence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the out-  
gushing of feeling."  
—*Rev. C. F. Le Fevre*.

"The present volume embodies the history of his pub-  
lic, as well as his private trials. The gist of his doctrines  
and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable  
to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the  
venerable subject."  
—*Boston Post*.

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vig-  
orous and successful writers connected with the Boston  
press, and the present volume will add much to his well-  
earned reputation."  
—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us  
in life—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent  
disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wis-  
dom of a sage."  
—*Vermont Ch. Repository*.

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside  
until he shall have finished it, after reading a few con-  
secutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the  
publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing  
an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent,  
free of postage, to any part of the United States. For  
sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS,

No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM.

COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, IN-  
FLUENZA, and all affections and diseases of the  
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, not even excepting CON-  
SUMPTION, yield to the powerful influence of this great  
remedy.

LETTER FROM ELDER H. L. GILMAN,  
A Minister of the Gospel in Vermont.

GLOVER, Vt., June 20, 1850.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Gents,—I hereby certify  
that I have been troubled for several years with a dif-  
ficulty of the heart and lungs, and have applied to sev-  
eral physicians for help, and have tried almost every reme-  
dy of the numerous ones which have been recommended,  
without receiving any assistance, but had been growing  
weaker, until, hearing of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*  
about a year since, I commenced using it with imme-  
diate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound  
state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty or dis-  
ease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it  
is the best lung medicine before the public, and I most  
cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all per-  
sons suffering with pulmonary complaints.

H. L. GILMAN.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold all  
over the country.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM.

**BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.**

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and per-  
fect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for  
the Royal Transparent Parings

## BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced.  
Prices, 50 cents, \$1 00, and \$1 50.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray?  
Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair,—all  
others are based on this great discovery, and are sham  
imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 00,  
and \$1 50. Sold by druggists throughout the United  
States and Canada.

Proprietor, **W. BOGLE**, 203 Washing-  
ton Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.  
Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's  
Bazaar. copy may 28

**116,000.** BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has  
reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is  
rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original  
reading in each number. Fully illus-  
trated. Minus one dollar and receive the cheapest work  
in the world for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street. 1f

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on rea-  
sonable terms. Parties at a distance by designating  
what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of  
mail, and the price at once given. 1f

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap,  
and returned in one week.

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following bril-  
lant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelle style,  
richly illustrated with large original engravings, and form-  
ing the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public.  
Every one of these works was written expressly for this  
establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to  
law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for  
twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE UNKNOWN MASK:** or, THE BELLE OF MADRID.  
The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of  
Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and ad-  
venture of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE DANCING STAR:** or, THE SMUGGLER OF THE  
CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea,  
written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays  
character with great tact and life.

Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

**THE FOUNDLING:** or, HERMIONE OF ST. ANTOINE.  
This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and  
nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling charac-  
ter in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle  
of the last century.

Written for us by.....MAJOR W. C. HUNTER.

**THE GIPSEY BRIGAND:** or, THE CHILD OF THE  
SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering  
sinecure, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our  
author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the  
end. Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE BEL ISABEL:** or, THE CONSPIRATORS OF CUBA.  
A Story of the Green Land and the Blue Sea. Rich in  
adventure and in Cuban life, of a revolutionary charac-  
ter. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER:** or, THE PROPHECY  
OF THE BOHEMIA WALT. A Tale of the Time of Joseph  
II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid  
mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the  
boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling  
interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** or, THE ROVER'S  
CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true  
seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand  
to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as  
captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** or, THE WANDERING BOHE-  
MIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of  
chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has pub-  
lished, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown  
by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** or, THE SCOUT OF THE SUS-  
QUEHANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming dur-  
ing the thrilling times of the revolutionary history.  
This story gives a lifelike view of some of the charac-  
ters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a  
part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LION:** or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOB-  
SCOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's  
usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in exe-  
cution, the whole forming an intensely interesting  
nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** or, THE DUMB DWARF OF  
CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous cap-  
ital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the  
Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**FITZ-HERN:** or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A  
Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ire-  
land. Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**PAUL LARON:** or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.  
This famous story is one which has been republished  
by us until we now present the fiftieth edition, and is  
said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE:** or, THE REGULA-  
TORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and  
lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring  
events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star  
State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be  
surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** or, THE HUNTER SPY OF  
VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying  
scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary his-  
tory. This tale is one of those which have given the  
author so great popularity, and won for him so ex-  
tended a reputation.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT:** or, THE BUCCANER OF THE GULF.  
This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf,  
written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and  
forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to  
be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE SMUGGLER:** or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST.  
This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best  
novelle, full to the brim of startling and vivid life,  
and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF:** or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN.  
This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, do-  
mestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia,  
detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

**THE CASTILLIAN BRIDE:** or, THE SPANISH CAVA-  
LIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most  
charming story, one that no reader will be willing to  
lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN ALOE IN BLOOM.

The Great or American Aloe (*agave Americana*), sometimes termed the century plant, is well delineated at the period of its bloom in the accompanying engraving. The flowers have the tube of the corolla narrowed in the middle, the stamens longer than the corolla, and the style longer than the stamens. This magnificent native of North America is by no means an uncommon plant in English gardens, but it is seldom seen there in flower. The term of century plant, as commonly applied to the American aloe, is derived from a mistaken idea that it does not bloom until it has attained the age of one hundred years. The fact is, that the time of flowering depends almost wholly on the rapidity of its growth. In hot countries it will flower in a few years, but in colder climates, the growth being slower, it is necessarily longer in arriving at maturity. The stem which bears the blossoms rises from the centre of the leaves, and, when this plant is in its vigorous state, it frequently exceeds the height of twenty feet. An American aloe in the garden of the king of Prussia was forty feet high. Branches issue from every side, and in such a manner as to form a kind of pyramid composed of greenish yellow flowers, which stand erect and are seen in thick clusters at every joint. When in full flower its appearance is extremely splendid, and, if the season be favorable, and the plant sheltered from the cold in autumn, a succession of blossoms will sometimes be produced extending over a period of nearly three months. In the warmer parts of Europe, the American aloe is cultivated as an object of considerable utility. They are frequently set out in rows as fences for enclosures, particularly in Spain, Portugal and Italy. In Algarvia the leaves are employed for scouring pewter, kitchen utensils, and floors, and, being cut into slices, are used for feeding cattle. The juice of these leaves is made into cakes, which are used for washing, and will make lather with salt water as well as fresh. The fibres of the leaves, when properly prepared, may be separated into threads, which are useful in various ways. This is sometimes done by bruising and dipping them in water, and afterwards beating them. The process in some parts of Portugal is, after plucking the largest and best leaves, to place them on a square board which a person presses obliquely between his breast and the ground, and then scrapes with a square iron bar, held in both hands. By this operation all the juices are pressed out, and only the fibres and some of the membranous parts of the leaves remain, which are easily detached. The fibres are employed for all the purposes to which thread can be applied, but they are neither strong nor durable, and if exposed to moisture, soon decay.

## MAN'S DESTINY.

The appearance of man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation; the operators of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and imposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged "rewarder of all who diligently seek him." And in looking along the line of being—ever rising in the scale higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspiration than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present troubles for a state into which he can enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with his humble creatures, who gives even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare, will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs, but there are other burying grounds and other tombs—solitary church-yards among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished race, frequent symbols which intimate to us, that while their buried yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the other as charged with the sown seed of the future—*Hugh Miller.*

## LEGAL ANECDOTES—CAPITAL ONES.

The New York "Evening Post" daily journal records the following anecdote of Judge Gould, of Troy, above us, on 'Udson, presiding (at this present writing) over the Oyer and Terminer of this metropolis. He must have not a little of the vim and strong common-sense of his exceedingly clever brother, the lamented John W. Gould, mentioned in the Narrative-History of the "Knickerbocker," in our July number.

"The trial of James Glass for the murder of Richard Owens is now in progress before Judge Gould, of Troy, at the Oyer and Terminer in this city. Dr. Ferguson having yesterday been called by the prosecution to prove the cause of Owens's death, testified that Owens had some bruises on his head of a comparatively trifling character, and that he had a gunshot wound through the heart. On cross examination, Mr. Whiting put a variety of questions to the doctor, as to whether the bruises on the head might not

for the plaintiff. "Did you," said he to the witness upon the stand, after the case had well advanced, "did you, sir, see this man, this person here before you, this individual, this defendant here now before the bar of this honorable court, did you see that person raise his muscular arm and excite and aggravate the already sufficiently alarmed fears of my client?"

"Sir," asked the utterly dumfounded and dumb-founded witness.

"My question," repeated the inexperienced legal 'Blatherskite,' "(and the honorable court will perceive that it was sufficiently explicit and direct), was this; and let us see whether this unwilling witness will answer it this time. The question is: Did you, sir, have an unclouded view; were there no intervening obstacles between you and the object of attack—in other words, were your optics unobscured, in all respects, when you beheld this individual raise his powerful and muscular arm, and attempt to co-

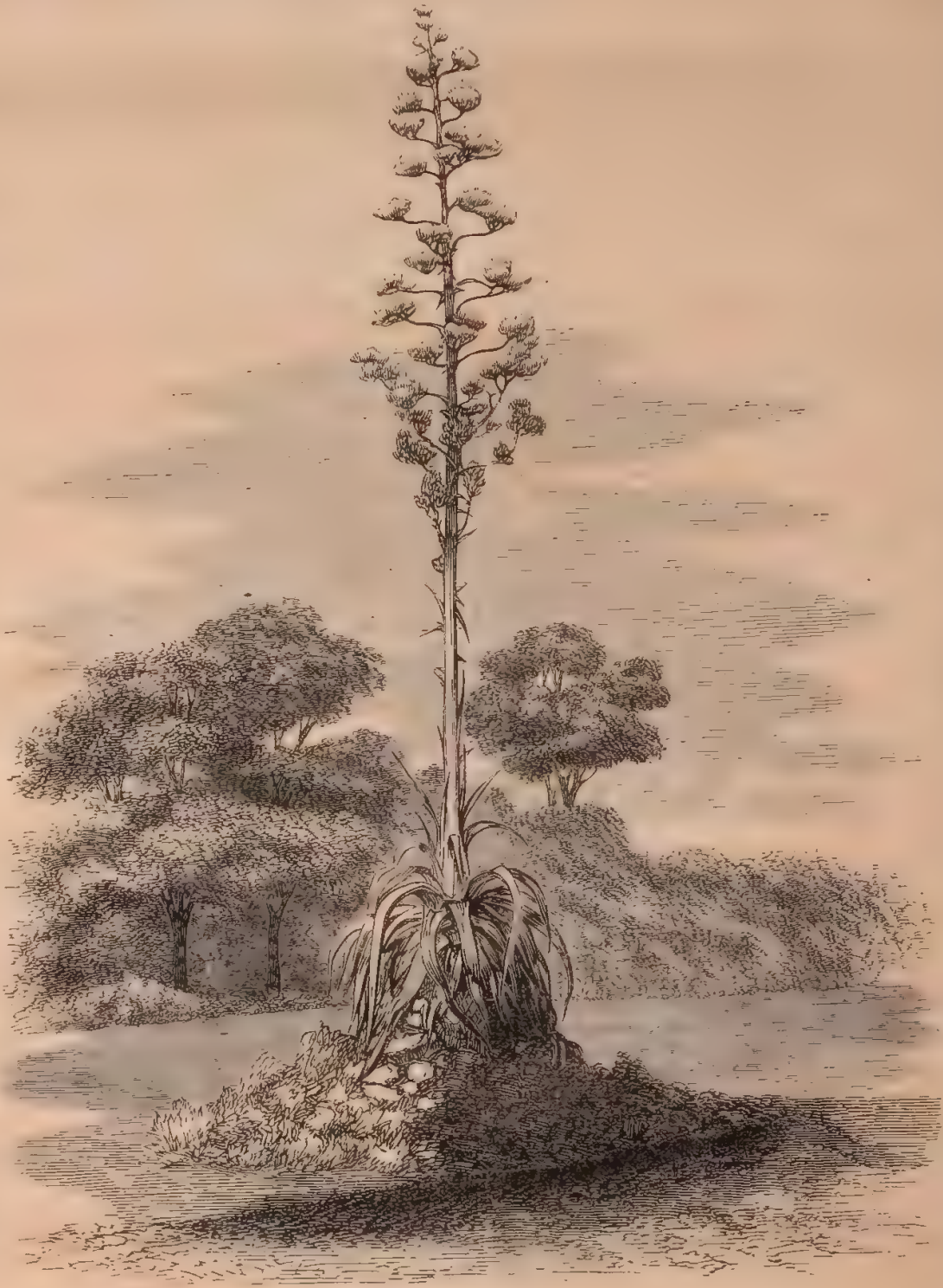
"The following characteristic anecdote of Aaron Burr," writes a friendly correspondent, in Mr. Parton's memoir. It has at least the merit of being authentic: Aaron Burr, it was related to me by a nephew of the venerable Daniel Cady, who often heard that eminent jurist rehearse it. Burr was always sententious and pointed in his 'summing up,' and he was annoyed whenever anything occurred to disturb the attention of the court. He was one time making an argument before the Court of Appeals, when two of the judges put their heads together and began to whisper. Burr instantly ceased speaking, and waited deferentially for the 'confab' to close. One of the judges observing this, made a gesture, and said, rather curtly: 'Go on, Mr. Burr, go on; there is no occasion for stopping!' Burr bowed with that irresistible suavity for which he was noted, and remarked: 'I was afraid that I should disturb the deliberations of the court!' It is needless to add that the 'grave and revered seigneurs' gave the most undivided attention to the remainder of the argument. It was a deserved 'hit,' and 'duly appreciated.'—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

## TIN AND ITS USES.

Tin, so much employed in commerce, is still rather a rare metal as to locality, though occurring in large quantities when found at all. We have no tin in the United States, beyond some slight traces in one or two States. There are, says the Scientific American, four varieties of tin in our market, Banca, Straits, English and Spanish. The Banca tin is the most sought for. It receives its name from the island of Banca, a small island of the Dutch East Indian Archipelago. This tin is worth in market, some three cents a pound more than any other variety. The Dutch East India Company that have the monopoly of this tin, sell it by public sale at Rotterdam, once every year, and at no other time. The Straits tin comes from the Indian Archipelago, principally near the Straits of Malacca. It is not uniformly as good as the Banca tin, and therefore does not bear so high a price. Borneo furnishes much of this variety. The English tin is found in Cornwall in great quantities and in all its forms. It bears as high a price as the Banca tin, but the best is seldom exported, being much used by English manufacturers. These Cornwall mines were worked long ages ago. The Phœnicians early visited Cornubia, as Cornwall was formerly called, for the purpose of obtaining tin, as did the Greeks and Romans afterwards. The old Britons worked the mines in their rude way, but the Saxons seem not to have done much with them. The Spanish tin is the result of some tin mines in Mexico and South America. This tin bears but a low price in market. The Scientific American does not mention the tin found in Austria, Saxony, Spain, Sweden and Russia. That of Saxony is of considerable importance in commerce. The British tin amounts annually from 80,000 to 100,000 cwt.; that of Banca and Malacca together to 90,000 cwt.; Saxony, 3500; Austria, 380; and Sweden, 750 cwt. The principal use of tin is in coating sheets of iron for the common tin ware. The tin does not oxydate easily and preserves the iron from rusting and presents a smooth and polished surface. The sheets of iron are heated, cleansed with diluted acid, and scoured. The sheets, then several hundred together, are immersed first in a vat of grease, and then into a bath of melted tin, where they remain for an hour and a half. The excess of the tin is then removed by the plates being washed in a vessel of grain tin, and the tin are then rubbed and polished in brim. The tin of commerce is an oxyde of tin, the sulphuret of tin being a rare mineral. Native tin has been found in small quantities.—*Art Journal.*

## ORIENTAL CARPETS.

Those which are known here as Turkish and Persian carpets, are woven by hand, mostly by poor peasant women; the loom is the simplest and rudest that can be imagined. The carpet is woven the whole size it is intended to be, and the raised part or pile is formed by knotting in tufts of fine soft woolen yarn, a row of tufts being fastened to the warp between each throwing of the shuttle. The Persian women fill up the time with working at their carpet-ooms, taste fully forming the pattern as they proceed from designs of their own, which are generally gay mosaics, where the colors are beautifully blended.



THE AMERICAN ALOE IN BLOOM.

have caused the death of Owens; whether, if those bruises might not, more severe bruises would; whether, if more severe bruises not have caused the death of Owens, they might not have caused the death of a man of Owens's size, and so forth. After Mr. Whiting had pursued this line of questioning till, perhaps, some of the jurors began to doubt whether poor Owens was in fact dead, Judge Gould took the witness:

Judge—"You have now, doctor, answered the counsel as to what might have killed Owens. Will you tell me what did kill him?"

Doctor—"The bullet, sir."

Judge—"Have you any doubt on that point?"

Doctor—"Not the least, sir."

Judge—"That will do, sir."

Curt and especially to the point: reminding us very forcibly of an incident which occurred before a certain Albany judge, waggishly inclined, several years ago. The case before the court was one of assault and battery. A pompous, wordy, windy, and witless young limb of the law was

erced, and, as it were, to preponderate upon the already (as I have said) abundantly-sufficiently excited fears of my client, who stands before you, yourself, and this honorable court, to demand—ay, sir, and to receive—justice, simple justice (he asks no more) at the hands of this bench, this bar, this court?"

"Sir," asked the poor bothered witness, once more, with an "inquiring countenance," which was almost pitiful to behold.

Here the commiserating judge kindly interfered: "The counsel will please permit the court to ask the witness a single question: Did you see the defendant in this case, that man standing on your right, strike this plaintiff, the man near you on your left?—did you see him strike him?"

"O, yes, I see him strike him; 'twas a wall-popper, too; knocked him as flat as a cauf: you ought to have seen him when he tried to get up—"

"That'll do," interrupted the judge; "we have the fact which the learned counsel, we believe, was trying to elicit!"



# BALLOU'S

# PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. VOL. XVII, No. 19...WHOLE No. 437.

## A STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE.

The engraving before us carries us into the heart of Old Spain, and sets us down in the corner of a square in that most picturesque and interesting of old Spanish cities, fair Seville or Sevilla, as it is called in the Spanish tongue. As the motto of the Neapolitans is, "see Naples and die," so there is a Spanish proverb which saith,

"He who hath not fair Seville seen,  
Hath been no traveller, I ween."

There is a fascination in the very name. Boyhood associates it with oranges; maturer years with a thousand legends and histories, not for-

was built in the fifteenth century, contains eighty-two altars, and has a tower two hundred and fifty feet high, considered the finest in Spain. Other conspicuous edifices are the alcazar or palace, a Moorish building, containing a library of twenty thousand volumes, a garden, etc., the Longa, or exchange, the school of artillery, and the mint. These houses generally cover a large space, but towards the street they have a mean appearance, the Moors being accustomed to confine their embellishments to the interior. Seville contains an academy for the physical sciences, one for the fine arts, a medical society, and a university, founded in 1502, and almost as back-

ward as at the date of its foundation. The silk manufactures of Seville were formerly extensive. In the time of Ferdinand and Isabella there were six thousand looms. These manufactures declined in the middle and end of the seventeenth century, but revived again in the eighteenth, and are now in a comparatively flourishing state. Other manufactures are coarse woollens, leather, tobacco and snuff. Vessels drawing more than ten feet of water must unload eight miles below the city, and the largest vessels stop at San Lucar, at the mouth of the river. Like the inhabitants of all other Spanish cities, the people of Seville are passionately fond of bull-fights, and

the fiercest bulls and some of the most daring taureadors meet in combat in the amphitheatre of the great square. Prosper Merimee, writing from Seville, says: "Bull fights are still much in vogue in Spain, but among Spaniards of the better class there are few who are not ashamed to confess their partiality for so cruel an amusement. They seek, therefore, many grave reasons to justify it. The only argument which they are afraid to advance, and yet which would be unanswerable, is this—that the spectacle, whether cruel or not, is so interesting, so attractive, and causes such powerful emotion, that it is impossible to give it up, after one has conquered the re-

puugance of a first sitting. Strangers, who enter the circus for the first time with a degree of horror, and only to acquit themselves of a duty as faithful travellers, become as passionately fond of bull-baiting as the Spaniards themselves. We must confess, to the shame of humanity, that war itself, with all its horrors, possesses irresistible charms to those who contemplate it from its borders. Saint Augustine relates that, in his youth, he had an extreme repugnance for gladiatorial combats, and had never witnessed one. Being induced by a friend to accompany him to one of these splendid butcheries, he swore to himself that he would keep his eyes closed during the whole exhibition. For a while he kept his promise manfully, and managed to think of something else, but on a shout raised by the whole assembly at the fall of a celebrated gladiator, he opened his eyes; he opened them and could not close them. From that time, and to the period of his conversion, he was one of the most devoted amateurs of the sports of the circus. After so great a saint, I feel rather delicate about citing myself; but you know that I have not the tastes of a cannibal. The first time I entered the circus at Seville, I feared that it would be impossible for me to bear the sight of the blood which was to flow so liberally. I feared, especially, that my sensibility, which I distrusted, would render me ridiculous in the eyes of the veteran amateurs who had given me a seat in their box. There was nothing of it. The first bull appeared, was wounded, and I thought no more of going out. Two hours rolled on without any intermission, and I was not yet fatigued. No tragedy in the world could have interested me to such a degree. During my stay in Spain, I never missed a single fight, and I blush to confess that I prefer the death-combats to those in which they are content with teasing the bulls, and fix balls to the end of their horns to prevent serious injury. There is the same difference between actual combats and tourneys with blunted lances."



STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.

getting Beaumarchais' master-piece, the Barber of Seville, and the charming comic opera of which that furnishes the libretto. As you pass along the streets, under the heavy balconies, so jealously guarded, as you see bright eyes peeping from the screen of curtain and fan, you cannot help thinking of Rosina and Bartolo, Figaro and Count Almaviva. But we are neglecting the ladies in our picture, and they are halting at the open booth of a dealer in refreshment, and are about to moisten their red lips with a glass of snow-cooled lemonade or orange—nothing stronger, on our sacred honor—not a dash, not a drop of the Xeros wine. Courteously as a knight of old, the dealer waits upon the fair, while another gazes, with look of undisguised admiration, never offensive to Spanish belles. How pretty and picturesque are the costumes! We humbly petition her majesty, Eugenie, empress of the French, sovereign of hearts, leader of fashion, not to forget that she was once the Countess of Montijo, that pure Castilian blood runs in her veins, and that she has the power to introduce some of the most charming features of her national costume to the patronage and admiration of the world. The city of Seville or Sevilla, anciently Hispalis, is situated on the storied Guadalquivir, forty-five miles north of Cadiz, and two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Madrid. It is an archiepiscopal see, and stands in a fine plain surrounded by an old wall built of cement, with twelve gates and one hundred and sixty-six turrets. The interior of the city is built in the Moorish style, the streets being often so narrow that a person can touch the houses on both sides at once, and it is badly paved. The squares are neither numerous nor spacious. There are several beautiful public walks, one, in particular, on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The city contains a cathedral, twenty-nine churches, eighty-four convents, and twenty-four hospitals. The cathedral is the largest Gothic edifice in Spain, and one of the largest in Europe. It



(Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER:

—OR—

## THE SECRET OF FRANZ.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

LAST year, about the end of the month of October, I encountered on the Boulevard des Italiens an old college classmate, named A. D. He is a young man of sense and talent, a hard student, who has already acquired a good reputation as a lawyer. As we are both very industrious, we meet very rarely. That does not prevent our retaining a sincere affection for each other, and a cordial pleasure on meeting.

"Will you come and dine with me?" said I to D. "I have a box for the Opera Comique. When we leave the table we will go and see *l'Etoile du Nord*."

"Thank you," replied he, with an absent air, "I am not in a mood to be amused this evening."

"What is the matter?"

"I am to defend at the assizes next week, a poor young man in whom I am deeply absorbed, and who occasions me much uneasiness."

"Of what is he accused?"

"Of having attempted to assassinate his wife."

"That is indeed a grave offence."

"The more so that everything conspires against him, and yet I am convinced that he is not guilty. For a week past I have thought of nothing else but this unfortunate affair."

"Then accept my invitation. At the end of a certain time the mind becomes fatigued when it is constantly dwelling on the same object. Come with me and forget your business for a few hours."

"I wish I could, but I cannot."

"Well, then, we will converse upon it. You shall narrate it to me. Who knows? that will perhaps inspire you with some good idea."

"In fact, you are right," said he to me, after a few moments of reflection. "I feel that my head needs rest. It was for this reason that I came out, instead of dining at home as usual, I am at your service."

Half an hour afterwards, we were sitting opposite each other in one of the restaurants of the boulevard. While eating, my friend related to me the following story. Though this affair may be well known to most of those who read the legal newspapers, I have changed the names, even that of the street. The conclusion of my narrative will sufficiently explain the motives for my discretion:

On the corner of the Rue St. Croix and the Rue Bourtibourg was situated, two years ago, a small goldsmith's shop. In the window were displayed a few pieces of plate, for a long time, alas! the same. A glazed case in the interior contained articles of less importance, such as rings, gold and silver crosses, thimbles, spoons, etc. Two chalices, an ostensor, and some silver dishes garnished the shelves of a sort of armoire placed at the end of the shop, beside the work-room. Though carefully preserved, these articles had an old and smoky appearance. The whole shop had the air of very little business.

The goldsmith, named Antoine Rieland, was a small and stunted man, with a gray and rough beard, stooping form, sunken features, brusque and abstracted look. A little cloth cap, embroidered with green braid, covered his bald head. He was usually seated on a large stool in the work-room, near the door which communicated with the shop. In this manner he superintended, or rather was supposed to superintend, at once the labors of the two apprentices, and the service of the counter. In reality, he superintended nothing and did little. The good man's hobby was to busy himself with mechanisms and inventions of every kind. In this game he had already spent a pretty fortune, and by degrees lost almost all the custom which his father had bequeathed to him. At heart, he was an excellent man, notwithstanding his rough exterior; but he had none of those qualities necessary to success in his occupation.

The wife of Rieland, a gentle and good creature who saw only through her husband's eyes, had died while still young, of a disease of the lungs, which was perhaps enhanced by grief at her misfortunes. Deprived of his faithful companion, Rieland had sunk mentally as well as physically beneath the weight of years and misfortunes. He was certainly not poor,

but his actual situation inspired him with sad reflections every time he compared it with that he had enjoyed a dozen years before. Instead of struggling, he resigned himself and became more absorbed in the mania of invention. I say mania, because he understood nothing and had never accomplished anything satisfactorily. He passed his life perched on his stool, holding in his hand a hammer and a graving-tool almost idle, and with his mind lost in the clouds, in the pursuit of some impossible invention.

The only consolation of the goldsmith, the only sunbeam which enlightened a little his monotonous and gloomy home, was his daughter Felicie. She was then eighteen. Opinions varied respecting her face. She was small, pale and delicate. There was something of fragility about this young girl. Her sweet and kind smile wanted freshness.

Beside her father, she conversed and laughed gayly, for she knew that her smile radiated into the heart of the old man and gave him courage. But, as soon as Rieland was away, she resumed her slightly melancholy expression. Her head reclined on her breast, and her large eyes allowed only a sad and dreamy glance to steal through their long chestnut lashes.

"What is the matter, my child?" her father would sometimes ask when he surprised her thus.

"Nothing," Felicie would eagerly reply, smiling and hastening to raise his stooping form; "nothing, father."

"Perhaps you are lonely," the poor old man would resume, his voice betraying anxiety and profound affection; "shall I take you to the play this evening?"

"I would rather stay at home with you."

She spoke truth. She absolutely desired nothing. This was perhaps her misfortune. Life needs an object, especially at an age when the heart not less than the body has need of exercise. For both, immobility is fatal. Then Felicie, who strongly resembled her mother, had also weak lungs. She needed fresh air, exercise, country life. Like those flowers which are kept always shut up in a room, she languished behind the damp and gloomy counter.

The old goldsmith did not exactly understand the condition of his daughter. Seeing her daily, hourly, he did not notice the progress, very slow, indeed, of her malady. This last word is too strong to characterize the state of the young girl, for with Felicie there was rather a predisposition to disease than disease itself. When Rieland questioned his daughter, he obeyed rather a vague sentiment of anxiety than any special motive for fear.

One day a young man, whose costume and physiognomy sufficiently revealed his Alsatian origin, timidly entered the shop and asked for M. Rieland.

"What do you want of me?" said, in a slightly harsh tone and turning around on his stool, the goldsmith, whom he had just disturbed in his interminable calculations.

The other, entirely disconcerted, stammered a few words. The two apprentices began to laugh at the accent and embarrassed mien of the poor youth. This was enough to make him lose his courage.

"Come, do not interrupt us in our labors," said the goldsmith to him, mistaking the intentions of the young man. "I am not rich enough to give alms to a great boy like you. Good-evening."

"I do not ask alms," said the Alsatian, with vivacity, "I ask work."

"Have you ever worked with a goldsmith?"

"A little," murmured the poor fellow, whom Rieland was insensibly pushing towards the door. "Then, my father—"

"I do not know why I should ask that question, either," interrupted the goldsmith, impatient to return to his calculations, "for I do not need any more apprentices at present. As business is, I have only too many," murmured he, impatiently.

He gently pushed the Alsatian out and closed the door.

"Poor fellow," said Felicie, "he looks unhappy."

"What would you have me do?" exclaimed Rieland, "can I take other apprentices, when I have not enough for these to do?"

He returned to his workshop grumbling, and resumed his calculations. Felicie rose softly and advanced on tiptoe to the street door to see what had become of the young Alsatian. She perceived him two paces off, seated on a stone, and with his head leaning on his breast. It seemed

to her that the poor youth was weeping. The kind heart of the young girl could not resist this. The first impulse of Felicie was to call the Alsatian and give him some money. Then she remembered what she had just heard her father say, and feared to offend him by offering him alms. A good inspiration came to her. People with hearts always have their inspirations under sad circumstances, especially women. She opened the door and beckoned to the young man, who hastened towards her.

"Sir," said she, with an embarrassment almost as great as that of the stranger, "will you do me the favor to purchase for me two skeins of silk like this, of the merchant at No. 15? I am alone at the counter and cannot leave. Here are twenty sous to pay for them."

He set off on a run, and returned almost immediately with the two skeins and the money.

"Keep that for your trouble," said Felicie, repulsing by a gesture the change which he handed her.

He made a sign in the negative, and his eyes filled with tears. In the money which he had just given to Mdlle. Rieland was a piece of fifty centimes, entirely new, which shone among the larger coins; Felicie took it and slipped it into the hand of the young man with a gesture so graceful and a smile so sweet, that the eyes of the poor boy filled again.

"Well, so be it, mademoiselle. I will keep this little piece," said he to Felicie, who turned away to conceal a tear which stood at the edge of her long eyelashes; "but," continued he, twirling his little dusty cap between his fingers, "you can render me a much greater service, mademoiselle."

"What?"

"Say to M. Rieland that I am the son of Herman Barth."

"Of Herman Barth?" repeated Felicie, a little embarrassed by the pronunciation of her interlocutor.

"Yes, mademoiselle; M. Rieland will readily recollect that name."

Felicie ran into the work-shop.

"Father," said she, "this young man is the son of Herman Barth."

"What is it to me whose son he is," exclaimed the goldsmith. Hold, hold!" repeated he, changing his tone a little. "Herman Barth, I know him, an Alsatian with whom I worked at Odier's. How! is it his son? Why did not the stupid fellow tell me sooner?"

"You frightened him, father."

"Where is he?"

"In the street; shall I tell him to enter?"

"Of course."

She did not wait to be told twice. Five minutes afterwards, the young Alsatian, installed in the workshop, was conversing with the goldsmith.

"What is your father doing now?" asked Rieland.

"He is dead, sir," replied Franz.

"Already—so young! How old would he have been now? Indeed, he was my elder, and like me, married late. Poor Herman! And your mother?"

"Dead also."

"Ah! And your Uncle Karl, he whom we always called Calebasse?"

"He lives at Darmstadt, sir."

"Why did you not ask him for a letter of introduction to me?"

The young man blushed, and cast down his head with an air of confusion.

"Hum, hum!" said the goldsmith, who remarked the embarrassment of his interlocutor, "have you quarrelled with your uncle? You have committed some folly, I would wager, my boy."

A purple red covered the cheeks of the young man. He did not reply. Felicie, who had remained leaning against the door, with her embroidery in her hand, came again to his assistance. She stooped towards the old man and asked him, in a low tone, whether it would not be proper to offer some refreshments to the traveller.

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," said Rieland.

"I will carry a bottle of wine into the kitchen; you will converse there more at your ease," resumed Felicie, who had remarked how much the sly looks and smiles of the two apprentices embarrassed the Alsatian.

Remy Nantel, especially, the head workman of the goldsmith, had knit his brows as he saw the friendly reception given to the young stranger. This Remy was an old bachelor of forty-

five at least, afflicted with a mania common enough, that of attempting to be witty and to play upon words. Though he had a large body and little hair, a great mouth and small eyes, a red nose and black teeth, Remy was not destitute of pretension. As people often laughed at his wit, almost always coarse, he looked upon it as a success. He then brought towards his forehead, with a laugh of triumph, two or three locks of hair borrowed from the back of his head.

"Zidore," said he to the other apprentice, as soon as the goldsmith and Barth had left the workshop, "this great Alsatian displeases me. He looks like an umbrella case. If he comes here to work, I will make the sour-kraut enter see stars."

While the two workmen were amusing themselves at the expense of the new comer, Rieland was conversing with Franz Barth. Like most old men, the goldsmith loved whatever reminded him of his youth. In talking of the father of Franz, he found himself carried back to the happy moments of his life. So the conversation did not lag on his side. As for the young Alsatian, he contented himself with replying to the questions of the goldsmith. He seemed to have reserved all his activity to attack the remains of a leg of mutton which Felicie had silently deposited on the table. The goldsmith was still talking when the whole leg had disappeared, in company with a two pound loaf which had scarcely been begun upon.

"It seems you have a good appetite, my boy," said Rieland. "So much the better! So much the better! I had also, at your age. And your father, too—I remember that one day we were together at the Ville d'Auvray. We two ate a loin of veal and a chicken. Times have changed since that. Well, my boy, what do you propose to do in Paris?"

"Seek work, sir."

"That is easily said; but what can you do? not much, I fear."

"That is true, sir, but I have a good will."

"That is something, but not enough. Return to-morrow—we will see of what you are capable."

The young man rose to withdraw. Felicie thought she remarked an expression of sadness and embarrassment in his countenance. She beckoned to her father, who approached her.

"Father," said she, in an under-tone, "M. Franz is doubtless unacquainted in Paris. Perhaps he does not know where to go. Can we not offer him, for this night, the little room where Trinette sleeps?"

"We can, indeed," said the goldsmith. "Besides, if I am not mistaken, this poor boy's purse is not very well filled."

After a moment's hesitation, Franz accepted the hospitality offered him by Rieland. Felicie hastened to make preparations. The young man, who had come on foot that day from Meaux, was exhausted with fatigue and drowsiness. It was not necessary to urge him to retire when the bed was ready.

"He appears to be an honest youth," said Rieland to his daughter; "only there is one thing which displeases me in his story."

"What?"

"He is evidently on bad terms with his uncle, and I see that he seeks to conceal the cause of this quarrel. There may be something in it. I will write to Karl to learn the truth."

It was not necessary to look long at Franz Barth in order to divine his origin. His fair hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion and upright form, revealed at the first glance, that he was born on the banks of the Rhine. Gentleness and goodness were painted on his physiognomy, which was, perhaps, slightly deficient in expression. He was neither silly nor clownish, at most a little simple; but excessive timidity sometimes gave him an embarrassed air, which was an injury to him. His foreign accent and the difficulty which he experienced in expressing himself, contributed much to this. He seemed extremely sad, and even his smile had something sorrowful about it. In fine, he was a handsome youth of twenty-three, who seemed at most twenty, and whose open face prepossessed others in his favor.

The first week of his debut in the work-shop of Rieland was a hard trial to Franz. He did not very well understand what the goldsmith said to him, and dared not ask him to repeat it. So, though naturally very skilful, he often did the contrary of what he was ordered. He saw that the two other workmen laughed at him, and that disturbed him still more.



On the other hand, the disposition of Rieland had been unhappily soured by the misfortunes he had experienced. Though a good man at heart, he was very passionate. He wished to have his explanations comprehended at a word, often carelessly spoken, because he was thinking of something else. Twenty times a day, during the first week, he rose from his stool with impatience, and vented his ill humor in the shop that he might not express it aloud before his workmen. What exasperated him most, was to be every moment interrupted in his eternal mechanical calculations by the questions of his new apprentice. Rendered more fearful still by the temper of his patron, the latter dared not, in fact, give a single stroke with his tools without consulting him.

"What is the matter, father?" Felicie would ask, when she saw the goldsmith walk about the little shop with a furious step.

"This Franz will wear out my patience!" Rieland would exclaim, twisting his cap on his head. "It is impossible to make him understand anything."

And he would relate to Felicie some blunder of the poor Alsatian.

"I shall be obliged to send him away," he would say.

"Poor boy," Felicie would reply, "he looks so pleasant, so honest."

"Yes he is full of good will, but that is not enough."

"The two other workmen annoy him with their ridicule. Besides, if you send him away, you, his father's friend, what will become of him? He will die of hunger."

"O, I see how it is. If I listened to you, I should never dismiss a workman. It was so in the time of that old Mathurin Royat. Everything he broke in the house, you put down to your own account. And here is another who spoils my work. Good! I hear Nointel and Isidore laughing again. I would wager your Alsatian is doing some other stupid thing."

Foreseeing a storm, Felicie would rise quickly, take her father's arm with a coaxing air, and pass with him into the workshop. Most of the time Franz had, indeed, committed some blunder. With downcast head, blushing up to his ears, he would await his master's reproaches with a sorrowful resignation. His two neighbors would laugh and look at the injured article in such a manner as to attract attention from the master. Felicie would then interfere. With a glance she would impose silence on the workmen. Then, addressing Franz in her sweetest tone, she would explain to him slowly and in detail the work he was required to accomplish. Lest he should not readily comprehend, she would often repeat her explanation two or three times. Composed, reassured by this caressing voice, the poor boy would resume his task. Often Felicie, instead of going away immediately, would remain by the side of Franz, and watch his labors. When he made another mistake, which was very rarely, she would point out his error, without impatience. Then all would go on admirably. The goldsmith would plunge himself again into his calculations, and Felicie, silently regaining her counter, would resume her embroidery.

During the second week, the aspect of things changed. There took place every day in the person and in the mind of Barth, a change analogous to that experienced by a man whose limbs, contracted by severe cold, relax and grow supple in a warmer temperature. Like most of his countrymen, he was adroit and patient, and, like them also, he had a peculiar talent of making a host of little articles in wood. This last quality did more than all the rest to conquer for him the affection of Rieland. He hastened to make useful in his mechanics the address and the inexhaustible obligingness of the young Alsatian. Though he sometimes knocked his apprentice roughly, Rieland liked him much and could not do without him.

"Your pupil has done this, your pupil has done that," he would say to the young girl.

Barth had remained in possession of the little room which he had occupied on the night of his arrival. He took his meals with Rieland and his daughter. This naturally brought about a sort of intimacy of which the two other apprentices showed themselves very jealous. Then, Franz lived completely apart from them and shared none of their pleasures. He had none of the tastes of young men of his age. Although he already earned good wages with the goldsmith, he was extremely economical. And yet he never had any money. What did he do with it? This

problem appeared the more difficult for Felicie to solve, since Barth never went out. He spent all his evenings with the goldsmith and the young girl. The latter embroidered or read aloud. The two men carved pieces of wood, and mounted wheels for the mechanisms of father Rieland.

On Sunday they went to walk at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or rather, if the weather was favorable, in the fields around Paris. Then Franz would give his arm to Felicie. At first, this honor made the apprentice turn as red as a poppy. He kept himself three feet from the young girl. He would extend his arm at full length, so that she could scarcely place her fingers on the cuff of his coat. But the awkwardness of Franz at last disappeared in this respect as well as others. He soon approached nearer, and perhaps at last pressed Felicie's arm to his breast a little closer than was necessary. After all, she did not complain.

Since the arrival of the young Alsatian, a great improvement had taken place in Felicie's health. The color re-appeared on her cheek. Her lips also were redder. Her laugh had a fresher, more ringing and more free intonation. Love had warmed her heart, and her whole constitution felt it. The young girl loved Franz and did not try to conceal it. Something whispered to her that Barth shared her love. Meanwhile, various circumstances inspired her with an involuntary uneasiness.

One thing pre-occupied her especially. Franz frequently received from Germany letters evidently proceeding from the same person, for the writing of the address was always the same. Every time Felicie took one of these letters to the young Alsatian, or the postman gave it to him before her, Franz would be troubled and blush to the white of his eyes. Instead of opening his letter immediately, he would put it in his pocket, and not read it until he had re-entered his room. It appeared that his correspondent announced to him only bad news, for after every letter, Franz was sad and gloomy for several days. He avoided even Felicie, and his eyes were precipitately cast down every time they encountered the anxious and affectionate glance of the young girl.

Franz had no other relatives except his uncle Karl Barth, who lived at Darnstadt. Now these letters bore the postmark of Ansbach. Then Felicie knew for a certainty that Karl was not in correspondence with his nephew. In reply to the letter relative to Franz, Barth had written to the goldsmith that he did not wish to have anything said to him about this young man.

"This youth," wrote he to Rieland, "whom I regarded as my heir, as my son, has committed a fault which I will never pardon. It is useless to tell you what is. It concerns me particularly and affects in nothing the integrity of Franz. You can keep him in your workshop without fear, only never mention him to me again."

After this letter, which Rieland had shown to his daughter, it was evident enough that Franz did not receive letters from his uncle. Who, then, was the correspondent of the young Alsatian? A friend? He would have spoken of him sometimes. Then, with that ingenious diplomacy in which no ambassador can vie with even the most ordinary woman, Felicie had succeeded in ascertaining that Franz had no friend in Germany. A woman, then? That was more probable; nevertheless, the writing, remarkably handsome and regular, seemed traced by the hand of a man.

All this puzzled Felicie extremely. As it was almost always to the young girl that the postman handed the letters, she was sometimes tempted to open those of Franz's. These letters burned her fingers; she fastened her eyes upon them often as if her glance would penetrate the envelope. Even then, she would have been no better off, for the letters were written in German. It is true that this inconvenience was fast disappearing, Felicie having already commenced studying German with Barth, to whom, in return, she gave lessons in French. The poor boy needed them. He mangled that tongue in a most barbarous manner, which drew upon him the constant ridicule of the other apprentices. Isidore, especially, malicious as a monkey, and spoiled by Rieland, who was amused at his repartees, was very jealous of Felicie's interest in the young workman. Isidore aspired to win the hand of the goldsmith's daughter himself, actuated partly by the kind of love young men are apt to feel for the first young woman with whom

they are intimately associated, and partly by his ambition to win one whom he naturally looked upon as his superior.

Though Rieland was not very social or neighborly, he could not entirely avoid those relations which are established in certain quarters among people whose shops join and who must often have recourse to each other, were it only to change a bank-bill or gold pieces. On various occasions, he had been joked respecting his daughter's marriage with the young Alsatian. Barth and Felicie were always together, and as Franz seemed to be already a part of the family, these suppositions were very natural. At first, the good man contented himself with shrugging his shoulders impatiently. Nevertheless, one day after a conversation of this kind, instead of returning home, he walked more than a quarter of an hour on the quay, with his hands behind him. Then, suddenly, like a man who has just adopted an energetic resolution, he returned to his counter, ascended to his own room like an arrow, and began to write a long letter to his friend, Karl Barth.

"Will you come to dinner, father?" asked his daughter, entering his room at the moment he was reading the letter.

"Very soon, my child; only let me take this to the post."

"To whom are you writing that long letter?" resumed the young girl, for whom Rieland seldom had a secret.

"You are too inquisitive," replied he, embracing her. "I will tell you at some future time."

Felicie asked no more, but I would not swear that she had not time to read the address. It is certain that she blushed a little, and embraced her father more tenderly than usual.

Two or three days afterwards, one Saturday evening at the end of the month, Rieland, Felicie and Barth held a grand council. The subject in question was to choose the place to spend the ensuing Sunday. After having suggested one by one all the suburbs of Paris, they decided upon Enghien.

At six o'clock in the morning the next day, everybody was up. For most of the shopkeepers of Paris, Sunday is an important day. They look forward all the rest of the week to this happy day of rest and liberty. They are careful not to lose a minute of it.

The first train for Enghien started at half-past seven. Felicie proposed to profit by it; but her father, who was daily expecting the reply of Karl Barth, would not go until after the mail had arrived. The next train left at half-past nine, and in order to be in season for it, it was necessary to leave the shop at half past eight. At that hour the postman had not yet arrived, and Rieland lost patience.

"We will go," said he; "if I have any letters, we shall find them on our return."

An hour afterwards, the goldsmith, his daughter and Franz were rolling towards Enghien in a car of the second class. In the same compartment were two young people of nearly the same age as Barth. Patent leather gaiters, canes with pinch-beck heads, straw-colored gloves in their second edition, gay cravats, black coats and pants, at nine o'clock in the morning—all this smelt of the dry-goods clerk. These gentlemen were very gay, even turbulent. Franz, who sincerely admired their toilette and their elegance, soon saw that they looked a little too much at Mademoiselle Rieland. Then they had a way of confiding to each other aloud their admiration for the young girl, and afterwards laughing, which much embarrassed Felicie.

In spite of his amiability and peaceful disposition, Franz reddened with anger. But for the timidity which always prevented him from speaking first, he would have accosted the clerks very harshly. As for Father Rieland, absorbed as usual in his calculations, he was deaf, dumb and blind. Felicie, though much annoyed at the conversation of the two coxcombs, was at heart happy at the jealousy which she saw sparkle in the eyes of the young apprentice. Only she feared a quarrel. That at last came.

When they left the cars at the depot of Enghien, the two clerks, encouraged by the silence of Franz and Rieland, began to follow Felicie and continue their remarks. This time, Franz lost patience. He let go the arm of the young girl and ran to the persecutors. One of them was so unfortunate as to raise his cane. It did not need so much. Franz wrested the trumphy reed from him, broke it in pieces and threw it in the dirt, where the clerk soon followed it with one skirt

the less to his coat. The other clerk, more vigorous, stood his ground and gave Franz blow for blow. At last, some passers-by interfered and separated the combatants. Everybody blamed the two clerks. He who had rolled in the dust, and at whose expense they were laughing, wished to play the courageous and spoke of a duel.

"I ask nothing better!" said Franz; "when-ever you please."

The other muttered some bravado in a less confident tone.

"Come, come, decamp," said to the latter an old officer who was among the spectators. "You have no desire to fight, and this brave youth did well to chastise you. Decamp, I tell you, or I will have you arrested."

Everybody applauded. The two clerks cast down their heads and retired in confusion. Felicie took the arm of Franz and went away with Rieland and the young Alsatian. She scolded Franz for his impetuosity, but at heart, she was proud and grateful.

"What fly has stung you, Franz?" said father Rieland, who had but half comprehended this incident. "Why did you seek a quarrel with those two young people? I thought you a very sheep."

"He is an enraged sheep, father," replied Felicie, laughing, though she still trembled a little. "So I am about to scold him. Unfortunately that will not produce much effect," added the young girl, in the same tone, turning to look at Franz, who was contemplating her lovingly.

The good man shook his head and secretly smiled.

After breakfast, Felicie expressed a desire for a boat-ride on the lake. Franz wished to row, but the goldsmith, who was not remarkable for intrepidity, especially on the water, insisted that they should employ a boatman.

The weather was magnificent. The rays of the sun, stealing through the foliage of the trees, agitated by a light breeze, gilded with capricious gleams the limpid surface of the lake. Under the impulse of the oars, the waves parted murmuringly before the boat, to close behind it in a furrow of silver. The azure sky was reflected on the surface of the lake, which was from time to time skimmed by the rapid wing of a swallow. In the adjoining forest was heard the joyous warbling of the birds as they flitted from branch to branch.

Rieland had stationed himself in the bow of the boat. As he watched the motion of the oars, he was planning something to supersede the necessity of rowers. This pre-occupation made him forget his terrors: the boat might have upset and he would not have perceived it until he was submerged.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### THE FALSE SERVANT.

The writer of "Realities of Paris Life" mentions the following stratagem to smuggle wine, adopted by a Frenchman: "It is not very long since a clever attempt was detected by the vigilance of the officers of the octroi. A respectable looking carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, used to go out at the Barrière de Fontainebleau every afternoon, containing one or two persons, and with a livery servant standing behind; after a drive of a couple of hours, the vehicle would return, about dusk, apparently *in statu quo*. The door was opened as usual, the question was asked in due form, and the party pursued their way unmolested. This went on for some time; at length, the perfect immobility of the footman, one day, struck the searcher; he resolved to observe more closely, and the next day, accordingly, after he had shut the carriage door, he called out to the coachman, whose wont it was to whip up his horses, and drive off at a rapid pace, 'Halte là, cocher!' then, turning to the servant, he addressed him with—'Et vous, mon brave, n'auriez vous, par hasard, rien à déclarer?' No answer was returned, and not a whisker moved, when the officer thought it time to come to a closer personal acquaintance with this suspicious and dignified official. His astonishment may be conceived when the supposed valet was dismounted, and proved to be a tin case, painted and dressed, and containing seven dozen bottles of choice wine!

#### HIGHLY IMPROPER.

Old Mother Nature is no respecter of the theories of savans; she is continually destroying by the quiet presentation of facts, theories laboriously built up by those who have assumed to themselves the office of priests of her mysteries. The latest instance is the discovery last month, in tunnelling upon the line of the Dover and Chatham Railway, near Dover in Kent, of a valuable seam of coal in the chalk formation, alternating with seams of flint common to the chalk in this district. Very lamentable as this discovery is to the geologists, southern England will be reconciled to it, by the selfish consideration that coal is of more consequence than geological consistency



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## FLUSH OF MORN.

BY JAMES RUTHER.

There is a glory in the flush of morn,  
There is a beauty in the tide of noon,  
There's a sublimity when day is born  
Westward to vanish in a deepening gloom  
The shadows call each fairy from her cell,  
And bid her breathe sweet music in the dell

There is a rapture in the dawn of life,  
A joy in manhood's swiftly flowing hour,  
There is an ecstasy when care and strife  
Fade like the sunset beam upon the shore.  
Then wakened memory whispers in the ear  
The lovely tales of many a slumbering year

Behold! thou on whose cheek is softly shed  
The hollow lustre of expiring life,  
Behold you glory, that is brightly spread  
Around the west, where now in deadly strife  
The sublimity struggle with approaching night,  
See, day is sinking—vanquished in her light

In age's calm sunset, when all the joys  
Our bosom knew are fading like the west,  
Tearful we gaze upon those worldly toys,  
And sadly close our eyes in dreamless rest.  
But man shall wake beneath a silver sky,  
And see those joys flame in felicity.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## LOVE AGAINST GOLD.

BY MARY W. JANTRIN.

Who does not remember how, some ten or twelve years ago, that electric cry, "California ho!" ran like wild-fire through our land, thrilling men's hearts like a trumpet-call?

"Gold! gold!"—magic words which swayed men's hearts as the mountain wind bends proud forest trees; words more potent than the best impulses of the human soul, luring thousands from their "world of love at home," across trackless waters and arid deserts, to the new El Dorado! And who has not heard that this bright "Golden Legend" has its sad chorus? Who has not seen the Rembrandt shadows that cloud and dim the picture?

An old story, apropos of the theme, sweeps back upon my heart to-day, and easily slides from my heart to my pen—a truthful story, telling how, to one young, loving heart, the refrain of that cry, "California ho!" was a death-warrant, and one which sends misty tears to my eyes, writing this—for I knew and loved sweet Ellen Dunbar, whose young life withered under the blasting Upas breath that swept from the far western shores of gold.

George Dunbar had heard the call from the land of gold, and his heart leaped up to the cry. True, he was doing well in a lucrative business, and, over and above supporting in elegance his young wife and child, laying up a comfortable annuity; but it suddenly seemed too slow a way to get rich to his impetuous nature. A band of young men, most of whom were his immediate acquaintances, had been tainted with the golden infection, and persuaded him to join them. He heard and listened, and went to his young wife with the proposal.

Ellen's cheek paled and her lip quivered; but she did not oppose him. She had heard him talk of "through tickets," "going round the Horn," and "ounces" and "piles of the dust;" she had watched him turning the newspapers till his eye rested on the column devoted to "news from California," and now, when he came and told her, she did not oppose him.

She only said, meekly, "George, we are well and happy now, and have enough to make us comfortable. Gold isn't essential to happiness; but I see how it is, you have set your heart on going."

"But, Ellen," said the young husband, "don't talk so! I will not go if you say 'stay'—not unless you are perfectly willing. But you see how it is—Dana, Hill, Walker, and all the fellows, they start next month, and form a company, carry out their own provisions, clothing, mining utensils, and mean to go into the mines; and, with their facilities for turning the bed of a river, every one of them will be a rich man. They can't help it, Nelly! The gold is there, and they intend to dig for it. Now it's just here, Nelly! I'm doing a pretty fair business here, I know, but it's slow compared with what they'll accomplish—and it does seem too good a chance to let slip. Still, Nelly, if you say the word, and don't want me to leave you, why I won't," and he awaited her answer.

But Nelly Dunbar was brave and self-sacrific-

ing as she was patient. "Well, George, if you're sure—"

"Sure? Of course I am!" impetuously urged Dunbar. "In a year or two I could bring home my pile, and you could live like a princess; or it would be but three years at the most, and three years aren't such a long time, are they, Nelly? Dana's wife has given her consent to his going; come, let me have yours, for of course I shan't go without it. With father and mother to look after you and Charlie, and I sending you letters by every steamer, you wouldn't be so lonesome; and then when I come back—"

"But, George, George, don't be so confident," broke forth the young wife, striving vainly to repress her sobs. "I can't help it—but, O if you should die in that strange land, or I should not live through—through—O, George, I can't help thinking so!" And she clung to his neck.

For a long time Mr. Dunbar sat silent. He had not thought of this before, so buoyantly hopeful was he; and now he clasped the delicate young wife to his heart, as though he feared to lose her.

"Ought he to go? Was it right to leave Ellen now?" he asked himself. "No!—he would seek his companions and impart his decision."

But this mood did not last. In his imagination he saw them return from the land of gold with their "pile," and thought, "I too might have done the same!" Hope, the syren, again lured him with her promises, and he said, cheerily:

"Come, Nelly, cheer up and look at the bright side of the picture. You are apt to get nervous. We shall laugh at all this, when I come back to find you strong and handsome, and I a rich man. Come, say I may go and make a fortune for us."

And so Ellen Dunbar crushed back her tears, and gave her consent, and the light-hearted, sanguine husband little dreamed how that consent was wrung from her heart.

And three weeks afterwards, in the little parlor of the old homestead, whither George had carried her, a pale face was bowed against the front window, and the blue eyes, blinded with tears, were striving to gaze down the street after the laden stage-coach which was bearing him away to the station; and little three-year-old Charlie clambered up into a chair at her side, shouting, "See, mama, how fast the white horses gallop. Get up! get up!" And he gesticulated violently, stamping his little foot and cracking his little riding-whip.

"Mama, what made papa cry when he went away? And will the white horses bring him back pretty soon?" queried the boy.

"I don't know, darling," was the mother's reply, the repressed tears bursting forth.

"Well, I guess he will; and papa said he'd bring me a big lump of gold, and a little, cunning pony!" And the little fellow clapped his hands in high glee. "I don't believe papa'll stay ever so long, do you, mama? Cause you see he knows I want the pony so bad!"

Ellen wept in silence. She could not bear the hopeful words of the prattler at her side. "Yes, yes, Charlie, papa'll bring home the pony. Now be a good boy, and run out into the yard to play."

Five minutes later the care-free child was recounting to a group of wondering boys in the yard the story of the treasures his father was going to bring home from 'Forny. But poor Ellen Dunbar! She watched the stage disappearing round the distant corner of the long highway, then sank down into the low, old-fashioned window-seat, and burst into tears.

Spring had deepened into summer; south winds swept over the clover meadows; the roses bloomed in the front yard of the old homestead; and then, when skies were blue, and winds were fragrant with the breath of flowers, Ellen Dunbar lay upon her sick bed, pale, and very weak, but yet strong enough to thank God that he had granted her a blessed boon—the new, wonderful life of the tiny sleeper beside her on the snowy pillows. For again the sacred joy of motherhood circled in her veins. And then little Charlie stole on tiptoe into the darkened room, and stood beside the old nurse who sat in a low chair with a very mysterious bundle on her lap, from which she unrolled a very wee-looking, very red, and very "cross" baby—at least, so Charlie thought, as a fresh salute from his infant lungs caused him to start back, exclaiming, "O, grandma, how it hollers!" whereat grandma smiled, and mama laughed a little faintly from the bed, and then Charlie ran out to inform Willie Dame in

the yard that he'd got something at his house better'n a lump of gold, or even a white pony—a real live baby, that opened its mouth and cried just so, and Charlie gave a very peculiar cry; and then, in due time, sisters, aunts and cousins must all needs come and take a peep at the baby, a letter was despatched to George, and daily and weekly Ellen grew stronger, till again she moved about her infant's cradle. Meantime the first letter had come from the absent, written at Rio, running thus:

"RIO JANEIRO, April 12, 184—.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Here I am, thank fortune, on terra firma again. You would have heard from me before, had we spoken any vessel on our outward passage; but this is the earliest opportunity I have had of sending to you. We entered Rio harbor on the night of April 10th, and shall remain till the 20th, to take in supplies and water for the passage round the Horn, which I fear will prove a long one, for we are heavily laden, and the Charlotte is a slow sailor. I am delighted with South America. Every day our party goes out on exploring expeditions into the country, and the way we walk into the orange groves, Yankee schoolboy fashion, isn't slow. Such splendid fruit; such tropical richness of vegetation; such processions of jolly old monks in the city, and chanting of organs at mass in the old cathedrals! Well, everything is so strange, that all I have to do is to keep my eyes 'wide open tight,' and enjoy. Wish I had you and Charlie here just now. Wouldn't we 'walk Spanish,' and see the lions for one while? I am in good health and spirits. I escaped sea-sickness altogether on the passage, and have gained ten pounds by the operation, despite the musty biscuit and salt junk they served out to us. On the 20th we again set sail southward, and before many weeks, I hope, shall weather the Horn. We shall touch at Valparaiso—from which city I will write again—and then northward, westward, ho for California! As soon as we reach San Francisco, I will despatch letters. You will hear often, so don't worry about me, but take good care of yourself, Nellie. Be sure and write every steamer, or get some one of the folks to write. But my sheet is full. Kiss Charlie for papa, and appropriate the one I send on paper for yourself. Love to all; and now, good-by, my dear wife, and God bless and keep you, says  
"Your affectionate husband,  
GEORGE DUNBAR."

And so this letter—a portion only of which we have given—warmed Ellen's heart, and filled it with peace and love and joy. It was so like George; full of his genial good humor, and honest, manly straightforwardness; just as he would have spoken could he have come and told her all about it. So thought Ellen, as she folded it, then rocked her infant's cradle with a soft lullaby on her lips.

Upwards of two years had passed, and how fared the wanderer, who, after a passage of six long months—wearied weeks of which the Charlotte lay off the dreary Cape Horn, buffeted by storms in sweeping from those southern seas—gained the golden strand?

It boots not here to recount the journey of the band with whom George Dunbar had made common interest, from San Francisco into the interior mining districts, their toilsome travels along a track but recently broken through old forests, or the exhausting journeys under a fervid sun, the fording of streams rushing down, foamy and cold, from the Sierra Nevada's sunny summits, or perhaps dragging along for days without finding a spring of water wherein to slack their burning thirst, or yet, the night sleep on the hard earth, when, wrapped in their blankets, and with the far off stars watching their slumbers, they dreamed brokenly of toilsome days' march, rushing river, or the distant home-ones. Enough to record, that, the weary journey ended, they struck their camp on the banks of the blue-rolling Yuba, brought pick and cradle to their work, sifted the glittering dust from the black earth, slowly, but surely turned aside the bed of the river, leaving its rocky bottom bare to the sunlight, and thus gradually by the sweat of their brows each man amassed the "pile" which had been the lure to win him from his distant New England home. And George Dunbar was fast becoming a rich man.

Meanwhile, how passed the years to Ellen? As the time drew near for her husband's return, did not her eye grow brighter, her footfall more elastic, while she counted the months yet to intervene before she could greet him?

Yes, indeed, her eye grew brighter, and she counted the months eagerly—but alas! each day dragged more heavily now, and her footfall grew heavier, too, for of late the eye of affection could not fail to perceive, what Ellen would fain have longer concealed—that, gradually, the delicate form was growing weaker, and disease was marking her for his prey.

"It was not much—a little cold—she should soon be better," Ellen said, and, for the children's sake—the bold, brave Charlie, a manly fellow of six, and the little toddling Georgie, a delicate, golden-haired boy, the child of her love—for their sakes the mother would have fain crushed back that strange, wild fear at her heart; but when old Doctor Gray was summoned, he shook his head, and said:

"Ah, this never'll do, Mrs. Dunbar! We must have you looking rosier and stouter than this to welcome George home; and, by the way, better hasten his coming, for his presence will prove better than all my medicines."

And so a letter was despatched to George.

"Do not alarm him, but tell him he had better be thinking about coming home soon," said the doctor. "I do not quite understand Ellen's case. Her symptoms are not wholly unfavorable, and we may bring her up again—but we cannot tell: it is best George should be here—but say it without alarming him."

And so the letter was sent, telling him that Ellen was not well or strong as formerly, though no immediate danger was apprehended; but would he come home as soon as he could arrange his business to leave? But he must not be alarmed, Ellen had not taken much exercise lately, summer was coming, and the warm airs might revive her. So George's sister wrote.

That letter aroused the wanderer. The spell of gold was broken. A voice echoed in thunder tones through his brain, "Return! Return!" And the first homeward-bound steamer bore him from the harbor of San Francisco.

And then, when, in the New England home, where a young and lovely creature was swiftly sinking under consumption's baleful touch, there was but one barthen to the prayers they breathed about her couch: "O, if he may but arrive ere it is too late!"

The soft splendor of a tropical night hung over the isthmus, when a traveller, wrapped in the folds of his thick California blanket lay down to slumber. His garments were coarse and travel-stained; a Spanish sombrero covered his head, from beneath whose bent rim fell a profuse growth of black hair which almost concealed his well-cut mouth and sun-burned throat; his complexion was bronzed by exposure; a Spanish dirk-knife and a revolver hung from his belt—the belt wherein he carried the precious golden onzas which was the fruit of his three years' exile from his native home. George Dunbar was on his homeward way across the isthmus. All day long he journeyed along the narrow mule-beaten track which wound through tangled thickets bordered by dense chapparel and grand old trees with glossy, dark green foliage and trailing banners of old gray mosses; all day long had he pressed on his way, till now, overcome by fatigue, he lay down to rest, with his hands clasped across the brow which, in the dreams that came to him in the stillness of that tropic night, throbbled with thoughts of his distant, ill, and perhaps dying Ellen.

Who of us will laugh at "dreams" as idle "fancyings," or ridicule such as lightest "nonsense?" Knowing what came to George Dunbar, asleep there on the isthmus, thousands of miles away from his dying wife, I dare not. For that dream was a warning—nay, a revelation! He recounted it to me when, a month later, we sat in his desolated home, and that dream had become literally fulfilled.

"I slept soundly, exhausted with my day's long and rapid travel along the mule-route. The last thing I remember before I slept, was looking up to the deep blue sky overhead, spangled with millions of stars. Then I fell asleep. An old, withered woman, bent and haggard, and with eyes that seemed to read mysteries, came and stood before me. With one long, skinny finger upraised to the stars, she hoarsely whispered:

"Shall I read your fate?"

"I seemed to articulate, 'Yes,' though I distinctly felt a choking sensation in my throat. The old sybil replied:

"You do not care for yourself—but for the distant dear ones—her to whom you are hastening. Hasten! Hasten! why do you tarry an hour, a moment? They are waiting!" And she gesticulated violently and shook her finger before me, menacingly. "But nay!" And that mood passed, and she spoke sadly, pityingly. "Nay, it is useless now! They will all be there when you tread the old familiar places—thy father, thy mother, thy brothers and sisters,—all but



her, and she, the best beloved. Thou wilt not find her! It is too late—too late!

"And then, without further word or look, she vanished. I awoke with a start. It was deep midnight. The stars were thick as water drops in the sea, in the sky overhead; the broad-leaved palmetto stirred with a sighing sound in a soft wind which rose; and close by the green bank where I had made my pillow a little rill of water dripped down over the long sword grass with a sound like falling tears. I was wide awake then. I buckled my belt tighter about me, though I ground my teeth together in a sort of fierce rage, for I was sure the gold it held had been earned at a fearful price; and in the deep tropic midnight I again set out along the mule-track, hurried on by a strange, wild restlessness at my heart—strange, indeed, since it was born of despair. For I know I had had a warning. I am not superstitious, God knows; but I knew Ellen was dead!"

This, George Dunbar told me in a low, choked voice, the tears coursing down his bronzed cheeks, as he sat in the little parlor of the old homestead, his two children on his knees playing gleefully with the golden coins he gave them. And it was all true. Sweet Ellen Dunbar had died the night George was crossing the isthmus!

heavily into her arms, she sobbed out, "O, George, —poor Nelly!"

It was many, many hours, ere calmness came to that anguished man, sufficient to listen to all. Then with his two boys—Charlie, grown stout and rosy, and the little golden haired, blue-eyed child whom he had never seen till now, the last gift of his dead wife—with his motherless boys clasped to his broad breast, George Dunbar bowed his head on Georgie's soft hair and heard the story of Nelly's dying love.

And this was the end of it all! "Three years to grow rich in"—three years of lost love—his golden treasure gained—his priceless treasure lost! A fortune won—his wife sleeping over yonder, with the sods on her breast!

Years have passed since that day. Time, the sanctifier and softener, has in a measure healed that wound in George Dunbar's heart—but, ah! its scar can never wholly disappear; and to day I know what heart will throb heavier, reading this, and what dark eyes will grow dim with tears, for the memory of her who for years has been quietly sleeping.

And, reader, pausing mayhap a moment over this "ower true tale," lay its moral to your heart—never, in the balance of your affections, weigh down Gold against Love!

present state, "Acorn" would have relinquished the salt business, and joined his friend George Wilkins Kendall, in Texas, and turned his attention to sheep raising! "Tis better as it is," as Long Wharf cannot spare the "old salt" quite yet. We regret to hear, however, that the old fellow has grown so thin in consequence of worrying that he can scarcely make a shadow on the ground, unless he has an umbrella over his head."

Here was news indeed! Until that moment we had never dreamed that the sacred old pile had been menaced by the hand of innovation. We had thus escaped a pang, but it was with feelings of distress that we learned that "Acorn," whose shadow we had so often wished might never be less, was almost deprived of that necessary adjunct to a substance, and nearly in the condition of the man in the German legend who parted with his shadow for a consideration. We immediately hastened down to 49 Long Wharf, and there discovered that the account of the lessee's fragility was merely a pleasant fiction of Colonel Greene. We found "Acorn" as plump as a partridge, as bright eyed, wide awake and gay as ever, and capable of projecting a very fair shadow—at sunset. Relieved on this point, we ascertained that the "Old Salt House" stood

generous sympathy attracted visitors clothed by genius with the imperial purple of renown. The dusty, creaking staircase and sunken floors have been trodden by feet that, alas! have ceased to walk the earth. William T. Porter, the brilliant, gentle, generous, the refined spirit of the "Spirit"; William Henry Herbert, the ripe scholar and splendid writer; Mat. Field, the gifted "Phasma" of the New Orleans Picayune; his brother Joe, the "Straws" of the Picayune, and of the St. Louis Reveille, the best "Dazzle" on the stage; Edmund Keane, the splendid meteor of the English stage; Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, a genius of no less brilliancy; Power, the Irish comedian, Henry J. Finn; Sargent S. Prentiss, the orator and lawyer, were among the welcome guests of the "Old Salt House." Sad and sweet are the memories their names evoke. Among the living who have graced these dusky chambers, and who always call at 49 when in these latitudes, are such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Wilkins Kendall, the "ex-Santa Fé prisoner," as we used to call him in the Spirit of the Times, Colonel Albert Pike, the American Kerner, A. M. Holbrook and F. A. Lumsden of the New Orleans Picayune, Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, T. B. Thorpe ("Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter"), Sol. Smith, and a host of



THE OLD SALT HOUSE, LONG WHARF, BOSTON.

(REPUBLISHED.)

What a scene that was when the stage coach rolled up the street, and he stood, a sunburnt, foreign-looking man in the entry of the paternal homestead where he had left Ellen, trembling and fearing to lift the latch to enter. Could he open that door, and not find her?

For he knew it all. In the railway-cars which brought him from the city where he landed, he had met an old friend. This man had not come to him and said: "Dunbar, your wife is dead and buried!" But there was small need, for he had known that earlier. He had not wept then, but he sunk down on his seat in the corner of the car after he momentarily wrung his friend's hand, and shaded his eyes with his hat-brim, and so rode back to the home he had left three years before so buoyantly hopeful; but standing there, on the threshold of the old homestead, his knees smote together, and he leaned heavily against the wall for support. Suddenly his own mother opened the door. Busy with her household cares, she had not seen the coach stop; but, entering the parlor hastily, and hearing the hand trembling upon the latch, supposing it to be little Georgie, who had been at play in the yard, she opened the door and stood face to face with a burned and bearded stranger.

Mute she stood a moment; but maternal instinct is strong, then, as he staggered forward

#### "THE OLD SALT HOUSE."

The edition of our paper containing the picture of "The Old Salt Store," was completely exhausted on the second day after publication, and being unable to supply the demand of those who desire extra copies of the paper containing this old landmark of Boston, we have resorted to the only means in our power to gratify them and meet the demand, by republishing the engraving in the present number of the Pictorial.

Some two or three weeks ago, taking up our copy of the Boston Post, which is, by the way, quite as necessary to our existence as our breakfast, our attention was caught by the following paragraph:

"THE 'OLD SALT HOUSE.'—In consequence of the strong proclivity of the occupant of this antique landmark for old associations, the owners of it have yielded to the wish of their tenant to have it remain as it now is, with the exception of raising it up so as to prevent the high tide flowing into it. We are informed that since the demolition of the old store was first contemplated, it has had such an extraordinary effect upon 'Acorn' that he is but a shadow of what he was, and he may be seen walking up and down the wharf, in a moody manner, and with a face marked by sadness. It is thought by many of his most intimate friends, that had not the owners of the store consented to have it remain in its

precisely as we had known it for years, leaning a little forward from decrepitude, and that the raising and supplying of new underpinning had not yet commenced. Calling in the aid of Mr. S. Masury, the accomplished photographer, we secured an excellent view of Acorn's "local habitation," from which the drawing was made that faces the reader on this page. The engraving is in Damoreau's best style. The "Old Salt House," which forms the corner nearest the spectator of the block of wooden buildings delineated in the engraving, was erected a hundred and fifty years ago. It has been occupied by the present lessee for more than a quarter of a century; indeed, his name, "James Oaks," on the sign over the door, can now only be read by the eye of faith. Everybody knows the "Old Salt House," and knows that both "Turks Island" and "attic salt" are supplied in any quantity. No one who visits the occupant in search of either, ever leaves him disappointed. Here, then, in the dim and dusty recesses of the venerable building, has the facile pen of the gifted "Acorn" dashed off those rich and racy sporting epistles, sketches of life on the road, and dramatic criticisms, which, appearing in the columns of the New York Spirit of the Times, have made that *nom de plume* a household word in America, and even in England. Hither, too, have his wit and kindness and

others, distinguished in literature, in arms, or the turf, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the medical profession. The old house is truly classic ground.

#### FALLING LEAVES.

Alas! alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes, there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but, wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fullness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see, also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspective overturned and thrust out of sight.

Nothing, no, not the whole world, in an equivalent for the soul; so that if you give away money beyond reckoning to the poor, you will not achieve so great a work as he who converts one soul.—St. Chrysostom



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## ALL THE DAY LONG.

A companion poem to "All the Night Long," in No. 4, Vol. II, of Ballou's Pictorial.

BY WILLIE E. PAROR

Seven' hear the factory bells;  
Work begins, their clangor tells,  
As upon the air it swells.

Eight! the tardy clerk we spy,  
As with speed he hurries by,  
Fearful of employer's sigh.

Nine! the student at his lore;  
The merchant busy in his store;  
The doctor at his patient's door.

Ten! brokers at the board preside;  
The belts of business far and wide  
Around the wheels of traffic glide.

Eleven! Mammon rules the hour;  
Now hath Conscience little power,  
Save to hermit's lonely tower.

Twelve! the ship glides down the bay;  
The workman's tools are laid away;  
The schoolboy hurries out to play.

One! once more toll hath begun;  
Who has lost and who has won?  
What is new beneath the sun?

Two! how swift the shifting sands,  
To the one whose palsied hand  
Hath but "failure" at command.

Three! the sheriff's work is done;  
The culprit's woe of crime is spun;  
The debtor's doom hath now begun.

Four! the shadow steals apace;  
Who hath glory, who disgrace?  
A smiling or a frowning face?

Five! he who hath work to do;  
He who to himself is true,  
Find old truths forever new.

Six! the sun sinks in the west;  
The factory bells ring out to rest;  
Who is curs'd and who is blest?

Seven! a sense of calm has come;  
It settles on each quiet home;  
On those who rest and those who roam.

Eight! the night shades deepen down,  
Upon country, upon town,  
And Day to Night resigns his crown.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## The Spectre Lover of Saint Cecilia.

## AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Our indolent attendant had repeatedly declared that no mule-driver in the town had a single animal to place at our disposal, and that our departure before sunset was a matter utterly impossible. I consulted my watch, and my patience was by no means increased by the discovery that it was now half past two.

"Is there no remedy for this provoking delay?" I asked, stopping in front of Lanman. He was lying lazily upon his back, his knees slightly elevated, and his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed upon the spiral coils of smoke from his cigar, which wound slowly upward from his mouth. He was a perfect picture of indolent ease and enjoyment, and appeared to possess all the nonchalance of a native Italian.

"What perverse divinity could have landed us in this dull village?" I continued, without waiting for his reply. "There are, as it seems, no means of getting away for more than three hours, and how, I should be pleased to know, are we to beguile the time until then?"

"Well—let us not argue; the atmosphere is altogether too oppressive! Walk off your choleric temper, man, if the effort will not kill you; go and take notes of the scenery, the village, and the sleepy, stupid inhabitants—though for that matter, I neither blame them for being stupid nor sleepy! Upon my soul, the air of this villanous place is as hot as that of a furnace! But, however, don't annoy me any longer; there's a little Roman chapel across the way—go and search out its legends and antiquities, and bring me a report; only, for sweet mercy's sake, don't wake me up if I should be fortunate enough to fall asleep!"

With these words, my eccentric companion turned upon his side and breathed forth a deep sigh of satisfaction. For want of better employment, I resolved to follow his advice; and slowly crossing the dusty, solitary street, I entered

the open door of the little wooden church. Two or three devout worshippers were still lingering at the altar, but in a few moments they had silently departed, and I was left alone to my examination of the place. The architecture of the building seemed to be a grotesque compound of several different styles, while in many places the original design of the architect was obliterated by the decay and ravage of time. The stillness and subdued light of the place was rather pleasing than otherwise, and I lingered among its narrow aisles until I was joined by the priest as he emerged from the chancel, having doffed his robes. He saluted me with a movement of his wide-brimmed hat, and after I had returned it, a familiar conversation followed.

As a matter of course, the good priest was as simple-minded as one might be expected to be who had passed almost every year of his life in a little village like St. Cecilia, and his conversation was to me highly entertaining, although not particularly instructive. I am at loss to describe with what self-satisfaction he descended upon the manifold beauties of his church edifice, and the grandeur of its architecture, nor with what unction he revealed to my gaze the sacred relics which were carefully deposited within the *penitralia* of the altar.

"I do not show these things to many visitors," he rattled on, with increasing volubility, "but signor is an appreciative man, and I know he will value the sight of them. This nail was taken from the very cross upon which our blessed Saviour suffered. Here is the cup which held the gall which his tormentors held to his lips; and this is a fragment of one of the stones by which the holy St. Stephen was slain. But signor does not believe this," he said, as he observed the smile which I strove in vain to mask. It was occasioned by the recollection of the number of times that relics similarly described had been exhibited to me since my sojourn in Italy; but it was no part of my design to offend the worthy father, and I hastened to say:

"You misapprehend me; I do most certainly believe you. My countenance, perhaps, expressed the gratification which I could not but feel at the thought that the parish of St. Cecilia had been so fortunate as to become the depository of these precious articles; and especially that they had been entrusted to the guardianship of such worthy and competent hands."

My unwarrantable flattery certainly accomplished an excellent end. The face of the priest instantly beamed with satisfaction, and he replied:

"Thanks, signor, for your good opinion; I am more than ever convinced that your mind is an appreciative one. There are many other curious and notable things within these walls which I should delight to show you; but my time is more limited than my will. However, I will detain you, if you choose to stay, with a legend of this place which many strangers have thought interesting. It is known to all the people of our village, and as for myself, I have always religiously believed it."

I lost no time in expressing my strong desire to hear it, and my wish was gratified by the following tale. In giving it to the reader, I have chosen to make the language my own.

"It was many and many a year ago—perhaps fifty, or, more probably, not less than a full century—that the three persons to whom the story relates lived at St. Cecilia. They were called respectively, Marie Lutoli, Leon Ferrara, and Pietro Novelli. The two former were lovers; the latter a young man somewhat above them in rank, as he certainly was in wealth, and yet the ostensible and accredited friend of both.

"There was much in the person and character of Marie Lutoli that was calculated to command admiration and esteem; and, in view of the fact that half of the youths of St. Cecilia were enthusiastic in her praise, we might add, love. She was a true Italian, as was evident from the classical oval and pure olive of her face; nor did those who knew her best fail to bear witness that the beauty of her mind and disposition fully matched that of her face and person, remarkable as was the latter."

"Her lover, Leon Ferrara, was an artist, and one who by no means lacked talent and merit, notwithstanding which, he was compelled to bear the sad and heavy burden of poverty. He was warm-hearted, enthusiastic and aspiring, and consequently the restrictions of his condition were keenly felt and bitterly deplored. Still he was not despondent, although, it must be confessed, his hopes often fell to the lowest ebb. It was

his darling ambition to win fame and money, not for himself, but that he might place his betrothed in a position of affluence—for her condition was hardly superior to his own. Love for Marie Lutoli was with him the all-absorbing passion; it had been for months the sole stimulus which had prevented him from sinking beneath the discouragements and difficulties which fell upon him daily.

"We must here also make a brief mention of Pietro Novelli, the third of our trio. He was the only son of parents recently deceased, from whom he had inherited an ample fortune, and was now one of the few really wealthy persons in St. Cecilia. But although he had been reared in the village from a child, little was, in fact, known of his character and disposition. Much of the time he was absent from the village, where, no one knew, although it had been more than once surmised that he might possibly be found in the wine shops or at the gaming tables of a neighboring city. And it was not until the commencement of his intimacy with Leon and Marie that he had entirely withdrawn himself from his foreign associations, whatever they were, and passed the greater part of his time in the village where his parents were buried.

"That he was handsome, no one ventured to deny—not even those who had conceived a violent prejudice to him, from causes which they were still hardly able to assign. They were even willing to admit that he possessed more manly beauty than Leon Ferrara; but it might be deemed an impossibility that he could ever be able to become as general a favorite as the latter. It was confidently averred that Novelli was secretly and at heart an evil man; that the passive goodness which he had thus far exhibited in his slight intercourse with the villagers, was no indication of the extremes which he might be capable of under the influence of different circumstances. The further revelations of our story must decide as to the truth of these conjectures.

"But whether they were false or true, it is certain that both Marie and Leon were glad to admit him to their friendship, and they unhesitatingly discarded every rumor in the least prejudicial to him. In short, both the lovers cherished him as a friend, and were proud to acknowledge him as such.

"For more than a year Leon and Marie had been affianced, when a sudden determination of the former materially changed the aspect of their affairs. This will be best disclosed in the substance of a conversation which occurred at this time.

"I have to-day decided a matter upon which I have bestowed much anxious thought," Leon Ferrara remarked, as the three sat together, one evening, upon the porch fronting Marie's cottage. "And now that I have fully decided, I know you will agree with me in regarding my proposed course as the best."

"Marie looked anxiously towards him, and Pietro Novelli became instantly attentive.

"I have determined," Leon continued, "to leave St. Cecilia to-morrow. I must go to Rome, I must study her works of art, and try to tread in the steps of her great masters. If fame and wealth can be won, Rome is surely the place to win them, and though my heart bids me stay in this humble village, my ambition points me to Rome. It is better to fail than to make no trial."

"This announcement was differently received by those who heard it. The restless spirit of her lover was well known to Marie Lutoli; but still she could not prevent a deep paleness from covering her cheek, nor drive the increased appearance of distress from her face. Novelli quickly turned away his head; and had Leon seen his countenance at that instant, he might have been astonished by the unmistakable look of gratification which overspread it.

"Have you considered this well?" Marie asked. "You cannot have forgotten, Leon, the difficulties you must encounter, or the long, dismal period of separation which we must both endure?"

"I have not forgotten, Marie; it is rather the remembrance of these things which stimulates me to persevere in my determination. My efforts shall be all in your behalf, for you are worthy of the highest and noblest I can make! That will be a proud day to me which sees you the wife of Leon Ferrara—Ferrara rich in possessions, and honored and renowned among men!"

"You are a sad dreamer, Leon!" And Marie smiled faintly, very faintly, through her tears as she spoke.

"Perhaps I am; but I will yet make all my

dreams true! And it is my earnest hope that it will require no great time to convince you of this."

"And you are right, my noble Leon—I, your friend Pietro, declare it!" the latter interposed, speaking in a tone of frankness which certainly had not the slightest appearance of being simulated. "Go to Rome, my friend," he continued, "win fame and wealth, for certain am I that both await you there. I will care for Marie while you are gone; and when you shall return, laden with gold and renown, I will rejoice with you both."

"The heart of Leon bounded with joy as he heard this declaration, and yearned in love towards his friend. Again and again he expressed his fervent gratitude, and when, upon the morrow, he stood upon the threshold, equipped for his journey, he once more grasped the hand of Pietro and anxiously said:

"Your promise, Pietro—remember it! Watch well my darling, whom I now confide to you! And for the last time he kissed the lips of the weeping Marie.

"I will, as I live," was the vehement answer. "If I be not faithful to you both, may the saints send the spirits of the dead to torment me!"

"Were the words prophetic? The sequel of our story will show.

"For several weeks after the departure of her lover, Marie Lutoli was sad and lonely. And now, indeed, did Pietro seem to be fulfilling his promises; he was almost constantly by her side, whispering in her ear words of hope and encouragement, and by his kind offices and attentions, ingratiating himself daily into her favor. Nor could the maiden deny that her heart warmed sensibly towards him.

"Beware, my child!" one of the old village crones one day observed to Marie, shaking her skinny finger towards the advancing form of Pietro. "Beware, I say—no good will come from your friendship with this artful Novelli, handsome and noble as he appears. I fear he will teach thee to forget poor Leon, and make thee his own. Be warned, maiden—be warned!"

"To croakings like these, however, Marie paid no heed. Her thoughts were constantly upon her absent lover, and he was the sole subject of conversation between herself and Novelli. The latter still continued his attentions and services with unabating zeal. If he was playing a treacherous part, he certainly masked his real intentions with the most subtle dissimulation; nothing ever appeared in his conduct but the most devoted friendship; and as these things were constantly seen and remarked by the villagers of St. Cecilia, they began to think that possibly they had wronged the youth in their estimate of his character.

"Six months had now passed away since the departure of Leon Ferrara, and they brought strange forebodings to the heart of Marie. During this interval, she had received not so much as a single letter from the absent one; not the first word of love or tidings of any kind from him had reached her. She recalled his frequent and repeated promises and assurances of constant communication, and from day to day she watched and waited anxiously for the expected letter. And still she watched in vain!

"What can it mean?" she anxiously asked. "He promised me, and surely, he would write, if—"

"If he were alive," Pietro suggested.

"Nay—do not speak of it!" Marie whispered, her cheek quickly paling at the thought. "It cannot be; I will not think of it!"

"Or he may have forgotten thee," the tempter said. "Ferrara was a sad trifler; perhaps some of the gay beauties of Rome could tell us of the reason of his silence!"

"In an instant the speaker saw that he had ventured too far. The eyes of Marie kindled indignantly, and her cheeks flushed with angry surprise, and Pietro hastened to say:

"Nay, dear Marie, forgive me; I did but jest! Doubtless this strange matter will at some time be explained, and Leon himself restored to you."

"These last words were spoken in a tone of frank sincerity, yet it would be untrue to say that they expressed the real sentiment of the speaker's heart. The reader will be prepared to learn, at this point of our story, if, indeed, he has not already surmised, that Pietro Novelli was playing a deep and crafty game; such an one as only the base and subtle villain ever attempts. For a long period his designs had been carefully masked from the eyes of his unsuspecting victim; and still he continued to pursue his traitorous object,



hoping and longing for success, and yet trembling in the fear of that exposure and disgrace which is the unwavering attendant of all evil men.

"But a new phase in the affairs of those of whom we have spoken was now at hand. Six months more had rolled wearily away; wearily indeed to the now almost hopeless Marie, who still bore up under her heavy grief, striving to bring her mind into the belief that her lover was still living. Six months—making a full year since the departure of Leon Ferrara. It was a quiet summer evening, and Petro Novelli turned his steps towards the cottage of Marie, bound upon his daily errand. She met him at the door, and as his eyes rested upon her face, his heart sank with dread and apprehension. In that countenance, seemingly alive with joy and gladness, in her eager and excited manner, and, most of all, in the open letter which she held in her hand, the treacherous plotter seemed to recognize the prelude to his sure disgrace and defeat!

"At last, Petro, my good friend, at last this blessed day has come!" were the words which fell instantly from her lips. "Rejoice with me; I have a letter from dear Leon; it is dated ten days ago, and it informs me that he will be in the village to-morrow!"

"A letter from Leon Ferrara—to-morrow?" were the words which Petro Novelli mechanically echoed, gazing in blank dismay into the face of the speaker.

"Yes, it is true," she rejoined. "But I will read it to you, and you will, I am sure, rejoice with me."

"The missive, more precious than gold to Marie, the latter read in a voice trembling with excitement. Its contents were strange and varied; it spoke of former letters, almost without number, which the writer had despatched to the beloved one of his heart, at St. Cecilia; letters speaking, as did the present one, of the wonderful successes of Leon Ferrara in his brief artist-career at Rome, and of the proud position which the young painter had already won, and the sure rewards which he had received. And to none of these, it said, had the first word of reply been received; tortured with doubt and anxiety, the writer had labored unceasingly for a year, and now, with his unflinching love and devotion to the village maiden, he was about to return, to learn, perhaps, the worst that he had inferred from her strange silence.

"Thus read the letter; and Marie, when she had finished it, tremulously exclaimed:

"There is some mystery here, Petro; some deep, dark plot, I fear! But I shall see him soon; in a few hours at the most. Blessed be the good saints for this happy hour!"

"With some muttered words, to the effect that he wished to prepare for the coming of Leon, Novelli strode off; he dared no longer to trust himself in the presence of her whom he had sought to injure, deeply and irreparably. His brows were contracted and his teeth set hard; the promptings of his evil nature were already working out a desperate resolve in his breast.

"The night passed, and morning came; but so also came not the eagerly expected Ferrara. Noon passed away, and night sped into midnight—but still, the tardy lover had not arrived!

"Our story need not be unnecessarily prolonged; it is enough to say that Leon Ferrara came no more to St. Cecilia. Days passed into weeks, and weeks were lengthened into months; but his name was mentioned in the village only with dark fear and boding. A strange mystery hung over his disappearance. It was discovered that he had left Rome at the time which he intended, as mentioned in his letter to Marie; thence his progress was traced to the near vicinity of St. Cecilia, and after this, all was dark and inexplicable. True, a peasant who dwelt at this spot confidently asserted that he had heard, upon the early morning of the day which Leon had fixed for his arrival, a deep cry of pain and agony, almost drowned by the rattle of the wheels of a cabriolet, driven with lightning speed past his door; but save this, there was not the slightest clue to point to the cause of Leon's disappearance.

"The terrible, heart-rending grief of the now desolate Marie, when day after day of sickening hope deferred brought her at last the fearful certainty that her eyes were never again to be gladdened by the sight of her lover, was something well nigh fatal in its intensity. The blow descended upon her, as at times the keen fire of

heaven comes down upon the pride of the forest, and, with similar effects, it left her drooping, forlorn, almost lifeless. Never, thereafter, was Marie Lutoli the semblance of her former self; earth had scarcely a joy for her bereaved heart, and she awaited with impatience, the approach of the death-angel.

"But even at this point, the selfish heart of Novelli could not sufficiently respect the condition of his victim to permit him to forbear the pursuit which had become a passion with him. For, it may here be remarked, love for Marie Lutoli—such a love, the reader will understand, as his base spirit could readily conceive—this it was that had moved him to the performance of those secret acts which are yet to be explained, and to the treacherous breaking of his trust. With unseemly haste, he now constantly intruded himself upon her presence, beseeching her in the most passionate terms to become his bride. She seemed not to consent; the tearful remembrance of the lost Leon was fresh within her bosom, and she knew that it could never give place to the impression of a second love. Yet there were other considerations that moved her; regarding Novelli as a faithful friend to herself—for she knew him no otherwise—and as one who had been the friend of her lover, she at last gave him this sincere declaration of her feelings.

"My heart, Petro, can never be yours; I have none to bestow! Nor can I love you, my friend; the love of this poor heart—sweet Mary pity and console me!—died with him who alone can receive it! Still, here is my hand, a poor, a worthless boon; take it, Petro, if you will, since this is all I can bestow!"

"And thus was the great desire of the plotter attained. It mattered not to him that this had been done by fraud and villany of the darkest dye; it mattered not that he had strange secrets shut up in his breast, the revelation of which might have caused his promised bride to shrink from him in horror; the end was gained, and beyond this he cared not to look.

"It was upon a bright summer morning that the bell of the little chapel of St. Cecilia rang out a merry peal for the bridal of Petro Novelli and Marie. But, in truth, this was a sombre bridal; among the villagers gathered in the chapel there was scarcely a smiling face; and as for the bride and groom, their appearance was remarkable. So pale, so wan and sorrowful did Marie Lutoli appear, that she seemed hardly like a dweller of the earth; while Petro trembled, through some hidden cause, and seemed anxious and discomposed.

"Hardly had the priest pronounced the first words of the ritual, when suddenly a figure glided from the assembled spectators, as it seemed, and ascended the altar steps. It seemed like Leon Ferrara; the form, almost transparent with its strange, unearthly presence, and the face, white as marble, but dull and corpse-like. There could be no delusion here; in awe-struck and trembling silence the spectators gazed, knowing that they saw an apparition which must be supernatural!

"No sound came from the feet of the spectre, no words from his white lips; and the only motion was that of the stiffened finger towards the breast, where gaped in all its hideousness a bloody wound! The glassy eyes of the apparition were fixed sternly upon the face of the guilty and horror-stricken Novelli, and with a thrilling cry the latter fell writhing at the feet of the supernatural avenger!

"From this miserable object, the apparition turned to Marie. A look of surpassing tenderness crossed his shadowy face, and his arms were extended, as if seeking again to embrace her beloved form; but instead, the pale, translucent hands were raised for an instant above her bowed head, as in the act of invoking blessings upon it, and then, while every eye was directed with the fascination of terror towards it, the spectre flitted slowly down the aisle and disappeared from the chapel. A few of the boldest ventured to follow it, but when they reached the door, it was nowhere to be seen!

"Prostrated with mortal terror at the sight of this swift, shadowy avenger, Petro Novelli lingered but for a few hours; but he lived long enough to confess to the priest who was to have married him, the whole of his treachery. Then, first, it became known that his was the hand which had intercepted the letters of Leon Ferrara; and his, too, the hand which had murdered him in the early morning upon the lonely road, and securely concealed the body, as well as all other evidences of the crime.

"Marie Lutoli, soon after the death of Petro, became one of the sisterhood of a neighboring convent. Here the brief remainder of her life was passed; and when she expired, it was with the name of Leon Ferrara upon her lips."

Thus ends the story; and although the good priest assured me of its absolute truth, the reader will hardly expect me to make the assurance my own. Still I am quite certain that should he visit Italy, he could easily find the town and chapel of St. Cecilia, and might possibly hear, just as I have related it, the story of THE SPECTRE LOVER OF ST. CECILIA.

## THE OBLIGING YOUNG MAN.

### A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"Cars ready for Boston and way stations!" shouted the conductor of a railroad train, as the steam-horse, harnessed for his twenty mile trip, stood chafing, snorting and coughing, throwing up angry puffs of mingled gray and dingy vapor from his sturdy lungs. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations!"

"O, yes!" replied a brisk young man, with a bright eye, peculiar smirk, spotted neckcloth, and gray gaiters with pearl buttons. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations. All aboard. Now's your time—quick, or you'll lose 'em. Now then, ma'am."

"But, sir," remonstrated the old lady he addressed, and whom he was urging at the steps of a first class car.

"O, never mind!" replied the brisk young man. "Know what you're going to say—too much trouble—none whatever, I assure you. Perfect stranger, true—but scriptural injunction, do as you'd be done by. In with you, ding! ding!—there's the bell—off we go."

And so in fact they did go off at forty miles an hour.

"But, sir," said the old lady, trembling violently.

"I see," interrupted the OBLIGING YOUNG MAN, "want a seat—here it is—a great bargain—cars full—quick, or you'll lose it."

"But, sir," said the old lady, with nervous trepidation, "I—I—wasn't going to Boston."

"The deuce you weren't. Well, well, well, why couldn't you say so? Hullo! Conductor! Stop the cars!"

"Can't do it," replied the conductor. "This train don't stop short of Woburn watering station."

"Woburn watering station!" whimpered the old woman, wringing her hands. "O, what shall I do!"

"Sit still—take it easy—no use crying for spilt milk—what can't be cured must be endured. I'll look out sharp—you might have saved yourself all this trouble."

Away went the cars, racketting and oscillating, while the obliging young man was looking round for another recipient of his good services.

"Ha!" he muttered to himself. "There's a poor young fellow quite alone. Love-sick, perhaps—pale cheek—sunken eye—never told his love; but let—Shakespeare—I'm his man! Must look out for the old woman. Here we are, ma'am, fifteen miles to Lowell—out with you—look out for the cars on the back track. Good-by—pleasant trip!"

"Ding-dong!" went the bell again.

"Hullo!—here's her bundle! Catch, there—heads! All right—get on, driver!"

And having tossed a bundle after the old woman, he resumed his seat.

"Confound it!" roared a fat man in a blue Spencer. "You're treading on my corns."

"Beg pardon," said the obliging young man. "Bad things, corns—'trifling sum of misery now added to the foot of your account'; old author—name forgotten. Never mind—drive on!"

"But where's my bundle?" asked the fat man.

"Conductor! Where's my bundle? Brown paper—red string. Saw it here a moment since."

The conductor knew nothing about it. The obliging young man did. It was the same he had thrown out after the old woman.

"You'll find it somewhere," he said, with a consolatory wink. "Can't lose a brown paper bundle. I've tried—often—always turned up; little boy sure to bring it. 'Here's your bundle, sir; ninipence, please.' All right, go ahead!"

Here the obliging young man took his seat beside the pale-faced youth.

"Ill health, sir?"

"No, sir," replied the pale faced youth, fidgeting.

"Mental malady—eh?"

The young man sighed.

"See it all. Don't say a word, man! Cupid, heart from heart, forced to part. Flinty-hearted father!"

"No, sir."

"Flinty-hearted mother?"

"No, sir."

"Flinty-hearted aunt?"

The love-sick young man sighed, and nodded assent.

"Tell me the story. I'm a stranger—but my heart is here, sir." Whereupon the obliging young man referred to a watch pocket in his plaid vest, and nodded with a great deal of intelligence. "Tell me all—like to serve my fellows—no other occupation; out with it, as the doctor said to the little boy that swallowed his sister's necklace."

The love-sick youth informed the obliging young man that he loved and was beloved by a young lady of Boston, whose aunt, acting as her guardian, opposed his suit. He was going to Boston to put a plan of elopement into operation. He had prepared two letters, one to the aunt renouncing his hopes, to throw her off her guard; the other to the young lady, appointing a meeting at the Providence cars. The difficulty was to get the letters delivered. This the obliging young man readily undertook to do in person. Both the aunt and niece bore the same name—Emeline Brown; but the aunt's letter was sealed with black, the niece's with red wax. The letters were delivered with many injunctions to the obliging young man, and the two now made friends parted on the arrival of the cars in Boston.

The Providence cars were just getting ready to start, when, amid all the bustle and confusion, a pale-faced young man "might have been seen," as Mr. James, the novelist says, nervously pacing to and fro, and occasionally darting into Pleasant Street, and scrutinizing every approaching passenger and vehicle. At last, when there was but a single moment to spare, a hack drove up furiously, and a veiled lady hastily descended and gave her hand to her expectant admirer.

"Quick, Emeline, or we shall lose the train!"

The enamored couple were soon seated beside each other, and whirling away to Providence. The lady said little, but sat with downcast head and veiled face, apparently overwhelmed with confusion at the step she had taken. But it was enough for young Dovekin to know she was beside him, and he poured forth an unbroken stream of delicious nonsense, till the train arrived at its destination.

In the station house the lady lifted her veil. Horror and confusion! It was the aunt! The obliging young man had delivered the wrong letter.

"Yes, sir," said Miss Brown, "I am the person whom you qualified, in your letter intended for my niece, as a 'hateful hag,' in whose eyes you were 'throwing dust.' What do you say to that, sir?"

"Say!" replied the disconsolate Dovekin.

"It's no use to say anything; for it is my settled purpose to spring over the parapet of the railroad bridge and seek oblivion in a watery grave. But first, if I could find that obliging young man, I'd be the death of him."

"No you wouldn't," said the voice of that interesting individual, as he made his appearance with a lady on his arm. "Here she is—take her—be happy. After I'd given the notes, mind misgave me—went back to the house—found the aunt gone—niece in tears—followed after same train—last car—here she is!"

"I hope this will be a lesson," said Dovekin.

"So it is. Henceforth, I shall mind my own business; for everything I've undertaken lately, on other folks' account, has gone amiss. Come, aunt, give your blessing—let 'em go. Train ready—I'm off—best of wishes—good-by. Cars ready for Boston and way stations—all aboard."

The aunt gave her blessing; and this was the last that any of the party saw of the Obliging Young Man.

A HEART.—What a curious thing a heart is—is it not, young lady? There is as much difference in hearts as faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing, and full of purity. How proud a man ought to be, to have it placed in his keeping—to have a pretty girl love him so well that she will give it to him, and tell him that it loves him more than any other! Isn't it a curious thing, ladies? We might say of a heart as the old woman did of the first rabbit she ever saw, "La, bow funny!"



## ARCTIC SCREW YACHT, FOX.

The first engraving on this page is an accurate representation of the little screw yacht Fox, the forlorn hope of Lady Franklin, which has just returned to England after having ascertained positively the fate of the gallant Arctic adventurer. A gentleman who visited her in the East India Docks, just after her arrival in London, writes: "Her appearance is as quiet and purpose like as the narrative of her commander, Captain M'Clintock, now the theme of every tongue. She seems absolutely without a scratch on her black hull, and looks more sober, so to speak, than yachts in general. There is very little ornament about her, but what she has is in wonderfully good condition. The Fox is a round-sterned screw; has three slender, rather raking masts; is of topsail schooner rig, and small poop aft. Indeed everything is small about the ship, save her achievements. She is rather sharp forward, and her bows are plaited over with iron. As one scans the Fox more closely, we detect preparations about her for other dangers than beset the English waters. She looks not unlike a bundle of heavy handspikes, iron-pointed at each end, as if for fencing off drift ice. A beautiful Esquimaux canoe is lashed on her larboard quarter. Outside the ship, at the bottom of the ropes that stay the foremast, are a couple of ice-saws ready for use. They greatly aid the mind in picturing the sort of work required of them. The sole evidence of damage is a newly-broken spar, which lies on her deck, a part of her jibboom carried away—somewhere on the English coast. In short, there lies the Fox, looking as unassuming among the surrounding craft as ever hero does among the sons of men when his work is successfully achieved and his rest won."

Captain M'Clintock's narrative is a clear statement and full of interest. An abstract of it is worth preserving. The following describes what was found on the 8th of May: "Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman; she said it was on the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore; many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went towards the Great River; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered." Further discoveries were subsequently made: "Recrossing the Strait to King William's Island, we continued our examination of its southern shore without success until the 24th of May, when about ten miles eastward of Cape Herschel, a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow a small pocket book was found containing a few letters—these, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion that they dropped as they walked along."

After relating that near this place were found several cairns, with nothing in them (probably the records, if any, had been removed by the natives), the record continues: "On 6th May, Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn, was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows: 'This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which has not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70 05 N., and lon. 98 23 W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N. N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, 105 in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier.'

"This paper was dated 25th April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date, was 9 officers and 15 men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewn about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—pickaxes, shovels, boats, cooking utensils, iron work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant, engraved 'Frederic Hornby, R. N.', a small medicine chest,



THE YACHT FOX, ARCTIC DISCOVERY VESSEL, CAPT. M'CLINTOCK, COMMANDER.

oars, etc. A few miles southward, across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieut. Gore and M. des Vœux in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information. When in lat. 69° 09' N., and lon. 99° 27' W., we came to a large boat, discovered by Lieutenant Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured 28 feet in length by 7 1-2 feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat. A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance; also some thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within 100 yards of the boat. Many deeply in-

teresting relics of our countrymen have been picked up upon the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that subsequent to their abandonment one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since been, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth."

Captain M'Clintock says, from all that can be gleaned from the record paper and the evidence afforded by the boat and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror had been deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted, during the third winter, to render the travelling equipment complete. It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board, far more, perhaps, than they themselves were aware of. The distance by sledge route from the position of the ships when abandoned to the boat is 65 geographical miles, and from the ships to Montreal Island, 220 miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout.

The Franklin expedition, which numbered 133 souls, sailed from England in May, 1848, and nothing definite, till now, has been accurately ascertained of its movements or fate later than July of the same year, when the fated Erebus and Terror were spoken by a passing whaler. One of the several expeditions fitted out by government with the view of relieving or ascertain-

ing the fate of the missing adventurers, discovered in 1851, traces of their winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, and in 1854, Dr. Rea found among the Esquimaux on the west shore of Boothia certain relics of the expedition, and was told that a party of white men had perished of starvation in that neighborhood four years previously. They had been seen, it was said by the natives, dragging a boat on the north shore of King William's Sound. The intelligence now received would seem in confirmation of that obtained by Dr. Rea; the localities in the two accounts appear to be the same; and the discrepancy of dates—Captain M'Clintock's news being to the effect that the crews abandoned their ships as early as 1848—is probably to be explained by the looseness of the Esquimaux notions of times and seasons.

Up to 1850 the country hoped that Sir John and his gallant companions might yet be within reach of aid; and in March of that year government offered a reward of £20,000 to "any party or parties who in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, should discover or effectually relieve any of the crews," or £10,000 to any party who should give such information as would lead to their relief, or definitely ascertain their fate. So late, even, as 1857, an effort was made to induce the government to "attempt a final and exhaustive search" with the view of ascertaining the fate of the expedition. It was on the failure of this effort that Lady Franklin herself undertook the responsibility, and the result has now, it appears, justified her faith and enterprise. It will be for the country to consider whether the widow of the brave and unfortunate explorer shall be permitted to pay out of her private funds for information so interesting to the public, and for which so large a sum as £10,000 had been offered in the name of the country—an offer which has never, we presume, been formally withdrawn.

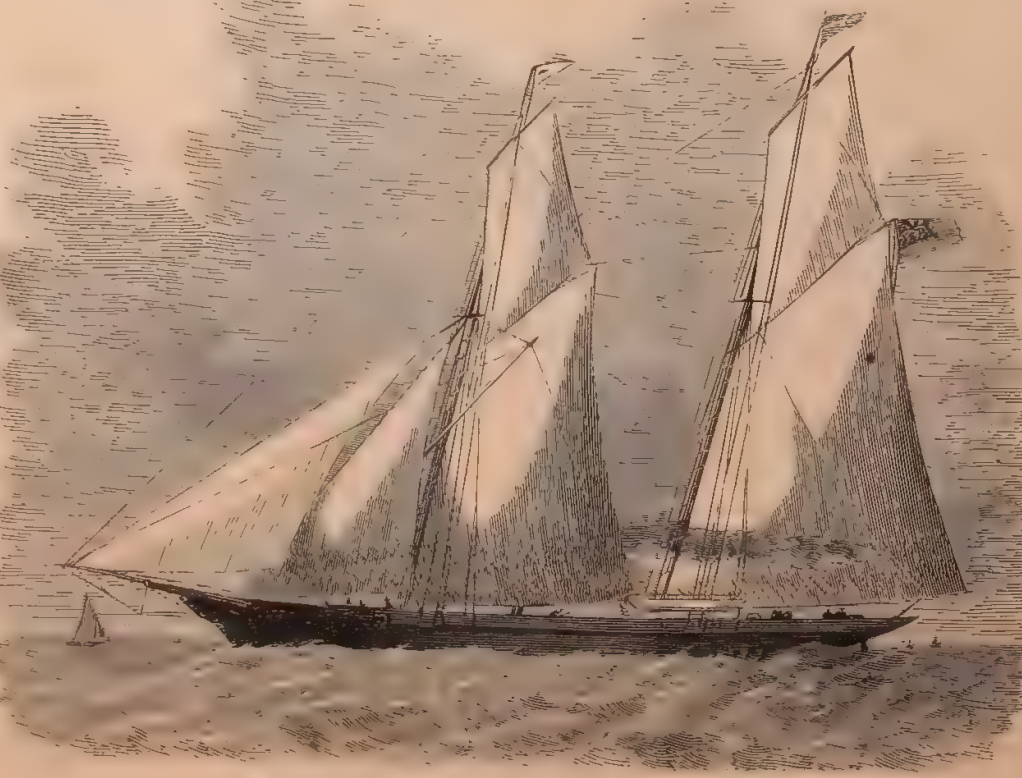
## SCREW STEAM-YACHT "NORAH CREINA."

In pursuance of our design of publishing accurate representations of new vessels built on both sides of the Atlantic, we herewith present an engraving of a new English yacht just finished and named after the heroine of one of Moore's prettiest songs. This elegant new steam-yacht, built from the designs and under the superintendence of Messrs. Newbon and Smith for B. H. Hartley, Esq., has just been completed for sea, and, both under canvas and steam, has proved herself a fast and excellent sea-boat, her performances giving the highest satisfaction. In her, every recent improvement in yachts has been fully carried out, one of the most important of which is a patent anchor-lift, the invention of her designers, which, in a much smaller space, combines far greater facilities for raising or letting go the anchor than is possessed by either capstan or windlass. Her dimensions are: Length, 85 feet; beam, 16 feet; depth, 8 ft. 9 in.; tonnage, 102 16 94. The Norah Creina was constructed by Messrs. Westwood & Co., of

London Yard, Isle of Dogs, and furnished by them with direct-acting engines, designed by Mr. Harrington, of sixteen nominal horse power. The introduction of steam into private yachting is quite a modern idea, and we have no doubt will be carried out extensively by our wealthy countrymen, for even an American pleasure-seeker likes to be able to "go ahead" at all times, and to be measurably independent of wind and tide.

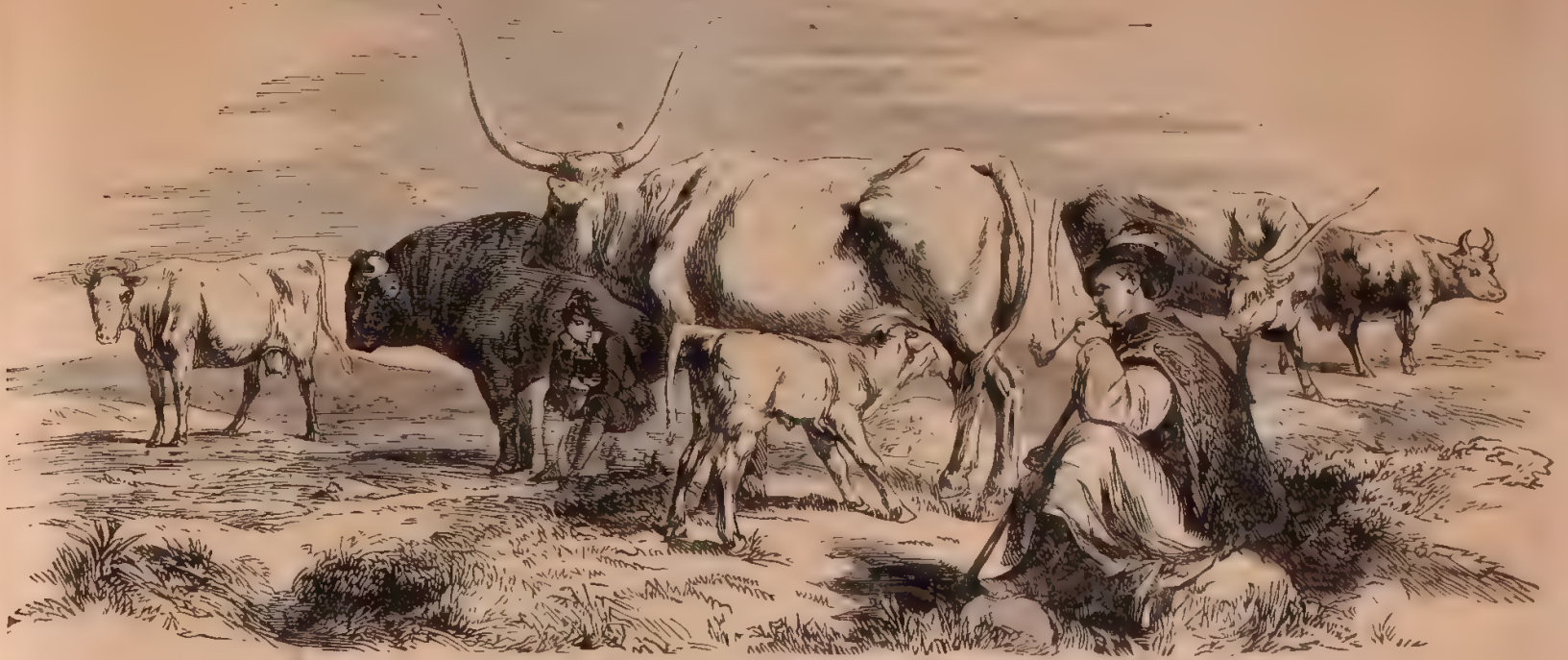
## SWIMMING.

We have proposed every child—and not only every boy—as a swimming pupil, because the main reasons for anybody's being able to swim are good for everybody. English women have four limbs, and live in an island, and make voyages, and practise sea bathing, and need exercise in the water at school and at home, and go out in boats—in short, run the universal risks in regard to water; and, therefore, they have a claim to be taught to swim. At the time when the great school was kept away from the river, because a boy had been drowned, a sensible and wealthy Quaker gentleman built a bathing-house for his young daughters on a mere in his grounds, which was sufficiently fenced with reeds to secure privacy; and the girls learned to swim. In the sea they could all go through the exercises as South Sea women do. Their frames, health and safety were improved, and there was not a shadow of an objection to be set off on the other side—Once a Week.



THE IRON SCREW STEAM YACHT, "NORAH CREINA."





CATTLE ON THE FRONTIERS OF MONTENEGRO.

## CATTLE AT MONTENEGRO.

The accompanying engraving is from a spirited and authentic sketch, representing the strange-looking cattle on the frontiers of Montenegro, with the herdsmen in attendance. One particular breed of their cows is distinguished by the enormous horns which are by no means exaggerated in the picture before us. Montenegro is situated on the confines of European Turkey, and is bounded by Austria, Herzegovina, Bosnia and a part of Albania. Its Slavic name is Czernagora, in Turkish, Kara-dag (Black mountain) and was given it from the aspect formerly presented by its vast forests of larches and firs. The territory is divided into five *nahies* or provinces, and into several *berdas*, or districts. The history of the Montenegrins is as dramatic as it is varied. After having been successively subjected to the domination of the Romans, the Goths, Slaves and Greeks, the kings of Serbia and several princes of the great and ancient family of the Balchitchi, they became Venetians, to avoid paying homage to the Turks with whom they were perpetually at war, and adopted for the same reason the Greek worship. In the beginning their rulers were a civil and an ecclesiastic governor. But as the narrowness of their financial resources counselled economy, they united the two authorities in the person of a *Vladika*. The *Vladika* was therefore at once their spiritual and temporal chief; their bishop and their general. Prince Danilo, on his accession, modified this state of things, while maintaining the prerogatives attached to his dignity. He freed himself from the obligation of taking orders,

sought the hand of a charming young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Trieste, married her, and installed himself at Cetigne, the capital, if we may so term it, at Montenegro. Under the direction of the prince, the Montenegrins are governed—in the *berdas*, by independent chiefs; in the *nahies*, by *serdars*, or captains, and by *knes* or mayors. Their government is military, and yet they do not possess what might be termed a regular army. Of a population of 120,000 souls, some 20,000 men are at any moment ready to take the field. The Montenegrins are born soldiers, live with the cartridge in their teeth, and die with their hands on the stocks of their long Albanian guns, that is to say, very rarely in their beds. At the cry "*Brate, kto iest veliaz* (Brothers, who will fight?)" raised by the heralds, and signifying that the country claims their help, they are armed and equipped instantly. Besides their guns, which they use with terrible effect, *Andjaro* pistols and *Kaudjars* knives are their constant companions. They sometimes use pieces of artillery, but being excellent marksmen, they prefer muskets. "I furnish them with powder," said the late *Vladika*; "as for arms, when they have none, they take them from the enemy." Both men and women are generally of a lofty stature, well-made, alert, vigorous, sober and hardy, but wild, sanguinary and vindictive. The Corsican vendetta does not equal theirs, and in the ardor of battle, nothing checks their fury. If a Turk falls under their arm, they cut off his head, ears and nose, and lay these bloody trophies at the feet of their *serdars*. So, when one of their own men falls mortally

wounded, they sign him with the cross, and then behead him, to spare him the horror of falling alive into the hands of his cruel enemies. It is not unusual to see fleshless skulls grinning from pike-heads at the entrance of their villages. But they redeem this blood-thirstiness by rare moral qualities, by excessive probity and a great respect for their plighted faith. They are moreover very hospitable. Montenegro, composed of lofty mountains, either naked or wooded, of fertile villages and rivers studded with fish, has neither agriculture, commerce nor manufactures. And yet it might have all: their temperate climate would assist it greatly. Shepherds and herdsmen, the Montenegrins consume almost all their wine and grain. They have physicians and surgeons, but these practitioners, like the modern Arab doctors, go through no special course of study. What they know they have learned from tradition. Instinct and necessity make them ingenious and adroit. You also find among them sorcerers claiming an occult power, in which they implicitly believe. For amusement and health, they cultivate gymnastic exercises in which they excel, and their dances are quite original. They compose poetry after the style of Ossian and Homer. Proud of their annals, as the records of their valor, history is confided to their bards and becomes a part of the songs of its people, which are handed down from sire to son, and bear the stamp of Oriental gravity or excitement. The *Vladika* Peter II. was a great poet and historian. Such are these rude mountaineers. The only manufacture they have is that of gunpowder, a necessity of their warlike existence.

## TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

Our engraving represents the passage of a stream in the interior of China, by fording, the Chinese guides condescending to carry the "outside barbarians" on their backs. These same outside barbarians may prove, by-and-by, as heavy a load for these poor Celestials, as the old man of the mountain was to Sinbad the sailor. Recent events, however, have shown that the Celestials are not disposed to surrender so easily to European assumption, and they certainly exhibited on the *Pei-ho* a valor which no one ever thought of attributing to the so-called Chinese braves. The fatal fire of their forts was well-kept up, and their heavy guns were served with a promptitude and precision altogether without a parallel in Chinese military annals. Vain, however, will this effort prove. Its success may stimulate them to a protracted resistance, but they must ultimately submit to England and France combined, and pay by heavy losses, for their temporary triumph.

## BOY-LOVE.

The passion of love in boys bears about the same relation to genuine love that green fruit does to ripe. Women of a little experience soon learn that it is not quite safe to trust boys with the secrets of their hearts, as they are apt both to misinterpret and to misrepresent any little freedom of manners. At this period, the imagination is morbid from weakness and inexperience: and a proneness to boast of what their vanity construes into advances on the part of ladies, is among the ill consequences of flirting with boys.



TRAVELLING INLAND IN CHINA.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
 One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
 Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
 Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
 One copy of BalloU's Pictorial, and one copy of The Plan of our Union, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. P. Lowell, Mass.—The well-known game of blind man's buff has an historical origin. It is founded on the desperate courage of a French knight who, in an encounter with his enemy, received wounds which deprived him of sight, but which did not subdue his valor. He continued the combat with increased ardor, and striking at random, soon inflicted a mortal injury on his opponent. In order to perpetuate his bravery, an annual tournament of military games was instituted to represent the last combat in which the principal actor had his eyes bandaged. He was either chosen by the king or by lot from among the most noble of the peers.

"P. C." Marblehead.—The nautilus is a marine animal whose shell consists of one spiral valve divided into several apartments by partitions. When it sails it extends two of its arms and between these supports a membrane, which serves as a sail. With two other arms it rows or steers. This curious animal is supposed to have suggested to mankind the first idea of sailing-vessels.

"J. C. S."—The armadillo is a quadruped peculiar to South America, and is called by zoologists dasypus. This animal is covered with a hard, bony shell, divided into movable belts, excepting on the forehead, shoulders and haunches, where the shell is not movable. The belts are connected by a membrane, which enables the animal to roll itself up like a hedgehog. It burrows in the earth, where it remains during the day, and seldom appears abroad except at night. The armadillo varies in size, the largest being about three feet long, without the tail. It is an inoffensive animal, and when attacked rolls itself up into a ball, presenting its armor on every side, to the assailant.

"YANKEE BOY."—Belgium was united to France in 1796; but at the peace in 1814 it was separated from France and united to Holland, the two countries forming the kingdom of the Netherlands. In 1830 the revolution in Belgium occurred, when it separated from Holland, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen king. T. O'N., Concord, N. H.—The landing-place known as Queen's Ferry, on the Frith of the Forth, Scotland, gained its title in the following manner: When the Saxon Prince Edgar Atheling fled from the court of William the Conqueror, taking with him his mother and two sisters, with the intention of seeking refuge in Hungary, they were driven by stress of weather on the Scottish coast. Malcolm, the son of that Duncan whose name is immortalized in Shakespeare, married one of the princesses, and hence the landing-place was called ever after the Queen's Ferry.

## A BIT OF STREET-TALK.

We are in Washington Street, and taking an observation, find ourself in the latitude of the Boston Theatre. One needs a striking landmark to ascertain his position in our town, for capitalists and architects are making as constant changes about us as scene-shifters in a spectacle piece. You see we have borrowed an illustration from the stage, being infected by the neighborhood. Have they not pulled down the Melodeon, and are they not building up a new structure in its stead? "Aperiently," as Mrs. Gamp says. Yet we had some associations which this clatter of bricks and mortar has disturbed, and no one has asked our leave to intrude on our fairy-land. The Melodeon was classic ground once. There "Norway's awaying pine," the Bul-bul of the bow, convinced admiring audiences that Mrs. Child had not proved her insanity in the columns of the Boston Courier. There his mournful fantasies, melting the catgut to strains of pity, proved that the "domesticated tiger-kin" (see Bulwer's Caxtons) have "bowels of compassion." There Arditi and Bottesini, and Vieux Temps and Artot, following in the same path, aspired to rival the Norwegian Paganini with the same materials. There too that delicious little eyren Castellani, whose fame had travelled from west to east, whose notes have made the tour of the globe, like the roll of the British drum, now heard in the city of the Aztecs, and now in the capital of the czars, poured forth her sweetest melodies to ears as enraptured with her music, as all hearts were charmed with the fascination of her delicate and feminine smile. Fortunately a souvenir of her beauty remains in the shape of a miniature portrait which the poet-painter Read dashed off in one of his happiest moments of inspiration. Here too we had a touch of the "Pico-tricity" which was wont to electrify Willis. The memory fails to recall all the illustrations which have graced the Melodeon—but we are sure that Caradori Allan and Cinti Damoreau were among the number. There, too, that great and queer creature, De Meyer, fought his furious battles with his piano, coming off victorious. Who that heard it can forget the *Marche Marocaine*? Nor can we pass by the triumphs of the Steyermarkische band whose bewildering waltzes and gallopedes carried back the traveller to the baumgarten of Vienna, or the Bals Mabillole of Paris.

On this site stood the Lion Theatre some twenty years ago, where tragedy, comedy, farce,

ground and lofty tumblings, gymnastics and equestrianism were all presented to the "patronage of a liberal and discerning public," the same night. The stage company was excellent, comprising such performers as Dan Reed (since dead), Ingersoll (ditto), Harrison and his pretty wife, and others. Mrs. Louisa Howard was the star of the ring, though just beginning to ride. Camels, elephants, lions and tigers were occasionally introduced here to swell the attractions. This quarter seems to be the fountain-head of music, piano-forte establishments prevailing. Three-quarters of a century ago another sort of music was heard here, for some of the British troops were quartered hereabouts, and the *revellée* and the tattoo of the regimental bands roused the echoes of the then Newbury Street. But a truce to these reminiscences and shadows of the past.

## THE SALT OF THE SEA.

Dumas tells a pleasant story in his "Corricole," illustrating the ignorance of some Italian noblemen he met "once upon a time." A discussion was held, the Marquis Arditi acting as moderator, upon the causes of the saltiness of the sea. A certain Signor Perelli asked leave to address the meeting. The permission was accorded.

"It seems to me," said Signor Perelli, "that you are all wide of the mark. The cause to me is perfectly clear, if you will permit me to state it."

"Hear! hear him!"

"Allow me, then, to ask a single question."

"Certainly, Signor Perelli."

"Where are the salt herrings caught?"

"In the sea," was the unanimous response.

"Very well," resumed Signor Perelli. "Does not natural history inform us that this is distributed through nearly every part of the ocean and in vast quantities?"

"There is not a doubt of it, Signor Perelli."

"Very well, then," continued Signor Perelli, "what need of further inquiry?"

"You are right," said the Marquis Arditi.

"It is the salt herrings which salt the sea."

And the discovery was duly entered on the records of the learned society over which the Marquis Arditi presided with so much dignity, and the next day, the corresponding-secretary sent it forth to all the other learned societies on the face of the globe.

## TRIPOLI FOR POLISHING METAL WORK.

There is found in Bilin, in Bohemia, a deposit of silicious or flinty character, which occupies a surface of great extent—probably the site of an ancient lake—and forms slaty layers of fourteen feet in thickness. This bed supplies the *tripoli* used by artizans in metal for polishing their work, and also the fine sand employed to form moulds for casting small articles in Berlin iron. For these purposes the consumption of the article in Berlin alone is not less than from fifty to sixty hundred weight yearly. It is almost entirely composed of the sheaths or coverings of a kind of animalcule, which has the power of separating flinty matter from the water in which it dwells, and of producing out of this sort of case analogous to the shell of a crab or lobster. The length of one of these is about the 1/3500 of an inch; and it is hence calculated that about twenty-three millions of them are contained in a cubic line of the sand, and forty-one millions in a cubic inch.

A STRAY PARTRIDGE.—The Providence Journal reports that a partridge flew through the parlor window of a gentleman who resides upon one of the most thickly-settled streets of that city. The adventurous bird was uninjured by his daring feat, and was kindly restored to his more congenial home in the woods.

SILVER CRADLE.—The corporation of Limerick have presented a silver cradle to the lady of the mayor, on the occasion of the birth of a son and heir during her husband's last year of office.

QUEER MARRIAGE.—A singular marriage recently took place in Dudley, England, the bride being 82, and the bridegroom (her fourteenth husband) 60.

EATING SNAILS.—A million and a half of snails are eaten every season in the French capital. In Dijon they bring thirty cents a hundred.

## TURKISH CONSPIRACY.

When the news of the discovery of a conspiracy to assassinate the sultan first got abroad in Constantinople, there was a prevalent notion that a massacre of the Christian population was included in the programme. It is, however, alleged by the prisoners—and the ministers have endorsed the assertion—that no harm to the Christians was intended. Indeed, it is said that some officers in command of troops in the Christian quarters of the town had been secured by the conspirators, for the express purpose of maintaining order in those quarters in any event. Among those most deeply compromised, was Djafer Pasha. He was arrested at his house in Stamboul, and placed in a caïque by the officers who had charge of him for conveyance to Kouleli. On his way thither, at a point where the current is strongest, he made a plunge into the water and went down. His body had not been found. He was known to many Englishmen, as Djafer Dem, of Albania, where his family are possessed of large estates, and at whose house many sportsmen from Corfu have found a welcome. Hussien Pasha, who was second in command of the Turkish troops at Kars, during the war, is said to have been the originator of the plot. He is, or rather was when last heard of, at Janina. A letter of September 21st says: "It is, of course, premature at present to say what will be the fate of the leaders of the movement. There is a wide-spread belief that a considerable number have been quietly put out of the way." The conspirators intended to surround the sultan in the street, to upbraid him with the abuses of his administration, and to require his abdication in favor of a more worthy successor.

## THE USE OF FANS.

Fans have become, in many countries, a necessary appendage of the toilet. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church, a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that church, which is to keep the flies off the priests during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England, this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign of Charles II. they became pretty generally used. At the present day, they are in universal requisition.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."—We are gratified to announce that this favorite serial has passed into the hands of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the well known and long established Boston publishing house. With them, the peculiar individuality of the Magazine will be strictly preserved, and its high literary character maintained; indeed, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have long been the publishers of the poets and authors who have imparted such *clat* to the "Atlantic," and the work could not have become the property of any other house so well fitted to sustain its acknowledged excellence.

MAKING "ROME HOWL."—A fire-engine worth \$700, belonging to the village of Rome has been sold by the sheriff, to satisfy a claim arising out of the Ogdensburgh, Clayton and Rome railroad delusion, in which the people of Rome invested heavily a few years since. The engine brought but \$200.

TAMING OXEN.—At the New York State Fair, there was a perfect Rarey of an ox-tamer, who practises breaking steers for farmers, never treats them inhumanly, but he soon has them under perfect control, and as bidable as well-trained children.

MORE BALLOONING.—Mr. Low, a confident and full-fledged aeronaut, is getting ready to start from New York city, on a voyage across the Atlantic. His balloon requires 725,000 cubic feet of gas to expand and fill it.

FRUIT.—Nothing pays better than to raise pears and apples. Little investment of money is required, and very little labor; while the return is always sure and profitable.

EXPANSIVE.—A thimbleful of powder will split a rock four feet square.

## THE LONGEVITY OF HORSES.

If the term of a horse's life in his natural wild state may be fixed between thirty and forty years, very few of these animals reach, in a domesticated state, the natural limit of their existence. The labor exacted of them, too often excessive and almost always premature, and a diet which excites their ardor and consumes their blood, combine, in a majority of cases, to ruin them at an early day, and unhappily in proportion to their loss of agility and strength. Yet there are some horses well-trained, that have reached a very advanced age. Athenæus and Pliny speak of horses past their sixtieth year, and very comparatively modern writers recount the achievements of horses of seventy and even eighty. In Frascati's stud, near Metz, in France, there was a horse who was not past labor at the age of fifty-one years; a horse belonging to an official of the same town lived to forty-three, and Cerf Bobé, who died at Versailles, in 1830, was forty-two. We recently saw in a French agricultural journal an account of a horse that died recently at the Chateau d'Origny, near Roanne, at forty-five. He was purchased by Count de Foudras, in 1821, being then seven years old. He worked for forty years, and though no service was required of him for the last five years, it was not because his strength and spirit had failed, but because his owner justly considered that his long services entitled him to a term of rest and ease.

## SIZE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says, that taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square, and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

THE DYSPEPIC.—There can hardly be conceived of a more miserable person in existence than a confirmed dyspeptic. He suffers fearfully both in mind and body; yet his suffering need not be endured a single week, for he can certainly be cured, and that right speedily, by the use of the *Oxygenated Bitters*, prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., of Boston, and for sale everywhere. This article has been long before the public, receiving the endorsement of the medical faculty, and its name is a household word from Maine to Mexico. Indigestion is a fearful enemy to contend with; but we have the means of entirely vanquishing this terrible foe, in the use of these celebrated and effective Bitters.

RAREY IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Rarey has recently completed the instruction at Aldershot, England, of his first batch of cavalry rough-riders, twenty in number. He pauses at this point in order that his system may be fairly tested for a few months experience of these men in their own regiments. If that experience be found to bear out all his claims for his method, he will instruct fresh parties of rough-riders.

ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—De Marbais and his wife, whose narrow escape from a double tragedy of murder and suicide made a stir in Cincinnati some months ago, are still in that city. The woman has recovered from her wounds, and the man from his poison.

LOOK SHARP, DOGBERRIES!—The mayor of Richmond, Va., offers ten dollars reward for every baton taken from a watchman while asleep on duty. They must keep their eyes open tight, now.

FRENCH OPERA HOUSE.—The city of Paris is to build the new opera house opposite the Rue de la Paix; it is expected it will cost between \$600,000 and \$1,000,000.

BOOKS, BOOKS.—Mr. Choate's valuable library of 7000 volumes was sold in this city, last week, and brought high prices.



## INCIDENT AT A FRENCH THEATRE.

The beautiful comedy by Madame de Girardin, called *La joie fait peur*—one of the favorites of the repertoire of the Français—was being played, a few evenings ago, in one of the provincial towns, when the following incident occurred: One of the actresses, Madame Larnet, had no sooner made her entrance than she burst into a violent flood of tears, which continued such a length of time that the curtain was obliged to be lowered. The audience, with that impetuosity which characterizes the French, gave vent to loud sounds of disapprobation, and after a few moments the stage manager made his appearance, and explained that the child of Madame Larnet had died the afternoon of that day, and that if she was obliged to continue the performance, she begged the indulgence of the audience. Loud cries of "She must not play" were heard on all sides, and the piece was changed. It may seem hard-hearted in the manager not to have given the part to another person—if necessary change the piece; but he is excusable when one takes into consideration the nature of a French audience. They are exacting to the last degree. No actor in France dare interlard any play with his own speeches; if such a thing were done, so as to admit of no doubt, the audience would demand an apology. This has occurred often. They seem to look upon the changing of anything in the programme as a direct insult to themselves. It is a good idea in the long run, but sometimes brings about disagreeable scenes, as in the case of Madame Larnet.

## BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

People are prone to cry "hard times," no matter what the facts are, and some of these croakers are being heard hereabouts, just now. The truth is, money was never more plenty in New England than it is to-day; business was never better, never on a firmer or more reliable basis, and people were never more able or ready to part with their money. Hard times indeed! Look at the thrift all about us, observe the immense architectural improvements in building in this city and vicinity, count the scores of splendid commercial warehouses going up everywhere, behold hundreds of acres of water land being reclaimed and built upon, see how artistically and beautifully the environs of Boston are being laid out and improved by our merchant princes. Why, Boston is alive with successful industry, and nowhere in the world does capital find more ready or safer investment.

**MORE ABOUT THE BEARS.**—The bears are committing such ravages in the wild parts of Wisconsin that the settlers are flying from their homes. The newspapers declare that the animals no longer confine their visits to farmers' pigpens, but boldly approach their dwellings, and apply for admittance at the kitchen doors and bedroom windows.

**HOWARD ATHENÆUM.**—Mr. Booth's engagement at this favorite house has been an entire success, though following immediately upon that of Miss Heron, which was a positive dramatic triumph. Mr. Davenport is reaping the golden harvest which his liberal and intelligent enterprise merits.

**TOO MUCH GAS.**—In digging a well in Bureau County, Illinois, a vein of gas was struck which burned with a flame fifteen feet above the surface of the ground. It was so near to a dwelling house that the well had to be filled to save the house.

**GOOD!**—An exchange paper says: "The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

**GOOD BOOKS.**—A good book is styled by Milton, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

**ERIE RAILROAD.**—The Erie Railroad paid through its receiver, in September, \$584,320, and its receipts were \$621,138.

**GENIUS.**—When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

## THE GALWAY LINE.

Sir Cusack Roncy, in a letter to the Irish papers, says that it is the intention of the present government to endeavor to set aside the contract with the Lever Company for the conveyance of the American mails through Ireland, and he "pledges himself to the complete accuracy of the statement." He says the effort is to be made at the next session of Parliament by means of the re-appointment of the committee on packet contracts of which Mr. Cobden was chairman. Sir Cusack calls upon his fellow-countrymen to "repel this attempt at repudiating a contract which, if efficiently carried out, will not only confer lasting benefit upon Ireland, but will beyond doubt give to all Europe and to all America the shortest, the quickest, and the safest communication between the two continents." The Rev. Father Daly stated at a meeting in Galway, the other day, that between himself and his family Mr. Lever had taken shares in the company to the extent of £171,000. The Messrs. Palmer of Jarro, iron shipbuilders, are making great progress in the building of the steamers for the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company (Galway line). The first vessel is in frame, and the engine and boilers are in a forward state. Several artists are employed in painting pictures in oil for the saloon, which will be amongst the finest ever designed, and will accommodate at least two hundred first-class passengers at dinner at one time. It is expected these vessels, for dimensions and power, will surpass any of their class, and will exceed the guaranteed speed of twenty miles per hour. Some progress has also been made with the second vessel.

## THE YANKEE AND THE CONVICT.

One day, not long since, relates the Cleveland Plaindealer, the accommodation train from Cleveland to Columbus had a convict on board, who was being taken by an officer to the penitentiary at the last named place. The prisoner was covered with a cloak which concealed from view the shackles upon his wrists. He sat, slightly bowed, looking very glum, and probably reflecting upon the rather narrow prospect before him. A New England Yankee on the train had his curiosity particularly excited by what he inferred to be a considerable weight on the spirit of the convict; so he approached him with the intent to elicit, if possible, such information as would gratify his curiosity. The following are the questions he propounded, and the answers thereto: "Goin' ter Klumbus?" "Yes," (gruffly). "Goin' enny further?" "No." "Goin' ter stop in Klumbus?" "Yes." "Goin' ter see any friends there?" "No." "Goin' ter du enny kind o' work there?" "Yes." "Goin' ter start business on yer own hook?" "No." "What are ye goin' there for?" "Going for seven years." The Yankee's curiosity was almost satisfied.

**CROSS-FIRING.**—The authorities of Pittsburg have prevented cars on the street railways from running on Sunday. The car proprietors, in revenge, have prosecuted everybody that goes to church in his carriage.

**AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.**—Read Mr. Underwood's advertisement of his single lens microscopes, which are transportable by mail. A microscope for twenty-five cents! Everybody is getting one for the centre-table.

**CHELSEA BRIDGE.**—A move is making to free the bridge between Chelsea and Charlestown. Every avenue leading out of Boston should be, and will be free before half a dozen years have passed.

**PROUD TO SAY IT.**—Our own is the most quiet and orderly city in the United States, and there is one more fact that statistics prove, which is that it is also the most healthy.

**HORSE RAILROADS.**—The Metropolitan horse railroad of this city carries 5,000,000 passengers per annum. This couldn't be done by omnibuses; it would so fill the streets as to impede travel.

**IRON STEAMER.**—A fine large iron steamer was launched at South Boston the other day. It is intended for Chinese coast navigation.

**CHICAGO.**—It is claimed that this city will in fifty years exceed New York in point of the number of inhabitants.

## Wayside Gatherings.

The Philadelphia census shows a population of 680,000, an increase of 271,238 since 1850.

"Prof." Coe, the balloonist, has had one of his arms taken off above the wrist on account of mortification.

A yield of one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat to the acre is mentioned in a letter from Genoa, Carson Valley, California.

Messrs. Cheney have commenced at Hartford, Conn., to build another silk factory of the same size of their present factory.

Another installment of \$10,000 has been paid to Mr. Washington, within a few days past, towards the purchase of Mount Vernon.

Brownsville has been stormed by a gang of guerrillas, who are a trifle more lively and active than are some others of their calling.

The citizens of Fall River have made an engagement with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company for one of their steam fire engines.

A movement has been started in New York, among the Hebrews, for the formation of a Board of Representatives of the Jews in the United States.

At Columbus, S. C., George Patten, convicted of gaming, has been sentenced to one year and three months' imprisonment, and \$1000 fine.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher has just reached his eighty-fourth year. He is in good health, and lately spent a day with an old college classmate in New York.

The Grand Jury of Chittenden County have indicted the Vermont State Agricultural Society as a nuisance. The ground of the indictment is that said society has violated the law against horse racing.

The servant girls in New York city have struck for higher wages—they want \$10 a month. The Journal of Commerce says it is in consequence of assessments for the new Fourth Avenue Cathedral.

The world could not get along without old North Carolina. Her tar, pitch and turpentine are used in every corner of the globe. The amount shipped to England during the year 1853 is valued at \$2,176,870.

Four splendid English bulls and heifers of the pure Durham short-horn breed, were lately shipped for Monte Video. They are intended for a farm on the Rio Plata, to make a cross with the native breed.

Mr. Hart, the sculptor, has finished the statue of Henry Clay, ordered by the "Ladies' Clay Statue Association" of Virginia, and it is to be inaugurated on the 12th of April next, the 82d anniversary of Mr. Clay's birthday.

The valuation of real estate in San Francisco for the present year is \$17,996,123, which is an increase of nearly \$4,500,000 compared with the year previous. The total valuation (real and personal) this year is \$83,777,075.

The new dome of the St. Louis Court House has been declared by two competent architects to be unsafe, and ready to fall at any moment. It will have to be taken down, and another built, involving an expenditure of \$30,000.

A comparative statement of the wheat inspections in the State of Virginia during the past quarter, ending Sept. 30, and the same period of three preceding years, shows that the crop of 1853 is the largest crop ever grown in the State.

The people of Rockport propose to build a railroad to connect that town with the Gloucester Branch of the Eastern Railroad, and give due notice of their intention to petition the legislature for a charter for such purpose.

They say the greatest punishment you can inflict on an Eastern Jew is to give him at once the price he asks for his goods, for that he will go about bemoaning and reproaching himself the whole day after that he did not ask double.

A man named Daniel Safford stole a pair of oxen near Detroit last week, and in fourteen hours from the commission of the deed, he had been arrested, tried, convicted, and was on his way to the State Prison, under a sentence of three years.

A couple of women, quarrelling for place and power in the fancy needlework department of the Canada Provincial Fair at Kingston, recently came near breaking up the show—the husband of one of them removing his articles from exhibition, thus taking away the most of the mechanical department.

The volcano at Maui, Sandwich Islands, was not so active at last accounts. The lava stream has cooled, so that horses cross without difficulty. A long point has been formed, running out into the sea at Kiholo, with a depth of water at the outer edge of sixty-three fathoms, and the liquid rock is still dropping out seaward.

Constantinople journals recently stated that a dreadful fire had destroyed upwards of a thousand houses in the Turkish capital. It broke out in the Quarter of Haas Keni, built like an amphitheatre, on the side of a hill, and inhabited by 30,000 Jews, and the houses being of wood, the flames spread with the most fearful rapidity.

In the year 1792 Daniel Rowell, one of the pioneers of Western Virginia, being pursued by Indians, hid his gun under a red oak log to facilitate his escape. Recently one of his descendants found the gun, near the Kanawha, after a lapse of sixty-six years. The barrel was not materially injured, the trigger whole, the springs in the proper place.

## Sands of Gold.

... Taste is the mind's tact.—*De Boufflers.*

... Marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice.—*Miss Mulock.*

... It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn love.—*Ricard.*

... Wisdom no more consists in science than happiness in wealth.—*De Boufflers.*

... Love has no age, as it is always renewing itself.—*Pascal.*

... Silence has been given to lovers to enable them to express their thoughts the better.—*Dryden.*

... We must write the promises of women on the breath, on the wind, on the surfaces of shadows.—*Catullus.*

... Oaths are the counterfeit money with which we pay the sacrifice of love.—*Ninon de l'Enclos.*

... The woman who really means to refuse you, is content to say no; she who explains, wishes further persuasion.—*Alfred de Musset.*

... Fortunes grant victory oftener to rash, impetuous characters than to the cold and circumspect.—*Machiavel.*

... We overlook too much degrees of merit, and give too exclusive an admiration to the high est.—*Bovee.*

... Woman is the great beauty, the most precious jewel taken from the scripture of God for the ornament and happiness of man.—*Guyard.*

... Every man talks of his neighbor's heart as though it was his own watch; a thing to be seen in all its works, and abused for irregular going.—*Jerrold.*

... A good heart is the sun and moon; or rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—*Shakespeare.*

... In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.—*Jerrold.*

... To great force of intellect there is often added a greater pride that impairs its influence. This offends more than the other pleasures. Such an one, it may be said, carries a great many guns, but all of them spiked.—*Bovee.*

... Either we grow wiser as we grow older, or there is no growth at all. Either we advance as we walk, or we cannot well be said to stand. Humanity is progress, or it is nothing.—*W. G. Simms.*

## Joker's Budget.

When is a fish like a bird? When it is a perch.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is least tidy.

Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose.

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery.

Isn't it strange that our blacksmiths are always blowing and striking for wages?

Political capital is now said to mean nothing more nor less than personal interest.

A breeder of Shanghais says that one of his fowls, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

Woman's Mission.—To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out to collect materials to make the pot boil.

A doctor detained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

What must you do to a tea table to make fit to eat? Give it up. Why, take away the tea (T) and it becomes eatable.

Why are four thousand eight hundred and forty yards of land obtained on credit like a drinking song? Because it's an acre-on-tie.

To spin and weave, to knit and sew, was Knickerbocker girls' employment, but now to dress and catch a bow is all they call enjoyment.

Speaking of an excited doctor, a contemporary says, "His face spoke a thousand emotions." Why not draw it milder, and say five hundred?

The following toast was recently given: "The ladies—may we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss."

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

"Ah, Joe! since you've been to the city the black ox died without any notice whatever." "Gracious mercy!" replied Joe, "how fast we are all passing away!"

"Well, John, I am going East, what shall I tell the folks?" "O, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

Sydney Smith, one day describing to a friend the people whom he met at a dinner-party, said, "There was Hallam, too, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction."



## THE CRAZY STEAMBOAT.

BY G. S. RAYMOND.

It was during the second year of the protracted struggle in Southern Brazil, which we of the anti law and order party persisted in dignifying with the name of revolution, but which, as yet, has found no place in the history of civilized wars, and which I am sure never ought to; for a more miserable, uncivilized set of vagrants never congregated under any banner since the days of the first crusade.

But it was the second year that our sufferings were the most severe, and we were the most savage, both in our manners and personal appearance. For, by the end of the first year, we had worn out our clothes that we entered the service with, and spent what little money we possessed at first; and as neither money nor clothing was forthcoming from those who set us on, it began to look very much like working for nothing and boarding ourselves.

There were a good many of us, who at some former period of our lives had been accustomed to some of the little comforts and conveniences which pertain to civilization; and the eternal warfare which we were obliged to wage with the long list of reptiles and insects inimical to man, with which the climate and soil of Brazil is blessed, was anything but comfortable or pleasant. Flies, bugs, ticks and fleas, of the insect, and snakes, centipedes, and vampire bats, of the reptile species, all appeared to owe us foreigners a particular spite, and claimed us as their legitimate prey.

But the greatest annoyance of all—the indefatigable tormentor of our lives, during the first six months of that year, was a *steamboat*: a little black, uncouth abortion of a thing, so unlike everything that I had ever seen or heard of in the shape of a steamboat, that if I were to hunt the whole habitable globe over for a comparison, I should fail to find but one, and that would be a little plug of a thing that may be seen spluttering about Boston harbor, with *California* painted on her wheel house.

Our tormentor was a sort of mongrel; the materials for her hull having been brought out from England, and put together in Brazil by a Discayan; and her engine, which was a little high pressure affair, and had doubtless once been the motive power of a Yankee sawmill, was put into her by a Swedish shoemaker.

The little pest seemed to be endowed with the power of ubiquity; for, during the whole of that six months, wherever we fixed our camp anywhere along the shore of the little lakes which skirt the coast for fifty leagues, or upon the banks of the shallow, crooked channels which connect them, the *Foras* was sure to find us out, and drive us from our quarters. Sometimes when we were enjoying a comfortable snooze, all hands of us stretched upon the ground, sheltered from the burning sun by the green orange boughs, or the drapery of wild vines, our evil genius would appear at mid-day, and the first notice of her presence would be a shot from one of her six guns, which would come dancing in among us, flinging the sand in all directions, and cutting short our dreams of glory and ambition in an instant; and, as we had no artillery, we had no alternative but to scatter at once.

At other times, when we were seated around our fires of an evening, broiling our beef upon the points of our knife, the sound of the demon's escape pipe, with its everlasting peugh—peugh—peugh—would interrupt our culinary operations, and directly, bang! would go one of her guns, and her iron messenger would come whizzing into our camp, scattering the firebrands about our ears, and now and then causing some poor fellow to cut his last pigeon wing.

Thus matters went on for a long time, until at length our patience was entirely exhausted; and we met in solemn council, about twenty of us, one afternoon, and after a great deal of argument, pro and con, we voted unanimously that the infernal little steamer was a nuisance, and as such ought to be immediately removed.

But the grand difficulty with us was to accomplish that very desirable object. A great many plans were proposed and rejected, until finally the council appointed a committee of three, whose duty it would be to devise ways and means to get rid of our enemy.

The committee was composed of a French captain, name Letour, a young English lieutenant, whose name was Martin, and myself; and our first move, after we had withdrawn from the

council, was to appoint Lieutenant Martin chairman of the committee.

Martin proposed that each one of us should suggest a plan for destroying or getting rid of the steamer, and then we would select the one which looked the most feasible.

Letour proposed that we should move our camp high up on some of the little mountain streams in the sierra, where the fiend spirit of the waters couldn't follow us. To this plan we objected, for the thing would draw so little water, that she would go where a goose would fetch up; and Martin swore that wherever there was a heavy dew, or the ground was any ways damp, the blasted thing would get along well enough. My plan was to cut stick and leave the country.

"Leave the country?" interrupted Martin.

"You're a fool! Why, if we should wander to the backside of Lapland, we couldn't get away from the cursed thing; for before we should get comfortably settled in our new camp, she would be after us with her eternal peugh—peugh—bang—whiz—phip—and off we'd be obliged to tramp again, like the Wandering Jew. No, no; our only plan is to get hold of her and run her crazy. I'll tell you how we can get hold of her; and after we have done this, I'll soon show you how to do the other thing. Now, we have got two boats hid away up the little creek, which comes in just below here, and each of these boats will carry ten men. The day after to-morrow you know is St. John's day, and the steamer will be in the Rio Grande, where all hands are bound to have a spree, and you can bet they'll all be most gloriously fuddled by sundown.

"We will start from here about dark, so as to get down to the city in the neighborhood of midnight, when we will take charge of the steamer, toss any drunken vagabonds whom we may find in her on to the beach, and wait until just at daylight in the morning, when we will fire up quietly, and run her out round the little mud island in front of the city, where we'll play the very deuce with her, run her crazy, and astonish the Rio Grandensis with an extra especial display of steamboat gymnastics."

Letour and I decided that Martin's plan was a capital one, and we all three started off at once to lay it before the council, who, on hearing it, voted to adopt and put it into execution.

The two intervening days passed quietly off, without a visit from our relentless persecutor; about sundown on the evening of the twenty-fourth of June, we set out, twenty of us, in our two boats, on our errand of destruction.

The distance from our camp to the harbor of Rio Grande was about seven leagues; and it was nearly midnight when we pulled in through the narrow, shallow channel, between the *Isla des Marinheiros*, and the low, sandy peninsula, upon which the city is built.

The night was dark as Egypt, and we passed noiselessly alongside the steamer, which was moored to a rude wharf near the custom-house. On gaining her deck, we found some half dozen of her crew in the condition that Martin had predicted, only more so; for they were so gloriously fuddled that they were ingloriously drunk. We laid our insensible enemies carefully out on the wharf; and after posting two sentinels to guard against a surprise, we proceeded to help ourselves to wine, and such eatables as Don Pedro's insect man-of-war steamer contained.

The night passed off perfectly quiet, and just as the first faint streaks of daylight began to light up the eastern sky, we got our prize under way and ran her out of the harbor. The confounded little steamer's peugh—peugh—as we passed down in front of the city, awoke some of her officers, who had partially slept off the effects of the wine they had taken the previous afternoon, and these, by their infernal yells, aroused everybody else; and by the time that we had hauled up round the little mud island, all Rio Grande and their wives, including a couple of thousand blacks, and at least half that number of dogs, were on the beach, and such a scene of wild confusion as was there displayed, never was witnessed anywhere, except on the first of May in the city of New York.

As soon as we had our prize in a position so that the mud island was between us and the city, we set to work, all hands under the directions of our Martin, to run her crazy.

First, we loaded all six of her guns with double blank cartridges, and placed slow matches of different lengths in contact with the priming. Next, we filled her furnaces chock full of coal, and turned a barrel of tar over it, in order to generate plenty of steam. This done, we set fire

to her in a dozen places below, and finally we unshipped her larboard wheel, and just as we were going into our boats, Martin put her helm hard a starboard, and lashed it. All our arrangements being completed, we tumbled into our boats, and pulled along up the little mud island, under cover of the tall reeds, until we were out of harm's way, when we lay on our oars and watched the fun. In less than five minutes after we left the steamer, she commenced her antics, and if she was not altogether crazy, as Martin had predicted, it was very evident that her head was turned; for as her larboard wheel was unshipped, and her helm a starboard, she commenced going round in a circle at a furious rate: just as you have seen a dog, chasing his own tail. Our liberal supply of fuel raised a tremendous head of steam, and the little thing fairly yelped, as if in mortal agony. Dense masses of black smoke now began to roll up from every opening in her deck, and presently one of her guns exploded with a crash like a thunderclap.

The bewitched steamer had performed perhaps half a dozen revolutions, when the flames burst out through her decks, and just as her head was towards the island, her wheel ropes were burnt off, her helm flew amidships, and she made a dive for the mud bank, where the tall bulrushes grew up out of shoal water several rods from the island. In she went, lathering and thrashing along through the tall reeds and bulrushes, until she ran her nose into the mud. Then commenced a scene that was ludicrous beyond description. She was now altogether enveloped in flames, and the intense heat in her hold, having generated a tremendous head of steam, her single wheel was whirled around like a buzz, slashing off the bulrushes, and tearing up the mud, like a dozen bull alligators. Her little foolish peugh—peugh—was swelled into a regular yell, and she squealed, and fizzed, and wriggled in the mud, while her over charged guns went off one after another in quick succession, like loud peals of thunder.

"Go it, you little humbug!" shouted Martin; and at that moment the fire reached her little magazine, which contained about seven barrels of powder. There was a deafening crash, as of a mighty earthquake; fragments of the wreck was flung far and wide in all directions, and our utmost vengeance was accomplished. After that we took our afternoon naps, and broiled our beef-steaks in peace.

## TEA TRADERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The New York correspondent of the *Charles-ton Courier*, noticing the death of Mr. George Griswold, the younger of the two brothers that made up the firm of N. L. & G. Griswold, the great tea importers, years ago, thus calls up remembrances of by-gone days: "I do not suppose twenty, thirty, and forty years ago, there was a grocery in the United States but what had tea chests, half chests, or small boxes of black and green teas with this mark, and of course their importation. For years they owned an East Indiaman, called the *Panama*. Old Nat Griswold, as he was familiarly called, I once knew well. He commenced his manhood as a blacksmith. Such houses as the Griswolds owned their tea ships, loaded them on their own account, sent out a supercargo, who purchased in Canton the return cargo, and the Griswolds alone were interested in the voyage. Hoyt & Tom was another East India house thirty years ago. They had a ship called the *Sabine*, well known to every tea dealer. Another Canton firm was Talbot, Olyphant & Co. Olyphant resided in China. These houses were samples of the old-fashioned Canton traders. They owned ships and cargo, some times worth half a million when she came into our harbor on her return from China. But all those eminent merchants, in their day and generation, are passing quietly away, like George Griswold, to the tomb."

## THE PYRAMIDS

HOW WERE THEY BUILT!

The notion of Diodorus that machines were not yet invented is sufficiently disproved by common sense and by the assertion of Herodotus. It is certainly singular that the Egyptians, who have left behind them so many records of their customs, should have omitted every explanation of their mode of raising the enormous blocks they used. Some have imagined incline planes, without recollecting what their extent would be when of such a height and length of base; and though the incline plane may have been employed for some purposes, as it was in sieges by the Assyrians and others, as a "bank" for running up the movable towers against a perpendicular wall, it would be difficult to adapt it to the sloping faces of a pyramid, or to introduce it into the interior of a large temple. The position of these pyramids is very remarkable in being placed so exactly facing the four cardinal points that the variation of the compass may be ascertained from them. This accuracy would imply some astronomical knowledge and careful observations at that time.—*Rawlinson's Herodotus*.

## INCREASE OF CONFLAGRATIONS.

The increase of fires in the United States is alarming. There are several causes to which this may be attributed, such as badly constructed buildings, carelessness of occupants, the use of inflammable materials for lights, etc., etc. It is not impossible that the very fact of the increased towns may produce so great a sense of security that proper care is not taken to guard against fire. It is certain that housekeepers and clerks do not guard so carefully against the devouring element as they did thirty years ago. But the great cause for alarm in connection with the matter is the increase of incendiarism. We hardly settle down to repose from one fire alarm before the pealing bell announces another. There have been within a short time the conflagrations at New Bedford, besides numerous other smaller fires, all the works of incendiaries. And at the same time the local papers of nearly all sections have been teeming with accounts of small fires. If we look around any New England town we find many squares which have been devastated by fires, now rebuilt. How many there are who have been ruined or embarrassed seriously by this work of incendiarism! How many there are who have lost life, health, or valued memorials in the form of dwellings or articles within them, from this cause! And all this in the face of the heavy tax paid in the form of fire insurance and the support of fire departments. The fire department costs the city of Boston \$100,000, and the money paid for insurance is enormous. Other towns and cities are in a similar situation. Now, this whole subject imperatively demands attention. It may be a proper subject of inquiry whether the system of insurance itself does not stimulate incendiarism. It may be proper to inquire whether new penalties are not demanded for arson. At all events the subject has assumed a position so alarming that some movement is imperatively demanded. We commend the subject to the attention of the law-makers. If fires increase for five years to come in the same ratio as in five years past, the evil will become most ruinous.—*Atlas*.

## PLAYING CARDS ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

It is partly to the use of playing-cards that we owe the invention which has been justly regarded as one of the greatest benefits granted to mankind. The first cards were printed with the hand. They were subsequently made more rapidly by a process called stenciling—that is, by cutting the rude forms through a piece of pasteboard, parchment, or thin metal, which, placed on the cardboard intended to receive the impression, was brushed over with ink or color, which passed through the cut out lines, and imparted the figure to the material beneath. A further improvement was made by cutting the figures on blocks of wood, and literally printing them on the cards. The card-blocks are supposed to have given the first idea of wood-engraving. When people saw the effects of cutting the figures of the cards upon blocks, they began to cut figures of saints on blocks in the same manner, and then applied the method to other subjects, cutting in like manner the few words of necessary explanation. This practice further expanded itself into what are called block-books, consisting of pictorial subjects, with copious explanatory text. Some one at length hit upon the idea of cutting the pages of a regular book on so many blocks of wood, and taking impressions on paper and vellum, instead of writing the manuscript; and this plan was soon further improved by cutting letters or words on separate pieces of wood, and setting them up together to form pages. The wood was subsequently superseded by metal. And thus originated the noble art of printing.—*Art Journal*.

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for one dollar. Reissue eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- [ ] There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- [ ] Sixteen pages of fine and beautiful printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- [ ] Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.
- [ ] Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!
- [ ] It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- [ ] In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- [ ] It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- [ ] Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- [ ] Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- [ ] Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!
- [ ] Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- [ ] Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M M BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## WOMEN OF THE OUED-NAÏL TRIBE.

The group of singular figures on this page is sketched from life, and depicts the females of a peculiar tribe of Arabs in their striking national costumes. The Oued-Nails are a Saharian tribe, powerful and nomadic, whose range comprises almost all the region situated between the oasis of Biskra, Bou-Saada and Lar'ouat. It is divided into a great number of fractions, and each, governed by a sheik, is almost incessantly in motion within the circle traditionally assigned to it. The wealth of these nomads consists in herds of camels and flocks of sheep, of which they possess a great number, for certain chiefs are mentioned who have furnished several hundred dromedaries, each. The camel's hair and wool, as well as the fabrics woven in the tents, furnish the tribe with the means of procuring grain and other necessities of life. Like almost all the nomads, the Oued-Nails have brothers or associates established at certain hamlets or the oases who take charge of the supplies of grain and dates. For themselves, tenants of the shifting tent, they lead a wandering life, their pride and pleasure. Accustomed to vast horizons, to the free air, to a life full of unexpected incidents and activity, they despise the denizens of towns, whom they call "grocery-pedlars." Especially do they vaunt their manner of existence in the spring, when the soil is covered with fragrant

## CUSTOMS OF THE HEBREWS.

This brief statement of Jewish customs at the close of life is of much interest. The Jews imagine that the two greatest acts that can be performed are—saying prayers for a dying man, and following him to his grave; on the principle that he who does another a favor in different circumstances may be selfish, from an expectation of its return, but that in these cases the motive must be pure, as no such expectation can be indulged. When a Jew is dying, it is no unusual thing, therefore, for his friends and relations to inform the whole neighborhood of the fact. A poor Jew, as well as a rich one, always has, at such a time, two nurses to attend him and say prayers; he may have them night and day for months, the whole expense of which, together with that of doctors, etc., is defrayed from the treasury of the synagogue. Those who attend a Jew in his dying moments are well acquainted with all the symptoms of death; for, though burial takes place within twenty-four hours, instances are very rare of persons being buried alive. The departed lies on the same bed for one hour; a feather is put on his lips (to be blown away if he should breathe), and, as it is reckoned an honor, the Jews present stop during that time; they strip the corpse and lay it on the ground, or, in some cases, carry it to another room. A black cloth is now obtained from the

through the whole. The coffins of the rich and poor are made of four deal boards, merely planed over to prevent splinters running into the hands. The shrouds are generally made of wool; but some of the more wealthy are buried in fine linen. The Jews have no walking funerals; and no difference is apparent between those of the poor and the rich, except relatives or friends of the latter should follow them in carriages. It is by no means uncommon for a corpse to be followed by a multitude, consisting of from one hundred to one thousand persons, as may be frequently witnessed, at the east end of London, where there are several Jewish burying grounds. Publicity is given to a case of dissolution in two ways. One is by its announcement in the synagogue; for, when a person has died, the clerk in the midst of the prayer stops, and, with loud voice, mentions his name, the spot where the corpse lies, and the hour of interment.

The other is more remarkable. One of the Jews belonging to the synagogue goes into the places crowded with his people, having a copper money-box in the shape of a half-gallon cask, secured by a lock and key, with a niche large enough to admit of a penny piece. The peculiar sound of the box, when shaken, intimates that some one is dead, the Jews therefore flock around him, make every inquiry, and cast into the box what they please. This is always done

fort or discomfort. For the first seven days a congregation assembled night and morning; and every morning the water and napkin are changed, under the idea that the spirit comes and purifies himself with them. Every anniversary, too, a light must burn in the same way for four and twenty hours; a fast must be kept for that time, and the synagogue must be visited night and morning to say Kodesh (prayers) in its behalf.—*New York Tribune.*

## LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet trees of nature, are hanging from each bough in the refreshing morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun; the friends that started with



FEMALES OF THE OUED-NAÏL TRIBE, SAHARA.

grasses, when the wells are full and the flocks in good condition. While the tribe is filing along in its regular and invariable order, with the chief's baggage, his broad standards, and the palanquins of his women in front, horsemen are hunting the gazelle with greyhounds, or pursuing the chivalrous sport of hawking, with their trained thorough-bred falcons, and on these occasions the Arab lovers vie with each other in displays of horsemanship, to extort from their mistresses the intoxicating cry of *ouil-ouil* (bravo! well done!) which stimulates them to additional feats. Some of the women of this tribe are exceedingly beautiful. Habitually shielded from the sun, many of them have even delicate complexions, while the figures of the youthful are exceedingly graceful. It must be admitted, however, that an old Arab woman looks like a witch. We are sorry to add that the prettiest of these women are sold in the markets, their masters deriving the same revenue from their charms which the Circassian chieftains do. The men of the tribe are graceful, well-formed, and, of course, splendid riders. They use very severe bits, capable of throwing a horse on his haunches in full career. They can hit any mark at a gallop, from the saddle, and when at full speed can pick up a scarf or other object from the ground, regaining their seat with a dexterity truly marvellous to behold. They are also good swordsmen.

synagogue to lay over the corpse; a pewter plate with salt is generally put on the breast, which, they say, keeps it from swelling; oil is put in a vessel, and a cotton wick is inserted; a basin of water, covered with a clean napkin, is brought forth; and two watchers (provided by the synagogue, if the individual be poor) sit by the dead.

An hour before the time of burial, certain people come from the synagogue to wash and shroud the corpse, in the ablution of which from forty to fifty gallons of water may be used. Before it leaves the house, the husband for the wife, the wife for the husband, children for parents, and parents for children, etc., etc., stand on one side the coffin, and the clerk of the synagogue on the other, while, as each relation leans over the coffin, the clerk takes a knife, makes a slit on the right side of the male or female's upper garment, about two inches long, and then tears it two inches farther. The garment must be worn in this state for thirty-one days. When any of the Jews assembled cannot follow the corpse to the grave, a pail of water and a jug are brought, with which they may wash each other's hands. The first takes the water and throws it over the hands of the next, three times, but he must not touch them with the vessel; this is afterwards placed on the ground; when he who is washed takes it up, and does the same for him who washed him, and thus the process of ablution is carried on

unless the departed was an illegitimate child, a person of very impure life, or one grossly negligent of Jewish forms. In this case seldom more than eight or nine follow him to his grave. So infamous, indeed, is it to be an exception to the custom alluded to, that it is sometimes mentioned many years after, as branding even distant relations. When Jews quarrel, it may be in the synagogue, one will sometimes say to the other, "I know something about you; don't unlock my lips, or I will disgrace you;" and, when he is dared to utter all he knows, it is not uncommon to reply, if it cannot be charged on a nearer relation, "Why, your great-grandfather, or your fourth cousin died, and the box did not go for him." Females very rarely or never attend a corpse to the grave; but it is heart-rending to witness their mourning.

When the males retire, all sit on the ground, and a hard boiled egg is cut in pieces among them. Their posture is continued for seven days, during which visitors come, sometimes to the number of a thousand, to afford consolation; and, should the party visited be poor, refreshment or money is usually given secretly. The light placed at the side of the corpse is kept in for one-and-thirty days (as Aaron was mourned for during that time); it is called the light of the departed spirit, and, according to the clearness or dimness of the flame, they determine its com-

us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have laid down to rest, but new faces are smiling upon us; and new hopes are beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it, the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the noonday. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn our gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom has fled; and caught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us; the dark and terrible night time of death; and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy, is he who has laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Knickerbocker.*



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

TO ANNIE B.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

The floweret weeps through the soft summer's night,  
Though heaven with sapphires of beauty be crowned;  
Nor do her soft pearl drops of sorrow take flight  
Till blushing, her cheeks in Sol's kisses are drowned.

Thus sad is my bosom when thou art away,  
Though bright eyes may cheerfully beam round my heart,  
But O, love, how quickly those tear-drops decay  
When thrilled by the glances thy dark eyes impart.

## TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent convinces—genius but excites:  
This tacks the reason, that the soul delights.  
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,  
And reconciles the platoon to the earth;  
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,  
Contented not till earth be left behind;  
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,  
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees of toil.

BULWER LITTON.

## VIRTUE

Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool),  
Is sense and spirit with humanity:  
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;  
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
Knaves fain would laugh at it, some great ones dare;  
But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

ARMSTRONG.

## SPITE.

But, ever after, the small violence done  
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,  
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long  
A little bitter pool about a stone  
On the bare coast.—TAYLORSON.

## TEARS.

What precious drops are these  
Which silently each other's track pursue,  
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?  
—DRYDEN.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Our New York friends have one entertainment now which we quite envy them—their little French theatre, No. 585 Broadway. The first serious attempt to establish a regular French theatre in New York was made last year, and its success was ample enough to encourage Mr. Sage, the director, to visit Paris and engage a good comedy and operatic company for his second season, which has opened this month with great éclat. Among the performers who are already favorites, is Mlle. Darcy in the "smart chambermaid" line. Mr. Sage owes her acquisition to a little incident which occurred at the Folie-Nouvelles, Paris, where until lately she was playing. It occurred at a morning rehearsal. Darcy was standing near the footlights conversing with a friend, when the stage-manager, in a very rude manner, ordered her to retire. She refused and was subjected to a small fine. Turning to the prompter she asked what it cost to slap a manager's face; and was told that such a luxury came as high as twenty francs. Extending that amount to register with one hand, with the other she gave him a box on the ear that made him see more stars than ever appeared on the stage, and immediately afterwards threw up her situation. She was without a situation, when Mr. Sage made an offer and secured her for the New York stage. . . . Our vaunted Indian summer is almost over. Very few leaves still cling to the trees, and the breezes that strip them hourly are getting chill and uncomfortable. Overcoats and antracite and sunken mercury are now the order of the day. . . . Lieutenant Wise suggested to Willis, and Willis repeated to the readers of the Home Journal, one reason why the Webster statue makes an unfavorable impression. "Just think," said Wise, "how any one would look, whom you had been in the habit of seeing as a white man well dressed, stuck up there with a pair of sheet-iron trousers and a verdigris complexion!" . . . Can't Williams & Everett make an arrangement to bring some of the French and English pictures which have been delighting the New Yorkers to Boston? We should like very much to have our people see Gerome's "Duel After the Masquerade," and some others we could name. . . . Winterhalter, the celebrated court-painter, is now engaged upon the whole length portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. . . . The Charleston Mercury says W. W. Walker, Jr., of the Columbia Courant, the fortunate legatee of "the plum" announced a few weeks since by "Nox," in his correspondence to the Mercury, has received, by late steamers, confirmatory intelligence of the legacy, which will net one hundred and five thousand pounds sterling, besides interest, exchange, etc. Its value is fully five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. . . . M. Mariette, in his travels in Egypt, has discovered the tomb of a queen, princess, or some opulent person of the old time. Near the mummy of the departed was found a multitude of objects and ornaments, very valuable as to material, but still more so for their elegance, taste, and workmanship. This unexpected discovery was at once designated for the future museum of Cairo; but, as some of the articles required mending and cleaning, the vicerey requested M. Mariette to get this work of restoration executed in Paris. He, at the same time, permitted him to show the said curiosities to the amateurs of the French capital. It was in that way that the Academy of Inscriptions had the advantage of seeing spread out for its inspection an almost complete Egyptian toilet of the time of Cleopatra. Semiramis, or some other celebrated beauty. There were coronets, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, pins,

and rings, all of which, for purity of design and form, elegance of ornamentation, and delicacy of workmanship, surpass all conception. One of the most remarkable articles was a gold necklace, formed of bees with outspread wings, which must have produced a most charming effect on the neck of a pretty woman. . . . A poor hen-pecked husband by the name of Masters (a very inappropriate name) lately committed suicide at Cambridge, England, leaving a "full confession in his right boot." The jury that "got" on him returned the following verdict: "That the deceased destroyed himself while in a fit of insanity, brought on through the bad conduct of his wife, and they thought she ought to be called before the jury and severely censured by the coroner." The coroner thought it would be better that the censure should be conveyed to the wife in writing by him, and the jury concurred. . . . How comes it that people who write "prize odes" are never heard of afterwards? Who will answer? We insert the above for two reasons—first, because it is pertinent; and second, because it is impertinent. . . . The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumbers sleep without a monument. All graveyards, in other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery, the king, the clown, the prince, and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. . . . Extremes meet. Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces. . . . An Irish woman in Rochester, N. Y., has a monomania on the subject of murder, and claims to have seen a horrid murder by three prominent men—two of whom have been mayors of the city, and the other a member of Congress. . . . Love matches are often formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar. . . . An odd leg attracted the attention of an engineer on a New York railroad track, lately, and search being made, other portions of a human body were found scattered about. Upon putting them together, they bore a faint resemblance to a man named Bowman, who, very much intoxicated, was seen walking upon the track, and, it is supposed, overtaken by a train, was killed and distributed in this melancholy manner. . . . One of our scientific exchanges says that a powder has been discovered in the Academy of Science in Paris, consisting of chalk and the residue of coke after the gas has been exhausted, from which a paste is made, which will completely remove both smell and infection from wounds and sores. . . . He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wife. . . . A couple of journeyman printers, in New York, named Wilkins and Hughes, exchanged "loaded matter," from pistols, in French's Hotel, recently, in a quarrel. Hughes got a "quod" in the breast, and his form was taken to the hospital. Wilkins "distributed" himself as rapidly as possible. "A foul case." . . . It doesn't do to marry for money and get drunk on it. It was the misfortune recently of Stephen Aymar, of Dearborn county, Indiana, to wed at once a bride and a fortune, and he felt so happy in consequence that he got very drunk, fell out of a wagon, was run over and instantly killed. Unhappy Stephen! . . . A San Francisco writer, of late date, says the following are about the rates of wages now paid in California: Carpenters from \$4 to \$7 per day, bricklayers and masons from \$3 to \$6; blacksmiths, wheelwrights, machinists, painters, tin-smiths, from \$3 to \$4.50, common laborers, \$3; farm hands, from \$3 to \$4 per month, and found, cooks, from \$30 to \$60. . . . "Perhaps Brother Jonathan does carry his hands in his pockets," said a drawing Yankee in dispute with an Englishman, "but all the difference between him and John Bull is, that Brother Jonathan has his hands in his own pockets, while John Bull has his in another man's." . . . It is said that Queen Victoria's second daughter—now the first on the marriage roll—has expressed a wish to resign her "royal dowry," in order to become a professed Catholic. The court papers insinuate that this is a step to court the young King of Portugal, who lately lost his wife. When Don Pedro was in England a few years ago, the Princess Alice was "smitten;" but religion was in the way, and there the affair dropped. . . . Some of the opulent members of the Rev. Dr. Chapin's society in New York have made liberal subscriptions towards presenting him a new house in that city. It is situated in Thirty-fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue, and cost \$24,000, and is now occupied by Dr. Chapin. . . . Recent advices from Genoa state that while the United States Frigate Wabash was lying at that port, a large fire occurred in the city, when her commander, desiring to assist in subduing it, despatched to the aid of the city a portion of her officers and crew, with the fire engines of that ship. . . . Smith, the Razor Strop Man, was selling his strops in New Jersey, and a fellow "three sheets in the wind" kept interrupting him. "Why don't you sell 'em at auction?" said the intruder; and he interrupted him so much that Smith, getting out of patience, and hoping to get rid of him, said: "If you think it so fine to sell at auction, just get up here and sell one." The fellow took him at his word, mounted the old dry-goods box, took a strop and commenced, "Here's a fine strop, and what am I offered? I'm offered two cents, three cents, four cents, five cents, and sold for five cents to myself!" at the same time shoving the strop into his pocket and handing Smith a half dime, saying he should charge no commission! Smith thanked him for his liberality, telling him it was probably the only generous act of which he had ever been guilty. . . . There has been a sad accident, which has robbed some of the best Parisian society of an ornament. Madame Lengie, the wife of the Prefect of Meurthe, was burned to death at Nancy. A spark flew out of the drawing room fire and ignited her dress while she was sitting at a table writing a letter. . . . A St. Louis paper says they have an "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" at a boarding-house in that city. He knocked down a fellow boarder, gave him a sound thrashing, and then fled to avoid the police. . . . A gentleman in Hartford has a very large gray squirrel, the wheel of whose cage having been broken, and the family being tired of seeing it in the room, the cage was placed in an unused basement of the house, and his squirrelship provided with food in abundance. On visiting the cage a short time ago a large rat was found quietly domiciled with the squirrel, the falling

of the wheel having permitted free ingress and egress to the rat. From sharing the squirrel's food, the rat had grown so fat that he did not care to move. The two rodents seemed to be mutually pleased with each other's company, and they were not molested. . . . Col. Philip Hicky died in East Baton Rouge, La., recently, at the age of eighty-two. He was some time before his decease, the only citizen of Louisiana who was born within the present limits of the State, a subject of Great Britain, and who had lived under the governments of the three great powers, of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States, without any change of his civil status, his residence, or the exercise of his own will. . . . The city of Wilmington, Del., is so well satisfied with the recent experiments with the water gas at that place, that preparations are now being made, says the Wilmington Journal, to dispense with coal gas, and use the water gas exclusively. . . . In Austria, the electric telegraph is in constant use, affording a remunerating revenue, and the amount of business has forced on the government the necessity of an additional wire to Melbourne and Adelaide, and wires to Bathurst and Maitland are in progress. . . . On the 28th of September, Brownsville, Texas, was attacked by a party of Mexican guerrillas, two hundred strong, who killed five of the citizens and broke open the jail and freed all the prisoners. The residents fled to Matamoros for protection, and expresses were sent to San Antonio for troops. . . . Three Cubans, says a late Havana letter, have recently been convicted of being annexationists, that is, in favor of annexation to the United States, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. . . . It was Captain D. K. Nash of Norwalk who upset the oyster vessel in the Sound, in 1841, from which the great oyster bed is supposed to have sprung.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The Zurich Conference bids fair to be indefinitely prolonged. No sooner is one point settled, than another comes up.—The London Times has another editorial on the San Juan difficulty. It reiterates its denunciations on Harney's course, and says he could not have anticipated any outrage to American citizens in San Juan, and considers that such a statement is made for the purpose of excusing an aggression which had been long determined upon. It characterizes Harney's act as a gratuitous insult to the British empire, and one which cannot be passed over. It firmly believes that no large class of Americans will support the policy which had been inaugurated, and in reference to General Scott's mission, says the English government will respond with corresponding courtesy, and the result will no doubt be the peaceable settlement of a question which has been made dangerous to two great nations by the wrong-headedness and folly of a few men.—The return of the Emperor to Paris has been marked by great activity in the various governmental departments. In a recent speech, the emperor expressed a hope that a new era of glory will be raised for the church on the day when every one will share his conviction that the temporal power of the pope is not opposed to the liberty and independence of Italy.—The national subscription in Italy for the purchase of a million of muskets, was proceeding with great success.

## The Arctic Expedition.

It appears that Lady Franklin sank in her last expedition to the Arctic regions all her remaining fortune, and that her failing health now detains her in the south of France. An "Arctic Navigator," in a letter to the Times, suggests that, besides refunding to the widow of the officer who fell in the execution of his duty the sum she paid for fitting out the Fox and her crew, she should be offered a home for her declining days in the palace of Kensington. The same writer also suggests that Captain McClintock should, by order in council, be allowed sea-time as a naval officer while he commanded the Fox, and receive his well-merited knighthood, and that the officers and crew of the Fox ought to get the remaining £10,000 reward for solving the fate of the lost expedition.

## Bold Abduction.

Quite a commotion was raised lately in Paris by the kidnapping during the day in the Garden of the Tuilleries of a child only two months old, the abductor representing herself to the unsuspecting nurse as the sister of her mistress. The child's father, M. Han, judge of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, offered a reward of two thousand dollars for the safe restoration of his first-born. The bait took—the infamous woman wishing merely to make money at the expense of the poor mother's agonized feelings, and, while holding an anonymous correspondence with the judge, the police traced her to Orleans, where she was arrested.

## Bloodshed expected in Central Italy.

The London Post's Paris correspondent writes that, according to despatches from Rome, the troops of the pope are waiting reinforcements, when they will attack the federal forces concentrated at Rimini and elsewhere. The papal government is said to have applied to Austria and other Catholic people for soldiers. Bloodshed must be looked for ere long in Central Italy, and Austria will assuredly bring about hostilities.

## Italy arming.

A letter from Marseilles says that Sardinian houses are purchasing arms and ammunition there. The following letter has been received at Marseilles from Genoa: "Purchase forthwith 3800 common muskets, 2000 rifles (such as are used by the Chasseurs de Vincennes) and 1000 rifles of another description. State the price of cavalry pistols. All these arms are for the duchies."

## Mr. Carey in Russia.

Mr. Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia was welcomed to Moscow with great attentions. A dinner was given him by several manufacturers and scientific men. Mr. Carey remained a week in Moscow, and during that time he carefully examined several of the most important manufacturing establishments at that city.

## Disturbance at Bergamo.

A serious row recently occurred at Bergamo, in Lombardy, at a religious service in honor of the Italian soldiers that died in the late war. The bishop having forbidden his subordinates from participating in this ceremony, a young layman ascended the pulpit and pronounced a funeral oration over the martyrs to Italian independence. The diocesan then fulminated excommunication against the orator and the interdicted church, whereupon such discontent ensued that, next morning, the people besieged the episcopal palace, and the police authorities interfered, and order was restored during the day.

## Paris Papers.

An average of 150 journals appear every year in Paris, the greater part of which are devoted exclusively to the arts, sciences, literature, industry, and speculation. Of these, forty-three are subject to bail (cautionnement), for the authorities. The first of these journals in alphabetical order is the Ami de la Religion, and the last the Univers—an accident that places all the organs of public opinion between the Gallicans and the Ultramontanes!

## The Armies of Europe.

According to recent statistics, the permanent armies of Europe cost annually the enormous sum of \$400,000,000. If to this be added the proceeds of the vigorous hands that are diverted from their peaceful callings, we shall certainly find half as much more—so that it requires \$600,000,000 every year to maintain there an armed peace!

## A Hunting Party.

A party of ten gentlemen, among whom were Marshal de McMahon, General de Bremond, Count de Carnes, etc., recently assembled at the chateau of Count d'Eprenouil, at Praslin (Loiret), for a shooting excursion. Between breakfast and dinner they killed 352 head of game—214 partridges, six hares, one rabbit and one teal.

## Old Folks' Dinner.

The other evening about forty of the oldest citizens of Dunfermline, Scotland, dined together, the youngest of whom was 70, the oldest 83, the average age being 74, and the aggregate being more than 3000 years. There being no fewer than 21 present who had served in the army, their battles were duly fought over again.

## Jenny Lind.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lately appeared at two concerts in Dublin. The papers state that the appearance of the fair singer created quite a scene, all the vast assemblage seeming to bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted her.

## An Immense Fortune.

The will of the late Sir Jamesjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., late of Bombay, Parsee merchant, was proved in the Supreme Court by his sons. The whole of the property, personal and real, was sworn to be about \$40,000,000.

## Lucien Bonaparte.

"We learn from Rome," says the Bulletin de Paris, "that Prince Lucien Bonaparte is likely to obtain the archbishopric of Ravenna, vacant by the death of Monseigneur Fanconieri."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MONEY-KING, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN G. SAIZ. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 180. 1859.

Our Parnassian publishers have produced these admirable poems in beautiful style, and they are worthy of the dress. The "Money-King," the "Press," "Richard of Gloucester," and "Ho-ho of the Golden Belt," are poems of considerable length and of charming humor, and many of the minor pieces are gems. The fascination of Saxe's muse lies in the gaiety, the refinement, the grace and melody which are blended with it. He never offends the purest taste, and his versification is always neat and finished. We have no hesitation in prescribing this elegant book as the "royal reign of remedy" for the blues or ennui that can be found.

ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. By COTTEBERT BIDE B. A. 3 vols. In one, with 300 illustrations by the author. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Ninety thousand copies of this mirth-provoking book have been sold in England, and we have little doubt that the sale of the American edition will reach that figure. The life of an Oxford student is told with pen and pencil in this work, in the most felicitous manner, and he who is not pleased with the recital, would vote the "Pickwick Papers" a bore and Lamb's essays dull reading. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co. we have received "Richardson's New Method for the Piano Forte," already favorably noticed in our columns.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HOUDIN, Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by himself. Edited by Dr. H. Stelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: George G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 446. 1859.

One of the most entertaining books we ever read. A recent perusal of it in the original, convinced us that its success would be certain in an English dress, and we suggest a translation to one of our publishers. Mr. Evans, however, who is wide awake to attractive novelties, had already prepared the book, and has issued it in excellent style. We cordially commend it to our friends.

NEW MUSIC.—Russell & Tolman, 291 Washington St., have published "She Told it to the Wind," song; "My own Country Home," a ballad; "The Grave of Kitty Clyde," trio; and "The Flower Girl's Appeal," song.

SWORD AND GOWN. By the author of "Guy Raviglione." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 348. 1859.

We shall not attempt an analysis of this charming and powerful story, but content ourselves with the assertion that it is, in all respects, worthy of its predecessor. The book is issued in the elegant style uniformly characteristic of the press of Ticknor & Fields.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 437. 1859.

This work, the fruit of deep thought and study, professes to present a "comprehensive view of the principles and particulars of an active Divine providence over man,—his fortunes, changes, trials, entire discipline, his spiritual being from birth to eternity. The author, by some peculiar views, which will be dissented from by many of his readers, and many of his theories will receive universal assent. And whatever may be thought of his doctrines, the spirit of his thoughtfulness, its sincerity, gravity, its usefulness, its thoughtfulness, its sincerity, and its frankness, will ensure it a kind reception and a fair judgment. The work is got up in beautiful style.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks to advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies four or five days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## NOW READY. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.

### CONTENTS.

E. FELICE FORESTI.  
LARRY.  
THE MINISTER'S WOOLING  
LYON LLEWELLYN.  
TOM PAINE'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.  
TRIAL TRIP OF THE "FLYING CLOUD."  
DOG TALK.  
THE RECKONING.  
A TRIP TO CUBA.  
THE FIRST AND THE LAST.  
THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.  
ART.  
REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.  
RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

TERMS—Three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the Publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid.

### Publishers' Notice.

In assuming the control of the "Atlantic Monthly," Messrs TICKNOR & FIELDS would say to its readers, that the Magazine will be conducted upon the same general plan as heretofore. It will be their aim that, under its new management, the Magazine shall not fall short of its present high standard of excellence, and they would bespeak a continuance of the liberal patronage which has hitherto been accorded to it, and which is the best proof of public appreciation of its merits.

All communications upon the business of the Magazine should, in future, be addressed to

### TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Boston, October 18, 1859.

### DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS invaluable remedy is known by the thousands who have used it to be the best and most reliable one extant for the speedy relief and certain cure of every form of

### PULMONARY COMPLAINT,

Such as COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, not excepting even CONSUMPTION.

From the *Nashua Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1859.

A REMEDY THAT IS A REMEDY—The season is fast approaching when all of us will be liable to, and most of us affected by, some form of cough, cold, or other pulmonary complaint. Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim immediate attention, as neglect of the slightest cough often leads to fatal results. The remedy for all these troubles is found in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a balsam with "healing on its wings." The confidence in it is general and universal, and there is no medicine of any kind within our knowledge which has gained so many friends by virtue of experience of its healing merits, as this well known and highly appreciated Balsam.

The genuine Balsam is prepared only by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers EVERYWHERE.



### LADIES' AND GENT'S Furnishing Goods.

Hosiery and Glove Store,

At the sign of the Red Striped Stocking,  
27 Winter Street.

Ladies, Gents, Misses, and Boys' Silk, Merino, Cashmere, all Wool, Cotton and Wool, Plain and Ribbed, and Scotch Wool.

### UNDER VESTS AND DRAWERS.

Hosiery—Silk, Worsted and Cotton, of all the various sizes, styles and qualities, including Ladies' and Misses' extra length Worsted Hose.

### WATCHSPRING SKIRTS.

Skirt Supporters—A new article, approved by all physicians for health and comfort. Ladies are invited to examine the article.

Gloves—In almost endless variety.

Shaker Socks.

Woolen Yarns—A great variety  
KNIT TALMANS, SONGS, CLOVES, SHAWLS AND HOODS, of many styles. THREAD STORE GOODS.

### DIX & EVANS,

no 5 cop 4w 27 WINTER STREET.

### THE MEDLEY GLEE BOOK.

A COLLECTION of Quartettes, Glee, and Choruses for the use of Musical Conventions, Associations, Chorus, and the Home Circle. A new volume, containing the *Gems of all similar works*. The very best Glee Book published. Price, \$1 \$9 per dozen

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET

### Designing and Wood Engraving.

### KILBURN & MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

no 5 REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL cop 3m

WORTH THINKING OF.—Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unavailable form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and ornamental to your apartments, you have only to place them together, send to our office by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher

No. 22 Winter Street.

## THE BOSTON POST, THE LARGEST PAPER PRINTED IN NEW ENGLAND. THE PRESS AND POST, —AND— THE BOSTON STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST.

DAILY POST ..... 84  
PRESS AND POST, Semi-Weekly,  
(Monday and Thursday) ..... 84  
STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST,  
(Friday) ..... 82

These journals are edited by CHARLES G. GREENE, RICHARD PROTHINGHAM, JR., and NATHANIEL G. GREENE, and employ a large corps of Assistant Editors, Reporters, and Correspondents, and neither labor nor expense is spared to make their columns valuable. They have been published nearly thirty years, have a range of subscription exceeded in extent and aggregate by no paper in New England.

The columns of these papers are filled with a great VARIETY of useful and entertaining matter. Their editorials, domestic and foreign correspondence, reports of lectures, marine department, daily monetary article and weekly financial review, literary notices, poetic contributions and humorous matter form a VARIETY designed to meet every taste.

The ADVERTISING COLUMNS embrace an almost entire synopsis of the business of New England; and from that department of the paper alone can be obtained a correct impression of the character of trade, its facilities and its operations, while the financial editorials give an accurate view of passing events in the commercial world.

The PRESS AND POST is made from the Daily's contents, and published every Monday and Thursday morning. It is clearly and handsomely printed on fine paper, in clear type, and the subscription is four dollars a year. This journal, with its ample prices current and general view of the markets, together with a careful synopsis of news, miscellaneous intelligence, etc., is admirably adapted to answer the wants of country merchants, or readers out of Boston. To clubs of ten or more, paid in advance, a reduction of twenty-five per cent. will be made.

The Boston Statesman and Weekly Post forms a racy and complete record of the times, and contains the news of every description; in fact, a brief and comprehensive history of passing events, foreign news in detail, domestic information, agricultural items, commercial and monetary articles, statements of trade, of the weather, of crops, etc., accounts of meetings, political records, news of every description, poetry, pleasant reading matter, humorous items, epigrams, in fact, a COMPLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER—a vehicle for every species of useful and entertaining information—among which will be found, in each issue, a PLEASANT STORY. The STATESMAN is printed on the LARGEST sized paper and on new and beautiful type. It has a very large circulation, and its rapidly increasing list is the best evidence of its popularity. It is supplied at the rate of TWO DOLLARS a year for single subscriptions. CLUBS, taking ten or more copies in one package, will be supplied at ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT involves a large expenditure; contains varied and accurate reports as to all branches of trade, and is second to that of no paper published in New England.

These journals are carefully conducted, and edited in a faith in democratic principles, but in a spirit of conciliation to all parties. As advertising mediums they are unsurpassed, penetrating as they do into such a variety of households scattered over the whole Union, and read as they are by all classes of the community, they furnish an opportunity for the diffusion of information which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere.

AS THE ABOVE PAPERS ARE PRINTED ON ONE OF HOE & CO'S FAST PRESSES, WE ARE ENABLED TO DELAY THEIR PUBLICATION UNTIL THE LATEST MOMENT.

THE circulation of the Boston Post is not surpassed in extent by any paper of its size in the United States.

### BEALS, GREENE & Co.,

Nos. 40 and 42 Congress Street, Boston.

### WEAKNESS OF THE KIDNEYS.

IN the affection of the kidneys called "Bright's Disease," the general prostration and lumber weakness generally resist all medical treatment, and the patient sinks slowly, but surely, into the grave. If disorganization has not proceeded too far, the PERUVIAN SYRUP will arrest the granular disease, and restore the patient to comfortable if not to permanent health.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. MURRAY, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

is for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy. It is the best miscellaneous weekly journal in the country. ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. \$2 per annum

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.  
No. 22 Winter Street.

## AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

We have goods particularly designed for the  
Inverness Cape Coat, Cape Surcoat, and  
Box Overcoat.

Also—CASTOR, BEAVER, KANE, ESQUIMAUX,  
AND PETERSBURG COATINGS

Beautiful Goods, made ESPECIALLY for Matched  
Pants, and Vests, and Entire Suits

Extra Superfine Black Goods, for Dress Suits, and  
a great variety of Novelties, very stylish for street wear.

STURGEON PATRONS OF

### DRESSING-GOWN GOODS.

Our garments will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES  
at which cheap goods can be afforded

### JACOBS & DEANE,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

NO. 21 COURT STREET, or 120 1w

### A CURIOSITY

FOR EVERYBODY.

### THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing  
FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

### THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept 2 1f 35 School Street, Boston.

### NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF those requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my  
Double Oven Range, patented January, 1859, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the ovens to bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my *One Burner*, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country.

oct 6 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

### JOHNSON'S IMPROVED

### DOUBLE THREAD

### FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

### FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,

oct 15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

### SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also,  
MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

In Cases,

### FRENCH WOOD PIPES,

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco

MOUNTING and REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

1f 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct 15

### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

### COLLECTION OFFICE.

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

### COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,  
sowly 12 Attorney. 25 State St., Boston.

### BOOK BINDING.

### SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelleto style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE ARMORER OF TYRE: or, THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIEST. This romance of ancient Tyre is one of the most popular of Cobb's stories, and paints a very glowing picture of life in that luxurious city.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE UNKNOWN MASK: or, THE BRIDE OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE DANCING STAR: or, THE SMUGGLER OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.

Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING: or, HERMIONE OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.

Written for us by.....MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by.....DA. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHECY OF THE BOHEMIA WILD. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHEREY.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DA. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SQUANAWA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DA. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

FITZ-HERN: or, THE ROVER OF THE IRISH SEAS. A Tale of Galway Bay. A story of the early history of Ireland. Written for us by.....CLINTON BARRINGTON.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, THE REGULATOR AND MODERATOR. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DA. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER SPY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE.

The accompanying engraving is an accurate representation of that splendid relic of feudal times, Kenilworth Castle. The assaults of centuries have crumbled away its battlements, shattered its stern towers and breached walls that in their plenitude of power frowned defiance upon mortal foeman. Busy nature has woven a garment of beauty for the old ruin, closing up its wounds with tender green mosses, hanging veils of ivy over its scars, and sowing lichens and wild flowers along its crumbling ramparts. History and romance have shed their glory over this venerable pile; but romance, more faithful than history, has given to every one who reads and remembers, and who looks upon these worn remains, the magic of rebuilding them, and of re-peopleing the courts, and towers, and halls, with the splendid, and martial, and lovely figures that once filled them. Thanks to the pen of Scott, the "Wizard of the North," the visitor, fresh from the pages of "Kenilworth," invests the scene before him with a thrilling interest. Leicester, and England's proud queen, and poor Amy Robsart, the gallant warriors and ladies of the Elizabeth era, again brighten or sadden the scene. The town of Kenilworth is one hundred and ten miles northwest from London. The castle was originally founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain and treasurer to Henry I. Most of the buildings, of which remains are yet visible, were erected by John of Gaunt, father of

intermediate between Geoffrey de Clinton's keep and John of Gaunt's buildings. Its chambers are all arched of stone, and it is the part of the ruin best adapted for the purposes of a gaol, and may therefore have been built for that purpose in the time of Henry II. By one of the staircases its present summit may be reached, and hence may be seen on the right the remains of the Swan Tower, which formed the northwest angle of the outer walls, the walls themselves built in 26 Henry III., and bordering the lake, and immediately below, the space within the walls on which the pleasure was re-edified. Adjoining Merwyn's Tower on the south side is the Great Banqueting Hall, built by John of Gaunt. It must have been a noble apartment. Its floor was supported on a stone vaulting carried on two parallel rows of pillars, the under apartment being probably used for stores; the windows, filled with tracery and transomed, are of great height, the space of wall between them paneled, and the fireplaces on each side richly ornamented. One window at its southern end looking east into a great court, and one west towards the chase, are its oriel windows, while at the northeast end is the entrance doorway, through a very beautiful arch, not easily accessible, but which may be seen from the interior court. The line of building now turns to the east, but it is not easy to trace it distinctly: it is, however, of the same date with the Great Hall, and contained, according to Dugdale, rooms called the White Hall, the

any quantity required. White celery and other anti-scorbutic plants are indigenous, and labor is only needed to insure the raising of cereal crops. The Falkland Islands are completely isolated, the nearest land being Staten Island, which is distant, by chart, 250 miles; while it is 350 miles from Terra del Fuego, and 400 from the coast of Patagonia.

Coal of an excellent quality is found in the Falkland Islands, and if steamers are bound around South America, here is a boon worth having, until the mines of excellent coal in the Straits of Magellan shall be worked. Hitherto the great expense of taking our California steamers to the Pacific has consisted in the exceedingly high prices of coal in the Brazilian ports. The coal recently discovered in the Falklands is therefore of great importance, when we consider the increasing intercourse which Europe and our country will have with the Pacific islands, Japan, China, and Australia. The port charges of the east and west coast of South America are most exorbitant. There is, on the other hand, no tonnage duty levied on vessels entering the ports of the Falkland Islands.

It is interesting to look at the various fortunes of these remote islands, during the last 250 years. It is said that Americus Vesputius discovered them, but this is doubtful. Davis visited them in 1592, and other English navigators after him. The Dutch discovered the northwest extremity of the group in 1600. During the first half of the

shipping at the low price of two pence and three pence per pound. The inhabitants of the Falklands have determined that prices shall be kept down; so that some of our Pacific bound vessels may find it to their advantage to call at these islands.—*Journal of Commerce.*

## THE MAD PIANIST.

Mr. Maguire, in his "Rome and its Ruler," a second edition of which has just been issued, describes the Asylum for Lunatics at Rome, which he inspected on his second visit to that city. As he went through the various wards and compartments, he had an opportunity of seeing this terrible disease manifest itself in every pitiable form. The following is one of the two cases which particularly interested him in the male department: "We shortly after entered a large saloon, at the end of which was placed a piano. By this time our followers had been considerably increased by additional numbers, and we were now surrounded by between thirty and forty of the inmates, some gesticulating without any apparent motive, others politely officious, others grave, dignified, or mysterious, more confiding their oft-told tale of imaginary grievance, or thousandth-time-revealed secret of grave importance. One poor fellow was conspicuous in his *camisole de force*, an occasional crunching of his teeth and rolling of his great black eyes fully justifying the precaution which had placed his hands out of harm's way. There was a performer, as well as a piano. In



KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Henry IV. It continued in the possession of the crown until Queen Elizabeth conferred it on Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. He spent £60,000 in improving it, and here entertained the queen sumptuously for seventeen days. The area, with the walls of the castle, contains seven acres, and the circuit of the walls, manors, parks and chase, was nineteen or twenty miles. The building was greatly injured during the civil wars.

The eastern side of the square, which consisted of buildings erected by King Henry VIII. and Sir Robert Dudley, is wholly destroyed, only a vestige remaining here and there. On the right is Caesar's Tower, a noble keep of immense strength; its walls are many feet thick, and in each angle has been a staircase. Though it has been subjected to some alterations, it retains undeniably evidence of its Norman origin in the form of its older windows, which are narrow and circular-headed, and in the character of its buttresses. Some portions of this massive building have fallen down, and the huge fragments which lie scattered round give a better idea of the vastness and solidity of the building, than can be formed by a simple view of its exterior. Westward from Caesar's Tower were the kitchen and other offices, now represented only by some two or three arches and remnants of foundation; and again beyond there lies the building called Merwyn's Tower, which Sir Walter makes the scene of some of the incidents of his novel. It has been a building of considerable strength, and of a date

Presence Chamber, and the Privy Chamber; the second of these had an oriel towards the inner court. Beyond these, and carried out to the south, are the remains of Leicester's building, a magnificent erection of great height and striking beauty.

## THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

The Falkland Islands are, great and small, two hundred and two in number, and are situated in the same latitude in the southern, as the English midland counties are in the northern hemisphere. The climate, however, is much more equable than it is in England—the extremes of heat and cold being unknown. There is a prevalence of southwesterly gales, rendering the air peculiarly bracing, and far more enjoyable than in Belgium, Holland, Hanover, Denmark, and Northern Prussia, which are in the same latitude. The two largest islands—called respectively East and West Falkland—are separated by a deep and narrow sound, abound in safe harbors, and comprise an area of 6400 square miles, which make them as large as Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, or Massachusetts, minus Berkshire county. The two hundred minor islands are from the size of 20,000 acres, down to the islet of one acre in extent. The sum total of these insular possessions is equal in area to Belgium, or to Maryland and Delaware united.

The climate is remarkably healthy and the soil is very rich. Vegetables may be raised there in

eighteenth century many French vessels visited the Falklands, and in 1763 France took possession of them and established a colony at Port Louis. The French were a few years afterwards expelled by the Spaniards. The English in 1770 settled at what is called Port Egmont, but were also compelled by the Spaniards to abandon it. A war nearly followed this act, but in 1771 Spain gave up the sovereignty of the islands to Great Britain, which has since held them in possession, except for a short period after 1820, when Buenos Ayres laid claim to them—and indeed until within a few years, had not surrendered that claim. England, however, now has the Falklands in her power, and can make them one of the most important and convenient naval stations in the Atlantic, south of the equator.

In an article from the Shipping Gazette, on these islands, mention is made of wild heads of cattle, and of two or three thousand wild horses. This is one of the many curious facts concerning these islands. The French, and afterwards the Spaniards, turned loose upon East Falkland, a number of black cattle, horses, pigs and rabbits. Pigs and rabbits were also left upon some of the smaller islands. These animals multiplied exceedingly; and though they were often slaughtered indiscriminately by ships' crews, yet there are many thousand heads of all kinds. These wild animals are large and fat. The wild bulls and horses are very fierce and formidable. The cattle are now increasing, and we can easily credit the report that excellent beef is afforded to

obedience to the doctor's summons he soon made his appearance, and a more melancholy wreck I never before beheld. Had a cowl overshadowed his long, bloodless, attenuated visage, impressed with the deepest dejection, the most complete mental prostration, one might suppose that a broken heart had sought refuge in the gloom of the cloister from a detested world, and that the hour of his eternal freedom from the woes of humanity was near at hand. At the doctor's request he took his seat at the instrument, and, gliding his blanched and bony fingers over its keys with the ease of a master, but with a manner the very opposite to the accustomed dash of the performer, he played a melancholy air, that seemed in harmony with his own dejection, and in a style that exhibited the remains of a still surviving sensibility, feebly struggling with an overpowering mental and physical languor. He did not appear in any way moved by the harmonious sounds that, as it were, stole into dreamy life under his languid touch; not so with the motley crowd by whom he was surrounded. The wild babble ceased, the sigh was suspended, the noisy clatter hushed, the uplifted hand arrested, the grin changed into a smile, and the flashing eye softened into tenderness of expression. Were this shattered pianist Orpheus himself, he could scarcely have produced a more magical effect. The soothing strain was only too short-lived; and when the last note was struck, the different forms of disease began to manifest their accustomed peculiarities."



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$3 50 PER ANNUM | VOL. XVII., No. 20... WHOLE No. 438

## THE LATE LEIGH HUNT.

The engraving portrait on this page is from a reliable likeness of the famous English poet and essayist, the friend and contemporary of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore and Jeffrey, and survived them all, and dying quite recently, at Putney, at the patriarchal age of seventy-five. Mr. Leigh Hunt was listening to some Italian music, when he fainted, and never rallied. The following is a sketch of the leading events of Leigh Hunt's busy and eventful life:—He was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, on the 19th of October, 1784. His father, by birth a West Indian, had married an American lady who was residing in this country when the war of independence broke out. Taking the loyalist side of the strife, he was obliged to flee to England, where he took orders in the English Church, and was for some time tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew of the Duke of Chandos. Of several sons Leigh Hunt became the most distinguished; he was educated, as his friend Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Barnes, afterwards well known as editor of the Times, had been, at Christ's Hospital, London. At this institution he remained till his fifteenth year. "I was then," he says, "first deputy Grecian; and had the honor of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be." After leaving Christ's Hospital, at the age of fifteen, Leigh Hunt was for some time in the office of one of his brothers, who had become an attorney, and afterwards he had a situation in the war office. While in these employments he contributed to various periodicals; writing, more especially, theatrical criticisms and literary articles for a weekly newspaper which had been started in 1805 by his elder brother, John Hunt. Of his theatrical criticisms, which were in a style then quite new, a selection was published in 1807 in a more lasting form, in a volume of "Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres." In 1808 Mr. Hunt left the war office, at the age of twenty-four, to become the joint editor and proprietor of the Examiner newspaper—a journal, the high reputation of which, both for liberal politics and literary ability, was first acquired under the management of the Hunts. The reputation, however, was not acquired in those days of political persecution without some serious personal consequences to the partners. Although more literary than political in his tastes, the articles of Leigh Hunt, as well as those of his brother, were of a kind to give offence to the ruling powers of the day; and on three several occasions the Examiner had to stand a government prosecution. On the first occasion, in 1810, when the cause of offence was an article on the Regency, reflecting on the rule of George III., the prosecution was abandoned; on the second, which was caused in 1811, by an article on "Flogging in the Army," the brothers were tried before Lord Ellenborough, but, being defended by Mr. Brougham, were acquitted by the jury; on the third, however, when the cause was an article referring to the Prince Regent in rather severe terms, and calling him an "Adonis of fifty," the brothers were sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.* each and to two years' imprisonment. The imprisonment, although actually undergone, was lightened by the public sympathy with the captives; and Leigh Hunt describes the two years as being spent very pleasantly amid flowers and books, with occasional visits from friends, such as Byron, Moore, Charles Lamb, Shelley, and Keats. One of his two rooms on the "ground-floor" he converted into a picturesque and poetical study. "I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored

with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a piano-forte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at my door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise, on issuing from the borough and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire (Mr. Moore) told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,  
A me sei vigna, e campo, e silva, e prato.—Baldi.

My little garden,  
To me thou'rt vineyard, field and wood and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry tree which I twice saw in blossom." Among the literary fruits of his lei-

sure in prison, published after his release, were "The Descent of Liberty," a masque, 1815; "The Feast of the Poets," with notes, and other pieces, in verse, 1815; and the well known "Story of Rimini,"—the last of which gave the author at once a place among the poets of the day. In 1818 appeared "Foliage, or Poems, original and translated, from the Greek of Homer, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, and Anacreon, and from the Latin of Catullus." In 1812 Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish the "Liberal," a melange of poetry and politics of very radical views. The journal did not sell, and Hunt found that noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic and worldly-minded. The publication, in 1828, of "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy," gave much offence to Lord Byron's admirers, and especially to Moore, and Mr. Hunt has himself subsequently declared the criticisms of Byron's personal character and behaviour there contained to be unnecessarily harsh and bitter. He then wrote for periodicals until 1840, when he published "A Legend of Florence; a play" (acted with some success at Covent Garden), and several parts of a new serial, called "The Seer; or Common Places Reported;" and also edited the "Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar." These works were followed, in 1842, by "The Palfrey, a Love Story of Old Times," and "One Hundred Romances of Real Life, selected and translated," 1843. In 1847 Mr. Hunt received from the crown a literary pension of 200*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed till his death, with the good-will of thousands, whom his writings, both in prose and verse, have instructed and charmed. His other works were very numerous, for Mr. Hunt was a rapid and indefatigable writer. "His poetry generally," says a sound critic, "is marked

by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner affixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies lay chiefly in the early writers, and he imitated with success the lightest and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccia and the young Italian authors appear also to have been among his favorites." His prose essays have been collected and published in England, under the title of "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside." They are deservedly popular, full of literary anecdotes, poetical feeling, and fine sketches of town and country life. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities (though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life), impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. The era in which Leigh Hunt lived was one of the greatest in intellectual activity, and witnessed the rise and the culmination of as splendid a galaxy of literary stars as modern history has seen. During this period the old formal school of poetry was entirely overthrown, and the bold iconoclasts who levelled the old idols, themselves occupied their niches. Scott, and then Byron, in poetry revolutionized the world of letters. The convulsion in the republic of letters was similar and as radical as that in politics; but it was not followed by reaction. Many of the literary men of the era, like Hunt, took part both in its political and literary changes. With most of the great men of the day whose head quarters were in London, Hunt became intimate, and his name will perhaps be preserved as much by its connection with theirs as by his own merits. The cheerful spirit of the poet, proof against age and distress, may be noticed in the following verses, written in December, 1840, on the birth of a princess royal:

Behold where thou dost lie,  
Hiding naught remote or high,  
Nought of all the news we sing  
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing,  
Naught of planets, love nor people's  
Nor dost hear the giddy, six-ples  
Carolling of thee and thine.  
As if heaven had rained them wine,  
Nor dost care for all the pains  
Of uthers and of chamberlains,  
Nor of the doctor's learned looks,  
Nor the very bishop's bows,  
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,  
No, nor for thy rank a pin  
E'en thy father's loving hand  
Knows dost thou understand  
When he makes thee feebly grasp  
His fingers with a tiny clasp.  
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's  
Hulmy boom from another's,  
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it.  
Nor the arms that draw thee to it,  
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,  
Never can enough behold thee.

The following is in a different vein:

### A DIRGE

Blessed is the turf serenely blest,  
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,  
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,  
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.  
A little sod, a few sad flowers,  
A tear for long departed hours,  
Is all that feeling hearts require  
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.  
There shall no vain and idle cause,  
To lure them from their quiet home  
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings torn,  
The meek imploring eyes to heaven,  
Nor sad Remembrance stoop to shed  
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head,  
And never, never, Love repair,  
To breathe his idle whispers there.

In spite of its imagery and florid language, Leigh Hunt's poetry will not, we think, hold a permanent place in English literature, though some of his minor pieces may survive. As a man, his persistent ignorance of the affairs of the world kept him constantly involved in difficulties, and those difficulties produced complications, in which his reputation suffered. He lived wholly in an ideal world; there was nothing practical in his composition; and a mere poet, without money, must necessarily lead a hard and unappreciated life in this work-a-day world. One of Leigh Hunt's most valuable publications is a prose analysis of Dante, and other eminent Italian poets, for the use of English readers.



LEIGH HUNT.



(Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER:

—OR—

## THE SECRET OF FRANZ.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED]

Seated in the stern of the boat, on a large cloak which Franz had brought, Felicie gave herself up to that indescribable pleasure of living and breathing which only those can comprehend who are recovering from illness, or whose existence has been spent in an abode deprived of air and sunshine. Without looking at Franz, she felt, so to speak, the tenderness expressed in the eyes of the young man constantly fastened upon her. The passionate glances of Franz penetrated the heart of the young girl, and created an ineffable sensation of happiness analogous to that which the pure and fresh air produced in her lungs. Sometimes, oppressed by this novel sentiment of happiness, she would close her eyes, as if to fold these sensations in her heart. Half opening her eyelids, she would encounter the anxious and impassioned glance of Franz. By a sign of the head, accompanied with a sweet smile, she would reassure the young man, and find a new enjoyment in following the changes of his countenance, which instantly brightened at the smile of Felicie.

"How sweet it is to live, is it not, Franz?" murmured the young girl.

"O, yes!" replied he, with a sort of abstraction.

"What are you thinking of, then?" resumed she.

"I do not know. It seems to me, at intervals, that I am no longer on earth, and that on opening my eyes I shall find myself in another world."

"Alone?"

"O, no, no! with you!"

"And father?" said she, with that vanishing smile which the heart's happiness brings to the lips.

"And your father also," replied he, with vivacity, but in a very different tone.

"Who knows?" thought Felicie. "Let my father consent to our marriage, and this dream may soon be realized."

Her look betokened thought, but the young man saw it not. With his head leaning on his breast, he was following, with a pensive air, the furrow of the boat. At this moment, one of the numerous swans which frequent the lake, approached the boat. Opening its white wings and gliding alongside the skiff, it stretched out towards Felicie its supple and graceful neck. The young girl, surprised, started back.

"Do not be afraid, mademoiselle," said the boatman; "it will not bite you; it is asking for bread."

"O, the poor bird!" exclaimed Felicie.

"How handsome he is!"

Quickly re-assured, she passed her little hand over the neck of the swan, which quietly allowed itself to be caressed. Only it shook its wings from time to time with an impatient air, and thrust its bill between the fringes of the young girl, in search of the dainties which it expected. "Have you, then, nothing to give me?" it seemed to say to her.

"What a pity that I did not bring some cakes!" exclaimed Felicie.

"Will you have a piece of bread, mademoiselle, I have some in my pocket?"

"O, yes! very gladly!"

"You are a German!" said Franz to the boatman, while Felicie was distributing the bread to two or three swans collected around the boat.

"Yes, sir, and you also?"

"I have lived eight years in Germany; I am from Verdenheim."

"That is not very far from my home."

"From what place are you, then?"

"From Carlsruhe."

"Indeed! How came you to be a boatman at Engbien?"

"I came to Paris—on business," added he, after a moment's hesitation. "On my arrival I was taken ill. I spent all the money I had laid aside for the expenses of my return. Then I was obliged to find work. The master of the inn where I lodged sent me here. I remained."

Struck with the gloomy and mournful tone of the boatman, Felicie examined him more attentively. He was a man of about thirty years. His strongly marked features, his narrow and

low forehead, his contracted eyebrows, his slightly wild eyes, announced a violent disposition and lack of intelligence. At the same time, however, there was some kindness in this almost ferocious physiognomy. Felicie noticed that he was very pale and seemed ill. Occasionally, too, he placed his hand on his side, as if to suppress a lively pain.

"Are you sick?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle, not now. Only the other day, in raising too large a package, I exerted myself too much, and have had a pain in my side ever since."

"You ought to rest," said Felicie.

"Give me the oars," said Franz, in German, "that will amuse me."

On hearing the language of his country, the boatman changed countenance. His face seemed to brighten. Nevertheless, he refused to accept the offer of Franz, but the latter compelled him to do so.

"Do you earn much at this business?" asked the young Alsatian.

"Not much, sir. If I were alone, I could easily earn a living, but I have a little boy of six years who is always sick. I am obliged to pay some one to take care of him while I am here. It takes all I can earn to pay for drugs and doctors."

"Are you a widower?" asked Felicie.

"It is all the same. My wife left me three years ago."

"What has become of her?"

"I do not know—fortunately for her; the wretch!" added he, knitting his thick eyebrows. "This woman has made my life miserable. I was very fond of her, and labored hard to give her all she desired. She was pretty, and knew it too well. She was always wanting fine clothes and jewelry. It was in vain for me to procure them, she was never satisfied. One day when she had sent me to do an errand, she left, doubtless with some gallant. She carried off every article of value in our poor house. I followed her, but it was impossible to find her. Besides, I could not go immediately, for, on my arrival, I found my poor little boy almost dying. In playing with the children of the carpenter, my neighbor, he had fallen from the top of a wood-pile, and injured his spine. The physicians succeeded in saving his life, but he remained a cripple. Then, he is always sick. Some one told me that my wife had taken the direction of France. I had also this idea. At the end of a year, when the little one could support the journey, I came to Paris. I have been in France two years already."

This recital, simply told, profoundly moved the young people. Yielding to one of those impulses of the heart which give no time for reflection, Felicie took her silk purse from her pocket, and as Franz was looking in another direction, slipped it into the hand of the boatman.

"It is for your little boy," whispered she, beckoning him to be silent.

"May God reward you, mademoiselle!" murmured the German, with tears in his eyes.

"Is it not time to dine?" said father Rieland, arousing himself from his abstraction; "I am beginning to be very hungry."

They directed the boat towards one of those groves which surround the lake. Obligated to return to the place of embarkation, the boatman took leave of the two young people, thanking them warmly. Franz and Felicie spread out on the grass, at the foot of a shady tree, the provisions they had brought in their baskets.

Dinner over, Rieland installed himself under a tree with a pencil, paper and some little bits of wood. Five minutes afterwards, he was sleeping soundly. His daughter and the young Alsatian went a little way off and sat down on the banks of the lake. Franz seemed sad and absent-minded. Both remained silent, but their hearts spoke by looks. They started on seeing a human form rise up before them.

A young girl from ten to twelve years of age, poorly clad and of a miserable aspect, begged of them to buy some flowers of her. Felicie felt in her pocket; she withdrew her hand empty, and remembered that she had given her purse to the boatman. She blushed beneath the glance of Franz, who had followed her motions. The young man had nothing.

"For want of better, let us give the little one some fragments of our meal."

"Thanks," said she, going away joyfully, "may your marriage be happy."

Felicie blushed, this time, to the white of her eyes; but through her long lashes, her smiling

glance sought that of the young man. Franz covered his face with both hands; large tears rolled between his fingers.

"What is the matter, Franz?" asked the young girl, in alarm. "Why these tears?"

"In the name of Heaven, leave me, and do not ask me!" exclaimed he. "It is too much, I will go—I must go! O, my God, my God, why did I know you?"

"Go!" repeated Felicie, pale and trembling.

"Go! Leave us? What have we done to you, Franz? I thought you were happy to be near us, my father and myself, who love you so much."

"O, yes, I love you!" exclaimed he, impetuously; "yes, I love you, Felicie, more than I can tell you, and it is for this I ought to leave you."

"No!" replied she, "no, Franz! Do you think, then, I have never divined that you loved me?"

"That does not make you angry?"

"No," murmured she, with an ineffable smile, letting fall her pretty head on the shoulder of Franz.

The latter made a movement as if to press the young girl to his heart; then, hastily rising, he fled with marks of the utmost despair.

"Where is Franz?" asked father Rieland, arriving a few minutes afterwards. "It is time to think of returning."

He began to call the young man, who arrived at the expiration of a few minutes. His eyes were still red and his face sorrowful. He silently offered his arm to Felicie, who had approached him, and they started for the shore.

On returning to his shop, the goldsmith found a letter bearing the Darmstadt postmark. He put it in his pocket without speaking and immediately ascended to his room to read it. Franz was also about to withdraw.

"Remain, Franz," said the young girl to him, with affectionate firmness; "I must speak to you."

He leaned on the counter and awaited what the young girl had to say, with downcast eyes and mournful attitude.

"Franz," said Mademoiselle Rieland, her voice slightly tremulous, "we must speak frankly to each other. You have told me that you love me. I believe you," added she, on seeing the gesture of the young Alsatian—"yes, I believe you. I also love you, Franz. If my poor mother had been living, I should have told her all long ago. As for my father, you comprehend that I must inform him of what has passed between us to-day. He is good, very good, and you know he loves us both. But, Franz, you do not listen—you turn your head away—you are weeping still, Franz! What is the matter?" continued she, attempting to separate the hands of the young man, which covered his face.

At the same instant, the goldsmith entered, with a gloomy and dissatisfied air, holding in his hand a letter which he threw towards the young Alsatian.

"Here is a letter from your uncle," said he to him, in a harsh tone. "It informs me that you are married, and against his will. It would have been better, it seems to me, to have confided that to us yourself."

He interrupted himself, as he saw his daughter turn pale and totter.

"Married!" repeated the poor child, in a broken voice, and as if she did not understand the meaning of the word, "married!"

She repeated it five or six times, then she stepped a few paces forward as if to leave the room, but her strength suddenly failed her. She fell into her father's arms. The old man carried her to her room, Franz attempting to assist him. He repulsed him harshly.

"Go, wretch," exclaimed he. "Accursed be the day when you entered our house!"

At the expiration of a few minutes Felicie recovered consciousness. Her father was beside her bed, pale and breathless.

"Father," said she, "my kind father, do not drive him away. It is not his fault if I love him. Wait a few days—perhaps he will be able to explain himself. Let me at least speak to him."

She was in such a state of agitation that the goldsmith dared not oppose her. He opened the door and beckoned to Franz, who was still standing without, to enter.

His face bathed in tears and his features discomposed, the Alsatian advanced towards Felicie and knelt at her feet. The young girl extended her hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses.

"So it is true, Franz," said the young girl, in a low tone, as soon as her father had left the room, "that you are married?"

"Yes," replied he, in a gloomy tone, "yes, to my shame and misfortune. My poor uncle was right. I married against his will. My wife was a seamstress and lived near us. She was four years older than myself. I was a child, foolish and credulous; she made me believe that she loved me, and I was easily deceived. She herself arranged all for our marriage. My happiness did not last long. She soon threw aside the mask. She had thought my uncle would soon forgive us and provide for our wants, so that she could live without labor and spend as much as she pleased. What I suffered for a year, no one can tell. That woman had every vice. I could not endure it longer. I left her. I send her all my earnings, but she is constantly writing for more money. I tremble every instant lest she should arrive in Paris. You see the life I lead, Mademoiselle Felicie. You can imagine what I feel to-day. It is my fault, I know it but too well; but I am very unfortunate."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the poor boy. Felicie consoled him as well as she could, but she suffered much herself. She felt her strength leaving her.

"Franz," said she, "I pity you and pardon you with all my heart. I will try to make your peace with my father. Adieu, go, my poor Franz; may God have pity on you!"

Felicie had much trouble in obtaining forgiveness from her father for Franz. He would have dismissed him immediately, but was prevented by fear of the conjectures which this hasty departure might occasion in the neighborhood. Franz therefore remained for the present with the Rielands.

Felicie did not soon recover from the shock she had experienced. She was seized with a fever and her life was despaired of. The physician, an old friend of the family, soon perceived that the young girl was much more tranquil when Franz was near her. He was therefore allowed to spend some time in her room. At the end of a week, the physician began to give them hopes of her.

"I think we shall save her," said he to Rieland, as he withdrew. "But she must, above all, be kept quiet. No noise, no strong emotion."

In order to question him more freely, Rieland went out with him. He had scarcely left the house when a woman entered the shop. Her costume announced a foreigner. At first she seemed twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. On looking at her attentively she seemed younger by some years, but her embonpoint and her faded features made her appear older. She had been very beautiful, but of a vulgar and showy style.

"Does Franz Barth live here?" asked she, with a masked German accent.

"Yes, madam," replied Isidore.

"Where is he?"

"Up there, in Mademoiselle Felicie's room," said the apprentice, eyeing her with that insulting look peculiar to the gamins of Paris.

"Tell him to come down. I wish to speak to him."

"He cannot leave her alone, because she is ill. Wait until her father, who has gone out, returns."

"Where is the room?" asked she.

Isidore mechanically pointed to the stairs. She immediately began to climb them with a rapid step. Isidore sprang forward to stop her, but she repulsed him and continued to ascend. At the noise of the altercation which succeeded, Franz emerged from Felicie's room. On seeing the stranger, he became pale as death.

"Descend!" said he, to the apprentice, in a tone that, notwithstanding his curiosity, Isidore hastened to obey.

Rieland had accompanied the physician some distance. On returning home, he perceived two or three hundred people before his house. Everybody was talking loudly, and standing on tip-toe to look in the direction of his shop.

"What is the matter?" asked the goldsmith, of one of his neighbors whom he perceived at the window of a basement.

"Go home quickly," replied the neighbor; "it seems that one of your apprentices has murdered a woman."

Rieland rushed through the crowd and succeeded in reaching the door. A police officer opened it. On his entrance he perceived, in the middle of the shop, a woman dead or fainting, and covered with blood. A physician and two



of the neighbors were attempting to revive her. A few paces behind this woman, some police officers were surrounding Franz Barth, who was also covered with blood, and whose attitude betokened a gloomy despair.

"Where is my daughter?" exclaimed the goldsmith, with anguish.

"She is above, in her room, Monsieur Rieland," replied Isidore. "She knows nothing of all this."

"What has happened here? Who is this woman?" asked the goldsmith.

"It appears that she is the wife of this young man," replied one of the police officers, "and that he has just thrown her from the top of your stairs to the bottom."

"How came she there?" resumed the goldsmith.

Isidore told him.

"This youth is incapable of a murder," exclaimed the goldsmith. "Besides, who knows that she is his wife?"

"She herself has said so," replied one of the officers. "Just now she recovered her senses for a moment. She pointed to that young man, saying: 'It is he, my husband, who has murdered me.' The effort she made caused her to fall back immediately."

"Here is the litter," said another officer, opening the street door.

"She must be carried to the hospital," said the physician.

"So you do not know this woman, sir?" asked one of the officers of Rieland.

"No."

"Was this young man one of your workmen?"

"He was, sir."

"It seems it was not known that he was married."

"Not generally; but he had told my daughter and myself."

"They lived unhappily together, then, his wife and himself, to be thus separated."

"I believe so," returned the goldsmith, who perceived but too late that his reply had compromised Franz.

"She is reviving," said one of the men.

"Can I address some questions to her?" asked one of the police officers of the physician.

"Not at this moment," replied the latter.

"Silence!" said a neighbor, "she is about to speak."

A profound silence succeeded. The woman cast around her, at first, a vague and wild glance. Then her face became slightly animated; an expression of hatred and rage gleamed in her eyes, which were fastened on Franz.

"It was he who murdered me!" said she, pointing to him.

This movement had nearly been fatal to her. The blood, for a moment stopped, flowed anew from two deep wounds in her head. It was necessary to renew the effort to restore her. At last, they succeeded in placing her on the litter and transporting her to the hospital. As for Franz, he was immediately taken to the Prefecture of Police.

Such was, in substance, the narrative given me by my friend. As he was one of the few customers of father Rieland, the latter entreated him to defend the young Alsatian. Though fully convinced of his client's innocence, A. D. much feared a conviction.

"He did but repulse the woman, who was attempting to enter forcibly the apartment of Mademoiselle Rieland," said my friend to me. "She slipped and rolled down stairs, but she persists in accusing her husband of having thrown her down. In fine, everything conspires against the poor fellow."

Without knowing Franz Barth, I was interested for him. As much to learn what became of him, as to hear the plea of my friend, I attended the trial.

I arrived a little late. The act of accusation had already been read. They proceeded to interrogate the accused. The poor young man was to be pitied. The very persons who were most persuaded of his guilt, could not help being interested in him. He replied with a simplicity and frankness which were truly affecting.

"Belina became furious and attempted to enter Mademoiselle Rieland's room," said he. "I told her that she was ill, and that the slightest emotion would kill her. The physician had just said so. She thought I was deceiving her and attempted to force her way. I repulsed her. In struggling to disengage herself, she stepped back too far. Perhaps, also, her foot was caught in

her dress. In fine, she fell backwards on the stairs and rolled to the bottom. When I raised her, she was like a dead person, but I declare solemnly that I did not mean to kill her or do her any harm."

Belina, the wife of Barth, was seated on the bench with the witnesses. She still wore a sort of bandage around her head. A large scar remained on her forehead and on her left cheek. This woman had a wicked face. Her harsh and coarse voice was painful to the ear.

Her deposition was decidedly against Franz. She repeated the story she had told before. Learning that her husband was deceiving her, and was earning much money, although he wrote to the contrary and sent her almost nothing, she had come to Paris. On recognizing her, Franz had overwhelmed her with reproaches, and on her attempting to reply, had seized her and thrown her down stairs.

Isidore afterwards deposed, and his testimony was favorable, but the other apprentice, who knew nothing about the affair, put on so many airs and insinuated so much that it was thought he knew more than he was willing to tell, and his evidence was an injury to the prisoner.

Rieland, who was next heard, testified to the good character of his apprentice and defended him warmly. Thanks to the letters he had received from his friend, Karl Barth, he edified the public as to the character of Belina, but the president interrupted him, and at the same time imposed silence on the woman, who had risen in a rage.

What produced most effect upon the audience, was the deposition of Mademoiselle Rieland. The sight of her alone was sufficient to make an impression upon the public. She was very pale and her wasted form revealed long sufferings. Notwithstanding her feeble condition, she spoke long and in a clear and distinct voice. Profound silence reigned in the court room.

She had the courageous frankness to acknowledge her affection for Franz, and she made this painful avowal with so much modesty, delicacy and simplicity, that a kind of benevolent murmur circulated among the spectators. The women wept. Many men had tears in their eyes. The interest which she inspired and all she said in justification of Franz, did much good to his cause. Unfortunately, Belina attempted to contradict some assertions of Felicie. As she abused the young girl, the president imposed silence upon her, but her words had nevertheless the effect of weakening the impression produced by the deposition of Felicie. The trial continued. At the expiration of a few minutes, the counsel for the defence had occasion to address some questions to Belina. She profited by the opportunity to recommence her recriminations. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, she hesitated, turned pale, was troubled and became of a deathlike hue. Her eyes, fixed on a corner of the hall with an evident expression of terror, seemed to have lost power to turn in another direction. Five or six persons rose to see what she was looking at. She attempted to continue her sentence, but her voice trembled.

"What is the matter?" asked the president.

She put her hand to her head and said that she was suffering horribly. An instant afterwards she swooned. She was carried from the hall. It was necessary to suspend the trial.

"Some one among the audience made a sign to her," said to me a young man who was on the lawyer's bench. "What does that signify?"

"A man or a woman?" asked I.

"A man—and a very ordinary looking one. He was staring at the very end of the hall."

At the expiration of about two hours, the court resumed its session. Belina was recalled. Her countenance had so changed its expression that everybody perceived it. The lawyer again put the question to which her fainting had prevented her replying. Notwithstanding the assurance she still affected, it was evident she was under the dominion of some secret terror. From the very first words, a complete change in her disposition with regard to her husband was also remarked. Instead of charging him, as she had previously done, with murder, she sought to justify him. The president returned to the principal fact. There, she completely contradicted her previous deposition. Being pressed still farther, she acknowledged that jealousy and resentment had carried her too far, and that her husband had only pushed her away from the door a little roughly.

There was evidently something singular in this sudden reversal. She was interrogated with re-

gard to her motives for it, but insisted that she obeyed only the voice of her conscience and compassion for her husband.

This singularly changed the position of the accused. After a brilliant plea from his defender, and a very remarkable summing up by the president, Franz was unanimously acquitted. Applause and a murmur of approbation saluted the decree of the tribunal which proclaimed the innocence of the young Alsatian.

Some days afterwards, I found myself passing the door of A. D., and entered to congratulate him on his plea. He related to me the tragic denouement of this story. I will let the facts speak.

Belina had been one of the last to leave the court-room. As she stepped into the open air, a man came to her and seized her arm. She could not restrain a movement of terror, and recoiled.

"Ah! is it you, Friedrich?" said she, in a trembling voice.

"Yes," replied the man; "come!"

"Whither would you lead me?"

"No matter! follow me!"

"I will not!" exclaimed she. "No! let me alone, or I will call for assistance."

"So be it! then I will explain what my rights over you are."

She stamped her foot angrily.

"What do you want with me?" resumed she.

"You saw plainly just now that I divined and executed your will, though I might easily have told you that I did not comprehend your gestures. What do you want now?"

"You shall know. Be silent, and come along."

She raised her hands with concentrated rage, and ceased to resist the arm which was impelling her. At the expiration of half an hour, Belina, who was ignorant of the localities of Paris, looked around her uneasily and declared that she would not go farther without knowing whither.

"To see your son!" replied the man. "Have you, then, no heart, unhappy creature, that you have not asked me whether he was dead or living?"

She cast down her head and tried to weep; he shrugged his shoulders and continued his march. After traversing many of those dirty and nameless alleys which serve for a refuge for rag-pickers and vagabonds of every species, he said:

"We have arrived!"

He pointed with his finger to a sort of cabin built of old boards and leaning against a shed.

"What! do you live there?" said she, with a surprise mingled with disgust.

"Yes, I have been sick. I was obliged to relinquish the occupation of boatman which I followed at Enghien. But for Mlle. Rieland, the little one and myself would have died of hunger. Now I work at Bercy, when I have any work at all."

He pushed her into the cabin, the door of which he fastened with a heavy wooden bar.

"Where is he?" asked she, of the boatman, who was lighting a resin candle.

"There!" said he, pointing to a child extended in a sort of little bed which had almost the appearance of a coffin. "He is dying—look at him. He will not recognize you, the poor child. He scarcely knows that he has a mother!"

"Friedrich!"

"You have not even embraced him."

She bent over the bed of the child and heard the death rattle. She uttered a cry and fell on her knees, clasping her hands in despair.

"Yes," answered Friedrich, in a bewildered manner, "pray God to heal him, for if he dies, we shall both follow him."

She was afraid and approached the door. He placed himself before her.

"Friedrich," resumed she, weeping, "do not kill me! Pardon!"

"Silence!" said he harshly, "you will awaken the child!"

"Help! help!" said she, rushing towards the door.

He took her by the arm and threw her on a hard bench at the extremity of the cabin.

"It is night," said he, "and this place is deserted. No one dares pass here at this hour. I have told you not to awaken the child. If you cry out again, I will kill you instantly."

She threw herself on her knees. He repulsed her without listening to her. Fever and a sort of madness shone in the eyes of the boatman and made them sparkle like burning coals.

"It was not enough to have ruined and dishonored me," resumed he, "you must crush another unfortunate man. So, you have been married twice! Do you know that in France they would send you to the galleys for that!—two husbands?"

He began to laugh in a gloomy tone, which froze his unhappy wife with terror. Then he approached the bed of the child, and began to contemplate the poor little creature, whose torpor resembled death. At the end of five minutes, Belina thought he had forgotten her; she rose softly and gained the door. She was betrayed by the noise she made in attempting to remove the bar which closed the entrance. The boatman sprang towards her, threw her to the farther end of the cabin, and fastened her to the child's bed. As she uttered cries of desperation, he gagged her.

"If she dies, we follow him," repeated he again.

Then he sat down beside the child and took one of the poor little one's hands between his own. With his eyes fixed on his son, whom God was about to recall to himself, he remained silent and immovable as a statue.

One of those vagabonds such as are found around the barriers of Paris, and especially in the environs of that of Italy, had philosophically gone to sleep outside the cabin. Awakened by the cries of Belina, he heard a part of the dialogue between the couple. He was an infirm and cowardly old man, who did not dare to interfere. As he had already had some difficulties with justice, he feared to meddle with the affair, and promptly changed his lodgings. He gained a sort of cabaret which served as an asylum for vagabonds of his species, and sometimes for malefactors of a more dangerous nature. Unfortunately for him, a crime had been committed in the neighborhood by some of the frequenters of this infamous dwelling. In order to seize the guilty, the police had established around the cabaret what is called a *souricière* (mouse-trap). People were allowed to enter as usual, but as soon as they had set foot in the cabaret, the door was closed and the police officers immediately arrested the new comer.

Each prisoner submitted to an interrogatory. Compelled to render an account of himself, the old beggar described the place where he had passed the night. As a proof of his veracity, he related what he had heard. One of the officers immediately foresaw some catastrophe. As soon as they had secured the prisoners made at the cabaret, a police officer and three soldiers set out, guided by the beggar.

Arrived at two or three hundred paces from the spot, they perceived a vivid light in the direction which the vagabond assigned to the dwelling of the boatman.

"He must have set fire to his cabin," said the mendicant.

They quickened their pace. At the expiration of a few minutes, the soldiers, guided by the flames, arrived at the spot occupied by the cabin. But it was too late. They succeeded only in taking from the ruins three corpses, which they were enabled to identify as those of the boatman, his wife and child.

Franz, who had been summoned to the Prefecture to aid in the identification, set out a few days afterwards for Darmstadt. Touched with the misfortunes and the repentance of the poor youth, his uncle pardoned him and restored him to favor.

"The uncle and nephew are in Paris at this moment," said A. D. to me, on terminating his recital. "They have come to seek Rieland and his daughter, who intend to settle in Germany. Mademoiselle Rieland, whom I saw yesterday, seems entirely restored. Her marriage with Franz is arranged. It will take place as soon as his time of mourning has expired. I have promised to be present at the ceremony, and shall keep my promise."

#### PRAED THE POET.

His old friend, Charles Knight, closed a brief biography of him, some twelve years since, in these words: "The two great speakers of the Cambridge Union, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, sat on opposite benches when the oratory of sport had become a stern reality. The one has fulfilled all the hopes of his youth; the other, we can only speak of him with unbidden tears."

"But the fair guardian when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred share,  
And splits the thro' our life, but not the pulse."



## THE WEST INDIA HEIRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

CLARENCE WHARTON was what very young ladies call a "decided old bachelor!" He had struggled with the world as most young men do, who are not born to fortune, and at five and thirty he found himself in the enjoyment of a moderate income derived from his practice as a lawyer. Of his early difficulties no one knew much; he had never been desperately poor, but he had suffered many a headache while keeping up the gentility of his mother and sister, who were left utterly dependent upon him. Now that he could give them a comfortable home and indulge them in the luxuries of refined taste, he felt perfectly happy. It was no wonder, therefore, that Clarence Wharton was a bachelor. He had never been in circumstances to think of a wife, until he had become so contented with the ministry of his mother and sister as not to be conscious of the want of a wife. Had he lived in a boarding-house, and felt the discomforts of single blessedness, he might have thought differently, especially as he was too tall, too good-looking, and too agreeable to be overlooked by his lady friends.

He was beginning to grow really indolent, and to give himself up to the lazy enjoyments of bachelorhood, when he was unexpectedly compelled to undertake a more responsible charge than had ever entered his calculation of probabilities. One of his earliest clients,—an eccentric French West Indian,—died abroad, and Clarence was somewhat startled by receiving one morning a packet of legally attested papers, and a bundle of curious drapery in the form of a young lady. The old Frenchman had left Clarence Wharton sole guardian to his only daughter, whose inheritance consisted chiefly of a lawsuit which had already been carried through half the courts in the country, and upon which depended a vast fortune. Clarence looked at the papers; there was no mistake,—he was the guardian of the lady,—the trustee of her little property, and the lawyer who was in future to carry on the suit. Then he looked at the lady; she was fresh from the West Indies, an untamed girl of fourteen, with great black eyes, and a quantity of elfish-looking curls, wearing diamonds on every finger and a huge gold watch at her side, and presenting rather an outre appearance to the somewhat fastidious bachelor.

Wharton's first impulse was to decline any agency in the affair, and to relinquish lawsuit and lady to some less scrupulous guardian. But while he was deliberating, the young lady had disencumbered herself of her bonnet and shawl; and a tramp of heavy feet through the hall indicated that her trunks and travelling baggage were already in the house. It was not in Wharton's nature to do a rude or unkind thing, and though seriously annoyed at her unceremonious intrusion, he could not be inhospitable to a stranger and an orphan. He therefore consigned the young lady to the care of his mother, while he looked through the papers of which she was the bearer. He discovered among them important documents relative to the lawsuit, and forgetting the girl, in the excitement of his legal acumen, he determined to win for himself new laurels by undertaking the long contested suit. His mother readily consented to assume her share of responsibility regarding the orphan girl, and thus suddenly, and almost involuntarily, Clarence Wharton found himself encumbered with an estate and a lady.

But the experience of a week was sufficient to convince him that only the discipline of a well organized school could ever tame the little West Indian. Her language was the miserable *patois* which she had learned from her slave-nurse, and her manners were those of a hoyden. Bred up in habits of perfect indolence, she knew nothing, and even reading and writing, though, as Dogberry says, "they come by nature," had never come to her. For a week the quiet household of the Whartons was thrown into utter confusion by the new inmate, and at the end of that time, Madame La Grande's fashionable academy for young ladies recorded among its inmates the name of Mademoiselle Estelle La Louette.

Clarence endeavored to forget the young lady's existence as much as possible, and applied himself more closely than ever to the study of some important causes in which he was engaged, leaving his mother and sister the care of attending to Estelle's personal comforts. He secretly resolved to win the lawsuit if possible, and then

to leave the young lady to choose a guardian for herself, trusting that the report of her vast wealth would then induce some one to take the responsibility from him. Unfortunately for Clarence, there were continually recurring periods when Estelle must become his mother's guest. First came the Christmas holidays, soon after her entrance into the school,—when she completely destroyed the quiet enjoyment of that festive season, by the hair-brained follies in which she delighted. The summer vacations found her less rude in her manners; but a shy, awkward silliness had now taken possession of her, and she was quite as disagreeable as ever. To be sure, she had learned to comb her hair, and to wear her dresses properly fastened, but the unsparing ridicule of her companions had made her timid and sulky, for she saw the difference between herself and others, without clearly seeing how it was to be removed. She had become distrustful of every one, and it was impossible to tell what would be the final result of her education. Mrs. Wharton in the kindness of her heart grieved over Estelle's defects; her daughter, who had arrived at a somewhat interesting period of life, could not excuse the poor girl's want of breeding, and as for Clarence, he almost hated the sight of his ward. Her meagre face, her great, watchful looking eyes, her swarthy skin, and those snaky black curls, which no art could reduce to order, all contributed to his personal dislike to poor Estelle. Then she would slip her shoes down at the heel, and shuffle along like a Turkish woman, and her voice had habitually those husky, muffled tones which seemed as if she was always laboring under a severe cold; or if she spoke in a high key, inevitably reminded one of a cracked clarinet. Poor Clarence! he did not think he could ever have found anything in the shape of a woman, so disagreeable as Estelle. During her stay, he became silent, moody and abstracted. There were no more social chattings over the tea-table; no frugal little suppers at bed-time, made pleasant by the affectionate playfulness of the good son and brother; no good-natured bits of gossip discussed at dinner, and served up with comic drolery to give a zest to the simple dessert. He was cold and grave, and Estelle learned to fear him as much as he disliked her.

But these were occasional discomforts, and in the intervals of her visits he thought little about her. He was more seriously discomfited by the ill success or rather retarded progress of the lawsuit, from which he had anticipated so much. He had no doubt of his final success; but the "law's delays," and its "glorious uncertainties," compelled him to silence his hopes and consult his fears and doubts, until he really lost much of his sanguine hope on the subject. If he succeeded, Estelle would be one of the richest heiresses in the country, and a fee of ten thousand dollars was assigned by will as his reward. If he failed, he was to receive whatever remuneration he should claim, from the orphan's personal property, which scarcely exceeded, altogether, the sum which in the other case was designated as a professional fee. He was, therefore, stimulated by self interest, as well as legal ambition, to succeed in a case where so many had failed, and though his hopes grew fainter as months and even years passed on, yet he would not yield to despair.

Four years had passed since Wharton first made his unceremonious acquaintance with Estelle La Louette, and the cause was yet undecided, and the lady was still under his nominal guardianship. But he now rarely saw his ward, who for several years preferred spending her vacations with Madame La Grande, unless she accompanied some schoolfellow to her home. She stood in such awe of Mr. Wharton that she dreaded to return to the quiet home where she had first found refuge, and though she loved Mrs. Wharton, she felt that she could never be happy in such a dull atmosphere as that of her guardian's abode. An occasional visit from Mrs. and Miss Wharton, and a business note (containing generally receipted bills) from Clarence, made up nearly all her intercourse with the Wharton family. First impressions had been very lasting ones with both parties. She remembered the Whartons as people who were very cold and rigid, and not particularly agreeable; while they could not forget the slatternly hoyden, whose ignorance and ill-breeding had so shocked their ideas of decorum. The result showed that, in this, as in most cases, first impressions, though true, are not always to be acted upon in after days, and under different circumstances.

Estelle had counted her nineteenth birthday,

and her fortunes yet depended upon the uncertain tenure of legal quibbles, when one of those general calamities, which disturb alike the peace of nations and comfort of individuals, changed the relative position of the parties in question. The dreaded scourge of the east approached the shores of the new world,—the cholera paid us its first, dreaded visit. Everybody remembers the panic caused by its first appearance, and how rapidly all business was silenced in all crowded cities. Madame La Grande broke up her establishment, dismissed her scholars and sailed for Europe, leaving her pupils no choice but to seek their friends as speedily as possible. Clarence Wharton resided a few miles out of the city, and feeling that his mother and sister were in safety, made no change in his daily habits of life. He walked daily to his office, transacted business as usual, and returned at evening, wearied by his mental toil, and refreshed by his bodily fatigue. As soon as he heard of Madame La Grande's precipitate flight, he wrote to Estelle, offering in the kindest manner, a home with his mother until the danger and excitement should be past. Estelle, who had never before felt so keenly the loneliness and forlornness of her situation, gratefully accepted his offer, and when Clarence returned to his home that same evening, he was surprised to learn that she was already domiciled in her own apartment. The readiness with which she had responded to his invitation, and the promptness with which she had availed herself of it, were so like the impulsiveness which had characterized her childhood, that it brought up in their full force some of Wharton's half-forgotten prejudices. But when he heard that fear and anxiety had made Estelle so ill as to confine her to her bed for several days, he was ashamed of his own selfishness, and determined to do all in his power to contribute to her comfort.

Nearly five years had elapsed since Clarence Wharton had seen the young lady who called him guardian. He had conceived such an excessive, and it must be confessed, such an unreasonable dislike to her, that he had sought every means of doing his duty towards her, without subjecting himself to the necessity of visiting her. He had heard his mother, and even his rigid sister, speak of her improvement, but he fancied that no time could be sufficient to fill up that wide space for improvement which he had so early discovered, and he therefore paid little attention to the reports of her changed looks and manners. What was his astonishment then, when on the fourth morning after her arrival, he heard, "good morning, sir," uttered by one of those low, deep, rich voices, which make their way straight to the heart, even when uttering only commonplaces; and turning suddenly round, beheld a tall, graceful girl in the neatest of morning dresses, and prettiest of French caps, whom his mother introduced to him as "our Estelle." For once Clarence Wharton was actually awkward and *gauche*. He dropped his half-buttered muffin into his coffee, making a most unsightly splash over the table cloth (to the manifest annoyance of his sister), and came near crushing his mother's favorite cat in the hurry with which he attempted to execute a bow.

Indeed he might well be excused for his bewilderment. To one who has never observed the wonderful development of mental and physical loveliness which sometimes takes place in women between the ages of twelve and twenty, it might well seem like magic. Estelle's once angular figure had become rounded and symmetrical; her thin face now displayed a perfectly oval contour; a richly tinted brunette complexion now replaced her sallow skin; her eyes, large, bright, and full of softness, were no longer out of proportion to the size of her face, but rather seemed too much veiled by her superbly heavy eyelids; and her smile, which was perfectly bewitching in its frank softness, of expression, disclosed the prettiest teeth in the world. To be sure her nose was a little *retrousee*, and her mouth was not as small as a rosebud, but there was so much to charm the eye that the gazer scarce could notice these trifling defects.

Clarence Wharton was a great admirer of female beauty, and he was withal a very shy man, though this latter quality he managed to conceal under a veil of dignified reserve, so that whenever he felt particularly abashed, he generally appeared only particularly cold and abstracted. But on the present occasion his address completely failed him. He stood in the presence of a beautiful woman revealed in all his nervous shyness, blushing like a girl and stammering out

a welcome which nobody on earth could have comprehended. Estelle smiled involuntarily at his evident discomfort, and then, with the ease of a finished woman of the world, took her seat at the breakfast-table. Clarence was mortified, and, of course, unjust. He saw the smile on Estelle's face, and he fancied she was laughing at him. This made him moody and disagreeable; and, whatever might be his new impression respecting his ward, her opinion of him was by no means improved.

It was impossible to live in daily intercourse with a girl like Estelle, without admiring her. She was full of vivacity and spirit, impulsive as a child, yet doing everything with a winning grace peculiarly her own. She was capricious, and whimsical, but so good-humored, so sunny-tempered, so full of buoyant cheerfulness, and with such wonderful variety of expression in her looks and manner, that only one comprehensive word could describe her,—she was fascinating—perfectly fascinating. In vain Clarence Wharton tried to despise her understanding; in vain he decided that she was vain and frivolous, because she loved ornaments and studied a becoming style of dress; in vain he called her a coquette when she related her experience in the world of gaiety, of which she had already seen glimpses. Let him think of her as he would, he could not but feel that she was one of the most fascinating creatures he had ever met.

He had fancied himself an adept in his knowledge of human nature; but he found himself a novice before this new specimen of feminine nature. He knew his mother's ideas of female perfection, he was perfectly acquainted with his sister's formalism respecting women, and yet he saw both these ladies giving way before the nameless witchery of the lawless Estelle. She would silence Mrs. Wharton's kindly remonstrances with a kiss, and receive all Miss Wharton's prosy lectures with such an air of comic resignation, that even the good spinster would laugh, and declare her incorrigible in tones which seemed to imply more admiration than reproof. To Clarence her manner was full of cold and profound respect. There seemed to be no community of feeling between them. He had become wonderfully intolerant of female follies, and Estelle had a terrible aversion to pedants and bookworms, so it was not to be supposed that they would harmonize very well together. Yet they never quarrelled, and even when Wharton said severe things, Estelle's sunny temper enabled her to bear them with gentleness. She was full of sarcastic wit when roused, but it was never expended upon her guardian, even when his attacks seemed to deserve some retaliation. All the reverence in her whole nature seemed to be concentrated in her respect for him; and however she might jest with others, she was always grave and serious when conversing with him.

Time passed on, the cholera had long disappeared, yet Estelle showed no disposition to seek another home, and the Whartons would scarcely have been willing to part with her. But she had friends in the city who had such claims upon her as school friendships always make for a few years after leaving school, and at the commencement of the gay season Estelle was called to fulfil a half-forgotten promise to a young friend. She went rather unwillingly, but she was fond of gay life, and in the midst of balls, parties, and flirtations, the winter soon passed away, so that it was not until the trees were once more blossoming that she could return to the Whartons' quiet retreat. Had she been missed during her absence? Who can tell? The ladies pursued their usual humdrum avocations, and Clarence, who called on Estelle as often as once a week, during her stay in town, did not express any regret at her absence.

All this time the lawsuit remained undecided, and though Estelle was surrounded by admirers, many of them were most disinterestedly anxious to ascertain her prospects of success before committing themselves by a definite offer of marriage. When she returned to Woodlawn for the summer the crowd of admirers dropped off, but some three or four were really in love, or perhaps, unwilling to lose even a remote chance of fortune, became regular visitors, even though it cost them a ride to pay their compliments. But Estelle soon found that the beaux of a ball-room were not the best companions for a quiet village home. The pleasant little nothings which sound quite brilliantly in the pauses of a quadrille, were wonderfully flat when uttered to the accompaniment of woodland sounds. To sit in the porch at moonlight and listen to Clarence Whar-



ton's exposition of his favorite theories, seemed better suited to the time and place. Not that she was tired of gay life, but she wanted a respite from it; she liked variety, and as gaiety suited winter, so she found gravity and sentiment belonged to summer pleasures.

Clarence really grieved to see so fine a nature wasting itself in frivolities, and blaming himself in no small degree for his early neglect of his young ward, now took especial pains to train and direct the vigorous energies of her mind. He could not conceive why a person so intelligent on some points, should be so dull on others. She could no more be taught to understand metaphysics than mathematics; her guardian's system of ethics was like "heathen Greek" to her; and yet, if he could but engage her in an animated discussion on some matter of mere feeling, she would utter more of the truths of sentiment than any philosopher ever condensed into a theory. Clarence could not understand her. How could he hope to do so? She did not quite understand herself.

It was a very simple incident that opened the eyes of one of the parties. As they sat over the dinner table one day in the autumn, some remark was made respecting the approaching winter, and Estelle spoke of her anticipated return to the city. A pang shot through the heart of her guardian, and he fancied it arose from his disappointment in not having yet succeeded in bringing his lawsuit to a close.

"I had hoped you would appear as a rich heiress this winter," said he.

"Are you in haste to get rid of me?" asked Estelle, laughing; "do you not know that as a rich heiress I should be compelled to marry, in order to escape the throng of my suitors?"

"You would probably select one from among those who have been constant to you during the summer," said Clarence, industriously cracking his almonds with his thumb and finger, though the silver nut-crackers lay beside his plate.

"Which would you have me choose?" the elegant Mr. Sam Rugby, who looks at his own reflection in his polished boots, and lisps to himself, "whath a pwoper man am I; shall I take him, and find a rival in every looking-glass he approaches?"

"How would the sentimental poet suit you?"

"The gentle Pynlimmon Smiley, who is wretched at having such a merry name, and would fain have one think he is always shedding tears, unless when he is shedding ink upon some newly-perpetrated sonnet? No, 'I'll none of him.'"

"Herbert, the young divine, is a gentleman and a scholar."

"I agree with you, he is both; but he cannot offer me any inducement to become the scape-goat of a whole congregation—I could not stand against the criticism which falls upon 'our minister's wife.'"

"Perhaps your affections are already fixed," said Wharton, looking up.

"Perhaps so," was the careless reply; "please hand me that almond, and we wont talk about such trivialities."

"There, I thought so," exclaimed the laughing Estelle, as she drew forth a double almond from its shell; "take this," giving one to Wharton, "and eat it; now you are my philippe and I your philippine, and instead of talking over my beaux, you must try and remember to make me pay a forfeit."

Clarence Wharton was one of those grave persons who seldom become initiated in those little mysteries of boy-and-girlism. He knew nothing about twin-almonds and forfeits. Therefore it became necessary to teach him that when a gentleman and lady eat a twin-almond, a mysterious spell is immediately laid upon them, and, on their next meeting, the one who first remembers to remind the other of this connection, is entitled to a forfeit. Clarence entered quite heartily into the spirit of the little jest, which, old as it is, was quite new to him.

"I shall be sure to catch you," said he.

"I am not afraid; you will be thinking over your theory of moral sentiments, and I shall suddenly startle you with the magical word, 'Philippine!' So prepare yourself with a forfeit."

It was agreed that the test should be deferred until the following day, in order to give both of them time to forget the pledge; and Estelle left the room.

As Clarence rose from his chair, a thought suddenly flashed upon him, and the more he reflected the more certain he became of its truth. Why had Estelle adroitly turned the conversa-

tion at that particular moment? Was it because there was but one other person about whom he was likely to question her, and she wished to avoid such questioning? He thought so, and, as if to confirm him in his opinion, he had scarcely reached his office on the following day, when the gentleman whom he suspected to be Estelle's favored lover, called on him, and requesting his good offices with his lovely ward, entrusted him with a letter, which contained a declaration of his sentiments, to the lady herself. Wharton's first impulse was to show the gentleman to the door, but swallowing his bitter feelings, without making even a wry face, he returned a polite reply to his visitor, and deposited the letter in his pocket, to be handed to Estelle on his return at evening.

If Wharton's reputation as a lawyer had depended on his accuracy during that day, he would have fared but badly. His thoughts were busied with the contents of that letter, which seemed to burn him whenever he accidentally touched it. It seemed the longest day he had ever spent in his life, and when he entered his home at early twilight, he was glad to find the parlor untenanted. Ringing the bell for a servant, he sent the love-letter up to Estelle's room, and throwing himself on a sofa, gave way to the moodiness which had so long oppressed him. A remark from his mother recalled him from his painful reverie; and, anxious to conceal his feelings, he began to talk in a strain of unusual gaiety. At that moment Estelle entered, and the words—"Philippe!" "Philippine!" were uttered so simultaneously, that it was scarcely possible to decide who had won the forfeit. But the decision of Mrs. Wharton was in favor of Clarence. He had certainly been a second in advance of Estelle, and had made his exclamation before Estelle had quite entered the room. After the decision was made, Estelle laughingly confessed that it was Wharton's exclamation alone which reminded her of the forfeit, which her quickness of utterance enabled her so instantly to dispute.

"You were thinking of more agreeable subjects," said Clarence, with an air of indifference.

"Do you know the contents of the letter you brought me?" asked Estelle.

"I know the nature of its contents, but I am no adept in imagining love-letters."

"Because Mr. Harcourt bespoke my good offices in his behalf."

"Which you promised him, I suppose."

"Not exactly; I told him I should not attempt to influence you."

"What do you think of him, Mr. Wharton?"

"That he is an exceedingly fine young man."

"Then you think it would be a good match, even if we succeed in the lawsuit, and I become an heiress."

"I do."

"And you would advise me to accept him?"

"I did not say that; I advise nothing on the subject."

"Well, my mind is made up on the subject."

"Do you accept him?"

"No; he does not come up to my standard."

"You are exacting and ambitious."

"Perhaps I am; but I do not fancy Mr. Harcourt."

"Have you seen any one you like better?"

"Do you ask that question as a guardian, or as a friend?"

"I can scarcely decide which."

"Then let me answer you as vaguely, by saying I have seen several I like better than Mr. Harcourt."

"Excuse me, I have no right to ask such questions."

"As my guardian, Mr. Wharton, you have every right to ask and be answered. One thing I promise, you shall certainly be consulted before I make any choice."

"Thank you; it is more than I have a right to claim," said Wharton, coldly.

"Are you displeased with my apparent levity, Mr. Wharton? then listen to me; I am going to the city next week, and in the course of a short time, I shall be enabled to come to some decision respecting the state of my own heart. When I am sure of my own feelings, you shall see the gentleman and yourself judge of his merits."

"How shall I know the favorite?" asked Wharton, bitterly.

"I will send you his portrait, that you may recognize him when you meet," said Estelle, with a merry laugh, as she ran out of the room.

A few days afterwards, Estelle left home to pay her promised visit in the city, and she had

been but a few days absent, when Clarence Wharton found one morning lying on his desk, in the office, a package directed to him, and marked "Philippine!" He opened it more eagerly than he would have done had there been any witnesses of his actions, and yet there was something of disappointment in his face when he beheld only a delicate work of art. The philippine selected by the fantastic taste of the whimsical Estelle, was an exquisite picture on copper, representing Time sleeping, while Love was mischievously endeavoring to cover him with roses. Nothing could exceed the richness and beauty of the painting, and the curiously carved frame which encircled it in a wreath of ebony roses, every leaf of which was elaborately fashioned, as if wrought out of delicate lace, made the gift one of great price.

For a full hour after he opened the packet, Clarence sat with his head resting on his hands, and his eyes rivetted on the little picture. His brow was troubled with "thick coming fancies." He knew Estelle had a meaning in all such freaks, and he was utterly at a loss to understand her now. At length his cheek flushed and his eye grew bright, but not with pleasure. He fancied he had divined her meaning. Estelle, in the plenitude of her vanity, must have suspected he was falling in love with her, and this allegorical picture was intended as a mocking rebuke to his presumption. But Clarence was not a very demonstrative man in his emotions, so he folded the picture again in its manifold wrappings, and carefully sealing it, put it aside among the papers he designed to take home. Then walking up to the dingy little glass which hung in a corner of the office, he scrutinized his own face, as if to detect some reason for this bitter mockery. He saw the incipient crow-feet on his temples; he did not fail to notice a few gray hairs amid his glossy locks, and the word "puppy!" half broke from his lips, as he thought of Estelle's fresh and sparkling beauty.

From that time his visits to his ward became few. He thanked her coldly for the costly present with which she had redeemed her forfeit, and never again alluded to it, notwithstanding her evident desire to learn his opinion of her droll whim. His manner to her became once more formal and cold. He only saw her when business required him to visit her, and Estelle could not but perceive that something had seriously offended him. She was tempted twenty times to ask the reason of this sudden change in him, but she had her own secret to keep—a sense of womanly dignity and wounded pride kept her silent. She went into society more than ever, and was gayer and more frivolous than the gayest of her companions, but no one dreamed that she was hiding a sorrow in her heart. Before the winter was over, the report of her approaching marriage with a certain stray French marquis was widely spread and generally believed.

At length the long-contested lawsuit was brought to a close. On the morning of new year's day she received a letter from Clarence, informing her that the case had been decided in her favor, by the highest of all courts, and she was now the heiress of a large landed estate, worth at least half a million, though the necessary compromises and bargains with its present holders might probably reduce it to a less sum. Why did Estelle drop the letter, and clasp her hands sorrowfully together, while the tears slowly dropped down her cheeks? Did her long sought wealth come too late to buy happiness?

Two hours later in the day, Clarence called in person to offer his new year's congratulations. Pleasure at Estelle's good fortune, pride in his now successful efforts for her benefit, and a manly self-reliance which taught him that an honest love was no subject for a cruel jest, all combined to give dignity to his demeanor, and a noble expression to his fine face. He was no longer shy and doubtful of his own feelings. He knew that he had been in love with Estelle, and he fancied that she had repelled what never yet had been, and now never should be, offered to her acceptance; but he was no longer angry and mortified. He had served her faithfully, he had been worthy of even her love, and he had not made himself ridiculous.

"I shall be ready at any time now," said he, "to exhibit the account of my trust, Estelle. Perhaps it is better to settle everything as early as possible."

"I hope you have secured your fee," said Estelle, with an attempt at playfulness.

"I have been already repaid by serving you, and shall ask no further reward."

"You are very proud, Mr. Wharton, but you will find your equal in that respect. I shall insist on your receiving the stipulated fee."

"Just as you please, madam; if such is your resolution, our relative position is hereafter fixed—in future, I am merely your lawyer, paid to attend to your business, but as friends we meet no more."

"What do you mean?"

"If I am your agent, paid to transact your legal business, I understand exactly my position, and shall never again mistake it. The law compels me to remain your guardian for one year longer, unless your marriage in the interval should release me. Is there any probability of such an event occurring within the next few months?"

"Not the slightest," replied Estelle, while the blood mounted to her dark cheek.

"You have not redeemed your promise, Estelle," said Clarence, while his voice unconsciously grew tremulous; "you promised to show me the favored mortal whom you should choose as your future partner."

"And did I not redeem my promise?" exclaimed Estelle, passionately; "did I not forget my womanly pride, my own self-respect, and in the fullness of my confidence in you, did I not do a foolish, girlish thing, which lost me your good opinion, and placed me in the degrading position I now occupy in your heart! O, Clarence Wharton, how much I was mistaken in you! how little you understand me!"

Clarence Wharton was completely bewildered. Estelle's emotion was incomprehensible to him! In vain he racked his brain to discover her meaning; and it was not until, in his bewilderment, he had poured forth his long silent love to the agitated girl, that he was enlightened. Amid tears and blushes, Estelle listened to his confession, and then bade him look at his philippine for her reply.

"That was a cruel jest, sweet Estelle, and it had nearly lost you the truest of lovers," said he.

"A jest, Clarence! What do you mean?"

"What did you mean, Estelle, if not to rebuke the half-uttered love of one who had numbered twice your years?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Wharton; we are certainly mystifying each other most strangely."

"You sent me a picture of Time sleeping among Love's roses, and I received it as a rebuke to my presumption."

Estelle laughed out merrily as she heard this.

"I promised to send you a picture of the man whom in my heart I preferred, and I did so!"

"When?"

"In that same philippine."

"And how?"

"That philippine shall be my only reply to your present most welcome confession. Go home, Clarence; look carefully at the surface, instead of trusting to your fancy to penetrate the depths of a woman's whim."

Clarence Wharton obeyed the capricious beauty. He did hasten home, and drew forth the fatal philippine which had caused him so much pain. As he turned it over and over in search of the secret he now knew it concealed, his finger touched a spring cunningly concealed in one of the carved roses which composed the frame. To his surprise, the picture instantly sprang back, and disclosed beneath it a tiny mirror, in which he beheld himself!

In less than three months the "confirmed bachelor" became the husband of the beautiful heiress, and Estelle never repented her choice of a philippine.

#### ANTIQUITIES AT ATHENS.

The general superintendent of these excavations says: "Thirteen feet below the level of Hermes Street, near my own house, I discovered the ancient surface of the soil; it is covered with clean gravel or pebbles, done perhaps to prevent dust. Among these pebbles are found the handles of earthen vessels, bearing the name of the manufactory, or of the owner himself of such manufactory; bits of pottery, of superior workmanship, some well preserved, others in fragments. On this ancient surface stand the foundations of buildings that lie in different directions, built of stone laid in lime. In these foundations are blocks of limestone taken from older edifices. These are relics of buildings belonging to the fifth and following centuries, and illustrate the changes wrought during the constant occupancy of the city from the remotest times."

#### TIME

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my head gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open psalm  
Upon his harp, to delect his vibrations.

LONGFELLOW



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MY LILLY.

BY ELIZA PRINCE MORIARTY

In the palling light of even,  
Near a casket at low,  
Sat a gentle maiden singing  
Songs of long ago  
Now a smile her mood confessing,  
Now the tears that flow.

Ah, she thought the charmed caged bird  
Heard her lay alone,  
Dreaming not a heart was beating  
Fondly near her own—  
That its prayers for her were gushing  
Up to heaven's throne

Many months from home I wandered,  
Sailing o'er the main;  
Home returned affection's yearnings  
Yet did I restrain;  
Love and joy within my bosom  
Merged in one sweet pain.

"Lilly," said I, half unconscious,  
Nearer towards her drew,  
Opening longing arms unto her,  
Into them she flew,  
And the eyes that wept at parting  
Wept at meeting too.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Incidents in the Life of a Physician.

BY NATH'L. F. BURDETT, M. D.

In the summer of 1850 I opened an office in New York and commenced the practice of medicine, after having completed the usual course of professional study and received my diploma from the faculty. Like most young men just entering upon the active duties of life, without influential friends, and poorly provided with worldly possessions, I found considerable difficulty in obtaining a bare subsistence; and at the close of my first year's experience felt very much discouraged, and had serious thoughts of abandoning medicine for some more lucrative pursuit. My paying patients were few, and although I experienced great satisfaction in relieving the sufferings of the destitute, whose heartfelt gratitude was the only return they could make for medical assistance, yet the stern necessity of obtaining a livelihood forbade me to devote much time to this unhappy class of sufferers. At last I was obliged to sell my little library, consisting of a score or two of dog-eared volumes which I had picked up at second-hand bookstores, and which had been the solace of my gloomiest hours. The scanty pittance obtained by the sale of these books enabled me to pay a few small bills and provide for the wants of the ensuing fortnight; but at the end of that time I was without a shilling, and knew not where to obtain one.

As I sat in my room, on one rainy night in November, brooding over my hapless fortunes, I racked my brain to devise some plan of extricating myself from my unfortunate position; but the more I pondered, the darker seemed my impending fate. Not only had I struggled hard in obtaining an education, but I had borrowed the necessary funds, at an exorbitant rate, from a villainous Jew pawnbroker, who was the closest of shavers and the most persistent of duns. He was, in truth, "the hard-eyed lender," and I "the pale lender."

At this time the amount I owed him was about five hundred dollars, and I had previously pledged to him articles really worth more than the sum originally borrowed, together with simple interest; but the crafty fellow had appraised the goods so low, and had taken advantage of my necessities to impose such an enormous rate of interest, that my indebtedness fully reached this amount. My situation was indeed forlorn.

I had no relations in the world to whom I could apply for pecuniary aid. Father and mother died ere I had become of age; and although my uncle was said to have prospered in California, yet I had heard nothing of him for many years, and knew not whether he was alive or dead. The few tried friends who yet remained at my side were themselves so destitute that I could better afford to give to them than they to me. Poor as I was, I would not have taken a shilling of their hard earnings; and if I could have found it in my heart to beg, I should long ago have become a confirmed mendicant.

On that dreary November night I tossed restlessly upon the bed, vainly trying to form plans for the future, or to lose in the forgetfulness of

sleep all remembrance of my present sorrows. The pitiless storm beat violently against the window panes, the windows, crazy with age, shook in the furious blast, and the blinds creaked upon their rusty hinges. The clock in the steeple of a neighboring church struck the hour of twelve with a dull, funeral sound, that seemed the knell of my happiness on earth, and the wind sighed through the leafless branches of the old elm that shaded my chamber. It was not a night for man or beast to venture into the street; and even the miserable outcasts who roam the thoroughfares of a great city, friendless and forlorn, homeless among a thousand homes, had doubtless found some shelter from the raging storm, and forgot their troubles in the sleep that fled from my pillow.

While listening to the patter of the rain, I heard the sound of footsteps near the door of my lodging house, and the ringing of the "doctor's bell" warned me that my services were needed. At any other time I should have resolutely refused to venture out in such a blinding storm, unless the case were one of life or death; but I then felt glad to escape from my own depressing thoughts, and would willingly have perilled my own life to render the slightest service to a suffering fellow-creature. Hastily putting on my clothes, I hurried down stairs and opened the street door, when a harsh voice cried out:

"Come on, doctor; here's a rich case for you. Here's Harry Vernon, pinked by a rum cove, and bleeding like an ox; he's good pay, so hurry up!"

The man who spoke in this brutal manner was a rough, burly fellow, whose face was marked with the scars of disease and the impress of sensuality, and whose whole appearance stamped him as one of those degraded characters who haunt the back slums of a metropolis.

As I caught a glimpse of his ill-favored countenance when he stepped upon the threshold, I hesitated to accompany him, but was reassured on reflecting that my purse was too light to be an object of attraction to a robber; and thinking that I might be the means of saving life, I muffled myself in a huge cloak and went out with him. As we walked along, I gathered the principal incidents of the affair, which were as follows:

Harry Vernon, a dissipated young man of 25, belonging to one of the wealthiest families in the city, had been in the habit of frequenting a well-known gambling house down town, where he had repeatedly lost large sums of money. On this very evening he had played deeply, and was at first unusually fortunate. Flushed with success, he staked a large amount and lost. Believing himself cheated, as indeed he was, he boldly charged one of the gamblers with fraud. High words ensued, and in the excitement of the moment, young Vernon dashed a glass of wine full in the fellow's face. The man immediately drew a dirk and stabbed his opponent, but was prevented from repeating the blow by the inmates of the saloon. This was all I could learn from my companion, who seemed disinclined to relate the particulars of the affray.

After walking about half a mile, through narrow and muddy streets, he conducted me up a gloomy staircase in a dingy brick building, and on reaching the top, stopped before a massive door, strongly bound with iron. He knocked twice and gave the password, when the bolts on the inside were pushed back and the door cautiously opened, and as soon as we entered it was quickly closed and securely fastened.

On looking around, I found myself in a brilliantly lighted saloon, handsomely furnished, and provided with all the implements of gambling. At one end of the room was the bar, where the red wine flashed and sparkled in cut glass decanters of exquisite workmanship, and where were ranged rows of musty black bottles, containing the choicest products of the vintage, and every variety of spirituous liquor. The saloon, usually thronged at this hour—it was half past twelve—was now almost deserted; most of the gamblers who were present when the affray took place had left soon after young Vernon was stabbed, fearing a descent of the police; and the ruffian who committed the assault effected his escape at the same time. The keeper of the saloon, a pale, nervous-looking man, cautioned me to keep my counsel, and at the same time slipped a piece of gold into my hand, which I thought it prudent to accept.

I found young Vernon stretched out upon a couch in a small ante-room. He was faint from loss of blood; but on examining the wound, I

ascertained that it probably would not endanger his life if proper care were taken of it. I recommended that he should be removed to his father's house on the following morning; but he strongly objected, urging that the other members of the family would be put to much inconvenience, and that they would feel very anxious for his safety. I replied that his absence would occasion great uneasiness to his relations and friends, and that he needed rest and careful attention, which were best obtained at home.

After urgent solicitation I prevailed upon him to return; but he insisted that I should accompany him, and requested me to represent the affair as favorably as possible to his father, and continue my visits at his house, paying a compliment to my disinterestedness too flattering to be repeated.

He passed the night quite comfortably, and on the following morning I rode with him to his father's house. The carriage stopped before an elegant brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, and on ringing the bell, the door was opened by an obsequious African, whom I informed of the nature of our errand. The old gentleman was at breakfast when we arrived; but when the servant whispered in his ear that Harry had returned under the doctor's care, he started from his chair, bolted down stairs at a furious rate, and appeared much agitated on seeing his son pale and haggard, and eagerly inquired whether I considered him in any danger. I quieted his apprehensions as well as I could, and assured him that with proper care there could be little doubt of his son's recovery.

After assisting the servants to convey my patient into the house, I remained in the entry for a few moments while father and son were engaged in earnest conversation in an adjoining room. Mr. Vernon soon came out and invited me into the parlor. As I glanced at the splendid apartment into which I was ushered, and looked upon its sumptuous furniture, the articles of *virtu* that adorned its tables, the paintings that hung upon its walls, I could not but contrast these elegant surroundings with the wretched accommodations of my own home, and I secretly envied the owner of so many luxuries. While gazing with undisguised admiration upon the portrait of a young girl which hung upon the opposite wall, and which represented one of the loveliest countenances I ever beheld, Mr. Vernon said to me:

"Well, sir, I am obliged to you for your attention to my son, and will pay you well for your trouble. Harry wishes you to attend him during his illness. I should prefer to have Dr. Rogers, our family physician, who is an older man, but I yield to Harry's wishes. Of course you will be discreet, and say nothing about the cause of his sickness to his sister, if you should should happen to see her. Good morning, sir."

These words were spoken in a decided and somewhat supercilious tone, and grated harshly on my ears. His air of authority vexed me; but I said nothing, bowed and withdrew. He was indeed, as subsequent circumstances plainly showed, a haughty, arrogant man, stiff and unbending to all whose social position was beneath his own, but very courteous to his superiors in wealth and station. Starting in life as a poor boy, and gradually amassing a splendid fortune, but without acquiring either mental or moral cultivation, Mr. Vernon, with his burly figure, his hard face and his well-filled pocket, resembled Southey's rich man, who

"Believed no other gods than those of the creed;  
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags;  
Swore no false oaths—except at the custom house;  
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument  
To honor his dead father; did no murder;  
Was too old fashioned for adultery;  
Never picked pockets, never bore false witness;  
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,  
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass!"

But with all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, he had some redeeming traits. He doted on his children—Harry, my patient, and Nelly, a lovely girl of eighteen summers, who was said to be the very image of her departed mother. They were both strikingly handsome, but of different styles of beauty. He was a dark-skinned, black-eyed, dashing fellow, impulsive in temperament, with good intentions, which were not always carried into practice, and the dupe of profligate companions, who had the art to conceal their flagitious designs under the mask of good fellowship. She was a delicate blonde, just in the bloom of opening womanhood. Her form was exquisitely moulded; her face owed its indescribable charm to an undefinable sweetness of expression, rather than to the beauty which consists in faultless regularity

of features, and there was a witchery in her manner wholly irresistible.

As I left the drawing-room, after my brief interview with Mr. Vernon, I met her in the entry. She had just come from her brother's chamber, and I started back involuntarily on meeting her, little expecting to see in the sister of Harry Vernon the original of that parlor portrait on which I had been gazing with so deep an interest. I was on the point of apologizing for my seeming rudeness, when she inquired with earnest solicitude after her brother's health. In a voice tremulous with emotion, she asked if I considered him dangerously ill, and on telling her that there was every reason to hope for his recovery, her eyes sparkled with delight, and she bade me good morning with a beaming countenance, which would have done more good to many a suffering patient than a visit of the physician. I went home happier for having seen that lovely creature, but little thinking of the influence she was destined to exert upon my future life. In the afternoon the Jew pawnbroker called to demand payment of the money due to him, and threatened me with imprisonment. Wearied by his importunities, I promised to pay him fifty dollars on the next day, and determined to request young Vernon to lend me this sum.

Just at dusk I sauntered through bright Broadway, now gazing wistfully at the splendid equipages with their liveried footmen, now peering into the windows of the shops, where Cashmere shawls vied with China silks in brilliancy of coloring, where diamonds from Golconda sparkled by the side of Brazilian rubies, and where plates of burnished gold, fit service for the lords of "Ormus or of Ind," dazzled the eyes of the bystanders. As I passed one of these magnificent stores, whose blazing glories eclipsed all the rest, a lady sumptuously dressed swept by in stately pride, her fingers glittering with jewelled rings, and her whole appearance indicating the modish New Yorker, with more relish for vulgar display than true refinement or genuine taste. A poor girl, with a most sorrowful expression of countenance, stepped up to this flaunting dame and solicited alms. Never shall I forget the look of freezing disdain with which her modest request was refused, and the fine lady's sharp reproof, which doubtless grated on her ears as it did on mine. I gave the trembling girl all the change I had, and walked away in a more contented mood than I had experienced for weeks, thinking that if wealth makes one indifferent to human suffering, then poverty is not the worst of evils, and contrasting the comparative happiness of my condition with that of the miserable being whom I had just left.

No reasonable person can doubt that charity is one of the highest duties of life, whether it be regarded as an instinct or a habit, whether we consider the claims of the indigent as founded in the law of nature or as enforced by the teachings of the Gospel; and although indiscriminate alms-giving is pernicious, yet it is better to keep the principle alive by constant exercise than to stifle it by rejecting the demands of all wandering mendicants; and in this view it is sometimes well to bestow alms even upon those who have no merit but their misery. Moreover, the practised eye of the generous giver can generally distinguish at a glance the bare faced impostor from the meritorious mendicant; and even if the request for pecuniary aid be refused, the denial should be expressed in courteous language, if not coupled with sympathy and encouragement. The inimitable Elia closes his delightful essay on the "Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis" with this advice, which is worthy the attention of costive philanthropists:

"Shut not thy purse strings always against painted distress. Do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—give, and ask no questions. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumbling tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which concerning the poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."

On returning home in the evening, I found a note from my urgent creditor, saying that he must have the money by one o'clock on the following day, and it possible I must get double the sum. Although irritated by his ceaseless im-



portunity, I resolved to obtain fifty dollars from young Vernon; and comforting myself with the pleasing reflection that I should thus put a temporary stop to his harassing demands, I went to bed and slept so soundly that not even the ghost of a bill disturbed my slumber. In the morning I put on my best clothes, consisting of a dark green frock coat, which, in its youthful days, was doubtless glossy, but which, in the lapse of time, had become somewhat threadbare; a pair of corduroy pantaloons, distressingly small at the extremities, but bulging out at the knees; and a faded flowery vest, which I had picked up at a second hand clothing store. My boots, though sadly the worse for wear, by the application of a little blacking were made tolerably good looking; and altogether I was quite proud of my dilapidated finery.

After an hour's walk through muddy and gloomy streets I reached the avenue, and on arriving in front of the stately mansion of the Vernons, I was considerably agitated. The overbearing manners of the old gentleman made my visit to his house seem like an unwarrantable intrusion, and it was evident that he reluctantly acquiesced in his son's desire to have me as his medical attendant. His daughter left, in our single interview, a deep impression on my heart, and I sighed to think of the great gulf of social position which separated us, and which was apparently impassable. But most of all I was disturbed by my pecuniary difficulties. The pawnbroker must be paid, and yet I disliked to ask young Vernon for so large a sum as fifty dollars at the very commencement of my visits. Would he not regard me as a greedy adventurer, anxious to fatten on his fortune, and eager to take advantage of his weakness? Perhaps he might think, from the circumstance of our first meeting at the gambling hell, that I was employed by sharpers to wheedle him out of his gold; to protract my attendance long after convalescence, in order to decoy him into the hands of his former associates.

As I had been kindly received by him, I could not bear the suspicion of a reproach should rest upon my motives. Should I tell him all, reveal to him the extent of my misery, and rely upon his generosity to relieve it? No, my mind revolted at the thought of obtruding my private griefs even upon the attention of an intimate friend, much more upon a chance acquaintance, on whose kindness I had no claim. I thought, also, that he might attribute my present poverty to extravagance; might misconstrue my previous conduct, and perhaps mention the matter to his father. The bare possibility of this last contingency would have restrained me from making a confidant of young Vernon, for I could not accept pecuniary aid from that frigid old man, who, even if he were willing to confer any favors upon me, would neutralize the value of the gift by his patronizing manner of bestowing it. At last I determined simply to request a loan of fifty dollars, without mentioning the extent of my difficulties, than to unbosom my sorrow to a comparative stranger.

With this determination I rang the bell, and the servant who opened the door showed me to my patient's chamber. He expressed much gratification at seeing me, and appeared quite comfortable. In the course of conversation, I said in an off-hand way that I was somewhat embarrassed, and asked him to lend me fifty dollars. He at once acceded to my request, gave me a check for the amount, and said, with evident sincerity, he should be happy to accommodate me at any time. I thanked him for his kindness, and he spoke freely upon the obstacles in the path of a young physician, and asked me to relate my own experience. Encouraged by his sympathy, I forgot my resolutions, and almost unconsciously described my past trials and present troubles. He seemed deeply interested in my narrative, and while offering to relieve my necessities, expressed the belief that I had been swindled by the pawnbroker, and advised me to refuse to settle with him.

"I will arrange the matter through an official friend," said he, "and that Jewish knave will be glad to resign his claim, and may thank his stars if he escapes imprisonment."

And I afterwards learned that a policeman visited the pawnbroker, who expressed his willingness to withdraw his demands, and that was the last I ever heard of him.

Relieved from this load of debt which had so long weighed upon me, I became more cheerful; my visits to Harry Vernon were constant, and my acquaintance with his sister ripened into

affectionate intimacy. She was indeed a rare creation, gentle yet decided in her demeanor, accomplished without vanity, and generous without ostentation. The unceasing devotion to her sick brother, at whose bedside she was a constant attendant, proved the warmth of her affection; and I was not long in finding out that the elevation of her heart had not interfered with the culture of her mind. Her knowledge of general literature and history was extensive and exact, and though she knew "small Latin and less Greek," yet she was familiar with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goethe and Lessing, with the tongue of Pascal and Moliere, and in music and painting she had a creditable proficiency. Yet with all these attainments, there was not a touch of pedantry or egotism in her composition, and her modesty was equal to her merit. A good cook, deeply skilled in what Washington Irving calls the great art of making doughnuts, apple-sauce and pumpkin pies, and an excellent household manager, I soon learned to regard her as the beau ideal of female excellence; or, as the poet expresses it,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To guide, to comfort and command."

As our intimacy increased, I fancied Mr. Vernon suspected the nature of our attachment, as his demeanor towards me was more discourteous than ever; and when Harry, who was in the secret, informed him of our engagement, his rage was unbounded. That a mere adventurer, without social position, wealth or professional reputation, should aspire to the hand of a Vernon, seemed to him the height of presumption. These views he afterwards expressed to me in a most vehement manner, and not only refused his consent to the marriage, but forbade my visits to his house, and even threatened to disinherit his daughter if she persisted in her disobedience. In vain young Vernon remonstrated with his father—the old man was inexorable. He loved his daughter, and would have made many sacrifices for her sake, but his pride was deeply wounded, and he would not retract the stern decision. Meanwhile, young Vernon recovered from his sickness, and no longer required my professional attendance, and my prospect of an increased practice appeared fainter and fainter. Nelly and I met occasionally; she assured me of her undiminished attachment, and though unwilling to disobey her father by marrying me at present, she agreed, with me in thinking that time would change his determination, and we resolved to wait patiently for the desired consummation.

At last, seeing no prospect of improving my condition in New York, I thought seriously of trying my fortune in the great West, having heard much about the brilliant opportunities for young men in that part of the country. My expectations were doubtless too sanguine, being based upon the glowing accounts in the daily papers of the rapid rise in the value of property, and the great inducements offered to professional men in the West. I hoped in the course of two or three years to obtain a sufficient sum to enable me to support a family; for I still looked forward to my marriage with Miss Vernon, and I thought a few years' absence might allay her father's resentment, and induce him to give his consent to our union.

About this time I met an old friend who had just returned from St. Louis, where he had resided for several years. He assured me that the chances for an educated and enterprising physician in that city were very promising, and represented the subject in so favorable a light that I consented to return with him. It was no easy matter to reconcile Nelly Vernon to my departure; but at last I succeeded in convincing her of the necessity of this course to our mutual welfare. In a few days I was travelling over the Alleghanies, among the grandest mountain scenery in this country, and across the vast prairies of Illinois, blooming with gorgeous flowers; and before the close of the week I reached St. Louis. Here I remained two years, engaged in medical practice, of which I had a reasonable share, and was much pleased with the frank hospitality of the inhabitants. My correspondence with Nelly Vernon breathed the same affectionate interest which had always marked our intercourse; but I regretted to learn that her father's opposition to the match remained unabated, though he was often heard to say that if I was a man of property he should not object to have me for a son-in-law.

It is the custom in St. Louis to record in the daily papers the names of persons arriving at the principal hotels. While looking over the Daily Republican of October 5th, 1853, I noticed the

arrival of James Montgomery, of San Francisco, at the Planter's House. The name at once arrested my attention, for it was that of my uncle, who, I had hitherto supposed, was still in California. I went at once to the Planter's House, found my expectations realized, and grasped the hand of my father's brother, whom I had not seen for more than fifteen years. He had altered greatly during that time, and I was puzzled to recognize in the bearded man of forty-five the delicate youth whom I had known in my boyhood. On telling him my name, he scrutinized me narrowly for several minutes with an incredulous look, until at last his countenance brightened up, and he gave me a hearty shake of the hand which tingled to my fingers' ends.

"I didn't recognize you at first," said he, "but I am satisfied that you have the family features, and am rejoiced to see you."

In answering his numerous inquiries about my condition and prospects, I gave him an exact account of my past life, mentioned my engagement to Miss Vernon, and the circumstances which compelled me to leave New York. He was evidently deeply interested in my narrative, and urged me to return with him to New York, promising to make Mr. Vernon not only willing but anxious to have me marry his daughter. I gladly accepted his invitation, and made preparations to leave St. Louis on the following morning, intending, however, to return, if matters were not satisfactorily arranged. Early next morning we started on our journey, and the monotony of railway travelling was beguiled by my uncle's account of his experience in California.

On his first arrival there he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he was unsuccessful. When gold was afterwards discovered, he worked in the mines with tolerable success; but he soon relinquished mining, again embarked in business, and accumulated a handsome property. But the land of gold had no charms for him as a place of residence, and he early resolved to return to his native city as soon as he had obtained a fortune. Accordingly he took passage for New Orleans, ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis, where he had some business to attend to, and was preparing to leave for New York when I met him at the hotel. Being a bachelor, with no surviving relative except myself, he naturally took a deep interest in my welfare.

At last we arrived in New York after a three days' journey, which resembled most railway travelling in being dusty and uncomfortable. Soon after our arrival we called on the Vernons. My uncle had a long interview with the old gentleman, while I had a delightful chat with Nelly, with whom I had kept up a constant correspondence during my absence. She rejoiced with me at the fortunate meeting with my uncle, and the prospect of our speedy marriage, not doubting that her father would consent to it. It soon became evident from the cordiality with which Mr. Vernon received me, contrasting singularly with his demeanor in former times, that my uncle's proposition had been favorably received, and he soon after informed me that his daughter's hand was at my service. I also learned that he had given a handsome dowry to his daughter, and that my uncle had offered to settle a liberal sum upon me. Harry seemed very much pleased with this arrangement, and it was decided that the wedding should take place during the ensuing week.

When, at last, the day came, and I led Nelly, decked in her bridal robes, to the altar, when the marriage service was repeated by the officiating clergyman, and the solemn words, "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder," announced that the holy rite was completed, I felt that existence thenceforth had new charms for me, and that higher responsibilities than I had yet known rested on my life.

After the bridal tour, we settled down in a trim little cottage on the Hudson, where we still reside, having passed many happy hours under its roof. My uncle lives with us, as kind-hearted and open-handed as ever. His chief delight is in the society of children, with whom he is a great favorite, and he idolizes our James, a bright boy of five years, whom we named after him. Mr. Vernon is dead; he grew more genial as he advanced in years, and his last days were his happiest. Harry, no longer the frequenter of gaming-houses, but a steady and honorable merchant, carries on his father's business, and enjoys a high reputation for enterprise and integrity. Here, before sorrows, which sooner or later must come to us, as they come to all, have darkened our domestic circle, let me close my life story.

## HISTORY OF SIBERIA.

The government of Western Siberia has just published an official document, giving an account of that country as a penal colony, with a brief sketch of its previous history. From this, it appears that in the sixteenth century Siberia was inhabited by hordes of Tartar origin, and that in 1580 the celebrated Jermuk, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, invaded it at the head of six thousand men, and succeeded, after several bloody battles, in taking Sibir, the chief city of the country. The Hetman, finding that his resources were too limited to hold so extensive a country, ceded his conquest to Ivan IV., and Siberia has ever since formed a portion of the Russian empire. The first strangers who settled there were Cossacks, Strelitzes, and a few gold diggers; but after a time selected as a place of exile for Russian State criminals. Peter the Great sent his Swedish prisoners there, and the Czarina Anne had the inhabitants of whole villages transported there for refusing to work for their lords. On the abolition of the punishment of death by Elizabeth, in 1745, Siberia was regularly organized as a penal colony, and transportation thither was the punishment for all sorts of crimes. The exiled nobles were generally sent to Beresovo, to work in the crown gold mines there, and the names of the first families in the empire may be seen on tombs in the cemetery of that place. In 1823 an office was established at Tobolsk, where the name of every exile and his residence were registered. In 1842 more perfect rules were laid down, according to which every tribunal in the empire regularly forwards to Tobolsk the names and offences of all persons condemned to exile, and each, on his arrival, was sent to the residence appointed for him. The governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St. Petersburg of all convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, and 1184 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.—*New York Sun.*

## DEATH AMONG THE GOLD-FISH.

Wherever you meet with folks who keep gold-fish in the old-fashioned glass globes, you will be sure to hear the melancholy complaint that they will die, in spite of every care taken to preserve them. The water is changed most regularly, the glass kept beautifully clean, the vessel shaded from the sunshine; yet, alas! death is always busy amongst them. Is it internal disease? Is it external fungi? No; the cause is starvation. Every other pet is expected to eat, but these gold carp are expected to subsist on—nothing! "But don't they eat the animalcule?" Nonsense! Give them a few small earth-worms, or anglers' gentles, twice a week, and to prevent the necessity of frequently changing the water, throw in a handful of Anacharis (water-weed), and instead of floating in succession "on their watery bier," they will get plump and healthy, and grow as rapidly as in their native waters. Some of our gold fish have been in our possession seven years, and have increased in size three times what they were originally.—*Recreative Science.*

THE ASP—Vaucanson invented for the performance of Marmontel's Cleopatra an asp which fastened itself with a hiss on the bosom of the actress who played the principal character. On the first performance of the tragedy, a jester, more struck by the hissing of the automaton than by the beauty of the tragedienne, exclaimed, "I am of the asp's opinion!"

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

## ONE DOLLAR.

### WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- ☞ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- ☞ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- ☞ Two pages of finely executed original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.
- ☞ Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!
- ☞ It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- ☞ In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- ☞ It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- ☞ Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- ☞ Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- ☞ Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!
- ☞ Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- ☞ Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## MADAME GUEYMARD LAUTERS,

OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PARIS.

The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of Madame Gueymard Lauters, of the Imperial Academy of Music, Paris. She is a handsome woman, with a fine and carefully cultivated voice, and is an excellent actress. She distinguished herself recently by her performance of Juliet, in Bellini's opera of Romeo and Juliet, the part of Romeo being assigned to Vestvali, so well remembered here in Boston. The beauty of the latter made a striking impression on the French public. They say that so fine a woman has not appeared on their boards since the days of Mlle. Georges, though the beauty of Mlle. Georges was of the Grecian type, while that of Vestvali is Slavonic. The opera in which these performers appeared is not a new one. It was played in Italy in 1830. Bellini was very young then, and had just left school. He then possessed what he derived from nature—the faculty of discovering melodies, tender, delicate, full of unctious, of charm, and of supreme elegance. He had not acquired deep thought and energetic expression. In this respect a wide difference separates "Romeo and Juliet" from "Norma." There is also a great difference between the instrumentation of the "Montagues and Capulets" (for that was its original title), and "I Paritani," the only one of his works in which he has shown a certain skill in the art of grouping of instruments. Still the opera contains much agreeable and original music.

## HINDOO MONEY-CHANGER.

In this country we have but a very faint conception of the sharp economy practised by the great mass of the population of India—that is to say, the poorer classes, whose scanty means of subsistence render the question of monetary exchange and expenditure one of the greatest moment. As the value of the rupee is constantly fluctuating, it is necessary, in order to get a satisfactory rate of exchange, to apply to the potedar, or money-changer, whose business is so essentially a distinct trade or caste that the small shopkeepers refuse change on the simple ground that by so doing they would be acting out of their caste or profession (for the terms in most cases are synonymous). The money-changer is, consequently, an important personage in every community, however small. The average value of the rupee is 48 cents, and is first changed into copper, sixty-four pisa (more or less, according to the current tariff) being the result. These pisa are again changed into the small shell or cowry money, each pisa producing sixty-four cowries, and each cowry is convertible to supply some necessity of life. That heap of shells which the poor man has received in exchange for his rupee will be carefully husbanded, for it is destined to supply the wants of its possessor, and perhaps a household, for a month, and, incredible as it may seem, may even afford some degree of luxury besides. A few shells go daily for salt, some for cloves, pepper, cardamoms, a small quantity of ghee (butter), and rice, the last

being the important item. This bill of fare never varies; circumstances admit of no choice in the matter; it is the extreme point of economy at which existence can be sustained in any degree of health. Although these remarks refer to the poorest classes, it should be borne in mind that they form the great bulk of the population, and such facts assist us in forming some notion of the difficulty of dealing with the question of taxing a people so poor and driven to the last shift of economy. Our illustration affords a characteristic idea of a Gowan Potedar, or Village Money-Changer; in towns and cities the class is a numerous one, and the trade in rupee-changing brisk and profitable.

MADAME GUEYMARD LAUTERS.



mesmerist made a similar experiment upon two night-shades which had been planted at the same time in the same mould and in a similar aspect to that of the rose-trees. Seeing that one of these appeared drooping and backward, while the other was in vigorous health, he immediately began to mesmerise the sickly plant by means of mesmerised water, as well as directly, while the other plant was watered with common water only. At the end of a fortnight M. Seydel saw with satisfaction that the formerly drooping nightshade had grown to the height of 18 inches, while the other was only 10 inches high; the root of the former was found to be 4 inches long, while that of the latter was only 2 inches. Lastly, the flowers of the nightshade which had not been mesmerised were far from being as numerous, and having as fine a color as those of the plant which had been so treated. Another instance of the effect of mesmerism on plants is that of two geraniums, one of which was withered, and had never more than one single leaf, which was no sooner formed than it faded and fell off, while the other plant was constantly green and vigorous. The withering plant was mesmerised, and after a few days it had several leaves, and, moreover, it produced flowers sooner than the other which had not been sickly.

## TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.

There is by no means a scarcity of vermin in Asia Minor, and as every town and village, and every particular locality, has its peculiar annoyance the best way is to take a course of lessons in the bearing of them with submission. The novice will be divided into a septagon of trials. When you can see unmoved and feel even pleased to watch one or two dozen of lizards running about in your tent, the initial trial is over. When you can bear twenty or thirty mosquito bites upon your proboscis, and not feel afraid of the swelling, and can even appreciate all the time how beautifully their fine hums are drawn out, you are at the end of your second lesson. When you can eat your dinner contentedly, although thousands of ants surround it, and even eat a few occasionally, and when you will not rise up from the table any sooner, although you know that your legs are acting as a mechanical conductor to the swarm, the third item of your diploma is signed. When you can, without a shudder, take up a black centipede or two, and politely throw him out of the doorway with the feelingly pronounced benediction of Uncle Toby in Sterne, you have overcome your fourth trial. When you can see upon your person the hairy, yellow tarantula minus an involuntary scream, and quietly put the three-inched deadly spider under your feet, the fifth corner of your septagon of trials has been rounded off. When you can feel amused even whilst destroying a nest of scorpions, and can dedicate all your presence of mind to sending them satisfactorily Hadesward, item six is overcome. And when you can lie unmoved in the dark of your tent at night, and feel a snake, for the tenth time, gliding over your coverlet, the seven vials are emptied.

## MESMERISM.

The Union Magnétique, French paper, publishes the following account of the effect of mesmerism on the growth of plants. M. Seydel having planted in a box two rose-trees of the same species and similar size, and each three years old, and having placed them in a window with a southern aspect, he mesmerised one of them every day, and watered it with mesmerised water; the other was not mesmerised, and was watered with ordinary water. At the end of three weeks the mesmerised rose tree had eighteen fine roses, and greatly exceeded its neighbor in size and vigor; upon the other tree only a few partly-opened buds were to be seen. The same



THE HINDOO MONEY-CHANGER.



## CAPTAIN JEROME BONAPARTE.

The principal figure in the accompanying spirited sketch is Captain Jerome Bonaparte, of the Chasseurs d' Afrique, the most dashing body of cavalry in the French service. They are mounted on Arab horses, are composed of picked men,

superior in numbers, in check. This young man is an American, and is the grandson of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon I. Jerome commenced his career in the French army. On a cruise in 1803 he visited New York, and proceeding to Baltimore, became enamored of Miss

remained for a time in England, and while there her son was born. Her marriage with Jerome having been dissolved, she returned to the United States, where she has since continued to reside, and where her son married. His son, the Captain Bonaparte of our sketch, was educated at

cordingly did so. Immediate employment was given him in the East, where he displayed the gallantry and military genius of his race, and was rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Italian war gave him other opportunities of distinguishing himself, which he eagerly em-



CAPTAIN JEROME BONAPARTE.

and have done good service in Africa, in the Crimea, and in Italy. Captain Bonaparte (he has since been breveted major) distinguished himself greatly at Solferino, where he commanded a squadron, and by his skillful manoeuvres and gallantry, held the enemy's cavalry, far su-

Elizabeth Patterson and married her. Napoleon, however, who coveted princely alliances for his house, disapproved of this marriage, and declared it null and void. The young wife, who sailed for Europe to rejoin her husband, was not permitted to set foot on French soil. She re-

West Point, and served for a time in our army with the rank of lieutenant. Some time before the breaking out of the Crimean war he went to Paris, and met with a warm reception from his cousin, the emperor. Inducements were held out to him to enter the French service, and he ac-

braced. He has by no means forgotten the land of his birth, and old American friends who meet him in France have no occasion to complain of coolness and hauteur on his part. He may be destined to play a conspicuous part in French history hereafter.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA M., Rochester, N. Y.—To clean gold ornaments—dissolve a little sal ammoniac in spirits of wine, and wash the gold in it, or, try the following method: mix some jeweller's rouge with a little salad oil, and with a tooth brush rub the ornament till perfectly clean. Then wash it in warm soap and water with a clean brush, and dry it with wash leather.  
READER, Gloucester, Mass.—The Duke of Wellington never had a personal interview with Napoleon I.  
ARTIST.—The mouldings of picture frames are made of plaster of Paris. It is an art to be learnt, and not a process to be accomplished in a moment.  
TIPS.—Queen Victoria's surname is Ouelph, that of Prince Albert is Bussie.  
MISS G. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have at last succeeded in meeting with the following receipt for preparing tracing paper: Rub the paper with a mixture of equal parts of oil of turpentine and nut oil, and dry it immediately by rubbing it with wheat flour. Then hang it on a line for twenty-four hours. If washed over with ox-gall, and dried, it will admit of being written on with ink; or water-colors may be used.  
B. C.—Never use slang expressions in your compositions. Punch very happily calls slang the "wit of the witless."  
N. G., Chelsea.—Both peaches and apricots are natives of Persia; they were brought into Europe by the Romans. They were first introduced into England for cultivation in the year 1524 by Henry the Eighth's gardener.  
"JANKEE" Bangor, Me.—"Cadet" is a French word, and signifies younger brother, or, in feudal language, one without any means of maintaining himself.  
PAPA.—Edward the Sixth died a natural death at the palace of Greenwich. There were suspicions of his having been poisoned, but they had as much foundation as the absurd story of the murder of the princes in the Tower by order of that malignant monarch, Richard III.  
C. F.—The Pagodas of China are religious temples and never used as domestic dwellings. They are frequently ornamented with bells at every corner of their numerous roofs, sometimes to the number of a hundred and fifty, which are kept perpetually ringing by every sweep of the wind. They are also decorated with an equal number of the gayest lanterns, shedding a brilliant illumination on the scene.  
SUNSHINE.—The Hotel de Ville was a building originally erected by the Municipality of Paris in 1351, on the site of a mansion belonging to King Philip Augustus. The first stone of the present edifice was laid in 1533. The greater part of the structure was built in the reign of Henry II, and it was finished in the reign of Henry IV. The bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV, which now crowns the central doorway, is of recent date, the statue which originally occupied that place being destroyed during the first revolution.

## IMAGINARY INVALIDS.

There are invalids enough in our midst, goodness knows, but if all who are really healthy knew themselves to be so, there would be fewer M. Ds. living in comfortable style, and fewer quacks driving four-in-hand and inhabiting palatial residences. A large portion of the clients of these legitimate and illegitimate practitioners of the healing art, are only victims of a morbid fancy. They take to their beds on the slightest pretext, refuse to be comforted, insist upon being doctored, and perhaps, in the end, get up a very creditable case of acute disease.

The uneasiness of an overloaded stomach which would pass away with abstinence from a single meal, or a brisk walk in the open air, is a sufficient excuse for the sufferer retiring from the world, giving himself up for lost, and surrendering himself to a course of boluses, and pills, and draughts, and all the annoyances of a sick room. In vain the regular practitioner, after feeling the patient's pulse, examining his protruded tongue, poking him in the ribs, and eavesdropping at his breast-pin, declares that nothing serious is the matter with him. Our *malade imaginaire* resents the assertion as an insult. He ought to know, surely. The doctor is an ass. He need not repent his visit. A quack is called. The quack goes through the same manipulations as his predecessor, but instead of smiling, he looks grave. His smiles at the prospect of a prodigious bill extending over the services of many months, from a part of the lining of his coat-sleeve. Externally he is as solemn as a mute at a funeral. Corroborating all the morbid fancies of the hypochondriac, confirming his baseless suppositions, humoring all his fancies, he does the victim exceedingly brown, and happy is it for the latter if the supple administrator of nauseous drugs does not supply the undertaker who drives the hearse with the pair of fast horses, with a profitable job.

One prolific cause of the imaginary illnesses which make such trouble, is the skimming of professional books by non-professional men, cursory readers, not amateur students. We know more than one worthy citizen who has come to grief by taking a medical journal and owning a medical dictionary. A friend of ours is a great dipper into these forbidden mysteries, and as he manipulates his own doses, and is not very familiar with apothecaries' signs and Latin abbreviations, he often makes some fatal mistakes.

The other day he informed us confidentially that the left lobe of his lungs was gone, that he had a touch of sciatica, was slightly affected with *tic douloureux*, and enjoyed premonitory symptoms of intermittent fever. Chancing to look into the last number of his favorite medical journal, we found that cases of the above disorders were the theme of learned articles therein, and we were at no loss to perceive the source of the infection.

These unhappy individuals ought to be put under guardianship. There are times when a guardian, armed with authority to make an autopsia of forbidden scientific works, might save a victim's life. The moral of our lecture is—never fancy yourself sick, never brood over details of diseases, if you are not qualifying yourself for an M. D., and if you are really sick, send for a regular physician, and "beware of quacks"—a warning, by the way, always used by quacks in their advertisements.

## THE LATE BENJAMIN A. GOULD.

Benjamin Athorp Gould, whose death on the 24th of last month earned sorrow into a wide circle, was the son of a soldier of the Revolution, was born in Newburyport in 1786, and was consequently seventy-three years of age at the time of his decease. While fitting for college, he taught school in Newburyport. He was educated at Harvard and graduated in 1814, President Walker, Samuel D. Bradford, Doctor Greenwood and William H. Prescott, being among his classmates. For many years Mr. Gould was principal of the Public Latin School in this city, and, as one of his pupils, we can testify to his fidelity to his charge. A fine classical scholar, he was a strict disciplinarian, and pupils trained by him were taught habits of accuracy and application never eradicated. His edition of Adam's Latin Grammar was for many years a standard, and his Virgil took high rank. After a long service, he resigned his office as a teacher and engaged in the India trade. During his mercantile life of a quarter of a century, his course was marked by energy, honor and success, maintaining the proverbial high character of a true Boston merchant. In private life he was beloved, and as a citizen, his manliness, directness, benevolence, and other good qualities, earned him an honorable reputation. The deceased was a brother of Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess and father of Doctor Gould, so distinguished for his scientific attainments.

## HENRY FUSELI.

This singular man, whose name is so honorably associated with British art, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, probably in 1741. His father was John Caspar Fuessli, and Henry was the second son in a family of eighteen children. He became a splendid scholar and a remarkable linguist, but after pursuing the then ill-paid career of literature in England for a time, he abandoned it for painting. Though his imagination surpassed the powers of his expression, he is still entitled to honorable mention as an artist. He was so fond of wild and terrific subjects that his brethren of the Royal Academy called him "Painter in Ordinary to Satan." His biting wit, like Jerrold's, made him many enemies, and yet, though sarcastic and irritable, he was honest and loyal.

He always spoke frankly what he felt. One day Sir Thomas Lawrence was discoursing on what he called the "historic grandeur" of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and contrasting him with Titian and Raffaele. Fuseli kindled up—"Blastation! you will drive me mad—Reynolds and Raffaele!—a dwarf and a giant! Why will you waste all your fine words?" With this he rose and left the room, muttering something about a tempest in a pint pot.

As keeper of the Royal Academy, he was liked by the students, in spite of his temper and his sharp hits. A student one day held up his drawing and said:

"Here, sir, I have finished it without using a crumb of bread."

"All the worse for your drawing," said Fuseli. "Buy a two penny loaf and rub it all out."

"What do you see, sir?" he said one day, to a student who, with his pencil in his hand and his drawing before him, was gazing into vacancy.

"Nothing, sir," was the answer.

"Nothing! young man," said the keeper, emphatically. "Then I tell you that you ought to see something—you ought to see distinctly the true image of what you are trying to draw. I see the vision of all I paint, and I wish to Heaven I could paint up to what I see."

He loved especially to exercise his wit upon Northcote. He looked on his friend's painting of the Angel meeting Balaam and his Ass. "How do you like it?" asked the painter. "Vastly, Northcote," returned Fuseli. "You are not an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

He rarely spared any one, and on Nollekens he was frequently merciless; he disliked him for his close and parsimonious nature, and rarely failed to hit him. Once, at the table of Mr. Coutts, the banker, Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana, came dancing in, presenting her dagger at every breast. As she confronted the sculptor, Fuseli called out, "Strike, strike! there's no danger. Nolly was never known to bleed!"

One day a painter who had been a student under the keepership of Wilton, called and said, "The students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," replied Fuseli. "Anybody may draw here, let him draw ever so badly—you may draw here if you please." Art-gossip is rich with anecdotes respecting this singular man.

## DEATH OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Our foreign despatches announce the death of Robert Stephenson, the celebrated engineer. He was born in 1803, and has died at the comparatively early age of 56 years. After receiving his education at Edinburgh, he served a two years' apprenticeship as an engineer under his father, at Newcastle, and then made an expedition to Venezuela to explore the silver mines. On his return to England, in 1828, the subject of railways beginning to receive considerable attention, he won the prize of £500 offered for the best locomotive, which should consume its own smoke, weigh no more than six tons, and draw a train of twenty tons at a rate of ten miles an hour. Subsequently the principal railroads of England and Scotland were built under his superintendence, and he also visited Belgium and Norway, having been sent for to advise as to the best systems of railroad lines in those countries. His principal works are the tubular bridges over the Conway, at the Castle, and the Menai, at the Britannia Rock. He had been a member of parliament, having been returned as a Conservative and a Protectionist.

THE HOSPITALS OF BRESCIA.—It appears from a statistical account published at Brescia, that the thirty-seven hospitals of that town received after the battle of Solferino 32,916 wounded, viz: 17,345 French, 13,959 Italians, and 1612 Austrians; 26,038 have recovered; 1723 have died—that is, about one in eleven. This tends to show that the accounts which had been circulated of the bad management of the hospitals at Brescia are entirely unfounded.

A RARE CHANCE.—Our citizens have now an opportunity to supply themselves with all the choice publications of the day at cost, for a period of one month, by calling at No. 13 Winter Street. MR. A. K. LORING is reducing his elegant and very heavy stock of books previous to removal, and hence an opportunity that may not again occur for years. Every work worthy a place in the library may be found as above.

OLD PENSIONER.—The oldest pensioner at the Chelsea Hospital, England is in his 105th year. Excepting that he is unable to feed himself, his powers and faculties are remarkable; his sight, hearing, memory, etc., are good, and he is able to walk without the aid of a stick.

RATHER HIBERNIAN.—An Irish paper, describing the Talking Fish, on exhibition in London, says, "it is quite a *rara avis*." This bull, Punch thinks is Irish all over—a combination of Fish, Flesh and Fowl.

THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION.—If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who attended "patients on a monument."

VERY BURGLARIOUS.—A Rochester burglar recently entered a house in that city, and robbed a lady of her false teeth valued at \$120.

APPOINTMENT.—The president has appointed his nephew, James Buchanan, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, his private secretary.

DISCONTENT.—There is no banquet but some dislike something in it.

## ANECDOTES OF QUIN.

Quin, the great English actor, was as famous for his wit as for his histrionic abilities; but his wit was rarely good-natured. A gentleman of Bath, very diminutive and very dull, was extremely fond of being with Quin, and once, when the latter was going to ride in a carriage, begged to accompany him. "No," said Quin, "you are too dull." But as the little gentleman was importunate—"Well," said the actor, "get in—get in. If any accident happens, you will serve as a *linch-pin*."

Dining one day at a public ordinary, where there was a rude and furious struggle among the guests to get at the dishes, Quin said, "Gentlemen, if ever I dine at an ordinary again, I will have basket-handled knives." On a similar occasion, when one of the company had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, Quin stretched out his hand to get hold of it. The person to whom it belonged prevented him, saying: "Sir, that is my bread." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied Quin, "I took it for the loaf." Another time, at dinner, a gentleman who had helped himself to a large quantity of pudding, said: "Mr. Quin, let me recommend this pudding to you." "With all my heart," said Quin, looking at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish; "but which is the pudding?"

Quin was apt to make too long pauses when he wished to give weight to particular passages. When he was performing Horatio in the "Fair Penitent," and was challenged by Lothario to meet him the following morning "a mile among the rocks," Quin paused so long before he replied, "I'll meet thee there," that a man in the gallery bawled out: "Zounds! don't keep the gentleman waiting. Give him an answer, whether you will or no."

Quin was once annoyed by a very effeminate coxcomb in a coffee-room at Bath, who looked at him steadily, and observing that Quin frowned on him, asked the waiter, in a whisper, "Who is that man?" Quin, overhearing him, roared out: "Waiter, what is that thing?" "Sir Edward Stanton's son," said the waiter. "It's false, you dog," said Quin, "it's his daughter."

Quin was once invited by Mrs. Clive to stay a few days with her at Strawberry Hill. Having walked round her garden, she asked him if he had noticed the pond, a most diminutive bit of water. "Yes, Kitty," said he, "I saw the wash-bowl—but not a bit of soap."

When Quin was once delivering the speech of Jacques, in "As You Like It," describing the "Seven Ages," an effeminate man who performed Amicus, regardless of the speech, sat upon the very edge of the bench in the banquet-scene, and overturned it, falling himself to the ground. Quin, turning indignantly to the prostrate coxcomb, exclaimed: "Confound it, madam! can't you sit on your side saddle?"

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning. "So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye. "Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls. "Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blue blazes. You should just have heard him holler, dad." The father looked unhappy while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

DUMAS'S METHOD OF COMPOSING.—"I generally," says Hans Christian Andersen, "found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after midday; here he lay with paper, pen and ink, and wrote his new drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said, 'sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on, spoke aloud, shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed and said, 'the third act is finished.'"

A SURE THING.—It is a proverb in Jefferson county, New York, that snow always falls at Sackett's Harbor on the 19th of October, and an old gentleman in that county wins money annually on a bet to that effect.

AILANTHUS TREES.—The mayor of Georgetown has directed the removal of the ailanthus trees from the streets of that town, having been declared a nuisance by the municipal ordinance.

GOOD BUSINESS.—Strawberry raising has come to be vastly profitable in the vicinity of Boston. It is now better understood than ever before.



## A FIRE-PROOF DESK.

It is seldom we venture to give room in our columns for remarks upon any one of the mechanical inventions that are daily springing into existence around us; but we are occasionally tempted to notice an article, which, from its novelty, simplicity and usefulness, we believe our readers would be interested to know of, and with us to wonder that we had not thought of the same thing, "it is so simple." Who ever thought of a Fire Proof Desk? Who might not have thought of a writing desk in a fire-proof safe? Most certainly we did not, simple as it is. And the lucky minds that did think of it are the young and enterprising proprietors of the Marland's Patent Safe, which, coupled with the conveniences of this Desk Safe, most assuredly give this article a clear title to be called the *multum in parvo* in its line.

This Desk Safe is especially designed to accommodate gentlemen's private uses, either for their offices or houses. When for the former, it also accommodates a copying-press on the top, and has abundant room for books, pigeon-holes for files, drawers, etc. When for house use, it can be so arranged as to furnish room for silver ware, forks, spoons, together with space for papers of value, and can be so designed as to match the furniture of a library or other room it may be placed in. For treasurers of corporations, professional gentlemen, and brokers' offices, from its compactness and convenience, it presents the most desirable qualities of any article that has presented itself to us this many a day.

These desks are not limited to any size or form. They can be made so as to furnish as large or as small desk room or surface as any person may wish to have, either for a sit-down or stand-up desk; and its solidity and firmness are as reliable as a writing desk in any form. This notice would be incomplete were we not to mention that the Marland's Patent Fire-Proof Safe, owned and manufactured by Messrs. M. B. Bigelow and Anson Hardy, at 32 School Street, Boston, is the safe of the latest and most valuable patent extant, and has received the scientific and practical tests that demonstrate its superiorities over all others. We advise such of our readers as wish to see or purchase a safe, to examine these safes before they buy elsewhere.

\* See our advertising columns for an illustration representing this new invention.

THE TOILET COMPANION—is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which the famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz., "Kallistion," "Cocaine," "Oriental Tooth Wash," and "Florimel." *Kallistion* is an article the ladies always regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin and beautifying the complexion. The *Cocaine*, containing a large proportion of cocoanut oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it, and gives it a healthy growth. The *Oriental Tooth Wash* arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums, and imparts fragrance to the breath. *Florimel* is a delicate and enduring perfume, of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. These preparations are not only of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be, but also remarkable for a delicacy of perfume and healthy purity, very seldom met with in articles which are sold at such moderate prices.—*Louisville Democrat*.

DIX & EVANS—This firm, who have lately occupied their elegant new store, No. 27 Winter Street, nearly opposite to our office, have the best stock of ladies' and gent's furnishing goods to be found in Boston. Their stock of Hosiery is especially remarkable for its great variety and excellence of manufacture.

"THE DEATH TOUCH."—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale at all of the periodical depots at four cents per copy.

A CONSOLATION.—The Chinese say that there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair. How about the people who die their craniums black? Eh, Mr. Bogle?

GOLD PAVING STONES.—Gold has been found in some of the cobble stones brought from the mining district east of Sacramento to pave the streets of San Francisco.

DON QUIXOTE.—Wise man, that immense Brown, at Harper's Ferry, who attacked the whole United States with twenty-two men!

## NEW OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLES.

Messrs. Thomas Lewis and J. B. Alexander, M. D., have applied to England for a patent for a new mode of laying submarine telegraph cables in deep water. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in laying these cables in very deep water is the strain upon the great length of cable running out of the ship, which operates to produce a fracture or some other important derangement in the progress of the work. The gentlemen who have applied for this patent claim that by the method of attaching hollow tin box floats at certain distances along the cable, it can be laid without strain and without danger of fracture, or any derangement of a cable properly made and tested as a conductor of electricity. The tin boxes have a small aperture in the top for the passage of air, and another in the bottom to let in the water slowly. It is proposed to attach the boxes to the cable by loop lines, at distances of 100 feet, more or less, as may be deemed necessary, and gauged in size so as to adequately support the weight of the cable, allowing it to sink gradually as the boxes fill. In this way it is supposed there will only be the weight of 50 feet of the cable on the ship at any time.

## FRENCH FINANCES.

The Paris correspondent of the Traveller informs us that financial people are not altogether satisfied with the present condition of the Paris Bourse, with its 770,000,000f. loans made this last twelvemonth (520 for the Italian war, and 250 for railway bonds), with the 400,000,000f. the railways will require the coming twelvemonth, while 640,000,000f. in specie are in the vaults of, and 200,000,000 sleep on private account at the Bank of France. And at the same time there have been issued since 1854, 2,000,000,000f. of three per cent. government securities and 2,000,000,000f. shares and bonds of joint stock companies. Many people think that the wind that will a little sooner or a little later blow Louis Napoleon and his throne away, will blow from Place de la Bourse. A whole army of Pretorian Guards will avail nothing against such a tempest. It is as no new secret to you that all this issue of paper rests solely on credit, for France, with all its hoarding, is poor, and when the mob comes (he has introduced the mob on change), they will clamor, "Take back your printed paper and give us our money again!"

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—Of course all persons would be very glad to do this, and therefore we recommend them to use, at this trying season of our New England climate, that which we know to be an excellent and efficacious article of medicine. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which will cure coughs, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest that fell destroyer, consumption, does more than our physicians can possibly do by the old modes of treatment. A single bottle, used according to the directions, will convince any one. The genuine has written on the wrapper, "I. Butts," and is sold throughout the country by all respectable druggists.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.—Messrs. Ladd & Webster's Sewing Machine is taking the first premium at the State and county fairs all over the country. This being the endorsement of practical men, and as in distinction to all other sewing machines, is far more significant than any editorial notice can be. But our readers know, as we have told them, that we have one of these favorite machines in our own family, and having tested it thoroughly, and knowing its remarkable excellence, we feel particularly gratified to see that it is so universally appreciated and endorsed.

GENERAL TWIGGS.—Major-General David E. Twiggs, United States Army, has been granted leave of absence for twelve months, with permission to go beyond the United States.

CRINOLINE.—No less than one hundred different patents for crinoline and steel hoops have been registered since this ruinous fashion came into favor, in France alone.

SKATERS.—The Ice King has touched our waters with his rod, and the skaters are on the *qui vive*. Be cautious, now!

BAD.—The supreme court of Rhode Island has eighty-three petitions for divorce before it.

HANDY.—They have a steam carriage that runs on ordinary roads in France.

## Wayside Gatherings.

There are seven revolutionary soldiers still living in Maine.

It is said that 300 horses are annually killed in Hannover for consumption by the eaters of horseflesh.

Dr. Benjamin Barrett, of Northampton, has given \$1000 towards the erection of the college gymnasium at Amherst.

Table Rock, once so conspicuous at Niagara Falls, has quite disappeared, and the face of Goat Island has also much retreated.

Lord Palmerston, though 74 years of age, handles a billiard cue like a master, and makes excellent shots without the aid of glasses.

Great activity exists among the Erie canal boats in bringing flour and grain from the West. Everything that can float is brought into requisition.

Austin Avery, of Windham, Ct., has a pumpkin vine in his garden 1328 feet in length, which has produced sixty pumpkins, averaging nine inches in diameter.

The receipts of flour in St. Louis this year have been 200,000 barrels less than last, notwithstanding the abundant harvest. The decrease in the receipts of wheat is over 400,000 bushels.

The number of fever patients at Houston, Texas, is so great, that the want of good nurses is severely felt. It is almost impossible to find nurses for the sick, although five dollars a day is freely given for even ordinary ones.

A new order has just been established at Indianapolis, styled the "Independent Order of Exquisites." The regalia consists of a meerschau pipe, a pair of gold spectacles, yellow kid gloves, and a piece of white satin.

In cutting up a large elephant's tusk in Cincinnati, a few days ago, a bullet was found imbedded in the ivory. From indications understood by ivory workers the lead must have been carried in the tusk for some thirty years.

Paper money was first made by Massachusetts in 1690; by Connecticut, 1709; Pennsylvania, 1723; Maryland, 1740; Rhode Island, 1744—and in 1759 almost every province issued paper currency. It was first issued by Congress in 1775.

Mrs. Tynan, of Cincinnati found a burglar in her house, and attempted to detain him, whereupon he fired a pistol at her and ran into the street. Here he shot Mr. George Ballinger, who tried to arrest him, but he was finally captured.

Legislators make queer mistakes. In creating the new county of Wilcox in Georgia, the Legislature forgot to attach it to some Congressional District, and the inhabitants are therefore without a representative in the national councils.

Two trained elephants, Victoria and Albert, recently escaped from their keeper in Sacramento, and helped themselves to such delicacies as they could find in the saloons and streets. They were eventually rescued by their keeper without doing further harm.

John Seylas, a citizen of Rochester, had a violent quarrel with his wife because of her refusal to sign a mortgage deed. She went out to make inquiries, and soon returned with an intention to comply with his wishes. But in the meantime he had committed suicide.

The message of the Governor of Tennessee shows the receipt of the State Treasury for the year ending October 1, to have been \$1,848,094, and the expenditures \$1,704,287. Balance now on hand, \$180,303. The total indebtedness of the State is \$3,844,606.

A few days ago a Meriden gentleman was robbed of his pocket-book in the New Haven depot. He caught the fellow; and his confederate coming up, announced himself as a policeman, and took the thief into custody and walked off with him.

Chickens of a new breed, called "Ecliptodean," have been introduced into this country. Instead of feathers, they are covered with fine hair like that of lap-dogs, very white, soft and beautiful, and have curious red ornaments on their heads.

A full length statue of Washington, clothed in Masonic regalia, is now in New York. It was executed by Hiram Powers, to the order of the Fredericksburg Lodge, Virginia, in which Washington was initiated, passed and raised. Its cost was \$6000.

Several hundred postmasters have already notified Lieutenant Ives that they have placed boxes within their offices for the reception of contributions for the completion of the Washington Monument. From some offices returns for the first month have been received. The city of Lynn, Mass., stands at the head of the list, having contributed \$46.

Alexander Lang, of Green township, Indiana county, lately had his leg broken by a log, which was being placed upon a heap for burning. The bone was set, and in a few hours afterwards he fell into a deep sleep, from which all efforts to wake him had failed, and in which he continued for three days, at the end of which he died. It was a most singular case.

"A statistical account," says the *Patrie*, "furnishes the curious and significant fact that during the time that the French troops occupied the Italian peninsula, less than three months, there were more marriages contracted between Frenchmen and Italian women than had taken place between the latter and Austrians during the space of twenty years."

## Sands of Gold.

.... Metaphysics are the anatomy of the soul.—*De Fontiers*.

.... Few things are positively true, but only relatively and measurably so.—*Bovee*.

.... A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it.—*St. Richard Steele*.

.... To show yourself irresolute, is to endow your enemy with confidence. We take courage in beholding a feebleness which is greater than our own.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... The laws of the Swiss are rigid, but they have the pleasure of making them themselves; and he who is hanged for their violation, has the pleasure of seeing his servant in his execution.—*De Lauphas*.

.... What passes for good luck is often rather the present results of previous good sense—the fruition now of past but unobserved labors—the springing up in one season of seed sown in another.—*Bovee*.

.... A conviction of one's own inferiority soon prompts a thorough search into the weaknesses of the superior. There is nothing that the slave sooner learns than the faults of his master.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... What is done from habit is done without reflection and without recollection. This explains why we are so little able to give the reasons for our past career, or revive a remembrance of its incidents.—*Bovee*.

.... My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

.... If men could find the fabled mountain that is said to restore youth and health and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age and disease, and loathsome ugliness.—*Devery*.

.... A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may have over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the battle of Waterloo.—*Rochejancourt*.

## Joker's Budget.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

A "Taper Waste"—Burning the candle at both ends.

The empire of the French is surrounded with *Paris-ites*.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

What is the best to prevent old maids from despairing? Pairing.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

There is but one way to deal with a serpent, that is to kill it or let it slide.

Too much rain is as bad for vegetation as too little; it operates as a check-rain.

La, Mr. Smith, what makes your hair so red? Ma's got some stuff that turns hers such a jolly black.

We like steamboat officers and hate rascals; but we will always thank both alike to give us a "wide berth."

Why do people talk about feeling doubts in their own mind? Where else could they be expected to feel them?

If the alphabet were alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it? Because you couldn't put the letter B out of "Being."

A fat man lost his appetite the other day, and the unlucky finder being a poor man with a large family, it ruined him in less than a fortnight.

There is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly, "I really don't know, miss, I never recollect attending one."

If the old maxim is true, that the law takes no account of small matters, it must take precious little account of many who pretend to administer it.

A correspondent, who signs herself "Sophia," says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W-o-m-a-n—double you, O man!

"I am going to raise a pig-sty," said Brown, and he straightway built one up. "I am going to raise a pig-sty," said Jenkins, and he straightway knocked one down.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn!"

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SUPPLICATION.

BY M. T. CALDER.

O, Father! weary with earth's grief and cares,  
Stumbling and fainting on my way,  
To Thee I come for strength to help me bear  
Serenely patient through my day.

O, breathe thy peace into my troubled soul,  
Thine arm of strength around me throw,  
Thine angel send the heavy stone to roll,  
The risen Lord of Life to show.

Close to my Saviour's breast, my weary head  
In loving trust would safely lie;  
My sinking soul would fain with grace be fed,  
With heavenly manna from on high.

Pence, Faith and Trust—for these I lift my prayer—  
Send down the messenger divine!  
So shall my drooping heart revive, and wear  
Joy's fadeless smile through shade or shine!

## THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

ONE of the most remarkable mountains, both for grandeur of scenery and romantic associations, not only in Germany but in all Europe, is the rocky mountain of Oybin, not far from the town of Zittau. Its sides are shaggy with gray and broken rocks, and shadowed by dark firs, intermingled with the lighter foliage of the birch. Venerable monuments, defaced and crumbling from the effects of time, but majestic in their hoariness, are scattered about the old burial ground on its summit, and the ruins of the Cistercian convent are still to be seen, as well as of the Robbers' Castle, in old times a terror to all the surrounding country. It is now completely destroyed, if it ever existed; but tales are still told among the people of the occasional apparition of a monk in the ancient mansion in Zittau, where the subterranean passage was said to terminate; and it has been credibly maintained, that sometimes at midnight a procession of monks may be seen upon the mountain moving toward the desolate chapel, where they perform religious service at that silent and mysterious hour.

The traveller will find his imagination sensibly affected by the influence of these singular traditions. He will linger with an interest beyond that of mere curiosity, by the massive chair and the bed of state on which Charles IV. is said to have reposed when he came to destroy the terrible Robbers' Castle. He will call up remembrances of those fierce and sanguinary times. But with a feeling of more than ordinary sympathy will his eye rest on the savage ravine, and the spot called "The Maiden's Leap." He will listen with a kindling heart to the story connected with that wild place, which is still treasured in the popular memory.

In an age of darkness and barbarism many centuries back, when force usurped the place of right, and the sword was the common arbiter of differences between man and man, the castle that crowns Mount Oybin stood in its rude magnificence, defying the assaults of invaders, and inhabited by a band of knights, who owned no law but their own will, and, from their almost impregnable fortress, looked with scorn on the rest of the world. Every day the sounds of feasting and revelry might be heard within the walls of the burg. Sometimes the knights descended alone or in companies to the neighboring town; but their visits were always marked by some deed of violence or rapine, perpetrated on the unoffending citizens. The freebooters sought access frequently to the fairest dames and damsels of Zittau. The chronicle does not mention that any of its discreet maidens ever listened to the courtship of these lawless men; but it explicitly records the fact that more beautiful women lived in the city at that time than at any other period since. It is a matter of history, too, that the loveliest damsel in all that region was Agnes, the daughter of an honest burgher of Zittau. Whenever she went to church, attired in her simple and becoming holiday address, her rich brown curls falling gracefully from under her coif, embroidered with silver, the young men who passed stopped to look after her, and not a few were the suitors for the hand of the beautiful maiden.

Agnes had been seen by the knight Hugo von Uwald, one of the freebooters, as she sat spinning by the window of her father's house; and again as he passed her on her way to church. One Sunday afternoon, as she walked towards the place of worship, her eyes fixed modestly upon the matin book in her hand, Hugo stepped

boldly in her way; she stopped, regarding him with terror. He took no notice of her alarm, but in a few words declared the passion he had conceived for her, entreating her favor for his suit. His entreaty, however, was uttered in such a tone as revealed too plainly that the knight deemed a refusal impossible. Agnes was more frightened at his words than his looks. She made no reply, but grew pale as death; and at the next instant, darting past him, fled with the speed of an arrow into the church.

The knight stood in blank astonishment, for the idea that his proposals could be unwelcome had never occurred to him. The coyness of the maiden invested her with tenfold charms in his eyes. He made a vow upon his sword to win her, and resolved to leave nothing undone for the accomplishment of his purpose. From that day, however, he saw nothing of the fair Agnes, neither at the window nor in the church. He could not learn if she was in the town or not, for none of her neighbors had seen her.

The truth was, that the girl, like a dutiful and obedient child, had immediately informed her father of her meeting with Hugo, and his strange language. The father was a prudent man, and well acquainted with the character of the knights of Oybin. He dreaded the worst, and immediately placed his daughter in security and concealment.

"She must endure the privation of liberty awhile," said he, "till the knight has forgotten her for some newer face, and that will be soon, I warrant me; then I will marry her to some brave man who will know how to protect her from danger."

Thus weeks and months passed. The beautiful girl was never permitted to go out, and all Hugo's search after her was in vain. At length he guessed the secret of her strange disappearance, and instantly determined to circumvent the poor burgher who had dared oppose his wishes. He came no more to Zittau, and caused it to be rumored that he had gone to Prague, to mingle in the amusements of the court. How joyous was Agnes at this news, and the day of her release came. Her father no longer feared for her safety, and the free air and sunshine were no longer forbidden delights. She left her hiding-place and resumed her spinning at the window, where she could see all that passed in the street. On the next holiday she was allowed to take a walk with some young girls, her companions. The sun shone brightly, the air was fresh and balmy, and the fields were covered with wild flowers, which the merry maidens plucked, wreathing them into garlands, and laughing and jesting with the glees of innocent hearts. Agnes, happy in her recovered freedom, bounded like a fawn over the green meadows, calling ever and anon to her companions with a shout of childish delight. Suddenly she let fall her wreath of flowers, and stood motionless, as if rooted to the earth with surprise and terror. Emerging from a thick copse, Hugo von Uwald stood before her. He was accompanied by three followers, one of whom held his horse.

It was a minute's space before the terrified maiden could even shriek for help; but it was of no avail. The iron arm of the savage knight encircled her; he lifted her upon his horse, and springing up himself, drove spurs into the animal's side and galloped in the direction of the Robbers' Castle. The three men followed, but not till one had called out in a rough voice to the other damsels, that if any of them dared mention what they had seen it should cost them their lives.

With weeping and lamentation, the young girls returned to their parents. They did not regard the threats of the knight's attendants, so that in less than an hour the whole town knew of the capture of the unfortunate Agnes. The anguish of the bereaved father may easily be conceived. He besought the assistance of his fellow-burghers for the recovery of his child. After long deliberation, it was determined that a number of stout men, well armed, should be sent to Oybin to demand Agnes back from the knight; and in case of refusal, to offer him battle.

The poor maiden, in the meantime, had been carried, half-swooning, up the rough mountain path to the gates of the castle. She was lifted gently from the steed of the knight and borne into a state apartment luxuriously furnished. Her consciousness gradually returned, and she looked wildly about her. The knight endeavored to soothe her agitation; repeated his assurance of affection, and solicited a return from her. Agnes replied to his importunate wooing only by a

gush of bitter tears. At last starting up, she flung herself at the feet of her captor. "You know well, sir," she cried, "that I am too mean to become your wife; nor can I ever love you; but I will be eternally grateful; I will pray daily for the welfare of your soul, if you will take me back to my father!"

Hugo raised the fair suppliant from the ground. "It grieves me, fairest one," said he, "to refuse thee aught; but my love were small indeed, could I fulfil thy wish! Yet, as I would not willingly behold thy tears, I will withdraw for a while. Thou art mistress of this castle, and all the heart can wish shall be thine, but thou canst never see thy father till thy favor is yielded to me without reserve."

So saying, the knight departed. The maiden sank upon her knees, praying for succor in this fearful extremity. All night Agnes continued in prayer. Hope and courage entered her heart. As the gray dawn lightened the apartment, she sought for some way of egress. The door by which she had been brought in led into the great hall, and thence she knew there was no escape. But as she examined the walls in the dim light, feeling along the panels, one of them yielded to the pressure of her hand. A small door flew open, and disclosed a narrow and dark passage. The maiden entered without hesitation, and followed the passage fearlessly, for she fled from a fate more terrible than any peril of life or limb. Ere long she felt the cool morning air upon her cheek; then the light of day was discernible; and presently she stood without the castle walls, upon a mass of rock overlooking the steep descent into the valley.

As the castle was quite inaccessible on this side, its defence was left to the hand of nature. Only a confused jumble of rocks could be seen at a vast distance below, a chaos of blackened boulders thrown together by some convulsion of the mountain; half concealed by rugged trees, and the mists that were reeking from the depths of the ravine. Far beyond, the valley extended smiling in verdure and beauty. As yet all was silent in the burg. Agnes passed timidly on, animated with a vain hope, till she reached the defended side, and came in sight of the great gate of the castle. Alas! it was closed, and she saw the gleam of weapons in the newly-risen sun, as the sentinels passed to and fro on their monotonous round.

Despair filled the heart of the disappointed girl. To go forward was certain recapture. She had sought to do but turn back, and retrace her steps to the apartment she had quitted, awaiting some more favorable opportunity for escape. But even this she was not destined to accomplish. As she once more passed beneath the walls, the knight himself confronted her.

"Ah, sweet truant! dare not to abuse my goodness!" he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms to clasp the wanderer.

The maiden recoiled in horror, and turned to fly. But whither? to the soldiers at the gate, or into the jaws of death? The precipice was before her; a bound, as the knight advanced, and she stood on its utmost verge. He sprang forward to seize his prey; the young girl sprang also towards a jutting rock a few feet distant, but failed to reach it, and sank into the abyss. Hugo started back aghast, and pale with horror at the fate of his victim, and fled into the castle. There, at the morning banquet, he drowned in wine the recollection of the fearful scene.

When the maiden took the fatal plunge, the suddenness of her fall and the influence of mortal terror deprived her instantly of sense. She was aroused from insensibility by a tingling sensation of pain in all her limbs, which gradually grew sharper. The coldness of the air around her also was perceptible. Slowly, as recollection returned, she opened her eyes. Where was she? She could see the blue sky above her; around was the free air. She seemed suspended between heaven and earth. It was so. Her fall had been arrested by the wide-spreading branches of a fir tree, rooted in a projecting portion of the rock. It was not long before the young girl comprehended her situation; and exhausted and overcome with fear as she was, it inspired her with a new hope. Far, far above her stood the burg in which she had so lately been a prisoner. She had escaped the power of her persecutor, for none would dream that she could survive her fall from the precipice. Agnes wept in gratitude to Heaven for her wonderful preservation; then she cautiously changed her position to see if she might not descend into the valley. It was impossible! The descent was steep and perpen-

dicular. A single step would precipitate her upon the wild rocks far below, where instant death would be certain. The very sight, as she cast a glance downward, made her shudder with horror. She uttered a faint cry; the wind swayed the branches of the fir tree, to which she clung convulsively, feeling as if her last hold on life were every instant to be torn away. Was she to be rocked, the sport of the tempest, in this terrific cradle, till the wild eagle should claim her for his prey, or till starvation should waste her strength with slow agonies? Better an instant and speedy release; but at every look into the frightful abyss beneath her, she drew back sick and shuddering.

All at once the faint sound of martial music at a great distance came borne upon the breeze to her ears. She turned towards the sound. The sun was shining on a lovely landscape afar off, and the spires of a town gleamed in the distance. Was it—no! it could not be! and yet—it was her native Zittau! The martial music came nearer; it seemed just at her feet; the air was filled with it; the foliage of the fir tree seemed to quiver in the softened sound. The truth flashed on Agnes's mind; a troop was marching through the valley! With a sudden energy which only the fear of a horrible death could inspire, she shrieked again and again for aid. The cry was echoed from the neighboring cliffs, and by the shrill scream of the startled bird; then it died away in faint wailing murmur. How, from these remote airy regions, could it reach the dwellers of earth? Another burst of music, loud and triumphant, swept upward, and then the martial notes receded. Agnes felt her cheek fanned by the wings of an eagle, that scared from his eyrie, flew past her resting-place; the next instant the icy sickness of despair seized upon her heart; her eyes closed, and she relapsed into insensibility.

The eagle's flight was her salvation. The soldiers crossing the valley were the men from Zittau, bound on their mission from the burghers to the castle. As their eyes followed the startled mountain-bird, they saw a white garment fluttering in the dark foliage of the fir, and presently the name of "Agnes," in the tones of amazement and terror, was uttered by several voices at once. Loud and tumultuous shouts rent the air; but all unheard by the helpless girl suspended thus in mid-air, and swinging to and fro as the wind surged through the ravine. With breathless haste, the men brought ladders and ropes; several of the most daring climbed the rugged steep. Far in advance of the rest was a youth named Bernhard, who seemed reckless of all danger. He loved the fair girl, and was resolved to yield the honors of her rescue to no one.

Shouts and cries from below encouraged and warned the adventurous young man. Now he clung by a shrub to the face of the cliff, now leaped from point to point of the rock, climbing from one projection to another, regardless of all risk, watched breathlessly by the spectators as he hovered in air, till, by almost superhuman exertions, he gained the fir tree, and clasped in his arms the form of the unconscious maiden.

Fastening his rope securely to the tree, and assisted by his companions, Bernhard succeeded in bearing his lovely burden in safety down. When Agnes opened her eyes, she saw her father's face bent over her with tears of thankfulness, and heard the kind voices of her townsmen and friends praising God for her miraculous deliverance. She was carried in triumph back to her home, and the day was celebrated as a festival by the good-hearted burghers.

It was not long before Agnes became the wife of Bernhard. The rock from which she sprang is called to this day "The Maiden's Leap," and no traveller who visits the mountain of Oybin, forgets to notice it. The legend is current through the whole country, and has furnished a subject for the genius of several poets.

## STRUCTURE OF PLANTS.

One of the earliest fruits of the application of the convex lens to the examination of minute bodies, was the discovery of the structure of wood fibre, and the arrangement of the minute vessels in which the sap of plants circulates. Anxious to ascertain whether or no these microscopic vessels inter-communicated with each other, Professor Faraday took a stick of considerable length, and having varnished one end, he cut his name through the varnish, and forced a colored injection into the pores of the wood; when, after some time, the name appeared at the other end, nearly in the same relative position as that in which it had entered, thereby proving that the sap vessels are completely separate from one another.—*Botanical Researches.*



## VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The overwhelming interest attaching to the recent bloody tragedy at Harper's Ferry has induced us to publish on this page an accurate view of the scene where it occurred. Hitherto the spot was known chiefly as one of the most romantic landscapes on this side of the Atlantic, and as such was resorted to by innumerable tourists, foreign and American. Henceforth it will have a place in our annals as the locality of a murderous outrage against law and life, fortunately failing in realizing the ultimate purposes of the actors and abettors. It will not be expected of us to enter into the details of this sad affair. They have already been spread broadcast over the land in the news sheets accessible to all readers. The insurrection culminated in the middle of last month. Though Brown numbered but a few white followers, still they were animated by his fanatic spirit, and they had surprising stores of arms. That they were entirely disappointed in their calculations every one knows. The blacks did not rally to their standard, and the few found with them appear to have been forced into their ranks. But the law pronounces upon his guilt and decides its expiation. Painful as this occurrence is, and tragic in its details, it will serve as a warning example to all who with unhallowed hand would assail the majesty of our federal laws and the tranquillity of our sovereign States. Inevitable death awaits all the actors in such attempts, and infamy is the lot of all connected with them as

on the right, and overhanging the western bank of the Shenandoah, is Jefferson's Rock. On the opposite banks of the two rivers the cliffs are more bold and striking. That on the Maryland side is supposed to resemble the profile of Washington, an illusion very pleasing to those whose minds are not adapted to relish the beauties of nature. The two cliffs of which we have spoken form a noble entrance to the romantic valley which lies beyond, embosomed amid woods and mountains, and winding among the projections of the latter until its exit is again guarded by immense rocks, where a passage corresponding to that at Harper's Ferry, is broken through the Short Hills—a chain parallel to the Blue Ridge, and connected with it by spurs which enclose on every side this dell that contains so many elements of the picturesque. The mountains, of considerable height, are clothed to their summits by forests of oak and pine, from out the thick shade of which project immense masses of granite, that yet stand the stern witnesses of some tremendous convulsion, the trees of which not even time, that has for thousands of years been scattering their debris daily below, has been able to obliterate. The bases of these mountains present elevated and very rugged cliffs, which, projecting into the valley, break its uniformity, and give a wilder aspect to the river, that spreads itself between them. The western part of Virginia abounds in romantic scenery, but the traveller may toil for hours in its immediate vicinity plunged in a depth of shade, that excludes all

and magnificent. The eye takes in, at a glance, on the north side of the Potomac and Shenandoah, at their junction, an impetuous torrent, foaming and dashing over numerous rocks, which have tumbled from precipices that overhang them; the picturesque tops and sides of the mountains, the gentle and winding current of the river below the ridge, presenting, altogether, a landscape capable of awakening the most delightful and sublime emotions. "This scene," says Mr. Jefferson, "is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

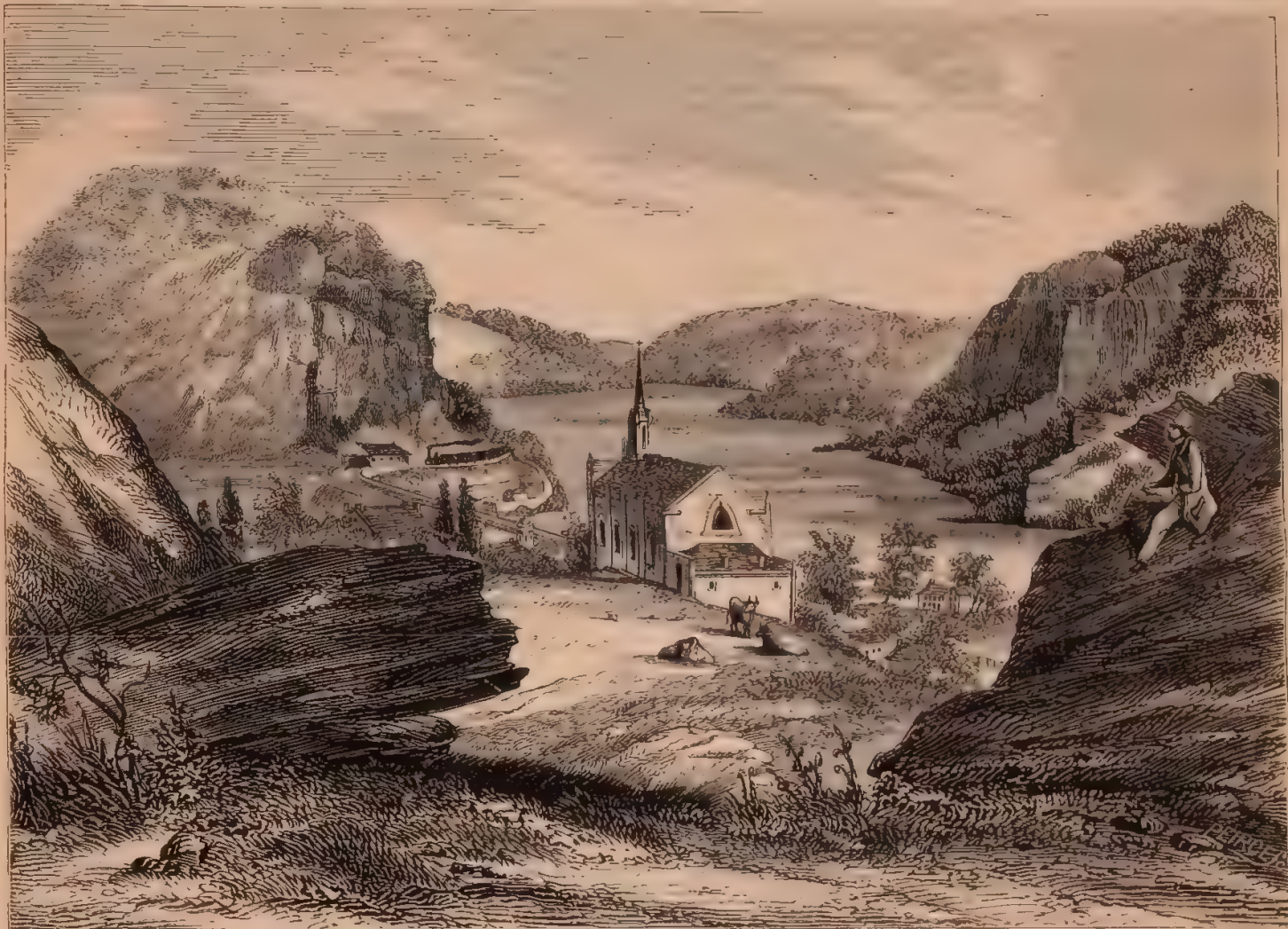
## HOW TO NAVIGATE THE AIR.

It cannot be too absolutely stated that balloons are incapable of being directed. They are, and must be, entirely at the mercy of the current of air in which they float. This is a necessary condition of their buoyancy. All the analogies by which inventors have been encouraged in the delusive hope of being able to guide balloons are false analogies. The rudders of ships and the tails of birds have been misquoted sadly. Ships do not float suspended in one element alone, as balloons float in the air. Birds are not buoyant, nor do they guide themselves by their tails. A ship does not float in the water, but on it; and another element, on which she does not float, is that in which she mainly moves. A bird does not float at all, either in the air or on it, in the proper sense of the term, that is to say, it is not lighter, as a balloon is, than the element in which it moves, but immensely heavier. The condition of a fish

ascertain the lifting power of such action. Perhaps no steam engine can be made so light and powerful as to work wings capable of lifting its own weight. In lack of other means of dealing with it, I would suggest it be balanced by the lifting power of a balloon. Even this modified use of a balloon is open to great objections, because the power exercised over it by the slightest current of air would be very great, and the experiment could only be tried in a tranquil atmosphere; but, in default of any machine capable of lifting the whole of its own weight, there seems to be no alternative but to take off part the weight by a balloon. My belief is that such a machine, when it rose from the ground, would be found capable of being directed, and that the direction of its flight would be determined by that in which its wings were set.—*Correspondent London Times.*

## THE LAVENDER HARVEST.

The lavender harvest has this year been unusually fine. *Lavendula vera* is a native of Persia, the Canaries, Barbary, and the south of Europe, whence it has been brought to England, and carefully cultivated, so as to yield an essential oil or otto very superior to that produced in its original place of growth. It was long supposed that lavender could only be brought to perfection in the neighborhood of Mitcham, in Surrey; but it has, within the last half century, been found that a soil and climate still more suited to its growth exists near Hitchin, in Hert-



HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA, FROM JEFFERSON ROCK.

prompters or apologists. Every one is interested in bringing them to justice and to the punishment which they deserve. We now proceed to describe the scene depicted in our engraving. Harper's Ferry is 174 miles from Richmond. This place has risen at the justly celebrated pass of the Potomac River through the Blue Ridge, and is situated immediately at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, on the right bank of the Potomac, above the mouth of the Shenandoah. The Shenandoah, after running along the foot of the Blue Ridge in a direction nearly northeast, turns suddenly to the east, and mingles its waters with those of the Potomac, at the point where the latter, after flowing through a deep and well-wooded dell, from northwest to southeast, is entering that singular gap in the Ridge, through which the waters escape. The valleys of both rivers are romantic, and that of the Potomac unites singularity with beauty. The breadth of the Potomac is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards; that of the Shenandoah, one hundred and fifty. Both rivers are so shallow that the water leaves innumerable rocks bare in every part of the channel, whose sides are worn by thousands of petty rapids, which fret and struggle among the large blocks of granite. The town extends itself in contempt of all order, along both sides of the hills which divides the two rivers, and runs up to the jaws of the picturesque, but no way tremendous pass of the Potomac. At the point of this tongue of land is the armory; on the left and nearly even with the water, the working part of the arsenal;

idea of the beauty by which he is surrounded; to ascend the mountains is difficult, and adds but little to his chance of gratification; the foliage is nearly as thick there as at their base; but necessary local knowledge would be at the command of all, if those who annually make summer excursions through our country were as ardent admirers of nature as they commonly are of warm springs, or other objects which draw together a number of half sick, half idle people, who lounge away the best part of the year. As an instance, how many Dr. Syntaxes in search of the picturesque, of the company at the springs or the wonders of Weyes's Cave, plunge in the innumerable shades of Brown's Gap, which brings so forcibly to mind the falsehood of Thomson's lines:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,  
You cannot bar me from fair nature's grace,  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her smiling face."

How many unhappy wights perform this darksome pilgrimage, when they might, a few miles off from Sauks Gap, have seen the sun rise over a landscape, which exhibits the country towards tide-water, spreading out in an extent of forest as boundless and level as the ocean, to the north and south the long chain of the Blue Ridge, to the west the well cultivated valley watered by the Shenandoah, adorned by detached and picturesque mountains, and bounded by the hazy and unbroken line of the North Mountain. The celebrated passage of the Potomac, before alluded to, at this place, is an object truly grand

under water is more nearly like the condition of a balloon in the air; but here are also essential differences. We may depend on it, if we are ever designed to navigate the air, it will be by a strict adherence to the principle and to close imitation of the means which have been designed by the Creator for effecting the same purpose in flying animals. The problem of aerial navigation will never be solved until the principles of flight are clearly understood, nor until we recognize precisely what are the obstacles preventing us from acting on them by artificial means. It is, of course, possible these obstacles may prove to be insuperable. I entertain a different impression; but, at all events, they cannot be overcome until they are exactly known. They may be all summed up in one great deficit of our present mechanical knowledge—a light motive power. I have little hope that, until a lighter motive power than steam is discovered, aerial navigation will be accomplished. But even with steam some experiments might be tried which would test the principles of flight, and at least lead the way in a right direction for the progress of discovery. I assume it would be easy to derive from a steam engine the perpendicular action of a bird's wing. In truth, the direct action of a piston would give this movement. This is the simple principle of Nasmyth's steam hammer. Would there be any difficulty in making such a piston work a pair of wings, constructed on some such a model as the wings of a bat? What is the maximum velocity with which such a piston could be made to work at a given velocity? The next step would be to

fordshire, where it is cultivated by Mr. Septimus Piesse, with great success, in open plantations. In October, a large number of slips from the old plants are placed in beds, where they are allowed to remain for twelve months, during which time, they are carefully clipped. When a year old they are planted out (in fine weather) in rows four feet apart, with a space of three feet from plant to plant; but are not allowed to flower—the clipping being still continued, in order to strengthen them, which object is further promoted by a regular supply of short manure to the roots; or super-phosphate of lime greatly improves the appearance of the plant, and causes it also to produce finer flowers. The quantity of lavender grown in England is far beyond ordinary belief. Mr. Piesse says 7000 pounds of essential oil is about his produce at Hitchin; and, as it requires about 100 pounds of flowers to produce each pound of oil, and one acre of land to produce 2600 pounds of lavender-flowers, England spares 270 acres of land for growing this plant, the fragrance of which is finer in Britain than elsewhere. The usual mode of procuring the otto is to put the flowers and stalks into a still with sufficient water, and thus draw off the oil; but very little is produced from the stalks, and that little of inferior quality. Mr. Piesse employs only the flowers, stripped from the stalks previously to the distillation; and, though this is necessarily a more expensive way of proceeding, the aroma of the otto produced by this process is far superior to that of any other.—*Illustrated London News.*



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE AUTUMN SUNSET.—A SONNET.

BY JAMES BISHOP.

'Tis autumn, and the forest trees are decked  
In vari-tinted robes. The hill, the quiet vale,  
And every woodland glade is golden decked  
With the seared leaves strewn by the morning gale.  
The sun is sinking down the western sky,  
Deepening in hue and broadening, till now  
It seems to blaze the snowy mountain high—  
The Alouette's dreared and omniscient brow.  
Timorous shadows come and fall again  
Toward the east, then wander onward till  
The last soft beam of dying day has lain  
Down on some fleecy cloud, or on the rill,  
Wane into silent, shadowy gloom. So gently fades  
The aged christian's life in calm Lethæan shades.

## THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Still as a moonlight ruin is thy form.  
Or meekness of carved marble, that hath prayed  
For ages in a tomb, serenely laid,  
As some fair vessel that hath braved the storm,  
And passed into her haven, when the noise  
That cheered her home hath all to silence died,  
Her crew hath e'erward parted, and no voice  
Troubles her sleeping image in the tide.  
Sister and saint, thou art a closed book,  
Whose holy printing none may yet reveal;  
A few days thou art granted us to look  
On thy clasped binding, till that One unseal,  
The Lamb alone shall worthy, and above  
Thou teach sweet lessons to the kings, of love

ALFORD.

## A LONELY GRAVE.

It was a solitary mound,  
Which two spears' length of level ground  
Did from all other graves divide,  
As if in some respect of pride,  
Or melancholy sickly mood,  
Still shy of human neighborhood,  
Or guilt that humbly would express  
A penitential loneliness.—WORDSWORTH.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,  
Though planted in esteem a deep-fixed soil,  
The gradual culture of kind intercourse  
Must bring it to perfection.—BAILLIE.

## THE SKY.

And they were caupied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.—BYRON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Talking of the weather—and who doesn't?—we venture to predict that the coming winter will be a snowy one, and our beaus and belles will have sleighing to their heart's content. Lively-stable keepers will rejoice; out-of-town landlords will wear blithe faces; and farmers will not break their ploughs, for a season of snow is followed by heavy grass and fruit crops. For our own part we like to see snow on the ground for three or four months of the year. It seems the fitting garbure of nature in her period of repose—the elder-down coverlet to keep her bosom warm, the spotless drapery of her dream-couch. If our prophecy prove untrue, we will take back a large portion of the above remarks, without any extra charge for the paper. At Baden a great many ladies this year have kept the gentlemen company in their shooting excursions. They are quite keen sportsmen, with sharp eyes and steady hands. One of these ladies lately brought down more game in a single day's tramp than any of her male companions. One of the best stories illustrative of the cool impudence of Croker is the following: He pretended on one occasion to set the Duke of Wellington right as to some details relating to the battle of Waterloo, when the duke shifted the conversation to the suit of the perussian caps used in the army, upon which Croker again ventured to be learned and contradictory. This upset the duke's patience, and he exclaimed: "Come, Croker; I may not know much about Waterloo, but hang it, I should know something about copper caps." Reader, don't you relish good stories of Jack Tars? Of course you do, and we appreciate the following: When the brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat, which his commander wore, with great earnestness and in his best sea-fashion begged to know who made it. The admiral, perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went on shore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's tailor, who went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked, "What will you have the back made of?" "Made of!" said Jack, "the same as the front, to be sure." The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made and put on with an old green jacket over it. Shortly after, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, showed his gold-lace back, and exclaimed, "See here, my old boy, no false colors—stem and stern alike." Schamyl having been secured, Russia is about entering upon an exploration of the Caucasus. We believe Schamyl is to be detained in Russia—but away from his native mountains and his wild warrior-life, how long would he exist—vegetate rather? He must soon die of a broken heart. A letter from Biarritz, France, narrates the following: The king of the Belgians, during the whole of his stay here, was in the habit of walking out incognito, followed at a little distance by a servant out of liv-

ery. He talked freely with the inhabitants of the place, and if he met any unfortunate person always relieved him. One day the king fell in, near the lighthouse, with a young man who had lost a leg, and was limping on crutches. It was easy to see that he had been a soldier, and the probability was that he had lost his leg on some field of battle. "Where were you wounded?" asked the king, who saw at a glance who the man was. The soldier, not knowing to whom he spoke, answered, "In Italy, sir." "And now what are you going to do?" "I scarcely know." "Have you a pension?" The question did not appear to altogether please the soldier, and the king, seeing he had touched on a sore point, said that he had always felt great admiration for brave men, and that he only asked questions in the hope of being useful to him. "Well," said the soldier, "get me a pension and you will render me a great service. Do that, and you will be a real good fellow." "I will try," said the king; and he told his attendant to take down the man's address. The next day his majesty obtained from the emperor a pension for the man. One of the French papers has been terribly sold about the great rope-walker. It contains a long notice of a performance of Blondin on the rope of Niagara, the terrible conclusion of which was a fall into the raging cataract. The sun, it is stated, came out from the clouds when he was half way across his rope, and dazzled, he lost his balance and fell. His body had not been recovered. The last cockney horror in the way of a hat—a cross between Mambino's helmet and a mandarin's head-cover—is getting into vogue here. Young America drops the stylish and cavalier slouch, or soft felt hat, and in his round-crown reminds one of a crop eared Cromwellite. "The little round button on top" looks like a mushroom sprouting from the mellow soil beneath. The following is beyond all number, says Punch, the most extraordinary phenomenon we ever read: Six ladies were enjoying themselves over the tea-table at Rotherham, and, by way of amusement, they began confiding to each other in secret how old they were; and it was found that their united ages amounted to one hundred and twenty-five years. The most singular thing, however, is, that the daughters of these six ladies—and each lady had one—were in the next room, trying over the last new polka; and, upon calculating their united ages, the result revealed the astounding fact that, though not yet married, still they were older than their mamas by seven years, eleven mouths, and fourteen days! The mystery is still unexplained; and yet we should be loth to accuse the young ladies, for the purpose of gaining a victory of no moment whatever, of having made themselves out to be older than they really were. An angry subscriber, evidently a woman, writes that "it is a burning shame that, so long as there is a Coach in China, our minister should be sent to Pekin in a box, with no chance for peekin' out of it." A letter from Paris says that M. Mario has entered into an engagement with the theatre at Madrid, and that Madame Griel is going to St Petersburg. A good anecdote is told of a man named Bentley, a confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, even tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses had concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked, and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked, with an air of triumph: "Ah, Bentley, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would suppose that Bentley would have acknowledged the corn; not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bentley!" There are no fewer than twenty theatres open in London, and if to these are added the concert rooms, gardens, exhibitions and entertainments, some idea may be formed of the number of places of amusement that the metropolis contains. A lady, whose husband had for several Sundays following, been jeeringly telling her that the great motive with women in going to church was merely to display their bonnets, at last lost all patience, and said to him: "Then, sir, I suppose the reason why you gentlemen so rarely come to church is because you cannot show your hats." In the year 1793 Daniel Rowell, one of the pioneers of western Virginia, being pursued by Indians, hid his gun under a red oak log to facilitate his escape. Recently one of his descendants found the gun, near the Kanawha, after a lapse of sixty-six years. The barrel was not materially injured, the trigger whole, the springs in the proper place, heavy brass guard, muzzle-piece and thimble, a small box with the words "Liberty or Death" engraved upon it. The muzzle of the gun had grown fast to a dogwood bush, and had been carried up by its growth about six inches from the ground. The famous geographer, Carl Ritter, has died at Berlin, and has been buried by a concourse of scientific men which was hardly inferior to that by which Humboldt's burial was honored. An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and a purchaser. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he (the purchaser) inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his full allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to "shave." However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particular about his full weight in coal. The purchaser noticing the driver laughing, asked him, when he received his coal, what it was all about, so the driver told him: "Why," said he, "when your coal was weighing, you was standing on the scales, and was weighed with it." "Is it possible! Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!" "Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold." "Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too." A canal boat called the Elephant recently passed through Rochester on her way east, with seventeen hundred barrels of flour! This is said to be the largest load of flour ever taken through the canal. A boat went down last year with sixteen hundred and seventy barrels. The King of Sardinia has sent General Bourbaki and M. Frizzo, mayor of Cremona, a splendid stag each, killed with his majesty's own hand in the Park of Monza. He had previously sent one to General Garibaldi.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

The Paris Patrie contradicts the statement that the sultan had ordered the suspension of the work on the Suez Canal, but it is nevertheless asserted that the works had been entirely discontinued.—It is asserted that France will only recall her forces from Rome when the form of government there renders the French no longer necessary.—The Times correspondent regards the reception of Mr. Ward as a most politic stroke of the Pekin Cabinet, but it does not at all remove the treachery to the British minister.—The Friend, of China, says that, as the American treaty gives the United States liberty to tender their good offices in any difficulty with the western powers, Mr. Ward will soon have an opportunity of testing the virtues of this clause.—The report that France claims 300,000,000 francs indemnity for the war from Piedmont, is pronounced unfounded; the French government having made advances to Piedmont before and during the war to the extent of 60,000,000 of francs in arms, provisions and money, now claims only a reimbursement of that sum.—The report that Naples had promised military assistance to Rome is discredited, as the King of Naples fears an invasion of his own territory.—The negotiations of the French in Cochinchina had made so much progress that the French Admiral had sent reinforcements of troops and gunboats to Canton.—The Spanish Cortes had approved the bill for increasing the strength of the army to 100,000, with power to increase the number 60,000 more if necessary.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that in addition to the five great powers, Sardinia, Spain, Sweden, Portugal, Naples and Rome will be represented in the European Congress.—It is reported that the Emperor of Austria will proceed to the frontiers of Prussia and Poland, there to meet the Emperor of Russia.—Mr. Ward, the American minister, was courteously received at Pekin.

## A Police Case.

A very curious police case is reported in the London papers—an altercation between two gentlemen of fortune, one of them the Marquis of Meath, the other a colonel in the army, named Graham. The colonel had agreed to take the marquis's house, Queen's Gardens, Baginbun, and possession was to be given on a certain day. In the meantime, the colonel sent some furniture, which was placed in the dining room, and the key kept by the marquis. Mrs. Graham, it seems, called at the house, and was not treated as she expected, which so exasperated her husband that the next time he met the marquis he asked him if he considered himself a gentleman. The marquis pleaded age for not knocking down his questioner—he is between seventy and eighty—but he retorted by some sharp words, and an appeal was made to the Marylebone magistrate, Mr. Lewis, who fined Colonel Graham 40s., or a week's imprisonment in the House of Correction, for using language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

## The American Envoy in Pekin.

The Independence Belge states that according to the latest news received overland in Russia from Pekin, the minister of the United States was in that capital, where he was not allowed to communicate with any external quarters. The first preliminary ceremonials to his admission were not yet got through. His despatches and credentials had been deposited at the entrance to the imperial palace, in the Temple of the Sun, where they must remain forty days to be purified. It is only on the expiration of that time that they will be laid before the chief of the imperial cabinet, who will confer with his colleagues on their contents, and will bring them, if there appears reason for doing so, to the knowledge of the emperor.

## Domestic Tragedy.

Liverpool has been the scene of a frightful tragedy. Two unhappy wretches, husband and wife, named Trotter, had been indulging in excessive drinking, and on their return home a violent quarrel took place. Trotter threatened to murder his wife, and drew a knife to convince her that he meant seriously to carry his threat into execution. The woman, however, had a knife concealed upon her person, and in an instant the weapon was sheathed in her husband's chest. The man was at once conveyed to the hospital, but he expired a few hours afterwards. The woman is in custody.

## The French Tenor.

Poor, maimed Roger, the French tenor, it is affirmed, intends to continue his operatic career in spite of the loss of his arm. An ingenious manufacturer has supplied him with an artificial wrist and hand, which are pronounced marvellously "natural." The government, thinking he might be glad of a dignified retirement, lately offered him the post of inspector of singing at the Grand Opera, but the offer was respectfully declined.

## Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has written to the mayor of Cremona, requesting him to announce that he has caused a subscription to be opened for one million of francs to be employed in the purchase of muskets. The general himself has headed the subscription with 500 francs; and Marquis Trecci, his adjutant, has subscribed 5000 francs.

## Vestvali.

A French paper says that Vestvali has pleased the Parisians more by her personal appearance than by any marked excellence of voice. She has, nevertheless, the journalist writes, her devoted "amateurs," and has secured a long and lucrative engagement at the Grand Opera.

## The Moors and French.

The Moors have already placed considerable forces en echelon, along the French frontiers. As yet they have remained on the defensive, but it is strongly suspected by the French generals that they will shortly depart from that system.

## Mazzini.

A letter by Mazzini, addressed to Victor Emmanuel, privately printed, but freely circulating at Florence, bears date the 16th of September, and seems to confirm the rumor that Mazzini was there at some time or other. In this letter Mazzini emboldens the King of Sardinia to seize on the whole of Italy, and make it one kingdom from the Alps to the sea; bidding defiance to France, Austria, and as many European powers as might dare to say aught against it. He promises the king the support of "us" all—that is, of the whole of his own republican party, though for himself he expresses his readiness to go back into the land of exile, being too far committed to his party, and too strongly wedded to his democratic convictions, to live under the sceptre of even the most liberal and national king.

## Frontiers of Morocco.

It appears that the French troops concentrated on the frontiers of Morocco now amount to 20,000 men. They will be commanded by General de Martimprey in person. It is added that the object of the French expedition is the capture of Ouchda. Ouchda is a town in the province of Fez, situated between Malouia and the river Isly, at five leagues from the frontiers of Algeria. It is celebrated for its cattle-market. This little town, or rather village, of about 600 inhabitants, is the point of meeting of all the pillaging tribes who infest the French frontiers.

## Schamyl.

A telegram in the Nord says: "Schamyl and his son were presented to the Emperor Alexander at Tschougeny on the 27th of September. The emir was much moved by the great kindness of the emperor. After assisting at a military review, he returned on the 28th to the Kharter to be present at a ball given in his honor."

## Death in the Vat.

Mention was lately made of the death of a man at Aune, not far from Bordeaux, owing to the noxious gas arising from grapes in fermentation. At two other places, in the same neighborhood, Sousans and St. Julien, three men have similarly, within a short time, lost their lives.

## A Savage Hyena.

A hyena which was exhibited at Warsaw, Poland, lately managed to escape, and killed about twenty persons. It was not until it had held entire supremacy of the surrounding country for six days that the animal was finally overcome by the poor rustics.

## Police Library.

The police of France have a library of nearly five hundred volumes, which contains an alphabetical index of all the great rogues in that country for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

## The French Imperial Guard.

Napoleon III. is raising up La Garde Imperiale to 600,000 men.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HARVEST OF LOVE. By MINNIE S. DAVIS, author of "Marion Lester." Boston: A. Tompkins, 38 and 43 Cornhill.

This story is earnest and womanly in its tone, with a moral whose tender significance pervades the entire work, giving us pleasant assurance that the kindly, loving spirit of the book is also the real spirit and inspiration of the author. It is a pleasing and profitable book for the female circle, and a valuable acquisition to the Sabbath school library.

THE PET OF THE SETTLEMENT. A Story of Prairie Land. By the author of "Home Life." Boston: A. Tompkins, 38 and 43 Cornhill.

In commendation of this captivating story of western life, we need only mention that it is from the graceful pen of our esteemed contributor, Mrs. C. A. Soule. The pleasure and interest connected with its perusal is enhanced by the knowledge that much of its graphic detail is from the actual experience of the author's daily life. The book is bound in a neat and attractive form, uniform with "The Harvest of Love," and, together with this, constitutes part of a very pleasant and valuable series, published by Mr. Tompkins, called the "Home Circle Library."

A HISTORY OF THE WHIG PARTY. By B. McKINLEY ORMSBY. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We advise all persons interested in politics to read attentively the "History of the Whig Party;" not because it is the history of the whig party, nor even (as it really is) a history of all the principal parties that have ever existed in the United States, but because, as a book, statistical, historical, logical, philosophical, and in all respects valuable, it deserves to be read. Talent, research and labor have been liberally expended upon the work. A sufficient guaranty of its worth exists in the publishers' names, and we trust it will be universally read.

PARLOR THEATRICALS: or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment. New York: Dix & Fitzgerald. 18mo pp. 171.

A very clever book, full of Acting Proverbs, Acting Charades, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux, Vivants, etc., forming an exhaustless supply of amusement for little parties and family gatherings. For sale by G. W. Coltrill, 36 Cornhill, Boston.

THE SEA OF ICE, or, The Arctic Adventurers. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 18mo. pp. 243. 1859.

This very clever story has much of the fascination that renders "Robinson Crusoe" the delight of millions. It is exceedingly well done, and the scenes described, those visited by Perry and Franklin, are drawn with fidelity to nature. The work is beautifully illustrated, and one we can heartily recommend.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD. Illustrated by 1000 Engravings. By the author of "Enquire Within." New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

An excellent compilation, embracing a multitude of "things not generally known," "things that ought to be known," and "things worth knowing," systematically arranged, and indexed so that the reader can find whatever he wants instantly. For sale by G. W. Coltrill, 36 Cornhill.

LIZIE GLENN, or, The Trials of a Seamstress. By T. S. ARTHUR. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Mr. Arthur is always successful in his delineation of domestic scenes and the struggle and trials of humble life. He always awakens interest because he deals with the world around us and with vicissitudes that are or may be common to all of us. The present story is one of his best. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown, 110 Washington Street.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies four or five days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## SAXE'S NEW VOLUME.

**TICKNOR & FIELDS**  
HAVE NOW READY  
**THE MONEY KING,**  
AND OTHER POEMS.  
BY JOHN G. SAXE.  
With a New Portrait on Steel.  
One volume, 16mo.....75 cents.

For sale by all Booksellers, or mailed by the Publishers on receipt of price.

## A CHANCE FOR GREAT BARGAINS.

THE CHOICEST STOCK OF  
English and American Books  
ever offered in this city, must be reduced, and is now offered for a few days

**AT COST.**  
This offers a rare opportunity to all to replenish their libraries, or lay the foundation for one.  
All are invited to call and examine the stock.

**A. K. LORING,**  
No. 13 Winter Street.

## LADD, WEBSTER & Co. FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

MESSRS. LADD, WEBSTER & Co., invite attention to their "Premium" Family Sewing Machines, as being the best in point of strength, durability, and perfection of stitch of any now offered to the public. Since the first of September, 1859, they have obtained the

### FIRST PREMIUM OVER ALL OTHERS

At every fair where their machines have been on exhibition, among which may be mentioned

THE STATE FAIRS OF  
NEW YORK.....at Albany.  
PENNSYLVANIA.....at Philadelphia.  
MARYLAND.....at Baltimore.  
KENTUCKY.....at Louisville.  
ALABAMA.....at Mobile.  
AMERICAN INSTITUTE.....at New York City.  
DAUPHIN COUNTY FAIR.....at Harrisburg, Pa.  
ALLEGANY COUNTY FAIR.....at Pittsburg, Pa.  
CUMBERLAND COUNTY FAIR.....at Carlisle, Pa.  
LUZERNE COUNTY FAIR.....at Wilkesbarre, Pa.  
LYCOMING COUNTY FAIR.....at Williamsport, Pa.  
FAVETTE COUNTY FAIR.....at Lexington, Ky.  
BOURBON COUNTY FAIR.....at Paris, Ky.  
SEABOARD AGRICULTURAL FAIR.....at Norfolk, Va.

SALESROOMS.  
17 Summer Street.....Boston.  
(Opposite Trinity Church)  
500 Broadway.....New York.  
(Nearly opposite St. Nicholas Hotel)  
820 Chestnut Street.....Philadelphia.  
302 Baltimore Street.....Baltimore.

## PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET.

THE subscribers would call the attention of the public to their large stock of

**PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS,**  
BRASS and other MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, which they have to let at prices varying from \$8 to \$15 per quarter, comprising instruments of the best makers and various styles.

The large number of instruments from which a selection can be made renders a visit to our establishment desirable to those who would hire or purchase.

**RUSSELL & TOLMAN,**  
291 Washington Street, Boston,  
Music Publishers and Dealers, Importers of Musical Instruments of every description. Sole Agents in the New England States for G. A. PRINCE & CO.'S celebrated MELODEONS and ORGAN HARMONIUMS

**BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.**  
W. BAKER & Co.'s  
AMERICAN, FRENCH, HONGKONG, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATES, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HONGKONG AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA,  
Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians. For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. **WALTER BAKER & Co.,** Dorchester, Mass.  
sept 24 59

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

**COCOAINE,  
FLORINEL,  
KALLISTON,  
ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH,  
BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS,**  
Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., PROPRIETORS,  
BOSTON.

## JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint.  
The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

### SPASMODIC ASTHMA.

While in Germany an eminent physician became interested in his case and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and to his surprise and joy his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the receipt which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors.  
It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

Letter from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.

## ASTHMA!

### Asthma!

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1859.  
Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the ASTHMA.  
I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most aggravating, most distressing, and most unrelenting disorders that ever afflicted a human being, is to be attributed wholly to this Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until in 1853 and 1854 I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the least active exercise would bring on a paroxysm sometimes so severe that I could not move an inch for hours.  
From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour, I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it, that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the tormentor. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me,  
With great respect, your obedient servant,  
J. H. BRAGDON.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and sold by all Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.

Burnett's Cocaine.  
Burnett's Cocaine.  
Burnett's Cocaine.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally at 50 cts. a bottle. Nov 12 59

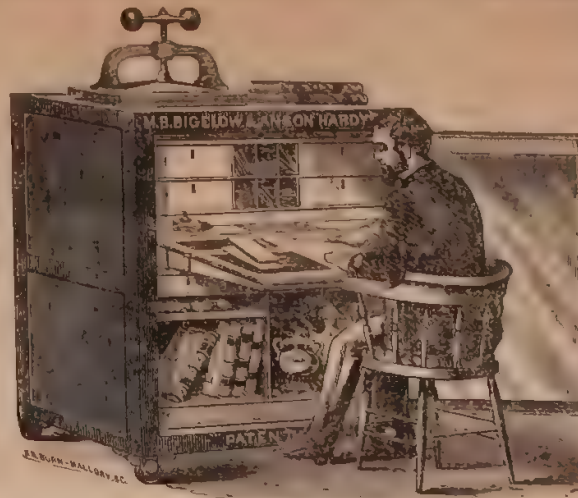
**DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**  
THIS invaluable remedy is known by the thousands who have used it to be the best and most reliable one extant for the speedy relief and certain cure of every form of

**PULMONARY COMPLAINT,**  
Such as COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, not excepting even CONSUMPTION.

From the *Nashua Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1859

A REMEDY THAT IS A REMEDY—The season is fast approaching when all of us will be liable to, and most of us affected by, some form of cough, cold, or other pulmonary complaint. Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim immediate attention, as neglect of the slightest cough often leads to fatal results. The remedy for all these troubles is found in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a balsam with "healing on its wings." The confidence in it is general and universal, and there is no medicine of any kind within our knowledge which has gained so many friends by virtue of experience of its healing merits, as this well known and highly appreciated Balsam.  
The genuine Balsam is prepared only by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers EVERYWHERE.

**JAUNDICE.**  
THIS yellow coloration of the skin is characteristic of an increased secretion of bile, or of its passage into the blood, in consequence of some obstruction in the circulation of the liver. Being itself but a symptom, the cause must be attacked in the central diseased organ, and ample experience proves that the PERUVIAN SYRUP acts in a wonderful manner in stimulating the liver to the proper performance of its duty.



## NEW EDITION OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU.

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,  
**MATURIN M. BALLOU.**

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with, from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, reared by a filial hand, to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step, and year by year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are thoroughly delineated.

The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit with which it has been received by good judges:

"Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has discharged his filial task in a most able and acceptable manner, with unaffected candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission."  
—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far as possible, his own biographer, and wherever the patriarch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency, in the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression."  
—*Ladies' Repository, Boston*.

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is written by one who knew the subject of it at home."  
—*Rev. O. A. Skinner*.

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as to present the full proportions of his father's character."  
—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery*.

"It is from the pen of Maturin M. Ballou, editor of Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great discrimination."  
—*Boston Evening Gazette*.

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of biography than has our author, as shown by this work."  
—*Rev. A. A. Miner*.

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and finished; no straining after highly-wrought, flowery diction, and no descending to lightness or frivolity."  
—*New York City Ambassador*.

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically, and truly recorded."  
—*Oliver Branch*.

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou' discourse, or who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain the present publication. It is accompanied with an excellent engraving of the good man."  
—*Boston Bee*.

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy and natural style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence which characterized the old man eloquent, the eloquence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the outgushing of feeling."  
—*Rev. C. E. Le Brece*.

"The present volume embodies the history of his public, as well as his private trials. The plot of his doctrines and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the venerable subject."  
—*Boston Post*.

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vigorous and successful writers connected with the Boston press, and the present volume will add much to his well-earned reputation."  
—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us in life,—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom of a sage."  
—*Vermont Ch. Repository*.

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS,  
No. 35 Cornhill, Boston.

**The Musical Mirror.**  
A NEW Volume of Instructions in Vocal Music for Schools and Classes. By SIMON B. PHIPPS. Price, fifty cents.  
Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co.,  
277 WASHINGTON STREET.

**WORTH THINKING OF.** Many of our readers and subscribers have quite a collection of magazines, sheet music, pamphlets, and the like, lying about their rooms in the most unsightly form. Now to double their value, to preserve them, and to make them convenient for use and reference, we have arranged to have only to place them together, and to our office, by express, or hand them in personally, and they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned to you in one week. A valuable collection of books is accumulated in a little while by this means, at an extremely trifling cost.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher  
No. 22 Winter Street.

**READER**—If you want employment that will pay, take an agency. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with stamp for particulars,  
nov 12 59 S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.**—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for FORTY CENTS per copy.  
M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

Fire-Proof Desk,  
—OR—  
DESK SAFE.  
**MARLAND'S  
PATENT  
FIRE-PROOF  
SAFE  
WAREHOUSE,**  
32 School Street,  
BOSTON.  
**M. B. BIGELOW  
AND  
ANSON HARDY.**

## AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

We have goods particularly designed for the  
Inverness Cape Coat, Cape Mouton, and  
Box Overcoat.

Also—CASTOR BRAVERS, KANE, ESQUIMAUX,  
AND PETERSBURG COATINGS.

Beautiful Goods, made ESPECIALLY for Matched  
Pants, and Vests, and Entire Suits.

Extra Superfine Black Goods, for Dress Suits, and  
a great variety of Novelties, very stylish for street wear.

SUPERB PATTERNS OF  
**DRESSING-GOWN GOODS.**  
Our garments will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES  
at which choice goods can be afforded.

**JACOBS & DEANE,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
NO. 21 COURT STREET oct 29 59

## A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.  
THIS is a most curious and original work, containing  
FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject  
of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history,  
scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities,  
types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted  
individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible  
resort for study and amusement for old and young.

**THIS REAL NOVELTY**  
is for sale at all of the periodical depots for  
**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!**

☐ Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on  
the receipt of twenty five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY  
**JOHN J. DYER & Co.,**  
sept 2 59 35 School Street, Boston.

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF those requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my  
*Double Oven Range*, patented January 1859, they  
will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-  
regulating flues around the oven (causing the oven to  
bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious  
complication of dampers), together with unparalleled  
economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and  
thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony  
from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one  
housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other  
Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice  
as much to feed a poor Range as it does this. A variety  
of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures,  
to be seen and obtained at my store, 90 and 101 Black-  
stone Street, or at my friendly at Manfield, Mass. Also,  
a large assortment of my *Corn Furnaces*, now in general  
use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for  
thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this  
country. oct 15 59 GARDNER CHILSON.

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED DOUBLE THREAD

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search  
of a Superior Machine for

## FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It  
is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out  
of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

**Every Machine fully warranted.**  
**C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,**

oct 15 59 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also  
**MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,**  
in Cases.

**FRENCH WOOD PIPES,**  
and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.  
MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.  
**F. BROWN, Apothecary,**  
oct 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct 15



## A RICH BANKER'S HOUSE AT ADJIMIR.

Among the cities of India, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, Adjmir, in the vicinity of Benares, holds a prominent place. Built in the midst of a vast and fertile plain, and on the banks of a beautiful lake, it was at one time the capital of a rich and powerful state, and all seemed to conspire to enhance its prosperity and grandeur. Even now, though the province of which it is the chief city has fallen into dissolution and decay, Adjmir yet retains numerous traces of its ancient splendor. The "House of a Rich Banker," which we this week engrave, is a curious specimen of the by-gone magnificence of Adjmir. It would be difficult to find a more imposing combination of richness and elegance than is found in the facade and its ornaments. The banker's house appears to have been built during the latter part of the last century, but on a model of a far remoter date. The construction is in that strange Oriental composite style, the bizarre yet graceful mixture of the Hindoo with the Arabic architectural manner which prevails throughout Bengal. Thus the oriel windows, the crenelated ogives, the trellised and arabesqued panel-work, belong essentially to Arabic art, while the pagoda-like roofs which surmount the different stories are purely Hindoo or rather Bhuddist; for architecture and religion are found in intimate alliance in Paganism as in Christianity; and the curved and projecting roofs find their apothecosis in the bell-decorated many-storied pagodas of China. The separate roofs, or rather bulks, of the mansion whose exterior we are endeavoring to describe, are the resort of the sacred pigeons, vast numbers of which interesting birds scatter their varied plumage over the housetops and streets of Adjmir, and are treated with the greatest respect and veneration by the public. Thousands of pigeons are to be found in all the towns of the Rajpootana, imparting to them a most remarkable and characteristic appearance, and everywhere the birds are treated with the same superstitious respect. It is difficult, without inquiry, to discover the germ whence sprang among the Brahmins, the Mahometans, or the Bhuddists of India the tradition which has placed under the aegis of religion the pretty birds which we utilitarians of the West were in the habit, prior to the establishment of electric telegraphs, of employing as message carriers; which we are unsentimental enough to eat and infinitely relish, stewed; and which we esteem as most succulent dainties when baked in a pie dish with half a pound of juicy steak beneath, some hard boiled eggs between, a dozen native oysters on the top, and a flaky crust surmounting all; which we are idle enough to breed with reference to some silly phase of the "fancy," and cruel enough to shoot at with guns from "traps." Pigeons are equally sacred among the Russians. They are terrible annoyances to the rapid droschky drivers of St. Petersburg and Moscow, flying as they do with jaunty indifference between the legs of the skittish horses. Their great resort in the capital is the roof of the Kesan Church, where they literally swarm. In the provincial towns they are as numerous; and an orthodox Russian would as soon think of eating a pigeon, as an English agriculturist would dream of killing a robin-red-breast; but the semi-hothouse civilization of St. Petersburg affords some ground for dark rumors that we have heard to the effect that *compote de pigeons* is a dish not wholly unknown at Dominique's restaurant on the Nevski. It is a long flight even for a carrier pigeon from the Nova and the Neva to the Ganges and the Jumna; yet there are stranger flights, stranger antitheses of time, and space, and style, and manner, to be found in this same Empire of Ind. The mansion of the Hindoo Shroff, with its arabesques, its gilded lattices, its strange grotesque ornaments, its multi-colored cornices, its striped verandahs, its shady courtyards, with tessellated pavements and purling fountains in the midst, its cool dark rooms, where on rich carpets or sweet-smelling mats, the dark-eyed beauties of the zenana sit puffing the fragrant herb to the music of the hookahs' bubbling sound, their plump dusky forms shrouded in airy muslins, their little bare feet peeping from jewelled bangles; the lazy, splendid, effeminate Oriental house, with its hosts of white-clad servants, its elephants at the gate, and its huge savage vegetation growing around, may have for its very next neighbor, a white-washed barrack—where her majesty's fighting 33d are living in an atmosphere of pipe-clay.

## WHAT SHALL I STUDY?

Is a question which is frequently proposed to us by young men who are sensible of their deficiencies in education. The most of those who propound this interrogatory require a practical answer. Their everyday life suggests innumerable questions which in the case of their co-apprentices or in that of young men in their walk of life, appear to be solved with more readiness and skill than they are able to bring to bear. They desire to be guided to as short and direct a path as possible, which can enable them to make their way through the difficulties which beset them.

In endeavoring to answer the interrogatory which we have placed as the caption of this article, let us premise that in this age of books there is too much dissipation which goes under the name of reading and study—we mean that too many people, and especially the young, resort to books as mere matters of amusement, intending

latter can be remedied by the physician, if he can but moderate the appetite of the patient and confine him to digestible food, but the former is seldom or never cured. The difficulty in the case is, that those who read many things suppose that thereby they acquire learning, whereas the abortive attempts they make to apply what they have acquired, in their everyday life, demonstrate to every observer, and ought to prove to themselves, that they have been pursuing a course of indigestible reading.

Asking those who make the interrogatory with which we commenced, to correct the disease which we have noticed, if they are subject thereto, we proceed to reply to the interrogatory—what shall I study? First, those branches which are immediately connected with the pursuits of your business life. If you are a mechanic do not neglect the mathematical branches which enter into your avocation, and further cultivate your taste by hard study of the beautiful as represented by

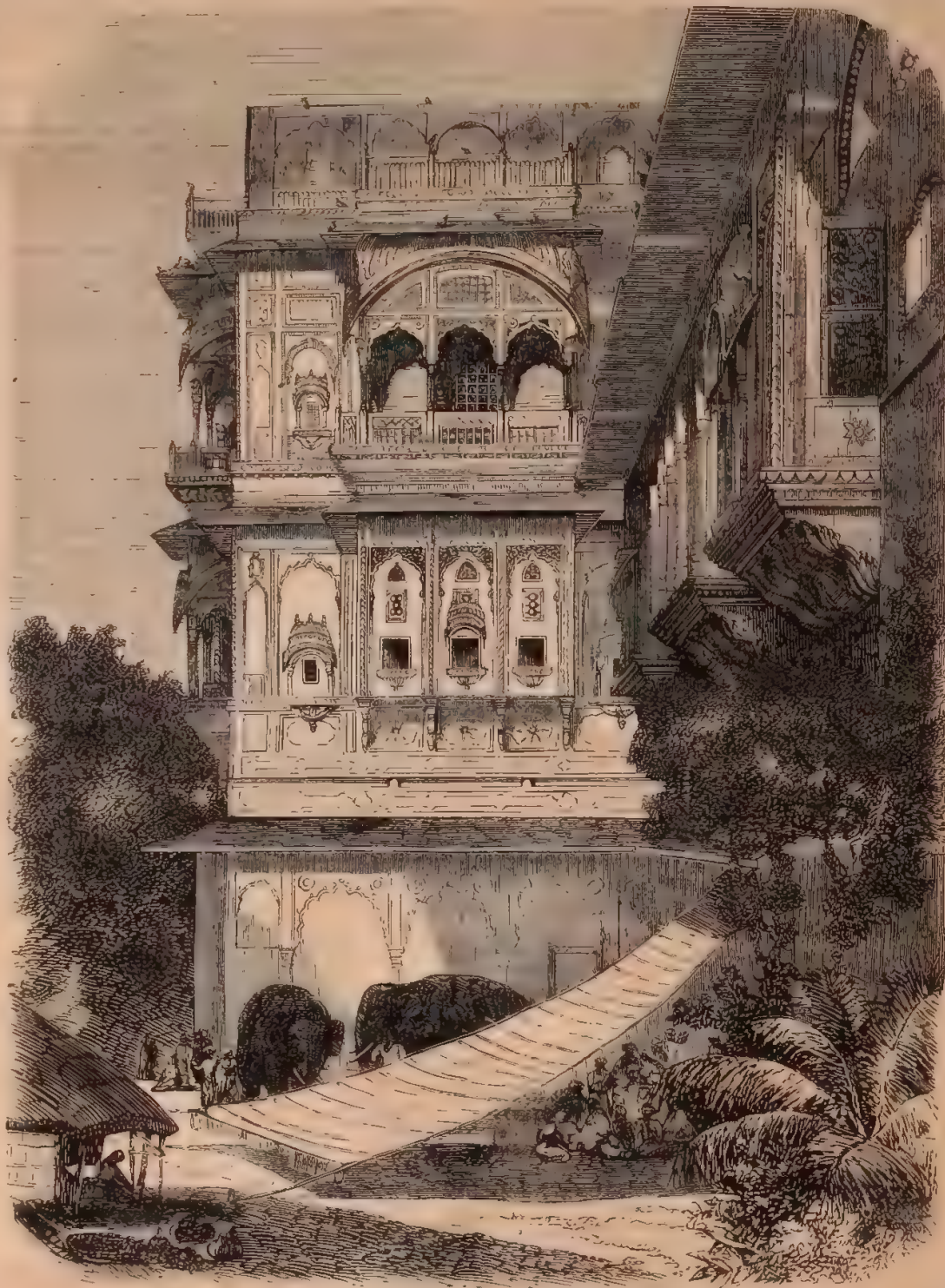
not merely read, the best authors upon these subjects. We would give you a list of them, but any educated friend in the profession you have chosen, can refer you to such as your present advance would make profitable for you.

Assuming that you have not neglected the branches which we have thus far recommended, we then advise an acquaintance with our general and local history, particularly with the institutions of our country. Not that these are essential to the industrial avocation you have entered, but they are essential to your wellbeing in life, and to your reception and welcome in intelligent society. If, besides attending to what we have suggested, you have a natural proclivity toward any one of the sciences, cultivate that, mindful at the same time, not to be so absorbed in it as to interfere with the business or profession upon which you depend for support. This last consideration will guard you against intemperance in reading, which is nearly as bad as any other species of intemperance.—*Newburyport Herald*.

## INDIAN CORN.

An intelligent article in the Cincinnati Gazette discusses the question of the nativity of Indian corn, or maize, which was one of the subjects before the American Scientific Association at Springfield. It will be recollected, perhaps, that Dr. J. H. Gibbon read a paper in which he contended that maize was not solely a native of America, but was also the product of Asia and Africa. He contended that it was known to the Egyptians, and that the manna which is said to have fallen from heaven for the sustenance of the Israelites, was maize, which did not literally rain down, but which was found along the way. The article in the Gazette contends that maize is a native of America alone, and cites the evidence of Dr. Pickering, who says: "Whether the maize was introduced into Egypt from the East or West, I have met with no evidence that the plant existed in the country prior to the discovery of America." The writer also cites the evidence of Livingstone and Barth in proof of the fact that maize was not found in Africa, and contends that it was not known in Europe until 1332. Admitting that maize might have found its way to Japan across the Pacific, the article says: "The points may be considered settled by positive testimony, that maize is a native of America, and that it is not a native of Europe. Our inquiry, therefore, is confined to Asia and Africa. Still it is important to observe that in Asia and Africa were the first settlements of mankind, and of them we have by far the earliest and most authentic testimonies, to say nothing of those memorable monuments on which is inscribed much of the domestic manners and history of the ancients. If then the civilization of Asia and Africa knew anything of Indian corn, or potatoes, or buckwheat, or turkeys, is it possible that no evidence of them should exist in those histories or monuments? Therefore it is that we consider the negative evidence as completely overwhelming. It is made conclusive by being entirely exclusive. Let us turn to the Mosaic account—the ruins of Nineveh and the monuments of Egypt. We find evidence of the existence of barley, and wheat, and beans, and onions, and lentils, but where is there any evidence of maize or potatoes? Indian corn is one of the most remarkable and easily described plants known, and yet all ancient history is silent on its existence. Where is the evidence? What was found among the mummies. The entire absence of any sort of evidence is, to our mind, conclusive of the question.

"But this is not all. The early classic ages of Greece and Rome had intelligent writers on agriculture, and Rome brought from Africa a large portion of her supplies. Now, if Carthage, or Egypt, or Assyria, had ever known or heard of Indian corn, would these writers have been totally silent on so interesting a plant? Nor is this all. De Goguet, a learned French writer on the origin of arts and sciences, has collected all that the ancient writers say, and all that tradition asserts of ancient agriculture, and not one word is there about Indian corn. There is additional significance given to the fact, that wherever Indian corn is introduced, it is an important plant. It is not a thing to be overlooked; and yet all ancient history is silent in regard to it. We conclude, therefore, with Doctor Pickering, that there is no evidence of the existence of this plant prior to the discovery of America."—*Rural New Yorker*.



HOUSE OF A RICH BANKER AT ADJIMIR, INDIA.

therewith to pass a pleasant hour, but with no design of cherishing in the memory the facts presented, and without allowing their judgments to act upon the deductions of the author.

This process invariably enervates the mind, when pursued exclusively, and after awhile it destroys all taste for acquiring solid information, and makes study an impossibility. It is merely dissipation in letters, and, like all other dissipation, it enfeebles him or her who is subject to it. It is not reading, in the true sense of the word, much less is it study. That which is perused is not, properly speaking, read until it is digested, and whoever crams himself with books, the contents of which he has not properly digested, is very much like the man who overloads his stomach with a variety of dishes which the stomach cannot dispose of. In the latter case we may say that the individual becomes diseased, and we call his diseased condition dyspepsia. This is bad enough, but mental dyspepsia is much worse, and much more common than physical. The

writers on aesthetics. The progress of the arts demands of every mechanic who aspires to be eminent, that he shall have a quick and keen appreciation of form, size, and color, and as to the last named, that he shall be able to recognize harmony at once. Nature, of course, makes one man more skilful than another in all these; but any one can improve himself much more than he supposes. One thing is particularly demanded, viz., attention, and, at the outset, to the most trivial things. When you have established a habit of quick and comprehensive observation, you may to an extent neglect the details, and then only will you know what details can be safely neglected.

If you are in the mercantile class, you must understand arithmetic and book-keeping, as well as human nature, and the laws of demand and supply. The branches of geography, political economy, exchanges, and the commercial systems of the world will necessarily force themselves upon your attention, and you must study,



# BALLOU'S

# PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } Vol. XVII., No. 21... Whole No. 439.

## THE PET SEALS, AQUARIAL GARDENS.

The picture below, drawn for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, is a correct representation of the two marbled seals which are proving such a great attraction at the Aquarial Gardens, Bromfield Street. These interesting creatures are perfectly domesticated, and seem quite at home and in their element at the exhibition. Indeed they are, literally, in their element, for a large tank is provided for them, one-half of which is constantly supplied with water, while the other half is occupied by a platform, to and from which they ascend at will by means of an inclined plane. Their sleek coats, large bright eyes, intelligent expression and cunning ways, render them especial favorites of the ladies and children among the visitors. They know the attendants and exhibit great affection for them. It is curious, about feeding time, to see them watch every motion of the attendants, peering between the surrounding spectators, and uttering an occasional asthmatic snort by way of a gentle hint that their appetites are as regular as clock-work. "Ned," the young fellow with military proclivities, sits nearly erect upon his tail, and receiving a min-

iature musket, supports arms with great gravity and precision. They come at the call of the attendants, and take a bath at their suggestion. At feeding time, they behave with the discretion of good children, each taking its portion without seeking to deprive its mate of its share. They are fed with "chunks" of raw fish, and consume several pounds in a day. Their motions out of water are ungainly and waddling, yet they contrive to move with great celerity. In a natural state seals are rather formidable antagonists to a person who tries to cut off their retreat to the water. Our readers will doubtless call to mind the utter discomfiture of Captain Hector McIntyre in his encounter with the phoca (described in the *Antiquary*), a humiliation aggravated by the presence and sarcasms of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck.

There are many varieties of seal, such as the common seal, the Elephant Seal, so called from its long snout, which resembles the proboscis of the elephant or the tapir, the Sea Leopard, a spotted species, the Harp Seal, so called from a sort of lyre mark on its back, and the Sea Lion. The Elephant Seal is a mass of fat, and yields a great quantity of oil, the principal object of the South

Pacific seal fisheries. The common seal is found in the waters of both hemispheres. Its average length is about four or five feet, and it frequently weighs 224 pounds. The specimens at the Aquarial Gardens show how easily it may be tamed, and realize the startling stories we have heard respecting its intelligence and docility. A young seal was tamed by the guard of a small island in the Frith of Forth above Edinburgh. It seemed quite to consider itself one of the party, would accompany their boat across the water, and when the vessel was made fast, it used to take its station inside, and watch until the owners returned. It had the playful manners of a water-dog, and would snatch a stick from its master's hand and dash into the sea with it, where it would toss and tumble about, sometimes approaching close to the shore, and swimming off again when its master attempted to grasp the stick, but it invariably brought back whatever it had taken. It would also bring fish out of the water and give them to its owners. Edmonston, an English writer, gives an amusing account of a seal named Finna, which he kept for about six months. "We had her carried down daily in a

hand-barrow to the seaside, where an old excavation admitting the salt water, was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment; but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairman, she would, of her own accord, mount her palanquin and thus be carried as composedly as any Hindoo princess." This animal was finally decoyed away by some wild seals and did not return again. Common hair seals are numerous along our northern coast, and abound in our own harbor. Experienced gunners frequently shoot them, and though it is difficult to get within range with a shot-gun, it is easy enough to approach within rifle-distance. When swimming, they dive at the flash like a dipper-duck, but at half-tide they are fond of lying on the weed-covered rocks, and may then be readily approached by the rifleman. They make a curious snorting noise, which very much resembles the bleating of a calf.



THE LEARNED SEALS, AT THE AQUARIUM, BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## MY BOYHOOD'S TRIALS.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

"But tell me about my father, Aunt Molly. Nobody ever tells me about my father."

"Why, Mas' Johnnie, you knows very well he done died, long ago, afore you done put on your fast breeches."

"I know that; but he lived before he died, didn't he? And if he did, there must be something or other to tell about him."

"De Lord hab mercy on us—what a onpatient chile! Shore and sartin, he done lib'd afore he died, Mas' Johnnie; but dar aint no great things to tell, no how. Marster was a berry good man to his people, and guv us plenty to eat and to wear. And Sister Villet, what was your mammy (nurse), he done built de white cabin 'spressly for her and 'Sephus. But, when you was a teeny weeny little bit of a baby, he done fout de jewel, you know, wid Mas' Billy Waldron, what was my ole Cater's master, in dom days."

"But what was the duel about, Aunt Molly? Ma never will tell me anything about it, and everybody else says they don't know."

"Well, Mas' Johnnie, 'deed I never knowed myself, rightly, what it was about. But you musn't pester your ma 'bout it."

"And don't Granddaddy Cato know?"

"Well, chile, I s'pose Cater does know more'n anybody else. But I wouldn't ax him about it, ef I was you. It's a thing he doesn't like to talk about, no how. You see, honey, Mas' Billy Waldron he wanted to marry your ma mighty bad, but she wouldn't have him, and when she tuck up wid your pa, dat made Mas' Billy mad, and him and your pa quarled for a long time; and den, at las', dey fout, and purty soon arter dat your pa took sick, and he never got over it."

"Did he kill Mr. Waldron, Aunt Molly?"

"Yes, honey, he done kilt him; and marster never hel' up his head arter dat day. Dat is what made him sick, he tuck it so hard. And dat was what done made you a orphan and your ma a widder. O, dem jewels is turrible! 'Deed dey is!"

This information sobered me considerably, and the few inquiries I made afterwards were in a subdued and somewhat faltering tone; nor did I ever again tease my mother with questions which I now saw must be eminently distasteful to her, and difficult to answer.

When I had the above conversation with Aunt Molly, I must have been nearly ten years of age. I had often been surprised and annoyed at the reserve of every one I talked with about my father, and this information, unsatisfactory as it was, was the fullest I had ever yet received from any one.

My mother's residence was in the interior of Virginia, on an extensive plantation known as "Chincopins," probably because the place abounded in that diminutive esculent. It was about nine miles from "the Court House," as the county-seat is termed in Virginia, whether it be a town, a village, a hamlet, or a mere court-house, and nothing else.

This particular court-house was a village of some eight or nine hundred inhabitants, and was the seat of a flourishing academy, to which I was sent soon after completing my tenth year. This was emphatically the turning over of a new leaf in the volume of my existence. On the hereditary plantation, surrounded by a host of negroes, many of them near my own age, I was greatly in danger of acquiring exaggerated notions of my own importance; and the change, from this to being a small boy in a large school, was as thorough as it was salutary, though it must be confessed that "mama's own, only darling" did not appreciate the advantages of his new position for a long time after he entered upon it.

The novelty of the situation, however, was not without its attractiveness. Among the many new faces I saw about me, was one which made a strong impression upon my imagination, from the very first. It was the oft-quoted, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell, etc.," over again. The owner of this face was a lawyer, and the face itself I saw for the first time in the court-house—the court-house proper, I mean, not the village. I have since seen a play called the Vampire, the hero of which reminded me at once of the man I refer to.

The face, without being emaciated, was as perfectly cadaverous as that of any corpse could be;

and this unnatural paleness gave an unnatural brilliancy to a pair of diminutive and sinister-looking black eyes. It was certainly one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw, and one that could not fail to attract the attention of one who saw it for the first time.

I was not old enough, at that time, to note the singular expression of this man's countenance; but there was that in his looks and manner which made an impression upon me never to be effaced. When I first entered the court-room I saw that his eye was upon me. Without ceasing for a moment to observe me, he whispered to some one near him, listened to his reply, and then gave me a look which remains fixed in my memory as if it were yesterday.

I believe I was not more superstitious than other boys, yet I certainly believed that there was something demoniacal about this man. And there was indeed some excuse for such a notion, for if ever there was a fiend incarnate, his scowl must surely have resembled that of Garrit Kerne.

After I had been three weeks at Granville Court-House, I received permission to spend a Saturday and Sunday at home. When Friday evening came, I was all agog with expectation, looking out every minute for the horse which was to be sent in for me. I have said Friday evening; but the northern reader must not therefore imagine that I was to ride home in the night. The evening hour I speak of was three o'clock, P. M.

It is an almost universal habit, south of Mason and Dixon's line, to call the whole time between dinner and night, evening, be the dinner when it may. In short, southern people have no afternoon. It is all evening.

About a quarter past two o'clock, then, on the evening aforesaid, my dappled-dun pony Tulip was brought up to the door; but instead of the servant whom I expected to see with her, a young fellow of twenty five, there appeared, riding one horse and leading another, a snowy-haired, wrinkled octogenarian.

It was Aunt Molly's husband, who was now the property of Mr. Kerne, and lived at his place near the court-house. Using the appellation which I had insensibly adopted from his scores of grandchildren, I said:

"Granddaddy Cato, what on earth brought you here? What's become of Jeff?"

"Sarvent, Mas' Johnnie; sarvent, sir! Jeff done gone to our house to see his sister. I's gwine out home wid you; and I'll stay dar, wid my ole 'ooman tell Monday, and den I'll come back wid you, and Jeff he can take de hosses home agin."

"All right, granddaddy, if you have asked mother about it, as I suppose you have."

"Bless your heart! yes, Mas' Johnnie. Miss Margit was de very one what tole Jeff to stay, and let me come back in his place. Miss Margit is alluz been mighty good to we all, a givin' us chances to git back'ards and for'ards."

"Miss Margit" was my mother. It is a peculiarity of the southern negro to continue to address his mistress by her maiden name, after her marriage, and indeed till the day of her death. He is the slave of habit as well as of his master; and there is also a sort of respectful familiarity in his intercourse with the whites of the family, which makes it very difficult for him to change "Miss Mary," or "Miss Fanny," to which he has probably been accustomed from childhood, into formal "Mrs. Brown," or stiff "Mrs. Green."

And so with his master and other white gentlemen with whom he is familiar. The "Mas' Tommy," or "Mas' Billy," of his childhood is "Mas' Tommy" or "Mas' Billy" still, when time has frosted the heads of both master and servant.

The negro race is a kindly one, and these little traits corroborate the fact. They are universal, I believe, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and in a great majority of cases they might be considered outward indications of that fidelity and affection which the simple-hearted negro so often exhibits towards those whom he has been accustomed all his life to regard as belonging to the same family with himself.

During our homeward ride, I chatted a great deal with Cato—more than I had ever done before. I had not been in the habit of seeing him more than once or twice a month, and this was perhaps the first time I had ever been alone with him, for more than a few minutes.

Boy as I was, I could not help remarking and wondering at the great interest the old man

seemed to take in my affairs. There was even a degree of tenderness in his deportment towards me, which attracted my attention at the time and gave me food for thought afterwards.

There was a small river between the court-house and my mother's residence, which was sometimes swollen by rains so as to be scarcely fordable; and as there had been a good deal of rain the night before, Jeff had been charged by my mother not to return that day, on any account, if he should find the water very high.

When Jeff passed the stream it was about its ordinary height; at least he so reported it to us. But when we reached the ford, we found a very different state of things. It was much swollen, and the current very rapid.

"Why, granddaddy," says I, "Jeff didn't tell the truth about the river. I never saw it so full."

"I spec' he done tole de trufe, Mas' Johnnie. It's been a rainin' mighty hard up 'mong de mountains las' night and dis mornin', and you see it hadn't had time to fill de river down here before Jeff come along. It's been a risin' ever sence."

"And what do you think we had better do, granddaddy? Can we get across?"

"Well, honey, it's risin' every minute, and ef we waits for it to fall agin, we'll have to wait all night. 'Pears to me it's not too high to cross yit, for anybody what knows how to do it; but you musn't risk it tell arter I done tried it fust. I knows whar de shaller places is, and so I'll jist ride acrost and see whedder it's safe for you or not; and ef it is, I'll take you acrost behind me, on Tulip, and den come back and carry dis horse over."

By "carrying" old Cato meant leading. Southern negroes, and many southern white people, invariably say *carry* where a northerner would say *take*.

With some difficulty I was induced to consent to the old man's arrangement, and to allow him to precede me. With a safe horse he would have crossed with difficulty, but Jeff had unfortunately ridden a wild colt, by no means easy to manage on dry land. When Cato had gained the middle of the river, the animal became so restive that it was impossible to keep it in the proper path, and it was soon floundering desperately among deep holes and slippery rocks, and eventually stumbled over one of the latter, and threw poor granddaddy headforemost into the water. The rapid current swept away both man and horse, and they were soon far down the stream.

To see the kind-hearted old man drown before my eyes, without making an effort to save him, was impossible; I therefore galloped down the bank until I reached a favorable spot, some distance below him, and then dashed in after him. It was a boyish act—a rash and foolish one. I was putting my own life into serious jeopardy, without the possibility of being of any service to Cato. As might have been expected, I was very soon in a worse plight than he. At the point where I entered it, the stream was hardly fordable at low water. My pony staggered and stumbled, and fell into deep holes, and was whirled about in resistless eddies, till I became so dizzy and bewildered that I was almost distracted, and found myself struggling in the water, at the mercy of the current, before I knew what had happened.

With the consciousness that I was in the water, came a host of sensations which involved my mental faculties in a perfect chaos, till the whole world seemed but one mighty mass of rolling, eddying, foaming, bubbling, gurgling, seething, rushing water, thundering in my ears, and hurrying me onward to some vast ocean of oblivion into which I plunged headlong—and then all was still, and I heard, thought, felt no more.

How long this state of insensibility lasted I do not know. My first sensations of returning consciousness were acutely painful. I had a faint glimpse before my eyes of sky, and sun, and trees, and water; I tried to think, but the effort overpowered me, and I relapsed into insensibility.

Again I partially recovered the use of my senses. I felt that some one was carrying me, and then I knew that I had been put down upon the ground. A few moments later I felt that I could open my eyes, and I looked up to see who it was that had rescued me. To my great surprise, there was no one to be seen. I was all alone, near the brink of the river, seated, or rather reclining, upon a mossy bank, with my head and shoulders carefully placed so as to rest comfortably in the angle formed by the stump and trunk of a fallen tree. But there was no trace whatever of the individual who had placed me there.

As I was trying to gain an upright position, old Cato made his appearance, alive and well, except that, like myself, he had been considerably bruised, and had been put through a very severe course of hydropathic treatment very much against his will.

Our surprise at seeing each other was mutual, for each one had regarded the other as lost. The old man was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me, and testified his delight in the somewhat extravagant manner common to all his race. He had been saved by coming in contact with a tree which had been blown down so as to fall out into the midst of the stream, while the root remained upon the bank. He had managed to clamber up upon the trunk, and then crawl ashore.

Both the horses had gone down with the current, and we supposed them to be lost. But after I had recovered somewhat, and when we began slowly to make our way homeward, we had advanced but a few rods when we fell in with Tulip, standing quietly hitched to the branch of a tree, and apparently but little the worse for her ducking. Who had rescued her from the torrent and hitched her there? The same person, undoubtedly, who had saved my life. But who was that? Neither Cato nor I had the least idea. The colt was subsequently found, far down the stream, without saddle or bridle, and seriously, though not fatally, injured. The distance we had to go was only about three miles, but it was a tedious journey, for we were both very sore and much exhausted. Still, however, I contrived to conceal from my mother the serious nature of the accident, and my narrow escape from drowning.

One Saturday afternoon, about two months after the occurrences just noticed, I strolled out to Garritburn, as Mr. Kerne's place was called, and paid a visit to old Cato. I found the old man busily engaged in one of the favorite occupations, I might say recreations, of the Virginia negro—I mean broom-making. He put away his work immediately, however, and, in accordance with a promise previously given, accompanied me on an angling expedition. Indeed, this was an occupation which he liked still better than the other, and one that he particularly excelled in.

As we returned to his cabin, just as it was growing dark, I recurred to the subject which was ever uppermost in my thoughts, and asked the old man a number of questions about my parents, particularly about my father; but the answers were no more satisfactory than those I had heretofore received. With a feeling of disappointment and vexation such as I had often before experienced, I exclaimed, just as we reached old Cato's door:

"I do wish I could get somebody to tell me something about my father and mother!"

"I'll tell you about them," said a deep-toned voice, close at hand; "your mother is a strumpet, and your father was a murderer!"

A mocking, fiendish laugh accompanied these terrible words. The speaker was Garrit Kerne. He was just turning one of the corners of the cabin, and his sneering features were barely visible in the fast deepening twilight, as his person came into view.

Boy as I was, my blood boiled like molten lava. I had always idolized my mother, whose only child I was, and though I did not then more than half understand the insult offered to her, I knew that it was an insult, and that was enough. Before my design could be suspected, I whirled my hickory fishing-rod (or rather pole) round my head, and struck the lawyer full in the face with the heavy butt end of it.

Kerne was so flustered and bewildered that I might easily have escaped if I had tried; but I was too thoroughly enraged to think of such a thing. All my faculties were absorbed in endeavoring to repeat the blow. In this I only partially succeeded; he caught the rod, just as it reached his head, and turned it aside, but not until after it had hit him, and with considerable force.

With a howl of mingled pain, rage and astonishment, he wrenched the pole from my hands, and sprang upon me, brandishing a bowie-knife, which he had drawn from his bosom. Dark as it now was, I saw murder in the lurid gleam of his eye, and in the demoniacal scowl which settled on his cadaverous brow, and I felt sure that my last hour had come.

The knife had descended more than half way towards my heart, when suddenly I saw an arm and a clenched hand looming up out of the darkness, and the next moment my antagonist fell to



the ground like a slaughtered ox. The instant I assured myself that my enemy was *hors de combat*, I turned to seek the owner of the hand and arm which had rendered me such essential service—but there was nobody there. Nothing could be either seen or heard.

"Where did he go to, granddaddy?" I eagerly asked, as I turned towards the cabin.

Cato did not even know whom I meant. He had gone into his cabin but a few seconds before his master spoke, and appeared at the door again just as I asked him the above question. He had seen nobody. As soon as I explained to him what had happened, he exclaimed, in great agitation:

"Run, Mas' Johnnie!—for de Lord's sake run, and git outen marster's way afore he comes to agin! He'll murder you ef he ketches you, honey; indeed an' 'deed he will. For de love of heaven, keep outen his way—dat's a good chile. And 'member dis, Mas' Johnnie, ef you gits into trouble, or any of your kin, jist come to old Cato, and mebbe de ole nigger kin do sumpin for you."

Partly in consequence of Cato's entreaties, and partly in the hope of overtaking the owner of the mysterious arm which had interposed so effectually in my behalf, I left the place and started at full speed on the road to the court-house, which the object of my search would probably take. I soon met a negro boy, however, and ascertained from him that no one had passed in that direction.

It was now quite dark, and a search in any other quarter would be wholly useless; so that I was obliged to remain in utter ignorance of everything relating to this person, who had become an object of intense interest to me, and who, I felt persuaded, was identical with him who had rescued me from drowning.

Notwithstanding my extreme youth at the time of their occurrence, I can remember these incidents, and others connected with them, as if they had taken place yesterday. This is owing, of course, to the vivid impression which they necessarily made upon my youthful mind, which stamped them on my memory indelibly.

Much to my surprise, the first time I saw Mr. Kerne after the above-mentioned affair, I could not have discovered, from his manner, that he even remembered it. His subtle knavery was far too deep for my unsophisticated mind to fathom, and I actually came to the conclusion that he was not likely to take any farther notice of it. And he might suffer such a thing to slumber for many long years. He was not at all unlikely to do so. But the sun that set to-day is not more certain to rise to-morrow, than was that wily villain, sooner or later, to compass his revenge.

In the meantime, what this man had said of my parents had caused me more poignant misery than any physical injury he could possibly have inflicted upon me. I was exceedingly sensitive, and I doubt if I would have felt such a thing more keenly at any subsequent period of my existence. I had not a particle of faith in anything that Kerne had said, but I thought that others might have, and believed that there must be some sort of an appearance of a foundation for these horrible charges. I brooded over this melancholy subject until my thoughts almost drove me distracted.

When I was twelve years old, and the very day before my birthday, I rode home from the court house, alone, on an imperfectly broken horse, which had been sent for me without my mother's knowledge. About five miles from the village was a trough, into which the water was conveyed from a neighboring spring, and was constantly running. In my journeys to and fro, I was in the habit of stopping at this place to procure water for myself and my horse.

On this occasion, I found a man standing near the trough eating chestnuts. He told me he had gathered them from a tree but a little way off, which he pointed out to me, and offered to hold the horse while I went to get some. I foolishly accepted his offer, visited the tree, and staid there long enough to fill my pockets.

When I returned, the stranger was very officious in assisting me to mount, but immediately afterwards sprung into the saddle of his own horse, which he had held by the bridle, and rode rapidly away. I observed also a very fine looking mare hitched near the trough.

To my great astonishment, I had hardly settled myself in my seat, when my horse began to rear and plunge and kick most furiously, and finally took the bit in his teeth, and started off at the very top of his speed, taking an old wagon

track, across a common, instead of the high road. I soon lost all control of the animal, which appeared to become more and more frightened, and to run faster and faster every minute. I found it impossible to make him swerve from the course he was pursuing, and I shuddered with apprehension when I remembered what must be its termination. The common, in that direction, was bounded by the river in which I had so nearly been drowned, the bank of which, at that place, was a rocky precipice, with a sheer perpendicular descent of little less than a hundred feet.

My horse was making directly for this fearful precipice, and apparently increasing his frantic speed at every stride. I felt sure that no power on earth could save me, and with an agonized cry to God for mercy, I shut my eyes and awaited the awful plunge into eternity.

It seemed an age of waiting—and yet the dreaded moment came not. Then I began to fancy, though I was still afraid to believe it, that my horse was relaxing his speed. I pulled, with all my strength, at the bridle-rein, and, to my infinite surprise and joy, he stood stock still. I opened my eyes, and there I was, safe and sound, but within less than ten feet of the precipice. I was perfectly astounded. My escape appeared to me to be little short of a miracle. But a negro, who rode by, enabled me to explain the seeming mystery. He had seen the whole affair, from the top of a hill, about a quarter of a mile off. He saw a man on horseback riding after me at a furious rate. Presently he overtook me, did something to my horse which quieted him, and then rode away again at the same headlong speed.

Riding slowly backwards, the way I came, I soon discovered both a confirmation and an explanation of the negro's statement. Lying on the ground was a large bunch of thistles, with a bit of twine string attached to them. Fastened to my horse's crupper was a piece of a similar string, from which the piece attached to the thistles had evidently been severed. It followed, of course, that the thistles had been tied to the crupper, and had no doubt been left dangling down in such a manner as to irritate the horse almost to madness, as soon as he began to move.

This was a sufficiently satisfactory explanation of the strange *escapade* of my half-maddened nag, which had doubtless been relieved of its irritating incumbrance by the person whom the negro saw riding after me. He had evidently come close up behind me, cut the string to which the thistles were tied, and then scampered off again as fast as possible.

But who was he? Where did he come from? What was his motive for getting out of the way with such extraordinary rapidity? And who was the miscreant who had so nearly succeeded in destroying me? These were questions to which there seemed very little hope of obtaining anything like satisfactory answers. I rode quietly home, and contrived to conceal from my mother this affair, as I had done the others which had so nearly proved fatal to me.

To particularize all the trials of my unhappy boyhood would fill a volume. The limits to which I am restricted make it necessary for me to pass over several successive years, and come at once to the catastrophe of my story. These years were not spent at home nor at the court-house. At the age of twelve, my mother removed me, very much against my will, to a distant school, where I remained till I was fifteen, making only one short visit to Chincopins each year. My mother, however, came to see me frequently.

During this time, there was more than one incident which showed that some secret spirit of unsated malevolence was still at work, aiming to torture me with perpetually recurring dangers and difficulties, rather than to crush me outright; and there were also others to indicate the presence of some equally mysterious and indefatigable agency of love and kindness, always hovering over me.

When I was nearly fifteen, I left the preparatory school to enter the University of Virginia, and I was forced to spend a few weeks at home. The third night after my arrival at Chincopins, I was kept awake by the toothache. It was very warm weather, and I sat a long time at the open window of my chamber waiting for the dawn to appear.

Suddenly, in the deep stillness of the night, I heard a creaking of the steps of an outside staircase, which communicated with the rooms in the back part of the house. Then I saw a long

shadow thrown upon the moon-lit ground, and then followed a tall, stalwart looking man, emerging from the darkness, and gliding swiftly though stealthily away.

I ran rapidly down stairs and into the open air, but the man had disappeared. I returned to my room with the intention of speaking to my mother on the subject as soon as she appeared. In the meantime, as soon as it was light enough, I took up a book to try to while away the time. It was a new novel which I had been reading for two days past. When I opened the volume, a note fell out of it. It was addressed to myself. I snatched it up and read as follows:

"That you may not be ignorant of what every one here knows, except yourself, I take this method of informing you that your mother has been, for a long time, in the habit of receiving into her chamber, by night, a negro man, who comes about midnight, and leaves in the morning before day. He makes his entrance and exit by the little back stairs, and through a secret door, communicating with them, which has been cut in the western wall of your mother's chamber. He came last night, and will probably come again to-night."

That was all. There was no signature. I crushed the note in my clenched hand; and O, what would I not have given for the opportunity to crush its vile author in a similar manner! If death, in the most terrific form he ever wore, had approached me at that moment, I am very sure that not even the instinct of self-preservation would have induced me to take one step to avoid him.

A sword, more terrible far than that which Damocles threaded, had been hanging over me by a single hair, almost ever since my childhood. It had now fallen; and though I was still alive and capable of suffering, I felt that in destroying my happiness forever, it had slain by far the better part of my existence.

The air of the house seemed to suffocate me. I rushed forth, plunged into a pine forest which led to the mountains, and wandered all day, without aim or object, till physical exhaustion induced me to return. It had been dark for several hours, and I stole quietly to my chamber without any one having observed me.

I was greatly fatigued. As far as my body was concerned, the storm of passion had subsided, and an enforced calm was the consequence; but, like the ocean when the first fury of the gale has spent itself, my unhappy soul was still tossing and heaving with undiminished excitement. I waited till about a quarter before twelve, and then, with slipped feet and noiseless tread, I stole quietly to the little room adjoining my mother's chamber, in the wall of which the secret door was said to have been made.

This apartment was used as a lumber-room, and contained various articles of furniture and other matters. The moon shone in at one of the windows, and enabled me, after some searching, to find the door in question. It was hidden behind an old book-case, which, however, ran upon casters, and was readily moved and replaced again.

Having made this discovery, I placed myself behind a pile of old curtains, which had been thrown carelessly across a dilapidated clothes-horse, and remained there silently on the watch. I had not long to wait. In fifteen minutes, perhaps, I heard a stealthy step upon the outside stairs, and then in the adjoining passage, and then the outer door of the room opened and in walked a tall, broad shouldered black man, heavy and muscular.

Faint as were my hopes that my gloomy forebodings might not be realized, this confirmation of my worst fears was a terrible shock. I reeled as if I had received a stunning blow, and my heart throbbed with anguish till I thought it would burst, and but for the relief of a copious flood of tears, it appeared to me that I must have died upon the spot.

The midnight intruder cautiously displaced the book-case, produced a key from his pocket, opened the door, pulled the book case back into its place again as far as possible, and disappeared within my mother's chamber, leaving the door unfastened. Choking back my tears, and clenching my teeth with a ferocity which I had never known before, I silently followed. A lamp was burning in my mother's room, and by its light I saw her, in her night-dress, sitting on a sofa, the negro's arms around her, and her head reclining on his bosom.

With a howl so unearthly that it seemed to me as if all the wolves of the forest had helped me to utter it, I drew a knife and aimed it at the negro's heart. My mother shrieked and sprang

directly in the way of the knife, so that it would inevitably have entered her breast if her companion had not caught my wrist in time to arrest it. Terrified and half senseless she sank upon the sofa, while the black man seized my other arm and advanced with me towards the lamp, till its light fell full and strong upon my face. He then said:

"John, do I look like a negro?"

I gazed at him as if my whole soul was in my eyes. The skin was of the deepest negro tinge, but the voice and features were unquestionably those of a white man.

"In Heaven's name, then," cried I, "who are you?"

"An innocent man, who, for fourteen miserable years, has been proscribed and hunted like a beast of prey, compelled to visit his wife by stealth, in the disguise of a slave, and to remain a stranger to his only child."

The truth flashed upon me like lightning, and I rushed into my father's arms!

I saw it all at a glance, and the revulsion of feeling was so great, that for the moment it unmanned me more than anything that had previously happened. Joy filled my heart to bursting. I felt, intuitively, that my father was innocent, and the burden which, almost ever since my infancy, had weighed down my young spirit to the dust, was instantaneously removed, and when the first shock was over, I felt a lightness, a buoyancy, such as I had never even dreamed of before.

The scene which followed I will not dwell upon. I was soon made acquainted with all those things with regard to which I had been so painfully puzzled, and received many explanations which the reader's imagination will enable him to supply. The most important points of this information I would have had, at any rate, in a day or two. Up to this time I had been thought too young to be entrusted with secrets which were matters of life and death. But, before I should leave for college, it was resolved that I should be informed of everything.

William Waldron and my father were rival candidates for my mother's hand, but openly and generously so. Garrit Kerne was the secret rival and bitter enemy of both; and it was afterwards known that he had made a solemn vow to compass their destruction. Supposing at first that Waldron was the favored one, Kerne took an opportunity to attack him, unawares, with deadly weapons; but with a pocket knife he so defended himself that Kerne came out of the fray almost cut to pieces. He lost a great deal of blood, and ever afterwards looked like a corpse.

While Kerne was disabled and in bed, my father and mother were married. As soon as he was able to get about again, he contrived to bring about the unwitnessed duel between Waldron and my father. The latter had intended to fire in the air, but, by a most unlucky mischance, his pistol went off accidentally, and, to his lifelong regret, caused the death of his antagonist. The duel was not really without witness, for Kerne contrived to see all that happened, and he swore positively that my father had shot Waldron deliberately and intentionally.

The day after the encounter, sorrow and excitement threw my father into a raging fever, with symptoms of inflammation of the brain, and he lay dangerously ill for many days. His physician, who was also his most intimate friend, learned that he would be arrested and tried for murder as soon as he should sufficiently recover. His conviction was certain, and the physician, who was firmly persuaded of his innocence, concocted a plan for enacting a sham death and funeral. This plan was successfully carried out, and the object of it, who was really but half-conscious of what was going on, allowed them to do as they pleased.

The result was that my father was secretly conveyed to a retired spot in the island of Cuba, every one but the physician, one other friend, and my mother, believing him to be dead. He was a man of uncommon strength and energy, both of mind and body, and his family affections were as strong as either his frame or his character. Such a man was not likely to be deterred, even by fear of death, from visiting his wife and child. He stained his skin black, and otherwise effectually disguised himself, and then, travelling principally by night, managed to reach his native county and take up his abode in a cavern in the mountains, known only to himself, and which could never be discovered, unless by accident. In this secret fastness he dwelt, during his frequent visits to the United States, visiting his old



home only by night, but making it his daily business to hover around and protect his son. Making this almost his sole study, he was enabled to detect and defeat many of the machinations of his and my own arch-enemy, Kerne. Finally he became persuaded that the lawyer had begun to suspect his secret, and that he had spies in the house, among my mother's servants. We were to hold a family council the next night, and decide what was best to be done.

The hours of the night flew rapidly away, and we were at length compelled to separate. I descended the outer stairs with my father, and at the bottom saw him step into the arms of a party of constables, headed by Garrit Kerne, by whom he was borne away to the county jail. As soon as I could leave my half-distracted mother, I mounted my horse and rode off to the cabin of Granddaddy Cato. What I hoped to gain by this visit was not very clear, even to myself; but, from the moment of my father's capture, his words had been ringing in my ears: "Ef you gits into trouble, or any of your kin, jist come to ole Cato, and mebbe de ole nigger kin do sumpin for you." And now I was resolved to see him, though I had but a faint hope of any advantage to be derived, in any way, from the interview.

I found the old man at home, and very little altered. He was not much surprised at the news I brought, and I fancied that he had not been without a suspicion of the truth. He told me that he believed his master would kill him if he told what he knew, but he was resolved to do it at all hazards. It was easy to see that he reproached himself for not having done this long before, and that his tenderness towards me resulted from his wish to make some sort of restitution to at least one member of the family.

He said that his former master, William Waldron, had died in his arms, and had with his latest breath, declared his conviction of my father's innocence. Kerne, however, had threatened to kill him if he divulged this secret, and had purchased him solely with the view of securing his silence, by getting him in his power.

I was very glad to hear this statement; but as Cato was not a competent witness in the case, it would not save my father. While I was thinking it over, the old negro produced, from one corner of a shed attached to his cabin, where it had been buried since the day of his late master's death, a small tin box, containing a number of papers, which he exhibited to me, though he was altogether ignorant of their contents. Among them I found a note from my father, from which it was abundantly evident that the proposal to fight without seconds, or witnesses of any sort, came originally from Waldron himself.

Seeing nothing else that interested me, I put the letters, etc., back in the box from which I had withdrawn them. In the act of doing this, a small scrap of paper, with writing on it, fell from my hand and fluttered down to the floor. I picked it up and carelessly glanced over it. The writing was in pencil and hardly legible, but with some difficulty I made out the following words:

"I hereby declare that the mortal wound which I have just received was the result of the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hand of my antagonist. Signed, WM. WALDRON."

Poor Cato, who knew nothing of the importance of these lines, thought that I had suddenly become demoted, so extravagantly did I behave in the first wild exuberance of my joy. I both hugged and kissed the old negro; I laughed, and wept, and danced, and shouted, like a veritable bedlamite; then mounted my horse and rode to the court-house, with all the speed that whip and spur, most actively employed, were capable of developing.

My father's case never came to trial. It was dismissed by the examining court the moment Waldron's note was exhibited, and the handwriting proved; and it was only by a precipitate flight that Garrit Kerne saved himself from a coat of tar and feathers, if not something worse. Granddaddy Cato was transferred to a comfortable cottage at Chincopins, where he still lives, though more than a hundred years old; and, to this day, nothing can be found to please him better than a good long gossip on the subject of "My Boyhood's Trials."

We sacrifice the present in regretting the past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the future that has not yet come. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change and what she cannot command.

## THE BANISHED WIFE.

My son, you have often expressed surprise at the deep and abiding unhappiness that has accompanied me through life. To call it melancholy, would be to give it too soft, too holy a name; for the restless yearning that has driven me from country to country, from city to city, had nothing about it of that tender and brooding frame of mind. From you, Charles, I have had no concealment except upon this subject; nor did this concealment arise from any plan of secrecy, so much as from a shrinking of the heart from the task of laying open its deep and self-inflicted wounds, and the gnawing of the hidden tooth—remorse.

I know that when I am gone, there will not be wanting many to give you different and garbled accounts of that period, that left these disastrous effects upon my life, and deprived you of the companionship and guardianship of an angel—leaving your tortured heart to select its own vision from the many presented. That time is not far distant. I am the victim of a vital disease, that must soon destroy me, and I am not willing that you should judge me when I am no more, as others do, from appearances, even if favorable to me; I would have you know the truth, depending on your affection for forgiveness and even sympathy. I lay before you, with unvarnished veracity, the events that determined the coloring of my whole existence. If only as a warning against the common error of man, I hope this faithful exposition of feelings and of deeds will be of service to you; against that error which inculcated from the cradle, and continued to the tomb—a remnant of barbarity, a fit companion for slavery, which inculcates the inferiority of woman to man; which impresses upon us the idea, that in the marriage ties there is no equality, and that the husband is the master of the wife, instead of her guide and counsellor. It is even believed that this state of things ensures her happiness, and that, spaniel-like, she loves better the hand that oppresses, than that which caresses her. All this is false to nature herself, and if ever true, only rendered so by the degradation of a narrow and artificial education. Where natural resources are developed, responsibility incurred, self-reliance early felt, women often exhibit a pride, a firmness, a perseverance, a high sense of woman, that puts manhood to the blush.

Your mother was of these—years have quenched the enthusiasm of my spirit, and my imagination is feeble, if not extinct; yet, through the long vista of years, and across the wide waste of tombs, I see her still, the most beautiful, the most graceful of beings, as she was the truest, the most noble and dutiful. Nothing of this rare loveliness has fallen on you, my son, unless it be sufficient to temper in your features the repulsive harshness of my own; but there is another, a stranger to you (yet how near!), who has inherited much of her personal beauty. When you see Edward Leonard, you may form some idea of the proud sweetness of her countenance, of her perfect and intellectual features, of her slender and graceful form; yet in this they differ—he is dark and pale; she had a fair and most expressive complexion. The blood seemed never quiet in her cheek; it went, it came, like the flickering of a lamp; and the veins upon her brow and throat reminded one of the most delicate tracery of a flower.

I was an only son. My mother died early, yet not before she had impressed on my mind the bitterness of her own lot. I do not remember her face accurately; to me certainly it was not repulsive; yet she would often bewail the strange plainness of her features and of mine, as a misfortune too bitter for endurance. She would frequently say to me, "Our fate, my son, is never to be loved for ourselves alone. The woman who accepts your hand will be influenced by mercenary motives, or some other equally selfish. Never marry. Close every avenue of your heart against prepossessions of this sort, and turn your mind to fame. Ambition rewards with equal impartiality the ugly and the beautiful." It was a morbid state of feeling with her, caused by her own unhappy union. My father, a handsome and accomplished man, but cold and unfeeling, never loved her, and had sought her in marriage, most probably for the sake of her large fortune; and as she had the misfortune to be passionately attached to him, her doom was the more wretched. I have heard she died of a broken heart. I inherited her gloomy temper, with her personal appearance, and a suspicion, which had been en-

gendered in my mind by what she had told me of her own experience of life.

My father, from the very possession of these personal advantages denied to my mother, set the same false value on externals that she did, in her despair. My homeliness and awkwardness were subjects of mortification to him, and of constant taunts to me; he never loved me, and when half of my mother's estate was taken from his possession at her death, to be placed under guardians for my benefit, the feeling was increased to one of positive dislike. It was a great relief to my mind when my college life separated us, nor did we ever meet again, except once, casually; he went abroad about the time I graduated, and remained there until he died, leaving me without a guide, or friend, save those the law appointed for the safe-keeping of my property. But the desire to lead an honorable life, and to rise to eminence, had been early implanted in my mind by my unhappy mother, nor did her lessons fail now to impress me. The distrust I had always felt with regard to my manners and appearance kept me entirely aloof from woman's society, so that I continued until late in life to have all the diffidence and inexperience of boyhood, nor had I ever dreamed of love until I was nearly thirty years old. At that time I had risen to some eminence in my profession, and had served in many public capacities in my native county.

It was in passing through a village in the south that I first saw your mother. I was on horseback, and, never particular in my dress, it was sadly neglected and travel-worn on that occasion. The weather was warm, though still in early spring—and I was covered with dust, and almost exhausted from thirst, the country through which I had passed that morning being devoid of water. In the suburbs of the small town I was entering, I was attracted by a shaded spring, enclosed by a low fence, and but little removed from the roadside. A group of children were standing near the stone wall built around it, and a young woman was serving them with water in turn, from a small earthen jug. The picture was one of extreme simplicity. I certainly had no reason to suppose my fate was bound up in it, and without any other impulse than that of necessity, I dismounted from my horse and approached the spring.

"I am suffering from thirst," I said. "Will you be good enough to give me a draught of your cool spring water?"

"Certainly," was the frank reply; and descending a flight of stone steps, the young girl to whom I had addressed myself stooped down to dip it up, and returned with a pitcher full of the cool beverage, which I emptied at a draught. She laughed as she received the empty jug from my hand. "You are indeed thirsty," she said; "will you have more?"

I declined; but my eye was riveted on her open and lovely countenance with a strange feeling of delight and admiration. Seeing that I lingered, she attributed it to fatigue, for she said, "Rest here in the shade as long as it is agreeable to you. Come children, it is time we should return to school." And marshalling her little band through the lane that led back from the spring to a low white cottage, surrounded by willow trees, she disappeared in its vine-covered porch.

I gazed long after that vision of youth and beauty, then pursued my way to the village inn, and my first inquiry was of her, the young schoolmistress.

"Her name was Raymond," they told me; "she is a daughter of the late Counsellor Raymond; he died a bankrupt, and it is thus she supports an aged mother and herself. She has refused, it is said, many offers of assistance, and is as good as she is independent and beautiful."

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen Counsellor Raymond, when a child, at my grandfather's house; I had heard him spoken of always as a man eminent in every way, and had listened to his praises with great interest. It seemed a hard and singular fate that the widow and the orphan of such a man should be buried in obscurity, and doomed to toil for bread. A project flashed across my mind. "It may yet be my good fortune," I thought, "to restore them to their former position. I will seek that lovely being as my wife; for already I love her—yes, love at first sight is no fable, as I have hitherto thought it, and I feel already all the monotony of my lonely and selfish existence more keenly than ever." But the suspicion instilled into my heart by my unhappy mother broke harshly on the dream of affection that rose be-

fore me. "You will never be loved," rang in my ears; the words "mercenary motives will influence the woman that accepts your hand," recurred to me with melancholy force, and bowing my head on my hands, I sat for a while in cold and crushing humility of spirit—I, upon whom men looked as proud and unbending, wept tears of anguish over my solitary doom.

"This is weak and unmanly," I thought, brightening up; "that prophecy in which I have trusted hitherto with such superstitious faith may after all have been only the utterance of misery. I will no longer be controlled by it; I will conceal my station and my name, and this once stake everything on a single die. Then if disappointment must follow, I trust I shall bear it with courage; nor can my life be more dreary and cold than now." The long vacation in the law courts gave me time to carry out my plan, nor was I personally known to any one in the village, whose recognition might baffle my disguise.

It was evening when I entered the low porch of Mrs. Raymond's residence, and introducing myself to the venerable lady before me as Mr. Temple—this name was dearer to me than any other as my mother's, and was indeed my own—I stated at once that it was my wish to pass some time in the village, in the pursuit of studies which demanded retirement. I had been struck by the beauty of the cottage, and a wish to become an inmate had taken possession of my fancy. The name of Raymond too, so familiar to my boyhood, had struck me pleasantly in that place of strangers; of Mr. Raymond I had heard so often from William Temple, his old friend, that I could not feel myself wholly unacquainted with his family.

"William Temple!" said Mrs. Raymond. "Are you indeed related to him, as your name would lead me to think?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she said: "Your resemblance to him is strong; you might pass for his grandson;—but this cannot be; he had no son, and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert, I believe, died childless."

"I am related to him," I said, "and as the last of the name, received from him as my inheritance this portrait of himself," at the same time showing her a miniature resemblance of my grandfather, which I always wore. She recognized it a glance, and seemed for a time absorbed by the associations it produced in her memory. I will not dwell upon the hesitation, the doubt with which my offer, though urged under circumstances so favorable, was at first received.

"We have one small quiet room," she said, "which has been vacant for more than two years; but as a link between me and the past, and for the sake of the name you bear, I would gladly receive you, were I not afraid of giving pain to Lucia."

My heart beat high. "You have a daughter?" I asked.

"But one child now," she replied, and the deep smothered sigh that accompanied these words spoke but too plainly of anguish and bereavement. I scarce know how it was, but after the probation of a few days, my tongue found eloquence enough to persuade that mournful lady to admit me as a member of her household.

"Lucia long objected," she said, "to the admission of any occupant into Arthur's room," alluding to the son she had lost; "but when she found my heart was rather set on the matter, she yielded without another word. So come to-morrow, Mr. Temple," said she, "and join us at breakfast. You will find our mode of living, I fear, more frugal and humble than you have been accustomed to."

I murmured something of such having long been my habit, through necessity; and there I spoke truly, for I was of a constitution that never permitted me to indulge in sumptuous living; but she attributed the word necessity to another source, and remarked: "You will not then feel, as I have done, the bitterness of change."

When I entered the small breakfast-room of Mrs. Raymond on the following morning, Lucia was already seated at the table making the coffee. This was the first time I had seen her since I received the pitcher of water from her hands. She received me without any mark of recognition, coldly, yet with courtesy. She had not observed my face, as I did hers. The very dress she wore on that morning of my first domiciliation under her mother's roof—that simple blue gingham gown, made to the throat, with the white collar turning over it, and confined by a belt of the same material round her slender waist



—the very fashion of her braided hair, wound in dark shining masses around her beautiful head, in a negligent yet graceful style peculiarly her own—I remember still with the same admiration, the same sacred purity, with which they impressed me then. Reserved as she was to me, she was still perfectly at her ease; but I, striving vainly to appear self-possessed, had never before been half so embarrassed—so awkward—so unsuccessful in my absurd attempts to be agreeable. When the meal was over she withdrew to her schoolroom, and I saw but little of her face during the remainder of that day and many succeeding ones. In the course of time a better understanding grew up between us, and she treated me with a good humored frankness, in which, however, there was nothing flattering to my self-love,—nothing on which I could ground a hope. Yet, in spite of hope, I loved her on, more and more passionately, yet with a strange restraint, which checked the avowal over on my tongue, and forbade me to use even the commonest and most permitted language of compliment.

This state of things could not always continue—the wild tumult of my feelings—my sleepless nights—my days of anxiety and wretchedness at last produced their effect, and I fell ill of a violent and delirious fever. During this period I was nursed with unfaltering devotion by Mrs. Raymond and her daughter, and through their tender ministry I recovered, after my life had been despaired of by the physicians. Unconscious of the indiscretions of my illness, I was surprised and wounded to find on my recovery an icy veil drawn again over Lucia's manner towards me; and at last, in my anxiety to know the cause, I applied to Mrs. Raymond. It was long before I could elicit even from her the secret of her daughter's reserve. At last, she hinted, with the utmost delicacy, at expressions which had escaped my lips in the delirium of fever, avowing sentiments towards Lucia which she knew not whether to consider the mere creations of the fever, or something deeper and more serious.

"Feeling," said Mrs. Raymond, "that she could not reply to these avowals of passion, if earnest, she has thought it best, in consequence of the embarrassing situation they have placed her in, that you should part—at least for the present."

"I will hear this sentence from her own lips," I said; "none other shall seal my fate," and rushing wildly from the apartment, I followed her to the small shaded arbor, where she was in the habit of passing her few hours of evening leisure. I was no longer embarrassed—no longer irresolute; desperation made me bold—I approached her abruptly.

"Lucia, I leave you to-day," I said, "and by your commands, if I understand aright. Speak to me, is it true?"

"It is my wish, Mr. Temple," she replied, with firmness, yet coloring deeply as she spoke.

"You scorn my love, then," I said, in low and broken accents; "you spurn me from you as one unworthy to aspire to your affection. Answer me—tell me the very worst!"

"This is so sudden," she replied, "so strange; I have not thought of this before. I knew not what to think of your expressions in illness. I never considered them serious. I only felt they would render me uncomfortable in your presence, and I thought indeed it was better you should go—better for us both."

I cast myself wildly at her feet, and poured forth my passionate love. I spoke of that first meeting at the spring—of my growing affection from that hour. I promised the devotion of a life's eternal tenderness. I implored her not to reject me, by every hope of happiness I possessed. I paused, and looking upon her face, I saw that she wept.

"I thank you," she said; "I appreciate your generosity, and as I well believe, sincere devotion; but, Mr. Temple, I cannot return it now, as it ought to be returned. I esteem—I respect you—I admire you—you possess my deepest friendship; but I must not deceive you—I cannot give you more, not now at least—not now. I can but repeat, it is better we should part."

"Will you permit me to hope?" I cried; "will you suffer me to return? At what future time shall I seek you again, and offer this deep, unchangeable affection? Those words, 'not now,' forbid me to despair—they give at least a gleam of comfort to my misery—they inspire me with life—they shall teach me patience. Speak to me, Lucia; when shall I return?"

"I cannot name a time," she answered; "I cannot say more—let us part now," she repeated, firmly, "and believe me, I shall never forget you."

She rose, turned aside, yet even as she did so, she stretched forth her hand to me. I took it, and pressing it to my lips, bathed it with tears, then hastened away with an impetuosity foreign to my nature, and bidding a hasty farewell to Mrs. Raymond, departed.

That evening found me on my way home to resume duties now grown odious to me. I found a letter there, announcing to me the death of my father, by which event I became sole possessor of an immense estate. I will pass over an interval of months. Enough, I sought again, led by some irresistible impulse that I could neither comprehend nor withstand, that small village, where centered every hope of my existence, and alighting at the same inclosure, surrounding the crystal spring, I made my way on foot, through the accustomed lane, to the cottage of Mrs. Raymond. Summer, autumn, had departed. Winter has its own dreariness even in the south, and this season now had possession of the scene; the vines and many of the trees were bare, and their long drapery of moss awayed mournfully in the blast as I approached the dwelling of the schoolmistress.

At my summons the old servant appeared, and laying her finger on her lips, motioned me into a small room. I entered. It was dark and solitary—an awful chilling fear shot across my heart. "Stay," I said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as the woman was gliding away. "Tell me what has occurred. How?—where is Lucia? Is she gone—is she dead?" and I stood wildly before her.

"Mrs. Raymond is very ill, sir," she replied, "and Miss Lucia is greatly grieved."

"Go," I said; "but do not disturb her. Tell her that I am here, and will await her pleasure."

It was not many minutes before Lucia came in, sorrowful, pale, and thin. She approached me with outstretched hands and tearful eyes.

"Mr. Temple, welcome," she said, "even to this house of sorrow."

"Is your mother very ill?" I asked, clasping her hands in mine.

"O, hopelessly, I fear!" replied Lucia. "God alone can save her—but come with me—she insists upon seeing you. Let me caution you to be very guarded—her life hangs on a thread."

I entered the chamber of Mrs. Raymond. A glad, almost unearthly light beamed a moment in her eye as she beheld me, and stretching out her thin arms, she said, "You have come at last. I knew—I knew you would return. I felt that you would not forsake us in our extremity."

"Mother, forbear," said Lucia; "be calm, you will exhaust yourself."

"O no—this pleasure has given me a new life," said Mrs. Raymond. "I am strong—indeed I am almost well. The dreadful burden is lifted from my mind—the fear of leaving you alone, my child, in this cold, heartless world. Mr. Temple has returned."

"Mrs. Raymond, will you be my mediator with Lucia?" "Will you join with me in entreaties for her hand?" and as I spoke, I took her icy fingers in mine.

"Mr. Temple," said Lucia, fixing her eyes on me, "this is neither the time nor the place. My mother's health demands my whole attention now; nor is it well to intrude other matters at this period of anxiety and trouble."

But the voice of the dying mother was lifted up in passionate entreaty.

"Lucia, I know your feelings towards Mr. Temple; they are such as warrant you in being his wife."

"Mother, I esteem, I respect, I love Mr. Temple," she said, firmly, yet with deep emotion, "but not with the love he nobly lavishes on me. If the feelings of a heart inured to suffering, disappointment and anxiety, suffice his ardent nature, I am willing to be his wife, but I cannot promise more."

"O, Lucia!" I exclaimed, "can you indeed deign to pass your life with one so humble, so homely, so uninteresting as I am?"

"You undervalue yourself," she said. "You are the noblest being I ever knew; the only man living who would act thus towards the afflicted and desolate;" and no longer able to contain her feelings, she wept passionately.

Long afterwards, in a diary faithfully kept from earliest girlhood to the period of our marriage, I found a record of her sensations at this period, which stung me to the soul, together with

a faithful account of her previous trials and disappointments, which explained all those mysterious circumstances that so bitterly influenced my fate in after years.

We were married. At the urgent request of that dying mother, who lingered for several weeks, we were united before her death, but not before I had disclosed to both my real name and station, and the strange, suspicious nature that had induced me to seek my wife in the disguise of poverty and obscurity.

Mrs. Raymond's evident pleasure at this disclosure soothed greatly the dread of separation; but Lucia received it with a calmness which (I shamed to say) woke in my mind cruel suspicions that the circumstances of my disguise were not strange to her; though she had chosen from motives of her own, to feign ignorance of my wealth and influence. I understood not the simplicity and directness of her nature, long habituated to endurance and privations, and to which, beyond independence and security from suffering, wealth was of no importance. It was, too, in a time of anguish, surmounting every worldly consideration, that she became acquainted with the facts of my position and fortune, and for weeks after her mother's death, she was absorbed in a depth of sorrow that made her insensible to every flattering prospect I held before her.

At the end of the winter we returned to town, where she was received with the greatest consideration, not only as my wife, but as the daughter of Mr. Raymond, so long beloved and revered. I purchased and furnished a splendid house, surrounded her with every attribute of luxury, and was vexed, unreasonably, to behold how little these efforts of mine affected her. She received them more frequently with remonstrances than with gratitude, for the simplicity of her habits made splendor oppressive to her; and she cared little for society, for whose sake alone such magnificence is desirable.

All this should have gratified me, and assured me of the strength and sincerity of her attachment, but I imputed it to pride, insensibility, want of gratitude, everything but the true motive; and so the demon suspicion began to rise up between us. She had frankly avowed to me when she gave me her hand, that she did not love me as I loved her; that her soul, wrung with anguish and inured to sorrow, was incapable of the same freshness of feeling. She had even hinted at some disappointment, which had quenched the enthusiasm of her nature; but although prepared for these differences in the state of our respective feelings, I could not bear, when it came to the proof, the measured duty of her attachment for me.

She was, it is true, wholly devoted to my comfort and interest. She delighted in anticipating every wish of my heart, in serving me in every capacity, but she loved me not as I idolized her. And yet, I was often gloomy, cold, and even harsh in my manner to her, unreasonable in my exactions, and inconsiderate of her comfort and convenience. All this she bore with an undeviating sweetness, a cheerful courage, which I could not understand, and therefore chose to attribute to a want of sensibility, as if that changing cheek, that eye often heavy with tears, which were not suffered to overflow their boundary, those firmly closed lips, fixed in a painful and determined smile, were not enough to betray the sick aching of the heart within! It might be that the birth of a child, early in the second year of her marriage, gave her strength to bear and support what otherwise might have been insupportable. As it was, most nobly did she sustain herself under the sarcastic gloom of my temper, ever striving to fix the cause of its discontent on hers. And all this because she could not return the adoration; for, strangely inconsistent as the term may seem, unless compared with my conduct, such was indeed the feeling of my soul for her.

It was about a year after the birth of my son, the wrist of my right arm was so severely sprained, as to prevent me from closing my fingers on a pen for years, and with the immense pressure of business which came upon me at this time, this was indeed a serious inconvenience. To my great surprise, as well as delight, Lucia insisted on being my amanuensis, and from that hour she passed her whole time amid the dusty papers that lumbered my study. She wrote a bold and flowing hand, and inherited, in a remarkable degree, the legal talents of her father. It was with unfeigned astonishment that I found her capable, in a short time, of comprehending the most abstruse difficulties of the law; of untangling its maze of repetition and paradox, and of pursuing a single idea through the most in-

volved process, the driest and most complicated technicalities. I found, indeed, that her brilliant and luminous mind shot far ahead of mine in the quickness of its apprehension; and, I shamed to say it, at such times I was irritated by a secret sting of envy against the wife of my bosom. Yet this very feeling arose from the idolatry I gave her. Confessing her my superior in every other respect, I could not bear to find that the only ground I had reserved for self-elevation was also pre-occupied by her. I feared that such consciousness would abate her respect and deference for me. Not so, however; for she acted from principle, and, as her husband, she ceased not, as long as she could endure my control, to bow with meekness and silent submission before it. A time came when Lucia could no longer sit day after day, bending over dull law papers, denying herself exercise, amusement, the society of her child, to serve and assist me in my duties. The duties of maternity were about again to engross her, and it became necessary that I should seek an assistant.

It was not long before several young men presented themselves. Among others appeared a man of about twenty-seven years of age, of interesting and even noble appearance. His name was Leonard. I felt from the first moment possessed in his favor; his manners were polished, his voice gentle and low; his smile sweet and winning; his eye alone indicated a high and untamed spirit. Nor did I like him the less for this expression. I have ever detested the mean and cringing soul.

His profession was that of an artist, which he had at that time taken into his head to abandon for the study of the law. He had been five years abroad, studying his art—in the intervals of time he could spare from close attendance on an invalid uncle, at whose expense and invitation he had gone. This relative had died, and with an ingratitude too often characteristic of invalids, left his whole fortune to another, a man of wealth, who had never paid him the slightest attention. Leonard did not complain of this, but mentioned it more as a matter of regret for the indolence which his uncle's promises of wealth had fostered in him, than the loss of fortune itself.

"But now," he said, "I am resolved to be industrious; and as I cannot afford to wait for fame as an artist, I will at least try to make bread in some other capacity."

The conditions on which he received the appointment were a moderate salary, his board, and permission to use my law library. He presented to me high testimonials of worth and ability, and I unhesitatingly engaged him. After our first interview he passed through the library adjoining my study on his way to the hall. Lucia had seated herself there while we were closeted together to sort and arrange some papers, preparatory to resigning her office, and must have seen Leonard as he passed through the room, though probably unobserved by him, as she sat in the embrasure of a deep window, half concealed by the curtains.

When I passed through the library, a moment after, I found her standing in an attitude of wild surprise. The papers she had been arranging were scattered at her feet; one hand was extended towards the door of the apartment, the other grasped a chair as if for support; and her eyes were fixed in a vacant and fearful stare, in the direction of her hand. I approached her, touched her, spoke to her in accents of alarm, which recalled her to consciousness. She turned, threw herself into my arms, and fainted. That night she gave birth prematurely to a lifeless child, and lay for many weeks afterwards dangerously ill with a low nervous fever, during which she seemed scarcely conscious of anything, and presented at times the torpid appearance of death itself.

Mr. Leonard had been installed in office during the illness of my wife, and had proved the full value of his services during the time when I was wholly distracted from business.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

#### LARGE ORGANS.

One of the largest organs in England is that of Christ Church, in Newgate Street, London. It has above 4000 pipes, and above 100 of those can be sounded by touching a single key, or in other words, from a single note. The organ of St. Paul's has 1797 pipes; Westminster Abbey, 1524; St. Sepulchre, in Skinner Street, 2500; Exeter Hall, 2187; Birmingham, nearly 3000; York above 4000. The largest pipe of the organ (producing the lowest C of the scale) is 32 feet long, and of proportionate diameter; and a current of air to produce the sound must rush through such a space with the force of a tempest.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)  
AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The autumn wind and withered leaf  
Speak to the feeling heart,  
In tones more plaintive and more sweet  
Than language can impart.

There is music in the sighing gale,  
Though saddest notes may breathe  
Their requiem o'er the dying year,  
Or nature's withering wreath.

Though brief and varied are the joys,  
Fast fading from our view,  
Like the gorgeous hues of sunset skies,  
And the morning's early dew.

They are passing away, and their gentle sigh  
The autumn winds may bear,  
And their soothing language ever seems  
Like the voice of fervent prayer.

Earth's varied flowers, they smile on all,  
They grace the lowly cot,  
They pass away at a Father's call,—  
Why mourn o'er their happy lot?

They rest awhile, and the valley fair,  
Once decked in varied green,  
Faded and sear, in death they seem,  
While lulled in a transient dream.

As the seasons roll in time's rapid flight,  
They will spring to earth again,  
Arrayed in greater beauty and bloom,  
To deck the verdant plain.

Thus life, like the flower, the leaf and wind,  
Is passing fast away,  
But the pure in heart shall wake to bliss,  
In realms of perfect day.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

SYBIL.

BY MATTHEW F. VINTON.

"Do you realize that in a week's time you are to become my wife, Sybil?"

"It would be strange if, under the circumstances, I did not realize the fact most sensibly."

"Under the circumstances! You speak the words with a slow, hard-drawn breath, and a cold enger, as if you disdained either the sentence you uttered, or the one who heard it. Is it possible that the thought of this marriage makes you unhappy?"

"Possible, Mr. Windon!" A little broken laugh, unnatural, yet not harsh, followed the words, and Sybil Rossitur flashed a quick glance into her companion's face, as she spoke. Such a glance! It startled his calm pulses into a fiercer race than they had ever run before in all his life. It was like the golden, electric blush of the lightning, and thrilling with its noiseless shock, he waited for the thunderbolt which lurked behind it.

"Possible! Your look of incredulous surprise belies the import of your speech. Your eyes have grown so big with the begetting of that stupendous idea, that the rest of your face looks pale and dwarfed beside them. As if any woman could rebel against the brilliant destiny of marriage, and more especially myself, when the bridegroom is to be the immaculate Horace Windon, Esq. Preposterous! You wrong yourself by such a supposition."

What bitter, mocking sarcasm ran through the low-spoken sentence, made doubly disdainful by the curl of the speaker's crimson, velvety lip, and the fire of her brilliant violet eyes, whose lifted glance burned upon the face of her companion with a kind of angry, eager scorn.

"Sybil!"

It seemed as if Horace Windon's whole heart, like a bark heavily freighted with love and hope, floated up in one strong, passionate throb, on the tide of that musical name. It seemed, too, as if Sybil, softened by the rich tenderness that gushed through his voice, rose, palpitating and tremulous, to meet it. For an instant the red lips lost their haughty curve, and the roses budding in the white silken soil of her cheeks, broke into full bloom and stained her whole face with the opening of their scarlet petals. For an instant the starry pride that sparkled across the azure of her eyes, disappeared, as though a cloud of unshed tears had drifted over and quenched it. The white, raised eyelids trembled and fell, the proud glance wavered, the soft, slight hands that had been locked together as by the force of some strong passion, relaxed and fell apart. For an instant the queen was lost in the woman.

The transformation was but momentary. Then, with a slow, regal grace, the drooped head

was lifted up again, the troubled crimson waves eddied away from her face, and she stood confronting him quietly, pale and grave, and sorrowful. She did not speak, nor was speech needed. Her silence was answer enough to the proud man standing there beside her, his lips still burning with the impassioned utterance of her name. A single word would have lessened the severe spell imposed by her silence, as the first fall of rain breaks the dead sultriness of a rising summer storm.

"You are in a strange mood this morning, Sybil!"

There was no heart-leap in that sentence. The voice, though tender, was sad as those with which dying farewells are uttered. There was no answer.

"A strange mood! I never saw you in such a one before!"

Her lover reached forward and clasped one of her hands as he spoke. She disengaged it coldly, still without speaking. She turned her haughty head from him a trifle—that was all.

"So you hate me, Sybil?"

She threw him a look from her magnificent eyes that, if he had been a vain man, he might have interpreted to his satisfaction. Whatever the flash of light signified, it was not hatred. But he was not vain, and so he merely passed his hand across his handsome forehead, like one who had been dazzled, and said, with a smile:

"You have beautiful eyes, Sybil!"

"I heard you say the same of your pet dog yesterday. How thoughtful I ought to be that my intended husband cares enough for me to class my eyes with those of his canine favorite."

Horace Windon, calm and self-possessed as he usually was, had no armor of courteous forbearance thick enough to withstand that fine, arrowy thrust of irony. His dark face grew darker still with the dash of hot, resentful blood which overflowed it.

"I was not aware that I had ever instituted any comparison between yourself and Carlo. I have a pet at home, a raven, to which I should sooner liken you. It is not tame yet, and has a fierce, bright way of snatching at my hand when I offer it food or drink, though it be done ever so gently."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Windon. Am I to infer from it that you think I have snatched at your hand?"

"You will drive me mad, Sybil, or Miss Rossitur, if you like the formal appellation better! What has come over you this morning? You shall tell me!" And he laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder. She shook it off imperiously.

"Shall!" she repeated after him, with a taunting laugh, which brought that bronze-like shadow to his brows again. "You put on your authority as master rather early, do you not? Remember my servitude does not commence until next week. Then I hope to wear my chains with becoming submission!"

She made a movement as though she would have slipped past him, but he stayed her flight with the magnetism of his resolute eyes. Had he attempted to restrain her with his hand, she would have slid like a shadow through his grasp. But the subtle thralldom of his gaze held her fast.

"If you have not been contented with this arrangement, why have you never spoken before?"

"Seeing that I could not help myself, where was the use of words? If you put iron fetters about my wrists, would talking unlock them?"

"Certainly not, but it might persuade me to."

"I had no wish to do so," was the cold, quick answer. "The promise of a Rossitur is always honorably kept, and I gave you mine months ago. I had no right to claim of you afterward the mercy I had denied myself."

"Then why, after deceiving me so long, until the last moment, as it were, do you taunt me with your unhappiness, as if I were to blame, who knew nothing of it until now?"

"Because you force me to it. You have wrested my words from me against my will, part of them, at least. It was not enough that months ago you bought me of my father, and paid my price down in good hard coin, as you would have paid for a horse, or a dog, or a piece of furniture, but you must gild my pride with such a continual inflow of rich gifts, that I could not, if I would, forget, even for an instant, that I am not your betrothed wife, who loves you and whom you love—but only your last purchase, your most recent speculation. Only a few hours ago you

brought me this, to show me for what baubles I had uncrowned myself—for what a meagre price I had sold the royal jewel of my womanhood."

She lifted a little casket as she spoke, poised it disdainfully upon the very tip of one white, slender finger, as if there was contamination in the touch, and then swinging back the lid, revealed on its bed of white velvet, a splendid tiara of diamonds, which flashed and throbbed in the light as though every jewel had been a human pulse, quivering beneath the scorn of her indignant eyes.

"See! Shall I not make a fine ornament for your handsome house? Look! do not turn away your head in that manner, as though you regretted your bargain. Look! I say, and tell me if you are satisfied!"

She wrenched away the little golden comb that confined the purple-black masses of her hair, and let a cloud of heavy silken tresses ripple down across her shoulders and enclose her waist like a twilight mist. Then she bound the diamond circlet above her white brows with the same haughty grace which characterized all her movements, took a step backward from him, as though to express, through that, some unuttered fear or loathing, then a contradictory, half-enger one forward, as if she would have enfolded him in her embrace if she dared, and then snatching the jewels from her hair and tossing them on the carpet at his feet, she swept him a low courtesy and flashed past him out of the room.

The explanation of this little scene is easily given. It is an old, old story, and will hardly bear my poor pen's repetition. Mr. Rossitur (Sybil's father) had been a wealthy man, but getting involved in reckless speculation, suddenly found the princely fabric of his wealth tottering beneath him. Horace Windon, the son of an old friend, stepped between him and bankruptcy, and when the old man, with broken exclamations of gratitude, begged to know in what way he could express his thankfulness, his young benefactor had proposed for his daughter's hand. Though he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he had never made any professions of love to Sybil, for he was a proud, reserved man, rather lacking in self-confidence and those thousand nameless graces which fastidious women are apt to admire in men. And so, when the matter was mentioned to her by her father, she had no way of knowing that, beating through the cold artery of that formal proposal, the whole strong, warm heart of Horace Windon surged out toward her. She looked upon it as an affair of trade, and her woman's nature rose up in rebellious pride against the mercenary bargain. That he thought her a beautiful piece of mechanism, well fitted to beautify and set off his elegant parlors, was hardly enough to satisfy the yearning of her tender woman heart. She realized, intuitively, what must be the misery of a married life where there was no love to sanctify its cares and duties. Yet partly from a wish to repay her father's debt of gratitude, and partly actuated by a motive which she hardly dared acknowledge to herself, she had consented to become his wife. How she struggled against his chains when they were well-nigh rivetted, we have already seen.

"For you, Miss Rossitur!"

It was an elegantly superscribed little note which Sybil took from the servant's hand that evening, as she sat with her embroidery in the parlor. A glance at the hand-writing told her from whom it came, and a vivid blush overran her face as she broke the seal. But when she finished reading it, the dainty sheet of note-paper was not whiter than the beautiful lips to which she pressed it. It was from Horace Windon, containing a manly, honorable renunciation of her hand—nothing more.

She tore the little missive in pieces angrily and then, as if in atonement, covered the fragments with kisses and hid them in her bosom, holding both her hands hard against them, as though they were a medicine which might cure the stormy throbbings of the heart beneath.

A few moments later she had sent a servant to request an interview with Mr. Windon, and was waiting for his arrival, with as haughty a face as that she had worn during their morning conversation.

She was not obliged to wait long for him. He entered the room unannounced, and stood beside her before she had framed a single excuse for sending for him. She had acted from a momentary impulse, and what to say or do in explanation, she could not think. Mr. Windon, without noticing the confusion into which his

abrupt entrance threw her, was the first to speak.

"You sent for me, did you not, Miss Rossitur?"

The calm, coldly-spoken words restored her to herself. She bowed slightly in answer to the question, and then, with a half-repellant wave of her hand, which seemed to signify that he had said all that was necessary, and much more than she would have been glad to hear, she replied:

"Yes. I could not resist the desire to thank you for the delicate way in which you have seen fit to dissolve our engagement. Now that the preparations have gone so far, now that the wedding-day is fixed and the guests invited, this new decision of yours will place me in a very enviable position. To be forsaken by one's affianced husband at the very altar, as it were, will make a woman's name a fruitful subject for gossip, and the shame and humiliation which this step will bring me, will be a rare and manly revenge for the wound I gave your pride. I congratulate you upon the fine, retaliatory spirit which you exhibit, and beg you to accept my thanks for your delicacy and consideration."

"In Heaven's name, what will you have of me, Miss Rossitur?"

Horace Windon's voice was husky with passion, and his dark eyes were all ablaze with the kingly spirit her taunt had aroused. His anger seemed to give her pleasure rather than pain. But she made him no reply. She had awakened the slumbering lion, and she admired the savage majesty of the royal brute; but nevertheless she had evidently no wish to thrust her hand in his mouth. She played with the tangled worsteds in her work-basket without speaking.

"If I have given you back your freedom, it was because I learned this morning a bitter and unpalatable, yet perhaps deserved lesson, and not from the mean, unmanly motive you ascribe to me. I believe you know me well enough to comprehend this, and believing so, I fail to understand why I merit this double chastisement of your contempt. It is enough that you disdain and scoff at my love!"

"I do not," she interrupted, and there was a world of glorious denial in the beautiful face that flashed toward him for a moment, and was then averted. "I am not unwomanly enough to disdain or scoff at any man's love; but to be bought and sold like a piece of merchandise—O, Mr. Windon, I wish you could stand in my place a moment, that you might know how every spark of womanliness within me rises up to quarrel with this humiliating thought."

She spoke earnestly, very earnestly, and the sweet secret that lay buried under all her pride, trembled and vibrated along the eager words. A new thought seemed born in Horace Windon's mind. He took one quick step forward, as though to read her face, but she turned it from him again into the shadow.

"And if I should tell you that I loved you, would that make any difference, Sybil?"

"You dare not say it, for it would not be true."

Now the beautiful eager face was turned full to his gaze, and Sybil's whole soul crowded up into the dilating sapphire irids of her eyes, waiting for his answer.

"I dare say it, and it is true! I love you with all my heart and soul, and if I have never told you so before, it was because I believed you knew it without it being told. Will it make any difference, Sybil?"

"You shall see how much, Horace, dear Horace!"

Her warm arms were about his neck, her burning face against his shoulder.

"If I had only known it sooner, these three months of wretchedness would have been the happiest of my life. Tell it to me again, in recompense for what I have suffered."

"I love you! I love you! I love you—my darling—my Sybil—my wife! And these are words I have never spoken to any woman beside my mother! Are you satisfied?"

Her only answer was to reach up her lips for a kiss. Was not that a sweet negative to his question?

Absence is considered the great bane and torment of lovers. Every lover writes to his beloved that, when absent from her, the time lags on leaden wings—minutes are tortured into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and years into interminable ages. Existence has become a burden, and he is kept alive only by the sweet hope of meeting the dear object again.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## SHADOWS.

BY COOPER.

The sky is clear, but night is near,  
And soon her robe of spangled sable  
Will all enfold the wood and wold,  
And, like the heaven's starry fable,  
Beneath the hill with warbling trill,  
Meandering 'mong the sleeping daisies,  
Will shoot and gleam the restless stream,  
Till lost amid the flowery mazes.

The low night breeze among the trees,  
Makes audible their dreamy motion;  
They loudest tell like murmuring shell,  
A far-off song of summer ocean.  
The maiden moon will glimmer soon,  
As twilight dies along the meadows,  
She'll lend the dew's their diamond hues,  
And with them trace the evening shadows.

I love to rove through the sleeping grove,  
Where elfins dance on the rosy vision;  
Or idly float in an careless boat,  
Like youthful dreams through Time's elysium,  
The soft winds woo—alone! alone!  
Ah, with one to love and one to love me.  
This would I deem life's mimic stream,  
Its main—the heaven that rolls above me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## OUR WILLY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I THINK you must remember the frightful gale of 1839? It was in December: and it seemed as if the departing year was giving one long, terrible death-howl, as it was about to plunge headlong into eternity. The wind and rain, snow and hail, thunder and lightning, were combined together in one dreadful work; and as crash after crash sounded upon the ear, each seemed more awful than the last.

On land, it was frightful enough; but it was on the ocean that the storm king reigned most triumphantly. Strong, noble vessels went down, like reeds before the wind; while against others, the billows ran mountains high, and played with human life as children play with bubbles. Far out at sea, some noble bark might ride out the storm in safety, with the loss of perhaps a suit of sails or a crippled mast; but once near shore, no skill or sea-craft could save the destined prey of the remorseless ocean.

Then it was that Willy, my kind, good, patient brother, who had all his life been doing good actions without bustle or parade, appeared down stairs wrapped in a garb obtained no one knew how, and declared his intention of going out to see if any one could be saved.

My mother looked at the slight, fragile boy before her, and her motherly soul rose up to forbid it. He seemed to feel what would be her words, and he came close to her and kissed her cheek.

"Mother, take it home to your own heart! Would you not expect some one to do as much for me if I were perishing for aid this night? I shall be safe, because I shall be doing my duty. I may be lost if I remain here."

What could she say to such an appeal? Quaint and strange as Willy looked in the oil-skin suit, my mother could not have looked upon him more reverently if he had been a winged angel. She turned away weeping, it is true, but with a look that said that she could glory in such a son lying dead before her eyes, far more than in one living at ease and caring for none of the suffering. The sound of Willy's last footstep struck terror to all our hearts; but only for a moment. The brave boy had left the presence of his noble courage behind him with us. We rallied and set to work, preparing for what might be.

Fires in every room, blankets and mattresses, hot water, brandy, dry clothes—all these were hastily got together, and our house in less than half an hour would have answered for a very tolerable hospital. My mother would sometimes pause in her work and breathe out Willy's name, with an anguished voice, that sent an answering thrill through my heart.

When all was finished, we were again obliged to listen to the storm. We were so near the sea that the loud, ceaseless roll of the vexed billows rose even above the storm; and the creaking of masts, and the loud voices of those on shore, came to our ears in the short intervals of its fury, and every sound seemed to us to be shrieking out Willy's funeral knell.

The strong red lights which we had placed in our windows, attracted the people to bring in those whom they had rescued; and soon our

floors were nearly covered by pale, half-drowned wretches, whose color and almost their life had ebbed away in the deep waters, but who had been snatched from their surface by the strong hands of our hardy and willing neighbors.

But among all these Willy had not come, and although we busied ourselves with the rescued, our hearts were turning sicker every moment. Every one had seen him; he had assisted to bring several of these poor creatures from the waves—but at the last moment they had lost sight of him. We worked on, almost in desperation and despair. Willy was our all—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—the only being who called me sister. Wildly I flew to the doors or windows, as often as each patient was duly rubbed, refreshed and covered up; but though the storm had partially lulled, the still dark and murky night showed me no hope.

I looked at my mother. She was passing round among the sufferers, and the sublime composure of her features struck me as being unnatural. "She cannot realize how long he has been absent, or she would not look so serene," thought I.

I was mistaken. That very composure arose from the lack of even the faintest hope. She believed that her Willy was dead—but she remembered his last words, and she kept on in her work of love. When all was still, and two babies were lying warm upon their mothers' breasts, as if no storm had disturbed their rest, and four or five men and lads were sinking to a quiet slumber, we sat down in another room and watched the fading embers, afraid to look into each others' faces, lest we should read despair in each.

Never shall I forget that midnight watch. Our nerves—mine at least—were wrought up to agony. I could hear the minutest sound; and the heavy breathing of the sleepers, in the next room, almost distracted me. My mother, overcome with grief, fatigue, and with the odors of the brandy with which she had bathed the sufferers, and which were not yet dissipated, went into a disturbed sleep, so that I was the only waking one in the house.

Strangely enough I had not thought of Willy's dog throughout this night. He had been lying under the sofa, to the leg of which my brother had tied him before I went away, lest he should follow him. Willy was more merciful even to a dumb brute than to himself. A faint moan, a movement, made me remember him. He had obeyed his master by lying still even through all the confusion.

I went and untied him. He sprang eagerly to the door. I understood his mute appeal and opened it. One bound, and he was out into the dark night. Then I sat down and cried; why, I did not know; but I believe now it was from some secret springing up of hope that renewed itself in my heart, simply by the dog's action. I had not shed a tear before. Presently, I heard him at the door. I let him in, and he came up to me, taking my skirts between his teeth, and seeming to urge me to go with him. When I took down my heavy cloak from the nail in the hall, he uttered a joyful cry, and pulled me towards the door. I seized a pair of boots that were in the room, and put them on; tied a shawl over my head, and put a bottle of brandy into the pocket of my cloak.

Hector plunged out before me. I gave one look back, to see if my mother were far enough removed from the fire, and then I too plunged out into the snow. It was not deep except in a few places. The dog kept close to me, urging me along, until I reached a little sort of cove, in which my brother and I had often played when children.

Here Hector stopped and would go no further. I turned the little lantern which I had brought with me, towards the entrance of the small recess, and saw something shine like wet sea-weed. Hector evidently did not think that. He would never have got up such joyful barks at all the sea-weed in the ocean. No, it was an oiled suit, and, for a moment, I could not look at it. I turned deadly sick, for I felt now that I had been brought here to find Willy's dead body. But was that a movement of the limbs, or was it Hector's frantic efforts to turn the body over? I took courage to move the head, and there was paleness, but no death, upon that face, as it lay under the light of my lantern. Insensible he might be, but I knew he was alive. There was another form beside him; and in that, too, was life and warmth.

And now, dear reader, how can I shock your tender sensibilities, by presenting you with some-

thing so different to that which you ought to expect? By the most approved rule in almost all cases made and provided, this should have been the form of a lovely and beautiful young girl, whom Willy has saved, and whom he finally marries; but the unromantic truth is far different. It was that of an aged and infirm lady, who, in her agony, had clung to Willy, after he had saved several others.

He succeeded in bringing her to shore, and hoped to reach the first fisherman's hut with his burden, by the help of another person; but the latter went back to the shore to attempt another rescue, and did not return to them. Willy led the poor lady into this little shelter to wait for their companion, and both, from utter exhaustion, fell asleep. Another hour would have proved fatal to them; but as yet they were only a little lame, and felt that they could now rise and walk. Not one step, however, could the woman take. I dashed across the strip of black soil that lay between two patches of snow, roused up John Carter, the fish pedlar, and made him get out his cart and strew it with hay.

The storm had died away, and the moon had come up; and by its light we succeeded in getting both the poor creatures into the cart, Willy all the time saying that he could walk home very well. Now deep in mud, now floundering in snow banks, and now almost overset in the deep gullies which the rain had made, we at last arrived, Hector trotting on behind as the rear guard. My mother had waked up only a moment before, and had not yet missed me.

"There are more coming to be warmed," I said, as I approached her.

"And Willy has not come!" she said, mournfully. "O, Della, have you any hope left?"

"Every hope in the world, mother. I feel sure that Willy is safe somewhere."

She did not answer me, for Willy's face was on her shoulder, and John Carter and his man were bringing in the old lady—and we all had to stir in her behalf. A warm bed was her best restorative, and we speedily put her into one. She was an English woman, and quite wealthy, she told us next day. Infirm as she had been on board ship, she speedily recovered from her exposure, and remained with us a pleasant and agreeable guest, until a ship was ready to sail for England. We have often since received tokens of her remembrance of that night.

The next day a subscription was taken up, to raise means for restoring the saved to their friends. Willy desiring to assist in circulating the list, but was too ill, and a severe rheumatic fever followed, in which our guest watched over him with the tenderness of a mother.

"I ought, in duty, to have been a fair young damsel, and to have married Willy for preserving me," she would often say.

"No," I would answer, "it is utterly impossible to get up a particle of romance out of the whole affair."

But there was something better than romance—Willy's courage and goodness. These are imperishable. Nineteen years of contact with the world since then, have not spoiled him yet. He is, as then, the best of sons and brothers; beloved by all, and loving the whole human race with a tenderness like that of the good angels. If ever you should come to Sandy Beach, ask for the best and bravest man in the neighborhood, and they will point you to my brother Willy.

## THE RIGHTS OF UNWON LOVE.

To seek and sue a woman's yet unwon love, implies the telling her, when won, the whole previous history of her lover, concealing nothing, fair or foul, which does not compromise any other than himself. This confidence she has a right to expect, and the man who withholds it is either a coward in himself, or doubts the woman of his choice, as, should he so doubt his wife, woo to him and to her! To carry into the sanctuary of a true wife's breast some accursed thing which must be forever hidden in his own, has always seemed to me one of the blackest treasons against both honor and love of which a man could be capable.—*A Life for a Life.*

## RULES FOR GOOD HABITS.

1. Have a plan laid beforehand for every day.
2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry.
3. Cultivate perseverance.
4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality.
5. Be an early riser.
6. Be in the habit of learning something from every one with whom you meet.
7. Form fixed principles on which to think and act.
8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits.
9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well.
10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper.
11. Cultivate soundness of judgment.
12. Observe a proper treatment of parents, friends and companions.—*Todd.*

## CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, BOSTON.

This structure, on Franklin Street, will soon be torn down, and the site occupied by a splendid store. The following account of the estate will interest many readers. The property was purchased in 1719, of Joseph Dudley, Esq., of Roxbury, and John Winthrop, of New London, and others, as appears by Suffolk Records, June 27, 1719. It was bounded easterly on Long Lane (Federal Street) 241 feet, south 200 feet, westerly 255 feet, northerly 202 feet—all of which land was the estate of Colonel Nicholas Paige, Esq., and Anne, his wife, levied on by virtue of several executions, etc. Consideration named for the estate, £383 7s. 6d. On the west line and rear of this land stood the distillery of Andrew Johnnet, on the upper part of Franklin Place; on the east, in "Long Lane," were several wooden stores, and a garden in the rear, where the bishop's house formerly stood. Between these stores and the distillery, where the Catholic church now stands, were the store-houses, well-room, etc., of Mr. Johnnet, and which he occupied till his death. In 1793 the estate was sold to Edward H. Robbins and others, trustees, and the lot was then cut up. Franklin Street was laid out at this time, and was first paved in 1799.

Rev. Mr. Matignon arrived in Boston in 1792, and Bishop Cheverus in 1796. These two gentlemen made applications to the Protestants, who generously contributed to the erection of a church, and a lot was purchased on this estate. In the Centinel of March 19, 1800, we find this record: "On Monday last the workmen began to break ground preparatory to commencing a new Roman Catholic church near the Federal Street Theatre in this town. The Spanish consul assisted at the celebration." The church was consecrated on the 29th of September, 1803. The present length of the church is 115 feet, and its greatest width 72 feet.

A writer of reminiscences in the Daily Advertiser, 1821, says, "where Federal Street Theatre stood was a distillery, and behind was a large pasture extending to Broad Alley, now Hawley Street, and bounded south in estates in Summer Street, and North on Milk Street—this pasture is now Franklin Place—it belonged to a family by the name of Greenleaf, and was sold in 1787 for £300." Another writer says "The lower part of Franklin Place was all a quagmire, and great difficulty was experienced in filling it up." The church is now the only building that remains in Franklin Street east of Hawley Street, that has stood three years. It will be removed soon after next Christmas.—*Transcript.*

## WHAT PERSEVERANCE WILL ACCOMPLISH.

The late Robert Wickliff was a native of Virginia, and emigrated to Kentucky a poor, unlettered boy. He commenced his career as a day laborer, at fifty cents a day, became an eminent lawyer, and was the largest capitalist in Kentucky at the time of his death, his property being estimated at four millions. The *Peducal Herald* remarks of Mr. Wickliff, that, as a laborer, he was noted for his faithfulness, his industry, and the amount of work which he could perform. At the whipsaw he was unequalled, and on many occasions he cut down the timber and split out five hundred rails a day. In the palmiest days of his popularity and wealth he never ceased to boast of his achievements as a laborer. He studied law while a laborer, at night by the light of the fire, and when first admitted to the bar, he gave but small promise of attaining the position which he afterwards won.

In the conception of Mohammed's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

## PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for one dollar. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

## ONE DOLLAR.

## WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*.  
Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.  
Two pages of finely executed, original, humorous illustrations embellish each number.  
Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!  
It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.  
In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.  
It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.  
Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.  
Each number contains original articles from more than forty regular contributors.  
Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!  
Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.  
Six copies of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 23 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## BEY OF TUNIS.

Sidi Mohammed, Bey of Tunis, lately died after a long and painful malady. He had succeeded his cousin german, Sidi Ahmed, and administered the government but a few years. Still, during his brief reign, he had acquired the unanimous sympathies of his subjects, and of the European colony established at Tunis, by his gentleness and equity as well as the fostering care he bestowed on the manufactures and agriculture of his country. His premature death caused a general mourning throughout the regency. The accession to the throne of his youngest brother, Sidi Sadok, whose portrait, in full uniform, is herewith presented, was accomplished with the greatest tranquillity, and it is hoped, from the firm and resolute character of the new sovereign, that he will follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. His first act was to take oath to the constitution proclaimed by Sidi Mohammed, by virtue of which the inhabitants of the regency enjoy equal rights and privileges, without distinction of race and religion. The most striking proof of the advancement of the world, and the influence of Christianity, is to be found in the liberality of many of the Eastern rulers. The days of unmitigated despotism are fast passing away. Light has penetrated European Turkey and the north of Africa, and though the ignorant people of these countries still preserve many of their old prejudices, their rulers clearly perceive that the old proscriptive systems must be abandoned.

## CHINESE MOURNING.

The accompanying illustration exhibits the ceremonies of the Chinese in the house of mourning. As this displays but one phase of their manifestations of grief and respect for the dead, our readers will probably peruse with interest the following letter from Hong Kong, giving many particulars: "One of the spiritual wives of a great merchant was buried here last week with all the pomp money could procure. It was the most extensive funeral that has taken place here for many a day. As all the details were thoroughly Chinese, and I never before witnessed the whole process of the funeral ceremonies among the natives, I made a point of attending the wake, and following the coffin to the place of rest. To begin with the wake, it was a Chinese version of the Irish one. Over the door were hung two lanterns with black and blue characters, and white drapery festooned across the entrance. As you entered the door you observed a coffin standing on tressels in the passage; underneath was a light burning, covered with an inverted earthenware vessel, like a flower-pot, only broader. The top of the coffin was covered with a red drapery, on which was placed what appeared to be some hard mud. At one end, and partly underneath, were numerous small cups and bowls containing rice, samshu, and tea, for

the special benefit of the devils. The ancestral tablet was also there; likewise another large earthenware pot, containing burning tapers and josssticks; and near this a lamp. Suspended against the wall were two figures of peculiar aspect, having on blue shirts and white trousers.

The coffin remained here several days, the body being put in lime, full-dressed, in the best and most costly dress that can be afforded. In one hand is a fan, and in the other a piece of paper with a prayer on it. In the adjoining room were assembled the relations and friends of the de-

ceased, eating, drinking, and smoking; some laughing, others crying, others again hoarse with their lamentations. It was an extraordinary spectacle, and a scene worth witnessing. The brother expatiated on the beauties of the coffin, on the money it cost, and on everything, in fact, except the departed sister. The room was decorated with josses and all kinds of arrangements, but the funniest was a little figure of an English merchant, in wig, cut-away coat and tights, with gold buttons to his chocolate garments. This wonderful little gentleman was under a glass case, near native josses. \* \* \* The third day was the great one. The crackers began going off, and the women, dressed in white loose garments, with a kind of hood over their heads, their shoes and stockings off, and the men and children in sackcloth and white sashes round their waist, those in less mourning merely having a white sash round the head and one round the waist. The coffin being in the street, the chief mourners knelt beside it, knocking their heads on the ground and lamenting in melancholy accents. The females then went through the same ceremony. The band was playing the whole time. Two individuals in mourning were handing them incense-sticks placed in jars. After a good deal of lamenting, kow-towing, etc., the band struck up and the procession proceeded towards its destination. It consisted of two lanterns; then followed the band of musicians, dressed in white; four sedan-chairs, containing cakes, and splendidly carved, the musicians in blue, with a gong, drum, and other noisy instruments; then followed sixteen tables, each carried by two coolies, containing roast pigs, a kid, and every imaginable kind of food acceptable not only to the gods, but to mortals likewise; the chair with the tablet, tapers burning inside, red musicians, large red banner, with a bunch of bamboo on the staff, and the flag written on with gold and white characters, the coffin, mourners, relations and friends. After many prostrations, the burning of numerous josssticks, and the letting off crackers, the procession moved on. We went through the whole town, and arrived at the spot where the body was to remain till a suitable spot of ground should be found. The coffin was laid down, and the mourners then walked round it, the priests in the background, and the musicians in white playing near the coffin. The incense was burning and the crackers exploding; the music of the red and blue divisions rested, while the girls cried and the crowd looked on. Then the music ceased, and the two lanterns approached. The coffin then was borne on men's shoulders, followed by mourners, etc., to the first house and deposited in a room hired for the purpose, the priests standing outside chanting. Here the body was left, the mourners assuming their usual dress. Then, re-forming, they wended homeward, the band playing the same tunes as before."

SIDI SADOK-BACHA, BEY OF TUNIS.



CHINESE MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.





MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

**MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.**

This college, at which the sectional meetings of the British Association were held, was founded by George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. The old buildings, which were mostly of the seventeenth century, were neither elegant nor commodious, and had latterly become ruinous. They were taken down and lately rebuilt, partly at the expense of government and partly by subscription. The college forms three sides of a quadrangle, and rises to the height of two lofty stories, presenting unbroken ranges of millioned windows. From the centre of the building springs a tower, to the height of one hundred feet from the ground. This tower contains the principal entry and the staircase leading to the hall, library, and museum. Each of these rooms is seventy-four feet long by thirty-four feet wide, and upwards of thirty feet in height. There are, besides, a common hall and sixteen class-rooms, to each of which is attached a private room for the professor. The total expense of the building is estimated at about £30,000. Marischal College contains the usual professorships, and the session commences in the first week in November and ends in the first week of April. The curriculum of arts extends over four sessions, and a student's expenses during each session may be from \$75 to \$200. There are numerous bursaries connected with this college. Among its alumni are many who have distinguished themselves in every branch of science and literature. The name of the college is pleasantly familiar to the readers of Scott, as the place where Dugald Dalgetty received his education, and where he laid the foundation for that pedantry so amusingly displayed in his long-winded discourses.

**LONG-EARED RABBITS.**

The accompanying sketch offers portraits of a pair of fancy long-eared rabbits lately exhibited at the recent Great English Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show at the Crystal Palace. The ears of these curious and pretty creatures are the largest ever known, that of the black and white in the foreground, the property of Mr. Angus, measuring 22 1/2 inches in length, and 4 1/2 in breadth; and that of Mr. Durham's second prize fawn, being 21 3/4 inches in length and 4 1/2 in breadth. Very high prices are given in England for fancy rabbits; \$150 being often paid for a peculiarly fine one. The rabbit and hare are animals of much interest in England. Even the common rabbit is a very prolific animal, producing its young seven times a year, their litter being usually eight in number. It is said to have been originally introduced from Spain into the various countries of Europe in which it is now found. In its wild state, the color of its fur is brown, its tail black above and white beneath, but when domesticated the colors vary much, being white, pied, ash-colored and black. The fur is much used in manufacturing hats, and its flesh is more juicy than the hare. In England, it is reared either in warrens or in hutches, which require to be kept clean.

**JACK PETERSON.**

John Peterson, a colored man, who died lately at his residence in Peekskill, N. Y., aged 103 years, was brought up in the family of Job Sherwood, whose son, Isaac Sherwood, entered the continental army as a first lieutenant in the regiment commanded by Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, at the commencement of the war of the Revolution; and Peterson, who was about the same age as the lieutenant, having become devotedly attached to him, begged the privilege of accompanying him into the service, which request was granted by the lieutenant, and Peterson enlisted as a private in the same regiment to which he was attached. This regiment was in the memorable battle of Stillwater, in Saratoga County, at the time General Burgoyne surrendered his army to the American forces under the command of General Gates. Lieutenant Sherwood, who always sought the post of danger, received in the action, a mortal wound, and fell into the arms of Peterson, for he always made it a point to be near the lieutenant in the hour of danger. Peterson watched over this brave officer with untiring perseverance, night and day, until he expired, and after his death he followed his remains to the public burying ground in the city of Albany, where he was interred with military honors. The devoted attachment of Peterson to the gallant lieutenant, was observed by Colonel Van Cortlandt, who, without solicitation, gave him his discharge from the service to enable him

to return to his home, with the effects which belonged to the lieutenant.

On his return, the lines between the American and British forces had been removed from Tarrytown to the north side of the Croton river, and the headquarters of the American army was established on the farm now owned by John Cocks, Esq., near which place the father and family of the lieutenant took up their residence as a place of security from the enemy. On the morning of September 21st, 1780, Moses Sherwood and Peterson were engaged in making cider at Barrett's farm in Cortlandt town; they had taken their arms with them, for in those days of peril, all were obliged to go armed; even the farmer and his laborers carried arms while engaged in agricultural pursuits. On that day the Vulture sloop-of-war came to anchor a short distance off the western extremity of Teller's Point, having brought up Andre for the purpose of holding an interview with the traitor Arnold, which took place the night before, at the Long Cove in Rockland County, about six miles below the military posts of Stony and Verplanck's Points. Moses Sherwood, while at the cider mill, situated at the west side of the road, saw a barge filled with armed men from the Vulture, in company with a gun-boat, approaching the shore, at the point of land where he and Peterson were at work, and seizing their guns, ran for the shore, resolved that the enemy should not land without opposition. For this purpose they concealed

themselves behind some rocks, and as the barge came sweeping along towards the place where they were lying, Peterson fired. His aim had been well directed, for an oar was seen to fall from the hands of one of the men on board, and much confusion was observed among them. A second shot from Sherwood, compelled them to return to the Vulture; which they did under cover of canister and grape shot from the gun-boat, directed towards the point where Sherwood and Peterson were concealed. The cannonade drew the attention of the people of Cortlandt-town to the scene. The Vulture was lying in a position to be distinctly seen from Verplanck's Point, and the whole district of country between it and Teller's Point, on the Westchester shore, and also from Stony Point to the Long Cove in Rockland County. The grounds on both sides of the river, for many miles in extent, sloping gradually toward the river, gave the inhabitants a full view of the scene. The inhabitants on the Westchester side had been on the lookout, for they apprehended an attack; but there were none, however, who entertained an opinion that it would be brought on before sunset, until Peterson and Sherwood commenced their fire. Many of them now hastened to the end of Teller's Point with a field-piece, which they had obtained from Colonel Livingston, who was in command at Verplanck's Point. They erected a small redoubt and opened a well-directed fire upon the Vulture, and she fired, in return, several broadsides directed towards the redoubt. Andre, who had been conducted from the Long Cove to Smith's house, situated on the high grounds in Haverstraw, heard the firing and saw from his window the Vulture slip her cable and make sail for New York. This circumstance prevented his returning to the city by water, for he intended to have been put on board the Vulture that morning, where he was expected by the officer in command, and as he did not arrive at the time appointed, a barge had been directed to skim along the shore, under the expectation that he had been set over to the east side of the river, and that they would be enabled to carry him to the Vulture. Andre being disappointed in reaching the Vulture, was compelled to return by land, through the towns of Cortlandt, Yorktown, and Mount Pleasant, which led to his capture at Tarrytown. But for the firing of Peterson and Sherwood upon the barge, it is more than probable that he would have returned to the Vulture in safety. Peterson received during life a pension from the United States for his military services, and General Philip Van Cortlandt, in consideration of the high regard he entertained for his military services, put him in possession of a house and lot in Cortlandt-town, where he lived until he moved to Peekskill. He maintained through a long life the character of an honest man and a faithful soldier, and was much esteemed by all who knew him. In the calm serenity of a patriarchal age, the old man has passed away from among the living, leaving only pleasant memories.—*Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*



LONG-EARED RABBITS.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, one year ..... \$2 50  
One copy, two years ..... 4 00  
Five copies, one year ..... 9 00  
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) ..... 20 00  
One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FILE-LEADER"—The first muster ever held in Massachusetts was in the year 1622. The Narragansett tribe threatened to make war upon the colonists, and as Plymouth was illly prepared for the attack, Captain Standish had four bulwarks of "jetties" made outside of the temporary palings of the town. He divided his forces into four companies, and ordered a general tramping, when the men and officers were taught their places, in case of attack.

V C.—The founder of animal magnetism was Anthony Mesmer, born at Marburg, in Saxony, in 1734. BENTHOPEANS.—Many words in common use may be traced to the names of places where they originated, or of persons who have invented or discovered the art or article they designate, as gingham from Gulicamp, bayonet from Bayonne, cambrie from Cambrai, muslin from Mosul, diaper from d'Ypres, and martinet from a French officer, who was a strict disciplinarian. INQUIRER.—Boltius to death was made a capital punishment in the time of the Tudor Henry the Eighth of England.

INVALID.—The sirocco is not unfrequent in many parts of Italy; but it visits Naples with more severity than any other part of that country. Its influence on the human system is most paralyzing, rendering persons incapable of either mental or bodily exertion during its continuance.

"F. SHARP."—The thebaro is made like a large lute, except that it has two necks, or jags, the second and longer of which sustains the four last rows of chords, which produce the deepest sounds. The thebaro has eight bass, or thick strings, twice the length of those of the lute. This excess renders the sound exceedingly sweet, and sustains it for a length of time.

"TOBACCS."—To address a young lady in conversation as "Miss," is a vulgarity.

L G.—To polish furniture, take as much resin as will cover a shilling, powder it very fine, and then sift through muslin, scrape one penny worth of beeswax very fine, bruse a small piece of alkali root, put the whole of the above into a gill of turpentine, and let the pot stand for a day. The polish will then be fit for use.

BUILDER.—The first vessel built here was launched July 4, 1681, and was a bark of thirty tons, owned by Governor Winthrop, and named, felicitously, as we think, the "Blessing of the Bay." We believe a portion of the "ways" is still extant on the late Col. Jacques's estate, near Ten Hills Farm.

## SCIENCE AND JUSTICE.

A look through an excellent telescope on a clear morning, the other day, brought to mind a story we recently met with, apparently put forth in good faith. At any rate, "we tell the tale as 'twas told to us." On the 15th of July, 1680, the French court being at the chateau of Marly, Louis XIV. was compelled to give up a hunting party he had projected, on account of the excessive heat of the weather. To compensate his disappointment, Madame de Maintenon sent for a fine telescope which had belonged to Cassini, the geographer, and the king amused himself for a long time by looking through it on the surrounding country. The instrument was so fine that he could distinguish the features of peasants ten miles off. Suddenly he turned deadly pale, and after gazing through the glass with intense excitement, dropped it, summoned the Count de Guiche, and ordered him to have horses saddled and to draw out ten files, of which he would take command himself.

Immediately afterwards, the king was in the saddle, riding furiously along the banks of the Seine. At the entrance of a little village three young men were coming out of the village and occupying the whole of the road. They were plainly-dressed country people, and appeared a little excited as they saw the squad of royal cavalry riding up to them. The king commanded a halt and addressed himself to three foot passengers.

"An hour since you were at the village of Maisons and bathed in the river Seine?"

The three men, whose ages ranged from twenty-five to thirty, bowed assent.

"Sir," said the king, "addressing the Count de Guiche, 'arrest these men.'"

The order was obeyed and the king, followed by the horse and the prisoners, returned to Marly. Great was the astonishment caused by this affair. It was rumored that the king had discovered a conspiracy against his person, and had chosen to arrest the culprits himself. But this was not the case.

The prisoners were three brothers, Simon, John and Francis, sons of Bernard Lerchet, of the Rue St. Denis. They had a younger brother named Sebastian Lerchet, their father's son by a second marriage, and his favorite. Jealousy and cupidity inflaming their minds to hatred, they resolved to make way with him, and for the accomplishment of their purpose, took him out into the Seine on pretext of bathing, and there drowned him. The terrible work was briefly done. Having accomplished it, they swam on shore, dressed

themselves, hid their brother's clothes, and were walking along the road in perfect security when they were arrested by the King of France. It was the sight of this deed through Cassini's telescope, which had blanched his cheek and caused the summary action we have described. Confronted by the royal testimony, the three criminals made a full confession, were sentenced to be hung, and were executed without delay. If this story is a reliable one, it shows by what unforeseen means the ends of justice are attained.

"Murder will out—foul deeds will rise Though all the earth o'erwhelms them, to men's eyes."

## A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

It is curious, now that Louis Napoleon is at the zenith of his power, to trace the beginnings of his ambitious career. Turning over a file of papers of the year 1840, we met with the following letter from the correspondent of the London Times, giving an account of Louis Napoleon's abortive attempt at Boulogne:

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, August 7.

"This morning one of those mad attempts at revolution which have characterized the French since the days of the first and of memorable July, disturbed the inhabitants of this peaceful town from its slumbers. The facts, as I have collected them, are as follows: The City of Edinburgh steamer, belonging to the Commercial Steam Navigation Company, was hired by Prince Louis Napoleon, ostensibly for an excursion of pleasure along the British coast, for fourteen days. In this he embarked with fifty-six followers, eight horses, and two carriages in the Thames on Wednesday last; this morning, about two o'clock, they reached the coast of France, off Wimereux, about three miles from Boulogne. The surprise of captain and crew may be imagined to see the whole of his passengers come on deck, not in the peaceful garb of citizens, but *en militaire*, some as general officers, some as private soldiers, with an oil-skin covering on their hats, with the number 40 painted in front, that being the regiment which at Strasburg had formerly identified itself so seriously in the cause of Louis Napoleon.

"Their object was soon made evident. The ship's boat was lowered, and the whole company landed in three trips. Before the prince left the vessel he ordered the captain to cruise off the coast, but to keep close in to Boulogne, and have a boat ready manned to come off for them should they signalize to that effect. Among those landed I have been able to collect the names of the General Montholon, Colonel Vaudrey, Colonel Parquin, and Colonel Delaborde.

"When all had landed, they marched into the town by the Place Navarin, Rue des Carreaux, Rue Sommeau into the Grande Rue, shouting 'Vive l'Empereur,' the prince carrying his hat on the point of his sword and waving it in the air; from the Grande Rue they made their way by the Rue de la Lampe to the Caserne, and roused the small body of troops of the line (I believe only one company) that perform duty here. The soldiers, awakened, and seeing themselves surrounded by general officers, knew not what to make of the scene. They were, however, soon made to comprehend that a revolution was on foot, that Louis Philippe was dethroned, that all France was roused in favor of their emperor, Louis Napoleon, and that they must arm to march forthwith upon Paris. As some were preparing to obey, their captain, who had been awakened by the noise, rushed in among them, and restored their wavering loyalty by shouting 'Vive le Roi.' High words and a scuffle ensued between him and Prince Louis, when the latter drew a pistol and fired; unfortunately the ball shattered the under jaw of a poor soldier who was endeavoring to separate them, and the whole party, finding that the soldiers were lukewarm, that the officers were faithful, that nothing was to be done, precipitately quitted the Caserne and retired to the port.

"By this time the town was roused, the authorities were on foot, the drums were beating to arms, and the National Guards pouring out in all directions. The proclamations, one of which I enclose, with a decree, had been lavishly distributed along every street through which they passed, and money given to those who had followed them. These soon declared what the object was, and the necessary directions were given by the Sous-Prefet to attack the disturbers of the peace. Within two hours the greater part were either prisoners in the citadel, shot or dispersed. They made no stand after leaving the Caserne. Some made their way with the eagle to the Napoleon

column, some with the prince hastened to the seaside and signalled for a boat from the steamer. Unfortunately for them, too many had got into it, and it upset. The prince, with three or four others, swam for the steamer, and had a narrow escape of being drowned.

"During their absence, however, affairs had changed on board the steamer. M. Poliet, the harbor-master, by order of the mayor, had proceeded with a dozen custom-house officers in a boat and taken possession of it; it was fortunate for the prince they did so, for in returning into the harbor they found him exhausted, clinging to the buoy, about an eighth of a mile from the shore. He was taken on board, and with him Colonel Vaudrey. In escaping from the shore they narrowly avoided being shot; several balls passed close to the prince, and several of his followers were wounded, and sank to rise no more. The report is, that six have been found; one poor doctor, who surrendered, was shot by a National Guard."

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, August 8, 7 P. M.

"This morning this wild adventurer was quietly removed from the castle in the upper town. It is supposed his destination is Ham."

## THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Humboldt, who visited Mexico in 1803, thus describes it: "The capital, reconstructed by the Spaniards, exhibits, perhaps, a less vivid, though a more august and majestic appearance than the ancient Tenochtitlan. Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburg, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the public places. The architecture is generally of a pure style, and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure. The exterior of the houses is not loaded with ornaments. Two sorts of hewn stone, the porous amygdaloid, called *tetzontli*, and especially a porphyry of vitreous feld spath, without any quartz, give to the Mexican buildings an air of solidity, and sometimes even magnificence. There are none of those wooden balconies and galleries to be seen which disfigure so much all the European cities in both the Indies. The balustrades and gates are all of Biscay iron, ornamented with bronze, and the houses, instead of roofs, have terraces, like those in Italy and other Southern countries."

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, *post paid*, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—Photographs of the original drawings by Raffaele, in the Royal Library at Windsor, have been taken at the expense of Prince Albert. The negatives of these impressions have been presented to the Science and Art Department of the Committee on Education; from which copies will be supplied to schools of Art and the public generally, at the mere cost of paper and printing.

FAINTING AT APPLAUSE.—At Brussels, recently, says the New York Musical Review, the frequenters of the beautiful Theatre de la Monnaie were "demonstrative," and so perplexed and harassed a poor lady, brought out on approval, that she fainted on the stage.

LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.—A gentleman residing in Parish St. Mary, La., and who claims to be well posted as to the sugar crop of that State the present season, estimates the entire crop of the State at 250,000 hogsheads.

BOOKS.—Mr. Choate's library, lately sold in this city, netted about \$15,000. Many books brought over the first cost!

## A GOOD STORY.

The Post tells a good story of Judge Harrington, an old-time member of the Vermont judiciary, and very famous in the traditions of the bar of that State, for shrewd sayings and eccentric doings, not less than for sterling honesty and excellent practical sense. Among the judge's acquaintance was one Squire H., a man of wealth and influence, but esteemed a close-fisted fellow, and notoriously a hard master in his payment and general treatment of his hired men, a fact which did not particularly commend the squire to the good opinion of the judge. It happened, one day, in the time of the good old imprisonment-for-debt laws, and while the judge was an *ex-officio* jail commissioner, that a debtor came before the judge on an application to take "the poor debtor's oath," a legal provision by which any debtor, after a brief period of incarceration, might make a sworn statement of his finances before the commissioner, and if it satisfactorily appeared that the debtor was worth less than \$20, he was at once discharged from imprisonment. It was the practice, in these cases, to subject the applicant to a series of interrogatories touching the nature and extent of his property, in order to avoid any fraudulent concealment of his effects. In this case, the questioning process had barely commenced, when a sudden thought struck the judge. "Who have you been working for the past year?" inquired his honor. "Squire H—," replied the debtor. "Then, Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may administer the poor debtor's oath. No man who has worked for Squire H— was ever able to save \$20 out of a year's labor! The debtor is discharged."

ONE DOLLAR.—Now is the time to subscribe for Ballou's Dollar Monthly, as volume Eleven is just about to commence. Five years have now elapsed since this magazine was first issued, each year adding to its beauty and intrinsic excellence, until it is admitted to be by far the cheapest publication in the world! No such work could be offered for one dollar a year, were it not for the immense edition printed. Each number contains over one hundred pages of original matter, besides many fine illustrations, and a series of laugh-provoking illustrations at the close of each monthly issue. The whole forms two illustrated volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages per annum for one dollar! Enclose us the money, and receive a copy by return of mail, and for a whole year.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Centrally situated, admirably conducted, and just the proper size to see and hear everything that one goes to the theatre to see and hear, we do not wonder at the steady and growing popularity of this establishment. Mr. Davenport has, in re-fitting and adorning it generally, exhibited more good taste than we have ever observed within its walls at any previous time. Add to all this the class of star performers who have rapidly followed each other, and we have reason to praise heartily the liberal and sound management of the Howard this fall and winter. It is in all respects certainly the most comfortable and agreeable place of public entertainment in Boston.

ST. HELENA.—Napoleon III. is mindful of his uncle's former habitation on St. Helena, having recently ordered the appropriation of \$28,000 for the thorough repair of Longwood House and the emperor's tomb, as well as the domain called the Vale of Napoleon. Since this territory was ceded by the British government, the French have had at Longwood a resident commandant at a salary of \$2400 a year.

YOUNG ERNST.—The young Hanoverian, Ernst, arrested in Hanover and made to perform military duty, but who claimed exemption as an American citizen (the United States government supporting his pretensions), has just been by the Hanoverian cabinet set at liberty.

MEMBERS OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—Bishop Soule, of the M. E. Church, South, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the Rev. Dr. Briggs, of Cincinnati, are the only survivors of the founders of the American Bible Society in 1816.

MURDER.—A man in Chillicothe, Ohio, recently stabbed his wife to the heart with a sharp poker, after which she ran some thirty feet and fell dead.



## SOMETHING ABOUT KITES.

"Kite flying" is not confined to boys. Full-grown people have their kites. In fact, the social atmosphere is full of them all the year round. They are of all sizes, shapes, and, like the paper toys of the juveniles, are continually going up and coming down. Some of them, it is true, are so strong and steady of wing, that they pull their owners pleasantly and safely along the stream of life, as Franklin's kite bore him, when a boy, along the surface of ponds and rivers. Others, like the "electrical" kite used by the philosopher in after years, are somewhat apt to numb the fingers that hold the strings. The lover's "kite" is his mistress—frame of whalebone, cover of silks, strings of moonshine—and what a chase the beautiful bauble leads him! Ten to one but he loses it at last. The speculator's "kite" is a miracle of unsteadiness. It soars, darts, ricochets, plunges, whirls, and generally collapses in the end, leaving the unfortunate flyer with mouth agape and mind distraught, a pitiful spectacle to gods and men. For further particulars inquire in the city where every variety of this "fancy article" is flown every day. The poet's "kite" is a brilliant skimmer of the skies, sent heavenward from a garret, for the admiration of posterity. The "kite" of intelligent enterprise is the stoutest and steadiest of all. Its flight, like the eagle's, is "onward and upward, and true to the time." It is well balanced, never gets too much string, and, instead of being chance-driven by every breeze, raises the wind for itself as it moves along.

## THE ROMAN QUESTION.

"Spiridion" writes to the Traveller: M. About is writing a preface for the second edition of his work on Rome, which is said to be piquant enough; he and his friends are making strenuous exertions to dissolve the government injunction which enjoins its sale in France. I see the editor of the American translation hints M. About is merely Louis Napoleon's mouth-piece, and that this book was revised by Louis Napoleon. This is a mistake. The government sent M. About to Rome just as it sent M. Maquet to other day, simply to put money in his pocket, which it was the more anxious to do, as the unexpected return of M. Theo. Gautier from St. Petersburg deprived M. About of his comfortable place of art critic to the *Moniteur*. The book was printed in Paris, and sold regularly—as many as 10,000 were sold, until the pope's nuncio and the French prelates appealed to the government to have the sale enjoined, as they did last year when M. Proudhon's book against the Romish church appeared.

**A LADY'S RETORT.**—A lady who makes but a modest spread of crinoline, was passing along the street in Richmond the other day, when she was met by a young man full of bad whiskey, who in staggering past stepped on her dress. Turning to the lady, he remarked apologetically, "Hoops take up too much room," to which the lady quietly replied, "Not so much as whiskey, sir," and passed on.

**ST. LOUIS RAILROADS.**—The city railroads in St. Louis are laid on macadamized streets—the consequence is, that stones are continually getting upon the rails and throwing the cars off the track. The St. Louis Express thinks the city ought to compel the railroad company to pave the streets on which they run with stone.

**SUNDAY PICKPOCKETS.**—A New York paper states that Sunday is the busiest day with the pickpockets there. One pious lady had her pocket picked of \$20 as she entered a church door.

**ST. LOUIS.**—The tax levy of the county of St. Louis for 1859, gives a total of \$95,000,000, an increase of \$8,000,000 on the previous year, showing how rapidly the flourishing city of St. Louis is increasing in wealth.

**NEW BOOKS.**—The book publishers are very busy this fall. A new book is announced every day by some house.

**"THE DEATH TOUCH!"**—Read this vivid and startling novelette in the *Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for four cents per copy.

**SAD.**—The man that ran the fork of a road into his eye, has since died.

## FATAL FLATTERY.

All fashionable portrait-painters are in the habit of flattering their sitters, and "false as a portrait" deserves to be as proverbial an expression as "false as a bulletin." There is one case where the "trick of the trade" was attended by tragical consequences. Holbein was despatched by Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s minister, to paint the Lady Anne of Cheves, and by practising the common flattery of his profession, "he was," says Walpole, "the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace which fell upon that princess herself. He drew so favorable a likeness, that Henry was content to wed her; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which really should have been directed at the painter, burst on the minister, and Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a 'Flanders mare,' and not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her." Henry came near marrying the Duchess Dowager of Milan for his fourth wife, and Sir Thomas Wyatt congratulated him on his "narrow escape" but Walpole thought, considering Henry's temper, that the "duchess had the greater escape."

## THE FISH TRADE.

Lake Michigan is quite celebrated for the excellent quality of the fish caught in its waters. One village—that of St. Josephs, Michigan—has thirteen fishing smacks, and the product this season has been an aggregate, according to the *Chicago Democrat*, of 20,190 half barrels of fish, netting the round sum of \$100,800, or nearly \$8000 to each boat. "At New Buffalo, in the same county, about 4000 half barrels have been caught the present season, making \$170,000 as the value of the fishing interest of two villages alone for a single season." The principal portion of the fish are white, though many are trout, and other excellent varieties. Nearly every city and village bordering on the lake has its fishermen, and, could the statistics of the fish trade of Michigan be collected, we have reason to think that they would make an exhibit somewhere in the vicinity of fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

**DYSPEPSIA AND CONSUMPTION.**—It is difficult to say which of these diseases causes the most of suffering, but the former has so long been readily cured by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, that it has ceased to be feared by those who are acquainted with this remarkable specific. Those persons who resort to the various alkalies for relief, are simply and surely augmenting their troubles, and creating a stubborn chronic disease, where a quick and permanent cure is effected by this pleasant and thoroughly-established specific for dyspepsia. It is now many years since its first introduction, and it has stood the test of millions of trials by the suffering, of both sexes and of all ages.

**"THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW."**—This is the title of a book just about to be published, from the pen of Mrs. Sarah A. Nowell, a lady who is well known as a contributor to these columns. Mrs. Nowell is a writer of great force and beauty. We hope her book will find a large sale.

**MIXED FIGHT.**—A California paper tells of "a mixed fight" at Michigan Bar, near Sacramento. Irishmen, Chinese and Americans participated. Hatchets and knives were used, and the Chinamen were badly "cut up." The fight grew out of a dispute about a "claim."

**A GOOD ANSWER.**—An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

**NOBLE INSTITUTION.**—The Astor Library, New York, now contains one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, forming a noble monument to its founder's memory.

**THE RAVELS.**—These attractive pantomimists are doing a fine business at our Boston Theatre. Juvenile Boston is on the *qui vive*.

**PERSONAL.**—Theodore Parker is passing the winter in Rome. He will probably never speak again in public, his lungs being so diseased.

**DIME SAVINGS BANK.**—They have one of these institutions in Brooklyn, N. Y. Candy shops in the neighborhood suffer some!

## Clayside Gatherings.

The school taxes in New York city amount to \$398,417.

Madame Steffanone, well known to the musical public of Boston, is now singing at Naples.

The famous stallion Columbus died at Stillwater, Vt., a short time ago, aged 32 years.

The splendid race horse Red Oak was ruined for life by an accident in Kentucky a few days ago.

The owners of the Albany Northern Railroad have shut the road up for the present, as being unsafe.

There have been more vivid and beautiful displays of the Aurora Borealis this season than for many years.

A fatal disease, known as the malignant sore throat or black tongue, is raging in the vicinity of Canterbury, Ct.

The Georgia State Railroad has paid into the State treasury for the year ending September, the sum of \$402,000 over and above expenses.

The State of Kentucky claims the north bank of the Ohio River, below high-water marks, and suits have been brought to recover the landings in front of the city of Cincinnati.

The New York Spirit of the Times says: "Phelan has just completed a splendid billiard table for the residence of one of our most popular and highly-esteemed bishops."

The remaining Scaticook tribe of Indians in Kent, Ct., numbering 34 persons, have a fund of \$4864 invested for their support, and 300 acres of land; on which are six dwelling-houses.

A gentleman in Mississippi offers a silver cup, saucer and spoon, worth \$50, as a prize for the best shirt made by any native young lady in that State, and exhibited at the next State Fair.

Luther Preston, late postmaster at Fillmore, Minnesota, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Stillwater, by the United States court, for robbing the mails.

The numerous friends of Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," etc., will be glad to hear that he has been appointed an attaché of the Astor Library in New York.

A volume entitled "Edgar A. Poe and his Critics," will shortly be published by Rudd & Carleton, of New York. It is written by a lady whose prospective relation with the poet was interrupted by death.

The Emperor of Brazil has granted to an American the exclusive right of mining and converting into oil a vegetable turf discovered by him in one of the northern provinces of the empire.

During the last twelve years the Methodist Sunday School Union has given away about \$700,000 worth of books, embracing upwards of 800,000 volumes. These have been read by more than half a million of children.

In the garden of Rev. Mr. Muzzey, on Fruit Street, Newburyport, stands the original seedling LeBreton pear tree, from which was gathered this year no less than seven barrels of the finest-looking and the best winter pears ever seen. This fruit is in its most mature state in February.

Mary Jane Walker, wife of David L. Walker, of Newark, N. J., committed suicide by taking arsenic. The act was committed while laboring under a partial derangement, which induced the belief that she was of no use to herself or family. She leaves two children.

There is in the family of Mr. John H. Nolle, Brandywine Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia, a tom-cat of enormous size. He weighs thirty-one pounds, and measures thirty-seven inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and twenty-eight inches around the girth.

The British government is drawing largely on the white oak forests of Virginia. Over three hundred men are now employed in getting timber in the mountains near Rowlesburg, on the Cheat River, which is to be used for gun-carriages. The contractor has orders which it will take two years to fill.

Two hundred men are constantly employed to attend to the grounds of Greenwood Cemetery (in the vicinity of Brooklyn, N. Y.), which consists of 800 to 1000 acres. Many of the dwellings of the dead there are amazingly expensive, costing from \$5000 to \$20,000. The grounds were laid out in 1840.

Mr. Calvin Adams, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has recently discovered that an important electrical change takes place when molten iron solidifies in cooling. By insulating the mould, and the workman who pours in the liquid metal, the castings from common iron comes out as white as silver and as hard as steel.

An iron bridge has been constructed by a New York firm, for the Southern Railroad in Chili. The bridge is twelve hundred feet in length, and is divided into eleven spans. When completed, the bridge was tested by a railroad train weighing two hundred and twenty-four tons, which did not appear to affect it in the least.

It has generally been supposed that the larger portions of the Germans in this country are in favor of making the Sabbath a holiday, but Prof. Schaff, one of the most eminent and influential Germans in the country, stated at a meeting in New York, a short time since, that more than half of his fellow countrymen in America favor the observance of the Sabbath.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.—J. W. Alexander.

.... He who adopts a just thought, participates in the merit that originated it.—Bovee.

.... Now-a-days it is easier to believe in ghosts than in delicate feelings.—De Boufflers.

.... True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—Humphreys.

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Fuller.

.... Destitution is better than dependence, since it is perhaps, easier to endure the cold than to find one's patron so.—W. G. Simms.

.... A prose translation, however correct, beautiful and elegant, can be nothing but drawing after a painting.—De Boufflers.

.... The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short lived, and subject to shivering fits.—Erasmus.

.... Nature is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illuminated page the excellence and goodness of God are divinely portrayed.—Miller.

.... The heart of women is their destiny, for it is rarely that it is not their guide; but it is a guide that should be enlightened by reason.—De Boufflers.

.... It is, after all, the person who stakes the least, who loses most. In the affections this is wholly true. He who risks nothing, loses everything.—W. G. Simms.

.... Never write on a subject, without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.—Richter.

.... Every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon.—Emerson.

.... Successful poets have a great authority over the language of their country. Cowley's happy expression of "the great vulgar," is become a part of the English phraseology.—Hurd.

.... His faith is exceedingly limited who has no idea of any other miracles than those recorded in the Scriptures—who has no eye for the miracles that are continually going on within and around him.—Bovee.

.... Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.—Rev. John Mason.

## Joker's Budget.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

What mechanical apparatus do the fair bathers at Ramsgate resemble?—Diving bell (c/s).

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

"I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me," said a one legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

At a town meeting in Ireland, it was recently voted "that all persons in the town owning dogs shall be muzzled."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty contemporary?—Because they are illustrations of Punch.

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on to the stage.

"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart."—"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully shrewd."

Noah is thought to have had on board a supply of "Exterminator," from the fact that for nearly six weeks he did not see any rat.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

Two glances make one bow—two bows how d'y'e do—how d'y'e do's one conversation—four conversations one acquaintance.

It's very pleasant to take a lady to a theatre, and to find on reaching the door that you have left your purse in your other pocket.

These are not only the times of "spirits," but of "Spirits of the Times." There is the "Old Spirit," "Porter's Spirit," and "Wilkes' Spirit."

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller divisions of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second hand one.

It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus opposite a baby who is sucking sugar candy, and playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best black kerseymeres.

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife; "She is truly your dear wife," replied the wit.



## FIVE YEARS:

—OR, THE—

## STORY OF LINDEN LODGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

FIVE years ago a happy family was gathered beneath the roof of Linden Lodge, a pleasant farm-house in one of the rural counties of Massachusetts, which derived its name from a beautiful grove of linden or lime trees, which, stretching along the road, raised a verdurous wall that marked the eastern boundary of a small estate. There were other trees about the place, the feathered aspen, the graceful maple, and the hardy oak, but it was the linden grove which first attracted the eye of the visitor, and was the last to leave his memory. Five years ago not a shadow of care disturbed the repose of the tenants of Linden Lodge. Old Paul Melton, the proprietor of the estate, cultivated his paternal estate, content with his lot, and proud of his still handsome wife, his young son who bore his name, and the sprightliness and charms of his daughter May, a girl of sixteen, graceful as a fawn, and fresh and radiant as a spring morning. The old gentleman and his wife had both been well educated, and the former had, in his early days, occupied a high position in the neighboring metropolis, but pecuniary misfortunes had stripped him of most of his worldly possessions, and he retired to the little farm, which, with a wise forecast, he had secured inalienably to his family. Here they lived comfortably, having books and music, fruit and flowers, and a few friends, who dropped in occasionally to enliven their little circle.

It was amid the happiest and most healthful influences that May Melton grew up to womanhood. Her education was domestic, and conducted under the superintendence of her father, who found in it a relaxation from the manual toil exacted by his farm. In her idler hours she ranged the woods and fields with the freedom of a bird, pausing now and then to gather a wild-wood flower, or to sketch some pleasing feature of the landscape. But her favorite art was music, for which she had an undoubted talent. She played well on the piano, but used that instrument chiefly as an accompaniment to her voice. She saluted the morning with a song—she "warbled her native wood-notes wild" in the heart of the forest, and by the deep streams, and on the hill-tops, wherever her free spirit impelled her roving steps. Her voice was the charm of the fireside in the winter, and on Sabbath evenings in summer, the traveller has often paused by the garden-gate to listen to the choral hymns of Linden Lodge, in which the voice of May rose clear as the song of a bird upon the evening air. This was five years ago.

May was strolling one day in the woods, warbling as usual to herself, when she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a stranger, whom she encountered at a turn of the woodland path. He was a man of middle life, tall and elegantly formed, dressed in a sort of hunting costume, but carrying in his hand one of those sketching-portfolios employed by itinerant artists. His dark complexion and moustache proclaimed him a foreigner—probably a Spaniard or Italian. He raised his cap gracefully, and saluted with respect the young lady, who had suddenly paused in her song.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, with a slight foreign accent, "but I have lost my way, and I presume you can direct me to W—."

"You have indeed wandered from the road," replied May, "but you are not far from it, and, as I cannot describe it distinctly, if you will accompany me, I will show it to you with pleasure."

"I fear I have been trespassing upon some gentleman's ground," said the stranger.

"This is a part of my father's estate—but in America, sir, the woods are common property, so far, at least, as rambling in them is concerned."

The gentleman soon found himself in Melton's garden, where the owner was at work. May explained to him the cause of the intrusion, and her father invited the stranger to enter the house and rest himself. The invitation proved acceptable. The stranger offered his sketch-book for examination, and the Meltons found great pleasure in examining the faithful transcripts of scenes with which they were familiar. In turn, May's drawings were produced, and elicited warm commendation from the visitor.

"You have a piano," he remarked, "will you permit me to touch it? I am something of a musician, and love a fine instrument."

He sat down to the piano, and ran his fingers rapidly over the keys. He was no more amateur—his performance was that of an artist. But when he sang, it was evident that vocal music was his forte. His songs, so unexpected and so welcome, were rapturously applauded by the little circle who listened to him, all of whom were musical amateurs. After he had concluded, he begged May to replace him at the piano, and though she faintly would have excused herself, her father insisted on her compliance with the wishes of the stranger. She sang one or two of her favorite ballads. The stranger listened in wrapt admiration, tears gushed freely from his eyes, and when she had concluded her performance, he thanked her with a fervor that attested his sincerity.

"Believe me," he said to Mr. Melton, "talents like your daughter's are indeed rare—and my opinion may possess some weight, when I tell you I am a professional singer. My name is Montaldi."

Paul had seen notices of this man in the New York papers, in connection with the Italian Opera company of that city; but though flattered by his encomiums of his daughter's talent, he was not much pleased at discovering that he was a professional artist, for he had that prejudice against the stage so common in America. Montaldi rose to take leave, and was not pressed to prolong his visit or repeat it.

"I am staying for a few days," said the artist, "at the hotel in W—, rusticated, and I shall indeed be most happy, if I can be permitted to return again to a place where a chance call has been rendered so agreeable."

Mr. Melton merely bowed, but the sparkling eyes of May atoned for the coldness of her father.

And he came again—often. To make a long story short, while the parents permitted his visits, he won the heart of the daughter. His talents and accomplishments, his manly beauty, his grace, his gentleness, the interest he imparted to his travel's history, the resemblance he bore to her heroes of romance, excited a sway over the susceptible imagination of May, which she did not struggle to withstand. Henceforth, the flowers, the woodlands, the streams, the stars, her familiar objects of delight from infancy, failed of their attraction in her eyes—one image reigned supreme in her heart.

Her parents frowned upon her attachment, and repulsed Montaldi. They knew nothing of him save that he was a foreigner, a stage-singer, treading a dizzy and doubtful path, and to such keeping they could not commit the fair flower they had reared with so much tenderness. Finally they forbade him the house.

It was a dark and moonless night—five years ago—there was not a breath of air stirring, and the leaves of the linden, and even the aspen, that ever trembles at the kiss of the softest zephyr, hung pendulous and still. There was no noise abroad on the midnight air, save the ever-during hum of insects, never silent in their brief holiday existence. A faint note, like that of a bird startled in its leafy nest, was heard by one ear alone—hers for whom it was designed. A door opened cautiously. A light female form brushed past the garden shrubbery, and was soon clasped in the arms of one who was waiting impatiently its coming.

"*Mia bella!*" said a musical voice. "Lean, dearest, on my arm."

"Farewell, Linden Lodge! Farewell, peaceful haunts of happiness and joy! Farewell, father and mother! Farewell, young brother—brave, kind and loving."

May Melton did not dare to utter this prayer, fervent as it was. It was formed in her heart, though it never passed her trembling lips. Tears gushed from her eyes, as she sprang into a light carriage, and Montaldi drove her rapidly away.

Next morning, father, mother and brother were seated at the breakfast-table, but the beloved of all, the darling of the family, was not there. They went to her room—it was empty—the little bed was undisturbed. There were her flowers, lately gathered, the familiar articles of her attire, her favorite books, a crowd of objects that recalled her image by association, but the darling, whose presence was the light and life of all, was gone. The distracted father flew to the village. Montaldi had left his hotel two days before—he returned home heart-stricken and despairing.

Meanwhile May had been driven rapidly across the country. The abductor stopped at length at the principal public house of a small town on the Providence Railroad, where they passed the night—to May a wretched one indeed! On the morning of the following day they took the cars for Providence. On the afternoon of the same day they embarked on board a steamboat for New York. It was only as they were, towards sunset, gliding down Narragansett Bay, that May could listen composedly to her lover, whose tenderness and blandishments at length produced their usual effect. He told her of the happiness that was in store for them—of the storied lands they were about to visit—of the triumphs that awaited her when, crowned as the queen of song, princes and peers should welcome with applause and flowers the efforts of the young American. The next morning May opened her eyes upon the forest of masts that gird the empire city, and catch, upon their gilded vanes, the first red beams of morning. From the quay at which May Melton and her lover landed, they were transferred to the deck of a noble ship, crowded with passengers, and just on the eve of spreading her broad wings and daring the surges of the vast Atlantic. There was a great bustle on board—friends taking leave of friends, parents parting from their children, merchants giving final directions to their agents—but of all this motley crowd, May knew but one being; yet he indeed was now her all in life.

At last the bustle subsided, the visitors took their departure, captain, crew and passengers alone remained. A little wheezing, coughing steamer was made fast alongside, and the noble ship, obeying the power communicated by the smaller craft, began to move out from the midst of a mass of shipping, and turned her prow to the Narrows. Slowly they glided along past the spires of Brooklyn and the white buildings of the quarantine ground at Staten Island, the red walls at Fort Diamond, and the frowning batteries of Fort Hamilton, and then, as the breeze had sprung up fresh and strong, the ship was abandoned to her own resources. One by one she unfolded her huge wings, the stars and stripes of the flag of our Union flaunted from her mizzen peak, and her signal guns roared a farewell to the shores of America.

May gazed through her tears at the shores of her country till they sank into a strip of dark blue cloud dividing the sea and sky at the horizon.

"Dearest May," said Montaldi, pressing her hand, "we shall pass our bridal-moon upon the Atlantic."

"We are not married yet, Montaldi," answered May, smiling faintly through her blushes.

"We are united in the eyes of Heaven," answered the Italian. "In my hurry I had forgotten that there was no clergymen on board. But you are here as my wife—the captain believes you such—we are to share the same apartment—we will be married, dearest, as soon as we touch the soil of France."

May recoiled in horror from his side. Her purity had taken the alarm. Were these Montaldi's ideas of the holiest relation of life? Had her affection been misplaced? Had this man—for whom she had forsaken parents, brother, home, and all she held most dear—been coldly and systematically deceiving her? She shuddered, and shrank in horror from the idea—but mastering her feelings, she reproached him with the deception he had practised, and told him that until their union had been solemnized, she should rely upon his honor and count on his respect. More she could not say in the position in which he had placed her. Montaldi heard her declaration with ill grace, but soon found that her principles were inflexible.

The voyage was a rapid one, and in less than a month after leaving New York they debarked at Havre. Hence Montaldi took his affianced bride by post to Paris. The novelty of everything she saw revived the spirits and the buoyant hopes of May, and when the columns of the Place Vendôme first met her eyes, she realized with joy that she was indeed entering that gay capital of which she had read and dreamed so much.

She was installed in handsome apartments in the Boulevard Italien, and there Montaldi left her, to prepare, as he said, for their approaching nuptials. But she did not see him for two days. It was on the second day of her arrival in Paris that Montaldi came. It was evening, and the

lamps had long been lit in the metropolis. He was shown up by the garcon, and entered with a gay and nonchalant air, humming an opera tune.

"My dear girl," said he, "I have been a sad truant, but business, that curse of life, has kept me away from you. Thank heaven, I have a *congé* for to-night, and that is due to you."

May begged him to be seated, but had learned to look on him with distrust—his conduct was strange and inexplicable.

"May," said he, "I have a confession to make. Though I love you dearer than life itself, I cannot fulfil my promises to you—I am a married man!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, the poor girl could not have been more astounded. She gazed upon the speaker for a moment in bewilderment, and then bursting into a flood of tears, sank upon her knees, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

Montaldi raised her. "Cheer up, *ma mie* *nonne*," said he, "things are not so bad. I will be to you all I promised, save in name. The bonds of love are light in Paris—"

"Silence!" cried May, indignantly. "I will not listen to you, villain. You have all but ruined me, but my soul is stainless, and though you once possessed my heart, it now revolts against you."

"Remember," said Montaldi, "you are in my power—a stranger in a strange land—penniless. You must accept my protection, or starve."

"Then I will starve," said May.

Montaldi advanced towards her.

"Keep back, sir," said the indignant girl, "or I will alarm the house, and you will be eternally disgraced."

"Well, then," replied Montaldi, "I will leave you, but remember that, sooner or later, you will fall into my clutches."

He left the apartment and went down stairs, where he inquired for the master of the house. "Madame," said he to the latter, mentioning May's name, "is no longer under my protection and I am not answerable for her debts. You had better present your bill to her at once."

The terrified landlord adopted the advice on the instant. Poor May was without the means of satisfying him. But she had some trinkets of trifling value, and though most of them were keepsakes, she did not hesitate about parting with them for a moment. Fortunately, she spoke French, and the landlord, though a hard man, was not a swindler, and readily directed her to the *Mont de Piété*, where she realized a trifling sum on her deposit. With this she paid her bill, and then sought a humble lodgings, a *mansarde*, in an obscure quarter of the city. This accomplished, she looked out for some employment by which she could subsist. A poor *grisette*, who lived upon the same floor, enabled her to get some needlework, and by this means she contrived for a few weeks to keep soul and body together. Sometimes she thought of writing home to her parents for aid—but would they not turn a deaf ear to her entreaties? Would they believe her strange story; her innocence in the midst of peril and temptation? Sadly she turned from this idea, and resolved to rely upon her own resources. It would be sad and tedious to pursue her mournful and monotonous career in that city of Paris which seemed a gay world to all but herself. Montaldi she saw no more, but she learned that he had gone to Italy. Her only consolation, in the midst of her troubles and toils, was in repeating sometimes the songs with which she had enlivened her former home. But even this was a sad consolation. One day, however, when she was singing rather louder than usual, and had left her door ajar, she was surprised by the visit of an old music-master, who, with his family, lived upon the floor below. Delighted with her voice, he offered to give her instruction gratuitously. She embraced the offer eagerly, in the hope of its opening some way of escape from her present painful position. She made rapid progress under the tuition of her old friend, in the science of music. One day he begged permission to bring a friend to listen to her performance. The stranger was a man of commanding appearance, and gentlemanly in his manners.

"Well, maestro, what do you think of that?" asked the old music-master.

"Wonderful!" was the reply. "Mademoiselle, answer me one question," he continued, "would you have the courage to sing in public?"

"I dare do anything honorable to gain my bread," was the reply.



"Then, mademoiselle, you will hear from me again."

He handed her a card, and took his leave. When the visitors were gone, May glanced at the card, and read, with astonishment, the name of Rossini.

An immense crowd was assembled at the Italian Opera house, to witness the debut of a new singer in the part of Amina in *La Sonnambula*. A lovely creature, dressed in white, and paler than her robes, advanced to the footlights, the focus of a thousand opera-glasses. It was not without some trepidation that she uttered her first notes, but at the very first pause in her vocalization, the house rang with *bravo*. The critical and excitable Parisian public was taken by storm. It was reserved for an American *prima donna* to triumph on the boards that had been trodden by Pasta and Grisi. When the *directeur* announced that she had been engaged for nine nights, a perfect thunder-storm of applause ratified his action. May Melton had realized the predictions of Montaldi.

On a summer evening, as the tenants of Linden Lodge were preparing to retire, a light knock at the front door arrested their attention. Mr. Melton opened it, and a lady rushed into the sitting-room. A tall youth of fourteen started up, and gazed upon her face.

"Mother—father!" he exclaimed, "this is our own dear May come back to us!"

And so it was. Five years had passed, and there she was again, as pure, as lovely, as lovable as ever. The light shone as clearly as ever from her dark eyes, her lips were as innocent, as sunny her smile. And back she was taken to their home and hearts, her error forgiven, her sufferings received as expiation for that single false step which entailed such serious consequences. And they could hardly realize, as they sat together, that she had ever left them, that she had crossed the ocean, that she had toiled and suffered and triumphed, that she had been for ten days the wonder and rage of Paris, and that then, with the proceeds of a single benefit, she had renounced the brilliant career opened before her, and come back plain, or rather pretty May Melton, to end her days where she had passed her happiest hours, in Linden Lodge.

#### FACE-SLAPPING IN CHINA.

Among the various punishments inflicted among the Celestials, that represented in the engraving on this page forms one. It is certainly barbarous enough to satisfy any half-civilized being. The poor culprit is held by his pigtail, with his hand confined behind, while the executioner of the punishment, with great sang froid, stands braced before him, with his flail or ferule in hand extended to deal the blow. The old codgers looking on, in easy indifference, to see the operation, afford a fair specimen of the stolid impassibility of those people to each other's sufferings; while, to the poor fellow undergoing the flagellation, there is more of fact than fun in the operation, as the grimaces of his countenance would seem to imply.

#### THE FAKERS OF INDIA.

Amongst the religious practices by which the Hindoos expect to obtain the favor of Heaven, bodily mortification, or self-inflicted torture, holds a high position. The class of devotees who make this horrible custom their peculiar profession, are termed fakirs, or fakers. These repulsive



FACE-SLAPPING IN CHINA.

fanatics signalize their piety by enduring the severest tortures, and with a constancy worthy of a better cause. The tortures often exceed all belief. A penitent, who went through the ceremony of sitting between five fires, is described by Fraser, who witnessed the penance at a public festival. Being seated on a quadrangular stage, after the sun began to have considerable power, he stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the scorching beams, whilst fires, large enough to roast an ox, were burning around him, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally adding fuel to the flames. He stood upright on his head in the midst of these fires for three hours; and then seating himself with his legs across, he remained till the end of the day, exposed to the scorching heat of both the sun and fires. At one of the festivals of the goddess Kali, the spouse of Siva, Bishop Heber relates that one of these self-torturers had hooks thrust through the muscles of his sides, which he endured without shrinking, and a broad bandage being fastened around his waist to prevent the hooks from tearing through the flesh by the weight of his body, he was swung aloft and whirled round in the air. On a motion being made to take him down, he made a sign for them to proceed, a mark of constancy received with shouts of applause by the admiring multitude.

Bernier, another traveller, thus describes these fanatics: "Amongst that vast number and great variety of fakirs, derviches, or religious heathens of the Indies, there is abundance of them that have convents, in which there are superiors, and

wherein they make certain vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, leading so odd a life that I doubt whether you can give credit to it. These are commonly called *fakirs*, as if you should say, 'united to God.' You shall see many of them sit stark naked, or lie days and nights upon ashes, and, commonly enough, under some of those trees that are on the sides of the talabs or ponds, or else in those galleries that are about their *Deuras*, or idol temples. Some of them have their hair hanging down to the middle of their legs, and that wreathed into several parcels, as the large mane of our barbers, or rather as the hair of those who have the sickness of Poland, called the *plica*. Of these, I have seen some in divers places, who held one arm, and sometimes both, lifted up perpetually above their heads, and that had at the end of their fingers wreathed nails that were longer by measure than half my little finger. Their arms were small and lean, as of heretical persons, because they took not sufficient nourishment in that forced posture, and they could not let them down to take anything with them, either meat or drink, because the nerves were retired, and the joints were filled and dried up; wherefore, also, they have young novices, that serve them as holy men with great respect."

The Hindoo fakirs go entirely naked, carrying on their shoulders a thick club, the end of which is wound around with rags of cloth of all colors. They strew their hair, which hangs half way down their backs, with ashes, with which they sometimes besmear their whole bodies.

Stavorinus says they generally take up their abode in shady places, either in the open air or in old and ruinous buildings, without using anything to repose on, or cover themselves. All classes of these mendicants endeavor to gain the veneration and admiration of the people by the infliction of absurd and cruel penances and tortures. Stavorinus says he met with some who, by holding an arm raised in one position for many years, had lost the power of lowering it again. Others had bent their bodies forward till they had grown so crooked that they formed a right angle. Some, by continually bending the head backward, could not bring it back to its natural position. Others keeping the hands clasped together so long, that the nails grow into the flesh and come out on the other side. Tavernier mentions that some of these never sit or lie down to sleep, but are supported by a rope hanging down for that purpose. Others lay fire on their heads and burn their scalps to the very bone. Others roll themselves naked in thorns. Some bury themselves in a pit or ditch for nine or ten days, without tasting food or drink.

A more recent traveller in India states that he saw a Fakir who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended by sucking this stone, and without any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty, in a state of obesity which did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to solicit offerings of rice, milk,

fish and ghee, for the benefit of his patron, *Devi*. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar, before leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. Sometimes, this writer adds, a fakir will take it into his head to trundle himself along like a cart-wheel for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*—a compound of chopped straw and cow dung—laid along the ridge of his backbone, a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and elbows, by way of axle, and off he goes. A brazen cup and a hubble bubble hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years. On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to escort him with due honors to the public well, where he unbends and washes off the dirt acquired by perambulating many miles of dusty road. After ascertaining the state of the larders of the assembled villagers, he takes up his quarters with the man who is best able to entertain him. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance. These men go naked, and, with their black skin, long hair, and crooked nails, are terribly repulsive objects to behold.



THE FAKERS OF INDIA.



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WILLIE'S CHRISTENING.

By M. T. CALDER.

O, Father in heaven, to thee have we come,  
In weakness of heart, with the light of our home,  
And offer to thee, on thy great throne above,  
The stainless and sinless—this bud of our love!

The life that hath now neither shadow nor sin,  
The page that is spotless from tracings within,  
To thee we would dedicate now, evermore,  
To guide and to guard on life's perilous shore.

The waters baptismal are laid on his brow,  
O, keep it, our Father, as stainless as now!  
To truth and the Master, his life may it be  
Devoted henceforward—kept sacred to thee!

In pastures of thine let these tender feet stray,  
By streams that are living, in light that is day.  
A lamb of thy flock, may he dwell on the earth,  
Re-christened at last with a heavenly birth.

## THE IMPERFECT WILL.

God and the world we worship still together;  
Draw not our laws to him, but his to ours;  
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither.  
The imperfect will brings forth but barren flowers!  
Unwise, as all distracted interests be,  
Strangers to God, fools in humanity;  
Too good for great things, and too great for good,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would."  
COLERIDGE.

## STARS.

Jewels five worlds long,  
That on the stretched forehead of all time  
Sparkle forever.—TENNYSON.

## THE SABBATH.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,  
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!  
O. W. HOLMES.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The return of the Ravello to the Boston Theatre, after an absence of many months, has caused rejoicing among young and old. Of course the latter are only delighted "on account of the young folks," and go to the theatre, not to witness the performances on the stage, but to note the enthusiasm of the miniature men and women in the parquette and boxes. For our own part, let us own frankly that we like these people. They amuse us—they carry us out of ourselves, they provoke that genuine laughter which is as essential to well being as meat and drink. From Ravello to rope-walking is a legitimate transition. We were much amused the other day by reading in a Paris journal an account of—what do you think, reader?—the funeral of Blondin. The Frenchman stated that he fell off the rope at Niagara, that his body was recovered, and that his obsequies took place in New York city, on the 12th of September, "in a style worthy of a great, free and powerful nation. Business was suspended on that day, and three hundred thousand persons, among whom were the firemen, the militia, the boxers, and the most distinguished persons of the imperial city, made it a duty to accompany to Greenwood Cemetery the mortal remains of the victor of Niagara. The head of the procession had reached the Battery before the rear had left the house of the dead at the corner of 45th Street and 81 Avenue. Salutes of artillery saluted the coffin on its way from Union Park to the Battery!" We can assure our Parisian contemporary that we were not "awestruck," as Mrs. Salty Gamp says, of any such event. Among the celebrities of the "Old Salt House," we omitted to mention in our notice of it one of its most brilliant illustrations. T. K. Battelle, Esq., the "Corinthian Tom" of the N. Y. Spirit. May "Acorn" and the shade of Porter pardon us! Among recorded suicides is one of an English girl of sixteen, who hung herself by her ash in a school near London, in 1834. The cause was assigned in these words: "The horrid deed will have been done when this paper is found. I have been driven to it by a consciousness of not having made sufficient progress in my studies." We commend this case to the forcing-schools kept by Herods in pantaloons and crinolines. The inventive resources of Yankees are inexhaustible. Mr. John W. Klogman of New Hampshire, and Mr. Samuel W. Lowe, of Pennsylvania, have each patented "Machines for Milking Cows." Flexible tubes are slipped over the teats of each cow, and terminate in a main pipe, to which is attached a pump. In their operation, the air is exhausted, when it is alleged that the milk will flow from all the udders, through the main pipe to a suitable receptacle, thus milking fifty or a hundred cows in less time than one by the hand process. The people of the United States show a strong predilection for a light and fictitious literature. Of two thousand old and new volumes issued in this country in a recent year, about one half were works of fiction or imagination. In France only about one ninth are works of the same class, and in England works of fancy constitute one-seventh of the whole number published. At the New York Corn Exchange there were recently exhibited a lot of large ears of yellow corn raised by Captain Ezra Nye, in New Jersey, some of which were 17 1/4 inches long, with upwards of 700 grains on each ear, and in every respect perfect. The average length of the lot was 18 inches. Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the very current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is as cheap, and so good, and so necessary with all, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann beautifully says "To put children on a short allowance

of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath." The Zion's Herald contains a letter from Rev. Edwin W. Parker, who sailed from this port in the ship Boston, to reinforce Mr. Butler in his interesting and promising missionary labors in India. Mr. Parker and his companions had arrived safely and were most cordially welcomed by Mr. Butler, and were encouraged by the present prospects of the mission. Two more very promising stations had been established. The principal mouth of the Rhine, during the Roman way, is all but obliterated, and a fortress of hewn stone, which commanded the entrance to the river, is now buried under the waves, more than a mile from the present shore. The whole coast of Holland has greatly receded from its earlier tide-marks. In 1421, there was a great submersion in the southeast of Holland, when the waters of the Meuse and Waal suddenly overwhelmed seventy-two villages, and destroyed 100,000 human beings; and the sub-soil must have sunk at the same time, since the whole region has remained beneath the surface. A turnip, of an English variety, was raised the past summer on the farm of E. G. Tyrrell, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, which measures 25 inches round and weighs 18 pounds. A green, good-natured monkey-making, up-country fellow, who said every thing drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not over-wise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that. It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that, also." The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the buttonhole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said: "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—but I believe I'll omit that!" Chicago is to have additional railway communication with southern Illinois. The Tonia and Petersburg Railway Company was incorporated two years ago. The line is to run from Jacksonville to Tonia on the Illinois Central Railroad, with the branches thence to Ottawa and Morris, on the Chicago and Rock Island road. At Jacksonville it connects with the Jacksonville and St. Louis Railroad. In Egypt, mummies feed the fires that propel the iron horses on the railroads. These dried-up human bodies, once the tenements of immortal souls, are said to make very hot fire. Their supply is almost inexhaustible. Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest." An amateur violinist had the honor of playing before Rossini. "The great maestro," said our man, some ten years after, "was so enchanted with my playing, that, interrupting me in the middle of a cantabile, he gave me a kiss upon the forehead. From that time, in order to preserve the illustrious imprint, I have never washed the spot!" The New Bedford Mercury, in speaking of a terrapin weighing 160 pounds, which was brought there in a whaleship from Charles Island, one of the Gallapagos group, calls it the largest ever seen in that city. The Standard, however, refers to some much larger, one of which was twice as heavy. It says that Captain Weyer, late master of the barque Atlantic of that port, brought home several larger than the above, one of which he kept at Nantucket until about three weeks ago, when he sent it to New York, via that city, and that it weighed 339 pounds when delivered in New York. A country journal having had what it calls "unpleasant remarks" made concerning it by a contemporary, makes no reply, but says, "our friends will please understand our silence is what our assailant most dislikes, and that we are determined he shall have as much of it as he can use." It is stated to be a well known fact in England that Lady Franklin has expended nearly every shilling she possessed, to the amount of £30,000, in her various endeavors to ascertain her husband's fate, and that she appears destined to spend the remainder of her life in penury. It has been suggested that the women of England and America, who appreciate the unwavering heroism and constancy which have marked her search for records of her husband's fate, should unite in a subscription to raise a fund for her future support. Why is not the idea a good one? The ladies of Boston, we are sure, would contribute liberally to such an object. A wealthy and benevolent farmer visiting Albany recently, fell in with two fast young men, to whom he offered to give all the potatoes they could dig in a day on a farm. The young men, although not celebrated for their devotion to steady hard labor, accepted the proposition, hired a lumber wagon and proceeded to the farm, where they worked a whole day, and returned home with a full load of mealy-mouthed potatoes. Mrs. Richards, wife of Addison Richards, the artist and magazine writer, has entered the field of authorship. A story, entitled "Jessie Allison," is announced from her pen. The Ballston, (New York) Journal says: "Mr. Alfred Hamilton of this town was brought before the Court of Sessions, held in this village last week, for forgery, and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to Clinton Prison for two years." As the Journal observes, this is a hard case. Some few years since Mr. Hamilton was the owner of a good farm in the town of Ballston, and the possessor of \$40,000 or \$50,000 besides; but, like hundreds of other young men placed in similar circumstances, he became the victim of strong drink, and squandered all, and has finally closed his brief career in the State's prison. An infidel seeks to make proselytes on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bedfellow—he is afraid of being left alone in the dark. A man cannot write himself into a poet any more than he can think himself into a thought. Polish a pebble as you will you can never make anybody believe it is a crown jewel. Most things may be considered charitably—poetry never. If you cannot get bread, you may be thankful for potatoes, you may make

the old coat "do" if it is rusty; but the verses that will only "do" will certainly prove their maker's undoing. We may pity a lame beggar; but a limping line, albeit it halts on satin, we condemn. There is mourning in the Spanish bull-ring. Cachaus, the first matador of the day, renowned for his many victories throughout the whole of Spain, in a bull fight at Alicante, has been so dangerously wounded as to preclude the possibility of his ever entering the circus again. Boston is to have another mechanical bakery, and this time the building will be fire-proof. Over \$100,000 have been subscribed by some of our leading citizens for the erection of such a bakery, and the enterprise will be once carried out. We shall be glad to see the experiment fairly tested. A pension of £70 a year, for literary services, has been awarded by the British government to Mr. Charles Duke Yonge, author of several Greek and Latin school books, among others of the "English-Greek Lexicon," and the "Phrasological English-Latin Dictionary." Library editions of the works of living authors are undoubtedly in fashion. Mr. Dickens has just completed his library edition, in twenty-two octavo volumes; and now we are to have a library edition of the works of Sir Bulwer Lytton, in forty-three octavo volumes. The words of Talmu to John Howard Payne are worth being borne in mind by all actors: "The first rule is to be deeply impressed. Impregnated with the character and the situation of your personage, let your imagination be exalted, your nerves be agitated—the rest will follow; your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of the dancer are not requisite to tragedy. Choose rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and something historical in your demeanor." Nothing definite is known of the second volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization." It was announced during the spring as "nearly ready," and as containing the history of civilization in Spain and Scotland. The announcement, however, is not continued in the autumn list of the English publishers. The New York Tribune says: "It is understood that Mr. Buckle is displeased with the fact, or the manner, of the reproduction of his book in this country, and is indisposed to grant any of the usual facilities afforded by early sheets of the forthcoming volume; so that no priority of publication here is to be looked for."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

London advices inform us that the greatest distress prevails among the families of the builders who have been so long on the strike. Recent returns show excessive mortality among the wives and families of operatives in the building trade, and there was reason to fear that scores of innocent persons and young children were perishing from sheer want. The impression gains ground that a rupture between France and England was imminent, and provincial journals published simultaneously violent articles against England, which is known to have been supplied by government officials. England is warned that the hour of trial approaches, which may put an end to her greatness forever. The Paris Constitutionnel, in an article signed by the principal editor, in reply to the assertion of the English press that the policy of the emperor had left a state of political uncertainty in Europe, states the aim proposed by the emperor in the beginning of the war, and compares it with the advantages gained, and accuses the English journals of inconsistency. The London Times is of opinion that any danger to Europe or British possessions of Gibraltar, from the Spanish enterprise against Morocco, is absurd; but an attack by France on the independence of Morocco, and an attempt to add its territory to Algeria, would justify the strongest remonstrance on behalf of Europe. The difficulty between Spain and Morocco had reached a crisis, the Spanish government having formally announced its intention to commence hostilities. It was expected that the Spanish force would make an attack both by sea and land, and afterwards occupy Tetuan and Tangier.

## The Jaffa Murderers.

An American frigate has arrived at Jaffa, demanding the extradition of the originators of the murder committed there three years ago. It is about time the Turkish government was made to do something in the Jaffa matter, or else that our government abandon its efforts to have punished the Arabs who murdered an American (a Massachusetts man), near Jaffa. The Arabs, it will be recollected, were taken as prisoners to Beirut, but the Turkish government, as yet, refrains from punishing them. Safety for American life in Palestine demands the punishment of these murderers.

## Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has issued the following address: "Army of Italy, 11th division.—Soldiers,—The hour of a new struggle approaches. The enemy is threatening, and will, perhaps, attack us before many days are over. In addressing my old companions of Lombardy, I know I am not speaking to deaf men, and that it is enough to tell them that we are going to fight the enemies of Italy. I shall look to see you, then, firm in your ranks."

## Tunis.

Some fanaticism was enacted on the recent occasion of the obsequies of the Bey of Tunis. The Moors assailed and stoned the Jews, mortally wounding many of them. Some chiefs were also wounded. A misleader of the new bey came to the rescue, and caused thirty of the Mussulmans to be arrested.

## New Churches.

The Municipal Council of Paris have decided on the building of ten new churches. One will be erected on the Boulevard des Invalides, another on the Place La-borde, and a third in the Avenue Parmentier.

## Railways.

In railway travelling in France the loss of life by accident is 1 in 1,955,555 passengers, and wounded 1 in 496,531. By diligence the proportion was 1 killed in 255,463, and 1 wounded in 29,871.

## The lost Arctic Navigators.

Captain Snow, who commanded the Prince Albert on a voyage to the Arctic region in 1850, in a recent lecture declared himself strongly of opinion that some of the Franklin party were still living, probably in captivity, among the Esquimaux. He supported this opinion by citing several instances of Englishmen living with barbarous tribes for many years; also by the fact elicited through Captain McClintock's interpreter—that when the Esquimaux meet with strangers who can be of no use to them, they give them food and desire them to go away, but if the men were mechanics, and useful, as many of the Franklin party were, the natives retain them, and will not let them go. He also thought that further attempts should be made to discover the missing navigators.

## A Veteran at Work.

Lord Brougham, though eighty-one years of age, has recently undergone an amount of work in one week which would have severely taxed the energies of a man in middle life. His address at the meeting of the Social Science Association at Bradford on the 11th ult. was a marvel of length and ability; on the night of the 12th he took part in the anniversary proceedings of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute; on the 13th he paid Sheffield a visit, and delivered speeches marked by his wonted fire and vigor; and the same night he was one of the speakers at a working-men's meeting at Bradford.

## Cause and Effect.

A letter from Turin states that Louis Napoleon planned, plotted and intrigued to secure the presence of the pope at his coronation, but the project was resisted by Antonelli and the Austrian party at Rome, and to that resistance and that defeat are to be traced all the alleged grievances France imputed to Austrian rule in Lombardy—the insolent reproof administered to M. Hubner on the New Year's Day reception at the Tuilleries, the campaign of Italy, and the reverse of Solferino.

## General Guyon and the Pope.

A letter from Paris reports a rumor to the effect that General Guyon, commander of the French troops in Rome, tried to dissuade the pope from his projected tour to Castel Gandolfo, telling him with military frankness that if he quitted Rome he ran a great risk of never re-entering it. Nevertheless, Pius IX. departed for his chateau, escorted by the general. From Castel Gandolfo the pope goes to Porto d'Anzio, to meet the King of Naples.

## Novel Policy.

The Duke of Nassau receives yearly the sum of 48,000 florins for the license of the gambling saloons of Wiesbaden, but at the same time prohibits by very severe penalties any of his subjects from betting at the banking games of Wiesbaden. He invites all foreigners to come and bet and spend their money freely, but will not permit his own people to do the same.

## Another Arctic Expedition.

The English public, it would seem, are not yet satisfied that everything that ought to be done has been in Arctic research; and one journal, the Medical Times, intimates that another expedition should be sent out in search of any possible survivors of the Franklin party.

## The Amoor.

The Russian government has put a sudden check to the trade with the Amoor River by forbidding American vessels to sail more than 200 miles up the stream.

## English Methodists.

In one of the Methodist churches at Newcastle upon Tyne, in England, upward of nine hundred persons have been admitted into the church.

## Syrian Omnibuses.

Omnibuses, the first seen in Syria, have begun running at Beirut. Crowds of natives stand gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

## Schamyl.

Schamyl is in clover. The czar has given him a palace to live in, allows him \$8000 a year and three Caucasian wives.

## Locusts.

The locusts which lately visited Turkey and the districts near the Black Sea have invaded part of Russia.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOLD FOLIO, HANDED FROM POPULAR PROVERBS BY TIMOTHY TITMUS. New York: Charles Scribner 12mo pp. 358. 1869.

The author of this volume has an observing and reflecting mind, great originality, great boldness, great command of language. In this work he has taken certain proverbs ("the daughters of daily experience") for his text and commented on them in a series of essays. He is an interesting and instructive teacher, but not, of course, infallible. We dissent from many of his opinions, while, on the whole, we like his book much. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

LEAVES FROM AN ACTOR'S NOTE BOOK, ETC. BY GEORGE VANDENHOFF. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 347. 1869.

An educated man, the son of an eminent tragedian, a star actor and popular lecturer in England and America, the author of the work before us could not fail to prepare a dish of gossip and chit-chat exceedingly acceptable to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. We have read the book with pleasure, and we have no doubt that it will meet with an extensive sale. For sale at Burdum's, 143 Washington Street.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK. Volume II. Compiled by Elias Howe. Boston: Russell & Tilden, 291 Washington Street.

This valuable work, a large and handsome quarto, contains 200 songs, glees, choruses, including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, with full accompaniments for the piano, seraphine and melodeon.

The same publishers have issued "Rosalie the Prairie Flower Melodist," a little pocket pamphlet, full of popular songs, with the music of the airs.

THE HOME CIRCLE. A collection of piano forte music. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

This handsome quarto volume contains an admirable collection of the most favorite marches, waltzes, polkas, redouas, schottisches, galops, mazurkas, quadrilles, etc. It should be on every music stand.



TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

We have goods particularly designed for the Inverness Cape Coat, Cape Surcoat, and Box Overcoat.

Also—CASTOR BEAVERS, KANE, ESQUIMAUX, AND PETERSBURG COATINGS.

Beautiful Goods, made ESPECIALLY for Matched Pants, and Vests, and Entire Suits.

Extra Superfine Black Goods, for Dress Suits, and a great variety of Novelties, very stylish for street wear.

SUPERB PATTERNS OF DRESSING-GOWN GOODS.

Our garments will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES at which choice goods can be afforded.

**JACOBS & DEANE,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
NO. 21 COURT STREET. oct29 4w

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and responsible party, is deserving of attention, and we present the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from J. B. Eaton, Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads, a gentleman well-known to our citizens, who thus speaks of the Curative, from which he received radical relief:

NASHUA, N. H., March 11, 1869.  
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your "Nervous Curative" for the cure of *Chilblains*, and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your Nervous Curative according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Phlebitis*, and I applied your Nervous Curative, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted.

Yours truly,  
J. B. EATON,  
Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroad.

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

## A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY. THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

THIS REAL NOVELTY is for sale at all of the periodical depots for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

☞ Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY  
JOHN J. DYER & Co.,  
sept 2 18 35 School Street, Boston.

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED DOUBLE THREAD FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

## FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,  
oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s  
AMERICAN, FRENCH, HONGKONG, and VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HONGKONG, and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS and CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. O. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,  
sept24 18 Dorchester, Mass.

## SEA FOAM PIPES, MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

in Cases, FRENCH WOOD PIPES, and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,  
18 Washington, corner State St., Boston oct15

## COCOINE, FLORIMEL, KALLISTON, ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH, BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., PROPRIETORS, BOSTON.

## JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint.

The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

## SPASMODIC ASTHMA.

While in Germany an eminent physician became interested in his case and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and to his surprise and joy his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the receipt which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors.

It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

Letter from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.

## ASTHMA! Asthma!

Newburyport, Feb. 25, 1866.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma.

I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most aggravating, most distressing, and most unrelenting disorders that ever afflicted a human being, is to be attributed wholly to this Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until in 1853 and 1854 I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the least active exercise would bring on a paroxysm oftentimes so severe that I could not move an inch for hours.

From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour, I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it, that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the tormentor. Please accept my gratitude for the great blessing, and believe me,

With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. H. BRAGDON.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and sold by all Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.

Burnett's Cocaine.  
Burnett's Cocaine.  
Burnett's Cocaine.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally at 50 cts a bottle. nov12 2w

## DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS invaluable remedy is known by the thousands who have used it to be the best and most reliable one extant for the speedy relief and certain cure of every form of

## PULMONARY COMPLAINT,

Such as COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, QUINSE, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, not excepting even CONSUMPTION.

From the *Nashua Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1869.

A REMEDY THAT IS A REMEDY—The season is fast approaching when all of us will be liable to, and most of us affected by, some form of cough, cold, or other pulmonary complaint. Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim immediate attention, as neglect of the slightest cough often leads to fatal results. The remedy for all these troubles is found in Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry. It is truly a balm with "healing on its wings." The confidence in it is general and universal, and there is no medicine of any kind within our knowledge which has gained so many friends by virtue of experience of its healing merits, as this well known and highly appreciated Balm.

The genuine Balm is prepared only by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers EVERYWHERE.

## BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE



## LADIES' AND GENT'S Furnishing Goods.

Hosiery and Glove Store,

At the sign of the Red Striped Stocking, 27 Winter Street.

Ladies, Gents, Misses, and Boys' Silk, Merino, Cashmere, all Wool, Cotton and Wool, Plain and Ribbed, and Scotch Wool.

UNDER VESTS AND DRAWERS. Hosiery—Silk, Worsted and Cotton, of all the various sizes, styles and qualities, including Ladies' and Misses' extra length Worsted Hose.

## WATCHSPRING SKIRTS.

Skirt Supporters—A new article, approved by all physicians for health and comfort. Ladies are invited to examine the article.

Gloves—In almost endless variety.

Shiner Socks.

Woolen Vests—A great variety.

KNIT TALSIES, SONGS, CLOVES, SHAWLS AND HOODS, of many styles. THREAD STORE GOODS.

DIX & EVANS,

nov5 cop1w 27 WINTER STREET.

## Piano Music for Parlor Dances.

A CHOICE BOOK FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

THE HOME CIRCLE—A collection of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Boleros, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, etc. Arranged for the Piano Forte, and comprising the most popular Dance Music. Price only \$1.00; in cloth, \$2. Sent by mail.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE.

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTIONS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, J. JOSEPH W. DAVIS,

nov12 12 Attorney. 26 State St., Boston.

## DROPSIES.

THERE is no disease in which the PERUVIAN SYRUP has achieved greater wonders than in dropsy of the abdomen and the limbs, whether occasioned by disease of the liver or of the kidneys. It stimulates the absorbents to take up the effused fluids, increases the urinary and cutaneous secretions, and gives tone to the stomach and intestines, thus removing both cause and consequences in these affections.

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

## MICROSCOPES!

## MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address.

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

Room No. 2, 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, sept3

## Designing and Wood Engraving.

KILBURN & MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

nov5 REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. cop3m

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF those requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my Double Oven Range, patent 1 January, 1859, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the ovens to bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fire heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, as a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen and obtained at my store, 96 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Manchester, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my *Cone Furnaces*, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 2w GARDNER CHILSON

## BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parlor.

## BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

Are you getting bald? Is your Hair turning Gray?

Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair,—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may25

## READER—If you want employment that will pay,

take no agency. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with stamp for particulars, S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

nov12 8w

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novels style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE BLACK AVENGER. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, during the eventful period of their sway in the West Indies.

Written for us by... NED BUNTLINE.

THE ARMORER OF TYRE: or, THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIZE. This romance of ancient Tyre is one of the most popular of Cobb's stories, and paints a very glowing picture of life in that luxurious city.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE UNKNOWN MASK: or, THE BELLS OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE DANCING STAR: or, THE SHOOTER OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.

Written for us by... J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING: or, HENRIETTA OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the eldes of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.

Written for us by... MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SIKKHA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering sultan, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BOHEMIA WALK. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marines. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by... CAPT. HENRY P. CREEVER.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE ESQUIMAUX. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENINSULA. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, THE REGULATOR AND MODERATOR. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER SPI OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCKENER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by... F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER: or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERF: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by... AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CATALAN. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ For sale at all the periodical depots



## EXILED HEBREWS.

The fine engraving on this page is from a masterly drawing, the group of figures being suggested by the sufferings and lamentations of the captive Hebrews so pathetically recorded in Scripture. The group is admirably drawn and managed. Age, youth, womanhood, maternity and maidenhood are here typified and illustrated. In the figure of the aged man who forms the centre of the group we have a perfect image of woe. The chain visible depending from his wrist typifies the captivity. The harp of the young girl who bows her head upon his knee has fallen—is mute; its chords no longer respond to the touch except in the jarring notes of agony. Overwhelmed and stricken sit the other figures of this mournful and lamenting family. "By the rivers of Babylon" they are weeping the bitter tears of exile and captivity. Far distant seems the day when their chains will be rent asunder. No one, but those who have experienced its pangs, can measure the depths of sorrow attendant upon involuntary exile. Even the voluntary exile sometimes suffers from an agonizing yearning for his native land. Memory, ever tender, paints only its joys and glories—its sorrows, its defects, are lost in the mirage of distance. Even from scenes of pleasurable excitement the spirit flies back towards home; the soul grieves for the wings of the

## FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION AND FATE.

The following brief outline of this bold and fatal expedition we have compiled, as a matter of record, from the more extended accounts which are passing through the papers:

On the 19th of May, 1845, Sir John Franklin, in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and with a picked crew, numbering in all one hundred and thirty-eight, sailed from England in search of a northwest passage. They were seen by the whaler *Prince of Wales* on the 26th of July, moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening through the ice which fills Baffin's Bay, after which no direct tidings were received from them. The gloom of the Arctic region settled down upon them, and it is only recently, after a series of expeditions which have been marked by courage, resolution, fortitude and desperate energy and determination, that the mystery which surrounds their fate has been partially penetrated. No special anxiety was entertained respecting them until the beginning of 1848, for the commander had intimated that the voyage would probably continue three years. But as month after month passed away without any tidings, an anxious and painful sympathy sprang up in the public mind, and the British government took measures to prosecute a search for the missing navigators. The several expeditions which have since been sent out, number in all no less

the whole of 1847. While they were thus frozen in, Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. In this icy embrace the unfortunate adventurers remained through the dismal winter of 1847, when in the spring of 1848 they abandoned their vessels. It is probable, from the accounts of the natives, that one of the vessels had previously been crushed by the ice, and that the other was forced ashore, after it was abandoned, in the fall of the same year. The adventurers, judging from the articles which they carried with them, made deliberate preparations for their departure. They were undoubtedly short of provisions, the ships having been provisioned for a three years' voyage only. They must also have been much reduced in health and strength by their long confinement in the ice.

The ships were abandoned off the northern coast of King William's Land, down the western side of which the adventurers made their way to the mouth of the Great Fish River. But some of them perished on the way, from fatigue and possibly for want of food. In the boat in which were the skeletons of two of the men, there was no food except a little chocolate. It is inferred that this boat was on its way back to the ship, because it was headed in that direction, but it is improbable that any of the adventurers would revisit the ships except to obtain food. But upon this errand they would not have car-

these expeditions have cost, as thrown away, nor the hardships and severe suffering with which they have been attended, as profitless. They have enriched the archives of science, and greatly enlarged our knowledge of the northern portion of the American continent. They have settled a problem which has engaged the attention of navigators ever since this continent was discovered, and which the restless activity of the Anglo Saxon mind would never have left unsolved.

Another thing should not be forgotten—above all, they have developed some of the brightest traits of individual and national character. There could be nothing more creditable to our common humanity than the eagerness with which individuals have volunteered for the forlorn hope of the Arctic search, and the promptness and ready sympathy with which three great nations—Russia, America, and England—have united in the effort to rescue the missing navigators from the chilling embrace of the dreary regions of perpetual ice. The record of Arctic explorations is now closed, as many suppose, forever, but we much mistake the spirit of adventure which is inherent in our race, if, at no distant day, the sufferings of the past are not forgotten in the perhaps profitless wish to penetrate to the open Polar Sea, the existence of which was verified by Dr. Kane.



EXILED HEBREWS.

morning to transplant the body thither. But when this separation is a thing fixed and enduring, the decree of Providence, then it is that the soul sinks, and the eyes are dimmed with tears, and the echoes that home voices awaken in the chambers of the soul are fraught with the bitterest agony.

## MR. JOHN BRIGHT AS A SPEAKER.

A recent English writer says of this statesman: There can be no doubt of the immense impression which Mr. Bright's speech made on the House on the occasion. No one can form any idea of the effect of this gentleman's addresses from the written reports of them. There is only an outline of their power to be traced in the newspapers. It is curious to note with a certain monotony of tone of voice, and an almost entire absence of gesture, what wonderful variety Mr. Bright contrives to throw into his speeches. They are triumphs of mere earnestness, and catch all their power and all their effect from their being so palpably and unexceptionably the immediate issue of his thoughts and mind at the moment of utterance. They are spoken impulses, and so necessarily go direct to the more excitable tendencies of his hearers. They are powers in the House of Commons—no other that on platforms they are something

than eighteen, with thirty-three vessels. We will now endeavor to sum up the principal facts which are known with regard to the fate of the expedition of Sir John Franklin, as developed by these expeditions.

It now appears that Sir John Franklin passed through Barrow's Straits in the summer of 1845, but failing to penetrate to the south and west, according to his instructions, he turned north into Wellington Channel, and rounding the northern extremity of Cornwallis Island, returned down the western side of that island, which had never been explored, and wintered at Beechey Island. In the spring of 1846 the two ships again started for the westward, Sir John a second time attempting to carry out his instructions, which were to push westward in the latitude of 74 1-4 to the longitude of Cape Walker, or about 98° west, and then endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct as possible to Behring's Straits. They probably succeeded in getting into what is sometimes called Melville Island, west of Cape Walker, and then turned south, exploring the west coast of Prince of Wales's Land. It is possible, however, that they may have gone through Peel Sound on the east side of this island. On the 26th of September they were beset by the ice, in latitude 70 05 north, longitude 78 23 west, and remained frozen up during that winter and

ried so miscellaneous a load as books, knives, carpenter's tools, silver plate, medicine chest, spectacles, leather goggles, watches, and other articles too numerous to mention. The boat was probably going from the ship, when its crew became exhausted and perished, and the circumstance of its being headed in a different direction was most probably accidental. A large portion of the party appear to have reached the mouth of the Great Fish River, and there died of starvation.

The first intimation of this termination of the expedition was gathered by Dr. Rae, from the natives, and published on his return to England in 1854. The statements of the natives, as to the fate of the missing navigators are singularly confirmed by the more recent discoveries, reported by the recent return of the last expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin and her friends, the screw steamer *Fox*, Captain McClintock.

Five of the vessels engaged in these expeditions were abandoned in the ice, having become so involved that they could not be extricated. The majority of these expeditions have been directed to the right quarter, and those engaged in them have done all that human energy and endurance could achieve to rescue survivors of the expedition.

We are not to consider the money which

## MIMIC FIRE.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the mechanism of a theatre will readily understand that the last wonderful exhibition in Sardapalus was produced more by artificial means than through the agency of real fire—an element too dangerous to employ to any extent. Many of the audience, however, sat in mingled admiration and terror. On the first night an old half-pay colonel, in the stalls, was overheard by some of his neighbors saying to himself, "O, hang it! this is too much. Kean is going beyond the mark this time. He will certainly burn the theatre down." He then looked round to observe the effect on the assembled house, and continued, "There will be a rush to the door in a moment, and lives may be lost; but I shall keep my seat, come what may, until they are all out." The insurance companies took the alarm, and sent their officers to make a strict investigation. The mystery was explained to them, and on the next night they were posted in a convenient corner of the stage, from whence they could witness the entire operation. But when the flames burst forth, the pile began to sink, and what appeared to be blazing rafters and showers of fire descended from the roof of the palace, they made a precipitate retreat, exclaiming that they were perfectly satisfied.—*Cole's Life of Charles Kean.*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. \$2 50 PER ANNUM. | VOL. XVII., No. 22... WHOLE No. 440.

## NEW BUILDING ON WASHINGTON STREET.

The new building on the Andrews estate, on Washington Street, south corner of Central Court, of which we present a fine representation, drawn expressly for us by William Waud, and engraved by Tarbell, was commenced on the first of March last. Over one hundred men have been constantly employed on it, and it will be completed by the first of February next. The site of the building was formerly occupied by four stores and six dwelling houses, including yards, sheds, etc. The façade on Washington Street, of 60 feet 8 inches, is to be extended 20 feet, as soon as the lease on the adjoining estate expires, which will be in two years. The lower story is of iron, and consists of eight Corinthian columns, between the caps of which are segmental arches, so as to form the window and door-heads, except to the entrance door above, which has a semi-circular arch, and the entablature over the same projects two inches, so as to give prominence to this entrance. The entablature is of the Corinthian order, and richly ornamented; the lower portion is of granite, so as to have no question in regard to the strength, and is painted to imitate the freestone above. On this entablature are cut in raised letters of two inches, "Geo. W. Warren & Co.," and over the doorway, "Chickering's." The rest of the front is of Belleville, New Jersey, freestone, which has a beautiful tint, and is the hardest freestone known, being nearly as hard as Concord granite. The second and third stories are in the Grecian Corinthian colonnaded order, and very elaborately ornamented. The key-stones to the second story windows are ornamented with heads, which were executed by P. Stebbenson, sculptor, and represent as follows: No. 1, on the corner of Central Court, is a fancy head of Science; No. 2, Minerva; No. 3, Jason; No. 4, Ulysses; No. 5, Plato; No. 6, Penelope, and No. 7, Hercules. The key-stones for the third story are ornamented with the pilgrim shell; the entablature for this story, which is in the full Corinthian order, has "Chickering & Sons" cut in raised letters. The fourth story is of banded pilasters, with segmental arch window-heads. The dormer windows of the attic are of stone, and made to conform with the story below; the whole having a rich and massive appearance. The freestone work was executed by Edward F. Meany, and is considered one of the best pieces of work of the kind in the city. The plan of the building is the letter L, and measures 60 feet 8 inches on Washington Street, 146 feet on the north side, 135 feet on the east, and 48 feet on Avon Place, giving a total frontage of over 389 feet. The basement, first story, and the Avon Place part of the building, 48 feet by 70, from basement to roof, will be occupied by Geo. W. Warren & Co., who have leased the same for a number of years. The basement is divided into a retail housekeeping goods department, 60 by 73 feet; hat and coat room, 31 feet by 12, to accommodate 150 clerks; bundle room, 16 feet by 15; packing and unpacking room, 70 feet by 48; also large rooms for storage, wash rooms, water closets, etc. The first story, 60 feet by 146, is to be occupied for the retail business, and 48 feet by 70 for the wholesale business. There is also, on the right hand side as you enter, about 70 feet from the front, a ladies' waiting-room, and adjoining the same an evening silk room, to show silks by gaslight. The store is lighted in the day by the front windows, one skylight, and twenty-three windows over the shelving, 5 feet 6 inches by 6 feet each, and by night by thirty chandeliers, and 150 gas-jets on the cornice of the shelving. The second story of the Washington Street part, which measures 146 feet by 60, is leased for a number of years by the well-known firm of Chickering & Sons, and is accessible by two eight-foot staircases, one from Washington Street, and the other from Avon Place; these staircases connect with the main staircase to the rooms above by corridors eight feet wide, with groined ceilings and marble floors. This floor consists of two water-rooms, 24 feet by 50 each, one 24 feet by 30, all connected by folding doors; a private office, 8 feet by 16, one ditto, 8 feet by 12; a counting-room, 16 feet by 21, one ditto, 8 feet by 16; ante-

room, 10 feet by 24, connected with the hall, large closets, wash-rooms, etc., also a large hall for chamber concerts, 40 feet by 60, and 25 feet high, finished in the Corinthian style, and lighted by five large circular-headed windows. The stories above are laid out for the use of bachelors, and consist of twenty-eight parlors and bed-rooms attached, parlors, 14 feet by 18, bed-rooms, 10 feet by 13, with closets. The building is also supplied with ample wash-rooms, bathing rooms, and other conveniences. These apartments are approached by a grand circular staircase, which is placed in the staircase hall, 18 feet by 24, in the second story, and runs to the attic floor, leaving a well-room of nine feet diameter; the whole is surmounted by a skylight fifteen feet square. The passages and corridors are lighted, in addition to this skylight, by fourteen windows, also by lights over the parlor doors.

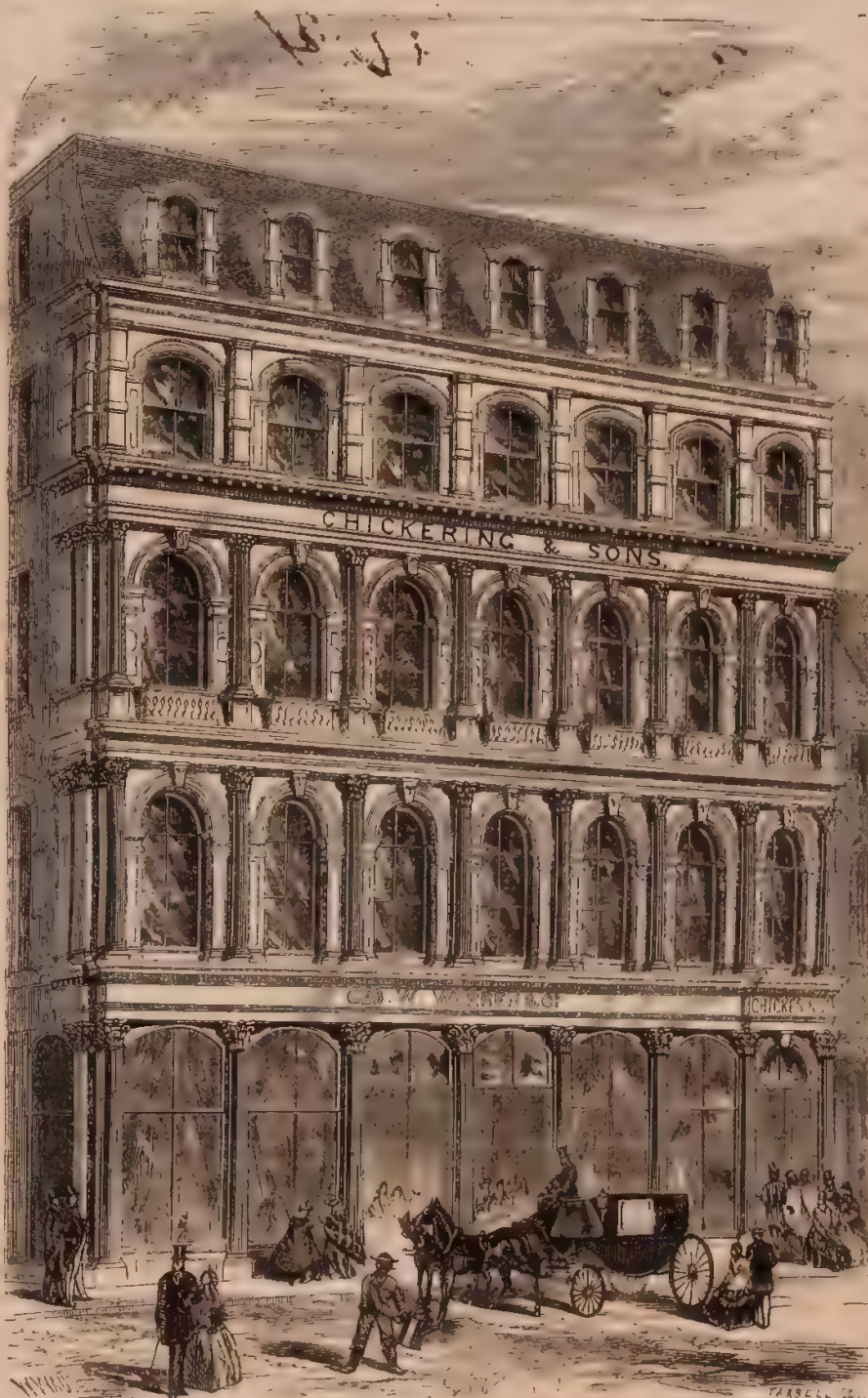
The building is heated by steam throughout,

the boiler being placed under the cartway of Central Court, in the rear; there is also an engine room and fuel room under the court, the whole arrangement of the work being carried out by Messrs. Walworth & Nason, of this city. The building has been constructed in the most thorough manner throughout; the basement walls are all laid in cement, and are from two to three feet thick; the first story walls are also laid in cement, twenty inches thick, and above sixteen inches. The floor between the first and second stories is composed of iron beams and brick arches in cement, and concreted over, so that no fire could possibly communicate between the stories. The staircase from Washington Street to the second story is of Concord granite. Over 1,500,000 bricks were used in the construction of the building. The mason work has been done by Messrs. Standish & Woodbury; the carpenters work by Joseph F. Paul and Messrs. Cummings & Carlisle; the iron

work by Messrs. Smith & Lovett; the plastering by Samuel P. Tolman; painting and glazing by Samuel Hastings; plumbing by Groves & Downey; gas work by N. W. Turner. The building on Washington Street is owned by William T. Andrews, Esq., and has been known as the Andrews Estate for nearly sixty years; the Avon Place Estate is owned by his son, Frank W. Andrews, Esq. The entire building has been erected under the direction of Nathaniel J. Bradlee, architect, of this city, and will be a monument of his skill and professional knowledge.

## SCHAMYL.

Schamyl, the prophet-warrior of the Caucasus, is now sixty-two years of age, and still a vigorous man. He is of middle stature, has fair hair, gray eyes overshadowed by thick, well-marked eyebrows, a regular, well-formed nose, and a small mouth. His skin is fair and delicate, and his hands and feet are well-shaped. His manner is noble and dignified. He has been as remarkable as a legislator as a soldier. He continued and consolidated the work of the first Murids, which consisted of forming a united nation of the various tribes dispersed through the Caucasus, and he organized a permanent army. The country he ruled was divided into twenty provinces of which each was governed by a naib. In each province there was, besides the naib, an ancient, who performed the functions of judge, and who transmitted the orders and manifestoes of Schamyl to the people. In order to form the army, each naib was bound to supply 300 horsemen. The following anecdote will give a just idea of the religious character of Schamyl. Some tribes, which suffered more than others from the Russians, desired to make their submission, and sent a deputation to Schamyl to obtain his consent. The deputation found only Schamyl's mother, whom they succeeded in interesting in their favor. She communicated to her son on his return the propositions of the tribes. The next day the chief of the deputation came to demand an answer. He found the mother bathed in tears; she said that Schamyl could not take it upon himself to decide upon so serious a subject, and that he had shut himself up in a mosque, to await in prayer and fasting the revelation of the prophet. Schamyl had previously commanded all the inhabitants to proceed to the holy place, and to pray outside till he should come out. The inhabitants remained for three days in prayer, and some fainted from exhaustion, when Schamyl, pale, and with features distorted, came forth and commanded a murid to bring his mother into his presence. He then addressed the people, telling them that the Tchetches had formed the infamous plan of submitting to the Gisors, and to succeed they had not hesitated to submit their horrible demand through his mother, who, being weak, had not the courage to resist. "I have interrogated Mahomet," added he, "and his reply is that one hundred stripes are to be given to the person who first transmitted that hateful proposition, and that person is my mother." When the unfortunate woman heard this sentence from the lips of her son, she screamed frightfully. Schamyl, inflexible, commanded two murids to seize her and tie her hands; he himself, armed with a whip, began to inflict the punishment. At the fifth blow the woman fainted. Schamyl stopped, threw away the whip, and fell at the feet of his mother. The crowd craved pardon for the victim. Schamyl rose, his countenance composed, and announced to the expecting crowd that the prophet had granted his prayer, and had permitted him to receive the remainder of the stripes to which his mother was condemned. Then, stripping off his scarlet mantle, he presented large whips to two murids, and commanded them to strike ninety-five blows on his bare back, threatening them with death if they did not obey. This was inflicted without a sign of pain from Schamyl. Resuming his clothes, and descending from the mosque, he commanded the deputies to approach. All expected he would order them to be put to death, but he said: "Return to your homes, and in reply to your people's ill-adviced demand, tell them what you have seen and heard."



CHICKERINGS' PIANO-FORTE WARE-ROOMS, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## UGLY.

BY F. F. SCUNNER, JR.

"How-de-dew, sir—how-de-dew?"

"How air you?"

"Pretty well, thankee. Want anything in the tin-ware line, to-day?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"O, guess you dew now. I've got een-a'-most anything anybody can call for, in this here vehickel."

"I ha'n't no use for nothin' of the kind; bein' as how I ha'n't got no family of my own."

"Be you an overseer?"

"Yes."

"And where do you live?"

"I live at Warleigh, sir."

"Warleigh? Warleigh? I ha'n't heerd tell o' no sich town as Warleigh, in these parts."

"No, I reckon not. It a'n't no town."

"I guess it's a village, then."

"No, no; 'ta'n't no village eyther. 'Ta'n't got but one large house, some smaller ones. It's a plantation."

"Is it any great ways from here?"

"You see that big house on the river bank? That's it."

"And does this land belong to it?"

"Yes; all between this and the great house belongs to it."

"Dew tell? And is the owner's name Warleigh?"

"No, sir; his name is Stone—Major Stone. He owns Warleigh, and two other plantations on the river."

"I want to know!"

"You want to know? Well, a'n't I a-tellin' you, as fast as ever I can?"

"Yes, yes; but you don't understand me. Seems to me that you don't understand your own mother tongue."

"Well, the fact is, stranger, I don't like to say anything uncivil; but it is a rare fact, and no mistake; you talk sich a quare, outlandish fashion that I can't make out a good deal of what you say."

"Me? Me talk queer and outlandish? Wal, that is a good one, I swow! Why, there's never been a single day since I got this side o' York State, that I ha'n't heerd somebody say somethin' that was so tarnally twisted up that I couldn't make out either head or tail of it. You are a pesky set o' talkers, you folks in Virginny—that you must allow yourself, cap'n."

"No, I wout allow no sich a thing, tell I know what 'pesky' means."

"Dew tell, now! You don't raly mean to say that you don't know what pesky means?"

"I raly do. I never heerd tell of any sich a thing, afore, in all my born days."

"Wal, now; I do want to know! Never heerd tell of sich a word as pesky! Where was you educated. It's jest as I said: you can't understand your own mother tongue."

"I can't talk Yankee, that's a fact; ef that's what you mean by mother tongue. You did come from the Yankee country, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I'm one of the rale Yankee Doodles, what couldn't see the town for the houses. I'm of the ginowine Connecticut breed, and they dates back t'other side o' Plymouth Rock, a long ways."

"And what's Plymouth Rock?"

"Wal, now, old Virginny, you ha'n't surprised me so very much, up to this present moment; but now you raly have scar'd me now, the very worst kind! I wouldn't a-believed it, that any human crittur, 'less it might be a Chinese, or a Mormon, or some sich heathen, could be found on the face of the globe, that didn't know what Plymouth Rock was."

"I never heerd of it, afore; that's sartain."

"Why, man alive, Plymouth Rock is the very bung-hole of the beer-barrel of all creation. The pilgrim father seed was sowed there, and sprung up at Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, and all along shore there. But that a'n't a primin' to Connecticut River. The folks thereabouts was a-makin' wooden clocks and peddin' tin-ware, long before the Mayflower ever was heerd on! That's so, Old Virginny."

"Them times must have reached back afore the Flood, I take it, for thar's been Mayflowers ever since the days of Noah, shorely."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Virginny, but I must say that yqr ignorance is gigantic. Can it be possible that you've never heerd of the Mayflower, the little Baltimore clipper that druv

ashore in a hurricane and spilt the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth?"

"Never."

"Dew tell! Wal, that beats all natur'! I guess I'll have to set up a school in these parts, and teach you all the geniology of the State of Massachusetts, from the pilgrims; and Rhode Island, from Roger Williams, the Methodist preacher; and Connecticut, from Tubal-Cain. And that makes me think of tin-ware. You'd better have something—this nice tin bucket and dipper, for instance. So handy to take out into the lots. You'd better take it."

"Well, I don't go into no lots, as I knows of."

"Well, fields, then. It's all the same. Pretty sizable field, this, too. How big might it be, do you think?"

"Well, I reckon it mought be most any size, from a checker board to a county; but I believe they call it a hundred and eighteen acres, with the meadows and all, down to the branch."

"Branch of a tree?"

"Branch of a tree for the bound'ry of a field? Well, that is a wise idear. I shouldn't never have thought o' that, I must say."

"Wal, Virginny, my eyesight is pretty good, and yet consarn the bit of a branch can I see there, except it is branches of trees and shrubs."

"Well, it don't need no spectacles for me to see a branch, runnin' between them two hills, windin' round back o' them willers, and then emptying into the river, though we can't see the place from here, on account of the bank between it and us."

"And so you call that a branch! Wal, we must all live and learn, I suppose. But what a whopper of a field that is! Big enough for a hull farm, if it was only good enough."

"A hull farm! We ha'n't got no sich farms in these parts. I never heerd tell o' one. Is it a farm to raise walnut-hulls, to dye with?"

"Bless my soul, and body, and bread-basket! Ha! ha! ha! A walnut-hull farm! Ha! ha! ha! You'll split me afore all's over."

"Well, I'm shore I can't imagine what other sort o' hulls you can mean, ef 'ta'n't walnuts."

"Did you never hear tell of sich a word, in all your travels, as *w, h, o, l, e, hull*?"

"Never. *W, h, o, l, e, spells whole.*"

"How you southern people do drawl out your words! We like to do 'em up quick."

"Well, now, Old Connecticut, you and me differs about that thar. I think it's you that drawls."

"Dew tell! What is a comin' next, I wonder! Why, Virginny, you're jest as slow at talkin', you folks down here, as you are at everything else. I'd like to know what word it is that I drawl."

"Why, pretty nigh one-half of 'em; and t'other half you do chop off short, as you say. Instead of *down*, jist now, you drawled it out through your nose: '*daown*,' and instead of '*like*' to know, you snapped it off short—'*lik*' to know."

"You're 'too petick'lar, Virginny. But see here—what was we a-talkin' about?"

"You were talkin' about the size of this here field."

"O, yes—to be sure. It must take a sight o' work!"

"You'd better believe it. A field like that is not quite as handy to work as one o' them little patches you have up north, thar, about as big as big as a good-sized cuppen."

"A good-sized what?"

"Cuppen."

"And what the tarnal tarnation is a cuppen?"

"Well, it seems I'm not the only one that don't understand their own mother tongue, Connecticut."

"Pooh! There a'n't no sich word as cuppen, in no tongue."

"It's as much of a word as pesky, I reckon."

"But what on airth is it, anyhow?"

"Do you see that place fenced in, on the top o' that thar hill, jist back of the river bank?"

"So that's a cuppen, is it? A pen to keep *kyows* in, is it? Why the mischief don't you call it a *kyow-pen*?"

"Because it's a cuppen."

"Wal, I thought them Pennsylvania fellers was the curiousest talkers I ever did hear, but I begin to think that you Virginians takes the rag off the bush, in that line, after all. You *hadn't* oughter be so uncivilized—indeed you *hadn't* oughter."

"Hadn't what?"

"Hadn't oughter, I said."

"Hadn't *otter*! Well, s'pose we hadn't otter; what's the harm? Otters has very nice fur, but

they don't help people to talk any better, that I knows of."

"Ha! ha! ha! Wal, now, that does beat the Dutch! Otters! Ha! ha! ha! That is rich! I tell you what, Virginny, you had ought to give up overseenin' and go back to school again. Indeed you'd oughter."

"Otter agin! I do think you must be a little wrong in the upper story, my friend. If there is anything to laugh at, it's yourself. The otters is yours, not mine."

"Wrong in the upper story, eh? Wal, now, do you know that's the very identikil idee I had about you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! But what is them boys a-doin', over there?"

"The little one's tryin' to climb that 'simmon-tree, but he wout make much headway unless the other one helps."

"Hillo, my little man! Boost him! Boost him, I say! Why the mischief—why don't you boost him?"

"Sir?"

"Boost him, I say! Why don't you boost him?"

"Boost! I don't know what that is. I can't talk Dutch."

"Dutch! Well, I'll be tetotally consarned! You can't talk English—that's what you mean."

"Johnny! Johnny! Johnny Stone! You'd better git down from that thar tree. You'll tar your breeches."

"Tar his breeches? Why persimmon trees don't have tar or turpentine on them, do they?"

"No, sir. I didn't say nothing about tar."

"Why yes you did; you said he'd tar his breeches."

"And wouldn't he tar his breeches as well on one tree as another, ef it was rough enough?"

"Wal, see here now, Virginny. Could you grease your trousers where there wasn't no grease?"

"No, sir; of course I couldn't."

"Wal, how the blue blazes then could you tar 'em where there wasn't no tar?"

"Mr. Blewer! Mr. Blewer! Ho, Mr. Blewer! Johnny's done tore'd his breeches a-ready."

"Thar, now, you little imp! I knowed you'd tar 'em! Your ma'll whip you for that, sir."

"Oho! I smell a rat. Tar means *tear*, does it?"

"Well, now you know that much, maybe you'll tell me what *otter* means, in the Connecticut language."

"I didn't say *otter*, I said *oughter*—*hadn't* oughter."

"Well, ef I can see any sense at all in *hadn't* otter, I hope I may be hanged!"

"Wal, wal; let's drop the subject. T'a'n't no matter o' life and death, I kalkilate. But, tell me—how am I to get across this 'branch,' as you call it?"

"Well, thar's a sort of a little bridge, jist down the hollow thar; but I don't reckon you can carry your hos and cart across thar now."

"Virginny, do I look like a Samson?"

"No, not the least bit."

"Then, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar and all the apostles, how do you suppose I'm a-going to shoulder a horse and cart, and carry them across a bridge?"

"Shoh! You're a-talkin' nonsense."

"No, I'm a-talkin' sense, Old Virginny—the hardest kind o'sense. I see I'll have to stop down here a spell, and learn you folks how to speak English. But I must have a confab with the owner of this here place. You said his name was Stun, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't tell me his name was Stun?"

"I most certainly did not."

"Why, Virginny, don't you know the bad man will git you if you tell sich fibs as that? It's awful! Didn't you call one o' them boys Johnny Stun?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"Well, I want to know! That beats the British! What in all natur', then, did you call him?"

"I called him Stone."

"You called him Stun."

"No, I tell you; I called him Stone."

"You called him Stun, and you *didn't* call him Stun! I'll be tetotacionally contwisted if I don't believe you're losin your *non compos*, old fellow!"

"That's jist ezakly what I think of you."

"Wal, that looks strange, now, do'n't it? But can you tell me ef the major will be to hum this evenin'?"

"To hum? Hum what? Hum a tune, do

you mean? I never heerd him. I don't believe he can."

"Je-whillikin-Cesar! You'll drive me out of my *non compos*, directly! I mean is he to hum—to his own house—to Warleigh?"

"Major Stone is at home, I reckon, ef that's what you want to know. He's been out here sence dinner, and lef' here jist afore you come up."

"Wal, lookes here, Virginny. This low-lyin' field, along the river here, a'n't worth much, is it?"

"Some of these river bottoms is the very finest kind o' land; but this piece a'n't much 'count—it's too wet."

"I guess the major don't care no great deal about it—do's he?"

"To tell the truth, I don't think he does. I think he'd be glad to git shut of it, at almos' any price."

"To git what?"

"To git shut of it."

"Git shut of it? Git shut out of it—is that what you're a tryin' to say?"

"No; I mean jist what I say—git shut of it."

"Mesopotamy and Melchisedec! Jeroboam and Jehoshaphat! What does the man mean?"

"I mean git shut of it—git it offen his hands!"

"Git it off on his hands. Wal, that's a little bit clearer, but it's not quite as clear as mud yit. But we'll let that go. You think he'd sell it cheap?"

"I think so. Thar's mighty little to be made outen it."

"Little made on't—I guess that's what you mean."

"Yes—on it or outen it, either."

"Wal, Virginny, you are a hull team to talk—that's a fact. But, tell me; do's that mulatto boy over there belong to the major?"

"Yes—that's a dinin'-room waiter."

"I tell you what, he's a spy lookin' chap. He'd be amazin' handy about a house to do up the little chores."

"The little what?"

"The little chores, I said."

"And what on the face of the yearth is a chore?"

"You surely don't mean to say that there's a citizen of this free and enlightened republic that don't know what chores is?"

"I mean to say that I don't. I never heerd the word before—never in all my life. I couldn't tell you whether it was somethin' to eat, or somethin' to drink, or somethin' to wear."

"Wal, Virginny, you must excuse me for sayin' on't; but your ignorance raly is perdigious. Though you're no worse off, I guess, than your neighbors. I sartainly must try to civilize you."

"You're mighty kind, I declar'."

"Is them niggers rakin' rowen over there?"

"Rowin'? No. It's the second crop o' clover."

"Exac'ly. I thought it was rowen."

"Rowin'? What the thunder is rowin' got to do with it? It's clover hay, I tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wal, you are a queer one, old Virginny; that's a fact. But I must be a-goin' now. I'll see you again, I guess. Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir."

The Connecticut man whipped up his ponies, and soon found himself in front of Warleigh—a very old but still comfortable-looking country-house. It was, in fact, an ante-revolutionary tenement, of an antiquity found more frequently, perhaps, in Virginia, than in any other State. The major was smoking in his back porch.

"How-de-dew, sir?" said the Yankee, "how-de-dew?"

"How do you do, sir?"

"Furty well, thankee. Uncommon fine evenin'."

"Very fine, indeed."

"You don't want no tin-ware, nor nothin' o' that sort, do you, major?"

"I can't say, indeed. You'll have to ask my wife. She's boss of the kitchen department."

Some people were of the opinion that Polly Stone was boss of all departments at Warleigh, but that is "neither here nor there." She soon came out, and commenced a lively commercial conversation with the New Englander, who afterwards affirmed that she was the "cutest band at a bargain" that he had met with on the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. He was anxious to sell, however, and the upshot of it was a very material reduction in the load with which the ponies left Warleigh the next mornin'.

When the trade was over, the Connecticut



man returned to the porch where the major was sitting, and, after an interview of about half an hour, concluded a bargain for the purchase of the field of one hundred and eighteen acres, in which he had found the overseer. He remained at the major's that night, and the next day sold what remained of his tin-ware to a neighboring storekeeper, and then went immediately to work at the erection of a log-house upon his new purchase.

This purchase, by the way, soon became the cause of no small amount of merriment among the agricultural population in that vicinity. That particular field had long been noted as the most incorrigibly worthless, perhaps, in all that region. A small patch of clover had been recently coaxed to grow, at the extreme upper end of it, but the greater part of it was a meadow, still in a state of nature, yielding nothing but a little coarse grass, and very little of that.

Mr. Blewer, the overseer, was so much tickled with the bargain, that he could not refrain from twitting the Yankee with it every time they met. Connecticut took it all very quietly and good-humoredly. "It's a tarnation mean lookin' piece of ground, to be sure," he would say. "But when a feller's poor, you know, he must put up with poor land, or go without altogether. I guess I can make the interest of what I give for it."

The merriment of Mr. Blewer and the neighbors generally, was raised to the very highest pitch when they found that the Yankee had hired ever so many men, who were cutting ditches in every direction through the new purchase. The idea of attempting to drain this boggy flat, by any number of ditches, seemed to these men one of the very best jokes they had ever heard of, and when they ascertained the amount which had been spent in the operation, they set the Yankee down as an unmitigated ass, and a fit candidate for bedlam. Of such a thing as "under-draining," nine-tenths of these people had never heard.

Our pedler had seen wet lands renovated before, and he was sagacious enough to perceive that this tract, when thoroughly under-dressed, would be one of extraordinary fertility; he therefore went ahead, regardless of expense, and in a few short years exhibited to the scoffers the finest crops that had ever been raised in Winfield County. The laugh was now on the other side, and the Yankee became a rural hero.

Shearjashub Sharp was, to all intents and purposes, a self-made man. His education was exceedingly limited, so far as books were concerned, but the world and its rough experiences had taught him much. He had come south, like many of his race, to seek his fortune, and he believed he had found it at Warleigh.

Such a man must, of course, have many prejudices, and in Blewer, the overseer, he met one who was by no means his inferior in that particular. Shearjashub had been only two or three days in Virginia, and Blewer had never exchanged half-a-dozen words with a New Englander in all his life before.

The natural result, therefore, of the meeting between them, was the succession of *quiproquos* and *double-entendres* which we have recorded. Blewer supposed that the Yankee was lounging about there merely from curiosity and a desire to cheat. But in reality his shrewd eye was all the time running over the field, scanning its capabilities, and determining within himself how much he ought to offer for it.

It was not long before Shearjashub began to be esteemed a man of consequence in the neighborhood. Increase of wealth rarely fails to bring with it an increase of importance, and his energetic spirit and familiarity with northern improvements, were important adjuncts in bringing him into notice.

Another favorable circumstance was the death of Major Stone, the prominent man of the neighborhood, which took place about six months after the transfer of the oozing meadow. This gave the new proprietor many advantages, which he was not slow to profit by.

Mrs. Stone was of comparatively humble origin, and had been chosen by the major in opposition to the wishes of most of his relatives. He married her for her beauty, though he found her possessed of many more enduring good qualities. She was a clear-headed, active, enterprising, managing woman, and in many respects a real treasure of a wife. In fact, she had but one defect of any magnitude, though that was, to be sure, one of great magnitude—she had a most tremendous temper.

She was perfectly honest about it—acknowledged that she was a real Xantippe, and was

never angry at being told so. There was, however, another failing, of inferior magnitude, about which she was far more sensitive. She was losing her beauty; and that she could not bear to be told of. Since the commencement of her widowhood, the subject had become a particularly sore one, and her maid, Rosalie, had stated confidentially to a friend that she very much feared that her mistress would have the failure of her soul's salvation to answer for, so many lies was she forced to tell her.

Before he had been two years in the State, Shearjashub conceived the bold idea of making himself master of Warleigh, by securing the proprietorship of its mistress. He knew that she held, in fee simple, entire and unencumbered, that magnificent estate, and one of the most valuable in Virginia, besides other possessions, including a large number of negroes, of whom he felt he could become the owner, without doing any violence whatever to his conscience. True, he had been a violent anti-slavery man once, but his circumstances were different now, and circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. Stone had two children, but they were both amply provided for, independently of Warleigh. She was a high prize in the matrimonial lottery, and he resolved to win her, if skill and perseverance could do it.

In the main, he played his part well, and convinced Mrs. Stone, by degrees, that he was "up to kenmost anything in all creation," and the very man to manage Warleigh as it should be managed. So, in spite of much opposition from her relatives and those of her late husband, the widow was won.

At length the wedding-day arrived. It was the crowning triumph of Shearjashub's life, and seldom did a prouder or a more thoroughly self-satisfied man seek his bride's dwelling on his wedding day. He had with him one friend and companion of his boyhood. If the whole population of his native town had been there, his triumph would have been perfect.

But he had committed one oversight—a thing he would hardly have suffered to occur if he had been a Virginian, and "to the manor born." Ignorant or forgetful of the powerful influence exerted by favorite servants in southern families, he had neglected to conciliate Mrs. Stone's maid, Rosalie, a pretty quadroon, some ten years younger than her mistress, and a very important personage.

He had done rather worse than that, indeed, for he had absolutely offended the aforesaid *femme de chambre*, and produced upon her mind the impression that she was likely to find in him a very rough and imperious master. This idea had been the cause of much bitterness of feeling on her part, which had on the wedding-day reached its highest development.

While Sharp was on his way to the house, Rosalie was engaged in putting the finishing touch to her mistress's toilette, a lively conversation being kept up in the meantime.

"Why, Rosalie," observed Mrs. Stone, just as the smiling bridegroom reached the door, "what an obstinate creature you are! I do believe you would break off the match this moment, if you could."

"Thar you've jist hit it, mistiss—that's the very thing I would do, if I had my way 'bout it."

"Why, what on earth can have gotten into the girl! I'm sure I think you are mighty unreasonable. I don't see but what Mr. Sharp treats you well enough, and likes you well enough."

"But that's not the p'int, mistiss. The thing to know is whether he likes *you* or not."

"Whether he likes *me* or not? Can it be possible that you have any doubt about that, Rosalie?"

"Indeed an' deed I has, and mon's'ous big ones, too."

"Why, Rosy, what do you mean?"

"Well, mistiss, marm, I can't keep it in no longer. I did think I wouldn't open my lips about it, never; but I can't keep my mouth shet, no how. I must speak now, if I die for it."

"Why, girl, you frighten me out of my wits! Tell me all about it, this minute!"

"Well, marm, you 'members yistiddy was a week, when Mr. Sharp come, 'long o' that other north gentleman, Mr. Tuttle, and you and Mr. Sharp had sich a high time in the garden, 'bout the right way to plant and cut sparrowgrass?"

"Yes, yes—I was awful mad, that day, to be shore, and I said some very hard things to Mr. Sharp, but it was all made up on the spot."

"Yes, mistiss. But then, you see, you didn't

know everything. Jist arter you done went into the house, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Tuttle walked on towards the lower end of the garden, among the bushes, pickin' gooseberries; but they couldn't see me. Jist as they done come opposite to me, Mr. Sharp said: 'Yes, Tuttle, she is *as ugly as the devil*, that's a fact.' Mr. Tuttle he done laughed out loud, and before he was done they'd gotten so fur I couldn't hear nothing more."

Upon no human being, as a general rule, did Mrs. Stone's fits of rage make less impression than upon Rosalie; but even she was appalled at the effect produced by this statement. Usually her mistress's tempests of wrath expended themselves chiefly in words, but this one seemed altogether too tremendous to find vent in that way. Her face became as dark as a thunder cloud, and her features worked fearfully, but she merely said:

"Rosalie, is this true?"

"Ef it a'n't as true as the Bible, I hope the Lord may strike me dead this very minute."

"Go tell him I want to see him."

In three minutes, Rosalie returned with the unsuspecting culprit, bowing and grimacing, all "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

"Mr. Sharp," said the lady, almost in a whisper, but a whisper of most ominous import, "did you dare to say that I was '*as ugly as the devil*'?"

It would be a difficult task to find a man less prone to embarrassment than Shearjashub Sharp, but now, for the first time in his life perhaps, he was fairly non-plussed.

"Wh—wh—why yes, madam, I did; but—"

"That is enough, sir. Leave the house, this instant; and if you ever dare to show your face here again, I'll have you horse-whipped within an inch of your life!"

"Bat, my dear Mrs. Stone, if you—"

"Begone, sir!" and she stamped her foot till the old house shook from the cellar to the garret.

Sharp stole a single glance at her face, and saw that an immediate retreat was inevitable. She looked as if she could have slain him on the spot. He therefore evacuated the premises with all possible despatch, and though parson, and guests, and wedding feast, were all ready, there was nevertheless no wedding that day.

Letter after letter, message after message, passed from Sharp to the incensed widow, begging her to afford him an opportunity for explanation—but all in vain. She refused to listen to one word of the messages, and the letters were returned unopened. The simple mention of his name invariably threw her into a paroxysm of rage.

Things remained in this unsatisfactory condition for several weeks, and it was set down as a fixed fact that the indomitable Yankee had for once been foiled. Such was the state of affairs, when, one evening, while passing along the bank of the river, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Stone in a sweet potato-patch, at the foot of her garden.

In three seconds he had leaped the fence, and in two more, he stood by her side, humbly but earnestly beseeching her to hear him. She turned disdainfully away, but he caught her hands and begged, prayed, and entreated, that she would listen to him, for five minutes only. Only five minutes—it was all he asked. At last she ceased struggling and stood still. He took advantage of it at once, and began to speak, very rapidly, as follows:

"I will not attempt to exculpate myself, for, say what I may, you will not believe me. But, listen, I pray you. Your Cousin Annie, who married the railroad contractor, Atwater, now lives in Massachusetts. Write to her, tell her what I said about you, and ask her what she thinks I meant by it. That is all I ask. Will you do it?"

After a moment's thought, the widow bowed assentingly. Sharp bowed respectfully in return, and retired. The letter to "Cousin Annie" was written and an answer received, in due time, from which we make the following extract:

"You altogether mistook Mr. Sharp's meaning, you may depend upon it. The people here, and everywhere in New England, use the word *ugly* in a sense that nobody in Virginia, or even in the Middle States, ever heard of. They apply it to the temper and disposition, as well as to the personal appearance, and I don't suppose it would be anything out of the way here to say: 'She is a beautiful woman, but *ugly* as the devil.'

From your statement, I have no doubt that Mr. Sharp actually meant to say that you have a very ticklish temper of your own, and I really don't think you ought to be very hard with him for merely saying what I have heard you say of yourself, twenty times over."

This explanation put altogether a new face upon the matter, and was the means of bringing about a speedy reconciliation. Taught by experience, Sharp took care to mollify the maid as well as the mistress, and soon had the satisfaction of reading on the backs of his letters, "Shearjashub Sharp, Esquire, Warleigh."

#### MUSICAL FISH.

On the occasion of a visit I made to Batticaloa, in September, 1848, I made some inquiries relative to a story which I heard of musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, at several places, both above and below the old Dutch Fort; and which the natives suppose to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. The report was confirmed to me in all its particulars, and one of the spots whence the sounds proceed was pointed out between the pier and a rock which intersects the channel, two or three hundred yards to the eastward. They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest the full, and they were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an *Æolian harp*. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds heard, they said, at the spot alluded to, but only during the dry season, and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshets of the rain. They believed them to proceed from a shell, which is known by the Tamil name of (*ooris coolooris crades*, or) the "crying shell," a name in which the sound seems to have been adopted as an echo of the sense. I sent them in search of the shell, and they returned bringing me some living specimens of different shells, chiefly *litvina* and *cerithium*. In the evening, when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards northwest of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind nor a ripple, except that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed.—*Ten-nent's "Ceylon."*

#### GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.

That this proverb alludes to the bush which was usually hung out at vintners' doors, is well known; but it is not so well known that the bush should be ivy, according to classic propriety, that plant being sacred to Bacchus; and our old writers especially name the ivy bush; whereas at public houses and beer shops they hang out a branch of elm, hazel, or any other inappropriate tree.—*Timbs's Things not Generally Known.*

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year or two large volumes for one dollar. Eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world.

#### ONE DOLLAR.

#### WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter to each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar.

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume seven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,

No 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## THE BANISHED WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Lucia recovered, and, after two months' absence from her table, resumed at last her long vacant seat at her own board, where, for the first time, a stranger was domesticated. What was my astonishment when, on her appearance, I beheld the face of Leonard wildly agitated! A half-formed expression died on his lips—his hands were clasped together—his whole appearance strange and distracted. She, on the contrary, was calm and perfectly self-possessed; approaching him at once with a frank smile, she extended her hand.

"Mr. Leonard," she said, "we are old acquaintances, yet you appear not to recognize me. Do you not remember Lucia Raymond?"

The extended hand was mutely taken. We seated ourselves; and gradually a degree of composure stole over Leonard, and he was enabled to speak some commonplace words of congratulation on her recovery, and pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

"Unexpected, indeed!" I thought, to him at least. *She is prepared—this accounts for her calmness. That long, wild stare—that death-like swoon—that fearful illness—the scene in the library and its consequences—were all accounted for now; and had the lightning blasted me I could not have felt more stricken, more powerless than during this rapid summary of feeling and thought, all tending to one fatal conclusion—she loved me not—she had deceived me—she loved another!*

How that meal passed over I scarcely know; how I retained my seat, my faculties, could still smile, talk, offer the viands before me, are matters of mystery to me. One sensation I remember—my voice sounded to me when I spoke like that of another person; and the words I used, from habit, strange, as though another mind had combined them. I felt like one in a dream; and several times the idea that all around me was shadowy suggested itself to me—so that I clenched the glass before me to realize its solidity. This feeling has at intervals returned to me ever since, like a terrible incubus; nor do I believe that I have ever been since that day the man I was before.

My conduct during the ensuing months, certainly to impartial retrospection, does, in some measure, seem to partake of mania. Miserable weeks and months dragged on. I became absent, inattentive to business, engrossed in one fearful and increasing thought. In secrecy, in silence, the dwarf suspicion became a giant; and I distorted every word and look of Lucia's into confirmation of what I still dreaded to believe. Yet it was difficult, even for mental obliquity like mine, to see any error in her pure and perfect ways. Still the same gentle, self-sacrificing, considerate being, she manifested towards me all her former devotion and forbearance; and her manner with Leonard was simple, unembarrassed, maternally, all that it should have been.

In him it is true I still traced a restraint, a nervous agitation in his intercourse with her, which I was not wrong in attributing to his powerful interest. It was my duty then to have replaced him in his office, and to have saved Lucia the painful trial she was destined to encounter. There was something of insanity in the malignant pleasure with which I gloated on every new evidence of suppressed feeling on his part, and looked forward to the crisis of her fate and mine. During this time of anxiety and probation—during which no whisper of the cause of my anguish escaped my lips—my temper vented its whole fearful strength on the enduring and noble being I called my wife. Could she have disarmed my suspicion, and lulled it by a frank avowal of the past—could I have driven her to utter humiliation and despair—could I have wrung harsh upbraiding from her lips, or gushing tears from her eyes, the tempest would have burst at once that I nurtured in my heart, and a reaction would have occurred of all my better feelings. I should have entreated her pardon, and wooed her once more to my distracted bosom, and we might again have been happy!

But I wished to make her suffer as I suffered, and felt that until all my pain was hers, we could not stand on equal ground. I scarcely recognized myself in the meanness, the violence of my proceedings. I took from her side her favorite servants, and replaced them with minions of my own, instructed to watch every look and deed; and it surely must have been something in her favor that even these could find nothing to al-

lege against her! When she remonstrated with me most gently on the injustice of this proceeding, I coarsely reminded her that the time had been when her own hands had served her, and told her that, if discontented with the domestics of my choice, they might do so again. Even to this harsh taunt there was only the gentle reply: "You do well to remind me perhaps of past trials; yet, Charles, you are changed, or such words could never pass your lips." Then, with a sad and sorrowful face, she turned away, and sought her chamber.

It was my pleasure to manifest my ill-humor towards her before Leonard. I secretly enjoyed his flushing cheek, his trembling hand, his flashing eye, at such times. I was in hopes thus to arouse his feelings until they burst from his lips; but for her sake he endured a state of things little less than torture to him.

"I must leave you, Mr. Herbert," he said to me one day, abruptly. "I wish, however, to arrange the papers in the case of Deans, before I go. Does it suit your convenience to look over them with me?"

A bright thought flashed across my brain. "I am engaged to-day, Mr. Leonard," I replied; "but Mrs. Herbert transcribed all those papers, and knows them as thoroughly as I do. She will direct your labors."

On the following morning Lucia, with an unfeigned reluctance, undertook the task, in obedience to my command (for of such a nature was my request), and I withdrew, pleading an engagement in the city. I knew full well that the overburdened heart of Leonard would that day relieve itself. I had guessed the moment of that outburst of feeling almost with the accuracy with which the flower-fancier forebodes the opening of the night-blooming Ceres. The time came; and one of my minions informed me that from her place of concealment she had heard my name mentioned. I had determined to listen privately—ay, Charles, so debased does the mind become that indulges its evil passions—to their conversation; but when I reached the door, I found I had reckoned falsely on my own unworthiness. *I could not play the eaves-dropper*, so I entered the open door, and stood with folded arms, where either could have seen me had not the subject of conversation wholly engrossed their attention.

"Mr. Leonard, you are wrong," said Lucia; "your duties here are fixed, and you transgress those duties by making matters of this sort subjects of speculation. You do not understand Mr. Herbert, nor can I suffer you to speak thus of him."

"Our intimacy from childhood," he said—"the stronger ties of our youth—my fervent interest in you still—these surely give me the privilege of offering you my sympathy at least."

"Such sympathy is not needed in my case," said Lucia. "It is strangely pertinacious in you to insist on believing me unhappy when I assure you of your error."

"I have seen you when you were happy, Lucia," said he; "I behold you now, and it needs no more than the comparing of the past and present to convince me I am right. Seven years ago, you moved through your father's house a creature all life and gaiety. It was thus I left you; and after a long interval of silence on your part, and utter ignorance on mine of any change in the fortunes of your family, I return to find you the slave of a wealthy tyrant—you who ever seemed to me the very embodiment of freedom and independence."

"Again, Mr. Leonard, I entreat—I command you, to forbear," said Lucia. "I am glad, at all events, to find you were not the time-server I had believed you."

"Did you indeed believe this of me?" he asked, with eagerness. "Were not my letters received?"

"Never," she replied.

"Can it be that Mr. Frazer, to whose care after your father's death I directed them, was false to his trust?"

"Alas!" said Lucia, "Mr. Frazer died shortly after my father, and with him expired our last hope of retrieving something from the wreck of the estate."

"And it was for this that you forsook me, Lucia?"

"Surely! looking upon this silence in the light I did, it was enough," she replied. "In contrast to this strange negligence, the noble, the disinterested conduct of Mr. Herbert shone with additional lustre. And can I now, because a gloom has fallen over his mind and temper, justify myself in listening to unkind words of him, my

benefactor as well as my husband? No; darker and heavier still must the clouds be, more harsh, more unjustifiable far his conduct, before the ties of gratitude and affection that bind me to him can be broken."

Leonard leaned his head moodily on his hands, and spoke in a low, melancholy voice.

"When I heard you had married Mr. Temple," he said, "a man of worth, and devotedly attached to you, I felt, bitter as was my own disappointment, that I could yet bear it for your happiness. I dreamed not of seeing you here when I became the amanuensis of Mr. Herbert; nor can I yet understand how my informant, one who had lived in the village you dwelt in until within a few days of your marriage, could so mistake the name and position of your husband. I have continued here, contrary to my first intention, on discovering you were the wife of Mr. Herbert, from a deep interest in and pity for your fate. I had hoped daily to see some brightness come out of the gloom that surrounds you—some change occur in the cruel harshness of him you call by the sacred name of husband, or else (I will not conceal it) that the storm might burst over you in my presence. Then I might at least have secured the poor satisfaction of defending you. But the nature of your misery appears fixed—my presence cannot benefit you here, and I have witnessed long enough a state of things that I cannot amend, and which makes me wretched. It is more than I can bear to see you wither away beneath the frown of a despot. I am about to leave this house of sorrow and oppression; yet before I go, let me entreat you to call on me as a brother devoted to your service, whenever the dark hour of need arrives."

"Enough, Mr. Leonard," said Lucia. "Nothing but the associations of our early lives has induced me to listen thus long. Our task is ended—the papers are arranged. Now, farewell!"—she rose with a cold dignity—"and receive as my last words the assurance that you are utterly mistaken in the position of my affairs. Mr. Herbert—"

"Is before you," I said, without moving from my position, and speaking in a voice of thunder.

She started slightly, and Leonard rose to his feet with the glaring eye of one who thirsts to grapple with his enemy.

But Lucia, turning upon me her pale, grave countenance, said: "I am almost glad to see you there, Mr. Herbert; and that you may labor under no misapprehension of this scene, sit down, and I will repeat to you every word that has been spoken. It is better too, perhaps, that I should inform you of the early ties between Mr. Leonard and myself, which I have hitherto deemed it unimportant to mention. The interest he still feels in my fate (though of a mistaken nature) may thus be satisfactorily explained to you."

"I desire no recapitulation of your words, Lucia—no explanation of the past," I cried, in a voice hoarse with passion. "I know enough—I will hear no more. Go, insidious wretch!" I said, turning to Leonard; "leave my house immediately. Receive your miserable earnings, infamous spy," and I cast towards him a purse of gold, "and let me see your face no more!"

"I intend to leave this house of oppression," he said, struggling fiercely to retain himself. "Your gold I will not receive to gloss your insults. But for these, no brave man need care. The oppressor of a woman is ever a coward. Farewell, poor injured lady," he said, turning to Lucia. "May God bless and lend you strength to bear all. Again I repeat to you, when the dark hour comes—and come it must—call on me, Lucia Raymond, and I will leave everything to obey your summons. With my blood I will defend you from the injustice and violence of this unworthy man."

He advanced towards me firmly and calmly—he passed me where I stood rooted to the floor, in a miserable dream of self-contempt and despair. Heaven knows it was not cowardice, my son, that restrained my arm from striking down that bold man. There still remained a sentiment of justice and honor about me that taught me to look with admiration, even in that hour of passion, on the fearless advocate of innocence. The voice of truth stung me to the quick, and I stood confounded by my own conscience.

It was not long before that spell passed away; and left me again the victim of bitter feelings. Lucia calmly bound the papers already assorted, and laying them on the table, said: "The papers are completed, Mr. Herbert; you will find them all here;" then turned, as if to withdraw.

"Stay!" I cried, "I have yet something to say to you, madam. Sit down again, I pray you."

She did so, and seating myself beside her, I said, in a sneering and bitter manner:

"It gives me satisfaction to assure you that I have not been so thoroughly blinded as you have chosen to believe. The scene in the library was understood by me from the hour I witnessed Mr. Leonard's agitation at your meeting."

"It is true; I was greatly agitated at beholding one whom I never expected to see again," she said. "Mr. Leonard was as one dead to me until that day, and old associations, for a moment, asserted their power. But as for anything more—"

"Ungrateful viper—be still!" I exclaimed. "You have already said too much."

"I do not deserve this title," she replied; "I reject it: it does not belong to me."

In speaking these words, her face assumed a stern haughtiness I had never seen it wear before.

"I had supposed your mood the result of ill health, pecuniary involvement, or dissatisfaction with men," she continued. "Had I dreamed that it rested on a foundation like this, I would not have borne your crushing humor as I have done. Yet hear me. For your happiness—in spite of harshness, injustice, abuse—I am willing still to explain every detail, every circumstance of my intercourse with Mr. Leonard from first to last; to lay bare every feeling of my soul. I offer this explanation frankly. If rejected now, tortures shall never wring another word on the subject from my lips."

What demon impelled my answer? "I will not hear your explanation," I said. "I have drawn my own conclusions; these you cannot remove. Besides, what guarantee have I that you would speak the truth?"

She turned upon me her large dilating eyes, then glided away from my presence like a dream. I heard long afterwards, that on seeking her chamber she had an hemorrhage of the lungs: the first symptoms of the disease that, years afterwards, destroyed her. I lay all night revolving schemes of revenge—torture. Nor was it easy for me to find any new mode of inflicting these on that much-enduring being. At last a project entered my brain that seemed to combine every necessary qualification for giving pain.

Lucia had taken an unusual dislike to an adventuring Frenchwoman, who had frequently called on her in consequence of a letter of dubious recommendation, which her importunity had wrung from some distant acquaintance. She desired to become domesticated in some wealthy family as governess, her only qualifications being the voluble language of her native land. This woman I introduced into my household as house-keeper and instructress of my son, then three years old, whose education I pretended I wished to commence and continue in French. Madame La Maude was in truth as odious to me as to my wife; yet, as a humiliation to Lucia, I tolerated, and even affected to admire her; placing in her hands the keys and superintendence of the servants, on the pretence that Lucia was delicate, and encouraging the boy in every way to attach himself to her.

All this was borne by Lucia with that calm and frozen mien, which I desired to torture into humility and sorrow. All I desired was to prostrate her pride, and then to grovel in the very dust before her feet. Never had she appeared to me so noble, so beautiful, as during the stay of that odious woman beneath our roof. Never had I so cursed my own behaviour; yet, in very madness, I persevered.

One day I entered the room with Madame La Maude. I had joined her at the door to impress Lucia with the idea that I had been walking with her (for she wore her bonnet); though, in truth, I would not be seen walking with her through the streets. I found the child seated on his mother's knee. She had been weeping. I called the child to me; he refused to come.

"Go then to Madame La Maude," I said, seeing that Lucia did not send him to me, as I thought she would have done; "she will teach you obedience at least."

"Come to your mama La Maude," said the French woman, in her soft, insidious way. "Am I not your own mama La Maude?"

I saw Lucia shake from head to foot. "That title, madam," she said, with choking emotion, "I beg you will not yet adopt. It is one the Almighty conferred on me, nor until recalled by him will I yield it to any one. My child is well



with me—I request that you will not interfere with him."

There had been a great deal of impertinence in the manner of this woman to Lucia before, for which I would gladly have throttled her had she not been a mere scourge in my hand. But I only laughed when the half-bred French woman turned on her heel, with a contemptuous courtesy to Lucia, and a shrug of her shoulders to me, and left the apartment.

"This woman must leave your house to-morrow, Mr. Herbert," said Lucia, rising and gazing steadfastly on me, "or I shall leave it myself, and forever. My resolution is taken. I cannot submit to insult like this."

That evening madam was dismissed.

Revolving the course I had taken in my mind during that sleepless night, I came to the conclusion that, in sending her away I had yielded too promptly and too far; and had thus given Lucia a great advantage over me. I determined to retrieve this step by one of almost unparalleled cruelty. As soon as our boy left his mother's room in the morning, he ran, as was his custom, to my chamber and embraced me. Calling my confidential servant, I desired him to convey the child to my country-seat, and keep him there until I sent for him, without mentioning to any one the place of his destination.

Lucia did not appear at the breakfast table; but on hearing that Madame La Maude was gone, she presided at dinner as usual. As soon as I entered the room she said: "On inquiring for Charles directly after breakfast, I was told that you had sent him away with William. He has not yet returned. I am anxious about him. Pray tell me where you sent him?"

"He has gone to live with Madame La Maude," I replied, "in an indifferent tone."

"What you say cannot be true!" she said, bending upon me a gaze that haunts me yet. It was so earnest, so wild, so amazed. Her eyes looked indeed like sparkling ice, such was the cold brilliancy of their gleam.

"I have done everything for the best," I replied, concealing the emotion she inspired me with. "It is not fitting that he should grow up in this atmosphere of strife and indifference. Besides, I want him taught obedience. As you insisted on dismissing his governess, I thought it best that he should go too."

She groaned; she leaned back in her chair. The untasted food was put aside, and rising abruptly, she withdrew. My first impulse was to follow her—but I dared not. Ringing the bell, I desired a servant to go instantly on my swiftest horse for William and the child. He departed immediately. I now believed what I had never done before—that man may offend his Maker beyond redemption; for even in the sight of one of my fellow-beings I felt it was almost too late to cry for mercy.

"Angel, canst thou forgive?" I wildly cried, as wringing my hands, I paced the apartment to and fro. "O, merciful Father!—if the pleading of our child avails not, I am lost indeed!"

And she—how had she offended me? Had she in any way violated her duty as a wife, a mother? What right had I to question the feelings and ties of her maidenhood? Pure as she ever was—pure as the snows of heaven, I well believed. Shame, deep shame, gnawed my very vitals, and so passed two wretched hours, for I dared not seek her presence without my innocent mediator. He came—our boy came, and taking his little hand, I led him to the apartment of his mother. I knocked—no answer was returned. Again—again I knocked rapidly, loudly—all was silence! A fearful, suffocating dread possessed me. I flung open the door and entered. She was not there! A lamp burned on her toilet, lighting the costly pile of jewels heaped around it. They had evidently been placed there to attract attention to the folded scrap of paper lying on them. These words were written there:

"Bring our boy home. I will not be the innocent cause of his exile from his father's roof. Take him from the polluted hands of Madame La Maude, and be to him guardian, instructor, mother—all. After what has passed, you and I can meet no more. Farewell. LUCIA."

I stood for a while like one stunned—at length, snatching my hat, I rushed from the house. I explored the town; I went to every hotel, every station, and every quay, to seek some clue to her disappearance. Indifferent about appearances, in my extreme anguish I asked every one I knew, "Where is my wife? Have you seen Lucia?"

I received no information of her fate, and now

the horrible dread that had shot across my mind in the first instance, became almost confirmed. The thought that she had ended her own life took possession of me, and reduced me to despair.

I returned home towards morning, and throwing myself wildly on the floor, I remained there, uttering hoarse cries of agony. You, Charles, for it was you who were the innocent instrument of my punishment, lay beside me, rendering moan for moan. "To-morrow," I thought, "the river will give up its dead, and I shall see her again! O, what a change will be written on that beautiful face when the shore receives it from the bosom of the waters!" A long and singular lethargy succeeded these exhausting paroxysms. I slept, as under the effect of opium, twelve hours without stirring. When I awoke, several friends were sitting around my bed.

"Where is Leonard?" I cried. "He perhaps can tell me something of her fate."

"He sailed for Europe yesterday," replied one, after they had interchanged glances. "A codicil to his uncle's will has been found, which bequeathed to him a small independence. On receiving this he took ship for Naples."

Leaping wildly from the bed, I seized my informant by the throat. "You lie, I cried—confess that you lie, or I will destroy you—say that she did not go with Leonard."

"He is mad," said Doctor Clarkson, disengaging his friend with difficulty from my hold—and it was some time before I could persuade them that I spoke and acted upon a momentary delusion, continued from my sleep.

But the hint I had dropped circulated rapidly through the town, and became the current belief of a majority of the inhabitants. It was indeed my own for the space of a few hours, when with anguish for having entertained it, I surrendered all suspicion of the kind. On investigation, I found the ship Valiant, in which Leonard took passage, sailed at noon, and many friends attested that he went in her. It was after three when Lucia left her table; nor was this all, the old and faithful servant of Mrs. Raymond, who resided in the town, supported by Lucia, came to me on hearing of my distress, and informed me, that at six o'clock on the evening of her disappearance, Lucia sought her dwelling, and desired her to accompany her in a boat down the river to a small pier, where she went on shore, and, bidding her farewell, she disappeared. "I think I saw Miss Lucia by torchlight going on a steamboat," she said; "I am sure, master, I saw her sweet face in the red light, all tearful—mercy save us, what has happened?"

In my utter humiliation I could but groan and lie motionless; nor was any other clue than that given by this humble woman afforded me as to her mysterious absence, during many long years. In this time my investigation was most patient, most continuous, and conducted personally without regard to business, convenience, or health. You were the companion of all my wanderings, and once during their continuance beheld your mother!

In a town where we sojourned for a few days, a lady entered the parlor in which you were playing with your nurse, and, catching you in her arms, bore you to her own apartment. There she held you to her bosom for two long hours, weeping almost continually, blessing you, and gazing on your face with passionate tenderness. All this I heard when I returned; she was then gone, she had sailed for New Orleans, I was told, but the folded paper she left behind revealed her identity.

"My son, pray for your mother, do not forget me—we shall meet again."

These tear-blotted words were written in large characters, suitable for a child's perusal; she had inclosed them in a gold locket, which I recognized as one that had contained her mother's miniature; this she hung around your neck, making you promise to wear it for her sake.

In answer to my eager inquiries, I learned that she was not alone. An old and stately lady, and a family of children were her companions, and judging from the retinue of servants and carriages, these must have been persons of consideration. I sailed for New Orleans on the same evening, with the most sanguine expectations of finding her at last; but days spent in active search and inquiry ended as all others so passed had done, in blank disappointment. I could hear nothing of her or of any one bearing her name and appearance, and, heart-sick and disappointed, was forced to relinquish my fruitless efforts to trace her steps.

This was in the autumn; my health gradually

declined in the ensuing winter, during which I resided at Charleston, and when summer came again, I was warned that an active course of treatment could alone save my life. By the advice of my physician, I went to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and as you were now progressing rapidly at school, and in vigorous health, I thought it best to leave you behind. I was recalled in a month by the information that you were dead—O, very grievously did this stroke fall on me, and when I reached home, almost as fearful in its effects was my incredulous joy on meeting you at the threshold of the dwelling. A strange trance had fallen over you, succeeding a short and violent attack of fever; you had lain two days in breathless torpor, apparently quite dead. A notice of the sad event had been inserted in the papers, circulating the mournful intelligence, and a letter was promptly despatched to me. Suddenly, as they were about to close the coffin, you gave signs of life. The horror of the moment had broken the spell that chained vitality, and you revived. The report of your death reached the remote residence of your mother; the refutation she never saw, and in consequence of this error, I received the first communication from her that had reached me since she left my roof. Its contents only served to render my misery more profound, and life more blank than before.

It was early in the winter that a servant apprised me of the presence of a stranger in my parlor, on urgent business. On entering the apartment, he introduced himself to me as Mr. Talbot, a solicitor from Louisiana. I had heard of him before, and knew well his character for rectitude and ability. He seemed very much embarrassed, and at last, summoning resolution, placed the letter he held, in my hand, adding: "My business here is a painful one, and the sooner we close it the better."

I read, with irrepressible emotion, this letter from Lucia:

"MR. HERBERT.—Three months have elapsed since the sad tidings of my son's death reached me. I have since then been bowed to dust, too heavily to attend to the most ordinary duties. But God has strengthened me again to raise my head from the earth, to feel and act. I had lived in a sweet and beautiful dream of winning my child's affections, of claiming his protection, when he should be of an age to hear the voice of truth. I had not intended to give up my child forever, though, to continue near him, I was not willing to be your slave. I could not have hoped to win his respect, confidence, love, situated as I was, and as you deemed me unworthy to be the guide of the child God had given me, I felt that I could not serve him better than to withdraw. But the hope of re-union has hitherto led me cheerfully along through the dull monotony of my life, and nerved me to the performance of my arduous duties. That hope is over, and I awake to the crushing reality of my fate—I am alone. As long as he lived I was content to hide myself in the shadows, to avoid your persecution, content to bear your name because it was also his. But now my fetters galled me, and I ask to have them removed. In my sorrow, my sickness of mind and body, I dread the possibility of your oppression, veiled under the title of just claims. I ask of you, in atonement for all you have deprived me of—home, happiness, child, friends, fame (for even this have you wrenched from me)—the only gift I would accept from your hands, the restitution of my father's name and my freedom. My love for you was tender, deep and reverential. My happiness was for a time too perfect. I mention these things that I may contrast them with my present feelings. I do not hate you, Mr. Herbert; my creed forbids such a treatment, but I regard you with a cold and fixed aversion, that nothing can remove. You have dealt hardly by me, have blighted all the years of my youth, and banished me from my idol; yet these things I solemnly forgive, in consideration of this last act of justice. Mr. Talbot is authorized to confer with you on the subject of a divorce."

The letter fell from my hands, and I stood for awhile in speechless sorrow. Charles, until that moment I had almost unconsciously cherished an insane hope that we might again be reconciled, and that years of devotion and penitence on my part might atone for the past. The cold scorn of her words admitted of no misunderstanding; I felt that the decree was irrevocable, that she was lost to me forever. I turned to Mr. Talbot.

"Go," I said, "do whatever she requires. The court will readily grant her plea of cruelty as just, urged without opposition from me. Say to her, that the freedom she so ardently desires is hers, together with one third of my estate. But for our son, it should be half."

"Your son, does he yet live?" he asked, with unfeigned surprise.

"He lives," I replied; "yet let not this knowledge affect your proceedings in any way. Under any circumstances she will be happier as

the mistress of her own fate; and her son—tell her he shall be all to her she hopes and wishes in a few years. As soon as his education is complete, his life shall be devoted to her service. Speak also of these," I said, lifting my hand to my whitened hairs. "Tell her she is avenged."

I could not say more; tears choked my utterance. Mr. Talbot departed, pressing my hand, ere he did so, in token of sympathy. After the divorce was concluded, and all papers signed and sealed, in answer to my earnest inquiry, he revealed to me the retirement of Lucia. She had taught as an humble governess, in the family of Mrs. Le Comte, an old friend of her father's, during the six years of our separation. She had withdrawn even from the limited society of the neighborhood (the plantation was situated in an obscure portion of Louisiana), and assuming the name of Raymond, preserved the secret of her identity from all save Madame Le Comte. Through the connections of this lady, frequent information had been conveyed to her of the welfare of her son; but these relatives having recently moved from this place to some other part of the United States, she had been left in ignorance of his fate for more than a year, when the news of his death reached her. As I have said, she had not heard the refutation of this report at the time Mr. Talbot left her, and owing to circumstances which I shall mention presently, it did not reach her ear for a long time after.

On his journey home the excellent man she had entrusted with her affairs perished miserably on the steamboat Clarence, which was destroyed by fire between Natchez and New Orleans. His effects of course were destroyed, and among these letters containing the offer of fortune I have mentioned, which, from the first, Mr. Talbot had assured me would be rejected, and the information that her son lived. Yet more—the bitter and fervent outpourings of my penitent and contrite heart.

I left for Europe a few days after the departure of the lawyer; nor did I know until my return, five years later, of his dreadful fate, and naturally conceived it only a greater evidence of contempt and aversion on the part of your mother that my letters were unnoticed. The divorce being a public and recorded document, she, of course, was made acquainted with it through an official notice forwarded to her in due form.

It was in packing my library previously to leaving Charleston that I found, on an obscure shelf, the MS. diary I have before spoken of. Had I opened the leaves of a violet, to gaze upon the nestling flower, I could have found nothing more sweet, more pure, than this record of her maiden feelings. This much I gathered from its pages. She had engaged herself during her father's life, at the early age of fifteen, to Eustace Leonard, a man of good family and education, but poor, and commencing life as a struggling artist. Mr. Raymond had not disapproved of their ultimate union, but deemed it best, as did Leonard himself, that he should accept the offer of a wealthy uncle to accompany him to Europe, and perfect himself in his art. His stay there was prolonged by the failing health of this relative, whom he was unwilling to leave in a land of strangers. After the death of Mr. Raymond, when adversity gathered over the abode of the widow and the orphan, and they were forced to go into a strange place in search of bread, he ceased to write, or appeared to cease, though, in reality (as it has been seen), he was not aware of their change of fortune or abode, and continued to address letters to the care of one long dead. The gradual and bitter alienation of Lucia's heart from her early lover, was traced in these pages in all its phases. She pictured him as rich, happy, successful, and contrasting her desolate situation with his own, she accused him of perfidy, time-serving, and ingratitude. In opposition to this, I found my character drawn in characters of light. Her deep incessant yearnings to see me during her mother's illness, her respect, her affection for, her confidence in me, were all portrayed in colors that only served to increase my anguish. The diary ceased with our marriage. Charles, that volume must lie with me in the tomb. You went with me to Europe. We wandered over that wondrous region aimless, objectless—impelled by a restless, goading spirit, which found no relief from change—nothing new in novelty itself. In the Florentine Gallery I passed Leonard.

"There is a distinguished artist," said a companion to me. "Do you not know him? He has obtained a celebrity even in this land of painters. He returns to America in a few days,



laden with laurels. His picture of the Death of Clitus has been purchased at an enormous price by Cardinal Marcini."

A year later, on my return to France, I took up an American paper, and read an account of the marriage of Eustace Leonard, Esq., to Lucia, daughter of the late Mr. Raymond, at the residence of Madame Le Compte, Louisiana.

I led you forth, my boy, that evening through the streets of Paris, in compliance with your eager entreaty; for a grand illumination made the city glorious, and the people were passing through its boulevards and gardens, in honor of some great national occasion! What mockery to me was all that glare and confusion! I felt as if a dream encompassed me and the memory of that evening—that city—yet returns with a strange horror to my brain. But you knew nothing of my despair, nor can you ever imagine half the desolation, the suffering of my soul. Charles, believe me, when I tell you hers was the only face of woman I ever thought beautiful. Indeed, I never perused any other long enough to know its features or judge its expression. The garments that she wore—the very fashion of her hair, had something of sacredness in my sight; and the touch of her slender and most beautiful hands, which often soothed me in pain, and ministered to me at all seasons, seems still to linger on my forehead when I awake from sleep; and at such times starting in agony from dreams of her and my lost happiness, I cannot realize that she lies cold in the grave, a part of the sod of the valley, or that years, long years of coldness and of sorrow, have passed since those fond hands rested on my brow. Let me proceed.

After a lapse of years I returned to the United States, leaving you in Göttingen to complete your education. I fixed my residence in New York; the associations connected with Charleston were of too bitter a nature to permit me to return there. I found, in a few weeks, that the studio of Leonard was in the same city, and that fate had thrown me at last in the vicinity of Lucia. Charles, it was natural to suppose that I should have fled the place; and such, indeed, was my first intention on learning that your mother dwelt so near me; but something seemed to chain me to the spot—a weak, a wild desire to breathe the same air she breathed—to tread the same earth she trod— withheld me from departing.

I seldom saw Leonard, and when we met it was to hurry past each other without speaking. In that great city it is easy for men to avoid each other, especially when their walks of life are different. The residence of Leonard was in Brooklyn. An insatiable and burning desire to stand beneath its walls, to behold its inhabitants in their domestic relations, took possession of my heart. Such a feeling as might possess a lost and sorrowful spirit to gaze upon the happy and beloved in heaven, though irrevocably separated by an impassable gulf. It was a dark and sultry summer evening when, taking a boat, I crossed the river, and found, without difficulty, the residence of Leonard. The artist's home was lowly, and without pretensions; but its white walls rose amid gardens of uncommon beauty; and its situation, retired and lofty, was one of peculiar loveliness. I entered the garden gate and stood beneath the windows of an apartment which reached the ground, and through the half-closed shutters of which I could discern, by the mild radiance of a lamp, the scene within. It was the family sitting-room. Seated on a low chair, while an infant slumbered on her knees—and the serious gaze of her upturned face was riveted on that of her husband—I beheld Lucia! Leonard was reading aloud a new poem, and, as in other days, her changing cheeks proclaimed her deep attention and emotion. A child of three years old lay on the sofa, wrapped in deep slumber. Young Edward's face was turned directly towards me, and, as I have elsewhere told you, his lineaments were hers.

It was not without the deepest emotion I beheld this scene. I clung to a tree for support as I gazed on the Eden I had lost—with no bitterness of feeling; for remorse, shame and sorrow had obliterated all hate and envy. When the perusal of the poem was over, I turned away—and not without blessings on the head of him who had restored the happiness of that benighted heart. It was not for me to listen to the private communings of the married pair; I only came to gaze; and gaze I did, long and insatiably. Then, turning away, I plunged into the outer darkness; yet there was comfort in that visit. She was redeemed from misery.

Again I beheld her. I stood in New York, at

the door of a spacious hotel surrounded by friends, who listened earnestly to me. When she passed, leading her little son by the hand, my words died on my lips. Cold dew arose to my forehead, and I gazed upon her so fixedly, that the attention of others was attracted towards her. And much they wondered at my deep and too evident emotion, though her mien, her beauty, her very dress, and the loveliness of the boy she led, were all made themes of admiration by them. They knew it could not be a feeling like their own that agitated me, even to faintness. But not one among the crowd knew the history of my misery, and I left them, with some faint apology about the overpowering heat of the weather, to form their own conjectures.

I saw her again. She lay in a deep and placid slumber; her hands folded on her breast—those hands, whose slender and delicate proportions I have elsewhere mentioned; and she was paler than marble, and even more icy cold. No change then of the ever varying cheek, so distinctive once of beauty; but a sweet and serene smile seemed to linger over her features, and the dark braids of hair lay in heavy and slumberous masses on her brow. The room in which she reposed was dim and odorous with flowers. I had penetrated into that sanctuary uninvited, unwelcome, unnoticed—to behold her once more ere the coffin lid was closed over all that remained of the noblest, the loveliest, the most deeply injured of beings.

But I have anticipated here in recording this last interview, if such might be called the meeting of the repentant living and the unconscious dead. A letter, in the handwriting of Leonard, reached me nearly two months before. It stated:

"I had thought never to address you more, but at the request of one you once loved, yet deeply injured, I take a step painful and repugnant to my feelings. Lucia has heard that her son lives—that he is in Germany, pursuing his education. Since this rumor—at first discredited by us—became certainty, she has known no rest, no peace. She is ill. Consumption has fastened its fangs upon her; and the fearful knowledge has burst upon me at last that she is doomed. Consumed by fever, exhausted by disease, she is possessed by one idea, one yearning desire alone—that of beholding, of clasping her son in her arms. Her situation is rendered more dangerous from the constant agitation of her mind on this subject. She entertains an idea that you will not permit him to see her—that your design is to separate them eternally. For the honor of mankind I trust it is not thus. If there remains one spark of generosity in your bosom you will not refuse the prayer of, I fear, a dying mother. Recall your son, I entreat you, Mr. Herbert; and let me convey to her the comforting intelligence that you have done so. She never sleeps without murmuring his name. By the advice of physicians, as well as her own earnest entreaties, I address you on this subject."

I did not hesitate for a moment to recall you, and to write an earnest and sympathizing letter to Leonard. Charles, you arrived just one week too late. The infant Lucia lay in her mother's grave, cradled in death on the breast that gave her life. In less than a year (during which he had thrown aside every employment, and permitted his affairs to become inextricably involved), Leonard died—of despair, I well believe—leaving his son utterly destitute, on the charity of a cold and merciless world.

Most thankfully did I embrace the opportunity now afforded me to aid the child of Lucia. Through a faithful agent I have caused her son to receive every advantage of education, every indulgence proper to his age and happiness. Nor was it a part of my plan that he should know aught of the source of the benefits he received, lest, in maturer years, he might curse the hand that aided him. I have watched him from a distance, and perceived with joy that he is animated by his mother's noble spirit; that he is proud and industrious, upright and intelligent.

Charles, never forget that Edward Leonard is your brother—the son of your much injured mother. Finish the partial atonement I have begun. Watch over him—treat him with care and affection, and when the proper time arrives (and this I leave to your own judgment) make known to him your relationship.

I need not say to you, use your abundant fortune liberally in his behalf, but not until he has been thrown sufficiently on his own resources to prove his worth and ability. May you, my son, be preserved from the errors of your father!

THE WEDDING TOUR.—Perhaps, after all, there is some sense in wedding tours. At first, the attention is drawn away from each other by the change of scene, and afterwards by the duties of life. It lets them down easily. It is a dissolving view that imperceptibly discloses a stern reality!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## REST.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Now the hands are folded up,  
That gathered golden sheaves,  
When the morning sunlight shone  
On the dewy leaves.  
In the pleasant harvest time,  
When the fields were brown,  
And the earth was bright and warm,  
Then we laid thee down.  
Noble brother, life is won,  
All thy summer's toil is done.

We are waiting for thee yet—  
Waiting all in vain;  
And our tears are dropping fast,  
Like the summer rain.  
Often, when the twilight comes,  
When our hearts are still,  
Do we hear thy well-known step  
Echo on the sill,  
And we fondly call thy name,  
Deeming thou art come again.

Rest thee, sleeper, calmly rest,  
Where the green boughs wave,  
And the holy stars will keep  
Vigils o'er thy grave.  
Never more shall thought of care  
Dim that quiet brow—  
Never more shall grief or sin  
Break thy slumber now.  
Sleep, our brother, softly sleep,  
Where the pearly night-dews weep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## MY COUSIN MADELINE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I WAS sitting in my cousin's boudoir one winter afternoon, enjoying the comfort of her bright Leigh fire, and admiring the taste with which she had fitted up the small but pretty room, to which she admitted none but her most intimate friends. I, being a cousin, was of course a privileged character, and made my *entree* whenever I pleased. On that afternoon my mind was not in the calmest mood imaginable. I had just been subject to the most heartless treatment, from one of the most finished coquettes in our set. I had been warned again and again to avoid Blanche Forrest and her treacherous arts; but, to use a well-worn simile, I fluttered round her as doth a moth round a candle, and experienced the same disastrous end.

It was on this afternoon, therefore, that I brought my scorched wings and bleeding heart, to extort from my cousin Madeline the sympathy and healing which she had already extended to me when groaning under the weight of five successive and similar troubles. Yes, no less than five times had the coquettes of Tanglewood lacerated my poor heart by their selfish cruelty; and each time had I come to show my wounds to Madeline, and ask from her the measureless sympathy which she alone could give me.

I would as soon think of putting my head into a lion's mouth as of asking the commiseration of my two sisters, Kate and Annie; but Madeline Conant was a being of another order from my volatile sisters—she was mild, equable and gentle, and had a tear for every sorrow.

Madeline was not in, but the girl who admitted me said she would be at home in half an hour; and I preferred waiting for her. As I said, notwithstanding the sorrow I was experiencing, I could not help admiring the evidences of my cousin's taste which were scattered profusely around. Books of the rarest binding, in carved book-cases, lined one entire side of the room; birds, in gilded cages, were half-concealed by the forest of leaves and roses in which they were nestled. A few good pictures hung upon the walls, while the furniture had that indescribable fitness which only persons of rare taste can select and arrange.

I sat down to my cousin's polished writing-desk, and tried to give vent to my feelings in words of fire. Dash—dash—dash went my pen, as I threw off sentence after sentence of very wild, and I fancied of very unintelligible import; at any rate, no mortal but myself could know the significance of my impassioned poetry.

While I wrote Madeline entered. She looked over my shoulder and saw what I had written. She had heard the news while out, and it seems that she was prepared for my presence, and, of course, for my demand upon her sympathy.

"Cousin Philip," said Madeline, "for shame! Do not give way to thoughts like these—you fill me with affright. How wildly, recklessly, you write."

"Well, Madeline, it is not in the nature of

man to have suffered as I have, and not make an expression of it. All my life long, dear Madeline, I have been made miserable by those whom I love best. All the heart-aches, all the long, miserable hours that have fallen to my lot, all the anguish that has followed upon any error of my life, and all the reproaches that I have ever endured, have come, not from enemies, for those I have strength and courage to withstand, but from those I have loved; and now that my life is drawing on towards the sere and yellow leaf, there is more and deeper significance in these trials than when they came upon me in early youth." I was running on thus wildly, when Madeline's gentle voice stopped me.

"Well, Philip, why do you care for those who deceive you? Are they worth all the fire and passion that you have thrown off in these terrible lines?—lines that make me shudder to think of your writing. Show them that, although they have power to make your mind miserable, yet that God also hath power to give you peace. Leave them to their own misery—it will surely come. No person ever yet sinned, Cousin Philip—and tampering with human hearts and affections is sin—that did not have the punishment in their own conscience. It is not for you nor me to point out how much punishment this or that sin demands, or how much has been decreed for it. All who have ever sinned may know the significance and weight of punishment far better than any other can determine its strength or duration. It was not Blanche Forrest that you loved, Philip; it was an ideal woman, which your own good heart set up for an idol, and you baptized it with her name."

"Madeline!" I exclaimed, "you never talked thus to me before. Who or what taught you all this? It sounds strangely enough to my ears, coming from you. Why, you are a mere child! and you talk of sin and punishment as if they were things that you had known and experienced."

"Do not seek, Philip, to know the way in which I received my knowledge of good and evil. I shall not give you the particulars of my experience. It is enough that as far as I erred, it was voluntary, deliberate error; as far as I was punished, it was—well, it may be lifelong. You call me a child, Philip, and yet I am but a few years younger than yourself. You have called me little Madeline so long, that I too am falling, as you say of yourself, into the sere and yellow leaf."

I assured her that I had not forgotten the many hours in which she had soothed me when sad, and rejoiced with me when happy; and that I should not soon forget how even now her words had instilled a strange sort of inward peace into my soul. I made a movement as if to destroy my writing.

"No, indeed, Philip," said Madeline, "keep them, or let me keep them rather, and some day when Blanche Forrest is forgotten; when the angel of peace has breathed kindly upon your wounded soul; when you have lost the memory of all these wild words here, then you shall write again, and compare what you write then with what you have written now." And Madeline took the paper and locked it in a secret drawer of her desk.

I would have given worlds to know in what my cousin Madeline's error and punishment consisted—and I told her so, even after her prohibition. She looked at me mournfully for a few minutes, without speaking; at length she said:

"I too have tampered with a heart that loved me; I too loved him who kept that faithful heart for me alone. I recklessly threw it from me, believing that he would return and lay it again at my feet. He never came again! and in these words you may read the solution of my punishment."

I had long been desiring to go abroad. My recent disappointment had only sharpened this desire. I was not rich enough, however, to indulge this mood; but as fate willed it, Madeline's father gave me an opportunity of transacting some business with his French agent, who, strangely enough, had ceased to make any returns of the manner in which he had executed his trust. I accepted the commission eagerly. Mr. Conant gave me a *carte blanche*, to draw upon his banker for my expenses.

I was a novice at voyaging, as well as at travelling, but I managed to get through both without my inexperience being detected. I believe that I soon lost the pensive cast of countenance, which, as a discarded lover, I had worn for some weeks, and when I shook hands with Cousin



Madeline at parting, it was with almost my old cheerfulness.

We promised to write to each other frequently, and her letters were eagerly looked for, and promptly answered. Occasionally there was a word of Blanche Forrest. She was as gay and careless as ever; and yet Madeline thought she could sometimes detect a shade of passing sorrow under the seeming recklessness of manner. I believe that I was coxcomb enough at that time to think I could marry almost any one I chose. I sometimes thought that I would go home and marry my cousin Madeline; as if she, pensive and dignified in her own private sorrow, would deign to marry one whose heart had been pierced so often as my own.

While absent, I formed an acquaintance with a young man who had come out with the intention of perfecting himself as an artist. We became so intimate, in fact, that we shared the same room, the same table, and were always together, except in those hours in which I attended to my uncle's business, and he to his profession. One day I chanced to mention Tanglewood, and was surprised to see that his usually pale face was instantly lighted by a deep and painful flush. He listened eagerly as I spoke, musing apparently upon each sentence which I uttered, and seeming to watch for some familiar name.

I mentioned only a few, however, and those to whom I was almost wholly indifferent, for I dislike talking of those who are dear to me in the presence of strangers. He looked disappointed when I ceased to talk of Tanglewood, and often tried to lead back the conversation. I surprised him one day with a miniature in his hand, which his trembling fingers vainly tried to replace in his bosom. He was so agitated at last, that he ceased his attempts at secreting it, and at length he passed it over to my side of the table.

"There," said he, trying feebly to smile, "did you ever see a face in Tanglewood like that?"

I looked at it long and earnestly, without speaking, but at the first stolen glance I had already seen that it was my cousin Madeline.

"It was a breach of trust in him," he said, "to show it. It was not given him by the lady herself, but painted from his memory." And yet no picture could be more truthful, or more striking in its resemblance.

It was Madeline in one of her brightest moods; her full lips parted with an almost disdainful look, and her soft brown hair curling, as was its wont, over her shoulders. It was this mode of wearing her hair, united with the smallness of her statue, which gave Madeline a look so childlike, for in truth she was not young. She was right when she said we both were falling into the sere and yellow leaf.

I saw instantly, as upon a map, all the past life of my cousin Madeline. Here was the solution of her unhappiness, so strangely opened to me, without seeking. I found here at once the sin of which she believed herself guilty, and the punishment which she fancied would last her through life.

For the first time in my life I blamed my cousin Madeline. She had indeed been tampering with a noble and generous heart. Had William Linscott been rich, I should not have felt so deeply; but I know how sensitively he felt his poverty, and that any slight to him would be doubly cruel. Added to this, I felt that he was one well suited to Madeline Conant. Their habits, tastes and opinions had just that delicate shade of difference which promises harmony better than when all the tones are on one key.

I made a firm resolve in my own mind that these two natures should not long be disunited. This was almost heroic on my part, for since I parted from my cousin Madeline, I had almost determined to ask her to marry me on my return. But I had begun to love William Linscott as a brother, and I determined to ensure both his happiness and that of my cousin Madeline.

When next I wrote her, I described my friend in the most glowing colors, without hinting that I knew of her former acquaintance with him—I knew I could well do, because during all that period I had been absent from Tanglewood, for several years, and consequently had never heard of William Linscott.

Madeline's answer came. It was evidently written under strong emotion. Thus she wrote: "I may now tell you, Cousin Philip, what I partially told you on the day of your disappointment in Blanche Forrest. I may now tell you, for I know that you will not betray me, that the true heart which I cast away was that of William Linscott's. I have had had my punishment,

Philip. Deeply as I have erred, the punishment has been deeper still."

When I wrote again, I ventured to tell her of the miniature. I felt that it would assure her of Linscott's continued affection; and I entreated her to allow me to give him some token to show that she had not forgotten him.

Her next letter ran thus: "Do as you think right, Philip. I lay down all my pride, all my haughtiness—nay, even my sense of worldly propriety, at your feet, certain that you will not compromise one who has been to you as a sister."

I hardly knew how to break this to Linscott. Hitherto I had not named Madeline; but now I began to talk of Tanglewood, and, as if incidentally, I spoke of my uncle Conant. The same bright flush came upon Linscott's pale face, as he gasped out, "Then you knew that miniature! Why did you not tell me?"

"Because," said I, "I wished first to ascertain Madeline's real feelings towards you."

He looked up quickly. "And have you ascertained?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, "and they are such as to justify you in returning with me to Tanglewood. I have no further duty to perform here, and shall be ready to sail next week."

It was almost painful to see the impatient eagerness with which Linscott closed with my proposal. His long, thin fingers quivered with excitement, as, unknowing what he did, he attempted at once to pack up his artist's materials.

"Not quite so fast, Linscott," I said. "You will have abundant time, between now and next Wednesday, to arrange all your 'belongings.'"

He smiled at his own absurdity, but in a moment an expression of pain came over his features.

"She has deceived me once," he exclaimed—"me who trusted in her as man never trusted before, and how do I know she will not again repeat the same humiliating offence against me?"

"You do Madeline great wrong," I said. "Do you think a woman would humble herself as she has done, in almost winning you back through me, unless she has sincerely and truly repented of the wrong she has committed? Believe me, she has suffered much on your account; for, although she never spoke your name, she related, with tears, what she called her error and her punishment."

Linscott was convinced; and long before the appointed day was eager and impatient to begin the voyage. When, at last, we were safely on board, his contented and almost happy face gave me great joy. During the voyage he would sometimes fall into despondency, and begin to calculate the chances for his happiness; as such times I threatened to marry my cousin Madeline as soon as we returned.

I soon left Linscott, however, to his own meditations upon his absent love. A new object had attracted my attention and my curiosity. For three or four successive days a litter, covered with net-work, had been brought on deck and placed under an awning. Of course all around this was held to be enchanted ground, and no foot of passenger must dare to tread within the mystic circle.

But when those few days had gone by, the network was gradually removed, and a pale but beautiful face peered from beneath its ample folds. It must have been a slight figure which could have found room within that small litter; and the lightness of its weight was fully tested by the ease with which the two seamen brought it on deck.

Some days afterwards the same figure was seated in a large arm-chair, almost lost in its capacious resting-place. Nothing could be seen except the white face and hands, and a wealth of muslin drapery. On this day, which was exceedingly calm, Linscott had ventured to take his drawing materials on deck, and was re-producing my cousin Madeline's head, with the hair arranged in various ways. The sick girl caught sight of his employment, and sent the cabin boy, who was lingering near her, awaiting her orders, to beg that he would allow her to look at some of his drawings.

It was the first time that Linscott had noticed her. He had been so absorbed in his own thoughts, that he had not even seen the vision which had haunted me for so many successive days. He scarcely comprehended the boy's message; and when he did, he was too bashful to comply with the request. He handed me his portfolio, and begged me to take it to her myself.

It was the very thing I wanted to do, and I eagerly availed myself of his wish. I trod softly towards the enchanted circle, and dropping on a low seat which had been occupied by the boy, at her feet, I took out the drawings for her inspection. While she was delightedly gazing upon the beautiful creations of Linscott, I was still more delightedly gazing upon the face above me. It was very pale—not habitually, I should judge, but only from recent sickness.

Among the drawings was a head of Madeline, which Linscott had undoubtedly forgotten to take out, for he was exceedingly sensitive upon such points. On his account, therefore, I made a motion to withdraw it. I saw a smile steal over the pale face, and the slender fingers grasp the drawing still tighter.

"It is very beautiful," she said.

I explained to her whose it was, and why the artist was unwilling to have it seen among his drawings, and moreover that the original was my cousin. She released it immediately, and I replaced it in the most secret folds of the folio.

From that day, without knowing each other's name, we were together a great portion of the time. Every morning I watched that pale face when it appeared above the stairs leading to the deck, and releasing her from the sailors who brought her thus far, I bore her in my arms to her resting-place under the awning.

Poor Linscott! I was forsaking him entirely; but I satisfied my conscience that I had given him my cousin, and that was all he could reasonably require. I continued, therefore, to devote myself to the unknown beauty. Soon she began to venture to the side of the ship, to which I guided her weak and uncertain steps. She loved to sit there at sunset, and watch the last bright clouds as they reflected in the ocean, and would unwillingly leave her seat, when the twilight hour was deepening into dusk.

I had left her for a moment, one night as she was seated thus, admiring the last rays of sunset, and returned with a heavy shawl, in which I designed to wrap her little figure, in order to protect her from the evening damps. While coming up on deck, my eye was attracted by a label to the shawl. On it was the name, "Grace Walsingham." This, then, undoubtedly, was her name, and I stood for a moment admiring the delicate writing on the bit of white ribbon which was sewed upon the shawl.

As I approached, she beckoned me with her hand. "An enormous fish," she said, "had been floating around the ship during my absence." From her description, I judged it to be a shark, as only a few days before I had heard the captain speak of seeing one at a distance. I pointed out to her the name which I had discovered.

"We are fairly introduced, then," she said, "for I learned your name this morning from the captain. I wished much to know to whom I am indebted for so many attentions."

At this moment she stood up for me to place the shawl upon her person. I do not to this day know how it was; but partly, I suppose, from her own weakness, and partly from my awkwardness in folding the shawl, her slender figure swayed forward, and in an instant she was disappearing over the side of the ship. It was the work of a moment to throw off my heavy coat and plunge after her; but in that moment the agony of years seemed compressed, for I thought at once of the monster she had described.

I saw her long hair floating on the waves, the pale face upturned, and her white drapery tinged by the setting sun. What passed for a few minutes longer, or how I reached her, I am unable to say; but my first consciousness was of holding her in my arms, clasping her closely yet tenderly, holding her streaming locks above the water, and murmuring words of endearment and encouragement. She heard them, and what was still more, she returned them. Even while struggling with the waves, I heard her sweet voice murmur, "Philip," and again, "dear Philip!"

I think I could have died joyfully then. I believe then, most truly, that I could have gone down to that watery grave without a murmur, bearing as I did, that now beloved form in my arms. Other eyes had witnessed her fall and my plunge; and other brave hearts had prompted willing limbs to come to our rescue. I heard the brave sailors drop, one by one, into the waves. I heard their cheering voices, as they came on, shouting to us to bear up. I knew no more until I found myself lying on a couch, close by the litter which held the dripping form of her who had been saved from destruction.

They were pouring wine between her pale lips, and Linscott was standing beside me with a glass in his hand.

"She is safe," he said; but that I knew before. My first glance assured me that she was living, and moreover I heard her voice faintly yet sweetly inquiring for me; and when I ascertained that the brave seamen who rescued us were all safe, it seemed that life had no greater happiness in store for me. Half an hour later I was seated beside her, her hand clasped in mine, listening to her gentle thanks.

"My father will thank you, Mr. Annesley," said she. "He would deem no sacrifice too great for the preserver of his child."

It occurred to me now, for the first time, that I had never wondered why Grace was here without a protector. Perhaps she read my looks as I thought this, for she added immediately, that she was going to meet her father, who from some cause was prevented from going for her.

She had been at some school near Paris, and the gentleman to whose care her father had consigned her, had unfortunately died only a few days before the ship was to sail, and she had preferred to adopt her father's plan of going home in this ship, rather than remain until he could send for her. All this she told me, not continuously, as I have written it, but in broken sentences, and at long intervals.

I took her in my arms and carried her below, to have her wet blankets removed, and her garments exchanged. It was now late in the evening, and I saw her no more that night. I retired to my state-room, and slept from weariness and exhaustion; but in my dreams I again felt those clinging arms, and heard her voice murmuring again, in delicious tones, "dear Philip!" I had been so selfishly engaged with my own interests, that I had forgotten poor Linscott. But I now devoted every hour in which Grace slept to repair my neglect of him. He had not heeded it at all, apparently, for he was deep in his own rose colored dreams.

Well, our voyage ended, as all things must, and we arrived in the very midst of bright summer weather. Grace was impatient to go to her father, and I took it upon me to convey her to his residence; but as fortune would have it, a severe thunder shower drove us to take shelter at Tanglewood, which lay between the city and Mr. Walsingham's home. We stopped at Tanglewood House—for so was the hotel named—and as we drew up beside its door, there stood my uncle's carriage, and in the parlor my cousin Madeline.

I pass over the meeting with Linscott and Madeline. It is enough to say that he was not dissatisfied with his reception. I cannot express the delight with which Madeline regarded the little fairy whom I had brought with me, nor the eagerness with which she urged her to stay at Tanglewood. But the father's claims admitted of no delay, and Grace urged me to set off immediately when the shower abated.

As we entered the carriage, the sun shone out with golden splendor, and seemed to augur a bright future for us both. We reached Mr. Walsingham's residence, and I restored Grace to the arms of the fine, noble-looking gentleman who met us on the piazza, and whom it needed no introduction to assure me that it was her father. And Grace—

"What are you writing about me, father?" asked Grace the younger, as she laid her little hand upon my shoulder.

I have been married now ten years, reader, and Linscott and Madeline live close beside us; our children play constantly together, and I do not think that in all Tanglewood—nay, not even in all Christendom—there are two happier families than ours. Some shadows have indeed passed over us, but they were light, and their memory only tempers our otherwise exuberant happiness.

"Tell me what you are writing of me, father," said Grace, again.

I was ashamed to tell my little girl that I was writing a love story, especially as her father and mother were among the heroes and heroines, so I bade her go to play with her little brother and sister on the lawn, while I read what I had written to Grace the elder, whose rosy cheeks and matronly figure would scarcely recall the pale face and slender form that lay upon the deck on that terrible evening.

Madeline stopped softly in when I began to read; she too is changed, but, although older than Grace, she is hardly less handsome, and is still the same noble-hearted woman as of old—still our beloved COUSIN MADELINE.



## LATE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

We present our readers on this page with a portrait of Abd-er-Rhaman, the late Emperor of Morocco, who died a short time ago. His reign is likely to be memorable as the last of those Moorish potentates who enjoyed to the full the sway of their race and their faith untroubled by European influences. Even he was now and then disturbed in his dominions by his Christian neighbors. France herself went to war with him while the Algerian struggle was going on, but the quarrel was soon made up, and he was again left in peace. A different fate awaits his successor. Hardly had he succeeded to the throne when the Spanish government—which, by the way, is beginning again to raise the head of that kingdom among the nations of Europe—made a demand upon him for compensation for injuries done to her subjects in the neighboring town of Ceuta. The demand was backed by the display of a strong military force; and but for the mediation of England, war would before this time have broken out. The new emperor has, however, shown himself tractable; the immediate danger is overblown, but it is clear that he can only keep his position by abandoning his old barbarian habits, and coming within the circle of civilization. How much need for reform, at least in the eyes of Europeans, there is, will be apparent when we state that he, by common and undisputed consent, bears the title of Emir of the true Believers and Vicar of God; he claims supremacy over the whole Arab race, and pretends that the Ottoman sultans have usurped the caliphate. The emperor's power is unlimited and direct; he does not govern by means of a vizir and ministers, nor has he any council of nemes to consult. He sometimes convokes the chief dignitaries of the empire to ask their advice, but can act without it, if he pleases. The emperor gives public audiences either in the palace or on horseback under his parasol, which is the emblem of authority, and is always borne by a caid. Neither native nor foreigner must approach him without a present, as a letter of introduction. The emperor resides alternately at his two capitals, Fez and Morocco, and occasionally visits other cities of his empire. In whatever town he appears, he exercises his chief attribution of administering justice and judging in last resort. Where he may be, all authority is, for the time of his stay, vested in his person. In his absence the provinces are governed by caids, califas, and cadis, which last also perform the religious service in the mosques.

## THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS.

We give an engraving depicting the position of the islands of Chaussey, situated off the coast of Normandy, one of the most beautiful and fertile parts of France, and resembling in its general aspect some of the finest parts of England. Its harbors secure for it a large portion of the commerce of the kingdom. Its chief ports are Havre

de Grace, Dieppe, Cherbourg and Caen; and its principal towns Rouen, Evreux, Bayeux and Coutances. It takes its name from the Norman (Scandinavians) settlers under Duke Rollo, in the tenth century, to whom it was ceded as a fief, by Charles IV. William, the seventh duke, was the conqueror of England; and Normandy continued to be a province of England till it was lost in the reign of John, and re-united to France, from which it had been severed about three centuries. The islands of Chaussey, off the coast, forming a group, are about four leagues in circumference. The most important of them are known as the Great Isle, the Ensign, the Huguenots, the Isle of Birds, and Corbiere, the last of which is represented to the right of our engraving; the large group to the right represents Port Maria. The islands are picturesquely situated,

and from their position would be most serviceable during an invasion.

## REFINING EXPERIENCES OF SICKNESS.

There is a class of persons to whom sickness has a delicate and refined ministry. It is those in whom the religious character has been cultivated and developed. The contemplations of a sick room to a person of religious habits, are certainly among the most refined and spiritual experiences of life. Nowhere else in life does the soul so clearly vindicate its superiority to everything. From the sick man's window the whole prospect has a spiritual hue. All things take their places in a new and higher order. Beauty, hitherto unappreciated, seems concealed in everything. Intellectual and moral qualities seem to invest the commonest objects. The delicacies

which delight his tender senses are miracles of goodness; and he wonders how he could have ever lived, and not seen it before. The scale of being seems to be pitched higher, and more delicately balanced. It is one of the most remarkable qualities of the sick room experiences of a religious mind, to weave everything into the plan of goodness. And it is good; it is not an effort of a half-consenting mind, trying to think that it is so; so clearly is the quality discerned, and so completely does it transcend everything else, through its high affinities, that it is good. I have never known of such an one as I refer to now, who did not discern that goodness prevailed; that it was the ascendant in everything; and that the mingling of relations in which the eye of sense sees so much that it calls evil, is in reality good. One who has now passed from mortal sight said to me, a few days before her death, as from her bed she looked out upon the few objects that could be seen from her window, "Everything is beautiful. I wonder how it is. These flowers (turning her eye to a bouquet upon the table) fill me with delight. And," said she, just lifting her finger from the pillow and pointing to the window, with a smile, "there is that old dead tree; it seems to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I lie here hour after hour, and look at it, and think of God's goodness and love in putting it there; and then I think of the goodness of those who bring me these flowers. Everything and everybody seems good to me. I never knew there was so much goodness in the world before." Now, where arises this quick affinity with all that is kind and beautiful and benevolent? Why do the little kindnesses which the common sympathies of our nature prompt, enlarge into great acts of love? Why does nature, in her very desolation, put on garments of beauty and glory, filling the weary spirit with ever new delight? The sick room contemplations of a religious mind weave all life's meaning and mystery into the fabric of goodness and love. Sickness, as we commonly esteem it, is a calamity. It is a calamity, according to our measure of evil. No one in his right mind would pray to be laid prostrate with disease. But there are many, who, from the depths of a blessed experience, can thank God that they have been. You may talk about health as much as you please; you may extol it as the richest blessing which descends upon our mortal lot, and justly. But I ask any one who has ever had a profound experience of sickness, or sickness exalted by the holy influences of religion, if he would exchange those experiences for the health which they cost him.—Rev. Horatio Stebbins.

The records of life run thus: Man creeps into childhood—bounds into youth—sobers into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him.



ABD-ER-RHAMAN, THE LATE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO



THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS, ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.





GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE, BAHAMA BANKS.

**THE GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE.**

The lighthouse depicted in our engraving, is one recently erected, and which has only been in operation a few months, in the Bahama Islands. The Great Isaacs, on which the lighthouse is erected, is a barren rock, situated at the northern extremity of the Great Bahama Bank, and any one acquainted with the small rocks and shoals in its vicinity will be convinced that a more appropriate spot could scarcely have been selected.

The tower is circular, and formed of 255 cast-iron plates, varying in weight from three tons to thirty cwt. The extreme height from the ground to the top of the vane is 144 feet, and at the level of the floor of the lantern, where it has a diameter of twelve feet and a half, it is surrounded by a gallery guarded by a strong iron railing and supported on ornamental brackets, forming, as it were, the capital of the column. In the centre of the tower is a large cast-iron pipe, two feet in diameter and one inch in thickness, extending from the base to the summit, assisting to support the floors of the different rooms together with the frame for the catoptric reflectors, and serving as a case for the clockweight to work in, a door being placed at the foot to admit of repairs in case of accident. The tower is ascended by means of a spiral staircase, which runs round the exterior of the base to the height of twenty-four feet, at which level the entrance-door opens into the first floor (the space below being filled up with substantial masonry and concrete, to add weight to the building), from which point it is carried up on the inside as far as the lantern. The lantern, having sixteen faces or sides, is placed on the summit of the centre column or pipe. Its base is of cast-iron, from which rise the uprights and sashbars, made of gun metal, and forming a frame for forty-eight large panes of plate glass, each half an inch in thickness, the whole being covered in by a roof consisting of a gun-metal frame on which are screwed or riveted thick sheet copper plates, lined with corrugated sheet iron. Above this is placed the cowl, which is supported by the framework of the roof, and is in its turn surmounted by a vane of large dimensions in form of an arrow. The cowl is a hollow ball formed of sheet copper, open beneath to admit the chimney of Professor Faraday's ventilating apparatus, and pierced by round holes on the side under the feather of the arrow, to allow the smoke and heat to pass into the partial vacuum formed by the wind behind the ball, by which means a down draught and its bad effects are obviated. The lighting apparatus, which is of the catoptric order and revolving, is composed of three wrought-iron triangular frames supporting twenty-one parabolic silver-plated reflectors, which reflect the light from an equal number of improved Argand lamps for burning colza or rapeseed oil. This frame is put in motion by clockwork, made of gun metal and steel, inclosed in a copper case; the weight is suspended by a strong catgut line winding

round a barrel, the velocity of the revolution being regulated by a governor. On the inside of the lantern, on a level with the lower part of the glass, there is a light cast-iron gallery for the purpose of enabling the keepers to clean the windows and higher parts of the lighting apparatus, by which means the use of steps or ladders is entirely avoided. This lighthouse being the first erected in the Bahamas since the accession of the present sovereign of Great Britain, the light has

been named the Victoria Light. These operations have been carried on by Mr. C. W. Scott, the resident engineer, for Mr. Alexander Gordon, by whom the lighthouse was designed. The following inscription has been placed over the entrance door: "Erected A. D. 1856. This tower was constructed for the Lords of the Admiralty, under the instruction of the department of the Director of Works, by H. and M. D. Grissell, Regent's Canal Ironworks, London."

**ST. NECTAIRE, PUY-DE-DOME, FRANCE.**

We publish the accompanying engraving as a striking illustration of the sterner features of the country so often spoken of as "sunny France," and associated in our minds with level plains, broad and brimming rivers, vineyards and fruit-gardens. Certainly a large portion of the empire is of this character; yet it has mountain regions of singular and romantic character. The village of St. Nectaire, in the department of Puy-de-Dome, is perched in an amphitheatre of granite. Its old church, which dates from the 9th or 10th century, seems suspended over a precipice. In the environs are valuable springs of mineral water. A small river which flows to the south of the houses crosses at a short distance a volcanic ridge when it falls in a dashing cascade. Among other curiosities pointed out to strangers by guides, is the old castle of St. Nectaire, to which some historical souvenirs are attached. In the 16th century, the widow of Guy-Excupery, one of its possessors, was a sort of heroine, made war after the fashion of her ancestors, and scoured the country on horseback at the head of her gentlemen and men-at-arms. Among other deeds which signalized her intrepidity, was an attack which she led against the troops of the Lord of Lodi, who was besieging the castle of Miromont. She fought valiantly on this occasion, and mortally wounded the ballif of Auvergne by a pistol shot. Fortunately, this race of Amazonian chateaines has died out.

**PURSE PRIDE.**

It is to be lamented that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride—purse pride. Even a poor lord is despised, and to increase his fortune, will even marry into a rich citizen's family. An overweening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or "What will he fetch?" Were we to point out a person as he passes, and say, "There goes a good man, one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth \$500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighboring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee house one day, where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside to him, and said, "What's your opinion, sir, of the matter?" "S'blood, sir," returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this country who has not a guinea in his pocket?" This makes good what Mr. Burke says, "that a merchant has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his Bible; the exchange is his church; the desk is his altar; and his money his god!"—*London Globe.*



VILLAGE OF ST. NECTAIRE, DEPARTMENT OF PUY-DE-DOME, FRANCE.



## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

**MATURIN M. BALLOU**, Editor and Proprietor.  
**FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE**, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year .....	\$2 50
One copy, two years .....	4 00
Five copies, one year .....	9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club) .....	20 00
One copy of <i>BALLOU'S PICTORIAL</i> , and one copy of <i>THE FLAG OF OUR UNION</i> , together, \$3 50 per annum.	

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**SOUTH STRAIT**"—The number of eruptions of Mount Hecla are stated to be only twenty-three within the period of eight hundred years up to the date of 1766. At that time a most violent one took place, which covered the surface of the surrounding earth, for a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles, with a layer of sand four inches deep.

"F SHARP"—The largest gathering of youthful choir-  
 lters that ever took place, was at Birmingham, England,  
 in 1858, when forty seven thousand Sunday school  
 children were bidden to sing in presence of Queen Victoria.

C. C.—To make caoutchouc varnish. Take sixteen ounces of caoutchouc, or elastic resin, sixteen ounces of boiled linseed oil, and sixteen ounces of essence of turpentine. Cut the caoutchouc into thin slips, and put them in a mallet placed in a very hot sand-bath. When the matter is liquified, add the linseed oil in a state of ebullition, and then the essence warm. When the varnish has lost a great part of its heat, strain it through a piece of linen, and preserve it in a wide-mouthed bottle.

STUDENT, Norwich, Ct.—Lord Brougham has no surviving children. His only daughter died at the age of eighteen, after suffering for the period of thirteen years from a complaint of the heart.

E. C.—The cultivation of tobacco in England is prohibited by law.

**ART STUDENT**—The historical painter should know everything, if that were possible to man. He should not only study nature, but he should be conversant with manners, modes, arts, and sciences, as they have graduated through successive ages. He must not only be able to paint a passion, but he must surround its subject with all the auxiliaries which belonged to his age, his circumstances, and his country.

"Unus."—The incombustible nature of asbestos has long been known. It is a mineral, procured from Asiatic Turkey and Greece, where, in many parts, cloth is made of it.

**Q. 8.**—Mora is an Italian game. One of the players lifts his hand with so many fingers open and so many closed, and his fellow player is required to make a corresponding counterpart movement, instantaneously assuming the same with his own hands, and continuing to change as often as his partner or antagonist may set the example.

### ROWDYISM.

There is no more dangerous ruffian on the face of the earth than the American rowdy. It is the fortune of this country, the result of its largest liberty of self-development, to present the extremest types of character; at once examples of the purest morals and of the foulest depravation. No character in national history lotier than Washington, none lower than Benedict Arnold. As in the world at large, so in our princely portion of it, the good predominates; the tendency of society is higher and higher. But in the broad, bright picture there are dark shadows—shadows so intensely dark that they fill the eye, and will not and must not be winked out of sight. The blackest shadow in our social picture is the increase of rowdyism in our great cities.

There is a mild type of the rowdy, who injures himself more than society, who hurries himself towards the grave by intemperance, who is quarrelsome in his cups, but who uses in his gusty warfare only the weapons that nature gave him. But it is the virulent type that claims our attention; the full fledged, sanguinary ruffian, who dreams of blood and outrage, and wakes to realize his dreams; who alternates between sensual enjoyment and murderous warfare, who has less sense of religion than a Pagan, more ferocity than a Comanche, more rapacity than an Arab, and less courtesy than a Feejee islander. He it is who walks by day and night in the midst of peaceful communities with weapons of death concealed in his bosom, to whose hand the bowie-knife and revolver come as familiar as the fore-plane and mallet to the hand of the honest mechanic. Hordes of these miscreants infest our largest cities; and yearly now and then they surge up to the surface in New York, manifest their strength in Philadelphia, darken the streets of New Orleans, or sweep in triumph through those of Baltimore. Their outrages in some cities have led to the dangerous thought of forming vigilance committees, after the example of San Francisco in her darkest days of trial. But this is a revolutionary expedient, the last resort when every other means has failed.

Rowdiness, where it has been most fully triumphant, owes its strength to a generous weakness on the part of the law-and-order-loving majority. The opportunities of crushing it have been neglected from a mistaken sense of kindness and hopefulness. Mobs have been too often handled with a forbearance which no mob is ever entitled to. A mob is a raging monster, utterly insensible to reason, and only submissive to bayonet and bullet. When the occasion arises

of a mob demonstration against law and order, then is the time for a citizen soldiery to show its worth. One relentless volley of ball cartridges poured into the ranks of the rioters is worth more than all the pleadings and exhortations and arguments that ever fell from the most eloquent lips of all the world.

When the curse of rowdysim is fairly fixed on any city, the only means of throwing off the yoke is totally to ignore politics in the choice of all the officials. Select for the municipal offices the ablest and most honest men, and support them through thick and thin. Let the local interests of a community, its peace, prosperity and fair fame be paramount to all other considerations, and let all good citizens understand that it is their highest duty to place authority in the hands of their best men, and to sustain them bravely and fearlessly in the discharge of their duties. Much self denial, much philosophy, is requisite to act in this manner; but when a wretched minority of bloodthirsty villains obtain the control of a great city, the imperative necessity of such action becomes obvious to the meanest capacity. The disgraceful fact of this impunity of rowdysim in the heart of some of our noblest communities must cease to exist.

## THE EMPIRE OF CHINA.

The Chinese empire is one of the mysteries of the earth, and everything known respecting it cannot fail to be interesting. In its physical aspect it presents to our contemplation a vast area of seven millions of square miles, being somewhat less than a tenth part of the habitable globe, governed by one man, of foreign race, and containing a dense population, with a peculiar civilization, yet carefully secluded from all other nations, and by their peculiar language and literature, their physical characteristics, and national customs, distinguished from every other race. It is not surprising that a people thus circumstanced should be an object of intense curiosity, or that the mystery which hangs over them and their country should have led to an exaggerated idea of their antiquity and attainments.

In the thirteenth century Marco Polo penetrated to Calkay from Turkestan, but in the fifteenth, China still remained unknown to Europeans, the accounts of the early travellers being regarded with suspicion. It was from the Portuguese navigators who succeeded Vasco de Gama, and who reached that country across the Indian seas, that Europe first received any certain information of the situation, extent, and resources of China. Since then our knowledge has been largely increased, but its proportions are scanty, owing to the Chinese jealousy and hatred of foreigners. The Portuguese managed early to get settled in the island of Macao; but it was long afterwards before England obtained permission to build a factory at Canton. English diplomacy in that distant region seems to have been a miserable failure. The first attempt to open an amicable intercourse was made by Lord Macartney, and failed, although a gracious audience was vouchsafed.

Lord Amherst was the next ambassador, and returned as he went; and really all our information of the state of China in the interior has been obtained from the works of Christian missionaries. It is essentially an agricultural country, although its commerce is considerable; but at present the character of the people invites more attention. Malte Brun describes it as a nation of subjugated and well disciplined barbarians. A most absolute despotism has either acquired, or preserved for China, the forms of patriarchal government; but since the country fell under the yoke of the Manchoes, the whip of the Tartar has been conjoined with the paternal rod by which China was previously governed. The emperor is styled the Sacred Sun of Heaven, sole ruler of the earth, the father of his people. Offerings are made to his image and his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence; the noblemen of his court, when addressed by him, and receiving his orders, must bend the knee. When this demi-god goes abroad all the Chinese take care to shut themselves up in their houses. Whoever is found in his way is exposed to instant death, unless he turns his back or lies flat with his face to the ground. All the shops by which the emperor is to pass must be shut; and this prince never goes out without being preceded by two thousand victors, carrying chains, axes, and various other instruments, characteristic of Eastern despotism. The power of the mandarin is fully as absolute as that of the sovereign, from whom he derives his author-

ity. An officer of this description, on entering a city, can order any person whom he chooses to be arrested, and to die under his hand, and no one can venture to undertake his defence. He is preceded by a hundred executioners, who, with a sort of yell, announce his approach. The mandarin himself, however, is at the mercy of the emperor. For the slightest provocation the emperor will order the bastinado. In short, all the notions of a Chinese from his infancy are directed to a single point—obedience. The sacred nature of social rank is perpetually impressed on his mind by innumerable ceremonies. At every step he makes a bow; every phrase that he utters must be a compliment; not a word can he address to a superior without calling to mind his own utter insignificance. In a word, the Chinese are the most cringing, abject and servile people in the world; and when it is borne in mind that their religion is a gross materialism, can it be wondered that they are base, brutal and barbarous, prone to lying and deception, indifferent to human life, and utterly ferocious in their hatred of strangers?

**MUNICIPAL CIVILITIES.**

We have often pitied a "distinguished firmer" when getting "put through" the routine of civilities which our hospitable American magistrates are fond of extending to their guests, and we find that the New York Times also sympathizes with the sufferers. That journal says: "Our city government seems to be constantly on the look-out for celebrities, small or great, for the purpose of 'extending to them the hospitalities of the city.' What is the precise nature of the infliction called 'the hospitalities of the city,' we do not exactly know, but judging from the treatment experienced by the Turk, and other strangers whom we have seen writhing in the hands of the corporation, we presume it to be a series of embraces by the leading rowdies, roughs and 'fancy men' of the metropolis, a hurried visit to the jails, alms-houses, hospitals, lunatic asylums, dog-pounds and cesspools, and every other disgusting or disagreeable spot belonging to the municipality, in company with a tribe of spitting, drinking, blaspheming aldermen and common councilmen. A dirtier and more repulsive ordeal for any stranger, whether illustrious or obscure, to go through, it would be hard to conceive of. Some of the eminent men who have gone through it—particularly the unhappy Turk, whom we fed on hog—will remember our welcome as long as they live."

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTES.—By referring to our published list of books in another column, it will be seen that we offer a large variety of entertaining stories from able pens. Every one of these romances was written expressly for us, and is gotten up in the neatest and most agreeable form. We send any six of them that may be selected to one address, for one dollar. Enclose the money to this office, enumerating those that are desired, and the books will be sent by return of mail, the postage we pay in full.

**PACIFIC RAILROAD**—One hundred and sixty-eight miles of the Pacific Railroad in Missouri have been completed, at an aggregate outlay of nearly \$12,000,000. There are yet one hundred and fourteen miles to build in order to complete the road to Kansas City. This is to cost \$7,000,000 more.

AN OPERATIC ROW.—Potatoes were thrown at Grisi and Mario in the Madrid opera-house. Grisi left the stage bathed in tears, and fainted in the green-room. Mario attempted to brave the murphies, but soon retired.

SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are four million scholars and one hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the public schools of this country. There is one scholar for every five free persons.

**A JEWISH CONSISTORY.**—The Jews of New York are advocating the formation of a consistory of delegates from each congregation in the United States.

MR. WARD.—Our minister to the Celestial Empire is studying the language, and expects soon to be able to talk broken China.

**TURKEY.**—The late conspiracy at Constantinople has rather shaken the sultan. He came near being a used-up Ottoman.

## ITALY

It will be a very long time, we fear, before the brave spirits of the "sunny land of arts" can sing.

"The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
Our steeds bite the bridle."

Garibaldi, Fanti and Farini have work before them, and they know it too. The treaty of Zurich is far from satisfactory, inasmuch as it is but an extension and ratification of the truce of Villafranca. Something is gained for Italy, on the whole, to be sure; but the people of Modena, Tuscany, Parma and the Romagnese have just reason for bitter disappointment. If it is true that an attempt will be made to restore the hated rulers of the first named duchies, most assuredly will the attempt result in terrible scenes of bloodshed and disaster. Nor will the Romagnese be likely to be satisfied with the substitution of the suzerainty for the sovereignty. They may find it "a distinction without a difference." The Napoleonists count on the submission of the smaller States, as a consequence of weakness and division of opinion, but we think they are reckoning without their host. They say "Fanti and Garibaldi are organizing the Italian league; but their patriotic efforts are not constantly seconded by the people. They lack money, the sinews of war. The attempt at a loan made in England by the Tuscan government, have failed. The English deal more readily in encouraging words than in money. Bad passions begin to ferment in minds disturbed, discouraged and operated on by opposing parties. In the legations, the authorities are obliged to watch the movements of the Mazzinians, and to take great precautions to prevent the revolutionary spirit from penetrating the army, etc." But we know by our own historical experience, what a brave people can accomplish in the sacred cause of independence, however distressed and harassed and impoverished, and the people of Italy certainly have demonstrated a spirit worthy of our own heroic days. Their late struggle has been disgraced by but a single atrocity, the murder of Colonel Anviti, of Parma, and that, while repudiated by the leaders, was even not without palliation. Thus, while we anticipate more and bloody fighting in Italy, we believe in the enfranchisement of the Italians. Let but their leaders be true—and they have shown themselves worthy of trust—and the good cause will triumph, in spite of conferences and congresses and diplomatic subtleties.

## CURIOUS RUSSIAN CUSTOMS

It is a curious thing that, among the Russians, the father and mother of an infant not only cannot stand as sponsors to it, but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it, and to each other; and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child, are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

**RELIGIOUS INSANITY.**—A widow woman in Roslin, Canada, aged 62, recently starved herself to death, under the superstitious belief that God had ordered her so to do, to save her soul. She lived thirty days without food.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Amidst conflicting assertions, we wish somebody would tell us whether or not this great steamer is a great failure.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—What is it probable that sausages are made of, when a cat, at the smell of them, spits and gets her back up?

**PRIDE'S LAST DISH.**—Pies and puddings generally come the last. The last thing that pride eats is humble pie.

**TOBACCO.**—The use of chewing-tobacco by boys is becoming disgustingly prevalent.

LADY FRANKLIN.—This noble woman expended \$150,000 in the search for her husband.



## FOREIGN INVESTMENTS IN THIS COUNTRY.

The books of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York, according to a recent writer, are a curious study. Many of the names they contain are household words. Some of the names are Europeans; others of West Indians, and even Asiatics. Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the name of John J. Astor, William B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in the list of the creditors of the United States, but they and their countrymen are in a minority.

The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone (the famous John Lloyd), who has sent to this country no less than \$350,000. A Spanish lady, Marced de Laseca, is our creditor to the tune of \$200,000, and a noble friend of hers, the Count Casa Montolovy Castillo, draws six per cent. on \$100,000. Several persons connected with the royal families of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples took \$50,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends as they accrued in the same security. He now owns over \$75,000. His niece, the daughter of Bomba, is registered as a creditor for over \$50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in United States sixes to save the Count of Paris from being compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school. Several of the Saxe Coburg Gothas have also invested in this country.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country while he was here, to invest a few thousands in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothschilds, both of London and Paris; but it is curious that the famous publisher Panckonke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States; and that the dramatic author Scribe has also invested enough to give him nearly 10,000 francs a year. A careful study of democracy in America, appears to have persuaded Monsieur Tocqueville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle of \$5000, has since increased his venture to nearly \$20,000. Lord Elgin saw enough of us to leave \$17,000 of his savings in our six per cents; and the famous Russian, Alexandre Herzen, has a bagatelle of \$80,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus:—Baron Louis Numa Epaminondas Justinian Aristides Decius Salas Haldenstein Lichensten Gortenstein. Fancy a man with such a name drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States.

**CONSUMPTION.**—"Their name is Legion," may be applied to those persons who die annually of consumption in this country. Science has of late years sensibly diminished the number, and it is gratifying to know that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has exerted a potent influence throughout the length and breadth of the land in producing this result. In procuring this well-known specific, buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" on the wrapper, and then you are sure of procuring the genuine article. It may be found at all respectable druggists throughout the United States.

**WOMAN'S WIT.**—"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better-half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

**NAVAL.**—The aggregate area of all the dock-yards in England is only five hundred and eighty-two acres, while those of France extend over eight hundred and sixty-five acres.

**A BOLD FACE.**—When a man is hideously ugly, the only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

**DESCRIPTION.**—A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says, "he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

**INCREASE.**—The Philadelphia census shows a population of 680,000, an increase of 271,233 since 1850.

**TO TRAVELLERS.**—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

## FIRST INTERMENT AT MOUNT AUBURN.

The Mount Auburn Memorial states the following facts in regard to a point upon which an erroneous impression prevails in the community. The monument erected to Hannah Adams has the words, "First tenant of Mount Auburn" inscribed thereon. The Memorial says: "This is not the exact truth. The records of the corporation show that the first burial in Mount Auburn was of a child of James Boyd, July 6, 1832, in lot No. 182, on Mountain Avenue. The second burial was that of Mrs. Hastings, wife of Thomas Hastings, of East Cambridge, July 12, 1832, in lot No. 301, on the same avenue. Mrs. Hastings was, therefore, although she died many years previously, the first adult buried in Mount Auburn, as the monument on the Hastings lot declares. There was, doubtless, no misstatement intended, in relation to Miss Adams, by the writer of the inscription. She died in December, 1831, only about three months after the cemetery was consecrated. It was impossible to place her body in Mount Auburn at that season of the year; and it was in all probability placed in some temporary place of deposit in Boston, with the intention of removing it as soon as the weather would permit. It may have been that the placing a body in a receiving tomb in Boston was considered the same as a burial at Mount Auburn to all intents and purposes; or it may have been that the monument was prepared in anticipation of the removal of the body to Mount Auburn, but that some delay occurred, and it was not deemed necessary to be at the expense of altering the inscription. However this may be, Miss Adams was not the 'first tenant of Mount Auburn,' but the ninth, her remains having been placed in the cemetery, November 12, 1832."

## THE SNAIL MANIA IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: "Snails are crawling down more and more throats here annually. Ten years ago nobody but apothecaries and herb doctors' shops, and a little dirty, dingy restaurant in the Rue Saint Honore kept them, and now they have a place of their own at the great markets, and the restaurateur that does not keep them is considered decidedly 'slow.' A million and a half snails crawl down our throats every season; at Dijon alone they bring 1f. 50c. per hundred, and 6000f. worth are sold, which every Frenchman vows, by their Cocker and other reckoners, are equal in aliment to one hundred and fifty ordinary calves—don't ask me, please, for the equation."

**LEGAL FRAUD.**—The English papers report that another solicitor has disgraced the profession, not merely by a gigantic failure, but by a gigantic fraud. Mr. Buller, a member of a firm in Lincoln's Inn-fields, largely engaged in conveyancing and mortgage loans, has, it is said, taken flight, leaving debts to the amount of \$500,000, much of it money entrusted to him by clients, many of whom are consigned to absolute poverty. One case was stated of a lady whom he had induced to call in a mortgage of \$50,000, on the pretence that he had procured another paying one per cent. more of interest. He received the money and spent the whole of it.

**AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.**—At Brooklyn, N. Y., a gentleman whose house has been robbed by burglars four times this season, complains that each time the matter is duly chronicled by the police and placed on record, with the statement that property left behind is to the value of several thousand dollars—a fact duly copied by the reporters. The unfortunate gentleman protests against this; stating that the police, though of little use as a protection, are excellent at statistics. He expects another burglarious descent before many days.

**GRAPE-CULTURE.**—On the Ohio River, between Rural and Maysville, there are 338 acres of land devoted to vineyards and the manufacture of wine. The product of those vineyards amounts to 154,550 gallons of wine.

**WHAT AN ARMY!**—The Scientific American states that there are in the city of New York about 200,000 smokers, each using two cigars daily.

**STYLISH.**—D. H. Craig, agent of the associated press, has just purchased an elegant country seat near Peekskill, N. Y., for \$20,000.

## Wayside Gatherings.

Official inspections have proved that the wheat crop of 1859 is the largest in Virginia that that State has ever produced.

It is said that the receipts from the new oyster bed at Norwalk are beginning to fall off. Only some 200 vessels are still engaged in the harvest.

The Journal of Commerce learns that ex-President Martin Van Buren is engaged on a political history of the country down to the close of his administration.

Mr. H. Poole, who was sent by the English Foreign Office to the Dead Sea, to search for nitre, which was reported to occur there, has returned without success.

Mrs. Winslow, of Brewster, Mass., has gathered this fall, from about three acres of land, two hundred and thirteen barrels of cranberries, for which she received \$2333.

A traveller in Texas writes: A creek near San Marcos, that you cross three times in going that number of miles, has an ominous name. It is called "Purgatory Creek."

Workmen engaged in excavating a cellar in South Water Street, Chicago, exhumed five coffins, supposed to contain the remains of the soldiers of General Scott, buried in 1832, during the Black Hawk war.

The Albany Northern Railroad, made notorious by the late Schaghticoke disaster, has been closed from public travel until its northern division can be thoroughly repaired, a work which is now going on.

Miss Delia Bacon, who startled the world a few years since with the theory that Shakespeare was a myth, and his plays the work of other hands, died in the Insane Asylum, at Hartford, a few days since.

Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, satisfied that their experimental cigar steamer is a success, are preparing the necessary moulds for a much larger one of the same kind, with all the improvements suggested by their recent trials.

An iron safe in the city of Hartford was lately discovered to be on fire, and an examination of the materials used for filling, showed it to be a mixture of sawdust and shavings, which had ignited by the heat from a stove in the vicinity. An unsafe safe, that!

A late Utah city paper mentions the arrival of a company of European saints, who came in 56 wagons, and numbered about 400 souls, mostly from Scandinavia. There were six deaths and three births on their journey of three months through the country.

An Iowa paper states that some German tanners are paying \$15 a ton for a plant very common in this country, and generally known as "dog fennel." It is said to be a good substitute for oak bark, and can be extensively grown where that cannot be obtained.

By a law enacted by the last Legislature of New Hampshire, a jury must be empaneled especial for each cause, civil or criminal, by drawing out from the whole number of jurors in attendance; and either party is entitled to two peremptory challenges, besides challenges for cause.

Four horses, five span of mules, eight sets of harness, a McCormick reaper, a new wagon, a large lot of farming implements, and a large quantity of hay and grain, were totally destroyed by fire near Havana, Illinois, a few days since. Loss estimated at from \$15,000 to \$16,000. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A correspondent of the Builder suggests that the agates and other similar stones, found upon the sea beach and in gravel, might, by the aid of steam, be cut and polished at an expense small enough to admit of their being used, set in cements after the manner of mosaics, as a facing either for walls or entablatures.

The clerk of the Cincinnati Probate Court, the other day, issued a marriage license for the union of an old man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The old man, a rickety old chap, said the disparity in their ages was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them.

The cranberry crop in Barnstable county has been an average one. In the town of Barnstable about one thousand bushels have been produced, which are worth \$4 a bushel. In Brewster, one farm produced 265 barrels, which sold for \$13 12 1-2 per barrel, or \$3478; another person raised 214 barrels on three acres, another 53 barrels on one acre.

A letter from California, noticing General Sutter and the old pioneer's financial carelessness, said he had once given a note for \$9000, with interest at ten per cent. a month, to be compounded at the end of each month. At these liberal and reasonable terms the note was not long in reaching the sum of \$85,000, for which amount the creditor took judgment, and levied upon his estate.

A letter from Gonaives, Hayti, says: "Out in the suburbs of the town I saw a unique and characteristic costume. It was worn by a boy of ten years of age. It consisted of an old battered up tin can, suspended around his neck by a piece of native rope, which was made out of a cocoa tree bark, or some similar material. His only other garment consisted of a stick, which he held in his hand, and with which, from time to time, he beat his novel substitute for a drum and wardrobe."

## Sands of Gold.

... Morality should be the polar star of science.—*De Boufflers.*

... Love moderately! long love doth so.—*Shakspeare.*

... Times of ignorance are favorable to impostors as darkness is to assassins.—*De Boufflers.*

... It is one satisfaction, failing to find preferment, to feel that we are at least free from all indebtedness.—*W. G. Simms.*

... Nature disposes of time as she needs it, and may employ in her task the entire life of the universe.—*De Boufflers.*

... It is the form in which a thing is said or done, quite as much as the thing itself, that gives offence, or imparts pleasure.—*Bovee.*

... In apportioning the amounts of human knowledge, we should seek what each one needs, and try to give all a share.—*De Boufflers.*

... Some men, when attacked, resemble ducks, that have the art of diving when shot at, and of coming up again beyond the longest range.—*Bovee.*

... Many who find the day too long think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.—*Colton.*

... The most influential man, in a free country, at least, is the man who has ability, as well as the courage, to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.—*Duncan.*

... Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

... There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness. Our virtues are the dupes, and often only the playthings of our toiles.—*Ellis.*

... There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holy occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.—*Jerrold.*

... The different degrees of success that attend men is not so much owing to original differences in their capacities, as to the measure of discretion and good fortune that mingle with and determine the direction of their abilities.—*Bovee.*

... In a dispute between father and son, I have almost always sided with the father. The son's extravagance is generally the cause; and it is hard that the father should suffer for the folly of two youths—his son's and his own.—*Horne Tooke.*

## Joker's Budget.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is sat-in.

Which is the heaviest horse on the road. A led horse.

What is the only whig a barber cannot make? An ear-wig.

Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Because he is under a sovereign.

When your hair gets into disorder, what heaven deity should it name? *Comus.*

Those sheets devoted to "spiritual rappings" are now termed "wrapping papers."

There is a firm in New York under the mild and soothing title of "Snapp and Byte."

Universal sympathy—When a crew of whalemen cry because they see whale's blubber.

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars? Because they live by hook and by crook.

A "Down East" debating society is discussing the difference between led pigs and pigs of lead.

Why did the lady who purchased the dumb-waiter return it next day? Because it would not answer.

A bookseller once informed the public that all the scarce books, out of print, might be had by applying at his store.

Bakers, generally speaking, are a set of loafers, but however knead-y they may be, they are always well bread.

An Irishman, trying to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn-field." "Never mind, Bully, I'm sleepy. Corn won't hurt 'em."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

Whenever a person is afflicted with a cold, he generally assures you it is a bad one. Did any person ever hear of a good cold? Eh?

Why is a man not allowed to marry the second cousin of his own widow. Because, when a man has a widow, his marrying days are over.

When a man attempts to tie his cravat around a lamp-post, you may presume he has been imbibing something, or inhaling chloroform.

Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed: "Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he has received a check on the banks of the Elbe."

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long." Brown observed that the animal died seasonable, as the tail was long enough not "to be continued." Brown is a sly joker.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## LINES.

Suggested by reading a poem entitled "Catawba Wine."

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The song I sing  
Shall be of a spring,  
Where shade-trees afford a slight awning,  
Where the music of birds,  
And the lowing of herds,  
Enliven the first beams of morning.

From a Hippocrene fount,  
At the Helicon mount,  
Most sacred and dear to the muses,  
Their the Nereides play,  
Through each long summer day,  
And Apollo his favors diffuses.

I sing of cold water,  
That Hygiean daughter,  
Embraced by valley and mountain;  
O, sinless and pure,  
Through time will endure,  
Cold water that flows from the fountain.

## THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

## A STORY OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In a small town in Norman France, lying between Havre and Rouen, there dwelt, long since, an honest vine-dresser, named Frederick Leabue. Himself and wife were an humble couple, but content and happiness smiled within their little cottage, and the vine-dresser counted himself a fortunate man. A son and daughter had blessed the union of Leabue with his peasant wife, creating additional pleasures, with mutual cares and joys, around the domestic hearth. But to encounter reverses is the lot of all, and permanent happiness is not to be enjoyed upon earth. Thus thought the honest vine-dresser, when a sudden fever deprived his beloved companion of life, and left his widowed heart bereft of every tie that had bound it to happiness. The children, yet too young to realize the extent of their bereavement, now looked to the unhappy father for constant care and protection.

At this period, when Leabue was saddened to the deepest intensity of grief, and when he felt a reckless disregard of life and all its ties, save for his children's sake, the announcement reached his village that soldiers were wanted for the grand army, and in less than a week after he found himself drafted by the authorities, and under marching orders to the frontier. To resist was useless, and a fresh wound was inflicted upon his heart in parting from his little children, whom he confided to one that he hoped and believed would prove a faithful protector. Pressing them to his heart he bade them farewell, and marched off, to the gay notes of martial music, to form one of the grand army that was to cross the Alps under Napoleon. Time courses quickly, most quickly in childhood, and two years had passed rapidly, making the brother and sister, the first six and the latter five years of age, when the gazettes that announced the result of the battle of Lodi, contained the name of Frederic Leabue among the killed!

Up to this period the children had been protected with ordinary care by him who was trusted with their keeping, but now that the probability of future recompense was cut off, his interest in them ceased, and the little ones were treated with a harshness that made them miserable.

To escape the ill-treatment he now constantly received, the boy one day wandered from home, either to perish or seek shelter elsewhere, for no search could ever discover him: the good-natured villagers having been induced to seek him, if for no other reason, to satisfy their curiosity concerning him. With the example of her brother before her, and the constant ill-treatment of those with whom she lived goading her to the act, the soldier's little daughter stole away one dark night, and walked many weary miles to the small town of Nemore, begging at the first door she approached, for shelter and protection. It was at an honest farmer's house that the little orphan had applied, nor could fortune have better directed her steps. They heard her touching story, and befriended her at once. They had themselves but just buried a little daughter, near her own age, and the good wife pressed the orphan child to her bosom, saying that she was sent by Heaven to fill the place made desolate by the loss of the dear Amele, while their remaining child, Louval, a boy of seven years, overjoyed at a new companion, fondly kissed and caressed the little wanderer.

The soldier's child, long a stranger to such kindness, wept tears of joy, and asked in her simplicity, if she might love them with all her heart! The affectionate spirit evinced by the child cemented at once the resolution of the farmer and his wife, and she was soon adopted, and called by the name of the child they had lost, Amele. Noel Lorain was the good farmer's name. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, though humble in influence and attainments; but his heart beat as warmly as the proudest noble in the land, and the poor never turned unrelieved from his door. Amele and Louval were sent to school together, and no brother and sister were ever more dear to each other than were these two children. In the fields, or beside the peaceful hearth, they were ever companions, read their juvenile stories to each other, divided the task of mastering each other's lessons, and became daily and hourly endeared to one another. Each seemed to vie with the other in their duty and service to the kind farmer and his wife; and had the lovely Amele really been their child, it is doubtful if they could have loved her more tenderly.

At the May-day festivals Amele was generally queen of the dance; and her young form ripened with each returning spring into sweet and captivating womanhood. Finding in each other a congenial spirit, Amele and Louval grew up like two gentle flowers on the same stem: while the old farmer and his wife looked upon them with pride and affection. With pride at the manly bearing, noble brow and intellectual attainments of Louval, and with unutterable fondness at the sweet and affectionate child of their adoption.

Eleven years had thus worn away, making Amele sixteen, when one day a stranger stopped at the little post-house of Nemore. It was May-day, and the villagers were clothed in their gala dresses, while Amele presided as queen of the festival. The stranger was a man of some twenty years: and while his meal was preparing, strolled out to see the ceremony of crowning the queen of the day. He lingered long, gazing with admiration upon the beauty and native grace of the peerless floral queen; and when his conveyance was announced, declared that he had made up his mind to tarry until the following day, in order to obtain required rest, but secretly resolving to endeavor to make the acquaintance of the beautiful girl whose appearance had so much interested him. Hospitality ensured any stranger a welcome in the little town of Nemore, and the traveller, seemingly by accident, knocked at the door of farmer Lorain.

That night, with legends of adventure and pictures of life in foreign lands he amused the humble circle till a late hour, and when he pressed the hands of each at parting, he saw that he had created a friendly interest in the breast of Amele, that awakened a response in his own bosom in the shape of a passion that was as novel as it was intense. He dreamed of the beautiful girl all night, and found on the morrow that he was far from desiring to continue his journey, and declared his resolve to tarry here, for a few days at least, and enjoy a period of rest that continued travel and fatigue rendered peculiarly grateful. His days were multiplied to weeks, and after once visiting Havre on some business, he again returned to Nemore. In the meantime his attention to Amele was too evident and partial to admit of question, as it regarded his affection for her, and Louval saw his long-loved companion daily growing more intimate with her new friend, Herbert Fontenel. His own cherished love for her had never been told, but it was none the less sincere and devoted, and now he felt the wretchedness of disappointed love at his heart.

"She is pleased with the newness and novelty of this Herbert Fontenel's regard—she has known me so long," thought he, "that a change is agreeable. But can he love as I have done, as I now do? It is impossible! He has seen the world, he is fluent in speech, gay and humorous in wit, and he outshines me, it is true. But knowing Amele's heart as I do, I cannot believe that he inspires that sincerity of affection that would alone make me happy. I have never told Amele that I loved her, but, ah! could she not read my love in every word, every look, every act of mine, for these many years? I could not speak to her now, upon such a subject; now, at a time when I see her so intimate with him. Ah, no! I must look on in silence and see my own misery consummated." Thus reasoned Louval.

Amele all unwittingly found herself day by

day becoming more and more engaged by the pleasant and fascinating society of Herbert, though if she could have paused, and analyzed the feelings that actuated her, she would have perceived that he did not engender in her bosom those soft and glowing pictures of ideal loveliness that the conversation and intercourse of Louval was wont to do, but the lack of this was made up, at least for the time being, by the novelty of Herbert's constant attention. Amele was in reality unchanged at heart towards Louval, but a quick succession of circumstances had seemed to give her best regard to Herbert, with the power and certainty of fatality itself. Had her adopted brother spoken—had he declared his regard for her, even now, perhaps, it would have led her to look into her own heart, and to steel it in season against any other passion; but Louval was too generous, too proud in spirit, to refer to the subject now.

Thus there was no counter-current for Amele to overcome, and she seemed to glide on into an affection for Herbert without any circumstances occurring to create even a transient pause that might give birth to reflection. Perhaps the more practised eye and judgment of Herbert enabled him to read the feelings of Louval, but he reasoned that all was fair in love, as in war, and it was not his part to allude in any way to a subject that might prejudice his own position and hopes with the beautiful girl that he loved. The old couple were too simple and honest to canvass the matter at all, and were singularly blind and silent as to the regard of Amele's new and ardent young friend. Indeed, he had shrewdly managed to gain their good will and regard at the outset of his acquaintance.

The misery of Louval now seemed complete. The day for the union of Amele and Herbert had been fixed, and yet his proud and loving heart was too stubborn to speak and reveal his disappointment, even to her he loved. He had resolved to see Amele married, and then, bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood, endeared to his heart by the memory of Amele and their younger days together, and to seek in some distant land for forgetfulness. Well he knew that his home would no longer be tolerable to him, bereft of the idol that had for so many years rendered it a paradise of contentment.

The arrangements were in progress for the bridal, when one summer's day an old man, careworn and weary, paused in the village for refreshment and rest. His browned visage showed him to have been exposed to the elements, and hard service had bent his manly form. Farmer Lorain, ever rejoiced at an opportunity to relieve the needy, was the first to spy him out, and to proffer the hospitality that was characteristic of his nature. The old traveller entered his doors and told his story. He was returning to his native land, after long absence from his home, having escaped from a foreign prison, and long sickness in a distant clime, whither the chances of war had carried him. He sees Herbert and Amele together, and exclaiming with the greatest excitement, asks who the young people are.

"This is my daughter Amele," replied farmer Lorain; "the gentleman is her betrothed, Herbert Fontenel."

"Is she your daughter? Ah! how very like, how very like—" murmured the old soldier, gazing at her.

"I mean my adopted daughter," continued the farmer; "but, indeed, she has always seemed like our own child."

"Adopted, did you say?" eagerly inquired the old man.

"Yes, Amele was an orphan. Her father died at the battle of Lodi."

"The battle of Lodi?" said the old man, earnestly, "and what was her name?"

"Cecile Leabue," replied Amele, gazing in wonder at the old man.

"O God! it is my child!" exclaimed the soldier, staggering to a table for support. "Cecile, Cecile, I am Frederic Leabue, thy long, long-lost father!"

"Leabue—Frederic Leabue!" exclaimed Herbert Fontenel, trembling in every limb. "Amele, you never told me that this was your name. Frederic Leabue—as there is a God in heaven, that is the name I once bore!"

"I knew it," exclaimed the old soldier, folding both to his breast, "when first I saw you there together. You are both my children. God be praised—God be praised!"

"God be praised, indeed!" said Herbert, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, "that this timely discovery has been made.

Father, for our father you must be, we were about to be married!"

"An especial providence has brought this about," sobbed Amele. "Ah, brother, you will love me none the less."

"I love you, if possible, the more, dear sister; and hard must be the heart of either that is not resigned to such a result, bringing back all the early ties of our childhood's home, and restoring our beloved father."

"But how bear you the name of Herbert Fontenel?" asked the farmer.

"I will tell you. When hard treatment, and even blows, drove me to leave my sister, and the brutes that abused us both, I wended my way to Havre, where, fearing to give my true name, I shipped by that which I remembered to have read in some book, and was registered upon the roll as Herbert Fontenel. Gradually I rose to a lieutenantcy, and am now the possessor of a commission in the royal navy."

Need we explain in detail how easily every proof was adduced, and how completely all were satisfied? How Frederic Leabue was taken a prisoner at Lodi, and not killed, and of his long imprisonment? We think not. The reader will supply all these; but we must complete the story, by referring once more to Amele and Louval.

Amele retired to bed that night to weep over the contending emotions of her heart. Louval had written her a note that very day, against the resolve he had made to the contrary, telling her of his love, and reverting to the past in so tender and kind a manner, and picturing all the joys and the long hope of his life so vividly before her, that for the first time, she had that morning paused and looked back upon the past; and while she saw that she must go on, she trembled in secret at the abyss that now seemed to threaten her future.

"Ah! why did he never tell me this before?" she sighed, to herself, "then I should not have been liable to have regarded another with the tender interest that I experience for Herbert."

This was the exact position of affairs when the old, careworn soldier appeared and discovered his children.

The next morning Amele met Louval. She had wept all night; her eyes were bent upon the floor, her lovely form was agitated by contending emotions, and her bosom heaved with quickened force, as the eyes of her adopted brother bent upon her.

"Amele," he murmured, in a tone so low that it could hardly have been heard by any one else, "will you not take my hand, and assure me that we are still friends?"

"Louval," said she, struggling for power to speak; her heart was full—she could not utter a word, but raising her soft, blue eyes, they met his own, and she was at once lulled in his arms.

The bridal ceremony that had been fixed for the following day, was not postponed, after all: there was only a change in the bridegrooms. And happy was Herbert, now Frederic Leabue, for he had found a dear sister, in search of whom he was engaged, when chance threw him in the way of Amele. Joyful and happy was the marriage that was consecrated in the little chapel of Nemore.

## IN LUCK, FOR ONCE.

When the Emperor Joseph the Second was in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee house and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house, nick-named the "Piercing Eye." He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to the father, that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded. "Ah!" replied the honest old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her; but sir, the chocolate is ready." The emperor called for a pen, ink and paper; the girl ran to fetch them, and he gave her an order on his banker for five thousand livres.

## LOVE.

Come near, my beautiful, and let me gaze  
My soul all out into those beaming eyes,  
Until I lose my being all in thee.  
For is not love a losing of one's self?  
In that which is beloved? Love feels no self;  
For though it spring in self, yet, like a flower,  
It lives not for the soil, but yields up all  
Its breathing essence to the wondrous air.





THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AT CHELSEA, ENGLAND.

## NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CHELSEA, ENGLAND.

The first engraving on this page, represents the elegant structure which has recently been erected, and which connects Chelsea and Battersea. At the point where it crosses the river the Thames is 737 feet in width. The river is spanned by three spaces, the central one being 352 feet between the piers, and the side ones 173 feet six inches each; the two piers in the river are 19 feet wide each, by a length of 86 feet 6 inches. The height of the caissons of the piers, above what is called Trinity high water, is seven feet six inches. Above the level of the top of the caissons the piers are surmounted by towers, which are constructed of iron. They diminish in plan to nine feet eight inches by four feet two inches at top, the whole being surrounded by a cradle-work of cast iron, upon which the rollers of the saddle work that carry the suspensory chains. Below the caissons the iron-work spreads out at the bottom on what are technically called "bed plates," that rest upon York stone landings, twelve inches in thickness, below which are piles and concrete constructed in the ordinary manner, that support the whole of the superincumbent weight. Externally the whole of the piers are covered with an ornamental casting of iron-work. The point of contact of the suspensory chains on the towers is at an altitude of 51 feet eight inches above high-water mark; and the top of the finials, that terminate the towers, is 87 feet six inches from the same level. The abutments of the bridge, both on the Chelsea and Battersea sides of the river, have each what is called a "relieving arch" in the centre, which serves the purpose of distributing the weight uniformly, the space between the arch and abutment being filled with concrete. The abutments, as well as the piers, rest firmly upon piles, which have been driven 20 feet beyond the low-water mark. There are also piles driven at an angle in front of the mooring-chambers as an extra security. The roadway of the bridge is 32 feet in width, and the overhanging footways on each side are 7 feet six inches wide. These are of somewhat peculiar construction, the former being composed of oaken blocks, 6 inches long by 2 inches wide and 4 inches deep, embedded in asphalt on a ground or foundation of cork and bitumen asphalt; the latter is constructed in a similar manner, the only difference being that the blocks are of smaller dimensions. A very large amount of additional strength is obtained over the ordinary mode of construction that has hitherto been adopted in the formation of suspension bridges, by the introduction of two longitudinal lattice girders of wrought iron, one of which is inserted on each side, and separate the roadway from the foot-paths. At each end of the bridge characteristic and highly picturesque-looking lodges have been erected. These lodges have basements 16 feet square, upon which rise superstructures that are octagonal in plan, the roofs of which are covered with Portland cement, and their angles and summits adorned with appropriate terminations in terra-cotta. Some of the terminations fixed at the angles of these small buildings are noteworthy as being both ornamental and useful, being perforated, and serve as chimney-tops. The four towers that rise over the caissons and piers in the river are highly picturesque in form, and are entirely constructed of iron, except 18 feet of their upper portions at top, which are of moulded copper, which is, in fact, gilded and painted to resemble light colored bronze. The summits of the towers are crowned with large globular lamps, which, when in operation, will diffuse a large body of light around the structure. Taken as a whole, this bridge, of its peculiar class, whether as regards its constructive properties or its æsthetic beauty, may safely be classed amongst the most successful efforts of the kind that have been produced in modern times. It makes a very fine appearance, with its towers, and is a good specimen of British skill and beautiful effect.

## VIEW OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

The interest attaching to this locality, as the place where the last treaty of peace between France and Austria has been concluded after tedious negotiations, has induced us to publish the accompanying excellent engraving. Zurich is the capital of a Swiss canton of that name, and is situated on the Limmat as it issues from the northwesterly extremity of the lake of Zurich. The inhabitants, who number about 17,000, are nearly all Protestants. The Limmat divides the town into two parts, and is spanned by three fine bridges. It is surrounded by old walls, and has an arsenal with a fine collection of ancient armor. The chief public buildings are the cathedral, St. Peter's Church, of which Lavater, the physiognomist, was minister for twenty-three years, a town-house, post-office, orphan asylum, and the tower of Waltenberg. It has a university, established in 1832, and which, in 1834, had 209 students, and a library of 3000 volumes, a cantonal school, and many other polytechnic schools, a public library of 50,000 volumes, a cabinet of medals and natural history, a botanic garden and many learned societies. It has important manufactures of silks, cotton fabrics and ribbons, dye works and tanneries. Zurich is the birth place of Geesener, Zimmerman, Lavater and Pestalozzi. Near it, the Swiss defeated the Austrians July 22, 1443, and the French defeated the Russians and Austrians August 26, 1799.

The Lake of Zurich, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, is enclosed at the east end by the cantons Schwyz and St. Gall. Its length is twenty-three miles, with a breadth varying from half to two and a half miles. Its chief affluent is the Linth, which it receives from Lake Wallenstadt. It is divided into the upper lake, extending from Schemirkau to Rapperschwyl, and the lower lake, about three times its extent from Rapperschwyl to Zurich. At its narrowest point it is crossed by a wooden bridge nearly half a mile long. The upper lake is frozen over about every winter, but this is seldom the case with the lower lake. In summer its water is sometimes raised very high by the melting of snow.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

## MR. CHARLES KEAN'S MARRIAGE.

On the 29th of January, 1842, occurred the most auspicious event in his life—the wisest step he had ever taken—and the surest guarantee of his future prosperity. He was married at the church of St. Thomas, in Dublin, to Miss Ellen Tree; a mutual attachment of long standing, and in every respect "a well-assorted union." By this, Charles Kean not only secured his domestic happiness, but obtained a large addition to his worldly means, and an invaluable co-operator in his theatrical career. By a rare combination of private and professional excellence, Miss Ellen Tree had already acquired a handsome independence, and had placed herself in the foremost rank of the distinguished females whose names shed lustre on the history of the British drama. Miss Ellen Tree is one of four sisters, who all evinced a predilection for the drama at very early years. Their father held a situation in the East India House. The mother still lives, happy in "a green old age," in the full possession of her faculties, a remarkable instance of health and longevity. Before Ellen appeared on the boards, the name of Tree had already become celebrated by the performance of the elder sister, Maria, an acting vocalist of superior ability, who will long be remembered, in conjunction with Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, as upholding the charms of pure English song, with combined though varied excellences, at the same theatre (Covent Garden), during several brilliant seasons. Miss Maria Tree, in 1825, married Mr. Bradshaw, a gentleman of fashion and fortune, some time member of Canterbury, and retired from professional life, too soon for the public, although infinitely to her own happiness and advantage. Miss Ellen Tree first appeared in Edinburgh when little more than seventeen, and after a period of successful study and practice in Bath, obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, her opening part being *Violante*, in the "Wonder;" on which occasion one of her most eminent predecessors in that arduous character, Mrs. Davison, supported the young debutante by assuming the subordinate duties of *Flora*. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took place on the last day of their Dublin engagement, and on that same evening, by an odd but accidental coincidence, they performed together in the "Honeymoon." For private and professional reasons of their own, the union was not immediately made public. Their first appearance in the acknowledged characters of man and wife occurred at Glasgow, on the 27th of the following February, the combined attraction producing, in five performances, included in one week, the sum of £1000.—*Life and Times of Charles Kean.*

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF GOOD LIVERS.

Gourmands, by predestination, are generally of the middle height; they have round or square faces (*carre*), sparkling eyes, small forehead, short nose, full lips and round chins. The women are dimpled, pretty, rather than handsome, with an inclination to *embonpoint*. Those who are especially addicted to good eating have finer features, a more refined appearance; they are more *mignonnes*, and are distinguished by a peculiar manner of their own in swallowing. Under this exterior the most amiable dinner companions are to be found; they partake of every dish banded to them, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They are in no hurry to leave the spot where they have been well entertained, and you have them for the rest of the evening, because they are aware what games and amusements are to follow the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting. Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyment of tastes, have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, there is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek hair, and are thin and lanky; it is they who invented trousers. Women, whom nature has similarly afflicted, are angulous, yawn at dinner, and live upon whist and scandal. The inclination of the fair sex for good living is a natural instinct, because it is favorable to their good looks. A series of observation has convinced me that ladies who live well remain younger much longer than others. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as physiology has proved that the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dreaded enemies of beauty, it is also true, that the ladies are, comparatively, ten years younger than those who are ignorant on the subject.—*Brillat Savarin's Art of Dining.*







TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

## CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO FORTES,

THE MANUFACTURE OF WHICH WAS

ORIGINAL

WITH

JONAS CHICKERING

—IN—

1823,

Since which time there have been finished by this house

22,000 PIANOS.

FOR THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR INSTRUMENTS

38 MEDALS,

THE

HIGHEST PREMIUMS

OVER ALL COMPETITORS,

HAVE BEEN AWARDED

At Exhibitions in the

UNITED STATES,

—AND—

THE PRIZE MEDAL

FROM THE

WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON,

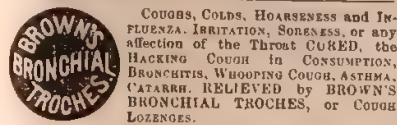
1851.

WAREHOUSES,

272 Washington Street, Boston.

604 Broadway, New York.

807 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



"A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c." Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS." REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS." REV. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"Most salutary relief in BRONCHITIS." REV. S. SEIGFRIED, Morristown, Ohio.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Cold." REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS." PROF. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga. Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me." REV. R. ROWLEY, A. M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Also, BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. nov26 2w

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TEULON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Directly opposite the Old South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to

MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc. are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. 16

## OPPRESSION AFTER EATING.

MANY persons, after an ordinary meal, feel a sense of weight and discomfort in the region of the stomach, the sure sign of an imperfect digestion, and probably the forerunner of a settled dyspepsia. Nothing will relieve this oppression like the PERUVIAN SYRUP, by the stimulus it gives to the digestive powers.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO is having an immense sale, and rapidly taking the place of all other Instruction Books. Price, \$3, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, postpaid. Sold by all music dealers, and by the publishers.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more ORIGINAL matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

## NEW EDITION

OF THE

## BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU.

WRITTEN BY HIS YOUNGEST SON,

MATURIN M. BALLOU.

THE steady demand which this valuable work has met with, from the first week of its publication, speaks more for its intrinsic merit than any review could do. It is a worthy monument, reared by a filial hand to the memory of one whom a whole denomination delighted to honor. The Biography commences with the boyhood of the subject, and brings him step by step, and year by year, to the close of his long and useful life. The labors of faith, of mental culture, of physical endurance, and of public application, are thoroughly delineated.

The following notices of the work will exhibit the spirit with which it has been received by good judges.

"Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has discharged his filial task in a most able and acceptable manner; with unaffected candor, and no disposition to magnify his mission."—*Eastern Evening Transcript.*

"The writer has aimed to let his father become, as far as possible, his own biographer; and wherever the patriarch himself speaks, there is wonderful consistency. In the modesty, humility, and plainness of expression."—*Ladies' Repository, Boston.*

"It is a fortunate circumstance, that the work is written by one who knew the subject of it at home."—*Rev. O. A. Skinner.*

"The author has so admirably performed his work, as to present the full proportions of his father's character."—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery.*

"It is from the pen of Maturin M. Ballou, editor of Ballou's Pictorial, and evinces a fine taste and great discrimination."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

"Few writers have better understood the true aim of biography than has our author, as shown by this work."—*Rev. A. A. Miner.*

"The style of the author is smooth, cultivated, and finished; no straining after highly-wrought, flowery diction, and no descending to lightness or frivolity."—*New York City Ambassador.*

"The work is history, faithful narrative, graphically, and truly recorded."—*Oliver Branch.*

"Those who have heard 'Father Ballou' discourse, or who have read his sterling works, will be sure to obtain the present publication. It is accompanied with an excellent engraving of the good man."—*Boston Bee.*

"The Biography is recorded in a lucid, easy and natural style, at times radiant with flashes of that eloquence which characterized 'the old man eloquent,' the eloquence of simplicity, the voice of nature, and the outgushing of feeling."—*Rev. C. F. Le Fevre.*

"The present volume embodies the history of his public, as well as his private trials. The gist of his doctrines and preaching is here set forth in a manner as creditable to the biographer, as suitable to the excellence of the venerable subject."—*Boston Post.*

"The biographer is well known as one of the most vigorous and successful writers connected with the Boston press, and the present volume will add much to his well-earned reputation."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"We seem to see him in this book, as he appeared to us in life.—a man of a mild, gentle, unassuming, benevolent disposition, with the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom of a sage."—*Vermont Ch. Repository.*

The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages. By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate steel likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher.

A. TOMPKINS, No. 38 Cornhill, Boston.

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and responsible party, is deserving of attention, and we present the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from J. B. Eaton, Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads, a gentleman well-known to our citizens, who thus speaks of the Curative, from which he received radical relief:

NASHUA, N. H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your "Nervous Curative" for the cure of *Chilblains*, and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your Nervous Curative according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of *Pleurisy*, and I applied your Nervous Curative, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted.

Yours truly,

J. B. EATON,

Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroad.

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

## ASTHMA.

A distinguished *Barister at Law*, writes from Augusta, Maine, as follows:

"When I commenced taking *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, I had been affected with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; in a bad attack, I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy, I found an unaccounted relief; my health and strength began to improve; I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me."

The medicine referred to above, is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and is for sale by Druggists generally. \$1.00 per bottle.

READER.—If you want employment that will pay, take an agency Satisfaction guaranteed Address, with stamp for particulars. nov12 8w S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

116,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached this remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given.

## DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

THIS invaluable remedy is known by the thousands who have used it to be the best and most reliable one extant for the speedy relief and certain cure of every form of

## PULMONARY COMPLAINT.

Such as COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, QUINCY, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, not excepting even CONSUMPTION.

From the *Nashua Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1859.

A REMEDY THAT IS A REMEDY.—The season is fast approaching when all of us will be liable to, and most of us affected by, some form of cough, cold, or other pulmonary complaint. Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim immediate attention, as neglect of the slightest cough often leads to fatal results. The remedy for all these troubles is found in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a balsam with "healing on its wings." The confidence in it is general and universal, and there is no medicine of any kind within our knowledge which has gained so many friends by virtue of experience of its healing merits, as this well known and highly appreciated Balsam.

The genuine Balsam is prepared only by SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers EVERYWHERE.

## NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF those requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my *Double Oven Range*, patented January, 1859, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the oven to bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my *Cone Furnaces*, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA SLICES, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages, for more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cacao of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cacao Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. MURRAY, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundige, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass. sept24 1f

## SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also

## MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

In Cases,

## FRENCH WOOD PIPES,

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

## F. BROWN, Apothecary,

at 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct16

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED

## DOUBLE THREAD

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

## FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,

oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## A CURIOSITY

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

## THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

Send, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept2 1f 35 School Street, Boston.

## BOOK BINDING.

SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in one Week.

At No. 22 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelette style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE BLACK AVENGER. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, during the eventful period of their sway in the West Indies.

Written for us by.....NED BUNTLINE.

THE ARMORER OF TYRE; or, THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIEST. This romance of ancient Tyre is one of the most popular of Cobb's stories, and paints a very glowing picture of life in that luxurious city.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE UNKNOWN MASK; or, THE BELL OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE DANCING STAR; or, THE SMOOTHER OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.

Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING; or, HERMONS OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.

Written for us by.....MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND; or, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER; or, THE PROPHET OF THE DOME. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE; or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

THE BLACK KNIGHT; or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE ROYAL GREENS; or, THE SCOUT OF THE SQUAMMA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LION; or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PENOSCOOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE; or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

PAUL LARON; or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTLIES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHE; or, THE REGULATOR AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR; or, THE HUNTER SPY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT; or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE SMUGGLER; or, THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IVAN THE SERE; or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE; or, THE SPANISH CATALAN. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher, No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the periodical depots.



## FLORAL INDICES OF THE HOURS.

This periodicity of plants in opening and closing their blossoms has enabled many ingenious botanists, including Linnaeus, to form floral diaries or clocks, by means of which the different hours of the day may be ascertained. Commencing at three o'clock in the morning (for no flower wakes up before the lark), the goat's-beard blossom forms one of the best floral indices of the hours of the day, opening at sunrise and closing at noon. This plant, while flowering, is easily recognized by its sea-green stem, two feet high, and by its green leaves, almost as slender as young wheat, which distinguish it at once from the other species of compound flowers, with their variously-cut foliage. After blossoming, the plant may be known by its round, downy ball of light brown seeds, to which the plant owes its rustic name of goat's-beard. It is also called noonday flower, jack-go-to-bed-at-noon, and star of Jerusalem. The daisies sprinkling our meadows, received their pretty name from their opening only to the morning light.

The common centaury (*Erythraea centaurium*) is another plant which wakes up with the sun. It is a frequent flower on heaths, and on cliffs by the sea, from June to September; but, in

the dews which twilight brings. At ten, a poisonous sort of juniper, the purple savin (*Juniperus sabina*), opens its flower leaves. Punctually at eleven, the common star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogelum umbellatum*) expands its star-like white and green blossoms, flowering during two or three weeks, but never unfolding except in bright sunshine, and even then not before eleven; hence gardeners often call it eleven-o'clock-lady, and the French term it la belle d'onze heures. The Alpine single-flowered hawkweed (*Hieracium elpinum*) come out at the same time. No plant by its flowering distinctly marks mid-day, although many varieties of fig-trees blossom about that time.

Commencing at one o'clock, there is the succory (*Chicorium*), and, at two, the squill hyacinth (*Scilla pomeridiana*). The common marigold (*Calcutula arvensis*) is put down in the calendar for three o'clock; but this is found to be uncertain. By four o'clock, the four o'clock flower (*Mirabilis lichenotome*) blooms; and, at five o'clock, the flower of the wall, hawkweed (*Hieracium murarum*) makes its appearance.

From five to six, the pale rose-colored petals of the sweet-scented night-flowering catchfly (*Silene noctiflora*) disclose themselves. And,

asunder. The flowers hang next day discolored and flaccid, so that the plant has little beauty until evening. Occasionally, however, a blossom or two may be seen fully open even at noonday.

The night-flowering stock (*Matthiola tristis*) is all day withered, needing the air of night to freshen it into vigor and sweetness. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, during the summer, the queen of night flowers, the magnificent night-flowering cerens (*Cerens noctiflora*) begins to open its blossoms; and, by eleven o'clock, these are in full blow. The calyx of the flower, when open, is nearly a foot in diameter. The inside is of a splendid yellow color, appearing like the rays of a bright star, while the outside is of a dark brown. The petals, being purely white, add considerably to the lustre of the golden star; and while they are in bloom, these flowers are certainly unsurpassed for beauty and fragrance. Another cerens (*Cerens myticalus*) is also night-flowering, beginning to open between seven and eight, and being fully expanded by ten o'clock.

At eight o'clock, in hot weather, the beautiful flowers of the marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*) unfold themselves, but it sometimes happens if

## COLOR OF ARAB HORSES.

A writer in Blackwood, speaking of horse-dealing in Syria, and the color of Arab horses, says: Gray of various shades, bay, chestnut, and brown, are the ordinary, and it may almost be said the only colors of an Arab horse. The commonest of all colors is one which I recollect as being very frequent amongst the Arabs met with in India, a dark, uniform, nutmeg gray. Light gray, verging upon white, is neither rare nor peculiar to old horses. Next to gray in frequency comes bay and chestnut, both fine and rich in quality, and the latter so prized above all colors by the Arabs, that they have a saying that, if you ever hear of a horse performing any remarkable feat, you will be sure to find upon inquiry that he is a chestnut. Brown is not unfrequent, and in my register of horses brought from Anazeh, I find one black. But so rare is that color, that if I had merely trusted to my recollection, I should have said I never saw a black horse in the desert. Of other colors I saw none, except in the solitary instance of a skewbald; and I cannot at this moment, undertake to say that he was an Anazeh, or belonged to some of the tribes where the purity of the breed can less be depended on.



cloudy weather, the beautiful rose and golden colored blossoms are all closed up, nor are they ever to be seen in full beauty after three o'clock.

At about four o'clock the dandelion (*Taraxacum dens leonis*) spreads its golden blossoms to the rising sun; and five o'clock is announced by the flowering of the smooth hawk's-beard (*Crepis tectorum*) growing upon the walls. Towards six o'clock the viper's grass (*Scarzonera*) blossoms; while from six to seven the flowers of various kinds of sow's thistle (*Sonchus*) and hawkweed (*Hieracium*) make their appearance. Precisely at seven o'clock the flowers of the common lettuce (*Lactuca sativa*) burst forth into bloom; and, between seven and eight, Venus's looking glass (*Specularie speculum*) begins to show its pretty self, from which perhaps it may be inferred that the goddess is not a very early riser. At eight o'clock, if the sky be neither cloudy nor rainy, the scarlet pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) unfolds its blossoms. Nine o'clock is marked by the flowering of the creeping mouse-ear hawkweed (*Hieracium lubium*). From nine to ten of a summer's morning the red sandwort (*Arenaria rubra*), with its starry blossoms like silver pennies, varying in color from a deep purple to a delicate lilac or white, may be seen spangling the grass in their full loveliness; but, by four o'clock, each blossom is closed up from

on portions of the sides of those towering and majestic cliffs which border the shore for several miles along the coast of Dover, thousands of these starry blossoms are seen in their full glory about eight o'clock in the evening, growing on stems about a foot high, and exhaling a powerful perfume resembling prussic acid. When, however, this odor is borne upon the sea breeze, it is said to be delicious. The flowers retain their peculiarity of opening only in the evening, even after they are gathered; and their scent is then almost too powerful to be borne in a room.

At six o'clock, the evening primrose (*Anothera brinnis*) opens its large primrose-colored, somewhat fragrant blossoms, just when the summer twilight is on its way. Its mode of expanding is curious; the petals being held together at the summit by the hooked ends of the calyx, the segments of the flower-cup at first separate at the base, and the yellow petals peep through these openings a long time before the flower is fully blown. The expansion is very gradual until the blossom is free from the hooks at the top; but, when this is effected, it unfolds very quickly for a minute or two, and then stops; after which it opens slowly, spreading itself out quite flat. The whole of this process sometimes occupies half an hour, and often a little sudden noise is made as it jerks the topmost hooks

the weather is cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime. The nine o'clock flower, the latest, is called the mournful geranium (*Geranium triste*).—All the Year Round.

## CONNEMARA PEASANTRY.

The Englishman who desires a new sensation should pay a visit to the Claddah. When we arrived, the men were at sea; but the women, in their bright red petticoats, descending halfway down the uncovered leg, their cloaks worn like the Spanish mantilla, and of divers colors, their headkerchiefs and hoods, were grouped among the old gray ruins where the fish market is held, and formed a tableau not to be forgotten. Though their garments are torn, and patched, and discolored, there is a graceful, simple dignity about them, which might teach a lesson to Parisian milliners; and to my fancy the most becoming dress in all the world is that of a peasant girl of Connemara. No, whatever may be the wrongs of Ireland, no lover of the picturesque and beautiful would wish to see her redressed (so far as the ladies are concerned—the gentlemen might be improved); no one would desire to see her peasant girls in the tawdry bonnets and brass-eyed boots, which stultify the faces and cripple the feet of the daughters of our English laborers.—A Little Tour in Ireland.

## THE HAPPY CHOICE.

Two youthful lovers, who have just exchanged mutual vows, are seated on a flowery bank beneath umbrageous foliage, while the moon is lifting her silver shield above the distant horizon to complete the charm of a midsummer night. Our artist has permitted us to glance at this picture of felicity—this drama of the heart in which but two actors are concerned. What dreams are theirs! how they are all in all to each other—how dead to the world beside! The period of courtship, when no envious clouds and tempests mar its sunshine, is perhaps the very happiest in the life of man. Into its too brief days and hours are poured all the romance and poetry of his nature. Under such circumstances the most prosaic becomes rapt and inspired. One would think that every happy lover would be a poet, for only song can express his rapture. But there is amidst this joy an uncommunicative selfishness which spares the public a world of sorry rhyme. That heart must be cold indeed which cannot interest itself in the pure affections of a plighted pair. Who would not wish the power to cast their horoscope and weave a fortune for them out of glittering stars? That fair young girl will be dear as a bride and dearer yet as a wife, and as time sweeps on it will bring a change in the character of their attachment, but no diminution of its sanctity and truth.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM  
5 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XVII., No. 23...WHOLE No. 441.

## ADVENTURES WITH LIONS.

Moffat, the daring agent of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, who for twenty-three years was exposed to all the perils of general resident, and traveling supervision of the society's operations in that wild region, has given many striking and memorable anecdotes of the lion. We quote one, in his own language: "The old lion when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcass, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires; the others watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed: A man who was returning homeward from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. Being a little tired, he fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another, and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage. He withdrew his hand and the animal then went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank; but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the

lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. Providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life. 'A Bushman,' says Mr. James Backhouse, a missionary of South Africa, 'residing near the Orange River, in the direction of Hardecastle Kloof, was hunting with some companions, and observing a considerable number of vultures soaring in the air, he concluded that some animal had been accidentally killed, of which he might possibly obtain a share; he, therefore, left his companions and repaired to the spot, where he found a hartebeest lying. While he was engaged in driving off the birds, a lion which he supposed had killed the hartebeest and satisfied his hunger, came from behind a neighboring bush and growled at him. Petrified

with fear, the Bushman stood perfectly still. The lion walked around him so close as to brush him with his tail, uttering at the same time a low growl; it went to a short distance and sat down, looking at the Bushman, who kept his eye upon it, and drew back a few paces; but when he drew back the lion advanced; he, therefore, stood quite still till the lion retired a little and lay down. The Bushman seized the opportunity, picked up a few straws of dried grass and began to try to strike a light, but as soon as the lion heard the tappings of the flint and steel, it rose again and walked around the Bushman, brushing him as before; again the Bushman was still, and again the lion retired. The Bushman once more plied his flint and steel, and again the lion advanced from his retreat. At this moment the Bushman succeeded in obtaining a light. The lion made a stand when he saw the flame, and as this increased when the burning grass was dropped into a dry bush, the lion fled, and the Bushman made good his retreat."

## A PORTRAIT OF RACHEL.

A writer in the Constitutional Press gives the following description of a visit to Rachel, the late French tragic actress: "The only evening I had the pleasure of passing in her company, was, I think, in 1845, when she was still in health and spirits. I had looked in upon M. Charpentier, the portrait painter, whose full-length portrait of Rachel was then hanging in his atelier, beside the companion-portrait of George Sand; and, as I expressed a desire to see Rachel in private, M. Charpentier said: 'I am going to her presently; come with me.' It was not an order to be rejected, and I sacrificed a stall at the theatre without hesitation. When we arrived there, we found Rachel alone. Immediately that the first civilities were over, she jumped up and told Charpentier he must give her his opinion on a bonnet she had just bought, and, with a charming, '*vous permettez n'est ce pas?*' to me, she vanished, and returned with the bonnet on her head. I thought I never saw a more fascinating woman, as she held the strings under her chin, and held her little head up to be criticised. For some time her talk was millinery, and nothing else. On this subject she was voluble and very earnest. I remember feeling that I cut a very poor figure all this while; for, not being a Frenchman, I had neither knowledge of details nor opinion respecting *ensembles*, so was forced to play dummy—which is not an exhilarating part, especially when you have been introduced to a charming woman as a *littérateur distingué* (one is always *distingué* unless *celebre*), and desire to produce a favorable impression. She perceived at a glance that I knew nothing of such matters, and took no notice of me as long as they 'talked chiffons.' I repaid myself by noticing her. It was singular how a face so very common in its elements, such a mere little Jewish physiognomy, if you considered the details, became positively beautiful when animated. Still more singular was it that a girl, picked up from the streets, so to speak, should at once have acquired the utmost drawing-room elegance. If the reader has seen her play Lady Tartuffe, the only modern part she played, he will probably remember the drawing-room grace of her manner. It was this, reduced to drawing-room proportions, of course, which I remarked when, quitting the millinery, she sat down, and began to talk of England, the theatre, Jules Janin, and the Exposition. When I took leave, she begged me to come and see her again before returning to England; but I never did, for I felt that I should see nothing more. The impression she made on me was that of a woman with a wonderful temperament, very little intelligence, very little sympathy, and irresistibly fascinating manners."

## HON. JOHN F. POTTER, OF WISCONSIN.

The portrait on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, is pronounced an excellent likeness of Mr. Potter, one of the representatives from Wisconsin in the present Congress. He is a member of the Republican party, and is highly esteemed by his associates and constituents for his consistency, energy, intelligence and straightforwardness. He has fitted himself for his present position by intense study. While laying no claims to oratorical distinction, he is a fair speaker, and is always listened to with attention. We were disappointed in not receiving from an editorial friend an extended biographical notice of this gentleman, but having promised the publication of the portrait in this number, we have redeemed our pledge, reserving the biography for a future number.



HON. JOHN F. POTTER, OF WISCONSIN.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## MOLL PITCHER,

— THE —

## NEW ENGLAND FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

"I AM almost ready to believe, Aunt Lizzie, that old Madge, the fortune-teller, really possesses the gift of second sight, for she yesterday told Kate Ellery so much truth of the past, and so confidently predicted the events of the future."

"Which have yet to be fulfilled, however, before the verity of the oracle can be established, my dear Bella," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, looking up from her book with a quiet smile.

"True," said the young lady, "yet if she spoke correctly of the past, whose events are as closely shrouded from her knowledge as can be those of the future, is it not enough to startle one into the conviction that she actually does possess that mysterious power by which seers and prophets of the olden time penetrated the dense veil of futurity, and saw with unclouded vision, things yet hidden from the ken of other mortals?"

"To no human mind, Bella, since the age of miracles, has God granted such power. There may be persons who impiously profess to have received it, but rest assured, they are miserable charlatans who, by numberless cunning arts, obtain their knowledge of individual histories, conjecturing what they do not know, or extracting it in a subtle manner from those who have the weakness to consult them."

"It may be so—probably it is in most instances. Yet you believe, dear aunt, and so do I, that the soul possesses faculties of wonderful and unknown power, which are to be developed in a brighter state of being; why, then, should it seem incredible that solitary cases exist in which those powers and faculties may be permitted, for some wise purpose, to expand and find employment even before death has purged away the mists that darken our spiritual vision?"

"Dearest Bella, do not nurture your natural credulity by such casuistry. In this age of the world, God does not violate fixed laws in order to accomplish his purposes, and could you know half the misery resulting from a blind faith in these pretended soothsayers, you would deprecate their assumption of superior wisdom, and warn the foolish girl whom you saw trusting in them, to beware how she rested her faith on their vain predictions."

"You speak of violating fixed laws, dear aunt, but I do not believe they ever are, or can be violated. God's first law, is order, and by it he immutably abides. And so I think that all seeming mysteries would appear to us simple and natural, had we higher faculties to know and comprehend their cause. For instance, we neither of us doubt the truth of animal magnetism, and yet we are unable to understand and explain its phenomena. Nevertheless, we believe that it is the result of eternal, unchanging laws, which this age of progress and high inquiry promises ere long to reveal to us."

"True, Bella—yet all this has very little to do with the assumption of supernatural knowledge, which prompted old Madge, in her ignorance and cunning, to impose upon the timid and credulous with pretended prophecies regarding their future destiny, of which there is no possible reason for supposing her to have any knowledge of. I am especially opposed to the vocation of these would-be wise women, from having known in my early youth, a melancholy instance of the effect produced on the destiny of a young girl whose cloudless prospects were forever darkened by the false and evil influence of a witch, who was celebrated far and near for her great and superhuman wisdom."

"Ah! you mean Moll Pitcher, Aunt Lizzie, of whom I have heard and read such wonderful things, that were I a believer in the transmigration of souls, I could almost fancy the weird spirit of the Witch of Endor had condescended to animate the body of this veritable Moll, of fortune-telling renown, and so prompted her marvellous deeds and revelations."

"You might well have thought so, Bella, had you seen the deference rendered to her oracular pretensions by all ranks and classes of the community at the period when I knew her, for it was then that her reputation as a prophetess was at its climax. And great indeed it was, and widespread throughout the land—nor do I believe the startling exploits of the terrible Rob Roy

were more famed among the deep glades and heathery hills of Scotland, nor his name as a household word, repeated with greater fear and awe in its cottage shielings, than were those of the marvel-telling, wonder-enacting Moll Pitcher, some scores of years since in the green valleys and peaceful dwellings of New England."

"You have seen her, then, with your own eyes, dear aunt, and perhaps, too, you have heard the sybil utter her strange oracles."

"Yes, I have done both, and I can never forget, though a mere child at the time, the impression which her weird and witch-like appearance made upon me, nor the awe with which I learned to regard her, by observing those of riper years and experience, rendering implicit faith to her claim of supernatural wisdom. My position, at that early period of my life, placed me where her movements came daily beneath my notice, and as her strange arts were the constant subject of wonder and discussion in the village, my reverence for her miraculous pretensions deepened, and my faith in her infallibility grew firm as a rock, till after years matured my judgment and enabled me to detect the charlatanism which had passed with me for superhuman wisdom. But I wish now, my dear Bella, both as a lesson and a warning to your youth and credulity, to speak of the unhappy influence which this woman exercised over the destiny of a beautiful girl who was my schoolmate."

"Was it not about this very incident in your school life, aunt, that Cousin William was inquiring when we passed through Lynn on our way to Nahant last summer? I was so intent upon looking at the old academy where you said you received the early rudiments of your education, that I scarcely gave any heed to the conversation."

"I recollect it, and how interested you were in noting all the spots which I pointed out as having been familiar to my childhood. I had just reached my twelfth year, when I was placed by my parents at the school, or academy, as it was called, which had then some celebrity in Lynn, the well-known village which was the dwelling-place of Moll Pitcher, the New England witch. I was a half spoiled, self-willed child, and though just entering my teens, was uninitiated save in the very rudiments of knowledge, for not then had the wonderful properties of steam been applied to make the world of matter and of mind progress at railroad speed, consequently the children of those days escaped having their brains overwrought and excited in the endeavor to grasp a dozen different theories at once, to unravel the abstruse mysteries of algebra and logic, and then as a salubrious change from the close and heated school-room, to sit chained for hours in one position at the piano, conning semi-breves and quavers till the very sight of the music-book was an abomination to them."

"But if, instead of the multitudinous branches which perplex the youth of the present generation, those of that primitive time could say by heart, word for word, and line for line, the whole of the 'Young Lady's Accidence,' that wonderful companion of grammar, or could read with tolerable fluency the pages of the 'Columbian Orator,' or the 'American Preceptor,' the progress of the scholar was regarded as quite satisfactory, and as giving no ordinary promise for the future. Such, and not beyond this, dear Bella, were my attainments when I first became an inmate of the neat white house which you remember I pointed out to you, standing upon one side of the broad and sandy Lynn common. In it lived the preceptress, to whose care I was consigned. A stately, aristocratic looking woman she was, who presided like a queen over the female department of the academy, which I suppose still flourishes in the town of St. Crispin, but has, I trust, before this, had some portion of the spirit of the age infused into its stagnant life."

"Why I was sent to this particular seat of learning, I could never clearly divine, except it was, as I sometimes suspected, that I might be under the surveillance of the parish minister, an old college friend of my father's, and of whom, for his amiable and easy temper, he retained kind and pleasant recollections. But as their paths through life, though both had embraced the same holy calling, were widely diverse, my father, for several years, had known little of his early friend, except through a brief call, when on his annual summer visit to Nahant, or from an infrequent letter, that, breathing as of old, the spirit of kindness and affection, served to keep bright the links of their college friendship. But he could not know how small a portion of true

and manly dignity marked the deportment of his clerical brother, how little of that wisdom which is from above, imbued his character, nor what light regard he paid to the injunction of the apostle, to think of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report."

"At that time my father's heart was saddened by the loss of a first-born and cherished son, many years my senior, who, on a voyage to Smyrna, fell overboard and was drowned, and had it been in his nature ever to have judged another harshly, he could not have done so under the softening influence of that great sorrow. He remembered only the pleasant hours of early companionship with his friend, and possessing in a large degree, that divine charity which forms the key-stone to the arch of Christian virtues, he had that faith in his goodness, which begets confidence, and so he asked his care and counsel for his child when she should be without the watchful guidance of parental love. This clergyman had a daughter, about my own age, who soothed my first weary days of homesickness by revealing to me the treasures of the village library, kept under her father's care, and amid its unexplored novelties I revelled for the first time in regions of fiction, which opened to me an ideal life that made my real one appear dull and prosaic enough. I recollect, my favorite book was 'The Fool of Quality,' which I have never seen since, but which I am certain would now appear to me a marvellous tissue of nonsense. With all my admiration for its pages, the peroration with which the fourth volume wound up, rather shocked my feelings of reverence, as it seemed to me, child as I was, little short of impiety to compare the splendor of an earthly bridal to the glories of the New Jerusalem, and I remember that in reading it aloud my face grew scarlet with shame, and throwing down the book I rushed hastily from the room."

"But these details, my dear Bella, are quite foreign to our subject, and I know not how I have been beguiled to dwell on them so long. But there is a charm connected with childhood's sunny days that never loses its witching power, and thus even at this distance of time, I love to look back to those hours of innocent enjoyment, when no shadow fell across the morning path of life, and recall every circumstance and object connected with that happy period. The dull routine of my school hours, unmarked by interest or progress in my ill-directed studies, the stately figure of the preceptress, teaching, or rather pretending to teach, with such an air of dignified condescension, the stiff, precise, but really worthy preceptor, the short, rotund figure and comical face of my father's clerical friend, the persons of my schoolmates, and the euphonic appellations which some of them bore, such as Sally Tarbox, Love Ramsdale, Patty Tower, and last, but not least, Polly Brimblecorn,\* names so extraordinary that they stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory; and which, with their formidable array of ugliness, are, in my opinion, quite sufficient to disprove the assertion sometimes made, that Americans have a particular fancy for fine names."

"Nor must I forget to mention the old meeting-house, where we once a week assembled for public worship, a low, misshapen building, standing at the far end of the broad common—roomy and bare as a barn was it, with its pulpit draperies of faded green moreen, and its high old-fashioned sounding-board, heavy and seemingly unsupported, which always exercised my imagination with the thought of its possible fall, and the consequences of such a catastrophe. And then those services! what senseless and barren formularies they were! embodying the letter of the gospel, but alas! how little of that spirit which alone giveth life."

"The scenery of the place lies unrolled before me, like a landscape seen at the end of a long green vista. Even the small yellow and purple flowers that grew, like heather, close to the ground, on the faded and sunburnt common that I crossed and re-crossed in my progress to and from the academy, and which I used to gather by the handsfull, wondering that none admired their beauty but myself—their tiny blossoms still glow in my memory with the same bright hues as then delighted me. The aspect of the neat white house, too, is unforgettable, and the low shoe-shop, indicating the staple merchandize of the place, which adjoined almost every dwelling, and within which the minister, forgetting his high calling, loved to idle and gossip with the workmen."

\* Real Lynn names

"But these once familiar objects, though with my inner sight I still see them as they were, are doubtless all changed, for in an age like this, nothing remains the same, nothing save the unalterable features of nature, such as the high rocks, bare and round, which bounded the village, giving a somewhat rude and unique character to the scenery. And yet I forget that even these huge masses of stone may not have remained sacred from the innovating touch of man—with his fierce combustibles and his fiery train, he may have uprooted them from their deep foundation, and hewn them into blocks, or shaped them into pillars to support the stately fabrics of his art."

"Yet there they then reared their gray and rifted crests, and among them with my young companions I often wandered, climbing up their stony sides for the bright moss or gaudy wild flowers that softened their roughness with a touch of beauty. Sometimes we sat, a merry group, perched on some bald crag till the dews fell, telling wild tales of our nurseries, or talking in whispers of the fearful witch, upon whose habitation we looked down from our airy seat, till frightened at our own words, we clung nervously to each other, or scrambling down the rocks, we fled swiftly from the place."

"It was in one of the narrow, grassy glens, closed in by those granite barriers, that Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller, dwelt. A small courtyard, in which grew two stunted fir-trees, formed the entrance to her cottage, and the gate which opened from it was hung upon posts formed of the jaw-bones of an enormous whale, which, bleached by the suns and rains of years, towered in ghastly whiteness far above the humble roof, standing like spectral shapes to guard the unhallowed home of the sorceress. There, it was asserted, she performed most fearful mysteries, summoning the Prince of Evil to aid her in raising the spirits of the dead, and piercing with presumptuous daring into the unrevealed secrets of the future."

"On every Friday, in particular, she was said to perform her strange rites, reversing every article of furniture in her house, and uttering incantations which none could hear without horror.\* From all parts of the country the credulous came to consult her as to the past or the future—parted lovers, to learn the weal of the absent, and those whose affection yet remained untold, to ask if a happy issue awaited the dearest wishes of their hearts. Merchants engaging in important speculations, sought the witch to inquire what would be the result of their enterprise, and parents and friends, anxious for the welfare of some distant and beloved object, came also, relying upon Moll's prophetic answer to remove their fear, or give glad assurance to their hopes."

"Was there a murder committed, the weird woman was to be consulted by the party anxious to detect the criminal, or was some peaceful neighborhood thrown into alarm by a daring robbery, her prescience was taxed to describe the persons of the burglars, and designate the secret places of deposit for their stolen goods, and whether by chance or not, true it is that the information she gave so often proved correct, that multitudes even of cultivated and intelligent people, who had long ridiculed and despised her pretensions, grew at last to render implicit belief to her miraculous endowments."

"Possibly, Aunt Lizzie," said Bella Hargrave, who had listened with deep interest to the simple reminiscences of her aunt's early days, "possibly this ancient witch had forestalled her age in discovering the mysterious agency of animal magnetism. For if, as its disciples assert, it reveals to one mind the hidden thoughts of another, enabling it, without aid from the senses, to behold the persons and actions of those at a distance, then can the prescience she displayed be readily accounted for without calling in the aid of Satan and hisimps."

"True, unless she was capable of exercising a refined subtlety, which few, even of her cunning profession, have been known to possess. I am convinced, however, that her predictions, by the effect they produced upon sensitive and timid minds, often wrought out their own fulfilment. It was so, doubtless, in the case of poor Ida Cathcart, my young schoolmate, and I can never recur to it without feeling constrained to hold up her fate, who really fell a victim to her own weak credulity, to all those who seem disposed to yield the slightest deference to these mischievous oracles."

"The young girl to whom I allude was four years older than myself, possessed of great

\* Facts.



beauty, and gifted with those sweet and gentle manners which are more charming even than beauty. She was an orphan, and heiress to large estates in the West Indies, of which she was to take possession when she attained the age of eighteen. Her guardian, a rich planter of Virginia, had formed an acquaintance with Mrs. B., our preceptress, the preceding season at Nahant, where she was spending the holidays with part of her pupils, and favorably impressed with her ladylike manners and appearance, he resolved to place his ward under her care till her education was completed.

"It had long been the secret wish and purpose of Mr. Randolph that Ida and her wealth should become the portion of his only son, a somewhat wild youth, and who was then a member of the senior class in Harvard University, and for this reason he preferred for her residence the quiet and retired village in which Mrs. B.'s school was located, rather than the fashionable seminaries of the metropolis, where her personal charms could scarcely fail to attract undesired notice. But

'There is a power that shapes our destiny,  
Rough-hew it as we will.'

and it proved so in this instance, as we know by our daily experience, that it does in all that concerns us.

"Ida had grown up with the impression that she was to be the wife of Frank Randolph, and so generous was his nature, and so tender and kind his manner towards her, that from early childhood she had rendered him a warm and true affection, nor never shrank from the thought that he was to be her companion through life, till from another teacher she first learned that a far more absorbing and impassioned sentiment could be awakened in her slumbering heart.

"In the youth's department of the academy there was a young Frenchman, the son of a Bordeaux merchant, who, through the agency of an American correspondent, had been placed at this village seminary to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language. He was eminently handsome and graceful, and the beauty of Ida, which none could pass without notice, failed not to attract his ardent admiration. But as the male and female branches of the institution pursued their studies in separate apartments, under their own instructors, and even when free from the restraints of the school-room, were prohibited from holding intercourse with each other, it was long before Louis de Courcy found an opportunity to address a word to the object of his passion, though the choice flowers, exquisite shells, and other tasteful trifles which often, through the agency of some unknown hand, found their way to Ida's school-desk, mutely declared his growing love and admiration.

"The flowers were always chosen for their significance, and woven in wreaths or festooned by a tasteful ribbon, and the language of their voiceless lips Ida's conscious heart but too well understood, while the richly tinted and minute shells were disposed on velvet moss which lined a delicate basket, and accompanied by a few lines of tender poetry, or an expressive French motto, which brought a vivid carnation to Ida's lovely cheek, and a flitting smile to her lip, sweet omens that she recognized the hand from which came her fair and fairy gifts.

"We often met De Courcy in our walks, for he always seemed to cross the path chosen by Ida—at church, too, duly as the Sabbath came, though he belonged to the Roman communion, we found him occupying his seat, when reverently following the steps of our stately preceptress, we walked in slow procession, a goodly group of us, up the whole length of the broad aisle to the square, capacious pews on each side of the pulpit. And there, right opposite to Ida, sat the young Frenchman, feasting his eyes, during the tedious homily of the village pastor, on the beauty of his idol, and expressing by his eloquent glances, the fervor of the passion she had inspired. With woman's ready instinct, the blushing girl interpreted this silent homage, and her young heart melted with answering tenderness, and her large soft eyes grew more lustrous with the joy of those new and sweet emotions which he had awakened, but with them also had awakened a trembling consciousness that taught her to shrink at the name of Randolph, and tremble with dark forebodings of some coming ill.

"De Courcy was not slow in detecting the impression he had made, and his silent gifts of love were soon exchanged for perfumed *billet doux*, breathing the most impassioned words, and these Ida read with secret rapture, but left them unanswered, except by the increased softness of her

cheeks and manner, which added a touching charm to her beauty, and rendered it, so thought the enamored boy, more irresistible than ever. Encouraged by these flattering omens, De Courcy one day ventured to accost her; it was unpremeditated, but he saw her entering the porch of the academy alone, and the opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Pale and silent she stood, while with passionate tenderness he told his love, and when her startled ear caught a sound, and she would have fled from him in terror, he would not suffer her to leave him till his eloquent entreaties had wrung from her the treasured secret of her heart.

"From this time the lovers often met—every day, indeed, they contrived to see each other, and the new life which opened to them, became a garden of enchantment, amid whose sunny bowers they revelled in their mutual joy, forgetful that evil lurked beyond the walls of their paradise. Fortunately for them, the heads of the academical department exercised but little or no espionage after their pupils when freed from the restraints of the school-room, for our preceptor was a book-worm; too glad of his freedom when the hours of his daily duty were ended, to take farther cognizance of his scholars, he left them to enjoy their leisure hours as they liked best, and plunged, forgetful of all else in the favorite studies he loved. Mrs. B., who, a self-indulgent and haughty woman, gave as little thought to the young creatures entrusted to her care, and rejoicing to escape from the bondage of a task she detested, retired to the privacy of her own apartments when it was over, and seldom made her appearance again till the bell of the succeeding morning summoned her to a renewal of her labors.

"Thus the brief bright months of summer rolled on and drew to a close, and the short, hazy, delicious days of September came, to find the youthful lovers still wrapped in a dream of bliss, disturbed only when there came letters from Ida's guardian. In these there seldom failed to be some allusion to his son, that roused all the jealousy of De Courcy's nature. On one occasion, too, it was fearfully excited by a visit from Frank himself, who had broken away from college, and was on his way to Nahant, with a party of his classmates, for a fishing excursion. He could not pass through Lynn without stopping to see 'little Ida,' whom he was not in the least unwilling to regard as his future wife, so he kept his friends waiting an hour at the hotel, while he ran off to have a chat of 'just ten minutes' with her.

"De Courcy saw him quitting the house, and when they met in their evening walk, his excitement terrified her, and she could only soothe him by solemn and reiterated assurances that she would be only his, in spite of any authority which might be used by Mr. Randolph to bestow her on his son. Still it seemed as though even this solemn promise failed to calm the fears of De Courcy—he became depressed and moody, especially when Ida received letters from her guardian; then his restlessness and anxiety were uncontrollable, her presence seemed to increase his disturbance, and her tender and caressing ways failed to charm away the doubts that oppressed him.

"Things were in this state, when one evening Ida and myself were taking our favorite stroll among the rocks, we came suddenly upon De Courcy standing under a jutting crag, in close conference with Moll, the fortune-teller. She started when she saw us, and fled swiftly away, while he immediately joined us, and striving to hide his confusion by a forced laugh, said, carelessly: 'The weird woman caught me in this narrow glen and persecuted me into showing her my hand, that she might read in its lines whether my future life was to be prosperous or adverse.'

"And what was her prophecy?' asked Ida, in a low and trembling voice, for she was deeply tinged by superstition, and regarded the reputed witch with such awe that she dreaded even to meet her in the path, nay, often when returning in the dusk from our evening walks, she would choose a circuitous course, rather than pass near Moll's unhallowed dwelling.

"She told me strange things, Ida,' said De Courcy, in a subdued tone, 'and if all that she predicts of the future prove as veritable as that which she has told of the past, I must, perforce, yield full faith to her miraculous powers.'

"O, Louis! how dare you ask her wicked aid to obtain knowledge of things which God has hidden in darkness?' exclaimed Ida, in an agony of terror. 'She is—she must be in league with

wicked spirits, or she could not unfold the deep mysteries of the future!'

"It may be so—perhaps it is,' said De Courcy, 'but to learn my future destiny—ours, may I say, sweet Ida, I would almost seek the Prince of Darkness himself, caring little through whose agency the torturing suspense to which you condemn me is terminated.'

"To which I condemn you, Louis? All that we both suffer is unavoidable, and—'

"Unavoidable!' he repeated, with bitterness. 'Is it unavoidable, Ida, for you to permit constant intimations from your guardian respecting your marriage with his son, or for you to receive that son with the cordiality of an accepted lover?'

"I received him as a brother, Louis, and as such I am sure you will permit me to love him,' said Ida, her beautiful eyes filling with tears at the unjust reproaches of her lover. 'Surely,' she added, 'it would ill become me, now, to resent the playful badinage on this subject, which I have heard from my infancy—when its tone becomes serious it will be quite time enough for me to repel it. So I pray you, dearest Louis, do not distress yourself with such fears—I have given you my solemn word that I will be only yours, and if another be proposed to me, you will find me firm as the rock against which you lean.'

"Love is full of fears, Ida, and you are a treasure which, if lost, would bankrupt all my hopes,' said De Courcy, 'therefore, dearest, grant me your pardon for my doubts and fears—they will hover round my heart till I call you irrevocably mine. But if this fortune-teller has declared the truth to me, all will be well, and our happiness secure. She certainly related past events which I believed known only to myself, and to test the truth of her prophecy concerning my future, oblige me, dearest Ida, by permitting her to foretell yours, and if there be a close connection between them, it will shake even your skepticism, I think, with regard to the reality of her supernatural foresight.'

"O, do not ask me, Louis, to consult that fearful woman!' exclaimed poor Ida, growing pale at the very thought. 'The events which are in store for us, time will reveal, whether she predict them or not—only let us have trust in God and in each other, and wait patiently for what shall befall us.'

"I never can forget the look of earnest tenderness with which, in a tone of patient sweetness that still rings in my ears, the gentle, loving Ida, uttered these words. But they failed to persuade the artful lover, who answered, impatiently:

"I cannot imitate your calmness, Ida; my hand is on the scroll of your destiny, and I must unroll it to read the characters inscribed therein. If you love me,' she could not resist that adjuration, 'go to the fortune-teller this evening; you have permission to visit a sick schoolmate, and on your way you can stop at her dwelling. Little Lizzie,' looking at me, 'will bear you company, and I will be near to protect you, though I would not have the witch see us together, lest, reading our hearts, she should frame her revelations to suit their wishes. When she has foretold your future, I will tell you what she has predicted of mine.'

"At that moment the tones of a familiar voice calling upon our names, startled us, and De Courcy, wringing a hurried assent from Ida, had just time to escape from observation, when the head of the preceptor appeared above a neighboring crag, over which he was endeavoring to climb. He had caught a glimpse of De Courcy's retreating figure, but the worthy preceptor was too near-sighted to identify him, and mistaking him for a far different person, he called out in a tone of remonstrance:

"Young ladies, it is neither safe nor proper for you to be strolling alone among these rocks at this late hour. And as for the vagabond you were just now speaking to, that blear-eyed Nick—I know him by his swift foot—I trust you have neither of you been so foolish as to throw away your aims upon such a reprobate.'

"So saying, our sagacious preceptor passed on in his mineralogical research, and a moment after we heard the click of his hammer on the solid rock above us, striking off some choice specimen, while we, smothering our laughter at his fortunate mistake, hastened away and reached home just in time for the evening meal. When it was ended, and we had conned our lessons for the morrow, Ida and myself, closely wrapped in our shawls, stole out unperceived, and walked rapidly towards the cottage of the fortune-teller.

"As we approached it, we saw two persons standing apparently in earnest conference under the old fir, and one of them, who, to my eyes, amazingly resembled De Courcy, though Ida would by no means admit it, leaped over the fence at the first sound of our footsteps, while his companion, whom neither of us could mistake, precipitately entered the house. It was indeed Moll herself, and as she left the door unlatched behind her, we had no occasion to knock, but entering softly, and with no little trepidation on the part of Ida, we found ourselves within those walls, which, homely and simple as they were, many believed to have been upraised by the mere potency of magic.

"I gazed around me with an eager, childish curiosity, quite free from fear, while poor Ida grew pale and seemed about ready to faint with terror; not daring to approach the sybil, nor even to lift her eyes towards her, she sank down on a low seat near the door, silent and motionless as a form of marble, which she in truth resembled. The old fortune teller, who sat deeply ensconced in a high-backed and quaintly carved arm-chair, regarded the trembling girl for a moment in silence, but with such a searching gaze that it seemed, as she afterwards told me, to turn her very blood to ice. She then, muttering to herself in a monotonous tone, took a pack of soiled cards from a grotesque three-legged table that stood beside her, and began shuffling them backwards and forwards, her lips still muttering unintelligible words, and her sharp, cunning eyes glancing furtively towards the shrinking Ida, who looked just ready to sink down lifeless upon the floor.

"Come hither, child—I know wherefore you seek me—the whisper came to me, though you could not hear it,' she said, at last, in a tone calm and quiet, but so commanding that Ida irresistibly yielded instant obedience. Her lips and cheeks were white as the fairest lily, but she rose, and moving with a slow, tremulous step towards the chair of the oracle, held forth between her trembling fingers the piece of silver with which she was instructed to cross her palm. The sybil received the offering with alacrity, and dropped it into her capacious pocket, then, when Ida, by her direction had twice cut the cards, she began in a low, solemn voice, to unravel the mysterious thread of her destiny.

"You love a youth with locks like the raven's wing, and eyes that flash as the summer lightning,' she commenced, 'and he, too, has garnered up his heart in your pretty face, but doubt distracts you both—another claims you—ah! and a resolute will he has,' she added, turning up a little sturdy knave of clubs. 'Beware, girl, or the dark-haired youth will be forced to give place to him of the brown, clustering curls—beware! I say, for on your firmness hangs happiness or woe!'

"Ida listened with astonishment to the words of the prophetic, and forgetting even her fear in the deep interest which they possessed, she pressed still closer to the sybil's chair, eager to hear the continuance of her revelations, and already yielding to a conviction of their truth.

"Heigh ho! here is trouble,' resumed Moll, looking intently upon the outspread cards, and seeming to read as from a book. 'Trouble!' she repeated, 'ay, I see but a short stop between the house of Hope and that of Despair—beware, little one, how you take it! Listen—your dark-haired lover will soon receive a letter calling him away—he will urge you to go with him—you hesitate, but waver not, for sore perils await you if left behind. Ah! it brightens! I see you shun them—all will be well—here is a journey—water—a bridal—fears and doubts hang over all, but be firm—press on to one point, and there will be sunshine after the storm.'

"And thus, in broken sentences, uttered in a low, mysterious tone, the pretended prophetic went on to describe the circumstances of Ida's position, painting with such graphic truth the past, and hinting with such certainty the events to be shunned or desired in the future, that it is not surprising a mind so sensitive and superstitious as was Ida's, should have been deeply impressed by all she heard, or that she should have left the cottage firmly convinced that, by a knowledge more than human, the fortune-teller had unfolded to her the book of her destiny.

"We found De Courcy waiting for us among the rocks, and though he denied having seen Moll that evening, I felt persuaded at the time that he told an untruth, and I afterwards found that I had done him no injustice in accusing him of falsehood. He evidently feared we might



suspect collusion between him and Moll, and he insisted upon recounting the revelations she had made to him, before he would listen to Ida's recital. In all points the two harmonized—each had been described to the other as the chosen object, and to each the same perils, and the same happy issue had been predicted. De Courcy triumphantly inferred from this coincidence, that they were destined to be united, and urged that it would be temerity in them to resist the decrees of fate, and the yielding girl was too fond and too timid, to gainsay her lover's opinion.

"That night was a sleepless one to Ida; her mind was oppressed and overawed by the events of the evening, nor did it ever after recover its former elasticity and cheerfulness. Even her affection for De Courcy seemed to have changed its character—the power of that mysterious woman had, she sometimes said, cast a deep shadow upon her heart; she felt as though an irresistible decree controlled her freedom, and that she yielded to her lover's influence not less through fear than love. Still that influence remained unabated, and he appeared equally solicitous with himself that Moll's predictions should be fulfilled, looking, indeed, to that consummation as the only escape from the perils and persecutions which she believed awaited her.

"Nor was it long before the aspect of affairs threatened a speedy consummation of the weird woman's prophecy, for Ida received a letter from her guardian informing her that he had been dangerously ill, and that his physicians apprehending a weakness of the lungs, had ordered him abroad for change of air and scene. He went on to state, that his son having now finished his collegiate course, would go with him, and as it was the wish of both that she might bear them company, he proposed that the engagement so long tacitly acknowledged between Frank and herself should be consummated by a union, before their departure. He further said that he had made arrangements for the event to take place at the house of a lady in Boston, a distant relative, who had offered her assistance on the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony they were to embark for Europe, and spend two years in travelling, when Ida, having attained her majority, her presence would be required on her West India estates, before her return to America.

"The contents of this letter filled Ida with alarm, and aware of De Courcy's fiery nature, she feared to inform him of the danger that menaced her; yet there was no time to be lost, and nerving herself for the trial, she one day laid the fatal document before him. She trembled when she told me of the rage and jealousy which it aroused within him; but she did not repeat all the arguments he then urged to win her to his wishes, nor avow the purpose which they formed in consequence of the menaced danger, and proposed instantly to execute, as the only means of escape from it.

"Fondly as Ida loved me, and much as she at that crisis needed the sympathy and counsel of a friend, if even but a child, her kind nature shrank from involving me by her confidence, in a step, the blame and imprudence of which she felt conscious that she ought to bear alone. But that night when we retired, for I always shared her chamber, I saw that her gentle spirit was bowed to the very dust with some great sorrow, and when I strove to soothe her with loving words and caresses, she wept the more bitterly, lavishing fond kisses upon me, and pressing me in an agony of tears to her bosom. She would not go to rest, but she entreated, almost commanded me to do so, and when I fell asleep, I left her sitting at the open window, looking with straining eyes into the deep darkness of the night; but when I awoke in the morning she was gone! A note lying on the table caught my eye; it was addressed to me, and contained these few lines, which my memory has faithfully treasured:

"Farewell, my sweetest Lizzie—over my friend and comforter. Wise and good beyond your years, my darling child, I bless and thank you. When you awake in the morning, I shall be far away, but do not grieve for my loss—the predictions of the fortune-teller are being fulfilled. I can no longer remain here in safety, as you will see by my guardian's letter, which I leave for your perusal; you will find it in your portfolio, and it will show you that the flight which Moll foretold, is my only alternative. Farewell, once more—should we never meet again, yet sometimes think of me with love, but never harshly of your unhappy Ida."

"Never shall I forget the sensation produced not only in the school and village, but throughout the country by this elopement, but so well

had De Courcy planned the whole affair, that pursuit after the fugitives proved vain. It was at first prosecuted with vigor by Mr. Randolph and his friends, but having no clue to their route, it was soon relinquished, under the impression that they must immediately have sailed for France, a conjecture which afterwards proved to be correct.

"A feeling of perfect desolation came over me after Ida's departure. Young as I was, she had made me her friend and companion, and by her sweet and loving nature had won my tenderest affection. There was no one left who could supply her place to me—no one who, as she did, cared for my happiness or valued my love; and apart from these selfish regrets, lurked a secret fear lest the rash step she had taken would lead to suffering and disappointment. I constantly received reprimands from my instructors for neglect and indifference to my studies, and when I escaped from their displeasure, I felt the society of my companions so distasteful, that I avoided them, and wandering away, would spend hours alone among the haunts which I had so often frequented with Ida during the past summer.

"About a week after the elopement, I accidentally overheard a conversation which threw a painful degree of light on the character of De Courcy, and exposed the base arts which he had employed to win the hand and fortune of Ida, I had lingered one evening longer than usual in the grassy glen where I had loved to linger with Ida, when, just as I turned the angle of a rock which guarded its entrance, I heard footsteps approaching, and recognizing the slow, measured tones of Moll's voice, I stepped behind a clump of cedars, securely screened by their interwoven branches, waiting till she had passed on. Another crone was with her, from whom it seemed she was about to separate, but they paused to finish their conversation right against the spot where I stood. Their subject evidently afforded them food for mirth, for they chuckled over it mightily, and when their laughter ceased, I heard Moll say:

"Yes, it was just here that the monsieur gave me the gold—yellow pieces, and broad were they—a rich harvest after such a barren summer as the last has been."

"And he doubled the sum before he went beyond seas?" asked the other.

"Ay, as he promised to do if I would frighten his pretty dove into flying with him," said the sybil, with a laugh. "And, hark ye, when the shy bird's wings are full fledged, and she alights among her orange and sugar plantations in Jamaica, I am to have a token for my services, which will freight the ship richly that brings it, I'll be bound."

"If they chance not to forget it," said the hag, tauntingly.

"That they dare not," said Moll. "Bold as the young fellow pretends to be, he dreads my power, for he verily believes I hold a compact with Satan; and as for his baby-bride, you would have laughed to see how the little one trembled at the merest twinkle of my eye-lash. Nothing but her great faith in what I told her, would have driven her to the step she has taken, for the fiery boy had well-nigh scared love out of her poor heart, and if the other gallant had come in the right time, he might have had her for the asking."

"And here bidding each other good-night, the two separated and passed on their several ways, leaving me burning with anger at the baseness of those, De Courcy especially, who had practised upon poor Ida's tender and credulous nature, to compass their own unworthy ends. From that time the school became to me a place of durance. My cheerfulness fled, my health failed, and in consequence, I made so little progress in my studies, that when I returned home at the Christmas holidays, my parents, alarmed at the change in my appearance, took me from school, and thenceforth my education was conducted under their own eyes.

"Removed from the scenes where my young mind had been so painfully excited, it soon recovered its healthful tone, and once more grew buoyant with the joyous gaiety of happy childhood. Ida was not forgotten, but the remembrance of her gradually ceased to be accompanied by pain. I knew she deserved happiness, and I trustingly believed she had attained it. Still I remained so faithful to this tender attachment, that I constantly longed for tidings from her, and whenever a stranger crossed our threshold, my heart throbbed with the hope that he came the bearer of good news from my beloved friend.

"But four months passed away, and my wishes were still unfulfilled, when one cold winter evening, I was surprised by a visit from Frank Randolph. He knew of my intimacy with Ida, and he came to hear all I could tell him of her intercourse with De Courcy, and the circumstances of the elopement. I told him all, not without emotion, and the grief and indignation which he manifested in the progress of my narrative, showed how truly and tenderly he loved her. He seemed much changed since I had last seen him—was thinner, and sad, indeed quite transformed from the gay and reckless youth into the thoughtful man. His father was dead—the news of Ida's flight reached him just as he had risen from a dangerous illness, and the shock caused a relapse, which after many weeks of intense suffering ended fatally.

"Mr. Randolph's last command to his son was, that he should seek out Ida and learn her true position, that if it proved an inferior or unhappy one, he might restore her to her proper place in society, or at least supply her with the means of living in the style of comfort, if not of elegance, to which she had been accustomed. In obedience to this injunction, Frank was now on the eve of sailing for Europe, where he proposed spending two or three years, part of the time in travelling, and the remainder at a German university. He promised my mother that he would write her and communicate all he learned respecting Ida, to whom I hastily wrote a few lines, which he said he would deliver in person, if he was so fortunate as to discover her.

"Weeks passed away slowly, after Frank's departure, for my re-awakened impatience to hear from my friend seemed to make time creep at a snail's pace, but months elapsed before the expected letter came, and then how its melancholy contents saddened my heart. Ida was married to De Courcy, but the father had by a luckless speculation become a bankrupt, and the son, having been dependent on him for support, was consequently involved in poverty by this misfortune. Frank found them living in a very humble manner near Bordeaux, and though Ida assured him she was happy, the paleness of her lovely face, and its unwonted look of care, to his anxious eyes belied the truth of her assertion. Her husband had obtained a clerkship in the office of a banker, but there was a haggard expression on his countenance, and a recklessness in his manner which Randolph's discernment traced to the gaming-table and the wine cup.

"As Ida married under age, and without the consent of her guardian, she forfeited, according to the will of her father, all right to receive a single farthing of the interest of her fortune, which had hitherto been appropriated to her use, till she was eighteen. Frank could not violate the legal document, but he saw her necessities, and he forced upon her acceptance, as a loan, and as such she could only be persuaded to receive it, the entire sum then due, with a promise regularly to remit the quarterly dividends for her use.

"Randolph was absent nearly four years, during which time he wrote occasionally to my mother, giving always such intelligence as he could gain of Ida. For two years after her marriage she resided at Bordeaux, depressed by poverty; her husband having lost his situation through neglect, did nothing for her support, but allowed her to depend wholly upon the sums remitted by Randolph, while he indulged his ruling passion in the ruinous excitement of the gaming-house. At the end of that period the unfortunate Ida attained her eighteenth year, when she became mistress of her fortune, and passing at once from penury to affluence, went with her husband to reside on her Jamaica estates.

"We heard nothing more from her till Frank's return, and then he only repeated what he learned from the officers of a ship-of-war which had touched at the island, who informed him that they had been hospitably entertained at Hope-dale, the name of the plantation where she and De Courcy were living in a style of the utmost elegance. Randolph's first visit after his return, was paid to us—the correspondence which had passed between him and my mother during his absence, seemed to have ripened their previous slight acquaintance into an intimacy, and his interest in Ida made him always a welcome guest.

"He was much improved by his foreign tour, and indeed, though you may smile at my partiality, Bella, I must add, he had returned quite a finished gentleman, in manner and appearance, while the more important acquisitions of the

mind had not been disregarded, for his conversation, sparkling and varied, declared it to be rich, and full to overflowing with the fruits of his foreign travel and experience. I, too, since we parted, had sprung up to womanhood, and whether the change which had taken place in my person and character was for the better or not, it seemed to surprise and interest him in no common degree.

"Our mutual attachment to Ida formed a bond of sympathy between us, and her fortunes furnished a never-failing topic of discourse, which gave us an excuse for prolonging many a quiet walk, and extending many a morning or evening tete-a-tete into a length which sometimes so far interfered with the clock-work regularity of the parsonage as to draw a half-smiling reprimand from my prudent and exact mother.

"Those were golden days, Bella, as you possibly may believe, since from recent appearances, I begin to suspect yours are tinged with the same mellow hue, and so it might perhaps furnish you with a few useful hints, were I to recount the whole history of their progress. But I will spare you this detail, and as my watch already indicates a late hour, will only say that in six months after his return, when I had just entered my seventeenth year, I became the wife of Frank Randolph. And how often in the midst of our bridal joy, did we think and speak of our absent Ida. We almost felt our happiness incomplete without her presence and approval, and were even planning a voyage to Jamaica, when the arrival of a letter sealed with black and addressed in an unknown hand to Randolph, terminated our project.

"It was written by a clergyman of the church of England, and feelingly announced to us the death of our unhappy Ida. He had attended her during the last days, and he wrote eloquently of her faith, her patience, and her gentleness, and to soothe our grief, he bade us, if we truly loved her, to rejoice that her pure spirit was released from its weary bondage of sorrow. He then entered into details of which we had been ignorant, informing us that shortly after De Courcy went to reside at Jamaica, he contracted an intimacy with a man of notoriously vicious character, who enticed him into scenes of dissipation, and led him on from one excess to another, till he brought ruin to his home and misery to the heart of his injured wife. But the dissolute friend at length discovered a criminal liaison between his own wife and De Courcy, when a duel ensued, and the guilty man fell, pierced through the heart by his antagonist's first fire.

"When the tidings of his miserable fate were communicated to the unhappy Ida, her full cup of sorrow overflowed, and she faded away like some sweet flower till the earth received her to its breast—to spring forth again, such was her joyful hope, to a renewed and perfect life on the glorious morning of the resurrection. A casket containing such tokens of her love as she had been able to save from the wreck of her fortune, accompanied the letter—its contents were for Frank and myself. To each of us, also, she had written a few lines of brief and fond farewell, and in mine there was a sad and touching allusion to the fortune-teller's false and fatal predictions which had cast a deep shadow over her after life. But the words were blistered with the tears that fell as she wrote them, and through mine I could with difficulty decypher the characters her dying hand had traced.

"My simple history is ended, Bella—simple, yet fraught with such earnest teachings, that you have my permission to repeat it to all those, who weakly falling into the same danger, may find in it a warning and salutary lesson."

Bella's emotion prevented her reply, and Mrs. Randolph, silently kissing her cheek, rose and left the room.

#### ARSENIC AS A PROMOTER OF BEAUTY.

Statements have occasionally been published of late years, that the young women in the Austrian provinces of the Tyrol were in the habit of eating arsenic to improve their complexion, and that the poisonous substance, so far from injuring the health, promoted an increase of flesh. This dangerous romance has recently been exposed by Doctor Danbery, in a paper read before the British Association. He says no faith is to be put in the statement, notwithstanding it had been put in the statement of the statement of Common Life. The reverse of the statement of Common Life. It is said that this use of arsenic was told to Doctor Johnston by a practical joker, who did not like to confess the imposition which he had put upon the chemist after it became public. Therefore, young ladies, beware. —Boston Journal.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## LIFE LESSONS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

Live eye for truth,—whatever fate betide  
Be truth thy watchword, and be truth thy guide,  
And in her blest instructions e'er abide.

Truth, truth to God, and to our higher feelings,  
Will fit us for a higher truth's revealing,  
Nor need evasions, or more base concealings.

Then on and upward may your course, my friend,  
Expand to glories which may never end,  
But in a brightening radiance e'er extend.

And for the dark hours which may round you lower,  
Learn wise instruction from the passing flower,  
Aye fraught with teachings of Almighty power.

From the dark earth it springs, by sunshine nursed,  
And small and dark its opening leaves at first,  
Yet from its bud a crown of beauty burst.

And thus in life, dark clouds may often veil,  
And nurture to perfection virtues frail,  
Which once attained may never fade or fall,—

But brighter grow while life its lustres lends,  
Making for all life's shadows rich amends,  
While peaceful happiness their course attends.

## THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

## A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ONE bright morning in early summer, a small brig was being warped out from one of the densely crowded slips in New York. Her captain stood upon the pier giving the necessary directions to his boat's crew, while the mate had charge of the vessel. He was a short, thick-set man, with a profusion of coarse sandy hair about his head and face, and his bright gray eyes peered out from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows with a peculiar expression, that at once marked him as one of those individuals with whom an acquaintance is necessary in order to ascertain their true characters.

"Are you the captain of that brig?" asked a gentleman who had just alighted from a coach that had rattled down upon the pier with unusual speed.

"I'm the captain, sir," replied the individual just alluded to.

"Is your vessel bound directly for Havana?"

"Well, that depends upon what turns up before we start. At present that is my intention."

"Then I believe you will have to give me a passage; for I certainly cannot wait for the packet."

The captain called to his cockswain, and after having conversed apart for a few moments, he turned to the new comer and asked:

"What sort of luggage have you, sir?"

"Only a chest and valise. They are here on the coach."

"Well, you can go, sir. So bear a hand, and get your things into my boat, for I shall be off in a few moments."

The brig was out in the stream, and lay swinging from a buoy, when the captain and his passenger came alongside, and having hoisted the chest on board, the boat was run up at the stern davits, the head lines cast off, and her jib run up. As she swung round, her topsails were set, and she soon stood out through the channel with a fair breeze and good weather.

Much surprise was evinced by the crew, or at least by a part of them, as the passenger made his appearance; and considerable dislike to the proceeding was plainly manifest in the countenance of the mate. The brig's crew consisted of fourteen men, besides the captain and a boy, and most of them appeared to be good seamen. The captain's name was Watkins, and the boy was generally understood to be his son; but between the two there was an understanding that no relation of the kind existed.

The passenger had given his name as Johnson, and said that he was a partner in a large house in Havana, and had been to New York on important business, the transaction of which had detained him longer than he expected, and his presence was necessary in Havana, where he desired to be as soon as possible.

It was towards night on the second day after the brig left New York. Captain Watkins stood near the wheel watching the compass, and ever and anon casting his eyes aloft, to see if all was full, while near him stood the boy—Charles was his name—who seemed anxious to speak to his commander without being heard by other ears.

After waiting patiently for several moments without getting the desired opportunity, the boy touched the captain slightly on the elbow, and whispered in his ear: "Go into the cabin, and send for me as soon as possible," and then walked forward.

For a moment Captain Watkins did not comprehend the boy's meaning; but noticing a peculiar anxiety in his movements, he went below, and desired the man at the wheel to sing out for Charles, and have him come into the cabin. In a few moments the boy entered, and casting his eyes about to see that they were alone, he asked:

"Captain Watkins, do you know that man who has taken passage for Havana?"

"I know that he is Mr. Johnson, that's all. But what do you mean?"

"Sir, I have sailed with you ever since I can remember; you have always been kind to me, and I owe you much; but you must not be angry with me if I ask you a plain question."

"Spit it out, my boy."

"Then, sir, will you tell me if your intentions for this voyage are perfectly honorable?"

Captain Watkins gazed for a moment into the boy's countenance with an expression strongly indicative of wonder.

"Why, what in the dounce do you mean? Boy, that man does not live that can say Jack Watkins was ever dishonest; and when I let slip the cable that secures this old hulk to honest principles, then may Davy Jones catch me."

"Forgive me, my old friend, but you've got some curious fish aboard the old brig."

"I thought there was something in the wind by the way you've watched me for the last half hour. Now, if there's anything you've got to tell, out with it."

The boy cast a furtive glance at the companion-way to assure himself that no one was near, and then drawing his stool nearer to the captain, he commenced:

"You know since Mr. Johnson came on board I've been shoved out of my berth, and have had to swing a hammock in the fore-castle. Well, last night, just after the mid-watch was set, I went on deck to get a piece of line to lengthen out my clews, and was just abreast of the long boat, when I heard somebody talking on the other side of the deck that sounded very much like Mr. Johnson, and I had the curiosity to stop and hark. I could not understand all the conversation, but I heard enough to know that there is a plan on foot to take your vessel. How it is to be done I cannot tell; but there are pistols and cutlasses on board somewhere, and a number of the crew are in the plot."

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"I am, sir."

"And do you know that it was Mr. Johnson whom you heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was with him?"

"There were two with him; both of them were new men that shipped at New York."

"You say they have pistols and cutlasses on board—did you make out where they are?"

"I could not tell exactly, but a good deal was said about the chest."

"That's it; so much for taking a passenger on board a heavy loaded merchantman. Now go on deck and send Mr. Erving, the mate, to me; and mind that you don't slip a word of this."

In a few moments the mate was in the cabin, and had heard from the captain all that he had learned from Charles.

"I didn't like the cut of the fellow's jib the first moment I saw him," remarked Mr. Erving, as the captain concluded, "But what is to be done? Eight of the crew are new men, and perhaps all of them are engaged in this plot."

"The most we can do at present, is to keep an eye on every movement, but yet without appearing to be anxious, and stand by for an emergency. There's Bill Smith, my cockswain, and the boat's crew, that we can depend upon. We'll let Bill into the secret, and between the four of us, I guess we can soon make out something more of this movement. By the way, where is Johnson's chest stowed?"

"It's right under the main hatch."

"Then we must keep an eye in that direction." The cockswain was soon let into the secret, and a sharp watch was set upon the movements of Mr. Johnson. Nothing unusual occurred during the night, and by daylight Captain Watkins, Mr. Erving and the cockswain were on deck. About six o'clock a man in the foretop reported a sail.

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"Right on the weather-beam, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"She appears to be a schooner, sir, standing down towards us."

At the first report of "sail ho," Mr. Johnson gave a sudden start, which was noticed by the mate; and that worthy gentleman evinced a most remarkable interest when the sail was reported to be a schooner. He was watched by sharp eyes, but he mistrusted it not. The brig was now close hauled on the larboard tack, standing to the southward and eastward. The schooner bore about east-northeast, and was fast nearing the brig.

"Rather a rakish-looking craft, that," said Bill Smith, as he came down from the main-top, with a glass in his hand, and lowering his voice, he continued: "and not built for the merchant service, neither."

At this moment Charles came aft and spoke to the captain, so as not to be heard by any one else.

"Part of the bulkhead in the fore-castle has been taken away, and Mr. Johnson's chest is in the forward part of the hold."

"Has it been opened yet?"

"I should think not, sir; but it's right by the bulkhead, so that they could open it in a moment."

From the manner of Mr. Johnson, it could easily be seen by those who were suspicious of him, that he had more than ordinary interest in the craft to the windward of them, and several meaning glances had been exchanged between himself and several of the crew. The captain comprehended the movement in a moment, and calling the mate and the boy one side, he directed them to go into the cabin and load his pistols carefully, and remarked to Charles:

"You can get through the cabin-bulkhead and crawl over the cargo, forward, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you willing to stake your life in this affair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take two of my pistols and crawl forward, and ensconce yourself near that chest, and if any man approaches it, let him see your barkers; shoot him, if he attempts to open it. Mr. Erving, you will stand by the fore-castle companion-way, after you have loaded your pistols; your own judgment will tell you how to act. I will slip down and get my pistols as soon as you come on deck. Bill Smith will take the wheel, and our own men must stand by the sheets and braces. The first movement will tell us who are enemies."

All this had taken place in a very few moments; and in fifteen minutes from the time the sail was reported, Captain Watkins had arranged his method of procedure. As the brig shot ahead, the schooner had altered her course accordingly, and was now about ten miles distant, about one point abaft the weather-beam, bearing down before a good stiff breeze.

"Stand by the lee braces—tacks and sheets—up with your helm—ease off the lee braces, fore and main sheets—ease off the tacks—haul in the weather-braces and aft with the sheets! Bear a hand, men, cheerily."

At the first order of the captain, nearly every hand had involuntarily sprang to their stations, but before the yards were squared, seven of them had left their stations and collected in the gang-way; but before any opposing movement was made, the brig was running off ten knots before the wind, with her yards well squared and both sheets aft. Mr. Johnson stepped up to the captain, and remarked, in a somewhat agitated manner:

"What does all this mean, Captain Watkins? I think I know that craft astern, and was in hopes you would have spoken her. Will you not heave to, till we can speak her?"

"No, sir; I am going to run in for the land."

"But—"

"I am captain here, sir, and shall do as I think best. Please keep your mouth shut."

At this moment one of the men in the gang-way sprang to the main topsail halyard, and was about to draw his knife across the rope. The captain caught the movement, and quick as lightning he drew a pistol and fired. With a stifled groan the mutineer fell upon the deck, a corpse.

This was the signal for a decisive movement. Johnson uttered an oath, and sprang forward, the remaining six following after him; but he was met at the companion-way by Erving, who drew his pistol and fired. The ball passed

through his left arm and staggered him; the others rushed by him; a second shot from the mate was more effective, and one of the gang fell. Mr. Erving now caught up a handspike and attempted to beat them back, but he was soon overcome, and the whole gang rushed down the companion-way.

Just as Mr. Johnson, who was the last to descend, disappeared below the forward companion-way, the boy Charles sprang up from the cabin, with his arms full of cutlasses and pistols, which he dropped on deck, and instantly exclaimed:

"Forward, there, quick! Secure the companion-way! Spring to the hatches and lock them down! By heavens! they're in their own trap!"

The captain saw the whole plan in a moment, and the fore-castle was instantly secured against the onrush of those below, and at the same time the hatches were bolted down, and the cabin bulkhead secured. Charles had fallen back exhausted as soon as he had uttered his hurried commands, and it was some minutes before he could speak. His unwonted exertions in behalf of the brig, together with the excitement of the occasion, was too much for one so young. But he was soon able to give an account of his proceedings. Upon examination, he found that the chest was unlocked, and supposing that the moment the villains found themselves discovered, would all rush for their arms, he had conceived the idea of removing the weapons and entrapping them, as has just been described.

The schooner was evidently gaining on them, but not very fast. Captain Watkins knew that he was somewhere in the latitude of Charleston, and by running due west he would reach there before night, if the wind held good. The wind was now on the quarter—the brig's best sailing point—and she had but little to fear from the schooner. The men in the hold cursed and swore furiously—all manner of evil things were threatened, though they enjoyed but very little opportunity of carrying their threats into execution; and in truth very little was to be feared, as all the arms were on deck, and the captain and his men were now by all odds the strongest party.

At three o'clock the headlands were made, and the schooner soon after gave up the chase and hauled upon the wind. Before dark the brig was anchored in the harbor of Charleston; and Mr. Johnson, together with his gang, was politely received by the authorities. That gentleman was at once recognized by the principal officer as an old acquaintance.

Charles has since filled with credit many responsible stations. The last we heard of him, he was commander of one of the magnificent steamers that plied between New Orleans and Mobile.

## THE FIG AT THE SOUTH.

Of all the fruits cultivated in the South, the fig requires the least care and is one of the most productive and useful. South of the latitude of 32 degrees, the fig tree produces three crops a year, commencing in May and bearing till November, but in central Georgia we generally gather but two crops a year, unless the season is peculiarly favorable, the first or early crop being often killed by spring frosts. The figs are mostly eaten directly from the tree, as soon as ripe, and may be found in abundance upon the breakfast tables of all lovers of fine fruit. The fig tree grows very freely from cuttings planted early in the spring, and will sometimes bear the first year, generally the second. It has ever been a source of surprise to us that the fig is not extensively cultivated and turned to more profitable account; but this is not the only instance in which the prodigal and generous gifts of nature are lavished upon man in vain. We hear of gentlemen near Mobile, upon the Gulf, who have planted the fig largely with the intention of using the fruit as northern farmers use apples—for the purpose of fattening hogs.—*Georgia Southern Cultivator.*

## PITT'S DEATH-RED.

Pitt died at his house on Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One, who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, and entirely neglected. It is supposed that such was his poverty, he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could—*Once a Week.*



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

## "EN AVANT."

BY JOHN W. DAY.

"Peal forth the warrior trumpet's blast,  
Bid every standard wave!  
Awake, young soul! lo, rest is past—  
The dawn gleams o'er the wave,  
And far away the night clouds fly—  
Up, soul, and arm to do or die!"

"O, bright o'er history's rearward field,  
The golden watch-fires gleam;  
And bright the hope the visions yield,  
That dawn the centuries stream—  
Fond childhood's dream, proud manhood's power,  
And fame, that crowns our sunset hour."

"Awake, young soul! arise, arise!  
Death's quivering war-bolts fly,  
And olden crests that swept the skies,  
Shattered and dust-crowned lie  
On, 'neath the future's conquering ray,  
Though fall the veterans in the fray!"

O, who art thou, that thus would wake  
The storm in childhood's sky?  
And bid the golden stairways break,  
Down which its angels fly—  
As when to Israel's sight was given  
"The House of God," "The Gate of Heaven!"

"My name is Manhood, and thy lot  
To follow where I lead;  
Up from the dust, where lowlings rot—  
On, though thy spirit bleed!  
For fame's proud height no flowers may know—  
Sharp soaring where the whirlwinds blow!"

But to my soul, Faith's angel voice  
Breathed like the wind-harp's strain—  
"Youth, yet is left a holier choice—  
A power that shall sustain,  
When warrior crown and synod lore  
Lie wrecked on time's resounding shore!"

"A softer power than youth's hot rage,  
Or manhood's self-taught might,  
'Twill discipline, from youth to age,  
And cheer in trial's night,  
As breathed, in battle-morning's shine,  
The Dorian reed down Sparta's line!"

O, may that charm the spirit thrill,  
As o'er life's wave we roam,  
Fearless to trust our Father's will,  
In calm, or storm-wreathed foam,  
Till fades earth's coast-line, drear and dim,  
And Eden's lights in joy-tears swim!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE NOVICE OF QUEBEC.

## A TALE OF THE CANADA WILDERNESS.

BY LIZZIE T. TURNER.

"You'll not have my niece, Pomeroy, though, I promise you that, without the dollars."

"Pray may I have the young lady if I get the dollars?"

So spoke a rich Canadian concerning the disposal of his ward, and thus answered a well-built, lively native of Charleston.

"Why, as to that, Mr. Pomeroy," replied the uncle, "I think I may safely say yes," and he smiled very complacently; "but besides, I have some notion that Louisa will take the veil."

"Take the veil!" said the American, quickly; "that is what she never shall. I'll go and talk to her."

"Well, well, young man," resumed Mr. Dalton, "but where are the dollars to come from? Why, you're not worth a quarter dollar at this moment?"

"Softly, softly," said the South Carolinian, "don't think so hard of me; I can soon work it out."

"Work it out?" replied the Canadian; "why, you know that there is scarcely a planter in your country who doesn't borrow upon the faith of the forthcoming crops; you are smoking cigars and drinking sangaree all day long under your piazzas, instead of minding your business—work it out, indeed!"

"I wonder when you will have done with your objections," replied the American, coolly; "for my own part, I shall set off directly to New York, and then take the Calypso on to Charleston."

"The Calypso?"

"Yes—surely you know—not hear of the Calypso?" returned Pomeroy.

"Why, you'll be drowned, likely as not, Mr. Pomeroy," continued the inflexible merchant.

"Drowned!" was the contemptuous exclamation; "whoever heard of water drowning a goose?"

"Well, good-by, friend," said the Canadian, stretching out his hand. "I hope you'll look sharp when you come back this way."

"Good-by, Mr. Dalton," returned Pomeroy. "Listen a minute, though; I shall be back with ten thousand dollars—now I'm off for Charleston; if I don't suit myself there, you may hear of me in Georgia; if that won't do, I move along westward, for I detest Florida; and rather than not have your niece, Mr. Dalton, I'll start up the Mississippi in a steamboat, and then I don't much care. The land is noble and the crops plentiful, and anybody may have the territory. So now I shall go and talk to Louisa about the veil."

"And I must go after you," cried the Canadian, hastening as well as he could in the rear of the nimble and care-despising young man.

Nearly three years had passed away after this conversation, when it was currently reported in the circles of Quebec, that an interesting and lovely young lady was on the point of sacrificing the world and retiring, her novitiate being completed, to the neighboring convent. There was an unusual bustle among the gossips upon this important occasion, and it was not long before the niece of Mr. Dalton was singled out by universal assent as the intended "bride of heaven."

And not only was this approaching solemnity discussed in ball-rooms and at dinner parties, but the whole city also rung with expressions of curiosity and commiseration, for it rarely happens in Canada that a young woman takes the religious vows unless her charms have lost their day, and the tide of fortune has left her without a cheering helpmate. Such things will sometimes take place through resentment or caprice, but they are most unaccustomed sights. No wonder then that the rumor went rapidly abroad; that the *habitant*, with his wife and chubby children, should startle at the news; that he should snatch his everlasting pipe from his mouth, draw down his *bonnet rouge*, and lengthen still more his lean and meagre visage. The very cariole drivers, wont to speed their calashes to many joyous marriages, espoused the cause with zeal, and coveted in their hearts to overturn the churl of an uncle, for Mr. Dalton had, naturally enough, incurred general blame.

At length the morning arrived when the white veil, the emblem of probation, was to be exchanged for the darker head-dress, which shuts out the victim from worldly smiles and cares forever. There was no loitering—the imposing preparations went forward with freezing accuracy. The superior of the convent led the procession, the nuns succeeded according to their order, and lastly came a lady clad in the white dress of the novitiate.

All eyes were fixed upon her, accents of pity burst forth on all sides, and many tears flowed freely for one so young, and yet so early doomed to solitude. The crowd would have gladly stayed the group, but this was not the march of a criminal to the place of execution, for whom delay might gain a chance reprieve; the cause was without hope, and the cortege moved on.

The bishop was in attendance at the chapel robed in his lordly garments, and prepared to begin the ceremony. Beneath, on the sacred floor, were newly-gathered flowers and evergreens, strewn by the novices, and in front was the altar where Louisa, according to the rites of Rome, was to be wedded to her Saviour.

There was a dead pause. The bishop drew aside the uncle of the devoted, as if to ascertain more particularly the certainty of her consent. The conference was prolonged, and many of the neighboring spectators indulged a distant hope from this delay.

"But are you quite sure, quite satisfied?" the prelate was heard to ask, pointedly, of the wealthy Canadian.

"Much more of late, my lord," said the merchant.

"And her property?" continued the bishop.

"Her little means?"

"Her rather ample means, Mr. Dalton," returned the prelate, with a searching smile, "will be—"

"Mine, of course," replied the uncle, with a faltering accent; "but what then? the will is free."

The bishop bowed, but again returned the inquiry.

"She has a dear friend, sir, at least, so report says."

"She had, my lord," replied the Canadian, "but all worldly affections are now sacrificed to the cause of God."

"There is no doubt, then," observed the bishop; "but these things are not usual with us." And the kind-hearted man bent a scrutinizing

eye upon his companion as he slowly uttered these last words.

"Think of her novitiate, my lord," returned the merchant.

The bishop retired, with dignity, and took his station at the altar. It was evident that no charge had taken place. The charge was now delivered to the future nun, and she, in her turn, repeated her profession; but, at this moment, Mr. Dalton was so much agitated that it was generally thought he had relented at the last moment.

The organ, however, struck up, and the dress of the order was calmly placed upon the table by the prelate, who advanced to take off the sign of the novitiate and replace it with the black veil. The white cloak, the belt, the beads, the brush steeped in the holy water, lay ready to his hand. The high mass, with the consecrated wafer, the tinkling of the bells, the incense and sacrifice, waited only for the investiture of the destined nun. The bishop slowly withdrew the white covering from the brow of the maiden, and was raising the deeper shroud with sober ceremony, when the uncle uttered a cry and seized the altar for support.

"It is not my niece," he exclaimed, in a husky voice; and half fainting, was borne from the chapel.

"Sister Cicely," said the prelate, turning to the supposed Louisa with a serious and fearful gaze, "what does this mean?"

"I personated the novice upon this occasion," said the nun thus appealed to, "out of compassion for her sorrow. I am willing to submit to the penance of holy mother church."

She raised her beautiful eyes to heaven, and an air of resignation sat on her roseless but exquisite countenance.

"We shall see to that hereafter," replied the bishop; "but where is the novice?"

"She has fled—fled to the woods," said the nun, a slight flush, perhaps of triumph, overspreading her face.

There needed no more. The ecclesiastical dignitaries instantly retired; the procession moved hastily and in disorder towards the convent. The people burst forth in tumultuous acclamations, and blessed the sinning daughter who had risked so much; the whole city was in motion, though there were some who whispered that the track of the pathless wilderness would be more fatal than the sealing pageant of the Roman faith.

We need hardly say that the uncle had no sooner heard the news, than he ordered a vigilant and unceasing search. The heart of the merchant, indeed, had smitten him, and he vowed, while the multitude without were execrating his name, that if his niece should be again restored to him, herself and her affections should thenceforth be free. Torn by doubt, dismay and remorse, he sought the secrecy of his chamber, while the eager Frenchman, the patient Briton, and eagle-eyed Indian set forth with one common zeal to redeem the fugitive.

Louisa, shuddering at the near prospect of utter seclusion, had indeed accepted the offer of her friend, Sister Cicely, and at the moment when the representative of the pontiff was lifting the holy vestments, she was gathering the wild fruits which lay beneath her feet, and though pinched by want, was still rejoicing in her liberty. She had fled in the direction of Les Trois Rivières, and although a friendly shelter was afforded her on the first night of her travel, the curiosity with which she was regarded alarmed and agitated her. The next was a bright and cheery morning, and Louisa, refreshed by the kindness of her hostess, strayed unconsciously into the lofty forest, which towered behind the house. The love of freedom still glowed within her breast, and she rambled on amid the dusky shades thoughtful of but one thing—that she had escaped the withering seclusion of her convent cell.

But the most buoyant hours fled along too swiftly, and the most exalting passion which can glow within the human heart soon wanes, and yields to sadder destinies. Hunger reminded the wanderer that it was time to seek again the dwelling-place of man; but though the wild strawberry might decoy the careless foot within the groves, the pine, the oak, the chestnut entwined there those giant arms which cloud the beams of day, and mock the sight which strives to peer beyond their fastnesses.

It grew very dull for poor Louisa. In that dark wilderness no sweet notes of woodland birds sound from above, no cheerful robin sings

the parting lay of evening, nor sprightly linnet pours his song. Redbreasts, indeed, there are, and thrushes and wrens too, but their music is mournful, and the cadences sorrowful. Night at length came on, and it was vain to hope for deliverance from the mazes of the forest. The brightest morning could have shown no path which the traveller could have trodden with hope. A bed of leaves in a deserted hut was Louisa's refuge, and the scanty and scattered fruit her sole sustenance; but even yet, her soul, chastened by the austerities of the Carmelites, did not yield to the terrors of her condition. Had she known on this night that the skillful pioneers of the woods, who had been sent in quest of her, had returned in despair, for her journey had been far and rapid, her spirit might indeed have cherished the bitterness which is without hope.

Morning came, and the sun once more mounted on high and overtopped the loftiest pines; once again, as time rolled on, the brilliant rays declined, and the girl yet lived, unharmed indeed by bear or wolf, yet patiently abiding the death her reason told her must soon wind up the scene. But we must turn from the dismal spot.

It chanced, about this time, that a tribe of American Indians had set up their wigwams in the outskirts of these gloomy wastes. A large party had assembled towards evening, and fires were blazing in every tent. Here was a group devouring their dried salt fish; and there one might see numerous squaws, with their children, eating bullock's-head soup, a dainty dish they had procured from the cheap shop of some house in the neighboring city of Quebec.

When all were satisfied, the calabash sounded, and the dance began by the light of the birch-bark and fir cones. It was the dance of peace, differing widely from the war-step, the grim forerunner of the whoop, the tomahawk and the scalp. Slowly burnt the torches as the musician hummed his tune and shook his calabash, and the crowded dance went on with varied tread and gesture. But not so sparingly did the fuming liquor flow, the special gift of the chief. From his vast kettle he replenished each glass, gave it round to the men in the ring as they sprang nimbly by, and to each pretty squaw who chose to taste the nectar.

On went the dance without a check, and the wary chief stored the remnant of the liquor in his tent. And now the amusement had been going on for some hours, and the loud yell of joy had gone forth without ceasing, and the swarthy limbs of the Indians began to totter under the influence of the steeping juices they had swallowed, when a lightsome youth, armed with a rifle, came bounding in among the multitude. His frank countenance bespoke a welcome for him; he leaned his gun against a tree, and before he could speak his wishes, the hospitable chief had grasped his hand.

"Pretty considerable lot of room," exclaimed the southerner, for a somewhat sallow visage, tanned by the climate, pepper and burnt brandy, proclaimed him such. "I've lost my way coming from Charleston, must be near Quebec. I went by sea, and have come back by land."

The chief contrived to find an interpreter, and assured him of his welcome, and of his near neighborhood to Quebec.

"I loved a beautiful girl in that city some years ago, and here I am to claim her," said the traveller, whom sundry steaming glasses had roused beyond the usual flow of even American talk. The chief began to rally his guest upon his wealth.

"Scarce a quarter in my pocket—that's what I can promise you," said the American.

The Indian was curious to know how his intended uncle would receive him at Quebec; and the reader needs hardly be informed that the visitor of the encampment was no other than Pomeroy.

"That is what I cannot tell," replied the guest, whose coolness attracted the especial wonder of the chief. "But what have we here?" cried Pomeroy; "a woman, all in white, too!"

A girl, apparently worn by fatigue, now staggered towards the spot where the chief and Pomeroy sat, and instantly sank upon the ground.

"It is not, it cannot be Louisa," exclaimed the youth, gazing on the pale features before him, "and yet it must be."

He knelt by the side of the stranger, while the cordial efforts of the friendly tribe were united to revive her.

"That voice calls me back to life," she said, at length, as the American was pouring forth his prayers that she might yet be spared.



"Then you are the same girl, unchanged, whom my soul has loved?" And Pomeroy clasped his hands in almost frantic ecstasy.

"But how came she in this place, and in this condition?"

He almost instinctively looked towards his rifle as he spoke, and for a moment suspicion of the Indians crossed his mind. But Louisa Dalton soon gained strength enough to tell her simple story, and to explain how the shoutings of the dance had reached her in her desolate retreat; how her heart throbbed between hope and fear; how she at length went desperately forth to trust the strangers or to perish.

And what were the feelings of the Canadian when he saw his niece again, and in safety! What could he have set in array against the pleasures of that moment! He would scarcely hear the self-accusing story of Pomeroy; how, at first, he had got a better "pitch" afterwards, and at last determined to go in search of his bride without the certainty of a hundred dollars.

It did not signify to Mr. Dalton; he had learned a serious lesson; his heart and purse opened lavishly at once; there was enough for all. He gave the young couple his blessing, promised to surrender his niece's fortune, and never repented when his first transports were moderated.

The bishop married them (the same prelate who was to have fulfilled the ceremony of seclusion), and whatever his ideas of monastic virtue might have been, a satisfaction beyond all guile gleamed on his countenance at these nuptials, which shed honor on the man, because it was true to nature.

#### VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.

It is quite a delusion to suppose that the character of the general face of the country in England affords peculiar facilities for defence, and particularly for "harassing an enemy by an armed population and irregulars." The roads are abundant and good, so that combined movements may be regulated in an endless variety; the hedge-rows, from which so much advantage is expected for defence, afford no real obstacles, but would act as a screen to those movements; all this is decidedly in favor of the well organized army. The columns of the enemy would be brought to bear on the direction that their general thought most desirable, and would penetrate with the greatest ease through the scattered lines of irregulars. Even supposing the latter knew where the attack would be made, and accumulated their forces there, the regular troops, in addition to their superiority as soldiers, can, by their compact order, always actually bring greater numbers into action, within a limited front, than their opponents; thus they would make their passage through, and appearing in the rear of the broken, intervening masses, would throw them into utter panic and confusion—so much for the front: no subsequent attacks upon the flank and rear of disciplined troops, who have been so far successful, would be possible; it is some time before the dispersed and alarmed bodies that have had their first confidence and hopes crushed, can be collected for acting in this manner; flying corps are left to counteract them, in force regulated according to the necessity of the case; these are supported, from time to time, by the reinforcements on their way to join the army in front, and thus would make effective occasional impression. A few military executions on persons and property of offending districts (a system always adopted in war against an armed population), would add greatly towards freeing the invader from these annoyances.—*Sir John Burgoyne.*

#### SILK.

Fears are entertained that the silk-worms will soon become extinct. Disease has marked them for her own, and they are going the way of men, who go to the worms. These adorners of beauty would be sadly missed, and silk would become as much an article of luxury as are now the rarest descriptions of laces, until that too should pass away. Why not? Madeira is one of the lost luxuries, and in a few years some Dives or other will swallow the last glass of it, with a sigh, which will not be half so deeply drawn as that which he will exhale when he shall want a drop of water to cool his tongue, and when he will think a quart of "the limpid droppings of the virgin fount," with a few lumps of Wenham in it, worth all the Madeira that is ever made by a southern sun. Raw silk has been sold for more than its weight in gold, and such may again be its price, if the cocoons should become obsolete. And why should they not become so, as well as the Tyrian dye? The earth will have to return to the pinnes de mer, the silk-worms of the sea. Ladies of this generation can console themselves with the thought that silk can scarcely become very scarce until they shall be dust, dead as the silk-worms themselves. The Phœnicians used to "extend" silks after they had been woven by the Chinese. "The silks which had been closely woven in China," says the historian, "were sometimes unravelled by the Phœnician women, and the previous materials were multiplied by a looser texture, and the intermixture of linen threads."—*Traveller.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

#### I KNEW THEE HERE I SAW THEE.

BY AMEND.

I knew thee ere I saw thee,—  
Thy spirit pure and bright  
Had often hovered near me,  
And filled my soul with light.

I knew thee ere I saw thee,—  
Thy sunny soul had shone,  
In rays of heavenly beauty,  
Around my pathway lone.

It cheered my gloomy moments,  
It checked my spirit wild;  
I felt as if an angel  
From heaven upon me smiled.

I read thy thoughts enraptured,  
I saw their Eden glow,  
I knew that aught so stainless  
From purest fount must flow.

I longed to see the being  
That gave those beauties birth,  
And thought some wandering angel  
Had kindly stooped to earth.

I saw, and did not know thee,—  
No angel form was thine,  
And I was vainly seeking  
To find a form divine.

I saw, and soon I knew thee,—  
I knew thou wert the same,  
When through their brilliant windows  
The spirit flashes came.

Thou wert not fair, but lovely,  
And thus I see thee now,  
Love gleaming in thy glances,  
And laurels on thy brow.

And yet those beautiful laurels  
Ne'er shade thy spirit mild,  
For in thy humble meekness  
Thou seem'st a very child.

I know thee, and I see thee,  
Thy silvery tones I hear;  
Where'er on earth I wander  
I feel that thou art near.

#### STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE snows of many winters have left their whiteness upon my head, but many events of the war are still fresh in my memory. During the long and bloody struggle for independence I was compelled to witness many horrors. I had seen old men with gray hairs murdered in cold blood, the young man of twenty summers stricken down in a moment by the ruthless foe; and helpless women and children tomahawked and scalped without remorse. Those were troublous times, and their very remembrance makes me shudder. I was young then, and both able and willing to meet the sturdy sons of the forest in fight. My father was one of the early settlers of the Kennebec. I was the oldest of four sons. Before the commencement of the war, my father had built him a cabin quite comfortable enough for his purpose, and commenced clearing—converting the savage wilderness to a garden, to team with corn and grain. I and my brothers of course assisted him in his labors. The war broke out the second year after our settlement on the Kennebec. At first we apprehended but little danger from the savages, as they had hitherto manifested a friendly disposition. But we were soon conscious of our danger. The Indians commenced their depredations upon the white settlers. Tales of bloodshed were daily borne to our ears. We went to our daily labor with our weapons in our hands. At the close of a summer day we were seated in our comfortable cabin as usual. A knocking was heard at the door. My mother turned pale, and looked at my father, as if entreating him not to open it until he was certain who was without. I immediately acted upon this hint, and stepping softly to the entry, was enabled to reconnoitre the premises through a small crevice. My mother's fears were not without foundation. An athletic savage stood at the door. His face was painted in the most hideous manner. Instead of undoing the fastenings, I proceeded to add to their strength. I reported the discovery I had made. "But one, did you say?" said my father. "Only one," I replied. "Now see what you can discover on the other side of the cabin." I did so, and to my surprise saw three more of the rascals crouched like serpents in the grass. I reported this also. The knocking continued until it became fur-

ous. My father of course turned a deaf ear to his entreaties for admission. Finding that artifice would not answer, he was joined by his comrades, and together they made a more furious attack upon the door. In truth we were but little alarmed, for there were only four of the savages, and we felt able to contend with them. The fact was, they supposed that the male members of the family had not yet returned from work; consequently they had only to deal with females. The savages now brought a large stick of wood, and with their united strength used it as a battering-ram. This plan promised to be successful. The door began to yield. In the cabin were three loaded muskets. They were already in hands skilled in their use. We knew a disagreeable surprise was in store for our foes, and this knowledge gave us strength and courage. The door yielded, and they rushed in. Poor fellows, it was the last rush that three of them ever made, for they fell dead upon the threshold, beneath our well-directed fire. The fourth one fled in consternation. We pursued him far into the forest, but he was swift of foot, and baffled pursuit.

"He will bring down more of the red fiends upon us," said my father, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Indeed the escape of the Indian was extremely unfortunate. After this we were kept in continual alarm. We were fired at in the fields by unseen foes, and were obliged to take the greatest precaution to guard against surprises by night. One of the Indians slain was a brother to him who was so fortunate as to escape, and we knew that to avenge his death would henceforth be the great object of his life.

Once we were attacked in the middle of the night. After a hard fight, we succeeded in driving them away with the loss of several of their number.

Finding our position growing more critical every day, we began to think about leaving our solitary cabin, and seeking some white settlement. Before our dwelling was the stump of a tree which had been broken off by a strong wind about four feet from the ground. This stump was hollow. One morning, as my father opened the door to go to his work, I heard the report of a gun, and almost immediately another, while simultaneously with the first report a ball struck the chimney near me. I ran to the door.

"Go look in that hollow stump," said my father.

I did so, and to my astonishment saw an Indian in the agonies of death. I recognized him instantly as the one who had made his escape. He had secreted himself there during the night, in order to shoot my father as he left his cabin. Fortunately his aim was bad. The ball passed within an inch of his intended victim's head.

Before he had time to make his escape, he received the contents of my father's rifle. With our united strength we dragged him forth. He sang his death-song and died. We now relinquished the idea of leaving our home, thinking that after this event we might live in comparative safety.

Soon after this I joined the ranks of my countrymen, encountered much hardship, and saw real service. It so happened, once upon a time, that I was sent out on a scouting party. In our zeal, we went so far that we were obliged to pass the night from camp. There was no dwelling near, and we were in the vicinity of our savage foes, whose cunning we had reason to dread. We made arrangements to pass the night as follows:

We were in a small "clearing," which had been made before the war broke out, and afterwards abandoned as untenable on account of the Indians. Near the middle of this was the trunk of a large tree which had been blown down, and whose roots had taken from the soil whereon they grew an enormous quantity of earth. I placed myself on one side of this rampart of earth, and my friend on the other, with the understanding that we should watch each other during the night.

By making a small opening through this natural fortification, I was enabled to thrust my gun through and watch the approach of an enemy towards my friend, and he by a similar operation could do the same favor for me.

The night was not very dark, and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Having arranged matters in this manner, we felt but little apprehension in regard to a surprise. The hours rolled on. I felt very sleepy, and hardly able to keep my eyes open.

About midnight my attention was arrested by

a bush which I did not recollect seeing in the early part of the night. At first I gave little heed to so slight a circumstance, but at length began to fancy that it came nearer. Still I strove to persuade myself that the appearance was to be attributed to my eyes, rather than reality. After watching it for a half hour longer, I could no longer doubt that the bush was in motion. I waited with breathless anxiety until it was within gunshot. Taking deliberate aim, I fired into the bush. It fell instantly, and I heard a heavy groan.

"What have you done?" said my companion.

"We will see in the morning," I replied.

We kept our position until sunrise, for fear of a surprise. Upon examination, we found the body of a stout Indian lying in a pool of coagulated blood under the bush. He had taken this method to reconnoitre. As it happened, it proved fatal to him and his purpose. I have passed through many scenes, but I never shall forget the hollow stump and the moving bush.

#### FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PEARL.

The Shah of Persia has in his possession the famous pearl found at Catifa, in Arabia, and bought by Tavernier, originally, for this enormous sum. It is pear shaped and without blemish, and from two to three inches in length. In the present day of oyster discovery, and with a possibility that a branch of the Long Island family may be the "bivalve mollusk," containing the occasional pearl, it may be well to refresh our memory as to how these children of the sea are cradled. A pearl is a small concretion which is formed within the hard envelope of a shell-fish, but particularly in what is called the mother-of-pearl oyster, but is larger, being usually about three inches in diameter. The pearls are most commonly contained in the shell, but sometimes they are found in the thickest and most fleshy parts of the oyster. A single oyster will frequently contain several pearls; and it is on record that one has been known to contain one hundred and fifty. The pearl itself is supposed to be the result of some accidental deposit or extravasation of the liquor secreted by the animal in the gradual enlargement of its shell—very small in the first instance, but increased by successive layers of pearly matter. The formation of the pearl has, however, embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of very curious hypotheses.—*National Intelligencer.*

#### THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

Sir John Bowring, in a speech recently delivered in England, strongly upheld the superiority of the decimal system, which has just been rejected by a committee of the House of Commons, the idea of simplifying the calculating processes of the country being an innovation that their fossilized natures could not bear to think of. Sir John says the Chinese, that intensely practical people, reckon everything by the decimal system, which is a great facilitator of education. The adoption of this method has enabled thousands of women to be employed in France, Germany, Holland and Italy. Almost every country that has made a certain progress in civilization, has adopted this system. He remarked that 600,000,000 of the human race employed it, and there was no instance on record where it had been introduced and afterwards abandoned. He had traversed the Philippine Islands lately; the decimal system had been introduced there three years ago, and was considered a great benefit.—*Boston Journal.*

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 118,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine. Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number. Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar! If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle. In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world. It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years' experience on the Boston press. Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor. Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors. Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 118,000 copies! Any person who sends one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year. Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars. Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## "LA COMETE,"

## THE NEW FRENCH GUNBOAT.

The new French gunboat "La Comete (the Comet)," which is now attracting great attention in France, is accurately represented in the accompanying engraving. She is a beautiful craft, strong and elegant. Her extreme length is about 136 feet, with 28 feet beam, and she draws a little over seven feet of water. Her bottom is flat, and has two false keels, which will enable her to sit upright when aground. She has five port-holes on each side, and can carry guns of the heaviest calibre, while her deck and between decks accommodations are amply sufficient for 1200 men. Her engine, of medium pressure, is nominally of 120 horses' power, and her speed about eleven knots. Her constructor, Mr. Arman, of Bordeaux, has obtained these results by employing in building her a combination of wood and iron, in which he has already been very successful. In spite of the weight of her chains, anchors and machinery, the draught is very light. She was built at Bordeaux, at Mr. Arman's shipyard, an immense establishment. The progress which the French have made in naval architecture within a few years, is truly extraordinary, and the English have been forced into admiration of the beauty and strength of their ships-of-war. It remains to be seen whether they can work and fight their ships as well as they build them, and recent advices would indicate that the opportunity of testing their skill may not long be wanting. Unless all signs fail, "there is thunder in the air." The tone of the French press has of late been quite hostile to "perfidious Albion," and the "mistress of the seas" may yet have to prove her title.

## ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.

We have so frequently noticed the career of Mdlle. Bonheur, that our readers must be familiar with her name and history, and will therefore welcome with pleasure the accompanying engraving of her famous "Horse Fair," which is known wherever art is appreciated. It was first exhibited in London, where its success was brilliant. The critics of the London Athenaeum thus spoke of the picture on its first appearance:

"The composition—a confused procession of horses, ridden, driven, and led by grooms as diverse as the quadrupeds—has an ease, a vigor, and a variety nothing short of mastery. The absence of theatrical effect or trick in arrangement is remarkable; not merely as betokening perfect knowledge of the subject treated, but as producing an effect of reality which is worth its weight in gold, when the reality does not become prosaic. The long line of trees crossing the canvass as background, and only broken by the group to the right straggling up the bank, might in meaner hands have given the picture a formal and unpleasant air. The force with which the animals are touched—the spirit, motion, noise of the troop—are likewise wonderful; if even the sex of the painter is laid out of the question.



"LA COMETE," FRENCH STEAM GUNBOAT.

The tone of coloring is lower and more lurid than we altogether like. It may be objected too, that forcible as is the entire work, certain of the objects, especially in the lower portions of the picture, are not sufficiently detached from each other, owing to Mdlle. Bonheur's predilections in shadow and demi-tint. This has been explained to us on the hypothesis of the dust caused by so much rapid and violent motion—but we are apt to question pictures needing explanation. Mdlle. Bonheur's dappled grays have the force and splendor of Rubens. Nor are her human beings neglected; to instance only one among the many figures—the rider, whose brawny and bared arm is hardly sufficient to rein in his horse, may challenge our own Sir Edwin, when he is most athletic is some hunting piece. What faults there may be in this picture, in short, are faults of excess, of affluence, of irresistible power—not of deficiency."

This picture was purchased by a gentleman residing at Hoboken, N. Y., for, we believe, \$10,000, and we had the pleasure of seeing it during a visit to New York. It is difficult to believe it the work of a lady—so bold is the conception, drawing and handling. Every touch of the pencil is in the right place, and every touch is vigorous. There is no pettiness in the handling—vigor, commanding power characterize the whole of it. The horses are all stout Normans, for Mdlle. Bonheur has no predilection for the pampered, artificially-bred horses—the dandies of the stable and the ring. Nature, force, energy—these are the qualities she loves.

## THE ONLY FREE MAN.

No rascally comparative insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twit-teth him of pride, or upbraids him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedence. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind to be a beggar. Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colors, fearing none. He is the only man in the world who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity toucheth him not, or at worst change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics, and so he escapes rigorous scrutiny. He is the only free man in the universe.—Charles Lamb.

## STILLNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

Nothing marks the change from the city to the country so much as the absence of grinding noises. The country is never silent. But its sounds are separate, distinct, and, as it were, articulate. The grinding of wheels in paved streets, the clash and din of half a million men, mingling, forming a grand body of sound, which, however harsh and dissonant to those near by, becomes at a little distance softened, round, and almost musical. Thus, from Brooklyn Heights, New York sounds its diapason, vast and almost endless. The direction of the wind greatly influences the sound. When the air is moist, and the wind west, the city sends a roar across like the incessant break of surf upon the ocean shore. But with an easterly wind, the murmur is scarcely greater, and almost as soft, as winds moving gently in forests. But it is not simply sound that acts upon us. There is a jar, an incessant tremor, that affects one more or less, according to the state of his nerves. And in leaving the city by rail cars, the roar and jar of the train answer a good purpose in keeping up the sense of the city until you reach your destination. Once removed from all these sound-making agencies, and one is conscious of an almost new atmosphere. Single sounds come through the air as arrows fly, but do not fill it. The crowing of a cock, the cawing of a crow, the roll of a

chance wagon, and the patter of horses' feet—these, one by one, rise into the air to stir it, and sink back again leaving it without a ripple. For a time this both excites and soothes. During the wakening hours the very stillness plays upon your imagination with impunity. You feel how still it is. You murmur to yourself, "O, how quiet! how tranquil!" On a side-hill, with a wide look-out, upon a rock, or under its shade, you lie for the hour stupid in the bath of stillness. The wings of birds that fly past you are audible. A leaf falling on a leaf reports itself. The squeak of field-mice, in their petty synods, the frolic and bark of squirrels, become very prominent sounds. I cannot say that such scenes are favorable to thought. It is fancy that moves quickest then. It is a nourishing of the sentiments and feelings. We said that country silence is also soothing. Let the few first nights' sleep bear witness! In the first place men's habits right themselves. We dine at noon, not at sundown. We take tea in the broad light of the sun. And, by nine o'clock, the evening has become very late, and we nod and yawn, and drop off to bed. You look out first, to see if all is right. The moon has it all her own way up there. There is not a breath of wind. The leaves hold as still as if they did not know how to swing and quiver. The cricket is singing. The whippoorwill stirs up fond remembrances. Some dog lets off a bark, as if he had pulled the trigger by accident, then shuts his muzzle, and leaves the great round heavens almost empty of sound. Ah, these long country nights, full of unawakening sleep!—H. W. Beecher.



ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.



## PLAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

We are indebted to the courtesy of our enterprising neighbor of the "Evening Gazette," for whom it was expressly drawn and engraved, for the accompanying representation of the plan for the improvement of our Public Garden, which has received the approval of the city council. The plan was drawn by Mr. George T. Meacham, of the architectural firm of Woodcock & Meacham, and the engraving was executed by Messrs. Kilburn & Mallory. The Gazette says:

"The report which we append has received the endorsement of both branches of the city council, and applications for proposals for the work are already being handed in, and so far as practicable the work will be pushed forward the present season. It is intended to have an ornamental gateway in Charles Street, opening to a broad avenue leading across the six-acre pond to be formed in the centre, to the large public square upon Arlington Street. The bridge across the pond will be a very tasty affair, and span from bank to bank at a sufficient elevation to admit of an archway for pedestrians by a circuitous path leading down by the western bank of the pond. The pond is irregularly shaped, and upon the northern side a point projecting from the eastern bank is made the site of an arbor, the balance for which is found in a fountain in the centre of the southern division of the

proved, is as follows:—The subject of the improvement of the Public Garden has long been one of great interest to the mass of our citizens. No definite plan has heretofore been agreed upon by the city council, and as long as there were parties in the government who, honestly, no doubt, thought that this spot should be laid out and sold for house lots, it was found difficult to obtain appropriations for the purpose of laying it out for a pleasure ground, open to all our citizens. But by the adoption of the Act of the Legislature of 1859, by so large a majority of the voters of Boston, to keep this tract of land open for all future time, it becomes the duty of the government to act in the matter of putting it in such a condition that it shall no longer be an eyesore, but shall be made, as it is capable of being, one of the attractions of our city to all who may visit us from abroad, as well as for ourselves. While other cities have expended, and are now expending, large sums of money for the improvement of public grounds, Boston has done but little in this direction. The area of our city is too small to allow the laying out of large tracts of land for Public Parks, and it behooves us to improve the small portions that are left to us for such purposes.

"Nearly all of the more important towns of Europe have places set apart for the amusement and healthful exercise of the people. Their num-

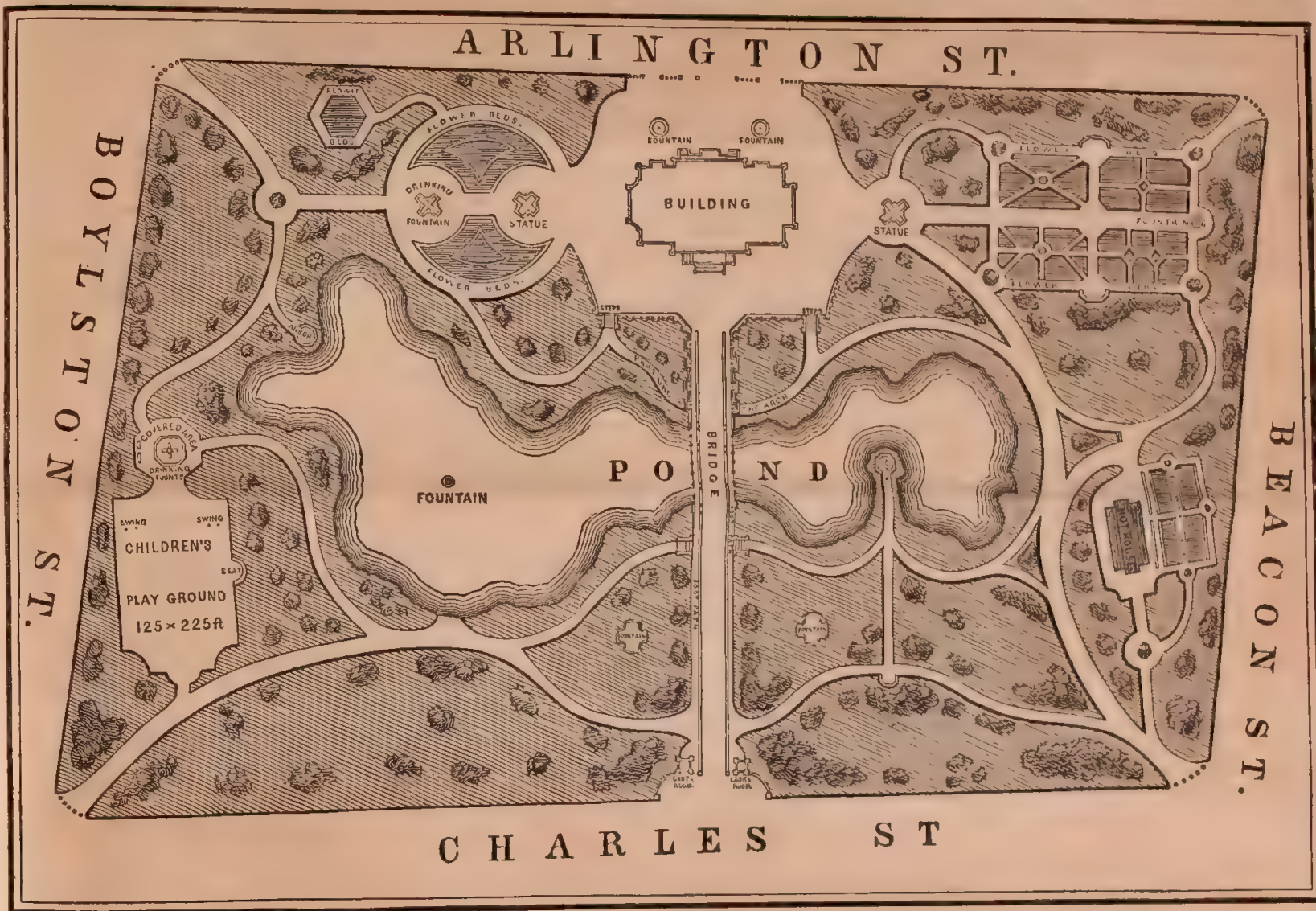
ing out a public park at Fairmount, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

Now what has Boston done? To be sure, we have the Common, and a few squares of very small dimensions, which were laid out originally for the improvement of the city lands in their vicinity; but for keeping them in order money has been very grudgingly appropriated. By the order of the board of aldermen, the committee on the Common were instructed to report a plan and estimates for the improvement of the Public Garden; and to do so, they advertised for plans, offering a premium for the one which should be accepted by the committee. Several plans were made and submitted, and the committee unanimously adopted the one marked "Arlington," which they now submit for the approval of the city council; and they would here state that they are in entire ignorance as to the authorship of the plan, and would desire that the city council should remain so until they either adopt or reject it, and thus save themselves from any imputation of partiality in their selection. The city council will note that the author of this plan has included a space for the new City Hall, in case it should ever be deemed advisable to raise such a structure on the Public Garden. The Green House has been located on the wrong side of the plan, but this can be very easily changed. The expense of executing this plan is estimated

more expensive in the end. The location is a very fine one for improvement. It is near the Common, within a stone's throw of salt water, and more generally acceptable to our citizens than any spot which could be selected. If the present city government should lay it out on any narrow policy, the people would be dissatisfied, and our successors would certainly disregard all that we do, and the money expended would be lost.

While other cities are expending fabulous amounts in the improvement of parks, squares, gardens and promenades, what should we do? To be behind in these matters would not only be discreditable to our city, but possibly injurious to our commercial prosperity, and in direct opposition to the wishes of a vast majority of the citizens.

Something has been said of the propriety of asking contributions from the people in the vicinity of the Garden. It would seem to be proper that those who are especially benefited should contribute to this end, and the committee have no reason to suppose that there would be any backwardness on this point. But it is thought by many most expedient that the city should adopt a plan and take the initiatory steps before taking contributions from any one. Hereafter, in carrying out the details of the plan, the question as to making them more or less expensive may be



PLAN OF THE IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.

pond. On either side of the entrance to the avenue on Charles Street, two small buildings are to be placed, intended respectively for the occupation of ladies and gentlemen. There are entrances also to the garden from the corners of Boylston and Beacon Streets, entering upon paths leading to the pond. On Beacon Street the green house will remain as at present; on the opposite portion, upon Boylston Street, a spacious play ground for children is set off, with a pavilion containing a drinking-fountain. Two entrances admit to the public square on a level from Arlington Street. This square, which is assigned as the site for the new City Hall, is elevated above the garden, and is approached by steps. On each side a site is indicated for a statue, and the plans of flower beds and fountains appear in graceful appositeness. Upon all the varied paths are placed seats, and drinking fountains appear at regular intervals. The hand of the architect having traced these plans, the taste of the gardener will be required to reduce the beautiful theory to practice, and make it all that it should be. The pond will be lined with stones up to the high water line, above which the banks will be sloped to a harmonious bevel and sodded, and shrubbery be allowed to grow thereon as picturesquely as may be."

The report of the Committee appointed September 29, 1859, recently presented and ap-

proved, is as follows:—The subject of the improvement of the Public Garden has long been one of great interest to the mass of our citizens. No definite plan has heretofore been agreed upon by the city council, and as long as there were parties in the government who, honestly, no doubt, thought that this spot should be laid out and sold for house lots, it was found difficult to obtain appropriations for the purpose of laying it out for a pleasure ground, open to all our citizens. But by the adoption of the Act of the Legislature of 1859, by so large a majority of the voters of Boston, to keep this tract of land open for all future time, it becomes the duty of the government to act in the matter of putting it in such a condition that it shall no longer be an eyesore, but shall be made, as it is capable of being, one of the attractions of our city to all who may visit us from abroad, as well as for ourselves. While other cities have expended, and are now expending, large sums of money for the improvement of public grounds, Boston has done but little in this direction. The area of our city is too small to allow the laying out of large tracts of land for Public Parks, and it behooves us to improve the small portions that are left to us for such purposes.

"Nearly all of the more important towns of Europe have places set apart for the amusement and healthful exercise of the people. Their number and extent bear witness to the necessity of public pleasure grounds to all dense populations. The pleasure grounds in and about London comprise over 5000 acres, including St. James Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, lying contiguous, and containing 764 acres. Among the great parks of Europe may be mentioned the Phoenix Park, in Dublin, containing 2000 acres; Birkenhead Park, near Liverpool, of about 500 acres; the Gardens of Versailles, about 3000 acres in extent; and the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, containing 2158 acres. The Thiergarten, in Berlin, contains over 200 acres; the Prater, in Vienna, about 1500 acres; the English Gardens, in Munich, about 500 acres." Madrid, Havana and Mexico have each their large promenades.

In our country, New York is now laying out its great Central Park, 723 7/10 acres, at a cost for the land alone of \$5,444,369.90. This is believed to be the largest sum ever expended in the purchase of land for a public park. In the improvement of the grounds, up to January 1 of the present year, the sum of \$583,369.27 had been expended, \$4250 having been paid as premiums for plans for the execution of the work.

Brooklyn is also moving in the matter of a public park. Philadelphia, though having more public squares than any other city in this country, has under consideration the project for laying out a public park at Fairmount, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

As to the improvement to be made, it should be such as will be a credit to the city. For the city to attempt any cheap improvement, would not only be discreditable, but would prove

determined by the amount subscribed by those living in the neighborhood. Therefore the city should begin the improvement without making a condition that others subscribe in the onset; as with such a condition the very object in view might be defeated. Nor is such a course dignified or proper on the part of a great and wealthy corporation like the city of Boston, and it might tend to the adoption of a plan which would please those who subscribed, and might not suit the public at large. Anything that would have this tendency is to be avoided.

The Public Garden is the property of the people of Boston, and the whole people. Anything which tends to limit its use, or deprive the whole people of all its benefits of light and air, and the full enjoyment of all it contains, at all suitable times and occasions, will be a direct infringement on the rights and privileges of the public. The committee are of opinion that if the plan submitted is adopted and carried out, the city of Boston will have a Public Garden which they may well be proud of, its details containing all the requirements alluded to in the foregoing remarks.

With these considerations, the committee recommend the concurrence of this board with the common council in the passage of the order relating to this subject, as amended by that branch, September 29, 1859.



## A NEW ENTERPRISE!

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

## ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

## CHOICE AND DELIGHTFUL READING,

This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

## A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

## FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

## The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

Owning one of the oldest and largest newspaper establishments in the United States, the subscriber possesses unlimited facilities which ensure the completeness and excellence of this new weekly journal.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ONE SUBSCRIBER,	\$2.00
TWO SUBSCRIBERS,	3 00
SIX SUBSCRIBERS,	8 00
TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS, (and one to the getter-up of the club),	15.00

## SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS.

☞ THE WELCOME GUEST and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION will be sent together for \$3 a year.

M. M. BALLOU,

Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DUNIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2 50
One copy, two years	4 00
Five copies, one year	9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)	20 00
☞ One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together,	\$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—The Crusaders and pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land, affixed a scallop shell to some portion of their dress, to indicate that they had crossed the sea in pursuit of their pious purpose; for scallops were found in abundance on the shores of Palestine. Those who survived the perils of the undertaking, preserved this emblem as an armorial distinction, still to be found in the heraldic quarterings of many English and other families of ancient descent.

MISS G. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Madame de Genlis, before her marriage, was called the Comtesse de Lauzy. She was a canoness at the age of four years.

PUBLICUS.—A controversy is at this moment going on in the Portuguese newspapers about the propriety of erecting a statue to the poet Camoens. Strange to say, there is not a single statue erected to Camoens throughout the length and breadth of Portugal, and yet he is the only poet of the nation that enjoys a European celebrity.

HYGIENE.—There are four millions of people in France who eat no bread. Some eat chestnuts, and some other kinds of vegetables. The people of Ireland, for a long time, subsisted mainly on potatoes. These facts prove not only that there are large numbers in civilized countries who do not raise their own bread, but an equally important fact,—that they have not the means of buying it.

CARIC.—Some persons prefer Troyon to Rosa Bonheur as an animal painter.

QUERIST.—Few persons have any idea of the annual expense attending the repairs of railroads. In England, for instance, no less than thirty thousand tons of iron are required every year for the necessary repairs of the tracks on the different roads. Twenty millions of wooden sleepers are replaced annually, useless from decay. This item alone requires the felling of three hundred thousand trees, occupying five thousand acres of land.

MRS. R. C., Montreal.—Sir John (then Lieutenant) Franklin sailed for the first time on an exploring expedition to the Arctic regions in 1805; he sailed on a second expedition in 1825; and on the last on the 23d of May, 1845.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—The circumference of the earth is estimated at about twenty-four thousand miles. The number of volcanic mountains are five hundred and fifty-nine. The greatest projectile power of any of these volcanoes, which we have read of, is that of one which ejected to a distance of nine miles masses of rock thirty tons in weight.

MEDICUS.—The natives of India so well know the salutary properties of salt, that they have applied the want of it to express the greatest evil that can befall their fellow-creatures. "May you get no salt," is the form of an Indian's curse.

## THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

Those persons who imagine that the severe punishment received by the Austrians at the hands of the French and Sardinians in Italy, has produced any change in their policy with regard to those Italians yet subject to their sway, had better dismiss the illusion as soon as possible. Advices from Venetia, the credibility of which we are not at liberty to doubt, inform us that the state of affairs in that unhappy province is as deplorable as possible. Austria has proclaimed, and foreign journals have repeated, that from the 1st of October military tribunals ceased to operate, and the state of siege was raised. This is true; but it is no less true that Austria has created a special tribunal for Venetia for political offences, decreeing that these offences shall be tried exclusively by this tribunal, holding its seat in Venice. For judges, Austria has selected men, without regard to capability, solely for their attachment to Austria. Of course these men are hated by the citizens at large, and prejudiced against them. The tribunal is a secret one; there is no publicity to the debates, and no guaranty for the production of witnesses; the accused are given up to the *ex parte* judges who sit with closed doors. When we remember the latitude given by Austrian courts to the definition of "political offences," we conjecture what injustice this secret tribunal will commit under the guise of law. It is a revival of the tribunals of the dark ages.

Taxes continue to be heaped on the shoulders of the Venetians to an insupportable extent. Prayers for abatement are unheeded, and it is said that the imposts of the past four months consume the whole yearly income of the real estate assessed. Misery and ruin stare the unhappy Venetians in the face. All the public schools are either closed or turned into barracks, only those professors and teachers being retained on salary who have become partisans of Austria. As a natural consequence of this state of things, those who are able to leave fly the city and province as if both were plague-smitten, and many hamlets are inhabited only by old men, women and children. All hope of mercy from Austria is gone—an iron tyranny weighs upon the length and breadth of the land.

These facts must stimulate the people of other parts of Italy to perseverance in their efforts to secure rulers free from all suspicion of Austrian

blood or sympathy. None of the old expelled rulers, the pets and tools of Austria, can hope to win their thrones again, without wading through a sea of blood; and neither the honeyed words of Napoleon or the worthless promises of aristocratic dukes can henceforth cozen the Italians. They have the sympathies of freemen throughout the world, and their cordial godspeed in the path of independence.

## A NEW ENTERPRISE.

It will be seen that we announce to-day the plan of a new weekly journal, which will be issued on the first of January, entitled *The Welcome Guest*, a title which we mean shall be significant of its character in each issue. We have long been engaged in perfecting the work, and, bringing not alone to bear ample resources of various minds, talent, and mechanical facilities, but also large experience in the business, we do not fear to promise our readers something superior to anything we have accomplished in the newspaper line. We are determined that the new paper shall be choice, original, and vastly attractive, introducing many new and brilliant writers, whose articles have never before appeared in our publications, embracing many varied and charming features. It will contain even more reading matter than the "Pictorial," and each article will be the product of a highly-cultivated and able pen. In short, *The Welcome Guest* shall be a gem of the first water, and make for itself an enviable and unequalled reputation.

## CARD-TABLE COMPASSION.

"So, Miss Hector died this morning of a consumption! She was no more than seventeen—a fine girl!" "Ah! is she dead? Poor thing! What's trumps?" "The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—" "Is he? I thought he would not recover. Play a spade, ma'am." "There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!" Ah, many indeed! That odd trick is ours." "The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat." "That's hard; I have not a heart, indeed sir." "He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hope that he will recover his reason." "O, I recollect, he rode against somebody. Play a spade, if you please." "The prospect to the poor at present is poor indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich." "Yes; one really gives so much in charity. I'll bet you a crown on the best club." "Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident that has happened to Mrs. —?" "What, her son drowned? O, yes. You are eight, you can call." "George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say, put an end to his life last Tuesday." "You don't say so. I had two honors in my own hand." "Yes—and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction." "Dear me, that's bad—single, double and the rub!" [*Exeunt counting their money.*]

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—The steady and large success of this place of public amusement from week to week, month to month, and year to year, is significant of its admirable management. What would Boston do without its Museum? Without Warren? Without such a manager and discreet caterer for its intelligent amusement as Mr. Kimball?

A BOOK FOR THE SEASON.—J. E. Tilton & Co. have published a volume from the pen of Jane G. Austin, entitled "Fairy Dreams, or Wanderings in Elf-Land." It is illustrated by Billings.

How is it?—A little boy being told that three yards of cloth when wet would shrink one-quarter of a yard, asked: "Well, then, if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

LONGITUDINAL.—Heber Kimball, one of the Mormon elders, recently defined longitude to be "a straight line west of London."

HEART-RENDING.—One of our exchanges thus heads a news item. If it is "heart-rending," you had better keep still about it.

ODD.—That rivers should be so full just where they empty themselves, isn't it?

## ABOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We have a word to say about this matter to the readers of our journal. The season is fast approaching in which we are accustomed to loosen our "purse-strings," and gladden the hearts of our families and friends with presents. To obtain a gift which shall be both instructive and amusing for the little folks, requires but a trifling amount of thought for the judicious parent—and the facilities are extensive, as a visit to the numerous stores will demonstrate—but what will most please my wife, daughter, or female friend, is perhaps a question requiring more reflection and judgment. An endeavor to assist the hesitating is the object of this article, and if the present we suggest does not meet the wishes of a majority of ladies at the present time, then our judgment is sadly at fault. It is a "Sewing Machine," by which we mean, of course, one worthy of the name, and which really, by its perfect operation, dispenses with the labor of hand sewing. The gentleman—be he husband, father or friend—who presents such an instrument to a lady for a Christmas or New Year's gift, in our humble opinion, bestows a souvenir at once fascinating in the extreme, useful and ornamental; for a prettier piece of furniture for a lady's boudoir, than a mahogany or black walnut cabinet, disclosing when opened an instrument so indispensable, can hardly be found. And now, reader of ours, if your taste coincides with us as to the most appropriate and acceptable, as well as elegant, gift to your lady friend, at this time, we will state for your information, as to where such an instrument may be had, that we, some months since, after a personal examination of the different Sewing Machines now before the public, decided upon and obtained for our family use one of Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co.'s elegant Cabinet Machines, and have had it in almost constant use since its reception. We have before, and over our own signature, commended this machine to public notice, believing that if it has an equal, it has no superior, in every excellence which pertains to the Sewing Machine in a perfect state.

ONE DOLLAR.—Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, as volume eleven is just about to commence. Five years have elapsed since this Magazine was first issued, each year adding to its beauty and intrinsic excellence, until it is admitted to be by far the cheapest publication in the world! No such work could be afforded for a dollar a year, were it not for the immense edition which is printed. Each number contains over one hundred pages of original matter, besides many fine illustrations, and a series of laugh-provoking engravings at the close of each monthly issue. The whole forms two volumes of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages per annum for one dollar! Enclose us the money and receive a copy by return of mail, and for a whole year.

BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—We are personally conversant with the excellence of these well-known *Bronchial Troches*, and are knowing to many instances of their remarkable success when adopted by public speakers and vocalists in this vicinity. This fact, testified to by such men as Henry Ward Beecher and Edwin H. Chapin, whose vocal powers are in more demand before the American public, than any other half dozen lecturers known to us, presents itself to all persons suffering under any bronchial or throat trouble with the most pertinent force.

GOLD.—For the first ten months of the present year the export of gold and bullion from New York was \$63,270,614. From that port the export of gold this year exceeds that of domestic produce upwards of \$15,000,000.

A QUESTION.—"Eras in the world's progress" are so common, that one may be reasonably looked for every week. But who ever reckons errors in the world's progress?

A ROYAL SWELL.—The coronation of George IV. cost \$1,190,000. His dress alone cost about \$120,000.

MAN'S HANDIWORK.—A pound of crude iron costs four cents, but by labor its value for watch springs increases to \$2000.

THOSE SEALS.—These wonderfully docile animals, at the Aquarial Gardens, Bromfield Street, are the town wonder just now.

VISITORS.—Our city hotels are thronged.



## BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID.

The following notice of this excellent article we clip from the "Daily Bee" of this city, and cheerfully endorse what it says. The Hyperion Fluid has long since attained to a "Domestic Institution," and its gentlemanly proprietor is too well known in this community to require a personal compliment:

**BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID, HAIR DYE, ETC.** Our readers and the public generally are undoubtedly familiar with the articles which have been put into the market by Mr. William Bogle, 202 Washington Street. First in point of fame and popularity is his **HYPERION FLUID**, a preparation for the hair, which is without a superior, if an equal, anywhere, and which has incited a thousand and one imitations—a fact of itself indicative of superior merit. The Hyperion is popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and is indispensable to all well-supplied toilets. Next is his **HAIR DYE**, which has received medals, diplomas, and other recognitions of merit, and which has also had to contend with hosts of base imitations. This preparation, unlike most others, contains nothing injurious either to the hair or skin, and can be safely and efficiently employed, as it is by thousands daily. His **HAIR WORK**, of various kinds, is also among the very best, no less than his head-dresses, cosmetics, perfumery, fancy articles, etc. In fact, this Bazaar is one of the lion places of the city, and is the constant resort of the best toilet-disposed people, in town and out. Whatever is obtained at this establishment may be relied upon as the best. The articles prepared by himself are the best of the best; and his Hyperion Fluid and Hair Dye are so in an especial sense.

## DICTATION TO HEIRS.

The papers at the South recently reported the death of an opulent citizen who prescribed in his will that his male heirs should belong to the Democratic party. A letter from Italy reports a similar case, as follows: "A few days ago a wealthy gentleman, Alessandro de Marchi, died at Padua, leaving behind him two sons and three daughters. When the local judge opened his testament it was found that the Paduan gentleman had left his fortune to his natural heirs on the express condition that they should forfeit it if ever they accepted office under the Austrian government, or should his daughters marry any person connected in any way with the loathsome foreign rule."

**EASTERN CIVILIZATION.**—A contrast between the accounts given by ancient and modern visitors to Palestine reveals that the change on the industrial and social habits of the people of the Holy Land is very striking. Notwithstanding all that has been said as to men of the East being so devoted to old ways, that they are in their habits all but identical with those who lived in the days of Moses, and of David, many things are stated by recent travellers which show that Western thought, politics, and generally, Western civilization, have greatly influenced the so-called immovable East.

**A DOUBTING DOCTOR.**—Dr. James Hamilton was sent for once in great haste by Lady P., to see a little favorite monkey, which was almost suffocated with its morning feed. When the doctor entered the room he saw only his ladyship, her young son (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coldly to Lady P., "My lady, which is the monkey?"

**"THE DEATH TOUCH."**—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale at all of the periodical depots at four cents per copy.

**A SOLAR WOMAN.**—An article in the last number of the Home Journal describes Madame Le Vert as a "solar woman, drawing after her a firmament of planets."

**BATHING.**—We doubt whether there exists a more effectual preventive of disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times, than the practice of bathing.

**PRACTICAL JOKING.**—The refuge for the destitute of wit, who have no power of joking any other way.

**THE SECRET OF YOUTH.**—A lady never knows how young she looks, until she has had her portrait painted.

**DOG-GEREL.**—We haven't seen any story lately of "canine sagacity."

## A SHREWD TRICK.

The Parisian rogues are among the most ingenious to be found. The following is one of the tricks formerly practised alike by women and by men. One of a party enters a restaurant, and dines either alone or in company with a confederate. During the meals, he conveys one or more pieces of plate under the table, fixing it there with wax with which he is provided for the purpose. Should the *garçons* or the master miss any of his spoons, he is in no danger, and may offer himself to be searched with perfect security. He is allowed to depart, but shortly after an accomplice enters, orders his dish, seating himself at the same table, whence he contrives to remove the secreted articles. A case occurred some time back where the *restaurateur*, suspecting the trick, suffered the first party to retire, after apologising to him for having had him searched. He, however, secretly sent for a detective in plain clothes, and bade him keep his eye upon that particular table. Presently after the departure of the "grin-chisseurs," the confederate entered, seated himself at the table in question, and, while taking his "potage," began his work, little dreaming that the peaceable-looking citizen opposite, with his back turned, was watching every movement in the looking-glass, through a hole in the newspaper he held before his face, and was appearing to read. No sooner had the last fork been transferred to his pocket, than up jumped the detective; there was nothing to be done, the property was found on him, and off he was marched to take his dessert in another locality.

## DEATH DRAMATIZED.

A prose drama has just appeared in the French and German languages, with the title of "Death," yet its leading object is to show that in the universe there is no death. The scene is laid in Norway—the time the summer of 1856. The chief interest of the drama is centered on the heroine, who is shot by her lover to save her from the effects of hydrophobia. The man then commits suicide by stabbing himself. The London Critic says: "It is a singular production, and by no means deficient in power and interest. Probably, however, it is the first time in dramatic achievements that the bite of a mad dog formed the theme and furnished the catastrophe."

**QUERY.**—Have you the dyspepsia, the asthma, the liver complaint, or do you suffer from general debility? Does your food distress you after eating? Do you suffer from nervous irritation, low spirits, or *ennui*? There is a sure and pleasant remedy for each and all of these; you must not suffer any longer. Take the Oxygenated Bitters, and you will at once realize a magic-like relief; and having tested this remarkable agent, you will recommend it to every one of your friends who suffers in a like manner. No medicine now before the public has challenged so large a degree of attention, or been more thoroughly proved by use.

**THE REASON WHY.**—A boy of six the other day broke out very abruptly with, "Father, what makes negroes black?" Father tried to explain the supposed reasons to suit his comprehension, and in the course of his remarks, said that they were descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah. George pondered awhile, and at last brightening up, he said, very gravely, "Was it smoked ham, father?"

**INCREASING.**—Between seven and eight thousand volumes have been added to the Boston Public Library during the year 1859, besides many valuable pamphlets.

**THE TURF.**—Upwards of thirteen hundred race-horses ran in England, Scotland and Wales during the last season, and nearly one hundred and fifty in Ireland.

**COMPENSATION.**—Fortune is more equally balanced after all, than half the world think it; to the rich it gives fear—to the poor, hope.

**TRUE ECONOMY.**—Check no man who builds castles in the air. The Keep of such a castle costs nothing.

**A FRENCH BREAKFAST.**—Two salt-cellars and a muffin.

**FUSS.**—The idle man's business.

## Mayside Gatherings.

A lodge of Sons of Malta has been organized in Hartford.

Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia, proposes to pass the winter in Savannah.

Cropsey, at last dates, was at the Isle of Wight, busily transcribing the coast scenery.

Anna Mary Howitt, eldest daughter of William and Mary Howitt, has been married to Alaric Alfred Watts.

The Putnam Phalanx military company of Hartford, Ct., have raised \$25,000 towards building an armory.

A grateful client, who had gained an important cause, recently bequeathed his lawyer, M. St. Laurens, of Paris, 400,000f—\$80,000.

The New Orleans papers estimate the losses by fire in that city this year to have been one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

Thirteen rascals recently escaped from the Rochester jail, Monroe county, N. Y., after locking up the jailor in a cell.

A little daughter of Mr. Edwin Shepard, of Lowell, got a bean into her throat, and choked to death before assistance could be obtained.

Lippincott, of Philadelphia, has purchased the copyright of the Prescott histories, and will, hereafter, be the exclusive publisher of these valuable works.

New MSS. of Swedenborg's writings, containing sketches of his journey in Holland in 1743, and several of his mystical speculations, have been discovered in Stockholm.

A Mr. Well, a resident of New Orleans, has just returned home from England, where he disposed of a patent for fish-hooks, of his own invention, for \$25,000. A profitable speculation.

A Washington letter asserts that Postmaster General Holt has completed his calculations for the last fiscal year, and ascertains that his retrenchments exceed by a fraction the sum of \$1,000,000.

The entire armament of all the United States national vessels amount to 3301 guns, divided thus: Liners, 872; frigates, 500; sloops, 426; steamers, 464; brigs 16; and all others, 23 guns.

An advertisement for a brass fender appeared in the Providence Journal lately. A man in Massachusetts wrote that he had had six years' experience as a brass founder, and wished to know if that was what the advertisement meant.

At the Police Court in Hartford, lately, James Cosgrove was sentenced to prison for forty days for getting drunk. "Say thirirty, yer honor," suggested Mr. Cosgrove; "thirirty deays is long enough to get the drunk out of anny man."

A Frankfort letter announces the arrest of a professor of theology at the University of Leipsic, under an accusation of having abstracted a great number of valuable manuscripts from the library of the academy.

The new monster church for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is to be erected during next year at Brooklyn, covering twelve city lots of 25 by 100 feet each. It is intended to furnish sittings for six thousand persons, and giving all an opportunity to see and hear.

Louis Spohr, the German composer, died at Cassel on the 22d of October, aged seventy-six years. He was born at Gandersheim, in Brunswick, in 1783. Of his works the best known, besides his minor compositions, were *Faustus*, *Jessonda*, *Zelmire* and *Azor*, and the oratorio *Last Things*.

The Natchez Courier states that that city is infested with so many suspicious characters, that it has become necessary to strengthen the police. Incendiarisms have been attempted, and frequent rows and disturbances have occurred under the hill, which alarms the order-loving citizens of the Bluff City.

The Todd Grenadiers of Williamsburgh is composed of giants. The company paraded one day lately with seventy guns, not one of them under six feet in height. The pioneers ranged above six feet three, the captain being six feet six in height. The standard-bearer was six feet seven and a half inches high, and the target-bearer, a portly colored man, rising six feet three inches.

A young lady of Edgefield, S. C., recently attended a family soiree as "The Evening News." One who was there describes her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being decidedly unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by candlelight a resemblance to the richest brocade, so skillful and tasteful were the arrangements of its columns.

The government of Peru has entered into a contract with Dr. Edward Cullen for the introduction of twenty-five thousand Irish emigrants. The principal stipulations are that the emigrants shall renounce allegiance to their government, and must become Peruvian citizens. The government of Peru has to pay their sea passage, and every colonist is to have about nine English acres of land.

A new method of swindling has been tried quite successfully in Philadelphia. The honey is extracted from the comb, and the cells filled with sugar. As sugar can be bought for ten cents a pound, and honey is worth twenty-five to thirty cents, the seller is enabled to clear fifteen to twenty cents a pound by the operation. This pays better than soaking beans, a plan that has been practised for some time by the hucksters.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Syllables govern the world.—Coke.

.... Reason will become sooner or later worthier of its name.—De Boufflers.

.... Things have not so much a value in themselves as a value attached to them.—Bovee.

.... Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

.... The good die first; and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket.—Wordsworth.

.... Bad taste is a species of bad morals. A conscientious man will not grossly offend in this way.—Bovee.

.... Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow; the sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us.—Carlyle.

.... As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

.... Man has created by writing an artificial memory, more faithful, more durable, more credible than natural memory.—De Boufflers.

.... There are two kinds of ambition, that which has a specific object—the ambition of practical men—and that which is general—the ambition of dreamers.—Bovee.

.... Glory is safe when it is deserved; it is not so with popularity; one lasts like a mosaic, the other is effaced like a crayon drawing.—De Boufflers.

.... Men, in honoring greatness by erecting to it monuments, do not pay greatness a debt in full of all demands, so much as acknowledge their continuing obligation to it.—Jerrold.

.... It is much more easy to inspire a passion than a faith. Were beauty but as solicitous of the one as of the other object, she need never fear that her myrtles will change to willows.—W. G. Simms.

.... We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.—Jerrold.

.... Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—Dean Swift.

.... It is in the conviction of our own feebleness that we acquire our first and best impressions of the might and majesty of God. That we still defy the one and offend the other, is only a proof that we are even weaker than we ourselves believe.—W. G. Simms.

## Joker's Budget.

Many things said at the bar seem like emanations from Punch.

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

A little girl recently described a butcher, as "the man who wears his shirt outside."

Lady Townsend was asked if Whitefield had recanted. "No," said she, "he has only *canted*."

"I must leave in *dis-gust*," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good-night" during a thunder storm.

A western editor, acknowledging a present of a buffalo, says, "The smallest favors thankfully received."

How is it proved Noah did not come first out of the ark? Because the Bible says he came forth.

An incorrigible old maid living upon slender means cut the acquaintance of a friend because he advised her to "husband her resources."

An eminent artist of this city is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" "Nothing, sir, it is not remarkable."

"That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!" "What Dean?" asked a half dozen voices at once. "Sar Dean!"

There is a lawyer down east so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have its dew.

A sharp country paper says that a boy in Boston has been arrested for charging a stranger a half dollar to go into the Common to see the moon rise.

To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied: "How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

A gentleman, whose character for veracity is established, declares that his wife returned from a shopping excursion the other day with three cents in her purse! There must be a mistake somewhere.



## THE ACCEPTED AND THE REJECTED.

The illustrated episodes of boy-love upon these two pages, were designed for us by Rowse, who has attained such a deserved reputation by his crayon heads. The French are very fond of this sort of scenes, in which boys and girls are made to play the part of men and women. These juvenilities are amusing enough. The devotion of the youthful Romeo in one picture, with the simpering coyness of his little maid, are contrasted with the hauteur and the despair of the two next figures in the companion piece. We may laugh at these scenes as the freaks of an artist's fancy—but is there no such thing as boy-love? We believe it. We believe that youths of tender age have often evinced the deepest,

## CHINA.

The North China Herald contains an interesting letter in regard to the movements of the American minister, and the ratification of the treaty. The following are extracts. It is dated Shanghai, August 22:

"The United States steam frigate Powhatan, having on board His Excellency John E. Ward, United States minister, has just arrived from the Peiho. From her officers we learn the following items of news: On the 16th ult., while the Powhatan was anchored off Peitang, there arrived an imperial edict, ordering that the American minister and suite of twenty should be escorted with all honor to Peking, and that they should leave Peitang any day after the 19th.

between Peitang and Toong-Chea, none of them, however, being in repair, or backed by forts. Boatmen said they were partly to stop the English and partly to afford shelter to junks when ice was breaking up. The legation remained in Peking fifteen days, during which they were confined to their quarters, not, however, as prisoners, for they were at liberty at any moment to walk out; but the commissioner refused the use of horses and guides, leaving it optional with Ward to grant permission to walk or not, as he saw fit. They would, doubtless, have closed the gates entirely, had not that gentleman taken a firm stand at the very first interview, informing Kwei-Liang that as soon as his movements should be at all restricted, he should close all intercourse and de-

American. The Chinese informed Mr. Ward of this, and intimated their readiness to give him up if he would demand him. This, however, the latter could not do, as he had been taken fighting under the flag of another nation. Anxious, however, to serve the poor fellow, he intimated to them that it would be a great personal favor if they would turn him over, and as such it was done. He is now on board the Powhatan. Of the sapper, nothing more is known than that he was still a prisoner.

## LIQUIFYING FLINT AND QUARTZ.

The invention for liquifying flint and quartz, several times announced within a year or two, is said to have been perfected so as to be practical.



THE ACCEPTED.

tenderest, most chivalric affection for fairies of the opposite sex. Ay, and the memory of these love passages is often vivid in the after life of maidens grown to bellehood and the honors of maternity. As the lady in the song has it:

"I remember, I remember,  
When my little lovers came,  
With a lily or a cherry,  
Or some new invented game  
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,  
To kneel before me there,  
But you know you're not so true, love,  
As those little lovers were."

We have sometimes wondered why these loves of boyhood and girlhood have never been permanently recorded. Are they classed among the follies of juvenility? or are they too tender and sacred to be laid before the world?

The edict was in answer to a communication of the American minister, informing the authorities that he was present, and ready to exchange the treaty at any time and place they might appoint. On the morning of the 20th, Mr. Ward and suite landed at Peitang, where they were received by an escort and conducted to Peking, with every show of respect. They first travelled forty-five miles across the country in covered carts, striking the Peiho some ten miles above Tien Tsing, and thence proceeding in junks to Toong-Chea, distant twelve miles from Peking, of which it is the port. There they again took carts to the capital.

"The entire trip occupied eight days and a half, five of which were passed upon the river. They passed not less than six or eight barriers

mand a return escort. It seems the emperor was very anxious to see Ward, but that he also insisted upon his performing the 'Ko-Tow,' i. e., prostrating himself nine times with his head to the ground, which, being against the principles of his excellency, was positively refused.

"The result of this was that on the fourteenth day of their stay, it was finally concluded to receive the president's letter at Peking, and to send his excellency back to Peitang to exchange the treaty, and next day they returned accordingly. Arrived at Peitang on the 16th, treaties were exchanged, and an English prisoner, named John Powell, given up. This man, who was a seaman on board the Highflyer, and who with a sapper had been captured on the 25th of June, fearing for his life, had proclaimed himself an

ly available. It is applied like paint or varnish, and soon returns to its original hardness by the action of the air. It can be used in any color on the walls of houses, theatres, churches, and all buildings, and makes them fire-proof. It can be dissolved in water, and makes a cement that is water-proof. It can be made in any form, size, shape or color. It can assume the form and color of any of the precious stones. It will make marble pure and white. It will make sandstone as solid as marble, and statues, busts, and ornaments of any size can be made, and columns of any size, form and appearance, to imitate marble of any color desired. A similar invention, under the name of liquid marble, is said to have been made by M. Jobard, of Brussels, Belgium.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.



## INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Gas was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton, in 1739, and was first employed for purposes of illumination by Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, England, in 1792. The first display of gas lights was exhibited in 1802, in Birmingham, England, on the occasion of the peace-rejoicing. It was permanently used in Manchester in 1805. It was introduced into London streets in 1807, and was in general use in 1814. Mr. David Melville of Newport, R. I., is said to have been the first person to introduce gaslight into this country. In the year 1812 he lighted his residence in Newport, a factory in Pawtucket, and Beaver Tail Lighthouse in this way. Gas was first introduced into New York in 1823.

pleted. The John Bull now belongs to the Albany Iron Works, and is kept as a curiosity. She could run about twenty miles an hour.

Saddles were in use in the third century, and are mentioned as made of leather in A. D. 304. They were known in England about 600. The saddle-cloth first occurs Hen. I. (1100-1135). Side-saddles for ladies were in use in 1138. Anne, queen of Richard II., introduced these to the English ladies.

According to Voltaire, guns were first used in a naval engagement, by the Venetians, in 1377, in a contest with the Genoese; but English authorities insist that guns were used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, and in 1347 at the siege of Calais. Small arms were certainly taken to

begun in Providence, in 1798, by Mrs. Betsey Baker, now residing in Dedham, Mass. The first bonnet she made was of seven straws with bobbin let in like open work, and lined with pink satin.

In Dodsley's Register for October, 1765, it is stated that "a method for making sugar and molasses from the sap of a certain tree called maple, common in the New England Colonies, has just been discovered and put in practice in several portions of New England, but especially at Barnardstown, about twenty miles from Athol."

Gutta percha was first brought into general notice in 1845, by Dr. Montgomery, whose attention was attracted to it by seeing it employed by the Malays to make handles for implements.

The *tout ensemble* is imposing in the extreme, and his features, uniting as they do the two expressions of robber-chieftain and great philosopher, present an appearance so often found combined in Oriental faces. Schamyl sat in his box like a statue, unexcited and unmoved, and apparently disdaining to show a symptom of approval or dislike. The coarse Kasi Mahoma, however, evidently considered an opera good fun, and could not refrain from laughing outrageously in the most pathetic scenes, provided a female singer took part in them. To judge from the gleaming expression of his eyes, during the ballet, he had fancied himself already translated into the paradise of hours. In the interval between the acts, Schamyl always lifted his eyes, looking around



## THE REJECTED.

Starch first came into use in England in 1564. It was carried thither by a Mrs. Dinghen Vandenberg of Flanders, who set up business as a professed starcher, and instructed others how to use the article for £5, and how to make it for £20.

The locomotive engine built by Mr. Stephenson in 1825—the first ever constructed—has been placed on a pedestal in the town of Darlington, England, in front of the station of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. This engine was, of course, in its day, considered a miraculous achievement. Its first trip was twenty miles in five hours. It weighs only eight tons. The first locomotive used in this country was the John Bull, which was placed upon the Albany and Schenectady Railroad soon after it was com-

England in 1388, and were invented by Schwarz about ten years before. They were a rarity in Ireland in 1489, when the Earl of Kildare, chief governor, was presented with six muskets sent from Germany. Muskets were first used at the siege of Rhegen, in 1525.

The caucus was the first machinery invented to assist the nomination of political officers.

The first pair of silk stockings were worn in France by Henry II.; two years afterwards Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair, and within thirty years 50,000 persons had adopted the luxury. It was then that France began to imitate and soon to rival the lace of the Low Countries, and that the preparation of morocco leather was begun at La Rochelle.

The braiding of straw in this country was first

The old practice in making boards was to split up logs with wedges, and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description.—*Boston Transcript*.

## SCHAMYL.

The great Circassian chief Schamyl is thus described by one who saw him at the Italian opera, at St. Petersburg, where he is a captive of the Russians. "He looks a man of about seventy years of age, has a straight nose, small brilliant eyes, a well-set mouth, and high forehead.

him and returning the gaze of the curious assembly with the dignity of a king. Curiously enough, when raising an opera glass to his eyes, the turban-covered man inspected the drop-curtain on the stage, evidently the subject of greatest interest for him in the house. I do not know whether, in looking straight forward, he intended to escape the concentrated gaze of the spectators, or whether the object of his attraction was a picture of the imperial palace of Czarko Zelo, the earthly residence of that divinity in whose hands his fate now lies. For one moment only during the whole evening I noticed a gleam of surprise pass over his composed features. This was the case when the gas in the great chandelier was suddenly turned down, and obscurity took the place of the former brilliant splendor of the scene."



## Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

### OF A DREAM.

BY MELINDA LEWIS

I dream of those I love,  
Blest spirits from above  
Are round me now.  
The hour of sweet repose,  
Like pure, unsmiled snows,  
Brings light and joy to those  
In truth who bow.

Love is the light of earth,  
The gem of priceless worth,  
Of untold wealth.  
Alike, by day or night,  
It sheds its lustre bright,  
And fills us with delight,  
The spirit's health.

Sweeter than morning's blush,  
When all the world is hush,  
Comes the blest beam,  
Which, rising from the heart,  
Can bid all gloom depart,  
And beauty's light impart,  
While yet we dream.

### MINUTE OBJECTS.

—Each moss,  
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank  
Important in the plan of Him who framed  
This scale of beings, holds a rank, which, lost,  
Would break the chain and leave behind a gap  
Which nature's self would rue.—THOMSON.

### NATURE.

The book of nature He himself hath writ  
God still delights to read, and star by star  
Unfolds the volume of the universe—  
Fate-clasped—in time and order by him fixed.  
BAILEY.

### CHARITY.

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.  
BYRON.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

### GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Washington Street is really getting to be an avenue of commercial places. What if it does not run in a perfectly straight line?—Hogarth long ago demonstrated that beauty consisted in curves. What if its architecture be not uniform?—variety is the spice of life. For our part, we like a winding street, and we admire the picturesque of contrasted styles of building. The new block opposite the head of Franklin Street is superb, that at the corner of Franklin and Washington Street is rich and solid, and the Chickering's new building, which we have illustrated, strikes as a fine example of the combination of beauty and utility. The rich architecture of this great central avenue, the brilliancy of the ladies' costumes as they flutter in and out of the stores on the street, and the busy crowd, in the active pursuit of that never failing stimulant, amusement, making up a tableau unique in character and exceedingly striking and effective. Edwin Booth's engagement at the Howard was triumphant from beginning to end. This young actor now stands confessedly at the head of his profession. His Hamlet is the best we ever saw. The Ravens have, of course, been coining gold at the Boston Theatre. When and where did they ever fail to achieve success?....Excellent entertainments nightly fill the Boston Museum. Friend Kimball's long and deserved success stands out in strong contrast to the fluctuating fortunes of a majority of managers. ....Several fine paintings have been added lately to the Athenæum gallery. ....G. L. Brown, the American landscape painter, has returned to this country for a brief visit, after many years' residence in Italy. ....Miss Lander's statue of Evangelina has attracted many visitors to Williams & Everett's. ....The clerk of the Cincinnati probate court lately issued a marriage license for the union of an old man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The man, "a rickety old chap," said the disparity in their years was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them. ....Several municipal changes are to take place on the first of January next in Paris, when the boundaries of the city of Paris are to be extended to the fortifications. Hackney coach fares are to be regulated by time, and no longer by the set down. The omnibus fare is to be reduced from six to four sous, but the correspondence is to be suppressed. It is further stated that the railway round Paris, which is now used exclusively for the conveyance of merchandise from one railway to another, will be opened to the public. ....In Bologna, Florence, Modena, Parma, Genoa, and Milan, the workmen are forming themselves into societies, entitled the Unitarian Legion; they are flocking to arms around Garibaldi and Fanti. They are swelling by their mites the subscriptions for the equipment of the volunteers for the Venetian emigration, and all their words and actions prove that they are willing to make any sacrifice for any length of time, so that the national sword be not replaced in its scabbard until Italy, from Sicily to the Alps, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, be one and independent. ....A Miss Thompson, in Tennessee, has recently recovered \$15,000 in a suit for breach of promise of marriage against a man named Patterson. The case excited great interest, as the most eminent counsel in the State were engaged upon it. The verdict is the heaviest ever rendered in a case of the kind in Tennessee. ....The Delhi correspondent of the Calcutta Englishman states

that the passport system has been discontinued, and that natives are now allowed to come into the city and go away from it unquestioned. The writer adds: "The palace of the Timours is now wearing an Anglicized garb. All that was unsightly or disagreeable has been blown up or knocked down, and all the gilt and enamel-domed (doomed?) 'Halls' of audience, justice, etc., have been converted into very neat airy dwellings for the European troops. Selimgurh, the old fort, has been made over to the railway authorities as a store yard. A new road and gateway has been opened out near the 'water gate.' In a couple of years we may begin to look out for the 'snort of the iron horse' in the neighborhood of the imperial city, and if that don't astonish the natives nothing will."....It seems that the heat of gas is liable to injure paintings exhibited by gas light. Mr. Ruskin writes to a London paper to relieve himself from any supposed responsibility as to lighting the pictures either of Reynolds or Turner with gas. "On the contrary," he says, "my experience would lead me to apprehend serious injury to those pictures from such a measure, and it is with profound regret that I have heard of its adoption." He specifies the pictures of Reynolds and Turner, because "the combinations of coloring material employed by both these painters are various and to some extent unknown; and also because the body of their colors shows peculiar liability to crack and to detach itself from the canvas."....There is a spring on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred miles east of El Paso, which is said to be one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of nine thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is as smooth as that of a mountain lake. The water is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called the "Leon Hole."....One of the largest and most conspicuous of the clothing establishments in Paris has hit upon a singular expedient for convincing its customers and the public at large that its goods were no "slop-work," the produce of poor needle women stitching in a garret, but the genuine handiwork of real live male votaries of the thimble. It converted one of the largest of its magnificent show-windows into a working-room, fitted up with benches rising one above another, and there it paraded, *pro bono publico*, a whole army of tailors, employed at once in "confectioning" its goods and convincing the world of the durability of the workmanship. Crowds gathered round to see the sight, which is described as odd enough, even in the daytime; but when brilliantly lighted with gas, the effect of these nine-and-twenty talons all stitching in public, before a gaping crowd, was irresistibly comic. ....The appropriation for carrying on the Artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has been exhausted, and the work has stopped unfinished. The well is already two thousand three hundred and forty feet deep, being four feet deeper than the deepest well of the kind heretofore existing in the world. The people of Columbus must remember that "all's well that ends well."....Great improvements have been made in the Palace of the Tuileries at Paris. The apartments occupied by the empress have been newly decorated, and may challenge comparison with those of any palace in Europe. The empress's boudoir is modelled after one of the chambers in the Alhambra. There are eight panels in the small drawing-room, on which are painted the portraits of the ladies of the court most favored by her majesty. Among them are the Countess de Morry, the Countess Walewski, the Countess Persigny, and the Duchess of Malakoff. ....The sentence of Captain Holmes, of Maine, condemned to death for the murder of a sailor, has been commuted by the president to imprisonment for life. ....Captain Thomas Paine, of the United States Navy, died at Washington lately, at the age of 73. He entered the service in 1812. ....The greatest bore of the age is Louis Napoleon. His policy, what he will do next, what he meant by his last speech, what he will say in his next speech, what he will mean by what he will say in his next speech in case he does say it, what he means by pointing his moustaches down droopingly instead of curling them up defiantly as he used to do—these questions, and numberless others of equal unimportance, have been made the theme of constant discussion in public and in private, in conversation and in print, until sensible people have become disgusted with his very name. As the red republicans say, "Enough of Louis Napoleon."....It is estimated that the British nation spends annually about \$2,000,000 for perfumery. The annual revenue derived from the duty on foreign essential oils used in the manufacture of scents is about \$60,000, that from the importation of Eau de Cologne is about \$60,000 more, while the duty on the spirits used in manufacturing the essential oils into perfumery is at least \$100,000 additional. ....The banking house of Stelgitzolo of St. Petersburg, well known by their negotiations of Russian loans, and by their connection with the Russian government, as well as by their extensive financial operations abroad, announce their intention of withdrawing from business on January 1, 1860, when their affairs will be liquidated. ....The new Creole company of chasseurs a pied, at New Orleans, turned out for the first time recently. Their appearance is thus described by the True Delta: "Their little jaunty cap and very short frock-coat are each of navy blue cloth, trimmed with a narrow strip of yellow. The epaulettes are yellow, with green fringe. The loose baggy breeches, confined at the knee, are of a mouse-colored cloth. The leggings are of buckskin, with white gaiter-tops and Sebastopol shoes. They carry Minie rifles, with the sword bayonet. In the morning they had their new flag blessed in the St. Louis Cathedral, when the church was densely crowded, and the ceremony was imposing."....Hume, the well-known rapping medium, has recently acquired a new power, by which he places living, but widely separated, friends in connection, and enables them to hold conversation. ....An American traveller in Europe, in describing the German railways, says that "Smoking is all but universal in railway carriages. In some of them, in fact, I have seen this queerly illustrated by a small compartment of the car devoted to those who did not like tobacco smoke—quite the reverse of our system of smoking cars."....Lady Franklin is now in London, England, for the winter, and though satisfied as to the

fate of her universally lamented husband, she will be the first to come forward with a handsome subscription towards any expedition for further research, for the public are anxious for more particulars, and some even cling to the hope that there are survivors still of the ill-fated Franklinites. ....Of all the materials for making flutes, neither ebony, nor cocowood, nor glass, nor silver, nor gold, nor boxwood, nor any other known substance, is equal to vulcanized India-rubber. The manufacturers of the world renowned flutes, after repeated experiments, and the test of several years' use, have decided to adopt India rubber as the principal material in their extensive manufactory. ....The Portland Argus says the disappointment concerning the Great Eastern's visit has been a serious injury to Portland. Much has been expended in various ways, in anticipation of her presence and the crowd it would draw, which will be a partial or total loss. It has also had the effect to delay and embarrass business transactions. ....Adolphe Regnier, member of the French Institute, has prepared a French translation of Schiller's works, of which the first volume containing his biography, his poems and dramas, will soon appear. ....It is expected that the bridge over the Rhine at Strasburg will shortly be opened to the public, and when that great work is accomplished, the journey from Paris to Vienna will be made in thirty-four hours. ....In the "Tomb" (N. Y.) Police Court, recently, a "skinner" lawyer was impudent to the clerk, who immediately gave him a severe mauling. The judge looked on approvingly, and when the fight was over complimented the clerk's science. ....A Congregational minister in Harrington, Ct., was abundantly successful, a few Sundays since, in "bringing down the house." A portion of the plastering fell with a loud noise, waking all the sleepers in the congregation, who listened attentively to the balance of the sermon, and pronounced it unusually excellent.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### Matters in General.

It is vaguely reported that Garibaldi, at his interview with Victor Emmanuel at Turin, declared that Italy had been betrayed by the course of the powers since the peace, and that he would head a revolution to secure the independence of his country. The King of Sardinia protested warmly against such a proceeding.—The Great Eastern is laid up in winter quarters. On her last trip she behaved very well in heavy weather and a rough sea-way. The ship seemed to swing herself with a side-long, gentle motion over every wave, dropping deeply and easily beyond them with a regular slow roll, and often quite deep enough to leave one paddle-wheel quite out of water, turning high and dry in the air. This motion of the vessel is attributed to her very light immersion, and to the fact of her having no upper weights to counter-balance the coals stowed below. The whole roll of the vessel is calculated at only eight degrees each way, or sixteen degrees in all, an every day amount to smaller vessels, though something for one which was supposed to be almost immovable by wind or sea. The greatest speed attained was over fifteen and a half knots, or close on to eighteen miles per hour.—At no time since the Russian war has greater activity been observable than at present at Woolwich Arsenal, in preparation of war material for the coast defences, and for China. The fortifications at Dover are to be extended forthwith, and several batteries reconstructed.—The organization of the French army for China is considered definitely settled, and preparations at the seaports for embarkation have been already commenced.—The statement is reiterated that the pope has promised to grant the reforms recommended by the Emperor Napoleon, after the insurgents of Romagna have returned to their allegiance.

### Regatta at Genoa.

The King of Sardinia recently visited the principal establishments of Genoa, and went on board the Victor Emmanuel transatlantic steamer, in order to witness a regatta. The appearance of the port is described as having been magnificent on that occasion, all the vessels being dressed out as on great festivals, and the port covered with gay pleasure boats. The king himself distributed the prizes to the winners, and then returned to Turin, having during his stay at Genoa everywhere received marks of the most loyal affection.

### A Monster Omnibus.

A curious model of a monster omnibus has been exhibited on the Boulevards of Paris. This omnibus will accommodate forty-five passengers. The upper part represents a char-a-banc, with two longitudinal benches, with a back common to both. There is likewise a third bench behind the coachman. These benches will accommodate twenty-five persons, protected from rain and sun by a screen, which may be raised or let down at pleasure.

### Heinrich the Composer.

The venerable Anthony Philip Heinrich recently arrived at Dresden, where he is busily engaged in bringing out several of his musical works. Although now nearly an octogenarian, he intends stopping awhile in England, previous to returning to America, the land of his adoption for the last half century.

### War on Moustaches.

There is an actual war going on in the papal States. It is a crusade against the moustaches and beards of the civil functionaries of the government, who have been formally "invited," by a ministerial circular, to doff those anarchical appendages.

### Invasion of England.

Napier and also Admiral Berkeley have both been publishing letters on the subject of a possible French invasion. The admiral favors a swarm of gunboats for defence. The rifle movement is becoming very general throughout the country.

### Another Swedish Nightingale.

The Swedish dilettanti boast of having found a second Mn'le. Lind in another national songstress, Mn'le. Kocke.

### French Literary Names.

Madame la Vicomtesse de Renneville, who writes about fashions, is not the only titled person belonging to the Paris press. Several penny papers are edited by countesses. Many of the *feuilletons* are counts or barons; in fact, every person who can get his writings published, considers himself entitled to any grand name he happens to think of. The French law is strict in regard to assuming titles; but these persons say that it is their nom de plume, and they therefore cannot be interfered with. In the meantime, they get known by these titles, or rather noms de plume, and all the glory of having a fine name is enjoyed by this ingenious method.

### France and the East.

The French government proposes to establish a direct steam communication between France, India and China. The French trade is said to be valued at from four to five million pounds sterling per annum, and is now carried on almost exclusively through the means of English steamboats. The government proposes to act as a banking house, with a view of facilitating commercial relations with those countries where it is alleged English houses now reign supreme. The French government have appointed a committee to inquire into the scheme.

### Paris.

English families are selling off their furniture and leaving Paris. Alarmists attribute this flight to fears of war and invasion—this is a sad mistake; all these English people are leaving Paris because it is getting to be so expensive a place as to render it impossible for persons of limited incomes to enjoy such comforts as they did up to the present time. Rents have risen in a most fabulous manner. Even on the fifth floor one must pay from £100 to £200 a year for apartments that ranged five years ago from £60 to £70.

### The Chinese Empire.

An official census, taken in China, twice during the present century, at an interval of forty years, gives the following results: The first, taken in 1812, by order of the Emperor Kia King, gave the number of inhabitants at 360,279,597; and the second, in 1852, under the reign and by order of the present emperor, Hien Foung, 536,090,300. If these accounts be correct, and there is nothing to lead to the supposition that they are not, the population has in forty years increased 176,827,703.

### Collection of Coins.

The Count de Salas has lately presented to the British Museum a large and valuable collection of coins. They are in fourteen cabinets, containing altogether as many as seven thousand coins, which have been selected from the collection with great care, and at an expense of about \$25,000. The donor has also offered his services gratuitously to the Museum, to assist in arranging the collection, or in amalgamating it with that already in the Museum.

### Vivien's Song.

Vivien's beautiful song from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," has been set to music by the well-known composer, John Barnett. The Spectator says of it—"Tennyson's thoughtful and earnest verses are set with congenial feeling; and every one who feels the strength of the words will feel the beauty of the music."

### Lucifer Matches.

Lucifer matches are producing much mischief in Paris. By two recent accidents, five children have been burned to death. In one instance, three children of a farmer not only immolated themselves, but burnt down a barn and all its contents, and the mother died from the agitation.

### Monument to the Stephensons.

Sir John Paxton was written to the London Times, from Spain, suggesting the removal of Mr. G. Stephenson's remains from Chesterfield Church to Westminster Abbey, where a joint monument to father and son could be raised.

### Arctic Expeditions.

According to the statement of Mr. W. Parker Snow, who has been lecturing at Stepney on the death of Sir John Franklin, there have been ninety expeditions to the North Pole, at a total expense of £860,000.

### Spain and Morocco.

The preparations which Spain is making for a war with Morocco are on so large a scale as to justify the general impression that the conquest of new territory, or a permanent occupation of the enemy's country is projected.

### Russian Steamers.

A ship-builder in St. Petersburg has orders to construct, by next spring, a hundred and fifty screw steamers, intended for the navigation of the Neva. Steam navigation on that river is being developed.

### German Railroad.

They are rejoicing in Germany over the certain prospect of the formation of a railway from Bremen to the sea, to which so many obstacles have been raised by the government.

### Proctor the Tragedian.

The English papers generally speak of Mr. Joseph Proctor the tragedian in terms of high praise. His Othello and Macbeth receive much commendation in the London papers.

### The Yacht "Fox."

Lady Franklin has concluded to sail the steam yacht Fox, which so successfully conveyed Captain M'Clintock and his brother heroes to the fulfilment of their mission.

### Alessandria, Italy.

Some of the churches of Alessandria, which had been turned into hospitals during the war, have just been reopened for public worship.

### Central Italy.

It is now denied that the governments of Central Italy are in great pecuniary difficulties.

### Austrian Steamers.

The Swiss Federal Council has bought the Austrian steamers on the Lago Maggiore.



**TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.**—Twenty-five cents per line. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our large edition occupies fourteen days in printing. Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, No. 22 Winter Street.

### THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Coughs, Colds, Coughs, Colds, Coughs, Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma, Quinsy, Asthma, Quinsy, Asthma, Quinsy, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs or Chest, Consumption, Consumption, Consumption, Consumption.

For all these diseases the universal remedy is

**Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.**

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

"We assure our readers that they can find no better remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, or any disease of the throat or lungs."—*Olive Branch.*

"Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim our first attention, as neglect often leads to fatal results. The remedy for these diseases is Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a Balsam with 'healing on its wings'."—*Nashua Gazette.*

"This standard medicine, which has long since received the endorsement and recommendation of medical men, can be used with entire confidence for the amelioration and cure of the various complaints for which it is prepared. We feel that we do the afflicted a service in calling their attention to it."—*Maine Farmer.*

"Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has achieved many remarkable cures of pulmonary disorders—its success being so great that, taken in time, it is deemed a specific."—*Saratogian.*

### Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., 18 Tremont Street, Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers in every city and town in New England and elsewhere.



### LADIES' AND GENTS' Furnishing Goods.

Hosiery and Glove Store,

At the sign of the Red Striped Stocking, 27 Winter Street.

Ladies, Gents, Misses, and Boys' Silk, Merino, Cashmere, all Wool, Cotton and Wool, Plain and Ribbed, and Scotch Wool.

#### UNDER VESTS AND DRAWERS.

Hosiery—Silk, Worsted and Cotton, of all the various sizes, styles and qualities, including Ladies' and Misses' extra length Worsted Hose.

#### WATCHSPRING SKIRTS.

Skirt Supporters—A new article, approved by all physicians for health and comfort. Ladies are invited to examine the article.

Gloves—In almost endless variety. Sucker Socks. Woolen Yarns—A great variety.

KNIT TALMAS, SONGS, CLODS, SHAWLS AND HOODS, of many styles. THREAD STORE GOODS.

### DIX & EVANS,

nov5 cop4w 27 WINTER STREET.

### LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and responsible party, is deserving of attention, and we present the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from J. B. Eaton, Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads, a gentleman well-known to our citizens, who thus speaks of the Curative, from which he received radical relief:

NASHUA, N. H., March 11, 1889.  
PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your "Nervous Curative" for the cure of Chills, and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your Nervous Curative according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of Pleurisy, and I applied your Nervous Curative, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to the afflicted.

Yours truly,  
J. B. EATON,  
Road Master, Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroad.

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

#### ASTHMA.

A distinguished Barrister at Law, writes from Augusta, Maine, as follows:

"When I commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, I had been afflicted with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; in a bad attack, I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy, I found an unaccustomed relief; my health and strength began to improve; I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me."

The medicine referred to above, is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and is for sale by Druggists generally \$1.00 per bottle. nov26 5w

**SHEET MUSIC** bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.



CROUP, COLDS, HOARSENESS AND INFLUENZA. IRRITATION, SORENESS, OR ANY AFFECTION OF THE THROAT CURED, THE HAVING COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, OR COUGH LOZENGES.

"A simple and elegant combination for CROUPS, &c."

DR. G. F. BUCKLEY, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"Most salutary relief in BRONCHITIS."

REV. S. BERNARD, Morristown, Ohio.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD."

REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"Effective in removing HOARSENESS and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."

PROF. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga.

Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit taken before and after preaching, as they prevent HOARSENESS. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."

REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Also, BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. nov26 2w

### The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

#### MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address.

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD,

Room No. 2, 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, sept3

### FOUSEL'S PABULUM VITÆ!

THIS CELEBRATED AND VALUABLE COMPOUND was prepared by an eminent physician in France, and brought to its present state of perfection and usefulness after years of toil and research. It has been used in many of the principal hospitals, and received the approval of the most celebrated physicians abroad. In the United States, and particularly in this city (where it was first introduced), as well as in Europe, it has received the most unbounded approbation. It has never, in a single instance, failed to produce either a perfect Cure, or at least the most satisfactory relief in cases beyond the power of medicine. No family should be without it, as many valuable lives may be saved by its timely use. For the treatment of

Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bleeding at the Lungs, and Other Pulmonary Complaints,

it is without a rival in the history of medicine, and has everywhere met with the most distinguished success. It takes pre-eminence rank from its purity and freedom from deleterious ingredients, its pleasant taste, and the smallness of the dose.

Patients who have not too long neglected their diseased pulmonary organs, may rest assured that the use of this medicine, when accompanied by careful attention to the easy directions, will effect a permanent cure.

F. J. LAFORME, BOSTON, MASS., Sole Agent.

M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, General Agents. And may be had of any apothecary, or by express. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

#### BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parting.

#### BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. coply may28

### BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

#### COLLECTION OFFICE,

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

#### UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought and for sale.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, JOSEPH W. DAVIS,

ewly 12 Attorney, 25 State St., Boston.

#### Designing and Wood Engraving.

KILBURN & MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

nov5 REFER TO BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. cop3m

116,000. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY has reached the remarkable circulation in four years, and is rapidly increasing. One hundred pages of original reading in each number. Fully illustrated. Enclose one dollar and receive the cheapest work in the world for a whole year.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street

### NEW COOKING RANGE.

IF these requiring Ranges will thoroughly examine my Double Oven Range, patented January 1884, they will see such important and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (raising the oven to a quick and perfectly even, without the usual tedious complication of dampers) together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fire heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen and obtained at my store, 99 and 101 Back-stone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my Fine Furnaces, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

### BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROWN, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS AND CRACKED COCOA.

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages.

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparation made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. O. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundage, Baltimore; Kenneth, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co., sept24 1t Dorchester, Mass.

### JOHNSON'S IMPROVED

#### DOUBLE THREAD

#### FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

#### FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

#### Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,

oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

### SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also

#### MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

In Cases,

#### FRENCH WOOD PIPES,

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

at 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct15

#### Pianos and Melodeons to Let

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

\$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER,

With no charge for rent, if purchased within one year.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,

277 WASHINGTON STREET.

### A CURIOSITY

#### FOR EVERYBODY.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most curious and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

#### THIS REAL NOVELTY

is for sale at all of the periodical depots for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

☞ Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & Co.,

sept 2 1t 35 School Street, Boston.

#### DIABETES.

BY this term is meant that mysterious affection of the kidneys, originating in a perversion of the nutritive powers, in which the strength is gradually drained away by the excessive secretion of urine. Remedies are usually merely palliative, but the PERUVIAN SYRUP, by its iron element, introduces a vitalizing influence into the most secret chambers of nature's laboratory, and presides over the composition of the vital fluids.

#### BOOK BINDING.

#### SHEET MUSIC, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS,

Bound and Returned in One Week.

At No. 23 Winter Street,

BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

#### READER—If you want employment that will pay,

take an agency Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with stamp for particulars,

nov12 8w S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

#### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

—This is the best miscellaneous weekly paper in the country, containing more original matter than any other. It keeps its readers fully informed upon all the topics of the day, besides furnishing novelettes, tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, foreign and domestic news, wit and humor, and poetic gems. Sent by mail for \$2 a year, and for sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

No. 22 Winter Street

### BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelette style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

**THE BLACK AVENGER.** This is a story of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, during the eventful period of their sway in the West Indies.

Written for us by.....NED BUNTLINE.

**THE ARMORER OF TYRE:** OF THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIZE! This romance of ancient Tyre is one of the most popular of Cobb's stories, and paints a very glowing picture of life in that luxurious city.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE UNKNOWN MASK:** OF THE BELLE OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**THE DANCING STAR:** OF THE SMUGGLER OF THE CUREAQUE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life.

Written for us by.....J. H. INGRAHAM.

**THE FOUNDLING:** OF HERMIONE OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century.

Written for us by.....MAJOR F. O. HUNTER.

**THE GIPSEY BRIGAND:** OF THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end.

Written for us by.....DA. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER:** OF THE PROPHECY OF THE BOHEMIAN WALT. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE WITCH OF THE WAVE:** OF THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marine. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover.

Written for us by.....CAPT. HENRY P. CLEVELAND.

**THE BLACK KNIGHT:** OF THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE ROYAL GREENS:** OF THE SCOUT OF THE SCAGUHANNA. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE SEA LION:** OF THE PRIVATEER OF THE PHOENIX. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE TURKISH SLAVE:** OF THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated.

Written for us by.....LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

**PAUL LABOON:** OF THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**THE MAID OF THE RANCHE:** OF THE REGULATOR AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed.

Written for us by.....DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

**THE OCEAN MARTYR:** OF THE HINTER SEY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**CAPTAIN BELT:** OF THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote.

Written for us by.....F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

**THE SMUGGLER:** OF THE SECRETS OF THE COAST. This is acknowledged to be Cobb's greatest and best novelette, full to the brim of startling and vivid life, and containing a most intensely interesting plot.

Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

**IVAN THE SERF:** OF THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest.

Written for us by.....AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

**THE CASTILLAN BRIDE:** OF THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end.



## SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE.

This structure, an illustration of which we give below, was designed by I. W. P. Lewis, civil engineer, of Boston, and erected under the superintendence of Lt. G. W. Meade, Top. Engineer U. S. A., assisted by W. C. Dennison, of Boston, and James W. James, of Philadelphia. It is constructed almost wholly of iron, of which material over four hundred and fifty tons have been used, and it has cost the sum of \$100,000. Sand Key, upon which it is built, is the most southern point of land in the United States, and distant from the city of Key West nine miles, and from Havana, Cuba, eighty miles. The key is a barren sand bank, thrown up by the action of the waves, and contains an area of one acre. This sand, seen in the sun, has a white, glaring appearance, dazzling to look upon. Near the centre is the Lighthouse, which is mounted upon seventeen wrought iron piles; they are screwed into the loose rock, and stand at the distance of ten feet, and at the surface form an inner square of sixteen feet, and an exterior square whose side is fifty feet. These piles are surmounted by coupling boxes, which receive the pillars that rise at an angle of seventy-eight degrees, and extend to the lantern deck, which is sixteen feet square. These pillars are connected together by rods or braces, and together form a complete network of iron, each piece having its own appropriate duty to perform, and necessary for the perfect safety of the whole. Upon the top of the first series of pillars is placed the keeper's dwelling—quite beyond the reach of the highest wave which can break about it. It is large, well arranged and ventilated. There are nine rooms each twelve feet square, with good accommodation for the keeper, his family and attendants. Around the dwelling runs a gallery, forming a fine promenade. From the centre room rises the cylindric tower, built—as is the dwelling—of ribbed or corrugated iron. It contains the stairway to the lantern, having in all one hundred and twelve steps; at the upper landing is the watch room, containing the machinery for the revolving of the light, the spare lamp, oil, etc., and above is the Fresnel Illuminating Apparatus, which is of the first order. There is a fixed octagon frame of lenses below; above, a conical section of prismatic lenses, and in the centre a revolving frame, also of octagonal shape, having in each alternate side a lens of great magnifying power, which exhibits a flash of intense brilliancy for ten seconds every two minutes, preceded and followed by a partial eclipse of twenty-five seconds' duration, and a bright light of one minute. The focal plane is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, and the light can be seen from the deck of an ordinary sized vessel at the distance of eighteen miles. The height of the structure from the heel of the centre pile to the summit of the tower is one hundred and thirty-two feet. This Lighthouse is now in charge of Captain Latham Brightman, of Key West, who is a competent man and well fitted for his responsible station. As will be observed, the construction of this lighthouse is of the most thorough character, and it does effective service in the navigation of those dangerous passages along the reefs of Florida. In our engraving, it will be seen, the islands beyond bound the harbor of Key West, which city is seen to the right of the picture. We say, success to every lighthouse that throws its gleams over the trackless path of the mariner!

It has, singularly enough, a literature 900 years old. There are four presses on the island and four newspapers. About 60 volumes are published in a year, but most of them are printed in Copenhagen. There are colleges and academies of medicine there and common schools. But most of the education is domestic in its character. The fathers teach the children so effectually that a young Iceland boy or girl of eight years old cannot be found who does not know how to read and write. Wandering minstrels, like those of the old time in Scotland and Germany, were still to be found traversing the country and dropping in on families happy to receive them, who gladly gave them a night's supper and lodging in exchange for their lay. The Icelandic church is Lutheran. There are 199 churches on the island with 280 clergymen. For a little time the Mormons disturbed the regular church-going members, but their influence soon waned. The clergy waxed in vigilance and brought the feeble-minded back to the faith of their fathers. Since 1760 the climate of Iceland has been gradually growing milder.

## FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE.

Here is an amusing sketch of the familiar intercourse of two men of great renown, but little souls, from the Rev. J. H. Gurney's "God's Heroes and the World's Heroes." "Our sketch would be incomplete without some notice of Frederick's intercourse with Voltaire—kings and despots, both of them, in their own domain. In peaceable times, Frederick's reckless spirit found employment in literature; and thinking that his business was rather to enlighten mankind than to master what wiser men had written, he poured forth volume after volume, in French, of indifferent prose and worse poetry. He desired to have a critic at hand to cor-

description, when we consider the pretensions of both parties, and the terms on which they came together. 'You are a philosopher,' Frederick had written in the letter of invitation, 'and I am one also. What more natural than that we should enjoy each other's society? I respect you as my master in eloquence and knowledge; and I love you as my master in tea, chocolate, sugar, and other articles. The 'virtuous friend' complained that they were bad, the purveyors being a cheating set. Frederick replied, that in that case the philosopher might do without them; his sublime studies need not be interrupted by attention to such trifles. Voltaire was in a rage, and to reimburse himself sold his wax candles, taking care, when he left the royal apartments for his own, always to bring a long one with him, which was never returned.'

## QUARTZ GOLD MINING.

The process hitherto pursued of crushing auriferous quartz by the aid of machinery, in order to extract the gold, has not answered the expectations at first entertained. The task is found arduous in working, as well as limited in usefulness, while the returns inadequately remunerate the trouble and expense of the undertaking. An expedient of a more simple kind, equally efficient, and generally available, is proposed for accomplishing the same object with facility, at a moderate cost, and superseding the necessity of mechanical contrivance. The requisite operations are performed through the instrumentality of chemical influence, and are conducted with but little outlay of labor in the execution. Repeated trials, on the small scale, with specimens, have proved uniformly successful; and apparently no obstacle exists to prevent the adoption of similar processes, on the large scale, by mining companies, with a view to test the practical benefits of the plan in a way both satisfactory and conclusive.

The prescribed mode of treatment consists in an application of slow fire to the quartz, conveniently placed for ignition, and replenished with fuel until the hardest stone becomes heated to a sufficient degree of intensity. Arriving at which reddened condition, water for quenching must be poured on the roasted mass of rock, or small portions must be immersed—an immediate change ensues on the quick transition, producing the desired result, and disintegration is completely achieved. A brief explanation will suffice to assign the specific cause, and to elucidate the physical consequences. It has been ascertained, from several experiments, the tempering of steel included, that the expansive element, cold water, when brought into sudden contact with caloric, generates besides steam, strong electric action, which fact is fully established in the present instance by clear induction. The solid crystallized substance, subjected to a shock from the power and force which the subtle fluid insensibly exerts, crumbles at once into friable pieces, leaving the precious metal, without fusion, entirely disengaged from adhesion to the brittle fragments, and in a fit state for collection—free from waste.—*London Mining Journal.*

Upon matters which are affected by feeling and sentiment, the judgment of woman surpasses that of man; her more sensitive nature carries her to heights above his coarser nature.



THE SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

## ICELAND.

A very interesting paper on Iceland, written by an Icelander and duly translated, was read by Mr. Fiske before the New York Historical Society a few evenings since. A sort of mystery hangs about that far-distant island of the frozen seas, and any contribution to our knowledge of it must be always welcome. It was discovered in the year 863, and since that time has had its archaeological and its literature. Long before the birth of Columbus its "Northmen" discovered America. At an early period it had trial by jury. The long winter nights made the people poetical. The Skalds or wandering bards, travelling from farm-house to farm-house, were, and are even at this day, a feature of the intellectual life of the Icelanders. On the shelves of the public libraries of Copenhagen and Stockholm were hundreds of printed volumes and thousands of manuscripts, illustrative of the genius of those primitive people for poetry and romance. They were conquered by the Norwegians. They were conquered by the Danes, and for a long time their scholars belonged rather to Denmark than the native island—a little island, 312 miles in length by 200 miles broad, with large portions uninhabitable, containing, in 1835, fifty six thousand inhabitants, and in the present year, sixty nine thousand five hundred; noticeable, as we all know, for its natural phenomena, its geysers, or hot springs. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the Danish government thought this little island worthy of being represented in the legislature of Copenhagen, and allowed it to send two delegates.

The language spoken in Iceland is the Old Scandinavian, closely akin to the Saxon with no admixture of Greek or Latin roots.

rect what was faulty in his compositions, and, as a royal author, coveted for his own the Prince of Critics. So overtures were made to Voltaire to come to Potsdam, there to be entertained with courtesy and honors suited to his fame; and to Potsdam, in an evil hour, he went. Never did a palace hold two such men, with talents at once so great and so perverted. The king sat up stairs writing his history or dabbling in philosophy; or penning alternately lampoons and compliments; and Voltaire sat down stairs and writing his 'Age of Louis XIV.' Their productions in manuscript were freely communicated to each other, and profusely commended, or freely criticized. For a time Voltaire was pleased and flattered; the king, he said, was 'as agreeable in society as he was terrible in war.' 'Nothing could be more delightful than this mode of life, or more honorable to philosophy or literature.'

But alas! for the credit of philosophy, the friendship was not eternal, and the quarrels which ensued were pitiful and degrading to the last degree. Voltaire delighted to quiz the poor authors who were admitted, like himself, to the familiar supper scenes of the palace, and Frederick resented every attack upon men whom he esteemed as prodigies of genius. As occasions of dispute multiplied, the wit could not restrain his pen, nor spare his patron, so stinging epigrams were written, and soon reported to the king. Frederick retaliated in kind; if the weapons were less keen, sarcasms from such a quarter left a rankling wound behind them, and the great master of the mocking art when too roughly touched, was as irritable and passionate as a spoiled child. Other grievances followed, and scenes were enacted for the amusement of wits and courtiers, which sound ludicrous beyond

## FRENCH POLITENESS.

The assumption of national virtues has often more credit than the reality. The French have set themselves up as a standard people in the courtesies and elegancies, in the refinements and delicacies of living. The world has taken them at their word, and thereby has been imposed upon, we think, or rather has imposed upon itself, as far, at least, as regards the French of to-day. Nowhere that we have set our foot are the life, and manners, and habits, so selfish; nowhere is there so little of the courtesy which springs from heart and feeling, so much of the external show of bowing and phrasing. As for eating, except a Caffre or a Bushman, we believe that no living being consumes so much in the course of a day as the Frenchman. He is eternally sipping, sipping, or picking at something. His stomach knows no rest, his palate no suspension. They are ever on duty. He has his breakfast of several courses and his dinner ditto, and then betwixt and between, before and after, he has his *café*, his *tasse*, his *absinthe*, his *liqueur*, and his beer. As for his food, it may be rare and choice in the choicest *cuisine*, but it is ever greasy after a fashion. There are gradations according to the places and stations; yet grease, either *au naturel* or refined, in gravies or *sauce piquante*, will be the prevailing element of the cookery. Yet the Frenchman asserts that he is the model of good breeding, and the arbiter of the science of eating, and like many other impostors, he has established his creed, and has his believers in millions.—*Blackwood.*

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE. \$2 50 PER ANNUM. VOL. XVII., No. 24..WHOLE No. 442.

## STATUE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL NEILL.

The British cannot be charged with ingratitude to those of their distinguished men who have deserved well of their country. It may be difficult for merit to make its way upward in the army or navy of England, but when once these difficulties have been surmounted and the man who has risen has performed some signal achievement, or rendered a series of service, then the gratitude of the government and the nation is boundless.

The popular heroes are actually idolized; wealth and honors are freely lavished upon them, and when they die monuments are erected so enduring as to hand their story down to distant ages. Marlborough, Wellington, Nelson, and a host of others in their lives could attest the generosity of their country. To the heroes of the late war in India, testimonials of respect have been paid, which show the British are still loyal to greatness, and one of these tributes, the statue to General Neill, is illustrated upon this page. The inauguration of this statue took place at Ayr, Scotland. The statue has been erected in Wellington Square, in which General Neill was born in 1810, and is in commemoration of his services to his country, and chiefly of the gallant and noble part which he enacted in the late rebellion in India. The ceremony was commenced by a procession, after which the statue was handed over on the part of the committee to the Earl of Eglinton as Lord Lieutenant of the county. His lordship addressed the assembly, passed a warm eulogium on the character and deeds of General Neill, and, in conclusion, said that he handed over the statue to the people of Ayrshire, having perfect confidence that it would require no care to guard it. Amongst those present at the ceremony were Viscount Ingestre; Major Gordon, aid-de-camp to General Neill; Lady Neill's brothers, accompanied by the general's youngest son; Sir James Fergusson, and many other distinguished persons. The statue, by Mr. Noble, as a work of art is one of the finest, and will tend greatly to extend his reputation. It is cast in gun-metal. The figure is of colossal size, ten feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of Dalbeattie granite, twelve feet high. The incident seized on by the artist is that which occurred at the railway station at Hawraw: General Neill and the Fusiliers were about to proceed to quell the mutiny at Benares. A portion of the regiment not having arrived when the train was about to start, the railway official insisted upon proceeding without them, but General Neill had him arrested on the spot; and, the soldiers coming up shortly afterwards, the Fusiliers started for the scene of danger, and under their great commander speedily restored the disturbed district to tranquillity. The statue gives fine and animated rendering of what may have been supposed to have been the appearance of the general at that important moment. His left hand rests firmly on his sword, the other is extended in an attitude of command, and is pointing energetically, while he seems to be addressing an order to his men. The expression of the features is suggestive of energy and power, and the whole contour of the figure and of the military costume harmonizes perfectly. Behind and at his feet are a broken cannon, a pith helmet, and a round shot, emblematic of the extremity of the crisis when General Neill appears first on the scene. Immediately below the statue runs the following inscription:—"James George Smith Neill, C. B., aid-de-camp to the queen, lieutenant-colonel in the Madras army, brigadier general in India, a

brave, resolute, self-reliant soldier, universally acknowledged as the first who stemmed the torrent of rebellion in Bengal. He fell gloriously at the relief of Lucknow, September 25th, 1857, aged 47." Around the base of the pedestal there is a wreath of laurel in bronze, surmounting the bas-relief. The relief itself is an exquisite piece of sculpture, representing the moment before the last scene of the hero's life. This statue forms a worthy tribute to his memory.

## REWARD OF FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. Those who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity.—Titcomb.

## GERMAN MUSIC IN AMERICA.

The memory of Schiller is revered by all who boast of Teutonic blood. Perhaps to this, more than any other, is attributable that high inspiration which pervades German song, and gives soul to its melody. The love of music is characteristic of Germans everywhere, and they are exerting a perceptible influence in the United States to propagate a love for that art without which a man is said to be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." In this way they are, no doubt, contributing very much to refine social usages and to rationalize enjoyments, especially among that class of population which can indulge in the luxury of song, even though precluded from all others. The proficiency which Germans make in vocal music was aptly illustrated on a recent occasion, at Cooper Institute, when the American part of the audience gave expressions to both delight and surprise, as the sweet harmonies rose in such volume and power from a promiscuous assemblage. Having reference to the desirability of cultivating a correct musical taste among all classes, it is worth while to inquire into the organization, management, etc., of German musical associations, as conducted here and elsewhere. There are in New York city not far from thirty German societies for the culture of music, all of which meet twice a week respectively to practise, and once a month as a "Sangerebund" (or association in which the whole are united), to rehearse the larger choruses, requiring many voices; and the latter body convenes once a year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Cincinnati, forming a national organization quite numerous and thoroughly disciplined. This is in accordance with the custom observed in Europe, except that the cities of Germany afford a much wider circuit for rotation. The individual societies number from twenty to eighty members, each of whom pays an entrance fee of \$2, and twenty-five cents per week subsequently, for the payment of the director. The latter is elected, to hold office so long as his services are acceptable. The weekly meetings consist of exercises in music,—the whole generally concluded by a drink of beer, with smoking and promiscuous conversation. Although the latter usages do not exactly comport with the ideas of all sober-minded people, yet intoxication, or excesses of any kind, are said to be very rare among the members. It is by such associations as these that Germans acquire celebrity as musicians. Their advantages in this country, however, are not equal to those enjoyed at home, where the ordinary occupations of the day are less engrossing. Moreover, in Prussia, music is in variably made a part of common school education, it being customary to reserve one hour in the morning, immediately preceding the opening of the school, for musical practice. Later in the day the blackboard is used for the study of the characters used in writing music. In this manner every youth is trained from earliest childhood, so that often the families of those most humble in life and indigent in circumstances produce musicians of the first rank. Germans ridicule the attempts of Americans to promote "congregational" singing, while the subject receives such superficial attention, especially in the early stages of education. Certainly we may imitate them in several essential particulars, with advantage. The more we can place innocent methods of diversion within the reach of the less favored classes of population, temptation to vice will be diminished, and the interests of religion and morality promoted.—Journal of Commerce.



STATUE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL NEILL, INAUGURATED AT AYR, SCOTLAND.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE LADY OF THE SWAN.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

## CHAPTER I.

KARL THE EXILE.

It was one of the most enervating evenings of the beautiful climate of Greece. A delicious breeze was scarcely rippling the sombre azure of the Gulf of Cirrha, and Phebe, pale huntress, was slowly ascending the horizon on her silver car. The joyous sounds of a fête were re-echoing at Corinth, in the house of Lucius Julius, proconsul of Achaia. The numerous slaves of the household were going and coming with an eagerness full of gaiety. It was because, on this day the proconsul married his two daughters, Julia and Germaine. The former was the daughter of Aurelia, and sister of a young man who had just laid aside the praetexta, and who was soon to conquer a large place in the history of the world, under the name of Julius Caesar. As for Germaine, younger than Julia, she was born of an Arcadian mother. Now let us see under what circumstances this double marriage was accomplished.

Rome had already attained the apogee of her greatness; her dominion extended over almost all the known universe. The Germans alone braved her in the recesses of their impenetrable forests, and the long-haired Gaul was as yet unsuspecting that Caesar was growing up to subjugate him.

At this period, if we may believe the old historian, Jehan Le Maire of Belges, there reigned in the north, over the powerful city of Tongres, a prince of Germanic origin, called Godefrid. He had but one son, named Karl; but this only heir of his power, by his violent and indomitable disposition, seemed to take delight in poisoning the last days of his life. Warned of his excesses by continual complaints, he saw himself constantly compelled to reprimand him with the strictest rigor, and even threatened him with exile from the kingdom, if he persisted in his scandalous deportment. Karl, encouraged by weak flatterers, paid no attention to the reproaches or menaces of his father. His audacity became such, that one day, in the presence of the whole people, he forgot himself so far as to strike in the face the intimate friend of the old king, his minister and counsellor, the faithful Otto, who had revolted at the new crimes committed by the prince, and thought he had a right to invoke against him the impartial severity of the laws. Enraged at this outrage, which was in some sort personal, Godefrid banished the guilty young man from the city and territory of Tongres, prohibiting him, on pain of death, from ever reappearing in his presence. Karl was too proud to solicit a pardon, which he might perhaps have attained, notwithstanding the unworthiness of his conduct; he therefore set out that very moment.

As soon as he had passed his natal frontiers, as soon as the tall forests of his country were effaced from his eyes in the distant mist, sad and serious reflections thronged into the calmer mind of the young Tongress. What was he to do, where should he go? Fortunately, he recollected he had at Rome an uncle named Clodius, detained as a hostage in consequence of a treaty of peace concluded some years before between his countrymen and the Romans. Karl resolved to go and rejoin him, ask of him an asylum, and at the same time his advice on what he should do in a situation so critical. After much fatigue and dangers of every kind, the unfortunate exile at last breathed free; the eternal city was before him, majestically enthroned on its seven hills. He followed the Appenine Way and soon arrived at the Forum. But how was he to find his uncle in this immense labyrinth, where so many thousands of men were moving to and fro? A fortunate inspiration led him to the shop of a barber; at this period there was no other intelligence office. There, while they were removing his long and uncombed Germanic locks, he learned that Clodius had become, during his abode in Rome, the guest and friend of the patrician Lucius Julius. Karl caused the dwelling of the noble Roman to be pointed out to him; he there found his uncle, who readily recognized him, and from whom he received the most cordial welcome. Surprised at this long journey undertaken by his nephew, Clodius desired to know the motive for it; the young man immediately related to him frankly his deplor-

able adventure, the exile which had been its consequence, the perils and sufferings which had assailed him on his route: an expiation already very cruel, and yet but a prelude, as we shall see by-and-by. As soon as he had made it known to Julius that the stranger was the nephew of his guest, the latter said, pressing the hands of Clodius and of Karl:

"It is one child more in the family."

He threw open his house to him with a hospitality worthy of the purest days of the Republic, treated him as his own son Caesar, and gave him an education suitable for a patrician. Daily in contact with the principal youth of the Roman nobility, Karl soon became intimate with most of them, and particularly the inseparable friend of a young patrician of his age, named Caius Octavius.

About this time, old Clodius fell dangerously ill; his advanced age, the infirmities which are ordinarily the sad lot of that period of life, regret for his country, from which he had been long separated, all concurred to render his situation alarming. In vain were the most touching cares lavished upon him in the house of his host, in vain were the most skilful physicians summoned to the succor of the dying man; Clodius, exhausted, soon felt that his last hour had come. At the approach of the fatal moment, he requested every one to leave him, and retained beside his death-bed only his nephew, Karl, and his old friend, Julius.

"O, my host," said then the barbarian to the patrician, "I confide to you in dying, the son of my brother; do not abandon him; be to him what you have been to me, and I shall die tranquilly."

Then, turning towards the young man his almost expiring glance, he said, with grave solemnity:

"Karl, more fortunate than yourself, I am approaching the termination of my exile; I am going to meet, in the unknown land, the souls of our ancestors, and the bosom of Earth, the great mother, is about to introduce me to a new life. Until now, I have been unwilling to reproach you; I have thought it unnecessary to aggravate your repentance, but a dying man has no longer any considerations to restrain him, and at this moment my sole duty towards you is frankness. By the unworthy extravagance of your conduct, you have compelled your old father to separate himself from his only child. Karl, you are indeed very guilty, and this is the moment of expiation. Lucius Julius, our host and our best friend, is about to depart, in a few days, for Peloponessus at the head of a legion which is to constitute a part of the expedition against Mithridates; go with him, let the enemies of Rome feel that indomitable impetuosity which has ruined you, cover yourself with glory, and afterwards return to bow before the laws of your country and your father's justice. Your father and your country will pardon you, I am sure, when the child shall have made himself a man, and when through you the revered name of his ancestry shall have become still greater among the nations."

Karl swore, by all the gods of the Germanic country, to fulfil faithfully the last wish of his uncle. A celestial joy immediately lighted up the features of the old man, and he murmured: "I can die." And pressing with a trembling hand the hands of Karl and of Julius, he slept peacefully his last sleep.

The young exile loyally kept the word which the venerable Clodius bore from him to his tomb. After having bid a tender adieu to his dear Octavius, whom he never expected to see more, he departed with Julius, and so distinguished himself by his bravery, that he was created a Roman knight, under the name of Flavius Domitius Cimber. Meanwhile the war against Mithridates was interrupted by the bloody rivalry of Sylla and Marius. A conqueror in the struggle, Sylla filled Rome with proscriptions and massacres. Among those who attempted to escape by flight, was Octavius, who went to take refuge at Corinth with the old friend of his family, Julius, become, in the interval, proconsul of Achaia. Concealed in this retreat, where he had found again his faithful Karl, who was now called Cimber, the exile could there await, without too much impatience, happier days, which were soon to shine upon him. In fact, the abdication of Sylla soon restored to their firesides all those whom his arbitrary power had banished. Octavius resolved to return to his sumptuous mansion on Mount Palatine, but before quitting Corinth, he entreated his guest to give him in

marriage the elder of his two daughters, named Julia. And as he wished Karl to share in all the happiness which the future promised him, he demanded for the valiant Cimber the hand of Germaine. Julius, who had long planned this double alliance, readily consented to his wishes. And this is why we said at the commencement of the chapter, that a fête was being celebrated in the house of the proconsul; a fête not unmixed with sadness, for on the morrow Octavius and his young wife were to embark on a ship which was to convey them to Italy.

## CHAPTER II.

OTTO.

The hall of the feast contained only a small number of guests. Julius, in concert with his two sons-in-law, had invited as witnesses of this grave family solemnity, only the most ancient and most devoted of the friends he possessed at Corinth. Placed beside Germaine, opposite his brother-in-law Octavius, and his sister-in-law Julia, Karl, or, if you prefer it, Cimber, spoke of his country of the north, of its primitive customs, of its ancient legends, and his recitals captivated to the highest degree the attention of the Romans and Greeks who listened to them. At this moment, Davus, the oldest slave of the household, entered the hall, and approaching the narrator, said:

"Master, a foreigner, a man of your country, is here, who entreats you to come and speak with him this very moment."

"A countryman of my son-in-law Cimber?" exclaimed Julius, "a countryman of my friend Clodius, whom I shall never forget! By Jupiter Hospitalius! let him not remain thus outside my door; let him enter, let him come and share in the nuptial banquet."

Meanwhile a lively emotion manifested itself on the countenance of Cimber; he was then at last about to receive news from his father and from his country! Davus introduced the stranger. He was a man of tall stature, though a little bent by age; locks white as the snow floated over his travelling cloak; by his blue eyes, by his long dress, one recognized a German.

"Otto, my old friend, it is you!" said Cimber to him, rising hastily and embracing him cordially.

Then, turning towards his astonished father-in-law his frank and manly face, illumined by a ray of inward joy, he exclaimed:

"This is the man whom, in my mad youth, I so weakly outraged; it was for his sake that my father condemned me to so just an exile. By the immortal gods, Julius, I will not again seat myself at the table among your guests, without having implored before you all a pardon, which I do not know as I have yet merited. My friend, my father," continued he, inclining towards the old man with a magnanimous humility, "be not insensible to my profound repentance; if the sufferings of exile, if the toils and dangers to which I have condemned myself, have not sufficed to atone for my crime, speak! what must I do? No expiation will seem to me too rigorous."

"O, my son!" replied the old German, in a tearful tone; "dear child whom I have seen grow up, speak no more of that; I have long ago forgotten all, and besides I am too happy at seeing you again. I have so many things to say to you."

"First of all, my guest," interrupted Julius, "you must take his place among us, at our family feast. Faithful, I am sure, to the laws of ancient hospitality, he whom like me you call your son, will refuse to listen until you have repaired your strength."

They seated Otto beside Cimber. At the end of the repast, the youth said to the old man:

"Now, my father, you may speak fearlessly, and as if we were alone. You have around you only my adopted family and my dearest friends; here I have no secrets from any one."

"So much the better!" replied Otto, gravely; "for then I can be frank and free in my own language, as we always are in the bosom of our old Germany. Know, then, that a messenger from your uncle, Clodius, a man of the country, who had faithfully accompanied him in his exile, and whom the noble old man had recommended to return to Tongres immediately after his death, came to inform your father and myself of this sorrowful event, of your abode at Rome and approaching departure for Achaia. Godefrid, who has been consuming with deep grief during your absence, and whose health is declining from day to day, is unwilling to die until he has embraced

his son and pardoned his offence. He therefore addressed himself to me, as the most faithful of his friends; he entreated me to forget your conduct towards me, a promise which it was not difficult for me to make, and to depart immediately in search of you, making me swear by all the gods, not to return without you. I have obeyed; I have set out, notwithstanding my feeble old age; I have left far behind me my country, and alone, with difficulty traversed countries whose customs and language were unknown. But at last, thank the gods! I have arrived safe and sound, and have been able to fulfil the first part of my mission. Yes, I find you handsomer, braver than ever, and I am proud of the glory which you have acquired in combating like a worthy child of Tuiscon, like a true son of a king! Now, Karl, listen to me; if you will hearken to the appeal of your old father, who is dying, if you think like me that your return may inspire him with new life, to-morrow we will set out together; if, on the contrary, you prefer your new friends, your new family and your new country, I will, on my part, be faithful to my oath; I will not return to Tongres without you; I will remain to share with the son the malediction of the father. Where you are, I will be; I will follow you everywhere, like your living conscience; renouncing my country, my language and my gods, I will make myself a Roman after your example, and may Heaven pardon us!"

When the old German had finished speaking, a long silence of stupor seized the guests. Cimber, overwhelmed, remained some time with his forehead buried in his hands. But suddenly raising his head, he said in a firm voice:

"Otto, we will depart together. I am no longer the Roman knight Flavius Domitius Cimber; I am Karl, the son of Godefrid, the Tongress!"

Then addressing his young wife, he said to her, with emotion:

"Germaine, I hoped to spend my happy days beside you in the midst of your people; the gods have decided otherwise. When duty speaks, all else is silent. You Romans must know this; your fathers have taught it to you. Meanwhile I am about to open my heart to you; if you will follow me, if you do not fear to abandon for my sake your father and your country, I swear to you my life shall be full of gratitude for your sacrifice. If you fear to exchange the beautiful sky of Greece for the misty heaven of the north, and to leave forever your civilized brethren for a nation they call barbarous, you are free. Forget, henceforth, the poor stranger who will never forget you. Enough young patricians, aspiring to the honor of entering your family, will know how to deliver you from an importunate remembrance."

"Karl," replied the young girl, firmly, "if you are no longer Cimber, you are still my husband, I am your wife, that is to say, in my own eyes, your companion for life. Henceforth, your purple shall be my purple; your family shall be mine; it is my duty and by-and-by will, I trust, be my happiness."

"O, Germaine!" exclaimed Karl, extending his hand to her, "may you be blessed for those sweet words. You are a noble and courageous woman. I accept your devotion, because I feel myself capable of one day responding to it."

Julius, who was anxiously looking at them both, cast down his head without uttering a word. On consulting his parental heart, he found there neither the right nor the strength to oppose the resolution of his daughter, become the wife of Karl. Only when he reflected that on the morrow he would find himself alone in his vast mansion, isolated from what was dearest to him on earth, and, so to speak, bereaved of all his children, a tear, quickly wiped away, glistened in the eyes of the proconsul. He had wept, perhaps, for the first time in his life.

## CHAPTER III.

THE VALE OF THE SWANS.

As soon as the dawn of the following day had illuminated the heights of Acrocorinth, after affecting adieux addressed to Julius, the Liburnian ship which was to convey Octavius, Julia and Caesar, received with them Otto, Karl and Germaine. The travellers crossed safely the Gulf of Cirrha, the Ionian Sea, the tumultuous Adriatic, and at last disembarked on a coast of Venetia, not far from the lagunes, where at a later period sprang, like Venus, from the bosom of the waves, Venice, the beautiful. At this place they separated. Karl embraced for the last



time his friend Octavius, and Cæsar, before quitting his sister Germaine, gave her as a souvenir and talisman, a statuette of massive gold, by a skilful artist of Corinth, representing Venus, the ancestress and protectress of the ancient family of Julius. Octavius, Cæsar and Julia immediately took the road which conducted to Rome, while Karl, Otto, Germaine and their escort, directed themselves to the northeast. The latter traversed thus the rich plains of Cisalpine, the high mountains of the Allobroges, the oriental part of Gaul, and "did so well in their journey," says the old chronicler, Jehan de Maire, that they reached a great Gaulish city, afterwards known under the name of Cambray. Thence, travelling always towards the north, they arrived at a beautiful valley, on the banks of a limpid stream where many swans were floating. A young Cretan archer who was among the escort, wished to try his skill and let fly an arrow at one of these birds. But while the whole flock took flight in divers directions, the swan avoided the blow, which did but ruffle her white plumage, and fleeing in affright, came to seek an asylum in the arms of Germaine. The young wife was much pleased with this adventure. Was it not the most fortunate presage? Was not the swan consecrated to Venus, from whom the family of Julius was descended, through Eneus, the son of Archibis?

"Karl," she immediately asked of her husband, "what is the name of this bird in the language of your people?"

"Swana," replied he.

"Well!" exclaimed the daughter of Julius, with that lively resolution which she had already manifested at Corinth, "since henceforth your language is to be mine, it is from it that I will borrow my name. Let me no longer be called Germaine, the daughter of the proconsul of Achaia; I will call myself Swana, the faithful spouse of Karl the Tongrese."

"Let it be as you desire, my dear Swana," said Karl to her, smiling tenderly. "I thank you for this new proof of an unexampled devotion. All my efforts shall tend to render myself more and more worthy; and first, to bequeath the memory of it to posterity, I will decree in my turn that this valley be called the Vale of the Swans."

The decree of Karl was fulfilled as he desired, and this graceful designation with which circumstances had inspired him, is perpetuated to the present day, though materially altered by time, which respects nothing. The Vale of the Swans (*Val des Cygnes*) is at present occupied by a rich and populous city named Valenciennes, on the Escaut. Germaine, whom we shall henceforth call Swana, that is to say, the Lady of the Swan, kept the bird which was sheltered under her gentle protection, and raised it carefully.

From thence, Karl, Swana and Otto travelled, as our chronicler says, as far as the chateau of Froimont, situated near a great city now called Brussels. There Karl was surprised by overwhelming intelligence; his old father was dead, and Heaven, whose rigorous justice never fails to punish an ungrateful son, refused him even the sad consolation of closing the eyes of the worthy old man. The unfortunate Karl shed bitter tears; meanwhile, the tender words of his beloved Swana restored to him a little calmness and courage. He continued his route to Tongres, whose inhabitants welcomed with transport the heir of the venerable Godefroid. Educated in the rude school of misfortune, the new king made them completely forget the disorders of his youth. Old Otto, whom he had the happiness to preserve some years longer, remained to the last his faithful counsellor and best friend, as he had been the counsellor and friend of his father. Karl had nothing more at heart than to efface, by his deference and attentions, the outrage of which he had been guilty towards him. Otto died blessing him. But divine justice had not forgotten the paternal malediction, after the example of the generous old man; it was not fully satisfied, and the long expiation which it inflicted on the accursed son, could close only by a terrible denouement.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE WHITE LOCKS OF SWANA.

Karl lived happy and reigned peacefully. He had by Swana two children: a son whom he named Octavius, to make of him the living remembrance of his old friend, and a daughter, called by her mother Swana. Cæsar, on his side, was no longer the pale youth of former

days: he was a man; what do I say? a great man. Adored by his soldiers and by the plebeians, he aimed now but at one object; in other words, he wished to arrive, by the concurrence of his numerous partisans, to the dictatorship of Sylla, his clear-sighted proscriber, of Sylla, whose deep glance discovered in him many Mariuses. The triumvirate which he had just associated himself, in concert with Pompey and Crassus, was already preparing the way for his sovereign power. Judging with reason that the prestige of his conquests, that the aureole of military glory would contribute in a not less efficacious manner to the realization of his ambitious projects, he caused to be given him the proconsulate of the Gauls, the greatest part of which were independent, and began to subject them, throughout their whole extent, to Roman dominion. The invasion of the Helvetians, who abandoned en masse their Alpine cantons to direct their steps towards the west, furnished him with the first pretext for meddling with transalpine affairs. He defied the people, constrained them to return to their mountains, and provoked by the quarrel which soon after arose between the Sequanais and the Eduans, to subject the latter to the dangerous protectorate of Rome. The Sequanais, in their turn, invoked the support of Ariovistus, the chief of the Sueves, one of the most powerful of the Transrhene nations. The German king commenced by subjugating his new allies, and braving Cæsar from ambition to ambition, refused to evacuate the Gaulish territories of which his valiant frames\* had rendered him master. War was then declared between Ariovistus and Cæsar. Karl was a relative of the Sueve hero, who invited him in a pressing manner to combat the common enemy. Sacrificing immediately the memory of the family ties which united him to Cæsar, to the more eloquent interests of his country and of his allies, the young king replied to the envoys of Ariovistus that he would immediately set out to rejoin him. He hastened his preparations, and, when they were terminated, one evening addressed his wife thus:

"Swana, I depart to-morrow at the head of the bravest of my people. I will not make a mystery of the reasons which compel me to depart, to you the faithful companion of my life, to you who have always read my heart as an open book. I go to reinforce the army of Ariovistus, my relative and ally; I go to combat with him against the Romans, commanded by your brother Cæsar: I am fulfilling a sacred duty, and you know that in such circumstances I never hesitate; as for me, every consideration is effaced when my German country calls. I know, for I have witnessed it, the implacable and devouring ambition of the Romans; at this moment they are undertaking the conquest of Gaul; and it is certainly their intention not to stop at the banks of the Rhine. Be, therefore, strong and courageous as you have always been. Personally your brother has nothing to fear from me; I will fight this proud enemy, but I shall not forget that his sister is my wife, my best friend. As for me, if any misfortune happens to me in this expedition—for here, beloved, we must provide for everything—you will immediately commit the government of my people to Ambiorix, the faithful chief of the Eburons. He alone is capable of defending it, and then he is a relative of my mother, he is a loyal friend on whom our family have always a right to rely. You, my dear Swana, will afterwards take refuge with our children in a safe asylum, whither my faithful soldiers will conduct you. It is a chateau built on the Rhine by one of my ancestors, in the centre of a wooded island, which conceals itself from all eyes behind its great trees and impenetrable thickets. There, protected if necessary by a troop chosen from my most devoted companions, you will await, invoking the gods, the end of the storms which threaten us."

Swana turned pale at this unexpected confidence, but she kept silence and concealed her anguish. She knew too well the character of Karl to attempt to obtain a change of resolution. So, the next day she suppressed her tears at the hour of adieux, when her husband, springing to horse, exclaimed, full of enthusiasm:

"I will return conqueror, or return no more."

A month after, the remnants of this valiant army returned as fugitives to the city of Tongres. They brought frightful news. All the efforts of Ariovistus and of his ally were vain against the genius of Cæsar and the admirable discipline of

\* Gaulish weapon

his soldiers; the irresistible onset of his legions had driven the broken columns of the Sueves beyond the Rhine. Karl, refusing to flee, had yielded to numbers, notwithstanding a heroic defence, with the bravest of his companions, who for a long time covered him with their bodies. Swana did not weep; she uttered no complaint, and did not reveal her despair by any outward evidence. Only, within a few days, her hair grew white, and the people said, as they saw her mute and pale. "The Lady of the Swan loved our king well; her hair, heretofore blacker than the raven of our forests, has become white as the bird from which she took her name!"

Faithful to the recommendations of Karl, Swana confided the government of Tongres to the brave Ambiorix, and, accompanied by a valiant escort, retired with her two children to the retreat designated by her husband. She did not forget to take with her her beloved swan. The only pastime of the poor widow, in her sad solitude, was to feed it with her own hand, to see it float gracefully in the moat which surrounded her manor, or mingle with the sports of her children, whom it followed and caressed with the intelligent affection of a dog.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUNG SALVIUS, STANDARD-BEARER OF THE TENTH LEGION.

Meanwhile Cæsar was pursuing his conquests. Arrived on the frontiers of the Menapians, whose territory afterwards constituted the duchy of Cleves, he stopped there some days, not far from the banks of the Rhine. He had with him his nephew Salvius, the son of Octavius and of Julia, a young man hardly emerged from adolescence, whom he had just appointed *aquilifer*, or standard-bearer of the tenth legion. One night Salvius had a dream: it seemed to him that he saw Venus descend from the skies, on a chariot drawn by swans. "Salvius," said the goddess to him, with a sweet smile, "thou wilt see thy country no more; the gods have fixed thine abode not far from here. Do not forget, when Aurora appears, to repair alone to the banks of the Rhine. A guide whom I have prepared for thee shall conduct thee to those places where thy arrival will revive joy and hope." At these words the goddess disappeared, and Salvius awoke.

He awaited the day with impatience. As soon as the first rays of dawn had whitened the heavens, the young Roman left the camp, and soon found himself on the banks of the great river. For a long time he watched for the approach of the mysterious guide whom the dream of the night had announced to him; but it was in vain; he saw no person appear, and the most profound solitude continued to reign around him. Weary of waiting to no purpose, he was about to withdraw, convinced that one should attach little faith to the capricious phantoms of dreams, when casting his eyes on the limpid waters of the stream, he perceived, by chance, a swan of dazzling whiteness sporting near the shore. It was the only living creature which had yet presented itself to his view. Under the impulse of secret curiosity, the standard-bearer approached nearer and at last discovered a little skiff moored to the trunk of a tree. It was empty. The air was so clear, the sky so transparent, the water so calm and beautiful, that the young man entered as it were in spite of himself, the elegant boat, which seemed to be stationed there expressly to invite him to take a sail on the Rhine. Hardly had he unfastened the boat, hardly had he seized the two light oars which it carried obliquely suspended at its sides, when a gentle and caressing breeze, arising as if by enchantment, swelled the white triangular sail with which the little bark was provided. At the same time, the swan began to swim before Salvius, turning constantly towards him its long flexible neck, as if to invite him to follow it without delay and without fear.

"There is no longer any doubt," then said to himself the son of Julia; "this is the guide promised by Venus. I will therefore follow this white-plumed bearer, and if it please the gods, will see the end of this singular adventure."

After having drifted some time amid the charming landscapes which the banks of the Rhine presented, as if to salute him welcome, Salvius reached an island covered with tall trees with dense foliage, through which it was impossible to discover the least path. Not judging it time to disembark yet, he began to coast along the island, always preceded by the swan, which kept on its way. At last, both arrived at the mouth of a species of canal, when the swan en-

tered, with outspread wings, redoubling its swiftness, like a traveller who sees approaching the termination of his journey. Salvius directed his bark by the course of the bird, and soon saw arise the walls of a species of fortress, around which the waters of the canal circled like a girdle. Near these, two children were playing on the lawn, and gathering flowers in the shade of the great oaks of the forest. These were a slender youth, one of those types which Virgil has so well re-produced in his Euryale, and a young girl ravishing with grace and freshness. They had not noticed the bark, and had as yet perceived only the swan. At sight of it, both uttered cries of joy and ran to the banks of the canal, where the swan, which hastened to meet them, began to caress them by turns, as friends whom it was happy to see after a long absence. The interest which had so long captivated the young Roman, redoubled before this delightful spectacle. Nevertheless, by an instinctive prudence, he disembarked noiselessly, moored the chaise securely, and buried himself in a thicket whence he could observe everything without being seen. The children continued to play with the swan. Suddenly one of the windows of the chateau opened and Salvius saw appear there the pale and beautiful face of a woman, framed in long white locks. This woman was nevertheless still young, and it was evident that grief, rather than time, had wrinkled her beautiful face and whitened her long hair. She smiled with a sad and sweet smile at the simple sports of the children and the bird; then, in a melancholy tone, she sang in Greek the following refrain, in a graceful and plaintive rhythm:

"Love, children, the white-plumed swan,  
Bird beloved by mortals and gods,  
To its beauty Venus renders homage,  
As it draws her radiant car."

Salvius's astonishment was at its height, for he was far from thinking that at such a distance from Greece, Greek words would come thus to strike his ear. Unable to moderate his impatience, he hastily left his retreat and saluted the lady of the chateau in the same language, with which he was perfectly well acquainted, like all the young Romans of that epoch. If, just now, his surprise had been great, that of the stranger was not less so on listening to him. Delighted to be able at last, after so many years, to speak a tongue which revealed to her the sweetest memories of her childhood, Swana, for it was she, courteously invited the young Roman to enter the chateau. He accepted this hospitable offer, and the conversation which took place between them assumed a more and more expansive character. By degrees, the Lady of the Swan questioned her host; she asked of him his name, his family, his country.

"I am a Roman," replied he; "my name is Salvius, the son of Octavius the senator, and nephew of Cæsar, the proconsul of the Gauls. I accompanied my uncle, who appointed me standard-bearer of the tenth legion, and who is at this moment encamped at a little distance from this, near the banks of the Rhine."

"And I," exclaimed Swana, "I am the sister of thy mother, the second daughter of Julius, she who was formerly called Germaine."

Weeping with joy, she embraced her astonished nephew; the children, in their turn, lavished on the young man the most affectionate caresses, and, for the first time for many years, the whole manor wore a festive air.

"Venus had not deceived me," then said Salvius to himself.

Yielding to the entreaties of Swana, who desired an explanation of these words, he recounted to her the dream which he had the preceding night, and the marvellous adventure which had succeeded. In his turn, he interrogated his aunt, who acquainted him in detail with all her Odyssey from the time she had left Corinth. At the same time she conjured her nephew to act as mediator with Cæsar.

"My unfortunate husband," said she, "died combating against him; and I fear, that in his resentment, he will see in me only a stranger, a wife, who has abjured her country and her gods."

Salvius re-assured her and promised to make every effort to bring about a reconciliation, which was thenceforth his dearest desire. He afterwards took leave of his hostess, to return to the camp; but, before suffering him to depart, she confided to him the statuette of Venus, a present and token of remembrance from her brother, requesting him to convey it to Cæsar, without telling him at first from whence it came, and observe first the impression which the sight of this object would produce on him.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE DUCHY OF BRABANT.

On his return to the camp, Salvius went in search of his uncle and gave him the statuette. A lively emotion was depicted on the countenance of Cæsar, but it was rather tenderness than anger.

"How did this image of Venus fall into your hands?" asked he of his nephew, in a voice perceptibly affected.

Convinced that he might speak without fear, the young man gave him a faithful narration of the event of which he had been the hero.

"To-morrow, without longer delay," said Cæsar, hastily, "you shall conduct me to this mysterious chateau. We will go alone, that we may not alarm Germaine. Poor woman, how she must have suffered. Ah! why could I not have saved her husband, who persisted in an impossible resistance, forgetting that I was called Cæsar and that I was his brother. I am impatient to see her and to embrace her at last, when I thought myself separated forever from her I loved so much, the daughter of my father, the companion of my childhood!"

Left alone with her children, after the departure of her nephew, Swana was consumed with mortal anxiety. Would Salvius succeed in his mission? And then, had she not committed a serious imprudence in thus revealing the secret of her retreat? It was not for herself that she trembled; O, no!—it was for her young family, for those two beings so dear, who alone attached her to life. Suddenly Octavius ran towards her.

"Mother!" exclaimed he, out of breath, "come and see the beautiful boat which has arrived."

Swana, at these words, almost swooned, but by a violent effort over herself, she soon recovered courage, invoked the powerful Venus and descended to the lawn. Two men were disembarking at the foot of her chateau. The youngest was Salvius; the other—with his tall stature, his black and piercing eyes, his pale countenance, his high, bald forehead, which was wrinkled beneath the weight of a vast thought—the other was Cæsar.

"Germaine, my sister!" exclaimed he, first, stretching out his arms to her.

Swana, uttering a cry of ineffable joy, threw herself on the bosom of her brother; then, unable to pronounce a word, pointed to her two children.

"I will be their father," replied Cæsar, gently, comprehending the thoughts of the poor widow. After the first moment of emotion had passed away, he said to Salvius:

"Friend, I thank first the great goddess, the august mother of our family; but afterwards, it is to you that I am most indebted. This day, which reunites us all, I may, thanks to you, mark with the white stone of the Thracians, as one of the happiest of my life. By the immortal gods! I would immediately prove my gratitude. Yes, you may ask me what you please: if it is in my power to grant it, you shall obtain it this very moment."

Germaine added her gentle voice to the promise of her brother.

"Well," said the young man, encouraged by this double kindness, "though the favor I would ask is above my merit, there is one recompense I desire. I am unworthy of it, it is true, but with the help of the gods, I hope one day to deserve it."

"What is then this recompense?"

"The hand of thy niece, emperor," murmured Salvius, blushing.

Cæsar smiled.

"It is not to me that you should address yourself," replied he, pointing to his sister.

"A mother," immediately said Germaine, "has no right to refuse, when he who addresses her has just restored a father to his children."

That very day it was agreed that Salvius should espouse his cousin, young Swana. "And the wedding was celebrated," adds the old chronicler, whose narrative has hitherto guided me, "with great pomp and solemnity, in the temple of the good goddess Venus at Louvain, according to the ancient usages and customs, in presence of the said Cæsar, who offered great gifts to the said temple, and gave to the niece, for a dowry, in title of duchy, all the country around. And as the said Salvius had been surnamed Brabant, which in Greek means arbiter, because he had reconciled the brother and sister, the said country was afterwards called Brabant."

And this is the reason, according to Jehan Le Maire of Belges, why the Duchy of Brabant dates from Julius Cæsar.

## ROSALIE DE CLAIRVILLE.

## A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN DAYS OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE constable d'Armaignac, a man of mark and name, had long passed the flower of his age, without dreaming of linking his destiny to that of any of the fair dames who figured at the court of France, or won the admiration of the knights of Paris. In fact he was no carpet knight. He better loved the rude shock of arms, the charge of steel-clad cavaliers, the hand-to-hand combats of the stricken field, than the less dangerous encounters of the tournament; yet even these he preferred to the festivities of the palace and the banquet-hall. He was a man of war, and rudely stamped with the roughest impress of his age. His helmet had worn away his once luxuriant curls, his face was mined by a thousand wrinkles, his complexion was bronzed and weather-beaten, his manner was harsh, his language brief and stern, and his whole time occupied either in battle, or in dreaming of stratagems, campaigns and sieges.

Yet so it chanced that in his "sere and yellow leaf," d'Armaignac conceived the idea of taking to himself a wife. To accomplish his object he addressed himself, not to the lovely and high-born damsel whose charms had penetrated even the iron hauberk that encased what he pleased to term a heart, but to her father, an old companion in arms, and one as rude and unpolished as himself. Between the two the marriage was arranged, and the father of the beautiful Countess Rosalie de Clairville, in his dying moments, enjoined it on his daughter to accept the hand of d'Armaignac, under whose charge and roof he ordered her to remain until such time as the old soldier chose to lead her to the nuptial altar. After thus making his last moments as disagreeable as possible, he kissed the cross-hilt of his sword, closed his eyes, declined breathing, and was laid with the ashes of his fathers, a race of iron-headed and iron-hearted gentlemen, all of whom had served their king, and many of whom had been to Palestine, a fashionable mode of atoning for a lifetime of carnage, rapine and disorder.

So the Countess Rosalie was taken home to the feudal castle of d'Armaignac, where all scandal was avoided by the perpetual presence of one of the starchest of duennas, named Margarita, who had been imported from Spain expressly for the purpose. The countess was watched and guarded as strictly as if she had already become the property of the constable.

Now it so happened that, without consulting her father, the lady Rosalie had already fallen in love with a young gentleman of the court, Savois, son of the chamberlain of King Charles VI. She had numerous suitors, all of whom were dying of love; but Savois was the only one who could boast of enjoying her smiles.

d'Armaignac made, every day after dinner, a formal visit to the apartments of the countess, and there paid his addresses in good set phrases; but there was no heart in his wooing, and it was evident that he merely paid his devoirs in this manner for form's sake.

One day the aged wooer found the fair one reclining beneath the canopy of her reception-room asleep. Still he ventured to approach her, and kneeling, raised her lily hand to his rough and bearded lips.

"Dear Charles!" said the lovely girl, still dreaming on.

d'Armaignac started to his feet as if an asp had stung him. She had a lover, then—his name was on her lips—his image in her heart. Full of rage and jealousy, he sought out the duenna.

"Tell me, Spanish hag!" said he, seizing her rudely by the arm, "who is this Charles?"

"Who has told you about Charles, my lord?" asked the duenna, incautiously betraying her consciousness in her first terror.

"There is a lover, then!" growled d'Armaignac, hoarsely. "You have proved false to my interests and your pledges. He comes here in my absence—I know it. My wife—for she is mine to all intents—receives him. Speak out, or you shall taste my dagger's point. Tell me all—the days, the hours, the manner, the place of their meeting."

"I will tell you nothing," answered old Margarita, boldly. "Kill me—I will never betray my sweet young mistress."

d'Armaignac half drew his dagger from its sheath, but he returned it to its scabbard, and

with a bitter curse, turned upon his heel and again sought the presence of Rosalie. She had awakened from her brief slumber, and was sitting in an easy attitude, resting on her gracefully rounded arm.

"Well, madam," said d'Armaignac, irefully, "if young lips babble in their sleep, old ears are apt to catch their meaning. Who is this Charles, of whom you dream by day so fondly?"

"Charles!" cried the countess, turning pale.

"Ay, madam—you were not dreaming of Henri d'Armaignac, the only man of whom you have a right to think. Ha!" he added, "I will spare you the trouble of confession—it can be no other than Charles de Savois, son of the chamberlain."

"No—no," said Rosalie, turning deadly pale, and trembling; "you have no ground for your suspicions, my lord—you are mistaken in your conjectures; I love not Charles de Savois—indeed, he never dared to address me."

"His horse has been seen saddled in my courtyard. How many times he has been here, secretly, I cannot tell; but, by heaven! you shall confess. Out with it, or worse shall betide you."

"My lord! my lord!" cried Rosalie, in agony, "spare me—pardon me!"

d'Armaignac checked himself in the heat of his passion.

"Go thy ways, mistress," said he; "I meant not to harm thee. But my rival had better look well to himself. Were he the proudest noble of the realm, who dare interpose between me and my affianced bride, I would slay him like a dog at the foot of the throne itself."

With this chivalrous declaration, d'Armaignac went forth to interrogate the servants, and to see whether he could not obtain from their replies wherewithal to feed his mounting jealousy. He was terrible in his anger, and they all lived in a most wholesome dread of his wrath. None of them suspected the serious mischief which lay at the foundation of these astute and summary interrogatories; but from all they said, d'Armaignac came to the conclusion that none of them had been cognizant or abetting of any misdoing, except a dog which he had commissioned to watch the garden, and which, having surprised asleep in his kennel, he immediately strangled, by way of relieving his unbounded passion. This fact led him to suppose that Rosalie's lover probably entered the castle through the garden, whence the only egress was by means of a postern that opened on the water-side. The Hotel d'Armaignac stood in the neighborhood of the royal houses of St. Paul. One gate of this feudal dwelling opened on the Rue St. Antoine, and was fortified at every point. The walls on the river side were immensely strong, loop-holed, and furnished with frowning turrets.

After much cogitation, the constable matured his schemes and arranged his plan of action. He selected a number of his most devoted and skilful archers, and posted them in the towers that commanded the quay, with the strictest orders, on pain of their lives, to shoot down everybody except the countess who should seek to issue from the garden—but to spare the life of any one cavalier who should come in, day or night, taking care, however, to slay him as he passed out. The same precautions and orders were given at the issue on the Rue St. Antoine. The servants, even the chaplain, were forbidden to go out on pain of death. Then the duty of guarding the two flanks of the castle having been committed to a select body of his men-at-arms, with orders to keep good watch in the lateral streets, the constable made sure of entrapping the favored lover of the lady Rosalie, if he dared to penetrate the stronghold of his enemy.

The constable had business at Poissy, and was forced to mount directly after dinner, knowing which, the poor countess had, on the preceding day, sent a note to Savois, inviting and urging him to visit her. While d'Armaignac was belting his castle round with guards, and laying snares of death for his rival, Rosalie was in an agony of terror.

She had held a conversation with Margarita, who assured her that d'Armaignac knew nothing of the stolen interviews which had frequently taken place between the lovers, and advised her to take into her confidence a laundress, who was employed about the castle, and who was renowned all over Paris, for the fertility of her invention and resources in matters of intrigue.

The three females deliberated together in the hope of contriving some method of warning Savois of his danger, and inducing him to remain at home. The laundress had a lover among the

archers on guard, and she hoped through his favor to be able to go forth and obtain an interview with the lover. But although she went to the soldier and essayed all her blandishments, the man dreaded the anger of his master more than that of his mistress, and positively refused to let the woman pass. The poor girl returned to the lady in despair at her ill luck.

The countess soon discovered that she alone of all the household, was permitted free egress from the castle. Of this she availed herself; but hardly had she gone a bowshot from the gate; when four pages and two captains of the guards closed up behind her, and she found they had orders not to quit her for a moment.

The unfortunate lady returned to her chamber, weeping.

"The fate of my lover is sealed!" said she. "Too well I know the constable's ferocity. Once within his power, Savois will never leave these walls alive. The cruel, ravenous sword of d'Armaignac will be stained with the best blood of his noble heart. I see but one way to save him—it is a terrible alternative—life for life—but between the two I will not hesitate."

Before condemning the countess for adopting the terrible alternative which the sequel will disclose, we must remember that the age in which she lived was an age of blood. Human life was held of light account; deeds of violence were daily enacted—and even delicate women shuddered not at their recital or even their commission. Rosalie d'Clairville, beautiful, high-born and refined as she was, in many respects, was not advanced beyond her period in her manner of thinking and acting.

"I shall save my lover," she said, drying her tears—"I shall save my lover, though at a terrible price."

With these words, she took her prayer-book, and issuing forth from the castle, moved slowly towards the Church of St. Paul, whence the solemn bells were summoning the worshippers to mass. Like most of the court ladies, the countess rarely missed this ceremony. There were always seen the most distinguished dames and cavaliers in the richest costumes, and the dark interior of the church glittered with diamonds, and resounded with the rustle of silks, the rattle of swords, and the clink of golden spurs. So the countess went forth in full pomp, accompanied by the two captains and a chosen guard of steel-clad men-at-arms.

Among the gallant knights who frequented the church, there was more than one who had sighed to possess the radiant charms of the countess. Among those who looked oftener towards the ladies' seats than to the altar and the priests, was one on whom the countess had often bestowed the charity of a kind look, because he was more humble and earnest in his homage than his fellows. This gentleman always stood apart, resting against the same pillar, stirring not, and appeared wrapped up in quiet contemplation of the beauteous lady. His pale face wore an expression of sweet melancholy. His countenance bore the imprint of good feeling, and he was evidently one of those who exist on ardent passion, and lose themselves deliciously in hopeless loves.

This gentleman, though his garments were well made, suitable and chaste, and though there was a certain air of taste in his appointments, seemed to the countess to be a poor knight, seeking distinction, and having no fortune but his cloak and sword. Thus, whether she suspected his secret poverty, or because she felt he loved her well, or because he was handsome, well-shaped, and dark-haired, she always wished him fame and fortune. Now she threw towards him some kindly glances, some looks of encouragement, which reached his heart like gnawing asps, and sported with his young life like a princess accustomed to sport with more precious objects than an humble cavalier.

She had finally learned his history. He was a young and bannerless knight, named Julian de Montespan, who had not inherited a single acre with his fief, and who had come to court in hopes to push his way by his good looks and his sword. He had seen the triumphant beauty of Rosalie displayed at church, and had fallen madly in love with the affianced bride of d'Armaignac.

This, then, was the young cavalier, on whom the countess had fixed her keen eyes, and whom she was about to lure to his destruction.

On entering the church, the countess found poor Julian resting against his pillar, and watching for her coming, as the invalid watches for the sunshine of spring and the morning light. Then she turned her eyes away, and thought of going



to the queen to require her assistance in her desperate extremity, but on her making a motion, one of the captains said to her, with a tone of the most profound respect:

"Madam, our orders are not to permit you to speak to man or woman, even to the queen your sovereign, or the priest your confessor. Be sure that our lives are at stake in this affair."

"Is it not your duty to die?"

"And to obey," replied the soldier.

Then the countess resumed her usual place, and looking again at the poor knight, she saw that he was pale and thin, and that his face wore the impress of deep care.

"The less sorrow for his death!" she muttered, coldly. "He is half dead already."

With this thought she cast another of her death-dealing glances at the knight, and the false love that lighted up her fine eyes went to the very heart of the suffering lover. The lady recognized with a pleasure always fresh and new to the heart of woman the omnipotence of her magnificent glance, which the knight answered, in the same language, without speaking a word. And in fact the ruby color which spread over his cheeks was more eloquent than the most musical periods of Demosthenes, or Cicero, and was quite as well understood. The countess, to make sure that this was not an accidental flushing, experimented on the virtue of her eyes, and was finally convinced that she had found a man willing to die bravely for her sake.

When the ceremony had ended, and the glittering throng were dismissed, the countess passed the pillar against which the cavalier was still leaning, and by another glance, testified her wish that he should follow her. To make sure of the proper interpretation and significance of this mute appeal, she looked back once more as if to wave him on.

She then perceived that, although he had left his place, he still seemed doubtful whether he should dare to follow her, but in obedience to this last signal he mingled with the crowd and pursued her footsteps, though still at a respectful distance.

When she reached the gate of the castle, the countess halted, and making a sign to Julian, he was soon at her side. She then offered him her hand, and both found themselves within the fatal fortress.

"Come quick to my apartments," said she, "for I must speak to you."

The gentleman, not guessing the nature of this mystery, silently obeyed the request of the beautiful countess.

"Margarita," whispered the countess to the duenna, "I almost dread to tell him that the penalty of his blind and mute love is death, and that I am his betrayer."

"Think of Savois," answered the duenna, as she left the room.

When they were alone, the countess fell at his feet in an agony of tears.

"Hear me, gallant knight," said she; "I am unworthy of a thought from you. You will curse me when you know the crime I have committed in the bewilderment and selfishness of a mad passion. When you leave this fatal castle, death will stare you in the face. The love I bear another has brought me to this desperate pass. Your death will save my lover's life. You go from hence to die."

"I loved you," replied Julian, crushing in his heart the dark despair caused by this terrible announcement; "I loved you, Rosalie de Clairville, when I first set my eyes upon your lovely face. I love you still as fondly as ever. I thank you for having used me as something wholly belonging to yourself. Other lovers offer gems and gold—I freely give you a gem beyond price—my life!"

"Julian," cried the countess, springing to her feet, "were it not for Savois, how I could love you!"

"And am I to be sacrificed for Charles de Savois?" asked Julian, folding his arms.

"He is my lover," said the countess, sadly.

"You have been deceived," said Julian, earnestly; "you have been deceived. I pray you to believe the words of one who has not, if you speak sooth, many moments in this world. Charles de Savois has made a mock of your name among the idle gallants of the court. I heard him say that he thanked D'Armaignac from the bottom of his heart for ridding him of an incumbrance. Nay, more, lady—he is about to be wedded to another."

"Savoisy false!" cried Rosalie, horror-stricken. "And you are to die to save a traitor!"

"My fate is indeed accomplished!" said the knight. "My horoscope predicted I should die for the sake of a great lady. But by my patron saint, I swear that I will sell my life dearly. Still I shall die content, since it was at the command of her I love best on earth. Perhaps poor Julian will live a little while in the memory of the Countess de Clairville."

"Julian!" cried the lady; "dear Julian, how could I ever have been blind to your noble character and knightly heart! How could I have passed by your silent homage, to be caught by the false glitter of Savois. Come to my arms—my heart—kiss me but once."

"Lady," said Julian, dashing a tear drop from his cheek, "would you render death impossible by making existence so dear? One kiss!" And he imprinted a burning kiss upon her fevered lips. "It is the first," he said.

"And the last!" she cried.

"And now, come with me, Julian, and we will die together at the postern."

At this moment a step was heard upon the stair.

"Your life may yet be saved," said the countess. "Quick! hide yourself behind that curtain."

"I will face the danger like a man!" said Julian, drawing his sword.

"For my sake!" cried the countess.

"For your sake, then," said the knight, and passed behind the drapery.

Margarita entered the apartment.

"Courage, lady," said she; "I know not what has happened. But the guards are all withdrawn and marched off—the archers have left the towers—the gates are open."

"Let us fly, then!" cried the countess, to Julian, as he advanced from his retreat. "Your life may yet be saved."

Silently and swiftly they sped together down the narrow, winding stairway that led from Rosalie's apartments to the garden. They crossed the open space swiftly, and darted through the postern. A single soldier was on duty there, but he offered no resistance, and saluted the countess respectfully as they passed. On, on they sped along the borders of the river. They reached the royal palace—a word from the countess was their passport to the presence, where she threw herself upon her knees.

"Protection, gracious sovereign!" she exclaimed, "for a persecuted woman, where life and happiness are both menaced. Release me from the claims of D'Armaignac, and suffer my hand and heart to go together."

"Rise, lady," said Isabella, kindly, "and fear nothing. D'Armaignac is powerless to-day. He has been detected in a conspiracy against his sovereign, and our royal consort has deprived him of his baton and thrown him into prison—whence he only goes forth to die."

Some days afterwards, the nuptials of Julian de Montespain and the Countess Rosalie de Clairville were solemnized with royal splendor, in the presence of the king and queen and all the nobles and ladies of the court. A royal manor was bestowed on Julian, and from that day forward no fonder or happier couple were known within the realm of France.

Charles de Savois, for whom Rosalie was ready to peril her own life and that of another, involved in the conspiracy of D'Armaignac, shared his fall and fate. He was a double traitor, false to his lady and his sovereign, and as such, met his doom. The development of his atrocity occurred in time to save a lovely lady of the court from uniting her fortunes to that of a recreant and perjured knight.

#### CUNNING OF THE LEOPARD.

An ox had been killed, and the joints had been hung up in a hut, which was close to a spot where a sentry was posted. In the evening the sentry gave an alarm that some large animal had entered the hut. A light was procured, and a number of people searched the several rooms of which the hut was composed, without discovering the cause of the alarm. They were just about to retire, when one of the party caught sight of a leopard, which was clinging to the thatched roof immediately above the hooks on which the meat was suspended. No sooner did the animal discover that its presence was known, than it dropped to the floor, laid about it vigorously with its claws, and, leaping through the doorway, made its escape, leaving several souvenirs of its visit in various scratches, one of which was inflicted on the sentry who gave the alarm, and kept him to his bed for several weeks.—*Illustrated Natural History.*

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dewdrops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

#### GOOD COUNSEL.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you: keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last forever.  
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when a fog is in the air,  
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness; but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,  
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenge knows no rest;  
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,  
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindnesses will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;  
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are our worst enemies. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,  
To drive all evil thoughts away.

#### THE KINGDOM OF DAHOMEY.

Guezo, king of Dahomey, who reigned over the territory comprised between the mouths of the Kong, Niger and the Volta, died recently. The population is only estimated at 200,000, of which 180,000 are slaves. One half of the year is devoted to war, and the other to fetes and public ceremonies. The wars are simply hunts for slaves in neighboring territories, with a regular army of 12,000, of whom 7000 are women. Abomey, the capital, is about eight miles in circumference, and surrounded by a deep ditch. Across the ditch there are six entrances into the city, and the gates of each are adorned with human skulls. In the interior of the city there is a high pyramid formed of the skulls of men and animals. The king's palace is in the centre of the city, and the houses of the inhabitants are scattered about without regard to order. During the festival season the exploits of the king are sung by male and female troubadours, who are paid for their services at the principal fete, called the Yge-ah-ek-beh, according to their merit. All the fetes are attended by human sacrifices, which take place on a large platform erected for the purpose, and ornamented with banners of different colors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

#### GRUMBLERS.

If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness all about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind excuse for others, who has looked at the brightest side of the case; he who has rendered his pardon and his help whenever he could, who has never brought his fellow-man into any strait by reason of not helping him, will find that the mercy which he has bestowed flows back upon him in a full and spontaneous spring. He will make a merciful world by the mercy he himself shows.—*Christian Examiner.*

#### FLORIDA TIMBER.

We learn from a late number of the Apalachicola Advertiser, that the timber trade of Florida is in a flourishing condition at several points on the Mexican Gulf, as well as on the Atlantic coast—Pensacola having had at one time over sixty vessels, of various sizes, waiting their turn to load at the mills, which were constantly running, day and night, and then not able to more than half meet the demand. Millions of feet of timber are shipped every month for Pensacola, with a steadily increasing demand, now larger than they have capacity to fill. The live oak of Florida, so valuable for shipbuilding purposes, is the chief article of this trade, but the inexhaustible forests of the State team with other lumber, and the trade is rapidly increasing.

#### COMFORT FOR PREACHERS.

You see that country congregation coming out of that ivy-covered church in that beautiful churchyard. Look at their faces, the ploughman, the dairy-maids, the drain-diggers, the stable boys; what could they do towards taking in the gist of that well-reasoned, scholarly, elegant piece of composition which has occupied the last half hour? Why, they could not understand a sentence of it. Yet it has done them good. The general effect is wholesome. They have got a little push—they have felt themselves floating on a gentle current, going in the right direction. Only enthusiastic young divines expect the mass of their congregation to do all they exhort them to do. You must advise a man to do a thing a hundred times probably before you can get him to do it once. You know that a breeze, blowing at thirty-five miles an hour, does very well if it carries a large ship along in its own direction at the rate of eight. And even so, the practice of your hearers, though truly influenced by what you say to them, lags tremendously behind the rate of your preaching. Be content, my friend, if you can maintain a movement, sure though slow, in the right way. And don't get angry with your rural flock on Sundays, if you often see on their blank faces, while you are preaching, the evidence that they are not taking in a word you say. And don't be entirely discouraged. You may be doing them good for all that. And if you do good at all, you know better than to grumble, though you may not be doing it in the fashion that you would like best. I have known men, accustomed to sit quiet, pensive, half-attentive, under the sermons of an easy-going but orthodox preacher, who felt quite indignant when they went to a church where their attention was kept on the stretch all the time the sermon lasted, whether they would or no. They felt that this intrusive interest about the discourse, compelling them to attend, was of the nature of an assault, and of an unjustifiable infringement of the liberty of the subject. Their feeling was, "What earthly right has that man to make us listen to his sermon, without getting our consent? We go to church to rest—and lo! he compels us to listen!"—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### STRAINING THE EYES IN TWILIGHT.

In the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine for May, is an account of sudden loss of the power of distinguishing colors, produced by overtaxing the eyes. A sea captain, who was in the habit, when time hung heavy on his hands, of occupying it by working at embroidery, was one afternoon engaged upon a red flower, and being anxious to finish it, prolonged his labor until twilight came on, and he found it difficult to select the suitable colors. To obtain more light he went into the companion-way, and there continued his work. While thus taxing his eyes, his power of distinguishing colors suddenly vanished. He went upon deck, hoping that an increase of light would restore his vision, in vain. From that time to the present, more than ten years, he has remained color blind.

#### ENMITIES AND DIFFERENCES.

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who wore far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage their earlier animosities.—*Titcomb.*

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

It should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- ☞ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- ☞ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- ☞ Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.
- ☞ Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!
- ☞ It is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- ☞ In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- ☞ It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- ☞ Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- ☞ Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- ☞ Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!
- ☞ Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- ☞ Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M M BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## AN EPIC POEM.

BY ALMY.

A babe on its mother's breast lay sleeping—  
A maiden her vows of love was keeping.  
While an old man o'er a grave bent weeping.

A smile lit the brow of the cherub face,  
Where beauty had lent bewitching grace,  
And wrapt its form in soft embrace.

The maiden was fairest of creatures below,  
The flush on her cheek was a crimson glow  
Of the morning's dawn on a cloud of snow.

While the old man's head was hoary and white,  
And damp were his locks with the dew of night,  
As he moaned for that star, his earthly light.

There came a voice from a higher will,  
And the breath of the sleeping babe grew chill,  
While its beautiful form waxed cold and still.

Swift came a word: like a warrior dart—  
'Twas but one shriek, and a fearful start,  
And the maiden died—of a broken heart.

Time rolled on with its ceaseless tread,  
And deeper bowed was the hoary head,  
Still weeping o'er the mouldering dead.

Thus ever fades the brightest bloom;  
The earliest flowers adorn the tomb,  
While wearied life drags on in gloom.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## INDOLENCE.

BY MARY C. DEVLIN.

"DISCOURAGED! No, dear child, I do not allow myself to be discouraged nor disheartened. Life has many dark hours, but we can hope for the sunlight, even in the darkest; and depend on it, darling, it *always* comes! Out of the densest cloud light cometh. You will see in some rift of the blackest and heaviest a tiny star, which sparkles all the brighter for its dark surroundings; and depend on it, I say again, that the good Father has light enough to shed upon our pathway, and he will do it!"

"My dearest mother, if I had your faith, I should not thus sink into despondency. But when I look around upon these children, and try to imagine what the future is to be to them, I confess I fall almost into unbelief."

"And by so doing, my dearest child, you bar out the gleams of light that would otherwise come to you. You must strive to be calm and patient; to accept all these afflictions—nay, welcome them. Would you wish to 'be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,' when others, perhaps even more deserving, are made to travel thither carrying heavy burdens with them?"

"O, say no more, dear mother! I know how wrong and selfish I am, and how much I add already to your overburdened state. I *will* try to look upon these things with the calmness and patience that you do, and to feel that whatever is, is right."

"I know you will, my love; and now let us go to your father; he will be wondering where we are."

This conversation passed between Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter Ellen. The mother was a lady of rare refinement and strong intellect; the daughter less self-possessed, less full of faith than the mother, and more apt to look on the dark side. Nor was it to be wondered at that the hope of the young girl's heart should be quenched by the circumstances in which she had been reared and fostered. The wonder was that Mrs. Hamilton, who possessed so much delicacy and sensitiveness, should be so calm and have so much fortitude.

There are spirits, which, like the camomile plant, rise fresher and brighter for being trampled on. Such an one was Mrs. Hamilton. As Sophia Egerton, she had been one of the best of daughters and sisters; as Frederic Hamilton's wife, it was a more difficult task—but she performed it to admiration. Hamilton was an only son, petted, indulged, and bred in luxury, which, ever after, he must and would have, even if all around him were suffering for want of the comforts of life.

Drinking to the very dregs of pleasure's poisoned cup, he found himself, at the age of thirty-five, bankrupt in everything but the affections of his wife. The same love which had induced her to marry him against the earnest solicitations of all her friends—who represented him as he truly was, indolent and sensual, and liking her only because she would show well at the head of his table—was strong as ever. For several years they lived in a state of such out-

side show and expense, that all Sophia's private savings and management behind the curtain availed little in averting the catastrophe which finally came. Even then, Hamilton could not be persuaded to give up the expensive comforts and delicacies which had become a second nature to him to partake; and Sophia, dreading that he should incur debts which they had no means of paying, set her frightened and scattered wits to work to devise some means of supplying him with the requisite sums.

It would have hurt Hamilton's pride to have known that the three choice Havanas which were every morning placed in his cigar stand, were earned by the bitter toil of his wife and daughter. They would not have dared to let him know it. Nor when, true to his luxurious habits, he lounged until nine or ten in bed, and came down to the nicely-spread table, where fragrant coffee and a white roll and butter, and a nice little steak, awaited him, he never asked nor thought about the two worn-looking women, and the two clean and neat but scantily clothed children, who came down three hours before, and had taken their breakfast of crusts and water.

"Your father is so delicate, that he could not live as we do," was Sophia's hushing word to the active, hungry Wilford, a boy of thirteen, who sometimes caught sight of his father's table, and wondered why the appetites of the family should be so unequally supplied.

Fortunately for Sophia's working plans, Hamilton's presence seldom prevented her and Ellen from pursuing their occupations. They had secretly procured boots and shoes for binding, and always, while he lay in bed, or, when nicely dressed, he sauntered through business hours on 'change, or loitered away his time at picture galleries or billiard rooms, they were pursuing this humble but profitable labor. At first, Hamilton had objected to taking cheaper apartments, preferring, he said, to live in a larger house, and let out rooms; but in this Sophia overpowered him. She could not bear that his creditors should find him living in the same style which had ruined him and them; and she absolutely insisted that their spare furniture should be sold, and a small house in the suburbs of the city taken.

That it *was* in the suburbs, and could be called his "residence out of town," was the only palatable drop in this cup of bitterness to Hamilton. Sophia and Ellen had set their hearts upon a little brown, old-fashioned nest, half hidden amongst trees, which they could have rented very cheaply; but he insisted on a two-story, glaring white house, which had been recently built, and around which still lay all the evidences of cheap and careless building, without a tree to hide the meagreness of the surroundings.

Long after Hamilton was in bed, sleeping away the fatigues of his idle saunterings, Sophia and her daughter had sat up, night after night, to mend the worn carpets and repair the curtains, and throw over the shabby appurtenances of the house a look of gentility which pained them to see, but which alone kept Hamilton from running into debt by purchasing more expensive ones. But as he always found everything looking neat and tasteful, he was satisfied with the general result, and they took care that he should not see the painful process by which it was produced.

He complained bitterly of neglect, and of the old friends who now never came forward to help him, or to find him a situation; forgetting that his own foolish pride was the obstacle, and that the situations which were in their power to obtain, would be likely to be those which he would reject with scorn and contempt. One friend, with a feeling of pity for Sophia, offered her husband a small clerkship of five hundred dollars yearly; but he turned from it indignantly, and when his wife urged him to take it until something better offered, he wondered, gravely, how she could desire him to demean himself so much. What would have been his sensations, had he looked into her well-locked box, where she kept her shoe-binding matters?

"Sophia, is not this steak rather tough?" said Hamilton, one morning when his wife's purse had failed to supply the fine, tender, juicy meat, which, delicately cooked, she had always set before him, and for which she had substituted some of inferior quality. "Where did this come from?"

"From the store at the corner."

"I shall just go in there, when I go down town, and give him a dressing for sending such meat."

"O, do not go in at all, Frederic," pleaded

Sophia, conscious that her small bit of steak would hardly be of consequence in the eyes of the rich provision dealer, who provided ten dollar dinners for the aristocracy every day.

"Don't go in! Mrs. Hamilton, did I hear you rightly? Do you mean that you will trade with a man who will send meat like that?" holding a mouthful of the rejected food upon his silver fork, the only one retained of their set, expressly for him. "He must be taught to study his customer's taste."

"O, Frederic!" began Sophia—but the kid gloves, which she had sat up to mend, were already on, and the hat and cane seized, and soon Hamilton was sailing down the street, with the air of a millionaire.

"Nobody would think papa anything less than a duke," laughingly remarked Ellen, as she looked out after him.

Her mother sighed. Meanwhile Hamilton was walking pompously into the corner store, where the rich dealer stood in his white frock, with the pleasing consciousness of having done his duty by all his customers that morning, and the additional pleasure of having pocketed a good sum of money. Hamilton's appearance surprised him. It was the first time that the lordly-looking man, whose wife purchased such infinitesimal portions of meat, had ever looked in upon him; and supposing that he had come to order dinner, he stepped forward, knife in hand, to wait upon him.

Had Hamilton seen the way in which the boys and young men of the establishment run their tongues into their cheeks, when they heard him rating their master for sending such an inferior article to his house, it would have maddened him almost to the point of caning them all round. Mr. Lewis, looking round with an amused expression on his face, asked who waited on Mrs. Hamilton this morning.

"I sir," answered one of the men. "She chose the meat because it was tender. I recommended some of the other, but she said she could not afford that; and, besides, it was only her usual half-pound."

All Mr. Lewis's nods and winks did not avail to stop him; and when Mr. Hamilton turned on his heel and walked out of the store, with an offended air, they gave way to laughter loud and long.

"For the sake of his wife, treat him politely," said Mr. Lewis. "She is a *real* lady—not a sham, like him. I wish the lazy scoundrel would go to work and maintain his family."

O, Frederic Hamilton, to be called a lazy scoundrel by a butcher! Not even your august presence held sacred by the common and unclean workers! The next morning Hamilton's plate was heaped with delicate food; and in his strong appreciation, he forgot the insult of the previous day.

Sophia's days went on very monotonously, except for her almost morbid desire to minister to her husband's fastidious tastes. The poor little woman actually thought it was imperative upon her and her children to deny themselves everything, in order to pamper his appetite, and procure him the fine clothes to which he had been accustomed.

"Why must there be so much difference between your eating and wearing and papa's?" asked Wilford, as he surveyed the nice table prepared for his father's breakfast, and saw his mother, in a cheap, coarse print, diligently brushing Hamilton's fine broadcloth coat. "Are not you as good as he is, and as much entitled to good clothes and good living?" And the boy glanced at his own well-darned jacket, and then at little Minnie's thin frock, faded to almost white.

"Hush, my dear boy!" answered the mother; "we must be willing to make sacrifices for those we love."

"Does papa love us?"

"Certainly! What a question, Wilford!"

"Well, show me his sacrifices then!"

"Wilford!"

"Well, well, dear mother, I will not vex you, nor speak about him in that way again."

He kept his promise, but he often talked to Minnie about "papa's great sacrifices." Ellen's health began to give way, making a new source of disquietude to the mother. The constant work required of her was wearing out her physical powers. The incessant strain on her delicate fingers caused them to swell and grow out, and the constant sitting posture had already had its effect upon her chest and spine. Insufficiency of good, generous food had also done its work, and

Ellen was now a confirmed invalid, needing repose of mind and body, and burdening her mother with added cares, and with a new grief also.

Hamilton heard the doctor prescribe generous living and rest for Ellen, and saw the tears gather in his wife's eyes as he did so; yet so wholly had he given himself to indolence and want of energy, that he did not even ask, as he rose to his late breakfast the next morning, if Ellen's appetite had been tempted by the same delicacies that were spread before him. But latterly Hamilton's health seemed declining also—and he actually fell into the very state of feebleness which hitherto he had only feigned to feel. A few weeks more found him confined to the room, where only the rarest and most expensive things could meet his approbation. Sophia, who had intended to discard her worn-out print, and purchase a new dress, was obliged to appropriate the money to a dressing-gown for her husband; and he would not rest until it had a new cord and tassel of the heaviest kind. From several pairs of slippers he selected the best, although Sophia's last cent was expended on them; and it was now almost impossible for her to work for any more, unless she kept Minnie at home from school to wait on her father. But she sewed at the shoe-binding a little, when Hamilton was asleep; and once he woke up suddenly and saw her standing by his bed, with a shoe and several yards of ribbon in her hand, which she could not at once hide.

"What is that, Sophia? What are you doing?"

She blushed and hesitated, but at last found courage to say it.

"Good Heaven! fallen as low as that? How long have you done this?"

His wife explained; brought out her little book in which she had kept the account of their earnings, and another in which she had kept the sums she had expended. The two were evenly balanced. Not a farthing remained for the weary woman or her children; and the greater part of it, he could see, were luxuries for himself.

He lay with his face towards the wall, for some moments, in silence. Then he arose and dressed himself with unusual care, took down his hat and went towards the door. As he had done this on fine days since his sickness, his wife did not wonder. She only begged him to come home if it should grow damp or cloudy. He did not return until she began to grow uneasy; but when he did come, there was a strange light in his eye, that she had not seen there since their misfortunes commenced. He brought home, in his own hand, the materials for a good supper, and when Ellen had prepared it—for Ellen had not yet quite given up—they all sat round the table, and wondered and enjoyed, for it was father's exertions, in some mysterious way, that had purchased it.

After tea, he told them that he was going into Sherrick & Dormer's store as head clerk, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars! Surprise and joy kept them all silent. Never was any news so pleasant at this. "I commence to-morrow morning," said he, "and they have paid me a quarter's salary in advance."

"Is that usual?" asked his wife.

"No; but I stated every word of what I learned from you this morning, and they said that such a woman ought to be encouraged. I made a clean breast of it, Sophia; told them what an angel you had been, and how like a brute I had treated you, living on your earnings, and enjoying luxuries, when you were denying the necessities of life to yourself." And Hamilton actually shed tears as his own wickedness, as he did not scruple to call it. "I have sent for a doctor to see Nelly, and he will be here in half an hour."

"O, papa, why did you?"

"Because I see now, what I ought to have seen before, that you are ill, dragged to death with the work which my selfishness and injustice have made you perform. Dear wife! dear children! you never shall have to blush for your father's idleness again."

Frederic Hamilton kept his word. He never again lost sight of the comfort of his family. By strong exertions, hard at first, he arrived at promotion, and, aided by the best of wives, and by Ellen, now restored to health, they were all enabled to take that place in society which really belonged to them. There is no such joyful woman in their circle as Sophia Hamilton; none so pitying to erring human nature, nor so hopeful for their return to the right.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## TO A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

BY STUBB PARK.

Ye were gathered where the sunshine fell  
In waves of golden light,  
And ye have flung a witching spell  
Around my soul to-night;  
Still all the dreamy haunts I loved  
Seem fresh about me still—  
The paths my childish footsteps roved  
Beside the sparkling rill.

O, brightly beautiful the scenes  
Are rising on my view,  
Of summer skies, of laughing streams,  
And meadows damp with dew;  
The gladness of those early years  
Will linger, O, so long,  
While memory treasures not the tears  
That mingled with each song.

Those tears—they were but April showers,  
Which wake a brighter smile;  
Alas, we've left the sweetest flowers  
On childhood's sunny isle.  
As further floats our tiny bark  
Adown the stream of time,  
We ever turn when skies are dark  
To that fair, sunless clime.

Dim are the paths our footsteps tread,  
Amid the fallen leaves,  
Where hope's sweet blossoms, crushed and dead,  
Are sighing to the breeze.  
O, full of sad and bitter tears,  
Is all the lonely way,  
And sunshine with the changing years  
Keeps flitting fast away.

But ye pale buds have power to bring,  
Back from the buried past,  
The joy which bloomed o'er life's young spring,  
The hopes which did not last  
Blest is your mission; O, be ours  
So purely good as 'thine,  
And then amid these earthly bowers  
Each heart will cease to pine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## FLORENCE GALE:

—OR—

## FIRST AND LAST.

BY ALBERT W. DUNN.

"AND so Florence Gale is going to be married," said a brisk, showy little woman, as she entered Allie Morrison's work-room one morning, sweeping away the bright fragments of silks that lay scattered over the chairs with her flounces.

The mistress of the establishment, a pretty, modest-looking girl, simple yet perfectly lady-like in her manners, slightly blushed as Mrs. Hart uttered these words. The lady did not notice that she did so, and rattled on:

"It seems they are going to have the great house on the hill. Edward Archer's father buys the house, and Mr. Gale furnishes it. It is to be fitted up beautifully; I have just been at Allen's, and have seen all their furniture. O, it is splendid! Such lovely white and gold for the bedrooms; such magnificent velvet and damask, lace and fringe, marble and rosewood! Allen has *carte blanche* for the whole. Is she not a lucky girl, Miss Morrison?"

The blush had paled to deadly white, but Alice Morrison controlled herself sufficiently to answer. Her visitor went to the mirror, adjusted her bonnet, looked admiringly at her pretty face, and still ran on:

"They are fond of each other, I hear. Edward Archer is a catch! Why didn't you secure him, Miss Morrison? Bless me! are you apt to faint? You poor dear! here, take my vinaigrette. You work too hard, Miss Morrison, really you do."

The tide of memory was rolling back to the past summer, when Allie had stolen away from work, and had spent a fortnight at Heathfield, a pretty country village, where she had relatives. Edward Archer was among their guests. She had seen him often, was even on intimate terms with his sisters, and during the whole visit he had shown her the most marked and constant attention. Daily had they walked together—his wishes being so palpable that no one ever thought of asking Allie to join any party without him. She came home with the new rapture of being beloved; for all but the final question had been spoken.

Then Edward was absent for many weeks, and when he returned home he made only a formal call; and the next visitor brought the news that he was engaged to Florence. People thought

Allie Morrison was working too hard for her strength. She grew thin and pale, but no one suspected the hidden wound.

That same evening, Edward Archer found Florence on the sofa, almost buried in piles of muslin, lace and silk that had been brought home for her inspection. She called on him to help her choose, and, pleased with her pretty, childish ways, he tried the effect of alternate blue, pink and white against her delicate cheek.

"I must decide quickly," she said, "for these things must be carried to Allie Morrison to-night."

Edward started, but recovered himself time enough to prevent her noticing it. She went on: "You will go down with me, will you? or, better still, go and ask Allie to come here. She can see and help me judge better in this large room than in her little narrow work room."

"I—I ask Allie Morrison to come here! Really, Florence, that is asking too much of a man to turn him into an errand boy."

Florence pouted and turned away. "Anything else I will do—but that is not in my province."

"Very well," said Florence; "I will not tax you too severely. I hope you will excuse me if I go out myself."

"What, in this darkness? No indeed. There can be no such hurry about these."

"No hurry! perhaps it will be better not to make them at all."

A word almost escaped Archer's lips, that he would have been sorry to utter. All that evening he was absent and constrained, and Florence disturbed and unsocial. There was a jar between them, although neither understood its cause.

The next day Florence sent for Allie Morrison. Her mother returned a brief note, saying that her daughter was ill and could not be seen. It was true. Alice, though as free from romance or sentimentalism as possible, was unequal to the trial of witnessing the preparations for the wedding. She could not forget the loving words spoken to her on her last evening at Heathfield. The agitation brought on a slight attack of fever, and the work-room was closed.

Florence was angry. It was too bad, she thought, to be so disappointed, and she set off in no amiable mood to find another to do what Alice "ought to have kept well for," as she expressed it.

The bridal paraphernalia was finished, and the wedding night had arrived. Lights gleamed from the house on the hill, and the guests were assembled to witness the ceremony. On her sleepless couch Alice Morrison was struggling to attain something like composure. Her mother, troubled and anxious, lingered by her side. Even her presence was torture to the invalid. She longed to be alone.

"Leave me, dear mother. I cannot sleep unless you leave me in the dark." And unwillingly she went to her own room.

When the hour struck that had been appointed for the marriage, her conscience told her that it was no longer right to think of Edward Archer, save as the husband of another. To her mother she had confided nothing; nor had Mrs. Morrison any idea that her daughter's affections were involved. But that night, when the patient's unconscious revelations met her ear, while anxiously listening to the moans that betokened delirium, the mother was shocked to find that Alice had loved, and loved hopelessly.

The fever lasted long, and when Alice recovered, Edward Archer's wedding had given place to newer occurrences in the gossip of a country town. She recovered slowly; and her mother, anxious to prevent the curious observations of strangers respecting her sickness, as well as to spare her feeble strength, forbade her entering the work room again. A smaller house was taken, and its retired situation did not invite visitors; so that Alice and her mother soon passed into forgetfulness.

But the house on the hill was not forgotten. Even before the honeymoon had passed away, the temper which had shown itself in the indulged and spoiled child, and the wayward and exacting girl, became fully developed in the bride. A thousand times had Archer recalled the gentle sweetness and patient devotion of Alice Morrison, even under his neglect; and he had heard with pain of the terrible illness which had prostrated her. He would not allow himself the vanity of thinking that he was the cause of that illness; but it pained him no less than if he had.

Many a gift of splendid fruit or costly wine had found its way to the sick room, but the giver was unsuspected. Mrs. Morrison's motherly pride would have rejected them with scorn; and Alice herself, gentle as she was, would have turned away with contempt although it was foreign to her patient disposition to cherish such a feeling.

A few months more served to strip Florence Gale of the fascinations which Archer's impressive heart had invested her with. He saw her as she was—selfish, exacting and unreasonable; and the heart-ache that followed was not the more endurable because it was brought on him by his own infidelity to his implied love for Alice.

The first time that Mrs. Morrison spoke his name to her daughter, was to tell her that he had gone away. Alice had not courage to ask where, but her mother volunteered the information. He had gone abroad on business for Mr. Gale, and Florence had gone with him. Alice was truly thankful. It seemed as if she could breathe more freely if they were not near her. Then, after many months, a sad history came over the water. It told of Florence Archer's infidelity, her desertion of her husband, her living in the house of a man of rank and wealth, and finally of a divorce. Mr. Gale sent for Archer to come home, but refused to see his daughter, or to forgive the disgrace she had brought on his family.

Such was the brief tale which Mrs. Morrison heard and repeated to her daughter. And Archer came home, the wreck of what he was. He was borne in a litter to Mr. Gale's house, and for several weeks he lay vibrating between life and death. When he left his room, a darkness had settled upon him physically and mentally. He was blind, and had fallen into hopeless melancholy. No mother ever tended a son as Mrs. Gale tended Edward Archer. She loved him for the trial he had so patiently endured, and she suppressed all mention of Florence and her faults, lest she should give deeper pain to one who had already suffered much.

The winter passed away slowly and sadly. In the spring the blind man was led by his kind friends along the garden paths, and through the village streets. Soon he began to walk alone, feeling his way mournfully and slowly, yet liking to be independent of attendance. He was returning to the house, after one of these melancholy rambles, when a sound of strange footsteps met his ear, and he felt also that a carriage blocked up the way. Still he found his path and proceeded to the front of the house. He heard Mrs. Gale weeping violently, and her husband trying to hush her agitation.

"What has happened, John?" he asked of the first servant whom he heard approach him.

"Nothing, sir; nothing particular."

His acute sense detected emotion in the voice at once.

"Lead me to the house," he said. But he observed that the servant entered by an unused door and took him into a distant apartment. Mrs. Gale was already there. She took his hand with a trembling clasp.

"Edward, we have some one here to-night." He looked disturbed. She went on: "Florence is come back." He gave a quick, convulsive start, and murmured something inaudible. "She is very ill, Edward. We could not turn her away."

"God forbid that you should, dear mother. But do not let me meet her; I cannot bear it now."

"I thought not. But bear up, Edward; time will bring you compensation for all you have suffered."

It was true; Florence was dying. Remorse and shame had eaten into her heart, and the slight frame had shared their effects. She had returned to her parents to die, after the brief season of excitement that had succeeded her parting from her husband. A few weeks she lingered, daily fading, until, one night, she rose from her couch and knelt before the blind man, who had at last consented to enter the room, and, in the most affecting terms, begged forgiveness for the past.

Her voice brought back the echoes of long ago to his ear. Who could resist the plea of one who was thus standing on the threshold of the eternal world? He stooped down and laid his hand upon her head. At the touch, a thrill seemed to run through her frame. She raised the pale, thin hands, as if in prayer, and, in that attitude, her breath departed. He knew the mo-

ment in which she ceased breathing, and left the room instantly. An hour afterwards he was found pale and cold on the floor of his room. False as she had been, he could not know that she was dead without being stirred to the inmost depths of his spirit.

He did not recover the shock for many days; and when, at length, he grew better, he went away, in spite of Mrs. Gale's asseverations that no one could take care of him as she could. Months spent in a foreign land restored something of his former tranquillity, and his heart began to turn towards his native country with a yearning fondness that would not be denied.

He landed in that golden month that brings such exquisite beauty to our American forests. His journey home lay through the woods where the crimson maple mingled with the deep hue of evergreens and the varied colors of meaner trees, while below them the undergrowth melted into soft patterns like a rich carpet. He had taken a chaise from the landing, and was driving leisurely along, admiring the scene. He had got into the town before he knew it, and, in his abstraction, had taken the wrong road. A pretty cottage stood alone by the wayside, with its little front garden plot filled with rich autumnal flowers, and, by the bay window, a sweet, pale face was half veiled by scarlet geraniums and myrtle boughs.

Where had he seen that face before? He had hardly time to ask himself the question, before the pale face was flushed to a hue that vied with the scarlet blossoms that surrounded it. Almost simultaneously had they recognized each other, and Archer sprang from the chaise and was by her side in a moment.

"Alice, forgive! forgive!" were the only words he could utter.

There was a long talk between them, however, afterwards in that little flower-scented parlor. Alice was alone in the world; her mother had died some months before. A legacy of a few hundred dollars had reached her before she died, and the few wants of Alice had been eked out by a little ornamental sewing, when she felt able to do anything, and by the sale of her flowers. People missed the gentle, skilful and obliging dressmaker, and urged her to renew her business; but she shrunk from being looked upon, and nestled securely in her own quiet little home. Archer gathered all this from her artless revelations. The forenoon was nearly spent before he resumed the reins and drove slowly towards Mrs. Gale's.

Every day, for a week, he found his horse's head turning towards the cottage, and each day the heightened color and glad smile of its occupant told him a tale that was dear to his heart. The house on the hill was yet standing vacant in its solitary grandeur, but he never entered it. It told too sad a tale. But when he and Alice had plighted a life-long love and faith, another and more beautiful home was erected beside the little cottage, and within its walls they found compensation for the stormy past.

"At eventide there was peace."

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The building covers about three acres of ground. Many of its rooms are copied from the classic models of Greece and Rome. The employees number about one thousand. Several of the officers reside in the bank. The notes redeemed each day are checked, cancelled, and put away in boxes. After keeping them ten years, they are burned. The accumulation of the last ten years, now in the vaults of the bank, amount to three thousand millions of pounds; and yet any one of these notes can be referred to in a minute, and the history of its issue and its return given. The bank does all its own printing, and several presses are kept busy. Everything is done by machinery—the note is not touched by the pen before it goes out. I held in my hand yesterday one note for a million of sovereigns! In the bullion room ingots of gold were piled up like cords of wood, and silver bars in vast mountains. The machines for detecting light coin, and for cutting them, are exceedingly curious and yet simple. Every banker's deposit is weighed, and all the light pieces cut nearly in two, and returned next day. The system of the bank is as perfect and as exact as clock-work. And yet, in spite of all precaution, some slight forgery is almost daily detected. But since the great forgery committed by Axtell, for \$360,000, the bank has not lost any very heavy sums; although in 1822 capital punishment for the crime was abolished, when the "old fogies" predicted that everybody "hard up" would turn forger. In the specie department of the bank there are bags and boxes of sovereigns and half sovereigns enough to make a miser mad; there are mountains of mint drops, for which millions are sighing and lying, and perpetrating all conceivable crimes; I was asked to lift a big bag of sovereigns, and for once, I must confess, I felt a sovereign disgust for money.—Hiram Fuller.



## LEONETTO CIPRIANI,

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF ROMAGNA, ITALY.

Leonetto Cipriani, Governor General of Romagna, and whose future condition now occupies the minds of all Europe, is, as his portrait indicates, a man of very firm character and of imperturbable coolness. He possesses in the highest degree the qualities which are indispensable to the direction of a country destitute of any political institution, and in which the individual must supply the absence of an entire organization, not only by the impulse he must give to the movement of government, but by the suppression of abuses and privileges of all kinds (the only legacy which the last period of forty-five years of theocratic government has left the country); no less than by restraining aspirations awakened when all talents stimulated by good as well as by evil passions, see before them an open field for the attempts that the keen and excited imagination of southern people suggests. The trials sustained up to this time by the Romagnese under the direction of this energetic man bear the impress of a calmness derived from decided strength and will. There is every reason to believe that he will continue to exhibit the same admirable qualities, now that the representative assembly has conferred the chief authority on him unanimously. Let us glance rapidly at some of the antecedents of Governor Cipriani. Previously to 1848 the governor general of Romagna had acquired a reputation in Tuscany by his ardent character, and by the correctness and intelligence of his views of agricultural improvements, which he practically conducted on the estate of his family. His rural avocations, after his father's death, quieted his passion for travel and adventure, the most salient trait of his character. At the age of sixteen he had been a spectator of the capture of Algiers by the French expedition, to join which he sailed in a trading vessel from Leghorn. At seventeen years of age he was established on a little plantation he owned in the Antilles. His father had succeeded in sending him away from Italy, under pretext of looking after the distant family property, and thus saved him from the dangers of the insurrectionary movements of 1831. But in his voyages and travels he came frequently in contact with Italian immigrants, and thus kept informed of all the political conspiracies going on—but he never relished this species of liberal action. In 1848, however, he interested himself in the insurrection of Milan and the passage of the Ticino by Charles Albert, and embarked in politics. He contributed to hasten the departure of the Tuscan troops and volunteers, made the campaign with them as captain of cavalry, and aide-de-camp to the general, and distinguished himself by his bravery. Convinced that the demagogical party was ruining the prospects of Italy, he attempted to repress their movements at Leghorn, and at a time when every one was courting popularity, brought his cannon to bear on the untimely insurgents of that turbulent city. In the month of March, 1849, he was in Paris on a



LEONETTO CYPRIANI, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ROMAGNA.

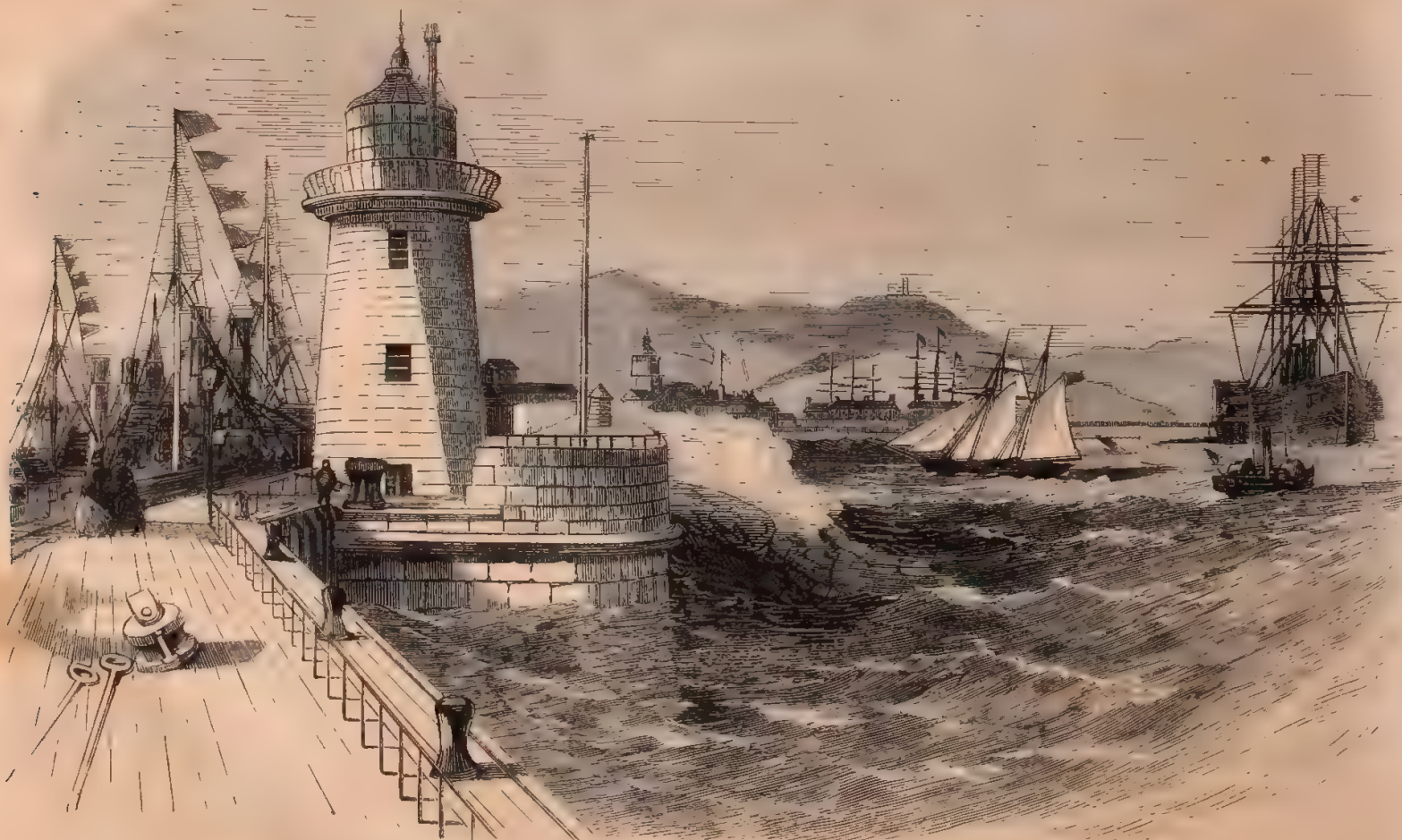
mission from the grand-ducal government of Tuscany, who had promised him the rank of colonel, and as soon as he learned the flight of the grand-duke and the denunciation of the armistice, he threw up his embassy, joined King

Charles Albert, and obtained from the king the permission to serve with the Piedmontese army. He distinguished himself at Sforzesca, two days before the battle of Novara. The loss of that day and the sad fate of the king affected him

deeply, and after two years of hopeless waiting for better times he went to California and made several excursions into the interior of that golden land. In 1853 he journeyed very extensively in North America, visited Salt Lake, and crossed the Sierra Nevada, returning after a wide range of travel to San Francisco. A hope that some benefit to Italy would grow out of the Crimean war brought him back to Europe in 1855. In 1857 he sailed in the French voyage of exploration with Prince Napoleon in the *Reine Hortense* to Scotland. In the spring of 1858 he became discouraged, and after having contributed greatly to the alliance between the King of Sardinia and Napoleon III, started again for California, where he owned a large tract of land, on which he lived in solitude far beyond the circle of civilization. But the war-cry of 1859 reached him in his retreat; he abandoned his favorite mode of life once more, and joined the allied armies in Lombardy towards the end of the month of June. After the arrangement of the preliminaries of peace at Villafranca, he was about returning to California, when the leaders of the Romagnese solicited him to place himself at the head of affairs. We all know how satisfactorily he has conducted himself in his new position.

## THE GREAT EASTERN AT HOLYHEAD.

We publish the accompanying engraving less for the purpose of presenting another view of the Great Eastern, than the picturesqueness and striking effect of the lighthouse and breakwater at Holyhead, a seaport town of Wales, situated near the point of the peninsula or island which projects from the western coast of the Isle of Anglesey, and is a place of considerable importance since it has become a great port of communication with the Irish capital and a rendezvous of the mail packet. It was hence that the Great Eastern sailed in her late voyage to Southampton, where she is now laid up for the winter, to sail in the spring, we hope, for Portland. During this last passage the ship was under the control of the chief engineer, and behaved better than on any previous occasion. She made eight knots an hour and that too in a heavy seaway. While smaller vessels were rolling and pitching most uncomfortably all about her, she moved along with an easy swing and a motion described as peculiar to herself. We sincerely hope that this sea mammoth, after all the expense and toil bestowed upon her, will realize the expectations of her most sanguine friends. She is already the exponent of a great idea, and if she turns out as well in service as she at present promises, she will be one of the greatest marvels and triumphs of the age. The profits of the speculation remain to be shown by the test of actual experience, when the ship is in service. Many intelligent persons think, however, that the Great Eastern will only prove a monument of what human skill is susceptible of achieving, without being a source of profit. In time of war such a vessel must prove invaluable.



THE GREAT EASTERN AT HER ANCHORAGE, INSIDE THE BREAKWATER, HOLYHEAD, ENGLAND.



## A SCOTCH SPORTING PARTY.

The spirited engraving on this page represents a group of sportsmen assembled in front of Meggernie Castle, Glenlyon, Perthshire, one of the most charming and romantic of Highland valleys, which reaches almost to the boundaries of Argyllshire. The house, or, more properly speaking, the castle—for it bears, in parts, much the character of an ancient French chateau—is placed almost in the centre of the above-named valley or glen, in a singularly sequestered part of the county, being fourteen or fifteen miles distant from the residence of any other laird or proprietor, and about the same from a medical man or post-office—two most essential neighbors in so wild a district. A noble avenue of lime-trees, running parallel with the River Lyon—and which avenue, were it within twenty miles of the metropolis, from its natural beauties would attract thousands—forms the approach to Meggernie from the east. The castle itself stands clear on a beautiful lawn and grassy park, on which are scattered some of the finest trees to be found in the Highlands. The place, in fact, is one of peculiar beauty and interest, not only from its position, but also from its great antiquity and neighborhood to the scenes of many a bloody Highland conflict.

The house is one of those ancient piles con-

son he is fifteenth in descent. By the female line Mr. Menzies possesses the estates of Meggernie and Cudraes, and is a branch of the family of Menzies of Castle Menzies, chief of the same. This charming shooting quarter was held for many years by the late Earl of Sefton. A more first-rate sportsman, in the true acceptance of the term, never fired at red deer or grouse, and a more generous, high-minded, and noble-hearted English nobleman never graced the pages of the British Peerage. On the present owner coming of age the earl was obliged to resign the lease, which for many years he had held, to the regret of all the poor Highlanders of the Glen whose comforts he never lost sight of in the midst of his own sporting pleasure. The present proprietor or owner of Meggernie has added to the castle, and greatly improved it as a permanent residence.

The noble, rough-haired deerhound, which reposes in the foreground of the illustration, is a portrait of one of the finest and truest bred dogs. His dimensions are as follows: Heights at shoulder, 34 inches; girth at chest, 35 1-2 inches; length from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, 63 inches; his color, pale yellow with jet black muzzle; hair strong and wiry. The other dogs, we are informed, are portraits of individuals. The whole scene is pleasing and spirited.

## THE DIMINUTION OF RAIN.

The following remarks on the cause and consequence of the diminution of rain in all countries, by M. A. Dembinsky, professor of chemistry, are copied from the London Illustrated Times:

It is demonstrated that during the last eight years an increase of rising tracts of land has taken place, and that the majority of rivers recede to much lower beds, losing a great amount of their usual volume of water, and raise an abundance of fossils and weeds, which soon form layers for dry land, and increase the solid matter of the globe. The same effect is caused by the increase of population and the progress of science and arts, by the decay or refusal of matter. Large forests are consumed by the great demand for the erection of habitations, ship-building, domestic and agricultural employments and industry, by which means the reflection of light must increase, and thereby a smaller amount of evaporation or humidity must be caused, and in consequence a less amount of rain is produced, so that the formation of land is favored. The phenomena of the Nile in Egypt not having overflowed during the last month of June, and the coast area of the Baltic having receded for about a quarter of a mile, and similar events visible in all rivers, substantiate the fact. We come now to

## JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is as cruel as the grave; not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive and shelter from further storms the worn and forlorn pilgrim, who "rejoiceth and is exceeding glad" when he can find its repose; but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts. Jealousy is a two-headed asp, biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more obnoxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions, there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eye, white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own. And jealousy is an utter folly, for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone, to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is not leaving you, is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely?

Command me to all bereavon bears rather than to a jealous person, especially a jealous woman.



A SHOOTING PARTY IN FRONT OF MEGGERNIE CASTLE, GLENLYON, SCOTLAND.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH)

structed in times of danger, when strength was the first and greatest object. The walls are accordingly of immense thickness, and the doors defended by iron gratings of prodigious size and height. A donjon excavated from the foundations is, even to the present hour, adorned with hooks, on which the finishing stroke of the law, or rather the will of barbarous and despotic chiefs, has, we are told, been frequently executed. Alas! would the ghost of some of these departed victims but deign to make their appearance in this said donjon during the shooting season, we question whether they would not be somewhat "mazed," as the Scotch term it; and, instead of resuming their places as "damp, moist bodies" on the hooks, they would probably hang a cauldron there, in which to cook a stew of the abundant game they would find thereon, or mull a few bottles of good port or claret, with which the bins that adorn its sides are well filled. In all other respects it remains as in the times of Robert II. There is much accommodation and all requisite comfort to be found in the interior of Meggernie Castle, both as regards the more modern portion of the building, as also in the fine old tower which forms one of its extremities. Some old family portraits, both of the Menzies branch and also of the Stewarts of Cardnary, adorn the walls, likewise those of the late Mr. and Mrs. Menzies. The proprietor is descended in a straight line from Sir John Stewart of Cardnary, son of King Robert II., from whose eldest

## JAPANESE BATH HOUSE.

We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screening of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat upon a small table with a cash-box before him for the receipt of bath money; the price for each bath being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back, the floor gradually inclining downwards for about six feet, and again ascending towards a screen; behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. A channel passes through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow path of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women, and children squatted down, on issuing from the hot bath, and splashed the cold water over their bodies; they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, and appeared ruddy and refreshed. Nothing abashed by the presence of strangers, the work is carried on vigorously; and the exhibition is not looked upon by the Japanese as being at all indelicate; it may be from Adam and Eve like simplicity on their part. On leaving the baths they scrub themselves with dry, coarse towels, then dress, and leave the establishment, or retire to a small room, where they can be provided with a refreshing cup of tea.—*Voyage to Japan.*

the question, what results and consequences emanate from it? And, as far as human calculation permits, we find already striking proofs of the great change of climatic condition, the increase of heat, and a great amount of atmospheric electricity, producing virulent diseases, the prevalent afflictions of the respiratory organs, the uncommon emigration of animals and fishes from distant climates, the frequent boreal reflection of the sun, and several other indications which would require volumes to describe. One universal blessing, however, will ensue, and that will be the disappearance of the potato disease. All bulbous plants, if for many years reproduced by bulbs, and not by cultivation of seeds, lose a great deal of their saccharine and starchy substance, and incline to an unhealthy fermentation of the juice in the plants, which, during continuous rain, attract certain atmospheric animalcules, and which penetrate into the plants to metamorphose, and thus produce an almost invisible maggot, which, at its maturity, descends from the stalk into the bulbs, and causes the potato disease. If, during an interval of dry and hot weather, the fermentation referred to is prevented, the disease will surely disappear. This result has been established on the continent, where sandy soil is prevalent, principally in Mark Brandenburg, in Prussia, where, by order of the government, extensive trials were instituted, and produced the said effect. Potatoes cultivated by the seeds would confirm my assertion.

There is neither reason nor mercy in her when once thoroughly struck through with this fearful passion. She renders herself altogether repulsive by it—an object more of dread than affection to those who have loved her best. And if she regain not her self-command, and return not to her senses, she frequently destroys utterly the attachments she most prized. Her friends may indeed refuse to forsake her; but it will be duty that bids them stay; and never will they be able to forget what an abject thing she has once appeared.

But let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the mania suffers. To be sure, the suffering is from selfishness—often it is without a shadow of a cause; but still it is suffering, and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sorer curse, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart on which it seizes, than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while none should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims; and also should be watchful and careful that it enter not their own heart.—*Dickens.*

Hazlitt somewhere speaks of authors who, never forgetting their professional character, "carry their reputation about with them as the snail does its shell, and sit under its canopy like the lady in the lobster."



## A NEW ENTERPRISE!

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

## ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

## CHOICE AND DELIGHTFUL READING,

This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

## A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

## FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

## The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

Owning one of the oldest and largest newspaper establishments in the United States, the subscriber possesses unlimited facilities which ensure the completeness and excellence of this new weekly journal.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ONE SUBSCRIBER,	\$2.00
TWO SUBSCRIBERS,	3 00
SIX SUBSCRIBERS,	8 00
TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS, (and one to the getter-up of the club),	
	15 00

## SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS.

☞ The WELCOME GUEST and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION will be sent together for \$3 a year.

M. M. BALLOU,

Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS.—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2 50
One copy, two years	4 00
Five copies, one year	9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)	20 00
☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3 50 per annum.	

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C.—Dibdin, the famous bibliographer, was nephew of Dibdin, the famous nautical song-writer.

STATICIAN.—From a table recently published, it appears that the superficial area of all the States and territories of our Union is 3,288,010 square miles; of this, 1,829,010 square miles are within the limits of the present organized States, and 1,459,000 square miles within the territories. The limits of the United States when their independence was achieved (1783), did not exceed 820,080 square miles.

C. M., New York.—It was said shortly before her death that Lady Morgan's writings had yielded her 100,000 dollars.

"SEVENTY-SIX"—An epigram was current, after Burgoyne's surrender, which ran thus:

"Burgoyne, unconscious of impending fate,  
Could cut his way through woods—but not through Gates."

SHEPHERD.—The Angora Goat is being extensively acclimated in France. The fleece sells at from \$2 to \$2 50, and the wool, or rather hair, makes excellent velvet, uniting the lustre of silk to the firmness of wool velvet. A few of these beautiful animals were imported into South Carolina in 1849. They have increased to upward of fifty of the pure breed, besides many more half breeds.

G. M.—If you intend to make a figure in the legal profession, we advise you to drop the acquaintance of the muses.

R. V.—You will never get an idea of the pronunciation of French words, till you drop your pronouncing dictionary and take a live Frenchman.

CONSTANT READER.—In the year 1770 the presidency of Bengal was almost depopulated in consequence of dry weather. The rivers were nearly dried up, the rice fields failed. In addition, the granaries through some means became ignited, and a famine, such as Europe had not known for many centuries, was the awful result. It is stated that tens of thousands of human beings perished in the streets, and that in Calcutta alone there were daily employed by the East India Company one hundred men to remove the dead bodies on cars and sledges, and to deposit them in the waters of the Ganges.

D. C., Mobile.—We cannot notice questions which require long and elaborate answers.

AMATEUR.—Water cakes are made of the ordinary pigments, ground up very fine with water in which has been dissolved a little gum-arabic or a little size. Being thus made into a paste, they are pressed in a steel dye and afterwards dried in a gentle heat.

## AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

We yield to no man in our respect for the eloquence of our countrymen. Having listened enchanted to the utterances of a Webster, an Everett, a Choate, and a Harrison Gray Otis, to say nothing of other illustrious masters of the art, we thought we had heard the highest specimens of oratory. Little did we dream that the sublimest efforts of our living and dead speakers were to be eclipsed and utterly thrown into the shade by a speaker, who, at one spring, has placed himself on the topmost pinnacle of achievement. If our language is verging on the "highfalutin'," it is because we have just arisen from the perusal of a patriotic oration delivered so lately as July 4th, of this year of grace—an oration which lies before us in all the brilliancy of fine white paper and sharp-cut type, and bearing every stamp of authenticity. This address was delivered at Rome, Tennessee, at the last celebration of the anniversary of our national independence, by Edwin H. Tenney, Esq., Attorney at Law, of Nashville, Tennessee.

It is truly a remarkable production. Every page, every passage, blazes with rhetorical images. The same effect is produced on the mind by reading this production, as on the eye by looking at the dazzling changes of the kaleidoscope. The orator's striking originality is highly characteristic. Even many of his words are to be found in no dictionary of the English or any other language, a fact which gives him a great advantage, though the envious might deem it an undue one, over all his competitors. But we hasten to lay before our readers a few specimens of this unique production. After speaking warmly of the heroes of the Revolution, he says:

"We pay thus our dues to seventy-six; but we see in this assembly the Mexican soldier. You have a mortgage on our sympathies; for your cerebellum has been steered at the bellows of liberty. This gray-headed flag, the genial proffer of a Carthage heart, once splendid and significant, wiping so often with the limber neck of its gentle bird, your chameleon forehead, stitched with glory and hemmed with magnificence, eloquent with Webster's great sentiment, mid the stars and stripes that now flap the gales of a grateful country,—Ah! its history from the old training-day, now sorry with scars, airy from bomb-shells, and bored with bullet-holes, all redolent of victory, hued with blood from Palo Alto to Monterey, is your enology."

But lest the reader should think that the *forte* of our orator is rhetoric, let us give him a taste of his logic and philosophy. The following passage is Emersonian in its profundity:

"Danger is the concomitant of power, the damper of enthusiasm, and the attendant of vicissitude. Preachers work with it, statesmen and politicians feel of it, rogues and rascals tamper with it. Fancy is its workshop; the passions are its playhouse; steel, lead, coffins and gunpowder are its nicknacks. To hierarchies, it is safe and vitalizing; to principalities, it is ruthless and nauseating; but to democracy, lurking and desultory, it spawns politicians like tadpoles, and mounted with their regimentals, sly and slippery, it lubricates sensibilities with pity, braces dependency with enthusiasm, pays despair with hope, bridging gulches with alternatives all big with disunion; and when the last lonely lane of expediency is travelled, and the last draw-bridge of desperation cut, floundering on the brink of agony, sinewless and benten, croaking a nation's death knell, it rivets its doom on type and stump, rips from anarchy its grave-clothes, sews them with muscles of liberty, but to swap regimentals for the tomb."

We could multiply extracts; but as there is food too luscious to be taken except in infinitesimal doses, so there is mental pabulum too strong to be digested in large quantities. But we think we have quoted enough to prove that this oration is the most remarkable production of the 19th century. It is as eloquent as any audience can bear—one figure more, one phrase additional, one flight higher, and the public would die like Semele when Jupiter came to her in all the effulgence of his Olympian glory.

## TESTIMONIAL WORTH HAVING.

Our readers are aware that we individually give the Ladd & Webster Sewing Machines preference over all others, from a personal knowledge of its merits; but the following letter from J. P. Pirsson, Esq., a practical man in every sense of the word, and a distinguished civil engineer and patent lawyer, is worth more, in fact, than the combined opinion of half the editors in New England:

Letter from J. P. Pirsson, Esq., Civil Engineer.

No. 5, WALL STREET, N. Y.  
Nov. 10th, 1859.

SIR,—In giving the opinion you request as to the merits of your Sewing Machines, it may be as well to state that that opinion is drawn from two sources—the one being the practical working of your machines in my family, and the other from knowledge and information obtained in the course of a professional business, which has brought from time to time before me for critical examination almost all the known forms of Sewing Machines from the very beginning of their history. My experience, practically, is that your Machines are eminently fitted for all the various uses to which it is possible to apply a Sewing Machine. For the family, I find that they perform admirably upon every material desired. In regard to their durability, as well as to their ability to stand hard driving, it appears to me that no Machines are made which excel, and few which equal them. I find that they are made of the best material, all the bearings and other moving parts strong and substantial, while the running is smooth and as nearly frictionless as possible. All these are qualities essential to a first-class Machine.

(Signed), JOSEPH P. PIRSSON.

To WM. C. HICKS, Esq., Sup't of Ladd, Webster & Co.'s Sewing Machine Manufactory.

## PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Dr. George Hayward, the eminent surgeon of this city, lately contributed a very able and interesting article to the "British and Foreign Medical-Chirurgical Review," on "Anæsthesia, and the agents employed to produce it." His purpose is to urge his professional brethren in Europe to make a fair trial of rectified sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic agent, from its perfect safety, while chloroform, which appears to be the favorite in foreign practice, not unfrequently produces fatal results. Dr. Hayward states that he has never, in spite of the utmost diligence in searching for facts, "been able to find any well-attested case of death from its (ether) inhalation." Dr. Hayward was the first practitioner who performed an important surgical operation on a patient rendered insensible by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. This was done at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in this city, November 7, 1846, in the presence of a large crowd of specta-

tors. The operation was the removal of the leg of a female patient above the knee. The instrument by which the ether was applied was very clumsy, but insensibility was produced in three minutes. The operation occupied one minute and forty-five seconds, not including the tying of the six arteries. The patient was insensible throughout, only giving signs of consciousness when the last artery was tied. The application of the ether was made at the suggestion of Dr. Morton, the dentist, who was the first to use the ether, having extracted a tooth without causing pain September 30, 1846.

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its *fifteenth* volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. *The Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Esq., entitled

## THE POLICE SPY:

—OR,—

## The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Abbott's fancy goods store, 262 Washington Street, corner of Avon Place, presents the most elegant variety of articles for gifts at this season, embracing bronzes, rich Paris fancy articles, dressing-cases of the most beautiful patterns, vases of every description, Parian goods in infinite variety, ornamental combs, jewel cases, meerschaum pipes, and in short, articles too numerous to mention. The store is a choice and attractive museum in itself, and the goods are sold amazingly low. Mr. Abbott has been so long in the business that he has reduced it to a profession to supply the public with articles of virtue and useful ornaments, and at prices, too, which a few years ago would have been considered impossible. Let our friends, ladies and gentlemen, look in and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, and they will be abundantly repaid for their visit, if only by the delight of examining so brilliant an array of seasonable and new goods.

OLD SPAIN.—Spain appears to be entering upon a new career of prosperity. Within the past ten years, many reforms have been instituted in regard to the ecclesiastical establishments of the country, the manufacturers are protected, and more than a thousand miles of railroad have been put in successful operation. The Paris Patrie epitomizes the fact in the following language: "Spain daily grows greater; political parties are becoming appeased; her agriculture develops itself; her credit improves; her industry progresses, and her army becomes obedient in discipline."

RATHER KEEN.—A superficial person, having heard a popular declaimer preach, said to Dr. Bellamy, "O, sir, I have been fed this evening." The doctor replied, "So the calves think, after having sucked each other's ears."

"EXTENSION."—The King of Abyssinia has sold to France the island of Massowah, in the Red Sea. It has a good harbor and some trade, and is susceptible of being made a superior naval station.

HUMAN NATURE.—Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The cheapest publication in the world. One dollar a year!



## LOCH KATRINE.

This celebrated spot of water is a lake on the western portion of the district of Monteith, Perthshire, running for a considerable space between the parishes of Callander and Aberfoil, and extending in a serpentine form about nine miles from east to north, while its breadth is no more than a mile. From the eastern extremity of the lake flows a stream, which, after winding into two minor lakes, called Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, becomes a contributor of the Frith of Forth, that flows into the Great Canal, by which the Forth and the Clyde are joined. The banks of the above lakes are distinguished by a beautiful range of sylvan and wooded scenery, enhanced to a considerable extent by the rude and almost Alpine characteristics of the district. Loch Katrine is a peculiarly characteristic piece of scenery, which has commonly been called the "Trosachs," and has ever been dear to artists, who have a penchant for forms partaking of the Salvator Rosa caste.

The scene of the "Trosachs" may be described as a valley covered with large fragments of rocks, and flanked with naked precipices, amidst which grow many beautiful trees and shrubs, giving a beautiful mellowness and softness to what would be otherwise a scene of unmitigated, wild, barbaric magnificence. The banks of the Loch Katrine are composed of slopes, which gradually descend from the neighboring mountain ridges, most of which are covered with beautiful natural woods, supplying extremely picturesque points of view to the artist and tourist. Formerly the extraordinary beauty of this Highland paradise was almost unknown, as it lay "embowered in trees;" nor was a wider knowledge of it gained until the publication of Sir Walter Scott's poem of "The Lady of the Lake," of which it was the scene. Subsequent to this period the locality has become the favorite resort of travellers to the northern portion of the Scottish dominions, and is annually visited in summer and autumn by large numbers. A good road is now formed between Callander and Loch Katrine; and the convenience of a boat to traverse the lake from one end to the other, may at all times be procured by tourists, whether they approach from the eastern or western extremity. There is also an inn at Loch Achray, near the eastern end of the lake, at which admirable accommodation is afforded at reasonable rates.

## HOW TO OBTAIN RECRUITS.

A writer in Blackwood states that when soldiers are wanted and recruits are scarce, at Damascus, a review is given. A number of ingenious manoeuvres are given by the troops, which result, first, in the spectators finding themselves enclosed in a square, and next, in the able-bodied ones being marched off as conscripts to the Padisha's army. When this device gets stale, another measure is adopted, not calculated, one would think, to promote the better observance of the Sabbath in Damascus; soldiers are sent to the door of the mosque to catch all who may be inside. When this in turn begins to fail, and the Damascenes will neither attend reviews nor go to church, the authorities fall back on a plan of simple efficacy, and send soldiers to kidnap people in their houses at night.

**BINDING.**—Every description of book-binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, The London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Peterson's Magazine, BalloU's Dollar Monthly, BalloU's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, scrap books, engravings, etc., etc., bound and returned in one week.

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—The first Lord Littleton was very absent in company, and when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat, at Hagley, it is said of him that "he had sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim."

**THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY**—is to be completed to Detroit the present year, making 862 miles in a direct line, and branches in addition, making in the aggregate 1099 miles, costing, including the Victoria Bridge, over \$60,000,000.

**CARVING.**—A gentleman undertook to carve a joint at a dinner party, and did the work very awkwardly. "You shall not be my joint-executor," said his next neighbor.

## EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The following strange story appears in the Union du Var: Sir Edward Egerton, nephew of Sir Robert Peel, has just left Nice for Grasse. This young man has been occupied for several years in procuring the information necessary to discover a will made by one of his uncles, leaving him a fortune estimated at thirty-two millions—part of the fortune consisting of thirty houses in London, and an entire street in Edinburgh. This will, after the death of the testator, could not be found, and all attempts to discover it were fruitless. In August last, the Rev. Mr. Himmel, a Catholic priest at Dublin, received in confession a declaration to the following effect: The opulent testator, some time ago, sailed for Italy in the Ville de Grasse, a steamer which sunk near the Iles d'Hyeres. All his effects and papers were lost, but he himself was saved; he was, however, afflicted with rheumatism, and having had to stop at Nice, died there. Just before his death, he made his secretary write to his nephew, to beg him to come in all haste; but the secretary, supposing that he would make a new will in favor of the latter, and having a spite against him, did not send the letter. When he made this confession, the ex secretary was on his death-bed, and he prayed the priest to do what he could to repair his wrong. Sir E. Egerton is now about to endeavor to obtain at La Grasse and Cannes, information as to the precise spot in which the vessel went down. He hopes that the trunks of his deceased uncle may still be intact, and that in one of them he can find the will. A company is being organized at London to assist him in getting up the vessel. He has consented to advance £20,000 in English money towards the expenses, and to give 5,000,000 out of his inheritance if the will be found at the bottom of the ocean. In the lost vessel were large sums of money, and other articles of value belonging to other persons; and the question has arisen whether the English company may not retain all the wealth it may fish up.

## INSANITY IN IRELAND.

In some of the gaols in Ireland lunatics are admitted who are dangerous to themselves or others. As bearing on the effect of the religious revivals, it has been ascertained that, taking the period between the first of June last and the present time, the number committed in 1858 to the gaols of Belfast, Downpatrick, and Monaghan, were in all 22, while in 1859 they amounted to 45. Of the 22 committed in 1858, only one appeared to have had his mind overturned from religious causes, while in the cases occurring in 1859, the religious element largely predominates. Thus, of 19 committed to Belfast gaol, no less than 13 were certified by the medical officer to have been insane on the subject of religion, and the remaining six might perhaps be traced to a similar cause.

**DON'T NEGLECT A COUGH.**—Taken in the early stages a cough can be cured at once; but if neglected, it leads to a dangerous trouble. A distressing cough causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer experiences himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure coughs, colds, and arrest consumption, and that, too, speedily; but it should be taken when thus affected without delay, and then its effect is magical. Buy none unless it has written upon the wrapper, "I. Butts," as there are imitations of the article in some States of the Union.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Dr. Johnson tells us that if a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

**LEGAL DECISION.**—Judge Whiteman, of Perry county, Ohio, has lately decided that a railway company has no right to sell or mortgage their road without the consent of the Legislature.

**GOLD.**—The water-courses through California are at the lowest stage, and the miners holding claims in the beds of the streams are gathering rich harvests of gold.

**A GOLDEN RULE.**—Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser, and the charge preferred against him.

**SHARP.**—"I do not wish your assertions to pass for truth, madam." "You can easily prevent it, sir, by repeating them yourself."

**"THE WELCOME GUEST."**—After FOURTEEN years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—\$2 a year.

## Upside Gatherings.

Mr. Joseph Kline died at Freeport, Illinois, lately, from the bite of a cat.

There are now nineteen steam fire engines in the city of Philadelphia.

The pea-nut is extensively cultivated in California, and will in a few years form an important article of commerce.

The taxable property in Texas this year is \$224,353,256, being an increase of thirty millions over the last.

Ex-President Pierce has purchased a tract of fifteen acres of land in Concord, N. H., on which he intends to build a house next spring.

The population of Memphis, Tenn., by a census just completed, is 25,000, or double the population of 1854, and four times larger than in 1850.

Two cattle drovers were arrested at Columbus, Ohio, lately, their drove of fifty-one head being made up of pickings and stealings all the way from Indiana.

The amount of wheat now accumulating on the Upper Mississippi, for the steamboats to take down the river before navigation closes, is immensely large.

The board of underwriters of New York have offered a reward of three thousand dollars for every apprehension and conviction of an incendiary during the next twelve months.

A young lady in Lansingburg was told that a party was to be given in that place, and that lots of young men from Troy would be present. "Yes," said she, "vacant lots, probably."

There is now in operation in the United States one mile of railway to every thousand inhabitants; in England one to every 2500, and in the whole of Great Britain, one to every 3000 inhabitants.

The Canadians are discussing the subject of supporting schools by direct taxation. The New Brunswick Herald is of opinion that a large majority of the people are in favor of such a policy.

Colonel Hoe, the inventor of the cylinder press, has had his leg broken by a fall from his carriage. If he is confined long, he will invent some mode of motion that will quite supersede legs.

The Yale Catalogue and Calendar shows that there are 42 officers in its faculty and instructors, with two vacant professorships. There are 139 professional students and 502 academical. The freshmen number 173.

One of the ablest of the English judges has recently declared from the bench his objection to upset a decision of the Jockey Club, because, he said, it was the most honorable tribunal in the world.

An old man named Armstrong owns a beautiful ranch on the south fork of Eel River, Cal., where he lives all alone, and his nearest neighbor is forty miles away. He owns about 600 head of stock.

The prairies along the river in Nebraska were on fire a short time since. The flames extended as far as the eye could reach, presenting a magnificent spectacle, and the smoke was so thick on the river that boats could scarcely make their way.

A report on the railroads in Virginia states that there is in operation one thousand four hundred and thirty-eight miles of main line of railroads. The exhibit of earnings by the various roads is quite flattering to railroad enterprise in Virginia.

Mrs. Susannah Knight, a widow lady, 54 years of age, while travelling in the cars near Syracuse, N. Y., on the 14th ult., attempted to pass from one car to another, when she made a misstep and fell between the cars, and was immediately killed, her head being severed from her body.

In Chicago, a few days ago, a whole family were staggering along upon the sidewalk, drunk. There were the husband, the wife, two daughters from fourteen to eighteen years old, and a boy not far from the same age, all more or less intoxicated.

There a slight disposition in certain quarters to belittle the Great Eastern, now that she is not coming. People talk of her as the gentleman did of the Ark, when Noah politely refused him a pass into that nautical concern. The English may "go to thunder," or to the Mediterranean, with their big boat, no one here thinks her much of a ship.

The Auburn Advertiser learns that a young lady, daughter of Mr. Fleming, of Victory, Cayuga county, was shot through the head and instantly killed, lately. Her brother was going through the manual with a gun, showing his sister "how it was done," when the gun exploded, and the ball taking effect in the sister's head, she fell and instantly expired. She was about nineteen years of age.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The imagination is the greatest of enchanters.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.—*Coke.*

.... Socrates that almost divine man, has made his mind the touchstone of the true and false.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Dull men are to be closely studied. Their qualities, like pearls, lie out of sight, and must be fished for.—*Bovee.*

.... Every genius who produces evil and not good, is rather a monster than a prodigy.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The honest, earnest determination to perform, almost always suggests its own *modus operandi*.—*G. W. Simms.*

.... The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—*Bovee.*

.... Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, and study help from that which thou lamentest. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The lively and mercurial are as open books, with the leaves turned down at the notable passages. Their souls sit at the windows of their eyes, seeing and to be seen.—*Bovee.*

.... How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou knowest we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; and wit depends on dilatory time.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at his command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the bird" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... But for that blindness which is inseparable from malice, what terrible powers of evil would it possess. Fortunately for the world, its venom, like that of the rattlesnake, when most poisonous, clouds the eye of the reptile, and defeats its aim.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we contrive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... There is nothing so elevating to a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man. The worship she pays him, whether it be that of friendship or of love, exalts her mind, and fills her soul with a holy joy; there is nothing so degrading, so crushing to the spirit, as to be the slave of a churl.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

## Joker's Budget.

A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Never do things by halves, unless it is sending a bank note by the post, or paying a cabman his demand.

A man went on board a California vessel to take leave of his friends, and forgot to come ashore again.

If a man is bitten by a dog, he is most likely, whether the animal has the hydrophobia or not, to get mad.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

If a man will reap "whatsoever he soweth," what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of these days!

Seeing a collar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

If cloth is eighteen shillings, and pants fifty cents, how many yards of buttermilk will be necessary to make a gander an outside coat?

"I thought the wise men came from the east," said a western man to a Yankee. "And the farther you go west the more you'll think so—I rather guess."

A western editor says he is a whole horse, which we presume is the case, as we find the following advertisement in his columns, viz., "Grain wanted at this office."

"I have learned this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

Of all passages in a young man's life, there is none so trying, so solemn, or accompanied with so much earnest feeling, as seeking for the Lucifer box in the dark.

There is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

"Ah," said an Englishman the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."



## A NEW PLEASURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE whole purpose of Mr. Bolton's life had been the accumulation of property, with an end to his own gratification. To part with a dollar was, therefore, ever felt as the giving up of a prospective good; and it acted as the abridgement of present happiness. Appeals to Mr. Bolton's benevolence had never been very successful; and in giving, he had not experienced the blessing which belongs of right to good deeds. The absolute selfishness of his feelings wronged him of what was justly his due.

Thus passed the life of Mr. Bolton. Dollar was added to dollar, house to house, and field to field. Yet he was never satisfied with gaining; for the little he had looked so small, compared with the wealth of the world, after the whole of which his heart really panted, as to appear at times actually insignificant. Thus, as he grew older, he set a higher value upon what he had, as the means of gaining more; and in his parting with money, did so at the expense of a daily increasing reluctance.

In the beginning of life, Mr. Bolton possessed a few generous feelings, the remains of early and innocent states stored up in childhood. His mother, a true woman, perceiving the strong selfish and accumulative bent of his character, had sought in every possible way to implant in his mind feelings of benevolence and regard for others. One mode of doing this was to introduce him into scenes that appealed to his sympathies. She often took him with her to see poor or sick persons, and so interested him in them as to create a desire in his mind to afford relief. So soon as she perceived this desire awakening, she devised some mode of bringing it into activity, so that he might feel the delights which spring from a consciousness of having done good to another.

But so strong was the lad's hereditary love of self, that she ever found difficulty in inducing him to sacrifice what he already considered his own, in the effort to procure blessings for others, no matter how greatly they stood in need. If urged to spend a sixpence of his own for such a purpose, he would generally reply:

"But you've got a great many more sixpences than I have, mother; why don't you spend them?"

To this Mrs. Bolton would answer as appropriately as possible; but she found but poor success in her efforts, which were never relaxed. In early manhood, as Mr. Bolton began to come in actual contact with the world, the remains of early states of innocence and sympathy with others came back, as we have intimated, upon him, and he acted, in many instances, with a generous disregard of self. But as he bent his mind more and more earnestly to the accumulation of money, these feelings had less and less influence over him. And as dollar after dollar was added to his store, his interest in the welfare of others grew less and less active. Early friendships were gradually forgotten, and the first natural desire to see early friends prosperous like himself, gradually died out. "Every man for himself" became the leading principle of his life; and he acted upon it on all occasions. In taking a pew at church, and regularly attending worship every Sabbath, he was governed by the idea that it was respectable to do so, and gave a man a standing in society, that reacted favorably upon his worldly interests. In putting his name to a subscription paper, a thing not always to be avoided, even by him, a business view of the matter was invariably taken, and the satisfaction of mind experienced on the occasion arose from the reflection that the act would benefit him in the long run. As to the minor charities, in the doing of which the left hand has no acquaintance with the deeds of the right hand, Mr. Bolton never indulged in them. If his left hand had known the doings of his right in matters of this kind, said hand would not have been much wiser for the knowledge.

Thus life went on; and Mr. Bolton was ever busy in gathering his golden harvest; so busy, that he had not time for anything else, not even to enjoy what he possessed. At last he was sixty years old, and his wealth extended to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. But he was further from being satisfied than ever, and less happy than at any former period in his life.

One cause of unhappiness arose from the fact that, as a rich man, he was constantly annoyed with applications to do a rich man's part in the

charities of the day. And to these applications it was impossible always to turn a deaf ear. Give he must, sometimes, and giving always left a pain behind, because the gift came not from a spirit of benevolence. There were other and various causes of unhappiness, all of which combining, made Mr. Bolton, as old age came stealing upon him, about as miserable a man as could well be. Money, in his eyes the greatest good, had not brought the peace of mind to which he had looked forward, and the days came and went without a smile. His children had grown up and passed into the world, and were, as he had been at their ages, so all-absorbed by the love of gain, as to have little love to spare for anything else.

About this time, Mr. Bolton, having made one or two losing operations, determined to retire from business, invest all his money in real estate and other securities, and let the management of these investments constitute his future employment. In this new occupation he found so little to do in comparison with his former busy life, that the change proved adverse, so far as his repose of mind was concerned.

It happened, about this time, that Mr. Bolton had occasion to go some twenty miles into the country. On returning home, and when within a few miles of the city, his carriage was overtaken, and he had the misfortune to fracture a limb. This occurred near a pleasant little farm house that stood a few hundred yards from the road; the owner of which, seeing the accident, ran to the overturned carriage and assisted to extricate the injured man. Seeing how badly he was hurt, he had him removed to his own house, and then taking a horse, rode off two miles for a physician. In the meantime the driver of Mr. Bolton's carriage was despatched to the city for some of his family and his own physician. The country doctor and the one from the city arrived about the same time. On making a careful examination as to the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries, it was found that his right leg above the knee was broken, and that one of his ankles was dislocated. He was suffering great pain, and was much exhausted. As quickly as it could be done the bone was set, and the dislocation reduced. By this time it was nightfall, and too late to think seriously of returning before morning. The moment Mr. Gray, the farmer, saw the thoughts of the injured man and his friends directed towards the city, he promptly invited them to remain in his house all night, and as much longer as the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries might require. The invitation was thankfully accepted.

During the night Mr. Bolton suffered a great deal of pain, and in the morning, when the physicians arrived, it was found that his injured limb was much inflamed. Of course, a removal to the city was out of the question. The doctors declared that the attempt would be made at the risk of his life. Farmer Gray said that such a thing must not be thought of until the patient was fully able to bear the journey; and the farmer's wife as earnestly protested against any attempt at having the injured man disturbed until it could be perfectly safe to do so. Both tendered the hospitality of their humble home with so much sincerity, that Mr. Bolton felt that he could accept of them with perfect freedom.

It was a whole month ere the old gentleman was in a condition to bear the journey to town; and not once in the whole of that time had Mr. and Mrs. Gray seemed weary of his presence, nor once relaxed in their efforts to make him comfortable. As Mr. Bolton was about leaving, he tendered the farmer, with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had received, a hundred dollar bill as some small compensation for the trouble and expense he had occasioned him and his family. But Mr. Gray declined the offer, saying, as he did so:

"I have only done what common humanity required, Mr. Bolton; and were I to receive money, all the pleasure I now experience would be gone."

It was in vain that Mr. Bolton urged the farmer's acceptance of some remuneration. Mr. Gray was firm in declining to the last. All that could be done was to send Mrs. Gray a handsome present from the city; but this did not entirely relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton from the sense of obligation under which the disinterested kindness of the farmer had laid him; and thoughts of this tended to soften his feelings, and to awaken, in a small measure, the human sympathies which had so long slumbered in his bosom.

Several months passed before Mr. Bolton was

able to go out, and then he resumed his old employment of looking after his rents, and seeking for new and safe investments that promised some better returns than he was yet receiving. One day a broker, who was in the habit of doing business for Mr. Bolton, said to him:

"If you want to buy a small, well-cultivated farm at about half what it is worth, I think I know where you can get one."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Three years ago it was bought for three thousand dollars, and seven hundred paid down in cash. Only eight hundred dollars have since been paid on it; and as the time for which the mortgage was to remain has now expired, a foreclosure is about to take place. By a little management, I am sure I can get you the farm for the balance due on the mortgage."

"That is, for fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Is the farm worth that? Will it be a good investment?"

"It is in the highest state of cultivation. The owner has spent too much money upon it. This, with the loss of his entire crop of wheat, rye, corn, oats and hay, last year, has crippled him, and made it impossible to pay off the mortgage."

"How came he to meet with this loss?"

"His barn was struck by lightning."

"That was unfortunate."

"The farm will command, at the lowest, two hundred and fifty dollars rent; and by forcing a sale just at this time, it can be had for fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars—half its real value."

"It would be a good investment at that?"

"Capital. I would advise you to secure it."

After making some brief inquiries as to its location, the quality of the land, the improvements, etc., Mr. Bolton told the broker, in whom he had great confidence, that he might buy the property for him, if he could obtain it for anything below two thousand dollars. This the broker said he could easily do, as the business of foreclosure was in his own hands.

In due time Mr. Bolton was informed by his agent in the matter, that a sale under the mortgage had taken place, and that, by means of the little management proposed, he had succeeded in keeping away all competition in bidding. The land, stock, farming implements, and all, had been knocked down at a price that just covered the incumbrance on the estate, and were the property of Mr. Bolton, at half their real value.

"That was a good speculation," said the gray-haired money-lover, when his agent informed him of what he had been doing.

"First rate," replied the broker. "The farm is worth every cent of three thousand dollars. Poor Gray! I can't help feeling sorry for him. But, it's his luck. He valued his farm at three thousand five hundred dollars. A week ago he counted himself worth two thousand dollars clean. Now he isn't worth a copper. Fifteen hundred dollars, and three or four years' thrown away into the bargain. But, it's luck. So the world goes. He must try again. It will all go right in his lifetime."

"Gray? Is that the man's name?" inquired Mr. Bolton. His voice was changed.

"Yes. I thought I had mentioned the name."

"I didn't remark it, if you did. It's the farm adjoining Harvey's on the north?"

"Yes."

"I have had it in my mind, all along, that it was the one on the south."

"No."

"When did you see Mr. Gray?"

"He was here about half an hour ago?"

"How does he feel about the matter?"

"He takes it hard, of course. Any man would. But, it's his luck, and he must submit. It's no use crying over disappointments and losses in this world."

Mr. Bolton mused for a long time.

"I'll see you again, to-morrow," he said, at length. "Let everything remain as it is until then."

The man who had been for so many years sold, as it were, to selfishness, found himself checked at last by the thought of another. While just in the act of grasping a money advantage, the interest of another rose up, and made him pause.

"If it had been any one else," said he to himself, as he walked slowly homeward, "all would have been plain sailing. But—but—"

The sentence was not finished.

"It won't do to turn him away," was at length

uttered. "He shall have the farm at a very moderate rent."

Still these concessions of selfishness did not relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton, nor make him feel more willing to meet the man who had done him so great a kindness, and in such a disinterested spirit.

All day, and for a portion of the night that followed, Mr. Bolton continued to think over the difficulty in which he found himself placed, and the more he thought, the less willing did he feel to take the great advantage of the poor farmer at first contemplated. After falling asleep, his mind continued occupied with the same subject, and in the dreams that came to him, he lived over a portion of the past.

He was again a helpless invalid, and the kind farmer and his excellent wife were ministering, as before, to his comfort. His heart was full of grateful feelings. Then a change came suddenly. He stood the spectator of a widely-spread ruin which had fallen upon the excellent Mr. Gray and his family. A fierce tempest was sweeping over his fields, and levelling all—house, trees and grain—in ruin to the earth. A word spoken by him would have saved all; he felt this, but he did not speak the word. The look of reproach suddenly cast upon him by the farmer, so stung him that he awoke; and from that time until the day dawned, he lay pondering on the course of conduct he had best pursue.

The advantage of the purchase he had made was so great, that Mr. Bolton thought of relinquishing it with great reluctance. On the other hand, his obligation to the farmer was of such a nature, that he must, in clinging to his bargain, forfeit his self-respect; and must suffer a keen sense of mortification, if not dishonor, at any time that he happened to meet Mr. Gray face to face. Finally, after a long struggle, continued through several days, he resolved to forego the good he had attempted to grasp.

How many years since this man had done a generous action! since he had relinquished a selfish and sordid purpose out of regard to another's well-being! And now it had cost him a desperate struggle; but after the trial was past, his mind became tranquil, and he could think of what he was about to do with an emotion of pleasure that was new in his experience. Immediately on this resolution being formed, Mr. Bolton called upon his agent. His first inquiry was:

"When did you see Gray?"

"The previous owner of your farm?"

"Yes."

"Not since the sale. You told me to let everything remain as it was."

"Hasn't he called?"

"No."

"The loss of his farm must be felt as a great misfortune."

"No doubt of that. Every man feels his losses as misfortunes. But we all have to take the good and the bad in life together. It's his luck, and he must put up with it."

"I wonder if he hasn't other property?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"O, yes. I know exactly what he was worth. He had been overseer for Elbertson for several years, and while there managed to save seven hundred dollars, with which he paid down the cash required in purchasing his farm. Since then, he has been paying off the mortgage that remained on the property, and but for the burning of his barn, might have prevented a result that has been so disastrous to himself. But, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In every loss somebody gains; and the turn of the die has been in your favor this time."

Bolton did not appear to feel as much satisfaction at this view of the case as the broker anticipated; and seeing this, he changed the subject, by asking some question about the consummation of the sale under the mortgage.

"I'll see about that to-morrow," said Mr. Bolton.

"Very well," was replied.

After some more conversation, Mr. Bolton left the office of his agent.

For years farmer Gray had been toiling, late and early, to become the full owner of his beautiful farm. Its value had much increased since it had come into his possession, and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when it would be his own beyond all doubt. But the loss of an entire year's crop, through the burning of his barn, deeply tried and dispirited him. From this grievous disappointment, his spirits were beginning to rise, when the sudden fore-



closure of the mortgage, and hurried sale of his farm, crushed all his hopes to the earth.

Who the real purchaser of his farm was Mr. Gray did not know, for the broker had bought in his own name. So bewildered was the farmer by the suddenly occurring disaster, that for several days subsequent to the sale he remained almost totally paralyzed in mind. No plans were laid for the future; nor even those ordinary steps for the present taken that common prudence would suggest. He wandered about the farm, or sat at home, dreamily musing upon what seemed the utter ruin of all his best hopes in life. While in this state, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Bolton. The old gentleman, in taking him by the hand, said:

"What is the matter, my friend? You appear in trouble."

"And I am in trouble," was unhesitatingly answered.

"Not so deep but that you may get out of it again, I hope."

Mr. Gray shook his head in a desponding way.

"What is the trouble?" Mr. Bolton inquired.

"I have lost my farm."

"O, no!"

"It is too true. It has been sold for a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars. Though I have already paid more than that sum on account of the purchase, it only brought enough to pay the incumbrance, and I am ruined."

from oppression for the sake of gain. Many of these were embraced, and Mr. Bolton, in realizing the fact that it is sometimes more blessed to give than to receive, found in the latter years of his life "A NEW PLEASURE"—the pleasure of benevolence.

#### PHENOMENA OF HUNGER.

Hunger is one of the most beneficent and terrible instincts. It is, indeed, the very fire of life, underlying all impulses to labor, and moving man to noble activities by its imperious demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city into communication with city. Hunger is the invisible overseer of the men who are erecting palaces, prison houses, barracks and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which with stealthy power is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Lot food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible—so indissolubly dependent are our highest efforts on our lowest impulses. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to that labor which he hates, and will always avoid where he can. And though

#### BEDFORD TOWNSHIP, PENNSYLVANIA.

The landscape illustration on this page delineates one of the finest scenes in the old Keystone State—a romantic foreground, the town of Bedford in the middle distance, and far away the line of the Alleghany Mountains crowning the distance. Bedford is the borough town of Bedford county, and is about 190 miles west from Philadelphia, and 91 miles east-by-south from Pittsburgh. It is situated on the Raystown branch of the Juniata, and is neatly built. Wills' Mountain, on the west side of the town, is 1300 feet high, and Dunning's Mountain, on the east side, is 1100 feet high. A mile and a half south of the town, to the left in our picture, are the famous mineral springs, discovered in 1804. "They are saline and sulphurous," says Dr. Douglinson. "The most celebrated—the 'Mineral Spring,' or 'Anderson's Spring'—contains carbonic acid, sulphate of magnesia, chloride of sodium and calcium, and carbonate of iron, but none of these articles in great quantity, hence the main action of the waters is diuretic. At some distance from the springs there is a chalybeate water; and about ten miles southwest, at Milliken's Cove, a strong sulphurous spring. The climate at Bedford Springs is agreeable. During the heat of summer, the nights are generally cool." Bedford is a very fashionable resort during the hot weather. The walks and rides among the mountains, and by the river side, are very delightful, and the exercise

#### THE HUMAN HAND.

Cassell's Natural History has the following interesting paragraph upon the human hand, showing how true it is that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and what an organism of consummate skill do we possess in the hand, of which few are comparatively aware:

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of an equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal!" It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a sword, a switch, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tools, in all of which a secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined. On the length, strength and perfectly free movements of the thumb, depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name ("pollex," from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty), because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of



VIEW OF BEDFORD TOWNSHIP, AND THE ALLEGHANIES, PENNSYLVANIA.

The farmer was deeply disturbed, and Mr. Bolton's feelings were much interested.

"Don't be so troubled, my good friend," said the old gentleman. "You rendered me a service in time of need, and it is now in my power to return it. The farm is still yours. I hold the mortgage, and you need not fear another foreclosure."

Some moments passed after this announcement, before Mr. Gray's mind became clear, and his entire self-possession returned. Then grasping the hand of Mr. Bolton, he thanked him with all the eloquence a grateful heart inspires. It was the happiest moment the old merchant had seen for years. The mere possession of a thousand or two of dollars seemed as nothing to the pleasure he felt at having performed a good action; or, rather, at having refrained from doing an evil one.

As he rode back to the city, reflecting upon what he had done, and recalling the delight shown by Mr. Gray and his kind partner, who had attended him so carefully while he lay a sufferer beneath their roof, his heart swelled in his bosom with a new and happy emotion.

Having once permitted himself to regard another with an unselfish interest, that interest continued. It seemed as if he could not do enough for the farmer in the way of aiding him to develop the resources of his little property. In this he did not merely stop at suggestions, but tendered something more substantial and available. Nor did the feelings awakened in his mind run all in this direction. Occasions enough offered for him to be generous to others, and to refrain

this seems obvious only when applied to the laboring classes, it is equally though less obviously true when applied to all other classes, for the money we all labor to gain is nothing but food, and the surplus of food, which will buy other men's labor.

Hunger, although beneficent, is no less terrible. When its progress is unchecked, it becomes a devouring flame, destroying all that is noble in man. Hunger is a stimulus to crime, no less than to honest labor. It wanders through dark alleys, whispers desperate thoughts into eager ears; and it madden the shipwrecked crew till they cast away all shame, all pity, all desire of respect, and perpetrate deeds which cannot be mentioned without horror. Hunger subjugates the humanity in man, and make the brute predominate. Impelled by this ferocious instinct, men have eaten their companions, and women have eaten their own children. Hunger has thus a twofold character; beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we must also contemplate the picture of the ferocities it evokes.

What is this Hunger—what its causes and effects? In one sense we may all be said to know what hunger is; in another sense no man can enlighten us; we have all felt it, but science as yet has been unable to furnish any sufficient explanation of it. Between the gentle and agreeable stimulus known as appetite, and the agony of starvation, there are infinite gradations. The early stages are familiar even to the wealthy; but only the very poor, or those who have undergone calamities such as shipwreck and the like, know anything of the latter stages.—*Leaves.*

the fine scenery induces visitors to take, contributes as much as the water itself to the cure of their complaints. Some of the most picturesque portions of the Alleghenies are found here—that wondrous ridge which extends from southwest to northeast, parallel with the Atlantic seaboard, not rising, perhaps, to remarkable magnitude as compared to some other mountain ridges, but bold, varied, and full of romantic features. Thousands of subjects for the pencil are to be found in these mountains.

#### CAUSES OF DISEASE.

The complaints of people are in a measure innumerable, every now and then a peculiarity of ailment is presented which is not recorded in any book extant; just as new questions of law are constantly arising. But while the effects of disease are so numerous, the causes of them may be reduced down so low as to be told in the number five: first, poisons; second, improper eating; third, variations of atmosphere; fourth, occupations; fifth, hereditary tendencies—which last indeed is a modification of the first.

Of the four, by far the most frequent causes of diseases are found in the food we eat and in the air we breathe, the rectification of both of which is within our own power; requiring only a moderate amount of intelligence, but a large share of moral power, that is, a resolute self-denial. It thus follows that death, short of an old age, is chargeable to man himself; that in an important sense, the great mass of those who die short of threescore years and ten are the authors of their own destruction.—*Journal of Health.*

the thumb, is the special work of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity. Were the tips of the fingers and thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We can now take up what is small, soft and round, as a millet-seed, or even a particle of human hair, so exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service—perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of the fingers, there would have been a loss of power, but their position ensures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm, adapts the hands and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to an ordinary observer, and the executions of performers on the piano-forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among many instances of the advantages gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.



## Poet's Corner.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## TO MY FATHER.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Dear Father! now thy presence sweet I feel,  
Thy wondrous powers in gracious falling beams  
Upon my conscious senses richly steal,  
And all except Thy will, destruction seems.

And humbly at Thy throne I lingering lie,  
Afrail again to leave one thought below.  
No fear within so great as that I may not sigh  
In ceaseless yearning for thy grace to flow.

O, precious Father! let thus constant stream  
Thy Holy Spirit to my thrilling heart,  
Nor longer shall this life appear a painful dream,  
While filled with holy zeal Thy joys impart.

## TO A GLOVE

Thou more than most sweet glove,  
Unto my more sweet love,  
Suffer me to store with kisses  
This empty lodging, that now mis-  
The purest hand that wore thee,  
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.  
Thou art so fit, but that was softer;  
Cupid's self hath kissed it oft;  
Than e'er he did his mother's doves  
That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

BEN JONSON.

## GRIEFS.

I thank the saints, I am not great  
For if there ever come a grief to me,  
I cry my cry in silence, and have done;  
Now knows it and my tears have brought me good;  
But even were the grief of little ones  
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief  
Is added to the grief the great must bear,  
That however much they may desire  
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

TENNTSON.

## MUSIC

Let music  
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence  
Through all this building, that her spheric soul  
May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms  
Lovably fly, yet be enjoyed — DEWEER

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Lady lecturers are coming into the field, and it is quite agreeable to see a fair face at the desk in place of the eternal bearded or shaven and shorn countenances of masculine orators. From time immemorial ladies have been lecturers, but as their discourses—certain lectures—have been delivered to an audience of one, and never reported, the world has lost floods of eloquence. One of the *Fraternity* lectures lately delivered in this city was from the lips of Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, better known as "Grace Greenwood," and it was a very sparkling, agreeable discourse, well delivered, and listened to with great pleasure by a large and refined audience. Our bearded lecturers must look to their laurels when they have such wit and grace in the field against them.... An exchange says "There have been found, in England, in rocks which were deposited long before the creation of man, a frog's bones of such size as to indicate clearly that the animal when alive must have weighed from 300 to 1,500 pounds." Now we protest against the modesty of the statement. We cannot believe that frog weighed only 1500 pounds. Call it 2500 and we'll endorse the story.... There is now in Liverpool a person, named Elizabeth Roberts, who, according to her own statement, was born in June, 1749, or in the 22d year of the reign of George II. She has attained to the age of 110, and it is possible she may survive many years longer. It must be a dreary thing to attain such an age—all one's friends in the churchyard, and all one's surroundings changed, and the "life of life" gone. Existence, under such circumstances must be a heavy load.... An excited crowd of Missourians, residing in the vicinity of Mascoutah, Ill., recently found three men in their community, with about \$10,000 worth of counterfeit money on their persons. They took two of them before Judge Lynch, tried, condemned, and hung them on the spot. The third one, being a citizen of Illinois, the Missourians handed him over to the citizens of Mascoutah, to be dealt with as they might see fit.... Recently, Mr. Abraham Denn, of New York, lost his life by falling overboard from the steamboat Isaac P. Smith, when passing the Rockland landing. No one on the boat knew of the accident. The cries of the drowning man were responded to from the shore, and a boat put out for his relief, but he sank before it could reach him. What a dismal fate!.... The son of Alaric Watts, the well-known poet, is married, lately, say the papers, to Anna Mary Howitt, elder daughter of William and Mary Howitt, and herself the authoress of "Art Life in Munich." So Miss Howitt has changed her maiden appellation for Watts his name!.... The oldest house on Long Island, now standing, is in Gowanus. It is in part stone and part brick, and was built in 1639 by Nicholas Verste, and is known as the Cortelyou House. It was the headquarters of the commander-in-chief previous to the battle of Long Island. The body of the house is of stone; the gable ends, above the eaves, of brick imported from Holland; and the date is in iron figures upon one gable end, in the mason work. We have often passed the old house, on foot and on horseback, and some years ago made a drawing of it for an illustrated publication. We know it like a book.... A disease is prevailing at present among the silk worms of Europe which threatens their extinction.... A valuable silver mine has been discovered near Fort Tejon, in the lower part of California.... The statistics of the American Tract Society's operations are of a startling character. During the past year the society printed 652,230 volumes,

11,857,000 publications, 243,807,000 pages. Since its formation, the society has circulated 13,767,385 volumes, 189,846,362 publications, 4,934,288,953 pages, including 151,713 volumes (9553 sets) of the Evangelical Family Library, 94,026 volumes (2069 sets) of the Christian Library, 62,513 volumes (2145 sets) of the Religious Library, 351,783 volumes (502 sets) of the Youth's Library, and 167,062 volumes (20,095 sets) of the Youth's Scripture Biography.... A beautifully bound copy of the "Genealogical Bible" has been presented to the President of the United States, by the publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston.... Yale College is in a very thriving condition. It has forty-two officers in its faculty and instructors, including two vacant professorships. Total number of students connected with the institution is 611.... John Mitchell, who is now in Paris, is writing a series of letters to a Dublin paper, in which he suggests to the Irish peasantry that France will soon be at war with England in the Mediterranean, and that then will be the time to induce the Emperor Napoleon to invade Ireland. Mitchell suggests that 250,000 fighting Irishmen would be ready to follow the French eagles from Bantry Bay to Dublin, and from thence if he chose it across to Liverpool.... Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," etc., has been appointed an assistant librarian to the Astor Library. This library, says the *Home Journal*, is indebted, in a great measure, for the many rare and valuable works it contains, to the scholarly taste and unremitting zeal of Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, its chief librarian. It now possesses as many books as did that of the British Museum till within thirty years; and the collection having been made by Dr. Cogswell with the specific purpose of representing every branch of human knowledge, is much more valuable for purposes of study.... Capt. Isaac Woodbury died in Salem, N. H., on the 15th of October, aged ninety years, ten months and six days. He served three years in the Revolution. He was a farmer, and lived and died upon the same farm, and in the same house in which he was born.... A fatal malady has made its appearance among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska. Fifty of the tribe had died at last accounts. The Indians are of the opinion that the disease is caused by eating the flesh of the buffalo affected with bloody murrain. In consequence of this belief they have thrown away the meat of one thousand buffaloes which they had put up for winter use.... It is reported in the fashionable circles of Rome that the Prince of Wales, during his recent visit at the King of Prussia's residence, opened a flirtation with the king's niece, the Princess Alexandrine, of Russia, which is likely to result in a matrimonial alliance.... A census for Iowa just completed, shows that there are in that State 633,549 inhabitants, of whom 332,806 are males, 300,743 females. There are about 120,000 legal voters returned by the census-takers.... A little incident of a recent occurrence is noticed by the *New York Post* as a warning to those keeping accounts with banks to be more careful of their cancelled checks and other paper from which their signatures may be imitated. A young employee of a banking house was seen leaving the place with a cancelled check in his hand. One of the members of the firm, upon questioning him closely, learned that the boy had met, in a saloon the evening previous, a man, who after getting an inkling of the extent of the business of the firm, offered to pay the boy \$100 if he delivered to him one of the cancelled checks of the house.... The government of Peru has entered into a contract with an agent for the colonization in that country of 25,000 Irishmen. They are to swear allegiance to their new country, which pays their passage and gives each nine acres of land at an elevation of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The settlers ought to call their lofty home *Ararhat*.... At Rosneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo which repeats distinctly three times, a short tune played on a bugle; in Gloucestershire, an echo repeats ten or eleven times; near Rome there was one formerly which repeated five times; at Brussels there is an echo which repeats fifteen times; between Coblenz and Beugen is a very remarkable echo; and near Milan is one which is said to repeat fifty-six times. We faithfully echo the statement.... The stork, after spending its summer in Europe, migrates in the fall to Africa or Asia. A Polish gentleman having caught a stork which lived upon his estate, put around its neck an iron collar, with these words upon it: "This stork comes from Poland," and then set it at liberty. The next year the stork came back again with a gold collar. The gentleman caught it again, and found on the collar, in the Hindoo language, "India sends back the stork to the Poles, with gifts." A pretty good investment;—but it would have been better if the Hindoos had sent back a collar of diamonds while their hands were in. We have read of deer-stalking, but this was very deer-stalking for the East Indians.... The late George Brown of Baltimore left by his will \$400,000 in the hands of his widow to be appropriated to benevolent objects as she should judge fit.... The number of Mormons are not much increasing by immigration. We are glad to hear that raciality is on the decrease—for Mormonism is the quintessence of raciality.... Vermont paid from her State treasury, last year, \$560 for killing bears. Can the treasury bear it?.... Georgia has a population of 1,050,000. The State census ordered by the State authorities shows this.... The Rochester, N. Y., people are aghast at a regular case of garrote which recently occurred there. Dr. A. G. Bristol was assaulted between six and seven o'clock in the evening, at the gate of his own residence, by one or more ruffians, who seized him unawares about the neck, choked him, took his pocket book, and left him lying senseless upon the walk. So sudden was the attack he had no opportunity to call for help, and he could make no resistance. He is unable to give anything like a correct statement of what transpired.... A letter in the *London Post* gives the ridiculous report that one of the divers had entered the saloon of the Royal Charter, and there found about 200 passengers in the positions they occupied when the ship went down, some sitting round the table, others standing upright, and others as if in the act of coming from their berths. This is only a revamping of an American canard respecting a wreck on Lake Erie.... The catalogue of

Harvard University, just published, gives under graduates, 431; divinity students, 21; students at law, 242; medical students, 140.... Mr. George Robinson of Augusta, Me., son of the late George Robinson, editor of the *Augusta Age*, has been chosen professor of natural sciences in Jefferson College, Louisiana, and has entered upon the discharge of the duties of his professorship. Mr. Robinson is a graduate of Bowdoin College.... A countryman who was on a spree in St. Louis, recently, fell in with a chap who pretended to be a broker, from whom he purchased what he supposed to be a bar of gold, paying for it \$275. The metal was weighed with great solemnity, and one end filed off to adjust the weight. Next morning when he woke up, he found a plug of tobacco, nicely done up in gold foil.... The Emperor Napoleon, says the *Paris correspondent* of the *London Star*, has peculiar reasons for wishing to foment the war with Mexico—a dangerous and troublesome neighbor for France, and who has long threatened annoyance to Algeria. "I have been told," adds this writer, "that the emperor is as joyous as a schoolboy, and rubs his hands with the utmost glee at the prospect of this war, whence no profit can be drawn but for himself.".... The capital employed by the Hudson's Bay Company is £1,255,068, and consists of stock standing in the name of the proprietors, £500,000; valuation of the company's lands and buildings, exclusive of Vancouver's Island and Oregon, £218,884. The dividends from 1817 to 1856 averaged about 10 per cent. The stock ranged at about £205 for the same period.... A reverend critic told a literary friend that his style wanted that vigor which might be acquired by running the pen through every other word. The editor of the *Christian Inquirer* recently expressed the same thought in this form: "We do not remember reading a book, sermon, or poem, for ten years, that would not have been materially improved by cutting out half the nouns, three-quarters of the adjectives, and all the adverbs."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

It seems that the great nation of France is spending more money than they have, and that, as a natural consequence, a sudden bankruptcy may occur at any hour. It is hinted very clearly, also, that while the city of Paris daily swallows up mines of wealth—while for armaments, for steel-plated batteries, of which scores have been made, by way of experiment, and broken up if unsuccessful—for the water-works of Versailles, and for the great *Salle des Etats*, now in course of decoration at the Louvre, and which, for the bare essay of how it would look when completed, has cost, for water-painting and temporary gilding, the good round sum of two hundred thousand francs—while for all these there is money enough, yet no assistance can be furnished to those who are suffering by the overflow of the Rhone.—The *Malta Times* says the orange crops, notwithstanding the retarded rains, promise to be most abundant, and the fruit of a very superior size, and description.—Great preparations are being made for the enlargement of Paris, which is to take place on the 1st of January, when the city is to be extended to the fortifications, adding to it eight new arrondissements, and a population of 851,000 people, who now live in the *Banlieue*, between the old barrier wall and the fortifications.—It is announced that the government of France has received assurances that the pope was only waiting for an opportune moment to make public certain reforms by which the government of the clergy would be replaced by a government of the laity, and which would give to the country better guarantees for the administration of justice, and for the control of public finances, by means of an assembly elected by the people.—The *Cologne Gazette* states that a fire broke out some weeks since at Husinec, in Bohemia, the birth-place of John Huss. In about an hour thirty-two houses were destroyed, and among them the house in which the great reformer was born. Fifty-five families lost all they possessed.

## Presents to the Queen.

The present from the Maharajah of Cashmere of a Cashmere shawl tent and solid gold bedstead of the value of £150,000, was brought to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Willoughby, from the East India House, and was temporarily placed in the throne-room previously to its being formally presented to the queen by the gentleman under whose charge it was brought from Cashmere. It is expected that the gold bedstead will be ultimately placed in the guard-chamber, so that the public may be favored with a view of its magnificence.

## Winter in Europe.

Advises received from different parts of the continent seem to forebode an early winter. Rather heavy falls of snow have already occurred in the *Pas de Calais* and *Britanny*, as well as in the neighborhood of *Rouen*, *Havre*, and *Antwerp*. A letter from *St. Gervais les Bains* also states that so much snow was never remembered in the Alps at this season. *Mount Poupet* and the other mountains round *Sallaz*, in the *Jura*, are likewise covered with snow.

## Prize Poem.

A number of non-resident members of the Oxford University have contributed £50 for a prize to be awarded to the writer of the best English poem on "The life, the character, and the death of the heroic seaman, Sir John Franklin, with special reference to the time, place, and discovery of his death."

## The Stephenson Memorial.

The Stephenson Memorial Committee, at Newcastle, have decided that Mr. Lough's statue to the memory of George Stephenson be preceded with, and that the subject of a separate monument to Robert Stephenson be brought before a public meeting.

## The Arctic Expedition.

Captain McClintock, R. N., attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, on the 7th ult., and read a paper, "Discoveries by the late Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his party."

## The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales will only be of age, in one sense, at the coming birthday. An act passed in 1842 provided for a regency until the prince was eighteen years old, after this date he was to be considered of age should any unforeseen event take place. Otherwise, he will not be considered of age till he is twenty-one, and he will not take his seat in the House of Lords until that period. George Prince of Wales, afterwards King George III., was introduced into the House of Lords on the 13th of November, 1769, and George, his son, Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV., was introduced on the 11th November, 1783; George III. having been born June 4, 1738 (N. S.), and George IV., August 12, 1762.

## The Morse Telegraph in Turkey.

The Turkish government is constructing a line of telegraph across that country from Constantinople to Bassora, on the Persian Gulf—the English government paying \$850,000 on its completion, and a large sum per annum for the exclusive use of one of the wires. When this line through Turkey is completed, England will be in telegraphic communication with India. The Turkish government proposes using the Morse instruments, to be made in Boston, and will require over two hundred complete sets, costing \$10,000.

## The Calliope.

The *London Journals* of the 5th ult. announce that a novel and extraordinary musical instrument, called the "calliope," or "steam orchestra," will be performed upon for the first time in England, at the Crystal Palace, this day, at half-past two and five o'clock. The calliope is of American invention, and consists of a number of brass cylinders or cups acted upon by the steam, the notes produced being of immense power. The machine is placed in the centre transept, the steam being supplied from boilers below.

## Spain and Morocco.

The Spanish war on Mexico is simply a French one in disguise. Spain wants, in fact, to hold both sides of the Mediterranean. She never wanted it before. She never would have wanted it, had it not been for French counsel. And why should France urge her in such a direction? Because England holds Gibraltar, and that fortress, depending for provisions upon the opposite coast, would become next to worthless if the coast in question were held by an enemy.

## Eton College, England.

The magnificent Crimean windows on the north and south sides of the ante-chapel of Eton College, by Messrs. Hardman & Co., erected by public subscription, are now completed. Beneath the window, suspended in laurel branches, are the arms, richly embossed, with the names of those Etonians who so nobly fell in the Crimean war.

## Cochin China.

The French expedition to Cochin China really turns out a failure. Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, and the troops under his command, exhausted by fatigue of every description, which incapacitated them from pursuing their operations, are preparing to abandon Tourane and return to China.

## Montalembert in Trouble.

M. de Montalembert is again to be prosecuted in Paris. A pamphlet, in which he republished the article which drew down a warning upon the *Correspondant*, has been seized. The grounds stated in the warrant of seizure are "exciting to hatred and contempt of the government."

## Bust of the Princess Clothilde.

The sculptor, Mr. Varni, has presented King Victor Emmanuel, at Genoa, a bust in marble of the Princess Clothilde, said to be of the most exquisite workmanship. The king received the present with great satisfaction, and invited the statuet to dine at the royal table.

## Death of a Publisher.

M. Paulin, the manager of the *Illustration* (the French *Illustrated News*) has just died of a liver complaint. He was one of the founders of the *National*, the leading republican journal which was suppressed at the time of the coup d'etat.

## The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern has been safely anchored at Southampton, and while the ship is in that harbor, the number of hands on board will be reduced to 100. Her full complement is 450, but only 373 have thus far been employed.

## Swiss Recruits.

It is currently stated that recruiting Swiss for Rome, Naples, and Batavia, is actively going on in Switzerland, near the frontiers of France and Baden. Recruiting offices are established at Zimen, St. Louis, Annin, and Larrnach.

## The Atlantic Telegraph.

In Liverpool, £150,000 have already been subscribed to the project for completing or relaying the Atlantic telegraph cable. The two directors making the appeal to the Liverpool community, are well known merchants of that town.

## Betting on Time.

It has been decided in an English court that a race against time is a legal game, and not horse racing within the meaning of the statute. Bets in a race against time are consequently recoverable by law.

## Hungarian Academy.

The Magyar Academy of Pesth recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their national poet, Karanczy. The fête is described as having excited the greatest enthusiasm.


## Honor to Lord Brougham.

The *Senatus Academicus* of the Edinburgh University has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Lord Brougham, Chancellor of the University.

## The Bishop of Columbia.

Dr. Hills, who was consecrated Bishop of British Columbia a few weeks ago, has left England for his distant diocese.



Address **M. M. BALLOU, Publisher.**  
No 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass  
 For sale at all the periodical depots.



## THE HUNTER'S REVENGE.

Among the many hardy Frenchmen in the employ of the old "Northwest Fur Company," was one Françoise Germaine, voyageur, who had established a notoriety for courage and physical strength, and like many others of his class, he was sometimes vain of his extraordinary powers, and fond of exhibiting them to his associates. He would load his brawny shoulders with packs which his comrades could scarcely lift from the ground, and without evincing the smallest degree of fatigue, would march with them, day after day through the wilderness, often leaving his lightly loaded companions far in the rear. It was no uncommon thing for Françoise to linger in the camp an hour or two after his comrades had started, take the trail they were following, and, after a few hours pass them quietly; and, after travelling till the middle of the afternoon, stop at some convenient spot for encamping. He usually selected some water-course, which he judged his friends would reach about night-fall, and striking camp, would surprise them with a well-prepared supper of venison or other game which he had prepared against their arrival. On a certain occasion, when ascending the Bois des Sioux River alone, in his canoe, he was attacked by a large party of Sioux Indians, who, after sinking his canoe by perforating its bottom with their rifles, and making a desperate fight of it, succeeded in making him a prisoner. His reputation for courage and strength had reached them, and before putting him to torture, they determined to test his powers. Accordingly, they took him to the edge of the cliff, some two hundred feet high, beneath which ran the river, and after preparing a rope of bark, and fastening one end of it to a large stone at the base of the cliff, they directed him to raise it to where they were collected in a group to witness the feat. Germaine, whose judgment and self-reliance never for a moment deserted him, readily consented to humor the Indians, but declared that the thing was impossible with so short a rope. The Indians, who had brought the free end of it to the top of the bank, insisted that it was all sufficient, besides being strong enough to raise a weight twice that of the stone. Still Germaine persisted in declaring that the rope was not long enough by many feet, and refused to gratify their curiosity unless the demand was complied with and the rope lengthened to suit him. Seeing that, unless they indulged his caprice, they would be deprived of that portion of their anticipated sport, the Indians yielded, and collecting more bark, added the requisite number of feet to the rope. All being now right, the Frenchman was ordered to lift the stone. But Françoise deliberately proceeded to knot the end lasso-wise, and gathered it in a coil at the end of the cliff, after first clearing the ground of brush and broken limbs, which might interfere with its free run. The stone, which was of several hundred weight, was a heavy lift, even for Germaine, and he exerted all his power to start it from its bed. But when once started, the labor of raising it was comparatively lighter. After he had drawn it up a few feet, he was ordered to lower it again, when four of the most stalwart warriors tried their united strength upon it, but they could not budge it an inch. Again Germaine was ordered to hoist it to the top of the bank. With the outlay of all his muscular force, he obeyed, and as it moved slowly along the face of the cliff, the Indians in their excitement gathered in knots upon the very verge, and looking downward, watched its ascent. Hand over hand the Frenchman toiled at his task, but with his keen gray eyes taking in all about him. He had raised the huge weight one-third of the distance, when the stone, catching against a jutting ledge of the superincumbent shale, defied all his herculean strength to raise it higher. As he struggled to overcome this resistance, the Indians gathered closer and closer upon the verge of the cliff, and watched the effect of the efforts of the prisoner. At this moment, stopping the rope partially over the top of a stunted cedar bush, and holding the strain upon his left hand, he reached forward, and gathering up the coiled portion in his right, he gave it one wide swing over his head, which opened its broad running noose, and with a skilful cast, let it drop over the largest knot of excited Indians, as they were looking below. The fatal circle, true to the design of the brave Françoise, encompassed no less a number than six of his enemies, and letting go his hold, the rock, with a noise like thunder, rushed headlong into the abyss, dragging, with lightning speed, the six howling Indians after it. So sudden and awful was this frightful denouement, that the surviving Indians, some thirty in number, were for many minutes horror-struck, and regardless of all else about them. During the excitement and confusion, the voyageur, seeing the way clear, made good his escape, flying with the speed of a wild deer. The swiftest runners were sent in pursuit, but they soon gave up the chase as useless, and the unfortunate Françoise returned in safety to his com-

rades at Lake Travers. The spot where this incident occurred is well known to the hunters and Indians of that region, and still retains the name of "Françoise Cliff." Upon the smooth surface of the limestone near the water's edge, the Sioux have commemorated the event by rude carvings, representing six warriors in the act of tumbling headlong from the edge of the precipice to the river below.

## A WEST INDIA PLACER.

By a late arrival from Kingston, Jamaica, we have received the intelligence of some interesting discoveries by means of a company of divers, of the ancient city of Port Royal, which was overthrown by the great earthquake of 1692 and now forms part of the harbor of the small town of that name where the seventy-four gun guardship, and a squadron of vessels of war and merchant ships now ride at anchor. Port Royal stands at the extremity of a narrow strip of sand, called the Palisadoes, fifteen miles in length, running to the

ernment of Jamaica on Henry Morgan, originally a Welsh cow herd, and one of the most ruthless of this infamous nest of pirates.

Port Royal had arisen to the height of its "bad eminence," when a dreadful doom overtook the guilty city. On the 7th of June, 1692, the day was oppressively hot, when suddenly a roar was heard from the distant mountains, and in a few seconds, the spot which was piled with the glittering treasures of Peru and Mexico, stood five fathoms deep. So enormous was the treasure that it is said warehouse room could not be obtained for a large portion of the gold and silver. Three thousand persons perished in this awful catastrophe and all the public records—for Port Royal was then the seat of government—was forever lost. A frigate called the Swan was in the harbor, and literally floated over the tops of the sunken houses. Several persons were rescued by her. The escape of one man reads like a miracle. His name was Louis Galdy, and he was a native of Montpellier, in France. He was

dered almost impregnable; but from the long peace in that part of the world, the fortifications have been allowed to fall into a state of partial decay. Two or three years ago one of the members of the Assembly for the town, moved for an appropriation for endeavoring to fish up the treasures, but his motion was laughed down. It would be a strange thing, if, after laying at the bottom of the sea for more than a hundred and fifty years, they should be brought to light.—*N. Y. Express.*

## CHARCOAL BURNING IN FRANCE.

The spirited picture on this page represents the fabrication of charcoal. Common charcoal, as every one knows, is the residuum obtained by calcining wood by exposing it to a certain degree of heat without burning, or at least by only partially burning it. It does not require a very high temperature to produce carbonization. A little above the boiling point of water, wood dried by heat, becomes brown and sends out different gaseous products. When it becomes of a brownish black, and susceptible of pulverization, it is fit for the manufacture of gunpowder, but it would be unfit for domestic use. For furnaces and ordinary consumption charcoal must undergo a strong calcination. There are many methods of effecting this. That oftentimes employed now is what is called the "new forest method." A pyramid is made by piling up the wood and filling in the crevices with small pieces. It is covered with leaves, twigs, moss, etc., and the whole is overlaid with a mixture of sand and clay. In the centre of the pile a chimney is formed, and vents are also left in the circumference for the admission of air. This preparation finished, small pieces of wood and fire are introduced into the chimney, which is left open for a certain length of time, till the whole interior is ignited. The charcoal-burner fills the vacuum left by the combustion, by ramming down the charcoal already formed with a long pole, and supplying the chimney with fresh wood. When the combustion is sufficiently active in the interior, the chimney is stopped up, and after some time vent-holes are punched in the cone, starting from the top to the gases. The charcoal-burner knows from the color and quantity of the smoke emitted, exactly when the carbonization is complete in a certain zone, and goes on to make another series of vents lower down. As the operation goes on, the heap sinks down by degrees. Finally, all the orifices are stopped, the heap is covered with a layer of damp earth, watered, if necessary, and it is left to cool for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the covering is opened and the charcoal taken out and placed in small beds on the ground. A hundred parts of wood sometimes yields only fifteen parts of charcoal. Our engraving represents two small heaps, of which the most distant has just been fired, while the other is covered up to cool, the carbonization having been completed. The charcoal burners of France form an entirely distinct class of the population. They lead a wandering life, and live in rude huts constructed in the forests where they work. If not deprived of domestic joys like shepherds, they share with their wives and children the irksomeness of isolation in the midst of woods, and have no opportunity, like other peasants, of cultivating a bit of garden ground. In old times they were regarded with terror as evil things. The depth and extent of the ancient forests of France, the absence of highways, the superstitious ideas of the middle ages, and the real dangers of chance encounters in the wilds, all tended to make the charcoal-burner a prominent figure in the harrowing stories told by gossips at the winter fireside. Even now the charcoal-burner is the "Bogy" with which French mothers terrify rebellious brats into submission. It was the sudden apparition of a charcoal-burner that caused the mortal terror and perhaps the dementia of the unfortunate Charles



BURNING CHARCOAL IN FRANCE.

swallowed up in the earth by a shock but was cast up again by the next shock. He found refuge on board the Swan, and lived for twenty years after. An inscription on his tomb chronicles this marvellous escape. Of the small portion of the city that remained, one of the streets was widened to double its former width, from the yawning of the earth. Several other strange phenomena took place. One man had his plantation actually removed half a mile from where it had stood before; and to this day there is to be seen in the Parish of Port Royal, a terrific precipice, known as Judgment Cliff, which was caused by the splitting in two of a mountain, one half of which fell and buried a whole sugar estate beneath it. Since that period, what remains of Port Royal has been several times nearly destroyed by fire, flood and hurricane, as if the spot was accursed. It is now little better than a fishing village, though it is still the principal rendezvous of the West India squadron, and boasts of an extensive dockyard and arsenal. So great is the natural strength of its position that with very little trouble, Kingston might be ren-

swallowed up in the earth by a shock but was cast up again by the next shock. He found refuge on board the Swan, and lived for twenty years after. An inscription on his tomb chronicles this marvellous escape. Of the small portion of the city that remained, one of the streets was widened to double its former width, from the yawning of the earth. Several other strange phenomena took place. One man had his plantation actually removed half a mile from where it had stood before; and to this day there is to be seen in the Parish of Port Royal, a terrific precipice, known as Judgment Cliff, which was caused by the splitting in two of a mountain, one half of which fell and buried a whole sugar estate beneath it. Since that period, what remains of Port Royal has been several times nearly destroyed by fire, flood and hurricane, as if the spot was accursed. It is now little better than a fishing village, though it is still the principal rendezvous of the West India squadron, and boasts of an extensive dockyard and arsenal. So great is the natural strength of its position that with very little trouble, Kingston might be ren-

V. But in our generation we are getting wiser, and we cannot withhold our respect from men who follow so useful and laborious a calling, and who, in their rude way, are hospitable and friendly.

## A MOTHER'S POWER.

How touching the tribute of the Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe it to my mother."



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM  
6 CENTS SINGLE | Vol. XVII., No. 25...WHOLE No. 443.

## WASHINGTON BUILDING, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

We have been compelled to continuous exertion in our career as chroniclers of the times, to keep pace with the improvements of our native city, and to record the new features added to its beauty. Of late the rush of improvement has been almost without a parallel. Even in our habitual walks, the changes that take place daily before our eyes are surprising. What then must they appear to a citizen who is absent from the city for several months. He comes back to find himself in a strange place, and in many localities he would have to inquire his way. It is only in its general outline that the city is unchanged; in its interior a thousand new details mark emphatically the difference between old and new Boston. Old Boston was a small, snug, plain, prim town; New Boston is an extended, dashing, expansive city; following hard upon New York in the splendor of its architectural embellishments. The conformation of its site does not readily lend itself to much uniformity of architecture, and it is as well such is the case that such a diversity of tastes in building exists. It will ever be more romantic than classical, more picturesque than regular. Washington Street, winding as its course is, looks much better with its strangely constructed buildings, than if an attempt at uniformity had been made by the common consent of real estate owners. In one thing, however, there seems to be a general agreement; and that is, all new buildings largely partake of architectural sumptuousness. Money is advanced boldly and lavishly for the erection of commanding structures, many of which exceed in grandeur any commercial edifices in the cities of the old world. Stores a dozen years old only are entirely eclipsed by those erected a few years, while the latest creations of the architect seem to have reached the acme of magnificence. Of the remodelled portions of the city, those streets lying not far from its geographical centre are the most striking examples of improvement. Summer Street, Franklin Street, Pearl, Congress, Federal Streets, have been admirably improved for business purposes. Vast piles of granite, elegant in form, enduring in solidity, well lighted, perfectly adapted to the requirements of trade, meet the eye on every hand. As you pass up Franklin Street, you behold opposite the head of it, on Washington Street, the splendid building which forms the subject of the illustration on this page. The accurate delineation of this structure was made expressly for us by Mr. William Waud, the architect and artist who has furnished so many of our drawings of Boston improvements. It is styled the "Washington Building," and is a perfect model of architectural beauty. It was built by William Sheafe, Esq., a gentleman originally of Portsmouth, N. H., who has recently removed to this city, and who has invested a large capital in city improvements. The architects employed were Messrs. J. H. Rand and L. Weissbein, and the building was entrusted to Messrs. Nathaniel Adams and Jonas Fitch, who have faithfully executed their trust, carrying out the exquisite plans of the architect in the most thorough

and complete manner. The stone work was executed by Michael Grant, and the ornamental painting of the interior by Mr. Schutz, the decorator of the Church of the Unity in this city. The material employed in the building has never before been used in this city. It is called the Cumberland Bay stone, and was quarried in New Brunswick. This stone has a peculiar color—a sort of drab tint, and though we were not much pleased with the first specimens we saw, yet we admire its effect now that the whole building has been completed. We are inclined to think this stone will become a general favorite. The blocks were brought from the quarries and wrought at South Boston, and when put together, each fitted into its place with perfect accuracy. The building is five stories in height, and all the rooms are spacious and admirably fitted up. It is heated by steam, and the pipes were furnished by E. Whiteley, the plumbing was

done by Coffey & Shea, and the gas-works by Turner & Co., of Bromfield Street. The elegant store, No. 129, in its interior, is fitted and furnished with black walnut and white marble, in a style of magnificence which is a novelty of exquisite taste, and is occupied by Messrs. Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, the well-known and long established importers of watches, clocks, etc., and manufacturers of reliable jewelry and silver ware. The spacious rooms immediately over this store, on the second story, are rented by Messrs. George A. Brown, & Co., importers and jobbers of French millinery goods. This firm now exhibit a charming stock of the latest Parisian novelties in their line. Their entrance is No. 221. No. 223, on the street, is the retail department of Messrs. Carni E. King & Co., importers of zephyr worsteds and dress trimmings. The importation and manufacture of dress trimmings being their peculiar speciality. The very exten-

sive and beautiful rooms over this store and also over No. 221, are devoted to the large wholesale trade of this establishment. Messrs. S. H. Gregory & Co. occupy the splendid store No. 225 (next the old Marlboro Hotel), as a wholesale and retail French and American paper-hanging house. This store is nearly two hundred feet in depth, which, with its charming window-display of beautiful paper hangings, renders it one of the most attractive warehouses in Boston. The upper rooms are intended for offices and artisans of various callings. A part of them are already occupied by the workmen connected with the establishment of Messrs. Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, and their "clink of hammers closing rivets up," in the rear building, betokens a hive of industry. Each room is heated by steam, and a janitor and watchman have charge of the building day and night. As we have before observed, this structure is a model of architectural

beauty, and will be regarded as one of the fixed celebrities of the great thoroughfare where it forms so prominent an object among the palatial edifices that decorate that main artery of our city—Washington Street, where the demands of business have created so many noble and imposing monuments of taste and enterprise.

## VENTILATION.

There is always a draught through key-holes and window crevices, because the external air is colder than the air in the room we occupy; it rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney. If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. The reason is, because if the lower sash be open, cold air will rush into the room and cause a great draught inward; but if the upper sash be opened, the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draught inward. A room is best ventilated by opening the upper sash, because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily. The wind dries damp linen, because dry wind, like a sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of linen as fast as they are formed. The hottest place in a church or chapel is the gallery, because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows, keeps to the floor till it has become heated. Special attention should be given to the ventilation of sleeping-rooms; for pure air and abundance of it are, if possible, more necessary when we are asleep than when we are awake. Sleeping-rooms should be large, high and airy, more especially in warm latitudes, and in situations where the windows have to be closed at night on account of malaria.—Medical Hints.

The real power of Washington upon the American mind is exerted, not by his simple self, but by his character—modified, magnified, exalted, harmonized and enthroned by that mind, as the impersonation of its highest conception of patriotism. In the American imagination he is a demi-god—a grand Colossus—before whose august shade we stand as pigmies.—Dr. Holland.



THE WASHINGTON BUILDING, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE RED HAND.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

"Ho! 'Pone et ante sensus confundo'—confound your senses, why can't you stop your pony?"

Such was the salutation that greeted my ears, a few days ago, as I was leisurely riding along the turnpike, in the great Valley of Virginia. It was altogether a characteristic one, and I very well knew, before I turned my head, that my old friend, Dr. Gastrick, was behind me. The doctor is a portly, bald-headed old gentleman, and one whom his friends call "a queer fish." He is inveterately and irreclaimably eccentric, and, in certain moods, an inveterate and irreclaimable punster; and his perpetrations in that line are generally of such a nature that comparatively few of his acquaintances can make either head or tail of them, made up as they are chiefly of shreds and patches from the Latin classics.

It is but just to say, however, that the doctor does not often fire off his classical pop-guns at utterly non-linguistic heads; but when he is in a good humor, and meets with an acquaintance who has some pretension to antique lore, he shows no mercy. His paronomastic pellets are usually of Roman origin, though he occasionally dabbles in Greek, and sometimes in later languages. He generally affects to give the name of his author, and his quotations are sometimes genuine, though I would not like to swear to their authenticity in every case.

The neighbors are apt to call Dr. Gastrick a bore, while Dr. Gastrick calls the neighbors Boetians, which epithet some take for a compliment, and some do not. In spite of all this, however, the doctor is by no means an unpopular man, for he is considered eminently skillful in his profession, and is the very essence of good-nature and genial good-fellowship, though, in some humors, a very cynic, as far as words go. He is exceedingly hospitable, and when he gets hold of a listener whom he excepts from the Boetian category, he clings to him most tenaciously.

"Heus tibi, scriptor!—how are you, scribbler? Ex talibus scriptor—'a scribbler of tales,' as Cicero has it—eh, neighbor?"

As soon as we had shaken hands, the doctor peremptorily insisted that I should turn back to his gate, about half a mile off, and take dinner with him. I tried to excuse myself—told him I had been riding so far that I was tired, and wanted to get home.

"Well, if you have been riding so far," replied Dr. Gastrick, "so much the more need for you to stop and rest yourself—*dolce far niente*, as the Italians say. *Nec far nisi edax sis*—you shouldn't travel too far without eating, as Plautus says. Eh, neighbor?"

"But, you see, my wife said—"

"*Non cura uxor sed Ino*—you don't care what your wife said, I know, as Ovid has it. So you may just as well make up your mind at once. *Nono anscri vellitur*—no, no, answer I; I'd be a goose to take no for an answer, as Persius says. You can't escape me. You are bound to come. Besides, I have something to show you."

"What is that, doctor?"

"*Mecum et secum videri*—come with me, and you shall see, as Livy says."

"But I would rather know beforehand whether your 'something' is worth seeing or not."

"Worth seeing? To be sure it is, and worth stealing too. I stole it, at all events."

"Well, doctor, I give it up. My opposition, as usual, ends in servile submission. I can't resist your abominable tyranny."

"*Cantu servili*—can't you, sir, indeed? as Terence says."

"Indade, sir, I never said nothin' of the sort, at all at all!" exclaimed Terence O'Shaughnessy, who was building a wall fence by the roadside.

The doctor's eyes twinkled, but to Terentius Afer's namesake he said never a word.

As we set off at a brisk pace towards the doctor's house, Terence called out something, which the noise of the horses' hoofs prevented me from hearing distinctly.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked I.

"Wasn't it something about a shoe?"

"Pshaw!" replied my companion, "what does he know about a shoe? He's an Irishman, and a bog-trotter. Yonder comes a man who might throw some light on that subject."

"And why, pray? Why should he know more about a shoe than Terence O'Shaughnessy? He's not a shoemaker, is he?"

"No, but he is a Frenchman, and a tailor; and *chou* (shoo) is French for cabbage, you know."

By this time we had reached the lane which leads from the high road to the doctor's house, perhaps a quarter of a mile off.

"Doctor," said I, as we were passing in, "that is a very diminutive pair of gates."

"Well, they are," replied he; "*wie gaet's*, as a Scotchman would say if he spoke German. They are big enough, however. They fill the posts for which they were intended."

We soon afterwards reached the house. As we entered, I observed a shaggy-looking animal of some kind, lying all in a heap, in a sort of cage by the door.

"Is that what you've got to show me?" asked I, as I stopped to look at the thing.

"That? No indeed. You shall not have any such bear-faced imposition as that to accuse me of, I promise you."

"Is it a bear? It lies coiled up so that I can hardly see what it is."

"Take that stick and poke it up a little—*un poco*, as the Italians say."

"It is a bear, sure enough. And what on earth are you going to do with it, doctor?"

"Well, sir, I bought that bear, as the South Americans do their cattle, for the sake of his hide and tallow, and for the sake of 'the top of my head and the place where the hair ought to grow,' and doesn't. You see I like to buy my grease on the hoof, or at least on the paw; for 'grease which is living grease no more,' as Byron has it, is not to be trusted. Dead bear's grease is apt to turn out boar's grease, and that's an unbearable bore. And so, you see, as I mean to go a courting one of these days, I procured *ursa major* there, all alive (even to his hide, for it's full of fleas), with the intention of sacrificing him to Cupid. By the way, *scriptor*, does *cupidity* come from *Cupid*, as *stupidity* does from *stupid*? Shouldn't wonder if it did; there's a close alliance between the two, at all events."

Rattling on in this way, the veteran punster led me into the house, and we soon afterwards sat down to dinner. Dr. Gastrick is a widower, and has no children. There was but one guest besides myself, a mutual friend. The reader would be surprised if I were to record one-twentieth part of the "quips, quirks and quiddities" which fell as thick as hail, "from the eggs to the apples," as Horace would have said.

Not that the doctor monopolized an undue share of the conversation, by any means. Each one bore his part in "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," as far as it existed, but the doctor furnished a very large proportion of the condiments. We were plentifully peppered with puns at all events; and in the absence of that "Attic salt," which is such an exceedingly rare commodity, they answered very well.

"There's that little Frenchman again," said the doctor, looking out of the window; "come to see the bear, I suppose. He's a great dandy; I must give him some of the grease—*graisse de fat*, as he calls it, and as it will be when it belongs to him, for he is an unmitigated fat. *Ri sum tenatis amici*—will you have some rye bread, my friends? as Horace says, in his 'Art of Poetry.' Don't make a *very* face, *scriptor*; those pickles are made of the young shoots of the Chinese sorghum."

"They are uncommonly sour. My mouth is all in a pucker."

"*Jam-dudum saucia cura*—take some jam for sauce, and that will cure you, as Virgil has it. I tell you what, gentleman, if Dr. Johnson had been an autocrat, and I one of his subjects, I should have been sent to the penitentiary, and—"

"He would have served you right," added I. "It was not without reason that he maintained that punning was as bad as picking pockets; for a pun is an actual transgression of the law, and I can prove it."

"How, pray?"

"By its derivation."

"Do so, and I'll reward you by—"

"Will you grant me one request if I do?"

"Yes, if it is at all a reasonable one."

"It shall be perfectly reasonable."

"Very well. Now for your proof."

"You shall have it. Do you consider Dr. Noah Webster good authority in such matters?"

"Well, yes. He was a brother-punster, or an unconscionable word-twister, at all events. I think I ought to trust him."

"Very well. There is a copy of his dictionary lying on the lounge. Can you tell me what edition it is?"

"Yes; it is the author's abridgement, revised by Professor Goodrich, of Yale College."

"Very good. Now will you be so kind as to look for the word *paronomasia*?"

"Here it is."

"Well, read the definition, if you please."

"*Paronomasia*, [from the Greek *paranomeo*, to transgress law or rule.] A rhetorical figure, by which words, nearly alike in sound, but of different meanings, are affectedly or designedly used; a play upon words; a pun."

"And does it not necessarily follow, from that definition and derivation, that a *paronomasia*, or pun, is a 'transgression of law or rule'?"

"Yes, to be sure. But it's all wrong; a blunder of the worst sort. Every schoolboy knows that *paronomasia* comes from an altogether different source—from *paronomazo*, which signifies 'to use a word in a sense different from its ordinary acceptation,' and which is itself a compound of *para* and *onoma*. Pooh, pooh! It's all a mistake. He makes *nomos*, a law, the root, instead of *onoma*, a name. The lexicographical doctor, with the antediluvian name, has made a gross blunder, and the Yale professor, with the good-rick name, has not found it out. *Literarum ignoramus ambo*—literal ignoramuses, both of them, as Plautus hath it."

"Great lexicographers may make mistakes, like other men. But you acknowledged Webster's authority; and now you must 'acknowledge the corn,' abide by the definition, and do what you promised. Isn't that fair?"

"Certainly; I'll do what you wish, though I cannot abide by a definition like that."

"Well, well; only grant my request, and I am satisfied. When I was here last, you gave me one chapter of your adventures in France; now I want to hear another. I want to know something about that affair on the road to Bordeaux—that which Jack Harper used to bore you so about. I strongly suspect that there are some passages in the adventure which you don't much like to have talked about; but you see that is the very thing that piques my curiosity so. Come, doctor, make a clean breast of it. You can't escape me now. I have you cornered. You have positively promised to do what I ask, if it is reasonable. I ask you to tell me all about that travelling adventure on the road to Bordeaux. Nothing can be more reasonable than that."

"But I was going to show you—"

"Never mind—never mind about that. That will keep till another time; but if I let you off from this story now, I am afraid we'll never hear it. So let us have the adventure, doctor."

"Well, well, well! I'll 'do the polite thing' about it, though you haven't done it yourself. You have taken rather an unfair advantage of me, Cam.; but you shall have the story, such as it is. It is the merest of trifles—not worth spending so many words upon, certainly."

I had not expected that the doctor would yield so readily, for he had always been particularly reserved in relation to this adventure, and I had in fact abandoned the expectation of ever hearing anything more about it. With the narrator's permission, I made a verbatim phonographic report of it, which is as follows:

"You shall hear the adventure. I see no reason why I should hesitate to tell it. Men who travel in wild places must expect sometimes to meet with rough handling—to put in jeopardy their own lives, and perhaps to be compelled to take the lives of others."

"I had gone down the Rhone, wandered through Provence, spent several weeks in the Pyrenees, and come out into the world again some leagues to the eastward of Bayonne. From that point I took up my line of march (on foot) to Bordeaux, through a sparsely settled country, and by a road which proved to be a very wild and lonesome one."

"I cared little for this, however, for I had been long enough in the wilderness of the Pyrenees to become well accustomed to solitude in travelling, and I rather preferred it than otherwise. The wild, the picturesque and the sublime are not often to be met with on routes that are smooth, well-beaten, and thronged with travellers. Indifferent as the road was, I got along well enough as long as I kept it. But in the afternoon of the second day (I think it was) I managed to get astray altogether. Early in the morning I crossed the Adour at Dax, and I was to sleep that night at a village called Versaques."

But the sun approached the horizon, night was coming on, and no Versaques could I find.

"For more than three hours I had trudged over the desolate moor without seeing one human face. I was beginning to think that I had come to the end of the world—the jumping-off place—when at last an *animal bipes implumis*—a two-legged animal without feathers—hove in sight. According to the above learned definition of the Greek philosopher, this ought to have been a man, though he certainly did not look much like one. Being a man, it was probable that he could talk, and being a Frenchman, it was to be presumed that he could talk French. Acting upon these presumptions, I accosted him, and said:

"Can you tell me how far it is to Versaques?"

"Heaigh-a-gigh eggog och oichok kichewok-croch hos wogh hohchewoigh ochquequack owac."

"Can't you speak French?"

"Beeghdugherguggerugh queigh occocer—"

"I put my fingers in my ears and fled—ingloriously fled, routed by the fellow's tongue. From a woman's tongue I confess I had run, perhaps more than once, but from a man's never before. The whetting of a saw, the squeaking of consumptive bagpipes, the squealing of a tortured fiddle, the grunting of an ill-used trombone, the screaming of an asthmatic accordion, the screeching of a cracked fife, the braying of a superannuated jackass—these, and many other similar sounds, are undeniably unpleasant. But they are familiar and common-places—they don't frighten one."

"But should you ever have the misfortune to hear a certain mongrel *Basque* which is spoken by some of the peasantry on the Adour, you will have taken a step into the fearful profundity of the great abyss of discord such as you will hardly be able to contemplate afterwards without shuddering. The Gascons say it is the very language the devil speaks when the gipseys try to teach him their dialect."

"But that has nothing to do with my story. I ran away from the Biscayan, travelled on a mile or two further, and there met with another peasant, a little more civilized, from whom I learned that Versaques was still a great ways off, but he did not know how far it was, nor in what direction. The fact is, this man's ideas of places, courses and distances were of a confused and shadowy character. Bordeaux, he believed, was somewhere on the other side of the Pyrenees; and as for Paris, it was a myth—a something which he certainly had heard tell of, but of the reality of which no prudent man would speak with confidence. That was his opinion."

"The sun went down, the twilight came and departed, the stars peeped out one by one, and still there was nothing to be seen but the tedious uniformity of the lonely moor. At last I was forced to the unpleasant conclusion that there was nothing for it but a bivouac, *sub Jove*, with the starry canopy for a roof, and the little knapsack I carried for a pillow—the bed being composed of all out-of-doors in general. A stone—a rare thing in that region—served me for a bolster, and I was soon settled, as I supposed, for the night. It was the fall of the year, and rather cooler than comfort required."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## FAT MEN.

Fat men are the salt and savor of the earth; full of good humor, high spirits, fun, and all manner of jollity. Of men, they are the good measures; brimmed, heaped, pressed down, piled up, and running over. They are as ships from Tenerife; swimming deep, full of old wine, and twenty steps down into their holds. Soft and susceptible, all round they are easy of entreaty. Wherefore, for all their rotundity, they are too often circumnavigated by hatchet-faced knaves. Ah! a fat uncle, with a fat paunch and a fat purse, is a joy and delight to all nephews; to philosophers, a subject of endless speculation, as to how many droves of oxen and Lake Eries of wine might have run through his great mill during the full term of his mortal career. Fat men not immortal! This very instant, old Lambert is rubbing his jolly abdomen in Paradise.—*Melville's Mardi*.

## WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

The difference between the style of one who always writes but never speaks, and one who always speaks but never writes, is very great. The first is more smooth and polished, the second more concise and forcible. The one lacks power, the other beauty. Speaking generally, the two qualities of grace and strength can only be acquired by practice both in writing and speaking. The two must mutually correct each other; and any system of education which neglects or ignores either of them is faulty.—*Harvard Magazine*.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## EDITH'S DEPARTURE.

BY M. A. LOWELL.

"FASTER! drive faster!" said the hurried tones of Mr Champney to his son, as they neared the city. From the flat level of the old Salem turnpike they had watched for the first sight of the dome on the State House, and it greeted their eyes just as the sun was rising.

In the dark hour before dawn, another carriage had passed theirs, at a speed that almost threatened destruction to both. The wheels had, for an instant, become interlocked, but the frantic effort to go on had dislodged them with a violent jerk, and soon the father and son heard the sound of the carriage as it passed over the distant bridge.

"That was Davenport's voice," said Herman Champney. "I could detect his slightest whistle to his horse, and I heard him speak to his companion besides."

"Then there is mischief on foot," said his father, "and the sooner we get there, the less of it he can accomplish."

And from that moment he scarcely ceased to entreat his son to drive faster. The wearied horse lagged as he came in over the pavements, and they were obliged to leave him at a stable, and pursue their way on foot. Their course lay to the west part of the city, and they proceeded thither with all the speed which their trembling hearts permitted.

"This is the place," said Herman, as they passed before the door of a wooden house in May Street. "I almost dread to open the door."

"And so do I, Herman. I have a feeling that we shall meet with something dreadful in this place."

"Well, let us face it like men. Anything is more tolerable than suspense." And Hermann struck the old fashioned knocker.

Its sound brought to the door a woman, whose appearance did not prepossess her visitors. She was a thin, dark woman, with very black hair overhanging a low, narrow forehead. Her face was very sallow, save that on each cheek was a regular patch of fiery red, recently laid on. She had immense hoops in her ears, as was then the prevailing style. Her dress was a showy silk, somewhat soiled in spots, and quite unsuitable for a morning robe; and untidy shoes completed her costume. With a bold, masculine look, she returned the gaze of the two gentlemen, and asked their business.

"We want to see Mrs. Kenny," said Herman.

"O, well, I am here," she answered, imperiously; and she moved aside for them to enter, and motioned them into an apartment at the back part of the house. The room was tawdry in its appointments, with articles of a cheap, glittering character upon the chimney-piece and tables. The carpet, once gaudy, was now faded and torn, and splashes of dirt seemed ground into its threads. Over all was a thick coat of dust, that pervaded every part of the room, and shone in the stray sunbeam that came through the one dingy window.

The woman sat down, with her bare arms folded, and seemed to await their speaking. Mr. Champney's lips quivered, as he strove, ineffectually, to address her; and Herman, seeing this, relieved him. There was something in the appearance of her visitors which seemed to awe the woman. Her bold eyes were gradually lowered, as if she could not quite withstand the deep anxiety of the countenance of the elder, nor the solemn but determined expression of the younger. That they were both gentlemen, she knew; and something above the people she was in the habit of admitting into her house.

"Did you ever have a young lady in your house, as a boarder, named Ellen Chandler?" asked Herman.

She seemed to be considering, as if trying to remember, and then answered in the affirmative.

"How long since?"

"About a year."

"Where is she now?"

The woman turned pale, except where the rouge was laid on, and then answered, slowly, "She is dead!"

Mr. Champney uttered a cry, and would have fallen but for his son's protecting arms.

"When did she die?"

"Last year, at Christmas."

"Did she die here, at your house?"

"Yes; in this very room, and on that couch where you sit."

Herman and his father both started, as if a flash of lightning had struck them, and changed their seats.

"How long was she here previous to her dying?"

"Two weeks."

"Did she come alone?"

"No. A gentleman brought her here, requesting board for her."

"Did you know him?"

Her whole face was now flushed. She did not speak for a moment, but at length said, in a prevaricating tone:

"How should I know all who come here? I live by keeping boarders, and do not ask the business or name of those who may chance to bring them here."

"Enough. Was the young lady long ill?"

"About ten days. She was not well when she came."

"Who attended her in her illness?"

"I did, sir; and I assure you, everything was done for her comfort. She took to me, I assure you, and would not let anybody come near her but me."

"Did she leave a message for any one?"

"Only for Mr. Dav—Mr. Davricourt," said the woman, hesitating and confused; then summoning courage, she said, "She told me it was her brother-in-law. I forget his exact name—should not know it if I heard it."

"Did she leave a letter for him or any one, and was it sent?"

"No, I guess not. I disremember. Yes, now I think of it, she did write a good deal, sitting up in bed, with a pencil, but it was all in a little book."

"Bring me that book."

"O, law, sir, Mr. Dav—really, sir, I thought it of no use to any one, and so I burned it up."

"You should have kept it. Do you know you are liable to imprisonment, unless you keep such writings for a year and advertise them?"

The woman started with sudden fear, but falsehood came to her aid. "So I did, sir, but this very morning, the year being up, I burned the book. See," she continued with a triumphant air, "there is the cover still in the ashes."

True enough there was lying on the bars of a rusty grate the thick, half-burned cover of a small book. Herman snatched it up, and read on the scorched lining of the cover a name that went to his very soul. It was not Ellen Chandler, but Edith Champney! He closed his lips tightly, dashed a tear from his eyes, and placed the scorched relic reverently within his vest. The father groaned aloud in his grief, and Herman again put his arm around him to steady him in his seat.

"Have you anything more to tell me? Give me the names of the physician and sexton, and tell me where she was buried."

"Dr. Soames attended her. You will not find him. He went away long ago, nobody knows where. The sexton? well, he would not remember, of course. She died easy, poor thing! and her last words were blessings on me for the care I took of her."

"That will do. Father, dear, let us go away."

Mr. Champney rose, but gazed long upon the couch, the room itself, and the woman, who, bad and deceitful as she might be, and plainly trying to mislead them, was still an object of interest as the last on which those eyes had rested. Herman drew him gently away. Leaving his father at a hotel, he went himself to find a sexton, supposing that one in that vicinity might be called upon. He was right; and on inquiry, the man, referring to his books, found the name of Ellen Chandler, at the date given by Herman. The age was correct, but the disease was stated as consumption. He had made no mistake, he said. He even remembered stating his surprise at seeing one so fair and beautiful, and with so little attenuation, designated as a consumptive.

"Well, my friend," said Herman, "I wish you to show me where she lies, and also to disinter her for my inspection. I have a right to ask this, as I am her brother."

The man looked genuinely sorry. "Do not ask it, sir. There are many reasons why you should not, if not already taken away; and there is too much reason to suppose that, notwithstanding all the careful watching we enjoin upon our assistants, there are many who do not remain where they are laid a single night."

Herman returned, sick at heart, to his father.

"I am confident," said Mr. Champney, when

his son related his failure, "that Davenport, and some one who was with him when they passed us, have been at the house on May Street and instructed the woman what to say."

"Yes; and he too has burned the manuscript which the poor girl left. He shall answer for this deep wrong, if I live!"

"No, Herman, never shall you meet him in the way you mean, on pain of my lasting displeasure. Have I not a sufficient burden to weigh my gray hairs to the grave? Leave him to that God who can punish him without your help. We will go home now to comfort your poor mother. We must think most of her now. I did not think her strange dream would come true so soon."

It was true. Edith Champney had gone away from her home, a year before, under pretence of visiting a relative in one of the suburbs of Boston. A few words between her mother and herself, respecting the visits of young Davenport, whose character was not in good repute, ended in a strange potlance on Edith's part, which terminated in her departure on a visit, as she said, where she would be treated more kindly than at home. Hoping to break up the connection, her mother did not oppose her; and, at the time referred to, she took the stage for her cousin's abode.

Hearing nothing from her, and seeing Davenport apparently busily engaged in his office, the mother concluded that Edith had found some new source of enjoyment, and she let the time slip away without scarce thinking that Edith was unkind in not writing to her. Knowing that she had vexed her, she sat down and wrote a letter, not to Edith, but to Mrs. Albury, the cousin, saying that the daughter was making quite too long a visit, and wishing her to come immediately home. The answer to this latter made the poor woman almost frantic.

"My dear aunt," it said, "I cannot conceive what you mean, and can only account for the strange affair by concluding that you must have intended to address your letter to somebody else. Is it not to Sister Lucy, at Vermont, that Edith's visit is being made, and did you not intend to address her instead of me? I have not even seen Edith, you know, since she was here two years ago."

What a shock was this letter to the mother! Still she thought it not altogether unlikely that Edith might have gone another way, purposely to avoid Davenport, and had taken care to let no one know where she was. She would, she thought, go up to Vermont on a visit, and surprise her; but in the hurry of household affairs, and the sudden return of her husband from sea, she let a few more weeks go by. Then the feeling of dislike to have the affair known and talked of, made Mr. Champney forbid any search to be made for her. "If," said he, "Edith has reasons for keeping out of the way for a time, do not let us make a disturbance, and set people talking of the matter. Hard as it is, let us make none but the most private inquiries."

And so months went on, and to all the inquiries made for Edith, the answer was only that she was out of town; and now that nearly a year had gone by, shame, and a sense of disgrace in some shape, prevented any explanation. The family had always lived somewhat retired, and they could now more readily keep the painful subject within their own dwelling.

One night the mother dreamed that Edith was dead, and that young Davenport was in some way connected with her death. She woke in an agony that defied all efforts of her husband to soothe, and the next day she was nearly frantic. In the dusk of the following evening, she sought and found him. Grasping his arm with the authority of grief that knows no ceremony, she said, hurriedly, and in a choking voice, "Ward Davenport, what have you done with my daughter?"

He staggered a few paces from her, and sitting down by the wayside—for she had not gone into the office—he covered his face with his hands, and she could hear him sob bitterly. Again she repeated the question. He sprang up and said, in a deep, hollow tone, "She is dead!"

"Did you kill her?" said Mrs. Champney, with unnatural calmness.

"Not with my hand, but with my heart," sobbed the young man, adopting, perhaps unconsciously, the words of Manfred.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Champney. "I want truth, not heroics. Tell me all, or I will trumpet my child's murder to the world before I sleep."

Broken by what seemed real anguish, he told

her that, finding Edith could not receive him without offending her family, he proposed to her to leave home, and go where she could be free to meet him if she chose. The visit to Mrs. Albury was projected, and Edith started on her journey for that purpose; but at the first stopping place of the stage, he was there with a carriage, and she joined him, supposing that he was going there to see her safely landed at her cousin's. What madness induced him to stop in Boston, he did not know. He had not thought of such a thing until they arrived in Boston. He then proposed that she should stay there for a few weeks. The woman to whose house he had carried her, was known to him partially, and he knew he could command her. She received Edith as a boarder, under the name of Chandler, and promised to take care of her. Only a few days had passed, when he was sent for to see her die. O, the horrors he experienced after that! "Even you, her mother, would pity me then. I was a thousand times tempted to come and confess to you all the wrong I had done, and the deception I had practised; but I was too much of a coward. Look at me! Am I not changed? Those nights of horror have brought me low enough! Surely, demons were never so miserable, nor felt half so guilty as I did. Nor does it die out. Had I no met you to-night, I should never have seen you. I should have shot myself before morning."

"No, live to atone for your sins, Ward Davenport, and let the memory of this sink deep into your heart. I am not fit to condemn you, for I erred in not searching for her; but pride—the dread of public opinion—kept me from it."

He gave her the direction she asked of him, and they parted, never to meet again. That night Ward Davenport passed Mr. Champney and Herman on the road. He knew their errand; but he wished to be there before them. He warned the woman to treat them civilly; and, as they imagined, it was he who burnt the manuscript. The sad, desponding strain in which it was written, pierced him to the heart. No other eye should see it. The woman nearly betrayed herself by speaking his name when they asked what was done with it. He had charged her to keep quiet, and only answer when she could not avoid it. He had really loved Edith; but the pride of her mother, who had forbidden him the house, exasperated him so much, that he justified himself in taking any steps to see Edith.

Mrs. Champney had seen much trouble before this. The loss of children, of friends, and the unhappiness which her eldest son had occasioned her, were all fit preparations for this, saddest of all! She covered up the wound even now, and retired from every eye to hide the memory of her daughter in her own heart. She even had some womanly compassion for him who had caused this pang. In truth, she was a sweet, forgiving, Christian woman.

Mrs. Champney awoke quite early, one morning the next winter, to the feeling that she had heard some great sound in her sleep. A light snow had fallen on the window panes, and she could not see through them. Sleep had departed, and she arose and dressed herself. According to her usual custom, she opened the front door, and was beginning to inhale the clear, cold, wintry air. A dark object lay on the snow at a little distance. She went to it, thinking some one had fallen down and been injured. There was blood on the snow; and as she turned up the face in the gray light of the morning, she saw that it was Ward Davenport's. He had thought to expiate his guilt, by offering his life as a sacrifice before her very door.

There are women in the world who would have spurned that dead body from their pathway, and thought it righteous to do so. Mrs. Champney was not one of these. Tenderly pitying the mother of the suicide, she took all measures to save her from the sudden shock of his death; and when the grief of that mother exceeded all bounds, she took her by the hand, and gently told her how she herself had suffered, and by whom that suffering had come to her.

From that hour, the two bereaved women comforted and consoled each other, and, in so doing, each felt her burden lighter. Fifty years have passed away, and both mothers have gone to meet their erring children. Let us reverently hope that their sins are forgiven them—and not only hope, but trust.

It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.



## THE ROVER OF THE GULF.

BY CAPT. ROBERT BARNACLE.

It was a damp and foggy night in the March of A. D., 1815, that Henry Benson was walking the deck of a little Baltimore built brig, then at anchor nearly abreast of the lower cotton-press in New Orleans. It was soon after the great battle of the eighth of January, where the hero Jackson laid the foundation of a name that will never die, and the city was rife with the sounds of riot, discord and conviviality emanating from hordes of disbanded soldiers, sailors and Barrabarians. The night was dismal and uncomfortable, the moon shed a yellowish, sickly light amid the fog, and the mist that gathered on the rigging formed in drops and fell like rain, whilst the still and heavy air bore each shout of revelry, each roll of drum or shriek of life across the waters with vivid distinctness; and the horrid roar of the alligators among the bayous and marshes, the hoot of owls, the hum of myriads of insects, the intolerable stench of the muddy and flat lands, together with the lonely yet noisy rush of the turbid waters against the brig's side and around her bows, rendered the lone watch of the deck frightful to a man of less nerve than Henry Benson. But he, with a soul that knew no fear, an open-hearted, frank, dare devil and danger-courting disposition, a round, compact and elastic frame, possessed of great power, well shrouded in his oiled jacket and sou'wester, paced the deck of the *Gazelle* during his anchor-watch, feeling as secure as if within the walls of a castle. Now humming a scrap from some sea-ditty—now walking aft to the binnacle to see if the glass required turning, and anon holding audible converse with his thoughts; thus passed the first hour of his watch.

"Hallo, Beelzebubs!" said he, communing with himself, as shouts from the city burst upon his ear with unusual distinctness. "I should think by the noise that the old *Dragon* himself was unchained among ye; and if the pilot spoke truth, in saying that the blood-loving Lafitte is in the city, you have a demon you little think of in your midst; and now, as I think of it, who knows but that tall, black-whiskered and smooth-tongued devil who was steering the sail boat which capsized under our bows the other day, was Lafitte himself; he looked like a desperado, and evidently steered the boat on our cable intentionally; but what could have been his motive? To drown the old gentleman, I think: for he looked as black as a thunder-cloud at me, as I pulled the old man out; but he came very near losing his own number in the mess, whatever he intended. He did not reckon upon that knock on the head from the chain. Well, I may have saved a villain, for aught I know, to cut my throat yet. But the old gentleman and his daughter—ah! there is pleasure in the thought of having saved them. I would wade through danger to my very neck to do the like again. God bless her pretty figure-head. I can see her now, with her roguish eyes twinkling like the Cape lights in a frosty night, and can almost feel that pretty, soft hand in mine now, as she bade me good-by."

At this moment the dip of oars near the brig's bow arrested his attention, and looking over the side, he saw a boat filled with armed men approaching.

"Who goes there?" hailed Henry, as he walked forward.

No answer.

"Who goes there? Speak, or I'll fire into you!" continued he, sharply.

"Amigos," replied a voice, in Spanish.

"Friends! Keep at a friendly distance, then, until I learn your errand."

"*Pronto humbles—pronto*," said a voice, in low tones, from the opposite bow; and turning his eyes in that direction, Henry saw another boat approaching rapidly and almost noiselessly.

"Quick, shipmates—quick, for your lives, tumble up here; we are boarded!" cried Henry, an instant after, as he thundered at the fore-scuttle with a handspike; then running aft he sounded the alarm at the cabin doors.

"Treachery!" cried he, at the top of his voice. "Up, up, and arm, for we are boarded by river pirates."

Then seizing a cutlass from a heap that were on the cabin sky-light, he bounded forward to repel with stalwart arm the midnight foe.

"Jump, heroes, for those cutlasses on the sky-light, and the boarding pikes on the booms,"

continued he, with shrill voice, to the frightened and half-dressed crew, who were issuing from the scuttle. At the same instant, he aimed a blow at the head of a man who was clambering up the fore chains, which toppled him over among his companions in the boat.

"Aboard, tigers! aboard, there, before they have time to rally," cried a hoarse and commanding voice, in impatient tones, from the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Come aboard, and it shall be a death-ship for you," returned Harry, from between his closed teeth, as he lopped off at one stroke of his cutlass both arms of a pirate who was climbing up the side, while the body fell back on the heads of his companions, and rolled from thence overboard.

"Shoot the fool! curses on him!" cried the voice from the stern-sheets; "what? do! let one man repel a boat's crew of the tigers?"

At this instant a blow from behind, dealt by one of the assailants who had boarded on the other bow, felled Harry to the deck. Recovering his footing a moment after, he again rushed forward to the attack, and was met by a tall, black-whiskered man, who appeared to be the chief, and whom he recognized as being the individual of whom he had been speaking.

"Cut, cut—overboard with 'em, tigers!" cried the pirate, as his elastic blade wound round Harry's clumsy cutlass.

Hand to hand they fought for a minute, Harry retreating, and the pirate pressing on impatiently. A moment after, and Harry's heels struck the booby hatch, pitching him backwards into the steerage, whilst the pirate rushed aft to help complete the slaughter.

How long Henry Benson remained insensible from the effects of his fall he knew not, but his first consciousness was, of being dragged towards the deck.

"Who have ye there?" inquired the same voice he had heard in the stern-sheets of the boat.

"One of the crew, whom we found in the steerage, and whom we are about to consign to Old Nick; that is, if the 'old boy' will accept of the consignment," answered one of the pirates.

"O, ho! that is the chap I knocked down and supposed dead; but never mind now, I want you here at present; shove him into the sail-room there, at your hands, and hasten on deck to make sail."

A moment after, and Henry was rudely thrust into the sail-room (which was a small apartment in the steerage, and separated from the cabin by a thin partition), and the door closed and locked. As he sunk upon a heap of old sails in one corner, he was for a moment constrained to doubt his identity.

"'Tis no dream—no; 'tis a terrible reality—a prisoner among pirates! Father of mercy, protect me!" was his cry, as thoughts of the "plank," "yard-arm," and every other summary mode of murdering their victims, usual to sea marauders, passed through his mind. But soon hope, which is ever strong in brave hearts, came to his aid, and with that ready adaptation to circumstances peculiar to seamen, he soon felt more at ease, and his wearied body was wrapped in slumber. When he awoke, he knew by the motion of the vessel that she was upon the open sea, and that knowledge cut off all hope of escape to the shore. As he lay for a moment reflecting upon his situation, the sound of sobs from the cabin faintly reached his ear, and placing his head against the partition, he could distinctly hear the sound of a female voice engaged in prayer.

"Good heavens! a woman in the hands of these monsters! But, perhaps," thought he, "she is an accomplice. No! I would not wrong the name of woman by such suspicions; and besides, she is praying, therefore she can have no fellowship here. How came she here? There was no woman on board yesterday. Ah, perhaps it is some kidnapped victim, torn from a quiet home and friends, or inveigled by some wicked arts to trust herself in the arms of one she had learned to love."

At times he fancied that the voice was familiar, and with strained ear he listened, whilst his heart beat quick and hard. The opening and shutting of the cabin doors next arrested his attention, and immediately the voice ceased praying.

"Good morning, Miss De Wolfe," said the voice of the chief, blandly. "I hope and trust you rested well last night."

"O, Don Rafael," replied the voice, in imploring accents, "spare us, spare us."

"Spare you, my dear Zinette; what fear you? I assure you that no harm shall come to you; I love you too well for that, I assure you."

"Insult me not, Don Rafael, with such language now; the hawk loves not the dove which he steals from its cote; no, he steals but to destroy," answered the lady, coldly.

"I swear to thee, here, on my bended knee, by the gods, by the light of heaven, that I do adore thee, Zinette—that my brain is maddened—that I am eaten up with love of thee; and it was the knowledge that I must die, unless I possessed thee, that has driven me to take that which I fondly hope ere long you will freely give; forgive, then, the deception I have practised—let my love be an excuse for me."

"Metinks such intensity of love as you describe would not prompt to violence; it should increase respect for its object. Had I not told you of the hopelessness of your passion? and what is love unreturned but hate?"

"I know that you refused my suit," said he, in a softened tone, "but I felt certain that you knew not the depth of my love, and I fondly hoped, that, once removed from home, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth, and with every wish ministered to with a devotion you could but marvel at, you would learn to love one whom you oft have smiled upon, and I yet could be happy; and say, dearest," continued he, warming to enthusiastic eloquence, "shall we not, together, roam over the bright blue seas, making our bark dance with joy, until we touch at those green isles within the tropics, where every breeze is laden with fragrance, and the earth looks glad in its munificence, and there, with all we love around us, in some sheltered nook while our lives away? Or, if it please thee, we will shape our course to European shores, and there, surrounded by wealth, pomp and magnificence, you shall reign queen of the gay; no wish, however extravagant, shall remain ungratified, for I have wealth unbounded, and power."

"Cease, for heaven's sake, such mockery," replied she, evidently losing temper each moment; "release my poor father, whom you cruelly dragged from his home; he who befriended you, opened the doors of hospitality, and warmed you in his bosom; release us, I say, ere you talk of love, and ere I tell thee what thou art."

"And what am I, pray, bold maid?"

"Alas! worse than I could have believed. Last night's tragedy tells me thou art a villain and a—murderer!"

"Worse I am, if thou wilt have it, fool; I am Lafitte, the pirate chief of *Barrataria*!" thundered he, in a passion; "one who seldom woos in vain, and whose wrath burns fiercer than his love; so beware how you tempt the tiger in his lair."

So saying, he left the cabin. Henry, who had listened to their conversation with mingled feelings of astonishment, curiosity and rage, sunk back upon his bed of sails, trembling in every joint with excitement, and for a moment forgot his own position in his sympathy for the unfortunate in the cabin.

"Alas, alas! poor beings!"

Meanwhile the little *Gazelle* had flown onwards like a bird on wing, leaving the muddy waters of the Mississippi far behind, and danced on the green waves of the broad Gulf. Her course had been shaped for *Barrataria*, and she disdained not to put forth her fleetest powers alike for the blood-thirsty corsair, or the honest merchant. During the first day, the pirates had been busily employed in getting their new prize in order, and in making such arrangements as were necessary. This had engaged their utmost attention, and they exulted not a little over the sailing qualities of their stolen bark. Thus Henry wholly escaped their attention during the first day; and had he not found some damaged bread stowed away in the sail-room, he would have suffered severely from hunger.

But on the morning of the second day a consultation was called by Lafitte, for the purpose of determining the fate of our hero, and settling some other minor matters in their usual way. Some were for allowing Henry the privilege of joining them, after the usual ceremonies and oaths, as they were in want of companions; but others were strenuous in their wishes of carrying to the extent their motto, "dead men tell no tales." For a time quite a war of words raged among the pirates, in the midst of which the cry arose from the helmsman: "The squall! the squall! Look to windward!"

"A squall close aboard—clew up the kites—stand by the halliards and clewlines!" were the cries immediately heard from all sides.

Lafitte, who had been in the cabin, leaped to the deck as he heard the helmsman's cry, and casting his eyes to windward, he there saw what drove the blood from his cheek and paralyzed him for an instant; but recovering in a moment, he cast his eyes aloft, then cheered on his crew:

"Bear a hand, boys, with those topgallant sails and royals; cheerily, now; let go topsail halliards—stand by tacks and sheets—man the clew-garnets and buntlines—hurrah, boys—clew up and clew down fore and aft—quick is your play, or we lose our spars."

The whole line of the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, seemed one vast sea of foam. Dark and frightful banks of clouds, which had risen as if by magic, were piling up and driving before some great gale with fearful rapidity. The sun was obscured, and the light of heaven was fast being shut out. An unnatural calmness was in the air among the sails, as if nature was preparing its vast energies for the awful exertions it would soon call into action. The waters near the brig forgot, in their fright, their regularity, and jostled against each other in their endeavors to flee, throwing their tiny crests upward with hollow splashes. A moment after, a premonitory gust flew over, and in an instant, with a roaring, howling and surging sound, that rivalled the thunder's din, the squall struck the brig, which bent beneath its crushing force like a reed. In a moment all was enveloped in blackness and mist. The affrighted pirates screamed with terror, as they clung to the rigging, and the storm-god mocked their cries with his horrid howls among the spars. Lafitte, with the promptness of a ready seaman, had been able to strip the brig of all sail, except a "close-reefed main topsail," under this he had expected to weather the squall, but the first gust had proved to him the futility of that attempt and his immediate danger of foundering, and he shouted to the helmsman:

"Keep her away—hard a weather—hard up—jam it up;" but the little *Gazelle* was too far gone to mind any promptings from her helm, and she made no apparent effort to "pay off."

"Is that helm up?" asked Lafitte, anxiously.

"Yes, hard up," was the reply.

"Lost! all lost!" was the shriek that arose from all.

Henry Benson had listened eagerly to the process of taking in sail, and expected the squall; but he was not prepared for the shock which came, and as he felt the brig bend down more and more, his heart sunk within him; and when everything moveable in his cell tumbled down to leeward, he instinctively commenced a prayer, feeling that all was over.

Shrieks from the female in the cabin burst upon his ear, and immediately a wish to be on deck when the brig went down took possession of his breast. Making one kick at the door, which luckily was to leeward, he drove it from its hinges, and a moment afterwards he was on deck.

O, the indescribable horror of that scene! The heavy atmosphere and flying spray shut out the light of day, and a phosphoric light on the surface of the waters gleamed with pandemonian glare, and rendered the ocean one sea of fire—a vast sheet of blaze, of which the sinking brig was the centre. The sea to leeward was filled with poor wretches whose despairing shrieks were stifled by the elements. The brig was lying motionless, her masts parallel with the sea, her decks full of water and fast being spurned beneath the wave by the frenzied storm. Henry saw it all at a glance, as he clambered to the weather-rail; then turning, he leaped to the "fife-rail" of the mainmast, and with a stroke of his knife he severed the "belaying rope" of the weather sheet of the main-topsail.

With the velocity of, and a rattling crash not unlike lightning, the chain-sheet ran through the blocks, and the weather-clew of the main-topsail, which had been pressing the brig down, burst instantly in shreds with a sharp report. This relieved the little brig immensely, and she raised her lee rail out of the water immediately, as if conscious that an effort was being made to save her.

"Hurrah! she rights a little," cried Lafitte, as he saw Henry's intentions.

"Loose, and set a piece of the fore-staysail, and she will pay off," cried Henry; "she will live yet."

Those on the fore-castle soon succeeded in hoisting the head of the staysail, and the lee half



of the main-topsail still remaining, lifted, with Herculean power, the masts from their recumbent position. The vessel immediately felt the influence of this manœuvre, and began to move slowly through the water.

"Hoist more of that staysail, and square in the after-yards!" shouted Henry, as he hastened aft, and seized the helm which had been deserted.

In a few minutes the *Gazelle*, under the influence of the staysail and the lee clew of the top-sail, turned her head to the leeward, and darted off before the hurricane like a wounded whale. The pirates clung to the rigging with blanched cheeks, for a few minutes speechless, and looked back towards the spot which had well nigh been the grave of all on board, and their hardened hearts felt a momentary gratitude as they viewed the boiling surge.

Barrataria is a cluster of low, sandy islands, situated in the Gulf of Mexico, a few degrees to the southward and westward of the Balizo. They are barren and isolated, and appear as if bearing God's curse upon their soil. For many years they were frequented by bands of sea marauders, who repaired there for revelry and division of spoil. On one of the largest of these islands, near whose shores was good anchorage, the pirates had erected a number of block-houses for barracks, magazines and store-houses; and hither, as soon as the furious hurricane which beset the *Gazelle* had abated, did Lafitte and his band steer their course. Henry Benson, for his presence of mind and courage in seizing upon the only method of saving the apparently doomed vessel, was looked upon with admiration by this lawless band, and now nothing was more desired by them than his companionship.

Lafitte took him by the hand warmly, acknowledging his double indebtedness to him, and offered to share his command with him. This, Henry cunningly appeared to be well pleased with, but asked a few days to reflect upon it. This request was immediately granted, as they thought it to be impossible for him to escape from the vessel or the islands, and they had but little doubt that Henry, after a few days' association with them, would readily join them; and they already called him lieutenant.

Feeling safe, now his greatest curiosity was to learn more regarding the prisoners in the cabin. He was not yet familiar enough to venture upon questions, and he thought it by far the better policy to affect a careless indifference, and trust to some fortunate circumstance to reveal them to him.

That the lady was a noble and high-minded woman, he had no doubt, for the conversation he overheard told him that; and the familiar tones of her voice had awakened his curiosity and sympathy, and he determined to protect and free them even at the risk of his life. The evening after anchoring at Barrataria, the prisoners were removed, and the following morning orders were given for dismantling the *Gazelle* for thorough repairs, and all left her for the shore. There Henry found the crews of several other piratical vessels then in the bay, and the return of that part of the gang that had been at New Orleans, with a prize so valuable to them as the *Gazelle*, was hailed with great joy, and preparations were made for a grand carousal. Henry immediately commenced reconnoitering. He strolled along the shore and noted well the appearance of each boat; he walked around the buildings with a careless air, yet scrutinizing every nook. The house occupied by Lafitte was situated to the right of the harbor, on a slight eminence and at some distance from any other buildings. It was a long and low house, built originally for barracks, and containing a number of small apartments, in one of which he felt convinced were the prisoners. In front was a long colonnade, on which paced a sentry night and day. After satisfying his curiosity as much as he dared to, he joined the pirates at their cups. They were a villainous set, black and brown, bewhiskered and bedevilled,

"Every creed and every race  
Found with them a place."

And Henry, thinking it best for him to pretend to float with the tide, was soon as uproarious as the worst, and whenever Lafitte was near, apparently drank deep and fast; his songs were as loud as the veriest bacchanalian on the shores, whilst all said he was a glorious fellow. Late in the day the carousal ended as usual in a fight, in which all participated, both men and women. Now, thought he, is my time to have a look for the prisoners; and he staggered away unobserved in the direction of Lafitte's quarters.

Sombre night was rapidly approaching, and twilight trembled and lingered as Henry hurried along. A fresh burst of shouts from the rioters caused Henry to look back, and he saw Lafitte hurrying in the direction of his fighting myrmidons. This circumstance determined him to enter the house boldly under the disguise of his apparent intoxication, and if detected to plead ignorance.

Arriving at the colonnade in front of the house, he saw the form of the sentinel leaning over the balustrade at the opposite end, watching the movements of the rioters in the distance, and taking advantage of the opportunity, he noiselessly entered the door which was near him. His heart beat quick as he proceeded along a narrow passage between a suite of rooms, expecting to meet some one at every step. He opened a door at the right, and saw that it was filled with stores of various kinds, and another near at hand, which contained seamen's apparel of all kinds. Turning to the left he glanced into a room, the door of which was open before him, which was furnished in good style, with a Turkey carpet, books, charts and nautical instruments in profusion, and a richly wrought grass hammock swinging in the corner; this, thought he, must be the den of the tiger.

He hesitated not a moment, but hurried along the passage until he fancied that he heard some one moving in a room behind him. Opening the door with palpitating heart, he saw by the dim twilight which streamed in at a small window, a lovely female form seated beside a bed at the extremity of the room, with her face buried in her hands.

"Advance another step, monster, and I strike! Death before dishonor!" cried she, springing to her feet, and holding up a dagger pointed at her own breast.

"Hush, lady, fear me not; I am—"

"And are you here! you a pirate, whom I thought so noble, so brave!" said she, sadly, as they mutually recognized each other—one as the sailor who saved her life at New Orleans, and the other as the lady whom he had rescued from drowning.

"No, no, fair lady; I am a prisoner like yourself, and have come to free you, if possible; say, will you escape with me; wilt trust to me and to the sea in an open boat?"

"Escape! trust! O, how gladly—anything—death, rather than this—haste, let us fly now. But no!" continued she, in a voice which seemed instantly changed from the joy of heaven to the depth of woe; "no, no, not without my father; alas!"

"Where is he? Let us find him," said Henry, eagerly.

"In some one of these rooms; I know not which," returned Zinette. Henry opened and closed several doors rapidly, in vain; but on attempting one he found it locked. An indistinct thought struck him that he had seen the keys upon the table as he glanced into Lafitte's room, and hastening thither, he found it was so. He returned instantly, and applying one of the bunch, the door opened, and the next moment Zinette clasped her arms around her father's neck.

"Haste, haste; we have not a moment to spare; we must leave the house as Lafitte returns," said Henry. And seizing the trembling old man's hand, they hurried along the now dark passage.

"Hie—O, God, we are lost," whispered Henry, as he heard Lafitte's voice at the door, entering. "Stand close against the wall here in this nook—close up, and don't breathe, for your lives."

The next instant Lafitte brushed past them in the dark, uttering deep curses against his belligerent crew, and entering his room, he closed the door with an angry slam.

"Who—hic—who goes—hic—there?" said the sentinel, who had been keeping pace in his cups with his comrades below, approaching, as Zinette and her father crossed the colonnade followed by Henry.

"*Mataneros*," replied Henry.

"But—hic—hic—the petti—hic—coat—petticoat!"

"Juanna, the maid," answered Henry, as he hastened on after the two.

"Ja—hic—all right—deuced—hic—pretty name—"

They ran with their utmost speed to the shore, sprang into the fleetest boat, and spreading their sail, steered out into the darkness which enveloped the sea. Not a word was spoken for a

long time, whilst their hearts beat madly within their breasts. They soon passed the headlands of the bay, and their boat bent to the breeze which blew fresh and fair. Soon a distant hum from the island reached their ears, and a moment after a blue light loomed up from the shore, casting its lurid glare far over the waters revealing to them the pirates collected in numbers on the beach.

"There, there they are!" cried Lafitte, as he hurried to and fro like a madman. "Off! put off every boat; hundreds, ay, thousands to him who first reaches them! Trail the long gun on foot from the fort—no, no, stop—pshaw—how foolish—they cannot escape—what can they do in an open boat without provisions? they will be glad to return on the morrow."

The night was damp and chill, and Zinette snuggled herself in her father's arms down in the boat, whilst Henry sat at the helm and shaped his course by the stars, and steered for the nearest land.

As morning was flinging its glad light upon the waters, Henry turned his eyes anxiously to windward, and to his dismay, he saw first one, then another, until five sail appeared between him and the horizon. These he doubted not were the pirates in pursuit of him, and he turned his gaze immediately to leeward for escape in that quarter, and his heart sunk within him as he saw several small sail on that side. Hemmed in upon all sides, he felt that escape was impossible, and for a moment tears stood in his eyes and trickled down his manly cheeks.

"What! is there no escape—has God forsaken us?" cried Zinette, in despair.

"Alas! no escape; we are surrounded—and see—already have they spied us from the windward, and have 'bore away' for us," replied Henry.

"Then let us die. I have the dagger yet, and now death would be a boon, indeed," replied she, with a determined tone.

"No, no, not yet; trust in God; he will not forsake us; hope on longer," returned Henry, speaking cheerfully as he was able.

The vessels from the windward swept down gracefully, and Henry, notwithstanding his situation and his knowledge of their character, could not help admiring the symmetry of the tall spars and straight black hull of the vessel nearest him; and as she circled around them and came up to the wind, with her topsail aback, a hoarse voice hailed them through a speaking trumpet:

"Boat ahoy! come alongside!"

Henry knew it would be useless to resist or attempt to escape, and Zinette and her father hung their heads in silent despair. In a few minutes they were alongside, and several black-whiskered seamen appeared at the gangway and assisted them up the vessels side.

"Good heavens! where are we?" said Henry, as he looked around him with surprise.

"On board of the *U. S. Schooner Dolphin*," said a man dressed in a naval uniform, as he stepped forward from the quarter-deck.

"*Dolphin*! *Schooner*!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered trio.

"Ay, the *Dolphin*, bearing the flag of Commodore Patterson, now in pursuit of the renegade Lafitte and his piratical fleet; and yonder comes the remainder of our fleet," said the officer, turning his eyes to windward; "the *Shark*, *Vixen* and *Porpoise*."

The next moment Zinette uttered a faint scream of joy as she sunk into Henry's arms, sobbing like a child. Who can paint the joy of those rescued ones? I will not attempt it; I will leave it with the imagination of the reader. Zinette and her father were soon attended to, and Henry ushered into the presence of the commodore, to whom he related his story.

After listening attentively and questioning Henry, Commodore Patterson concluded to bear away for Barrataria, and attack the pirates in their den, and immediately gave the necessary orders. The boats to the leeward, which were Lafitte's in pursuit of Henry and Zinette, were all captured, and during that day the naval fleet, under Henry's pilotage, entered the channels of Barrataria and anchored before their vessels and fortresses.

A heavy cannonading immediately commenced, and for a short time the battle raged with fury; but soon the pirates were driven from their guns and scattered in all directions.

A few succeeded in escaping in boats, but a majority were taken prisoners and afterwards suffered the penalty of their crimes. After destroying the fort and magazines and buildings,

the fleet got under weigh for New Orleans. Zinette received every attention from the officers of the fleet, and no little rivalry existed among them on her account.

Henry Benson was favorably mentioned in the commodore's official report to congress, and through his friendship and the influence of the *De Wolfes*, Henry soon received a commission in the navy; and ere the epaulettes had adorned his shoulder one season, he led to the altar the lovely heiress, Miss Zinette De Wolfe.

#### THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

About nine o'clock there was a stir in the halls beyond; the crowd parted, and the king and queen, accompanied by the officers of the court and the ladies of honor, walked into the centre of the ball-room. The guests fell back, the foreign ministers and high officers of state pressed forwards, and a highly dignified circle of some size was thus formed. The king looked remarkably well in his Greek dress of blue and silver; in fact, I saw no other costume so rich and tasteful as his. The queen wore a Parisian dress, white tulle over white satin, trimmed with roses, a coronet of pearls, a superb diamond necklace, and a crinoline of extravagant diameter. The marshal had probably stated that I spoke German, as the king at once addressed me in that language. He is near sighted, and thrust his head forward close to my face, as he spoke. He is of medium height, forty-two years old; his head is bald on the crown, but he wears a large brown moustache, which almost conceals his upper lip. His nose is prominent, his chin pointed, and his large, hazel eyes rather deeply set. The prominent expression of his face is amiability, mixed with a certain degree of irresolution. His complexion is pale, owing to long-continued ill-health, and he has an air of weariness and sadness when his features are in repose. The throne of Greece is evidently not an easy chair. As a young man, he must have been handsome. The queen is near forty years of age, rather under the medium height, and inclining to corpulency. She is said to have been very handsome, even so late as five years ago, but retains very little beauty now, except such as belongs to robust health. Her face is large and heavy, her mouth long, thin and hard, and her eyes, of that fine clear gray which is so beautiful in a gentle face, express a coldly gracious condescension. She evidently never forgets that she is a queen. Her movements and manners are certainly remarkably graceful and self-possessed, and she is without a woman of will, energy and ambition. I watched the two narrowly during a part of the evening, and a hundred indescribable traits showed me that the amiability and kindness are all on the king's side, the pride, ambition and energy on the queen's.—*Bayard Taylor*.

#### ORIGIN OF THE JUDGES' BLACK CAP.

The practice of our judges, in putting on a black cap when they condemn a criminal to death, will be found on consideration to have a deep and sad significance. Covering the head was in ancient days a sign of mourning. "Haman hastened to his house, mourning and having his head covered." (Esth. 6: 12.) In like manner Demosthenes, when insulted by the populace, went home with his head covered. "And David wept as he went up, and had his head covered; . . . and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." (2 Sam. 15: 30.) Darius, too, covered his head on learning the death of his queen. When, therefore, the judge puts on the black cap, it is a very significant as well as solemn procedure. He puts on mourning; for he is about to pronounce the forfeit of a life! And, accordingly, the act itself, the putting on of the black cap, is generally understood to be significant. It intimates that the judge is about to pronounce no merely registered or supposititious sentence, in the very formula of condemnation he has put himself in mourning for the convicted culprit, as for a dead man. The criminal is then left for execution, and, unless mercy exert its sovereign prerogative, suffers the sentence of the law. The mourning cap expressively indicates his doom.—*Notes and Queries*.

#### TENACITY OF GLASS.

A series of interesting experiments has been made in England in regard to the tenacity, strength, etc., of glass. The experiments upon the tenacity of glass, made by tearing specimens asunder, were less reliable and satisfactory than others; and it is stated that more reliance is to be placed upon the tenacity deduced from the experiments on the resistance of globes to bursting, into which water pressure was employed, than upon the tenacity obtained directly by tearing specimens asunder. The latter method gave the following mean results of tenacity per square inch, in pounds: Flint glass, 2,413; green glass, 2,896; crown glass, 2,946. The experiments in regard to the resistance of glass to crushing were made upon small cylinders and cubes of glass crushed between parallel steel surfaces by means of a lever. The specimens were crushed almost to powder by the violence of the concussion. The mean resistance to the crushing of the flint glass, was in pounds, 13,190; of green glass, 20,206; of crown glass, 21,867.—*Scientific American*.

Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## POESY.

BY MELINDA LEWIN

The shades of eve are stealing  
Around my forest home,  
While thoughts in peace revealing  
Their glories thickly come,  
And chase away the shadows  
The loneliness inspires,  
And warm the wintry chilliness  
With light poetic fires.

The blessed gift of Poesy  
How does my heart rejoice,  
When in the hour of loneliness  
I hear her silvery voice,  
Calming the troubled waters,  
Whose surges round me roll,  
And pouring her sweet melody  
Into my heart and soul.

For, though I'm not a poet,  
I love her chiming song,  
And the rich and glowing fancies  
That to her train belong,  
And gladly pay the tribute  
Of a full and gushing heart,  
For the hours of peace and pleasure  
She will, so free, impart

Dark shades will sometimes lower  
Upon the heart and brow,  
And prey upon the spirit  
Till its finest strength will bow;  
And we need a voice from heaven  
To dispel the gloomy train,  
Revive our drooping energies,  
And wake the "joy of pain."

And 'tis the gift of Poesy  
To wake a purer life,  
And pour the balm of loveliness  
Upon the spirit's strife.  
Then let me ever cherish  
Her angel visits sweet,  
And pour my heart's libations  
Upon her beautiful feet.

"Pain has its own noble joy, when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## WHICH WILL WIN HER?

BY W. H. BENNETT.

THE heavy May dews lay upon the hills that bordered and sheltered my native town of Heathcote, on the morning of the first of that delightful month. All around was still, calm and beautiful as the poet's dream of Paradise. The fresh, crisp grass was growing bravely, and, near the edges of the brooks, had already attained to the greenness of summer beauty. In the crevices of the rocks, the arbutus trailed its sweet and fragrant pink blossoms, blessing alike the sight and smell; and the sanguinaria was unfolding the leafy blanket that had sheltered the tiny bud from the spring chills. Overhead, the sky was blue and unclouded, and the mountain streams were flowing or dancing down over jagged rocks or smooth pebbly beds, into the pretty river that watered and made glad our whole vale of Heathcote. Upon the trees, whose soft green leaves, invested with the first tender hue of spring, were scarce crisp enough to rustle, the robins had already commenced their cheery songs. Everything spoke of the spring tide that was swelling and spreading all over the land.

Not a single thing escaped me that morning. I marked every light and shade—every tint, every gray shadow—and well I might, for was I not leaving them now, for an indefinite time, perhaps forever? I had that morning parted with my mother—the best and kindest that ever lived—from my sweet young sister, and from another, whom to love had been at once my delight and madness for the past year.

Madness, because, speaking in the worldly sense, she was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. I, the son of a widowed mother, and she the daughter of the rich and powerful Judge Raymond, who would have scorned a son-in-law like me. He would have preferred the stupid son of Martin Graves the oysterman, who had risen to the possession of a hundred thousand dollars by the skilful cooking of the bivalves, and the five valuable pearls which he had actually found in them.

But, with a strangely perverted taste, Sybil Raymond had preferred me to the younger Martin; and, in entire opposition to her father's known will, she had met me that morning at our usual trysting place, and then and there, had responded to all my expressed and earnest love. But, exultant as I was then at that moment, I grew despondent enough when I reached the top

of the long hill that divided Heathcote from the world beyond. I saw innumerable obstacles in my way that in my moment of ecstasy I had not counted upon.

Bravely, however, I determined to put my hand to the work to which I had dedicated myself, and leave the result. My mother and sister must be supported, come what would of my own happiness. I had engaged as engineer on a western railroad, but I did not dream of occupying that position long. It was to be the stepping-stone to fortune; and, until I could see my way clearer than now, it was to supply the beloved household at home with all the comforts which they used to enjoy as the wife and daughter of the lamented pastor of Heathcote.

I was to keep up a constant correspondence with Sybil, through my mother's agency. At first she demurred; but she had become so thoroughly disgusted with Judge Raymond's avarice and selfishness, and valued her son's merits so highly, that she undertook the charge.

Fortune favored me. I was appointed to the charge of a valuable coal mine in Pennsylvania, which proved to me a gold mine. Not many months passed before I could buy up Judge Raymond and the oysterman's son twenty times over. Fortunately, I sent on a sum to my mother and sister enough to make them comfortable for many years, for alas! it was the last that I could earn. In drawing up coal from the mine one day, the shaft broke, and in its descent the frightened workmen turned it aside, and it struck me violently on the back of my neck and shoulders. I was insensible for many hours, and for months I lay between life and death. When I recovered, my money was spent, and my place occupied by another; and worse than all, I was a cripple. The tall, straight, handsome figure that had scaled the Heathcote hills so lightly, was now crushed and marred—borne down by an incurable lameness, and subject to life-long pain and disease.

The first three weeks of my restoration to comparative health, were past in alternate fits of passion and repining. Afterward I grew more patient. Life seemed but a poor thing now, and I had been so near the gates of death that I became reconciled to the thought of the remaining troubles I might encounter. I wrote to Sybil, and described faithfully my present situation. Lest I had not told her the worst, I had a correct likeness taken of myself as I stood leaning on my crutch, my figure despoiled of many inches in height, and wearing many superfluous ones protruding from my shoulders. As I surveyed the likeness, I wrung my hands over it, and exclaimed in the bitterness of a wounded spirit:

"O, Sybil, Sybil, is this poor, deformed shadow a fitting match for your fair young beauty?"

I almost envied young Graves now, with his square, ungainly shoulders, his parrot toes, and the slouching character of his indescribable gait.

I could not bear to go home until I knew what impression my dismal news had given there; but in the meantime I received intelligence from my sister, who wrote me in her artless, childlike way, unconscious that it could affect me more than any other news, that Sybil Raymond was soon to be married to Martin Graves.

I was furious; but I resolved to set off for home immediately. I gathered up my little accounts, received a handsome sum from the mining company—corporations have souls, after all—and started on a May morning, bright and pleasant as the one on which I had left home three years before.

When within a short distance of my mother's house, I alighted. I had to pass the church, which was near. I heard music, and I took a fancy to go into the body of the church, which was dark, and listen to the voices. They were rehearsing some music for a charitable object, as I gathered from some remarks made by people near me. Around the organ, all was light as day, and I saw Sybil Raymond standing close to it. Then rose the music, now soft and sweet, in which her clear tones were heard, singing the plaintive solo, "Must I leave thee?" and the grand old chorus answering the sad interrogative with its "Forever and ever."

It struck to my heart like a dagger. Was it indeed thus that we were to be separated? I am not ashamed to confess that I bowed my head on my hands and wept like a child.

When I lifted my face, I looked upward. The band of singers, clothed mostly in white dresses, the lights throwing a radiance over their faces, all the brighter for the darkness around, seemed

like a troop of angels taking their flight upward, while the endless reiteration, "Forever and ever," seemed the farewell answer to the words my heart was burning to ask.

I watched Sybil only. A man came in hastily and whispered a few words in her ear. She seemed to grow deadly white, and instantly followed him out. I believed that she had been summoned to her father at home, and the moment she had gone I prepared to leave the church. She was coming down stairs when I had just got into the vestibule, and the sound of my crutch, perhaps, caused her to turn toward me. The light hanging against the wall threw its rays over me, and revealed me in all my terrible deformity, to her eyes. She stood trembling like a leaf for a moment, and the quick gush of tears came to her relief.

"O, Matthew! Matthew Thornton!" She could say no more, the sobs choked her so violently; but I knew from that hour that my sad mutilation had not destroyed her love.

If Judge Raymond had refused me his daughter when I was well and straight, was it likely that he would give her to me when a cripple? I knew, and Sybil knew, how hopeless was the thought, and therefore we deemed it useless to ask him. A few stolen interviews at the church comprised our chances of meeting each other.

For me, the time went slowly and sadly enough. I could take but little exercise, and my restless, uneasy mind prevented me from reading much, so that I needed companionship to keep me from evil thoughts.

My sister's information about the marriage was, of course, incorrect; but the judge kept constantly urging Sylvia, and the oysterman's enamored son was her shadow whenever she ventured to leave the house, until at last she immured herself as if in a prison. Even our meetings at the church were broken up, for twice the shock head of Martin Graves had thrust itself within the recess of the organ. The look of intense disgust visible on Sybil's countenance sufficiently marked her appreciation of him.

The last time he came in, he brought a message to Sybil from her father, to come home instantly. He was very officious in fetching her bonnet and shawl from the vestibule, and attempting to put on the latter. She repulsed him gravely, and drew nearer to me. When she was ready, he prepared to go out with her, but she gently placed her hand within my arm. What a look he gave me! It was full of concentrated hate and spite, and I heard him mutter between his closed teeth, "Cripple!" I did not care so long as that dear hand lay on my arm.

I led her along the village street, happy and exultant as a boy. The very hump seemed lifted from my shoulder, and I myself uplifted into a serene atmosphere of delight. We had a little bridge to cross in our way, and we paused upon it a moment to watch the reflection of the stars in the water below. I heard a stealthy step behind me, and before I could turn round, I found myself in the water, struggling and suffocating with the effort to save myself from drowning. I heard Sybil give a short, hurried cry for help, and then a trampling upon the bridge as I floated beneath it. Even with the water gurgling in my ears, I distinguished these sounds. But this was all. A moment after, I was in the depths of a sleep from which I should never have awakened, had it not been for Sybil's noble courage. Her own dog, a large Newfoundland, had followed her to the church that evening, and had kept guard over her footsteps. In her distress he had reached up to lick her hand. The thought instantly flashed upon her that Leo could save me, and she pointed downward. Swift as thought the noble creature ran round the corner of the embankment with Sybil following, and she was rewarded shortly by seeing, by the bright starlight, the fulfilment of her hopes. Some men attracted by her cry, had run toward the river, and they bore me to a hut used by the bass fishers for their tackle.

I was restored, after a few hours, to life and consciousness again, my heart swelling with bitterness toward him whom I doubted not was the means of the accident. I was taken home to my mother, whose tender cares soon brought me into perfect health. The first day of my restoration, Sybil came to see me. She had had a long and confidential talk with her father, to whom she had revealed her knowledge of the person who fled from the bridge that night, after attempting my death. At first he had ridiculed the idea; but her assertions were so earnest, and she

declared so positively that she would bear witness against Martin Graves if he persisted in commanding her to marry him, that he at last promised not to urge her further.

"One thing more, father. I was betrothed to Matthew Thornton when he was straight and healthy, shall I forsake him now that he is afflicted? Ask yourself, father, if I do not owe him some return for the danger and distress he has suffered for me. But for me, he would never have left his native place. It was to gain riches—not to please himself or me—but to win your favor, that he banished himself from his home, and when he had just attained his desires for wealth, he was struck down with this terrible calamity. Take it home to yourself, father, how would you have acted in his place?"

The judge's face relaxed into a half smile as he kissed away the tears from her cheek.

"Don't cry, love," he said, caressingly, "I will do all you wish; but do not appear against poor Martin."

Sybil promised, on condition that he should leave the town forever. It was an unnecessary clause, for Martin Graves was never seen there from that day.

Still, when happiness was thus fairly within my grasp, and the judge became gracious and polite—he had discovered that I had a little fortune in the bank at Heathcote—I still felt that it was wrong to wed that bright and beautiful being to my deformity. I said so to the brave girl herself, and she rebuked me in a way that made me ashamed to speak of it again.

Would you see a happy family, dear reader, look at us in our everyday state. We have a pleasant house with finely cultivated grounds. Under a broad spreading oak, I am sitting in the easiest of chairs, with Sybil on a little rustic seat at my feet. An infant cherub is in her arms. Judge Raymond, subdued a little from his old pride, is not far off, and my gentle mother and sister complete the group. I, the poor, deformed one, receive from all these, the kindest, sweetest care. They make of me almost a king, and surely never sovereign was happier in the affections of his people.

"Martin Graves is dead," said the judge, to-day, looking up from his newspaper; and I could sincerely say, with every root of bitterness torn away from my heart, "May his soul have peace!" With this happiness lying all around me, I can well afford to be forgiving.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Some fifteen years ago, Rev. John N. Maffit, then in his prime, delivered a lecture which closed with the following fine passage: "The phoenix, fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the advancing chill of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired its pyre by means which nature's instinct taught. All its plumage and its form of beauty became ashes; but then would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death, and chambers of decay, would the fledgling come with its eyes turned toward the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings, sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, rising a little higher until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives the cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck on the bosom of the aerial ocean. Lovely voyageur of earth, bound on its heavenward journey to the sun! So rises the spirit bird from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn, which its Maker built; the death fires. So towers away to its home on the pure elements of spirituality, intellect phoenix, to dip its proud wings in the fountain of eternal bliss. So shall dear, precious humanity survive from the ashes of a burning world. So beautifully shall the unchanged soul soar within the disc of eternity's great luminary, with undazzled eyes and unscorched wings—the phoenix of immortality—taken to its rainbow home, and cradled on the beating bosom of eternal love."

## MIXED BLOOD.

Counting back only a few generations, everybody is related to everybody. Dr. Palfrey, in his work on the relation between Judaism and Christianity, states that the increase in a geometrical ratio of the number of our ancestors, as we ascend, proves that, after some generations, everybody is the descendant of everybody. If we say that there are twenty-eight generations in one thousand years, and every man has on the average, two children, whoever lived one thousand years ago, has now considerably more than a fourth part of the estimated population of the earth, even if there have been no intermarriages among his descendants. These, of course, there have been. Dr. Palfrey says: "You and I, reader, have had more than a thousand millions of progenitors since the time of the Saxon heptarchy. Whoever you are, it is extremely probable that the blood of Egbert of England and of Egbert's meanest menial runs in the veins of both of us."



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## CHANGE.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

'Tis many a year since I saw thee last,  
And thy brow hath a touch of care,  
And the finger of time hath its impress left,  
'Mid the folds of thy shining hair;  
And the eye that wept, and the lip that smiled  
With mirth in sorrow and joy,  
Have an altered look, and speak of the power  
Of time, our hopes to destroy.

I list to thy song of other days—  
'Tis a ne'er forgotten strain;  
But the joyous tone which charmed me most  
In youth, comes not again.  
But a mournful sweetness mingles now,  
'Tis sorrow's well known thread,  
That runs through every trembling note,  
Sweet friend, thy dreams have fled.

Yet not alone in thy saddened path  
Thou walkest in sorrow here,  
For many a step that once like thine,  
Danced gaily without fear,  
Has stumbled quite, or faltering treads  
Beneath its burden of care,  
And the praise that lingered on beauty's lips  
Has long been changed to prayer.

I marked the maiden who years ago  
Brought sunshine to every heart,  
Her smile had fled, for one by one  
Time bade her hopes depart.  
And the sportive child, and the matron grave,  
And man in his strength and prime,  
Have felt the change, and have sadder grown  
Beneath the finger of time.

And I, dear friend, from my wanderings wide,  
Bring back this load of care,  
And many a hope hath fled for aye,  
And many a dream, once fair,  
Hath faded quite; but still I joy  
That these dark shadows come;  
For tell they not my fainting soul  
I'm so much nearer home?

## THE HUNCHBACK GIRL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

ABBY WOODWARD was certainly one of the handsomest girls I ever beheld—tall and commanding in figure, graceful and easy in her manner, and possessing a form that was faultlessly lovely in its mould. Her face was classically beautiful and regular, and her eyes black and piercing. When I first knew her, she was just twenty; indeed, it was upon her birthday that I arrived at the village of L—. Abby was happily situated with her parents, her father being a farmer, but an intelligent and wealthy man, and her mother, one of those truly domestic and thrifty women that an observant person will often meet with in New England. The Woodwards were a very happy family, there being only one drawback to this state of feeling with them, and that was in the person of Abby's sister, Amile, a handsome but deformed girl of eighteen years.

Poor Amile, with a gentle disposition, and the most enviable sweetness of character, with a face redolent of intellectual beauty, and a soft, blue eye that seemed to mirror forth her soul at every glance—poor Amile was a hunchback. A slight curvature of the shoulder was all that desecrated the otherwise delicate beauty of her person, but it gave token of a constitutional weakness that too strongly enforced upon the observer. We may love a child with the warm tenderness of parental affection, and smile with pride upon its gambols, but when that little form is fevered by sickness, and half-suppressed moans take the place of the innocent prattle that we are wont to hear from its lips, then, and not until then, do we realize how well we love the little sufferer. Thus it was with Amile's parents. They could not in their hearts say that they loved her better than Abby, but though they knew it not, they did love their suffering child above all else. Her sweet, patient, uncomplaining disposition seemed to throw a soft and hallowed spirit over all about their cottage home, and even the birds that came and ate from her hands, seemed to pity and love her with almost human discernment.

Of course, between the two girls there existed the tenderest affection, and Abby would never tire in serving her younger sister; but there was a vast difference in their pursuits and real feelings. While Amile nursed and tended every flower that breathed forth its dainty fragrance about the garden, Abby had little taste for such things. She read, walked in the village, or sought the lively companionship of those of her own age. Amile had few intimate friends, and

these were mostly her birds and flowers. She mastered with avidity every source of knowledge that was afforded her, and was in reality much more cultivated intellectually than her elder sister. Having less to occupy her attention than Abby, and being dependent upon herself almost wholly for amusement, she had become thoughtful beyond her years, and an early student of human nature.

In the summer of 18—, Paul Wardsworth, a young man who had just graduated, and taken orders in the church, accepted an invitation from the society at L—to become their pastor, and at once removed to the village, one of the prettiest on the banks of the Connecticut. He was young, enthusiastic and devoted to his profession, possessing a generous spirit, and a heart baptized in the truths of Christianity. In the desk, he forgot all, everything but his devotion, and poured forth his eloquent language with feelings almost akin to inspiration in their sincerity and truth. Fresh from college and his studies, Paul knew little of the world, except theoretically, and being honest and single-minded himself, he was ready to accord the same qualities to others. But he had a bitter lesson to learn by experience.

The Woodwards were among the members of his flock, and he naturally came to their house not unfrequently, as to others, in the friendly calls he was accustomed to make on week days. From the first time that he beheld Abby Woodward, he was struck with her remarkable beauty, and seemed captivated by her manner and general character; while she, on her part, if not moved with love towards the new pastor for his attention, was at least very proud at being the recipient of his favors. Paul soon felt that he really loved Miss Woodward, and after looking seriously into his own heart, resolved to conduct his visits to the house with the fixed determination of winning her affections, and eventually of making her his wife. Abby, to do her justice, knew the human heart far better than Paul Wardsworth. She knew that she was handsome, and felt that she must not be too easily won, and in short as she did not really love him, she fell in to the errors of a coquette, and led him on without giving him a chance once to explain himself, or even to elicit any sentiment of peculiar regard, or otherwise, from her lips.

The young minister felt exceedingly chagrined at his ill success, and indeed could hardly understand how he stood with Miss Woodward at all. He felt that his happiness in a great degree was in her hands, and that, spite of all reason, he loved her. He had never told her so, for she had avoided giving him an opportunity to do so, but still his attentions were cordially received, and thus encouraged. The fact was, Abby was not capable of appreciating the character of Paul Wardsworth, and though his attention ministered to her vanity and pleasure, yet she did not entertain one gentle throb for him in her heart.

There was but one person that fully realized the true state of matters between Abby and the young parson. Abby herself never once paused to analyze her own feelings, and the honest lover would have been the last to have charged her with coquetry. But Amile, the gentle, invalid Amile, saw all, and knew all. She realized fully the spirit that actuated her sister, and the motives that prompted the young curate. Her mother observed that she had grown more retired of late, was less in the garden and more alone; that the sweet smile which had lighted her pale and lovely face so frequently heretofore, was now rarely seen—in short, that Amile was either physically ill or unhappy. But knowing her sensitive disposition, the mother resolved to watch her and endeavor to amuse her mind in every possible way, but not to speak to her upon the subject that gave herself so much uneasiness.

Amile sat alone in her chamber; there lay before her a beautifully finished miniature, the work of her own hand, for she was highly accomplished in many branches of art. She sat gazing upon the tiny likeness, long and in silence, her pure white breast heaving quickly the while, as she said:

"He will never know that I love him! ah, no. I would not have him believe that the poor hunchback thought of such a thing. Yet I am human, have a heart like other people, feelings like other people. Why not love like other people?"

She covered her face with her hands, and a tear stole from beneath.

The miniature was of Paul Wardsworth, and Amile had long loved him in secret. While her sister was coquetting with him, Amile was pay-

ing the homage of a heart that was thoroughly his, almost from the first moment that they met. Paul often conversed with Amile; indeed he had marked full well the extraordinary power of her intellect, and the excellence of her taste and remarks upon authors with whose works he was familiar; and more than once he had found himself so interested in her conversation, that he had half forgotten for the moment that Abby was present.

At such moments, Amile's sweet expression of countenance, the calm and beautiful language of her eyes, the pure texture of her skin, exposing the tiny blue channels of life, all combined to challenge admiration, and the slight deformity was little seen and less thought of. Her voice was low and musical, its intonations were plaintive, and her words deeply interesting. Indeed, Amile never seemed to be thinking upon any subject unworthy of her, and even her mother and father drew their chairs nearer when she spoke. To Paul Wardsworth, she never evinced one token of the secret throbbings of her heart, but ever received him with the kind assurance of friendship, and listened to him with undisguised pleasure. Though Paul appreciated Amile's peculiar beauty and accomplishments, still he never forgot Abby, of whom he often spoke to her, with the confidence of a brother.

Thus matters went on at the cottage, and Abby still coquetted with the pastor, and seemed delighted to show her power over him to her village companions, until the young pastor found himself quite unhappy and disconcerted at her manner; yet still one gentle word from her, and one soft smile from her really beautiful face, would win him back once more. One mild evening Paul had come to the cottage, and found a party of young villagers there, with whom Abby seemed quite engaged. She greeted him with cool politeness as he appeared, and then went on with the game they were playing. Paul felt the slight; he felt that it was designed, and passing through one of the windows which opened upon the garden, walked out there upon the little piazza, where he met Amile, sitting quietly by herself, and musing under the clear sky with its gemmed mantle of blue.

"Ah, Amile, all alone?" said Paul Wardsworth, approaching her.

"Quite alone, sir," said Amile, smiling a welcome to him.

Paul took the chair by her side, and talked to her of Abby. He even went further than he had ever done before. He opened his heart to Amile, because he could not do so to her sister, and told her his love, his misgivings, and asked of her to counsel him. Amile knew no deceit, it was not in her heart, and she told Paul honestly what she thought; she showed him phases of the heart that he had never thought of before, and evinced a power of mind and a discernment of human nature that surprised him. He looked with undisguised admiration upon her sweet face as she sat there; not one unkind reflection did she cast upon her sister, not one reproach. Paul began to wonder that he had never before marked the soft and angelic expression of her face, and seemed to forget the subject he was talking upon, in admiration of her before him. From one theme they changed to another, and time flew so quickly, that the young curate expressed his surprise when he heard the party breaking up.

With what different feelings did the two sisters attend the village church! Abby, to be sure, demeaned herself with perfect propriety, but there was not a dress in the house she could not describe. Amile was so attentive to the discourse and the service throughout, that she could have repeated it mostly verbatim at the close of the day. With peculiar delight did she hang upon the words of him she loved in secret, and watch every expression of his intellectual and handsome face. To her the service was an intellectual treat; to Abby it was rather an entertainment for the moment.

Paul Wardsworth still came regularly to the cottage, but since the mortifying reception that Abby had given him before the villagers, he had not given her an opportunity to insult him. He greeted her with the same kind manner, conversed with Amile and her parents upon subjects of interest, and parted without showing Abby any ardent affection, if he felt it towards her.

It was just twilight one summer's afternoon, when Paul Wardsworth, passing by the wood at the back of the cottage, saw Amile walking in the path that led into its shady aisles, and as she was alone, he crossed the little flower garden and joined her. She received him with a sweet

welcome, so unsophisticated and sincere, that it only needed one glance from her clear blue eyes to prove her pleasure. They strolled on in the woods together, their conversation taking its hue from the suggestive character of the spot, and both spoke upon themes that they had never exchanged thoughts upon before. Paul made Amile lean upon his arm, and feared the walk would fatigue her, and now they sat down beneath the overarching trees to rest and cool them in the shade.

As they sat down, a sudden movement of Amile caused something to drop from her bosom, which Paul hastily picked up, and was about to hand her, when he observed that it was a miniature. He paused for a moment to look at the face.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed. "Amile, this is a likeness of myself."

She answered not, but covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

Paul saw all at a glance; he realized all, and at once understood the character of Amile's feelings for him. He had for a long time thought much of her, and perhaps had wished he had chosen her in place of Abby for his heart's shrine. The coldness of the latter, though beautiful as she was, had finally estranged his heart from her, and he looked upon her coquetry with a cold and expressive eye. A volume of thought crossed his brain in an instant of time. He weighed everything in an instant; his own position, that of Amile with Abby, and a hundred contingencies, and then placing an arm gently round her waist, he said:

"Amile, do I rightly interpret this accident? Is it because I am dear to you, that you have done this, and worn my miniature in secret?"

"It is too late to regret this, Paul; too late for me to deny that I love you, that I have loved you secretly since we first met," said Amile, struggling with her feelings, and looking through her tears upon him.

We will draw the curtain here upon them, and ask the reader to step into the little back parlor of the Woodward cottage, a few weeks subsequent. Old Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and the parson were there, and Paul said:

"I have come, my friends, to ask your permission to espouse your child."

"Has Abby given her consent?" asked the father, raising his specs to his forehead.

"Not Abby," replied the young parson, smiling.

The father looked to his good wife for an explanation; but although to her observant eye all was plain, she seemed profoundly ignorant.

"Abby not consent, and you come to us, Mr. Wardsworth?" asked the father.

"Amile consents, sir," said Paul, smiling.

"Amile?"

"Yes, sir, 'tis Amile that I would marry," replied the young parson.

The father gave Paul his hand with a hearty grasp, and whispered, "God bless you, sir; may you love her as we have done!"

The wedding took place in just a month from that walk in the woods.

## BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 116,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

## ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

- ☞ There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."
- ☞ Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.
- ☞ Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.
- ☞ Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!
- ☞ If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.
- ☞ In all respects it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.
- ☞ It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seventeen years experience on the Boston press.
- ☞ Devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
- ☞ Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.
- ☞ Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 116,000 copies!
- ☞ Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year.
- ☞ Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,  
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



## FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK.

The accompanying portrait of the distinguished Austrian general who has lately been appointed to the command of the army of Venetia, is vouched for as authentic. The career of a man who has already greatly distinguished himself in the field, and may yet deserve well of despotism by future services, may be succinctly related. Ludwig von Benedek was born at Edeburg, in Hungary, in the year 1804. He was educated in the Nussstadt Military Academy, and in the nineteenth year of his age he obtained a commission in an infantry regiment. In 1840 he attained the rank of major, and in the year following he was promoted to that of colonel. In February, 1846, the outbreak of disturbances in Galicia afforded Benedek an opportunity of proving his ability as a military commander. The suppression of the insurrection was, indeed, mainly due to his efforts, and he was rewarded with the cross of the order of Leopold. When the Milan revolution broke out, in the year 1848, he proceeded to Italy conjointly with General Woblgemuth. On the 31st of March they arrived at Mantua, which was then occupied by Field-Marshal Gyalay. In the beginning of April the Piedmontese made a movement in the direction of Mantua. General Gortzkowski, wishing to reconnoitre their strength and position, despatched Benedek with a battalion of his regiment, a company of the Imperial Jagers, and a troop of Uhlans, in the direction of Marcara. A skirmish took place, and Benedek entered Marcara, driving the Piedmontese across the Oglio. On the 13th of May, on the occasion of a second reconnaissance, Benedek again attacked the enemy's position at Osone, and again he gathered well-earned laurels. On the 29th of May, 1848, Field-Marshal Gyalay commenced storming the strong line of the Curtatone. Benedek commanded the last storm, which was carried along the whole extent of the line. The personal courage and military skill of which he gave evidence on this memorable occasion obtained for him the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa. Benedek distinguished himself no less in the second campaign against Piedmont. The intrepidity with which he made himself master of Mortara, and broke the enemy's centre, turned the scale of victory. He not only drove the enemy from the town, but he captured six pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and baggage, and made prisoners sixty-six officers and two thousand men. In 1849 Colonel Benedek was raised to the rank of major-general, and he joined the army which was sent into Hungary. The brigade he commanded formed the advance-guard at the opening of the summer campaign. At Komorn the palm of victory was justly due to Benedek. In that battle, which was fought on the 11th of July, he had a horse killed under him. On the third of August he placed himself in presence of the enemy, and, at the head of the 12th Jager battalion, he crossed the Theiss by a pontoon bridge. He drove the enemy from Uj-Szegedem, and at the storming of a fort on the outside of the town he was struck by a rebound ball. But his wound was not so severe as to prevent him from bearing a distinguished part in the battle of Szoreg on the 5th of August. In that battle he was wounded in the foot by a grenade, and he was afterwards more severely wounded whilst engaged at the head of his brigade in blowing up some batteries. He was now disabled, and reluctantly compelled to abstain from taking part in the rest of the cam-



FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF VENETIA.

paign. The name of Benedek is found in connection with every brilliant engagement of the Austrian army in Italy and Hungary; and, as commander of the advance-guard brigade, he had usually the most difficult and responsible share in every important battle. In October, 1852, General Benedek was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Field-Marshal; and, on the retirement of Marshal Radetzky in 1857, he received the command of the 4th Army Corps in Lemberg, and was appointed a Privy Councillor. In the recent Italian war Benedek commanded the 1st Army Corps.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasure within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

## NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

It must be freely admitted that our Canadian neighbors have, since the early settlement of the country, honorably distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of education. Both the upper and lower, western and eastern provinces have made such provision for the intellectual wants of the young as might put to shame the "old country" and all its boasted civilization. Without entering at present upon the very interesting subject of education in Lower Canada, with its preponderance of a French and Roman Catholic population, to which we may return at a future time, we confine ourselves at present to the educational establishments of Upper Canada, and more particularly to the college of which we present an illustration. In 1798 a grant of more than half a million of acres of land was placed at the disposal of the local authorities of Upper

or Western Canada, inhabited and colonized principally by English and Scotch settlers, with a sprinkling of Irish, and very few French, for the maintenance of a university and other educational establishments. The position of the now flourishing city of Toronto—which was formerly called York, and known as "dirty little York" before its Indian and better name was adopted—has within the last twenty years given it advantages, both mercantile and educational, possessed by few cities on the North American continent. Very large amounts, both in money and lands, have been from time to time devoted by the legislature to the establishment of colleges, grammar and common schools, and much of it has been expended within the bounds of the city. The theological seminaries of many of the religious sects have likewise been attracted to it by its central situation and its advantages as the metropolis. The most important among them is undoubtedly the University of Upper Canada, formerly known as King's College and Toronto University. It has gone through a strange and eventful history, a full detail of which does not, however, lie within our present design. A brief statement may, nevertheless, be interesting. From 1798 to 1826 little or nothing was done, but in the latter year 190,000 acres and upwards were disposed of by the general board of education, for general purposes. The remainder of the grant, amounting to 358,457 acres, was regarded as constituting that portion of the royal gift intended for the support of a university. This endowment remained untouched till the year 1827, when a royal charter was issued, vesting the management of the college in a council of nine members, composed of the chancellor and president and seven professors in arts and faculties, all of whom were to be members of the Established Church of England and Ireland, and to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles. The bishop of the diocese was appointed visitor, and to have the power of disapproving by-laws passed by the council. The president was to be a clergyman of the Church of England. Archdeacon (now bishop) Strachan was named as the first president. The announcement of the grant of this charter excited much ill-feeling, on account of the power over the institution which it gave to the Episcopal Church. It was loudly demanded by Parliament and the people that the charter should be repealed, and the university established on a footing which should give equal privileges within its walls to all religious denominations. It was a matter of difficulty, however, to secure an amendment of the charter when those interested in preserving it in its original form were high in office in the colony. Even the expressed wishes of the imperial cabinet and the lieutenant governor were set at defiance, and a measure passed by the House of Assembly, by a vote of 32 to 5, was rejected by the Legislative Council, in which body the friends of the charter held sway. After many years of violent contest, a measure was passed by Parliament, and became law on the 4th of March, 1837, which abolished all the tests relating to the Church of England, and provided that any professor or member of council might be admitted on declaring his belief in the Trinity. Dr. Strachan still retained the office of president. This charter, though an improvement on the former one, was not such as to secure for the institution the confidence of the public, and an agitation for further reform was persisted in with varying fortune, amid the oscillations of party strife, until the passing of the



NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.



Baldwin Act of 1849. This act created no less than three distinct bodies to regulate the affairs of the university—the caput, which was for the interior government of the college; the senate, to appoint professors and pass statutes for the general management; and the board of endowment, which had charge of the lands belonging to the trust. The act likewise abolished all tests, altered the name of the institution from “King’s College” to that of “Toronto University,” and gave to other colleges the privilege of becoming affiliated to it, in the manner of the University of London. Another act was passed in 1853 which altered all these arrangements. The bill provided that there should be no professorships in connection with Toronto University, but that its functions shall be limited to the examination of candidates from any learned institution, and the granting of degrees in the several faculties of Art, Law, and Medicine. It also provided that the then professors of Toronto University should be transferred to a new institution, to be called University College, excepting the professors of medicine, whom it dismissed with a gratuity of a year’s salary. This college, which has been recently completed, forms the subject of our illustration. The building stands in University Park, which comprises about 168 acres. The avenue leading from Queen Street comprises about ten acres, and is five-eighths of a mile in length. The Yonge Street avenue is a quarter of a mile long, and contains about two acres. Both avenues are beautifully laid out and planted with trees. About two thirds of the whole park, of which the government has lately taken possession with the view of erecting suitable Parlia-

#### SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BATHURST.

The accompanying engraving represents a novel kind of suspension bridge, the invention of Mr. G. Rankin, a well-known engineer of New South Wales, and we present it as affording a valuable hint to some of our civil engineers. It seems that previous to the year 1852 the wooden bridges throughout the colony, although erected at considerable expense, were rude in their construction and unskilful in design. In that year, however, Mr. Weaver, then colonial architect, introduced the principle of laminated arched bridges with great success. The first construction of a bridge on this principle was at Maitland, when the Victory Bridge was erected, in the above year, across Wallis’s Creek, by Mr. Weaver. It is of a design well suited to that locality, where, on water-worn banks, the construction of a permanent bridge of stone would have been a formidable undertaking. There are, however, very many important passes where the use of piers or piles cannot be made available, and one of these undoubtedly is the point of the Macquarie River over which Mr. Rankin has built the Eglinton Bridge. The Macquarie, like all other rivers which rise and flow through a mountainous and broken country, is subjected to frequent and heavy floods; and as its tributaries, sweeping through the mountain valley, collect in their course, and wash down into the main stream, immense quantities of drift wood, composed of the branches and stems of those gigantic trees with which the interior of the country is in many places clothed, these form, at length, a moving mass on the surface of the torrent sufficiently powerful to carry before them

#### THE LOWER CREATION.

The lower we descend in the scale of sentient beings, the more is our curiosity stimulated and our wonder excited. In these regions of new instinct, the devising care and skill of the Creator seems to become more and more manifest. Take a single fact in regard to the common oyster, as stated by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in the second volume of his *Illustrated Natural History*:

“It is a question which often arises, how the oysters, scallops, and other shell-fish which are fixed to rocks for life, obtain food? Jones, in his ‘Structure of the Animal Kingdom,’ answers this question: ‘Wonderful, indeed, is the elaborate mechanism employed to effect the double purpose of removing the respired fluid, and feeding the helpless inhabitants of these shells. Every filament of the gill-fringe, examined under a powerful microscope, is found to be covered with countless cilia in constant vibration, causing by their united efforts, powerful and rapid currents, which, sweeping over the entire surface of the gills, hurry towards the mouth whatever animalcules or nutritious particles may be brought within the limits of their action, and thus bring streams of nutritive atoms to the very aperture through which they are conveyed to the stomach; the lips and labial fringes acting as sentinels to admit or refuse entrance, as the matter supplied may be of a wholesome or pernicious character. So energetic, indeed, is the ciliary movement over the entire extent of the gills, that if any portion of them be cut off with a pair of scissors, it immediately swims away, and continues to row itself in a given direction, as long as the cilia upon its surface continue their movements.’

#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Canine sagacity has been the theme of many an anecdote of the historian and the newspaper. As is the case with most of the large dogs, the Newfoundland permits the lesser dog to take all kinds of liberties without showing the least resentment, and if it is worried or pestered by some forward puppy, looks down with calm contempt, and passes on its way. Sometimes the little conceited animal presumes upon the dignified composure of the Newfoundland dog, and, in that case, is sure to receive some quaint punishment for its insolence. The story of the big dog that dropped the little dog into the water, and then rescued it from drowning, is so well known that it needs but a passing reference. But I know of a dog, belonging to one of my friends, which behaved in a very similar manner. Being provoked beyond all endurance by the continued annoyance, it took the little tormentor in its mouth, swam well out to sea, dropped it in the water, and swam back again. Another of these animals, belonging to a workman, was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and after the manner of bull-dogs, “pinned” him by the nose, and there hung, in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and, spying a pailful of boiling tar, he bolted toward it and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run, bearing with him a scalding memento of the occasion.—*Routledge’s Illustrated Natural History.*



EGLINTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MACQUARIE RIVER, BATHURST, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ment buildings and a Government House, were set apart for “the use and purposes of the University,” in February, 1856. It comprises the portion west of Queen Street Avenue, about 104 acres. His excellency, the governor general in council, by an order bearing date the 22d of February, 1857, authorized the senate of the university to erect suitable buildings, and to expend on such buildings, out of the university funds, a sum not to exceed £75,000. In addition to this, the sum of £20,000 was granted for the purpose of a library and museum. With the view of carrying out these objects, the senate took immediate action, procured plans, and commenced erecting the university building of which we publish an engraving.

The chief façades of the university building are those of the south and east, the former of great and massive elevation for distant effect from the lake and town, the latter of more broken and picturesque outline for combination with the beautiful ravine lying between it and the main park avenue, from which it is chiefly viewed. The general outlines of the buildings approach the form of a square, having an internal quadrangle of about 200 feet square, the north side of which is left open to the park. The main frontage on the south is about 300 feet long, with a massive Norman tower in its centre, 120 feet in length, and comprising two stories, that on the ground being devoted to lecture rooms, the upper story to the library and museum, two noble rooms, 80 feet by 36 feet each, with public and collegiate reading-rooms attached. The style adopted is Norman, with some approach in outline to the symmetry more identical with the Romanesque. The structure is massive, bold and simple, its effect being rather in magnitude than detail.

every impediment. It was a close observation of these facts which led to the conviction in the mind of Mr. Rankin that any bridge construction in such a situation, to be permanent, must depend for its supports solely on its abutments, as any obstruction to the free discharge of the water, such as piers or piles placed in the channel would offer, must inevitably lead to the destruction of the entire structure. The width of the river at the spot where the bridge has been constructed is 120 feet; the same span is given to the bridge between its abutments. The bridge consists of two trussed frames or girders, which, resting on their abutments, and rising gradually thence to the centre of the span, support between them the cross sleepers on which the roadway is carried. Each truss is composed of a number of logs of timber of convenient lengths (twenty feet long by one foot square). The “scarfs” and “buts” are firmly secured by wrought-iron straps and bolts, by which means a built-beam is formed with depth sufficient to resist the cross strain to which it is subjected. The lateral thrust which would be the resultant of any weight acting perpendicularly on the bridge, will be resisted by the abutments. The abutments are formed of piles driven in a slanting direction into the sloping banks of the river in such a manner as to afford the requisite amount of lateral resistance to the thrust which the inclined beams exert against them. The platform on which the roadway is supported consists of three-inch planking, bolted to the cross-beams, covered with a layer of sand and coal-tar laid over hot. The whole is covered by broken stone, about six inches in thickness. This invention is simple in its design, and is applicable to great spans where piers cannot be introduced.

What is there more curious, more wonderful than this in the history of animated nature? Down in the hidden depths of the sea, on every shore, in every clime, in respect to myriads of this, the most helpless of his creatures, God bestows his care and works his miracles.”

#### INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to reassure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse, were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and left her child behind! The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. The child was also brought on, and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavoring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, dead and cold.—*Mrs. Dudgeon.*

#### THE BOOK OF JOB.

The whole book of Job seems to have been chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart. I cannot pass by it without pointing out the evidences of the beauty of the country that Job inhabited. Observe, first, it was an arable country. “The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them.” It was a pastoral country; his substance besides camels and asses, was seven thousand sheep. It was a mountain country, fed by streams descending from them. “My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are brackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: What time they wax warm they vanish: when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. Again, ‘Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field.’” It was a place visited, like the mountains of Switzerland, by convulsions and falls of mountains. “Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place.” “The waters wear away the stones; Thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth.” “He removeth the mountains and they know not; He overturneth them in his anger.” “He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; He overturneth mountains by the roots; He cattereth out rivers among the rocks.” I have not time to go further into this; but you see Job’s country was full of pleasant brooks and rivers, rushing among the rocks, and all other sweet and noble elements of landscape. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are therefore calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.—*John Ruskin.*



## A NEW ENTERPRISE!

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

## ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

## CHOICE AND DELIGHTFUL READING,

This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

## A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

## FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

## The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

Owning one of the oldest and largest newspaper establishments in the United States, the subscriber possesses unlimited facilities which ensure the completeness and excellence of this new weekly journal.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ONE SUBSCRIBER,	\$2.00
TWO SUBSCRIBERS,	3.00
SIX SUBSCRIBERS,	8.00
TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS, (and one to the getter-up of the club),	15.00

## SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS.

☞ The WELCOME GUEST and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION will be sent together for \$3 a year.

M. M. BALLOU,

Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor  
FRANCIS A. DORTVAGE, Assistant Editor.

## TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2 50
One copy, two years	4 00
Five copies, one year	9 00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the getter-up of the club)	20 00
☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together,	\$3 50 per annum.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss E. D., Portland, Me.—We are not *au fait* in those matters, but a lady friend tells us that the bride wore white velvet and diamonds.

"PORTLANDER."—The interesting performances of the Great Eastern were satisfactory, according to the published accounts. It is hard to get at the truth where so heavy a capital is at stake.

M. M., Woodstock, Vt.—We advise you to wait before laying out the plan of your European tour. "Things is working" on the other side of the Atlantic, but a short time will show where, if at all, there will be war.

QUERENT.—For Louis Napoleon's future policy we must refer you to himself. In other words, no one but himself knows what his purposes are. He is the most recent of public men, and loves to take the world by surprise. Hence the uneasy feeling among European rulers.

EMMA F., New Bedford.—It is rumored that Rosa Bonheur intends visiting this country—but we doubt if the little lady leaves Paris so long a journey. If she comes over she will certainly visit the western prairies.

R. D., Fayetteville, N. C.—Have we seen John G. Saxe? My dear fellow, he is a frequent and honored visitor in our sanctum. He has a frank Saxe (no pun intended) countenance, stands six feet some inches in his shoes, and is such a man as Christopher North would have delighted to look upon. "A man of thews and sinews"—and every inch a true, frank-hearted gentleman.

G. L.—If you are willing to spend the amount you mention for a present, just send an order to Ticknor & Fields for their faultless edition of the Waverley Novels. PHILLO.—Edwin Booth is the best Hamlet we ever saw. Is that explicit?

Miss G. E., Melrose, Mass.—If you are timid, get a pair of the double-runner skates; if courageous, try a pair of Dutch rollers.

"TWO-FORTY."—As in reply to your last, we must refer you to the "Spirit of the Times," N. Y.

A. A., Charleston, S. C.—We can get the portrait copied in oil for \$150. Will you have it done?

SEAGRAM S.—The troop of horse you refer to is uniformed like the Court Guardes.

AMATEUR.—It is intimated that the French dramatic company will visit Boston in the course of the season.

THESEUS.—Sylvanus was the name of the dancer who accompanied Fanny Ellsler.

M. D.—We don't know the whereabouts of Tedesco, the prime donna.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

We question whether the death of any man of letters ever produced such universal and unequivocal tokens of sorrow as that of Washington Irving; for few men of letters attained so wide-spread a living fame, few men of letters ever had such a hold of the affections of their contemporaries. In him genius of a very high order was linked with unsullied purity of character, with an almost feminine delicacy and refinement of sentiment, and with a cosmopolitan spirit that acknowledged all men as brethren. He looked ever on the sunny side of nature and humanity; he sympathized only with true greatness and true goodness; and every page of his writings reflects the brightness of a genial and happy spirit. It was given to him to retain his faculties to the extremity of a long life, and though his career was not exempt from some vicissitudes, still a large portion of life, and especially its close, were in poetical consonance with his tastes and wishes. It was his high province and glory to manifest to the world the capability of the American mind for the culture of elegant literature, to be the pioneer of that long and glorious procession of gifted writers whose merits Europe, slow to perceive, has finally fully recognized and welcomed to the brotherhood of Art. Irving was certainly one of the first Americans who made literature a profession. Though a long resident abroad, he never forgot his fealty to his native land; and though, like Goldsmith, he adorned every subject he touched upon, he was never so felicitous, never so charming, as when his pen revelled in descriptions of the lovely and glorious scenery of "his own, his native land," or illustrated its manners and its heroism. His pictures of the early Dutch settlers of New York are the raciest of his humorous sketches; his word-paintings of the shores of the Hudson, where he passed so many happy years, the most felicitous of his descriptions; and finally his life of Washington, the crowning achievement of his literary career, his most brilliant example of historical and biographical delineation. Commencing to write in 1802, he laid aside the pen forever only a few weeks since; and during this long period he never wrote a line which his dearest surviving friend would wish to blot out. Courted by the great, a welcome guest in the most brilliant literary coteries of the century, the representative of his country at European courts, his demeanor was ever that of the modest, unassuming gentleman. His writings reflect his true character—retiring, generous, sympathetic. On his brother man he looked with a kindly,

charitable regard; on the face of nature, with the eye of the artist and the poet. His descriptive essays are prose poems, exquisitely melodious, exquisitely pure. More perfect English than his was never written. His style will ever remain a model to all those who would master the music of the Saxon tongue.

And he is no more. There is a shadow on Sunnyside, a darkness in the river that glides past its pleasant walks and groves. Those who knew him not, save as a favorite author, feel as if they had lost a near and dear friend; what must be the sorrow of those who were his daily companions, who shared his home and his heart? Yet he died in the fullness of years; he suffered from the pangs of no lingering disease; the dearest, kindest relatives were near him at the last, and a fame as pure and bright as ever crowned the efforts of man, poured its full rays upon his closing life. The tears that are shed for such a departure are not all of bitterness.

## ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is now confidently expected that a new Arctic expedition will sail from the United States, under the command of Dr. I. I. Hayes, the surgeon of the Kane expedition, early next spring. Our personal acquaintance with Doctor Hayes gives us great confidence in any undertaking that he may engage in. He has been frequently before the public in our principal cities to present, in lectures, the cogent reasons which exist in favor of another expedition up Kennedy Channel. Such is his confidence in the correctness of the views entertained by Dr. Kane respecting discoveries about the North Pole, that he proposes to undertake, in his own person, the verification, which nothing but a series of extraordinary accidents that could not have been foreseen, prevented his commander from completing. All of the leading scientific societies of the United States have already appointed committees to co-operate with Dr. H. in an enterprise so full of promise in many scientific relations. It is understood that the necessary funds will be raised by private subscription, through the instrumentality of the scientific societies having the matter in charge. The amount required, as announced by Dr. Hayes in a recent lecture, is \$30,000, towards which several gentlemen interested in the promotion of science have liberally contributed.

The new expedition will be purely an American enterprise, and with the advantage of the recorded experience of all the former explorations in the Arctic region, besides his own extensive knowledge, gained by personal observations there, we shall expect great success for the enterprise, and a vast accession to scientific knowledge. With the co-operation, already secured, of a large number of the most eminent scientific men of the United States, we cannot doubt that the day is near when it will be possible to engrave upon the monument of the lamented Kane the last fact needed to complete the proof of his theory of the Circumpolar Basin and its outlets.

## VICTORIES ON PAPER.

Napoleon I. used to plan out a victorious campaign on paper, at Paris, and then, like Mr. Squeers's pupil, "go and do it." The Spanish journals are inspired by his example, and one of them thus plans the conquest of Morocco. The following table indicates in a few words the operations which the Spanish army ought to effect on the coast of Africa, and their approximate duration: Conveyance of the expedition to Ceuta, and landing and organization of the columns, 6 days; march from Ceuta to Tangier by the Kassar, 2; attack on Tangier by sea and land, capture of the place and stay in it, leaving troops behind on departure, 2; march from Tangiers to Larache, by the Madrones and Arcilla, 8; attack of Larache by sea and land, taking of the place, and stay there, 3; march from Larache to Mehedia by Marmora, 3; attack of Mehedia by sea and land, taking of the place, and stay there, 6; march from Mehedia to Rabat, 1; attack of Rabat by sea and land, capture of the place and stay there, 5; march from Rabat to Mequinez, 3; attack and capture of Mequinez, 3; march from Mequinez to Fez, 2; attack of Fez, capture of the place and conclusion of a treaty of peace between the two countries, 8; return to Rabat, the point of definite occupation, 6. Each of the above places should have a contribution levied on it according to its wealth, and which may be regulated as follows: Tangiers, 10,000,000 francs; Larache, 2,000,000 francs; Mehedia, 2,000,000 francs; Rabat,

2,000,000 francs; Mequinez, 4,000,000 francs; Fez, 40,000,000 francs; being in all 60,000,000 francs. When the Spanish army shall have proceeded along the coast, and penetrated to Fez, the Holy City of the empire, Spain would have nothing to gain by a prolonged occupation; but it would be an immense advantage for her to occupy Rabat definitively and in a strong manner, by converting it into a free port, like Gibraltar. All the caravans which do not pass by Tangiers, Fez and Morocco, come to Rabat with the productions of Africa, where they exchange them for merchandise of different kinds. Rabat would, moreover, be an excellent military position to serve for the starting point for an expedition against Fez or Morocco, if such an operation should become necessary to secure the execution of the treaty. An annual tribute of ten millions might readily be exacted by Spain from the Emperor of Morocco. In the event of the expedition not taking place, in consequence of the emperor promising a complete satisfaction, the court of Madrid ought nevertheless to exact, as one of the conditions of acceptance of that repatriation, the exchange of Rabat for Melilla, for the reason above-mentioned.

## IMMENSE LENDING LIBRARY.

Mr. Mudie, of London, is the proprietor of the largest circulating library extant owned by one person. Since January, 1858, more than 200,000 volumes have been added to his collection. The list of these works indicates to some extent the relative circulation of different classes of literature in England. The books are thus classed: History and Biography, 50,472 volumes; Travel and Adventure, 25,552; Fiction, 87,780; Miscellaneous, including Works of Science and Religion, and the principal Reviews, 46,250; total, 216,054. The present rate of increase of Mr. Mudie's library exceeds 120,000 volumes per annum, consisting chiefly of works of permanent interest and value.

SELF-DECAPITATION.—A fellow in Philadelphia, acting under the influence of rum and jealousy, attempted to cut off his own head with a cleaver, a few nights since. He laid his head on a chopping block and struck himself several blows on the neck, but the awkward manner in which the cleaver was held rendered the blows comparatively harmless. Of course he was out of his head.

ENGLISH SAVINGS BANKS.—Sir Thomas Baring would not permit his name to be used as an officer of a savings bank in England till he was satisfied that such a system of accounts had been adopted by the institution as would render embezzlement impossible. This system has been partially abandoned, as involving an unnecessary amount of labor.

VALUABLE GIFT.—The Vermont College at Burlington has been presented with a superb copy, in 20 volumes, royal 8vo., of the great illustrated edition of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom—the notes and illustrations being made by a corps of his most eminent pupils and successors in France.

PASSPORTS FOR PRUSSIA.—The State Department gives notice that the only passports that will admit American travellers into Prussia, are those issued by the general government at Washington. Such is the decision of the Prussian authorities.

ENORMOUS BASS.—A black bass, weighing 360 pounds, was recently caught near San Francisco, and next to the arrival of Gen. Scott, created as intense an excitement as has been experienced in that city for some time.

CONFIDENCE RESTORED.—Confidence in wife-hunting Cubans is restored. Senor Oviedo is assured, by competent authority, to be worth four million dollars.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—The editor of the Portland Transcript believes that place will always be the great eastern city, whether the big ship comes or not.

WASTE OF WATER.—The New York Water Commissioners complain of a daily waste of thirteen million gallons of Croton in that city.

THE PRICE OF BIRDS' NESTS.—China edible birds' nests in the crude state sell in Paris for \$70 per cwt.



## THE PALACE OF COMPIEGNE.

The French court are having a gay time at Compiègne. An unlimited credit was granted for their reception by the municipality of that place, and what with triumphal arches, patriotic inscriptions, and grand illuminations, the inhabitants of the little town of Compiègne had great scope for showing their loyalty. Among the guests for the first week at this fine imperial residence, were Lord and Lady Cowley. The palace has undergone such entire reparations as to make it assume a degree of magnificence it never had before; among the rooms distinguished for the beauty and taste of its management is the *Salle des Gardes*. This spacious and richly decorated apartment has been embellished with ten superb panoplies of chased steel, inlaid with gold and silver. They represent the armor worn by the knights of the middle ages in France, Spain, England, Germany, etc., also two suits of Oriental armor. The whole of these pieces are grouped with much taste; the arms, defensive and offensive, which were then used radiating from each armor. In addition to the always great attraction of a *sejour* at Compiègne, the invited guests have the benefit, this year, of the magnificent English gardens laid out in the forest of Pierrefonds. Our readers will remember that Cardinal Richelieu, to cripple the power of the mighty lords of Pierrefonds, caused the solid massive stone walls that surround the castle to be split down to the earth. These walls, by order of the emperor, have been rebuilt; and such has been the care bestowed upon the work that it is impossible to know the new from the ancient stone. A corrosive substance which has been applied gives to the new portion the time-worn, mouldering appearance of the old wall.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The following is the inscription on the stone which has been erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his comrades, on the spot where they passed their first winter in the Arctic regions:—"To the memory of Franklin, Crozier, Fitzjames, and all their gallant, brother officers and faithful companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science and the service of their country. This tablet is erected near the spot where they passed their first Arctic winter, and whence they issued forth to conquer difficulties or to die. It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost in the heroic leader of the expedition, the most devoted and affectionate of husbands. 'And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.' 1855.—This stone has been entrusted to be affixed in its place by the officers and crew of the American expedition, commanded by Lieutenant H. J. Hartstein, in search of Dr. Kane and his companions."

**VALUABLE BEQUEST.**—Nicholas Low, a wealthy resident of New York, died possessed of about \$700,000, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to Henrietta L., wife of Charles King, President of Columbia College. The property comprises several blocks of houses in Bleeker Street, near Broadway. Mrs. King is to enjoy a life interest in the estate, and it is then to be divided among her children.

**A PRACTICAL JOKE.**—Some wag put flour in the flute belonging to a member of the Albany theatre, the other night. The result was, when he played it, the innocent fiddler on his right suddenly changed his complexion.

**PLAYFUL.**—The district attorney of Baltimore, alluding to the violence practised by the rowdies at the late election in that city, termed it the "playful pranks of freemen."

**MR. AND MRS. NORTON.**—A reconciliation is said to have taken place between the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, over the death-bed of their son, recently deceased at Paris.

**MR. BIERSTADT.**—This distinguished landscape-painter is about to establish himself in New York, which has become the headquarters of American artists.

**PAUL AKERS.**—This distinguished artist, an honor to his native State, Maine, has returned to Rome.

**ATROCIOUS.**—When the Muses stand side by side, they may be said to form a "long nine."

## LAFAYETTE AND THE SOLDIER.

In the war of the Revolution, when General Lafayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier, who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water for the purpose of bathing. Being an excellent swimmer, as well as fifer, he took his fife with him to the water, and engaged in fishing and swimming at the same time. The music reached the ears of Lafayette. Early next morning he sent an officer in pursuit of the man who had thus disobeyed the order of the camp. The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, and on the way to the general's tent, he thought within himself that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment by denying the deed. On a few moments' reflection, however, he said to himself, "I have always spoken the truth—I cannot tell a lie." With this principle in his mind, he came into the presence of the general, who asked him if he was the individual who played upon the water the evening previous, to which he replied, "I am."

"And do you know," continued Lafayette, "of any others in the army who can play this same tune?"

"Two or three, I do," said the soldier.

"To-morrow evening, then, (naming the hour), I wish you to regail to my tent with them."

They came at the appointed hour. The general then informed them that the tune he had heard the evening before, affected him very much—that on a former occasion it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now, he had never met with the individual who could play it. "For the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," said he, "sent for you."

The general, after being agreeably entertained with the conversation and music of his guests, dismissed them with his thanks and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction at their performance.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.  
NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its fifteenth volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. The *Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DUNIVAGE, Esq., entitled

## THE POLICE SPY:

—OR,—

## The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a solar microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows.—*Exchange paper.*

Wouldn't some men's consciences present a queer aspect, if it were possible to view them through the same magnifying power?

**"THE DEATH TOUCH."**—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale at all of the periodical depots at four cents per copy.

**MUTTON CHOPS.**—It is computed that about 25,000 sheep, or about a million pounds of mutton, are eaten weekly in the city of New York.

**SLEIGHING.**—There has been good sleighing in the northern part of New York State for many weeks past. Our turn now.

**"THE WELCOME GUEST."**—After FOURTEEN years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—\$2 a year.

## Wayside Gatherings.

German is taught in the Cincinnati public schools, and the St. Louis papers are discussing the adoption of the practice there.

The Spanish mackerel, a "game fish" of the southern waters, has appeared in the Hudson River, and furnished sport for fly fishermen.

The board of education of the city of New York demands \$1,130,000 for the expenses of schools in the city for the coming year.

There is a bell in the French cathedral, in Montreal, Canada, which weighs 29,000 pounds, and which requires sixteen men to ring it.

Francis Patten, of West Stafford, Ct., killed a fox with a stone, at a distance of nine rods, "as he ran." The stone struck him in the neck.

The sweeping of the streets of Paris, France, costs a million and a half of francs yearly, and is effected by 2500 scavengers of either sex.

Among the three thousand inebriates who have applied for admission into the New York Asylum, there are no less than thirty clergymen who partake too largely of the spirit.

The corn crop of the present year, in the United States, will, it is estimated, exceed nine hundred millions of bushels, worth, at forty cents per bushel, the snug sum of three hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

The city of Brooklyn proposes to lay out a chain of five magnificent parks, connected by a broad macadamized avenue, forming, when completed, a drive of twelve miles, which will challenge the world for its equal in magnificence.

Florida and Louisiana are less elevated above the level of the sea than any States of the Union. A large portion of Louisiana is less than one hundred feet above tide-water, and the greatest elevation of any portion is five hundred feet.

The Rochester Union offers a premium of fifty dollars for a carrier's New Year's Address for 1860. The address must contain about two hundred and seventy lines, and should be in the publisher's hands by the 15th of December.

The excitement in regard to the golden images of Chiriqui is about "played out." The images have been growing scarcer and scarcer, until the discovery of one is considered as great a wonder as was the first brought to light.

At the coronation of Richard the First, in the year 1189, six earls and barons carried a chess-board with the royal insignia, to represent the court of exchequer, or *eschiquier*, instituted at London, by William the Conqueror, in 1079.

Several attempts have lately been made by outside parties to gain an entrance into the jail at Norwich, Conn., for the purpose, it is supposed, of releasing three pickpockets; but the operators have been so closely watched, that they have not succeeded.

Twenty-five tons of silver ore from the Washoe Valley mines, Utah, was late received at San Francisco, to be crushed prior to amalgamation. It is said to be gray in color, containing sulphurets of silver, and to be worth three thousand dollars a ton.

The Chicago police have just succeeded in arresting three men, named Timothy L. Bigelow, Chester C. Clark and James Smith, who were extensively engaged in manufacturing bogus money, chiefly silver coin, at Cordova, Rock Island county, Ill. A complete set of tools used in the business was also seized.

Countless myriads of locusts visited the neighborhood of Sevastopol, in August last. Where they settled upon the ground the masses were over three feet in thickness, and their weight broke down every tree and shrub. Every green thing, with the exception of vegetables, was destroyed.

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State geologist of Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe-clay, fire rock and hydraulic limestone, in the region of country immediately south of Harrison county.

The Ames Shovel Works at North Easton, have made for the year past 225 dozen shovels per day, and this scarcely fills their orders. Sometimes, indeed, they have been six thousand dozen behind their orders. The company has put up seven double houses this season for their workmen.

The First Unitarian society and the Free Will Baptist society of Manchester, N. H., have swapped churches, the first named paying \$3500 "to boot." The Unitarians needed a larger church, which they obtained by the exchange, and the Baptist society was in debt, and are thus enabled to partially liquidate their obligations.

A great gold excitement is raging in Ottawa county, Ohio, caused, it is said, by the discovery in that vicinity of a vein of gold-bearing quartz. The land is reported to be very rich—gold being obtained in shape and size like common snow flakes, and in large quantities. We wouldn't advise many miners to emigrate to these "diggings" just yet, as the news lacks confirmation.

## Sands of Gold.

.... The world is created anew for us every morning.—*Bovee.*

.... Montaigne listens to all the philosophers, and thinks only according to himself.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.—*Grove.*

.... Whatever is inconsistent with natural reason can never be imposed as an article of faith.—*Bentley.*

.... Next to God, we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.—*Bovee.*

.... What good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?—*De Boufflers.*

.... The golden age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more—but only for the young.—*Bulwer.*

.... The most beautiful rose is not without thorns; the most amiable woman is not without caprices, but these are voluntary thorns, and not the less piquante.—*De Boufflers.*

.... To love the home of our childhood and our native land, is but to love our former selves, since it is here that our history lies, and whatever we have wrought of good or ill.—*Haven.*

.... Dignity of position adds to dignity of character, pretty much as it does to dignity of carriage. Give us a proud position, and we are compelled to act up to it.—*Bovee.*

.... There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.—*Sir W. Temple.*

.... There is such a thing as doing right for its own sake, irrespective of good to ourselves. Every man is conscious of such a distinction, and of its force as a motive of conduct.—*Haven.*

.... There are some to whose eyes external nature, which is but the garment of the Creator, by the very grace and amplitude of its foldings, seems to conceal the face of Divinity.—*Bayes.*

.... Society is even more essential to our intellect than to our humanity. Our affections do not rust so quickly as our minds. It is easier to pervert than to subdue them, while the latter is always pleased to be beguiled into forgetfulness and sleep.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The repose of the passions must not imply their stagnation. They must rouse themselves at last and go forth, though it be only to bear a burden and be baffled by defeat. Successful or baffled, their duty is in the struggle. The struggle itself is the life.—*W. G. Simms.*

## Joker's Budget.

Deer meat is said to be selling cheap in the market.

Why is a stingy man like a bird's foot? Because he has no soul.

When is a landlord an insect-tamer? When he has ten-ants at will.

There's no rose without a thorn. Yes there is: there's the *prim rose*.

The man that struck Billy Patterson has gone to California—so the papers say.

Why is a cheese like a jail? Because we are glad to find it uninhabited.

A paragraph commences thus: "Women in arms!" Well, where should they be?

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl in-pieces.

Why is a man without legs like an even bargain? Because there is nothing to boot.

Why are fashionables like pounds, ounces and drachms? Because they go to make up the *ton*.

"Well, sir, do you entertain my proposition?" "No, sir, but your proposition has entertained me exceedingly."

"Paddy, how do you like the Americans?" "Faith, I like them so well, that I've a mind to become a native."

A lady who had a favorite fawn that suddenly died, wrote some lines on its death, which she added, "To a deer friend."

Such is the richness of the soil in California, that steel pens, if put in the ground over night, are found to be gold ones in the morning.

A chap reading in a paper that Mexican files had been received in this city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them.

A reverend gourmand in England thinks that large green grasshoppers are an excellent dish. They are no doubt excellent—for greens.

"Who is that with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they walked along the pavement. "O, that is a *spark* which she has struck."

A person who was in delicate health being asked by a friend "if he would venture on an orange," replied, "No, I thank you—I should roll off."

Most of the vessels sail for California on Sunday. Is it because "the better day the better deed"? or are bumbailiffs powerless on that day?

An Irishman came into possession of five sovereigns, and not wishing to spend them, went to a pawnbroker's and pawned them for ten shillings.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## WAIT.

Storms are above thee, O, heart of doubt!  
Heaven looks cold, and the earth looks drear;  
But sometime, out of the parted cloud,  
Light may fall, and the way be clear.

But if not here, thou heart of doubt,  
Just across, where the angels be,  
Quiet isles, and stormless seas,  
And the lights of home, are awaiting thee.

Then wait, O wait, thou heart of doubt,  
With a loving faith that knows not fear;  
For sometime, out of the parted cloud,  
Light will fall, and the way be clear.—E. R. P.

## THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

## A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THERE never was a class of people who could "do up" privateering in a manner so agreeable to all parties, and at the same time so profitable to themselves, as the Yankees. During our last war with England, there were many "down-east" captains who did up a bit of this work in a sly way, without ever claiming the honor of having mounted a swivel, or even letting people know that they did anything out of the regular trade in shingles and potatoes. That beautiful river, upon whose richly diversified banks I first drew the breath of life—the noble Kennebec—gave the first watery embrace to many a craft that proved anything but welcome visitors to the various cruisers about our coast, and as a general thing, these down-easters were pretty successful.

One bright morning in June, a good-sized brig made her appearance out from the mouth of the Kennebec, and stood off to the southward and eastward under easy sail, with the "stars and stripes" merrily playing in the breeze at her peak. There were twenty-three men on her deck; but had you asked the captain why he took so many hands, he would have told you, as he told the folks at Bath, that most of them were passengers, going to Boston.

Captain Newcomb was a rare specimen of Yankee genius. He stood about five feet seven in his stockings, stoutly built, and well put together, with a round, provoking-looking countenance, set off by a pair of gray, twinkling eyes, and surmounted by a liberal crop of sandy hair. His mate, and indeed the whole crew, passengers and all, would pass for thorough-bred down-easters. The brig enjoyed a purely native name—the SALLY ANN.

"Now, my boys," shouted the captain, as he lowered his long glass with which he had been sweeping the blue expanse of water, "we're clear of all eyes but our own; let's put on the old Sally Ann's cruising togs, and I'll be darned if we don't cut up a caper with some of them British cruisers that'll make 'em think they'd better be to hum."

"Capt'n," said the mate, advancing towards his superior, "are you sure the schooner'll be out to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, she'll be after us by daylight, and we must be ready for her. Get up your burtons and falls, clear away the chocks around the mainmast; come, be lively, boys."

In obedience to the captain's orders, two planks were taken up just forward of the mainmast, and a heavy burton fall was secured to it by a stout strap, and then rigged to the foremast. The main-shrouds and back-stays were eased up, and in a short time the mainmast was stepped forward some six feet, the heel of the mast was firmly secured, and the shrouds and stays again set up, with the eyes of the rigging also hooked further forward. A heavy pair of sheers were then rigged up abaft, and a mizzen-mast was soon stepped and rigged; and by daylight the next morning the Sally Ann was transformed into a handsome barque, with a surface of canvass that might have sufficed for a vessel one-third larger.

Shortly after the deck was cleared up, a small schooner hove in sight; and in the course of two hours she was alongside. She had seven men on board, and brought out five guns—four eighteen pound carronades, and one long forty-two, together with an abundance of ammunition. These articles were hoisted on board the barque, and taking four of the schooner's men, that vessel was allowed to put back, while the Sally Ann spread her canvass, and took her course for the eastward, with a fair breeze.

For fifteen days the barque held on her course

without speaking a sail. Several were seen, but they did not appear to be worth noticing, and all hands were getting to be rather uneasy at the prolonged monotony. At length, early on the morning of the sixteenth day, the man at the mast-head sang out a soul-choiring "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" shouted Captain Newcomb, who had just come on deck, at the same time opening his glass.

"About two points on the weather-bow."

"Can you make her out?"

"She appears to be a heavy ship, sir."

"That's one of 'em, I'll bet," exclaimed the captain, as a radiant expression of hope lit up his feature. "Here, Mr. Slocum," continued he, addressing the mate, "take your glass and go up into the maintop and watch that fellow."

The Sally Ann was now heading southeast, close-hauled upon the larboard tack, with a good stiff breeze, and all sail set.

"Mast-head, there," shouted the captain, after having taken several turns across the deck, "can you make out how she's standing?"

"Ay, ay, sir," she's a large ship, standing to the north'ard, close-hauled on the starboard tack."

"Whew! but she's got a little the start of us, hasn't she? We ought to have seen her two hours ago. Never mind, we'll stand on a spell longer, and then I reckon we'll give 'em a race."

In half an hour the ship was made out to be a heavily-loaded Indiaman, and of course returning from the East Indies. She had run up the British flag at her peak, and the barque had shown her stars and stripes.

"Ready about," shouted Captain Newcomb, as the flag of our Union unfolded itself at the Sally Ann's peak; and in a few moments she was braced up on the other tack, making a course a little to the leeward of the ship, and about ten miles astern of her. The barque was by far the fastest sailer, for she had been built purposely for it, and the prospect was, that in a few hours the two vessels would scrape an acquaintance.

During the next three hours much excitement prevailed on board both vessels. The Englishman evidently "smelt the rat," for his Yankee neighbor was a suspicious-looking fellow, to say the least, and the case was not at all enhanced by the sudden tack and extra spread of canvass that marked Brother Jonathan's course of procedure. To tell the truth, the East Indiamen of that day had a peculiar dread of starboard and striped bunting under any circumstances, but more especially when it graced the peak of a non-commissioned cruiser. From a man-of-war they expected some chance for an international adjustment, but at the hands of a Yankee privateer it was sure to be a general delivery of all valuables, without the slightest possible chance for an equivalent. At the end of two hours the Sally Ann had gained nearly five miles on the merchantman, and fired a gun. The ship's crew were now positive of the character of their pursuer, and in a few moments after the Yankee fired his gun, they fell off several points and hoisted their studding-sails. Nothing could have suited Captain Newcomb better than this movement of the Englishman.

"Now, my boys," shouted the Yankee captain, while he fairly danced with delight, "we've got the weather-gage of 'em, and if we don't make 'em shell out some of their valuables before night, then my name aint Newcomb—that's all. Keep her away a couple of points; that's it—steady—so. Maintop, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Clear away your starboard studding-sails. Foretop, there—starboard studding-sails. Be lively, boys, and you shall all have a finger in the Indiaman's pie."

In a few minutes the Sally Ann's studding-sails were set, and a crest of white foam rolled off from her bows and swept away to the leeward like a snowy mountain. In half an hour longer the Englishman had crossed the barque's course, and the latter vessel had every advantage. The ship had mistaken her pursuer's sailing qualities, for with a free wind that vessel had gained faster than when both were close-hauled. The Yankee was now near enough to make out her neighbor's exact state. She was a ship of about twelve hundred tons, heavily loaded, mounting ten guns, five on each side, and carrying a full complement of men.

"I'm afraid we shall find an ugly customer there," remarked the mate, pointing to the full deck of the Indiaman.

"Why, Mr. Slocum, you are not afraid of that

feller, are you?" remarked Captain Newcomb, as he ran his eye along the immense proportions of "Old Kennebec," as the long forty-two pound gun was familiarly termed. "Let's give her a salute, and see if we can't leave her to."

One of the carronades was fired, but the ship took no notice of the summons, further than to run up a main staysail.

"So you don't mind our invitation, eh?" soliloquized the captain. "Then give 'em Old Kennebec," he shouted; and in a few moments the long forty-two was brought to bear on the ship, and the match applied. The Sally Ann trembled from truck to keelson as the heavy gun bounded from the shock; and as the smoke cleared up, the Indiaman's weather fore-shrouds were seen dangling in the breeze.

"Jehosaphat! look at that!" shouted Captain Newcomb, as he performed a perfect double-shuffle. "Guess two or three more doses like that'll give 'em enough of Old Kennebec. Load her up again."

Again the long gun was loaded, and again fired. This time the shot took effect in the hull, and the splinters flew about the Englishmen's ears in a manner anything but agreeable. The ship's guns were of no use whatever, as they would not send a shot half way to the enemy, and the only consolation that presented itself was to be battered to pieces by the Yankee's forty-two pounder, or, on the other hand, they must haul down their flag and heave to. A few more murderous shots from the Sally Ann decided them upon the latter course, and in a few moments her courses were hauled up and the main topsail laid aback. In fifteen minutes the Yankee was within hailing distance under the ship's stern, and Captain Newcomb ordered the Englishman to send a boat alongside. The appearance of a stout Yankee holding a lighted match near the breach of that terrible gun, soon decided the matter, and the ship's stern boat was lowered from the davits and manned, and put off for the barque. As the boat came alongside, an officer stepped on board, and looked about the deck for some one to receive him.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said Captain Newcomb, stepping to the gangway and politely bowing to the English officer.

"About as well as circumstances will permit," answered the official visitor, looking rather angrily at his rough-looking interlocutor.

"Wal, I guess that's about the way we all feel. But are you the cap'n of that ship?"

"No, sir; I'm the first lieutenant."

"Dew tell us what you've got aboard?"

"In the first place, allow me to inquire by what authority you thus stop us upon the high seas?"

"See there," replied the Yankee captain, pointing to Old Kennebec, at the same time laying his fore finger in a very meaning manner upon his nose.

"I understand you, sir, you are a privateer."

"Wall, I reckon you're about right. So I guess we shall have to trouble you for some of your valuables."

"Then you must come and take them."

"O, don't trouble yourself about that. We'll take all we want."

"You may not find it so easy to get on board as you imagine, my dear sir; and rest assured that yonder ship will give your folks a warm welcome."

"Yes, I see you've got plenty of men, but look here, Mister Lieutenant, you haint got one of them;" and again the captain pointed significantly at Old Kennebec.

A slight twinge of the lieutenant's muscles was observable, as his eyes followed the direction of the captain's finger, and he evidently felt very uneasy in his present situation. Our Yankee skipper enjoyed his perplexity, and added:

"Now you can go right aboard your own craft and tell the cap'n that we'll send along directly for such little notions as we stand in need of. Perhaps you've got some nice silks, and some shawls, and some other stuff that you wouldn't mind parting with for the sake of a free pass to England. Now mind, old feller, this ere gun's got a dose aboard that would send you all to kingdom come in ten minutes; and if you set out to play as foul, look out."

The Indiaman's officer took this hint very gratefully, and remarked, as he was about stepping over the side, "I will report to my commander the result of my visit, and you will take such a course as you think proper; but if you take my advice, you will haul off and go about some other business."

"Look here—hold on a minute," exclaimed Captain Newcomb. "I see you haint hauled down your flag yet; now I'll give you just five minutes after your boat gets alongside your ship, to make up your mind what to do. If you conclude to let us send our boats along after a few potions, and let us take 'em quietly, then haul down your flag. Now mind—if that hunting aint down out of that in just that time, I'll open our long-tom on your old shell. So tell your captain."

In three minutes after the Indiaman's boat returned, an old quarter-master was seen casting off the signal halyards, and in a moment more the ship's peak was bare—the proud ensign lay upon the deck. The crew of the Yankee privateer gave a loud cheer as they cleared away the long-boat and hooked on their burtons; and with right good will they hoisted the heavy boat from her chocks and launched her overboard. A dozen men jumped into her, and with Mr. Slocum at the helm, they started off for the ship. Many hard looks were cast at our down-east adventurers as they made their appearance over the gangway of the ship, and many a handspike and monkey-tail was clutched instinctively in the hands of the exasperated Englishmen; but they dared not strike a blow—the black muzzle of Old Kennebec looked straight at them, and they had no desire to call forth his disapprobation. Mr. Slocum found a rich store in the hold of the ship, and the Yankee's long-boat was soon laden to the water's edge with a portion of her cargo. This was taken to the barque, and the boat returned for another load. The long-boat was nearly full a second time, when a hurried exclamation from the officer of the deck arrested the attention of Mr. Slocum, who was down in the hold breaking out a fine lot of assorted silks. No sooner had he caught the sound of the officer's voice, and stopped from his labor, than he was still more startled by the orders that immediately followed.

"Hands by the weather main-braces—man the lee-braces! let go—haul in your lee-braces! Quick, men. Let her fall off a point, quarter-master. That's it—steady—so!"

The heavy ship gave a plunge forward, as her main-yards came to the wind, and in a moment she was plunging through the water, with her flag run up to the peak *union down*. Mr. Slocum sprang upon the deck, followed by his men, and in a moment he comprehended the whole matter. Right ahead, about ten miles distant, there loomed up the heavy spars of a British sloop-of-war. The Indiaman having been between the barque and the new sail, prevented Captain Newcomb from observing it, and he was not aware of the approach of the man-of-war until several minutes after the prize had got under headway.

"The deuce!" ejaculated the Yankee captain, as he saw the ship's main-yards go round; "I wonder what's in the wind now. Jehosaphat! there goes her flag, union down. Somebody's coming. Maintop, there."

"Hallo!"

"Go aloft, and see if there's anything ahead of that ship."

In a few moments a man sang out from the topgallant yard, "There's a British man-of-war, sir."

"How does she bear?"

"She's right ahead of the merchantman, standing this way."

"Can you make her out?"

"She's a sloop-of-war, sir."

"Man the lee main-braces—let go the weather-braces—round with the main-yard!" shouted Captain Newcomb, as he sprang down from the horse-block and seized a lighted match. "Let her come up a point," continued he, as he ran along the sight of Old Kennebec. "That's it—steady—so!"

In a moment after the Sally Ann came up to the wind the long gun bore directly upon the ship's mizzentop, and the match was applied. In the meantime the state of affairs on board the Indiaman was peculiar. There were thirteen of the Yankee's crew on her deck, who stood in a knot in the lee gangway, without knowing which way to turn or what course to pursue. The crew of the ship was composed of fifty able-bodied men, and against such odds of course Mr. Slocum did not for a moment think of attempting any resistance. The English captain felt pretty secure, for less than half an hour's sailing would bring him under the guns of the man-of-war. His pleasant reverie was at this moment somewhat disturbed by a crash directly over his head, accompanied by the heavy report of the long gun,



and the fragments of the mizzentop were scattered about the deck, while the mizzen topmast came thundering down through the cabin skylights. The ship immediately fell off several points, and there was not much prospect of bringing her up again. In another moment a chain-shot came whizzing over the Englishman's head, and the weather main-backstays and shrouds were carried away just below the top.

"Stand by the fore and main topgallant halliards!" shouted the English captain, while his face was blanched with terror. "Let go—hands by the topsail halliards—jump quick, men! Let go the topsail halliards—let go the sheets—clew up! Man the jib and flying jib downhauls—let go the halliards—haul with a will! Lead out the fore and main clew-garnets and buntlines—clear away the tacks and sheets—up with the courses! Clear away the main-staysail—man the halliards—up she goes! Send up a hawser from the hold. Maintop, there—send down a hauling-line—bend that line to the hawser, and stand by to secure it to the lanyards of the weather main rigging."

It took less time for the captain to give these hurried commands than we have been in writing them, and the crew worked smartly. In a few minutes the ship was laying to under her fore and main staysails and spanker, while a pair of shrouds were rigged and set up, and the wreck of the mizzen topmast cleared away.

"Now, cap'n, if you've no objections, I guess we'll go aboard that ere craft," remarked Mr. Slooem, pointing to the Sally Ann.

"Go, and be hanged!" was the friendly reply.

near for Captain Newcomb's purposes, and putting up his helm and squaring away, he gave the Englishman a parting shot, which carried away the slings of the main yard; and as that heavy spar came thundering down upon the heads of the man-of-war's men, the Sally Ann set her studding sails below and aloft, and left the new comer to condole with the wounded Indianman.

Much search was made by English cruisers after a certain *barge* that laid somewhere along the coasts of Maine, but they never caught a glimpse of her in port. They frequently saw Captain Newcomb's *brig* laying in shore, but not thinking her worth the trouble of chasing, they passed on in their fruitless search after the YANKEE PRIVATEER.

#### VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.

The accompanying sketch was drawn for us by an artist perfectly familiar with our marine and coast scenery. The principal object in the foreground is Point Alderton, a high bluff or point of land, situated at the outer part of Boston harbor, about nine miles from the city. The lighthouse seen in our picture is the Boston outer light, and between it and Point Alderton is the entrance to the harbor. The land to the left slopes till it forms Nantasket Beach. The high cliff behind the lighthouse is part of the Great Brewster. Point Alderton is a high cliff, nearly perpendicular, the summit of which affords pasturage for sheep and cows.

The other entrance to the harbor, at Point Shirley, is four miles from the scene of our

carefully, sleeps soundly and is happy. There is many a young man who begins life cheerful and happy, but who increases regularly in riches and in size, in the comforts of home and the luxuries and refinements of an advancing position, and yet, as he does this, will confess that he is not so happy now, rolling in wealth, as he was twenty years ago, when worth nothing but a clear head, a brisk pair of hands, and the conviction that the world was before him.

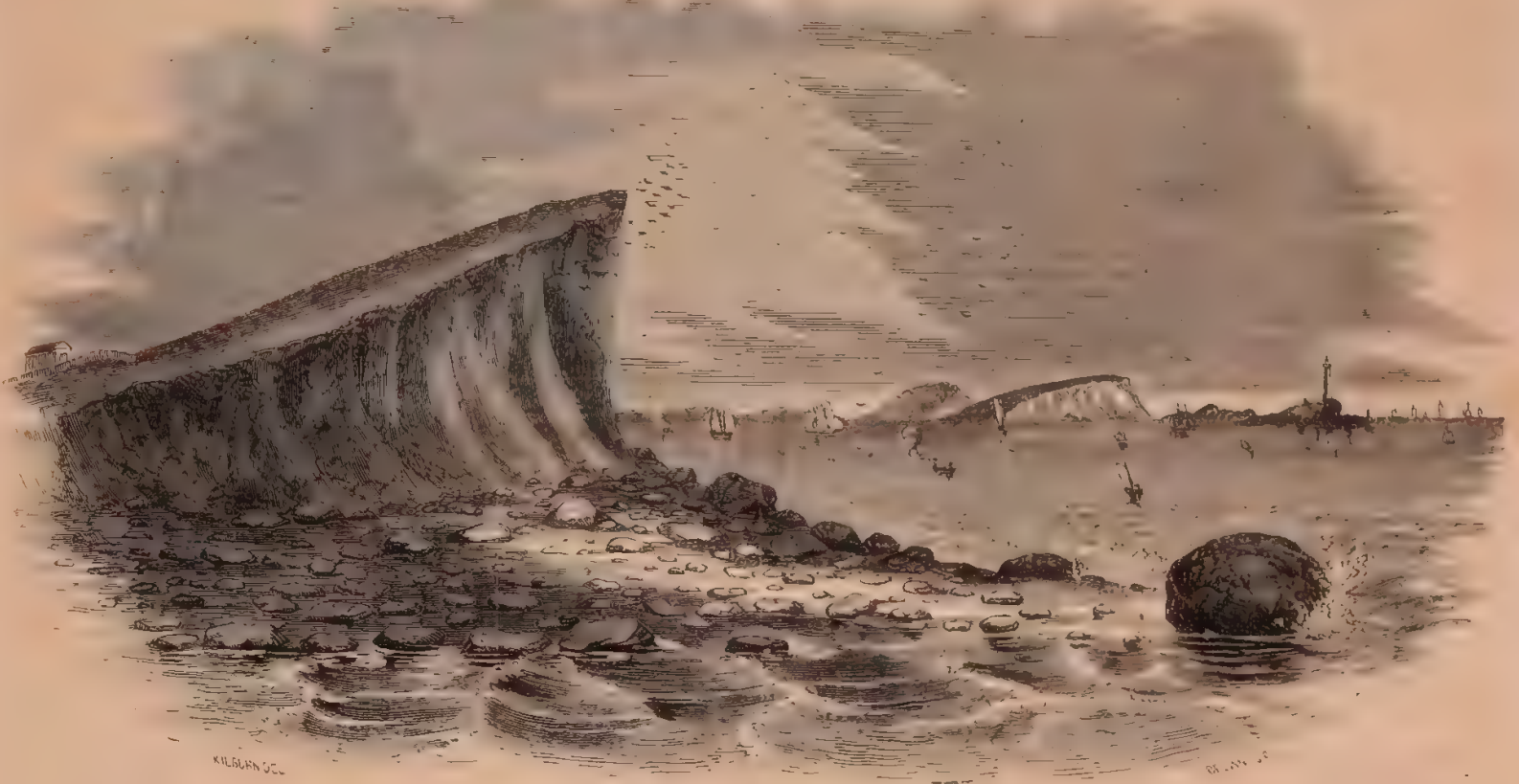
As to the prospect even of becoming wealthy, the poor man at starting is, on the whole, we believe, better off than the young man who receives an inheritance to begin with. Facts show this. True, money grows and paves the way finely to success. "The gift of the wise man maketh room for him." But the ways of getting rid of money also grow, and much faster in every young man who has more money in his purse than he knows what to do with. We have known young men not spending more than two hundred dollars a year, yet moving always in the best society; and we have known young men to get through nearer twenty thousand, without being really respectable or half so happy. Habits of frugality, forethought and patient calculation as to where the means were to come from for anything wanted, are the necessary foundations of enduring wealth. Without these, no matter how rich a man might be to-day, either he or his children will get through it all in a very short time. So far from a capital to begin with being necessary to operate upon, the want of capital often teaches the poor man superior financial wisdom and economy.

principal of which is only to make the possessor more wise and powerful for good—there it is a blessing, and one of the greatest of blessings. But directly any man *feels* wealthy—that is, that he has more money than he knows how and needs to use, as capital for higher good and more extended usefulness—then his money becomes an injury to him, and not a blessing. Many, with a little assistance, surmount the evils of poverty in obtaining an education and everything else—few that of too much wealth. In one State at least, a university education is without charge. Many work their way through, and those who do, almost always make the best scholars. Indeed, some of those now among the highest literary men in the land, have worked their way through college from the carpenter's bench, or by personal labors. Facts like these should remove the discontent of those whose lives are spent in visions of what they would accomplish had they only the pecuniary advantages of others around them.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### AN ENGLISH EATING HOUSE.

An amusing correspondent in the *Knickerbocker* for October, gives the following exposition of the miseries of an *English Eating House* in the eyes of a French government.

I was faithful to my engagement with my French baron, to meet him at his lodgings at twelve, and we passed the *dejeuner*, which was badly served by a cross-grained and ill-looking maid, in abusing English coffee, English omelettes, English books—in a word, everything English.



VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.

"Wal, then, we'll bid you good by, and if you ever come to Bosting, jest give us a call. Give our love to that friend of yours coming, and tell him we'd have stopped, only jest we were in a hurry."

Something that sounded very much like an oath broke from the lips of the excited officer, as the Yankee mate made a polite bow and passed over the gangway.

By the time the long-boat was cleared of her load and hoisted on board the Sally Ann, the man-of-war had come within a mile and a half of the scene. She was a twenty-four-gun-ship, but Captain Newcomb had no fear of her, for he was confident that he could out sail her, and he felt sure that she carried nothing heavier than medium twenty-four pounders. And in both these calculations he was right. The sloop-of-war was coming down with the wind on her quarter, heading about S. by E., the Indianman lay right in her course, heading to the northward, while the Sally Ann was just getting under headway, after having stowed away her boat, to the northward and westward. She kept on this course till she cleared the dismantled ship, and then hauling upon the wind, she stood on for a few minutes and hove to.

The captain of the Indianman looked with wonder upon this manœuvre of the Yankee, and was utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of it. He did not have to wait long, however, for at that moment a light wreath of smoke curled up from the breech of the Yankee's long gun. A heavy report followed, and the quarter hammock-nettings and spanker boom of the sloop-of-war were splintered up in great style. Another and another shot followed, and the sloop's cabin was opened on both sides, and the binnacle carried away. The man-of-war was getting a little too

sketch. The harbor is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsula, of which Point Alderton and Point Shirley are the extremities, and by numerous islands, between which are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the Charlestown Navy Yard, and quite narrow, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Independence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. The new fortress on George's Island is designed to protect the entrance to the outward and lower harbor. The entire surface within Point Shirley is estimated at seventy-five square miles, and about half of this affords good anchorage-ground for vessels of the largest class. The harbor is easy of access, and is very rarely obstructed by ice. The whole is thickly studded with islands, of old finely wooded, but now a tree is an exception to the uniform smoothness of their surface.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

Of course by this we do not mean that penury and absolute want are beneficial, but that to be so far relatively poor as to feel that one's circumstances do not come up to one's wants and expectations and desires, while it has its obvious disadvantages, is highly useful and advantageous to most men in several respects. As to happiness, for instance. Take two young men of equal health and education, one notoriously rich and the other not worth a cent, and the poor man will, in more than half the number of instances, be the most cheerful and happy man of the two. He will have fewer indulgences and excesses to react upon his system, fewer sources of anxiety and dread, fewer unemployed hours to let the mind turn in broodingly upon itself. He is compelled to be at work regularly, lives

As to fame, few rich men, at the beginning of life, ever win it in any pursuit that requires labor or peril. It is the children tugging at the lawyer's gown that makes him an eloquent pleader at the bar. In fact, strong necessities and pressing wants do more to elicit genius and develop greatness than can well be described. A man rolling in wealth and luxury has too many enticements to ease to climb the rugged path of lofty achievement. As to care, there is no comparison. The poor man has nothing to lose, while the rich live in perpetual dread. The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. They are not sure that their friends are true and disinterested. It has often been said that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The real fact is exactly the other way. It is adversity that makes real friends and prosperity that tries them.

And now, as to the next generation. Are the children of wealthy or of poor parents (those parents being of equal intelligence and character) most likely to prosper? The strongest, healthiest, finest men grow up from boys who have to do all they can for a living. It is possible, no doubt, for the children of the wealthy to be thus brought up. Yet not one in a hundred is: most of them are pampered and puny, without the same bodily vigor, and, therefore without the same mental strength and fortitude which those of a more hardy training exhibit. The habit of self reliance is the foundation of all independence of character, and this is closely connected with every virtue. Yet none are so self-reliant as the poor.

So far, then, the chief advantage of wealth is the means it affords of superior mental cultivation, superior books and apparatus of learning of all kinds. This is the chief advantage of it. Where wealth is only regarded as *capital*, the

The truth is, that the entertainment of ordinary boarding-houses and eating-houses, which first offer themselves in London to strangers wishing to practise the inexpensive virtues, is mean in comparison with the French. Mutton and beef are excellent, but the sore evil is the want of variety in the preparation, and neatness in the service. If condemned to eat alone, which is one of the traveller's miseries, in a French cafe, you have a lively, well-furnished room, and the spectacle of an animated company about you. A London eating-house is darkened and deformed by stalls, and you are set in your niche, and the curtain is drawn, and you wait there unseen, until a grave personage, in sables, and having the air of an undertaker, brings you your mutton chops.

"Mary, I entreat you," said the baron—"you are a pretty girl—bear this steak, with my compliments, to the cook, and bid him submit it once more to the process of roasting."

"Why, we don't never roast it no more, sir; the juices—"

"Mary, we had a cook once in France, who, for having served a dish underdone, ran himself through the body. His name was Vatel; he was unwilling to outlive the disgrace. Do have his picture hung up in your kitchen, and never mind the juices."

Here Mary took the dish with much surliness, muttering something about "done," in a growling undertone.

"Well dressed!—done! You have nothing done or well dressed upon your island. The pork squeals when you put your fork into it, and the mutton cries 'bah!'"

This last monosyllable, pronounced in its native Scotch accent, sent Mary into the kitchen to return no more.



## Poet's Corner.

## CHIRIQUI.

BY A. C. HILLS.

In the lands of burning torrid day,  
Nearth the hot and fiery sun,  
There are graves of men who passed away  
In the battle lost or won.

And together lie the young and old;  
And they say with each was laid.  
In his silent home, a prize of gold  
That but waits the laborer's spade.

Many there the graves on hill and plain;  
But there will be many more,  
And the angels of Death shall cut again  
On that burning, torrid shore.

Many are the young and brave that burn  
For the search of glittering dross,  
But how few are they who will return;  
How many will bewail a loss!

Ay, the earth shall ope her breast again,  
E'en beside those graves of old,  
To cover the forms of eager men  
Who shall die in search of gold!

## LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

Silent as snow from his airy chamber,  
Down on the earth drops the withered leaf,  
Silently back on the heart of the dreamer,  
Noticed of none, falls the secret grief.

Yet ye deceive us, beautiful prophets,  
For, like one side of an ocean shell  
Crest by the tide on a dripping sand-beach,  
Only a half of the truth ye tell.

Much of decadence and death ye sing us;  
Rightly ye tell us earth's hopes are vain;  
But of the life out of death no whisper,  
Saying: "We die, but we live again!"

MR. ALEXANDER.

## MEMORY.

So have I seen the cloud-rack, fast and free,  
Come thronging onward from the distant sea.  
Along the hill-tops, till the rising sun  
Of noon had spread their parted roof between,  
And laughed away the mists dark and dull,  
Into a radiance glad and beautiful—  
Even so the glorious past came floating by,  
O'er the dark chambers of his memory.—SARAPIS.

## NATURE.

The volume of the world  
Is legible alone to those who use  
The interlinear version of the light,  
Which is the spirit's, and given within ourselves.

BAILEY.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Opening our favorite "Old Farmer's Almanac," we perceive recorded against the present decade the following oracular sentences: "Grows much colder. Wind and rain or snow." A very safe prediction, Mr. Almanac-maker! In other words, we have fairly entered on the winter season. Yet it need not be the "winter of our discontent." We should rather welcome the "grim-visaged" visitor, for there is health in his icy breath and pleasure in the gifts he brings. Above all things do we love what the country-folk call a "good old-fashioned New England snow storm." We like to see that gray leaden sky deepening at the fall of day in the breathless, expectant hush of nature, with the fine flakes falling, almost imperceptibly at first, and so gradually thickening that a sort of white mist shuts in the hills and woodlands, and we go to bed with the certainty of finding a foot of snow upon the level at the white dawning of another day. It is in the highest degree exhilarating to plunge through the drifts to the station, between the white walls and the loaded trees with a vista of fairy land opening before us. And then the run to Boston by rail with the snow-plough throwing the white foam on either side as the prow of a brave ship buffets and flings off the jesty waves! If this does not give a rush to the blood, we know not what will, and so we are deeply beholden to jolly rollicking old Hyems. . . . Ball Hughes, we are told, is hard at work in his studio modelling. No sculptor of the present day has finer capabilities. A statue of a Magdalen has been mentioned to us as possessing rare originality and beauty. . . . Among the pictures at Williams & Everett's, we noticed recently a fine marine sketch, from the pencil of Charles T. Dix, son of General John A. Dix of New York. Though evidently dashed off in a hurry, it is masterly. . . . We can scarcely take up a paper without reading some painful illustration of the ravages of Intemperance. A young and beautiful girl, daughter of a wealthy merchant in Albany, has become strongly and strangely addicted to drink, and one day recently was found nearly dead drunk in the street. She was richly dressed, and a party of rude boys were piling dry leaves upon her. Her parents are obliged to maintain a continual watch upon her, but she occasionally evades the surveillance, and is sure to get intoxicated if she can obtain the liquor. . . . There is said to exist a confederation of outlaws, whose headquarters are in New York, who came originally from Poland and Germany, and extend their travels to all portions of the United States. By daytime they operate as shoplifters and pickpockets, and by night as burglars. Their booty is distributed, at convenience, among pawnbrokers, junk dealers, and brokers, who are of the same affiliations, and are in the practice of acting as receivers. . . . The New Hampshire Gazette has entered upon its one hundred and fourth year. . . . A Milan letter in the Nord, says: "The famous Iron Crown is lost to Lombardy, Austria having made it a question of dignity. We regret that the Con-

ference yielded on this point, not so much from the motives of municipal unanimity associated with this external symbol of the vast grandeur of Lombardy as far as the political significance of the refusal on the part of Austria. Can it be that Austria, not considering the sovereignty of Lombardy as transferred to Victor Emmanuel II., retains its insignia, and means thereby to signify that the King *de jure* is still the Emperor of Austria, and that the temporary occupation of Piedmont does not prejudice his claims to an eventual re-occupation? There is no other reason to justify Austria in her retention of the crown." . . . The Chicago Democrat gives a list of the lucky ones who drew prizes at a prize concert, and naively adds, that "some fifteen hundred others drew long breaths." . . . In July, 1822, a plan for an independent newspaper was proposed to John Quincy Adams by some members of Congress, and the necessity of such a paper was urged upon him with great earnestness. He replied: "An independent newspaper is very necessary to make truth known to the people; but an editor really independent must have a heart of oak, nerves of iron, and a soul of adamant to carry it through. His first attempt will bring a hornet's nest about his head; and, if they do not sting him to death or to blindness, he will have to pursue his march with them continually swarming over him, and be beset on all sides with obloquy and slander." . . . Copiapo, in Chili, must be a delightful retreat. It experienced one hundred and sixteen shocks of earthquake in twenty-four hours during the late convulsion. . . . Under the title of the "Schiller Foundation," an association has been established by the authors, publishers, and professors of Germany, for the purpose of relieving literary men, or their widows and orphans in distress. The association is to carry on its operations for the first five years at Weimar, and afterwards for periods of five years each, at Dresden, Berlin, Stuttgart, Munich, and Frankfurt. . . . A young man, clerk in New York, was fined \$20 for kissing a married woman named Maria Bolman against her will and in the absence of her husband. . . . A New York letter affirms that Strakosch, of the opera, is determined to bring out his step-daughter, Adelina Patti, before the season is over. She is now a plump and rosy girl of eighteen, and, it is thought, will at once gain the rare reputation of being beautiful. Until a few years back Adelina has been an "infant phenomenon." . . . For kicking a foot-ball in one of the streets of Salem, a man has recently been fined \$1 and costs; and another has been fined \$5 and costs for smoking a cigar. . . . At the Princess's Theatre, in London, the vaudeville known as "La Chatte Metamorphosee" has been placed on the stage under the title of "Puss: or, Metempsychosis."

A studious young man, full of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, readily submits to the deception contrived by his friends, that a favorite cat is transformed into a very beautiful young woman, his cousin Adelaide, with whom, accordingly, he falls in love, though occasionally disgusted by her feline habits, which she yet retains in her regenerated state, notwithstanding her willingness to reform. Miss Louise Keely has to support this strange role, and it is said realizes it to perfection. White satin and fur give her yet the semblance of the animal which, further improved by gesture and appropriate situations, leads to odd combinations of the feline and human that were very amusing. Miss Keely has won by the performance much credit as an ingenious artist. The role of the heroine was created, as they say, in Paris, years ago, by the celebrated Jenny Vertpre. . . . The first volume of a new edition of the works of Leibnitz, dedicated to the King of Hanover, has appeared at Paris. The edition contains many hitherto unpublished writings of the celebrated philosopher. They were discovered in the State archives of Hanover. . . . Frank Butler, a clerk in St. Louis, lost his life on Sunday while hunting in Illinois. He stepped into a kind of "air hole," barely frozen over, and immediately sank. The water was only about five feet deep, but the mud at the bottom was at least ten feet deep. He was covered—between water and mud—almost to his neck, and all his attempts to extricate himself seemed to fix him more firmly in his dreadful position. . . . George Gilmer Polindexter, editor of a Nashville paper, who was killed recently in a street rencontre with another editor of that city, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1850. He was about 30 years of age. . . . General Scott, in his one day's stop at San Francisco, on the route to San Juan Island, was fairly beset for autographs and locks of his hair. He had applications enough to keep himself and secretary busy for a week; and one of the papers says that if his power, like Samson's, lay in those gray locks of his, we should despair of a settlement of the San Juan difficulty, for there is no telling how many Delilahs would be after him with their shears. . . . Solon Newton of Greenfield, has caught a white woodcock, and Charles Wells of Sherburne a white red squirrel. . . . A gay winter, the gayest of the gay ever enjoyed here, says the Washington States, is expected to commence with the approaching season. Most of the members of both branches will bring their families with them. The hotels and boarding houses have fortunately extended their accommodations so as to probably enable them to meet such requisitions as may be made by transient sojourners. . . . During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister, to Peking, China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters were present and sat down to it, the supply was enough for at least a hundred, and the expense was estimated at \$1500. It consisted of various dishes—birds' nests, sharks' fins, hellebore, watermelon seeds, etc.; amounting to no less than thirty courses. . . . Recently, while workmen were making an excavation in the interior of the Duke of Clarence tavern, Clarence road, Clapton, a large statue of Neptune, about seven feet in height, and executed in Portland stone, was discovered. The triumphant attitude which it represents is peculiarly bold and striking. We assume it, says the London Times, to have been executed by some early Italian artist to adorn the grounds of a priory that once occupied the spot where it was found. . . . Lord Derby has taken occasion, in a public speech, to deny the charges

of cruelty towards some of his Irish tenants, which have been made against him. Instead of turning hundreds out of their homes because they would not inform against a murderer, he only warned eight or ten persons, who, as he supposed, might bring the criminal forward, that he should discharge them. The general testimony is that he is a kind and indulgent landlord. . . . A correspondent of the Episcopal Recorder argues that Berlin is the quietest and best place in Germany for theological students. He says: "The American element among the students is large and growing. Last year there were forty Americans attending the lectures." . . . A narrative was recently published of a young man supposing himself to be the son of one Joseph Todd, who claimed to have been stolen from the neighborhood of Cleveland, Ohio, by the Indians, when a child. The Brayton family, of Wyandot county, Ohio, have hunted up the young man, and discovered that he is a member of their family, who was stolen by the Indians many years since. . . . A New York Sunday paper talks about some forthcoming "Lilliputian nuptials," and thus unfolds itself: "General Thomas Thumb, who, although barely knee-high to a grasshopper, made a very tall fortune for P. T. Barnum and a snug one for himself, is about to unite himself in the bands of holy wedlock with a lady of youth and beauty. The authorities differ about her height, and it is variously stated as three feet six and six feet three." . . . A tragedy, similar to that of *Genevieve*, came near being enacted in Albany recently. A little girl, named Ella Moore, hid herself from some of her playmates in an old trunk. The lid proved to be self-closing, and Ella was confined for several hours. Search for her was maintained for a long time, and the trunk was at last thought of. When found, the poor thing was almost gone, being nearly suffocated by her close imprisonment.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

Among the Franklin relics now on exhibition in England are several Bibles, Testaments, and prayer books. One of the prayer books, the leaves of which seem matted together, and to have been opened nowhere else, presents the morning prayer for the 29th day, beginning, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me. Thou knowest my downfelling and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts long before." And on the opposite page is the evening prayer for the same day, beginning, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice; yea, even unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaints before him, and showed him of my trouble." And a Testament is opened at 1 Cor. 15: the well known chapter on the resurrection.—The Paris correspondent of the Times states that a confidential communication of an important nature has been addressed by the minister of the interior to all the prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French press. The prefects are instructed to write to such journals to be more circumspect. The minister says the journals, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibilities of a great people, by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the imperial policy may be reconciled with the interests of the alliance of France, and the maintenance of peace.—The London Times contains an article on the San Juan question, which commences: "War between England and America is impossible. Such is the secure conviction of every rational man in America, and of everybody of every age and station in England," and thus ends: "It is with great satisfaction, then, we hear that the question has not been left to be fought out between Gen. Harney and Governor Douglas, but that the *status quo* will be maintained at San Juan, and the right to the island solemnly and coolly discussed either in London or at Washington."

## Schiller's Daughter.

It will be news to most people to learn that a daughter of Schiller is still extant to rejoice in the universal homage paid to him, not only by the 50,000,000 of his countrymen in Europe, but by the wide-spread German race all over the world. In the Augsburg Gazette there appears a letter from this lady, the Baroness Emily de Gleichen Russwurm (born Schiller), whose residence is Grefenstein sur Bonenland. Lower Franconia, in Bavaria. She earnestly asks to be supplied with copies of all odes, speeches, musical compositions and other documents, illustrative, in every town and place, of her father's memory, that she may treasure them up as an heirloom for her children.

## Honors to the first English Printer.

The Art Journal reports that an eminent British sculptor has been commissioned to execute a statue of "the first English printer," Caxton, to be placed in the great room of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The hotel is built on the site of Caxton's printing office, and it occurred to the directors of the company that the interesting fact should obtain a permanent record. The statue will be a work of very high merit. Caxton is represented seated on a fine oak chair of the period, examining a proof-sheet, one foot resting on an iron chest.

## Doom of Crinolines.

The reign of crinoline is over, says the Paris correspondent of the London Literary Gazette. It is gravely predicted that short waists and narrow skirts are the fashion this year, and that all the absurd habiliments which so disfigured the women of the first empire are to be imposed upon the minnie generation of this revival of the imperial epoch of Napoleon III.

## Punch on Louis Napoleon.

Punch illustrates English feeling towards Napoleon in a cartoon picture, where he depicts John Bull as addressing a volunteer, saying, "Invasion, indeed! That is a game two can play at. Why, to hear those poodles talk one would think that my bull dog is dead!" and the bull dog pictured by his side shows astonishing ferocity.

## England arming.

Woolwich, England, is described as presenting a scene of unusual bustle and excitement. Ammunition and war materials are being prepared and conveyed to different points with an energy unknown since the Crimean war. Dover appears to be receiving considerable attention also from the war office authorities. It has been determined to extend the line of fortifications in that neighborhood, and also to reconstruct several of the batteries which had vanished under the dreams of perpetual peace. The recruiting for the Royal Marines is said to have been highly successful; and the London strike has had the effect of driving numbers of young men into this branch of the service.

## Ancient Jewels.

The jewel-box of an Egyptian queen, which was found in one of the king's tombs in Egypt, is now greatly admired by the Parisians. One of the journals says the most elaborate workmanship of the present day cannot surpass that of this jewelry, which is exquisite in design and execution. Especially fine is a little gold crown, a thick gold chain, six feet long, and a beautifully chiselled gold plate with a male portrait, perhaps that of the king.

## The Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain has offered to contribute part of her civil list to defray the expenses of the Morocco war. In her speech in the council of ministers, she said—"I will have valued and sold, if necessary, all my jewels for the success of this holy enterprise. I will cut down any luxury. A simple string of coral will sit more secure on my neck than a necklace of diamonds, if the latter can serve to defend our own beloved Spain and increase her renown."

## New Insurance Company.

A new marine insurance company to be called the "Ocean" has just been started in London, with a nominal capital equal to \$5,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 will be first called up. Among the directors are Sir Samuel Cunard, Mr. J. S. Morgan (partner of Mr. Peabody), and Mr. McChlery, of the firm of Cavan Brothers & Co., and the shares of \$125 each are quoted at \$2 1/2 premium.

## French Wines.

Paris papers state that the dry hot weather of 1859, though it has diminished the yield, has had a favorable influence on the quality of wines this year, which are firm and strong at the same time that they are fine, delicate, and rich in tannin.

## A luckless Miner.

The man that found 2400 ounces of gold in ten weeks at the Australian diggings was among the passengers lost with the unfortunate Royal Charter. He was coming home for the purpose of being married.

## The Great Eastern.

The London Times editorially pronounces the "Great Eastern" a failure. The Times says she will, in a heavy sea, roll not a little, and her propelling power is inadequate to the mass which is to be moved.

## Japanese Princes.

The Japanese princes who are so anxious to visit the United States are doomed to disappointment. Letters from Haddadai say popular feeling is opposed to their departure.

## An African King.

A new king has been placed on the throne of Duke Town, in Old Calabar, Africa, under the title of Archibong Second. He was crowned with a black beaver hat!

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PERCY FAMILY. THROUGH SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill. 18mo. pp. 256. 1860.

A finely illustrated juvenile work describing some of the most noted scenes and antiquities of England and Scotland, such as the Thames Tunnel, the Tower, London street life, Windsor Castle, Edinburgh, the Scotch Highlands, etc. A very instructive and attractive gift book.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: OR, The Coming of Things on Earth. By REV. JOHN CUMMINGS. 1st series. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. 12mo. pp. 230. 1859.

The author of this strange but powerful series of discourses is the minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, London. He sees in the great historical events of the day a realization of prophetic passages in the Old Testament, and he expounds his views with great force and ingenuity. This volume is to be followed shortly by a second series on the same subjects.

BOOK OF PLAYS FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By SILAS S. STEELE, Dramatist. Philadelphia: George G. Evans. 439 Chestnut Street. 12mo. pp. 352. 1859.

This is an excellent collection of original and selected farces, comedies, tragedies, dramas, recitations, etc., expressly adapted for parlor representation, each piece embracing only a few characters, and some of them being monologues. The work is entirely original in design, and exhibits great taste in selection and arrangement. Mr. Steele is a popular dramatist, author of some of the best of the old Museum pieces, and is a complete master of stage effect. For sale at 45 Cornhill.

REMINISCENCES OF RUFUS CHOATE. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers.

The mechanical appearance of this book, which is first to strike the eye, is admirable, and that is saying much in these days of general good printing and book-binding. As to the author's part, he has done more than well, and though the work pretends to be only a "Reminiscence," yet it seems to us to attain fully to the dignity of a biography. Mr. Parker gives us abundant examples of the traits of personal character, those slight yet important incidents and anecdotes which marked his subject's every-day life, and it is certainly these which, when preserved and recorded, form the great interest and charm of biography. Our author enjoyed peculiar advantages for his work, for though a young man he had for a series of years shared the warm personal friendship of Mr. Choate;—he read law in his office, and, indeed, seems to have possessed the entire to his confidence more than any other person without the circle of his immediate family. Mr. Parker is a young writer, this we believe being his second book, the first having been *Oratory*, under the title of *The Golden Age of America*, or *higher serial*, but he has contributed not a little to our higher serial publication. We see some faults of style in the "Reminiscences," but there is so much of *heart* in the work, it is so pleasant, vivid, and zealous, that we forget criticism, and read on quite enchanted to the end.



Written for us by.....SYLVANUS COBB, JR  
Address M M BALLOU, *Publisher*  
No 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.  
 For sale at all the periodical depots.



## VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

NEAR NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The accompanying landscape view was drawn by an artist who has made a special study of the romantic scenery of the Hudson River, one of the most beautiful streams on the North American continent, and often compared by travellers to the far-famed Rhine. The locality of the scene is near Newburgh. The broad expanse of the river bears upon its bosom steamers, row-boats and sailing vessels, reflected in its calm mirror as they shoot swiftly, or glide languidly over its surface. On the right the shores descend boldly in a mass of crag and foliage, while afar off the dim outlines of the hills blend with the rolling clouds. While the grand native features of this river scenery remain unchanged, the hand of art is constantly visible upon these romantic and picturesque shores. The towns, cities and villages are constantly expanding; the tide of river travel is constantly increased, and while thousands of keels furrow the flowing stream, the steam-horse rushes along its shores, throwing open its enchanting regions to multitudes, to whom, a few years since, its beauty was unknown. On the most charming sites presented by its banks, beautiful villas and country residences are multiplying, while in their grounds the landscape-gardener finds an ample field for the exercise of his skill. What a change from the period when Hendrick Hudson, in the Half-Moon, sailed up into the heart of the then lonely solitude, whose silence was only broken by the

upon my mind will prevent my going astray except in minutiae.

Said the judge substantially as follows: "Years ago, we had in our house a sweet little child about four years old, the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid his hand upon it. Remedies promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the roses faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes, and sealed the lips forever; and we learned, by trying experience, how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of these little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinarily sure custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due time the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a green sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolated home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scenes of the day for aught else, had just laid my head upon my pillow, in our room, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed: 'See there!

of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth that the grave clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest that it was the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, to which we were indebted for this untimely and most startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the damp grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence! The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child, who looked wildly round a moment and then popped into bed!

"Now, had it not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window, and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."—*Presbyterian*.

Home is the centre of every true life; the place where all sweet affections are brought forth and nurtured; the spot to which the memory clings the most fondly, and to which the wanderer returns the most gladly.

shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the colonel's body-servant and faithful follower, who, together with the fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, 'Your honor's orders shall be obeyed.'

"The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests (for when was a Virginian domicile of the olden time without guests?), and, above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this, their first interview. Nor is it remarkable. They were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefit. The hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which

"Every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

"The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared not. And then the old soldier marvelled at his chief's delay. 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange—surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his ap-



VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR NEWBURGH, N. Y.

scream of the eagle, or the light plash of the Indian's paddle as he drove his buoyant canoe across the sequestered bays and along the winding shores! Many of the most stirring scenes of the Revolution were enacted on and about the Hudson, and historical association adds a hallowing charm to the attractions of nature.

## A GHOST STORY.

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the roads none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's. Knowing that we should find outside the judge's door the latch-string, and inside a warm welcome, a warm fire, and a warm supper, beside beds which we could warm for ourselves—for he was a good Presbyterian—we unhesitatingly consigned ourselves to his hospitalities.

Supper being over, and our persons disposed according to our several tastes in a semi-circle before an old-fashioned blazing fire, we were just in the mood to enjoy the entertainment of our host's conversational gifts. Among other things he narrated the following unique tale, which we unanimously agreed to put in print. This, however, I believe, he has not done, and hence I volunteer to send it to you, for insertion in the Presbyterian, if you so please. Though written from memory, and, not being a pope, fallible at the best, yet the deep impression made by the story

our child! our child!" Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly toward us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind. But not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covering my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child seem to have the power either of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before, eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? For what can it be sent?' the servant girl having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mr. —'s child.' Now, our next neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at that hour, and in such plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a powerful sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable

## WASHINGTON'S WOOLING.

The story of Washington's love and courtship is simple, yet full of the elements of romance. No words can better tell that story than those used for the purpose, in after years, by a grandson of the lady. "It was in 1758," he says, "that Washington, attired in military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and *militaire* as his chief, was crossing Williams Ferry over the Pamunkey River, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern, or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the bean-ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old régime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburgh, important communications to the governor, etc. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the *militaire* had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Colonel Washington's was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of the dominion without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve, in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow, then beneath his roof, the soldier capitulated, on condition that he should dine—only dine—and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburgh before his excellency could

pointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men.' Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor, and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rose high in the heavens the ensuing day, when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and, at the White House, a marriage engagement took place."—*Mt. Vernon and its Associations*.

## DANCING.

How many things in modern days are associated with the idea of frivolity which originally had the deepest and most sacred significance! How much has degenerated into mere amusement which of old was a religious or symbolical act! From the shapes that dancing has assumed, and tends still further to assume, it is not astonishing that many worthy people denounce it, who do not suspect that it is the sister of poetry, of music, and of philosophy, quite as much as the daughter of joy. A work of the most varied erudition and of the richest suggestiveness might be written on dancing, in which conspicuous attention would be given to the relations of dancing to worship and war.—*Drawing Room Journal*



# BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22  
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

5 CENTS SINGLE  
\$3.50 PER ANNUM Vol. XVII., No. 26...WHOLE No. 444.

## PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The present number closes the publication of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL;" next week it will be issued in a new and elegant form, as a literary and miscellaneous weekly journal, and will be called **THE WELCOME GUEST**. The new paper will be of the mammoth size, printed on the finest of paper and new type, surmounted by a chaste and beautiful heading, bright and original throughout. We have long been perfecting a plan that will enable us to present to the public a paper which will command unusual attention by its intrinsic value and attractiveness. The terms of **THE WELCOME GUEST** will be two dollars a year, and **FOUR CENTS** per copy.

## A WINTER SCENE.

We present the readers of the Pictorial, in this, the last number of the work, with a characteristic New England winter scene. All north of Boston have participated in the exhilarating pleasures that come with the first sleighing, and even in the city itself we have had a brief season of the enjoyment that is heralded by the merry bells. But New England does not now see any of the old-fashioned winters that we remember in our boyhood, when the drifts of snow were piled up to the top of the front doors of the citizens, and it was quite a labor to break a way from the dwelling-houses in the morning, after a night snow-storm. It seems to fall lighter, less of it, and to stay more briefly than of yore; but while the snow is with us it is fully improved, and the season is one of universal outdoor pleasure parties, for all ages and both sexes. Stable-keepers reap a goodly harvest, tavern-keepers are in their glory, and town and country join in a wholesale carnival. Rosy cheeks peep out from warm hoods, merry voices ring out upon the clear atmosphere, and there's many a kiss stolen in the dark! Within doors the glowing fire seems to burn all the brighter, and the pleasant book and cheerful newspaper serve to beguile the long winter's evening. Next week we shall send to you a new candidate for your favor, and a **Welcome Guest** to delight the home circle beside the hearthstone; a paper which will charm away the hours like an enchanter's wand, and while it delights, it will also instruct all who turn to its pleasant pages.

## THE "BLIND MEN" IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The table of the "blind-men" is the calmest spot in the building. There is no work of mere mechanical dexterity, that can be brought by constant practice to dazzling rapidity of execution. It requires much searching in directories, much guessing, much mental effort, to solve most of the riddles in writing and spelling that come upon this table. The irregular combinations of the alphabet alone present a boundless field of variety to the ignorant and the persevering; and when the combinations of Christian names and surnames, names of towns and names of counties, as well as the forms of letters, and the parts of a letter's proper superscription, come to be added, arithmetic can hardly convey the result. It is to this table that all those riddle-letters find their way, upon whose surface Islington is spelt and written "East Linton;" and the late Iron Duke is addressed, long after his death, as the "Duk hor wellenton, Ip ark corner, London, Englent, or hulsweat." The blind-men are often called upon to decipher such directions as the following, conveyed in the most undecided of hand writings: "To Mrs. Slater to the Prince of wales in fite Roy place Kinteston London paid. The blind-men decide that this means the "Prince of Wales' public-house, Fitzroy Place, Kentishtown;" and their decision is final. Sometimes comic boys address their relatives in London in the rudest pictorial form, giving a good deal of trouble to the blind-men. A picture of a garden and a street, with a fancy portrait of the person for whom the letter was in-

tended, drawn outside the note by a not very artistic youth of seven years of age, is not calculated to ease the sorting labor of the General Post Office. Addressed to "My Uncle Jon, in London;" "Wilm Stratton, commonly cald teapot Woolin;" "Mary Ann Street, Red River lane Luke St. next door to the ocean;" "To No. 3 Crossbary Row For The Female with the Infant up Bromley Stairs;" "Ann Povor at Mrs. Winhursts No 24 Next door to two to one;" "Mikell Goodliff at St. Nouts Printis to a Shoo Maker Mis his name not known Mrs Cooper is grandmother to the Lad;" "eliza clarek saxton hotel saint luord hon se;" and "This fauke Taghe Warkitt ill Wise Comse Wile of Withe," with many more like them, have come, and are constantly coming under the notice of this branch of the sorting department. The blind-men feel a professional artistic pride in mastering every difficulty, although the difficulty is to be taken to the land's-end for the small charge of a penny.

Failing all attempts to make clear that which is never to be read in this world, the interior (after proper forms have been observed) is, at last, looked into, only to present a larger and more enigmatical surface still. The only colorable explanation that can be given of the mystery, based upon the annual average of riddles which come before the blind-men, is, that some Irish hop-picker, passing through London on his road to Kent, is anxious to communicate with a relative in some part of his native country. —*Leisure Hour.*



WINTER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE SUFFERINGS OF A MOTHER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It was extremely cold during the last days of the month of January, 1841. The streets of the city of Anvers had put on their winter garments and were resplendent with dazzling whiteness. Nevertheless the snow did not fall in soft flakes and rejoice the eye by floating capriciously like a light down; on the contrary, rough as hail it rattled noisily against the carefully closed windows of the houses, and the sharp breath of the north soon drove back to the blazing fire most of those who ventured to the thresholds of their dwellings.

Notwithstanding the severity of the cold, and although it was only nine o'clock in the morning, as it was Friday, which is the market day in Anvers, many young people were to be seen in the streets. The young folks were trying to keep warm by quickening their pace, the good citizens were blowing their fingers with chattering teeth, and the laborers thrashing their bodies with their arms.

At this moment, a young lady was slowly traversing the Rue des Boniques, which she well knew, for she went from one house of the poor to another, and emerged from each with an expression of sweet satisfaction painted on her features. A satin cloak, doubtless warmly lined, enveloped her elegant form; a velvet hat framed her pleasing face and her cheeks slightly purpled by the sharpness of the air. A boa surrounded her neck, and her hands were concealed in a pretty muff. This young lady, who appeared to be in easy circumstances, was approaching the threshold of a dwelling which she seemed about to enter, when she perceived at a little distance a lady of her acquaintance; she stopped before the door of the poor dwelling until her friend was at a few paces distance, and then advancing to meet her with a gentle smile, said:

"Good morning, Adele. How do you do?"

"Very well, and you?"

"I am well, and happier than I can express."

"Why so? It seems to me the weather is not very pleasant."

"It is so for me, Adele. I have only been up an hour, and I have already visited twenty houses of the poor. I have there seen poverty enough to break one's heart. Hunger, cold, sickness, destitution—these are almost incredible. I esteem myself happy in being rich, for it is a very sweet pleasure to do good."

"You look as if you were almost crying, Anna! I see tears in your eyes; do not be so sensitive. The poor people cannot certainly be much to be pitied this winter; see the distributions that have been made. Coal, bread, potatoes, all these have been given in abundance. Last evening I subscribed fifty francs, and I confess I had rather distribute my money through others than to go myself into those miserable houses."

"Adele, you do not know the poor. Do not judge them by those ragged beggars who consider asking alms as a profitable trade, and purposely tear and soil their garments to inspire horror or pity. Come with me; I will show you laborers whose clothing is not in tatters, whose dwellings are not filthy holes, and whose lips do not open to beg, but only to thank and to bless. You shall see hunger painted on their features, black and frozen bread in the stiffened fingers of the children, the tears of the mother, the gloomy despair of the father. O, if your eyes should contemplate this mute picture of affliction and suffering, what celestial joy would you not experience in changing all this by a little money! You would see the poor little children hang upon your dress, the mother smile upon you as she clasps her hands, the father, bewildered with joy, press your soft hand in his bony ones and bathe it with glistening tears. You also, Adele, would shed tears of happiness, and not withdraw your hands from theirs, rough as they may be. Indeed, Adele, the remembrance of such moments affects me much."

While Anna sketched this picture with a touching voice and profound emotion, her friend had not uttered a word, not even one of those brief exclamations which express the sympathy of the listener. Anna's emotion had been wholly shared by her, and when her friend looked her in the face, she saw her draw a handkerchief from her muff to wipe away two large tears which stood in her eyes.

"Anna!" said she, "I will visit the poor

with you. I have money enough about me. Let us devote the morning to good works. I am glad to have met you."

The good Anna contemplated her friend with emotion; her countenance expressed her happiness at having secured one benefactress more for the poor. Accompanied by Adele, she entered, a few paces beyond, a house where she knew she would find some unfortunate people.

The dwelling on the threshold of which she had paused when she saw her friend approach, was forgotten. This was pardonable, as she had never entered it, but only proposed to do so, in order to ascertain whether it might not be inhabited by some poor family hitherto unknown to her.

In a room of the house before which the benevolent Anna had stopped for a moment, an unfortunate family did indeed live. Four bare walls were the sole and mute witnesses of unheard-of pains and sufferings, and the sight of the heart-rending spectacle which might be witnessed there, filled the soul not only with sadness, but also with a certain sentiment of hatred against society. The air was as cold there as in the street, and an icy dampness penetrated one's garments; a scanty fire burned in the fire-place, fed by fragments of furniture. A sick child, scarcely a year old, was lying on a bed in the middle of the room; its pale features, thin arms, and eyes sunken in their sockets, showed that it was near its end. Seated on a large stone beside the child, a woman, still young, was concealing her eyes with her hands. Her garments, although faded, did not wear the stamp of that poverty which openly implores assistance; on the contrary an exquisite neatness and numerous but almost imperceptible darts attested the care with which the woman attempted to conceal her poverty. From time to time a sigh escaped her breast, and tears stole between her fingers. Meanwhile, she raised her head tremblingly at the slightest movement of the child, sorrowfully contemplated its wasted cheeks, drew the covering over its chilled limbs, and then sank back, weeping and despairing on the stone.

The most profound silence reigned in this place of desolation, and this silence was disturbed only by the snow which rattled against the windows and the plaintive roar of the wind in the chimney.

For some time the woman had seemed exhausted; the child had not stirred, and she had not raised her head; she seemed even not to weep any more, for the tears had ceased to glisten between her fingers. The room was like a tomb which has received its guests and is to open no more. Suddenly a feeble voice, proceeding from the direction of the fire, murmured:

"Mama, dear mama, I am hungry!"

He who uttered this complaint was a little boy of five or six years, crouched in the chimney-corner, and so close to the fire that he could hardly be perceived. He trembled and shivered as if he had a fever, and you might hear his teeth chatter with the cold.

Whether the woman did not hear his complaint, or whether it was impossible for her to satisfy his demands, she made no reply and remained motionless. The silence was resumed, but the voice of the child was heard again:

"Dear mama," said he, "I am hungry! O, give me a little piece of bread!"

This time the woman raised her head, for the child's voice rent the mother's heart like a knife. A gloomy fire sparkled in her eye; despair might be read there.

"Dear little John," replied she, bursting into tears, "be silent, for the love of God! I am dying of hunger myself, my poor child, and there is nothing in the house."

"O, mother! I am suffering so much! is there not a little piece of bread?"

The countenance of the child wore at this moment an expression so supplicating, the anguish of hunger was so profoundly imprinted on its pale and thin features, that the mother started up as if about to commit some desperate deed; she thrust a trembling hand beneath the bed-covering, drew out a small loaf, and going towards the child, said:

"Here, John, I had kept this for your poor little sister, but I fear she will never need it; the innocent lamb!"

Her voice failed, her maternal heart overflowed with grief. As soon as John saw the loaf his lips moistened, the muscles of his face quivered, and he grasped it as a wolf seizes his prey. The mother returned to the sick child, looked at it for an instant, and then sank back, exhausted, upon the stone.

Seized with an inexpressible joy, the little boy eagerly carried the bread to his mouth and bit it until he had devoured a little more than half; then he suddenly paused, looked at the morsel again several times with longing eyes, carried it to his mouth again, but ate no more. He rose at last, slowly approached his mother, shook her by the arm to rouse her from the slumber in which she seemed to be plunged, and holding out the morsel of bread, said in a sweet voice:

"Dear mother, here it is! I have saved a little piece for our Mariette. I am still very hungry and very sick, but papa will soon return. I shall be sure of a slice of bread then, shall I not, mama?"

The unfortunate woman encircled the good child in her arms and pressed him tenderly to her bosom; an instant afterwards, she suffered him to slip from her lap without perceiving it, and returned to her stupor. John softly approached his sister, kissed the thin cheek of the little invalid and said: "Sleep on, dear Mariette;" then he returned to the corner, crouched again on the hearth, and remained silent.

It was then that the generous Anne paused on the threshold of the miserable dwelling as she saw her friend approach.

A whole hour rolled away and the unfortunate mother had not aroused from her sorrowful reverie. She also was hungry, she also heard the imperious cry of exhausted nature, and fearful sufferings had seized her. But she was sitting beside a death-bed; she was awaiting with anguish the terrible hour when she should see her child die. Could she think of her own sufferings? No! a mother is always a mother, happy or miserable, rich or poor; there is no sentiment more profound, no passion more vast, than that which attaches a woman to her child, and this sentiment, this passion, is the more fervent and the more entire with those who know how many cares and anxieties their children have cost them. The poor especially know this.

At ten o'clock the mother and child started at the same time, as if moved by a mysterious impression. She sprang from the stone, he from the hearth, and both exclaimed together:

"There is your father, John!"

"There is papa, mother!"

A joyous smile gave a new expression to their countenances. They had heard the sound of a cart stopping at the door, and were hastening to meet him whom they expected; but a man entered the room before they reached the threshold. While he was shaking the snow from his shoulders, John seized one of his hands and suspended himself to it as if to draw him still farther. The man extended the other to his wife, and contemplated her with profound sadness. At last he said, sighing:

"Theresa, we are unfortunate! Since morning I have remained with my cart near the railroad, and have earned nothing. Believe me or not, Theresa, but I wish myself dead!"

Powerless as were the words of the poor man to express his grief, the latter was not less cutting. His head drooped on his shoulder, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his hands were clenched despairingly.

The wife, forgetting her own sufferings at sight of the tortures endured by her husband, threw her arms around his neck and replied, sobbing:

"O, Francis, this will not last always. It is not your fault that we are unfortunate!"

"Father, father!" cried the little boy, "I am hungry; can I have a piece of bread now?"

These words threw the laborer into a frightful dejection; all his limbs trembled, his glances fell on the little boy with so wild an expression that the child, terrified and weeping, took refuge in the chimney corner and cried out from thence, bursting into tears:

"O, dear papa, I will never do so again!"

The laborer approached the bed, and looked at the little invalid who raised her dim eyes towards her father.

"Theresa," exclaimed he, "I cannot endure this longer. It must happen at last!"

"What do you mean?"

The laborer, in whose heart a final conflict had just taken place, suddenly became composed, and comprehending the anxiety he had caused his excellent wife by his exclamations, took her by the hand and said:

"You know, Theresa, that I have always been industrious; I have never suffered a day to pass without providing for your wants and for those of our children. Must I then, after ten years of hard labor, be compelled to beg? Must I ask the bread hitherto earned by the sweat of my

brow, from door to door? Theresa, I cannot do it. I must sell our hand-cart at the Friday's market. Perhaps I shall have work after this money is spent; we will then save to buy a new hand-cart. Wait half an hour and I will give you all something to eat."

The hand-cart was the only medium by which the honest laborer could earn his bread; it was, therefore, not surprising that he should be sad at the thought of selling it; the wife was not the less afflicted at this last resort; but her maternal heart ached at the sufferings of her children, so she approved her husband's design and replied:

"Yes, go to the market and sell the hand-cart, for our poor little John is dying of hunger; I am hardly able to sustain myself, and this poor little lamb is but just alive. O, why art thou not an angel in heaven, my beloved child?"

Her tears were renewed; a shock like that he had already felt passed over the body of the laborer, nevertheless, he controlled himself and left the house, a prey to the most violent despair. Very soon there was heard the sound of a cart rapidly rolling away, and this sound was soon lost in the distance.

At the Friday market was seen among the articles for sale, a little two-wheeled cart. Not far from it stood a man who seemed overwhelmed with profound dejection; his arms were crossed on his breast, he constantly cast his eyes, moist with tears, from the hand-cart to the auctioneer, who was occupied at a little distance in selling other articles. From time to time the former struck the ground with his foot, as if seized with some painful thoughts, and he relapsed into a gloomy despair whenever his glance fell on the object which until then had aided him, as an honest laborer, to earn his daily bread.

While he was absorbed in his reflections, two young ladies arrived at a rapid pace, in the market; one of them noticed the sorrowful expression of the laborer's features, for she stopped her companion at the corner of the street and said:

"Did you not notice the sadness imprinted on the countenance of that man?"

"What man, my dear Anna?"

"That one who is striking his foot against the ground. See how his elbows contract. He is certainly unhappy."

"Perhaps so, Anna; yet those may be the movements of anger."

"No, Adele, I know them too well. True misfortune bears an impress which cannot be mistaken. It attracts to itself generous hearts and awakens in them a generous emotion of pity. On the contrary, anger and malice repulse the beholder. If I am not mistaken, my dear friend, this laborer is a victim of this long winter. Look, his clothing is neither soiled nor dirty. Let us go to him; I will ask the cause of his distress."

The two friends directed their steps towards the laborer, but at the moment they approached him, he was accosted by another person who appeared, like himself, to belong to the laboring class, and who struck him on the shoulder, saying:

"What is the matter, Francis? You look as if you were dying. Is Theresa dead?"

"No, no! but I will tell you, for you are our friend. You know, Gregory, that I have never been idle, but have always succeeded in earning my bread. But my Theresa, my poor dear wife, has eaten nothing for two days past; our little John is suffering with hunger, and perhaps Mariette is even now dead. When I think of it I could almost put an end to my life. Could you beg, Gregory?"

"Beg? certainly not: not as long as I had hands."

"Nor I. But things have gone so far that I have pledged all we owned except the hand-cart yonder. We saved and denied ourselves so long to buy it. But it is the will of God. I wish the auctioneer would come this way quick that I might carry bread to my wife and children."

"Here he is. Do you live still in the Rue de la Bonique?"

"Yes."

At this moment the auctioneer approached and began to cry out at the top of his voice:

"Gentlemen who want a hand-cart, please come this way."

A smile passed over the features of the laborer. The two friends conversed together in a low voice. The auctioneer resumed:

"Thirty francs for this hand-cart! Thirty francs! Twenty-five! It is as good as new. Twenty francs!"



One of the ladies nodded, and the auctioneer continued:

"Twenty francs! Does no one offer more?"

Some of the spectators bid, but the young lady bid higher. The auctioneer turned towards one and another to catch the signals of the bidders:

"Twenty-one francs!"

"Twenty-two!"

"Twenty-three!"

"Twenty-four!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty-seven francs! Twenty-seven! Does no one speak? Gone! A good bargain, madam!"

Anna said a few words to the auctioneer, who called the man to receive his money. He had already seized it, and was thinking of hastening home with it, not without having cast a last sad look on the hand-cart, when he was addressed by one of the two ladies:

"Do you wish to earn something, my honest man?"

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"We wish to have this hand-cart taken home."

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot do it. I have some pressing business."

Anna, who was very compassionate, and who knew the poor better than her friend, hastily said to the laborer, as he was about leaving:

"We are going to the Rue de la Bontique."

"Then I am at your service, madam, for I am going in that direction."

He seized the hand-cart, disengaged it from the articles scattered on the ground, and followed the ladies, who walked very rapidly. A bitter grief oppressed his breast at the thought that he was taking home for another this cart which had once been his own; but the certainty that, thanks to the proceeds of the sale, he was about to dry the tears of his excellent wife, mingled with his sadness a sweet consolation. He received with pain, from the ladies, an order to stop before a shop. But he soon resumed his route, for scarcely had the two ladies entered the shop when there was thrown on the cart a bag of potatoes, two or three large loaves of bread, some wood, and Anna herself placed upon it carefully a stone pot.

Arrived in the Rue de la Bontique, the laborer asked whither he should take the hand-cart. Anna replied, intentionally:

"Go on! It is further still."

Notwithstanding this order, he stopped before a humble door, recognized by Anna as the same which she had been upon the point of entering in the morning. The laborer took off his cap and said, politely:

"Ladies, permit me, if you please, to enter this house a moment."

The permission given, he pushed open the door and entered, followed closely by the ladies, who penetrated with him into the room.

A shudder of terror chilled Anna and her friend. The spectacle which struck their eyes was frightful. The young woman, seated beside the bed, with pale cheeks, closed eyes, and head resting on the bed, was insensible as a corpse! At the moment the ladies entered with the father, the little boy had seized the inanimate arm of his mother, and was exclaiming:

"Dear mama, I am hungry! a little piece of bread, I pray you!"

The husband, without noticing the presence of the two friends, sprang towards his wife, called her in a despairing voice, and tore his hair, uttering only incoherent words:

"Theresa!" exclaimed he. "O, my dear Theresa! unfortunate woman! Is it possible! Dead—dead of hunger and cold! Have we deserved this?"

Suddenly he seized a knife upon the table, but Anna, who had seen this movement, uttered a cry of anguish, sprang towards him and wrested the murderous weapon from his hands.

"Your wife is not dead!" cried she. "Run quickly and get some wine."

She gave him a piece of money, pointing to the door. He rushed from the room and disappeared like an arrow.

Anna raised the poor mother in her arms and lavished on her the cares of a sister. She drew from her pocket an orange and expressed the juice on the blue lips of the invalid, whose hands she rubbed with energy. She uttered a cry of joy on seeing the eyes of the reviving mother open.

Meanwhile, Adele had not been an idle spectator of this scene of famine and poverty. As soon as she heard the petition of the little boy she ran to the hand cart and brought the

stone pot and the bread, charging the child to throw some wood on the fire.

As soon as John saw the bread he asked for a slice. Adele, who in the morning had expressed so much repugnance for the poor, was so moved by the aspect of suffering, that she took the knife from the table, held the bread against her, notwithstanding her elegant toilette, and cut the slice which the child so ardently desired.

"Here, my child," said she, "eat all you want. You shall no longer suffer from hunger."

The child seized the bread joyfully, kissed her hand in token of gratitude, and cast so sweet a look upon Adele that she was obliged to turn away her face to conceal her tears.

At the same time the mother opened her eyes and fixed them with pleasure on her infant, occupied in satisfying its hunger. Perhaps she would have thanked her benefactress, but the return of her husband prevented. He, seeing his wife restored to life, contrary to his expectations, hastily deposited a bottle on the table, sprang towards his companion, seized her in his arms and embraced her repeatedly; he kept her in his embrace as if he feared to lose her and repeated continually:

"Dear Theresa, my beloved wife, you are still alive! I have the money for our hand-cart; we have the means to procure food now. Be tranquil. O, my God! thou seest me, even in my misfortunes, as joyful as the angels! It is true, my dear Theresa, for I never expected to see you again in this world."

Anna approached with a cup of wine and placed it to the lips of the feeble woman. While she drank the strengthening cordial, the husband cast glances full of surprise on Anna and her friend, who was sitting before the fire with John and warming the little boy's hands, saying:

"Warm them well, my little man, and eat your slice of bread; I will give you another after it."

The laborer seemed to arouse from a dream; it seemed as if he only then perceived the presence of the two friends.

"Ladies," said he, stammering, "pardon me if I have not yet thanked you for the assistance you have rendered to my poor wife. You are very good to be willing to enter our miserable dwelling, and I thank you for it a thousand times."

"Good people," replied Anna, raising her voice, "we know that you have suffered from hunger and cold, and how much you disliked to beg, because, as honest laborers, you preferred to earn your living. Such sentiments deserve a reward. You shall henceforth suffer no privation."

She placed a handful of money on the table and continued:

"Here is money; at your door are potatoes, wood and bread; all these belong to you. As for the hand-cart, it has not been sold; use it to earn your daily bread, live honorably, do not beg; but if hunger and cold overtake you again, here is my card; you will find upon it my name and residence, and I will always be your protectress and friend."

While Anna spoke, not a breath was heard in the room, so deep was the silence, but a torrent of tears flowed from the eyes of the laborer and his wife. The former could not articulate a word, only he looked alternately at the two young ladies with a surprise which showed that he could scarcely believe what he had heard. When Anna had finished speaking, the mother knelt before her, took her hand in hers and exclaimed, as she bathed it with tears:

"O, my dear young ladies, you will die happy. God will reward you for coming hither like guardian angels and saving me from death."

"Are you satisfied now?" asked Anna.

"O, yes, my good lady, we are very happy now; see our poor little John dancing before the fire! And if this innocent lamb who is here dying, could speak, she also, madam, would thank and bless you."

At these words Anna looked at the child, and presuming that what had been the cause of its malady also, gave Adele the signal for departure; the latter, who was enjoying the pleasure of the little boy, raised him in her arms, kissed him on his cheek, and joined her friend. Anna directed her steps to the door and on leaving, said:

"Be tranquil, honest people; in half an hour a physician shall be at the bedside of your infant, and I doubt not, mother, but your child will grow up to be a woman."

A smile of real happiness illuminated the features of the laborer and his wife. Both ran to the door, and a thousand expressions of grati-

tude escaped their lips until the two benefactresses disappeared from their eyes.

Neither Anna nor Adele spoke a word until they reached the cattle-market; their hearts were too full, their souls too much moved, for them to express their emotions.

"Well," said Anna, at last, "tell me, Adele, do you find the poor as dirty and disgusting as is usually believed?"

"O no!" replied Adele. "I am very happy to have met you. It seems as if something holy had elevated my soul, and I feel an emotion hitherto unknown to me. I no longer have a horror of the poor; did you not see me take the little boy in my lap and embrace him! What a pretty and charming child! I love him already."

"Poor little John! tears escaped from his eyes when he saw you leave. Tell me, my friend, can there be on earth a greater happiness than ours? These honest people were dying of hunger; they raised their hands to heaven and implored the aid of the Lord. We were sent to them as the messengers of divine mercy, and they blessed God in thanking us. O, Adele, our earthly life may have been light and vain, let it be so no longer."

"Say no more," said Adele, with emotion. "I understand you; henceforth I will accompany you daily to visit the poor, and share in your good works. Yes, for to-day alone I have known a celestial joy, a heaven on earth. Holy benevolence! unhappy are the rich who know thee not. Of what sweet emotions, of what delightful sensations, are they deprived?"

At this moment they turned the corner of the street and disappeared.

#### WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

#### ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE LAPPS.

It is strange to see a people who can read and write, and who have family prayers morning and evening, still living as nomadic pastoral savages; clinging in all particulars to the old habits of their forefathers, clothed in the skins of beasts, and with so much contempt for Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, as to still make their own thread of the sinews of their own reindeer, their needles and pins of the bones, and their spoons of the horns. They are probably the only people in the world who do not use Staffordshire ware, and have not the willow-pattern plate among them.—*Through Norway with a Knapsack.*

#### BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

PRESENT CIRCULATION, 118,000!

IT should be known to every family in the United States, that for ONE DOLLAR, sent to our address, a first class, elegantly illustrated, and entirely original MAGAZINE, may be had for a whole year. It is beautifully printed on clear white paper, with new type, and each number contains over one hundred pages of reading matter and illustrations, making twelve hundred pages a year, or two large volumes for ONE DOLLAR. Postage eighteen cents a year. By far the cheapest publication in the world!

#### ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

IT WILL PROCURE FOR YOU A WHOLE YEAR  
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

There are one hundred pages of reading matter in each number of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly."

Sixteen pages of fine and beautifully printed illustrations are given in each number of the Magazine.

Two pages of finely executed, original humorous illustrations also embellish each number.

Over twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for the unprecedented price of one dollar!

If it is just such a work as any father, brother, or friend, would introduce to the family circle.

In a respect it is fresh, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

It is carefully edited by Mr. Ballou, who has seven years experience on the Boston press.

Devoted to news tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

Each number contains original articles from more than twenty regular contributors.

Though published but four years, it has reached the extraordinary circulation of 118,000 copies!

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as above, shall receive the Magazine for one year.

Six copies of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are sent one year for five dollars.

Now is the time to subscribe, as volume eleven is just about to commence.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.

No. 24 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

#### HIS FIRST AFFAIR:

—OR—

#### PISTOLS FOR TWO.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE BAY STATE.

A soft, delicious evening in June! Nowhere do the rays of the declining sun linger more lovingly as loath to leave the land and water, than in Narragansett Bay, whose wooded and villacrowned shores, indented with many a cove, and battlemented with many a gray rock, made up a panorama which fills the eye with visions of beauty. Newport, quaint old Newport, was bathed in a crimson haze, its many-paned windows blazing as with sapphires and diamonds in a deluge of departing light. The stern, gray ramparts of the fort, above which streamed the flag of our Union, and the figures of the soldiers upon guard, distinctly defined against the roseate sky, threw their deep, dark shadows far upon the surface of the waters. A hundred sails fell like crimson draperies in grateful folds from the taper masts that sustained them. Here and there the placid mirror of the bay was broken into its glassy sparkles by the splashing oars of some returning barge. The steamboat Bay State, huge as a castle, was blowing off steam from the pipe of her safety valve, as she lay for a few moments at the wharf, discharging and taking in passengers. At last the bell rang, farewells were interchanged between those on shore and those on board, the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the vast fabric moved majestically away, bearing in safety her precious freight of five hundred souls. Among the passengers on deck was a little group, consisting of an old gentleman and his wife, with a young man in the striking undress uniform of the U. S. Dragoons. We may as well at once introduce our readers to Major Cannister, Mrs. Major Cannister, as she liked to call herself, and Lieutenant Walter Severn, a high-spirited young man of twenty-one, who had just received a commission in the army, and was dreaming of laurels to be won in Mexico under the veteran Scott, whose column he was to join upon the march from Vera Cruz. His uncle, the major, had served in the war of 1812, and had retired from the service with a brevet majority, a pension, and a cork leg; of which he was reasonably proud.

"What a lovely landscape!" exclaimed the young officer, who had the eye of a painter, and the heart of a poet.

"What a strong position!" said the major, gazing on the fort with the admiration of a military man.

"No chance for dragoons here!" said the lieutenant.

"So much the better," said the major, who had served in the infantry. "But what do I see?" he added, with sudden animation. "Hallo, old fellow! Come into court and give an account of yourself."

The last phrase was addressed to a gentleman of his own age, who, with a pretty dark-eyed belle hanging on his arm, was standing a few paces apart, and listening, amused, to the gay prattle of his companion. On hearing the lively appeal of the major, the gentleman turned, and his eye immediately lighted up with a gleam of pleasure as he approached the first group.

"Major Cannister, I'm delighted to see you! Mrs. Cannister, this is indeed a pleasure!" "Where have you been this century, Burton?" were the salutations of the major and his old friend, a retired merchant of Providence, the father of the fair Julia, who was a "very creditable style of young lady."

After mutual compliments and inquiries, Burton presented his daughter to the young lieutenant; whereat that youthful officer colored up to the eyes and bowed with great embarrassment, while the young lady blushed excessively and cast her eyes to the deck, as she curtseyed very low. Burton scarcely noticed her confusion, but the major kicked his nephew very quietly, and whispered to him "not to behave like a blockhead, and discredit his uniform."

"The boy," he said, by way of apology, "didn't look much like a bold dragoon. But what could you expect of a fellow who had never smelt powder? A month's campaign would make a man of him."

"So you are going to Mexico, sir?" said the young lady, in the course of conversation, turning to raise her eyes to the young major.

Mr. Burton, Boston, and political economist, was a strapping, Mars-like fellow, who rode of his horse, and brought up his famous old of



"I am ordered to join my regiment immediately," replied the lieutenant.

"I have heard the war was almost ended," said Miss Burton.

"Don't be afraid of that," said the major. "These Mexicans have all the pride and obstinacy of the Spanish race. Like the Dutch in Clarendon's time, they can endure to be beat much longer than we can endure to beat them. No, no! Walter will have a chance to see service. Depend upon it, Scott will have to fight every inch of the way from Vera Cruz to the capital—and these guerrillas are ugly fellows to deal with. They say the rascals are armed with escopetas that carry ounce balls, and that they give no quarter. I hope Scott will return them the compliment."

A fine moonlight evening followed the gorgeous sunset in which the boat got under way from Newport. The air was so mild and bland, that all who were not invalids remained on deck till a late hour. Julia and the lieutenant sat apart conversing together.

"I did not expect to meet you here to-night, Julia," said the young officer.

"Perhaps you did not desire it," said the young lady.

"You are cruel."

"What am I to think when you leave for a dangerous service without a word of adieu?"

"What am I to think, Julia, when you have not answered one of my last letters?"

"I have received none."

"And yet I have directed them regularly to Providence."

"That accounts for it. We have been staying at Newport for a month."

"Then you had not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Walter?" A tear glistened on her fine cheek in the moonlight.

"Enough!" replied the dragoon. "I have been unjust. But how fortunate to meet you! And to think of your father's formally introducing us, not knowing of our acquaintance and intimacy at Nahant during that happy summer of last year! Ah, Julia, can we hope for better times? How often have I reproached myself for having dared to address you. I—a poor orphan—having no expectations except from my uncle. You are rich and distinguished, beautiful, sought for and adored."

The reply was unable to state, for it was uttered in a low voice; but that it was not unpleasant, may be inferred from the fact that the lieutenant imagined that his *tele-a-tele* had lasted but ten minutes, when he was startled by the voice of the major:

"What the deuce have you two been talking about for these two hours? We lost sight of you entirely. You've missed your supper, and it's half past ten o'clock. Your father has gone to bed, Miss Julia, and Mrs. Major C. is waiting for you in the ladies' cabin."

The major and his nephew escorted the fair Julia to the threshold of that mysterious sanctuary of beauty which no male footstep is permitted to cross, and there they bade her good-night.

"A very fine girl!" said the major to his nephew, as they descended to the gentlemen's cabin.

"Do you think so, sir?" replied the lieutenant, in a tone of indifference.

"To be sure I think so," retorted the major, "and so do you, if you have got eyes in your head. I tell you, sir, that after six months among the chocolate faced scnoritas of Mexico, you'll think Miss Julia Burton a very fine girl. And you'd better believe it now, for you've got to pass a week with her in New York."

The lieutenant made no reply, but retired to his berth. He dreamed that night that he had made the campaign of Mexico, had been promoted to a colonelcy, and was married to Miss Julia Burton.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRE-EATER.

The Burtons and Cannisters went to a private house in the upper part of Broadway, Monsieur Vautrien, an old Frenchman, had been a confectioner in Frenchmen of his age served under the flag under his command. He had a fine house and a queen of diamonds in a number,

but heterogeneous in nationality. There were one or two Americans and their wives, a couple of Spaniards, a pair of Frenchmen, and two or three single gentlemen of no particular nation.

Every boarding-house has its autocrat; a man who talks loud and lays down the law on every subject, finds fault with the dishes, bullies the waiters, lectures the chambermaid, flatters the landlady and hectors mine host. Monsieur Vautrien's establishment was an exception. His John Jones was a tremendous fellow, who answered to the name of Captain Rifle. This formidable gentleman was full six feet high, and abounded in beard and mustaches. He wore a half-military dress, and professed to have seen service in South America; a black patch on his cheek was said to conceal a sabre wound. He was a great favorite with the buxom landlady, and of course held in equal horror and aversion by her hen-pecked husband. He patronized or snubbed the boarders according to his humor. He held commercial integrity and punctuality in the most sovereign contempt, despised the rule of paying his board weekly as something beneath his dignity, and preferred long credits, which he demanded as a right, rather than received as a favor. He ate like a Calmuck, smoked like a Swiss, and swore like a pirate.

He received the new guests with ferocious cordiality; patronized the major and his lady, slapped Burton furiously on the back, and grinned through his mustaches on Julia. To the lieutenant he merely nodded; and after having surveyed him superciliously from head to foot, glanced at his own image in the large French mirror with a smile of satisfaction. Nothing could have been more contemptuous.

After dinner, among the gentlemen, he drank the health of the Providence belle, as he termed Miss Burton, and swore, with an oath of the heaviest calibre, that she was the finest girl he had ever set eyes on. Walter's cheek burned with indignation at hearing Julia's name mentioned by such lips, but as yet there was nothing in the braggadocio's conduct tangible and recognizable. He resolved, however, to watch him narrowly and call him to account for any actual insult. With the exception of the annoyance caused by this *bete noir*, the young lieutenant passed his time very pleasantly. He was much in Julia's society, and his love increased hourly in warmth and devotion. One day he happened into a pistol gallery, and thought he would try a few shots at the target. There were two or three persons present, whom he scarcely noticed on entering. He made a few indifferent shots, and finally threw aside the weapons, despairing of ever becoming a marksman. What added to his mortification was the discovery that Captain Rifle was among the spectators.

"You'll make but a poor dragoon," said the captain, "if you can't handle the sabre any better than you do the pistol. Boy, hand me one of those shooting-irons—and keep loading for me, for I want to show the young gentleman how we did up this sort of thing when I was in the service."

The captain took his station at twenty paces from the target, and requested the attendant to give the word. His first shot was a liner—very near the bull's eye. Walter would have been proud of such a shot, but the captain cursed his own awkwardness. The second shot was a decided improvement. The third struck the bull's-eye, and the concealed flag flew up. The fourth and fifth met with the same success. Walter was astonished.

"I'm out of practice," said the captain, "but I tell you, young gentleman, and you'd better believe it, that anything in the shape of a man would stand but a poor chance before the muzzle of my pistol, even if he were as slight a figure as yours."

Walter made no reply, but bit his lips till the blood came. That day, after dinner, he went to the ladies' drawing-room to ask Julia if she would like to take a stroll with him in Broadway. He had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when Miss Burton rushed towards him with an agitated air, and laying her hand upon his arm, burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Julia?" asked Walter, earnestly.

Miss Burton could not speak, but pointed to Captain Rifle, who was standing in the recess of a window.

"Nothing's the matter," he said. "I did but joke her, and attempt to snatch a soldier's privilege—a kiss!"

"You are an insolent rascal!" exclaimed the

lieutenant; and springing towards Rifle, he struck him in the face.

The captain did not return the blow, but he bent a glance of deadly hate upon his slight but fiery assailant.

"Young man," he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "you have dug your own grave. Remember the pistol gallery!"

## CHAPTER III.

### HOBOKEN.

"FATHER! dear father! you must prevent it!" cried Julia, some hours afterwards, rushing into the room where her father was seated smoking a cigar, and taking a comfortable view of an adjacent graveyard.

"Prevent what?" asked the old gentleman.

"The meeting! the meeting!" said Julia.

"What meeting?"

"Mr. Severn and the captain have had words together—blows. A challenge has passed between them. Walter—I mean Lieutenant Severn—has agreed to fight that dreadful captain, and they are to meet at the duel-ground, at Hoboken, to-morrow morning at daybreak. O, it is a dreadful business!"

"It's a very foolish business—but I should like to know what concern you have with it? I suppose I'd better consult the major."

"O, no, no!" said Julia. "He's as high-tempered as his nephew, and he'd insist on having the affair carried through. Dear father, Lieutenant Severn's life belongs to his country, and I see nothing better to be done than for you to go to the ground and make it up. I'm sure they'd listen to you."

"Why, I think Rifle would. I lent him twenty dollars yesterday, and he has no right to trifle with his life. Make your mind easy, girl. I'll arrange the matter."

Julia tried to find comfort in this assurance. She had already used all her eloquence on Severn, but found him inflexible. He had replied to her that his honor was concerned in this affair—that he had been the aggressor, and that if he failed to give the captain satisfaction, he should be ruined for life, for he should never be able to show his face in his regiment.

The gray dawn of the next day found the ferocious captain and his second on the ground. The captain's companion was a slim, sandy-haired fellow, with a downcast look, dressed very flashily in a green sporting-coat, with enormous gilt buttons, a buff vest and plaid pantaloons.

"We are first on the ground, Trifle," said the captain.

"Business is business," said the second. "Do you think your man will come to time?"

"I think so. He can't have slept a wink last night, for this is his *first affair*."

"Do you propose to drop him?"

"Most certainly. If he were out of the way, I think I should stand some chance with the girl. She is pretty, and an heiress. I think I can win her."

"By fair means or foul?"

"Either, or both."

"Shall we practise the usual dodge, captain?"

"Firing simultaneously with the word? Yes. That cuts these novices out of their chance for a return shot. But hush! here comes my man."

A figure was seen approaching through the mist. He was waving a white handkerchief with frantic gesticulations.

"By heavens!" cried the captain, "it's that old fool Burton, and he thinks he must approach us as one does an enemy's line, under a flag of truce."

By this time Burton had come within speaking distance.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" he exclaimed, earnestly, "why are you here?"

"For a little ball-practice," answered the captain.

"To break the laws of the land, rather," rejoined Burton. "Take care, captain, I shall appear against you, if you go on with this affair."

"Threats?" exclaimed the captain, in a tremendous tone. "This becomes a personal matter. Trifle, hand him a pistol."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" exclaimed Burton, in tones of agony, "I'm a non-combatant."

"Take your distance, sir," said the captain.

"Messrs. Trifle and Rifle!" stammered the wretched peace-maker, "I come on a pacific errand. I carried a flag."

"Curse your flag!" exclaimed the captain. "Stand off, will you? I don't like to drop a man at a short shot. Give me a chance to wing you, like a gentleman."

With a pistol forced into his hand, Burton stood the picture of despair—meditating a retreat, but not daring to run, for fear of that dreadful catastrophe, a "fire in the rear." The captain and his second amused themselves with his agony, but their sport was cut short by the appearance of Lieutenant Severn, a young naval officer, and a surgeon.

"Just in time, sir," said Trifle to the sailor, "to prevent your substitute from being shot."

Burton surrendered his pistols with alacrity, and then commenced an expostulation with the lieutenant, which was cut short by that gentleman's second, who quickly remarked: "Old gentleman, if you are not particularly anxious to be shot, I advise you to step out of the line of fire, for we are going to work directly."

Burton adopted the hint, and removed to a safe distance, whence he contemplated, with feelings of anxiety, the chilling preparations for mortal combat—the charging of the pistols, the measurement of the distance, the placing and arming of the combatants.

"I have the word," said Walter's friend. "You are to fire at one—two—three. Now, then, gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ready."

"Fire! one—two—three!" said the second.

At the word *fire*, Rifle's pistol exploded—but Severn, standing unharmed, responded by a quick shot, and his gigantic antagonist fell, the blood gushing from his breast. Walter, remorseful and terror-stricken at his own deed, rushed towards the fallen man, followed by his second and the surgeon. Trifle knelt over his friend. Burton ventured to approach the spot.

"I forgive you!" said the captain—"the chance is yours—fly—leave me with my friend; he can attend to me."

"But I have a surgeon," urged the lieutenant.

"No matter—I am past surgery—go!"

"Walter," whispered the lieutenant's second, "I believe that fellow's playing possum. He tried to murder you—for he fired too soon, and I can almost swear he fell before your bullet left your pistol. Look to him, Sawbones!" he added to the surgeon.

The surgeon insisted on opening the wounded man's breast. There was blood there in abundance, but no wound. On searching further, he discovered a sponge saturated with blood which the captain had evidently concealed beneath his shirt.

"The fellow isn't even scratched!" said he, rising in disgust.

"You're an artful dodger, aint you?" said Walter's second, addressing the crest-fallen captain. "And now I'm determined to see whether that patch upon your ugly mug conceals a scar or not."

With these words, the sailor pulled off the huge piece of court-plaster from the captain's cheek and disclosed the letter D branded in his flesh.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, bestowing a hearty kick upon the prostrate bully. "This letter D, gentlemen, stands for Deserter, and it's the way they have in the army of marking their black sheep. What shall we do with this fellow?"

"Let him go to the deuce!" exclaimed Walter.

"Amen!" said his second. "Pack off with yourselves, both of you, if you don't want to be marched up to the Tombs to-day, to the tune of the rogue's march." The discomfited rascals moved off in double quick time, glad to escape thus cheaply.

"And, now," said Burton, "we shall reach the city just in time for breakfast."

So the party left Hoboken, and a merry breakfast they had that morning at old Vautrien's. The Frenchman waited on the table in person, and was in the highest spirits. "Zat raskaille Rifle is gone away!" he kept exclaiming, "to come back some time nevaïr—nevaïr, nevaïr! jamais! jamais! jamais! Autrefois he was here always, always, always—*toujours—toujours—toujours*. It was Rifle for breakfast, Rifle for dinner, Rifle for supper—*toujours Rifle! Vivent les honnetes gens! A bas les coquins!*"

The lieutenant had acquired a two-fold interest in the eyes of the fair Julia, since he had actually fought in her behalf, and it is believed that she made a promise that sent him to Mexico with a heart as light as a plume upon the wind. Certain it is, that about a year afterwards a certain Boston paper announced the union of Captain Walter Severn of the U. S. A., to Miss Julia, only daughter of Seth Burton, Esq., of Providence, R. I. And such was the result of "his first affair."



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

"Thy kingdom come, O Lord of lords,  
Our conquered hearts thy spirit fill:  
Subdue us to thy gracious will.  
Reward us with thy great rewards!"

'Twas thus, this holy Christmas time,  
The midnight of this Christmas-eve,  
My wandering thoughts did idly weave  
And syllable in speech, this rhyme.

Ringed its measure o'er and o'er,  
In solemn tones, in sober guise,  
And pondering, in strange surmise,  
On Christmas times that were of yore!

I looked without—I smiled to see  
The joyous crowds, and wept to hear  
In chorus jubilant and clear,  
The bells of the nativity.

For while my thoughts in weary maze  
Rang silent echoes to the bells,  
I briefly lived, as one who dwells,  
Who lives, who moves in other days.

Far, far remote, I walked with them,  
The patriarchs of the east, and came  
Where, o'er the Christ-child, burned the flame,  
The glorious star of Bethlehem!

I listened to the heavenly song  
Of angel-choirs, in rapturous chime.  
The hymn of praise, which, through all time,  
The bells of Christmas shall prolong.

I mused upon that wondrous birth,  
Gazing with awe upon the child,  
Forever stainless, undecied,  
Yet bearing all the sins of earth.

And then, the blissful vision fled,  
Once more I tumbled, forlorn, alone;  
Until, with thankful, heartfelt tone,  
I bent the knee, I bowed the head—

And prayed—O, Christ, thy kingdom come,  
Our stubborn hearts thy spirit fill!  
Be thou our shepherd, and until  
Each wanderer gain his heavenly home!

To us thy perfect love impart,  
The love of men, the love of thee;  
Forevermore, O deign to be  
The Prince of peace within each breast!

Then, stripped of every doubt and fear,  
As to the grave we calmly wend,  
With every mortal for a friend,  
We'll make a Christmas of the year.

There Christmas-bells a dirge may toll,  
The time itself be drear and chill,  
But hope—the light from Calvary's hill,  
Shall guide to heaven each perfect soul!

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

## THE RED HAND.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

[CONCLUDED.]

"The poor Biscayan's jargon had sounded in my ears like a rectified distillation of all the discord of Babel; and association had no doubt much to do with making it appear so, for I had expected him to put me in the right way, and when I found that I could not understand him, I was grievously disappointed.

"Upon the same principle, the sound which now struck upon my ear was as pleasing to that organ as would have been the fabled music of the spheres; and yet it was, in reality, but the prosaic, unmusical noise of the barking of a dog. It was nothing more; but instead of the simple, unmeaning 'bow, wow, wow!' I could hear 'bed, bed, bed!'—rest, rest, rest!—supper, supper, supper! in every canine cadence; and tired and hungry as I was, this monotonous staccato was most delicious music to me.

"Picking up my pillow, but leaving bed and bolster behind me, I started off, doing as the backwoodsmen do when travelling under the guidance of 'blazed trees,'—following the bark. I had not gone far, when a small wooden house loomed up out of the darkness, at the door of which stood the dog whose music I so much admired.

"A shrill voice now called out to the dog—a woman's voice—an old woman's voice—an old French woman's voice. Some may think that an old woman is an old woman, all the world over. But that is not so, I assure you.

"In the south of Europe, talking animals are divided into three classes; first, parrots, starlings and the like; second, human beings, and third, old women. Now this may be a slander. These old women may be human beings, after all. But, on the faith of a traveller, they really do not look like it; and he who has not seen the

elderly peasant women of southern France, Italy, etc., cannot have any adequate idea of what genuine ugliness is. But I am getting into a digression again, and that is a luxury which I have really no right to indulge in.

"I heard the voice of a woman calling to the dog, and I knew that such a voice must belong to an old woman, and therefore to an ugly woman, since she was a peasant, and French. That much I surmised; but the reality proved to be such a rare exhibition of ugliness as one does not often have the opportunity to behold in this working-day world of ours.

"Such a woman could not have existed a couple of hundred years earlier. She would have been put to death as a witch, on the testimony of her nose and chin alone. I had a good look at her, for the door was wide open, and a torch of some sort of resinous wood was burning on the inside. She was wonderful. A Nuremberg nut-cracker was nothing to her.

"Can I get lodging here for the night, my good woman?" asked I, not daring to look at her.

"She looked at me well, perused me from head to foot, and then from foot to head again, and at last answered me in the affirmative. Her language was a barbarous patois, but it was not Basque, and I had no great difficulty in making it out. I followed her into the house, and deposited my weary limbs upon a chair.

"The place looked uninviting enough, but supper was soon prepared, and turned out to be better than I had expected. It was composed chiefly of poached eggs and rashers of bacon; the last very indifferent, the former very good. True, they were fried in sweet oil; but that condiment I was now pretty well hardened to. It was fortunate there was no garlic, for that I never could get hardened to. There was also some red wine of an age and quality by no means to be disdained.

"The only drawback to the zest which hunger-sauce gave to these viands, was the inordinate and almost supernatural ugliness of that witch-like old woman. I could not keep my eyes off her. If there ever was a hag who looked as if she could do 'a deed without a name,' it was she. If I were a painter, I would travel a thousand miles to get that woman's likeness in the character of the Witch of Endor. Any tolerable artist might make a fortune out of her.

"Finally, however, the supper was despatched, and I got off to bed. I was very much fatigued and very sleepy, and therefore glad to get to rest; but to get out of sight of that 'uncanny' old woman, was, I verily believe, of greater importance to me, at that time, than anything else. The house appeared to have two rooms below stairs and two above. My chamber was situated over the room in which I had supped. The bed was a queer-looking, old-fashioned affair, with no tester, but having curtains running on iron rods all round it.

"But I was now an experienced traveller, and accustomed to sleep in all sorts of strange places. In a very few minutes my weary limbs were stretched at full length upon the bed, and almost immediately afterwards I was asleep. But the old woman pursued me into dreamland, and strange imaginary scenes of withcraft troubled my repose.

"I had broken my watch among the mountains, and had therefore no means of measuring time with any accuracy. The night was far advanced, however, when I was awakened by some noise below. I listened, and I could distinctly hear the tramping of a number of sabots, or wooden shoes, on the floor of the room below.

"The noise not only roused me from sleep, but roused my curiosity also. What could these people be doing in this lonely spot, tenanted apparently by nobody but an old woman? I tried to think it was no business of mine, and to go to sleep again. But the plan didn't work very well. I continued to hear the steps from time to time, and they made me feel nervous. In short, I could not sleep, and so I determined to get up and take a turn or two across the floor.

"It was a cool, clear, moonless night. The ventilation of the room was somewhat defective, for though there were two windows, and both of them were open, they were mere loop-holes, too small to be of much service. After walking about a while, I returned to my bed, and eventually fell asleep again.

"My nap this time was probably of short duration. I had another frightful dream. I thought there was a great fire burning near me, and that the old witch was tossing me into it with a pitch-

fork. I awoke trembling and covered with a cold perspiration, and sure enough, there was the light of a fire shining distinctly upon the wall.

"At first I thought the whole place was on fire, but in a little time I saw that the light must come from the outside of the house, and from some distance. I jumped out of bed, ran to the nearest window, and found that I could just manage to see the fire through the narrow aperture. It was out upon the moor, and looked like a bonfire; but for what purpose it could have been lighted, it was beyond my ability to tell, or even to conjecture.

"While gazing at it, I saw a phenomenon which made me almost doubt the testimony of my own senses, or one of them, at least. I saw, coming out of the surrounding darkness, and stalking across the space illuminated by the flames, what appeared to be a human figure, but a figure which could not be less than eight or ten feet high!

"I saw it but a moment, but so strange, so utterly extraordinary did the thing appear, that I was about coming to the conclusion that I must be the victim of some wonderful optical illusion, when two more objects, similar in height and appearance to the first, crossed the line of light and vanished as before.

"This time there could be no room for doubt. It is true that in the dim, uncertain light nothing could be seen very distinctly; but that there were these, before my eyes, human beings, or at least things that looked like human beings, not less than nine or ten, perhaps twelve, feet high, was a stubborn and incontrovertible fact. I could only see the outline of the figures, to be sure, but they looked, and moved, and acted like men, and men they must surely be.

"I soon saw more of them—four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—nine of them, at least, and all of nearly equal height. Upon examining the fire more closely, I also saw that there was a huge caldron suspended over it, and presently, too, I saw the old hag, the witch of my dreams and of my waking movements also, bending over the caldron. The light shone brightly on her face, and illuminated all her features.

"Were witches' sabbaths, and incantations, and caldrons, etc., then, absolute realities? I could not for a moment believe such a thing; but the sight before me, nevertheless, made my blood run cold, it was so much like the practice of the black art, according to the commonly received idea.

"In the meantime, the gigantic figures were stalking about the fire, though they never remained long enough in the light to enable me to examine them very closely. I could not doubt that the appearance was susceptible of a simple and rational explanation, but what that explanation could possibly be, was far beyond anything 'dreamed of in my philosophy.'

"While still earnestly gazing at the scene, my attention was suddenly drawn off in another direction. The footsteps below could still be heard from time to time, and now there took place, at the door, which was nearly under my window, a half-whispered colloquy, a part of which I heard, and was deeply interested in. The subject under agitation was 'kill him or not kill him?' and there could be no room for a doubt that the 'him' referred to was myself.

"Stick him, by all means," said one; 'and here's the very knife to do it with. Old Nannie says positively it must be done. She would not have kept him at all, she says, if she had not expected us to do it.'

"Will it pay? That's the only question."

"Pay? To be sure it will. You may trust old Nannie for that. I don't know a better judge."

"Some one spoke in reply, but he was inside of the door, and I could not distinguish the words. By-and-by I heard the first speaker say: 'Asleep? To be sure he is. Nannie says he has been walking all day. Never fear. If I can only get into the room without disturbing him, I'll soon do the job, and that without waking him at all.'

"I went back to my bed, carefully examined a brace of loaded pistols which I had with me, and then lay down—but not to sleep. That was hardly to be thought of under the circumstances. What horrible nest of murderers had I fallen into? What infernal outpost of pandemonium was it into which I had wandered? And, more important still, how was I to escape from it?

"The windows were too narrow to admit the passage of a human body, and besides the whole place below was full of people. What then was

to be done? These ideas were flitting across my sensorium, when my ear caught the sound of a stealthy step upon the stairs. It approached very slowly, and eventually I heard some one trying to open my door, which was fastened by a strong but clumsily constructed bolt.

"Finding that the fastening was secure, the murderous wretch withdrew. Would he return? I had no doubt that he would, and the event proved the correctness of my opinion. But a few minutes elapsed before the stealthy step was heard again, and soon afterwards some instrument was applied to the bolt, that yielded at once.

"The door was pushed open very cautiously, and the stealthy step entered the room. A light accompanied it. I could not see the person who bore it, on account of the curtains which surrounded the bed. The light apparently was placed upon a table, and the intruder advanced directly towards me.

"I cocked one of my pistols and held it in my right hand. The life of the would-be assassin, I felt sure, was in my power, and I felt no hesitation whatever about taking it. What might happen afterwards I did not like to think of. The curtains were but partially drawn at the foot of the bed, and the light shone brightly through.

"Very slowly and noiselessly the fellow drew near, and finally reached the head of the bed. The curtain close to my left shoulder began to move. I raised my pistol and pressed my forefinger upon the trigger. Slowly there advanced, between the curtain and the wall, a human hand, and in it a long, sharp, glittering knife, and a second glance enabled me to perceive that the hand was all covered with blood!

"The hand and knife were within a very few feet of my breast. I could not see the body to which the hand belonged, but I knew very well where it was. I raised my pistol higher, took deliberate aim, and—did not fire. There was no occasion for it. The bloody hand raised itself above my head, grasped a small bag which hung there, used the knife to cut the twine by which it was suspended, and then immediately withdrew. The stealthy footstep retreated, the door was cautiously shut, and I was alone again.

"Unspeakably thankful that I had not fired and killed an innocent man, I rose and dressed myself. Daylight was just beginning to appear. I went below, and soon solved all the mysteries which had so greatly disturbed and puzzled me. I had, it appeared, reached the edge of that marshy region called the 'Landes,' and the tall, strange-looking figures which I had seen about the fire were simply the shepherds of this remote southwestern district, who, as is well known, roam over it elevated on stilts. I had never seen any of them before; in fact, I had hardly heard of them.

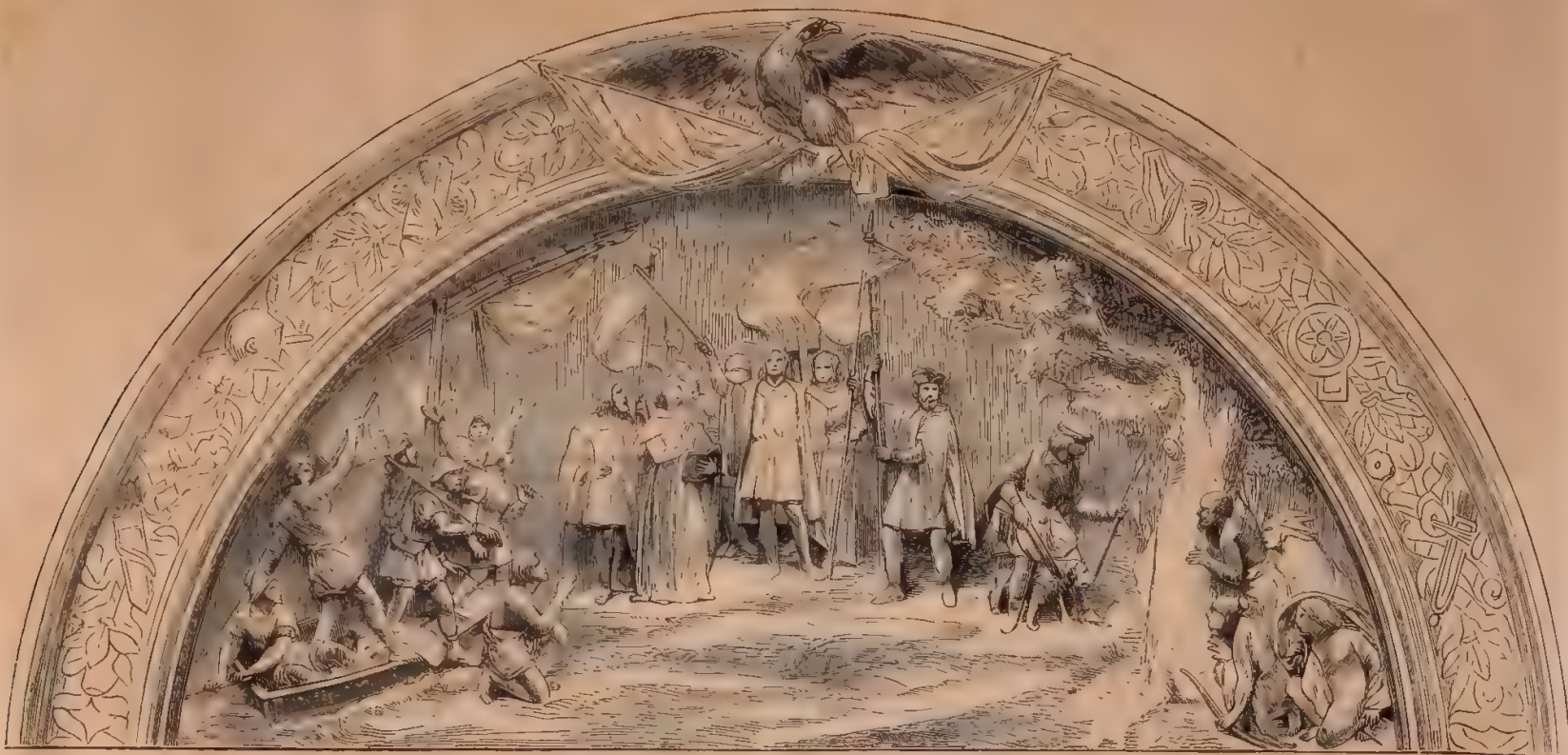
"The fire which the old woman was superintending had been kindled for the purpose of heating water wherewith to scald hogs. There was a small village, or rather hamlet, about half a league from this place, and the people, most of whom were stilted shepherds, were in the habit of collecting their swine in the fall of the year and driving them thither to be slaughtered. A neighboring stream of water made the situation a desirable one for the purpose, and the hog-killing became a sort of annual frolic among the neighbors, which was commenced in the morning before daybreak.

"The man with the bloody hand had gone to my room in order to get a small bag, containing whetstones and other articles, which were wanted immediately. The bag was tied fast to a nail, just over my head. The people were anxious not to wake the tired traveller, and they thought the best way to get the bag quietly would be to cut it down with a sharp knife. The man had already stuck one pig, and thus bloodied his hand.

"The debate about killing referred to a 'barrow,' the property of the old woman. There were some doubts as to his being fat enough to kill. The old woman, it seems, had retained him, with several others, to be slaughtered, while a number of other leaner ones had been sent to a son-in-law of hers, who was a miller; and some of the men contended that this 'barrow' ought to have been sent away with the others. But 'old Nannie' thought it would 'pay' to have him killed, and she had 'kept' him (not me) for that purpose.

"You will readily perceive how I got the debate about this hog mixed up with that about cutting down the bag in my room; and how, having heard and understood it imperfectly, I conceived the frightful idea which lies at the foundation of this ridiculous story."





ORNAMENTED PANNELLING AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

## JAPANESE SPORTING.

Thanks to our American expedition, we know a great deal more of Japan now than we did a few years ago. The last of the kingdoms of the earth which was hidden from Europeans has just had the veil lifted, and though we have not yet had time for a steady and prolonged look, we have seen enough to know that the country will well repay a further acquaintance. Man is the same in all countries, and therefore it is nothing surprising to find that the Japanese princes follow the sports of the field with as much zeal as any civilized Christian. Unfortunately for them, however, the opportunities are wanting for following them up to the same extent, for the islands are nearly destitute of four-footed game, and the sport there is confined to birds. The Japanese sportsman is debarred the use of a fowling piece, and is compelled to resort to the primitive bow and arrows. However, though these weapons might excite as much scorn in a well-equipped Yankee sportsman, as the same weapons in the hands of the Highlanders did in those of the redoubtable Captain Dugald Dalgetty, yet their execution is not to be despised, as we learn they have attained such proficiency with them as seldom to miss their aim. A representation of a party of sportsmen with their beaters in the jungle, which we give on this page, will convey to our readers a lively idea of the zeal with which the chase is pursued by them. They enter into the sport with hearty gusto. Fun and amusement are inherent in no particular people, and each nation of the world has its own characteristic modes of following them out, though sometimes in ways and methods not especially captivating to refined tastes.

## ENGRAVING OF PRECIOUS STONES.

In the working of precious stones, considerable difficulty is experienced in making a sunken surface quite flat. This arises from the circumstance that the entire face has to be produced with only a very small portion of the edge of the tool, and without any mechanical guidance being derived from the tool itself. For, although the edge of a tool, such as is used, may be turned very nearly flat, still, on examination, after being used, it is always found rather convex, owing to the circumstance that the edge has a constant tendency to wear the fastest at the margin, and the rounded edge of the tool has, of course, a continual tendency to cut the surfaces to which it is applied into a series of small hollows, instead of one continuous plane. In flattening a sunken surface, the difficulty is overcome by keeping the stone in continual but steady motion. The stone being quickly traversed with very short strokes beneath the tool, the entire surface is successively passed under the lowest point of the tool, which is only allowed to cut at the highest points of the surface, and these are determined apparently by intuition, so delicate is the sense of feeling acquired by the best artisans in this line. When the stone requires to be much inclined from the perpendicular, to allow small tools to penetrate into the minute details of deep works, the difficulties of the process are much increased. Some of the little disks are less than one hundredth of an inch in diameter, while, to afford sufficient stiffness to the tool, the diameter of the stem requires to be about one eighth of an inch at the back, and the front end is made conical for about one inch of its length from the disk. To enable these small tools to penetrate

even into a flat surface, the stone must be inclined to a greater angle than the cone of the stem, or the latter will rub on the flat surface; but in finishing a deep corner, so as to make it quite square and sharp at the bottom, the stone must be inclined to a much greater angle.—*Scientific American.*

## EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church Almanac, for 1860, contains the usual yearly summary of facts and information relating to the Episcopal Church, from which we gather as follows: The Episcopal Church in the United States contains 33 dioceses. The present number of bishops, provisional bishops and assistant bishops is 43; priests and deacons, 2030; parishes, 2110. There were ordained during the year 78 deacons and 93 priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, 281. Churches consecrated, 69. The baptisms were as follows: Infants, 24,415; adults, 5121; not stated, 487; total—30,023. Number of confirmations, 14,596; communicants added, 14,794; present number, 135,767; marriages, 7059; burials, 12,442; Sunday school teachers, 14,091; scholars, 118,069. The amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes was \$1,627,183 12.

## ORNAMENTED PANEL AT THE CAPITOL.

The engraving given above is a representation of the well known historical incident of "Columbus taking possession of Hispaniola in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain," designed for a panel of a bronze door of the Capitol at Washington.

## THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

A pretty story is told by the Lyons journals of an act of benevolence, done by the Queen of Holland, who has lately been sojourning in that town. In passing through the Musee, one might daily see a young soldier, who occupied in copying the old masters the hours of leisure which his service allowed him. He was terminating a remarkable copy of a Murillo, when a foreign lady approached and asked him where he acquired his taste for painting. He told her that he had received lessons from Horace Vernet, but being unfortunate enough to draw an unlucky number in the Conscription, and too poor to purchase a substitute, he bore his fate patiently, determining to devote as much of his time as possible to the cherished art. The fair stranger asked the young soldier how much he expected to get for the picture which he had just finished; upon his naming the price, the lady said, "C'est bien, I will give you double that sum."

The delighted artist-soldier inquired the name of his benefactress, who laughingly answered, "Send your picture to the Queen of Holland, who is determined to find a way which will allow you to give yourself up exclusively to the perfection of the art for which you have so decided and charming a talent." The illustrious lady has kept her promise, it is said, and the grateful artist is now no longer obliged to perform the military duties which were so irksome to him, whose whole delight was in the culture of the art, in pursuance of which he met the noble queen, who has shown herself as generous and sympathetic as she is beautiful and accomplished.



JAPANESE SPORTING.



## GUNNERY.

It was not until about the middle of the fourteenth century that gunnery may be said to have begun its real existence, at which period one Berthold Schwartz appears to have discovered the granulation of gunpowder, and the consequent increased force of the explosion necessitated greater thickness in the metal, which caused a great drain on the treasury. Indeed John King of France, was obliged to order his "généraux des monnoies" to diligently inquire into the quantity of brass to be found in France, "for the purpose of making such artillery, and to prevent its being taken out of the country."

Henceforward we find the "great gunnes" of the middle ages. Many were the trials made by the bronze-founders before they succeeded in obtaining a metal sufficiently tenacious to resist the improved "gönnepoudre," but, nothing daunted, every form and size was successively tried, and great was the successful artist's reward; for these huge engines were of extreme value, and worthy of a monarch's gift, although their usual fate was, either to be abandoned, owing to their impeding a march, or to burst after a few rounds. Thus, in 1415, A. D., Gerard Sprong petitioned Henry V. that a warrant might be issued, commanding the treasurer and barons of the ex-

of the cannon aforesaid, 107l. 10s. 8d., equal to about £1000 of our money. In spite of these difficulties, we find Henry V. taking with him to France three master-gunners, twenty-five gunners, and fifty assistant gunners, showing the steady progress gunnery has made since its introduction into warfare, and the wars of the House of Lancaster in France forced the French to acknowledge the advantages to be derived from it; consequently, under the able rule of Charles VII. and Louis XI., they organized a very fine artillery, and the power derived therefrom was amply shown in the success which attended the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. The mere rumors which spread throughout that peninsula respecting his artillery completely overawed its inhabitants; and, though grossly exaggerated, his means were certainly wonderful for that age, and the practical effect of his guns far surpassed anything that had been said of them. The Italians still used the heavy, cumbersome bombards of iron or bronze, which, drawn with difficulty, were loaded with still greater, and thus, in battering a town, gave the besieged plenty of time to erect fresh works in rear of those destroyed. But the French, never making use of any but bronze cannon, having replaced stone-shot with iron of much smaller calibre, but

at the ends and toe that, by the tap of a hammer, it is driven into the groove, and hence into the under cutting. The junction forms a complete dovetail, which prevents the moving of the inner shoe unless by the forcible aid of a chisel. The advantage of this inner shoe is that it is made to project beyond the ordinary shoe, and when worn down can easily be removed and replaced by another without pulling off the shoe from the horse's hoof. Besides, in frosty weather, the inner shoe needs only to be jagged, and you have the horse frosted, which is very easily done."—*Scientific American*.

## FEVER AND AGUE.

The following reporter's description of fever and ague is quite humorous: "If our local department has been better for the past two days than before, it is to be attributed to the absence of our 'regular' reporter, who succumbed for forty-eight hours to an attack of what in western parlance is termed the 'agur,' in the vernacular, chills and fever. People who have never enjoyed a bout with this vigorous affection, have missed a series of sensations to which all others are as pig iron to doubletons. The primary symptoms are a sense of 'goneness' in the stomach, the diaphragm feeling as though it

have an interval of rest. Then comes the fever and you pass through the opposite extreme of heat. You imbibe a gallon—more or less—of lemonade, and then, worn out with the shake, fall asleep. If you are in a cheap boarding-house, the landlady may perhaps send up the servant, with a request that you will 'please get up and do your shaking on a chair, as the bed isn't accustomed to rough usage.' Such things have been done, and may be again. It looks rather unfeeling, but is nothing to what is endured upon waking from that sleep. Then comes the misery of the ague. The excruciating headache, which still remains, is bad enough, but not worse than the impotency of one's underpinning, the limbs feeling as though every knoop had its bottom knocked out, and every fire plug one met in the street was a stuffed reception chair, with extended arms, imploring you to be seated. Henceforth we shall never wish our bitterest enemy a greater misery than the ague. Compared to it, all other maladies become mere whimsies."—*Philadelphia North American*.

The man who runs in debt "because he can," will soon run out of friends. Nothing like debt to kill friendship.



BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.—DESIGNED BY BILLINGS.

chequer to grant him a discharge for the metal of a brass cannon called "Messenger," weighing 4480 pounds, which burst at the siege of Aberystwith; of a cannon called "Kyng's Daughter," burst at the siege of Harlech; and of a cannon which burst in proving.

We find also that the Italians, who prided themselves on their knowledge of bronze-casting, were not much more successful. "I inform your lordships," writes Duke Federigo of Urbino to the citizens of Sienna, "that we cannot move from hence, because the Marzochesca bombard has not yet been removed, and I have not had it broken up, because the Messrs. Borghese tell me your lordships wish for it; and the body of the last bombard which burst is still here, for its carriage broke down on the march, as also its chamber, and was left by the way."

Governments had been obliged to resort to brass for their ordnance on the discovery of granulated powder, on account of the inferiority of cast-iron; and experiments were made with a view of reducing this expense, by substituting forged iron tubes, strengthened with iron hoops and bands; but even this was not economical, as we find by an account of 3 Henry V., when was paid to John Stevens, of Bristol, for the making a great cannon, as well as for iron, coal, and timber purchased by him, as well as for divers other expenses incurred by him on account

of equal weight, drawing their pieces with horses instead of oxen, and possessing experienced gunners, could keep up with the rest of the army, and, throwing up their batteries with rapidity, could cause in a few hours the same effect as the Italians could in as many days. "Whence all Italy was filled with dread of Charles's army." So say the old chronicles.—*Our Engines of War*.

## UNDERSHOES FOR HORSES.

Many attempts have been made to shoe horses without the continual driving of nails into the hoof, by which great injury is sometimes inflicted upon valuable horses by nails pricking the quick. In order to diminish this evil, a late London paper states that George Thomas, of that city, has invented a double bottomed shoe, which is constructed and applied as follows: "He takes an ordinary horseshoe, and forms a groove in the part which comes in contact with the ground. This groove is about three-eighths of an inch deep, and half an inch or more wide, according to the size of the horse and shoe, and within three quarters of an inch or thereabout from one extremity of the shoe to the same distance from the other. The groove at the ends and toe of the shoe is cut under. A piece of iron of the same width and shape with the groove, only thicker and slightly curved upwards, is so fitted

were an imperfectly inflated balloon floating amid space without ballast, altogether in violation of the physiological unities. At the same time your head feels as though it were a bass drum, with four boys thumping at each end. This for about two hours, when the chill comes on. The chill is an institution that would, we think, have more solely tested the patience of Job than all the 'boils' in the universe. It commences at the bottom of the spine, and slowly ascends until it reaches the brain. Its progress being about an inch to every five minutes, the taller the man the livelier the time he has of it. When we say lively we mean that the teeth for the time being usurp the functions of the tongue, and chatter as incessantly as a bevy of advanced spinners at a country tea party. The only sound that can equal it is Pete Morris's race-horse solo on the bones. The peculiar sensation of the chill can be faintly imitated by suspending a cake of ice down your back by a set of pulleys, passing over the ears. Draw up the cord so that the ice ascends the spinal column at the rate of an inch per hour, and you have a tolerably good idea of the 'chill.' Of course it is understood that the experiment is performed when the mercury stands at zero, and you stand up to your knees in a snowbank. After lying in this condition, under the weight of six heavy quilts—which impart no warmth whatever—you

## POPULAR INTELLIGENCE.

It is a common error to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingencies of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical but powerful intellect may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence which one Briston has transmitted to us. The system of common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefits; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, that individual character by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld.—*Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons*.

The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than with aught else.



A NEW ENTERPRISE:  
THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

CHOICE AND DELIGHTFUL READING,

This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

Owning one of the oldest and largest newspaper establishments in the United States, the subscriber possesses unlimited facilities which ensure the completeness and excellence of this new weekly journal.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

ONE SUBSCRIBER,	\$2.00
TWO SUBSCRIBERS,	3.00
SIX SUBSCRIBERS,	8.00
TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS, (and one to the get-together of the club),	15.00

SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS

[The WELCOME GUEST and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION will be sent together for \$3 a year.

M. M. BALLOU,

Publisher and Proprietor.

22 Winter Street, Boston

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.  
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	\$2.50
One copy, two years	4.00
Five copies, one year	9.00
Twelve copies, one year (and one to the get-together of the club)	20.00
[One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, \$3.50 per annum.]	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. Croydon, N. H.—It will probably be published by Ticknor & Fields—whether illustrated or not, we know not—Schiller is pronounced nearly as if written Schiller. There are no English translations of the complete poetical works of Goethe and Schiller, though there are many different versions of separate poems, such as "Faust," "Song of the Bell," etc.  
Buldar, East Boston—The Menai Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson, is 1600 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 100 feet above the water.  
J. C. St. Paul, Min.—The first pair of silk stockings were worn in France by Henry II., two years afterwards Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair, and within thirty years 50,000 persons had adopted the luxury.  
E. C. Ladies' side-saddles were in use in 1338.  
Horsemen, Concord, N. H.—Barry's system of training the horse is fully explained in the "Art of Taming Horses," published by Routledge, London. You can procure it of Redding & Co., State Street, or A. Williams & Co., Washington Street, Boston.  
QUEST—Gas was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton in 1730, and was first employed for purposes of illumination by Mr. Murdoch, in Cornwall, England, in 1792.  
M. H. Manchester.—The East India Company was established in the year 1600. Queen Elizabeth felt much reluctance to grant the charter, fearing the jealousy of Spain. A sum of sixty-eight thousand pounds was raised by subscription, and the first charter was obtained, but only for a term of fifteen years, the company being styled Adventurers.  
A. C., Concord, Mass.—New England, in 1840, raised over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, but in 1850 she yielded but 1,000,000—a decline of fifty per cent. in ten years.  
OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The conformation of the natives of India appears to have undergone but little change since the time when Alexander visited that country, and described the appearance of the ancient Hindus. Many of their customs, as well as their personal appearance, remain the same as they were two thousand years ago. Their vegetable diet, their dress, and their division into different castes, as well as their Brahmin priesthood, with many other particulars, continue unchanged from the above date to the present time.  
PUPIL.—The rate at which a cannon ball travels is a quarter of a mile in a second of time, while that of those meteors, commonly called falling stars, is at the rate of twenty miles in the same short space of time.  
L. C.—One silk worm consumes within thirty days sixty thousand times its own weight of mulberry leaves.  
TO ONE AND ALL.—Next week our correspondents will find the answers to their queries in the columns of our new weekly paper, *The Welcome Guest*.

VALEDICTORY.

Nearly nine years have elapsed since the undersigned commenced the editorship of this illustrated journal. Though at the outset it was under the proprietorship of another publisher, whose business interest we afterwards purchased, yet the undersigned prepared the first, last and every intervening number of the paper for the press. At the outset it was issued in a different form from its present style; but on the fifth of July, 1851, we commenced the present series, dating it as No. 1, Vol. I, the series complete now forming seventeen volumes. We were the pioneer of illustrated papers in this country, and the success of the work has been all and more than could have been anticipated, until so many competitors have entered the field, and competition has so lowered the price of illustrated journals, that it is no longer possible to give such engravings as should ornament a pictorial sheet and leave the least margin for profit.

We find, on recapitulation, that we have expended upon the *Pictorial* in its regular course of weekly publication, from the commencement to the present time, as follows:

For printing paper	\$423,000
drawings and engravings	161,000
press work	54,000
composition	29,000
manuscript authors	28,000
mailing clerks, folders, etc.	25,000
type and printing material	19,000
presses and usual machinery	18,000
advertising expenses	13,000
Total	\$767,000

Seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, or over three quarters of a million. We are happy to say, that during the entire period of publishing the work we have never repudiated a bill, have never had a note extended, and that the paper does not at this hour owe one dollar to any human being! This honest exposé of facts will enable the public to form some idea of the cost of conducting such an enterprise, to say nothing of the wear and tear of body and mind; nor will our readers be surprised that the undersigned has come to the conclusion no longer to issue the work, since its profits are too small to compensate for the heavy capital necessarily employed, and the great tax upon faculties, both mental and physical.

\* We have put down nothing for incidental expenses, which would swell this amount to many more thousands, but have specified only the main and regular items of expense, from our cash book.

Possessing one of the largest printing and publishing establishments in New England, we prefer to devote our energies, time and capital to other portions of the business which is abundantly profitable and successful. We have for some weeks past announced that on the first of January we shall commence the publication of a new and brilliant family journal to be entitled *The Welcome Guest*, and the list of our subscribers on the "*Pictorial*" will be transferred to the new journal. The same able corps of contributors (with some notable additions) now and heretofore engaged upon the "*Pictorial*," including Mr. FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, our able associate editor, will all be engaged upon *The Welcome Guest*, and we hope that the long and pleasant connection we have enjoyed with our large list of "*Pictorial*" subscribers, may be continued by their renewing their subscriptions immediately for our new paper. The few subscribers whose prepayment upon the "*Pictorial*" extends into the new year, will be supplied to the full amount of their subscription with *The Welcome Guest*.

In closing, we wish to thank, most heartily, our brethren of the press, far and near, for the universal kindness evinced towards us and our enterprise from the very commencement. We cannot at this moment recall the first unkind paragraph we have seen in print reflecting upon us, and we certainly have never admitted an unpleasant personality into our own columns. We humbly conceive that our labor has done somewhat towards diffusing a love for art in this country, and in the dissemination of general intelligence and valuable information. We also recall with satisfaction the fact that we have never printed a vulgarism, or outraged sensibility by introducing low caricatures, or an indelicate allusion, in the seventeen volumes of the work which ends with the present number. And now to contemporaries and patrons, we extend a cordial hand, and a godspeed to all.

MATURIN M. BALLOU.

FUEL SAVING SOCIETY.

In Philadelphia, they have an institution called the "Fuel Saving Society," formed for the sole purpose of receiving from poor folks their dimes and half-dimes, when they have them to spare, to be laid out in purchasing fuel at wholesale rates, which they receive during the winter. The good this thing has done for nearly thirty years is marvellous. A cent a day buys a ton of coal; 8 cents for nineteen weeks entitles the depositor to half a ton, and 12 cents to a whole ton. Those able to buy their own fuel are not allowed as depositors, nor will any deposit larger than 50 cents be received at one time, nor more than \$2 in any one month, nor more than the price of three tons in one season. It is for the poor exclusively, and 222 of them used it last year, depositing \$1118, and drawing 323 tons of prime coal. The families of the depositors numbered 122 men, 246 women, and 469 children. Of these, 58 were washerwomen, 43 sewing women, with females in various other positions.

Just so.—You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from your readers, but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.

BARRY—the Boston artist, is doing some delicious bits of drawing and designing. His composition, "The Motherless," was a grand success, and he has just now produced an equally brilliant one entitled "The Rector's Ward."

ART ITEM—Page's Venus drew, altogether, an immense number of visitors in Boston. It is certainly a brilliant and even dazzling work of art, though of a school calculated to challenge much criticism.

A COSTLY DRESS-SWORD.—The Marquis of Westminster recently appeared at court, wearing a sword, on the pommel of which are several blocks of houses in the shape of a diamond worth \$150,000.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—This unrivalled specific for coughs, colds, asthma, and all bronchial affections, is having an immense sale all over the country.

A RELIC.—The Spanish Minister at Washington has just received from a friend in Europe the sword of the great emperor Charles V.

ART IN FRANCE.

A recent letter from Paris says that an important step with regard to the future encouragement of art and provision for artists has just been suggested to the government, and is likely to be eagerly adopted. The French government has always been extremely desirous of helping art and creating prosperity and exclusiveness among its followers. A fund of most magnificent amount is to be placed at the disposition of the Minister des Beaux Arts, for the copying of all the chefs-d'œuvre of every master and every time now existing in Europe. One object of this measure is to remedy the injury done to art by the decay of the great master-pieces of which time is fast obliterating all trace, save that left by tradition of their beauty. These copies are to be employed, and a building of gigantic pretensions is to be erected for their reception. The idea is one possessing every element of grandeur and common sense at the same time, and the nation will be sure to applaud a measure which flatters so strongly that propensity to *attirer a soi* which Napoleon declared at St. Helena to be the most striking feature of the French character. If we are ever to make Boston a centre of art, the first step would be to commission American artists to execute accurate copies of the chefs-d'œuvre of foreign art. Originals of the masters we can never hope to procure—but satisfactory copies are attainable.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its fifteenth volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. *The Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Esq., entitled

THE POLICE SPY:

—OR,—

The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

ALL-IMPORTANT.

It is all-important that our friends should send in their subscriptions at once for *The Welcome Guest*, in order that they may be in time to receive the first number as soon as published, and each succeeding one as it is regularly issued. We mean that it shall be the best and most attractive miscellaneous weekly paper in the United States. Our friends will be delighted with its appearance, clear and fine paper, new type, cast expressly for it, a rich, striking head, designed especially for us, and full to the brim of choice, original tales, sketches and poems,—thus forming a real casket of jewels. Each number complete in itself, and containing no advertisements. For terms, see another column.

A HINT.—We have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for blessing us with good eyesight; but, alas! some of our contributors put it fearfully to the test. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, write distinctly.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE!—Let our readers understand that next week Ballou's *Pictorial* will be issued in an entirely new form, and in the most elegant style. It will hereafter be called *The Welcome Guest*.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—There is now building in Philadelphia a fine steam fire engine for this city, embracing many supposed improvements over those now in use.

SAD FACT.—The average number of deaths in this city, of consumption, at this season of the year, is twenty weekly. An insidious disease.



## A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

A country doctor need have patience, as well as patients. The Knickerbocker illustrates the trials to which he is subjected: The poor doctor is called from his bed, on a stormy night, with a stirring summons: "Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They gin him laudanum for paregorik."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do'no—a great deal. Think he wont get over it."

The doctor pushes on through the storm—meets with diverse mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds it all closed—not a light to be seen. He knocks at the door, but no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night-cap appears at the chamber-window, and a woman's voice squeaks out, "Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"O, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered, kinder. Gin him laudanum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's waked up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. 'Tain't hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls:

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You wont charge nothin' for the visit, will ye?"

A SUGGESTION.—We would suggest to our friends who have preserved their files of this paper, to hand them in at once, at our office, and have them securely bound. They are already very scarce, and few persons have complete files. We can supply nearly all back numbers that may be wanting to complete sets, if applied for at once. We bind the work in a strong, neat, uniform style, full gilt, at a charge of one dollar a volume, and return them in one week. Years hence they will be rare and valuable, as furnishing cotemporary history and biography which cannot be found elsewhere.

HORSE RAILROADS.—We certainly feel that horse railroads are doing much in the way of accommodating both our citizens and those who reside in the suburbs, but when petitioners for new routes propose to lay tracks in a thoroughfare as narrow as Winter Street, it is going a little too far. A good thing may be made a general nuisance by carrying it to extremes. We trust that our city government will never sanction the laying of railroad tracks in Winter Street, or any other street as narrow.

BRUTALITY.—The Chicago Press narrates an instance of a father so lost to all parental feeling as to desire that his daughter, aged 13, should be sent to Bridewell, the only reason urged being that she and her mother (step-mother) could not live happily under the same roof. The man richly merited Bridewell himself for his hard-heartedness. Justice Milliken sent the girl to the Home of the Friendless.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.—What a piquant and vivacious little witch Miss Mitchell is! She outrages all dramatic rules upon the stage, but disarms criticism at the same time. She isn't bigger than a good sized bouquet.

AN OLD BELL.—In the steeple of the Middle Dutch Church, in Lafayette Place, New York, there is now hanging a bell that is 128 years old. Think how many times it has rung when it has been told to!

A PROPOSED GOETHE FESTIVAL.—A German paper suggests that a Goethe-Fest, upon the same plan as the Schiller-Fest, shall be held in August next, and a Lessing-Fest some time subsequent.

GUNS FOR GUNPOWDER TEA.—A number of heavy iron guns of large calibre have been recently shipped from this port to China, where they have paid a handsome profit.

RELICS OF WAR.—A vessel recently arrived in England, from Sebastopol, with a cargo of 237 tons human bones. How suggestive!

## INGENUITY OF ARTISTS.

Pliny asserts that an ingenious artist wrote the whole of the Iliad on so small a piece of parchment, that it might be enclosed within the compass of a nut-shell. Cicero also records the same thing. This doubtless might be done on a strip of thin parchment, and rolling it compactly. Heylin, in his life of Charles I., says that in Queen Elizabeth's time, a person wrote the ten commandments, the creed, the pater noster, the queen's name, and the date, within the compass of a penny, which he presented to her majesty, together with a pair of spectacles of such an artificial make, that by their help she plainly discerned every letter. One Francis Almonus wrote the creed and the first fourteen verses of the gospel of St. John on a piece of parchment no larger than a penny. In the library of St. John's College, Oxford, is a picture of Charles I. done with a pen, the lines of which contain all the psalms written in a legible hand.

Pennant, in his "Wales," says, "At Halston, in Shropshire, is a carving much resembling that mentioned by Walpole, in his Anecdotes of Painters, vol. II., p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full faced, cut on a peach-stone; above is a crown; his face and clothes, which are of a Vandyck dress, are painted; on the reverse is an eagle transixed with an arrow, and round it is this motto, 'I feathered this arrow.' The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It probably was the work of Nicholas Bryot, a great graver of the mint in the time of Charles I." In the Royal Museum at Copenhagen is a common cherry-stone, on the surface of which are cut two hundred and twenty heads!

## THE DUKE DE CHARTRES.

The day after the battle of Palestro, a young officer belonging to the Sardinian cavalry, whose duty it was to transport the Austrian prisoners to a place of safe keeping, presented himself to Colonel Chabron, of the 3d regiment of Zouaves, to receive his orders. The colonel, surprised at the purity of the young officer's French, asked him where he was born. "I am a Frenchman," replied the sub-lieutenant. "What is your name?" demanded the colonel. "De Chartres, mon colonel." Seeing surprise depicted on the colonel's countenance at the mention of the name, he added, "I am the son of the Duke of Orleans." Having received his orders, he withdrew. The colonel, who relates this anecdote, says that he was much touched by the simplicity and gentle bearing of this young prince, who had already suffered such cruel reverses.

"MERRY ENGLAND."—A sickening case of flogging recently occurred at Chatham, England. A private of the 88th Connaught Rangers, named Norton, who was decorated with the Sebastopol medal, returned home wounded from India a short time ago, and was waiting the order for his discharge. He appears to have always borne a somewhat indifferent character, and on the evening of the 7th ult. he struck a sergeant. For this offence he was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to be imprisoned for one hundred and sixty-eight days, and though it rained heavily at the time, the wounded wretch was undressed and fastened up to the triangles, when the full number of lashes were administered. As soon as he is able to leave the hospital, he will undergo the remainder of his sentence at Fort Clarence Prison.

CAN GOUT BE CURED?—It is said that the severest gout has been cured by the persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

THE BEARD.—A correspondent of the Dayton (Ohio) Religious Telescope says the wearing of beard "savors of barbarism." To our mind, smooth chins savor of barberism.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—The income of the Papal government is 12,700,000 dollars a year—not quite enough to pay expenses.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—The man who wedded an opinion found himself married to a one-eyed dear (one iden).

MATRIMONIAL.—Tom Thumb is about to be married to a lady of his own size.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—After FOURTEEN years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—\$2 a year.

## Wayside Gatherings.

There are two theatres at Denver City, but no single nails.

In Virginia every man is taxed for the salary he receives.

The shipment of gold from California this year will probably be \$40,000,000.

The young woman to whom General Tom Thumb has pledged his heart and hand is just forty-two inches in height.

The only artesian well in New Hampshire has just been completed at the paper mills of B. F. Martin in Manchester. It is six inches in diameter, 200 feet deep, and cost \$1600.

Cattle buyers from Milwaukee have been traversing Iowa and collecting all the herds of cattle they can purchase to drive to that city, where they are slaughtered and shipped to Liverpool. The capital is furnished by Canadian operators.

Judge Watts, who has just arrived at Washington, direct from New Mexico, says he saw Kit Carson in good health immediately preceding his departure, and hence emphatically contradicts the report of the latter's death.

The Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City estimates that over one million dollars will be saved to the State of Iowa this year, in consequence of the introduction of the Chinese cane. The price of the syrup ranges from fifty to sixty cents per gallon.

The village of Pontiac, Ill., was extensively damaged by a tornado on the 25th ult. Several buildings were completely demolished, many were unroofed, numerous chimneys blown down and windows broken. Other places in the vicinity also suffered damage.

Captain Chatfield, of the ship Mayflower, of Boston, has been notified by the British Consul that Her Majesty's government have awarded to him a silver mounted telescope, in consideration of his humane treatment of the crew of the English barque "Brion's Pride."

The University of Virginia has 590 students, with a prospect of several more. Of these, about four hundred are in the academical department, and the remainder divided about equally between law and medicine. Quite a number of the students are from the Northern States.

Princeton, Mass., is a healthy place. A clergyman of that place recently stated that he had not been called to attend a single funeral among the people belonging to his congregation, including some five hundred persons, for a whole year. No epidemic has prevailed there for over fifty years.

On the lost steamer New World, it will be remembered one of the stewards sold his life-preservers to the affrighted passengers. He was transferred to another steamer, on board of which, a few days since, after being tantalized for his meanness, he was seen "to gnash his teeth" and suddenly jump overboard. He was drowned.

A rumor having appeared in the papers to the effect that Mr. Burton had lost his voice, that eminent comique contradicted it characteristically thus:—"Some one has disfranchised me—taken away my voice! I am a dumb dog! Restore me my speech. I object to the mutes, but not to the liquids. Say, 'twas but a little hoarseness—that I recovered, and can 'roar you as gently as a sucking dove!'"

The staff which was used by Bishop Charbonnel, at the consecration of the Coadjutor Bishop of Toronto, was composed of an old staff of the late Bishop Macdonnell, and the crook was that used by the Abbot of St. Illian, to bless the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn. It is of solid silver, with some relic enclosed behind a white stone, and the workmanship conclusively proves its antiquity.

The Cape Ann Advertiser contains a recapitulation of the loss of Gloucester seamen and fishermen for 1859. It appears that five vessels belonging to that port have been lost during the present year, with all on board. Many officers and sailors belonging to the place have been lost in vessels sailing from other ports; total number of Gloucester seamen and fishermen who have been lost the present year amounts to seventy.

The condition of the New York streets may be imagined when it is stated that, in an imperfect attempt recently made one week to clean them, and without any visible improvement being made manifest, 1697 loads of manure, 3471 loads of dirt and rubbish, and 8792 loads of ashes, or a total of 13,970 loads of dirt, manure and ashes were removed. This was all done at an expense of \$4396.

The great annual ceremonies of the Mohammedan faith at Mecca terminated on the 11th of October, in the presence of about 50,000 pilgrims, of whom 17,850 had come by sea, and 32,150 by land. In 1858, there were 160,000 pilgrims; in 1857, 140,000; and in 1856, 120,000. This great decrease in the number in 1859 is owing, the natives declare, to the events of last year at Jeddah, and also to the dread of the cholera, which made extensive ravages in 1858.

## Sands of Gold.

.... Politeness may be regarded as the zero of friendship's thermometer.—*De Boufflers.*

.... They are the true disciples of Christ, not who know most, but who love most.—*Spanheim.*

.... Constancy is a saint without a worshipper.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Natural wants are few and easily gratified; only those which are artificial perplex us by their multiplicity.—*Bovee.*

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—*Bishop Hall.*

.... College mostly makes people like bladders—just good for nothing but to hold the stuff that is poured into them.—*Adam Bede.*

.... The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise, is usually contained in the answer to the question—How earnest is he?—*Bovee.*

.... I don't think a knowledge of the classics is a pressing want to a country gentleman: as far as I can see, he'd much better have a knowledge of manures.—*Adam Bede.*

.... Nature has made some evil common, and certain blessings rare, that our merit in avoiding the one and acquiring the other, might be the more signal.—*Bovee.*

.... Our wealth does not so much consist in our acquisitions as in our performances, and he is sometimes the richest man who has left himself nothing.—*W. G. Sumner.*

.... The best evidence in the world that Christianity is advancing is found in the fact that the walls between the sects are growing weaker, or falling in ruins.—*Holland.*

.... He who resolves frequently, is apt to spend all his energies in his resolutions. It is better to advance upon the journey which you have purposed, even though the baggage be left behind.—*W. G. Sumner.*

.... Good taste is often purer in the cultivated man who confines himself to reading, than in the professional writer, because one is only a judge, and the other is both judge and client.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Women govern us, let us render them perfect; the more they are unenlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

.... The facts of history and of science constitute only the materials of knowledge. Fact without philosophy is like matter unformed with mind; or like the letters in a printer's case, compared with the same when put into type; or as the words and syllables of a dead language without an interpreter.—*Chadwick.*

## Joker's Budget.

"I love thee still," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

The Barri cade is only a brother on the French side, of Jack Cade.

Physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shell which surrounds them.

There is a man in Boston who walks so slow that he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post.

The Mormons are a set of brutes little superior to the baboon, and they may be ranked under the denomination of Orang-Utangs.

A German resident in New York has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens endorsing a note.

The men who are willing "to die for an idea," would be much better employed in living for a reality.

Things bought as "Great Bargains," are mostly parted with afterwards at "A Tremendous Sacrifice."

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, Spades will always win."

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

An exchange paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. John Sweet to Miss Ann Sour. It is probable they mean to set up the lemonade business.

The Albany Knickerbocker says it was so cold on Monday, that it broke up a marriage that was coming off, the bridegroom's passions being frozen up.

The Springfield Republican, says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen on her nest, "don't rise, ma'am."

An editor down South, out of compassion for the sensibilities of his readers, says he "forbears to give his opinions as to what will be the fate of the country the next four years."

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "Did you ever try him?"



## BAD LUCK. BAD LUCK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"MORE bad luck!" said Mr. Pierson to his wife, as he threw himself on the sofa in a desperate manner. "I believe heaven itself is against me! Nothing I touch prospers."

Mr. Pierson had just come home from his store. He was a merchant, and by most persons thought to be a successful one. He had been in business once before, and after accumulating a comfortable little fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars, had lost it all through a bad speculation.

The wife saw, by the manner of her husband, that something serious had occurred, or was in danger of occurring. He looked very much troubled, and his tone was more troubled than his countenance. She waited for some moments in expectation that he would say more; but as he remained silent, she inquired as to the cause of his anxiety.

"Philpot & Markham have failed!" he replied, in an abrupt manner.

"They have!" said the wife, turning pale.

"Yes; and besides owing me twenty thousand dollars, they will, in all probability, cause the suspension of four or five houses largely in my debt. If so, I am ruined again. It's nothing but bad luck—bad luck! I am utterly disheartened!"

"Hope for the best, dear husband!" said Mrs. Pierson, speaking in a voice of encouragement. "It may not turn out so badly as you fear."

"Hope for the best and get the worst! Humph! that has been, thus far, my experience in life."

"Do not say that, Henry. Few have enjoyed more of life's blessings than we. Even what we used to call our dark days were oftener bright with the heart's sunshine, than gloomy with clouds or wet with the falling rain. Was it not so? Think!"

"I can't think of anything but the present, and that is dark enough."

"All is for the best, Henry. Do not forget that."

"I don't believe a word of it, and never did. O, dear!" And Mr. Pierson started up and commenced pacing the floor hurriedly.

His wife knew his character well enough to be sure that any further attempt on her part to give him the strength he needed, would only produce irritation of mind, and so she forbore saying anything further than to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the failure likely to involve them in ruin.

Tea was soon after announced, and Mr. Pierson, after sitting at the table without eating anything, until the family had partaken of the meal, arose and left the house, in order to see a merchant with whom he had confidential business transactions.

Shortly after Mr. Pierson went out, and while Mrs. Pierson and her oldest daughter, Jessie, then just eighteen years of age, were sitting alone together, a servant came to the room and said that there was a gentleman in the parlor.

"Who is he?" inquired Mrs. Pierson.

"Mr. Garland," replied the servant.

"O, yes," said Jessie, "he has called for me. We are going to the opera."

"With Mr. Garland!" returned the mother, evincing surprise.

"Why not with him, mother?"

"Your father and I have both said that we rather not have you keep company with this man."

"You indulge a causeless prejudice against him, mother."

"No. Our objection is founded in what we know of him, as well as in observation and experience."

Jessie had arisen, and was moving slowly towards the door while her mother spoke.

"My daughter!" said Mrs. Pierson, her manner changing, "you surely will not go to the opera with this person?"

"I have promised him that I would do so, and I cannot break my word."

"Your father will be greatly displeased."

"I shall be sorry. But, mother, my word is passed, and I must not break it."

And as Jessie said this, she withdrew from the room, and closed the door as she went out. Mrs. Pierson, who had arisen from her chair, sat down with a sighing moan, and crossing her face with her hands, bent her body and rocked herself to and fro restlessly. Up to within a few months,

a more loving or dutiful child than Jessie was not to be found. Since then she made the acquaintance of a man named Garland, and became completely fascinated with him. He was some years older than she was, and had seen a good deal of the world. In exterior, he was a polished gentleman; and being well educated, was just the kind of a person to dazzle a young girl who was able only to judge from mere appearances.

On leaving her mother, Jessie went to her own room, and, in a little while, descended to the parlor, where Mr. Garland awaited her. She was not dressed to go out. Better counsels had prevailed in her mind. She hesitated to act in such direct opposition to the views and feelings of her mother.

"Ah, how do you do?" said Mr. Garland, in his frank, free way, taking Jessie's hand familiarly as she entered. "Are you not going to the opera?"

"Not if you will excuse me for breaking my word with you."

"That will depend entirely upon the reason you have to offer," said the gentleman. "But no doubt it is a good one. You could have no other."

"I think it good. My mother seems unwilling to have me go."

"The best reason in the world," returned Mr. Garland.

"I am glad you think so. I would act contrary to her wishes with great reluctance."

"What reason does she give?" asked Mr. Garland, smiling, while he looked into Jessie's face, yet evidently deeply interested in her answer.

Jessie blushed slightly, and there was a momentary hesitation in her manner, as she said:

"Mothers are a little over-careful of their daughters sometimes, you know. My mother is particularly so. She has an objection to my attending public places of amusement, unless in company with my father."

"Ah!" Mr. Garland looked serious for a moment. "Has she made this objection before?"

"Not in any particular instances. But she has this general objection."

"It is a prejudice, certainly," said Mr. Garland. "Still, it is one that, as a daughter, you should respect. As for me, it is no disappointment. An hour spent with you here, in the quiet of your own parlor, will fully compensate for all I had anticipated at the opera."

"I am happy to hear you say that. I feared it would be a great disappointment."

"O, no; none in the least. In fact, I am pleased at the turn things have taken. I wanted to have a little quiet conversation with you, and now the opportunity has come."

Mr. Garland looked earnestly into the face of the maiden as he spoke; and the maiden's eyes shone with a deeper and more liquid brightness, while a gentle warmth pervaded her lovely countenance. There were a few moments of silence, which Garland broke by saying, in a low voice, while he bent nearer:

"Jessie, you must pardon my freedom in saying, with all frankness—I never speak in any other way—that the most pleasant hours of my life are passed in your society. This is not meant as simply a compliment. I do not waste words in mere compliments, but in saying just what I think and feel."

Jessie's heart bounded with a wild impulse, and the blood went quicker through her veins, while a thrill of delight pervaded her whole being. She bent her head to listen, and, at the same time, to conceal the too gratified expression of her beautiful young face. Garland saw the effect of his words, and went on:

"Nay, more than that; the hours that are spent away from you are duller and more irksome to me than they have ever been. It is so, and I cannot help it."

There was another pause. The eyes of Jessie were cast upon the floor, and her face was so turned away that Garland could not see its expression. But it did not escape his observation that her respiration was fuller—almost panting—and that her hand had a visible tremor. He understood fully the meaning of these signs; and they emboldened him to touch with a gentle pressure, the hand that lay most temptingly near his own; and the hand did not shrink. His fingers clasped upon it, and yet it remained passive. There was no longer any doubt in the mind of Garland. The maiden was his.

Tenderer words were then spoken. To those followed an open confession of love, which Jessie

met by a blushing reference to her parents. When Garland parted, on that evening, with the happy and bewildered girl, a kiss of love was left burning upon her lips.

On the next day, more certain intelligence in regard to the failure was received by Mr. Pierson. It was even more ruinous than at first believed. While brooding, gloomily, over the probable result to himself, a letter was handed to him. On breaking the seal, he found it to be a note from Garland, which briefly stated the writer's attachment for Jessie, and preferred a request for her hand. The receipt of this offer had the effect to disturb Mr. Pierson still more deeply. Jessie was his best beloved child; and the interest felt in her welfare had ever been most intense. Garland he had never liked. Though well connected, and moving freely in the best circles, he had always doubted the correctness of his principles, and considered him a cold-hearted man of the world. He was engaged in no business, and in Mr. Pierson's mind were many unsatisfied questions in regard to his mode of obtaining an income. To have such a man win the affections of his child, was, indeed, an affliction, which, coming at such an unpropitious time, nearly completed the prostration of his feelings. Mr. Pierson immediately replied that he could not accept the offer for Jessie's hand, and begged Garland to dismiss the subject at once and forever from his mind.

But Garland sought Jessie, and by flattery and promises of fidelity, at stolen interviews, neutralized parental influence over her. Meantime her father struggled on for a few months, when a second failure compelled him to decide on calling a meeting of his creditors.

On the very day this course was resolved upon, Mr. Pierson received, from some unknown hand, a letter, warning him that, at a certain time, not a week off, a secret marriage was arranged to take place between his daughter and Garland. His first thought was to show Jessie the letter, and demand of her whether the statement were true. But, upon reflection and consultation with her mother, it was thought best to observe her movements in silence, and to be ready to prevent the step, if she were really so blind as to think of taking it.

Painful—deeply painful, was the trial through which Mr. Pierson found himself obliged to pass; not the less so from the circumstance that a vivid recollection remained of a former trial, alike in character, the enduring of which had well nigh crushed him hopelessly to the earth. But there was no alternative. To go on longer in business was impossible. A meeting of creditors was called, and a full statement of his affairs submitted. The cause of his embarrassment was plain. There was not one of his creditors who had not suffered by the failure that had paralyzed him. Some were for closing up the debtor's business forthwith, while others, seeing that he had a fair surplus if everything were settled, wished to extend his time liberally, and thus give him a chance to recover himself.

Meantime, and while all was yet undetermined, the news of Mr. Pierson's failure spread from lip to lip, until it was known everywhere in the city. Of course, the lover of Jessie became apprised of the circumstance.

The information received by Mr. Pierson in regard to Jessie's intended marriage was true. Garland had so won upon the infatuated girl as to gain her consent to leave her father's house, and become his wife clandestinely. The time fixed for this act arrived before any settlement of her father's affairs could possibly be made, and before the news of his failure had even reached his ears. The arrangement was, for Jessie to meet Garland at the house of a young lady friend who was in the secret, and to proceed from thence to the house of a minister and get the marriage rite said. Rooms had been taken at the American Hotel, where the young couple were to sojourn until the anger of Jessie's parents were appeased.

Jessie thought it rather strange that for several evenings previous to the one on which the marriage was to take place, her lover had not called at the friend's house where they usually met two or three times a week, nor had he sent even a perfumed missive to tell her that love's flame still burned brightly. No doubt of his constancy came, however, like a shadow across her spirit; and she prepared herself to keep to the minute her engagement.

Mr. Pierson had come home gloomier than usual. On the day before, he had hopes of making such an arrangement with the creditors

as would enable him to go on and finally recover himself; but two or three parties were urgent for an immediate settlement, and a realization of whatever his effects would pay, and their influence upon other parties seemed likely to prevail. Amid this trouble, however, the unhappy man did not forget his child. Her blindness and folly pained him, even more than the wreck of all his worldly prospects. It was his intention to intercept his daughter as she attempted to leave the house; and in order to be fully in time to do so, he came home earlier than usual. His first inquiry was for Jessie; and he learned that she had been in her room alone during the entire afternoon.

"Are you certain that she has not already gone?" he inquired, a doubt suddenly crossing his mind.

"O, no, I should have heard her," replied the mother.

"Suppose you go up to her room and see if she is there?" suggested Mr. Pierson.

The mother did so; but in a few moments came down hurriedly, looking pale and frightened.

"She is not there!" she said, huskily.

Mr. Pierson clasped his hands together and groaned aloud.

They were too late. Fearful of being observed and questioned if she left the house after her father came home for the evening, Jessie had determined upon going to the residence of her friend at an earlier hour than at first decided upon, and she acted accordingly. The time appointed for Mr. Garland to come was eight o'clock. Up to that hour Jessie waited for his arrival—her feelings in a high state of excitement. As the clock struck, the hall bell rang. Breathlessly the young girl listened for the footsteps of her lover. The door was opened, and a strange voice said something to the waiter. A note was then handed into the parlor. It was for Jessie. Some moments passed before the excited girl could break the seal. She read, and then uttering a faint cry, fell insensible to the floor. The note was from Garland, and was in a few words as follows:

"Circumstances unforeseen prevent my seeing you to-night, or at present fulfilling our engagement. When we meet again I will explain all. Adieu for the present."

So long did Jessie remain unconscious, that, in alarm, a messenger was sent for her father. Mr. Pierson had just returned from a fruitless search after his daughter when the messenger arrived, and he instantly repaired to the house where she had gone. He found her partially recovered from her swoon, but in a most wretched state of mind. From the note written by Garland, which was placed in his hands, he understood the precise state of affairs, and before giving voice to reproach or censure. As soon as he could remove her she was taken home. For days she kept her room, most of the time weeping; or, in gloomy silence, refusing every offer of comfort.

By all this Mr. Pierson was rendered doubly unhappy. It seemed as if his cup was full.

"All things are against me," he said, murmuringly; "I was born to disappointment."

"Say not so," returned his wife, who had a far more hopeful and confiding spirit. "In all this seeming evil, rely upon it, there is a hidden good. Let us be thankful that our child is not lost to us. No misfortune could have been greater than that."

"I doubt if we shall ever see the good," said Mr. Pierson, fretfully. "No—it is all my bad luck—I was born to it. Other people escape misfortune and domestic trials, but I am doomed to reverses and disappointment at every turn. and the curse rests upon all who bear any relation to me."

It was in vain that his wife argued with him; her voice could not charm away the evil spirit that came with its dark suggestions.

A few days more elapsed, and then light began to fall upon the gloomy way the embarrassed merchant was treading. Through the influence of his friends among the creditors, liberal extensions were granted him, and all his business property left in his hands, to be used to his best advantage.

"Can you recover yourself?" asked his wife, when this fact was communicated.

"I believe so," replied Mr. Pierson, confidently.

"Must we give up this house and change our style of living? If necessary, speak the word, and I am prepared for whatever is right."



A smile played around the lip of the merchant, as he replied:

"No—no; that will not be required. I am still worth thirty thousand dollars, and will bring it out clear of the business in a couple of years. Things are not really so bad as I fear."

"Then, we have had good, instead of bad luck."

"How will you make that appear?"

"Nothing but our misfortune save our Jessie from a marriage that would have made us all unhappy."

"You are right. It was clear an advantageous marriage in a money view, that the fellow sought. The mercenary, else-hearted scoundrel!"

"And Jessie begins to see this now, since I have told her of your recent change of fortune—ill luck, as you call it."

"It was good luck for her, the sly girl! And she will understand it fully one of these days. A man with a heart as base as Garland's, generally acts himself out before he dies, in such a way as to secure the infamy he deserves."

While this conversation was going on, an acquaintance dropped in.

"Have you heard about this Garland?" he asked.

"No; what of him?"

"Yes—yes; good as wise."

Mr. Pierson bowed his head and sat silent, while the truth he had just uttered sunk into his heart.

Many years have passed since that experience, and all has not been sunshine. But Mr. Pierson has never been heard to lament over his bad luck, nor to say that he believed Heaven was against him. He had cause to know better.

#### HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK.

The view on the Harlem River, near the High Bridge, which we give below, is one of the most pleasing in the State of New York. While there are many places in the State where nature has spread in rich profusion her charms to win the eye and attract the pencil of the artist, perhaps no other spot in the vicinity of New York has attracted greater attention than the famous Croton Aqueduct, commonly called the "High Bridge"—a noble structure of stone spanning the Harlem Creek or river, which separates Manhattan or New York Island from the main land. The attractions of this spot are still further increased by the romantic scenery in the vicinity. On one side the banks of the river are very high and precipitous, while on the other a well-wooded declivity slopes to the water's edge,

#### SKYE TERRIERS AND ROYALTY.

From times unrecorded until about twenty years ago, the Skye terrier awaited confidently his summons to the sphere of rank and fashion. About that time, the day, which, as the proverb figuratively informs us, it falls to the lot of each individual of the canine race to enjoy, began to shine out brightly for the dog of Skye, the first rays of it that reached him being reflected from no less a luminary than the crown of Great Britain; for it was among the Scottish fancies of England's queen to adopt as a prime favorite the hitherto obscure quadruped. Reckoned until that time—if anybody took the trouble of computing him at all—as one of the ugliest of his race, he at once found himself invested with all the attributes of a canine Adonis—a very Admirable Crichton of dogs—perfect in intellect, face, figure, and the hyperion luxuriance of his copious mane and tail. In our youth, we knew—and hated—a small, unmitigated snob of a dog called the Pug, a kind of work-basket bull dog, diminutive in size, dyspeptic in temper, disagreeable to contemplate, and distressing to be obliged to admire. One of the missions in society of Skye terrier—who, when going before a high wind, bears no unapt resemblance to a mop or wisp of tow—was to mop up Pug, and polish him off the

across miles of earth or of ocean. New arts, too, useful and ornamental, have sprung up luxuriantly around us. New powers of nature have been evoked, and man communicates with man across seas and continents with more certainty and speed than if he had been endowed with the pinions of the eagle. Wherever we are, in short, art and science surround us. They have given birth to new and lucrative professions. Whatever we propose to do they help us. In our houses they greet us with light and heat. When we travel we find them at every stage on land, and at every harbor on our shores. They stand beside our board by day, and beside our couch by night.

To our thoughts they give the speed of lightning, to our time-pieces the punctuality of the sun; and though they cannot provide us with the boasted lever of Archimedes to move the earth, or indicate the spot upon which we must stand could we do it, they have put into our hands tools of matchless power by which we can study the remotest worlds; and they have furnished us with an intellectual plummet by which we can sound the depths of the earth, and count the cycles of its endurance. In this hour of presumption and ignorance man has tried to do more than this; but though he was not permitted



VIEW ON THE HARLEM RIVER, NEAR HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

"He was arrested this forenoon for forgery."

"What!"

"He forged a check on Greer & Lane for five thousand dollars, and got the money."

"Is it possible! When did this occur?"

"He passed the check on the tiller at the Bank of America, just before three o'clock to-day. Something created suspicion, and the fraud was discovered in a few minutes after he left the counter. The police were immediately put upon his track, and arrested him on the boat as he was leaving for the South."

"What an escape!" murmured Mr. Pierson, in a low voice, as he thought of his child.

"Was it bad or good luck?" inquired Mrs. Pierson, as soon as they were again alone, laying her hand as she spoke upon her husband's arm, and looking him earnestly and almost tearfully in the face.

"Good luck!" was the emphatic reply. "The loss of property is nothing compared to the dreadful sacrifice our dear child has so narrowly escaped. I would let all go without a murmur, to save her from such a fate. I shudder to think of it."

"Yet, to all human appearance, had not this misfortune come—"

"Do not speak of it; it makes me heart sick. She is safe, and small indeed has been the sacrifice required to secure her safety. I acknowledge that there is a wise power ruling in the affairs of men."

"And good as wise"

along which passes one of the main roads to the High Bridge. Few persons, we think, in passing along from McCoomb's dam to the Aqueduct, but must have been pleased with the forest-girt road, especially where it makes a sudden turn, and the High Bridge bursts in its full grandeur upon the eye. At this spot our artist sat down and made the accompanying sketch looking down the river. The High Bridge is a magnificent and lofty construction, built of stone; it is four hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of high water. The water through the Croton Aqueduct crosses the Harlem River on this bridge, through the Manhattan and Clendening Valleys, and the intervening high grounds, to the receiving reservoir in New York city, where it scatters its blessings to the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of that great hive of active life. The scene, given above, as we before have said, is one of much beauty, and its rural and quiet aspect makes it a charming resort for the lover of retired meditation, who would secure a pleasing retreat for the while from the stirring strife, the toilsome occupations and corroding cares of the busy city.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheel that propels them on to wealth and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your vest pocket, ye who idle in bar-rooms or at the corners of the streets.

hearth-rug of fashion; a mission which he appears to have at least partially accomplished. For, now the black muzzle of Pug is but seldom to be seen protruded from carriage window, biding his time for a snap at the first kid-gloved finger that wags within range of his overlapping tusks in waving salutation to his dowager mistress—for, of the dowagers, above all, he was one of the chronic calamities. Oftener, now, are the well-combed whiskers and mustaches of Skye dog to be recognized dropping over the drawing-room window sill, or framed like a portrait by Landseer, in the panelled sash of the barouche, out of which he gazes pensively with the impressive speculation of the true flaneur.

—"Dog talk" in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

#### THE NEW SCHOLAR.

The advances which have recently been made in the mechanical and useful arts have already begun to influence our social condition, and must affect still more deeply our system of education. The knowledge which used to constitute a scholar, and fit him for social and intellectual intercourse, will not avail him under the present ascendancy of practical science. New and gigantic inventions mark almost every passing year—the colossal tubular bridge, conveying the monster train over an arm of the sea—the submarine cable, carrying the pulse of speech beneath 2000 miles of ocean—the monster ship freighted with thousands of lives—and the huge rifle gun throwing its fatal but unchristian charge

to reach the heavens with his cloud-capt tower of stone, and has tried in vain to navigate the aerial ocean, it was given him to ascend into the empyrean by chains of thought which no lightning could fuse, and no comet strike; and though he has not been allowed to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds, or tread upon the pavement of gigantic planets, he has been enabled to scan, with more than eagle's eye, the mighty creations in the bosom of space—to march intellectually over the mosaics of sidereal systems, and to follow the adventurous Phaeton in a chariot which can never be overthrown.—*Sir David Brewster*.

#### DISINFECTANTS IN PARIS.

Ever since Messrs. Corne and Demeaux proposed sulphate of lime and coal tar as a disinfectant, purifying agents have been the order of the day. The merit of the discovery was of course at first disputed, and every one who thought he could contrive some disinfecting compound sent papers and samples to the Academy of Medicine or of Sciences. The last applicant is M. Bonnet, well known by his works, who, in a paper read September 20th, before the Academy of Medicine of Paris, contends that the foullest sores can be rendered perfectly sweet by applications of tincture of iodine. There will be no harm in trying this agent, which, no doubt, has already rendered very great service.

—*London Leader*.



## Poet's Corner.

## HOPE.

BY SARAH ADAMS.

The world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again;  
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,  
Within man's heart remain.  
The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed,  
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,  
But prompts again to deed.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through fallen tears—to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

## FOREST SCENERY.

For the shadow of the forest lay  
On the crushed heart of the forest maid;  
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,  
And the blue air of long summer played  
Ever in the green tops of the trees.  
Down below were daisies and bluebells,  
Daisy-petals, and a humid smell  
Of dewing leaves and rotting cones,  
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,  
And the blossoms nodded on their throats.

MRS. ALLEN.

## HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behid'st,  
But in his motion like an angel rings,  
Still quiring to the young enamell'd spheres,  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE.

## WANT AND RICHES.

Give want her welcome, if she comes; we find  
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.—HESIOD.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

## GOSPEL WITH THE READER.

—As we sit down to write these lines, a wild north-easterly storm is driving past our window. Far and wide the fields and streets are whitened, with only here and there some sturdy and leafless shrub breaking the uniformity of its purity. But yesterday the cattle were browsing in the fields, and the atmosphere was like that of summer. Now "through the hawthorn blows the cold wind." The images it calls up are often dismal—pictures of wrecks at sea, of lonely graveyards with the snow-drifts lying deep on the mounds, of travellers sinking down to perish within sight of cheerful farmhouses. How completely is the significance of nature dependent on our own feelings—and how its smiles and frowns are but the reflex of our own moods and glooms! . . . Baron Zedwitz and five friends lately killed on his premises in Bohemia 2780 partridges in three days. The Baron was responsible for 700 of them. So Carl Benson reports to the "Spirit of the Times," New York. . . . An inventor has just obtained a patent for a glass coffin. Bodies placed in these coffins may be preserved in their natural state for all time to come, and when placed in vaults can always be accessible to the gaze of those who are left behind. Who would wish to preserve the features of a friend with the icy seal of death impressed upon them—with the life of life absent? Death is always ghastly even in his gentlest visitation, and all who have hearts would wish to remember the loved and lost as they looked when living—not to preserve the yellow mask that mocks humanity. . . . The mayor of Pittsburgh recently imposed a fine upon the coachman of a gentleman of that city for pursuing worldly employment on the Sabbath, by driving the family of the latter to church. On appeal to the Supreme Court the decision was reversed. The chief justice remarked that no further guilt was incurred than if the defendant had been driving a carriage containing his own family, and not the family of an employer. . . . It is supposed there are in existence at this hour 50,000,000 of English sovereigns, and about 120,000,000 of shillings. We have no ocular evidence of the existence of any portion of this sum. . . . The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, being built by Captain Alexander is in a more exposed situation, and, as far as proceeded with, is more securely bolted together than the famous Eddystone Lighthouse in England. . . . The Georgia Penitentiary is a reformatory Institution. From the report of the warden, it appears that the receipts for the past year were \$71,844 79, and the liabilities \$14,000 76. There were 209 convicts in the prison on the 1st of October. . . . A huge serpent was recently shot near St. Joseph, Missouri, which measured seventeen feet in length. . . . Five thousand cast iron letter boxes will soon be put up and fastened to lamp posts or other convenient positions in New York. . . . A little boy named Vaught had a narrow escape in Norwich, Ct., recently. He was passing near a shaft, running from one factory to another, when he became entangled by means of a tippet he wore around his neck, and was violently whirled around until the tippet broke and released him. . . . On a recent trial at Milwaukee, one lawyer testified that the fees of a brother lawyer were \$19,000 last year. . . . Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says: "We are authoritatively informed that there are at present fourteen establishments in this city where the 'best brands' of Champagne are daily manufactured for the use of the intelligent, epicurean, fastidious, and critical people of the United States." . . . The Home Journal says: "Madame Bishop is a study, as a model of beauty and gracefulness, as well as for her matchless ex-

cellence in singing." . . . The King of Sardinia's ex-head cook is employed in one of the San Francisco restaurants. . . . Mr. T. T. Woodbury of Amesbury Mills, Mass., formerly a seaman, is reported to have invented a light for ships' use, which will be particularly useful to fishermen. It is a combination of the lantern, reflector, blue light, and percussion gun, and is at once a signal light, an alarm, and signal of distress. Mr. Woodbury has taken means to secure his patent, and will soon visit England with it. . . . The sale of California wines in San Francisco this year will amount to about half a million of dollars. One of the San Francisco papers gives a list of twenty-six various brands, the owner of which has a stock of 100,000 gallons, another 80,000, and a third 30,000 gallons. . . . A letter from Shanghai, denouncing the Coolie trade and exposing its horrors, says: "It seems that a ship having on board several hundreds of these unfortunates, returning from Havana to their homes, sprung a leak in a gale, put into Rio de Janeiro for repairs, and these being more than she could pay, the coolies were sent on shore and resold for a term of years, to pay expenses. This is almost incredible; but there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that it really occurred." . . . A letter from Cannon Falls, Minn., to the St. Paul Pioneer, describes a prairie fire near the Falls. From out of the west, above the dim horizon, the great red flames came surging in long, quivering waves, extending four or five miles over the prairie. The whole heavens were as red as blood; the flames rose fifteen or twenty feet in the air, and seemed to threaten destruction to everything before them. Some farms which lay in their way very narrowly escaped by having furrows plowed around. Several wheat stacks were swallowed up, and one man only saved his dwelling house by six feet. The next morning this fiery flood had left a great blackened waste as far as the eye could reach. . . . Chrysostom, speaking of the composition of a sermon, says: "I had a vision. I thought I saw the communion rails crowded with angels listening to the sermon. When a man speaks as in the sight of God, with an open heaven—with Christ and angels before him—he catches the true prophetic fire; he offers a present salvation from a present Saviour; the spirit of glory and grace descends, and the flame communicates to his auditory, and accompanies them to their houses." . . . A newspaper is issued at Tamarora, Perry county, Illinois, called the Egyptian Spy, which is printed on the first type that ever came to Illinois—the same on which were printed the laws of the State while the seat of government was at Kaskaskia. . . . A singular incident occurred during the shipwreck of the Indian. An aged Irishman, who had a considerable sum of money with him, had been insane for a week previous from fear of being wrecked. He would frequently pick up his apparel and offer any one money to put him ashore, prophesying that the ship would never reach Portland. After the bow fell over he was seen sitting on the forecastle deck ladder, with his satchel in his hand, apparently unconscious or unable to take advantage of the attempts made to save him. In a little time he fell from his place, and slid across the deck into the sea, where he was drowned as he foretold a week before. . . . The Western papers state that Mr. Joseph Dappiger of Lafayette, Ohio, is engaged in constructing a mammoth air-vessel, to be called "The Star City." It will be nearly five times the capacity of Wise's balloon "Jupiter," and is designed to carry four passengers, besides provisions and ballast. In its construction, Mr. Dappiger designs using a new material for which he claims a patent. It is called silk rubber, and its virtue consists in its expansive quality, great strength and economy, enabling the aeronaut to dispense with all netting save what little may be necessary to sustain the basket. . . . A good story is current at Portland, Oregon, that the American residents of Victoria were prepared to fire the town and run off with his excellency Governor Douglas, had Admiral Baines followed his orders and fired on the American force at San Juan. . . . The Scotsman says that Mrs. Renton, of Buccleuch-place, has in her possession the "Essay of Dreams," given in by Lord Brougham to Dugald Stewart in 1796. It is written in the same bold, slashing, impatient hand as in his prime. Its title is "Inquiry into the State of our Minds when Asleep," and this altered by the boy-writer to "In Sleep—by induction;" and in the corner, in stout half text, is "Henry Brougham." It begins with a quotation from Bacon, and ends with one from Newton, the teacher and master of induction being first and last. Mrs. Renton got it many years ago from Mr. Small, secretary to Dugald Stewart; he told her that when they were looking over the essays, Stewart said, pushing Brougham's essay to him, "Small, keep that, that boy, if he likes, may be Lord Chancellor of England!" . . . A letter from Rome states that the Tiber has overflowed its banks. The Pantheon was completely surrounded by water. . . . A few weeks ago the Earl of Portsmouth inaugurated his fox-hunting season at Eggesford, North Devon, England, with a generous hospitality. The house was open to all comers, whether attired in fustian or scarlet, and a sumptuous repast was provided for about three hundred guests. The occasion was the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. John Russell, master of the fox-hounds of the district. . . . Montague, the great French writer, on one occasion, set down in his book of expenses, "Item, for a fit of illness, one thousand pounds." . . . A planter in Jones county, N. C., is reported to have picked from several acres of his farm the average of 1493 pounds cotton per acre. . . . The fashion of hoops has been the means of a terrible accident in Salem, Oregon. Miss Ellen Umphlet was riding on horseback, when losing her balance she fell backward and her hoops caught upon the horn of the saddle. The horse became frightened and ran with her along a fence for several hundred yards, when the point of a rail caught in her mouth, tearing the whole side of her face out, and breaking her jaw in two places—the concussion stripping the clothes entirely from her, and thus freeing her from the horse. . . . It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliophile declined with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have got too many treatises on our hands already."

## Foreign Intelligence.

## Matters in General.

European affairs seem to remain much as heretofore, there being no fresh announcement to make as regards Italian matters. England seems to be in a perpetual fever as to a possible invasion of her shores by the French, while Napoleon keeps his own counsel and plays with the potentates of the old world as Paul Morphy does his mimic powers upon the chessboard.—It is resolved that either the Prince of Wales or Prince Albert shall come to Canada next spring, when we hope the young gentleman, whichever it may be, will run down this way and take a look at Bunker Hill—Spain, in her impotence, is blustering at Morocco, but barking dogs don't bite, and her columns have not yet moved after months of preparation.—That old rascal, Nena Sahib, is reported to have gone to—another world. We certainly hope he has shuffled off this mortal coil—England sends half a dozen gunboats and four frigates to China. France sends twenty gunboats and a large number of ships of the line. Napoleon's promptness and abundant means nonpluses the British statesmen. The knowing ones predict stormy times all over Europe during the coming year, declaring that a collision between France and England is inevitable, and which must draw into the quarrel nearly all of the continent. This looks more than probable.

## The Emperor's Railway Train.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon's railway train was the Parisian marvel a short time ago. It consists of nine carriages, presenting four sitting-rooms in conjunction; the principal one, destined for imperial seclusion, is lined with green watered silk and morocco leather, with a roof of bird's eye maple. The next are constructed to open out as summer saloons, and through them the three apartments for the prince and his gouvernantes are entered; and attached are carriages for the officials—a kitchen and offices. Should this pet little train encounter some bright day an infernal machine, what a wreck of matter there would be, thinks a letter writer.

## A wild Frolic.

Twelve gay fellows in Paris gave a comrade a dinner in honor of his approaching marriage, and in adieu to his bachelor life. They got "gloriously" drunk, tied black crapes on their left arms, and, at the close of the repast, one of the number chanted a *De profundis*, on the terminated bachelorhood and lost liberty of the future Benedict. The affair was noised abroad, and reaching a certain aristocratic mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the betrothed lived, it created a havoc. The parents were indignant, and at once broke off their daughter's engagement, which is unfortunate for the youth, as she is very wealthy as well as pretty.

## Dead-houses in Germany.

In Frankfurt-on-the-Main and in Munich are dead-houses to which bodies are sent previous to burial, where they are kept for some two or three days, for the purpose of ascertaining whether life has become extinct or not. On the fingers of the corpses are placed thimbles which are attached to a cord communicating with a bell. The slightest movement of a finger rings the bell, and thus, in cases of suspended animation, efforts are made to restore the body, instead of burying it alive, as, no doubt, often happens in other countries.

## Biblical Literature.

It was stated sometime since in the public prints, that a manuscript copy of the Gospels, which turned out to be the oldest in existence, had been found in a monastery of Mount Athos, in Asia Minor. The monks of the convent presented it to the Emperor of Russia, as protector of the Greek Church; and now it is stated that the emperor has charged M. Tischendorf of Leipzig, a great authority in sacred literature, to bring out an edition of it.

## Roger's Arm.

It is said that Roger, the French tenor, is rather disappointed in the mechanical arm which has been made for him, but Charriere, as a proof of the perfection to which he has carried these false members, introduced to Roger a gentleman who took off his hat, carried a stick, used knife and fork, etc., the said gentleman having a false arm. Roger was much moved and delighted at the perfect ease with which the arm was used.

## Death of an Inventor.

Sir T. T. Grant, of England, who died recently, aged about sixty-four, was a most useful man, and practical inventor. He devised the steam machinery employed in the manufacture of bleuet, which effects a saving by its use in England of £30,000 yearly; a new life buoy; a feathering paddle-wheel; the patent fuel which bore his name; and the apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea.

## A queer Story.

A good story, and perhaps a true one, is told of a literary *auto de fe*, lately made at Paris. A bookseller had issued an edition of the works of Saint Just. The government caused them to be seized and burned with fire in the yard of the Palais de Justice. A pile of waste paper was destroyed, and the young *avocats* carried off the condemned volumes as a private speculation.

## Lamartine's Legacy.

It will be recollected that some months ago a lady admirer of Lamartine left, on dying, to the illustrious poet, a sum of 100,000 francs, and he renounced the legacy. But now the creditors of M. de Lamartine have stepped in and offered opposition to the renunciation, and the affair has entered the Paris courts.

## A new Beauty.

The Princess Marie, one of the daughters of the Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, is causing a sensation in Vienna by her extraordinary beauty.

## Suicides.

Within the last three years there have been 3933 suicides in England and Wales; and of these 2786 were by males, and 1150 by females.

## THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE—now more than eighteen years old, and having over a quarter of a million subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of the Union—will continue in essence what it has been—the champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will conduce to our national growth in Virtue, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity. It will continue to urge the emancipation, not only of the Black Laborer from chattel and legal impotence, but of the White likewise from Monopoly, Intemperance, Ignorance, and that dependence on remote Markets which paralyzes exertion by trying to Toil any adequate and morally certain reward. Believing that the chief evil of our time is the inadequate multiplication and disproportion of Non-Productive, it will continue to war against whatever tends to degrade Manual Labor or deprive it of its just and full recompense. It will inflexibly commend the policy of winning higher from Europe the Useful Arts, and wherever they may be needed, the Artisans as well, for whose products our country is now running recklessly into debt, while our laborers roam in fruitless quest of employment, leaving their children in want of bread, though the farmer is too often compelled to sell his crops at most inadequate prices. In short, while battling against Filibusterism and every other manifestation of that evil spirit which seeks through the spoliation of other countries for aggrandizement which is to be truly attained only through the due development and cultivation of our internal resources, it will urgently advocate a more effective discriminating Tariff, the Freedom of the Public Lands, the construction of a Railroad from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific, and every other measure which seems to us calculated to enhance the dignity or the recompense of Labor, and promote the well-being of Mankind.

The "irrepressible conflict" between Darkness and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question—Shall human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?—how to receive a momentous, if not conclusive answer. Land for the Landless versus Negroes for the Negroid is the battle-cry of the embodied Millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Northwest, appear in the new Congress, backed by nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a modicum of the earth's surface, wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's cessant another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass, and what is the immediate issue, we can not doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord with one with the dicta of a partial Philanthropy and the undeniable rights of Man.

Having made arrangements for fuller and more graphic reports of the doing of Congress, and of whatever else transpiring at the Federal Metropolis shall seem worthy of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and strengthened our Editorial staff, we believe THE TRIBUNE may safely challenge a comparison with any rival, whether as an exponent of principles or as a readable mirror of the passing world. Essentially, THE TRIBUNE will be what it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve its every feature, and "make each day's worth on the last." The general verdict of the Press and the Public has affirmed the success of our past labor, and those of the future shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity.

## The New York Daily Tribune

Is printed on a large imperial sheet, and published every morning and evening (Sundays excepted). It contains Editorials on the most important topics, employing a large corps of the best newspaper writers of the day; Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Proceedings of Congress, Reports of the Courts, City News, Cattle, Horse, and Produce Markets, Reviews of Books, Literary Intelligence, Paper on Mechanics and the Arts, etc., etc. We strive to make THE TRIBUNE a newspaper to meet the wants of the public—the Telegraph News alone costing over \$15 000 per annum.

## TERMS.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE is mailed to Subscribers at \$6 per annum, in advance, \$3 for six months.

## The New York Semi-Weekly Tribune

Is published every Tuesday and Friday, and contains all the editorials of the Daily, with the Cattle, Horse, and General Markets, reliably reported expressly for THE TRIBUNE, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and during the sessions of Congress it contains a summary of Congressional doings. It is the more important speeches. We shall, as heretofore, make THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE a Literary as well as a Political Newspaper, and we are determined that it shall remain in the front rank of Family Papers.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$3 00  
Two copies, " " 5 00  
Five copies, " " 11 25  
Ten copies, to one address, 20 00  
Ten copies or over, at address of each subscriber, \$2 20 each.

Any person sending us a club of twenty, or over, will be entitled to an extra copy. For a club of forty, we will send the Daily Tribune copy free.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is sent to Clergy men at \$2 per annum.

## The New York Weekly Tribune,

A large eight-page paper for the country, is published every Saturday and contains Editorials on the most important topics of the times, the news of the week interesting correspondence from all parts of the world, the New York Cattle, Horse and Produce Markets, interesting and reliable Political, Mechanical and Agricultural articles, etc., etc.

We shall, during this year, as hitherto, constantly labor to improve the quality of the instructive entertainment afforded by the WEEKLY TRIBUNE, which, we meant, should be the best Family Weekly Newspaper put forth in the World. We consider the Cattle Market reports alone richly worth to cattle raisers a year's subscription price.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$2 00  
Three copies, one year, 5 00  
Five copies, one year, 8 00  
Ten copies, one year, 12 00  
Twenty copies, one address, 20 00  
And any large number (each), 24 00  
Twenty copies to address of each subscriber, 1 00  
And any large number (each), 1 20

Any person sending us a club of Twenty, or more, will be entitled to an extra copy. For a club of forty, we will send the Semi-Weekly Tribune; and for a club of one hundred, the Daily Tribune will be sent gratis. We continue to send THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE to Clergy men for \$1.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Terms—always cash in advance. All letters to be addressed to  
HUGH GREENE & Co.,  
Tribune Buildings, Nassau St., New York



THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

## COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

With the number for JANUARY, 1860 the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will enter upon

## FIFTH VOLUME.

In making this announcement the publishers think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general plan of the Magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor, will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors, on both sides of the Atlantic, will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value to its pages.

They have great pleasure in announcing that the number for JANUARY will contain the first chapters of a

## NEW ROMANCE,

ENTITLED

## THE PROFESSOR'S STORY;

Written expressly for its pages, by

OLIVER WENDELL OLMES,

To be continued in succeeding numbers of the Magazine throughout the year.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 25 cent. Three Dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

CLUBS.—Two copies, Five Dollars; Five copies, Ten Dollars; Eleven copies, Twenty Dollars;—the subscribers paying their own postage, viz: 36 cts per year.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters, will receive the Magazine at Two Dollars per year, hereof.

Subscriptions may commence at any number; and as all the numbers are stereotyped, back numbers can always be furnished.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR &amp; FIELDS, Publishers,

135 Washington Street, Boston.

## LAWSON'S "NERVOUS CURATIVE."

DIRECT endorsement, like the following certificate, from a well-known and sensible party, is deserving of attention, and we print the same to our readers with much satisfaction. The certificate is from J. B. Eaton, Road Master, Boston Lowell and Nashua & Lowell Railroads, a gentleman well known to our citizens, who thus speaks of the Curative, on which he received radical relief:

NASHUA, H., March 11, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, Esq.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have used your "Nervous Curative" for the cure of Chorea, and with entire success. I have been sorely afflicted with them for many years, and never found any permanent relief till I applied your Nervous Curative according to directions. I also had a very severe attack of Chorea, and I applied your Nervous Curative, and it gave me immediate relief. I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used; and recommend it most cheerfully to be afflicted.

Yours truly,

J. B. EATON,

Road Master, Boston &amp; Lowell and Nashua &amp; Lowell Railroads.

Lawson's "Nervous Curative" for sale by the Agents, M. S. BURR & CO., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, and by all Druggists, at \$1 per bottle.

## Designing and Wood Engraving.

## KILBURN &amp; MALLORY,

96 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

nov5 REFER TO BALLOU PICTORIAL. cop3m

## BANKING, EXCHANGE,

—AND—

## COLLECTION OFFICE.

No. 25 State Street.

LOANS negotiated, and all other business connected with the sale of PAPER, BANK NOTES, and General Brokerage Business.

## COLLECTORS

Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

## UNCURRENT FUNDS

Bought at the lowest rates, and ADAPTS for sale on all the principal cities.

LAND WARRANTS bought at sale.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

Collections from Correspondents will be remitted for on day of payment, as directed.

WM. F. DAVIS, Attorney, 12 Bowly St., Boston.

JOSEPH W. DAVIS, 25 State St., Boston.

## MARRIAGE AND VISITING CARDS

FASHIONABLY ENGRAVED BY

E. A. TELLON,

149 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite the South Church,

Successor in the Card Engraving Department to MR. N. D. COTTON.

Parties desiring Bridal Cards, Envelopes, Cake Boxes, etc., are respectfully invited to examine my specimens, conditions, etc. A choice lot of Burning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. 16 11/12

## SEA FOAM PIPES,

From the most popular manufacturers in Vienna. Also

MEERSCHAUM CIGAR TUBES,

in Cases,

FRENCH WOOD PIPES,

and a large variety of Smoking Tobacco.

MOUNTING AND REPAIRING ON A SHORT NOTICE.

F. BROWN, Apothecary,

68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct15

## CONJURING!

THE whole art of Conjuring made easy, with full instructions for performing 150 of the most wonderful and astounding feats of Hocus-Pocus, Light of Hand, Ventriloquism and Leggerdemain. Beautifully illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent postpaid by mail address.

M. M. SANDOZ &amp; Co.

Brook-Pauls, N. Y.

## NEXT WEEK!

Next week will be for sale everywhere, in town and country, East, West, North and South,

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

The new literary paper—new in every respect; new and original heading, style, shape, and printed on a new font of delicate faced type, cast expressly for it. It will follow the lead of no other paper, but will present to the public some new and brilliant writers, exclusively engaged for its columns, and mark out an independent and novel course for itself.

## FRESH AND ORIGINAL,

it will become a great favorite; elegant in style, and refined in character, it will ornament any room; of the mammoth size, each issue will present in amount the contents of a whole volume of the ordinary style of bound books. It will be the choicest miscellaneous paper ever yet offered to the public.

## NEXT WEEK!

Four cents per single copy,—two dollars per year.



COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS AND INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, SORENESS, OR ANY AFFECTION OF THE THROAT CURED, THE HACKING COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHIES, OR COUGH LOZENGES.

"A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c."

DR. G. F. BULLOW, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."

REV. HENRY WARD DEERIE.

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"Most salutary relief in BRONCHITIS."

REV. S. SUTHERLAND, Morristown, Ohio.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD."

REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."

PROF. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga. Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."

REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Also, BROWN'S LAXATIVE PILL, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. nov26 5w

## BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER &amp; Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMOOPATHIC, and VANILLA PREMIUM

CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE,

COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMOOPATHIC and DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHEETS and CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than three-fourths of a century, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundige, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally.

WALTER BAKER & Co., Dorchester, Mass. sept24 1f

## JOHNSON'S IMPROVED

DOUBLE THREAD

## FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a Superior Machine for

FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost noiseless in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,

oct15 3m 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

## ASTHMA.

A distinguished Barrier at Lave, writes from Augusta, Maine, as follows:

"When I commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, I had been affected with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; in a bad attack, I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy, I found an unaccustomed relief; my health and strength began to improve; I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me."

The medicine referred to above, is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, and is for sale by Druggists generally. \$1.00 per bottle. nov26 5w

## LOSS OF APPETITE.

IN persons of sedentary and literary pursuits, if the brain is over-worked and the muscles under-worked, the appetite is very apt to fall from a general atony of the system. THE PERUVIAN SYRUP restores the tone of the digestive system and consequently the appetite, by supplying a pure blood to organs too weak to make it without assistance.

SHEET MUSIC bound at this Office, neat and cheap, and returned in one week.

## THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Coughs, Colds, Coughs, Colds, Coughs, Colds, Coughs, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma, Quinsy, Asthma, Quinsy, Asthma, Quinsy, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs or Chest, Consumption, Consumption, Consumption, Consumption.

For all these diseases the universal remedy is

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

## RECOMMENDATIONS.

"We assure our readers that they can find no better remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, or any disease of the throat or lungs."—Office Branch.

"Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim our first attention, as neglect often leads to fatal results. The remedy for these diseases is Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a Balsam with 'healing on its wings.'"—Nashua Gazette.

"This standard medicine, which has long since received the endorsement and recommendation of medical men, can be used with entire confidence for the amelioration and cure of the various complaints for which it is prepared. We feel that we do the afflicted a service in calling their attention to it."—Maine Farmer.

"Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has achieved many remarkable cures of pulmonary disorders—its success being so great that, taken in time, it is deemed a specific."—Saratogian.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., 18 Tremont Street, Boston, and sold by Druggists and Dealers in every city and town in New England and elsewhere.

BOGLE'S WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. NONE can equal them. Sole agent for the Royal Transparent Parfing.

BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE, best and cheapest in the world. Try—be convinced. Prices, 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

ARE YOU GETTING BALD? Is your Hair Turning Gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair, all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. Sold by druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. copy may25

The most Amusing and Instructive Thing out.

MICROSCOPES!

POWERFUL single lens Microscopes for 25 cents. A fly's leg resembles a bear's paw; the smallest insect a formidable monster. A good lens, neatly set, with instructions in the manner of using, or five instruments of different powers, neatly packed, and sent by mail for \$1.00 and two red stamps. Send one stamp and twenty-five cents for a single one.

An infinite amount of instruction and endless amusement may thus be obtained at a very trifling expense. Address.

CLARENCE B. UNDERWOOD, 114 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, sept3

Room No. 2.

NEW MUSIC BOOK FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS. The Golden Harp. Containing 500 Hymns, Tunes and Select Pieces. 25 cents single, postage free; \$2.50 per dozen.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

READER—If you want employment that will pay, take an agency. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with stamp for particulars.

nov12 8w S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

GREAT CURIOSITY. Particulars sent free. Agents SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

## BRILLIANT STORIES!

We have now on hand and for sale, the following brilliant stories, in bound form, monthly Novelleto style, richly illustrated with large original engravings, and forming the cheapest books in price ever offered to the public. Every one of these works was written expressly for this establishment, and the copyright is secured, according to law. We will send single copies by mail, post paid, for twenty cents each, or six copies, post paid, one dollar.

THE CHILD OF THE BAY: or, THE SAILOR'S PROTECTOR. This romance of life on the Ocean, and phases of English and East Indian incident is one of Cobb's best stories, and is told in a genial and very entertaining manner. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE BLACK AVENGER. This is a story of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, during the eventful period of their sway in the West Indies. Written for us by... NED BUNTLINE.

THE ARMORER OF TYRE: or, THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIEST. This romance of ancient Tyre is one of the most popular of Cobb's stories, and paints a very glowing picture of life in that luxurious city. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE UNKNOWN MASK: or, THE BELLE OF MADRID. The scene of this story is laid in the gay capital of Spain, and delineates to the life scenes of love and adventure of a thrilling nature. Written for us by... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE DANCING STAR: or, THE SMUGGLER OF THE CHESAPEAKE. This is a story of the Coast and the Sea, written in our author's happiest vein, and portrays character with great tact and life. Written for us by... J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE FOUNDLING: or, HERMIONE OF ST. ANTOINE. This romance of the continent depicts in a lucid and nervous manner scenes and events of a thrilling character in the cities of Paris and Venice during the middle of the last century. Written for us by... MAJOR F. O. HUNTER.

THE GIPSEY BRIGAND: or, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRA. A tale portraying the life of the wandering minstrel, in the heart of Sunny Spain, written in our author's best vein, and maintaining its interest to the end. Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE VENETIAN BUCCANEER: or, THE PROPHET OF THE BOHEMIA WALT. A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., of Germany. The scenes of this story are laid mainly in Venice and in the mountain forest on the boundary of Bohemia, and depict incidents of thrilling interest. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WITCH OF THE WAVE: or, THE ROVER'S CAPTIVE. This is a true sea story, written by a true seaman, who rose from the station of foremast hand to the quarter deck of our merchant marines. It is as captivating a nautical story as Cooper's Red Rover. Written for us by... CAPT. HENRY P. CHEEVER.

THE BLACK KNIGHT: or, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN. This is one of the finest stories of the times of chivalry we have ever read—of all its author has published, it is his favorite one. Its popularity is shown by the fact that the present is its tenth edition. Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE ROYAL GREENS: or, THE SCOUT OF THE SQUADRON. A tale of the Valley of the Wyoming during the thrilling times of the revolutionary history. This story gives a lifelike view of some of the characters, both whig and tory, who enacted so prominent a part in that eventful period. Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE SEA LION: or, THE PRIVATEER OF THE PERSO-SOOT. This is a story of ocean life, told in the author's usual style of interest. Daring in plot, gallant in execution, the whole forming an intensely interesting nautical story, equal to the best of modern times. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE TURKISH SLAVE: or, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. This story is laid in the famous capital of Turkey, and portrays scenes and events in the Eastern world graphically narrated. Written for us by... LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

PAUL LARON: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. This famous story is one which has been republished by us until we now present the fifteenth edition, and is said to be one of Mr. Cobb's best.

Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE MAID OF THE RANCHO: or, THE REGULATORS AND MODERATORS. This is a most captivating and lifelike story of the Texan Border, full of stirring events, and laid in the wildest period of the lone star State. In chivalric daring and hardihood it cannot be surpassed. Written for us by... DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

THE OCEAN MARTYR: or, THE HUNTER SHY OF VIRGINIA. A story of peculiar interest, portraying scenes in the stormy period of our Revolutionary history. This tale is one of those which have given the author so great popularity, and won for him so extended a reputation. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CAPTAIN BELT: or, THE BUCCANEER OF THE GULF. This is a most remarkable tale of the Mexican Gulf, written in the easy style of its scholarly author, and forming a beautiful story, pronounced by the press to be the best its author ever wrote. Written for us by... F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

IVAN THE BERT: or, THE RUSSIAN AND CIRCASSIAN. This is a well-told and highly graphic tale of life, domestic and military, in Russia, Turkey and Circassia, detailing scenes of thrilling interest. Written for us by... AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE CASTILIAN BRIDE: or, THE SPANISH CAVALIER. A Legend of Old Spain. This is really a most charming story, one that no reader will be willing to lay by after commencing it, until he reaches the end. Written for us by... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Address M. M. BALLOU, Publisher, No. 23 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale at all the principal depots.



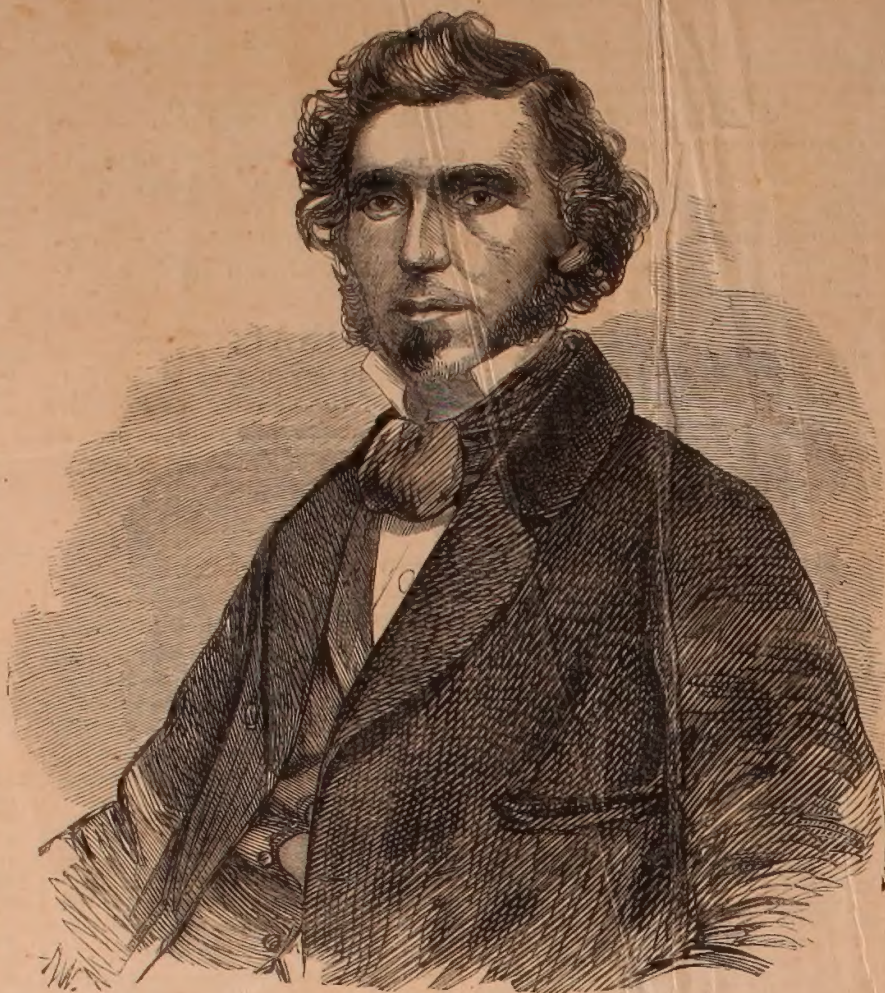
## GRANVILLE WOOD, THE VOCALIST.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. Granville Wood, was born in a small town in New Hampshire, in 1832, of respectable but humble parents. From boyhood he evinced a large degree of mechanical skill, which greatly surprised his father, besides which he showed a taste and love for music which was prophetic. While yet quite a lad he chanced to see and hear a musical instrument called a seraphine. The manufacturer, seeing that the boy took great interest in the work, carefully showed and explained the whole to him. Young Wood declared confidently that he could make one himself, and though laughed at by his father and other members of the family, he set to work secretly, and ere many months surprised his friends by producing a seraphine, upon which he could play and accompany his own voice in singing! Of course he worked at great disadvantage, using poor materials, and having little or no money with which to purchase even the most trifling articles he needed; but the greater was his triumph in the success. The Rubicon was passed, and for twelve years he has been successfully engaged in building musical instruments and in public singing. His instruments embrace many improvements of his own invention, and are the best in the market. Mr. Wood is a most excellent performer, a fine vocalist, and a man of true moral worth, and as he is about to make a professional tour through the United States and Canada, doubtless many of our readers will enjoy the pleasure of hearing and seeing him, and will thank us for presenting this brief sketch and portrait of a self-made and charming musician.

## LAST MOMENTS OF IRVING.

During Monday, November 28th, Mr. Irving walked out to his garden, a short distance from the house, and gave some instructions to his gardener. He also gave instructions to the carpenters who were employed in making some alterations in his library. He did not ride out during the day, as was his custom, but as he made no complaint of feeling more indisposed than usual, the omission was not thought by his family to arise from any alarming conditions. He dined with the family about four o'clock, and after dinner proposed that they should spend the evening in amusement, conversation and reading. In addition to the regular members of the family, consisting of Ebenezer Irving, the brother of the deceased, with his three daughters, and Pierre M. Irving, with his wife, another nephew, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, of New Brighton, Staten Island, the literary executor of the deceased was also present, having accidentally come up from Staten Island that day. The evening was spent according to the proposal of Mr. Irving, and except an occasional reference to his difficulty of breathing, none of the party appeared more cheerful, or a more gratified sharer of the enjoyment, than he. In the intervals of conversation he glanced over the pages of several books that lay on the centre-table, and the last book he is believed to have opened was Lieutenant Page's *History of the Paraguay Expedition*. About ten and a half o'clock he rose to retire, and taking leave of the company, he ascended the stairs alone to his bed-room. While upon the steps he met his nephew, Rev. Mr. Irving, coming down, holding in his hand a needle for sewing manuscripts. Mr. Irving accosted him in a playful manner, saying, "Why, Pierre, what are you doing with a needle?" and passed on to his room. These were the last words he ever uttered. One of his nieces, Miss Sarah Irving, had preceded him to his room, and when he entered she was engaged in arranging his books, so that they would be convenient of access in his hours of wakefulness during the night. While engaged in this duty, she was startled by a noise as of some one choking, and turning round, she saw Mr. Irving press his left hand to his heart and fall forward. He caught hold of a table, in falling, and gradually sank down on the floor. The noise was heard in the parlor below, and in a moment every member of the household was around him; but before any of them reached him, he had ceased to breathe. Supposing that he had fainted, efforts were made by the family to revive him, and meanwhile Dr. Caruthers, and Mr. George D. Morgan, a near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Irving, were sent for. On the arrival of the doctor, he made an examination of the body, and announced that life was extinct.—*New York Express*.

Jealousy is a secret avowal we make of our inferiority.



GRANVILLE WOOD, THE VOCALIST.

## BEARDS.

The growth of the beard, which was interrupted by the courtiers of the fair-faced king of France, Louis XIII., has been much encouraged of late years; and we are not without evidence that the time is coming when it will be considered decent and reputable for all classes to resume that natural and manly appendage. Scipio Africanus is said to have been the first man who shaved every day. Shaving among many ancient nations was a mark of mourning, and the loss of the beard—as among the Turks at the present day—was, with others, a sign of degradation, and an occasion of shame. Every one remembers the story of the men whom David sent to comfort Hannun, and who were so contemptuously entreated by him, and to whom David sent, saying, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown." It has been thought especially indecorous for clergymen to wear the beard. We are at a loss to account for this prejudice, especially when the custom is becoming so general. We think that Paul, among his countrymen, preached with a flowing beard like theirs; and to refer to the highest example, that our Saviour was a Nazarene in more than his reputed birth-place.

We are averse to marked professional distinctions, in dress and appearance, among clergymen. They ought to appear like other men. Their access to the heart is much promoted by that external conformity. It is a sacred office, but it is borne by men. A Boston paper states that of 953 clergymen attending this year's anniversary, but 73 wore the professional badge, the white cravat. The same paper remarks that "the growth of hair on the faces of many of the divines was another sign that they are willing to stand as men among men, and to find their appropriate distinctions in something of more consequence than peculiarities of costume." While a writer from the New School Presbyterian Assembly, at Wilmington, says: "Many of the younger members have adopted the custom of allowing the beard to grow. The mustache is

eschewed, and only a few are decidedly shaggy. Most of the older men use the razor with their accustomed freedom. The moderator, stated clerk, Drs. Zill, M. Poor, and many others, present faces like well-cultivated farms, in contrast with land covered with tall trees and underbrush."

We have no rabid feeling upon the subject. It is not to be expected that old men, long accustomed to the use of the razor, will generally discard it, but it is a mark of a narrow spirit, which cannot keep up with the times, to make it an essential of a modern practice, which is evidently against nature and the instincts of man, as much as against convenience and comfort. Grave resolutions, such as we saw reported, directing the members of a constituent religious convention to shave their beards, are especially illiberal and ridiculous.—*New York Chronicle*.

## WEST INDIA NEGRO WOMEN.

Nothing about them is more astonishing than the dress of the women. It is impossible to deny to them considerable taste and great power of adaptation. In England, among our housemaids, and even haymakers, crinoline, false flowers, long waists and flowing sleeves have become common; but they do not wear their finery as though they were at home in it. There is generally with them, when in their Sunday best, something of the hog in armor. With the negro woman there is nothing of this. In the first place, she is never shamefaced. Then she has very frequently a good figure, and having it, she knows how to make the best of it. She has a natural skill in dress, and will be seen with a bodice fitted to her as though it had been made and laced in Paris. Their costumes on *fete* days and Sundays are perfectly marvellous. They are by no means contented with colored calicoes; but shine in muslin and light silks at heaven only knows at how much a yard. They wear their dresses of an enormous fulness. One may see of a Sunday evening three ladies occupying a whole street by the breadth of their garments, who on the preceding day were scrubbing pots and car-

rying weights about the town on their heads. And they will walk in full-dress too as though they had been used to go in such attire from their youth up. They rejoice most in white—in white muslin with colored sashes; in light-brown boots, pink gloves, parasols, and broad-brimmed straw hats with deep veils and glittering angles. The hat and the veils, however, are mistakes. If the negro woman thoroughly understood effect, she would wear no head dress, but the colored handkerchief, which is hers by right of national custom. Some of these efforts after dignity of costume are ineffably ludicrous. One Sunday evening, far away in the country, as I was riding with a gentleman, the proprietor of the estate around us, I saw a young girl walking home from church. She was arrayed from head to foot in virgin white. Her gloves were on another parasol was up. Her hat also was white, and so was the lace, and so were the bugs which adorned it. She walked with a stately dignity that was worthy of such a costume, an worthy also of high grandeur; for behind her walked an attendant nymph, carrying the beauty's prayer-book—on her head.—*The Wat Indies and the Spanish Main*.

## CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN A DITCH.

In a ditch at Alexandria there is lying one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is the property of the British nation; but the British nation in general does not seem to care about it. The case is different, however, with some sections of the British public who pass through Egypt in their passage to or from India or Australia; the majority bring away a portion of this curiosity, it being nothing more useless than Cleopatra's Needle. There it lies in a ditch, the butt end of the shaft embedded in the earth. The last time the writer saw it (not very long ago), a Briton was sitting upon it, knocking off enough of the inscribed stone for himself and fellow-travellers with a hammer. The writer expostulated with his brother Briton, and reminded him that that wonderful relic of by-gone days did not belong to him, but had been handsomely presented to the British nation, and therefore belonged to it. "Well, I know it does," he answered, "and as one of the British nation I mean to have my share." An officer of the Bengal Engineers, who was coming home on sick leave, protested that the removal of the Needle to England was not only feasible, but comparatively an easy task. "Captain (now Admiral) W. H. Smyth of the Royal Navy," he added, "one of the most scientific officers of the service, who was out here for many years surveying, on his return to England, represented to the British government that the Needle might be easily removed, and at a comparatively small cost." Mehmet Ali gave the British this Needle, and the French the obelisk now in Paris. The latter was then upwards of five hundred miles from Alexandria. The French at once set to work to remove their gift, and great as the difficulty was, they accomplished their task gallantly, and set the obelisk up in their beautiful city of Paris, where it adorns the place de la Concorde.—*All the Year Round*.

## ABUSE OF OUR STOMACHS.

No other civilized people, probably, are accused to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rule. We eat far too much flesh meat (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form), and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfasts, are in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table.

Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeeper deems so indispensable, are still worse, and soon.—*Jacques's Hints towards Physical Perfection*.







